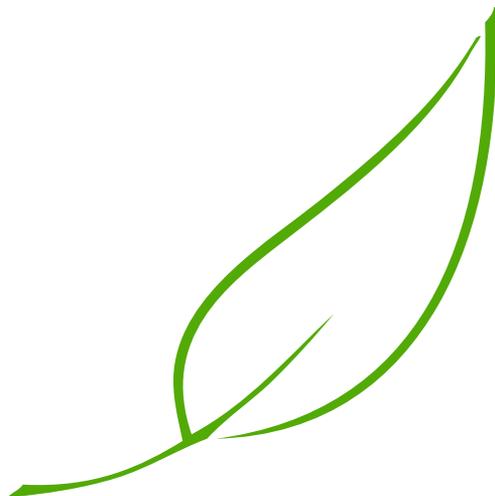


THE ALL-AMERICAN FAMILY

by Ken Bradbury



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(A short and only partly reliable history of the American family. Dad, Brother, Sis, Mom & Logan ... who may be played by either a male or female.)

DAD: *(a pilgrim, standing nobly)* Wife! Dearest Children! We have arrived!

BRO: *(as Sis and Mom rush to Dad's side)* Oh, father! 'Tis truly a wonderful place! What be it's name?

DAD: 'Tis Plymouth Rock, my brave family! We are no longer Englishman!

SIS: Wow! We're Plymoth-ians!

LOGAN: The first American family!

MOM: 'Tis a wild and wonderful land indeed, Dearest Husband.

LOGAN: Plymouth, Massachusetts! 1620.

BRO: 'Tis?

DAD: 'Tis. Look, my loving family! Yon natives have come to give us greeting!

SIS: Oh, father! They have no weapons!

MOM: *(covering Sis's eyes)* They also have no clothing! Avert your eyes, dear children! Avert your eyes!

BRO: Wow!

DAD: Take heart, my loved ones! We must honor their noble customs!

BRO: *(beginning to take his clothing off)* Okay!

DAD: Stop! Thou doest take my words wrongly. Putteth back thine pants!

BRO: Oops-eth. *(he pulls up his drawers)*

LOGAN: *(as a native American)* White man come in peace?

DAD: We come in peace, noble warrior! We want to buy land! What call thee that fair meadow?

LOGAN: Manhattan. Sell cheap. Too swampy. No like alligators in bed with papooses!

DAD: I will buy that land, noble warrior! Have beads and trinkets for trade!

LOGAN: *(to an imaginary warrior behind him/her)* White man sucker for anything. *(to Dad)* Done deal, Lucille!

MOM: *(as the family quickly jumps ahead 200 years and find themselves riding in a Conestoga Wagon somewhere in Kansas. Dad is whipping the reins frantically as the others cling to one another in a tight huddle over the bumpy prairie)* Oscar! Oscar, slow down!

LOGAN: Kansas Territory! 1849!

DAD: We gotta get that gold, honey! Before somebody else beats us to it! *(yelling to the horses as the family continues to bump along)* Hey-ya! Hey There! Get up!

BRO: Hey Pa! Little Billy just bounced out of the back of the wagon!

DAD: He'll be walkin' in a year or so! Let him catch up!

MOM: Oscar!

SIS: Pa, I gotta go!

DAD: Me, too! To California!

SIS: I can't hold 'til we get to California!

DAD: You gotta, Sis! We're gonna get rich! *(the wagon hits a huge bump and the entire family flies into the air then back down again)*

MOM: *(to Sis)* How you doin', honey?

SIS: *(sigh)* Never mind.

BRO: Oh, no, Pa! Look!

DAD: Whoa! *(he pulls back violently on the reins as the family hangs on desperately to avoid being thrown out of the front of the wagon)* Oh, shoot! What's that?

BRO: It's the biggest ditch I ever seen!

LOGAN: *(as a local)* Welcome to the Grand Canyon, folks! I'll be your guide for today's tour.

DAD: I don't want no dad-blasted tour! I gotta get across that ditch!

LOGAN: The Canyon was formed some 250 million years ago when the Missouri River ...

MOM: We're sunk, Oscar! We'll never get across that!

DAD: I'll back up the horses and try to jump it!

SIS: Pa! Don't!

LOGAN: The first Europeans discovered the Canyon in 1540 as Captain Garcia Lopez de Cardenas ...

BRO: We'll never make it, Pa! It's nearly three miles across!

DAD: We gotta get to California, Jethro! It's the place we oughta be!

LOGAN: James Pattie was the first American to visit the Canyon in 1826 ...

DAD: (*whipping the horses as the wagon takes off*) Hey-Ya! Come on, boys! Jump it! Jump that thing! (*and the entire family screams as they go crashing to the ground*)

LOGAN: Extra! Extra! Read all about it! "America Declares War on Germany!" Henry Ford's Model T covers the country! Extra! Extra! (*The family immediately hops into an imaginary Model T Ford. The ride is not much smoother than the Conestoga.*)

MOM: James! James, slow down! You're going 15 miles an hour!

BRO: Gee whillikers, Pop! This is fun!

SIS: Can we stop? I gotta go!

DAD: This is the life kids! Life'll never get any better than this! The Model T Ford Coupe!

MOM: Can we get a windshield next year, James? I keep picking flies out of Mary's teeth.

BRO: (*to Mary*) You have all the fun!

DAD: I'm going to stop this car if you kids can't get along!

BRO: Mary's got a horsefly in her nose, Pop! Gee whillikers it looks funny!

LOGAN: (*riding in making a siren noise*)

BRO: Uh-oh, Pop! We're goin' to jail!

DAD: Yes, officer?

LOGAN: You know how fast you were goin' back there?

DAD: No.

LOGAN: Me either. But you scared two horses into the ditch. There's a war goin' on! You gotta conserve gasoline, mister! You know, these automobiles are gonna be the ruination of this country.

DAD: But officer!



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