

# THREE EXCELLENT COWS

## *FRIENDSHIP, ADVENTURE AND FROZEN YOGURT*

By Eric Appleton

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## THREE EXCELLENT COWS

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**SYNOPSIS:** Felix, Rupert and Daisy are curious, intelligent, fearless cows. At least they think they are. They're pretty sure they are. But when you're told over and over again that cows don't dream, it's hard to feel curious, intelligent or fearless. This is the story of three friends who learn what it takes to be excellent together despite every disappointment, discouragement and barnyard disaster.

#### CAST OF CHARACTERS

*(3 females, 2 males, 3 either, extras)*

NARRATOR (f/m) .....	Who also plays a few of the minor roles with an array of mustaches and hats. <i>(95 lines)</i>
RUPERT (m) .....	Who will be the first bull on the moon. <i>(102 lines)</i>
FELIX (m) .....	Who will own a chain of frozen yogurt stands. <i>(126 lines)</i>
DAISY (f) .....	Who will someday be President of the United States. <i>(126 lines)</i>
FARMER CYNTHIA (f) .....	Who just wants her cows to act like cows. <i>(61 lines)</i>
UMBERSIDE (f/m) .....	He's not just a donkey, but a total donkey. <i>(40 lines)</i>
MISS BIGGLESBY (f) .....	A chicken wishing for her fairy godchicken's arrival. <i>(38 lines)</i>
EL SUPERDOG GRANDE (f/m) .....	Yesterday he was Ted, tomorrow he will be Wanda. <i>(41 lines)</i>

**EXTRAS:** Farmhands

**DURATION:** 60 minutes

**SCENE:** The environs of Farmer Cynthia's farm.

**TIME:** The present.

### **AUTHOR'S NOTE**

Scenic changes should be kept to a minimum. Items can be carried on and off by the characters as part of the action and as noted in the script. Should it be necessary to add a couple of farmhands to accommodate shifts, feel free to do so, but be sure they do their work boldly, and as part of the overall action of the play.

While the NARRATOR will hang onto the notecards throughout the play, they will be consulted only occasionally.

### **COSTUMES**

FARMER CYNTHIA: Bathrobe and fuzzy slippers; Towel and shower cap

EL SUPERDOG GRANDE: Cape made out of newspapers, Crown

RUPERT: Arm cast and head bandage; Horns and Lab coat

NARRATOR: Pillbox hat, old-fashioned glasses and flower purse;

FELIX: Suit and horns

DAISY: Suit and briefcase

### **SET REQUIREMENTS**

A section of sturdy fencing stands by the grass. The fence must be long enough to fit three cows and a chicken. Other than sturdy fencing, space use is flexible; it just needs to be clear when characters are in the barn, in the farmyard, or at the market. Scenic items (like the farmstand) and props (like the crate) should be portable and easily moved by the characters.

**PROPS**

- Parcheesi game (any popular or familiar board game may be used)
- Toaster
- Tools/Toolbox (Including screwdriver and pliers)
- Notecards (Narrator)
- 2 Pens (Narrator, Felix)
- A book about cows (Farmer Cynthia)
- Small Notebook (Felix)
- Stars on poles (optional)
- Sun and moon on poles (optional)
- Atlas and flashlight
- Paper to study stars
- NASA brochure
- Mustache (Narrator)
- Battered suitcase (El Superdog Grande)
- Cups of yogurt
- Bale of hay
- Sign that reads: "Felix's Frozen Yogurt"
- Hat made out of newspaper
- Dollar bill
- Spoon
- Large note "I am SO sorry about the yogurt. Here is your refund."
- Tape
- Newspaper Top Hat with Newspaper Beard
- Poorly made sign that reads: "Daisy for President"
- Fishbowl (El Superdog Grande)
- Newspaper wings (El Superdog Grande)
- Water cup with optional fake goldfish inside (Farmer Cynthia)
- Cell phone (Umberside)
- Note (To be pinned to Narrator)
- Pin
- Handtruck
- Large Crate
- Instruction Manual
- Sign that reads: "Shh! Yogurt Science in progress!"
- Bowls and spoons (Cows)
- Small table and stools (Rupert)
- Tray with bowls and spoons (Felix)

- 2 Clipboards (Daisy and Rupert) (Optional: 4+ clipboards for Farmhands)
- 4 Cups
- Small farmstand and farm hats (Felix and Rupert)
- Sign that reads: “Felix’s Frozen Yogurt”
- Fliers for Felix’s Frozen Yogurt
- Bag of broccoli (Rupert)
- Money
- Podium
- “Crumpley for Mayor” banner or sign
- Fliers “Crumpley for Mayor!”
- Letter (Rupert)
- Trophy (Felix)
- Button “Daisy in 20\_\_” [Insert current year] (Daisy)
- Optional: Files (Farmhands)

### **PRODUCTION HISTORY**

*Three Excellent Cows* had its world premiere at the University of Wisconsin-Whitewater Department of Theatre and Dance (WI).

### **DEDICATION**

*With a big thank you to Dwayne and Talleri and all at WriteNow! where it was workshopped April 2015*

**SETTING:** *A square of grass, a square of barn floor. A section of sturdy fencing stands by the grass. The fence must be long enough to fit three cows and a chicken. A Parcheesi game is laid out in the barn.*

**AT RISE:** *Three COWS sit on the grass. They are taking apart a toaster with a screwdriver and pliers. NARRATOR enters with notecards and addresses the audience*

**NARRATOR:** Rupert, Felix, and Daisy were cows.

**RUPERT:** Ahem. Felix and I are bulls, not cows. Cows are girls.

**DAISY:** Actually, young girl cows are called heifers. Technically, we're all yearlings since we're too old to be calves.

