

FARMERS MARKET: THE MUSICAL

Book, Music and Lyrics by Katie Kring & Rob Hartmann

August 19, 2012

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CHARACTERS

THE VENDORS

AMISH JAMS

CANDLES

CHICKEN

CURDS

HONEY

PEACHES

DALE

MARSHA

THE BOARD

MR. BUFFALO

MR. MUSHROOM

MR. PORK

MR. SOURDOUGH

THE PUBLIC

RICHARD RICHARDSON

MRS. PICKEY*

MRS. POKER

BARNEY

STRING BEANS*

CHORUS

OTHER VENDORS

SHOPPERS

ROVING BANDS OF CHILDREN

*IF NEEDED, THESE PARTS CAN BE PLAYED BY THE SAME ACTRESS

MUSICAL NUMBERS

Act One

Market Day	<i>The Vendors</i>
Marshmallows are Magic	<i>Marsha</i>
Ya Can't Make a Marshmallow	<i>The Board</i>
Upstanding Citizen	<i>Dale</i>
Sleep When I'm Dead	<i>The Vendors</i>
That'll Do	<i>Marsha</i>
What I Got	<i>Candles, Peaches & Honey</i>
Shut It Down	<i>The Board</i>
Marshmallows are Magic (reprise)	<i>Marsha</i>
Sweet Onion Jam	<i>Richard & Marsha</i>
A Place to Be	<i>Richard & the Vendors</i>

Act Two

Somebody Cancelled Christmas	<i>Peaches & Honey</i>
Farmer's Rumble	<i>The Board & The Vendors</i>
Cheese in Half an Hour	<i>Curds</i>
Produce to the People	<i>Mrs. Pickey & The Vendors</i>
The Buffalo	<i>The Board</i>
Planted in My Heart	<i>Dale, Peaches & Honey</i>
That'll Do, Too	<i>Marsha & Richard</i>
Somebody Cancelled Christmas (reprise)	<i>Peaches & Honey</i>
Grand Opening	<i>The Vendors</i>
Bows	<i>All</i>

ACT ONE

It's early in the morning on market day at the Sunnyfield Township Farmers' Union. The stage is nearly bare, except perhaps a trash can or two, and almost entirely dark, as it is before dawn. The VENDORS, some carrying flashlights or wearing headlamps, slowly start to arrive and busily set up their stalls as the sun rises, so that by the time the bell rings to open market, the stage has been transformed into a bustling, well-lit marketplace.

(1. MARKET DAY)

WOMAN 1
 MONDAY IS FOR MILKING
 TUESDAY IS FOR PLANTING
 WEDNESDAY IS FOR WEEDING
 BUT TODAY IS SATURDAY

THURSDAY IS FOR BAKING
 FRIDAY IS FOR HARVEST

WOMAN 1 & WOMAN 2
 SUNDAY IS FOR SLEEPING
 BUT SATURDAY IS MARKET DAY

THE VENDORS
 SEASONS COME AND SEASONS GO
 TEND YOUR ORCHARDS AND YOUR HIVES
 IN THE SUN AND IN THE SNOW
 MARKET DAY RULES ALL OUR LIVES!

The lines in this section can be sung as solos by individual vendors, or split men/women, or SATB.

MAN
 LOAD ANOTHER BUSHEL

WOMAN
 GO AND GRAB THE BASKET

MAN
 FILL IT WITH THE PEPPERS

WOMAN
 DO YOU HAVE MY TRUCK KEYS?

MAN
 WHERE'S MY WATER BOTTLE?

WOMAN
HOPE I BROUGHT MY WATER.

MAN
SUMMER'S GETTING HOTTER.

WOMAN
GONNA BE A GOOD ONE.

MAN
'SPECTIN' LOTS OF PEOPLE.

WOMAN
LOOKIN' MIGHTY GOOD THERE.

MAN
TRADE YOU FOR SOME EGGPLANT.

WOMAN
HELP ME GET THIS TENT UP.

MAN
WHERE'D I PUT MY CASH BOX?

WOMAN
SAY DO YOU HAVE MARKERS?

ALL
OH, SATURDAY IS MARKET DAY!

SEASONS TURN AND WE GO ON
EV'RY WEEKEND OF THE YEAR
ANOTHER WEEK OF WORK IS GONE
MARKET DAY IS FINALLY—

CURDS rings a cowbell, starting the market. The tempo picks up and shoppers begin to browse at the booths.

SEASONINGS AND FANCY HERBS,
WE HAVE GOT THE BEST IN TOWN!
YOU'VE HEARD THE BUZZ, YOU'VE READ THE BLURBS
IT'S MARKET DAY SO COME ON DOWN!

The VENDORS square dance a SHOPPER down the row of tables, adding their item to her stack until she can hardly see out from over it by the time she reaches the end.

CURDS
SPIN YOUR SHOPPER ROUND AND ROUND
SELL HER PEACHES BY THE POUND

ALLEMANDE LEFT AND ROUND THE SWINGS
 PACK HER UP SOME CHICKEN WINGS
 CROSS THE OCEAN, COME ON HOME
 TRY A JAR OF HONEYCOMB
 CHARM HER WITH YOUR FANCY WORDS
 PACK HER UP A BAG OF CURDS
 WITH "HOWDY FOLKS" AND "THANK YOU MA'AM'S",
 SHE'LL BUY UP YOUR AMISH JAMS
 WHEEL AROUND AND DO-SI-DO,
 SHOP YOUR WAY BACK UP THE ROW
 TAKE YOUR BAG AND MIND THE HANDLE

ALL
 ONE MORE THING!

CANDLES
 A SCENTED CANDLE!

ALL
 SEASON IN AND SEASON OUT
 WE SHOW UP WITH STUFF WE'VE MADE
 WE'LL BE HERE WITHOUT A DOUBT
 'CAUSE MARKET DAY'S WHEN WE GET PAID!

RESTED ON SUNDAY,
 MILKED ON MONDAY
 PLANTED ON TUESDAY
 WEEDED ON WEDNESDAY
 BAKED ON THURSDAY
 PICKED ON FRIDAY
 SATURDAY IS MARKET DAY!

MARSHA enters, pushing a rolling table covered with jars of homemade marshmallows in every flavor and (pastel) color imaginable. She also has breads and a variety of other delicious looking baked goods, and a small pile of lovely-looking vegetables.

MARSHA
 Is this spot taken?

CURDS
 Just by you.

MARSHA
 Thank goodness! I thought I'd never find one. It was crazy!

CANDLES
 Didn't you know about the line-up?

MARSHA

The lineup?

CHICKEN

Yeah, those of us without reserved spots have to show up an hour or two early to get in line to get a spot. And of course, the only way to get a reserved spot—

ALL BUT MARSHA

--Is to be on The Board.

AMISH

So, friend, are you new? I had heard they weren't letting any more vendors in this year—

CURDS

--Or knowing The Board, possibly ever.

MARSHA

Well, they didn't really have anything to do with it. This is my first time here – I just moved to town – but I'm here representing my friend from DoGood Farm and he's a member—

PEACHES

(This is suddenly very interesting.)

You know Dale? *(to Honey)* She knows Dale.

MARSHA

Yeah, I know Dale. He's such a good guy.

HONEY

Oh yes. Oh yes. So where is he?

MARSHA

Oh, when I left the farm, he was still asleep. I think this is the first Saturday he's slept in in years!

PEACHES

(suspicious)

Still asleep eh? Just *how well* do you know Dale?

MARSHA

Pretty well, I guess. Oh! I mean, we're just friends. I'm staying out at his farm till I get my own place, and in exchange, I'm runnin' his booth for him.

AMISH JAMS

Well, any friend of Dale's is a friend of mine. Welcome!

HONEY

Mayday! Here she comes!

MARSHA

Who?

MRS. POKER

(to PEACHES)

I bought some peaches from you last week, and just today I noticed they'd gone moldy!

PEACHES

I'm sorry, ma'am, but we don't spr—

MRS. POKER

It was... upsetting. Hmph.

MRS. POKER moves on to AMISH JAMS' table.

AMISH JAMS

(to MRS. POKER)

Good day.

MRS. POKER

Do you have gooseberry jam?

AMISH JAMS

Why yes, in fact we do.

MRS. POKER

Is it naturally sweetened?

AMISH JAMS

Yes, ma'am.

MRS. POKER

Gluten-free?

AMISH JAMS

Yes, ma'am.

MRS. POKER

Made from real gooseberries?

AMISH JAMS

Of course.

MRS. POKER

I don't like gooseberries.

AMISH JAMS

... I'm sorry...?

MRS. POKER

Just...nevermind.

MRS. POKER moves on to MARSHA.

MRS. POKER

What are those things? Soap?

MARSHA

Marshmallows!

MRS. POKER

Marshmallows? I've never seen a homemade marshmallow before.

MARSHA

Yes, you have now. I make them in 25 flavors! I've got 9 here today. Plus cookies, cinnamon rolls, bread, you name it. The marshmallows are my favorite though.

(2. MARSHMALLOWS ARE MAGIC)

MARSHMALLOWS ARE MAGIC
THEY'RE JUST SUGAR SYRUP WHIPPED WITH AIR
MARSHMALLOWS ARE MAGIC
WITH GELATIN TO HOLD IT THERE
IN ORDER TO FIX 'EM
YOU JUST GOTTA MIX 'EM
ALL UP TO A STICKY GOO
AND POOF, YOU'VE GOT A 'MALLOW
FRESH FROM ME TO YOU

MRS. POKER

I don't know if I'd like them.

MARSHA

Here, try one.

The SHOPPERS mingle past her booth, availing themselves of her samples. RICHARD takes one and tries it.

RICHARD

Wow, this is really good!

MARSHA

Thanks! 3 for a dollar! Mix and match flavors! Try them all today!

MARSHMALLOWS ARE MAGIC
 THEY MAKE PLAIN OLD DAYS FEEL LIKE CHRISTMAS
 MARSHMALLOWS ARE MAGIC
 WHEN THEY'RE SLOWLY MELTING IN YOUR SWISS MISS
 THEY'RE PERFECT FOR ROASTING
 THEY'RE PERFECT FOR TOASTING
 AT THE END OF A CAMPFIRE NIGHT
 AND WHEN YOU'VE GOT A 'MALLOW
 EVERYTHING'S ALRIGHT

SOME FOLKS SAY MY DEVOTION TO MY CONFECTIONS
 MEANS I'LL NEVER HAVE A MAN'S TRUE AFFECTIONS
 MARSHA'S MALLOWS EVERYONE ADORES
 BUT MARSHA-MARSHA EVERYONE IGNORES
 BUT WHO CARES?
 NO BIG DEAL
 I'VE GOT S'MORES!

MRS. POKER

Alright, I'll buy some!

MARSHA starts packing her a bag of marshmallows.

MARSHA

MARSHMALLOWS ARE MAGIC!
 THEY MAKE YOU FEEL LIKE YOU'RE FIVE YEARS OLD
 MARSHMALLOWS ARE MAGIC!
 THEY MAKE SNOWY DAYS FEEL NOT SO COLD
 YOUR PLANS ARE ALL CRUMBLING
 YOUR STOMACH IS RUMBLING
 YOU JUST HAD AN AWFUL DAY
 BUT IF YOU'VE GOT A 'MALLOW
 EVERYTHING'S OKAY
 I'D GIVE THE WORLD A MARSHMALLOW

MARSHA hands over the bag of marshmallows, and take MRS. POKER's money.

WELL, MAYBE SOMEDAY...

HONEY

Hey Peaches.

PEACHES

Hey Honey.

HONEY

I was just thinking.

PEACHES

About what, Honey?

HONEY

Well, when I was talking to all my girls yesterday while I was collecting some comb, I started wondering –

PEACHES

Hold on. You talk to your bees?

HONEY

Sure I do.

PEACHES

Do they ever talk back?

HONEY

Of course not. They were raised right.

CANDLES

Well – I was baptized Catholic, but we mostly attended the Episcopal Church because it was closer. My first boyfriend was Jewish so I got into kabbalah. I was Quaker for a while, and that led to Buddhism. I loved Kundalini yoga and for a while I was living on a Wiccan commune, but then I fell in love with a shaman and we moved to the desert to sell turquoise jewelry and dream-catchers. But then his spirit animal told him to move to South America to be with the condors, and I came back here and started making my own soap.

I'm sorry, what was the question you asked me?

AMISH JAMS

... what time is it?

HONEY

Hey Peaches.

PEACHES

Hey Honey.

HONEY

I was just thinking.

PEACHES

Here we go.

HONEY

You know bees and peaches are a lot alike.

PEACHES

How so?

