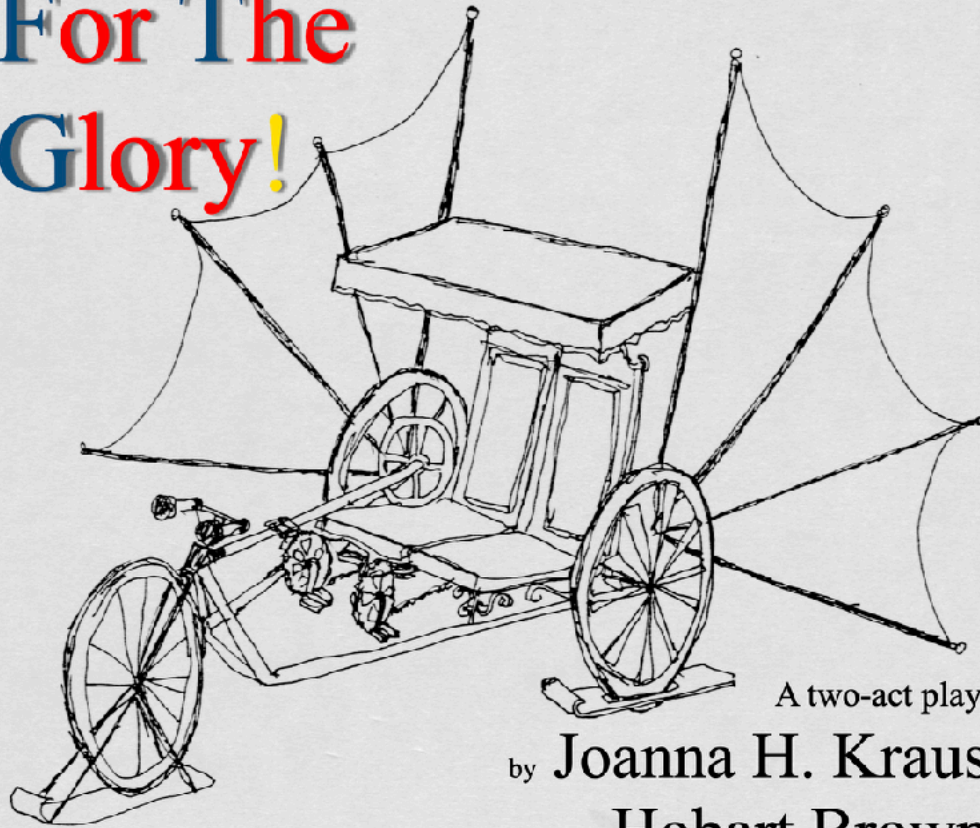
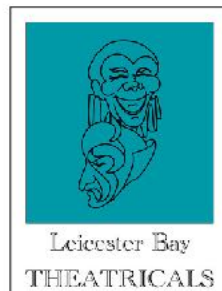


PERUSAL SCRIPT

**For The
Glory!**



A two-act play
by **Joanna H. Kraus**
with **Hobart Brown**



Newport, Maine

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FOR THE GLORY!

SECOND EDITION

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

COURTNEY DAWN HAMILTON (DAWN): Vulnerable, coming out of her cocoon. Stunning. Occasional free-lance journalist. 24.

WILLIAM DODSON (WILL)–Ambitious, cocky, high energy. Indy 500 driver, 32.

LEONARD FUSELLI (DA VINCI)–Friendly, relaxed. Assistant professor of art at local state university, 33.

***PAT O’ROURKE**–Breezy, gruff exterior. Kinetic Sculpture Race Director, 45.

***LEE TIMMERMAN**–Blunt, reliable, friend of Da Vinci. Expert auto mechanic and pit crew for DA VINCI’S DREAM. 28.

***CHRIS DAY**–Enthusiastic. 20 up.

HOBART BROWN–Founder of the race. Confident, crazy, dynamic. Distinct Oklahoma accent. 60’s.

MASSEUSE–Capable, attractive. 25.

***MARTY**–Pilot of KAR-PUT (could be spelled “Marti” if played by a female)

TIM–Pilot of THE KIDNEY BEAN. likeable.

SAM–Pilot of THE ART OF SPEED. Dedicated. 24.

GRAMPA–Pilot of GRAMPA’S ROCKER. vigorous, 70.

DANNY–Pilot of THE TURTLE. Innovative, clever, and maybe a little crazy.

MERLE–A party girl. 20.

*ASSORTED SPECTATORS

*Can be played by either male or female.

NOTE TO DIRECTORS

The cast size is flexible. It can be reduced to as few as five (DAWN, WILL, DA VINCI, LEE, AND PAT) by using VOICEOVERS, a pair of hands for the MASSEUSE eliminating some of the PILOTS and CREWS, using a tape-recorded voice for HOBART, and using video-clips or luan cut-outs for SPECTATORS.

Conversely, the cast can be tripled by adding more kinetic sculpture PILOTS, CREWS, RACE OFFICIALS, and SPECTATORS. With multiple casting it can easily be done by ten performers as follows.

Suggested Casting for Ten Actors

DAWN

WILL

DA VINCI

LEE

PAT

HOBART

MASSEUSE, MARTY, MERLE

CHRIS, TIM, DANNY

SAM

GRAMPA

Plus luan cutouts in action poses as SPECTATORS or a photo-mural of crowd.

TIME: The early 1990s.

PLACE: The action occurs in Humboldt County, California (The Kinetic Sculpture Race course, a room at the Eureka Inn, The Portuguese Hall), and a San Francisco Condominium, and a hotel room in Indianapolis, and Will's Apartment.

ACT I

Scene 1: The living room of Dawn's stylish San Francisco condominium. Mid-May. 2:00 A.M.

Scene 2: The race registration area. Saturday morning, Memorial Day Weekend. 10:30 A.M.

Scene 3: Arcata Plaza, noon, the Dunes a while later.

Scene 4: Dawn's hotel room at the Eureka Inn and Will's hotel room in Indianapolis.

Saturday night, 7:30 P.M.

Scene 5: Field's Landing, Sunday noon.

Scene 6: Outside Camp Calistoga, Sunday night. 10:30 P.M.

Scene 7: Camp Calistoga, one hour later.

ACT II

Scene 1: Point Drizzle. Mid-morning. Monday of Memorial Day weekend.

Scene 2: Slimey Slope. Noon, the same day.

Scene 3: Main Street, Ferndale and Will's apartment. The same day, early afternoon.

Scene 4: A long distance phone call.

Scene 5: Portuguese Hall and an adjacent parking area outside, Ferndale. The same day. 7:00 P.M.

Scene 6: The living room of Dawn's stylish San Francisco condominium. Friday afternoon.

Scenic design can be minimal: a unit set with levels and selected movable set and property pieces. Rippling lights suggest Crab Slough. (See Stage Effects.)

AUTHOR'S NOTE

The Kinetic Sculpture Race is an actual race, now called the Kinetic Grand Championship in Humboldt County, California. It was founded by sculptor, Hobart Brown, in Ferndale, California, in 1969. It's a Memorial Day weekend annual event and is the antithesis of that OTHER race held each Memorial Day weekend.

Kinetic sculptures are designed with tongue-in-cheek humor and must be people powered over a variety of terrains. Since the three-day race over sea, sand, and slime began, similar races have sprung up in other states and other nations. Sculptures vary in size, cost, and theme; but always they are inventive and funny in their titles, costumes, and method of traversing the race course.

The family event which attracts thousands of fans celebrates imagination, cooperation and challenge.

For the Glory was originally written for five actors and voice-overs. In this version it was a winner in the American Voices New Play Reading Series, where it had an Equity staged reading at GeVa, a member of the League of Resident Theatres in Rochester, New York. Later the script was revised and expanded to a cast of fourteen. This version was a De La Salle Company production in Concord, California and was a winner in the national Jewel Box Theatre Playwriting Award contest.

STAGE EFFECTS

SCULPTURES:

DA VINCI'S DREAM is practical and should resemble one of da Vinci's flying machine drawings. The two actors must be able to ride the kinetic sculpture. One possibility is a bicycle-like structure with horizontal sails above. An easy way to build this is to start by getting a 3-4 wheel bicycle/buggy that seats two. (You can usually find one at a beach resort or boardwalk for low-priced sale or rent.) Then dress it up. To add the wings, use poles of bamboo or metal and any soft fabric that can be folded up when the wings aren't needed. For a simulated flotation device use cardboard and construct pieces to look like pontoons. They should be removable. As an additional option you could construct skis from cardboard, cutting a slot in them in which to insert the bicycle wheel. Fasten these on, when you want to simulate sliding across mud. Also, you might add a sunshade umbrella or a fringe on the top to protect the pilots from too much sun. Last, use anything that resembles the da Vinci drawings. See cover illustration for ideas.

There is no need for the other sculptures to be practical, although they could be. A simple solution is cut-outs made from luan material or plywood or corrugated cardboard. Actors walking behind propel the cut-outs.

Sculptures should be inventive, colorful, and wacky. The pilots and crew are costumed to fit their sculptures' specific titles.

