

Mrs. Bave Presents **THE PIG WAR**

The almost true story of a play that nearly happened about a war that never occurred.



“As told by the
mannequins
who were there.”



**EVERGREEN
PLAYS**

www.EvergreenPlays.com

Mrs. Bave Presents the Pig War

© 2024 by Steve Lyons

Revision 04/28/2024

Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that a royalty must be paid for every live, pre-recorded, virtual, or online performance, whether or not admission is charged. All inquiries regarding rights—including but not limited to amateur, professional, radio broadcast, internet, television, cable, motion picture, live streaming, public reading, and translation into a foreign language—should be addressed to

Evergreen Plays, 2800 Church Str, Bellingham, WA 98225

360.296.1753 | sales@EvergreenPlays.com

No live, pre-recorded, virtual, or online performance, broadcast, reading, or presentation of any kind may be given without permission from Evergreen Plays.

Up to six minutes of video may be made public for promotional purposes of a licensed production.

These rights are fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and of all countries covered by the Universal Copyright Convention or with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations, including Canada, Mexico, Australia, and all nations of the United Kingdom.

THE FOLLOWING INFORMATION MUST APPEAR ON ALL PAPER AND DIGITAL PROGRAMS, PRINTING, AND ADVERTISING:

1. The full title: Mrs. Bave Presents the Pig War
2. Writing credit: By Steve Lyons
3. In addition to the above, the program must include: “Produced by special arrangement with Evergreen Plays, Bellingham, WA”

Characters:

About nine or ten actors with doubling as determined by director. Three female, six or seven male.

1965 characters:

Emelia Bave:	Female 45 – 60 years old
Jerry:	Male 17 – 19 years old
Becky:	Female 17 – 19 years old
Sergeant:	Male 30 – 50 years old

The mannequins, historic characters:

Main characters:

British:	
Governor Douglas:	Male 55 – 70 years old
Charles Griffin:	Female 25 – 35 years old
American:	
Lyman Cutlar:	Male 25 – 35 years old
Captain Pickett:	Male 30 – 40 years old
General Harney:	Male 60 – 70 years old

Secondary characters:

British:	
Amor de Cosmos:	Male 30 – 50 years old
Captain Prevost:	Male 30 – 50 years old
Admiral Hornby:	Male 30 – 40 years old
Admiral Baynes:	Male 60 – 70 years old
American:	
Henry Webber:	Male 30 – 50 years old
Paul Hubbs:	Male 30 – 50 years old
Archibald Campbell:	Male 30 – 50 years old
General Scott:	Male 60 – 70 years old
President Buchanan:	Male 50 – 60 years old
Edward Furste:	Male 30 – 50 years old
Three engineers:	Female or Male 30 – 40 years old

Possible casting and doubling:

Emelia Bave	Female
Becky/engineer	Female
Charles Griffin	Female
Jerry/engineer	Male
Governor Douglas	Male
General William S Harney	Male
Captain George Pickett	Male
Cutler/Webber/Campbell/Furste/Baynes	Male
Hubbs/Prevost/Hornby/Cosmos/Buchannon engineer/Sergeant/General Scott	Male Male

Running Time:

100 minutes plus intermission.

NOTES:

For productions in the Pacific Northwest, contact Evergreen Plays for use of the stuffed boar used by the real Mrs. Bave in her production. The British Warship puppets are also available to borrow.

Due to a limited supply of male mannequins, Mrs. Bave must cast female mannequins to play men. An actress plays Charles Griffin.

As the audience enters, some mannequins, all dressed up for a night at the theatre, have already taken their seats in the audience.

Prior to his entry, every time George Pickett is mentioned, a special musical progression or ominous sound is heard. Possibly a “thunder tube.”

On stage, Mrs. Bave helps the mannequins change character by swapping out their hats and changing their costume.

Director is free to augment the cast with mannequins as required.

SETTING: Rehearsal stage.

ON RISE: MRS BAVE is pacing, looking at her watch.
Goes to the edge of the stage, looks out.
Apparently, she is expecting someone.

MRS. BAVE:

(Calls to the back of the
auditorium, to the light
booth)

And you are sure the posters said 3pm?

Today? The posters all say Saturday, correct?

Elly should have been here over an—

(JERRY hurries in)

Jerry! We were just talking about Elly. Is she here?

JERRY: My mom sends her regrets but... she is... sick.

MRS. BAVE: Oh. I am so sorry. She was so good last year.
Well, she need not audition. Her portrayal of Mary
Davis was breathtaking. And she probably
remembers her lines for Admiral Baynes. She was
such a good sport last year with all those extra
parts that came up.

Don't you worry. I'll just put her down on the cast
list.

JERRY: But. She's... sick.

MRS. BAVE: Jerry. I just saw Elly at bridge club yesterday.
How sick is she?

JERRY: She just asked me to come here to tell you that...

MRS. BAVE: She's sick. Right. (pause)

What about you? Would you like to audition?

JERRY: I... I really am not an actor.

MRS. BAVE: I could teach you.

JERRY: I am so busy with school work and—

MRS. BAVE: (handing Jerry a script) You would make a splendid Lyman Cutlar. He's the guy who started the whole thing you know. Try reading from where you enter.

JERRY: Mrs. Bave. I... appreciate your... everything really but I am not cut out for the stage.

MRS. BAVE: Lyman Cutlar shot the pig. A pivotal moment in the history of our country.

JERRY: I'm sure you will find a much better Lyman Cutlar than me and—

(Enter BECKY)

MRS. BAVE: Becky!

BECKY: Mrs. Bave. Hi Jerry.

JERRY: Hi Becky.

BECKY: You auditioning too?

JERRY: I—

BECKY: (to Mrs. Bave) He's very good. He's in all the plays at high school.

MRS. BAVE: Yes, he was just telling me about his feelings for the stage.

(Handing scrip to Becky)

So, Becky, I think I will have you read Mrs. Cutlar. Let's have you start where she is hugging Lyman.

JERRY: Ah.

BECKY: I see it here. So, Jerry, are you Lyman Cutlar?

MRS. BAVE: Jerry is not able to be in our play this year, but I am certain we will find you a fine Mr. Cutlar.

JERRY: I.

MRS. BAVE: For now, I will play the part of Mr. Cutlar. Shall we?

JERRY: I.

MRS. BAVE: Yes?

JERRY: Just until you find someone else, you know.

MRS. BAVE: Why Jerry, that is so very kind of you!

(calling to the light booth) Milt, it's almost five o'clock!

I need to check on these posters myself. You kids practice your lines. I'll be back in a jiffy.

(Exit MRS. BAVE)

(awkward pause)

BECKY: I thought your mom was auditioning.

JERRY: She was in the play last year.

BECKY: So?

JERRY: She's sick.

BECKY: Oh. I see. I think many people got sick today.

JERRY: Shall we practice?

BECKY: I've never auditioned before. I am so nervous.

JERRY: It's okay to be nervous, as long as your mouth doesn't get dry.

BECKY: Is that bad?

JERRY: If your mouth is dry, it's difficult to project to the audience. Is your mouth... moist?

BECKY: (thinks) I don't think it is moist at the moment.

JERRY: Mine is a bit dry as well.

BECKY: What should we do?

JERRY: I have an idea.

(Exits. Reappears with two glasses of water.)

BECKY: Oh thank you.

(THEY drink. BECKY chokes a bit. Spews water.)

BECKY: I am so sorry!

(Sopping up the water.)

That is so weird. I normally have, like, no gag reflex.

(JERRY looks at audience.)

(MRS. BAVE enters)

MRS. BAVE: I just don't understand it. The posters are accurate. (calling to light booth) Mrs. Doyle said she would audition didn't she? And what about Roger! Roger never showed up.

This play has over a dozen major characters. What am I going to do?

BECKY: Jerry and I can play multiple people.

MRS. BAVE: But sometimes I have six or seven people in a scene. How will I manage it?

JERRY: You'll figure something out.

MRS. BAVE: So, in this scene, Lyman Cutlar has shot the pig and he is about to go to the pig's owner, Charles Griffin, and offer to pay for the pig. Mrs. Cutlar, a coast Salish Indian, is hugging him because he is being so noble and sorrowful about the pig.

Oh. I nearly forgot the pig.

(MRS. BAVE wheels out the boar)

JERRY: That's the pig?

MRS. BAVE: It is.

BECKY: Is the pig dead?

MRS. BAVE: Yes.

JERRY: It doesn't look dead.

(ALL consider the pig.)

MRS. BAVE: You're right.

(calling to light booth) Milt, can we make a note that the pig doesn't stand up after it is dead?

Okay. Let's run the scene.

BECKY: Lyman—

JERRY: Isn't she supposed to be hugging me?

BECKY: Sorry.

(Hugging Jerry)

BECKY: Lyman, you are so noble and sorrowful about the pig.

MRS. BAVE: Excellent. So now, you go to Charles Griffin and offer restitution for shooting his pig.

JERRY: Why did I shoot his pig?

BECKY: Jerry – everyone on San Juan Island knows that! He was rooting in your potato patch.

JERRY: That's right. Sorry. Okay. So, I have the dead pig here and who is Charles Griffin.

BECKY: I can be Charles Griffin.

JERRY: Mr. Griffin, I warned you about this pig rooting in my potato patch and he did it again so I shot him.

BECKY: Eloise! My pig!

JERRY: But I am noble and sorrowful and I will pay you ten dollars for your pig.

BECKY: Ten dollars! That pig was worth at least \$100. Eloise!

MRS. BAVE: A British accent please Becky.

BECKY: Eloise!

JERRY: I warned you that your pig was a nuisance.

BECKY: A nuisance! You Americans are a nuisance! Simple squatters on British soil. I shall write to Mr. Douglas and have you removed!

JERRY: If you come rooting about my potato patch, I shall shoot you next!

MRS. BAVE: Excellent! I like where you are going with this.

BECKY: Oh, this is great fun!

MRS. BAVE: Following this incident, a group of men from the Hudson Bay Company, which was a British enterprise, confront Lyman Cutlar about the shooting of their pig.

