

MITA, THE MAGNIFICENT

By Noelle Donfeld

www.youthplays.com
info@youthplays.com

This is a perusal copy only. It may not be printed, copied or posted online, and no part of this play may be performed without explicit permission and payment of the appropriate royalty.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

MITA, a subterranean termite who longs for a friend
ABE, a feisty and protective bee
MARIPOSA, a beautiful butterfly , recently arrived from Mexico
ARAN, a sly and hungry spider
PUPPET MASTER, optional

SETTING AND TIME:
A dry garden and the forest, today

SONG LIST:

We Need Rain Ensemble
Sticky Business Aran
Wood Abe
Won't You Be My Friend? Mita
Flowers Abe and Mariposa
Eaten by Mita Abe, Aran and Mariposa
Won't You Be My Friend? (Reprise) .. Mita
Ah, the Dreams! (optional song)..... Mita
I'm Dead, Almost Mariposa
Hope Mita
Be My Model Aran
Won't You Be My Friend? (2nd Reprise) Mita and Ensemble

NOTES:

This highly portable musical, with minimal props, includes information in the third grade science curriculum; but the theme is one of valuing every person, despite differences in appearance or background. It includes some Spanish, easily understood in context. A question and answer sheet, music CD and complete score are available.

SCENE 1

The stage is set with several trees painted against a blue, cloudless sky on a screen (optional). A picket fence is stage left on the proscenium with a pile of debris (brown, ragged fabric over a mound, with a stick on top) center stage next to a large, moveable spider web. The stick slowly starts to shorten. A bee, ABE, enters, staring at the disappearing stick. He then looks up.

SONG: "WE NEED RAIN"

ABE

NOT A CLOUD IN THE SKY,
NOT A DROP OF RAIN FOR MONTHS,
I WONDER WHY.
NOT A SINGLE PLANT IS GROWING.
NOT A PATCH OF GRASS FOR MOWING,
NOT A FLOWER, FOR THE GROUND IS HARD AND
DRY.

A large, dark grey spider, ARAN,
enters. He approaches his web
and sees there is nothing in it.

ABE AND ARAN

WE NEED RAIN,
LOTS OF RAIN,
I CAN'T WAIT TO HEAR IT TRICKLE DOWN THE
DRAIN.
WHEN THE GROUND BEGAN TO HARDEN,
THERE WAS NOTHING IN THE GARDEN,
NOT A FLOWER, WEED OR SINGLE STALK OF
GRAIN.

ARAN

Or bug!

ABE AND ARAN

WE NEED RAIN.

MITA, a termite, pokes her head
up from the mound and looks
around.

MITA

WHERE IS THE LIGHTENING?
WHERE IS THE THUNDER?

© Noelle Donfeld

This is a perusal copy only. Absolutely no copying permitted.

WHERE ARE THE RAINDROPS
THAT USED TO MAKE US WET?

ARAN
IT'S TRULY FRIGHTENING.
IT MAKES ME WONDER,

ALL
IF NOTHING CHANGES,
HOW HUNGRY CAN I GET?

ABE
You're always hungry, Mita. Please don't eat in front of us.

Mita pouts, sighs and goes back
under her mound.

ARAN
NOT A BUG,
NOT A FLY,
NOT A SINGLE, WIGGLY GRUB HAS CAUGHT MY
EYE.

ABE
NOT A TINY BIT OF POLLEN
THAT A BEE CAN FIND AND FALL IN,
AND I FEAR BEFORE THIS FALL WE ALL WILL
DIE.

Mita pops her head up again.

MITA
No! Don't die!

ALL
WE NEED RAIN,
LOTS OF RAIN,
ANY RAIN AT ALL WOULD HELP BECAUSE IT'S
PLAIN
THAT WE NEED TO HEAR THE PLOPPING
OF THOSE LITTLE RAIN DROPS DROPPING,

ABE AND ARAN
OR WE'LL SLOWLY DIE OF REALLY WHOPPING
PAIN.
WE NEED RAIN.

ALL
WE NEED RAIN.

Mita appears to take a bite out
of the stick.

ABE

I can't watch Mita eat anymore.

MITA

Sorry.

Mita goes back below her mound
and Abe flies off, dejected.
Aran goes to his web and starts
to weave on it as he turns to
speak to the audience.