WATER-CRAB SLOUGH:

In this scene the sculpture is stuck in the mud pinned down by a log, and the actors struggle in shallow water to free it.

Suggestions:

- 1) A large log with rippling lights to give the effect of water.
- 2) A large log and rock, behind which there's an actual small pool of water.
- 3) Or if already using the convention of cardboard/plywood cut-outs for the other sculptures, use a few cut-outs to suggest Crab Slough.

All the above need sound effects of very rough water.

SLIMEY SLOPE:

In this scene actors scale or push their vehicles up Slimey Slope. One suggestion is a stair unit that is partially covered by narrow ramps and a track for wheels. This unit is attached to an elevated platform Upstage. All of the above is masked by a moveable painted set cloth that depicts the slippery, muddy slope. Actors, whose feet will be masked, can use either stairs or ramps. The elevated platform can be on stage throughout and used in other scenes such as KRED coverage and the Awards Ceremony.

FOR THE GLORY!

ACT I

SCENE ONE — *DAWN's San Francisco stylish condominium. The present. Mid-May. Two A.M.*
AT RISE: DAWN and WILL enter in formal attire. WILL crosses to her bar, rummages in the bar refrigerator and produces a bottle of champagne.

DAWN: I was saving that!

WILL: I'm going to win, Dawn!

(WILL opens bottle and pours two glasses.)

DAWN: How can you be sure?

WILL: Best engine. Best team. Best girl.

(SHE moves away.)

Did you see my sponsors tonight?

(Hands her a glass.)

C'mon, sweetheart.

(THEY toast.)

DAWN and WILL: To the Indy!

WILL: Hey, wear this thing at the Anderson party, will you? What'd it cost?

DAWN: *(amused)* This "thing" is an Yves St. Laurent! You don't want to know what it cost.

WILL: A thousand?

DAWN: Not even close.

WILL: Two?

DAWN: It's a designer original!

(Teases.)

You don't know what that means!

WILL: Sure I do.

(Slips shoulder strap down and kisses her shoulder.)

I like this better. That's the whole point of women's clothes. To tempt innocent men away from honest work.

DAWN: No it isn't! And you're not so innocent.

WILL: C'mere, and don't argue.

(THEY kiss.)

DAWN: Will, I need to talk to you.

WILL: Tomorrow.

(HE loosens collar, removes his jacket, and crosses to closet.)

These collars! Who invented them? I hate these penguin suits!

(Hanging up jacket.)

Dawn?

DAWN: Ummm-m.

WILL: Your kid brother here again?

DAWN: No.

WILL: So how come there's a sleeping bag on the floor?

DAWN: (*peers inside*) I told the maid to put it in the back closet.

WILL: It's for you?

(*SHE nods.*)

You've never camped out!

DAWN: Sure I have. Summer camp.

WILL: When you were eight! And you hated it. What's it for?

DAWN: I'm trying to tell you. If you'll give me the same attention you give your sponsors-and their wives.

WILL: Complaining?

DAWN: Would you sit still for ten seconds?

WILL: Okay, okay, okay.

(*Waits.*)

So what is it?

(*Before she can start.*)

Say, what was the name of the guy by the shrimp bowl?

DAWN: O'Hara. Jim O'Hara.

WILL: Good contact. Thanks honey.

DAWN: Will, I—

WILL: Did you get his card?

DAWN: In your pocket.

(*WILL checks pockets and finds it.*)

WILL: So? What's the big mystery?

DAWN: Will, I watched you tonight. Nothing's more important, is it?

WILL: Racing's my job. Tonight's the crap I have to do, so I can be on the track.

DAWN: (*turning away*) Sure.

WILL: What's wrong? You grew up with all this society stuff.

DAWN: You know what you want, don't you?

WILL: Damn right I do!

DAWN: Will, sometimes you forget that—

WILL: Hey, you're the only one I ever take home!

(*HE tries to kiss her. SHE resists.*)

DAWN: (*irritated*) It's my home, remember. You have your own apartment,

WILL: Sweetheart, I'm sorry, if you felt neglected tonight. But I can't ignore the sponsor's wives. Part of the cash flow. Look, when the race is over—

DAWN: It's never over, Will. You're either racing or training or inspecting engines in England or meeting sponsors or organizing a pit crew or—

WILL: I'm a driver, Dawn. The name of the game is to win!

DAWN: Will, I'm proud of you.

WILL: Good!

(*HE starts to embrace her.*)

DAWN: (*trying to tell him*) But I've been trying to get media assignments-radio, magazines—

WILL: With your looks you should model! Big time. Classy.

DAWN: So I got a feature story! While you were in Indianapolis at Trials.

WILL: (*disinterested*) Yeah? Hey, did I tell you the top British designer was there? Took one look at my engine and said...

(*With mock British accent.*)

"Made to win, Mr. Dodson. Made to win."

(*Lifting his glass.*)

I'll drink to that!

DAWN: (*loudly*) National Public Radio wants me to cover a kinetic sculpture race.

WILL: A what?

DAWN: It's a race. A three day race.

WILL: Never heard of it.

DAWN: Thirty-eight miles.

WILL: Thirty-eight miles in three days! What do they do, walk on their hands?

DAWN: They use people powered vehicles. It's a family event.

WILL: Sounds awful! Where is it?

DAWN: The Redwoods.

WILL: Figures. Does anyone come besides elk?

DAWN: The race is Memorial Day weekend.

WILL: (*slowly*) How'd you get this assignment?

DAWN: I asked.

WILL: You asked! You asked!

DAWN: I've got ambitions, too.

WILL: Memorial Day weekend?

DAWN: Yes.

WILL: No! No, Courtney Dawn Hamilton, no! You wanna cover a race, you cover mine!

DAWN: My assignment's the Kinetic Sculpture Race.

WILL: It's not even a professional race! You don't need the money. What's this all about?

DAWN: My work.

WILL: You decided without discussing it?

DAWN: You don't think my career's important.

WILL: Your career! You mean your fantasy! You took a couple of English classes at a swanky girls' school.

DAWN: College. Sarah Lawrence College. And it's coed now. And it has one of the best writing programs in the country. And I was Guest Editor at Mademoiselle.

WILL: So you won a contest your junior year. For one summer. Dawn, you don't know what hard work is. Mommy and Daddy saw to that!

DAWN: That's mean.

WILL: That's reality! A word you don't even know how to spell!

(*SHE moves away.*)

Are you still pissed 'cause I said we should wait?

DAWN: Wait for what?

WILL: The timing's wrong.

DAWN: It's never right.

WILL: Look, if I win this race, we'll get married. Promise. Just let me win the race first.

DAWN: Will, one thing has nothing to do with the other.

WILL: Oh, yes, it does. When I marry you, I support you. Otherwise it's Mommy and Daddy calling the shots. And no kids. Not right away. Makes drivers too nervous. I've seen it happen on the track.

DAWN: Anything else?

WILL: *(grabs his jacket)* We'll talk tomorrow.

DAWN: Don't you see, your whole life is racing on that track.

WILL: Damn right!

DAWN: But my whole life isn't hanging on your arm.

WILL: You'd rather cover a kindergarten race? How can it take grown men three days to go thirty-eight miles?

DAWN: Anyone can enter! Anyone over fifteen.

WILL: Sounds better and better!

(SHE turns away.)

Dawn, it's three days, right?

DAWN: Yes.

WILL: *(magnanimously)* So, if it's so important, go up for part of it. You could still get to Indianapolis by Sunday noon.

DAWN: *(whirls on him)* I can't leave in the middle! You know that. If you're going to cover a race, you do it from start to finish. NPR likes the reporting I've done so far. They want this piece for All Things Considered! If I back out now, I'll never get another assignment. Never.

WILL: They pay you peanuts.

DAWN: That's not the point.

WILL: Dawn, this is my fifth Indy race. I'm starting twelfth inside the fifth row. I would have won last year, but the valve broke. A ten dollar part, and I lose the race! Four years ago I won in New Jersey. Maybe the Marlboro Grand Prix isn't the Indy, but it's big enough. And two years ago at the Formula One—

DAWN: I was there! Shouting my lungs out. I've been at every race since we met. Four years. Just this once I want to do something ... for myself.

WILL: I've got a Chevrolet Indy V-8 engine. Do you know what that means?

DAWN: You told me.

WILL: Won three Indy 500's in a row. You can't throw this monkey wrench in my face. I want you there when the guy calls, "Gentlemen, start your engines!"

DAWN: You'll have a quarter of a million spectators cheering you.

WILL: I want your face in the stand. You're my good luck charm.

(SHE doesn't answer. HE crosses to door)

It's nearly three A.M. The trainer's coming at nine. We'll finish this later.

DAWN: I've finished.

WILL: Why the sleeping bag?

DAWN: Saturday night they sleep on the beach.

WILL: The beach! You've got a six hundred and fifty dollar suite waiting in Indianapolis.

DAWN: Please. Let's not fight.

WILL: You mean to say the princess would rather rough it in the Redwoods? It's cold up there. You won't

last five minutes!

DAWN: I bought designer thermals!

WILL: (*uncertain*) Dawn, are you saying goodbye?

