



**Charles Kray**

BIG DOG PUBLISHING

*A Moggwomp, Some Flim-Flams, and a Domb Glock*

2

Copyright © 2006, Charles Kray

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

*A Moggwomp, Some Flim-Flams, and a Domb Glock* is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America, and all of the countries covered by the Universal Copyright Convention and countries with which the United States has bilateral copyright relations including Canada, Mexico, Australia, and all nations of the United Kingdom.

Copying or reproducing all or any part of this book in any manner is strictly forbidden by law. No part of this book may be stored in a retrieval system or transmitted in any form by any means including mechanical, electronic, photocopying, recording, or videotaping without written permission from the publisher.

A royalty is due for every performance of this play whether admission is charged or not. A "performance" is any presentation in which an audience of any size is admitted.

The name of the author must appear on all programs, printing, and advertising for the play. The program must also contain the following notice: "Produced by special arrangement with Big Dog Publishing Company, Sarasota, FL."

All rights including professional, amateur, radio broadcasting, television, motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved by Big Dog Publishing Company, [www.BigDogPlays.com](http://www.BigDogPlays.com), to whom all inquiries should be addressed.

**BIG DOG PUBLISHING**

**P.O. Box 1400**

**TALLEHAST, FL 34270**

Work, says the Mugwump  
Work, work, work.  
Don't stop a minute, don't  
Shirk, shirk, shirk.

-flim-flam Song

## A Mugwump, Some Flim-Flams, and a Domb Glock

4

# A Mugwump, Some Flim-Flams, and a Domb Glock

**CHILDREN'S COMEDY.** A greedy Mugwump has stolen the thinking boxes of all the Flim-Flams on his planet. Without their thinking boxes, the poor Flim-Flams find that they are completely under the Mugwump's control and must do whatever he says. Determined to help his fellow Flim-Flams, Barpf journeys to earth, lands outside Jackie's window, and convinces her to return with him to retrieve the thinking boxes from the Mugwump's garage. Young audiences will love the Mugwump's adorable but not-too-bright assistant, Cluck, and can join in dancing the Flim-Flam dance and singing the Flim-Flam song. This delightful action-packed play is perfect for both young actors or touring groups.

**Performance Time:** Approximately 30-45 minutes.

## Characters

(3 m, 4 f, 4 flexible, optional extras)

**ANNOUNCER:** TV news anchor; flexible.

**JACKIE:** Smart, brave, unselfish girl.

**BARPE:** Small, funny-looking Flim-Flam; wears a spacesuit and helmet; flexible.

**MOTHER:** Jackie's mother.

**FLIM-FLAM 1, 2:** Dressed in blue and wear wheedle rugs (Beatles-style wigs); female.

**FLIM-FLAM 3, 4:** Dressed in gray and wear wheedle rugs; male.

**CARL:** Flim-Flam; male.

**MUGWUMP:** Fierce, tall mechanical robot; stomps heavily, walks jerkily, and moves his arms mechanically; when he snorts, smoke comes out of his tin head; there is a huge dial with buttons in the center of his tin stomach; flexible.

**CLUCK:** Mugwump's aide; a not-too-bright Flim-Flam; flexible.

**EXTRAS (optional):** As Flim-Flams. All male Flim-Flams are dressed in gray and all female Flim-Flams are dressed in blue. All Flim-Flams wear wheedle rugs. Flim-Flams move mechanically but occasionally do silly things for no reason at all. They will do somersaults, cartwheels, or whatever they feel like doing.

**NOTE:** If flexible roles are played by females, change script accordingly.

# A Mugwump, Some Flim-Flams, and a Dumb Glock

6

## Setting

Time: Near future.

Jackie's Bedroom: Girl's bedroom with an armchair, TV, window, and bed. Toys are strewn about the room.

Missile Tow: Looks like a rocket.

Mugwump's Garage: Looks like something out of Flash Gordon. There are computers on the walls with pushbuttons and switches and a series of lights flash on and off. Upstage center is a huge tickertape-type glass, which is the Mugwump's electric ticker drawer. There is a window stage left and a table.

## Synopsis of Scenes

**Scene 1:** Jackie's bedroom.

**Scene 2:** Missile tow. Only the wide center section of the missile tow and one window is visible on stage. The missile tow points upward and is as high as necessary to make it look like a long continuing object.

