

1. **WESLEY** –12, a creative thinker, social outcast, marches to his own drum
2. **MOM** -Wes's mom
3. **DAD**-Wes's dad
4. **BUD**–ageless, archetypical nosy neighbor, “garden expert”
5. **JUNE** – female counter part of Bud
6. **MORPH** –Wesley's classmate, bright, enterprising
7. **LIP**- Wesley's classmate, leader, tough, street smart
8. **SPIKE** -Wesley's classmate, spiked hair, cool, not bright
9. **TUBER** Wesley's classmate, likes to be gross and immature
10. **DOGGER** Wesley's classmate, skateboard king
11. **LIANA** –Wesley's classmate, Bud's daughter, June's granddaughter
12. **PUMPKIN** –Wesley's classmate, innocent, positive outlook
13. **EPIPHANY** -Wesley's classmate, outspoken
14. **CONNIE** -Wesley's classmate, has an edge
15. **SWIST** – Wesley's crop
16. **SEEDS OF CIVILIZATION CHORUS**

MUSICAL NUMBERS

1. Endless Summer Wesley, the kids
2. Mesopotamia..... Wesley, Company
3. Galileo Wesley
4. Ain't No Category..... Swist, Wesley
5. Photosynthesis..... Swist, Wesley, Liana, Company
6. Youniverse Wesley, Company

ACT I**Scene 1**

SETTING: Exterior, WESLEY'S yard, interior WESLEY'S living room.

AT RISE: WESLEY tries on a wired, protective type helmet; a strange contraption with goggles, a rear view mirror and a listening device which he holds against the wall of his house listening to his parents.. His MOM and DAD sit in living room chairs in another spot.

MOM

[Miserable. Has a migraine.] Of course he's miserable. He's miserable because he sticks out.

DAD

[Also miserable.] You're right. Like a nose, he sticks out. And we're headed for another long summer with pure, undiluted Wesley Woods. It's amazing to me that he still hasn't made even one friend. Ever!

MOM

But he has plenty of tormentors. What did we do to deserve such an outcast for a son?

[She opens a bottle and takes a pill. DAD hands her a glass of water.]

WESLEY

I *am* an outcast. I actually like school, I'm the only one in Vanilla Acres who does not like pizza or soda and my favorite movie star is Al Gore. Dad says I give my mom migraines but I don't mean to.

MOM

All I do is worry about him. How different he is.

WESLEY

Galileo was different--- but he didn't care what anyone thought.

[DAD gets MOM a cold cloth for her head.]

DAD

And he hates sports. How can a 12-year-old boy go through life without sports?

MOM

Maybe there's something wrong with him.

WESLEY

The game of baseball as far as I can tell is senseless. And football ---even worse. I mean, why would anyone want to run down a long field while being pursued by sweating boys in body armor all trying to throw them to the ground? I wonder if Galileo's parents made him play football.

[KIDS enter cheering then begin playing around, throwing a football. PUMPKIN, TUBER are playing Gameboy, DOGGER is looking at a skateboard magazine. Music underneath of ENDLESS SUMMER.]

SPIKE

No more school for two whole months. Time to paaaartay!!

LIP

Time to catch up on my Zzzs.

MORPH

Hey, you guys are all coming to my party, tonight, right?

LIP

Wouldn't miss it, dude.

TUBER

Yeah, rock climbing and a sleepover, sweet!

DOGGER

Hey, check out this new snake board! It's awesome.

WESLEY

I hate birthday parties at places with fake rock-climbing walls. And, if I never saw another Gameboy as long as I live, I don't think it would be too soon. Besides, would playing *Madden'07* make me a better person? I think not.

DAD

Yesterday, I offered him fifty bucks to go down to Shirelle's to get his hair cut in a Mohawk, but he turned me down flat.

MOM

How about a little red stripe? Lip Chapman has one right down the middle of his Mohawk. So does Tuber Mac Fee. Maybe he'd agree to that.

DAD

I doubt it. Doesn't Wesley get that we're just trying to help him to be a little more mainstream?

[Lights down on MOM and DAD. The KIDS approach WESLEY in his yard. LIP tosses a football at WESLEY, which he misses.]

LIP

Hey, science boy, heads up!

TUBER

What project you gonna come up with this summer, brain dump?

WESLEY

I don't know yet. I'm working on it.

[As WESLEY retrieves the ball, LIP steals his helmet and it is tossed from kid to kid.]

LIP

[Throwing the helmet.] Tuber, here!

WESLEY

[Patiently, like this happens all the time.] Okay, come on guys, give it back.

LIANA

[Catching the helmet, trying it on.] Remember that roast beef flavored ice pop he made last year?

