

Three Glow Tales

by Greg Lam

A Glow Opera is a play done in darkness, where the only light comes from the incandescent Glow Sticks we use to create our characters and settings, taped to actors' clothing or prop pieces. Imagine life sized glowing puppet show.

In Darkness, we hear the voice of the Director.

Director: People, people, 10 minutes 'til Showtime. Look sharp, OK? How do we look? Have you seen Little Red Riding Hood? What do you mean she's lost her hood? Find it!

A human-sized figure hurries across the stage, directing people to and fro.

Director: Hey! Tell the Big Bad Wolf to stop playing Mah Jong with the Three Little Pigs. Because he has to get into character, that's why.

A Little Pig comes in.

Little Pig One: Hey, Boss! Which you like better: "Not by the HAIR of my chinny, chin chin" or "Not by the hair of MY chinny, chin chin".

Director: Roderick, please. Can this wait? I'm very busy.

Little Pig One: C'mon, Boss. It'll help my characterization.

Director: Go with your first instinct.

Little Pig One: I knew it! Thanks, Boss! (walks away) "NOT by the HAIR of..."

Red Riding Hood comes in.

Red Riding Hood: Mr. Director, sir!

Director: Yes, Sandy?

Red Riding Hood: Do my hips look big in this hood?

Director: You look fine. Trust me.

Red Riding Hood: Well I wanted a green hood because green is my color and I saw one down the street with these great stripes and stripes make you look thinner and-

Director: Sandy. The name of the fairy tale is "Little Red Riding Hood."
You know why?

Red Riding Hood: Because... uh...

Director: What is she wearing?

Red Riding Hood: A Red Hood! Oh thank you! This hood is perfect! [Red Riding hood leaves]

Director: What more can happen? Hey Cliff! How's the audience?

Offstage voice: They're looking kind of restless. I think they're waiting for the show to begin.

Director: How do they look?

Offstage: I don't know boss. They're making me nervous.... Staring at us. Watching us.

Director: It's OK Cliff. We know this would happen. It's OK.

Offstage Voice: Thanks Boss.

The Wolf comes onstage.

Director: Hey, Brad. All ready for your big night?

Wolf: (quietly) Yeah, I guess.

Director: Is something wrong, Brad?

Wolf: Well, it's just that... I don't know. It just seems that I always have to play the bad guy, y'know? It really gets a guy down. When do I get to play the hero? I'm always chasing people, eating them... It's like I'm a big jerk. And no one will ever get to know the real me, the sweet, sensitive fella who likes Poetry and rainy days....

Director: C'mon, Brad. The audience knows it's all make believe. If you scare them, then they know you're only doing your job.

Wolf: Gee, do you think so?

Director: I know so. C'mon Big Guy. Take one for the team.

Wolf: Thanks sir. (Wolf goes off)

Director: Actors. OK. Fifteen seconds til showtime. Do we have the set in place?

Set of a Straw House comes onto stage.

Director: Are the actors in place?

Actors: Yes, Boss!

Director: Then cue the Narrator and start the show.

A glow sign comes up which reads: "Once upon a time"

A Pig (with the number 1 on his chest) plays in his yard.

Narrator: Once upon a time, a long time ago, there was once three brothers who were pigs (or, if you like, brothers who were pigs). The first little pig was not the most motivated pig in the world, and he made his house out of straw which was cheap at the time.

Along came the big, bad wolf, and he was hungry.

The Wolf enters.

Wolf: Im the big bad wolf and Im hungry!

Narrator: Well, the Little Pig saw the wolf and went into his house. The Wolf came to the door and shouted.

Wolf: Little Pig, Little Pig let me in!

Pig: Not by the hair of my chinny-chin chin.

Wolf: Than Ill huff, and Ill puff, and Ill blow your house in!

The Wolf blows and the house flies away.

Narrator: And the house flew away. Straw isnt very sturdy.

Pig: Oh, no!

Narrator: And the Wolf ate the first Little Pig for breakfast.

The Wolf eats the pig, the glow sticks of the pig disappearing in one gulp.

Narrator: A little while later, the wolf was hungry again. He looked and he saw a second Little Pig and a second house. This one was made of wood.

A second house appears, the Second Little Pig (with the number 2 on his chest) works in the yard. The pig runs into the house.

Narrator: The Wolf got into character.

Wolf: Little Pig, Little Pig, let me in!

Pig: Why do you always have to bother us?

Wolf: Uh, is that a no?

Pig: Yes.

Wolf: Right. Then Ill huff, and Ill puff, and Ill blow your house in.

The Wolf blows apart the wooden house.

Narrator: And he blew the house away.

Pig: I knew I shouldve used nails.

The Wolf gulps down the second pig in one gulp.

Narrator: And the Wolf ate the second Little Pig for lunch.

Some time later, the Wolf became hungry again. And he saw a third little pig, and his house made of brick.

Enter the third little pig and the house of brick.

Narrator: The Wolf got ready to rumble.

Wolf: Grrr!

Pig: Uh-Oh!

The pig runs into his house.

Wolf: Little Pig, Little Pig, let me in.

Pig: Just try it, Wolf!

Wolf: Then Ill huff, and Ill puff, and Ill blow your house in!

The Wolf blows hard. The house stands. The Wolf starts coughing.

Narrator: But this house is made of sturdy brick, and it didnt budge an inch. I suppose the lesson is: Always use quality materials and good craftsmanship.

Wolf: I cant blow your house down. But Im still hungry. What do I do?

