



Deborah Meader Papers

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Betty R. Squire

" Three For An Acorn "

Marion

Shadows.

Dramatized by D. Meader -

Scene I.

Scene opens with Mr. Squirrel on the tree. Mrs. Squirrel on ground hopping around.

Mrs. Squirrel: Eberle, Come down here and see all the nice things those picnics left us.

Mr. Squirrel: All right Gracie, but I'm tired.

Mrs. Squirrel: Look, there are egg shells and string, they are sure to be useful sooner or later. I can't stand waste.

Mr.: ~~We'll put them under this root.~~

Mrs.: We must clean our store-cupboard now.

Mr.: It is only the beginning of hard work.

Mrs.: The nuts and acorns are ripening fast and unless we mean to starve during the winter we shall have to start collecting them at once.

Mr.: Yes, my dear, but I wish there was some other way of getting nuts than gathering them ourselves. I'm not as young as I used to be and I've got a touch of rheumatism in my tail. I can't think why somebody doesn't start a nut shop.

Mrs.: A shop, that's just the idea I've been wanting. We'll keep shop ourselves and sell all sorts of things and everyone who comes to buy must pay in acorns or hazelnuts and the store cupboard will be filled in no time.

Mr.: But, my dear, ----

Mrs.: There are no "buts" about it. The bottom hole is empty. We'll have the shop there.

Mr.: It sounds like a good idea.

Mrs.: It is a good idea. I'm going to start arranging things this minute. You must collect pine cones, dandelions leaves, daisy buds and dig pig nuts and ant eggs.

Mr.: It would be almost as easy to collect the nuts for ourselves as usual.

Mrs.: Nonsense! Hurry - (Brings out egg shells) I'll do my ~~egg shells~~ in the egg shells. Bring When the other creatures smell what I'm making they'll bring nuts and acorns ten times faster than we could gather them ourselves.

Mr. R. runs in and out -

Enter - Magpies - Flying about. (Making raucous noises)

Mrs.: Go away. We don't want ~~anyone~~ ^{you} poking ^{your} their inquisitive beaks in here until we are ready.

Enter Mr. Squirrel

Those magpies have no manners at all. Find a piece of ~~split~~ bark and put it across these toadstoals. *My mixing is done - we'll push the eggs shells under the roots. for a counter.*

Enter Magpies/

Magpie: Bless my tail feathers, it's a shop.

Mrs. Magpie: Are they going to sell the pieces of red string.

Enter ² little rabbits. *poke noses into scene.*

(Magpie hops forward to counter.)

Mrs. S.: Good Morning, Ma'am, What can I serve you with to-day?

Mr. Fresh ant's eggs an acorn a dozen, six for a small hazelnut, pignut toffee, holly berry jam, dandelion ~~lollipops~~ lollipops all of Mrs. Squirrel's own making.

Mrs. M.: Just so, just so, most delicious I'M sure, but I don't happen to need anything of that kind to-day. I looked in to inquire ^{the} price of string.

Mrs. S.: String?

Mrs. M.: I thought you might be selling the red piece, the piece with knots in it.

Mrs. S.: What an idea! We should ~~not~~ not think of selling the furniture.

Mrs. S.: Perhaps you would like to buy something else.

Mrs. M.: A very stupid shop. I call it. (Hops out)

Biggest R.: *Ant's hops to counter.* How much are dandelion lollipops?

~~Smallest:~~ Do you think they'll be very good to eat.

~~Longest Ears:~~ Sure to be.

Hedgehog enters-

Mrs. S. Good morning. (loudly) Is there anything we can do for you to-day?

Hedgehog: Eh! What's all the fuss about?

Mrs. S: We've opened a shop.

Hedgehog: Humph!

Mr. S.: Fresh ant's eggs are an acorn a dozen, six for a hazelnut, pine seed cake, pig nut toffee, holly berry jam, dandelion lollipops, Mrs. Squirrels own making.

Hedgehog: I don't eat dandelion. When I want ant eggs I can get them for myself.

Exits.

Mrs. S Nobody wants the things we have for sale. We might as well shut up shop.

Mrs. Squirrel: The magpies and Hedghog ar'nt the only people in the wood. Customers will come in good time.

(^{Two} Three rabbits hop to counter.)

Biggest: You ask (nudges smallest)

Smallest: No, you.

^{Biggest -}
Longest Ears: If you please, Ma'am, how much are the dandelion lollypops?

Mrs. S: There, didn't I tell you?
The lollypops, my dear are three for an acorn or five for two Hazelnuts.

Rabbits: But we haven't any nuts or acorns.

^{Mrs. S.}
Mrs. S: Oh, No, what would be the use of keeping store if we gave things away for nothing?
Then you'd better run away and find some.

(They back away, look, under bush.)

Little:R: Ooh! Here's one.

(Go back to the counter.)

Rabbits: Three Dandelion lollypops, please.

Mrs. S.: Certainly, my dears. (Looks at acorn) Going rotten. We Can't sell things for rotten acorns, you know.

XXXX Little Rabbit: It was the only one we could find.

Mrs. S: Never mind, my dear, if you look again you'll find some good ones, no doubt.

Rabbits: Yes Ma'am.

Biggest Rabbit: ~~Here Long Ears, stand on my back.~~ (Climbs on back)

^{Biggest}
Long Ears: ~~It's~~ It's no use.

Littlest: This is a hazel nut bush.

Biggest: We can't reach them, either.

Littlest: It's too bad.

^{Biggest}
Long Ears: All the lollypops will be sold and we'll never know if they are as good as they smell.

Enter Mouse.

Mouse: (squeaks) What's the matter?

Biggest: Mrs. Squirrel has started a shop and she's selling dandelion lollypops. ~~they sound very good.~~

Mouse: Dandelion lollypops, they sound very good.

*Little R. Please ma'am
Couldst me have some more?*

Smallest: They smell delicious.

Long Ears: We'll never be able to have any because we can't climb trees.
(Runs up hazel bush)

Mouse: I can climb, you do it like this. (runs up hazel bush.)

Largest: But can you pick nuts, when you get there?

Mouse: Of course I can, (Twig with two nuts falls)

Rabbits: Oh, thank you.

Mouse: I've not been to all this trouble for you. (Runs down tree + stakes nuts)

Suggest R.
~~Long Ears:~~ If we carry the nuts for you, will you give us one?

Mouse: No, no, no! They're my nuts and I mean to spend them all myself.
(Reaches counter all out of breath) *Rabbits exit -*

Dandelion lollipops, please.

Mrs. S. Here are the five largest.

Mouse: Thank you (scampers off) *Rabbits exit -*

Mrs. S: Look (to sleeping Mr S.) Eberle, two of them, you'd better put them away at once.

Mr. S: Two aren't very many but I suppose they're better than nothing (climbs tree)

Woodpecker enters and knocks on tree.

Mrs Wood Pigeon walks in.

Mrs. S: Is there anything I can do for you, my lady?

~~Rabbits: She but the lollipops. she'll buy them all.~~

Mrs. W.P. A dozen ant eggs, please.

Mrs. S.: That will be an acorn.

Mrs. W.P.: Sooo, good of youoo tooo oopen a shooop.

Exits

Rabbits push noses into scene.

Mrs. S: That's an acorn and two hazel nuts. Take them to the store house, Eberle. (to rabbits -) Now you run along my dears, you mustn't sit here all morning.

~~Rabbits:~~ Yes, ma'am.

(Wood pecker begins tapping- piece of bark falls off.)

Woodpecker: Goodthing that fell at the back of the tree and not on the counter or a ~~can~~ customer. It's a stupid tree anyhow. I've been working

it all morning, and hardly found a breakfast to eat.

(Woodpecker flies off)

Rabbits re-enter from behind the tree.

Largest: I wish I had a dandelion lollypop.

Smallest: " " you wouldn't keep on talking about them.

~~Long Ears:~~ I wish you'd do something instead of grumbling.

Rabbits: (squeal in excitement) Oooh! An acorn and two hazel nuts.
(scamper before counter.) (Exit & reappear before counter)
Dandelion lollypops please.

Mrs. S: Dandelion lollypops did you say, my dears? There are three for the acorn and five for the hazel nuts.

Rabbits: Oh, thank you, ma'am

(Exit)

Mrs. S. A very good beginning, take them to the storehouse, Eberle.

Mr. S. Yes, Gracie.

Rabbits - re-enter from behind tree.

Biggest: I wish we could find some more ~~nuts~~ acorns.

Littlest: Or some hazelnuts.

Long Ears: We'd better look, there might be more where we found the others.
There are

Biggest: An acorn and two hazel nuts. (Exit & reenter at r.)

~~Littlest:~~ Come on, (Scamper to counter)

Mrs. S: Back again already, my dears.

Rabbits: Dandelion lollypops please.

~~Mrs. S.~~ Scamper: Here you are my dears. (Rabbits exit)

~~Mrs. S:~~ Take these up, Eberle. The store cupboard must be beginning to look quite full.

Mr. S. (At hole) It looks as empty as ever

Mrs. S: Nonsense!

Re-enter rabbits. at left -

Largest: There are two hazel nuts and an acorn just where we found the others.

Smallest: But where did they come from.

Big Ears: They weren't here a minute ago.

Largest: Never mind that, let's go spend them.

~~Go to counter.~~

Exits & re-enters before counter

Mr. S: Oh, dear: mor journeys up the trunk.

Mrs. S: You shouldn't grumble about that. The more journeys to the cupboard the quicker it will be filled.

Rabbits: More lollypops, please.

Mrs. S: Here my dears.

(Exit rabbits.)

Take them up Eberle.

Mr. S. (from hole) It looks as empty as can be.

Mrs. S. Empty, it can't be empty, you've carried up lots of acorns and nuts.

Mr. S. I know I have but its the emptiest looking hole I ever saw.

Mrs. S. I never heard such nonsense.
(climbs tree)

Why, there's nothing in it, that woodpecker has knocked ^athe hole in the bottom, all the nuts have fallen thru. Just wait till I call those rabbits.

(Rabbits at bottom of tree)

Rabbits: Dandelion lollypops please.

Mrs. S.: Dandelion lollypops, indæd. Didn't you get all those nuts & acorns at the other side of the tree.

Rabbits: yes ma'am, but they didn't seem to belong to anyone.

Mrs. S: They belong to me. They were dropping out of a hole in my cupboard. You've been buying lollypops all morning with the same acorn and the same two hazel nuts and they didn't belong to you in the beginning for they were the ones the mouse and Mrs. Wood Pigeon brought.

Rabbits: If you please, ma'am we thought they'd fallen off the tree.

Mrs. S. The very idea, You're quite old enough to know that acorns and hazel nuts don't fall off birch trees. Be off this minute, you bad little things and don't let me catch sight of you again.

Rabbits retire under bush.

Biggest: *Look !!* Look what this is !!

Smallest: *Smallest* It must be very precious. I can see rabbits in it.

Long Ears: *Biggest* So can I. Let's take it to Mrs. S. Perhaps she wouldn't mind so much about the nuts and acorns if we gave her this. *(Approach counter)*

Mr. S: Ga away - Go away, How dare

x mu.

mus.

x magnific

Biggest Rabbit

Smallest

Long Ear

Hedgehog

x mouse

x Mrs Wood pigeon

x Woodpecker

Egg shells

mur

acorns

cones

Lilly

counter

counter

counter

counter

counter

counter

you show your mischievous whiskers here again?

Biggest: We aren't mischievous, please.

Smallest: We only wanted to bring you this.

L. Ears: You can see rabbits in it.

Mrs. S: I've seen enough rabbits already, go away.

Mr. S: We might take a look at it, my dear. (looks in mirror) I can't see any rabbits but there seems to be a squirrel blinking at me.

Mrs. S: Of course, ~~you~~ don't you know a mirror when you see one?

Rabbits: We though perhaps someone might give you nuts & acorns for it.

Mrs. S: Nonsense!

Mr. S: It's not exactly nonsense, you know someone might want it, the magpies wanted the piece of string you know.

Rabbits: We can go tell them about this.

(Exit Squirrels)

(Enter Magpies - fly to counter)

Mrs. M.: Let's see it.

Mr. M: We'll give you a dozen acorns for it.

Mrs. M.: And a dozen hazel nuts.

Mr. S: It makes my legs ache to think of the journeys I shall have to make to the store cupboard.

Mrs. S: The price is seventeen acorns and thirty four hazel-nuts.

Mr. S: Seventeen acorns and thirty-four hazel-nuts!

Mr. S: Yes, yes my dear, Yes, yes the price is quite correct, but all payments must be made at the upstairs door.

Mr. & Mrs. M: Very well! (Fly out)

(Magpies fly in and out)

Mrs. S.: Didn't I tell you the shop would be a success.

Mr. S.: Yes, my dear. Yes, Yes - -

CURTAIN

TOO SMART

The scene takes place on board a train bound for all points east. Robin enters with his mother.)

Here, Robin. come here and sit by this open window. Now, according to our plans we will visit Washington first of all.

Oh, I thought Washington was dead a long time ago.

But I mean Washington, D. C., my dear.

Washington, D.C.?

Why, yes, of course. You know what D. C. means don't you?

Yeah, Dirty city.

No, no, nothing of the kind. Washington is the cleanest, finest laid out city of the U. S.

Who laid it out, ma, the Democrats?

No, of course not. Don't get smart. While we are in Washington we will visit Mount Vernon first of all.

What's that?

That's where Washington made his first commission.

What was he selling, real estate or insurance?

He sold Neither.

Well, What did he get the commission for?

Don't you understand, Robin? He was put the head of the American army and brought the British to defeat.

Huh to whose feet?

Oh, to nobody's feet. You sure are dumb or else too smart. He made America the land of freedom. Seeing we have such a long ride I'd like something to read - a novelet, perhaps.

An omelet? I only thought you ^{could} eat an omelet.

I never said an omelet, I said novelet, You ought to know what a novelet is, don't you?

No, what is it?

It's a short talw.

Oh, so a novelet is a short tale Huh? Oh, ma there goes a dog running down the street with a tin can tied to his novelet

COMPLETE VERSION OF

YE THREE BLIND MICE

by JOHN W. IVIMEY

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Shadows.

THE THREE BLIND MICE. (Maybe used for Choral Reading.)

Three Small Mice.

" " "

Pined for some fun.

" " "

They made up their minds to set out to roam;
Said they, "'Tis dull to remain at home,"
And all the luggage they took was a comb,
These three small Mice.

Three Bold Mice.

" " "

Came to an Inn.

" " " "

"Good Evening, Host, Can you give us a bed?"
But the host he grinned and he shook his head;
So they all slept in a field instead
These three Bold Mice!

Three Cold Mice.

" " "

Woke up next morn.

" " " "

They each had a cold and a swollen face
Through sleeping all night in an open space
So they rose quite early and left the place.
These three Cold Mice.

Three Hungry Mice.

" " "

Searched for some food.

" " " "

But all they found was a walnut shell
That lay by the side of a dried up well
Who had eaten the nut they could not tell.
These three Hungry Mice.

Three Starved Mice.

" " "
" " "

Came to a Farm.

" " " "
" " " "

The Farmer was eating some bread and cheese
So they all went down on their hands and knees
And squeaked, "Pray, give us a morsel, please,"
These three Starved Mice.

Three Glad Mice.

" " "
" " "

Ate all they could.

" " " "
" " " "

They felt so happy they danced with glee
But the Farmer's wife came into see
What might this merry-making be.
Of three Glad Mice.

Three Poor Mice.

" " "
" " "

Soon changed their tone.

" " " "
" " " "

The Farmer's Wife said, "What are you at,
And why were you capering round like that?
Just wait a minute; "I'll fetch the Cat."
Oh, dear! Poor Mice.

Three scared Mice.

" " "
" " "

Ran for their lives.

" " " "
" " " "

They jumped out on to the window ledge;
The mention of "Cat" set their teeth on edge;
So they hid themselves in the bramble hedge.
These three Scared Mice.

Three Sad Mice.

" " "
" " "

What could they do?

" " " "
" " " "

The bramble hedge was most unkind
It scratched their eyes and made them blind.

And soon each mouse went out of his mind.
These three Sad Mice.

Three Blind Mice.

" " "
" " "

See how they run.

" " " "
" " " "

They all run after the farmers' Wife.
Who cut off their tails with the Carving knife.
Did you ever see such a sight in your life?
As three Blind Mice!

Three Sick Mice.

" " "
" " "

Gave way to tears.

" " " "
" " " "

They could not see they had no end;
They sought a chemist and found a friend.
He gave them some "Never too late to Mend!"
These three Sick Mice.

Three Wise Mice.

" " "
" " "

Rubbed, rubbed away.

" " "
" " "

And soon their tails began to grow.
And their eyes recovered their sight you know.
They looked in the glass and it told them so.
These three Wise Mice.

Three Proud Mice.

" " "
" " "

Soon settled down.

" " "
" " "

The name of their house I cannot tell
But they've learnt a trade and are doing well.
If you call upon them ring the bell
Three times twice!

THE THREE LITTLE PIGS - D. Mander

Hand Puppets

Scene I The crossroads

Enter Blackie, Brownie and Whitie

Blackie---This is the crossroads. I think we had better separate here.

Brownie---Yes, I suppose we can make our livings best by ourselves.

Whitie----I wish we were at home with our mother.

Blackie---Don't be a baby, Whitie. We are too big to stay at home any longer. We must make our fortunes.

Brownie---I suppose the first thing to do is to build our houses.

Whitie----Here comes a man with a bundle of straw. I'm going to ask him for it.

Enter man with a bundle of straw.

Whitie----Op please, man, give me that straw to build me a house.

Man-----Alright, Little Pig, Here, take it.

Pig takes straw

Whitie----Thank you so much, man.

Man-----

Your'e welcome. Good-bye.

Whitie----Good-bye. (To Blackie and Brownie) Won't this build a nice house

Brownie---I hope so, Whitie. But if the wolf that our mother told us about comes, don't let him in.

Whitie----O no, I won't. I'll go this way.

Br. & Bl.--Good-bye Whitie.

Exit Whitie L.

Brownie---Here comes that man back with a bundle of sticks. I'm going to ask him for it.

Enter Man with bundle of sticks.

Brownie---Please, Man, give me those sticks to build me a house.

Man -----Alright, little pig, take them.

Brownie---(taking bundle of sticks) Thank you, Man.

Man-----Your welcome, little pig. Good-day.

Brownie--- Good-day.

Exit man

I'll have a fine house, won't I brother.

Blackie I-I hope so, brother.

Brownie---What are you going to build your house from, brother.

Scene 1 cont.

Blackie--- I don't know. Why' here th comes that man back with a load of bricks.--Hey,man.

Enter man with a load of bricks.

Please give me those bricks to build me a house.

Man -----Alright, little pig, they are heavy, Can you carry them?

Blackie---(taking bricks) O,yes,thank you.man.

Man-----Your welcome,good-day.

Blavkie---Good-day.

Exit man

I'll go this way and you go that. If the wolf comes,don't let him in.

Brownie---I should say not. Good*bye brother.

Blackir--- Good-Bye,Brownie.

Tey turn and start in opposite directions,waving at each other

Curtain.

Scene 2

Whitie discovered finishing his house.

Whitie---(to audience) That's a pretty fine house,I think,don't you?
O.her comes that old wolf. I had better get inside.

Enter Wolf,who looks around evilly.

Wolf ----Aha, ther is where that little white pig lives. He will make a good dinner.(knocks)Little pig, littlepig,let me come in

Whitie---(from inside) not by the hair of my chinny chin chin will let come in .

Whaf-----Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in.

Whitie---O please don't.

Wolf----Yes I will. (Huffs and Puffs and blows the house in.)

Scene 3

Brownie discovered finishing his house.

Brownie---(to audience) That's a pretty fine house,I think,Don't you.
O.here comes that old wolf.I'd better get inside.

Wolf enters slyly.

Wolf-----Oh,ho.There's where that little Brown Pig lives. (Calls sweetly)
Little pig,little pig,let me come in.

Brownie---Not by the hair of my chinny chin chin will I let you come in.

Wolf-----Then I'll huff and I'll puffand I'll blow your house in.

Brownie---Oh,please don't Mr.Wolf.

Wolf huffs and puffs and huffs and puffs and blows house in.
Pigsqueals and Wolf jumps on house.

QUICK CURTAIN.

Scene 4

Blackie and brick house discovered. Enter Wolf.

Wolf-----That white pig and brown one were good. I'll try a black one next.
(Knocks) Little pig, little pig, let me come in.

Blackie---Not by the hair of my chinny chin chin will I let you come in.

Wolf-----Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in.

Blackie---Go ahead-huff and puff but you'll not blow my house in.

Wolf-----We'll see about that.

(Huffs and puffs, huffs and puffs and huffs and puffs but does not blow the house in.)

Well, well this is strange (to himself)

Blackie---Ha, Ha, Mr. Wolf. Go ahead and huff and puff.

Wolf----- (In sugary voice) Little pig, I know where there is a field of fine turnips.

Blackie--- (Eagerly) Where ?

Wolf-----Over in Mr. Smith's field. If you'll be ready tomorrow morning I will call for you and we will go together and get some for dinner.

Blackie---Thank you, Mr. Wolf, I will be ready. What time will we go?

Wolf-----Oh, six o'clock. Don't forget. Good-bye little pig.

Blackie---I won't forget. Good-bye Mr. Wolf.

(Exit Wolf)

CURTAIN

Scene 5

Blackie enters with a basket of turnips on each arm.

Blackie---That Wolf that he had fooled me. I got up at five o'clock and here I am back home again with my turnips. (Laughs triumphantly)
I must lock my-self in now for I see him coming.

(Enter Wolf)

Wolf----- (Knocks) Little pig, are you ready?

Blackie---Ready. Why I have been and have come back again. I have a fine pot of turnips ready for my dinner.

Wolf----- (Aside) That miserable little pig. I'll get him yet. (Sweetly to pig) Little pig I know where there is a nice apple tree.

Blackie--- (Eagerly) Where?

Wolf-----Down at Merry Garden, and if you will not deceive me, I will come for you at five o'clock tomorrow morning and we will go together to get some apples.

Blackie---Alright, Mr Wolf, five o'clock it is.

CURTAIN

Scene 6

Little Pig discovered up in tree.

Blackie----Dear me. Here comes Mr. Wolf. I thot I'd be home before he got up. What shall I do? What shall I do?

Wolf-----What, little pig. You here before me? Are they nice apples?

Blackie----Yes, very nice. Here I will throw one down to you.
(Blackie throws it far away)

Wolf-----Thank you, that looks fine.

Blackie----Run fast, Mr. Wolf, or you won't find it.
(Wolf runs off stage)
(Blackie scrambles down)

What a narrow escape. I'll get home now as fast as my legs can carry me.

CURTAIN

Scene 7.

Pig enters with churn.

Blackie----Mr. Wolf was to meet me to go to the fair this morning at three but I got up before him. I got this fine churn. (In distress)
Oh dear me. Here comes that bad old wolf. What shall I do? I know I'll get in my churn.

Wolf----- (Enters) What can this be? (Churn begins to roll toward him) I'd better run.

CURTAIN

Scene 8.

Shows half of Pigs house. Wolf enters.

Wolf----- (Knocks at little Pig's door) Little pig, little pig.

Blackie---- (At window) What is it Mr. Wolf?

Wolf-----What do you think I saw on the way to the fair yesterday.

Blackie----What did you see, Mr. Wolf?

Wolf-----I saw a great round thing come rolling down the hill. My but I was frightened. I ran home as fast as I could.

Blackie----Ha, Ha, I frightened you that time. I had been to the fair and bought a butter churn and when I saw you coming I climbed inside and rolled down the hill.

Wolf-----You miserable little pig. I'm going to eat you up. I'm coming down the chimney after you. (Climbs on the roof several times and falls)

Blackie----Ha, Ha, if you do you drop right into my pot of boiling water.
(Wolf succeeds getting on roof. Comes down chimney)
Here he comes--splash. (Wolf falls in Pot)
Hurrah. That's the end of Mr. Wolf.

CURTAIN

THE THREE LITTLE PIGS.
A Puppet Play in Three Scenes.

