"WHICH WAY TO THE HOT DOG TREE?"

Dwight David Porter
I recommend this thesis for acceptance by the Honors Program of Ball State University for graduation with honors.

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PREFACE

The playwright does not intend that the play in its present form be produced. He intends to record any rehearsal of the play to determine where dialogue needs refinement, and to modify the language accordingly.

"Which Way To the Hot Dog Tree?" is loosely based on "I Had Trouble In Getting To Solla Sollew" by Dr. Seuss, with ideas shamelessly stolen from Homer, Voltaire, and Swift.

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Dwight David Porter

Muncie, Indiana
MOTHER: Beauford? Beau...ford? Beauford!

BEAUF.: What is it mother?

MOTHER: Get up off that bed and get busy. Now! Not later, now! Who do you think you are anyway, the King of Lombovia?

BEAUF.: (slowly rises from the bed) No Mom, honest. I just think I'm...

MOTHER: Don't talk back to me. I'm the mother.

BEAUF.: I'm sorry, but I didn't know you wanted me to do anything.

MOTHER: Always have some excuse, don't you? I give you everything—everything; a bed to be lazy on, food to stuff your fat face with, a room you don't keep clean... (She starts to cry) And this is the thanks I get. (Tears are pouring by now) You're not fair! You're just not fair! (Really blubbers)

BEAUF.: (Goes over to console her) Gee whiz Mom, what can I do to make it up to you?

MOTHER: (Tears stop instantaneously) Get busy! Ge-e-e-e-e-i-it busy! I want this whole house picked up right now!

BEAUF.: But Mom, I thought we were finished! What'd you want me to do?

MOTHER: Through? Through? You know we're not through! You lie! You always lie! You're nothing but a liar. Liar! Liar! If you can't think of anything to do, make your bed! Why isn't your bed made?

BEAUF.: I just made my bed!

MOTHER: Sure, it looks made. But the sheets underneath haven't been changed in three weeks. No one in my house is going to have
dirty sheets!

BEAUF.: Mom, I just changed them this morning. They're not dirty, honest!

MOTHER: Don't contradict me, I'm the mother. (Yanks off bedspread and throws it on floor)

BEAUF.: See Mom, I wouldn't lie to you.

MOTHER: Alright, so maybe the sheets are clean. But (points) what's that bedspread doing on the floor? Get that up! Get that bed made! (Beauford makes bed and follows rest of mother's instructions in extremely fast motion) Clean your room! (Beauford dusts with cloth) Mop that floor! (Beauford gets out mop at frantic pace while mother lounges sipping lemonade) Get my breakfast! (Beauford pours cereal, milk, juice, takes on tray to mother) Hurry, hurry, hurry! Polish the furniture! Wash the dishes! (Beauford gets the dishes, dumps them in pan, sponges them, and exhausted falls on bed. Mother stands) All right Beauford, now that you've made your bed, cleaned your room, dusted and polished the furniture, fixed breakfast, and washed the dishes (Pants from saying so much so fast) you can start working! (Thrusts hoe into hands of 6 to 12-year-old son so hard it almost knocks him down) There! Now get busy, you lazy boy! (Slaps and shakes him violently) And don't ever lie to me again!

BEAUF.: (Glumly beginning to hoe) Gee whiz! I always get stuck with all the work. I wish Mom would let me have some fun once in a while. I should run away, then she'd be sorry! (Slowly
stops hoeing, leans against hoe, and daydreams) I'd go someplace where nobody's mom could tell him what to do.
I could swim and play ball, and every time I wanted something to eat there would be a hot dog tree and ice cream mountains, and there would never, never, never be any work! (Throws hoe down in disgust and sits on ground and groans. Three witches enter who could be radiantly beautiful but should be extremely ugly. Witches are arguing and pushing)

WITCH 1: (From off stage start arguing) No you're not! (Cackle, Cackle)
WITCH 2: Yes I am! (Cackle)
WITCH 3: (To Witch 2) You know she's right! (Cackle)
WITCH 1: (Cackle) I'm glad someone had the good sense to realize it!
WITCH 3: (To Witch 2) You're not the most beautiful.
WITCH 1: (Cackle) That's right!
WITCH 3: I am. (Cackle)
WITCH 1: (Does a take. Witch 2 cackles at her, and points. Witch 1 jumps up and down) You're both Nincompoops! (Cackle) I'm the most beautiful. I am! I am! I am!
WITCH 2: (Cackle) I am! I am! I am! (Both Witches 1 & 2 are jumping up and down and shouting and arguing. Witch 3 is worried that she is left out. She studies the other two and wonders what to do. Witches 1 & 2 are pushing and shoving)

WITCHES 1&2: I am. No, I am! You're crazy, I am! You certainly are! Etc.