DAWN: No. I'm saying hello. To me!

End of Act I, Scene One

SCENE TWO — *Arcata Plaza and the registration area, 10:30 A.M. Sounds of band playing and excited crowd in the background. CHRIS DAY, an enthusiastic radio announcer, talks to the live and radio audiences.*

CHRIS: ... and for those of you who've just tuned in, it's live coverage from Arcata Plaza for the Annual World Championship Great Arcata to Ferndale Cross-Country Human Powered All Terrain Sculpture Race. You're tuned to KRED. Ninety minutes to go and this year's Kinetic Sculptures have been arriving since early this morning. An incredible day for them. It's already sixty-two degrees. Never been this warm before! Gonna be hot crossing those dunes. This is Chris Day for KRED, on the spot coverage of the Kinetic Sculpture Race.

(Lighting comes up on registration area. PAT O'ROURKE, Race Director, consults checklist. Breezy, a gruff exterior. 45. Dressed in race attire: jeans, T-shirt, a vest covered with slogan buttons, top hat, and army boots. PAT munches a doughnut from the hospitality tray and gulps hot coffee, while checking off the checklist.)

PAT: (*muttering*) Starting line signs, brake and safety check signs, time check signs, stop signs, mayor—
(Punches in number on phone.)

Mary? Pat O'Rourke, Race Director. Say, when's the mayor's speech?

(Listens.)

They won't all get there by two thirty. Can she make it three?

(Listens.)

Yeah. Yeah. So the paper goofed. Call the stations.

(Listens.)

I can't! I'll be on the course. Hey, I started at five a.m. today. Bye!

(DAWN enters uncertainly. She is in a fashionable casual outfit, more in keeping with Vogue than the eccentric costumes or rough attire of the crowd.)

DAWN: Hi! I think we met last night.

PAT: (*not impressed*) Yeah.

DAWN: I'm Courtney Dawn Hamilton. Press. From San Francisco for NPR. I have a few questions.

PAT: Make 'em quick.

DAWN: What's the best place for interviews?

PAT: The plaza. Right now.

DAWN: I've been interviewing since nine. I meant once the race gets started.

PAT: The gazebo.

DAWN: Where?

PAT: Old Town. Eureka. The mayor's speech. It's an official rest stop.

DAWN: And the toughest part of the course?

PAT: Day one, it's the dunes. It'll be hard to slog through in this heat. First time in years we've had sunshine.

DAWN: Can I park near there?

PAT: Nope! Not unless you want to get stuck. You'll have to walk.

DAWN: What I really want is to go with one of the drivers. Hobart's agreed, if I clear it with you.

PAT: Pilots!

DAWN: What?

PAT: Pilots! We call them pilots! If you're a reporter, get your facts straight!

DAWN: Sorry, a slip. My boyfriend's a driver in the Indy 500.

PAT: Then you're in the wrong city, lady!

DAWN: Will you okay it? Just for a few miles. So I can describe what it's like.

PAT: I'm not running a limousine service for the press. This is a race!

DAWN: But ten minutes ago—

PAT: Look, Ms. Hamilton, no offense, but Hobart Brown loves the press. He eats publicity for breakfast.

But I don't. You people think the race is run for your convenience. So it may come as a great surprise to you that it's for the racers. And I'm here to protect them. Some of them have spent all year perfecting their vehicles. Sure, some are just racing for the heck of it. But some are racing to win.

DAWN: I know all about that.

PAT: And some of them are aces year after year.

DAWN: What does that mean exactly?

PAT: It means they pedal their machines thirty-eight miles. They've lived for that noon whistle today.

They've hand picked their co-pilots. They've hand picked their pit crew. And there isn't one machine on the square that needs a figurehead!

DAWN: I'm not a figurehead. I'm trying to write a feature for National Public Radio. Ten minutes. National air time. That's a lot of publicity.

PAT: We've got a standard regulation. He knows that. No part-time heroes. Once you're on a machine you're on. You don't leave in the middle. And you pedal or you push. No passengers. Thirty-eight miles. Three days. It's all or nothing.

DAWN: What if I said, I'll do the three days. I'll pedal.

PAT: I'd say you're crazy. How far do you think you're going to pedal in those shoes? Cross the dunes dressed like that, and you'll get sunstroke. Racing isn't a last minute whim.

DAWN: You're saying I can't go.

PAT: You got it! Regulations are regulations.

DAWN: Sure.

(As DAWN starts to exit, DA VINCI races on. THEY collide. DA VINCI is in Italian Renaissance (1480-1510) male attire: doublet, tight fitting hose, and boots.)

DAWN and DA VINCI: Sorry!

PAT: Trouble?

DA VINCI: My co-pilot's sick.

PAT: How sick?

(DAWN lingers.)

DA VINCI: He threw up. All over the *DREAM*. Then he passed out. He was fine at seven o'clock, eight o'clock, nine o'clock. Then right after the safety inspection, wham! I just sent him home with his girl

friend. Poor guy. He'll probably be fine in a day or two. Pat, the *DREAM*'s ready to go. Got another co-pilot?

PAT: Sure, Da Vinci. Eighty-five of them. And they're all on their own machines.

DA VINCI: I spent a year building this machine. I've got to do this race.

PAT: It's too late.

DA VINCI: Thought maybe you knew someone.

(Sits, head in his hands.)

Why'd he have to get sick now? Why now?

DAWN: It's better than in the middle of the race, when you'd both be stranded.

(DA VINCI shrugs and looks questioningly at PAT.)

PAT: A reporter.

DA VINCI: I suppose my mess makes your story.

(To PAT)

Think we could draft someone from the audience?

DAWN: Maybe we can help each other out.

(PAT emphatically shakes her head no.)

I'm Courtney Dawn Hamilton covering the race for *NPR*.

(THEY shake hands.)

DA VINCI: Da Vinci.

DAWN: *(excited)* You designed *DA VINCI'S DREAM*?

DA VINCI: Right now it's da Vinci's nightmare!

DAWN: How'd you ever do it? It's incredible. It really looks like one of the pictures in the art books.

DA VINCI: You think so?

DAWN: *(with a grin)* Does it fly?

DA VINCI: Sea, sand, and slime. Haven't tried the clouds.

DAWN: His didn't fly either. You have to get that on the road!

DA VINCI: I know.

PAT: Who's with the machine now?

DA VINCI: Lee, my pit crew.

DAWN: Just one person?

DA VINCI: The best mechanic in Eureka.

PAT: Da Vinci, wait here. I'll make an announcement on the PA system. Maybe you've got a student out there who wants an 'A'.

(PAT exits.)

DA VINCI: *(calls)* The semester's over.

DAWN: Look, I know I don't rate high around here—

DA VINCI: Pat hates the press. But if there's anyone out there, Pat will—

DAWN: Would you take a stranger?

DA VINCI: At this hour I'd take anything alive on two legs.

DAWN: That's me!

DA VINCI: *(studies her)* Thanks for the offer, Ms. Hamilton; but it's a tough course.

DAWN: I came in here to get an okay on riding a sculpture. Pat said no. Not very nicely. But I need a ride for my story. You need a co-pilot.

DA VINCI: This race is important to me.

DAWN: So's my story.

DA VINCI: It's three days. You look fragile.

DAWN: (*exaggerates*) I've hiked in the Rockies, skied in Switzerland, and biked all over Ireland. What's the worst that can happen? You'll finish last.

DA VINCI: The worst is I won't go at all.

(*Looks at his watch, doesn't see PAT, decides.*)

It's a deal!

(*THEY shake hands.*)

I'm Leonardo Fuselli. Art teacher at the college. Actually I heard you once talking about an Asian art festival.

DAWN: I'm glad someone heard it!

DA VINCI: Darn good!

(*SHE beams.*)

Arts reporting isn't easy. Hope I hear you again.

DAWN: You will. Help me get my story, and I'll get DA VINCI'S DREAM on the road. And on the air.

DA VINCI: C'mon. You've got exactly forty-two minutes.

DAWN: For what?

DA VINCI: To collect your gear, inspect the Dream, sign on to co-pilot—

(*Turns.*)

or change your mind!

End of Act I, Scene 2

SCENE THREE — *Arcata Plaza. Noon. A jubilant crowd is gathered in the square in widely varied attire. There are vendors hawking souvenirs, media people, and devoted fans. Assorted kinetic sculptures are in the parking slots, many clearly created from bicycle, motorcycle and lawn mower gears and parts. The sculptures are imaginative and diversified. Racers in thematic costumes wait impatiently. HOBART BROWN is finishing the Kinetic Sculpture address. HOBART wears his signature top hat.*)

HOBART: And so we have gathered here today before the noon whistle, to commence the fight of mind, muscle, and willpower—against our machines and the elements of mother nature!

SOUND: wild cheers. Crowd yells, "For the Glory!"

PAT: Stand back. Clear the streets. The Kinetic Sculpture race starts in three minutes.

CHRIS: Folks, it's dangerous, when they turn the west corner.

(*To radio audience.*)

All eyes now are on the clock. Two and a half minutes to go.

