

Shine Script

Written by Beth Osnes

*see <http://www.insidethegreenhouse.org/shine>.

Shine Script with Stage Directions and Sound Cues

All performers besides Sol should be wearing black pants and shirts with no logos (can turn shirts inside out, be sure to cut off tags). Sol and Foss are already wearing their costumes. The Seed Sower is dressed in black and is wearing her/his sash that holds tissue paper seeds.)

Preset:

Brown cloth along back of the stage

Dinosaur costume or property (if using any)

Sticks for humans

Red cloth for fire

Black cloth bag with black tissue-paper carbon in it

Sash with seeds for Seed Sower

Waist sash/skirts and head wraps for Harvesters

Newspaper plants for Harvesters

Sunglasses and sashes set for Foss Folks

Paper weaving rolls of community for Harvesters

Poles with Fossil Fuel flags

Black carbon for Foss (in shoulder strap bag or his pockets)

Big Balloons for ending (optional)

Act 1:

SOUND CUE: Long Time Comin'

(Primordial sounds, then 2 counts of 8 introductory instrumental music for entrance of ancient plants and animals)

Long time comin', a long time a comin' comin', long time comin' along

Long time comin', a long time a comin' comin', long time comin' along

Long time comin', a long time a comin' comin', long time comin' along

Long time comin', a long time a comin' comin', long time comin' along

(7 counts of 8 rhythmic music continues low underneath to maintain the mood, then a bit more of just primordial sounds, fades out—Sol should enter and speak once the sung portion of the song is complete)

Sol: The weirdest thing happened about 300 million years ago. I was just shining down on this planet like I do on all my planets—I have eight—and then these ancient plants and animals start doing this musical number. Yes, a musical number. Weird, right? I think, yeah, I'm down with this. Life is getting more and more animated on this planet. I can adjust. *(Sol watches as the ancient plants reach and contract, moving around. Ancient animals are along the sides moving as their animal would move, looking at the plants hungrily.)* This dance number is kind of interpretive, but it looks like the ancient plants are taking in CO₂ from the atmosphere to photosynthesize my energy to store it up as carbon.

I think they are dancing the different parts of photosynthesis.

(Ancient plants reach towards the Sun for her energy.)

They need my energy from the Sun.

(Ancient plants enact taking up water from their roots.)

They take up water through their roots.

(Ancient plants enact having excited cells.)

That excites their cells.

(Ancient plants enact breathing.)

They breathe in CO₂ from the atmosphere.

(Ancient plants grow.)

They grow.

(Ancient animals move in and begin feasting on the ancient plants.)

They get eaten by ancient animals; so now the animals have my energy in them too.

(All die slowly and dramatically, landing together in a clump so the brown cloth can completely cover everyone.)

And then they all die, both the plants and the animals.

And this keeps happening over and over again.

(4 stage hands, each at a corner of the brown cloth, slowly pull brown cloth over all of their dead bodies. Foss should sneak under the brown cloth unseen by the audience.)

They get covered up by hundreds, sometimes thousands, of feet of mud and rock and sand. They turn into fossils. This goes on for millions of years. *(Enter Foss from beneath the brown cloth, unseen by Sol, and eventually bumps into her)* I assume they're just down there decomposing. And then, Wham! This person bumps into me. And I say, Whoa. Who are you?

(Once under the cloth, the performers representing ancient plants and animals should take off their animal or plant costumes, and deposit them in the center under the brown cloth and wait to exit from beneath cloth. Stage hands hold the cloth down so they are not revealed to the audience.)

Foss: I'm your brother.

Sol: I don't have a brother.

Foss: You do now.

Sol: What? How can that be?

Foss: Yeah, I'm another form of energy. Like in your family, your brother.

Sol: What do you mean? I'm energy. I'm the sun. For your information, energy can neither be created nor destroyed. So, I can't have a new energy brother.