HONEY

They can both be yellow. Both fuzzy. You keep 'em in a box.
And sometimes you find 'em hangin' in a tree.

PEACHES

How about that. (*joking*) Course I wouldn't use bees in a pie.

HONEY

No...that's something you only try once.

THE BOARD – MR. BUFFALO, MR. PORK, MR. MUSHROOM & MR. SOURDOUGH – sidles in. The VENDORS' jovial attitude disappears and they try to be as inconspicuous as possible. MR. PORK "accidentally" knocks over Chicken's easel, then snaps at Chicken, indicating he should pick it up.

CHICKEN

Sorry! Sorry. Won't happen again. Sorry.

THE BOARD arrives at MARSHA's table.

MARSHA

Hello, gentlemen, have you ever had a homemade marshmallow?

MR. SOURDOUGH

(*sotto voce to MR. PORK*)

Ain't no such thing.

MR. BUFFALO

Who're you, girlie?

MARSHA

I'm Marsha, of Marsha's Mallows and DoGood Farm. Who are you all?

MR. PORK

I'm Mr. Pork, he's Mr. Sourdough, he's Mr. Mushroom and this, this is—

MR. BUFFALO

Buffalo. You may address me as Mr. Buffalo.

MARSHA

Pleased to meet you, Mr—

MR. BUFFALO

This ain't no social call. You can't be here, these can't be here, this is a members-only market. Now git.

MARSHA

Oh, no, you see, I'm here for Dale Dogood, I'm staying out at his farm and working for him, and making 'mallows, and since your rules say the on-farm employees may sell the things they make, I'm good to be here.

MR. MUSHROOM

Do the rules say that? Learn somethin' new every day. Sorry to—

MR. BUFFALO

Now you wait one cotton pickin' minute. This ain't settled. The rule, that you claim to know so well, it says on-farm employees can sell the things they *made*. So there you go.

MARSHA

Great. So we're good, right?

MR. BUFFALO

We sure ain't.

MR. PORK

What the Buffalo is sayin' is that you're kicked out on account-a not makin' your own stuff.

MR. SOURDOUGH

It's an egregious violation.

MARSHA

What are you talking about? I made every bit of this with my own two hands—

MR. MUSHROOM

She says she made it. Good enough for me...

MR. BUFFALO

It is not. Impossible!

(3. YA CAN'T MAKE A MARSHMALLOW)

MR. BUFFALO

YOU CAN SAY THAT YOU CAN FLY
YOU CAN TELL ME RAIN IS DRY
BUT I KNOW FOR SURE IT JUST AIN'T SO
THERE'S PLENTY YOU CAN MAKE—
HEY GO COOK ME UP A STEAK—
BUT YA CAN'T MAKE A MARSHMALLOW

OH, MY LEG'S BEEN PULLED BEFORE
BETCHA GOT 'EM AT THE STORE
BOYS, DON'TCHA THINK THAT'S PRETTY LOW?

MR. MUSHROOM, SOURDOUGH & PORK

YES SIR!

MR. BUFFALO

SO YOU MIGHT AS WELL GET STUFFED
THESE HAVE GOTTA BE JET PUFFED
'CAUSE YA CAN'T MAKE A MARSHMALLOW

BACK WHERE YOU'RE FROM THEY MIGHT BELIEVE YOUR LITTLE LIES
BUT IN THE SHOW-ME STATE, WE GOTTA SEE IT WITH OUR EYES

TRY TO CATCH ME OFF MY GUARD
SAY THAT BIGFOOT'S IN YOUR YARD
NOW YOU MIGHT CONVINCE SOME AVERAGE JOE
BUT LISTEN LITTLE MISS
ONE THING I KNOW IS THIS
THAT YA CAN'T MAKE A MARSHMALLOW

MR. MUSHROOM

YOU TREAT ME LIKE I'M DENSE
BUT IT'S ONLY COMMON SENSE

MR. SOURDOUGH

YOU'RE JUST A HOT MESS
SO IT'S TIME THAT YOU CONFESS

MR. PORK

DON'T GO AND THROW A FIT
HON, WHY DON'TCHA JUST ADMIT

MR. BUFFALO

THAT YA CAN'T MAKE A MARSHMALLOW
YOU GOTTA GO.

MARSHA

So you think that it's... not actually possible to make a marshmallow from scratch?

MR PORK

That is the opinion of the Buffalo.

MARSHA

But I do! And clearly, they aren't store-bought! Look at them! I mean, you're welcome to come watch me make them and everything—

THE BOARD forces MARSHA up on her table with her merchandise, which they start rolling in the direction of off-stage.

THE BOARD

NOW DON'T GO AND MAKE A FUSS
'CAUSE THE BUCK STOPS WITH US
AND MISSYCAKES, WHAT WE SAY GOES
IN THE OPINION OF THE BOARD
(AND WE GOT THIS FROM THE LORD!)
OH, YOU CAN'T

THE BOARD gives the table a mighty shove and sends it and MARSHA rolling off-stage, while finishing the song in beatific barbershop style.

MAKE MARSHMALLOWS!

BLACKOUT.

CURDS, in-one.

CURDS

What's that you say? Never been to a farmer's market? You've come to the right place. Curds can answer all your questions.

Farmer's markets - well it's fair to say they go as far back as ancient Egypt, when everybody'd gather down there at the Nile to sell their crops. Cheesemakers were there, trying to keep the cream cheese away from the crocodiles. True fact.

Markets around here started when farmers would pull up into a church parking lot, folks would come down to get the melons, the greens, the carrots, the peppers - and the farmers would go home with a fistful of cash and an empty truck. A humble little enterprise. Nobody took much notice.

Last twenty years or so, you're seeing more and more markets around the country. Almost eight thousand. I myself have seen a fair number of them in my travels. North, south, east and west, why, the stories I could tell you - it fair boggles the mind.

Now our market here in Sunnyfield - right here in the vast expanse of the Sunnyfield Mall parking lot - this got started about thirty years ago. Like most things, it started off with high hopes and bit by bit, more and more people got to putting their fingers in the pie and making a big mess. Not much of a secret that morale's pretty low nowadays. Everybody jostlin' elbows, griping at their neighbor. Waiting in lines early in the morning, rushing to get a spot, feeling like the very life is getting choked out of 'em.

But never mind about all that. Try some of these curds. Your mind, it will be blown. Let me tell you about the time I had a load full of pecorino in a haywagon being chased by the Royal Canadian Mounties. True story.

Back at DoGood Farm, home of DALE and temporary home of MARSHA.

MARSHA

And then before I knew it, I was hurtling across the mall parking lot, which is, as I have now discovered, on a slight incline, such that a rolling table full of marshmallows (and one enraged marshmallow-maker) might be travelling at a fair clip when it is nearly flattened by a passing Honda Element, crosses the firelane, jumps the curb and crashes into the side wall of what I believe to be a Lady FootLocker.

I saw my whole life pass before me, Dale. So many things I haven't done yet. Like falling in love. Making absinthe marshmallows.

DALE

Well, you're still alive, so you've still got time on both counts, I reckon. And you seem relatively unscathed.

MARSHA

Relatively. Fortunately, I only lost two jars, and their 'mallows, but you wouldn't believe it! There was nothing I could do to convince them that I make my own products!

DALE

I'm sure it's just a big misunderstanding.

MARSHA

My foot it is. I'd like to see them tied to a rolling table and—

DALE

No, I've dealt with them before and they can be a little old-fashioned, but I'm sure they'll come around.

MARSHA

How are they supposed to come around when they turn my table into the world's tastiest bobsled every time I try to talk to them!

DALE

I think the key here is to go through the proper channels. Why don't you fill out the market application, so they can get to know you and your products?

MARSHA

That can't possibly work.

(4. UPSTANDING CITIZEN)

DALE

Look,
 I'M THE KIND OF GUY WHO MINDS THE RULES
 RETURNS YOUR TOOLS
 WHO'S UP AT DAWN
 I'M THE KIND OF GUY WHO LOVES HIS WORK
 WHO'S NOT A JERK
 WHO'LL MOW YOUR LAWN
 IT'S A POINT OF PRIDE THAT MY MORALS WON'T BEND
 I'M KNOWN FAR AND WIDE AS A DOG'S BEST FRIEND
 STRONG AS AN OX
 AND MEEK AS A LAMB
 AN UPSTANDING CITIZEN IS WHAT I AM

MARSHA

Yes, yes you are. I on the other hand—we'll, let's just say, I've got rage in my heart and a brulee torch in my car.

DALE

IT'S GONNA BE OKAY SO LET'S CALM DOWN
 NO NEED TO FROWN
 NO NEED TO FIGHT
 I AM PRETTY SURE THAT WE CAN FIX UP
 THIS OL' MIX UP
 'CAUSE WE'RE RIGHT
 IF YOU WANNA SUCCEED IN THIS GREAT GREAT NATION
 CHECK AND DOUBLE CHECK YOUR APPLICATION

JUMP THROUGH THE HOOPS ONE BY ONE
THE UPSTANDING CITIZEN GETS IT DONE

MARSHA
YOUR EXPECTATIONS: PLEASE ADJUST ‘EM
‘CAUSE THIS GANG, I JUST DON’T TRUST ‘EM

DALE
THIS IS WHAT WE NEED TO DO

MARSHA
NOT EVERYONE’S AS GOOD AS YOU

DALE
Just give it a try. For me, okay? If you do the application, I’ll
call Mr. Buffalo and see if I can’t talk some sense into him.

MARSHA
(grudgingly)
Fine.

BOTH
YOU ALWAYS GOTTA GO THE EXTRA MILE
WITH A GENUINE SMILE
DON’T ROCK THE BOAT
DON’T SAY ANYTHING THAT MIGHT UPSET THEM
YOU CAN’T LET THEM
GET YOUR GOAT
BE MINDFUL OF YOUR WORDS AND ACTIONS
PAY SALES TAX ON CASH TRANSACTIONS
THEN WE’RE BOUND TO GET OUR WAY
THE UPSTANDING CITIZEN WINS THE DAY

DOT YOUR I’S AND CROSS YOUR T’S
SAY THANK YOU MA’AM AND PRETTY PLEASE
AND MEAN WHAT YOU SAY AND SAY WHAT YOU MEAN
AND ALWAYS KEEP YOUR TRACTOR CLEAN
IT’S UP TO US TO RAISE THE BAR
‘CAUSE AN UPSTANDING CITIZEN’S WHAT YOU ARE.

BLACKOUT.

In-one, Curds

CURDS
Did I ever tell you about my time as the personal cheesemaker
for the Queen of England? True story. So I was in Wisconsin,
finishing up some work on “Girls Gone Gouda 2” and I

decided to make a stop there in the Dells, and who did I run into there? Why, none other than the Queen of England, but of course she was travelin' all incognito-like. Apparently her highness just loves a good corn dog.

So I says to her, "Yer Majesty, you don't wanna be gettin' none of that osteoporopetrous, you better eat some calcium too!" And of course, as always, I had some cheese on my person – Munster, that time, if I recall correctly – and so I gave it to her, and she thought it was so good, she invited me back to her palace in England.

I went, of course, and spent a spell as her personal cheesemaker. Ol' Bess was in love with me, and who wouldn't love a man who can give a foot massage with one hand and make a high-quality provolone with the other? I thought about making her Mrs. Curds #4, but I told her I had to move on. She was heartbroken, but I left her with a wheel of Stilton to remember me by. She still serves it at state dinners, I hear, and pines. But I just wasn't ready to give up the glamour and excitement of the cheesemaking world. What can I say? It's the Curds Way.

(6. SLEEP WHEN I'M DEAD)

It's market day again, but after the events of the previous week, the vendors (CURDS, CANDLES, CHICKEN, AMISH JAMS, PEACHES, HONEY & DALE) are tired and on edge as they drag into market.

THE VENDORS

DOO DOO, DOO DOO
 MILKIN' AFTER MIDNIGHT
 DOO DOO, DOO DOO,
 FEET MADE OUTTA LEAD
 DOO DOO, DOO DOO
 NOTHIN'S GETTIN' DID RIGHT
 UH, UH, UH I'LL SLEEP WHEN I'M DEAD
 DOO DOO, DOO DOO
 SPENT AN HOUR DRIVIN'
 DOO DOO, DOO DOO
 EYES ARE REALLY RED
 DOO DOO, DOO DOO
 TIRED BUT SURVIVIN'
 CAN'T SIT DOWN, I'LL SLEEP WHEN I'M DEAD

OH, CAFFINATED
 OH, SLEEP IS HIGHLY OVERRATED

DOO DOO, DOO DOO

TRYING TO BE PERKY
 DOO DOO, DOO DOO
 FOR THE DAY AHEAD
 DOO DOO, DOO DOO
 STILL ALL HERKY JERKY
 CAN'T SLOW DOWN, I'LL SLEEP WHEN I'M DEAD

HONEY

Hey Peaches.

