

WHERE I'M FROM

The Musical

VISIONS at Selis Manor

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Introduction

Where I'm From: The Musical is an original book and lyrics and written by The Visionaries during a dramatic musical workshop held in the spring of 2018. The workshop took place at VISIONS at Selis Manor, a nonprofit rehabilitation and social service organization for the blind and visually impaired in New York. The participants listened to and read classic and contemporary musical books and lyrics from a variety of composers. The Visionaries then wrote original poems and songs inspired by the listening selections. And then the workshop created a collaborative script written and produced by all the participants, naming themselves The Visionaries. The workshop was led by artists-in-Residence, Dave Johnson and T. Scott Lilly with the special assistance of sound man and musician, Peter Spagnuolo, and teaching assistants, Napoleon Felipe and Bruce Kirkland.

We would like to send a special thanks to the entire staff at Visions, especially Ms. Lee, Ms. Lewy, Ms. DeShazo, and Mr. Thompson (for printing all our work every week in Braille). We enjoyed every minute! We hope you will enjoy reading and singing our original musical, *Where I'm From!*

Dave Johnson & T. Scott Lilly

The Visionaries – The Writers & Singers

Carmen Becker, Janet Seth, Hasheem Kirkland, Liz Hernandez, Yvonne Whitehurst, Teresa Castellano, John Diorio, Lyda Schoenfeld, Meghan Rafferty, Debra Zanca, Winston Watson (Ras), Donna Madnick, Mary Connor, Donna Hedges.

VISIONS at Selis Manor is an adapted learning environment and meeting place for blind youth, adults and seniors.

TEACHERS & WRITERS COLLABORATIVE (T&W) partners with New York City schools and community-based organizations to offer dynamic creative writing programs led by professional writers. Since 1967, T&W has worked with more than 750,000 K-12 students and more than 25,000 teachers at schools throughout New York City; published more than 80 books and a magazine (www.teachersandwritersmagazine.org) about creative writing education; and provided free resources for students, teachers, and writers on our website (www.twc.org).

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Scene 1

Bustelo Coffee & HOV Lane

Characters

Bustelo Coffee– Carmen

HOV Lane– Janet

Traffic Cop– Hasheem

Narrator – Napoleon

Time

The present, early morning

Place

Bustelo Coffee is on her way to get a cup of coffee, but she is blocked by street traffic. On the same street HOV Lane is in the Access-a-Ride, stuck in the HOV lane. Cramped and cluttered, no one is moving and traffic is slowing down everyone's morning commute. A traffic cop is doing his best to remedy the situation.

Traffic Cop:

Hey you! You can't stay here! You need to move your car! MOVE YOUR CAR!!!

HOV Lane:

I can't! I can't move my car!

Bustelo Coffee:

I can't cross the street! I can't cross the street!

HOV Lane:

You have to talk to my driver!

Bustelo Coffee:

I can't cross the street! She is in the middle of the street. I cannot cross!

Traffic Cop:

Move, Move, Move, GO!

HOV Lane:

I CAN'T MOVE!

Bustelo Coffee:

Where are you from lady?

HOV Lane:

I am from the fast moving HOV Lane!

Bustelo Coffee:

What's an HOV lane?

HOV Lane:

That's a bus or a car lane that requires more than two passengers in each vehicle.

Bustelo Coffee:

You can't do that in the city!

HOV Lane:

EXPRESSSSS, EXPRESSSSS! All the way!

Bustelo Coffee:

NO, NO! We don't have THAT HERE!

HOV Lane:

Oh Yeah! We do, we do. I go in it all the time...

Bustelo Coffee:

YOU need to go back to where you came from.

Go back to the country. This is the city!

HOV Lane:

What?

Bustelo Coffee:

There's a lot of people in the city, as you can see!!!

HOV Lane:

I can't! I can't see! I can't see!

Bustelo Coffee:

Your car is out in the middle of the street!

