

Lights, Cameras, Analyln!

A Play for Family

by

Rafael Vasquez

11-Year old Analyln D'abo has a knack for acting --and trouble. Self-conscious that her mother cannot afford the nicer things her friends have, she focuses on the one thing she can do: Theatre.

But when that falls into jeopardy, she takes on neighborhood thugs, puts her mother's new boyfriend through the wringer, and goes toe-to-toe with a U.S. Navy Captain in this one-act, family oriented play about one girl's struggle to accept who she is --and is not.

Rafael Vasquez, #738214
Ramsey I Unit
1100 FM 655
Rosharon, Texas 77583 USA

June three, in the year of our Lord
twenty -thousand and thirteen.

None of the characters in this play are real.
--until you make them so.

Cast: of Characters

Analyn D'abo	11 year old Hispanic Girl
Amanda D'abo	Analyn's mother; thirtyish. Works as civilian office administrator on Navy Base
Lieutenant Richard "Otter" Santiago	Navy Flight Instructor; 28
Thug #1	Male dressed appropriately
Thug #2	Male dressed appropriately
Carolyn Wall	TV News Reporter dressed professionally.
Camera Operator	Non-speaking role. Works with Carolyn Wall.
Sandy	Homecare Nurse with medical bag. wears scrubs. Twenties.
Hospital Nurse	Non-speaking Role. Dressed appropriately
Commanding Officer	Older, professional man. Uniformed.
Secretary	Minor Role. CO's secretary. Dressed professionally
Captain of Sentries	Minor role. Dressed appropriately
Sentries	Non-speaking role, Dressed appropriately
2 ♂ Residents	Voiceover through speakers.

Musical Score:

"Lean On Me," by original artist.
 Prefer Latino artists, i.e. Gloria Estafan,, Iglesias, etc. Bill Withers...

General Information:

Kingsville Naval Air Station is a real base; flight suits can be simulated with Navy blue coveralls; Newspaper machines can be made from cardboard boxes.

SCENE ONE

(OFFSTAGE MUSIC fades. ANALYN's voice comes through speakers)

ANALYN's voice

For the thing which I greatly feared is come upon me. And that which I was afraid of is come to me. I was not in safety, neither had I rest, neither was I quiet, yet trouble came. Job 3, 25-26.

(CURTAIN opens to SETTING: A small apartment is cluttered with boxes, some of which are marked Lt. Richard "Otter" Santiago, USN. OTTER is unpacking. There is a knock at the door, which he answers. ANALYN is there wearing a school uniform. She has a backpack filled with boxes of cookies at her feet. There is a silence between the two.)

OTTER

You've probably got...the wrong apartment.

ANALYN

Nope.

OTTER

Oh. So how can I help you?

ANALYN

I have cookies.

OTTER

(Crouching:)

Oh-h-h, cookies? Maybe you're at the right place after all.

ANALYN

Yup. Momma says you're a "cookie-kinda guy."

OTTER

(Reaching for backpack:)

Oh? Do I know your--

ANALYN

(Swats his hand away)

Stop that! You have to listen to my speech first.

OTTER

There's a speech?

ANALYN

Yup. Then there's the money-thing.

OTTER

"The Money-thing." Been doin' this awhile, have you?

ANALYN

No, but we--did ya' think the cookies were free?

OTTER

Law school? Are you working your way through law school?

ANALYN

(Exasperated:)

Jus-s-t listen!

(Producing an index card to read from)

Hello! My name's Analyn D'abo. I am a fifth grade student at Kingsville Elementary School. We just started a theater project for kids, but we need your help in order to purchase theater equipment. Would you like to buy some cookies and help support our young actors, actresses and production people?

OTTER

(Reaching for the backpack:)

Sure. Now, cookies!

ANALYN

(Swatting his hand away:)

Stop! I'm not finished yet. Don't you want me to read my list of fla--

OTTER

Not in the least.

ANALYN

(Moves backpack behind her and flips index card over.)

I have Thin Mints, Chocolate Chip, Strawberry Cream, Graham Cracker Crunch and Chocolate Chip.

OTTER

Aha! you said "chocolate chip" twice! And while you're re-writing that grueling speech of yours, I will eat cookies.

ANALYN

I have two boxes.

OTTER

What?

ANALYN

Two boxes of chocolate chip. S'why I said it twice.

See? Law school. I knew it. OTTER

(Pause) ANALYN
Well?

Well what? OTTER

What kind do you want? ANALYN

Geeez! I'll bet it doesn't say that on your card. OTTER

You weren't listening? ANALYN

Of course I---You wouldn't let me get near the bag! OTTER

There's money in there. ANALYN

What part of "Cookie-kinda guy" sounds like "thief?" And who- OTTER

So what kind do you want already? ANALYN

(Pause) OTTER
Got anything with sprinkles? I love sprink--

Cookies, not donuts! ANALYN

(Gritting teeth:) OTTER
Give me...the chocolate chip.

Both boxes, right? ANALYN

Ya' know what? No. I might have bought both, but I swear your OTTER
manners are just a bit--

(Outstretched hand:) ANALYN
Six dollars.

OTTER

Six dollars!

(Rifling his pocket; handing her cash)

When I was in school we sold candy bars, and they weren't but seventy-five cents. Be glad it's for a good cause, 'cause I —

ANALYN

Well I'da sold them to you for three, but you're being a grouch!

OTTER

Say what? Who's the thief now, you little rodent!

ANALYN

I am not a rat!

OTTER

Maybe we should try this whole thing over; starting from the the begining!

(OTTER slams the door. Pause. He knocks on door, then mimics the sound of a resident:)

Hark! A knock upon my door? I wonder who it could be! Perchance it be someone with tasty treats!

(He opens the door to find ANALYN crumpled to the ground, crying. He crouches, extending his hand)

Oh no, little girl--I didn't mean--

ANALYN

(through tears)

I am not a rat! Don't touch me!

OTTER

(Drawing back)

Okay. It's okay. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to hurt your feelings, okay? I shouldn't have closed the door in your face, alright?

ANALYN

I'm doing the best I can! I'm doing the best...I...can.

OTTER

Okay. Right. You're doing fine--"Analyn?" right? Your name's "Analyn?"

(she NODS)

Look, look, lemme' get some more of those cookies. How many boxes have you got in there, huh?

(ANALYN pushes the backpack toward him, but keeps her distance. OTTER carefully extracts only the boxes of cookies.)

