

1969-70

SPEECH 12:55 - 2:10 p. m.

Ayres, Dana	Long, Jody
Barker, Bonnie	Lux, Nick
Bettner, Gerald	Lux, Sherry
Braden, Janice	Mc Daniel, Deloris
Cord, Toni	Mitchell, Miles
Cox, Terry	Mohr, Pat
Dale, Connie	Neeb, Jay
Douglas, Ann	Newton, Tony
Haas, Terry	Roberts, Kathy
Hatton, Robert	Rogers, Tom
Headlee, Dora	Runnebohm, Joan
Hewitt, Terri	Shadley, Becky
Hoban, Arleta	Small, Aaron
Hoban, Judith	Smith, Debbie
Holbrook, Hal	Sorrell, Dave
Huntsman, Sharon	Spurling, Linda
Johnson, Pete	Suter, Molly
Knight, Kim	Wickliff, Rhonda
Kuhn, Nancy	Winkler, Angie
Kuhn, Sara	Wright, Dwayne
Leap, Anthony	Yarling, Brenda
Lemasters, Glen	

This class experienced 38 separate speech assignments including the regular presentations and drama. The final grade average was 93 - a very interesting class with several exceptional speaking personalities.

ENGLISH 12 10:10 - 11 a.m.

Barker, Bonnie	Kuhn, Sara
Braden, Janice	Lemasters, Glen
Cassidy, Larry	Long, Jody
Cole, Steve	Lux, Sherry
Cox, Terry	Mitchell, Miles
Cox, Wendy	Neeb, Jay
Douglas, Ann	Rogers, Tom
Hatton, Robert	Runnebohm, Joan
Headlee, Dora	Shadley, Becky
Hoban, Judith	Small, Aaron
Huntsman, Sharon	Sorrell, Dave
Johnson, Pete	Smith, Debbie
Knight, Kim	Wright, Dwayne
Kuhn, Nancy	

The first semester study included 27 written themes, spelling, grammar, vocabulary, and book reviews. The average final grade was 85. The second semester required English literature, Bible study, and book reviews.

Room 201 also saw 32 juniors enrolled in English 11, 13 pupils enrolled in French I, and 3 in French II.

"Man is a word in the generation page in the Book of Life."

THOSE WERE THE DAYS

A

Comedy - Farce

in

Four Scenes

CLASS OF 1970 Waldron High School April 16 & 17 8 P.M.

Written and Directed by Kenneth D. Sever

SYNOPSIS

Alumni of Southeastern High School Class of 1970 attending their 50th anniversary reunion, experience again the eventful days of the sophomore, junior and senior years as they return in retrospect to their class rooms, to their class trips to Scotland, and the South Pacific, and to their problems in attempting to win approval for their Youth Center. The "Wreckltangle" four mate-minded teachers, add to their fun, frolic, and frustration. However, a millionaire and his six spinster sisters submit surprise solutions satisfactorily solved.

Time 2020 A. D. and 1970
Place Southeastern High School and "elsewhere"
Overture. The Combo 7:50 p.m.
Prologue. 2020 A. D. Reunion
Scene I 1968 Class Room
Interlude I Reunion
Scene II. Scotland 1968
Interlude II Reunion
Scene III 1969 Taco-Taco Island in South Pacific
Interlude III Reunion
Scene IV 1970 Seniors' last class

