

Other possible songs:

~~Lazy Day~~  
~~Snail~~  
~~Wandering Wind~~  
~~Pretty Flower~~  
~~Fire Fly, You & I~~  
~~Oogie-Wa-Goo~~  
~~Seasons~~

Other possible activities and ideas:

Guitar player

Walter performs some magic

Hap converses with audience and asks them to help pull Walter out of his sadness (by helping with the singing) or chanting. *Who doesn't you have no choice*

All songs begin at last sentence of dialogue (before the song) with guitar then *in your own time* comes the singing

*Guitar playing with a bench*  
As play begins:

Walter Furlow, a grouchy, old man who feels his life is all over, sits on a bench whittling (leaves falling on him)

Hap Henderson, an active, happy boy full of life, *and imaginative* enters right of stage.

Hap gazes at beautiful carousel horse, runs up to it and jumps on it. Lights shine on horse and Hap throws glistening sparkles. *Hap throws up glistening sparkles* [Sings SONG #1] Finishes song, gets down. Hugs horse. *Om it*

WALTER: What in tarnation are you doin' boy? Keep that clammering down!

HAP: (Bouncing imaginary ball, walks over to Walter)

Wanna play ball, mister? Here catch!

WALTER: Bolderdash! What in heaven's name are you.... Must have been dropped on your head when you were just a small tadpole.

You don't have a ball!

HAP: Sure I do and it's different colors, and big! Don't you see it?

WALTER: Boy, you're wastin' my time and yours. Why don't you get a bike and a paper route and make some money.... be productive, instead of botherin' good folk?



HAP: Well, I don't have money to buy a bike, but I guess I can pretend I have one (runs around pretending he's riding a bike, then slides sideways to a stop.) Whooooo! That was close!

WALTER: You're gonna wear yourself out, runnin' round like a wild monkey. You're bound to like to do something instead of makin' a dang fool out of yourself. I'm busy!

HAP: I do like to do things, all kinda things. SONG #2 *Hap mimics dances*

WALTER: (End of song says) Bolderdash!

HAP: (Pretends to pull out red wagon, places pretend rocks and gems into it) These are highly precious and unique stones goin' into my wagon. I'm rich! Hope they don't scratch up this beeaauutiful red paint! (Blows on wagon and pretends to rub wagon with elbow.)

WALTER: (Stands up, walks over to Hap) Boy! Hogwash! A red wagon I don't see, you're nutty as a loon, you can believe me! (sly laugh)

HAP: Don't you see it? It's beautiful and red, and it's mine. I see it... I thought the older you got, the smarter you got. How come you can't see it?

WALTER: Because I am smart. I've been trudgin' on this ol' earth for over 70 years. You can believe me, I've see it all (looking toward ceiling, facing audience) WHY, I can recall....

HAP: (Blows on harmonica loudly)

WALTER: Land o' mercy, what is that god awful noise? (Sticks finger in his ear.)

HAP: I'm playin' my hermanica.

WALTER: That's harmonica, and I don't call that playin', I call that butcherin' that poor thing. I played one of those as a child, long,

long time ago. They called me Wailin' Walter (scratching his head) They did, least I recollect.

HAP: I play this harmonica (pronouncing slowly and carefully) when I'm a cowboy on the range herdin' my cattle.

WALTER: Herdin' cattle? You're no more than a newly born calf yourself, boy! (Walks over to bench, sits, whittles)

HAP: When I'm ridin' the range all day long, singin' a song! Uh, sir, what did you say your name was? My name is Hap, Hap Henderson.

WALTER: (Talking out loud to self) Bolderdash, I can't hear myself think, that's all I have to do these days, nothin' at all, just think.

HAP: (Blows harmonica)

WALTER: (Talking to self) Maybe if I tell him my name he'll leave me

be. Walter. Walter Furlow! ~~Now~~ go awaaaaaaa.

HAP: Pleased to meet you, want some m&ms?

WALTER: (Pause) Hap?!? Who in the world would label their kid Hap? What kind of name is that?

HAP: Dunno. (Shrugs shoulders) My dad said when I was born my mom was really happy.... and dad was really happy... and I looked really really happy ... well..... they didn't want to call me Happy.. so they called me... Hap... Cause I guess it's shorter.. or somethin'... Hap, Hap, Hap, Happy, yes sir, that's me alright, Hap Happy (happy foot dance toward tree)

WALTER: (Following Hap) Being happy is for fools. Now I understand why you're so happy, Hap Hap Happy! You don't know any better.... and don't you go blowin' on that thing again. (Sits on wooden stool under tree) Do somethin' else, or else! (whittles)

Put on a lid as it lizud breath  
I think I'll change my  
name to Wailin' Walter.

