



PUPPET
PLAYS

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PAUL McPHARLIN

Pmep

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1931

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FORMAN BROWN

Weather

1 Scene, 3 Characters, Plays 15 Minutes

Suited to Puppets or Marionettes

As played by The Yale Puppeteers

Teatro Torito, Los Angeles

Woodcut by BEWICK CUTTER



DR WEATHERMAN: "Atmospheric Atmosphere—"

* WEATHER*

A PUPPET PLAY

2 puppeteers

3

Puppetrated by FORMAN BROWN, with salaams to Æsop

Characters: MR RAINY, who makes umbrellas.

MR SUNNY, who makes bricks.

DR WEATHERMAN, who makes prognostications.

Scene: A room at Mr Sunny's on a rainy morning. When the curtain rises,

MR SUNNY is sitting at a table, his arms flung across it, weeping and beating his head.

MR SUNNY. Oh! Oh! Rain, rain, rain! My bricks will never dry. People want bricks, and no bricks can I make 'em. The sky leaks like my old hat, the eaves drip like a rusty bucket. If the sun doesn't come out pretty soon to bake my bricks, I shall surely starve. (*He pulls a box toward him across the table and peers into it, shaking his head.*) Five thin farthings! Five paltry farthings, between me and starvation. Oh! Oh! Will this wetness never have an end?

(A lusty pounding is heard at the door, and a voice crying:

Umbrellas Umbrellas! Who'll buy an umbrella!

MR SUNNY (*sits up*). No - no - no! Go away!

* NOTE. This play may not be produced by any amateur or professional without written permission from the author, Forman Brown, 27 Olvera Street, Los Angeles, California. From Puppet Plays, 155 Wimbleton Drive, Birmingham, Michigan, may be rented a Producer's Manuscript, giving complete directions for constructing and staging this piece.

4 MR RAINY (*outside*).

Who'll buy a bumbershoot, who'll buy a parasol, who'll buy umbrellas to keep himself dry?

Cotton ones, silken ones, red ones and blue ones; shut out the rain clouds, make your own sky.

(*He comes in, a pack of umbrellas on his shoulder.*)

SUNNY. Be still, I tell you. Get out with your umbrellas and all the rest. Can't you see this rain is ruining me? Umbrellas indeed! (*He sniffs.*)

RAINY. Ruining you? The rain ruining you? What an idea! The rain ruins nobody. It is good rain, glorious rain, it fills my pockets with farthings. Never was such a rain. Think of it—nineteen days of rain without a break. Think of it.

SUNNY. Think of it! That's just what I want not to do. What wouldn't I give for some good golden sun!

RAINY. To ruin my business? No, my friend, rain is the thing. Never have I sold so many umbrellas; never have I made so many farthings; never, either, have I spent so many. They come and go, like silver rain-drops—but they make me very happy, oh, very happy indeed. I wish it would rain from now until St Catherine's Day.

SUNNY (*angry*). What? How dare you! If it should indeed rain from now until St Catherine's Day, I should be done for—dead and done for. How can a poor fellow hope to bake bricks when for nineteen days

and nineteen nights it has rained and drizzled and dripped? I never 5
want to see another drop of rain so long as I live.

RAINY. Oh, blasphemous! And what then would become of me?

SUNNY. (*They are raising their voices.*) And who cares what becomes
of you? What is a mere umbrella man compared to a brick-maker? A
puff of wind and your umbrella—whoof!

RAINY. And a brick? What is a brick? A pretty spectacle I would be
running around through the rain with a brick on my head!

SUNNY. If you don't keep still, you will have a brick on your head,
let me tell you!

RAINY. And you! I will bend three umbrellas around your skinny
neck!

SUNNY. Will you so! Get out of my house! Get out into the rain, if
you like it so much, and may it run down your saucy nose and
strangle you!

RAINY. Oooo! I will not be . . .

(*While they are shouting and waving their arms, a knocking is heard.*)

SUNNY. Well! Come in!

(*DR WEATHERMAN enters. He is unbelievably old and sly and dis-
honest, and he carries a huge book under one arm.*)

DOCTOR. Here, here, here! Gentlemen, gentlemen! Whatever is the
meaning of all this? I heard you shouting a block away, and came to
see what the trouble might be.

6 SUNNY. } *together* { He wants it to rain until St Catherine's—
RAINY. } { He wants the sun to shine until—
DOCTOR. Come, come! One at a time, one at a time!
(*Again they both shout in his ears.*)

DOCTOR. Now! We'll never get anywhere this way, gentlemen.
You (*points to SUNNY*) tell me what's the matter here.

SUNNY. I am a brick-maker. For nineteen days it has rained, and I have baked no bricks. I sit here starving to death, when along comes this ninny, this—

RAINY. I'm not, either. Speak for yourself.

SUNNY. Along comes this ninny, and says he hopes it will rain from now until—

RAINY. And I do, too.

SUNNY. From now until St Catherine's Day—

RAINY. Or Christmas, even.

SUNNY. And if it should, but of course it won't—

RAINY. Bet it will.

SUNNY. Oh, do keep still. How am I to bake bricks if it rains? Tell me that?

RAINY. And how am I to make umbrellas if the sun shines? Tell me that!

DOCTOR. Well, well! How fortunate that I came along just when I did—but I always do, of course.

SUNNY. Always do what?

RAINY. And what is fortunate about it, or you, or whatever you may be talking about?

DOCTOR. Because, gentlemen, I am the famous Dr Weatherman, prophet and prognosticator.

RAINY. Prog - what - icator?

SUNNY. Prog - which - icator?

