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THE CLEAN AIRY FAIRY

by Jean Mann

'WALLABY-O' & 'THE PALLID CUCKOO'  
WORDS AND MUSIC: MARION SINCLAIR

'LOOK AFTER THE BUSH'  
LYRICS: RUTH GOBLE  
MUSIC: ERIC BRYCE

TIME: Approx 1 hour

SETTING THE PLAY  
THE ACTION STARTS AS SOON AS THE FIRST OF THE AUDIENCE SETTLE IN THEIR SEATS.

IT IS DAYTIME.

TWO TREES, A BLUE GUM AND A GHOST GUM ARE GROWING IN LOVELY BUSHLAND SURROUNDINGS.

VARIOUS BIRDS CAN BE SEEN SITTING ON THEIR BRANCHES.

CLEAN AIRY FAIRY, POLLUTION PIXIE, RAY AND TRAMP ARE PLACED IN STRATEGIC POSITIONS OFF STAGE.

BLUE GUM AND GHOST GUM ARE BEHIND THEIR RESPECTIVE TREES ON STAGE.

WALLABY APPEARS AT SUNDRY INTERVALS. HE DOES NOT SPEAK BUT HOPS IN AND AROUND THE TREES, SOMETIMES PAUSING TO STARE AT THE AUDIENCE, HELPING TO MAKE THEM AWARE OF THE SET.

THE HIDDEN CAST GIVE REALISTIC BIRD CALLS ... NOT ALL AT ONCE ... BUT ENOUGH TO KEEP THE AUDIENCE INTERESTED.

THE CAST WILL BE KEPT VERY BUSY THROUGHOUT THIS PERIOD CAPTIVATING THE AUDIENCE AND CREATING A HAPPY BUSHLAND ATMOSPHERE. IT SHOULD BE FUN FOR EVERYONE.

AS A SUGGESTION THE BIRDS COULD BE:

KOOKABURRA (Laughs) COCKATOO (Pretty Cocky)

NIGHTINGALE (A long plaintive whistle repeated three or four times)

STRIPED HONEY EATER (Chirp Chirp Cherry Cherry)

RED CRUMPED GRASS PARROT (Whistles its song)

IF PREFERRED, A TAPE OF LIVE BIRDS CAN BE USED.

AT THE ADVERTISED OPENING TIME THE LIGHTS ON STAGE DIM SLIGHTLY. DAYTIME BECOMES EVENING AND THE BIRDS CEASE TWITTERING. THE CHARACTERS EMERGE ONE AT A TIME AND INTRODUCE THEMSELVES.

BLUE GUM (WALKS OUT FROM BEHIND HIS TREE. HE HAS GREEN ARMS AND LEGS AND A BLUE/GREEN TRUNK. SPEAKS WITH MOVEMENT AND ACTIONS)  
I am a Blue Gum, tall and true,  
I live in a forest, not like you.  
I grow to a great height ... that's length,  
(MAKES APPROPRIATE ARM MOVEMENTS UP & ACROSS)  
They use me for jobs, using strength.  
(THROWS OUT CHEST THEN STANDS NEAR HIS TREE)

GHOST G (APPEARS FROM BEHIND HER TREE. SHE HAS GREEN ARMS AND LEGS WITH AN OFF-WHITE TRUNK)  
I am a Ghost Gum as you can see,  
I love living here, happy and free.  
Some people come to paint my trunk,  
(CONFIDENTIALLY)  
On canvas of course ... not with junk.  
(WALKS BACK AND STANDS NEAR HER TREE)

CLEAN AIRY FAIRY (DANCES IN FROM R.S. HER WAND IS A FLUFFY-COLOURED DUSTER ON A STICK. SPEAKS TO AUDIENCE FROM C.S.)  
I am the Clean Airy Fairy,  
That means I keep the place clean.  
I don't like rubbish or litter,  
Left behind ... where humans have been.  
(DANCES ACROSS STAGE AND EXITS L.S.  
THE TREES WATCH HER LEAVE AND SMILE)

TRAMP (ENTERS R.S. HIS RIGHT HAND IS HOLDING THE 'HAND' OF HIS IMAGINARY FRIEND, FRED. TRAMP IS A LITTLE SAD.

REACHES C. S. AND SPEAKS TO AUDIENCE)

I am a tramp ... I'm lonely too.

I haven't any friends like you.

Of course there's Fred.

(LOOKS DOWN AT FRED) I made him up.

But I'd rather have a real friend.

(THINKS) or maybe a pup.

(LOOKS DOWN AT FRED AGAIN)

Come on, Fred.

(WALKS OFF L.S. WITH FRED.

THE TREES WATCH TRAMP GO WITH INTEREST)

RAY

(ENTERS R.S. PUSHING A TRAIL BIKE. STOPS AT C.S. AND SPEAKS TO AUDIENCE)

This is my brand new trail bike,

I ride it in the bush.

Sometimes I run out of petrol,

And then I have to push.

(PUSHES BIKE TOWARDS L.S. STOPS)

By the way ... my name's Ray.

(THE TREES WATCH HIM WITHOUT ENTHUSIASM)

WALLABY

(HOPS IN FROM R.S.)

You can see I am a Wallaby,

And I don't have much to say.

But please do not forget me,

I hop in and out ... during the play. (HOPS OFF L.S.)

(THE TREES SMILE AS THEY WATCH HIM LEAVE)

POLL. PIXIE

(SPRINGS IN FROM R.S.

(THE TREES IMMEDIATELY PLACE AN ARM ACROSS THEIR FACE. POLLUTION PIXIE SPEAKS TO AUDIENCE)

I am the Pollution Pixie

(LOOKS ABOUT STAGE)

Yuk ... I don't like it here.

I like pollution ... er ... that's junk.

(FACE LIGHTS UP)

It mucks up the atmosphere.

(SPRINGS ACROSS TO L.S. EXITS)

(THE TREES TAKE THEIR ARMS AWAY FROM THEIR FACES)

(POLLUTION PIXIE SPRINGS BACK FROM L.S.

THE TREES IMMEDIATELY HIDE THEIR FACES AGAIN)

(POLLUTION PIXIE IGNORES THE GUMS AND GRINS AT AUDIENCE)

Atmosphere. (PAUSES) That's air.

The stuff you breathe. (TAKES A DEEP BREATH) Got it? Good.

Just thought I'd let you know.  
Toodle oo ... Cheerio.  
See you later.  
(WAGS FINGER AT AUDIENCE)  
Don't you go. (EXITS L.S. QUICKLY)

(THE TREES REMOVE HANDS FROM THEIR FACES.  
LIGHTS DIM)

WALLABY (HOPS IN FROM L.S. AND SPEAKS TO THE TREES)  
Just hopped in to say goodnight. Hasn't it been a lovely day?

BLUE GUM Thank you Wallaby. And yes ... it has.  
We'll see you tomorrow. Goodnight.

GHOST G Goodnight Wallaby.

(THE TREES WATCH WALLABY EXIT R.S.)

BLUE GUM Come on Ghost Gum. It's time for bed.  
(BOTH EXIT BEHIND THEIR RESPECTIVE TRUNKS)  
Goodnight Ghost. Sweet dreams.

GHOST G Goodnight Blue.

(THE LIGHTS CONTINUE TO FADE)

F.X. (A TRAIL BIKE CAN BE HEARD IN THE DISTANCE L.S.  
IT COMES CLOSER HEADLIGHTS ON.  
IT IS RAY. HE ENTERS L.S. RIDING TRAIL BIKE.  
STOPS. CUTS ENGINE. SWITCHES OFF HEADLIGHT.  
WE CANNOT SEE HIS FACE BECAUSE OF VISOR/HELMET.

A MOTOR CAR IS HEARD IN THE DISTANCE R.S.  
AS IT GETS CLOSER THE HEADLIGHTS CAN BE SEEN.  
LIGHT FADES TO BLACK.

HEADLIGHTS FROM CAR PICKS UP RAY ON STAGE.  
HE GETS OFF HIS BIKE AS THE CURTAIN COMES DOWN.  
MOTOR CAR ROARS ONTO STAGE. ENGINE CUTS.  
CAR DOORS BANG. PEOPLE SCRAMBLE OUT AND  
CONVERSATION IMMEDIATELY BEGINS.

RAY AND POLLUTION PIXIE HAVE BEEN GIVEN SPECIFIC  
LINES. THE REST CAN BE SPREAD BETWEEN DIRECTOR  
AND CREW. DO NOT USE THE VOICES OF WALLABY, BLUE

GUM, GHOST GUM, OR CLEAN AIRY FAIRY THE SCENE COULD BE TAPED AND CUT-OUTS USED FOR THE TRAIL BIKE. WALLABY MAKES SEVERAL APPEARANCES IN FRONT OF THE CURTAIN DURING THIS SCENE. HE IS BEWILDERED AND DOESN'T KNOW WHICH WAY TO ESCAPE. FINALLY EXITS R.S.)

RAY Hi.  
1ST VOICE Hi. Been here long?  
RAY No. Just arrived.  
2ND VOICE Beaut spot.

(FROM HEREON THE CONVERSATION IS VERY RAPID. IT CAN EVEN OVERLAP. THE DIRECTOR MAY PREFER THE CAST TO AD LIB, BUT IT MUST BE IN KEEPING WITH THE AGE OF THE CHILDREN FOR WHICH THIS PLAY HAS BEEN WRITTEN)

RAY Yeah.  
3RD VOICE I'm hungry.  
1ST VOICE Can't you wait?  
2ND VOICE Get out the barbecue.  
3RD VOICE There's no gas.  
RAY Light a fire.  
3RD VOICE There's no wood.  
RAY Get some.  
3RD VOICE Where?  
RAY Break off a branch from that tree.  
3RD VOICE Which one?  
2ND VOICE Any one.  
1ST VOICE This'll do. It looks dead.  
3RD VOICE I'm thirsty.  
2ND VOICE Hungry. Thirsty. You're always wanting something. There are drinks in the back of the car.  
1ST VOICE Have I got enough wood?

