

Martha's (b)Rainstorm: A Boston Fairy Tale

John J King

Characters

CHELONIA MYDAS A 300+ year old turtle, witch, and matriarch.

MARTHA LEE MORGAN BoMa's Director of Emergency Communications, translating climate science and design plans into pictures and text for the public. Martha studies jiu-jitsu on the side – Watch out! Black woman, 30's.

RUDY WALSH 80 yrs old. Rudy runs a corner store in Dorchester, and walks with a cane.

DR. CASSANDRA BYRNES Cass is a marine biologist who runs graduate labs and writes about climate disasters: for kids!

HECATE Cassandra's Cat. Or maybe Cassandra is her human.

DAMIAN ARGUS Dutch-born lead architect for BoMa Climate Resiliency Project. 40's male.

ZARA Argus' assistant; the brains in the room. Arabic woman, 20's

MAYOR WU BoMa's Mayor.

STARBUCK Chief Financial Officer of BoMa.

DUC NGUYEN A robber in an air mask – teens/early 20's.

“GEE” PUISSANT Gee is a Freedom Trail guide who does drag on the weekend as a one-man drag band called Doll Severe's Midnight Ride.

RAQUELA Martha's college roommate; now a 1st grade teacher in East Boston.

Raquela's Class:

YZOBEL A 6 year old student who wants to be a whale when she grows up.

ETHAN Snooty classmate of Yzobel's.

CHUONG Dumb but well-meaning classmate of Yzobel's.

AMAL Hermione-like know-it-all classmate of Yzobel's

ALEXA Yep. Amazon's ALEXA robot voice.

CONDOR A Condor from another part of the world.

Animals and Creature Council

| | |
|---------|-----------|
| Bird | Butterfly |
| Bee | Bunny |
| Lobster | Rat |
| Pigeon | Turkey |

Other Roles Split Amongst Ensemble:

SOX ANNOUNCER 1 & 2
WEATHERPERSON
ANCHOR 1 & 2

Some of the animals are probably best as puppets. Some of the people are, too.

Casting Breakdown, looks Something Like:

| | |
|-----------|--|
| MARTHA | Always Plays Martha |
| CHELONIA | Always Plays Chelonia |
| CASSANDRA | Also plays Pigeon |
| YZOBEL | Also plays Bee |
| RUDY | Also plays ETHAN and RAT |
| ARGUS | Also plays Anchor, Lobster |
| GEE | Also plays Announcer, Bird |
| ZARA | Also plays Amal, Weatherperson, Alexa, Bunny |
| MAYOR | Also plays Duc, Chuong, Announcer, Turkey, Butterfly |
| STARBUCK | Also plays Raquela, Announcer, Anchor, Hecate |

SETTING:

BoMa (that's Boston, MA to you) in the year 2072. Climate change has made water a much more present part of the city: 15' higher than 2018 levels. Back Bay is little Venice, canals streaming through and the Public Garden now fully a pond, with Charles Street as the high tide line. Temperatures have risen an average of 12 degrees above 2018 levels. The BoMa weather is comparable to 2018's South Carolina climate.

The city is plagued by drought, which has made food supplies short and clean water limited. Extreme weather visits regularly: SmashFloods, HeatGlut.

The city is segregated as it always has been, perhaps more so. The Seaport is now Seaport Isle: in 2060 it walled itself off from the city and water, in self-defense. BoMa City Government moved there, and the area is semi-self-sufficient in terms of energy, food, and other resources.

But don't worry – BoMa is still recognizable. Smiles fill the Common on the one Spring day each year, the Yankees still Suck, and EVERYbody Hates the T.

Pre-Show, the audience completes a survey: name, alma mater and class year; neighborhood and how long you've lived there; favorite place on campus and favorite place near home. Each night, several surveys are pulled and the answers worked into the RUDY/DUC text in scene 10.

ONE: El Condor Pasa

[Late Afternoon in the Fort Point Channel.
GEE PUISSANT wears the Freedom Trail costume of a
Colonial Era craftsman.]

GEE:

Once upon a time, in Boston, there lived a people named --

[WHOOOMP! As the power blows out across the neighborhood]

Aw crap. Don't worry! - just a little brown out. This heat, am I right? When these temps meet our 50 year old energy infrastructure, we lose the juice. I've got my...handy dandy Plan B...personal solar powered light and PA. Can you hear me? Pueden Escucharme? Good.

Well, so much for illusion. I am Gee, your personal Paul Revere-

Who here is from BoMa? Or "Boston" as we called it in my Colonial era? Show of hands - who's from here? Whose grandparents are from BoMa? Abuelos? Aha. Not as many.

I like to start here at Fort Point Moat, where the American Patriots threw the Boston Tea Party. Downtown "Boston" is just there: you can see the top of old South Station, with the air gondola tower. The building itself is exclusively for water traffic, since the tunnels flooded. And on this side is Seaport Isle, the gated tech community which houses BoMa's government. It was walled-off in 2060 to keep all that tech safe from constant flooding.

But, I want to talk about the first people to lived in this area - before it was BoMa, before "Boston." Who can tell me who they were? Yes!

[YZOBEL mumbles.]

RAQUELA:

In English, Yzzy, he might not know Spanish.

GEE:

Aw, pobrecita. This is the US of A - of course you can speak Spanish. Como te llama?

YZOBEL:

Yzobel.

GEE:

Yzobel. Bonita. Quienes fueron las primeras personas en BoMa, Yzobel?

YZOBEL

Los Peregrinos!

GEE:

Peregrinos. Si! The Pilgrims were the first Europeans in BoMa. But actually, a people called the Massachusetts tribe - sound familiar? - lived here 8,000 years ago.

YZOBEL:

Por qué no enseñas eso?

GEE:

Porque, Yzobel: History is a collection of successful propaganda.

YZOBEL:

Umm....what?

GEE:

Ah, I mean: There are so many stories to be told, that some get lost along the way. But they're still here, those peoples and their stories, like breadcrumbs to follow if you know what to look for.

Now, the Massachusetts tribe believe that we all belong to one universal spirit: when you die, you reconnect with that, and return to life as another being: as a pigeon, a lobster, or a turtle!

YZOBEL:

O la ballena?

GEE:

Si! Or a whale! Isn't that lovely to imagine? Every one and thing that was ever part of BoMa: they're still here with us. Part of the city, just like that black tea drifting on the harbor floor.

Let's get this Tea Party Started! Next stop: The North End!

YZOBEL:

Mira! Buenas tardes, Tortuga!

RAQUELA:

Yzzy, no! No talking to reptiles!

[The Group Exits. CHELONIA MYDAS creeps from the mud, weary but regal.]

CHELONIA:

How right he is: so much has changed:
The ocean boils, the beach deranged;
The Harbor simmers, hotly bubbles;
The sand erodes at breath, to rubble
Strange predators haunt the skies,
The very Earth is weaponized.

Three hundred years we've nested here,
But all my kind have disappeared.

Now: Just we three. Two eggs and me.
10 days more they need before they hatch,
Chelonia's last nest, last batch.
Will I live to see it? We'll see. We'll see.

My shell's a tattooed Carapace, Writ with the Hist'ry of this place.
This spine: archaic icebergs, carving drumlins to the sea.
These ribs, a witch's spiced herbs; Strong sternum smells of tea.
Scutes stick with Molasses, painting the streets dark.
This vertebrae's the temporary home of Fenway Park.
[The Condor swoops]
Out! Condor! Away you foul fowl!
My eggs' yolk drips already from his cowl.

Oh gods, help me protect them, make them breed and equal,
Of two eggs give me girl and boy, else we have no sequel.
Our home is too exposed.
Come my beauties, come with me to somewhere undisclosed.
A new home, a New hope, Safety for my whelps.
But not alone, Nada, Nope: Chelly must find help.
[CHELONIA exits, clutching her eggs.]

[END OF SCENE]

TWO: A Seat at the Table

[A glass conference room at City Hall, Seaport.
DAMIAN ARGUS presents.
MAYOR WU, CFO STARBUCK, MARTHA, Dr. CASS
BYRNES, and ZARA attend.
On the Table: a pitcher of water and scale model of the
project.]

ARGUS:

Resiliency Team, Chief Financial Officer Starbuck, Mayor Wu.
BoMa teeters on the edge of existential threat. With Antarctica in Monstrous Melt, the ocean will rise 25 feet in the next 20 years. Momentous problems demand a response. But BoMa has a history of success. Canalizing the Back Bay neighborhood in 2050 reinvigorated the area as a tourist destination.
In 2060 the SeaPort Isle Project created a safe zone – a nest if you will – for BoMa’s tech industry: Microsoft, General Electric, Applezon. The, ah, the view isn’t bad either.
The Seaport Project was a huge price tag–

STARBUCK:

10 zeros but who’s counting.

ARGUS:

But every year we save money in damage prevention.
We’re at a crossroads again. But we have a momentous opportunity. To save lives, save the city, and save trillions by acting boldly.
Introducing: BoMa82. A 10-year build-up across the city. Phase 1: a dyke along the water from Seaport to the Common, salvaging the historic district.
Phase 2: Canals in East Boston, Chelsea, and Dorchester to absorb the rising water levels as we complete the piece du resistance... Zara?

[ZARA pulls back the sheet from the model]

ARGUS:

A Seawall spanning the Harbor from Hull to Nahant. 8 miles long, 30 meters higher than projected sea level rise, this will guard BoMa’s shores for the next century.
And with its energy production of solar and wind, it provides 50% of BoMa’s energy. This earned it the nickname around the office: Green Monster 2.

STARBUCK

Oh, that’s clever.

MAYOR WU:

Excellent work, Damian. Climate protection was a central promise of my campaign. Argus has spent 18 months in development. But it’s time to charge onward. Yes, Martha?

MARTHA:

Where is the rest of the working group? The Creature Council? The Community Co—

ARGUS: [overlapping]
Oh I have heard plenty from the Pet Party, thank you –

MAYOR WU:
All stakeholders have given input. Any final concerns or red flags? Chief Starbuck.

STARBUCK
What's the price tag?

ARGUS:
Zara?
[ZARA passes out packets. It is a ridiculous price tag and their faces tell us so.]

STARBUCK:
Whew! 12 zeros?! Are we looking at federal or state funds?

ARGUS:
Not unless you want to wait for disaster to strike. Which, I don't.

MAYOR WU:
I don't think federal funds will be available to us.

STARBUCK:
Sure: New York, New Orleans, Miami - Too many plates, small pie. Damian: is this just a wall, or is it: a destination?

ARGUS:
Meaning?

STARBUCK:
What amenities are there?

ARGUS:
We have considered restaurants, entertainment.

ZARA: [overlapping]
Or a greenway, connecting the Emerald Necklace? An "emerald clasp" if you will—

ARGUS: [overlapping]
What you see here is bare bones. Anything beyond complicates the design and build process –

STARBUCK
But you're open to it. This is prime for corporate sponsors. I have dinner tonight with the Red Sox GM. They still need a new home.

ARGUS:

Well, may I suggest Green Monster 2?

MAYOR WU:

Follow up, Starbuck. Keep me in the loop.

ARGUS:

I want to remind you all of the savings. In prevention alone, this wall saves BoMa, um – Zara?

ZARA:

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CASSANDRA:

Uh, there's no accounting here for extreme weather: HeatGlut and Slurricanes –

ARGUS:

Slurricanes won't reach this far north for another 50 years.

CASSANDRA:

Projected –

ARGUS:

Well, hopefully science got it right this time, Dr. Byrnes.

CASSANDRA:

While we're on the science: You cannot cut off the harbor from the ocean: it's an amputation.

STARBUCK:

There would be gaps in the wall, right?

ARGUS:

Wouldn't be a very good wall if it did.

STARBUCK:

But how will the cruise ships reach the harbor?

CASSANDRA:

They won't want to – the harbor will be poison sludge.

ARGUS:

I've heard these theories before –

CASSANDRA:

Allow me to remind your boss. Build that wall, any toxins or imbalance in the Harbor has nowhere to go – water temperature will skyrocket, algae will explode.

ARGUS:
This is an opinion.

CASSANDRA:
Based on data. Say goodbye to lobster rolls.

STARBUCK:
Not lobster?!

CASSANDRA:
Lobster, turtles, mussels – the whole ecosystem.

STARBUCK:
Mr. Mayor – the seafood industry.

CASSANDRA:
Build that wall, in 5 years the water is Celtics Green, in 10 the whole ecosystem will death spiral.

ARGUS: [overlapping]
Fail to build that wall, and you can kiss Faneuil, the North End, and the MBTA goodbye –

CASSANDRA: [overlapping]
Is the T really what you want to rest your case on?

ARGUS: [overlapping]
You won't have a city to be mayor of.