Foss: Back to school, sis. Energy can't be destroyed, but it can be *transformed* from one form into another. All those fossils of decomposing plants and animals that stored all that solar energy from you, remember them? They formed fossil fuels. Pow! I was

born. I'm a new form of energy on this planet. You could call me fossil fuels, but I'd really prefer something a bit flashier, like *Foss!* What do you think?

Sol: What have I done?

Foss: It's no big deal, it's not like I'm going anywhere. I'm mostly stuck under the ground. See? All those bumps underground? That's most of me.

(Performers beneath the brown cloth can now begin to roll out from under the cloth to the sides of the stage, try not to let the audience see the animal and plant costumes that are remaining under the brown cloth. Once all the performers exit from beneath the cloth, stage hands bunch it all together and remove from stage area, careful not to expose any of the animal or plant costumes.)

Sol: Okay, this really is not what I expected, but I could get used to having some family. I guess the company's not bad. So, new energy brother, come with me. *(Sol begins making repeated gestures of shining.)*

Foss: What do we do now?

Sol: I just shine. Millions of years go by, and I just keep on shining. That's what I do.

Foss: What do I do?

Sol: I don't know. What can you do?

Foss: That's just it, I don't know, but I was hoping for a bit more action. (Sighs, then asks restlessly,) What time is it?

Sol: It's Triassic Period, about 231 million years ago.

SOUND CUE Dinosaur Stomp

(Have ensemble represent a dinosaur crossing the stage.)

Foss: Whoa. What is that?

Sol: Those are new. Dinosaurs, let's call those dinosaurs.

Foss: Cool. *(The dinosaur exits into extinction. Foss pauses, slumps)* What time is it now?

Sol: About 2.8 million years ago.

(Enter two humans, each holding a stick, another two people behind them—one holding a flame and the other ready to toss black tissue paper as carbon once fire is lit.)

Foss: What's that?

Sol: That's a new one too. Humans. Yep. Let's call them humans.

Foss: What is that human doing?

Sol: I don't know. Wait. That human is breaking up sticks and rubbing them together.

Foss: What's that red stuff?

Sol: Smart. Those humans are using energy from me that's stored up in wood from a tree to make heat energy. Clever. These humans are fun to watch.

(Sprinkle carbon over the fire.)

Foss: What's that black stuff?

Sol: Oh that's just carbon being released into the atmosphere. But there's not very much, so it's not a big deal.

SOUND CUE: Harvest Song/Foss Folks

(The following conversation happens quickly over the music so it concludes before the singing begins.)

Foss: What's that noise?

Sol: Oh, I forgot to tell you, you're going to like this if you want some action.

Sometimes life on this planet does musical numbers. The ancient plants and animals were just doing one about 297 million years ago. It's cool. Wanna join in?

Foss: Not really my style. I'll wait for the next one.

Sol: Could be a while.

(2 counts of 8 introductory instrumental music for entrance of Harvesters holding newspaper plants.)

We plant together standing side by side

We reap together with our arms open wide

We work together with the seeds that we sow

We feed each other with the foods that we grow

We plant together standing side by side

We reap together with our arms open wide

We work together with the seeds that we sow

We feed each other with the foods that we grow

*(4 counts of 8 introductory instrumental music for entrance of Foss and the Foss Folks,
who knock the newspaper plants over in the hands of the Harvesters)*

We don't tend sheep anymore

We don't harvest wheat anymore

Sister don't be such a bore

We get our food from a store

We don't sleep at night anymore

Cause it ain't such a fright any more.

Sister don't be such a bore

Get out and dance on the floor

You must agree that your ways are wasteful

You must agree that my path is more tasteful

I bought the shoes on my feet

Drive my car down the street

It's hard to believe that we're related

Your ways are antiquated

It's the harvest party, let's not fight

Or waste our time on whose wrong or right

Brother, sister now let's get along

Let's weave together the words of these songs

(Mash up of their two songs, Part A and Part B below.)