**NARRATOR:** Sorry – this is my first time on a farm. *(Makes a note on a notecard.)* Bulls, not cows. Heifers. Yearlings. Calves. So much to learn.

**DAISY:** All together, we're also cattle.

**FELIX:** You can be cattle if you want. I'm sticking with bull.

**RUPERT:** Cattle sounds like we live on a ranch. We live on a farm.

**DAISY:** I looked it up. We're cattle.

**FELIX:** That does not make me happy.

**DAISY:** It's a fact. Facts don't necessarily make you happy.

**NARRATOR:** Guys, we do need to get the story rolling—

**RUPERT:** I'm just not a cow. She's a cow.

**FELIX:** How would you like it if someone called you cattle?

*FARMER CYNTHIA peeks out onto the stage. She has a book about cows. Gestures to the NARRATOR. The NARRATOR goes over and takes the offered book. FARMER CYNTHIA exits.*

**NARRATOR:** Oh – thank you. It says here that in colloquial usage—

**FELIX:** What does colloquial mean?

**NARRATOR:** Everyday. Ordinary. What you and I would say if we were just talking normally. In everyday, ordinary, you and me talking, 'cow' is okay. Says right here. It sounds better too. Three Excellent Cattle? Two Excellent Bulls and One Excellent Heifer?

**RUPERT:** We're excellent?

**NARRATOR:** That's the title of the play.

**DAISY:** Maybe we should let her get on with it so we can get on to being excellent.

**NARRATOR:** Thank you. Ahem. (*Looks at notecard; restarts.*)  
Rupert, Felix, and Daisy were cows. Rupert wanted to be an astronaut.

**RUPERT:** I will be the first bull on the moon.

**NARRATOR:** Felix wanted to open a frozen yogurt stand.

**FELIX:** Healthy treats are an important part of a well-balanced diet.

**NARRATOR:** Daisy hoped to be President.

**DAISY:** There's a lot to be done, and I'm just the cow to do it!

**NARRATOR:** But – they were cows. Every morning, Farmer Cynthia reminded them of this fact.

**FARMER CYNTHIA:** (*Enters.*) My toaster! What have you done to my toaster!

**RUPERT:** (*Proudly.*) We've taken it apart.

**FARMER CYNTHIA:** Why would you do that? How will I toast things?

**RUPERT:** Never fear. We'll put it back together after we figure out how it works.

**FARMER CYNTHIA:** What kind of cow takes apart a toaster?

**FELIX:** Curious cows.

**DAISY:** Intelligent cows.

**RUPERT:** Fearless cows.

**FELIX, DAISY and RUPERT:** Us!

**FARMER CYNTHIA:** Give me my toaster.

**RUPERT:** Don't you want us to put it back together?

**FARMER CYNTHIA:** I want you to have not taken it apart! What if the other farmers see you?

**DAISY:** We can't go back in time and not take it apart.

**RUPERT:** Unless... we use the bits to build a time machine!

**FELIX:** But then we won't be able to put the bits back together as a toaster because they'd be part of the time machine.

**DAISY:** And if we took the time machine apart to rebuild the toaster, we'd be stranded in the past.

**RUPERT:** But if we just went far enough back to tell ourselves to NOT take apart the toaster, we'd have both the toaster AND the time machine!

**FELIX:** But if we tell ourselves not to take apart the toaster, why did we go back in time in the first place?

**FARMER CYNTHIA:** Arrgh! Just give me my bits! Why can't you act like normal cows? Give me my screwdriver! Give me my pliers! All of you, back in the barn! It's time to go to sleep. And for once, sleep like cows!

*The COWS file past into the barn.*

**FARMER CYNTHIA:** And no Parcheesi! Cows do not play Parcheesi! (*Exits with her toaster bits, tools, and the Parcheesi set.*)

**DAISY:** (*Shaking her head.*) She must have had a problem with a time-traveling cow.

**FELIX:** (*Taking out a small notebook and making a note.*) I wonder if toast would be a good flavor for yogurt.

**UMBERSIDE:** (*Enters.*) Just goes to show, don't it.

**FELIX:** Show what, Umberside?

**UMBERSIDE:** That cows should act like cows.

**DAISY:** It shows nothing of the sort.

**UMBERSIDE:** (*Snorts.*) Is Farmer Cynthia upset with you?

**RUPERT:** Yes. Yes, she is.

**UMBERSIDE:** I rest my case. Be what you are and no more. It works for me.

**DAISY:** But you're a donkey.

**UMBERSIDE:** I am a total donkey, and very happy to be one.

**FELIX:** What exactly do total donkeys do?

**UMBERSIDE:** Donkey stuff. Sometimes secret donkey stuff.

**RUPERT:** But I want to be an astronaut.

**FELIX:** And I want to open a frozen yogurt stand. It will be called Felix's Frozen Yogurt.

**DAISY:** I hope to be President one day. And not secret President, either.

**UMBERSIDE:** (*Snorts.*) Concentrate on being the best cows you can be. That's the only way to be as happy as I am.

**FELIX:** Just how happy are you?

**UMBERSIDE:** As happy as a donkey should be, and no more.

**DAISY:** If I tickled you, you wouldn't get happier?



**UMBERSIDE:** Uncontrollable giggling is not the same as happiness.

**FELIX:** If we gave you a present?

**UMBERSIDE:** Presents are nice, but they don't make you any more you than you already are.

**RUPERT:** And you're already a total donkey.

**UMBERSIDE:** If you really applied yourself and worked hard at being total cows, I'm sure you'll find you won't want to play Parcheesi, or take apart toasters. (*Exits.*)

