Person 1
This is the tale of the Throwaway Three,
Of humans and their garbage throughout his-to-ry:
Now they're very nice people, just like you and me,
Who all have a problem, as you will soon see--
What shall they do with their garbage and trash?

All
Why, throw it!, Or bury it! Or burn it to ash!

Person 2 - 90,000 B.C. (Monkey)
I represent people when we lived in a tree.
I get rid of garbage so easily!
It's a snap! It's no problem- to me or to him.
We just let go, plop! Down through the limbs.

Person 3 - 50,000 B.C. (Cave dweller)
I am a cave dweller who lives on the ground.
What do I do with old stuff all around?
Why, burn it, like meat; burn it up in the fire;
Or bury it like bones, in the muck and the mire.

All
Yes, throw it, or bury it, or burn it to ash!
That's how we always get rid of our trash!

Person 1 - 200 B.C. (Roman)
I am a Roman who lives in the town.
Our laws won't allow me to just throw it down.
I have to drag it away for a mile
And then I can dump it, forget it, and smile!

Person 2 - 1200 A.D. (Briton)
I am a Briton, wary and quick;
Down on our street it can get pretty thick.
When housewives up there want to pitch out their goo,
They just heave it out there and yell: "Gardy-loo!"
(person 1 stands on chair and yells)
It will stay there and stay there until the next rain,
Or until our fair London should burn down again.
All
Oh, what do we do with our garbage and trash:
We throw it, or bury it, or burn it to ash!

Person 3 - 1630 (Settler)
I am the settler. I came without much
But everything else I must make with my hands.
So I don't throw out much -- I use all I can.
Cloth scraps become quilts; I reuse my bent nails
It will be a long time 'fore the next trade ship sails.

Person 1 - 1700 (Colonist)
I am a colonist; now life's not so tough.
We have trade between cities that brings lots of stuff
And some things are made by our townfolks today,
I could buy a new harness, throw this old one away.
We have pigs and hogs running loose in our street,
If I toss it out there, they'll eat it up neat!

Or I might bury it right over there.
Or I might burn it: nobody would care.
You see; New World is the same as the Old!
We trashmakers come from the time-honored mold.

All
What are we still doing with garbage and trash?
You guessed it! Throw it away, or bury it, or burn it to ash!

Person 2 - 1890 (Industrialist)
I'm the industrialist person new on the scene,
I mass-produce goods with my trusty machine.
This sweater, handmade, took a week in days of yore,
But now in one hour, I can make forty-four.
I make things so cheaply, you can now afford two,
and throw out twice as much trash as you need to do.

Person 3- 1950 (Scientist)
I am the scientist person in the new post-war age.
We've learned a few tricks while the shortage raged
When we couldn't get natural stuff to process
We invented synthetics to replace the rest.
Person 2 (Industrialist)
Rayons and nylons, acrylics and plastics.
For furniture and clothing and even elastics;
Forget your old wooled silk and cotton;
Real wooden toys and washboards are forgotten.

Person 1 (Scientist)
Our new stuff will last 'til forever, you see
Even when it's worn out to you and me
Permanent pressed, pre-sized and pre-shrunken
When dingy and old, it's still permanent "junk"
(Person 1 yells "Junk")

Person 2 (Industrialist)
We make instant menus that come in a PACK.
You just boil the food in its own plastic sack
Or our TV dinner in its tinfoil tray
It's quick; you don't wash it; just throw it away!

Person 3 (Scientist)
We make lots of TVs and clothes dryers, too.
Don't ask for trade-in; you're kidding, aren't you?

Person 2 (Industrialist)
Our new cars all change with each model year,
Don't try to repair them, the cost's too dear,
Besides, we don't bother to make last year's parts
For Skylarks, or Novas, or Cougars, or Darts.

Person 3 (Scientist)
It's the New Thing, The NEW that America craves.
So out, out with old stuff, away to its graves.

Person 2 (Manufacturer)
So what if there're more of us buying goods?
So what if they won't rot away as they should?

Person 1 (Indian)
Now wait just a minute! You cannot fail
To include me in your historic trash tale.
We Indians lived simply, on prairies, in woods,
We made no high trash piles, nor mass produced goods.
Let me be your critic, show you where you stand;
And tell you how you're defiling our land.
Your new-fangled goods will not rot away.
When you throw them all down they remain where they lay
Then you say you will bury them deep in the ground:
All your modern trash will make quite a mound!
So then you would burn it,
And fill up our air with smoke and gases!
Oh, all of your answers have faults everywhere:
You'll either ruin the water, the land, or the air.
What's more, your resources--your lumber, your ore--
Get smaller each year than the year before.
And what's more--this old earth's not making any more.

**Person 2** (Industrialist)
You're right. Our resources are shrinking away
While our garbage problem grows bigger each day.
We're always converting resources to refuse
Instead of recycling them for reuse!

**Person 3** (Scientist)
Oh stop it! Don't drop it! We'll think of a way
To make food for cows that's much better than hay.
Don't burn it, return it--we'll make something new.
A vase for your mother, a spyglass for you.
   (Flowers in bottle for vase, flower out, bottle held up to eye for spyglass)
Don't bury it, carry it--back to the mill.
We'll make a new blanket to ward off the chill.

**Person 2** (Industrialist)
It's time we progress past the Disposal age
And make recycling part of the popular rage!
We'll have to give up old solutions for trash
And use new technology so the earth does not crash.

It will take a whole slew of solutions
to solve this problem and reduce pollution.
So...

**All**
Reduce, reuse, and recycle the trash.
Send the rest to the landfill, or burn it to ash.

**THE END**