

MOONSCAPE TO



TREESCAPE

**Sample Pages from  
Moonscape to Treescape**

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# MOONSCAPE TO TREESCAPE

AN ENVIRONMENTAL FABLE  
IN ONE ACT BY  
*Craig Mason*



*Moonscape to Treescape*  
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# MOONSCAPE TO TREESCAPE

## CHARACTERS

Narrator  
Sir  
Rex  
Customer  
Big Saw Davies  
Scientist  
Train  
Rock Guy  
Lumberjacks  
Miners  
Dancers

*All parts can be played by either a male or a female.*



## AUTHOR'S NOTE

This play was written with the assistance of the Ontario Ministry of Environment and Energy. The songs in the show are in the public domain and there are many sources for the music. If you are producing *Moonscape to Treescape* and have difficulty finding sheet music, please contact the author for assistance.



*The NARRATOR enters playing a tune on a tin whistle and comes DSC.*

NARRATOR: This is a story about Sudbury. But it could happen anywhere. Maybe even where you live! Not long ago, nobody ever knew about Sudbury. Because it didn't exist. Until one day a fellow by the name of Sir started his own business. He decided to become a travel agent. And the very first day he opened his doors...

*SIR enters humming to himself. He is wearing a baseball cap with the big word SIR written across the front. THE CUSTOMER enters on the opposite side of the stage with a phone.*

SIR: Things sure are slow around here. If only the phone would ring. If only somebody gave me a chance!

CUSTOMER: Ring Ring.

SIR: YES! The phone!

CUSTOMER: Ring Ring.

SIR: That sweet beautiful ring!

CUSTOMER: Ring Ring.

SIR: Ring Ring! Ha! Ha! Let's see what I can do here... *(Answers phone)* Sir's Travel Agency. Don't cross the street before calling us! No trip too big or too small. Sir speaking, how may I help you?

CUSTOMER: Yes, I would like some information please.

SIR: What can I do for you?

CUSTOMER: I would like to travel please.

SIR: Fine - that's just what we do around here. We're professionals. We arrange trips. What street do you live on?

CUSTOMER: Smith Street

SIR: And where do you want to go to?

CUSTOMER: Jones Street

SIR: No problem. It's a five-minute walk...

CUSTOMER: In British Columbia.

SIR: Huh?

CUSTOMER: I want to go to Jones Street in British Columbia.

SIR: British Columbia?

CUSTOMER: Yes, British Columbia.

SIR: Umm. Are you sure you don't want to cross the street?

CUSTOMER: This is a travel agency?

SIR: Don't cross the street without calling us!

CUSTOMER: You arrange trips?

SIR: No trip too big or small.

CUSTOMER: So you can arrange it?

SIR: Er um... sure, of course!

CUSTOMER: Great! Good-bye.

SIR: Er um... bye.

*SIR retrieves a large map from a garbage can on the set. HE sets the map down on a table and rolls it out.*

SIR: B.C. eh? Sure I can get her to B.C. Only how? Let's have a look at this map of Canada. I mean, a really good look. How big can Canada be? From here to B.C. is only... Holy cow! This here Canada place is one big country. Bigger than I thought. I mean it's really huge! Enormous even! Rex!

NARRATOR: FREEZE!!

*SIR freezes in a contorted position.*

NARRATOR: This guy is Sir. Everybody say Good Morning/Afternoon, Sir!

AUDIENCE: Good morning/afternoon Sir!

SIR: *(breaking the freeze and waving)* Good morning/afternoon.

NARRATOR: I thought I told you to freeze.

SIR: OOPS! Sorry. *(Resumes the position)*

NARRATOR: And his assistant's name is Rex. The funny thing was, that whenever anybody heard Sir yell...

SIR: REX!

NARRATOR: Everybody in town (that means all of you people) said *(rolling R's)* RRrrRRrrRRrrRex! Let's practice it:

SIR: REX!

AUDIENCE: RRrrRRrrRRrrRex!

NARRATOR: They were a little louder than that... try it again.

SIR: REX!

AUDIENCE: RRrrrRRrrrRRrrrRex!

*As the play goes on, the audience will forget about this response. SIR and the NARRATOR should prompt for the response where applicable.*

NARRATOR: Great... Let's back up here.