CONNIE, EPIPHANY

Yukko!

PUMPKIN

[Catching helmet.] Yeah, my mom gave it to our dog after he swallowed my guitar pick and the vet told her to induce vomiting. It worked great!

CONNIE, EIPHANY

Yukkola!

TUBER

And remember that remote controlled blender?

SPIKE

Yeah. His dad tried to turn on the football game with it by mistake and soaked Wes's mom in the kitchen from head to toe with black forest smoothie.

CONNIE, EIPHANY

[Catching helmet and modeling it.] Yukkomongous!

WESLEY

For your information, I'm applying for a patent on it. It works perfectly now.

SPIKE

That's a relief, dorkopod, I been losing sleep over that one.

LIP

Well, I'm not doing a summer project this year...

WESLEY

[Takes the helmet back.]

Breaking news, Lip, you never do one.

LIP

No, that's because I have a life. I want every free summer minute that's coming to me.

DOGGER

Me too.

TUBER

Me three.

SPIKE

Yeah, summer totally rocks.

[Intro for ENDLESS SUMMER begins. Below is sung.]

LIP

LAY ON THE BEACH
FLOAT ON A RAFT
DRINK RIGHT FROM THE HOSE

BOYS

FIX UP YOUR BIKE
LIVE IN A TREE

GIRLS

BRAID YOUR HAIR IN CORNRROWS

ALL

SEE HOW LONG YOU CAN HOLD YOUR BREATH UNDERWATER

BOYS

STAYING UP REAL LATE

GIRLS

SELLING HOMEMADE LEMONADE
MADE FROM CONCENTRATE

ALL

ENDLESS SUMMER IT'S COOLER THAN COOL
SAYONARA, BYE-BYE, SCHOOL!
ENDLESS SUMMER –SUN IN OUR EYES
WISH I HAD A YEAR OF JULYS

GIRLS

PAINTING YOUR NAILS
LIVE ON ICE CREAM

WESLEY

[Spoken.] Reading up on Einstein.

BOYS

GET POISON OAK

GIRLS

SMELL LIKE CHLORINE

WESLEY

[Spoken.] Build a solar turbine..

BOYS

WATCHING SPIKE MOW DOWN THE ASTERS' PETUNIAS

GIRLS

POOLS WITH WATER SLIDES

WESLEY

[Spoken.] The square of the hypotenuse is equal to the square of it's sides

KIDS

ENDLESS SUMMER –MOSQUITOES AND FLIES

WESLEY

GOING FOR THE NOBEL PRIZE!

KIDS

ENDLESS SUMMER –SUN IN OUR EYES
WISH I HAD A YEAR OF JULYS.

KIDS

LA LA LA LA LA LA LA

WESLEY

[Read from a book.] Some seeds travel by wind.

KIDS

LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA--

WESLEY

[Read.] Most seeds lay dormant in the soil until favorable conditions are present for them to grow. I wish they did that with kids.

BOYS

SPEND A WHOLE DAY
LEARNING TO BURP
COUNT UP ALL YOUR BRUISES

GIRLS

HOLD BUTTERCUPS
UNDER YOUR CHIN

SPIKE

SPIKE YOUR HAIR WITH MOUSSES

KIDS

SUCKING GATORADE DOWN BY THE GALLON
PLAYING HIDE AND SEEK

WESLEY

Did you know that someone actually theorized that the industrial revolution would one-day lead to global warming?

CONNIE

[Spoken] What a total geek!

KIDS *[Singing.]*

ENDLESS SUMMER --SHINING AND NEW
DON'T DO THINGS WE DON'T HAVE TO
ENDLESS SUMMER --BUT IT STILL FLIES
WISH I HAD A...
WISH I HAD A

WESLEY

[Spoken.] Wish I had a friend.

KIDS

WISH I HAD A YEAR
A YEAR OF JULYS!

[Lights dim.]

ACT I
Scene 2

SETTING: Wesley's living room.

AT RISE: MOM is cutting out coupons and DAD is reading the paper. WESLEY enters, disheveled, showing the result of the kids torment.

MOM

So what did you learn at school today, dear?

WESLEY

That seeds are carried at great distances, hundreds of miles by the wind--

DAD

That's nice, did you get a hit in gym today?

WESLEY

--and that each civilization has its own staple food crop.

DAD

Fascinating. Have you given any more thought to the Mohawk, son?

WESLEY

Yes, I have.

DAD

Good man! I knew you'd come to your senses. Fifty dollars can buy you a lot of parts for that weather station you've wanted to build. It would make a great summer project.

MOM

Don't badger him, Peat. Give the boy some space.