For this scene, we need Lyman Cutlar the American. Alexander Dallas, who was the

Governor of the Hudson Bay Company, Charles Griffin and a fourth person.

So, Becky, you are Charles Griffin and you still have a British accent, Jerry you are Lyman, I will play Alexander Dallas, and... we need another person. Oh, where are all these people who promised to audition today?

BECKY: Perhaps the pig can play the extra person.

JERRY: I'll say the pig's lines.

MRS. BAVE: I'm not sure about the pig.

JERRY: Here.

(JERRY gives the pig his coat or some article of clothing.)

MRS. BAVE: Well.

BECKY: Just until we get another actor.

MRS. BAVE: Okay. From page fifteen.

BECKY: In the bay is the steam ship *The Beaver*,

MRS. BAVE: British accent.

BECKY: to take you to Victoria to stand trial for the shooting of a British boar.

JERRY: I will not go with you to Victoria. And if you try to take me you shall answer to the United States infantry.

MRS. BAVE: As you know, these islands are in dispute and until the dispute is settled, you and these other Americans should not be squatting on British soil.

JERRY: American soil.

(pause)

MRS. BAVE: Who's reading the pig's lines?

JERRY: Oh. Sorry. The whole affair is—

MRS. BAVE: British accent.

JERRY: The whole affair is your own fault. If you want to keep animals out of your potato patch, I suggest you enclose it with a four-sided fence, not three sided.

MRS. BAVE: Perfect.

BECKY: Why did he have only three sides to the enclosure?

MRS. BAVE: Lyman Cutlar's wife was a Salish Indian. Apparently, that is how the Salish did things.

JERRY: So then what happens?

BECKY: Jerry, surely you know this story.

JERRY: I guess I don't.

MRS. BAVE: That is why this play is so important. People should know this history.

Where is everybody? This is a tiny island for heaven's sake. If they aren't in my play, what are they doing instead?

(SHE considers pig. Adjusts Jerry's article of clothing that the pig is wearing.)

(brightening) I have an idea! Meet me here tomorrow after school!

BECKY/JERRY: Great!

(JERRY grabs his clothing off the pig. JERRY and BECKY exit.)

MRS. BAVE: (calling after them) And you both passed the audition!

(MRS. BAVE hugs the pig)

(Speaks to pig as she leads pig offstage)

Come on Eloise. We have a lot of work to do.

(BLACKOUT)

SCENE 2

Lights up. “Mannequins” are a mix of real actors (frozen) and mannequins.

BECKY and JERRY are helping MRS. BAVE, fussing with the mannequins and the set.

MRS. BAVE: There.

(THEY position a fully costumed mannequin into place.)

May I introduce, James Douglas, Governor of the Crown Colonies of Vancouver Island and British Columbia.

BECKY: Are his side-burns made from carpet remnants?

MRS. BAVE: Yes.

BECKY: Oh.

MRS. BAVE: It was Governor Douglas who asked Charles Griffin to establish a sheep farm on San Juan Island to entrench the British claim to the island. That was around 1853.

And here...

(positioning another mannequin)

This is Brigadier General William S Harney, Department of Oregon commander and a central figure in the Pig War.

BECKY: Cool.

JERRY: Okay. So, enough suspense. What was the idea you came up with?

BECKY: Yeah! Are we getting actors from, like, Seattle or something?

JERRY: Tell us!

(MRS. BAVE Indicates the panorama before them.)

BECKY: Ah?

JERRY: Okay. We make a cool set.

BECKY: But who is going to be in the play with us?

MRS. BAVE: Why, Governor Douglas.

(indicating Douglas mannequin)

He needs the rest of his body of course

And General Harney

And here is Captain Hornby

He still needs his costume but he was commander of Her Majesty's ship the *Tribune*.

And over here we have--

JERRY: Excuse me. Mrs. Bave. These are not real people. These are mannequins.

MRS. BAVE: Well. I know. I just need to rewrite the script so that--

BECKY: Don't we need real people to be in the play?

JERRY: You know, like, actors?

MRS. BAVE: Well, normally you have actors but in this play--

JERRY: You want us to be in a play with mannequins?

MRS. BAVE: I just change a few lines and--

JERRY: Excuse us a moment.

(JERRY takes Becky aside)

(whisper) Did you ever see the movie Psycho?

BECKY: (whisper) No. What happens?

JERRY: Don't know, I've never seen it. But I bet it is like this.

BECKY: I have, like, nightmares about mannequins and stuff.

JERRY: This is totally creepy.

BECKY: What do we do?

JERRY: Let me handle it.

(Returning to Mrs. Bave)

So. Becky and I. We.

MRS. BAVE: Yes?

BECKY: What Jerry is saying is that... we like you.

JERRY: Oh. Very much.

BECKY: And we like the San Juan Saga.

JERRY: Great play.

BECKY: We would like to...

JERRY: We will be there...

BECKY: Opening night.

JERRY: It's just, we thought that this was going to be a play with...

BECKY: People.

JERRY: Not.

BECKY: Creepy mannequins.

(awkward pause)

MRS. BAVE: Okay.

BECKY: We're sorry it's just—

MRS. BAVE: It's okay.

JERRY: Maybe I can ask my mom if she will—

MRS. BAVE: No. Please.

BECKY: I'm sorry. Would you like us to—

MRS. BAVE: No. Just. Go.

JERRY: I'm.

MRS. BAVE: Go.

SCENE 3

MRS. BAVE walks to a different part of the stage. Lost in thought. BECKY AND JERRY are probably looking back at Mrs. Bave.

JERRY: I feel bad for her.

BECKY: I hope she finds people to be in her play.

JERRY: For me, it's just as well. I need to focus on my college applications.

BECKY: Yeah. And I am going to France after graduation but I need to figure out how to pay for it.

JERRY: And I need to figure out how to pay for college.

BECKY: At least college will keep you out of the military.

JERRY: Well, the military is one way to pay for college.

BECKY: I don't know Jerry. Vietnam.

JERRY: Peter and Stanley enlisted.

BECKY: Yeah I know. But... Vietnam.

JERRY: It won't last long.

BECKY: So. Do you know your major yet?

JERRY: Engineering.

BECKY: Oh. That's. It's. You know what you want. That's good.

JERRY: How about you?

BECKY: International studies perhaps. I want to become fluent in French. I'll see how France goes.

Class of '65.

JERRY: I thought 1965 would never get here.

BECKY: Here, let me give you my phone number.

(writes)

JERRY: We have your phone number.

BECKY: That's my parent's line. This is my phone.

JERRY: Your phone? You're seventeen years old, why do you need your own phone?

(THEY regard Mrs. Bave once more.)

BECKY: Are you sure your mom won't...

JERRY: She'd rather die than be in the San Juan Saga again.

(BECKY and JERRY exit)

SCENE 4

MRS. BAVE: Milt?

Did you hear what just happened?

Maybe they are right.

What should I do?

(MRS. BAVE is putting costumes on mannequins, adjusting the set etc.)

I hope they didn't hurt your feelings.

I don't find you creepy at all.

(SHE picks up a mannequin that is just a torso, used for shirt displays.)

Well, I don't find most of you creepy.

(Calling to light booth) Milt, what do you think? They won't quit or complain. They can keep my long hours. And we don't have to pay them.

Mannequins.

It doesn't seem fair. Other playwrights get to have real people in their plays.

(Calling to light booth) Milt, think we can get to Broadway with an all-mannequin cast?

(SHE is speaking to various mannequins)

When the San Juan Saga debuts on Broadway, then people will...

Milt... everyone likes Milt. Who wouldn't?

(Calling to light booth) Milt, do you think we should get a sail boat?

(Back to mannequins)

That's all anyone here talks about. All the exotic places they've sailed to. Adventures at sea.

And they talk about their investments.

(Calling to light booth) Milt, do we have any investments?

(Back to mannequins)

I had my fill of boats in the Coast Guard. And I don't care about money.

Why didn't anyone audition for my play? They said they would but then no one came. Doesn't that seem rude?

(Calling to light booth) Milt, if I produce a play with an all-mannequin cast, won't people just laugh at me?

(Back to mannequins)

More than they already do.

I wish I had a good friend here. A really good friend, like Doris was in Portland.

(Calling to light booth) Milt, do you think we could convince Doris and Ben to move here?

(Back to mannequins)

Takes a special kind of person to live on a small island. It's not for just anybody you know.

(Calling to light booth) Milt, if I produce a play with mannequins, I worry about you and the kids.

(back to the mannequins)

“Your mom plays with mannequins.”

Not even Jerry and Becky want to be in it. Not a single human wants to be in the San Juan Saga.

(looks at mannequin. Sighs.)

(to light booth) Milt, I just can't do this.

(MRS. BAVE dismantles Governor Douglas, puts mannequin in box, maybe a wooden box. Speaks to Douglas as she puts him in box)

No one wants my play. Governor Douglas, what about this history? What will happen if we lose our history?

(Starts to put on lid. A hand pops out of box and stops her.)

(GOVERNOR DOUGLAS pops out of box.)

DOUGLAS: I'm afraid it's the American attitude.

MRS. BAVE: Governor Douglas!

DOUGLAS: Lazy. Not willing to put in the time to make something great. Just want greatness handed to them.

MRS. BAVE: (Pause) I'm afraid you may be correct.

DOUGLAS: However, Mrs. Bave, I honestly believe you will make them very sorry that they did not join in our little historic pageant.

MRS. BAVE: Historic in more ways than one Governor.

DOUGLAS: Absolutely, Mrs. Bave.

MRS. BAVE: You may call me Emelia.

DOUGLAS: And you may call me Governor Douglas.

MRS. BAVE: Where to begin our story?

HARNEY: The 49th parallel.

DOUGLAS: Harney! If Harney is in the play, you can count me out.

HARNEY: You haven't changed a bit Governor.

MRS. BAVE: I believe we need General Harney if we are to accurately portray the story.

HARNEY: Governor Douglas never cared about accuracy.

DOUGLAS: Harney, if you cared about—

MRS. BAVE: Gentlemen, please!