I used to have a white pigmented ~~Now~~ <sup>iguanas named Walter.</sup> <sup>Sometimes he'd escape for his</sup> <sup>cage + chase the</sup> <sup>cat + monkey, Mom</sup> <sup>would get so mad</sup> <sup>+ I call out</sup> <sup>Walter 3x</sup>

Really

Walter



HAP: (Blows harmonica loudly)

WALTER: (Puts finger in ear) Ow!

HAP: (Sits in tree) SINGS #3

HAP: Wanna bite of my sandwich?

WALTER: No, I don't think so, thank you.

HAP: You'll like it, m&m's, peanut butter, and (hands piece to Walter and with big grin says) pancake syrup, too!

WALTER: (Reluctantly takes piece) This stuff will kill you, boy. I'd rather eat an ol' puppy dawg tail than that!

HAP: Uh, guess it does clog the holes of my harmonica. Maybe I'll fetch a stick and try and clean it out. But those m&m's are gems! (Gets out of tree, picks up stick, lays down on bench and cleans harmonica, swinging legs)

WALTER: (Looks up at high branch in tree) What in the world is that up there, movin' all around, can't quite make it out.... snake!  
No.... oh, I see... SINGS #4 (after song, whistles like bird)  
Mockingbird, I'll miss you. (Looks around sheepishly and with guilt, afraid someone might have heard or see him singing. Goes quickly back to whittling as Hap runs up.)

HAP: Can't clean it out, but sure sounds preeeeetty good (blows)

WALTER: Ou..... bolderdash! (Motions with arm like go away. Walks to bench, sits, whittles) Bolderdash!

HAP: (Looks sad and ~~concerned~~ <sup>concerned</sup>) SINGS #5 (Kicks pretend can)

WALTER: (After song, talking to self) I used to be happy, when I had a life, when I was a stronger, younger man. (Now talking and standing) What do I have now? I had a family, my whole life was

Mechanical  
Bird  
Flies on  
Stage

Hap talks  
to audience

ad his song  
Whistling Wren

Sitting on bench  
I was once a kid  
Yeah "5"  
was bored as could be  
nothing to do, nothing to read  
"Whistling Wren"

in front of me. I took the bull by the horns and lived every minute of it. I had a wife, she's gone now.

WALTER: We used to just sit on that ol' porch, listenin' to the radio, just a swingin' on that old squeaky swing (pause) can almost hear it now.... <sup>SONG\*</sup> (sound effects of train whistle, crickets, Hank Williams Lonesome Whipperwill) I worked hard with these hands, build with these hands (looking down at his hands, facing audience) I was strong, oh yes, I had it all. And now look at me, I'm all used up. (Sits down on bench, hangs head, cries heavily) I'm all alone!... I have no one!

HAP: (Walks slowly over and behind Walter, and slowly wraps his arms around him.) You have me, Walter. ~~Walter~~ Walter

WALTER: (Slowly lays his big hand on Hap's arm and squeezes tightly)

HAP: (Pulls harmonica out of pocket, puts it in Walter's hand) Here...

WALTER: you can have my harmonica. (Pats Walter on his head) Tastes like m&m's, peanut butter (grins widely) and pancake syrup, too!

WALTER: (Looks up slowly at audience, with comical, horrified look on face)

HAP: (Still grinning widely, looking back and forth, from Walter to audience.)

END OF ACT I

Intermission: <sup>M&MS</sup> peanut butter sandwiches <sup>is being</sup> served  
Instrumental <sup>Unison</sup> on base is played



## ACT II

WALTER: (Strolls in from left stage, from behind well, looking all around, sits on bench, knives holes of harmonica, trying to clean it.)

*(bird feathers stuck in his cap)*

HAP: (Comes running in from right stage, gazes at beautiful horse, hops on top, horse lights up. He swings his arm up) YEEE HAWW!!

I'm a cowboy riding my horse, of course, riding the range all day long, singin' a song... SONG #6 (Throws sparkling glitter in air)

WALTER: You're liable to slip right off that old, laquered slick hunk of rotten wood and bust your fanny. And if you do, don't come crying to Old Walter, cowboy! (Taking to self) Yea, don't be a-runnin' to Old Walter.

*It's been per-tan ear  
a month since  
we first met  
in this park  
and you're still  
acting like a  
wild monkey*

HAP: YEE HAWWW! (Gets off horse. Hugs horse.)

WALTER: (Imitating Hap) HOO WEEE! Hope you didn't work up any saddle sores, at least you didn't slip off... but you shore made a dang spectacle of yourself.

HAP: (Running round and round, jumping, shooting, doing karate moves, etc. Basically acting like a nut!)

WALTER: (Looks at audience with comical face and shares his head.)