DAD

How about just the red stripe, Wes? Wouldn't that be a great way to start the summer? Mom could go get the dye today.

WESLEY

I'm not doing anything to my hair.

DAD

Sixty. I'll give you sixty dollars to get a Mohawk. Take it or leave it.

WESLEY

No thanks.

MOM

But all the other kids—

WESLEY

Mom, did you know that some chemicals found in commercial hair dye may cause certain diseases like cancer, not to mention contribute to polluting the atmosphere and global warming?

MOM

[Feeling her extra -large beehive hairdo, protectively.] Uh, well, no, I didn't.

DAD

Okay, sixty-five bucks. My final offer, son. No kid in their right mind would refuse sixty-five dollars. What do you say?

[WESLEY shakes his head.] Jeez! What kind of useless stuff are they teaching him at that school anyway?

WESLEY

Well, for instance, today we learned about how the ancient Greeks made wine from grapes and oil from olives. That's how they survived.

DAD

That's all fine and good, but if I offered an ancient Greek kid sixty-five bucks today to cut his hair, don't you think he'd jump at the chance?

MOM

I don't think they had dollars then, Peat. Maybe gold pieces.

DAD

No, it was rubles.

MOM

Rubles weren't Greek, they were Russian. How about shekels? *[They argue on.]*

WESLEY

It's going to be another long summer.

DAD

It was lira, I'm pretty sure.

MOM

But it may have been pounds, or kroner.

WESLEY

[Interrupting them.] Um, Mom, Dad, it was Drachmas. The ancient Greeks sold their wine and olive oil to other cultures for Drachmas to buy other stuff they needed. Some Greeks got pretty wealthy.

DAD

Wealthy? Now you're talking. Finally, something you can actually use in real life.

MOM

Yes, too bad your father doesn't know any ancient Greeks. He thinks he knows everyone else.

WESLEY

What? What'd you say?

MOM

I said, too bad your father doesn't know any ancient Greeks.

WESLEY

Mom! You just gave me the best idea. This will be the summer project to top all summer projects. I'll grow my own staple food crop, just like the Greeks and Egyptians. I, Wesley Wood, am going to found my own civilization. Isn't that the coolest idea?

[MOM and DAD look at each other and sigh. MOM sits down and takes another pill. DAD replaces the cloth on her head. The lights dim.]

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ACT I
Scene 3

SETTING: Later that day, WESLEY'S back yard.

AT RISE: WESLEY, referring to his book, turns over a few shovels full of dirt, looks around, checks the soil. BUD appears at his fence.

BUD

Hey, kid, don't bite off more than you can hoe. Get it? More than you can hoe? Say, that's a pretty big section of ground to be turning over for a beginner. Ya gonna plant corn?

WESLEY

Maybe, I don't know.

BUD

Well don't. Soil is too dry here for corn. You're better off with tomatoes, or Brussels sprouts or beans. Maybe a little iceberg. That's what everybody 'round here's growing.

WESLEY

But, I'm not sure what's going to come up. I didn't plant any seeds.

BUD

Come again?

WESLEY

Instead of planting seeds, I just turned over the earth where I want things to grow. That's what they did in ancient times, before they had seeds in little white packages from catalogues.

BUD

Nonsense! No one plants a garden like that. *[Digs in his pocket.]* Here, kid, here's some real seeds. But don't think you're gonna grow a sweeter tomato than yours truly, of course. Mine are famous in these parts.

[JUNE at her fence.]

JUNE

[Sees WESLEY digging up the ground.] Hey, Wesley, don't bite off more than you can hoe. Get it?

BUD

He didn't plant any seeds. You believe that? Told him he'd be safer with tomatoes. Gave him some of my prize Beefsteak seeds.

JUNE

That was very big of you, Bud. *[To WESLEY]* Hey, there, Wesley, don't forget the insecticide. Bugs love tomatoes.

BUD

Make sure you plant the rows north south so there is always some sunlight.

JUNE

Aphids and Blister beetles are the worst culprits. And too much sun, of course. Too much sun and they'll end up scorched.

BUD

And don't forget to keep the tomatoes off the ground or you'll have fruit rot on your hands.

JUNE

Gardens need a lot of attention. Hope you're not planning to do a whole lot else this summer.

WESLEY

Nope, this is all I'm doing. I'm going to raise my crop and start a civilization.

[BUD and JUNE look at each other. WESLEY gets a hose and begins to water the land.]

BUD

What, no fertilizer?

WESLEY

No. Just water and sun.

BUD

Holy Azalea bush, son, your civilization is as good as dead already. *[To JUNE]* He's not using any fertilizer.

WESLEY

Fertilizer and insecticide are poison. They're bad for the environment. Besides they didn't have any of that in ancient times.