RAY                                Yeah. Who's got the matches?

2ND VOICE                        Here are some.

POLL. PIXIE                      Any paper?

2ND VOICE                        Here.

(F.X CRACKLE OF FIRE)

POLL. PIXIE                      Don't get too close.

3RD VOICE                        The fire's smoking.

2ND VOICE                        The wood's green.

POLL. PIXIE                      Get some more paper.

(F.X. FIRE CRACKLES AGAIN)

3RD VOICE                        The smoke's in my eyes.

1ST VOICE                        Where's the sauce?

3RD VOICE                        Don't tell me there's no sauce.

RAY                                I've got some.

1ST VOICE                        Good on you.

2ND VOICE                        Have you had enough?

3RD VOICE                        Yeah. Look at the time.

RAY                                And look at the mess.

POLL. PIXIE                      Don't worry about the mess.

2ND VOICE                        Come on. Help pack up.

1ST VOICE                        Grab something. Is the fire out?

RAY                                What about the mess?

POLL. PIXIE                      Forget the mess.

2ND VOICE                        Bye. See ya. So long.

POLL. PIXIE                      We must do this again.

(F.X. CAR DOORS BANG. MOTORS REV.

WE HEAR THEM DRIVE AWAY.

THERE HAS OBVIOUSLY BEEN PLENTY OF NOISE

THROUGHOUT AND I WOULD SUGGEST THE SCENE NOT

BE TOO LONG. JUST ENOUGH TIME TO CHANGE THE SET AND GIVE THE AUDIENCE A MENTAL PICTURE OF UNTIDY PICNICKERS. THE BIRDS ARE REMOVED.

CANS, SCATTERED PAPERS AND BOTTLES (2 ONLY)

A BURNT BOUGH FROM GHOST GUM IS C.S.

GHOST GUM HAS CHANGED HER COSTUME. SHE IS NOW WEARING A BLACK TRUNK BLACK ARMS AND LEGS, WITH ONE GREEN FOOT. BLUE GUM REMAINS THE SAME)

(THE CURTAIN RISES. LIGHTS COME UP SLOWLY.

IT IS DAWN, AND FOR THE FIRST TIME THE AUDIENCE CAN SEE THE POLLUTION LEFT BEHIND.

THE COMPLETE OPPOSITE FROM WHEN THEY ENTERED THE THEATRE. IN SHORT. SHOCK TREATMENT. PAUSE LONG ENOUGH FOR THE AUDIENCE TO TAKE IN THE SET)

BLUE GUM (A LOUD, LONG YAWN COMES FROM BEHIND THE BLUE GUM TREE. THE BRANCHES OPEN WIDE AS HE STRETCHES AND YAWNS)

GHOST G (IN A TIRED AND CRANKY VOICE)  
How many times have I told you to put your hand over your mouth when you yawn?  
(BLUE GUM IMMEDIATELY SLAPS BRANCH OVER HIS KNOTHOLE)  
And say pardon.  
(LIGHTS ARE NOW ON FULL)

BLUE GUM (FROM BEHIND TREE) Pardon.  
(PAUSE) I thought you were still asleep.

GHOST G (GRUMBLING FROM BEHIND TREE)  
I never had any sleep.

BLUE GUM (COMES OUT FROM BEHIND HIS TREE. YAWNS AGAIN, BUT THIS TIME LOOKS QUICKLY AT GHOST GUM TO SEE IF SHE IS LOOKING. SMARTLY PLACES HAND OVER HIS MOUTH TO STIFLE YAWN) Pardon. (WALKS OVER TO GHOST GUM AND PEERS INTO KNOTHOLE) Are you all right?  
(NO ANSWER FROM GHOST GUM. PATS GHOST GUM'S TRUNK) You look a bit singed.

GHOST G (STILL BEHIND TREE) Singed! It's a wonder I'm not dead.

BLUE GUM (CHECKS TRUNK AGAIN) You've lost a bough.

GHOST G Those picnickers broke it off.

BLUE GUM (TURNS TOWARDS THE HALF BURNT BOUGH, AND THEN BACK TO GHOST GUM) Oh! Did it hurt?

GHOST G                   Of course it hurt. I'm supposed to rest at night and grow in the day ...  
not have branches broken off.

BLUE GUM                 You'd better come out and let me have a look.

GHOST G                 Is it safe?

BLUE GUM                 (WALKS TO L.S. THEN TO R.S. THEN TO U.S. TRIPS OVER  
SOME CANS AND GOES BACK TO GHOST GUM'S  
KNOTHOLE)  
Yes. Everybody's gone.

GHOST GUM               (CAUTIOUSLY COMES OUT FROM BEHIND THE TREE. SHE  
IS NOW DRESSED AS PREVIOUSLY DESCRIBED)

BLUE GUM                 (INSPECTS GHOST GUM FROM TOP TO BOTTOM, BACK  
AND FRONT) You really did get burnt.

GHOST G                 (LOOKS DOWN AT HERSELF ... ALMOST CRYING)  
I was a Ghost Gum. Now I'm a Black Gum.

BLUE GUM                 Don't be silly. There aren't any Black Gums.  
(COUNTS THEM OFF ON HIS FINGERS)  
There are Blue Gums, Red Gums, Spotted Gums...

GHOST G                 (INTERRUPTING) And there are Black Gums.  
They are called Blackbutt Gums.

BLUE GUM                 Oh!

GHOST G                 But I am a Ghost Gum. I don't want to be a Blackbutt Gum.

BLUE GUM                 But, you're not.

GHOST G                 (SNIFFS) I am.

BLUE GUM                 No. Look. (POINTS TO GHOST GUM'S RIGHT FOOT)  
You've got one green shoot.

GHOST G                 (HOLDS UP FOOT AND THEY BOTH INSPECT IT)  
What's the good of one green shoot? (REPLACES FOOT)

BLUE GUM                 There's plenty of good in one green shoot.  
(COMMENCES TO GIGGLE.)

GHOST G                 (MOVES HER TOES SLOWLY UP AND DOWN)  
Why are you giggling?

BLUE GUM                 (GIGGLES AGAIN) Have a guess?

GHOST G                 (TOES ARE STILL BEING RAISED UP AND DOWN)  
I am not in a guessing mood.  
(BLUE GUM CONTINUES GIGGLING)  
Will you tell me what is so funny?



BLUE GUM                    We have three main parts ... right!

GHOST G                    (TOES ARE STILL MOVING) I know that.

BLUE GUM                    What are they?

GHOST G                    Our trunks of course. (LOOKS DOWN AT HER TRUNK)  
Look at mine. It was white. Now it is black.

BLUE GUM                    Yes. Yes. Go on. What is another main part?

GHOST G                    Our crowns. They grow out of our trunks.

BLUE GUM                    That's right. Limbs, twigs, leaves, buds and.....  
(GHOST GUM'S TOES ONCE AGAIN WRIGGLE)

GHOST G                    And what? (BLUE GUM GIGGLES AGAIN) Stop giggling.

BLUE GUM                    All right. They all grow above the ground.

GHOST G                    I know that too.

BLUE GUM                    And what is underneath?

GHOST G                    Our roots. (SADLY) But after last night mine could be dead.

BLUE GUM                    No, they aren't. They are alive.

GHOST G                    How do you know?

BLUE GUM                    Because they are tickling mine. And look at your shoot.  
It is wriggling. Can't you feel it? (GHOST GUM LOOKS DOWN  
AND WATCHES HER TOES WRIGGLING. LIFTS UP FOOT  
AND THEY BOTH INSPECT IT ... THEN SMILE)  
Doesn't that make you feel better? (GHOST GUM NODS)  
But you'll have to look after it.

GHOST G                    I know. (CAREFULLY REPLACES FOOT ONTO GROUND)

C.A.F.                        (HURRIES IN FROM L.S. WITH WAND) Hello Blue Gum.  
Hello Ghost. I just heard about the fire. Are you all right?

GHOST G                    Only just. You'll have to do something about Pollution Pixie, Clean  
Airy Fairy.

C.A.F.                        He is becoming a real nuisance, isn't he?

GHOST G                    Yes. He and his friends. Look at the mess they left. Cans, bottles,  
papers and my burnt bough. The birds have gone, the animals have  
gone.....

BLUE GUM                    And Ghost Gum was nearly gone.

C.A.F.                        I'm sorry.

GHOST G                    Being sorry is not going to bring my bough back.

C.A.F. (SOOTHINGLY) I know. I know. We'll have to find you some friends. Some friends who will help you, and friends who will tell other people to help you. I will try and do something about it today.

BLUE GUM Promise?

C.A.F. I can only do my best. I can't promise anymore. I'm busy, busy, busy, helping the rich and the poor. (FLUTTERS OFF R.S.)

BLUE GUM Don't worry Ghost Gum. Clean Airy Fairy always thinks of something.

TRAMP (VOICE OFF) Fre-ed.  
(THE TREES LOOK AT EACH OTHER. THEY ARE FRIGHTENED AND DECIDE TO RETREAT. GHOST GUM HURRIES BEHIND BLUE GUM'S TREE AND BLUE GUM HURRIES BEHIND GHOST GUM'S TREE)

BLUE GUM I don't fit here.

GHOST G (FLUSTERED) Neither do I. (BOTH COME OUT FROM BEHIND THE TREES AND TRY TO SWAP PLACES)

TRAMP (VOICE OFF ... GETTING CLOSER) Hurry up, Fred.

(GHOST GUM AND BLUE GUM START TO PANIC. IN THEIR HURRY THEY BUMP INTO EACH OTHER, THEN THEY SIDE-STEP. GHOST GUM TO THE RIGHT AND BLUE GUM TO THE LEFT. REPEAT. NEITHER CAN PASS. THEY TAKE EACH OTHER GENTLY BY THE SHOULDERS AND NEATLY TURN ONE ANOTHER AROUND)

(TRAMP IS ALMOST ON STAGE) You are a slowcoach, today. (THE TWO GUMS HAVE NOW REACHED THE SAFETY OF THEIR RESPECTIVE TREES)

(TRAMP ENTERS L.S. REACHES C.S. TURNS HIS HEAD BACK TOWARDS L.S. HIS EYES FOLLOW HIS IMAGINARY FRIEND, FRED) I didn't think you'd ever catch up.