Part A

We plant together standing side by side

We reap together with our arms open wide

We work together with the seeds that we sow

We feed each other with the foods that we grow

We plant together standing side by side

We reap together with our arms open wide

We work together with the seeds that we sow

We feed each other with the foods that we grow

Part B

We don't tend sheep anymore

We don't harvest wheat anymore

Sister don't be such a bore

We get our food from a store

We don't sleep at night anymore

Cause it ain't such a fright any more

Sister don't be such a bore

Get out and dance on the floor

We don't tend sheep anymore

We don't harvest wheat anymore

Sister don't be such a bore

We get our food from a store

We don't sleep at night anymore

Cause it ain't such a fright any more

Sister don't be such a bore

Get out and dance on the floor

Sol: Are you always going to spoil everything?

Foss: Come on, you had fun. Admit it, you liked my funkier beat.

Sol: It was alright. Okay, I guess it was kind of fun.

Foss: You guess? You loved it. That number was dragging before I came in. Come here, sis. Bring it in. (They embrace and laugh.) Hey, we're bonding.

(Humans enter, some arm in arm, all getting to know each other.)

Sol: I guess we are.

Foss: It's nice.

Sol: Yeah, it's nice. (Sit together.) Look, the humans all seem to be settling into a clump.

Foss: I think they're bonding too.

Sol: You're right; they're forming a community.

Foss: *(Reaches for one of the paper stalks left by the Harvesters and regards it.)* They can do that now since they figured out how to make enough food to stay in one place. I wonder what they call themselves.

Humans: We hereby declare ourselves the city of _____!

(Can create some comic bit here that expresses what is unique or iconic about your city.)

(Harvesters collect the paper weaving rolls of community for the Weaving song, can do stylized movement here to show them becoming a human-powered machine, a human loom. Performers may need to get people from the audience to be part of the loom if you don't have enough performers. Put audience members in the more passive, receiving sides of the loom.)

Sol: Hey, it looks like they're working together.

Foss: It drives me crazy how everything on this planet happens so slow. Whatever they are trying to do is going to take forever just using human energy. There's probably a faster way to do this.

Sol: This is good. They're figuring it out. Look, they're working together making a machine to weave fabric, a loom. They're going to weave who they are as individual humans into a community using a human loom.

Foss: This might be where I could come in. My purpose. I can help these machines and Boulder go faster, with more power!

Sol: Careful. You're an energy form. They're just humans. They might not be able to handle you. You've got millions of years' worth of my solar energy packed into you.

Foss: Relax. I'm just trying to help them.

Sol: But you don't know what's going to happen if you let loose.

Foss: Progress, that's what going to happen. And progress is not such a bad thing. These humans seem to want it. I'm right beneath their feet—coal, oil and natural gas. Look at all the toil and struggle these humans have to go through just to meet their basic needs to eat and be warm. You've seen it; they have so much potential. They're clever. Just imagine what they could create with my power to fuel their ideas.

Sol: Slow down. These folks seem to have found a really nice balance just using solar energy and biomass.

Foss: Yeah, but that's not for everybody. Let's see what they want.

Sol: Somebody could get hurt.

Foss: And somebody could be jealous of her brother.

(Both siblings turn from each other in a huff. Foss goes to his Foss Folks. Sol watches over the Harvesters as they weave, shining from the side. Once the singing starts, weaving should begin slowly.)

SOUND CUE: Weaving

Over thread and under strand

Over time we understand

Fibers will combine to be

The fabric of community

Ancestry and history

Cloth to warm us, hold and form us

Sun is constant always there

Rays of light weave through the air

Come on out and sow the seeds

Simply we can meet our needs

Ancestry and history

Cloth to warm us, hold and form us

Over thread and under strand

Over time we understand

Fibers will combine to be

The fabric of community

(At some point when the weaving is complete, everyone tilts the entire fabric to reveal it to the audience. Hold this during the Progress/Storm.)