**Scene 3:** The Mugwump's garage.

**Scene 4:** Inside the missile tow.

**Scene 5:** The Mugwump's garage.

**Scene 6:** Missile tow.

# A Mugwump, Some Flim-Flams, and a Dumb Glock

7

## Props

Armchair	Frying pan
TV	Egg
Bed	Large cardboard monkey
Misc toys	wrench
Worn baby blanket	Dollar bills and coins, or
Bicycle reflectors to serve as "ejector reflectors"	play money
Beatles-style wigs, for Flim- Flams	Coins
Brush	Panel, for junking machine
Table	Bread
Chair	Pickle
	Jelly

## Special Effects

Electronic music	Rocket blasting off
Jet stream air (aerosol can)	Rocket noise
Smoke	Rushing air
Monitor beep	Brakes screeching to a halt
Beep-beep type music	Boom

## Scene I

(AT RISE: Jackie sits in an armchair watching television. She holds a worn baby blanket to the side of her face. We hear the voice of a TV news announcer winding up a news report.)

ANNOUNCER: According to our astronaut's report from the planet in outer space, the entire nation of Flim-Flams is under the power of a terrible Mugwump. Luckily for our astronaut, when his rocket was knocked out of orbit by the Mugwump, a missile tow was on hand to pull him to safety.

JACKIE: A missile tow? What in the heck is a missile tow?

ANNOUNCER: *(Almost as if answering.)* A missile tow is a new type of spaceship and the only type that can land safely on the planet; but no one has been able to land because of the great fierceness of the Mugwump who has destroyed a total of 10 missile tows to date.

*(Jackie jumps off her chair and turns the TV off.)*

JACKIE: Boy I wish they'd give me a missile tow. I'd zip right up there and fight that old Mugwump. *(She starts making like an airplane and soaring around the room with arms outstretched like wings.)* Aaaaaah, aaaaaaaaaa, aaaaaaaah. *(She dodges an imaginary advancing jet, then makes like a machinegun.)* Bub-bup-bup-bup-bup. Take that, you dirty old Mugwump. Bup-bup-bup-bup-bup-bup. *(She leaps to the top of the armchair and the imaginary Mugwump strikes her.)* Oh, you got me, you dirty old Mugwump. *(She falls from the armchair to the floor.)* But I'll get you before I go. Bup-bup-bup-bup-bup-bup-bup-bup-bup. There, I got you! *(She is now lying on floor.)* You can't get away from Jackie Armstrong. *(Grabs her heart, melodramatic.)* I'm going fast, folks. He got me. Tell my mother I died with my flip-flops on. I want every red-blooded American girl to remember the name of Jackie

*A Mugwump, Some Flim-Flams, and a Dumb Glock*

9

Armstrong. *(She dies. While she is lying there, we hear electronic-type music coming from the TV. Barpf crawls out of the television and walks to Jackie's side, salutes, and pretends to play "Taps" on an imaginary bugle. Jackie looks up, startled. She shrieks.)* Aaaaaaaagh! *(She leaps onto the armchair, grabs her blanket, and stands on the armchair.)* Who are you? What are you doing here?

BARPF: One question at a time. I was just playing "Taps" over a brave dead girl.

JACKIE: I'm not dead.

BARPF: Yes, I see that. But are you brave? That's the point.

JACKIE: Of course, I'm brave. Who are you?

BARPF: My name is Barpf. If you're so brave, why are you standing on that chair? Afraid?

JACKIE: Because I like this chair. What kind of a name is Barpf?

BARPF: It's one of the finest names on our planet. Why are you holding that blanket?

JACKIE: It's my blanket and I like it. What planet? Are you crazy?

BARPF: No, I'm not crazy. That's a baby blanket. Only babies hold blankets. Are you a baby?

JACKIE: I don't like you. I'm going to call my mother.

BARPF: Go ahead. And I thought at last I found a brave human. Guess I'll have to look somewhere else.

JACKIE: What are you talking about?

BARPF: Well, you heard the television report. I'm a Flim-Flam, from the outer planet, and I came to earth to find a smart, brave, unselfish human to help us fight the Mugwump.

JACKIE: I don't believe you. You don't look like a Flim-Flam.

BARPF: How do you know? Do you know what a Flim-Flam looks like?

JACKIE: No. But I know one when I see one.

BARPF: Well, that's the silliest thing I ever heard of. I'm leaving.

A Mugwump, Some Flim-Flams, and a Dumb Glock

10

JACKIE: Wait. If you're really a Flim-Flam, why are you looking for a smart, brave, unselfish human?

BARPF: Because we need a human who is smart, brave, and unselfish to get into the Mugwump's garage and get back our thinking boxes.

JACKIE: Thinking boxes?

BARPF: Yes. The Mugwump took our thinking boxes.

JACKIE: What are they?

BARPF: They are the boxes we think with, silly.

JACKIE: Oh. Well why can't you get them back yourself?

BARPF: Because we haven't thought of a way to get them.

JACKIE: Why not?

BARPF: Well, how can we think of a way to get our thinking boxes, when we don't have our thinking boxes to think of a way to get our thinking boxes?