(GHOST GUM AND BLUE GUM PUT THEIR HEADS THROUGH THEIR KNOTHOLES)

(TRAMP IS EATING AN APPLE AND SPEAKS TO FRED) Do you want a bite? (PAUSE) Come on. I said, Do you want a bite?'

(THE GUMS STARE IN DISBELIEF. THEY LOOK AT EACH OTHER IN SURPRISE.

TRAMP TURNS AROUND AND THE TWO HEADS ARE

PULLED VERY QUICKLY BACK INTO THE KNOTHOLE.  
TRAMP TURNS BACK TO FRED)

That was funny, Fred. I thought we were being watched.

(THE GUMS PUT THEIR HEADS THROUGH THEIR  
KNOTHOLES AGAIN)

Sure you don't want a bite?

(TRAMP TAKES A BITE OF THE APPLE. LOOKS TOWARDS  
THE AUDIENCE, THEN QUICKLY TURNS BACK TO THE  
TREES)

(THE GUMS PULL IN THEIR HEADS BEFORE HE CAN SEE  
THEM)

(TRAMP TURNS BACK TO THE AUDIENCE, FINISHES  
HIS 'BITE' AND RECITES THE FOLLOWING WITH  
APPROPRIATE ACTIONS)

I've got a friend, and he's called Fred.

You can't see him. He's in my head.

Sometimes he's good. Sometimes he's bad.

And sometimes he makes me very mad.

(LOOKS DOWN AT FRED) Don't do that, Fred.

(AGAIN THE GUMS POKE THEIR HEADS THROUGH THE  
KNOTHOLES)

(TRAMP PAUSES. TAKES ANOTHER BITE OF HIS  
APPLE. LOOKS QUICKLY AT THE TREES, WHO JUST  
AS QUICKLY RETREAT.

TRAMP CONTINUES SPEAKING TO THE AUDIENCE)

Have you got a friend like my friend, Fred?

A friend who is only in your head?

Nobody can see him, but you.

Maybe he's called Matthew, or Sue?

(TRAMP FINISHES THE APPLE AND THROWS THE  
CORE AWAY. IT LANDS ON GHOST GUM'S NEW SHOOT)

GHOST G

Ouch!

TRAMP

(JUMPS WITH FRIGHT) Fred!

TRAMP

(LOOKS AT GHOST GUM. WALKS OVER TO IT AND SPEAKS  
SOFTLY) Fred!

GHOST G

I said it wasn't Fred.

TRAMP

(SCRATCHES HIS HEAD AND PEERS INTO KNOTHOLE)

GHOST G (SHOUTS THROUGH KNOTHOLE) You hurt me.

TRAMP (JUMPS BACK) Pardon?  
(VERY PUZZLED. INSPECTS BLUE GUM AND THEN BACK TO GHOST GUM. TURNS TO AUDIENCE)  
I didn't hurt anybody.

BLUE GUM You threw away an apple core and it landed on my friend's new shoot.

TRAMP (GOES BACK TO BLUE GUM, THEN TO GHOST GUM)  
Your friend's new shoot. Your friend looks a bit dead to me.

(TRAMP BENDS DOWN TO LOOK AT APPLE CORE.  
GHOST GUM BENDS ONE OF HER BRANCHES AND WHACKS TRAMP ON THE BOTTOM.  
TRAMP FALLS FLAT ON HIS FACE)

TRAMP What did you do that for?

GHOST G Just to prove I'm not dead.

TRAMP (GETS UP RUBBING HIS BOTTOM) Oh! It wasn't very friendly.

BLUE GUM Ghost Gum is a bit cranky, today.

TRAMP (WALKS OVER TO GHOST GUM, THEN TURNS BACK TO BLUE GUM) Ghost Gum! I thought she was a Black Gum.  
(GHOST GUM GIVES TRAMP ANOTHER WHACK AND HE FALLS FLAT ON HIS FACE.AGAIN SITS UP) You did it again.

BLUE GUM You hurt her feelings.

TRAMP (GETS UP AND RUBS HIS BOTTOM ONCE MORE)  
She hurt mine, too. Is she always cranky like this?

BLUE GUM No. She didn't get much sleep last night.

TRAMP Neither did I. There was a lot of noise coming from around here.  
And I saw some smoke. (WAGS FINGER AT GHOST GUM)  
You shouldn't smoke. It's bad for you.

GHOST G I know that. I wasn't smoking.

TRAMP Then how did you get burnt?

GHOST G Your friends made a fire.

TRAMP I haven't got any friends. (LOOKS DOWN)  
Except Fred. I almost forgot about Fred.

BLUE GUM Who's Fred?

TRAMP He's my very good friend. My imaginary friend.  
I talk to him when I am lonely.

BLUE GUM Who else do you talk to?

TRAMP Nobody.

BLUE GUM You're talking to us.

TRAMP (THINKS ABOUT THIS) Yes. And it's a bit hard talking through  
that knothole. Do you ever come out?

BLUE GUM Sometimes.

TRAMP Why don't you come out, now?

BLUE GUM What do you think, Ghost?

GHOST G I don't know.

TRAMP I won't hurt you. (PAUSE) Promise.

GHOST G All right.

(BLUE GUM AND GHOST GUM APPEAR FROM BEHIND THE  
TREES)

TRAMP (SHAKES HANDS WITH EACH ONE) How do you do? How do  
you do?

BLUE GUM What's your name?

TRAMP People call me Tramp.

GHOST G Haven't you got a real name?

TRAMP I suppose I did have one. It's such a long time ago, I've forgotten.

BLUE GUM Are you shy? (TRAMP NODS) Do you ever get teased?  
(TRAMP NODS AGAIN) Is that why you've got an imaginary  
friend?  
(ANOTHER NOD FROM TRAMP. LOOKS DOWN AT FRED)

GHOST G Would you like to be our friend?

TRAMP You've got a friend.

GHOST G Trees need lots of friends.

TRAMP (RUBS BOTTOM) Whacking people is not the way to get friends ...  
or keep them.

GHOST G I'm sorry about that. It was a mistake.

TRAMP And you won't do it again?

GHOST G Not to you.

TRAMP (THINKS) Why do trees need friends?

BLUE GUM If we haven't got friends, we can't live.

GHOST G That's right. We die. And if we die the soil will be washed away.

BLUE GUM The air will become dirty.

GHOST G There will be no shade for the animals.

BLUE GUM No home for the birds.

GHOST G You see. There are lots of reasons why we must live, and to live, we need friends.

TRAMP (THINKS AGAIN) I'll have to think about it.

BLUE GUM Why do you need to think?

TRAMP If you did everything ... everything everyone told you ... you'd never have any time for yourself. (PAUSE) I'm not used to having friends.

GHOST G And that's why you haven't got any. You are selfish.

TRAMP Don't you start getting cranky again. I said, I'll think about it.  
(LOOKS DOWN AT FRED AND TAKES HIM BY THE HAND)  
Come on, Fred.  
(STOPS) Er ... I enjoyed our chat. Goodbye. (EXITS R.S.)

GHOST G We didn't get very far with him.

BLUE GUM I don't know. I think he might come back. He was rather nice, in a funny kind of way.

(F.X. TRAIL BIKE OFF STAGE.)

(BLUE GUM AND GHOST GUM IMMEDIATELY GET A SHOCK AND START DASHING OFF TO THEIR RESPECTIVE TREES. THEY STOP SUDDENLY AND THIS TIME GHOST BOWS AND POINTS BLUE GUM IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION. BLUE GUM DOES LIKEWISE AND POINTS GHOST TOWARDS HER TREE. THEY THEN HURRY AND GHOST STUBS HER SHOOT)

GHOST G Ouch! (LIMPS OFF BEHIND TREE)

RAY (ENTERS FROM L.S. AND RIDES TRAIL BIKE ACROSS TO R.S. NOISE GRADUALLY DIES AWAY)

GHOST G (POKES HEAD THROUGH KNOTHOLE) Hey. Has he gone?

BLUE GUM (SHOWS HIS HEAD THROUGH KNOTHOLE) I think so.

GHOST G Is it safe to come out?

BLUE GUM (APPEARS FROM BEHIND TREE. CHECKS ALL EXITS)  
It is alright, now.

(GHOST GUM COMES OUT TOO AND WALKS TOWARDS  
R.S. WITH BLUE GUM)

POLL. PIXIE (SPRINGS IN FROM L.S. HE IS A VERY ACTIVE LITTLE  
FELLOW. LOVES THE MESS LEFT BEHIND BY THE  
PICNICKERS.  
HOPS ON ONE LEG, KICKS A CAN AND JUMPS TO C.S.)

(THE GUMS TURN QUICKLY AND SEE THEIR ENEMY. THEY  
HAVE NO TIME TO GET BACK BEHIND THEIR TRUNKS.  
THEY BACK FURTHER TOWARDS R.S.)

(POLLUTION PIXIE RUSHES AROUND THE MESS.  
HE LOVES EVERY MINUTE. SUDDENLY HE SEES THE TWO  
GUMS) Hello. Hello. Hello. Isn't this a lovely mess?

(THE TWO GUMS ARE SPEECHLESS.  
POLLUTION PIXIE JUMPS ONTO THE BURNT BOUGH AND  
SPRINGS OFF AGAIN. BOTH TREES ARE MESMERISED AS  
POLLUTION PIXIE HOPS AND KICKS ANOTHER CAN.  
HE SPEAKS AGAIN TO THE GUMS)  
I said, Hello. Can't you talk?

