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HORTON THE ELEPHANT

SIDE 1

HORTON: Hello...hello?

JOJO: *(casually to his clover)* Hello?

HORTON: Who's there?

JOJO: It's me, JoJo. The Mayor's son.

HORTON: I'm Horton. The elephant.

JOJO: Are you real, or are you a very large Think?

HORTON: Oh, I'm real all right. I would state that in ink.

JOJO: In my Thinks, I imagine a lot of strange things, and I go to strange places, as if I had wings! I love a good Think!

HORTON: Well, for me that goes double.

JOJO: Sometimes my Thinks are what get me in trouble.

HORTON: When you think, do you dream?

JOJO: In bright colors!

HORTON: Me, too. *(pause)* And I got to strange places. Like Solla Sollew!

JOJO: When you think, do you think you could fly to the stars?

HORTON: Little friend, no one else could have Thinks such as ours!

SIDE 2

(The clover drops, and the WHOS scream. HORTON tries to catch it, but it's too late. They are lost in a huge field of clover. HORTON stands alone.)

HORTON: That bird let that clover drop somewhere inside

Of a great patch of clovers, a hundred miles wide!

I'll find it. I'll find it! I'll find it or bust!

Well, I shall find my friends on their small speck of dust.

Yes, clover by clover by clover with care

I'll listen and call, are you there? Are you there?

(HORTON begins his search for the WHOS clover by clover. GERTRUDE MCFUZZ enters. Her tail is now magnificent. She sings to HORTON, but he takes no notice because he is searching for his speck of dust.)



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ll silly things!

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earch.

I just couldn't leave my poor Whos in the lurch!

MAYZIE: I won't be gone long, kid. I give you my word.

I'll hurry right back, 'cause I'm that sort of bird!

Oh, Horton, I promise! I'll fly back real soon.

I'd only be gone for, say, one afternoon!

(A beat, as HORTON considers this.)

HORTON: *(relenting)* Well...we all need vacations.

All right, go on, take it.

I'll sit on your egg

And I'll try not to break it.

But please come back quickly—

One hour, maybe two.

I need to find JoJo.

I've got to save Who!

MAYZIE: *(ad lib)* Hit it, Cat! Thanks. Thanks a million! Toodle-oooo!!

(THE CAT strikes up an energetic Latin beat on the piano, accompanying MAYZIE as she flies off, thrilled with her newfound freedom. The BIRD GIRLS watch as HORTON climbs the tree with great trepidation, and gingerly gets into the nest.)

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