

## THE SPOILSPORT

A play for children, aged 5-11 years, by Kaj Himmelstrup, Translated by Carl von Webber

Two actors, JUMBO and TINY, sex inferior, but in this text Jumbo is male and Tiny female. In a production in Sweden they were both dressed up as dogs! In Denmark Jumbo was male and Tiny was female and the play had a run of more than 400 performances. The stage rights may be obtained at [admin@dramatiker.dk](mailto:admin@dramatiker.dk)

SUMMARY: Tiny starts building the scenery and while talking to the audience she builds up a feeling of sympathy and solidarity as well. Jumbo enters and interrupts what Tiny is doing. Jumbo is clumsy, oldfashioned dressed and doesn't understand that Tiny wants to be let alone with the audience. Jumbo behaves in an awkward way so that Tiny gets all the sympathy. Tiny starts teasing Jumbo, jeers at his clothes, his shoes, his homemade flute and so on. Jumbo puts up with it quietly. Gradually it is revealed, however, that actually Tiny is uncertain and lonesome and has no friends. At last Jumbo can't stand the teasing and retaliates. Tiny's hard surface is broken down. Tiny realizes that Jumbo is leaving and asks him to stay. They become friends.

SCENOGRAPHY: The scenography consists of a series of connected screens, covered with different coloured cloth. Two of the screens function as ENTRANCE and EXIT. In the beginning of the play the screens are lying on the floor, waiting to be assembled.

TINY greets the youngsters as they file into the local, talking to them as she helps them to their seats. When everybody is ready, she begins putting the screens together.

TINY: I guess you've already noticed I'm building something. ... Have you any idea what it'll be when it's finished? Well, here you can see ...

JUMBO: *(has come in from the back of the local unseen by the audience):* Hi there! *(He is wearing a backpack. He starts to walk across the playing area).*

TINY: Hey, what's the big idea interrupting us?

JUMBO: Who ...?

TINY: Can't you see we are in the middle of something?

JUMBO: Middle of what?

TINY: Get out of the way!

JUMBO: I'm not bothering anybody ...

TINY: You are if you don't move.

JUMBO: You're trying to hide something - is that it?

TINY: You're in the way. Go on!

JUMBO: Something you're afraid I'll see?

TINY: None of your business. Just get your big feet out of here.

JUMBO: Can't I even pass through?

TINY: *(sighs)* Alle right - if you can't think of anything better to do.

JUMBO: *(marches across the playing area, suddenly stops)*.

TINY: What's the matter now? Something on your mind?

JUMBO: I just got an idea.

TINY: Well? - What is it?

JUMBO: Slipped my mind.

TINY: *(pointing to her head)* What have you got up here? Butter or something? Well slip away yourself then.

JUMBO: Slip away ... ?

TINY: Move man. Pick up your big gondolas and head for the high seas!

JUMBO: *(is about to head off towards the audience where he came from, when he stops)*.

TINY: Now what?

JUMBO: I just remembered. I've got no place to go.

TINY: What?

JUMBO: I mean I'm not supposed to be any place in particular.

TINY: Are you off your rocker? You just told me ... oh brother! This guy is about as bright as a glow worm. What did you just get through telling me? You said you were passing through here.

JUMBO: No, that wasn't what I meant at all. I had another idea ...

TINY: Look. I think you're a little bit dizzy up here ...

JUMBO: *(drops his pack)*: You see, I was thinking ...

TINY: You dropped something.

JUMBO: I did .. ?

TINY: Tell me, are you always this annoying?

JUMBO: Me?

TINY: Don't you realize you are spoiling things for the rest of us?

JUMBO: I am?

TINY: (*picks up his pack, holds it out to him*): Here, put your arm through here. No! The other one. (*She helps lift the pack onto his back*): All set? Good. Then vanish!

JUMBO: What am I spoiling, anyway?

TINY: Tak a subtle hint - do us a favour, disappear.

JUMBO: Who?

TINY: Who do you think, butter brain?

JUMBO: But I don't know how to disappear.

TINY: Look, a minute ago you absolutely had to traipse through here. We said, ok. Then all the sudden you want to go back again. Well then fine, do it. There's the exit. Move aside kids, leet him through. Let's not keep him a minute longer than necessary. (*Sees Jumbo has removed his pack again*): Now what?

