

Excerpt terms and conditions



This excerpt is available to assist you in the play selection process.

You may view, print and download any of our excerpts for perusal purposes.

Excerpts are not intended for performance, classroom or other academic use. In any of these cases you will need to purchase playbooks via our website or by phone, fax or mail.

A short excerpt is not always indicative of the entire work, and we strongly suggest reading the whole play before planning a production or ordering a cast quantity.

Dramatic Publishing



**A play of peace by
Ed Graczyk**

Appleseed

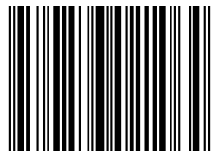
By Ed Graczyk. *Cast: 7m., 4w.* This dramatic saga covers the life and times of Johnny Appleseed. In the shade of an apple tree, Johnny Appleseed is discovered, age 75, listening to a distant drum. Several figures gather around him and inquire about the meaning of the drum. As Johnny undertakes to explain, a projection comes up, taking him back to his boyhood. The story unfolds in the form of flashbacks all through his long pilgrimage: making his lonely way through the Midwest, befriending the animals, coping with confidence men, protecting Indians and settlers alike, and always, always planting apple trees with love in his heart and peace within himself. *American pioneer costumes. Stationary set with slide projections. Approximate running time: 80 minutes. Code: AE7.*

Family Plays

311 Washington St., Woodstock, IL 60098-3308
Phone: (800) 448-7469 / (815) 338-7170
Fax: (800) 334-5302 / (815) 338-8981

www.FamilyPlays.com

ISBN-13 978-0-87602-106-4



9 780876 021064 >

Appleseed

Appleseed

A play of peace by
ED GRACZYK

Suggested by the life of Jonathan Chapman
The man and the legend

Family Plays
311 Washington St., Woodstock, IL 60098

*** NOTICE ***

The amateur and stock acting rights to this work are controlled exclusively by FAMILY PLAYS without whose permission in writing no performance of it may be given. Royalty must be paid every time a play is performed whether or not it is presented for profit and whether or not admission is charged. A play is performed any time it is acted before an audience. Current royalty rates, applications and restrictions may be found at our website: www.familyplays.com, or we may be contacted by mail at: FAMILY PLAYS, 311 Washington St., Woodstock, IL 60098. FAMILY PLAYS is a wholly owned imprint of THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC.

COPYRIGHT LAW GIVES THE AUTHOR OR THE AUTHOR'S AGENT THE EXCLUSIVE RIGHT TO MAKE COPIES. This law provides authors with a fair return for their creative efforts. Authors earn their living from the royalties they receive from book sales and from the performance of their work. Conscientious observance of copyright law is not only ethical, it encourages authors to continue their creative work. This work is fully protected by copyright. No alterations, deletions or substitutions may be made in the work without the prior written consent of the publisher. No part of this work may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopy, recording, videotape, film, or any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher. It may not be performed either by professionals or amateurs without payment of royalty. All rights, including, but not limited to, the professional, motion picture, radio, television, videotape, foreign language, tabloid, recitation, lecturing, publication and reading, are reserved.

For performance of any songs, music and recordings mentioned in this play which are in copyright, the permission of the copyright owners must be obtained or other songs and recordings in the public domain substituted.

© 1971 by
ANCHORAGE PRESS, INC.

Printed in the United States of America
All Rights Reserved
(APPLESEED)

ISBN: 978-0-87602-106-4

IMPORTANT BILLING AND CREDIT REQUIREMENTS

All producers of the play *must* give credit to the author of the play in all programs distributed in connection with performances of the play and in all instances in which the title of the play appears for purposes of advertising, publicizing or otherwise exploiting the play and/or a production. The name of the author *must* also appear on a separate line, on which no other name appears, immediately following the title, and *must* appear in size of type not less than fifty percent (50%) the size of the title type. Biographical information on the author, if included in the playbook, may be used in all programs. *In all programs this notice must appear:*

“Produced by special arrangement with
FAMILY PLAYS of Woodstock, Illinois.”



The premiere performance of *Appleseed* was given 13 November, 1970, by the Pickwick Players of the Midland Community Theatre, in Midland, Texas. Following is a copy of the programme:

The Pickwick Players

and

The Junior League of Midland

Present

The World Premiere Production

of

APPLESEED

A Play of Peace for Young People

by ED GRACZYK

Directed and Designed by

ED GRACZYK

CAST

BILL THOMAS as Johnny Appleseed

and

PAT ADAMS

MIKE COFFIELD

MARK FOWLER

KRISTIN GRIFFITH

DANA HAND

JIM HANSEN

BRYCE JENSEN

KEN KUBIC

PAT NOLAN

ROGER THOMAS

Who play all the characters in Johnny's life.

