

THE FOLK SINGER

A New Musical

Book & Lyrics by Tom Attea

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CAST

DON, FOLK SINGER & ORGANIZER

KIM, HIS GIRLFRIEND

TODD, FOLK SINGER

AMY, FOLK SINGER

ZACK, FOLK SINGER

JAN, FOLK SINGER

BAND

CHORUS AS KIM, FRANK, HARMONY SINGERS AND VIDEOGRAPHERS

SONGS

WELCOME.....	Don & Others
PEOPLE LOOK BEAUTIFUL TO ME.....	Amy
THE WAR MEMORIAL.....	Todd
IF ALL YOU WANT IS MORE.....	Jan
THE DAY LINCOLN'S STATUE CAME TO LIFE.....	Zack
HAMMERED.....	Don
TERROR, ERROR.....	Todd
SITTIN' ON A NUCLEAR BOMB.....	Zack
A NEWBORN CHILD.....	Amy
THAT GOOD OLD RAILWAY STATION.....	Don
SOUNDS A LOT LIKE LUCK.....	Zack
DO YOU MIND TELLIN' ME WHY?.....	Jan
UNDERACHIEVING AS BEST WE CAN.....	Don, Jan, and Amy
BLUE COLLAR, CAN'T EARN A DOLLAR.....	Todd
I LONG FOR WIDE OPEN SPACES.....	Don
WOULD YOU HAVE THE SENSE TO LOVE ME?.....	Amy & Zack
A CLIMATE OF CHANGE.....	All
REPRISE.....	All

SKETCHES

WHAT DO YA DO, KID?
 SHARKS
 A SURPRISING COINCIDENCE

SETTINGS

Bar & Restaurant

Stage in park

PRODUCTION NOTES

Time, the present

The audience in the theater becomes the audience for the festival.

SCENE 1

Bar. Kim at table. Don enters, guitar over his shoulder. He looks angry. Sees her and goes to table.

DON

How ya doin', Kim?

KIM

Not bad. Why are you so down?

DON

Nothin' worth talkin' about.

KIM

Come on, Don. What's up?

DON

Went lookin' for a new gig again. Two more joints.

(to waiter)

Jim Beam, straight up.

(to Kim)

You set?

KIM

(points to glass of beer)

Yeah. Same old, same old?

DON

Same old tune. One only books rock bands. Says they draw bigger crowds. Other one specializes in country. Thought I might slip under the wire there, but no such luck. The things I like to sing about aren't at the top of the country music charts. I ain't interested in done-me-wrong love songs or ones about men who can't get their acts together.

KIM

Well, that's kind of a problem, given that country music practically began in West Virginia. WWVA Jamboree has been around longer than I've been alive.

DON

Longer than I've been alive, too. But it just don't make sense. World's gone flat-out crazy and needs honest folk songs more than ever. But they're not nearly as popular as they used to be.

KIM

Well, maybe someday they'll make a comeback and you'll be discovered.

DON

Afraid hardly anybody's even lookin' for folk talent. About the best I've been able to manage is a late-night appearance on public radio.

KIM

Just keep postin' your songs on the Internet. Maybe someone will hear them who can help get you out there.

DON

I'm not holdin' my breath.

KIM

Well, maybe you'll have to do what your dad wants and take over your uncle's medical practice when he retires. At least, as an eye doctor, you'll be able to help people see better.

DON

I can help people see better with my songs. Besides, four years at West Virginia University was enough for me. Gotta admit, though, it was good for me, and I'll be eternally grateful to my parents for sendin' me. It helped me think clearer about things and write deeper songs.

KIM

I hope my four years there does me as much good. Just two more to go, and I'm free. Can't wait to get a career goin'.

DON

I don't worry about you. You're whip smart.

KIM

Thanks, Don. I like the songs you write. Always have. And I know this. If anybody can figure it out, you can.

DON

What makes you so sure of that?

KIM

(takes his hand)

Well, maybe it's because of what we have together.

DON

Yeah, well, together -- that's a mighty fine word. Too bad the world doesn't make more use of it.

(gets excited)

Hold it. You just gave me the idea.

KIM

Mind tellin' me what it is?

DON

Together ... united we stand. All that kind of stuff. Why didn't I think of this angle before?

KIM

What?

DON

I'm gonna contact all the folk singers I know around here and see if they want to put on a folk festival.

KIM

How's that gonna change things?

DON

Don't you worry about that.

(points to temple)

I got the whole idea right here.

(hits table)

Damn! This is hot.

Waiter comes with drink.

DON (CONT'D)

Thank ya.

(raises glass to her)

Here's to ya for keyin' off the idea, Kim! Be right back, sweetheart.

Gets up and goes to bar, where bartender/owner
Frank is working.

DON (CONT'D)

Frank, let me ask you a question. You in the mood to make history?

FRANK

What kinda history?

DON

Musical history.

FRANK

You know I don't have acts here anymore. Times are too rough. Just can't afford it.

DON

Don't matter. You and this place can become world famous.

FRANK

Oh, sure. And you're the one to make it happen, right?

DON

You guessed it.

FRANK

I'm for anything that bumps up the customer count. What's on your mind.

DON

All I need is for you to tell me I can get together with some other folk singers. We can do it on a few afternoons when things are slow.

FRANK

I can't afford to pay ya anything.

DON

Don't have to. It's just to get together with them and talk. Maybe dust off that old stage and play some songs together. Won't be too hard on the ears of your customers. And we might even order somethin'.

FRANK

That part I like. Just give me some advance notice when you're comin'.

DON

Thanks, good buddy. And get ready to be the proud owner of the place that gave birth to a folk music revival.

Lights fade down.

SCENE 2

Same bar-restaurant. Frank behind the bar. Folk singers, sitting around a table. Todd is strumming his guitar.

TODD

(looks up)

What do you think of Don's idea, Amy?

AMY

I'm here, ain't I?

TODD

How about you, Jan?

JAN

Just hopin' somethin' good comes out of it.

TODD

And you, Zack?

ZACK

Ask me after I hear the specifics.

Don enters.

DON

Hi, there, Frank. Thanks for the courtesy.

FRANK

Don't mention it.

Crosses to the other singers.

DON

Hi, ya' all. Thanks for comin.'

TODD

Good to see ya, Don.

They shake hands.

AMY

Appreciate the invitation.

JAN

Yep.

ZACK

Sure do. We're all waitin' to hear the details.

DON

Comin' right your way. First, let me thank ya all for comin'.

(spins a chair around and sits in it with
his chest toward the back of the chair)

As I said when I invited you here, I got a plan to give folk music its rightful place in today's world. I'm talkin' about makin' it mainstream again, like it was in the 60's, and reachin' millions of people, all across America and worldwide, too.

TODD

Excuse me. That all sounds mighty appealin'. But I don't understand how just puttin' on a folk festival out in some corner of Oglebay Park is gonna do that.

DON

Well, we don't just put it on, Todd. We get it out on the Internet -- YouTube and any other way we can call attention to it.

ZACK

We all got songs on the Internet, Don. Haven't noticed millions of people rushin' to download 'em.

DON

Well, the songs I have in mind are gonna be different. First of all, we're all gonna write new songs. No covers. Second, we're gonna make them so relevant to what's happening today they can attract a whole new audience.

AMY

Sounds kind of interestin'. Go on.

