



**ACT II:** AT RISE, the NARRATORS are discovered.

FIRST NARRATOR

Hello again. We're back!

SECOND NARRATOR

(To audience)  
I hope you had a nice break.

FIRST NARRATOR

*I* did.

SECOND NARRATOR

So did I. But -- now it's time to tell you about Jamel's unexpected adventure.

FIRST NARRATOR

Are you ready?

SECOND NARRATOR

Good! Then ...

JAMEL (OFFSTAGE)  
Goodbye Dalia. Goodbye, my  
children. I will be home soon.

(TOGETHER)

FIRST NARRATOR  
Jamel bid goodbye to his family,  
and set forth along the road.  
(JAMEL enters, whistling.)

SECOND NARRATOR

As he walked he sang to himself...

JAMEL

I am a happy man.  
A happy man am I.  
I'll help bring in the grain  
The rice and sugar cane.  
And sing the harvest songs.  
Beneath the bright blue sky  
My friends will sing along with me.  
A happy man am I.

(He whistles or hums the tune and does a  
little dance,)

FIRST NARRATOR

And then, as he reached a wide river, he came upon ...

JAMEL

What is this?

(Picks up a ball)

A silver ball that gleams so. Magnificent! As bright and magnificent as this river in the sunlight. I'll rest here a while.

(He tucks it into his sack and sits. Odd, atonal MUSIC up.)

What is this sound?

(FISH appears.)

FISH

It is our music.

JAMEL

*Fish* music?

FISH

Why not? Humans make music, why shouldn't fish?

JAMEL

Why not? But how?

FISH

We make it in a secret, special way. Come closer, I will whisper it to you.

(JAMEL leans into the FISH.)

(In a stage whisper)

It is the music of the rumbling of our empty bellies.

(The FISH swallows JAMEL. MUSIC out.)

JAMEL

Ohhhhhhhh.....!

SECOND NARRATOR

And the fish dived to the bottom of the river with Jamel in its belly.

JAMEL

Ohhhhhh! Helllppppppp meeeeeeeee...

(He continues to wail under the following.)

FIRST NARRATOR

And there he stayed, for no one could hear his cries.

SECOND NARRATOR

But at last he said:

JAMEL

Alas. But someone will rescue me. And whoever does, I will give this silver ball.  
(Softly, MUSIC up. LIGHTS change.)  
I have an idea! While I am waiting, I will make up a story to tell the children when I return home.

FIRST NARRATOR

And so, he sat back, and thought, and...

JAMEL

Ah! ... Once upon a time a young woman named Cleota took a job as a clerk in a store. On the day she was paid for the first time, she went to a farmer who was known far and wide for the - unusual pigs [she/he] kept, and...

CLEOTA

[Sir/Madam]: My name is Cleota and I would like to buy a pig.

FARMER

A pig? Are you a farmer?

CLEOTA

No. I work in a store selling cloth and tools to men and women who have need of them.

FARMER

I thought as much: You are a young woman and dressed in good clothes. Why would you want a pig?

CLEOTA

I want to keep it as a pet.

FARMER

A pig as a pet!

CLEOTA

Yes. I have heard pigs make very good pets, and that your pigs are most unusual.

FARMER

I do have pigs unlike any you have ever seen. They can walk upright, and talk. But they can be *very* stubborn.

CLEOTA

That's all right. I am a patient person.

FARMER

Well... I'll let you meet one.

(Calls)

Dog. Come here.

CLEOTA

Why are you calling a dog?!

FARMER

I'm not. I'm calling a pig.

CLEOTA

But you just called "Dog!"

FARMER

Dog is the pig's name.

CLEOTA

(To herself)

A pig named Dog? That is strange.

(DOG enters.)

FARMER

Dog: This is Cleota. She wants to buy a pig to take home and keep as a pet.

DOG

(Oinks)

Dog am pleased to meet you, but why would Dog want to leave comfort of farm, where Dog has plenty slops for to eat, mud for to wallow and hay for to sleep?

CLEOTA

But here, you also must stay outside, where there is rain in the summer and a chill in the winter.

(DOG oinks in agreement.)

And you must share the space with many other animals.

(DOG oinks in agreement.)

If you lived with me, you would be dry and warm and the king of the house.

(DOG oinks in approval.)

You would be well-fed with your own bed of hay.

(DOG oinks in approval.)

CLEOTA (cont.)

And I would take you for long walks through the fields where you could play in the rain, and you could slosh in the mud as much as you could ever wish for.

(DOG oinks in strong disapproval.)

DOG

Well... Dog especially not like rain, or water at all except for to drink. It wash off all the mud! Water bad; mud good! Dog do like fresh hay, and being king of house.

(Oinks)

And food.

(Oinks enthusiastically)

But walking -- Dog care not for that. Dog prefer sedentary life.

CLEOTA

Then that's what you shall have. I will build a large pit in the living room and fill *it* with mud, and you will be able to wallow there to your heart's content. And, once you have reached my home, you will not have to walk at all.

DOG

Well...

FARMER

Well?

DOG

Well... Dog ask you riddle. If you can answer it, Dog am to leave with you.

CLEOTA

All right. What is the riddle?

DOG

There be four thousand people in one carriage; who they are?

CLEOTA

Why, that would be Mr. and Mrs. Thousand, and their two children.

DOG

Yes, them it would be. -- Then, goodbye, Farmer.

(Oinks; then *sotto voce*)

For now.

FARMER

Farewell, Dog.

CLEOTA

I promise to take the best care of you. -- Here.

(She gives the FARMER money.)

Come, Dog. It's not far.