WITCH 3: (Walks into middle of the fray and whistles) Hold it! Hold it! (Witch 3 holds arms up. Others continue to yell. She shouts above them) Shut UP! (Stunned, they become quiet) I'm the most beautiful, I am! I am! I am! (She throws tantrum on the ground, kicking, screaming, and pounding fists into the ground.)
WITCH 1: (Kicks Witch 3) Silly goose. We'll never get anywhere this way. We need somebody to decide once and for all who's the most beautiful.

WITCH 2: (Cackles) What we need is a judge.

WITCH 3: She's right! She's right! That's just what we need! But we can't find a judge.

WITCH 1: (Cackle) We can find a judge!

WITCH 2: Who?

WITCH 1: My brother, Herman. (Cackle)

WITCH 3: Oh no you don't. That wouldn't be fair. We need somebody who would look at us all carefully and then honestly decide—that I'm the most beautiful. (Cackle)

WITCH 1: (Cackle) How about my Aunt Zelda?

WITCH 3: (Throws beans at Witch 1) We need somebody who would be fair!

WITCH 2: Somebody that doesn't know any of us. (All the witches circle around searching through the audience chanting) Who can we get? Who can we get? (The witches keep chanting this and huddle together. They return to stage and parade ritualistically, continuing to chant) Oh great spirit of Samuel Drucker lead us to some stupid sucker. Give us a judge to do our work. Lead us, Sam, to a silly jerk. Who can we get? Who can we get? (They parade to the front of Beauford, not seeing him.) As part of the ritual, they kneel, turn their backs to the audience, and bow from the waist with their hands extended over their heads. Upon rising, they spy Beauford, and grab him.) We got him!

BEAUF.: Please let me go. I've been good. I'm sorry if I did anything to upset you.
WITCH 3: You should be you silly goose! You just stand there going about your business when three of the most ravishing beauties in the whole world are right in your own back yard.

BEAUF.: Gee, I'm sorry. Where are they?

WITCH 2: What do you mean, "Where are they?" They're us! (She slaps him with a rolled newspaper) Us you silly boof!

BEAUF.: Oh, sure! (The witches laugh too girlishly) The reason I didn't notice was because I was daydreaming about a place where there'd be hot dog trees, ice cream mountains, no screaming mothers, and especially--no WORK!!

WITCH 1: (Cackle) Well, we'll let it go this time. (Grabs him by collar) But You'd better watch your step, sonny.

BEAUF.: Thank you, I appreciate it.

WITCH 2: All you have to do is just one little thing and we'll forget all about it.

BEAUF.: Sure. (Witches eagerly huddle about him)

WITCH 3: Judge our beauty contest!

BEAUF.: Gee, that's going to be hard.

WITCH 2: (Yanks him by collar again) What do you mean hard?

BEAUF.: I just meant (gulp) that with 3 such beautiful witches--I mean ladies--it's going to be very difficult. (Witches laugh girlishly, falling all over each other)

WITCH 3: Let's line up girls. (Claps hands, prods them into place, and assumes place in line with them. Then sneaks over to Beauford.) If you pick me I'll give you a seed to grow a hot dog tree this big! (Shows him with hands) So you can eat a hot dog anytime you want--no matter what your mother says!

BEAUF.: Are you sure that's fair?

WITCH 3: (Cackle) Of course I'm sure. Would I do anything that isn't
fair? (Cackle) Of course I wouldn't! Here, see for yourself! (Pulls out rule book and rapidly flips pages in Beauford's face) There, you see? (Points at page and paragraph while it is in Beauford's hand, but grabs it away before he has a chance to read it) Now remember, if you want that hot dog tree vote for me!

