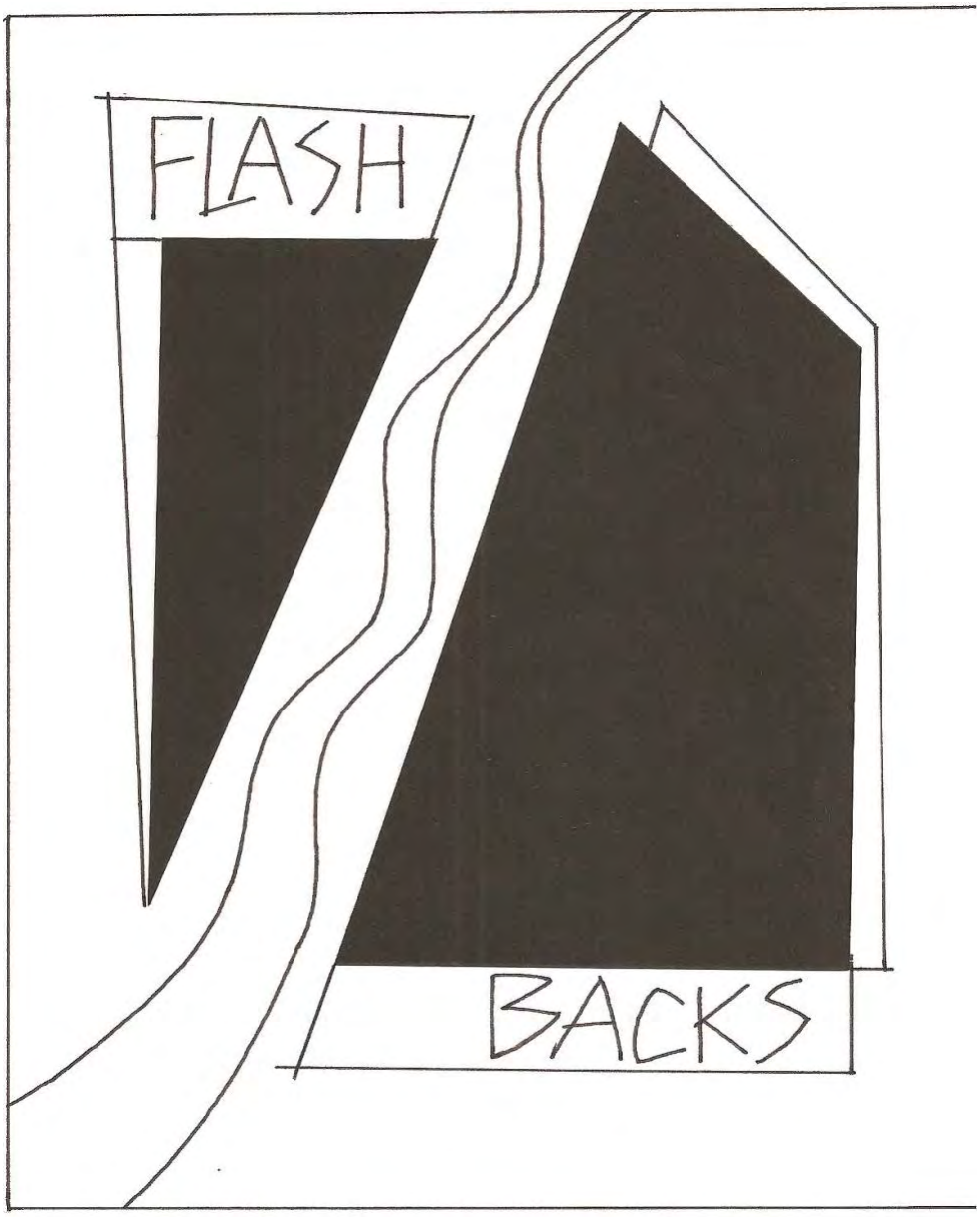


A HISTORICAL MUSICAL

FOUNDING OF RYE TOWN, 350 YEARS (2010)
INCORPORATING PORT CHESTER 150 YEARS (2018)

DONNA CRIBARI, MUSIC, LYRICS
CAMILLE LINEN, BOOK, LYRICS

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Logo: Vin Bell 2010

FLASHBACKS

Donna Cribari: Music, Lyrics…Camille Linen: Book, Lyrics

Christina Colangelo –Director Capitol Theatre production 2016

Monologues …Nelson Bartram: Doug Carey Luigi Del Bianco- Lou Del Bianco

"Let's Show Them our Dreams" English lyrics: Cesar Zapata poem;

Spanish lyrics: Jeffrey Aldana

CAST OF CHARACTERS: (In order of appearance)

Tyler – High School student
Jessica – High School student
Christy – High School student Olivia Perrone (PCHS)
Giles – Tyler's brother – Noah Rotfeld (PCMS)
POST OFFICE MURALS: Doctor –
Nurse - Diane Wright
Mailman – Rob Mickatavage
Fireman –
Policeman -
Musician – Brian Beadle
Life Saver Workers: Mary Simons, Liz Rotfeld, Patricia Sales
Teacher: Lavinia Horton – Camille Linen
Shanarockwell – Sachem of native tribe – Jeffrey Aldana
Poninga – Shanarockwell's wife – Julie Colangelo Dore
Ayita (Their daughter)– Samantha Marie Beadle
Anne Hutchinson – Colonial religious leader – Claudia Levy
Whig – Supporter of Revolution – Rob Mickatavage
Tory – Supporter of Crown – Brian Beadle
Peter Lee – Escaped slave – Noel Hart
Slave Catcher – Bounty hunter – Zachary Dore
Nelson Bartram – Educator, Captain in Civil War – Doug Carey
Samuel Bell -
William Ward – Architect Ward's Castle –
Tacy Ward – William Ward's wife – Claudia Levy
John Lyon – Lyon's family patriarch, Entrepreneur – Zach Dore
Sara Lyon – John Lyon's wife – Julie Colangelo Dore
IMMIGRANT FAMILIES: IRISH – Diane Wright
POLISH – Liz Rotfeld
ITALIAN: Luigi Del Bianco – Lou Del Bianco
EASTERN EUROPEAN – Anita Penchina
SPANISH – Jeffrey Aldana
RIVER SINGERS:

FLASHBACKS

DONNA CRIBARI: MUSIC, LYRICS CAMILLE LINEN: BOOK, LYRICS

MUSICAL PROLOGUE: THE RIVER

Historic actors take positions onstage in RIVER light.

SHANAROCKWELL, PONINGA, AYITA, STUDWELL, ANNE HUTCHINSON, WHIG, TORY, PETER LEE, NELSON BARTRAM, NICHOLAS FOX, SAMUEL BELL, WILLIAM WARD, STACY WARD, JOHN LYON, SARA LYON, LAVINIA HORTON, LUIGI DEL BIANCO.

A musical medley of "The River Calls" and "Come Back" is played as characters move smoothly to specific poses and groupings. As music changes to dissonance, eerie sounds, characters move accordingly.

At end of musical PROLOGUE, RIVER people exit upstage sitting now shadowed by stage lighting effects throughout the rest of the show.

JESSICA, TYLER & CHRISTY ***run through audience onto stage.***

Jessica:

(I-pad under her arm) **Hey Tyler, What've you got for our project?**

Tyler:

What project? ***(faking ignorance)***

Jessica:

You can't be serious! The one we signed up for: The one about Port Chester, it's our 150th anniversary! It's for history, our history…

Christy:

C'mon, Tyler, you remember. It's for a scholarship.