DON

Thanks. So here's what I suggest. I picked a bunch of topics that I feel are in the air and in the headlines.

(takes out a folded sheet of paper and a pen)

Got the list right here. To get things started, I thought I'd share it with ya and we can add any other ideas we agree on. Then we each pick a few topics and write songs about them. Not sweet, easy stuff. I mean songs with real substance.

JAN

What about love songs?

DON

More power to ya, as long as they relate to what people are dealin' with in that regard today. Then we'll get together and see where we are. As soon as we think we have enough songs to get excited about, we'll put on the festival.

TODD

Seems worth a shot to me.

AMY

Be fun to see what we come up with.

JAN

Count me in.

ZACK

I like it, too.

TODD

I do have one question. How are we gonna publicize it enough to attract an audience?

AMY

We can get around some flyers.

JAN

That won't be enough.

DON

No problem. One of the benefits of workin' together is we can jump on the Internet and get the word out to all our contacts. Facebook, Instagram, whatever. We can also post it on any music sites we can get it on. Might even be able to get a local DJ or so to talk it up.

TODD

I know of one who I can get to mention it.

DON

Great. And we've one more benefit of doin' this together.

JAN

What's that, Don?

DON

We all got friends and family, don't we?

TODD

I hope so. But that's kind of stackin' the deck, ain't it? If your mother don't like what you do, who will?

DON

You got a better answer?

TODD

None whatsoever.

JAN

I have one more question.

DON

What's that?

JAN

Well, I think makin' a video and uploadin' it to YouTube is great. But who's gonna shoot the video. Production is damn expensive.

DON

Ain't a problem. I looked into it and with the way video cameras are today, lots of inexpensive ones let you shoot HD video. Even lots of cell phones do. And I got a friend who can edit it all together.

AMY

What are we supposed to do, perform and make a video at the same time?

DON

You just hit on one more benefit of workin' together. All we need to do is scrounge up three or four friends who already own video cameras and ask them to help out.

JAN

They may want some kind of pay.

DON

The pay is they get credit on the video -- a video that has the potential to reach millions of people.

TODD

Twenty bucks or so each might help, too.

DON

Fine. That we can swing. So we position them in different places, like the pros do when they shoot a concert. They all save what they shoot to thumb drives, and I give them to my friend, Rick, who's a camera buff. He can edit the footage and then upload the whole show to a channel we create for it on YouTube. We can also post snippets on different social media sites.

TODD

Well, it's at least worth a shot.

AMY

I think so, too.

ZACK

Do you think it will work?

DON

All we can do is put it out there and see what happens.

ZACK

I guess.

JAN

Let's go over the topics.

DON

Great! I'm glad we're giving it a shot.

(holds sheets up)

I got the list of topics right here.

Lights fade down.

SCENE 3

Lights come up on the kind of stage you find in park. A platform Not fancy. Maybe a hint of a gazebo-like structure. Can have a few plants to indicate the outdoors. Chorus as camera operators. Hubbub. Don enters, guitar over his back.

DON

Hi, ya all. Thank you for coming and welcome to "A Festival of Folk Songs for Today." A folk festival that's made up of all new songs, all about today, and all written by the performers. We've done our best to make them about the kinds of things we all deal with right now -- the ones your heads that you wonder if other people are also thinkin' about and the ones in the headlines that just keep comin' at ya. So let's go. First, let me introduce the band. Come on out!

Small band enters: drums, harmonica, lead guitar, maybe a base guitar, a banjo. Take their seats.

DON

Now, let me introduce our other singer-songwriters. Come on out.

Todd, Amy, Zack, and Jan come out with their instruments or they may let the band perform the music.

DON

Todd Ramsey, Amy Worth, Zack Roberts, and Jan Dawes. To get started, here's a song we all wrote together about the festival.

Band starts to play.

DON & OTHERS

(sing)

WELCOME TO A FOLK FESTIVAL FOR TODAY,
WE'VE DONE ALL WE CAN TO MAKE IT A TIME
TOGETHER FOR TIMELY SONGS THAT EXPRESS
ALL KINDS OF EMOTION AND MEANING IN RHYME

WELCOME TO A FOLK FESTIVAL FOR TODAY,
A FESTIVAL OF MUSIC THAT'S GOT
IT'S OWN SPECIAL WAY OF LETTING US SING
ABOUT THINGS WE'VE GIVEN A LOT OF THOUGHT.

IT ISN'T COUNTRY AND IT ISN'T ROCK,
IT ISN'T POP OR JAZZ OR BLUES.

IT'S TRADITIONAL MUSIC ABOUT
EVERYDAY LIFE AND WHAT'S IN THE NEWS.

WELCOME TO A FOLK FESTIVAL FOR TODAY,
OF BRAND NEW SONGS THAT WE HOPE RING TRUE

ABOUT LOVE AND HATE, PEACE AND WAR,
AND SO MUCH MORE BUT IN WAYS THAT ARE NEW.
WELCOME, WELCOME, WELCOME!

DON

Now, to start things off, here's singer-songwriter, Amy Worth.

AMY

(sits)

This is a song I wrote about how I feel when I find myself people watchin'. It's called
"People look Beautiful to Me."

(sings)

DID YOU EVER FALL IN LOVE
WITH SOMEBODY WHO'S DIFFERENT THAN YOU?
I DO IT EVERY DAY
AND I WONDER IF YOU DO, TOO.

WHEN I SEE FLOWERS IN A FIELD
WITH ALL THEIR COLORS ON DISPLAY,
I THINK HOW DIFFERENT PEOPLE GO
TOGETHER, LIKE NATURE'S OWN BOUQUET.
AND THEY LOOK BEAUTIFUL TO ME,
PEOPLE LOOK BEAUTIFUL TO ME.

WHEN I SEEN AN UNDERWATER FILM

OF THE COLORFUL FISH THAT LIGHT UP THE SEA,
I THINK OF HOW PEOPLE ARE DIFFERENT, TOO,
AND HOW NATURE LOVES DIVERSITY.
AND THEY ALL LOOK BEAUTIFUL TO ME.
PEOPLE LOOK BEAUTIFUL TO ME.

TELL ME, DO THEY LOOK THAT WAY TO YOU
AND DO YOU HOPE IT WILL BE TRUE
THAT SOMEDAY ALL PEOPLE WILL THINK THEY DO?

WHEN THE SUN BREAKS THROUGH RIGHT AFTER
THE RAIN,
AND I SEE A RAINBOW COLOR THE SKY,
I THINK HOW DIFFERENT PEOPLE CAN SHINE
AS ONE, LIKE THEY OFTEN DO TO MY EYE.
YES, THEY ALL LOOK BEAUTIFUL TO ME.
PEOPLE LOOK BEAUTIFUL TO ME,
SO BEAUTIFUL TO ME.

She stands and Don enters.

DON

Thank ya, Amy. Beautiful.

She exits. Todd enters.

DON

Now, here's Todd Ramsey with about as sad a song about today's America that you're likely to hear.

Todd enters and Don exits.

TODD

(speaks)

This is a song I wrote, called "The War Memorial."

(sings)

I WAS LOOKIN' AT THE WAR MEMORIAL
ON THE VILLAGE GREEN IN MY HOME TOWN.
IT WAS A GRAY GRANITE MONUMENT
AND READIN' IT REALLY BROUGHT ME DOWN.
IT LISTED ALL THE WARS WE'VE FOUGHT
SINCE THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR
AND I SAW SINCE WORLD WAR TWO WE'VE
FOUGHT
THEM A LOT MORE OFTEN THAN BEFORE.