*SIR goes into reverse mode, speaking and moving backwards until he gets to the beginning of his speech at which point he begins talking normally again.*

SIR: How big can Canada be? From here to B.C. is only... Holy cow! This here Canada place is one big country. Bigger than I thought. I mean it's really huge! Enormous even! Rex!

AUDIENCE: RRrrrRRrrrRRrrrRex!

REX: (offstage) Yes Sir!

SIR: Come in here and put your thinking cap on!

*REX comes tearing in wearing a similar ball cap, only this one says REX on it.*

REX: Yes Sir yes Sir yes Sir yes Sir!

SIR: Now Rex.

AUDIENCE: RRrrrRRrrrRRrrrRex!

REX: Yes Sir?

SIR: My faithful and unlucky assistant. I've been looking this over.

*REX gazes at the map.*

SIR: This is one big country

REX: Yes Sir.

SIR: I mean it's really huge!

REX: Yes Sir!

SIR: How are we supposed to let people travel from way over here to way over here? Any ideas?

REX: Yes Sir!

SIR: What are they?

REX: Yes Sir!

SIR: Didn't I tell you to come out here and put your thinking cap on?

REX: Yes Sir!

SIR: Let me see that...(examines Rex's cap) That's your "Yes Sir" cap!!!



REX: Sorry Sir.

SIR: Now you made me lose my train of thought.

REX: Your what?

SIR: My train! My train! My train of thought.

REX: Your drain of clot?

SIR: Train! Train! Chooo-oo! All Aboard. Train. Wait a minute. Buddy ole boy, you're a genius! I knew I kept you around here for something. Of course.. that's just what we'll do... We'll build a train to travel from coast to coast, from east to west, from oriental to occidental, from sea to shining sea! (*Startling Rex*) Buy me some rails. Cut me some ties. Build me a train. Hire me a crew!

*REX frantically runs around the stage in a panic to carry out SIR's orders.*

SIR: (*to the audience*) I am going to go down in history my friends. Mark my words. I will be the greatest travel agent in town. What am I saying? I'm going to be the best travel agent in the whole wide world! Because I'm going to build a train right across Canada. Forget about crossing the street. My customers will cross the country. I'll be rich! Ha!

*The NARRATOR enters wearing an engineer's hat, giving one to SIR. She also enters with two pieces of pipe and gives them to SIR and REX who strikes them together to simulate the sounds of the building of a railroad.*

NARRATOR: And the work began.

SIR: (*Hitting the pipes together*) Ping, Ping, Ping.

NARRATOR: They started building this thing called a railroad from coast to coast. Sir gave the orders. His assistant followed them, they hired themselves a big crew, and soon the wilds of Canada were full of the (*ping, ping, ping*) of the hard working people. People who were constructing the railroad.

SIR: Ping, Ping, Ping.

ALL: (*singing*)

This old hammer shines like silver (x3)  
But it rings like gold. Rings like gold.

I've been working on this old mountain (x3)  
Seven long years boys, seven long years

Don't you hear that hammer ringing? (x3)  
 Drivin' steel boys, drivin' steel

This old hammer shines like silver (x3)  
 But it rings like gold. Rings like gold.

I've been working on this old mountain (x3)  
 Seven long years boys, seven long years

Don't you hear that hammer ringing? (x3)  
 Drivin' steel boys, drivin' steel

This old hammer shines like silver (x3)  
 But it rings like gold. Rings like gold.

NARRATOR: At the same time, some other hard working people were building trains to ride on all these new rails.

SIR: *(he moves two actors playing THE TRAIN)* Let's test this new one out. Put it on some rails. Good. Ready. Steady. Go. Chugga Chugga Chugga Chugga Chugga Chugga Chugga.

NARRATOR: There's something else these people in the town did. Every time they heard the Chugga Chugga Chugga of the train they did this. *(The action reflects the movement of a train)* Try it out. Good. Now every time you hear the Chugga Chugga of the train, that's just what you'll do.

SIR: Let's get to work! *(hitting the pipes)* Ping Ping Ping

TRAIN: Chugga Chugga Chugga Chugga Chugga Chugga Chugga Chugga Chugga

NARRATOR: They built this railroad in Canada...