**FELIX:** Hm.

**RUPERT:** Hm.

**DAISY:** Hmmmmm.

*The NARRATOR enters. The COWS cross to the grassy square and the NARRATOR consults a notecard.*

**NARRATOR:** The next day, when they went out to the field, the three cows didn't play games. They didn't build anything. They didn't take anything apart. They did cow things. They mooed as hard as they could.

*The COWS moo with great vigor.*

**NARRATOR:** They chewed cud.

*The COWS chew loudly and aggressively.*

**NARRATOR:** They stood around looking thoughtful.

*The COWS all stare really hard at various things, including audience members. As they stare, trying to keep straight faces, DAISY giggles, tries to hold it in. They take turns snorting, holding in their giggles, until they just can't keep it in anymore.*

**FELIX:** Do you feel like a total cow yet?

**RUPERT:** I feel like a total donkey.

**DAISY:** How can we act more like cows when we're already cows?

**RUPERT:** You're right! Everything we do is automatically already what a cow would do.

**FELIX:** Wow. I never thought of it that way.

**DAISY:** Besides, how will mooing, chewing, and staring help change the world for the better?

**FELIX:** It certainly won't help me create new frozen yogurt flavors.

**RUPERT:** And I won't get to the moon by just staring at things.

**DAISY:** I say we try to be the cows we want to become, not the cows a donkey thinks we should be. Even if he is a total donkey.

**RUPERT:** Especially if he's a total donkey.

**FELIX:** What about Farmer Cynthia? She'll be disappointed.

**DAISY:** (*Shakes her head.*) We'll have to help her learn that not all cows are the same.

**RUPERT:** How do we become who we want to be if Farmer Cynthia keeps taking our stuff away?

**FELIX:** And telling us we're just cows.

**RUPERT:** And telling us that cows do boring things.

**FELIX:** It's very demoralizing.

**DAISY:** We are curious, intelligent, fearless cows. We'll just have to find a way.

**FELIX:** (*Pulling out his notebook.*) Hmm. Cud flavor...

*MISS BIGGLESBY enters and sits on the fence. If there are FARMHANDS, perhaps they can stand nearby with stars on poles.*

**NARRATOR:** A few nights later, after Farmer Cynthia took away their knitting needles and yarn and yelled at them for tinkering with the tractor in broad daylight right where everyone could see them, they noticed Miss Bigglesby gazing longingly at the stars in the night sky.

*The COWS watch MISS BIGGLESBY for a moment.*

**RUPERT:** Which star are you looking at, Miss Bigglesby?

**MISS BIGGLESBY:** I'm not looking at stars.

**RUPERT:** Sure you are. (*He follows her line of sight and points.*) Oh, you're not.

**FELIX:** She's not?

**RUPERT:** No, it's a planet.

**MISS BIGGLESBY:** I'm not looking at planets, either. I'm waiting. There's a big difference.

*The COWS wait for a moment.*

**RUPERT:** What are you waiting for?

**MISS BIGGLESBY:** My fairy godchicken.

**DAISY:** Your fairy godchicken?

**MISS BIGGLESBY:** Someday my fairy godchicken will show up and turn me into a bee-ooo-tiful chicken princess.

**DAISY:** We live in a country with a President, not kings and queens and princesses. You should wish to become a Senator, or even a member of Congress. They're called Representatives.

**MISS BIGGLESBY:** Senators don't wear tiaras. Or live in castles. That sparkle. I'll bet you that Representatives don't sparkle, either.

**DAISY:** Of course, being President would be much better.

**MISS BIGGLESBY:** I have yet to see a President that sparkles. Even on TV.

**DAISY:** There's more to life than sparkles. Working on foreign policy, for instance.

**MISS BIGGLESBY:** A princess's job is to sparkle. She leaves all that boring stuff to her Grand Vizier.

**FELIX:** What's a Grand Vizier?

**MISS BIGGLESBY:** He's a Vizier. Who's Grand. It's his job. Watch a princess movie!

*Awkward moment.*

**FELIX:** How does this wishing business work, Miss Bigglesby?

**MISS BIGGLESBY:** You sit, and you stare longingly at the stars.

**RUPERT:** AH-HA! You were looking at stars! Or planets. But not asteroids. You can't really see asteroids because they're so small.

**MISS BIGGLESBY:** Then you wish really really hard. Eventually your fairy godchicken shows up and grants your wish.

**FELIX:** But they're just stars.

**RUPERT:** And they're very far away. It would take four years for your wish to get to Alpha Centauri. Assuming wishes travel at the speed of light.