PEACHES

Hey Honey. Whatcha thinking about today?

HONEY

Nothing, really, I'm so tired. A skunk was trying to get in the hive last night, and the bees were all cranky this morning. I was cranky cause they were cranky, and they could tell I was cranky, so it was all a big mess.

PEACHES

Hold on. Your bees can tell how you're feeling?

HONEY

They're very sensitive. When they get all worked up, you got to use the smoker on them like this: *(demonstrating)* puff, puff, puff. All better.

PEACHES

Bees wouldn't take to me then. I get my moody spells, Lord knows.

HONEY

Lord knows.

PEACHES

What's that supposed to mean? Are you agreeing with me? You think I'm moody? Is that it? Is that what you're saying?

PEACHES flounces back to her own table.

HONEY

(a beat. Honey aims an invisible smoker at Peaches.)
 Puff, puff, puff. All better.

CANDLES

(to AMISH JAMS)

So there I am in Downward Dog pose, happy as a clam, when the instructor says, everyone in Penguin Pose. Penguin Pose! Can you believe it?

AMISH JAMS

I cannot.

CANDLES

You had to be there.

DALE enters with a table full of produce.

PEACHES

Well, well, well. Looks like somebody decided he wanted to be a market farmer after all.

DALE

Mornin', Peaches. Mornin', Honey.

PEACHES

(to CANDLES)

Oh, I could wake up to that every day!

CANDLES

If you're gonna drool over him, would you mind not doing it on my soap?

CHICKEN

Flyin' solo today, I see?

CURDS

Yeah, what happened to your lady?

DALE

One, she's not my lady, she's just a friend—

CURDS

Then you let her know that the position of Mrs. Curds #6 is currently available.

DALE

...No. And second, she's been preparing an application for membership, so that the Board can see all her products and methods and things, and then keep selling with me. It's within their rules, it shouldn't be a problem, but I like to keep all my bases covered at all times.

PEACHES

(to HONEY)

I'd gladly help him uncover a few of those.

DALE

In any case, I expect her here presently.

CHICKEN

Just don't do anything to upset the Board, okay? Remember the last time?

CANDLES

It took me two sticks of incense and half a bottle of lavender oil just to stop shaking after market that day.

AMISH JAMS

Turkey was a good man. He didn't deserve what they did to him.

There's a moment of silence, remembering the fallen.

DALE

Well, I think there were two sides to that story. In any case, I don't expect any problems.

CHICKEN

Expect them or not, here they come. Scatter, people!,

The vendors skitter back to their own tables, putting maximum distance between themselves and Dale, as the Board saunters in.

MR. PORK

Prepare to be inspected! Prepare to be inspected! The Buffalo is coming!

MR. SOURDOUGH

Violators will be treated most harshly.

MR. BUFFALO

(to DALE)

So, you got rid of the bimbo baker, I see.

DALE

If you're referring to Marsha, which I really hope you aren't, then no. She's just not here yet.

MARSHA enters, looking a little worse for the wear and pulling a wagon full of papers, baked goods, trophies, etc.

MR. SOURDOUGH

He lies!

DALE

Ah, here she is!

MARSHA

Morning everybody! Ladies. Gentlemen. Buffalo.

MR. PORK

That's Mr. Buffalo to you, missy!

(7. THAT'LL DO)

MARSHA

I'm so glad I found you guys. I'd like to present: my application to market.

I WANT YOU TO KNOW I'M THE KIND OF A PERSON WHOSE
DILIGENT THOROUGHNESS CAN'T BE BEAT
OVERACHEIVING IS KINDA MY SPECIALTY
IT'S NOT ENOUGH TO BE JUST COMPLETE

I UNDERSTAND THAT YOU HAVE CERTAIN POLICIES
GUIDELINES AND STANDARDS AND RULES IN PLACE
THIS SHOULD CONTAIN ALL THE RIGHT INFORMATION
BUT WITH A FEW EXTRA THINGS JUST IN CASE

HERE'S YOUR APPLICATION
COMPLETE WITH ANNOTATION
MY NOTARY'S ON VACATION
I HOPE THAT THAT'LL DO

I HAVEN'T SLEPT IN A DAY AND A HALF AND I'M
HIGH ON CAFFEINE BUT I'M SUPER PSYCHED
MAYBE IT'S POSSIBLE THAT I WENT OVERBOARD
BAKING THE THINGS THAT I THOUGHT THAT YOU LIKED

NOT ONLY THAT BUT I COVERED MY BASES
BUT SLIPPING IN THINGS THAT I THOUGHT YOU SHOULD SEE
STUFF THAT WOULD HELP YOU TO GET THE FULL PICTURE
OF WHAT A GREAT VENDOR I KNOW I COULD BE

SHOULD YOU NEED AN EXAMPLE
I HAVE BROUGHT A SAMPLE
I THINK THESE SHOULD BE AMPLE
I HOPE THAT THAT'LL DO

THIS THING TOOK ME AGES

I HOPE THE PROSE ENGAGES
IT'S A THOUSAND PAGES
I HOPE THAT THAT'LL DO.

START AT THE TOP AND YOU'LL FIND MY BIOGRAPHY
COVERING WHAT AND WHERE AND WHEN
ALL THE ADDITIONAL DOCUMENTATION
IS FOUND IN APPENDICES FOUR AND TEN

INGREDIENTS, RECIPES, ALL OF MY FORMULAS
PROOF THAT MY FLOUR IS LOCALLY MILLED
ALL MY SUPPLIERS AND ALLERGY WARNINGS
MY MEMBERSHIP CARD TO THE BREAD BAKERS' GUILD

AND IN THE OTHER SECTION
YOU'LL NOTICE THE PERFECTION
OF MY HEALTH INSPECTION
I HOPE THAT THAT'LL DO

MY PASSPORT AND MY OLD REPORT CARDS
DENTAL RECORDS TEN YEARS BACK
MEDALS FOR PARTICIPATION
FROM THAT TIME WHEN I RAN TRACK

DANCE RECITAL VIDEOS!
LOOK! HOMEMADE OREOS!
DISSERTATIONS!
COMMENDATIONS!
EXULTATIONS!
VACCINATIONS!
EVERY NIFTY KIND OF STUFF
I HOPE I HOPE THAT THAT'S ENOUGH

I'M JUST A SIMPLE BAKER
AN EARLY, EARLY WAKER
SO COME ON, SAY "WE'LL TAKE HER!"
THAT'S WHAT YOU SHOULD DO.

I MADE IT THROUGH YOUR HAZING
WITH AWESOMENESS A-BLAZING
I'M PRETTY DARN AMAZING.
GENTLEMEN, THAT'LL DO.

MR MUSHROOM
Excellent effort. Very impressive.

MR. BUFFALO
We are not impressed.

MR. PORK

The Buffalo is not impressed!

MR. SOURDOUGH

Cheap theatrics have no place in our market!

MR. BUFFALO

Look, little lady, we are nothing if not fair. We will review your... materials... and get back to you.

MARSHA

When?

MR. SOURDOUGH

You will know when the time comes.

DALE

Look, she needs an answer soon!

MR. MUSHROOM

It's only reasonable.

MARSHA

Can you tell me by next market?

MR. PORK

Do not rush the Buffalo!

MR. BUFFALO

Fine. Be here at the beginning of the market next Saturday and we'll let you know then.

MR. SOURDOUGH

We. Will. Let. You. Know.

THE BOARD sidles off stage.

MARSHA

(calling after them)

Well, thank you, gentlemen. I look forward to your answer. I'm going pass out now.

DALE

Yeah, let's get you home. Jams, can you watch my booth for a bit? I'll be back soon as I can.

MARSHA and DALE exit.

AMISH JAMS

No problem. Drive safe.

MRS. POKER

(to Chicken)

Was this a Christian chicken?

BARNEY

(to Amish Jams)

What does Amish Jam taste like?

AMISH JAMS

Well, it depends on the flavor. Strawberry, blackberry, gooseberry...

BARNEY

Yeah, but what does the Amish one taste like?

MRS. POKER

(to Candles)

How sudsy is your soap?

CANDLES

Well, it's fairly sudsy, I suppose—

MRS. POKER

Like, serious lather?

CANDLES

I mean, I —

MRS. POKER

Like, really thick, creamy lather?

CANDLES

It's a very—

MRS. POKER

If I wanted to suds up and walk around naked, would I be okay.

CANDLES

(momentarily speechless)

Absolutely.

MRS. PICKEY

(To PEACHES)

Are your peaches clean?

PEACHES

Of course, ma'am.

MRS. PICKEY

How clean? My CHILD is going to eat this!

PEACHES

Well, it's fully organic and although we do recommend washing all produce when you get ho—

MRS. PICKEY

Do you have children?

PEACHES

No, but—

MRS. PICKEY

You just wouldn't understand.

MRS. POKER

(to HONEY)

I have apiphobia.

HONEY

...Okay...

MRS. POKER

That mean's I'm afraid of bees.

HONEY

Okay.

MRS. POKER

Medically afraid of bees.

HONEY

Okay.

MRS. POKER

How are you going to accommodate me?

HONEY

By not releasing a swarm of bees at you?

MRS. POKER

Do you *have* a swarm of bees?

HONEY

...Maybe...

BARNEY

Do you have any candles that smell like something good?
Like beer?

MRS. POKER

Dr. Oz says we should be eating more purple fruit. Do you
have any purple peaches?

PEACHES

I could hold my breath and see what happens.

MRS. PICKEY

Is this honey raw?

HONEY

Why yes it is.

MRS. PICKEY

Ew.

MRS. POKER

Are these peaches freestone?

PEACHES

They are not.

MRS. POKER

Well, I'm certainly not going to *pay* for the stone!

MRS. PICKEY

So where does your honey come from?

HONEY

From our beehives

MRS. PICKEY

Your honey was made by *insects*?

HONEY

Yep.

MRS. PICKEY

Ew.

MRS. POKER

Do you have any vine-ripened peaches?

MRS. PICKEY

Is this honey?

HONEY

Yep.

MRS. PICKEY

Ew.

CANDLES

How about this candle? They're very popular.

MRS. POKER

Oh, I need something without scent.

CANDLES

Well, then I think you might like this one.

MRS. POKER

Oh, but it has dyes. No dyes.

CANDLES

Okay, this one. 100% free of dyes and scents. Just wax.

MRS. POKER

Wax? No! No wax!

CANDLES

Well, then, how about this?

MRS. POKER

What's that?

CANDLES

Plain old string.

MRS. POKER

Will it burn?

CANDLES

Briefly.

(8. *WHAT I GOT*)

I'M KEEPING IT SIMPLE
I'M TELLING YOU THE FACTS
THE ONLY KIND OF CANDLE
IS A CANDLE MADE OF WAX
YOU'RE MESSING UP MY MANTRA

YOU'VE REALLY HARSHED MY OM
 IF YOU WANNA WASTE MY TIME
 WHY DON'T YOU HUSTLE ON HOME
 IT'S WHAT I GOT

MRS. POKER

How essential are these oils?

CANDLES

THAT'S WHAT I GOT

MRS. POKER

Can I wash my dog with this?

CANDLES

TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT
 LIKE IT OR NOT
 WHAT YOU SEE IS WHAT YOU GET
 AND WHAT YOU GET IS WHAT I GOT

MRS. PICKEY

Do you have any honey that's not sticky?

HONEY

I'D BE THRILLED TO HELP YOU
 IF YOU'RE TRYING TO DECIDE
 BUT IF YOU'RE ONLY HERE TO GAB, FRIEND
 THEN KINDLY STEP ASIDE
 I'M REAL ACCOMODATIN'
 I ALWAYS AIM TO PLEASE
 BUT DON'T TICK OFF A WOMAN
 WHO HAS GOT A SWARM OF BEES
 IT'S WHAT I GOT

MRS. PICKEY

Is this honey sugar-free?

HONEY

THAT'S WHAT I GOT

MRS. PICKEY

Were your bees raised according to Biblical principles?

CANDLES & HONEY

HERE'S AN IDEA
 A LITTLE FOOD FOR THOUGHT
 WHAT YOU SEE IS WHAT YOU GET
 AND WHAT YOU GET IS WHAT I GOT

MRS. POKER

Are these peaches free-range?

