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The Mud in Elba May Cause Warts and Other Strange Dysfunctions
by
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(The island of Elba. The stage is empty except for a bale of straw and a radio sitting on a small table. Hannah is at center, picking mud off her arm and discovering a wart underneath as a cat, or something, runs, or is pulled across the stage, followed by Bob. All characters should be dressed very strangely, especially Otto.)

Hannah: Dumb mud!

Bob: Huh?

Hannah: *(Showing wart.)* Dumb mud.

Bob: Was it a cat I saw?

Hannah: *(clarifying)* Was it a *car* or a cat I saw?

(Pause.)

Hannah: Name, man?

Bob: Madam, in Eden, I'm Adam.

Hannah: Gateman sees name; garageman sees name tag.

(pause. Bob turns on radio.)

Radio: *(sound of car horn)* Toot, toot. ... A Toyota! Race fast, safe car. A Toyota! ...
Toot, toot.

Bob: *(turning radio off and sighing)* Poor Dan is in a droop.

Hannah: Too hot to hoot?

Bob: No. *(offers a cigar)* Here, Hon.

Hannah: Cigar? Toss it in a can. It is so tragic.

(Pause. Hannah inspects her wart.)

Hannah: Dumb mud.

Bob: Yah. *(looking around, sees straw, takes some and offers it.)* Hay?

Hannah: Straw? No, too stupid a fad! I put soot on warts!

Bob: *(Still trying to help.)* Ma has a ham.

Hannah: Go hang a salami; I'm a lasagna hog.

Bob: Oh, sit on a potato pan, Otis. ... Ho.

Hannah: *(looking offstage. Excited.)* Lew, Otto has a hot towel!

Bob: Otto?

(Otto enters with a hot towel.)

Hannah: Otto!

Otto: *(mysteriously)* Rats live on no evil star.

Bob: Huh?

Otto: *(Taking Hannah's arm, inspecting wart)* On a clover, if alive, erupts a vast, pure evil, a fire volcano. *(Otto wraps Hannah's arm with the towel.)*

Hannah: Thanks, Otto. Sk ... naht. – Good work, Otto, krow ... doog. ... That's ... funny, my words ... don't spell ... anything ... backwards. I'm cured!

Otto: Wow! *(They hug and exit together.)*

(Pause.)

Bob: Able was I ere I saw Elba. *(pause. Notices a wart on his arm.)* Dumb mud.

(The cat, or something, runs by again, but Bob doesn't notice.)

(Curtain.)