



Ocean
Recovery Alliance

“Recycle Roo”

Puppet Show/Play for Recycling and Waste Management



Uncle Roo

“Recycling Roo” is a puppet show or play which can be adopted by any community, anywhere in the world, as a story to help teach, educate, inspire, and empower the youth of our world to understand the importance of recycling and proper waste management. This play is critically powerful when using and promoting the character of **Uncle Roo**, because the play/show turns into reality the next day for the children, when the rooster(s) in the community wakes up in the morning and crows to the community. This real-life reminder, is called **Eco-Repetition**, and “Recycling Roo” is the first play/show in the world to activate this incredibly important, natural tool, for the benefit of our communities. So, when played out, Uncle Roo needs to be the Hero, loud and clear, and someone that the children greatly respect. If done correctly, the roosters in your community will help you do the reminding, every single day. It is up to the adults in the community to fulfill the needs, curiosity and interests of the youth, to follow Uncle Roo’s messages of undertaking proper recycling and waste management in your village or neighborhood.

Doug Woodring
Ocean Recovery Alliance
doug@oceanrecov.org
www.oceanrecov.org

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The focus of Ocean Recovery Alliance is to bring together new thinking, technologies, creativity and collaborations to innovative projects and initiatives that will help improve our ocean environment.

“Recycle Roo”

Puppet Show/Play for Recycling and Waste Management

Characters:

“Adisa” – Child – Male

“Mother” – Mother – Female

“Flora” – Mother Chicken – Female

“Junior” – Young Chicken – Male /Female

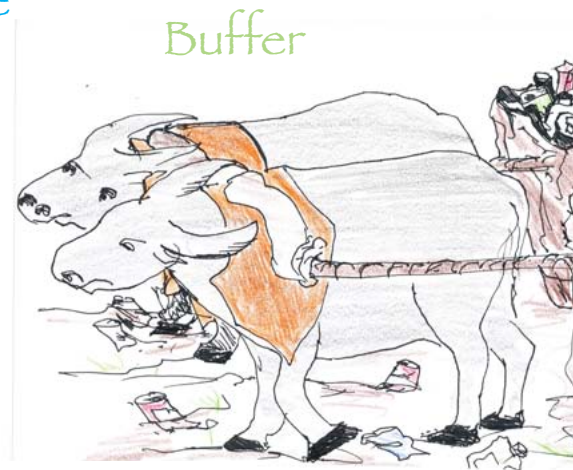
“Uncle Roo” – Recycling Rooster – Male

“Collar” – Crow with Plastic Collar – Male

“Guzzle” – Thirsty Dog – Male /Female

“Buffer” – Water Buffalo – Male

“Buffie” – Water Buffalo – Female



Buffer

Buffie



Adisa



Mother



Collar

Guzzle



Flora
Junior



Uncle Roo

SCENE ONE

Adisa: Where is it? Oh, it must be somewhere, It was right here when I left to go to the market.... Mother!

Mother: (Heard from offstage) Yes, Adisa?

Adisa: Have you seen my bird's house? It was right here when I...

Mother: Was it that thing like a bundle of plastic and cut up cans?

Adisa: Yes! It was red and it shone in the sunlight, and -

Mother: Oh my, I'm afraid I must have swept it away. It looked ever so much like useless waste.

Adisa: Waste! Oh, but where could it be, Mother?

Mother: I'm afraid, it could well be anywhere.





Adisa:

Anywhere! Hmm...

The things we throw away, I see them sometimes strewn around the village, how will I ever find it? Well... who knows the village better than the animals! They don't talk to us much these days, but I'm sure they could help me find my treasure.

I will start around the house with the chickens.

(She enters the pen around the house and finds two chickens atop a giant mound, pecking)

Adisa:

Hello! Caw, caw!

Flora:

Caw Caw! Hello Adisa, what is the matter?

Adisa:

Hello, Mother Chicken. I am searching for something very precious to me, it -

Junior:

Whimpers and collapses, rubbing his beak. Adisa tries to reach him.

Flora:

Well, that makes the two of us then.

Adisa:

Whatever do you mean?



Flora: Food. We're searching for worms and nourishment from the earth, but if there's any left at all, it's now buried under mounds of these strange, hard materials that hurt us.

Adisa: These? Why, these aren't harmful - they're just (picks up a bottle off the mound) plastic bottles. In fact, I always keep a small one in my bag (pats his bag) in case I ever get thirsty away from home -

(A muffled cawwing - Caw Caw!)

Adisa: What was that!

(Uncle Roo struggles his way halfway out of the trash he's been buried under and then rests, wing deep in it, panting)

Adisa: Dear me! Are you, uhm alright?
How long have you been under there?