PEACHES

I DON'T NEED YOUR CRAP
 I THINK WE CAN AGREE
 IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR A SAP
 YOU'RE BARKING UP THE WRONG TREE
 I'M SWEET AS MAMA'S PIE
 AND CONGENIAL TO BOOT
 BUT I DON'T APPRECIATE THE WAY
 YOU'RE SQUEEZIN' ALL MY FRUIT
 IT'S WHAT I GOT

MRS. POKER

Do you have any fuzz-free peaches?

PEACHES

THAT'S WHAT I GOT

MRS. POKER

But I don't like nectarines!

PEACHES, HONEY & CANDLES

I DON'T MEAN TO BE SNIPPY
 OR TO PUT YOU ON THE SPOT
 BUT WHAT YOU SEE IS WHAT YOU GET
 AND WHAT YOU GET IS WHAT I GOT

HERE'S WHAT I GOT

MRS. PICKEY

Do you have anything that's free?

PEACHES, HONEY & CANDLES

HERE'S WHAT I GOT

MRS. POKER

I can get this at Walmart for a dollar!

PEACHES, HONEY & CANDLES

I DON'T REALLY CARE IF YOU HATE IT OR YOU LOVE IT
 BUT YOU ASK ME ONE MORE QUESTION,
 I WILL TAKE YOUR KALE AND SHOVE IT('S)

WHAT I GOT

I'M JUST SELLIN' WHAT I GOT
 I'M OFFERIN' A BARGAIN
 YOU CAN GET IT WHILE IT'S HOT

BUT WHAT YOU SEE IS WHAT YOU GET
AND WHAT YOU GET IS WHAT I GOT.

BLACKOUT.

CURDS, In-One.

CURDS

Did I ever tell you about the time I saved the circus? True story. I was alone with my thoughts in Topeka, Mrs. Curds #2 having left me just two weeks prior, absconding with over 15 pounds of my best gorgonzola.

I was in a dark place.

So that day, I was heading to the store to replenish my supply of dipping wax and I saw a flyer for the circus. A circus, I thought, that's just what I need to cheer myself up!

So I went back to the barn I was renting, changed into my Sunday-go-to-meeting overalls, slipped a few baby goudas and my travel-size cheesemaking kit in the bib pocket, just in case, and made a beeline for the Big Top.

When I got there, I noticed a commotion around one of the wagons, and as a helpful guy, I headed over to lend a hand. What do you know, the high-wire walker had been taken ill, and there was no one to take his place. I cleared my throat, and said, "I'll do it."

The Bearded Lady said, "Mysterious Sir, we can't possibly allow it. It's too dangerous." And I said, "Miss, I'm a cheesemaker. I look death in the face every damn day. Now get me a bucket and some milk and I'll show you something you'll never forget."

As it happened, there was no milk to be had in the vicinity, but one of the clowns tipped me off to a lactating elephant waiting to go on in the first ring. So I milked that elephant as fast as I could, grabbed my buckets and just made it into the elevator taking me up to the wire-walking platform.

As I waited for my turn, I dumped some rennet into each bucket, gave it a quick stir with one of my arms, and then hooked each bucket to the end of a long pole.

And then I walked across that wire, carrying two buckets of elephant milk curd in front of fifteen thousand spellbound people, people holding hands, people praying, people singing,

people weeping from the sheer beauty of it all. The future Mrs. Curds Numbers 3 and 5 were both in the audience, I later learned.

I made it to the other side, and the people lept to their feet as one and clapped so hard and so long that by the time they were finished, I had whipped up the best elephant-milk feta anyone had ever seen. But I don't like to talk about it that much. It's just another day in the life. It's the Curds' way.

In MR. BUFFALO'S SMOKEHOUSE, the BOARD is gathered. There are hams, salamis and other assorted meats hanging everywhere.

MR. BUFFALO

Order! Order!

MR. PORK

The Buffalo has called this meeting to order!

MR. SOURDOUGH & MUSHROOM

We heard.

MR. PORK

Just makin' sure. The Buff likes to keep people informed.

MR. BUFFALO

That's enough. Now. Our main order of business today is to deal with this Marsha-chicky.

MR. MUSHROOM

She made us samples!

They pass around a large box of samples and each take a generous portion.

And they're delicious! We should let her in!

MR. SOURDOUGH

Trying to buy our votes. I don't like it. Unscrupulous.

MR. PORK

Yum! Gimme!

He goes for the box.

MR. BUFFALO

Cut that out. This ain't no bucket of slop and you ain't one of your pigs. You're a human man with a brain for cogitatin'. There's more at stake here than whether or not her treats are

good, it's a matter of principle. Now think, boys. Here's how I see it.

(9. SHUT IT DOWN)

I'M AN OPEN-MINDED MAN, LIKE A LEADER OUGHT TO BE
 ANY PROBLEM THAT YA GOT, YOU CAN ALWAYS COME TO ME
 BUT I DON'T LIKE COMPLAINERS 'CAUSE THEY'RE NEVER SATISFIED
 LIKE A LITTLE BITIN' CHIGGER DIGGIN' RIGHT INTO MY HIDE
 I'M MISTER LAW AND ORDER, JUST A-KEEPIN' FOLKS IN LINE
 IF THEY ALL WOULD LISTEN UP, IT'D BE RUNNIN' JUST FINE

THE BOARD
 IF YOU GOT A LITTLE PEST, LIKE A SKEETER OR A GNAT
 GOTTA SQUASH THAT BUG GOTTA SQUASH IT FLAT
 GOTTA SWAT IT
 GOTTA SLAM IT
 GOTTA SMACK IT, GOTTA WHACK IT, SHUT IT DOWN
 GOTTA SWAT IT
 GOTTA SLAM IT
 GOTTA SMACK IT, GOTTA WHACK IT, SHUT IT DOWN

MR. BUFFALO

See, now you're startin' to get the picture. We have to lead with a firm hand.

MR. MUSHROOM

(with a mouthful of 'mallows)

But they're delicious.

MR. SOURDOUGH

They're probably tainted.

MR. MUSHROOM

But they're delicious.

MR. BUFFALO

Look, I'll admit, I'm a man like any other. I know how heady the pleasures of a woman's 'mallows can be. But we are men, boys. We have to think with our brains, not our palates, and stand strong in the face of temptation.

I'M A WELL-TRAVELLED MAN, OH YESSIREE
 FROM CAPE GIRARDEAU ON UP TO KC
 BUT WHEREVER I BEEN, HERE'S WHAT I FOUND
 IT'S MEN LIKE ME THAT MAKE THE WORLD GO ROUND

BUT WITH A BURR UNDER YOUR SADDLE,
 IT'S REALLY HARD TO RIDE

IT MESSES WITH MORALE AND IT MESSES WITH YOUR PRIDE

THE BOARD

GOTTA PULL THAT SUCKER OUT, OR IT ONLY GETS WORSE
DO SOMETHIN' BOUT IT OR YOU'RE GOING IN REVERSE

GOTTA CRUSH IT
GOTTA FLUSH IT
GOTTA PICK IT, GOTTA PLUCK IT, SHUT IT DOWN.

GOTTA CRUSH IT
GOTTA FLUSH IT
GOTTA PICK IT, GOTTA PLUCK IT, SHUT IT DOWN.

MR. MUSHROOM

She's just one woman, how bad can she be really?

MR. BUFFALO

Just one woman? Just one woman?

MR. SOURDOUGH

Mata Hari was just one woman.

MR. BUFFALO

Just one woman?!?

MR. PORK

You have angered the Buff!

MR. BUFFALO

...Just one woman. You let a woman have her way and the next thing you know, you're eatin' quiche off-a doilies and urinating from a seated position. Is that what you want?

MR. MUSHROOM

I suppose not but...

MR. SOURDOUGH

It's unnatural.

MR. BUFFALO

That it is. Don't get me wrong though. I'm no male chauvenister.

I'M A MAN WHO LIKES THE LADIES
AND THEY SURE DO HAVE THEIR PLACE
BUT I'LL TELL YOU WHERE IT AIN'T
AND THAT'S ALL UP IN MY FACE
WHEN IT'S NAG NAG NAG AND IT'S YAP YAP YAP

I SAY, "LISTEN LITTLE LADY, NOW YA BETTER SHUT YOUR TRAP."

AN EDUCATED WOMAN'S LIKE A TURKEY IN THE RAIN
THERE'S A WHOLE LOTTA SQUALKING AND NOT A LOTTA BRAIN
NOW, WE'RE PEACE-LOVING MEN WITH A HEALTHY FEAR OF GOD
SO WHEN WOMEN GET TOO BOSSY, GOTTA GET THE CATTLE PROD

The scene begins to change, and by the time the song finishes, they're at Market.

THE BOARD

GOTTA ZAP IT, GOTTA SLAP IT
GOTTA POKE IT, GOTTA SMOKE IT
SHUT IT DOWN

GOTTA ZAP IT, GOTTA SLAP IT
GOTTA POKE IT, GOTTA SMOKE IT
SHUT IT DOWN.

GOTTA SWAT IT
GOTTA SLAM IT
GOTTA SMACK IT
GOTTA WHACK IT
GOTTA CRUSH IT
GOTTA FLUSH IT
GOTTA PICK IT
GOTTA PLUCK IT
GOTTA ZAP IT
GOTTA SLAP IT
GOTTA POKE IT
GOTTA SMOKE IT

THE BOARD is at market, addressing MARSHA, who has arrived with high hopes and an armload of product. RICHARD has inconspicuously entered, and observes the following events.

THE BOARD

MIGHTY SORRY, LITTLE LADY, SHUT IT DOWN.

THE BOARD shoves MARSHA down onto a milk crate, causing her to drop her products and leaving her in a heap of marshmallows and sadness.

MR. PORK unrolls a scroll of paper containing the Board's decision.

MR. PORK

Hear ye, hear ye! By order of the Honorable Mr. Bonasus T. Buffalo, hereinafter known as "The Buffalo", we, the board of directors of the Sunnyfield Township Farmers Union, hereinafter known as "STFU", taking into consideration your application, the size of which caused the Board great exertion and hardship in transportation and review, your conduct,

which was most vexatious to our honorable persons, and your samples, which were admittedly delicious, formally reject you from membership in our market at this time, or at any time in the future, on the following grounds:

“There just plum ain’t enough space.”

For your records.

He hands her the scroll, and the BOARD sidles off stage.

(10. MARSHMALLOWS ARE MAGIC REPRISE)

MARSHA
 MARSHMALLOWS ARE MAGIC
 BUT IT’S REALLY HARD TO SEE THAT NOW
 MARSHMALLOWS ARE MAGIC
 BUT TRY AS I MIGHT, I CAN’T SAY HOW
 MY PLANS ARE ALL CRUMBLING
 MY STOMACH IS RUMBLING
 I JUST HAD AN AWFUL DAY
 AND I’VE GOT A ZILLION ‘MALLOWS
 AND NOTHING’S OKAY

I WISH UPON A MARSHMALLOW...

RICHARD touches MARSHA on the shoulder.

RICHARD
 Hey.

MARSHA
 Hey.

RICHARD
 You’re the marshmallow girl, right?

MARSHA
 Former marshmallow girl. I’ve been banned.

RICHARD
 For what?

MARSHA
 I don’t really know. Baking while female? Not being a good ol’ boy? Being insufficiently docile? You tell me. Clearly something’s wrong with me.

RICHARD

Not that I can see from here.

RICHARD sits down next to MARSHA.

RICHARD

And just so you know, I tried your stuff a couple of weeks ago, and it was great.

MARSHA

Really? You thought so?

RICHARD

Yeah, really really good. Not at all what I was expecting, but... delicious.

MARSHA

Well, at least someone liked them. I worked so hard to make these for today, I really thought they were going to come around, and I've been up since 3 and I haven't eaten and—

RICHARD

Well, that we can fix. Why don't you let me make you breakfast?

MARSHA,

Oh, no, I don't think I could eat right now. I just... I feel like I'm stuck. In a jar. A jar with a lid stuck on with superglue and electromagnets and no matter how much it gets bonked on the counter and run under water, I can't get out of it. And I had such high hopes for coming here and then nothing's working out and—

I'm sorry. You're being really nice and I don't even know you and I'm whining and getting sadness all over your suit.

RICHARD

I have an excellent dry cleaner.

MARSHA

You look really familiar to me... where do I know you from?

RICHARD

I just have that kind of face.

MARSHA

Oh! The billboards! The.. undercar parts and Laundromat chain!

RICHARD

Richardson's Mufflers and Suds. We've got scarves and beer now too.

MARSHA

You're Richard Richardson!

RICHARD

The fourth.

MARSHA

So what's Mr. Billboard doing out here with the outcasts?

RICHARD

What does that mean?

MARSHA

I mean, don't you have better things to do than comfort failed, sad marshmallow makers?

RICHARD

Not really. So how do we fix this?