PLACE: Never Never Land
CHARACTERS: Grumpy, Happy, Funny and Wolf.

SCENE I.

Outdoor Scene, House of Straw Left at Center.
(Enter Grumpy right in Sullen mood, grumbling, snappish, thinking to himself aloud)

Grumpy: My house I build of bricks.

I get no time to play.

One brother built of sticks,

The other built of hay.

They're not afraid of the Big Black Wolf,

They only dance and play.

One's got a flute to toot,

He blows it with his snoot.

Tother's got a fiddle,

He saws upon its middle.

They got no time to work,

They've plenty time to shirk

They're not afraid of the Big Bad Wolf.

He's a great big bluff, they say.

But he'll come their way some day. (Exit Grumpy, left)

(Enter Happy and Funny, right, Happy on left hand of puppeteer and Funny on right hand. Both are in a shappy-go-lucky mood with flute and fiddle. Stroll to Middle of stage)

Funny: I built my house of hay. (Points to house)

I built it quick, to boot.

If the Big Black Wolf dares come this way,

I'll shoot him with my flute.

Bang ! (Mimics with flute) (Both Pigs laugh)

Happy: I built my house of sticks.

I built it strong and wide.

If the Big Bad Wolf dares try his tricks.

I'll strip him of his hide (With voice and gesture simulates ripping) (Both Pigs in half serious, boastful tone act the thought of the following lines)

Funny: We'll always have him drop

We'll put him on the spot.

Happy: If then he doesn't stop,

We'll pepper him with shot.

Funny: Stick 'em up. You lie down (Getting more in earnest)

We'll only need to frown.

Happy: But if he isn't quick

We'll whack him with a stick. (Each fight an imaginary foe and then on another. Both burst out laughing)

Who's afraid of the Big Black Wolf?

Funny: Yes, who is afraid of the Big Bad Wolf? (Music is heard off stage and they dance and sing) Wolf peers in right and dodges back and forth)

Happy: Brother, your house is fine,

But wait till you see mine. (Both Exit left, arm in arm.)
Enter Wolf, right. Peers around corner of house, laughs to self, stokes nose.)

Wolf: Now I have them just where I want them. (Growling tone) (Examines House)
Only a house of hay (in disgust)
To keep a wolf away!

A silly joke, I say. (Enter Pigs, left, laughing)

They look ready to slaughter,

How they make my mouth water. (Wolf makes his presence known and talks very politely)
Gentlemen, How do you do,
I am so glad to see you. (Bow, rubs hand in anticipation) (Pigs shiver, speechless with fear. Hold each other)

Happy: (Whispers) Look at his eyes.

Funny: Look at his tongue,

Run, Brother, run, (Wolf, confident, doesn't lunge at them. Pigs hurry into straw house)

Wolf: Kind friends, let me come in. (In persuasive voice)

Funny: Let you come in!

Not by the hair of my chinny chin chin.

Wolf: Oh! Ho! little pig, you talk so big,

Open this door and let me in

Or I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in (Much business of huffing and puffing. To make wolf's chest swell in puffing raise your two fingers on bag or pad inside of wolf. House begins to rock. Pigs squeal. House falls over and wolf lunges and falls on top of house)

Happy: Quick, Brother, run to my house, run! (Exit pigs in great ferar, left) Wolf picks self up, rubs sore spots)

Wolf (Savagely) You little beasts,

I'll get you yet

And have my feasts;

I'll make you sweat. (Dashes off stage)

CURTAIN.

SCENE II

Same Back-Drop as Scene I. Stick House in Center. (Pigs dash in from right)

Happy: Here we are. Now we're safe.

Funny: We're not so slow.

Happy I was touched by his nose. (Shivers)

Funny: His claws tore my clothes (examines self for tears)

Guess he's given us up. (Peers back the way they came.)

Happy: I bet he's had enough.

Both: Who's afraid of the Big Black Wolf! (In bolder tones, for following)

Funny: I'll box his ears.

Happy I'll black his eye.

Funny I'll sock his jaw.

Happy: I'll punch his head.

Both: Who's afraid of the big bad wolf?

Funny: Let him shout his huff.

Let him spout his puff

Let him swell himself up

And then let 'er go.

Happy: A house built of sticks

Will stand all his blows.

Both: Who's afraid of the Big Bluff Wolf ! (Laughing)

Funny: He hoped for a Piglet meal.

Happy: All he got was a Piglet squeal.

High diddle, diddle,

The pig and his fiddle

Funny: Tootie, toot, toot,

The pig and his flute.

Oh ! Oh ! Look, brother, there he comes. (Badly scared) (Pigs grab each other and run into stick house) (Enter Wolf, left.)

Wolf: (Knocking at door) Little pigs, little pigs, let me come in.

Pigs: Not by the hair of our chinny chin chins. (Wolf laughs to self, with hand to mouth, aside to audience)

Wolf: I'll fool those two swine,

I'll make them both whine.

I'll play them a trick, that'll prove I'm quite slick. (To pigs with a soft sorrowful voice)

My brave little pigs, you're too smart for me.

Keep your pork chops, ham and bacon,

I so gladly would have taken.

I must far away roam,

To the hut I call home.

Goodbye, Little Pigs,

Goodbye !

Forever.

(Exit Wolf noisily. Sound of heavy walking made off stage)

Funny: (Peeping out of door) Is he gone?

Happy: Yes, he's gone. (Both laugh and come outside)

Both: Who's afraid of the Big Black Wolf?

Happy: I'm not.

Funny: Neither am I. Look ! Someone is coming.

Happy: Quick ! Run inside. (Both hurry inside of house)

(Enter Wolf with sheep skin over head. Comes slowly to door and knocks gently)

Who's there?

Wolf: A little lambkin sweet, (In soft voice)

Wishes a bite to eat.

Please open your door and let me in:

Dear little Piglets, let me in.

Happy: If you're a little sheep

Let's hear your tiny bleat.

Wolf; (Makes coarse failure of bleat) Baa-a.

Happy- Ah ! You're no little lamb.

You're a big bad sham. (Wolf in great anger throws off shee skin)

Wolf: (In commanding voice) Open that door and let me in !

Happy: I'll not let you in.

Funny: (Shivering) Not by the chair of our hinny hin hins.

Wolf: Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in.

Happy: (Inquiet voice) Go on !

You'll only waste your breath,

And maybe cause your death.

A house that's made of twigs

Is safe for little pigs. (Wolf makes much noise huffing and puffing. Takes longer than at straw house, but house finally begins to rock and goes over. Wolf with an explosive blow falls on stage on house)

Funny: To brother's brick house, quick, fly ! (Pigs rush off stage, right. Wolf slowly picks self up. Bends over holding stomach as if injured; rubs nose, scratches head)

Wolf: Curses ! I'll get them yet. (Exit Wolf, right.) CURTAIN

SCENE III

Back-drop of Interior and part Exterior. Cardboard Side of House Hangs from Front Curtain Stick and Back-drop Rod. Grumpy is discovered in House. (Enter Happy and Funny out of breath.)

Funny: The Big Bad Wolf ! The Big Bad Wolf ! (Both dive under table)

Brumpy; (Leaning against inside of door, in a sarcastic voice)

Who's afraid of the Big Black Wolf?

Now you've found a place

Where you're sound and safe.

A house that's made of bricks

Will outlast straw and sticks.

Happy (Coming from hiding) Well-- who is afraid?

Funny: (Following) I'm not afraid. (Enter Wolf, right carrying basket of apples. Knocks at door. Happy and Funny dive under table again, tremble)

Grumpy: Who's there?

Wolf: (In a quiet voice) Just a nice old apple man.
(Note: Place rising inflection after each apples)

Apples, apples, sweet apples, red apples, (Again knocks at door)

Open the door and try this fine, sweet, red apple.

Grumpy: You can't fool us, Bad Wolf apple man.

Wolf: (Throwing basket down) Curses on you. You've got to let me in.

Grumpy: Not by the hair of my chinny chin chin.

Wolf: Then I'll huff and I'll puff and blow your house in.

Grumpy: Go ahead and huff and puff and puff and huff but you'll not blow this house in. (Wolf shakes door throwing Happy and Funny into spasms of fear. Huffs and puffs tremendously. Shakes door. Grumpy braces against. Happy and Funny hide under the table and shake. Wolf with a supreme effort can't blow the house in, spies the chimney.)

Wolf: If I can't come in the door, by jimny

I'll come and get you down the chimney.

Grumpy: Fine, fine, come on down the chimney, do

Three little pigs will be waiting for you.

Ha, ha, he, he, he,

Don't be so slow.

A welcome warm is carefully set,

A welcome you will ne'er forget. (Much noise of Wolf getting to chimney. Puppeteer can knock on table. Wolf may appear over top of theater while getting in chimney laughing.)

Grumpy Here, brothers, fix the fire. (Hurrying about)

Happy: We'll get him on the spot.

Funny; Right in that boiling pot.

Happy Isn't brother and his brick house wonderful?

Funny: Are we really safe?

Grumpy He's coming down. There ! Oh, what a splash !

Wolf: (Yells off stage where the fire and hot water is supposed to be)

Ho, ouch ! Oh ! Oh ! Ouch ! etc. (Wolf dashes across stage from left to right, out the door and continues yelling till he can hardly be heard in the distance) (The three pigs laugh, music is heard off stage and pigs sing and dance, gleefully.)

All 3 pigs: Who's afraid of the Big Bad Wolf !

CURTAIN

—The—
THREE LITTLE PIGS

A Puppet Play in Three Scenes



Deborah Meader Puppet Shop

748 Goodrich Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

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THE THREE LITTLE PIGS

A Puppet Play in Three Scenes

Place—Never Never Land.

Characters—Grumpy, Happy, Funny and Wolf.



SCENE I.

Outdoor Scene. House of Straw Left at Center.

(Enter Grumpy right in sullen mood, grumbling, snappish, thinking to himself aloud)

GRUMPY My house I build of bricks.
 I got no time to play.
 One brother built of sticks,
 The other built of hay.
 They're not afraid of the Big Black Wolf,
 They only dance and play.
 One's got a flute to toot,
 He blows it with his snoot.
 Tother's got a fiddle,
 He saws upon its middle.
 They got no time to work,
 They've plenty time to shirk.
 They're not afraid of the Big Bad Wolf.
 He's a great big bluff, they say.
 But he'll come their way some day.
 (EXIT Grumpy, left)

(ENTER Happy and Funny, right. Happy on left hand of puppeteer and Funny on right hand. Both are in a happy-go-lucky mood with flute and fiddle.
 Stroll to middle of stage)

FUNNY I built my house of hay. (Points to house)
 I built it quick, to boot.

If the Big Black Wolf dares come this way,
I'll shoot him with my flute.

Bang! (Mimics with flute)
(Both Pigs laugh)

HAPPY I built my house of sticks.
I built it strong and wide.
If the Big Bad Wolf dares try his tricks,
I'll strip him of his hide.
(With voice and gesture simulates ripping)
(Both Pigs in half serious, boastful tone act the thought
of the following lines)

FUNNY We'll always have he drop,
We'll put him on the spot.

HAPPY If then he doesn't stop,
We'll pepper him with shot.

FUNNY Stick 'em up. You lie down (getting more in earnest)
We'll only need to frown.

HAPPY But if he isn't quick
We'll whack him with a stick.
(Each fight an imaginary foe and then one another.
Both burst out laughing)
Who's afraid of the Big Black Wolf?

FUNNY Yes, who is afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?
(Music is heard off stage and they dance and sing)
(Wolf peers in right and dodges back and forth)

HAPPY Brother, your house is fine,
But wait till you see mine.
(Both EXIT left, arm in arm)

(ENTER Wolf, right. Peers around corner of house,
laughs to self, strokes nose)

WOLF Now I have them just where I want them. (Growling
tone)
(Examines house)

Only a house of hay (in disgust)
To keep a wolf away;
A silly joke, I say.

(ENTER Pigs, left, laughing)

They look ready to slaughter,
How they make my mouth water.

(Wolf makes his presence known and talks very politely)
Gentlemen, How do you do,
I am so glad to see you.

(Bows, rubs hand in anticipation)

(Pigs shiver, speechless with fear. Hold each other)

HAPPY (Whispers) Look at his eyes.

FUNNY Look at his tongue,
Run, Brother, run.
(Wolf, confident, doesn't lunge at them.
Pigs hurry into straw house)

WOLF Kind friends, let me come in. (In persuasive voice)

FUNNY Let you come in!
Not by the hair of my chinny chin chin.

WOLF Oh! Ho! little pig, you talk so big,
Open this door and let me in
Or I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in.
(Much business of huffing and puffing. To make
wolf's chest swell in puffing raise your two fingers on
the bag or pad inside of wolf. House begins to rock.
Pigs squeal. House falls over and wolf lunges and
falls on top of house)

HAPPY Quick, Brother, run to my house, run!
(EXIT Pigs in great fear, left)
(Wolf picks self up, rubs sore spots)

WOLF (Savagely) You little beasts,
I'll get you yet
And have my feasts;
I'll make you sweat.

(Dashes off stage)

CURTAIN

SCENE II.

Same Back-drop as Scene I. Stick House in Center.

(Pigs dash in from right)

HAPPY Here we are. Now we're safe.
 FUNNY We're not so slow.
 HAPPY I was touched by his nose. (Shivers)
 FUNNY His claws tore my clothes (examines self for tears)
 Guess he's given us up. (Peers back the way they came)
 HAPPY I bet he's had enough.
 BOTH Who's afraid of the Big Black Wolf!
 (In bolder tones, growing still bolder for following)
 FUNNY I'll box his ears.
 HAPPY I'll black his eye.
 FUNNY I'll sock his jaw.
 HAPPY I'll punch his head.
 BOTH Who's afraid of the Big Black Wolf?
 FUNNY Let him shout his huff,
 Let him spout his puff,
 Let him swell himself up
 And then let 'er go.
 HAPPY A house built of sticks
 Will stand all his blow.
 BOTH Who's afraid of the Big Bluff Wolf! (Laughing)
 FUNNY He hoped for a Piglet meal.
 HAPPY All he got was a Piglet squeal.

High diddle, diddle,
 The pig and his fiddle.

FUNNY Tootie, toot, toot,
 The pig and his flute.
 Oh! Oh! Look, brother, there he comes.
 (Badly scared)
 (Pigs grab each other and run into stick house)
 (ENTER Wolf, left)
 WOLF (Knocking at door) Little pigs, little pigs, let me come in.
 PIGS Not by the hair of our chinny chin chins.
 (Wolf laughs to self, with hand to mouth, aside to audience)
 WOLF I'll fool those two swine,
 I'll make them both whine.
 I'll play them a trick,
 That'll prove I'm quite slick.
 (To Pigs with a soft sorrowful voice)
 My brave little pigs, you're too smart for me.
 Keep your pork chops, ham and bacon,
 I so gladly would have taken.
 I must far away roam,
 To the hut I call home.
 Goodby, Little Pigs,
 Forever Goodby!
 (EXIT Wolf noisily. Sound of heavy walking made off stage)
 FUNNY (Peeping out of door) Is he gone?
 HAPPY Yes, he's gone. (Both laugh and come outside)
 BOTH Who's afraid of the Big Black Wolf?
 HAPPY I'm not.
 FUNNY Neither am I. Look! Someone is coming.
 HAPPY Quick! Run inside. (Both hurry inside of house)
 (ENTER Wolf with sheep-skin over head.
 Comes slowly to door and knocks gently)

- HAPPY Who's there?
- WOLF A little lambkin sweet, (In soft voice)
Wishes a bite to eat.
Please open your door and let me in;
Dear little Piglets, let me in.
- HAPPY If you're a little sheep
Let's hear your tiny bleat.
- WOLF (Makes coarse failure of bleat) Baa-a.
- HAPPY Ah! You're no little lamb,
You're a big bad sham.
(Wolf in great anger throws off sheep-skin)
- WOLF (In commanding voice) Open that door and let me in!
- HAPPY I'll not let you in.
- FUNNY (Shivering) Not by the chair of our hinny hin hins.
- WOLF Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in.
- HAPPY (In quiet voice) Go on!
You'll only waste your breath,
And maybe cause your death.
A house that's made of twigs
Is safe for little pigs.
(Wolf makes much noise huffing and puffing. Takes longer than at straw house but house finally begins to rock and goes over. Wolf with an explosive blow falls on stage on house)
- FUNNY To brother's brick house, quick, fly!
(Pigs rush off stage, right. Wolf slowly picks self up. Bends over holding stomach as if injured; rubs nose, scratches head)
- WOLF Curses! I'll get them yet.
(EXIT Wolf, right)

C U R T A I N

SCENE III.

Back-drop of Interior and part of Exterior. Cardboard Side of House Hangs from Front Curtain Stick and Back-drop Rod.
Grumpy is Discovered in House.
(ENTER Happy and Funny out of breath)

- HAPPY
- FUNNY The Big Bad Wolf! The Big Bad Wolf!
(Both dive under table)
- GRUMPY (Leaning against inside of door, in a sarcastic voice)
Who's afraid of the Big Black Wolf?
Now you've found a place
Where you're sound and safe.
A house that's made of bricks
Will outlast straw and sticks.
- HAPPY (Coming from hiding) Well—who is afraid?
- FUNNY (Following) I'm not afraid.
(ENTER Wolf, right, carrying basket of apples. Knocks at door.
Happy and Funny dive under table again, tremble)
- GRUMPY Who's there?
- WOLF (In a quiet voice) Just a nice old apple man.
(Note: Place rising inflection after each apples)
Apples, apples, sweet apples, red apples,
(Again knocks on door)
Open the door and try this fine, sweet, red apple.
- GRUMPY You can't fool us, Bad Wolf apple man.
- WOLF (Throwing basket down) Curses on you. You've got to let me in.
- GRUMPY Not by the hair of my chinny chin chin.
- WOLF Then I'll huff and I'll puff and blow your house in.
- GRUMPY Go ahead and huff and puff and puff and huff but you'll not blow this house in.
(Wolf shakes door throwing Happy and Funny into spasms of fear. Huffs and puffs tremendously.)

Shakes door. Grumpy braces against it. Happy and Funny hide under table and shake. Wolf with a supreme effort can't blow the house in. Spies the chimney)

WOLF If I can't come in the door, by jimney,
I'll come and get you down the chimney.

GRUMPY Fine, fine, come on down the chimney, do.
Three little pigs will be waiting for you.
Ha, ha, he, he, ho, ho,
Don't be so slow.
A welcome warm is carefully set,
A welcome you will ne'er forget.
(Much noise of Wolf getting to chimney. Puppeteer can knock on table. Wolf may appear over top of theater while getting in chimney, laughing)

GRUMPY Here, brothers, fix the fire. (Hurrying about)

HAPPY We'll get him on the spot.

FUNNY Right in that boiling pot.

HAPPY Isn't brother and his brick house wonderful?

FUNNY Are we really safe?

GRUMPY He's coming down. There! Oh, what a splash!

WOLF (Yells off stage where the fire and hot water is supposed to be) Oh, ouch! Oh! Oh! Ouch! etc.
(Wolf dashes across stage from left to right, out the door and continues yelling till he can hardly be heard in the distance)
(The three pigs laugh, music is heard offstage and pigs sing and dance, gleefully)

ALL 3 PIGS Who's afraid of the Big Bad Wolf!

C U R T A I N



PUPPET SUPPLIES

HEADS are available in 75 characters and animals. Made in a wood composition, are light in weight and are 2 to 3 inches in diameter.

Price each 65c unpainted, or \$1.00 painted.

Same heads made in plaster.

Price - 45c unpainted, or 75c painted.

HANDS are supplied in 2 sizes, large for men characters and small for women characters. They are made in plaster.

Sold only by the dozen pairs at \$1.00 the dozen.

With orders for heads, the hands are sent at 10c per pair if requested.

THEATERS for children, height 31½ in. stage opening 18 x 12 in.

Clamps to card table, has footlights, curtain, backdrops and provision for holding cardboard properties.

Price - - \$7.50.

THEATERS in large size, fully equipped for giving finished and attractive shows. Are easily transported in a car, being foldable, and carry as suit cases. Can be erected and ready for a performance in 5 minutes. These are for children, adults or semi-professional use.

Price - - \$65.00 and \$85.00.

THEATERS designed for schools, churches, libraries and groups generally, as well as for home use. Made in two sections but not foldable. Convenient for storage when not in use.

Price - - \$25.00.

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Deborah Meader Puppet Shop

748 Goodrich Avenue

ST. PAUL,

MINNESOTA

THE THREE WISHES -

Hand Puppets
Marionettes

CHARACTERS

Irish Peasant
Pig

Sausage

Wife
Fairy

THE THREE WISHES

CHARACTERS

Irish Peasant and Wife

She wears frilly white cap, black apron, flowered gown. Husband has red, unkempt hair, long nose, flowered waistcoat, a very jovial air.

~~Donkey~~

Fairy

White hair piled high, dressed in silver and diamonds. Wand tipped with diamonds. A formal, exquisite fairy.

Sausage

This may be attached to cat gut, which is drawn through hole in wife's nose. At the right time the Sausage is drawn up so it hangs from nose, and later, when desired, it is removed by drawing other end of string.

SCENE

Interior of poor cottage. Fireplace at back.
Door at right, window left.

Wife
(alone) Where is my old man now? The old gossoon! Sure, but he's wasting his time somewhere! (looks out of window) No, he's not there, perhaps he's grubbin' away in the garden patch. (Opens door) There he is, the old fool, I can hardly tell which is he and which is the cabbage he is diggin'! (Calls) Hi there, old man! Come in with you and bring the cabbage for supper.

Husband (entering with cabbage in arms) Will you look at this rotten, old, worm-eaten cabbage now! It's the best our miserable garden can grow. Nothing but weeds and worms will flourish there, worse luck! (Places cabbage on table) How I wish we had a fine garden like Farmer Green's now! Then we'd grow potatoes and lima beans and cabbages fit for a king, we would!

Wife And I -- I wish we had a decent house! Look at the leak in the roof. Listen to the wind blowin' through the crack in the wall. This hut is not fit for a pig to live in!

Husband Shure, you're right! And there's the poor beast now. (Pigs pokes his head through door and finally enters) He's as hungry as we are, poor wee creature. He shall have the cabbage I dug for supper, it's scarcely fit even for him to eat. (Pigs gobbles up cabbage, Husband and wife laugh merrily)

Husband Shure, he enjoyed it, wriggling worms and all!

Wife (patting pig) Poor fellow, he's as thin as a rail!

Husband No wonder, there's hardly even a thistle for him in the garden. (exit pig)

Husband I wish we had a fine black horse now like Farmer Green's! Then I'd drive you to market in style, old woman!

Wife And I wish I had a rustling silk dress! A silk dress and a gold chain like neighbor Susan's. She never does a day's work for it, neither. Some people have only to wish to get all they desire. But poke the fire, husband, it's getting awful cold. (Both turn to fireplace, hiding it for a moment until fairy has risen in front of it, apparently coming out of chimney. Then Husband and Wife draw back to right and left corners, giving fairy center of stage)

Husband Saints in heaven, what have we here! (bowing). The top of the morning to you, madam!

Wife (courtesying) Take a seat, ma'am! Pleased to see you, ma'am!

Fairy Wishes you want? Wishes? Well you shall have them! Just because it is New Year's Eve and I happened to dance down your chimney you shall have three wishes. One for you, one for you, and one for you both to agree upon. So -- that pleases you! Happy New Year to you with your three wishes! (Fairy vanishes)

Husband Now that's grand! Three wishes! What shall we wish for? A fine garden? A pair of prancing horses?

Wife Oh I shall wish for a splendid house -- no -- a palace, all made of marble and gold!

Husband And I shall wish to be King!

Wife And I Queen!

Husband And together we will wish for a chariot drawn by black horses.

Wife No, white horses! I've always longed for white horses.

Husband They'll be black horses I'm telling you.

Wife No, I say they'll be white.

Husband No, black.

Wife No! White!!!