Okay, look--boxes only, no money--two, four, well, you only have six boxes left--so, yeah, yeah. I'm sure you're doing good, right?

(ANALYN nods, begining to recover)

ANALYN

I work hard. I do.

OTTER

I know you do, sweetie. I know you do.

ANALYN

(Chin up)

My name is "Analyn." Analyn D'abo.

OTTER

Right. Right. Well, Miss D'abo, um, look: I'm gonna' take the rest of those cookies off your hands, and...and if it's okay, I'm gonna' get us a nice cold soda from the 'fridge, okay? Would you like that?

(ANALYN nods. OTTER stands and helps her up.)

I'll just run to the fridge real quick.

(ANALYN begins to search her backpack for some tissue to blow her nose, as OTTER runs to get them both a soda and returns. He opens hers and hands it to her. He crouches in open doorway.)

So, name's "D'abo," huh?

(ANALYN nods)

And you live nearby?

ANALYN

'Cross the street.

OTTER

Your mom..is her first name "Amanda?" She works out at the Navy base?

ANALYN

Uh-huh.

OTTER

Oh, I know yourmom. Very sweet lady. She's the one--she made the arrangements for my property to be moved out here to these apartments.

ANALYN

And you're "The Lieutenant." She says you're "cute," but...I dunno.'

OTTER

Well, I'll be.

(Extending his hand:)

Lieutenant Richard Santiago, U.S.Navy. My friends call me "Otter."

ANALYN

(Laughs. Pushes used Kleenex into his palm without shaking hands.)

"Otter?"

OTTER

(Staring into hand)

That's funny?

ANALYN

And you called me a "rat."

OTTER

(Pause)
Otters aren't rats.

ANALYN

But they're weasels, He-ll-o-o-o.

OTTER

Well, I am not "a weasel." I crashed a Navy jet into a lake, you see, a long time ago, when I was in a faraway land fighting bad guys.

ANALYN

A lake?

OTTER

Oh, yes. When a pilot's about to crash...
(Describing a falling plane with one hand)
he has to steer away from cities so he doesn't hurt any kiddos selling cookies or pretty ladies like your mother--it's a long story.

ANALYN

So...you're a pilot?

OTTER

Yes Ma'am. Is that a bad thing?

ANALYN

(Changing subject)
Have you seen our school? It's very pretty.
(She looks down as if saddened)
On the inside, anyway. We don't have much money. Miss Uvalde--she's our theater director--she says we don't have enough money to keep it going, maybe.

OTTER

Nobody has money these days, Analyn. Is it that much?

ANALYN

Well, it isn't just the money. We sort of live in a bad area, so it's hard to raise money. S'why momma put you out here with us. These apartments, and ours across the street, we're mostly military families.

OTTER

Oh-h-h.

ANALYN

Momma and I came here from Mississippi after my daddy died--he was in the Air Force. I was just a little girl. She said it's all we can afford, even if it's not such a good neighborhood.

OTTER

I see. Well, surely you're not the only one selling cookies, right?

ANALYN

Oh, no-o-o. There's a bunch of us! Some of us live across the street, too. All the actors, singers, dancers, support kids --we're all doing the best we can!

OTTER

Sounds like a lot.

ANALYN

Oh, yeah. It takes a lot of people and stuff to put on a show. Everybody's important!

OTTER

I'd guess so! I think we forget about that stuff once the curtain goes up. So, what do you do?

ANALYN

You mean, for a talent?

OTTER

Uh-huh.

ANALYN

I'm an actress!

OTTER

Wow! Are you good?

ANALYN

Yup! Mrs. Uvalde, she says she'll write a letter of recommendation if I ever want to apply for a school for the performing arts.

OTTER

Wow. That's quite an ambition. I'll bet your mom's very proud of you.

ANALYN

(Pause)

Momma says...it's expensive. Maybe one day.

(Pause)

If my daddy were--

OTTER

Well something that huge would be expensive for anyone. It's not easy to get into those schools.

ANALYN

(Looking in the distance.)

..I'd go. I know it!

OTTER

I'm sure by the time you get to high school there'll be scholarships available for you to apply for.

ANALYN

(Reminiscing, she puts hands on her hips and speaks in a tone like a man:)

"Life's not about us, little girl," he used to say. "Now you get your behonkus up off that couch and go ask your mother what you can do to help her."

(She laughs a bit)

When momma comes home from work---

(she slaps a hand over her mouth)

OTTER

(Pause. He studies the girl.)

Analyn. Are you home alone?

OTTER

(Muffled by her hand:)

I'm not supposed to say.

OTTER

Not supposed to be out, more likely.

ANALYN

(Chin thrust out)

I'm big enough! And the neighbor lady's kids pinch me, anyway.

OTTER

A neighbor's expecting you?

ANALYN

It's only for this wee-e-ek.

OTTER

Analyn, listen, just for a minute, okay? It's not a question of...there's a...the neighbor lady is probably scared out of her wits right now.

(ANALYN gathers her things)

Wait! wait, now. I bought up all your cookies, so there's no more to sell. That's a lot of money I still owe you.

(ANALYN puts her palm out)

I'm gonna, ' I'm gonna, ' but do a friend of your momma's a favor will you? Let me walk you to the neighbor lady's house, and explain---

ANALYN

Eighteen dollars, Mister.

OTTER

I might be able to help. The neighbor lady's gonna tell your mom you disobeyed her, right? I can tell her who I am, and that you were with me all this time, just trying to do the right thing. It might help.

ANALYN
Eighteen dollars, "Mister Weasel."

OTTER
"It's not about you," remember? You let me walk you home--I'm doing your sweet mother a favor.

ANALYN
I don't care about that.

OTTER
(Pause)
Really?

(Pause)
Alright. But look, I'm--I bought up all your last cookies. That's a lot of money. Besides, I think I'm gonna' have to walk with you at least as far as the convenience store, so I can get change.

(He reaches out to touch the tip of her nose, but ANALYN backs away.)
I wasn't expecting to buy quite so many cookies today.

ANALYN
Are you gonna' tell?

OTTER
I'm gonna' tell them you were with me all this time, yes. Do you think they should be lied to?

(LIGHTS fade to black. A SPOT comes up downstage right. OTTER and ANALYN are stopped at an old coin-operated newspaper machine. ANALYN is crouched down counting money she has pulled from her backpack. She adds with a pad and pencil. OTTER scans the front page.)

ANALYN
Mister Otter?

