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GILBREATH, PAT KELLY. The Production of a Play for Children: A Song Is A Blue Fish. (1969) Directed by: Dr. Herman Middleton. pp. 116

This thesis document is a written record of the production of A Song Is A Blue Fish, which was performed in the Theatre of the W. Raymond Taylor Drama and Speech Building on January 10, 11, 1969.

The thesis contains:

(1) Historical and Stylistic Considerations made before the production. These considerations were approached from the point of research done on the Theatre of the Absurd. The thesis proposed that this play for children offered a sense of wonder as an element of the absurd.

(2) A Prompt Book of the production, which contains the entire script and all those prompt notes made before and during the rehearsal period. The Prompt Book also contains charts, relative to the prompt notes and staging of A Song Is A Blue Fish.

(3) A Critical Evaluation of the production, relative to the Historical and Stylistic considerations, and to the audience response. The director concluded in her Critical Evaluation that the production of A Song Is A Blue Fish was a success, but she added that the only true evaluation the author could make of her own work was to return to her work.

THE PRODUCTION OF A PLAY FOR CHILDREN:

A SONG IS A BLUE FISH

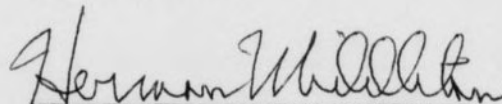
Music
by
M. Thomas Cousins

Book and Lyrics
by
Pat Kelly Gilbreath

A Thesis Submitted to
the Faculty of the Graduate School at
The University of North Carolina at Greensboro
in partial fulfillment
of the Requirements for the Degree
Master of Fine Arts

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Approved by


Thesis Adviser

APPROVAL SHEET

This thesis has been approved by the following committee of the Faculty of the Graduate School at The University of North Carolina at Greensboro.

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ACKNOWLEDGMENT

The author dedicates A Song Is A Blue Fish to Dr. Herman Middleton who believed in more than the "song."

PART III CRITICAL EVALUATION 104
BIBLIOGRAPHY 107
APPENDIX A 108
APPENDIX B 110
APPENDIX C 112

TABLE OF CONTENTS

PART I. INTRODUCTION	1
PART II. PROMPT BOOK	15
PART III. CRITICAL EVALUATION	101
BIBLIOGRAPHY	107
APPENDIX A	108
APPENDIX B	110
APPENDIX C	112

FIGURE 1	58
FIGURE 2	62
FIGURE 3	65
FIGURE 4	67
FIGURE 5	71
FIGURE 6	73
FIGURE 7	75
FIGURE 8	77
FIGURE 9	79
FIGURE 10	81
FIGURE 11	83
FIGURE 12	85
FIGURE 13	87
FIGURE 14	89
FIGURE 15	91
FIGURE 16	93
FIGURE 17	95
FIGURE 18	97

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

FIGURE 1	23
FIGURE 2	32
FIGURE 3	37
FIGURE 4	43
FIGURE 5	50
FIGURE 6	52
FIGURE 7	54
FIGURE 8	58
FIGURE 9	64
FIGURE 10	65
FIGURE 11	67
FIGURE 12	77
FIGURE 13	79
FIGURE 14	83
FIGURE 15	85
FIGURE 16	87
FIGURE 17	90
FIGURE 18	92

PART I

INTRODUCTION

In this Introduction to the Master of Fine Art's Thesis, The Production of a Play for Children: A Song Is A Blue Fish, the director will consider both an historical and a stylistic analysis, relative to the direction of the play.

This first part of the Introduction will concern, as its historical analysis, the preparation of the project as a play for Theatre of the Absurd. The second part of the Introduction will concern, as its stylistic consideration, the work to be executed for Theatre of the Absurd.

Hopefully, after this Introduction, Part II and Part III will justify the analysis made in Part I. Part II will be the Prompt Book, from which the play will be directed, relative to the study in the Introduction; and Part III will be an introspective criticism of the project, relative to the historical and stylistic considerations of the Absurd. (The Theatre of the Absurd by Martin Esslin has been used almost exclusively as reference for Part I. Mr. Esslin's book has become a classic on the Absurd and most other references use The Theatre of the Absurd as their source.)

The historical consideration of A Song Is A Blue Fish:

A world that can be explained by reasoning, however faulty, is a familiar world. But in a universe that

is suddenly deprived of illusions and of light, man feels a stranger. His is an irremediable exile, because he is deprived of memories of a lost homeland as much as he lacks the hope of a promised land to come. This divorce between man and his life, the actor and his setting, truly constitutes the feeling of Absurdity.¹

This feeling of absurdity, as stated by Camus, finds its dramatic expression in the Theatre of the Absurd. In this introduction to a thesis, in preparation for the production of A Song Is A Blue Fish, the author chooses to take as her historical consideration the philosophy of the Absurd, hoping to establish the play as a mood piece of the Absurd for children and introducing from the child's point of view an existential experience in a plotless world, where the characters are asking themselves over and over, "What does it mean?"

No understanding of the thesis or the thesis production would be complete without a brief sketch on the philosophy, which influenced the writing and directing of A Song Is A Blue Fish; the dramatic movement, which has come to be known as Theatre of the Absurd.

"Absurd" originally means "out of harmony," in a musical context. Hence its dictionary definition: "out of harmony with reason or propriety; incongruous, unreasonable, illogical." In common usage in the English-speaking world, "absurd" may simply mean "ridiculous." But this is not the sense in which Camus and his philosopher predecessors and contemporaries use the word, and in which it is used

¹Albert Camus, Le Mythe de Sisyphe (Paris: Gallimard, 1942), p. 18.

when we speak of the Theatre of the Absurd.

.
 . . . the Theatre of the Absurd strives to express its sense of the senselessness of the human condition and the inadequacy of the rational approach by the open abandonment of rational devices and discursive thoughts.²

Camus expresses this new content of the Absurd in his philosophy, but in the old convention, while the Theatre of the Absurd goes a step further in trying to achieve "a unity between its basic assumptions and the form in which these are expressed."³ In other words, the dramatists of the Absurd have taken the philosophy of the Absurd and given it an artistic expression, which is distinct from philosophic terms.

In expressing dramatically the philosophical sense of loss at the disappearance of ultimate certainties, the Theatre of the Absurd, by a strange paradox, is also the dramatic expression of probably the only sincere religious quest of the age. At least it is an attempt to

. . . make man aware of the ultimate realities of his condition, to instill in him again the lost sense of cosmic wonder and primeval anguish, to shock him out of an existence that has become trite, mechanical, complacent, and deprived of the dignity that comes of awareness.⁴

The death of God, announced by Nietzsche, and echoed

²Martin Esslin, The Theatre of the Absurd (New York: Doubleday, 1961), pp. xix-xx.

³Ibid., p. xx.

⁴Ibid., p. 291.

so loudly in the Twentieth Century, has left the masses, who live from day to day without any contact with basic facts--and mysteries--of the human condition with which, in former times, they were kept in touch through the living ritual of their religion which made them feel as if they were a real part of their society and time. The Theatre of the Absurd, as a religious quest, forms part of a never ending battle on the part of the artists of the age to breach the awful hell of complacency and automatism and to re-establish an awareness of man's predicament when face to face with an ultimate reality of his condition.⁵

The Theatre of the Absurd concerns itself with the fundamental problems of the human condition: life and death, isolation and communication. And although the philosophy of the Absurd is expressed in terms worthy of such profound considerations, the drama of the Absurd is often-times grotesque, frivolous, and irreverent. Be this as it may, it still represents a return to the original, religious function of the theatre--the confrontation of man with the spheres of myth and religious reality.

Like ancient Greek tragedy and the medieval mystery plays and baroque allegories, the Theatre of the Absurd is intent on making its audience aware of man's precarious and mysterious position in the universe.

The difference is merely that in ancient Greek tragedy--and comedy--as well as in the medieval

⁵Ibid., pp. 291-292.

mystery play and the baroque auto sacramental, the ultimate realities concerned with generally known and universally accepted metaphysical systems, while the Theatre of the Absurd presses the absence of any such generally accepted cosmic system of values. Hence, much more modestly, the Theatre of the Absurd makes no pretense at explaining the ways of God to man. It can merely present, in anxiety or with derision, an individual human being's intuition of the ultimate realities as he experiences them; the fruits of one man's descent into depths of his personality, his dreams, fantasies, and nightmares.⁶

The philosophy of the Absurd, in its quest for some religious expression, is vitally concerned with communication. Not only communication between a dead God and man, but between man and man, and man and himself. It is this fundamental problem of communication and subsequent devaluation of language that is best expressed, in the writer's opinion, in the drama of the Absurd. In the "literary" theatre, language is the main component. In the "anti-literary" Theatre of the Absurd language has been reduced to a mere patter, putting it in contrast to action, and in this devaluation of language it is in tune with the meaningless words of the time. Meaning, if there is any at all, begins

. . . outside language. Large areas of meaningful experience now belong to non-verbal languages such as mathematics, formulae, and logical symbolism. Others belong to "anti-language" such as the practice of non-objective art of atonal music. The world of the word has shrunk.⁷

⁶Ibid., p. 293.

⁷George Steiner, "The Retreat from the Word: I," The Listener, London, July 21, 1960.

The devaluation of language, as expressed in the drama of the Absurd, is merely a satirical magnification of the language, strewn in the wake of mass communication; and in the wake of the growing specialization of life that has made the exchange of ideas, on an increasing number of subjects, impossible between members of different areas of specialization. This philosophy of language-disintegration is also realized in the fact that as man tries to communicate, his words become meaningless because he cannot perceive an intuition of his being; he cannot perceive himself in time and place. He does not know who he is. He does not know where he is and has no intuition of either. As he talks, his words break down into a meaningless jargon, because they lack all objective direction. At one time man had an intuition about God and could aim his words in a God-oriented direction, as at a target. Now he is speaking in an echo chamber, bouncing his voice off the surrounding chamber walls. His words have become nothing more than tinkling cymbals echoing nothing more than tinkling cymbals.

In a letter to the critic George Jean Nathan, Eugene O'Neill says that the dramatist of today has to reveal the root of the sickness of our time. This root of sickness he describes as "the death of the old god and the incapacity of science and materialism to give a new god to the still living religious instinct." The dramatist's task, he continues, is "to find a new meaning of life" with which to allay

man's fear of death.⁸

Out of this consideration of the Absurd and the philosophy of language-disintegration, A Song Is A Blue Fish evolves, creating characters who do not know who they are, or what is going on around them. The play tries to establish a feeling of the Absurd in its thesis by merely presenting the characters' intuition of the ultimate realities as they experience them as the very products of their own "personalities, dreams, fantasies, and nightmares." In other words, for the characters of A Song Is A Blue Fish the world is an Absurd reality, realized by a meaningless plot and an absurd play on words.

If what is real's a fairy tale,
And horses' back feet are a tail,
Could there be feet beneath a whale.

And if sea horses have no feet,
How do they get enough to eat,
Or does the sea have hay beneath.

And if there's hay is it to call,
As well as eat, the way I call,
Hey . . . does not make sense at all.

If you are real and I am real,
And polka dotted horses feel,
That they also perhaps are real,

Then how can we know anything,
About ourselves what's happening,
If it is real or just a dream.

⁸Martin Esslin, ed., Samuel Beckett: Reflections on Samuel Beckett's Plays, by Eva Metman (New Jersey: Prentice Hall, 1965), p. 117.

What does it mean,
What does it mean?⁹

This song sung by Rodanthe, a little girl, and Old Dear, her pet horse, at the outset of the show, reveals the puzzle of their existence, and the confusion they feel about their creation. They are nothing more than a figment of an old man's imagination, characters in a fish tale--"the biggest whopper ever told." They are born into a world that may or may not be real. The question of reality is not answered by the play, and all of the characters in the end go down into the sea, to their beginning place.

Another feeling of the Absurd that is offered by the play is that of isolation, trying to establish an awareness of the ultimate reality of the human condition, which is one of exile without reason.

At the end of the show when the Pirates are "vanished forever" by the Oriental Sea Horses, the good Pirate, Little Tommy, is "vanished," too; for no reason he must pay the price of exile. For "nothing better to do," Little Tommy was a "member of that awful Pirate crew" and must say goodbye forever to Rodanthe, whom he loves, and to Old Dear, his best friend.

As the play ends the Oriental Sea Horses also disappear, and it matters not at all that Old Dear has fallen

⁹Pat Gilbreath, A Song Is A Blue Fish, p. 11.

in love with the Number One Sea Horse, and she with him. "And I guess you'll vanish, too," Old Dear says to her. The Sea Horses all beg Old Dear to come with them but he says, "I'm not like you, my tail won't make a tail to swim." And for no other reasons than that they are not alike, Old Dear and Number One Sea Horse are exiled from their love forever.

"None of it makes any sense," is the response Rodanthe and Old Dear make to this world of fantasy, this place where they have experienced exile in an environment of senseless wonder where songs are blue fish. In answer to their question, "What does it mean," Captain Waves, who created them says that all he can know as an evolutionary fisherman-god is:

I know that gulls can fly,
This much I know,
I know that up is sky,
And far to go,
What's more to know,
That up can snow . . .
I know that I am man,
With far to go,
What's more to know,
The sea to know,
Is me to know.¹⁰

Captain Waves teaches these words to Rodanthe and she sings them as they all go down into the sea, to rise again in curtain call, singing "If what is real's a fairy tale."

The philosophy of the Absurd is a quest for a new religious expression, for a new dimension of understanding

¹⁰Ibid., p. 62.

of who man is, vitally involved in the search for ways to communicate. A Song Is A Blue Fish attempts through fantasy to present the Absurd predicament through its senseless patter and plot, while trying to maintain hope through wonder. The play leaves the puzzle of life unsolved as the very dream itself is exiled in the end--dreamer and all.

Because the play ends the lives of all its characters are over, offering only a song as the consolation prize for existence. In other words, the author has tried to present the absurd, and at the same time leave for the child, who may one day work himself out of the absurd, a picture of wonder; something that is beautiful even though it doesn't make much sense; even though good and bad are exiled; even though when the play is over it ends. The author hopes that the song with which the play ends, preserves a sense of wonder and a nostalgia for what is passing.

God does not die on the day when we cease to believe in a personal deity, but we die on the day when our lives cease to be illumined by the steady radiance, renewed daily, of a wonder, the source of which is beyond all reason.

It is now, in this very moment, that I can and must pay for all that I have received. The past and its load of debt are balanced against the present. And on the future I have no claim.

Is not beauty created at every encounter between a man and life, in which he repays his debt by focusing on the living moment all the power which life has given him as an obligation? Beauty--for the one who pays his debt. For others, too, perhaps.¹¹

¹¹Dag Hammarshyold, Markings, (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1964), p. 56.

A Song Is A Blue Fish is in part a payment for the "living moment," trying to focus on the beauty, which man encounters, even in a world that is Absurd. Somehow, coming at the thesis of the Absurd through a sense of wonder, leaves this writer some hope beyond all reason of existential conviction. Through the eyes of the child the writer tried to renew her own sense of wonder with a song, even though that song is nothing more than a blue fish. And at the same time the writer tried to be true to herself as a product of the Absurd.

A Song Is A Blue Fish is nothing more than a tone poem of the Absurd, through which the author hopes to develop a thesis of wonder that may one day transcend the present philosophy of isolation; wonder being the bridge over which man must cross to new dimensions of faith and understanding. Through the eyes of a child man may see a bridge over the nothing of his existence. This little play is a production of the Absurd, stretching out over nothing in its expression of wonder; a timid formation of a new vision of life that claims at the outset to know nothing more than, "up can snow."

In the second part of this introduction to the production of the play, A Song Is A Blue Fish, the author will give her stylistic considerations in approach to the direction of the play. A Song Is A Blue Fish is a fantasy and should create a mood of a dream, or a mood of something that

happens and then goes away as if it did not happen. The play should create a mood, like a certain kind of day creates a certain kind of mood. The mood of A Song Is A Blue Fish is one of smoked blues and puffy clouds floating overhead, changed by a sudden storm; back to blue and sun again, and finally disappearing as all days do for no reason at all except that the day is over.

The choice of setting, which consists of shapes of sea shacks and nets all in blue, tries to evoke this idea of a dream of life; as do the costumes, the colors of sand and sea and sky and sun and clouds. Old Dear's costume is the color of dark sand. The Sea Horses are the colors of the sea, and the sun, and the sky, right after the sun sets. There are black polka dots on their tails, reminding the audience that they are not all good. The Pirates are black and red, reminding the audience that the sun sets into night. Rodanthe's dress is white and blue, like the best part of the day. The setting and costumes of the play try to evoke a certain mood of a day, which simply comes up with the lights and goes down with the lights.

The approach to directing this tone poem of "Blue Fish" is one of complete involvement with wonder, while trying to maintain, within the fantasy, a realization of the Absurd. It is an attempt to establish movement as a statement of wonder. The actors seem to dance the entire show, but with certain pauses and complete absence of movement.

The audience may wonder why the dance has ceased, but they never pose the question as one of conscious question.

Rather, they evoke the sense of wonder, "What does it mean?"

In the actual direction of the play the primary concern is one of trying to get the actors to be sensitive to the notion of wonder--blocking the play as a dance of life, insisting that an oral interpretation of the poetry of "Blue Fish" is as much a part of the dance as the movement.