JACKIE: Oh, that makes sense, I guess. But how do I know you're really a Flim-Flam?

BARPF: I'll prove it. I'll do the Flim-Flam dance. *(Barpf snaps his fingers and computer-type music is heard. Barpf begins to dance. Streams of jet air hiss [aerosol cans can be inserted inside his sleeves] from Barpf's hands during the dance. During the Flim-Flam song, Barpf makes hissing sounds like jet exhaust. Sings.)*

"I'll dance like a Flim-Flam,  
With a hole in his rocket, *(Hiss.)*  
Coal in his pockets, *(Hiss.)*  
Wires in his sprockets. *(Hiss-hiss.)*

Dance like a Flim-Flam,  
With a hole in his rocket, *(Hiss.)*  
Dance on top of the moon."

*(Barpf beckons Jackie to join in. Barpf whirls Jackie around aerial style or swings her around holding Jackie's hand and foot.)*

*A Muggwump, Some Flim-Flams, and a Dumb Glock*

11

“Come dance with the Flim-Flam,  
Whirl round and round, *(Hiss.)*  
Over the ground, *(Hiss.)*  
you'll never be found. *(Hiss-hiss.)*

Dance with the Flim-Flam,  
with the hole in his rocket,  
Dance on top of the moon.”

*(With that, Barpf drops Jackie into the armchair.)*

BARPF: Are you satisfied?

JACKIE: Oh, yes, Mr. Barpf.

BARPF: Just call me Barpf.

JACKIE: All right, Barpf. Gee, Barpf, can I really go with you  
and help?

BARPF: Just a minute. I had to prove to you that I was what I  
am. Now you have to prove to me that you're brave, smart,  
and unselfish.

JACKIE: How?

BARPF: You just got a brand-new Sting-Ray bicycle and a Jiffy  
skateboard. Give them to me.

JACKIE: What? I can't. They're brand new. My mother  
would murder me.

BARPF: Well, you've got to prove that you want to help. Give  
them to me, and I'll give you some reflector ejectors.

JACKIE: What are they?

BARPF: You'll see. Give me the bike and the board, take the  
reflector ejectors, and you can help me.

JACKIE: Oh, gosh.

BARPF: Your last chance...

JACKIE: Okay, I'll do it.

BARPF: Good! It's a deal.

JACKIE: Scout's honor.

BARPF: “Cross your heart and hope to die,  
If you back down, I'll spit in your eye.”

*A Muggump, Some Flim-Flams, and a Domb Glock*

12

JACKIE: Okay. *(Crosses heart.)*

BARPF: Close your eyes. Put out your hands.

*(Jackie puts out her hands. There is the sound of beep-beep music, then a puff of jet stream smoke, and Barpf disappears. Jackie opens her eyes and sees that the reflectors are in her hands.)*

JACKIE: Gee... *(Looks at reflectors. Notices Barpf has disappeared.)* Barpf! Barpf! Where are you?

*(Mother enters.)*

MOTHER: Jackie, I'm home from shopping. Are you all right?

*(Jackie runs around the room looking for Barpf behind furniture.)*

JACKIE: Barpf! Barpf!

MOTHER: What's the matter with you, Jackie?

JACKIE: Barpf! Barpf!

MOTHER: Jackie, I told you to stop using those dirty words.

JACKIE: Barpf! Barpf!

MOTHER: You're acting silly. What's the matter with you?

JACKIE: He's gone...

MOTHER: Who's gone?

JACKIE: My friend Barpf.

MOTHER: Now, Jackie, I'm tired of you and those imaginary friends. And if you must have invisible friends, at least give them decent names.

JACKIE: But Barpf's not imaginary, Mother. He's a Flim-Flam.

MOTHER: Oh, I see. And does Barpf have a sister who's a flip-flop?

JACKIE: Oh, Mother, it's true.

MOTHER: Now stop this nonsense this minute! I want to ask you something. I just came from the garage and your bicycle and skateboard aren't there. Where are they?

*A M<sup>o</sup>gwump, Some Flim-Flams, and a Domb Glock*

13

JACKIE: I gave them to Barpf.

MOTHER: What?

JACKIE: I gave them to the Flim-Flam.

MOTHER: You gave away that brand new expensive bicycle and skateboard. To whom? For what?

JACKIE: To Barpf. For these reflector ejectors.

*(Jackie shows her the reflectors.)*

MOTHER: Now stop that! Where are they?

JACKIE: I don't know, Mother. I told you I traded them to Barpf for these reflector ejectors...

MOTHER: You'll get a reflector on your bottom when your father gets home! *(She takes the reflectors and throws them out the window.)*

JACKIE: Mother, don't! Barpf gave them to me.

