Every Breath We Take

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Written by STEM Lab 3rd Grade Students 3rd Grade Teachers: Marilyn Stover, Jamie Olson, Katherine Klaver

Additional script, lyrics and songs by David Williams, Paul Cotugno, and Gregg Cannady

<u>Cast List</u> (in order of appearance)

Lucy

Mom

Mr. Air

Bill

Khushi

Aarav

Gypsy Boy

Sphinx

Pyramid

Minister of Environment

Pharaoh

Industrial Culprits

Egyptian People

Dragon (speaker), (tail)

Peking Opera: Bird / Worm / Serpent

Rosemarie

Girl Dancer

Boy Dancer

Alejandro

Belinda

Dr. Silva

Nurse Know-it-all

Orville the Orderly

Bus Driver

Justin Timberlake

Lady Gaga

Hollywood Producer

Assistant Producer

Celebrities Make them up(Elton John), (Taylor Swift), (Justin Bieber), etc..

Surfer Dude

Environmental Scientists

LUCY'S HOUSE IN THE CITY

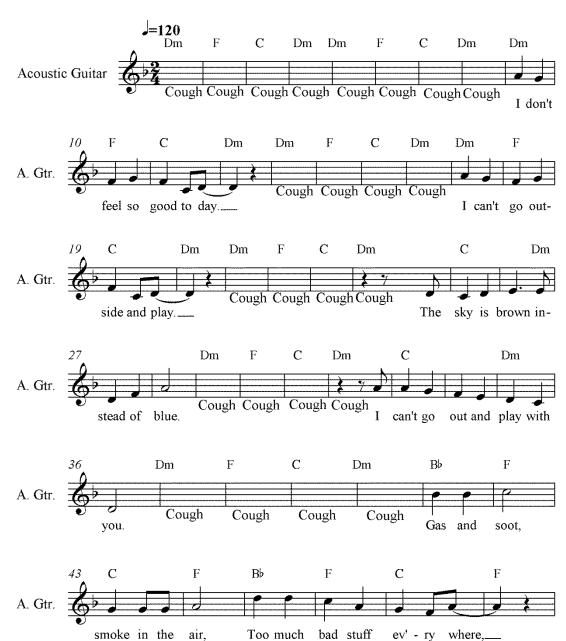
Clean Air (song)

LUCY Cough Cough Cough Cough Cough Cough Cough
I don't feel so good today. Cough Cough Cough Cough
I can't go outside and play. Cough Cough Cough Cough
The sky is brown instead of blue. Cough Cough Cough Cough
I can't go out and play with you. Cough Cough Cough Cough
Gas and soot and smoke in the air, Too much bad stuff everywhere,
I've gotta plan, I've got a dream, Of a better world with air that's clean,
Clean air! (echo) Clean air! (echo) Clean air! (echo)

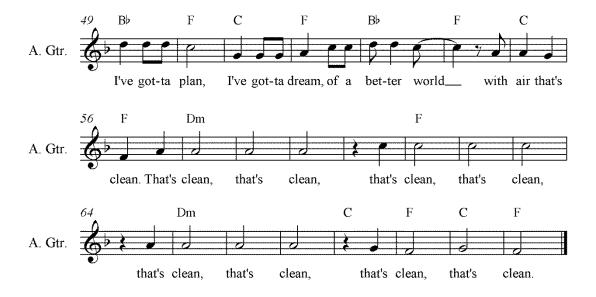
Clean Air

Williams / 3rd Graders - STEM Lab

Williams / 3rd Graders - STEM Lab



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MOM

Lucy, you'd better take your inhaler the doctor gave you.

LUCY

I did Mom! But it doesn't always fix things.

MOM

You have asthma, Honey. I'm so sorry. I don't know how you got it.

LUCY

But I want to find out.

MOM

I know! I know!

Mom leaves room. Enter Mr. Air, through the window, who has balloons tied to him.

LUCY

Did you just jump in through the window?

MR. AIR

I come in through the window all the time. I'm Mr. Air!

	LUCY
Mr. Who?	
Mister Air! I'm a gas! I'm full of	MR. AIR it!
Gas?	BILL
	MR. AIR lium, a bit of this and a bit of that, though, sometimes ruff I'm full of.
I have asthma.	LUCY
I'm sorry. That comes from not h	MR. AIR naving clean air.
Really?	LUCY
The air you breathe goes into yo	MR. AIR our lungs, which are like lots of little sacks that pull out d grime in the air it gets caught in your lungs,
You can't breathe good.	LUCY
That's right.	MR. AIR
But where can I go to find clean	LUCY air? What can I do about it?
	MR. AIR Come with me and we'll try to find some.
I'd better tell my Mom we're go	LUCY ing.
	MR. AIR

Ah, it's an Imaginary Journey we're going on. She won't even know you're gone,

because you really won't be gone.