JUMBO: I just want to see if my device got broken.

TINY: Device?

JUMBO: You want to see it?

TINY: No thank you.

JUMBO: It's my goodhumour-spreader.

TINY: You what?

JUMBO: A goodhumour-spreader-device.

TINY: There's no such thing exists.

JUMBO: Who says so?

TINY: Everybody knows there's no such thing. (*To the children*): Have you ever heard of a good humour spreader? (*To Jumbo*): You see! So where did you buy it then?

JUMBO: It's not something you can buy.

TINY: Then it's never been invented.

JUMBO: Yes it has. I invented it myself. You want to see it or don't you?

TINY: No I don't. I just want to see the tail-end of you.

JUMBO: Tell you what. If I put my bag way over here, in the corner, maybe I could stay and see what it is you're making?

TINY: Sorry.

JUMBO: Why not?

TINY: Because it is not allowed. They are the only ones who can watch.

JUMBO: What if I close one of my eyes. Then I'd only see half of what you're trying to hide.

TINY: Well, ... I don't know. What do you think, kids? ... OK. But first you have to show us your good humour spreader thing.

JUMBO: Sure. *(He takes a piece of plastic electrical pipe from his pack).*

TINY: Is that a good humour spreader?

JUMBO: Of course.

TINY: If that is a good humour spreader, then I'm a pickled pig's foot.

JUMBO: This is it.

TINY: A stupid piece of plastic pipe.

JUMBO: Yeah, but just listen for a second.

TINY: I don't want to have anything to do with you. You are a liar. You just want to sneak in here so you can see what we're making. Don't fool me. All the same, I'm not a swindler like you. Sit over in that corner and we'll let you watch like we promised.

JUMBO: It's not just a plastic pipe.

TINY: You said you'd sit in that corner. And take that thing with you.

JUMBO: Can't I even show you?

TINY: Park your fanny in that corner and be quiet.

JUMBO: *(on his way to the corner)*: But listen ...

TINY: And now, if you'll conveniently put the lid on one of those eyeballs ...

JUMBO: But if you just ...

TINY: And button your lip. We've had enough of your grumbling. Sit down.

*The children help Tiny set up the screens, which end up shielding Jumbo from the audience.*

TINY: Let's see now.

JUMBO: *(comes out from behind the screen)*: Hey ... this is really nice ...

TINY: What are you doing out here? You promised!

JUMBO: *(goes back again, dejected)*.

TINY: All right, let's see what we have to do now. ... *(A flute is heard playing, off)*. I'm supposed to tell you what we're going to use these screens for. *(More flute)*. ... Is that you? Making all that noise out there? ... Just one second ... *(She hurries out behind the screens. At the same time Jumbo sneaks in)*.

JUMBO: I didn't get a chance to tell her ... you see, this isn't a stupid plastic pipe at all, it's my flute. See? Two holes here. *(He plays)*. I made it all by myself. And I can tell you, it's no fun sitting back there all alone. But I said I would, then I will. *(He goes back out again. At the*

*same time Tiny comes in).*

TINY: Was he in here? That guy with gondolas instead of feet and butter for brains? *(She hears the flute, off)*. There he is again! OK, let's get him out here so we can put a stop to to this once and for all. Look out! I'm coming. *(She doesn't go out, but stands ready to meet him. But Jumbo backs into the playing area from the other side and bumps into Tiny)*.

JUMBO: You thought it was a plastic pipe.

TINY: I made a mistake. I can hear it's really a noise spreader.

JUMBO: A noise spreader?

TINY: Exactly. One big horrible noise spreader.

JUMBO: *(is about to play the flute. Tiny snatches it from him)*: You don't like music, do you?

TINY: I happen to like music very much.

JUMBO: Why do you call this a noise spreader, then?

TINY: Because that's not music. It's noise. Stupid squealing noise.

JUMBO: I think it sounds nice.

TINY: Look at this. Two holes. This is for idiots. *(She holds the flute, ready to drop it on the floor)*.

JUMBO: Please, don't.