MAYOR WU:
Dr. Byrnes – I am responsible to the people of BoMa, not its turtles and mussels.

CASSANDRA: [overlapping]
The families who farm those mussels won't be happy about it in ten years.

MAYOR WU: [overlapping]
I'm not worried about ten years from now, I'm worried –

CASSANDRA: [overlapping]
And that is the whole problem.

ARGUS: [overlapping]
What's that supposed to mean?

CASSANDRA:
It means: we've warned you for 100 years and you're still thinking about the next election cycle.

MAYOR WU:

Next: Martha.

MARTHA:
Am I reading this right? Appendix C: Population displacement?

ARGUS: [overlapping]
Estimated! Zara, I thought we weren't printing that.

MARTHA:
12,000 people in Eastie?

ARGUS: [overlapping]
These are estimates. At best. Worst, I mean.

MARTHA: [overlapping]
Another 8,000 in Dorchester –

ARGUS: [overlapping]
Any plan will have unfortunate side effects. But the bigger positive impacts –

MARTHA:
But these neighborhoods will have to move, correct?

ARGUS:
I would certainly recommend it – their homes will be underwater.

MARTHA
Twenty thousand people. Where is their voice in this room? This is NOT a monologue.

ARGUS:
Fooled me.

MARTHA:
It needs to be a dialogue.

ARGUS:
Committees have been talking around this problem for fifty years. We need to act NOW. Mr. Mayor, if BoMa sinks on your watch, that's on your head.

MARTHA: [overlapping]
This protects against sea level rise. What about our energy needs. What about –

ARGUS: [overlapping]
The wall will generate more energy than BoMa knows what to do with.

MARTHA:

In 10 years. What about next week? Not all of BoMa lives in luxurious Seaport Isle. We have people suffering drought, and food shortage? HeatGlut?

ARGUS: [overlapping]

Why don't you make us an EnvironMoji.

MARTHA:

My EnvironMojis are a valuable tool! Dorchester loses power twice a week! 2072 is our 2nd Year of All Summer in five years.

ARGUS: [overlapping]

We cannot detour this project for Mad Martha and the Cat Lady!

MARTHA: [overlapping]

These numbers are people. Vulnerable communities. Mr. Mayor you ran on bridging a divided city. This plan? It's just more separation. These communities need to see this plan, and decide for themselves. No Relocation without Representation.

MAYOR WU:

You're right, Martha.

ARGUS:

Excuse me?

MAYOR WU:

But so is Argus. This is the best course –

MARTHA:

For who?

MAYOR WU:

If anything this wall buys us time to have these conversations. Starbuck: nail down partners. Argus, adjust the design as necessary. Martha - translate this plan for the community.

MARTHA:

Translate?

MAYOR WU:

We need to sell them on it.

MARTHA:

This isn't the new i-I phone. You don't "sell" this, Mr. Mayor.

MAYOR WU:

We're trying to save the city.

MARTHA:

By ruining the people's lives inside it? I didn't sign up for that. You'll pull strings to find the money but not to talk with the people whose lives will be upended?

MAYOR WU:

There's a lot at play here. What I need from you, is to gather community support.

MARTHA:

OK then. Mr. Mayor I am unable to fulfill the duties you requires and I offer you my resignation. Damian. I have one more question. Let's say the ocean or the storm DOES get past your wall?

[MARTHA dumps the entire water pitcher on the model.]

Ah Venice!

[CASSANDRA does a spit take into ARGUS' face.]

CASSANDRA:

I, uh, snicker. Really sorry. Ciao!

[SHE awkwardly wipes his face with a napkin. CASS and MARTHA exit.]

ARGUS:

Reetkeeper!

[END of scene.]

THREE: Make Way for Ducklings, Make Way for Martha

[Thursday: Late evening, Boston Public Garden.
CHELONIA enters with eggs.]

CHELONIA

This shaded shore along the Pond will make a home for three.
The Earth is cool; the water warm, No Condor I can see.
And many kinds of creatures near - These bronzed ducks stand guard.
Chelonia will seek Allies here — But soft! How now, blackguard!

[GEE dressed in his Freedom Trail garb enters humming, writing in notepad]

GEE:

“First I was afraid, I was petrified.” “Quite Afraid?” “Terrified.” OO! Terra! Like earth.
“...I was Terra-Fied” That’s good. Ugh. Freedom Trail calls. Gee-dumb Trail over.

[GEE Exits.]

CHELONIA:

Aha! And humans too - that could be interesting;
To trust them can bring doom and rue. I tarry! Now to nesting!

[She digs. MARTHA and CASSANDRA enter, fairly under the influence]

CASSANDRA

The look on his face when you dumped a gallon of water on that model?

MARTHA:

Pass me that joint.

CASSANDRA [passing it]

Aye aye, captain. You are. EPIC. Lady.

MARTHA:

Poor Zara. Probably pulled an all-nighter gluing that model together.

CASSANDRA:

We started at the bottom. She’ll be fine.

MARTHA:

Smartest one in the room is the one with no power.

CASSANDRA

Well, now you are free of that place.

MARTHA:

Oh, sweet Faneuil. I quit my job. Why in the name of Blue Ivy did I quit my job?

CASSANDRA

HOLD UP. Take ONE night off from adulting. You will dine out on that story for years.

MARTHA:

I did hate that job. I thought it was a mission but it was just a paycheck.

CASSANDRA:

Tell me about it. In that office, I'm a gun for hire without any bullets.

MARTHA:

You are paid well, though.

CASSANDRA:

I'd rather be teaching. And I have a book due next week.

MARTHA:

You are non-stop, huh? You ever just feel exhausted. Like you want to give it all up?

CASSANDRA:

Of course. But every time I want to quit, I look at this baby.

[She shows her tattoo]

MARTHA:

“Unless.”

CASSANDRA:

The Lorax by Dr. Seuss. I trace everything back to it. You cast stones to the water and you can never guess what might ripple out. I write my books for kids because one of them might ripple out to a new scientist in 20 years. One pebble is a pebble. But 1,000 pebbles make a shore.

[CHELONIA creeps up from her nest and crouches nearby]

CHELONIA: [aside]

Two talking humans make me snore!

MARTHA:

This shore - my god! I'm just remembering. My ma brought me here, 4, 5. An old woman - hair like a dandelion - wove a fishweir: branches braided into a sluiced wall.

CASSANDRA

“Sluice.”

MARTHA:

These branches and leaves woven through each other made strength that was still permeable. “The water once came to here,” she said, “and soon it will again.” Right there, she said. Right where the water is.

CASSANDRA

This Jamaica Plain Strain is stroooong.

MARTHA:

I always had a mission: to make this city something like that: every neighborhood and language woven into something strong and permeable. Fucking Rainbows!

CASSANDRA

Chase it! You can now.

MARTHA:

How? If I'm not working for the mayor —

CASSANDRA

Martha. Ever since we met, you had one superpower: you can walk into any room in BoMa - a LAB at MIT, a ballroom on Beacon Hill - and in five minutes everyone is your friend.

CHELONIA: [aside]

Would that Chelonia had such a power.

CASSANDRA:

And there are people like me all over town who would follow you into hell. Take a day off. Take Labor Day weekend off. Then do exactly what you told the mayor you'd do.

MARTHA:

If he won't invite the people to the table, I'll bring them to it. Knock Knock! Who's there? Big Bad Martha – let me in! And not just humans. Every life, every voice.

CHELONIA: [aside]

This warrior fights for me as well?

MARTHA:

This city is drowning, and Argus wants to put a wall between us. But he can't if we don't let him.

CASSANDRA

No Bifurcation without representation!

MARTHA:

Raise every voice!

CASSANDRA

Every pebble makes a ripple.

MARTHA:

Yeah. And 10,000 pebbles makes a wall. OK Bad metaphor.

CASSANDRA:

A wall of 10,000 voices must be heard. Now THAT sounds like a mission!

MARTHA:

Ugh. I'm supposed to take the night off!

CASSANDRA

The weekend.

MARTHA:

How'm I doing?

CASSANDRA

Horribly. You are my hero Martha Morgan.

MARTHA:

Oh, you're mine, Cassandra Byrnes.

CASSANDRA

Well, if we're going to change the world...First step: Sleep! Goodnight, superwoman.

MARTHA:

Wǎn'ān. Love you.

[CASSANDRA exits. MARTHA sits on the Ducklings. Across the water she hears Whales singing; she sings back]

CHELONIA: [aside]

This one who champions every Life, Sits singing with the whales.
Could she be my nest's midwife? Chelly shall weigh the scales.

[To Martha]

Good evening.

MARTHA:

Who's there? I have mace!

CHELONIA:

Down here.

MARTHA:

Oh. Hi. You speak English?

CHELONIA:

You don't mind, do you? Speaking with a creature?

MARTHA:

Uh, no. Not at all. Some of my closest friends are Inhuman.

CHELONIA:

I overheard. I understand the exhaustion. I'm a single mother, raising two kids. You work all day to gather food, in this heat? Come home, even home isn't safe. A woman's work is never done.

MARTHA:

Girl, tell me about it. I been with this Mayor, four years, And I have been working to connect the people my entire adult life. Every time I fight one step forward it's like the earth erodes under my feet. I am so tired I'm talking to a turtle. It's Sisyphean.

CHELONIA:

Humans know Sisyphus?

MARTHA:

Um, yeah. Do YOU?

CHELONIA:

Sisyphus was a loggerhead. He's the reason we don't nest at the top of dunes. I must of popped out 40, 50 thousand eggs in my day. And here I am down to two. The Last two on the planet.

MARTHA:

The last two? How do you know?

CHELONIA:

We have been shrinking for years. A tribe that filled the sea, then a congregation, then a coven. Fewer and fewer each year. Now, for five years, no one but me.

MARTHA:

I'm sorry - did you say Coven? Like witches?

CHELONIA:

Our magic depends on numbers for power. The bigger the magic: the more people you need.

MARTHA:

I am so blasted right now, aren't I?

CHELONIA:

Humans had magic, too, until the Puritans scorched it. Some of you still have some power. You need thirteen for a coven. Do you know what to call it if you have 12 or fewer?

MARTHA:

What?

CHELONIA:

An embarrassment of witches. That's an old Salem joke.

MARTHA:

I'm so sorry. About your eggs, your people. I'm worried about mine as well - people. I don't have eggs. Our leaders want to build a wall. A wall means people have to give up their homes.

CHELONIA:

I know all about that.

MARTHA:

It could ruin your home too. Turn the water into sludge.

CHELONIA:

Did you mean what you said? About every voice, and every life, mattering?

MARTHA:

I do.

CHELONIA:

I need help. I don't have much longer. There is one way for my people to survive.

MARTHA:

What's that?

CHELONIA:

Two eggs. Cool sand will make a male; warm earth will birth a girl.
I must have one of each, if my species will unfurl.
This magic is beyond my power, beyond all my compliance.
I need someone like you, a conjurer of science.
Keep this egg warm, and this one cool.
Help me keep the predators away.
10 days from now, else call me Fool,
They'll hatch and wriggle toward the bay.

MARTHA:

Keep away predators. That I get. And keep this egg cool, and this one warm. That will make a boy and a girl and then...

CHELONIA:

Then nature takes its course. Life finds a way.

MARTHA:

I'm not actually a scientist, maybe you need Cassandra --

CHELONIA:

She calls you Captain. I've done my best. I'm not strong enough to keep us alive, not on my own. We need you.

MARTHA:

OK. OK. What - What happens if it doesn't work?

CHELONIA:

Do you know what happens when a people disappear?

MARTHA:

Um....

CHELONIA:

Come. I have magic enough to cast shadows on a wall.

[CHELONIA grasps MARTHA's head between her flippers.

The present disappears: MARTHA spins into a whirlwind vision of a world

without Turtles! The Condor eats Chelonia's Eggs! Water surges over the

Common. Martha tries to swim, but Jellyfish swirl around her, stinging,

puckering, and pulling her deeper underwater. The Vision disappears and Martha is thrown back into the present.]

MARTHA:

No! Ah! What in the good world was that?

CHELONIA:

Turtle Power. A vision of the future should my people die off. Jellyfish rule the tides!

MARTHA:

I am not ready for that jelly!

CHELONIA:

Then you must help! I offer you a favor in return: You wish to raise all voices. I will bring my people:

We add our voices to your choir, If you do what my eggs require.

MARTHA:

Yes! You gather the Creature Council voices on my side, and I will protect your eggs.

CHELONIA:

Good. I Chelonia, call forth the Ceremony of the Mud!

[lightning strikes]

MARTHA:

Uh... am I seriously getting more high right now?