OTTER
Hmm?

ANALYN
Save me the "Arts Section?"

OTTER
Sure, Kiddo.

(Two THUGS approach, taking up positions on either side of OTTER.)

THUG 1

Say, bro. We sorta' noticed you movin'in across the street there. You doin' okay, today?

(OTTER nods, but is uncomfortable. ANALYN drops her money into backpack and slings it onto one shoulder.)

Well, if there's anything you need--some smoke, maybe some after-hours drink...

(He looks at ANALYN and smiles)

Maybe an older friend...

(OTTER is gently pulling ANALYN behind him as he backs away from the pair.)

OTTER

Nah, I'm okay for now. But I'll sure keep you guys in mind. Gotcha'

THUG 2

(To ANALYN:)

Whatcha' got in the sack, smallfry? A buncha' money and a cellphone?

ANALYN

(Chin thrust out)

It's a sack fulla' "nunya'!"

THUG 2

"Nunya'?"

ANALYN

Nunya business!

OTTER

Well, look guys. We gotta' be on our way to meet Smallfry's two uncles across the street there and--

THUG 1

Hold on now. We gotta' tell ya' about how we...well, all the folks around here pays a small fee, ya' see, for they won't have any problems, right?

(OTTER continues to maneuver himself between the THUGs and ANALYN, but she is getting angry.)

...and we figured now'd be a good time to welcome you to the 'hood and collect our little tax, right?

OTTER

Well, that's all fine and dandy, guys, but look--the girl's uncles are waiting for us--maybe on the way back I can---

THUG 2

Well, I'm thinkin' Smallfry here's maybe got a nice little down payment right here in her bag.

(He grabs ANALYN's backpack. ANALYN stabs him in the hand with her pencil.)

Yeowww-w-w!

OTTER

Analyn! Give him the---

ANALYN

No! This money's for---

(OTTER bends to pull the backpack from ANALYN's hands, just as THUG 1 hits him in the head. OTTER pushes ANALYN away as he falls to his knees.)

OTTER

Run!

(ANALYN runs as lights blink out. Foley Artist sounds of beating comes through speakers. Then, SILENCE ABOUT THE STAGE. Red and white SPOTS revolve around stage suggesting police/ambulance activity. A siren is heard, then fades as SPOTS do. Pause. A SPOT comes up downstage left and shines on TV REPORTER and CAMERA OPERATOR as they interview ANALYN. AMANDA stands behind her with hands on ANALYN's shoulders to comfort her)

REPORTER

Carolyn Wall, Eyewitness Channel Five, in the eighteen hundred block of Angle Road, just outside the Angle Road Apartments, where two people were robbed less than an hour ago. One adult male, a twenty-eight year old Navy Flight Instructor from Kingsville Naval Air Station has been transported to a local hospital. Officials will not release his name or condition pending notification of next-of-kin. I'm here with eleven-year old Analyn D'abo who authorities say was one of two robbery victims. Tell me, Miss D'abo, what you and your friend were doing just a short while ago.)

(REPORTER moves microphone back and forth between herself and ANALYN as each speaks.)

ANALYN

We weren't doing anything but going to my house, Mister Weasel and me.

REPORTER

"Mister Weasel?" Is that...

AMANDA

--That's not his real name, no.

The man who was with you? The other robbery victim?

ANALYN

Yes Ma'am . Mister Weasel and me were stopped right over there at the newspaper machine and I--I was counting my cookie money...

REPORTER

"Cookie Money?"

ANALYN

Yes Ma'am. I was selling cookies for our school...

(She holds up torn backpack.)

And these two bullies came up and they wanted Mister Weasel and me's money, so I stuck one in the hand with my pencil and-

REPORTER

You stabbed a violent criminal?

ANALYN

No! I jus' stuck him in the hand so he'd let go, but Mister Weasel made me let go of the bag and pushed me away and told me to run! When I looked back they--those bullies were kicking him in his head and hurtin' him real bad.

REPORTER

And were you able to describe the pair to the police?

ANALYN

Uh-huh, I did that already. And there's the man inside the store there. He says he...he might have the whole thing on videotape.

REPORTER

Is there any message you want to tell others who live in this area?

ANALYN

To the bullies?

REPORTER

If you'd like.

(CAMERA OPERATOR moves close to ANALYN)

ANALYN

(Wagging finger:)

You are very, very rude! What you did only makes me want to sell more cookies than ever! Just you wait! When my momma gets her hands on you she's gonna' pull your ears off! And Mister Weasel, he's gonna' pound you good! You're gonna' give my school their money back, and we're gonna' get bullies like you outta' here!

(SPOT fades to black)

You are very, very rude! Just you watch!...

(DOWNSTAGE RIGHT, a SPOT comes up over OTTER. He is lying in a hospital bed with his eyes bandaged and ribage wrapped. A NURSE checks on him, but leaves as AMANDA enters.)

OTTER

Whatever you've got in your hands this time, stick it in your own orifice and get out of my room.

AMANDA

Hey there, tough guy, it's me.

Where's Analyn? Is she okay?
OTTER

She's at school. She's fine.
AMANDA

She's all right?
OTTER

Yes-s-s. She's the one who called for help. She's a bit of a
celebrity at school--at home, however...
AMANDA

(Relaxing)
You didn't get after her too bad, did you?
OTTER

She's on restriction till she turns forty-two. And when her
homework is done, I'm driving her over to wash your car, take
out your trash, clean, whatever chores you can't do.
AMANDA

Oh, give the kid a break. She's just---
OTTER

Richard! She got someone hurt! A couple of hours a night won't
kill her.
AMANDA

(Pause)
Unless you simply don't want...
OTTER

No, no. I understand.
OTTER

You're going to need help, and she's going to understand there
are consequences--serious consequences--for behavior that hurts
others.
AMANDA

Look, I don't want to be the bad guy here...
OTTER

You're not. She knows the "bad guys" got away. And I think,
really, she's pretty concerned about you. Oh, she's all frowns
and stomping feet on the outside, but I know her heart hurts
for you, too.
AMANDA

Yeah, well...
OTTER

She is sorry, Richard. And this will give her a way to feel
like she's making it up to you...And like I said, you're going
to need help around the house, "Mister Weasel."
AMANDA

What?
OTTER

AMANDA
Nevermind. Tell me how you've been feeling.

OTTER
(Touching the bandages on his eyes)
I feel a bit woozy.

