

THE MOUNT VERNON PLAYERS PRESENT

30-31 MAY, 1980

BURPEE'S VEGETABLE REVUE

written by Jim Kinney, Holly Hudak, Cissa Champion

ACT I

Scene 1. C.M.V.T.I. Student - Cheryl Ladd

W. Atlee Burpee - Bruce Hazard

Burpee's speeches written by Hazard and J. Kinney

"Fields of Fantasy" - music by Champion

lyrics by J. Kinney with Champion

The Vegies:

Summer Squash - Mary Kinney

Celery - Peter Thompson

Beet - Chris Larson

Cauliflower - Carol Hedden

Zucchini - Karen Cole

Carrot - Barbara Koertge

Scallion - Peter Cook

Broccoli - Walter Seifert

The Family:

Pa - Arthur Dean

Ma - Holly Hudak

Prudence - Donanne Dean

Scene 2. "Kentucky Wonder" - music/lyrics by Hazard

The Kentucky Wonders:

Jim LeFurgy, Peter McGlamery, Cheryl Ladd

The Mellow Tones:

Walter Seifert, Peter Cook, Cissa Champion, Carol Hedden

"Luke the Cuke" - music/lyrics by J. Kinney

Luke - Jim Kinney

"Tomato Aria No. 3 in C" - music/lyrics by Hudak

Roma, The Diva - Holly Hudak

Big Boy - Betty Seifert

Beefsteak - Cissa Champion

Cherry - Julie Talbot

Marglobe - Wendy Larson

Early Girl - Alexis Larson

Rutgers - Annie Dean

Scene 3. "A-Na-Na-Na-Na" - music/lyrics by J. Kinney

The Nematodes:

Jim Kinney, Barbara Koertge, Jim LeFurgy, Peter Cook

The Vegies:

Carol Hedden, Annie Dean, Chris Larson, Betty Seifert

"Rotenone Blues" - music by Hudak

lyrics by VonHukincamp

Scene 4. "Midnight Marauders" - music by Campion

The Marauders:

Peter Thompson, Dona Thompson, Adrienne Thompson,
Arthur Dean, Peter McGlamery

ACT II.

Scene 1. "First Bloom" - music/lyrics by Campion
"In The Bin" - music - traditional melody
lyrics by J. Kinney

Scene 2. Jenny - Alexis Larson
Italian Zucchini - Barbara Koertge
"The Umbrell Song" - Pasquali Laudato
Vegie-matic Salesman - Jim LeFurgy
Salespitch written by LeFurgy

Scene 3. "Straightaways" - music by Campion
lyrics by J. Kinney with Campion
Cauliflower - Carol Hedden
Broccoli - Walter Seifert
"Doin' It For The Queen" - music by Campion
lyrics by J. Kinney

The Bees:

Jim LeFurgy	Wendy Larson
Barbara Koertge	Betty Seifert
Peter Cook	Arthur Dean

The Queen:

Bebe Busby

Scene 4. "The Frost" - music by Al Neuman
"Fields of Fantasy" - reprise

Nicky and The Organics:

Nicky Halperin - flute
Al Neuman - guitar, sax
Erica Radner - violin, cornet
David Halperin - bass, 'cello

Bill Preble - drums
Bruce Hazard - piano
Cissa Campion - piano
Holly Hudak - piano

Director - Cissa Campion
Costumes - Everyone, especially Betty Seifert, with
Sue Anderson, Karen Cole, Mary Kinney, Dona Thompson
Choreography - Cheryl Ladd: Kentucky Wonders, Nematodes
Jim LeFurgy: The Bees
Carol Hedden: The Frost
Lighting- Bill Chellis, with Jim Kinney
Stage Manager- Henry Bourassa
Props- Barbara Koertge
Make-up - Joan Chellis, with Lucinda Talbot
Scenery - Wendy Larson and Bia Winter, with Sue Anderson,
Cissa Campion, Arthur Dean, Bruce Hazard, Jim and Mary
Kinney, Chris Larson, Peter Thompson

Special Thanks to Alice Smith, Michael Hudak, Jeff Kent,
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tickets, programs.

a silent night production



RURPEE'S VEGETABLE REVUE



Two bumblebees from Burpee's garden

— Jim Mahoko photo

2-act Mount Vernon musical focuses on vegetable garden

MOUNT VERNON — A two-act musical, "Mr. Burpee's Vegetable Revue," will be staged at 8 p.m. Friday and Saturday by the Mount Vernon Players at the Odd Fellows Hall.

The original script was written by Cissa Campion, who also is the director, and by James Kinney, Bruce Hazard and Holly Hudak.

Kinney said the show is a timely one, because it basically is "the story of a garden, and people are getting in their gardens about now." Most cast members are richly costumed vegetables.

Campion said the idea for the play started with ideas being kicked around "and it just grew."

Kinney said it was during a Sunday breakfast in February that a key song — "Field of Fantasy" — came to him. "Don't despair, life's still there," says one verse of a garden in winter. "Sometimes it's just hard to see.

"It's a story of spring rebirth," Kinney said, as Burpee, who lectures

students at a technical institute on the "unfeeling plant world," undergoes a change of heart because of the fantastical vegetable characters that populate his garden.

There are 12 songs, some of hope, some of humor. In one, a cauliflower croons "let's pollinate" to a celery. In another, an Italian tomato boasts of her rich flavor. There's a chorus of vegetables singing "that compost day will come by and by," and six bees and their queen who sing of their own contributions to the garden.

Another feature of the play is a batch of dancing "Kentucky Wonder" string beans.

Credit for the costumes belongs to Betty Seifert. Stage management is done by Henry Bourassa, choreography by Cheryl Ladd, lighting by Bill Chellis, scenery by Wendy Larson and Bia Winter, makeup by Joan Chellis and props by Barbara Koertge.

①

DOIN' IT FOR THE QUEEN

we're her ma-jess-ty's wor-ker's ^{air-}borne Troop we-e buzz a-round ^{from} vent to

see-re, if a-larmed we can send you for a loop, and we do it for the

Queen! we've made—the wo-rl'd so much swee-ter, By we're rea—dy at an in-stan't's no-tice, we

② DOWN' IT FOR THE QUEEN

bring—ing hon—ey to the scene, There's plenty 'cause we aren't big
go—where-ev—er there's a need, IF scared—we ve—ry rare—ly

ea—ters, and we make it for the Queen!
show it, 'cause we do it for the Queen!

Queen: I'm her royal majesty the Queen
I never have to work or do a thing
still my hive is spotlessly clean
'cause they do it for the Queen.
I like to sleep late in the morning
The drones fulfill my every need
I've many, for one (drone) gets quite boring
And they all do it for the Queen.

bees: We are a potent bunch of fellows
We knock up melons, peas and beans
We're hummers with styles oh so mellow
And we do it for the Queen.

