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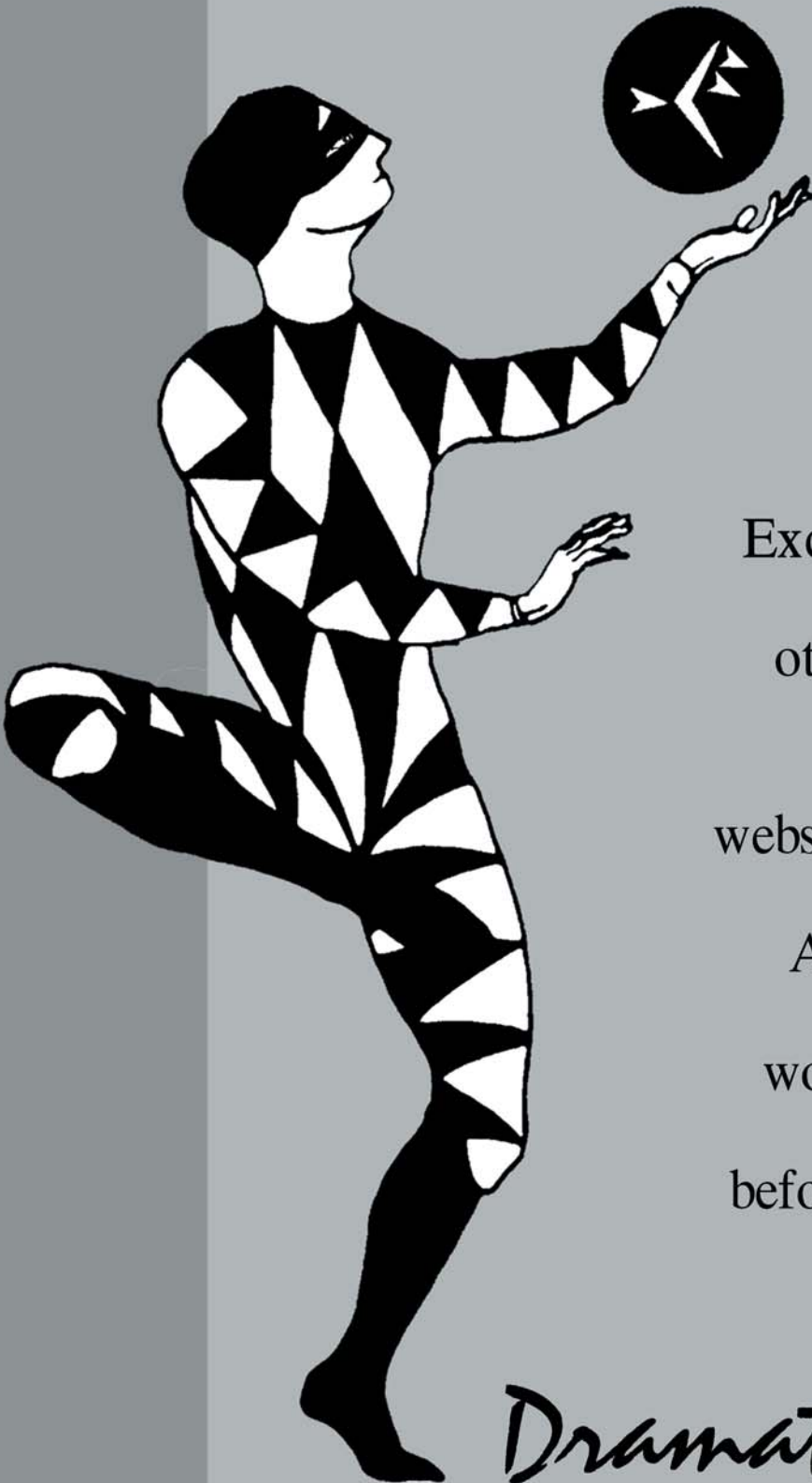
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Dramatic Publishing



BUD, NOT BUDDY

(90-minute Version)

By
REGINALD ANDRÉ JACKSON

Adapted from the novel
by
CHRISTOPHER PAUL CURTIS



Dramatic Publishing

Woodstock, Illinois • England • Australia • New Zealand

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REGINALD ANDRÉ JACKSON
Adapted from the novel by
CHRISTOPHER PAUL CURTIS

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(BUD, NOT BUDDY -
90-minute Version)

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“First commissioned and developed in the ‘Book-It Style™’ by Book-It Repertory Theatre, founded in 1990, Seattle, Washington, www.book-it.org. Transforming great literature into great theatre through simple and sensitive production and inspiring audiences to read.”

