# Act 1: Spring

There's a great big beautiful tomorrow

Shining at the end of every day

There's a great big beautiful tomorrow

And tomorrow's just a dream away

Man has a dream and that's the start

He follows his dream with mind and heart

And when it becomes a reality

It's a dream come true for you and me

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There's a great big beautiful tomorrow

Just a dream away

John: It looks like the robins are getting ready to celebrate Valentine’s day today.

What years is it? Oh, right around the turn of the century.

Believe me, things couldn’t be any better than they are today.

Yes sir, buildings are towering now as high as 20 stories!

And movie pictures flicker on a big screen.

We have almost 8,000 automobiles in this country, and we can travel by train from New York to California in less than 7 days.

And even hear tell about two brothers in North Carolina who are working on something – a flying contraption. (Laughs) It’ll never work.

Closer to home: we’ve now got gas lamps, a telephone, and the latest design in cast iron stoves.

And that reservoir keeps 5 gallons of water hot with just 3 buckets of coal.

That sure beats chopping wood.

And isn’t our ice box a beauty? Look at that! Holds 50 pounds of ice.

Milk doesn’t sour as quickly as it used to.

And our dog Rover here keeps the water in the drip pan from overflowing.

It wasn’t too long ago, we had to carry water from a well.

But thanks to progress, we’ve got a pump right here in the kitchen.

Of course, we keep a bucket of water handy here to prime it with.

Yes sir! We’ve got everything we need to make life easier.

Say mother!

Sarah: hmm?

John: I was reading about a fellow named Tom Edison who’s working on an idea for snap-on electric lights.

Sarah: Electric lights? No more kerosene! No more gas!

John: Sarah sure gets to the core of the apple.

Sarah: But we do have this new wash day marvel. Now it takes me only 5 hours to do the wash. Imagine! It used to take two days!

John: That’s right folks, now Sarah has tie for other things, like

Sarah: Like canning? And cleaning the oven?

John: Yes dear.

Sarah: Ovens don’t just clean themselves you know dear?

John: I know dear. (Laughs). And they probably never will.

Sarah: Now if you’ll excuse me I’ve got to take the laundry off the line before it starts raining cats and dogs.

Rover: Woof! Woof!

John: Ah, don’t worry Rover, she didn’t mean real dogs. Besides, it’s not going to rain today, my lumbago isn’t acting up…(thunder) All you have to do is put your wash on the line, right? Oh well, the cistern was low anyway.

James: Wow wee! Look at that!

John: Now James, I thought I told you to ask my permission before using my new stereoscope. It’s not a toy.

James: Ooh la-la. So that’s … doing the Hoochie-Koochie eh dad?

John: She’s the star of the new World's Fair in St. Louis and… You put that away before you mother finds it.

James: Ah dad.

John: You heard me. We have one of those new talking machines. Now that is something, it plays music right here in the home.

Parrot: He keeps that thing on all day long. ‘Rack!

Patricia: Oh papa!

John: Yes Patricia?

Patricia: Papa! All these people! Why, I’m indecent!

John: Don’t worry Patricia: they’re friends. That’s our teenage daughter. She’s getting ready to go to a valentines dance across town, on one of those new horseless trolleys.

Patricia: I think it’s very romantic you taking mother out for valentines dinner this evening.

John: Well, you know what kind of sport I am.

Patricia: I only hope I have an evening as romantic as yours and mothers.

John: Now you be home by 9 o’clock daughter, you hear me?

Patricia: Yes papa.

John: Oh well, with all this talking, I’ve worked up quite a thirst. I think I’ll take one of those newfangled trolleys down to the drug store soda fountain and meet the boys for a cold sarsaparilla. Oh, I’m sorry I forgot: we’re drinking root beer now. Same kind of thing, different name. Well, that’s progress for you. And speaking of progress…

# Act 2: Summer

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Just a dream away

John: Whew boy! Hottest fourth of July week we've had in years. We've come a long way though since the turn of the century over 20 some odd years ago. You know that pilot fella? Charles Lindbergh? He’s about to fly a single wing airplane all the way across the Atlantic. (Laughs). He’s never going to make it. And sports stadiums are springing up all over.

And boy nobody hits that old horsehide like that new fella Babe Ruth. Jazz music is the cat’s meow, and there’s been ads in the paper for months for a movie starring Al Jolson he’s going to talk and sing! I’ve got to see that.

(Horn honks)

John: There goes Schwartz and his automobile. He sure loves that horn. You know in my new Essex I’ve got an electric starter! Now I don’t have to crank. We can travel from New York to Los Angeles by train in only three days! Now we’ve got a house full of new electrical servants. Mr. Edison sure added life to our home.