LUCY

That doesn't make any sense.

MR. AIR

Few things do in this world. Let's go.

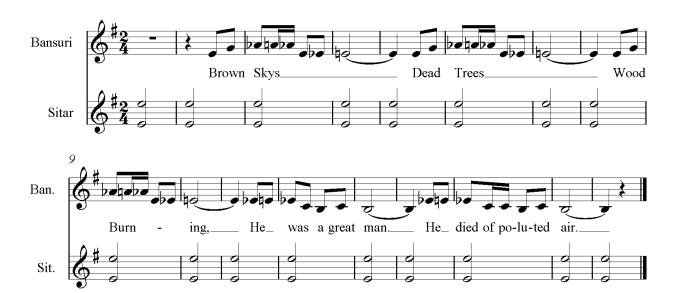
They jump out the window and end up in India

Brown Air song,

Brown Sky. Dead Trees. Wood Burning. He was a great man. He died of polluted air.

Brown Sky

Cannady / 3rd Graders



BILL Where are we? I smell burning. Yuk!
KHUSHI I am Kushi, I am from India.
AARAV Namastē (hello) I am Aarav, the father.
BILL/LUCY (Screams Ah!!!)
BILL Did I just see that?
LUCY I think it was a dead body. I want to go home!
AARAV Do not be afraid, we are just burning my cousin.
Khushi The pollution made him sick. He died.
KHUSHI In India it is customary to cremate the body.
Music playing, people dancing – gypsy jazz LUCY Who are those people dancing?
MR. AIR They're gypsies.
LUCY I like their music!
MR. AIR It's very gypsyish!
LUCY Because they are Gypsies!

ΝЛ	חו	ΔΙ	חו

Right!

LUCY

Oh no, I'm starting to cough again. Cough, Cough!

GYPSY BOY

What's the matter with you? You sound like me. I have to cough like that sometimes.

LUCY

It's the air here!

GYPSY BOY

Yes, we cook and heat our homes with sticks from the forest, but soon the forest will be gone. Nearly a billion people cooking with sticks to make a fire.

LUCY

But when you run out of trees, then what?

GYPSY BOY

We have nothing to cook with. We also burn dung.

BILL

That stinks!

GYPSY BOY

Yes it does.

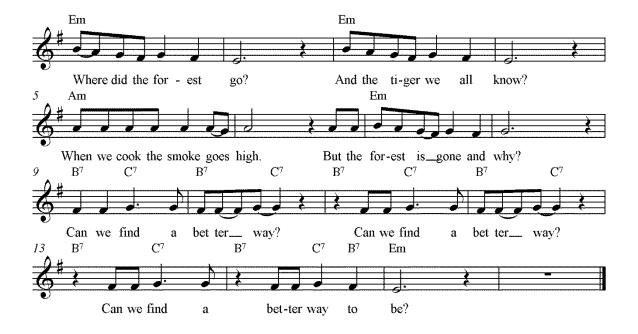
Where Did the Forest Go?

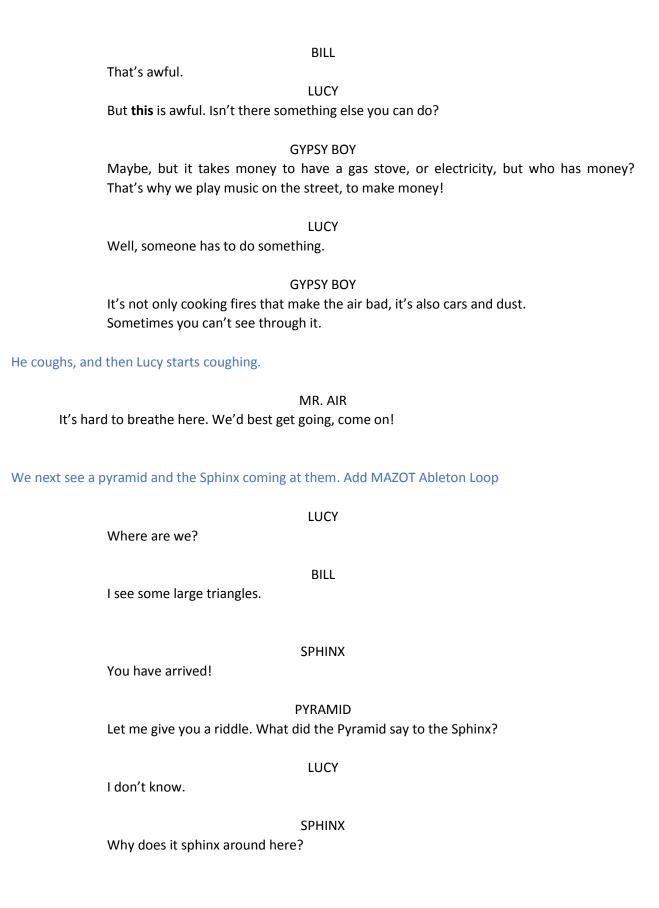
Where did the forest go, And the tiger we all know? When we cook the smoke goes high, But the forest is gone, and why?