A workshop of *Bud, Not Buddy* opened on January 14, 2006, at Book-It Repertory Theatre with the following cast:

Bud (not Buddy) *Earl Alexander*
Mr. Jimmy, Ensemble *L. Sterling Beard*
Herman E. Calloway *Frederick Charles Canada*
Librarian, Ensemble *Margaret Philips Carter*
Momma, Ensemble *Rebecca M. Davis*
Bugs, Steady Eddie, Ensemble *Anthony Leroy Fuller*

Miss Thomas, Ensemble *Demene E. Hall*
Lefty Lewis, Doo-Doo-Bug, Ensemble *Cecil Luellen*
Doug the Thug, Ensemble *Lance McQueen*
Deza Malone, Young Momma, Ensemble *Shermona Mitchell*
Dirty Deed, Ensemble *Michael Place*

Director: Mark Jared Zufelt

Bud, Not Buddy received its world premiere on December 1, 2006, at Book-It Repertory Theatre in Seattle, Wash., with the following cast:

Bud (not Buddy) *Earl Alexander*
Mr. Jimmy, Ensemble *Bob Williams*
Herman E. Calloway *Bill Hall Jr.*
Librarian, Ensemble *Natasha Sims*
Momma, Ensemble *Chelsea Binta*
Bugs, Steady Eddie, Ensemble *Brandon Boyd Simmons*
Miss Thomas, Ensemble *Demene E. Hall*
Lefty Lewis, Doo-Doo-Bug, Ensemble *Cecil Luellen*
Billy, Toddy, Doug the Thug, Ensemble *Stan Shields*
Deza Malone, Young Momma, Ensemble *Shermona Mitchell*
Dirty Deed, Ensemble *John Ulman*

Director: Mark Jared Zufelt

Bud, Not Buddy opened on January 15, 2008, at the Children’s Theatre Company, in Minneapolis, Minn., under the direction of Marion McClinton,

Approaching Bud, Not Buddy

This play has been written in the Book-It style. This allows the play to be supported by actual narrative from the novel. This narrative is most effective when treated as dialogue.

Example. Bud has the line.

The whole room smelled like eraser and it felt like something had poked the back of my eyeball.

Instead of staring out at the audience, a plausible way to deliver this line is to think:

Wow, this room smells like...like, is that eraser— Ow, ow, ow! What happened to my eye?

Bud, as our guide has several asides to the audience, as does the Announcer. Bugs speaks to the audience when he explains where his name comes from and when he's looking for the train. The entire ensemble addresses the audience as they become trees. Other than these moments the narrative is to be treated as in-the-moment dialogue, designed to keep the action moving (not to replace it).

Scenic Elements

I believe it is best to approach the staging of this play in much the same way Shakespeare tackled his plays.

*“Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them,
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth;
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
Carry them here and there, jumping o'er times...”*

There is no actual car. A hat stand can be a tree. Bud must visit several locations; many only once. A simplistic indication of place and time augmented by lights and sound is best. This allows scenes to dovetail on one another, eliminating cumbersome scene changes.

There are several opportunities for heightened theatricality. The more we can externalize Bud's imagination the better. In the second half of his journey Bud's need to use his imagination for survival decreases dramatically. The few moments he has, his dream with Herman as the Big Bad Wolf, recalling the lifeguard, can still be as large as the vampire in the earlier scenes.

Music note

The few lyrics used in Miss Thomas's fourth speech on page 44 are from "You'd Be So Nice to Come Home To." So as not to restrict any production for material that may not be in the public domain, I support a musical director's choice to substitute so long as the song reflects in some way a coming together or a coming home.