CHELONIA:

Miss Martha Morgan wants to boost All voices as a choir?
You will come protect my roost; I'll grant your heart's desire.
IF: you mean every voice and blood, Include Chelonia: here in the mud.
And Martha Morgan - honey tongue, Will find her song is loudly sung
By all of BoMa's varied beasts. From great turtles, to the least.
[CHELONIA disappears]

MARTHA:

Martha Honey Tongue. That's right. My power builds community. Cassandra and a talking turtle cannot both be wrong. DANG! What am I saying. I cannot smoke this Jamaican Strain ever again. But: What if...All right universe: bring forth the Revolution!
[GEE: In Revolutionary wear, rides through on his Hoverboard]

GEE:

"I will survive! Oh as long--" On your left, Lady!

MARTHA:

Oh. My. God.
[She exits. End of Scene]

FOUR: If You Say Something, See Something

[Convenience store, Dorchester. Late that night.
RUDY plugs in and tests De-Salinator, listening to the Red Sox game. He uses a cane when walking.]

SOX ANNOUNCER 1

And that's 3 out in the top of the eighth. Newark Yankees lead your Red Sox 4 - 2. If the Yanks hold this lead, the Sox season is kaput.

SOX ANNOUNCER 2

Sox have not made the postseason since '68 when the league lost half the coastal teams.

SOX ANNOUNCER 1

It's a shame. This rivalry is legendary but it hasn't had legs since Fenway flooded and the Yankees moved to Jersey. There really was magic in those old houses, Bob.

SOX ANNOUNCER 2

Break in the 8th here in BoMa, you know what that means...

[[A Spanish version of Sweet Caroline](#) plays. RUDY sings along as appropriate.
At the CHORUS, MARTHA enters]

RUDY:

Hands...touching hands...reaching out, touching me, touching You!
Sweet Martha Mine! BAH BAH BAH
[they dance]
Evening, Bee-yooty-full. Whadda you need?

MARTHA:

I dream of ice cream.

RUDY:

That's our specialty at Rudy's Inconvenience - making dreams come true!
Two for one deal after 10pm: pint and a Puffer, \$20.

MARTHA:

Pass. Smoked my fill tonight.

RUDY:

Why don't you leave the door open while you think about it? Been a whole day since the neighborhood lost power.

MARTHA:

Sorry! Decision fatigue.

RUDY:

You look blue.

MARTHA:

I lost my job today.

RUDY:

Aw, no, honey.

MARTHA:

Well, I quit.

RUDY:

So your job lost you! Good! Mayor Wu-Hoo don't deserve you.
Here - this will cheer you up. You were saying about the drought, and people needing fresh water? Allow me to introduce: The Dot Ave DeSalinator. For all your purification needs.

MARTHA:

You did that because of me?

RUDY:

It was a great idea! Helps out the people, stirs up business. It's a win-win. You're a smaht cookie. That's why you don't belong at City Hall: you're a doer; they're all don'ters.

[DUC enters, wearing an air mask]

Mask off in the store, buddy.

[In Vietnamese]

Mask off: See the sign?

DUC: [Vietnamese]

It's a bad air day.

RUDY:

The air is perfectly breathable in the store. Mask off.
And it runs off the solar station.

MARTHA

I didn't think you took all that to heart.

RUDY:

I got a thick old skull. But give it time, those good ideas seep in, then BAM! Like magic.
So what are you doing with your retirement?

MARTHA

Eat this ice cream and sleep.

RUDY

Hey what'd I say about that mask?

Where's your bottled water?

DUC

Back here where it's safe from thugs. How much you want?
[DUC pulls a knife]

RUDY:

All of it.

DUC:

Don't try me punk.
[DUC grabs the cane]
Your mother ever teach you to respect your elders?

RUDY [brandishing his cane in defense]

No. Just how to die from the Heat Death.

DUC:

I learned that one too - not pretty, is it?.

RUDY

I said I'll take the water.

DUC:

Drop the knife.
[MARTHA whips his knife with her ice cream, and jiu-jitsu's him to the floor]

MARTHA:

Yargh! Ow!

DUC

Am I hurting you?

MARTHA:

Yes! AHH!

DUC:

Good! Why you stealing water?

MARTHA:

We ain't had fresh water since June. My sister drinks school beer to hydrate. She has heat rash, but I got no clean water for baths.

DUC:

MARTHA:

Why you got to steal it? Get water stamps.

DUC:

Mom's dead I said.

RUDY:

Even more reason.

DUC:

We don't have papers. I can't get stamps without papers and I can't get papers if--

MARTHA:

What's your name?

DUC:

Duc Nguyen.

MARTHA:

Look at me, Duc. Stealing won't solve the problem. One case will last you, what? Three days?

DUC:

We need it.

MARTHA:

That machine behind you cleans water. Makes salt water fresh. It's free, Rudy?

RUDY:

Sure. He takes his mask off in my store.

MARTHA:

Go over to Morrissey Salt Marsh, and fill up a bottle, a bucket, anything.

RUDY:

And we'll clean it.

DUC:

Why would you do that for me?

RUDY:

It's not for you. It's for everybody, *Du Ma*.

MARTHA:

Rudy, get me a case.

[RUDY gets a case of the water]

Take this home for starters.

I can just take it? DUC:

Dorchester gotta stick together. RUDY

Next time it's on you. You live close? MARTHA:

Yeah. Why are you being nice to me? DUC:

Take this ointment for her rash. MARTHA:

Get that girl a good bath. RUDY:

Yo. Thank you. DUC:
[DUC exits]

Quitting jobs, jumping thugs. Whose balls did you borrow? RUDY:

These are all mine. MARTHA:

You got some way with words and people, Martha. RUDY:
You look shook. Not like a lady just whooped an ass.

This heat is getting to me. Let me pay for the water. MARTHA:

My treat. I think you just made me a customer. RUDY:

Thank you, Rudy. MARTHA:
[she goes, turns]
I know you been lonely. Since Gladys died?

Aw, no. She still visits. RUDY:

MARTHA:

Come again?

RUDY:

We don't ever really die, Martha. There's a red bird comes to my garden when I'm singing, tell you, she visits me. And that's why I don't use poison. There's a rat in the store I think is my uncle Jerry.

Just...don't let it get out I talk to animals, ok?

MARTHA:

I want you to find someone - a person - you can spend time with, Rudy. Good night.

[She exits]

RUDY:

Lonely? Pshaw. Got my boys, don't I?

[Radio back on]

SOX ANNOUNCER 2

Three outs closes the game and the season for the Sox. Hopefully come April they'll have a new home.

SOX ANNOUNCER 1

And a new pitching staff. Goodnight BoMa! We'll see you at spring tra—

[WHOOOMP! Power fails and Rudy is in the dark]

RUDY:

Big Papi's Ghost! I'm getting too old for this.

[End of scene]

FIVE: Unless...

[CASSANDRA's home in East Cambridge. She enters from jogging, to find her cat HECATE waiting impatiently]

CASSANDRA:

Good morning, Hecate, my beauty.

HECATE:

Ruuuuuuubbbbs. Ruuubbbbs.

CASSANDRA:

You miss me?

HECATE:

You're a step up from the chair leg. Did you see my red bird?

CASSANDRA:

Yes, I did! Gathering twigs for her nest this morning.

HECATE:

I like my red bird.

CASSANDRA:

Do you want to say hi?

HECATE:

I want to eat her someday.

CASSANDRA:

You can't eat her just because you're hungry.

HECATE:

Not yet. She serves me.

CASSANDRA:

She does?

HECATE:

Birds always know about the weather.

CASSANDRA:

Let me guess - another hot one?

HECATE:

Yes. But not for much longer. Clean my litter, Wart.

CASSANDRA:

Of course, your highness. Alexa: Feed Hecate.

[HECATE eats.]

Alexa: turn on the news.

ANCHOR:

...another scorcher in BoMa this morning, and it looks like we will reach 90 90's on the 90 with today being the 90th day this summer we hit 90 degrees. Congrats to everyone who bought a couch from Jordan's on Memorial Day. Quiara?

[CASS has coffee and froyo. She settles at her desk]

CASSANDRA:

Alexa: lower the volume.

ALEXA

Working from home again?

CASSANDRA:

The proofs for this book are due next week.

[reading]

“Another Boston Cataclysm, an alphabet book by Cassandra Byrnes.” Cass Byrnes.

“Another Boston Cataclysm! Drought, Erosion! Fenway Goes ... Huh.

Fenway. Goes. Haywire? Gets...hotter.”

[CASSANDRA nods off, then snaps awake.]

HECATE:

Ruuuuuubbbbbbs!

CASSANDRA:

Ugh! Wake up, Cass. Alexa: Put on another pot of coffee.

Oh, Hecate, you'll still love me if I don't save the world?

HECATE:

“Still?” Why are you always working?

CASSANDRA:

So much to be done. I know, I don't scratch you enough.

HECATE:

You're an awful servant.

CASSANDRA:

Mama has to write a book to let the children know the world is ending, AND teach classes. If more people listened to mama, and the mamas mamas before this, we wouldn't be in this mess.

HECATE:

People are useless. What would the Lorax Do?

CASSANDRA:

That's a good question. What would the Lorax Do?
Unless! Unless! Unless I do my best!
The world won't save itself, Hecate: science gets no rest!

HECATE:

no...rubbbbs?!

ANCHOR:

... Going live to City Hall on Seaport Isle, where Mayor Wu has a breaking announcement about his resiliency plan.

CASSANDRA:

No. Oh no.

Alexa: Call Martha.

[HECATE hisses at the Vidscreen. End of scene]

SIX: Guten Morgan

[Friday morning, same time. Martha's apartment;
She slept late.]

MARTHA:

Get up, girl. Oof! The spirit is ready but the body, she is weak! Alexa, what time is it?

ALEXA:

Eleven eleven. Make a wish.

MARTHA:

Oh, hell! I am late for work.

ALEXA:

No, Martha. You quit.

MARTHA:

It was real.

What the heck? Dry mud on my neck. Of course: Turtle Power.

Let's see what my sweet talk can do this morning.

If my voice be honey, let me not have finished the ice cream last night.

[she opens the freezer: bam. She eats it]

Thank you Jesus. Retirement is looking goood..

[she gets dressed singing Lift Every Voice and Sing. The phone buzzes]

Alexa, put this call on screen.

[CASSANDRA appears on the wallscreen]

Hey lady!

CASSANDRA

How is retirement?

MARTHA:

Lazy! I am embracing my inner grandma.

CASSANDRA:

Well, I hope you pinned your wig.

MARTHA

What's up?

CASSANDRA:

WGBH.

MARTHA:

Alexa, give me WGBH.

[Onscreen: Mayor WU flanked by ARGUS and STARBUCK]

MAYOR WU:

Fellow Citizens: we ran our campaign on the promise to bring BoMa together. I am thrilled to announce a project that realizes that promise and more: The BoMa Resiliency Blueprint - the BRB - is the largest public works in BoMa's history. It will guarantee BoMa's safety from rising sea levels for the next century. Chief Financial Officer Starbuck has teamed with community partners across the city, including AppleZon, General Electric, and the Red Sox, to bring this massive project to fruition, with minimal cost to taxpayers. This has never been more urgent, so we will move forward with phase one of the project immediately: a dyke encircling the downtown historic district will break ground at Boston Common on Monday September 12.

MARTHA:

September 12? No. That's 10 days.

MAYOR WU

I'd like to introduce the project's visionary architect, Damian Argus.

MARTHA:

Turn it off, Alexa. I cannot stomach the Flailing Dutchman before my morning coffee. 10 days. That was fast.

CASSANDRA

I hope you enjoyed retirement.

MARTHA:

We can't let them break ground. Today it's the dyke, tomorrow it's canals in Eastie. We have got to make that mudder fracker listen to the people!

CASSANDRA:

What do we do?

MARTHA

We protest? Block the site until the people of BoMa have a chance to be heard.

CASSANDRA:

A protest? In 10 days?

MARTHA

We can do this. Let me think. We need as many bodies there as possible, bodies and voices.

CASSANDRA:

Aye aye, Captain. What can I do?

MARTHA:

We need community networks: churches, schools, senior centers, colleges.

CASSANDRA:

You are looking at your college hookup.

MARTHA:

Yes! Not just the big four - UMass, Bunker Hill, anyone near the water or harbor.

CASSANDRA

I'll make it mandatory for my class. Heck, it's the first week of school - no one wants to learn.

MARTHA:

You are the greatest.

CASSANDRA:

You asked me nicely.

MARTHA:

We need everyone we can get. And not just the people, the --

CASSANDRA

What's wrong?

MARTHA:

I can tell you this because we are friends, I had a heart to heart with a turtle last night. Did you hear me?

