

The Clothesline

By Ralph Wakefield

Scene 1

(LIGHTS UP ON NARRATOR #1)

NARRATOR #1a: Metaphorically speaking, it could be said that The City of Miami Springs sprang from a bicycle.

NARRATOR #2a: (ENTERS) More precisely, the history of Miami Springs begins on the 21st of May, 1878 with the birth of its founder, Glenn Hammond Curtis, in Hammondsport, New York.

NARRATOR #1a: History records a remarkable youth who early on showed a genius for mixing mechanical engineering with bravado, growing up to be world famous as the Father of Naval Aviation.

NARRATOR #2a: At twenty – three, Curtiss turned his father’s harness shop into “G. H. Curtiss-Bicycle Supplies & Sporting Goods,” where Curtiss began producing his own “Hercules Brand” bicycles, and popularized them by riding them to victory in all the Steuben County bicycle races he entered.

NARRATOR #1a: The rest of the Hammondsport merchants grew to respect the young entrepreneur not only for his clever mechanical talents, but for his persistence and business savvy as well. Traits that would serve him well throughout his life

(Lights rise on GLENN, tinkering over a bicycle wheel. LENA enters carrying a small tin of biscuits. She watches him for a moment, amused.)

LENA: James Smellie says you're going to wear that wheel down to nothing, Glenn. He threatened to come shove you out the door just so he could lock up his shop.

GLENN: Smellie sees a bicycle and thinks: sale. I see a bicycle and think: what's next?

LENA: Your grandmother sent biscuits. You forgot to eat again.

GLENN: I've been thinking about opening up a second shop. If the parts I sketched come back right from the machine shop ...

LENA: Glenn. Look at me. (He looks up.) What's on your mind?

(He opens his sketchbook filled with in drawings — bicycles, engines, something that might be aircraft wings.)

GLENN: You remember those bicycle races in Rochester? Just flying down the road, faster than my legs could carry me?

LENA: I remember a telegram boy who came home with skinned knees and a grin like he'd won the world.

GLENN: I want to build something, Lena. Something that moves faster than anyone thinks is possible. And after that...maybe... (He taps a sketch that looks like wings.) ...who knows. Maybe we see the world. Maybe we start a family.

LENA: (Quietly) You're looking past the horizon again, aren't you.

GLENN: (Standing, taking her hands) I love this town. I love these hills, and the lakes. But don't you ever feel like the world is moving and we're just standing still?

LENA: We're not standing still, Glenn. We're just... winding up.

(Glenn looks at her, then at the sketchbook, then out toward the Hammondsport night.)

GLENN: I just might build something that changes everything, Lena. (A beat.) I just might -- I

just might take us somewhere nobody in this valley has ever been.

LENA: (Smiling) I've known that since the day I met you. Now eat your biscuits.

(The lights shift as the DANCERS aka Hammondsport Townspeople enter.)

TOWNSPERSON 1: Hammondsport, New York. A small town where everybody knows everybody's business.

TOWNSPERSON 2: (Gesturing to the couple) And right now, everybody's business is those two lovebirds.

TOWNSPERSON 3: He's got grease on his hands and a sketchbook full of machines that don't exist yet.

TOWNSPERSON 1: And right now, Miss Lena Neff is the only one who believes what he says.

TOWNSPERSON 2: This is a quiet town where nothing much happens.

TOWNSPERSON 3: (Looking at Glenn) Or at least, it was.

TOWNSPERSON 4: The whole town has just one question — is he going to stay... or is he going to fly?

(Music starts.)

(I Just Might Song)

NARRATOR #2b: Curtiss was always looking for ways to go faster, and was intrigued by the possibilities of the fledgling gasoline engines he had seen advertised in bicycle magazines.

NARRATOR #1b: Convinced man could go faster if he used an engine instead of his legs, Curtiss ordered one from Buffalo.

NARRATOR #2b: When it arrived, it was the talk of Hammondsport, with most of the town stopping by his shop to watch Curtiss tinker with the uncouth engine

NARRATOR #1b: The engine came with no carburetor, so Curtiss fashioned one out of soup cans. More tinkering, more cans and soon, what Curtiss called “a remarkable contrivance,” began to resemble what onlookers called “The Happy Hooligan,” a reference to a likable hobo cartoon character who wore an inverted can for a hat.

NARRATOR #2b: Finally, Curtiss was ready, and the entire town gathered to watch him ride “The Happy Hooligan.”

NARRATOR #1b: He had to peddle his unusual bicycle up to a speed that would start the motor

NARRATOR #2b: He pedaled mightily around the square with the only noise being the huffing and puffing coming from Curtiss.

NARRATOR #1b: Suddenly, the engine roared to life, sending Curtiss gleefully roaring down the hill.

NARRATOR #2b: His triumph was short-lived as he realized he had no way of slowing down

NARRATOR #1b: As smart as he was you might have imagined he would have thought about brakes earlier... but no.

NARRATOR #2b: At the last second as he shot toward the lake, he ditched the bicycle, and leapt to safety.

NARRATOR #1b: For the town of Hammondsport, the era of the internal combustion engine had dawned.

NARRATOR #2b: And Curtiss? He immediately ordered a larger engine.

NARRATOR #1b: Glenn’s company began turning out motorcycles as well as bicycles, with Curtis continuing to race faster and faster, finally designing an unheard of 8 cylinder

motorcycle. In January 1907 he came down to ormond beach florida and raced that machine and in the process, he set the World Land Speed Record of 136.3 miles an hour.

NARRATOR #2b: (ENTERS): Reported the Chicago Daily News, “Bullets are the only rivals of Glenn H. Curtiss of Hammondsport.” At the age of 29, he was the fastest man in the world. And for Miami Springs, the die was cast.

NARRATOR #1b: Curtiss’ bicycle engines attracted the attention of Capt. Thomas Baldwin, who was one of the early pioneers of the lighter – than – air dirigible. Baldwin thought Curtiss’ light motorcycle engines would work fine in his blimp, “The California Arrow.” He was right. With a Curtiss engine aboard, it won the \$25,000 grand prize at the 1904 Louisiana Purchase Exposition.

NARRATOR #2b: Curtiss was bitten by the flying bug, turning his energies from riding motorcycles to designing, building, and flying airplanes.

NARRATOR #1b: In 1908 Curtiss began designing a “flying boat” capable of taking off and landing on water.

NARRATOR #2b: 11 years later, a Curtiss Flying Boat – the “NC – 4” became the first plane ever to fly across the Atlantic Ocean, a feat equal to that of our going to the moon decades later.

NARRATOR #1b: Glenn Curtiss was now world-famous.

(BLACKOUT. LIGHTS UP ON NARRATORS #1 & #2)

*****Scene 2*****

NARRATOR #2c: Glenn Hammond Curtiss, racer of bicycles, maker of engines, designer of planes, was about to be swept away by the fortunes of war.

NARRATOR #1c: His JN type land plane, known to an entire generation of aviators as the “Curtis Jenny” was destined to become the most widely used and respected training aircraft of his day.

NARRATOR #2c: By 1915 the Wall Street Journal reported that, Curtiss’ company produced more than \$6 million worth of aircraft and engines, in a single year

NARRATOR #1c: In December of that year Curtis received a new contract from the British government for \$15 million dollars.

NARRATOR #2c: By the time the United States entered the war in 1917, Glenn Curtiss had built aircraft manufacturing plants on 72 acres in Buffalo, New York, making Curtiss’ company the largest aviation industry in the world.

NARRATOR #1c: He taught the Navy to fly from his camp in San Diego

NARRATOR #2c: Eat your heart out Tom Cruise

NARRATOR #1c: And just in time for Curtis to receive a \$150 million order from Uncle Sam. That’s almost 4 billion dollars today. At the age of 36 his fortune was made.

NARRATOR #2c: But what to do with all that money?

NARRATOR #1: With the war years over, Curtiss’ interest in the business end of his aviation empire began to wane. He was wealthy and the national hero, but his creative genius was not being satisfied.

NARRATOR #2c: As early as 1912, Curtiss had become familiar with South Florida, having established a flying school located on what is now, Brownsville

NARRATOR #1c: As Miami began to grow, Curtis started looking for a less populated area for his school. He was advised to contact James Bright, a dairy man, who owned thousands of acres of land west of Miami.

NARRATOR #2c: He did, and the two became fast friends, forming the Curtiss –Bright ranch company, just in time for the Florida Land Boom of the 1920's.

NARRATOR #1c: The lands sold by the Curtiss – Bright Company became the towns of Hialeah and Opa Locka.

NARRATOR #2c: When Hialeah was sold out, Curtis bought more land on the south side of the Miami River Canal across from Hialeah, an area that had been used as an aerial bombing range during World War I.

NARRATOR #1c: Here Curtis began to exercise his genius and develop his planned residential community, Country Club Estates.

NARRATOR #2c: Country Club Estates was to be a garden spot with fine homes, wide boulevards and only as much business as necessary.

NARRATOR #1c: Deed restrictions were rigid, with strict building and zoning guidelines.

NARRATOR #2c: Lot prices were set at a steep \$1200 (compared to \$75 for a lot in Hialeah), so they sold slowly at first, most of the first residents were either relatives, friends, or co – workers of Curtiss.

NARRATOR #1c: In 1923, Curtiss – Bright sold 183 acres south of the canal to the City of Miami for \$90,000 to construct a golf course.

NARRATOR #2c: To attract attention to Country Club Estates, Curtiss chose Pueblo revival – style, and in the beginning between 1924 and 1926 the Curtiss – Bright company built many large Pueblo revival style homes and commercial buildings.

NARRATOR #1c: Near the Circle was the “Civic Center” which included the First State Bank of Hialeah, the Curtiss – Bright Administration building, the Clune Engineering building (later to be the site of Stadnick’s Pharmacy and then Johnny’s Restaurant) and a Pueblo style bandstand inside the Circle.

NARRATOR #2c: In 1925, Curtiss designed and built a palatial Pueblo revival mansion on a 9 ½ acre site at the Southeast corner of the golf course. Today we know it as the Curtiss mansion

NARRATOR #1c: In August 1926, the first town officials were sworn in. The area was officially designated “Country Club Estates” with Francis Miller as its first mayor.