CAST OF CHARACTERS

The Class of 1970 - Reunion 2020 A. D.
JEVER HARKBACK - Lawyer from Virginia - age 68 - Jay Neeb
FRED PHYSED - Florida business man - age 68 - Anthony Leap
OPAL OLDSCHOOL - Illinois secretary 67 - Janice Braden
TESSA TIMEWORN - Ohio Housewife 67 - Nancy Kuhn
LORA LATELY - Michigan Housewife 67 - Linda Spurling
KANDY CHALK - Kentucky Housewife 67 - Ann Douglas
JESTER YESTERYEAR - N. Y. social worker 68 - Dav Sorrell
The Class of 1970 - Today
INLOW GEARS - Senior combo - Dana Ayers
JAMES GYM - Senior - Gerald Bettner
CICERO ACADEMY - Senior combo - Terry Cox
GARY GRADE - Senior - Hal Holbrook
CALVIN CRAMM - Senior combo - Kim Knight
LUKE LEARNER - Senior combo - Glenn Lemasters
LESTER TESTER - Senior - Nick Lux
TIMOTHY TUTOR - Senior - Tony Newton
OCTAVIA LATINA - Senior - Bonnie Barker
FRANCIE FRENCH - Senior - Toni Cord
BILLIE BOOK - Senior - Connie Dale
CINDY SCHOLAR - Senior - Terri Hewitt
LILLIE TYPE - Senior - Sharon Huntsman

THOSE WERE THE DAYS cast of characters continued 1971

ELLA MENTARY - Senior - Sara Kuhn
MARIA REFERENCE - Senior - Tari Haas
NORA NOTE - Senior - Pat Mohr
THELMA THEME - Senior - Kathy Roberts
LOTTA ENGLISH - Senior - Joan Runnebohm
TRICIA TEEM - Senior - Becky Shadley
IMA GRAMMAR - Senior - Molly Suter
ROSY READER - Senior - Angie Winkler
MINNIE SHOPP - Senior - Brenda Yarling
EDDIE CATION - Senior combo - Tom Rogers
STANLEY STUDY - Senior "biologist" - Aaron Small
WRECKTANGLE - FACULTY
ANNA MOSITY - Dept. Supt. - desperately 40 - Rhonda Wickliff
INDIA SCREET - English teacher past 30 - Deloris McDaniel
VALENTINE SPOONLEY - Teacher-knight? - Robert Hatton
PERE AMOUR - Low knight tourn. of love - Dwayne Wright
THE SYNDICATE
AGATHA SHILLINGS - spinster sister - Dora Headlee
AMANTHA SHILLINGS - " " - Arleta Hoban
ALEMMA SHILLINGS - " " - Jody Long
ALVIRA SHILLINGS - " " - Sherry Lux
AGRETTA SHILLINGS - " " - Debbie Smith
ADELLA SHILLINGS - " " - Judith Hoban
ULYSSES SHILLINGS - Millionaire age 69 - Pete Johnson
SINGH-SINGH-HUMDINGH - East Indian butler 40 - Miles Mitchell

PROLOGUE to THOSE WERE THE DAYS

(Musical background - stage dim - shadowy, gradually growing brighter - old class room - "Pupil" Jever Harkback comes slowly in as curtain opens - 50 years later 2020 - in futuristic costume - and philosophizes - pauses and meditates - looks up - sees audience and speaks - lights UP.)
JEVER: Oh, Hello there, Pardon my preoccupation. You see, I just got carried away - really wasn't thinking about an audience - just about my old classmates and the times we had here 50 years ago. Seems like a long, time. (Sits on desk and glances around.) Here's the place where Miss India Screet held sway in literature and speech class many, many times back in the sixties and seventies, teaching us nouns and verbs and Hemingway and Whitman. Now, there's a teacher to remember - why I recall very vividly right here in this very room some of the most . . . Oh, I'm sorry - I forgot to introduce myself. I am Jever Harkback, lawyer from Portsmouth, Virginia - but I'm a Hoosier by nature - graduated from old Southeast High in 1970 - lots and lots of events have taken place since then - colonies in space - Mars, Saturn and even trying for Uranus - war's been outlawed - United States of the World has grown stronger. But kids are still the same - they don't change much - but most of them do grow up - become men and women - raise families - bury their parents and gradually grow old, gray and finally

die. (Gets up and moves about.) HMMMMMMMM - sounds philosophical - well, to tell the truth I came here to meet some of my old classmates - they'll be coming along shortly - then we will reminisce - hope you like our turning back the pages of the old yearbook. (Produces copy of school yearbook.) Here comes someone now.. . .

SCENE I page 2

(School room - sophomores come rushing riotously into room full of pep - talking, laughing - dressed in 1970 clothes.)