Uncle Roo: Bwfab, bump cherub adm, qwae! Cao Caw! Caw!

Flora: Uncle Roo says he cannot speak, a few years ago, when foraging for food he hit his beak on a plastic bottle and bounced right off it. There's a chip in his beak now which means it is very, very painful to talk or eat or do anything with his mouth.

He still tries to help us as best he can though, in looking for food. Although, most days I think that he's really searching for is the lost part of his beak.



Uncle Roo: Caw Caw!

Adisa: (Looks at the bottle then drops it)
That's horrible! What can I do?

Uncle Roo: Btodf bokdf fub

Flora: Uncle Roo says you can do more than you realise.
But he wants to know why you're here and how he
can help you.

Adisa: Well, I was looking for a bird house.
Made out of cans and plastic and...never mind.

Uncle Roo: gulumf bpit!

Flora: Uncle Roo says he's seen it across the village and
he wants to take you to it!

Adisa: No, it's really not that important; It's a horrid little
thing anyway.

Flora: He insists.

Adisa: Well...I guess I can't
refuse.

Flora: Give me a wing, then.

(They each take one of Uncle Roo's
wings and haul him out of the trash
pile with some difficulty)



SCENE TWO

(Flora, Junior, Uncle Roo and Adisa amble across the village. They stop, and just ahead of them there's a sad crow, all in black, sat stooped on a stone with a curious, big, white necklace.)

Uncle Roo: (Whispering to Adisa) heavea howe domg!

Collar: (In a wheezy, strangled voice)
I can hear you Uncle Roo! You're trying to tell some Human about me, again. 'That's poor old Collar. Once, on a hunt for food he was foolish enough to try on a white necklace, now look at him - choked and all alone.' Well he won't listen! They never do.

Adisa: (Nervously)
Excuse me? Mr. Collar...I think I can help you.

Flora: Don't bother Adisa, we've all tried.
You'll only make him angry.

Collar: You think you can get this off me?
Why, this choker is made of the strongest stuff in the world!

Adisa: But that is just a plastic collar, sir. It's very useful for certain things, that ring was once part of the rim of a bucket. It looks like you stuck your head into it to drink once, and then it never came off!

Collar: Yes, it was like a trap.
Plastic might be useful to you, but it certainly doesn't help me! You humans think you own the whole of the earth!



Adisa: Well it seems like so many things we buy these days are wrapped in plastic, I guess because its cheap, lightweight, and never seems to go away.

Collar: You got that right! It never goes away on me, and now I can hardly talk!

Adisa: Maybe we can help you. My sister once got a ring stuck on her finger, and I got it right off. Just let me ...
(Adisa approaches Collar) -

Collar: Stay away!

Uncle Roo: Caw! Caw!

Flora: Collar, Uncle Roo has brought Adisa here for a reason, let her help you.

Collar: I don't trust her.



Adisa: You don't have to trust me, but just give me one chance to see if I can help.

(She walks slowly towards him, Flora, Junior and Uncle Roo follow suit, and close in gently on Collar from all sides)
...Just one. Don't be scared, I won't hurt you.

Uncle Roo: (to Collar) Geumpf ohmk diow.

(The four of them huddle around Collar, with their backs to the audience so he can't be seen)

Adisa: Alright, here goes. One, Two, Three!

(Sounds of relief and glee and they come away to reveal a moved and elated Collar clutching his neck. They all go Silent.)

Collar: (Squeaks) I can speak.

Adisa: What was that?

Collar: (In a loud, throaty belt)
Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!
I can sing!

Adisa: (Giggling) Uhm, yes, and what a voice!

Collar: (Inhales deeply and then blows a loud raspberry)
I can breathe!

Adisa: I'm so glad.



- Collar:** (Suddenly embarrassed)
I, uhm...don't know how to thank you...
I'm sorry I was so... well, rude before.
After years of words getting caught in your throat,
you lose your patience for those who try to speak to
you. But, how can I repay you?
- Flora:** You can stop talking so loudly for a start!
- Collar:** I can't help it! I am so excited to have my voice back!
Now I can MOOOO like a cow too!
Wow, I can't wait to show my friends!
- Adisa:** Oh don't worry about it.
You don't need to repay me.
- Collar:** Are you sure?
- Uncle Roo:** Bjiion buidom gin mbon! (Big crow).
- Flora:** Uncle Roo says to mention your treasure.
- Collar:** Your treasure?
- Adisa:** Oh no! I wouldn't call it that. Uhm, I was looking for
my, bird house - it's red and shiny, and If you'd
seen it...well I'm just asking around.
- Collar:** Hmm... Red...Shiny.. Bird's House. Yes! I have seen it.
- Adisa:** You have!
- Flora:** (Doubtful) You have?