BEAUF.: (To Witch 3) Oh boy! I'm going to vote for you! (Witch 3 gets back in line--Witch 2 goes to Beauford)

WITCH 2: (Confidentially) Wha'd that old fuss budget say to you any how?

BEAUF.: (Happily) She told me that if I picked her she'd give me a hot dog tree this big. (Shows with hands, standing on tip toes. Witch 3 is cocky, Witch 1 is suspicious)

WITCH 2: Listen, if you pick me I'll give you two hot dog trees THIS big (even bigger with hands than Witch 3) and a whole mountain-full of orange nugent pistachio walnut ice cream! (Cackle)

BEAUF.: (To Witch 2) Oh boy, orange nugent pistachio walnut ice cream--that's my favorite kind! I'm going to pick you for my beauty queen. (Witch 1 sneaks down one side as Witch 2 gets back in line very confidently)

WITCH 1: Say, wha'd those two ugly old cranks tell you?

BEAUF.: They said if I pick them I can have two hot dog trees and a whole mountainful of orange nugent pistachio walnut ice cream!

WITCH 1: (Cackle) That's nothing--If you pick me I'll tell you how to get to Sollo Soilew!

BEAUF.: What would I want to go there for?
WITCH 1: It's a place where they've got millions of hot dog trees and a hundred thousand mountains of orange nuggest pistachio walnut ice cream with Maraschino cherries on top! And you can go swimming and play ball any old time you want without your mother telling you not to. And best of all (Cackle) it's a place where you'd never, never, never, NEVER have to work!

BEAUF.: (To Witch 1) Oh boy, oh boy, oh boy, oh boy, what a neat place. I'm going to pick you for sure.

WITCH 1: (Cackle) Smart move, sonny. Now remember, when you go over to judge say "Witch number 1." I'm Witch number 1--so pick me and you'll get to Solla Sollew.

BEAUF.: (To Witch 1) Witch number 1.

WITCH 1: Right!

BEAUF.: You'd better write it down.

WITCH 1: Good idea. ( Writes it and gives Beauford the paper) OK remember--"Witch number 1."

BEAUF.: "Witch 1." Got it! (Witch 1 gets back in line and Beauford prepares to judge. Says to all...) Now I'm going to pick the most beautiful woman in the world! (Witches laugh too girlishly) Witch 1! (They are still waiting) Witch 1! (No response from the Witches. Beauford is now irritated) Witch 1!

WITCH 2: That's what we'd like to know, which one?

BEAUF.: Witch 1!

WITCH 3: (Hits him with rolled newspaper) That's what she just asked, you boob! Which one?

BEAUF.: (Really exasperated) Witch 1!

WITCH 3: (Hits him twice) Don't you make fun of me! Which one?

BEAUF.: Who promised me the...
ALL WITCHES: I did!

BEAUF.: ...the land of Solla Sollwe?

WITCHES 2&3: What? Huh?

WITCH 1: (Triumphanty) Me, baby!

BEAUF.: (Points to Witch 1) OK, you win.

WITCH 1: (Squeezes in between other two witches, spreading them apart to make more room for herself by swinging her hips to hit each) Hurrah! (To the others being catty) Cheer up girls, not everyone can be the most beautiful witch in the world. (Cackles. Runs her handkerchief across their faces flaunting her victory) Aren't you going to congratulate me?

WITCH 2: No, but we're going to congratulate that young whippersnapper--right over the head! Let's get him, Bertha. (Witch 2 & 3 chase Beauford while Witch 1 jumps up and down cackling.)

WITCH 1: I won! I won!

BEAUF.: (Running by) How do I get to Solla Sollwe?

WITCH 1: Why should I tell you? (Beauford sees the other witches chasing him and has to run--then he circles back)

BEAUF.: Because I picked you in the beauty contest!

WITCH 1: Naturally, I'm the most beautiful!

BEAUF.: But... (Eyesing the Witches still after him he runs)

WITCHES 2&3: Get him! Get the little traitor! (Beauford evades them and returns to Witch 1)

BEAUF.: Where's Solla Sollwe? I kept my end of the bargain, now you keep yours!