Tyler:

Oh yeah, I started it, but…(*hiding folder behind his back)*

Hey, Christy. What've you got? anything ?

Christy:

I thought I just had to put my name on it. You're in A.P.

But I got this. ***(Indicates PO brochure*****) …a brochure about the Post Office.**

Tyler:

Really?? Good try!! Now what? it's due tomorrow!

Jessica:

You guys! We've gotta get it together right now.

Tyler:

I can't, I've gotta watch my brother. Giles.

Christy:

Go get him. He's smart. Maybe he can help us.

Tyler:

Got it. Meet you in ten. ***(exits on line)***

Jessica:

On the steps of the post office, Tyler! In ten.

(Walking with Christy to the post office, takes brochure from Christy)

What's this about, Christy?

Christy:

(Nervously, she doesn't really know.) **It's, it's a brochure. It's about the post office murals. My mom's ESL class made it. It tells you who painted the murals…***(starts babbling)* **He was an immigrant and he didn't have papers when he applied for the job and they had to get him a work permit because he was the best one and…**

Jessica:

The post office murals… They're not history, Christy. They're art!

Christy:

But it was 80 years ago, Jess. That's history. Look ***(opens brochure*****)**

Jessica:

Look, I googled Port Chester's history: indigenous people… the first people! ***(opens I-pad)*** **I've got some good stuff. A chief, Shanarockwell.**

Christy:

Rockwell? He's an artist. I love his art.

Jessica:

No, Shanarockwell, the chief of the Indians who lived here before the white men came. ***(almost shouting)*** **SHANAROCKWELL!**

Christy:

Oh! Is he related to Norman Rockwell?

Jessica:

OMG. You're impossible. Look, history. An article about Anne Hutchinson. She lived here with Indians for a while.

TYLER and GILES enter talking to each other.

Giles:

Go on, ask Jessica. She'll know.

Tyler:

Hey, Jess, bet you don't know about the Whigs and Tories…

Jessica:

Of course I do. Whigs were for the Revolutionary War, Tories were against it. ***(sees picture*****) What have you got, Tyler?**

Tyler:

A picture of Civil War soldiers taken in Liberty Square.

Jessica:

There were no Whigs or Tories in the Civil War!

Giles:

Told you , you got the wrong war. You're so lame!

(TYLER punches him) **I'm telling!**

Christy:

(*To Giles*) Bet you don't know who painted the murals in the post office.

Giles:

No, I don't. Do you?

Christy:

Morta..something. *(opens brochure*) Some Spanish name, no…Italian.

Giles:

See! You already forgot. Let's get a pizza.

Christy:

Wait, Tyler, I have this brochure about the post office murals. Let's go inside and check them out. They're old. Ancient. *(To Jessica*) History!

Tyler:

What do the murals have to do with our 150th anniversary, Christy?

Christy:

They were painted 80 years ago. They're wearing old clothes, have old cars. But they have the same jobs as we have today: a mailman, a nurse, a doctor, a fireman, a policemen….

Jessica:

Enough, Christy. we get it. You're off the walls.

Giles:

C'mon Jess, let's see what she means.

(The four enter Post Office-Lights change

Musical intro as MURALS enter and take their places onstage.)

Hey, you're not off the walls, Christy, they are…off the walls, get it??

MARCH OF THE MURALS ***(Murals all sing)***

Off the walls, we're moving off the walls,

Off the walls, we're moving off these walls

Let's get down, get down, get down.

Hooray! We're finally free.

Finally free, dee, dee, dee, dee, dee, dee!

Nurse and Doctor duet

Doctor & Nurse: ***(sing together)***

A beautiful baby boy/ girl

Maybe he/she will grow up to be

A doctor or a nurse like me

A doctor or a nurse like me

Doctor & Nurse:

We work long hours with no sleep and little pay

But we're helping one another every day

Nurse:

I'm happy to work at United

And glad for a job in these tough times

Doctor:

I'm lucky to work in Port Chester

And grateful to be paid in chickens and sausages, tomatoes and basil,

home-made wine and baccala, and…*(March interrupts list)*

MARCH OF THE MURALS Reprise #1 ***(all sing)***

Mailman: ***(sings)***

Neither snow, nor rain, nor heat, nor gloom of night

stays these couriers , stays these couriers

from the swift completion of their appointed rounds.

***(Spoken)* Lots of mail today. My bag is full.**

Not many mail<u>men</u> in Port Chester these days. Off fighting in the war.

Willow Street up ahead.

Sometimes this job is hard, very hard.

Eight Willow Street families lost sons in this war…Guardinos, Ribuffos,

Liberatis, Gabrieles, Mazzola, Porchis, Cicatellis, Carluccis.

Hard, really hard…

***(sings)* Buon giorno, Signora Cicatelli, Buon giorno, Signora Ribuffo.**

Buon giorno, buon gorno, *(whistles as he exits)*

MARCH OF THE MURALS Reprise #2 *(all sing)*

Fireman:

(speaks to accompaniment of street beat drum))

160 years ago, before Port Chester was our name.

John Lounsbury was our very first fire chief

Through three generations his sons and heirs

Fought the smoke and flames

We're safe and sound in two square miles,

Four stations stand the test

Our motto echoes through the years,

"Only the best, only the best."

MARCH OF THE MURALS Reprise #3*(all sing)*

Policeman:

(enters gesturing as if directing traffic)

Go! Go!!Go! Go! Go!

Move along! You got the right of way!

Move along, you bucket of bolts, don't take all day!!!

Read the sign, it says to stop! STOP!

It's all up to me, your traffic cop!

Boy Scout, Preacher, I'm the Man in Blue!

Stop, Go! Stop! Go! Go! All day it's what I do!!

Go, go, go, go, go, go! your traffic cop!

MARCH OF THE MURALS Reprise #4*(all sing)*

Life Saver Workers Trio:

(*mime assembly line while singing)*

Belle:

Oh my aching back!

Mary:

It's almost five o'clock!

Aramita:

Oh, Ladies, Ladies, Ladies!

Belle:

Mary, I love to smell that smell,

Mary:

Belle, that smell, it's butter rum

The same ones we are stacking.

Aramita:

Less talking now , more packing.

Belle & Mary:

This pack's already open. Let's have one.

Mmmm, that's good

Aramita:

What are you doing? What are you doing?

Belle and Mary, what are you doing?

Belle & Mary:

That Life Saver air! That Life Saver air!

This pack was already open. It shouldn't go to waste.

Aramita:

Oh! That smell, that wonderful smell!

Oh! That smell, it's Butter rum!

Belle & Mary:

Have one!! Just have one.

Aramita:

…don't mind if I do.

MARCH OF THE MURALS Reprise #5 ***(All sing)***

Musician (*sings*, *operatic medley)*

This music hall, this beautiful theater.

The Capitol Theatre.

That's T-H-E-A-T-R-E. Spelled in the old English way

Opera, classical, swing, and rock,

…reggae and rap

Resounding through the years

In this majestic hall.

No need to speak the same language…

It speaks for one, it speaks for a-a-a-a-ll

This Music Hall, The Capitol.

This Music Hall! The Capitol!!!

Tyler, Jessica, Christy, Giles: ***(sing)***

This is one big mystery

How we see what we can see.