NARRATOR #2c: Less than a month later, a category four hurricane with winds of 145 miles-per-hour nearly flattened what had so recently risen, bringing the Dade County construction boom to a halt.

NARRATOR #1c: Curtiss, however, had promised his town a hotel, and after some delay, the posh “Hotel Country Club”, now the Fair Havens Center, opened to rave reviews.

NARRATOR #2c: Unfortunately, the Crash of 1929 and the depression that followed turned the hotel into a white elephant.

NARRATOR #1c: In 1930, Curtiss sold the hotel for a token sum to Dr. John Harvey Kellogg, the Corn Flakes King, who turned it into a health spa, the Miami Battle Creek Sanitarium.

(Kellogg Enters: He is wearing a crisp, pristine, all-white linen suit with a black bow tie, round gold-rimmed spectacles, and a severe, judgmental expression. He surveys the audience with utter disgust. He radiates the manic, slightly unhinged energy of a classic mad doctor.)

KELLOGG: Good evening, degenerates. I am Dr. John Harvey Kellogg, a physician, businessman, inventor, and the only man trying to save your tragic, bacteria-riddled intestines. Dear Lord, I can smell the roasted meats and moral decay on your breath from here. You probably know me as the man whose face isn't on a cereal box. That's because my brother, Will Kellogg - a man with the moral compass of a rabid raccoon - stole my recipe, dumped a pound of refined sugar into it, and sold it to the masses. I hope he's enjoying eternity in Hell. I imagine the food there is quite spicy and a few degrees hotter than Miami Springs. Spices, by the way, are the devil's dandruff. They excite the blood, and excited blood leads to... carnal physical arousal. And that could lead to... dancing! Do you know why I invented the original, unsweetened Corn Flake? It wasn't to give Tony the Tiger a catchphrase. It was to create a food so breathtakingly bland, so aggressively, uncompromisingly flavorless, that it would literally cure you of all urges to commit sins of the flesh. I am dead serious. Eat a bowl of dry, unsweetened bran flakes and tell me if you feel romantic. You won't! You'll just feel very thirsty and deeply depressed! And that, my friends, is the cornerstone of a healthy marriage! Here at the Miami Springs Sanitarium, we don't just treat the body; we revolutionize the bowel. The bowel is the window to the soul, people! I've treated the greatest minds in the World...Henry Ford, George Bernard Shaw, John D. Rockefeller and Thomas Edison—when Edison came to me I looked him dead in the eye and said. "Mr. Edison, your light bulb is brilliant, but your colon is a tragedy." And my treatments are PURE SCIENCE. Imagine sitting on a mechanical horse that violently vibrates

your internal organs while you're blasted with freezing water from a fire-hose! Invigorating! How about a yogurt enema? Yes, yogurt! Half goes in the mouth, half goes in... your nether-regions! That's the real Kellogg's Special K! We call it a "re-forestation" of the gut. Today, people pay nine dollars for a pro-biotic smoothie at the juice bar! YOU'RE AMATEURS!!! I've been doing it from both ends since 1906! (He checks his pocket watch, snaps it shut.) My, my, my, look at the time. I must be going, I have to clamp some wires to a U.S. Senator's HOO-HA! Remember: chew your water, fear the jalapeño, and for heaven's sake, stay away from my brother's Frosted Flakes! Theeeeeeeeeere GRRRRRRRRRRROOSS!

Goodnight!

(Time Warp Song)

*****Scene 3*****

NARRATOR #1d: Tragically, Glenn Curtiss never lived to see his town grow and prosper. On July 23 of that year, at the age of 52, Curtiss died suddenly from a pulmonary embolism following a routine appendectomy. Curtiss was gone, but his legacy, Country Club Estates, was just beginning. With the aid of the Pelican Playhouse players, we now take you back in time to the fall of 1930, and a backyard clothesline somewhere in Country Club Estates.

FALL 1930

(LIGHTS UP ON TWO MOTHERS CARRYING LAUNDRY BASKETS FULL OF CLOTHES TO BE HUNG ON THE CLOTHESLINE.)

MOTHER 1: Can you believe summer's gone?

MOTHER 2: You sound like my kids.

MOTHER 1: No, seriously. Really fast. Woosh! Gone! One moment the kids were playing, right on top of me, naturally, and the next thing I knew...ahhhh... quiet!

MOTHER 2: Back in school where they belong.

MOTHER 1: Thank you, Lord, for making teachers.

MOTHER 2: Amen to that. Whew. It's so... hot.

MOTHER 1: No breeze today. (CALLING) JEROME!

MOTHER 2: (LOOKING AROUND) This place needs more trees.

MOTHER 1: For the hurricanes to blow down?

MOTHER 2: It's almost been four years since the last one.

MOTHER 1: (KNOCKING ON CLOTHESPIN) Knock on wood.

MOTHER 2: Been fanning myself so hard my arms are about to fall off.

MOTHER 1: I'm only hanging wash to lean against the cold, wet sheets.

MOTHER 2: You and me both.

MOTHER 1: (LEANING INTO THE SHEET) Feels so good. (CALLING LOUDER) JEROME!

JEROME: (OFF) What?

MOTHER 1: (CALLING) Get the grocery list.

JEROME: (OFF) Can't find it.

MOTHER 1: (CALLING) On the table!

MOTHER 2: Are you voting tomorrow?

MOTHER 1: Of course.

JEROME: (OFF) Can't find it.

MOTHER 1: (TO MOTHER 2) Would you excuse me? (SCREAMING) JEROME!

JEROME: (OFF) What?

MOTHER 1: Get out here!

(JEROME ENTERS SCRAMBLING AFTER SOMETHING ON THE FLOOR)

MOTHER 1: What in the world are you doing?

JEROME: Herding roaches.

MOTHER 1: You're supposed to be going to the A. & P.!

JEROME: Teacher wants us to study insects.

MOTHER 1: The list? (JEROME LOOKS BLANKLY) On the kitchen table?

JEROME: Oh, right. Get the list. (EXITS CHASING ROACHES)

MOTHER 1: I hate teachers.

MOTHER 2: I can't imagine changing our name. Historically speaking...

MOTHER 1: Historically? We've only been incorporated since August of twenty – six.

MOTHER 2: That's four years. That's some history.

MOTHER 1: Barely a bump on the road of time.

MOTHER 2: (MAJESTICALLY) Country Club Estates! It sounds... glamorous. Ritzy even.

MOTHER 1: Ritzy? (GESTURING OFF STAGE) You call this ritzy?

MOTHER 2: Ritzy homes for ritzy people.

MOTHER 1: Like us?

MOTHER 2: But of course.

MOTHER 1: And you think (GESTURING OFF STAGE) this looks like an estate?

MOTHER 2: It's a very nice house.

MOTHER 1: For \$500 it had better be!

MOTHER 2: And it just rolls off the tongue.

MOTHER 1: What does?

MOTHER 2: Country Club Estates! Say it! Country Club Estates! Only ritzy people will want to live here.

MOTHER 1: The last thing I want is another snooty neighbor.

MOTHER 2: I beg your pardon.

MOTHER 1: Present company excluded, of course.

MOTHER 2: Of course.

MOTHER 1: "The Town of Miami Springs." I like that better.

MOTHER 2: Sounds wet.

MOTHER 1: We have more natural springs than mansions.

MOTHER 2: Miami springs! (HOPS AND MAKES A TWANGY SOUND) I don't think so.

JEROME: (ENTERS WITH LIST) Found it!

MOTHER 1: Hallelujah! Read it to me.

JEROME: Two loaves of bread. 5 pounds flour, 5 pounds sugar, 10 pounds potatoes. 5 pounds onions, 2 plucked chickens. Aww! I wanted to pluck the chickens!

MOTHER 1: No! Keep reading.

JEROME: 15 ears of corn. 10 pounds carrots. 2 pounds lard. Awww... I can't carry all of this.

MOTHER 1: Pretend you're Glenn Curtiss, and fly your bicycle across the bridge to the A & P.

(HANDING HIM MONEY) Here's three dollars. Bring me the change. (JEROME EXITS) And don't dawdle on Broadway. (CONTINUES FINISH HANGING WASH)

MOTHER 2: Country Club Estates.

MOTHER 1: Town of Miami Springs.

MOTHER 2: (EXITING) Country Club Estates.

MOTHER 1: I should listen to you?

MOTHER 2: Only if you want to make the right choice.

MOTHER 1: Really? And this from the person that picked “Skippy” to win the Oscar for best picture.

MOTHER 2: It should have won.

MOTHER 1: “All Quiet on the Western Front” was an epic motion picture. “Skippy” was a piece of fluff!

MOTHER 2: Jackie Cooper was adorable!

MOTHER 1: If you like bratty little boys. I’ve already got one. (CALLING) JEROME!

JEROME: (OFF) I’m going, I’m going!

NARRATOR 1e: The following day, the 60 registered voters of Country Club Estates went to the polls and by a slim 33 to 27 margin selected...(TO AUDIENCE CLAPPING HIS THIGHS) Drum roll.
“The Town of Miami Springs”

NARRATOR 2e: History had yet to reveal if JEROME ever made it to the store for his mother.

NARRATOR 1e: During the 1930s, the Great Depression settled over the nation and the world, but Curtiss’ company, with most of its fortunes in cold hard government issued cash, weathered it better than most.

NARRATOR 2e: Until Roosevelt’s “New Deal” began to turn the economy around

NARRATOR 1e: As the airline industry began to grow, so did The Town of Miami Springs.

NARRATOR 2e: By the Fall of 1941, it was about to soar like never before.

*****Scene 4*****

DECEMBER 1941

(TWO OLD GEEZERS APPROACH THE CLOTHESLINE WITH WASH TO HANG)

Geezer 1: Hey, good morning, Neighbor!

GEEZER 2: Morning, Pal.

Geezer 1: Did you get the same deal as me?

GEEZER 2: Laundry or church?

Geezer 1: I picked laundry.

GEEZER 2: Two votes for laundry.

Geezer 1: I believe our wives are in cahoots!

GEEZER 2: Thick as thieves.

Geezer 1: I was going to use the ole "sorry dear, I didn't hear you" defense. But, I saw you out here and thought I would share in your misery.

