

BUBBLES IN THE SURF
A Summer Play
By Carole L. Cooney

Setting: A window sill in an empty room; beach sand and surf

Characters:

Narrator

Whitey, a small white plaster horse

Jeni, a Genie

Spark, a real Appaloosa horse (This is a horse with white hair and patches of color.)

Narrator: The sun shone brightly making everything a blaze of color. The air was warm with a soft breeze. It was a perfect summer morning at the beach. Whitey, a small white plaster horse, stood on the brown wooden window sill with his nose pressed to the glass. Down below on the warm sand, Spark, a real Appaloosa horse, frolicked in the glistening surf.

Whitey: Oh, how I wish I could race over the sand, rear up and toss my hooves high into the air. Oh, I wish, I wish, I wish!

Jeni: Yoo-hoo! Can I be of help to you?

Narrator: Whitey was startled to hear a voice in the empty room. Timidly, he looked to the left and then to the right.

Jeni: Yoo-hoo! I'm down here under the table where Master Johnny left me last night.

Whitey: (neighing softly) Nei – ei – ei! Who are you?

Jeni: I'm Jeni, the Genie. I heard you making a wish and that's why I'm here. I make wishes come true.

Whitey: (sadly) I don't think you can make my wish come true. I'm just a make-believe horse.

Jeni: So? What difference does that make? Let's see what I can do. What is your wish?

Whitey: I wish I was like that horse down there at the water's edge. He's having so much fun running and kicking, rearing up and lifting his hooves high toward the sky. But, I can't do those things.

Jeni: And why not?

Whitey: Because I'm just a plain little horse made out of white plaster. I have no moving parts. I'm just stuck together in one big lump.

Jeni: The way I see it, you've got 4 legs. Right?

Whitey: Well... yes.

Jeni: You have a well-built body with a thick black mane and tail.

Whitey: Yes... if you say so.

Jeni: Your face is strong and your eyes are sharp. The only things that are a little different are your ears.

Whitey: What's the matter with my ears?

Jeni: I've never seen any ears like them.

Whitey: What do they look like?

Jeni: They are really unique! They stand straight up and are pink, inside and out!

Whitey: (sadly) See... I'm so different, I think you're just wasting your time.

Jeni: No, no, no! You are *perfect* just as you are. Now, do you REALLY want that wish?

Whitey: (excited) Yes! I certainly do!

Jeni: Then close your eyes and think of yourself on the sand at the water's edge. Ready? One, two, three!

Narrator: Jeni snapped her fingers, and in a flash, Whitey was standing on the sand. He held his head high inhaling deeply to smell the salt water. He glanced down at his hooves to see bubbles swirling and popping. Suddenly, he heard the sound of thundering hooves. Spark was running toward him.

Whitey: (scared) I don't know what to do! I don't know what to do!

Spark: Hello, little horse. I'm Spark! I haven't seen you here before. What's your name?

Whitey: (shyly) My name is Whitey.

Spark: Then, come, Whitey. Come run with me!

Narrator: Whitey lifted his legs up and down. Then he began to prance around on the warm sand.

Whitey: Oh, this is GREAT! THIS IS GREAT!

Spark: Follow me into the water. Come, Whitey! Let's have fun!

Narrator: Whitey gathered his courage and dove into the foaming surf. He lifted his front legs high into the air and sprayed water everywhere. He whinnied as he jumped over the tall waves. Splashing and kicking, running and leaping, Whitey played with Spark until he was exhausted!

Jeni: I think it's time to come to the rescue. Whitey, it looks like we have to go back to your little upstairs room. Okay?

Whitey: Oh, Jeni, it was so much fun! It was GREAT! Thank you, thank you more than I can say! Spark, I've got to go now. Thank you for showing me how to have fun in the waves. I hope we can do this again. Goodbye, Spark!

Narrator: Once again, Jeni snapped her fingers and Whitey was back on the brown wooden window sill with his nose pressed against the glass. But something was different.

Jeni: Whitey, so that you'll remember this day, I've done a special bit of magic for you. Look at your coat. What do you see?

Whitey: My coat is spotted! It's just like Spark's except my spots look like the colorful bubbles in the surf. Thank you, Jeni!

Narrator: So... what name do you think Master Johnny called his white horse when he saw the new coat of colors? The new name was Bubbles, of course.