WITCH 1: (Cackles) Bargain? Bargain? What are you talking about? (Other witches are searching for Beauford, but he hides behind Witch 1)

BEAUF.: You said that if I picked you you'd show me how to get to
Solla Sollew. I kept my end of it. Now you tell me how to
get there!

WITCH 1: (Cackles) That's silly. I never made any bargain. Why
should I make a bargain? Everyone knows I would have won
anyway. I'm the most beautiful girl in the world. I can
prove it. I just won a contest.

BEAUF.: You didn't stick to the rules. They should have won!

WITCH 1: What do you mean, "They should have won"? (She steps aside
and exposes him to the hunting witches) Let's get him, girls!
(Chase scene ending when he falls stage center--they stop
bumping into each other)

WITCH 3: Let's eat him!

WITCH 1: Good idea!

WITCH 2: Wait a minute. (To Witch 1) Why are you so anxious to eat
him?

WITCH 1: He said you should have won!

WITCH 2: Hey, if he said we should have won then she didn't win the
contest!

WITCH 1: (Wishes she hadn't opened her mouth) Don't be silly, that
only counts when the judge says it!

WITCH 3: He was the judge! (Witches 2 x 3 push 1 off right saying)

WITCH 2: You see? You see? That proves it! I knew I was the most
beautiful!

WITCH 3: No, he meant me! I'm sure he meant me!

WITCH 1: (Enters from right) You're both boobs! He chose me in the
first place, didn't he?

WITCH 2: Yes you ugly old slob!

WITCH 3: Well, there's only one thing to do. (Cackle) We'll have to
get a judge!
WITCH 2: That's a good idea. (Cackle) We'll have to get a fair one.
WITCH 3: One that can't be bribed! (All three witches face the audi-
ence and say in aside. . . . ) And then I'll bribe him! (They
exit right)
(Beauford is still lying collapsed center. Enter peddler with
cart)

PEDDLER: Peanuts, popcorn, celery stalks. Peanuts, popcorn, celery
stalks. (Walks around selling to audience. On one trip he
stops on Beauford. Finally, the peddler sees Beauford, checks
for breathing, and attempts to arouse him. Siaps Beauford a
few times, gets a bucket of water and pours it on Beauford,
who comes to sputtering) My boy, I'm certainly relieved to
see you're alive. I've been at your side for 3 days and 3
nights. Got you through crisis after crisis, and after that
tremendous fever of yours finally subsided, I was able to
revive you with a bucket of my own special medical concoction.

BEAUF.: Wow, that was sure nice of you. How can I ever repay you?

PEDDLER: Here's my bill. (Hands Beauford the bill)

BEAUF.: Oh my gosh! 10,000 padingles! That's quite a bit.

PEDDLER: Well, I go all out in taking care of my patients.

BEAUF.: What's this? 4,200 padingles for a bucketful of Dr. Mortimer's
champagne concoction for reviving patients?

PEDDLER: That's right!

BEAUF.: Well couldn't you have used water?

PEDDLER: I suppose I could have, but a man's got to make a living,
doesn't he?

BEAUF.: Sure, but my gosh, that's almost my whole savings?

PEDDLER: Whole savings? Whole savings? How dare you think of your own
selfish greed when you should be thinking of mine? (Puts on
violin music) I spent day after day struggling, hoping, praying, fighting to snatch you from the mouth of death! And let me tell you he's got a big mouth. If it hadn't been for me, who knows what would have been your fate?—cast to the wind, no one to help you. A wounded sparrow caught in the wilderness of life without a friend (Record begins to skip) without a friend, without a friend. (Peddler hits the record player, it stops) Why, I'm beginning to get the idea that you're ungrateful. Are you ungrateful, my good man?

BEAUF.: I don't think so, sir.

PEDDLER: Did your mama ever call you ungrateful?

BEAUF.: Yes, sir.

PEDDLER: There, you see son? You're ungrateful to your mama and you're ungrateful to the man who saved your life.

BEAUF.: What can I do to make it up to you?

PEDDLER: You can pay me the 10,000 padingles you owe me! That's how!

BEAUF.: Oh sure, here. (Beauford gives him the money)

PEDDLER: Aren't you even going to thank me?

BEAUF.: Oh... Thanks. Thanks a lot.