SIR: *Ping Ping Ping*

TRAIN: Chugga Chugga Chugga Chugga Chugga Chugga Chugga Chugga Chugga

NARRATOR: In Ontario...

SIR: *Ping Ping Ping*

TRAIN: Chugga Chugga Chugga Chugga Chugga Chugga Chugga Chugga Chugga

NARRATOR: In Northern Ontario...

SIR: *Ping Ping Ping*

TRAIN: Chugga Chugga Chugga Chugga Chugga Chugga Chugga Chugga Chugga

NARRATOR: In Sudbury!

TRAIN: *(as they exit)* Chugga Chugga Chugga Chugga Chugga Chugga Chugga Chugga Chugga

NARRATOR: Until one day while the workers were on a break, Sir opened his eyes and this is what he saw...

*MUSIC. Two DANCERS enter — the ENVIRONMENT DANCER (wearing colourful clothing) and the INDUSTRY DANCER (wearing darker clothing). Maybe they are wearing masks. Throughout the dance they are covering the set with colourful fabric and props that represent an untouched forest. SIR and REX watch this dance with awe. When the set is complete:*

SIR: *(surveying the area. Looking at the trees, loving it, and taking it all in)* Rex!! Rex!? Rex ?!

AUDIENCE: RRrrrRRrrrRRrrrRex!

REX: Yes Sir!

SIR: This place is beautiful. There's lots of trees, a beautiful lake, birds, animals... *(Throws map to Rex)* What is this place called?

REX: Canada, Sir.

SIR: I know that.

REX: Ontario, Sir.

SIR: I know that too.

REX: Northern Ontario, Sir.

SIR: Can you get a little more specific than that?

REX: Sudbury, Sir.

SIR: Sudbury, eh? Hmmm. I dig this place. We (you and me) are going to stay here for good.

REX: But what about the travel agency back home?

SIR: The travel agency was lots of fun, but think about how much fun it would be to start our very own town! We'll be in charge of everything and everyone here!

REX: That sounds tough! There isn't much of anything here yet. Not even a street light pole. Not even a street light! Not even a street!

SIR: If we work hard enough together - you, me, and all these nice people here - we can do anything we set our hearts to. We can make this place the best place around!

REX: I like the sound of that Sir!

SIR: Don't you forget it.

NARRATOR: Rex liked to follow orders, so Rex and Sir stayed behind in this new place called Sudbury. And the railroad moved on.

TRAIN: (*enters*) Chugga Chugga Chugga Chugga Chugga Chugga Chugga Chugga (*exit*)

*The NARRATOR plays a very sad transition piece on the tin whistle.*

NARRATOR: Winter was coming and Rex was tired of sleeping in a tent. So one day he found Sir in a really good mood...

*SIR enters, smells the air. Maybe he's raking leaves. He is definitely enjoying the beautiful day.*

REX: You're in a good mood today.

SIR: Just swell, thanks.

REX: Good. Cause I was wondering... Winter's coming soon, and the tents are getting chilly at night.

SIR: Uh Huh.

REX: Where are we going to live when the winter comes?

SIR: Hmmmm. (*Thinks*) Tent, winter...

*NARRATOR plays a recognizable Christmas song on the tin whistle.*

SIR: ...ice, snow

*NARRATOR is still playing.*

SIR: Could you stop playing that music for one second? I'm trying to think here.

NARRATOR: I'll be as quiet as a mouse.

SIR: Good. Mouse, louse, house. I've got it! We'll build ourselves a house.

REX: Good idea, Sir! Let's go to Canadian Tire and get ourselves some lumber.

SIR: Huh? Canadian Tire? Canadian Tire won't be around in these parts for 50 years. If we want to build a house, we're going to have to cut us down some trees and build it ourselves! (*Fetches an axe and gets to work*).

REX: Whatever you say Sir. (*starts to cry*)

SIR: What is the matter with you?

REX: Well Sir, *sniff, sniff*, I just think that these trees are really pretty

and colourful. It's going to be sad to see them go.

SIR: There's got to be 10,000,000 trees here. We aren't going to cut them *all* down! We only need 2 or 3 of them to build us a mouse. I mean, a house! Besides, trees grow back! Let's get to work. (*Exit*)

NARRATOR: So they built their house. Sure they had to cut down a couple of trees, but as Sir says - trees grow back!