HOW MANY MORE YOUNG AMERICAN MEN
AND YOUNG AMERICAN WOMEN, TOO,
MUST DIE BEFORE THERE'S PEACE AGAIN,
PEACE FOR THE LAND OF THE RED, WHITE, AND
BLUE?.

I WAS COUNTIN' DOWN THE LONG, SAD LIST,
KOREA AND VIETNAM, IRAQ
AND AFGHANISTAN, AND GETTIN' PISSED
AT HOW THEY WERE DAMN NEAR BACK TO BACK.

HOW MANY MORE YOUNG AMERICAN MEN
AND YOUNG AMERICAN WOMEN, TOO,
MUST DIE BEFORE THERE'S PEACE AGAIN,
PEACE FOR THE LAND OF THE RED, WHITE, AND
BLUE?.

THEN I THOUGHT OF ALL THE VILLAGE GREENS
I'VE SEEN WITH MEMORIALS FOR WARS
AMERICA HAS FOUGHT AND IT SEEMS
TO ME WE'VE GOT WAY TOO MANY SCARS --
THE MEMORIALS TO THOSE WHO SERVED
AND DIED OR WERE INJURED IN SO-CALLED
ELECTIVE WARS, SORROWS UNDESERVED,
AND NOW I WAS STANDIN' THERE, APPALLED,
AT HOW MANY PAID THE ULTIMATE PRICE
BUT HONORIN' THEIR SACRIFICE.

THEN I BEGAN TO WONDER WHEN
 OUR LEADERS WOULD HAVE THE WISDOM TO
 KNOW
 MORE THAN UNNEEDED WARS TO WIN
 WE NEED THE FLOWER OF PEACE TO GROW.

HOW MANY MORE YOUNG AMERICAN MEN
 AND YOUNG AMERICAN WOMEN, TOO,
 MUST DIE BEFORE THERE'S PEACE AGAIN,
 PEACE FOR THE LAND OF THE RED, WHITE, AND
 BLUE --
 PEACE FOR THE LAND OF THE RED, WHITE, AND
 BLUE?

Todd finishes. Don comes out.

DON

Thank ya, Todd. I think we can all agree that it's way past time for a new age of peace to dawn for this battered land. Now, here's Jan Dawes in a lighter vein, with her take on love that I think anyone in today's dating scene will recognize.

JAN

(speaks)

I see breakups that happen because of something inside a lot of people that seems to take their minds off the person they're with. I know it's happened to me, and maybe it's happened to you, too. It's called "If All You Want is More."

(sings)

IF ALL YOU WANT IS MORE AND MORE,

IF ALL YOU WANT IS TO BE FREE,
AND ALWAYS HAVE YOUR EYE ON THE DOOR,
HOW ARE YOU GONNA STOP FOR ME?

IF ALL YOU WANT IS MORE AND MORE,
EVERY GIRL YOU MEET IS BOUND TO BE
JUST ANOTHER WAY FOR YOU TO SCORE,
SO HOW CAN YOU EVER STOP FOR ME?

YEAH, WE ALL KNOW TODAY
IT'S TOUGH TO BREAK AWAY
FROM SEARCHIN' FOR SOMEONE NEW.
GOT OK CUPID AND MATCH,
TINDER AND SINGLES BARS, TOO.
BUT I SAW IN TIME THERE'S A CATCH.
IF EVERYONE'S JUST A STEPPIN' STONE,
A STEPPIN' STONE TO SOMEONE NEW,
YOU'RE ALWAYS GONNA BE ALONE.
THE COST OF THAT KIND OF EXCESS,
OF ALWAYS WANTIN' MORE AND MORE
JUST MEANS ENDIN' UP WITH LESS AND LESS.

IF ALL YOU WANT IS MORE AND MORE,
 HOW ARE YOU EVER GONNA SEE
 WHEN SOMEONE YOU MEET'S WORTH STOPPIN'
 FOR?
 SO HOW YOU GONNA STOP FOR ME?
 IF ALL YOU WANT IS MORE AND MORE,
 HOW YOU GONNA EVER STOP FOR ME?

JAN

Thank ya.

Don enters, as she exits.

DON

Thanks, Jan. Now, here's Zack Roberts with a song about our divided Congress and the person most likely to get somethin' done about it.

Zack enters with his guitar. Don exits.

ZACK

(sits; speaks)

I was thinkin' about the gridlock in Washington, and I saw a surprising event in my mind that I'd like to share with you.

(plays, sings)

ONE DAY AT THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL
 ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S STATUE CAME
 TO LIFE AND STARTLED EVERYONE,
 BECAUSE HE WANTED TO COMPLAIN.

YEAH, ONE DAY SOMETHING FINALLY
HAPPENED IN WASHINGTON, DC
I KNOW THAT'S QUITE A BIG SURPRISE,
IN FACT, PEOPLE COULDN'T BELIEVE THEIR EYES.

HE SLIPPED DOWN FROM HIS PEDESTAL,
SHOOK A FEW HANDS AND THEN HE STRODE
TOWARD CAPITOL HILL WITH A SULLEN GAZE,
LOOKIN' AS IF HE MIGHT WELL EXPLODE.

A JOINT SESSION OF CONGRESS WAS NOW
IN SESSION, NOT, AS YOU MIGHT GUESS,
TO WORK TOGETHER, BUT JUST TO HEAR
A FOREIGN DIGNITARY'S ADDRESS.

ABE HAD HEARD ABOUT IT AND VOWED TO MAKE
THE OCCASION THE ONE HE'D USE TO TALK
ABOUT THE GRIDLOCK HE'D LISTENED TO
LONG ENOUGH TO MAKE HIM TAKE THAT WALK.

THE SECURITY GUARDS SAW HIM COMIN' THEIR
WAY

AND WERE SO ASTONISHED THEY STOOD ASIDE.

“GOOD DAY, GENTLEMEN,” IS ALL HE SAID,

AND THEY ALLOWED HIM TO MAKE HIS WAY
INSIDE.

STRAIGHT TO THE PODIUM HE WENT,

AS ALL THE MEMBERS POINTED AND GASPED,

AND THEN HE TURNED TO THEM AND SAID,

“I’VE COME TO SPEAK, THOUGH I HAVEN’T BEEN
ASKED.”

“YES, IT’S ME, ABE LINCOLN, COME TO LIFE AGAIN,

BECAUSE HOW CAN I JUST SIT IN MY CHAIR

WHEN REPUBLICANS AND DEMOCRATS

ARE SO DIVIDED I’M IN DESPAIR.

I WANT TO REMIND YOU OF SOMETHIN’ I SAID

AS THE PRESIDENT OF THIS GREAT LAND

THAT’S JUST AS TRUE TODAY: A HOUSE

DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF CANNOT STAND.

YOU OWE THE FOUNDING FATHERS MORE,
AND IT'S TIME FOR YOU ALL TO REALIZE
THAT DEFENDIN' YOUR DIVISIVE WAYS
IS NOT WHY A SINGLE SOLDIER DIES.

THE BRAVE MEN WHO FROZE AT VALLEY FORGE
AND FOUGHT AT GETTYSBURG COMPLAIN
YOU PUT PARTY BEFORE YOUR COUNTRY AND
THEY
ASK ME , "DID WE FIGHT AND DIE IN VAIN?"