GEEZER 2: Doing laundry may be woman's work, but I'll say this for it, I have never "dozed off" doing the wash.

Geezer 1: This is true.

GEEZER 2: That cannot be said for our current minister's sermons.

Geezer 1: The only way I can stay awake, is to sit in the back and count the number of heads nodding off into slumber land.

GEEZER 2: I'll have to try that. So why aren't you going? I thought you liked a good nap.

Geezer 1: Because church has become too dangerous.

GEEZER 2: Dangerous?

Geezer 1: Too many widows deeply concerned with my wife's health. When she was ill last month, and I was going to church alone, it was like they were asking about her health and taking my measurements at the same time. Gave me the willies!

GEEZER 2: Anyone in particular?

Geezer 1: Oh, I think you know.

GEEZER 2: Not...

Geezer 1: Yep.

GEEZER 2: And her sister?

Geezer 1: And their loud friend. Like I was livestock.

GEEZER 2: You do realize, of course, if we outlive our wives, we become... marked men.

Geezer 1: (NODDING IN AGREEMENT) Because we meet both requirements for women over 60.

GEEZER 2: Single and breathing.

Geezer 1: Single and breathing.

BOTH: With all our teeth

GEEZER 2: (HOLDING UP CLOTHES PIN) Here's to our wives!

Geezer 1: (HOLDING UP CLOTHES PIN) Long may they live! (KNOCKING PINS TOGETHER)

GEEZER 2: Speaking of living. I assume you have changed your trip plans.

Geezer 1: Not at all.

GEEZER 2: You're still going?

Geezer 1: Yes, but not until the second week of December.

GEEZER 2: Taking the train?

Geezer 1: To Hawaii? We are going in style. Pan Am Clipper, first-class to San Francisco and then taking a boat from there to Honolulu.

GEEZER 2: You beat everything; you know that? We are on the brink of going to war, and you are going on holiday!

Geezer 1: That's a European war.

GEEZER 2: Since when are the Japanese European?

Geezer 1: That's an Asian conflict with China, thousands of years old. Not our fight.

GEEZER 2: It's going to be.

Geezer 1: Not necessarily.

GEEZER 2: The world is going to hell in a handbasket, and you cruise to Hawaii on vacation?

Geezer 1: I'm all for supporting England and China.

GEEZER 2: But not with our troops?

Geezer 1: Look, I served in The Great War. I saw some of my best friends killed. For what? France? After that... never again!

GEEZER 2: So your remedy is to go on holiday like nothing's happening?

Geezer 1: We cannot be bullied by the world. The best thing America can do... is get doing!

GEEZER 2: Germany is currently trying to bomb England right out of the North Sea!

Geezer 1: I think it's right to send supplies and destroyers.

GEEZER 2: But not our boys?

Geezer 1: Now you're talking.

GEEZER 2: It's a very dangerous situation.

Geezer 1: When isn't life dangerous?

GEEZER 2: Yes, but you don't tempt fate. Taking a ship halfway across the Pacific in these perilous times? (SHAKES HEAD NO) It's a bad idea.

Geezer 1: I will not be intimidated, and that is that. My son invited us to Hawaii to see his ship. And we are going to see it.

GEEZER 2: What ship, the USS Curtis?

Geezer 1: No, the USS Arizona. Holy Pad

GEEZER 2: Holy Cow! A battleship!

Geezer 1: She's a beauty. He tells me her 16-inch guns shoot a shell the size of a cow.

GEEZER 2: Holy Cow!

Geezer 1: Well, I've got one more load to wash.

GEEZER 2: Isn't that the way of the world? Always one more load.

Geezer 1: How about hitting the links this afternoon? I hear Sammy Sneed is in town.

GEEZER 2: I would love to, but I promised the wife I would go with her. The Women's club is having a "book tea" to raise funds for the new library.

Geezer 1: And you would rather do that than golf?

GEEZER 2: A promise is a promise, and besides, I'm a Byron Nelson man.

Geezer 1: I didn't even know Miami Springs had a library.

GEEZER 2: Well, now you know, Big Buddy.

Geezer 1: See you later, pal.

GEEZER 2: Not if I see you first. (EXIT)

NARRATOR 1f: When World War II came, the Miami area was turned into a giant military base training center.

NARRATOR 2f: Like the rest of the country, the Town of Miami Springs sent men and women to serve their country. These men gave their last full measure of devotion.

NARRATOR 1f: James W. Brock III F. Butler III Walter D. Kniffin Elmer S. Park & Joseph A. Whitsell

They gave their lives for freedom, and we will forever honor them.

NARRATOR 2f: During the war, hundreds of thousands of G.I.'s were stationed here, or came to Miami to be trained, and promptly fell in love with the area.

NARRATOR 1f: After the war, they returned here to settle down and raise their families.

NARRATOR 2f: Glenn Curtiss didn't live to see the war — but the Navy didn't forget him.

NARRATOR 1f: In 1940, they commissioned a brand-new seaplane tender and named her the USS Curtiss.

NARRATOR 2f: By sheer coincidence, the Curtiss ship was sitting in Pearl Harbor on the morning of December 7th, 1941.

NARRATOR 1f: Her crew fought back — gunners firing on Japanese planes and even a midget submarine — but a dive bomber struck the ship, and nineteen of her sailors were lost.

NARRATOR 2f: The USS Curtiss was repaired and went on to serve throughout the war and beyond.

NARRATOR 1f: Here at home, the fighting reached right into our town's buildings.

NARRATOR 2f: The old Fairhaven building — Dr. Kellogg's health resort — was handed over to the U.S. military.

NARRATOR 1f: It became a place where wounded servicemen came to heal.

NARRATOR 2f: And when soldiers needed healing, somebody had to lift their spirits too. That's where the USO came in. Traveling shows, big bands, and Hollywood names crisscrossed the country to entertain the troops.

NARRATOR 1f: As the story goes, Lena Curtiss herself opened up the Mansion for a private evening — just for the servicemen stationed nearby.

NARRATOR 2f: And the story goes further still — that among the entertainers she brought in that night was a young bandleader named Desi Arnaz.

NARRATOR 1f: Nobody's found the guest list yet — but if he was there, there's a good chance one of the songs he played was this one.

NARRATOR 2f: So tonight, we pay tribute to that story — with our own comedic spin on "Cuban Pete."

(Cuban Pete Song)

NARRATOR 2f: By 1950 the population of the town of Miami Springs grew to 5,108.

NARRATOR 1f: With the aviation industry starting to boom, things were really looking up for Miami Springs.

NARRATOR 2f: But globally, the storm clouds of war were again looming.

*****Scene 5*****

FALL 1951

(TWO YOUNG MIAMI SPRINGS MOMS, HANGING LAUNDRY)

MOM 1: Can you believe how beautiful this day is?

MOM 2: It's almost magic time.

MOM 1: That's why we live here.

MOM 2: And knowing this weather is going to stretch all the way to March of next year...

MOM 1: ...With maybe two or three cold days...

MOM 2:Tops....

MOM 1: ... While the rest of the country freezes...

MOM 2: ... their collective fannies' off.

MOM 1: It just breaks my heart to hear from my sister in Chicago. It's already freezing.

MOM 2: Poor babies.

MOM 1: Mayor McCarthy should make postcards.

MOM 2: "Miami Springs, Paradise found!"

MOM 1: Speaking of paradise, is it nice to get the crew back in school?

MOM 2: Nice? Going from six kids to one for seven hours a day, it's a lifesaver.

MOM 1: Well, I probably shouldn't, no, never mind.

MOM 2: What?

MOM 1: I told myself I wouldn't ask.

MOM 2: So ask. If you didn't want to talk...

MOM 1: (OVER) Alison saw the Western Union truck in front of your house. We're all dying to know, I mean, is it... your son?

MOM 2: Yes, but he's very much alive.

MOM 1: And he's in Inchon?

MOM 2: I have no idea where....Inchon? Where's that?

MOM 1: Inchon! Are all of your radios broken?

MOM 2: Pretty much. And the portable is...

MOM 1: It's all over the front page of today's Miami Herald.

MOM 2: The paper, right. It's still in the hedge. I told somebody to get it out before they went to school, but I don't remember who. And obviously, they didn't. Is it big news?

MOM 1: Bigger than big! We are on the verge of putting a stop to this mess in Korea

MOM 2: Did something happen?

MOM 1: I thought you knew! Wasn't the telegram from Andrew?

MOM 2: It was. (TAKES TELEGRAM OUT) But it wasn't very specific.

MOM 1: Read, read, read!

MOM 2: (READING) "Dear Mom. Stop. Scuttlebutt says MacArthur picked our outfit to lead the way for the whole corp. Stop. Can't tell you where we're going, but we are the point of a well-placed, very large spear. Stop. Don't worry. Stop. I'm in God's hands. Stop."

MOM 1: I knew it! It must be Inchon!

MOM 2: There's more. "I know God is using me to stop a threat to our way of life. Stop.

Freedom is always worth dying for. Stop. No matter where, no matter when. Stop. Semper Fi!

Stop. Love, 2nd Lieut. Andrew Blair. USMC. Stop. P.S. Stop. I hope God sees me through. Stop."

(TEARING UP) Me too, me too.

MOM 1: We are all praying for him.

MOM 2: So... what's the news?

MOM 1: The Navy landed the Marines at Inchon, on the west coast of Korea... Behind the North Korean lines. Total surprise! The Air Force, the battleships, and the carrier planes are all pounding the "Commies" from behind.

MOM 2: (RESUMES HANGING CLOTHES) Oh, that's bad.

MOM 1: No! That's good!

MOM 2: Bad, bad, bad.

MOM 1: But the Marines are solidly ashore.

MOM 2: Take them back.

MOM 1: We've totally out flanked them.

MOM 2: Don't care.

MOM 1: We're kicking them back to Tim-buck-too!

MOM 2: Don't you see? As long as the North Koreans were doing well, the Chinese, and their zillion man army, had no reason to get involved. But now, to save face... they will.

MOM 1: Oh, my God. And then the Russians. I can't go through another world war.

MOM 2: Me neither

MOM 1: We can't hide. We're the United States of America. The defenders of freedom!

MOM 2: We have sent our forces halfway around the world, sent my son, and thousands of other sons, to fight this evil of communism. If they want to be communists in that cold forsaken land, I wish them the best.