HOV Lane:

Talk to the driver! The driver!!!

Bustelo Coffee:

Well if you can't see, then maybe you can sing!

HOV Lane:

(Sings out! To horns and organ 60's sound.)

I am from the fast moving HOV lane.

I am from the fast moving HOV lane.

UNTIL IT STOPS, WE ZOOM

PAST EXPRESSWAY PARKING LOTS

So-long suckers!

Chorus:

SOO-LONG SUCKERS!

HOV Lane:

(singing)

Then we stop, barriers on both sides.
No escape until others move!

I am from the fast moving HOV lane.

Three passengers, in the Access-a-Ride bus,
careening at maximum speed,
rattling, rattling, rattling past congealed traffic.
So-long suckers!

Chorus:

Soooo long suckers!

HOV Lane:

We play with the big buses,
through the tunnel.

I am from the fast moving HOV lane.
I mourn its loss
after morning rush hour,
10:30am Cinderella,
I can't say, "So long suckers!"

HOV Lane:

(disappointed)

I'm sitting here with them!!!

Chorus:

Awwwwwwwwww...

Bustelo Coffee:

WELL AFTER THAT SPEECH I NEED SOME
COFFEE! YOU KNOW WHAT? I GOT JUST
THE THING FOR YOU! LEAVE YOUR CAR
AND COME WITH ME!!

HOV Lane:

I CAN'T LEAVE MY LABORGHINI HERE!!!

Traffic Cop:

Lady, this ain't no Lamborghini!

This is Access-a-Ride.

You need to get this Access-a-Ride out of here!

Hey! Hey! Come back here! Where are you going?

Come back here!

HOV Lane/Bustelo Coffee:

Soo long sucker!.....sir...

Bustelo Coffee:

WE ARE GOING FOR COFFEE!

HOV Lane:

So, where are you from?

Bustelo Coffee:

I AM FROM BUSTELO.

HOV Lane:

Bustelo? I thought Bustelo is a coffee?

Bustelo Coffee:

IT'S A STATE.

HOV Lane:

A state?

Bustelo Coffee:

A state of mind!

Bustelo Coffee (cont'd):

(Bustelo Coffee begins singing to a Cuban Rhythm.)

I am from Bustelo coffee in the morning.

I AM FROM BUSTELO COFFEE IN THE
MORNING.

But I couldn't have none,

No, I couldn't have none.

Chorus:

No she couldn't have none.

Bustelo Coffee:

I'M TOO YOUNG TO DRINK COFFEE
IN THE MORNING!

I'm too young to drink coffee in the morning.

So I couldn't have none,

no, I couldn't have none.

Chorus:

No she couldn't have none

Bustelo Coffee:

TO THE CORNER BAKERY
I WAS SENT TO BUY SOME ROLLS—
YET I COULDN'T HAVE NONE,
YET I COULDN'T HAVE NONE.

Chorus:

YET SHE COULDN'T HAVE NONE.

Bustelo Coffee:

When I come of age I'm gonna have Bustelo.
WHEN I COME OF AGE
I'M GONNA HAVE BUSTELO.
And I'll be so glad, I won't feel so sad.

Chorus:

She won't feel so sad.

Bustelo Coffee:

Now I'm grown and I can have my Bustelo.
NOW I'M GROWN
AND I CAN HAVE MY BUSTELO!

Bustelo Coffee (cont'd):
AND I FEEL COMPLETE!

Chorus:
BUSTELO COFFEE FOR ME.

Bustelo Coffee:
In the morning now I go to the bakery.
IN THE MORNING
NOW I GO TO THE BAKERY.
BUT IT'S JUST FOR ME.

Chorus:
AND HER FAMILY.

Bustelo Coffee:
Now, I have a friend who comes with me
for coffee,
and she really thinks
she has a Lamborghini.
And we are so glad.

Chorus:
Yes, they are so glad.

Bustelo Coffee:

We are one and everybody should be like us.
We are one and everybody should be like us,
for the world to see.