*NARRATOR plays some music. The INDUSTRY DANCER removes a couple of the trees and pieces of fabric from the set. The ENVIRONMENT DANCER enters and hands a book to REX — How to Plant a Tree.*

REX: (*holding a book*) We now have the nicest house I have ever seen. Sir wanted to cut 5 trees down, but I convinced him to only cut down 4! I want to show him this book I got from the library.

SIR: Just the person I was looking for! Listen, I've got some ideas...

REX: Before you start Sir, I just wanted to tell you about something. I got this book from the library.

SIR: (*reading*) How to Plant a Tree.

REX: That's the one. We cut down 4 trees to build our house...

SIR: Should have been 5.

REX: Maybe we should replace the ones we took.

SIR: I see. So for each tree we took...

REX: ... we should plant one.

SIR: That's a great idea!

REX: Good!

SIR: Sounds like lots of work, though.

REX: I don't know... we've got some helpers here (*gesturing to the audience*), they might want to give us a hand.

SIR: Too bad we're too busy.

REX: We are?

SIR: Yup. We've got some work to do! I've been thinking.

REX: Uh-oh.

SIR: This place is swell, this place is great. I love the trees, the animals, and the lakes. But I'm getting lonely. I'm a people person, not a person person. Don't get me wrong buddy-ole-boy, I enjoy your company and all but it's time for a change.

REX: It's time for a change?

SIR: It's time for something new.

REX: Time for something new?

SIR: The time has come for there to be more people than just you and me living here!

REX: More people! More people?

SIR: More people! Aren't you getting lonely too?

REX: But what about all these helpers here... And oh... Sure I am. I guess. Let's do it, Sir!

SIR: Listen up. We're going to have to come up with a reason. I mean a **good** reason to let people know that this place is worth moving to.

REX: Sir?

SIR: Yes?

REX: What if we just tell them about all the nice trees and lakes and animals and stuff? Let's tell everybody how beautiful it is here.

SIR: Let ME do the thinking OK? Now... we need a GOOD reason. Hmm. This is going to be tough.

REX: Tough

SIR: I mean, it's going to be a little difficult.

REX: Difficult

SIR: It's going to be treeeeeeemendously difficult.

REX: Treeeeeeeee...

SIR: What did you say?

REX: Treeeeeeeee...

SIR: Hold the phone there, Rex. (*Thinking aloud*) Treeeeeeeee... Tree. Forest. (*Aha!*) I know how someone can make a good living here. They can chop down some of these here trees and sell them to people down south. People will always pay good money for wood. There's our answer!!

REX: (*Horried*) Sir!

SIR: Yes?

REX: What makes this place so beautiful?

SIR: Well, the grass, the trees, the animals, the bees...

REX: When we cut down the trees, won't this place stop being beautiful?

SIR: Stop asking questions. Besides... we're not going to cut down all the trees. Just some of them. And then, one day they'll just grow back all by themselves.

REX: They will? (*Consults the book*)

SIR: This is my best idea yet. I'm a genius!!

NARRATOR: So they wrote some letters to some lumberjacks.

SIR: (*Writing on a huge slate*) Dear Big-Saw Davies: We hear you have the biggest saw around. Why don't you come live here? We've got lots of trees. (*Looks at REX. REX whimpers. SIR rethinks the letter.*) **Lots and lots** of trees. (*REX whimpers again*) And it's beautiful here. Signed, Sir & Rex.

*BIG SAW DAVIES gives a knock, knock, knock.*

SIR: Come in!

BIG SAW: The lumberjack association sent me up here to check things out and see if this place is as good as you say.

SIR: It is! It is!

BIG SAW: Well, we only had one question for you...

SIR: Yes?

BIG SAW: Well, how are we supposed to get the trees out of here? There's no roads or nothing!

SIR: Hmmm.

BIG SAW: If you could solve that little problem, we'd choose this place for sure. We'd Choo Choo Choose it!

SIR: Choose. Choo, Choo. I got it! We have the railway. You can send all your trees on the train.

BIG SAW: We have a deal.

SIR: See you soon. (*Does a dance of joy!*)

NARRATOR: And lumberjacks by the tens, hundreds, thousands came to this beautiful new place called Sudbury. They got to work right away.