The concern for character development in A Song Is A Blue Fish must grow out of the dance; or out of the poem, as it were, the dance and the poem being the same thing. The primary problem of the director is to call forth from her actors a sense of poetic wonder. They must ask themselves, "what does it mean" to dance, to sing, to say poems. The individual characters are not as important as the poem. As a group they are stereotype. The extensive development of characterization is not important to this play. If the show works, as it should work, the characters will disappear, but the poem or song will remain; just as life-characters come and go, but the poem is forever.

A Song Is A Blue Fish is a play which is advertised for children. And it is a play for children, in that it is both written and must be directed from the child's advantage of wonder and belief in the fairy tale. But the director must in the production of A Song Is A Blue Fish try to capture, at the same moment of wonder, a larger sense of the

Absurd, which gives the play an adult level of understanding, albeit arrived through the eyes of a child. This will be attempted in the direction, by trying to call on the child in the actors to respond to wonder, and to "if what is real's a fairy tale," with an adult maturity. The director hopes to achieve through her production, a lifting of the human scene to the imaginary level of the child; allowing a concentration on the perplexities of our condition to take the form of a dance; both the oral dance of poetry and the physical dance of bodies.

The preceding analysis in preparation for the production of A Song Is A Blue Fish, in both its historical and stylistic considerations has, the writer hopes, established as the primary goal of the direction of this play; the desire to communicate from the stage the idea of Zen that: "The denying of reality is the asserting of it."¹²

¹²Martin Esslin, The Theatre of the Absurd, p. 315.

PART II

PROMPT BOOK

(THE SCENE IS BY THE SEA. THE PLAYING AREA INCLUDES A DOCK, AND AN OCEAN. AT RISE CAPTAIN WAVES IS SITTING WITH THE PIANIST, SL.)

CAPTAIN WAVES

(CAPTAIN WAVES IS AN OLD MAN AND A FISHERMAN. HE HAS BEEN BY THE SEA OR ON THE SEA ALL HIS LIFE. HE IS STORY TELLER AND REPRESENTS THE NARRATOR OF EVERYMAN, BOTH CREATING LIFE AS HE TELLS IT, AND TELLING LIFE AS IT IS. HE PRE-SETS HIMSELF DL AT THE PIANO, WHICH IS IN FULL VIEW OF THE AUDIENCE. AS THE LIGHTS COME UP HE CROSSES TO DR, SINGING, AND SITS ON A PILING, THROWING HIS FISHING NET INTO THE OCEAN, WHICH IS FOR THIS PRODUCTION THE ORCHESTRA PIT.)

(SINGING.) By the sea where I was young living off summer,
(WALKS R.)

I walked the long sand under sun and blue,
And became the philosopher
Of Gulls and Kites of everything that flew
Along the Outer Banks, (SITS ON THE PILING R AND CASTS HIS
FISHING NET INTO THE OCEAN OR ORCHESTRA PIT.)

I became with summer a fishing boat.
My mind the Outer Bank
Off which I cast for what I wrote,
My catch was small,
In all of summer I caught only one Blue Fish,

(STILL HOLDING ONTO HIS NET, HE STANDS UP AND PULLS OUT OF THE OCEAN A BLUE FISH, WHICH HAS BEEN ATTACHED TO A LONG STRING AND IS HANGING OFF THE EDGE OF THE STAGE INTO THE PIT.)

I squealed. I'd never know such joy, (HOLDS UP HIS BLUE FISH.)

With my Blue Fish I told of the sky,
And was the boy,
Who showed his catch to everyone. "The sky,"
I sang all the summer long,

"Is my Blue Fish flying," (SITS BACK DOWN ON THE PILING.)
 My catch became my song,
 And when one day I found the summer dying,
 In storms that blew me past my youth, (PUTS THE BLUE FISH
 DOWN BESIDE HIM AND TAKES THE NET IN BOTH HANDS.)
 I learned why fish and songs catch on,
 It is a truth,
 The boy lives on.

(STANDS UP. AS HE SINGS THE REPRISE THE ORCHESTRA PIT
 BEGINS TO RISE AND CAPTAIN WAVES' FISHING NET HAS CAUGHT
 RODANTHE AND OLD DEAR.)

I became with summer a fishing boat,
 My mind the Outer Bank
 Off which I cast for what I wrote,
 My catch was small,
 In all of summer I caught only . . .

(MUSIC OUT AND THE ORCHESTRA PIT RISES LEVEL WITH THE STAGE;
 RODANTHE, WRAPPED UP IN CAPTAIN WAVES' NET ON HIS R, AND OLD
 DEAR WRAPPED UP ON HIS L.)

Rodanthe and Old Dear.

(CAPTAIN WAVES UNWRAPS THEM AND WAKES THEM UP.)

RODANTHE

(RODANTHE, A PRETTY GIRL OF FIFTEEN OR SIXTEEN, AND OLD DEAR,
 HER TALKING HORSE, WAKE UP AND SHAKE THEMSELVES OUT ON
 EITHER SIDE OF CAPTAIN WAVES.)

Is that the only fish you ever caught?

OLD DEAR

(A VERY OLD NAG, WHO IS MORE HUMAN THAN ANIMAL.)

I betcha he bought that one.

RODANTHE

Don't make fun,
 Old Dear,
 Fish stories can be great to hear.

CAPTAIN WAVES

(MOVES L SLOWLY AS IF ENTICING RODANTHE AND OLD DEAR TO FOLLOW. THE ORCHESTRA PIT GOES DOWN.)

Would you
Like to hear how my Blue Fish tale grew?

RODANTHE

Who are you, Sir? (FOLLOWS CAPTAIN WAVES, CAUTIOUSLY.)

CAPTAIN WAVES

(TURNS IN TO RODANTHE, BUILDING THE SUSPENSE OF THE STORY BY CHANGING THE MOOD TO ONE OF QUIET INTENSITY.)

I'm a story teller.
My name is Captain Waves.

OLD DEAR

(FRIGHTENED, HE TRIES TO EASE THE TENSION BY MAKING FUN OF THE SITUATION. HIS DIALOGUE IS A CHANGE IN TEMPO AND HE DOES A LITTLE PIRATE JIG AS HE SAYS HIS LINES, MOVING FROM R TO L OF R WITH FIRST ONE HAND AND THEN THE OTHER TO HIS FOREHEAD, PIRATE FASHION, LOOKING OUT TO SEA. RODANTHE AND CAPTAIN WAVES WATCH HIM FROM L.)

And we're his galley slaves,
Yo ho
Ho ho . . .

CAPTAIN WAVES

(MOVES DL, SITTING ON THE EDGE OF THE STAGE, HANGING HIS FEET OVER THE OCEAN. HIS TEMPO CHANGES TO ONE OF NON-CHALANCE.)

No, not slaves only characters in a fish story,
The biggest whopper ever told,
About a little girl, Rodanthe,

(RODANTHE POINTS TO HERSELF AND LOOKS OUT AT THE AUDIENCE AS IF ASKING THEM IF CAPTAIN WAVES MEANS HER.)

And Old Dear, who's very old.

(OLD DEAR POINTS TO HIMSELF IN THE SAME WAY AS RODANTHE AND THEN MOVES DL TO CAPTAIN WAVES. HIS MOOD IS INDIGNANT.)

OLD DEAR

I don't care what you say,
I'm not old I just look that way.

RODANTHE

(CROSSES L TO CAPTAIN WAVES, TO THE R OF OLD DEAR.)

Do you mean Old Dear and me,
Are in your fish story?

OLD DEAR

(SITS DOWN BY CAPTAIN WAVES, STILL IN THE MOOD OF MAKING FUN.)

If you're really a Captain where's your tatoo . . .
Tat too da loo . . . tat too da loo . . .
Besides I don't believe you thought up Rodanthe,
And me . . .

CAPTAIN WAVES

You have to be as old as me,
To believe all the tales about the sea.

(GETS UP AND CROSSES BEHIND OLD DEAR, IN FRONT OF RODANTHE TO R. RODANTHE AND OLD DEAR FOLLOW HIM SLOWLY. CAPTAIN WAVES TALKS TO THE AUDIENCE AS WELL AS TO RODANTHE AND OLD DEAR.)

This is a story about a Blue Fish,
The catch that became my song,
And Rodanthe and Old Dear and a wish
For all summer long,
This is a story begun in a storm,
To hang the fish tale on. (SITS ON THE SINGLE PILING R.
STORM MUSIC UP.)

OLD DEAR

(LOOKS AROUND HIM BEWILDERED BY THE STORM MUSIC WHICH EVOKES

LIGHTNING AND A CHANGE IN LIGHTING MOOD AS WELL AS TEMPO IN THE CHARACTERS' SPEECH. THEY INCREASE THE TEMPO AS THE STORM MUSIC BUILDS.)

Is this a story about a wish for gold,
That's what I'd like to be told.

CAPTAIN WAVES

(LAUGHS.) I'll see what I can do
For you.

RODANTHE

(RUNS TO PILING C AND LOOKS UP AT THE SKY AND ALL AROUND,
FACING L WITH HER BODY SHE HOLDS ON TO THE PILING.)

The sky is getting grey.

OLD DEAR

(RUNS TO R OF RODANTHE. SHE TURNS IN TO HIM AND SITS ON ONE
OF THE SHORTER PILING C. OLD DEAR AND RODANTHE HOLD ON TO
EACH OTHER.)

What's happening to the day?

RODANTHE

(RUNS TO CAPTAIN WAVES, HOLDING ON TO OLD DEAR.)

Mr. Captain,
How can we know who you are for certain,
And what about Old Dear and me,
Who are we?

CAPTAIN WAVES

(THE STORM MUSIC DISSOLVES INTO THE ORIENTAL SEA HORSE
MUSIC)

I only know that you were born,
Once upon a storm!

SEA HORSES

(THE THREE ORIENTAL SEA HORSES ENTER L SINGING. THEY ARE DRESSED IN ORIENTAL COSTUMES. ONE OF THE SEA HORSES IS YELLOW; ONE PINK; ONE BLUE; AND ALL HAVE POLKA DOTS ON THEIR TAILS. THEY REPRESENT THE MAGIC IN THE SHOW AND SPEAK WITH AN ORIENTAL ACCENT. THEY ARE MAGIC CREATURES. THEIR MOVEMENT ON STAGE, IN THEIR SONG, IS CHOREOGRAPHED.)

(RODANTHE AND OLD DEAR CLIMB UP ON THE PILINGS AND PERCH THERE TO WATCH THE MAGIC HORSES. THE ORIENTAL SEA HORSES ENTER SINGING, STOPPING L, DANCING WITH FANS AS THEY SING.)

Oriental Creatures we,
We're enchanted by the sea,
We swim in oceans wide,
Coming in on every tide.

(MOVE TO R, SINGING AND DANCING.)

We're the horses of the seas,
Magic horses who with ease,
Can swim in oceans wide,
Coming up on every side,

RODANTHE

(DIALOGUE OVER THE SECOND VERSE OF THE ORIENTAL SEA HORSES.)

What's happening!
What's happening!

CAPTAIN WAVES

(DIALOGUE OVER THE SECOND VERSE OF THE ORIENTAL SEA HORSES. HE MOVES C TO THE PILINGS AND SITS ON THE SMALL ONE R OF C.)

Don't be frightened we're only fishing,
These magic seahorse creatures,
With Oriental features,
Will help us with the wishing,
And this tale about our fishing.

OLD DEAR

(ONE VERSE OF MUSIC IS PLAYED WITHOUT THE SEA HORSES SINGING. THEY ARE STAGED INTO A FULLER DANCE, WHICH TAKES THEM BACK TO L. AS THEY PASS IN FRONT OF OLD DEAR C, HE SPIES

THE NUMBER ONE SEA HORSE, DRESSED IN YELLOW, AND GETS EXCITED ABOUT HER. THE MOOD AND TEMPO OF FEAR CHANGING TO ONE OF FALLING IN LOVE AND HE POINTS HER OUT TO CAPTAIN WAVES AND RODANTHE. SEA HORSE NUMBER ONE PASSES C LAST AND AS SHE DOES OLD DEAR GETS OFF THE PILINGS AND FOLLOWS HER AT A DISTANCE.)

Now there's a horse I could fall for,
But a nag to a sea horse is inferior.

(MOVES BACK R, TO L OF C, AND TALKS TO CAPTAIN WAVES.
ORIENTAL SEA HORSE MUSIC STILL UP AND THE SEA HORSES DANCE L.)

Maybe if I were
Rich and had lots of gold to offer . . .
O well,

(SITS ON LOWER PILING L OF C.)

In a fishy story who can tell . . .
That horse might just fall on me,
I guess I'll have to wait and see.

ORIENTAL SEA HORSES

(SINGS.)

We find magic things to do,
Making all your wishes true,

(SINGING, THE SEA HORSES MOVE OUT ONE BY ONE TO SET OFF FLASH POTS. NUMBER ONE SEA HORSE MOVES TO UL AND AS IF WITH A MAGIC MOVEMENT OF HER ARMS CAUSES THE FIRST FLASH POT TO GO OFF.)

Then swim out on the tide,
Singing songs as we outride

(SEA HORSE NUMBER TWO MOVES FROM L AS SOON AS THE FIRST FLASH POT EXPLODES AND GOES ALL THE WAY R BEHIND THE R SINGLE PILING AND CAUSES THE SECOND FLASH POT TO EXPLODE.)

All the fishes of the seas,
And what's more than all of these,

(AS SOON AS FLASH POT NUMBER TWO GOES OFF, SEA HORSE NUMBER THREE MOVES FROM L TO C BEHIND THE C SET OF PILINGS AND CAUSES THE THIRD FLASH POT TO EXPLODE. THIS EXPLOSION SENDS OLD DEAR OFF THE C PILINGS HOLDING HIS SEAT. RODANTHE

STOOPS DOWN IN FRONT OF THE PILINGS AS IF TO HIDE AND CAPTAIN WAVES LAUGHS AND MOVES UR TO SIT DR ON SOME OLD BOXES THAT ARE USED FOR PACKING FISH. SEE FIGURE 1.)

We outride ships beside,
Being magic like the tide.

RODANTHE

(OLD DEAR GRADUALLY SITS BACK DOWN ON THE LOWER PILING L OF C. RODANTHE MOVES TO R AS IF TO TOUCH SEA HORSE NUMBER TWO.)

Those creatures seem so far away,
Yet near enough for me to touch,

(SHE DOES NOT TOUCH SEA HORSE NUMBER TWO AND THEN MOVES TO UL AS IF TO TOUCH SEA HORSE NUMBER ONE. SHE DOES NOT TOUCH HER EITHER.)

I wonder at their being there,
And why they stare at us so much,

(MOVES BACK C AND STANDS BY R OF OLD DEAR, STILL LOOKING AT ALL OF THE SEA HORSES, WHO HAVE FROZEN THEMSELVES IN PLACE OVER THE FLASH POTS.)

They are a magic I can't explain,
So beautiful and shimmering,
Like moonlight on a midnight sea,
I find them quite bewildering.

CAPTAIN WAVES

(TO AUDIENCE AS HE CROSSES DR AND GOES OUT INTO THE AUDIENCE AND SITS ON AN AISLE SEAT, SPEAKING TO THE PEOPLE AROUND HIM.)

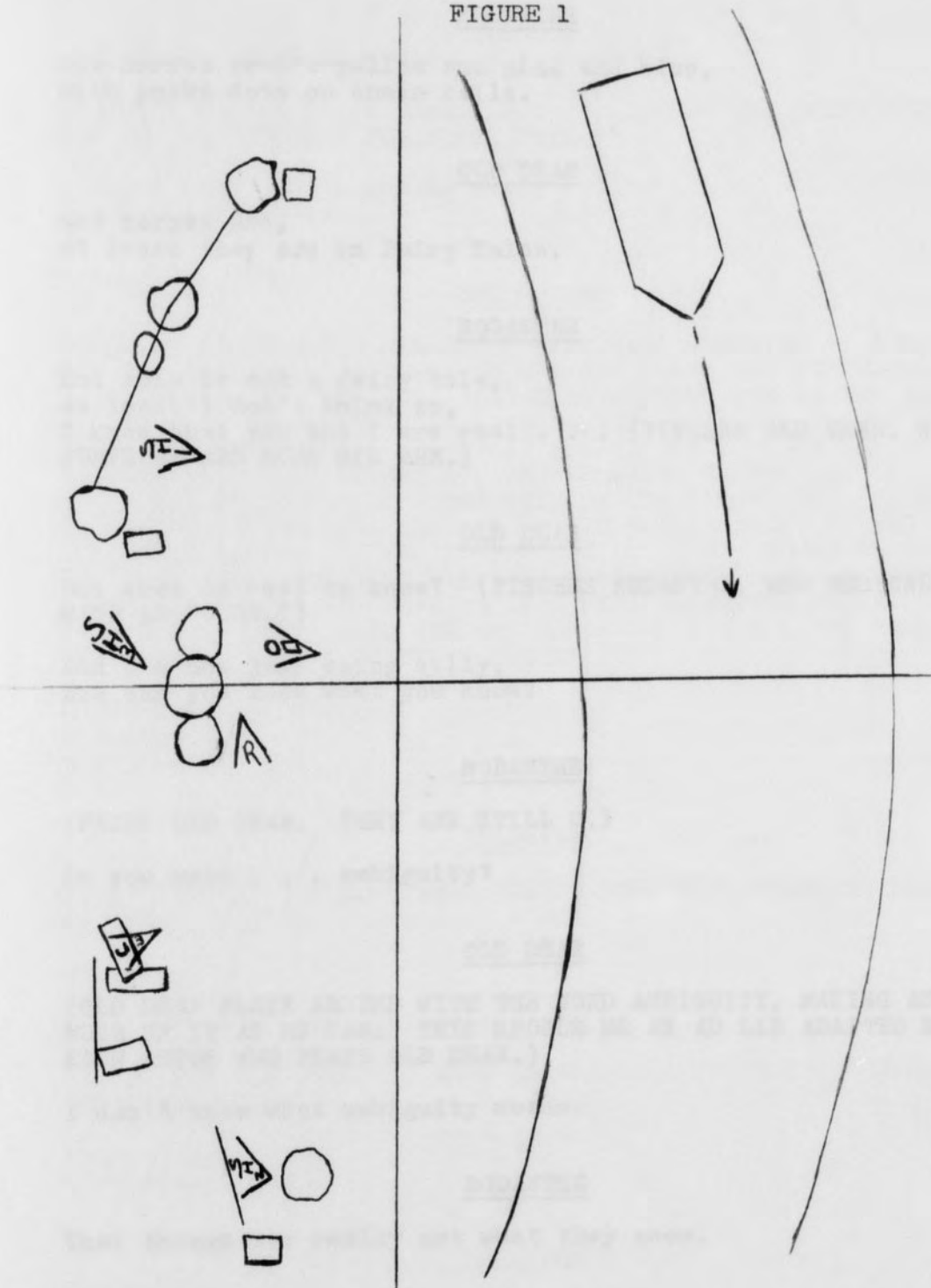
I'm going to sit for a while and watch the show,
And we'll see how a Blue Fish Tale can grow.