CAST

JOHNNY APPLESEED

AND

THE YOUNG PEOPLE WHO
PLAY ALL THE CHARACTERS IN JOHNNY'S LIFE:

KRISTIN

MARK

KEN

PAT

MIKE

DANA

BRYCE

JIM

ROGER

FOR THE PICKWICK PLAYERS . . .

WHO PLANTED THE SEED,
AND THEN . . .
CARED AND BELIEVED, TO
MAKE IT GROW AND BLOSSOM.

. . . E. G.

THE MUSIC

Music to the “Johnny Appleseed” song used throughout the play may be found in any book of American folk songs and should be played by one of the actors, preferably Pat on a guitar.

Since music styles change so drastically year to year, I encourage producers to search out music for the final song that best typifies the time of their production and encourages people everywhere to “get together” and help understand one another. This should not be a rousing, but an emotional and sincere song. This is also the only time that “now” music should be used in the production.

THE SLIDES

Since the slides are such an important asset to the show I’d like to pass on several hints that might help you get the best results with the least effort. The original production used a 500 w. Kodak Carrousel slide projector with a remote control extension. This projector was mounted over the audience hitting the scrim at a steep angle in order to avoid projecting images on the actors. Although at its presentation for the Region V Conference, the projector was placed on a small platform in the center aisle and the actors walking through the images didn’t bother anyone or harm the play. The remote extension should be controlled by an unseen stagehand, if your control booth is in the rear of the auditorium, from there.

The slides themselves should be in color. Photographs of American paintings, nature photographs, etc., from magazines and books can be reproduced on slides. Slides of the actors and the ages of Johnny should be photographed in front of black. The use of these slides shouldn’t scare you, they are extremely simple and well worth the time.

—Ed Graczyk
Midland, Texas
April, 1971

APPLESEED

(There is no curtain. A ramp from up left, across the back and sweeping in a curve down right toward center stage.

Stage right is a platform extended over the ramp and elevated six to eight feet off the top of the ramp. This platform is reached by an onstage ladder and a staircase offstage. Entrances may be made from under the platform. Stage left in front of the ramp hangs an old gray section of scrim, floor to ceiling, that will be used as a projection screen for the slides. The stage is very dimly lit in blue, an apple tree stage right in a bright golden pool of light. A seed sack hangs from a branch, a tin cooking pot hangs on the front of the tree, a small step ladder to the left, several baskets of apples to the right.

As the house lights dim we hear the slow, steady beat of a lone drum. After a few seconds, a song is heard, seemingly coming from nowhere. We begin to see shadows of figures moving down the ramp, out from under the platform, etc. One is playing a guitar. They are dressed in buckskin pants with long fringed sides, blousy shirts, fringed leather vests, etc. They take their positions as they sing the song).

FIGURES. Johnny Appleseed! Johnny Appleseed! Of Jonathan Chapman two things are known, that he loved apples, that he walked alone.

(Slide: Johnny Appleseed, age 75. Full white hair and beard, ragged shirt and pants. He is barefoot. He is holding an apple and smiling).

At seventy odd he was gnarled as could be,
But ruddy and sound as a good apple tree.
For fifty years, over harvest and dew,
He planted his apples where no apples grew.
The wind in the prairies may blow through his rags,
But he carried his seeds in deerskin bags.

(Lights up behind the scrim revealing Johnny in the same pose as the slide).

Johnny Appleseed! Johnny Appleseed!

(The Figures stand motionless as Johnny enters from behind the scrim to a spot of light about mid-ramp. The sound of the drummer is still heard).

JOHNNY *(Hearing the drum)*. Oh, I hear ye drummer man.

(Slide out).

Checkin' up on me, are ye!

(Laughs as he wipes his brow).

Oh, I'm still workin', still plantin' my seeds!

(The ramp begins to brighten as Johnny crosses down).

Gettin' harder though, ain't as young as when I first heard ye . . . but I always hear ye. Fifty odd years now, ain't it?

(He laughs to himself as he enters the tree light. The ramp light dims).

They ain't been easy years . . . no sir, not by a long shot.

(Takes a book from his pocket).