CASSANDRA:

I talk to turtles all the time, what's —

MARTHA:

OK, but this was ... Deep. I don't know if it was the weed or the heat but, we connected.

CASSANDRA:

Are you falling in love with a turtle?

MARTHA:

You know I keep it all business with creatures. This Turtle - She said she would help get the Creature Council to the table, to raise their voices too.

CASSANDRA:

That's amazing! I know some people discount the Creature Council because, well, Animals —

MARTHA:

Cass, listen. In exchange, I have to save her eggs.

CASSANDRA:

Her eggs?

MARTHA:

She and her two eggs are the last three of her species.
I have to protect them from predators, and something about heat making one a girl and —

CASSANDRA:

Well sure, Turtles are temperature dependent sex determination. Cool temperatures around the egg make boys, warmer temps make girls.

MARTHA:

Now why didn't she make a deal with the marine biologist?

CASSANDRA:

Martha - she put her survival in your hands. That is some deeply sacred sauce. You didn't agree?

MARTHA:

Girl, I was high as the Pru last night, of course I said YES..

CASSANDRA:

Martha, if you made a treaty with this turtle: you cannot take that lightly.

MARTHA:

No, but this feels urgent, right? The Mayor is breaking up our city. Besides, I can't put all my eggs in... two eggs.

CASSANDRA:

You want bodies at this protest? partner with the Creature Council. You know they represent every non-human species, and you also know this is a vidscreen and I can see you roll your eyes.

MARTHA:

How am I gonna plan a protest with some animals?

CASSANDRA:

I make plans with Hecate all the time. Mostly about food.

MARTHA:

That bitch can eat.

CASSANDRA:

Listen: I will help with the eggs.
You free tonight? I can meet you there, we can figure out temperature control.

MARTHA:

OK. Let's meet at the Common - 7:30. Now: I got calls to make and so do you.

CASSANDRA:

Welcome back to the workforce, grandma.

MARTHA:

Thanks lady. Bye.

[CASSANDRA disappears]

Colleges: Check. Who else? Church...I suppose I can flirt with the reverend one more time. I need Chelsea and East Boston in full force. Alexa: who do I know in Chelsea?

ALEXA:

Raquela de Salva. College Roommate, current 1st grade teacher at Kennedy Elementary.

MARTHA:

Huh. Raquela. This could be treacherous, Alexa.

[writing:]

Call Raquela.

ALEXA:

Calling Raquela.

MARTHA:

Alexa - no!

[too late: it rings and RAQUELA appears on the vidscreen]

RAQUELA:

Martha Morgan. Look what the tide dragged in.

MARTHA:

Hey Raq. Long time no—

RAQUELA:

No nothing? What's good?

MARTHA:

Listen - Raq. Look, I'm sorry I haven't been in touch. It has been crazy down here at city hall.

RAQUELA:

I can see you're in your living room.

MARTHA:

Things have freed up a bit. I would love to come and visit your first graders, if the invitation is still open. I want to show those kids that we aren't forgetting them.

RAQUELA:

Martha I asked you to visit class three years ago.

MARTHA:

I am so happy I can mark this as done. How's Monday?

RAQUELA:

My first graders will be celebrating Labor Day.

MARTHA:

Tuesday then. Afternoon? Look - think of what this can be for your students. Remember when we were in high school, and Senator Pressley came to our class. You were glowing —

RAQUELA:

OK. Martha. 2pm?

MARTHA:

I'll see you then. Listen: thanks, Raq.

[they hang up]

Alexa where are my First Grade demos?

ALEXA:

In your school file on your desk. At City Hall.

MARTHA:

Hot fudge. I guess I'm going back to work.

ALEXA:

I'm sorry, but your retinal scan security clearance for City Hall has been: deactivated.

MARTHA:

Then I am going incog-Negro.

Alexa, start a To Do List. Mission: Disrupt the Mayor's Groundbreaking, and bring the community to the table. We Need: As many voices as possible. Focus on Dorchester, East Boston, Chelsea.

Consider...non humans.

Call David at WGBH - I need press.

Priorities: Egg-Sitting, and Break into City Hall.

[End of Scene]

SEVEN: Operation Egg-Sit

[Boston Public Garden. Late night Friday.
MARTHA and CASSANDRA enter with supplies.]

MARTHA:

Operation Eggsit, Phase One: Go!

CASSANDRA:

Wait. Where's Chelonia?

MARTHA:

She better be out gathering geese for my protest.

CASSANDRA:

It's dusk - almost dark. Her predators ~~only~~ come out at night.
This must be so strange for her - Turtle moms usually lay eggs and split.

MARTHA:

Why is this different?

CASSANDRA:

You said these are her last two eggs - the last two Sea Turtle Eggs, Ever. She's scared.

MARTHA:

Then let's protect them. OK, hit me with the science.

CASSANDRA:

We need to keep this boy in the shade, and periodically moisten him with cool water.

MARTHA:

We have to - moisten the egg?

CASSANDRA:

YOU, have to moisten the egg. Spritz!

MARTHA:

Ugh. Why do boys always have to be coddled?

CASSANDRA:

And the girl - needs sun. But not too much.

MARTHA:

How do we know they're safe?

CASSANDRA:

Shazam: Soil Thermometers. These shrubs will keep our delicate boy in the shade.

MARTHA:

How long do we have to do this?

CASSANDRA

You didn't ask how long ago she laid the eggs? Who put you in charge again?

MARTHA:

Um, you did. And since I am your cheerless frozen leader I officially delegate this task to you. Come on: I have a protest to plan, and this is straight up your jam.

CASSANDRA:

I mean I'm kind of into it, aren't I?

[CHELONIA enters as quickly as a 300+ year old turtle can.]

CHELONIA:

Martha! Friend! Protect the eggs! Quick!

MARTHA:

Chelonia – what is it?

CHELONIA:

Night falls! Dusk brings breakfast time for night feeders. Look – they come! Protect my eggs!

[Awesome creature action sequence:

Birds of prey - including the condor - and rodents - a raccoon and rats - attack the nest. All go for the eggs.

MARTHA and CASSANDRA help CHELONIA fight back: spraying water into the birds' faces, kicking dirt at the rodents, or whacking them with shrubs.

They fend off all comers - for now.]

MARTHA:

Holy crap! And I thought reaching across the aisle was tough!

CHELONIA:

I told you I needed you. What a relief, Martha, to know you've devoted your life to my eggs.

MARTHA:

Uh...

CASSANDRA:

These two fragile babes. Alone against such odds!

CHELONIA:

I usually come out ahead from sheer numbers. 100 eggs, 7 times a year. Odds are that we survive. That is not so any more.

Chelonia - this is Ca—

MARTHA:

Hi! I'm Cassandra. Um: Your highness.

CASSANDRA:

Thank you, for defending my eggs.

CHELONIA:

Oh! Sure! We have them on climate control. I'm going to automate the system so the boy stays cool and the girl stays warm. the thermometers can signal me if they go outside a certain range.

CASSANDRA:

Martha, how is your quest?

CHELONIA:

I have a steep hill to climb. We have a hard deadline now - next Monday, 9 days.

MARTHA:

The night of the full moon, the solar eclipse. [aside to Martha] Turtles are phototactic - they follow the lunar cycle.

CASSANDRA:

What Solar eclipse? We're protesting in the dark? Why didn't you say anything?

MARTHA:

I thought it was appropriately symbolic.

CASSANDRA

Yes. The next moon. Not long in the life of a turtle. I hope it is longer in the dying of one.

CHELONIA:

They mayor's team is building a dyke right here, to keep the bay at bay.

MARTHA:

Another wall? I've moved my nest enough times from human disruption.

CHELONIA:

We're protesting to shut it down. Can you still help rally the Creature Council?

MARTHA:

Creatures? Yes, The Creature Council will meet to discuss, three days from now.

[CHELONIA makes a sound that causes several creatures to pop up as if from nowhere:
A Bird, a Bee, a Bunny, a Butterfly]

Come Cottontail, Butterfly, Bee and Bird
Jit-Jot through the gutter, and spread the word:
To every creature, this word do dissembly
To meet in three moons for the Animal Assembly.

Call pigeons, turkey, robins, owls,
Call Martens, stoats, and minks;
Call those with song and those with growl,
The Flyers and the slinks.

I call all species: Come Together,
Three moons from now, we herd:
Of wing, of scale, of fur and feather:
Spread word, yes spread the word.
[The Creatures disperse.]

MARTHA:

That is so much cooler than a Facebook event.

CHELONIA:

That ought to draw a crowd. I'll tell them of your plan, and gather who we can.

CASSANDRA:

UH... Miss, Mother Queen Chelonia? My cat, Hecate – she's friendly with birds. If, if she -

CHELONIA:

Hecate is welcome.

CASSANDRA:

You - know Hecate?

CHELONIA:

Why Cassandra. What do you think she does while you're gone?
A cat will be welcome. I anticipate trouble from the rats - your predecessors have not paved the way for the bi-partisanship of mice and men.

MARTHA:

OK. Thank you, Chelonia. It'll mean so much to have other species with us.

CASSANDRA:

Get some rest. I'll be back to check on the nest!

MARTHA:

And Chelonia: don't let the Rat Herds grind you down.
[CASSANDRA and MARTHA exit. END of Scene.]

EIGHT: City Hell

[Seaport, Saturday night. City Hall Offices.
MARTHA enters, feeling in the dark.]

MARTHA:

Ow! 2072 and we can't get a flashlight app that's easy to turn on. Where —

ZARA:

Lights!

[lights turn on]

Martha? You can't be here. I'm calling security.

MARTHA:

Security let me in. Tina doesn't know I quit.

ZARA:

She should know from your retinal scan.

MARTHA:

You work with someone long enough, they're willing to look the other way.
You're lighting the candle at both ends.

ZARA:

A lot, these days.

MARTHA:

He's here? Argus?

ZARA:

I brought him dinner.

MARTHA:

On a holiday weekend? That man must think he is the sun.

ZARA:

He's working day and night, actually. Not everyone quits when it gets hard.
We have to make changes now that GE and the Red Sox are involved.

MARTHA:

How nice of him to cater to important stakeholders.

ZARA:

We have a lot riding on this.

MARTHA;

So does Eastie. Listen, Zara: are you on board with his plan?

ZARA:

I think we've got the silver bullet for sea level rise.

MARTHA

And what about the heat, the drought, the —

ZARA:

We weren't asked to solve that.

MARTHA:

This is big, Zara. The SeaPort was one thing - whole neighborhood is privately owned. This is BoMa-wide: you can't force this down people's throats.

ZARA:

I think we've found a great solution to the problems that concern the City.

MARTHA

12,000 people in Eastie, Zara. How would you feel, someone came to your mama's house with a notice saying "sorry. This is ocean now."

ZARA:

He won't listen to me.

MARTHA:

Did you try?

ZARA:

I put the demographics in every report. I tracked down the stuff about the harbor. They don't see that. They see problem, they see solution.

MARTHA:

It's not a solution!

ZARA:

What do you want him to do? He's doing his best.

MARTHA:

We all are. The trick is admitting when your best alone ain't good enough.

ZARA:

That why you quit?

MARTHA:

I want to give you fair warning. We're protesting the groundbreaking.

ZARA:

Why are you so against this wall?

MARTHA:

I'm against his closed door. One man alone in a room can't solve this. You are welcome to join us. Come to the dark side, Z.

ZARA:

I have a job. It's not a perfect job, but it's a good one.

MARTHA:

Your choice. I'm taking these. I made them, and they belong to me.

ZARA:

That paper belongs to the city.

MARTHA:

Everybody steals paper - it's half the reason to have a job. I know it can suck. To feel like your whole career is riding on this job, and you don't want to rock the boat. Lots of careers out there. But you only get to stand up for yourself if you practice. Thanks, Z.

[She exits. ZARA knocks on an office door]

ZARA:

Damian? Damian, I brought dinner. I won't be in tomorrow. Have a good weekend.

[She exits. END of Scene.]

NINE: Labor Day

[Labor Day, 2072. Boston Public Garden. GEE, in his Freedom Trail costume.]

GEE:

Today, September 5, is a notable day in history. In 1774 the first Continental Congress assembled, on this day. In 1946 one of the great pre-robot singers, and a hero of mine, Freddie Mercury, was born. And in 2047 Typhoon TItang swept through the Pacific, flooding East Asia and devastating Ho Chi Minh City. 10s of 1000s of people from Vietnam rippled out to other parts of the world, including right here in BoMa.

Here we are in the Public Garden. When BoMa was founded, this was all underwater. Yes, the Back Bay was once, a Bay. The town filled it in with dirt and landfill to create more space as the population expanded. But as you can see: nature reclaims its own. Now: follow me over to the Boston Common. You'll see Cheers on your left. Say it with me now: "Norm!"