MOM 1: Today Korea, tomorrow, who knows? Maybe a country in our own hemisphere. We can't wait for them to show up on our doorstep.

MOM 2: I can wait.

MOM 1: You don't mean that!

MOM 2: I do! My son was too young for World War II. And now that he's old enough, they want to do it again? I want my son back!

MOM 1: If the Chinese attack, do you think we'll use "the A-bomb?"

MOM 2: God help us if we have to.

MOM 1: Maybe we're looking at the beginning of the end of the world.

MOM 2: Is that your best Vivien Leigh impersonation?

MOM 1: I do rely on the kindness of strangers.

MOM 2: Speaking of "the end of the world," how do your kids like the new elementary school?

MOM 1: Glenn Curtiss Elementary is brand new and very clean.

MOM 2: Are they learning more?

MOM 1: My kids aren't any smarter, but they come home cleaner.

MOM 2: Give them a couple of months, and the school will have that "taught in" look that Miami Springs elementary has.

MOM 1: Like a Korean battlefield?

MOM 2: Exactly. Want to borrow my radio?

MOM 1: (Somber pause) Yeah. (THEY EXIT)

NARRATOR 1g: Somehow, World War III was averted, and the Korean Police Action, as it came to be known, settled into a cold war stalemate that exists in Korea to this very day.

NARRATOR 2g: The Town of Miami Springs continued to grow and prosper. In 1955 they constructed the Miami Springs Recreation Center at a cost of \$392,000. It was state – of – the –

art, with the swimming pool becoming the center for international aquatic competitions, putting Miami Springs on the map.

NARRATOR 1g: With more and more airlines relocating to Miami, Miami Springs continued to grow. By 1960 the population had more than doubled to 11,229. It was too many people for a “town,” so in 1962 the Town of Miami Springs changed its name once again, this time to The City of Miami Springs.

NARRATOR 2g: A year later, the Palm Spa, formally the Miami Battle Creek Sanitarium, became Fair Havens Center. While Miami Springs was booming, the United States and the Soviet Union threatened to take the boom to a nuclear level. The game of “nuclear chicken” made its mark on many.

*****Scene 6*****

FALL 1962

THE CUBAN MISSILE CRISIS

(BROTHER ENTERS. SITS ON THE GROUND NEXT TO BASKET OF WET LAUNDRY. SISTER ENTERS)

SISTER: The wash isn't going to hang itself.

BROTHER: It might.

SISTER: Come on, Dad will be here in an hour.

BROTHER: Maybe.

SISTER: We promised Mom we'd do the laundry before we left, and I still have to go to Grand Union.

BROTHER: You promised Mom.

SISTER: You said you would help.

BROTHER: I carried it out here.

SISTER: I did all the sorting, all the loading, the washing, and unloading. You only carried in one basket.

BROTHER: Okay, okay, don't have a cow.

SISTER: You said you...

BROTHER: (OVER) Just leave it and I'll hang them.

SISTER: You had better get a move on!

BROTHER: I'll do it!

SISTER: I know what this is about. You don't want Dad to see you hanging laundry. He already thinks mom is making a girl out of you.

BROTHER: He does not!

SISTER: (LAUGHS) You are so easy!

BROTHER: Leave me alone. (TURNS AWAY, SITS/POUTS)

SISTER: (CROSSING TO HIM) What's the matter? I thought you wanted to live with daddy for a while.

BROTHER: It doesn't matter. Here, there, back and forth. Doesn't matter. We're all going to be obliterated, anyway.

SISTER: Don't say that.

BROTHER: Say it. Don't say it. Doesn't matter.

SISTER: What you have to do is ... not think about it. That's what I do.

BROTHER: I wonder what it feels like to be incinerated by a nuclear blast? Talk about crispy fried!

SISTER: That's gross!

BROTHER: (MAKES NUCLEAR EXPLOSION NOISE)

SISTER: Stop it!

BROTHER: Did I tell you I saw tanks going down US 1?

SISTER: Ten times... at least.

BROTHER: We're gonna die.

SISTER: Stop it!

BROTHER: We are.

SISTER: We're all gonna die eventually.

BROTHER: And eventually is going to be in a day or two. A week tops.

SISTER: You don't know that.

BROTHER: I know my history. Khrushchev is crazy, and President Kennedy won't back down. The Navy is blockading Cuba and the Russians are coming. We're between a rock and a hard place. Stand by for meltdown.

SISTER: (SITTING NEXT TO HIM) You know, little brother, you may be right. The Russians are coming, but they may turn back. But daddy won't. If the Russians don't turn back, it probably won't matter. But you know how daddy gets if you're not ready to go when he gets here.

BROTHER: Wouldn't it be cool to wear one of those radiation suits.

SISTER: The silver ones with the big hoods?

BROTHER: Super cool!

SISTER: Super hot! And my hair get all matted down.

BROTHER: We could get them for Mom and Dad.

SISTER: And the dog

BROTHER: But not the cat. She'd never go for it.

SISTER: We could use her for a night light.

BROTHER: Yuck! Now who is being gross? (BOTH LAUGH)

SISTER: We have less than an hour. Could you help me, please!

BROTHER: I hate it when you do that. (THEY HANG CLOTHES) You know how Dad wants us to live in the "city" with him?

SISTER: Uh-huh.

BROTHER: I was thinking. Now that the Town of Miami Springs... is the City of Miami Springs, we already live in the city.

SISTER: You're right! And he was always making fun of us for living in a "town."

BROTHER: Calling us "towny clownys."

SISTER: And he swore he would never, ever, live in a town.

BROTHER: Maybe we could get him to live in our city?

SISTER: We are a city! Mayor Allen came to our school and explained it to us. Why we changed and everything. (BEAT) There's a house for rent on Oriole.

BROTHER: I hope... I wish... This is crazy! He won't move here.

SISTER: He could. He works out of his typewriter. He doesn't have to live way up there.

BROTHER: Maybe he's scared of Mom.

SISTER: He'll just have to deal with it. Ask him.

BROTHER: You ask him.

SISTER: We'll ask together. What's the worst he can do? Say "no?"

BROTHER: I'm thinking nuclear incineration. (MAKES NUCLEAR BOMB NOISE)

SISTER: Knock it off! Everything is going to be all right.

BROTHER: How do you know?

SISTER: Because God loves us. I'm a Golden Hawk! And in four years, I'm going to be the valedictorian of the first graduating class of Miami Springs Senior High and win the Silver Knight in drama. And then I'm going to the University of Miami, study acting and become a star! So, there is no way God is ending this world! No way, no how! Get it?!

BROTHER: Okay, okay. (THEY START EXITING) I was just having a little fun. You always make a big deal of things.

SISTER: You are so strange.

BROTHER: And you, are my sister. (THEY EXIT)

NARRATOR 1g: Many prayers were answered that October. Nuclear holocaust was averted. But by the Fall of 1971, the rise of Communism saw America once again at war.

*****Scene 7*****

FALL 1971

(TWO SPRINGS FEMALE TEENAGERS APPROACH THE CLOTHESLINE WITH WET LAUNDRY)

TEEN 1: You too?

TEEN 2: When am I supposed to do my homework?

TEEN 1: This is like so unfair, man.

TEEN 2: Definitely bogus. Are they for real? Chores?

TEEN 1: Chores are for children.

TEEN 2: Don't they know we're in high school!

TEEN 1: I can't wait for classes to start so I can give up summer chores and concentrate on my studies.

TEEN 2: Boys.

TEEN 1: That's what I said. My studies.

TEEN 2: If summer went for another week, I would have screamed.

TEEN 1: Summer is supposed to be enjoyed. But do we get to?

TEEN 2: No way, man.

TEEN 1: (AS HER FATHER) "Young lady, you're going to pull your own weight, as long as you live under my roof."

TEEN 2: I can't wait to get my own roof.

TEEN 1: I'm definitely getting a dryer.

TEEN 2: This is like prehistoric, man.

TEEN 1: Isn't it enough to be in school all day and then come home and do homework, but then have to do... Housework? I'm not a mother.

TEEN 2: Why do our moms have to work?

TEEN 1: Their moms didn't.

TEEN 2: Now they're all doing it.

TEEN 1: Grandma stayed home and kept the house.

TEEN 2: And did the laundry.

TEEN 1: My mother never had to do laundry.

TEEN 2: Grandma did it for her.

TEEN 1: Do the wash. It sounds so simple.

TEEN 2: It's simple, alright. Simple torture!

TEEN 1: Why don't we have a dryer like everyone else?

TEEN 2: Everybody has a dryer but us.

TEEN 1: We still have a clothesline!

TEEN 2: They had clotheslines in the Middle Ages!

TEEN 1: (EUREKA MOMENT) That's it! Maybe we could get Mayor Cavalier to pass an ordinance against clotheslines like the one they have in Beverly Hills?

TEEN 2: Honestly, I don't mind hanging. It's the sorting I hate. I mean, like, it's all going in the same washing machine!

TEEN 1: I hate touching dirty clothes. Uck-o!

TEEN 2: Five piles. Dark, white, mixed, colors, and pets.

TEEN 1: Mixed?

TEEN 2: If I don't know which pile to put it in, it goes in mixed.

TEEN 1: What I hate is that it takes for-ev-ver! There is so many other things we could be doing.

TEEN 2: On a beautiful day like today.....

TEEN 1: (FINISHING)... We could go to Venetian pool!

TEEN 2: Yeah! Or catch a flick at the Circle.

TEEN 1: "Clockwork Orange!" We have to see it!

TEEN 2: Oh, for sure.

TEEN 1: Or we could get Ryan to take us to Hobie beach in his pickup.

TEEN 2: Groovy idea, man. Groovy!

TEEN 1: But are we doing any of these groovy ideas? No! I'm making separate piles of other people's dirty underwear!

TEEN 2: Ryan's pickup?

TEEN 1: Or somebody.

TEEN 2: Ryan?

TEEN 1: I said "us." You'd be there.

TEEN 2: You like Ryan.

TEEN 1: I do not!

TEEN 2: You do!

TEEN 1: Not!

TEEN 2: Do!

TEEN 1: I most certainly do not!