MARSHA

You can't fix this.

RICHARD

I have my ways.

MARSHA

You know, we can't all wave a magic money wand and have our problems disappear.

RICHARD

Okay, one, totally uncalled for, and two, all I'm offering to fix right now is breakfast. You're hungry, I'm an excellent cook, let's start there.

MARSHA

I have marshmallows. I'll survive.

RICHARD

Marshmallows are mostly air. They are not breakfast.

MARSHA

And sugar and gelatin.

RICHARD

Uh-huh. Breakfast of champions. Pork steak with red-eye gravy, farm-fresh eggs, and biscuits with sweet onion jam, that's a real breakfast.

MARSHA

Sweet Onion Jam? That sounds terrible.

RICHARD

No, it's great.

MARSHA

You're a strange guy, Mr. Richard Richardson the Fourth.

RICHARD

You know, miss—

MARSHA

Marsha.

RICHARD

For someone who's all upset about people having judged her unfairly, you're doing a lot of that yourself.

MARSHA

I'm sorry. That just sounds weird. I'll stick to 'mallows, thanks.

RICHARD

Well, sorry to have bothered you. I hope things get better.

RICHARD gets up to leave.

MARSHA

Enjoy your onion jelly.

This stops RICHARD in his tracks. He stops and decides to give it one more try.

(11. ONION JAM)

RICHARD

ONION JAM IS AMAZING IF YOU JUST TAKE A TASTE
 BUT MOST PEOPLE WON'T AND IT ALL GOES TO WASTE
 YOU LOOK AT ME AND THINK I GOT IT UNDER CONTROL
 YOU JUST SEE THE SUIT, BUT YOU CAN'T SEE THE SOUL
 THE WORLD DOESN'T KNOW ALL THAT I AM
 I'M STUCK IN A JAR LIKE MY SWEET ONION JAM.

MARSHA

I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN, I'M KINDA THE SAME
THEY DON'T SEE THE PICTURE, THEY JUST SEE THE FRAME
DO I LOOK TOO TIMID? DO I COME OFF TOO BOLD?
WHATEVER IT IS, I DON'T FIT THEIR MOLD.
I WANNA TRY HARDER BUT WHAT DO I DO?
I GUESS, WELL, I GUESS THAT I'M ONION JAM TOO.

BOTH

LIKE CHOCOLATE AND BACON, LIKE ICE CREAM AND WINE
THINGS THAT DON'T GO TOGETHER CAN GET ON JUST FINE
YOU'LL ACQUIRE THE TASTE IF YOU TRY ENOUGH OF IT
MOST MAY NOT LIKE IT, BUT YOU MIGHT JUST LOVE IT.

LIKE LAMB AND MINT JELLY, LIKE PINK SAUERKRAUT
IF THEY WON'T TAKE A BITE, THEN THEY'RE JUST MISSING OUT
WE CAN'T LET THEM DICTATE WHAT WE'RE GONNA BE
SO THEY WANT A HOTDOG, AND WE'RE DUCK CONFIT!
IT'S A LITTLE BIT STRANGER THAN ALL OF THE REST
BUT SWEET ONION JAM JUST MIGHT BE THE BEST.

RICHARD

THE WORLD NEEDS TO KNOW HOW SPLENDID YOU ARE
MISS SWEET ONION JAM, LET'S GET YOU OUT OF THAT JAR.

RICHARD takes the paper given to MARSHA by the BOARD.

RICHARD

So I know you think the good ol' boys who run this joint
don't like you, and I suspect you're right, but let's see, what's
the official reason they gave for giving you the boot?

DALE enters.

DALE

So, they said no.

MARSHA

Yup.

DALE

We can keep fighting you know. I'm sure there's an appeals
process—

MARSHA

Nope, they say there just, and I quote, "Plum ain't enough
space."

DALE

Hogwash. I was going to let you set up in my space like we've been doing. They couldn't find a rule we were breaking, could they?

RICHARD

Well, except a hastily added one against vexatious women.
(*To MARSHA*) well done –

MARSHA

I'm nothing if not vexing, it seems.

DALE

I've been saying that for years.

MARSHA

Hey!

RICHARD

I'm Richard, by the way. And you are?

DALE

Dale Doogood of Doogood Farm.

RICHARD

And you're Marsha's boyfriend?

DALE

Oh, no, just old family friends. Her grandparents used to live at the next farm down from mine, so we spent all our summers together growing up. And so she's just come back to town and is staying with me until she can find her own place. And of course, was going to be minding my booth at the market, but as it turns out, I've been suspended for my involvement with this.

RICHARD

Ah yes. Consorting with a vexatious woman. Major rule violation.

MARSHA

I'm so sorry! You've been so good to me, and I've caused you so much trouble!

DALE

Don't worry about it. The upstanding citizen always lands on his feet.

CHICKEN

It's happening again, just like it did with all the others.

PEACHES

You can't get yourself kicked out of here, you hear?

DALE

Well, I'm certainly not fixing to get thrown out – I intend to continue to do what's right, and if the Board has a problem with me, they have a problem with me.

CANDLES

Oh, I feel a bad energy here.

CURDS

Well, no wonder. I mean, we're standing on black asphalt, it's 95 degrees outside—

HONEY

Whenever I'm here, I feel like I'm back in my Easy-Bake Oven.

CHICKEN

And there's no shade anywhere—

CURDS

On a day like today, it's a struggle to keep the cheeses unmelted—

PEACHES

And you know, waiting an hour and a half in line in a hot truck for a space I might or might not get, well, that's not my idea of a good time. It makes my peaches mushy.

AMISH JAMS

But what can we do about it? Turkey, String Beans, Apples, Rutabega, all of them gone, just because they crossed the Board.

DALE

Well, officially, it was because the market was “out of space.”

CURDS

Yeah, sure it was.

RICHARD

Excuse me.

HONEY

Yes?

RICHARD

It sounds to me like most of your problems here are related to this space.

CURDS

I reckon that sounds about right.

PEACHES

Why do you care...Mr. Richardson? This isn't your market.

RICHARD

Well, I don't know that that's true. I come here every weekend, and I have to say, I love it here. Well, that's not exactly true, the asphalt's hot, the parking's bad, and sometimes my favorite vendors disappear without a trace, but in general, I love the people, I love the vegetables, I love how alive it feels. You know, see the sights, eat a tomato. It's a great change from what I have to deal with the rest of the week.

DALE

Alright, so what were you saying about space?

RICHARD

You need more space, and you need better space.

CURDS

Impossible.

RICHARD

Leave that aside for a moment. Wouldn't you like to be able to park close, to get off this asphalt, to have good access for your customers, and just generally have this market in a better place?

CANDLES

Well, that's a mighty nice thought, but I doubt the Board would go for it—

RICHARD

Why not? I can't imagine they're any more comfortable out here than we are.

DALE

I suspect they don't mind being a little uncomfortable as long as we are too.

PEACHES

Plus, they have all the shady spaces!

AMISH JAMS

And moreover, even if they'd let us move the market, where would we find a place like that?

HONEY

I mean, the only really good location, in terms of access, parking, space, zoning, would be in Richardson Park behind the International Headquarters of Richards—

PEACHES pats HONEY on the shoulder and she gets it.

HONEY

Oh.

(12. A PLACE TO BE)

RICHARD

Imagine it.

A PLACE WHERE ALL THE FOLKS CAN GO
SOMEPLACE SHADED FROM THE SUN
A GENTLE BREEZE AMONG THE TREES
A PLACE FOR US, AND EVERYONE

The other VENDORS begin to trickle in. MARSHA regards RICHARD with growing affection.

RICHARD & DALE

THE GRASS IS SOFT BENEATH OUR FEET
THE SMELL OF EARTH IS IN THE AIR
IN WINTER'S COLD AND SUMMER'S HEAT
FROM ALL AROUND WE'LL GATHER THERE

CURDS, AMISH JAMS, & CHICKEN join RICHARD and DALE downstage.

RICHARD & MALE VENDORS

A PLACE TO BRING THE THINGS YOU'VE GROWN
AND SHARE THEM IN GOOD COMPANY
YOU'LL BE FED AND YOU'LL BE KNOWN
A PLACE TO LIVE, A PLACE TO BE

The FEMALE VENDORS and MARSHA move to join them.

MEN

THE MORNING CROWD BEGINS TO HUM
AS THE BOUNTY DISAPPEARS

WOMEN

OOH
AAH

AND EVERYONE YOU KNOW HAS COME
OLD FRIENDS YOU HAVEN'T SEEN IN
YEARS

OOH
AAH

MARSHA takes her place between DALE and RICHARD

ALL
THE FRUIT IS SWEET AND NO ONE'S SOUR
THE KIDS AND DOGS ARE FREE TO PLAY
YOU THINK YOU'VE BEEN THERE JUST AN HOUR
AND THEN YOU LOOK: IT'S BEEN ALL DAY!

MARSHA and RICHARD take each other's hand.

ALL
A PLACE TO BRING THE THINGS YOU'VE GROWN
AND SHARE THEM IN GOOD COMPANY
YOU'LL BE FED AND YOU'LL BE KNOWN
A PLACE TO LIVE, A PLACE TO BE

BLACKOUT

END OF ACT I.

ACT TWO

PEACHES & HONEY In-One, about two weeks later.

HONEY

Hey Peaches.

PEACHES

Hey Honey.

HONEY

I was just thinking.

PEACHES

Lord have mercy.

HONEY

We might not ever see Dale again.

PEACHES

True. It's gonna take all the fun out of Market Day.

HONEY

Waiting for the chance to see him every week felt like Christmas Eve.

PEACHES

When he'd say, Mornin' Peaches, it was like I got a diamond ring in my Christmas stocking.

HONEY

My stocking was always filled up with marshmallow shamrocks and chocolate bunnies.

PEACHES

Pardon?

HONEY

Mama liked to shop in the off-season.

PEACHES

Of course she did.

HONEY

Dale is like that. All the holidays rolled into one.

PEACHES

We got to be strong and face it. No more Dale for us.

(5. SOMEBODY CANCELLED CHRISTMAS)

HONEY

WHEN I SEE HIM IT'S CHRISTMAS MORNING
 I GET EXCITED LIKE A LITTLE KID
 JUST ITCHIN' TO RUN TO THE LIVING ROOM
 WHERE ALL MY PRESENTS ARE HID
 HE'S JINGLE BELLS,
 HE'S CHRISTMAS WRAP
 JUST WAITING TO BE UNWID

PEACHES

BUT YOU-KNOW-WHO-TOOK IT ALL AWAY
 AND CHRISTMAS IS A PLAIN OLD DAY

BOTH

SOMEBODY CANCELLED CHRISTMAS
 SHOT RUDOLPH FOR MEAT AND FUR
 MY EASTER HAM IS ON THE LAM
 AND IT'S ALL BECAUSE OF HER

As the song progresses, the lights come up and reveal them to be at a stockyard, where the VENDORS are gathering to meet with the BOARD.

PEACHES

HE'S A BAG OF HALLOWEEN CANDY
 THAT I JUST CAN'T WAIT TO EAT
 HE'S A JACK-O-LANTERN WITH A BIG OL' SMILE
 I CAN SEE FROM ACROSS THE STREET
 HE'S CHOCOLATE BARS
 HE'S MALLOWMARS
 DING-DONG, TRICK OR TREAT!

BUT YOU-KNOW-WHO TOOK IT ALL AWAY
 AND HALLOWEEN'S A PLAIN OLD DAY

CURDS, CHICKEN, RICHARD, & MARSHA trickle in.

PEACHES AND HONEY

SOMEBODY CANCELLED CHRISTMAS
 RAINED OUT THE FOURTH OF JULY
 MY VALENTINE'S NO LONGER MINE
 AND SHE'S THE REASON WHY

BLESS HER HEART
 BLESS HER HEART
 BLESS HER HEART
 BLESS –
 WHY, GOD, WHY?

BLESS HER HEART
 BLESS HER HEART
 BLESS –

(abruptly coming face-to-face with MARSHA)

Hiiiiii!

PEACHES & HONEY skedaddle in the other direction.

PEACHES AND HONEY
 IT'S LIKE SOMEBODY CANCELLED CHRISTMAS
 FLIPPED THANKSGIVING THE BIRD
 ARBOR DAY HAS GONE AWAY
 IN CASE YOU HADN'T HEARD
 IT'S LIKE SOMEBODY CANCELLED CHRISTMAS
 HELD NEW YEARS WITH NO TO-DO
 MY LEPRECHAUN HAS DONE AND GONE
 AND IT'S ALL BECAUSE OF YOU
 YOU
 YOU
 IT'S ALL BECAUSE OF YOU

MARSHA
 What's because of me?