TINY: All right then. *(She rolls the flute across the floor)*: Let's not hear anymore racket. If we're going to play music around here, then it's going to be real music. *(She pulls a tape recorder from her back pack)*: Feast your eyes on this. You look a little green, Mr. Envy. Set down and let big sister here give you a sample of what real music sounds like. *(She turns on rock music, dances)*.

JUMBO: I don't like it.

TINY: *(lost in the music)*: Can't hear ...

JUMBO: I don't like your big sister music.

TINY: *(shuts it off)*: What did you just say?

JUMBO: I said ... I don't like that music.

TINY: You said something else.

JUMBO: I did?

TINY: You called me big sister!

JUMBO: Just joking.

TINY: It wasn't funny. ... Crawl back to your corner.

JUMBO: *(picks up his flute. Tiny gives him a kick in the rear. He falls on his face)*.

TINY: What are you doing? Looking for worms? Next time you want to be funny, stay home!  
(*Jumbo comes to his feet, flute in hand. He rumages in his pack with his other hand*). Hurry up, light the fuse, man, it's count down time. Didn't you hear me. Blast off!

JUMBO: I have to see if it's all right.

TINY:: You beautiful flute?

JUMBO: Yeah.

TINY: It's in your hand, butter brain.

JUMBO: It's not that flute. (*He produces another similar plastic flute from his pack*): I meant this one. I was going to give it to you. It's all right, see? I made it myself. (*She doesn't take it*): Maybe you like the other one better?

TINY: What a stupid question. (*She turns on her cassette recorder, dances around, then shuts it off*): This is too good to waste on someone like you. I'd rather play it to myself. (*She goes behind the screen*).

JUMBO: I think my flutes are just as good. (*He plays the following tune*): Please hum, if you want to. (*He plays the tune*): You can sing along if you want. I've made words too. We could sing it together. (*He teaches the children the refrain, singing*): A friend is always hard to find. / Treat them nice whatever you do. / Don't tease them or be unkind / Or they'll run off and leave you. (*He then sings the song, the children joins him singing the refrain*): I knew a fellow who lived nearby. / Was looking for a friend to have in. / But he was so alone and very shy. / He just didn't know where to begin. (*Refrain*). He finally went down to the store. / Here was everything from eggs to glue. / Here they'll have what I want galore / And toys and candy and Ice cream too. (*Ref.*): He walked around to pick and choose. / I'll buy myself the perfect chum. / But no one had a friend to lose / And he went home just as glum. (*Ref.*) Real friends just aren't for sale. / Only good luck brings them your way. / But patience and understanding never fail / And you'll find it easier to make them stay. (*Refrain*)

TINY: (*has appeared from behind the screen during the last refrain with her tape recorder*): Didn't I tell you to stop all that noise?

JUMBO: What?

TINY: When it comes to music, we'll let this do the job. (*She turns on the recorder, dances*): Great, isn't it? Hunky Funky!

JUMBO: What'd you say?

TINY: Get's the old juices boiling. Wow!

JUMBO: What does that mean?

TINY: Peel the banana skin, meat head. Bend your toe-nails.

JUMBO: What are you talking about?

TINY: Oh brother, you are a real dead-weight.

JUMBO: I don't know what I am, but I still like you all the same.

TINY: (*shuts off her tape recorder*): What did you say!?!

JUMBO: ... Nothing.

TINY: Just say that once more.

JUMBO: I said ..

TINY: Stop! ... I heard what you said. Do you seriously think a person like me would have anything to do with a creep like you! I mean look at the way yur pants sag. Where'd you buy them? In a sack factory? What a sight. You should wear a danger sign. Watch out, I'm coming, cover you eyes.

JUMBO: What for?

TINY: One look at you and a person could die.

JUMBO: Die?

TINY: Die laughing. And look at that thing on your neck. A wort or something.

JUMBO: Where?

TINY: A big, fat, black wort.

JUMBO: On my neck?

TINY: (*pointing at his head*): Right there with hairs sticking out.

JUMBO: Oh ... I've heard that one before.

TINY: But you fell for it. What a butter brain. (*She turns on the tape recorder and dances. The sound begins to fade and finally dies out completely*).

JUMBO: Oh, that's much better.

TINY: (*exmines the recorder*).

