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Family Plays

Livin' de Life!

by

ED GRACZYK

Based on the tales and characters recorded in
Joel Chandler Harris'
The Uncle Remus Tales

Family Plays

311 Washington St., Woodstock, IL 60098

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THE CHARACTERS
(in order of appearance)

BRER TARRYPIN

BRER COON

BRER RABBIT

BRER FOX

BRER BEAR

MISS MEADOWS

AUNT MAMMY-BAMMY

SIS BUZZARD

MISS GOOSE

THE PLACE
The Briar Patch

The premiere performance of *Livin' de Life* was given 6 August, 1970, by the Pickwick Players of the Midland Community Theatre in Midland, Texas. Following is a copy of the programme:

The Pickwick Players
of Midland Community Theatre
Present
The World Premiere Production of
LIVIN' DE LIFE

by ED GRACZYK

Designed and Directed by
ED GRACZYK

The Cast:

BRER TARRYPIN.....	Bill Thomas
BRER COON.....	Ken Kubic
BRER RABBIT.....	Jimmy Heck
BRER FOX.....	Ted Caryl
BRER BEAR.....	Conrad Coffield
MISS MEADWS.....	Ann Thomas
AUNT MAMMY-BAMMY.....	Lucinda Huffman
SIS BUZZARD.....	Diana McCants
MISS GOOSE.....	Bonnie Cooper
Doc Crow.....	Jim Hankinson

Production Staff:

Publicity.....	MARION McINTYRE
Stage Manager.....	NANCY MATHYS
Assistant Stage Manager.....	JIM HANKINSON
Lights.....	GERRY PYLE
Sound.....	MIKE COFFIELD
Masks executed by.....	JIM WALTERS
Box Office.....	ANN THOMAS
Costumes.....	JIM WALTERS
	NANCY MATHYS
	BONNIE COOPER
	FRANCIS PEACOCK
	MARION PEACOCK
Props.....	NATALIE HARMON
	MARY MACINA
	JULIE BROWN
Construction.....	MARK SKRABACZ and
	PICKWICK BOYS

“LIVIN’ DE LIFE”

FOREWORD

The stories dramatized in this play are very old. Joel Chandler Harris, author of “Animal Stories”, published in 1880, served merely as collector and recorder of a delightful group of folk tales which were at that time, according to Harris in the introduction of his book, already “a part of the domestic history of every Southern family”. His stated purpose was that of literary historian, “. . . to preserve the legends themselves in their original simplicity”.