BUD, NOT BUDDY

CHARACTER ROLES

BUD, 10
BILLY, 12 or 13
BUGS, 10
CASEWORKER, 30s/40s
MOMMA, 26
BARKER, any age
YOUNG MR. CALLOWAY, 30s
MR. AMOS, 30s
MRS. AMOS, 30s
TODD AMOS, 12
ANNOUNCER, any age
VAMPIRE, any age
YOUNG MOMMA, 10
HORSE (nonspeaking), any age
LIBRARIAN, 30s/40s
DEZA'S DAD, 30s
DEZA'S MOM, 30s
DEZA, 11
JAKE, 30s
POLICE OFFICER, 30s
LEFTY, 40s/50s
COP, 30s
DOO-DOO-BUG, 30s
HERMAN E. CALLOWAY, 40s/50, bald, big belly
DIRTY DEED, 30s
DOUG THE THUG, 30s
JIMMY, 40s
STEADY EDDIE, 30s
MISS THOMAS, 30s/40s
TYLA, 20s/30s
LIFEGUARD, any age

BUD, NOT BUDDY

Scene 1 –

(A group of boys attack the stage. Some play at marbles and jacks, others roughhouse. A pool of light falls on one boy; this is how we find BUD CALDWELL. Before him is an open suitcase, from which he removes a blue piece of paper. Closing the case, he addresses the audience.)

BUD. Most kids in the home keep their things in a paper or cloth sack. But not me.

ALL. Bud has his own suitcase.

BUD. Full of treasures. *(#1 tries to peek at the loot. BUD stops him with a stare and closes his suitcase.)* The paper's starting to wear out but I like checking to see if there's anything I hadn't noticed before.

BILLY. The boys at the home were getting their nightly teasing from the biggest bully there was.

ALL. Billy Burns.

BILLY. Unlike y'all mutts, I don't even belong to this place and it ain't going to be long before my momma comes and gets me out.

BUGS. Billy, your momma must have a real bad rememory. Seems like since she was the one what dropped you off here she'd've remembered where she left you by now.

BILLY. Well, well, well, Mr. Bugs. I wouldn't expect a little ignorant roach-head like you to know nothing about folks coming back here to get you out. Any fool you see walking down the street could be them. Seven little boys in this room and not a one of y'all knows who your folks is.

BUD. That's not true, I know who my momma is, I lived with her for six years.

BILLY. And what about your old man? I got a nickel here and you know what it says? *(BILLY holds the nickel up, moves it like a puppeteer and speaks in his best buffalo voice.)* Billy, my man, go ahead and bet this little no-momma fool he don't know who his daddy is, then I'd have another nickel to bang around in your pocket with.

BUD. You owe me a nickel, my daddy plays a giant fiddle and his name is Herman E. Calloway— *(The boys erupt in an explosion of laughter.)* And with those words that I didn't even mean to say a little seed of a idea started growing.

(A CASEWORKER enters. The whip has been cracked. Children form a line facing downstage. The CASEWORKER deliberately walks the line.)

BUD. Uh-oh, here we go again. (*CASEWORKER stops.*) Shoot! She stopped at me.
 CASEWORKER. Are you Buddy Caldwell?

(Lights up on MOMMA.)

MOMMA. Bud is your name and don't you ever let anyone call you anything outside that either. Especially don't you ever let anyone call you Buddy.

BUD. Yes, Momma.

MOMMA. Don't you worry. (*A sound of siren. Flashing of lights. She exits.*)

BUD. It's Bud, not Buddy, ma'am.

CASEWORKER. Good news, Bud! You've been accepted into a new temporary-care home starting this afternoon! You'll be with Mr. and Mrs. Amos and their son who's twelve years old. That makes him just two years older than you, doesn't it, Bud?

BUD. Yes, ma'am.

CASEWORKER. Now, now, no need to look so glum. Hurry; gather your things. (*She exits.*)

BUD. Here we go again. This was the third foster home I was going to, but it still surprises me when my nose gets all runny and my eyes get all sting-y. But the tears coming out doesn't happen. (*He plops down on his suitcase and examines his blue flyer.*) Something was telling me there was a message for me on this flyer, but I didn't have the decoder ring.

(A man [BARKER] is revealed standing on a street corner passing out flyers. As he speaks a spotlight appears, standing in it is YOUNG MR. CALLOWAY playing a bass.)

BARKER. Limited Engagement. Direct from an S.R.O. engagement in New York City—Herman E. Calloway and the Dusky Devastators of the Depression!

YOUNG MR. CALLOWAY. In the middle of the flyer was a blurry picture of a man.

BUD. I've never met him, but I have a pretty good feeling that this guy must be my father. Underneath the picture someone had writ—

BARKER. One night only in Flint, Michigan, at the luxurious Fifty Grand on Saturday, June 16th, 1932. Nine until—

(MOMMA enters and takes a flyer from the BARKER. She crosses in to BUD.)

