

GUSTAV – THE GOOSE WHO WOULDN'T FLY

By Matt Fotis

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By Matt Fotis

SYNOPSIS: Gustav the Goose would rather design par-3 golf courses than do goose things like fly. But when the Polar Vortex forces the gaggle to leave early on The Great Goose Migration, Gustav is left behind! In order to help the gaggle win the race, Gustav sets off on foot for Mexico. (You see, Gustav is terrified of flying.) Along the way he meets a narcoleptic chipmunk, a moose with the soul of a blues musician, and a badger with dreams of the NFL. The journey teaches Gustav that the most important thing is to be true to yourself - and sometimes you have to face your fears.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(7-17 either)

GUSTAV (f/m).....	A young goose who would rather design par-3 golf courses than fly. (163 lines)
SKY (f/m).....	Leader of the gaggle. Gustav's dad. (19 lines)
ANA (f/m).....	Gustav's best goose friend. (20 lines)
MAPLE CHEEKS (f/m).....	A young narcoleptic chipmunk with a tree nut allergy. (106 lines)
MOUNTY PAT (f/m).....	A mounted police officer.
MOUNTY THE MOOSE (f/m).....	A moose who has a love for the blues. (69 lines)
ARNOLD PALMER (f/m).....	You know, Arnold Palmer. When he is narrating he is the loveable elder statesman. (71 lines)
GOOSE 1 (f/m).....	Member of the gaggle. (35 lines)
GOOSE 2 (f/m).....	Member of the gaggle. (26 lines)
HUNTER 1 (f/m).....	Hunter. (11 lines)
HUNTER 2 (f/m).....	Hunter. (7 lines)
HUNTER 3 (f/m).....	Hunter. (6 lines)

GOPHER 1 (f/m)	Gopher. (9 lines)
GOPHER 2 (f/m)	Gopher. (10 lines)
GOPHER 3 (f/m)	Gopher. (5 lines)
AARON RODGERS (f/m).....	Feisty badger. (19 lines)
STEAMBOAT SAL (f/m)	A young kid trying to make a living as a steamboat captain. (13 lines)

EXTRAS:

GEESE (m/f).....(Non-speaking)

DOUBLING SUGGESTIONS

- ♦ Arnold Palmer can double as Sky, Mounty Pat, Aaron Rodgers, and Steamboat Sal.
- ♦ Goose 1 can double as Hunter 1, Gopher 1.
- ♦ Goose 2 can double as Hunter 2, Gopher 2.
- ♦ Ana and double as Hunter 3, Gopher 3.

DURATION: 50 minutes

TIME: Just about the time that Canadian geese head south.

SETTING: North America.

PRODUCTION NOTE

Costumes can be suggestive rather than elaborate animal costumes. Or they can be full on animal costumes. Mounty Pat could use a stick pony or he could ride in on Mounty the Moose. Aaron Rodgers should wear a Green Bay Packer jersey. Steamboat Sal should wear a captain's hat. If Arnold Palmer doubles as any of characters outlined above, he adds the necessary costume pieces.

Casting is gender flexible. Feel free to switch pronouns as needed.

SKETCH PAD NOTE: When the sketch pad ends up on Maple Cheeks' back, place Velcro on Maple Cheeks' costume and the sketch pad.

PROPS

- Arnold Palmer drink
- Sketch pad and pencil
- Winter hat
- Hobo stick
- Harmonica
- Little bag
- Tiny package filled with something edible

SOUND EFFECTS

- Gunshot

PREMIERE PRODUCTION

Gustav – The Goose Who Wouldn't Fly premiered at The Children's Theatre of Albright in Reading, PA. The play was directed by Alexis Jenofsky and Ezra Ali-Dow with Costume Design by Alison Kluxen, and Set and Properties Design by Anna'le Hornak, John Tallarida, Faith Jones-Jackson. This production featured the following cast.

GUSTAV Maura Sheehan
 MAPLE CHEEKS Heather Palmer
 MOUNTY Marqea Johnson
 ARNOLD PALMER Sara Baum
 CHORUS Logan Toomey, Sarah Crake, Alyssa Miller

Winner of the 2014 University of Central Missouri's Theatre for Young Audiences National Playwriting Award.