OLD DEAR

(CAPTAIN WAVES GOES INTO THE AUDIENCE.)

They're sea horses, Rodanthe!

FIGURE 1



RODANTHE

But horses aren't yellow and pink and blue,
With polka dots on their tails.

OLD DEAR

Sea horses are,
At least they are in Fairy Tales.

RODANTHE

But this is not a fairy tale,
At least I don't think so,
I know that you and I are real . . . (PINCHES OLD DEAR, WHO
JUMPS UP AND RUBS HIS ARM.)

OLD DEAR

But what is real to know? (PINCHES RODANTHE, WHO RESPONDS
WITH AN "OUCH.")

And I'm not just being silly,
How can you know what you know?

RODANTHE

(FACES OLD DEAR. THEY ARE STILL C.)

Do you mean . . . ambiguity?

OLD DEAR

(OLD DEAR PLAYS AROUND WITH THE WORD AMBIGUITY, MAKING AS
MUCH OF IT AS HE CAN. THIS SHOULD BE AN AD LIB ADAPTED BY
EACH ACTOR WHO PLAYS OLD DEAR.)

I don't know what ambiguity means.

RODANTHE

That things are really not what they seem.

OLD DEAR

Then that's what I mean,

(CROSSES TO SEA HORSE NUMBER TWO, R, BEHIND THE SMALL PILING AND VERY CAUTIOUSLY PULLS HER TAIL.)

A fairy tale just might be real,
Reality a fairy tale.

SEA HORSES

(CALLING IN UNISON. THE SEA HORSES CALL RODANTHE IN A MAGIC WAY AND EACH CROSSES FROM HER SPECIAL FLASH POT AND TAKES POSITIONS ON THE PILINGS. SEA HORSE NUMBER ONE ON THE TALLEST PILING SITS FACING PROFILE L, WITH HER RIGHT LEG PULLED UP IN A GLAMOROUS FASHION. SEA HORSE NUMBER ONE SITS ON THE PILING L UNDER SEA HORSE NUMBER TWO AND ARRANGES HERSELF IN THE SAME WAY. SEA HORSE NUMBER THREE SITS ON THE FLOOR RIGHT UNDER SEA HORSE NUMBER TWO, LEGS STRETCHED OUT IN FRONT OF HER. ALL THREE HORSES ARE FACING PROFILE L. THEY SHOULD BE IN POSITION ABOUT THE TIME THE LAST "RODANTHE" IS CALLED OUT. A FEW MORE CALLS MAY HAVE TO BE ADDED. RODANTHE DURING THIS TIME HAS CROSSED R AND SHE AND OLD DEAR ON HER L ARE HOLDING ON TO EACH OTHER L OF THE R PILING.)

Rodanthe e e e .
Rodanthe e e e .
Rodanthe e e e .

RODANTHE

(RODANTHE AND OLD DEAR MOVE CLOSER TOGETHER, RODANTHE SITS ON THE R PILING.)

Old Dear,
It's all so queer,
Nothing's ever what it seems,

(MUSIC FOR THE SONG "IF WHAT IS REAL'S A FAIRY TALE" COMES UNDER THE DIALOGUE.)

What does it mean?
What does it mean?

RODANTHE

(RODANTHE AND OLD DEAR SIT ON THE EDGE OF THE STAGE DR IN

FRONT OF THE DR PILING. THEY SIT ALL DURING THE SONG BUT MUCH MOVEMENT OF FEET SWINGING AND PLAYING OFF EACH OTHER. REACTION TO WHAT THE OTHER IS SINGING.)

If what is real's a fairy tale,
And horses back feet are a tail,
Could there be feet beneath a whale?

OLD DEAR

(SINGS)

And if sea horses have no feet,
How do they get enough to eat,
Or does the sea have hay beneath?

And if there's hay is it to call,
As well as eat the way I call?
HEY! . . . (HE READS THIS "HEIGH," CALLING IT VERY LOUDLY
AS IF IT WERE A NEIGH.)

RODANTHE

(SINGS)

. . . hay does not make sense at all.

RODANTHE AND OLD DEAR

(SING)

If I am real and you are real,
And polka dotted horses feel,
That they also perhaps are real,

RODANTHE

(SINGS)

Then how can I know anything,
About ourselves what's happening,
If it is real or just a dream?

RODANTHE AND OLD DEAR

(SING)

To those who do not understand,
 Realities' a fairy land,
 I'm sure I do not understand,
 Nothing's ever what it seems,

RODANTHE

(SINGS)

What does it mean?

OLD DEAR

(SINGS)

What does it mean?

RODANTHE AND OLD DEAR

(SING)

What does it mean?

SEA HORSES

(SEA HORSES STILL IN PROFILE POSITIONS GOSSIP ABOUT
 RODANTHE.)

Ah so o o o o . . .

Ah so o o o o . . .

Ah so o o o o . . .

Rodanthe . . .

Rodanthe . . .

Rodanthe . . .

(THEY GIGGLE.)

RODANTHE

The horses are calling us,
 Puzzling . . .

OLD DEAR

(RUNS C TO SEA HORSE NUMBER ONE AND NUZZLES HER.)

Sea horses are for nuzzling . . .

SEA HORSES

(THE SEA HORSES GET UP FROM THE PILINGS AND BEGIN BACKING OFF L, SINGLE FILE--SEA HORSE NUMBER THREE THE FIRST TO BEGIN BACKING. THEY MOVE THEIR ARMS LIKE THE WAVES IN AN UNDERTOW AS THEY MOVE. THEIR MOOD IS ONE OF MAGIC PEOPLE CASTING A SPELL.)

Come with us s s s . . .

Come with us s s s . . .

SEA HORSE NUMBER ONE

(SPEAKS ESPECIALLY TO OLD DEAR IN A WAY THAT WE KNOW SHE HAS FALLEN FOR HIM.)

Come with us . . .

RODANTHE

I've got to see what they want, (CROSSES SLOWLY L TO STAND R OF OLD DEAR C.)

I feel a real magic is near,

(STORM MUSIC COMES BACK UP.)

I'm drawn to the horses as if the tide
Were pulling me away from here.

OLD DEAR

(THE SEA HORSES ARE CROSSING BACK AND FORTH FROM DL TO DRC LIKE WAVES MOVING IN AND OUT, AND WITH THEIR ARMS THEY ARE TRYING TO ENTICE RODANTHE AND OLD DEAR TO FOLLOW THEM. OLD DEAR IS PULLED OFF HIS FEET TWICE IN THE DIRECTION OF THE HORSES AS THEY MOVE OFF L.)

We'd better not go,

If we're caught in the undertow,
It means the end of the show;

(THE MOTION WORKS ITSELF INTO THE THREE HORSES PULLING IN A STYLIZED FASHION WITH THEIR BODIES, AND RODANTHE AND OLD DEAR ARE CAUGHT UP IN THE MOVEMENT, SO THAT ALL OF THE PEOPLE ON THE STAGE ARE MOVING BACK AND FORTH FROM L TO DRC, RODANTHE AND OLD DEAR BEING PULLED OUT ON THE TIDE OF THE SEA HORSES.)

It's like being drawn
Into the eye of a storm;
Their beauty and calm,
Might be putting us on . . .
Of course . . .
I'd sure like to meet that beautiful horse . . .
Oh if I were
Only rich and had lots of gold to offer . . .

SEA HORSE NUMBER ONE

Come on Old Dear . . .

SEA HORSES NUMBER TWO AND THREE

Come here . . .
Come here . . .

OLD DEAR

(OLD DEAR GRABS RODANTHE'S HAND AND SNATCHES HER ALMOST OFF HER FEET. THE SEA HORSES EXIT L AND OLD DEAR AND RODANTHE FOLLOW.)

What's there to fear!
What's there to fear!
(EXITS.)

THE STORM MUSIC DISSOLVES INTO THE STAR DANCE MUSIC AS SOON AS THE SEA HORSES AND RODANTHE AND OLD DEAR ARE OFF STAGE. THE FUNNY STARS ENTER L DANCING, WITH THE SEA HORSES' DIALOGUE UNDER.)

SEA HORSES

Stars fall down
When Sea Horses around.

(THE FUNNY STARS ARE CHOREOGRAPHED INTO A DANCE WHICH MOVES THEM ALL OVER THE STAGE, HANGING STARS ON THE NETS AND FISH SHACKS; THROWING STARS (SILVER AND GOLD TINSEL) FROM THEIR SAND BUCKETS, WHICH THEY BRING ON WITH THEM, AND MAKING THE STAGE INTO ANOTHER PHASE OF MAGIC TIME. THEIR DANCE SHOULD BE FUNNY. AFTER THE DANCE THEY CROSS UR OF C AND SIT ON ONE OF THE FISH PACKING BOXES, EXHAUSTED.)

SEA HORSE NUMBER ONE

(MUSIC UNDER, THE SEA HORSES ENTER L ONE AT A TIME. SEA HORSE NUMBER ONE ENTERS AND JUMPS ON THE TALLEST PILING C, SETS HERSELF ON ONE KNEE, THE OTHER LEG RAISED FOR SUPPORT, AND STRETCHING OUT HER ARMS, SPEAKS.)

Sea Horse magic born.

SEA HORSE NUMBER TWO

(SEA HORSE NUMBER TWO ENTERS L, RUNS FOR THE PILINGS C AND JUMPS ON THE PILING R OF C, REPEATING THE MOVEMENT OF SEA HORSE NUMBER ONE.)

Sea Horse magic born.

SEA HORSE NUMBER THREE

SEA HORSE NUMBER THREE ENTERS L, RUNS FOR THE PILINGS C AND JUMPS ON THE PILING L OF C, REPEATING THE MOVEMENT OF SEA HORSE NUMBER ONE AND TWO.)

Sea Horse magic born.

SEA HORSE NUMBER ONE

(ALL OF THE HORSES SIT ON THE PILINGS IN A RELAXED WAY, FACING DS.)

Sea horses say reality gone.

RODANTHE

(RODANTHE AND OLD DEAR TIPTOE ON L, CROSSING VERY SLOWLY R TO THE PILINGS C.)

Fair creatures,

In all the world the most wondrous strange,
 Little horses what magic's yours,
 To bring about this great sea change.

SEA HORSE NUMBER ONE

(RODANTHE AND OLD DEAR ARE L OF THE C PILINGS; OLD DEAR
 BEHIND RODANTHE. THE SEA HORSES SPEAK FROM C STILL ON THE
 PILINGS.) SEE FIGURE 2.)

Oriental Horses we,
 Have come to see,

SEA HORSE NUMBER TWO

If you
 Might have wish or two,

SEA HORSE NUMBER THREE

That we
 Could make come true.

RODANTHE

Is this the magic place for wishing on stars? (GETS VERY
 EXCITED.)

SEA HORSES

(THEY CHANT)

You leetle girl,
 In world of fishes,
 Made magic by Oriental Sea Horses,
 Who grant wishes.

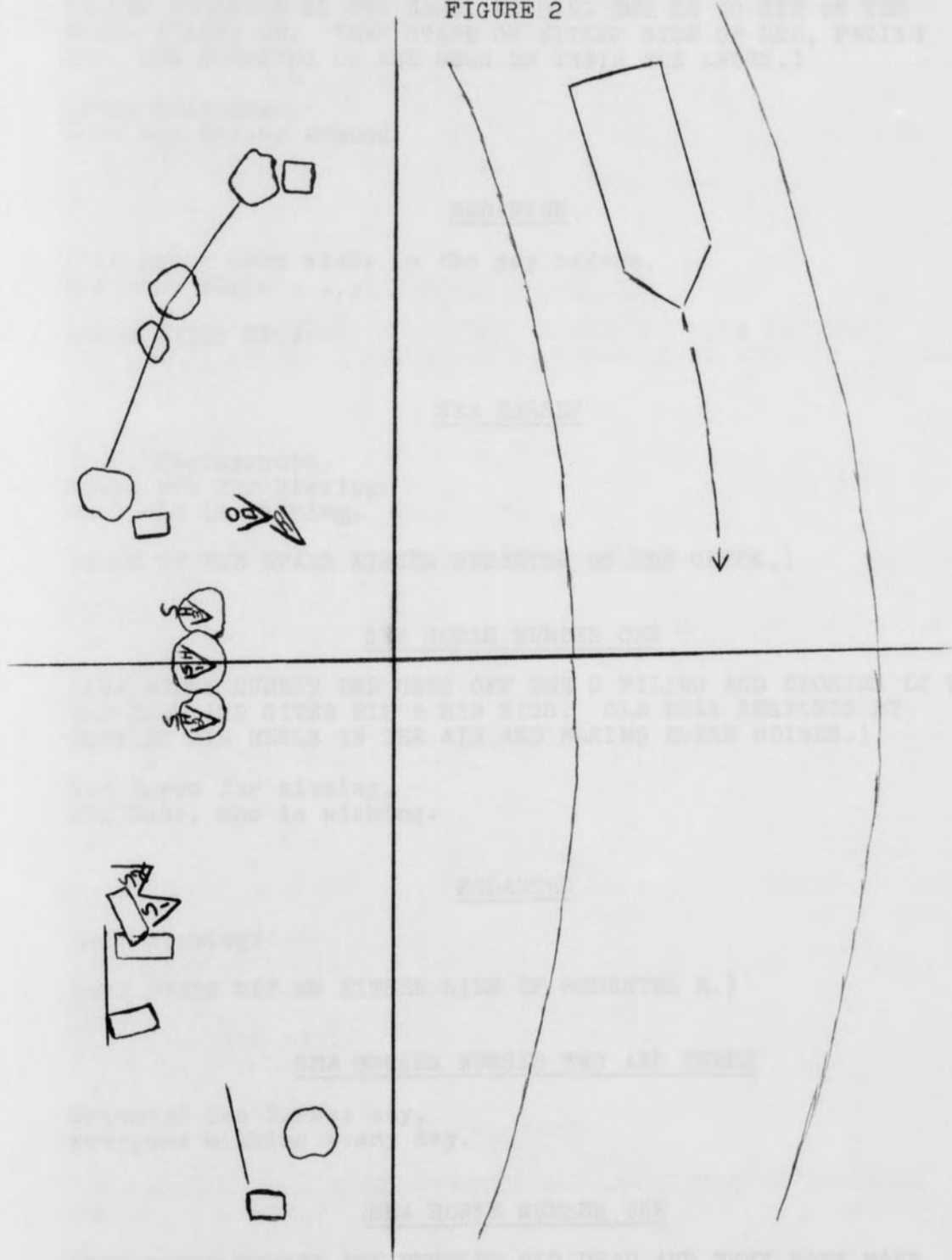
RODANTHE

But what about the stars?

SEA HORSES

(STARS CROSS FROM THE UR FISH PACKING BOXES TO D R OF C,

FIGURE 2



TAKING RODANTHE BY THE HAND, LEADING HER DR TO SIT ON THE
SMALL PILING DR. THEY STAND ON EITHER SIDE OF HER, FACING
HER, AND BOUNCING UP AND DOWN ON THEIR TOE SHOES.)

Stars fall down,
When Sea Horses around.

RODANTHE

I've never seen stars in the day before,
All this magic . . .

(STAR MUSIC UP.)

SEA HORSES

. . . furthermore,
Stars are for kissing,
Girl who is wishing.

(EACH OF THE STARS KISSES RODANTHE ON THE CHEEK.)

SEA HORSE NUMBER ONE

(SEA HORSE NUMBER ONE GETS OFF THE C PILING AND CROSSES LC TO
OLD DEAR AND GIVES HIM A BIG KISS. OLD DEAR RESPONDS BY
KICKING HIS HEELS IN THE AIR AND MAKING HORSE NOISES.)

Sea Horse for kissing,
Old Dear, who is wishing.

RODANTHE

Am I wishing?

(THE STARS SIT ON EITHER SIDE OF RODANTHE R.)

SEA HORSES NUMBER TWO AND THREE

Oriental Sea Horses say,
Everyone wishing every day.

SEA HORSE NUMBER ONE

(SEA HORSE NUMBER ONE NUZZLES OLD DEAR AND THEY BOTH MAKE

HORSE LOVE NOISES STANDING L OF C. SEA HORSE NUMBER ONE IS TALKING TO RODANTHE BUT ADDRESSING OLD DEAR.)

