

SULLIVAN'S HEROES

CAST

Blue- U.S.A.

Col. Sullivan...K. Saunders
Sgt. Nielsen...S. Taslitz
Pvt. Hughes...J. Bernfield
Pvt. Passman...R. Trester
Pvt. Bennet...J. Mintz
Pvt. Carter...A. Samotny

White-Nazis

Col. Kryskie.....S. Hughes
Sgt. Metzdorf...D. Nielsen
Pvt. Rodgers.....J. Korman
Pvt. Van Handle..R. Passman
Pvt. Erikstrup...G. Bennett
Pvt. Hawkins.....A. Carter

SCENE 1

Inside of bunk house...blue is sitting around whispering as the play starts. Col. Sullivan's voice is heard.

Sullivan: It's very simple men. The blue team is closing in on the whites, we'll have them surrounded by Thursday. All we have to do is find a way to capture the stockade before the rest of our team gets here.

Bennett: That should be easy, Kryskie and Metzdorf don't have enough brains between them to tie a pair of shoes.

Hughes: Even if they did, they couldn't bend over far enough to tie them.

Nielsen: All we have to do is trick them into gathering in one place and grab them.

Passman: That's easy enough. Just put a big plate of Knockwurst in the latrine and lock them in while they're eating.

Bennett: We don't even need the Knockwurst for that.

Sullivan: How about challenging them to a volley ball game and then wrapping them up in the net.

Passman: We won't even need the net. When Kryskie and Metzdorf try to jump their bellies will slide up around their heads and the'll suffocate.

Nielsen: The volley ball game is a good idea. We'll just have to trick Kryskie into thinking it was his idea.

Hughes: The only idea Kryskie's had in the last five years is to stay as far away from the war as possible. (Stands up and stretches) If I had the team he does I'd just surrender.

Carter: He already has, but we couldn't afford to feed them.

Sullivan: I guess we'll just have to pay the colonel and his fat friend a little visit and plant this idea in their heads

Hughes: We'd better take a good pick. There's a lot of bone to hack through before we reach anything to plant it in.

Carter: Back on the farm we'd always use a little manure to make things grow better.

Bennett: Don't worry, the white team has plenty of that already.

Sullivan: Okay, Nielsen and Hughes come with me. Bennett, Carter and Passman can get our little surprise ready for the volley ball game.

(Hughes, Nielsen and Sullivan exit left. Carter, Passman and Bennett exit right.)

SCENE 2

Col. Kryskie's office. Kryskie is sitting behind a desk, everyone else is standing at attention.

Kryskie: Confound it men, don't you realize you're losing this war. Sgt. Metzdorf, can't you even suck in your gut when you're standing at attention?

Metzdorf: Ya Voll Herr Colonel, I forgot my girdle.

Van Handle: I think he means he ate it Herr Colonel.

Kryskie: Enough, enough, I have enough problems without arguing with you meat heads.

Metzdorf: Meat head! Who's a meat head?

Kryskie: I didn't mean to insult you sergeant.

Erikstrup: He wasn't worried about being insulted Herr Colonel. He's still hungry.

Metzdorf: Ya Voll, I could eat about half a dozen meat heads right now.

Rodgers: May I sit down Herr Colonel, my feets hurt.

Kryskie: Shut up Rodgers or I'll send you to Siberia and let you ruin someone else's war.

Rodgers: Gee Wizz, colonel, It's not my fault the blue team dosen't listen whên I call time out.

Hawkins: Oct ah lieber Got! How can we fight a war with hand-icaps like him on our side.

Van Handle: Maybe we should all transfere to Siberia. The Russians can't be as tricky as the blues.

Metzdorf: Is there anything to eat in Siberia?

Erikstrup: What? And leave the Mommyland. No I can't do it. (Falls on the floor crying)

Kryskie: Shut up...shut up. On your feet Erikstrup. I can't think with all this confussion.

Hawkins: You can't think anyway Herr Colonel.

Kryskie: One more remark like that and I'll have you before a firing squad.

Metzdorf: That's impossible Herr Colonel. The blue's have taken all our bullets.

Wryskie: What! How can they do this to me. Rodgers go get Col. Sullivan.

Rodgers: Yes Herr...(Sullivan, Nielsen and Hughes enter the office and sit on Krskie's desk)

Kryskie: What? How did you get in here? I was just about to send for you.

Sullivan: Well, Colonel, a strong personality like you emits waves that can be felt all over the coumpound. I could tell you wanted to see me and just came right over.

Kryskie: (stands and puffs out chest) Well, thank you colonel. Do you really think so?