HARNEY: Okay, where do we start?

MRS. BAVE: Well, with the script of course.

(SHE hands out scripts)

HARNEY: Let's see. Harney. Harney. Okay. Here I am.

DOUGLAS: Ah. Look here. She even has the bit where you are completely ignorant of even the most fundamental statutes of the Oregon Treaty.

HARNEY: That wasn't me, that was George Pickett.

(ominous George Pickett music plays)

DOUGLAS: Well, if Pickett is in the play, you can forget about ever being off book!

HARNEY: Right you are. That guy couldn't memorize his own birth date!

(HARNEY and DOUGLAS laugh, but then remember they hate each other.)

MRS. BAVE: Okay. I think we start at the signing of the Treaty of Oregon. Page 17.

(DOUGLAS and HARNEY read their scripts)

DOUGLAS: Okay. Let's see. La-di-da. La-di-da. Sign. Okay. La-di-da. And—

HARNEY: Governor, a word please.

DOUGLAS: Excuse us, Emelia.

(THEY go to the side, out of earshot of Mrs. Bave)

HARNEY: Are you reading this thing?

DOUGLAS: Atrocious.

HARNEY: And must it take 17 pages to get to the signing of Treaty of Oregon?

DOUGLAS: By page seventeen we need to have the inciting event.

HARNEY: A murdered pig!

DOUGLAS: Right-O!

HARNEY: And did you read Cutlar's lines?

DOUGLAS: "I am noble and sorrowful."

HARNEY: Not even Cutlar himself thought he was noble and sorrowful. No wonder no one wants to be in this thing.

DOUGLAS: Or be in the audience. We have to say something.

HARNEY: (sighs) Okay. Let me do the talking.

DOUGLAS: Go easy on her. She's a great gal.

(THEY return to Mrs. Bave)

HARNEY: Mrs. Bave, you have such a... breadth...

DOUGLAS: Breadth of talents. Singer, actor.

HARNEY: Civic minded. Artist. Musician. Dancer.

DOUGLAS: You and your husband.

HARNEY: The Coast Guard. And then you and Milton founded one of the foremost technology companies in the country.

DOUGLAS: Emelia, your play is horrible.

HARNEY: Improv, really is what we are thinking.

DOUGLAS: We were there you see.

HARNEY: Just taking what you've written...

DOUGLAS: And making it good.

HARNEY: Have you explored improvisation?

DOUGLAS: You might as well try it. I mean, it can't get any worse.

HARNEY: James, for god's sake.

DOUGLAS: What do you say?

(pause)

MRS. BAVE: Well, you were there, it's true.

HARNEY: You're the director.

DOUGLAS: Absolutely.

HARNEY: It's just... Don't make us say the stuff in this script.

DOUGLAS: Shall we try it?

MRS. BAVE: (pause) Why not!

(GRIFFEN mannequin comes to life. Griffin is played by a woman)

GRIFFIN: Gentlemen!

MRS. BAVE: My gosh! Charles Griffin!

GRIFFIN: Ma'am.

HARNEY: Just like old times.

DOUGLAS: Chuck!

MRS. BAVE: (calling to light booth) Milt! Do you see! It's Charles Griffin! We still have the bay named after you.

GRIFFIN: I appreciate that.

MRS. BAVE: Even though you're British.

GRIFFIN: Yes, I get it. I'm eternally grateful.

MRS. BAVE: Well. Let's take it from the top shall we.

DOUGLAS: But with the understanding that—

MRS. BAVE: Yes, we will cut out material.

HARNEY: And the actors will add in material as is fit.

MRS. BAVE: From the top. Milt.

(Lights appropriate for
creation of the world.)

MRS. BAVE: In the beginning, before you and I existed in the flesh, "and the earth was without form ... and void ... the light separated from the darkness, and there was a firmament in the midst of the waters."

GRIFFIN: Excuse me? Genesis?

MRS. BAVE: That is how it begins, yes.

HARNEY: Will you have Noah and the Great Flood?

GRIFFIN: Mind if we go out back and have a smoke?

DOUGLAS: Give a shout when you get to the building of the pyramids.

MRS. BAVE: Actually, I skip over some bits. Why don't I just jump to the Treaty of 1846.

HARNEY: Sounds good.

MRS. BAVE: The Treaty of 1846 set the boundary between the United States and British North America (now called Canada) along the 49th parallel—

DOUGLAS: Mrs. Bave, if I may.

MRS. BAVE: Please.

(As someone rolls out an overhead projector, or perhaps he references different maps onstage)

DOUGLAS: I believe we must begin just a bit prior to the Treaty of 1846 you see.

(lays vellum of Oregon Country / Columbia District on projector and turns it on)

The Treaty of 1818 established the 49th parallel as the boundary between the United States in the south and Great Britain to the north of the 49th parallel.

But the Treaty of 1818 decreed that this area west of the Rocky Mountains, was to be controlled jointly by Britain and the US. So, everything was clear, who controlled what, except this area that you Americans call the Oregon Country. And that is where all the problems began.

GRIFFIN: And then Lyman Cutlar shot my pig.

MRS. BAVE: Not quite yet Mr. Griffin. Continue Governor.

DOUGLAS: There were tussles and what-not between the US and Britain over control of this Oregon Country.

(new map of Oregon Country)

The Oregon Treaty of 1846 ended the squabbling between the US and Britain by extending that 49th parallel divide right out to the Pacific Ocean.

MRS. BAVE: Mr. Griffin will now continue the story.

GRIFFIN: Thank you.

(new map of San Juan
Islands)

So, everything was nicely defined by the Oregon Treaty of 1846 except how the boundary passed through the San Juan Islands which lie south of the 49th parallel, but east of Vancouver Island.

HARNEY: Excuse me Mrs. Bave, but it seems that Mr. Griffin is of the weaker sex.

GRIFFIN: Yes, I was going to ask about that.

MRS. BAVE: I am so sorry Charles, but I had such difficulty finding enough male mannequins.

GRIFFIN: No worries. It happens.

MRS. BAVE: Shall we continue?

GRIFFIN: The treaty referred to the boundary running along a channel.

HARNEY: Why these idiots in Washington didn't just ask one of us.

DOUGLAS: There are clearly two channels that run through the San Juans.

GRIFFIN: If they had simply stated which channel they were referring to, they could have saved the life of an innocent pig.

DOUGLAS: The treaty was unclear on which country owned the San Juan Islands. So, the United States and Britain agreed to postpone making the decision of which country had jurisdiction over the San Juan Islands.

In the interim, both countries could settle the islands.

(projector is turned off and rolled away)

MRS. BAVE: Okay. Now we reach the point in our story where you all come in. It is 1853. Governor Douglas is sending Charles Griffin to establish a Hudson Bay Company presence on San Juan Island, hoping to cement the British claims to the islands.

Okay.

(SHE indicates they should act.)

DOUGLAS: What?

MRS. BAVE: Send him to San Juan Island to establish a sheep farm.

DOUGLAS: Chuck, I want you to—

GRIFFIN: You didn't call me Chuck. Mrs. Bave, he never called me Chuck.

MRS. BAVE: Please Governor, try to re-enact the moment you send Charles Griffin to San Juan Island.

GRIFFIN: I always hated that name.

MRS. BAVE: Okay. Carry on.

DOUGLAS: Griffin, I want you to establish a sheep farm on San Juan Island before those Americans try to lay claim to the island.

MRS. BAVE: Excellent. I like the emotion in the scene.

GRIFFIN: We establish our sheep farm in the winter of 1853 and within a few months we received a visitor from the US government.

MRS. BAVE: The US deputy collector of customs, a Mr. Henry Webber comes to collect taxes.

WEBBER: By authority vested in me by the United States government, you are to pay duties for these sheep that you illegally smuggled onto United States soil.

GRIFFIN: You have no jurisdiction over this island.

WEBBER: If you refuse to pay the duties bill, I am authorized to seize your sheep in lieu of taxes.

GRIFFIN: If you pursue this reckless course of action, I am authorized by Her Majesty's Government to arrest you.

(WEBBER brandishing a pistol and poking it into Griffin's chest)

WEBBER: I have a pistol.

GRIFFIN: Yes, I see. Fine. I shall not arrest you as long as you do not molest our property. In the eyes of the Queen you are a private citizen. You shall be entitled to protection by Her Majesty's Government and subject to those same laws.

WEBBER: And in return, I shall not shoot you.

GRIFFIN: Thank you.

WEBBER: Charles, as the story progresses, you and I go on to be best of friends.

GRIFFIN: We certainly do.

WEBBER: It's just, I don't remember finding myself attracted to you in a most corporal way.

GRIFFIN: Mrs. Bave could not locate enough male mannequins.

WEBBER: I see.

(WEBBER sits down and watches Griffin)

GRIFFIN: What are you doing?

WEBBER: Keeping an eye on you.

GRIFFIN: Fine.

(GRIFFIN runs the Union
Jack up a flag pole.
Defiantly looks at Webber.)

WEBBER: I believe I might make my camp right here.

GRIFFIN: I would welcome the company.

WEBBER: So as to keep an eye on you.

GRIFFIN: Absolutely.

(WEBBER runs the Stars
and Stripes up a flag pole.)

(THEY settle down for the
night.)

WEBBER: Charles?

GRIFFIN: Yes, Henry?

WEBBER: When I said I found myself attracted to you?

GRIFFIN: Yes?

WEBBER: It wasn't just your body.

GRIFFIN: Thank you Henry.

WEBBER: I mean, I always felt you knew how many beans
makes five.

GRIFFIN: Likewise.

WEBBER: I pray that my desire to spread your legs
akimbo and have my way with you doesn't impact
our otherwise harmonious relationship.

GRIFFIN: No problems Henry. Really.

(pause)

May I tell you something?

WEBBER: Certainly.

GRIFFIN: I named one of my dogs after you.

WEBBER: I am honored.

GRIFFIN: Goodnight.

WEBBER: Goodnight.

(pause)

(A shadowy figure creeps upon the sleeping Webber. The figure slowly clasps a hand over Webber's mouth. **WEBBER**, alarmed, struggles)

HUBBS: Shhhhh.