Some days wisher get lucky,
Like you girl, lucky.

Stars fall for you,
Say to
Magic Sea Horses,

SEA HORSE NUMBER TWO

(SEA HORSES TWO AND THREE CROSS R AND KNEEL IN FRONT OF RODANTHE L OF DR PILING ON WHICH RODANTHE IS SITTING, FACING 3/4 FRONT.)

Chart courses,
To Rodanthe,
She good and kind,

SEA HORSE NUMBER THREE

Find
Her and tell her,
She in favor.

RODANTHE

What does it mean?

SEA HORSES

Mean,
Sea Horse Fishes,
In charge of wishes,
In all world,
Girl,
What you wish most,
Come true on sea coast.

RODANTHE

(THE STARS CROSS THEIR FINGERS AND LEGS, HELPING RODANTHE THINK UP A WISH.)

I wish most . . .

I wish most . . .

OLD DEAR

Rodanthe, you could wish for gold. (FROM L WHERE HE IS
STANDING WITH SEA HORSE NUMBER ONE.)

CAPTAIN WAVES

(FROM THE AUDIENCE.)

Hold
On Old Dear this is Rodanthe's wish.

OLD DEAR

(CROSSES DL AND SITS ON THE EDGE OF THE STAGE OVER THE PIT:
OVER THE OCEAN.)

Yeah . . . and it'll probably be for a blue fish.

RODANTHE

(GETS UP AND CROSSES L TO R OF OLD DEAR AND SITS DOWN BESIDE
HIM.)

Old Dear don't be unkind.

OLD DEAR

(GETS UP AND RUSHES BACK UL TO NUMBER ONE SEA HORSE AND HUGS
HER. SEA HORSE NUMBER TWO AND THREE SIT ORIENTAL FASHION ON
THE FLOOR WITH THE STARS R.)

Why don't we wish for a place,
Where Old Dear can embrace
Sea Horses.

RODANTHE

Be serious,
Old Dear, I've got to get on with the wishing.

CAPTAIN WAVES

In this tale about our fishing. (FROM THE AUDIENCE.)

RODANTHE

(GETS UP AND CROSSES UL TO NUMBER ONE SEA HORSE AND OLD DEAR, STANDING L OF NUMBER ONE SEA HORSE, WHO IS STANDING L OF OLD DEAR. OLD DEAR IS 3/4 FRONT FACING L: RODANTHE IS 3/4 FRONT FACING R.) SEE FIGURE 3.)

I know what I'm going to wish!
To be as happy as Captain Waves was about his blue fish!

OLD DEAR

(OLD DEAR CROSSES D AND TALKS TO THE AUDIENCE, SITTING ON THE EDGE OF THE STAGE L.)

See what I told you,
I'd know what she'd do.
Make up a wish
About a blue fish.

RODANTHE

(CROSSES VERY SLOWLY R TO THE STARS AS SHE IS TALKING, MAKING UP THE WISH AS SHE WALKS.)

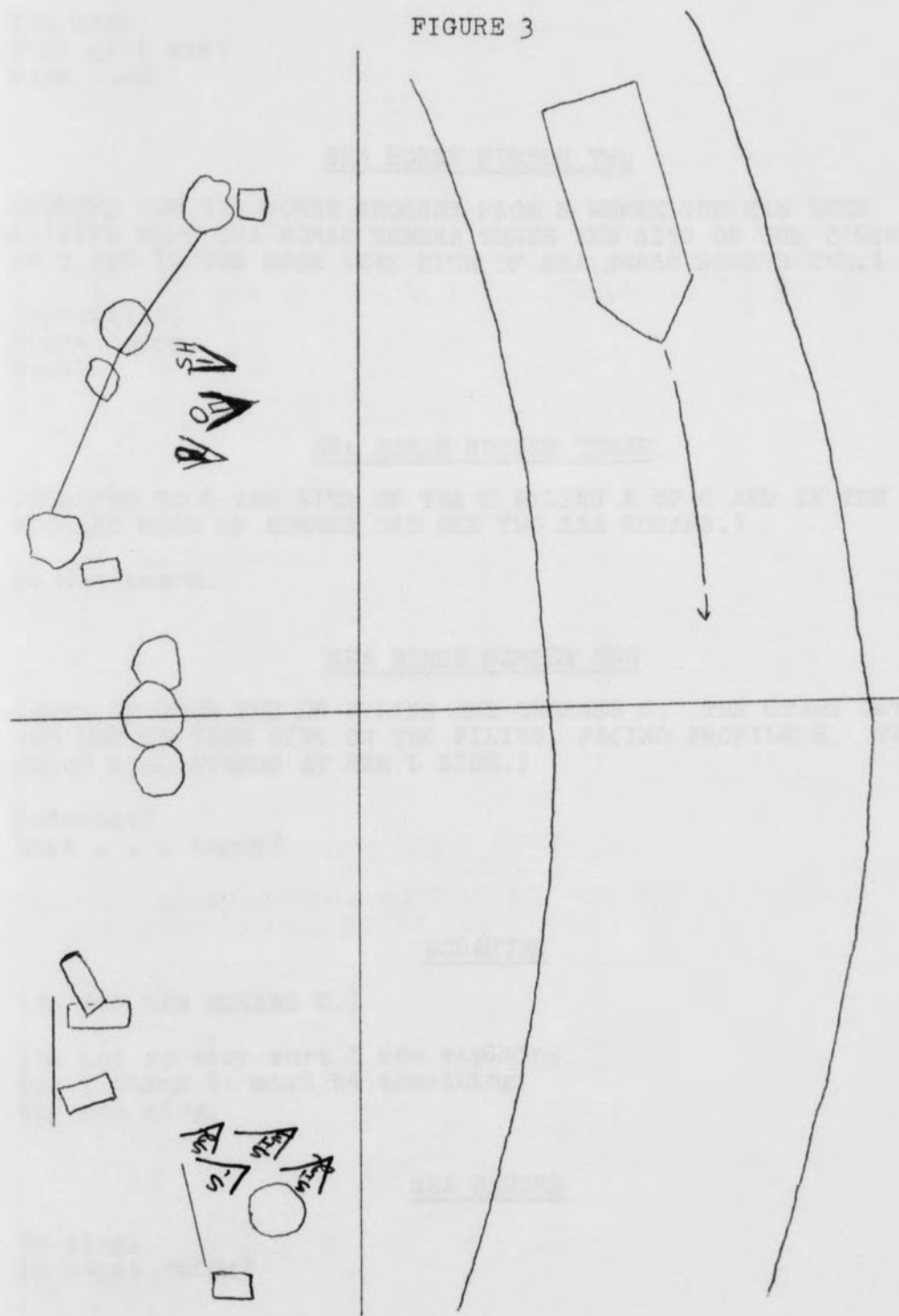
Yes, that's it. I want to be happy!
To always be happy . . .
For everyone to be happy . . .
For Old Dear,
And me.

(THE STARS CROSS L AND MEET HER L OF C AND LEAD HER BACK TO THE DR PILING. RODANTHE SITS ON THE PILING STILL IN A MOOD OF WISHING. THE STARS SIT IN FRONT OF HER AND HELP HER WISH BY TAKING HER HANDS AND SQUEEZING THEM. RODANTHE IS FACING PROFILE L, THE STARS SITTING SIDE BY SIDE RIGHT IN FRONT OF HER.)

SEA HORSE NUMBER ONE

(CROSSES C BEHIND THE C PILING, RESTING HER ELBOWS ON THE PILING AND HER HEAD IN HER HANDS.)

FIGURE 3



You hear
 What girl ask?
 Some task

SEA HORSE NUMBER TWO

(NUMBER TWO SEA HORSE CROSSES FROM R WHERE SHE HAS BEEN SITTING WITH SEA HORSE NUMBER THREE AND SITS ON THE PILING L OF C AND IN THE MOOD VERY MUCH OF SEA HORSE NUMBER ONE.)

'specially,
 Since happy,
 Word

SEA HORSE NUMBER THREE

(CROSSES TO C AND SITS ON THE C PILING R OF C AND IN THE PUZZLED MOOD OF NUMBER ONE AND TWO SEA HORSES.)

We not heard.

SEA HORSE NUMBER ONE

(GETS UP FROM THE DR PILING AND CROSSES C. THE STARS GET UP AND ONE OF THEM SITS ON THE PILING, FACING PROFILE R. THE OTHER STAR STANDS AT HER L SIDE.)

Rodanthe?
 What . . . happy?

RODANTHE

(TO THE SEA HORSES C.)

I'm not so very sure I can explain.
 But I think it must be something
 You can sing,

SEA HORSES

To sing,
 Is happy thing?

RODANTHE

I think so.

PIRATES

(THE VOICES COME FROM OFF STAGE. IN THIS PRODUCTION THE OCEAN IS IN THE ORCHESTRA PIT WHICH GOES UP AND DOWN FOR ENTRANCES OUT OF THE OCEAN. THE PIRATES' VOICES ARE COMING FROM THE PIT NOW AND BEFORE THEIR ENTRANCE. VOICES ARE IN THE PIT DL.)

No!

No!

No!

RODANTHE

Or perhaps to dance,
Is happy . . .

SEA HORSE NUMBER ONE

(PIRATE MUSIC UNDER ALL OF THE FOLLOWING.)

Happy,

SEA HORSE NUMBER TWO

(ALL OF THE SEA HORSES FACE DS AND ARE PERFECTLY STILL.
RODANTHE VERY STILL AND FACING DS.)

Perchance

SEA HORSE NUMBER THREE

To dance . . .

SEA HORSES

To dance and sing
The happy thing . . .
Puzzling
This happy thing.

(OLD DEAR CAUTIOUSLY PEEPS OVER THE PIT.)

BLACK BEARD

(BLACK BEARD CALLS FROM THE PIT. OLD DEAR FRIGHTENED DOES A FLIP BACKWARDS, THEN SCRAMBLES BACK TO THE EDGE OF THE OCEAN TO TAKE ANOTHER LOOK.)

No!

SKULL

(SKULL CALLS FROM OFF STAGE. OLD DEAR DOES ANOTHER FLIP BACKWARDS AND ENDS CLOSER TO C PILINGS, L OF C.)

No!

TURTLE

No!

SEA HORSE NUMBER ONE

(CROSSES L AND SITS BY OLD DEAR AS IF TO COMFORT HIM.)

Happy is galleon
For sailing on.

(RODANTHE CROSSES DC TO LOOK OVER INTO THE OCEAN; FRIGHTENED SHE RETURNS QUICKLY TO SIT ON THE C PILING, AND CRAWLS UP AS IF TO GET OUT OF THE WAY OF DANGER.)

OLD DEAR

If you say so,
But how do you know?

SEA HORSE NUMBER ONE

Sea Horse make conversation,
Not certain about galleon
To be happy on.

OLD DEAR

(OLD DEAR AND THE SEA HORSE GET CLOSER AND CLOSER.)

You mean you just want to talk to me?

SEA HORSE NUMBER ONE

Sea Horse want to make Old Dear happy.

OLD DEAR

Why don't you and "me" set sail . . .

PIRATES

(STILL CALLING FROM OFF STAGE. IN THIS PRODUCTION THE LIFT IS TIMED TO BEGIN RISING WITH THE PIRATES ON BOARD THEIR SHIP. ALL THIS TIME THE PIRATES ARE LAUGHING BOISTEROUSLY AND AD LIB PIRATE TALK, "BRING HER AROUND"; "GET YOUR FOOT OFF THE ANCHOR"; "A MAN OVERBOARD"; FOLLOWED BY MUCH LAUGHTER. THE PIRATE MUSIC IS UNDER ALL OF THE SCENE.)

Drinking ale . . .

Yo Ho

Ho ho.

OLD DEAR

(GETS UP, CROSSES DL, LOOKING OUT AT THE AUDIENCE WITH HIS HAND TO HIS FOREHEAD, SEARCHING, AS IF FOR A SHIP.)

Great idea,
For a happy Old Dear,
Bring on the ship,
Let's take a trip,
Drinking ale,
We'll set sail
In search of gold . . .

PIRATES

(THE LIFT SHOWING THE MAST OF THE SHIP BY NOW.)

Yo ho

Ho ho!

RODANTHE

(CROSSES L TO R OF OLD DEAR.)

Old Dear are you sure all these things
Are happy things?

I mean

Gold and happy and galleons and dancing and singing?

(THE SHIP IS STILL RISING AND AT THE SAME TIME IS MOVING ON
WHEELS FROM L TO R SO THAT IT LOOKS AS IF IT'S SAILING ON.)

OLD DEAR

You have to try everything,
Before you find the happy thing!

SEA HORSES

(SEA HORSES NUMBER TWO AND THREE CROSS L AND JOIN SEA HORSE
NUMBER ONE AND THEN THE THREE OF THEM CROSS DL OF C, AND
WITH GREAT FORMALITY AND BOWING, THEY BACK UP ALL THE WAY
UR, USHERING IN THE CARDBOARD PIRATE SHIP. THE STARS R GO
MAD, RUNNING ALL OVER THE STAGE, THROWING THEIR ARMS IN THE
AIR, COVERING ALMOST EVERY SPACE OF THE STAGE CROSSING FROM
R TO L AND BACK AGAIN, FINALLY ENDING UP BEHIND THE LITTLE
FISH SHACKS UR. OLD DEAR AND RODANTHE RUN ALL THE WAY DL
AND HOLD ON TO EACH OTHER. THE PIRATES PARK THEIR SHIP,
WHICH IS ALL THE WAY UP ON THE LIFT BY THIS TIME AND HAS
CROSSED FROM L TO R ON THE LIFT. SEE FIGURE 4.)

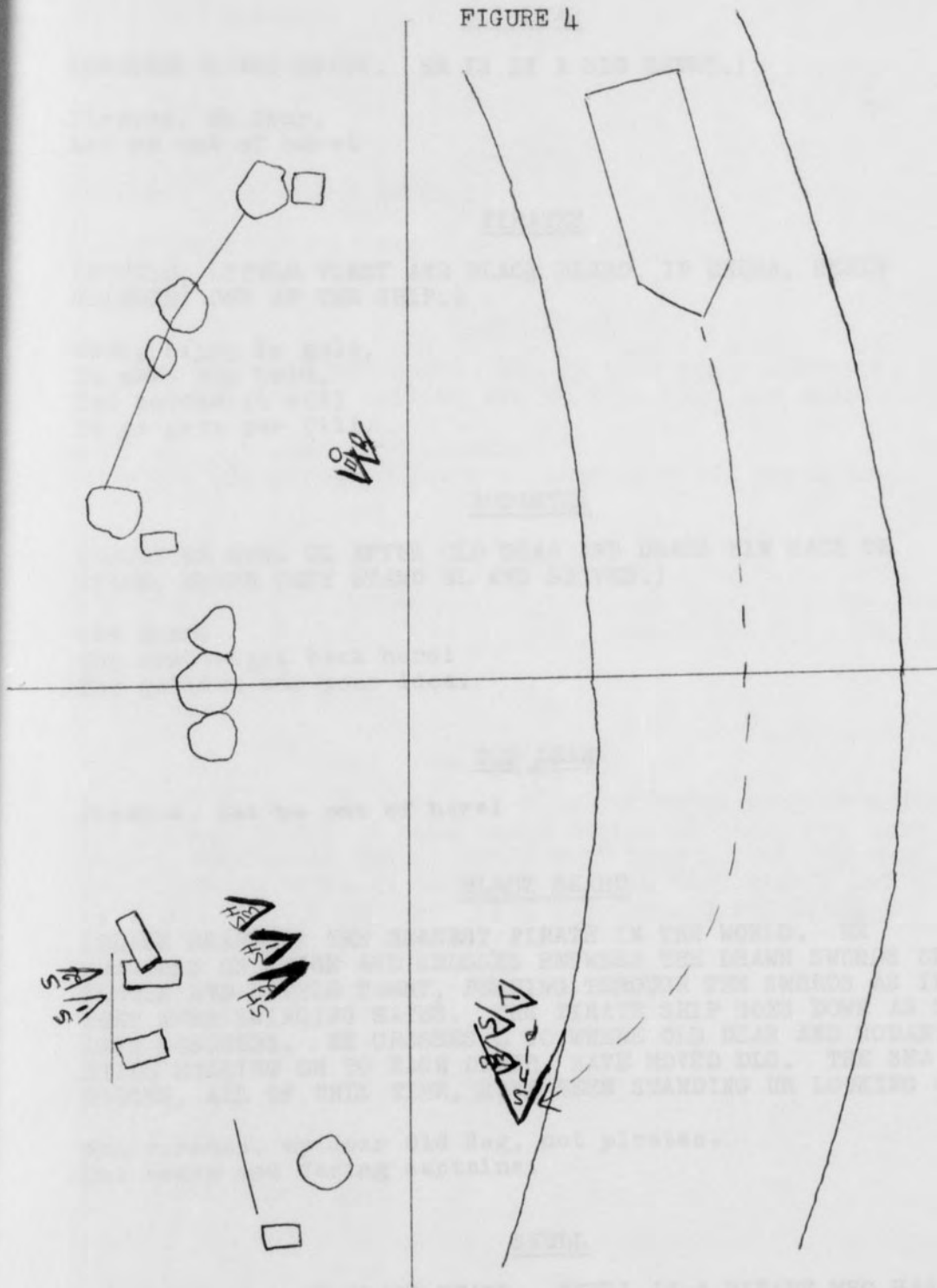
Magic bold,
In search of gold,
Galleon!
For sailing on!