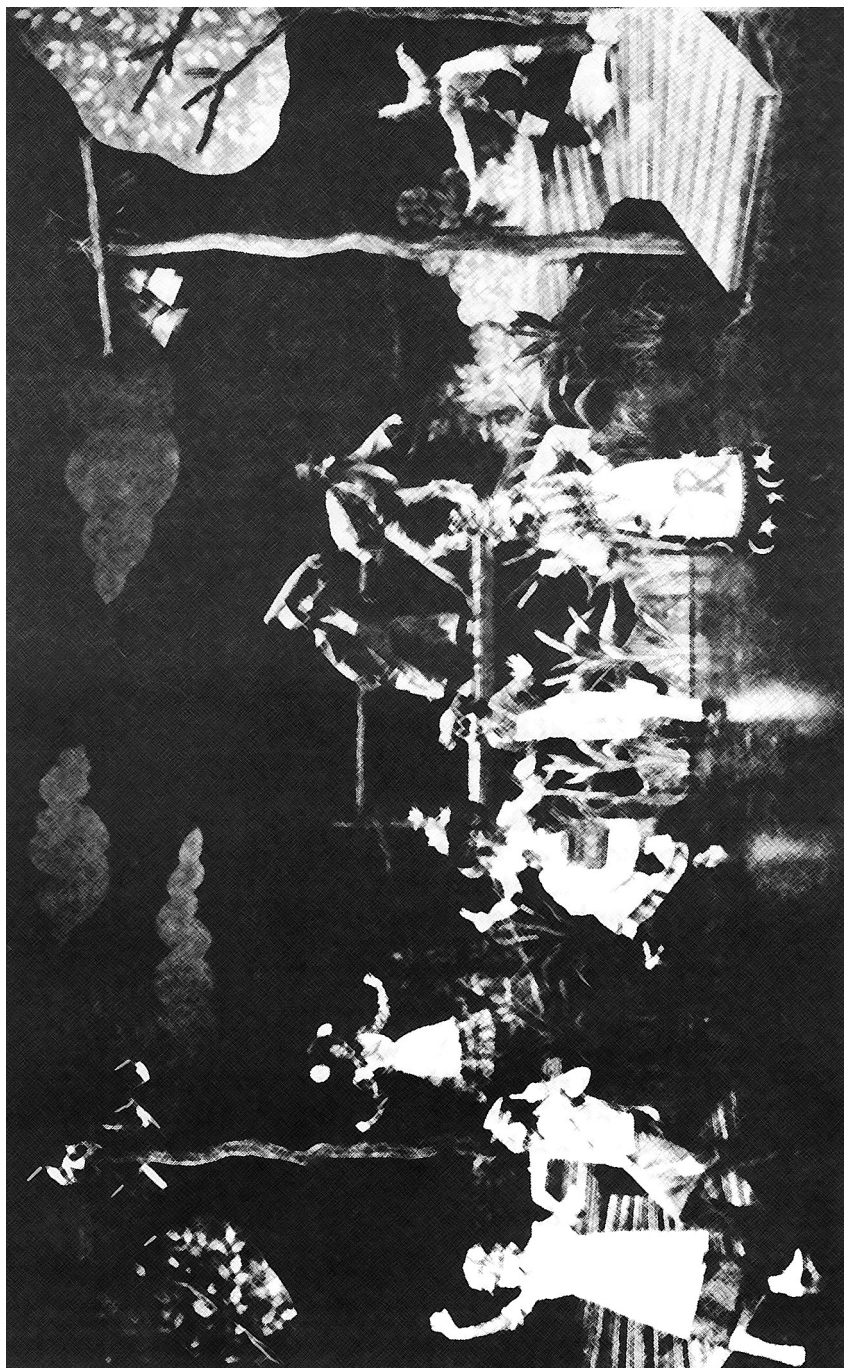
Like Harris, I also believe in the value of preserving these charming folk tales which are such an important and enchanting part of our nation’s heritage. “LIVIN’ DE LIFE!” presents the Br’er Rabbit stories in an exciting, contemporary form to still another generation of American young people.

A modified version of the dialect recorded by Harris has been retained in “LIVIN’ DE LIFE!” in order to capture the unique flavor of the original tales. It is not intended to represent a Negro dialect and should not be interpreted as such by the actors; rather, it is a more universal type of speech as might have been spoken by many back-woods or country folk. The dialect, combined with the animal costumes and rural setting, sets the animals apart from the ordinary and every-day and makes them special. Br’er Rabbit, Br’er Fox, Br’er Bear and the rest of the critters could not speak in any other way and remain true to the mood and feeling of the original folk tales.

The philosophies handed down by word of mouth and recorded by Joel Chandler Harris are as valid today as they were in 1880 and before. “LIVIN’ DE LIFE!” preserves and presents these philosophies for today’s youth in still another form, a play for young people anywhere.

So quit worryin’ about de worries an’ start “LIVIN’ DE LIFE!”

Ed Graczyk



LIVIN' DE LIFE, as produced by Pickwick Players, of Midland, Texas

LIVIN' DE LIFE

The sounds of night combined with a peaceful melody played on a harmonica. The curtain rises slowly to reveal the set. It is early morning on a summer day. The set is simple in structure but complex in richness of mood. Mood is very important to the play. As the play moves through the countryside, this simple structure with a minimum of changes will suggest the locale.

Center stage elevated about four feet is a footbridge with crudely constructed side rails. Leading to the stage floor on both sides of the bridge are two sections of ramps. The upstage sections lead directly to the wings; the downstage ramps sweep in a curve toward center stage. One may reach the bridge from upstage or downstage. These ramps should be elevated on stilts and not faced solidly, so the actors may hide beneath them and also to give the set an open, airy quality. Tall grass, reeds and cattails grow up from the base of the ramps. Along the upstage side of the ramps are groups of tall poles at various heights. Several of these are trees; one stage right has a beehive hanging from it, to be used later in the play. The remaining poles have lighting instruments attached to them; these instruments will supply all of our mood lighting. They should be exposed at all times, and not hidden by trees.

Along the base of the poles are several bushes used for hiding. This combination of pieces should have the appearance of a single unit . . . airy, solid, non-realistic and beautiful in detail.