Husband Well, well, let's wait until tomorrow morning to make our wishes. That will give us time to dream about them and decide what we really want the most. And now -- I am famished with hunger! I could eat that rotten cabbage I gave the pig. I tell you, Wife, I'm just dreaming of the big sausages Farmer Green had for his dinner today! It makes my mouth water to think of them.

Wife I do love sausages. I wish there were one now right on that table! (Sausage descends to table, wife raises her hands in horror)

Wife Ah, begorra! The sausage itself and one wish gone!

Husband Oh you greedy, gluttonous woman, you! You have lots your precious wish. Goodness, what a stupid you are! You are stupider than any goose! It makes me furious. I detest the sausage and you too. I wish - I wish it were on your nose, I do! (Sausage rises and fastens itself upon her nose)

Wife Now see what you have done, evil one! Two wishes have gone. The third we have to agree upon, and I will wish for nothing but to have this horrible thing off my nose!

Husband Wife, Wife! For heaven's sake! How about the fine garden, the palace, the chariot and horses -- white horses if you wish for them!

Wife I do not care! I will not be a fright like this all my life.

Husband Wife, I have an idea! We will wish for a fortune. Then you can have a golden case made for your nose and the sausage. I think it would be quite becoming!

Wife No indeed, I will not hear of it. I will wish for nothing but to have this horrible thing upon the table.

Husband Perhaps I can pull it off! (He tries to pull it off and apparently pulls her around the room)

Wife No, no, it will not come off unless we wish it! (sobs)

Husband Then you will have us just as we were before? No house, no garden, no chariot, not even a farm horse?

Husband (aside) And I am very hungry. Well -- it really is frightful.

Wife So do I! (sausage descends to table. Couple laugh, kiss each other, take hands and dance.)

Husband Oh, how handsome you are!

Wife Oh what a nice old man you are to be sure! (Fairy appears from the chimney. Couple draws back and bow to her.)

Fairy So, you have made your three wishes and are no better off than you were before? Never mind! There are Kings and Queens to-day who would gladly give their kingdoms for what you possess to-night - - health, happiness, and - - a bit of sausage!

C U R T A I N

THE TALE OF A WHALE

WORKS PROGRESS ADMINISTRATION
FOR NORTH DAKOTA

Division of Recreation

File Heading: Marionette Plays

BARNACLE BILL AND COMPANY PRESENT "THE TALE OF A WHALE"

Scene

The wharf somewhere near New York City

Characters

Barnacle Bill, Raggedy Anne, Raggedy Andy and the Whale.

Raggedy Anne.

(Entering Right) There is no whale here at all --
just a nasty old wharf, just a nasty old wharf.

Raggedy Andy.

(From Off Right) Isn't that just like a woman?
Isn't that just like a woman?

Raggedy Anne.

Well, it's the truth.

Raggedy Andy.

(Entering Right) I suppose it is -- it usually is.

Raggedy Anne.

Did you bring me here to see an old wharf?

Raggedy Andy.

No.

Raggedy Anne.

Did you bring me here just to see the ocean? I've
seen the ocean before.

Raggedy Andy.

No.

Raggedy Anne.

Well, what did you bring me here to see?

Raggedy Andy.

Looks as though I brought you here to talk.

Raggedy Anne.

There is no whale here.

Raggedy Andy.

No, no whale here, but -- (moves to edge of wharf)
there's lots of whale here. Look. (He leans over
and almost falls in.)

Raggedy Anne.

Don't fall in the water. (Runs to him and pulls him
back.)

Raggedy Andy.

I was just looking.

Raggedy Anne.

Well, you were trying to look too close for safety.
Now, I shall look. (She almost topples in.)

Raggedy Andy.

(Holding her) Wait a minute. Don't you fall in.

Raggedy Anne.

(Pushing him away) Fall in nothing. I just lost my
balance. I shall look again. (This time she succeeds)
OH! (She falls backwards into a heap) What was that?

Raggedy Andy.

That's the whale I told you about. Isn't he big?

Raggedy Anne.

Oh, I'll never recover, I know I won't.

Raggedy Andy.

Yes, that's a whale of a whale. (Gets down on his
knees and looks over the wharf.) That's a whale of
a whale, and I know the fellow who caught him.

Raggedy Anne.

You mean that someone actually caught him?

Raggedy Andy.

Sure, he didn't come here and tie himself up, did he?

Raggedy Anne.

For all of me, he did. (Rising) I'm leaving. I'm
not risking my life any longer. (Starts off left.)

Raggedy Andy.

Wait a minute.

Raggedy Anne.

(Turning.) And he murdered by that -- that whale?

Raggedy Andy.

Is that it; is that it?

Raggedy Anne.

I should most certainly hope it is.

Raggedy Andy.

(Falling in a heap).

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho!

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

The Whale.

(Peeks over the wharf) Grr-woof!

Raggedy Anne.

Oh! (She faints and falls.)

Raggedy Andy.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! She fainted! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

The Whale.

(Still peeking over the wharf.) GRR-WOOF! WOOF!

Raggedy Andy.

(Seeing whale) Oh, oh! I'm leaving. (He exits left.)

Raggedy Anne.

(Regaining consciousness) Oh, Raggedy Andy, what is that?
Oh! (Sees he has gone.) He's gone, he's gone, and I shall
die.

The Whale.

Oh, no you won't.

Raggedy Anne.

I won't! I won't!

The Whale.

You won't. I was having some fun with you. You see, life
is so dull for a whale, especially when he is tied up;
and I am such a sad whale, such a sad whale.

Raggedy Anne.

Why don't you try smiling?

The Whale.

I'm afraid I'll crack my face and I only have one.

Raggedy Anne.

That's a shame, isn't it? A person as big as you really
ought to have three or four to use as he wishes, but you
only have one.

The Whale.

Yes. I only have a sour one.

Raggedy Anne.

Oh, dear.

The Whale.

Oh, my; oh, my; oh, my!

Raggedy Anne.

How did you happen to be caught?

The Whale.

I thought I didn't like the place I was -- a little town at the bottom of the Atlantic so I decided to come to shore and live on land.

Raggedy Anne.

How did you happen to be caught?

The Whale.

They caught me while I was sleeping.

Raggedy Anne.

Who caught you?

The Whale.

One of them was called Barnacle Bill and the other was an old sea captain.

Raggedy Anne.

Oh, I know them well and so does Raggedy Andy.

The Whale.

Who is that?

Raggedy Anne.

Raggedy Andy?

The Whale.

Yes, who is that?

Raggedy Anne.

He just ran when you growled at him.

The Whale.

Oh, yes, I see. Well, I must get back into the water. I'm becoming cold.

Raggedy Anne.

But the air is warmer than the water.

The Whale.

Not for me.

Raggedy Anne.

How sad you must be.

The Whale.

Yes, I am so very, very, very sad. Oh, my. Well, I'm glad I met you.

Raggedy Anne.

And I'm glad I've met you. goodbye, Goodbye, sad whale.

Whale.

Don't say good-bye.

Raggedy Anne.

Why not? Why not?

Whale.

It makes me sadder than I am already, and I'm so sad.
(Disappears.)

Raggedy Anne.

I guess he's gone. (Goes to edge of wharf.) I think he's going to go to sleep. He's tired, I think. (Moving Left) All whales get so tired when they're sad, I hear. Now, where is that Raggedy Andy. He's a coward. He's a very true coward, anyway. (She exits Left.)

Barnacle Bill.

(Enters Right) Ay, 'tis an enormous whale I've got me. I'll have another look at him an' see as he has not gone away with my rope. (At edge of wharf) He's still there and looking uglier than ever before, I think.

Raggedy Anne.

(Entering Right with Raggedy Andy) I want you to meet him.

Raggedy Andy.

You're always wanting me to meet someone. This afternoon you wanted me to meet a squirrel. You know that my cloth teeth can't crack nuts the way those squirrels want them.

Raggedy Anne.

The least a person can do is to try.

Raggedy Andy.

There's Barnacle Bill.

Raggedy Anne.

There's Barnacle Bill.

Raggedy Andy.

I thought I said that.

Raggedy Anne.

But we both saw him.

Barnacle Bill.

Hello, hello, hello. What brings you to the wharf -- my whale?

Raggedy Anne.

Yes, your own, your very own whale you caught.

Barnacle Bill.

Caught?

Raggedy Andy.

Did he catch him?

Raggedy Anne.

When the whale was tired and sad.

Raggedy Andy.

What whale was tired and sad? Not the whale I saw.

Raggedy Anne.

The very same, the very same whale.

Barnacle Bill.

Sure, it must have been another whale as this one I almost killed before I could land him.

Raggedy Andy.

How did you land him?

Barnacle Bill.

I wasn't fishing as usual when this whale comes along and bites the lines. He swallows all the lines and I fought him under the water.

Raggedy Anne.

You fought him under the water?

Barnacle Bill.

Sure, he wouldn't come out and fight on dry land like a seal.

Raggedy Andy.

I'll bet that was a good battle.

Raggedy Anne.

And did an old sailor help you?

Barnacle Bill.

He helped me carry him in after I had taken the play out of him.

Raggedy Anne.

Oh. (She goes over to wharf and talks to whale.)

Barnacle Bill.

I'm not afraid of anything. I'm not afraid of anything -- anything at all!

Raggedy Anne.

Neither is Raggedy Andy.

Raggedy Andy.

You said it.

Barnacle Bill.

The bigger they come, the ---

[illegible]

(Peeking over wharf.) GAWWID-WOOF! WOOF!

Hartford, Conn.

Good-bye. (No leaves running.)

Haystack Andy.

Good-bye. (No heaven running.)

Barney Anna.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! That was so funny! I didn't think you heard me.

Wm. 10.

He, he, That was funny. He, he, he, he, he, he, he, he, he, he,
he, he, he, he, he, he! Oh, that was funny! He, he, he, he, he,
He, he, he, he, he! Oh, my, oh, my, OH, MY! I'm happy again.

Raymond Anne.

And now do you know what I'm going to do?

1/23/00

1971-1972

Harvested June.

I'm going to have the men close these curtains. (Points to side curtains.) Then, when no one is looking, I'm going to set you free. They'll think you broke away.

TABLE 1

"The Tale of Whales"

WORKS PROGRESS ADMINISTRATION
FOR NORTH DAKOTA

Division of Recreation

File Heading: Marionette Plays

BARNACLE BILL AND COMPANY PRESENT "The Tale of A Whale"

Scene

The wharf somewhere near New York City

Characters

Barnacle Bill, Raggedy Anne, Raggedy Andy and the Whale.

Raggedy Anne.

(Entering Right) There is no whale here at all--
just a nasty old wharf, just a nasty old wharf.

Raggedy Andy.

(From Off Right) Isn't that just like a woman? Isn't
that just like a woman?

Raggedy Anne.

Well, it's the truth.

Raggedy Andy.

(Entering Right) I suppose it is--it usually is.

Raggedy Anne.

Did you bring me here to see an old wharf?

Raggedy Andy.

No.

Raggedy Anne.

Did you bring me here just to see the ocean? I've
seen the ocean before.

Raggedy Andy.

No.

Raggedy Anne.

Well, what did you bring me here to see?

Raggedy Andy.

Looks as though I brought you here to talk.

Raggedy Anne.

There is no whale here.

Raggedy Andy.

No, no whale here, but--(moves to edge of wharf)
there's lots of whale here. Look. (He leans over and
almost falls in.)

Raggedy Anne.

Dont fall in the water. (Runs to him and pulls him back)

Raggedy Andy.

I was just looking.

Raggedy Anne.

Well, you were trying to look too close for safety.
Now, I shall look.(She almost topples in.)

Raggedy Andy.

(Pushing him away) Fall in nothing. I just lost my
balance. I shall look again. (This time she succeeds)
OH! (She falls backwards into a heap) What was that?

Raggedy Andy.

That's the whale I told you about. Isnt he big?

Raggedy Anne.

Oh, I'll never recover, I know I won't.

Raggedy Andy.

Yes, that's a whale of a whale. (Gets down on his
knees and looks over the wharf.) That's a whale of
a whale, and I know the fellow who caught him.

Raggedy Anne.

You mean that someone actually caught him?

Raggedy Andy.

Sure, he didnt come here and tie himself up, did he?

Raggedy Anne.

For all of me, he did. (Riding). I'm leaving. I'm
not risking my life any longer. (Starts off left).

Raggedy Andy.

Wait a minute.

Raggedy Anne.

(Turning). And be murdered by that--that whale?

Raggedy Andy.

Is that it; is that it?

Raggedy Anne.

I should most certainly hope it is.

Raggedy Andy.
(Falling in a heap.)

Ha, Ha ha, ha, ha!
HO,ho,ho,ho,ho!
Ha,ha,ha,ha,ha!

The Whale.
(Peeks over the wharf) Grr-woof!

Raggedy Anne.
OH ! (She faints and falls.)

Raggedy Andy.
Ha, ha,ha,ha,ha! She fainted ! Ha,ha,ha,ha,ha!

The Whale.
(Still peeking over the wharf). GRR*WOOF! WOOF!

Raggedy Andy.
(seeing whale) Oh, oh! I'm leaving. (He exits Left).

Raggedy Anne.
(Regaining consciousness) Ohm Raggedy Andy, what is that?
Oh! (Sees he has gone.) He's gone, he's gone, and I shall die.

The Whale.
Oh, no you wont.

Raggedy Anne.
I won't? I won't ?

The Whale.
You won't. I was having some fun with you. You see, life is so dull for a whale, especially when he is tied up; and I am such a sad whale, such a sad whale.

Raggedy Anne.
Why don't you try smiling?

The Whale.
I'm afraid I'll crack my face and I only have one.

Raggedy Anne.
That's a shame, isn't it? A person as big as you really ought to have three or four to use as he wishes, but you only have one.

The Whale.
Yes, I only have a sour one.

Raggedy Anne.
Oh, dear.

The Whale.
Oh, my: on my, oh,my!

Raggedy Anne.

How did you happen to be caught?

The Whale.

I thought I didn't like the place I was-- a little town at the bottom of the Atlantic so I decided to come to shore and live on land.

Raggedy Anne.

How did you happen to be caught?

The Whale.

They caught me while I was sleeping.

Raggedy Anne.

Who caught you?

The Whale.

One of them was called Barnacle Bill and the other was an old sea captain.

Raggedy Anne.

Oh, I know them well and so does Raggedy Andy.

The Whale.

Who is that?

Raggedy Anne.

Raggedy Andy?

The Whale.

Yes, who is that?

Raggedy Anne.

He just ran when you growled at him.

The Whale.

Oh, yes, I see. Well, I must get back into the water. I'm becoming cold.

Raggedy Anne.

But the air is warmer than the water.

The Whale.

Not for me.

Raggedy Anne.

How sad you must be.

The Whale.

Yes, I am so very, very, very sad. Oh, my. Well, I'm glad I met you.

Raggedy Anne.

And I'm glad I've met you. Good-bye. Good-bye, sad whale.

Whale

Don't say good-bye.

Raggedy Anne.

Why not? Why not?

Whale.

It makes me sadder than I am already, and I'm so sad.
(Disappears.)

Raggedy Anne.

I guess he's gone. (Goes to edge of wharf) I think he's going to go to sleep. He's tired, I think, (moving Left). All whales get so tired when they're sad, I hear. Now, where is that Raggedy Andy. He's a coward. He's a very true coward, anyway. (She exits Left.)

Barnacle Bill:

(Enters Right). Ay, 'tis an enormous whale I've got me. I'll have another look at him an' see as he has not gone away with my rope. (At edge of wharf) He's still there and looking uglier than ever before, I think.

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(Entering Right with Raggedy Andy) I want you to meet him.

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You're always wanting me to meet someone. This afternoon you wanted me to meet a squirrel. You know that my cloth teeth can't crack nuts the way these squirrels want them.

Raggedy Anne.

The least a person can do is to try.

Raggedy Andy.

There's Barnacle Bill.

Raggedy Anne.

There's Barnacle Bill.

Raggedy Andy.

I thought I said that.

Raggedy Anne.

But we both saw him.

Barnacle Bill.

Hello, hello,hello. What brings you to the wharf-- my whale?

Raggedy Anne.

Yes your own, your very own whale you caught.

Barnacle Bill.

Caught?

Raggedy Andy.

Did he catch him?

Raggedy Anne.

When the whale was tired and sad.

Raggedy Andy.

What whale was tired and sad? Not the whale I saw.

Raggedy Anne.

The very same, the very same whale.

Barnacle Bill. Sure, it must have been another whale as this one I almost killed before I could land him.

Raggedy Andy.

How did you land him?

Barnacle Bill.

I was out fishing as usual when this whale comes along and bites the lines. He swallows all the lines and I fought him under the water.

Raggedy Anne.

You fought him under the water?

Barnacle Bill.

Sure, he wouldn't come out and fight on dry land like a man.

Raggedy Andy.

I'll bet that was a good battle.

Raggedy Anne.

And did an old sailor help you?

Barnacle Bill.

He helped me carry him in after I had taken the play out of him.

Raggedy Anne.

Oh. (She goes over to wharf and talks to the whale.

Barnacle Bill.

I'm not afraid of anything. I'm not afraid of anything-- anything at all.

Raggedy Anne.

Neither is Raggedy Andy.

Raggedy Andy.

You said it.

Barnacle Bill.

The bigger they come, the--

Whale.
(Peeking over the wharf.) GRRR-WOOF..WOOF

(Peeking over the wharf.) GRRR-WOOF..WOOF

Barnacle Bill.
Good-bye. (He leaves Running)

Good-bye. (He leaves Running)

Raggedy Andy.
Good-bye . (He leaves running).

Good-bye . (He leaves running) .

Raggedy Anne.
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha. That was so funny! I didn't think
you heard me.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha. That was so funny! I didn't think you heard me.

Whale.
Ha, ha, . That was funny. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho. Oh that was funny. Ha, ha , ha, ho, ho, ho, ha, ha, ha, ho, ho. Oh my oh my OH MY. I'm happy again.

Ha, ha, . That was funny. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho. Oh that was funny. Ha, ha , ha, ho, ho, ho, ha, ha, ha, ho, ho. Oh my oh my OH MY. I'm happy again.

Raggedy Anne. And now do you know what I'm going to do?

And now do you know what I'm going to do?

Whale.
What?

What?

Raggedy Anne. I'm going to have the man close these curtains. (Points to side curtains.) Then, when no one is looking, I'm going to set you free. They'll think you broke away.

I'm going to have the man close these curtains. (Points to side curtains.) Then, when no one is looking, I'm going to set you free. They'll think you broke away.

THE END

"The Tale of Whales".

Don Dickinson
Activities Specialist.

THE TOTEM

CHARACTERS

SAHAWHE	-- A Chieftain
Soa	-- His Squaw
AWENDEA	-- His daughter
GAANUNDA	-- His son
THE GOLDEN EAGLE	
TWO IROQUOIS	-- False-face dancers
TWO WHITE MEN	

THE TOTEM

*Federal Theatre N.P.A.
Marionettes*

CHARACTERS

SAHAWHE	-- A Chieftain
SOA	-- His Squaw
AWENDEA	-- His daughter
GAANUNDA	-- His Son
THE GOLDEN EAGLE	
TWO IROQUOIS	-- False-face dancers
TWO WHITE MEN	

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 room)

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

G aanunda-Contin.

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 a 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. She 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)

Gaanunda-Contin.

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.

Awendea

(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 -- bit I thought -- I thought --
(Staggers)

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 pur 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.

(Offstage 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 magic 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.

Gaanunda

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.

Gaanunda

(sadly)

And now we are grown old together.

Awendea

(Leaving her loom)

O Gaanunda -- do you remember that day long ago when you set free 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 caysing 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. Now 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.

Gaanunda- Contin.

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 Father. Fly up high, ever higher until you see his white tepee. Tell him of the sickness that magic will not cure. Tell 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 White Man

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 ~~oo~~ 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.

Gaamunda

Money?

First W.M.

Sure -- plenty silver.

Awendea

(Running to Gaamunda)

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

(Fiercely)

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 can'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 man. 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 to 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 yoh 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.

Shh -- 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 wall)

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 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 him 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.

Gaamunda

The eagle will come. He listens to no voice but my own.

(The eagle enters)

Indian

Ai-wai - alas

Gaamunda

Greetings, little brother

Eagle

Eek -- eek

Gaamunda

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.

Gaamunda

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.

Gaamunda

He is not used to strangers.

First W.M.

He'll get used to us as soon enough -- when he's stuffed. Hai hai hai hai!

Second W.M.

Ha! ha! ha! ha! -- that's right!

Awendee

(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 Awendee 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.)

Awendee

((Rushing on)

What is that sound I heard? Gaanunda -- what are you doing?

Indian

(Awed)

He dances the spirit dance!

Awendee

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 Gaanunda -- 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 Indian
The Eagle! He bids us punish them! Come!

(War-whooping, the two Indians rush after white men)

Gaanunda

(Calling after them)
Stop!

Eagle

Eek -- eek -- eek.
(Leaves perch and comes to Gaanunda)

Gaanunda

As you will, brother. You have earned the right to advise me.

Awendea

O Gaanunda! Will you ever forgive me for my lack of faith!

Gaanunda

I forgive you. Perhaps I too should have had more faith. Who knows but that the intercession of my Totem speeded the doctor on his way.
(Strokes eagle)

Eagle

(Flapping his wings)
Eek -- eek!

CURTAIN

bear's. My bones cannot be broken.

MANDOMIN

You speak so boldly for one so young. I like you, Way Nah Bo Zho, and will spare your life. But you are foolhardy, forward and blustering. I have a lesson to teach you.

BO ZHO

I come

(THEY STRUGGLE. WAY NAH BO ZHO IS TOSSED IN A HEAP).

MANDOMIN

You are strong, but you are weary now. Go home, boy. I spare your life. Return to old Nokomis.

BO ZHO

(RISING) I come.

(THEY STRUGGLE. WAY NAH BO ZHO AGAIN GETS THE WORST OF IT).

MANDOMIN

You try my temper, boy. I give you this one last chance. Return to old Nokomis.

BO ZHO

(RISING) I made a promise. That promise is my strength. I come.

(THEY STRUGGLE. MANDOMIN GOES DOWN.)

BO ZHO

Had I my knife! (TO MAH JAH ~~HE~~ WIS WHO HAS ENTERED, LEFT.) Fetch my knife, old bag of bones!

MAH JAH

Are you frightened at a stalk of maize?

BO ZHO

I have never seen ----- (HE DISCOVERS HE IS NOW HOLDING A STALK OF GREEN CORN)

MAH JAH

Listen. The wind. And the wind has many voices.

MANDOMIN'S VOICE (THE CORN)

Way Nah Bo Zho, you fought well. You were stronger than I. I have surrendered. I have become food for your people that they may never starve.

MAH JAH

Listen, the maize speaks.

CORN

Treat me right, and famine will never come to your people.

BO ZHO

I am grateful. What are your wishes?

CORN

From my body will grow ears of plump and golden kernels. Eat of me as much as you will. But every year, when the harvest moon is smiling, save some ears for seed.

BO ZHO

I will save the best.

CORN

You are wise. Then, in the springtime, when the ground is warm, hoe it soft, and plant me in good earth.

BO ZHO

The richest earth.

CORN

And give me food. Above each kernel place a fish that I may have to eat, and eating, grow. Up into the sunshine I will thrust my green leaves, and in the sunlight I will swing my yellow hair. If I thirst, give me water. Attend me, and I will be with you always.

(WAY NAH BO ZHO AND MAH JAH KE WIS BOW)

CURTAIN

THE TWIN KIDS

by--Inez Hogan (All rights reserved)

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

Scene: In a field. (Two baby goats cuddled close to Mother Goat.

Characters:	Father Billy	Cat
	Mother Nanny	Dog
	Tim and Tom	Rabbit
	Petunia	Mammy

F. Billy Maa--aa-a-a, Twins! Twin Kids!

M. Nanny They look just alike. However, shall we tell which is which?

F. Billy We'll name one Tim and the other Tom.

Tim & Tom Maa--aa-a-a! (Twins try to stand but their legs are wobbly)

F. Billy Stand with your legs far apart -- like this.
(Twins try standing like Father indicates)
And hop like this.
(Twins try it.)