MOTHER: You just wait till your father gets home. He'll give you Barpf.

*(Mother exits in a huff. Jackie sits in her armchair, crying. The beep-beep music begins to play softly. At the window, we see the point of a rocket ascending, perhaps even scraping the side of the house. The rocket keeps going and going, making it seem as if it is of tremendous size. Finally, the rocket stops ascending, and we see the rocket door through the window. Barpf appears, peeps through the window, and makes a hissing sound like that of a jet. Jackie turns and sees the rocket. Barpf beckons Jackie to the window, then drops from sight.)*

JACKIE: Oh, gosh. A missile tow!

*(Jackie starts to climb through the window. Mother enters just in time to see Jackie's feet disappear through the window.)*

MOTHER: Jackie! Jackie! Come back here! *(The rocket starts to ascend and a great deal of rocket noise is heard. She runs out to*

*A Mugwump, Some Flim-Flams, and a Dumb Glock*

14

*extreme stage right, which indicates the porch of the house.)*

Jackie! Jackie! Come down here this instant!

JACKIE: *(Jackie's voice from above.)* Goodbye, Mother. I'll be back as soon as I've beaten the Mugwump.

MOTHER: Jackie! Jackie! Come down this minute! Do you hear me?!

*(Hanging on the end of a rope, Barpf flies across the stage. The rope looks as though it is attached to the end of the rocket.)*

BARPF: *(Through the rocket noise.)* Watch out, Mother! Don't stand under the missile tow!

*(The rocket noise continues and then the beep-beep music is heard. Blackout.)*

## Scene 2

(AT RISE: The middle section of the missile tow. The soft sound of air streaming by is heard intermittently throughout the scene as the missile tow flies through space. Wearing an astronaut helmet with the face part open, Barpf sits astride the missile tow, clinging to the outside.)

BARPF: (In a bad operatic voice, sings.)

“Fly me to the moon and let me linger there...

I hope to find my thinking thinger there...

Watch out, old Mugwump, you better take care...

I've found a little girl that you can't scare...

La de da de da...la de da de da.”

(Shouts.) Jackie! Oh, Jackie!

(Jackie appears at the window.)

JACKIE: Barpf, is that you? What are you doing? Come on inside. This is great fun! (Makes like an airplane.)

Aaaaaarrrrrrriiiiiuuuuuuuummmmm.

BARPF: No, I like it out here. I can't stand small spaces. I get closet phobia.

JACKIE: When will we get to the planet?

BARPF: Any minute now. You worried?

JACKIE: Yes, I miss my mother.

BARPF: You wanta go back?

JACKIE: No, a promise is a promise.

BARPF: Good. You afraid?

JACKIE: Yes, I guess I'm not so brave after all.

BARPF: Nonsense. Just because you're afraid doesn't mean that you're not brave, too. Some of the bravest people in the world were the scariest before they became the bravest.

JACKIE: I guess I'm going to be very brave then, 'cause I'm very scared.

*A Mugwump, Some Flim-Flams, and a Dumb Glock*

16

BARPF: You'll be all right. Just follow my instructions. When you get to the Mugwump's garage, just pretend you have no thinking box. He'll think you're just another Flim-Flam.

JACKIE: How do I do that?

BARPF: Well, whatever you do, make sure it's silly and makes no sense unless he *tells* you to do something. Then you must follow his orders because people without thinking boxes just do anything anyone tells them to.

JACKIE: But won't he recognize me?

BARPF: No, I'll give you a wheedle rug. All Flim-Flams wear wheedle rugs.

*(Barpf takes one out and gives it to Jackie.)*

JACKIE: Wheedle rug? That looks like a Beatles wig.

BARPF: What's that?

JACKIE: Well, it's hair that the Beatles wore.

BARPF: What planet are they from?

JACKIE: Oh, they're from earth.

BARPF: I should think so!

JACKIE: But Barpf, if the Mugwump took the thinking boxes of the Flim-Flams, how come you can think of so many things?

BARPF: Well, I never was very brave, so the Mugwump needed someone to give orders to the Flim-Flams. He chose me and gave me half of my thinking box.

JACKIE: What's it look like?

BARPF: Well, it's just a box with a thinker inside of it. Want to see?

JACKIE: Okay. *(Barpf leans toward the window and lifts up his/her wheedle rug. Jackie looks under the wig.)* Gosh, it looks oooky...like a sponge.

BARPF: Well, oooky or not, it's pretty hard to get along without one.

JACKIE: Where does the Mugwump keep them?

A M@gwomp, Some Flim-Flams, and a Domb Glock

17

BARPF: In his electric ticker drawer. Oh, oh, close your window. We're there. We're going to land.