Collar: Yes, I believe I have. It was by the river.

Adisa: (Shocked and sad) No!

Everyone: What is it?!

Adisa: The river is deadly and infested with crocodiles. To go there is forbidden. My bird house is lost.

Flora: Why, Adisa, there are no crocodiles in the river for miles.

Collar: Adisa, No animals can live anywhere near the river..... because there is too much trash in it. The crocodiles and fish died off years ago after you humans started dumping into it.....
(Sad “mooooooo” comes from his mouth).

Adisa: Well, in that case, the river must be horrible and cursed, and that’s why I know I will never find my bird house if it is down there.

Uncle Roo: (Impatiently)
Tfjio Ghump Juewol eitmfe ghu mealop!

Flora: Calm down Uncle Roo, I can’t understand you at that speed.

(Uncle Roo runs offstage, and beckons to the rest to come with him)



- Flora:** Uncle Roo, Where are you going?
(Chases after him, with Junior waddling frantically behind)
- Collar:** He must be off to the river, and it seemed as though he desperately needed you to go with him Adisa.
(Runs, to exit, then stops)
- Are you going to let him go alone Adisa?
He's calling for you!
(Uncle Roo makes another LOUD crow sound)
- Adisa:** I can't go to the river. I promised Mother never to set foot there. There are things we shouldn't see or be near.
- Collar:** So are you going to let your friends face those things alone?
- Adisa:** I suppose I'll have to let them go alone.
- Collar:** Do you really think that it will hurt if you go with him? He is trying to help you find your bird house.
- Adisa:** I....No. I'm not.But I suppose I can wonder down, and just close my eyes near the river so I don't see the "bad things." There must be something Uncle Roo wants me to see.
- (They all Exit.)

SCENE THREE

(Adisa, Uncle Roo, Collar, Flora and Junior all walk along the river bank, sandy and covered in pieces of trash - the river is offstage and can be created through the sound effect of rushing water.)

Flora: What's the fuss about, there's nothing here that looks that deadly to me.

Collar: It's rather dirty. Look at all of that floating stuff, and trash on the riverbank. Ugh.....
(Picks up a plastic bottle ring, shudders, and flings it away.)

Adisa: It's so empty, something's not right.

Flora: Well why did you bring us here, Uncle Roo?

(At that moment a mangy, panting dog wobbles in from stage left, moves to say something, then collapses)





Everyone: Oh dear!

(General sounds of discord and concern. They later round him in a semicircle, so he's still visible to the audience)

Flora: Adisa! You told me you always carry some water in a plastic bottle, give it to him!

(Adisa takes her bottle, crouches down and douses the dog with water. Slowly, he wakes up coughing, and then points to his mouth.)

Flora: He's thirsty!

(Adisa moves to feed him the water, but the dog snatches the bottle, holds the bottle between his paws and chugs the contents. Taking a few moments to recover)

Adisa: Are you alright?

(The dog shakes the water off his face, spraying everyone around him)

Guzzle: I'm fine. Just, very, very, thirsty.

Collar: Thirsty! That's silly! You can't be more than 10 meters away from fresh water! Give me that bottle, I'll fill you up another drink.
(Walks offstage to the river)

Guzzle: No, come back! That water is so polluted any animal who drinks from it will get very, very, sick.
Come back!

Adisa: Polluted! Are you sure?

Guzzle: Very, Very sure. There are deadly things in the river, but they are human things, not natural dangers.

Adisa: I'm sorry, but what is your name?

Guzzle: My name is Guzzle.

Adisa: And how do you know these things?

Guzzle: I know enough about dogs who've gotten sick and suffered from the river, and besides, the water tastes bitter. But when there is nowhere else to drink water, you choose between a slow death and a quick one.

Adisa: That's very sad.

(A Pause)

Guzzle: It's the way it is.

Adisa: But there must be a way to change it!

Guzzle: I really don't see how.

Uncle Roo: (Angrily) Caw! Caw!

Flora: Uncle Roo seems to think you're wrong.

(Collar walks back onstage carrying a bucket and looking very distressed.)



Collar: Adisa, Uncle Roo! Look at these fish, they're on their sides, not moving...

Guzzle: (finishes Collar's sentence with him in unison)
... with pieces of the rainbow stuck in their mouths. Yes, they're sick. They turn on their sides because they need oxygen to breath in the water, but when the water is so polluted, there is no oxygen for them, so they come to the river bank, and try to lean on their fins to crawl up to the edge of the water to breath some real air.