PEDDLER: That's better. Learn to show some appreciation once in a while. (Peddler starts to go, then stops, pulling individual items from his cart to entice Beauford) By the way, could I interest you in a Banana pie?

BEAUF.: No, no thank you sir. (Sitting on the ground, Beauford faces the audience not looking at the items) I'm not hungry.

PEDDLER: How about a chocolate malt?

BEAUF.: No, thanks. I'm not thirsty.
PEDDLER: A woolen parka?

BEAUF.: I'm not cold.

PEDDLER: You're not much of anything, are you?

BEAUF.: No sir, I guess I'm not.

PEDDLER: Here's a nice sports jacket?

BEAUF.: No thank you.

PEDDLER: Look here son, I thought I warned you to be more grateful. How do you expect a man to get along in this world?

BEAUF.: I don't know, sir. It's just that I've had my heart set on going to Solla Sollew and now I don't think I'll get to go.

PEDDLER: Solla Sollew? Solla Sollew? It just so happens that I have one last ticket to get you there. And let me tell you it's the greatest little place you'd ever want to go! They have hamburger trees!

BEAUF.: I thought it was hot dog trees?

PEDDLER: That's right, that's right! I meant hot dog trees. They have hot dog trees; miles and miles of hot dog trees. And mountain after mountain of strawberry ice cream!

BEAUF.: (Dissappointedly) Oh, I thought they had orange nugent pistachio walnut ice cream.

PEDDLER: That's right, that's right! (Embarrassed momentarily, but promptly resumes pitch) That's what I meant! Mountain after mountain of orange nugent pistachio walnut ice cream! And you only have to work on Tuesdays!

BEAUF.: Work on Tuesdays?

PEDDLER: What I meant was... You never have to work at all!
BEAUF.: Oh boy, oh boy, oh boy! How much are tickets?

PEDDLER: How much you got?

BEAUF.: (Reaching into pocket) Well, I don't know. Let me see.
(Counts money) I've got three brackles, 17 quadles, and 422 padingles.

PEDDLER: What a coincidence! A ticket to Solla Sollew costs exactly 3 brackles, 17 quadles, and 422 padingles. (He snatches the money from Beauford)

BEAUF.: (Keeps looking for money) Gee, I don't have any left!

PEDDLER: That's all right son, at Solla Sollew you don't need any money!

BEAUF.: Hey, wha'd'ya know--3 whole more padingles! (Beauford proudly stretches out palm)

PEDDLER: Wait a minute. I think I made a mistake. (He figures with pencil and paper) Yep, just as I thought. It's not 3 brackles, 17 quadles, and 422 padingles at all. It's 3 brackles, 17 quadles, and 425 padingles. So you see, I need those padingles. (He snatches the coins)

BEAUF.: Oh, here's another one.

PEDDLER: This is embarrassing. I forgot to carry the one. (He snatches the coin) Here it is. (He puts it in his pocket) The one.

BEAUF.: Hey, what's this in my shoe? (Takes the shoe off) A brackle!

PEDDLER: (Going insane with greed) Oh my gosh! Look kid, I want you to understand. I don't make a padingle out of selling these valuable tickets. I'm just barely breaking even as it is--what you're paying me isn't a fraction of what these tickets cost. I'm doing it as a sort of charity. So just give me all you got and that should come pretty close. (Beauford empties shoes, pockets, sleeves, etc., while the peddler
greedily takes the money. Peddler checks Beauford's shoes, then keeps them. Maybe I'd better keep these just in case. And what about that? (Points to Beauford's shirt)

BEAUF.: You want my shirt? (He starts to remove it)

PEDDLER: Oh, I really don't want it...

BEAUF.: Oh good! (He starts to put the shirt back on)

PEDDLER: ...but I have to. (He grabs the shirt off Beauford) To cover expenses. You understand. Besides, you'll be in Solla Sollw. You won't need a shirt. Bye. (He starts to leave)

BEAUF.: Hey, wait a minute! Where's my ticket?

PEDDLER: Oh yeah, glad you reminded me. Here it is. (Holds up invisible ticket)

BEAUF.: Where?

PEDDLER: Right here in my hand. Can't you see it?

BEAUF.: No.

PEDDLER: That's because it's invisible! Just hold it like this. (He sticks Beauford's hand up with the thumb in hitch hiking position) and wave it like this. (Waves Beauford's hand like a hitch hiker)

BEAUF.: Why should I wave it?