BUD

Read my lips, kid. No insecticide, no fertilizer, no crop, it's that simple. The bugs and rabbits'll have thanksgiving dinner before anything sees sunlight. Crazy kid! *[He exits.]*

WESLEY

[Returning the seeds to JUNE.] Thanks anyway, Mrs. Aster, but I'm not going to need these seeds. I'm going to wait and see what comes up.

JUNE

It's your garden. Well, I'm late for my yoga class. *[Starts to leave.]* Oh, Wesley?

WESLEY

Yes?

JUNE

Plant the rows north to south so that there is always sunlight on your crop. Tomatoes love sunlight.

WESLEY

But I'm not going to-

JUNE

Good luck, see you around!

[JUNE exits. Lights dim to dark evening shades.]

ACT I
Scene 4

SETTING: WESLEY'S imagination, the yard.

AT RISE: A bed is moved on downstage center in the dark by members of the SEEDS OF CIVILIZATION chorus. WESLEY gets into bed with his book and a flashlight and begins to read. Wind sound effect.

WESLEY

[Reading.] The earliest societies arose in Mesopotamia, Egypt and Greece. These populations planted staple crops which could sustain them. They invented forms of writing and learned to make pottery and clothing. Many items that we use everyday were invented by these ancient civilizations.

[Music begins as SEEDS OF CIVILIZATION chorus moves on around WESLEY who continues reading. They sing and dance as indicated around him as he sings.

WESLEY

WHO BROUGHT US OLIVES AND SANDALS
 CANDLES CALENDARS AND TOMBS
 MUMMIES, PAPYRUS AND MATZOH...

CHORUS

LIFE WAS SO PLEASANT IN THE FERTILE CRESCENT

[Instrumental interlude]

WESLEY

HIEROGLYPHICS AND PHARAOHS
 HAMMURABI AND HIS CODE OF LAW
 PYRAMIDS RISING IN EGYPT ...

CHORUS

ALPHA AND BETA, SMALL POX AND FETA

[Slowly building into a full speed Hora.]

CHORUS

MESOPOTAMIA –MOUNTAINS OF SINAI
 BABYLON-GILGAMESH
 TOOTH FOR TOOTH AND EYE FOR EYE
 EUCLID---GEOMETRY, TRAGEDY AND COMEDY
 MT. OLYMPUS, TROJAN HORSE

WESLEY

AND THERE'S KING TUT, OF COURSE ..

[Instrumental interlude, slowing down.]

WESLEY
LATIN AND LOCUSTS AND TAXES

CHORUS
WE'RE SO SORRY BUT IT'S TRUE

WESLEY
FLOODS AND THE PLAGUES AND VOLCANOES

CHORUS
AND THEN THE WHOLE ORDEAL—AROUND ACHILLES HEEL

[Slowly building into a full speed Hora.]

WESLEY
QUEEN NEFERTITI JEWEL OF THE NILE
CHARIOTS, SITTING CATS

CHORUS
ON THE WALLS WE ALL LOOKED FLAT

CHORUS
SKIN PRODUCTS, AQUEDUCTS, TIGRIS, EUPHRATES
HERBAL TEAS, HERCULES
ASTERISK PARENTHESES

WE ARE THE SEEDS OF CIVILIZATION
YOU OWE US AN I. O. U.
WE SEWED THE SEEDS OF CIVILIZATION
WITHOUT US WHAT WOULD YOU DO?
WHAT WOULD YOU DO?
WITHOUT US YOU'D HAVE NO--- CLUE.

[The wind picks up, as the CHORUS blesses WESLEY and his piece of ground. Then lights fade as they move silently off.]

ACT I
Scene 5

SETTING: End of June, the garden.

AT RISE: WESLEY surveying in his back yard garden. Green shoots up to Wesley's knees have appeared. He bends to inspect them, pleased at their quick growth as BUD and JUNE appear over their respective fences. Wesley has his book with him.

WESLEY

Wow! They're already so big. I wonder what I have here.

[Consults his book.]

BUD

Only thing I know that grows that fast is weeds.

JUNE

Yes, weeds are the bane of my existence.

BUD

You'll have almighty bedlam on your hands if you don't get those weeds out. They'll take all the nourishment away from your main crop. Whatever that it is.

JUNE

They'll milk those little flowers dry, if you don't watch out.

BUD

Say, Mr. Environmentalist, if you don't mind my asking, what is your main crop?

WESLEY

I told you. I've opened my land to the currents of chance. To see what the wind blows in!

BUD

[With pleasure.] Looks to me like the currents of chance blew in a bunch of weeds. You better start pullin 'em out.

