

Action now takes place on the auditorium floor directly in front of the stage. The peach light is now on, encompassing all of the CHARACTERS who seem to be quite shaken up.

CENTIPEDE. Let's have some light!

OLD-GREEN-GRASSHOPPER. Yes! Light! Give us some light, Glowworm!

JAMES. Glowworm? I never met a Glowworm in here!

CENTIPEDE. That's because he was up on the slimy ceiling, the lazy beast. Although, now that you mention his name, he really doesn't look like much of a worm, does he?

GLOWWORM (lazily). I . . . am . . . not . . . a . . . worm . . . !  
I . . . am . . . not . . . a . . . he . . . either! I am simply a lady firefly, without wings!

CENTIPEDE. Big deal! Big deal! Come on, give us some more light!

GLOWWORM. I'm *trying*! I'm doing my best. Please be patient. (Change the color filter on your spotlight to whatever color you wish GLOWWORM to give off.) There!

CENTIPEDE (limping across the room). *Some great journey!*

EARTHWORM. I shall *never* be the same again!

LADYBUG. Nor I! It's taken *years* off my life!

OLD-GREEN-GRASSHOPPER (trying to be cheerful). But, my dear friends, we are *there*!

SPIDER. Where? Where is *there*?

OLD-GREEN-GRASSHOPPER. I don't know, but I'll bet it's somewhere good.

EARTHWORM (gloomily). We're probably at the bottom of a coal mine.

OLD-GREEN-GRASSHOPPER. Perhaps we are in the middle of a beautiful country full of songs and music.

JAMES. Or near the seaside, with lots of other children down on the sand for me to play with!

LADYBUG. Pardon me, but . . . am . . . I . . . wrong . . . in thinking that we seem to be bobbing up and down?

SPIDER. *Bobbing* up and down? What on earth do you mean?

OLD-GREEN-GRASSHOPPER. You're still dizzy from the journey. Is everybody ready to go upstairs now and take a look around?

ALL. Yes, yes! Come on! Let's go!

CENTIPEDE. I *refuse* to show myself out of doors in my bare feet. I *have* to get my boots on again first.

EARTHWORM. For heaven's sake, let's not go through all that nonsense again.

LADYBUG. Let's *all* lend the Centipede a hand and get it over with. Come on.

SPIDER. While you're doing that, I'll weave a ladder to help us get out. (ALL crowd around CENTIPEDE and assist in putting on his shoes.)

ALL. Okay, we're done! Here we go, boys! The promised land! I can't wait to see it! (ALL climb up onto the stage, as if they are

now on top of the Peach, which is really the top of the beam of light. Remove the colored filter from the spotlight to restore the outside of the Peach effect.)

CENTIPEDE. But this is *impossible*!

LADYBUG. I *told* you we were bobbing up and down!

JAMES. We're in the middle of the sea!

ALL. But where are the fields? Where are the woods? Where is England?

OLD-GREEN-GRASSHOPPER. Ladies and gentlemen . . . (He tries very hard to keep fear and disappointment out of his voice.)  
. . . I am afraid that we find ourselves in a rather awkward situation.

EARTHWORM. *Awkward*! We are finished!

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## SIDE #2

AUNT SPIKER (shouting). *Get up at once, you lazy little beast!* Get back over there immediately and finish chopping up those logs! (AUNT SPONGE unfreezes and waddles over to AUNT SPIKER.)

AUNT SPONGE. Why don't we just lower the boy down the well in a bucket and leave him there for the night? That ought to teach him not to laze around like this the whole day long.

AUNT SPIKER. That's a very good idea, my dear Sponge. But let's make him finish chopping up the wood first. Be off with you at once, you hideous brat, and do some work! (JAMES slowly and sadly gets up, goes back to the woodpile and begins to chop again.)

AUNT SPIKER. Sponge! Sponge! Come here at once and look at this!

AUNT SPONGE. At what?

AUNT SPIKER. A peach! Right up there on the highest branch! Can't you see it?

AUNT SPONGE. You're teasing me, Spiker. You're making my mouth water on purpose when there's nothing to put into it. Why, that tree's never even had a blossom on it, let alone a peach.

AUNT SPIKER. There's one on it now, Sponge! You look for yourself!

AUNT SPONGE. Very funny . . . Ha, ha . . . Good gracious me! There really is a peach up there! (ALL freeze.)

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## SIDE #3

(LITTLE OLD MAN hobbles a step or two nearer to JAMES)

Take a look, my dear. (He opens the bag and lets JAMES look inside.) *Listen* to them! Listen to them move! There's more power and magic in these little green things than in all the rest of the world put together.

(He pauses.) And now, all you've got to do is this. Take a large jug of water, and pour all the little green things into it. Then, very slowly, one by one, add ten hairs from your own head. That sets them off! In a couple of minutes the water will begin to froth and bubble furiously, and as soon as that happens you must quickly drink it all down, the whole jugful, in one gulp.

Now, off you go and do exactly as I say. Don't let those green things in there get away from you!

(LITTLE OLD MAN turns and slips away into the bushes. JAMES turns and runs towards the house excitedly. He trips under the old peach tree and everything falls out of the bag.)

JAMES. *Oh, no!* What am I going to do? (He gets on his hands and knees.) Well . . . I suppose I'll just try to pick them . . . *Wait a minute!* They're . . . why . . . why . . . they're burrowing into the ground! I can't seem to get them. *I can't get them!* (He pauses.) They're gone. They're *all gone!* (He acts very sad and dejected.) But where have they gone to? There's nothing down there except the roots of the old peach tree . . . and a whole lot of earthworms and centipedes and other kinds of insects. (~~AUNT SPIKER~~)

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