TIMOTHY: (Carrying box marked Danger) That nutty earth-science teacher - I heard in college that he got 100 on his final exams - 25 in English - 25 in science - 25 in math - and 25 in psychology. (Laugh)

LESTER: He should be careful not to let his mind wander - it's too weak to be allowed out alone.

LUKE: Well he may be dumb, but you can't trip him up. When I asked him how to spell Mississippi, he came right back and asked whether I meant the river or the state.

FRANCIE: Speaking of states - this school surely is in one heck of a state right now with the faculty wrecktangle feuding again.

BILLIE: Don't we know it - someone should tell them that it takes 15 facial muscles to smile and 65 facial muscles to frown so they should stop overworking themselves.

CINDY: It's just too much to hope that some of these days we can expect this school to be a school instead of a playground.

MARIA: Someone said in the newspaper that the mid-western high school is the place the marching band practices, the basketball team shoots baskets, and where the faculty dissects the student body.

OCTAVIA: I wish we could find a way to declare an armistice on this play-war; this fighting among the teachers is getting to me.

FRANCIE: (Pointing to Tim's box) What's in your box, Tim? T. N. T.?

TIMOTHY: Nope, just some biological specimens I found in the woods.

CINDY: What kind of specimens?

TIMOTHY: Winged.

NORA: What kind of wings?

TIMOTHY: Insect.

THELMA: Oh for Heaven's sake, Tim. What kind of insects?

TIMOTHY: The VESPA CRABRO.

LOTTA: The what? Vespa crabro - that tells us a lot, What kind of Vespa crabro?

TIMOTHY: The European variety.

BILLIE: What kind of Vespa crabro - European winged insects?

TIMOTHY: The kind that builds hanging paper-like nests in the woods.

BILLIE: Don't tell me there are hornets in there!

TIMOTHY: O. K. I won't - but they can't get out; the top's on tight.

Billie: Boy, this class surely lives dangerously!

(Enter Stanley on the run DL carrying a small potted plant.) STANLEY: Protoplasm! Protoplasm! Protoplasm! For the love of Allah - Protoplasm! The cellular bioplasm has constricted and my KOELREUTERIA PANICULATA IS axphyxiating - if the metabolism count gets any lower, we can expect metempsychosis any moment.

CICERO: For the love of Mike get that boy some protoplasm or his sobbing sapling will wither-dither.

GARY: What's the matter, Stan? Got ants in your plants? Is this another of your biological freak-treats?

STANLEY: This is no joking matter, you guys. This is my KOELREUTERIA PANICULATA, my prize dwarf tree - it's worth a fortune. I tell you my uncle sent it to me from South America. Now help me get it some protoplasm - it's fading fast.

CALVIN: (Goes to teacher's desk - opens drawer and gets bottle marked Geritol - opens it - goes to plant and pours all of it onto the pot. There, my budding scientist, this little jug of juffy juice is guaranteed to cure jaundice, jelly-belly, jealousy, jangle-nerves and jungle rot.

STANLEY: (Alarmed) Here - what are you doing? Geritol? Oh, my gosh - now you've done it - my K. P. doesn't need iron - it is low in protoplasm - you've really messed up its mutation analysis - Hey, look! Look at that! Now you've done it! (Plant withers then quivers and then starts to grow perceptibly - grows several inches before his awe-struck eyes.) See - see what you've done - oh my poor K. P. what has he done to you? You worm! You Einstein in reverse - Charley Darwin would have given his eye teeth to find you - why, I ought to -

LUKE: Hold it, Luther Burbank - See, it's stopped - why, I'll bet it will be a gloomer - doomer in a couple of days. See, we've really helped it. Look at it elevate!

LESTER: Put the bottle back into the desk before Miss Sreet gets here. Wating perfectly good tired blood builder on a vegetable!

STANLEY: My priceless seedling is no vegetable - you biological blowup; it's a K. P. - now cut the comedy and help me resuscitate my residual ruminant.

