

*Side 1: At the board room*

ABBY: Well, I personally believe it's a good idea, and we should really put some thought into it.

GEORGE: Of course. I think we all agree on that.

ABBY: Though sometimes I wonder if Sam is up to it. He never seems to go along with any of us. It drives me crazy!

TOM: Don't worry about Sam. He'll come around.

BETSY: After all, the mayor chose the six of us for a reason. Even though we're all so different, he thought we were the right ones to pull this off.

GEORGE: I think the mayor's idea to put on a patriotic play is great!

MARTHA: But, George, where do we start?

BETSY: We certainly have a lot to cover. (SAM ENTERS LEFT.)

ALL: (Ad-lib.) Hi, Sam. Been waiting for you. Well, if it isn't Sam!

SAM: Sorry I'm late. I could give you a bad excuse, or do you just want to get started?

BETSY: I vote we officially get started. (Raises hand.) All in favor?

ALL: Aye!

GEORGE: Good. Let's get this show on the road.

SAM: (Resigned.) Nobody cares about patriotism anymore.

MARTHA: I disagree, Sam. I think this will be good for the town.

SAM: But how is some play going to hold anyone's interest?

GEORGE: Sam, I think you'd be surprised. (Indicates TOM.) And having the high school history teacher here will be a great help.

TOM: Glad to be of service.

MARTHA: (Hand up.) One question.

GEORGE: (Points to MARTHA.) Martha?

MARTHA: How are the six of us going to pull this off?

SAM: Exactly!

GEORGE: Well, we'll have to use our imaginations.

TOM: Maybe we could each say a few words about America. This great country of ours—

SAM: (Rises.) Wait a minute, Tom. (Moves to TOM.) We're all just going to show up and talk about America?

GEORGE: Sam has a good point. I can't see the curtain coming up, and we're all just sitting in chairs talking.

MARTHA: We could stand if we wanted to.

SAM: (To MARTHA.) So stand up. (She does. Sarcastic.) Oh, that's really exciting! (MARTHA sits.)

ABBY: Come on, Sam. We won't get anywhere with that attitude.

BETSY: We need to find a way to show America, not just talk about it.

SAM: (To BETSY.) You mean, act out stuff? That seems awfully difficult.

ABBY: That's what a play is, Sam. We "act out stuff."

SAM: What are we going to do, act like states?

MARTHA: Can I be Wisconsin? I've always wanted to be a "cheese-head!" (ALL laugh except SAM.)

SAM: (Aside.) She's already in a state of confusion.

BETSY: Let's get back to business here. How about brainstorming some ideas? (Thinks.) What is America?

GEORGE: (Stands.) The United States. The land of the free.

ABBY: (Stands.) The noble experiment.

MARTHA: (Stands.) Made up of people from all over the world.

BETSY: (Stands.) It's "Old Glory."

TOM: It's the Constitution! (This catches BETSY'S attention. She searches in her purse as the dialogue continues.)

GEORGE: Purple mountain majesties...

ABBY: (Sings.) ...above the fruited plain.

SAM: We know all that. But I'm going to say it again. (Stands.) Where do we start? (They look at each other. ALL but SAM sit.) We need some sort of outline. A plan.

BETSY: All right, everyone, I have something that might help us. (Holds up a sheet of paper, which she found in her purse, and hands it to ABBY.)

ABBY: Hmm. Now this might help us get some ideas. (Passes sheet to GEORGE.)

GEORGE: (Speaks as he looks over the sheet.) I think we may have something here, Betsy.

TOM: What is it?

ABBY: The Preamble to the Constitution.

SAM: (Incredulous.) You carry the Preamble to the Constitution in your purse?!

BETSY: Only when I'm coming to meetings that might need patriotic motivators. (SAM rolls his eyes.)

TOM: So give it a shot, Sam.

SAM: Huh?

MARTHA: Can you recite it?

SAM: Sure. It's... "We the people of the United States, in order to... something, something... to insure something... and establish something..." (ALL laugh.)

MARTHA: Well, I probably couldn't do any better.

GEORGE: Why don't you read the whole thing, Betsy?

BETSY: (Stands. Reads.) "We the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America."

*Side 2: In the car*

WIFE: Don't you think we should just stop and ask someone? You know we're lost.

HUSBAND: Now, hon, there's no need to be nervous. With the directions in my head and you with the map, that's all we need.

WIFE: You said that ten minutes ago, and we're already thirty minutes late! Everyone is probably wondering where I am. I've spent so much time on this speech.

HUSBAND: Don't worry, we'll get there in time for you to give your speech. I'm sure the Daughters of the American Revolution will wait for their fearless leader!

WIFE: We need to stop and ask. We don't know where we're going. Can't you slow down and let us talk to someone who knows where the place is?

HUSBAND: Don't worry. I've got everything under control. Let's see. Jim told me to take a left on Mill and go down three blocks. What does the map show? (Grabs map from WIFE and works on reading and driving at the same time.)

WIFE: Carl, are you nuts?! Watch the road!

HUSBAND: (Turns map upside down.) Where's Mill Street on this Thing?

WIFE: (Takes map back.) I told you—I looked for it, and it's not There!

HUSBAND: I know he said "Mill." We were just talking two days ago and— (SOUND EFFECT: SIREN. We see FLASHING LIGHTS.) Oh, great! We didn't need this. (HUSBAND "pulls over" and takes out his wallet, removes his driver's license. To WIFE.) Could you get the registration out of the glove compartment? (POLICE OFFICER ENTERS and walks to HUSBAND'S "window.")

WIFE: (Mimes opening glove compartment, removing registration and handing it to HUSBAND.) Here it is. (Points to POLICE OFFICER.) Maybe he can give us directions.

HUSBAND: Good evening, sir.

POLICE OFFICER: Good evening. Can I see your license and registration, please?

HUSBAND: Certainly. (Hands license and registration to POLICE OFFICER.) I can explain everything, officer.

POLICE OFFICER: You realize that you were driving 45 in a 30 mile per hour zone... (Glances at license.) Mr. Summers.

HUSBAND: Yes, sir. But we're terribly late for an important engagement. And as you can see, we were going with the flow of traffic.

POLICE OFFICER: I'm sorry. But we're not talking about anyone else. We're talking about you and what you were doing wrong.

WIFE: Not only that, we're also lost.

POLICE OFFICER: I can possibly give you directions.

WIFE: Thank you!

POLICE OFFICER: After I give your husband a ticket.

HUSBAND: A ticket? Officer, I'll slow down. Don't worry.

POLICE OFFICER: (Writes ticket.) I'm not worried.

HUSBAND: But, officer, I haven't had a ticket in years.

POLICE OFFICER: You have a choice. Either mail in the fine or, if you'd like to contest this ticket, you can tell your story to the judge. It's your constitutional right.

WIFE: (To HUSBAND.) He's absolutely right, dear. It's like I say in my speech, you know, about how wonderful it is that our forefathers fought for our rights. You have to admit that the right to defend yourself is one of the things that makes America so great.