

An Imperial Gungan in Fangorn Forest

Written by Ron Koci and Jen Allen



A play in one act presented on the occasion of Miss Ealasaid
Haas' 25th birthday celebration, March 16th, 2003 at the
Chardonnay Court Food Emporium and Amateur Playhouse



The Players (in order of appearance)

Meriadoc Brandybuck..... Linda Rae Sande
Perigren Took..... Robin Arnold
Treebeard..... Himself
Narrator David Allen
Jar Jar Binks..... Antwon
Vorpal Coney..... Vicki Heady
Lumberjacks..... Carol Kent, Jen Allen, Kay Brenner,
and anyone else we could get to sing

The Crew

Best Boy..... Sandy Martino
Key Grip..... Sue Koci
Script Consultants..... Sue Koci, Dave Allen, Joanne Curme
Sound Effects..... Ron Koci
Stunt Coordinator Joanne Curme

The Audience

Birthday Girl..... Ealasaid Haas

Merry: It was the Third Age of this world. History had become legend. Legend became myth. Myth. Myth I say...

Pippin: Yeth? What is that stupid book, and can't you read without moving your lips?



Merry: It's called There and back and there again - The Sequel. [Merry tosses book aside.] I'm still not sure this fire was a very good idea. We don't know who might see the smoke.

Pippin: You're such a wimp. Besides, if we freeze to death, it won't matter who finds us.

Merry: Point taken.
(distant whirring sound followed by roar that recedes to silence)

Merry & Pippin: What was that?

Pippin: It sounded a long way off, but even so, maybe we'd better...

Distant voice: "Oh, movie!"
(Clumsy footfalls approach through the forest)

Distant voice: "Oh, mooie-mooie! Hellooooo!"

Narrator: As the two were distracted by the approaching voice, a vorpal coney sneaks up behind them, contemplating which hobbit to dismember first. (Jaws music in the background) He stops midthought however when he sees...



Jar Jar: Oh, hellooooo. Mesa called Jar Jar Binks - yousa humble servant. Mesa besa memba da bbbbiggie Imperial Senate. Mesa feelled da distubbburbance inda forci stuffs - n da fraidy stuffs with no names callin. Den mesa see yousa distant smokenfire n heres I am.

Merry & Pippin: Uh...

Pippin: Hello, Mr. Jar Jar. Won't you join us for second supper?

Merry to Pippin: Are you sure that's a good idea? What's a senate, and why should we share our food with him? It all sounds like flying hogwash to me.

Pippin to Merry: No less fantastic than a ring that can change its size and make a hobbit invisible.

Narrator: The decision made, Jar Jar joined them and ate even more than most hobbits, worrying our two young heroes about the potential for "late vittles". Then, with much flapping of ears and slaughtering of simple words, Jar Jar

explained that he was actually an ex-senator, and rather on-the-lamb at the moment, because someone named Emperor Palpatine had disbanded the senate and was hunting the former senators.

Merry: But that must be terrible, to have everything you're trying to accomplish ripped from under you like that.

Jar Jar: Nosa biggie - Jar Jar neva wants for bein heaps biggie senator. Jar Jar get da spaciesicks n fer wanten gosa home n gettins wit da natral stuffs. Mesa allllways wantsa besa - *lumberjack*.

Narrator: With this startling revelation, Jar Jar stood and pressed a button on his robe, and much to the hobbits' amazement, four lumberjacks, complete with flannel shirts, suspenders and rather sharp looking axes miraculously appeared. The hobbits jumped back and drew their swords, but Jar Jar simply ignored them and broke into a rather merry tune.



Jar Jar:

Mesa besa lumberjack n mesa okeyday,
Mesa sleepin inda night n mesa workin inda day,

Narrator: The lumberjacks flickered a bit (hobbits know nothing of holograms, of course), then commenced to repeat Jar Jar's refrain.