Can we find a better way?
Can we find a better way?
Can we find a better way to be?

Wood to cook, make a flame Trees chopped down, not the same Heat a pan, heat a pot, Just one earth that's what we've got.

Where Did the Forest Go?





You mean stinks?	LUCY
Ha, ha, ha, ha. Get it?	PYRAMID
	SPHINX

It's not what I would call funny, but then I don't have a pointy head.

PYRAMID
What is the point? That's what I want to know? What's the point of all this pollution, that's so bad it's wearing us down, eating away at us, until one day we'll be nothing but a pile of sand.

LUCY

This place makes me cough too.

They all begin coughing.

SPHINX

Why don't you go to Cairo and speak with the Minister of Environment? Perhaps someone with authority and power can make a difference.

Mr. Air takes them to Cairo

BILL

Are you the Minister of Environment?

MINISTER of ENVIRONMENT

Why yes. (Nervously) ... Yes I am. I'm trying to get the Industry Culprits to be accountable for the pollution they create. Everyone is fighting! No one will listen to me. They just say NO!

MAZOT (song)

Egyptians: Burning oil for power, Causes polluted air

Pharaoh spoken: When the Pharos ruled they got what they wanted:

And there was NO complaining!

Minister: As Minister of Environment, I command you to stop polluting.

Industrial Culprits: NO, NO, NO, NO

Minister: I'm begging you please stop polluting.

Industrial Culprits: NO, NO, NO, NO

We must have power to survive.

Our factories keep our power alive.

Industrial Culprits: NO, NO, NO, NO

Egyptian solo #1: This heavy oil called MAZOT,

It smells and settles in my throat.

Industrial Culprits: NO, NO, NO, NO

Egyptian solo #2: Can we burn something cleaner? (flashlight on solution)

Maybe we could use the sun? We would breathe so much freer. If we save the air for everyone.

Industrial Culprits: NO, NO, NO, NO

Who are you to tell us what to do?

We have power over you!

Industrial Culprits: NO, NO, NO, NO

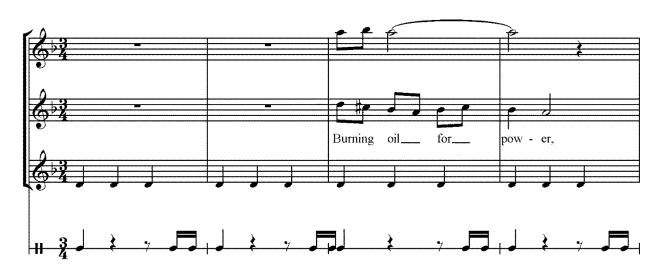
Egyptian solo # 3: MAZOT causes global warming.

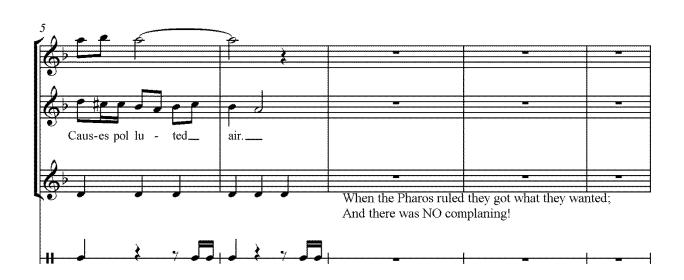
Our lungs and throat give us warning.

Industrial Culprits: NO, NO, NO, NO

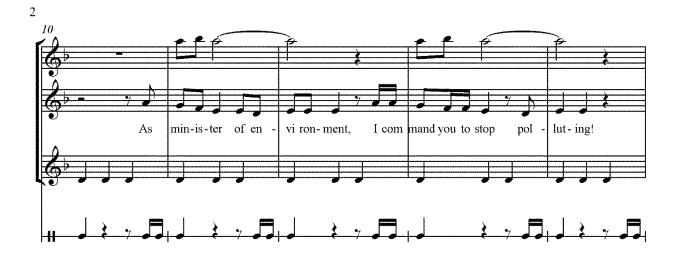
Mazot - No! No! No!