WESLEY

Actually, in this type of garden, there are no weeds. What you see here is my crop.

BUD

So what is it? Tomatoes, Brussels sprouts or beans?

WESLEY

I don't know. Maybe it's something new.

BUD

Nope. They're either weeds or mutant tomatoes, Brussels sprouts or beans. Take it from me, Wes. There's nothing really new under the sun. And without insecticide, you'll be lucky if they live long enough to flower.

[He disappears from the fence. WESLEY is a bit dejected.]

JUNE

Sorry, Wes, Bud's just a little insecure, stubborn, and truthfully, not the brightest bulb in the candelabra, poor thing. But I'll tell you what, there is nobody in Vanilla Acres who grows a sweeter Beefsteak tomato. Nobody. Won the Vanilla Acres tomato festival 7 times in a row, you know.

WESLEY

Wow! Now his parents must be proud of him, I bet.

JUNE

I guess. They do take out a big ad in the Vanilla Times every year congratulating him.

WESLEY

[Beat.] June, you know a sure way to tell if your parents are proud of you?

JUNE

All parents are proud of their kids. Aren't they?

WESLEY

With mine, it's really hard to tell. They're always trying to get me to like things they think I should like. I've tried every conceivable kind of pizza, I just don't like the stuff.

JUNE

Maybe they think you'd be happier if you—

WESLEY

--if I read Harry Potter or spent Sunday afternoons hanging out at the mall or wore chains hanging from my belt?

JUNE

Ummm, well maybe-

WESLEY

What would really make me happy is if they wouldn't always look disappointed when I walk into the room. What would really make me happy is for them to get that I'm fine just like this.

JUNE

Well, you do seem like you are just fine. Give them time, maybe they'll come around.

WESLEY

Yeah, maybe. Well I have to go in for dinner. See you around.

JUNE

Oh, Wesley?

WESLEY

I know, I know ---be careful not to over water.

[JUNE exits. WESLEY waters the land for a moment, then stops and sings.]

IS THIS WHAT ITS LIKE WHEN YOU SEE ALL THAT SOMETHING CAN BE
AND NO ONE ELSE DOES?
IS THIS WHAT ITS LIKE TO LAUNCH AN IDEA THAT MIGHT SINK?
YOU WATER AND WAIT AND YOU PRAY THAT SOMETHING WILL HAPPEN
STANDING ON THE BRINK

IS THIS WHAT YOU FEEL WHEN YOU FOLLOW YOUR HEART
TO THE HEART OF REVOLUTION?
IS THIS WHAT IT'S LIKE WHEN YOU SAY COWS JUMP OVER THE MOON?
WON'T SOMEBODY SAY THAT MY VISION MIGHT NOT BE INSANE
WILL I DIE OR BLOOM?

YO GALILEO,
WAS IT LIKE THIS FOR YOU?
DID YOU DO WHAT YOU DID
'CAUSE IT WAS ALL THAT YOU KNEW HOW TO DO?
HEY, GALILEO,
I WOULD HAVE BEEN YOUR FRIEND
I BET YOU WERE A WEIRD KID TOO

YO GALILEO
YOU STUCK TO YOUR GUN
THOUGH THEY LAUGHED WHEN YOU SAID
THAT THE EARTH COULD ORBIT THE SUN
HEY GALILEO
I KNOW IT'S NOT MUCH FUN
WHEN YOU'RE A CLUB OF ONE
WHEN YOU'RE A CLUB OF ONE [*Lights dim.*]

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ACT I
Scene 6

SETTING: A week later, the garden. The plants have now grown over WESLEY'S head supported by thick tree trunk-like stalks. Large colorful Dahlia--like flowers have appeared on his plants.

AT RISE: WESLEY enters, munching Captain Junk cereal from the box, inspecting his plants. SWIST, the plant in question who is camouflaged in the jungle of plants reveals himself.

WESLEY

Wow, check it out! *[WESLEY walks around and inspects one of the larger blooms, poking, smelling, tugging.]*

[Reads.] Alstroemeria- these plants produce long stems of handsome foliage, ---

SWIST

[SWIST stretches and flexes.]

Yeah, baby!.

WESLEY

---and small, trumpet-shaped flowers.

SWIST

[Explodes.] Oh, please! I wouldn't be caught dead with little trumpet shaped flowers. Anyone can see these are manly blossoms!

WESLEY

Definitely not trumpet shaped. *[Reading.] Coryus Purpurea* - a large majestic shrub with underpinnings of beautiful, rounded, purple leaves.

[WESLEY goes and reaches for SWIST'S inner leaves.] Let's check the underpinnings.