WEBBER: Who are y—

HUBBS: Shhhh. Paul Hubbs, US Deputy Collector of Customs. Tonight, we collect back taxes.

WEBBER: Taxes?

HUBBS: Sheep!

(**WEBBER** and **HUBBS**, glancing at the sleeping Griffin)

We have a boat waiting at the dock.

(make their way to the sheep pen, and herd sheep to a waiting vessel.)

We just need to get the sheep into the boat and take them to Fort Bellingham.

(Much baa-ing and commotion. The sheep are perhaps little toy lambs and such. Stuffed animals. The waiting vessel is unfortunately a commandeered blow-up beach raft with mermaids on it.)

WEBBER: Ah. I don't think this boat is going to work.

HUBBS: It's all we could find.

(THEY try to get the sheep into the raft with predictable results. Everyone ends up in the bay and the wet sheep gallop across the prairie into the night. The other mannequins help animate the galloping sheep. HUBBS and WEBBER finally make off with several sheep.)

(Morning)

GRIFFIN: (Awakens and looks for Webber)

Henry?

(HE sees sheep strewn about the stage)

Oh, Henry. Collecting taxes I see.

MRS. BAVE: Britain made a claim on behalf of the Hudson Bay Company that the United States owed nearly £3000 in damages for stealing their sheep.

DOUGLAS: Which the United States never paid.

HUBBS: You claimed that the sheep were stolen from British settlers. These sheep did not belong to British citizens. These sheep belonged to the Hudson Bay Company, a corporation.

DOUGLAS: Corporations are people toooooo!

HUBBS: And furthermore Governor, before becoming governor, you were Chief Factor of the Hudson Bay Company and continued to have a cozy relationship with your former employer throughout your career in government.

MRS. BAVE: Governor, is this true?

DOUGLAS: My prior employment by the Hudson Bay Company had no impact on my actions as governor.

MRS. BAVE: I must say Governor, that Americans would never mix commerce and government. It is contrary to democracy.

HUBBS: But the sheep incident did prompt the US Congress to appropriate money to pay for a boundary commission to solve this messy boundary question.

DOUGLAS: Little good that lot did.

MRS. BAVE: The boundary commissioners met to settle the potentially explosive issue of which country owned the San Juan Islands.

The United States Boundary Commissioner was Archibald Campbell.

CAMPBELL: The channel referred to in the Treaty of 1846 is certainly the Haro Strait and therefore the San Juan Islands belong to the United States.

MRS. BAVE: And the British Commissioner, Captain James Prevost.

PREVOST: The channel referred to in the Treaty of 1846 is certainly the Rosario Strait and therefore the San Juan Islands belong to the Great Britain.

MRS. BAVE: And then they negotiated.

PREVOST: Mine.

CAMPBELL: Mine.

PREVOST: Mine.

CAMPBELL: Mine.

MRS. BAVE: The Americans left Charles Griffin and his Hudson Bay Company outfit to have the run of the island for several years. All was peaceful on San Juan Island until gold was found in the Fraser River Valley of British Columbia in 1858. Following a short-lived gold rush, a handful of frustrated prospectors drifted over to San Juan Island.

The fourteen or so American immigrants to San Juan Island included a mister—

CUTLAR: Lyman Cutlar. Twenty-five years old.

MRS. BAVE: A frustrated miner.

CUTLAR: Pissed-off miner is more like it. “Oh, the Fraser River Valley is swimming in gold. Just scoop up a handful of dirt and you will find gold nuggets the size of my toes.” Right. I should have had that guy take off his boot so I could get a look at those toes.

MRS. BAVE: But eventually you and your lovely Indian wife found your way to San Juan Island and built a beautiful home.

GRIFFIN: Yeah, if a lean-to shanty is a beautiful home.

CUTLAR: Watch it... Chuck.

GRIFFIN: Mrs. Bave, would you please—

CUTLAR: I still have my single bore rifle that sent your obnoxious boar to her heavenly home. And it is loaded.

MRS. BAVE: Okay. It’s June 15, 1859. First we have the scene where the boar is rooting in Lyman’s potato patch.

(**DOUGLAS** and **HARNEY**
wheel out the pig.)

GRIFFIN: Henrietta!

MRS. BAVE: I thought the pig’s name was Eloise.

GRIFFIN: No, Eloise was an entirely different pig.

(throws his arms around
pig)

Henrietta, I can’t tell you how—

Wait. This isn’t Henrietta at all.

MRS. BAVE: It’s just some boar we had stuffed.

GRIFFIN: This, this is not Henrietta.

MRS. BAVE: Mr. Griffin, your loyalty to your pig is commendable.

GRIFFIN: Is this a cruel joke?

I sense in this charade the long arm of George Pickett.

(ominous George Pickett music plays)

MRS. BAVE: Okay. Lyman, you are bringing the dead boar to Mr. Griffin.

CUTLAR: The pig doesn't look dead.

MRS. BAVE: Oh rats. Listen up everybody, we have to remember that once the pig is dead, it doesn't stand up.

CUTLAR: Listen Griffin, I warned you that if I caught this pig in my garden again, I would shoot it.

(GRIFFIN falls on his knees beside the pig)

GRIFFIN: I... I... I'm sorry, this just brings up a lot of past hurts.

MRS. BAVE: Charles.

GRIFFIN: And then he offered \$10 for Henrietta.

CUTLAR: That pig was not worth a penny more than \$10.

GRIFFIN: Henrietta was priceless to me.

MRS. BAVE: I am sorry Charles. Perhaps it might be better to skip to the next scene.

GRIFFIN: (sniffs)

MRS. BAVE: And now, a few weeks later, General Harney, passing by on his ship, sees the American flag on the island and goes ashore to speak to the settlers.

HUBBS: General. Thank God, you have arrived just in time.

HARNEY: Is that your flag there?

HUBBS: Yes, sir.

HARNEY: And that British flag over there?

HUBBS: The Hudson Bay Company. They are trying to throw the Americans off the island and claim the entire island for themselves.

HARNEY: We shall see about that.

HUBBS: Name's Paul Hubbs, deputy collector of customs on this island. The settlers need protection from these British blowhards.

HARNEY: I am quite familiar with British shenanigans. Give me a specific atrocity that I can put in my report.

HUBBS: Ah. Well...

CUTLAR: I can. A British boar dug up and ate my potatoes.

HARNEY: A pig ate your potatoes?

CUTLAR: A British boar with absolutely no sense of decency.

HARNEY: And do you remember the date of this insult upon your honor?

HUBBS: I remember. June 15, 1859.

HARNEY: I must commend you gentlemen for your restraint in the face of such rudeness. I shall sail straight to Whatcom and beseech none other than Captain George Pickett

(Pickett theme song plays)

To provide you with protection from these hooligans.

CUTLAR: Thank you, sir.

HUBBS: Please ask him to bring plenty of men.

CUTLAR: And whiskey... if you wouldn't mind.

DOUGLAS: These Americans are nuts.

MRS. BAVE: gentlemen, you are all doing beautifully. And now, we have our first song. General Harney, if you would be so kind as to look on page 31.

HARNEY: Song?

DOUGLAS: Oh, this should be good.

MRS. BAVE: It's actually a duet.

DOUGLAS: Who's he dueting with?

MRS. BAVE: (stares at Douglas)

DOUGLAS: No.

(more guffawing from mannequins)

I am not dueting with Harney!

MRS. BAVE: Okay. Listen up everybody. I have been saving this surprise announcement.

The San Juan Saga is a musical!

MANNEQUINS: NO!

DOUGLAS: My apologies, but I just don't see this as a musical, Mrs. Bave.

MRS. BAVE: But it must be a musical Governor. I haven't told you everything. I intend to take The San Juan Saga to Broadway!

HUBBS: Broadway! Now that is exciting!

HARNEY: If I have to sing a duet with Douglas, I'm not sure I want to go to Broadway.

MRS. BAVE : Fine. General Harney and Governor Douglas, we shall work on your song later.

Anyway, we need to be getting ready for tomorrow night's preview.

HARNEY: Preview!

MANNEQUINS: (General consternation)

MRS. BAVE: I have invited the community to come see one scene that we are working on. Get the buzz started.

DOUGLAS: We can't possibly be ready for a preview by tomorrow night!

MRS. BAVE : Certainly we can! We just gotta get to work.

So, General Harney sails for Whatcom, now called Bellingham, to ask Captain Pickett

(Pickett theme song plays)

to come to San Juan Island to provide protection from the British, not to mention the marauding Northern Indians.

On July 26, 1859 60 men relocate from Fort Bellingham to San Juan Island, and their leader is...

(PICKETT enters majestically. He is carrying a electric fan that blows his hair and clothing in a most impressive way.)

(After everyone is properly impressed, HE turns off fan. HE goes to Mrs. Bave)

(PICKETT kisses the hand of Mrs. Bave)

PICKETT: Enchanté.

MRS. BAVE Oh. My.

(transfixed by Pickett)

Look Milt, it's Captain Pickett.

Did you bring your wife with you this evening?

PICKETT: I am recently widowed.

MRS. BAVE: Oh you poor thing.

PICKETT: I am...

(circles behind her)

heartbroken.

(HE kisses her neck)

MRS. BAVE: Look Milt, Captain Pickett is heartbroken.

PICKETT: But I am so...

(kisses her hand)

So...

(kisses her shoulder)

So...

(kisses neck. Brings his face within inches of her's)

Enchantéd to meet you.

May I be so brazen as to ask your name?

MRS. BAVE: Emelia Bave.

(Perhaps THEY dance while they talk.)

PICKETT: And is there a Mr. Bave?

MRS. BAVE: No.

Yes! Yes, Milt, my husband, is in the lighting booth.

PICKETT: The lighting booth?

MRS. BAVE: Yes. He is... working the lights.

PICKETT: I'm sure he is.

Emelia...

Emelia was not the name of my dearly departed wife. I don't believe that is just coincidence. Do you?