*A CHORUS of LUMBERJACKS enters singing. SIR and REX have placards with each letter of the alphabet written on them. They reveal each new letter as it appears in the song.*

A is for axes, which all of you know  
 And B is for boys that can use them also  
 C is for chopping we do first begin  
 And D is for danger we often are in

### CHORUS

So merry, so merry, so merry are we,  
 No mortal on earth is as happy as we  
 Hi Derry, ho Derry, hi Derry down,  
 Give the shantyboys tall trees and nothing goes wrong.

E is for echo that through the woods ring,  
 And F is for foreman, the boss of our gang.  
 G is for grindstone we grind our axe on,  
 And H is for handle so smoothly worn. (CHORUS)

I is for iron we mark all our pine,  
 And J is for jolly boys always on time.  
 K is for keen edge all our axes to keep,  
 And L is for logs that we saw in our sleep. (CHORUS)

M is for moss we chink in our camps,  
 And N is for needle we mend our old pants.  
 O is for owl that howl all the night,  
 And P is for pine we fall in daylight. (CHORUS)

Q is for quarrelling we do not allow,  
 And R is for river the logs they do plow.  
 S is for sleighs so stout and so strong,  
 T is for teams to haul them along. (CHORUS)

U is for use we put our teams to,  
 And V is for valley we run our logs through.  
 W is for woods we leave in the spring,

*REX and SIR turn over the X, but nobody can come up  
 with something appropriate. They try Y, then Z.  
 Finally REX, SIR, and the LUMBERJACK CHORUS have  
 a quick huddle, then come up with:*

So now you have heard all I have to sing. (CHORUS)

**NARRATOR:** Everybody was enjoying themselves - except for Rex of course, who gave each tree in the forest a hug before they chopped it down.

*NARRATOR plays music as the INDUSTRY DANCER enters and removes more trees and more fabric. SIR enters and sits at his desk.*



NARRATOR: Sir thought that this might go on forever, but one day...  
(knock knock knock)

SIR: Come in. Ah, Big Saw Davies, my favourite lumberjack in the bush. How can I help you?

BIG SAW: Sir, all the lumberjacks sent me here to thank you muchly for having us here.

SIR: You're very welcome. Stay as long as you like.

BIG SAW: That's sort of why I'm here. We just wanted to say: Thanks for the trees and all, but it's time for us to move on.

SIR: Move on? Don't you like it here?

BIG SAW: We do.

SIR: Move on? Don't you love it here?

BIG SAW: We do.

SIR: Move on? Why??

BIG SAW: Because you're nearly out of trees.

SIR: Trees? Trees? We've still got lots of trees.

BIG SAW: (looks around) Well I don't see any.

SIR: They're over there.

BIG SAW: Where?

SIR: Over there.

BIG SAW: Oh... well, you're right. Those are trees, but they're too far from the railroad tracks. How are we supposed to get them out of here?

SIR: But but but...

BIG SAW: Sorry Sir, thanks for the trees and the memories but it's time for us to move on. We're sorry to leave though. This place is beautiful. (exits)

SIR: Oh boy.

NARRATOR: And so the lumberjacks left... on the train.

TRAIN: (enters and lumberjacks join in) Chugga Chugga Chugga  
Chugga Chugga Chugga Chugga Chugga (exits)

SIR: REX!

AUDIENCE: RRrrrRRrrrRRrrrRex!

REX: (*darting in, joyfully*) Yes Sir!

SIR: Did you hear the news?

REX: Yup!

SIR: What news did you hear?

REX: The lumberjacks are leaving!

SIR: That's happy news to you?

REX: Yup!

SIR: Why is it happy news?

REX: They were cutting down too many trees. Now can we plant those new trees? There must be thousands missing by now, and we have these helpers right here, and I have this book, and it will be so much fun, and in a few years the trees will be big enough to chop down again, and the lumberjacks can come back, and we can have lots of fun, and another thing...

SIR: No.

REX: Are you sure, these nice people have volunteered to help us out and this book is really good and...

SIR: Do you have any idea how many years it takes for a tree to grow?

REX: Ummmm (*flips through book*)

SIR: Lots and lots! There's no time. We need help right now!

REX: Oh boy.

SIR: Oh my.

REX: Oh dear.