How we hear what we can hear

How these folks can just appear…

MURALS: (sing)

We're down, we're down, we're down, we're down,

We're where we want to be: we're free, free, free, free…whee!!!

(Murals dance offstage as Teacher-Lavinia slowly walks

***through them towards the four students*)**

Giles:

What just happened?

Christy:

The murals , that's it, our report, the murals! History!

(No reaction from Jessica, Tyler, Giles)

Jessica:

History? A chorus of off the walls murals!

Tyler:

We did learn some things about Port Chester's history!

Jessica:

What?

Christy:

The Capitol's the best place for music in the universe!

Giles:

The CAPITOL!!! THE CAPITOL!!!

(Giles imitates the Musician with grandiose gestures)

Tyler:

Eight Italian families on Willow Street lost sons in the war. World War II

Christy:

United Hospital was good for our community!

Tyler:

Policemen didn't carry guns.

Jessica:

O.K., O.K. but murals are pictures, art. We need primary sources.

Historic documents…eyewitness accounts. These mural people are…

Christy, Tyler, Giles:

WHAT???

Jessica:

Figments of our imagination, phantoms…

Christy, Tyler, Giles:

Ghosts??? Don't say that! I'm scared!

Teacher –Lavinia:

Well, my dear children, I am not a ghost.

I'm Lavinia , Lavinia Horton, woman, teacher.

I hear what you say. I have ears.

I see who you are, I have eyes.

I think you need help. I will help you.

I will be the *first*

I was Port Chester's *first* woman principal,

New York's *first* woman board of education member,

***First* woman to have a school named after me.**

***First*. Your *first* eyewitness…follow me.**

***Music underscoring weird version of* MARCH OF THE MURALS**

MARCH *music segues into RIVER music.*

LAVINIA leads the four students on a walk-around ending downstage

LAVINIA exits upstage into group of RIVER singers.

The four youths are mysteriously drawn to the source of the music.

The Ensemble:
The river calls, ancient and clean.
The river sings of the things it's seen.

Jessica, Tyler, Christy and Giles
***Ensemble back-up*:**
The river calls, ancient and clean.
The river sings of the things it's seen.

Jessica, Tyler, Christy and Giles:
Speak to me, oh River, for you know
How our past can help us learn to live and grow.
From your asphalt banks, I seek in vain
for the Port Chester that was
When life here was simple, true and plain.
Speak to me, oh river, for you know

Jessica, Tyler, Christy, Giles:
How our past can help us learn to live and grow.

The Ensemble:
The river calls, ancient and clean.
The river sings of the things it's seen.
Native American (Shanarockwell) enters slowly through the River.
He walks right into Tyler who has been enchanted by the river.
He and Tyler discover each other.

Shanarockwell:
Where am I? What is this place.

Tyler :
***(Aside to audience*) What just happened?**
***(To Indian)* Greetings, Friend!**
(Tries sign language for "friend")

Shanarockwell:
I understand, friend. *(Signs "friend")*

Tyler:
You do? Hey guys! Look who showed up.

Giles:
***(crossing over to check out Shenarockwell)* Cool!**

Shanarockwell:
Yes it is. *(Makes gesture that it is cold)* Where am I? What is this place?

Giles:
This is the Marina.
Shanarockwell:
Marina?

Jessica:
Yes, the marina, the banks of the beautiful Byram River
in the Village of Port Chester, in the town of Rye in the year 2018.
Shanarockwell:
The River? By-rum? *(laughs)* The one that flows to the Great Water?

Christy:
The Great Water? Flows? Yeah, I guess it does.
Do you mean Long Island Sound?

Shanarockwell:
The name is not known to me. But the river. It is my home. *(Looks around sadly)* I am sachem, Shanarockwell. Where are the others?
My people? My castle?

Giles:
Castle? You mean your teepee?

Shanarockwell:
Teepee? That name is not known to me.

Christy:
There were no tepees in the Northeast. He means his longhouse.

Giles:
He said castle.

Shanarockwell:
***(Stone-faced*) I said castle. I am Shanarockwell, near river is my home. What has happened? Why am I here? Who are you?**

Tyler:
Look, Chief, I don't want to upset you, but I'm afraid your teepee *(Chief gives him a look)* I mean, your castle, is long gone. This marina? Well, it's progress! I guess.

Shanarockwell:
Chief? Marina? White man's words. Speak sense.

Tyler:
None of this makes sense, but I think we've awakened you from a long sleep, a really long sleep.

Christy:
Yeah, about 350 years, give or take a few moons.

Shanarockwell:
Awakened me? But why? How?

Giles:
How! *(Does mock Indian gesture, Shanarockwell doesn't react)*
Sorry! Just a joke.

Shanarockwell:
***(Becoming aggressive)* What is this place? Speak !**
What do you want of me?

Tyler:
(Aside) **He'll never get it. Oh well.** ***(rapid-fire)*** **You see, we're doing research for a historic project about Port Chester so we decided to...**

Jessica:
(Interrupts) **Let me. The teacher, Lavinia, she led us to the river, for … inspiration. It's ancient, you know, the river. And then the river was singing and I was …I don't know. It's kind of hard to explain, isn't it?**

Giles:
What she means is: we just got here. Then those voices...from the river…

Christy:
Then, whoosh, you appeared and…I'm scared.

Tyler:
Forget it. Welcome to the 21st Century, Chief.
(Tyler extends hand for hand shake, Shanarockwell draws back in fear)

Jessica:
Sachem! Shanarockwell. Your tribe was here first. You're a primary source, just what we need for our research. Will you answer a few questions for us?

Christy:
Let me ask him: What was it like in this neck of the woods 350 years ago?

Shanarockwell:
The woods? This I understand. But where? The trees. They are gone.

Tyler:
Right, but does <u>anything</u> around here stir your memory?

Shanarockwell:
(After a pause) **It is not what we once knew!**
(sings) **This murky stream, this blackened shore**
Is hiding what was green.
This air I never breathed before.
This river is not clean.

The earth so soft, so smooth beneath my feet
On paths through tangled trees we hunt to eat
Above me thick green branches shade the sun
In silent woods all creatures are as one.
Come back, come back, were you but a dream?
That vanished with the light.
Come back, come back, wake me from this dream.
Banish this awful sight.
This is not a place where I belong
You say it was my home, but you are wrong.
No scent of pine trees in the rainfall,
Dawn awakening with the bird call.
It is not what we once knew.
(Poninga enters from the river at the end of his song)

Poninga:
(warmly) **Shanarockwell was never a speaking man, but when he sings…**

Shanarockwell:
(startled) **Poninga, my wife, how did you find me?**

Poninga:
I heard your voice, your song. ***(looks around)***
Why are we in this strange place, husband?

Shanarockwell:
We have been called from the other side.

Poninga:
Really*?* I was there one moment, here the next.
(To Tyler) **How did you do it? Do you have powers?** ***(A little frightened)***

Tyler:
It must have been the river.

Shanarockwell:
This is our river, Poninga. Our beautiful river…

Poninga:
(Disgusted by sight) **Beautiful? This river? Enough.**
What do we have to do to return to the other side?

(sings)**The earth so soft, so smooth beneath my feet**
On paths through tangled trees we hunt to eat.
Above me thick green branches shade the sun
In silent woods all creatures are as one.
Come back, come back, were you but a dream.
That vanished with the light.
Come back, come back, wake me from this dream.
Banish this awful sight.
This is not a place where I belong
You say it was my home, but you are wrong.
No scent of pine trees in the rainfall,
Dawn awakening with the bird call.
It is not what we once knew.

