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# **BLUE HORSES**

by

**Kathryn Schultz Miller**



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(BLUE HORSES)

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# **BLUE HORSES**

**A Play in One Act**

## **CHARACTERS**

**ANDY  
ERNIE  
LYDIA FLOWERS  
TRACY**

**TIME: The present**

**PLACE: Anywhere**

**Playing time: 1 hour.**

**BLUE HORSES** was originally produced by the Art-Reach Touring Theatre of Cincinnati, directed by Judy Fogt Gilmore with the following cast:

<b>Andy</b>	<b>John Andrew White</b>
<b>Ernie</b>	<b>Dahn Schwarz</b>
<b>Lydia</b>	<b>Kathryn Joan P. Spira</b>
<b>Tracy</b>	<b>Tracey Huffman</b>

**Part-time cast**

<b>Andy</b>	<b>Tom Fitzgerald</b>
<b>Ernie</b>	<b>Philip Wagnitz</b>
<b>Lydia</b>	<b>Susan M. Martin</b>
<b>Tracy</b>	<b>Cheri Lawson</b>

**Set designed by Barry Miller.**

## BLUE HORSES

**AT RISE:** *No one on stage. Set consists of three blue banners or flats with multi-colored stars painted on them. Actors play children dressed in ordinary play clothes—LYDIA wears a skirt and blouse with a bow at the neck, ERNIE wears overalls, ANDY wears jeans and football jersey, TRACY wears pants and red and white striped top. All props in the play are mimed except for those indicated in the last scene. As the play begins we hear the first line from offstage...*

**TRACY.** Race you to the backyard!

*(ALL rush in, fall on the ground laughing, then sit up and look pensively into the sky.)*

**ANDY** *(pointing to the sky).* There's the Big Dipper!

**ALL** *(looking, involved).* Wow!

**ERNIE** *(admitting).* I don't see it.

**ANDY** *(taking ERNIE's hand and following stars with it).*

See Ernie, there's one corner. Follow that one and there's the other corner and up here is the handle.

**TRACY** *(getting up to show him something more).* Yeah!

And follow that star to the Little Dipper...

**LYDIA** *(watching).* The North Star!

**ERNIE** *(squinting).* Wow! *(They ALL sit back and look up at the sky in awe.)*

LYDIA. Aren't stars amazing?

ANDY. Do you know that each one of those little specks is really bigger than the sun?

ERNIE. Bigger than the sun? Are they yellow, too?

LYDIA. Silly. Stars can be all different colors depending on how hot they are.

TRACY (*stirring up suspense*). Then there are *black holes*.

ERNIE (*turning to her*). Black holes?

TRACY. Yep.

ERNIE. What's a black hole? (*LYDIA, TRACY and ANDY look at each other and smile and wink. They begin to pretend that they are three sides of the man-eating hole. They approach ERNIE to tease him.*)

ANDY. It's a great big hole in space...

TRACY. And if anything comes near it...

LYDIA. Or anybody...

ERNIE. Anybody? You mean like me?

ANDY. Like you, Ernie.

TRACY. If anybody like Ernie comes near it.

ANDY. It'll suck you in! (*ALL make sucking sound, drawing breath through teeth and reaching arms around ERNIE to suck him in.*)

ERNIE (*afraid*). Ahhhhhh! (*ANDY, TRACY, LYDIA circle arms around him and jostle him around.*)

ANDY. It'll gobble you up into its blackness and you'll be swimming around in it's hideous belly forever and ever and ever.

ERNIE (*knows it's a joke but wishes it would end*). Hey, wait a minute you guys.

TRACY (*moving slowly and sadly away from ERNIE*). No more Ernie.

LYDIA (*moving back to original position, shaking head*). Poor Ernie.

ANDY (*moving, shaking head, hand over heart*). So sad.

So long Ernie.

ERNIE (*standing alone, not knowing what to think, then understands it was joke*). My dad says you guys shouldn't pick on me so much.

ANDY. Oh, we weren't picking on you, Ernie...just having fun. Can't you take a joke?

LYDIA. I know it's a joke but...I think maybe Ernie's right. I don't like being the butt of jokes either. I think it's...it's...*immature*.

ANDY (*imitating her*). Immature...la de da!