SIR: (*starting to cry*) We've got this place and people and trees and rocks and lakes and animals and (*exploding with tears*) BLAH...

REX: (*REX too!*) BLAH...

SIR: (*THEY sob for a moment. SIR gets another one of his brilliant ideas.*) What do we want?

REX: We want people to come here.

SIR: What do we need?

REX: A reason for them to come.

SIR: Right. Let's have us a good look around here to see what we can come up with. Let's go into the woods.

REX: Into the woods?

SIR: That's what I said. Into the woods

REX: W-woods? B-but what if we get lost?

SIR: We can't get lost. I've got a compass. (*SIR is holding a huge compass*) With a compass, we always know where we are. We'll be back out of the woods and home before you know it!

NARRATOR: So they went exploring.

SIR: Trees. Rocks. Animals. Grasses. Bees. Animals. More rocks. More trees. Animals. That's about it. Just animals, rocks, trees and bees. Lets head home.

REX: But which way is home? A-Are we lost?

SIR: No way! I told you - I've got this compass. The needle on this thing always points North. See? By my calculations, we have to head about ten kilometres north to get home. Ready, steady, go.

*SIR and REX walk in unison, counting the kilometres as they go.*

BOTH: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10.

SIR: There you go! We are home, and home we are!

REX: Sir. This isn't home.

SIR: Right. Hmmm. That doesn't make any sense. The needle always points to the north. Let me see this thing. (*Consults his compass*) Oh wait. I goofed. North isn't that way. It's that way. Ready, steady, go.

*THEY walk and count more quickly than before.*

BOTH: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

REX: I hate to point this out to you but...

SIR: No... North is that way. Ready, steady, go.

*THEY are now running and counting frantically.*

BOTH: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

SIR: I don't get it. Every time we move, North is in a different direction.

REX: We just keep going around and around and around in circles

SIR: Around that really big rock.

REX: Yeah, around that really big rock.

SIR: Now what do we do?

REX: Your guess is as good as mine.

SIR: As good as what?

REX: (*muchly saddened*) MINE. MINE! MINE!!

SIR: (*thinking to himself*) As good as mine, mine, mine... Hold the phone. Mine. Minerals. Rock. Ore. If that rock is making the compass go round and round, then there must be something pretty special in it. Get me a pickaxe.

REX: Yes Sir.

*SIR carves out some rock.*

SIR: That should be enough. Lets find out what's in this rock to make the compass go all buggy.

NARRATOR: So they sent the rock away.

SIR: (*Writing*) Dear Rock People: This here rock is getting me lost. What the heck is in it? Signed Sir, and Rex.

AUDIENCE: RRrrrRRrrrRRrrrRex!

NARRATOR: So they waited. (*we see them waiting, bored*) And waited. (*Different pose*) And waited. (*Different pose*) Until one day. A letter came back.

REX: Sir!! The letter, the letter! It's back! It's back! They wrote back. I knew they would.

SIR: I'm too nervous to read it myself. I know that it's full of awesome news. If it took them so long to send it, it must be REALLY good! Read it to me!

*The ROCK GUYS enter. They know all there is to know about rocks. These could be the LUMBERJACKS in different costumes.*

REX and ROCK GUYS: Dear Sir & (*pause*) The Other Person: Thanks for sending us your rock. There's lots of stuff in that there rock. There's iron.

SIR: Argh

REX and ROCK GUYS: There's copper.

SIR: Argh

REX and ROCK GUYS: There's lead.

SIR: Pencils, maybe.

REX: Here's the good part...

REX and ROCK GUYS: But most of all, there's lots...

SIR: Oh boy!

REX and ROCK GUYS: ...and lots...

SIR: I'm bursting!

REX and ROCK GUYS: ...and lots of...

SIR: GOLD!!!

REX: Nope.

REX and ROCK GUYS: Lots and lots and lots of...

SIR: SILVER!!

REX: Nope.

REX and ROCK GUYS: Lots and lots and lots of...

SIR: BRONZE!?!?

REX: Nope.

REX and ROCK GUYS: Lots and lots...

SIR: Cut to the chase!

REX and ROCK GUYS: ...of nickel.

SIR: Nickel?

REX and ROCK GUYS: Nickel.

*The ROCK GUYS start to leave.*

SIR: What in the world is nickel?

REX: I don't quite know.