Chorus:

We'll live in harmony.

(Chorus plays Bustelo coffee cans with pencils and then followed by the cow bell ringing.)

1, 2, 3!

(Singing.)

We are one and everybody should be like us
We are one and everybody should be like us.
For the world to see, we live in harmony.

Scene 2

Latin Beat & City of Brotherly Love

Characters:

Latin Beat– Liz

City of Brotherly Love– Yvonne

Time:

The present, afternoon

Place:

Lower Manhattan, Washington Square Park, bright and bustling and the busy sounds of the city beat, two women look for common ground to the sound of their cultural beat.

City of Brotherly Love:

Mira, mira! What is that dance? Where are you from?

Latin Beat:

I am Dancing Merengue, Yo soy Esa Latina from Spanish Harlem,

City of Brotherly Love:

No Habla Español. Can I join you? Where are you from?

Latin Beat:

I am from Spanish Harlem. Do you want to dance with me?

City of Brotherly Love:

Can you show me?

Latin Beat:

(Singing to Caribbean Latin beat.)

I am from that Latin beat.

I am from that Latin beat.

Latin Beat (cont'd):

We dance

Bolero, Merengue y Salsa.

I am from that Latin beat.

Come and dance with me.

Come on, baby, clap your hands.

Come on, baby, move those feet.

Come on, baby, muevete, muevete, muevete.

Yo soy de se Latin beat.

Yo soy de se Latin beat.

Baile conmigo. I am from that Latin beat.

And hear what makes that sound so sweet.

Guiros, maracas, guitarras y congas.

Yo soy de se Latin beat, yo soy de se Latin beat.

And I also like to eat.

Coquito, guayava, pasteles, arroz con pollo.

I am from that Latin beat.

I am from that Latin beat.

Yo soy de se Latin beat.

Yo soy de se Latin beat.

Muevete, muevete, muevete.

I am from that Latin beat.

Yo soy de se Latin beat. Yeah!

City of Brotherly Love:

Ho la la!!! I like that dance and song!

Latin Beat:

What about you, where are you from?

City of Brotherly Love:

I'm from the city of brotherly love!

Latin Beat:

Brotherly love? What does love got to do with it?

Where is that?

City of Brotherly Love:

It's in Philadelphia

PA.

We love people.

We have many places to see.

And we love to dance.

Let me tell you my story.

(Singing Philadelphia 70's Funk Sound.)

I am from the city of brotherly love.

I am from the city of brotherly love.

Chorus:

Philly PA.

Philadelphia PA.

Philly PA.

Philadelphia PA.

City of Brotherly Love:

You can have the famous Philly cheesesteak did
you know they have the best hoagie sandwich?

I am from the city of brotherly love

I am from the city of brotherly love

Chorus:

Philly P.A.

Philadelphia P.A.

Philly P.A.

Philadelphia P.A.

City of Brotherly Love:

You can visit the Betsy Ross house.

That's where the U.S. flag was made.

There are many art museums

and mirrors on South Street.

City of Brotherly Love (cont'd):

I am from the city of brotherly love.

I am from the city of brotherly love.

Chorus:

Philly P.A.

Philadelphia P.A.

Philly P.A.

Philadelphia P.A.

City of Brotherly Love:

The American Bandstand on West Market Street,
you can dance the stroll and do the bop to the beat.

I am from the city of brotherly love

I am from the city of brotherly love

Chorus:

Philly P.A.

Philadelphia Pa

Philly P.A.

Philadelphia P.A.

City of Brotherly Love:

Come On Liz!

Let me show you that dance!

(Yvonne dances American Bandstand style songs with Liz. The entire Chorus joins for dancing.

They invite audience members to dance, singing.)

Chorus:

Bandstand! Bandstand!

(Yvonne continues to dance.)

Chorus:

Bandstand!

Bandstand!

