

The screen play articles are from two newsletters that Tina had. The first when Paul was Commodore and the second when Tina was and was written in response to remarks made by Mr. Finney. The screen play was meant to be looking forward to the future when they are older and it was written in 1996. Now, 27 years later THEY ARE ALL OLDER! Sadly, Mike and Andrew no longer with us, but I am happy to say that Paul, Wright, Perry, Richard and Andy in the play are ALL STILL SAILING even though they are now old codgers.

Throw Caution to the Wind, the Screen Play, Act I (written in 1996)

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Paul, former SPSC leader

Andrew, Party Animal Award winner for many years

Richard, old Romeo, still searching for Juliet

Joe, ex-Olympian and former commodore

Perry, SPSC former commodore

Wright, SPSC founding father

Andy, rent a buddy

Mike, former SPSC purser

Scene, -the tiki huts at Shell Point Beach, sometime in the distant future

PAUL - Alas, the days of short-board sailing upon the angry brine, me fear'st the winds this year are failing, now tis summertime. And not to mention nature's ravaging of my physicalities. Perhaps it's time we beach bums try to face up to realities.

ANDREW - Hear, Hear, I see'th the wisdom in that dreadful but true fore-boating. Our lives would be much simpler, if this equipment we could stop toting.

ANDY - I'll make allowance to thy fear, if you'll just allow me one more beer.

RICHARD - Look at that girl!

ANDREW - Second childishness and imperfect mind, Richard being past time hath not diminished his pastime.

JOE - I cannot believe these words I hear. Wind, sloth, women, and beer! These are not excuses I deem sincere. I would gladly rig my One-Design

and race you for a buck, if you gentlemen would kindly get my board out of my truck.

PAUL - My good man Joseph, we none are longer hardy. So be a chap and pour us more coke and light Bacardi. Our days of sailing are nothing more than dreams of days gone by. So let's just set here in the shade and quietly get high. I would, however, gladly trade this beach chair for a rocker. Perhaps the club can spring for some and keep them in the locker. I hear the club's own bank account now exceeds a million dollars. There ought to be a little free to take care of us club fathers.

PERRY - Bbbbuuuuuuurrpppppp!

MIKE - Verily, and forthwith, we cannot touch the purser's purse as fathers substantial interest, even for more comfortable chairs within which all the men can rest. I would support, and be in favor of us taking to the floors, a motion that the club buy Richard a brand-new set of drawers.

WRIGHT - Alas and alack, we cannot hope to ever get a vote beyond the floor, since the windsurfing women have taken over as the club's commodore. If only we could rectify the mistakes of ninety-six, when we knowingly elected several members of the (sea) fairer sex. Women have now been in charge ever since that fateful day-oh! From Tina Mazanek and Marianne to Viv Regatta Deyo!

RICHARD - Yeah but they're girls!

PERRY - Bbbbuuuuuuurrpppppp!

PAUL - Marry that. Would that by some transcendence we might travel back to that magic year. As I recall, there was song and dance, wind and sun, and lots and lots of beer.

JOE - Aye, I would choose the 6th day of July. On that night my fireworks beautifully lit the sky. Kids came down from all around to see my procreations, and for many days after the show people spoke of the sensation.

ANDREW - And I, I would choose the 1st day of October. As I recall, I could not

walk, without tumbling over. Forever march to the beat of a sedated drummer, and then I'd truly have an Endless Summer.

ANDY - For me the day of July twenty first, would that I could be so cursed. Twenty-five knots and a case of Pabst, that's what I choose for my time lapse!

WRIGHT - The Wind Ceremony is where I would make my place, so I could get some shrimp to taste. For methinks that had I been properly fed, I would not be called Mr. Potato Head!

RICHARD - I remember the girls!

MIKE - I would return to January, when we all vacationed on Fiesta Key. For there it was I learned to jibe, and much beer did I imbibe. The wind blew nonstop five days and nights, and the hot tub evenings were sheer delights.

PAUL - I must confess I've had desires, to chug another can of Hires. Methinks that if I really had the choice, I'd return to the Rum and Rootbeer, boys. Bbbuuuuuuuuuuuuurrppppppppppp!

PERRY - Hey! That's my line. But while I'm temporarily free from flatulence, I'll quickly throw in my two cents. Any day would be fine with me as long as I am on my four-three.

(and if you think this was bad, the conversation continued to digress as the old codgers reminisced about the good old days, until the wind came up, and in spite of their advanced years, rapidly rigged and sailed off into the ocean, where they jumped and jibed the afternoon away, pausing only for an occasional beer)

Throw Caution to the Wind, The Screen Play Act II

Tina Mazanek – Current Commodore, Past Commodore To Be

Martina - Tina's evil twin sister

Marianne Gengenbach - Current Vice-Commodore, Commodore To Be

Deb Berlinger - Current Scribe, Purser To Be

Julea Williams - Current Board Member

Laura Chambers - Curren Board Member

Pam Clarke - Scribe To Be

Jacque Myers - Official United States Post Office Representative

Kathy Bishop - Official Guest

Background/History (quote from Act I, August, 1996)

Wright (August, 1996, Act 1): Alas and alack, we cannot hope to ever get a vote beyond the

floor, since the windsurfing women have taken over as the Club's Commodore. If only we could rectify the mistakes of ninety-six, when we knowingly elected several members of the (sea) fairer sex. Women have now been in charge since that fateful day-oh! From Tina Mazanek and Marianne to Viv Regatta Deyo!

Tina - Methinks that I shall never see Anything as lovely as our garden around the palm tree.

Marianne: I agree. When I harken back to last August, Who would have thought it would have turned out thus?

Martina- Buuuuurrrrrppppp! (Hey, she learned it from Perry!) (Like TOP, her motto is "Eat, drink, and be merry!")

Pam - And when I think of all the men who said it couldn't be done. Ha! We showed them, every one!

Jacque: Men? What men? Where?

Deb - Ah yes, I remember well. The men said the Club was destined for Hell!

Tina - Pass me another cucumber sandwich, if you will. It distressed me greatly then to listen to Richard Hill.

Martina - Cucumber sandwiches be damned! I want a beer! It's the lack of liquid refreshments that I fear! You ladies and your endless talk of couth. Where the hell's Perry with the vermouth?

Kathy - I remember Endless Summer here at the Park. I know that's where I "made" my Mark!

Laura - And the Christmas Party at Railroad Square. All the men were handsome, and the ladies fair.

Jacque: Men? What men? Where?

Laura - I remember when we changed our meeting place. All the men said we'd end up in disgrace.

Jacque: Men? What men? Where?

Pam - I remember - Wright, Andrew, Richard, Joe, Andy, Mike, Perry, and Paul, All said the Club would never make it, in the long haul.

Deb - I harken back to January, when we moved the huts. Some said then it just proved we were nuts.

Jacque - Nuts? What nuts? Where?

Marianne - The Wind Ceremony and Smith Regatta proved them wrong. We've had much wind all year long!

Martinia - Buuuuurrippppp! That's the problem with all these men. All they care about is the size of their fin! Or else they're like Tigger, who raves and rants, then goes looking for victims to pull down their pants!

Kathy - Rum 'n' Rootbeer helped also to prove the point. Especially when the chugging contest was won by Voigt!

Tina - A year's quickly passed, that's been full of change. With another woman in charge, we'll widen our range. Here's hoping the next year's a little less exciting. Which should make the Club much more inviting!

Thank you all for all that you've done, you've made it a year filled with much fun!