PEACHES & HONEY
 Nothin'...

MARSHA
 Oookay.

RICHARD
 So, who else will be here tonight?

MARSHA
 Well, Candles should be here soon, she was going give
 Amish Jams a ride. *(pause)* And Dale's coming.

HONEY
 I hear jingle bells!

PEACHES
 Here comes Christmas!

MARSHA
 And then of course, the Board should be here any
 minute.

RICHARD

Do you all always have your meetings at a stockyard?

DALE, AMISH JAMS, & CANDLES enter.

DALE

No, usually at a library or something. This is weird.
And pungent.

CANDLES

Here.

CANDLES pulls a spray bottle out of her bag and mists them with some sort of aromatherapy concoction.

RICHARD

Thanks, I guess.

CHICKEN

Now we smell like hippie cow pie.

CANDLES

I'm here to help.

MR. PORK

(Calling from offstage)

MAKE WAY FOR THE BUFFALO!

MARSHA

Okay. Market-faces, everybody.

DALE

I know we've all had issues with the Board in the past,
but let's keep this clean and civil.

PEACHES

You know you can always count on us to be ladylike.

HONEY

Always!

CANDLES

Deep breaths.

MARSHA

(to Richard)

YOU UP TO THIS?

RICHARD

Hey, I went toe-to-toe with the International Brotherhood of Mechanical Apparel Dehydrator Technicians—

MARSHA

The who?

RICHARD

You know, the dryer guys. Anyway, I survived that, how bad can four old farmers be?

The BOARD enters.

MR. PORK

Order! Order! I call this meaning to order!

MARSHA

(under her breath)

Right here? With the cows?

MR. SOURDOUGH

Was there a comment?

DALE shoots her a look.

MARSHA

NO, SIR.

MR. BUFFALO

Alright, Mr. Rogerson, I hear you have a proposal for us. Impress me. And make it quick. I got a truck full of bison meat out back, and I wanna get it home before it defrosts.

Throughout this section, an instrumental version of “A Place to Be” underscores RICHARD’s proposal. It stops as he’s interrupted, and resumes as he continues.

RICHARD

Of course. Sure. Right. Okay. So as you know, I’m Richard Richardson IV, of Richardson’s Mufflers and Suds, an international chain of car repair, Laundromat, apparel and liquor stores.

MR. SOURDOUGH

So you think you’re better than us?

RICHARD

What? No. As I was saying... what was I saying?

MR. BUFFALO

Hurry it up, my bison is thawing.

MR. PORK

You are thawing his bison!

RICHARD

Okay. So, I own Richardson Park, which is big, centrally located, has bathrooms and electric hookups, has great parking and access, and is a nice grassy, shady space, with play areas for kids and dogs—

MR. MUSHROOM

Is there a jungle gym? I love a good jungle gym.

RICHARD

--Um, no...

MR. SOURDOUGH

And yet he says there's a play area. Tricky, this one.

RICHARD

... But we have plans to add one!

BUFFALO

Oh, who gives a crap about the children? Everything's always for the children! Or the women? But what about me?

MR. PORK

What about the Buffalo?

RICHARD

What about him...you? Don't you want a lovely, cool, convenient, spacious place that shoppers will want to come? And I'm offering it to you for free, even!

MR. SOURDOUGH

Careful, boys, nothin's ever free.

RICHARD

Really! I'd love to have you all on my land.

MR. MUSHROOM

Well, that does sound nice—

MR. BUFFALO

You do make an intriguing proposal.

MR. PORK

The Buffalo is intrigued!

MR. BUFFALO

I'm leanin' towards sayin' yes.

MR. PORK

The Buffalo is inclined!

RICHARD

There's just one thing—

MR. SOURDOUGH

Here it comes.

RICHARD

You have to let Marsha's Mallows into your market.

MR. BUFFALO

Excuse me?

RICHARD

Marsha makes a wonderful product, and she comes with the land.

MR. SOURDOUGH

This suit thinks he can come in and tell us how to run our market?

MR. BUFFALO

So...

MR. BUFFALO saunters over to RICHARD until they're nearly toe-to-toe.

MR. BUFFALO (CONT)

Your girlfriend has you buying her way into the market now, does she?

RICHARD

No, I mean, I just won't stand by and see any good vendors mistreated!

MR. BUFFALO

Boy, those marshmallows of hers must really be somethin', if you know what I mean, boys?

HONEY

Lemme at 'em! I float like a honeybee and sting like...
another honeybee!

DALE crosses to insert himself into the situation.

DALE

Now, come on, everybody, let's keep it civil.

MR. BUFFALO

I mean, she's trouble on legs, but you must like
something about her, if she's got you whipped like this.
Girl like that's only good for one thing...makin'
marshmallows.

MR. PORK

If you know what he means!

RICHARD

You all need to stop right now.

PEACHES

Just give me a second to grease up and put on my
fightin' rings!

DALE

If you think we're gonna stand for you talking this way
about our friend—

MR. BUFFALO

She makin' 'mallows for you, too? Seems like the
type...

MARSHA

I am not—

PEACHES

Now you look here—

HONEY

--we have had enough—

PEACHES

--with you treating us like we're just baskets of fruit to
be squeezed.

CANDLES

We are eternal souls, just like you! You have malignant
energy radiating—

MR. BUFFALO

(to DALE and RICHARD)

You boys need to come out to the ranch some time and I'll show you a thing or two about controlling your womenfolk!

DALE

You need to learn a thing or two about controlling your mouth.

MR. BUFFALO

You gonna make me?

DALE

I'm gonna try...

MR. SOURDOUGH

Biting off more than you can chew, boy...

RICHARD

Well then, I am too.

CURDS

And me.

CHICKEN

And me.

And I wish to strongly protest your offensive statements.

MR. BUFFALO

Well, then, boys, it looks like we got ourselves an old-fashioned farmers' rumble.

CURDS

It looks like we do.

RICHARD

When we win, you let Marsha in, and step down from the board, and hand over the market to be managed by decent people.

MR. BUFFALO

When we win, ya'll and all yer lady-friends are out of our market, and we don't wanna see you around us no more, ever, you understand?

THE MALE VENDORS

Understood.

DALE

That works for you ladies too?

THE FEMALE VENDORS assent with variations of “Fine by us!” “Kick some buffalo butt!” etc.

MR. BUFFALO

We’re fair men, and since this is our turf, we’ll let you pick what kinda fight this is gonna be.

AMISH JAMS

Fight? Have you all gone mad? We’re farmers!

DALE

We can’t just let this drop. The Upstanding Citizen fights for what’s right.

CURDS

I didn’t back down the time I had to face off with an armed cheese thief with only my own wits and a block of cheddar, and I’m not backing down now.

AMISH JAMS

Friends, I know your hearts are inflamed with passion, but I cannot participate in this violence!

DALE

Well, what if we settled this the Old-Fashioned Way?

MARSHA

(confused)

The Old-Fashioned Way?

PEACHES, HONEY & CANDLES

(surprised)

The Old-Fashioned Way!? Why it’s been years*(etc.)*

CHICKEN

I could get behind that. I took 2nd place in the freestyle—

DALE

I’m in.

RICHARD

Absolutely.

AMISH JAMS

I would be comfortable with this, but I still cannot participate. You understand.

CURDS

Okay, then men, it's settled. The Old-Fashioned Way it is.

HONEY

Kick some buffalo butt, boys!

PEACHES, HONEY, and CANDLES make a beeline for the door, then notice MARSHA isn't with them. They go back for her.

PEACHES

C'mon, sweetheart, time to go.

MARSHA

What are they going to do? This is about me – I can't just leave them to—

HONEY

Menfolk around here have been handlin' quarrels the Old Fashioned Way for a long time, and I can tell you, you can't un-see what's going to happen here.

CANDLES

How 'bout we go wait for them at the Northtown Mufflers and Suds?

PEACHES

Yeah, I could use to get a beer and do a load of whites....

CANDLES

Vernon the VW bus needs a new tailpipe...

HONEY

And we'll be able to get them all cleaned up and taken care of after this is all settled.

MARSHA

(to RICHARD)

Are you sure you'll be okay? I'll stay...

RICHARD

Go on. We've got this.

MARSHA

Be safe.

THEY embrace, and MARSHA, CANDLES, PEACHES & HONEY exit.

CHICKEN

Well, I should probably be goin' too.

CURDS

You stay here and fight like a man, Chicken.

DALE

(calling across the room to the BOARD)

Okay, boys, we've got your answer.

The MEN walk to the center of the room. DALE steps forward.

DALE

We challenge you to an old-fashioned clog-off. Revised Lunsford Rules. Home team leads off.

MR. SOURDOUGH

Do you think this is wise, boy?

MR. MUSHROOM

Wow, good thing I wore my clogging shoes! You just never know...

MR. SOURDOUGH and MR. MUSHROOM start to line up for the clog-off.

MR. PORK

Wait for the Buffalo!

MR. BUFFALO

Alright. A clog-off it is. We're gonna clog your tails off, boys.

MR. PORK

The Buffalo is going to clog your tails off!

DALE

Bring it.

(13. FARMERS' RUMBLE)

The BOARD clogs to "Shut it Down." It's intimidating.

MR. BUFFALO

Alright, boys, let's see what you got.

MR. PORK

Show the Buffalo what you've got!

DALE

You wanna see what we've got?

The VENDORS clog to "What I Got"

The lines break down. The two sides duel and one by one, the cloggers can go no longer. CURDS and MR. SOURDOUGH are the first two to drop out, CHICKEN against MR. PORK, DALE faces off against MR. MUSHROOM, and finally only RICHARD and MR. BUFFALO are left dancing. MR. PORK intervenes to trip up RICHARD, and this injustice arouses the ire of the latent AMISH JAMS, who leaps to his feet and out-clogs everyone. It is only when the other BOARD members gang up on AMISH JAMS that he is finally defeated.

MR. BUFFALO

THERE'S THE DOOR, GET ON OUT IT.

BLACKOUT.

CURDS, In-One.

CURDS

Well, I may-a been the first one out in the clog off, but remember – I'm a cheesemaker by trade and avocation, not a dancer. I'm no stranger to a little competition, let me tell you. Did I ever tell you about the time I got into a cheesemaking contest with the Devil himself? True story!

(14. CHEESE IN HALF AN HOUR)

WELL, THE DEVIL CAME DOWN TO MARKET ONE DAY
WITH A HANKERIN' FOR A SNACK
THE OTHERS, IN THEIR WISDOM
SAID "BEEZULBUB, GET BACK!"
BUT I WAS BOLD AND I WAS BRASH,
DIDN'T RECOGNIZE HIS POWER
"ALRIGHT, OL' NICK, YOU WANT IT QUICK?
I'LL MAKE YOU CHEESE IN HALF AN HOUR."

OFF-STAGE VOCALS

CHEESE IN HALF AN HOUR!

CURDS

I SHOOK HIS HAND, I TOOK HIS GOLD
"HERE COMES YOUR MOZZARELLA."
THEN HE GRINNED AN AWFUL GRIN

HE SAID, "HOLD UP THERE, FELLA.

YOUR THIRTY MINUTES ARE ON THE CLOCK
BUT YOU GOTTA DO ME BETTER
YOUR SOUL IS MINE FOR ANYTHING LESS
THAN A DAMN GOOD FIVE-YEAR CHEDDAR."

OFF-STAGE VOCALS

THE SWISS THEY LIKE THEIR CHEESE WITH HOLES
BUT ME I LIKE MY CHEESE WITH SOULS
GOUDA'S GOOD AND SO IS BLUE
BUT BRIMSTONE MAKES THE BEST FONDUE

CURDS

I HAD MY RENNET, HAD MY MILK
WAS PRAYIN' HARD TO JESUS
"LORD, I KNOW YOU DON'T GOT TIME
FOR MEDDLIN' WITH CHEESES."

BUT AN ANGEL WHISPERED IN MY EAR
"LET'S KICK IT UP A NOTCH.
NOW LISTEN HERE, YOU PRIDEFUL BOY
USE YOUR PAPA'S POCKET WATCH.

NOW SPIN THOSE HANDS DOUBLE TIME
AND YOUR CHEESE WILL START TO AGE."
THE DEVIL SAW WHAT WAS GOING ON
AND FLEW INTO A RAGE.

OFF-STAGE VOCALS

THE SWISS THEY LIKE THEIR CHEESE WITH HOLES
BUT ME I LIKE MY CHEESE WITH SOULS
GOUDA'S GOOD AND SO IS BLUE
BUT BRIMSTONE MAKES THE BEST FONDUE

CURDS

THIRTY MINUTES ON THE CLOCK
FINISHED UP WITH HASTE
I SAID, "ALL RIGHT YOU BASTARD,
HERE, HAVE A TASTE."