ARAN

If you see someone flying by, shoo him in my direction!

SONG: "STICKY BUSINESS"

ARAN (CONT'D)

PLANNING STICKY BUSINESS
THAT'S WHAT I DO BEST,
ASKING SOMEONE IN TO DINE
SO I CAN EAT MY GUEST.

GETTING DOWN TO BUSINESS,
WRAPPING UP MY PREY,
STICKING THEM ON SILVER STRANDS...
NO ONE GETS AWAY.

IS IT CRUEL, WHEN YOU'RE STARVING,
TO ENJOY A GNAT OR WEEVIL?
THEY PROTEST, WHEN YOU'RE CARVING,
BUT IT'S CERTAINLY NOT EVIL.

PLANNING STICKY BUSINESS,
AH, THE JOY IT BRINGS!
CONTEMPLATING JUICY JOINTS
AND LOVELY, GAUZY WINGS.

PLANNING STICKY BUSINESS,
WHO'LL COME NEXT TO DINE?
BUSY BEE OR BUTTERFLY,
OR MAYBE EVEN BOTH, OH MY!
BUSY BEE OR BUTTERFLY
WILL HANG HERE ON MY LINE.

ARAN (CONT'D)

I'd better go to check my other webs.

Aran exits, as a butterfly,
MARIPOSA, serenely flies on
stage.

© Noelle Donfeld

This is a perusal copy only. Absolutely no copying permitted.

She stares as the stick gets shorter and shorter, slowly disappearing into the pile of sawdust. The butterfly stops, mesmerized, going closer and closer to the pile. Suddenly, Abe, buzzes on stage. He is a hyper-personality.

ABE

Bzzzzzzzzstop!

Mariposa jumps.

MARIPOSA

Ay, ay, ay!

ABE

Sorry. Didn't me to frighten you. But do you have any wooden parts?

MARIPOSA

Partes de madera?

ABE

Yes!

He points to various parts as he sings.

SONG: "WOOD"

ABE (CONT'D)

YOU WOULDN'T HAVE A WOODEN LEG,
A WOODEN EYE, A WOODEN PEG,
A WOODEN WING OR WOODEN SHOE
WOULD YOU?

MARIPOSA

No.

ABE

NO WOODEN FEELERSZZ? WOODEN HEAD?
OF COURSE NOT, OR YOU WOULD BE DEAD.
NO WOODEN TEETH 'CAUSE YOU DON'T CHEW,
DO YOU?

MARIPOSA

No.

ABE

NO WOODEN RINGSZZ, OR WOODEN CLOTHESZZ?
NO, BUTTERFLIESZZ AREN'T WEARING THOSE.

I HOPE THAT YOU'VE GOT NOTHING MADE OF
WOOD.

MARIPOSA

Creo que no!

ABE

DON'T WORRY 'BOUT A SINGLE THING
'CAUSE I'M YOUR FRIEND, AND I CAN STING.
MY NAME IS ABE, AND WELCOME TO THE 'HOOD.

MARIPOSA

Abe? Ay, sí! Como en "abeja." You're a bee. Mucho gusto.

ABE

And you're...?

MARIPOSA

Me llamo Mariposa.

ABE

You're Mariposa. Should have known that. And I figured you didn't have anything wooden on you. Except maybe the shoeszzz, but you'd have to be Dutch to wear wooden shoeszzz. And you're not Dutch, you're Mexican, right?

MARIPOSA

Sí. I've just flown up from México. Que inteligente! How did you get so smart?

ABE

Well, I heard there were Mariposas just like you last year. And there wasn't a stick of wood on them either.

MARIPOSA

O, sí, mi mamá y mis tios, my mother and my aunts and uncles. May I ask why it matters that I don't have a wooden head or leg or shoes?

ABE

Well, if you had a wooden leg or shoes, it might not be safe for you to land.

MARIPOSA

Ay de mi!

She looks nervously at the pile
of debris.

ABE

And if you had a wooden head...

He knocks on his head and shrugs.

ABE (CONT'D)

...you might be hard to talk to.

MARIPOSA

Claro que sí.

ABE

Besides a wooden head could never be as pretty as yours.

MARIPOSA

Me hecha flores.

ABE

Pardon?

MARIPOSA

That means you're throwing flowers at me, complimenting me.