Just about takes care of the trees in these here parts . . . Lemme see now . . . that's fifteen thousand trees to date . . . Ye hear that drummer man . . . We has fifteen thousand growin' trees . . . all produc'in' apples, an' thousands of young ones still growin'. We've come a long way, drummer man, a long way!

(The drum stops).

(To Drummer).

Why ye stoppin' . . . ? Ain't got time for any restin'; they'll be trees up the river to Indianny needin' attention any day now.

(He starts to move unsteadily).

Hot sun must be gettin' to me . . . Feelin' a little tired myself.

(Sits under the tree leaning against the trunk).

Feels like I might be catchin' the fever . . . Folks say winter's comin' a mite early this year . . . Gotta shake the laziness outa our bones . . .

(Pause).

Don't leave me drummer man! Not yet!

(Sound: Ethereal Music).

(Each Figure has his own spot of light. As he or she speaks his light comes up and then out again. They speak hauntingly, overlapping the ends of their lines).

KRISTIN. Will I ever hear the drummer, Johnny?

JIM. Will I ever see the drummer, Johnny?

DANA. Tell me where he is, Johnny.

PAT. Will I ever hear the drummer, Johnny?

KEN. Will I ever see the drummer, Johnny?

MARK. Tell me where he is, Johnny.

(Johnny turns and speaks to the Figures who are in darkness).

JOHNNY. Ye took me by surprise there, young'uns . . . Didn't know ye were out there lurkin' in the shadows.

(Rises and moves towards them, hand extended).

How be ye . . . Name's Chapman, John Chapman. Somethin' I can do for ye?

(Spot up on Mike).

MIKE. We're lookin' for the drummer.

(Spot up on Pat).

PAT. Listenin' for the sound of the drummer.

(Spot up on Ken).

KEN. Do you know the drummer, Johnny?

(Spot up on Mark).

MARK. We saw ye, talkin' to him.

(Spot up on Jim).

JIM. We didn't hear any drummin'.

(Spot up on Kristin).

KRISTIN. Why do you hear the sound, and we don't?

JOHNNY. Maybe ye weren't listenin'.

(Spot up on Dana).

DANA. We *were* listenin'! We're always listenin'!

JIM. We heard nothing but the wind blowin' through the fields.

DANA. Why, Johnny? . . . Why?

MIKE. We need your help, Johnny . . .

PAT. We need to hear the drummer, Johnny . . .

KEN *(Arms extended toward him)*. Help us, Johnny! . . . Help us to hear the drummer!

MARK. Why do you hear him, Johnny?

KRISTIN. Why do you hear the drummer, Johnny?

(Sound: Fade ethereal music. Music comes up sharp, heavy).

(All spots out except for tree).

(Slide: An old settler).

(Note: The voices used throughout the play are recorded and played through the sound system. They should sound like voices from a memory. Not realistic).

VOICE OF OLD SETTLER. 'Cause he's a loon! That's why! Crazy in

'the head . . . Hearin' drummers that no one else hears ain't normal to me!

(Slide: Old Biddy).

VOICE OF OLD BIDDY. He's got empty rooms in his head and should be locked up before others start thinkin' they can hear it, too!

(Spot up on Kristin).

KRISTIN. Let the man have peace!

(Slide: The peace apple—the symbol of the play, a peace sign in the shape of an apple, a leaf from the stem in the shape of a heart).

(Spot up on Jim).

JIM. We want peace, too, Johnny.

(Spot up on Dana).

DANA. We want to hear the drummer, too, Johnny!

(Spot up on Mike).

MIKE. Tell us what to do, Johnny!

(Music out . . . silence).

JOHNNY. Peace ain't somethin' ye tell . . . Peace is somethin' ye feel!

(Picks an apple out of the basket).

Peace is apples! Shiny an' red an' content to bein' just apples! . . . Appleseeds is love . . . They're the beginnin'. Small, yet full of strength an' carin'—to make those shiny apples grow.

(Spot up on Pat).

PAT. Will there ever be peace for us, Johnny?

(Spot up on Ken).

KEN. Are the seeds of love in us, Johnny?

JOHNNY. Ain't for me to say . . . Ye gotta look inside yourselves to find that out.

(Spot up on Mark).

MARK. Will we know it when we see it?

JOHNNY. You'll know it when ye feel it!

KRISTIN. Take us back, Johnny.

JIM. Tell us how you know, Johnny . . . Help us to understand, Johnny!