**MISS BIGGLESBY:** It's how it's done.

**FELIX:** I'm not sure about this.

**RUPERT:** We should do this for science. Are you going to try, Daisy?

**DAISY:** Only if sparkles are optional.

*MISS BIGGLESBY harrumphs and turns away to stare at the stars some more. The COWS look at each other and one-by-one climb up onto the fence to sit beside MISS BIGGLESBY and stare longingly at the stars.*

**NARRATOR:** *(Quickly consulting a notecard.)* Felix, Daisy, and Rupert sat on the fence next to Miss Bigglesby and stared at the stars. And planets. They wished really really hard that their fairy godcows would arrive and turn them into an astronaut, a frozen yogurt stand owner, and the President –

**DAISY:** Mayor. I should work my way up to President.

**NARRATOR:** Mayor. Yes. Night went by. Day went by. Another night. *(Looks at his notecard, realizes there's nothing else to say.)*

*If there are FARMHANDS, perhaps they can alternate sun and moon on sticks. UMBERSIDE leads FARMER CYNTHIA onstage to look at the cows. She is in a bathrobe and fuzzy slippers.*

**FARMER CYNTHIA:** Waking me up in the middle of the night is a very un-donkey-like thing to do, you know that, don't you?

**UMBERSIDE:** Not as un-cow-like as sitting on a fence with a chicken. And staring at the stars.

**FARMER CYNTHIA:** At least they're not taking apart my tractor in broad daylight.

**UMBERSIDE:** Do other cows sit on fences?

**FARMER CYNTHIA:** Do other donkeys tattle on their barn-mates at two in the morning?

**UMBERSIDE:** It's what total donkeys do. I can't help who I am.

**FARMER CYNTHIA:** Maybe a LESS than total donkey would decide NOT to wake me up in the middle of the night to show me cows that are doing the LEAST embarrassing thing they've done in months. Good night, Umberside.

**UMBERSIDE:** Harrumph. (*Exits.*)

**FARMER CYNTHIA:** (*Regards the cows.*) Well, at least they're not breaking anything. (*Exits, shaking her head.*)

**NARRATOR:** Another night went by. Another day went by.

**DAISY:** This is boring.

**MISS BIGGLESBY:** Shhh!

**FELIX:** We could be climbing trees.

**MISS BIGGLESBY:** Shhh!

**RUPERT:** Or figuring out how the windmill works.

**MISS BIGGLESBY:** They can hear you!

**DAISY:** Or studying geography. You need to know geography if you're going to be President one day.

**MISS BIGGLESBY:** Then go! Go! Your fairy godchickens will never show up because you don't want to wish hard enough! I'm going to go wish someplace without noisy, impatient cattle!

*The COWS get off the fence. MISS BIGGLESBY exits.*

**RUPERT:** Somehow, I think there's an efficient way to get what you want than just wishing for it.

**FELIX:** All that wishing, and nothing at all happened.

**RUPERT:** Four years to the nearest star.

**DAISY:** When Farmer Cynthia needs things, like a new toaster, she doesn't just wish for one to appear.

**RUPERT:** No, she takes the money she earns from her vegetable stand and goes to the store and buys one. I've seen her do it.

**DAISY:** If she sat on a fence just wishing for a new toaster, I think she'd still be eating untoasted toast. Let's go study some geography.

*The NARRATOR hands DAISY an atlas and flashlights, as it is the middle of the night.*

**NARRATOR:** So Daisy, Felix, and Rupert went out into the field and studied geography. They didn't stop until they knew the capitals of Wisconsin, New Jersey, and Hawaii.

*The COWS study geography by flashlight in the field.*

**DAISY:** I think Madison, Wisconsin will be an excellent place to begin my Presidential campaign.

**RUPERT:** I never knew the capital of New Jersey was Trenton. I can't wait to see it from space. Trenton is 932 miles from Madison.

**FELIX:** Honolulu will be an excellent place for a frozen yogurt stand. People in the tropics always need cold desserts.

**RUPERT:** And Honolulu is 7,928 kilometers from Trenton.

**FELIX:** How far away did you say Alpha Centauri was?

**RUPERT:** Four light years. And light travels 186,000 miles a second. And there are 3,557,600 seconds in a year.

**DAISY:** That's a long way away.

**FELIX:** What's that star called?

**RUPERT:** That is Arcturus.

**DAISY:** And that one?

**RUPERT:** Spica.

**FELIX:** And that one?

**RUPERT:** Vega. *(Pulls out a sheaf of paper.)* Would you like to help me study my stars?

**FELIX:** I thought you knew them all.

**RUPERT:** Not yet! If I want to go to Space Camp, I need to know them all.

**DAISY:** *(Looking up.)* That's a lot of stars.

**FELIX:** Space Camp?

**RUPERT:** NASA – the National Aeronautics and Space Administration – they have a camp for people who want to become astronauts. I have a brochure.

*Hands FELIX a brochure.*

**FELIX:** That's a nice brochure.

**DAISY:** Ooo. May I see it?

**RUPERT:** Of course, it also costs money.

**DAISY:** But we don't have any money.

**RUPERT:** I haven't figured part that out yet. Stars first, and then – something.

**NARRATOR:** (*Enters.*) So Daisy and Felix helped Rupert learn his stars. They learned Altair, and Polaris—

**RUPERT:** —that's the North Star—

**NARRATOR:** —and Deneb and Fomalhaut. They stayed up much, much later than they should have, but then, stars are only out at night.