*(As lights fade to black, we hear the screech of brakes, beep-beep music, and then a heavy thud as the missile tow lands.)*

### Scene 3

(AT RISE: The Mugwump's garage. Upstage center is the electric ticker drawer. Flim-Flams 1, 2, 3, 4 and optional Flim-Flam Extras are positioned at various stations working controls. All Flim-Flams move mechanically but occasionally do silly things for no reason at all. They will do somersaults, cartwheels, or whatever they feel like doing. As the scene opens, the Flim-Flams are singing the Flim-Flam song as they work. During the song, the missile tow's smoky exhaust wafts in from the window, and then Jackie and Barpf enter through the window.)

FLIM-FLAMS: (Sing, mechanical-staccato.)

“Work, says the Mugwump  
Work, work, work.  
Don't stop a minute, don't  
Shirk, shirk, shirk.

Work all the day for the ticker drawer,  
Then when we're finished work some more.  
Work all the day, work all the night.  
Work never stops, no end in sight.

Work says the Mugwump,  
Work, work, work.  
Don't stop a minute, don't  
Shirk, shirk, shirk.”

(Jackie watches the Flim-Flams.)

JACKIE: (To Barpf, whispers.) Gosh, what are they doing?

BARPF: Well, they're supposed to be working, but that's the way all people act without their thinking boxes.

*A Mugwump, Some Flim-Flams, and a Domb Glock*

19

*(The Flim-Flams see Jackie and Barpf. The Flim-Flams stop working and begin to dance around, playing with the smoke.)*

FLIM-FLAM 1: Barpf, is that you?

BARPF: In the flesh.

FLIM-FLAM 2: *(Indicates Jackie.)* What is that with you?

BARPF: Why that's a girl.

FLIM-FLAM 2: A girl?

FLIM-FLAM 3: Oh, what a nice thing is a girl.

*(Flim-Flam 3 goes up and touches Jackie. Flim-Flam 4 touches Jackie too.)*

FLIM-FLAM 4: She's nicer than my pet steam shovel.

JACKIE: *(Embarrassed.)* Gosh...

BARPF: I'll go see where the Mugwump is. I'll be right back.

*(Barpf leaves. Carl, a male Flim-Flam, approaches Jackie and touches her on the shoulder.)*

CARL: What's your name?

JACKIE: Jackie. What's yours?

CARL: You're a girl?

JACKIE: Yes.

CARL: What is a girl?

JACKIE: Well, gosh, it's just a girl, I guess.

CARL: What's a girl made out of?

JACKIE: Well, gosh, same thing as a boy, I guess.

CARL: What's a boy?

JACKIE: You're a boy.

CARL: I'm a boy, and I'm made out of the same thing you are?

JACKIE: Well, practically.

CARL: But we look different.

JACKIE: Well...

CARL: What are you made of?

*A Mugwump, Some Flim-Flams, and a Domb Glock*

20

JACKIE: I don't know. I guess sugar and spice and everything nice. That's what my mother told me once.

CARL: What's a mother?

JACKIE: Gosh, you don't know what a mother is? Holy mackerel.

*(Suddenly there is a loud beep-beep noise, and Barpf enters, running.)*

BARPF: Everybody, out to the oiling room. The Mugwump's coming and he's mad. He'll send us all to the junkyard. Run! *(Everybody runs except Jackie and Carl who stand facing each other.)* Jackie, run! Hide! The Mugwump's coming! *(Jackie doesn't move.)* What's the matter with you?

JACKIE: I just met a boy named Carl.

BARPF: Carl? What? Oh, he's just a Flim-Flam. Run! You too, Carl. *(They don't move.)* Oh, oh, here he is!

*(Barpf hides behind a table. Mugwump steps into the room, sniffs and snorts, and waves his arms about jerkily. Mugwump is accompanied by Cluck, his Flim-Flam aide. While Mugwump moves about, Barpf notices that Jackie has forgotten to don her wheedle rug and is holding it in her hand.)*

BARPF: Jackie hasn't got her wheedle rug on. Holy carburetors! *(To Jackie, whispers.)* Psst, psst. Jackie, put your wheedle rug on.

*(Jackie doesn't hear Barpf. By this time, Carl has run to her side.)*

CARL: *(To Jackie, whispers.)* Psst, psst. Jackie, your wheedle rug.

*(Jackie is petrified with fear.)*

MUGWUMP: Fee, fi, fo fet.

*A Mugwump, Some Flim-Flams, and a Dumb Cluck*

21

I smell the exhaust of a dirty jet.  
Be it metal or be it bronze,  
I'll tear it to junk with my rusty hands.