At the beginning, shafts of blue and green light flood the stage from the light poles, while the stage is bathed lightly in golden yellow from the area lights.

As the curtain rises, we see Brer Tarrypin sitting at the base of one of the stage right trees, playing a harmonica. Brer Coon sits on the bridge, his legs dangling over the edge, whittling. The mood is quiet, peaceful and serene as the pole lights slowly cross fade to the yellow and orange of daytime. The sun, a large round cardboard cut-out, is slowly raised. Birds begin to sing and suddenly, from off-left, the mood is broken by the screams and wails of Brer Fox and Brer Bear. The music builds in tempo, as onstage runs Brer Rabbit, with Brer Fox and Brer Bear in hot pursuit. Brer Bear carries a huge club.

BRER COON (To Brer Rabbit as he runs by). De prarkin' an' de caperin' has started mighty early today . . . hasn't dey, Brer Rabbit?

(The entire chase is almost mechanical; its the same thing every day. Brer Rabbit runs up the ramp, across the bridge and down left. He stops, breathes heavily, and waits for Brer Fox and Brer Bear to catch up. They stop on the bridge, fan themselves with

their hats, and proceed. Brer Rabbit runs under the bridge and up the up right ramp to the bridge. Brer Coon hands him a handkerchief; he wipes his brow, runs down the down left ramp and hides under the bridge. At the bridge, Brer Coon mechanically points off left. They run off left. When they are gone, Brer Rabbit comes out of hiding).

BRER RABBIT. Thanks again, Brer Coon.

BRER COON. Did it last time . . . do de same next time, Brer Rabbit.

BRER RABBIT. Well, dere ain't gonna be a next time no more.

BRER TERRYPIN. What you sayin', Brer Rabbit? You ain't gonna give in to dose two varmints, are ya?

BRER RABBIT. I have had it! I'm plum tuckered out from caperin' with dose two. I set myself down with myself and together we had a good long talk 'bout it . . . an' we've decided!

BRER COON. What did you'se decide, brer Rabbit?

BRER RABBIT. We decided to leave de Briar Patch for good an' for always!

BRER TARRYPIN AND BRER COON. Leave de Briar Patch!

BRER RABBIT. Dat's right!

BRER TARRYPIN. Why, you been cuttin' capers with dose two ever since I can remember. Dey keeps tryin' to ketch you and you keeps escapin' and pullin' new capers.

BRER COON (*Chuckles*). Yes, sir . . . you sure has a knack of stirrin' up de mischief . . . I think you just run outa new capers, dat's what I think.

(He chuckles again).

BRER RABBIT. No, sir, I mean it! I'm gonna leave de troubles an' de problems behind! An' together, me an' myself, we're headin' for a new place!

BRER COON. It'll be kinda dull an' quiet without ya, Brer Rabbit.

BRER RABBIT. Well, I've decided, and dat's what I'm gonna do . . . unless, you two can come up with another solution to de problem.

BRER TARRYPIN (*Chuckles*). Yes, sir . . . you got it, all right!

BRER RABBIT. What I got, Brer Tarrypin?

BRER TARRYPIN. You've gone an' conjured up yourself a bad case of de Mopes.

BRER RABBIT. What's de Mopes? Is it serious? . . . come to think of it, I have been scratchin' a lot lately . . .

(He scratches. Brer Tarrypin laughs).

What you laughin' at Brer Tarrypin? . . . am I turnin' colors?
. . . what color is de Mopes?

BRER TARRYPIN. De Mopes don't have no color, Brer Rabbit.

BRER RABBIT. Oh, a no-color disease . . . dose is de worst kind!

(He groans and aches all over).

I think it's gettin' de best of me now . . .

(Groans).

Dere it is, sneakin' in de back way to get me for good!

(Brer Tarrypin and Brer Coon are doubled over with laughter).

. . . What are you two laughin' at? . . . I am ailin'!

BRER TARRYPIN. I think for once somethin's got the best of you, Brer Rabbit. De Mopes ain't no disease.

BRER RABBIT *(His old self again)*. Dey ain't? Den what is dey?

BRER TARRYPIN. De Mopes is a feelin' . . . it's kinda hard to describe . . . but I got a notion dat once you get over de Mopes, you'll be just fine.