MRS. BAVE: (Shakes her head "no")

PICKETT: It's a beautiful summer evening here on... Pickett Island?

MRS. BAVE: It's still called San Juan Island.

PICKETT: But the mount there in the distance, certainly we are gazing upon Pickett Mountain?

MRS. BAVE: I'm sorry.

PICKETT: Oh. How foolish of me. Of course. Do you know that this fair city used to be called Friday Harbor before you good people honored my memory by changing the name to... Pickettville?

DOUGLAS: Oh for crying out loud George! You resigned your commission in the US Army and joined the Confederates. You led your Confederate soldiers into a blood bath at Gettysburg. And your performance at West Point is legendary.

HUBBS: Captain Pickett graduated at the top of his class.

PICKETT: I certainly did.

DOUGLAS: Nonsense.

PICKETT: Not all lists go from high to low, you know.

DOUGLAS: You have absolutely nothing named after you.

PICKETT: Pickett Quiki-Mart?

GRIFFIN: They named a bay after me.

(pause. PICKETT slowly approaches Charles Griffin. Circles him. From behind him, PICKETT barks.

GRIFFIN jumps. PICKETT laughs.)

DOUGLAS: Oh, and during the late unpleasantness, you captured 22 Union soldiers and when you discovered they were Southerners who had the good conscience to join the Union, you had them all hanged.

That action came back to haunt you as I remember.

PICKETT: I remained true to Virginia, place of my birth and home of my kinfolk. I followed my heart.

What would have you done Governor?

DOUGLAS: Well...

PICKETT: I have just two words for you, Governor.

“Carpet remnants.”

(DOUGLAS is suddenly self-conscious about his side burns.)

BECKY: (off-stage) Mrs. Bave!

(The MANNIQUINS freeze, assuming mannequin poses)

(BECKY, running in)

Mrs. Bave! I’m sorry. Can I talk to you?

MRS. BAVE: What is it child?

BECKY: It’s Jerry. He’s enlisting.

MRS. BAVE: Well, that’s not so bad. What service?

BECKY: I don’t know. He didn’t say.

MRS. BAVE: I served in the Coast Guard.

BECKY: Yes, I know. I asked him to come talk to you first, before he did anything. Signed anything. He said he had made up his mind.

MRS. BAVE: But I think I would just tell him the military can be a wonderful experience.

BECKY: But, did you have to shoot people?

MRS. BAVE: No. Milt and I were stationed in Oregon

BECKY: So, this is different.

MRS. BAVE: There’s no war going on now.

BECKY: Vietnam.

MRS. BAVE: Oh that. I’m sure that won’t last long.

BECKY: He wants to go to college. He wants to be an engineer.

MRS. BAVE: A noble profession.

BECKY: He thinks that the veteran's program is the best way to pay for college.

MRS. BAVE: He may be right.

BECKY: Mrs. Bave. If Jerry goes to Vietnam, I just have this feeling...

MRS. BAVE: (waits)

BECKY: Jerry won't...

MRS. BAVE: (hugs Becky)

BECKY: Is that silly?

MRS. BAVE: You have a premonition?

BECKY: (shakes head "yes")

MRS. BAVE: No, that is not silly at all. I firmly believe that such feelings should not be ignored.

I... I don't know how to advise you child.

BECKY: I don't know what to do.

MRS. BAVE: (glancing at mannequins)

I know some people who might help us.

BECKY: Really!

MRS. BAVE: Come back tomorrow.

BECKY: Oh, thank you!!

(Exit BECKY)

(The MANNEQUINS burst into

conversation/exclamations.
All talking at once.)

MRS. BAVE: Gentlemen! Please! Gentlemen!

SHUTUP!

(MANNEQUINS shutup)

DOUGLAS: Mrs. Bave, if I may?

MRS. BAVE: Please.

DOUGLAS: She said Vietnam. Where is that?

MRS. BAVE: Near China or someplace like that.

PICKETT: And what is this war about?

MRS. BAVE: I'm not sure. North Vietnam is Communist.
They want to take over South Vietnam.

CUTLER: Communist?

MRS. BAVE

Yes... it's... Oh, it's all so complicated.

GRIFFIN: Are the Communists bad?

MRS. BAVE: Well, as I understand it, they want to share
everything.

DOUGLAS: Like British and Americans sharing San Juan
Island?

MRS. BAVE: I suppose.

HARNEY: Well, that must be stopped.

PICKETT: Which side are we on?

MRS. BAVE: We are helping the south fight the north
Communists.

HUBBS: So that's why Jerry is doing this, 'cause he doesn't want these people in the North to share stuff?

MRS. BAVE: No. According to Becky, he's doing it because they will send him to college when he gets back. All expenses paid.

PICKETT: But he may have to kill a man to go to college.

MRS. BAVE: I don't... no... he won't have to do that will he?

HARNEY: It's a war, right?

MRS. BAVE: Yes.

HARNEY: Guns and bombs and such?

MRS. BAVE : I suppose.

HARNEY: Not like some "wars" I could name?

MRS. BAVE: Jerry just wants to be an engineer, that's all.

Anyway, newspapers and magazines all seem to say it is a noble cause. And I'm sure our leaders in Washington know what they're doing.

HUBBS: Don't we need to be rehearsing for our preview tomorrow night?

MRS. BAVE: I don't know what to tell Becky.

PICKETT: You'll think of something.

(pause)

MRS. BAVE: Okay. Captain Pickett has landed with 60 men. He immediately posts a proclamation, just outside of the British sheep farm.

(PICKETT nails proclamation to post)

(GRIFFIN snatches
proclamation and reads)

GRIFFIN: “This being United States territory, no laws
other than those of the United States, will be
recognized or allowed on this island.”

(Crumpling up the
proclamation, he shakes it
at Pickett)

This.

Means.

WAR!

(He throws the proclamation
at Pickett)

END OF ACT 1

ACT II

ON RISE: Mannequins are on stage. GRIFFIN enters, perplexed.

DOUGLAS: Good morning Charles.

(GRIFFIN is gazing at his arms)

What's the matter?

GRIFFIN: Mrs. Bave made a mistake. These aren't my arms.

(GRIFFIN eyes Hubbs)

Hubbs, are those my arms you have?

HUBBS: Most certainly not!

GRIFFIN: Back when I had my own arms, this was my pose...

(does pose)

I rather liked that pose.

I don't know whose arms I have now. You sure you don't have my arms?

HUBBS: I've had these arms ever since I worked at Macy's.

DOUGLAS: You worked at Macy's?

PICKETT: Which Macy's?

HUBBS: New York City.

(ALL mannequins stop, stare at Hubbs.)

CUTLAR: No.

HUBBS: Yes.

GRIFFIN: That is like...

DOUGLAS: The mother ship.

DOUGLAS: Display window?

HUBBS: Nope.

GRIFFIN: You're takin' the mickey now.

DOUGLAS: You were working on the floor, at Macys, New York City?

HUBBS: Yup.

(hub-bub from the other mannequins)

CUTLAR: I don't believe it. What department?

HUBBS: Men's underwear.

(complete pandemonium
"get outta here" etc.)

Ah, the excitement of Christmas. I loved being in the thick of it. Wives wondering if their husband might look as nice as me in my Hanes briefs. Surreptitiously touching my crotch. I wanted every day to be Black Friday.

I hope we do take the show to Broadway. Would be great to be back in New York City.

CUTLAR : We aren't taking the show to Broadway.

HUBBS: Why not?

(CUTLAR stares at Hubbs)

Yeah, I know why not.

CUTLAR: Same reason we aren't going to have a preview performance tonight.

DOUGLAS: Someone has to tell her.

GRIFFIN: I think it should be you, Governor.

HUBBS: I agree. She trusts you.

(MRS. BAVE bustles in)

MRS. BAVE: Gentlemen, we have eight hours before our preview performance tonight. We have to get to work.

I am so nervous. We don't have a song ready. I'll just tell everybody it's a musical; they'll have to trust us on that one. What is our best scene? Let's run the scene where Lyman tells Charles about the pig. That has some nice tension. For this scene we need—

DOUGLAS: Excuse me, Mrs. Bave.

MRS. BAVE: Yes?

DOUGLAS: Mrs. Bave, we really do our best work with you in the room.

MRS. BAVE: But, I will be right here in the room.

PICKETT: That's not exactly...

MRS. BAVE: What?

DOUGLAS: Mrs. Bave, you are...

PICKETT: Special.

DOUGLAS: Very special, Mrs. Bave.

MRS. BAVE: Thank you.

GRIFFIN: What Governor Douglas is trying to say, Emelia, is, well... others do not see us as you see us.

(pause)

MRS. BAVE: What do you mean?

DOUGLAS: Mrs. Bave, you have... a gift.

MRS. BAVE: Really? Do you think so?

DOUGLAS: Broadway is not ready for you, Mrs. Bave.

MRS. BAVE: But... Broadway.

PICKETT: And, maybe we should re-think our preview performance this evening.

MRS. BAVE: But... Governor, do you really think I have a gift?

DOUGLAS: You are one-of-a-kind, Mrs. Bave.

MRS. BAVE: You don't think I'm... that I have... a problem?

DOUGLAS: You have special gift.

MRS. BAVE: I think it is a gift. I mean, sometimes I get so pumped up with energy I stay awake for days and I get so many great ideas. I get so much done. But when I get my whoosies I can't even get out of bed. Nothing seems right.

My doctor refers to my special gift as mental illness. Says I am maniac depressive. Gives me pills to "help" me.

Best I can tell the medications are so I don't make others feel so uncomfortable.

Oh, how I tease Doctor Flint. "I don't have a problem," I tell him. "If people have a problem with me, give your pills to them."

Those pills ruin all my fun.

But Governor, you don't think I have a problem, just a gift?

DOUGLAS: A very special gift.

MRS. BAVE: But what about our preview this evening?

DOUGLAS: Why don't we have a very special preview for one very special person?

PICKETT: Others may not understand our performance the way that you understand.

MRS. BAVE: Fine. Well, gentlemen, shall we continue?

DOUGLAS: Lead the way!

MRS. BAVE: Where were we?