HE DISAPPEARED IN A SHOWER OF SPARKS
BUT BEFORE THE OL' BOY'D GONE
HE STAMPED HIS FOOT AND SAID, "YOU WIN.
THAT'S DAMN GOOD PARMESAN."

SO HEED MY TALE, BOY, IF YOU DARE
AND BEWARE THE DEVIL'S POWER
I SAY, "THINK TWICE BEFORE YOU TRY

TO MAKE CHEESE IN HALF AN HOUR!”

BLACKOUT.

At RICHARDSONS MUFFLERS & SUDS, the WOMEN are doing laundry and drinking beer. STRING BEAN is inconspicuously and anonymously laundering off to one side.

MARSHA

A clog-off?

PEACHES

Yep.

MARSHA

That's the “Old Fashioned Way” of settling things?

HONEY

Uh-huh.

MARSHA

A clog-off?

CANDLES

That's right.

MARSHA

So all the guys – Dale, Chicken, Curds, Amish Jams...
and Richard – are all at the stockyard right now,
clogging for our honor?

PEACHES

Indeed they are.

MARSHA

And you didn't let me stay to watch it!?

PEACHES

And Dale all worked up, standing up to those bullies,
why, I could have watched that all day long.

HONEY

He can defend my honor any day.

PEACHES

All I know is, when they get here, all worked up and
sweaty, I'd be happy to launder his overalls.

MARSHA

I just hope they're okay. I don't trust the Buffalo Bastards.

CANDLES

Don't you worry. I haven't felt any major energy fluctuations, so I'm sure they're all fine.

HONEY

Here they come!

RICHARD, DALE, CURDS, AMISH JAMS, and CHICKEN enter, looking quite a bit worse for the wear. AMISH JAMS is limping, and being helped along by CURDS. MARSHA rushes to RICHARD, HONEY & PEACHES rush to DALE, CURDS deposits AMISH JAMS into the care of CANDLES, then hops up on a dryer, pulls out a package of cheese, and starts snacking. No one notices CHICKEN.

DALE

Well we lost.

MARSHA

(to RICHARD)

I'm so glad you're okay!

HONEY

(to DALE)

Oh you're a mess!

PEACHES

(to DALE)

Let's get you out of those dirty things.

CANDLES (TO AMISH JAMS)

Okay, sit down, let me get my herbs, I'll just whip you up a quick poltice. What happened to you?

RICHARD

Turns out, he's the best clogger of us all. Took the whole board to take him down.

CANDLES

Where'd you learn how to clog? I thought you folks didn't dance.

AMISH JAMS

Rumspringa.

CURDS

(to his cheese)

Oh, Pepper Jack, you do my heart good.

CHICKEN (TO

nobody in particular)

What am I? Chicken liver? I'm a mess too!

MARSHA

So. A clog-off.

RICHARD

That's the Old Fashioned Way of handling things.

MARSHA

You can clog.

RICHARD

Yeah...

MARSHA

(kinda turned on by that)

Wow. Really. I'm gonna need to see that.

RICHARD

I'm all clogged out for now, I think.

MARSHA

That's fine. You can show me later. In private.

PEACHES

(to DALE)

We're going to need to see your clogging too.

HONEY

Just so we can properly envision how it all went.

RICHARD

I'm so sorry to have gotten you all into this mess. If there's anything I can do...

CANDLES

No apology necessary.

DALE

We appreciate that you tried. But now, the fact is, we're all out of the market.

CHICKEN

We're in a bind!

CURDS

My cheesemaking habit isn't going to support itself.

CANDLES

They have the brand name, they have the reputation, they have the customer base – how can we get along without that?

PEACHES

It's true, I only get a handful of visitors out to the farmstand every week. What'll I do if I can't sell my peaches?

STRING BEAN

There's another way.

CHICKEN

What?

STRING BEAN

There's another way.

CANDLES

...String Bean? Is that you?

STRING BEAN

Nobody's called me that in a long time.

CURDS

I always wondered where you went! One week you were at market and then the next, you were gone!

CANDLES

Good to see you again!

MARSHA

You used to sell at the market?

STRING BEAN

Oh yes, I was a farmer once too, years and years ago, before any of you young folk were part of the market. And I had my run-in with the Buffalo Boys too. They didn't like my pricing, thought I was giving folks too good of a deal, and they didn't like it. So they ran me out of the market. And, that could have been the end of me, but I set up on the side of the road, and I sold my

beans and my tomatoes to anyone who came by, and by golly, I fed those folks good, wholesome food. But, eventually, it was too much for me to do all by myself, and I let my garden go fallow.

(15. PRODUCE TO THE PEOPLE)

Gospel music underscore begins underneath.

STRING BEAN (CONT)

But I feel it rising back up inside me – the need to plant, children! To till and to weed! Because you all have a chance to do something I never did when I was all alone, because there are enough of you to really make a difference. Go directly to the market. Start your own market. You can't let the Buffalo stop you.

YOU GOTTA BRING PRODUCE TO THE PEOPLE
 ALL ACROSS THIS GREAT, GREAT LAND
 WE WILL BRING IT TO OUR MARKET
 WE WILL PASS IT HAND TO HAND
 WE WILL WELCOME ANY VENDOR
 OH, BE THEY GREAT OR SMALL
 WE'RE BRINGING PRODUCE TO THE PEOPLE
 THERE'LL BE STRING BEANS FOR US ALL.

The tempo kicks into gear, and MARSHA, DALE and RICHARD step up to sing back-up.

<p>STRING BEAN WE'RE BRINGING PRODUCE TO THE PEOPLE ALL ACROSS THIS GREAT GREAT LAND THEY WILL FLOCK TO BUY OUR PRODUCTS THINGS WE'VE MADE AND THINGS WE'VE CANNED</p> <p>WE WILL HARVEST WITH COMPASSION EVERY CARROT, EVERY BEET WE'RE BRINGING PRODUCE TO THE PEOPLE</p> <p>AFTER ALL, FOLKS GOTTA EAT</p>	<p>MARSHA, DALE & RICHARD BRINGING PRODUCE TO THE PEOPLE ALL ACROSS THIS GREAT, GREAT LAND THEY WILL FLOCK BUY AND BUY THINGS WE'VE MADE AND THINGS WE'VE CANNED JUST LIKE WE PLANNED HARVEST WITH COMPASSION EVERY CARROT, EVERY BEET BRINGING PRODUCE TO THE PEOPLE, TO THE PEOPLE AFTER ALL, FOLKS GOTTA EAT.</p>
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MARSHA steps in to sing the lead, acknowledging vendors as she mentions their products.

MARSHA

IT'S A LAND OF MILK AND HONEY
OF FRESH MADE BREADS, AND JAMS
WHERE EVERY WOMAN HAS KOHLRABI
AND EACH AND EVERY MAN HAS
YAMS!

ALL

EACH AND EVERY MAN HAS YAMS
EACH AND EVERY MAN HAS YAMS
EACH AND EVERY MAN HAS YAMS

MARSHA

YEAH!

ALL

WE'RE BRINGING PRODUCE TO THE PEOPLE
ALL ACROSS THIS GREAT GREAT LAND
WE WILL BUILD A BRAND-NEW MARKET
AND TOGETHER WE WILL STAND
OUT OF SORROW AND INJUSTICE
REVOLUTION WILL BE BORN
WE'RE BRINGING PRODUCE TO THE PEOPLE
LET THE PEOPLE EAT SWEET CORN
EAT SWEET CORN, EAT SWEET CORN, EAT SWEET CORN
EAT SWEET CORN, EAT SWEET CORN, EAT SWEET CORN, EAT
SWEET CORN!

MARSHA, RICHARD & DALE	EVERYONE ELSE
BRING PRODUCE TO THE PEOPLE ALL ACROSS THIS GREAT, GREAT LAND WE WILL BRING IT TO OUR MARKET WE WILL PASS IT HAND TO HAND WE WILL WELCOME EVERY VENDOR OH BE THEY GREAT OR SMALL WE'RE BRINGING PRODUCE TO THE PEOPLE THERE'LL BE STRING BEANS FOR US ALL.	BRING PRODUCE TO THE PEOPLE ACROSS THE LAND BRING IT, BRING IT OUR OUR MARKET! PASS IT HAND TO HAND WELCOME, WELCOME VENDOR OH BE THEY GREAT OR SMALL WE'RE BRINGING PRODUCE TO THE PEOPLE THERE'LL BE STRING BEANS FOR US ALL!

BLACKOUT

In-one, back at the old market. The BOARD is seated in a row of folding lawn chairs that are all connected together by a rod in the back, forcing them to be moved in tandem.

MR. SOURDOUGH

You really showed them, didn't you, Buffalo?

MR. BUFFALO

I reckon I did.

MR. PORK

They have been shown.

MRS. POKER

Where is everybody today?

MR. BUFFALO

I dunno.

MR. SOURDOUGH

They just didn't show up.

MRS. POKER

Do you have any peaches?

MR. BUFFALO

No.

MRS. POKER

What about honey?

MR. BUFFALO

No.

MRS. POKER

Well, then maybe some Amish Jams?

MR. BUFFALO

No.

MRS. POKER

Any cheese curds?

MR. BUFFALO

No.

MRS. POKER

Scented candles?

MR. BUFFALO
No.

MRS. POKER
Chicken?

MR. BUFFALO
No.

MRS. POKER
Do you have marshmallows?

MR. BUFFALO
HELL NO!

MR. MUSHROOM
We have mushrooms.

MRS. POKER
So then if you don't have peaches, honey, curds, jams,
candles, chicken, or marshmallows, what do you have?

MR. PORK
Pork.

MR. SOURDOUGH
Sourdough.

MR. BUFFALO
We got buffalo, lady. Lots and lots of buffalo.

MRS. POKER
Buffalo?

THE BOARD
Buffalo.

MRS. POKER
Ew.

MRS. POKER exits empty-handed.

(15B. THE BUFFALO)

MR. BUFFALO
NOW YOUR FUNGUS MAY BE VILE
AND PORK IS OUT OF STYLE
AND NO ONE LIKES YOUR SOURDOUGH

MR. PORK, MUSHROOM & SOURDOUGH
THAT'S TRUE

MR. BUFFALO
BUT NOW I'M IN A STEW—
WHAT'S THIS COUNTRY COMIN' TO
WHEN YOU CAN'T SELL YOUR BUFFALO?

MR. PORK
WELL, I DON'T KNOW!

Lights down on the BOARD.

Lights up on DALE, PEACHES and HONEY back at the MUFFLERS & SUDS. DALE is pressing a suit jacket, PEACHES and HONEY have come for a drink.

PEACHES
Well, my, my, Dale Doogood, you do clean up into a
sight worth seeing.

HONEY
You look right purdy!

PEACHES
Any special occasion?

DALE
Well, yes, in fact. You see, ladies, during the rumble, I
saw my life pass before my eyes, and I realized, I want
more in my life than I have right now. I want a family, I
want a good woman to come home to. So I've decided
to go a-courtin'.

HONEY
And have you decided who's the lucky lady?

DALE
Why, yes, I believe I have.

DALE sings this verse towards PEACHES, ignoring the rising ire of the snubbed HONEY.

(16. PLANTED IN MY HEART)

SHE'S REALLY PEACHY KEEN
SHE MAKES ME FEEL ALL FUZZY
CUTEST GIRL I'VE EVER SEEN
SHE'S REALLY, REALLY...

HONEY

Scuzzy?

DALE

I WANNA SHOUT HER NAME
AS FAR AS MY VOICE REACHES
SHE MAKES ME WANNA RAMBLE ON
GIVING HEARTFELT SPEECHES
ABOUT THAT GIRL WHO'S NAME IS....
PLANTED IN MY HEART.

PEACHES looks disappointed, Honey looks slightly more hopeful. During the next verse, PEACHES' demeanor clouds over further.

DALE

SHE'S MY LITTLE HONEYBUN
THE SWEETEST OF ALL SWEETIES
I KNOW FOR SURE THAT SHE'S THE ONE
SHE GIVES ME

PEACHES

Diabetes?

DALE

I WANNA SHOUT HER NAME
IT MAKES ME FEEL ALL FUNNY
EVEN WHEN IT'S RAINING HARD
WHEN SHE'S THERE, IT'S STILL SUNNY
OH, YES, THAT GIRL WHOSE NAME IS...
PLANTED IN MY HEART

As DALE tries to explain, PEACHES and HONEY step up to each other, ending up facing off nose-to-nose directly in front of DALE.