BUD. I remember Momma bringing this flyer with her when she came from working one day.

MOMMA. She got very upset.

BUD. I couldn't understand, she kept four others that were a lot like it. (*He sits struggling to decode the flyer.*)

MOMMA. But this one got her really jumpy. (*Exits.*)

(Lights shift.)

BUD. The only difference I could see was that the others didn't say anything about Flint on them.

(Lights shift as we are introduced to the Amoses. MR. and MRS. and TODD AMOS stand next to a bed. MRS. AMOS waves BUD over. He turns back to the audience and speaks.)

BUD. Here we go again. *(He crosses to the bed and climbs in. The Amoses exit turning out the light.)*

Scene 2 –

(TODD AMOS re-enters BUD's new room. He is carrying a long yellow pencil. He stops at BUD's head and bends over his face. BUD squirms. He screams. TODD turns facing downstage holding the pencil like a thermometer. He wears a robe, slippers and a gigantic smile.)

TODD. Wow! You got all the way up to R! *(He shows BUD the writing on his pencil.)*

BUD. Ti-con-de-ro-ga? The whole room smelled like eraser and it felt like something had poked the back of my eyeball.

TODD. I just might enjoy your stay here, Buddy!

BUD. I wasn't about to let anybody call me Buddy and stick a pencil up my nose.

TODD. All the way to the R.

(BUD slaps TODD, hard. A huge smile appears on TODD's face as he slowly undoes his robe and lets it fall to the ground. BUD throws himself off the bed fists up, as we hear the opening bell to a title fight. They dance around each other.)

BUD. He could kiss my wrist if he thought I was going to let him whip me up without a good fight. Being this brave—

TODD *(punches him square on the nose)*. Was kind of stupid. *(He proceeds to whip BUD up without a good fight.)* Even though Todd— *(Punch.)*

BUD. Was a puffy, rich old mama's boy— *(BUD ducks)* who wore a robe and slippers.

TODD. He could hit like a mule. *(Punch.)*

BUD *(drops to the floor in a ball)*. There comes a time— *(He signals for a time-out. TODD bounces about the room victoriously.)* when you're losing a fight that it just doesn't make sense to keep fighting. It's not that you're being a quitter; it's just that you've got the sense to know when enough is enough.

(MRS. AMOS enters. TODD kicks BUD repeatedly, sees his mom, falls to his knees, and begins to wheeze heavily.)

MRS. AMOS. Toddy? Toddy boy? You little cur, what have you done to Toddy?

TODD *(breath labored)*. Oh, Mother...I was only trying to help...and...and look what it's gotten me. *(He points to his cheek.)*

MRS. AMOS. How dare you! Not only have you struck him, you have provoked his asthma!

TODD. I just tried to make sure he'd gone to the lavatory, Mother. Look at him, this one's got "bed-wetter" written all over him.

MRS. AMOS. Mrs. Amos hated bed-wetters more than anything in the world.

BUD. I'm not bragging when I say that I'm one of the best liars in the world; Todd was pretty doggone good. He knew some of the same rules and things I know. Shucks, I've got so many of them memorized that I had to give them numbers, and it seemed like Todd knew number 3 of...

(Fanfare.)

ANNOUNCER. Bud Caldwell's Rules and Things for Having a Funner Life and Making a Better Liar Out of Yourself. Rules and Things Number 3—

BUD. **If you got to tell a lie, make sure it's simple and easy to remember.**

TODD. Todd had done that.

MRS. AMOS. You beastly little brute!

(MR. AMOS enters.)

MRS. AMOS. In the morning I'll be getting in touch with the home and, much as a bad penny, you shall return to them. For tonight, Mr. Amos will show you to the shed. *(BUD reaches for his suitcase.)* Oh, no, we shall hold onto his beloved valuables.

BUD. Pleeeeease!!!

MRS. AMOS. Enough. To the shed! *(She exits. MR. AMOS fetches BUD's linen. TODD's asthma vanishes.)*

TODD. Buddy, keep a sharp eye out for the vampire bats. Oh, and watch out for those spiders and centipedes, Buddy. The last kid got stung so bad he was swole up as big as a whale. The kid before that hasn't been found to this day. All that's left is that big puddle of his blood on the floor.