DANA. Help us to believe, Johnny!

JOHNNY *(Moving unsteadily)*. My head is feelin' dizzy.

(The lights begin to waver).

Ghosts are swirlin' around inside it.

(Slides: Quick succession: Johnny, age 75; age 65; age 26; age 16; age 10).

You're all beginnin' to look like faces from my past . . .

(Figure spots begin to fade).

You look like folks I've seen before.

(Sound: Music happy, youthful).

(Spot up behind scrim revealing Johnny age 10, in the same pose as the slide. He breaks his pose and speaks to Johnny).

JOHNNY, AGE 10 (BRYCE). Hi ya, Johnny! . . . Remember me, Johnny?

JOHNNY *(Turning toward slide sharply)*. Huh? . . . Who are you? . . . Where'd you come from?

(Johnny, age 10, runs from behind scrim to spot mid-ramp).

JOHNNY, AGE 10. I'm you, Johnny . . . Don't you remember me? I'm you and I'm ten years old. Let's play like you used to, Johnny.

(Runs down ramp).

Run through the fields chasin' butterflies.

(Runs to Johnny, pleading).

Come on, Johnny! . . . Like you used to!

(Slide: Butterfly on a branch of apple blossoms).

(Spot up on Mike holding a butterfly in his outstretched hand. Johnny, age 10, sees it).

There! . . . There's a pretty one . . . all yellow and orange!

(He runs to Mike and catches the butterfly. He holds it gently in his hands as he kneels).

Look how beautiful!

(Spot up on Ken, out on Mike, as Johnny, age 10, runs to Ken).

Look! . . . Look at the beautiful butterfly!

KEN *(Pushing him away)*. Get that thing away from me! . . . Can't you see I'm busy. Ain't ye got nothin' better to do than chase butterflies?

(Ken spot out, spot up on Kristin).

KRISTIN. Why don't you be like other boys, Johnny?

(Spot out on Kristin, up on Dana).

DANA. You're always daydreamin', Johnny!

(Spot out on Dana, up on Pat who is now dressed as Johnny's mother, long skirt, shawl and bonnet).

PAT. Johnny, you're pesterin' folks . . . They're beginnin' to tire of your silly nonsense . . . Be a good boy now . . . Learn to be a farmer like your Pa.

JOHNNY, AGE 10. But Mama . . . I ain't cut out to be a farmer. I got different seeds inside of me. I want to be free, and fly like the butterfly.

(The Figures laugh. Spot up on Kristin).

KRISTIN. Mrs. Chapman, what that boy needs is a good talkin' to by his Pa . . . in the woodshed!

(Spot out on Kristin, up on Ken).

KEN. And a good whompin' on his backside!

(Spot on Ken out. The Figures laugh, blending into recorded laughs and . . .).

VOICE. If you're a butterfly, spread your wings and fly, Johnny.

VOICE. Don't fly too close to the sun or your wings might melt, Johnny.

(Figures laugh as Johnny, age 10, enters his own spot).

JOHNNY, AGE 10. I always wanted to say things, but no one understood . . . I always wanted to explain things . . .

(Roger, dressed as Johnny's Pa, enters down the ramp and into Johnny's (age 10) spot).

ROGER. What's to explain, Johnny? . . . Can't ye see these folks are pokin' fun at ye?

JOHNNY, AGE 10. I don't care, Pa.

ROGER. But I do, Johnny.

(He kneels and lays Johnny over his knee).

This may not be the answer, but it may help you understand a little better.

(He spansk him).

JOHNNY, AGE 10. Let me explain how I feel, Pa.

ROGER. I've let ye get away with too much explainin', Johnny . . . I've got to whomp some sense into ye.

JOHNNY, AGE 10 *(Crying)*. Why, Pa? . . . Why can't I be like the butterfly?

(He breaks away and runs and sits under the tree).

PAT *(As Johnny's Mother)*. How can we make him understand? He's just a foolish dreamer. Why won't he learn to be like other boys?

ROGER. We bore a strange kind of lad with Johnny. I just hope that someday, someone will understand him.

(Spots out on Roger and Pat).

JOHNNY, AGE 10. But none of them ever understood how I felt . . . This was my very favorite spot . . . under the apple tree. I would come here every day; Would lie out here under the apple tree and look up into the leaves, and it would be only me, and the tree, and the seeds inside me that needed growing. It was after that that I first picked the apple.