(Enter Eddie on the run - with a mouse - DL)

EDDIE: Hey, you guys, look what I got from the lab - a real live mouse - just what I always wanted. I'm going to train it to do tricks and then make a movie of it and sell it to T. V.

TILLIE: Keep that wild animal away from me - I haven't time for dirty old mice.

CINDY: Me neither - now stay your distance or I'll never speak to you again.

TILLIE: What are you going to do with it. You just can't sit here and hold it during class. You know how she (points to desk) feels about mice.

Excerpts continued 1970 THOSE WERE THE DAYS

EDDIE: Do I know how she feels about mice - or do I know how she feels about mice - as if I don't know who flipped her lid when she zeroed in on one in the stock room last fall - Boy, was that a riot!

INLOW: Well, you'd better get rid of it and pronto! For she's due to be here soon - and mice and misses just don't mix.

JAMES: I have a suggestion - put it in the most obvious place - remember Pee's "The Purloined Letter" - and she'll never find it. Then when she's gone, you can retrieve your pet and merrily be on your way to a T. V. career.

CICERO: Yeah! The thief hid the letter right in plain sight. Now let's see - you could put it in the waste basket. But she would see it there.

GARY: Why not put it in her desk. She never opens it, and there the little mousie will be safe from detection.

EDDIE: That's it - you've convinced me - right in the top drawer - my mouse Mephistopheles should be O.K. there.

FILLIE: Mephistopheles! What a name - and in teacher's drawer. I can hardly bear the thought of it - what if she opens it?

ELLA: Why should she open the drawer? She carries her grade book around with her - or rather Mr. Spoonley carries it for her.

THELMA: You might say - that Mr. Spoonley carries everything for her - he's at her side every out-of-class moment - but suppose she puts it into the drawer?

BILLIE: I have a feeling that something terrible is going to happen - if I opened a drawer and saw a mouse, I know something terrible would happen - at least to the mouse!

CALVIN: Aw, calm yourselves - nothing is going to happen - what can happen - we'll just keep her so busy, she won't know what's going on.

CINDY: (Who has been near the door watching.) Hey, you guys, here comes Hurricane Hester, none other than snoopy old lady Mosity, sniffing down the corridor with her nose set smelling trouble with a capital T - post your storm warnings and play it safe! (Eddie runs to desk, hides Meph. in drawer, then pantomimes the lovers in opposite corner DR - others hurry to desks and start "studying"- In sails Mosity!)

ANNA: What's going on here? You're too quiet! You're up to something. Whenever you're this docile, I begin to smell a mouse!

THELMA: I always felt she was a cat - now I know it.

ANNA: (Seeing Eddie pantomiming "lovers" Ah Ha! So that's it! Pulling a fast one while the cat's away! Catching up on your necking! - playing innocent while playing house.

NOW! You two break it up right this instant!

BILLIE: See what I said. Something terrible is going to happen.

TRICIA: I believe you - just opening that mouth creates hurricane havoc.

Excerpts continued 1970 THOSE WERE THE DAYS

ANNA: (Noting no response from Eddie) I said, you two lover-dovers break it up - come out of the clinches - disengage - come apart over there! You're a disgrace to the school! You shameless ones.

IMA: From her voice of experience, you'd think she has been through all of it herself.

LOTTA: No man would ever make the mistake of looking at her the first time.

ANNA: I'm going to count to ten - if you two haven't unwound by that time, I shall report this entire class to the principal - and then all of you will be in detention for ten days or as long as it takes to dispel this amorous attitude.

EDDIE: (Dropping arms and turning around) Were you speaking to me, Miss Mosity?

ANNA: Yes, I am, young man - and who's that young lady I just saw you working over?

EDDIE: That was no lady - that was my wife.

ANNA: WHAT? YOU WHAT? Now listen, you young potential hood - another trick like that and I will see that all of you are in detention for the rest of the year. Now, get this, you miserable mass of misplaced mischievous miscreants, I am leaving and don't be so quiet; you're getting on my nerves. (Exits DL)

MINNIE: And thus ends another chapter, dear reader, in the dreary life of Anna Mosity, Southeastern's gift to the not-so-gentlemen.