(THE GUMS STAND MOTIONLESS)

POLL. PIXIE I'm the Pollution Pixie ... out for a little walk.  
(SPRINGS BACK AND KICKS ANOTHER CAN BENDS DOWN,  
PICKS UP SOME PAPERS AND THROWS THEM INTO THE  
AIR.

THE GUMS START TO TIP-TOE BACK TO THEIR TRUNKS,  
BUT POLLUTION PIXIE STOPS THEM)  
Hey there. Don't go. I want to tell you something. (PAUSE)

POLL. PIXIE Last time I passed along this way,  
There were birds and animals at play.  
I didn't like the place at all.  
There was a Blue Gum and Ghost Gum ... very tall.  
(RAISES HAND TO DESCRIBE THE SIZE OF TREES.





Was that all right?

C.A.F. (WALKS AROUND POLLUTION PIXIE.  
POLLUTION PIXIE FOLLOWS CLEAN AIRY FAIRY AROUND  
ON HIS KNEES.  
CLEAN AIRY FAIRY STOPS AND LOOKS DOWN AT HIM)  
Would you like to have the trees as friends?  
(POLLUTION PIXIE NODS) Then?

POLL. PIXIE I know. I'll have to make amends.  
(PAUSE) May I get up now?  
(ANOTHER PAUSE) Please?

C.A.F. (LOOKS AT GHOST GUM. GHOST GUM NODS.  
CLEAN AIRY FAIRY RAISES HER HAND AND POLLUTION  
PIXIE GETS UP AND RUBS HIS KNEES)  
What are we going to do with you,  
Have you any ideas, Ghost Gum, Blue?

POLL. PIXIE Do they speak?

C.A.F. Of course they speak.

POLL. PIXIE Why didn't they speak to me?

C.A.F. Because you must be kind to a tree.  
(THE GUMS NOD IN AGREEMENT)

POLL. PIXIE Oh! (PAUSE) How can you be kind to a tree?

C.A.F. There are lots of ways - now let me think.  
(TOUCHES HEAD WITH WAND)

POLL. PIXIE I know. I'll sing them a song.

C.A.F. (SUSPICIOUSLY) What kind of song?

POLL. PIXIE (VERY PLEASED WITH HIMSELF)  
A Pollution Pixie song.  
(BEFORE ANYONE HAS TIME TO DISAGREE POLLUTION  
PIXIE JUMPS ABOUT AND CHANTS)  
I'm a litterbug in disguise,  
I come in every shape and size.  
I blow in here, I blow in there,  
I blow my rubbish everywhere.

C.A.F. (WAVING HER WAND TOWARDS POLLUTION PIXIE)  
Stop. Stop. Stop. (POLLUTION PIXIE IMMEDIATELY STOPS)  
That's not a very nice song.

POLL. PIXIE Oh!

C.A.F. You'll make the trees sad, and the birds and animals will never come

back.

POLL. PIXIE

Oh!

C.A.F.

Maybe we could sing him a song. A bird song.

GHOST G

How about The Pallid Cuckoo?

POLL. PIXIE

(DISGUSTED) The Pallid Cuckoo! What's that?

C.A.F.

The Pallid Cuckoo is a brain fever bird.

POLL. PIXIE

(SURPRISED) Oh!

C.A.F.

And a very good song. Especially for you. Ghost, you go first, then Blue, and I'll sing the last verse.

POLL. PIXIE

(NOT HAPPY) Three verses!

C.A.F.

Yes. Three verses and listen carefully.

GHOST G

The Pallid Cuckoo is a slender bird of grey,  
Calls half the night and she calls all day.  
She lights on a bough that her fancy chooses,  
Wearing the world with the cry she uses.  
(WHISTLE CALL)  
Hi, you Cuckoo, you can't come here.  
(CLEAN AIRY FAIRY AND BLUE GUM CLAP.  
POLLUTION PIXIE IS NOT IMPRESSED)

C.A.F.

(TO POLLUTION PIXIE) Didn't you like that?

POLL. PIXIE

Not much. (CLEAN AIRY FAIRY WAVES HER WAND AT  
POLLUTION PIXIE WARNING HIM TO BEHAVE)

BLUE GUM

The Pallid Cuckoo isn't very good,  
She won't build a nest where a right bird should.  
She swoops in the sun while the bushland drowns,  
Hunting for a home in other birds' houses.  
(other birds' houses)  
Oh, No No! Shoo Shoo Cuckoo, away you go.

(CLEAN AIRY FAIRY AND GHOST GUM CLAP.  
CLEAN AIRY FAIRY GLARES AT POLLUTION PIXIE WHO  
RELUCTANTLY CLAPS, BUT VERY GENTLY)

C.A.F.

When springtime comes, the ringing note is heard,  
Of Grey Pallid Cuckoo, the brainstorm bird.  
She watches and dives where the leaves give headroom,  
Down to lay an egg in other bird's bedroom.  
(in other bird's bedroom)

That's the end. Chase that Cuckoo she's no bird's friend.

(THE GUMS CLAP. POLL. PIXIE SHRUGS)

BLUE GUM AND  
GHOST GUM

(SUDDENLY SHOUT AT POLLUTION PIXIE)

Pollution Pixie, you are just like the Pallid Cuckoo.

You're no bird's friend. And you're not our friend either.

(THEY CHASE POLLUTION PIXIE AROUND THE STAGE, IN  
AND ABOUT THE TREES AND OVER THE BURNT BOUGH.  
DEPENDING ON DIRECTOR, THEATRE, OR AGE OF THE  
CAST; THE CHASE COULD GO DOWN INTO THE AUDIENCE.  
BUT NOT TO FRIGHTEN OR EXCITE THEM TOO MUCH)

C.A.F.

Stop. Stop. Stop. (THEY STOP. POLLUTION PIXIE GETTING AS  
CLOSE AS POSSIBLE TO CLEAN AIRY FAIRY)

This isn't getting us anywhere.

GHOST G

What's he going to do about this mess?

C.A.F.

He's going to clean it up.

POLL. PIXIE

I didn't make the mess.

BLUE GUM

You like people who do.

POLL. PIXIE

(CROSSING HIS FINGERS) No, I don't.

BLUE GUM

You said, "Pollution Pixie loves it here.  
Whoever did it, deserves a cheer."

POLL. PIXIE

Did I say that?

BLUE GUM

You didn't say it. You shouted it.

POLL. PIXIE

I did?

GHOST G

Then you said, "Hip, Hip, Hooray."

C.A.F.

(LOOKS AT POLLUTION PIXIE)

Sounds just the sort of thing you'd say.

(FIRMLY) Now clean up this mess, this very day.

POLL. PIXIE

(PICKS UP A PIECE OF PAPER AND WALKS SLOWLY  
AROUND THE STAGE ... TWICE. THE OTHER THREE  
FOLLOW. POLLUTION PIXIE STILL HAS THE PIECE OF  
PAPER. HE STOPS; DROPS THE PIECE OF PAPER AND  
STARTS TO CRY)

I'm the Pollution Pixie.

I only know how to pollute.

GHOST G

Oh! Oh! Oh!. (LIFTS UP FOOT AND HOLDS IT TIGHTLY)

BLUE GUM                   What's wrong?

GHOST G                    I've just stubbed my little shoot.

BLUE GUM                   (CONSOLES GHOST GUM AND SPEAKS SHARPLY TO POLLUTION PIXIE) It's all your fault.

POLL. PIXIE                I didn't do anything.

BLUE GUM                   Yes, you did.

POLL. PIXIE                No, I didn't.

BLUE GUM                   You and your picnicking friends came into our lovely bushland and left cans, papers and bottles all over the place. You sent away the birds and animals, burnt my friend, and now all she has left is one green shoot.

POLL. PIXIE                I'm sorry.

BLUE GUM                   Then clean up this mess.

POLL. PIXIE                I don't know how.

BLUE GUM                   Then you must learn.

POLL. PIXIE                (STARTS TO CRY) You're all against me. I haven't any friends.

C.A.F.                      Oh Dear! What are we going to do with you?

GHOST G                    We could sing him our song Look After The Bush.

POLL. PIXIE                (GROANS) Not another song! (STARTS TO CREEP OFF R.S.)

C.A.F.                      (CALLING LOUDLY) Pollution Pixie, come back here.  
(POLLUTION PIXIE DOES AS HE IS TOLD)  
Please sit down there.  
(POINTS TO SPOT ON FLOOR. POLLUTION PIXIE SITS IN ANOTHER SPOT. CLEAN AIRY FAIRY LIFTS HER WAND AND POINTS TO WHERE SHE WANTS POLLUTION PIXIE TO SIT. HE RELUCTANTLY SQUATS ON THE FLOOR LOOKING BORED)

BLUEGUM AND  
GHOST GUM                (SING LOOK AFTER THE BUSH)  
When you're out in the Bush you must think of the ways  
You can keep the Bush nice for the people who live there,  
And it's easy to do if you think of the things  
You can do and the love and the help you can give there.  
When you make a little fire,  
Clear the grass around it,  
And then when your billy's boiled  
Leave everything as you found it.  
Broken glass cuts all our feet,  
So clean up cans and bottles,

Plastic bags don't do much harm,  
But they look TERRIBLE wrapped round wattles.  
Scraps of food are not so bad,  
Ants and birds will eat them,  
Lizards, too, if you hide and watch  
Maybe you will meet them.  
And we'll all be your friends if you do as we ask,  
We'll be so pleased to see you whenever you come.  
We will teach you our secrets that no-one else knows,  
'Cos the beautiful bush, yes the beautiful bush ... Is our home!

(CLEAN AIRY FAIRY CLAPS.  
LOOKS AT POLLUTION PIXIE WHO IS NOT IMPRESSED.  
CLEAN AIRY FAIRY WAVES HER WAND AT HIM.  
POLLUTION PIXIE CLAPS, BUT USES ONLY ONE FINGER OF  
EACH HAND.  
CLEAN AIRY FAIRY SHAKES HER HEAD SLOWLY.  
POLLUTION PIXIE CLAPS WITH TWO FINGERS OF EACH  
HAND)

TRAMP (VOICE OFF L.S.) Fre-ed. Fre-e-e-d.