(He climbs the ladder and picks an apple, sitting on the top of the ladder looking at it).

It was a beautiful apple. I kept it under my pillow and would let no one see it. And I would look at it every night, and think about it, and when my eyes closed I would still see it . . . And I loved it. When I started school . . .

(Spot up on Mark who holds out a stack of books on a strap. Johnny, age 10, runs from the tree area, grabbing the books and running to the spot mid-ramp).

. . . I brought it with me, not to show anyone, but just to have with me as a friend. It was funny about school . . . I sat on a square, brown desk, like all the other square brown desks . . . and I thought it should be red . . . And my room was a square, brown room . . . like all the square, brown rooms . . . and I thought it should look like my apple. I loved my apple . . . It was shiny and red, and content with just bein' an apple.

JOHNNY. An' me an' the apple have been the best of friends ever since.

JOHNNY, AGE 10. Goodbye, Johnny . . . I'm goin' to chase some more butterflies . . . Want to come along? Run with me like you used to, Johnny!

(He starts to exit behind the scrim).

JOHNNY. I can't anymore . . . That's in the past. No! Don't leave me . . . not yet!

(The scrim light fades, spot up on Ken).

KEN. . . . the drummer, Johnny . . .

(Spot up on Kristin).

KRISTIN. What about the drummer, Johnny?

JOHNNY. The drummer! . . . I can't hear him anymore! Are ye still out there drummer man?

(Pleading).

Don't leave me yet! Can't let those seedlin's feel the frost!

(Spot up on Jim).

JIM. When was it Johnny? . . . When was it you first heard the drummer?

JOHNNY *(Confused)*. When was it? . . . When was it! . . . I can't seem to remember too good anymore. There's only sweepin' shadows . . . all the faces look the same . . .

(Spot up on Kristin).

KRISTIN. Tell us before it's too late, Johnny.

(Spot up on Dana).

DANA. Please remember, Johnny.

(Spot up on Mike).

MIKE. When was it, Johnny? When was it?

JOHNNY *(Grasping for images)*. When was it! . . .

(Still in a haze).

I was your age.

(Spots on unlit Figures slowly dim up. For Johnny this symbolizes a clearer image).

I was sixteen.

(Slide: The spirit of '76).

(Music: "Yankee Doodle").

(The Figures produce flags from behind their backs. For Johnny a vivid image).

JOHNNY. I see flags! . . . a celebration!

(Spot up on Roger, mid-ramp, dressed as the Governor; red, white, and blue coat and hat, etc. The Figures turn toward him sharply, cheering and waving their flags. The tree light fades).

ROGER *(as Governor)*. Ladies and gentlemen of Pittsburgh town . . . It is with great honor and pride that I welcome you here today . . . to this Fourth of July celebration . . . 1794! Eighteen years of glorious independence!

(The Figures cheer).

The parade is forming to the left of the bandstand, and I invite one and all to join in, and march with me to the picnic grounds for an afternoon of fun and games for young and old . . . Everyone keep in step now . . . March in time to your neighbor . . . one, two . . . one, two . . .

(The crowd sings "Yankee Doodle" as they march in a bouncy step around the tree and up the ramp and off. As the last person rounds the tree, Johnny, age 16, enters, whistling the song. He

stares up at his tree. Johnny is dressed exactly like Johnny, age 10: blue knickers, white blousy shirt and long red vest. He is barefoot. As the Figures exit, their spots fade and the tree brightens. Slide out. Johnny climbs the ladder as Ken enters from left with a flag).

(From here on all the characters will be played by the Figures with only the slightest change of costume).

KEN. Aren't ye marchin' in the parade, Johnny? Don't ye hear the big drum? Everyone in town's marchin' to the picnic grounds.

JOHNNY. May be a holiday for some . . . but I got apples that need pickin'.

KEN. That's all ye think about is apples. Everyone in town's callin' ye apple crazy. Johnny, if ye ain't careful, you'll be the laffin' stock of the whole town.

JOHNNY. Well, let 'em laugh if they need to laugh.

KEN. Ye ain't American if ye don't celebrate the Fourth of July.

JOHNNY. I'm just as American as any of them . . . maybe more . . . and proud of it! Ye don't need noise and racket and loud drums to make ye feel proud, do ye?

KEN. Why do ye have to be so different, Johnny? Come on, march with the others.

JOHNNY. You go on ahead . . . If I get these plucked in time . . . I'll meet ye there.