MARIE: As one door closes, another opens - here comes the next victim - Battle stations, everyone!

(Teacher Miss India Sreet - mini skirt - earrings - paint - hairdo - bright colors - high heels - sails into room, followed by Mr. Valentine Spoonly carrying her books, papers, purse, and brief case.)

INDIA: Oh, thank you Mr. Valentine Spoonly, you're a dear (pats him on the head and he simpers.) How can I ever repay you for being so thoughtful. (Class has now noticed and are pointing up the situation.) You're such a gentle man; it's just nice to have such a big strong male around.

VALENTINE: Now, Miss Sreet, you know you need only to call and I'll jiffy right over . . .

INDIA: (Pinching him on the cheek) My, you are such a secure feeling - so reassuring to have around.

VALENTINE: (She pinched too hard!) Careful, buttercup, don't pinch so hard - the children will think I'm blushing.

CINDY: I wouldn't have missed this for the world - poor little Miss Sreet.

BILLIE: Yeah - she could sweep him off his feet with just mighty sneeze.

OCTAVIA: Don't look now, but I think the evil bumble bee is about to disturb our pollenization program . . .

Excerpts continued 1970 THOSE WERE THE DAYS

EDDIE: Yep, here comes old Anna Mosity again with red corpuscles in her optic muscles.

CALVIN: The plot thickens - this is better than "Naked Came the Stranger" and just about as sexy baring a few minor details . . .

(Enter Miss Mosity, throwing her weight around and scowling and pointing.)

ANNA: Ah, Ha! The shameless ones! Flaunting their passions before these innocent babes...

LUKE: She doesn't know us very well, does she?

ANNA: I'd be ashamed - carrying her books, pinching him, making google-google eyes right here in front of these poor impressionable children ...

CICERO: I'd hate to meet that face in a nightmare - Even Pepto-Bismol couldn't chase that pain away.

VALENTINE: But Miss Mosity, we were only discussing school policy.

ANNA: Policity-occity! MISTER Spoonly as Supervisor of the Department of the Humanities of Southeastern High School I order you to report to your room and leave this poor distracted teacher alone - now go . . .

STANLEY: And never darken my door again.

ANNA: (Scowling at Valentine) What did you say?

VALENTINE: I didn't say anything. I'm leaving. (Exits DL followed by Anna.)

STANLEY: She is a mathematical figure with many unseen sides - homicide, suicide, regicide, parricide, fratricide, genocide, matricide, microbicide, and insecticide- she slays them all.

THELMA: The old bag of wind - I think she's after him herself. You'd think she would chase Mr. Amour, too.

LOTTA: There's no doubt about it - she's out to get him even if she has to throw her weight around - and Mr Amour it too meek and mild for her.

TRICIA: Talk about throwing her weight around- look at Miss Sreet; someday she's going to pulverize Mosity. (Class bell rings - pupils take seats - teacher prepares to take the roll.)

INDIA: All right! All right! The bell has rung - let's get quiet. What do you think this is?

INLOW: Would you really like for me to tell you?

INDIA: Quiet! Now I'll call the roll. (Opens desk drawer to get roll book and mouse jumps at her - she SCREAMS - slams drawer - jumps on chair - constantly screaming.) Help! Help! It's in my desk. Oh, help me someone - I think I'm going to faint . . .!

(Mr. Pere Amour rushes in to assist her.)

PERE: What is distressing you, dear lady - may I be of any assistance?

INDIA: (Still screaming, getting hysterical, jumping down from chair and smothering Pere trying to get away from the "monster.") Get it! In there! A horrible animal - all hairy and slimy - he attacked me. He attacked Meeeeeeeeee-

(She faints with Pere holding her just as our hero Valentine rushes into the room hearing the words "he attacked me" seeing his arch rival holding his lady love.)

VALENTINE: Unhand her, you vile villain - what have you been doing to this defenseless young girl? (Pere surprised by the sudden turn of events drops her with a thud to the floor.)