C.A.F. Ah!. That's Tramp and his friend Fred. (ALL LISTEN)

TRAMP (VOICE OFF L.S.) Fre-e-e-d.

C.A.F. I've got an idea. I will make us all invisible.

POLL. PIXIE What for?

C.A.F. You'll see.  
(TAPS EACH GUM WITH HER WAND AND WHISPERS)  
You are now both invisible. Go behind your tree.  
Pollution Pixie, come with me.  
(TAPS POLLUTION PIXIE WITH HER WAND)  
You are now invisible.

POLL. PIXIE (PUZZLED) That didn't work. I can still see me.

C.A.F. I can see you. You can see you. But Tramp can't see you.  
(WAVES WAND OVER HERSELF) And now he can't see me,  
either.

POLL. PIXIE Why don't you want Tramp to see us?

(THE GUMS POKE THEIR HEADS THROUGH THEIR  
KNOTHOLES)

C.A.F. (TAKES POLLUTION PIXIE BY THE HAND)

You do ask a lot of questions.  
(THEY MOVE FURTHER B.S. AS THEY PASS THE GUM  
TREES POLLUTION PIXIE GIVES THEM A LITTLE FRIENDLY  
WAVE)

POLL. PIXIE (WHISPERS TO CLEAN AIRY FAIRY AND INDICATES TREES)  
Can they see me?  
(CLEAN AIRY FAIRY NODS)  
Can Tramp see them?  
(CLEAN AIRY FAIRY SHAKES HER HEAD.  
POLLUTION PIXIE GRINS WITH EYES SHINING.  
HE THINKS THIS IS GOING TO BE FUN.  
DURING THE FOLLOWING SCENE POLLUTION PIXIE  
MIMES, WHISPERS, HOPS ABOUT, BUT HE MUST NOT  
UPSTAGE TRAMP AND RAY CLEAN AIRY FAIRY KEEPS  
POLLUTION PIXIE UNDER CONTROL WITH HER WAND.  
SHE CAN 'FREEZE' TRAMP AND RAY, REPRIMAND  
POLLUTION PIXIE, WAVE HER WAND OVER TRAMP AND  
RAY, AND THEY CONTINUE AS IF NOTHING HAS  
HAPPENED)

TRAMP (VOICE OFF L.S. GETTING CLOSER) Fre-ed.  
(ENTERS L.S. WALKING BACKWARDS. HE IS PEERING INTO  
THE DISTANCE LOOKING FOR HIS IMAGINARY FRIEND)

RAY (ENTERS R.S. PUSHING HIS TRAIL BIKE. HE IS LOOKING  
DOWN AT HIS FLAT BACK WHEEL AND DOESN'T SEE  
TRAMP)

(THE GUMS ARE LOOKING AT TRAMP)

(POLLUTION PIXIE SUDDENLY SEES RAY. HE POKES  
CLEAN AIRY FAIRY AND POINTS TO BIKE. CLEAN AIRY  
FAIRY WAVES HER WAND AT RAY AND TRAMP. BOTH  
'FREEZE')

POLL. PIXIE (VERY SURPRISED. LOOKS AT RAY, THEN AT TRAMP.  
TURNS TO CLEAN AIRY FAIRY AND ASKS IN A LOUD  
WHISPER)  
What happened to them?  
(WALKS OVER AND PEERS AT TRAMP. THEN PEERS AT  
RAY) Did you do this? (CLEAN AIRY FAIRY NODS) How?  
(CLEAN AIRY FAIRY LIFTS WAND) With your stick?

C.A.F. Wand.

POLL. PIXIE Why?

C.A.F. Tramp and Ray can't see us.

POLL. PIXIE Oh! (SLAPS HAND OVER MOUTH AND CREEPS BACK TO CLEAN AIRY FAIRY)

C.A.F. So ... when I want to talk to you ... I freeze them.

POLL. PIXIE Like ice blocks?

C.A.F. No. Not like ice blocks. Like statues. They can't move, see or hear.

POLL. PIXIE Oh! (PAUSE) How do you melt them?

C.A.F. Melt them?

POLL. PIXIE Yes. Melt them back again, so they can move.

C.A.F. That's easy. (WAVES HER WAND TOWARDS RAY AND TRAMP. THEY IMMEDIATELY MOVE AS BEFORE. TRAMP WALKING BACKWARDS LOOKING INTO THE DISTANCE AND RAY PUSHING HIS TRAIL BIKE, STILL LOOKING AT THE BACK WHEEL POLLUTION PIXIE CREEPS TO C.S.JUST BEHIND WHERE HE THINKS TRAMP AND RAY WILL COLLIDE. HE HAS HIS ARMS WIDE APART AND AS RAY AND TRAMP GET CLOSER HE BRINGS HIS HANDS TOGETHER FOR THE EXPECTED BUMP: WHICH DOESN'T HAPPEN.

TRAMP AND RAY STOP ABOUT A METRE APART. POLLUTION PIXIE IS DISAPPOINTED, AND MAKES AN EXASPERATED MOVEMENT WITH HIS HAND, AS IF TO SAY: 'BLOW IT. WHY DIDN'T THEY BUMP?' RAY'S ATTENTION IS STILL ON THE BACK WHEEL WHEN TRAMP CALLS OUT. POLLUTION PIXIE RE-ACTS TO THE FOLLOWING CONVERSATION WITH RAY AND TRAMP BUT CLEAN AIRY FAIRY KEEPS HIM IN CHECK)

TRAMP Come on, Fred. (RAY GETS A SHOCK AND ALMOST DROPS THE BIKE. HE LOOKS UP AND SEES THE BACK OF TRAMP) I'll go on without you. (TRAMP TURNS, FACES RAY AND BECOMES EMBARRASSED) Oh!

RAY Hi. Who were you talking to?

TRAMP Er ... nobody.

POLL. PIXIE (SURPRISED AND MOUTHS) He was. (CLEAN AIRY FAIRY RAISES HER WAND AND IT HAS THE DESIRED EFFECT ON POLLUTION PIXIE)

RAY Nobody! I thought you were calling Fred.

(THE GUMS NOD TO EACH OTHER AND POLLUTION PIXIE NODS TO THEM)

TRAMP                    You imagined it.

(POLLUTION PIXIE IS AGAIN SURPRISED. HE IS ABOUT TO SPEAK BUT CLEAN AIRY FAIRY RAISES HER WAND EVER SO SLIGHTLY AND POLLUTION PIXIE PLACES HIS HAND QUICKLY OVER HIS MOUTH.  
THE GUMS ARE ALSO SURPRISED AT TRAMP'S REMARK)

RAY                        I didn't imagine it.  
(THE GUMS AND POLLUTION PIXIE NOD IN AGREEMENT.  
TRAMP DOESN'T SPEAK)  
I'm sure you called Fred, just as I'm sure  
(HE LOOKS ABOUT) those trees can't talk.

TRAMP                    (SMILES) What makes you so sure those trees can't talk?

RAY                        (LAUGHS) You've been living in the bush too long.  
You'll be telling me next, there are fairies here.

(POLLUTION PIXIE'S EYES ARE VERY WIDE)

TRAMP                    (SHRUGS) I sometimes talk to myself.  
(CHANGES SUBJECT) What's wrong with your bike?

RAY                        (PROPS BIKE UP ON STAND) I've got a flat tyre.

TRAMP                    Why don't you fix it?

RAY                        I don't know how. Do you?

TRAMP                    I could have a try.

RAY                        Aw! Thanks.

TRAMP                    If I do fix it, will you promise me something?

RAY                        What?

TRAMP                    Promise not to ride it around here any more.

RAY                        Why?

TRAMP                    Will you promise?

RAY                        You're a funny one.



(TRAMP DOESN'T LOOK TOO PLEASED AT THIS REMARK. RAY QUICKLY PROMISES. HE'D PROMISE ANYTHING TO GET HIS BIKE FIXED)

RAY

Sure. Sure. Sure. I promise.  
(GETS OUT MENDING GEAR, PUMP, ETC)

TRAMP

(PROCEEDS TO CHECK TYRE. RAY IS QUITE INTERESTED. THE TREES ARE ALSO INTERESTED. POLLUTION PIXIE IS VERY INTERESTED. CLEAN AIRY FAIRY CONTINUES TO KEEP HIM UNDER CONTROL) This is a very noisy bike.

RAY

(VERY PLEASED) Yeah.

TRAMP

It frightens away the birds.

RAY

Does it?

TRAMP

And the animals.

RAY

I haven't seen any animals or birds.

TRAMP

And you won't if you ride this thing around the bush. You should walk in the bush. There is a lot to see.

RAY

I know. That's why I ride my bike. You can go further and see more.  
(WALKS OVER TO GHOST GUM)

TRAMP

Where are you going?

RAY

(TURNS TOWARDS TRAMP)  
Thought I'd break off a few dead branches, light a fire and make some tea.  
(GHOST GUM GIVES RAY A SWIFT WHACK ON THE BOTTOM AND HE FALLS FLAT ON HIS FACE. POLLUTION PIXIE JUMPS OUT OF THE WAY JUST IN TIME)

TRAMP

(GRINS AND PUMPS UP THE TYRE) What happened?

RAY

(GETS UP) I must've tripped.  
(TRAMP CONTINUES TO PUMP TYRE. RAY WALKS OVER TO GHOST GUM AGAIN. TRAMP STOPS PUMPING AND LOOKS UP)

TRAMP

I don't think I'd touch that.....er....Ghost Gum if I were you.

RAY

(LAUGHS) Ghost Gum! It's an old dead black gum.  
(GHOST GUM GIVES RAY ANOTHER WHACK AND HE AGAIN FALLS FLAT ON HIS FACE. POLLUTION PIXIE

CHUCKLES.  
CLEAN AIRY FAIRY ADMONISHES HIM)

TRAMP (ENJOYING HIMSELF) What did you fall over this time?