Father And skip like this! And jump like this!
(Twins continue to do as above.)

Mother Look, Father, Tim and Tom can hop, skip, and jump.
Now they can play by themselves in this nice green field while we do our work.

(Mother and Father exit) (Tim and Tom skip and jump to the fence where a little girl is perched.)

Petunia You is de cutest little white rascals I ebber done see!
What is yo' names?

Tim & Tom Tim and Tom.

Petunia Well which is Tim and which am Tom?

Tim I'm Tim.

Tom I'm Tom. (Petunia climbs down from fence and picks up kids)

Petunia I'm gonna keep yo' fo' pets!
(Petunia carries them to her own yard and shuts gate, and leaves them. Enter cat.)

Tom Who are you?

Cat I'm Petunia's pet, Tinksy. I live at the house.

Tim Is it fun to be a pet?

Cat Sometimes. (Exit cat. Enter Dog)

Tom Are you Petunia's pet, too?

Dog Sure. I've always been a pet. My father was a pet and so was my grandfather. My name's Nappy.

Tim You must know all about it. Is it fun to be a pet?

Dog Sometimes. (Exit Dog)

Tom Well, we'll have to find out more about this pet business. (Enter Rabbit.)

Tom I s'pose you're a pet, too?

Rabbit Yes. I'm Petunia's pet. I am Peter Pink Ears.

Tim Then please tell us. Is it fun to be a pet?

Rabbit Sometimes. (Exit Rabbit)

Tim This is very peculiar.

Tom Let's call them all together and find out why it's sometimes fun to be a pet, and sometimes not.

Tim & Tom-Tinksy, Nappy, Peter, Pink Ears, please come here. We want to talk to you. (Enter dog, cat, and rabbit.)

Tim & Tom-Why do you all say "sometimes" when we ask you if it's fun to be a pet?

Rabbit I'll tell you why. It's because sometimes Petunia forgets to feed us.

Tom In that case there is no sense in staying. Let's all run away.

Dog Where will you go?

Tim Oh, we'll go back to the fields where we belong.

Rabbit And I'm going back to the woods where I belong.

Dog Well, I belong here, so I won't go.

Cat And I shall go away by myself. (Cat stalks off. Rabbit digs hole under fence and squeezes through)

Tim & Tom-Make the hole bigger for us. (Rabbit digs more, and goats crawl through and run away.) (Petunia enters finds pets gone, except the dog. Cries. Enter Petunia's Mammy.)

Mammy Bless gracious chile, what yo' all cryin' 'bout?

Petunia (crying) All my pets done run away, 'cept dis yere dog.

Mammy Has yo' been feedin' 'em regular?

Petunia (hesitantl y) Sometimes, I done fergets.

Mammy Den dat's jes' de trouble. No creecture is gonna stay where dey isn't fed.

Petunia I'm gonna fetch 'em back. But first I'll get yo' a bone, Nappy. (Exit Petunia; returns and feeds dog.)

Dog Woof--Woof!

Petunia Yo' welcome Nappy. (Petunia exits and returns with milk.)

Petunia Here, Tinksy, come, Tinksy. I don got yo' some milk. (Cat enters and laps milk.)

Cat Meeow!

Petunia Yo' welcome, Tinksy. Now I is gonna get some lettus for Peter Pink Ears. (Picks lettuce from other part of the garden)

Petunia Here, Peter Pink Ears. Here, Peter Pink Ears. I is got yo' some nice green lettuce. (Enter Rabbit and eats lettuce. Petunia walks to fence where Tim and Tom are trying to climb over)

Petunia Yo' all kin come in an' be my pets, and I isn't ever gonna fergit to feed yo' no more! (Exit Petunia; returns with two bowls milk.)

Tim & Tom-Maa-aa-a-a!

Petunia Yo' is welcome, Tim and Tom. (Cat, rabbit, dog, and goats frolic about and bark etc.)

Petunia I isn't never gonna fergit to feed yo' little pets again.

Tim & Tom And we are going to stay with you until we're big goats and have whiskers. (Petunia takes a goat in each arm; cat, rabbit, and dog watch her.)

Petunia Yo' all am de nices' pets dat I ever done see!

(All bark, and etc., joyously.)

CURTAIN

The Totem .

SCENE I

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 room)

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 wideom?

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 meant 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.

Who knows?

Gaanunda

I hope it isn't a frog.

Awendea

(Makes the sound of a frog)

Or a woodpecker.

Gaanunda

(Imitates a woodpecker)

Or a funny old owl.

Awendea

(Hoots)

Or a duck.

Gaanunda

(Laughing)

(Quack, quack)

Or a crow.

Awendea

(Caw, caw.)

Silence -- your levity shames me. It is unbecoming.

Sahawhe

Forgive me, father. But I know that Gaanunda's totem shall be none of these. He is so brave and swift that this totem shall be nothingless than an eagle who is the king of all the birds.

Awendea

Enough. That lies in the hands of the great white father. Back to your loom.
(Awendea returns to loom. Soa enters carrying skull)

Sahawhe

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.

Soa

(Gaanunda looks uncertainly from Soa to the old chieftain.)

Take it, my son. Your mother speaks truly. And now -- hurry -- for there is only a short time left me.

Sahawhe

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, eeeeeeeek.

Gaanunda

That's settled, then. And now let us be starting, for I'm sure that you too are hungry.

Awendea

(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 --

(Staggers)

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.

(Offstage 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 magic 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

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 Father. Fly up high, ever higher until you see his white tepee. Tell him of the sickness that magic will not cure. Tell 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 White Man

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

Sol

Yep -- that's right.

First W.M.

What is it you would have of me?

Gaanunda

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 Gaanunda)
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

(Fiercely)
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 man. 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 to 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.

Shh -- 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 felled 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

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 him 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 -- rushed 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 tomtoms? 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 hands 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 whily 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. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Second W.M.

Ha! ha! ha! ha! -- 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 rushed 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 wail

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?

(Gaanunda concludes the dance by raising the knife which he is about to plunge into his own heart, when his hand is struck by 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 Gaanunda -- 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 ~~the~~ 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

Second Indian

(cont'd)

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 one-- we better get out of here.

(Slinks off)

Second W.M.

(Following)

The sonner the better.

(Eagle gives a series of shrieks and flaps his wings)

First Indian

The Eagle! He bids us punish them! Come!

(War-whooping, the two Indians rush after white men)

Gaanunda

(Calling after them)

Stop!

Eagle

Eek -- eek -- eek.

(Leaves perch and comes to Gaanunda)

Gaanunda

As you will, brother. You have earned the right to advise me.

Awendea

O Gaanunda! Will you ever forgive me for my lack of faith!

Gaanunda

I forgive you. Perhaps I too should have had more faith. Who knows but that the intercession of my Totem speeded the doctor on his way.

(Strokes eagle)

Eagle

(Flapping his wings)

Eek -- eek!

CURTAIN

The Totem
Puppet Play

MEMORANDUM _____

TRANSFER VOLUME NO. _____

PRECEDING FOLDER SAME NAME OR NO. IN VOLUME NO. _____

MANUFACTURED BY THE SMEAD MANUFACTURING COMPANY, HASTINGS, MINNESOTA, U. S. A.



No. 2-153L

TREASURE ISLAND

A Puppet Play in Three Scenes



Deborah Meader Puppet Shop

748 Goodrich Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

TREASURE ISLAND

CHARACTERS: Jim Hawkins, Ben Gunn, Long John Silver, George Merry, Doctor Livesey.

Place: Treasure Island.

SCENE I.

Outdoor Scene: Rock at right.

(Sound of shot, Ben Gunn on puppeteer's right hand, discovered. He dodges behind rock as Jim Hawkins on puppeteer's left hand runs in with pistol in his hand. Ben Gunn creeps out. Jim sees him and points pistol at him.

Ben Gunn falls on his knees before Jim.)

JIM Who are you?

BEN Ben Gunn, I'm poor Ben Gunn, I am, and I haven't spoke with a Christian, these three years.

JIM Three years! Were you ship-wrecked?

BEN Nay mate, marooned! Marooned three years ago, and lived on goats, since then, and berries and oysters. Wherever a man is, says I, a man can do for himself.

JIM You lived on goats, berries and oysters?

BEN Yea, that I did. You mightn't happen to have a piece of cheese about you, now?

JIM No.

BEN Well, many's the long time, I dreamed of cheese, toasted mostly, and woke up again and here I were.

JIM If ever I can get aboard again, you shall have cheese by the arm-load.

BEN If ever you can get aboard again, says you. Why, now, who's to hinder you?

JIM Not you, I know.

BEN And right you was. Now, you, what does you call yourself mate?

JIM Jim.

BEN Jim, Jim! Well now, Jim, I've lived that rough as you'd be ashamed to hear of. Now, for instance, you wouldn't think I had a pious mother, to look at me?

JIM Why, no, not in particular.

BEN Ah, well, but I had, remarkable pious, and I was a civil pious boy, and could rattle off my catechism that fast, as you couldn't tell one word from another.

JIM Think of that.

BEN Yes sir. She predicted what happened to me, she did. It were Providence that put me here. I've thot it all out and I'm back on piety.

JIM Back on piety?

BEN Yes, mate, I'm bound I'll be good and I see the way to. And Jim, I'm rich!

JIM Rich?

BEN Rich! rich I says. And I'll tell you what, I'll make a man of you, Jim. Ah, Jim, you'll bless your stars, you will, you as the first that found me. Now, Jim, tell me true. Ain't that Flint's ship?

Flint, the bloodiest buccaneer of them all.

JIM It's not Flint's ship and Flint is dead. But I'll tell you true, as you ask me, there are some of Flint's hands aboard, worse luck for the rest of us.

BEN Not a man, with one leg?

JIM Silver?

BEN Ah, Silver! Long John Silver! That were his name.

JIM He's the cook, and the ringleader, too.

BEN If you were sent by Long John, I'm as good as pork, and I know it. But how happen you be with 'em?

JIM I'll tell you how it is, Billy Bones—

BEN Not Billy Bones?

JIM Yes, he lived at our inn, the Admiral Benbow. Flint's men found him out and tipped him the "black spot." He died of apoplexy and I found the treasure chart of this island in his chest.

BEN He's the one got it, was he?

JIM Yes, I told Dr. Livesey about it. Then Squire Trelawney fitted up the Hispaniola at Bristol and by chance engaged Long John as cook. He recommended the others of the crew, who were Flint's men. We have some honest hands among us and the Squire's servants. I'm the cabin boy.

BEN How come you to be here all alone, Jim?

JIM I'll tell you. This moring I hid in an apple barrel and heard Silver and the men plotting to kill us

and get, the chart. The men were so restless Captain Smollet let them come ashore in the gig. I slipped in the boat, too, for a lark. As we landed, I swung myself ashore and ran as hard as I could.

BEN What were the shots just before you saw me?

JIM That was Silver and his men killing two of the honest hands. 'Twas Alan first, and I saw Tom killed before my eyes. 'Twas then Silver blew his whistle and, for fear I'd be found, I ran as fast as I could.

BEN You're a good lad, Jim, and you're all in a clove hitch, aren't you? Well, you just put your trust in Ben Gunn. Ben Gunn's the man to do it. Would you think your Squire would prove liberal minded in case of help,—him being in a clove hitch,—as you remark?

JIM The squire is the most liberal of men.

BEN Ay!—but I don't mean giving me a gate to keep. Would he be likely to come down to the tune of, say, one thousand pounds out of money as good as mine already.

JIM I'm sure he would.

BEN And a passage home?

JIM Why, the Squire's a gentleman and besides, if we got rid of the others, we should need you to help work the vessel home.

BEN Ah, so you would. I were in Flint's ship when he took men ashore to bury the treasurer on this

island. No one but him come back. Three years later, I was in another ship, when we sighted this island. I told them about the treasure. Twelve days, we hunted for it but couldn't find it and every day, they had the worse word for me. One fine morning, they all went aboard and the Captain says: "As for you, Ben Gunn, here's a musket, a spade and a pickaxe. You can stay here and find Flint's money for yourself." He says. Well, Jim, three years have I been here. You'll put in a good word for me, Jim?

JIM That I will but how am I to get aboard?

BEN Well, there's my boat, here, that I made with my two hands. I keep her under this white rock. If the worst comes to worst, we might try that after dark.

(Shots heard again)

Hi! What's that?

JIM They have begun to fight.

(Looks off stage, left)

BEN 'Tis from the stockade, it comes.

JIM Who has it, our friends or the pirates?

BEN See! there goes up the Union Jack. It's your friends sure enough. Silver would fly the Jolly Roger.

JIM Who built the stockade?

BEN 'Twas Flint. Barring rum, his match was never seen. He were afraid of none, not he, on'y Silver,

—Silver was that genteel.

JIM Well that may be so,—so be it,—all the more reason I should hurry on and join my friends.

BEN When Ben Gunn is wanted you'll know where to find him, Jim. Right here by the white rock.

JIM Now I must go.

CURTAIN

SCENE II.

Interior of stockade. (Silver on left hand and Merry on left hand of second puppeteer discovered, lying on stage in the dark. Jim Hawkins on right hand enters at the right and stealthily creeps forward. Silver's parrot yells.)

Parrot "Pieces of eight! pieces of eight!"

(off stage) Pieces of eight! pieces of eight!"

(Silver wakes, springs to his feet, and grabs Jim.)

SILVER What? what my bird? (pause) Who goes? Who have we here, Merry? (Peers at Jim) Shiver my timbers! Jim Hawkins! Dropped in, like, eh? Well, now, I take that friendly of you. Captain Flint was yelling you a welcome.

JIM Yes, its me.

SILVER Quite a pleasant surprise for poor old John. I

seed you were smart, when first I set my eyes on you. But this here gets away from me clean, it do.

JIM Well?

SILVER I always wanted you to jine us and take your share, and die a gentleman and now, my cock, youse got to. Captain Smollet's a fine seaman but stiff on discipline. Just you keep clear of the Cap'n. The doctor is gone dead against you. "Ungrateful scamp" was what he said. You can't go back to your own lot. They won't have you. You'll have to jine with Cap'n. Silver.

JIM Mebbe I will.

SILVER You're free to answer no, free and welcome, shipmate; if fairer can be said by mortal seaman, shiver my sides.

JIM Am I to answer then?

SILVER Lad, no one's a'pressing of you. Take your bearings. None of us won't hurry you, mate; time goes so pleasant in your company.

JIM Well, if I'm to choose, I declare I have a right to know, what's what, and why you're here and where my friends are.

MERRY Wot's, wot? Ah, he'd be a lucky one as knowed that!

SILVER (Fiercely to Merry) You'll, perhaps, better batten down your hatches till your spoke to, (turning to Jim.) Yesterday morning, Mr. Hawkins, in the dog

watch, down came Dr. Livesey with a flag o' truce. Says he, "Cap'n. Silver, you're sold out. Ship's gone." We looked out, and by thunder, the old ship was gone. "Well," says the doctor: "Let's bargain." We bargained.

JIM What happened?

SILVER He said, "As for the boy, I don't know where he is, confound him, nor don't much care."

JIM Is that all?

SILVER Well, it's all you're to hear, my son.

JIM And now I am to choose.

SILVER And now you're to choose and you may lay to that.

JIM Well, I'm not such a fool but I know pretty well what to look for. Let the worst come to worst, it's little I care.

SILVER I knew you were a lad of spirit.

JIM But there's a thing or two I have to tell you, you're in a bad way. Ship lost, treasure lost, men lost, and if you want to know who did it, it was I. I was in the apple barrel the night we sighted land and I heard every word you said and I told it before we landed.

MERRY Shiver my timbers,—I'll— —

SILVER Belay that! Let him finish.

JIM As for the schooner, it was I cut her cable, it was I that killed the last man aboard her, and it was I who brought her where you'll never see her

more— not one of you.

MERRY I'll be hanged if I'll be hazed by you, John Silver.

SILVER Do you or any of your absent gentleman friends want to have it out with me?

Take a cutlass, if you dare, and I'll see the color of your insides. (Pause while Merry does not move) That's your sort, is it? I'm Cap'n by 'lection. If you won't fight, you'll obey. I like the boy. Let me see him that'll lay a hand on him.

MERRY This crew's dissatisfied. By your own rules. I take it, we can talk together. I'll step outside for a foc's'le council.

(Exit Merry right)

SILVER Now, look you here Jim Hawkins. You're within a plank of death and what's a long sight worse, of torture. But I'll stand by you through thick and thin. I didn't mean to tell you, till you spoke up. I'm your last card and by the living thunder you're mine, You stand by me and I'll stand by you.

JIM You mean all's lost?

SILVER Ay, by gum, I do, Jim, tit for tat, I'll save your life if so be as I can and you save Long John from swinging.

JIM What I can do, that I'll do.

SILVER It's a bargain. You speak up plucky and, by thunder, I've a chance.

JIM Here he comes.

SILVER Well, let him come, lad, let him come. I've still got a shot in my locker.

(Enter Merry hesitatingly)

Step up George lad, I won't eat you. I knows the rules, I do, (Merry steps up and puts something in Silver's hands)

SILVER The "black spot." Where did you get this paper? This ain't lucky. What fool's gone and cut this out'n the Bible?

MERRY Belay that talk, John Silver. This crew has tipped you the "black spot" in full counsel. Just turn it over and see what is wrote there, then you can talk.

SILVER Thanky, Merry, you was always brisk for business. (Turns paper over) Ah, "Deposed," That's it. Verry pretty wrote, to be sure.

MERRY Look here now, you don't fool this crew, no more.

SILVER I'm still Cap'n, mind, till you outs with your grievances.

MERRY We're all square, we are. First you've made a hash of this cruise,—second, you let the enemy out of this here trap for nothing,—third, you wouldn't go at them on the march and—fourth, there's this here boy.

SILVER Is that all?

MERRY Enough too. We'll all swing for your bungling.

SILVER Well, now, look here, I'll answer these four points.

If what I wanted had been done, we'd been aboard the Hispaniola this night and full of good plum duff, by thunder. Who forced my hand? 'Twas you George Merry.

MERRY Go on.

SILVER Bungled. If we could understand how bad it's bungled. We're that near the gibbet, my neck's stiff of thinking of it. As for this boy, isn't he a hostage? He might be our last chance. Kill the boy,—not me, mates.

MERRY Speak up as to the others.

SILVER There's a deal to number three. Maybe you didn't know there was a rescue ship comin', for the Hispaniola. You didn't know that either, but there is and who'll be glad to have a hostage. But that's a trifle, the real reason I made a bargain is here. (Produces map)

(Merry pounces upon it)

MERRY The map! Flint's map sure enough!

SILVER Flint's treasure map it is.

MERRY Where did you get it?

SILVER From the Doctor.

MERRY Mighty pretty, but how are we to get away with the treasure and us no ship.

SILVER Now no more of your sauce. You lost the ship. I found the treasure. Elect who you please. I resign.

MERRY (Pleadingly) Now,—now,—Silver.—

(Calls off Stage) Silver has the treasure map.

(Shout goes up off Stage)

VOICES Silver for Captain! Silver for Captain!

(off stage) Hooray for Long John!

SILVER So that's your tune is it? So be it. Get ready for the treasure hunt. The map shows plain where it be.

CURTAIN

SCENE III.

Woods at top of Spyglass Hill. (Enter left, Merry on right hand, Silver on right hand and Jim on left hand of second puppeteer)

SILVER (Pointing off stage right) There are three tall trees shown on the map, about in the right line. It's child's play to find the stuff now.

MERRY I don't feel sharp. Thinking o' Flint has done me up.

SILVER Ah, well mate, you praise your stars he's dead.

MERRY He were an ugly devil. Rum made him blue in the face, too. (Voice heard off stage singing in thin, high, trembling voice)

VOICE "Fifteen men on a dead man's chest, yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!"

MERRY It's Flint, (terrified) Flint's voice.

SILVER Come, this won't do. It's someone skylarkin' someone that's flesh and blood and you may lay to that!

VOICE (Off-stage wails) "Darby M'Graw, Darby M'Graw! Fetch af't the rum, Darby!"

MERRY (Gasps) That fixes it. They was his last words.

SILVER Shipmates, I'm here to get that stuff and I'll not be beat by man nor devil, I never was afeard of Flint in his life, and, by the powers, I'll face him, dead.

MERRY Belay there, John. Don't you cross a sperrit.

SILVER That ain't no sperrit, I've heard that voice before. By the powers, it were Ben Gunn's voice.

MERRY Ay, and so it were. Nobody minds Ben Gunn, dead or alive.

SILVER You stay here Jim. The treasure will be a little father on. Come on Merry.

(Exit, Silver and Merry, Right)

MERRY Huzza, mates, all together!

(off stage) (Jim watches. Great commotion)

JIM They found it.

(Re-enter Silver running)

SILVER Jim, stand by for trouble. Somebody else has already found the treasure and carried it off. The seven hundred thousand pounds are gone.

JIM So you've changed sides again. (They back off

towards left)

(Enter Merry, right)

MERRY (Holding coin in hand) Two guineas! There's your seven hundred thousand pounds. You're the man for bargains, ain't you! You're him that never bungled nothin'.

SILVER (Coolly to men off stage) Dig away boys, you'll find some pig nuts, and I shouldn't wonder.

MERRY (Screams) Pig nuts! (Calls to men off stage right) Mates, do you hear that? There they are (Pointing) two of them, alone. One's the old cripple that brought us here and blundered us down to this, and the other's that cub, I mean to have the heart of. Now mates—

(Shots are heard. Merry stumbles forward. Hand for Doctor withdrawn from Merry. Silver jumps on him and pounds him with his crutch)

SILVER George Merry, I settled you. The rest are running with all their might.

(Enter Ben Gunn and Doctor Livesey from left)

DOC. Forward! Double quick, we must head them off the boats.

(Starts to run, right)

SILVER (Catches hold of him) See there! (points) There's no hurry. They're running to Mizzen Mast Hill.

(Doctor and Ben Gunn stop)

DOC. So they are.

SILVER Thank ye, kindly, doctor. You come in about the nick, I guess, for me and Hawkins. (Turns to Ben Gunn) And so it was you, we heard, Ben Gunn! Well, you're a nice one, to be sure.

BEN (Wriggling) I'm Ben Gunn, I am, and how do, Mr. Silver? Pretty well, I thank you, says you.

DOC. Jim, my boy, you're safe.

JIM Doctor, tell me, where's the Squire and the Captain?

DOC. They're safe. The Captain's better and the Squire is guarding him.

JIM But the treasure, it's gone.

(Ben Gunn and Doctor laugh)

BEN I found the treasure, I did, and carried it on me back to a cave yonder, on yon two pointed hill. There it ware months afore the Hispaniola came.

DOC. Yes, so he did. I wormed it out of him. That's what led us to give up the block house to you, Silver, and give you the map.

SILVER So that's how it were!

DOC. Yes. (Turns to Jim) As for you, it went against my heart to leave you; but I did what was best by those who stood by their duty.

JIM And Silver stood by me. They'd have killed me sure if it hadn't been for him.

SILVER It were fortunate for me that I had Hawkins here. You would a let old John be shot to pieces,—never

given it a thought, Doctor.

DOC. Not a thought. You're a prodigious villian and impostor, a monstrous impostor, sir. We'll not prosecute you because you saved Jim, but the dead men will hang about your neck, like millstones.

SILVER Thank you kindly, sir. (Salutes)

DOC. I dare you to thank me. But now let's get back to the Captain and the Squire and take a look at the treasure.

BEN (Skipping about) We'll all be rich! rich! All but you, John Silver, Ah Jim, you'll bless your stars, you was the first that found me.

DOC. Rich we are! There are coins, heaps of them, loads of gold and caskets of jewels. Rich, if only our Hispaniola was not lost!

JIM She's not lost, sir. She's safe on the north side of island. I cut the cable and sailed her there myself. All we have to do is to load the treasurer and go home.

DOC. (Amazed) Bless my soul, Jim What a boy you are! Home! We can go home and leave this cursed island. Come. We must hurry to tell the good news to the Squire and the Captain.