Scene 3

I am from Spring Time &

I am from the Love that Comes in Many Colors

Characters:

Spring Time – Teresa

Many Colors– John

Time:

Late Afternoon

Place:

Park

Spring Time:

(Reciting as Poem to Piano.)

I am from springtime.

And it's snowing outside.

Today it is mid-March.

I am from when I think of beautiful moments
of my life.

I am from a beautiful day.

Chorus:

But it's snowing outside!!!

Spring Time:

The sun is out.

It is out, it is wonderful....

Chorus:

But it's snowing outside!!!

Spring Time:

I am from everything happy,
everything sweet,
everything fun.

Chorus:

But it's snowing outside.

Spring Time:

MAY YOUR DAY BE FILLED WITH SUNSHINE
AND FLOWERS!

Chorus:

BUT IT'S SNOWING OUTSIDE!

Spring Time:

I AM FROM FLOWERS FROM THE GARDEN!

Many Colors:

(Walks up to Teresa.)

I LIKE YOUR POEM.

Spring Time:

I LIKE YOUR GUITAR.

Many Colors:

Where are you from that it snows in the springtime?

Spring Time:

Ozone Park, Queens.

Many Colors:

I'm from where a man and a woman vow their love
to each other.

Spring Time:

You got to be kidding me!?!

Many Colors:

*(Strums his guitar and starts to sing Country &
Western Style.)*

I AM FROM THE LOVE
THAT COMES IN MANY COLORS
THE LOVE BETWEEN
A MAN AND WOMAN
THEY VOW TO EACH OTHER
I AM FROM THE LOVE OF FAMILY
AND FRIENDS LIKE YOU
THE LOVE OF JESUS
AND AMERICA TOO!

I AM FROM THE LOVE OF SEASONS
AND THE CHANGE THEY BRING.
THE TREES AND FLOWERS AND ROSES
THAT BLOOM IN THE EARLY SPRING.
I AM FROM THE LOVE OF THE SUN
AND THE SKY THAT SHINES SO BRIGHT.
AND THE MOON AND STARS
THAT GLOW IN THE DARKEST NIGHT.

I AM FROM THE LOVE OF MUSIC
THAT MAKES MY DAY BEGIN TO ROLL.
COUNTRY, POP, R&B AND THAT
GOOD OLD TIME ROCK AND ROLL.

Many Colors & Chorus:

THIS IS WHERE, THIS IS WHERE,
THIS IS WHERE THAT I AM FROM.
THIS IS WHERE, THIS IS WHERE,
THIS IS WHERE THAT I AM FROM.

Scene 4

Folk Singer — Old Oak Tree & The Thinker, I Come from a Dream

Characters

Folk Singer— Lyda

The Thinker— Debra/Meghan

Time:

Present

Location:

Folk Singer and Thinker are both sitting under an old oak tree in Forest Park, near Macomb's Dam, Bronx, NY.

Folk Singer:

I am from music too! I sing out my feelings, so I've written a song about this old oak tree I'm sitting under, near Macomb's Dam in Forest Park in the Bronx.

Thinker:

I can't get there! I'm like a dam. I hold everything in.

Folk Singer:

That's no way to be! Everything goes in, nothing comes out, so where's the action?

Thinker:

There's no action, only reaction.

Folk Singer:

Wow! Philosophical! Where did you come from?

Thinker:

I come from everywhere, and yet at the same time, nowhere.

Folk Singer:

My, we're full of mystery. Now tell me what's really going on inside you.

Thinker:

One day the dam will break.

Folk Singer:

(Strums a chord on her guitar and sings out the line.)

And if it does The music will flow...

Thinker:

Well, I guess I'll just sit here with you and listen.

Folk Singer:

(Singing in Folk Song Style.)

I come from music.

It flows through my blood

to give me life, my heart beats out its rhythm, my
mind works out to shape its tale,

my voice rises from my depths to sing its song like a
bird soaring from tree to sky with clearest melody.