DOG

Far bad. Near good.

JAMEL

And so Cleota and Dog set off for Cleota's home. But to get there, they had to cross a river, and ...

DOG

What this?!

CLEOTA

It's a river, with a bridge across it.

DOG

River? It look like water to Dog.

CLEOTA

It is water. But all we must do is go across the bridge.

DOG

Oh, no! Dog might to fall in. All mud Dog has worked to cake skin would wash away. Besides: Dog can't swim.

CLEOTA

But I can't carry you across!

DOG

Then Dog will have to go back to farm. Dog promise to leave with you, not to stay with you! Dog do not to cross bridges.

CLEOTA

There must be some way!

(A dog enters.)

(To herself)

I have it.

(To the dog)

Excuse me: dog.

BULL

My name, sweet lady, is Bull.

CLEOTA

(To herself)  
A dog named Bull? That's odd.  
(To BULL)  
Would you help me?

BULL

(Barks)  
That depends. What woof you have me do?

CLEOTA

My pig refuses to cross the bridge, which we must do to reach my home. But if you will chase [him/her], [she/he] will have to go across it.

BULL

I am tired.  
(Pants)  
I don't feel like chasing anything today.

CLEOTA

I have a large bone.  
(She produces it)

BULL

Mm. It looks tasty. But --  
(Sings to *I Got Plenty of Nothin'*)  
I got plenty of bo-ones. And bones are plenty for me.  
(She/He "barks" a few bars under  
CLEOTA.)

CLEOTA

But one more bone can't hurt. You can bury it for a rainy day.

BULL

Well...

CLEOTA

Oh, please. Dog and I have walked all this way and I do not want to walk all the way back to the farm.



BULL

(Sniffs DOG)

That is a pig, not a dog! *I* am a dog.

CLEOTA

Yes, but [his/her] name is Dog.

BULL

A pig named Dog? That is unusual. Well, all right. Sweet lady, I will ask you a riddle. If you can answer it, I will chase your pig across the bridge. But, it is a rrrrrufffff one.

CLEOTA

What is the riddle?

BULL

Legs have I but never walk,  
I make you dream, but never talk.  
When it is dark I let you lie.  
When it is light you say goodbye.  
Who am I?

CLEOTA

Oh, that is easy. You are my bed!

BULL

That is right.

(Pants)

Now...

(BULL chases DOG across the bridge.  
DOG complains. CLEOTA follows.  
Once THEY are all across the bridge:)

(BULL pants)

That was exciting! I love chasing things. But now I must ---

(BULL lifts [his/her] leg.)

Ah, that's better! Now about that bone...

CLEOTA

Here. And thank you!

BULL

(Exits singing; to *C'est si bon*)

I love bones.

Chewing them to a pulp.

And when one's all chewed up

BULL (cont.)

I swallow it in one gulp.  
I love bones ...  
(Bark-scats until off)

CLEOTA

There! Now we must climb that hill.

DOG

(Oinks)  
Hill? That not hill. That mountain!

CLEOTA

No it's not. It's just a hill, and a small one at that.

DOG

Dog don't climb hills! They wear Dog out.

CLEOTA

But you must. My home is on the other side.

DOG

No, Dog not must. Dog *must* go back to farm where no hills are. Hills bad. Farm good.

CLEOTA

But you would have to cross the bridge again.

DOG

Dog cross it once. Second time easier.

CLEOTA

Oh, what shall I do?

(A bull enters, surprising CLEOTA.)

Oh! A bull! Bull, will you help me?

LION

(With a Texas drawl throughout)  
Muh name ain't Bull.

CLEOTA

What is it, then?

LION

It's Lion. And I ain't lyin' 'bout it!  
(Snorts a laugh)

CLEOTA

(To herself)  
A bull named Lion? How strange.  
(To him)  
I'm sorry, but will you help me?

LION

Whatcha want me to do, ma'm?

CLEOTA

I need to get Dog up this hill.  
(Indicates the pig)

LION

That's there's a pig, not a dog.

CLEOTA

It is a pig; [his/her] *name* is Dog.

LION

A pig named Dog? That somethin' lak a boy named Sue?  
(Snorts a laugh)

CLEOTA

No. But you see, I bought Dog from a farmer, and a dog named Bull chased [her/him] across the bridge, but [she/he] will not climb this hill, which [she/he] must do if I am to take [her/him] to my home. If you will chase [her/him] up the hill, that would help me greatly.

LION

I ain't had muh dinner. Ah'm too hungry to go chasin' things.

CLEOTA

Oh, but on the other side of this hill there is grass galore.

LION

There's lotsa grass just down this here road. All I got to do is ease on down it!  
(Snorts a laugh)

CLEOTA

Oh, but the grass on the other side is much greener. And it is sweet and savory.

LION

Well... okay. I'm gonna ask you a riddle, ma'm. If you can answer it, I'll chase your pig up the hill.

(Snorts a laugh)

Chasin' a pig up a hill ain't a hill o' beans to me!

CLEOTA

What is the riddle?

LION

I am a five-letter word. But when you take two letters off, you still got ten. What am I?

CLEOTA

That is a difficult one. Let me think.

(*Jeopardy* theme plays.)

LION

Time's up.

CLEOTA

(To herself)

What shall I do? I don't know the answer.

(Sighs. To LION)

Alas: It is something I will think on. Often.

(Pronounced: off-ten)

LION

You got it!

CLEOTA

I do?

LION

Yes, ma'm, you shore do! Take away the "o" and the "f" in "often"

(Pronounced: off-ten)

and you got "ten" left.

(Snorts a laugh)

CLEOTA

Of course!