RAY (GETS UP AND COMES BACK TO TRAMP. LOOKS BACK AT GHOST GUM AND RUBS HIS BOTTOM)  
There was a hole sticking up in the ground.

TRAMP (GRINS) I think you'd better forget about tea.  
Haven't you got a cool drink in your haversack?

RAY Yeah. (TAKES ANOTHER LOOK AT GHOST GUM)  
Maybe a cool drink would be better.  
(GETS A CAN FROM HIS HAVERSACK) Want some?

TRAMP Yes. please. There's a pannikin tied to my swag.  
(RAY OPENS CAN. FETCHES PANNIKIN HALF FILLS IT AND HANDS IT TO TRAMP WHO HAS JUST FINISHED THE TYRE)  
Thanks. (SITS BACK ON GROUND) There you are. All fixed

RAY Ta. (FINISHES DRINKING FROM CAN AND TOSSES IT AWAY)

BLUE GUM Don't do that. (POLLUTION PIXIE IS SURPRISED)

RAY (LOOKS AT TRAMP) Eh?

TRAMP (SMILES) I didn't say anything.

BLUE GUM Pick up that empty can.

RAY Eh? (POLLUTION PIXIE IS MORE SURPRISED)

TRAMP (STOPS DRINKING) I think you were told to pick up the can.

RAY Who told me?

TRAMP The trees. (FINISHES HIS DRINK AND STARTS TO PUT AWAY THE PUMP ETC.)

RAY (LAUGHS) The trees. What a joke. (THEN HAS A SUDDEN THOUGHT) know. You're a ventriloquist. (POLLUTION PIXIE IS PUZZLED. LOOKS AT CLEAN AIRY FAIRY WHO SMILES)  
You can throw your voice and make out somebody else is talking.

TRAMP I am not a ventriloquist.

BLUE GUM Of course he's not. Will you please pick up that can you threw away.

RAY (LOOKING CAREFULLY AT TRAMP) You're very good.  
I hardly saw your lips move. You should be on television.

GHOST G And you should clean up this mess.

(POLLUTION PIXIE ISN'T VERY PLEASED WITH THIS TURN OF EVENTS, BUT CLEAN AIRY FAIRY STILL HAS HIM UNDER CONTROL)

RAY (IS NOW SURE TRAMP IS A VENTRILOQUIST AND IGNORES GHOST GUM'S LAST REMARK)

You are clever. You can even change your voice. When I first met you, you were talking to somebody called Fred. Is Fred your dummy?

Do you keep him in the swag?

TRAMP No. I told you, it's the trees talking and you'd better do as they say.

RAY (DOES NOT BELIEVE TRAMP BUT DECIDES TO HUMOUR HIM) I've never met a ventriloquist before, and so if it'll make you happy I'll pick up the can.

(AS SOON AS RAY PICKS UP THE CAN CLEAN AIRY FAIRY IMMEDIATELY WAVES HER WAND AND FREEZES BOTH RAY AND TRAMP. THEY STAND LIKE STATUES FACING THE AUDIENCE.

CLEAN AIRY FAIRY THEN WAVES WAND TOWARDS R.S.)

WALLABY (ENTERS WITH A LARGE RUBBISH BIN ON ROLLERS WITH 'JUNK' PAINTED IN LARGE LETTERS ON THE SIDE. WALLABY WALKS ACROSS STAGE AND PLACES IT NEAR L.S. WHERE HE EXITS. POLL. PIXIE WALKS OVER TO INSPECT THE BIN. HE CAN HARDLY BELIEVE HIS EYES. RETURNS TO CLEAN AIRY FAIRY)

POLL. PIXIE What did you bring that in for?

C.A.F. Ssssh! (WAVES WAND. TRAMP AND RAY RELAX)

RAY I've picked it up. What do I do with it?

GHOST G Put it in the bin.(RAY AND TRAMP ARE BOTH SURPRISED)

RAY What bin?

TRAMP (SEES BIN FOR FIRST TIME) Over there.

RAY I didn't see that before.

TRAMP (REGAINS COMPOSURE AND TAKES ADVANTAGE) I told you. You rush around so quickly on this machine, you never see anything.

(RAY WALKS TO BIN AND IS ABOUT TO DROP CAN IN WHEN CLEAN AIRY FAIRY 'FREEZES' HIM AGAIN. SHE ALSO 'FREEZES' TRAMP, THEN TAKES POLLUTION PIXIE

BY THE HAND AND WALKS HIM OVER TO THE BIN)

POLL. PIXIE

What are you going to do now?

C.A.F.

We're going to teach you a lesson.

POLL. PIXIE

I don't like lessons.

C.A.F.

(IGNORES INTERRUPTION) Pollution Pixie must learn to be good.

POLL. PIXIE

(NOT PLEASED) Good!

C.A.F.

Pollution Pixie must learn to be tidy as all little people should.

POLL. PIXIE

What about big people?

C.A.F.

If big people learnt when they were little people, they would know what to do when they became big people.

(POLLUTION PIXIE PONDERES ABOUT THIS)

Now watch Ray.

(WAVES HER WAND AND RAY DROPS CAN IN THE BIN. TRAMP RELAXES. POLLUTION PIXIE SCREWS UP HIS NOSE)

BLUE GUM

What about the other mess?

RAY

(LOOKS ABOUT) I didn't make this mess.

BLUE GUM

There were people here like you, who did.

RAY

(SPEAKS TO TRAMP) I didn't mind picking up my empty can, but are you telling me to clean up the rest of this mess?

TRAMP

I haven't told you to do anything.

RAY

You might not have told me, but your friend Fred is having plenty to say. (PAUSE) Are you practicing on me?

(TRAMP IS NOT QUITE SURE OF WHAT TO SAY)

Er ... not exactly.

RAY

(EAGERLY) Ah! You opened your mouth then. I saw you. (TRAMP GRINS)

GHOST G

How about it then? Will you help me clean up the mess?

RAY

(VERY INTERESTED) How do you do that?

BLUE GUM

Easy. Just pick up the rubbish and put it in the bin.

RAY

I didn't mean that. I meant ... how do you change your voice and throw it in different directions?

(POLLUTION PIXIE IS DYING TO TELL RAY THE VOICES ARE COMING FROM THE TREES, BUT CLEAN AIRY FAIRY

CONTROLS HIM)

TRAMP                    That's a secret.

RAY                        If I clean up the mess, will you teach me how to do it?

TRAMP                    (LOOKS TOWARD THE TREES FOR SUPPORT)  
I can't promise. but I'll try.

RAY                        Good. It's a deal. I've always wanted to be a ventriloquist.  
(RAY TURNS AND TRAMP WATCHES HIM. BOTH HAVE  
THEIR BACKS TO THE AUDIENCE. BEFORE RAY HAS TIME  
TO DO ANYTHING CLEAN AIRY FAIRY WAVES HER WAND  
AND RAY AND TRAMP FREEZE)

POLL. PIXIE             Why did you do that? He was going to clean up the mess.

C.A.F.                     I want you to do it.

POLL. PIXIE             Me! I'm the Pollution Pixie.

C.A.F.                     Not any more, you're not my friend,  
Your dirty ways we're going to mend.  
Pick up that piece of paper.  
(POLLUTION PIXIE PICKS IT UP RELUCTANTLY)  
Now walk over to the bin,  
And like Ray, please drop it in.

POLL. PIXIE             (WALKS OVER TO THE BIN AND SLOWLY DROPS THE  
PIECE OF PAPER JUST IN FRONT OF IT. CLEAN AIRY FAIRY  
RAISES HER WAND AND POINTS TO THE PAPER ON THE  
GROUND.  
POLLUTION PIXIE SLOWLY PICKS UP THE PAPER AGAIN.  
CLEAN AIRY FAIRY POINTS WAND TO THE INSIDE OF THE  
BIN.  
POLLUTION PIXIE LOOKS AS IF HE IS GOING TO DROP THE  
PAPER IN THEN AT THE LAST MINUTE SUDDENLY FLICKS  
HIS WRIST AND THE PAPER FALLS OVER THE SIDE OF BIN.  
CLEAN AIRY FAIRY ONCE AGAIN RAISES WAND.  
POLLUTION PIXIE LOOKS GUILTY. WALKS SLOWLY  
AROUND TO THE OTHER SIDE OF BIN, PICKS UP PAPER  
AND THROWS IT IN.

C.A.F.                     Now, that wasn't hard, was it?

POLL. PIXIE             It wasn't all that easy, either.

C.A.F.                     Then you'll have to try again.

POLL. PIXIE             (WALKS TO C.S. AND POINTS TO RAY AND TRAMP)  
When are you going to melt them?

C.A.F. Why?

POLL. PIXIE So they can help.

C.A.F. Because you are going to do it on your own.

POLL. PIXIE (AGHAST) You are going to make me pick up all this lovely mess ... on my own?

C.A.F. Yes. And it is not lovely mess. It is litter, rubbish and junk.

POLL. PIXIE (GRINS)That's right. Litter, rubbish and junk. All lovely.

C.A.F. (SHARPLY) P.P.

POLL. PIXIE (CONFIDENTIALLY TO AUDIENCE)  
Oh Dear! When she says, P.P.  
P.P. just like that.  
I know I've got to hurry,  
Or else she'll give me curry. (PAUSE)  
Curry? I've never tasted curry.

C.A.F. (LOUDLY) P.P.