TEEN 2: Now I know you do.

TEEN 1: Do you think he's cute?

TEEN 2: How cute? Ryan O'Neal cute?

TEEN 1: He is so dreamy.

TEEN 2: Ryan or Ryan?

TEEN 1: Yes!

TEEN 2: He's eighteen! He's too old for you.

TEEN 1: Not for a 14-year-old!

TEEN 2: You're only going on fourteen!

TEEN 1: But not too old when I'm his age. He will be twenty-two then. And I will be... just right.

TEEN 2: If.

TEEN 1: If?

TEEN 2: If he lives that long.

TEEN 1: What are you talking about?

TEEN 2: Figure his odds. He's not in school.

TEEN 1: He's going to be an actor.

TEEN 2: And he's not married.

TEEN 1: (SMILING) Not yet.

TEEN 2: And add to that his very low draft number and that equals... How do you feel about Canada?

TEEN 1: (BEAT) No, he'd serve.

TEEN 2: Yes, he would.

TEEN 1: Why are we always at war? What is so all-fired important about the other side of the world?

TEEN 2: I guess that's where they want to keep it.

TEEN 1: Over there.

TEEN 2: My uncle was in Vietnam in '68.

TEEN 1: Cool.

TEEN 2: He said it was just rice patties, and poor people, held together with buffalo dung.

TEEN 1: What does he think now?

TEEN 2: He doesn't. He was killed in Da Nang. (BEAT) You don't actually touch the dirty clothes when you sort them, do you?

TEEN 1: How do you get the clothes out of the hamper and into the washing machine?
Levitation?

TEEN 2: I wear gloves and an apron.

TEEN 1: Well, yeah, sure. Gloves.

TEEN 2: I figure I'm only going to be doing the laundry until I mess it up.

TEEN 1: With me, that won't be long. (STARTING TO EXIT)

TEEN 2: See you tomorrow? (STARTING TO EXIT)

TEEN 1: Same wash line, same station.

TEEN 2: Pray for Ryan.

TEEN 1: I will. (THEY EXIT)

NARRATOR 1h: Over the next four years, Miami Springs and the rest of the country would send boys like Ryan to fight for freedom in Vietnam. More than 58,000 of them would lose their lives before we conceded to the futility of it all and brought our boys home.

NARRATOR 2h: The 1980s were just starting, but it was to be another wild and woolly decade.

NARRATOR 1h: From April to September, South Florida was invaded. 150,000 "Marielittos" swelled our social services to the breaking point. "Give us your tired, your hungry, your poor" was never more appropriate.

NARRATOR 2h: By Fall of 1980 The population of the City of Miami Springs had climbed to 12,350. And the flavor of the City was definitely changing.

NARRATOR 1h: As the “Latin beat” grew louder, some Springites left for cooler, less Hispanic, climates, but most of us stayed on, and like the immigrants, we gradually adapted to the new reality.

NARRATOR 2h: Miami was becoming more and more a city of immigrants. So was Miami Springs.

*****Scene 8*****

FALL 1980

(MOTHER/DAUGHTER CARRYING WET WASH TO HANG)

MOTHER: Remember hanging wash with me when you were little?

DAUGHTER: When I was little, and when I was not so little. Mom, I’m on to you.

MOTHER: Whatever do you mean?

DAUGHTER: Anytime you needed to talk to me, privately, I would get laundry detail.

MOTHER: And hated it.

DAUGHTER: Passionately! And I would gripe about it, and put it off, and put it off...

MOTHER: And we would do the wash together.

DAUGHTER: Hidden – away in the laundry room. Just you and me.

MOTHER: Where it was nice and quiet... and simple.

DAUGHTER: And we would solve all the problems of the world. Like my high school prom disaster.

MOTHER: Ah, a memorable wash. Lots of sheets if I recall.

DAUGHTER: And the “almost a grandmother” scare.

MOTHER: (LAUGHING) I wish I didn’t remember that one.

DAUGHTER: You scared the be-gebas out of me.

MOTHER: Me? You’re the one who said, “How do you feel about being a grandmother?”

DAUGHTER: And you said...

MOTHER: “How do you feel about a little brother or sister?”

DAUGHTER: I almost fell over!

MOTHER: I didn’t know for sure at the time.

DAUGHTER: You weren’t.

MOTHER: I could have been.

DAUGHTER: Mother, you were only dating the television.

MOTHER: You don’t know everything.

DAUGHTER: Well, neither of us was pregnant.

MOTHER: Thank the good Lord.

DAUGHTER: Thank the good Lord. (BEAT) Ma, what’s on your mind?

MOTHER: I’m going...

DAUGHTER: (FINISHING)... to Grand Union. Good, I need a few things.

MOTHER: No. I’m going to move.

DAUGHTER: Out of Miami Springs? You love Miami Springs.

MOTHER: Not so much anymore.

DAUGHTER: I just got here!

MOTHER: I can’t handle all the Spanish.

DAUGHTER: You don't speak Spanish.

MOTHER: I know. But I hear it, all the time, everywhere I go.

DAUGHTER: Ma, this is Miami. We are...

MOTHER: (FINISHING)... the gateway to Latin America, I know, I know. I hear it all the time.

DAUGHTER: Why don't you get Mr. Valdes to teach you Spanish?

MOTHER: No, I'm too old. I can barely remember English.

DAUGHTER: But hes really handsome

MOTHER: I know, I have eyes. But still

DAUGHTER: So, you're leaving me?

MOTHER: They say it's nice in North Carolina.

DAUGHTER: Let me get this straight. I spent the last five years away from you...

MOTHER: (THROUGH)... You wanted to see the world....

DAUGHTER: ... and you hounded me, practically every day, "Come to Miami Springs, come to Miami Springs, I miss you like crazy."

MOTHER: I did, I did.

DAUGHTER: But you won't miss me in North Carolina?

MOTHER: You can come too.

DAUGHTER: Oh, no. You were right about Miami Springs, Ma. It's a great place to grow up and grow old. Now that you've got me in paradise, I'm going to put some roots down. Maybe start a family. What do you think about that?

MOTHER: (BEAT) You'll find a husband first?

DAUGHTER: Not if you're moving to North Carolina. I could do something stupid on my own.

MOTHER: Are you blackmailing me?

DAUGHTER: I'm loving you.

MOTHER: If I stay in Miami Springs all these Spanish people...

DAUGHTER: (OVER) Ma! Hispanics. They're Hispanics. Spanish people are from Spain.

MOTHER: Excuse me! But wherever they're from, when I can't understand what they're saying, it drives me "loco."

DAUGHTER: You see? You're speaking Spanish already.

MOTHER: What?

DAUGHTER: "Loco." You said, "loco." "Loco" is Spanish for crazy.

MOTHER: (SIGH) I suppose they're just going to keep coming...

DAUGHTER: (THROUGH)... Can you blame them?...

MOTHER: ... and coming, and coming and coming

DAUGHTER: We all moved here from somewhere.

MOTHER: I guess you're right. We're really just a couple of Georgia refugees.

DAUGHTER: Just floated down I-95.

MOTHER: But what if nobody speaks English anymore?

DAUGHTER: I'll speak English to you, Ma.

MOTHER: Then I'll stay.

DAUGHTER: (PICKING UP BASKET) We'll be the last English speaking residents of the City of Miami Springs.

MOTHER: (PICKING UP BASKET) Maybe they'll make a movie about us.

DAUGHTER: Si,si, Senora. Let's go get some flan.

MOTHER: Now you're talking my kind of Spanish. (THEY EXIT)

(Blackout)(Lights up on present day classroom in MS)

*****Scene 9*****

Teacher: Alright students, what have we learned today?

Student 1: Dr. Kellog was a real fruit loop

Teacher: Well yes but...

Student 2: (Interrupting) Glenn Curtiss invented Miami Springs, Hialeah, and Opalacka

Student 3: Well one out of three's not bad

(Student 2 and Student 3 high five)

Student 4: What about Virginia Gardens? Who invented them?

Teacher: Oh corazon, no one cares about Virginia Gardens

Student 5: But I'm from Virginia Gardens

ALL: GASP!!!

Teacher: (Angrily) You are??? Oye, go to the principals Nelsons office right now

(Student 5 walks off in shame)

Student 5: Aww man, not again

Student 6: What about Doral?

Teacher: We don't talk about Doral, whatever happens in Doral stays in Doral. Officina, right now

(Student 6 walks off in shame)

Student 6: Aww man

Student 7: What about Medley? Who invented that?

Teacher: (Looking off into the distance) Nobody knows...

Student 8: What about the right brothers?

Teacher: Right brothers? Que right brothers? No no no, the right brothers were wrong. In this class we only talk about Senior Glenn. Straight to the principals office with ju.

(Student 8 walks off in shame)

Student 8: Aww man

Student 9: Miss can I use the bathroom?

Teacher: Por que?

Student 9: Por que I ate a lot of frosted flakes

Teacher: Go, hurry!

Student 10: Can I use the bathroom?

Teacher: Por que?

Student 10: Cause my dads on the city council

Teacher: No, good try

Student 10: No fair

Student 11: I think I like this play. I love war

Teacher: (Concerned) We'll keep an eye on you miho...

Teacher: Alright children, it's time for lunch. When you come back we have a very special musical guest.

(Students Exit)

Teacher: Go go go. (Looking at the audience) And you? What are you still doing here? It's intermission. The girlscouts are waiting for you with snacks and drinks by donation. Please be generous. And when you come back you'll hear a special performance from our musical guest. (Pointing off stage) Hey what are you two doing (Exiting) principals office now (Walks off stage)

Students: Aww man

(BLACK OUT. END ACT ONE)

INTERMISSION

(ACT 2 LIGHTS UP BUZZ)

*****Scene 10*****

(Buzz's Song)

NARRATOR 1i: Fall of 1990 saw the United States gearing up to go to war again. This time in the Middle Eastern desert and for the first time, women would see combat.

FALL OF 1990

(TWO WOMEN ADVANCE ON THEIR RESPECTIVE CLOTHESLINES WITH WET WASH)

GREEN MOM: Fancy seeing you here.

SPRINGS MOM: My dryer's on the fritz.

GREEN MOM: Good for you!

SPRINGS MOM: Excuse me?