Poninga & Shanarockwell:
Come back, come back, were you but a dream?
That vanished with the light.
Come back, come back, wake me from this dream,
Banish this awful sight.
This is not a place where I belong,
You say it was my home, but you are wrong.
No scent of pine trees in the rainfall,
Dawn awakening with each bird call.
It is not what we once knew.

Tyler:
I'm sorry we disturbed you. We were hoping you could tell us what it was like 350 years ago.

Jessica:
All we know is the words from the white men's journals.
The Dutch, the English, their words.

Poninga:
Words? Words about me? Poninga?? What do they say??

Christy: ***(interrupts)***
Poninga??? Hey, we've got Poningo Street in Port Chester,

Poninga:
Poninga Street? How nice! …What's a street? Are there words about my wampum? I make the most beautiful, blue and white wampum from the finest, selected shells…
Shanarockwell:
Peace!

Jessica:*(checking her I-pad)*
There are a few names here, let's see.. Weckquaesgeck. Sintsinck, Kitchwank, Tankiteke ***(Shanarockwell and Poninga look confused)***
I have an idea, we'll tell you what these words say. See if you agree.

Shanarockwell:
No need to agree. Let us return to the other side.

Poninga:
Wait! I want to hear the white man's words.
(Drums lead into RAP/Native American style rhythms)



Rye Beach shoreline from Internet file.

Tyler: (RAP)
You used plain and simple words to say what you were thinking

Jessica:
You were never excessive in your eating or drinking.
Christy:
You believed in the power of tribal justice
Tyler:
Your special "code of honor: "was simply "trust us!"

Tyler, Giles, Jessica, Christy:
Was that true?
Was that true?

Shanarockwell:
That was true.
Poninga:
That was true.
That is, until the white man came.

Giles:
You had strong white teeth, bright eyes so tame.

Christy:
Straight, strong backs, no one crippled or lame
Jessica:
You didn't care for hurting or for fighting each other.

Tyler
You smoked pipes of peace with your white brothers.

Tyler, Giles, Jessica, Christy:
Was that true?
Was that true?

Shanarockwell:
That was true
Poninga:
That was true?
Shanarockwell & Poninga:
That is until the white man came

Shanarockwell:
Then the white man taught us how to lie and cheat
They gave sticks of fire. We gave them food to eat.
Poninga:
They gave us good advice: "land is better to the west"
We listened to their words…you know the rest.

Tyler :
History says you sold the same piece of land
To an old Dutch weaver and an English deck hand

Tyler, Jessica, Christy, Giles:
Shanarockwell, is that true.
Tyler:
Chief Shanarockwell, I'm talking to you.

Shanarockwell & Poninga:
Well, what did you expect, we learned the white man's game.
Our land was not for sale, they took it just the same.

Christy & Giles:
Is that true or is it only mythological?
Poninga:
The treatment of our people was really pathological
Shanarockwell:
So what did we do?
Poninga:
What anyone would do.
Shanarockwell & Poninga:
We learned to play the white man's game. (END RAP)

Tyler:
Is it true that Native Americans were monogamous?

Poninga:
(*says the word as though it were a disease*) Mon-ah-gim-us?
That sounds terrible.

Tyler:
It means a man has only one wife.

Shanarockwell:
One wife like Poninga is all I need. Sachem like me can have many wives. But Poninga never gave me reason to want another.

Poninga:
True.

Shanarockwell:
Except for that day I returned from trading with three white men. Near the Great Water…Remember?

"Flashback Tableau"
The purchase of Rye Town by Coe, Brisboe and Stedwell from sachem (leader) Shanarockwell June 29, 1660
Youths cross to DR to observe three settlers and Shanarockwell mime land purchase. Shanarockwell holds up sack and jug. He makes an X on piece of parchment paper. Settlers exit. Shanarockwell gathers sack and jug, walks into scene already in progress.

Native drum beats: Ayita (Shanarockwell and Poninga's daughter) is dancing downstage center. Youths circle Upstage of Poninga & Ayita . All watch Ayita dance to the drums.

Shanarockwell:
(Enters scene with jug and sack filled with trade items) **I am home.**

Ayita: ***(runs to greet her father)***
Nuxa, Nuxa!!

Poninga:
Welcome, husband. Ayita and I feared for your safety.
You have been gone for three moons.
(Ayita jumps on his back. He puts what he is carrying in Poninga's hands. Lays jug down on floor carefully.)

Shanarockwell:
You may feel pride for your husband, Poninga.
I have made a most important trade for our people.

Ayita: ***(looking through bag)***
Where did you go? Nuxa, nuxa! What did you bring me?

Poninga:
(As Ayita and Poninga open sack and take out items**) Coats, shirts and wampum… in exchange for the land of our fathers.**

Shanarockwell:
(interrupts) **Peace. You speak with the tongue of a brave.**
You still live on the land we traded to the white man, don't you?
Poninga:
Yes, but…

Shanarockwell:
I have met with many white men. They have come across the Great Water, from the sunrise, from Manitou.

Ayita:
(A little scared) T**he Great Water?? From far, far away??**

Shanarockwell:
Yes, from far away, daughter. They bring sacred liquid from Manitou.
Rum, it is called rum.
I, Shanarockwell, am the first of our people to taste this rum.

Ayita:
Can I try some, papa? (*Poninga steps in)*

Poninga:
Peace, Ayita, be still. (*To Shanarockwell)* Go on.
What did you trade for my wampum?

Shanarockwell:
This… sacred drink of Manitou.
Kneel, my wife. You shall be first of our tribe to become divine.

Poninga:
Kneel?
Shanarockwell:
Kneel. ***(He offers her the jug)***

Poninga:
(She kneels reluctantly, Ayita kneels right next to her. Poninga takes a sip)
Pfew! *(spits it out)* **For this you traded my wampum?**

Shanarockwell:
Peace, this is not a proper attitude for one who has tasted divinity.

Poninga:
Divinity?? You took a three moon trip in our only canoe, traded our father's land and my magnificent wampum to buy rum.

(The scene freezes. Youths "get it" one at a time.)
Christy:
Buy rum…Byram.
Tyler:
That's how…
Giles:
The river…
Jessica:
Got its name!

All four:
Cool! Buy rum. Byram!

Ensemble:
The river calls, ancient and clean.
The river sings of the things it's seen.
(Anne Hutchinson enters from RIVER)

During this Ayita runs to Christy,
starts to play Cat's Cradle with her DL.
Giles goes in and out of interacting with Christy and Ayita)



Artist's drawing of exile of Anne Hutchinson

Anne:
Where am I? What is this place?

Christy:
The Buy-rum River. Just ask the chief, he's got some.
(Ayita goes from youth to youth with Cat's Cradle game)
Jessica:
In the village of Port Chester
Giles:
In the Town of Rye
Tyler:
in the County of Westchester

Anne:
Westchester? My home was Eastchester. Why am I here?
(Notices Shanarockwell, Poninga)
Shanarockwell? Poninga? Is it you? You were so kind to me, to my family, on that stormy night…on the banks of this river.
But, it is so different. Do you still live on this land?

Shanarockwell:
Our people lost the land of our fathers before my children were grown.