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MINNESOTA

THE THREE BILLY GOATS GRUFF

- Old Folk Tale
Shadows on
Flour
Puffs

Once on a time there were three Billy Goats, who were to go up to the hillside to make themselves fat, and the family name of the goats was "Gruff." On the way up was a bridge, over a river which they had to cross, and under the bridge lived a great ugly Troll with eyes as big as saucers, and a nose as long as a poker. First of all came the youngest Billy Goat Gruff to cross the bridge. "Trip, trap; trip, trap", went the bridge.

"Who's that tripping over my bridge," roared the Troll.

"Oh, it is only I, the tiniest Billy Goat Gruff, and I'm going up to the hillside to make myself fat," said the Billy Goat, with such a small voice.

"Now, I'm coming to gobble you up," said the Troll.

"Oh, no! Pray do not take me, I'm too little, that I am," said the Billy Goat; "wait a bit till the second Billy Goat Gruff comes, he's much bigger."

"Well! Be off with you," said the Troll. A little while after came the second Billy Goat Gruff across the bridge. "Trip, trap; trip, trap; trip, trap," went the bridge.

"Who is that tripping over my bridge?" roared the Troll.

"Oh, it's the second Billy Goat Gruff, and I'm going up to the hillside to make myself fat," said the Billy Goat. Nor had he such a small voice, either.

"Now, I'm coming to gobble you up!" said the Troll.

"Oh, no! don't take me, wait a little till the big Billy Goat comes, he's much bigger."

"Very well! be off with you," said the Troll.

But just then up came the Big Billy Goat Gruff. "Trip, trap; trip, trap; trip, trap," went the bridge, for the Billy Goat was so heavy that the bridge creaked and groaned under him.

"Who's that tramping on my bridge?" roared the Troll.

"It's I, the Big Billy Goat Gruff," said the Billy Goat, and he had a big hoarse voice.

"Now, I'm coming to gobble you up!" roared the troll.

"Well come! I have two spears so stout,
With them I'll thrust your eyeballs out;
I have besides two great big stones,
With them I'll crush you body and bones!"

That was what the Big Billy Goat said; so he flew at the Troll, and thrust him with his horns, and crushed him to bits, body and bones, and tossed him out into the river, and after that he went up to the hillside.

There the Billy Goats got so fat that they scarcely could walk home again, and if they haven't grown thinner, why they're still fat; and so, --

"Snip, snap, stout.
This tale's told out."

TREASURE ISLAND

CHARACTERS: Jim Hawkins, Ben Gunn, Long John Silver, George Merry, Doctor Livesey.

PLACE: Treasure Island.

SCENE I

Outdoor Scene: Rock at right.

(Sound of shot, Ben Gunn on puppeteer's right hand, discovered. He dodges behind rock as Jim Hawkins on puppeteer's left hand runs in with pistol in his hand. Ben Gunn creeps out. Jim sees him and points pistol at him. Ben Gunn falls on his knees before Jim.)

Jim Who are you?

Ben Ben Gunn, I'm poor Ben Gunn, I am, and I haven't spoke with a Christian, these three years

Jim Three years! Were you ship-wrecked?

Ben Nay mate, marooned! Marooned three years ago, and lived on goats, since then, and berries and oysters. Wherever a man is, says I, a man can do for himself.

Jim You lived on goats, berries and oysters?

Ben Yea, that I did. You mightn't happen to have a piece of cheese about you, now?

Jim No.

Ben Well, many's the long time, I dreamed of cheese, toasted mostly, and woke up again and here I were.

Jim If ever I can get aboard again, you shall have cheese by the arm-load.

Ben If ever you can get aboard again, says you. Why, now, who's to hinder you?

Jim Not you, I know.

Ben And right you was. Noy, you, what does you call yourself mate?

Jim Jim.

Ben Jim, Jim! Well now, Jim, I've lived that rough as you'd be ashamed to hear of. Now, for instance, you wouldn't think I had a pious mother, to look at me?

Jim Why, no, not in particular.

Ben Ah, well, but I had, remarkable pious, and I was a civil, pious boy, and could rattle off my catechism that fast, as you couldn't tell one word from another.

Jim Think of that.

Ben Yes sir. She predicted what happened to me, she did. It were Providence that put me here. I've thot it all out and I'm back on piety.

Jim Back on piety?

Ben Yes, mate, I'm bound I'll be good and I see the way to. And Jim, I'm rich!

Jim Rich?

Ben Rich! rich I says. And I'll tell you what, I'll make a man of you Jim. Ah, Jim You'll bless your stars, you will, you as the first that found me. Now, Jim, tell me true. Ain't that Flint's ship? Flint, the bloodiest buccaneer of them all.

Jim It's not Flint's ship and Flint is dead. But I'll tell you true, as you ask me, there are some of Flint's hands aboard, worse luck for the rest of us.

Ben Not a man, with one leg?

Jim Silver?

Ben Ah, Silver! Long John Silver! That were his name.

Jim He's the cook, and the ringleader, too.

Ben If you were sent by Long John, I'm as good as pork, and I know it. But how happen you be with 'em?

Jim I'll tell you how it is, Billy Bones--

Ben Not Billy Bones?

Jim Yes, he lived at our inn, the Admiral Benbow. Flint's men found him out and tipped him the "black spot." He died of apoplexy and I found the treasure chart of this island in his chest.

Ben He's the one got it, was he?

Jim Yes, I told Dr. Livesey about it. Then Squire Trelawney fitted up the Hispaniola at Bristol and by chance engaged Long John as cook. He recommended the others of the crew, who were Flint's men. We have some honest hands among us and the Squire's servants. I'm the cabin boy.

Ben How come you to be here all alone, Jim?

Jim I'll tell you. This morning I hid in an apple barrel and heard Silver and the men plotting to kill us and get the chart. The men were so restless, Captain Smollet let them come ashore in the gig. I slipped in the boat, too, for a lark. As we landed I swung myself ashore and ran as hard as I could.

Ben What were the shots just before you saw me?

Jim That was Silver and his men killing two of the honest hands. 'Twas Alan first, and I saw Tom killed before my eyes. 'Twas then Silver blew his whistle and, for fear I'd be found, I ran as fast as I could.

Ben You're a good lad, Jim, and your'e all in a clove hitch, aren't you? Well, you just put your trust in Ben Gunn. Ben Gunn's the man to do it. Would you think your Squire would prove liberal minded in case of help,--his being in a clove hitch,--as you remark?

Jim The squire is the most liberal of men.

Ben Ay!--but I don't mean giving me a gate to keep. Would he be likely to come down to the tune of, say, one thousand pounds out of money as good as mine already.

Jim I'm sure he would.

Ben And a passage home?

Jim Why, the Squire's a gentleman and besides, if we got rid of the others, we should need you to help work the vessel home.

Ben Ah, so you would. I were in Flint's ship when he took men ashore to bury the treasurer on this island. No one but him come back. Three years later, I was in another ship, when we sighted this island. I told them about the treasure. Twelve days, we hunted for it, but couldn't find it and every day, they had the worse word for me. One fine morning, they all went aboard and the Captain says: "As for you, Ben Gunn, here's a musket, a spade and a pickaxe. You can stay here and find Flint's money for yourself." He says. Well, Jim, three years have I been here. You'll put in a good word for me, Jim?

Jim That I will, but how am I to get aboard?

Ben Well, there's my boat, here, that I made with my two hands. I keep her under this white rock. If the worst comes to worst, we might try that after dark. (Shots heard again.) Hi! What's that?

Jim They have begun to fight. (Looks off stage, left)

Ben 'Tis from the stockade, it comes.

Jim Who has it, our friends or the pirates?

Ben See! there goes up the Union Jack. It's your friends sure enough. Silver would fly the Jolly Roger.

Jim Who built the stockade?

Ben 'Twas Flint. Herring run, his match was never seen. He were afraid of none, not he, on'y Silver, --Silver was that genteel.

Jim Well, that may be so,--so be it,--all the more reason I should hurry on and join my friends.

Ben When Ben Gunn is wanted you'll know where to find him, Jim. Right here by the white rock.

Jim Now I must go.

CURTAIN

SCENE II.

Interior of stockade. (Silver on left hand and Merry on left hand of second puppeteer, lying on stage in the dark. Jim Hawkins on right hand enters at the right and stealthily creeps forward. Silver's parrot yells.)

Parrot Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight! (Off stage) Pieces of eight! pieces of eight! (Silver wakes, springs to his feet, and grabs Jim)

Silver What? what my bird? (pause) Who goes? Who have we here, Merry? (Peers at Jim) Shiver my timbers! Jim Hawkins! Dropped in, like, eh? Well, now, I take that friendly of you. Captain Flint was yelling you a welcome.

Jim Yes, its me.

Silver Quite a pleasant surprise for the poor old John. I seed you were smart, when I first set my eyes on you. But this here gets away from em clean it do.

Jim Well?

Silver I always wanted you to jine us and take your share, and die a gentleman, and now, my cock, youse got to. Captain Smollet's a fine seaman, but stiff on discipline. Just you keep clear of the Cap'n. The doctor is gone dead against you. "Ungrateful scamp" was what he said. You can't go back to your own lot. They won't have you. You'll have to jine with cap'n Silver.

Jim Maybe I will.

Silver You're free to answer no, free and welcome, shipmate; if fairer can be said by mortal seaman, shiver my sides.

Jim Am I to answer then?

Silver Lad, no one's a 'pressing of you. Take your bearings. None of us won't hurry you, mate; time goes so pleasant in your company.

Jim Well, if I'm to choose, I declare I have a right to know, what's what, and why you're here and where my friends are.

Merry Wot's wot? Ah, he'd be a lucky one as knowed that!

Silver (Fiercely to Merry) You'll, perhaps, better batten down your hatches till your spoke to, (turning to Jim) Yesterday morning, Mr. Hawkins, in the dog watch, down came Dr. Livesey with a flag o'truce. Says he, "Cap'n Silver, you're sold out. Ship's gone." We looked out, and by thunder, the old ship was gone. "Well," says the doctor: "Let's bargain." We bargained.

Jim What happened?

Silver He said, "As for the boy, I don't know where he is confound him, nor don't care much!"

Jim Is that all?

Silver Well, it's all you're to hear, my son.

Jim And now I am to choose.

Silver And now you're to choose and you may lay to than.

Jim Well, I'm not such a fool but I know pretty well what to look for. Let the worst come to worst, it's little I care.

Silver I knew you were a lad of spirit.

Jim But there's a thing or two I have to tell you, you're in a bad way. Ship lost, treasure lost, men lost, and if you want to know who did it, it was I. I was in the apple barrel the night we sighted land and I heard every word you said and I told it before we landed.

Merry Shiver my timbers,--I'll-----

Silver Belay that! Let him finish.

Jim As for the schooner, it was I cut her cable, it was I that killed the last man aboard her, and it was I who brought her where you'll never see her more--not on of you.

Merry I'll be hanged if I'll be hazed by you, John Silver.

Silver Do you or any of your absent gentlemen friends want to have it out with me? Take a cutlass, if you dare, and I'll see the color of your insides. (Pause while Merry does not move) That's your sort, is it? I'm Cap'n by 'lection. If you won't fight, you'll obey. I like the boy. Let me see him that'll lay a hand on him.

Merry This crew's dissatisfied. By your own rules. I take it, we can talk together. I'll step outside for a foe's'le council. (Exit Merry right)

Silver Now, look you here Jim Hawkins. You're within a plank of death and what's a long sight worse, of torture. But I'll stand by you through thick and thin. I didn't mean to tell you, till you spoke up. I'm your last card and by the living thunder you're mine. You stand by me and I'll stand by you.

Jim You mean all's lost?

Silver Ay, by gum, I do, Jim, tit for tat, I'll save your life if so be as I can and you save Long John from swinging.

Jim What I can do, that I'll do.

Silver It's a bargain. You speak up plucky and, by thunder, I've a chance.

Jim Here he comes.

Silver Well, let him come, lad, let him come. I've still got a shot in my locker. (Enter Merry hesitatingly) Step up, George lad, I won't eat you. I knows the rules, I do. (Merry steps up and puts something in Silver's hands)

Silver The "black spot". Where did you get this paper? This ain't lucky. What fool's gone and cut this out'n the Bible?

Merry Belay that talk, John Silver. This crew has tipped you the "black spot" in full counsel. Just run it over and see what is wrote there, then you can talk.

Silver Thanky, Merry, you was always brisk for business. (Turns paper over) Ah, "Deposed," That's it. Very pretty wrote, to be sure.

Merry Look here now, you don't fool this crew, no more.

Silver I'm still Cap'n, mind, till you outs with your grievances.

Merry We're all square, we are. First you've made a hash of this cruise,--second, you let the enemy out of this here trap for nothing,--third, you wouldn't go at them on the march and fourth, there's this here boy.

Silver Is that all?

Merry Enough too. We'll all swing for your bungling.

Silver Well, now, look here, I'll answer these four points. If what I wanted had been done we'd been aboard the Hispaniola this night and full of good plum duff, by thunder. Who forced my hand? 'Twas you, George Merry.

Merry Go on.

Silver Bungled. If we could understand how bad it's bungled. We're that near the gibbet, my neck's stiff of thinking of it. As for this boy, isn't he a hostage? He might be our last chance. Kill the boy, --not me, mates.

Merry Speak up as to the others.

Silver There's a deal to number three. Maybe you didn't know there was a rescue ship comin', for the Hispaniola. You didn't know that either, but there is and who'll be glad to have a hostage. But that's a trifle, the real reason I made a bargain is here. (Merry pounces upon it.)

Merry The map! Flint's map sure enough!

Silver Flint's treasure map it is.

Merry Where did you get it?

Silver From the Doctor.

Merry Mighty pretty, but how are we to get away with the treasure and us no ship.

Silver Now no more of your saucer. You lost the ship. I found the treasure. Eldest who you please, I resign.

Merry (Pleadingly) Now, --now, --Silver, --(Calls off stage) Silver has the treasure map. (Shout goes up off stage)

Voices Silver for Captain! Silver for Captain! (off stage) Hooray for Long John!

Silver So, that's your tune is it? so be it. Get ready for the treasure hunt. The map shows plain where it be.

CURTAIN

SCENE III.

Woods at top of Spyglass Hill. (Enter left, Merry on right hand, Silver on right hand, Jim on left hand of second puppeteer.)

Silver (Pointing off stage right) There are three tall trees shown on the map, about in the right line. It's child's play to find the stuff now.

Merry I don't feel sharp. Thinking o' Fling has done me up.

Silver Ah, well mate, you praise your star he's dead.

Merry- He were an ugly devil. Rum made him blue in the face, too. (Voice heard off stage singing in thin, thigh, trembling voice)

Voice "Fifteen men on a dead man's chest, yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!"

Merry Its Fling, (terrified) Flint's voice.

Silver Come, this won't do. It's someone shylarkin' someone that's flesh and blood and you may lay to that!

Voice (Off-stage wails "Darby m'Graw, Darby M'Grew! Fetch af't the rum, Darby!")

Merry (GAsps) That fixes it. They was his last words.

Silver Shipmates, I'm here to get that stuff and I'll not be beat by man nor devil, I never was afraid of Flint in his life, and, by the powers, I'll face him, dead.

Merry Belay there, John, Don't you cross asperit.

Silver That ain't no sperrit, I've heard that voice before. By the powers, it were Ben Gunn's voice.

Merry Ay, and so it were. Nobody minds Ben Gunn, dead or alive.

Silver You stay here Jim. The treasure will be a little farther on. Come on, Merry. (Exit Silver and Merry right)

Merry Huzza, mates, all together! (Off stage) (Jim wathoes. Great commotion)

Jim They found it. (Re-enter Silver running)

Silver Jim, stand by for trouble. Somebody else has already found the treasure and carried it off. The seven hundred thousand pounds are gone.

Jim So you've changed sides again. (They back off towards left.) (Enter Merry, Right)

Merry (Holding coin in hand) Two guineas! There's your seven hundred thousand pounds.

Your'e the man for bargains, ain't you? You're him that never bungled nothin.'

Silver (Cooly to men off stage) Dig away boys, you'll find some pig nuts, and I shouldn't wonder.

Merry (Screams) Pig nuts! (Calls to me off stage right) Mates, do you hear that? There they are (pointing) two of them, alone. One's the old cripple that brought us here and blundered us down to this, and the other's that cub. I mean to have the heart of. How mates--- (Shots are heard. Merry stumbles forward. Hand for Doctor withdrawn from Merry. Silver jumps on him and pounds him with his crutch.)

Wilver George Merry, I settled you. The rest are running with all their might. (Enter Ben Gunn and Doctor Livesey from left.)

Doc Forward! Double quick, we must head them off the boats. (Starts to run, right)

Silver (Catches hold of him) See there! (points) There's no hurry. They're running to Mizzen Mast Bill. (Doctor and Ben Gunn stop)

Doc So they are.

Silver Thank ye, kindly, doctor. You come in about the nick, I guess, for me and Hawkins. (Turns to Ben Gunn) And so it was you, we heard, Ben Gunn? Well, you're a nice one to be sure.

Ben (Wriggling) I'm Ben Gunn, I am, and how do, Mr. Silver? Pretty well, I think you, says you.

Doc Jim, my boy, you're safe.

Jim Doctor, tell me, where's the Squire and the Captain?

Doc They're safe. The Captain's better and the Squire is guarding him.

Jim But the treasure, it's gone. (Ben Gunn and Doctor laugh)

Ben I found the treasure, I did, and carried it on me back to a cave yonder, on you two pointed hill. There it were months afore the Hispaniola came.

Doc Yes, so he did. I wormed it out of him. That's what led us to give up the block house to you, Silver, and give you the map.

Silver So that's how it were!

Doc Yes. (Turns to Jim) As for you, it went against my heart to leave you; but I did what was best by those who stood by their duty.

Jim And Silver stood by me. They'd have killed me sure if it hadn't been for him.

Silver It were fortunate for me that I had Hawkins here. You would a let old John be shot to pieces,--never given it a thought, Doctor.

Doc Not a thought. You're a prodigious villain and impostor, a monstrous impostor, sir. We'll not prosecute you because you saved Jim, but the dead men will hang about your neck, like millstones.

Silver Thank you, kindly, sir. (Salutes)

Ben (Skipping about) We'll all be rich! rich! All but you John Silver, Ah, Jim you'll bless your stars, you was the first that found me.

Doc Rich we are! There are coins, heaps of them, loads of gold and caskets of jewels. Rich, if only our Hispaniola was not lost!

Jim She's not lost, sir. She's safe on the north side of the island. I cut the cable and sailed her there myself. All we have to do is to load the treasure and go home.

Doc (Amazed) Bless my soul, Jim, What a boy you are! Home! We can go home and leave this cursed island. Come. We must hurry to tell the good news to the Squire and the Captain.

FINAL CURTAIN

TWEEDLE*DEE AND TWEEDLE*DUM.

A Puppet play for hand Puppets.

Scene One.

Tweedle-dee and Tweedle-dum discovered right, with arms around each others neck. Alice enters left. Stops and st stares at the two boys.

Dum-----If you think we're waxworks, you ought to pay, you know. Wax works weren't made to be looked at for nothing, nohow.

Dee-----Contrary-wise, if you think we're alive, you ought to speak.

Alice---I am sure I'm very sorry. You make me think of--
Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee
Agreed to have a battle
For, Tweedle-dum, said Tweedle-dee,
Had spoiled his nice new rattle.

Just then flew down a monstrous crow,
As big as a tar barrel,
Which frightened both the heroes so,
They quite forgot their quarrel.

Dum-----We aren't them, nohow.

Dee-----Contrary wise, if we were so, we might be; and if it were so, it would be; but as it isn't, it ain't. That's logic.

Alice---It's getting so dark. Which is the best way out of this wood? Would you tell me, please?

Dum-----You've begun wrong. The first thing in a visit is to say--
How-de-do and shake hands.
(Brothers hug each other and shake outside hands with Alice;
then join hands and dance in a ring and sing "Here we go
round the Mulberry Bush")

Dum----- (Out of breath) Four times around is enough for one dance.

Alice---I hope you're not much tired.

Dum-----Nohow, and thank you very much for asking. *soft*

Dee-----So much obliged.

Alice---Would you tell me what road leads out of the woods?

Dum----- (Grabs her by the wrist) Do you see that? (points)

Alice--- (Looking) It's only a rattle. Only an old rattle, quite old and broken.

Dum----- (Beginning to stamp around wildly and tear his hair) I knew it was. It's spoilt, of course. (Looks at Dee who sits down and hides his face)

Alice---You needn't be so angry about an old rattle.

Dum-----But it isn't old. It's new, Itell you. I bought it yesterday.
My nice new rattle. I told you not to throw it. Now you've broken it.

(In a calmer tone, going over to Dee)
Of course, you agree to have a battle?

Dee-----I suppose so, only we'll have to dress up, you know.

Dum-----You wait here for us. We'll be right back.

(They go out right)

Alice---Alright. How silly. They're just like the Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee who quarreled about a rattle

(Curtain to show passage of time)

Scene Two.

Same as scene one a few minutes later.

Enter Dum and Dee all dressed up with pots and pans.

Dum-----Here we are. We might as well begin.

Alice---What have you that around your neck for?

Dee-----To keep my head from getting cut off. That is one of the most serious things that can happen to one in a battle.

Dum-----Do I look very pale?

Alice---Well, yes, a little.

Dum-----I am very brave, generally, only today I happen to have a headache.

Dee-----And I've got a tooth ache. I am far worse off than you.

Alice---Then you'd better not fight to-day.

Dum-----We must have a bit of a fight, but I don't care about going on long. What's the time?

Dee-----Half-past four.

Dum-----Let's fight till six, and then have dinner.

Dee-----Very well. And she can watch us. You'd better not come very close, I generally hit everything I can see when I get really excited.

Dum-----And I hit everything within reach, whether I can see it or not.

Alice---You must hit the trees pretty often, I should think. (Laughs)

Dumm-----I don't suppose there'll be a tree left standing for ever so far around by the time we finish.

Alice---And all about a rattle.

Dum-----I shouldn't have minded so much, if it hadn't have been a new one.

Alice---(Aside) I wish the monstrous crow would come.

Dum-----We must begin quick, quickly. It's as dark as it can.

Dee-----And darker.

Alice---What a thick, black cloud that is, and how fast it comes. Why, I
do believe it's got wings.

Dum----- (Shrieks) It's the crow.

(Dum and Dee take to heels. Exit right. Alice
cowers at the side. Crow flaps through from left)

Alice---Well, the monstrous crow made them forget their battle.

CURTAIN

Uncle Remus

Prologue

Neutral back drop. Chair right. Uncle Remus, R. hand, discovered in chair.
Boy L hand, facing him. (Same operator)

Boy Uncle Remus, tell me another story about Brer Rabbit.

Uncle R. About Brer Raibit? Tooby sho', hone chile, dat orter be
easy. Deys a lot o' stories about fat yere rabbit. Lemme
see. Brer Rabbit was might clever, en was always up ter
ttrickin's ob some so't. Noe Brer Fox thought he was mighty
clever, too, so de bofe ov dem was always tryin' fer ter
trick de odder, Brer Fox fer ter catch Brer Rabbit, en Brer
Rabbit fer ter fool Brer Fox.

Boy Oh I do hope Brer Rabbit won, Uncle Remus! I like Brer Rabbit.

Uncle R. So do I, chile, but some ob der odder animals didn't like
Brer Rabbit, en one ob dem was Brer Bar. Brer Rabbit had fooled
Brer Bar so often dat Brer Bar wasn't feelin' friendly to'ds Brer
Rabbit a-tall. Co'se all dis was long, long ago w'en de animals
lived and talked like people.

Boy Did they live in houses and wear clother like us?

Uncle R. O'se dey did, honey chile.

Boy And did they really talk English?

Uncle R. Umhum!

Boy But how could they, Uncle Remus? How could they make houses and
clothes and — things?

Uncle R. Lawdy, lawd, chile! Why for you axe me sech a queshun?
Ef de story say dey did, den they did. En ef you not gwineter B'leeve
me W'sen I tells yoj a story den I aint gwineter tell you no mo'!