GARY: I don't know why anyone would spend his good money to see an X movie when he can be socially stimulated right here in good old room 307.

JAMES: Haven't seen anything on TV or the underground screen that would come up to this. It's exhilarating, stupendous. (By this time both men are pushing each other around trying to minister to the "fair" damsel in distress - while doing so they clinch, stumble and fall in hopeless heap near India just as Anna Mosity walks into room.)

MINNIE: Here's the big wind again! Boy, the fat's in the fire now! This beats "Laugh-In" a mile - so hilarious.

ANNA: Ah, Ha! What's going on here?

FRANCIE: Her mother never told her about pollenization, poor thing.

ELLA: You'd think with all the rampant pornography today, she'd at least have an idea.

PERE: Well, you see it was like this - this poor girl here was . . .

VALENTINE: Don't you say a word you dastardly CAD! When I rushed into the room after hearing her heart-rending scream, this monster was ravaging this sweet young thing right in front of this . . . (India starts to moan, come to . . .)

ANNA: Hush, you fool . . . listen to what she is saying...

INDIA: He attacked me- he jumped right at me - oh oh oh - (She konks out again.)

LESTER: We could sell the story to NBC, but they'd never believe - it's too beat up even for the boob tube.

NORA: Man, am I ever getting an education. The one who said "People are funny" didn't know the half of it - here they are impossible!

ANNA: (Looking at Pere.) You washer, you lone wolf you. You attacker of innocent young female teachers. I'll have your license for this. You terrible monster - I'll see that the judge throws the book at you.

TILLIE: What book is she talking about?

ROSY: LADY MOSITY'S LOVER at least that's what it sounds like. If she can get by with it, she will have her arch rival out of the way in no time flat - she exemplifies the spirit of brotherly shove.

PERE: Now you look here, you miserable excuse for a department supervisor. I'll have you understand . . .

ANNA: (Picking up a blackboard pointer from the desk.) You'll not make me understand anything; I already know it all (starts beating him with pointer as he runs from the room.)

EDDIE: And now gentle viewers we shall see how our hero rescues his gentle mistress from the ferocious beast.

VALENTINE: (Tugging trying to get her up as she is coming around for another session, moaning. . .) Come to the chair, you poor dear, and sit here while I get you a drink . . . (Gets her into chair and exits for water.)

CALVIN: Now I would like to bet anyone double money that she will open the drawer again and do a double take.

MINNIE: That's sure money, Calvin, but let's sit this one out. This is too hilarious to stop now.

LUKE: Hold it - she's coming out of it - let's get quiet so she'll not be distracted. (India slowly comes to, shakes her head, rubs her eyes, attempts to rise, finally does, supports herself on desk, straightens up, tries to smile, hunts her compact for powder.)

INDIA: Now where's my compact - my nose must be shiny after that ordeal. (Opens desk drawer by mistake unthinkingly!) Aheeeeeeeeeee! Help! There he goes again. Oh! No! Help! He's after me. Help! (And then she faints just as Valentine rushes into the room.)

VALENTINE: Here! Here! I'll save you! Where is he? (To class) Did you see a monster. (They all shake heads very affectedly.) Oh there you are, you poor thing, but where's that monster? Here let me help you up. (Tries, gets her half way when Anna Mosity comes blustering in upon the scene.)

ANNA: Oh, Valentine, how could you do this? That vixen seducing all the men teachers around here. Unhand her, you betrayer of womankind! (Valentine drops her suddenly.) And to think that I trusted both of you. What have you been doing to this, this, this old hag? you villain. (India has been coming too again and hears "old hag." which brings her out of it with a bounce.)

INDIA: (Staggering to her feet and pointing her index finger rather wobbily.) Whose a hag, you aged crone - for two cents I'd, I'd . . .

TIMOTHY: Hurry, take up a collection. We can't miss this opportunity to get rid of a perfectly ugly teacher.