*Yawning, RUPERT and FELIX exit. DAISY looks at the brochure.*

**DAISY:** Ms. Narrator, would you do me a small favor?

**NARRATOR:** Of course, Daisy. What is it?

*DAISY hands NARRATOR the brochure.*

**DAISY:** Would you leave this someplace where Farmer Cynthia might – accidentally find it?

**NARRATOR:** You can count on me.

**DAISY:** Thank you. Good night.

*DAISY exits. NARRATOR looks at the brochure.*

**NARRATOR:** Wow. That is a nice brochure. Space Camp. Who knew? One morning, a few days later, a dog showed up.

*EL SUPERDOG GRANDE enters. He has a battered suitcase and a cape made out of newspapers. He wanders around the yard and the barn, barking.*

**EL SUPERDOG GRANDE:** Hello! Hello! Hello! Hi! Hello!

*DAISY enters, rubbing her eyes.*

**NARRATOR:** The dog's barking woke Daisy up from a very nice dream in which she was explaining things to reporters at the White House. Which, of course, is where the President lives.

**DAISY:** Who are you? Why are you barking in front of our barn so early in the morning?

**EL SUPERDOG GRANDE:** (*Thumping his chest.*) Today, I am El Superdog Grande! I am pleased to make your acquaintance!

**RUPERT:** (*Enters, rubbing his eyes.*) Who were you yesterday?

**EL SUPERDOG GRANDE:** Ted! Yesterday, I was Ted! Pleased to meet you!

**FELIX:** (*Enters, rubbing his eyes.*) Why aren't you who you were yesterday?

**EL SUPERDOG GRANDE:** I do what I want, when I want, and how I want! Yesterday, I felt like Ted, so I was Ted! Today, I feel like El Superdog Grande, so I am! Nice to meet you!

**DAISY:** It must be very confusing to your friends, if you keep changing your name like that.

**EL SUPERDOG GRANDE:** I'm rarely in the same place twice. Which means I'm always meeting new people. Which means I'm new to everyone I meet! I used to be a supermodel dog! I appeared in three episodes of a very popular YouTube series! But one day I got tired of living the life of an internet star. I said to myself, Yuri – my name was Yuri that day – Yuri, I wonder where that car is going? So I chased that car! And when that car stopped, I said to myself, Marguerite, I wonder where that truck full of cantaloupes is going? So I hopped into the back of the truck! If I want to go someplace, I go there! If I want to do something, I do it! If I want to eat something, I eat it! What do you want to do?

**RUPERT:** I want to be an astronaut.

**FELIX:** I want to open a frozen yogurt stand. In Honolulu.

**DAISY:** And I hope to one day be President.

**EL SUPERDOG GRANDE:** Then you should just go do it! I'll help you! First, a frozen yogurt stand! Do you have any frozen yogurt?

**FELIX:** I think Farmer Cynthia has some plain old yogurt. I've seen her eating it.

**EL SUPERDOG GRANDE:** What are we waiting for! That yogurt won't sell itself!



*As the NARRATOR speaks, each character consults a notecard and then does the action described.*

**NARRATOR:** So, El Superdog Grande helped Felix borrow all the yogurt from Farmer Cynthia's refrigerator. They put a hay bale next to the road and piled the cups of yogurt on it. Daisy made a sign—

**DAISY:** It says: "Felix's Frozen Yogurt."

**NARRATOR:** —and El Superdog Grande made a hat out of newspaper and put it on Felix's head. It looked like a giant dish of frozen yogurt. At least, that's what he said it was supposed to be. And then Felix stood behind the hay bale, waiting for a customer.

**EL SUPERDOG GRANDE:** There! Wasn't that easy?

**FELIX:** But the yogurt's not frozen. And this hat is really – big.

**EL SUPERDOG GRANDE:** You have your own stand!

**FELIX:** But the point of frozen yogurt is that it's frozen.

**EL SUPERDOG GRANDE:** Stop with the buts! There are no buts in "You can do it!"

**FELIX:** But—

**EL SUPERDOG GRANDE:** Sell that yogurt! I believe in you! I believe – in you. If you want your dream you have to go out and bite it and wrestle it to the ground and then bury it so it doesn't run away! (*Turning to DAISY.*) So! Let's go make you President!

*RUPERT, DAISY, and EL SUPERDOG GRANDE exit. FELIX stands awkwardly behind his hay bale wearing his very large hat.*

**NARRATOR:** Felix stood at the side of the road with his cups of yogurt.

**FELIX:** Bite it. Wrestle it to the ground.

**NARRATOR:** It was a hot, sunny day, and as Felix stood there, it got hotter and sunnier.

**FELIX:** I want to do this. I want to sell frozen yogurt.

**NARRATOR:** The yogurt got hotter and sunnier.

**FELIX:** I wonder if this is how other people sold their first frozen yogurt.

**NARRATOR:** Felix began to worry, because it's not a very good thing for yogurt to be out in the hot sun all afternoon.

**FELIX:** This is not how you sell frozen yogurt.

*The NARRATOR puts on a very large mustache.*

**NARRATOR:** Quite unexpectedly, and much to Felix's dismay, a customer walked up. (*Walks over to the stand. Regards the sign. As the man.*) Why, frozen yogurt! That's just what I need on such a hot day.