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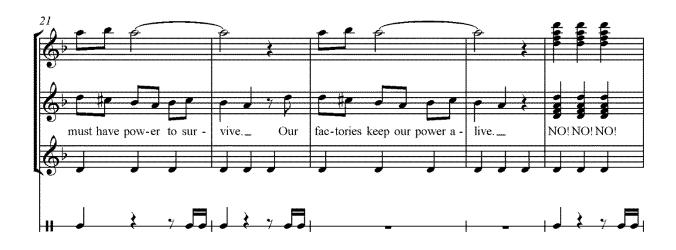




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BILL

I'm your brother, and even we don't fight that much.

LUCY

Let's go Mr. Air

(Chinese Music / Ableton Loop and xylophones in pentatonic scale)

LUCY

Well I guess we must be in China, since people are singing about it. Will we see a dragon with smoke and fire coming out of his mouth?

Enter Chinese Dragon, but instead of being a real dragon he's actually a factory with smoke stacks coming out of his top. Three –part costume (one speaker)

LUCY (CONT'D)

You don't look like a dragon. You look like a factory!

DRAGON

I'm a dragon factory! I make plastic dragons for kids to play with.

LUCY

You're kidding!

DRAGON

Kind of. I make everything. The shoes you are wearing, your clothes, your computer, your phone, I mean everything! And we need energy to do it.

LUCY

But you live in China. How does it get to my house?

DRAGON

By sea, big boats and airplanes.

It's cheaper to make things over here and ship them to you.

LUCY

Why?

DRAGON

Cheap labor. We don't have all those environmental regulations you have. So I can blow as much smoke as I want. And we are building more and more coal burning power plants for ENERGY to run the factories.

LUCY

Why coal?

DRAGON

It's CHEAP! CHEAP! CHEAP!

MR. AIR

Which is why the air here is so thick that you can't see the sky. No one can ever see the stars, the moon, or the sun!

DRAGON

Who needs to see the sky when you can see Peking Opera?

BILL

What is the opera bout?

DRAGON

A Bird! A Worm! A Ssssserpant!

Cheap, Cheap, Cheap

Late in the night there was a bird, Looking for worms. While flying by the light of the moon, he saw something wiggling.

Soaring closer, closer. Spoken: Suddenly the wiggling stopped.

The bird looked away and the wiggling started again. (again)
Soaring closer, closer, closer. Spoken: Just as the bird was about to attack..
SSsssssss The worm turned into a serpent and ate the bird.

Cheap, cheap, cheap, cheap,

Cheap, cheap, cheap, cheap,

Cheap, cheap, cheap, cheap,

Cheap, cheap, cheap, cheap,

Cheap! Cheap! Cheap!

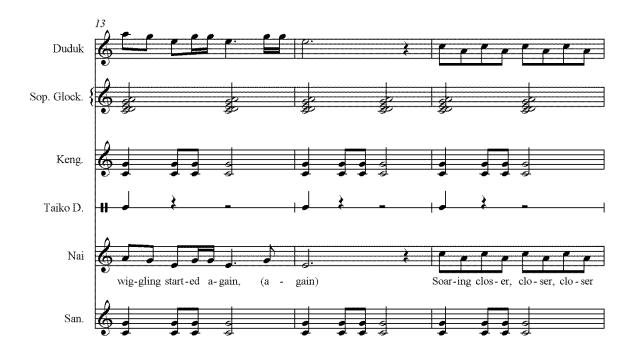
Third Graders STEM Lab Third Graders STEM Lab