JUMBO: I guess it's broken.

TINY: Of course it's not broken. The batteries are dead, that's all.

JUMBO: What do you do now?

TINY: I'll get some new ones. No problem.

JUMBO: Have you got any?

TINY: What business is that of yours?

JUMBO: You don't, do you? What happens if you want to listen to music?

TINY: The question doesn't happen to interest me at the moment.

JUMBO: You said you were crazy about music?

TINY: Oh, dry op! I don't need to listen to music all the time.

JUMBO: I'll play for you if you want.

TINY: You!! Hasn't it penetrated your butter brain? I'm not interested in hearing you play on those two stupid holes of yours.

JUMBO: Maybe you want to try yourself?

TINY: NO!

JUMBO: I'll tell you something. It's much more fun making music yourself.

TINY: You think I don't know that? As if I couldn't make all the music I wanted to.

JUMBO: Can you? Really?

TINY: You think I'm a liar?

JUMBO: What can you play?

TINY: Well it sure isn't anything as stupid as two holes.

JUMBO: ???

TINY: I happen to have a real musical instrument.

JUMBO: You have? What kind?

TINY:: Oh, getting interested are we?

JUMBO: Won't you show it to me?

TINY: You think I'm making it up, do you? You don't believe I have a genuine orchestra instrument? OK. Just wait one second. (*She goes behind the screens and returns with a cross flute*): Now look who's got the pie in his face.

JUMBO: Oh, that's beautiful. (*He is allowed to look, but not touch*).

TINY: You finished glaring now.

JUMBO: Can you really play that?

TINY: If I feel like it.

JUMBO: Boy! could you play it now maybe? (*To the children*): You want to hear her play something? What's it sound like? (*To Tiny*): Come on - one little note.

TINY: OK, one little note. (*She plays one note*): That's all.

JUMBO: You mean it only plays one note?

TINY: What a dummy! It happens to play all the notes in the whole world.

JUMBO: Come on then.

TINY: (*plays a second note. Jumbo copies her on his flute, trying to egg her on to a third note*): I'm not supposed too to play when it's raining. It can be damaged.

JUMBO: But it's not raining.

TINY: It might start any moment. Anyway, why is it always me who has to amuse you? When are you going to do something for me and stop thinking of yourself all the time?

JUMBO: I'd be glad to do something for you.

TINY: Oh, sure.

JUMBO: I would. And I know something you'd really like too.

TINY: Don't bother. I've had enough of your two-hole games.

JUMBO: It's not my flute at all. *(He turns to his pack. He doesn't notice that Tiny walks off behind the screens)*: It's something you can eat. *(He takes a bag out of his pack)*: Hold this a second while I find the pot. Oh? Where is she? Never mind, we'll have a little surprise for her when she comes back. Oh, dumb me. I left the pot in back. *(He puts his hand behind the screen and produces a pot on a hot plate)*: I'd better be careful, it's probably hot now. Where did I put the pot holder? *(He looks in his pack)*: I forgot to bring it. *(He pulls out a black glove)*: I can use this. *(He puts it on)*: Let me see. *(He lifts the lid on the pot)*: I guess it is hot enough now. *(He puts the lid on the floor, takes a jar of oil out of the pack)*: Now I pour a little oil ... and look what I've got in the bag ... corn kernels. Do you know what we can make with these? That's right, popcorn. *(He pours the kernels into the pot. Tiny comes in and snatches the lid and disappears. He doesn't see her)*: Now ... where did I put the lid? Did she take it? Hey! Please come back.

TINY: *(enters)*: What's all the excitement? Did you lose something?

JUMBO: They say you took the pot lid.

TINY: Do they?

JUMBO: Who else could have done it?

TINY: What's the problem? You need it?

JUMBO: Very badly - before the popcorn starts popping.

TINY: *(hands behind back)*: Which hand is it in?

JUMBO: That one. *(Tiny shows him an empty hand)* The other one, then. *(Tiny changes hands behind her back, shows him an empty hand)*: That's not fair. Come on, give it to me.

TINY: *(shows him both hands, no lid)*: I didn't think it was needed, so I took it. Somebody has to keep things tidy round here.

JUMBO: Where is it? Hurry!