PIRATES

(BLACK BEARD HANDS A BIG CHEST TO SKULL WHO GETS OFF THE
PIRATE SHIP WITH IT AND CROSSES L TO THE C PILINGS WHERE HE
PUTS IT DOWN R OF C BY THE FIRST OF THE PILINGS. HE THEN
RESTS HIS LEFT FOOT ON TOP OF THE CHEST. ALL OF THE PIRATES
ARE AD LIBBING ABOUT HOW WONDERFUL IT IS TO WISH FOR GOLD;
TO GET ALL YOU CAN WITH A WISH.)

Happy is golden;
To get whatcha can . . .

FIGURE 4



OLD DEAR

(CROSSES L AND EXITS. HE IS IN A BIG HURRY.)

Pirates, oh dear,
Let me out of here!

PIRATES

(TURTLE, LITTLE TOMMY AND BLACK BEARD, IN ORDER, BEGIN CLIMBING OUT OF THE SHIP.)

Yeah, happy is gold,
To make you bold,
You betcha it will
If ya gets yer fill.

RODANTHE

(RODANTHE RUNS UL AFTER OLD DEAR AND DRAGS HIM BACK ON STAGE, WHERE THEY STAND UL AND SHIVER.)

Old Dear,
You come right back here!
The galleon was your idea.

OLD DEAR

Pirates, let me out of here!

BLACK BEARD

(BLACK BEARD IS THE MEANEST PIRATE IN THE WORLD. HE SWAGGERS ON STAGE AND CROSSES BETWEEN THE DRAWN SWORDS OF TURTLE AND LITTLE TOMMY, PUSHING THROUGH THE SWORDS AS IF THEY WERE SWINGING GATES. THE PIRATE SHIP GOES DOWN AS THE LIFT DESCENDS. HE CROSSES L TO WHERE OLD DEAR AND RODANTHE, STILL HOLDING ON TO EACH OTHER, HAVE MOVED DL. THE SEA HORSES, ALL OF THIS TIME, HAVE BEEN STANDING UR LOOKING ON.)

Not pirates, my dear Old Nag, not pirates.
But brave and daring captains.

SKULL

(CROSSES TO L OF BLACK BEARD. SKULL IS A PIRATE WHO HAS A

SKULL FOR A HEAD.)

Of galleons . . .

TURTLE

(CROSSES L TO THE R OF SKULL.)

Rapscallions . . .

BLACK BEARD

(BLACK BEARD PUNCHES SKULL, WHO IN TURN KICKS TURTLE IN THE SEAT OF THE PANTS, CAUSING HIM TO FALL DR, HIS HEAD DS.)

What are you some kind of nut,
When are you going to learn to keep your big mouth shut.

SKULL

(APOLOGIZING FOR TURTLE.)

Australians . . .
We're Australians . . .

LITTLE TOMMY

(CROSSES QUICKLY L, TRIPPING OVER THE PRONE BODY OF TURTLE AND LANDING RIGHT AT RODANTHE'S FEET. HE TAKES HER HAND, GETS UP AND LEADS HER DL WHERE THEY BOTH SIT ON THE EDGE OF THE STAGE, LOOKING AT EACH OTHER. OLD DEAR STANDS DRC WITH HIS HANDS ON HIS HIPS DRC WITH BLACK BEARD AND SKULL AND THE FALLEN TURTLE.)

That's right ma'am,
Australians.

BLACK BEARD

(TURTLE GETS UP.)

What's with him?

OLD DEAR

(CROSSES R AND CALLS OUT TO CAPTAIN WAVES IN THE AUDIENCE.
CAPTAIN WAVES SHRUGS.)

Pirates I can do without,
What's this fishy story all about?

SEA HORSE NUMBER ONE

(CROSSES DR TO L OF OLD DEAR.)

You, Old Dear, asked Sea Horses for gold . . .

OLD DEAR

Oh . . .

BLACK BEARD

(CROSSES DOWN TO R OF RODANTHE. NUMBER TWO AND THREE SEA
HORSES CROSS DR AND STAND DIRECTLY BEHIND OLD DEAR AND SEA
HORSE NUMBER ONE.)

Look, dear horses and dear girl,
We brave and good fellows have sailed 'round the world,
And believe me, dear lady,
We've learned about happy . . .
Eh, fellows . . .?

SKULL

(CROSSES IN TO BLACK BEARD DL.)

Yeah . . . and it's yellow!

BLACK BEARD

That's right, happy is yellow,
Gold is the happy color.
Wish for gold on the stars
And you'll be happy . . .

TURTLE

(CROSSES IN TO SKULL DL.)

. . . and very popular
With us pirates.

SKULL

That's right mates.

RODANTHE

Then do I wish for gold to be happy?

SEA HORSE NUMBER ONE

(CROSSES C. OLD DEAR FOLLOWS BEHIND HER AND THE OTHER TWO SEA HORSES CROSS DS, PUZZLED. THE STARS VENTURE TO PEEP OUT FROM EITHER SIDE OF THE FISH SHACK WHERE THEY HAVE BEEN HIDING.)

Rodanthe,
We not sure,
Wish mature,
Gold may be happy . . .
But also money . . .

SEA HORSES

And to be rich . . .
Not very good wish.

BLACK BEARD

Rodanthe, us . . . us sailors, (HESITATES.)
. . . in our sailing,

(TURTLE AND SKULL ABOUT DIE LAUGHING AT THIS AND BLACK BEARD, WHO IS TRYING TO MAKE OUT LIKE A REAL SAILOR AND PUTTING ON AN ACT FOR RODANTHE, TURNS TO FACE GLARES AT TURTLE AND SKULL, WHO SHUT UP IMMEDIATELY AS THEY BACK UP TO C PILING. SKULL SINKS DOWN ON THE C PILING L OF C. BLACK BEARD TURNS BACK AROUND AND CONTINUES TALKING TO RODANTHE.)

Have learned more

Thank a little
About what gold can bring

TURTLE

(CROSSES TO R OF BLACK BEARD.)

And it's happy galore!

OLD DEAR

(CROSSES, VERY CAUTIOUSLY, L, STOPPING IN FRONT OF THE PILING R OF C.)

Yeah,
Yeah,
Tell us more.

RODANTHE

If happy is gold,
Then what is to sing?

SEA HORSES

To sing
Better than gold,
Old
Wish men say.

BLACK BEARD

Wise guys say.

OLD DEAR

(CROSSES D AND SPEAKS TO THE AUDIENCE.)

Pirates are smarter
Than I thought they were . . .

RODANTHE

(CALLS TO THE SEA HORSES.)

Do I wish for gold or for a song,
And what if what I wish is wrong?

SEA HORSE NUMBER ONE

Sea horses

SEA HORSE NUMBER TWO

Grant wishes,

SEA HORSE NUMBER THREE

Girl must make . . .

LITTLE TOMMY

(WHISPERS TO RODANTHE.)

Big mistake!

BLACK BEARD

Gold is happy and beautiful, girl.

SKULL

(CROSSES TO THE L OF RODANTHE, TAKES HER LEFT HAND AND HELPS HER TO HER FEET: LEADS HER UL AND BEGINS TO CIRCLE HER. RODANTHE IS FROZEN IN PLACE, FACING DS. SEE FIGURE 5.)

Gold will make you happy lady.

BLACK BEARD

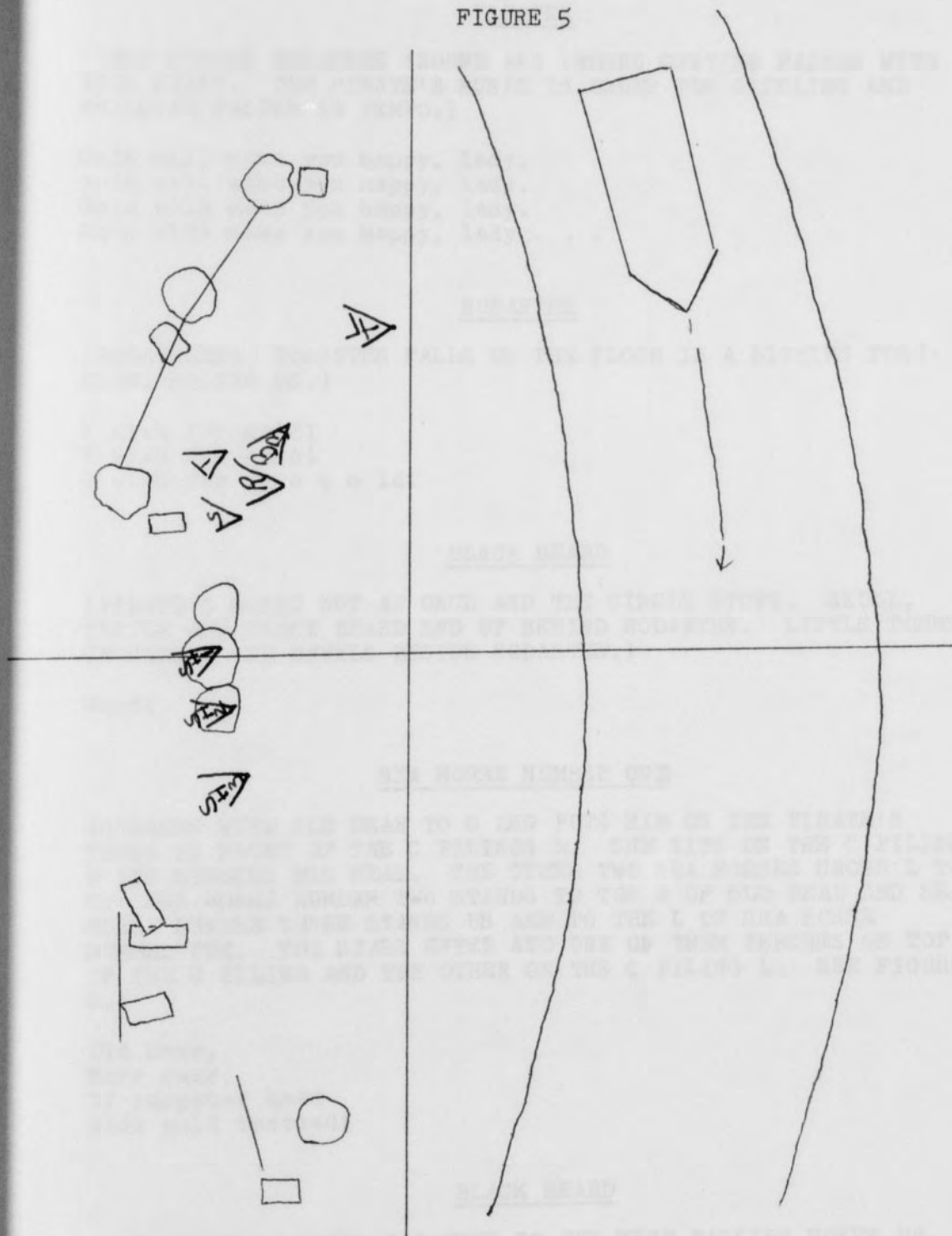
Gold is happy and beautiful, girl.

TURTLE

(FALLS IN BEHIND SKULL, CIRCLES RODANTHES.)

Gold will make you happy lady.

FIGURE 5



PIRATES

(THEY CIRCLE RODANTHE 'ROUND AND 'ROUND GETTING FASTER WITH EACH CHANT. THE PIRATE'S MUSIC IS UNDER THE CIRCLING AND BUILDING FASTER IN TEMPO.)

Gold will make you happy, lady.
 Gold will make you happy, lady.
 Gold will make you happy, lady.
 Gold will make you happy, lady . . .

RODANTHE

(BREATHLESS, RODANTHE FALLS ON THE FLOOR IN A SITTING POSITION, FACING DS.)

I wish for gold!
 I wish for gold!
 I wish for go o o o ld!

BLACK BEARD

(PIRATE'S MUSIC OUT AT ONCE AND THE CIRCLE STOPS. SKULL, TURTLE AND BLACK BEARD END UP BEHIND RODANTHE. LITTLE TOMMY CROSSES U AND KNEELS BESIDE RODANTHE.)

Good!

SEA HORSE NUMBER ONE

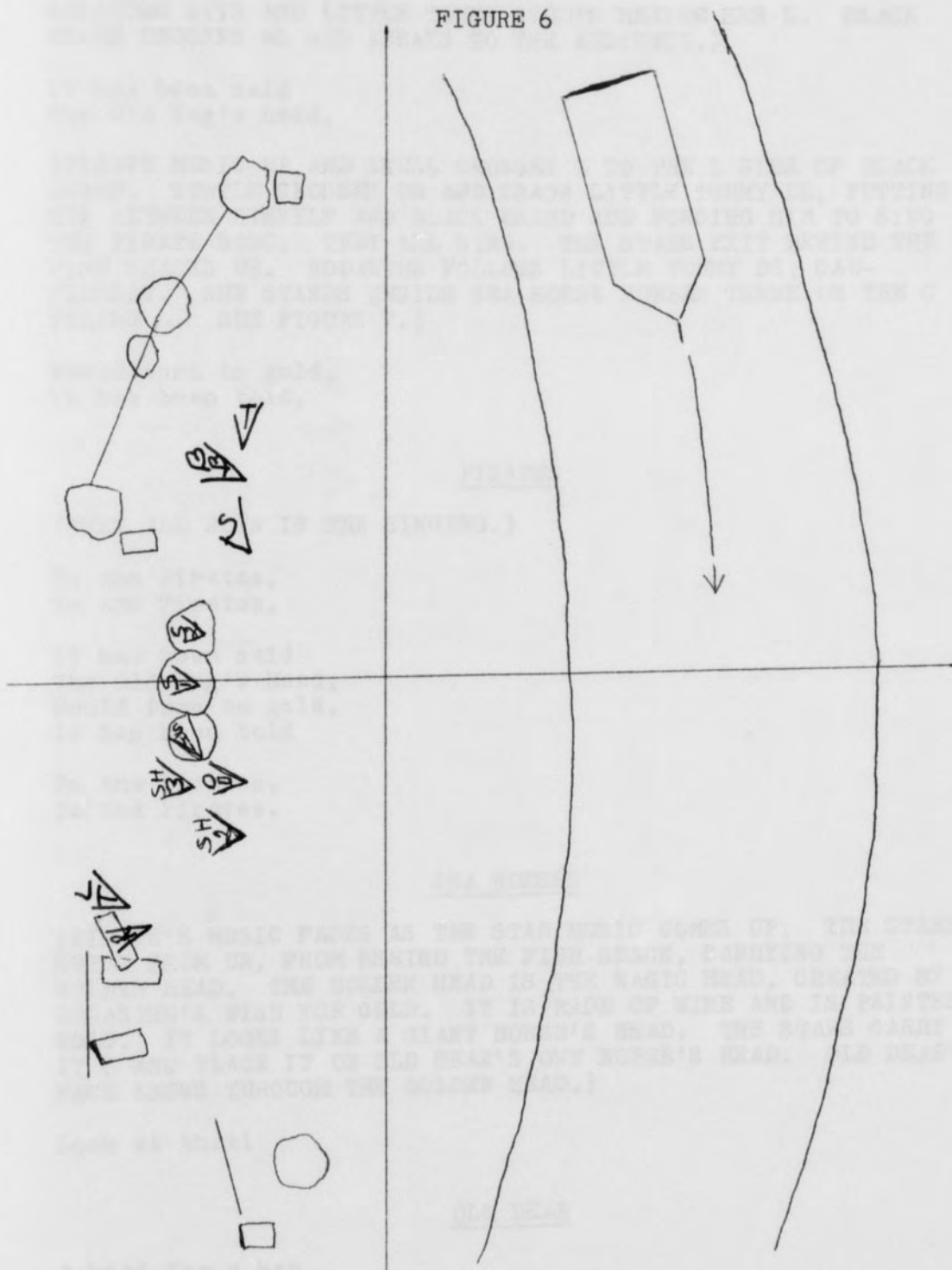
(CROSSES WITH OLD DEAR TO C AND PUTS HIM ON THE PIRATE'S TRUNK IN FRONT OF THE C PILING R. SHE SITS ON THE C PILING R AND STROKES HIS HEAD. THE OTHER TWO SEA HORSES CROSS L TO C. SEA HORSE NUMBER TWO STANDS TO THE R OF OLD DEAR AND SEA HORSE NUMBER THREE STANDS US AND TO THE L OF SEA HORSE NUMBER ONE. THE STARS ENTER AND ONE OF THEM PERCHES ON TOP OF THE C PILING AND THE OTHER ON THE C PILING L. SEE FIGURE 6.)

Old Dear,
 More dear,
 If carpeted head
 Made gold instead!

BLACK BEARD

(LITTLE TOMMY LEADS RODANTHE TO THE FISH PACKING BOXES UR.

FIGURE 6



RODANTHE SITS AND LITTLE TOMMY STOOPS BESIDE HER L. BLACK BEARD CROSSES DL AND SPEAKS TO THE AUDIENCE.)

It has been said
The Old Nag's head,

(PIRATE MUSIC UP AND SKULL CROSSES L TO THE L SIDE OF BLACK BEARD. TURTLE CROSSES UR AND DRAGS LITTLE TOMMY DL, PUTTING HIM BETWEEN HIMSELF AND BLACK BEARD AND FORCING HIM TO SING THE PIRATE SONG. THEY ALL SING. THE STARS EXIT BEHIND THE FISH SHACKS UR. RODANTHE FOLLOWS LITTLE TOMMY DS, CAUTIOUSLY. SHE STANDS BESIDE SEA HORSE NUMBER THREE ON THE C PILING L. SEE FIGURE 7.)