Boy (Weeps) Oh please, Uncle Remus. I...please tell me some more!

Uncle R. (Comforts him - pats boy on shoulder) Dar, Dar, chile! Don't take on so
Co'se I'll tell you mo'. (Sits back and folds hands) Lemme see now.
Ez I was sayin', Brer Rabbit was at the head er de gang w'en enny
racket was on han', en dar he stayed.

Boy Didn't the fox never catch the Rabbit, Uncle Remus?

Uncle R. He come mighty nigh it, honey, sho's you born - Brer Fox did.
En ef you sit quiet I'll des tell you how it happen.

Curtain

The exterior of Brer Fox's house. Chair, left. Brer Fox, L hand, discovered in chair. He is very dejected. (ENTER) Brer Bar, right, R hand.)

Bar Mo'nin', Brer Fox.

Fox Mo'nin', Brer Bar. (Dismally)

Bar How come you look so downhearted?

Fox Who, me? Dey aint nothin' wrong wid me. Mus' be yo're
 'Magination, Brer Bar.

Bar Wellfor a pusson w'at aint downhearted you sho looks it!

Fox To tell de truf, Brer Bar, I aint feelin' so good about Brer
 Rabbit.

Bar Tooby sho. I though so. Well, w'at you gwine do about it?

Fox (Sighs) Sho I don' know.

Bar I been thinkin', en I done got a plan fer ter trap Brer Rabbit.

Fox You has? so 'nuff? how zat, Brer Bar? (Jumps up excitedly)

Bar De way fer ter git de drap on Brer Rabbit is ter git 'im in yo're
 house.

Fox Dat aint no good. Brer Rabbit wont come down yere. Dat sorter
 game done wo' ter a frazzle. (Pause) How you plannin' fer ter git
 'im yere?

Bar Fool 'im yere.

Fox Who gwine do the foolin'?

Bar I'll do de foolin' en you'll do de gamin'.

Fox How we gwine do it?

Bar You lay donw en make like you dead, en dont you say nothin'
 twel Brer Rabbit come an put his han's onter you. Den you
 catch him en we'll have 'im fo' supper.

Fox Dat looks like a mighty nice game ter me, Brer Bar. Leastways
 it can't do no harm ter try it. You go arter Brer Rabbit, en

I'll play like I'se dead. Hurry long!

Bar Back in a minute! (Exit, right)

Fox (alone) Now lemme see. I'll des lay here like dis so Brer

Rabbit'll see me w'en he come. (Lies on face, head to right.)

No, dat aint comfable. Guess I'll lay like dis. (Lies on back, head to left near the chair) Nen I'll play dead like dis.

(Folds front paws as flat as possible on stomach.) (Pause)

Hope he comes soon. I'se gettin' sorter stiff. Wha's dat? (Pops up to look) I do B'leeve it's Brer Rabbit actually comin'. (Lies down).

Now I'se gwine be dead for sure! (Pops up once more, lies down).

ENTER right, Brer Bar, L hand...

Bar Come along, Brer Rabbit. I done tol' you Brer Fox was dead.

Dere aint nothin' ter be afraid of. Come along.

ENTER right Brer Rabbit, R hand, cautiously.

Rabbit (Whistles his surprise) Well look at dat!

Bar Well I'd better get along down de road and spread de news. I'll be see'in you later Brer Rabbit. G'bye.

Rabbit G'bye, Brer Bar. (Exit Bar, left) So Brer Bar s_ays Brer Fox done died in de night. I speck I'd better make sho' fer myself.

(Looks all around) Day ain't nobydy else come ter de funer'l.

Even Brer Bar done gone an lef' him. I hope Brer Fox aint dead, but I spek he is. Hits de busy season wid me, but I'll set up wid him. (Sits on stage right) He seem like he dead, yit he mayn't be.

W'en a man goes ter see dead fokes, dead fokes allers raises up de lef' leg and hollers Wahoo! (Pause. Rises, examines fox closely and suspiciously. Speaks very pointedly) Mighty Funny. Brer Fox look like he dead, yit he don't do, like he dead. Dead fokes hists de lef' leg on hollers Wahoo! w'en a man comes ter see um!

Fox (Raises left leg) Wahoo!

Rabbit (Jumps away) You aint fool me dis time Brer Fox! (Exit, right)

Fox Grr! I'll git you yit, Brer Rabbit!

Bar (ENTER left) Where's Brer Rabbit? Didn' you catch 'im.

Brer Fox?

Fox Aw, git along wid you. Dat trick aint wo'k at all. Arter dis I'm gwine do mah own trickin's.

Bar Well, 'taint mah fault ef you didn't catch 'im. I sent 'im hyar, sho' nuff. En ef you wants ter do yo' tricks by yo'self, why you kin des do 'em by yo'self. As fer me, I'se in a turrible hurry, en I can't waste mah time tawkin' ter a no 'count Fox like you. G'bye, Brer Fox, G'bye. I gotta fly along. (Exit right with a very slow waddle.)

Fox (Scornfully) 'Fly along', huh! (Speaks to audience) Well, I got a mudder idee, en dis un'll catch Brer Rabbit sho's you bawn. Des you wait an see!

Curtain.

SCENE II

Woods. Stump left, brier patch right. Brer Fox, R hand, discovered with Tar Baby leaning against stump.

Fox Heh, Heh! Now I'se got a trick dat'll catch dat Rabbit, er I'se man own gran' paw. I'll des leave dis hyere by de side upder road, en dan I'll des wait twel Brer Rabbit come along. He orter be by soon now. Oh here comes Brer Har.

Bar (ENTER left, L hand) Mawnin' Brer Fox. Who's dat wid you dar?

Fox Mawnin' Brer Bar. Dat am a Tar Baby.

Bar A Tar baby?

Fox Yessch, a Tar Baby fer ter catch Brer Rabbit with. I done tole you I was gwine catch 'im by myself.

Bar So you said, Erer Fox, 'so you said. Bur how's dat ere Tar Baby gwine catch Brer Rabbit? (Moves as if to touch Tar Baby.)

Fox NO! NO! Don't tech 'im, Brer Bar, don't tech 'im! Yo'll stick fas', sho's anyt'ing, cause you aint got grease on you han's like I has.

Bar Grease on yo' hans, Brer Fox? How come?

Fox You see, I done make dis yere baby outer tar, en nen I put 'im hyere w'ere Brer Rabbit'll troch 'im en get stuck fas', same as you would 'a' got stuck, Brer Bar.

Bar Umhum. I see.

Fox But co'se I didn' want ter get stuck, so I done put grease on mah han's, see?

Bar Dat sho am clever, Brer Fox.

Fox Now I'm gwine hide behime dat bush ober by de brier patch en wait fer Brer Rabbit.

Bar Well (Confidentially) Brer Fox, I sho wishes you luck.' I sho would like ter see someone catch dat pernikity rabbit. Wish I could stay ter

See it, but I cant. But I'll be roun ter yo' house fer supper tonight!
Rabbit pie! Heh, heh! G'bye Brer Fox. (Exit Bar, right. Fox hides a mement
behind Brier Patch. Reappears)

Fox Brer Rabbit's sho ter come down dis road sometime. I des
'membered dat I done lef' de kettle od de stove. Guess I'll lick
home en see about it. En mebbe Brer Rabbit'll be hyere w'en I gets
back. (Arranges Tar Baby's hat) Now Tar Babl, be good, en catch him
tight! (Exit left)

Rabbit (enters whistling, right, R hand. Stops in surprise.) Mawnin'. (T.B.)
Nice wedder dis mawnin'. (No answer, moves closer) Mawnin'!
(Shouts in ear) Mawnin'!!!... How you come on, den? Is you deaf?
Kaze ef you is I kin holler louder . . . Youer stuck up, dats w'at
you is, en I'm gwineter kyore you, dats w'at I'm gwineter do.
I'm gwineter larn you how ter talk ter spectbbly fokes, ef
it's de las' ack I do. Ef you don't take off dat hat an tell
me howdy I'm gwineter but' you wide open. Come on now.
MAWNIN'! Oh you won't! Well den! (Hits Tar Baby) W'y mah
han's stuck, I can't git away! Say, ef you don't turn me loose
I'll knock you again! (Hits with other hand) Turn me loose
'fore I knock de antral stuffin's outer you! I'll butt you
wid mah head en I sho can butt. (Does so) W'ats de matter wid
you? W'y don' you lemme go? (Struggles to pull away) Now I'se
stuck fas' an cant get away! Oh lawdy! W'at if Brer Fox come
along now? He'd catch me sho! W'at'll I do?.... (Twists a bit
to look at brier patch) Lessee. Dere's a brier patch ober dar.
Dat orter help me. Lemme see. I was bawn en bred in de brier
patch. Ef I could only get ober dar I could scratch dis thing
off easy. Mebbe I kin Kyarry a'im dar. (Tries. Noise off stage)
Oh lawdy me, here come Brer Fox! What'll I do! I gotta think fas'!

(Assistant should keep an eye on the Baby as he may get knocked
off the shelf)

(Make him stand front by the curtain)

Fox (ENTER left, L hand) Howdy Brer Rabbit! You look sorter stuck up dis mawnin'! I speck you'll hatter take dinner wid me dis time, Brer Rabbit, kaze I'm gwineter bobbycue you dis day sho.

Rabbit I don't keer w'at you do wid me, Brer Fox, so you don't fling me in dat brier patch. Bubbycue me, Brer Fox, but don't flingme in dat brier patch.

Fox Hit's so much trouble fer ter kindle a fier dat I speck I'll hatter hang you.

Rabbit Hang me des as high as you like, Brer Fox, but do fer de Lawd's sake don't fling me in dat brier patch.

Fox Dey aint no water nigh, en so I speck I'll hatter drown you.

Rabbit Drown me des ez deep as you please, Brer Fox, but do don't fling me in dat brier patch.

Fox Dey aint no water nigh, en so I speck I'll des hatter fling you in dat brier patch! (Fox throws Rabbit with Tar Baby into the brier patch, Rabbit shouting "No, no dont, please, etc.")

Rabbit (Laughing. Sticks head above brier patch). (Rabbit can get a good grip T.B. and really do the carrying, not fox) Bred en bawn in a brier patch, Brer fox, — bred and bawn in a brier patch! (EXIT)

Fox He done fool me again!

Curtain.

Epilogue

The scene is the same as in the Prologue, with the chair moved as far to the right as possible. While assistant gets the Victrola ready I usually improvise to this affect. The Boy is so happy that Brer Rabbit got away that he wants to dance. Uncle Remus is also happy but claims rheumatics and wont dance. He is overruled and the show ends with the dance.

UNCLE SAM'S DISCOURAGEMENT

Ruth A. Sloan

A short play which may be presented as a Geography or Americanization project.

CHARACTERS: Uncle Sam, Miss Liberty, Yo San (a Japanese Girl), Mandla (an Eskimo Boy), Gretchen (a Swiss Girl), Erik (a Dutch Boy), George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Three American Girls, Three American Boys.

(Miss Liberty is standing on a pedestal at the left rear of the stage. She is dressed in a white robe, and is holding a torch in her hand.)

Miss Liberty: Why are you looking so cross, Uncle Sam? You seem to be worried about something.

Uncle Sam: (pacing up and down, shaking his head) Yes, Miss Liberty, I am. Here it is 1939, and nobody seems to be thinking of you or me at all. They can't talk of anything but the depression, and hard times, and the bad way I'm treating them. They've forgotten all the good things I've done for them.

Miss Liberty: Yes, it does seem that way. My light doesn't seem to burn as brightly as it did. Perhaps the boys and girls still love us, though.

Uncle Sam: Well, I'm tired of being treated this way. I see pictures of myself in the newspapers with my head tied up, my arm in a sling, and looking as though I was entirely wrecked. I'm going to leave America, and go to some place where I'll be appreciated.

Miss Liberty: Oh, Uncle Sam, you wouldn't leave America, would you?

Uncle Sam: Certainly, and you may go with me if you wish.

Miss Liberty: Oh, Uncle Sam, I'd feel so blue to go away and leave everyone I know.

Uncle Sam: Well, I have made up my mind; and I'll tell you they'll find there are worse things than depression when I'm gone.

(Enter Yo San, dressed in Japanese costume.)

Uncle Sam: Where did you come from, my lad?

Yo San: I heard you say that you were looking for a new place to live. I live in Japan and I know there are lots of little Japanese boys and girls who would love to have an uncle. Our country is so lovely, with cherry blossoms and blue lakes, and beautiful flowers.

Uncle Sam: Are you sure you'd never mention the depression?

Yo San: Oh no, and we'd be so glad to have you come.

Uncle Sam: Japan sounds like a fine place to live. I'll think it over. (Exit Yo San.)

(Enter Nandla, dressed as an Eskimo.)

Uncle Sam: Do I have more company? Where is your home?

Nandla: Oh, Uncle Sam, if you really want to move, why don't you come to the Far North? We are your neighbors, anyway. Wouldn't you like to live in a house of snow in the winter and spend your summer hunting and fishing with us? You wouldn't have to worry or trouble about business at all.

Uncle Sam: There wouldn't be any newspapers up there to print my pictures and say they feel sorry for my family. That's a good idea. (Exit Nandla.)

(Gretchen enters, dressed as a Swiss girl.)

Gretchen: Uncle Sam, I can tell you a nice place to live.

Uncle Sam: Splendid. Where?

Gretchen: Switzerland. It's such a clean, healthy place to live. I'm sure you'd like Switzerland, all the boys and girls are so well mannered. You could go mountain-climbing and I know my brother Hans would teach you to ski.

Uncle Sam: I've always heard that Switzerland is a beautiful country. I might try Switzerland. (Exit Gretchen)

(Erik enters, dressed in a Dutch costume.)

Uncle Sam: Who is this little visitor?

Erik: My name is Erik, and I have come from Holland to ask you if you wish to adopt all the Dutch boys and girls as your nieces and nephews. We heard that you were going to leave America, and we want to invite you to Holland.

Uncle Sam: Thank you, Erik. I had no idea that I had so many friends left in the world. I have so many invitations that it will take me some time to decide. (Exit Erik.)

(George Washington enters, wearing a Colonial costume and a powdered wig.)

George Washington: Sam, have you forgotten me?

Uncle Sam: Why, George Washington, is it you? No, indeed, I haven't forgotten you.

George Washington: Surely you wouldn't think of treating me like this. If it hadn't been for me in 1775, you wouldn't have had any place to live all these years; now you talk about leaving this country I gave you.

Uncle Sam: Yes, George, but things have changed a great deal since then. Even you would be discouraged sometimes as things are now.



George Washington: I don't believe it. I think people love their country just as much as ever. Just read your history of Valley Forge over again and see if I didn't know what hard times are.

Uncle Sam: But, George, you'd be surprised to find how bad things are. Sometimes I think they are about as bad as Valley Forge. But anyway, I'm going to leave.

George Washington: Well, do as you like—but I think it's a poor way to treat an old friend.

(Exit Washington. Enter Abraham Lincoln.)

Lincoln: Why Samuel, you can't mean what you're saying. Don't you remember what a hard time I had making everything peaceful for you? I always thought you appreciated what I had done for you.

Uncle Sam: Yes, Abe. It might be different if you were here now, but no one does anything for me any more.

(Exit Lincoln, sadly. Enter Longfellow.)

Uncle Sam: (turning to Miss Liberty) Who is this man coming in?

Longfellow: I am Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. I spent my whole life writing poems for you and your people to enjoy. It seems I might have done it for some one who would have appreciated it more.

Uncle Sam: Of course I love your poems, and if I go I shall take them with me.

Longfellow: Oh no, I wrote those poems for Americans. I shall say no more, but you have made me feel very sad. (Exit Longfellow.)

(Enter American boys and girls. They crowd around, Uncle Sam and talk excitedly.)

First Boy: Oh, Uncle Sam, you wouldn't really go away and not come back, would you?

First Girl (interrupting): --and you'd take dear Miss Liberty away with you--and we all love her so much.

Second Girl: Just think, Uncle Sam, if you go to Japan you might have to wear a kimono.

Second Boy: We were going to have a program for you at school today.

Third Girl: I'd get a lump in my throat every time I sang America, if I thought of you away off in some strange country.

Third Boy: If you'll only stay, we'll promise to be more kind to you. People are just thoughtless. They don't mean to hurt your feelings.

Uncle Sam: Well, boys and girls, I guess my place is right here in the U.S.A. I'd feel terribly homesick away from all you boys and girls. I'll admit I felt a little ashamed when I thought what Washington and Lincoln endured. They



They never gave up.

Boys and Girls: (happily) And you'll stay here in America! Hurrah for Uncle Sam! Let's hurry now and get ready for the Fourth of July. We will have a real celebration for you, then, dear Uncle Sam!

(Uncle Sam leaves the stage in the midst of the boys and girls who are laughing gaily)



Why The Cow Jumped Over The Moon.

*National Dairy Council
Hand Puppets*

Frog:

Dear! dear! The Old Woman Who Lived in the Shoe hasn't put her children to Bed.

Old Woman--Old Woman--(Enter Old Woman) Don't you know that Old King Cole has made a law that every boy and girl in Mother Goose Land must go to bed at 8:30 or 9:00 o'clock?

Old King Cole is a Merry old soul
And a Merry old soul is he
And he knows that boys and girls must go to bed early if they are merry too.
Don't you know you should give them some broth--

Old Woman:

Yes, yes, I gave them some broth, some good warm milk broth, but how can I give them broth now? Boo-hoo-hoo

Frog:

Why Old Woman--Why can't you give them milk broth now?

Old Woman:

Haven't you heard--haven't you heard? There is no milk--no milk--for
Hey diddle diddle--the cat and the fiddle the cow has jumped over the moon.

Frog:

Hum, hm, hm--So the cow has jumped over the moon--(Exit Old Woman sobbing)
But then the old woman shouldn't take on so--There are other things to eat.

Enter Crooked Man

Frog:

Hi there crooked Man.

Crooked Man:

How are you, Frog?

Frog:

Are you walking your crooked Mile?

Crooked Man:

Yes, I am with the help of my crooked stick.

Frog:

I've just been talking to the Old Woman who Lived in the Shoe. She has gone nearly crazy because she can't give her children milk broth for supper.

Crooked Man:

Why can't she?

Frog:

Because the cow has jumped over the moon. Now--isn't she foolish?

Crooked Man:

Why foolish? I call it very sad.

Frog:

Surely something else will do as well.

Crooked Man:

That's just where you're wrong, Frog. See my crooked legs. They are bowlegs.

Frog:

Yes

Crooked Man:

See my crooked back.

Frog:

Yes, it is crooked.

Crooked Man:

See my crooked teeth.

Frog:

Yes

Crooked Man:

They are all soft and decayed. All because when I was young I had no milk to drink.

Frog:

Is that so. Why was that?

Crooked Man:

Why don't you know that milk builds strong hard bones.

Frog:

Yes, I had heard that. But why didn't you have any milk?

Crooked Man:

Well--you see one day Little Boy Blue fell asleep under the hat haystack

SCENE II

Little Miss Muffet on Tuffet: Enter Frog

Frog:

Hello Little Miss Muffet. What are you crying about?

Miss Muffet:

The cow jumped over the moon and I can't have my crds and whey. Oh!
I am so hungry.

Frog:

That is too bad. Can't the Maiden all Forlorn help you?

Miss Muffet:

No--she has no cow to milk now. She is even afraid she'll be put out,
of Mother Goose Land.

Frog: King Cole should know about this. I was just on my way to tell him.

Miss Muffet:

He knows about it--The man that was Wondrous Wise Told him.

Frog:

Oh! here they come now.

Miss Muffet:

I must go then. King Cole doesn't like to see any one cry.

(Enter King Cole & Man who was Wondrous Wise)

King Cole:

Now--you're the Man in Our Town who is Wondrous Wise, you must tell us
how to get the cow that jumped over the moon back again.

Man W.W.W. Wise:

Well, your Majesty, let me see. First I'd send the Woman from
Danbury Cross out riding on her white horse to search all the roads.

King Cole:

That sounds like a sensible idea. What else would you do?

Wise Man:

Then--I'd get the Man with the Little Gun and his bullets of lead,
lead, lead so that he would be handy if our enemies have the cow.

King Cole:

Come then. Lets find the Woman from Danbury Cross and the Little Man with the Little gun.

(Exit King Cole and Wise Man)

Frog:

I don't think that Man is so Wondrous Wise. That's not enough to do.

The Woman from Danbury Cross may not find the cow and the man with the little guns so very little. Twinkle twinkle little star

How I wonder what you are
Up above the world so high
Like a diamond in the sky.

You can see all Mother Goose land. Won't you tell me where the cow jumped?

Star:

Yes, I'll tell you. You see, Peter Peter Pumpkin Eater--had a wife and couldn't keep her.

Frog:

I have heard about that

Star: The Cow did too and she thought maybe Peter could keep his wife if he had some wholesome milk to give her. So she jumped over the Moon to where Peter was.

Frog: Did it work?

Star: Yes--when Peter gave her the milk she returned to him.

Frog: Well--the cow did a good deed, didn't she?

Star: Yes--for Peters wife has promised to stay with him if he feeds her milk instead of pumpkins.

Frog: But what can we do here in Mother Goose land? All the children need milk and the Moon rides higher every night--maybe the cow won't be able to jump back again.

Star: what do you suppose the Milky Way is for if not to lead the cow back to Mother Goose Land.

Frog: Oh. I didn't think about that. When will she come?

Star: Tonight the sky will be very blue, the stars will be very bright the moon will ride high and the Milky Way will run pure and white to Mother Goose Land. Tell old King Cole that the Cow will never jump over the Moon again.

Frog: Oh. thank you Star. I'll run and tell Old King Cole right away. He'll be so happy and so will all the people of Mother Goose Land.

SCENE III

King Cole and Man Who Was Wondrous Wise--

Man W. Wise: Your Majesty the frog who would a wooing go says he has news of the cow that jumped over the moon-- He asks to e be admitted.

King Cole: Let Him Come in
(Exit Man W. Wise)

What can the Frog Know?
(Enter Man W. Wise with Frog)

Man W. Wise: Your majesty this is the Frog--
King Cole: What news do you bring us/?

G Frog:

Your Majesty--the Star told me that the Cow Jumped over the Moon To help Peter Peter Pumpkin Eater. He couldn't keep his wife any longer because she didn't like Pumpkins. But now she has promised to stay with him if he gives her milk to drink--The Star said that the Cow would come back to Mother Goose Land tonight on the Milky Way and will never jump over the Moon again--I thought you would be glad to know

King Cole:

You are a faithful frog. Your services must be rewarded
When will she be here?

Frog:

She should be coming any minute now---your majesty.

King Cole: Let us look for her--Oh I see her coming I do believe--Run outside Wise Man and bring her in to us.

(Exit Wise Man)

King Cole: How glad Old Mother Goose Land will be at her return--We can't get along without milk--No sir--not if we want to e be healthy, wealthy & wise.

(Enter Wise Man and Cow)

King Coele: Well Cow--What's this I hear about your jumping over the Moon? What a time we've been having in Mother Goose Land.

Cow; (trembling) Oh your Majesty--please forgive me--I tried to help Peter Peter Pumpkin Eater.

King Cole: I know--I know-- the Frog told me--We8ll we'll forgive you this time.

WHO GETS the CAR TONIGHT?

Mrs. Jones: (as the curtain rises; her voice breaking) I don't see why I ever married a lazy, selfish brute like you.

Mr. Jones: (throwing down the paper with a bang) That's enough! I don't see why you married me, either. All I want is a little peace and quiet.

Mrs. Jones: (exploding) Peace and quiet! What do you think you've had for the last month--a war! (she weeps afresh)

Mr. Jones: Well, I'm not like one of the kids. I want my rest.

Mrs. Jones: (forcefully) Rest! Rest! That's all you've had since we've been married. (tearfully again) You never seem to want to go anywhere with me, any more, do you? (angrily again) Do you?

Mr. Jones: Well, not to any old party. (he rises and paces) No, I won't go.

Mrs. Jones: But, John, you're only thinking about yourself. What about me?