Captain Pickett just posted his proclamation that San Juan Island is United States territory and the proclamation offended our Hudson Bay Company friend, Charles Griffin, who has sent word to Governor Douglas.

For this scene we need British Captain Geoffrey Hornby of HMS Tribune. We need George Pickett and Governor Douglas.

So, Governor Douglas sends Captain Hornby to defend British interests on San Juan Island.

DOUGLAS: Captain, with Admiral Baynes away, I am acting vice admiral. We must respond immediately to these freebooters. Prepare the Tribune for sea. Your orders are to prevent the further landing of American soldiers.

HORNBY: Yes, sir.

DOUGLAS: Furthermore, prevent the erection of fortifications.

HORNBY: Certainly.

DOUGLAS: Oh, and for heaven sakes, don't provoke the Americans.

HORNBY: Ah. Okay.

DOUGLAS: And be polite. You are British after all.

HORNBY: Yes, sir.

DOUGLAS: Oh. And arrest Pickett and bring him to me.

HORNBY: Yes, sir.

(A puppet of Pickett's encampment appears. About a dozen white tents in a line.

Perhaps Mrs. Bave is controlling all the puppets.)

MRS. BAVE: The Tribune made the four-hour trip from Victoria to San Juan Island. The gun ship pulled up broadside to Pickett's tents which were neatly lining the hillside.

(A puppet of the Tribune appears.)

The Tribune drops anchor.

(An anchor is tossed from the puppet ship and dangles)

Opens her gun ports.

(The gun ports open)

And 15 thirty-pound cannons appear out the ports.

(Cannons poke out of the gun ports)

(Pickett's tent puppet shudders.)

DOUGLAS: Oh why not just blast the buggers and be done with it?

HORNBY: I'm being polite.

DOUGLAS: What military man would set such a vulnerable encampment?

HORNBY: I believe I shall find out.

MRS. BAVE: Captain Hornby rows ashore and meets with Captain Pickett.

PICKETT: Good evening!

HORNBY: Good evening. Captain Hornby of the Royal Navy.

PICKETT: Captain George Pickett, Company D. I assume that is your fine ship anchored yonder?

HORNBY: HMS *Tribune*. A 31-gun steam frigate.

PICKETT: I count 15 guns that seem to be pointed at our encampment.

HORNBY: That is correct sir. We have allocated one gun per tent. Save your tent.

PICKETT: I appreciate that.

HORNBY: We have assigned four guns to your tent.

PICKETT: see.

HORNBY: I am under orders to arrest you and take you back to Victoria.

PICKETT: I believe that I and my men would find that most upsetting.

HORNBY: Would you? Because my orders are to not upset you.

PICKETT: No, that would be upsetting I assure you.

(HORNBY produces a pen and parchment)

HORNBY: I see.

(HE takes notes)

Would you mind terribly if I put that in my report?

PICKETT: Please.

HORNBY: Would you characterize me arresting you as being impolite?

PICKETT: Certainly.

HORNBY: I am also under strict orders to be polite.

PICKETT: I find you very polite.

HORNBY: Really? May I quote you in my report?

PICKETT: Absolutely.

HORNBY: Well, I won't take up any more of your time.

PICKETT: It has been a pleasure.

HORNBY: (turns to go, but then...)

Rumor has it that you distinguished yourself at West Point.

PICKETT: Well, I am a modest man. But it is said that no one in the history of West Point ever graduated with marks like mine.

HORNBY: My. Well, good night to you.

PICKETT: And to you.

PICKETT/HORNBY: What a nice guy.

HORNBY: Governor, I need clarification. The Americans won't leave simply because we ask. We must use force. But you have asked that we not pursue measures that will lead to a collision. Therefore, perhaps the British and American boundary

commissioners should meet and work out an agreement?

DOUGLAS: Everyone agrees that the San Juan Islands belong to Great Britain.

HORNBY: Except for those who disagree.

DOUGLAS: Well of course, people can choose to be wrong.

HORNBY: (waits)

DOUGLAS: Fine. Don't arrest Pickett. Don't interfere with American activities unless British citizens are threatened.

HORNBY: Thank you, sir.

DOUGLAS: However, since the Americans have a military presence on the island, the British are likewise entitled. You are to return to San Juan Island and land troops.

HORNBY: If we land troops, I fear an imbroglio.

MRS. BAVE: Soon four more British war ships appear on the horizon. The *Ganges*, *Pylades*, *Satellite* and *Plumper*.

(Four more ship puppets appear)

The ships drop anchor.

(Anchors are tossed from the ships)

Opens their gun ports.

(The gun ports open)

And present their cannons.

(Cannons poke out of the gun ports)

(Pickett's tent puppet
shudders.)

Facing a total of 167 guns and nearly two
thousand men, Pickett decides to move his camp.

(Pickett's tent puppet
moves to another location,
and plops down.)

HORNBY: (Looking through his spy glass)

This guy is completely daft.

MRS. BAVE: The ships withdraw their cannons.

(Cannons pulled in.)

Close their gun ports.

(Gun ports close)

And pull up anchor.

(Anchors come in.)

And make the 15 minute journey to Pickett's new
location.

(The ships "sail" off the
coast from Pickett's new
encampment)

The ships drop anchor.

(Anchors are tossed from
the ships)

Opens their gun ports.

(The gun ports open)

And present their cannons.

(Cannons poke out of the
gun ports)

(Pickett's tent puppet
shudders.)

PICKETT: Rats.

DOUGLAS: Land your troops.

HORNBY: Perhaps we should think this through.

DOUGLAS: Look, if the Americans have troops on the island, then the British should have an equal force likewise stationed.

HORNBY: It seems most reasonable to me.

HARNEY: Captain Pickett is under strict orders from me to resist any attempts by the British to land troops.

HORNBY: I shall reason with Captain Pickett in person.

(HORNBY goes to Pickett)

PICKETT: Captain Hornby, please come in. I was just setting out tea. Care to join me?

HORNBY: I would be honored.

PICKETT: Have you come to arrest me?

HORNBY: No, Governor Douglas withdrew that order.

PICKETT: Then we shall dedicate tea-time to the good governor.

HORNBY: I shall pass on to the governor your gracious dedication.

PICKETT: Sugar?

HORNBY: Please, it is in short supply onboard our ship.

Captain, you remind me more of a Devonshire man than a Yankee.

PICKETT: Milk?

HORNBY: Please.

PICKETT: Perhaps you are sensing the refinement that comes from living amongst the Virginia gentry.

HORNBY: And do the Virginia gentry take their tea with milk?

PICKETT: No, that is a custom introduced to me by your friend Charles Griffin.

HORNBY: Good man that Charles.

PICKETT: Have you seen his rose garden? Exquisite specimens.

HORNBY: I must request the honor of a tour of his roses.

PICKETT: So, to what do I owe the pleasure of your company?

HORNBY: I thought we might reason together.

PICKETT: Certainly! It is what men of refinement do best.

HORNBY: (sips tea) Oh that is exquisite.

PICKETT: Darjeeling.

HORNBY: Get out. Really? From India?

PICKETT: India. The jewel in the crown of the British Empire.

HORNBY: You are indeed a Devonshire man.

PICKETT: Down to business then.

HORNBY: I am under orders to land troops on the island.

PICKETT: I am under orders to resist any such landing.

HORNBY: This is the part where we reason together.

Why not a joint occupation, British and American?

PICKETT: There is no need. The American military will protect and respect all settlers on the island, British or American.

HORNBY: And the British, once landed, will likewise protect both British and American citizens.

PICKETT: Your naval force is adequate protection. Indeed, your 200 canons and 2,000 military men bobbing about offshore could finish us off in short order, don't you think?

HORNBY: See here Captain, if you Americans have a military presence on the island, then the British are likewise entitled.

PICKETT: You do not need to land troops. Whether on land or sea, we are completely outnumbered and outgunned. You could achieve the same end by remaining offshore. I am sure that the world would not think less of you or your country.

HORNBY: I completely agree. But my orders are to land troops.

PICKETT: I am under orders from General Harney to—

HORNBY: Harney is a fool.

PICKETT: And Governor Douglas has sideburns made from carpet remnants!

HORNBY: Without British troops on the island, who is to prevent your men from committing serious depredations to the cattle of the Hudson Bay Company?

PICKETT: I give you my word as a gentleman that my men have no intention of depredating British cattle.

HORNBY: What about Lyman Cutlar?

PICKETT: (Pause. Looks at Lyman)

Well.

HORNBY: On whose authority did you proclaim this island United States territory?

PICKETT: On the authority of General Harney who is taking his authority from the United States government.

HORNBY: But your government knows that these islands are in dispute.

PICKETT: Ah. Okay.

HORNBY: You did know that, correct?

PICKETT: Well, news is sometimes slow to get here to the island.

HORNBY: The islands are in dispute due to ambiguous language in the Treaty of 1846, thirteen years ago. Has that news reached the island?

PICKETT: Excuse me.

(to Harney)

The British seem to question whether your authority comes from the United States government.

HARNEY: I am a United States General. Of course my authority comes from the government.

PICKETT: They say the islands are in dispute. I am sure that is not the case.

HARNEY: The islands are clearly part of the United States.

PICKETT: I agree.

(to Hornby)

The islands are United States territory.

HORNBY: Ownership of the islands is contested. That is why there is a boundary commission.

PICKETT: Excuse me.

(to Harney)

The British claim that there is a boundary commission.

HARNEY: That lot has been arguing for years. There is no reasoning with the British.

PICKETT: (returns to Hornby. Sighs and shakes his head “no.”)

HORNBY: I am sorry but my choice is clear. We shall land troops tomorrow.

PICKETT: I am sorry to hear that.

HORNBY: Likewise.

PICKETT: Good day.

(HORNBY begins to leave, but then)

HORNBY: For the ship...

PICKETT: Yes?

HORNBY: A cup of sugar would make a world of difference to the men.

PICKETT: A cup? Never!

HORNBY: I understand.

PICKETT: Ten pounds minimum. I insist.

HORNBY: Ah! Too kind!!