Boy's got to Boogie! (sly laugh)

*Shakes*

HAP: I'm havin' fun (speaking fast) I like having fun. Don't you ever have fun? It's fun to have fun, cause when you're having fun, fun is fun to have, aren't you havin' fun, I like.....

WALTER: Bolderdash! (Walks over to well, gets drink.)

HAP: (Runs over to well.) I bet that's a wishing well! And when you make a wish, it comes true! If I had a penny, I sure know what I'd wish for.

WALTER: (Looking at audience) If I had a hundred pennies I sure know what I'd wish for. (pause) Oh, here, here's a penny for your.... thoughts! (Gives penny to Hap.)

HAP: (Squeezes eyes and penny tight, making wish.) I wish I may, I wish I might... (throws penny in well.)

WALTER: Well, what did you wish for? What do you want? (Bicycle

<sup>horn is heard.)</sup>  
HAP: <sup>Boy Howdy</sup> Did 'ja hear that? Some kid is lucky! <sup>sure</sup> SONG #7 (Looking sad,

kicking pretend can) Oh, I don't know if I'll ever get a bike.... maybe you're right, pretending and wishing is a waste of time. All I can do is pretend, I don't really have one. I'll probably never get a bike, ever! It's bolderdash!

WALTER: Hold on there, cowboy. You don't know that, now do you? Throughout my life I've wished for lots of things... and dreamt of 'em too!

HAP: Did you always get what you wanted? (Walks over to see-saw and sits.)

WALTER: No, but I always got what I needed. Hap, without dreams, you have no colors in your rainbow. (Pulls penny out of

pocket, closes his eyes and fist tight, throws penny in well.) (SONG #8)  
HAP: Well, what did you wish for? What do you want? (Walter hands ladle to Hap to drink, Hap makes ~~same~~ comical, horrified face at end of SONG #8)

WALTER: Something that both of us need.... that all of us need. (Sits on see-saw. They see-saw back and forth.) To dream or not to dream, that is the question!



8:25 9:10

HAP: I dream, therefore I am.

WALTER: Bend like a willow, flow like a river.

HAP: What you see is what you get.

WALTER: You can't tell a book by its cover (laughs)

HAP: Mary sells seashells by the sea shore. etc. etc. (Jumps off see-saw,

pretends to fight dragon with stick) I'll run you through

with my sword, you ugly green snaggie tooth dragon!

WALTER: (Makes pirate hat out of newspaper that was laying on bench

and gives it to him. ~~Hap chases Walter round and round.~~

Walter hides behind tree, sticks out his head and pulls it

back with his own hand and screams agh! agh! agh!!)

HAP: (Acts a bit frightened but laughing) Walter!

WALTER: (Pause) (Sticks out his head with a big smile and laughs)

(Dances + sing together)

Hey, we make a pretty good pair! SINGS #10 (End of song,

both are sitting on bench, after singing and dancing for

Wheee!

"Bomp" - stop abruptly

look @ each other, nod

HAP: (Takes old tatter hat off Walter, lays it on bench, puts his own

colorful cap on Walter. Runs behind wishing well, pulls out

a real beautiful red wagon and pulls it to Walter.) Walter,

don't you see the red wagon? I see it! Don't you see it now?

Don't you?

(Horses likes up)

WALTER: (As if in shock) Yes Hap, my little friend, I see it now, I see it!

it's beautiful, it is! Hop in, I'll take you for a ride!

HAP: (Sits in wagon. Walter picks up whittled piece of wood off of park

bench, the one he's been whittling throughout the play,

walks over and hands it to Hap. Walter has whittled a wood

carousel horse!)

Frog sound w guitar

Omit Puff

Puff the  
magician  
play over  
speaker

Real dragon enters  
right stage, chases  
Hap and Walter  
Canical chase  
chases dragon  
away sticks  
butt!

Omit

both lay on  
ground SONG #9

#10

head once  
as they sit  
on bench

Sing  
Wings on horse



HAP: (Holds horse up in the air, looking at Walter with big grin) How

'bout that? I wished for something that takes you for a ride,  
and I got it! My wish did come true!

WALTER: (Begins to pull Hap in wagon off left stage, stops momentarily,  
pulls harmonica out of his pocket. Puts it up to his mouth,  
smiles and says..) Ah, tastes just like peanut butter..... and  
pancake syrup, too! (Blows song on harmonica "Wings on a  
Horse" with guitar accompaniment. Pulls Hap and wagon  
off stage.)

END OF PLAY

Song #  
Wings on a Horse

Old Folks  
Got to Be Old  
Too

not (to  
audience)

well

O' Kella's

gotta boogie too.

(Hand a back)

Ooh

(How harmonica)