

## War and Hemp Fuel

*Entrance: Two guys enter from audience: Michael, relaxed and balanced, and Frankie, who is tame but wants to have a wild side. They are carrying baskets, covered with cloths. Various vegetables and plants poke out from sides, and they chat as they enter the stage:*

Michael: Did you pick everything?

Frankie: Everything I could find. That old garden has everything-vegetables, fruits, herbs. All natural, although some of them looked kinda rotten.

Michael: Yeah, the girls will point out whatever's not good enough for the food drive. They point out everything else that's wrong, so it shouldn't too hard.

Frankie: Yeah.

*They enter a kitchen, where Betsy is sorting and chopping vegetables. Betsy is straight-laced and has a no-nonsense attitude. They have a blender with them, although they are not using it.*

Michael: We're back

Betsy: Did you pick everything?

Michael: Everything Frankie could find.

Frankie: Where should I put the vegetables?

Betsy: Over here. Sheila is gone to get the herbs from upstairs. Put them here(*indicates space on table next to blender. Frankie places them there, and begins sorting through herbs and weeds. Michael stands next to Betsy and helps her sort and chop vegetables*)  
*Sheila enters. Sheila is a cheerful girl, with high spirits and acts impulsively.*

Sheila: Hello everyone! Sheila Rudnitski, at your service!

Frankie: I have the herbs for you.

Sheila: Wonderful!(*cheerfully*) Let's take a look, shall we?

Frankie: Sure.(*they begin sorting*)

Frankie: So why do we have to do this again?

Betsy: It's the government. We're going to war again so we have to donate something energy-themed to help the troops. As we have no gas to give them, we have to give them food. Even these rotten herbs have to go to use.

Michael: They're fermented, Betsy.

Betsy: You say that like that's a bad thing.

Sheila: Now come on folks, if it wasn't for fermentation, there'd be no tea or coffee. Let's support fermentation for keeping us awake! Let's thank fermentation for-

Frankie: We get it, Sheila.

*Sheila buttons lip and continues sorting with Frankie.*

Frankie: Peppermint, Spearmint, Hemlock, Heather, Hops..

Sheila(*pulls out dirt-covered plant*):What's this?

Frankie: That's Hemp!

Betsy: It's not an H pattern!

Michael: Let's see that(*Takes plant*)..Wow, this is hemp! Stealing from your neighbour's garden is a good thing!

*They all examine the plant.*

Frankie: THIS I did NOT expect.

Michael: Yeah.(pause) so what should we do with it?

Frankie and Betsy: Burn it.

Michael: What?

Frankie: You should burn it.

Betsy: Yeah, it does terrible things to your mind!

Frankie: Start burning it now, Bro!

Betsy: That's NOT what I meant.

Frankie: C'mon! It's ours!

Betsy: We aren't burning it, here. We're going to burn it, stick the ashes in the ground for fertilizer, and grow something for the army!

Michael: Can you stop arguing?

Frankie: There's no argument! Let's light it up!

Betsy: We're not lighting it up!

Michael: It's my neighbour's garden, don't I get a say in this?

*The three of them argue loudly, difficult to understand and filled with over the top hand gestures and facial affectations. It gets louder and louder, and Sheila's face winces and tightens.*

Sheila: I CAN'T STAND THIS ANYMORE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

*Sheila grabs the plant, along with a fistful of spearmint and throws it into the blender and turns it to maximum power. It spins and the plants fly around the blender. Sheila lifts it once and some of it flies out. Frankie jumps for it, Betsy jumps to prevent him from getting it, and Michael is knocked to his feet. Sheila continues to grind, and absentmindedly looks to the ceiling, as the three rise from the floor. Sheila hums to herself as she blends, and even shakes her shoulders a bit as the other three rise from the ground and glare at her as she obliviously grinds up the hemp while they all wish for her to stop. Eventually, they all look at one another and yell:*

Michael, Frankie and Betsy: SHEILA!

*Sheila finally stops grinding and looks up.*

Michael: Okay Sheila. Step away from the blender.

Betsy: Why'd you ground it up so much?

Frankie: To leave any chance of our enjoying our last war-free day?

Sheila: No!(hurt) I did it so you'd stop arguing! What do you think is the cause of war? Arguing! Now, let's open the blender and see what we have.

Michael: Sure thing.

*Sheila opens the blender, and pours it into a measuring cup. It is oil, with a few peppermint leaves at the top. Sheila grins proudly.*

Sheila: And there you are. We have oil here, in the place of drugs and weeds!

Betsy: You know, I think we could find some use of this. We could use it to clean wooden furniture, or scrub the floor, or lots of other things! Good work, Sheila!

Frankie: I liked the first idea better.

Michael: Will the furniture smell weird?

Sheila: I don't think so. And Frankie, this way, our minds will still be intact after the war. We'll remember all this squabbling and laugh!

*Sheila takes Frankie's arm, and Betsy takes Michael's. They all laugh and*

*exit the room.*

*Scene 2: The kitchen. Betsy and Sheila are working in the kitchen, while Michael and Frankie garden outside. The jar of hemp oil sits on the counter, while a bowl of shortening and some baking ingredients wait to be used. A baking pan sits next to a can of 'Pam'.*

Sheila: Are we nearly done Betsy?