BRER RABBIT. Is dere a cure for de Mopes? How long's it take?

BRER TARRYPIN. Kinda hard to say . . . may take a day . . . maybe a week . . . maybe two.

BRER RABBIT. Well, if anyone can cure de Mopes, I think I know who can . . .

(He starts to dash off).

See ya later!

BRER COON. Where ya rushin' off to, Brer Rabbit?

BRER RABBIT. I'm headed for de Creepy Crawly Forest an' pay me a visit on old Aunt Mammy-Bammy. She'll find me a cure for de Mopes, sure enough!

BRER TARRYPIN. Good idea, Brer Rabbit . . . an' be sure an' give old Aunt Mammy a howdy for me.

BRER RABBIT. Sure will, Brer Tarrypin.

(Miss Meadows enters).

Mornin', Miss Meadows.

MISS MEADOWS. Mornin', Brer Rabbit . . . where you off to in such a hurry?

BRER RABBIT. Don't get too close or ya might ketch it!

MISS MEADOWS. Ketch what?

BRER TARRYPIN. Brer Rabbit has gone an' caught himself a bad case of de Mopes.

MISS MEADOWS (*Aghast*). Well, Lordy, if dat don't beat all! My suggestion to you is to get yourself home an' in bed, tuck de quilt covers under your chin an' drink plenty of hot tea with molasses . . . cure your Mopes quick as a wink!

(*Pause*).

What's de Mopes?

BRER RABBIT. Don't know, but I'm headin' off to visit old Aunt Mammy-Bammy . . . She's got de big book jammed full of every ailment dere is an' what's good for its cure.

MISS MEADOWS. I hope she can cure you fast . . . We have a date for de gatherin' dat Miss Goose is givin' at de old mill pond tonight . . . 'less you've gone an' forgotten already.

BRER RABBIT. Couldn't forget a date with you, Miss Meadows . . . I'll be dere . . . cured an' feelin' fit, if I know Aunt Mammy-Bammy.

(*In pain*).

Don't you worry none 'bout me, bosom friends . . . I'll be fit as a fiddle in no time . . .

(*More pain*).

No, don't get close now . . . might be de ketchy kinda Mopes!

(*Groans as he exits. Brer Tarrypin chuckles*).

BRER COON. Here comes old Brer Fox and Brer Bear. Dey should be mighty glad to hear de news of Brer Rabbit's ailment.

(*Brer Fox and Brer Bear enter exhausted, dragging their clubs and fanning themselves with their hats*).

MISS MEADOWS. Mornin', Brer Fox . . . 'Day to you, Brer Bear . . . the summer mornin' heat got ya down?

(*She chuckles*).

BRER COON. I think Brer Rabbit has out-foxed old Brer Fox again . . . dat's what I think.

BRER FOX. Well, I think you an' that fuzzy-tailed critter is in cahoots! Don't you worry none, dough . . . I'll ketch him . . . he didn't escape us . . . we're hot on de trail right now . . . just takin' a breather before we spring into action. Ain't dat right, Brother Bear?

BRER BEAR. Er . . . ah . . . yah . . . right!

BRER FOX. An' when I ketch him . . . when I do!

BRER TARRYPIN. What ya gonna do . . . if you ketch him, Brer Fox?

(This question brings Brer Fox back to life. He becomes bug eyed, a maniac. He acts the whole thing out very dramatically).

BRER FOX. Den I'm gonna pull out his moustaches, one by one . . . den two by two! I'll grab him by de scruff of de neck . . . er maybe by de tips of his ear! . . . den swing him around in circles over my head . . . slam him down against de ground . . . an' den when he's so dizzy he's too weak to give me any argument, I'll . . .

(Brer Bear has been taken in with the excitement and now he has his turn, but instead of an imaginary Brer Rabbit, he uses Brer Fox as his victim).

BRER BEAR. . . . I'll womp him on dat fuzzy head!

(Slams Brer Fox with his club).

. . . stomp him!

(Jumps up and down on Brer Fox).

. . . wring his neck!

(Chokes Brer Fox).

. . . twist his foots!

(Brer Fox pounds the ground in pain).

Pick him up an' slap him around!

(Drags Brer Fox to his feet and starts slapping him around. Then suddenly he realizes what he is doing and to whom. His slaps turn to pats and he begins dusting off Brer Fox's clothes. Brer Fox brushes him away, hauls off to kick him).