3

Doin' It for the Queen

LAST VERSE:

3

We've the model of ordered so-ciety
we co-operate when we do any-thing
we're as busy as the pro-verbial bee
Cause we do it for the Queen.

We visit flowers in the garden
we wipe their little stamens clean
we never lose a bit of pol-len
Cause we do it for the Queen.

We fly across the endless forests
we fly across the tumbling streams
we fly across the wide grass meadows
And we do it for the Queen!

FIELDS OF FANTASY

Sound the Trumpets Sing the chor-us Raise a song of ees-ta-sy ;
 Turn the soi-l Dig the gan-den Plant the seed of fan-ta-sy

1. A big sun is a ris-in' ~~stirring~~ ^{stirring}
 2. Tho' it's just bare-ly down — ^{stirring} thru all the fog
 our hearts hold dear the song

Col-or-in' our hor-i-zen on our fields of fan-ta-sy fragile fields of fan-ta-sy
 stilled with a rake and hoe we Tend our " " " " " " " " " " " "

(2)

FIELDS OF FANTASY

INTRO. (2)

Dim the house lights
Start the music
Play a joyful melody
Find a good seat
Hush the children
Dig our plot of fantasy.

This garden's sure been growin'
Our work it clearly shows
We do a lot of hoein'
In our fields of fantasy
Fragile fields of fantasy.

The time is right for hopin'
Our crops have all grown high
The winter's fast approachin'
Harvest fruits of fantasy
Fragile fruits of fantasy.

OUTRO (1)

Don't despair, life's still there
Sometimes it's just hard to see
Underneath this frozen blanket
Flows a hopeful melody.

Altho' the end has come
We've really just begun
You raise our spirits high
In our fields of fantasy
Fragile " " " " " "

Our joy it flows and flows
Leaving our ordered rows
Knowing no fenced bounds
In our fields of fantasy
Fragile fields of fantasy

OUTRO (2)

Sound the trumpets, sing the chorus
Raise a song of ecstasy.
Turn the soil, dig the garden
Plant the seed of fantasy.

A big sun is arisin'
Slicin' thru all the fog
Colorin' our horizon
On our fields of fantasy
Fragile " " " " " "

Joy is a sweet emotion
From seeds of hope it's sown
Life is our hope in motion
Pure sweet fruit of fantasy
From the fields of fantasy
Fragile fields of fantasy.

FIRST BLOOM

CHORUS

Looking for the hope of a new life just plant-ed, look-ing for the

hope of a har-vest full, look-ing for the hope of a new faith just

lan-ded in life's warm em-brace in a gar-den's first bloom, The sea-son is

CHORUS:

Looking for the hope of a new life just planted
Looking for the hope of a harvest full
Looking for the hope of a new faith just landed in
Life's warm embrace, in a garden's first bloom

2. FIRST BLOOM

Handwritten musical score for 'First Bloom'. The score is written on three systems of staves. Each system consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat signs.

pas-sing the grass turns to brown, soon the = Dust brings a chill all the grow-ing slows
down, reap your har-vest it brings you a sense of ti-me past for a plant sprouts and
bears fruit as we watch ti-me pass.

LAST VERSE: The season is passing The grass turns to brown, soon The
Dust brings a chill all the growing slows down, reap your
Harvest it brings you a sense of time past, for a
Plant sprouts and bears fruit as we watch time pass...

③ FIRST BLOOM

CHORUS

- ① I planted this garden with real hope & joy
That one day I would stand here while tilling the soil
Watch a rosebud come open, a hummingbird fly
Taste the fruits of my labors as seasons go by.
- ② I wanted so much for this garden to grow
Reach the height of its beauty from seeds I had ^{sown}
There's a fruit or two left here, not much for my work
One expects what is due them, not this turn, this ^{quirk}.

CHORUS

- ③ The season is passing, the grass turns to brown
So the dusk brings a chill all the growing slows down
Reap your harvest it brings you a sense of time past
~~all the past is over~~
For a plant sprouts and bears fruit as we watch
time pass.

CHORUS

Work the Earth

Oh ye tillers of the soil - make haste to learn, the

course by which this con-fused earth - dost turn -

Brin-in' us light of day and dark of night

* These 2 measures are rhythm of verse 2.
rhythm of verse 1 under words.

2 Work The Earth

Noth-in is all wrong and noth-in all right; A =

Chieved not to last but mo-o-vin' on a-gain, be =

Cause = the fu-ture has sh-i-fted on its pin

Cause = the fu-ture has sh-i-fted on its pin

③ Work The Earth

Handwritten musical notation for the first system. It consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody begins with a quarter rest, followed by quarter notes G4, A4, Bb4, and C5, with a slur under the last two notes. The second measure continues with quarter notes D5, E5, F5, and G5, also with a slur under the last two notes. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 4/4 time signature. It features a bass line of quarter notes: G2, F2, E2, D2, C2, B1, A1, G1, with a slur under the last four notes.

work the earth make it right, the

Handwritten musical notation for the second system. It consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody continues with quarter notes G4, A4, Bb4, and C5, with a slur under the last two notes. The second measure continues with quarter notes D5, E5, F5, and G5, with a slur under the last two notes. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 4/4 time signature. It features a bass line of quarter notes: G2, F2, E2, D2, C2, B1, A1, G1, with a slur under the last four notes.

stars in the hea-vens sh-i-nin bright!

Verse 2:

To the cycle's seasons praises sing
To the turns of life your attention bring
Beat ancient cycle rhythm through the ground
Speaking of the new order to be found.
Achieved not to last but movin' on again
Because the future has shifted on its pin.

Peter Cook

COSTUME 18 MAY

BURPEE'S VEGETABLE REVIEW

or

VEGETABLES I'VE KNOWN AND LOVED

or

GARDEN PLOTS

or

I BURPEE ?

Jim Kinney
Holly Hudak
Cissa Campion

April, 1980

a silent night production

ACT I

SCENE 1.

C.M.V.T.I. STUDENT: Good evening everybody and welcome! This is 20th annual graduation ceremonies here at Central Mt. Vernon Technical Institute. Tonight, we are very fortunate to have as our surprise speaker C.M.V.T.I.'s most famous alumnae, alumnee, ah, alumner, ah, graduate... a man who's been out-standing in his field (high giggle).

Since he graduated, he started his own company and, oh, you can order seeds from them, oh, and he grows seeds, ummmm, and, um, they have a catalogue with pretty pictures of all their flowers and their vegetables. And he's really successful!

So, fasten your seatbelts! And in case you haven't guessed who he is, here he is.... (backing away from podium)

VOICE (from off-stage): Hey! Say his name!