SWIST

[Ticklish laughter.] The leaves are green, dude. Inside and out. Anyway, purple is not a good color for me. It clashes with my *[Strikes a pose.]* resplendent petals.

WESLEY

Okay, definitely not *Coryus Purpurea*. *[Reads next entry.] Fritillaria*— plants with straight, woody stems which produce flowers up to 18 inches long-

[WESLEY measures and then consults the book.]

Wow, these are 25 inches.

SWIST

[Proudly.] Incredibly beautiful, aren't they?

WESLEY

Yes, but they're too big to be *Fritillaria*. According to this, *Fritillaria*, are grouped in clusters of small uninteresting yellowish-green flowers.

SWIST

Uninteresting am I? Watch this, dude.

[SWIST lifts his arms which up until now have been tight at his sides. This reveals vines of protruding fibers Wind sound effect that sounds like 'Swissst'.]

WESLEY

[Walking into the fibers, taking one and testing it for strength.] Wow, this is strong! It's like-

SWIST

Like nothing you've ever seen, right? And then there's this...

[SWIST lifts his foot to which a large tuber is attached.]

WESLEY

What the-? It's a tuber root! I've never seen one like this!

SWIST

Yeah! Now you're gettin' it.

[WESLEY leafs through pages and pages, studiously trying to identify his plant in the book SWIST looks over his shoulder.]

WESLEY

But there's nothing like this in the book. Could it be in the potato family?

SWIST

Nope.

WESLEY

Or the cucumber family?

SWIST

Nope. [Beat.] Whatsa matter? No words in there to describe me? Any possibility that I'm totally unique...one of a kind...a true original? Why do we always have to be some *kind* of something?

[Music begins. SWIST sings and dances.]

SWIST

HEY I GOT A PISTIL, AND I GOT A STEM
LEAVES ALL GREEN AND SHINY
I SPROUT WITH BEST OF THEM
BUT DON'T CALL ME LILY OR DAISY, I'D RATHER BE DEAD
'CAUSE THERE'S NO BLOOMIN' BUD LIKE ME IN ANYONE'S FLOWER BED

YOU CAN –ANALYZE ME, ORGANIZE ME,
TABULATE CORRELATE CODE AND EVALUATE
ANALYZE METHODIZE FILE AND ESTIMATE
SUMMARIZE ME ----ALPHABETIZE ME
BUT IN THIS WORLD THERE'S MORE TO BE –
THAN COMMON GARDEN VARIETY
FOR A GUY LIKE ME THERE AIN'T NO CATEGORY

I DEFY DESCRIPTION – SO DON'T CLASSIFY
I'LL GIVE YOU A CONNIPTION --SO PLEASE DON'T EVEN TRY
'CAUSE I'M NOT AN IRIS OR PANSY-I'LL SWEAR ON MY SHOOTS

AND THERE'S NO PIGEON HOLE BIG ENOUGH TO GET ME BY THE ROOTS

YOU CAN BUSH OR SHRUB ME—TAUNT AND SNUB ME
 CATALOGUE, ORGANIZE LABEL AND SEPARATE,
 INDEX AND TITLE ME GRADE GROUP OR COLLATE
 YOU CAN STAMP OR TAG ME, MARK OR FLAG ME
 BUT FITTING IN'S NOT QUITE AS COOL
 IF YOU'RE THE ONE WHO MAKES THE RULES
 FOR A GUY LIKE ME THERE AIN'T NO CATEGORY

WHY DO YOU NEED TO IDENTIFY ---
 SO I QUALIFY TO BE AMONG US?
 SUCCULENT FIBROUS PETIT OR HUMONGOUS
 EVEN A FUNGUS
 HAS ITS DAY!

YOU CAN BUSH OR SHRUB ME,

WESLEY: TAUNT AND SNUB ME

SWIST: CATALOGUE, ORGANIZE LABEL AND SEPARATE,

BOTH: INDEX AND TITLE ME GRADE GROUP OR COLLATE

SWIST: STAMP OR TAG ME.

WESLEY: MARK OR FLAG ME

BOTH: BUT FITTING IN'S NOT QUITE AS COOL
 IF YOU'RE THE ONE WHO MADE THE RULES
 FOR A GUY LIKE ME THERE AIN'T -NO -CATEGORY.

[SWIST has been concealing a fruit in his palm, which he lets drop in front of WESLEY at the song's conclusion. WESLEY retrieves it, holds it up to the sun, smells it, shakes it, squeezes it.]

WESLEY

It's fruit! My crop is bearing fruit!

[He gets out his pocketknife, slices through the thick rind to the juicy center and bites into it. Wind sound effect that sounds like 'Swissst'. He hears it, takes the fruit away from his mouth, then puts it to his mouth again----'Swisst' is heard again.]