AMOR DE COSMOS: The all-absorbing question of the day is the clandestine landing of United States soldiers on San Juan.

CUTLAR: It's Bill Smith, AKA "Amor De Cosmos," editor extraordinaire of the Victorian rag "The British Colonist."

AMOR DE COSMOS: No notice of their intention to take so unwise and impolite a step--

CUTLAR: Ah, we're being impolite are we!

AMOR DE COSMOS: was given to our government. We trust that our government will call our insatiable neighbor to account for this unwarrantable assumption.

CUTLAR: One of them unwarrantable assumptions is gonna come over there to Victoria and kick your ass.

AMOR DE COSMOS: The first thing that will follow will be duties and taxes imposed by the United States upon British subjects who may reside there and--

CUTLAR: That does it. I'm kickin' your ass.

(CUTLAR goes to Amor de Cosmos' stage area while...)

AMOR DE COSMOS: We cannot but characterize this recklessness of the Americans as an act of treason-

(CUTLAR begins to kick Amor's ass but...)

Lyman, I am in Victoria. You are on San Juan Island. How are you here?

CUTLAR: The magic of theatre.

AMOR DE COSMOS: Mrs. Bave, Lyman Cutlar was never in Victoria.

MRS. BAVE: Amor de Cosmos is correct Lyman. The historical record has no mention of your presence in Victoria.

CUTLAR: Well, we need to be historically accurate.

MRS. BAVE: Thank you.

(MRS BAVE turns away from them. With Mrs. Bave's back turned, CUTLAR gives a swift kick to the ass of AMOR. MRS. BAVE turns back. CUTLAR is an angel. HE goes back to San Juan Island)

AMOR DE COSMOS: The United States can offer no excuse or justification. Historians must rank this act as a foul blot on United States history.

EDWARD FURSTE: We firmly believe that no representative of British authority should be permitted for a moment upon that soil.

PICKETT: Finally, the voice of reason – Edward Furste of the Olympia Pioneer Democrat, applying much needed intellectual rigor to the boundary debate.

EDWARD FURSTE: So plain in our mind is the location of that boundary-by the words of the treaty, by the natural aspect of the question in a topographic, hydrographic, and geographic sense, that we shall treat the matter as settled.

PICKETT: Hear, hear!

AMOR DE COSMOS: Now, if a line be drawn from Cadboro Head, on Vancouver Island, across the Easternmost point of San Juan, and extended to the continent behind Fidalgo Island—

CUTLAR: You're losing me here Amor.

AMOR DE COSMOS: The center point between the continent and Vancouver Island is on Lopez Island, which lies to the east of the Island of San Juan; thus demonstrating beyond a doubt--

CUTLAR: That Amor de Cosmos is an idiot.

AMOR DE COSMOS: --that the United States has not the shadow of a claim to San Juan.

CUTLAR: Do people in Victoria actually read your newspaper, Amor?

EDWARD FURSTE: Here is taught the pregnant fact that it is the duty of the United States government to locate there a naval depot.

DOUGLAS: A naval depot! Such an act would be intolerable and odious! Hornby, I have just about had enough of insulting freebooters. Land your troops.

HORNBY: Pickett is not bluffing sir. He will resist any attempts to land British troop.

DOUGLAS: Pickett's motley crew is a mere mouthful for your superior force.

HORNBY: Yes, I know.

(pause)

Look. Landing troops is unwarranted. Our mobile striking force is more agile than their camp on the island. Also, Britain can hardly protest the American military on the island if we land troops as well. Finally, with the American camp smelling of the rotting corpses of Pickett and company, the Americans will counter with more troops. And we have a war on our hands.

Please reconsider the order to land British troops.

DOUGLAS: Okay. Let me reconsider.

(thinks)

Okay. Thought about it. Land your troops.

HORNBY: I will not.

DOUGLAS: This is insubordination!

HORNBY: My men did appreciate the ten pounds of sugar.

DOUGLAS: Attack. Attack. Attack!

HORNBY: I will await instructions from my superior, Admiral Baynes.

DOUGLAS: Admiral Baynes is in Peru, I am acting in his stead, and I order you to land troops.

BAYNES: Actually, I am returned.

DOUGLAS: Admiral Baynes!

BAYNES: Thank you, Governor, for your service while I was away and I now relieve you of all military duties.

DOUGLAS: But—

BAYNES: You may now focus your undivided attention on civic matters.

DOUGLAS: But—

BAYNES: Marriages, roads, units of measure, goats. Hornby, we will not be landing British Troops on San Juan Island in the near future.

AMOR DE COSMOS: Instead of fighting, Her Majesty's captains take to diplomacy.

BAYNES: And who are you?

CUTLAR: That is none other than Amor de Cosmos, probing journalist and bon vivant.

BAYNES: Amor de—

AMOR DE COSMOS: They should land their troops and avoid all degrading negotiations. If our own military fails to perform its sacred duty, a militia must be raised. We must defend ourselves!

DOUGLAS: I agree with the press. The present situation cannot stand. American preemptionists on land. British naval might bobbing uselessly in the sea.

BAYNES: Perhaps a joint civil occupation.

PICKETT: Been there.

HARNEY: Done that.

PICKETT: Got a pig kilt.

GRIFFIN: Henrietta!!

DOUGLAS: We have nearly 200 cannons trained upon their camp. Captain Hornby, I order you to just be done with it.

BAYNES: And I cancel all such orders.

PICKETT: Does this mean Captain Hornby and I can continue having our tea time together? I do enjoy that so.

CUTLAR: General Harney, seems that the British are not going to attack Captain Pickett.

HARNEY: Mr. Cutlar, seems that way to me too.

CUTLAR: If I may?

HARNEY: Please.

CUTLAR: I see here an opportunity to fortify. I say you bring in reinforcements.

HARNEY: A thoughtful suggestion.

CUTLAR: Fortify and entrench while you have time.

HARNEY: I believe I will.

MRS. BAVE: But, won't that provoke our British friends?

HARNEY: The British are a flaccid race.

MRS. BAVE: But the British are being so nice.

HARNEY: The British seize first and negotiate after. We must counter the rapacious British with pre-emptive defense. The first step is to meet their offshore cannons with our own gun emplacements.

For this we need the Army Corps of Engineers!

(Three or four ENGINEERS
in white short-sleeve shirts,
pocket protectors, and nerd
glasses run out onstage.)

MRS. BAVE: All right!

Bring it on down behind me boys!

(ENGINEERS create a formation behind Mrs. Bave.)

One, two, three, four.

(THEY do a short, hot dance number, probably doing their own beat-boxing.

Hot dance ends.
ENGINEERS run off-stage.)

Golly, I like engineers.

BAYNES: (looking thru spy glass)

I count nearly 500 American soldiers and eight cannon, with a command of the bay.

Captain Hornby, you said the Americans would not expand their force if we exhibited restraint.

HORNBY: Admiral Baynes, I was wrong.

DOUGLAS: Attack. Attack. Attack!

(HORNBY and BAYNES look at Douglas in disgust.)

HORNBY: Your orders sir.

BAYNES: (looking through his spy glass)

Should the troops of the United States fire upon Her Majesty's ships, you are at full liberty to resent the insult by adopting such measures as you think desirable.

Otherwise, you are not to commence hostilities with the Americans. Your troops are to remain onboard.

HORNBY: Yes, sir.

DOUGLAS: If the joint occupation had proceeded as I ordered, no escalation of American troops would have been initiated.

BAYNES: (looking through spyglass)

HORNBY: (pause) Sir?

BAYNES: The Army Corps of Engineers did a beautiful job with their gun emplacements.

MRS. BAVE: The transcontinental telegraph was still years in the future. Correspondence between the Pacific Northwest and the City of Washington, as it was then called, could take three to four weeks.

September 3, 1859, word of Captain Pickett's military occupation of San Juan Island finally reaches President Buchanan.

BUCHANAN: What the hell!??!

MRS. BAVE: Mr. President, please! This is a family show!

The President swiftly responds to General Harney.

BUCHANAN: I was not prepared to learn that you had ordered military possession of San Juan Island. So decided a step should not have been taken without instructions.

MRS. BAVE: Ten days later a letter from General Harney reaches the president, with the news that nearly 500 U.S. troops now occupy San Juan Island.

BUCHANAN: What the... h... heck!??!

MRS. BAVE: The President orders the renowned Lieutenant General Winfield Scott to San Juan Island to defuse the crisis.

BUCHANAN: They call him the Great Pacificator.

HARNEY: They also call him Ol' Fuss and Feathers.

BUCHANAN: (to General Scott) Your goal in this mission is not to negotiate a long-term peace. That is up to diplomats in Washington and London. Your goal is to restore calm.

HARNEY: And to ruin all my fun.

SCOTT: HARNEY! PICKETT!

(HARNEY and PICKETT
come to attention)

I am now in command of this operation.

HARNEY/PICKETT: Aahhh. (as in disappointment)

SCOTT: The two of you have exhibited extreme imbecility and manifest incapacity. By posting the proclamation that San Juan Island is an American territory, you have placed the United States in a position as false as it is delicate.

HARNEY: Sir, if I may?

SCOTT: You may not. The two of you nearly started a war with Britain, a nation with far superior naval strength, one of America's foremost investors, and our closest ally.

HARNEY: But even the British recognize that San Juan Island is an American territory.

SCOTT: How so?

HARNEY: They have paid taxes to the United States.

SCOTT: Taxes?

HARNEY: (holding up a toy lamb) Taxes.

SCOTT: General Harney, an outpost in Missouri is in need of someone with your talents.

HARNEY: What!

SCOTT: You are to transfer immediately.

HARNEY: What!?

(SCOTT stares)

Yes, sir.

SCOTT: Pickett.

PICKETT: Yes, sir.

SCOTT: While some find you as crooked as a Virginia fence, I firmly believe that you are simply addled.

PICKETT: Thank you, sir.

SCOTT: You are to immediately reduce your force from five hundred to fifty.

PICKETT: Yes, sir.