*(On the dial on the Mugwump's stomach are a series of buttons, which Cluck pushes in order to make certain moves. Barpf sneaks up behind Mugwump, jumps in front of him, pushes a button, and Mugwump turns around and around. Barpf runs to Jackie and puts the wheedle rug on her head in an awkward position.)*

MUGWUMP: Why am I turning around? I don't want to turn around. Cluck, press my "stop" button. *(Cluck does so, Mugwump falls to floor.)* I said "stop," you dumb Cluck, not "plop." Press my "stop" button. *(Cluck does so. To Jackie.)* Who are you?

CARL: I'm Carl. I'm a Flim-Flam. I oil the electric drawer.

MUGWUMP: Not you. Silence. *(To Jackie.)* Who are you?

JACKIE: I'm Alfred Hitchcock. I'm a Flim-Flam.

MUGWUMP: Alfred Hitchcock. That's a funny name for a Flim-Flam. I don't remember you.

BARPF: He's from the new batch that was made yesterday.

MUGWUMP: They don't make them very good these days.  
She's awful skinny.

BARPF: Well, they ran short of Vitamin G.

MUGWUMP: G?

BARPF: G. The girl vitamin, you know.

MUGWUMP: Oh, where's her thinking box?

BARPF: Oh, we put it in the electric ticker drawer.

MUGWUMP: She still doesn't look like a Flim-Flam to me.

JACKIE: Oh, yes, I'm a Flim-Flam.

MUGWUMP: What do you do?

JACKIE: Oh, I water the sprinklers.

MUGWUMP: What?

JACKIE: Water the sprinklers.

MUGWUMP: Barpf, is that right?

## A Mugwump, Some Flim-Flams, and a Dumb Cluck

22

BARPF: Oh, yes. She sprinkles the water. I mean, waters the sprinkler. I mean, that's what she does.

MUGWUMP: Waters the sprinklers? What kind of job is that?

BARPF: Oh, that's the new job on the outside. It keeps the garage cold in the winter and warm in the summer.

MUGWUMP: Oh, I still don't believe she's a Flim-Flam. *(To Jackie.)* Do the Flim-Flam dance.

JACKIE: What?

MUGWUMP: The dance. Do the dance.

BARPF: *(To Jackie.)* Come on. Do the dance. You know the dance. *(Barpf starts to dance.)* Dance with the Flim-Flam with a hole in his rocket.

MUGWUMP: *(To Barpf.)* Not you! *(Indicates Jackie.)* Her! *(To Jackie.)* Go on, dance! Dance!

*(Jackie tries to dance, haltingly and awkwardly. Carl tries to help her. He dances with her, but she just can't do it. While the two of them are dancing, Barpf is next to Jackie trying to help her. Mugwump finally stops the dance.)*

MUGWUMP: *(Roars.)* She's no Flim-Flam! That's her missile tow outside. Off to the junkyard with her!

JACKIE: Oh, yes. I'm a Flim-Flam. I really am.

MUGWUMP: Do a cartwheel. *(Jackie tries and can't.)* Do a handstand. *(Jackie tries and can't.)* Hop on one leg. *(Jackie tries and can't.)* Hop on two legs. *(Jackie tries and can't.)* Hop on no legs. *(Jackie doesn't even try. Roars.)* Cluck, push my "crushing" button. I'll crush her! *(Cluck runs to Mugwump and presses a button on his stomach. Mugwump picks up a brush from the table and starts to brush the table.)* I said "crushing," not "brushing," you dumb Cluck. Press my "crushing" button. *(Cluck does so. Mugwump starts to pursue Jackie. Mugwump hits the table, which crushes under his blow. Mugwump hits the chair, crushing it, and then advances toward Jackie. Jackie and Carl run and hide behind different objects as Mugwump pursues them and continues to crush objects.)* Cluck,

*A Mugwump, Some Flim-Flams, and a Dumb Cluck*

23

I'm moving too slow. Press my "fire" button. I'll fill the room with fire. *(Cluck runs to Mugwump and presses a button. Mugwump yawns, sits, and goes to sleep.)* You dumb Cluck! I said "fire" button. Not "tired" button. I'm getting sleepy. Press my "fire" button.

*(Cluck approaches Mugwump, but Jackie trips him and Cluck flies out the window. Mugwump falls asleep.)*

BARPF: Jackie, hurry, open the ticker drawer!

JACKIE: How?

BARPF: I don't know.

JACKIE: Let's try to think of a way.

CARL: We can't. You'll have to.

BARPF: And hurry, Jackie. Every time you push the Mugwump's button, it only lasts a few minutes. He'll be getting up anytime now.

CARL: Yes, Jackie, hurry please.

JACKIE: I'll try.

*(Jackie runs to the ticker drawer and grabs it. There is a big flash of light and a loud boom and Jackie is sent flying across the room.)*

BARPF: You can't do it that way. Think of something to say.