PAT: Stay on the curb. Stay off the course. Clear the streets!

SOUND: band plays a march.

(*LEE and DA VINCI enter. Lee is in jeans and T-shirt.*)

LEE: They ought to put a barricade up that you can't walk around!

DA VINCI: (*with a grin*) This is Arcata!

LEE: Where's Wonder Woman?

DA VINCI: Changing. Lee, thanks for loaning her your pit crew costume.

LEE: Sure. Wish I didn't have that rush job. If it were my own garage, I'd close up.

DA VINCI: There she is!

(Waves frantically.)

DAWN!!!

LEE: That's what I call a photo finish! Listen, if this machine breaks down, I'll fix it. But if she breaks down, you're on your own.

DA VINCI: I didn't have much choice.

(Yells.)

HERE!

LEE: If you don't make it to the Eureka Inn, I'll come look for you.

DA VINCI: Great.

(DAWN runs on breathless, also in Italian Renaissance male attire.)

DAWN: Had to pin it. Does it look okay?

DA VINCI: Fabulous! Look, it's a LeMans start

DAWN: I know.

DA VINCI: So when the noon whistle blows—

SOUND: noon whistle blows.

DA VINCI: (yells) Run for it!

(THEY race for "DA VINCI'S DREAM." LEE exits as THEY ride off. See Stage Effects.)

CHRIS: And there's DA VINCI'S DREAM rounding the corner with a last minute replacement pedaling like mad.

SOUND: band march music

(as OTHER sculptures exit too. See Stage Effects. CROWD follows.)

SOUND: faint waltz music, the same that we'll hear later at Camp Calistoga.

("DA VINCI'S DREAM" enters with DA VINCI and DAWN now pedaling across the Arcata Bottoms.)

DAWN: *(grinning from ear to ear)* What a way to write a story! Where are we?

DA VINCI: Arcata Bottoms.

(DA VINCI sings a line from an Italian opera, if possible. If not, then a Neapolitan song like "Torna a Surriento" or a popular melodic song. DAWN sings the next line, THEY continue together for a few lines.)

DAWN: You've got a nice voice.

DA VINCI: You too! Like opera?

DAWN: Sure. Brought a pile of Puccini tapes for my drive up here.

DA VINCI: When I was a kid I used to listen to the Metropolitan Opera every Saturday with my grandfather. He'd tell me the story. Sometimes he'd even sing an aria. Best part of his week. Mine too. *Nonno* used to say, "Opera's like spaghetti. You should have some every day."

DAWN: Miss him?

DA VINCI: He would have loved this race.

DAWN: Do you think we can win?

DA VINCI: Not even going to try.

(DAWN stops pedaling, and they come to a careening halt.)

WATCH IT! Warn me if you're going to stop.

DAWN: You're not going to try!

DA VINCI: No.

DAWN: You mean you'll settle for second place.

DA VINCI: I'll settle for honorable mention.

DAWN: The purpose of a race is to win, Da Vinci. This country's founded on that premise. Look at the Indy 500.

DA VINCI: You look! A lot of money. A lot of glitz. Good for the car industry, not for the poor slobs in it.

DAWN: My boyfriend's one of the "poor slobs" in it.

DA VINCI: Oh.

DAWN: And he's one of their top drivers. He might even win this year's race.

DA VINCI: Then what are you doing here?

DAWN: This is my assignment. It's the first year I've missed the Indy 500 in four years.

DA VINCI: Four years! Doesn't it get boring?

DAWN: (*defensively, quoting WILL*) It's a multi-million dollar business. Every car improvement made is because of that race. People all over the world watch it. It's internationally famous.

DA VINCI: Besides the opportunity to kill yourself on network television, what's the attraction?

DAWN: The danger's part of the excitement. Plus a guaranteed one-third of a million-dollar purse for the winner.

DA VINCI: I don't want to race death to the finish. And what would I do with a third of a million dollars?

DAWN: Your wife could redecorate.

DA VINCI: She died. Two years ago.

DAWN: I'm sorry!

DA VINCI: It was rough before. Before the cancer. Now her parents help raise Amanda.

DAWN: Your daughter?

DA VINCI: My one and only.

(Abruptly changes subject.)

Hey, we get a big check, too.

DAWN: (*whipping out tape recorder*) You do?

DA VINCI: Sure! At the Awards Ceremony.

DAWN: How come I don't know about that? Is this something new?

DA VINCI: No.

DAWN: For how much?

DA VINCI: Last year's was fourteen.

DAWN: Fourteen thousand?

DA VINCI: Fourteen dollars. But it was five feet long!

DAWN: (*laughing, puts tape recorder away*) Da Vinci, how can I do a story if you just tell jokes?

DA VINCI: The check's real. And the great Hobart once said, "If it isn't fun, don't do it."

DAWN: That's okay for children. Not for serious adults.

DA VINCI: Serious adults!

(With mock horror.)

Is there one of those around here?

(Lightly.)

Tell her if she behaves herself she can stay!

DAWN: I never met anybody who didn't want to win. Deep down everyone wants to win.

DA VINCI: Correction. I didn't say I didn't want to win. I said I didn't care if I win. There's a difference. A big difference.

DAWN: Then why not build this contraption and play with it in your backyard? Why compete?

DA VINCI: For the glory!

DAWN: What does that mean?

DA VINCI: You'll have to find that out for yourself. Now if you're still in this race, let's go!

(THEY pedal off.)

(If possible other sculptures cross the stage for thirty seconds: simulated cardboard or plywood sculptures moved across the stage by actors walking behind They don't need to be practical. PILOTS and CREWS sing or ad-lib enthusiastically. It's the first day. Energy is high.)

SOUND: music to indicate passage of time.

LIGHTING: bright sun overhead

("DA VINCI'S DREAM" reenters.)

DAWN: Is there any water on this ship?

DA VINCI: *(quotes)*

"Water, water, everywhere
And all the boards did shrink.
Water, water everywhere
Nor any drop to drink."

DAWN: I'm thirsty.

(THEY have come to the dunes.)

DA VINCI: Look on the ledge by your right knee.

(DAWN finds bottle.)

DAWN: Do you have a cup?

DA VINCI: *(with a western twang)* Sorry, Ma'am. Out on the frontier we just swig from the bottle.

(DAWN wipes it off and gulps some down. THEY start to move across the dunes laboriously, then haltingly though THEY are still pedaling hard.)

DAWN: Is this thing moving?

DA VINCI: I'm not sure.

(THEY come to a dead stop. DA VINCI dismounts.)

We're going to have to push.

DAWN: But then you can't go for Ace!

DA VINCI: Get off.

(DAWN gets off BOTH try to push machine. It doesn't budge.)

Harder!

(THEY look under the machine.)

DAWN: Try a garbage bag!

DA VINCI: I'm not junking her!

DAWN: I meant under the left wheel. That works in snow.

(They put a bag under the wheel and push. Nothing.)

Where are we?

DA VINCI: In the sand.

DAWN: I'll go look.

(As DA VINCI puts a bag under each wheel and attaches a rope, DAWN runs ahead. SHE runs back, yelling.)

DAWN: We're on a cliff. There's a huge drop.

DA VINCI: Deadman's Drop. If we can just get the *DREAM* that far it'll be a cinch.

DAWN: *(holding up her tape recorder)* Why's it called Deadman's Drop?

DA VINCI: *(yells)* Because some people don't make it!

(THEY struggle and push and pull, and suddenly the machines takes off with DAWN running in hot pursuit, waving her tape recorder.)

DAWN: WAIT FOR ME!!

End of Act I Scene 3

SCENE FOUR — *DAWN's hotel room at the Eureka Inn, WILL's hotel room in Indianapolis, Saturday night, 7:30p.m., and an interview area. AT RISE: DAWN is sitting at the desk listening to her interview tape.*

DAWN: *(voice on tape)* Here's Hobart Brown, the prime force behind the Kinetic Sculpture Race—
(Crosses to interview area. DAWN'S voice is now live.)

Hobart, did you really race a tricycle?

HOBART: *(tongue in cheek)* By the time I raced it, it was a penta-cycle. See, I dug out my old welding gear, added a few wheels and handlebars. It even had a little fringe on top.

DAWN: How'd this race begin?

HOBART: A neighbor complained about my son's tricycle So I said I'd make it a work of art.

DAWN: Did you?

HOBART: Sure. But he still called it a piece of junk. He challenged me to a race on Mother's Day.

DAWN: Who won?

HOBART: No one. He showed up in an army tank with a gun firing flowers. But five other machines showed up too. Then I thought, "What are ten thousand people doing on Main Street? That was our first race (1969) and we haven't missed a year since!

(DAWN crosses back to hotel room.)

DAWN: *(snapping off tape recorder)* Good!

(Types on her laptop computer, looks over her copy and reads aloud.)

Call it madness. Call it mayhem. Some even call it masochism. The annual kinetic sculpture race attracting thousands of spectators, dozens of intrepid artist/inventors and hundreds of devoted crew. For many Memorial Day weekend means only one race, the famous—

(DAWN peers at her text, questioning choice.)

Indianapolis 500? Indy 500? The Indy?