NO, THEY CONSECRATED THIS HALLOWED
GROUND
SO THAT GOVERNMENT OF THE PEOPLE, BY
THE PEOPLE, FOR THE PEOPLE SHALL NOT
PERISH FROM THE EARTH. SO GIVE IT A TRY.

BOTH HOUSES ERUPTED WITH CHEERS AND
CLAPPED
AS HE TURNED TO LEAVE, SHAKIN' HANDS AS HE
WENT,
AND THEN BACK HE WALKED TO HIS USUAL SEAT,

WONDERIN' IF WHAT HE SAID MADE A DENT.

AND THAT WAS THE DAY LINCOLN'S STATUE CAME
TO LIFE AND STARTLED EVERYONE,
BECAUSE HE WANTED TO COMPLAIN.

He finishes and Don enters.

DON

I like it! I'll tell ya, those Republicans and Democrats sure are at each other's throats. There's no tellin' what they'll do or say to members of the other party. Here's a little piece about that do-nothin' division.

Amy in a bathing suit calls from the side of the stage.

AMY

Help! Help! There are sharks in the water!

JAN

(in a bathing suit too)

Save her! Save her! She's my best friend.

TODD

(hands Jan his t-shirt)

Hang onto this.

(she takes it; to Amy)

I'm comin'. Hold on!

Pretends he's swimming toward her. Grabs her.

TODD

Relax.

AMY

Relax? How can I relax? There are sharks everywhere!

TODD

Just don't fight me.

(pretends to punch shark in the nose)

Go away, you bad shark!

(to Amy)

Come with me!

Pretends as if he's swimming her to shore. Reaches
Jan.

AMY

Thank you so much! You saved my life.

JAN

Oh, I'm so glad you're safe.

(to Todd)

Do you know who she is?

TODD

Who?

JAN

Senator Forman's daughter.

TODD

(seems taken back)

Forman's daughter?

JAN

Yes. You're going to be a famous hero.

TODD

Are you kiddin'? I just saved the daughter of a democrat? Worse than that, the democrat who's runnin' against my father.

AMY

Your father is a Republican?

TODD

And proud of it.

AMY

(frightened)

Could he be Senator McClusky?

TODD

Exactly. And he'd disown me if he knew I saved you. You are a democrat, aren't ya?

AMY

And proud of it.

He picks her up again.

AMY

What are you doin'?

TODD

Throwin' you back to the sharks!

Pretends to give her a heave, as she screams.

DON

As I said, there's a bit of friction between the two parties. Enough political nonsense for now. Here's a song I wrote about a workin' man, caught up in today's America, where there seems to be a conspicuous lack of what I call economic patriotism. It's called "Hammered."

(sings)

I ONCE STOOD TALL,

NEVER THOUGHT I'D FAIL,

A WORKIN' MAN,

TOUGH AS A NAIL.

I WAS PROUD OF MY JOB

AND GOOD WITH MY HANDS

BUT MY KIND OF WORK

WENT TO OTHER LANDS.

AND I GOT HAMMERED,

HAMMERED INTO A HOLE,

HAMMERED AND BENT,

AND ON NO PAYROLL.

I WAS A PROUD MAN,

WENT TO WORK EACH DAY,

LOVED MY FAMILY,

AND BROUGHT HOME ALL MY PAY.

BUT I LOST MY HOUSE,

AND HIT THE SKIDS.

I LOST MY WIFE,

AND MY TWO MY KIDS.

YEAH, I GOT HAMMERED,

HAMMERED INTO A HOLE,

HAMMERED AND BENT,

AND LIVIN' ON THE DOLE.

OH, AMERICA, AMERICA,

AIN'T YA GOT A PLACE FOR ME?

OH, AMERICA, AMERICA,
CAN'T THE LAND OF THE FREE
FIND WAYS TO HELP
A WORKIN' MAN
WHEN HE GETS IN A HOLE,
SOME KIND OF PLAN
TO HELP HIM RESTART
HIS LIFE SO HE
CAN GET BACK TO THE MAN
HE USED TO BE.
CAN'T YOU TAKE THE SIDE
OF THE HAMMER WITH WINGS
AND HELP LIFT ME OUT
TO LEARN NEW THINGS.

DOES FREEDOM MEAN
YOU CAN'T LEND A HAND
WHEN I'M LYIN' BENT,
ALL ACROSS THE LAND?
IS MORE PROFIT ALL
THAT WE FOUGHT FOR?

CAN'T YOU MAKE ROOM
TO CARE ABOUT MORE.
YEAH, I GOT HAMMERED,
HAMMERED INTO A HOLE,
HAMMERED AND BENT,
AND DEAD IN MY SOUL.

He ends. Todd comes out.

DON

Now here's Todd with a song about what may be the most dreadful thing afoot these days.

Don exits. Todd sits.

TODD

It's called, "Terror, Error."

(sings)

TERROR,

ERROR,

TERROR,

ERROR.

YOU KNOW, THERE'S A WORD

IF YOU REMOVE THE FIRST LETTER,

IT DESCRIBES THE SUBJECT

A WHOLE LOT BETTER.

SINCE WHEN IS IT OK
TO KILL INNOCENT CIVILIANS
AND, EVEN WORSE, TO SLAY
THEM BY THE GAZILLIONS?

YOU CAN CALL IT TERROR,
BUT IT'S REALLY AN ERROR,
THE WAR ON TERROR
IS A WAR ON ERROR!

SINCE WHEN IS IT OKAY
TO SAY RELIGION COMMANDS
THE FAITHFUL TO LIVE EACH DAY
TO PRAY WITH BLOOD ON THEIR HANDS?
YOU CAN CALL IT TERROR,
BUT IT'S REALLY AN ERROR,
THE WAR ON TERROR
IS A WAR ON ERROR!

CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE IT'S SAID
THAT IF YOU DO THINGS LIKE SLICE

OFF A HELPLESS PERSON'S HEAD
 YOU'LL BE WELCOME IN PARADISE?

YEAH, SHOW ME THE HOLY WRIT
 THAT SAYS A BOMB OR A KNIFE
 IS OF GREATER BENEFIT
 THAN THE SANCTITY OF LIFE?

YOU CAN CALL IT TERROR,
 BUT IT'S REALLY AN ERROR,
 THE WAR ON TERROR
 IS A WAR ON ERROR!

Don enters, as Todd exits.

DON

I couldn't agree more. Now, here's Zack, Jan, and Amy with a song about something that it's way past time to put behind us. But, instead, it seems to be getting more worrisome all the time.

Zack, Jan, and Amy enter with their guitars, each carrying a cutout of a bomb. Don exits.

ZACK

As you can see, these are real nuclear bombs, not dirty bombs, like the terrorists are after, as if there could be any such thing as a clean nuclear bomb. Well, here we go, and you can guess the title.

(they all place bomb on seat. Sit on it.
 Sings)

TRIO, ZACK, JAN, AND AMY

WE'RE SITTING ON A NUCLEAR BOMB,
JUST ASITTING ON A NUCLEAR BOMB,
DOING OUR BEST TO STAY REAL CALM.

WE'RE TRYING NOT TO THINK
HOW WE'RE ALWAYS ON THE BRINK
OF HAVING OUR GUITARS AND JEANS
BLOWN CLEAR TO SMITHEREENS.