LYDIA. See! There you go, Andy. You should try to be more...civilized.

ANDY (*sitting up*). Ok, then. But you'll be sorry. It's going to be awfully boring. I'll just sit here with my mouth zipped tight...(Zips mouth and delivers the rest of his line through tight lips.) and I'll be civilized. (*Folds hands in lap and looks blankly ahead.*)

TRACY. I know. Let's make fun of someone who's *really* funny – not like Ernie.

ANDY. Who?

TRACY. My Aunt Evelyn. (*ALL laugh at the thought of her.*)

ANDY. Your Aunt Evelyn! (*Jumps down from his place and puts on elaborate act, looking into LYDIA's eyes.*)  
Ooooooh! Ooooooh! Daaaaaarling, you simply have the bloooooooooest eyes I've ever seen in my entire life! Blue as tiny, tiny, tiny robin's eggs. How veddy veddy veddy veddy extraordinary, my dear. (*ALL laugh at ANDY's interpretation.*)

TRACY. I think my Aunt Evelyn is crazy. This afternoon, after school, I ask her if she would help me color a horse in this new coloring book I got. I'd like to get

somebody to help stay in the lines. And do you know what she did?

ERNIE. What?

TRACY. She colored it blue! Imagine that...a blue horse!

ANDY. She's nuts.

TRACY. Yeah, like everybody else in my family.

ERNIE. Why didn't she just color it gray or something like that?

TRACY. Who knows? It's like all those colors they're painting the school. Why did they pick those colors?

LYDIA. They say they are supposed to make us cheerful but I hate that pea green in the cafeteria.

ERNIE. And the orange on the lockers.

ANDY (*sadly*). Probably when we get to school tomorrow, everything will be a different color. (*ALL agree.*)

LYDIA. Well, I really must go, everyone. It's much too dark for me to be out and I have to practice my violin before I go to bed. Mrs. Wasserstein will be very disappointed with me if I don't.

ERNIE. Yeah, I think I better go, too.

ANDY (*not wanting to leave*). Oh, come on, guys, don't go yet. Let's play a game.

LYDIA. Andy, I really think...

ANDY. How about cops and robbers?

LYDIA (*getting up to go*). Really, Andy I...

ANDY. How about Hide and Seek?

TRACY. I have to go in now, too, Andy (*Starts to go U. ALL are exiting in different directions when ANDY stops them.*)

ANDY (*idea, says it with drama*). How about...Wish Upon A Star? (*TRACY, LYDIA and ERNIE turn, they are interested, move closer.*)

TRACY. Wish upon a star?

LYDIA. I have never heard of such a game.

ERNIE. What kind of game is “wish upon a star”?

ANDY. Oh, it’s a fantastic game! It’s about the most terrific game in the world. My cousin taught me this summer and he learned it at camp up in the mountains.

But you guys have to go home...so...*(Starts to leave.)*

ERNIE. Hey, wait a minute, Andy!

TRACY. Andy...come on, tell us more.

ANDY. Well...it’s really an amazing game. You have to use your imagination.

TRACY. Imagination?

ANDY *(points to his temple and ERNIE imitates)*. You have to wish very, very hard for something...*(ANDY closes his eyes and strains body to wish as hard as he can, OTHERS imitate.)* And you have to imagine what you’re wishing for. You have to see it in your mind. What color is it? How big is it? What does it feel like to touch it? What does it taste like?

ERNIE. What does it *taste* like? Yuck!

ANDY. But that’s just it Ernie. You can imagine something that tastes good or tastes bad or something that has no taste at all. And if you imagine hard enough...sometimes...sometimes...*(Opening eyes and looking at OTHERS with theirs closed.)* sometimes you can’t even tell if you imagined it...*or if it really came true!*

ERNIE. Wow!

TRACY *(unbelieving)*. Oh, Andy...

ANDY. Do you doubt me, madam?

TRACY. Well...

ANDY. In that case I shall go first.

ERNIE *(completely involved and excited)*. Okay! You go first, Andy! *(TRACY, ERNIE and LYDIA separate and sit around ANDY. He stands and starts the wish.)*

ANDY. My birthday is coming up in two weeks and I asked my Dad for a super racer 10-speed bike.

