RADIO PLAY -Scene 1 – Soda Shop

**ANNOUNCER:** Here we are in New York City! The year is 1929.

MAIN CURTAIN CLOSES

**#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 at the Ice Cream shop. Stand tall. Hold Signs.

**#5** What do the signs say?

**#2** 25. Cents.

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

***(SFX –*** *Bell rings to indicate the door opening****)***

**Soda Jerk:** ‘Afternoon! Are there 4 of yous?

**Pappa:** Yes.

**Soda Jerk:** Just pick a table. I’ll be right there.

**Pappa:** Thank you.

**Mamma:** 25 cents!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! Have a seat.

**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 laughs. 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! What can I get yous?

**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 guys 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:** You got it, mistah! *(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**: *(stylized announcing voice)* Four Brooklyn Bridges for the happy family!

**Pappa:** Ah…saved by the Sundaes.

*(SFX – Bell rings to indicate the door opening)*

*Family mimes eating & chatting during following conversation.)*

**Soda Jerk:**‘Afternoon!Table for 3?

**Nanny:** Yes please.

**Soda Jerk:**  Pick whichevah you like. I’ll be right with yous.

**Son:** *(excited, sing-song voice)*I scream, you scream we all scream for ice cream!

**Sister 2:**That boy has no manners!

**Sister 1:** *(whispering)* Did you see his shoes?!

**Sister 2:** I think they’re hillbillies.

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

**Sister 2:**I’m sorry. *(Sister 2 immediately feels remorse.)*

**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 aristocrats here.

**Sister 1:** True, but there *is* an upperclass, and those parents can afford to hire Nannies…like you!

*(SFX – Bell rings to indicate the door opening)*

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

**Pappa:** Oh. No.

**Son:** That doesn’t sound good.

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

**Son:** Wait…Pop, are we going to be ok?

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

**Sister 2:** See! They’re not from the city. They’re farmers!

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

*Actors Freeze. LIGHTS dim.*

**#2** – Did you hear her what she said? What a brat! 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!