WE'RE SITTING ON A NUCLEAR BOMB,
JUST ASITTING ON A NUCLEAR BOMB,
DOING OUR BEST TO STAY REAL CALM.

GOT TONS OF KILOTONS
RIGHT HERE, UNDER OUR BUNS,
HOPING THAT SPOOKY PAYLOAD
DON'T EVENTUALLY EXPLODE

YEAH, WELCOME TO THE CLUB,
THE NUCLEAR CLUB EVERYONE

IS A MEMBER OF WHILE WE WAIT
FOR A WAR THAT CAN'T BE WON
BETWEEN COUNTRIES DOIN' A NUCLEAR DANCE
WHILE WE ALL LIVE AT THE MERCY OF CHANCE..

YES, HERE WE SIT, WITH HIGH HOPES
THESE NUKES DON'T BLOW US UP,
WHICH THEY COULD AT ANY MOMENT,
'CAUSE THAT SURE WOULD SLOW US UP.
YEAH, WE'RE SITTIN' ON A NUCLEAR BOMB,
DOIN' OUR BEST TO STAY REAL CALM,
JUST DOIN' OUR BEST TO STAY REALLY, REALLY
CALM.

AMY

Thank ya. Anybody want these bombs? You can slip one under your pillow to help you sleep at night, as if it isn't already there.

JAN

What? No takers?

ZACK

OK, guess we're stuck with 'em.

Don enters.

DON

(referring to the bombs)

Handle with care, guys.

Zack, Jan, and Amy exit. Don takes stool and moves it to the side a bit. Todd comes out and sits on it.

DON

Here's a piece about the current state of folk music, which we call "What do ya do, kid?" Of course, it's an exaggeration. Don't I wish. But it pretty much tells ya one reason we decided to put on this festival.

Goes over to in front of Todd and pretends to knock on door.

TODD

Come right in.

Don pretends to go in the door.

DON

Good afternoon, sir.

TODD

What can I do for you?

DON

I'm lookin' for a manager. I'm a singer-songwriter.

TODD

Good. You came to the right place. I'm currently lookin' for new acts. What do you do, kid? Rock?

DON

No, sir.

TODD

Pop?

DON

Nope.

TODD

Country?

No, sir.	DON
Blues?	TODD
No, I don't.	DON
Jazz?	TODD
No, sir.	DON
Latin?	TODD
Nope.	DON
Funk?	TODD
No, sir.	DON
Raggae?	TODD
'Fraid not.	DON
Afro-Cuban?	TODD
No, sir.	DON
Then what the hell do you do, kid?	TODD

DON

Folk.

TODD

Sorry, I don't have much call for that.

(waves him aside)

Excuse me. Next!

DON

Now, here's Amy with a song that provides one of the reasons we've got to get smarter about such things as nuclear bombs.

Amy enters. Don exits.

AMY

Thank you.

(sits on stool)

This is a song I wrote about what I think every time I look at a newborn child.

(starts to strum her guitar; sings)

ONCE THERE WAS A NEWBORN CHILD,

INNOCENT AS A BABE IN THE WILD,

A NEW LIFE STORY AT ITS DAWN,

A BLANK SLATE TO BE WRITTEN ON.

A MOTHER'S LOVE WOULD BE WRITTEN THERE,

AND SO WOULD A LOVING FATHER'S CARE.

BUT IN JUST A FEW YEARS THERE STARTED TO BE

THINGS WRITTEN THERE BY THE NEWS ON TV.

OH, WHEN WILL WE FINALLY MAKE A WORLD

THAT'S WORTHY OF THAT NEWBORN CHILD?
A WORLD THAT CAN WRITE ON HER BLANK SLATE
ABOUT PEACE AND LOVE, NOT WAR AND HATE?

I WANT TO KNOW, BECAUSE, YOU SEE,
THAT NEWBORN CHILD WAS REALLY ME,
YEAH, SHE WAS ME, YEAH, SHE WAS ME,
AND SHE WAS YOU AND EVERYONE
WHOSE INNOCENCE HAS BEEN UNDONE.

OH, WHEN WILL WE FINALLY MAKE A WORLD
THAT'S WORTHY OF THAT NEWBORN CHILD?
A WORLD THAT CAN WRITE ON HER BLANK SLATE
ABOUT PEACE AND LOVE, NOT WAR AND HATE?

Don comes out, clapping.

DON

Thank ya, Amy. Thank ya very much. Here's a song I got an idea for wonderin' when we might finally decide the earth is home and start to treat it that way.

(sings)

I WAS SITTIN' IN A RAILWAY STATION,
WATCHIN' OTHERS, WAITIN' THERE
OR PASSIN' BY, HEADIN' WHO KNOWS WHERE,

WHEN SOME THINGS I SAW OFTEN MAKE ME SAY,
TO MYSELF, WOULD THEY BEHAVE THAT WAY
IF THEY KNEW THAT GOOD, OLD RAILWAY
STATION
COULD TURN OUT TO BE THEIR DESTINATION?

THE WOMAN NEXT TO ME TOOK A SIP
OF COFFEE FROM A STYROFOAM CUP
AND WHEN IT WAS TIME FOR HER TO GET UP
SHE LEFT IT SITTIN' NEXT TO HER HIP.

AND I WONDER NOW, WHEREVER I ROAM,
IF WE'LL EVER TREAT THE EARTH LIKE HOME.

A MAN CAME IN THE REVOLVING DOOR,
WHO STOPPED TO TAKE A TISSUE OUT. HE BLEW
HIS NOSE AND, DON'T YA KNOW, HE THREW
IT DOWN ON THE SCUFFED-UP MARBLE FLOOR.

AND I WONDER NOW, WHEREVER I ROAM,
IF WE'LL WILL EVER TREAT THE EARTH LIKE HOME.

SEEMS TO ME MOST PEOPLE GO THROUGH THEIR
LIVES

THINKIN' THEY'RE JUST AT RAILWAY STATION,
 JUST SOME SORT OF STOPOVER ON THE WAY,
 THEY PRAY, TO A BETTER DESTINATION.

AND SEEIN' WHAT THAT LETS THEM DO MAKES
 ME SAY

TO MYSELF, WOULD THEY BEHAVE THAT WAY
 IF THEY KNEW THAT GOOD, OLD RAILWAY
 STATION

COULD TURN OUT TO BE THEIR DESTINATION?

A TEENAGE BOY WITH A BASEBALL HAT
 ON BACKWARD WAS SITTIN' ACROSS FROM ME.

I THOUGH MAYBE HE AND I WOULD AGREE,
 BUT THEN HE LOWERED HIS HEAD AND SPAT.

AND I WONDER NOW, WHEREVER I ROAM,

IF WE'LL EVER TREAT THIS LIFE LIKE WE'RE HOME.

DON

Thank ya. Now, for a little levity, here's a fun tune Zack wrote.

Zack enters, as Don exits.

ZACK

This song is about a word the mere mention of can still make a comedian sound darin' and upset "proper" folk. But, I got to tell ya, it actually stands for one of my favorite activities and I bet for one of yours, too.

(sings)

THERE'S A CERTAIN WORD I'M THINKIN' OF
THAT SOUNDS A LOT LIKE LUCK,
OR TRUCK OR DUCK, CLUCK, CLUCK.
AND IT STANDS FOR MAKIN' LOVE.

