

Raining Fruit

(A Folkmanis Puppet Play)

(Monkey swinging from branch to branch.)

Monkey:

Boy, am I getting hungry.

(Enter Elephant.)

Elephant:

Wow. It must be nice...swinging in the trees, taking in tropical vistas, not a care in the world. Meanwhile, I'm stuck down here on the ground like a chump. I'll never be able to do that in a million years.

No sir.

Monkey:

Not with that attitude!

Elephant:

It's not my attitude. It's physics.

Monkey:

I don't know. Try putting that flexible trunk of yours to work. I watch you grab on to stuff all the time. You could get in some sweet swinging action if only we could find a tree strong enough to support your weight.

Elephant:

That's a big "If". Almost as big as me.

Monkey:

Nonsense. See? (*Points.*) Right over there is the oldest tree in the jungle. It's been here for thousands of years, through fires and hurricanes – everything that Mother Nature could dish out. That should definitely hold you.

Elephant:

You really think so?

Monkey:

Oh, sure. The only thing between you and your dreams is you.

Elephant:

What are those wonderful plump fruits all clustered in the leaves?

Monkey:

No idea. Maybe you should go up there and find out.

Elephant:

Alright. Here goes nothing.

(Exit Elephant. Monkey turns to audience and covers his mouth, chuckling.)

Elephant:

(Offstage.) Oh dear, I slipped. Okay...almost got it.

Monkey:

You're doing great!

Elephant:

Here we go...I'm doing it! I'm hanging! I'm actually—(*Loud crash and tumbling noises. Elephant returns.*) Oh, no! I brought down the oldest tree ever! And those poor fruits are all over the jungle floor.

Monkey:

That's far from the oldest tree around here, buddy. I was only joking.

(*Calls offstage.*) Kids! Get over here! It's dinnertime!

(*Monkey runs off stage.*)