**FELIX:** I'm not sure you want this frozen yogurt. It's not very frozen.

**NARRATOR:** (*As the man.*) Nonsense. It's just the thing to cool me down and freshen me up. I'll take one!

*He hands FELIX a dollar and takes a cup of yogurt. FELIX hands him a spoon.*

**FELIX:** But it's been out in the sun a very long time. I'm not sure that's very good for yogurt, frozen or otherwise.

**NARRATOR:** (*As the man.*) Frozen yogurt is best when it just begins to melt. (*Eats a spoonful of yogurt.*) Mmm. Delicious! (*Eats a second spoonful. An odd look crosses his face.*) Oh. I don't – feel so good. (*Eats a third spoonful. He clutches his stomach.*) I think I'm going to be sick! (*Eats a fourth spoonful, then runs off. We hear barfing noises offstage.*)

**FELIX:** Oh, dear. Oh, no. Oh, NO!

*FELIX grabs all the yogurt and the sign and runs off stage. The NARRATOR enters, without the mustache.*

**NARRATOR:** Felix felt so bad about possibly poisoning the man, he knew he certainly couldn't keep the dollar. He taped the dollar to a piece of paper and wrote:

*FELIX enters, tacks a note to the fence.*

**FELIX:** "I am SO sorry about the yogurt. Here is your refund."

**NARRATOR:** —and tacked it to the fence where his stand had been.

*FELIX exits.*

**NARRATOR:** Then he went to his bed and pulled the covers up over his head and stayed there for the rest of the day.

**FARMER CYNTHIA:** *(Enters. Sees the note. She reads it. She sees the sign.)* What have those cows been doing? And by the side of the road? *(Grabs the sign, grabs the note, re-reads the note.)* And if he can't find his refund... he's going to ask questions! Oh my goodness. *(She turns to the NARRATOR.)* Can you – take care of this? Quietly?

**NARRATOR:** *(Takes the note.)* Discretion is my middle name.

**FARMER CYNTHIA:** That's a funny middle name.

**NARRATOR:** And the other kids never let me forget it. *(Tucks the note in a pocket.)*

*FARMER CYNTHIA exits, relieved.*

**NARRATOR:** Meanwhile, El Superdog Grande was helping Daisy get elected. First, he made her a hat out of newspaper.

*EL SUPERDOG GRANDE and DAISY enter. DAISY is wearing a newspaper hat, only this one looks like a very tall top hat with a large newspaper beard attached.*

**DAISY:** But we don't have a President of the barnyard.

**EL SUPERDOG GRANDE:** Don't you think it's time the barnyard had a President?

**DAISY:** Not really.

**EL SUPERDOG GRANDE:** And shouldn't you be the first President of the barnyard?

**DAISY:** Not if it's a position that doesn't exist.

**EL SUPERDOG GRANDE:** That's your problem! You don't dream!

**DAISY:** I do dream!

**EL SUPERDOG GRANDE:** You don't dream big!

**DAISY:** Being President is a pretty big dream.

**EL SUPERDOG GRANDE:** How are you going to get there if you don't start here? Did Mister First President Guy start from nowhere?

**DAISY:** You mean President Washington?

**EL SUPERDOG GRANDE:** You could be First Mister President Washington Guy of the barnyard! Here's a soapbox.

**DAISY:** It's a bale of hay.

**EL SUPERDOG GRANDE:** Dream! Dream big! Dream wide! Bite your dream! Wrestle it to the ground!

**DAISY:** But I haven't got anything prepared!

**EL SUPERDOG GRANDE:** Make it up as you go! What do you want? Right now?

**DAISY:** To be President Washington of the barnyard?

**EL SUPERDOG GRANDE:** What do you want to see happen to the barnyard?

**DAISY:** I don't want anything to happen to the barnyard.

**EL SUPERDOG GRANDE:** Then what do you want for the barnyard? As President you can do anything!

**DAISY:** Anything? A telescope for Rupert?

**EL SUPERDOG GRANDE:** Telescope! Check! What else!

**DAISY:** A frozen yogurt machine for Felix?

**EL SUPERDOG GRANDE:** Telescope! Frozen yogurt machine! Check and check! How are you going to get them?

**DAISY:** Buy them!

**EL SUPERDOG GRANDE:** No! First you have to change the system!

**DAISY:** What system?

**EL SUPERDOG GRANDE:** The system that keeps you from having those things right now! Change the barnyard! Elect Daisy First President Washington Guy! Things for everyone! A better barnyard! Vote for Daisy! (*He waves a poorly made sign that reads "Daisy for President."*)

*UMBERSIDE and MISS BIGGLESBY enter.*

**UMBERSIDE:** What's all the ruckus?

**EL SUPERDOG GRANDE:** It's Daisy, for President Guy!

**MISS BIGGLESBY:** President of what?

*FARMER CYNTHIA enters. She hovers unnoticed off to the side.*

**EL SUPERDOG GRANDE:** The barnyard! Elect Daisy President Guy and everything will change around here!

**UMBERSIDE:** This is an excellent farm for a total donkey. Why would I want anything to change?

**EL SUPERDOG GRANDE:** What about you, miss? Daisy will change your life!

**MISS BIGGLESBY:** Her? I don't think so. She's never even seen a princess movie.

**UMBERSIDE:** She thinks she could run the farm better than Farmer Cynthia?

**DAISY:** (*Aghast.*) I could never replace Farmer Cynthia!

*UMBERSIDE and MISS BIGGLESBY begin to laugh.*

**EL SUPERDOG GRANDE:** You're losing them! Don't go down to defeat! Change! Things! Stuff! Speech! And while you're doing that, I'll go help Rupert blast off into space! (*Exits.*)