GREEN MOM: It's good that your dryer's broken.

SPRINGS MOM: Why?

GREEN MOM: Don't fix it.

SPRINGS MOM: I'm not.

GREEN MOM: Good!

SPRINGS MOM: I'm going to get a new one.

GREEN MOM: Don't!

SPRINGS MOM: Can you get me a deal on a dryer?

GREEN MOM: You already have a dryer.

SPRINGS MOM: I know. It's broken.

GREEN MOM: (HOLDING CLOTHESLINE) But this one isn't.

SPRINGS MOM: (SIGHS) I can't remember the last time I hung laundry on a "clothesline."

GREEN MOM: Don't call it a "clothesline." It's a "Solar Wind Dryer."

SPRINGS MOM: You've been standing in the sun too long.

GREEN MOM: No, it's great! Just like you, I used to have a dryer. And, it broke. So I had it fixed, and it broke again. I've used up half my sick days sitting home waiting for repair men.

SPRINGS MOM: Mine is supposed to be here sometime before five. Of course, that's what they said yesterday.

GREEN MOM: Well, I gave up waiting and started hanging. And suddenly, I became aware of all that I had been missing.

SPRINGS MOM: You're missing something, alright. (TAPPING HEAD)

GREEN MOM: I was! The sky! The clouds. The sunshine, trees, flowers, birds, butterflies. This is Miami Springs in the fall! Seventy-five degrees and sunny with a 10 – mile – an – hour sea breeze. Please! It's the most beautiful place on the planet!

SPRINGS MOM: I agree, but I don't have time.

GREEN MOM: You never have time, you must make time.

SPRINGS MOM: And you're about to start singing "slow down you move too fast."

GREEN MOM: "You've got to make the morning last." Exactly! Look at this sky!

SPRINGS MOM: (BEAT, LOOKING, NODDING) Did you see that sunset last night?

GREEN MOM: Spectacular! He does good work.

SPRINGS MOM: The best.

GREEN MOM: And not only do I get Nature's wonders out here, as an added bonus, I get to see my neighbors more.

SPRINGS MOM: Are you sure that's a good thing?

GREEN MOM: And best of all, the kids won't come out here because they know I'll just hand them clothespins. The "Solar Wind Dryer" has become my sanctuary.

SPRINGS MOM: it is quiet, I'll grant you that. But don't you find it makes the clothes stiff?

GREEN MOM: For a dollar a day in savings, I can put up with it.

SPRINGS MOM: Oh, a dollar a day, really?

GREEN MOM: Trust me I did the math.

SPRINGS MOM: There you go. My time is worth a dollar a day. Hey, Isn't your daughter in the National Guard?

GREEN MOM: She certainly is.

SPRINGS MOM: Does she think they will be called up?

GREEN MOM: I asked her that this morning, and she said, "Mom, we're going over!"

SPRINGS MOM: Your daughter is going to war?

GREEN MOM: She doesn't think Saddam will back down and that we'll have to "kick his sorry butt out." It's so funny to hear my little girl talk like a soldier.

SPRINGS MOM: Women in combat? That's just stupid!

GREEN MOM: Men in combat; that's just as stupid! It's all so stupid. People killing other people, How dumb is that?

SPRINGS MOM: I guess that's the price you pay when you defend freedom.

GREEN MOM: Freedom is never free, or cheap.

SPRINGS MOM: Never. But somebody has to defend it.

GREEN MOM: Yes, but couldn't it be somebody else for a change?

SPRINGS MOM: What about the Swiss? They never fight anybody!

GREEN MOM: I like it!

SPRINGS MOM: And they're rich. They can afford it.

GREEN MOM: Tahiti! Those military slackers!

SPRINGS MOM: There's a place I wouldn't mind invading for a few weeks.

GREEN MOM: Make it a few years, and I'll enlist!

SPRINGS MOM: What? And leave this paradise? This gem of a city hiding in the middle of Miami? Not me. Not ever!

GREEN MOM: You're right. We do get the best of both worlds here. Mayberry in the middle of Metropolis!

SPRINGS MOM: I just hope your daughter is still around to enjoy it.

GREEN MOM: (EXITING) Me, too.

SPRINGS MOM: (EXITING) See you later, Solar Wind Dryer.

GREEN MOM: Pray for my daughter.

SPRINGS MOM: I will.

NARRATOR 1i: Wow weve sure been in a lot of wars. But nice things happened too right?

NARRATOR 2i: Absolutely in the ensuing years, the Soviet Union Fell, and we ended the cold war

NARRATOR 1i: (OPTIMISTICALLY) We headed back into space. We launched the Hubble Space telescope and started assembling the International Orbiting Space Station.

NARRATOR 2i: And we put a remote-controlled vehicle on Mars.

NARRATOR 1i: I would love to be able to drive that.

NARRATOR 2i: We sent up our space shuttle a whopping 63 times.

NARRATOR 1i: But as we approached the turn of the century, a growing anxiety began to enter our creative consciousness.

NARRATOR 2i: Numerologists just loved the number 2000 and assumed it was going to be hugely significant.

NARRATOR 1i: Something was definitely going to happen!

NARRATOR 2i: Like maybe the end of the world.

NARRATOR 1i: But how?

NARRATOR 2i: Some say the world will end in fire, some say in ice.

NARRATOR 1i: It would be neither. It was something we had done to ourselves.

NARRATOR 2i: We had turned the running of our world over to computers.

NARRATOR 1i: And we had made a huge error in programming.

NARRATOR 2i: All of our data entry dates were assigned two digits. 91,92,93...

NARRATOR 1i: And the fear was when the calendar left the nineties, the computers wouldn't be able to compute the additional digits.

NARRATOR 2i: And worldwide chaos would ensue... A Y2K nightmare.

(BLACKOUT)

*****Scene 12*****

CLOTHESLINE 1999

MIDDLE SCHOOL TEEN: Tell me again why we're doing this.

SMART YOUNGER SIBLING: Mom.

MIDDLE SCHOOL TEEN: I know that, but why are we doing it? Mom's always done the laundry.

SMART YOUNGER SIBLING: She told us why.

MIDDLE SCHOOL TEEN: I never remember.

SMART YOUNGER SIBLING: You never listen. The washing machine will not work.

MIDDLE SCHOOL TEEN: Can't we get it fixed?

SMART YOUNGER SIBLING: The machine itself is fine.

MIDDLE SCHOOL TEEN: Now I'm confused.

SMART YOUNGER SIBLING: It's the washing machine computer that won't work. And it won't just be our washing machine's computer. When January first gets here,(we'll just)

MIDDLE SCHOOL TEEN: (OVER) That's tomorrow!

SMART YOUNGER SIBLING: You're so smart. Starting tomorrow, all the computers in all the machines, everywhere around the whole world, will stop working. Didn't they teach you about Y2K in school?

MIDDLE SCHOOL TEEN: I don't listen, remember.

SMART YOUNGER SIBLING: They programmed the computers wrong.

MIDDLE SCHOOL TEEN: All of them?

SMART YOUNGER SIBLING: Apparently.

MIDDLE SCHOOL TEEN: Can't they fix it.

SMART YOUNGER SIBLING: I'm sure there are people working on it right now.

MIDDLE SCHOOL TEEN: But until then...

SMART YOUNGER SIBLING: Just hang.

(THEY CONTINUE WITH THE LAUNDRY. AFTER A BEAT, A TEEN FRIEND OF SMART YOUNGER SIBLING ENTERS SL AND CROSSES)

TEEN FRIEND: What in the world are you two doing?

MIDDLE SCHOOL TEEN: Our computer is broken.

TEEN FRIEND: This is for a Girl Scout merit badge, right?

SMART YOUNGER SIBLING: It's the Y2K nightmare. Come New Years Day, my mom thinks we'll be back in the stone age. Or at least B.C. Before computers.

TEEN FRIEND: You won't need to worry about that.

SMART YOUNGER SIBLING: Are you kidding? Everything runs on computers. They're all going to stop. No Power. No water. Planes in the air may just fall out of the sky.

MIDDLE SCHOOL TEEN: Will we have to go to school?

TEEN FRIEND: You won't need to worry about that, either.

MIDDLE SCHOOL TEEN: Sounds like heaven.

TEEN FRIEND: Exactly. The year 2000. He said He was coming, and He will be when the calendar turns 2000.

SMART YOUNGER SIBLING: Are we talking about Jesus?

TEEN FRIEND: The one and only.

MIDDLE SCHOOL TEEN: How do you know?

TEEN FRIEND: It makes perfect sense. 2000 is such a round number. 2000 AD.

MIDDLE SCHOOL TEEN: Anno Domini. It means "In the year of our Lord."

SMART YOUNGER SIBLING: How do you know that?

MIDDLE SCHOOL TEEN: Sometimes I listen.

SMART YOUNGER SIBLING: (TO THE AUDIENCE) Tomorrow morning should be very interesting.

BLACKOUT

(LIGHTS UP ON THE CLOTHESLINE 2010. THE CLOTHESLINE IS EMPTY SAVE FOR CLOTHESPINS ON THE LINE. A YOUNG MOM ENTERS SL WITH A CLOTHESPIN BAG AND BEGINS TAKING THEM DOWN AND PUTTING THEM IN THE BAG)

NARRATOR 1j: Dawn on New Years Day at the turn of the new century found the Y2K terror to be a big phony.

NARRATOR 2j: Unbeknownst to all the people who gave into the craziness, the computer industry and the world governments had been working hard behind the scenes to fix the programming problems.

NARRATOR 1j: In the end, there were very few problems.

NARRATOR 2j: Unless you call selling all your worldly possessions and buying a three bedroom, two bath, missile silo in North Dakota, a problem.

NARRATOR 1j: And, oh yes, Jesus didn't show.

NARRATOR 2j: The two lessons learned were:

NARRATOR 1j: The computers didn't crash because we wouldn't let them

NARRATOR 2j: And Jesus didn't come because, because it wasn't time yet

(BLACK OUT. LIGHTS UP ON NARRATORS)

*****Scene 13*****

NARRATOR 1k: The most significant event of the first decade of the 21st century came early with its very own day (ALL) "that will live in infamy."