WESLEY

[Noisily slurping at the fruit.] Mmmmm. Like peach, strawberry...with a touch of wild cherry and-
[He tastes it again.] -something I can't identify.

SWIST

[To audience.] That would be the Pumpkin pie finish.

WESLEY

[Tasting again.] Could it be a Pumpkin pie finish?

SWIST

It's outrageous on vanilla ice cream.

WESLEY

I've never tasted anything like it. And it's not anywhere in the book. I wonder-

SWIST

Come on, kid, you can do it...

WESLEY

Maybe it's some sort of hybrid...

SWIST

Atta boy, almost there...catch that train of thought!

[WESLEY takes another bite accompanied by the 'Swisst' sound effect.]

WESLEY

Mmm. This is too incredible. It's got to be something new.

SWIST

Yes!

WESLEY

Now, what am I gonna call it? I need to give it a name.

[Holding the fruit up, we hear the 'Swisst' sound effect.]

Swist. That's it. I'll call it Swist!

[With a flourish, he tosses his cereal box aside and takes a bite of Swist, then looks at his cereal box, considering.]

So long Captain Junk. Hello there, Swist.

SWIST

Nice job, kid. I knew there was a reason you guys were at the top of the food chain.

[SWIST blends back into the rest of the flowers. It is as though he'd never been there at all. WESLEY is left contemplating his fruit.]

[Lights out.]

ACT I
Scene 7

SETTING: Mid-July. SPIKE'S yard.

AT RISE: The GIRLS and LIP are on chaises tanning. DOGGER and TUBER are trying to trap and smash mosquitoes for the blood effect. MORPH is drinking lemonade. SPIKE is looking at various things through his binoculars, occasionally peering into WESLEY'S yard. WESLEY is in his garden. There is a large tuber root on a spit on the bar-b-q and a cooler nearby. WESLEY is wearing a straw hat made from the fiber of the plant and he is busily carving out a gourd from the fruit to make a cup. A loom stands down stage with a textile of the fiber half woven.

TUBER

[Killing a mosquito on himself.]

Yeah! That was a fat juicy one! *[To the girls.]* Check it out.

CONNIE

That's so gross!

LIP

What time is it?

EPIPHANY

12:03, three minutes after the last time you asked.

LIP

Because I'm bored.

DOGGER

Me too.

EPIPHANY

So let's do something.

DOGGER

[Swinging at a mosquito and missing.]

Too hot. It's gotta be like two-hundred degrees today.

SPIKE

The thermometer doesn't go up that high, dorkopod.

MORPH

We could make more lemonade.

EPIPHANY

I'm sick of lemonade.

DOGGER

We could put on hefty bags and scare Pumpkin's little sister into the basement again.

LIANA

That's really mature.

TUBER

We could set ants on fire with my magnifying glass.

EPIPHANY

Eww! Gross!

TUBER

[Kills a mosquito on his neck.] Got another one, look, blood on my neck-- I'm a vampire, I want to suck your blood.

PUMPKIN

My mom says that 12-year- old boys are disgusting and immature because of hormones.

CONNIE

That's no excuse. Girls have hormones and we don't do the ridiculous things they do. Okay, everybody, 1-2-3, turn over!

[All the sun worshippers turn over on their stomachs at the same time.]

MORPH

How about limeade? My mom has lots of limes.

SPIKE

Hey, it's science boy. He's finally out.

DOGGER

What's he doing?

SPIKE

I don't know- but he has this stupid straw hat on.

LIP

Let me see. *[Checking through the binoculars and snorts.]* What a dweeb.

TUBER

I smell food.

LIP

Looks like he's bar-b-cueing.

[SPIKE grabs the binoculars back. The other boys vie for position at the fence.]

LIANA

Hey, something does smell good.

PUMPKIN

Yeah, what is that?

SPIKE

Now, he's going into his cooler and bringing out a--a frosty container of...

MORPH

Lemonade?

[All groan.]

SPIKE

No, it's pink—no oran—red---I don't know what color it is, but it sure isn't lemonade. It looks great.

[Now everyone is trying to see through the little hole in the fence.] I wonder what it is.

LIANA

Maybe you should go over and ask him.

LIP

What? Go over there and talk to Willy Wonka? I'm bored but I'm not that bored.

[Agreeing, the others go back to their original positions, sunning, killing bugs, etc., a medium pause.]

SPIKE

What's he doing now?

LIANA

Looks like he's crumbling leaves and sprinkling them on the thing on the bar-b-cue.

PUMPKIN

Mmm. That smells better than my mom's pumpkin pie! But it's not exactly like it; it's more like something else, mixed with pumpkin pie..