DEDICATION

To Nils, Hank, and Malin – my favorite gaggle.
 Matt Fotis

AT RISE: *We open on a gaggle of geese preparing for the Great Goose Migration, a race between different gaggles of geese to determine which gaggle is the best. Center stage with a large sketch pad is GUSTAV, a young goose designing a par-3 golf course. GUSTAV is rather oblivious to the furious preparations happening around him as he draws. GOOSE 1 and GOOSE 2 are stretching and performing calisthenics. As the geese stretch, ARNOLD PALMER enters, of course drinking an Arnold Palmer.*

ARNOLD PALMER: Hi, I'm golfing legend Arnold Palmer. And what you might not know is that as a professional golfer I've had quite a bit of experience with geese. Golf courses are like a second home to them. And I'm here to tell you about a little goose who was more interested in golf courses than flying. This is the story of Gustav – the goose who wouldn't fly. *(If not doubling as SKY, ARNOLD PALMER exits. If doubling as SKY, he adds a beak or other costume piece.)*

GOOSE 1: OK everybody, gather—

SKY enters.

SKY: *(Cutting off GOOSE 1.)* Gather round. Everyone get a good night's rest because we are leaving at dawn. Everyone in the gaggle needs to be in Mexico for us to win, so no stragglers.

GOOSE 1: No stragglers. Everybody get—

SKY: *(Doing his best to ignore GOOSE 1.)* Eat a good meal tonight.

GOOSE 1: Lots of carbohy—

SKY: We need to work as a team to win. So everyone needs to be at his or her best and work together out there. It's a long trip so we'll need everyone.

GOOSE 1: One unit. United front. Una familia.

SKY: *(Aside to GUSTAV.)* Gustav. Gustav?

GUSTAV: Hmm?

SKY: Are you listening?

GUSTAV: Dawn. Right. Ready to go.

SKY: Have you practiced your flying?

GUSTAV: Umm, yeah.

SKY: I need you, son. Don't let me down.

GUSTAV: I won't.

SKY: OK, everyone get your bags packed.

GOOSE 1: Pack 'em up folks.

As SKY is leaving, he pays no attention to GOOSE 1.

GOOSE 1: Don't forget your wing wax. A feather out of place can cost us the race. Remember when you told me that... right, OK.

SKY is gone.

GOOSE 1: (To GOOSE 2.) You think Sky will let me fly lead tomorrow?

GOOSE 2: Are you crazy?

GOOSE 1: No.

GOOSE 2: He'll set the record this year if we win the Great Goose Migration. He won't take a chance on you.

GOOSE 1: I've been practicing all summer.

GOOSE 2: Gustav has a better chance of flying lead, and he's afraid to fly.

GOOSE 1: I would be too if I got hit with a golf ball my first time up and broke my wing.

GOOSE 2: Who gets hit by a golf ball?

GOOSE 1: Seriously. It's like. I'm flying. And now I'm getting hit by a golf ball!?!

ARNOLD PALMER enters, Arnold Palmer beverage in hand.

ARNOLD PALMER: You see I hit that golf ball, so I feel a certain kinship with this little goose. It was as if that golf ball had another destiny in mind for our friend Gustav.

GUSTAV: That's not what happened. And my wing is fine now. I just don't want to fly.

GOOSE 1: What was that? Oh, hey Gustav, didn't see you there. Just like you didn't see that golf ball. That hit you. When you flew that one time. And broke your wing.

GUSTAV: Go away.

GOOSE 1: Guess your dad was right.

GOOSE 2: Yeah, your dad was right.

GOOSE 1: We'd be better off without you.

GOOSE 2: You're going to make us lose the race.

GUSTAV: Shut up. You're going to make us lose.

GOOSE 1: Put down your etch-a-sketch Tiger Woods.

GOOSE 2: Looks like we need to teach Little Louie Oosthuizen [*oost-hazen*] a lesson.

GOOSE 1: Louie Whats-haven?

GOOSE 2: Louie Oosthuizen.

GOOSE 1: Louie?—

GOOSE 2: Oosthuizen.

GOOSE 1: Louie?—

GOOSE 2: Oosthuizen.