Pig: Have you ever thought of a nice salad, Mr. Wolf?

Wolf: A salad? What is a salad?

Narrator: And the Pig showed the Wolf how to eat all types of vegetables, and fruit, and tofu, and lentils.

Wolf eats a succession of fruits and vegetables.

Narrator: In fact, the Wolf liked it so much, he started his own vegetable farm. Hes taken up yoga, racquetball, and mountain climbing. And they lived happily ever after....

Wolf and Pig pose happily.

Narrator: Except sometimes The Wolf still feels like a nice pork chop for

dinner....

A glow sign comes up and says: "The End"

Tortoise and the Hare

We see the tortoise (made of green glow sticks) and the hare stretching and getting ready for the race.

Play by Play Man (Play): Welcome to the forest, where we are about to witness a special event in the history of sport.

Color Commentator (Color): That's right, Don. It's a one on one match race between the tortoise and the hare, one time through the forest, winner take all. And the tension for this unusual match has been building for weeks.

Play: You said unusual, and that's a good place to start, Bill. You wouldn't expect a tortoise to get matched up in a race... they wouldn't be in the same class. But, as you will see in our up close and personal feature on the tortoise, this race is a match made of honor. One which would not have happened if not for the courage and pride of the lowly -- or should we say "slowly" -- racing contestant.

Cheesy "up close and personal" music plays.

Color: The set-up for this match started several weeks ago, with an idle boast by the hare, considered by many to be the fastest animal in the forest. It was nothing the animals in the forest hadn't heard before, but this time it went too far.

Tortoise: Mr. Hare was talking about how he was so fast, how he could beat everyone in the forest. I was just walking by, and he pointed at me and said "look at how slow Mr. Tortoise is. I could circle the forest three times before he could even get the morning paper." Well, I didn't like the way he talked, so I challenged him to this race.

Color: The challenge was a surprise, but it was taken on by the hare with gusto.

Hare: Well of course I had to accept the challenge. If I can't beat the tortoise in a race, I shouldn't even be a member of the mammal family, to be honest.

Color: That one incident was the spark that led into this great athletic event, clearly the match of the year for the forest folk. They've been training continuously and are ready for the match which is just about to start. Back to you, Don.

Play: Thanks, Bill. The two athletes are set at the starting line. They're set... Tension is mounting.

Starter's gun sounds. Tortoise and Hare begin to move. The Hare pulls ahead. In the background, the trees and distance markers of the forest begin to move slowly.

Play: And they're off, the hare taking an early, but solid lead. The tortoise is running steadily, but clearly much slower than the hare.

Color: Yes, Don. The hare is running smoothly, and it looks like this match might be over quickly.

The hare stops moving.

Play: The hare... The hare has stopped in his tracks. What is he doing?

Color: The hare seems to be taunting the tortoise, Don. That's not very good sportsmanship, not good at all.

Play: The hare's moving again. What? He's...

The hare hops backwards then forwards, running circles around the tortoise.

Plays: He's... I don't know what.

Color: He's running circles around the tortoise is what he's doing, rubbing in the difference in speed. Now that's just unnecessary.

Plays: Just win the race, I would think, and then you can celebrate.

The hare does cartwheels in place. He's still pulls ahead of the tortoise.

Color: Now this... This is a shameful display.

Play: The hare is now traveling down the path through the forest doing cartwheels.

Color: This is supposed to be a race, not a gymnastics display. I wish he'd just run the race.

Play: Apparently the hare has other ideas in mind as... What's he doing now?

The hare stands on his head, balances on his ears, using them to inch down the path.

Play: Now he's walking using his ears. And he's still faster than the tortoise.

Color: The tortoise, it should be noted, has done nothing but steadily jog down the path and towards the goal. He may not be the fastest, but he's certainly proven himself to be a champion today.

The hare lies down, sets out an alarm clock.

Play: Well, that may be so, but it looks like the hare has this race won. But, now what? He appears to be lying down, within sight of the finish line.

Color: He's trying to taunt the tortoise again.

Play: Yes, but it looks like he's actually sleeping now. Is that? Yes, it's an alarm clock. I think he's going to take a nap, and then wake up in time to win the race. He thinks the tortoise will be so slow to finish that he can nap for ten, maybe fifteen minutes and still get up and win the race.

Color: Yes, but I think he's miscalculated somewhat, Don.

Play: How do you mean?

Color: Well, the tortoise is nearing the midway point of the course, and the finish line is all downhill from there.

Play: How much difference will that make?

Color: If he's running, not much. But, if he does what I think he's doing, he could make up a lot of ground. Since the tortoise can withdraw his legs and his head into his shell...

Play: You mean he might try to roll the rest of the way down the course?

The tortoise's head and legs goes into his shell.

Color: Yes, there he goes! He's gone into his shell, and now he's starting to roll...

The tortoise rolls.

Play: He's picking up speed.

Color: Brilliant strategy by the tortoise. The hare is still asleep.

Play: This is incredible. I've never seen anything like this. The tortoise has covered the second part of the course in just 10 seconds. He's nearing the finish.

Color: Yes! Yes!

Play: And he did it. The tortoise won the race! The tortoise won the race! The tortoise won the race! What an upset!

Color: The hare's awake and he can't believe it. He's hopping up and down, but there's no one to blame but himself. I wouldn't have believed it either if I hadn't seen it myself.

Play: I'll second that. We've seen a race they'll be talking about for years, today. From the forest, for Bill Sweeney, I'm Don Glass, signing off.

A glow sign comes up and says: "The End"