ANNA: You'll do what - you poor benighted siren, luring the poor innocent men into your trecherous nest of love - I'm going to turn you in; you're not fit to . . .

INDIA: (Arms akimbo) Harken, you scrawny old hen. I'm going to pull all your tail feathers and use them to stuff the pillows for the teachers' lounge (starts toward her hands extended.) When I finish with you, your carcass will look like the remains of a pre-historic civilization . . .

EDDIE: I admire that woman - now if she will only practice what she is preaching, this will be the end of a perfect day.

ROSY: Don't flip over nothing - she's just like too many teachers, always threatening - never acting . . .

ANNA: Don't you touch me, you sadistic hussy. I'm not afraid of your blustering and threats. I'm going straight to the principal and give him a full account.

INDIA: (Grabbing her and bouncing one off her noggin.) You're not going any place, dearie, unless it's the hot place - and I don't think the Manager there would want you. There try that on for size. (Bats her one again.)

VALENTINE: Here! Here! Here! Ladies, do please be sensible. And before these children - remember your reputations.

GARY: Reputations? Those two? They'd make burlesque queens blush with modesty.

(By thistime Anna has kicked India in the shins, and India has grabbed Anna by the wig which promptly comes off revealing an almost bald female beneath.)

TILLIE: Yipes! Take a look at old mop top now. Things are surely becoming revealing . . . She looks like a million - every year of it!

ANNA: Cut it out, you miserable wretch. Now look what you have done. (Charges into India with both hands.)

INDIA: Well, well, well - (easily holds Anna at arm's length.) She looks like an old man.

ANNA: You'll pay for this (struggling to reach her); let me go.

VALENTINE: Ladies, ladies, ladies - this will get you nowhere. Please now, let me settle this argument.

ANNA: You keep your oar out of this, Spoonly. It's all your fault. If you hadn't been cavorting around with this sinful siren, you would not have created this obnoxious scene.

INDIA: Look, sweetheart, (shaking her ungently) you're really in no condition to make accusations. Know what I'm gonna do? I'm going to take you downstairs and toss you smack into the swimming pool to cool off your aging ardor - and then your feathers will drag some more. (Starts dragging her out of the room.)

LUKE: Go get her, teach! Boy, is this rich. I can just read those headlines now "Teach tosses teach into drink and creates stink!"

VALENTINE: Be reasonable, my dear. Don't do anything drastic.

INDIA: Strong problems require drastic measures - They named a Chinese restaurant after her - Low I. Queue!

CICERO: There goes another case of water pollution. . . .

Page 8

LOTTA: Ouch! Something just stung me. Get it off me!

GARY: You and me both, baby! It's a hornet!

NORA: Yipes! Never a dull minute - here we go again!

LESTER: And there's another one! And another over there! And another!

IMA: Help! They're all over the place. (Class rises - confusion- noise -)

INDIA: Here, here, here - let's get quiet! Ouch - what was that - something just stung me.

BILLIE: Somebody do something. (Eddie rushes out and rings fire alarm - then bedlam breaks loose - everybody tries to leave room at once . . .)

CURTAIN

SCENE II page 12

(Enter Singh DR.)

SINGH: Guests will please follow me, and I will show you to your quarters for the night. My employers bid you welcome to Castle High Crag and wish you a restful repose. But I must warn you that certain rooms are sometimes haunted by the spirits of long-dead descendants.

TILLIE: Haunted! I knew it - I knew it. Don't let any one out of your sight - we must stick together.

EDDIE: (To Luke as others start to leave.) Don't be in any rush. Let's wait until the last.

LUKE: I read you. (They wait until all the others have disappeared while talking to each other about castle -)

EDDIE: Tillie was right. There were eyes in that picture. I saw them. I didn't want to scare the others so I kept quiet. And there's another thing I noticed - look here - here is a button on this side of this panel - I bet there is a secret panel here.

LUKE: O.K. Sherlock, where do we start? I'm game. I don't know what you are trying to prove, but anything's better than shuffling off to some musty old spooky bedroom full of cobwebs.