PEDDLER: So the bus driver can see it!

BEAUF.: How can he see it if it's invisible?

PEDDLER: He's magic.

BEAUF.: Then why can't he see it if I don't wave it?

PEDDLER: 'Cause it's small.

BEAUF.: Well if he's magic, why can't he see a small ticket?
PEDDLER: I warned you! You're not being grateful! Now remember how I said to hold your ticket and yell "Solla Sollew." bye sucker—I mean, sonny. (He exits)

BEAUF.: (Hitchhiking) Solla Sollew, Solla Sollew, Solla Sollew! (He yells every time somebody passes. Two or three pass. Finally a man in a bear-driven wagon stops)

DRIVER: You want to go to Solla Sollew, son? Hop in!

BEAUF.: Yippie! (He climbs in) Here's my ticket.

DRIVER: Ticket? What are you talking about?

BEAUF.: (Looks at empty hand) Oh, never mind. (Beaaford and the driver ride in wagon, around and around until the bear begins to limp)

DRIVER: Oh, no!

BEAUF.: What is it?

DRIVER: I think old Caleb is coming down with the dreaded Fruitzie disease.

BEAUF.: What's that?

DRIVER: It's a sickness you get when you shouldn't be working, and the only way to be cured is to ride.

BEAUF.: How do you know if he has it for sure?

DRIVER: Well, first he starts to limp. (The bear draws attention to himself by shaking his head and pointing to his foot) Then his tail starts to wiggle. (Bear wiggles tail) Then he rears back on his hind legs and beats his front paws across his chest, letting out a Solllew-shattering scream! (Bear watches driver and imitates action) See, see, just as I suspected. Now we'll have to let him ride. (Bear prances happily into the wagon, and half-way there remembers his limp) Come on. (To Beaaford) Come on, we gotta get out and pull.
BEAUF.: Aw gee! (Beauford and driver pull while bear lounges. Then
the driver develops limp, tail wiggling, beating chest and
screaming. He hops into the wagon)

DRIVER: Looks like you're going to have to pull for a while. (Bear
and driver both lounge eating popcorn and celery stalks while
Beauford glumly pulls) OK, now turn left... now right... now
right again. Go in a circle. (Beauford does everything
docilely) Now skip three steps, hop twice, (Beauford does so)
and say "Mother may I?"

BEAUF.: (In disbelief) "Mother may I?"

DRIVER: You follow instruction very well, buddy. (He hops out and
shakes Beauford's hand) Congratulations! (He hops back in)

BEAUF.: (Throwing wagon tongue down) This is disgusting! You're just
lounging around in the wagon, while I have to do all the work!

DRIVER: All the work? All the work? My boy, what are you talking
about? All the work indeed. I'm telling you which way to go,
am I not? You pull and I give directions. That cuts the
work right down the middle. And anyway, if it wasn't for me
you'd never be able to get to Slooa Sollew.

BEAUF.: (Backing down) Oh yeah.

DRIVER: Anyway my boy (friendly now) we'll take this beast of burden
to the beast of burden doctor. He'll be well in no time and
we can go on our trip the way we were before.

BEAUF.: Oh boy!

DRIVER: Don't stand there yelling "Oh boy." Get going! (Beauford
hurriedly picks up the wagon tongue and continues) Turn
right... Turn right again... Take 3 hops to the left.
Jump twice backwards. Go in a circle. Where it is! There
it is!
BEAUF.: What?

DRIVER: The beast of burden hospital! Where the beast of burden doctor lives. (Driver and bear jump out of wagon and pull it off stage) We're going to stay here for a while.

BEAUF.: Oh good! I need a rest!

DRIVER: No, no, not you son. Us, us. The bear and I. We're going to stay 1, 2, maybe 3 years. Solla Sollew is that way. (He points and then he and the bear skip off)

(Beauford starts trudging forlornly. He suddenly comes upon a General and 5 soldiers. They are marching)

GEN.: (Marching backwards looking at men as they march behind him in a single file line) Hup two three four! Hup two three four! Hup! (He backs into Beauford, turns and becomes indignant)

Hup! Hup! Hup! Who goes there? Watch where you're going, boy!