C.M.V.T.I. STUDENT: (reapproches podium) Oh! It's Mr. W. Atlee Burpee! (student exits)

BURPEE (enters and stands at podium, shuffles papers a bit):

Thank you, thank you, thank you. And I'd also like to congratulate all of you for having successfully completed your studies here at..... (more paper shuffling)...C.M.V.T.I. I feel

ACT I
SCENE 1.

honored to have been chosen as the speaker who will offer you your last words of knowledge before you are thrust out into your respective fields. For one whose usual audiences are acres of unresponsive seedlings, this comes as quite a treat, though you may soon see why my seedlings are so unresponsive (chuckles).

But no matter. As I have gained in years, I have come to be bothered less and less by others' reactions, or the lack there of, to any of my deeds. And I expect that each one of you, too, will become like-wise affected by that heavy frost to which we all succumb, once it gets as near to you as it is to me.

And if I leave you with any words of wisdom tonight, let them be (strains for emphasis):
'sow early, and continue sowing until one month before Final Frost. And in that month, HARVEST, HARVEST, HARVEST!'

BLACKOUT

CURTAIN UP

ME ON AS VEGIES

("Fields of Fantasy" music begins. Vegies standing in rows in the garden. Family - Ma, Pa, Prudence - enter from back of hall, carrying garden tools. Singing commences when Family arrives on-stage. Family stand center-front. All sing first three stanzas. Vegies singing, swaying, twirling behind Family, but not leaving rows. Family unaware of Vegie action. Instrumental Break: Ma and Pa bending down at center stage, weeding, working. Daughter sluffing off. Singing recommences for second three stanzas. Music ends. Vegies freeze. Ma at stage-right, working; Prudence center-stage, leaning on her rake, being very bored and whiny. Pa back in Vegie rows, bent over, working.)

ACT I
SCENE 1.

Ma: (calling to Pa) Okay honey, I've finished weeding the onions. And I tell you, between my achin' back, and these black-flies, I've about had it for today. Whose got the can of Cutters?

Prudence: (leaning on rake) I do, but we used it all up. Can't we go in now, Dad?

Pa: (calling from amidst Vegies) Hey, everybody, there's three blossoms on the watermelon plant!

Prudence: Oh, Dad! Every year you plant those dumb old watermelons, and every year all we get is one melon, the size of a tennis ball. And every year you make us taste a spoonful of the thing, even though it's never ripe, and it always tastes awful. Can't we go in now? 'Emergency' is about to start.

Ma: Now Prudence, you shouldn't speak to your father that way. He puts alot of energy into this garden, so that you and I will have food on the table, no matter what happens to the economy. I think the least you can do is reciprocate by showing a little more effort on your part, before you see a real emergency. (calling to Pa, glaring at Prudence) Honey, do you have another job for Prudence?

Prudence: Oh Mom!

Pa: (coming out of Vegies) Hey, did you see those tomatoes?!

Ma: No, dear. Which way did they go? (titters)

Pa: (confused) Huh?

Ma: Dear, do you have a job for Prudence to do before she goes in? She wants to help.

ACT I
SCENE 1.

Pa: (surprised) Oh? Great! If you hauled a bucket of water up here that would be a big help. I think maybe some of these plants are starting to get a little dry. (bends down to check soil around Vgies)

Ma: (overly sweet, to P.) We'll all go down to the house and help you fill the bucket, dear.

Prudence: (sarcastically) Thanks, Ma.

Ma: (turns to Pa) Come on, honey. We're leaving now.

Pa: (standing up) O.K. The garden's really looking good, girls. We can be proud of our work here. Maybe we'll even have something to enter in the Fair this year! Let's go find that bucket, Pruddy.

Prudence: (reluctantly) Alright.

Family Exits.

BLACKOUT

ACT I

Scene 2

Burpee: I fervently hope that many of you, upon receiving your diplomas, will take the knowledge that that old goatskin represents out into one of the many related fields of agriculture.

I, myself, know the pains of farming, as I grew-up on a farm. I have seen how Mother Nature can provide all the nurturing a plant could use right up to the eve of Harvest Day. And I have seen the fields of fruit-laden plants all flattened by the hailstorms.

So you might ask, "Burp, what is there to harvest from your life's work if Mother Nature can still, with the ease of a summer's rain, eliminate the fruits of your labors?" Well, all I could say to that is that Mother Nature provided those same fruits, so perhaps She was just collecting Her due.

What I have done, and what I suppose every "successful" person does, is to assist nature in reaching a beneficial end. In my case, I have used Her own methods to help Her improve various vegetable species out at my Fordhook Research Center. This sort of experimentation has resulted in such commercial successes as snappy and succulent 'stringless' stringbeans, the Burpless cukes, and superior canning tomatoes that are quite a might meatier than your standard variety tomato.

ACT I

Scene 2

Burpee: If you add to these achievements the development of disease and pest resistant plant strains, I'd say there was quite a bit of fruit from my labors yet to be harvested before my final frost.

(Black-out on Burpee, lights up on the garden.)

(Prudence enters, lugging water.)

Prudence: Ugh. God, why can't my parents have a hose like other families around here. Whew, I thought there were laws against child labor. There must be a law against this. I can't believe they make me come out here and work while 'Emergency' is on.

(Prudence waters a plant or two. A vegie sighs.)

Prudence: What? What's that?

(Prud. moves to another plant, and behind her a vegie moves and sighs.)

Prudence: I swear I heard something. Oh man, I must be loosing it. What spooky noises. Think I'll go back to the house.

(Flops bucket down center stage, a little frightened, exits quickly)

(Vgies start to move and stretch)

Vgie 7: (Mimicking Prudence) Oh, what spooky noises. Think I'll go back to the house. (Jeering laugh)

All Vegie: Laughs and titters.

ACT I

Scene 2

Vgie 2: Oohhh, finally. They haven't watered us in, ohhh, I bet it's been three days. (Sighs, bends, flexes,) Ah, it feels so good.

Vgie 1: More manure tea for you, my dear? (Proffering pot to #3)

Vgie 3: Oh, thank-you. (Slurping and drinking) I just can't seem to get enough. Keeps soaking it in, if you know what I mean. I was really parched.

Vgie 4: (Maine accent) I know these people are trying to grow their own food and all that, but they just don't understand. It's tough bein' a plant. I mean you gotta really scrounge for food and water around here. My roots ran into a rock this morning you wouldn't believe. Man, talk about hardpan.

Vgie 3: My doctor said if I don't get some potash in me soon I might as well forget about blooming this year.

Vgie 1: Oh, I know what you mean. My nitrogen count is waaaaay down. (Wipes brow) Are my veins starting to show? What do they think we're supposed to grow on in this garden?

Vgie 5: (Indignant) You know, I saw a cutworm at the end of this row just yesterday, and the beets say they're coming this way! (Other vegies gasp, shocked) I don't think this family understands the dangers we all live with around here. I have yet to see a collar around one of our stems, and I haven't gotten a whiff of diazinon since I was a seedling!

All Vgies: (Grumbled agreement)

ACT I

Scene 2

Vgie 1: I mean it's fine for them to come and water us once in a while, but we're the ones who have to live in this compost heap.