(MR. AMOS drags BUD outside. He hands him the blanket and pillow, and gives him a shove. Lights shift.)

MR. AMOS. Into the dark.

BUD. There is a big black stain in the dirt! They really are going to make me sleep in a shed with a patch of blood from that kid who had disappeared out of here a couple weeks ago!

Scene 3 –

(Five members of the ENSEMBLE join BUD in the dark. They are all breathing heavily and sometimes echo BUD's words.)

BUD. The only thing I could hear was my own breath. I thought real hard about making my breathing sloooooow doooooowwwwn. *(BREATHERS rest. BUD calms.)* I reached my hand toward the doorknob and went from kind of calm to being in that—

BREATHERS. Stand-in-one-place-with-spit-drooling-down-the-front-of-your-shirt—

BUD. Kind of scared. *(The breathing resumes.)* Up at the very top of the shed was.

VAMPIRE. The biggest vampire bat you'd ever see!

BUD. I wasn't about to let this vampire suck my blood dry without a war; he could kiss my wrist if he thought that was going to happen. *(He picks up a rake and holds it like a Louisville Slugger.)* I eyed where the bat was sleeping and revved a rake like I was going to hit a four-hundred-foot home run.

(Fanfare.)

ANNOUNCER. Bud Caldwell's Rules for Having a Funner Life Number 328.

BUD. **When you make up your mind to do something, hurry up and do it. If you wait you might talk yourself out of what you wanted in the first place...** Shucks, I couldn't remember for sure if you killed a vampire by...

#1. Driving a stake through its heart.

#4. Shooting it with a silver bullet.

BUD. If I was wrong I was—

VAMPIRE. Going to be trapped in the shed with a vampire who was going to be real upset that someone had woke him up by whacking him with a rake.

BUD. I closed my eyes and swung it like I was Paul Bunyan chopping down a tree with one blow. I opened my eyes just in time to see the vampire—

ALL. Get cut right in half. *(The VAMPIRE crumples to the ground.)*

BUD. I was kind of surprised it didn't scream or cry or say—

VAMPIRE. Curses, you got me!

BUD. The next sound I heard was even worse than if the vampire had said—

VAMPIRE *(rising)*. Aha, you doggone kid, that hurt, but now I get my revenge! *(A big hum of buzzing is heard. BUD grabs his face. He screams. Pulling his arm away he unclenches his fist, revealing a wasp. He tries to squeeze the life out of it, but is stung in the hand. He screams.)* What I'd thought was a vampire bat was really—

ALL. A hornets' nest.

BUD (*suffers multiple stings*). I charged at the door like Paul Robeson running down the football field. (*He crashes through the door and falls to the ground. He swats at himself until all hornets are dead.*) I wondered how hard I'd have to pull the trigger on that double-barrel shotgun for it to go off. (*He crawls through the Amos' kitchen window.*) Aha, you doggone Amoses, that hurt, but now I get my revenge.

Scene 4 –

(*As BUD climbs through the window with #s 1 and 4, he spies his suitcase and grabs it. The group whispers throughout.*)

BUD. Whew. My suitcase.

#4. These Amoses keep a double-barreled shotgun against the side of their icebox.

(*BUD waves #4 off.*)

#1. Fair is fair. (*BUD takes the gun.*)

#4. The Amoses deserved what they were going to get.

BUD. My heart started jumping around in my stomach. I could smell the gun oil. (*He aims the gun and mimes shooting animals.*) Elephant. Dragon. Tiger. Todd!

#4. Imagine how it would feel to creep up to his bed while he was sleeping and put the shotgun barrel right in his nose.

BUD. Too dangerous. The first part of my revenge plan was to get this gun out of the way. (*He hides the gun.*) I felt a lot better when it was out of my hands. I started opening cupboards. (*He finds a jelly jar and turns on the hot water spigot.*)

#1. These Amoses had hot water running right into the house.

BUD. I stuck a jelly jar underneath a tap until it was filled to the brim.

#1. Todd's door came open easy as anything.

(*Lights up on TODD asleep. BUD approaches the bed.*)

#4 (*talking in his sleep*). He was deep asleep. (*He grabs TODD by the hand and sticks his fingers in the jar.*)

BUD. One of the older boys at the home told me if you dipped someone's hand in a warm glass of water whilst they're asleep they don't have any choice but to pee the bed. It's something about chemistry and biology making some valve in your guts open up and...woop, zoop, sloop...you got a wet bed. (*He studies TODD expectantly. Fusses with his fingers in the jar, and waits.*) Todd's bed stayed dry as the desert.