Voice and body, bird and tree are one.

Timelessly they know no bounds,

which brings to mind the song, longing to be sung,
a song that's right here waiting on my tongue.

Folk Singer (cont'd):

I see you, old oak tree,
beautiful, strong, and free.

I come to you so tired,
but I'm safe in your shade, inspired.

As the wind keeps your branches swaying,
I hear the birds sing like they're praying.

Your leaves clap their hands
in a rustling dance
while I embrace your trunk
in a joyful trance.

Right here, I'm rooted to earth like you
and here you're meant to stay
proud and true, giving shelter, nourishment,
comfort and love, to all forms of life
on earth and above.

Majestic, you stand large and tall,
I cannot find the words at all
to tell you what I feel today
sitting here with you this way.

Right here, I'm rooted to earth like you
and here you're meant to stay proud and true,
giving shelter, nourishment, comfort

Folk Singer (cont'd):

and love to all forms of life,
on earth and above.

Majestic, you stand large and tall.
I cannot find the words at all
to tell you what I feel today
sitting here with you this way.
Dear old oak tree,
my old oak tree.

Chorus:

Dear old oak tree,
my old oak tree.

Folk Singer:

So what do you think of my song?

Thinker:

Your words suggest to me you have wisdom beyond
your years. I can really see myself living out the
principles of your words.

Folk Singer:

(Strums guitar in excitement.)

Great! You're starting to feel it.

Thinker:

Yeah and it feels good.

Folk Singer:

So what's your song?

Thinker:

I don't have one.

Folk Singer:

Oh, sure you do!

Thinker:

No, I don't! No, I don't!

Folk Singer:

Oh, it's inside you, you just have to let it out!

Chorus:

Gotta, let it out!

Thinker:

I am not a musician. I am a thinker.

Folk Singer:

There's music inside all those thoughts.

Let the music guide you. Come on, SING!

Thinker:

Ok, this is how it goes.

(Speaking and breaking into song like B flat Opera Sound.)

I come from a dream, which led to a thought,
that became a desire, that spawned an action.

I am the dream.

Thinker:

I became a brook,
babbling unintelligible sounds,
known only to myself.

I am the brook.

Thinker (cond'd):

I am a pond,
a still body of water,
quietly rippling back to my source.

Suppressing my emotions,
I barricade myself
against the world.

I am a reservoir,
holding in my pain,
fear, rage and anger.

I am a dam!

I release what my sister, reservoir, holds back.

I am a dam!

Because I give a damn!

Folk Singer:

I'm impressed!

Thinker:

Thanks to you, I resolved my issue.

I went from not giving a damn to giving a damn.

Chorus:

I am a dam, because I give a damn!

I am a dam, because I give a damn!

I am a dam, because I give a damn!

I am a Dam!!!

Scene 5

I Come From Love & Concrete Jungle

Characters:

Fredericka– Debbie

The Queen– Carmen

Off-Duty Traffic Cop– Hasheem

Narrator– Napoleon

Time:

Evening

Place:

The Kingdom of Love &

Manhattan, near Times Square

Narrator:

In the beautiful, enchanted Land of Love, young and beautiful Fredericka is troubled by the day. The celebration of her 16th birthday is upon her in the year of 1860. The kingdom is in excitement. The servants of the palace roll in a massive birthday

cake. The Queen stands proud next to her daughter, as they begin to sing Happy Birthday. Suddenly, a storm begins outside the palace windows. Fredericka isn't happy. In the Land of Love, it is customary for Children of Royalty to be promised to other Members of Royal houses at age 16. Unfortunately for Fredericka, her promised betrothed is a grizzled old man.

Meanwhile, in the real world of the Concrete Jungle, the old and tired traffic cop is on his way home from an odd and bizarre yet exciting day of work. Little does he know how much more bizarre it will get! *(Roaring thunder and strong winds blow. Palace Citizens, the Chorus, sing Happy Birthday.)*

The Queen:

Fredericka? Fredericka? We are singing your Happy 16th Birthday song in the year of our Lord of 1860. Where are you my child?