POLL. PIXIE All right. All right.  
(WALKS SLOWLY TO THE MESS, CLOSELY FOLLOWED BY  
CLEAN AIRY FAIRY. POLLUTION PIXIE BENDS DOWN TO  
PICK UP SOME PAPER.  
CLEAN AIRY FAIRY HAS WAND READY TO PAT POLLUTION  
PIXIE ON THE BOTTOM.  
POLLUTION PIXIE TURNS AROUND AND SEES CLEAN AIRY  
FAIRY WITH WAND RAISED. HE SMARTLY STANDS UP,  
HOLDS BOTTOM AND RUNS AROUND THE STAGE  
CALLING OUT) Oh! Oh! Oh!  
(HE RUNS IN AND AROUND THE TREES, BETWEEN RAY  
AND TRAMP AND RUBBISH BIN. FINALLY HALTS IN FRONT  
OF CLEAN AIRY FAIRY)  
You hit me. You hit me. You hit me.  
You did. You did. You did.  
(RUNS AROUND THE STAGE AGAIN A COUPLE OF TIMES  
AND PAUSES IN FRONT OF BLUE GUM)  
You saw her. (THEN TO GHOST GUM)  
You saw her. (THEN TO AUDIENCE) You saw her.  
I wouldn't tell a fib.  
(BACK TO CLEAN AIRY FAIRY WHO IS SHAKING HER HEAD  
SLOWLY FROM SIDE TO SIDE.  
POLLUTION PIXIE RUBS HIS BOTTOM, BUT EVENTUALLY  
GIVES IN A LITTLE)  
You were going to...  
(CLEAN AIRY FAIRY SHAKES HER HEAD AGAIN) No?

C.A.F. No.

POLL. PIXIE

Oh!

C.A.F.

So, now we have seen how fast you can run,  
You can start cleaning up the minute I say,One.  
One. Quickly. Quickly.

POLLUTION PIXIE RUSHES BACK AND FORTH TO THE  
RUBBISH BIN WITH A PIECE OF PAPER EACH TIME.  
EVERY TIME HE PASSES GHOST GUM SHE GIVES HIM A  
LITTLE WHACK. NOT REALLY MAKING CONTACT ... JUST  
ENOUGH ENCOURAGEMENT TO KEEP HIM MOVING.  
SAME ENCOURAGEMENT FROM BLUE GUM.  
CLEAN AIRY FAIRY ALSO HELPS HIM ALONG WITH HER  
WAND. SOON THERE ARE ONLY TWO BOTTLES LEFT.)

C.A.F.

Stop.

POLL. PIXIE

(STOPS IMMEDIATELY AND PANTS) Did I do something wrong?

C.A.F.

What were you going to do with the bottles?

POLL. PIXIE

(STILL PANTING) Throw them in there. (POINTS TO BIN)  
(CLEAN AIRY FAIRY SHAKES HER HEAD) No?

C.A.F.

No.

POLL. PIXIE

(PLEASED) You mean I'm allowed to leave a little mess?

C.A.F.

(SHAKES HEAD) What are bottles made of?

POLL. PIXIE

Glass.

C.A.F.

And what sometimes happens to glass?  
(POLLUTION PIXIE THINKS WITHOUT SUCCESS)  
It gets broken.

POLL. PIXIE

That's right. It gets broken.

C.A.F.

So what do we do with the bottles?

POLL. PIXIE

(THINKS AGAIN)  
I know. We take them back to the shop and get a refund.

C.A.F.

And what if we can't get a refund?

POLL. PIXIE

We leave them here.

C.A.F.

No. We pick them up carefully. Stand still and watch.  
(RAISES HER WAND AND RAY AND TRAMP RELAX)

RAY

I've nearly finished cleaning up the mess. Only two bottles left.  
(POLL. PIXIE IS VERY SURPRISED BUT CLEAN AIRY FAIRY  
KEEPS HIM UNDER CONTROL.)

RAY (COLLECTS BOTTLES)

TRAMP It didn't take you long, did it?

(POLLUTION PIXIE CAN HARDLY BELIEVE THIS IS HAPPENING)

RAY No time at all. (PLACES BOTTLES CAREFULLY BESIDES BIN. LOOKS AROUND) All done. What do you think?

TRAMP You did a very good job.  
(POLLUTION PIXIE LOOKS AT CLEAN AIRY FAIRY)

RAY Now, tell me the secret.

TRAMP What secret?

RAY Y'know. How to speak and throw your voice without moving your lips.

TRAMP (PICKS UP SWAG AND LOOKS AT THE TREES)  
This could take some time. Let's go for a walk and I'll try and explain.  
(RAY KICKS TRAIL BIKE OFF STAND) You see ... the trees....

RAY What have the trees got to do with it?

TRAMP (VOICE DIES AWAY AS THEY BOTH EXIT L.S.)  
That's what I am trying to tell you ... the trees

BLUE GUM (APPEARS FROM BEHIND HIS TREE)  
Ghost Gum, come quickly. Look what the Clean Airy Fairy has done.

GHOST G (COMES OUT FROM BEHIND HER TREE. SHE HAS NOW TWO GREEN FEET BUT NOBODY NOTICES THEM JUST YET)  
Hello Pollution Pixie. Why are you looking so glum?

POLL. PIXIE I cleaned up that horrible mess.  
(THE OTHER THREE LOOK PLEASED AND SURPRISED AT POLLUTION PIXIE CALLING THE 'MESS' HORRIBLE)  
I did it on my own, no less. (POINTS L.S.)  
That Ray - he went and took the credit,  
And now ... er ... now ... er  
(POLLUTION PIXIE IS STUCK FOR A WORD)

BLUE GUM Er ... er ... what?

POLL. PIXIE I can't think of anything to rhyme with credit.  
(THINKS) What is credit?



C.A.F. Praise.

POLL. PIXIE Praise! (THINKS)  
I can't think of anything to rhyme with praise, either.

C.A.F. Don't worry. You're a good little Pixie now. You have learnt not to pollute.

POLL. PIXIE (BASHFUL-THEN SUDDENLY SEES GHOST GUM'S FOOT)  
Oh! Look at Ghost Gum. What a hoot,  
She's gone and grown another shoot.

GHOST G So I have. (ALL INSPECT NEW SHOOT)  
You helped me grow this, Pollution Pixie.

POLL. PIXIE (SURPRISED) I did!

GHOST G Yes. You cleaned up the mess and made me feel good.

POLL. PIXIE (GRINS) Good!

C.A.F. Does that make you feel good, too?

POLL. PIXIE (PULLS HIMSELF UP TO HIS FULL HEIGHT)  
Yes. I think it does.

BLUE GUM Would you like to always feel good and be our friends?

POLL. PIXIE (LOOKS AT CLEAN AIRY FAIRY AND SMILES) I'd like that.

BLUE GUM We won't be able to call you Pollution Pixie any more.

POLL. PIXIE Just call me P.P. (LOOKS AGAIN AT CLEAN AIRY FAIRY)  
All my friends call me P.P.

C.A.F. (SMILING) All right, P.P.

POLL. PIXIE Please may I borrow your wand?

C.A.F. (SMILE ALMOST VANISHES) Why?

POLL. PIXIE I'd like it to be a surprise.

C.A.F. What kind of surprise?

POLL. PIXIE It wouldn't be a surprise if I told you.

C.A.F. (STILL NOT TOO SURE) I don't know.

BLUE GUM Go on Clean Airy Fairy. Let him have a loan of your wand.

C.A.F. (TO GHOST GUM) What do you think?

GHOST G I think (PAUSE AS EVERYONE WAITS FOR GHOST GUM TO ANSWER) I think it would be a good idea.

CLEAN AIRY FAIRY IS SURPRISED AT THIS ANSWER BUT GHOST GUM NODS, BLUE GUM NODS AND OF COURSE POLLUTION PIXIE NODS. CLEAN AIRY FAIRY RATHER RELUCTANTLY HANDS OVER WAND TO POLLUTION PIXIE.

POLL. PIXIE (IS DELIGHTED. THE FOLLOWING IS DONE VERY QUICKLY. POLLUTION PIXIE SPRINGS IN FRONT OF GHOST GUM AND WAVES WAND OVER HER)

You are now invisible.

(SPRINGS QUICKLY IN FRONT OF BLUE GUM AND REPEATS PERFORMANCE). You are now invisible.

(SPRINGS IN FRONT OF CLEAN AIRY FAIRY AND WAVES WAND OVER HER) You are now invisible.

(THE GUMS AND CLEAN AIRY FAIRY LOOK AT EACH OTHER AND SHAKE THEIR HEADS SLOWLY FROM SIDE TO SIDE. POLLUTION PIXIE RUNS TO EACH OTHER IN TURN AND SPEAKS DIRECTLY TO THEM)

You can see you. You can see you. You can see you.

(STEPS BACK) And I can see you, but you can't see one another.

(LOOKS AT CLEAN AIRY FAIRY WHO ONCE AGAIN SHAKES HER HEAD FROM SIDE TO SIDE. HE THEN LOOKS AT THE GUMS WHO ARE ALSO SLOWLY SHAKING THEIR HEADS)

(CAN'T BELIEVE IT) You CAN see one another?

(THEY ALL NOD) What did I do wrong? Why won't it work?

(TURNS WAND UPSIDE DOWN) Did I use it up the wrong way?

C.A.F. (BECKONS TO POLLUTION PIXIE) Please come over here.

(THEY WALK TOWARDS R.S.)

Now tell me what you had in mind,

And then the magic I might FIND.

POLL. PIXIE (LOOKS TOWARDS THE GUMS AND WHISPERS) It's a secret. (CLEAN AIRY FAIRY AND POLLUTION PIXIE THEN TURN THEIR BACKS AWAY FROM THE GUMS AND AUDIENCE. POLLUTION PIXIE WHISPERS IN CLEAN AIRY FAIRY'S EAR. WHEN HE HAS FINISHED TELLING THE SECRET THEY PART, FACE EACH OTHER AND SMILE)

C.A.F. You really meant what you said?

(POLLUTION PIXIE NODS.

CLEAN AIRY FAIRY WAVES HER WAND TOWARDS L.S.

WALLABY ENTERS WITH A BROWN WAND.