(Decides)

Indianapolis 500.

(Looks off into space.)

Yeah.

(Continues reading.)

But in the northern top of California, there's a different race. Not as famous as the Indy, but in its unique way just as fabulous.

(Looks at watch and telephones.)

Room service? This is Room 547. Do you have any idea where my dinner is? I called an hour ago.

(Pause.)

Sure. Okay.

(DAWN hangs up, walks stiffly to door and unlocks it. Crosses back and sits painfully. Rummages in purse for a scrap of paper. Dials. LIGHTING: comes up on WILL on his hotel bed. A MASSEUSE, capable and attractive, massages his shoulders and back.)

SOUND: telephone ringing

(Lazily WILL reaches for it.)

WILL: Dodson.

DAWN: Will? I just wanted to wish you luck tomorrow.

WILL: (coldly) Thanks.

DAWN: Did I wake you? I'm calling from

(Checks.)

the Eureka Inn. Do you want to call me back?

WILL: *(to MASSEUSE)* Ummm-m. Right there. Great!

(To DAWN.)

Haven't time to call you back.

DAWN: Who's there?

WILL: I'm getting a massage. Gotta relax before tomorrow.

(WILL reaches out and encircles MASSEUSE'S waist for a second.)

DAWN: Where's your trainer?

WILL: Grounded. Fog.

DAWN: *(sympathetic)* That's too bad. I know how you depend on him.

WILL: Yeah. He's not the only one who let me down!

DAWN: It's the Anderson's party tonight, isn't it? Say hello for me.

WILL: If you cared, you'd be here.

(MASSEUSE starts to leave. WILL pulls her back.)

DAWN: Are you taking someone?

WILL: Moonlighting for the FBI?

DAWN: *(lighter tone)* How's the room with a jacuzzi?

WILL: *(smiling at MASSEUSE)* Great! Best invention since the Formula One engine!

(MASSEUSE laughs.)

DAWN: *(slowly)* Was that a masseuse?

WILL: Yeah.

DAWN: But you always use men.

WILL: Women have a right to work too. Isn't that what you radical feminists are always shouting about?

DAWN: But...

WILL: Isn't that why you couldn't wait to run off to the Redwoods? Couldn't wait two lousy days?

DAWN: I didn't set the dates! Of either race!

(Lighter tone.)

Will, I'm riding one of those sculptures. It's called *DA VINCI'S DREAM*, and it really looks like one of da Vinci's drawings.

WILL: Who?

DAWN: The artist. da Vinci. Remember? Italy? You liked his work.

(Softer.)

And us.

WILL: That was a long time ago, Dawn. Three years. A long time ago!

(As SHE continues talking WILL lets the phone drop.)

DAWN: It's incredible. Like you're on top of the world. Now I know how you feel. But I am so stiff. I sure could use that jacuzzi. Will? Will? Will, are you there?

(WILL picks up the phone, winking at the MASSEUSE.)

WILL: Sorry. Dozed off. Look Dawn, I have to get ready for the Andersons. You know. Black-tie affair.

DAWN: Any other affair I ought to know about?

(Bangs telephone.)

LIGHTING: blackout on WILL.

Bastard! Masseuse, my foot!

(DAWN sobbing, takes a pillow from the bed and heaves it across the room just as DA VINCI enters with carry-out food The packages fall.)

DA VINCI: Any other messages for me?

DAWN: *(embarrassed)* I'm sorry. How'd you get in?

DA VINCI: The door was open. I knocked, but you didn't hear me.

DAWN: *(wiping away tears)* I was busy.

DA VINCI: Sure.

(Gives her a long look and closes door.)

This hotel may look like a medieval castle, but there are knaves among the knights. It's better to keep your door locked.

DAWN: I was waiting for room service. They said, "Right away."

DA VINCI: That's why you weren't at dinner.

DAWN: Was it any good?

DA VINCI: If you like chicken wings. Anyway I brought you a dozen.

(Begins to salvage what he can.)

And coleslaw and bread. Didn't know if you'd like wine, beer or good old Calistoga water, so I brought them all.

DAWN: Maybe I'll try them all!

DA VINCI: *(crosses to her)* What's wrong?

DAWN: Nothing!

DA VINCI: The first day's the hardest. But then you go on automatic.

DAWN: Da Vinci, I'm so stiff I can't move, and I've got these cramps in my legs.

(Winces with a flash of pain.)

DA VINCI: Stand against the wall.

DAWN: Why?

DA VINCI: Right now.

(DAWN does. HE demonstrates with hands against wall, left foot ahead of the right.)

Like this.

(Corrects DAWN.)

Point your feet forward. This isn't a dance class.

DAWN: What is it?

DA VINCI: Calf stretch. Bend the left knee slightly. Keep the right leg behind you. Now push. Hold it at least thirty seconds. Now switch legs. Keep doing this.

(DAWN does but turns away from him crying.)

(gently) Want to talk?

DAWN: *(sniffing)* It's not your problem.

DA VINCI: What do you mean? I've got an investment in you. You're my co-pilot!

DAWN: I'll be all right.

DA VINCI: Just tell me, is it that creep who wants to kill himself?

DAWN: He's not a creep.

DA VINCI: Sure. He's talented, compassionate, faithful, and let's throw in rich.

DAWN: No one's that perfect.

DA VINCI: So we'll take out rich. Three out of four?

DAWN: I don't want to talk about it.

DA VINCI: Listen, we're in a race together. You can't let him upset you! Tomorrow's a tough day.

DAWN: You just said the second day you go on automatic[

SOUND: telephone rings.

(Answers, thinking it's Will.)

Hell-oo-oo. Oh.

(Hands phone to DA VINCI.)

It's Lee. For you.

DA VINCI: Hi. About six-thirty. Near the end. But not the last!

(Looking at DAWN.)

Fair. Yes. Epsom salts. And a heating pad. As fast as you can. Thanks.

(Serving DAWN dinner on a paper plate.)

If you wait for Room Service, you'll starve. The hotel's jammed.

(DA VINCI brings a chair over and sits beside her.)

Put your legs out on my lap.

DAWN: Why?

DA VINCI: So you can finish the race!

DAWN: Da Vinci, I'm a wreck!

(HE massages her calves.)

DA VINCI: Your calf muscles are knotted. Didn't you stretch out?

DAWN: There wasn't time before, remember?

DA VINCI: You've got to warm up. Walk, jog. To prevent cramps.

DAWN: We were sort of in a rush, Da Vinci.

DA VINCI: Let me get something straight. I thought you said you'd done a bicycle tour all over Ireland.

DAWN: I rented a bike for a day in Dublin.

(Pause.)

Two years ago.

DA VINCI: You said you climbed the Rockies.

DAWN: I did. A one-week hiking trip.

DA VINCI: When?

DAWN: Last year.

DA VINCI: So the bottom line is you didn't bother to warm up or cool down and you're not in shape.

DAWN: I swim at the club twice a week. I jog three times a week. Jogging on the San Francisco hills isn't exactly easy! What's wrong with my shape?

DA VINCI: From an aesthetic point of view, nothing.

(Grins.)

Nothing whatsoever. But this is an endurance race. You just can't jump on, and off you go.

DAWN: Anybody can pedal a bicycle.

DA VINCI: Not for three days for thirty-eight miles over rough terrain. You just proved that!

DAWN: *(yanks her legs away)* Don't yell at me!

DA VINCI: I'm not yelling.

DAWN: I didn't volunteer to swim the English Channel.

DA VINCI: Humboldt Bay's no picnic, and that's tomorrow morning. This race is important to me.

DAWN: You men are all alike. Same script!

DA VINCI: All I meant was you can't strain the body like that. A healthy body rebels. Just like a healthy woman who's pushed around.

DAWN: Is there a hidden message in your rather obvious statement?

DA VINCI: You better believe it!

DAWN: Don't judge someone you don't know.

(Pause.)

DA VINCI: Right. Now can we continue?

(Continues massage.)

If you feel a cramp tomorrow, holler and we'll stop. If you get any more cramps tonight, apply direct pressure with your fist.

(Demonstrates.)

Like this.

(DAWN tries.)

Release and repeat.

DAWN: That helps!

DA VINCI: How's the *NPR* feature coming?

DAWN: Got the opening.

DA VINCI: May I read it?

DAWN: *(surprised)* You really want to?

DA VINCI: Sure! Can't have the Fuselli family name maligned nationwide! I came up to see how you were and to invite you to a party.

DAWN: When?

DA VINCI: Now. All the pilots. The crews. Once the stories start all you'll have to do is sit back and listen. Bring your tape recorder and you'll have ten features without doing any work.

DAWN: *(wavers)* I should go.

DA VINCI: Stand up and see if they feel any better.

(DAWN walks around.)

Better?

DAWN: Better thanks.

DA VINCI: Keep your feet elevated tonight.

(SHE sits with feet up.)

SOUND: knock at door.

VOICE: Room service.

DA VINCI: *(crosses to door)* I'll get it.

(Returns with tray.)

DAWN: There's too much food.

DA VINCI: Don't worry. Lee's coming.

SOUND: knock at door.