JACKIE: What? What is this ticker drawer anyway?

BARPF: I told you. All our thinking boxes are in it. And all the Mugwump does is ask the drawer for anything and it gives it to him—money, gold, stocks, bonds, licorice candy, anything.

JACKIE: I'll try it. Electric drawer, open up and give me a space helmet.

BARPF: No, no. He uses a magic scientific formula and says it to the ticker drawer.

JACKIE: Well, I don't know any scientific formula.

CARL: Well, think of something, Jackie, please. And hurry.

*A Mugwump, Some Flim-Flams, and a Dumb Glock*

24

*(Mugwump is stirring as beeping noises come from his form. He breathes or snores in subdued beep noises also.)*

JACKIE: Okay. "Ticker, ticker on the floor,  
Open up your dirty drawer."

BARPF: Oh, that's stupid.

JACKIE: Well, I tried.

CARL: Oh, Jackie, hurry. The Mugwump's getting up.

BARPF: What are we going to do?

JACKIE: I know. Let's hide the ticker drawer and when he wakes up, I'll tell him that I'll give him the ticker drawer only if he gives up the thinking boxes.

BARPF: You'll have to do the hiding because if he asks us where it is, we'll have to tell him.

JACKIE: Okay, you and Carl turn your backs. *(He starts to push the ticker drawer around the room.)* I wonder where I shall hide it? *(To audience.)* There? No. There? No. There? No. How about in the missile tow? Yes, that's it.

CARL: *(Watching Mugwump.)* Hurry, Jackie.

BARPF: Yes. Hurry, Jackie.

*(Jackie rolls the ticker drawer to the window and slides it into the door of the missile tow. But while she is doing it, Cluck peeps in from the other side of the stage.)*

MUGWUMP: *(Awakes.)* Bipe, bope, bap, beep. Wonder why I went to sleep. Oh, now I know. *(To Jackie.)* You, you. What are you doing here? *(Notices that ticker drawer is missing.)* My drawer! My electric ticker drawer! It's gone. You stole it. Where is it?

JACKIE: It's where you'll never find it.

MUGWUMP: Barpf, where is my ticker drawer?

BARPF: I don't know.

MUGWUMP: Tell me, or I'll punish you. Where is my ticker-drawer?

*A Mugwump, Some Flim-Flams, and a Dumb Glock*

25

BARPF: I don't know. Cross my heart and hope to die. If that's not true, I'll spit in your eye.

*(He "spits" in Mugwump's eye and runs away.)*

MUGWUMP: You're lying. *(He goes to the control panel on the wall and pulls a switch.)* Yowl like a cat and don't stop till I find my ticker drawer. *(Barpf starts yowling like a cat. To Carl.)* Now, you. Where is my ticker drawer?

CARL: I don't know.

MUGWUMP: All right. You know what you have to do?

CARL: Please don't make me be a bird. Not again.

*(Mugwump pulls another switch.)*

MUGWUMP: Be a bird. I command it. Be a bird. *(Carl starts tweeting like a bird. Mugwump pulls another switch.)* Cat chase the bird.

BARPF: Meow. Meow, meow.

*(Barpf starts chasing Carl.)*

CARL: Oh, help! Tweet, tweet, tweet.

*(Carl runs about the stage pursued by Barpf.)*

MUGWUMP: Cluck. *(Cluck enters, sees what is happening, and starts shaking with fear.)* This is your fault. All right, dumb dog, chase the cat so it'll eat the bird. *(Cluck tries to point to the missile tow at the window.)* Mush.

CLUCK: Bow-wow.

*(Cluck chases Barpf while Barpf chases Carl.)*

*A Mugwump, Some Flim-Flams, and a Dumb Cluck*

26

MUGWUMP: Ho. Ho. My favorite game. Now watch the cat catch the bird, then the dog catch the cat. What a fine fight that will be!

*(Just as the "cat" closes in on the "bird" and the "dog" closes in on the "cat," Jackie hollers.)*

JACKIE: Stop! I'll tell you where the ticker drawer is. Stop them.

*(Mugwump pulls all three switches.)*

MUGWUMP: Stop. *(Barpf, Carl, and Cluck stop. To Jackie.)* All right, where is my ticker drawer?

JACKIE: I'll give it to you if you promise to give the Flim-Flams back their thinking boxes.