[he exits. CASSANDRA sets up a solar-powered machine at the nest: a Mister sprays the boy egg; an umbrella shades the girl. Two soil thermometers with antennae.]

CHELONIA

Cassandra comes to regulate my clutch.
A cool bath sprays the boy upon the hour.
The girl's umbrella is a special touch:
Opening at the height of the sun's power.

And all of this is governed by machines.
Her science leaping over many hurdles.
But even if these eggs contain my genes,
After all this, will they still be turtles?

And where is Martha honey-tongue in this?
Who is here protecting them from prey?
Shall I just sit here lazing in the mist,
And watching robots babysit all day?

It feels so unnatural, if blessed.
The way these humans do their problem-solving.
My cyborg nest, my mother's rest.
I suppose this is what they call evolving.
Where is Martha Morgan?

CASSANDRA:

Captain Morgan is leading the charge. The big day is a week away.

CHELONIA:

She's so busy making plans she can hardly keep them.

CASSANDRA:

I've got you covered! Fully automated climate control for boy and girl. And: don't nibble the grass - I sprinkled fox pee flakes - to keep the rats away.

CHELONIA:

I know real foxes. Thank you, Cass.

[CASSANDRA exits. CHELONIA's Messengers return: Bee, Bird, Butterfly, Bunny]
Butterfly, Bunny, Bird, and Bee? Which species send RSVP?

BEE:

The insects are abuzz with a great interest in your meeting.

BUTTERFLY:

The crickets chirp and roaches set their wings to busy beating.

BIRD:

The pigeons wish to know if free refreshments will be served?
The owls stare at me and ask HOO will join - the nerve!

BUNNY:

I spoke with everyone both four legged and furred,
The deer will come, the foxes too, The shrews shrewdly demurred.
I wasn't certain if the invitation stood for bats?
And if it does then surely one would not invite the rats?

CHELONIA:

Well done, all. Well spread and now,
We must be patient as a cow.
In two moons we will see how potent
Chelonia's word is, with the rodents.

[End of Scene.]

TEN: Gathering Storm

[The scene occurs in several places simultaneously.]

CASSANDRA

[with audience members as her students]

We have been looking at data for species loss. Today: Prevention. You know about the Protest on Sunday -- I put it on your Syllabi. It's worth a grade bump on your midterm. Why? Because all the data in the world means nothing if we don't act.

So: we are making signs. I have poster board, markers, paint. I've put slogans on the screen; copy if you want, or make your own. While you work, I'll read my favorite book, an old classic: it just turned 100 years old, but as necessary as ever. The Lorax, by Dr. Seuss.

[Elsewhere]

MARTHA:

Good morning. Thank you for the warm welcome, and thank YOU, Reverend Hammond, for sharing your platform. You all know me. Every week I'm the one in the back left singing loud, if a bit off key. My heart is always on pitch. It's hard for all of us, sometimes, to keep everything in range? To stay on beat? To sing along with the choir? It's so easy in this world to lose our sense of priority. We get distracted by shiny, short term flickers, and take our eyes off the prize.

[Elsewhere]

RUDY:

[on the phone with a member of the audience]

Hello there. Glad I caught you. I'm Rudy Walsh, I own the corner store up in Upham's. Is ____ [first name] ____ home?

DUC:

[on the phone with a member of the audience]

Hi, is __ [first name] ____ there? __ [first name, last name] __? This is Duc Nguyen of the BoMa All Voices Project. You're an alumni of __ [college] __. All right, Go __ [team name] __?

RUDY:

You've lived in __ [neighborhood] __ for __ [number] __ years, so I know you care about our future.

DUC:

You probably think I'm calling you for money but I am not. I need something more important: your Body.

[RUDY smacks him]

I mean - your VOICE. Your PRESENCE.

RUDY:

You know that __ [climate threat to neighborhood] __ is a real problem here.

DUC

You have fond memories of __ [campus joint] __? Well if we don't act soon, that could be gone...

RUDY & DUC:

Forever!

MARTHA:

We believe our Lord made the Earth, and all the creatures on it. That his creation is sacred. Boston was born a city on a hill, but the way the water is rising, pretty soon, ain't gonna be no hill no more. What are we to do? Build an ark? Look around you: we're gonna need a bigger ark.

RUDY

You heard Mayor Wu is unveiling his new resiliency project.

DUC:

More like Un Brilliancy, right? It's been vetted by the designer and by the corporations funding it.

RUDY

But not by the people.

DUC:

Not by you and me.

RUDY:

We say:

DUC:

No Fortification without Representation.

RUDY:

No wallification without representation!

DUC:

Much indignation without representation!

MARTHA:

If our Golden Rule is to love thy neighbor, we have a duty to look at the crisis of our neighbor and help. We have a duty to look at the crisis of our Lord's creation, and help.

RUDY:

On Monday we are Protest at the Common

DUC:

A Bellyaching for the Groundbreaking: to get your voices heard.

MARTHA:

This isn't about politics.

Not parties or platforms.

RUDY:

We aren't against the Mayor or his plan. We are protesting so the people —

DUC:

You, __[first name]__

RUDY:

You __[first name]__

DUC:

That you all have your say.

MARTHA:

I'm asking you to join us.

DUC:

To lift your voice, as one among the choir.

MARTHA:

Now: __[first name]__

DUC:

__[name]__

RUDY:

Can we count on you?

RUDY & DUC & MARTHA:

“Unless,” said the Onceler.
Unless someone like you
Cares a whole awful lot.
Nothing is going to get better. It's not.
[End of scene.]

CASSANDRA:

ELEVEN: Creature Council

[Common, at Midnight. The Creature Council Gathers: a Rat, Lobster, Pigeon, Turkey, HECATE]

CHELONIA

Gather all creatures, every beast,
From Great Turtle, to the least.
Meet in the moon where the water meets land
To discuss: shall we partner with man? Roll Call!

LOBSTER:

Lobster to speak for the shellfish, though I speak un-Shellfish-ly.

HECATE:

I, Hecate, speak for us who keep humans Domestically.

RAT: [speaking in Rat]

Ratta cotta sneely deeley stupid weedle stinkish...

PIGEON

I the bird to spreada word, in a Pigeon English
[a beat.]

TURKEY:

I am a turkey!

ALL CREATURES:

Well met, Chelonia Mydas.

RAT:

Ill met, Traitoria snide-ass. SeekadaSee.

CHELONIA:

Our world is dying. We have watched it happen.
Many generations have adapted, stepping back, until we have no room.
My people lived for centuries on the beach around this harbor - where the water stinks of tea.
Some years ago man built a wall upon my beach - and left no room for me.

The human elders wish to build another wall. It will displace their own people, and many of you.
This pebble cast will ripple out to all creatures; All will be touched by this poison blood.

But: A warrior amongst them – Martha Honey Tongue, gathers an army to fight. She seeks our help. I call together all species to join with Martha - against this wall that brings our end.

RAT:

Join with humans? Pontoo!!

LOBSTER:

What makes you trust this Honey-tongue?

CHELONIA:

She has saved my eggs.

PIGEON

Where is this honey today? I saw the bunny, but where's the honey?

CHELONIA:

Her partner came. They've made a machine to save —

RAT:

Zabosht! They made you human. Look at her - Chelonia Two Legs!

CHELONIA:

I stand on my flippers to speak above the crowd.

RAT:

“Above,” aha? That's nice and loud.
Who else has cause to ever trust a human?

PIGEON:

They feed me.

LOBSTER:

I feed them.

TURKEY:

Pigeon gets fat off of the crumbs they shuckin'.

PIGEON:

You mad cuz you are one-third a Turducken!

RAT:

They give us half a vote. They are not worth the trouble.

CHELONIA:

Then I suggest you jump in the moat, or help our number double.

RAT

Scrimy! Let 'em build a wall. Speed their doom on their own.
Us rats is next to sit up onna throne.

HECATE

I know this Martha Honey-Tongue.

RAT:

Domesticatta - she belongs to one of them!

HECATE

Belong?! My serf tends to me night and day. She swoops and swoons to scoop my poop.

[Gasps!]

This Martha can be trusted.

TURKEY:

Is she a ... a vegetarian?

RAT:

Shhhilen. If she be trusted, where is she? She send a turtle to talk to de critters, the little ones.

This human has no truck with us? I have none for her.

[Hubbub]

CHELONIA:

Martha and her friends have saved my eggs. They've kept their promise to me. Five days now.

RAT

Five days? A deal with man lasts the life of a fruit fly.

You, age old Turtle, ought to know. I don't care for this deal – what's in it for us?

CHELONIA:

Not losing your home.

LOBSTER:

Says the one who carries her house upon her back.

CHELONIA:

Said the pot, calling the kettle black.

LOBSTER:

How dare you say “pot” to me – you know what they do!

CHELONIA

How about your water? Your food?

PIGEON:

She have honey ears! She don't hear our concern!

CHELONIA

We've finally got a chance to have our say. Not to be pushed around, but to join in.

RAT:

Join? For what? Shizbat! My great great Greatest Grand Rat came across the sea on a boat. The boat hit an iceberg, Spooshka! Sank. The humans ran around screaming “find a raft, find a raft!” Half of ‘em died, freezing in the water.

TURKEY:

How did your GrandRat survive?

RAT:

He climb aboard a Big wide door with small woman. Little man freezing in the water nearby. Crying! Plenty of room on door! Room for rats. We call the woman who save us: Rat Rose.

HECATE:

She saved your Greatest Grand Rat! He never would survive if she didn’t leave room for him!

RAT:

No! We are not here for Humans to make room for us. This is our world too! ZeRattaTattEarth. We rodents are low to the ground; we don’t stoop to Stupid.

[Hubbub]

CHELONIA

Silence! We have been separated from the Humans for too long. There are fears, doubts, broken promises in all of our pasts. But we must look towards the future. I stand with Martha. Seven moons from now, she gathers her army. Consider for yourselves, and raise your voice, or let yourself be silenced. May each species make its own decision.

[The crowd disperses.]

PIGEON: [to Rat]

You said there were gonna be snacks!

RAT:

Yessa. Two snacks in that nest. Two little turtle mouthfuls

PIGEON

Maybe we come back at dark dusk to eatta treat.

HECATE:

Do you think they will join us?

CHELONIA:

I don’t know.

HECATE:

You do trust Martha, though?

CHELONIA:

My fear of the world is greater than my doubts of a human.
But she hasn't come back. And some some may attack my eggs to punish this partnership.

HECATE:

I will make my little Wart pay if she does not protect you.
But humans aren't like us. They make too many plans.

CHELONIA:

Plans and schemes, schemes and plans
Never cease tinkering. You'd think with their tinkering
Their minds would expand!
Oh why did I ever make a deal with hu-man?

HECATE:

I doubt that you had any better plan?

CHELONIA:

I may need one. The story of my eggs requires I be an editor -
If these rats will come for me, I need a bigger predator.

[HECATE and CHELONIA slink away. END of Scene.]

TWELVE: Flood Preparedness for Children

[RAQUELA's 1st grade class at Kennedy Elementary in East Boston. Students spread through the audience.]

RAQUELA

Chicos! Escuchamos por favor! Listen please! We have a special guest in class today, from City Hall. Martha Morgan: Martha is the Climate Communications Director –

MARTHA:

Actually I am a grass-roots Community Organizer with the BoMa All Voices Project. And I want to talk about your future. But first: Who here likes to draw?

ETHAN:

Art is for liberals.

MARTHA:

Almost everybody! We're going to do a project. Take paper, take crayons. And I want you to draw your house.

RAQUELA:

Yes, Chuong?

CHUONG:

I don't live in a house I live in a apartment.

ETHAN:

Because you're poor.

MARTHA:

That's fine. Draw home – wherever HOME means to you.

AMAL:

Can I start over?

MARTHA:

Of course! Draw your street outside, too. Now: are there windows? Doors? And which one is your window? Can you draw yourself there? Yes, Chuong?

CHUONG

I don't know which one is mine.

MARTHA:

You can draw yourself in any of them.

CHUONG:

OK but I don't go to neighbor's windows.

MARTHA:

Everyone good? Done? Ooo, such beautiful homes. Now – set those aside. I want to show you some EnvironMojis. EnvironMojis talk in pictures, and we use them to communicate with people all over the city, because so many languages are spoken in BoMa. Who here speaks a language other than English at home?

[Most kids raise their hands]

Good! So many bilingual Chicos! Now: who can tell me what THIS means?

CHUONG:

Choke to death.

MARTHA:

Uh, what? No, Chuong.

RAQUELA

What was that Yzobel? You can speak up.