Betsy: Not quite. I'm still working on the vegetable hamper. Are you done making the shortcake for the old folks?

Sheila: Yep. I'll drop it off there before the square dancing performance. Will the boys come? They always hate to see us dance.

Betsy: Don't worry, I'll make them come. Are they still gardening?

Sheila: Yes they are. I told them this time, no stealing from the neighbours!

Betsy: I should hope so. *(stuffs final squash into hamper, and shuts top)*. I'm going to drop these off now. Are you done washing the floor?

Sheila: Sure am! What should I do now? Oil the coffee table? I promise I won't break it like I broke the last one!

Betsy: How about you start baking something? How about Brownies?

Sheila: Sure! What if something goes wrong though?

Betsy: Don't worry about it. Chocolate chips instead of bakers chocolate, brown sugar instead of white, something greasy if there's no more pam. Are you good?

Sheila: I'm good now!

Betsy: Great! *(exits)*

Sheila: Okay *(bends and looks over supplies)* Bakers Chocolate, White Sugar, but no more Pam. *(sighs)* Alright, something greasy: *(looks around, eyeing the table and even the audience when she notices the hemp oil. Her eyes widen and she reaches for the oil)* This oughtta work well! *(She pours a bit of the oil into the pan, and starts putting the ingredients in the bowl and mixes it up and pours it into the pan and sticks it beneath her, where it is assumed the oven is)* Awesome! These brownies will be great! *(calling out)* I'll come help you boys garden now!

Michael and Frankie *(offstage voiceover)*: GREAT!

Sheila grabs some gardening gloves and exits.

*Scene 3: Michael, Frankie and Sheila re-enter the room with dirt on their clothes from the garden they have been working on. They sit down by the counter, and Sheila takes the brownies out of the oven. Michael takes a knife from a knife block and begins to cut the brownies.)*

Frankie: These brownies are really good!

Michael: Definitely worth waiting for!

Sheila: Aww thanks!

*They all eat the brownies, conversing lightly and laughing. Eventually their eyes widen and they look at each other. All begin to giggle. Betsy enters, still with the hamper in hand)*

Betsy: Hi guys, I forgot the zucchinis for the hamper. What's so funny?

Michael(*giggling*): These brownies are awesome! Try one!

Betsy: Why?

Frankie:(*solemn*): They have a wonderful flavour and texture. I guarantee you will not be disappointed.

Betsy: Alright, I'll try one(*she eats one and smiles, nodding and enjoying the brownie*) This is pretty good.(*sets down hamper*) This is really, really, ridiculously good.(*the influence of the hemp oil hits her*) let's sit down.....(*takes hamper over to floor with the group sitting around it*).

*Scene 4. All are on floor. Hamper has tumbled over, and the zucchini is the only thing that is not eaten. The peels are scattered around the group of friends on the floor. Frankie burps and they all giggle loudly.*

Sheila: These are the best brownies I ever made.

Michael: This is some kind of wonderful...

Frankie: This is the ultimate conflict-killer

Betsy: I'll eat to that!

*All laugh and prepare to eat Zucchini, when there is a knocking heard.*

Voiceover: Is this the residence of Michael Johannson?

Michael(*tense*): This is Michael Johannson.

Voiceover: This is the War Collections Service. Is your donation ready?

*All look to empty hamper, and then to each other. All have horrified expressions as their donation has been eaten, and none of them know what to do.)*

Voiceover: This donation is mandatory, you know.

*Horrified Expressions become even worse. Frankie's mind clicks and he whispers something in Betsy's ear. She nods, solemnly, and takes the jar of oil.*

Michael: What are you doing?

Betsy: Something that should have been done a long time ago.

*The remaining 3 people wait tensely. A laugh is heard offstage, and then Betsy returns to the scene, smiling and waiving.*

Voice: Thank you for your fuel donation. We hope it will be a great success!

Betsy(*smiling*): I'm sure it will be!

*Laughing from the voice, and the door shuts. Michael, Frankie and Sheila all look at her in looks of wonder.*

Michael: How'd you save us?

Betsy: Fuel donation. In three weeks, that oil will be filled in every vehicle headed to war. Good for the environment.

Frankie: Awesome....

Sheila: God bless us, every one!

*They all reach for the Zucchini, giggling.*

*Scene 5. All are wearing coats. They are not on the stage, rather they are in the audience again.*

Michael: So they ended the war, huh?

Frankie: Sure did. All the fighters refused to fight, claiming they should all just relax and try to get along, and support peace.

Sheila: Any particular reason?

Betsy(*loudly before Frankie can say anything*): None stated!

Frankie: Actually, they were all just so relaxed. The ones in tanks got the strongest effect. I think it was the fuel.

Betsy: I sincerely doubt it.

Frankie(*starting to argue*): But-

Michael: Stop it!

Sheila: We all have to get along! Stop the war! Believe in peace! If the war between our nations should tear families apart, will the love between our brothers and sisters still exist? Love one another!

Michael: Love! Stoned Love!

*They all nod, agree, and pour seeds onto the ground, as the song "Stoned Love" plays in the background.*