

MOUSE THAT SAVED THE WORLD

By John C. Havens

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CAST: *one male or female*

ACCENT: *Brooklyn*

Note for performance: *This was originally performed with a Brooklyn accent, but could be performed with a Chicago or mid-west accent, a Boston accent, or any other 'urbanesque' accent that would fit. This character has to seem very American, preferably fast-talking and loud, so as to really be different from the European characters HE/SHE is surrounded by.*

I have an idea for Total World Unity!!

I was in London, and I went down to the subway, 'cause there they call the subway the tube. Which totally confused me at first. I asked this British guy where's the subway, and he went like this:

(actor does a British accent, very pompous and matter of fact) "The Subway? It's over there, amongst the rest of your greasy Yankee eateries."

(back to Brooklyn) I follow his pointing hand to see he's talking about 'Subway,' the sandwich place. I say to him, "No big fella, I'm not talking about 'The Way a Sandwich Should Be.'" I'm not looking for a footlong, I'm trying to perambulate over to gaze at Big Ben." He says,

(back to pompous British) "Oh, THAT subway. I believe you mean the *tube*. That's what we call it here, the tube. Look for the big hole in the sidewalk where you hear train sounds. Then just look at a map and follow the colored pictures to get where you're going. It's a bit like using crayons. You can manage that, can't you, chap?"

(back to Brooklyn) “Yeah, I can manage that, chappie. Maybe I’ll melt a crayola on your thick pompous skull.” This did not bode well for my visit. See, I’m a friendly Yank, and I find the best part of any visit is getting to know the locals. Like when I visited the World’s largest ball of twine in Arizona, or wherever it was. Those people were great. Mr. and Mrs. Roper, I think their names were. They had this big sign by their house saying, “We spin a good yarn,” so I went in and chatted with them for a while. They gave me a glass of lemonade, and actually let me take a small piece of yarn from the ‘big ball.’ Not to make you all jealous or anything.

So anyway, I make it to the subway. Very dark, very nasty looking, kind of dirty and dusty like most subways, you know. Tracks in front of me. Like in a subway. And there’s some people on the right and left of me. On the right of me is an Indian guy, not teepee Indian, but like from India. Reminded me of home in Brooklyn. I work for a cab company and a lot of my buddies are from India. We’ve had some parties where some of them taught me how to cook.

(HE does an Indian accent) Chutney! Wot is a guud tandoori chicken without a tangy mango chutney? Get out of the way, you big palooka.

(back to Brooklyn) So this Indian guy is on my right, and to the left of me I guess is a French guy ‘cause he’s speakin’ French. I look down in da subway, and I’m thinking to myself as I’m lookin’ down: why can’t I say “hi” to these people? I’m a guest, I’m a visitor, they’ll probably like me. I can “spin a good yarn” like anyone else. But then I thought of that subway guy from before and got shy. I thought to myself, if I look around and try to say something, they’re gonna’ think I’m a typical American tourist, loud and loquacious. Like I could ever talk too much, ya’ know? So I said to myself, okay, I’m just gonna’ look down. It’s too bad I can’t meet these people, but whatever, I’ll go scrutinize Big Ben and maybe get my Polaroid taken with one of those mannequin guard guys with the big fuzzy black hats.

So I look down, there’s cigarette butts, puddles, whatever else, and then somethin’ catches my eye. This little object movin’ neara

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puddle. It's this little mouse! Little, cute mouse, about two inches big. Not a rat! A mouse. Really cute. And I'm saying, wow, a life in this death. I was gettin' philosophical. I said, "Look at this, look at 'dis little mouse. He's so cute, and I started realizin' I'm gettin' riveted by dis little guy, you know? And I thought for a second I was talkin' out loud, but I realized, no, I'm just very intense."

So I'm lookin' at this little mouse, and I see he has an agenda, or somethin', 'cause he's takin' this little piece of bread, and he's tryin' to push it up a wall. Like, you know, ninety degrees, a wall. And I'm like, what are ya' doin'? What's the deal? And he's takin' this little piece of bread, but to him it was big, it was like, if I put a basketball size loaf of Wonder Bread on my nose, and he's goin' up the wall. And I see, okay, okay, okay! In the wall was this little hole, which I guess was like his den, or his house. So I'm like, okay, you're tryin' to get the bread in there so you can like feed yourself. Okay, I get it, I get it. You might have picked one lower, but that's okay. So, he's pushin' the bread up, and I'm like getting psyched for this mouse. I'm like, am I crazy, or what? I mean, this wasn't a big ball of twine or anything. This wasn't even like a guy who could swallow a chain and make it come out of his nose. This was a mouse in a muddy subway. But I fell in love wid da little guy.

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