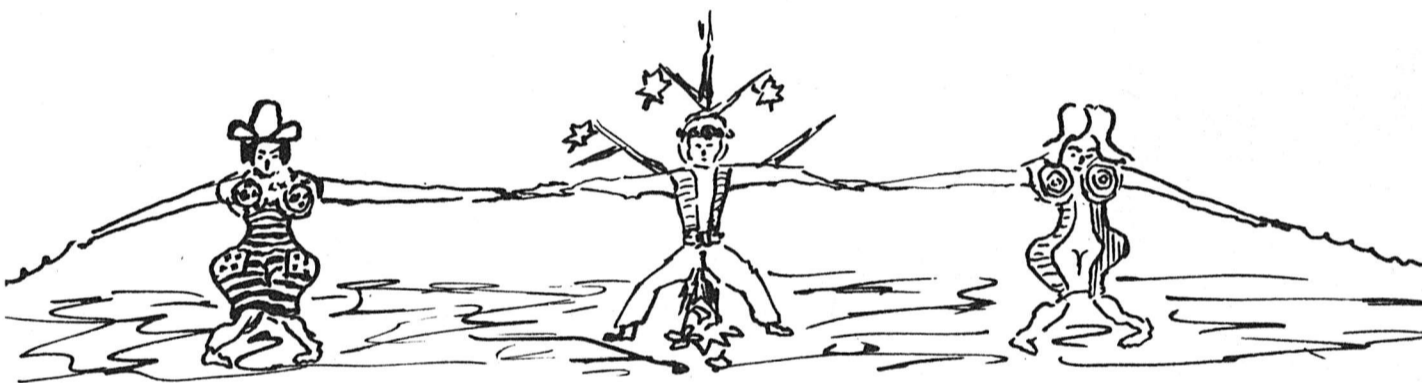
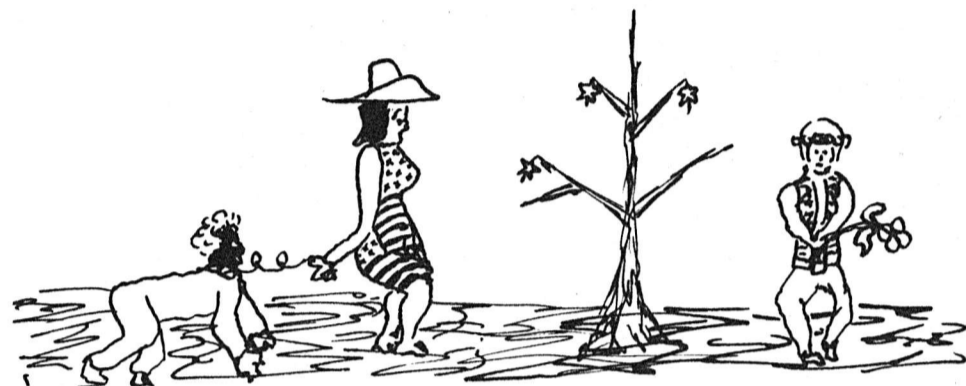


Oh! Canada!—a short play

Scene: The stage is dim, with a few patches of blue light. There is music—no particular tune—merely soft strains of something vaguely familiar. Perhaps "The Stars and Stripes Forever."

As the music begins to build to a climax, a very large, pink maple tree grows up in the centre of the stage.

With a final clash of cymbals, ENTER a young man. He is a very beautiful, almost perfect young man. However, he is slightly pigeon-toed.



A wreath of honeysuckle magically encircles his long blond locks, and in his hands he holds a very large, very white lily. He is NOT one of the flower children, as we discover when he turns around, for on his bronzed muscular back is stencilled the word CANADA. Aha!

ENTER, from stage left, Bridgette Bardot, her body draped suggestively with the tri-color. She mutters some unintelligible French idioms, interspersed with soothing coos and raucous cries of "Viva" and

"Ole", etc. Her right hand grasps a pure gold leash, and on the other end, on all fours, is a long, balding man with a big nose, panting audibly. AHA!

Catching sight of the virile young Canada sniffing his lily under the pink maple tree, she lets out a shriek of pure joy and passion and runs toward him, almost strangling the poor old man in the process.

She tries desperately to tear the young beauty away from the maple tree, to

which he is clinging wildly.

The music builds up and the curtain drops for a fifteen-minute intermission.

INTERMISSION

When we return, the scene is unchanged, except that both seem to have tired considerably.

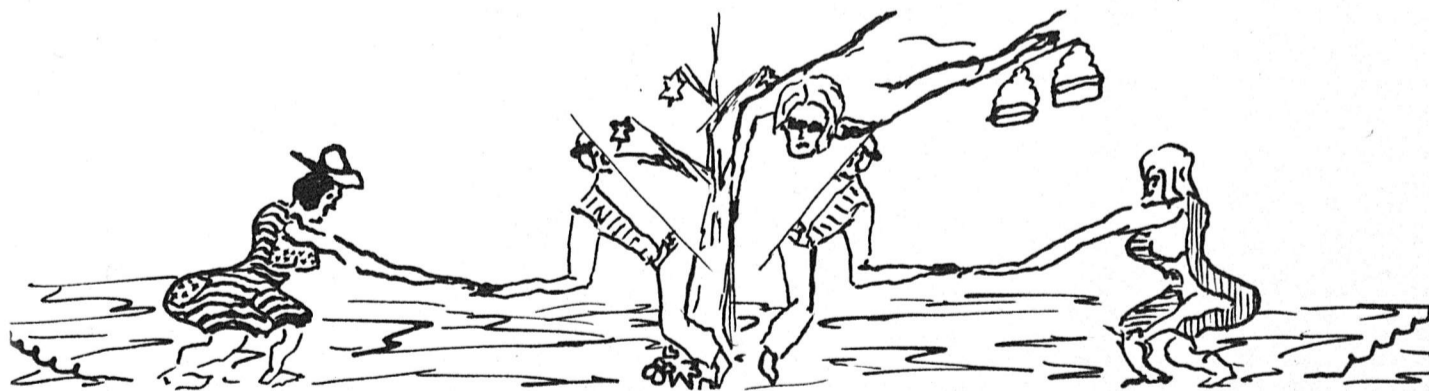
Suddenly, from stage right, we hear the bugle call of the cavalry, and in bounds Elizabeth Taylor, wearing a white tennegallon hat and an American flag.



She is pulling on a silver leash, which is hooked to the collar of a white-haired old Negro. She, too, reacts most violently at the sight of the young Canada, and grabbing his right arm starts tugging also.

There are screams, and cries of "He's mine" and "C'est le mien," but neither of the ladies seems to be having much success.

He is still directly under the pink maple tree, although his arms are beginning to



stretch, and his lily lies crumpled at his feet.

Can this tug of war go on much longer?

Is he a hero or an elastic band?

Is there no justice for such sweet innocence?

ENTER (from the sky) JUSTICE. She is blindfolded, and wears a white, slightly dingy sheet.

In one hand is a poorly balanced scale, and in the other a gleaming machete.

In one swift moment, she has sized up

the situation, and rushes to assist. Her right arm is raised, and then dropped magnificently, splitting the young man in two.

Each party greedily grabs her portion, and EXITS off stage.

Justice rises into the sky again, and as the music breaks into the triumphant strains of Le Marseillaise, we watch the blood-spattered maple tree turn a ghastly green, and die.

THE END