SCOTT: You and the British are to establish joint military occupation of San Juan Island. The British are to establish their camp wherever they so desire.

PICKETT: Yes, sir.

SCOTT: You are never, ever to provoke the British or fire upon the British unless American troops are fired upon.

PICKETT: Yes, sir.

SCOTT: While I find you somewhat punctilious and exacting, your British counterparts apparently find you charming. Therefore, you are to continue to have tea with whomever you choose.

PICKETT: Oh, thank you, sir.

SCOTT: And Harney, you are to return to the British all taxes collected from British subjects.

HARNEY: Oh....

(HARNEY picks up a toy lamb. Goes to Charles Griffin)

Here.

(Gives lamb to GRIFFIN)

EDWARD FURSTE: In all my years as editor of the Olympia Pioneer Democrat, never has anything in the history of our territory met with so hearty a condemnation as the recent deserting of our rights on San Juan.

HARNEY: He made me do it.

EDWARD FURSTE: I know General, your behavior has been exemplary.

Out of charity to Lieutenant General Winfield Scott, his old age and enervated body, let us pardon this, his first and only great error.

MRS. BAVE: While I am sure, as editor of the Pioneer Democrat, that you know more of these matters than I, it does seem to me that General Scott is trying to defuse a rather explosive situation.

EDWARD FURSTE: General Scott has forfeited America's manifest rights to islands that are clearly US territory.

BECKY: (off stage) Mrs. Bave!!

(MANNEQUINS freeze)

(BECKY enters)

Mrs. Bave!

You told me you had people who could help us.

What did they come up with?

MRS. BAVE: I. I am so sorry, it completely slipped my mind.

BECKY: Jerry leaves tomorrow morning.

MRS. BAVE: I am so sorry. I feel horrible. What do Jerry's parents think?

BECKY: They are all in favor of this war. They think Jerry should serve in Vietnam.

MRS. BAVE: And what do you think?

BECKY: I like Jerry. A lot.

MRS. BAVE: And what does Jerry think?

BECKY: He just wants to go to college to be an engineer.

MRS. BAVE: (pause) Do you think you could bring Jerry here tomorrow morning before he goes?

BECKY: I will try. What are you going to do?

MRS. BAVE: I have no idea.

(Exit BECKY)

(long pause)

Captain Pickett?

PICKETT: Emelia?

MRS. BAVE: Perhaps you could speak to Jerry.

PICKETT: I believe I can only speak to you.

MRS. BAVE: Perhaps if I concentrated very hard?

PICKETT: I am not sure.

MRS. BAVE: You were in many wars. And then you abandoned the Union and joined the Confederates.

PICKETT: I could not lift my sword against my own kin.

MRS. BAVE: What would you have me advise Jerry?

PICKETT: Whether fighting for the Union or the Confederates, I always believed in the cause. Always.

I can fight and kill for a cause I know to be just. But when we've conquered, when we've downed the enemy and won the victory, I do not "hurrah." I only feel sorrow for the defeated enemy.

For following victory, all the glory in the world cannot atone for the widows and orphans made that day.

MRS. BAVE: (pause) Tomorrow morning, will you tell this to Jerry?

PICKETT: Perhaps. If you concentrate.

But my advice to Jerry is simple. Even believing in the cause, war drains the soul. Jerry wants to be an engineer, then I suggest he become an engineer. Leave this war to people who believe in it.

MRS. BAVE: What should he then do?

PICKETT: Well, when I returned from the Late Unpleasantness, I was not exactly welcomed by the north. So, I moved to Canada and remained there until I felt more welcome in the United States.

MRS. BAVE: Canada?

PICKETT: Canada.

MRS. BAVE: Gentlemen, we are done rehearsing for today.

(Fade. It is now a new day)

(The MANNEQUINS are just mannequins. MRS. BAVE is sitting on a chair, apparently concentrating.)

(Enter BECKY dragging JERRY)

BECKY : She promised to talk to you. Please.

JERRY: What's the point?

BECKY: Just listen to what Mrs. Bave has to say.

Mrs. Bave? I brought Jerry.

(MRS. BAVE is concentrating)

Mrs. Bave?

MRS. BAVE: Talk to Captain Pickett.

(JERRY and BECKY approach Pickett)

BECKY: Ah.

(MANNEQUINS are just mannequins)

Mrs. Bave? Captain Pickett is a mannequin.

MRS. BAVE: Captain Pickett, please.

PICKETT: Mrs. Bave, all of this, all that has happened, dwells within you. You know this is true.

BECKY: Mrs. Bave, are you okay?

PICKETT: Emelia Bave, you know what to say. You know what to do. It is all within you.

MRS. BAVE: (pause) Jerry, do you want to go to Vietnam?

JERRY: No.

MRS. BAVE: Then—

JERRY: I turned 18. I had to register for the draft. At least I will get college paid for when I return.

BECKY: If you return.

JERRY: It's hopeless Becky. This is happening to everyone at school.

BECKY: If you don't want to go, don't go.

JERRY: It's either Vietnam or prison.

MRS. BAVE: There's another way.

BECKY: What?

MRS. BAVE: Canada.

JERRY: What?

MRS. BAVE: There's no draft in Canada.

JERRY: But, then just stay there?

MRS. BAVE: I guess. Just until this war is over. It won't be long I bet.

JERRY: But I'll be abandoning everyone. My family, my friends. Everyone.

BECKY: Not everyone.

JERRY: (?)

BECKY: Well, they speak French there too.

JERRY: Really?!?!?

BECKY: (hugs Jerry) Really.

JERRY: My Sergeant is going to be looking for me.

You better get home and tell your parents and pack and is this really happening?

(enter Sergeant)

SERGEANT: Private! You missed the bus. Not getting off to a very good start are you.

Get your duffle and get down to the recruiting office A-SAP.

BECKY: Jerry decided not to enlist.

SERGEANT: (pause) Jerry Hankins did enlist ma'am.

BECKY: He's un-enlisting.

SERGEANT: Get your duffle and get your ass down to recruitment. NOW!

MRS. BAVE: Captain Pickett! Help!

SERGEANT: It's Sergeant Miller Ma'am. Hope to make Captain soon however. Let's go Private.

(pushes Jerry)

MRS. BAVE: He doesn't want to go! Captain Pickett! Please!

SERGEANT: Move it, Hankins.

(MRS. BAVE grabs the sword from Pickett. Blocks the door.)

SERGEANT: Are you serious ma'am?

MRS. BAVE: Emelia Bave, Seaman First Class, US Coast Guard. And yes, I am serious, Sergeant.

SERGEANT: (pause) I am going to have to ask you to step aside.

(BECKY grabs sword from Harney. Blocks Sergeant.)

BECKY: Becky Swanson. Friday Harbor High School. Ah. French Club President.

SERGEANT: Ladies, please. Stand down.

(HE pushes Jerry. BECKY and EMELIA poke swords in his chest. HE stops.)

You don't want to do this.

MRS. BAVE: (poking Sergeant more forcefully) Neither do you.

SERGEANT: I will return.

(Exit Sergeant)

MRS. BAVE: (pause) That was fun.

BECKY: That was mind blowing!

MRS. BAVE: Jerry, you have your duffle.

JERRY: Yes, ma'am.

MRS. BAVE: Becky. There's no time to go home. I'll talk to your parents. Here.

(BAVE grabs costumes from play)

Take these. Go to Victoria. Milt and I have friends there. I will put you in touch.

JERRY: This is insane.

BECKY: This is exciting!

MRS. BAVE: Go. Go. Go. I'll meet you at the ferry terminal.

(BECKY grabs JERRY's hand. They exit. Pause)

Captain Pickett?

PICKETT: You did exactly as I would have done.

MRS. BAVE: We haven't finished our play.

DOUGLAS: It ends rather sadly I'm afraid.

HARNEY: The country's attention is focused on the Late Unpleasantness. Eleven years after the untimely dispatch of the pig, the boundary dispute is submitted to binding international arbitration.

A three-man committee, headed by German Kaiser Wilhelm I, deliberates for a year, finally determines that the strait referred to in the Treaty of 1846 is the Hara Strait, and therefore the San Juan Islands are awarded to the United States.

DOUGLAS: Stupid Kaiser.

HARNEY: It's what I was saying all along!

MRS. BAVE: The British politely packed up their gear and left.

DOUGLAS: Well, we are British, after all.

MRS. BAVE: The Pig War thus concluded without a single casualty.

GRIFFIN (OS) Henrietta!

MRS. BAVE: Except for the pig. (pause)

I presented The San Juan Saga, using my wonderful mannequin cast, from about 1965 until Milt died – 1985. Twenty years. Twenty years. Did any show on Broadway ever last twenty years?

Broadway. We never made it to Broadway. All these people who were so dismissive of my San Juan Saga, I had hoped to prove them wrong. Well, I... I never really proved anybody wrong.

So, twenty years of the San Juan Saga. And for what? Well, for me, if I hadn't created the San Juan Saga I would have never met Captain Pickett. And if I hadn't met Captain Pickett, I wouldn't have known what to say to Jerry. And if I hadn't known what to say to Jerry, he probably would have gone to Vietnam and if he had gone to Vietnam, well...

So, my play never had the glory of Broadway, but my play may have saved the life of a single boy.

If we learn anything from the Pig War, it is that single lives matter.

You see, during the Pig War, world events were shaped not by national policy nor by national leaders. A major war between two great nations hung in the balance. And it all hinged on choices made by simple individuals. Individuals like Captain Hornby and Captain Pickett.

Individuals like you and me.

What strikes me is that the people on each side of the dispute were friends. George Pickett would go to Sunday service on Captain Hornby's British war ship. US Collector of Customs Henry Webber became fast friends with Charles Griffin of the Hudson Bay Company. Kind of makes shooting your enemy less appealing if your enemy is your friend.

So, what have we learned from the Pig War? Maybe before two nations go to war, perhaps they should have tea together. Perhaps they should admire each other's rose gardens. Perhaps they should pray together. Perhaps each side should vow to not fire the first shot.

Who knows? Perhaps next time, even the life of the pig might be saved.

END OF PLAY