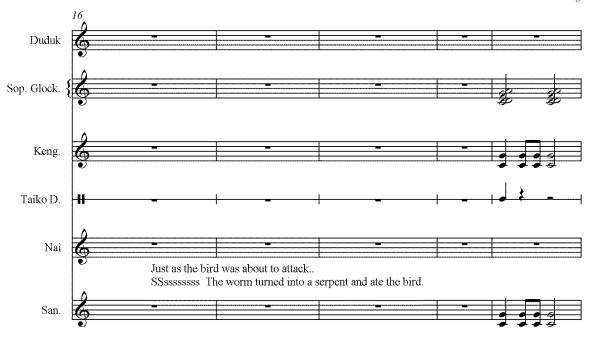


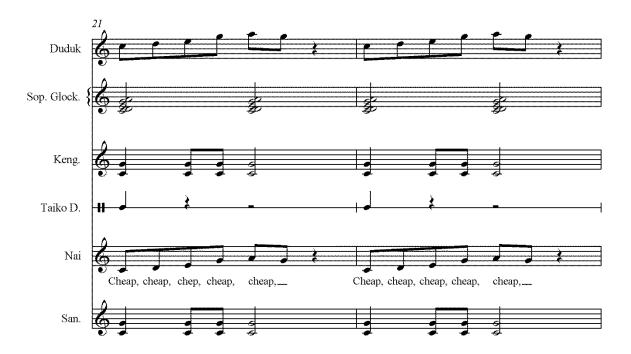


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DRAGON

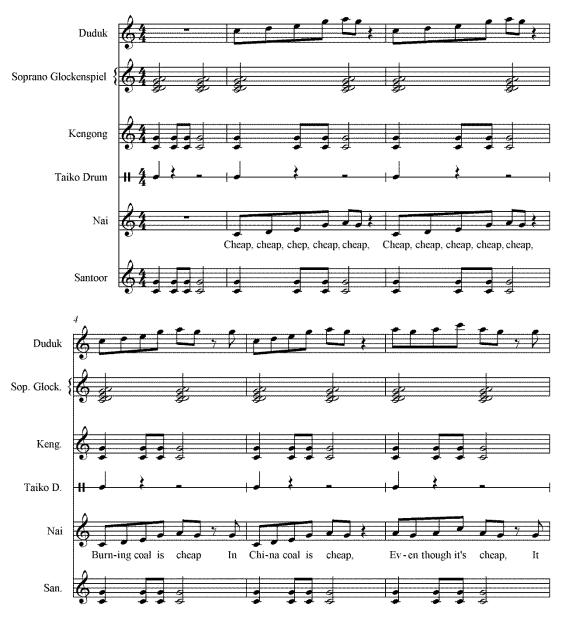
Coal is cheap.

BILL

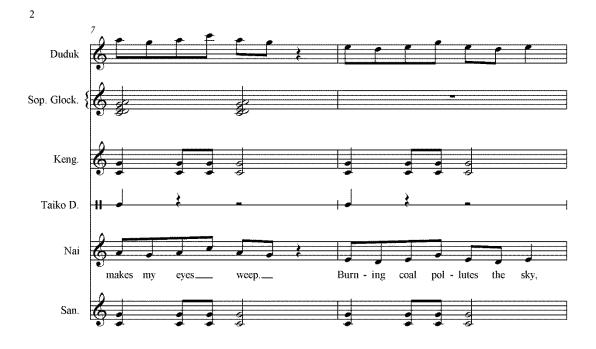
SO WHAT! Can you put a price on a blue sky, a full moon; the stars?

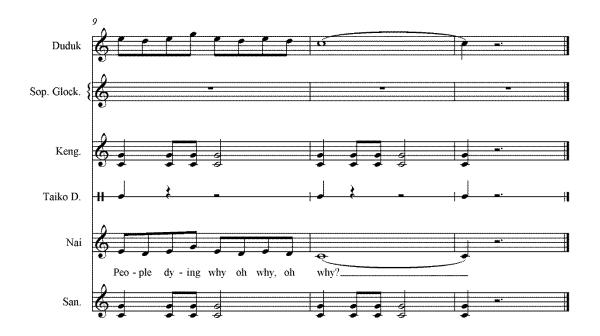
Cheap, Cheap, Cheap

Cheap, cheap, cheap, cheap, Cheap, cheap, cheap, cheap, Burning coal is cheap, In China it is cheap, Even though it's cheap, it makes my eyes weep. Burning coal pollutes the sky. People dying why oh why oh why?



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LUCY But don't people get sick? I feel sick!
DRAGON Of course, but people are making money. Lots of money.
LUCY But what good is money if you're sick?
DRAGON They can buy inhalers.
LUCY That doesn't make sense.
DRAGON Is a dragon supposed to make sense?
LUCY Of course!
She begins coughing.
MR. AIR We'd best try another locale Lucy, come on!
Sounds of Cueca – 6/8 music and dancing castanets
BILL Where are we?
LUCY What's cooking!
BILL I don't know but it smells AMAZING!

Enter Rosemarie and Mr. Chili from Chile

LUCY

Who are you?

ROSEMARIE

RRrrrrr I am Rosemarie. I am the best chef in all of Chile.

She begins coughing. The beautiful dance is interrupted by car noises and dust coming in through the window.

GIRL DANCER

We love to dance to the rhythm of the cueca and eat Rosemarie's famous food.

BOY DANCER

Every time the cars go by this restaurant, the dust makes us cough, and the smell of Rosemarie's cooking is ruined.

Santiago Song

(some stanzas will be solos)

I'll make you pay, for driving by, So much dust in my food, is making me cry. You ruined my hair, you ruined my food, Now I don't care, I'm in a bad mood.