Mr. Jones: (turning) Well, what about you?

Mrs. Jones: (weeping again) Oh, you selfish brute! You could take me just as well as not.

Mr. Jones: Well, if you want to go to the party, you can go ahead, but stop bothering me. I've had a hard day's work, and I need my rest. (he sits R C again, and picks up his paper.

Mrs. Jones: (rising) All right, then, spoil every one's fun, just because you don't want any. (she goes to the phone and lifts the receiver. Into the phone) Hyde Park three--four--two--two....No, three--four--two--two. (turning to Mr. Jones) You're brutal! (into the phone) No, no, not you, Mrs. Simons... Mrs. Simons, this is Mrs. Jones. I thought I had better phone you and let you know that Mr. Jones and myself can't come...No. Mr. Jones is quite ill, and the doctors say he needs rest....

(Mr. Jones glances up from his paper and glares at Mrs. Jones.)

Mrs. Jones (into the phone) No, not seriously, but we don't want to take any chances...Yes, I'll let you know how he comes along, Mrs. Simons...I'm sorry, too. (she hangs up and crosses C, to Mr. Jones.) Well, now, I hope you're happy.

Mr. Jones: Why did you tell her all that guff about my being sick? What if some one found out?

Mrs. Jones: (sorrowfully) Well, I had to say something. I couldn't tell her you were just too lazy, could I?

Mr. Jones: All right, all right. Have it your own way. (he resumes his reading)

(Mrs. Jones glares at Mr. Jones, crosses R C, picks up a magazine from the end table and crosses L C, and sits down on the divan. She turns the pages of the magazine rapidly, with an angry snap, until she jerks and tears one of the pages)

Mrs. Jones: Oh! (she goes on turning pages rapidly)

(Paul and Mary burst through the door L. Paul is a lad of seventeen or eighteen, just beginning to appreciate his own importance in the world. Alternately, he plays the indignant and misunderstood son, the scornful brother and the

palpitating Romeo. He is dressed in sports clothes. Mary, wearing sports clothes, is a pretty girl, a year or two younger than Paul. In her own eyes, she is aglow with romance, but around home she's just a little girl who wants her own way. Both of them stop short D L, taken aback by the sour looks on Mr. and Mrs. Jones's faces)

Paul: What's the matter, Mon?

Mrs. Jones: (angrily) Nothing. (she snaps the pages of her magazine furiously and looks over at Mr. Jones)

Paul: Oh, No?

Mary (sitting beside Mrs. Jones on the divan) C'mon and tell us, Mom. What's the matter?

Mr. Jones: The matter with your mother is that she wants to go to Mrs. Simons' party tonight, and I won't go with her.

Paul: (elated) Then neither one of you is going. (he resumes his reading)

Mr. Jones: (with finality) No, neither one of us is going. (he resumes his reading)

Paul: Hooray, then you're not using the car!

Mary: (at the same time, rising) Goody!

Paul: (crossing L) I have the bathroom first.

(Paul and Mary rush off L)

Mrs. Jones: (putting down her magazine; sarcastically) Well, I guess I'll leave you and let you get some of your "hardearned rest." (she rises)

Mr Jones: (without looking up) Good.

Mrs. Jones flounces out L. Mr. Jones rises, throws down his paper, crosses to the divan, and settles back on it as if he were going to sleep. Just as he gets settled, the phone rings. It keeps on ringing for quite a while. Once Mr. Jones sits up, looks at the phone impatiently, then settles back. The phone continues to ring. Mr. Jones sits up again abruptly.)

Mr. Jones: (letting out a yell) Mary! Paul! The phone! (he settles back again on the divan)

(Mary and Paul burst in L and both race toward phone)

Paul: I'll answer it.

Mary: (brushing past Paul) It's for me. (she picks up the receiver, and speaks into the phone, in dulcet tones) Hello. Mary speaking. (her voice suddenly lapses to an indifferent tone.) Yeah, He's here. (to Paul, curtly) For you. (she slams the phone down on the desk and starts L)
(Mary goes out L.)

Paul: (laughing, as Mary goes out) Well, Miss America, so all your boy friends left town, did HE? (he picks up the phone, and speaks into it.) Hello. (his voice becomes caressing) Oh, hello, Jane! I'm glad you called...Can I get the car? Of course I can get the car...Because the folks aren't going out

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Who Gets the Car Tonight?

Chris Sergel



THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY

A Comedy in One Act
by
CHRIS SERGEL

Who Gets the Car
Tonight?



CHICAGO
THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY

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{WHO GETS THE CAR TONIGHT?}

Who Gets the Car Tonight?

A Comedy in One Act

FOR THREE MEN AND TWO WOMEN

CHARACTERS

MR. JONES.....*the father*
MRS. JONES.....*the mother*
PAUL JONES.....*the son*
MARY JONES.....*the daughter*
JACK.....*her boy friend*

PLACE: *The living-room of the Jones home.*

TIME: *The present. Any evening.*



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You Met Them First in "Who Gets the Car Tonight?" Here They Are Again!

The Great Allowance Battle A comedy, by Christopher Sergel; 3 m,

2 w. Time, 15 min.—Paul Jones is in another predicament. This time it's about money. Paul has an important date. As a matter of fact, his whole future life depends on it. He's spent his allowance and is flat broke. He's already had next week's allowance advanced to him. That's spent, too. Despite Pop's anger, Mary's sarcastic remarks, and little Junior's "helpful hints," Mom finally decides to let Paul have just one more little advance on the side. Paul is overjoyed and excitedly phones his girl that he'll be right over. He's proud of the way he talked his mother around—just a little of the old bear oil, and Mom fell for it! Paul doesn't realize that both his mother and father are standing right behind him. This settles it for them. Mom Jones is angry, and Pop won't have his sacred discipline interfered with. Life is black, and Paul is desperate. From here events build rapidly to an irresistibly funny climax.

Price, 30¢.

Pop Reads the Christmas Carol A comedy, by Christopher

Sergel; 4 m, 3 w. Time, 15 min.—Pop wants a nice old-fashioned Christmas. He has gathered the family around to listen while he reads Dickens' Christmas Carol. But the family are intent on their own affairs. Mom is rushed with last-minute preparations; Junior is trying to locate the presents; Paul must shave (for the first time this month)—his girl is coming; Mary's boy friend is on his way over, and Mary is in a dither. Pop is beginning to get sore, but in spite of interruptions he still keeps trying to read the carol! Meanwhile Junior, at Paul's expense (and, we discover later, at Mary's, too), is tacking up mistletoe over the doorways. It's a tense moment in Paul's life when Jane, standing under the sprig, asks Paul to explain the "old custom" he has been talking about. Pop still has the Christmas Carol idea, but he finally gets mad and gives up in a huff. Junior comes to the rescue in an ending that adds just the perfect note of the Christmas Spirit to a play that's otherwise all fun and laughter.

Price, 30¢.

Order from: The Dramatic Publishing Company, 59 East Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill. Remittance should accompany all orders.

WHO GETS THE CAR TONIGHT?—Sergel

Price

35 cents

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB

CHILDREN'S CLASSICS
IN DRAMATIC FORM

BOOK TWO

By

AUGUSTA STEVENSON

Houghton Mifflin Company
Boston, New York, Chicago

Shadows

*

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB

Time: last spring.

Place: a pasture.

The Lamb
The Wolf

(The Lamb is drinking from the brook. The Wolf enters.)

Wolf: Aha! There is my dinner. Now I'll make it seem that I ought to eat her. Lamb, Lamb, how dare you? How dare you?

Lamb: What do you mean, sir?

Wolf: How dare you muddle the water?

Lamb: The water is clear where you stand, sir.

Wolf: The water is muddled where I stand, miss.

Lamb: How can that be, sir?

Wolf: I say the water here is muddled.

Lamb: But, sir, the water runs from you to me.

Wolf: Oh, well, we will say no more about the water. Now just one year ago you called me names.

Lamb: How could that be, sir?

Wolf: I say you called me names, miss.

Lamb: But sir, one year ago I was not born.

Wolf: Well, then, it was your father. It is all the same to me. I mean to eat you anyway.

- Rabbit's house

Rabbit..How did Kanga and Roo get into this forest, anyhow?

Pooh....I asked Christopher Robin, and he said in the usual way.

Piglet..In the usual way, eh?

Rabbit..In the usual way. Well, here we are (Slowly and carefully)
all of us and then suddenly we find a stange animal among
us.

Piglet..An animal who we have never seen - an animal who carries her
family in her pocket.

Rabbit..Supposin' I carried my family about with me in my pockets -
how many should I want.

Piglet..Sixteen.

Rabbit..Seventeen, isn't it? And one more for a handkerchief, that's
eighteen. Eighteen pockets in one suit.

Pooh....I make it fifteen.

Rabbit..What? Fifteen what?

Pooh....Oh, I thought you were talking about ^{your} my family.

Rabbit..Did I?

Pooh....Yes, you said--

Piglet..Never mind, Pooh, the question is what are we to do about
Kanga.

Pooh....Oh, I see.

Rabbit..The best way would be to steal Baby Roo and hide him, and
then when Kanga says, 'Where's baby Roo?', you say 'Aha!'

Pooh....Aha, Aha, Aha! (practicing) Of course we could say Aha
even if ~~you~~ we hadn't stolen Baby Roo.

Rabbit..Pooh, you haven't any brain.

Pooh....(humbly) I know.

Rabbit..You say Aha so that Kanga knows that we know where Baby Roo
is. Aha means we'll tell you where Baby Roo is, if you prom-
ise to go away from the forest and never come back. Now don't
talk while I think.

Pooh....(goes into corner and tries saying) Aha. I suppose it's just
practice. I wonder if Kanga will have to practice too so as
to understand it.

Pooh....(goes into corner and tries saying) Aha. I suppose it's just practice. I wonder if Kanga will have to practice too so as to understand it.

Piglet..There's just one thing. I was talking to Christopher Robin and he said that a Kanga was generally regarded as one of the fiercer animals. I am not frightened of fierce animals in the ordinary way, but it is known that if one of the fiercer animals is deprived of it's young, it becomes as fierce as two of the fiercer animals. In which case, perhaps Aha is a foolish thing to say.

Rabbit..Piglet, you haven't any pluck.

Piglet..It is hard to be brave (sniffling) When you are only a very small animal.

Rabbit..It is because you are a very small animal that you will be useful in the adventure before us.

Piglet..Oh, oh, I can be useful.

Pooh....(sadly) What about me? I suppose I shan't be useful.

Piglet..Never mind, Pooh, another time, perhaps.

Rabbit..Why, without Pooh, the adventure would be impossible. He must do everything. I cannot go this afternoon-- you know, my large family--

Pooh....(goes to corner of room) (proudly) Impossible without me. I'm that sort of bear.

Rabbit..Now listen all of you and I will read you my plan of attack for you to carry out.

PLAN TO CAPTURE BABY ROO

1. If we are to capture Baby Roo, we must get a Long start, because Kanga runs faster than any of Us, even Me
2. A thought. If Roo had jumped out of Kanga's pocket and Piglet had jumped in, Kanga wouldn't know the difference, because Piglet is a very small animal.
3. But Kanga would have to be looking the other way first, so as not to see Piglet jumping in.
4. Another Thought. But if Pooh was talking to her very excitedly, she might look the other way for a moment.
5. And then ^{we} she could run away with Roo.
6. Quickly.
7. And Kanga wouldn't discover the difference until Afterwards.

WINNIE THE POOH

Pooh....Then we could say Aha.

Piglet..Both of us?

Rabbit..Yes, both of you.

Piglet..Oh!

Rabbit..Why, what's the trouble, Piglet?

Piglet..Nothing. As long as Pooh says it too. I shoudn't care to say Aha by myself. It wouldn't sound nearly so well.

Rabbit..Well, Pooh, see what you have to do.

Pooh....No, not yet. What do I do?

Rabbit..Well, you just have to talk real hard to Kanga so as she doesn't notice anything. And then take off Roo.

Pooh....Oh, what do I talk about?

Rabbit..Anything you like.

Pooh....You mean like telling her a little bit of poetry or something.

Rabbit..That's it. Splendid. Now, run along, and I'll be waiting for you.

CURTAIN

WINNIE THE POOH

SCENE II

Forest. Baby Roo is jumping in and out of mouse holes.
Kanga is fidgeting about.

Kanga....Just one more jump, dear, and then we must go home.

(Enter Pooh stumping up hill)

Pooh....Good afternoon, Kanga.

Kanga....Good afternoon, Pooh.

Roo.....Look at me jumping. (Falling into another hole)

Pooh....Hallo, Roo, my little fellow.

Kanga....We were jist going home. Good afternoon, Piglet.

Piglet..Hello Roo.

Pooh....Oh, Kanga, I don't know if you're interested in poetry at all.

Kanga....Hardly at all.

Pooh....Oh.

Kanga....Roo, dear, just one more jump, and then we must go home.

Pooh....Talking of poetry. I made up a little piece as I was coming along. It went like this. Ex.- now, let me see.

Kanga....Fancy! Now, Roo, dear-

Piglet..You'll like this piece of poetry.

Pooh....You must listen very carefully so as not to miss any of it.

Kanga....Oh, yes! (Looking at Roo)

Piglet..How does it go, Pooh?

Pooh....(coughs) Like this

LINES WRITTEN BY A BEAR OF VERY LITTLE BRAIN

On Monday, when the sun is hot
I wonder to myself a lot:
"Now is it true, or is it not,
"That what is which and which is what?"

On Tuesday, when it hails and snows,
The feeling on me grows and grows
That hardly anybody knows
If those are these or these are those.

WINNIE THE POOH

On Wednesday, when the sky is blue,
And I ha e nothing else to do,
I sometimes wonder if it's true
That who is what and what is who.

On Thursday, when it starts to freeze
And hoar-frost twinkles on the trees
How very readily one sees
That these are whose - but whose are these?

On Friday -----

Kanga...Yes, it is, isn't it. Just one more jump, Roo, dear.

Pooh....Talking of poetry, have you ever noticed that tree right over there?

Kanga...Where? Now Roo --

Pooh....Right over there.

Kanga...No, Now jump in Roo, dear and we'll be going home.

Pooh....You ought to look at that tree right over there. Shall I lift you in Roo? (Pooh picks up Roo)

Pooh....I can see a bird in it from here - or is it a fish?

Piglet..It isn't a fish - it's a bird.

Pooh....So it is. Is it a starling or a blackbird?

Piglet..That's the whole question. Is it a starling or a blackbird?

(Kanga turns her head)

Pooh....In you go, Roo (He puts Piglet into Kanga's pocket.

(Kanga looks in her pocket) ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~

Kanga....Come along, Roo, we must go.

Pooh....And we must be getting on too. (Both jump off stage, either side.

CURTAIN

WINNIE THE POOH

SCENE III

In Kanga's house. Kanga looking at medicine cabinet.

Kanga...I am not so worried, for I know that Christopher Robin will not allow anyone to harm my Roo. But if they are having a joke with me, I will have a joke with them.
(Calling Roo) Come in, Roo. (Enter Piglet) Now, then it is bedtime.

~~ROO ENTERS~~

Piglet...Aha (Squeaky voice)

Kanga...Bath first.

Piglet...Aha. (Looking for Pooh and Rabbit)

Kanga...I am not at all sure that it wouldn't be a good idea to have a cold bath this evening. Would you like that, Roo, dear?

Piglet...(Shuddering) Kanga, I can see the time has come to speak plainly.

Kanga...Funny little Roo. (As she gets bath ready)

Piglet...I am not Roo - I am Piglet.

Kanga...Yes, dear, yea. And imitating Piglet's voice too. So clever of him. What will he be doing next?

Piglet...Can't you see. Haven't you go eyes? Look at me.

Kanga...I am looking, Roo, dear. (Severely) And you know what I told you yesterday about making faces. If you go on making faces like Piglet - you'll grow up to look like Piglet - and then think how sorry you'll be. Now then, into the bath, and don't let me have to speak to you about it again. (Kanga gives bath)

Piglet...Ow, let me opt - let me out! I'm Piglet.

Kanga...Don't open your mouth dear, or the soap goes in. What did I tell you?

Piglet...You, you, you did it on purpose.

Kanga...That's right, dear, don't say anything. (Rubs Piglet with towel) Now there's your medicine and then to bed.

Piglet...What medicine?

Kanga...To make you grow big and strong, dear. You don't want to grow up small like Piglet, do You? Well, then.

(Knock, knock.)

Come in. How do you do, Chirstopher Robin?

(Enter Christopher Robin)

WINNIE THE POOH

Piglet...Christopher Robin, Chris Rob, tell Kanga who I am. She keeps saying I'm Roo. I'm not Roo, am I?

C. Robin...You can't be because I've just seen Roo playing in Rabbit's house.

Kanga...Fancy that, fancy my making a mistake like that.

Piglet...There you are. I told you so.

C.R.....Oh, you're not Piglet. I know Piglet and he's quite a different color.

Piglet...That's because--

Kanga...Here, Piglet ~~thinks~~ (Puts medicine in) This is quite a nice t**o**sk when you are used to it. I knew it wann't Piglet. I wonder who he can be?

C.R.....Perhaps it's some of Pooh's relations. What about a nephew, an uncle or something?

Kanga...Perhaps it is Pooh's uncle. We will have to call it something.

C.R.....I shall call it Pootel. Henry Pootel for short.

(Piglet gets away from Kanga) The door is open - Piglet goes off.)

(C. R. and Kanga go to door)

C.R. and Kanga...Why Henry Pootel!

THE WITCH OF ENDOR

A Puppet Play

CHARACTERS: SAUL
COUNCILLOR
FIRST SERVANT
SECOND SERVANT
MESSENGER
SAMUEL
WITCH OF ENDOR

SCENE I.

Place - Palace of King Saul

Saul and Councillor discovered. First servant is playing harp. Saul listens but rises and begins to pace back and forth.

SAUL: (to servant) Leave me; music charms me not.

(Servant exits)

(Enter Messenger. Falls at Saul's feet.)

SAUL: Speak! What message do you bring?

MESSENGER: My lord, a host of Philistines approach over the hills.

SAUL: Send David to me. (To Councillor)

(Messenger exits)

COUNCILLOR: David is absent. For fear of thee, he and his men dwell in the land of the Philistines.

SAUL: Traitor! Said I not he would betray me? (Paces back and forth) What shall I do? If only Samuel were not dead! (Continues pacing!)

(Enter Servant with food. Kneels and offers it.)

SAUL: Take it away. I can neither eat nor drink.

COUNCILLOR: Harken unto me. Eat a morsel of bread that thou mayest have strength.

SAUL: I cannot. Take it away.

(Exit Servant)

(To Councillor) Leave me. I wish to be alone. (Kneels) O Jehovah, hear me! Guide me! My heart trembleth at the coming of the Philistines. Tell me what I should do. (Pause.) O Jehovah, help me! (Rises and stands with bent head.) (To himself) Since Samuel's death Jehovah hath forsaken me. He heareth me not, neither doth he come to me by dreams or signs. What shall I do? The Philistines will be upon us. (Paces back and forth.) (Claps hands.)

(Enter Councillor)

be upon us. (Paces back and forth.) (Claps hands.)

(Enter Councillor)

SAUL: I have prayed to Jehovah but he answereth me not. If only I could consult Samuel, but he is dead. Do not witches have the power to bring up the dead?

COUNCILLOR: 'Tis said so, sire, but by ^{thy} ~~your~~ order all witches and wizards have been driven from the land.

SAUL: True, I did so order, but surely there is one who hath dared to disobey my command. ~~Do you~~ know of such a one?

COUNCILLOR: Yea, 'tis said there is a woman at Endor who hath strange power. She hath a cat as her familiar.

SAUL: Come, we will go to her.

COUNCILLOR: But sire, she will fear a trap. She will not dare to use her power in the presence of King Saul.

SAUL: We will disguise ourselves. She will know us not. Come, I am in great need.

(Curtain)

SCENE II.

Place - Cave of Witch of Endor.

Witch discovered stroking cat. She rises and stirs pot.

(Enter Saul and Councillor)

Witch, frightened, crouches in corner.

SAUL: I pray thee, bring me up whom I shall name to thee.

WITCH: Behold, thou knowest what Saul hath done; he hath ordered all witches and wizards and those with familiar spirits out of the land. Dost thou try to trap me, to cause me to die?

SAUL: As Jehovah liveth, no punishment shall come to thee for this thing.

WITCH: Whom shall I bring up unto thee?

SAUL: Bring me up Samuel.

(Witch stirs pot and makes strange signs and says "Come forth". Starts back)

WITCH: Why hast thou deceived me? Thou art Saul, the king!

SAUL: Be not afraid. What seest thou?

WITCH: (Comes forward) An old man cometh up, with a long white beard and covered with a mantle.

(Sauls bows to earth)

(Samuel rises)

SAMUEL: Why hast thou brought me up?

SAUL: I am in great trouble. The Philistines make war against me. Jehovah is departed from me and answereth me no more, neither by prophets nor by dreams. I have called thee to make known to me what I shall do.

SAMUEL: Why dost thou ask of me if Jehovah hath left thee? He hath done as he told me he would do. He will take the kingdom from thee and will give it to David. Tomorrow you and your sons will be dead and Jehovah will deliver Israel unto the hands of the Philistines.

(sinks.)

(Saul falls in swoon.)

(Curtain)

Introduction

When Samuel was judge and ruler over Israel, the people asked for a king. Jehovah told Samuel to choose Saul, who was very tall and strong and well fitted to be their leader in the wars against the Philistines. Samuel told Saul what Jehovah wished him to do. After David killed the giant, Goliath, Saul became jealous of him. He often had days when he sulked or flew into a rage. While he was still strong in body, he was weak minded and found it hard to carry out what his best judgement told him was right. When our play begins Samuel was dead and David had fled to escape from Saul's wrath so Saul had no one on whom to rely. The first scene is in Saul's palace. The characters are Saul, his councillor, two servants and a messenger.

Scene two is in the cave of the witch of Endor. The characters are Saul, the councillor, the witch of Endor, and Samuel.

THE WIZARD OF OZ

Scene 1

In a Corn field.

As the curtain rises Toto enters and seeing the scarecrow backs furiously. Dorothy hurriedly enters and stares up at the S carecrow.

Scarecrow Good Day!

Dorothy Did you speak?

Scarecrow Certainly. How do you do?

Dorothy I'm pretty well , thank you. How do you do?

Scarecrow I'm not feeling well - for it is pretty tedious perched up here night and day to scare crows away.

Dorothy Can't you get down?

Scarecrow No, for this pole is stuck up my back. If you will please take away the pole I shall be greatly obliged to you.

(Dorothy reaches up and takes him down)

Thank you so much. I feel like a new man.

Dorothy You're very welcome.

Scarecrow Who are you?

Dorothy My name is Dorothy. I lived in Kansas, but a terrible cyclone took our house high in the air. When I came down I found myself in this strange land. The land of the Munchkins it's called. It's pretty here, Isn't it?

Scarecrow Where are you going?

Dorothy I am going to the Emerald City to ask the great Oz to send me back to Kansas. A good witch, whom I met to-day, told me to do this.

Scarecrow Where is the Emerald City and who is Oz?

Dorothy Why, don't you know?

Scarecrow No indeed. I don't know anything. You see, I am stuffed, and I have no brains at all.

Dorothy Oh, I'm just awfully sorry for you.

Scarecrow Do you think, if I go with you to the Emerald City, that Oz would give me some brains?

Dorothy You may come with me if you like. If Oz will not give you any brains, you will not be any worse off than you are now.

Scarecrow That is true. I don't mind my legs and arms and body being stuffed because I can not get hurt. But I do not like having people calling me a fool and if my head stays stuffed with straw, instead of brains as yours is, how am I ever to know anything?

Dorothy I understand how you feel, and if you will come with me I'll ask Oz to do all he can for you.

Scarecrow Thank you. (Toto enters, barking)

Dorothy Don't mind Toto. He never bites.

Scarecrow Oh, I'm not afraid, he can't hurt the straw. Do let me carry that basket. I shall not mind it for I don't get tired. I'll tell you a secret. There is only one thing I'm afraid of.