NARRATOR 2k: (ALL) that will live in infamy

NARRATOR 3k: (ALL) that will live in infamy

NARRATOR 1k: September 11, 2001

NARRATOR 2k: The "Boomer" generation had Pearl Harbor. The rest of us had 9/11. Everyone remembers where they were when they got the news.

NARRATOR 1k: In miami springs that day the normally busy air traffic from miami international airport next door fell silent

NARRATOR 2k: God bless those who perished, their families, the survivors, and those who fought back on United flight 93 and those who sprang into service

NARRATOR 3k: In response to the terrorist attacks, the United States launched Operation Enduring Freedom to depose the Taliban in Afghanistan, who had harbored the al-Qaeda terrorists and their leader, Osama bin Laden.

NARRATOR 1k: The War in Afghanistan ended in 2021, making it the longest war in U.S. history.

NARRATOR 2k: No multi-national coalition this time.

NARRATOR 3k: Just us and the Brits.

NARRATOR 1k: But with our advanced, war sharpened military....

NARRATOR 2k: Wait, wait, wait! This is supposed to be the history of Miami Springs, not World Survival!

NARRATOR 3k: Sorry.

NARRATOR 1k: Sorry.

(Enter NARRATOR 4k)

NARRATOR 4k: The playwright was simply making a point. War is bad. Terror is terrible. But surely good things happened in the past 26 years. (BEAT AS THE NARRATORS LOOK AROUND AT EACH OTHER) For instance, I was born.

NARRATOR 1k: Other than our birthdays.

NARRATOR 2k: Oh, I know one. Facebook!

NARRATOR 3k: Agreed. A real communication game changer.

NARRATOR 1k: Speaking of which, (TO NARRATOR 4) I sent you three friend requests. No response. What's up with that?

NARRATOR 4k: Must be a problem with my phone.

(SECRETLY TO AUDIENCE SHAKES HEAD "NO.")

NARRATOR 2k: Could we please get back to Miami Springs.

NARRATOR 4k: Ok. When?

NARRATOR 3k: How about April 1st, 2003.

NARRATOR 2k: What was going on?

NARRATOR 1k: Why don't we just check the clothesline and find out.

NARRATOR 3k: An election day, I remember it well.

CLOTHESLINE 2000s

MOM 1: Penelope! (A BEAT AND SHE ENTERS SL CROSSING TOWARDS SR) Penny! Penny, come out!

(MOM 2 ENTERS SR)

MOM 2: Harriet? Why are you screaming?

MOM 1: I want to talk to you.

MOM 2: And you thought it was 1950? (PULLING HER CELLPHONE) Hello?

I thought the house was on fire or something.

MOM 1: I'm sorry. My minutes. I'm way underwater with my minutes.

MOM 2: What do you want, Harry?

MOM 1: Have you voted yet?

MOM 2: I'm going later this afternoon.

MOM 1: Good. I already voted for Richard. Hint, hint.

MOM 2: Truthfully, I didn't even know he was running for reelection.

MOM 1: He did get his posters out rather late. But he's the incumbent. He was a fine mayor.

MOM 2: Time for a change.

MOM 1: (AGHAST) No! You're going to vote for the "fisherman?"

MOM 2: Wheeler's bane, Billy Bain. Yes, I am.

MOM 1: No accounting for taste.

MOM2: Me and all the Cave people.

MOM 1: Cave people?

MOM 2: Citizens Against Virtually Everything.

MOM 1: I know that crowd. Very fickle.

MOM 2: You know who I'd like to see run for mayor? Bob Best. He ran for City Council in 2001.

MOM 1: Bob's in a Pelican Playhouse production that my kids are in.

MOM 2: Pelican Playhouse. That's the new theater group.

MOM 1: They're doing "Girls to the Rescue" in May. I can get you tickets. I've seen a few rehearsals. It's quite wonderful. Bob plays the "Greedy Merchant."

MOM 2: Adults and kids in the same production?

MOM 1: It's their specialty. It really is very cool.

MOM 2: Where's the theater?

MOM 1: They rehearse in the Senior Center and perform in the Cavalier Annex next to the gym at the rec center.

MOM 2: Where we vote? Kind of small, isn't it?

MOM 1: Actually, they use it because it's the only ceiling in Miami Springs that isn't 8 feet. It has a 10-foot ceiling so they can hang their lights. My kids love it. Bob for Mayor, huh?

MOM 2: Is he a good actor?

MOM 1: Very.

MOM 2: Then he could act like a good mayor. He'd have to cut his hair.

MOM 1: Hmmm. Do you think he'd cut his hair?

(CONSIDERS A BEAT) Nah.

(BLACK OUT)

(BEAT. LIGHTS UP ON NARRATOR 1. REDUCED LIGHTS ON THE CLOTHESLINE WHERE WE SEE TWO ADULTS FACING UPSTAGE, SILENTLY HANGING WASH)

NARRATOR 1L: The 2003 Mayoral election in Miami Springs was close, but “the fisherman,” Billy Bane, prevailed.

NARRATOR 4L: And the city liked the new mayor so much that they kept Billy Bane mayor until 2011.

NARRATOR 1L: Meanwhile, the second decade of the 21st century started with more of the same.

NARRATOR 2L: Wars, wars, wars and more wars.

NARRATOR 4L: No, no, no! We talked about this. No more war. Miami Springs...

NARRATOR 1L: In 2005 hurricane Katrina knocked out power for over 77 thousand homes.

NARRATOR 4L: (OVER) No weather, either! Miami Springs! Focus. Second decade. 2010-2020. Good things.

NARRATOR 2L: I’ve got one. In 2011, the City of Miami Springs elected a Hispanic mayor for the first time, Xavier Garcia.

NARRATOR 3L: And as Mayor Garcia promised, the City Council meetings would still be held in English. Muchas gracias Mayor Z!

NARRATOR 4L: Nice. More good things.

NARRATOR 1L: We are standing... and they (INDICATES THE AUDIENCE) are sitting in one.

NARRATOR 2L: In April of 2010 the City of Miami Springs opened their newly built Community Center.

NARRATOR 3L: And on the second floor, where we are now, they built the Rebecca Sosa Theatre.

NARRATOR 4L: Named after Miami-Dade County District 6 Commissioner, Rebecca Sosa.

NARRATOR 1L: She was instrumental in guiding county funds into the building of the new Community center.

NARRATOR 2L: Also instrumental, Miami Springs City Manager Jim Borgman and Mayor Billy Bane.

NARRATOR 3L: Funny story?

NARRATOR 4L: Why not.

NARRATOR 3L: The Pelican Playhouse founder, Ralph Wakefield told me, when he first viewed the plans for the theater there was one glaring discrepancy, this (GESTURING) was all one large box. He asked Jim “Where is the backstage area?” Oops.

NARRATOR 4L: A change order to add (INDICATING) this wall needed to be done.

NARRATOR 1L: And they needed to add a bathroom... Speaking of which, ill be right back
(Runs off stage needing to pee)

NARRATOR 3L: And it was a big deal, but with the support of Jim and Billy and Rebecca, they made all this happen.

NARRATOR 4L: Because they had a love of the theater.

NARRATOR 2L: And particularly, the community theater in Miami Springs, going into its second decade, the Pelican Playhouse.

NARRATOR 3L: In 2015, Commissioner Sosa declared Feb 21 to be “Pelican Playhouse” day.

NARRATOR 1L: She issues a proclamation to celebrate the then 15th anniversary of the playhouse

NARRATOR 2L: So (counting on fingers) that means Pelicans been around for... 27 years

NARRATOR 4L: The Pelican Playhouse continued to thrive throughout the decade.

NARRATOR 1L: And if you’d like to join us on stage, be sure to visit our web page.

NARRATOR 2L: Are we done shamelessly plugging ourselves?

NARRATOR 3L: Not at all. This play is a celebration of the history of the City of Miami Springs, and the Pelican Playhouse is part of that history.

NARRATOR 4L: A huge part. Just ask any of the many hundreds of community members who took part in putting on a play at the Pelican Playhouse. (Players for Okeechobee song enter)

NARRATOR 1L: (To players) And no experience is necessary. And to prove that fact... hit it tyler (Okeechobee Song)

NARRATOR 4L: Moving on!

NARRATOR 2L: “The fisherman” stays at the mayoral helm through 2021.

NARRATOR 3L: Making Billy the longest serving mayor in Miami Springs history. A record not likely to be broken.

NARRATOR 4L: I have an idea. Instead of wading chronologically through this decade, let’s jump to the most impactful event of the 2020s.

NARRATOR 1L: Most impactful?

NARRATOR 4L: For Miami Springs.

NARRATOR 2L: Oh, that’s easy.

NARRATOR 3L: Yep. No contest.

NARRATOR 1L: It certainly was for me.

NARRATOR 2L: And everyone else.

NARRATOR 4L: The most impactful event of the decade? I think we should get the answer from the clothesline.

NARRATOR 1L: The month is September, the year is 2020.

NARRATOR 2L: Only six years ago.

NARRATOR 3L: Seems much longer.

NARRATOR 4L: That's time for you. It's all relative.

*****Scene 14*****

(BLACK OUT. SHUT DOWN. SEPTEMBER 2020. LIGHTS UP ON CLOTHESLINE. WEARING PELICAN PLAYHOUSE MASKS. THE BOY IS SEREPTITIOUSLY FLIRTING WITH THE GIRL.)

PARENT ONE: This is stupid.

PARENT TWO: No, it isn't. I'm pissed.

PARENT ONE: We have a disagreement.

PARENT TWO: I know that.

PARENT ONE: So you're mad at me?

PARENT TWO: I am. But it has nothing to do with getting this vaccine.

PARENT ONE: Why are you mad?

PARENT TWO: You called me stupid.

PARENT ONE: Well, you're acting stupid.

PARENT TWO: (TO HER DAUGHTER) Sophia, we'll hang the rest of the wash later. (EXITING SR.

PARENT NOTICES SOPHIA GLANCING OVER HER SHOULDER AT THE BOY) Oh, no. (STOPS) I

forbid you to see that boy. And I won't have you calling him on your phone. (HOLDS OUT HAND)

Hand it over. (SHE DOES)

SOPHIA: I've got Pelican Zoom rehearsal this afternoon. I'm going to see him then.