BEAUF.: What do you mean, watch where I'm going? You're the one who hit me!

GEN.: Don't argue with me! I'm a general. Generals are always right!

BEAUF.: Not this time. You bumped into me!

GEN.: How dare you suggest that-such a thing! Why that's mutiny!

Mutiny, I say!

BEAUF.: I can't mutiny. I'm not even in the army!

GEN.: You are now! (Thrusts a bear shooter into Beauford's hand)

BEAUF.: Oh no! I've been drafted!

Gen.: Atten--hut! Right face! Left face! About face! (Soldiers execute precision turns except Beauford who gets mixed up in the drill, and hits the ground with a groan) At ease!

As you know, I'm especially proud of you men. It's not every 78-star, 65-medal general that can honestly say he has the best trained, highest precision all volunteer regiment--
down to the very last man!

BEAUF.: I didn't volunteer!

GEN.: You're the very last man!

BEAUF.: I don't care if I'm the last man. I didn't ask to be in your dumb old army. I'm looking for Solla Sollew where there are no mothers, no witches, no peddlers, and NO ARMIES!!

GEN.: Don't talk back, soldier! You're lucky you're in the middle of a war or I'd have you peeling potatoes!

BEAUF.: What are you fighting about?

GEN.: What are we fighting about? Don't you know? Don't you know? You poor wretched, miserable creature! This is only the most noble, moral, wonderful war in the history of Lombovia. We're fighting for democracy.

BEAUF.: What do you mean?

GEN.: Watch this. (He turns to the soldiers) How many of you want to fight? (No response, He turns to Beauford) Excuse me. (Back to men and raises gun) Now, how many of you want to fight? (Enthusiastic, positive response from soldiers) You see? The people have spoken.

BEAUF.: But they didn't...

GEN.: And as if this weren't enough, our enemy is the despicable wide-end breakers. (Men signal abhorrence)

BEAUF.: What's so bad about the wide-end breakers?

GEN.: (Incredulously) What's so bad about the wide-end breakers?
(He leads the soldiers in chorus) What's so bad about the wide-end breakers?

BEAUF.: Yeah, what's so bad about the wide-end breakers?

GEN.: He doesn't know what's so bad about the wide-end breakers.
Should I tell him what's so bad about the wide-end breakers?

SOLDIERS: Yes, tell him what's so bad about the wide-end breakers!

GEN.: Alright, I'll tell you what's so bad about the wide-end breakers. They break their eggs at the wide-end! That's what's so bad about the wide-end breakers.

SOLDIERS: Yeeah! Kill! Stomp! Burn! Loot! Plunder!

GEN.: Everybody knows you're supposed to break your eggs at the narrow end. It's written clearly in our national Jopple. Breaking your eggs at the narrow end stands for peace, love, and brotherhood, and those dirty wide-end breakers won't do it. So we're going to kill them!

BEAUF.: But I don't want to fight. I might get killed. And besides, who cares which side they break their dumb ol' egg on anyway?

GEN.: Dumb egg! Dumb egg? Dumb egg?? (Preceding builds to shout) You can't talk that way! It's treason! The grade A Rhode Island Red Pullet Egg is our national symbol. (He pulls one out of his pocket proudly)

BEAUF.: Well, it's a rotten symbol! (General smashes egg over Beauford's head. His troops slowly build to being convulsed in laughter until all the troops are rolling on the ground laughing. They get up and applaud the general while he bows and clasps his hands over his head)

GEN.: (To Beauford) Alright soldier, back in line! (Beauford scurries into line, the last one on stage left) Atten--hut! Right face! About face! Left face! Parade rest! Mount guns! About face! Fifty-four forty or fight! Fifty-five thirty with tax or fight! Remember the surcharge and keep it holy! Two, four, six, eight, who do we appreciate! (In "Mount guns" Beauford turns stage left, has been shooter over his shoulder, and marches stage
left. All other soldiers march off stage right. General sneaks them out while he yells slogans and then sneaks stage right—or the soldiers get scared when they encounter the enemy and run. Beauford marches into confrontation with wide-end breakers. They wear long underwear, have long tails, and sacks with ears and holes for faces. Beauford bravely stands his ground, unaware that the other soldiers have left. The wide-end breakers come closer and closer. Beauford is beginning to get worried.