MUGWUMP: What? You little snip-snap! I'll find it myself. Cluck, quick push my "looking" button. *(Cluck does so. Mugwump picks up a frying pan and breads an egg into it.)* I said "looking," not "cooking," you dumb Cluck. Press my "looking" button. *(Cluck does so. Mugwump starts looking behind various items. Cluck tries to point to the window, but Barpf steps on his toe. Cluck jumps up and down.)* Stop that, you dumb Cluck! *(Mugwump hits Cluck with an oversized cardboard monkey wrench.)* I wonder where it could be? Maybe behind this chair. *(Looks behind various items and also addresses audience. Cluck again starts to point and Barf again steps on his toe.)* I said stop that, you dumb Cluck! *(Mugwump goes to hit Cluck again, but now Cluck is pointing.)* Oh, so it's there in the missile tow... *(To audience.)* Is that where it is? You can't fool me! *(Mugwump goes to the missile tow outside the window, sees the ticker drawer, and retrieves it. He starts to caress the ticker drawer.)* Oh, my little baby, ticker drawer. Did bad girl hurt daddy's little ticker drawer? Lemme kissa bubu. *(Kisses it.)* Where's a bubu? Lemme kissa bubu. *(Kisses it again.)* Now daddy's ticker drawer's all

## A Mugwump, Some Flim-Flams, and a Dumb Glock

27

right. (*Ticker drawer coos in a beep-beep style.*) Make some money for daddy. Muggy will say secret formula for my little baby.

“Ticker, ticker, little drawer,  
Make some money, then make more.  
Ticker, ticker, little drawer,  
A-U-H-2-0-6-4”

(*The drawer starts to throw out dollar bills and coins.*) That's a baby. Daddy's baby is all right. (*Turns to others.*) Now to the junking machine with you! (*Mugwump makes a grab for Barpf and Jackie but misses. Mugwump grabs Carl and ties him to a panel, which is the junking machine. Jackie and Barpf escape and exit.*) At least I've got you. What a nice piece of junk you'll make. I'll just mix the junk formula. (*Mugwump mixes some brew.*) Now while it's mixing, I'll count my money and pretty soon that'll be the end of you. (*Mugwump starts counting the money.*) One green dollar. Two green dollars. Three green dollars. Four. (*Looks at a dirty dollar bill.*) How did this dirty one get in here? (*Throws it away.*) I'll have to start again. (*As Mugwump starts to count the money again, the lights slowly fade.*) One green dollar. Two green dollars. Three green dollars. Four.

(*Blackout.*)

## Scene 4

(AT RISE: Inside the missile tow. Jackie and Barpf are at the window. Cluck stands next to the window, secretly listening to their conversation.)

JACKIE: We better get right back and save Carl.

BARPF: Oh, it takes a while for the Mugwump's junk formula to mix. But how are we going to save Carl?

JACKIE: Well, I memorized the formulas for the ticker drawer, so now I can open it.

BARPF: You memorized the formula. Why didn't I think of that?

JACKIE: You couldn't. You don't have a thinking box.

BARPF: Oh, that's right. But how do we save Carl?

JACKIE: Well, when I open the ticker drawer, you push the Mugwump's sleep button, then we'll tie him to the missile tow and take him back to earth.

BARPF: But how can I push his sleep button with Cluck around. Besides he's the only one who knows which buttons to push.

JACKIE: Oh, I didn't know that. Oh, dear.

BARPF: That Cluck. He used to be the nicest Flim-Flam ever before he lost his thinking box. He used to pick up stray dogs on the streets and feed them, mend birds' wings when he found them broken, and he even helped old ladies across the planet. *(Cluck looks soulful and sniffs.)* Now he always helps the Mugwump, and he's the only one who knows where the destroyer button is. If he pushes that one, it'll destroy us all in a second.

JACKIE: Well, he is a problem. We'll just have to worry about that when we come to it. Now we'd better get back to Carl.

*(Blackout.)*

## Scene 5

(AT RISE: Mugwump's garage. Cluck flies in as if he swung in and the missile tow has not landed yet.)

MUGWUMP: Cluck, where have you been? *(Cluck tries to point to the window and the missile tow.)* Silence. *(Hits Cluck with the cardboard monkey wrench.)* I'm hungry. I have a big job ahead of me and I want to eat. Come here and feed me. Press my "bread" button. *(Cluck does and the Mugwump's head starts revolving.)* I said "bread," you dumb Cluck, not "head." Press my "bread" button. *(Cluck does and bread comes out of a compartment in the Mugwump's body. Mugwump slugs Cluck, who is getting angry.)* Now come back and press my "pickle" button. *(Cluck does so. Mugwump starts laughing uproariously.)* You dumb Cluck, I said "pickle," not "tickle." Press my...ha-ha..."pickle" button. *(Cluck does and a pickle comes out of a compartment. Mugwump slugs Cluck.)* Dumb Cluck. Now push my "jelly" button, and make sure you get the right one. *(Cluck gets the right one this time and jelly comes out of the compartment. Mugwump slugs him anyway.)* Dumb Cluck. Now, I want a catnap before I start work. Push my "catnap" button.

**[End of Freeview]**