YZOBEL:

Aire malo. You have to wear la máscara

MARTHA:

Yes! Wear your air mask! Everyone here has a mask, yes? No? You don't have masks?

AMAL:

We use school masks.

ETHAN:

I don't. I have my own.

CHUONG: [to a new friend in the audience]

Will I die with no mask?

MARTHA:

School masks are great. They are very safe. What about this one: think hard.

AMAL:

A zoo?

MARTHA:

Close. What is the opposite of a zoo?

ETHAN:

A strip mall.

RAQUELA:

Que Animale?

YZOBEL

Oso Polar!

MARTHA:

Good. And he's stepping over to...

AMAL:

He's stepping onto land! It's a migrant animal

MARTHA:

Exactly! It's a warning about migrant animals.

YZOBEL

Porque?

MARTHA:

Well, Polar Bears are big and bad and scary – they can kill you with a wave of the claw.

YZOBEL:

Pero why are you scared that they migrate?

MARTHA:

There's nothing wrong with migrating. Just that people aren't used to seeing them.

YZOBEL

El no tiene un hogar?

RAQUELA

No, Yzzy. For many of them their home is melting.

YZOBEL:

Can they kill grown-ups, too?

MARTHA:

Yes, they're one of the fiercest predators in the world. They can swim and walk on land.

ETHAN:

You should make the bear eat an arm. It will be less confusing.

MARTHA:

What about: this.

ETHAN:

That's a beach house. Father says we can't go anymore because —

MARTHA:
Close. You see water. And these people are safe behind the wall?

AMAL:
SmashFlood!

MARTHA:
Very good! Now: who in class has seen a SmashFlood?

AMAL:
We had one last week.

CHUONG:
My bed gets wet during SmashFloods.

AMAL:
Ew, Chuong you wet your bed?

CHUONG:
No - the creek does!

RAQUELA:
Scholars!

MARTHA:
I want you to take your drawing back out – your home. And now: add a SmashFlood.
Think about what looks different during a SmashFlood.

CHUONG:
Everyone's inside?

ETHAN:
The water, dummy.

RAQUELA:
Ethan! Manners.

ETHAN:
I mean: The Water, *Chuong*.

MARTHA:
So draw a SmashFlood on your street. Is that a Whale, Yzzy? Must be a lot of water!

YZOBEL:
It's a big SmashFlood.

Now: How do you feel in a SmashFlood?

Wet?

Asustado.

What's that?

Scared.

Why are you scared?

Yo No Nado.

You don't swim. No wonder you're frightened. Let me have everyone stand up! On your chair please. Now: what do you do if a SmashFlood comes, and water gets into your house? Amal?

Leave?

What if the water is up to your knees, or your tummy? First: get up on your chair. If you have long pants roll them up to your knees. I see Ethan has pants.

Nerd Pants

Yzobel does too. Now, if that water keeps rising, you need to get out of the classroom. How? What do you do at the beach?

Take your shirt off?

Swim! Nadamos!

MARTHA:

CHUONG:

YZOBEL:

MARTHA:

RAQUELA:

MARTHA:

YZOBEL

MARTHA:

AMAL:

MARTHA:

CHUONG:

MARTHA:

CHUONG:

AMAL:

MARTHA:

We swim! Yes - let's all practice: freestyle!

RAQUELA:

Ethan - help Yzzy please.

MARTHA:

If you can't swim, take a deep breath, and float on your back.

AMAL:

Why do you breathe?

MARTHA:

Because air is magic. Fill your chest with air and you float! Do you all have buddies in class?
[CHUONG in particular picks a buddy or two from the audience]

CHUONG:

Will you be my buddy? And you too, I can't swim good.

MARTHA:

You can also float on your back if you get tired.

ETHAN:

I'm tired now.

MARTHA:

OK: let's stop swimming. SO: if you get stuck in a SmashFlood, you want to swim, and get someplace higher.

Now: I want you all to look at your drawings again: your home covered with water.

That isn't just a SmashFlood. That's how your house will look in a few years.

RAQUELA:

Martha? What are you –

MARTHA:

The Mayor wants to fill your street with water.

RAQUELA:

This isn't real, kids, don't worry—

MARTHA:

It is real. The City of BoMa is starting a plan that will make your house underwater, maybe with whales swimming by – and they didn't even ask you or your parents. Did they?

[bell sounds]

RAQUELA:

OK Scholars - Say goodbye to Miss Martha.

MARTHA:

Wait! I want you to do two things for me:

Number one: take this flyer, and give it to your parents, along with your drawing. I am hosting a party and all of your parents are invited. Tell them if they don't come, your house will look like your drawing! Can you do that for me? And Number Two: Practice your Flood Drill. Remember what you do when the SmashFlood comes.

Here – take flyers.

RAQUELA:

And put on your mask – it's a bad air day.

[The children take flyers and air masks, and exit.]

What the hell, Martha? You trying to scare them to death?

MARTHA:

I'm trying to scare their parents into action. The rest of these are for you.

RAQUELA

You said you wanted to show them their City Rep still cares.

MARTHA:

I do care, Raq. That's why I'm here.

RAQUELA:

Uh, but you're NOT with the city anymore? Did you quit or were you fired?

MARTHA:

The city doesn't represent them. 2, 3 years from now, this school is a canal. They want to push that through without talking with the families here. This is me looking out for their interests.

[MARTHA hands RAQ a flyer]

RAQUELA

You know how many parent calls I'm going to get from this?

MARTHA:

Good! I want them to call. I need every parent I can get. We have to make the Mayor hear us.

RAQUELA

Us who?

MARTHA:

Everybody. Parents, the kids. Teachers. Help me bring them together.

RAQUELA

I knew you were favor-fishing when you called me. And what – a protest on a Monday? Parents are at work, Martha. What do we even get out of this?

MARTHA:

You get your neighborhood back.

RAQUELA:

You're talking 2, 3 years? What about two weeks? My kids share air masks, come to school in wet shoes. That's right now.

MARTHA:

This is why I came to you: I cannot speak your voice. The mayor needs to hear you.

RAQUELA:

Why? He didn't listen to you.

MARTHA:

He'll have to listen to all of us.

RAQUELA:

And if he doesn't?

[YZOBEL enters wearing an air mask]

Yzzy! Dad didn't show up?

MARTHA:

What is your whale's name?

YZOBEL:

Ballena. She's a good swimmer, not like me.

MARTHA:

She's had more practice.

YZOBEL:

If they build a wall, the whales can't come to BoMa.

MARTHA:

Not many whales visit us now.

YZOBEL:

Mi madre – she's a whale now.

MARTHA:

You must miss her very much.

[YZOBEL sings through Ballena, a mournful song]

Whales are very good singers.

YZOBEL

They sing to each other across the ocean. Like family.

MARTHA:

If you listen outside, on a hot night, I bet you'll hear her sing.

YZOBEL

Why a hot night?

MARTHA:

Sound travels farther in the heat.

YZOBEL:

Hot like today?

MARTHA:

Just like this.

YZOBEL:

I have to ask mi Papa about Monday. If I can't come, you have to think about the whales. Not just the people.

MARTHA:

We will speak for the whales too.

YZOBEL:

And dolphins and trees and turtles.

MARTHA:

And turtles too. Yes.

RAQUELA

You know so many species!

YZOBEL:

They are family too. Even though we eat them sometimes. Sometimes, they eat us.
[YZOBEL leaves]

RAQUELA

You ought to get her to negotiate with the mayor. Come on: let's split a gondola back into town.

[They exit. CHELONIA appears]

CHELONIA:

If you ever shake hands with a person,
Your worrying may only worsen.
More trustworthy are most wild animals;
Even the ones who are cannibals.
Sighhhh.....

But that wee warrior may give some relief.
There's all kinds of strength in that load of grief.
A mother? Oof. I bet her belief
Could add power enough for mighty mischief.

I wonder...
While Martha is off planning her big protest,
And pulling another all-nighter,
I need some protection for my little nest.
Could I Frankenstein a new fighter?

I feel possibilities swell,
At the thought of a mean Yzobel.
[END of SCENE]

THIRTEEN: I Don't Want to Go To Chelsea

[Chelsea Tenement. YZOBEL listens for the song of the whales at her window. She draws in chalk on the floor.]

YZOBEL

See Ballena! It's you. Me. Y Madre. You and mama swim together and breach – SPOOSH! – Mama waves her tail. I want to learn to swim so I can visit. We will fill the sea with songs.

[she sings whale songs]

I don't know where papa is, Ballena. Probably at work.

We won't starve, Ballena. Even if we have to be killer whales hunt for our own food.

When I learn to swim we can join mama, eating krill and jellyfish and octopuses.

[CHELONIA appears at the window.]

CHELONIA:

I love a nice jellyfish for dinner!

YZOBEL:

¿Quién está aqui?

CHELONIA:

Just me. A nice, slow turtle – too slow to hurt you. Are you all alone?

YZOBEL:

No! I'm not scared. Ballena is with me.

CHELONIA:

She protects you?

YZOBEL:

I protect her.

CHELONIA:

Oh you're tough. Fuerte! Pero, pequeño. What happened to your mother?

YZOBEL:

She's a whale.

CHELONIA:

Is that so?

YZOBEL:

You hear? That's her singing.

CHELONIA:

So much imagination in one tiny little soul –

YZOBEL:

It's not imagination. Es verdad. Mi mama, la ballena.

CHELONIA:

Oh, I believe you. What if you were different? How would you like to be?
Something big? Something strong? Something –

YZOBEL:

A whale.

CHELONIA:

Mm...too tiny to be a whale.

YZOBEL

Quiero Nadar.

CHELONIA:

There are bears who swim. The biggest predators on the planet – their claws are like razors
through ice cream. They swim with the whales. Would you like that?

[Yzobel growls]

I need help, Yzobel. I need a big strong someone to protect my eggs. I can help you swim to your
mother, if you help me. Would you be a bear for me?

[Yzobel growls]

It's been a long time since I tried magic – real magic. But this is only a little magic, for a little
girl. And you believe so big, don't you?

[Yzobel growls with affirmation]

YZOBEL [growling]

Yo creo en las tortugas!

CHELONIA:

Put your hands on my shell.

Oh, just a little growing pain, no reason to be scared.

Nothing to be frightened of for little girls, or Bears.

I can take your fear away; Join me in the mud!

There; you feel transfiguration coursing through your blood?

The wind whips fur and feet into an answer to your prayer:

Now stretch your jaw, unclench your claw, and rise as Polar Bear!

[YZOBEL shrieks and grunts like a bear.

She rises tall as YZOBEBEAR, with claws and white fur.

END of SCENE.]

FOURTEEN: I Will Survive

[The Common. RAT and PIGEON creep toward the nest.]

RAT:

Creepy, Leepsy - not a peepsy!

PIGEON:

Hold your hocks! I smell a fox!

RAT:

Faux Fox! Don't fall for it one smidgeon, my pigeon!

Aha: The prize! Two little snacks. How do you like your eggs?

[YZOBEAR sneaks up behind them]

YZOBEAR:

Any which way but POACHED!

[YZOBEAR kills the pigeon and slices the Rat's Back]

CHELONIA:

Meet YZOBEAR: She has my back! And now she's scratched yours, snaggly rat!

RAT:

Zabosht! I'll be back, Turtle. I'm king of the world!

[RAT exits. YZOBEAR snacks on pigeon. GEE Wanders through, singing]

GEE: [singing]

"And I spent, oh, so many nights just crying do do --" AH! Polar Bear!

Wait! "oh so many nights just crying over Polar Bears" Perfect! High five! Aiii!!!

[GEE runs off screaming.]

YZOBEAR

Why are people scared of me?

CHELONIA:

You are bear-y scary with your claw.

YZOBEAR:

I don't want to be a bear.

CHELONIA:

But you see how badly I need you? You saved my wee ones.

They will hatch so soon, and then you will be done.

YZOBEAR:

Ugh! This pigeon's full of plastic! Your eggs are only in danger because you leave them alone.

No wonder turtles return to the beach they were born. They're looking for their mother.

CHELONIA:

We return to the same beach because we know we can make a life here.

YZOBEAR:

And why do the babies have to search for the mother. You're supposed to search for them!

CHELONIA:

It's not me who abandoned these eggs. Martha did!

YZOBEAR

She didn't abandon you! She's saving this place for everyone.
She might miss the trees for the forest. But someone has to save the forest.

CHELONIA:

I don't live in a forest.

YZOBEAR:

What can she do, but do her best?
[Mournful whale songs. YZOBEAR growls along.]

BIRD:

Fair Chelonia – have you called off tomorrow's protest?

CHELONIA:

Why would I call it off?

BIRD:

Because of the storm.

CHELONIA:

What storm? The sky is clear!