All Vgies:(More drinking, grumblings and discontent)

Vgie 7: Did you hear what the man said about some of us maybe getting to go to the fair this year? My Auntie Hubbard was picked to go last year, and she was there for seven days!

Vgie 4: Yeah, and that was the last we saw of her , too.

Vgie 1: Oh, but just imagine, bright lights.... and think of all the vegetables you'd get to meet.

Vgie 2: I heard they had some real juicy tomatoes there last year.

Vgie 8: That's enough of that talk. It's a privilege to be chosen to attend the fair as a representative of our, ah, unique hybridity.

Vgie 4: Hybridity? Looks like cross-breedin' to me. Doesn't she.....

Vgie 6: (Interrupts) Hey guys, I was just over at the bean patch , and word has it that the Kentucky Wonders are back!

All vgies:OOOHHH. AHHHHHHH.(whispers) the kentucky wonders!

Vgie 7: Back? Where'd they go?

Vgie 6: Why, don't you know? The famous singer, Dolly Parsnip, personally picked them to dance in her Spring Garden Show at the Grand Ole Opry.

All Vgies: (Gasps and OOOHHHs)

Vgie 2: The Grand Ole Opry!? Our Kentucky Wonders? Wow, man!

Vgie 6: Oh listen. I hear them coming!

ACT I

Scene 2

(Kentucky Wonders stroll on stage)(Music starts)

KENTUCKY WONDER SONG

All Vgies:(Applause.Admiration)

Vgie 7: (Walks up timidly to a bean) Gee, Mr.Bean, could I have your autograph?

Bean 1: Why sure, my little pumpkin. Anything for a cute young sprout like you.(Signs paper)^(to Bean 2) What kind of vegetable grows in a house of ill-repute?

Bean 2: I don't know. What kind of vegetable grows in a house of ill-repute?

Bean 1: A brothel sprout. Ha ha ha hahahahahaha(back slappin' and toe tappin')

Bean 2: What did one hybrid say to the other hybrid on the night they were to wed?

Bean 1: I don't know. What did the one hybrid say to the other hybrid, old bean?

Bean 2: (wistfully) I can't elope.

Bean 1: Oh, honey do.

All Vgies:(Laugh uproarously, holding sides)

Bean1+2: (ad lib one joke - we've run out)

All Vgies:(more laughter)

(Luke slinks in)

Vgie 2: Oh no, look who's coming!

Vgie 3: HOOOOHHHHHHHHYYYYYYYYY! I can smell him from here.

(Luke burps and reels)

ACT I

Scene 2

Vgie 1: (clutches daughter, who is moving curiously towards Luke)
Come away from him dear. How many times do I have to tell you, we hybrids just do not associate with those common varieties.

Luke: (to Vegie 1) Hey, cute stuff! Hows about a cootchie-coo for Ole Luke? Ha! (belch)

Vgie 2: I can't believe it, a burpy cucumber in our row!

Vgie 4: Oh, it never fails. There's always one in every garden.

LUKE THE CUKE

(Vegies 4 + 6 step forward)

Vgie 4: Back to the brine, cucumber! There's no room for cross-breeds like you in this patch.

Vgie 6: Get back to your bed, Vino.

(Luke reels off, sighing and burping)

All Vgies: (Expressions of relief)

Vgie 5: His poor wife.

Vgie 1: And all their little gherkins.

Vgie 8: Have you heard? I saw the strawberry the other day, and she said she's moved in with the rhubarb. I think they make such a lovely couple.

Vgie 4: Moved in with the rhubarb? Why he's over a hundred years old, and she couldn't be more 'n' two. Won't last long, if you ask me.

Vgie 3: I don't know about that. I heard she's gotten him to go organic.

ACT I

Scene 2

Vgie 2: Wouldn't I like a little strawberry to move into my row. (sidles up to a tomato)

Vgie ~~Tom~~: You dirty old vegetable! Don't you know there are sprouts in this garden!

Vgie 2: Hey, my little Marglobe, where are all your juicy cousins?
(Dreaming) Plump, ripe, succulent, firm, fruity.....

Diva: (Off-stage) Ahha ha ha ha ha. Bon giorno, mi amore! etc.
(Swoops on-stage, pompous and sexy, 5 tomatoes follow)

DIVA'S SONG

(Diva bows)

curtain falls

end scene

GET NEMATODE COSTUME ON

ACT I
SCENE 3

SPOT TO BURPEE AT PODIUM

BURPEE: Even with all of the modern research facilities, and the accumulated knowledge of the finest horticultural minds in the world, we still must sometimes face defeat at the hands of Mother Nature. For, just as Nature provides the means to sturdier plants, so she also assists our adversaries: climate, disease, and pests.

Years ago, I developed a strain of spinach that was completely resistant to the disease Leaf Spot. I was so enthused over this seeming improvement that I immediately went into full production, and planted five acres to seed crop.

However, shortly after germination, I discovered that the same gene that had made this Spinach resistant to Leaf Spot also made it irresistible to the Mottled Tortoise Beetle. I'm telling you, I have never seen a Tortoise Beetle move so fast! Those fields were de-nuded in three days.

Now, I could have used a treatment of pesticides such as rotenone, malathion, carbaryl, or methoxychlor to stop those bugs. But, I knew that the costs of treatment far and away surpassed the production losses of Leaf Spot. These things just happen sometimes.

You'll irrigate through the drought, only to be washed-out by the flood. You'll plant late to avoid the insect larva, and get nipped in the bud by an early frost.

It is the nature of farming. Some years, every effort you make will be futile. (cont'd)

ACT I
SCENE 3

Nature has Her own order that man has yet to divine.
And it is at Her whim that we survive, and to Her
beckoning call that we succumb.

BLACKOUT

CURTAIN UP

NEMATODES ON

The stage is empty, Garden set. "Nematode" music starts. Four Vegies slowly make their way onto the stage, two from stage right, two from stage left. All have Nematodes attached to them. Vegies are singing "Nematode" song as they enter. Nematodes pre-occupied with eating Vegies thru song, but lift heads to sing on Chorus. Vegies all drop dead on last note of song. Nematodes stand slowly, picking teeth, burping, stretching, lounging.

ME Nem. 1: Oh, boy, what a good meal that was! I haven't had a cauliflower like that for months.

Nem. 2: I'm good and full, but that cucumber was a little over-ripe.

Nem. 3: Hey, you know what? I'd say we've got it fat in this garden. I don't think these people use chemicals!

More AD LIB comments as MA ENTERS

MA: (to herself) Well, I guess it must be about time to pick..... (horrified gasp).... Oh!! My little tomatoes! Oh, No! My beautiful broccoli! (rushes to prop up Broccoli, spots Nematode, gasps, and jumps back, disgusted) Oh, yuk! OOOHHHHH, PA! Come quick! And bring the Rotenone!