Woah there! You’ll blow a fuse! That’s the 3rd one this week. I buy fuses by the case, and I’ve blown the whole neighborhood again.

He did it again. Go over and give that neighbor of ours what for!

John: Easy Rover. Jimmy! Hurry up with that fuse! Drat!

Jimmy: Shucks every time he … he blows a fuse. And guess who always has to change it.

John: I heard that young man. I heard that!

Sarah: Well, now that’s more like it. John, yours is the last costume I’ve got to finish before the parade starts.

John: Sarah’s ladies club is responsible for our towns 4th of July celebration tonight. She’s got us all roped into performing in their program.

Sarah: And I’ve decided we’re going as George and Marsha Washington.

John: Oh! The father of our country! That’s a role that really fits me. You know…

Sarah: I’m so glad we installed an electric light fixture here on the porch. Because it’s just too darned hot to be sewing inside.

John: Yes, Sarah. You know next year, I’d like to go as Benedict Arnold?

Sarah: Wait until you see what I have planned for the firework show tonight!

Rover: Woof!

John: Rover! Don’t interrupt while Sarah is interrupting.

Sarah: And guess who volunteered to choose the music for the program?

Jimmy: I did pop. Listen to this! (Plays Stars and Stripes forever on the Victrola)

John: Well, that’s a nice tune Jimmy. You know with that new Crosswave radio set, we can get news and big time entertainment from all over the country – even Pittsburg! Oh Patricia!

Patricia: Yes father!

John: Better get a move on. The radio says folks are arriving downtown.

Patricia: Do I really have to go? If my new boyfriend Theodore sees me in this, it’ll scare him away.

John: (Laughs) Well dear, if that happens you’ll always have that torch you can carry for him.

Patricia: Oh father!

Rover: growls.

John: Calm down Rover, I was only kidding. By the way, we have indoor plumbing now. Oh boy that’s really great on cold nights, especially for our perennial house guest, ole uncle Orville. Uncle Orville’s taken over the coolest spot in the house of course, and he’s rigged up a real clever contraption. He calls it: air cooling. Too bad he’s not reading the help wanted ads.

Uncle Orville: No privacy at all around this place!

John: Sorry Orville! You know, considering all the…

Sarah: George! Suppers ready!

John: Oh, coming Martha. As I was saying, considering all the conveniences we now have, I’ll say we’re really on easy street these days. It just can’t get any better! It just goes to show that

# Act 3: Autumn

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John: Well, it’s another Halloween here in the fabulous forties. Everything is better than ever now. And we’ve got some amazing new wonders around the house to prove it. For instance, our refrigerator holds more food than ice cubes. And thanks to our automatic dish washer, I don’t have to dry the dishes any more after suppers. Gives Rover and me more time to enjoy our evening stroll together.

Oh and here’s something else that’s new. I just heard a new term today on the radio. Fella says we’ve got something now called the “rat race”. Did you ever hear that one? It sure describes my life. I’m involved something now commuting. I drive into the city for work all day and then turn right around and drive all the way back, and the highways is crowded with fellow rats doing the same thing.

Sarah: That’s what they call progress dear.

John: Yes, I guess she’s right. But we do have television. When it works. Gives you something to do when you come home. I kind of like it, you know? A guy named John Cameron Swayze gives you all the news. And then they have all the singing and dancing. A lot of fluff, but it’s fun.

You know I predict a day when millions of people will learn Latin and Greek sitting in front of their TV sets.

Snoring.

Are you awake dear? (No reply). Changes the channel. Give him a left you big lug!

John: Ah yes, a new age of electronic civilization is upon us.

Jimmy: Hey dad! What do you think of my Jack O lantern?

John: Oh boy! That’s scary!

Jimmy: That’s because I’m using my beautiful sister Patty’s picture for a model.

Rover: Woof!

John: Down Rover. Jim: Rover appreciates you joke.

Sarah: Now, you’re always kidding poor Patty. She’s certainly prettier than either of you.

(Both howl)

John: You hear that? My daughter Patty is using that old exercise machine she rescued from the attic. It was all the rage in the twenties. Grandma of course had to have one. Didn’t work then, doesn’t work now. (Laughs). Consistent at least. Makes a lot of noise and blows fuses.

Patricia: And as I was saying, I think college is really swell. You should give it a try.

Caller: Oh Patty: are you going to the Halloween party tonight?

Patty: I’m hoping to lose a few more inches by then…

John: Poor Howard. I wonder what they said about me when I was dating Sarah. (cuckoo clock cuckoos).

Rover: barks.

