

## Scene 4

*(Once again the bed is wheeled on stage.)*

**Daughter:** This story is making me hungry and thirsty, Mom. If this were a play we'd have an intermission coming up. Wouldn't that be great?

**Mother:** Why don't I read you one more chapter and then I'll get something from the kitchen for both of us to enjoy. After that, oh let's call it an intermission anyways, I think we should find out what happens to the Sunnydale library, Miss Read and Little Miss Rebecca.

**Daughter:** You mean we'll finish the whole book tonight?

**Mother:** I can't very well stop reading now, honey. *(She picks up the book and reads.)*  
Chapter 4: Change the Color of These Blues. It was another quiet afternoon at the library. But that quiet was about to change. Ms. Potter had news to deliver, the kind of news that made her happy. Bad news. The kind of bad news that would cause Miss Read to have a bad case of the blues. Very bad news.

*(The bed is wheeled off the stage and the curtain opens on the library. The library is empty except for Rebecca who is talking with Miss Read at the front desk.)*

**Rebecca:** Miss Read?

**Miss Read:** Yes, Rebecca?

**Rebecca:** I'm wondering about the expression: "the eye of the storm".

**Miss Read:** Okay, what about it?

**Rebecca:** You know how people say, "the eye of the storm" like it is a really bad thing? Well, the eye of a hurricane, which is a very big storm, is actually a state of calm, absolute calm. Yet people say "the eye of the storm" anyways, like it's the exact opposite of it. Why do you suppose that is, Miss Read?

*(Before Miss Read can answer, the band plays an ominous tune as Potter, Dr. Baker, and Mrs. Pynchon walk into the library.)*

**Potter:** So, Mrs. Pynchon, Dr. Baker, let's get it done. Into the eye of the storm, ey?

*(Rebecca looks at Miss Read as if to say....."see?"*)

**Miss Read:** Good afternoon, Ms. Potter, Mrs. Pynchon, Dr. Baker.

**Potter:** It is a good afternoon, Miss Read, a good afternoon for Potter Enterprises. Another big crowd in the library. *(She laughs mockingly and looks around the empty room.)* Not such a good afternoon in our little library. And that is why we are here.

**Dr. Baker:** Yes, well, it seems that something is ailing our town library.

**Mrs. Pynchon:** And the trustees of this library are sadly losing faith in its mission.

**Rebecca:** (*Notices that Potter is grinning.*) She doesn't look at all sad, Miss Read.

**Miss Read:** What does that mean: losing faith?

**Potter:** Well, first and foremost, it means losing money and then it means losing patience with losing money and finally it means losing faith that this library will ever do anything but lose money.

**Miss Read:** Ms. Potter, the library is not one of your businesses.

**Potter:** Exactly, my businesses do *not* lose money.

**Miss Read:** A library serves the community. A library educates and enhances the .....

**Potter:** (*Cuts her off*) Don't bother with your song. I hear no music playing and I don't see the community here. Just a hopeless librarian and a little girl.

**Dr. Baker:** Calm down, Potter, we are not yet at that point. Right now, our library needs a "check up".

**Mrs. Pyncheon:** Miss Read, the Board of Trustees does not want to close the library; but Ms. Potter is quite right. Times have changed. The community has gone elsewhere.

**Potter:** And to meet the changing needs of our community, we have to go there with them.

**Mrs. Pyncheon:** What Ms. Potter is saying is that she has generously offered the town a very, very substantial amount of money to buy the library.

**Dr. Baker:** A very "healthy" amount of money.

**Rebecca:** What? Tell her she can't do that, Miss Read.

**Potter:** No, little girl, I can do exactly that. You see I have a novel idea. That was an intentional pun by the way. I am not stupid. I'm a businesswoman. You see, the Potter Arcade at my Potter Mall has more business than it can handle so I thought it would better serve our community to locate another Potter Arcade closer to the schools, since the students make up most of our customers. This building with some modifications of course, will be quite suitable. End of story. (*She winks.*)

**Mrs. Pyncheon:** Well, it's not quite the end of the story just yet. The board of trustees is split on this sale and has given you one week.

**Dr. Baker:** One week to get better. One week to recover. One week to show us the type of health that.....

**Potter:** Dr. Baker! Enough with your medical metaphors! If the library were one of your patients, we would be tangled up in feeding tubes and ventilators. Five business days! (*She looks at Miss Read.*) And then we remove you from life support. (*She moves her hand across like a flat line and makes a buzzing noise.*) Dead!

**Mrs. Pynchon:** One last week to show us if you indeed serve the community as you have boldly proclaimed.

**Miss Read:** What exactly do we need to show you?

**Mrs. Pynchon:** Show us that the community cares. That they come here and use the library. That they get library cards and they take out books and they make donations and that they truly value this. *(She waves her arms.)*

**Potter:** Read my lips. It's a closed book.

**Mrs. Pynchon:** The board meets next Thursday night.

**Potter:** Five business days, Miss Read. Oh, by the way, feel free to sing that song of yours once we have left.

*(They leave. The music starts and Miss Read sings.)*

## ***Change the Color of These Blues***

**Miss Read:**

*My eyes are red from crying*

**Rebecca:**

*My heart is black as night*

**Miss Read:**

*The sunrise and the rainbow*

**Rebecca:**

*Have all gone gray and white*

**Miss Read:**

*Although the light is fading*

**Rebecca:**

*I know what we must do*

**Miss Read:**

*We've got to find a way*

*To change*

**Rebecca:**

*the color of these blues.*

**Miss Read:**

*She says that times are changing*

**Rebecca:**

*And reading's changing too*

**Miss Read:**

*That books are old, so over*

**Rebecca:**

*And she's got something new*

**Miss Read:**

*Although hope is fading*

**Rebecca:**

*Her nightmare's coming true*

**Rebecca and Miss Read:**

*We've got to find a way to change*

*The color of these blues.*

*Oh, these blues*

*Oh, these blues*

*Blue, blue blues*

*Blue, blue blues.*

**Miss Read:**

*Oh, blue should be the ocean*

**Rebecca:**

*And blue should be the skies*

**Miss Read:**

*But blue should not be everything*

**Rebecca:**

*All colors in disguise*

**Miss Read:**

*Somewhere there is an answer*

**Rebecca:**

*Somewhere there is a clue*

**Rebecca and Miss Read:**

*We've got to find a way to change*

*The color of these blues.*

*Oh, these blues*

*Oh, these blues*

*Blue, blue blues*

*Blue, blue blues.*

*(Rebecca and Miss Read hold their pose as the book characters emerge and sing:)*

**Book Characters:**

*Our eyes are red from crying*

*Our hearts are black as night*

*The sunrise and the rainbow*

*Have all gone gray and white*

*Although the light is fading*

*We know what we must do*

*We've got to find a way to change*

*The color of these blues.*

*She says that times are changing*

*And reading's changing too*

*That books are old, so over*

*And she's got something new  
Although the hope is fading  
Her nightmare's coming true  
We've got to find a way to change  
The color of these blues.*

*Oh, these blues*

*Oh, these blues*

*Blue, blue, blues*

*Blue, blue blues.*

***Rebecca and Miss Read:***

*Oh, blue should be the ocean  
And blue should be the skies  
But blue should not be everything  
All colors in disguise  
Somewhere there's an answer  
Somewhere there's a clue*

***All:***

*We've got to find a way to change  
The color of these blues.  
Oh, these blues  
Oh, these blues  
Blue, blue blues  
Blue, blue blues.*

*(The curtain closes and it is intermission.)*