PA ENTERS, carrying Rotenone sprayer.

PA: Oh, no! Look at these vegetables. How did this.... (spots Nematodes)....Gee, I didn't know we had cutworms in the garden.

MA: Oh, honey, hurry up and spray them! They're so disgusting!

ACT I
SCENE 3

PA: (starting to spray) Sure hope this spray works. Good thing we've got modern science working for us. Wonder if this stuff is strong enough to kill worms like these. God, they really are disgusting!

NEMATODES(start to cough and sputter. Wheeze.)

PA: Ah! It looks like that Rotenone is doing the trick. Let's head back to the house, *Molly*. (Puts his arm around Ma and they EXIT off center-front, thru gate. Ma closes gate.)

NEMATODES starting to reel. Coughing. Music begins, and they sing "Rotenone Blues." As song ends, two Nematodes collapse and are dragged off, by the feet, by other two.

LIGHTS DIM to MOONLIT STAGE. Soundlessly, VEGIES walk on stage, and take their places in the Garden, for the night. Simultaneously, MARAUDERS start noises at back of hall... snorts, sniffs, growls. Lip smacking. Rude noises. The Pack moves forward, carrying gunny sacks, to Garden Gate. Conversation begins about half-way to Gate.

ANIMAL 1: Look! There it is! I told you there was a garden up here.

ANIMAL 2: Oh, yeah. I remember this place. We got some great corn here last year.

ANIMAL 3: Hey, I don't smell any dogs around here. Finally - we can settle down to a meal in peace! (laughs rudely)

ANIMAL 2: (investigating gate) Ah, man. Bummer. These clever folks actually remembered to close the gate. Get over here, Biggie, and pick this latch.

BIGGIE: (gnaws at latch. Gate opens.) O.K. boys, looks like we're scot-free in this patch!

ALL MARAUDERS: (rush thru gate and maraud garden VEGIES to music. AD LIB comments. Light comes up a bit on-stage.)

BIGGIE: Hey! It's starting to get light. The sun's coming up!
Let's get out of here!

ACT I
SCENE 3

(Animals back up their sacks in a hurry, and waddle off, center-front, down aisle, through audience, burping, slurping, growling, and eating as they go.)

Music fades and CURTAIN FALLS.

INTERMISSION

ACT II
SCENE 1

ME ON AS VEGIE

(CURTAIN UP on partially destroyed garden. PRUDENCE enters, looks back over shoulder as...)

MA: (calls from off-stage) And after you do that, would you please pick a couple of tomatoes for supper?

PRUDENCE: (muttering to self) Yeah, yeah. Pick the cucumbers, thin the carrots, check the radishes, weed the strawberries. I can't believe....(GASP)....I can't believe it!! Mom! Oh, Mom! Dad! Come quick. OH! Look what's happened. eeeeegh. What are we gonna eat?

ENTER MA AND PA.

MA: Oh, my God. Look at this mess. (starts crying) Oh, our garden. Our food!

PA: Oh, I can't believe it (walking thru VEGIES)....the beans, the tomatoes, and, and, they even got the watermelons!

MA: Oh, John, the freezer isn't even half full yet; what are we going to do? (sobbing into her apron)

PA: I don't know...what can we do? All the time and work we put into ^{this} piece of land. (sighs) And now, this.

PRUDENCE: Who did it, Daddy?

ACT II
SCENE 1.

- PA: Geeze, honey, I don't know. From the looks of things I'd say it was raccoons or woodchucks or something like that. (shakes head) I spent alot of money on the wire for this fence. Not to mention the hours it took to build it. I thought it would at least keep out the raccoons.
- MA: (sniffing and starting to dry eyes) It is a lovely fence, dear; but I always did think we should've dug the post holes a little deeper.
- PA: Now wait a minute. When I was out her digging these holes, we agreed that they were plenty deep.
- MA: Oh, John. I remember that conversation, and I said I thought the holes should be atleast a foot deeper. And you said, 'No, Molly, when you use cedar posts three feet is deep enough.....' Well, look where your three dumb got you! Got us!
- PA: My three feet! Listen, will you look at where the animal tracks go? They didn't have to bother knocking down any posts.....they came right in through the gate! And who's the one around here that leaves the gate open all the time?
- MA: Leaves the gate open all the time?! Me? You're the one that built this stupid fence in the first place. And alot of good its done. What the hell do you think we're going to eat this winter, compost?
- PA: (sighs) Aw, come on, honey. This mess isn't my fault, and it's not your fault either. And look; besides, I don't think everything's ruined, anyway. See; there's some

ACT II
SCENE 1.

broccoli still standing over there. And a cauliflower. Here some beans. And we've got bushels of tomatoes sitting in the shed. (lifts cabbage leaf) Ug. I'd say this cabbage has had it, though. Ready for the compost bin. But I took a whole basket of cabbages down cellar just yesterday.

MA: (sighs) Oh, I know you're right, honey. I've got more canning to do than I have time for, as it is. But, it's just that it's so sad to see our poor garden go to waste. You worked so hard. ("First Bloom" music starts)

PA: Ah, I know. Maybe we'll have better luck with it next year.

MA, PA, PRUDENCE, and VEGIES sing "First Bloom."

MA: Well, I do feel a little better now. You know, I heard it's supposed to frost soon, anyway. I think the full moon's tomorrow night. (sighs. hands on hips, surveying garden) Here, give me a hand. Let's just clean up this mess a little.

PA: O.K. (moving VEGIES around). Bring those ruined plants over here, and I'll get all this mess into the compost bin tomorrow. (FAMILY pile up VEGIES).

MA: Prudence, let's you and me get back to that relish we have started in the kitchen. I bet the jars are hot by now.
FAMILY EXITS.

"Compost" music starts. (Compost pile starts to move...groans...rumblings...sputters...slow stretching. AD LIB comments on smelly and squished vegies) Compost Pile sings "In That Bin Over Yonder."

CURTAIN

ACT II
SCENE 2.

SPOT TO BURPEE AT PODIUM

BURPEE: Mother Nature is constantly in a balancing act. She takes a little from over here, and puts it over there. She takes a life from over there, and puts it to use over here, to nurture yet another life. In this manner, she is the most efficient of recyclers. And, in her recycling efforts, she sees that everything is used up.

But, here again, mankind can intercede. Rather than allow the natural turn of events to occur, he domesticates the soil, concentrating fertility into ordered rows. He trains his flora to maximum fruitation. And, he collects the remains, for decomposition, and returns them once again to his gardens.

But, as I have shown you, humanity can only fit its plans to the patterns of Mother Nature. And when ole Ma Nature gets through, nothing is left.

So, mankind must perservere to glean what it can from the gifts Nature gives us.

You know, down at Fordhook we have a saying hung on the wall in the office that pertains to my point here - it says: what you can compost, compost. What you can't compost, you can.