EDDIE: Here, now do you see it (Points to button). I think I'll push it just for kicks.

LUKE: Go ahead. You've got me curious.

(Eddie pushes button - R door opens to reveal dark interior. They enter and door swings shut as other one opens and old man, Ulysses S. Shillings - white beard and all, slips out and enters other door as Eddie and Luke emerge from left one. Right door closes on Ulysses.)

EDDIE: Well, whaddaye know? Right back where we started.

LUKE: Yeah, but I've got the strangest feeling.

EDDIE: Yeah? Strangest feeling about what?

LUKE: You know, I felt all along that someone was right behind us.

EDDIE: My sensory sensations simulated several spinal tingles too. Let's try it again. (They go through the same actions and Ulysses follows his pattern.)

LUKE: (Emerging second time.) See what I mean. I can almost smell the blood of a Scottishmun. (Enter Cicero DL)

CICERO: Hey, you cornball cops, what gives? Why didn't you follow us upstairs. It's great - that is it was in 1620.

EDDIE: Cicero, come here. See this button? Something's crazy batty here. We've got the little ole feeling that someone is giving us the sneaky-leaky.

LUKE: How about hiding over there behind that lounge and observing the proceedings while we are inside? . . .

. . . - CICERO: Okay, I'll use the old hammerlock on him. But don't waste any time getting here. (They go through the action third time. Ulysses comes through door and Cicero grabs him and holds him till Eddie and Luke appear.)

SCENE III page 19

(Stanley enters carrying his tree. "Male" K. P. is shown potted - standing - right center - starts reacting - emitting "whistle" - rustles leaves noticeably when he brings his tree on stage.

STANLEY: (Noticing that K. P. is quivering and trembling.) Hey, what gives? My K. P. isn't feeling well - shaking all over - must be the sea air.

LESTER: Sea air, my eye. That tree is in love. It's acting just like Miss India Screet.

STANLEY: I'll have you know my tree is a He - a big, strong masculine He! And whoever heard of a male tree fluttering?

LESTER: Well, that one is fluttering - and how do you know it's a male? They all look alike to me. But, male or female, I bet it's looking for a mate.

STANLEY: No love-sick tree is going to take my K. P. away from me. Besides this is the only one in captivity.

MARIA: Don't look now, my budding naturalist, but that trembling twig right over there is sounding a woody wolf call if I ever heard one.

STANLEY: Oh, No! That's an impostor - Nature can't do that to me. (Examining his tree) Hold still; you're fluttering like a fickle female. It can't be I'm betrayed, duped, hoodwinked, deluded, and double-crossed. (Shakes tree.) You just gotta be male. What would Mother say!

LESTER: Oh, come on, Stan, - give that boy-tree a break. Set them over there together and let them enjoy each other's company. That's what's been ailing your tree - a need for companionship - it can do no harm - and they just might rejuvenate each other.

STANLEY: Well, O. K. I'll give her a whirl - goodness only knows that I've been worried sick about my ailing K. P. - maybe this WILL help - But, get this, you would-be match-maker - If your little plan misfires, I'll never forgive you. (Places them side by side. They react noticeably immediately - limbs intertwine.) . . . Page 26 . . .

. . . (At the very end of scene as gang is singing Pagan Love Song - Lester goes to get luggage hiding trees - moves it - sees trees - starts.)

LESTER: Hey, you guys! Look here! We've had an increase in the family! Look! (Picks up "baby" tree - shows it). How's this for fast work!

STANLEY: What? Oh, No! My poor little K. P. - she's given birth to a little K. P. (Looking at other tree) Why you dirty thing. She hardly knew you! (Goes over to examine tree - sees others) Oh, no, this can't be! This is killing me! Here is another, and another, and another (starts handing them to cast) and another - Holy Hermes! That just goes to show you what happens when two K. P.s are not properly chaperoned.

LOTTA: You'd better have a little talk with your tree about the birds and the bees.

IMA: I suggest he write to Ann Landers before this goes on.

STANLEY: But trees just don't have babies. OR DO THEY?