Would turn to gold,
It has been told,

PIRATES

(THEY ALL JOIN IN THE SINGING.)

To the Pirates,
To the Pirates,

It has been said
The Old Nag's Head,
Would turn to gold,
It has been told

To the Pirates,
To the Pirates.

SEA HORSES

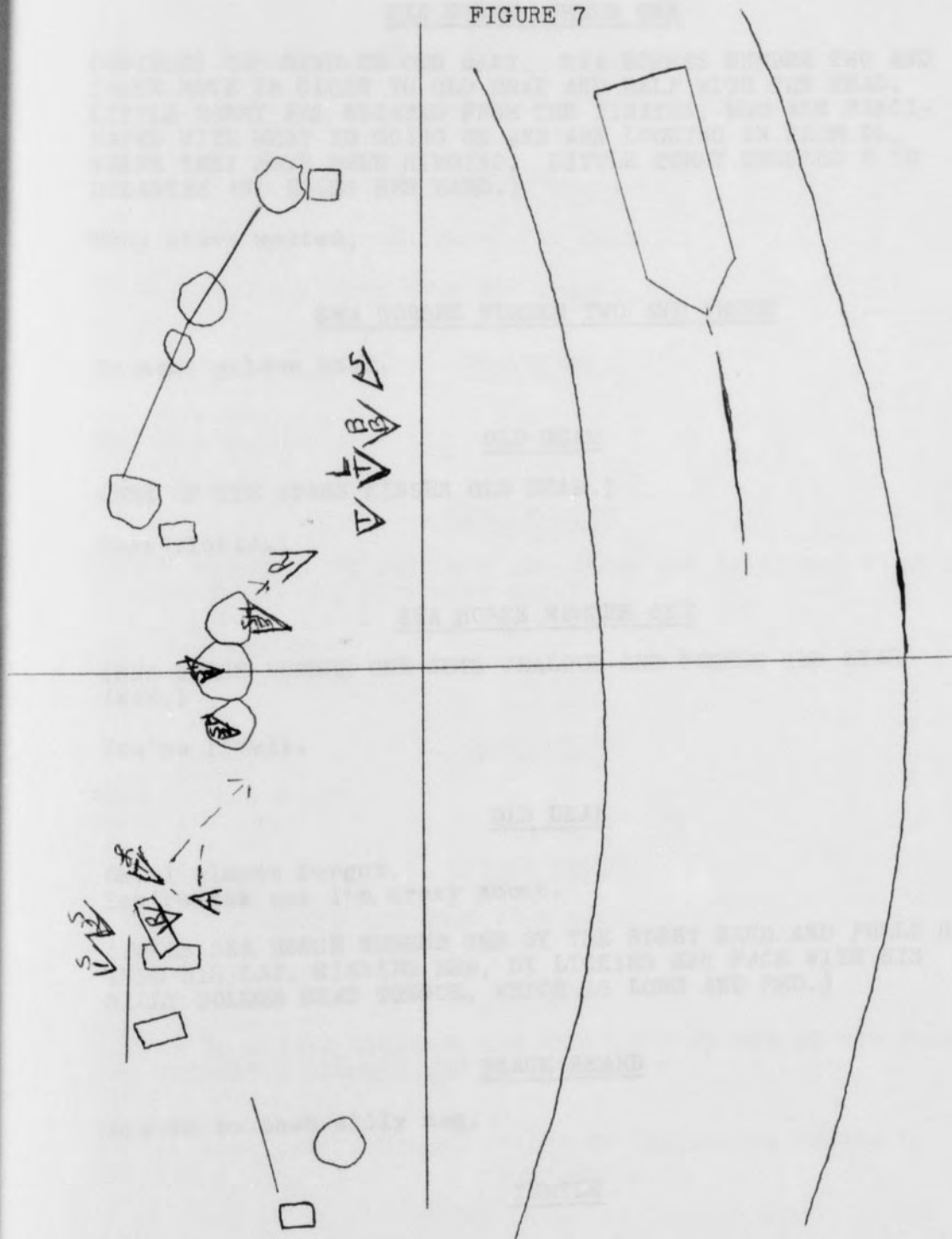
(PIRATE'S MUSIC FADES AS THE STAR MUSIC COMES UP. THE STARS ENTER FROM UR, FROM BEHIND THE FISH SHACK, CARRYING THE GOLDEN HEAD. THE GOLDEN HEAD IS THE MAGIC HEAD, CREATED BY RODANTHE'S WISH FOR GOLD. IT IS MADE OF WIRE AND IS PAINTED GOLD. IT LOOKS LIKE A GIANT HORSE'S HEAD. THE STARS CARRY IT C AND PLACE IT ON OLD DEAR'S OWN HORSE'S HEAD. OLD DEAR'S FACE SHOWS THROUGH THE GOLDEN HEAD.)

Look at that!

OLD DEAR

A head for a hat.

FIGURE 7



SEA HORSE NUMBER ONE

(ADJUSTS THE HEAD ON OLD DEAR. SEA HORSES NUMBER TWO AND THREE MOVE IN CLOSE TO OLD DEAR AND HELP WITH THE HEAD. LITTLE TOMMY HAS ESCAPED FROM THE PIRATES, WHO ARE FASCINATED WITH WHAT IS GOING ON AND ARE LOOKING ON FROM DL, WHERE THEY HAVE BEEN SINGING. LITTLE TOMMY CROSSES R TO RODANTHE AND HOLDS HER HAND.)

Many stars melted,

SEA HORSES NUMBER TWO AND THREE

To make golden head.

OLD DEAR

(ONE OF THE STARS KISSES OLD DEAR.)

That tickles!

SEA HORSE NUMBER ONE

(SEA HORSE NUMBER ONE GETS JEALOUS AND PUSHES THE STAR AWAY.)

You're fickle.

OLD DEAR

Oh, I almost forgot,
You're the one I'm crazy about.

(TAKES SEA HORSE NUMBER ONE BY THE RIGHT HAND AND PULLS HER INTO HIS LAP, KISSING HER, BY LICKING HER FACE WITH HIS SILLY GOLDEN HEAD TONGUE, WHICH IS LONG AND RED.)

BLACK BEARD

Listen to that silly nag,

TURTLE

What a brag!

SKULL

(CROSSES D AND SPEAKS TO THE AUDIENCE.)

He thinks he's making out,

BLACK BEARD

(RODANTHE JUMPS UP AND CLAPS HER HANDS.)

If he only knew what it's all about.

RODANTHE

All this magic!
All this magic!

LITTLE TOMMY

(TAKES RODANTHE BY THE HAND AND LEADS HER UP TO THE FISH
PACKING BOXES AND SITS WITH HER.)

You best beware,
Dear one so fair . . .

RODANTHE

What do you mean?

LITTLE TOMMY

Things are really not what they seem.

OLD DEAR

(JUMPS UP ALMOST DROPPING SEA HORSE NUMBER ONE ON THE FLOOR
AND CROSSES DR TOWARD THE DR PILING.)

Of course of course,
I'm in love with a horse. (SITS ON THE PILING FACING L,
PROFILE.)

SEA HORSE NUMBER ONE

(CROSSES TO OLD DEAR RC AND KNEELS IN FRONT OF HIM.)

Sea horse
Worship golden head.

BLACK BEARD

Pirates, behead
Gold head.

BLACK BEARD

(STANDS BETWEEN TURTLE AND SKULL L AS THEY SING. OLD DEAR AND SEA HORSE NUMBER ONE ARE MAKING FACES AT EACH OTHER AND NUZZLING EACH OTHER ON THE DR PILING. SEA HORSES NUMBER TWO AND THREE SIT ON THE C PILINGS R OF C AND C. ONE STAR SITS ON THE C PILING L AND THE OTHER PERCHES ON THE PIRATE'S CHEST C. THEY OBSERVE ALL THAT IS GOING ON. SEE FIGURE 8.)

It has been said,
The Old Nag's head,

PIRATES

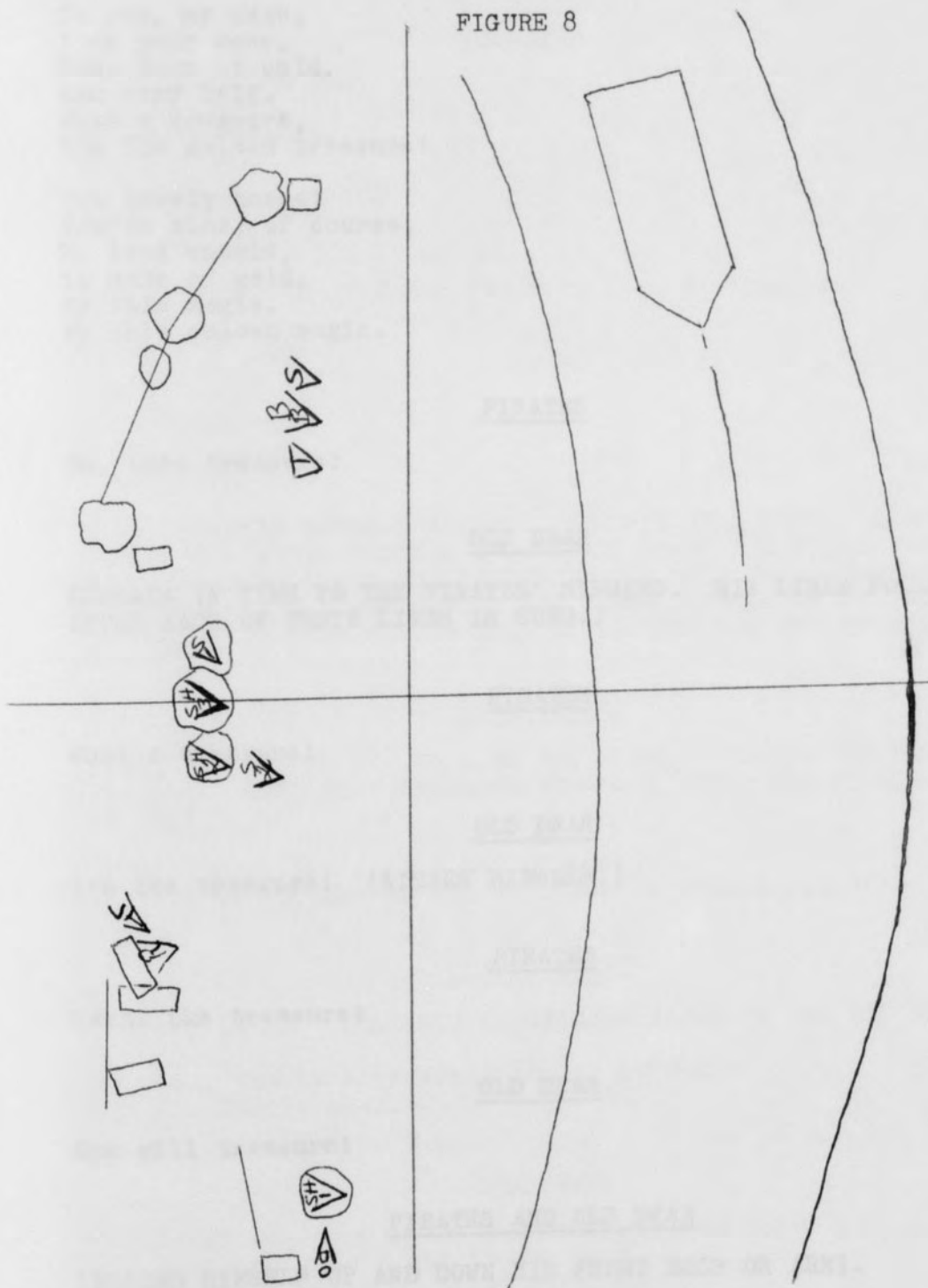
Is made of gold,
It has been told,
To the Pirates,
To the Pirates.

We must behead,
The Old Nag's head,
The golden head,
Is coveted,
By the Pirates,
By the Pirates.
Oh that treasure,
What a treasure,
Steal the treasure,
Real treasure.

OLD DEAR

(OLD DEAR STANDS UP AND STEPS R, TAKING SEA HORSE NUMBER ONE BY THE RIGHT HAND AND HELPING HER SIT TO ON THE DR PILING. HE SINGS TO HER AND LICKS HER FACE WITH HIS TONGUE.)

FIGURE 8



To you, my dear,
I am your dear,
Your dear of gold,
And very bold.
What a treasure,
I'm the golden treasure!

You lovely horse!
You're mine, of course,
My love untold,
Is made of gold,
By this magic,
By this golden magic.

PIRATES

Oh, that treasure!

OLD DEAR

(SPEAKS IN TIME TO THE PIRATES' SINGING. HIS LINES FOLLOW
AFTER EACH OF THEIR LINES IS SUNG.)

PIRATES

What a treasure!

OLD DEAR

I'm the treasure! (KISSES HIMSELF.)

PIRATES

Steal the treasure!

OLD DEAR

She will treasure!

PIRATES AND OLD DEAR

(KISSES HIMSELF UP AND DOWN HIS FRONT HOOF OR ARM).

Real treasure!

PIRATES

We'll catch the nag,
 In billy bags,
 Us Aussie mates--
 Expatriates!

We're the Pirates.
 We're the Pirates.

(THE LIFT BEGINS TO RISE; TIMED TO TAKE 21 SECONDS.)

It has been said,
 The Old Nag's head,
 Is made of gold.
 It has been told
 To the Pirates,
 To the Pirates.

(MUCH LAUGHTER AFTER THE SONG. THE PIRATES, SKULL, BLACK BEARD, AND TURTLE CROSS R AND GET ON BOARD THE PIRATE SHIP WHICH HAS COME UP ON THE LIFT DR. THE SHIP GOES DOWN INTO THE PIT, OR OCEAN AGAIN WITH THE THREE PIRATES ON IT LAUGHING AND AD LIBBING PIRATE TALK UNTIL THEY ARE OUT OF SIGHT.)

BLACK BEARD

(LITTLE TOMMY DID NOT GO WITH THE OTHER PIRATES. HE TAKES RODANTHE'S HAND THEY CROSS DR AND LOOK AFTER THE DISAPPEARING SHIP.)

Come on, men, let's sail out of here,
 Until we've thought of the best way to behead Old Dear,

LITTLE TOMMY

(CROSSES DR AND CALLS OUT TO CAPTAIN WAVES IN THE AUDIENCE.)

Rodanthe, the Pirates are going to behead
 Your Old Dear's head.

OLD DEAR

If you ask me, your story's getting out of hand.
 What happened to all our fairy land?
 I'm scared to death of those pirates.
 You'd better do something before it's too late.

RODANTHE

What can we do?

LITTLE TOMMY

For now all we can do
Is run.
We can hide behind the ocean.

RODANTHE

I'll take my wish back.
I'll take my wish back!

(OLD DEAR, RODANTHE AND LITTLE TOMMY HIDE BEHIND THE FRONT CURTAIN DR.)

CAPTAIN WAVES

(FROM THE AUDIENCE.)

What a mess!
This story is getting mighty fictitious.

SEA HORSE NUMBER ONE

(CROSSES, RUNNING L. STOPS LC AND TURNS DS, FACING AUDIENCE.)

Confuscious say,
Run!
When confusion
Too great--
Make exit.

SEA HORSE NUMBER TWO

(CROSSES, RUNNING FROM L AND STOPS R OF NUMBER ONE SEA HORSE.)

Before it
Too late--
And fate
Take over!

SEA HORSE NUMBER THREE

(CROSSES, RUNNING FROM L AND STOPS R OF NUMBER TWO SEA HORSE.)

Nag's head got golder.
Captain Waves older.

Rodanthe cry.

SEA HORSE NUMBER ONE

Why
Wishing such mess?

SEA HORSES

(THE LIFT WITH THE PIRATES AND SHIP RISES AGAIN, TIMED FOR 21 SECONDS.)

Sea Horses send S O S.
Tide comes for us.
Rush us
Back to sea.
Be e e e e e happy e e e e e Rodanthe e e e e e. (EXIT UL
IN A HURRY.)

OLD DEAR

(ENTERS DR AND RUNS DR CALLING OUT OVER THE AUDIENCE TO CAPTAIN WAVES.)

Do you think she'll ever come back to me.

CAPTAIN WAVES

You'll just have to wait and see.

PIRATES

(THE PIRATE BOAT SAILS UP OUT OF THE ORCHESTRA PIT AGAIN DL TO DR, RISING WITH THE PIRATES. PIRATE MUSIC UNDER. THE STARS SEE THE BOAT AND RUN UR, HIDING BEHIND THE FISH SHACKS. AS THE PIRATES LAND THEY AD LIB THEIR SONG.)

It has been said,
The old Nag's head,
Is made of . . .

(AFTER THE PIRATES ARE ON STAGE, THE BOAT SINKS INTO THE PIT AGAIN. BLACK BEARD STEPS OUT OF THE BOAT AND CROSSES L TO C; HE IS FOLLOWED BY TURTLE, THEN SKULL. BLACK BEARD IS LOOKING THROUGH A CROOKED TELESCOPE AND IS MOVING AS IF STALKING A PREY; THE OTHER TWO PIRATES ARE IN LINE RIGHT BEHIND HIM, STALKING. BLACK BEARD CLIMBS ON THE PILING C, FACING L WITH HIS SCOPE THEN HE TURNS ON THE PILING, CLOCKWISE; THE OTHER TWO PIRATES TURN WITH HIM. HE SPIES OLD DEAR BEHIND THE MAIN CURTAIN R. SEE FIGURE 9.)