Hughes: Why of course Colonel. Why in the U.S. we even have a special term for it. We call it B.O.

Nielsen: Why after the war colonel, I'm sure there's some very important position waiting for you in the U.S.

Hughes: Why sure, with your experience with prisoners of war you'd make a perfect camp director.

Kryskie: (expanding his chest) Camp director, hmm, camp director. vas is dis camp director.

Sullivan: Well, colonel, it's a very important position. You'd be in charge of a large group of people...have complete control over their lives...arrange all their activities ...teach them to play volley ball.

Kryskie: Ya voll! Control people's lives. I like dat. But dis wolley boll? Vas is dat.

Hughes: Don't worry about a thing Colonel. Someone of your intellegence can learn it in no time. Why we'll make you an expert in a few minutes.

Kryskie: Ah yes, for me it will be easy, no? You will teach me this afternoon, yes? Wunderbar.

Nielsen: A brilliant idea Colonel. (Puts his arm around him) We'll meet you on the drill ground in a few minutes. Bring your men and we'll even throw in a free lesson for them.

Metzdorf: Me too?

Sullivan: Why sure Dorfy. (Elbows him in the stomach) A man of your caliber is always useful to weight down the net.

Metzdorf: Ouch! Be carefull of my mashed potatoes.

(Sullivan, Nielsen and Hughes exit...change to scene three.)

SCENE 3

VOLLEY BALL COURT IS SET UP. Blues are milling around on one side, whites on the other.

Carter: Hey Van Handle, ever play volley ball before?

Van Handle: No, I'm mot much good at games with nets.

Rodgers: (Jumping up and down) I can, I can. I was on the first team at the University of Frankfort.

Passman: Yea, I'm sure Rodgers, you look like a real hot dog.

Metzdorf: Hey, these teams aren't fair. Why don't you take Rodgers

Sullivan: Nothing doing. If he was on our side the rest of my men would desert.

Hughes: Yea, we had him for the last war, you've got to take him this time.

Hawkins: Couldn't we just have a choose up game?

Passman: Okay, I choose the blue team, you can have the whites.

Sullivan: Okay, lets start. Everyone take your position. (teams line up in rows of three on either side of the net.) (Sullivan holds up an imaginary volley ball) We start the game by serving. (Serves the ball and everyone follows it with their eyes. Metzdorf tries to hit it above his head, slips and falls on his ass.)

Hughes: Hey Dorfy, try hitting it with your stomach.

Bennett: No, don't do that. We'll have to call a surgeon to extract the ball.

Carter: One to nothing Blue. Throw the ball back Dorfy. (Metzdorf throws the ball back to Sullivan, who serves it again. Eyes follow the ball and Rodgers screams Time Out. The ball hits him on the head and he falls on the ground unconscious.)

Hughes: Well after two years of trying Rodgers finally got his time out.

Passman: Yea, I hope he stays out for a while. Just drag his carcass off the court. (Erikstrup and Van Handle drag him to the side.)

Kryskie: Now we have a chance, the sides are even. (Hawkins throws the ball back to Sullivan and he serves again. Eyes follow the ball and it hits Kryskie in the belly.)

Kryskie: Oh, I'm dead. You got me right in the mashed potatoes.

Nielsen: Don't worry Colonel, it'll give you a chance to eat them a second time.

Sullivan: Looks like you need to regroup your forces Colnel.
Why don't you have a meeting at the net.

Nielsen: Brilliant Idea, you're a real master of stratagey Col.
Kryskie.

Kryskie: (Scratches head) Yes, yes, I know. I was allways first
in my class in strategy. Gather round your leader men.

(White team gathers around the net slowly and muttering.)

Erikstrup: Fat slob, always trying to pull rank.

Van Handle: (turning his head) He's pretty rank alright.

(Hughes and Nielsen pick up the volley ball poles and quickly wrap
the white team up in the net.)

Kryskie: Vas is Loos? Vas is dis?

Sullivan: You've just been out flanked Kryskie. The blue team
has won the war.

Metzdorf: Büt it's not fair. We had time out, checks, kings,
My fingers were crossed.

Passman: Tough luck Dorfy. Looks like no lunch for you today.

Metzdorf: No, you can't do that. That's torture. It violates
the Waupaca Convention.

Nielsen: Don't worry whites, now that we've beaten you we'll
put the Manny Plan into effect. Pump money, food and
expert assistance into your team and by next year
you'll be ready for the war again.

Hughes: But so will we and the results will be the same.

(Blue team joins arms and yells: Cause we are the Blue Team,
MIGHTY, MIGHTY BLUE TEAM)

THE END