TINY: Where it belongs, of course. Couldn't you figure that out? *(She goes out. The popcorn begins popping. When the popping is almost ended she comes back with the lid)*: Here it is.

JUMBO: It's too late.

TINY: Oh, isn't that a shame. (*Jumbo begins picking up the popcorn, gives some to Tiny. She looks at it and gives it back*): No thanks, eat it yourself. (*She watches Jumbo eating*): How's it taste?

JUMBO: Good.

TINY: You know why I didn't want any?

JUMBO: Why?

TINY: Because it was lying on a little piece of dog shit.

JUMBO: Uhh ... It was not.

TINY: You're right, it wasn't. But it's a good joke on you.

JUMBO: Why do you always want to tease me. You think I like it?

TINY: I'm not teasing anybody.

JUMBO: What do you call it then?

TINY: It's just for fun. Nothing to get upset about.

JUMBO: (*picks up a popcorn and throws it at Tiny*): Look out! A flying spider! It's poisoness!

(*Tiny jumps back, frightened*): It's just for fun. Nothing to get upset about.

TINY: Big deal!

JUMBO: You believed it, didn't you?

TINY: I did not.

JUMBO: Did you like it? Being teased? ... Doesn't matter. Besides there's really no reason to be frightened of a little spider. They won't hurt you. (*He kisses a popcorn and eats it*): So what are you going to do when it starts to rain. There's no roof on your tent. Your flute will get wet.

TINY: It's not going to rain.

JUMBO: You said it was a minute ago.

TINY: I don't remember saying that.

JUMBO: I've got something we could use for a roof.

TINY: It's not going to rain, I said. And I'm not the least afraid of spiders. (*Jumbo picks up the pot*): What are you doing?

JUMBO: I've got to get my things packed.

TINY: Why? You going somewhere?

JUMBO: What should I stick around here for? Please tell me that?

TINY: Are you leaving?

JUMBO: Yes.

TINY: Are you serious?

JUMBO: (*picking up the other things*): Of course I am.

TINY: What makes you think this is a tent, anyway? It's not, you know. It's something completely different. You know what it is? I use it when I'm going to tell a story.

JUMBO: Can you tell stories?

TINY: Course I can. Want to hear one?

JUMBO: Will you tell a story to me?

TINY: Sure. Why not? Do you want to hear one?

JUMBO: I think so, yes.

TINY: Then sit over there. And look this way so you can see what I'm doing while you're listening. (*She goes behind the largest screen. Her story is accompanied by a simple shadow-play.*) Once upon a time, all stories start with that, even the scary ones, there was a little butter clump. (*She uses a flashlight to make a yellow circle on the screen, illustrating her story*): A clump which had arms and legs and was as ugly as you could imagine with great gondolas instead of feet and big saggy pants that looked like they had been sewn on a lawnmower. Little buter clump wandrede around blowing his bad through a plastic pipe with only two holes. But that was fine for him because butter clump couldn't count higher than two anyway. Well, one day butter clump decided to venture out into the big world where he had never been before. He had always stayed safe at home in his little butter hole. So he put on his old beaten up backpack and started walking. After a while he came to a dark forest of gnarled and twisted, scary trees. Then night fell and he began to get frightened. He was shaking all over, knees trembling, his head getting softer and softer. Soon he wouldn't be a butter clump at all, but soft an gooey and dripping all over. he looked one way and then the other, then he heard a voice: What on earth is making that terrible smell, it said. The little butter clump stopped breathing. That's how scared he was. What could make such a putrid stink! The butter clump trembled more and more looking desperately all around. Finally he caught sight of a great huge giant, right over his head. (*Tiny appears in silhouette on the screen , lit from behind, distorted and gruesome, bending over the yellow circle*): What are you doing here, the giant asked. Nothing, said butter clump and turned even softer than before. Yes you are, you're smeloling and you're blowing your bad breath through a plastic pipe and that makes my fangs ache! And so the great huge giant lifted the little butter clump up to his mouth and gobbled him right up. (*The silhouetted giant eats the round yellow butter clump. Finally Tiny appears rom behind the screen*): What are you crying for?

JUMBO: I'm not crying.

TINY: What's the matter then?