SIR: What does the letter say?

REX and ROCK GUYS: Nickel.

SIR: Nothing else?

REX: Ah yes.

*The ROCK GUYS return.*

REX and ROCK GUYS: P.S. In case you were wondering, nickel can be used to make toasters, armor, irons, cars, trucks, trains, boats, planes, and most importantly, nickels! (*They leave*)

SIR: Nickel can be used to make all those things?

REX: Every one of them.

SIR: We're rich. Filthy stinking rich. I want to tell the whole world - WE'VE STRUCK IT RICH!! HAHAAH! Buy me some shovels, get us some dynamite, pickaxes, and those really neat helmets with the lights on them. Hire me some miners! Get lots and lots and lots of them here.

REX: You want lots of miners here so you won't be lonely?

SIR: I want lots of miners to make me rich!! HAHAAH!! Do it quick and do it now!

NARRATOR: So that's just what happened. And miners from all over the place came to this new discovery!

*SIR and REX gather their mining equipment. A CHORUS OF MINERS enters. Singing:*

Drill Ye Tarriers, Drill

Every morning at seven o'clock  
There are twenty tarriers drilling at the rock  
And the boss comes round and says "Keep still,  
And come down heavy on the cast iron drill."

CHORUS

And drill, ye tarriers, drill.  
Drill, ye tarriers drill.  
Well, you work all day for the sugar in your tay,  
Down behind the railway,  
And drill, ye tarriers, drill. And blast. And fire.

Now our new foreman was Gene McCann,  
By golly he was a blinken man.  
Last week a premature blast went off,  
And a mile in the air went Big Jim Goff. (CHORUS)

Next time pay-day comes around  
Jim Goff a dollar short was found,  
When asked what for, got this reply:  
"You were docked for the time you were up in the sky." (CHORUS)

NARRATOR: The miners worked hard. They worked and worked and worked so hard that one day, they had so much rock, there was no place to put it. But that's all they had - rock!

SIR: Rex!

AUDIENCE: RRrrrRRrrrRRrrrRex!

REX: (*carrying a big heavy bag of rock*) Yes Sir!

SIR: How's it going?

REX: Great Sir!

SIR: Are the miners working hard?

REX: Oh yes!

SIR: Very very very hard?

REX: Yes, yes, yes! And the best thing is, we're just digging out rock, we don't have to chop down any trees! Thanks for your great idea, Sir. I should have trusted you all along!

SIR: So why aren't we rich yet?

REX: Well, that's just the thing, Sir.

SIR: Do tell.

REX: Well, the metal is inside the rock, right?

SIR: I should hope so!

REX: Well, how do we get the metal out of the rock?

SIR: Hmm. (*paces, REX following*) It's a query.

REX: Uh-huh

SIR: (*paces, etc.*) It's a conundrum.

REX: Uh-huh

SIR: (*paces, etc.*) It's a quandary.

REX: Uh-huh. Gee Sir, I hope you don't have to *fire* all those miners...

SIR: Fire... Fire, match, flame, burn, melt. You're a genius! That's what we'll do, we will burn it!

REX: Burn it?

SIR: Light it on fire. Put it in a pyre. Stick it on top of a towering inferno. Burn it.

REX: Burn it. How will that help?

SIR: Easy. (*Demonstrates with a prop*) All you have to do is make a big fire, put the rock on top of the fire, let it sit for a couple of days, and the metal will melt and seep out to the bottom.

REX: That could work. But...

SIR: It's a brilliant idea.

REX: But...

SIR: It's a fantastic idea.

REX: But...

SIR: But what?

REX: How will we make the fires?

SIR: (*Thinks, then quietly*) Trees. Now, the first thing...

REX: How?

SIR: (*quietly*) trees. When one considers the following...

REX: Did you say trees?

SIR: Uh, yes I did.

REX: I'm not too sure about this.

SIR: We're not going to cut all the trees down, just some of them.  
Besides trees will grow back all by themselves!

REX: Not if we don't help them out a little.

SIR: Who is the boss here?

REX: You are.

SIR: You're not completely hopeless! Now - cut down 20 trees.

REX: 20? Not Eggbert and Jeeves.

SIR: No not Eggbert and... What are you talking about?

REX: I've named all trees.