BLACKOUT

CURTAIN UP

ACT II
SCENE 2.

(Chaotic kitchen. Steam from pots on stove. Bushels of vegetables strewn about. Two children. Prudence and friend Jenny, at end of table slicing cucumbers. Mother reading recipe, and chopping vegies.)

MA: HMMMMMMMM. 19th Century Miracle Relish. Sounds great, doesn't it girls?

(PRUDENCE and JENNY look at each other and giggle.)

MA: What a great way to use all these wonderful vegetables. There was sure more left in that garden than I expected. I know we'll appreciate ^{all} this work come January. There's nothing better than opening a jar of home-made relish on a cold winter's night, right girls.

PRUDENCE: Right, Mom.

MA: How could there be anything better than sitting down to a meal of food I grew, and preserved, myself. Ahhh, a good warm fire and a table full of food. How are you coming with those cucumbers?

PRUDENCE: Oh, Mom. Can't we go play now? Jenny's gonna have to go home pretty soon. And besides, I picked all these dumb cucumbers.

MA: Well, come on now, Prudence. Nobody's going anywhere until we get this relish done. You girls ought to think a little bit less about playing, and a little more about where your food comes from. You're lucky to know what a cucumber even looks like. Why, when your father and I were young, we couldn't tell a corn stalk from a bean pole. The only time I ever saw a hoe was on vacations, at my grandparents' farm. Think of that.

ACT II
SCENE 2.

MA: I wish my parents had made me weed, and hoe, and learn about growing things. And I'll tell you something, the way food prices are going up, you girls will probably have to grow all your own food anyway. You'll thank me for this someday.

PRUDENCE: Oh, Gawd, Mom. It's so much easier to just buy it all at the store.

MA: What do you think we're made of, money?

PRUDENCE: Well, at least Jenny gets paid for working at her house.

JENNY: Yeah, and you know what I've got to do to earn a quarter?

PRUDENCE: What?

JENNY: I have to squash every slug I can find in the lettuce bed, before breakfast.

PRUDENCE: Oh, yuk. Come on, let's get these cukes sliced. Then we can go finish that bag of Fritos.

JENNY: Oh yeah! And I bought us two cokes! (MA winces. Girls shrug.)

PRUDENCE: Mom?

MA: HMMMM?

PRUDENCE: You know, something kind of funny happened when I was watering the garden ^{yesterday.} ~~the other day.~~

MA: (much preoccupied with pouring things into a pot) Oh? Yes? Tell me about it, dear.

PRUDENCE: Well, I was watering the broccoli and, well, (hesitates) I think I heard it make a noise. I really heard something.

MA: Oh? That's nice, dear. (To herself) HMMMM. 1 pound of salt and 10 pounds of sugar. What's that, Pruddy?

ACT II
SCENE 2.

PRUDENCE: I said, the plants were making noises. I think they were trying to thank me for the water.

JENNY: My father's reading a book about plants, and he says that plants talk to us all the time, and we just don't hear them.

MA: Two pounds mustard seed, three pounds celery seed...do you girls have those cucumbers ready yet? (MA busily chopping, oblivious)

ENTER VEGIE CHORUS, single file, one hand on shoulder of VEGIE in front, in a very grim mood, pointing fingers of guilt at MA with free hand, and chanting:

We're sliced and diced and cooked and riced

We're chopped and plopped and picked and topped

We're steamed and reamed and often creamed

You end our life with the wack of your knife

repeatedly. The girls see the VEGIES, and are amazed, mouths agape. MA is completely unaware of what is going on, and is busily chopping vegies, saying, simultaneously with the chant:

16 pounds cucumbers, thinly sliced

10 pounds tomatoes, finely diced

10 pounds onions, finely chopped

8 heads cabbage, cleanly lopped

VEGIES EXIT.

MA: MMMMMM. Girls, we're cookin' up some tasty relish, here. I remember when my great Aunt....oh! I've got a great idea! Pruddy, how about if we give all your teachers Relish for Christmas?

PRUDENCE: Great idea, Mom. We have to go work on our homework for a while now, Mom. O.K?

ACT II
SCENE 2

MA: O.K. girls. Run along. (GIRLS EXIT) ^{SIG#5.} (MA reading cookbook)
10 pounds of onions, finely chopped. Oh, me. Well,
all right. Here goes (reluctantly starts chopping.
sniffing. squinting. tears. Cuts finger. Shrieks. Drops
knife. Curses.)

ENTER VEGIE-MATIC SALESMAN. (Hops into kitchen, clean, cool, neat
and very obnoxious.)

MA: (slumps on stool. Dazed. Watches in weariness) Listen,
not only do I not have any money, but I don't even
have any electricity here to run your gadget. So,
please. If you would like to help me chop my 10 pounds
of onions, finely, here's a knife. I've been at this
project too long already today.

VEGIE-MAN: Ah, ah, thanks, but gotta run. Money talks. Nobody
walks. By the way, do your neighbors have electricity?

MA: (dismisses salesman) Oh, God, let's see, where was I?
(looks at watch) Geeze, it's almost four. I've got to
get supper going.
What does it say here in the book about processing this
stuff? "Examine your supply of jars, caps, lids, and
rubber rings. Discard the unuseable ones. (examines her
supply. Dumbs out most of them). On canning days, every-
thing is right at hand, and you don't have to search
for that mislaid box of caps you purchased." Yeah,
right. Everything is certainly right at hand.....
"It's more enjoyable if you plan to process a few jars
every morning for a number of days, rather than devote

ACT II
SCENE 2.

MA: a whole day to canning." Who, me, devote a whole day to canning? Why, I'll just have this bottled-up in a jiff....wash the jars, rinse them well, clean your knives, (music starts a crescendo slowly as MA lists chores , getting more and more frantic) lots of cloths, heat the water, count your caps, count your rings, count your jars, boil your tongs, boil your lids, boil everything, fill the jars, air space, no air bubbles, no germs, no germs. Keep it clean, clean, keep it hot, keep it all boiling.....

(Things start going out of control. Orchestra builds up with cacophonous sounds. LIGHTS and MUSIC suddenly CUT. SPOT to stage-left on

HOT SAUCE SONG.

BLACKOUT.

CURTAIN.

ACT II

Scene 3

Burpee: Mother Nature doesn't just recycle. She retrofits lifeforms on the grandest of scales, always improving upon Her plants. And it is on this style of conservation that my business, and the entire field of genetics, specifically genetic engineering, is based.

Nowadays, there is a great furror over the achievements scientists have made in this field; but for a hundred years we have been using the same methods to improve our vegetables. There are those who say that these methods are inhuman, cold, even cruel; but I tell you my beans are happier being resistant to the rust.

Now I'm not speaking out for the selective breeding of people, but in lifeforms possessing no emotions or feeling it is ridiculous not to practice selectivity or genetic alteration to improve the strains for the benefit of a hungry world.