**DAISY:** | - | - | -

**UMBERSIDE:** Come on, Daisy, tell us how you'll run the farm better than Farmer Cynthia!

**MISS BIGGLESBY:** President of me? I don't think so!

*UMBERSIDE and MISS BIGGLESBY laugh harder. DAISY covers her face with her hands and runs offstage, sobbing.*

**UMBERSIDE:** A cow with delusions of grandeur, I'd say.

**MISS BIGGLESBY:** Too big for her cow britches, I'd say.

*UMBERSIDE and MISS BIGGLESBY exit, giggling.*

**FARMER CYNTHIA:** Running for president? Of the barnyard? Oh my goodness... (*Exits, shaking her head.*)

**NARRATOR:** With her first campaign a total failure, Daisy spent the rest of the day in bed, under the covers, not even reading her book about Abraham Lincoln. Not even reading her book about Franklin Delano Roosevelt. She even turned her framed picture of President [current President] to face the wall because she couldn't bear to let him [her] see her cry. Meanwhile, El Superdog Grande was helping Rupert blast into space.

*EL SUPERDOG GRANDE and RUPERT enter. EL SUPERDOG GRANDE has a fishbowl.*

**EL SUPERDOG GRANDE:** First, you need a helmet. There's no air in space.

**RUPERT:** But how will I breathe with this fish bowl over my head?

**EL SUPERDOG GRANDE:** The fish breathed perfectly well, and it was even underwater.

**RUPERT:** Farmer Cynthia will be upset if something happened to her fish.

**EL SUPERDOG GRANDE:** The fish is fine. The bathtub has lots of space.

**RUPERT:** Where are we going to get rockets?

**EL SUPERDOG GRANDE:** Rockets, schmockets. Who needs rockets?

**RUPERT:** That's how you get into space.

**EL SUPERDOG GRANDE:** Says who?

**RUPERT:** NASA? I mean, they sent a man to the moon! And back!

**EL SUPERDOG GRANDE:** NASA, schmasa. Do birds need rockets?

**RUPERT:** Well, no—

**EL SUPERDOG GRANDE:** It's just a matter of flying high enough.

**RUPERT:** Not really – you see, I've read books and –

**EL SUPERDOG GRANDE:** No more buts! Only losers have buts! (*Dragging on a set of huge, really poorly built wings created from lots and lots of newspaper.*) See, I made you a pair of wings, and once we get you flying, you just keep flying high enough until bang! you're the first cow in space!

**RUPERT:** Cows are not known for flying.

**EL SUPERDOG GRANDE:** Bite your dream! Shake it until it comes true! Who says cows can't fly?

**RUPERT:** Lots of people. We're not very aerodynamic. Without rockets.

**EL SUPERDOG GRANDE:** Let's prove them wrong! Get these wings on! Strap this here! Buckle that there! This loops under here. Let's see! Turn around! Put on your helmet! Now that's a space cow if ever I saw one!

**RUPERT:** I look like a space cow?

**EL SUPERDOG GRANDE:** I see a barn roof that's going to be a great launch pad! Space, here you come!

*EL SUPERDOG GRANDE drags RUPERT off stage. NARRATOR enters.*

**NARRATOR:** So El Superdog Grande and Rupert climbed up to the top of the barn.

**FARMER CYNTHIA:** *(Enters in a towel, wearing a shower cap. She carries a water glass holding a goldfish.)* Has anyone seen my fishbowl? I was going to take a bath and—

*UMBERSIDE and MISS BIGGLESBY enter.*

**UMBERSIDE:** I think your fishbowl is up there.

**FARMER CYNTHIA:** Why is Rupert on top of the barn?

**UMBERSIDE:** It's probably just another un-cowlike thing. They never learn.

**FARMER CYNTHIA:** Who is that with him?

**UMBERSIDE:** It looks like some sort of Superdog.

**FARMER CYNTHIA:** Is Rupert wearing wings?

**MISS BIGGLESBY:** Very poorly made wings, I must say.

**UMBERSIDE:** I think he's about to try to fly.

**FARMER CYNTHIA:** Cows can't fly! Not without rockets! They're not aerodynamic! What is he thinking? Rupert! Rupert! Don't—

**EL SUPERDOG GRANDE:** *(From off stage.)* Bite your dream! Bite it!

**NARRATOR:** But Farmer Cynthia was too late, and she and Umberside and Miss Bigglesby watched as Rupert spread his wings, flexed his knees, and gave a mighty jump, right off the roof of the barn.

**RUPERT:** *(From off stage)* Wrestle it to the groooooooooound...

**NARRATOR:** And then they watched as he fell straight down into the pig pen with a mighty thud and a mighty splash.

**SFX:** *Mighty thud. SFX: Mighty splash. Beat.*

**RUPERT:** *(From off stage.)* OWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWW!

**FARMER CYNTHIA:** Oh my goodness! Rupert! Rupert! *(Rushes off stage.)*

**UMBERSIDE:** *(Takes out a cell phone and dials.)* Hello, 911? Please send an ambulance to Farmer Cynthia's farm. A very stupid cow just jumped off the roof of the barn and he's hurt himself. Thank you. *(Hangs up and puts phone in his pocket.)*

**MISS BIGGLESBY:** When did donkeys get cell phones?

**UMBERSIDE:** League of Total Donkeys. For donkey business. And emergencies. And now, I think Farmer Cynthia will need our help getting Rupert out of the pig pen.