BLACK BEARD

Look, men!
The treasure is hiding behind the ocean.

(JUMPS OFF THE PILING AND RUNS R AS IF TO CAPTURE OLD DEAR. THE OTHER PIRATES ARE BEHIND HIM.)

After him!

SKULL

(YELLS OUT AS HE COMES TO A SCREECHING HALT.

Wait . . . wait . . .

THE OTHER PIRATES, BLACK BEARD AND TURTLE, STOP ALL OF A SUDDEN WHEN SKULL CALLS OUT AND TURN IN TO HIM FACING PROFILE, L. SEE FIGURE 10.)

I think we'd best take a hostage.
If Old Dear won't surrender,
We can dismember--

BLACK BEARD

(LIKES THE IDEA AND SEEMS VERY PLEASED.)

A hostage!

BLACK BEARD

(BLACK BEARD CROSSES L, VERY SLOWLY, LOOKING THROUGH HIS

FIGURE 9

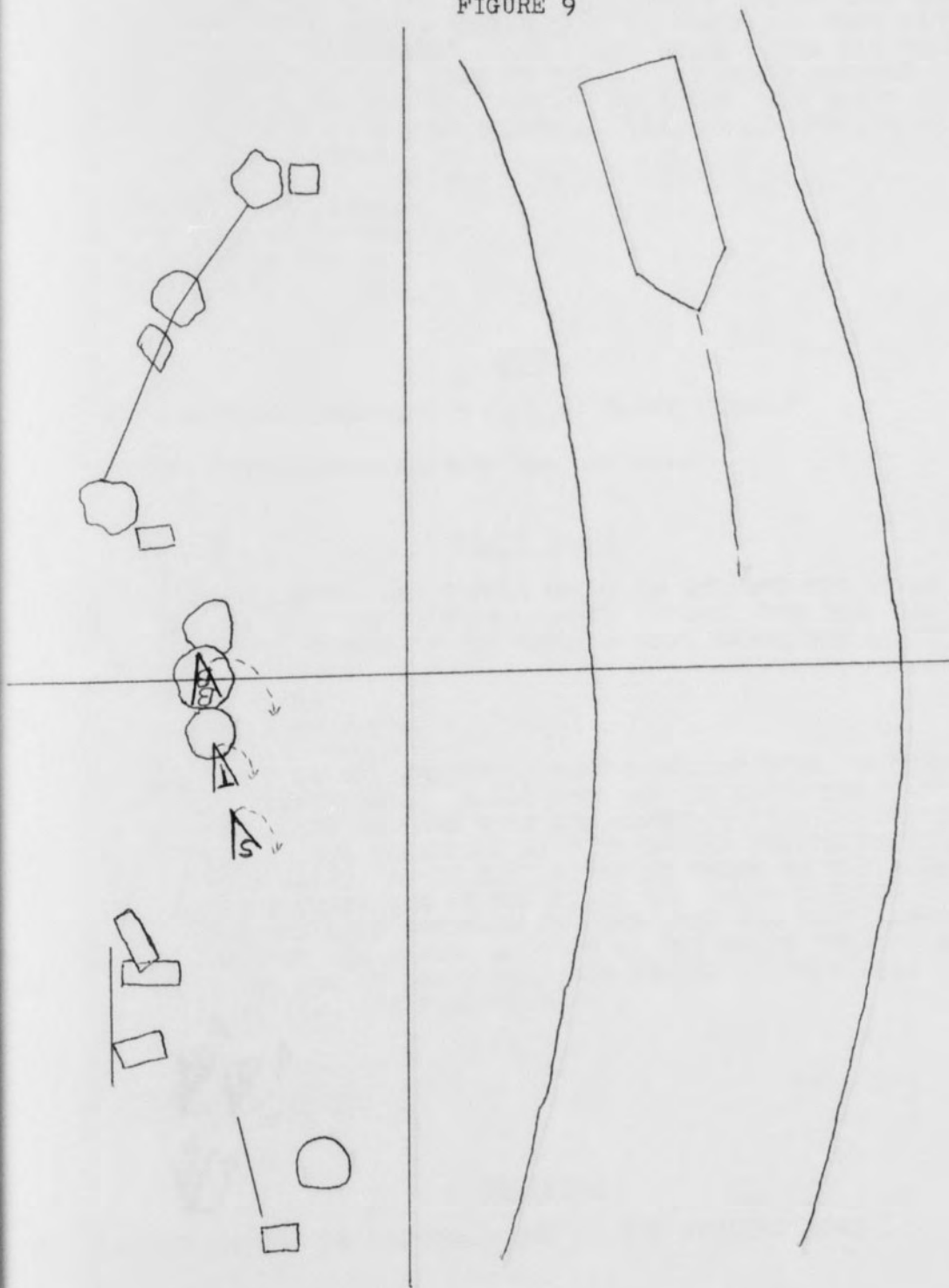
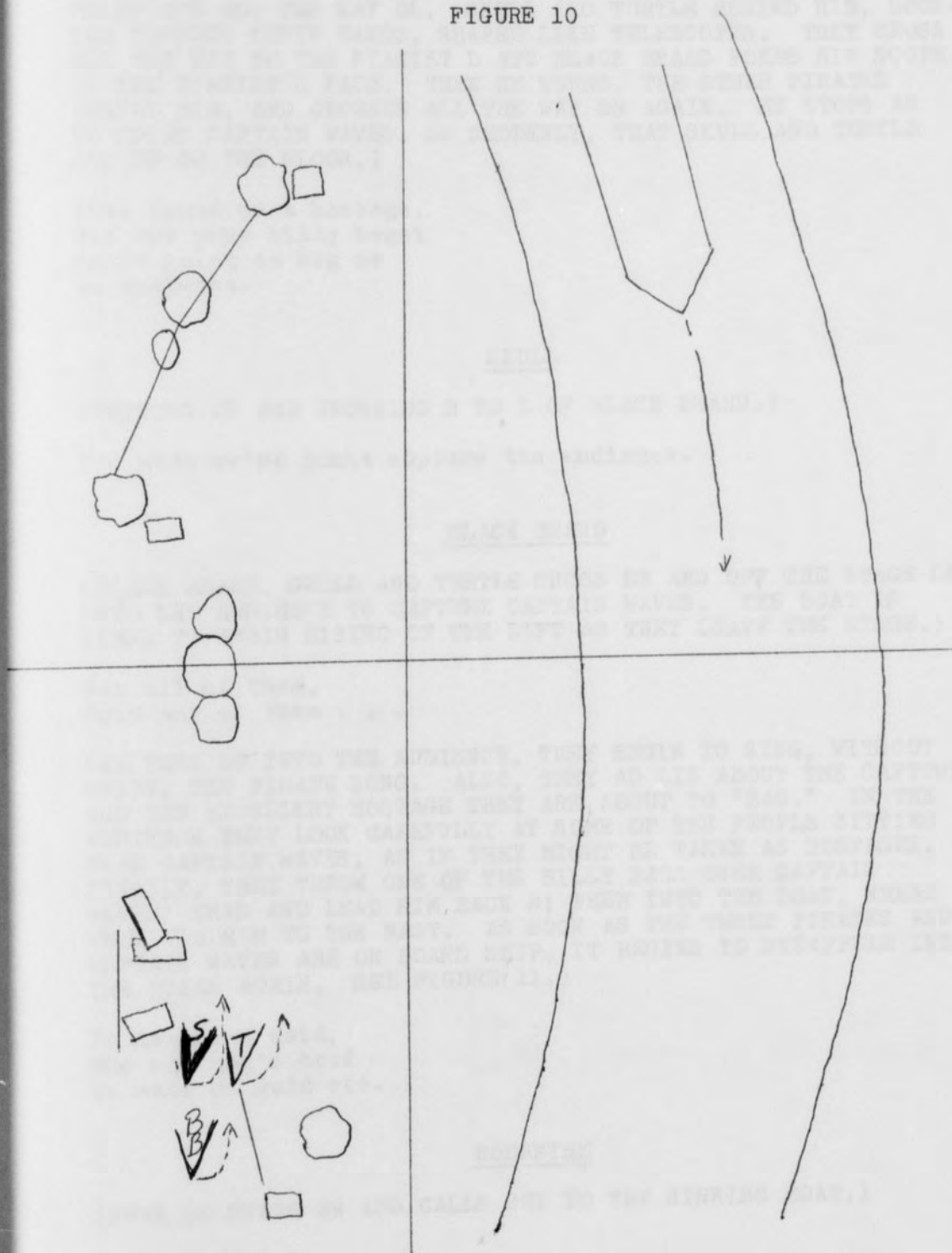


FIGURE 10



TELESCOPE ALL THE WAY DL. SKULL AND TURTLE BEHIND HIM, LOOKING THROUGH THEIR HANDS, SHAPED LIKE TELESCOPES. THEY CROSS ALL THE WAY TO THE PIANIST L AND BLACK BEARD POKES HIS SCOPE IN THE PIANIST'S FACE. THEN HE TURNS, THE OTHER PIRATES BEHIND HIM, AND CROSSES ALL THE WAY DR AGAIN. HE STOPS AS HE SPIES CAPTAIN WAVES, SO SUDDENLY, THAT SKULL AND TURTLE END UP ON THE FLOOR.)

I've found us a hostage.
Get out your billy bags!
We're going to bag us
An audience.

SKULL

(GETTING UP AND CROSSING R TO L OF BLACK BEARD.)

You mean we're gonna capture the audience.

BLACK BEARD

(BLACK BEARD, SKULL AND TURTLE CROSS DR AND OFF THE STAGE DR INTO THE AUDIENCE TO CAPTURE CAPTAIN WAVES. THE BOAT IS TIMED TO BEGIN RISING ON THE LIFT AS THEY LEAVE THE STAGE.)

Not all of them,
Just one of them . . .

(AS THEY GO INTO THE AUDIENCE, THEY BEGIN TO SING, WITHOUT MUSIC, THE PIRATE SONG. ALSO, THEY AD LIB ABOUT THE CAPTURE AND THE EXCELLENT HOSTAGE THEY ARE ABOUT TO "BAG." IN THE AUDIENCE THEY LOOK CAREFULLY AT SOME OF THE PEOPLE SITTING NEAR CAPTAIN WAVES, AS IF THEY MIGHT BE TAKEN AS HOSTAGES. FINALLY, THEY THROW ONE OF THE BILLY BAGS OVER CAPTAIN WAVES' HEAD AND LEAD HIM BACK R; THEN INTO THE BOAT, WHERE THEY TIE HIM TO THE MAST. AS SOON AS THE THREE PIRATES AND CAPTAIN WAVES ARE ON BOARD SHIP, IT BEGINS TO DISAPPEAR INTO THE OCEAN AGAIN. SEE FIGURE 11.)

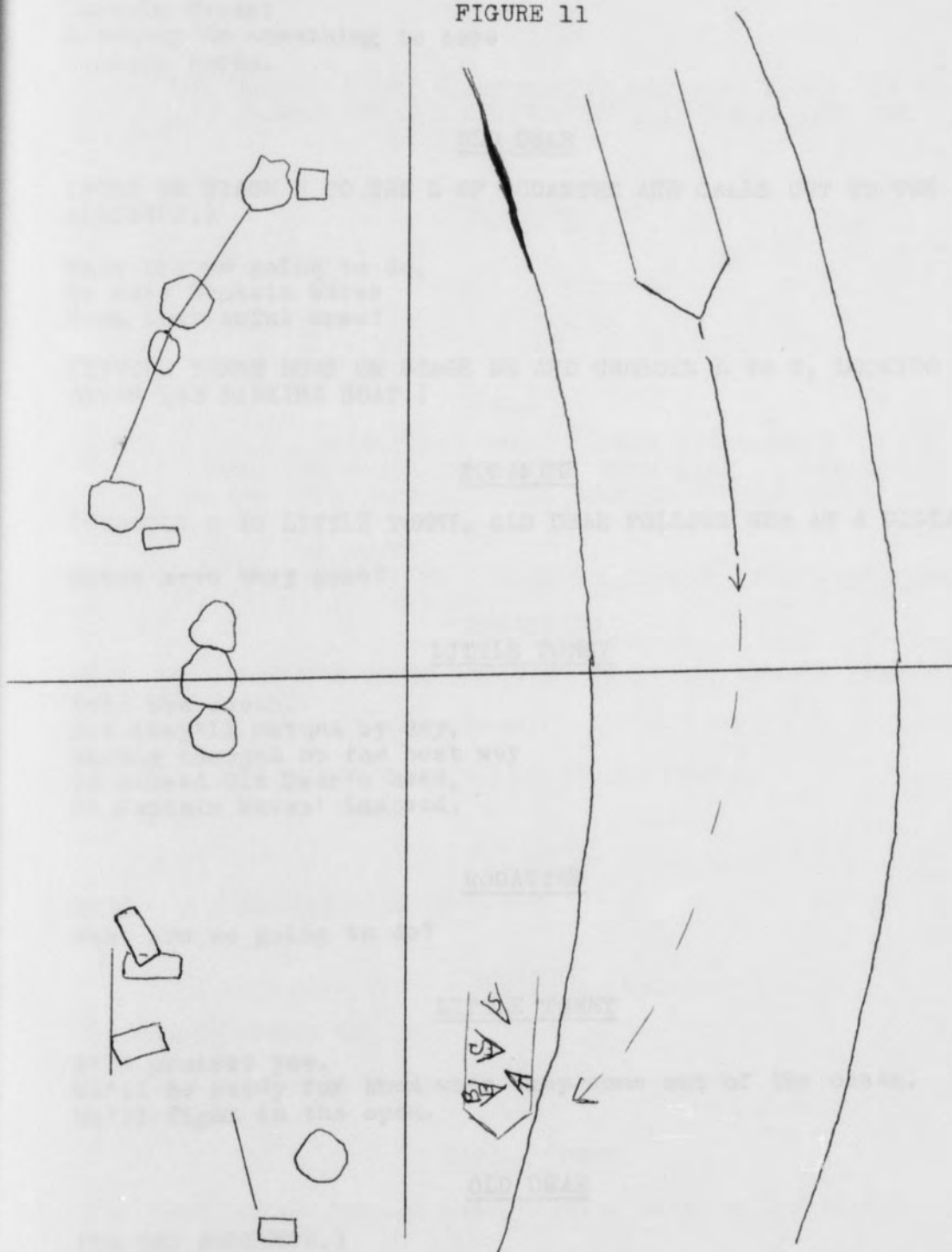
It has been said,
The old nag's head
Is made of gold etc.

RODANTHE

(RUNS ON STAGE DR AND CALLS OUT TO THE SINKING BOAT.)

Captain Waves!

FIGURE 11



Captain Waves!
 Somebody do something to save
 Captain Waves.

OLD DEAR

(RUNS ON STAGE R TO THE L OF RODANTHE AND CALLS OUT TO THE
 AUDIENCE.)

What are we going to do,
 To save Captain Waves
 From that awful crew?

(LITTLE TOMMY RUNS ON STAGE DR AND CROSSES L TO C, LOOKING
 AFTER THE SINKING BOAT.)

RODANTHE

(CROSSES C TO LITTLE TOMMY, OLD DEAR FOLLOWS HER AT A DISTANCE.)

Where have they gone?

LITTLE TOMMY

Into the ocean!
 But they'll return by day,
 Having thought up the best way
 To behead Old Dear's head,
 Or Captain Waves' instead.

RODANTHE

What are we going to do?

LITTLE TOMMY

I'll protect you.
 We'll be ready for them when they come out of the ocean.
 We'll fight in the open.

OLD DEAR

(TO THE AUDIENCE.)

To save my hide,
It's best to hide.

(OLD DEAR CROSSES C AND HIDES BEHIND THE C PILINGS. HE IS NOT REALLY HIDDEN BECAUSE HIS GOLDEN HEAD POKES OVER THE PILING.)

RODANTHE

(STORM MUSIC UP.)

It's getting dark.

OLD DEAR

(RODANTHE AND LITTLE TOMMY CROSS SLOWLY R; RODANTHE DR OF LITTLE TOMMY, WHO HOLDS HER HAND. THEY LOOK AT THE SKY, THEN TURN AND WALK BACK L, STILL LOOKING AT THE SKY.)

I'm afraid of the dark!

RODANTHE

(ALL OF A SUDDEN A LIGHT HAS COME ON IN OLD DEAR'S HEAD.)

Look! Look at Old Dear's head!

(RODANTHE AND LITTLE TOMMY CROSS TO OLD DEAR.)

OLD DEAR

What's the matter with my head?

RODANTHE

(OLD DEAR STANDS UP.)

Old Dear your head looks like a light house.

LITTLE TOMMY

Your head would inspire the greatest ship in the night!

OLD DEAR

(FEELING HIS HEAD.)

But I thought my head was gold.

RODANTHE

Maybe a light is what is gold.

LITTLE TOMMY

(STORM MUSIC FADES OUT.)

A light is gold all right,
To ships lost at night.

RODANTHE

(OLD DEAR CROSSES DL VERY SLOWLY HOLDING HIS HEAD, AND SITS
ON THE EDGE OF THE STAGE.)

What does it mean?
This strange night and things not what they seem,

(SITS ON THE PIRATE TRUNK C.)

What can we know about this mystery,
This very minute by this very sea?

LITTLE TOMMY

(SITS BESIDE RODANTHE.)

I know I've got to protect you from Black Beard.

RODANTHE

You sound as if you really cared.
Why do you care?

LITTLE TOMMY

That question's not fair.