At Fordhook, we go to great pains to retain the purity of our seed strains and hybrids. We seperate all species of the same family to guard against chance cross-pollination. And by setting several beehives in each acre of field we insure not only a thorough pollination of that field, but we reduce the bees' radius of travel to again safeguard our genetic purity.

Once again, there are those who will say that we go about our business in a manner that is inhuman and

ACT II

Scene 3

unfeeling. My answer to that is ' what's so human
about a broccoli, or so feeling about a cauliflower,
especially contrasted against the backdrop of world
hunger?'

BLACK-OUT ON BURPEE

LIGHTS UP ON STAGE

(Broccoli and cauliflower are on opposite sides of stage.
The music starts and the broccoli sings.)

STRAIGHTAWAYS

(As she sings the two move toward each other, by the
end of the song they are side by side. They step back
as the march begins.)

(Six bees march in, the last two carry their Queen who
is perched on Her throne. They all sing.)

DOIN' IT FOR THE QUEEN

(During instrumental break the bees dance around pol-
linating the flowers and the broccoli and cauliflower.
As the song ends the bees march off.)

BLACK-OUT

END SCENE 3

ACT II

Scene 4

Burpee: In closing, I'd like once more to thank you for this opportunity to speak here tonight. As I said before, I don't often have such occasions and I forget how much one learns by teaching.

For instance, I came here with firmly entrenched beliefs on the finality of life's terminations. But in trying to tell you about my beliefs, I have come to examine them much closer. And I now realize they were not based on observations of my daily work, for these observations would surely have lead me to conclusions based on the continuity of life. Instead, I founded my beliefs on fears associated with my own mortality, a fear of the winter with no spring.

Now all of you, too, face an end. Your years of schooling are complete, and much of the routine and many of the friendships must come to a close. But before you lose yourselves to sadness, remember the spring to come, and fear not the winter. Fear not the winter.

BLACK-OUT

Dim light on garden.

(The Vegies huddle for warmth, with comments such as 'there's a full moon tonight!; Got any extre plastic?; Pass the mulch.; I remember my mother warning me about nights like this; and I'm cold.' ad lib)

Frost dances to FROST MUSIC. /The vegies freeze.

Burpee comes on stage, sings

Fields of Fantasy Reprise

That's all folks!!

Peter Cook

BURPEE

LYRICS

FOR THE BOOK

by Hukincamp and Hazard

Act I

SCENE 1

ME

FIELDS OF FANTASY

(Introduction)

1

1
Sound the trumpets
Sing the chorus
Raise a song of ecstasy
Turn the soil
Dig the garden
Plant the seed of fantasy

2

A big sun is a-risin'
Colorin' our horizon
Slicin' through all the fog
On our fields of fantasy
Fragile fields of fantasy

2

Though it's just barely dawn
Our hearts hold dear the song
Skilled with a rake and hoe
We tend our fields of fantasy
Fragile fields of fantasy

2

1
Dim the houselights
Start the music
Play a joyful melody
Find a good seat
Hush the children
Dig our plot of fantasy

2

This garden's sure been growin'
Our work it clearly shows
We do alot of hoein'
In our fields of fantasy
Fragile fields of fantasy

2

The time is ripe for hopin'
Our crops have all grown high
The winter's fast approachin'
Harvest fruit of fantasy
Fragile fruit of fantasy

ACT I
SCENE 2.

ME

I DO-DO

KENTUCKY WONDER SONG

2 Kentucky Wonder, you know they're dynamite
Kentucky Wonder, they're risin' out of sight
Kentucky Wonder, see 'em runnin' up that pole
Kentucky Wonder, you know those beans have got soul.

4 Kentucky Wonder, those beans are mighty clean
Kentucky Wonder, cleanest beans we've ever seen
Kentucky Wonder, they're reachin' for the sky
Kentucky Wonder, you know they're higher than high.

3 Well you won't find them ~~layin'~~ on the ground
^{YOU GOT} They ~~like~~ to get up in the air ^{AND} - do some looking around
Snap 'em, pop 'em, they really got the beat
Kentucky Wonder, they're sweeter than sweet.

SING I

5 I went to Paris just the other day
That's where they slice those beans in such an exotic way
I asked which beans they did prefer
The answer, you guessed it, Kentucky Wonder.

SING I

DANCERS K.W. YOU KNOW THEY'RE OUT A-SIGHT

ACT I
Scene 2

LUKE THE CUKE

They say I'm short and stubby
They say I'm old and tough
They say I'm a bit too chubby
That my skin's too thick and too tough
So I don't make the cut for your salad
Nor will I sit on the side of your plate
Too long on the vine, I'll wait for the brine
Here I am my friends.....pickled again.

Through all my life I've been short
Had whiskers since the day I was born
My face always covered with these warts
So many reasons to be so forlorn
So I don't make the cut for your salad
No sweet spear, nobodies' hor d'oeuvre
Too long on the vine, I deserve the brine
Here I am my friends.....pickled again.

I'm not tryin' to blame you ,won't you see
I don't think it's nobodies' fault
I just think there is more that's due me
Than a bath in vinegar and salt
So I don't make the cut for your salad
No spread,sauce, soup, no mousse
Too long on the vine, I get loose in a brine
One more time my friends,,,,,,,,,PICKLED AGAIN!

ACT I
Scene 2

Tomato Talk

There are several kinds of tomatoes in this world
Of various races and creeds
But the best one for aroma
Is the one they call the Roma
An imported gem that's come from 'cross the sea

The sauce I make is squisito
So rich and thick and marvito
My flesh is firm and oh so rich
To go with any kind of dish
And of course I like a lot of spice
So make your house a better home-a
From the sauce made from a Roma

(DIVA.....followed by chorus...TOMATO)

Beefsteak.....Too tough
Marglobe.....Too soft
Big Boy.....Too big
Cherry.....Too little
Rutgers.....Too late
Early Girl.....Too early
Roma.....perfecto
Roma.....squisito
Roma.....MAGNIFICO!

Chorus: So make your house a better home-a

3 Times

From the sauce made from a Roma!

ACT I
Scene 3

ME

A-na-na-na-na

I hear a nematode gnawing at my root
I feel a nematode gnawing at my root
I got a nematode gnawing, a-na-na-na-gnawing
Got a nematode gnawing at me
A-na-na-na-gnawing at me.

I hear a cutworm gnawing at my stem
I feel a cutworm gnawing at my stem
I got a cutworm gnawing, a-na-na-na-gnawing
Got a cutworm gnawing at me
A-na-na-na-gnawing at me.

I hear a looper gnawing at my leaf
I feel a looper gnawing at my leaf
I got a looper gnawing, a-na-na-na-gnawing
Got a looper gnawing at me
A cutworm gnawing at me
A nematode gnawing at me
A-na-na-na-gnawing at *!

*plants collapse.