ARNOLD PALMER: He won the—

GOOSE 2: —Open Championship? By seven strokes?

GOOSE 1: What?

GOOSE 2: It's just fun to say Louie Oosthuizen.

GOOSE 1: Louie Oothhhhhaysansauce. It's more hard than fun.

GUSTAV: He also won the Masters Par 3 Contest.

GOOSE 2: Who cares about Par 3 contests?

GUSTAV: I do. One day I'm going to design the greatest par-3 golf course in the history of the world!

GOOSE 2: Not if you blow this race for your dad.

GOOSE 1: Which you will. Because you're afraid to fly. You blow this race for your dad and he'll never let you design golf courses.

GOOSE 2: Seriously, I would not want to be you when you blow this race for your dad.

GOOSE 1: You blow this race for your dad and you might as well stay up north all year.

GOOSE 2: By blowing this race for your dad you are in essence blowing any chance you have at a happy life.

GOOSE 1: Blow this race—

GUSTAV: I get it. I'm going to blow the race. For my dad. But who says I have to fly? Everybody knows my dad's the fastest.

GOOSE 2: Because the whole gaggle has to finish the race.

GOOSE 1: The whole gaggle.

GOOSE 2: That means everyone. Even you, Bubba Watson.

GOOSE 1: Who?

GOOSE 2: Seriously, have you ever paid attention to a tournament or do you just poop on the green and then leave?

GOOSE 1: I usually just poop on the green and then leave. Sometimes I like to hiss at the guys who hit it into the sand trap.

ARNOLD PALMER: I knew I recognized that goose.

GOOSE 2: Ana is going to fly.

GUSTAV: So?

GOOSE 1: So? So she's like the greatest thing to happen to geese since wings.

GOOSE 2: She's not so great.

GOOSE 1: Are you kidding? She's like the most beautiful, most nicest, most funny, most cool, most kindest, most best goose ever. She'll probably get to fly lead.

GOOSE 2: I'm pretty beautiful. And nice. And funny. And—

GOOSE 1: Here she comes now.

ANA enters. She is pretty much everything GOOSE 1 said.

GOOSE 1: *(Really fast.)* Oh hey Ana funny seeing you here I didn't expect you to come down here I was just working out getting ready for the big race because Gustav's dad was probably going to let me fly lead seeing as how this is such an important race and everything so he said that I should probably fly lead.

GOOSE 2: Hey Ana.

ANA: Hey. Hi Gustav.

GUSTAV: Hi Ana.

ANA: How's your wing? Are you ready for the race?

GUSTAV: I'm not flying.

ANA: But everyone needs to fly for the gaggle to win.

GUSTAV: My dad doesn't care about me. All he cares about is winning.

GOOSE 2: That's true. He's got the laser focus of Nancy Lopez mixed with the short game of Annika Sorenstam.

ANA: Right. Cool. Listen, Gustav, your dad does care—

GUSTAV: He only cares about winning his stupid race so he can be the best flier in history. He doesn't care about being my dad.

ANA: Yes he does.

GOOSE 1: Why would he care about you when you can't even fly?

ANA: Watch it.

GOOSE 1: Seriously, he's like the best flier in the history of the world and his only son is afraid to fly. No wonder he hates you.

GUSTAV: Shut up! (*Exits running.*)

GOOSE 1: It would be faster if you flew.

ANA: You can be a real jerk, you know that.

GOOSE 1: What did I say?

ANA: We need everyone to win the race. Even Gustav.

GOOSE 2: But he can't fly. So we're going to lose.

ANA: Maybe not.

ARNOLD PALMER: Right after Gustav ran off, a cold front ran in.

EXTRAS enter swirling and twirling and simulating the storm. If you don't have extras, cast members MAPLE CHEEKS and MOUNTY THE MOOSE could create the storm, or simply use sound and light effects. Encourage audience to help make the wind sounds.

ARNOLD PALMER: And this was no normal Canadian cold front, which is pretty cold in its own right let me tell you. This was the Polar Vortex. And the gaggle had to get their, well, gaggle off the ground in order to make it out before the storm.

ANA: Gustav! Gustav, where are you?

GOOSE 1: We have to go!