BEAUF.: General, hadn't you better give the order to attack? General? General? (Yelling) Gen--er--allll? (Beauford looks for escape but is surrounded) Gulp! (Bravely places bean in mouth, shooter in mouth, blows. Plink heard on lead enemy's chest and tinkle as bean hits the ground. Enemy attacks, trying to pull Beauford to the ground. He keeps going up in the air. He evades their grasp and they chase him around until he escapes and falls. Looking up he sees a sign that says Solla Sollow) (MUSIC--"Hallelujah!") (A Chico Marx-like gatekeeper is by the door, and a weird looking Harpo Marx-like creature is swinging on the door)

GATEKEEPER: (Ringing bell) Hear ye, hear ye, you have now arrived at Solla Sollow! The land of hamburger trees...

BEAUF.: I thought they were hot dog trees?!

GATEKEEPER: That's what I meant, the land of hot dog trees, ice cream mountains, no screaming mothers, no armies, and no work! Welcome! Welcome! Welcome!

BEAUF.: (Excitedly get up) Oh boy, oh boy! I've gone through a lot to get here, but it's worth it! (He starts to enter)

GATEKEEPER: Wait a minute. You can't go in now.
BEAUF.: Why not? What's the matter?

GATEKEEPER: (Pointing to the creature or the door) Him! The key-slapping Slippard. He's been in the doorway for the last two weeks. We can't take him out because it's bad luck.

BEAUF.: Well, how long do you think he'll stay?

GATEKEEPER: I think he'll stay forever. He likes it there. (Slippard pinches Beauford's nose and honks. He acts like a monkey. Hits Beauford on the head, chatters, laughs, and points at Beauford. Takes can of shaving cream, smears on Beauford and covers Beauford's hands. Beauford looks down at hands. All these incidents build in his mind until he is so angry that he takes the shaving cream and splatters it in the Slippard's face. He yanks the Slippard out of the way and enters the gate of Solla Sollew. The gatekeeper is flabbergasted!) No, don't go in. You'll be sorry. It's bad luck to remove a Slippard. (Slippard points and laughs, getting the pun) Remove a slippard. Don't remove your slippard.

By golly, that's a good one! (Slippard and gatekeeper go arm in arm off together) Oh well, I never liked that place anyway.

BEAUF.: (Entering Solla Sollew) Yippee, I made it! I made it! I made it! (Running, skipping, dancing, celebrating) I made it!
Oh boy, oh boy, oh boy! Hot dog trees and ice cream mountains here I come! (He looks around excitedly for a while, then gradually gets more and more discouraged, finally sitting down and giving up. The peddler walks by and Beauford stops him) Say, can you tell me how to get to the hot dog trees?
PEDDLER: (Eagerly) Glad you asked me that. (Pulls out map and hastily scribbles on it) It just so happens that I have a map to the hot dog tree that I'll let you have... (Beauford starts to take the map but the Peddler pulls it back)... for practically nothing.

BEAUF.: Wha'da you mean, "For practically nothing"?

PEDDLER: Oh, I don't know. How much you got?

BEAUF.: How much I got? How much I got? Nothing! Nothing at all! That's how much I got! You took everything I had except my pants. Now the least you can do is show me how to get to the hot dog trees!

PEDDLER: Well, like you said, there's still your pants--

BEAUF.: Oh no you don't. Give me that. (He yanks the map from the peddler)

PEDDLER: You can't get by with that, kid! There are laws you know! Police! Police! (Keystone cops chase Beauford. One blows whistle)

CAPTAIN: You're going to jail!

BEAUF.: Oh no I'm not! (He eludes the captain goes by the peddler's cart and grabs merchandise. He throws it at the police. They move back and he shoves the cart at them. It hits its mark and they tumble like bowling pins. They get up while he continues to throw. He comes forward to audience, everyone else freezes) Here I am in Solla Sollew where there's never a trouble, at least very few. I was tired so I ran from the troubles I bore but it's no use. I won't run anymore. I may get yelled at, cheated, and bossed, but until I give up I still haven't lost. (He goes back into the scene, which comes alive as he throws merchandise at police while lights fade)