(DA VINCI crosses, opens, and LEE enters.)

DAWN: Hi, Lee. Just in time. Hope you're hungry.

LEE: And I didn't even stop to eat. Not when you said "fast."

(Until DA VINCI exits, THEY eat.)

How was the first day?

DAWN: Fantastic. But my body isn't talking to me.

LEE: *(searching for an outlet)* Brought you epsom salts. The druggist said use the hottest water you can stand and just soak. I'll plug the heating pad in right now.

DAWN: Nice to be pampered.

LEE: Enjoy it. Tomorrow night you'll be at Camp Calistoga.

DAWN: What's that like?

LEE: A desolate, deserted beach.

DA VINCI: No room service.

DAWN: Am I the only casualty?

DA VINCI: No. But you're the only one with a doctor in attendance!

DAWN: *(laughs)* You're a funny guy!

DA VINCI: A laugh a day keeps the doctor away.

DAWN: About that party, can I go like this?

DA VINCI: Better unplug the heating pad first.

(SHE laughs again.)

DAWN: I don't want to look out of place.

DA VINCI: You couldn't. But use those epsom salts first. See how you feel in an hour. I'll come back.

(DA VINCI exits.)

LEE: Ever seen this race before?

DAWN: First time.

LEE: What'd you think?

DAWN: A couple of times I thought I was riding the clouds. Then we stopped on the way to Eureka just to look at wild flowers. He's crazy. He doesn't care if he wins or not.

LEE: That's Da Vinci.

DAWN: It was the most fun I've had in years. Like when you're a little kid kind of fun. But right now I'm

useless.

LEE: On the floor, madam. I'm going to run you through some static stretching exercises. Do these before and after.

(Under rest of scene LEE proceeds to run through a series of stretches.)

Stretch and hold. Don't bounce. This is a stretch. Try to hold it for thirty seconds. Now the other leg.

DAWN: I've got muscles I never knew about. Ow-ww.

LEE: Just haven't used them in awhile. So why did you lie? All those stories about cycling in Ireland, hiking in the Rockies. Climbing Mt. Everest!!!

DAWN: I just exaggerated. So I could ride the *DREAM* Ow-w-w! For my story.

LEE: Is that story so important?

DAWN: It's my chance! My big break! It's for All Things Considered.

LEE: Dawn, that machine's all he's got. He spent a year researching it and a year building it. If I could take your place, I would. But rules are rules. You can't back out.

DAWN: I won't.

(A difficult stretch.)

Ow-w-w. Go easy.

LEE: Is that a promise?

(DAWN nods.)

There's too much at stake.

DAWN: For me too!

End of Act I Scene 4

SCENE FIVE — *Field's Landing. AT RISE: In the background excited spectators wave Kinetic Sculpture flags and ad-lib excitedly amongst themselves and to their favorites, as they watch the procession of outrageous sculptures wobble down the ramp.*

CROWD: *(ad-lib)* Way to go! Did you see that? C'mon. You can do it! *(etc.)*

CHRIS: *(on a platform)* Water entry. *DA VINCI'S DREAM.*

SOUND: crowd cheers wildly, then suddenly groans.

That groan from the crowd was for *DA VINCI'S DREAM*. It floated for less than a minute, before it capsized. Not the first sculpture in race history to find out Humboldt Bay's not the bathtub.

CROWD: *(ad-lib)* Too bad! Look at that! Try again! Try flying! Never make it! *(etc.)*

CHRIS: Well, folks, the popular *DA VINCI'S DREAM* is being dragged out so the crew co-pilots can work on it.

(LIGHTING: comes on DA VINCI'S DREAM now out of the Bay. LEE is meticulously, checking the sculpture. DAWN and DA VINCI enter. They are wearing lifejackets over what looks like wet Renaissance attire.)

DAWN: Never tested! You worked on it for a whole year. What do you mean you never put it in the water before?

DA VINCI: Sure it was in the water before. But not Humboldt Bay.

DAWN: Did it float?

DA VINCI: Yes!

DAWN: This time it floated for the grand total of twenty-six seconds.

DA VINCI: How do you know?

DAWN: Because when we fell in, my stop-watch died.

DA VINCI: What were you timing?

DAWN: How long it takes to cross the Bay. But I don't need a watch, Da Vinci. I need a calendar!!!

LEE: It's the flotation system. Port side.

(LEE crawls under.)

DA VINCI: I hate to say it, Dawn, but that's the side you pinned down.

DAWN: I hate to say it, Da Vinci, but that's the side you checked.

LEE: *(from underneath)* The pipe's cracked. Gimme my tool kit. Hang in there. I can repair it.

DA VINCI: *(handing over tool kit)* That's lucky.

DAWN: With a little more luck, we'll be disqualified!

LEE: *(emerging)* Be right back.

DA VINCI: What do you need?

LEE: It's in my car.

(Exits.)

DAWN: *(glancing nervously at the bay)* Look at those waves. How can it change so fast?

DA VINCI: It's only two and a half miles across Humboldt Bay. She'll make it.

DAWN: Why do men call ships "she?"

DA VINCI: Because they're unpredictable and demanding and they always need expensive repairs.

DAWN: And they told me chivalry was dead!

LEE: *(runs in with missing tool and a thermos)* The Sheriff's threatening to close the Bay. It's getting too rough.

(Works rapidly.)

So, if you're going to cross, go!

DAWN: If it's safe, let's do it.

DA VINCI: Even if it's crazy, let's do it!

DAWN: *(scribbles on notepad)* Lunatics and leisure. That's my title!

DA VINCI: Has a euphonious ring. Let's ride her down to the ramp.

LEE: No promises Da Vinci. I'm a mechanic not a magician.

DAWN: *(scared)* Maybe this really is crazy.

DA VINCI: Let's go.

DAWN: *(to LEE)* Do you think we'll make it?

LEE: Think positive.

(Hands her thermos.)

Hot soup inside.

DAWN: How far is it to Camp Calistoga?

DA VINCI: Ten miles, after you cross the Bay.

LEE: I'll get some dinner and meet you both there.

DAWN: Lee, has anyone ever drowned out there?

LEE: Naw! The Coast Guard's on duty. Better hurry. Good luck.

(DAWN and DA VINCI ride the DREAM to the ramp.)

CHRIS: Water entry, *DA VINCI'S DREAM*. Second time around. A bit of a breeze today, folks. Tide's still

coming in. Fifteen racers in the water. The crowd is waiting, watching, willing the DREAM to float. And it looks like they'll have their wish!

SOUND: CROWD cheers wildly.

They're on the Bay, folks, fighting the wind and waves.

SOUND: CROWD groans

UH-h-h-h OH-hhhh! Looks like they just went off course!

End of Act I, Scene 5

SCENE SIX — Outside Camp Calistoga. 10:30 P.M. AT RISE: DAWN and DA VINCI, bedraggled, exhausted, and lost, stare at the DREAM, which is stuck in the sand.

DAWN: You said, "any idiot can take off a pontoon and put on a wheel!"

DA VINCI: So it came loose. Sue me.

DAWN: So we've been stuck here for two and a half hours. I'm hungry, tired and wet. And if it weren't illegal, I'd probably kill you.

DA VINCI: Don't let a mere technicality stop you!

DAWN: Are you sure we're going in the right direction?

DA VINCI: We're not going anywhere!

DAWN: How come not one single sculpture has gone by? Don't you have a c.b. on this machine?

DA VINCI: Next time, Dawn, I'll install a telephone, a refrigerator and a fancy bathroom with a make-up mirror!

DAWN: Lee can't find us in the dark!

SOUND: light rain.

I used to think beaches were romantic.

DA VINCI: They can be. With the right person.

(THEY glower at one another.)

DAWN: Not in the rain.

DA VINCI: It's just mist.

DAWN: It's wet. And I can't even drink it.

DA VINCI: *(hands her a tin cup)* Here. The preferred drink of the Kinetic Sculpture Race!

DAWN: *(throws cup down)* Da Vinci, we can't stay here all night.

DA VINCI: Got a solution?

DAWN: Got a flashlight?

DA VINCI: You already looked at the wheel. I looked at the wheel. It's not Modern Art.

DAWN: Title it "Frustration." It'll win first prize.

(DA VINCI hands her flashlight.)

I'm going to S.O.S.

DA VINCI: *(shocked)* This is not an emergency!

DAWN: If Lees looking for us, it'll help. What I wouldn't give right now for a fire and some hot soup.

DA VINCI: Maybe there's some dry driftwood around here.

(With a small flashlight HE investigates. DAWN continues to S.O.S. with flashlight. Suddenly jumps up.)

DAWN: HAL-LO! Over here!

(LIGHTING: lights flash back.)

Someone saw us! Why didn't we think of this sooner?

DA VINCI: We're not lost.

DAWN: No? What do you call it?

SOUND: jeep horn.

PAT: *(offstage)* HAL-LO.

DAWN: What a beautiful sound!

(Calls back.)

HAL-LO!

(LEE and PAT rush on.)

PAT: Heard you blew off course and the Coast Guard had to tow you.

LEE: *(looking at DREAM)* What happened?