BRER FOX. You dumb, pea-brained, feather-head!

(Kicks him in the seat).

BRER COON. You're gonna have to work fast den. Cause Brer Rabbit might not be around dese parts very much longer.

BRER FOX. Huh?

BRER BEAR. He said . . .

BRER FOX *(Grabs club away from Brer Bear)*. I heard him . . . what do ya mean by dose words?

BRER TARRYPIN. Seems dat Brer Rabbit's come down with a deadly disease an' is plannin' on leavin' de Briar Patch.

BRER FOX. Ya don't mean it!

BRER BEAR. I think he do.

(Brer Fox threatens him with the club).

BRER COON. He's done gone an' caught himself a baaaaaad case of de Mopes!

BRER FOX (*Brer Fox and Brer Bear cling to one another*). How bad?

BRER TARRYPIN AND BRER COON. Real . . . baaaad!

(Brer Bear starts to cry and sniffle. So does Brer Fox until he realizes what this means. Then he hits Brer Bear with the club).

BRER FOX. Whatta ya cryin' for? Dis is our big chance.

(The Villain).

Get him whilst he's weak an' ailin' an' down-trodden . . . come on, let's put our two heads together up on Chikapin Hill and come up with a plan.

(He laughs villainously).

You'll all have to come up an' visit us for a steamin' bowl of rabbit stew!

(He laughs).

Come on, oaf!

(They exit, arguing).

Why I put up with you I'll never know . . . how'd you ever get to be a bear anyhow?

BRER TARRYPIN. Old Aunt Mammy-Bammy had best find a cure for Brer Rabbit's Mopes, an' real quick-like, or he'll end up on old Brer Fox's dinner table.

BRER COON. Dat Brer Rabbit's de cleverest critter around dese parts . . .

BRER TARRYPIN. Sure 'nuff is . . . but de Mopes can sure cloud up de quick-thinkin' apparatus.

MISS MEADOWS. Well, if you two would quit jabberin' about it an' help him out a bit . . . you men critters are all alike . . . a lotta wind . . . with very little movement. I've gotta get over to Miss Goose's an' help her prepare for de gatherin' . . . you keep an eye on Brer Rabbit, now!

(She exits).

BRER COON. Old Miss Meadows sure has taken a hankerin' to Brer Rabbit . . . I wouldn't be at all surprised if she snagged him for a-comin' fall weddin'.

BRER TARRYPIN. Could be . . . could be . . . unless dat old Brer Fox snags him first!

(He laughs).

(Music up as they exit. As soon as they are gone, Brer Fox tiptoes across the back of the set and peers under the bridge. Seeing the coast is clear, he runs off right and appears again with Brer Bear carrying a log with a black glob on it).

BRER FOX (*Snickering the entire time*). We've got him good an' sure dis time . . . hee, hee!

BRER BEAR. I'm not sure dat I understands de plan, Brer Fox.

BRER FOX. I wouldn't expect you would . . .

(*He snickers*).

BRER BEAR. What's dis here glob of tar on dis old hollow log for?

BRER FOX (*He laughs aloud*). Ewe . . . whee! . . . dat dere's de best part!

(*Laughs again*).

Everytime I think about it, I breaks out with de hysterias.

(*He laughs louder*).

BRER BEAR. Well, why don't ya tell me, too, Brer Fox, so dat I can laff, too?

BRER FOX (*He laughs through the entire explanation*). Well, sir, along about any minute now, old Brer Rabbit's gonna come mopin' along down de road . . . sickly an' ailin' an' feelin' without a friend in de world.

(*He rolls on the ground laughing*).

And just 'bout den . . . he spots dis here tar critter on dis here log, mindin' his own bizness . . .

(*Loud laughter as Brer Bear stands scratching his head*).

This here's de best part! . . . Knowin' how dat Brer Rabbit's so friendly an' all with de strangers, he'll shake de hand of de critter made outa tar . . . an' stick to him . . . an' den we got him!

(*Hysterical laughter*).

BRER BEAR. But we got de glob of tar already!

BRER FOX (*Hitting him with his hat*). Not de tar glob! . . . Brer Rabbit!

BRER BEAR. Oho!

(*Deep laugh*).

I gotcha now, Boss . . . but Brer Rabbit ain't no dummy like most . . . He ain't gonna believe dat tar glob is supposed to be a tar critter.