SO WHY IS IT THAT THE NICEST THING
TWO PEOPLE IN LOVE OR NOT CAN DO,
WHEN DESCRIBED BY A WORD WITH A CERTAIN
RING,
MAKES A LOT OF PEOPLE SIT BACK AND SAY
"OOH"?

THERE'S A CERTAIN WORD I'M THINKIN' OF
THAT SOUNDS A LOT LIKE LUCK,
OR TRUCK OR DUCK, CLUCK, CLUCK.
AND IT STANDS FOR MAKIN' LOVE.

BUT A WORD IS JUST A SOUND IN THE AIR
AND THE MEANIN' HAPPENS IN YOUR MIND,
SO WHY DOES THE SOUND OF A WORD WE DARE
TO USE MAKE THE THOUGHT SEEM UNREFINED?

HEY, DO YOU THINK THERE'S SOMETHING
HAYWIRE

GOIN' ON INSIDE THE HUMAN MIND

WHEN JUST THE MENTION OF THAT WORD

UPSETS THE MAJORITY OF MANKIND,

ESPECIALLY WHEN YA KNOW IT'S TRUE

WE'RE DESCRIBIN' WHAT WE OWE OUR LIVES TO.

YET THE COMEDIANS AND WRITERS WHO USE IT,

SEEM GLAD THERE'S NO WAY TO DEFUSE IT.

THERE'S A CERTAIN WORD I'M THINKIN' OF

THAT SOUNDS A LOT LIKE LUCK,

OR TRUCK OR DUCK, CLUCK, CLUCK.

AND IT STANDS FOR MAKIN' LOVE.

I SURE WISH HUMANS WOULD DECIDE

WE DIDN'T INVENT THE ACTIVITY

AND JUST AGREE TO LIVE WITH PRIDE

AND LET ANY WORD FOR LOVEMAKIN' BE.

CAN'T WE JUST AGREE TO LIVE WITH PRIDE

AND LET ANY WORD FOR LOVEMAKIN' BE.

(spoken)

Appreciate it. Thanks.

Don enters, and Zack exits.

DON

Thanks, Zack. Now, here's Jan with a song about another topic that makes ya think about how soon people forget.

Jan enters. Sits, as Don exits.

JAN

(sings)

WHEN I WAS JUST FIFTEEN,
I HAD THE SWEETEST FRIEND
AND I WILL NEVER GET OVER
HOW HER LIFE CAME TO AN END.
DO YOU MIND TELLIN' ME WHY?
YOUNG JENNIE HAD TO DIE?

HER FULL NAME WAS JENNIFER,
A BEAUTIFUL GIRL WITH A SMILE
LIKE DAYBREAK, WHO LIKED TO PLAY
THE PIANO, CLASSICAL STYLE.

BUT THEN ONE DAY SHE TOOK
ME ASIDE, LOOKIN' SHAKY AND SAID
THE THING THAT NEVER SHOULD

BE THE REASON THAT SHE'S DEAD.

“I THINK I MAY BE PREGNANT,”

SHE TOLD ME AND WENT ON

TO SAY SHE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT

TO DO -- AND THEN SHE WAS GONE.

I KNEW THAT IN OUR STATE

THE GOVERNMENT HAD MADE

IT HARD TO GET THE CARE

SHE NEEDED, AND I WAS AFRAID.

IT SEEMS THAT BEIN' PRO-LIFE LEAVES OUT

THE LIFE OF THE GIRL I'M SINGIN' ABOUT.

HER CALL TO NINE-ONE-ONE

CAME AFTER SHE HAD BLED

TOO MUCH AND THEY FOUND THE COAT

HANGER LYIN' BESIDE HER BED.

DO YOU MIND TELLIN' ME WHY

YOUNG JENNIE HAD TO DIE?

DO YOU MIND TELLIN' ME WHY?

She finishes. Don comes out.

DON

Thank ya, Jan. And now Jan and I are gonna sing a song we wrote together. The subject matter is so upsetting you can't always take it seriously, like right now.

They turn to each other, guitars ready to play.

JAN & DON

(sing)

OH, WE'RE THE HAPPY, UNDERACHIEVING HUMAN
RACE

AND WE DON'T CARE IF OUR BEHAVIOR IS A
DISGRACE.

WE LIKE TO MISBEHAVE IN ALL KINDS OF MORONIC
WAYS

AND WE INTEND TO DO IT FOR THE REST OF OUR
DAYS.

WE DON'T SEEM BRIGHT ENOUGH TO STOP

FIGHTING ALL KINDS OF STUPID WARS

AND WHILE WE REGRET THAT PEOPLE DIE,

SINCE WHEN DID PEACE SETTLE ANY SCORES?

AND THOUGH WE UNDERSTAND RIGHT NOW

THERE ARE PEOPLE WITHOUT ENOUGH TO EAT

IN AMERICA AND EVERYWHERE ELSE,
WE JUST CAN'T SEEM TO GROW ENOUGH WHEAT.

OH, WE'RE THE HAPPY, UNDERACHIEVING HUMAN
RACE

AND WE DON'T CARE IF OUR BEHAVIOR IS A
DISGRACE.

WE LIKE TO MISBEHAVE IN ALL KINDS OF MORONIC
WAYS

AND WE INTEND TO DO IT FOR THE REST OF OUR
DAYS.

OH, AND WE REALLY JUST CAN'T FIGURE OUT
THAT SEVEN BILLION PEOPLE MIGHT PUT
THE SQUEEZE ON OTHER CREATURES AND CHANGE
THE CLIMATE WITH C. O. 2 AND SOOT.

WHEN I THINK HOW MUCH SMARTER WE COULD
BE,

THE THING THAT REALLY GETS ME RILED

AS I LOOK AT THE MESS WE'RE MAKIN' OF LIFE
IS THE LOOK ON THE FACE OF SUFFERING CHILD.

OH, WE'RE THE HAPPY, UNDERACHIEVING HUMAN
RACE

AND WE DON'T CARE IF OUR BEHAVIOR IS A
DISGRACE.

WE LIKE TO MISBEHAVE IN ALL KINDS OF MORONIC
WAYS

AND WE INTEND TO DO IT FOR THE REST OF OUR
DAYS --

FOR THE REST OF OUR APPARENTLY LIMITED
DAYS!

They finish. Jan stays.

DON

We were all discussin' a truly insane subject and decided, if ya think about it, the basis for it doesn't make any sense at all. It's called "A Surprising Coincidence." In the piece, I get to play a role I'm not entirely comfortable with, but somebody had to do it.

(calls offstage)

Come on out.

Amy, Todd, and Zack enter. Don turns the stool around and faces them. Todd has his baseball hat on backwards and his shirt is torn.

DON

Welcome to the gates of paradise.

AMY

Are you St. Peter?

DON

No, this is his day off. I'm God, come to greet you in person.

TODD

God is great!

DON

Thank ya. I'm glad you understand that. Now, although I already know everything, please, tell me in your own words what brings ya here.

AMY, JAN, AND ZACK

He blew us up! He's a suicide bomber. How could you do that to three innocent musicians?

DON

I see.

(turns to bomber)

Mind tellin' me why you did that?

BOMBER

I did it all for you, Allah.

DON

(looks around)

Well, that is one of the names I go by. Actually, I prefer to be called Ed.

BOMBER

Ed?