SOUND CUE: Progress/Storm

(1 count of 8 introductory instrumental music for entrance of Foss Folks carrying fossil fuel flags. Foss releases fistfuls of black tissue paper to represent the release of carbon throughout this song.)

Come with me to fuel the world, I'm looking for coal

Come with me to fuel the world, I'm looking for oil

Come with me to fuel the world, I'm looking for gas

Fuel to meet increasing needs to move fast

Just you and me, I'm energy

Just you and me, I'm energy

(Some of Foss's people use their flag poles like shovels and begin digging into the ground to unearth the fuels. Others use their flag poles to pantomime thrusting their flag into the ground to claim this land for progress. The driving rhythm of the machines begin to slow. Foss and Sol have the following conversation immediately over the music. They need to speak somewhat quickly to match the coming of the storm caused by the excessive release of carbon from the use of fossil fuels.)

Foss: Sis, look! It's like an Industrial Revolution! So much growth and change in just 150 years. All because of me!

Sol: *(Sol picks up some carbon)* And this is all because of you too. Look at all this carbon you've released.

Foss: Yeah, but you said it was no big deal when the humans were burning wood.

Sol: That was such a small amount; look at all this.

Foss: *(Listening to the soundtrack of the storm.)* Hey sis, what's that noise?

LIGHTING CUE: *(Could do a flick of lights to make it look like lighting, could get darker, should build with the song, continue with lightning-like effects.)*

Sol: I've seen this before. The climate is changing on this planet again.

Foss: What? Why?

Sol: The carbon cycle, you disrupted the natural carbon cycle.

(Foss and Foss Folks get caught up in the winds of the storm, wave their flags out of control, lose balance, and eventually crash into the fabric of community, tearing it and destroying it completely. One of the Harvester/Weavers portrays being hurt by this, swoons, and falls in the center of the stage. Foss sees this and catches her. He holds her in his arms and looks up to the others who have gathered in a half circle behind him. He takes in the consequences of his actions.)

Foss: What now?

(All freeze in this tableau. Two performers step forward and deliver the following lines directly to the audience.)

Performer 1: This is where we are now as a human community. Our use of fossil fuel energy is impacting our climate and those who did the least to cause it are being hurt by it the most.

Performer 2: In the face of these challenges, how do we want to prepare? What story do we want to tell for our city? How do we plan to get from this point in history to a resilient future? That part of the story will now be told.

Act 2:

(All performers break from the tableau, get into their skit groups, and begin chanting “Bounce forward, rebound, that’s our resilient town.”)

(Present youth-authored skits that dramatize their solutions to challenges to resilience that they have identified in their own community. Skits can be about 1-2 minutes in length and should actively communicate these solutions in a creative and embodied manner.)

(To transition between each skit, chant, “Bounce forward, rebound, that’s our resilient town.” Optional: Could have each group draw some representation of their solution on a large balloon that they integrate into their skit, or that someone else holds above or near their skit while they perform it. After the final skit is over, have all performers get into place for the final dance number, “Shine”, while chanting:)

Bounce forward, rebound

That’s our resilient town

Bounce forward, rebound

That’s our RESILIENT TOWN!

**If each group has a balloon, throw it back to the stagehands while they dance to the following song.*

SOUND CUE: Shine

(4 counts of 8 introductory instrumental music)

Turn around touch the ground

Til a new idea is found

Look up, look down, shake up your town

Swish your feet, repeat

Right down our main street

Light bright feels right

Run for fun in the sun and

Shine shine shine shine

Shine shine shine

Shine shine shine

Turn around touch the ground

Til a new idea is found

Look up, look down, shake up your town

Swish your feet, repeat

Right down our main street

Light bright feels right

Run for fun in the sun and

Shine shine shine shine

Shine shine shine

Shine shine shine

(If using balloons, release big balloons for the performers and audience to bounce among each other to demonstrate their active support of youth-authored ideas. Best to follow the applause immediately with another song chosen by the performers to keep the energy up as they play with the balloons and mingle with the audience.)

THE END