(*#s 1 and 4 gesture for BUD to pour water on TODD's pjs. He does. TODD's face twitches a couple of times. He smiles. He begins to talk in his sleep.*)

TODD. The warm water opened that little valve up and...

#1. Woop.

#4. Zoop.

TODD. Slooooooop.

BUD. He soaked his sheets! *(Big laughter. BUD grabs his suitcase and exits the Amoses.)* Man! I was on the lam. If J. Edgar Hoover and the FBI saw me now I'd be in some real serious hot water.

Scene 5 –

BUD. Being on the lam was a whole lot of fun. *(City sounds: Dogs, cars, a scream; a siren.)* For about five minutes.

(Lights up, revealing a fir trees and a closed door. He creeps up to the door and peeks in the window. Then sneaks around back. BUD starts to break down but holds it together.)

BUD. Dangee! Somebody had gone and put big metal bars on the windows. *(Crossing back around front he slides under a tree and opens his suitcase.)* Most folks don't have sense enough to carry a blanket, but you never know when you might be sleeping under a Christmas tree at the library. Those Amoses been fumbling through my treasures. My rocks. *(He counts the rocks through their sack. He is pleased with his count. He fishes out an envelope. He opens it.)* This was the only picture of Momma in the world.

(MOMMA enters. As she speaks lights come up on YOUNG MOMMA and HORSE.)

MOMMA. Running across the top of it was a sign, it said, boys and girls of Grand Rapids—follow the gentle light to the Miss B. Gotten Moon Park. Underneath the sign, between two wagon wheels—

YOUNG MOMMA. Was Momma.

BUD. She was about as old as I am now.

YOUNG MOMMA *(obviously far from happy)*. Momma was sitting on a real live little midget horse.

BUD. She had two six-shooter pistols in her hands—

YOUNG MOMMA. And she wished she could've emptied them on somebody.

BUD. And I know who.

MOMMA. Her father.

BUD. My granddad.

YOUNG MOMMA. He was ruining everybody's fun by getting in a big fight with me about the gigantic white twenty-five-gallon Texas cowboy hat I was wearing.

MOMMA. That hardheaded man insisted that I wear that horrible hat.

BUD. Momma wasn't looking like she had rocks in her jaw because the hat was so fake.

YOUNG MOMMA. She was mad because the hat was so dirty.

(MOMMA searches around and makes quick manic movements throughout her tirade.)

MOMMA. Filth! Absolute filth! I'm sure it was crawling with ringworm, lice and tetter! Do you imagine it ever occurred to him to wash it?

BUD. No, Momma.

MOMMA. But your grandfather insisted, insisted mind you...

BUD. Yes, Momma.

(YOUNG MOMMA exits the stage with HORSE. MOMMA grabs BUD by the arms. It is obvious she is unwell.)

BUD. The only time stuff didn't blow around was when she'd squeeze my arms and tell me things over and over and over and over.

MOMMA. Bud is your name and don't you ever let anyone call you anything outside of that either. I would've added that "dy" onto the end of your name if I intended for it to be there. Buddy is a dog's name or a name that someone's going to use on you if they're being false-friendly. Your name is Bud, period. And do you know what a bud is?

BUD. I always answered, yes, Momma, but it was like she didn't hear me.

MOMMA. A bud is a flower-to-be. Waiting for just the right care and warmth to open up. It's a little fist of love waiting to unfold and be seen by the world. And that's you.

BUD. I know she didn't mean anything by naming me after a flower, but it's sure not something I tell anybody about.

MOMMA. Don't you worry, Bud.

BUD. That didn't make me calm at all. That was...

(Fanfare.)

ANNOUNCER. Bud Caldwell's Rules and Things to Have a Funner Life Number 83.

BUD. If a adult tells you not to worry, and you weren't worried before, you better hurry up and start 'cause you're already running late.

(MOMMA grabs his arms and looks hard in his face. She will not be with him for long.)

MOMMA. And Bud, no matter how bad things look to you, no matter how dark the night, when one door closes, don't worry, because another door opens. *(She exits.)*

BUD. That was supposed to help me? I couldn't see what one door closing had to do with another one opening unless there was a ghost involved. All her talk made me start jamming a chair up against my closet door at night. But now that I'm ten years old and just about a man I see Momma meant doors like the door at the home closing leading to the door at the Amoses opening and the door in the shed opening leading to me sleeping under a tree getting ready to open the next door.