BRER FOX. Well, I suppose maybe you got somethin' dere . . . but we can fix dat in a jiffy.

(*He pulls two buttons off Brer Bear's coat and sticks them on the tar for eyes*).

BRER BEAR. Hey! Dose are my new Sunday-Goin'-To-Meetin' buttons!

BRER FOX. Well, you've got to contribute somethin' . . . Was me who tossed and twirled my head to come up with de whole plan.

(To Brer Bear).

Bend down and pick me up dat stone over dere.

(Brer Bear turns and bends down. When he does Brer Fox pulls a patch of fur out of his seat and plops it on the tar critter's head. Brer Bear stands quickly and runs about fanning his seat with his hat).

BRER BEAR. Hey! What you go an' do a thing like dat for?

BRER FOX. Well, ya ain't never heard of a bald-headed tar-critter before, has ya?

BRER BEAR *(Rubbing his seat).* Well now . . . I think ya really got me dere, Brer Fox.

BRER FOX *(Grabs Brer Bear's hat and plops it on the critter's head: He stands back and admires it).* Something's missing, Brer Bear.

BRER BEAR. Yeah, a piece of my back side.

BRER FOX. Hesh up! He'll be prancin' lippety-clippity down dat road any minute now . . . Gimme dat coat an' don't you gimme no backsass!

(He does and Brer Fox puts it around the Tar Critter's shoulders and laughs).

Dat does it . . . If I didn't know dat was a tar glob, I'd swear it was a real critter.

(Music up).

Quick! Hide behind dis here tree. He's comin' now!

(They hide behind the stage right side of the ramp, in vision behind the poles as Brer Rabbit enters, carrying a carpet bag, up the ramp and over the bridge and down past the log with the tar critter).

BRER RABBIT *(Groaning).* I sure am one ailin' rabbit . . . Old Aunt Mammy-Bainny had best cure dese old Mopes before Brer Fox catches up with me.

(He spots the tar critter and tips his hat as he passes).

Howdy!

(He waits for an answer; when there is none, he takes a step toward it).

Dat dere's either de deafest critter alive or de most unsociablest.

(He yells).

I says! Hooow-dee!

(He waits).

I just can't abide high-falutin' folks.

(He steps right up to it as Brer Fox and Brer Bear snicker).

Where's your politeness? Ain't you gonna say howdy like respectable folks say when dey meet up on de road?

(No answer).

You listen to me, mister . . . I am one ailin' rabbit an' I am declinin' fast . . . but! You friendly up to me an' say howdy back, or else I'll have to wack in your nose! I'll give ya a count of three . . . are ya ready?

(He folds his arms, taps his foot and starts counting).

A one! . . .

(He listens).

A two! . . .

(He waits).

A two an' a half! . . .

(Brer Fox and Brer Bear are rolling on the ground with laughter).

You asked for it, mister . . . ailin' or not ailin' you are down-right, plum unfriendly!

(He rolls up his sleeve, winds up his arm and lets the critter have it right in the nose. His fist sticks).

Hey dere! . . . You best let my fist loose! If you don't let loose of my fist, I'm gonna have to whomp your mouth with my left-over fist!

(He does that and that fist sticks too).

Now dis here has proceeded far enough. You sure are one cranky critter, an' my patience is arguin' with my anger. If you don't let loose of my fists, I'm gonna have to kick you with my behind foots 'til you ain't got no breath left in your body!

(He does and there he is, completely stuck. Brer Fox and Brer Bear come out laughing, aloud).

BRER FOX. We sure ketched you good dis time, Brer Rabbit. You better say your farewell prayers 'cause dis is de very last day of your life!

BRER BEAR. You been bouncin' round dis neighborhood for a long time. Now I'm de boss, an' I'm gonna knock your head clean off!

(He lifts his club and is about to hit Brer Rabbit when Brer Fox stops him).

BRER FOX. No, Dat's too easy, an' too quick! We got to make him suffer. I'm gonna fix up a great big fire. Den, when it's good an' hot . . . I'm gonna roast you!

BRER RABBIT (*He has an idea, but acts very scared*). It's just as good dat ya caught me, Brer Fox, 'cause I'm goin' fast with a severe case of de Mopes, an' I'm too weak an' ailin' to fight you back. I don't care what you do with me . . . just so you don't fling me over dere into dat briar patch! Roast me just as hot as you please, but please don't fling me in dat briar patch!