AMANDA
Hey! Hey! Leave those alone.
(She pulls his hands down and holds them in hers)

OTTER
Shouldn't they be off by now?

AMANDA
The doctor hasn't spoken to you?

OTTER
I don't know. I've been sleeping a lot.

AMANDA
Well...I didn't understand all the doctor had to say, but it seems there's some damage to the Optic Nerve...and it could be permanent--they just don't know yet. It's too early.
(A silence grows between them)

OTTER
You've been coming here? Talking with---

AMANDA
Sure. I know you don't have anyone else...let's just say they think I'm your sister from California.

OTTER
My sister.

AMANDA
(Pause)
Are you eating?

OTTER
A bit. Nurse keeps barking orders for me to stand; do this, do that, roll over...
(He struggles to sit up. She helps him.)

AMANDA

Well, the quicker you're on your feet, the quicker you'll be out of here--I'm sure that's what she's getting at.

(Takes him in her arms:)

Here, stand with me.

OTTER

Careful. There's three broken ribs in here.

(With groaning and effort they stand in each other's arms.)

AMANDA

Okay?

OTTER

Wow. My heart feels better already.

(Awkward pause. He releases her and feels his way to a nightstand where he removes items and puts them in his pockets. He is frustrated.)

They stole her money, didn't they?

AMANDA

From the cookies? Yes. I've replaced it, though. It was almost two-hundred dollars. The phone's going to be a bit more than I can afford at the moment.

OTTER

Punks!

(Pause)

That kid---her heart's in the right place, you know.

AMANDA

Oh, I know. She just...she hasn't quite adjusted to her father's passing, that's all. He was military, too. It's a very difficult way of life for her--at this age, anyway.

OTTER

(Extending an arm:)

Take me for a walk?

AMANDA

I'd love to. Let's see...I think this is your stick shifter.

(She gets a cane from the end of his bed and puts it in his hands, then carefully slips under his other arm.)

Shall we tour the Snack Bar?

OTTER

(As they make their way toward EXIT)
Nah-h-h. My tongue's dead.

(Pause in contemplation)

I think I'd like some sun! I think I'd like some fresh air!
Wind in my hair! Know what I mean?

AMANDA

Snack bar has a patio.

OTTER

So-o-o-, where's that sporty little car of yours?

AMANDA

My car? Well, it's out in the parking lot, silly.

OTTER

Say, did I ever tell you I used to race cars?--Before I flew jets, I mean.

AMANDA

Oh, no. You're not walking out of this place. I won't have anything to do with that!

OTTER

I can drive! Really!

(He pulls her to him. Awkward blind kiss to her forehead)
And you already have..."sis."

(LIGHTS fade to black. OFFSTAGE MUSIC comes up.
END SCENE ONE)

SCENE TWO

(OFFSTAGE MUSIC fades. Stage is dark. ANALYN's voice comes through speakers:)

ANALYN's voice

Life's not about you. And it's not about me, me, me. It's about finding that talent God gave us, and sharing it with others. It's about doing something for someone who no longer can.

(Lights come up on SETTING: Inside OTTER's apartment. Boxes are gone. He is sitting at a small table, his feet up on a stool. He wears jeans, collared shirt, dark sunglasses and fuzzy bear-paw slippers. He is twisting a Rubik's Cube; correctly aligns the colors, then tosses it on table.)

OTTER

I don't see what all the hype's about.

(Yells over his shoulder:)

Did you finish the dishes yet?

(ANALYN appears, struggling to drag a huge bag of trash toward front door. She stops and glares at him. She wears cheap clothing and a bandana over hair.)

ANALYN

Mean! Mean!

OTTER

You heard what your mother said.

ANALYN

Mean!

(She muscled the bag and EXITS)

OTTER

Ah, the joys of parenting.

(Knock at front door:)

Open!

(SANDY, the health care nurse ENTERS. She is carrying a medical bag and produces items to take OTTER's temperature and blood pressure.)

SANDY

Wow! I hope all kids don't talk like that nowadays!

OTTER

Hmm?

SANDY

I just passed a little girl who was dragging a bag of trash down the stairs. She doesn't think much of her dad, that's for sure.

(As SANDY waits for the thermometer/blood pressure, she picks up the Rubik's Cube, looks at it questioningly, then at OTTER, and back. She sets it down.)

OTTER

Well, you're about to meet her.

SANDY

The girl?

OTTER

The woman you met last week? Amanda? That's her daughter. She's here doing her penitence.

SANDY

Oh?

(She's charting OTTER's vital signs and putting her equipment away. She produces eye drops.)

OTTER

Oh, yeah. Her mother wants her to help--you can't see the place is clean?

SANDY

Well it sure is, isn't it--tilt your head back for me.
(he does so)

I want you to close your eyes, okay? I'm gonna' slip these glasses off, then I want you to slowly open each eye, one by one, so I can put a couple drops in 'em. Got it?

OTTER

Got it.

SANDY

Left eye.

(pause)

Your other left eye, genius.

(she administers drops)

Good. Good. Other eye.

(She wipes him with a tissue and replaces glasses)

Any headaches?

OTTER

Like I said, you're about to meet her.

(a knock at door)

Open!

(AMANDA ENTERS with ANALYN, who flops onto couch.)

AMANDA
Hey there, Sandy.

SANDY
Hey-y-y. You doing okay?

Oh, yeah. That one giving you any problems?

SANDY
Nah. He's good.
(AMANDA moves behind OTTER and begins to massage his temples.)

AMANDA
Any headaches today?

OTTER
Oh, terrible! Terrible! Keep rubbing.

AMANDA
Sandy, the one with the attitude over there on the couch, that's my daughter, Analyn. She's forgotten her manners today.

SANDY
Hi Analyn. I hear you're--I hear you play a very important role around here, helping Mister Santiago around the house.

ANALYN
Hi.

SANDY
(To ANALYN)
The Veteran's Administration sends me over here.
(AMANDA reaches to pick up Rubik's Cube. She looks at it, then at OTTER, then sets it back down.)
...to check on his health. So I kinda know how you feel. I have to cook and make sure he eats and all that stuff. And sometimes he's a grouch.

AMANDA
Oh, believe me, we know the Lieutenant well.

SANDY
Go look in his bathroom.

AMANDA
--Maybe not that well.

SANDY
He is not housebroken.

AMANDA
You should see his table manners!

OTTER

(ToAMANDA)

Et tu, Brute? At least tell me the clothes she lays out for me aren't pink!