(There is a shift. A glimmer of light appears on the library door as BUD falls asleep. Lights shift and sounds of morning arise. He wakes approaches the door and enters.)

Scene 6 –

(Members of the ENSEMBLE are dispersed about the library. Some are reading with stacks around them, some searching the aisles. A LIBRARIAN is restocking the shelves. All speak in tones of reverence for the library.)

BUD. The air in the library isn't like the air anywhere else.

(As #3 speaks, #3 begins to yawn and with appreciation for the page and its powder recognizes the open book will serve as a perfect pillow.)

#3. Sniff that soft, powdery, drowsy smell that comes off the pages in little puffs.

LIBRARIAN. No, no, no!!! *(LIBRARIAN pulls #3's head from the book.)* The librarians get real upset if folks start drooling in the books. That's the part that gets them the maddest.

#3. Page powder—

LIBRARIAN. No excuses. You gotta get out. *(#3 exits. LIBRARIAN dabs at the drool that clings to the book.)* There's nothing worse than opening a book and having the pages all stuck together from somebody's dried-up slobber.

BUD. I'm looking for Miss Hill.

LIBRARIAN. Miss Hill. My goodness, hadn't you heard? Miss Hill is currently living in Chicago, Illinois. *(BUD's face drops.)* It's not that far, here I'll show you. *(Out comes a large map of Michigan, with neighboring states.)* We're here. And Chicago is here in Illinois.

BUD. How long would it take someone to walk that far?

LIBRARIAN. Oh, quite a while. Let's check the distance. *(She produces a book and points to the title.)*

BUD. *Standard Highway Mileage Guide.*

LIBRARIAN. Find Chicago on the line that was running across the page. And...

BUD. Flint on the line that was running down the page?

LIBRARIAN. And then to look up the number that was writ where the two of them joined up.

BUD. 270.

LIBRARIAN. OK, this is how one figures the amount of time required to walk to Chicago. Now— *(A third book appears.)*

BUD. Librarians. I asked one question and already we're digging through three different books.

LIBRARIAN. Aha, the average male human gait is five miles an hour. All we have to do is divide two hundred seventy by five. *(She does so.)* Fifty-four hours! *(She has BUD sign for the book and exits.)*

BUD. Shucks. I walked into the regular air and stinking smells of Flint. That library door closing was the exact kind of door Momma had told me about. Since it had closed the next one was about to open. *(He climbs under his blanket and sleeps.)*

(Shift.)

Scene 7 –

(A figure hovers over BUD. The figure steps on a stick. It cracks. BUD's blanket tenses.)

BUD. My eyes snapped open.

(The figure jumps on BUD trapping him under the blanket. They struggle.)

BUGS. If you ain't a kid called Bud from the home I'm really sorry about jumping on you like this!

BUD. Bugs??? Doggone it, Bugs, it is me! You nearly scared me to death!

BUGS *(helps BUD up)*. I'm sorry, Bud, but everybody knows how you like to sleep with that knife open, so I figured I'd best grab holt of you so's you wouldn't wake up slicing nobody.

BUD. How come you aren't back at the home? You're on the lam.

BUGS. Yup, I'm going back to riding the rails. When I heard about you beating that kid up so bad that you had to take off I figured it was time for me to get going too. I thought you might be hanging around the library. Want to go with me?

BUD. Where you heading?

BUGS. Fruits to be picked out West. Did you really beat a kid up who was two years older than you?

BUD. Uh-huh, we kind of had a fight. Will we be sleeping on the train and everything?

BUGS. Sure. Some of the time the train don't stop for two or three days. Man, I always try to tell people that just because someone's skinny it don't mean they can't fight, you're a hero now, Bud!

BUD. Naw. How we going to use the toilet if the train doesn't stop?

BUGS. You just kind of lean out of the door and go. You get a real nice breeze.

BUD. Oh, man! Count me in!

BUGS. We got our slobs mixed up real good. *(He spits into the palm of his hand. BUD spits into the palm of his hand. They slap hands hard.)*

BUD. Now it was official, I finally had a brother!

BUGS. We gotta hop the train at a place called Hooperville.

(Shift.)