

TMI -- Fantasy Island

Editor's note: This satirical play appeared in the Jan. 24 issue of the C.C. Reader; however, because it was improperly layed-out, it was difficult if not impossible to read. Therefore it is repeated in its entirety so that you may appreciate it honestly.

By Jeff Drinnan

Due to irreparable damage to the nuclear plant and public protest, Three Mile Island is being used for a vacation resort and is now Fantasy Island. The following is an account, in playscript form, of the island under this new use. Scene: Three Mile Island. Mr. Roarke and Tattoo stand at a clearing on the island, looking towards Harrisburg International Airport.

Tattoo: The plane, the plane!! (A DC 10 crashes into a cooling tower.)

Tattoo: Bawth! Look! Did you see that?

Mr. Roarke: Yes Tattoo. Don't be alarmed. That happened in reality and, consequently, is no concern of ours. Ah, here comes the Fantasy Island Plane now. (The plane lands and people deplane.)

Tattoo: Who's that, bawth?

Mr. Roarke: That is Mr. Walter Critz, president of Metropolitan Edison, the electric power company which had an unfortunate event on this island.

Tattoo: You mean he had a party that someone pooped, bawth?

Mr. Roarke: I suppose you could say that, Tattoo. Evidently, Mr. Critz is suffering from a misprojected image. You see, Tattoo, he is not the lovable character in the eyes of many people around Harrisburg as he feels he should be. His fantasy is to restore his image as a nice guy. (Mr. Critz approaches Mr. Roarke and Tattoo.)

Mr. Roarke: Welcome to Fantasy Island, Mr. Critz.

Mr. Critz: Thank You, Mr. Roarke. I've come to you in time of great crisis. Can you restore my image?

Mr. Roarke: Mr. Critz, this is Fantasy Island. Anything is possible.

Tattoo: Who's the next visitor?

Mr. Roarke: That is Mr. I. Conum, a Nuclear Regulatory official, Tattoo.

Tattoo: Oh yes. Didn't they recently announce that the amount of radiation received by any person during the March 28 event was like smoking 30 cigarettes in a lifetime?

Mr. Roarke: Yes Tattoo, that is correct.

Tattoo: How do they come up with stuff like that?

MR. Roarke: Ours is not to question why. We are here merely to provide a service. Anyway, Mr. Conum's fantasy is to concoct the most far-fetched story ever told and have the public believe it - sort of an ultimate April Fool's joke, but with no "April Fool" following the person being told the joke's deception.

Tattoo: Who's next?

Mr. Roarke: That man is Dr. Theodore Gross. His fantasy is to have Capitol Campus become the cultural center of the world. (Dr. Gross nods as he passes Tattoo and Mr. Roarke.)

Dr. Gross: Let us go then, you and I . . .

Tattoo: Bawth?

Mr. Roarke: Yes, Tattoo?

Tattoo: Who's he talking to?

Mr. Roarke: I believe what he just uttered was a figure of speech. You know how these humanities people are.

Scene II: Somewhere on the island

(Some engineering students from Capitol Campus, who had been wandering about the island, spot Walter Critz.)

Engineering Students: Our hero!

Mr. Critz (smiling): Some of my fans! Wonderful!

Engineering Students: Long live nuclear power!

Mr. Critz: Yes, I'm glad everybody hasn't listened to Chicken Little. (Mr. Roarke and Tattoo approach)

Mr. Roarke: I see you found some fans, Mr. Critz.

Mr. Critz: Yes. These guys and gals support me. They're even wearing Met Ed. T shirts - the shirts with the dual cooling tower emblems. (To the students) How would you kids like to work for me?

Female Engineer: We're not kids! I am a woman!

Mr. Critz: I can very well see that!

Engineering Students: Yes, Uncle Walter, we would.

(Meanwhile, Dr. Gross watches from behind a bush on a nearby hill.)

Mr. Critz: Good. Now just sign this contract . . .

Dr. Gross: Don't do it, Faustus!

(Mouths agape, everyone looks at Dr. Gross, as he is now visible.)

Dr. Gross: Away, Mephistopheles! Don't tempt those students!

Mr. Critz: The names Critz. Walter Critz.

Dr. Gross: A rose by any other name is still a rose.

Mr. Critz (to the students): What a strange person!

Tattoo: Isn't that what people said about Pete Rose's daughter.

Mr. Roarke: What's that, Tattoo? Oh, yes. Pete Rose's alleged illegitimate daughter. A Rose by any other name is still a Rose.

Students: Hey! He's the guy who foiled the plan to finish the beer pipeline.

An Engineering Junior: What is the beer pipeline?

Seniors: It's an engineering project which would convert the towers here to cool beer instead of water and will pump beer to the student center.

Junior: That's a good idea. (A voice booms over a loud-speaker)

Voice: Of course it's a good idea!

Everyone: What was that?

Mr. Roarke: That was R.I. Diculum, the originator of the beer pipeline idea. He is the standard for engineering ideas just as Monty Python is the model for absurdist humor.

Students: Let's go get 'em.

Mr. Critz: Who? Diculum or this beer pipeline foiler? (Dr. Gross runs off. The students pursue. Dr. Gross ducks behind a bush and hides. Frustrated, the students give up the chase.)

Mr. Critz: Don't worry about him - we'll work something out. After all, Capitol Campus has a public relations department.

Scene III: a small strip of beach on Three Mile Island. (Dr. Gross strolls along, talking to himself.)

Dr. Gross: Do I dare disturb the universe? Do I dare? Do I dare? (I. Conum approaches.)

I. Conum: Nice beach.

Dr. Gross: Yes, it is.

I. Conum: I'm here to see if the fish are doing their job of eating up all the radioactive water.

Dr. Gross: What's this?

I. Conum: Yes. We, the NRC, have stocked the Susquehanna with radiation-absorbing fish - Radia Absorbis Maximus. They suck up radiation like boron control rods in a nuclear plant and then are washed up on the shore.

Dr. Gross: What do you do with the radioactive fish?

I. Conum: We ship them, one by one, to hospitals where their radiation is used in X-ray machines.

Dr. Gross: How do you transport them?

I. Conum: We flush them down a toilet and they're carried through lead pipes directly to the X-ray room.

Dr. Gross: Very interesting. So it's a lead-pipe cinch. I just wish that enlightening people to culture could be done so readily.

I. Conum: It can - in the laboratory.

Dr. Gross: That may very well be. My associates and I have decided to start a science center at the college where I'm provost. One must not put all his eggs in one basket.

Scene IV: The plane boarding area.

(Through master diplomacy, Mr. Roarke has worked out an agreement between Mr. Critz, Mr. Conum, the Students, and Dr. Gross.)

Mr. Roarke: Now the Frank N. Stein Memorial Science Center can be built, the beer pipeline project can go full steam ahead, and the public relations office can have a branch at TMI information center, and we can all be friends.

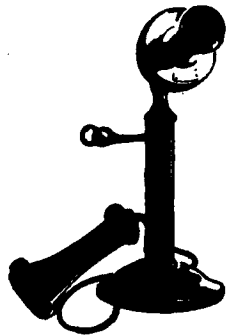
Scene V: The student center

Dr. Gross (raising a beer mug): Friends, Nukes and countrymen, lend me your ears. Danceteller will now present a tribute to the beer pipeline. Curtain!

Dr. Gross (to a humanities colleague): I told you I'd pack them in somehow!

Humanities Colleague: Yes. And it should be a staggering performance!

HELLO?
IS THERE
ANYONE
LISTENING?



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Bob Hope says:
"Red Cross can teach you first aid. And first aid can be a life saver."



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