PARENT TWO: You're going to have to drop out. (PARENT EXITS)

SOPHIA: What! I can't! We're going live in a week. It's my first starring role. Please. (SHE LOOKS

OVER AT MEX BEFORE SHE EXITS AFTER PARENT. MEX SURUPTITIOUSLY TAPS HIS WRIST AS A

SIGNAL. SHE EXITS)

PARENT ONE: I think that's a very good idea. Give me your phone. You two are grounded.

MEX: What does this have to do with me talking to Sophia? (HANDING OVER HIS PHONE) That's not fair.

PARENT ONE: You can see her at zoom rehearsal.

(EXITING WITH LAUNDRY BASKET)

MEX: It's not the same.

(EXITING WITH LAUNDRY BASKET. FADE TO BLACK. FADE UP TO NIGHT LIGHTS. CRICKETS SFX.

BEAT. SOPHIA WITH PELICAN MASK ENTERS SR MEX WITH PELICAN MASK ENTERS SL)

SOPHIA: I have to (SHE TAPS HER WRIST) hand it to you. Pretty clever.

MEX: Yeah. This (MIMES PHONE) is a little too obvious. And since we didn't have phones.

SOPHIA: You were good in rehearsal today.

MEX: Thanks. You, too. You make a great Alice.

SOPHIA: Did you know that Mr. Wakefield wrote “Alice in Up and Down Land” in 1973.

MEX: Wow. He’s older than he looks.

SOPHIA: The Pelican Playhouse performed this show live in the old space in 2007. I’m jealous. I would love to do “Alice” live.

MEX: It would be fun, but at least we’re doing something. A lot of theaters are just dark.

SOPHIA: Not us. The Pelicans are “Zooming.”

(BEAT. AN UNCOMFORTABLE SILENCE IS BROKEN)

SOPHIA: Can you believe our parents?

MEX: Yeah, they went all Verona on us.

SOPHIA: (REALIZING) You’re right, they did.

MEX: (FLURTING) Where art thou, Juliet? (HE TAKES HIS MASK OFF)

SOPHIA: Easy, Romeo. (TAKES HER MASK OFF) I’m not looking for a boyfriend.

(WITH THEIR MASKS OFF, THEY REMAIN AT A SAFE DISTANCE)

MEX: (FLUSTERED) What, no.. I...um.. I’m sorry, ah... embarrassing... it’s just... can I be honest?

SOPHIA: I’d like that.

MEX: When you moved in next door to us, I was hoping to get to know you better, but this stupid CoVid, made that impossible. I would watch you walk to your car. That was my delight for the day. How sad is that?

SOPHIA: I think it’s sweet.

MEX: And then when you turned up at auditions, I thought “now’s my chance”... to get to know you better. And then we started hanging out “after hours” here at the clothesline just talking and you were so funny and... easy to be around and I just started like...liking you.

SOPHIA: Look, Mex. I like you as a friend. But I am laser focused on my singing career. After I become famous, there will be time for romance.

MEX: You're my favorite singer. That makes you famous to me.

SOPHIA: You've never heard me sing.

MEX: Our houses aren't very far apart. And when you sing in the shower...

SOPHIA: What?

MEX: I didn't mean to listen, but your voice really carries. After I heard you the first time singing that Diana Ross song I started guessing the times you might be "singing." After a while I pinpointed it to in or around 10:30.

SOPHIA: Is there such a thing as a "Listening Tom?"

MEX: I'm sorryand not sorry. You sing beautifully. (A NOISE SR GETS MEX'S ATTENTION. HE FREEZES AND SIGNALS SOPHIA TO BE STILL. A BEAT)

I wish I knew what all the fireworks were about.

SOPHIA: Oh, I heard all about it. Our parents had a "run in" down at City Hall. It was a meeting about this "to vaccinate or not" situation. They left the meeting mad, drove home and only then realized they were living next door to each other.

MEX: They lived next door to each other for almost four months and never met. That's crazy.

SOPHIA: Stupid, CoVid.

MEX: My pastor says everything is God's purpose. And that all things will work out in our favor. Because God loves us.

SOPHIA: CoViD has an upside?

MEX: Our schools are closed, we were trapped at home with our parents, and nobody was having any fun until we started Zooming. It isn't live theatre, in fact, it's more like shooting television. But it's acting and it's giving us Pelicans a way to continue being together during this thing. Plus zooming has allowed former Pelicans who no longer live near Miami Springs to participate.

SOPHIA: That's true. We have cast members who live all over the US

MEX: Yeah even some of Mr. Wakefield's students from back in the 70's are in the cast. It's like time traveling

SOPHIA: I suppose. But people have died. (SIGHS) And my parents won't let me get vaccinated.

MEX: I'm pretty sure you're old enough to get it without her permission.

SOPHIA: Oh, I can get it, but I'll be moving out when I do.

MEX: That's harsh. So, you're not going to get it?

SOPHIA: I'm sorry, but I'm not ready to live in my car.

MEX: So, you're choosing death over discomfort?

SOPHIA: No. I'm choosing a possibility over a certainty. It's possible I catch CoVid. It's possible I will survive. I'm young. But it is a certainty that if I get vaccinated, I will have to apply for a replacement mother.

(FROM OFF SR WE HEAR PARENT TWO)

PARENT TWO: Sophia. Is your mask on?

(BOTH SOPHIA AND MEX QUICKLY DON THEIR MASKS AS PARENT ONE ENTERS AND CROSSES)

Sophia, what are you doing?

SOPHIA: I'm sorry, but you have to understand. We open live-streaming to the entire internet in exactly one week. Do you have any idea how many people could be watching?! I have to be as good as I can be!

(SL PARENT ONE OFF STAGE VOICE)

PARENT ONE: Mex? Do you have your mask on?

MEX: Yes.

(PARENT ONE ENTERS SL CROSSES)

SOPHIA: And we're keeping a safe distance. (GESTURES) See?

PARENT ONE: I thought we agreed you weren't supposed to see Sophia.

MEX: You agreed, not me. Look, If you two "adults" want to have a spat, please, go ahead. Just leave us out of it. Our show date is racing up

SOPHIA: So, if you don't mind, or even if you do, we must rehearse.

MEX: You're welcome to watch if you want.

PARENT TWO: No thanks, I'm heading in. (EXITS)

PARENT ONE: Don't stay up too late. (EXITS)

SOPHIA: I think I've got about another five minutes in me.

MEX: I don't even have that. I'm exhausted.

SOPHIA: Poor, Mexy. Have I ever asked why they call you Mex?

MEX: I don't believe so.

SOPHIA: I'm asking.

MEX: It's my name. Short for Mexican.

SOPHIA: Shut up.

MEX: No really. I'm named after my great-grandfather who reportedly craved Mexican food over all other foods. So much Mexican food was consumed by this man that they started calling him "Mexican" and those closest to him called him "Mex." I'm named after him. And I don't even like Mexican food.

SOPHIA: That's hilarious. (EXITING IN CHARACTER) Alice will see her Mad Hatter at 4pm tomorrow.

MEX: Don't be late for our very important date, the rabbit and I will have your tea warm and ready

SOPHIA: Hatter, I bid you a gracious good night.

MEX: (CALLING) Sophia. I wish your singing career the very best of good fortune. And when you get famous, and you will. Look me up and we'll see about that romance.

SOPHIA: I just might do that.

(BLACKOUT)

(LIGHTS UP ON NARRATORS AS THE ENTIRE CAST DRIFTS QUIETLY ONSTAGE BEHIND THEM GROUPED IN THEIR DECADES)

*****Scene 15*****

NARRATOR 1M: In other Miami Springs News: After 24 years, Ralph Wakefield and Nancy Jones turned over the running of the Pelican Playhouse to long-time Pelican, Sam Chesser in 2024. And now he's passing the torch to our very own Jorge Calil. (CHEERS FROM BACKSTAGE) The Pelican will continue to soar under my dad's leadership.

NARRATOR 2M: The city honored Ralph and Nancy by putting them on the Community Center Wall of Fame.

NARRATOR 3M: Nancy Jones is the first woman to be placed on the Wall of Fame, and will be the only woman until she is joined by Ms. Patty Bradley... if and when she ever retires.

NARRATOR 4M: You heard it here first.

NARRATOR 1M: We hope you enjoyed our Miami Springs Centennial celebration as much as we enjoyed bringing it to you. And no matter what the future holds for the citizens of Miami Springs, we know why we live here.

NARRATOR 2M: We do get the best of both worlds here. Mayberry in the middle of Metropolis!

NARRATOR 4M: And we're a "tree city!"

NARRATOR 1M: Were blessed with the joy and privilege to live in this wonderful City of Miami Springs.

NARRATOR 2M: And may all of the citizens of this fair city always remain...

ALL ON STAGE: At the heart of it all!

Young Scout: WAIT WAIT WAIT. Hold on, what about my time capsule??? Mr. Curtiss, Dr. Kellogg, bring it in

(Beep beep beep SFX)

Young Scout: See this sash? Twenty for badges. I even got the one for "being aggressively helpful to seniors", which between you and me, I earned by helping Ms. Dee cross Westward drive while she yelled at me the whole time. But this spot here (pointing at sash) is still empty
(Everyone on stage stares at the scout confused)

Young scout: Hellooooo, everybody I need something from the pelican playhouse, or no badge

Everyone: Ohhhh

Kellogg: Here, take my enema bag, the secret to eternal vitality. Future generations will thank me for my digestive generosity

Everyone: EWWWWW!!!

Curtiss: Listen kid if he ever offers you yogurt, just say no. Trust me

Young Scout: No no no, I need something more I need, I need, all of you

NARRATOR 1M: Wait, does this mean we're going to live forever?

Young Scout: Well at least another 50 years

NARRATOR 3M: Will we age in there?

Young Scout: Not a day

NARRATOR 3M: Deal

Riffraff: Master this calls for an encore, send in the singers... (singers enter) HIT IT TYLER

(Fame/Springs Song)

Young Scout: (Saluting) Scout Fabian Crespo JR. troop 334 sealing the time capsule. See you in 50 years

(50 years later SFX)

Bob: Finally today's the day I get that last badge

(Opens the time capsule, looks inside, looks back at the audience and smiles)

(Blackout)

(Curtin Call)