John: You’re lucky Rover, you don’t have to date. Well, we’re caught up in the do-it-yourself craze these days. We’re remodeling our basement into something called a rumpus room? And we’re looking forward to a few rumpuses I’ll tell you. As long as they don’t get out of hand.

Sarah: John, this papering is getting out of hand. I could use a little help.

John: Now Sarah, didn’t I setup the clever automatic paint stirring machine for you? (whirring)

Sarah: Yes John, you’re a genius. Of course, this will ruin my food mixer, not that you’d care.

John: Oh, good ole Sarah, always the last laugh.

Whirring increases.

Sarah: Ack!

John: What happened Sarah?

Sarah: Oh you and your progress! That paint mixer of yours just sloshed paint across my rump! Uh rumpus, uh room!

John: How do you like that? I always say if you’re going to to be married, marry a girl with a sense of humor. Well, it’s time to move on. Let’s cheer up Sarah by singing our song. Come on! Everybody:

# Act 4: New Year's Eve

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John: Isn’t it a pleasant holiday? The turkeys in the oven, it’s peaceful and quiet.

Jimmy: Yes! 300 points! My best score yet.

Sarah: Well, it was peaceful until Santa brought that new virtual reality space pilot game.

Jimmy: It’s your turn grandma. Let’s switch the image over to the TV so the resident flying ace can show you how it works. Now it’s a little tricky. Just use your game glove to fly behind the other guy and blast ‘em with your laser blaster!

Grandma: Well, I’ll give it a try.

Jimmy: Take a look around grandma! You’re in the ship!

Grandma: It feels like I’m really there!

Jimmy: OK, get ready! You’re about to blast off!

Grandma: Here goes nothing!

Jimmy: Alright, here it comes. Oh! You missed him!

Sarah: Hey everybody. I’m now programming our new voice activation system.

John: Now our household items will do anything we tell them to do.

Grandpa: Great. Tell the refrigerator to bring me a root beer.

Sarah: Well, it can’t quite do that. But let me show you that it can do. (beep). Tree lights 30% brighter.

Everyone: Oooh. Wow.

Grandpa: Ah, that’s no big deal. Anybody can do that voice activated stuff. Watch this: Rover! Speak!

Rover barks.

Sarah: John, the oven should be able to use voice commands now. Give it a try.

John: OK, here goes. Temperature to 3 7 5.

Oven: Temperature increased to 3 7 5.

Patricia: Look at that. It even talks back!

John: Reminds me of certain people I know.

Patricia: Yeah, right dad.

Jimmy: You gotta lose ‘em grandma. Bank to the right!

Patricia: Remember dad’s turkey last year?

Grandpa: Yeah, that thing really smoked up the place when it burned, didn’t it?

Patricia: We ended up microwaving frozen pizzas.

Sarah: Well, no need to worry about the turkey this year. Now with an oven that will do anything your father tells it to do.

Jimmy: Oh! Good shot! Dad! Grandma’s up to 550 points!

John: Did you say 550?

Oven: Temperature increased to 5 5 0.

Grandpa: I can’t believe all the new gadgets they’ve got now. You know in my day…

Patricia: Oh no. You’re not going to tell us about the old days when you didn’t even have a car phone.

Grandpa: For a while, we didn’t even have a house phone. Not to mention laser discs and High Def TV and…Everything is automated today, including (toilet flushes). Well, including that.

Uncle Orville: No privacy at all around this place.

Grandpa: Sorry Orville. Anyway, you guys don’t know how good you’ve got it nowadays.

Grandma: You know my grandpa told me the very same thing when I was a kid? Take that you nincompoop!

Jimmy: Hey check it out dad! Grandma’s up to 975 points!

John: Wow! Nine hundred and seventy five?

Oven: Temperature increased to 9 7 5. Overload.

Sarah: John! What’s wrong with the oven?

Oven door opens.

Oven: Enjoy your meal.

Patricia: Anyone for pizza?

Sarah: Oh! Another Christmas turkey ruined.

Grandma: Looks like I’m resident flying ace now.

Jimmy: Best two out of three grandma?

Grandma: Later kid. Boy that was fun. What will they think of next?

Patricia: Who knows? We’ve got a whole new century waiting for us out there.

Sarah: Well, maybe sometime in the new century, your father will learn how to talk to our oven.

John: Well, maybe by then, ovens will read our minds. Hey as long as we’re all here and happy and together for the holidays, who cares if I burned our Christmas turkey?

Grandma: I do! I’m starving!

Everyone laughs.

Jimmy: Don’t worry dad. Somebody, everything’s going to be so automated, you won’t ever have to cook another Christmas turkey again.

Rover: woofs.

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