Poninga:
You and your divine water. Some traders we were!
The white man took everything.

Anne:
So, it happened the way I feared. It was beginning even then. The land was free. Why would those who came here for their own freedom deny it to others?

Tyler:
History says Native Americans were slowly pushed to the west…

Anne:
Native Americans? We called them Indians. I never knew why.

Giles:
I do, Columbus called them Indians cause he thought he landed in India.

Christy:
Brilliant, do you think she cares. She just came out of the river and…
Uh, pardon me for not knowing, but who are you?

Anne:
I am Anne Hutchinson.

Tyler:
Anne Hutchinson! Amazing! I've been reading about you.

Anne:
You have?
Tyler:
Yes. There's evidence that settler families were taken in by Indians in the Byram River area. More than 300 years ago.

Jessica:
One of the families was supposed to be Anne Hutchinson's.

She recognized Shanarockwell and Poninga.
Anne:
***(Seeing Ayita for the first time)* And your sweet little daughter.**
She was always dancing…

Ayita:
That is my name now…She who dances first…Ayita.

Anne:
A wonderful name for you. *(She hugs Ayita)*

Shanarockwell:
I remember this woman. The woman with eyes of the sun.

Anne:
The beautiful name you gave me.
I remember. I do. *(She sings)*

From England to escape oppression
My good husband and I came,
into godly Boston harbor we sailed.
We meant to separate the church and state,
But rules here were the same
Our New England dream of freedom quickly failed.

The woman with the eyes of the sun.
So strong, so poetic a name.
But I am a simple woman, Anne Hutchinson,
A woman history brought to fame.

You know the sun I chose was freedom
And it's never truly won.
It's a journey one must travel alone
And we paid a price for freedom,
It will never be undone
Now forever people claim it as their own.
***Repeat:* The woman with the eyes of the sun.**
(During the song, Shanarockwell, Poninga, exit "into river"
Ayita is distracted by the song of Anne Hutchinson

Ayita:
***(Sings)* The woman with the eyes of the sun…**
***(To Anne)* My mother sings that song to me, My mother…*(she looks around, calls her parents, then starts to cry)* Anati,?? Nuxa!!**
Where did they go? Nuxa, Anati, Come back!

Anne:
***(Hugs Ayita*) You will be safe with us, little one. Don't cry.**

Jessica:
Then the legend is true. Anne and her family did stop in this area.
But…Anne*,(uncomfortably)* you and your family were killed by Indians in the place you settled later, Eastchester?

Anne:
The Indians must have been provoked.
We never knew what grievances they had.

Giles:
You were killed by Indians and you're not even mad at them.

Anne:
We were newcomers to Eastchester. We only knew the Indians to be peaceful, trusting.

Christy:
***(too cheerful)* Anne, do you know there's a parkway named after you?**
Anne:
A park? Is it nearby? It would be a pleasure to see it.

Jessica:
No, a parkway. A road from one part of the county to another.

Anne:
<u>Park</u>way. What a strange name for a road. We call such a road, <u>high</u>way.

Tyler:
Actually, so do we. The parkway, the highway, is named after the river, the Hutchinson River.

Giles:
That was easy!

Christy:
He's right! You have a river and a highway named after you, Anne.

Anne:
I am honored to have a river named after me. Is it this one?

Giles:
No, this is the <u>Buy rum</u> River. ***(all laugh except Anne)***

Anne:
But if this is not my river. Why am I here?
(*Enter Whig and Tory from river.*
They are arguing as they sing, "Neutral Ground")

Whig:
(sings) **That's no answer to my question. You are never satisfied.**

Tory:
(sings) **What's the answer you are seeking?**
Give me some word as a guide.

Whig:
You're too civil, too obliging. Doesn't something get your goat?

Tory:
Yes, I wish for a solution short of cutting your throat.

Whig & Tory:
(Together) **Dear brother, we are victims of the time and place we're in.**
You don't think the way I do.
For what is virtue for one, for the other is a sin.
Whig:
You're a traitor, you're a Tory.
Tory:
You're a turncoat, you're a Whig.

Whig:
You left us here to join the British.
Tory:
We are British, stupid pig.
Whig:
I'm not British
Tory:
Fool, what are you?

Whig:
All I know is what we're not.
Dear brother, we are victims of the time and place we're in.
You don't think the way I do.
For what is virtue for one, for the other is a sin.
Whig:
(After song, looks at Youths who are too strange. He chooses Anne)
Madam, can you help my brother and me settle our dispute.

Anne:
I will try. It is an honor to settle a dispute.

Tory:
(Bowing politely) **To whom do I have the honor, madam?**

Jessica:
This is Anne Hutchinson.

Christy:
Yeah, you know, the river, the parkway.

Tory:
(Intimidated by the Youths) **And to whom do I have the honor???**
(*All four say their names, do mock bows to the Tory and the Whig)*

Whig:
What language do you speak?

Giles:
English, dude, same as you. We're in the USA (*Brothers don't get it.)*

Tyler:
You're on the banks of the Byram River, in the town of Rye,

Whig:
Rye Town? You see, my brother, it has not changed. It is still the Rye Town. Our laws were made for the people of this <u>neutral ground.</u>

Tory:
Laws can change. Young man, this place seems so strange. What year is it?

Jessica:
Two thousand and….What year do you think it is?

Whig:
The year of Our Lord seventeen hundred and …

Tory:
Two thousand? Surely our laws do not apply after 200 years.

Whig:
A law is a law.

Anne:
Excuse me, gentlemen, but what laws are you talking about?

Giles:
(*Points to Tory's hat)* Hey, that's Pirates of the Caribbean hat.

Jessica:
That's a three-cornered hat…from the Revolution.

Tory:
I am against revolution. I am a loyal subject of King George.

Whig:
Loyal??*(To Tory)* You're a traitor. You fled to Nova Scotia with the other traitors. My own brother, a Tory.



Artist's drawing of a Tory being "punished" by his neighbors.

Whig: ***(sings reprise)***
You're a traitor, you're a Tory.

Tory:
You're a turncoat, you're a Whig.

Whig:
You left us here to join the British.

Tory:
We are British, stupid pig.
Whig:
I'm not British
Tory:
Fool, what are you?
Whig:
All I know is what I'm not.
Tory & Whig:
Dear brother, we are victims of the time and place we're in.
You don't think the way I do.
For what is virtue for one, for the other is a sin.

Tory: ***(spoken)***
Loyalist or not. I am entitled to my own views.
Is this not neutral ground?

Jessica:
During the Revolution this area <u>was</u> called the neutral ground, but you two don't sound very neutral.

Anne:
Pardon me, sirs, but what is the law you keep referring to?

Whig:
The law is quite clear. "No persons that have come over to the enemy ***(aside: "like you")*** **shall come into town to reside."**
(Shows paper to Anne)

Tory:
Yes, but that didn't give you the right to buy my property for one quarter of its value, then refuse to sell it back to me after the war was over. You refused to return to me what was lawfully mine.

Whig:
You had no right to come back, that's what the law says.

Tyler:
(Takes paper from Whig, reads it.) **Bedford, 1784.**
It looks authentic to me.

Jessica:
A primary source, let me see. ***(tries to grab it)***
Tyler:
Be careful, it's old.

Anne:
(takes the paper gently. To Whig.) **Sir, to whom does the " enemy" refer?**

Whig:
The redcoats, ma'am, the British are our enemy, of course.