*UMBERSIDE and MISS BIGGLESBY exit.*

**NARRATOR:** So the ambulance came and took Rupert to the hospital, where the doctor x-rayed him and put a cast on his arm and told him that it was a very bad idea to jump off a roof and he was very lucky he wasn't really seriously hurt. Then Farmer Cynthia brought him home and tucked him into bed and gave him a bowl of mac and cheese and also told him that he was very lucky that he wasn't seriously hurt. *(Looks at notecard.)* The next day, El Superdog Grande was gone.

*EL SUPERDOG GRANDE whizzes in. He pins a note to the NARRATOR, and exits, with a flourish of his cape and a loud "WHOOSH!" DAISY, RUPERT, and FELIX enter. RUPERT has a cast on one arm and a bandage on his head.*



**DAISY:** (*Seeing the note pinned to the NARRATOR.*) Look, El Superdog Grande left a note.

**FELIX:** What does it say?

**DAISY:** (*Unpins the note.*) It says:

**EL SUPERDOG GRANDE:** (*From offstage or he might also whoosh through in a brief cameo.*) "You're welcome! Sincerely, Wanda."

**RUPERT:** Did we thank her?

**DAISY:** I think she thinks we did.

*Group sigh.*

**FELIX:** What should we do today?

**RUPERT:** I dunno.

**FELIX:** Me neither.

**DAISY:** I can't think of anything either.

**RUPERT:** Why bother? It'll just end in disaster. I let her talk me into destroying the pig pen.

**FELIX:** She talked me into making a man throw up.

**DAISY:** She wanted me to usurp Farmer Cynthia.

**RUPERT:** Usurp?

**DAISY:** Take her place through violent revolution.

**FELIX:** That's not good.

**DAISY:** Dreams are dangerous. Too dangerous.

**FELIX:** No wonder Farmer Cynthia doesn't want us to do stuff.

**RUPERT:** We'll end up destroying the farm.

**DAISY:** I don't feel curious today.

**FELIX:** Or intelligent.

**RUPERT:** Or fearless. Let's just go stand in the field.

*The COWS walk over to the field and stand around listlessly.*

**NARRATOR:** The next day, Daisy, Rupert, and Felix were still standing in the field.

**FARMER CYNTHIA:** (*Enters, regards the COWS.*) Well. Finally. (*Exits.*)

*If there are FARMHANDS, they might walk past with alternating sun and moon on sticks.*

**NARRATOR:** And the next day.

**FARMER CYNTHIA:** (*Enters, regards the COWS.*) They haven't moved. That's odd. (*She looks worried, exits.*)

**NARRATOR:** And the next.

**FARMER CYNTHIA:** (*Enters, regards the COWS.*) Still?

**NARRATOR:** It is what you wanted.

**FARMER CYNTHIA:** Sad cows and sad bulls make for a sad farm.  
A very sad farm.

**NARRATOR:** But a very normal one. Not embarrassing at all.

*FARMER CYNTHIA exits.*

**NARRATOR:** And the next.

*FARMER CYNTHIA enters, regards the COWS. The NARRATOR exits.*

**FARMER CYNTHIA:** This is not right. Not right at all. What have I done? (*Exits.*)

*The NARRATOR reenters, using a hand truck to wheel on a large crate.*

**NARRATOR:** The next day, a very large box arrived.

*The COWS don't notice it until FELIX, wandering listlessly with his head down, bumps into it.*

**FELIX:** Hey. There's a box. Was there a box here before?

**DAISY:** Who knows.

**RUPERT:** Better leave it alone. It's probably dangerous.

**FELIX:** But it's addressed to me.

**RUPERT:** It's a trick. Just leave it.

**DAISY:** Who would send you a box?

**FELIX:** "Frozen Yogurt Systems of America." Did I order something from Frozen Yogurt Systems of America?

**RUPERT:** I don't think so. You've been out here with us. At least, I think you've been. I haven't paid much attention lately.

**DAISY:** Do you remember ordering something from Frozen Yogurt Systems of America?

**FELIX:** No, but here's my name.

**DAISY:** So someone else must be sending it to you. Open it.

**FELIX:** It's that dog, playing another trick on us.

**DAISY:** Maybe Wanda's apologizing.

**RUPERT:** I don't think she would spend that much money on stamps. Besides, it's not built out of newspapers.

**DAISY:** Maybe your fairy godcow finally heard you.

**FELIX:** But I haven't been wishing. I haven't been doing much of anything.

**DAISY:** I think you should open it.

**RUPERT:** What if it destroys the farm?

**DAISY:** Why would Frozen Yogurt Systems of America want to destroy our farm?

**RUPERT:** Farmer Cynthia will be really mad if there's a huge explosion.

**DAISY:** Nothing will blow up.

**RUPERT:** It might.

**DAISY:** It might be a frozen yogurt machine!

**FELIX:** I'm opening it!

*FELIX wrenches the side of the crate off. RUPERT flings himself to the ground in case of explosion. There is no explosion.*

**RUPERT:** That was a very small explosion.

**FELIX:** Nothing exploded.

**RUPERT:** You're sure?

**FELIX:** Not yet, anyway.

**DAISY:** What's in it?

**FELIX:** Parts.

**DAISY:** What kinds of parts?

**FELIX:** Mechanical parts.

**DAISY:** Are they frozen yogurt parts?

**FELIX:** (*Yanks out a thick, floppy manual.*) And instructions! Complicated instructions.

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