DON

Yep. It's short of "education." I'm a big admirer of it. That's why I gave you all a pretty respectable brain. Now, I suppose the people who trained you didn't bother to explain a surprising coincidence, which is right before your eyes. I mean, that when you blow up yourself and other people, you're all bound to arrive here at exactly the same time. So it's my job to decide who's in the right -- you or them.

BOMBER

I am. They're infidels and deserved to die.

DON

Well, that kind of depends on how ya define an infidel, don't it?

BOMBER

People who don't believe in you, Allah.

DON

You mean in exactly your way of believin' in me.

BOMBER

Right! The way you're described by the greatest prophet of all, Mohammed.

DON

Well, he did get some things right, especially the bit about Islam means peace, but he did go overboard in some ways, as prophets are sometimes prone to do.

BOMBER

Will I get to meet him in paradise?

DON

He ain't here.

BOMBER

He isn't?

DON

Nope. He's in a midway place, atonin' for the things he got wrong and all the trouble it's still causin' the human race. And he's howlin' mad because every time you or someone else does some inexcusable thing like blowin' other people up, I have to extend his sentence. However, when I think he's paid his dues, I'll send a messenger to fetch him.

BOMBER

If Mohammed didn't get in right away, what chance do I have?

DON

None whatsoever.

AMY, JAN, AND ZACK

Yeah! Does that mean we get to come in?

DON

Yes, you do. All innocent victims qualify for immediate entry.

AMY, JAN, AND ZACK

Great! Thank ya! Appreciate it.

DON

Step right this way, please.

AMY, JAN, AND ZACK

(as they walk past him, with wonder)

Hey, paradise. Not bad. I don't know about you, but it's too damn early for me to be here.

They head off stage.

BOMBER

What about me?

DON

We have to talk. Now, if I am the one true God -- we agree on that, don't we?

BOMBER

Praise be to Allah!

DON

Good. But, ya see, what you're talkin' about is somethin' educated people call nomenclature, I mean, the name ya decided to call me. If I'm the one true God -- and the last time I checked, I was -- by definition I'm everybody's God, right? So you blew those three nice folks up over what you decided my name is, which I told you is actually Ed. Got it?

BOMBER

I'm listenin', Allah. I mean, Ed.

DON

Good. Now, since I am the father of you all, you blew up some of my other children. So you turned out to be Peck's bad boy.

BOMBER

Peck's bad boy?

DON

You'll have plenty of time to look it up. But I do have a bit of good news for ya.

BOMBER

What's that? Virgins? I was told I'd have a dozen virgins to be my slaves and to make out with.

DON

Please. If ya'd been more careful about what ya believe in, you'd know the correct translation of the word you're referrin' to is not "virgins." It's "grapes."

BOMBER

Grapes? I get a dozen grapes? That's what I blew myself up for?

DON

Yep. The only consolation is, they'd probably cause ya less trouble than a dozen virgins. I planned it that way to discourage polygamy. The good news is nobody who shows up here gets condemned forever. I don't take anything humans do that seriously. All I expect is that you do your level best to be good.

BOMBER

I did, Ed.

DON

Well, at least, you did believe in me, if in a way that's totally unworthy of me. So here's the deal. You can enter paradise --

He starts to move past Don.

DON

-- hold it! In exactly one thousand two-hundred and sixty-five years.
(points his guitar at him)

BOMBER

But, Ed! I couldn't help what I did. I'm an ignorant victim myself!

DON

That's why I'm such a big fan of education.

(stands)

Put yourself in my shoes. Let's say you create something you consider your highest achievement. You give it to billions of creatures, without them even havin' to ask for it. You'd think they'd at least have the sense to give it a fair shake, instead of preferrin' some half-baked description of me and what I expect. I mean, here ya are with something more complicated and wonderful than you can even begin to understand, and it ain't good enough for you. You have no faith in life at all. So off ya go. Bye-bye!

(strums the guitar)

Bomber heads away from Ed, in agony, and exits.

Don stands up.

DON (CONT'D)

Well, time to get back to bein' a folk singer. And now here's Todd back from paradise already with another song for ya. It's about a subject I'm sure lots of us have seen too much of.

Todd enters. Don exits.

TODD

(spoken)

This is a song about a wordin' man at this messed-up time in the economy.

(strums guitar, sings)

I GOT A BLUE COLLAR

AND CAN'T MAKE A DOLLAR,

BUT THEY TELL ME IT'S FAIR

YOU'RE A BILLIONAIRE.

MY UNEMPLOYMENT BENEFITS

LEFT ME WITH DEFICITS

BUT YOUR DAD'S BENEVOLENCE

LEFT YOU AN INHERITANCE.

I'VE HAD A LONG JOB DROUGHT

AND MY BENEFITS RAN OUT.

BUT YOUR FORTUNE IS BOUND TO LAST

EVEN IF YOU BLOW MONEY FAST.

I GOT A BLUE COLLAR

AND CAN'T MAKE A DOLLAR,
BUT THEY TELL ME IT'S FAIR
YOU'RE A BILLIONAIRE.

THESE DAYS MY WIFE SITS AND STARES,
WITH A FACE ALL LINED WITH CARES,
WHILE YOUR WIFE SLIPS OFF HER JEWELS
AND SWIMS IN ONE OF YOUR POOLS.
MY SON WILL GO HUNGRY TODAY
AND FIND HE'S TOO WEAK TO PLAY,
WHILE YOUR SON CAN EAT TILL HE'S FAT
AND STILL COMPLAIN LIKE A BRAT.

THEY TELL ME IT'S FREE ENTERPRISE,
BUT IF THOSE ON TOP DON'T REALIZE
YOU NEED TO REACH OUT A HELPIN' HAND
TO ANYONE IN ANY LAND
FREE ENTERPRISE HAS PLACED IN NEED,
IT'S JUST TWO FANCY WORDS FOR GREED.
AND TELL ME, IS PATRIOTISM JUST FOR
THE SOLDIER AND THE COMMON MAN?

MAYBE AS PART OF GLOBAL TRADE
YOU COULD FIT SOME IN YOUR BUSINESS PLAN.

I GOT A BLUE COLLAR
AND CAN'T MAKE A DOLLAR,
BUT THEY TELL ME IT'S FAIR
YOU'RE A BILLIONAIRE.

THIS WINTER, I CAN'T AFFORD TO PAY
FOR HEAT AND OUR HOME IS COLD EVERY DAY.

BUT LONG BEFORE THE ROADS TURN TO ICE,
YOU FLY TO YOUR TROPICAL PARADISE.

NOW, IT'S TRUE I NEVER THOUGHT THAT MUCH
ABOUT MONEY OR LIVIN' HIGH AND SUCH,.

AND MAYBE THAT WAS WRONG, BUT DO
YOU OWN YOUR MONEY OR DOES IT OWN YOU?

AND WHEN A BLUE COLLAR
MAN AIN'T GOT A DOLLAR,

DO YOU THINK IT'S FAIR
YOU'RE A BILLIONAIRE?

Don comes out, and Todd exits.

DON

Thanks, Todd.

(takes out cell phone)

This little item here is the inspiration for this song, which is called “I Long for Wide Open Spaces.”