ANA: We can't leave Gustav. He'll freeze.

GOOSE 2: If we don't go we'll all freeze.

ANA: Gustav!

GOOSE 1 and 2 corral ANA and drag her offstage as she calls for GUSTAV.

ARNOLD PALMER: And they were off, racing to Mexico to beat the storm... and the other gaggles so that Gustav's dad could win his 19th major championship and become the greatest flier of all time. I personally think seven majors is pretty impressive, but to each his own. So led by their fearless leader the gaggle was off, well, all expect for one little goose who thought more about where to put a sand trap on a 200 yard dogleg left than how to fly lead through a winter storm.

GUSTAV: (*Enters.*) Listen, Ana, I'm sorry that I ran off earlier. It's just that those other—

GUSTAV notices he is alone and that it's really cold. ARNOLD PALMER helps the audience to briefly recreate the storm wind noise.

GUSTAV: Umm. Ana? Dad? Is anybody there?

ARNOLD PALMER: Hey there kid.

GUSTAV: Arnold Palmer?

ARNOLD PALMER: Afraid not. Get that all the time. I just happened to be travelling through the Canadian wilderness and I happened upon your golf course here. Drove my ball into the woods and I can't seem to find it. Have you seen it?

GUSTAV: No. Have you seen my gaggle?

ARNOLD PALMER: They took off about an hour ago.

GUSTAV: What?

ARNOLD PALMER: Something about a Polar Vortex. Worst storm in a hundred years. Wanted to get a head start.

GUSTAV: They... Left me? But what about the race? They need everyone in the gaggle to win.

ARNOLD PALMER: I don't know kid. Then you better get flying. You might need this though.

ARNOLD PALMER tosses GUSTAV a winter hat.

GUSTAV: Thanks. I don't fly.

ARNOLD PALMER: You know, the worst part about a bee sting is the anticipation.

GUSTAV: The sting's pretty bad too.

ARNOLD PALMER: It's like pulling out a driver when you only need a wedge.

GUSTAV: I'm not following.

ARNOLD PALMER: Sometimes help is around. You just have to ask for it.

GUSTAV: Will you help me?

ARNOLD PALMER: No. But help will come.

GUSTAV: Oh. Thanks! That was weird. Well, I guess I'm on my own now. Time to start making a fire. But I don't have any wood. Or matches. OK. A polar vortex can't be that cold, right? And they'll all be back in the spring. Just need to make it through the night.

ARNOLD PALMER: *(To audience.)* It didn't take long for Gustav to realize why geese fly south for the winter.

EXTRAS (or MAPLE CHEEKS and MOUNTY THE MOOOSE or simply light and sound effects) return with another quick cold front.

GUSTAV: L-L-L-L-L-Louie Oosthuizen it's freezing! I can't stay here. I was made for resort style par-3 golf course living. I've got to head south. I've got to save the gaggle. But...

ARNOLD PALMER: You could always walk.

GUSTAV: That's it! I could always walk. What is it, like three thousand miles? I can get there by tomorrow, right? *(Begins walking, carrying a little hobo stick.)*

ARNOLD PALMER: So, little Gustav the Goose took off on the Great Goose Migration...on foot. And to his credit, the little guy walked pretty fast. But all that walking would make any goose pretty tired. So he decided to stop for a rest.

GUSTAV falls asleep. MAPLE CHEEKS quickly scurries onstage and performs an elaborate scuttle dance circling GUSTAV. MAPLE CHEEKS slowly steps toward GUSTAV, opens the bag on the end of the hobo stick... and then almost instantly falls asleep collapsing to ground. The two sleep for a moment. GUSTAV wakes, sees MAPLE CHEEKS and his open bag. He tries to take his bag back, but MAPLE CHEEKS is lying across the bag in a way that makes it impossible to free it; That doesn't stop GUSTAV from trying to get MAPLE CHEEKS off the bag, each time almost freeing the bag while simultaneously almost waking MAPLE CHEEKS.

ARNOLD PALMER: Everyone, on three say, "Wake Up!" Ready. One, two, three. WAKE UP!