AMANDA

You mean, besides the Malibu Barbie sunglasses?

OTTER

Oh, I get it---let's all take advantage of the poor...wounded... helpless guy. So, Analyn, how's the school project coming?

(Pause)

Analyn?

ANALYN

We've raised forty-one hundred dollars.

OTTER

Wow! That's pretty good!

ANALYN

We worked the mall, too. People remembered me from TV.

OTTER

"Worked" the mall?

ANALYN

You know---sold cookies there. They...some of the folks gave extra money.

AMANDA

There may be hope for this neighborhood, yet.

SANDY

You want a sandwich, Lieutenant?

OTTER

Nah. I'm fine.

SANDY

Eat! You're on a schedule.

OTTER

No, you're on a schedule: meds, nag; feed, nag...

SANDY

(to AMANDA)

See? Stubborn as a flea-bitten old mule.

(To SANDY)
Aren't you off duty yet?

OTTER

What about the pedicure?

SANDY

There's no "pedicure," Amanda. Have a nice day, Sandy.

OTTER

And the rose-petal bath?

SANDY

Sandy...

OTTER

You wanted me to wash your---

SANDY

Sandy!

OTTER

Wuss.

SANDY

(To AMANDA:)
Escort that woman out! I don't know her.

OTTER

(The women are giggling:)
You were about to, sounds like.

AMANDA

Alright, alright. I have another client anyway. And they allow me on the furniture.

SANDY

(She gets her medical bag and AMANDA walks her to EXIT)

AMANDA
You drive safe.

SANDY
G'bye now

OTTER
Nag, nag, nag...

(AMANDA moves behind OTTER and begins to run her fingers through his hair.)

Someone needs a haircut.

AMANDA

You might be mistaken. Keep checking.
(Toward ANALYN)
So ya'll made some money with the cookies, huh?
(Pause)
Analyn?

OTTER

Yeah.

ANALYN

Geez, that irks me young lady!

AMANDA

Yes "Sir."

ANALYN

So-o-o, now what?

OTTER

Don't know. She hasn't said yet.

ANALYN

I guess I'd better go see what's in the freezer since you just chased your cook off--and please tell me there's more than beer and bologna in there.

AMANDA

Gotta' be. Sandy's made some pretty good lunches here. And my bank account reflects it.

OTTER

(Her cell phone rings. She answers)

AMANDA

Hello?

(Pause)

Oh, no, Commander! I sure did--I remember now.

(Pause)

Of Course. Not a problem. I can be there in twenty minutes. Will the Watch let me in?

(Pause)

Fine. Good. I'm so sorry, Commander. I'll take care of it right away.

(Pause)

Thank you. You too, Sir. Good-bye.

(Hangs up)

Oooops!

OTTER

"Ooops?"

AMANDA

Richard, I left work with the keys to the back office. Stuck 'em in my blazer pocket, I guess. Can I leave Analyn here with you while I run the keys back out there?

(ANALYN crosses her arms indignantly.)

I don't want to leave you alone.

(To ANALYN)

Did you finish your chores around here?

ANALYN

Ask Him.

AMANDA

Don't take that tone with me, young lady. I won't be gone long --and to make it up to the two of you, maybe I'll bring back pizza for dinner. Pizza sounds good?

OTTER

Sure. Pizza sounds good, doesn't it Analyn?

(Pause)

Analyn?

ANALYN

Yes "Sir."

AMANDA

(Flustered)

Geez, what am I gonna' do with you?

OTTER

Hold on, now, hold on...Now, I don't eat just any ol' pizza. I like---

AMANDA

You like cheap pizza.

OTTER

I do?

AMANDA

You do tonight.

(She steps over and kissed OTTER's cheek. He is pleasantly surprised. ANALYN is angered. AMANDA EXITS)

OTTER

(Awkward silence)

Analyn?

ANALYN

What.

OTTER

(Removes slippers. Stands, carefully. Feels his way around table:)

My guess is, you don't really want to be here, huh?

(She shrugs. He smiles knowingly and walks around table a bit more.)

You know, the Bible says that when God takes away from the faithful, he gives back tenfold. You know that?

(She sticks her tongue out. He smiles.)

I'm sorry, Analyn. I'm blind.

ANALYN

Yes Sir-r-r-

Where'd you rather be?

OTTER

I want to go home.

ANALYN

And if you were there, you'd be doing...?

OTTER

I'd be texting my friends.

ANALYN

Got a lot of friends, do you?

OTTER

Yeah.

ANALYN

I see. And they all wear the same expensive clothes, expensive make up, and have those top-of-the-line cell phones?

OTTER

Yup.

ANALYN

(She fidgets, picks a bit of lint from her cheap clothing)

And they're all laying around the house, nothing better to do than text each other?

OTTER

Uh-huh.

ANALYN

That's important, nowadays.

OTTER

Sure is.

(She slides off couch)

I'm going home.

ANALYN

Well...you can't. You heard your mother.

OTTER

You are NOT my father.

ANALYN

OTTER

I know, Analyln. I would never---

ANALYN

And I'm old enough to cross the street by myself, "Mister Weasel."

OTTER

Your mother is expecting---

ANALYN

I don't care! You can't tell me---

OTTER

Okay, okay! But it's not about us. Your mother's bringing pizza. How'd she feel if she knew you didn't want to eat dinner with--

ANALYN

She's bringing YOU some pizza!

OTTER

(Pause)

Is that what you think?

ANALYN

We don't get pizza! And it's none of your business, anyway.

OTTER

Look your mom and I---

ANALYN

"We're" not my mom and YOU!

OTTER

Your mother and I work together. My life depends on her---

ANALYN

So? You're not my father! And I am not a "rat!"

OTTER

I know that! It's why I know you're doing what you can to help your mother! It's why you don't have the things your friends have, why you're not doing the fun things your---

ANALYN

You leave me alone!

OTTER

What'd you say?

(Pause)

That hurts, you know. It breaks my heart. I shouldn't have slammed that door in your face, I know. I would never hurt you, Analyln.

Well you did. ANALYN

Why? OTTER

Why what? ANALYN

OTTER
Why'd that hurt you? Do you really think that just because you don't have the tings your friends---

ANALYN
Do ya' always pick on little kids?
(She sticks her tongue out)

OTTER
(Wagging finger)
I heard that.

ANALYN
You didn't hear nothin.'