Chorus:

This food was delicious, Ay, ay, ay, ay, Then came the auto, driving by. Dust in eyes, I can't even see. I wish we could fix this catastrophe.

I can't even breathe; this dust is so thick, With no wind or rain, it's making me sick. I worked so hard, making your food, When you drive by, it seems very rude.

Chorus:

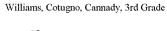
Will you please slow down, when you drive by? Cause if you don't, I'll punch your eye! Titanium dioxide will suck up the smoke, Then when you drive by my partner won't choke.

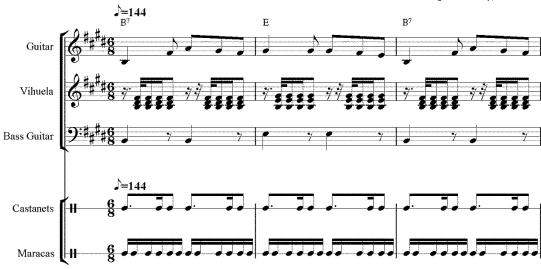
Chorus:

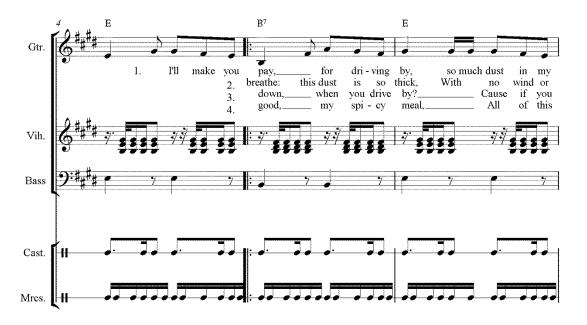
It was so good, my spicy meal, All of this dust is making me ill. Why don't you walk, or ride your bike? I do not like you. Go take a hike!

Chorus:

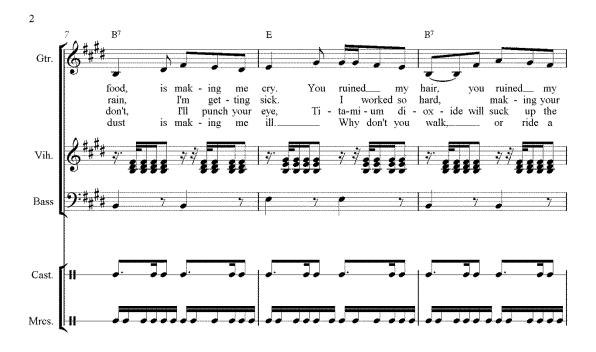
Santiago Chile Song

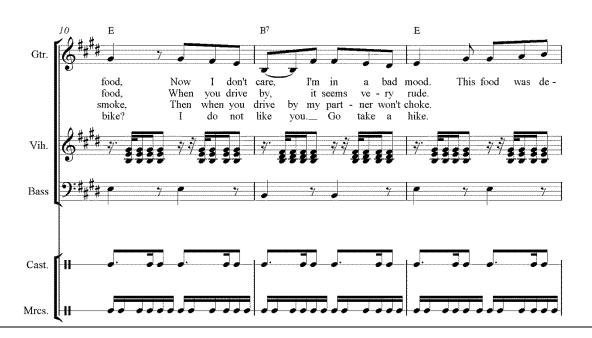




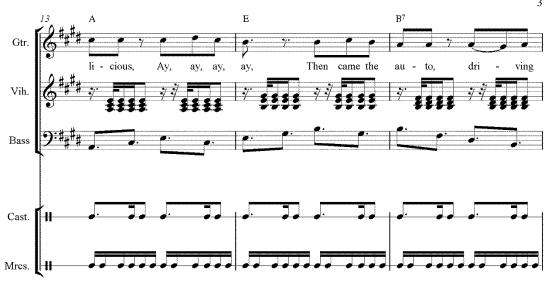


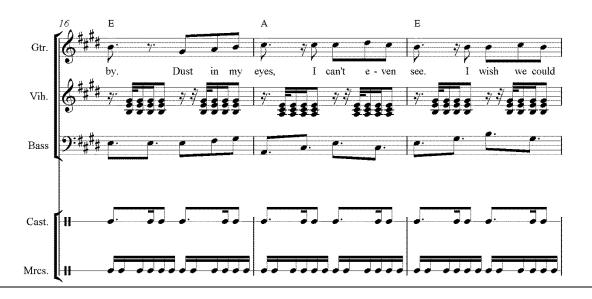
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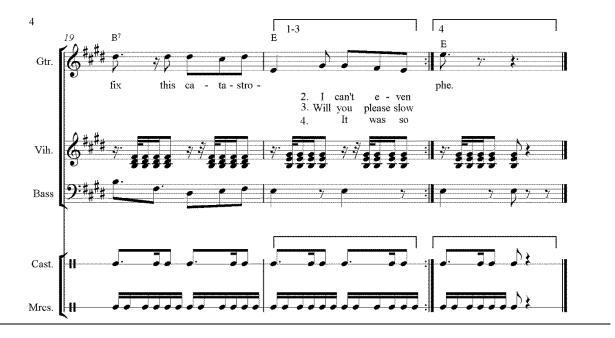












MR. AIR

I can't move! NO WIND! The dust from the cars is filling me up.