YZOBEAR

The whales sing of a storm coming near.

BIRD

We sense a wicked wind arising in the east.
The leaves turn over to receive the rain's feast.
Tomorrow's a storm - can't you hear it?
The drought will soon break - along with some spirits.

YZOBEAR:

What will you do?

What can we do, but do our best?
[END of scene.]

CHELONIA:

FIFTEEN: Listen, My Children

[Boston Common, Monday Morning.
GEE presents to the audience.]

GEE:

Listen, My children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere.

Iconic! All the legends are here: one if by land, two if by sea; “the British are Coming!”; a lone rider galloping through moonlight. Damned lies, all.

The poem makes out that he stopped at every farmhouse to wake the country folk. False! In each town he visited the head of the militia, the reverend, the guild leaders, rousing the institutions of New England. The midnight ride activated networks that were already in place.

Revere’s plan worked so well, that by 10 am, 47 militias from all over Massachusetts arrived in Concord. It seemed as if men came down from the clouds.

It’s a great American Fiction: we remember the individual, and forget shared effort. Paul Revere’s mission would have failed without a network ready to jump into action.

Anytime you see a story, with one person’s name in the title, chances are it’s a lie. Collective and collaborative process - that’s messy, unfocused, hard to tell a story about. But we try, here at the Freedom Trail! We also accept tips? And we appreciate any comments on Screech.

[MARTHA, CASSANDRA, RUDY, and DUC enter and drop their supplies.]

MARTHA:

OK Team! They mayor’s team will be here soon. Build the fishweir along this line - I want to block off the whole ceremony. Let’s gather sticks, branches, leaves... Get to it!

[They do]

RUDY:

Who ate all the munchkins?! Ducky!

DUC:

I’m a growing boy.

RUDY:

You’re growing all right: Horizontal. Fetch that kindlin’ there.

DUC:

Aye, captain, y’argh.

MARTHA:

Hey - children. Playtime is over. Let’s review the game plan. Cassandra - colleges?

CASSANDRA

My kids from UMASS and Suffolk. BU theater kids.

MARTHA:

They're always loud.

CASSANDRA:

And Bunker Hill.

MARTHA:

Excellent. Neighborhood report: Rudy? Duc?

RUDY:

We've got Chelsea and Eastie shuttling in on the ferries.

MARTHA

Dorchester covered?

DUC:

A lot of Maybes.

RUDY:

Lotta cops, "loyal"-ists.

DUC:

Haitians and Verdeans out in full effect.

MARTHA:

Excellent.

DUC:

I gave flyers to the boat guys in Dorchester Bay: fisherman, lobstermen. Mostly Vietnamese.

MARTHA:

I'm so glad, Duc. That's a great idea.

DUC:

I told them, about the wall changing the seafood. I think they got it.

MARTHA:

What would we do without you? How's that sister?

DUC:

She's great. Got a B. In English. She's so much smarter than me.

Naw, she just had a good teacher.

RUDY:

Um. Hi? Is this the protest? I'd like to join if you'll take a humble craftsman.

GEE:

Yes! Welcome -

MARTHA:

Gee.

GEE:

Gee! Help gather sticks. All right! What about Jamaica Plain?

MARTHA:

Listen my Martha and you will hear, the sound of 500 lesbian Birkenstocks marching this way.

RUDY:

That's a great showing. People from all over town. Thank you, everyone, really --
[ZARA enters.]

MARTHA:

Speaking of people from all corners.

CASSANDRA:

Zara --

MARTHA:

I thought you'd need extra hands.

ZARA:

Only if they're yours.

MARTHA:

Anyone hungry? I brought Basbousa.

ZARA:

Yes!

RUDY:

Me!

DUC:

Age before ugly. Uh: what is it?

RUDY:

Sweet dough with syrup and nuts.

ZARA:

Oh, bless you.

RUDY:

You all set, Martha? I need to head back to open the store.

DUC:

Thank you, Duc. We're good to go.

MARTHA:

And stop giving the Duc Discount to your friends on the Pint and Puff.

RUDY:

You got to give the people what they want, old man!
[DUC exits.]

DUC:

That sky is something, huh? Anybody check the weather?

RUDY:

It was supposed to be clear all day.

ZARA:

I don't think so. The leaves are turning over. That means rain.
What? I'm from Maine, I know tree things.

GEE:

We could use it after this drought.
[CHELONIA enters, riding YZOBEAR]

CASSANDRA:

You see, YzoBear? They only use their eyes. No sense of anything in nature.

CHELONIA:

Hey Chelonia. Who's your friend?

MARTHA:

My back up bear. I'm surprised to see you, Martha. I thought you only made agreements and let others do the work.

CHELONIA:

Uh, what's good?

MARTHA:

CASSANDRA

She's mad you assigned me to the eggs instead of protecting them yourself.

MARTHA:

Are they OK?

CHELONIA:

Thanks to YzoBear. Cassandra worked her science of climate control. But we were under threat each night from rats and bats and possums. YzoBear saved them - not you.

MARTHA:

YzoBear?

YZOBEAR:

Hi Martha.

CHELONIA:

You know each other?

MARTHA:

Yzzy you've...grown. Why are you part bear?

CHELONIA:

I needed someone to out-predator my Predators. And - I trust her more as an animal.

MARTHA:

Are more creatures coming?

CHELONIA:

Some may. Some do not have faith in humans, and it's easy to understand why.

MARTHA:

I had a lot on my plate. We have a Mayor to protest --

CHELONIA:

Methinks thou doth protest too much.

[ARGUS and the MAYOR enter.]

MAYOR WU

Well well. Martha Morgan and her Miscellaneous Mob.

ARGUS:

Unseasonable weather for turtlenecks, isn't it?

MAYOR WU

Why are you doing this, Martha? We all want the same thing - to make BoMa safe.

MARTHA:

We have very different ideas how to do that.

MAYOR WU

I was elected to make tough decisions.

MARTHA:

You were elected. And today you will hear directly from the people. Folks from all over: students, elders, immigrants and welders, turtles, birds and Brahmin, together on the Common.

ARGUS:

Protesting with Polar Bears. What's next - marrying cats?
[HECATE has snuck up behind him.]

HECATE:

So you like cats?

ARGUS:

Ai!

CASSANDRA:

Hecate!

CHELONIA:

You came alone. Where are the others?

HECATE:

All day the birds tweeted their song to give warning
of oncoming gigantic swirling storming

MAYOR WU:

There's no storm forecast today.

ARGUS:

Your meteorology is for the birds!

YZOBEL [to CHELONIA]

May I eat him?

CHELONIA:

Not yet. What else, Hecate?

HECATE:

Black wind swirls in from the east and the south,
The Red air rushes cold down from Maine.

They meet in the middle at Old BoMa's Mouth
To Swirl in a wild Slurricane!

ARGUS:

There's never been a slurricane this far north. Science says it might be years before --

CASSANDRA:

Might, not right! Look at the sky - it's almost like night.
[They all look - it's bad, but still distant.]

CASSANDRA: [on i-I phone]

Alexa: pull up the National Weather Service.

ANCHOR [sound plays out of CASS' mouth]

Just in: a giant superstorm rising southeast of Massachusetts but headed this way. The National Weather Service are calling it Slurricane Caroline. 150mph winds, and hail whipping through it all. Current forecasts have it making landfall at noon.

[A huge WHOOMP and... the power goes out.]

RUDY:

Another blackout! Great infrastructure, Mayor

GEE:

I've got back up lights!

ZARA:

Look! It's coming right for us.

MARTHA:

Cass - what is it?

CASSANDRA:

Today's the solar eclipse. The most total Eclipse in New England in a century. In one hour, the moon and sun will line up directly over BoMa!

GEE:

An hour - that's when the storm is hitting.

ARGUS:

A slurricane at high tide on a solar eclipse - that's a recipe for a 1000 year flood.
This could wipe out the whole city!

MAYOR WU

What should we do?

RUDY:

Uh. Make a tough decision, there, Wu-Hoo!

ZARA:

Start the city's emergency protocol.

MAYOR WU:

Yes, Zelda!

ARGUS:

Zara.

MAYOR WU:

I have to start the Emergency Protocol.

CASSANDRA:

How will that work with the power out?

MAYOR:

I -- I have to go.

[MAYOR exits.]

CASSANDRA:

What do we do now? Cancel the protest?

MARTHA:

People are already gathering. I don't know!

ARGUS:

I for one am going to Seaport Isle. Thanks to me, that's the only safe place in this city.

MARTHA:

No man is an Island, Damian.

ARGUS:

No. But a man can make an island.

MARTHA:

We need you. Who else knows how to hold back a storm?

ARGUS:

I don't play well with others. Seaport Isle is the one part of this city the storm cannot touch. And I did it: ME. That. Is my legacy.

[YZOBEAR grabs him, growling.]

YZOBEAR:

I'm so hungry I could eat a legacy.

ARGUS:

How can I help?

CHELONIA:

My eggs! Martha – they're right on the shore! The rising tide could drown my babies!

MARTHA:

OK – everybody listen! We need to keep the water from surging onto the Common! Argus – Zara – take the sandbags from the groundbreaking and block that water! We need to get those eggs to safety.

YZOBEAR:

I'll see to them.

RUDY

I'll help.

MARTHA:

Go! And – we need to spread the word. We need help protecting the Common from the storm. But anyone vulnerable should get to shelter!

CASSANDRA:

How do we spread word if all of BoMa has lost power? Even my i-Iphone won't send – the cell towers are dead!

GEE:

Uh, Hi. You need to spread a message, analog-style? I've been training my whole life for this!

MARTHA:

Yes! Gee! Our own Paul Revere! We need help at the Common – supplies, sandbags, strong workers. Take Cassandra!

YZOBEAR:

Martha - your environmojis!

MARTHA:

Of course! Take these!

GEE:

I'll ride through the town on my hoverboard!
Shouting and calling and spreading the word!
You! Cassandra: take this solar power,
And post Environmojis in Old North Church Tower!

MARTHA:

Perfect! Chelonia – stay with me. We’ll organize the protesters as they arrive.
Hecate: can you round up Team Creature?
[HECATE salutes.]

MARTHA:

All right, Team! Go!
[RUDY and YZOBEL exit. ZARA and ARGUS exit. MARTHA and CHELONIA
huddle.
End of Scene]

SIXTEEN: Old North Church

[The Belfry of the Old North Church.

CASSANDRA climbs in with solar powered lanterns and her bag. She places EnvironMojis in the windows: a Smash Flood, Take Cover.]

CASSANDRA:

Listen my children, and you shall learn
Of the Noontime ride of Cassandra Byrnes.
On the 12th of September in 72,
When the Smash Flood Smashed and windy blew!
She used her science and used her brain
To Save BoMa from the Slurricane!

[CASSANDRA turns on the lights at the windows, lighting up with a warning for the city.]

Aha! I just found my next book!
That sky...that boiling black!
Like night come alive, about to attack.
Get back! I've got to get back!

SEVENTEEN: Eggs in One Basket

[The Public Garden. YzoBear and Rudy enter.]

RUDY:

Would you listen to that wind!

YZOBEAR

Wind? With all this rain whipping sideways it feels like drowning!

RUDY:

Gonna be a whopper. Grab those eggs!

YZOBEAR

No! Estoy Asustado!

RUDY:

Scared of what! They're not going to blow up!

YZOBEAR:

El mar! I can't swim.

RUDY:

Hold onto my belt – I'll reach out.

[She does. He grasps the eggs and steps back onto shore.]

Ah! Safe and sound. What's wrong, honey?

YZOBEAR:

I want mi mama. I want to swim away.

[She goes towards the water. RUDY grabs her back]

RUDY:

No, honey! No.

YZOBEAR:

Quiero a mi madre!

RUDY:

She's not in the water!

YZOBEAR

Yes she is! She lives there! We left home, on a barco, late at night. I was pequeña but I remember. The sky was like this - el viento: Whoosh! Mama cried out "Yzzy! Yzzy! Las Ballenas!" I looked, but salt filled my eyes. I turned my back to her. She called out again, but waves hit and – she dived into the sea, her legs churned so hard they melted into one another – into a tail. Why didn't she look for me?!

RUDY:

She did. I promise. You just didn't recognize her.
My Gladys died in the heat death. I spread her ashes under a milkweed – she loved that purple.
Next spring, it blooms, and a red bird flutters and lands right there. Tilts her head like “Hey you.”
Your mother didn't leave you. She – she turned into a whale, sure, but everything else. The salt
in the water, a fish that breathed her in, the polar bear that ate that fish, on and on, swirling back.
She didn't have to look for you because she's everywhere. She's right here, kid.
And now you have to find her, inside you. You have to be a little bit mother bear now – to save
these eggs.