KEN. Suit yourself, Johnny . . . if you'd rather stay here daydreamin' all alone.

(He exits up the ramp and off singing "Yankee Doodle." Johnny picks an apple and sits on the top of the ladder, polishing it on his shirt sleeve).

JOHNNY. Who says I'll be alone . . . I got my friends the apples.

(Sound: birds chirping).

. . . And my critter friends.

(Waves).

'Day to ye, Miss Meadowlark . . . Happy Fourth of July to ye. Who says we ain't proud! Why we're as proud as . . . apple pie!

(Holds apple out, inspecting it).

So, folks think I'm cracked 'cause I prefer apples to them. Yet, ain't one of them that prefers me . . . for anything.

(Mark, Bryce and Jim appear from under the platform, dressed as young thugs. They see Johnny and cross to the tree light, laughing to themselves. They consider him a big joke).

JIM. Well, if it ain't Apple Juice Johnny, the crazy fruit who talks to apples!

(They fall over with laughter).

JOHNNY. Hi ya, fellas . . . Happy Fourth to ye. How is it you ain't up to the picnic with the others?

MARK. Why ain't you? . . . Applesass!

JOHNNY. 'Cause there's workin' in the orchard to do.

BRYCE. Well, we're headin' up to old Brackin's chicken coop to scare us some chickens. Want to come along?

JIM. He'd probably rather run through the fields chasin' butterflies.
(They laugh).

BRYCE *(Skipping around, mimicking)*. I'm a butterfly . . . I'm a butterfly.

(They all laugh).

MARK. We got some great pots an' things to bang on.

JIM *(Proudly with his thumbs in his suspenders)*. I stole 'em from my maw's kitchen. Come on, quit bein' a sissy apple . . .

(Pulls him down from the ladder).

Everyone's at the picnic; Ain't no way we'll git caught.

JOHNNY. Thanks anyway . . . but I prefer not to.

JIM *(Grabs front of Johnny's shirt)*. Listen! You'd better wise up fast if you ever expect to be anyone around here. You ain't no one aroun' here less you march with me an' my gang!

MARK AND BRYCE *(Proudly)*. Right!

JIM *(Pushing Johnny around back of tree)*. So you don't prefer to join up with us, huh!

MARK *(Pushing Johnny away)*. Come on . . . We don't want no apple sissy hangin' around us anyway.

BRYCE. My maw says he ain't right upstairs, and I shouldn't hang around him. If she saw me talkin' to him now, she'd whomp the daylights outa me.

JIM. You'll be sorry, Apple Juice! . . . Come on, gang . . . let's give him somethin' to remember us for!

(They yell and scream, crashing their pots and pans, knocking over apple baskets and ladder. Jim pushes Johnny to the ground and Bryce plops an empty basket over his head. They exit singing "Yankee Doodle", banging on their pots and pans).

(Slide: Peace apple).

(Music: Sad, lonely).

(Johnny lifts the basket off his head. In darkness, Jim, Ken, Dana and Kristin move to their spots. Looking at the apples scattered around him, Johnny picks one up in each hand).

JOHNNY *(To apple)*. I'm sorry, friends, for the actions of ignorant folks. They can't accept the peace ye bring 'em, so they gotta fight ye and scatter ye all over the ground.

(Spot up on Jim).

JIM. If ye ask me, there's a piece missin' in his head!

(Spot up on Kristin).

KRISTIN. He's a bad example to the other boys.

(Spot up on Ken).

KEN. Be like other boys, Johnny.

(Spot up on Dana).

DANA. Apples for peace . . . Bah! Apples for pies!

JOHNNY *(Throwing basket down and running to them in a spot)*. Why? Why? Why not apples for peace? They are peace . . . and I'm me, not you!

(Points to Ken as his light blacks out).

. . . or you!

(Jim blacks out).

. . . or you!

(Kristin blacks out).

. . . or you!

(Dana blacks out. Johnny turns front).

I'm me! . . . I'm Appleseed!

(Slide: out).

(Mike, dressed as the wolf sneaks on front right, hiding behind the tree. He calls for Johnny).

WOLF (MIKE). Psst! . . . Psst! . . . Johnny! . . . Over here!

(Johnny rushes over to him).

JOHNNY. What are you doin' around here? . . . Ye want to get yourself shot at?

WOLF. I'm all right, Johnny . . . but things are gettin' too crazy in these parts. I'm headin' for open ground . . . headin' west!

JOHNNY. West!