

Side F - Amos of Kansas

But elves
 Themselves
 Are strong and true!
EMILY. We may be small
 And smelly, too,
 But elves
 Themselves
 Are strong and true!

CALLIOPE. (to the kids in the audience) Kids! Quick! We need your help! This side!

(She leads one side of the audience.)

We may be small
 And smelly, too,
 But elves
 Themselves
 Are strong and true!

EMILY. Now this side!

We may be small
 And smelly, too,
 But elves
 Themselves
 Are strong and true!

BOTH. All together now!

We may be small
 And smelly, too,
 But elves
 Themselves
 Are strong and true!

EMILY. Let's go!

(They run off. Beat. Then **AMOS OF KANSAS**, the twin brother of our **AMOS**, enters carrying a suitcase. For clarity's sake, for the rest of the play, we'll call them "Amos of Kansas" and "Amos". Despite what **AMOS** said about being handsomer than **AMOS OF KANSAS**, they are in fact identical. [Note: they're played by the same actor.]

Start

We can tell them apart by their clothes, their accents and their attitudes: **AMOS OF KANSAS** wears a bow-tie and a straw hat; he has a strong Midwestern twang in his speech; and he's very relaxed and philosophical about life.)

(When **AMOS OF KANSAS** walks into the room, he puts down his suitcase, looks around and scratches his head.)

AMOS OF KANSAS. Gal dang it. If this ain't crazy, then I'm the back end of a donkey pullin' a bale o' hay. My brother Amos invited me to his place for the holidays, but when I got there all the way from Kansas he'd flown the coop. Then I found this here letter from a gal named Emily, and she says

(He pulls out a letter and starts to read it.)

"Ylreir - Belcnuraed ..."

(He realizes that the letter is upside down and turns it around and starts again.)

"Dear Uncle Brierly,"

which is odd right there because I ain't her uncle and I ain't named Brierly.

"Dear Uncle Brierly. Do not worry about me. I have gone to the North Pole with Amos to save Christmas. Emily."

So my twin brother Amos is up here on some hair-brained scheme, which means he's in trouble, and I'm here to get him out of it. I'm what you might call my brother's keeper. Ya see, the Good Book asks "Am I my brother's keeper?" to which the answer is yes, you should be. We all gotta look out for each other in this world 'cause everybody needs a helpin' hand now and then. As the poet said, "No mouse is an island."

(At which point, **EMILY** runs on carrying a snow globe, talking a mile a minute. She thinks he's **AMOS**.)

End