Anne:
(To Youths) **Are we still fighting the British?**

Giles:

Of course not. We love 'em. Prince William, the Beatles.

Tyler:

The war with the British was over in 1782, two years before the date on this paper.

Anne:

(To the brothers)*Did you two know that the war with the British was over?** ***(Whig and Tory both shake their heads sheepishly)

Then, since there is no longer an "enemy" there is no reason to abide by this law and deny someone else his rights.

Tory:

My point precisely. Thank you, all of you. It has taken more than 200 years to settle this dispute. My brother and I died enemies and were made to seek out a solution on the other side.

Christy:

The other side? Hey, this river stuff really works.

Whig:

Thank you all. ***(To Tory)*** **If you had only been a true patriot in the first place, we would have settled this a lot sooner…**

(Anne exits into river with brothers still fighting. They pause to sing before exit)

Tory:

Brother 'gainst brother on neutral ground

Whig:

Lost in conflict, now are found.

Tory:

Revolution left us stunned, confused.

Whig:

We rebuilt our lives in a peaceful land,

Whig & Tory:

Standing tall, though bruised. ***(exit into river)***

Ensemble:

The river calls, ancient and clean.

The river sings of the things it's seen.



Artist's drawing of escaped slaves traveling by night.

(Peter Lee enters from the river)

Peter: *(sings a cappella)*
Travelin north till the sky gets bright,
Hidin away in the broad daylight.
Following the way through the hidden river streams.
(Peter beckons for Dancers to follow him. They enter from Left, Dancers perform a ballet that interprets words of the Peter Lee music)

Ensemble: *(sings)*
Travelin north till the sky gets bright,
Hidin away in the broad daylight,
Following the way through the hidden river streams.

Peter: (*sings)*
Dark night, you're my only friend
Sheltering me, soothing shadows hide me till my journey's end.

Ensemble: (sings)
Sheltering me, soothing shadows hide me till my journey's end.

Jessica:
Who is he? He looks lost.

Tyler:
Travelin at night? Must be a slave, following the drinking gourd.

Giles:
The drinking gourd…The North Star. I get it.

Peter Lee: ***(sings)***
The river's deep and I am lost.
Just keep on walking to the north.
To find a wading place to cross,
A lower going over.

Ensemble: ***(sings)***
A lower going over.

Peter Lee: ***(sings)***
The river guides me on my way.
Behind me there is yesterday.
I know I'll find it in my life
A lower going over.

Ensemble: ***(sings)***
A lower going over

Jessica:
Look! He's trying to cross the Byram River. There's so much water…

Tyler:
Maybe we can help. Call him. Wait!
(Peter turns as Tyler , Jessica and Giles catch up with him)
Peter:
Who's callin' me? What do you want?
Jessica:
Don't be afraid. We want to help .

Tyler:
Are you lost? What's your name?

Peter:
Well, you sure don't look like slave-catchers. My name's Peter,
Peter Lee, and I'd like to know what place I'm in.

Jessica:
You're at the Byram River, between New York State and Connecticut.

Peter:

Connecticut?? Which way's Connecticut?
Giles:
Thataway!.

Peter:
O Glory! We made it! I've gotta get the others. Thankya *(Starts to exit)*

Tyler:
Others? Where are they? I don't see anyone.

Peter:
They're hidin' in the woods waitin' for my signal. There's fifteen of us…come up by boat from Virginia. Got a good head start cause we stole that boat and sailed up to New York City easy as you please. We thought we'd be home free when we got to New York, but they told us to keep travelin' north. Too many slave catchers in New York. As soon as we get to Connecticut, hallelujah, we'll be safe, find us some work (*heavy sigh***) and start all over.**

Jessica:
Great, just keep goin' . There's a bridge right over there.
Tyler, Jessica & Giles:
Good luck.

Peter:
Thanky kindly!
(sings) The river leads me on, a steady course to freedom
With every step I take, I'm closer to my dream
O, River, lead me on. O river, are you Jordan?
Could this beautiful place be the blessed land it seems?
Peter & Ensemble: *(sing)*
The river leads me on…a steady course to freedom
With every step I take, I'm closer to my dream.
O, River, lead me on. O river are you Jordan? *(stop)*
Peter: *(sings a cappella***)**
Could this beautiful place be the blessed land it seems?
(Peter gestures to the other slaves and exits stage R)

Giles:
Did Peter Lee make it?

Tyler:
Yes… and no. They all made it that night, but seven years later Peter Lee got tricked. For money of course.


1839 Anti-Slavery Almanac. 19

A NORTHERN FREEMAN ENSLAVED BY NORTHERN HANDS.

News article from the time of Peter Lee's capture

Slave Catcher enters from right with Peter tied up with a rope

Peter:
You can't arrest me. I haven't done anything wrong.

Slave Catcher:
Nothing wrong. You stole a boat from your master in Virginia <u>and</u> you stole yourself. Both your master's property.

Peter:
That was seven years ago.

Slave Catcher:
Don't I know it. It took us a long time to find you. You're a double felon. I get a double bounty. Two for one…nice. C'mon
Peter:
You can't!! I'm free, I live in Connecticut. There's a law.

Slave Catcher:
We're over the bridge! The job you came for is in New York.

Peter:
No…I'm a free man…no…

(Peter is dragged offstage R by the slave catchers)

Ensemble: (sings)
The river calls, ancient and clean.
The river sings of the things it's seen.

As Peter Lee exits with Slave Catchers, Bartram bumps into them, realizes what is happening, then calls out to the men.
Bartram
Wait! Stop! ***(Looks after them with head bowed.)***



Historic photo of Rye Town's Company B – first to answer call to Civil War

Bartram:
Company B. Seventeenth Infantry. Attention. Roll call: Beal, Thomas.

Beal 1: ***(offstage voice)***
Present, Sir.

Bartram:
Beal, John.

Beal 2: ***(offstage voice)***
Present, Sir.

Bartram:
Beal, Joseph.
Beal 3: ***(offstage voice)***
Present, Sir

Giles:
Three brothers in the same company. Wow!

Jessica:
I wish those other brothers. You know, the Whig, the Tory? From the Revolution. I wish they could meet the Beal brothers.

Christy:
Looks like we're fighting again. Who is it this time?

Tyler:
Ourselves. North against the South.

Jessica:
You mean the Union versus the Confederacy.

Tyler:
I stand corrected, oh mighty scholar.

Bartram:
(to Tyler, Jessica, Christy & Giles)
Young ladies and gentlemen, allow me to introduce myself. I am Captain Nelson Bartram. Until two weeks ago I was a high school principal in New York City. I also serve on the Rye Union Free District school board. I live with my wife and daughters on Alto Avenue. My friends call me a fool for leaving a good paying job to organize this regiment. I had to ask myself, is it worth it? My family needs me, our country needs me. Here is my answer.* ***(Reads speech) We must answer President Lincoln's call to arms!! Four score and five years ago our forefathers risked their lives for our independence. Now we must act swiftly to preserve our great nation and rid it of the evil institution of slavery. Yes, we must fight again so that all men and women can enjoy the fruits of liberty, be they black or white. Many of us here in Port Chester have volunteered to organize this first regiment in our great state of New York. Yes, the 17th infantry, company B from Rye Town will head down***

to the Department of the Potomac and if necessary make the ultimate sacrifice to help bring freedom to more than four million men, women and children caught in the inferno of human bondage…slavery.
As we stand here in Liberty Square, let us take pride that our stars and stripes fly free. God bless our union, our president, our soldiers and all their families who will miss them dearly. Godspeed!!

