

Scene 1 – Soda Shop

MAIN CURTAIN CLOSES

Tech sets stage with 3 round tables & place SR chairs. Family & Teen carry out chairs, sit, freeze. Soda Jerk stands US of SL (Teen) Table.

#2 enters SR and #5 enters SL as soon as curtain is closed. They walk to CS and shake hands.

#2: So it looks like we're assigned to work together for awhile.

#5: Did they give you any details?

#2: Just the usual: Show up. Stand tall. Hold Signs.

#5: I guess we can't complain. At least we have jobs!

MAIN CURTAIN OPENS *(Cyc picture up. Lighting on stage dimmed.)*

#2 and #5 walk to midcurtain on SL where tech will hand % sign to #2 who hands to #5 who holds it out with left hand. Tech then hands "Ice Cream Sundae" poster on black stick to #5 who puts it in left hand and holds stick between two numbers so that sign covers their faces. During the rest of the scene, #2 periodically lifts up sign and makes facial reactions to what is playing out in scene. #5 reacts to #2's reactions by miming "shhh" or looking disapprovingly.

*When 25 holds up sign **LIGHTS** to brighter/cheerful. Actors come alive with light change. Soda Jerk is miming chatty conversation with Teen Girl who is a bit flirty. Family is looking at menus.*

Mamma: I can't believe their Ice Cream Sundaes are 25 cents! Back in Iowa they're only 20 cents.

Pappa: We're not in Iowa anymore, Mamma. We live in New York City!

Mamma: Yes, that *is* the sad truth.

Pappa: Mamma, don't be so negative. There's lots of advantages here.

Mamma: Like what? Paying more for everything? Crowds everywhere?

Pappa: *(Sternly)* Mamma, we're not going to get into this again. *(Pleasant voice, looks at kids)* Have you kids decided what to order?

Daughter: They have such unusual names for their Sundaes. What's the difference between a Brooklyn Bridge and a Turkey Trot?

Son: That's easy!

Daughter: Ok then. Tell us.

Son: The Brooklyn Bridge spans the East River but a Turkey has to trot over it. *(He laughs at his own stupid joke. Pappa is amused. Mamma disapproves.)*

Daughter: Mother, will you make him be serious?

Mamma: Young men who are treated to ice cream at the Soda Shop are expected to act like gentlemen.

Pappa: *(winking at son)* Why don't we see what the waiter has to say about it. *(Calling over to the Soda Jerk)* Excuse me! Could we get some help here?

Soda Jerk hurries over. Teen Girl is disappointed he has to leave. She picks up menu to read it but she keeps checking on what Soda Jerk is doing.

During the following conversation the Nanny & 2 Spoiled sisters enter DSL. They look around & then cross to SR table – walking US of the other tables. The Nanny looks at the menu while the girls point at other people in shop, whisper & giggle – acting as if everyone else is beneath them. When they make fun of the Teen Girl's outfit – the Teen Girl stands up & gives them a nasty look before exiting DSL)

Soda Jerk: Yes sir! Can I help you?

Son: My sister doesn't know the difference between the Brooklyn Bridge and the Turkey Trot. *(Sister is mortified and hides behind menu.)*

Soda Jerk: *(Looking kindly at the daughter who is mortified and hides behind her menu)* You must not be from here. *(To the father)* The Brooklyn Bridge is chocolate ice cream with pecans, whipped cream, mint syrup and oranges. The Turkey Trot is vanilla ice cream with chocolate pudding, nuts, and cherries on top.

Pappa: Well, since we're in New York, we'll have four Brooklyn Bridges!

Soda Jerk: Right away, sir! *(He exits SL – behind mid curtain)*

Mamma: Pappa! There is no need to be extravagant! The children can share.

Pappa: You forget we're not struggling farmers anymore. I'm a successful investor.

Mamma: Investments are not *real* money.

Pappa: Mamma, you just don't understand the stock market.

Daughter: My teacher called the stock market a Bull Market. Then he said it was over-due to change to a Bear Market. It sounds like a zoo!

Mamma: You see, your own daughter thinks the stock market is a zoo! Our money should be kept SAFELY in a bank!

Soda Jerk enters USL with tray of Sundae's.

Pappa: Ah...saved by the Sundae's.

Soda Jerk distributes Sundaes, notices Teen Girl is gone. Picks up menu from that table. Takes both offstage. Exits USL.

Family mimes eating & chatting during following conversation.)

Nanny: *(Noticing the sister's pointing & whispering)* Proper young ladies do not point and whisper in public!

Sister 2 immediately feels remorse & starts looking at menu.

Sister 1: Oh Nanny, we're just having a bit of fun.

Nanny: You do not need to make fun of others, to have fun.

Sister 1: I don't see the need to be proper at an establishment as plebeian as this one.

Nanny: *(Annoyed)* My dear, this is America, not England. There is are no plebians and no aristocracy here.

Sister 1: True, but there *is* an upperclass, and those parents can afford to hire Nannies...like you! *Nanny looks like she is ready to blow her top when Newsie enters & takes everyone's attention.*

Newsie: Hot off the press! Wall Street Panic! Stocks Crash! Get your pape & read all about it.

Pappa jumps up and runs over to buy paper.

Son: That doesn't sound good.

Daughter: No, it sounds like the Bull crashed into the Bear.

Son: Wait...Are we going to be ok?

Mamma: Don't worry, children. We can always go back to the farm.

Sister 1: *(to her sister)* Thank goodness Daddy's money is safe in the bank.

Actors Freeze. LIGHTS dim.

#2 – What a brat! *(walks over to Sister 1)* Should we tell her the banks fold?

#5 – Do you want to get us fired? *(takes #2 by hand & pulls her off SR)* Just hold your sign and be quiet!