Finally, GUSTAV gets the bag free, but also wakes up MAPLE CHEEKS. They both freeze, stare at one another for a beat, and then begin screaming, running around the stage trying to get away from one another, and of course, ultimately running right into one another.

MAPLE CHEEKS and GUSTAV: *(Spoken simultaneously.)*

Please don't hurt me.

I'm just passing through.

Stop saying what I'm saying.

You stop.

You stop.

Stop it.

Stop.

It.

I said stop it.

GUSTAV and MAPLE CHEEKS share a chuckle.

You first.

No, you first.

You go.

Stop it.

GUSTAV and MAPLE CHEEKS take a moment waiting for the other.

You go.

MAPLE CHEEKS: I'm Maple Cheeks.

GUSTAV: Gustav. Are you a ground squir—

MAPLE CHEEKS: Chipmunk. Chip. Munk. Not a ground squirrel.

What does that even mean? I'm not a squirrel. And what kind of squirrel isn't on the ground?

GUSTAV: A flying squirrel?

MAPLE CHEEKS: What are you doing here?

GUSTAV: I'm walking to Mexico.

MAPLE CHEEKS: Whoa. That's like nine million— *(Suddenly falls asleep and crashes to the ground.)*

GUSTAV: Umm, are you OK? Maple Cheeks? Are you...? *(Gently nudges MAPLE CHEEKS with his foot.)*

MAPLE CHEEKS: (*Wakes up.*) —miles away. What? Oh, the whole sleeping thing. I'm narc— (*Falls asleep. Quickly wakes up.*) —oleptic. Sometimes I just fall asleep. No big deal.

GUSTAV: OK. Well, I'm gonna get going. I've got to get to Mexico by tomorrow.

MAPLE CHEEKS: Like Thelma and Louise. Can I be your Louise?

GUSTAV: Umm...

ARNOLD PALMER: One of my favorite movies. Gets me every time.

MAPLE CHEEKS: I'm really good with directions. And I can walk really fast.

GUSTAV: Maybe that's why people think you're a ground squirrel—

MAPLE CHEEKS: Nope. Say, how come you don't just fly?

GUSTAV: I prefer to walk.

MAPLE CHEEKS: But you're a goose. And geese fly. And Mexico is like nine million— (*Falls asleep. Quickly wakes up.*) —miles away.

GUSTAV: I don't want to fly.

MAPLE CHEEKS: So, can I come with? I promise not to talk about flying.

GUSTAV: Umm. This is kind of a solo thing.

MAPLE CHEEKS: Great. But I've got to be back for dinner.

GUSTAV: So maybe you shouldn't come.

MAPLE CHEEKS: Great. Let's go. This way.

GUSTAV: But—

MAPLE CHEEKS: I should warn you that I'm allergic to tree nuts. Like nuts that grow on trees. So I can only eat hazelnuts or peanuts or other legumes. So if we stop somewhere and you offer me an acorn because you think chipmunks eat acorns I'll turn it down, but it isn't because I don't like you. It's because I'm allergic to tree nuts. I carry this epinephrine autoinjector with me in case I come into contact with a tree nut, which is probably pretty likely seeing as how we are in the forest.

GUSTAV: What?

MAPLE CHEEKS: An EpiPen. Let's go!

ARNOLD PALMER: And Maple Cheeks was off. And without many other options Gustav decided to follow her. And with Maple Cheeks leading the way the two were at the American border before they knew it.

MOUNTY PAT and MOUNTY THE MOOSE enter. MOUNTY PAT pets MOUNTY THE MOOSE, who lets out a moose sound.

MOUNTY PAT: Howdy there. If it's not too much trouble for you, can I bother you to see your passports?

GUSTAV: Umm, I don't have a passport. I'm a goose.

MOUNTY PAT: What about you Ms. Ground Squirrel?

MAPLE CHEEKS: I'm a chip— *(Falls asleep.)*

MOUNTY PAT: OK then. Well, if you and your ground squirrel friend don't have a passport I'm afraid I can't let you into the good old U S of A, eh. Without a passport, I'm afraid you are stuck in the wonderland of Canada. There's hockey, and curling, and... Did I say hockey?

GUSTAV: But I've got to get to Mexico.