Fredericka:

I'm not having a birthday. I'm running away because I don't want to marry that grizzled old man you chose for me!

(Thunder rumbles and flashes over the palace. An explosion and Fredericka is transported through time to Times Square New York in 2018. City sounds are everywhere. Music. Taxis honking horns. People yelling. A traffic cop is directing traffic. Fredericka lands, startled.)

Fredericka:

OH! I know not where I am?

Traffic Cop:

You're in the Concrete Jungle, lady!

Fredericka:

The what?

Traffic Cop:

The Concrete Jungle.

Fredericka:

I see no trees, no animals?

Traffic Cop:

Where are you going?

Fredericka:

I've run away from home.

Traffic Cop:

Why are you dressed like that?

Fredericka:

I'm dressed like this because, as my mother, the Queen says, "It's your Happy 16th Birthday in the year of our Lord of 1860." There's nothing happy about it!!!

Traffic Cop:

1860? Lady, this is 2018.

Fredericka:
2018? OH MY!

Traffic Cop:
Lady, where are you from?

Fredericka:
I am from Love.
(Fredericka begins to sing in Classical Operatic tone.)

I am from Love, from joy, from beauty,
to spread them around has been my duty.
But no one seems to want them here.
The world is filled with chaos and fear.
But I hope and pray that some sweet day
my love, my joy, my beauty will stay
and bring peace and happiness to all.

Traffic Cop:
Wow. We could use some of that in the Concrete
Jungle, lady.

Fredericka:

That's why I'm here. My kingdom has changed.
Marriage is more important than love. Parents
choose mates for their children when girls turn the
age of sixteen. I want to share love, joy, and beauty
that has been denied to people who would appreciate
it greatly.

Traffic Cop:

Wow. That's rough, lady!

Fredericka:

Where are you from?

Traffic Cop:

I am from here, the Concrete Jungle.
(Singing in New York Funk/Pop Sound.)
I am from the Concrete Jungle.
I am from bright city lights.
I am from the church on a hill.
I am from the heart of B-ball.
I am from a diverse people.

I am from the heart of a nation.

I am from New York City.

(A huge explosion happens. Smoke rises from the ground like out of a sewer hole.)

Scene 6
Ras-Splosion

Characters:

Ras

Time:

Night

Place:

Downtown New York

Ras:

(Singing in Jamaican Reggae Style.)

The universal

Island of water

I am from

I am from the earth

I'm from that place

I'm from that place

The penetration

Gives sweet sensation

That's Mother Earth vibration

Ras-Splosion!!!

I'm from

I'm from that place that place

Of penetration

Gives sweet sensation

That's Mother Earth's vibration

Ooooh!

Earth is the lord

In the fullness thereof

The heaven is clear, its glory
And I present my life for greatness

I'm from
I'm from

Where penetration
Gives sweet sensation
That's Mother Earth's vibration

Ras- Splosion!

I'm from that place
I'm from that place
Of penetration
Gives sweet sensation
That's Mother Earth's vibration

All things were made bright and beautiful
All of these works are very great
That no one gets destroyed
That no one gets destroyed

The fullness of the earth that gives life
To everything that lives and breathes

I'm from

I'm from

Where penetration
Gives sweet sensation
That's Mother Earth's vibration

Ras-Splosion!

I'm from

I'm from

Where penetration
Gives sweet sensation
That's Mother Earth's vibration
Look at the fresh vegetation that's around us
The beautiful golden sunshine
That gives us vitamin D
Strong strong great energy

The vitamin D that goes for our body

I'm from that place

I'm from that place

Where penetration

Gives sweet sensation

That's Mother Earth's vibration

Ras-Splosion!