ABE

What I'd give for a bunch of flowerszzzzz.

The debris pile rustles some more. Mariposa looks with concern at the pile.

MARIPOSA

I'm looking forward to las flores almost as much as I am to meeting all Mamá's friends.

The pile of debris rustles again, and Mita, pops up smiling broadly. Mariposa jumps.

MITA

Hello, hello!!! Did you say "friends"?

SONG: "WON'T YOU BE MY FRIEND?"

MITA (CONT'D)

IF YOU WANT TO MEET A FRIEND,
YOU'VE GOT ONE.
IF YOU WANT TO FIND A PAL,
THEN LOOK NO FURTHER, I AM HERE.

I WOULD BE YOUR FRIEND FOR GOOD.
WOULD I LIKE THAT? YES, I WOULD.
IF YOU'D LIKE TO MEET A
TERMITA NAMED MITA
THAT'S ME. WON'T YOU BE MY FRIEND?

MARIPOSA

You're Mita?

MITA

She told you!

MARIPOSA

She did?

MITA

LAST YEAR, ABOUT NOW
I MET YOUR MAMA.
SHE CAME FROM MEXICO, TOO.
SHE LOOKED EXACTLY LIKE YOU.
I COULD SENSE OUR FRIENDSHIP GROWING.

LAST YEAR, HOPES WERE HIGH.
I BET YOUR MAMA,
LOVED ALL THE STUFF WE COULD DO.
SHE'D FLY AROUND, AND I'D...CHEW!
BUT AY, CARUMBA, WHAT A BUMMER,
SHE FLEW HOME THE END OF SUMMER.

I WOULD BE YOUR FRIEND FOR GOOD.
WOULD I LIKE THAT? YES, I WOULD.
IF YOU'D LIKE TO MEET A
TERMITA NAMED MITA.
THAT'S ME. WON'T YOU BE MY FRIEND?

EACH DAY, WITH ANY LUCK'LL
BE SWEET AS HONEYSUCKLE,
WE'LL PLAY AND SHARE A CHUCKLE OR TWO.
BELIEVE ME, AMIGA, I'D LIKE TO HAVE A
FRIEND LIKE YOU.
I'D LIKE TO HAVE A FRIEND LIKE YOU.

Mita grins REALLY broadly, and
Mariposa jumps again, stares at
Mita and then manages a weak
greeting.

MARIPOSA

Mucho gusto.

MITA

So your mama mentioned me? I think we were about to become
great friends when she had to fly back home.

MARIPOSA

Lo siento. I'm sorry. I guess I don't remember her
mentioning that.

MITA

(Sighing dejectedly:)

Oh. You sure?

MARIPOSA

I was still a caterpillar and a pupa when she told me the stories of her trip to Alta California. Maybe I just forgot.

ABE

(Disparagingly:)

Like she'd have mentioned a termite!

MITA

What's a pupa?

MARIPOSA

It's like a changing room, a woven case where I changed from a caterpillar to a butterfly.

ABE

Wow!

MITA

I wish termites had those!

ABE

In your dreams.

MITA

(To Mariposa:)

You can't remember your mama saying anything about me? I sensed the blossoming of true friendship between us.

MARIPOSA

No, I don't think she said anything about that.

ABE

Mita, you don't exactly fly around in our circleszzzz.

MITA

I did before my wings fell off.

ABE

No, not even then.

MARIPOSA

Mamá told me that there is a garden here full of flowers of every color. I love the nectar of honeysuckle and red roses best!

ABE

Nothing smells better than roszzzzes. But for honey, you have to try the real thing! I make the best honey around.

MARIPOSA

Miel? De veras?

ABE

Well, I used to. When we had lots of flowers. You see, we haven't had any rain lately. The ground is harder than termites' teeth. And a worker bee like me can't go back to the hive without pollen.

MARIPOSA

But the garden is bright and full of colors!

ABE

It used to be. Even last year.

SONG: "FLOWERS"

ABE (CONT'D)

FLOWERSZZ. FLOWERSZZ.
I COULD BUZZ AROUND
FOR HOURSZZ,
VISITING PISTILS AND PETALSZZ
WHO ALL LIKED TO SHARE.

FLOWERSZZ,

MARIPOSA

FLORES.