MOUNTY PAT: Oh geez. That's a pretty long way to go. Hope you don't mind me asking why you've got to go such a long way, eh.

GUSTAV: I've got to help my gaggle win the Great Goose Migration race so my dad can become the record holder for fastest goose. Maybe then he'll finally love me.

MAPLE CHEEKS: —chipmunk. Not a ground squirrel.

MOUNTY PAT: Well, I'd like to pretend that I know what you're talking about.

MOUNTY THE MOOSE lets out a loud bellow.

MOUNTY PAT: Easy there big fellow. Did you folks know that Mounties don't ride moose?

GUSTAV and MAPLE CHEEKS: Yeah. Everybody knows that.

MOUNTY PAT: Boy, I coulda used you two last week when I got this here moose. It's my first day ya know, and the other guys told me I needed to get a moose. So I got a moose. I guess that's just a little Mounty humor for you, eh.

GUSTAV: That's funny.

MOUNTY PAT: Here's a joke. Suppose that somebody was out past curfew.

GUSTAV: OK.

MOUNTY PAT: We'd write him a warning.

MOUNTY PAT starts laughing. GUSTAV and MAPLE CHEEKS gradually join in.

MOUNTY PAT: They'd probably be expecting a citation or something, eh.

MAPLE CHEEKS: What if we take the moose with us? Will you let us cross then?

MOUNTY THE MOOSE lets out a bellow.

MOUNTY PAT: I don't know about that. Seems like letting three of you cross is worse than letting two of you cross.

GUSTAV: I've got to get to Mexico otherwise I'll never be able to design par-3 golf courses. *(Pulls out a sketch.)* This one here is a hundred and twenty four yards – but it's all over water. And this one—

MOUNTY PAT: I've seen enough. I thought I was the only one who loved par-3 golf courses. But I can't let you go that easy. A riddle first you must be asked before I can let you pass. What happens when a Mountie finds a civilian out past curfew?

MAPLE CHEEKS: Oh man, this is a tough one. Umm... ummm... ummm.

MOUNTY THE MOOSE lets out a bellow.

GUSTAV: A warning.

MOUNTY PAT: Correct. Just let me say goodbye to MOUNTY here.

MOUNTY THE MOOSE is walking away.

MOUNTY PAT: Hang on there, buddy. *(Awkwardly attempts to have a heartfelt goodbye.)* You take care of yourself out there. *(More attempted hugging that isn't going well. He poorly sings this next line.)* "Oh, the places you'll go." Well, I guess now's a good a time as any to let you over the border into the U S of A, eh.

GUSTAV, MAPLE CHEEKS and MOUNTY THE MOOSE step over the border.

MAPLE CHEEKS: 'Merica.

GUSTAV: It smells like freedom.

MOUNTY THE MOOSE lets out a bellow.

MOUNTY PAT: Godspeed.

GUSTAV, MAPLE CHEEKS, and MOUNTY THE MOOSE begin their trek. ARNOLD PALMER goes back to being ARNOLD PALMER. They talk to MOUNTY THE MOOSE like he doesn't speak English.

GUSTAV: I'm Gustav. This is Maple Cheeks.

MAPLE CHEEKS: I'm allergic to tree nuts!

GUSTAV: We're going to Mexico.

MAPLE CHEEKS: I've got to be home by dinner.

MOUNTY THE MOOSE: I'm Mounty.

GUSTAV and MAPLE CHEEKS are in shock, jaws on the ground.

MAPLE CHEEKS: What?

MOUNTY THE MOOSE: I'm Mounty.

GUSTAV: What?

MOUNTY THE MOOSE: (*Gesturing as though using sign language.*)

I'm. Mount. EEEE. Mounty.

GUSTAV and MAPLE CHEEKS: You can talk!?!)

MOUNTY THE MOOSE: Of course.

GUSTAV: Why didn't you say anything back there?

MOUNTY THE MOOSE: Why don't you fly? Ain't nothing to be afraid of son. Sometimes you just gotta try.

MAPLE CHEEKS: That's what I was— (*Asleep.*)

GUSTAV: She does that sometimes. She usually snaps out of it pretty quickly.

GUSTAV and MOUNTY THE MOOSE wait awkwardly until MAPLE CHEEKS wakes up.