I'm from that place

I'm from that place

Where penetration

Gives sweet sensation

That's Mother Earth's vibration

That's Mother Earth's vibration

That's Mother Earth's vibration

I am from I am from I am from

Scene 7

Many Places, The Girls From Walendfels

Characters:

Many Places – Donna

Time:

Day

Place:

New York City

Donna:

We come from many places. We have many faces.
The Girls from Walendfels has a fantastic story to
tell. So please, listen! (Begins singing in Boarding
School-Sorority Song Style.)

I come from many places with one suitcase in hand,
once a year, sometimes more
from California and the Arizona sand,
to five more homes on the Connecticut shore,
from Oregon on to the Cuban revolution,

off to meet the first of three cargo ships
in New York Harbor's confusion,
then across the Atlantic to Gibraltar,
portside Italia, Libya, and Egypt
No egos were ever altered, Lebanon, the Suez Canal
to Saudi Arabia, sailing to Pakistan, Kuwait,
Iraq, Iran, and India.

Many places, many faces, worldwide wars
hard candy on all the doors.

Welcome aboard!

Take a journey with me! Let's see the many
different countries, join us on our worldwide tour
for we are the girls.

We are the girls from Waldenfels
you hear so much about
the people always look at us whenever
we go out.

We're noted for our wisdom
and the fun things we do,
everybody loves us,
we hope you love us, too.

As we go sailing
and the band begins to P-L-A-Y.
You can hear us singing.
The girls from Waldenfels are on their way!

Chorus:

Rah! Rah! Rah!

Donna:

Stand up and cheer, stand up and cheer
for the dear old Waldenfels for today
we raise the Hanse flag above the rest,
above the rest, our hearts are loyal
to the captain of this ship
and you will surely agree
that the people you will meet
will come together
from every land
to play in the biggest
worldwide stage band.

Chorus:

Rah! Rah! Rah!

Scene 8

New York City Gal

Characters:

Mary

Time:

Present

Place:

New York City

(At the center of it all, Mary enters and captivates the stage and the audience with the sound and magic of New York City.)

Mary:

(Singing with Funky Downtown New York City Sound.)

Well, you wonderful people from all these wonderful states and countries and places, come along with me.

I'm the gal from New York City
Come one, come all.

Crowd:

Woo hoo!

Mary:

I'm a New York City gal
and I love to move my feet.
I'm a New York City gal
and I love to move to the beat.
Come down on Broadway
where the lights are so sweet.

Downtown on Broadway
where the lights are so bright.
Down on 42nd Street
where the folks hangout all night.
I'm your New York City gal.
I got my New York City pals.
Come on New York City.

Chorus:

New York City

Mary:

I want you to rock with me.

Chorus:

New York City.

Mary:

Come on and swing with me.

Chorus:

New York City.

Mary:

I said swing with the beat
and then rock-n-roll with me.
New York City, yeah.

Chorus:

New York City.

Mary:

New York City.

Chorus:

New York City.

Mary:

I said, New York City.

Chorus:

New York City.

Mary:

New York, New York City.

Chorus:

New York City.

Mary:

Yeah, New York City.

Mary:

New York City.

I'm a New York City gal

and I got all my New York City pals!

(Mary engages the crowd and the entire Chorus.

And they all are dancing. She asks:)

Can you hear me, New York City?

Where are you from?

Do we have Brooklyn in the house?

Let me hear ya!

Do we have The boogie down Bronx in the house?

Let me hear ya!

Do we have Queens in the house?

Let me hear ya!

Do we have Staten Island in the house?

Let me hear ya!

Do we have Manhattan in the house?

Chelsea in the house?

VISIONS in the house?

Let me year ya, because....

(Shift in song to You're so Good, in Harlem Gospel

Sound.) You're so good

You're so good

I'm so good
Yes, you're so good.
Let me hear ya,
I'm so good, you're so good!
I'm so good, you're so good!
Tell your friend beside you.
You're so good!
Tell them again!
You're so good!

Curtain Call

The End