OTTER
Don't you see that your mom and I understand how hard it is for you--~~that~~ life without your father is upsetting? Of course it is, it would be for anyone.

ANALYN
You didn't hear anything like that.

OTTER
See? There it goes again.

ANALYN
My daddy's none of your business! One day I'm going to be an actress! I don't care what those other girls say about me!
(She approaches OTTER)
Who needs that stuff anyway! My momma works hard! And I'm doing the best I can, "Mister Weasel!" You leave us alone!

OTTER
(He sits in his chair next to her.)
You're right, you know. I'm not--no other man will ever be as big a man as your father is right now. I'm sure he was--he is-- very proud of you. And I'm sure your mom---

ANALYN

We don't need you! These clothes are just fine! And so what if we eat Cheerios for dinner sometimes--we don't need you! We got a home, and, and a car--and I got my theater acting and, and--

OTTER

Whoa, whoa kiddo. Relax--

ANALYN

NO! You go away! you get out of our house!

OTTER

You're in my house!

(ANALYN stomps toward door)

You leave and you'll break your mother's heart.

ANALYN

I hate pizza!

OTTER

Puh-lease. Can the "me, me, me's."

ANALYN

Shut up! You don't know nothing!

OTTER

The world doesn't revolve around you, young lady.

ANALYN

We were happy without you!

OTTER

Why don't you let your mother make that decision!

ANALYN

It's not my fault!

OTTER

Oh, well, you haven't heard the bad news yet, you little brat.

ANALYN

I am not a rat!

OTTER

(Calmly:)

I love your mother. And I'd be proud to have you for my daughter.

ANALYN

That's gross! I hate you!

(She begins to weep, but allows OTTER to pull her onto his lap)

ANALYN

You are not...my...father. You are not....

OTTER

I know, sweetie. I promise you, I would never try to take your father's place in this world. You are his baby girl--and you always will be. I understand that.

ANALYN

(Calming. Sniffling:)

I'm doing the...best...I can. And I didn't mean for you...to get blinded, Mister Otter. I didn't. I'm so-o-o---

OTTER

I know, sweetie. I know.

ANALYN

(Falling asleep:)

And if my daddy were here, those bullies'd be gone, too.

OTTER

See there? Now I miss your daddy, too.

ANALYN

Mommy works so hard...

OTTER

She sure does. Ya' know what? One day we're gonna' sell cookies together. In fact, I'll bet I can sell more cookies than you on any Saturday you choose.

ANALYN

Yeah, right.

OTTER

You don't think I can?

ANALYN

(snuggles to him, groggily:)

You're not a cute kid.

OTTER

One day, sweetheart.

(He picks up the Rubik's Cube, turns it in his hand)
Red, blue, green. God works in mysterious ways, you know.
All good things come together.

ANALYN

(Pause)

Otter?

Hmm?

OTTER

ANALYN

(Yawns as she falls asleep)

I hate Cheerios.

(Pause. OTTER begins to sing, a capella, the lyrics to Bill Withers' song "Lean on Me," as the song begins to come through the speakers as OFFSTAGE MUSIC. Stage lights fade. END SCENE TWO.)

OTTER

(softly:)

"...and I'll be your friend, and we can carry on. You just call on me, brother..."

END SCENE TWO

SCENE THREE

(On a dark stage ANALYN's voice comes through speakers:)

ANALYN'S VOICE

And seeing the multitudes, He went up into a mountain; and when He was set, His disciples came to him. And He opened His mouth and taught them, saying, "Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth."--Mathew, five-five.

(A SPOT comes up on some seemingly insignificant object in AMANDA's apartment, perhaps a flower in a vase on table. through speakers, the sound of OTTER's footsteps can be heard approaching from distance. They will stop at intervals to allow him to knock at a series of apartment doors. He is selling cookies.)

(FOOTSTEPS. A knock. Sound of door opening:)

OTTER's voice

Hello! My name is---

(Door slams. Pause. Footsteps to next door. Knock. Sound of door opening:)

Hello! I'm Navy Lieutenant---

(Door slams. Pause. Footsteps to next door. Knock:)

RESIDENT #1

Who is it?

OTTER

Hello! I'm your friendly neighborhood---

RESIDENT #1

We don't want any, thank you-u-u!

(Pause. Footsteps stomp off. He bangs on door:)

RESIDENT #2

(Rudely:)

What!!!

OTTER

Nevermind! I'll eat 'em myself!

(LIGHTS come up inside AMANDA's apartment. ANALYN is sitting at a table counting a large pile of cookie money beside an empty backpack. AMANDA is busying herself till OTTER knocks. He is dressed casually, but has one eye patch and a cane. He is carrying a backpack filled with boxes of cookies. ANALYN runs to open door for him.)

OTTER

If I get one more...door...slammed in my face...

ANALYN

(She smiles broadly. This is her opportunity. She may look into audience. Then she takes his hand and pulls him inside)

Otter! Come and see!

AMANDA

Poor thing. Come in. Let me get you some tea.
(She EXITS. OTTER approaches table.)

ANALYN

Lookie! One hundred-twenty-six dollars. Yup, that's all my cookies.)
(OTTER sticks his tongue out at her, but snaps it back before she sees.)

How much did you make?

OTTER

Well, let's just say I haven't sold all mine, yet.

ANALYN

How much, "Mister Weasel?"

OTTER

(Checks his watch:)

Look, our bet was till six p.m. I have two hours left.

ANALYN

Momma! Otter's being a wea-s--e--l-l-!

OTTER

Brat.

(Reaches into backpack, tosses three ones on table.)

Three dollars.

ANALYN

(Slaps a hand over her mouth:)

That's it?

OTTER

(With longsuffering:)

We're in a recession, kid.

(ANALYN continues to stare. OTTER calls out:)

Amanda! your kid's being mean to a helpless crippled guy!

AMANDA

(Returning with tea. OTTER sits)

A bet's a bet, Mister Weasel.

OTTER

(Pulling a bill from his wallet, he tosses it on table.)

Look, kid. I'm gonna' cut you some slack. I'm gonna' end this bet before eighteen-hundred hours and spare you the humiliation of handing over your piggy bank. There it is; twenty bucks.

ANALYN

It's a bear bank. And it loves eating twenty dollar bills.

(She sniffs the bill with exaggeration)
Especially someone else's twenty dollar bills.

OTTER

Oh, please.

AMANDA

(Steps behind him to rub his shoulders)
How are you feeling? Hungry at all?