BRER BEAR (*Tapping Brer Fox on the shoulder*). Hold on a minute. It's goin' to be a lot of trouble to roast Brer Rabbit. First we'll have to fetch up a pile of kindlin' wood.

BRER FOX. Dat's so . . . well, den, Brer Rabbit . . . I'm goin' to hang you!

BRER RABBIT. Hang me just as high as you please . . . It don't matter in my sickly condition . . . but, please . . . don't fling me in dat briar patch!

BRER BEAR. It's goin' to be a lot of trouble to hang Brer Rabbit . . . First, we got to fetch a big, long rope.

BRER FOX. Dat's so . . . well, Brer Rabbit, I expect de best way is to skin you. Come on, Brer Rabbit, let's get started.

BRER RABBIT. Skin me . . . pull out my ears . . . snatch off my legs an' chop off my tail, but . . . please, please,

(*Shouts*).

please! Don't fling me in dat briar patch!

BRER BEAR. Wait a minute, Brer Fox. It ain't goin' to be much fun to skin Brer Rabbit, 'cause he ain't skeered of bein' skinned.

BRER FOX (*Paces, scratching his head*). You sure has got yourself a point dere . . .

(*An idea*).

But he sure is skeered of dat briar patch . . . An' dat's just where he's goin'! Kerblam! Right in dat briar patch!

(*They go to Brer Rabbit and pull him off the tar critter and carry him halfway up the stage right ramp*).

You is through sassin' an' bossin' now, Brer Rabbit.

(*They swing him back and forth*).

A one . . . a two . . . a three, heave ho!

(*They toss him over the side of the ramp and wait and listen*).

BRER RABBIT. Oaa! . . . oow! ouch! . . . I'm a gonner . . . dis is de end . . . I'm doomed, soon to be a departed rabbit.

(The groans get weaker and weaker as he "dies" very dramatically. Brer Fox and Brer Bear shake hands and pat each other on the back as they cross to the log).

BRER BEAR. Dat Brer Rabbit ain't gonna be sassy no more!

BRER FOX. Dis is de end! Brer Rabbit is gone for good!

(From behind the ramp, up pops Brer Rabbit. He scurries to the bridge).

BRER RABBIT. Howdy, Brer Fox and Brer Bear! I told you, an' I told you, not to fling me in dat briar patch. Dat's de one place in all dis world I love de best. De briar patch is de place where I wuz born!

(He laughs).

BRER FOX (To Brer Bear). You lunk head! Why didn't ya think of dat!

(He bops him on the head).

Come on while he's still weak an' ailin'. We'll out run him!

(They rant and rave as they run up the stage right ramp; Brer Rabbit runs down the stage left ramp, grabs his carpet bag, runs up the stage right side across the bridge and off left. Brer Fox and Brer Bear grab the log on their way and follow his path. Weird music, almost electronic, comes up as the pole lights change to blues, reds and greens. Smoke and wind come from behind the bridge as a traveler of flimsy, shredded scrim is drawn across the front of the bridge section. Brer Rabbit can be heard shouting for Aunt Mammy-Bammy in the distance. Brer Tarrypin and the rest appear in fluorescent shredded capes and hoods, moving mysteriously about the stage and waving their arms like spooks. Brer Rabbit enters behind the scrim in a spot and shouts chant-like as the spooks disappear).

BRER RABBIT. Old Aunt Mammy-Bammy, are you here in dis creepy-crawly forest with all de scary spooks an' such? . . . Yoo-hoo . . . Oh, mystified an' mortal fearin' wonder lady of de magical curin' . . . are you at home?

AUNT MAMMY (Her voice amplified from nowhere). Dis is de person for whom you is lookin' . . . I am up to my elbow joints with de 'gredients for de Aunt Mammy-Bammy wart removin' liniment an' can't be pestered so . . . go away!

BRER RABBIT. It's me, Aunt Mammy-Bammy, your next of kin nephew who is ailin' an' weakly with de Mopes . . . I come callin' on your magical powers an' purifyin' potions for de qualified cure.

AUNT MAMMY. When Aunt Mammy-Bammy says she is busy . . . she is busy! She is goin' to be busy for de next five to three months, so come back next week when she is unfinished bein' busy! . . . now vamoose.