DALE

SHE'S—

HONEY

OVERRIPE.

DALE

SHE'S—

PEACHES

STICKY.

DALE

HER HEART IS LIKE—

HONEY
A PIT.

DALE
SHE'S—

PEACHES
SAPPY.

DALE
NO—

HONEY
SPOILED ROTTEN.

DALE
SHE'S REALLY JUST—

PEACHES
BEE SPIT?

DALE
NO, GIRLS, NO NO NO
YOU'RE JUST NOT GETTING IT!

DALE bursts between them.

DALE
I WANNA SHOUT HER NAME
LIKE A COCKADOODLE DO
AT LAST I'VE FOUND THE ONE
WHO TURNS ME INTO GOO!
OH WILL YOU WILL YOU TAKE MY HAND,
I HOPE YOU'LL SAY I DO!
OH YES OH YES, OH YES, OH YES...

DALE leaves the stage and kneels down in front of a woman in the audience.

DALE
IT'S SUE!

PEACHES & HONEY
Who?!?

DALE
Ladies, this is Sue. I met her three days ago when I was
right here in the Mufflers and Suds. I was doing
laundry, she was doing the same, plus getting an oil
change, we got to talking, had a beer and some laughs,

and next thing you know, we were sharing a dryer. And once you've dried your underthings with a lady's unmentionables, well, it's time to make a commitment. Isn't it, my little turnip blossom?

PEACHES

It's a... pleasure... to meet you.

HONEY

Charmed.

DALE

Well, girls, we have plans for the evening. Lovely running into you. See you at the Grand Opening!

DALE & SUE exit. PEACHES and HONEY sit in stunned silence.

HONEY

Hey Peaches?

PEACHES

Yes, Honey?

HONEY

I've been thinkin'...

PEACHES

Honey-girl, this may not be the time...

HONEY

Well, I just though... you know, Chicken's kinda cute.

PEACHES

You know, for once, I think you're right. He's adorable.

HONEY

Well, I noticed him first.

PEACHES

Doesn't mean he's not gonna come roost in my henhouse, if you know what I mean!

HONEY

Peaches!

BLACKOUT

In-One, THE BOARD is sitting in their lawnchairs again. "Ya Can't Make a Marshmallow" underscores. There are no customers.

The music stops, and there's the sound of crickets.

MR. MUSHROOM

Grand opening of Richardson's market next week, ain't it?

The music resumes, stops, and the crickets are heard again.

MR. SOURDOUGH

It'll never work out.

Music, then crickets.

MR. BUFFALO

THEY'LL COME CRAWLING BACK ANY DAY NOW.

There's a long, uncomfortable pause.

MR. MUSHROOM

Look! Here's a shopper!

BARNEY

HEY, FELLAS!

MR. BUFFALO

Good to see you, Barney! What can we do you for, today?

BARNEY

Oh, I'm just passin' by on my way help prep the site for the Richardson's new market. Didja know? They've gonna have a girl over there who makes marshmallows, I heard! Ain't that cool? I gotta get me some-a them!

BARNEY exits. Music, then chirping.

MR. PORK

I WISH I HAD A MARSHMALLOW...

MR. BUFFALO smacks him.

BLACKOUT.

Early, early Saturday morning, at the new market on the day of the Grand Opening. In the darkness, MARSHA & RICHARD appear with flashlights and pulling a wagon of miscellaneous supplies. It bears a certain resemblance to Marsha's wagon-full of market application. The other VENDORS are there too.

(17A. FINALE A)

THE VENDORS
HERE'S ANOTHER BUSHEL
WANNA USE MY BASKET?
WOULD YOU LIKE SOME PEPPERS?
HERE, I GOT YOUR TRUCK KEYS
DO YOU WANT SOME COFFEE?
WEATHER'S GETTING BETTER.
WANNA USE MY SWEATER?
GONNA BE A GREAT ONE.
GLAD TO SEE YOU MADE IT
LOOKIN' MIGHTY GOOD THERE.
LET ME GET THAT FOR YOU.
HELP YOU GET YOUR TENT UP.
HOPE YOU HAVE A GOOD ONE.
HEY, DO YOU NEED MARKERS?
SATURDAY IS MARKET DAY!

(17B. FINALE A)

MARSHA
Did you remember to
PICK UP THE FLIERS?

RICHARD
NO HONEY TOOK CARE OF IT

MARSHA
PUT UP THE SIGNAGE?

RICHARD
OH, CURDS DID THAT.

MARSHA
I'M STILL CONCERNED ABOUT MARKET SECURITY...

RICHARD
PEACHES APPARENTLY BROUGHT A BAT.

MARSHA
I WANT TO MAKE SURE THAT I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN THINGS

RICHARD
TRY TO RELAX AND HAVE SOME FUN

MARSHA
WHERE IS MY LIST OF ALL OF MY OTHER LISTS?

RICHARD
TAKE A DEEP BREATH, I THINK WE'RE DONE!

MARSHA
THANKS FOR UNDERSTANDING
IT'S ALL BEEN SO DEMANDING
WE JUST GOTTA STICK THE LANDING!

BUT WHAT ABOUT PARKING
AND WHAT ABOUT WEATHER AND WHAT ABOUT TABLES AND
WHAT ABOUT STORAGE AND WHAT ABOUT TOILETS AND
WHAT ABOUT TRAFFIC AND WHAT ABOUT MUSIC AND WHAT
ABOUT PERMITS AND WHAT ABOUT TAXES AND WHAT ABOUT
ZONING—

RICHARD kisses her, effectively shutting her up.

BOTH
THAT'LL DO!

CURDS enters, hand-in-hand with STRING BEAN.

CURDS
Hey, now, no making out at the market. You'll put the
customers off their feed.

MARSHA
Yeah, yeah.

MARSHA notices the attachment between CURDS and STRING BEAN

MARSHA (CONT)
My, my, what is this?

CURDS
Well, as you may know, I'm a man who appreciates
passion, and when I saw this sweet little mascarpone
again at our Come-to-Jesus meetin' over at
Richardson's, I thought, well, that there's gonna be
Mrs. Curds #6. So I pulled out a Camembert good
enough to make grown men weep, and she agreed to
elope with me right there and then. True story.

STRING BEAN-CURDS
I always dreamed that someday I'd marry a
cheesemaker.

MARSHA
It's good to have dreams, I suppose.

The rest of the VENDORS enter. Everyone's very glad to see each other.

HONEY

Mornin' Peaches.

PEACHES

Mornin' Honey.

HONEY

Hey Peaches?

PEACHES

Yes, Honey?

HONEY

I was just thinking.

PEACHES

What about?

HONEY

I was just remembering how when I was a little girl, I'd play dress-up with one of my mama's white dresses.

PEACHES

Oh, I did that.

HONEY

I'd put a veil over my face.

PEACHES

Mm hmm.

HONEY

... walk real slow like this... and dream what it would be like someday.

PEACHES

I think every little girl has those dreams.

HONEY

...of the day when I would finally become a beekeeper.

PEACHES

Honey, never change. Never change.

CANDLES

I've had several reincarnations. I went to a healer and she regressed me through all my past lives. I've come back in every age. The French Revolution, the Renaissance, ancient Egypt. Now, I'm not one of those people who thinks she was Cleopatra.

AMISH JAMS

Of course not.

CANDLES

I was Cleopatra's *helper*.

AMISH JAMS

I see.

CANDLES

Got her up out of the tub and whatnot.

AMISH JAMS

You've had some exciting times.

CANDLES

They say if you keep being reincarnated, it's because you need to learn something. There must be something that I need to learn, but I don't know what it is. Do you think I need to learn something?

AMISH JAMS

I can't think of a thing.

MARSHA

Alright people, it's almost time for the folks to start arriving. We've been given a marvelous opportunity to start over, and to show this community how awesome a farmers' market can be. So let's go out there and vend like we've never vended before. Bring it in... on three.

THE VENDORS huddle in the manner of a pre-game cheer.

ALL

Produce to the people!

The BOARD sidles in.

RICHARD

Sorry gentlemen, but the market's not quite open yet. But after we ring the bell, you'll be able to avail yourselves of some of the region's finest local foods.

MR. BUFFALO

We haven't come to shop. We've come to tell you to shut this down, or we're at war.

DALE

Oh are we?

RICHARD

Well, you're on my turf, boys, so I'm going to pick how we fight. And I choose economic domination. So you might as well head back to your own market and try to save your own sorry businesses before we crush you like the varmits you are. Understood?

MR. BUFFALO

You stole my vendors, boy!

MR. BUFFALO raises his hand to strike Richard, but MARSHA grabs some sort of block of cheese from CURDS' wagon and knocks MR. BUFFALO out cold with it.

PEACHES

Glory be, this woman has felled the mighty Buffalo.

CURDS

(to STRING BEAN)

That's just goes to show what I was tellin' you, buttercake: hard cheeses really are good for more than just gratin'.

(18. SOMEBODY CANCELLED CHRISTMAS REPRISE)

PEACHES & HONEY

NOW WE'LL CELEBRATE CHRISTMAS
WITH BUFFALO BARBEQUE
LIKE WE LIKE TO SAY ON PRESIDENT'S DAY
WE'RE SALUTIN' YOU!

PEACHES & HONEY dance over the fallen MR. BUFFALO, taking minimal care not to step on him in the process.

Music continues underneath.

MR. MUSHROOM

(to RICHARD)

Lovely market you have here.

MR. PORK

(to RICHARD)

Say, ya'll aren't taking applications for new vendors, are you?

RICHARD

You want to join our market?

MR. SOURDOUGH

Told you they weren't.

RICHARD

Well, as it turns out, yes we are. Let's see, here you go, boys.

RICHARD hands each of them a pile of papers at least 10" high.

RICHARD (CONT)

Marsha wrote it herself. If you want to impress her, I suggest you be... thorough. Now run along. You've got work to do.

DALE

And clear him outta here, why don'tcha?

MR. MUSHROOM, SOURDOUGH & PORK drag MR BUFFALO up onto a wagon, unceremoniously plop their applications on him, and wheel him offstage.

PEACHES & HONEY

BLESS THEIR HEARTS
 BLESS THEIR HEARTS
 BLESS THEIR HEARTS
 BLESS – HI, BOYS, HI!
 BLESS THEIR HEARTS
 BLESS THEIR HEARTS
 BYE!

NOW SATURDAY'S GONNA BE CHRISTMAS
 ALL THE WHOLE YEAR THROUGH
 MARKET DAY IS HERE TO STAY
 AND IT'S ALL BECAUSE OF YOU

(19. FINALE B)

ALL

MARKET SEASON STARTS ANEW
 IN THE SHADE OF TENT AND TREE
 DOING WHAT WE'RE HERE TO DO
 NOW WE'VE GOT OUR PLACE TO BE

The cowbell rings.

MARSHA & RICHARD
 WELCOME FOLKS, ENJOY THE WEATHER
 WE'RE SO GLAD TO BE TOGETHER
 EVERY FLAVOR SIDE BY SIDE—
 TRY A TASTE YOU'VE NEVER TRIED
 HAVE A PEACH WITH TASTY CHEESE
 THE COMBINATION'S SURE TO PLEASE
 VEGGIES IN YOUR SCRAMBLED EGGS
 HONEY-BASTED CHICKEN LEGS
 STUFF FOR IN OR ON YOUR BELLY
 WE'VE GOT SOAP AND WE'VE GOT JELLY
 AND STICK AROUND, NO NEED TO SCRAM
 ONE MORE THING:

EVERYONE BUT MARSHA & RICHARD
 SWEET ONION JAM!

MARSHA & RICHARD kiss.

ALL
 WE'RE BRINGING PRODUCE TO THE PEOPLE
 ALL ACROSS THIS GREAT GREAT LAND
 FROM THE GARDEN AND THE PASTURE
 WE HAVE GATHERED, AIN'T IT GRAND?
 EVERY FARMER, EVERY BAKER
 EVERY MAKER, WE SALUTE
 WE'RE BRINGING PRODUCE TO THE PEOPLE
 'CAUSE THE PEOPLE NEED THEIR FRUIT.

GET YOUR FRUIT
 GET YOUR FRUIT
 GET YOUR FRUIT

WE'RE BRINGING PRODUCE
 TO THE PEOPLE
 ALL ACROSS THIS GREAT GREAT LAND
 WE WILL BRING IT TO THE MARKET
 WE WILL PASS IT HAND TO HAND
 WE WILL WELCOME EVERY VENDOR
 OH BE THEY GREAT OR SMALL
 WE'RE BRINGING PRODUCE
 TO THE PEOPLE
 THERE'LL BE STRING BEANS FOR US ALL!

THE END