(sits, sings)

I REMEMBER WHEN I WAS A KID,
I LIVED IN WIDE OPEN SPACES,
AND, THOUGH THEY WERE CLOSE TO HOME,
THEY WERE MY SPECIAL PLACES.
THEY ALWAYS SEEMED FILLED WITH SUN,
LIKE THE PLAYGROUND AND MY BACKYARD,
WHERE I WOULD PLAY BALL AND RUN.
AT NIGHT I'D WATCH TV
BUT I STILL FELT I WAS FREE.
THEN THINGS BEGAN TO CHANGE,
AND NOW THEY'RE TRULY STRANGE.

I'VE GONE FROM FEELIN' FREE
TO SITTIN' AND STARIN' NONSTOP
AT THE MESMERIZIN' SCREEN
ON MY THIRTEEN-INCH LAPTOP.
NO WONDER I LONG FOR WIDE OPEN SPACES.

IT'S EVEN WORSE BECAUSE
WHEN I'M OUTSIDE ON MY OWN
I CAN'T HELP CHECKIN' OUT
MY HANDY LITTLE SMARTPHONE.
NO WONDER I LONG FOR WIDE OPEN SPACES.

YEAH, THE SMALLER MY WORLD SEEMS TO BE
THE MORE I LONG TO GET OUT AND SEE
MEADOWS THAT SPREAD TO THE EDGE OF THE SKY
AND PRAIRIES THAT RUN ON INTO FOOTHILLS
THAT RISE INTO MOUNTAINS THAT ARE SO HIGH
THEIR PEAKS ARE LOST IN CLOUDS OR SNOW
AND FOR OCEAN VIEWS THAT LET YA SEE
CLEAR TO WHERE THE EDGE OF THE EARTH SEEMS
TO BE.

BUT I KNOW ME, AND EVEN IF I
WAS OUTDOORS I WOULDN'T BE SEEN
WITHOUT MY HANDY DIGITAL WATCH,
WHICH HAS AN EVEN SMALLER SCREEN.
NO WONDER I LONG FOR WIDE OPEN SPACES,

FOR ALL KINDS OF PLACES WITH WIDE OPEN
SPACES.

(spoken)

Now, here are Amy and Zack, with a duet.

Amy and Zack come out. Don exits.

ZACK

(turns toward Amy, strums guitar and
sings)

TELL ME, IF I WAS PERFECT FOR YOU

WOULD YOU HAVE THE SENSE TO LOVE ME?

AMY

(spoken)

Yeah, that's a real good question.

(strums guitar and sings)

AND IF I WAS PERFECT FOR YOU,

WOULD YOU HAVE THE SENSE TO LOVE ME?

ZACK

WHAT I'M THINKIN' OF

AMY

I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKIN' OF.

TOGETHER

BABY, ARE YOU SANE ENOUGH TO LOVE?

ZACK

IF I TOLD YOU THAT MOST OF THE CRAZINESS

THAT'S COME INTO MY LIFE TO THIS DAY

HAS BEEN DUE TO MY RELATIONSHIPS,
WHAT WOULD YOU SAY?

AMY
(spoken)

Only half?

IF I TOLD YOU ALMOST ALL OF THE CRAZINESS
THAT'S COME INTO MY LIFE TO THIS DAY
HAS BEEN DUE TO RELATIONSHIPS,
WHAT WOULD YOU SAY?

TOGETHER

BABY, ARE YOU SANE ENOUGH TO LOVE?

ZACK

IF I TOLD YOU I LOVE YOU
AND WASN'T JUST THINKIN' OF MAKIN' LOVE WITH
YOU
BUT MAKIN' A LIFE WITH YOU,
WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

AMY

WELL, IF IT WERE REALLY TRUE,
I'D ASK MYSELF IF I LOVE YOU
AND IT WOULDN'T JUST BE FOR MAKIN' LOVE
WITH YOU,
BUT MAKIN' A LIFE WITH YOU,
WHAT I'D DO,

ESPECIALLY IF YOU BOUGHT ME A RING
IS SING

TOGETHER

BABY, ARE YOU SANE ENOUGH TO LOVE,
YOU KNOW WHAT I'M THINKIN' OF.
TELL ME, PLEASE TELL ME,
YOU'RE SANE ENOUGH TO LOVE.

Don comes out with Todd.

DON

(looks at thermometer)

This thermometer must be broken. It can't be 99 degrees already. It's only June.

TODD

What is this, the Sahara Desert?

DON

No, but it sure got the makings of one. And that brings us to our final number.
All five of us are gonna sing it together. It's called "A Climate of Change."

ALL

(all sing)

DON'T NEED TO DO ANYMORE
THAN JUST WALK OUTSIDE YOUR DOOR
TO KNOW THE WEATHER'S STRANGE
AND BELIEVE IN CLIMATE CHANGE.

SOME PEOPLE SPREAD THE LIE

IT'S SOMETHIN' WE CAN DENY
WHILE OTHERS PLAY THE GAME
OF SAYIN' HUMANS AREN'T TO BLAME.

WHAT WE NEED IS A CLIMATE OF CHANGE
IN THE WAY WE THINK ABOUT CLIMATE CHANGE.

THE WEATHER'S GOTTEN SO WILD
EVEN WINTERS HAVE GOTTEN MILD.
THE GLACIERS ARE MELTIN' AWAY
AND THE OCEANS ARE RISIN' EACH DAY.

SMALL ISLANDS ARE ALREADY SINKIN'
AND COASTAL FOLKS ARE THINKIN'
IF THE WEATHER GETS ANY HOTTER
THEY COULD BE UNDERWATER.

WHAT WE NEED IS A CLIMATE OF CHANGE
IN THE WAY WE THINK ABOUT CLIMATE CHANGE.

BUT, OH, DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT.

THERE HAVE BEEN MASS EXTINCTIONS BEFORE,
AND A FEW MILLION YEARS FROM NOW,
SOME NEW FORM OF LIFE WILL WONDER
HOW WE THOUGHT THE WEATHER COULD STAY
FAIR
WHEN WE'RE POISONIN' THE AIR.

THE WATER CAN RISE, THEY SAY,
AS HIGH AS 20 TO 30 FEET,
SO GOODBYE NEW YORK AND LA,
AND MIAMI'S IN REALLY DEEP.

GOT BAD FLOODS HERE AND DROUGHTS THERE,
SO THE EARTH IS PROVIDIN' A SCARE,
IT'S SHOUTHIN' OUT A WARNING
TO US ABOUT GLOBAL WARMING.

WHAT WE NEED IS A CLIMATE OF CHANGE
IN THE WAY WE THINK ABOUT CLIMATE CHANGE.
THE EARTH IS TELLIN' US IN ALL KINDS OF WAYS
WE'VE GOT TO CREATE A CLIMATE OF CHANGE

ABOUT THE WAY WE THINK ABOUT CLIMATE
CHANGE --

AND NOT JUST ABOUT CLIMATE CHANGE,

NO, NO, NOT JUST ABOUT CLIMATE CHANGE!

DON

(spoken)

Thank ya all and thank ya for comin'!

REPRISE

ALL

(sing)

THAT'S IT FOR A FOLK FESTIVAL FOR TODAY,

MADE UP OF NEW SONGS THAT WE HOPE RING
TRUE

ABOUT LOVE AND HATE, PEACE AND WAR,

AND SO MUCH MORE BUT IN WAYS THAT ARE NEW.

THAT'S IT, FOLK! THAT'S IT, FOLK! THAT'S IT!

THE END