Jessica:
Excuse me, Captain Bartram, who's winning the war?

Bartram:
The war has not yet begun. But Fort Sumter has been attacked.
We are answering President Lincoln's first call to arms.

Tyler:
No war yet? What year is this?

Bartram:
1861. Come, gentlemen. Say your goodbyes. Two years is a long time.
But our union must be saved.

(Bartram marches off singing with Ensemble, "John Brown's Body")

Ensemble: *(sings)*
John Brown died that the slaves might be free.
John Brown died that the slaves might be free.
John Brown died that the slaves might be free.
His soul goes marching on.
Glory, glory, hallelujah. Glory, glory, hallelujah.
Glory, glory, hallelujah. His soul goes marching on

(They march offstage proudly. Four youths stand and watch Bartram disappear until sound effects of distant drums, fife, arise)

Samuel Bell:
(runs onstage miming leading two horses, guiding other horses to follow)
Whoa boy…steady there! Don't you run off on Samuel Bell.
I got my job to do. Hostler, I'm gonna keep you horses safe and ready
(talks at first to his horse, smooths horse's coat)

Sound effects: Battle sounds: drum beats, fife sounds.
Whinnying of horses. Distant gunshots.

Samuel Bell:
We come a long ways together!! All the way from Massachussetts…the 54th – finest regiment in this army. First one of all freedmen in the Union army…the fifty fourth Massachussetts. Marched all the way into Carolina territory…it's hotter than blazes in South Carolina this morning July 18, 1863…Charleston's just down the road…rebel territory. Our men took this here Fort Wagner easy as you please, rebels no where to be found. Got my job, water and hold the horses. Headin for Charleston afore nightfall…No fightin for me.
(Whinnying of horses, burst of cannon fire, screams and shots)
Whoa, boy, Easy! It's the rebs, comin down the beach road. We gotta get outa here. Colonel, Colonel Shaw! over here! We're ready! We can outrun 'em. They're comin, the rebs over there!!down the beach road! Colonel, Colonel Shaw.
He's hit. Dear lord, they're trapped on the beach. Over here, Carney! Keep that flag flyin' high. Run, boys! The horses, over here!!Run! Run!!!

Sound effects of gunshots, cannons and bugle retreat calls as Samuel Bell runs offstage calling names of his comrades

Ensemble *(sings softly)*
His soul goes marching on,
His soul goes marching on

Ensemble: *(sings)*
The river calls, ancient and clean.
The river sings of the things it's seen.

(William and Tacy Ward enter from River. They are returning from a party.)

Tacy Ward:
What a wonderful party. William. I cried when our Union army veterans started singing that song…*(starts to sing)* **Glory, Glory…**

William Ward:
(Trying to stop her from singing) **Yes, yes, Tacy…enough. We finally got to honor Nicholas Fox, I'm so proud of him. He's a lifelong employee of my**

Bolt Works and the only one in New York State to be awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor. *(taking too much credit)*

Tacy Ward:
(after a beat) **Yet, Nicholas is so humble. He said all his Rye Town brothers deserve the medal of honor. So many lost, so many young men.**

William Ward:
It took long enough for Nicholas to get his medal. It's almost thirty years since the war between the states ended. A new century is dawning.

Tacy Ward:
(singing again) **Glory, glory hallelujah!**

William Ward:
(*He looks around in dismay)* **Good lord, Tacy, do you see what I see? Flat buildings, blackened roads. It's a nightmare, an architect's nightmare.**

Tacy Ward:
How on earth did they get here? On the banks of our beautiful River!

(John and Sara Lyon enter from river. Listen during the next dialogue)

Tyler: *(bowing politely*)
Maybe I can explain, Mrs. Ward, Mr. Ward. I think it's our fault. We're all in a kind of time warp. *(They sing the "Twilight Zone" theme)*

Giles:
(Fake politeness) **Sir, Madam, I can tell you where you are. This is the new Waterfront…That's Costco and the Multiplex…15 theaters.**

William Ward:
Speak plain, young man. These buildings. No style, no design. They look like great big boxes.

Giles:
You got it, dude. They are boxes…box stores.
Christy:
Maybe I can help you, Mr. Ward, Mrs. Ward …you're in the year 2018.

William Ward:
Impossible! But, how do you know our names?

John Lyon:
***(enters scene*)William? Tacy? Is that you? It is I…John Lyons.**
What is all his?

Sara Lyon:
***(follows John*)John…oh, John…Oh, there you are…Where are we?**

Tacy Ward:
Sara Lyon, John Lyon, this is our river and these buildings…they're…

William Ward:
An abomination! These young people know all about it.
Go ahead, young lady, tell us, we're waiting.

Christy:
(Shows them picture of mural as it appears in Post Office)



Look at this. It's a painting, a mural from the post office.

William Ward:
What mural? Which post office? Look, my dear. It's a picture of my Castle. And the lady does look a little like you. ***(Hands picture to Tacy)***

Tacy Ward:
It's the same dress. But I just had it made for Nicholas's party. ***(gives picture back to Christy)*** **Where did you get this picture, young lady?**
Christy:
It's a picture of the post office mural, my mother had it…O.k. now I'm really freakin out!!!
Jessica:
We know a lot about you, Mr. Ward, and your Castle. Ward's Castle is one of the most famous architectural landmarks in the Town of Rye.

Tyler:
Try New York State. ***(reads from his notes)*** **Ward's Castle, completed in 1875, first reinforced concrete structure. Architects from all over the country come to study it.**
Tacy Ward:
Did you know William set a fire in the Castle to prove to his mother, who is terrified of fire, that the building is 100% fireproof? What a mess that was. And the floors are pretty cold in winter….

William Ward:
(*interrupts her, gives her a warning look***) Tacy, dear.** ***(She stops)***

Tyler:
Some people called it "Ward's Folly"!!

Giles:
Like Seward's Folly? We studied that.

Tyler:
(annoyed) **That was Alaska. But your design worked, Mr. Ward. In your day, you were "the man".**

William Ward:
Were? What do you mean were? Who are you young people? Where did you come from?

Tyler:
We're high school students. We're researching Port Chester's history.

John Lyon:

If it's history you want, ask me, John Lyon the second. I am descended from William the Conqueror. My great, great great grandfather arrived in Salem in 1639 and he married the daughter of Governor Winthrop. My wife, Sara, is a Merritt, descended from another founding family who helped build Rye Town…and…

Sara Lyon:
John, dear, ***(tries to stop him, he keeps going*****) John, dear. Later, dear….**

John Lyon:
William and I don't hesitate to use our position in the community when we need to, do we?

Giles:
I'll bet you don't.

Tyler:
My research says in the late 19th century, you owned most of Rye Town.

William Ward:
Cease using the past tense, young man. There's no time like the present.

William Ward & John Lyon: *(sing)*

No need to grovel, just tip your hat
To the American aristocrat
We'll shake your hand and chew the fat
American style aristocrat,
American style aristocrat

We're modern kings of industry.
We have no need of pedigree.
Two strong arms and one clear brain
Everlasting is our reign.

No need to grovel, Just tip your hat
To the American aristocrat
We'll shake your hand and chew the fat
American style aristocrat,
American style aristocrat.