MAPLE CHEEKS: (*Wakes up.*) —telling Gustav earlier. Sometimes you have to take a chance.

GUSTAV: I'm just not that interested in flying.

MOUNTY THE MOOSE: Son, you don't gotta fly, it makes no difference to me. But don't lie to yourself. You wanna fly, and someday you will.

MAPLE CHEEKS: Do you think I can fly?

MOUNTY THE MOOSE: Honey, you're a ground squirrel.

MAPLE CHEEKS: Chip— (*Falls asleep.*)

GUSTAV: I don't have to fly.

MOUNTY THE MOOSE: Your choice, son. So you're all off to Mexico?

MAPLE CHEEKS: (*Wakes up.*)—munk. Just like Thelma and Louise.

[Or insert other duo for your audience.]

MOUNTY THE MOOSE: I'll go to Clarksdale, Mississippi with y'all, but then you're on your own.

GUSTAV: What's in Clarksdale, Missississippiippii?

MOUNTY THE MOOSE: The crossroads. See, I fancy myself a blues musician. And Clarksdale is the hometown of the blues. Sometimes the soul gets stuck in the wrong body. I may look like a moose, but inside I'm Robert Johnson.

MAPLE CHEEKS: I love the blues.

MAPLE CHEEKS begins to sing a classic blues riff. MOUNTY THE MOOSE plays the harmonica along with the song. It's meant as parody, using the "bah-dummm-ba-dum" rhythm.

MAPLE CHEEKS: Ain't nobody gonna love this baby.

ARNOLD PALMER: Bah-dummm-ba-dum. (*He works with the audience to get the kids to eventually join him in the "bah-dummm-ba-dum."*)

MAPLE CHEEKS: Nobody I know.

ARNOLD PALMER: (*To audience.*) Say it with me. Bah-dummm-ba-dum.

MAPLE CHEEKS: Been walking south.

ARNOLD PALMER: Bah-dummm-ba-dum.

MAPLE CHEEKS: To Mexico.

ARNOLD PALMER: Bah-dummm-ba-dum.

MAPLE CHEEKS: Sometimes I— (*Falls asleep.*)

GUSTAV: Fall asleep.

ARNOLD PALMER: Bah-dummm-ba-dum.

GUSTAV: But that doesn't matter.

ARNOLD PALMER: Bah-dummm-ba-dum.

GUSTAV: Because I'm in too deep!

ARNOLD PALMER: Bah-dummm-ba-dum.

GUSTAV: My papa doesn't love me.

ARNOLD PALMER: Bah-dummm-ba-dum.

GUSTAV: Because I won't leave my feet.

ARNOLD PALMER: Bah-dummm-ba-dum.

GUSTAV: Oh I won't go up high.

ARNOLD PALMER: Bah-dummm-ba-dum.

GUSTAV: No! Not in that sky.

ARNOLD PALMER: Bah-dummm-ba-dum.

MAPLE CHEEKS and GUSTAV: I've got the Ground Squirrel/Flyin' Goose Blues.

MOUNTY THE MOOSE: Not half-bad for a ground squirrel and a goose that's afraid to fly.

ARNOLD PALMER: And so with the blues in their souls the trio began the long trek from north to south. And if Wisconsin is known for anything, it's known for cheese. And our gaggle would love some cheese.

MAPLE CHEEKS: I'm allergic to dairy. Anybody see any legumes?

MOUNTY THE MOOSE: Le-whats?

MAPLE CHEEKS: Le-gumes. You know, like alfalfa, clover, peas, beans, lentils, lupins, mesquite, carob, soybeans, peanuts, tamarind, and the woody climbing vine wisteria.

GUSTAV: Here.

GUSTAV tosses a little bag to MAPLE CHEEKS.

MAPLE CHEEKS: Thanks! (*Starts eating.*) Say, these are good. What are they?

GUSTAV: Acorns.

MAPLE CHEEKS: ACORNS?!?

GUSTAV: Acorns!

MAPLE CHEEKS: ACOOORRRNNNSSS?!?

Thank you for reading this free excerpt from:

GUSTAV – THE GOOSE WHO WOULDN'T FLY

By Matt Fotis

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