JUMBO: That wasn't such a nice story.

TINY: You probably didn't even understand it.

JUMBO: Yes I did. The butter clump was me and you were the giant. But I didn't like it.

TINY: It's a true story, you know.

JUMBO: No it's not. Maybe I am like a butter clump, but you certainly are no giant.

TINY: What would you call me then?

JUMBO: Remember when I showed you my plastic flute. You said that if that was a flute then you were a pickled pigs foot.

TINY: So what?

JUMBO: Well, that's what you are, a really sour pickled foot, going around kicking people all the time.

TINY: That's because nobody is ever going to push me around.

JUMBO: I think that's just too bad for you.

TINY: For me?

JUMBO: Yeah - that you always have to act so tough.

TINY: Maybe you think you can lick me?

JUMBO: Why should I want to do that?

TINY: You couldn't even if you wanted to. I'm not afraid of anybody.

JUMBO: Not even spiders?

TINY: Not a bit. I told you. Remember? I'm strong too. If anybody thinks they can get me down, just let them try. They've got a surprise coming. Nothing scares me. *(During this Jumbo has put on the black glove without her noticing).*

JUMBO: OK, give me your hand a second.

TINY: What for?

JUMBO: You're not afraid, are you?

TINY: What should I be afraid of? *(She holds out her hand).*

JUMBO: *(takes it, hiding the hand with the glove behind his back):* Close your eyes. ... What are you scared of?

TINY: I'm not scared of anything!

JUMBO: Then close your eyes.

TINY: What are you trying to pull on me?

JUMBO: If you're not scared, then close your eyes. Look straight ahead. go on, close them. *(Tiny closes her eyes and looks straight ahead. Jumbo puts the hand with the glove in her palm so that it resembles a big spider with its head raised)*: Now you can open them. *(Tiny opens her eyes, turns her head, sees the spider and screams, trying to pull free. Jumbo finally let go of her hand and removes the glove)*: You see? Now I could have laughed at you if I wanted, ha ha, scardy-cat, afraid of a little glove, and all that, but I didn't.

TINY: Why not?

JUMBO: Did you think it was funny?

TINY: No.

JUMBO: Well, neither did I. So what's there to laugh at? *(He puts the glove back in his pack)*.

TINY: I didn't know that was how it felt.

JUMBO: To be teased?

TINY: Yeah.

JUMBO: Well, now you know. *(He puts the bag and the oil jar into his pack)*.

TINY: You're going to play on your flute now?

JUMBO: Don't worry. I know what you think of my music.

TINY: You can, if you want. *(Jumbo doesn't answer. He closes his pack, puts the flute in his pocket)*: You packing?

JUMBO: Yeah.

TINY: You going now?

JUMBO: You told me to blast off. You wanted me to go, didn't you? So ... I'm leaving.

TINY: But you said you weren't going anywhere in particular. *(Jumbo starts to go out)*: Hey, wait, you forgot something. *(She holds up the pot and hands it to him)*.

JUMBO: Thanks.

TINY: Do you have to go?

JUMBO: You've probably got your friends coming. You've got lots of friends, don't you?

TINY: Sure. Lots of them. Tons of friends.

JUMBO: Funny we haven't seen any. Well .. bye.

TINY: If you're ever passing through again ... just ... *(Jumbo has gone. Tiny picks up the lid to the pot and goes behind the screens)*.

JUMBO: *(returns, to the children)*: No, I'm not coming back to stay. I just forgot something. I ... *(A flute is heard playing, off)*: Listen! ... Isn't that her playing? I bet she's practising. What's she playing? Isn't that the song we sang? ... Sure it is. *(He gets the children to sing along)*.

*They sing one verse and stops. Tiny appears from behind the screens. She hides the flute behind her back). We heard you playing.*

TINY: What did you hear?

JUMBO: You were practising. It sounded good too.

TINY: I wasn't playing anything. ... Well I should know.

JUMBO: I guess it was one of your many friends, then.

TINY: Probably. *(Jumbo is about to go behind the screens, Tiny holds him back):* They've gone now, so you don't have to check.