Adisa: And the pieces of rainbow?

Guzzle: ...Are pieces of coloured plastic trapped in their bodies.

(A Pause)

Adisa: (Trembling and tearful) Oh, my.
(A beat.) What have we done?
(She ambles away from the rest and begins to cry)



(They all turn to look at Adisa, embarrassed and unsure.
Uncle Roo walks up to her)

Uncle Roo: (Softly) Gubm gleiw ghum reaw

Flora: Uncle Roo says he wanted to show you these things, not to make you sad, but to make you see. So you can help. He thinks you can make a difference.

Adisa: (Looks up) Is that true, Uncle Roo? I can help?

Uncle Roo: (Encouragingly) Caw! Caw! Caw!!!

Adisa: Then come on, let's go to the village, the change will start there. Come on everyone, we're going back to the village.

(They all Exit)



SCENE FOUR



(Adisa, Uncle Roo, Collar, Guzzle, Flora and Junior all walk onstage, at the threshold of the village)

Flora: Well, we're here. Now what?

(At that moment all the actors onstage are shaken to the beat of great, trembling, rhythmic footsteps.)

Guzzle: What's going on?

Uncle Roo: Caw! Caw! (Almost laughs, gleefully)

Flora: What's wrong with you Uncle Roo?

(Two water buffalo wearing construction vests enter from the opposite side of the stage, dragging two bundles of waste behind them)

Buffer: Hi all, if you could please make way.

Buffie: Make way, please...Ho! Hey Uncle Roo, How have you been?

Uncle Roo: Guwim Goup Hewn Gump

Buffer: Yeah, tell me about it, eh? Well, it's the times. Nice seeing ya, we'll be heading -

Adisa: Whoa! Wait! Where are you going?
Where have you been?
What are you carrying?

Buffer: Wow Uncle Roo, got yourself a spirited human, there. Hey girlie, We're the Water Buffalo Waste Collectors. We pass through the countryside collecting everyone's trash. Don't get paid enough for it either.

Buffie: We take things for recycling. The funny thing is that the same object or product can be useful and in one place—when humans use it, but then harmful other places when it is thrown out in nature for all of us to try to deal with..... So much of it is that coloured stuff too,..... plastic.

Collar: Ah!

Buffer: Or paper, or most things really.

Adisa: Re-cycling ... that's when someone gets the old material and then shreds and cleans it, to make something new and useful again. That's what I did with my bird house, didn't I Uncle Roo? I made it from old materials that others didn't want – It is from recycled material.

Uncle Roo: Caw! Caw! Caw

Adisa: So you help clear all the bad things away that hurt the animals ... and haul them to where those things belong? In a place where people can use them again? Wow!



Buffie:

Well, that's the idea.
But we're much too slow, so no matter where we go, it never gets better, and there seems to be more and more material! Buffer and I can't get all of it fast enough. The villages leave their waste for the animals to deal with, imagining someone else will pick it up after them.

Adisa:

So what can we do?

(Enter Mother)

Mother:

Adisa! Adisa!... There you are! I've been searching for you all morning. Where have you been?

Adisa:

Sorry Mother I went looking for my bird house and...well I learnt a much bigger lesson.

Mother:

What are you talking about?
Stop speaking in riddles.
Where have you been?

Adisa:

The river.

Mother:

Adisa, It is forbidden to ever go near there!
Why would you disobey me?



Adisa: That was not my intention Mother.
But tell me, is the river a danger to the children
because of the crocodiles...
or because of the pollution?

Mother: (Embarrassed) Well...I must admit the dangers
of the river are now un-natural. You are right, it
is not the "crocodiles," but it is the result of our
communities putting our waste in the water.....
Unfortunately, Buffer and Buffie don't come
around with their recycling carts enough.

Adisa: Oh, Mother, we must make it better. All of it. And
the Water Buffalo Waste Collectors will tell us how.

Buffer: Erhm, right. So, you should keep all your trash in
one place - a central collection point.

Buffie: Central collection point sounds good, that way we
don't have to pick it up piece by piece, all over the
village. That takes much too much time for us.....and
it hurts my neck having to bend down to grab every
single piece!! If you put it all in one place for us,
that means we can grab all of it at one time and
then we can collect from many more villages in the
same day! Wow, that would be great!!!

Buffer: This will keep the rest of your village clean too....
and it won't get into that river!



Buffie: If you're a real superstar community, you'll sort out the waste into different materials- plastic, paper, and metals, for example, so we can grind it all down, and use it again.