TRACY. Oh, I'd like one of those.

ERNIE. Can I ride it, Andy?

ANDY. But this isn't going to be any ordinary bike.

ERNIE. No?

ANDY. This bicycle isn't a Schwinn or even a Huffy. This bicycle is going to be a *Super Duper Inner Galactic Star Chaser!*

OTHERS. Wow!

ANDY. First you have to pick a star. I pick the North Star. (*ALL look up and acknowledge it. Closing his eyes.*) I wish...I wish...that this bike would race and race and race so hard that it would pop right out of the sky up to the clouds through the stratosphere! Imagine ...(*OTHERS close eyes and try to imagine with him. ANDY takes his place on cube to become the pilot.*) a bicycle so powerfully fast that it zooms like a rocket and only I, Andrew the Brave, the pilot of the Super Duper Inner Galactic Star Chaser can guide it safely through the planets! (*ALL break and move together to become parts of the bicycle. LYDIA will become handle bars, TRACY and ERNIE will become the wheels on either side of ANDY who stands high on a cube.*) All right, ready crew?

CREW. Ready, sir! (*They salute.*)

ANDY (*adjusting goggles*). Count down!

TRACY. Ten.

ERNIE. Nine.

LYDIA. Eight.

TRACY. Seven.

ERNIE. Six.

LYDIA. Five.

TRACY. Four!

ERNIE. Three!

LYDIA. Two!

TRACY. One!

ALL. BLAST OFF!!! (*TRACY and ERNIE make wheels turn furiously, LYDIA rings bell over and over again, ANDY guides bike with handle bars although the "bike" remains stationary at all times.*)

ANDY. And the Super Duper Inner Galactic Star Chaser boldly goes where no bicycle has gone before. Yes, as we break through these clouds up ahead I see...space! Outer space!

TRACY. What does it look like, sir?

ANDY. Black. Black as the night.

ERNIE. Yipes! Black? Watch out for black holes! (*CREW makes sucking sound as before.*)

ANDY. Watch out crew, black holes up ahead! Adjust your monitors, chart your course! Black holes to the left of us, black holes to the right of us! Inner Galactic Swiss Cheese! We must avoid the terrible dark mouths of the black holes at all costs. (*ALL keep sucking and finally let out all their breath in loud breathy explosion.*) That was close, crew. Real close. But it was a brilliant maneuver that saved us all.

ERNIE. Thank goodness! (*ALL make "bam-bam" sounds that build.*)

LYDIA. Sir, I believe someone is throwing rocks at our bicycle, sir.

ANDY. Those aren't rocks, crew! Those are meteors. We are in the terrible meteor forest!

CREW. OH! NO!

ANDY. Ward them off, crew. Our only hope is to make it through this godforsaken place and land safely on the

next planet. (*CREW make zooming sounds and knock the meteors off their bodies. "Bam! Bam! Bam!"*) Congratulations, crew. You are the first in bicycle space exploration history to make it through the ferocious meteor forest! (*CREW congratulate each other shaking hands, etc.*) But enough of that! We must continue on to our destiny – The Planet Krypturn.

LYDIA. Kryp...turn?

ANDY. Yes, the last remaining solar frontier never to be traveled to by bicycle and only we can do it...only the extraordinary crew of the famous Super Duper Inner Galactic Star Chaser can reach the hidden planet. Be careful, crew, it is a difficult landing, all that Krypturnian space dust billowing up at us. (*ALL cough as the "dust" billows in their faces.*) But don't worry, we can do it. Only we can break through the Strato Galacto Sphere and...(*There is a crash and ALL cry out, fall. Only ANDY remains standing, dazed. Gaining composure.*) We made a brilliant crash landing, crew. Hit the kick stand, crew. Crew? Crew? (*OTHERS still remain on the floor, knocked out.*) Ernie, speak to me, Ernie! (*Slaps ERNIE's face.*) Tracy! Lydia! Don't fail me now, crew. We are here on Krypturn, home of the Krypturnian creatures! Lydia! (*Slaps her face, she does not respond, ANDY stands and tries to be brave.*) It looks like I'm going to have to go it alone. (*Clears throat.*) Only Andrew the...(*He falters.*)...brave? (*Gains composure.*) Andrew the Brave, pilot of the Super Duper Inner Galactic Star Chaser, can face this godforsaken planet alone. (*Starts to exit down aisle, gets scared, rushes back.*) Tracy? (*No answer.*) All right. Pull yourself together, man. It's up to you now. (*Exits up aisle. LYDIA sits up, but she is not herself. She moves*

*like a robot, shoots imaginary ray gun at OTHERS who also stand and move in inhuman mechanical ways.)*

LYDIA (*speaks in a monotone*). Our leader has issued orders...