JUMBO: I wasn't going to check. I don't care about your friends. And I don't care about you. I just wanted to get the lid to my pot. *(He goes behind the screens).*

TINY: *(To the children):* You want to know something? I really don't have any friends at all. Maybe he's right ... what he called me ... a sour pickle. Do you think so? ... Then help me. What can I do about it? ... You think so? You think it would help if I said I was sorry? ... That's not easy. ... You say that I should do it anyway? *(Jumbo comes out from behind the screens carrying an umbrella. Tiny holds her hand out to him, a gesture of reconciliation):* There's something I want to say to you ...

JUMBO: *(puts up the umbrella):* I just felt a drop. There's another. You'd better come in under. *(He takes her hand and drags her in).*

TINY: I wish I had one.

JUMBO: I only brought one umbrella.

TINY: That wasn't what I meant.

JUMBO: What were you wishing then?

TINY: That I had a friend.

JUMBO: You've had one all along.

TINY: Not really.

JUMBO: Sure. You just didn't see him. Do you see him now?

TINY: Yes.

JUMBO: What'll we do while we're waiting for the rain to stop?

TINY: Why don't you play something for me ... on your plastic flute?

JUMBO: You mean it? Why don't we play together? ... It was you practicing, wasn't it?

TINY: No. It was the giant.

*(He takes out his flute, she still has her flute in her hand. They play the song together and dance).*

JUMBO: Your tape recorder is getting wet. (*They move closer to it so they can cover it with the umbrella*): Are you sorry it doesn't work?

TINY: I haven't really thought about it.

JUMBO: You know what I've got?

TINY: What?

JUMBO: Batteries.

TINY: But you don't like that music?

JUMBO: I know, but ... (*he puts the batteries in*).

TINY: Why do you do it then?

JUMBO: To make my friend happy of course.

TINY: Are we really friends then?

JUMBO: Sure we are. Feel for yourself. (*He rubs her biceps*): You are not hard anymore, you're soft.

TINY: Like butter.

JUMBO: (*turns on the tape recorder, it doesn't play rock-music, instead it plays his tune. He sings*): Once there was a sour pickle.

TINY: (*singing*): Who only knew how to tease.

JUMBO: (*singing*): When people cried it made her tickle.

TINY: (*singing*): A sour pickle always hates to please.

TINY and JUMBO: (*singing with children*): A good friend is always hard to find. / 'treat them nice whatever you do. / Don't tease them or be unkind. / Or they'll run off and leave you.

TINY: (*singing*) Then he finally made me see. / What I needed was a friend. / When I knew he'd be nice to me.

JUMBO: (*singing*): Then our game came to an end.

TINY and JUMBO: (*sing the refrain together with children, and one more verse without children*): Things must end, soon we'll be far away. / But tomorrow please try to remember. / The one thing that we've tried to say. / How a friend makes friendship much friendlier. (*They sing the refrain together with the children*).

THE END

Music for the song

The image displays a musical score for a song, consisting of four staves of music. The music is written in a single melodic line on a treble clef staff, with a 4/4 time signature. The melody is composed of eighth and quarter notes, with some notes beamed together. The first staff contains 8 measures, the second 8 measures, the third 8 measures, and the fourth 8 measures, ending with a double bar line. The overall structure is a simple, rhythmic melody.

## The plastic flute

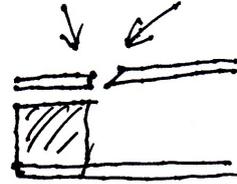
Use a piece of electrical pipe about 30 cm long and 2,5 cm diameter. Make a wooden 'cork' 2 cm long which fits into the end of the pipe. Make a little part of the 'cork' flat.



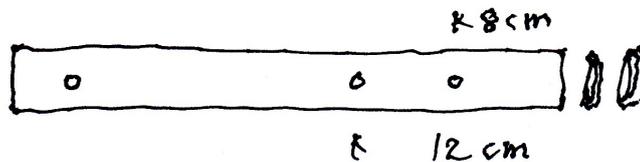
Make a hole and a sharp edge.



Perhaps a little nail



If you want to tune the flute so that it fits to a C you can cut small rings off.



Make a hole 8,5 cm from the end. If the tune is not right you may make the hole a bit bigger. Make the next hole 12 cm from the end. If you don't succeed, try again.