OTTER

Better already--despite Little Miss Capitalist over there. And no, I had half a box of Thin Mints awhile ago.

AMANDA

Not much in the marketing department, huh?

OTTER

I don't know what it is---maybe the eye patch scares them off.
(He imitates a pirate:)
Arrgh!

ANALYN

(Slips into OTTER's arms to share a hug)
Well, I'm proud of you. You got out there and tried, kiddo.

OTTER

It's discouraging. I don't know how you do it.

ANALYN

Oh, it's not easy! Being a cute kid is a lot of work!

OTTER

Do tell...

ANALYN

Oh, yeah-h-h.

OTTER

Gotta' be especially hard for a "cute kid" that has thirty-one more years of restriction to look forward to.

(ANALYN pouts playfully)

AMANDA

Speaking of restriction, young lady, didn't I see you bring a math book home from school?

(ANALYN falls against OTTER and feigns sleep)

OTTER

Go on, sweetheart. You didn't have any problem adding twenty dollars to your bear bank a minute ago. Math should be easy.

ANALYN

Okay-y-y.

(She EXITS)

AMANDA

(Admiringly:)
You're a natural father.

OTTER

She's a natural kid. You've raised a wonderful--and fearless--
-little girl.

AMANDA

(Gathers ANALYN's money and puts it in her backpack)
Well, she can be a real... "blessing," sometimes.

(She begins to rearrange the boxes of cookies in his
backpack.)

I guess you'll want Analyn to sell the rest of these?

OTTER

I don't want to see them again, I know that.

(Pause)

Well, maybe I'll have a couple more Thin Mints since I bought
those myself--

AMANDA

Oh-h-h. So that explains your only sale?

OTTER

Nevermind about all that, Analyn's Mom. Just find me the Thin
Mints, please.

AMANDA

(Shakes a half empty box)]

Is there something in here?

(She opens the package and extracts a small jewelry
box. She opens it and stares.)

Richard. This looks like an engagement ring.

OTTER

Funny. The lady behind the counter said the same thing.

(He kneels and takes one of her hands into both of
his)

AMANDA

It's beautiful.

OTTER

Listen to me, honey. We've been doing this for a couple of years,
now, and I think Analyn's finally accepted me into her heart
--at least enough so that I can finally tell you that I want
the two of you girls in my life forever. I love you, Amanda.
And I'd be real proud to call Analyn my daughter. Please, give
me a wife and child.

AMANDA

(She strokes the side of his face)
I'll have to discuss this with my daughter.

OTTER

(Pause)
Fair enough. Fair enough.
(LIGHTS dim across stage).

(OFFSTAGE MUSIC comes up. END SCENE THREE)

#

SCENE 4

(LIGHTS come up on an office. It is the Base Commanding Officer, an older gentleman in uniform/flight suit. He is seated behind a desk as his SECRETARY ENTERS)

SECRETARY

Excuse me, Captain? Lieutenant Santiago's here to see you.

CO

Fine. Send him in.

(SECRETARY motions them in as she EXITS. OTTER enters with AMANDA on his arm. CO stands. AMANDA releases OTTER and he takes two steps forward, stops and salutes, holding his hand at his forehead)

OTTER

Lieutenant Santiago reporting, Sir!

CO

(Returns salute. Both drop salute)

Very well, Lieutenant--Miss D'abo, what a pleasure. I wasn't expecting you. May I offer you some coffee--both of you?

OTTER

No, thank you.

AMANDA

I'm good, Captain,
thank you.

CO

So, tell me when I can expect my best--my second best--flight instructor back?

AMANDA

There's one better, Captain?

(CO folds his arms and looks at her sternly:)

Oh! Of course. The Captain himself.

OTTER

Flight Surgeon says there's no permanent damage, Sir. But until these little "floater" things behind the lenses settle themselves, he won't release me to fly. It takes time, Sir--I'm thrilled just to know I'll be going up again.

CO

Can you teach classroom-phase for now?

OTTER

He wants me off my feet, Sir.

CO

Here is not "off your feet," Lieutenant.

OTTER

Aye. But there's a matter of great importance, Sir.

CO

Oh?

AMANDA

(Stepping forward)

Yes, Captain. A member of the local community insists on seeing you personally.

CO

Please tell me it's not some college kid ranting against the military.

OTTER

No, Sir. She's pro-military. In fact, she's devised a plan-- a sort of "joint-forces" approach--that might benefit our local community. Much of which, as you know, is comprised of military families from this base, while---

AMANDA

---while improving the general public's opinion of our local military presence--not that we're viewed negatively, Captain, certainly not. But, to improve the public opinion through a more visible presence.

CO

You're not taxing one of my jets down the middle of Main Street, Lieutenant.

(The pair look at each other:)

OTTER

You know, that's not a bad---

AMANDA

She'll ask for that. Watch.

CO

At some point, you two are going to tell me what this is all about.

(AMANDA goes to door and motions ANALYN into office.
ANALYN exaggerates a march to CO's desk.)

ANALYN

(Wearing a pretty dress, she salutes.)

Analyn D'abo, reporting!

(CO stares at her. ANALYN holds salute.)

Reporting, Sir!

(CO returns her salute. Pause.)

CO
Little lady? You're it?

ANALYN
Please don't call me "Little Lady." I'm "Miss D'abo," and one day I'll be a taxpaying citizen.

CO
(To AMANDA and OTTER:)
We're gonna'have a little talk about this, yessiree.

(To ANALYN:)
Okay. So tell me what it is that's more important than the plate of hot, thin sliced roast beef waiting for me at home.

ANALYN
I have an idea. Something that's good for the both of us.

CO
Oh?

ANALYN
Yup, Sir--it goes like this: you have a Station Theater here. I've gone there a coupla' times to check it out already.

CO
We have a Station Theater, yes.

ANALYN
But it's only used on Wednesday nights when the old ladies play Bingo and---

CO
My wife loves Bingo.

ANALYN
Uh-huh, Sir. And on Friday afternoons--once a month--when you have "Station Training" something or other.

CO
...something or other.

ANALYN
But, it's got a stage, lights, piano--everything.

CO
Well, I appreciate the inventory, Miss D'abo, but---

ANALYN
Wait a minute. We're getting to the good part here:
(AMANDA looks down; shakes her head, but OTTER lifts his head with pride.)
And you know we got a lot of military folks living out at Angle Road, right?

Okay. And?