YZOBEL:

I don't want to be a mother. I don't want to be a bear. I want to be a whale!

RUDY:

Don't worry about what you are; worry about what you do.

YZOBEL:

How can I make a home for them if I'm always an alien?

RUDY:

You think these little creepers are going to feel at home in this world? That's why they need
YOU. That's why we got to keep these fellas Safe and Sound.

YZOBEAR:

Sano y Salvo.

RUDY:

Here – let me carry them. You keep your eyes peeled for rats.
[YZOBEAR howls out to the whales as they exit. END of SCENE.]

EIGHTEEN: GEE in the STREETS

[GEE swoops by on his Hoverboard, with his Plan B lit up and loud]

GEE:

Town Born: Turn Out! Rise up with your blood,
Put down your tea and your ramen.
Town Born: come help us to fight 'against the flood
Lift up your voice at the common!

NINETEEN: CREATURES in the SLEETS

[The Common. The storm is descending.
Everybody is here: MARTHA, CASSANDRA, ARGUS,
HECATE, TURKEY, ZARA, GEE, CHELONIA,
YZOBEAR. Plus some audience.

ARGUS and ZARA have raised a sandbag wall.]

MARTHA:

Hecate! Turkey! You made it!
Great work on those sandbags, Damian. Do you think they'll hold?

ZARA:

For a while. But not long.

ARGUS:

The water is churning and the storm rips down trees.

HECATE:

The wind just ran off with the birds and the bees!

TURKEY:

But not this Turkey!

CASSANDRA:

Look! The Gondola tower at South Station!

GEE:

The storm is ripping it from the foundation!

CHELONIA:

Rudy! My eggs? They're safe in your keep?

RUDY:

Snug as a bug in a hug, not a peep.

MARTHA:

Damian? What else can we do? How do we fight off a storm?
[ZARA, ARGUS, and CASSANDRA huddle]

HECATE:

We've got a wing and a prayer!

GEE:

We've got signs with witty slogans!

RUDY:

We've got the blind stubbornness of New Englanders in the face of illogical odds.

TURKEY:

I am a Turkey!

MARTHA:

You guys: a slurrricane of whipping winds and hail is pushing giant waves towards us as we speak. I don't think hearts and minds and witty signs can save us. However stubborn we are.

CASSANDRA:

Of course! That's it!

MARTHA:

What? Did you find something?

ARGUS:

Zara did!

ZARA:

Slurrricanes are high pressure systems, with warm air.

CASSANDRA:

So normally they travel anywhere, because they always encounter air with lower pressure.

ARGUS:

But: if we can raise the air pressure here - we could create a wall of air that pushes the Slurrricane back out to sea!

RUDY:

Of course! High pressure will balance out with low pressure - the whole storm will de-fuse!

MARTHA:

Great! So: how do we make the air warmer? You have a machine for that?

ZARA:

I actually got it from you, Martha. You talked about bringing all these voices together.

MARTHA:

Sure...

ZARA:

Well: breath is hot. If all these people push air out into the sky, we raise the air temperature, the pressure, and turn back that storm.

RUDY:

Wait a sec. Are you telling me that a bunch of Bostonians are gonna blow a wall of hot air and turn this loss into a V?

ZARA & ARGUS:

That's what we're saying.

RUDY:

Well, it worked for the Patriots!

CASSANDRA

Thar she blows!

[CASSANDRA points to the sky]

Hecate! Take cover from the hail!

RUDY:

YzoBear - hold me up? I can't take this wind!

MARTHA:

Zara: will this work? It might be our only hope!

CHELONIA:

I'll add my magic.

MARTHA:

But Chelonia - your magic died!

CHELONIA:

It never died. Just grew weaker. I told you: the bigger the magic, the more people we need.

MARTHA:

Well, people is the one thing we've got.

RUDY:

[using his cane to play baseball with flying hail]
Whatever we're doing, let's get on with it! This Slurricane has quite a curveball!

CHELONIA:

The ceremony of the mud. Hold my flippers.
Take my armor, time and history.
Make it grow and swell.
Filled with voice and song and mystery.
Save all with the shell.
That's it.

MARTHA:

Well, let's make a wall of hot air.

HECATE:

But how do we do that?

CHELONIA:

I think you'll find singing helps.

MARTHA:

That's it. That's it! We'll sing a wall of air.

[Out of the side of her mouth.]

What should we sing?

[Shuffling and confusion.]

RUDY:

What's a song everybody knows?

[everyone thinks. MARTHA begins to hum the opening of Sweet Caroline]

[MARTHA begins.

RUDY joins her. Slowly others do.

MARTHA works to get the audience to sing along.

By "Touching Hands" we are all holding hands.

By the first chorus we are all singing brazenly, defiantly, Bah Bah Bahs and all.

The Storm rages. CHELONIA rages to meet it.

It seems a shell grows over the town.

A Wall of Hot air seems to rise from Boston and smash against the Slurricane, spinning it back out to sea.]

TWENTY: The Boston Commune

ANNOUNCER 1

We start today with what everyone's calling the Boston Glee Party.

ANNOUNCER 2

As Slurricane Caroline swept through the harbor, pounding 30 foot waves against the city, the future looked grim.

ANNOUNCER 1

12,000 on the South Shore are still without power. Streets of Dorchester, East Boston, Chelsea, and Revere are flooded.

ANNOUNCER 2

Emergency officials have confirmed 72 injured and three dead, including one elderly Dorchester man who drowned on the Common.

ANNOUNCER 1

And yet BoMa was spared the brunt of the storm, when it came face to face with a group of Bostonians singing.

ANNOUNCER 2:

Weather satellites show Slurricane Caroline arriving in the Harbor, then veering off course as if bouncing off a wall.

ANNOUNCER 1

Leave it to the citizens of Boston to be so stubborn that they redirected a storm.

ANNOUNCER 2

They say raising your voice makes a difference. It sure did this time:

MAYOR WU:

The Citizens of BoMa have spoken. Well - They've sung. My team and I will postpone the BRB indefinitely, as we take time to recover from this storm, and to listen to the people, to all peoples, to make a plan for BoMa's future that includes all voices.

GEE:

On Monday night, the Common became Greater BoMa's Potluck. Everybody brought something. Towels, water, food, sometimes only themselves and a willingness to help.

Duc brought the DeSalinator, and turned flood into water water.

Martha taught flood drills for kids and parents, and Zara gave swimming lessons.

Damian built weirs to catch fish. Cassandra read bedtime rhymes to the children. Hecate trained humans in customer service.

Rudy and Chelonia drowned in the storm. When Chelonia passed, her magic broke; Yzzy became a girl again. Rudy was caught face down under a tree branch as the flood waters swirled into his throat. Martha found him that evening, his thick arms clutching a mound of sand holding two tiny turtle eggs: Safe, and Sound.

[MARTHA, CASSANDRA, YZOBEL, and DUC stand over a mound.]

MARTHA:

Rudy Walsh was so funny, so full of life. He was a good friend. And a stubborn jackass. He died giving his life to save others, just how he lived.

[DUC drops in a handful of dirt.]

Chelonia...I wish I was better at being her friend. But we kept our promise. And we'll keep keeping it.

[CASS drops in a handful of dirt.]

Goodbye, both of you.

YZOBEL:

They aren't gone.

CASSANDRA:

It's ok, Yzzy. We have to say goodbye.

YZOBEL

Pero no se fueron. Rudy said: that's not how it works.

He's here, somewhere. He'll go to the dirt, then a worm, then a bird. He'll be a bird, flying with Gladdy. Every spring we'll come to the Common and right here - see a little blue wing. He'll look at you, frown. He'll try to poop over you.

He's not gone. He's just something else.

[The EGGS shiver and crack. Two turtles burst out, looking suspiciously like RUDY and CHELONIA.]

CASSANDRA

They're hatching!

YZOBEL:

Look at them - going right for the water!

CASSANDRA:

Come, Yzzy. We have to make sure they get there, and find food!

[CASS and YZOBEL run with them.]

MARTHA:

You ok, Ducky?

DUC:

No. No, I'm not.

[He reaches into the grave and takes RUDY's cane.]
We can't bury this.

MARTHA:

What could we use it for?

GEE:

At night people gathered to talk about What's Next? They argued, opined, and shouted. But also they listened, until every voice was heard.

DUC:

[DUC holds the cane ceremoniously.]
We need basics for everyone: clean water, power, food. People keep talking about saving the City. But what is the city? The buildings? No. It's the people.
[Snaps from the crowd. DUC passes the cane to HECATE.]

HECATE:

Yes. The basics. Like why are you all using my servant? And something else. Some will not like this. But if we don't face our own history we can never move past it. Sweet Caroline? Ugh. We need a new town song.

[Chaos as different people try to grab the cane]

GEE:

Today, September 12 2072, the citizens of BoMa – the humans, the four legs, the birds – gathered on the Common to sing a song everyone in Boston knows.

This isn't part of our story. But every now and then it's important to listen to something that's important to someone else.

September 12, 490 BC: the Battle of Marathon in Greece. A runner delivers news of the victory to Athens, 26 miles away and drops dead.

Each year, on the anniversary of Paul Revere's ride, runners in BoMa sprint around the pointless curves of Boston to Copley Square, named for John Singleton Copley. Who was buried on September 12, 1815.

September 12 1940: the Cave paintings of Lascaux are discovered, proving 17,000 years of humans trying vainly to express themselves.

September 12, 1962: Boston boy, now President John F Kennedy, declares "we choose to go to the moon in this decADE," which is the same as a decade.

September 12, 1991: NASA launches the Upper Atmosphere Research Satellite to earth's orbit, taking readings of the ozone, showing just how quickly human action is foiling the life of this planet we share.

September 12 is National Chocolate Milkshake Day, and the National Day of Encouragement.

TURKEY:

Good job!

GEE

September 12, 2027: the United Nations celebrates the Earth's first full year as a carbon net zero community. A tsunami of voices has changed the tide of history once again.

I made that last one up, but you want to believe it, don't you?
There must be some reason you are here tonight. Is it to listen to my voice? Or to share your own? I wonder: what will your voice say to the world when you leave?

None of this is part of our story tonight. But maybe it will become part of yours.

And me? I felt impractical in the aftermath of the storm: What could I do? Teach tourists? But: If History is a collection of successful propaganda, we have to spread the right stories.

So, at night around the campfires, I lived out my dream role:

[Lights]

Doll Severe's Midnight Ride. Good evening, Boston Commune! Are you ready for a good time?!

I see some turtles, ducklings, GladlyBirds here tonight. Do we have any humans in the house?
Town born, come out to play!

[Music]

This is a little something I wrote, a love song from Planet Earth, to all you humans out there.

At first I was afraid, I was Terra-fied,
Kept thinking I was gonna choke on Carbon Dioxide.
And then you started chopping down rainforest just to raise some meat
You were so cold...But now I'm turning up the heat!
And so you're back, from outer space!
I hope you choke on that bad air without a mask upon your face
You should have listened to the science, Paid attention to Al Gore
It's such a shame to watch you humans die off like the Dinosaurs!

Go on now go! Move up to Maine!
Go climb a mountain, Go far away from Slurricanes!
You dumped oh so many pesticides into my river veins
Did you think I'd crumble, Just because the weather went insane?
Oh, no, not I! I will survive.
Oh, as long as I go 'round the sun I know I'll stay alive.
I've got all my life to live. And other species to forgive.
And I'll survive, I will survive, hey, hey.

You made all my favorite animals drop dead extinct
Killed off the blue whale, acted dumb, like nature isn't linked
And I spent, oh, so many nights just crying over Polar Bears.
I used to burn; but now it's time you had your turn!
And you see me: Bad Mother Earth.
Took you 'bout Thirteen thousand years to recognize my worth.
Oh so you built a couple windmills and some solar panel roofs.
Well I'm sorry but I'm here to speak my Inconvenient Truth!

OK Come back! Let's try again!
Play nice with others, and I'll withhold the acid rain.
You showed some promise when you helped to saved those little Turtles
Well, now keep up that sweet talk, Mother Earth is feeling fertile!
Oh, yes I! We will Revive.
Oh, as long as we go 'round the sun we all can stay alive.
We've got so much life to live, If we can be collaborative
Help me survive. Help me survive!

Oh!
Oh play along! Sing songs with whales!
Go plant a garden and make friends with little creatures who have tails!
I know that you're the one who ate those lobster rolls
I want Justice, not for Just Us, so go hit your local polls!
Oh ho and I! I will survive!
Oh if we can work together then we all can stay alive
A rising tide can lift all votes, so come on get out the vote
And We'll survive, We will survive, hey, hey.

[END of PLAY.]