ROSEMARIE

Chile is like a big bowl of soup. Without wind or rain the dust from the roads and pollution from the city gets added to the bowl day after day.

BILL

Thank you for the song, dancing and the food. However, I'm full and we still need to find clean air for Lucy.

MR. AIR

Ha! Ha! Now you are full of it!

LUCY

It's hard to breathe here. We'd better get going!

They fly to Mexico City, and hear the music of Mexico playing.

BILL

I don't know where we are now. I still hear music.

LUCY

Everywhere we go, people are singing . . . (cough, cough, cough)

	MR. AIR
	And coughing
	LUCY Singing
	MR. AIR And coughing!
	BILL Lucy's cough is getting worse. We need to see a Dr. NOW!
ENTER – Car ma	ade of people with Alejandro driving.
	ALEJANDRO Hello! My mane is Alejandro. Do you need a ride?
	LUCY We have an aunt named Belinda who lives in Mexico City. Alejandro, please take us to her house.
	ALEJANDRO This old car barely runs. It burns too much gas and smoke always pours out of it.
	LUCY The exhaust is making me feel sicker.
	BILL Alejandro, maybe you should fix it.
	LUCY I need a doctor!

As they arrive at Belinda's house the car backfires and falls apart. Alejandro walks away.

MARIACHI SONG

Factories polluting the air,
Old auto polluting the air,
There is dust and smog everywhere,
There is dust and smog everywhere.

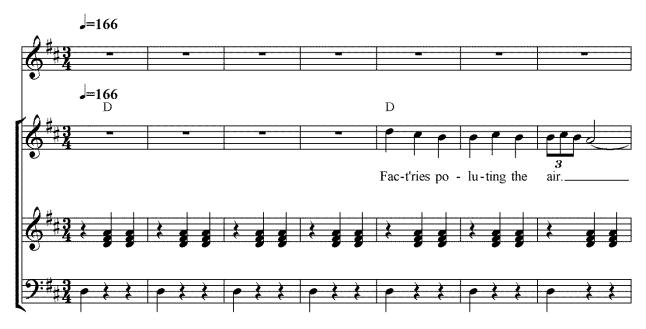
Auto carbon monoxide alarms us, Carbon monoxide will harm us, Maybe we should just take the bus.

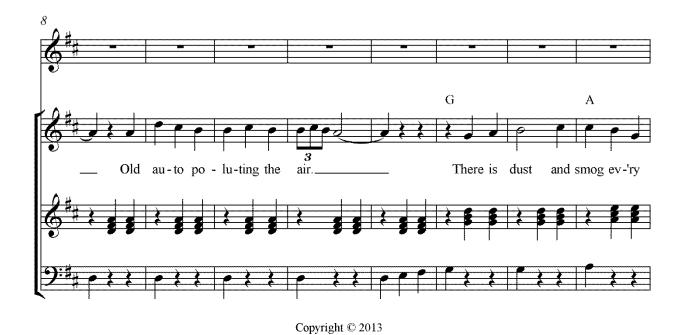
Ozone should be high in the sky, It will kill us if it gets nearby, It's a blanket of poisonous gas, It's a blanket of poisonous gas.

Old auto is making it worse, That smoke from your muffler's a curse. Maybe we should just stay in the house.