DOCTOR. Prognosticator—p as in parsnip, r as in radish, o as in onion, g as in garlic, n as in noodle, o as in oyster, s as in soup, t as in taffy, i as in—

SUNNY. Oh, stop, stop! Do you realize I have not eaten for nineteen days? S as in soup—oh, oh! (*Weeps.*)

DOCTOR. I can foretell all the weather that ever will be!

RAINY. Do you make the weather yourself?

DOCTOR. Yes, I—

SUNNY. What! You? It is you who have caused all this rain? Oh—oh!

DOCTOR. No—that is—no. I do not make the weather—I only prognosticate it.

SUNNY. And that is not the same thing?

DOCTOR. Oh, not at all the same thing. Only think, gentlemen, what a splendid thing it would be for both of you to know just what the weather was to be.

8 SUNNY. It would, now, for a fact.

RAINY. It would, indeed. Suppose you tell us.

DOCTOR. For a fee, gentlemen.

SUNNY. } What fee?

RAINY. }

DOCTOR. My usual fee is fifty farthings. But in this case, I will do it for ten.

SUNNY. Ten farthings! Ten! Why, I've only got five to my name, and they must go for potatoes to make potato soup—that's cheap, and filling. S is for soup. (*Moans.*)

RAINY. And five is all I have. I've spent all the rest for cream-puffs.

DOCTOR. Well, five and five is ten. Why not put your money together, give it to me, and let me tell you all about the weather, from now until Christmas?

RAINY. What do you say, Sunny?

SUNNY. What do you say, Rainy?

BOTH. Let's do it.

DOCTOR. Very well. Give me the money. Good. Now listen closely.
(*He unfolds the book, and with much gesturing, chants:*

Atmospheric atmosphere,
humid, hydrous hemisphere,
Pluvius of the plashy puddle,
monsoon, mistral, mazy muddle,

east wind, west wind, north and south,
 dry undamped and dusty drouth,
 wayward wild and windy weather,
 tell me how, oh tell me whether
 rain shall rule and ripple run
 or the season see the sun?

Buries his head in the book, and finally emerges, shaking it sympathetically.)

I regret to tell you, Mr Sunny, that it will rain from now until Christmas. The book says so, and the book never fails.

SUNNY. Oh, oh, I am ruined indeed! Wretched doctor! Rain, rain—and my five farthings gone. Oh, s as in soup!

RAINY. H'ray! H'ray for rain and umbrellas! My fortune is made. Blessed doctor!

DOCTOR. I must go now. I wish you good day, and good luck, Mr Rainy. I'm sorry, Mr Sunny. *(He goes.)*

RAINY *(to SUNNY, who is weeping and again beating his head).*

And I'll be off too, to sell more umbrellas than were ever sold before. *(As he goes, the stage suddenly becomes lighter. He steps back, and SUNNY raises his head.)*

RAINY. Wha- what's this? Sunshine?

SUNNY. Sun? Sun? Oh, glorious! The doctor was wrong, the sun's coming out—it is clearing! Now I can bake my bricks again! *(Bustles*

10 *and dances.*)

RAINY. Oh, the wretch—the miserable Weatherman! Wait till I once lay hands on him! My five farthings are gone, the rain is stopping, and I must starve!

SUNNY. It serves you right for making stupid wishes.

(The sun disappears, and SUNNY is again dejected.)

RAINY. Aha! Who makes stupid wishes? It was only a break in the clouds—it's starting to rain again.

(Again the stage grows light, and so on, several times, while SUNNY and RAINY wax alternately gay and sad. At last—

RAINY. Mr Sunny!

SUNNY. Mr Rainy?

RAINY. Suppose we join together. I'll help you make bricks when the sun shines and—

SUNNY. And I'll help you make umbrellas when it rains.

RAINY. So whether it rains—

SUNNY. Or shines—

BOTH. We'll both be very happy.

Ho for the rain, ho for the sun,

Death to all prognostications.

Ho for umbrellas, ho for bricks

Ho ho ho for coöperation!

Curtain.

STEARNS PN 1980
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PUPPET PLAYS *Edited by* PAUL McPHARLIN — a List

1 ● THE WOLF AT THE DOOR, by *Grace Dorcas Ruthenburg*, author of the *Gooseberry Mandarin*. *Linocut illus. by Paul McPharlin*. How a poet worsts a wolf and pens an ode to the moon. 2 characters; 10 minutes; for puppets, marionettes or shadows. ● 25c

2 ● LINCOLN AND THE PIG, by *Edgar Caper*. *Woodcut mask of Lincoln by Pablo Parlando*. Wherein Abe Lincoln is altruistic and his horse Ned isn't; from the well-known legend. 3 characters; 10 minutes; for marionettes or shadows. ● 25c

3 ● WEATHER, by *Forman Brown*. *Illus. by Bewick Cutter*. Often played by *The Yale Puppeteers*. Mr. Rainy and Mr. Sunny effect a merger in making umbrellas and bricks. 2 characters; 15 minutes; for puppets or marionettes. ● 30c

4 ● DE COURTIN' COUPLE, by *Weaver Dallas*. *Photo of scene as played by The Rag-Bag Alley Puppets*. *Southern Negro lore*; *Sis Goose is rescued from Brer Foz by "plain ole one and sizpence" Brer Dog*. 4 characters; 25 minutes; for puppets or marionettes. ● 50c

5 ● PUNCH AND JUDY, a new version by *James Juvenal Hayes*. *Woodcut illus. by Pablo Parlando*. The old favorite in up-to-date dress; everyone should know this version. 11 characters; 25 minutes; for puppets. ● 50c

6 ● COLUMBINE'S BIRTHDAY, by *Grace Stearns*. *Woodcut puppet portraits by Perry Dilley*. *Pierrot, Polichinelle, the Apothecary and others in merry fracas about a birthday present*. 10 characters; 35 minutes; for puppets. ● 75c

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