ABE

FLOWERSZZ,

MARIPOSA

FLORES.

ABE

IN THE GARDENSZZ,
ON THE BOWERSZZ,

MARIPOSA

AH, LOS COLORES,

ABE

LAVENDER, JASMINE AND ROSE,
HOW THEIR SCENTS FILLED THE AIR.

TAKE A SIP, ON I'D RACE,
BEING TICKLED ON THE FACE,
COVERED COMPLETELY WITH POLLEN,
AH!

TAKE A DIP, THEN A TASTE.
NOT A BIT SHOULD GO TO WASTE,
FINDING THE BITS THAT HAVE FALLEN,
AH!

TAKE A SNIFF! WHAT A SCENT!

© Noelle Donfeld

This is a perusal copy only. Absolutely no copying permitted.

ABE

Sure. Just follow the sign...where is it?

MITA

(Looking around:)

Gee, I don't know. I thought it was right around here.

MARIPOSA

Estaba aquí?

ABE

Mita, you just ate it!

MITA

Oh, no! I'm so sorry. I can never tell what I'm eating because...

ABE

...you started underground.

MARIPOSA

But I have to find some flowers. Ay! Que hambre tengo. I'm getting really hungry.

ABE

I guess we could look to see if anything has popped up.

MITA

Yes, let's.

ABE

Let's? You mean you want to come, too?

MITA

Of course I want to go with my new friend. My possible new friend. My "sure hope you'll think about being my new friend" friend.

ABE

Okay. I guess you can come, too, if you feel like it. Try to keep up.

MITA

Is it all right if I snack along the way?

ABE AND MARIPOSA

No!

Abe and Mariposa give her a
mournful look and flap their
wings to leave.

ABE

Let's...whoa. Reverse, reverse!!

© Noelle Donfeld

This is a perusal copy only. Absolutely no copying permitted.

They start to fly toward the spider web, so they shift gears and flap their wings in the opposite direction. Aran, the spider, hops onto the stage, smiling broadly.

ARAN

Mariposa! I knew you'd be coming!

MARIPOSA

(Startled:)

You did? Aren't you an araña?

ARAN

Yes, I'm Aran, and I am a spider. Good for you. See my web? I made it especially for you.

MITA

Oh, oh. That's not good.

Aran turns it so it can be seen clearly.

ARAN

See the big letter "M" in the center? M for Mariposa.

MARIPOSA

Ay, que lindo! But how did you know?

ARAN

Every year mariposas visit. I hear hundreds of butterflies used to come here. Your mother, last year, grandmother, the year before. And your aunt. She was delicious!

MARIPOSA

Qué?!!!

ARAN

I meant delightful! Charming! Delightful. Then it was your great-grandmother, the year before that. Not that I'm that old. Don't let the grey hair fool you.

MITA

Don't let Aran fool you. And don't get too close.

Mariposa backs up.

ARAN

Do you really think I would harm a thing of such beauty?

MITA

You ate Mildred!

MITA

I'm a termite. A queen, actually. I can't help it if it gives me a healthy appetite.

MARIPOSA

Una reina? A queen? Ay de mi!

ABE

The only thing bigger than Mita's appetite is her imagination.

ARAN

If you are a queen, where are your subjects?

MITA

They're not born yet.

ABE

Hah! You got that right!

MITA

I have to find the right home, first. Then I'll have my queendom.

ARAN

What are you waiting for?

MITA

A friendly neighborhood.

ARAN

In the meantime, you'll eat up everything in sight.

MITA

Some creatures are just born hungry.

ABE

(Looking at Mariposa:)

And some are born beautiful.

MARIPOSA

(Smugly:)

Es verdad. It's true.

ARAN

And some are born with great talent.

ABE

You finally got that right. No one makeszzzz better honey than I do.

ARAN

I was speaking of my wonderful web.

ABE

The family whose garden this is...waszzz...putszzz it on their bread every morning.

MARIPOSA

Una telaraña?

ABE

No, not a spider web, cutie pie. My honey, of course. They really love it. Dripszzz all over their fingerszzzzz.

ARAN

While they're looking at my wonderful webs.

ABE

What a mess!

ARAN

My webs?

MARIPOSA

The honey?

ABE

No, you, Mita. Look at that awful pile of zzzzsawdust you left!