DAWN: We're stuck!

LEE: Where's the emergency toot kit?

DA VINCI: In Humboldt Bay.

DAWN: Along with a thermos of hot soup.

(LEE circles the sculpture.)

DA VINCI: And her makeup kit. Her Elizabeth Arden makeup kit. I should have had my head examined.

PAT: I warned you.

DAWN: He's the one who put the wheel on backwards! Not me!

LEE: The bad news is we'll have to push.

DA VINCI: *(miserable)* It's okay. I already lost Ace at Deadman's Drop.

(PAT exits to get ponchos.)

DAWN: Can't we tow it?

LEE: Strictly illegal.

DAWN: But they towed us halfway across Humboldt Bay.

LEE: Because you were drifting out to sea.

DAWN: We were headed straight for Australia!

DA VINCI: *(to DAWN)* Missed your chance to get a Koala bear

(DAWN ignores him. PAT reenters, tosses ponchos down.)

PAT: Da Vinci, this isn't a legal push area.

DA VINCI: I know. I know. I'll take the penalty.

(PAT exits. OTHERS surround sculpture with ponchos.)

Dawn, for the record, you can't put a wheel on backwards. It's technically impossible.

DAWN: Cockeyed then!

DA VINCI: It was dark. It worked for awhile.

LEE: *(directs)* Dawn, over there. Da Vinci, there. Brace yourselves. We're going to have to lift her.

DAWN: *(angry)* It! It! It!

LEE: What?

DAWN: IT! Lift "it"! This contraption is not a "she." If it has any gender, it's a "he!"

DA VINCI: *(quietly to LEE)* Take her back in the jeep. I'll pedal it to camp myself.

DAWN: No, you won't! How far is it?

LEE: Less than a mile.

DAWN: We can do it. C'mon.

LEE: One, two, three, GO!!

(The DREAM does not budge.)

DAWN: Try four people.

LEE: Only registered pilots and pit crew can push. C'mon. Put your hearts and souls into this! One, two, three, heave!!

(The DREAM wobbles and sinks back into the sand. THEY groan. PAT reenters, crosses ready to assist.)

PAT: Want two more arms?

DA VINCI: We'll get hauled into Kinetic Sculpture Court.

DAWN: Why?

LEE: Breaking the rules, A heinous crime.

DAWN: So's a slow death.

DA VINCI: All right. All right. Maybe the four of us can pull...

(Looks at DAWN.)

"it" out.

(THEY hold onto vehicle.)

PAT: Remember Rule One? Help's allowed from a friendly extraterrestrial.

(Bows slightly.)

I'm very friendly.

(THEY grin.)

LEE: For the third time, one, two, three, UP AND OUT!

(The DREAM moves slightly out of the ditch and onto the ponchos, where it stops. THEY cheer.)

PAT: When all else fails...

OTHERS: CHEAT!

(DA VINCI measures distance sculpture has moved.)

DA VINCI: Half an inch.

LEE: Only fifty more to go!! One, two, three, PUSH!!!

(THEY push. With a lurch the DREAM rattles away. DA VINCI runs after it.)

DA VINCI: Follow that DREAM!

DAWN: Run!

(THEY chase the DREAM.)

RUN!!!

End of Act I Scene 6

SCENE SEVEN — Camp Calistoga. One hour later. AT RISE: There's a small campfire. DA VINCI, LEE, and PAT are by the fire. DAWN sits apart, back to them, writing notes with a flashlight pen. In the distance other PILOTS and PIT CREWS eat, drink, swap stories, and play cards.

PAT: *(glancing at DAWN)* That's one grumpy co-pilot. She's breaking Rule Ten.

(Toasts.)

To Rule Ten. “All sculpture pilots, pit crew, and officials etc. shall put forth great effort into HAVING GREAT FUN, for it is such craziness as this that keeps us sane.”

LEE and **DA VINCI**: Hear! Hear!

DA VINCI: Pat, were we really the last?

PAT: Yup! Even the *QUAGMUIRE QUEEN* got in before you.

LEE: Cheer up. There’s still tomorrow.

PAT: And tonight. There’s a party up at the bluff. Now that all the sculptures are in, I’m going to enjoy myself. Coming, Da Vinci?

DA VINCI: Not now.

PAT: Lee?

LEE: (*rises*) Sure. I checked out the *DREAM*. You should be fine.

DA VINCI: Look at that moon! This weather’s as fickle as women.

LEE: Whereas men are stable, constant, and unemotional!

DA VINCI: RIGHT!!!

(*Pause. THEY laugh. DA VINCI looks over again at DAWN.*)

LEE: Da Vinci, don’t sail into storms you can’t handle.

DA VINCI: (*firmly*) I’ll see you later.

(*PAT and LEE exit. DA VINCI pokes up the fire whistling, ideally a melody from a Puccini opera. HE keeps looking over at DAWN, starts to cross, changes his mind. DAWN sneaks a look at him, then resumes work.*)

(*calls*) How do you feel?

DAWN: Freezing.

DA VINCI: (*cheerfully*) It’s warm by the fire.

(*Pause.*)

I won’t bite.

(*Pause. HE continues whistling.*)

DAWN: That’s very distracting.

DA VINCI: Hey, the stars are out, the moon is full, and you got your wish, hot soup.

DAWN: No thanks to you.

DA VINCI: Whadya mean? I ordered the moon special. You think it’s easy to get a full moon on such short notice?

DAWN: You’re funny, Da Vinci, but—

DA VINCI: (*sighs*) It’s the “but” that’s always a killer.

DAWN: Always?

DA VINCI: When we got married, my wife laughed at every joke. Then one day she stopped.

DAWN: She was sick.

DA VINCI: Before that. Amanda still laughs. Jeez, I wanted her to come tonight. Sit around the campfire. Swap stories. Sing. Roast marshmallows. I even told Lee to bring her out.

DAWN: What happened?

DA VINCI: My in-laws. All of a sudden I was going to give their granddaughter pneumonia.

DAWN: It did rain. No matter what you call it. And it is cold.

DA VINCI: So how long is she gonna be a kid? Want a marshmallow?

DAWN: Everything went overboard.

DA VINCI: They were under my shirt. Insulated bag.

DAWN: (*thaws*) You really hoped she'd come.

DA VINCI: Yeah.

DAWN: Da Vinci, you sound like a terrific father to me. A lousy engineer, an awful navigator, but a super dad.

DA VINCI: Is that what you're going to say coast to coast?

DAWN: Maybe.

DA VINCI: Have you finished writing your notes?

DAWN: For now.

DA VINCI: Who've you interviewed so far?

DAWN: Hobart. Grampa. The guy in the ten foot turtle.

DA VINCI: The one who's got a racing suit like the Indy?

DAWN: For a second I thought I was at the wrong race.

DA VINCI: Are you?

DAWN: Not sure.

(*Pause.*)

Who else should I interview?

DA VINCI: Everyone has a different story. You should hear them all.

(*Coaxes.*)

There's a party up at the bluff.

DAWN: What about that second night rule? Staying with your sculpture.

DA VINCI: Technically it's a three-hour penalty if you don't stay within spitting distance. But that's combining all the pilots and crew! I'll take a party over a penalty anytime.

DAWN: You go, Da Vinci. I couldn't walk ten steps right now.

(*DA VINCI crosses and picks her up.*)

PUT ME DOWN!

DA VINCI: (*deposits DAWN by fire*) You said you were cold. You said you couldn't walk. Heck, a St. Bernard would do that much.

(*Opens marshmallow bag*)

How do you like them?

DAWN: Burnt. Just one. I haven't had those since I was a Girl Scout!

DA VINCI: You were a Girl Scout? I was a Boy Scout. I loved all that wilderness stuff—trail blazing, canoeing, fire building.

DAWN: Matches?

DA VINCI: Never.

DAWN: We couldn't either. So how come you got lost?

DA VINCI: (*handing her a marshmallow on a stick*) I was absent the day they did orienteering.

DAWN: (*eats*) Not the day they did marshmallow roasting. Delicious!

DA VINCI: Want another? Got a whole bag.

DAWN: Unh-unh. Will likes me thin. He was right, Da Vinci. First full day, and I'm ready to call it quits.

DA VINCI: It's a tough race.

DAWN: What's wrong with me?

DA VINCI: Nothing. You weren't prepared. You were cold, wet, and hungry. Brings out the beast in all of

us. What did Will say?

DAWN: That I wouldn't last five minutes. He was right!

DA VINCI: He was wrong. So far you've lasted a day and a half without decent preparation. You're a lot tougher than you think!

DAWN: Wonder how he did at the Indy.

DA VINCI: If you get any closer to that fire, you'll go up in smoke.

(Handing her a blanket from sleeping bag.)

Here. Wrap up in this.

DAWN: How many children do you have?

DA VINCI: One. A terrific kid. Plays soccer, plays the flute. Advanced placement classes. And the best audience for my jokes I ever had.

DAWN: You love her a lot.

DA VINCI: If you don't have kids, you wouldn't understand.

(DAWN starts to cry.)

Hey, what'd I say?

DAWN: I'm just tired.