NEITHER THE GUMS NOR POLLUTION PIXIE CAN SEE WALLABY WHO GIVES THE WAND TO CLEAN AIRY FAIRY, THEN CONTINUES WALKING ACROSS STAGE AND EXITS CLEAN A. F. GIVES BROWN WAND TO POLLUTION PIXIE)

POLL. PIXIE (DELIGHTED) Oh! (THEN DISAPPOINTED WHEN HE SEES THE COLOUR) Oh! It's dirty.

C.A.F. Not dirty. Just a little rusty. You see, it hasn't been used for a long time.

POLL. PIXIE But Clean Airy Fairy, will it work?

C.A.F. Yes. That's if you really want to make things shine.

POLL. PIXIE (SMILES. ALMOST MARCHES OVER TO THE GUMS. LIGHTS DIM SLIGHTLY. WAVES WAND OVER THE TREES. LIGHTS DIM A LITTLE MORE)  
Blue Gum and Ghost, creep into your trees,  
And dream of the birds, flowers and bees.  
(THE GUMS CREEP OFF. POLLUTION PIXIE TURNS TO CLEAN AIRY FAIRY) How was that?

C.A.F. (SMILES) You're doing very well.

POLL. PIXIE Clean Airy Fairy, do you really think I can do it on my own?

C.A.F. It is quite a big job, and there are times when everybody needs a little help. Why don't you ask Wallaby?

POLL. PIXIE (SURPRISED) Wallaby?

C.A.F. Why not. He helped me with the rubbish bin.

POLL. PIXIE But he's your friend.

C.A.F. He can be your friend, too.

POLL. PIXIE Truly? (CLEAN AIRY FAIRY NODS. POLLUTION PIXIE WAVES HIS WAND)

WALLABY (ENTERS R.S.) I believe you want a little job done.

POLL. PIXIE Hello Wallaby. I hoped you'd come.

(BOTH WALK IN FRONT OF THE CURTAIN. THE LIGHTS DIM FURTHER. CURTAIN COMES DOWN AND POLLUTION PIXIE SPEAKS TO THE AUDIENCE)

Wallaby is going to sing you a song.  
Please listen quietly ... I won't be long.

## WALLABY

### WALLABY-O

It's myst'ry time in the forest now,  
Neither the dark nor the day,  
We can spy a lyre-bird strolling late,  
On his dusky homeward way;  
But 'ere we come to the end of the track,  
Winding amid the ferns,  
Dark shadows gather behind, before,  
Blurring its wayward turns.

As tiptoe up the track we come,  
There is no sound to be heard;  
'Tis as if the forest held its breath  
For a hushed awaited word;  
But swift to break this magic spell  
Binding the dark and the dew,  
A Wallaby springs with a bound and a crash,  
Leaping the Bushland thro'.

Hi-ho! Wallaby-O Over the log he flies!  
Here in the forest, dense and dim -  
He holds the stars in his eyes.

Hi-ho! Wallaby-O Free in the night to roam  
Deep in the bush, or fast and far  
Out where the wide horizons are,  
In the space of his Southern home!

(WHILE WALLABY IS SINGING HIS SONG, A  
TRANSFORMATION IS TAKING PLACE BEHIND THE  
CURTAIN.

THE SET IS CHANGED VERY QUIETLY.

THE BURNT GHOST GUM IS REPLACED BY THE ORIGINAL  
GHOST GUM, AND GHOST GUM CHANGES INTO HER  
ORIGINAL COSTUME.

BIRDS ARE PLACED BACK IN THE TREES. 'JUNK' BIN  
REMOVED)

(WHEN THE SONG IS FINISHED, WALLABY EXITS R.S.AND  
THE CURTAIN RISES. LIGHTS ON FULL.

THE GUMS ARE BEHIND THEIR RESPECTIVE TREES.

POLLUTION PIXIE, CLEAN AIRY FAIRY, RAY AND TRAMP  
ARE IN THEIR STRATEGIC POSITIONS AS ON PAGE 1.

THEY GIVE REALISTIC BIRD CALLS AGAIN, BUT THIS  
TIME FOR A MUCH SHORTER PERIOD ... JUST ENOUGH FOR  
THE AUDIENCE TO TAKE IN THE SET.

BLUE GUM (A LOUD LONG YAWN FROM BEHIND HIS TREE AND HE PLACES A BRANCH OVER HIS KNOTHOLE)  
Pardon. Are you awake, Ghost?

GHOST G (BRIGHT VOICE COMING FROM BEHIND HER TREE)  
Yes. I've been dreaming of birds singing, and bees humming.

BLUE GUM And I've been dreaming of flowers and friends.  
(THE GUMS COME OUT FROM BEHIND THEIR TREES.  
TAKE HOLD OF HANDS AND SPEAK TO AUDIENCE)

BLUE GUM One day when you are very hot,

GHOST G And stop to sit in a shady spot.

BLUE GUM Underneath a beautiful tree,

GHOST G Think of Blue Gum ... then think of me.

BLUE GUM Think of the friends who helped us grow.

GHOST G And think of the things you can do.

BLUE GUM To help this lovely land of ours,

GHOST G Keep fresh and clean, like morning dew.

(BOTH BOW TO AUDIENCE AND STEP A LITTLE B.S.)

(RAY AND TRAMP ENTER L.S.  
RAY IS STILL PUSHING HIS TRAIL BIKE. HE PROPS IT UP  
NEAR L.S.  
THEY WALK TO C.S. AND SPEAK TO EACH OTHER)

RAY You say you are not a ventriloquist,

TRAMP Good. (SIGHS) You've got it right at last.

RAY You're just a tramp who likes the bush,

TRAMP Right. You're beginning to learn real fast.  
(BOTH BOW TO EACH OTHER)

RAY (STEPS FORWARD AND SPEAKS TO AUDIENCE)  
I've learnt a lot today from Tramp,  
About things I never knew.  
From mending bikes to growing trees,  
Ghost Gums, Spotted, Red and Blue.

TRAMP (STEPS FORWARD AND JOINS RAY)  
I've learnt some things myself, today.  
And I've made a few friends, too.  
(LOOKS DOWN AND CLASPS FRED'S HAND)

There will always be my friend, Fred,  
As well as Ray, Ghost Gum and Blue.  
(BOTH RAY AND TRAMP HOLD HANDS. STEP B.S. AND  
JOIN  
THE TWO GUMS. TRAMP STILL HOLDING FRED'S HAND)

(CLEAN AIRY FAIRY ENTERS L.S. WAND IN HAND.  
POLLUTION PIXIE ENTERS R.S. WAND IN HAND.  
THEY MEET C.S. AND SPEAK TO AUDIENCE)

POLL. PIXIE I WAS the Pollution Pixie,  
C.A.F. And we had trouble with him, as you know.  
POLL. PIXIE But Clean Airy Fairy lent me a wand,  
(CLEAN AIRY FAIRY IS ABOUT TO SPEAK BUT  
POLLUTION PIXIE IS SO PLEASED WITH HIMSELF  
THAT HE WAVES HIS WAND AND CONTINUES)  
And look what I did.  
C.A.F. Hey. Hey. Hey. It's my turn.  
WALLABY (SPRINGS IN FROM R.S. REALISES THE CLEAN AIRY FAIRY  
AND POLLUTION PIXIE HAVE NOT FINISHED. BACKS OFF  
AND EXITS R.S.)  
POLL. PIXIE Sorry. Go on.  
C.A.F. You made me forget what I was supposed to say  
POLL. PIXIE Let's start again.  
(PULLS HIMSELF UP TO FULL HEIGHT)  
I WAS the Pollution Pixie,  
C.A.F. And we had trouble with him, as you know,  
POLL. PIXIE But Clean Airy Fairy lent me a wand.  
(SAME THING HAPPENS AS BEFORE. POLLUTION PIXIE  
WAVES THE WAND AND CONTINUES)  
And look what I did.  
(WALLABY ENTERS AND EXITS R.S. AS BEFORE)  
C.A.F. No. No. No. You've done it again.  
(POLLUTION PIXIE LOOKS SORRY AND CLEAN AIRY  
FAIRY LOOKS AT AUDIENCE)  
If you keep this up they'll never get home,  
and I might have to take your wand back.  
(CLEAN AIRY FAIRY IS SMILING AND POLLUTION  
PIXIE IS CLUTCHING THE WAND VERY FIRMLY)

POLL. PIXIE            Could we try just once more?  
(CLEAN AIRY FAIRY NODS AND POLLUTION PIXIE TAKES A  
DEEP BREATH)  
I WAS the Pollution Pixie,

C.A.F.                    And we had trouble with him, as you know.

POLL. PIXIE            But Clean Airy Fairy gave me a wand.

C.A.F.                    (THIS TIME BEFORE POLLUTION PIXIE HAS A CHANCE TO  
SPEAK, CLEAN AIRY FAIRY PLACES HER WAND GENTLY  
BUT SWIFTLY OVER HIS MOUTH)  
Now let's go and join our friends in the show.  
(TAKES WAND AWAY FROM POLLUTION PIXIE'S MOUTH.  
BOTH BOW TO THE AUDIENCE, STEP BACK AND STAND  
BESIDE GHOST GUM)

WALLABY                (SPRINGS IN R.S. GETS READY TO BACK OUT AGAIN.  
LOOKS AT CAST STANDING IN A ROW)  
Is it all right for me to come in now?  
(THEY NOD AND WALLABY SPRINGS TO C.S)  
Now, you know I am a Wallaby,  
And I didn't have much to say,  
But I know you won't forget me,  
'Cos I came in at the beginning ... and at the end of the play.  
(BOWS TO AUDIENCE. STEPS BACK AND STANDS  
NEXT TO POLLUTION PIXIE)

ALL CHARACTERS STEP FORWARD. THE PLAY ENDS WITH  
THEM SINGING. 'LOOK AFTER THE BUSH'

THE END

**Performance rights must be secured before production. For contact  
information, please see the The Clean Airy Fairy information page (click on  
your browser's Back button, or visit <http://proplay.ws/the-clean-airy-fairy/> )**