ACT I
SCENE 3

ME

ROTENONE BLUES

CHORUS:

I got the blues

I got them dirty dusty Rotenone Blues

||| FIRST TIME

Straight from my little fingers

Down to my dusty old shoes.

1.

I used to roam this garden

Eat anything I'd see

But now it seems this Rotenone

Has got the best of me.....CHORUS

2.

I could eat a tomato

In forty seconds flat

Cut through a row of string beans

Just like that.....CHORUS

3.

I got it in my eyes

I got it in my face

I got it so bad

I gotta leave this place.....CHORUS

4.

My eyes begin to water

My sight begins to fade

My body's gettin' weary

Think I'll go find some shade.....CHORUS

H+A } CHORUS
1
2
ALL } CHORUS
3
CHORUS

ME

ACT II
SCENE 1.

FIRST BLOOM

Db

CHORUS:

Looking for the hope of a new life just planted
Looking for the hope of a harvest full
Looking for the hope of a new faith just landed in
Life's warm embrace, in a garden's first bloom.

AL (FINE ONLY)

" " " " " " "

1.
I planted this garden with real hopes of joy that one
Day I would stand here while tilling soil watch a
Rosebud come open, a hummingbird fly taste the
Fruits of my labors as seasons go by.....CHORUS

2.
I wanted so much for this garden to grow reach the
Height of its beauty from seeds I had sown there's a
Fruit or two left here, not much for my work one
Expects what is due them not this turn this quirk.....CHORUS

3.
The season is passing the grass turns to brown soon the
Dusk brings a chill all the growing slows ^{down} reap your
Harvest it brings you a sense of time past for a
Plant sprouts and bears fruit as we watch time pass.....CHORUS

ACT II
SCENE 1. ME

IN THAT BIN OVER YONDER

1.
Oh that compost day will come by and by
And we'll all be together again
There'll be laughing and singing, we'll all be high
Out in the compost bin.....CHORUS

CHRIS

CHORUS:

In the bin (in the bin) over yonder
In the bin (in the bin) over yonder
In the bin (in the bin) over yonder
Out in the compost bin.

ALL

2.
Oh remember our bretheren who all got thinned
And that cabbage that refused to grow
And the spinach that by seeding devoutely sinned
And the lettuce that left its row.....CHORUS

WOMEN

4. Ah, again to trade quips with those green tomatoes
And last year's rotten onions
To pay another visit to the celery that froze
Out in the compost bin.....CHORUS

ALL

3. (spoken solo)
I remember my mother, I loved her dear
She lived a life devoid of sin
She met her reward right over yonder
Tossed in the compost bin.....CHORUS

P.T.

REPEAT 1.

ACT II
SCENE 2.

HOT SAUCE

- One pound of jalapeno peppers
- One pound of onions, peeled and chopped
- One pound of peeled tomatoes
- One teaspoon of salt
- A half-cup distilled white vinegar
- A teaspoon of garlic salt
- Mix it all up
- Shake it all up
- I'll tell you what you got.....
- You got one hot sauce, you got one hot sauce
- You got one hot sauce, you got one hot sauce
- Etc.

ACT II
SCENE 3
STRAIGHTAWAYS

We sprouted together from the same seeds
Devoting our leaves to the very same sun
But the time it did come,
They decided we weren't one, we were set
In different rows, left to grow
In different rows, in different rows.

The bees come and tell me of your progress
They say how your head (it) stands straight and tall
But they say you are blue
Can't you see I'm blue too, we can feel
But we can't touch, we can feel
But we can't touch, but we can feel

A cold wind is blowing and foretells of the snowing that the
Winter will bring with its icy sting and now there's
Nowhere to hide, there's nowhere to hide.
There's dead plants around me here
Cold soil, icy atmosphere now
I can no longer grow, I need you near, my core is cold come
Warm my soul, come warm my soul.

The breeze brings the sweet scent of your pollen
Golden dust it tells me that I'm bloomin' too,
Well, I know what I need
I need your cross for seed, don't hesitate
Let's pollinate, don't hesitate
Let's pollinate, we'll pollinate.

ACT II

Scene 3

ME

DOIN' IT FOR THE QUEEN

ACT II
Scene 3

1 We're Her Majesty's Workers' Airborne Troop
We buzzzzz about from scene to scene
If alarmed we can send you for a loop
And we do it for the Queen

A

2 We're ready at an instant's notice
We go where ever there's a need
If scared we very rarely show it
Cause we do it for the Queen
2 We've made the world so much sweeter
By bringing honey to the scene
There's plenty cause we aren't big eaters
And we make it for the Queen

1 I'm Her Royal Majesty the Queen
I never have to work to do a thing
Still my hive is spotlessly clean
Cause they do it for their Queen

B

2 I like to sleep late in the morning
The drones fulfill my every need
I've many, for one drone gets quite boring
And they all do it for their Queen
2 We are a potent bunch of fellows
We knock-up the melons, peas and beans
We're hummers with styles oh so mellow
And we do it for the Queen

DANCE

ACT II
Scene 3

ME

FOR THE QUEEN (CONT)

3

1 We're the model of ordered society
We co-operate when we do anything
We're as busy as the proverbial bee
Cause we do it for the Queen

C 2 We visit flowers in the gardens
We wipe their little stamen clean
We never lose a bit of pollen
Cause we do it for the Queen

2 We fly across the endless forests
We fly across the tumblin' streams
We fly across the wide grass meadows
And we do it for the Queen

ACT II
Scene 4

Fields Of Fantasy

(Burpee)

1
Don't despair
Life's still there
Sometimes it's just hard to see
Underneath this
Frozen blanket
Flows a hopeful melody

2
Although their end has come
We've really just begun
Keeping our spirits high
We care for fields of fantasy
Fragile fields of fantasy

2
Those things I feared to face
I choose now to embrace
Knowing there are no ends
To my fields of fantasy
Fertile fields of fantasy

HMM

ACT II
Scene 4

FIELDS OF FANTASY

(Outro)

①

1
Don't despair
Life's still there
Sometimes it's just hard to see
Underneath this
Frozen blanket
Flows a hopeful melody

2
Although the end has come
We've really just begun
You raise our spirits high
In our fields of fantasy
Fragile fields of fantasy

2
Our joy it flows and flows
Leaving our ordered rows
Knowing no fenced-in bounds
In our fields of fantasy
Fragile fields of fantasy

②

SING
1
Sound the trumpets
Sing the chorus
Raise a song of ecstasy
Turn the soil
Dig the garden
Plant the seed of fantasy

2
A big sun is a-risin'
Colorin' our horizon
Slicin' through all the fog
On our fields of fantasy
Fragile fields of fantasy

2
Joy is a sweet emotion
From seeds of hope it's sown
Life is our hope in motion
Pur-sweet fruit of fantasy
From the fields of fantasy
Fragile fields of fantasy

SEEDS ENTER