DA VINCI: *(puts arm around her)* If it makes you feel better to cry, cry. I've got waterproof shoulders.

DAWN: *(quietly)* I'd like a daughter before I'm fifty.

(Cries softly.)

DA VINCI: Dawn, what's wrong? Tell me.

DAWN: Will doesn't want kids. A kid will make him nervous on the track.

DA VINCI: None of my business, but he sounds like a rat.

DAWN: A few months ago, I thought we'd get married. He always said, "Soon as I win a big one." So I bought champagne. He took the bottle out on the terrace, and I thought he'd propose. But I guess that race wasn't "the big one."

DA VINCI: What did he do?

DAWN: Smashed the bottle against the railing, called me a selfish bitch and stormed out. The next day he brought over two dozen roses.

DA VINCI: Oh, well, that makes up for everything!

DAWN: He's very ambitious. But if he wins the Indy, he promised we'd get married.

DA VINCI: Those are two totally different subjects!

DAWN: Not to him,

(Breaks down again.)

But then he said no Amandas. Da Vinci, you better go to that party. I'm lousy company tonight.

DA VINCI: Let me decide that.

DAWN: You're a good listener, Da Vinci.

DA VINCI: Dawn, one thing I know is when there's more crying than laughing, it's time to get out. If you go back and let him hurt you some more, then you're crazy.

DAWN: It hasn't been all bad. Some of it's been ... wonderful.

DA VINCI: All bad's a cinch. You just go. No regrets. But usually it isn't that simple.

SOUND: waltz music in the distance.

DAWN: Do you have a hidden orchestra?

DA VINCI: Hobart loves waltzes. Wouldn't be a kinetic sculpture race without a few.

(Stands and offers his arm.)

May I?

DAWN: The question is can I!

(DA VINCI pulls her up, holds her for a second Then THEY waltz.)

DA VINCI: I'm a bit rusty.

DAWN: Do you do this minor magic often? Full moon, invisible orchestra?

DA VINCI: Nope. Only when there's a beautiful woman in my arms.

DAWN: *(breaks away)* Don't.

DA VINCI: What?

DAWN: Say that. Will always calls me beautiful . Like it's the only part that matters.

DA VINCI: It's no crime to be *bellissima*.

DAWN: I'm not a decoration! I have a mind!

DA VINCI: They're not mutually exclusive! Dawn, you're a good reporter.

DAWN: Think so?

DA VINCI: I know so!

DAWN: It's hard to get assignments. Especially when we travel so much. But I asked for this one. Even though it's the same weekend.

DA VINCI: Sorry now?

DAWN: No.

DA VINCI: Miss him?

DAWN: I've been at every one of his races for the last four years. Like a good luck charm. His words, not mine.

DA VINCI: Do you want to find out if he won?

DAWN: The radio's at the bottom of Humboldt Bay

DA VINCI: Someone at the bluff will have one.

DAWN: I'm so tired I don't really care.

DA VINCI: Is that the whole reason?

(THEY look at each other.)

Dawn, marriage is a partnership. There's got to be respect on both sides.

DAWN: Please don't lecture.

DA VINCI: Sorry. Occupational hazard.

(HE pokes up the fire and adds a log.)

DAWN: It's a perfect fire.

DA VINCI: *(roasts a marshmallow and eats it)* We used to tell ghost stories and roast marshmallows.

DAWN: So did we.

DA VINCI: *(offers)* Got a whole bag here.

(DAWN refuses.)

DAWN: Look at the clouds. Like a painting.

DA VINCI: It's what I call an El Greco sky.

DAWN: Ever been to the Prado Museum?

DA VINCI: Going next spring! First sabbatical. First trip to Europe. All those slides are going to be real!

DAWN: What's your project?

DA VINCI: Believe it or not one of my paintings was accepted for a show in Italy. The Venice Biennale.

DAWN: The Biennale!

(Impulsively hugs him.)

Congratulations!

DA VINCI: Do that again.

(DAWN laughs embarrassed and moves away.)

DAWN: Tell me about the painting.

DA VINCI: Come see it! It's still in the studio.

DAWN: Maybe.

DA VINCI: Dawn, I always ask my students this question. What do you want to do in five years?

DAWN: Something besides hang on Will's arm. What I want... what I really want...

DA VINCI: Go on.

DAWN: I want to be a journalist.

DA VINCI: Then do it! What's stopping you? You've got the ability.

DAWN: Will says—

DA VINCI: Forget him for five minutes! See yourself creating assignments, covering events, composing features. Take it from an art teacher. You have to visualize what you want before it can become a reality.

DAWN: I've talked more seriously to you in one hour than I've talked to Will in four years.

DA VINCI: It's your life, Dawn. Not his. My grandfather used to say, "Life's a feast. Don't just sit at the table. Eat!" It sounds better in Italian.

DAWN: Sounds pretty good in English.

DA VINCI: You're a lovely woman.

(Leans over and kisses her lightly.)

DAWN: Da Vinci, we can't.

DA VINCI: I checked the race rules. There's no penalty for romance.

DAWN: We need to concentrate on the race.

DA VINCI: I can do both.

DAWN: I can't. For a lot of reasons.

DA VINCI: My timing's terrible.

DAWN: Your timing's fine. But I have a job to do and so do you. I want to be alert and objective.

DA VINCI: *(snaps to attention)* Right. Alert and objective. Anything else, Major?

DAWN: *(laughing)* Da Vinci, you're crazy. Crazy but fun. What do you want most?

DA VINCI: To finish the race. I don't care if the *DREAM* wins an award or not. I just want to finish, even if we're last.

DAWN: Last? Then you've lost!!!

DA VINCI: The race is in the running. What happens to you because of it. Like when you see a painting in a museum ... and at that moment, there's nothing else in the world. A piece of canvas changes you, and you leave singing inside.

DAWN: *(softly)* Five years from now?

DA VINCI: Hiking. Painting. An award. Any old award. And one of these days go to New York and see the Metropolitan Opera. What was the first opera you ever saw?

DAWN: Madame Butterfly. It was all purple and pink and Japanese fireflies. At the end, you know, all those bravos and bouquets, there were tears streaming down my face. I couldn't understand how I could be so happy and so sad at the same time.

DA VINCI: Do you have season tickets now?

DAWN: Will doesn't like opera much. Da Vinci, promise me you'll go to the Met one day. Don't just keep it a far away dream.

DA VINCI: You too! Go alone. Don't give up what you love.

DAWN: (*impulsively*) Wish we could go together.

DA VINCI: Do you?

DAWN: What other dreams?

DA VINCI: (*casual*) Promotion to Associate Professor. Celebrating my daughter's birthdays with her. And someone older than Amanda to laugh at my jokes.

DAWN: Doesn't sound too difficult.

DA VINCI: How much journalism have you done?

DAWN: Not a lot. Three stories for NPR, four magazine articles.

DA VINCI: It's a start. Graduate degree?

DAWN: (*shakes head 'No'*) Is that important?

DA VINCI: To some people. You could probably get Life Experience credit.

DAWN: Do you think so?

DA VINCI: One of my buddies is the new Journalism Chair. She'll know which grad programs take professional experience. We could talk to her.

DAWN: We?

DA VINCI: I'll introduce you. Have lunch. Tuesday.

DAWN: Tuesday I'll be gone.

DA VINCI: So stay a half day longer.

DAWN: It's tempting.

DA VINCI: You've got talent, Dawn. Use it. Besides, if you stay, I could show you my favorite place on campus.

DAWN: Your studio?

DA VINCI: That too. But there's a whole Redwood forest right next to the campus. I spent a lot of time there this spring.

DAWN: Why?

DA VINCI: Because when you look at those giants, it puts your own problems in perspective. They give you strength. Silent strength.

DAWN: I could use some of that.

DA VINCI: My tour leaves at one o'clock.

DAWN: Da Vinci, maybe what I want is a fantasy?

DA VINCI: What's a fantasy? Just a dream that isn't realized.

DAWN: But what if I'm not good enough?

DA VINCI: Then you tried! You don't have to win every race.

DAWN: Will says if you can't win, then why run?

DA VINCI: Because it beats sitting on the sidelines!

DAWN: I'm hungry. Wish we had some raw vegetables.

DA VINCI: Raw vegetables! I spend my life avoiding them. But there's marshmallows cooked any way you like, lady. A feature of this cafe.

DAWN: The same again. Burnt.

DA VINCI: (*cooks one*) The same again,

DAWN: (*shyly*) Want to hear what I wrote?

DA VINCI: You bet I would. Will I need a lawyer?

(*Hands her marshmallow.*)

Here.

DAWN: Um-m. Delicious. Better than the first. Must be the sea air.

(*DA VINCI kisses her. SHE doesn't resist.*)

DA VINCI: Marshmallow kisses. If we could market them, we'd make a fortune.

DAWN: Are you going to listen or not?

DA VINCI: READ!!!

(*LIGHTING; begins to fade.*)

DAWN: "Lunatics and leisure. Call it ..."

(*LIGHTING: has faded to black.*)

End of Act I, Scene 7

18 more pages in ACT TWO to the end of the script.