LIP

Let's get a closer look. Liana, we'll boost you up.

LIANA

Me?

LIP

Yeah, it'll be easy.

LIANA

No way!

LIP

Don't worry. It'll just take a minute, it's no big deal.

LIANA

If it's no big deal, then you do it!

LIP

I'm too heavy. You're the lightest one, it has to be you.

[ALL agree and encourage her. SPIKE and LIP boost her up.]

PUMPKIN

See anything?

LIANA

No, I can't see over these trees. It's like a jungle in here.

LIP

[Boosting her up more.] Okay, how's this?

LIANA

No, too high, let me down!

SPIKE

But can you see anything? What's he--

LIANA

Put me down! It's too high. I'm going to-----

[LIANA screams as she falls over the fence into WESLEY'S yard.]

SPIKE

Uh-oh!

[KIDS run out in all directions. Lights dim.]

Perusal Copying Prohibited

ACT I

Scene 8

SETTING: A little while later. WESLEY'S yard. There are several implements made from the plant scattered around: ladles, plates, a table, stool, the chair, a juicer, mortar and pestle etc.

AT RISE: WESLEY turns over a chair which he has just finished making from the stalks of the SWIST plant. He stretches, sits, putting his feet up on a stool, and takes out a frosty gourd of the juice he has made from his staple crop. LIANA sneaks up from behind him. She carries a large SWIST leaf to camouflage her movements. WESLEY takes a slow tempting sip, thoroughly enjoying it. LIANA forgets and lowers her leaf to see and swallows hard, obviously thirsty. He does not look her way as he speaks, but it's clear he knows he's being watched.

WESLEY

Mm-mm. Better than Gatorade. Better than Snapple! On a ninety percent humidity day like today, a person hanging around trying to camouflage themselves in this yard and spy on me would probably be getting pretty thirsty by now.

[LIANA raises her leaf back up and is silent. He moves to his juicer and begins to pump juice into a gourd. LIANA is so absorbed that she lowers the leaf again, to watch. WESLEY gets a gourd of juice and begins to set her a place at the table.]

I made this juicer from the stalk of my plant. And this is the root of the plant, called a tuber. When you cook it up, it tastes like a mixture of pumpkin pie and baked potato.

[He moves to the bar-b-cue taking the root off and placing it on a serving dish, cutting two servings. He sits and begins to eat. He still has not looked her way. LIANA, who has been frozen to the spot in wonder, begins shooing a bee while still trying to hide herself with the leaf.]

WESLEY

Oh well, if you don't want any, I'll just feed it to the birds. They love it.

[He starts to throw her dish away. LIANA is suddenly stung.]

LIANA

Ow! Ow! Ow! Go away! That hurts!

WESLEY

You wouldn't make a very good spy.

LIANA

[Waving her stung finger.] It didn't help that I was just stung by a bee the size of a rhino.

WESLEY

You're here spying on me so Spike and them can have some fresh ammunition to torture me with in September, aren't you?

LIANA

[Covering for her lie.] No. I'm not - I'm here for Grandma Aster.

WESLEY

Oh, I see. You're spying on me for your grandmother?

LIANA

[*Shaking her hand from the sting.*] Not exactly. She promised to take me for ice cream if I came to check in on you. It's the only reason I'm here, trust me.

WESLEY

Sure. Here, try some of this on the bee sting.

[*He gets a little bottle out from under the table and brushes some liquid from it on her bee sting.*]

LIANA

[*Beat.*] Wow! It doesn't hurt anymore. What is that stuff?

WESLEY

No name for it, yet.

LIANA

Whatever. It really helps bee stings.

[*LIANA helps herself to more oil and smears it on her nose and neck.*]
And sunburn too. Got any more?

WESLEY

I ground up the seeds from a Swist fruit and this oil was what was left. It was only an experiment, so I only made a little.

LIANA

Swist?

WESLEY

The name of my new plant.

LIANA

So, the fruit juice came from your plant, this oil came from your plant. What's the deal?

WESLEY

Everything here did. The loom, the bowls, even this hat.

LIANA

You better not wear that around Spike and them. They were calling you a dweeb-

WESLEY

Ha! I knew it. You *are* spying for them.

LIANA

So even if I was, it's still a stupid hat.

WESLEY

This stupid hat keeps me 15.7 degrees cooler than the current atmospheric temperature.

LIANA

Let's see. [*LIANA grabs hat and puts it on.*] Wow, it's like air conditioning.

WESLEY

They don't call me 'brain dump' for nothing.

LIANA

[*Walking around in wonder.*]

And all this other stuff...can you really make all of this from a plant?