SIR: You've named all... never mind. Cut down 20. I don't care if you leave Eggbert & Jeeves alone, because after all, we're not cutting down all of them, just 20.

REX: It's probably Guido's time.

SIR: Fine. Start with Guido. As long as there's 20. Lay them in a big pile. Light the pile on fire. Get the miners to put the rocks in the fire for 3 days. Put out the fire, then send the metal off to those Rock Guys.

NARRATOR: So that's just what they did. Every day. It went a little like this: Gather rock (*ACTION: Gathering Rock. SOUND: Ping, ping, ping.*) Cut trees. (*ACTION: Hands to mouth. SOUND: Timber!*) Light fires. (*ACTION: Fingers moving as flames. SOUND: Whoosh!*) Put rocks in the fire. (*ACTION: Toss a rock. SOUND: Pow! Pow! Pow!*)

SIR: Dear Rock Guys: Here's the metal. Signed Sir & Rex.

*The ROCK GUYS make their return.*

ROCK GUYS: Dear Sir & Rex: Here's your money. Signed The Rock Guys.

NARRATOR: Soon the job became so big that Sir and Rex needed help.  
Your help.

*This next bit is improvised. SIR asks the audience to*



*help him and REX. The audience is divided into four and a MINER teaches the particular noise and action to each section.*

AUDIENCE & MINER:

Gather rock - *Ping Ping Ping*  
 Cut trees - *Timber!*  
 Light fire - *Whoosh!*  
 Put rock in fire - *Pow Pow Pow*

SIR: Dear Rock Guys: Here's some more metal. Signed Sir & Rex.

ROCK GUY: Dear Sir & Rex: Here's some more money. Signed The Rock Guys.

AUDIENCE & MINER:

Gather rock - *Ping Ping Ping*  
 Cut trees - *Timber!*  
 Light fire - *Whoosh!*  
 Put rock in fire - *Pow Pow Pow*

SIR: Dear Rock Guys: Here's a ton of metal. Signed Sir & Rex.

ROCK GUY: Dear Sir & Rex: Here's a ton of money. Signed The Rock Guys.

SIR: We're rich. Rich I tell you, rich! Rich beyond our wildest dreams!

REX: What should we do now?

SIR: What?

REX: Plant some trees now?

SIR: GET MORE NICKEL!!

REX: Plant some trees?

SIR: Get more money!

NARRATOR: And that's just what they did. Sir wanted the nickel and the money so bad, that nobody noticed what was happening, except for Rex.

*During the next bit, the INDUSTRY DANCER removes whatever colour is left. SIR works the group into a frenzy.*

AUDIENCE & MINER:

Gather rock - *Ping Ping Ping*  
 Cut trees - *Timber!*  
 Light fire - *Whoosh!*  
 Put rock in fire - *Pow Pow Pow*

NARRATOR: They did this over and over again. But the next day...

SIR: I decided to drop by and check up on the operation here. How are things going?

REX: Not too badly, Sir.

SIR: Glad to hear it. Glad to hear it. Hey... just wait a second here. There's something different about this place.

REX: How do you mean?

SIR: Did you cut your hair?

REX: No Sir.

SIR: I know! Wasn't there a tree over there a few days ago?

REX: You told us to chop it down.

SIR: It's not just that tree, what about that one over there?

REX: Chopped!

SIR: What about that one?

REX: Oh Eggbert! Chop Chopped!!

SIR: And what happened to all the grass, the trees, the animals, and the bees?

REX: Well, funny thing.

SIR: Do tell.

REX: Know how we had to Gather rock? (*Actions with audience*)

SIR: Yep.

REX: Cut trees? (*Actions with audience*)

SIR: Yep.

REX: Light fire? (*Actions with audience*)

SIR: Yep.

REX: Put rock in fire? (*Actions with audience*)

SIR: Yep.

REX: When we burn the rock, it gives off an awful stink. It smells like 15 eggs rotting away in a basketball player's gym socks. To be brief: it is a depraved disgusting degenerate putrid offensive rotten rank fetid foul nauseating and nasty stink.

SIR: Yikes. *Sniff, sniff.* It's not too nice, is it?

REX: No. It is so disgusting and nasty that most of the grass, the trees, the animals, and the bees all fell over and (*pause*) left us.

SIR: Left?



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