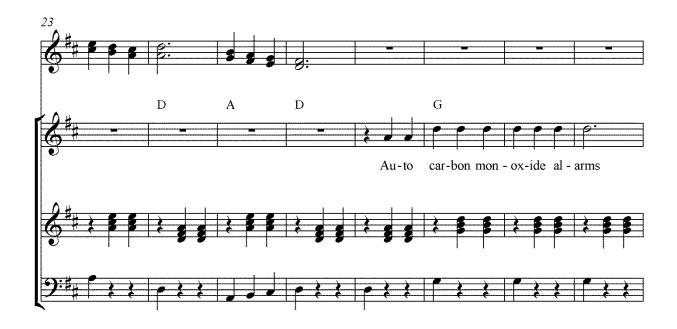
Mariachi, Mexico City

Ryan Stutzman, 3rd Grade

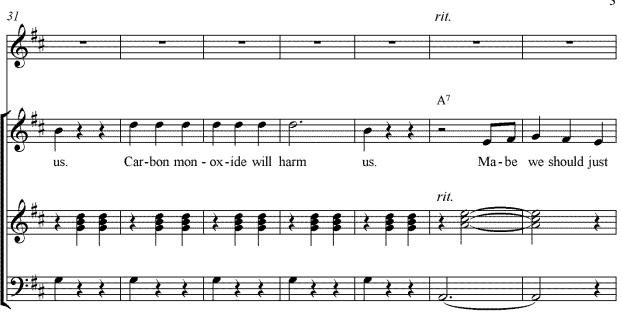




















BELINDA

Lucy! It is so nice to see you. Why are you in Mexico?

LUCY

Pollution in the air is making me sick. Please help me.

BELINDA

You need to see a Doctor. Fortunately Dr. Silva is just across the street.

DR. SILVA

Buenos días. How may I help you?

BELINDA

Dr. Silva. This is Lucy. She needs your help.

DR. SILVA

What seems to be the problem Lucy?

LUCY

Breathing has become difficult. I'm traveling the world with my brother Bill and Mr. Air to find clean air to breathe.

BILL

Everywhere we go the air seems to be full of dangerous gas, soot and smoke.

Mr. AIR

Yes.... I'm full of it. Carbon monoxide, mercury, sulfur.

Dr. SILVA

** Lucy. You have asthma.

NURSE KNOW-IT-ALL

Asthma is a chronic respiratory disease that affects the lungs with inflammation.

ORVILLE THE ORDERLY

SWELLING

Dr. SILVA

Many diseases are caused by poor air quality.

NURSE KNOW-IT-ALL

...Such as lung cancer, heart disease, allergies, and a variety of respiratory ailments.

ORVILLE THE ORDERLY

BILL

Are you telling us there is no cure?

Mr. AIR

We are the cure. Everyone in every country.

Dr. SILVA

You should go to Los Angeles and ask the movie stars and celebrities to tell the world.. STOP POLLUTING!

LUCY

I've always wanted to see a movie star.

BILL

Let's take a bus to the Hollywood Bowl. We'll organize a concert to tell people what they can do to make the air clean.

Mr. AIR

I appreciate that!

Around the corner comes a bus.

BUS DRIVER

SIT DOWN IN YOUR SEATS! NOW!

Everyone on the bus sits down except Justin Timberlake

JUSTIN TIMBERLAKE

Don't you know who you are talking to? I'm Justin Timberlake. I'm a Nsync-boy not a back-seat boy.

BUS DRIVER

I don't care who you are. SIT DOWN!

The bus comes to a screeching halt and Bill, Lucy and Mr. Air board. As the bus takes off everyone starts coughing.

Lady Gaga

The window is open and the pollution is Gagagagaging us.

Out pops up Rosemarie from Chile.

ROSEMARIE

Hola! I came to Los Angeles to open a restaurant. I was hoping they did not have the same bowl of pollution soup here, as in Chile.

Hollywood

Hollywood. Let's take this rusty bus and we'll be good. Movie stars, everywhere, They're gonna fix the dirty air. In Hollywood, not gonna burn the wood. L.A. C. A. Bad air go away. Make everything like it should. In Holly... Holly... Hollywood.

Hollywood

Williams, Cotugno, Cannady, 3rd Graders





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They arrive at the Hollywood Bowl.

HOLLYWOOD PRODUCER

Celebrities line up! Let's hear those solutions to pollutions!

ASSISTANT

You heard him... LINE UP!

You ... Justin Bieber! You're first.

You ... Elton John

You ... Taylor Swift

NEXT: short melodies or lines from stars (TBA) created in class

SURFER DUDE

What can we do make things better?

(Students will come up with solutions--as many as we need)

ONE

TWO

THREE

FOUR

FIVE

LUCY

Then we have to do it!

MR. AIR

We've been all around the world, and we know one thing.

ALL THE KIDS What?

MR. AIR

That we all live on the same planet and breathe the same air, no matter where we are.

LUCY

And if you pollute in one place, it will be somewhere else tomorrow.

MR. AIR

Because air, like me, floats, and drifts, and goes everywhere in the world.

KIDS

We want clean air. We want clean air. We want clean air!

MR. AIR Absolutely!

CLEAN AIR REPRISE

Gas and soot and smoke in the air, Too much bad stuff everywhere, I've gotta plan, I've got a dream, Of a better world with air that's clean, Clean air! (echo) Clean air! (echo)