Jessica:
No offense, Mr. Ward, Mr. Lyon, but aristocrats?
Even without royal blood. It's un-American.

Tyler:
The Industrial Revolution…we traded one kind of king for another.

Christy:
Right. This king even has own castle.

Tacy Ward:
I beg your pardon, children. My husband is a self-made man, a true American, an entrepreneur. Everyone in the county seeks his advice.

Giles:
Sure they do … and they get it too. ***(laughs)***

William Ward:
(regally) **Young man, you have no manners. Be gone!**

John Lyon:
You are so-so- déclassé. Your shirt…no collar, no cravat, no hat.

Sara Lyon:
You would be refused admission to Fehr's Opera House dressed as you are.

Christy:
You had an opera house here?

William Ward:
Had..Had?? Of course we <u>have</u> an opera house.
My bank holds the mortgage.

Jessica:
What about you ladies? You don't even have the right to vote.
You're still the property of your husbands, aren't you?

Tacy Ward:
Legally that may be true, but William and I have a true partnership.

Sara Lyon:
John and I were discussing the Women's Suffrage Movement just the other day and we agree that American women should have equal rights, didn't we, John? John?
(John agrees grudgingly)

Tacy Ward & Sara Lyon: (*sing)*
If you are kings then what are we?
A queen controls her destiny.
Wife and mother day by day.
Yet bound to do what our kings say.

William Ward & John Lyon join on final chorus and big finish vaudeville exit
No need to grovel, just tip your hat.
To the American artistocrat.
We"ll shake your hand and chew the fat.
American style aristocrat.
American style aristocrat.

'Cause our town is Rye Town, yes our town
the perfect town for an American aristocrat.
(*The quartet does a typical vaudeville strut exit DR)*

Giles:
American aristocrat!!!!
(sings with them, follows them off Vaudeville style into the river, Tyler grabs him back)

Tyler:
Where do you think you're going?
Giles:
Wherever they are…To the Castle! Follow the money!

Tyler:
Come back here, they're all in our imagination…they're….

Giles:
They're, they're what???

Jessica:
(whispers) **Eyewitnesses, also known as …***(fake scary)* **Ghosts**!

Tyler, Giles, Jessica:
(huddling together) **Don't do that!!!**

Tyler:
(taking charge) **O.K. I'm out of here…I'm hungry**
We've got lots of stuff for our report!
(starts to walk off, Giles, Christy follow)

Jessica:
Wait! What about the 20th century?

Giles:
Good question. Back to the river!

Teacher-Lavinia: *(enters from upstage River group)*
Wait! No need! Think about what you've just learned. Men like William Ward, John Lyon were leaders of business, manufacturing, finance when Port Chester got its charter…

Jessica:
That's what we're celebrating. It 150 years ago!!

Tyler:
What's changed since then?

Jessica:
Not too much…just everything!

IMMIGRANTS enter singing TALKIN ABOUT AMERICA

Talkin about America,
Talkin about the land of the free
Talkin about America and the home it gives to you and me.

Talkin about America
Where people can live together in peace.
Talkin about America,
Where the dream you dream is within reach

On city streets, or country lanes
In accents foreign born, or plain.
A people's hope is the refrain
Reminding us that we must work together…

Teacher-Lavinia:
They created big factories, small businesses… and lots of jobs for our village, Port Chester. Pretty soon, they needed more workers so …

Tyler:
My father's family came from Ireland after a famine destroyed the potato crop and thousands were starving. Irish Immigrants!

Irish Immigrant:
(Introduces herself, sings)
When Irish eyes are smiling….

Giles:
Our mom's family escaped from Poland just before Hitler's armies invaded Poland. Polish Immigrants.

Polish immigrant:
(Introduces herself, sings and dances to Polish folksong)
Plynie, Wislah, Plynie

Teacher-Lavinia:
Then there were those who went from country to country to escape persecution, to find a safe haven…refuges!

Jewish immigrant:
(Enters holding hands with Giles. Sings in Yiddish and English)
Vi Thein Zol Ich Geya

Jessica:
So many Port Chester families, like mine, came from Italy, They built bridges, roads, monuments…My great uncle Luigi was chief carver of Mount Rushmore. Italian Immigrants



Luigi Del Bianco carving on Mount Rushmore 1930's photo.

Italian Immigrant-Luigi:
(Luigi Del Bianco, Mount Rushmore monologue)

Bon giorno, signori, signorini…Sono Luigi Del Bianco…
you want me to tell about the Mountain? Va bene. The people in Port Chester they always ask me …Luigi, how do you feel to carve these big faces? 60 feet tall, 500 feet up in the air, on a scaffold? All alone, sometime I think of Meduno and I sing..
(starts to sing"O Sole Mio")
To be chief carver on Mount Rushmore, I say it is for me…*come se dice*…
a great honor. My master, Mr. Borglum, out of all the stone carvers in America, he picks me. I carve the faces of the presidents,
Oh, Presidente Lincoln, *che bello occhi*
When I was a boy I dream I come to this great country for something special. This is my passion, to be artist. You have a passion? Something you need to do? Then do it. Give the gift you have, work hard.
***Sono contento*. Thank you for listening. I am Luigi Del Bianco. Ciao!**

Christy:
Today 2018, Port Chester is home for many Spanish speaking people from Cuba, Mexico, Guatemala, Ecuador… Just like my mom and dad they're here looking for jobs, opportunities for their children, for me.

Latino Immigrant:
(Latino Immigrant introduces himself, sings)
So many problems surround us,
The culture the money, the house.
Not easy life, not an easy thing.
Not easy this life!
Let's show them our dreams.
Oh! let's show them our dreams,
They will be surprised!
Si, se puede. Si, se puede.

IMMIGRANTS
(sing reprise of Talkin About America)

On city streets, or country lanes
In accents foreign born, or plain.
A people's hope is the refrain
Reminding us that we must work together
Reminding us that we must work together.
Talkin about America.
Talkin about the land of the free.
Talkin about America.
Can we still see your beauty
And care for what we see.
You're home to me, America, be free!
Ad Lib Tyler:
We did it, that's it. Our project!

ENSEMBLE:
Enter Peter Lee and Nelson Bartram
The river leads me on
A steady course to freedom
with every step I take,
I'm closer to my dream.
Oh river, lead me on.
Oh river, are you Jordan?
Could this beautiful place be the blessed land it seems?



Early 20th century immigrants arrive at Ellis Island, New York City

Ad lib Christy:
I hope nothing else is coming out of that river.

WHIG & TORY: *(enter singing)*
Dear brother, we are victims
Of the time and place we're in.
You don't think the way I do.
For what is virtue for the one,
for the other is a sin.

Ad lib Giles:
Those two will never stop fighting.

ENSEMBLE: *(enter Ann H.)*
The woman with the eyes of the sun,
So strong, so poetic a name

ANNE: ***(sings)***
But I am a simple woman, Anne Hutchinson.

ENSEMBLE:
A woman history brought to fame.

Ad lib: Jessica:
Wouldn't it be great if they all showed up for my finals.

ENSEMBLE:
(enter Shanarockwell & Poninga)
Come back, come back, were you but a dream.
That vanished with the light.
(Ayita runs in and hugs Christy, Giles, Tyler and Jessica)
Come back, come back,
wake me from this dream.

ENSEMBLE:
The river calls, ancient and clean….
The river sings of the things it's seen.