CO

ANALYN
So, a lot of local kids go to school with me at Kingsville Elementary School, see? And we have this new theatre project that costs a bit more than we can afford.

CO

(Rapidly)
And you're looking for a donation? Can I go to my late lunch now? Before I starve to death?

ANALYN
Nope, Sir. But all of us, the kids and the parents, we talked it out, and I thought it's a good swap, if you'd let us use your theater--just two nights a week, plus weekends--for our school theater project, to rehearse---

CO

Whoa, whoa---

ANALYN
Wait a minute. You gotta' listen to my speech first.
(CO looks to AMANDA and OTTER for help, but they shrug their shoulders or look away)
But that area around Angle Road--that's where Lieutenant Otter got hurt by those bullies, ya' know--it's not real safe. There's a lot of trouble-makers around there--not the military folks, but those...Otter calls 'em "silly villains."

OTTER

Civilians, Sir.

ANALYN
The people who sell drugs, and the guys who walk around with bottles in paper sacks and like they haven't bathed in a week.

OTTER

Panhandlers, Sir.

ANALYN
Yup, Panhandlers. Anyway, I decided that---

CO

"You" decided...

ANALYN
Yup--did ya' think we'd ask for all this for free? Oh, no-o-o. We're--the kids and the parents--are going to use some of the money we earn from our plays and cookies and stuff, to buy uniforms; tee shirts that say "military" for the grown-ups, or "military kid" for us kids...

ANALYN con't

(At this point, any number of actors quietly enter the auditorium/theater and take up positions against the outer walls where they are to stand at Parade Rest. They wear matching tee shirts that designate "military" or "military kid" for children. They are silent and professional. Other uniform items, i.e., baretts, two-way radios, flashlights optional. They are silent and speak to no one. They are sentries on post.)

And we're going to set up our own Neighborhood Watch sorta' thing. We don't have all the details worked out just yet, but what we'd have is someone on duty all the time to call for help or call for police--that sort of thing, around our two apartment complexes, right?

CO

(To AMANDA:)

This is your kid?

(To ANALYN:)

Absolutely not.

ANALYN

(Pause.)

What?

CO

Young la--Miss D'abo. It's not as easy as it sounds. There are security issues and---

ANALYN

But most of us are military.

CO

Not everyone in your group are---

ANALYN

"Visitor" passes.

(Strongly:)

My almost step-daddy got hurt bad out there, Mister Captain. And there's a lot of us who think he's pretty important. And school, and learning, and our theater group are important, too.

(She's moving toward tears. AMANDA steps forward and places a hand on her shoulder to comfort her.)

But if you don't think we're--how'd you like it if some nasty, smelly old drunk came up to Missus Captain every time she walked down the---

AMANDA
Honey, the Captain said "no." That's all we can do.

ANALYN
But I thought---

AMANDA
Let's go, sweetie.
(ANALYN pulls away and moves to the side of CO's chair where they come face-to-face.)

ANALYN
I thought we could count on the United States Navy.
(CO and ANALYN lock eyes. Pause. Then he sits back in his chair. There is a completed Rubik's Cube on his desk. He picks it up and toys with it momentarily.)

CO
Lieutenant.

OTTER
Aye, Sir!

CO
I have no idea what logistics are involved in accomplishing "Miss" D'abo's mission...

(He sets Cube down)

But I assume that while you're on medical leave you're willing to work all that out...I want a copy of your plans on my desk. And the keys to the Station Theater will be signed out at Base Admin--in and out at Base Admin--by no one under the rank of E-6

(ANALYN throws her arms around CO's neck and hugs him tightly)

Akkk!

(He ruffles her hair)

Dismissed!

OTTER
(Snaps to attention)
Aye aye, Sir!
(OTTER salutes. CO stands and returns the salute. He bends to ANALYN:)
Miss D'abo? It's because of people like you, things change. It's because of people like you, things get done in this world. I sincerely hope you'll consider joining my Navy, one day.

ANALYN
(Snaps to attention:)
Aye aye, Sir!
(She salutes. CO returns salute. LIGHTS fade to BLACK except for a small SPOT that remains on Rubik's Cube. Slowly, that SPOT fades. OFFSTAGE MUSIC COMES UP. END SCENE 4)

SCENE 5

(A SPOT comes up downstage right, on a newer newspaper machine. OTTER, some greying at his temples, is reading front pages of paper. His patch and cane are gone. ANALYN is looking for him:)

ANALYN

(From OFFSTAGE:)

Daddy? Daddy?

(A TEENAGE ANALYN runs to hug OTTER)

Daddy-y-y. Here you are.

OTTER

Um-hmm.

ANALYN

Have I told you lately what a wonderful daddy you are?

OTTER

(Still reading:)

Nope.

ANALYN

(Batting eyelashes. Hugs him)

Well you are. And I tell everyone.

OTTER

Yup.

ANALYN

(Pause)

Whatcha' reading?

OTTER

Paper. It's bad: Says today's kids are backsliding into trouble. Says they don't do enough to help others, anymore.

ANALYN

Wow. I'm sure glad we don't have that problem in our family.
(Batting eyelashes)

OTTER

Says kids don't act responsibly nowadays.

ANALYN

Well, we certainly don't have to worry about that in our family
--especially when I borrow your car.

OTTER

(Still reading, he begins to walk away:)

Says kids like to text while driving--dangerous stuff, that.

ANALYN

(Clinging to his clothing, being dragged along:)
Oh! I totally forget how to talk when I'm behind the wheel.

OTTER

(Still reading. Drags her along)
Says kids don't ask their parents what they can do to help around the house anymore.

ANALYN

That can't be right! Why, just an hour ago I asked mom if there was anything I could do to earn some gas money--so I can go to the concert tonight!

OTTER

What parents and kids need to do, is go fishing, to barbeque, do something together.

ANALYN

But you don't like-e-e music--daddy can I use the car please-please-please-puh-lease-e-e-?

(She clutches the newspaper as she slides to the ground.

OTTER continues to walk OFFSTAGE. Frustrated, ANALYN flips through pages of the paper, tosses it into the air, and calls after OTTER:)

It doesn't say anything like that in here!

(Pause.)

Mean! Mean!

(A set of keys flies through the air and lands near ANALYN. LIGHTS FADE)

SENIOR SENTRY

Sentries!

(Sentries snap to attention)

Diss-missed!

(Sentries turn smartly toward EXITS and leave quietly. OFFSTAGE MUSIC comes up.)

CURTAIN