MITA

Oops!

ABE

(To Mariposa:)

Got to watch Mita every second.

SONG: "EATEN BY MITA"

ABE (CONT'D)

WHAT A DISASTER!
SHE'S DANGEROUS, TOO.
YOU NEVER CAN ANTICIPATE
WHAT MITA'S GOING TO DO.
SHE ONLY LEAVES A SAWDUST TRAIL.
I REALLY AM PERPLEXED.
WHAT WILL THAT TERMITE EAT NEXT?

LAST YEAR WHEN WE STILL HAD RAIN,
A SCARECROW WAS ON GUARD.
THE FIELDS WERE GREEN AND FULL OF GRAIN,
THAT SCARECROW WORKED SO HARD.
HE KEPT THE CAWING CROWS AT BAY,
BUT THEN, AS WE HAD FEARED,
THE SCARECROW SIMPLY WENT AWAY, COMPLETELY
DISAPPEARED.

© Noelle Donfeld

This is a perusal copy only. Absolutely no copying permitted.

ABE AND ARAN

EATEN BY MITA,
 YES, MITA STRUCK AGAIN.
 SO ALL THE CROWS CAME FLYING BACK
 A CROW OUT-EATS A HUNGRY HEN.
 EATEN BY MITA,
 THE SCARECROW WAS NO MORE,
 AND NO ONE LOCKS A TERMITE OUT,
 SHE'LL ONLY EAT THE DOOR.

MITA

How was I to know there was a scarecrow attached? I started
 from the ground up.

ARAN

LAST YEAR EVERY DAY AT FIVE
 THE POSTMAN BROUGHT THE MAIL.
 HE'D WALK HIS ROUTE, HE DIDN'T DRIVE,
 THE MAN WAS OLD AND FRAIL.
 IT SEEMS THE POSTMAN LOST HIS LEG,
 A HERO IN THE WAR,
 AND THOUGH HE WEARS A WOODEN PEG,
 IT'S DIFFERENT THAN BEFORE.

ABE AND ARAN

EATEN BY MITA,
 YES, MITA STRUCK AGAIN.
 HE FELL ASLEEP OUT IN THE YARD.
 SHE GNAWED HIS PEG. I DON'T KNOW WHEN.
 EATEN BY MITA,
 I'M HAPPY TO REPORT,
 HE WOKE BEFORE SHE ATE TOO MUCH,
 BUT STILL HE CAME UP SHORT.

MITA

As soon as I saw what it was....

MARIPOSA

AY, QUE COMIDA!

ABE

BEFORE A TERMITE'S THROUGH
 SHE'LL EAT YOU OUT OF HOUSE AND HOME.

ARAN

IN YOUR CASE, THAT IS TRUE.

ABE AND ARAN

EATEN BY MITA,
 IT'S GOT TO BE A CURSE.
 SHE DOESN'T KNOW SHE'S DOING IT
 WHICH MAKES IT EVEN WORSE!

ARAN

He still has a bit of a limp.

MITA

If he hadn't awakened, you would have taken a bite out of his other leg. Don't think I didn't see you starting to crawl up his shoe.

ARAN

That wasn't I. It must have been...my cousin, Spencer. He's a brown spider. I'm grey. Grey. Always have been.

MITA

Like me!

ARAN

No, Mita, there are definite shades of grey. Rich, lush, velvety...

(Stroking his leg:)

...and...pale, lumpy, slimy...

MITA

I'm not slimy. I'm just who I am. A queen. Well, a supplemental queen. But I'll be a real queen one day.

MARIPOSA

Pobrecita.

ARAN

Mariposa is a Monarch. But, Mita? Hah!

ABE

What a wild imagination.

MITA

Why can't even one of you be my friend? One true friend, who can like me just the way I am. Is that asking too much?

MARIPOSA

There's something likeable in everyone, isn't there?

MITA

Right!

ABE

We still haven't found anything likeable in Mita yet. Aran, yeah, he'll eat you if you turn your back on him, but he also keeps gnats and mosquitos away.

ARAN

Abe is feisty, but his honey is stickier than my webs. You have to admire that.

And I'm... MARIPOSA

Beautiful. ALL

Well, I'm... MITA

Imposszzzible! ABE

Want to read the entire script? Order an electronic
perusal copy today!