Dorothy What is that, the Munchkins farmer who made you?

Scarecrow No, it's a lighted match!

CURTAIN

Scene II

In the Forest, Tin Woodman in background
Enter Dorothy, Scarecrow and Toto.

Dorothy Let's rest awhile. (Sighs with weariness) (Takes basket from S.)
See what a fine lunch I have brought all the way from home.

Scarecrow (Peeks into basket) I'm never hungry. And it's a lucky thing I'm not, for my mouth is only painted on my face, and if I'd cut a hole in it so I could eat, the straw would come out and that would spoil the shape of my head. (Dorothy only nods her head and keeps on eating)
(A deep groan is heard)

Dorothy (Frightened) What is that?

Scarecrow I cannot imagine, but we can see. (They arise)

Dorothy Look! (Going over to Tin Woodman. Toto runs barking and snapping at his legs)
Did you groan, sir?

Tin Woodman Yes, I did. I've been groaning for more than a year, and no one has ever heard me before or come to help me.

Dorothy What can I do for you?

Tin Woodman See that oil can? Get it and oil all my joints. They are rusted

so badly I cannot move them at all. (Dorothy picks up can)
Oil my neck first. (Scarecrow takes hold of his head and moved it from side to side) Now oil the joints in my arms. (With a sigh he lowers his ax) This is a great comfort. I have been holding that ax in the air ever since I rusted, and I'm glad to be able to put it down at last.

Dorothy Oh, you poor Tin Woodman. How you must have suffered.

Tin woodman I did. Now if you will oil the joints in my legs, I shall be alright once more.

Dorothy There! Oh, I'm so happy that we could help you.

Tin Woodman I might have stood there forever if you hadn't come along. How did you happen to be here?

Dorothy We are on our way to the Emerald City, to see the great Oz.

Tin Woodman Why do you wish to see Oz?

Dorothy I want him to send me to Kansas, and the Scarecrow wants him to put a few brains in his head.

Tin Woodman Do you suppose Oz could give me a heart?

Dorothy Why, I guess so, it would be as easy as to give the scarecrow brains.

Tin Woodman True. So, if you will allow me to join your party, I will also go to the Emerald City and ask Oz to help me.

Scarecrow (Heartily) Come along. (Tin Woodman shoulders his ax)

Tin Woodman Will you please put the oil can in the basket, for if I should get caught in the rain, and rust again, I would need the oil-can badly.

(All start off. Scarecrow falls in hole)

Scarecrow Help! (Tin Woodman and Dorothy help Scarecrow)

Dorothy What ever happened to you?

Tin Woodman Why didn't you walk around the hole?

Scarecrow I don't know enough. My head is stuffed with straw, you know, and that is why I am going to Oz to ask him for some brains.

Tin Woodman Oh, I see. But, after all, brains are not the best things in the world.

Acarecrow Have you any?

Tin Woodman No, my head is quite empty, but once I had brains and a heart also. So having tried them both, I should much rather have a heart.

Scarecrow All the same, I shall ask for brains instead of a heart, for a fool would not know what to do with a heart if he had one.

Tin Woodman I shall take the heart for brains do not make one happy, and happiness is the best thing in the world.

CURTAIN

Scene III

Same as Scene II

Scarecrow, Dorothy, Tin Woodman and Toto enter.

Dorothy How long will it be before we are out of the forest?

Tin Woodman I cannot tell, for I have never been to the Emerald City.

(Terrible roar is heard. Lion bounds in. Knocks over Scarecrow and Tin Woodman. Starts toward Toto who barks)

Dorothy (Rushes forward and slaps lion on nose) Don't you dare to bite Toto. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, a big beast like you, to bite a poor little dog.

Lion (Rubs his nose with his paw) I didn't bite him.

Dorothy No, but you tried to. You are nothing but a big coward.

Lion I know it. I've always known it. But how can I help it?

Dorothy I don't know, I'm sure. To think of you striking a stuffed man, like the poor scarecrow.

Lion Is he stuffed? (Dorothy picks up Scarecrow)

Dorothy Of course he's stuffed.

Lion That's why he went over so easily. It astonished me to see him whirl around so. Is the other one stuffed, also?

Dorothy No, he's made of tin (Helps Woodman up)

Lion That's why he nearly blunted my claws. When they scratched against the tin it made a cold shiver run down my back. What is that little animal you're so tender of?

Dorothy He is my dog, Toto.

Lion Is he made of tin or stuffed?

Dorothy Neither, He's a - a - meat dog.

Lion Oh! He's a curious animal, and seems remarkably small, now that

I look at him. No one would think of biting such a little thing, except a coward like me.

Dorothy What makes you a coward?

Lion It's a mystery. I suppose I was born that way. All the other animals in the forest naturally expect me to be brave for the Lion is everywhere thought to be the King of Beasts.

Scarecrow The King of Beasts shouldn't be a coward.

Lion I know it. (Wiping his eyes with the end of his tail) It is my great sorrow and my life is very unhappy. But whenever there is danger my heart begins to beat fast.

Tin Woodman Perhaps you have heart disease.

Lion It may be.

Tin Woodman If you have you ought to be glad for it proves you have a heart. For my part, I have no heart, so I cannot have heart disease.

Lion Perhaps, if I had no heart, I should not be a coward.

Scarecrow Have you brains?

Lion I suppose so. I've never looked to see.

Scarecrow I am going to the great Oz to ask him to give me some for my head is stuffed with straw.

Tin Woodman And I am going to ask him to give me a heart.

Dorothy And I am going to ask him to send Toto and me back to Kansas.

Lion Do you think Oz could give me courage?

Scarecrow Just as easily as he could give me brains.

Tin Woodman Or give me a heart -

Dorothy Or send me back to Kansas.

Lion Then if you don't mind, I'll go with you, for my life is simply unbearable without courage.

Dorothy You will be very welcome. We will start at once.

CURTAIN

Scene IV

Emerald City

Little Green Man discovered by the gate. Enter Dorothy, Lion, Woodman, Scarecrow and Toto.

Little Green Man This is the gate to the Emerald City. What do you wish?

Dorothy We came here to see the great Oz.

Little Green Man It has been many years since anyone asked me to see Oz. He is powerful and terrible and if you come on an idle or foolish errand he might be angry and destroy you all in an instant.

Scarecrow But it is not a foolish errand. It is important. And we have been told that Oz is a good Wizard.

Little Green Man So he is and he rules the Emerald City wisely and well. But to those who are not honest, or approach him with curiosity, he is most terrible, and few have ever dared ask to see his face. I am the Guardian of the Gates, and since you demand to see the great Oz, I must take you to his palace. Pass through the gate. Pass through the gate.

CURTAIN

WOODLAND CHRISTMAS STORY

Scene 1.

Elf: Hums or whistles.

Enter Bears.

Oldest B. Good day Mr. Elf. Are you going to spend this winter in the forest?

Elf: Br-rr No. We fly south today. I am waiting here for the swallow that has promised to carry me.

Little B.: How did you manage to stay all last winter? I looked for you whenever I was awake, but I did not see you anywhere?

Mr. Elf: Sh- I haven't told any one yet because I was afraid they would laugh at me, but I'll tell you because I did just what you do, slept all winter long.

Older B. What! didn't you see winter?

Mr. Elf: Yes, I went out one day.

Older B. You haven't a fur coat like ours - how did you keep warm?

Mr. Elf: I bought a Christmas stocking and rolled myself up in it.

Little B.: What kind of bed is that?

Mr. Elf: It isn't really a bed, its a nice warm hollow thing they hang up the night before Christmas.

Little B.: Why do they hang it up?

Mr. Elf: Because if you hang it up, there's someone called Santa Claus that will come and fill it with nuts and sweet things.

Little B.: Why does --

Mr. Elf: (interrupting) pointing off stage) There's my swallow friend now - Bye, Bye bears - see you in the spring.

Older B.: (calling to Mr. Elf) When is the night before Christmas?

Mr. Elf: (calling) Mr. Crow can tell you. Tell him I said it was the day he saw me walking on the snow last winter.

Little B.: Please, before you do, Where did you get your stocking?

Little Elf: (calls faintly) Goodbye.

Little B.: (crying) He's gone - now we'll never know about Christmas and Santa Claus and stockings.

Older B.: (comforting Little B.) There, there, of course we will - we'll go right now to Mr. Crow. Dear me, I hope he won't be cross. He don't like me very well. I shook the limb he was sitting on the other day. Maybe you'd better go, you told him when that Eagle was flying overhead. He owes you a favor.

Little B.: All right. I'll go but he can be awfully cross. You wait here. Don't you go away.

Older B.: No, I won't.

(Little Bear goes off.)

(Enter Mrs. Bossy Cow.)

Older B.: Good morning, Mrs. Bossy Cow.

Mrs. B.C.: Dear me, if it isn't one of the Brother Bears. How are you my dear? What are you doing so far from home? Where is your little brother?

Older B.: He's gone to ask Mr. Crow about Christmas stockings. Do you know where we could get some?

Mrs. B.C.: Oh, I wouldn't eat stockings if I were you. I tried it once when I was quite young. It made me very ill.

Older B.: Where did you get it?

Mrs. B.C.: I ate it off a rope vine. Stockings always grow on ropes you know - this was a Monday morning I remember, I was quite ill.

Older B.: We don't want to eat them Mrs. Bossy Cow. We want to hang them up for Santa Claus.

Mrs. B.C.: Well, the vines don't bear so well in winter. I haven't seen any recently. I would advise you to tell Santa Claus not to eat them either. They made me very ill.

Little B: (enters out of breath) Tonight is Christmas Eve. Mr. Crow remembers very well that it was a year ago today that he saw Mr. Elf. Oh dear! We must hurry and find the stockings.

Older B: Mrs. Bossy Cow was just here and said they grew on rope vines.

(Enter Mr. Goat and Ba-as threateningly.)

(Brothers back away.)

Older B: Oh, please Mr. Goat, can you tell us where the stocking vines grow?

Mr. Goat: Ba-a-a- Stocking vines indeed! Who chased my youngest kid a week ago? Perhaps one of you can tell me.

Little B: I did, but I won't do it again.

Mr. Goat: You may be sure you won't. Ba-a-a- And who put burrs under the bush where my eldest son is in the habit of taking his nap? Tell me that? Ba-a-a-

Older B: I did. He makes faces at me and calls me names.

Mr. Goat: And who ate the apples under my wild sweep apple tree? Ba-a-a-

Little B: (puts paws over eyes and cries) Boo, hoo.

Mr. Goat: Stocking vines indeed! Don't ask me about stocking vines. Ba-a-a-

Older B: Oh dear, isn't he mean? Well that's that. What shall we do next? (puts paws to head and scratches head) I have it - let's ask Mr. Frog.

Little B: Let's do. He knows a lot.

Together: Mr. Frog, Mr. Frog, Please come up here.

Mr. Frog: Ker-chug, ker-chug, Yes, here I am. Ker-chug - what do you want little brother bears?

Older B: We called to ask you about stockings to hang up for Santa Claus.

Little B: Do they grow on vines and are there any around here?

Mr. Frog: Well my young friends - ker-chug - you did wisely to come to me - stockings do not grow on vines - they grow on boys. When a boy comes to the pond to wade, he peels off his stockings and leaves them on the bank, but it would not be safe to take them, for a boy is a dangerous animal - he strikes when angry and he throws stones all the time.

(Bunny Rabbit peeks around curtain.)

Older B: But if boys are so dangerous and stockings grow on boys - how can we get them?

Mr. Frog: Ker-chug, That I do not know. Besides boys don't wade in winter. My advice is to let Santa Claus find his own stockings and for you to keep away from boys.

Little B: Thank you, Mr. Frog.

Mr. Frog: I'll have to go down now to my warm mud. Goodbye, Ker-chug - (dives).

Both Bears: Goodbye!

(Bunny Rabbit hops out chuckling.)

Little B: Here's Bunny Rabbit. Oh! Bunny - We're hunting for stockings and can't find any anywhere.

Bunny: Hello, you two. Can't find any stockings hey? And tomorrow is Christmas.

Little B: And tomorrow is Christmas.

Older B: Mrs. Bossy Cow said they grew on vines and Mr. Frog says they grow on boys.

Bunny: (knowingly) There are two kinds. I've seen both.

Both B's: Oh- Oh - Where? Where?

Bunny: A long way out of the forest. I thot I'd bring them home to store my carrots in.

B.B's: Oh lend them to us Bunny. Please do - we'll bring them back safe.

Bunny: What will you pay me?
 Little B: Whatever you want.
 Big B: The best of whatever we get.
 Little B: ~~That's fair~~ Half of what we get in each.
 Bunny: That's fair but I can't let you have them. I thot I'd bring them home as I told you, but a boy came along and I thot I wouldn't. (laughs and hops off. Bears start after him.)
 Both Bears: We'll fix you, Bunny.
 (Old woman leans out of window. Holds a stocking in her hand.)
 Old Woman: I have heard of your troubles little bears. Is this what you want? This is a stocking.
 Bears: Oh yes - yes.
 Old Woman: How many do you want?
 Bears: Just one apiese.
 Old Woman: Well - you may have them if you pay me in honey. Come in and get the jars. (Bears enter house and return carrying jars.) These must both be full by sundown. I lock up then.
 Bears: Oh thank you - thank you - We'll be here.

Curtain.

Scene 2.

(Bears enter with jars)
 Older B: Oh hurry brother, the sun is almost down.
 Little B: (whimpering) Oh I hope we're not too late.
 Older B: (knocks at door) and calls) Old Woman. Old Woman.
 Old Woman: Oh! It's you little bears - I had given you up and have locked my door.
 Bears: But our stockings - can't we have our stockings? We had so much trouble finding the honey.
 Old Woman: Yes - I'll hand them out the window. Put the honey on the porch. Here they are.
 Bears: (hugging their stockings) Oh goody-goody, Thank you so much.
 Old Woman: Merry Christmas little bears.
 Bears: Merry Christmas to you.

Scene 3.

(Scene opens with bears asleep. Stockings are hung up. Santa Claus has just finished filling them.)
 Santa Claus: Good little bears - they worked hard for their Christmas. I hope they will enjoy their sweet meats. Merry Christmas little brother bears - (throws kiss) exits)
 (jingle bells outside.)
 Little B: (sitting up in bed) Oh! Oh! Look! Santa Claus has been here. Wake up brother - wake up - See our stockings - they are full of good things.
 Older B: (waking) How wonderful. He really did come. How good - How good. Dear Santa.
 Big Bear: We must share this with all of our friends you know.
 Little B: Yes, let's give some to even Bunny Rabbit.
 Big Bear: Oh! isn't Christmas wonderful?
 Little B: Indded it is.

Curtain.

WOODLAND CHRISTMAS STORY

Scene 1.

Elf: Hums or whistles.
Enter Bears.
Oldest B: Good day Mr. Elf. Are you going to spend this winter in the fore st?
Elf: Br-rr No. We fly south today. I am waiting here for the swallow that has promised to carry me.
Little B: How did you manage to stay all last winter? I looked for you whenever I was awake, but I did not see you anywhere?
Mr. Elf: Sh- I haven't told any one yet because I was afraid they would laugh at me, but I'll tell you because I did just what you do, slept all winter long.
Older B: What! didn't you see winter?
Mr. Elf: Yes, I went out one day.
Older B: You haven't a fur coat like ours - how did you keep warm?
Mr. Elf: I bought a Christmas stocking and rolled myself up in it.
Little B: What kind of bed is that?
Mr. Elf: It isn't really a bed, its a nice warm hollow thing they hang up the night before Christmas.
Little B: Why do they hang it up?
Mr. Elf: Because if you hang it up, there's someone called Santa Claus that will come and fill it with nuts and sweet things.
Little B: Why does --
Mr. Elf: (interrupting) pointing off stage) There's my swallow friend now - Bye, Bye bears - see you in the spring.
Older B: (calling to Mr. Elf) When is the night before Christmas?
Mr. Elf: (calling) Mr. Crow can tell you. Tell him I said it was the day he saw me walking on the snow last winter.
Little B: Please, before you do, Where did you get your stocking?
Little Elf: (calls faintly) Goodbye.
Little B: (crying) He's gone - now we'll never know about Christmas and Santa Claus and stockings.
Older B: (comforting Little B.) There, there, of course we will - we'll go right now to Mr. Crow. Dear me, I hope he won't be cross. He don't like me very well. I shook the limb he was sitting on the other day. Maybe you'd better go, you told him when that Eagle was flying overhead. He owes you a favor.
Little B: All right. I'll go but he can be awfully cross. You wait here. Don't you go away.
Older B: No, I won't.
(Little Bear goes off.)
(Enter Mrs. Bossy Cow.)
Older B: Good morning, Mrs. Bossy Cow.
Mrs. B.C: Dear me, if it isn't one of the Brother Bears. How are you my dear? What are you doing so far from home? Where is your little brother?
Older B: He's gone to ask Mr. Crow about Christmas stockings. Do you know where we could get some?
Mrs. B.C: Oh, I wouldn't eat stockings if I were you. I tried it once when I was quite young. It made me very ill.
Older B: Where did you get it?
Mrs. B.C: I ate it off a rope vine. Stockings always grow on ropes you know - this was a Monday morning I remember, I was quite ill.
Older B: We don't want to eat them Mrs. Bossy Cow. We want to hang them up for Santa Claus.
Mrs. B.C: Well, the vines don't bear so well in winter. I haven't seen any recently. I would advise you to tell Santa Claus not to eat them either. They made me very ill.

Little B: (enters out of breath) Tonight is Christmas Eve. Mr. Crow remembers very well that it was a year ago today that he saw Mr. Elf. Oh dear! We must hurry and find the stockings.

Older B: Mrs. Bossy Cow was just here and said they grew on rope vines.

(Enter Mr. Goat and Ba-as threateningly.)

(Brothers back away.)

Older B: Oh, please Mr. Goat, can you tell us where the stocking vines grow?

Mr. Goat: Ba-a-a- Stocking vines indeed! Who chased my youngest kid a week ago? Perhaps one of you can tell me.

Little B: I did, but I won't do it again.

Mr. Goat: You may be sure you won't. Ba-a-a- And who put burns under the bush where my eldest son is in the habit of taking his nap? Tell me that? Ba-a-a-

Older B: I did. He makes faces at me and calls me names.

Mr. Goat: And who ate the apples under my wild sweep apple tree? Ba-a-a-

Little B: (puts paws over eyes and cries) Boo, hoo.

Mr. Goat: Stocking vines indeed! Don't ask me about stocking vines. Ba-a-a-

Older B: Oh dear, isn't he mean? Well that's that. What shall we do next? (puts paws to head and scratches head) I have it - let's ask Mr. Frog.

Little B: Let's do. He knows a lot.

Together: Mr. Frog, Mr. Frog, Please come up here.

Mr. Frog: Ker-chug, ker-chug, Yes, here I am. Ker-chug - what do you want little brother bears?

Older B: We called to ask you about stockings to hang up for Santa Claus.

Little B: Do they grow on vines and are there any around here?

Mr. Frog: Well my young friends - ker-chug - you did wisely to come to me - stockings do not grow on vines - they grow on boys. When a boy comes to the pond to wade, he peels off his stockings and leaves them on the bank, but it would not be safe to take them, for a boy is a dangerous animal - he strikes when angry and he throws stones all the time.

(Bunny Rabbit peeks around curtain.)

Older B: But if boys are so dangerous and stockings grow on boys - how can we get them?

Mr. Frog: Ker-chug, That I do not know. Besides boys don't wade in winter. My advice is to let Santa Claus find his own stockings and for you to keep away from boys.

Little B: Thank you, Mr. Frog.

Mr. Frog: I'll have to go down now to my warm mud. Goodbye, Ker-chug - (dives).

Both Bears: Goodbye!

(Bunny Rabbit hops out chuckling.)

Little B: Here's Bunny Rabbit. Oh! Bunny - We're hunting for stockings and can't find any anywhere.

Bunny: Hello, you two. Can't find any stockings hey? And tomorrow is Christmas.

Little B: And tomorrow is Christmas.

Older B: Mrs. Bossy Cow said they grew on vines and Mr. Frog says they grow on boys.

Bunny: (knowingly) There are two kinds. I've seen both.

Both B's: Oh- Oh - Where? Where?

Bunny: A long way out of the forest. I thot I'd bring them home to store my carrots in.

B.B's: Oh lend them to us Bunny. Please do - we'll bring them back safe.

Bunny: What will you pay me?
 Little B: Whatever you want.
 Big B: The best of whatever we get.
 Little B: ~~That's fair~~ Half of what we get in each.
 Bunny: That's fair but I can't let you have them. I thot I'd bring them home as I told you, but a boy came along and I thot I wouldn't. (laughs and hops off. Bears start after him.)
 Both Bears: We'll fix you, Bunny.
 (Old woman leans out of window. Holds a stocking in her hand.)
 Old Woman: I have heard of your troubles little bears. Is this what you want? This is a stocking.
 Bears: Oh yes - yes.
 Old Woman: How many do you want?
 Bears: Just one apiese.
 Old Woman: Well - you may have them if you pay me in honey. Come in and get the jars. (Bears enter house and return carrying jars.) These must both be full by sundown. I lock up then.
 Bears: Oh thank you - thank you - We'll be here.

Curtain.

Scene 2.

(Bears enter with jars)
 Older B: Oh hurry brother, the sun is almost down.
 Little B: (whimpering) Oh I hope we're not too late.
 Older B: (knocks at door) and calls) Old Woman. Old Woman.
 Old Woman: Oh! It's you little bears - I had given you up and have locked my door.
 Bears: But our stockings - can't we have our stockings? We had so much trouble finding the honey.
 Old Woman: Yes - I'll hand them out the window. Put the honey on the porch. Here they are.
 Bears: (hugging their stockings) Oh goody-goody, Thank you so much.
 Old Woman: Merry Christmas little bears.
 Bears: Merry Christmas to you.

Scene 3.

(Scene opens with bears asleep. Stockings are hung up. Santa Claus has just finished filling them.)
 Santa Claus: Good little bears - they worked hard for their Christmas. I hope they will enjoy their sweet meats. Merry Christmas little brother bears - (throws kiss) exits)
 (jingle bells outside.)
 Little B: (sitting up in bed) Oh! Oh! Look! Santa Claus has been here. Wake up brother - wake up - See our stockings - they are full of good things.
 Older B: (waking) How wonderful. He really did come. How good - How good. Dear Santa.
 Big Bear: We must share this with all of our friends you know.
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Elf: Br-rr No. We fly south today. I am waiting here for the swallow that has promised to carry me.

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Mr. Elf: Sh- I haven't told any one yet because I was afraid they would laugh at me, but I'll tell you because I did just what you do, slept all winter long.

Older B: What! didn't you see winter?

Mr. Elf: Yes, I went out one day.

Older B: You haven't a fur coat like ours - how did you keep warm?

Mr. Elf: I bought a Christmas stocking and rolled myself up in it.

Little B: What kind of bed is that?

Mr. Elf: It isn't really a bed, its a nice warm hollow thing they hang up the night before Christmas.

Little B: Why do they hang it up?

Mr. Elf: Because if you hang it up, there's someone called Santa Claus that will come and fill it with nuts and sweet things.

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Mr. Elf: (interrupting) pointing off stage) There's my swallow friend now - Bye, Bye bears - see you in the spring.

Older B: (calling to Mr. Elf) When is the night before Christmas?

Mr. Elf: (calling) Mr. Crow can tell you. Tell him I said it was the day he saw me walking on the snow last winter.

Little B: Please, before you do, Where did you get your stocking?

Little Elf: (calls faintly) Goodbye.

Little B: (crying) He's gone - now we'll never know about Christmas and Santa Claus and stockings.

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Little B: All right. I'll go but he can be awfully cross. You wait here. Don't you go away.

Older B: No, I won't.

(Little Bear goes off.)

(Enter Mrs. Bossy Cow.)

Older B: Good morning, Mrs. Bossy Cow.

Mrs. B.C: Dear me, if it isn't one of the Brother Bears. How are you my dear? What are you doing so far from home? Where is your little brother?

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