Buffer: I find that just fantastic. If you can give something a new life - why not? It means we don't have to make products from nature as much, which is where our home is.

Adisa: Wow, and we'll save our animals and friends just like that!

Buffie: Well, it'll take some work, but yes, just like that.

Adisa: Do you hear that Mother? Of course, it seems so simple now! We can change our lives if we just change the way we live a little.

Uncle Roo: Caw! Caw! Caw!
I told you so!
(He mumbles with excitement!)



Flora: See, Uncle Roo was right, and he was trying to tell us this all along, but he couldn't share his wisdom after he had cracked his beak on that plastic, because he couldn't talk. So the trash kept building up because Uncle Roo couldn't teach us about the recycling we could be doing.

Uncle Roo: (BIG) Caw, Caw, Caw!

Mother: Wow, so now it all makes sense!! Every morning I hear Uncle Roo calling..... and he was always trying to remind us to recycle!! I can't believe we didn't understand him all this time!!!!

Uncle Roo: Caw Caw Caw Caw Caw!!!!
(And a big smile as he jumps up and down like a proud boxer who just won a big match.)

Adisa: This is great, and the things we need to do are not hard! Just sorting them by the same types of material that the water buffaloes can take them away to the right places each time.

Flora: Small things for a big planet. See Adisa, look at the small things you did today - you gave us food, you removed Collar's necklace, you gave Guzzle water, and most importantly, you listened to Uncle Roo and understood what he has been trying to tell us all this time! All so worthwhile.

Adisa: I'm only sad Uncle Roo, that your beak is not yet mended. I would love so much to hear you speak. You have so much wisdom and knowledge!



Mother: ...I might be able to help Uncle Roo.....

Adisa: You can help Uncle Roo, Mother?

Mother: Yes, I've nursed my share of wounds and broken bones, let's see what I can do for a beak.
(She kneels by Uncle Roo and nurses him)

Buffer: Gee Whizz, looks like you're all getting the right idea around here. Thanks.....uhm?

Adisa: Adisa

Buffie: Well, thanks Adisa, we need people like you. But there is a lot of work to be done. So we'll see you later at your waste collection point.

Buffer: Bye!

Everyone: Goodbye

(Exit water buffalo, on the opposite side of the stage from which they came in, lugging their waste behind them)



Mother: Aaand, that should do it.

(Everyone is stood around Uncle Roo looking expectantly)

Flora: So...

Adisa: Uncle Roo?

Guzzle: Can you, urm, speak now?

Uncle Roo: Caw! Caw!

(They all sigh and turn away, disappointed.)

(A Pause)

Uncle Roo: I've found my voice!!

(They turn back, elated, and chattering.)

Adisa: Uncle Roo! You got your words back!
(She embraces him)

Uncle Roo: I know! Though, thanks to you.... Now I can crow and talk! But you now know what my crowing was meant to be..... I was always trying to remind you to recycle, but you just didn't understand me. Each morning as soon as I woke up I tried to get your attention on this, as its such a cool and easy idea to sort materials and set them in the right bins so that the water buffaloes can take them to the right places later.



Adisa: That's very sweet.
Oh, I couldn't be happier.

Uncle Roo: But now let's worry about your treasure!
We never found your bird's house.

Collar: (He's carrying something, behind his back)
Well, uhm, in actual fact I did see it by the river,
I picked it up for you, and cleaned it as best as I
could..... We all want to say thank you for all you
have done!

Adisa: Don't thank me yet. This is just the beginning.

Uncle Roo: Yes, and you know what the good thing of all of this
has been?

Flora: What, Uncle Roo?

Uncle Roo: Now, when you hear me crow, or another rooster,
you will know what we have been trying to say all this
time! To remind you to put your waste where it really
belongs.

Mother:

Yes, where it's given the chance to be useful again, for recycling, and for things that can't be recycled, at least if it is all in one special waste collection point, the water buffaloes can take it away and it won't mess up our village neighbourhood or the water.

Adisa:

Where it won't hurt anyone!.... And wow, now we can go to the river again once that trash stops going in the water!!

Uncle Roo:

Caw! Caw! Caw!!

Adisa:

....hey, let's go down and tell the fish that help is coming soon, so they know they will have good water to swim in....because we will be recycling our waste, and they won't have to see the plastic in the river anymore!!

(The crowd runs along after Adisa, down to the water.....and the scene ends as they exit the stage).



Ocean Recovery Alliance
doug@oceanrecov.org
www.oceanrecov.org

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Script - Shimali de Silva
Production/Costumes - Oscar Choi
Characters - Doug Woodring
Illustration - Joy Leininger
Layout design - Jo Farrell



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