TRACY (*repeating in same monotone*). Our leader has issued orders...

ERNIE (*same monotone*). Our leader has issued orders...

LYDIA. To seize the bicycle.

TRACY. To seize the... Sir, what is a bicycle?

LYDIA. Our leader says to look for a two-wheeled object with a small bell and a foolish boy.

TRACY. Two wheels...

ERNIE. Small bell...

TRACY. Foolish boy...

LYDIA. Our leader has issued orders to bring the bicycle to him.

ERNIE. Bicycle to him...

LYDIA. For space invasion purposes.

TRACY. For space invasion purposes.

LYDIA. To protect our beloved Krypturn.

ROBOT CREW. Krypturn forever.

*(ROBOT CREW salute. ANDY returns, running, out of breath.)*

ANDY. Oh! Great! Hi, guys. Boy, am I glad you're back to normal. I've been out exploring and it looks to me that this job is too big even for the brilliant crew of the Super Duper Inner Galactic Star Chaser. (*ROBOT CREW is looking at him with curiosity.*) Listen, there are Krypturnian creatures just crawling all over this place.

LYDIA (*still in monotone*). Is that so, sir?

ANDY. Yeah! And you know what I found out?

ERNIE. What, sir?

ANDY. If you fall down on the ground and get Krypturnian space dust on you...*(He cringes.)*

TRACY. Yes, sir?

ANDY. You turn into one of them!!! Come on! Let's prepare to blast off.

LYDIA. Foolish boy. *(Pointing to show OTHERS.)*

ANDY. Hey, I don't think you ought to talk to your pilot like that.

ERNIE. Small bell?

ANDY. Sure. You know, Lydia was working it.

TRACY. Where are the two wheels?

ANDY. You know! You guys were manning the two wheels! Now, come on, let's get out of here.

LYDIA. Our leader has issued orders...

TRACY. Our leader has issued orders...

ERNIE. Our leader has issued orders...

LYDIA. To seize the bicycle for space invasion purposes.

ROBOT CREW. Krypturn forever! *(Salute.)*

ANDY *(struck with terror)*. Oh, no.

*(LYDIA, TRACY and ERNIE start to move for ANDY; he runs from them; they chase after him down the aisle, moving like robots. ALL exit. ANDY enters again from opposite aisle, out of breath, looking back over his shoulder. Reaches playing area, fidgets with pouch.)*

ANDY. According to my calculations, I have only 3 seconds to find my space dust reversal gun or they'll ...they'll find me and...and...Yah!

*(LYDIA, TRACY and ERNIE are entering in a line up the aisle while ANDY still fidgets in pouch and pockets. He is trembling and can't find gun.)*

LYDIA. We have orders to seize the bicycle.

TRACY. Two wheels.

ERNIE. Small bell.

LYDIA. Foolish boy. *(ROBOTS reach for ANDY, right then ANDY pulls gun from pouch. They stop.)*

ANDY. Not so fast, Krypturnian Reversalites! This ought to shake the space dust from you! *(ANDY shoots gun, OTHERS react by falling back as if hit by a strong wind.)*

LYDIA. Andy!

TRACY. Oh, sir!

ERNIE *(shaking his head and feeling his temple)*. I have a headache.

ANDY. No time for that now, crew. We must escape this planet before our bicycle is seized.

CREW. *RIGHT, SIR!*

ANDY. Countdown!

TRACY. Ten!

ERNIE. Nine!

LYDIA. Eight!

TRACY. Seven!

ERNIE. Six!

LYDIA. Five!

TRACY. Four!

ERNIE. Three!

LYDIA. Two!

TRACY. One!

ALL. **BLAST OFF!** *(They make bicycle as before.)*