Lumberjacks:

Mesa besa lumberjack n mesa okeyday,
Mesa sleepin inda night n mesa workin inda day,

Jar Jar:

Mesa cuttin downda trees n has a bbbbbbbrisky morning munchen
Mesa squattin' inda bushes for ta pee.
Onda Wednesdays mesa goin forda shoppin'
An havin saucy nerf for tea.

Lumberjacks:

Mesa cuttin downda trees n has a bbbbbbbrisky morning munchen
Mesa squattin' inda bushes for ta pee.
Onda Wednesdays mesa goin forda shoppin'
An' havin' saucy nerf for tea.

Jar Jar & Lumberjacks:

Mesa besa lumberjack n mesa okeyday,
Mesa sleepin inda night n mesa workin inda day,

Lumberjacks & Jar Jar:

Hesa besa lumberjack n hesa okeyday,
Hesa sleepin inda night n hesa workin inda day,

Jar Jar:

Mesa cutting downda trees, mesa skippin' 'n a-jump'
Mesa lika crushen dem wild flowers.
Mesa putten on der girlies clothin'
N chattin' in da public showers.

Lumberjacks:

Mesa cutting downda trees, mesa skippin' 'n a-jump'
Me lika crushen dem wild flowers.
Mesa putten on der girlies clothin'
N chattin' in da public showers.

Jar Jar & Lumberjacks:

Mesa besa lumberjack n mesa okeyday,
Mesa sleepin inda night n mesa workin inda day,

Lumberjacks & Jar Jar:

Hesa besa lumberjack n hesa okeyday,
Hesa sleepin inda night n hesa workin inda day,

Jar Jar:

Mesa cuttin' downda trees, mesa wear de heely-shoes
Wit da pantalooney hangers n a bra
Mesa wishin mesa born a girlie,
Jus liken mesa dear papa

Lumberjacks:

Mesa cuttin' downda trees, mesa wear de heely-shoes
Wit da pantalooney hangers n a bra?

Pippin: This guy's beginning to sound like that weirdo from Transylvania we saw wandering around in those ruins last week.

Merry: You can say that again.

Pippin: This guy's beginning to sound like that...

Vorpal Coney: That'll do...

Lumberjacks:

Mesa besa lumberjack n mesa okeyday,
Mesa sleepin inda night n mesa workin inda...

[wait for CURTAIN]

WHOOOSHKA! - POP!

Narrator: Treebeard, having been napping during the whole Gungan ordeal, suddenly realized there were people with axes and a creature "that might be an orc" singing about cutting down trees.



Of course Jar Jar had no idea that trees might be sentient, or for that matter even animate, in Middle Earth (not that he knew this was Middle Earth in the first place), so he didn't even see the branch-arm that grabbed his head and neatly plucked it from his shoulders, bringing his singing career to an abrupt, albeit most welcome, end.



The holographic lumberjacks just started milling about, muttering amongst themselves, having no lead singer to follow and being fairly immune to arboreal violence.

Vorpil coney: Backup singers – without a lead they're just lost... Look at what happened to the Pips.

Narrator: Pippin turned to the coney, having just realized it had spoken. Staring in horror at the blood on its huge pointy teeth and big sharp claws, he contemplated his relative position in the evening's foodchain with a gulp.

Pippin: Anyone have any ideas for cooking Gungan?

Coney: Why would anyone cook meat? It spoils the flavor.

Merry: Didn't Golum say something last week about rosemary and lavender with coney's? No offense Mr. Coney.

Coney: (licking his chops) None taken. This time.

Pippin: Mesa recallen something bout basil and chutney. Oh no! That dialect is contagious.

Merry: That was Sam – he'sa hasn't got's the culinary sense of an Uruk-hai...

Pippin: ...All right, let's just throw the rest of these vegetables in a pot and...



Well, everyone agreed that Jar Jar had been rather entertaining, but on the bright side, it turns out the hobbits didn't have to open the much coveted can of Spam they'd been saving for a special occasion.