RODANTHE

Aren't you a Pirate too?

LITTLE TOMMY

I was only a Pirate for nothing better to do.
But that was before I met you.

OLD DEAR

But what about this treasure hunt,
Or is my golden head some kind of stunt?

LITTLE TOMMY

I know it all seems kind of queer,
Old Dear,
All this magic,
But the only thing that's important to me,
Is that I've met Rodanthe.

OLD DEAR

(HOLDS HIS HEAD IN HIS HANDS.)

I was happy, too, before my sea horse went away!
Besides my head is too heavy this way.

(THE TEMPO OF THE PLAY SLOWS DOWN HERE, AND THERE IS VERY
LITTLE MOVEMENT IN CONTRAST TO THE ACTIVITY OF THE PREVIOUS
SCENES.)

RODANTHE

(CROSSES SLOWLY R.)

Are we
What is it to be happy?

LITTLE TOMMY

(STILL SITTING.)

I think so.

RODANTHE

But how can we know?

LITTLE TOMMY

Well, I know you make me want to sing.

RODANTHE

(SITS ON THE DR PILING, FACING FULL FRONT.)

Just like Captain Waves' Blue Fish made him sing.

LITTLE TOMMY

And you have to be happy to sing.

RODANTHE

(DUET MUSIC UNDER.)

Then happy could be a song about a Blue Fish,
Or us . . .
To sing.
Happy could be everything to sing.

LITTLE TOMMY

(STANDS AND CROSSES DR TO RODANTHE, HANDS HER THE SMOOTH SEA SKIPPING STONES, WHICH ARE IMAGINARY. HE PULLS THEM OUT OF HIS POCKET.)

I give you this ocean skipping stone,
As a promise you'll never be alone.
I wish I had more to offer,
Like gold or . . .

RODANTHE

(PUTS HER FINGERS TO HIS LIPS.)

You give me smooth, sea-skipping stones,
You find along the sand,

(MUSIC COMES UP UNDER.)

LITTLE TOMMY

(SINGS. CROSSES L SLOWLY AND PANTOMIMES SKIPPING ONE OF THE STONES ALONG THE STAGE OCEAN OR PIT.)

I give you smooth, sea-skipping stones,
I find along the sand,

(TURNS AND CROSSES BACK R TO CENTER WHERE HE SITS ON THE PIRATE TRUNK FACING RODANTHE.)

I give you all the sea unknown,
To help me understand.
The skipping stones are for my heart;
For when I look at you,
The sea unknown is where I start,
To find my knowing you.

RODANTHE

(SINGS, FACING FULL FRONT.)

I give you every ocean bird,
Taught by the wind to fly.
I give you every sea gull heard
In laughter passing by.
The ocean birds are for my heart,
For when it flies from me,
The laughing gulls to tell in part,
Of us to know by sea.

LITTLE TOMMY

(SINGS! GETS UP AND CROSSES R TO STAND BEHIND RODANTHE WITH HIS HANDS ON HER SHOULDERS.)

I give you something more than me;
A strength I call my own,
It is all my days by sea,
Looking for smooth sea stones.

RODANTHE

(SINGS. PLACES HER HAND ON HIS, WHICH IS RESTING ON HER SHOULDER.)

I give you all there is of me,
 And yet it is much more,
 Because the laughing gulls and sea,
 Became me on the shore.

RODANTHE AND LITTLE TOMMY

(SING.)

Nothing is ever really me,
 Without me by the sea

(LITTLE TOMMY KISSES RODANTHE ON THE FOREHEAD.)

OLD DEAR

My head is so heavy it must weigh a ton.
 A golden head is quite a burden.
 It makes me want to cry.
 It always helps to cry.

(CRIES VERY LOUDLY. THE SHIP IS TIMED TO START UP HERE.)

RODANTHE

We forgot all about Old Dear,

(RUNS TO OLD DEAR DLC.)

Old Dear
 Don't be sad.

OLD DEAR

I'm not sad--just good and mad.

LITTLE TOMMY

(CROSSES L TO C SLOWLY.)

We've got to think of a plan.
 Blue Beard will be back soon.

OLD DEAR

(STANDING UP.)

We could harpoon
The galleon.

RODANTHE

Don't be silly, Old Dear, everyone knows
You only harpoon whales.

OLD DEAR

(SHOUTS AS HE SEES THE PIRATE SHIP SAILING ON. THE SHIP IS
MOVING FROM L TO R AND RISING.)

Thar she blows . . .!
I mean she sails!

(RUNS R AND HIDES BEHIND THE R MAIN CURTAIN AGAIN.)

LITTLE TOMMY

(LITTLE TOMMY CROSSES L, TAKES RODANTHE'S HAND AND RUNS WITH
HER R WHERE THEY HIDE BEHIND THE SR CURTAIN.)

Let's hide behind the ocean again,
And listen for Black Beard's plan.

RODANTHE

But what about Old Dear's head?
Won't the Pirates follow the light?

LITTLE TOMMY

Maybe they'll think it's the lighthouse instead.

TURTLE

(THE PIRATE SHIP SAILS ON STAGE DR. SKULL GETS OFF FIRST,
HOLDING CAPTAIN WAVES BY THE RIGHT ARM AS CAPTIVE. HE
CROSSES WITH HIM UL AND TIES HIM TO ONE OF THE UL PILINGS;
WHERE THE FISHING NETS ARE STRUNG OUT TO DRY AND BE MENDED.)

TURTLE GETS OFF THE BOAT WITH THE CROOKED TELESCOPE AND
 BEGINS TO CROSS DL. HE CLIMBS ON THE C PILING AND LOOKS PRO-
 FILE L. SEE FIGURE 12.)

Light off the right . . .
 Light off the right . . .

BLACK BEARD

(BLACK BEARD CROSSES L AND PUSHES TURTLE OFF THE PILING.
 TURTLE LANDS ON THE FLOOR L.)

Light off the starboard, stupid.
 What kind of pirate are you?

TURTLE

(FLAT ON THE FLOOR TURTLE LOOKS WITH THE TELESCOPE STRAIGHT
 UP IN THE AIR.)

Light off the starboard is spied.
 Light off the starboard to you.

BLACK BEARD

(STANDS OVER TURTLE L OF C TO THE R OF TURTLE.)

You'd better not talk back to me.
 I'll throw you to the sea.

SKULL

(CROSSES DL TO TURTLE AND BLACK BEARD.)

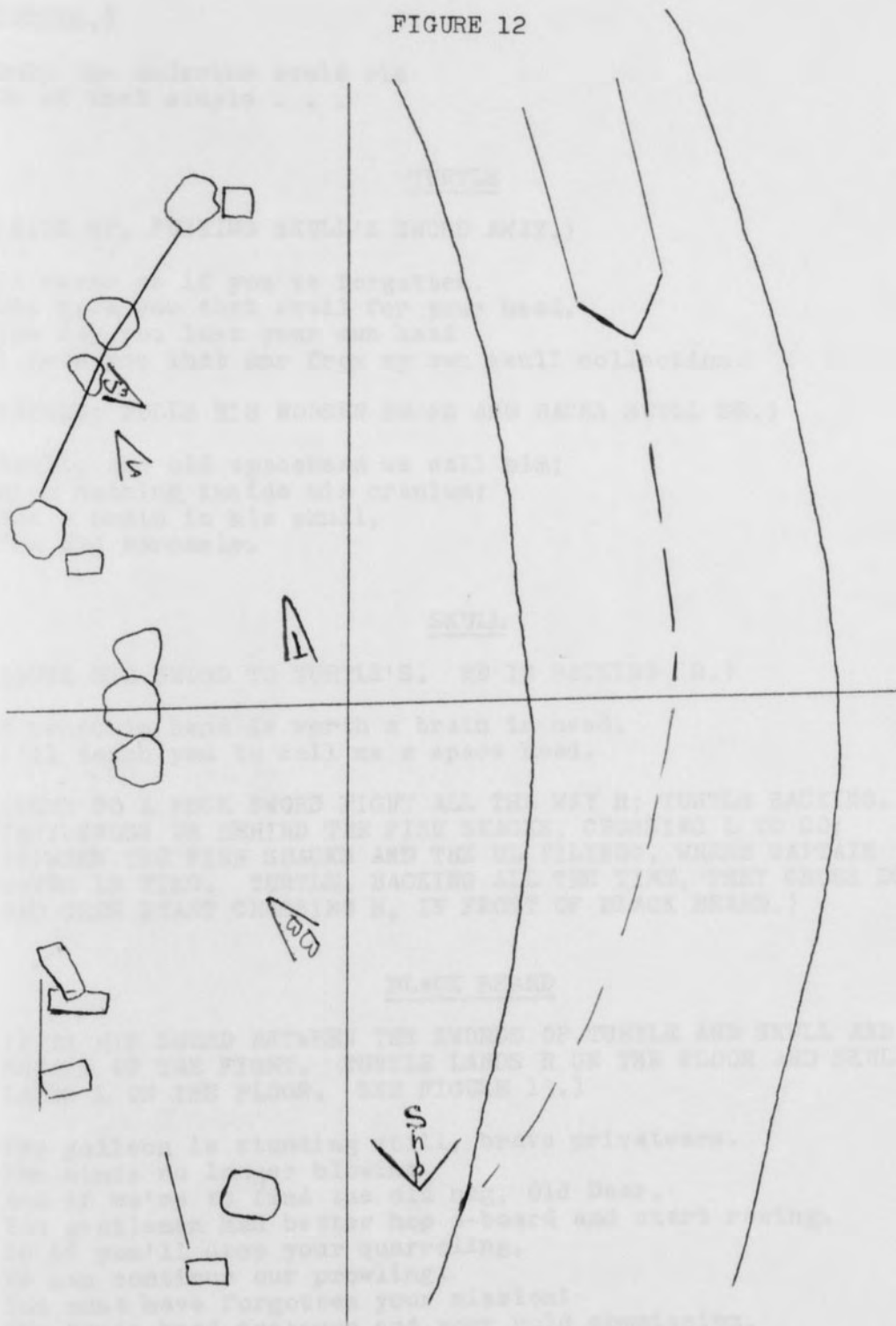
You'll have to throw him to the undertow,
 'cause ever since them turtles snapped up his feet,
 For something to eat,
 They haven't let go,

(TURNS TO BLACK BEARD IN THE MOOD OF KNOWING IT ALL.)

Turtle's better at swimming than anything.
 Not even a storm could drown him,

(BLACK BEARD SITS ON THE C PILING L OF C. HE IS PREPARING
 TO ENJOY THE FIGHT THAT IS BUILDING. SKULL PULLS HIS
 WOODEN SWORD OUT AND POINTING IT IN HIS FACE STANDS OVER

FIGURE 12



TURTLE.)

Only the undertow could rid
Us of that stupid . . .

TURTLE

(SITS UP, PUSHING SKULL'S SWORD AWAY.)

It seems as if you've forgotten,
Who gave you that skull for your head.
The day you lost your own head
I gave you that one from my own skull collection.

(RISES; PULLS HIS WOODEN SWORD AND BACKS SKULL DR.)

Skull, the old spacehead we call him;
With nothing inside his cranium;
Not a brain in his skull,
The old barnacle.

SKULL

(PUTS HIS SWORD TO TURTLE'S. HE IS BACKING DR.)

A sword in hand is worth a brain in head.
I'll teach you to call me a space head.

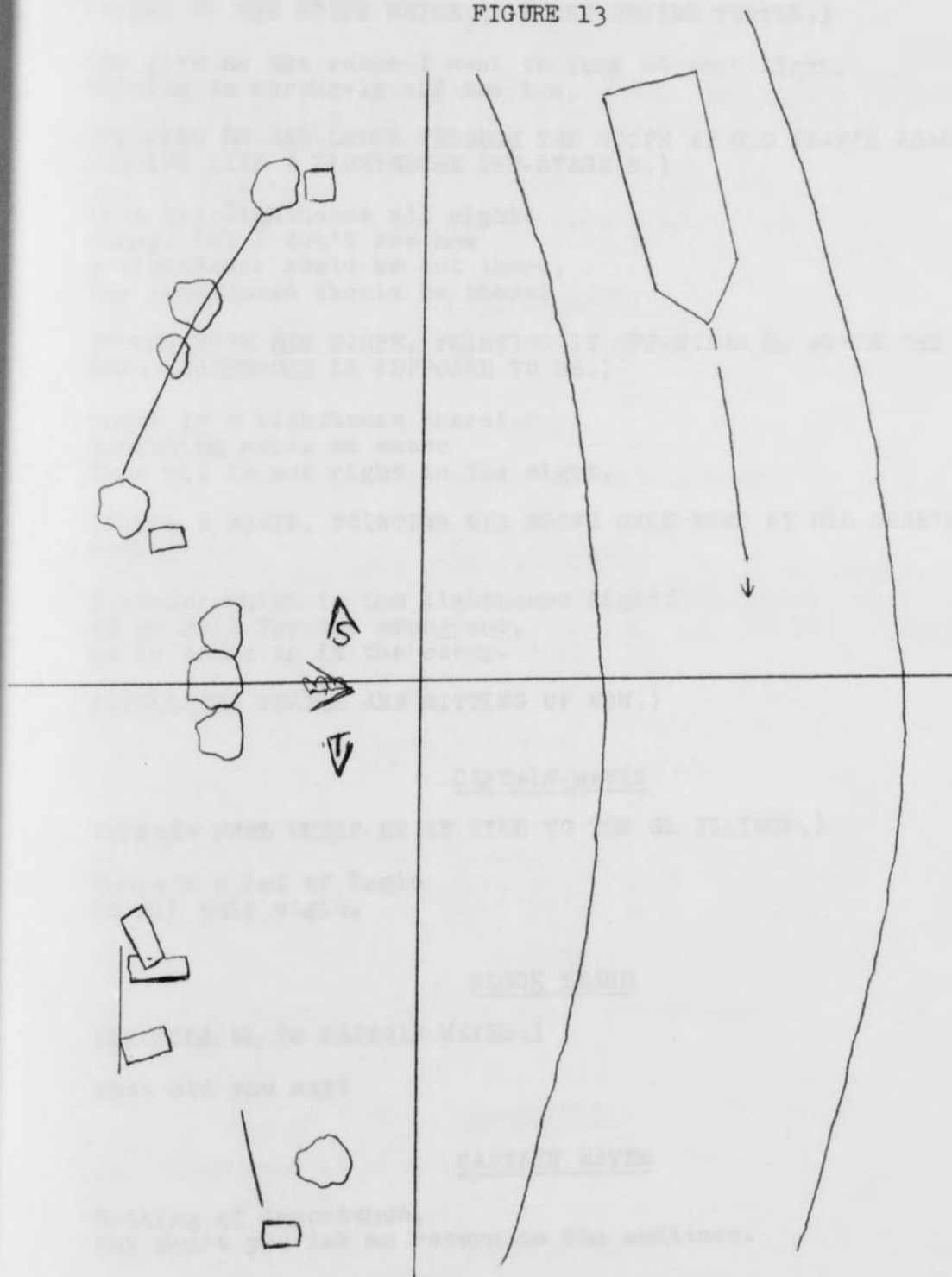
(THEY DO A MOCK SWORD FIGHT ALL THE WAY DR; TURTLE BACKING.
THEY CROSS DR BEHIND THE FISH SHACKS, CROSSING L TO CO;
BETWEEN THE FISH SHACKS AND THE UL PILINGS, WHERE CAPTAIN
WAVES IS TIED. TURTLE, BACKING ALL THE TIME, THEY CROSS DR
AND THEN START CROSSING DR, IN FRONT OF BLACK BEARD.)

BLACK BEARD

(PUTS HIS SWORD BETWEEN THE SWORDS OF TURTLE AND SKULL AND
BREAKS UP THE FIGHT. TURTLE LANDS DR ON THE FLOOR AND SKULL
LANDS L ON THE FLOOR. SEE FIGURE 13.)

The galleon is standing still, brave privateers.
The winds no longer blowing.
And if we're to find the old nag, Old Dear,
You gentlemen had better hop a-board and start rowing.
So if you'll stop your quarreling,
We can continue our prowling.
You must have forgotten your mission!
The Nag's head treasure and your gold commission,

FIGURE 13



(PICKS UP THE SCOPE WHICH IS LYING BESIDE TURTLE.)

Now give me the scope I want to look at that light,
Shining so strangely off the bow,

(CROSSES RC AND LOOKS THROUGH THE SCOPE AT OLD DEAR'S HEAD
SHINING LIKE A LIGHTHOUSE OFF-STAGE R.)

It's the lighthouse all right!
Funny, but I don't see how
A lighthouse could be out there,
The lighthouse should be there!

(TURNS WITH HIS SCOPE, POINTING IT OFF-STAGE L, WHERE THE
REAL LIGHTHOUSE IS SUPPOSED TO BE.)

There is a lighthouse there!
Something makes me aware
That all is not right in the night,

(TURNS R AGAIN, POINTING HIS SCOPE ONCE MORE AT OLD DEAR'S
HEAD.)

I wonder which is the lighthouse light?
If we sail for the wrong one,
We'll break up in the ocean.

(SKULL AND TURTLE ARE SITTING UP NOW.)

CAPTAIN WAVES

(SPEAKS FROM WHERE HE IS TIED TO THE UL PILINGS.)

There's a lot of logic
In all this magic.

BLACK BEARD

(CROSSES UL TO CAPTAIN WAVES.)

What did you say?

CAPTAIN WAVES

Nothing of importance,
Why don't you let me return to the audience.

BLACK BEARD

TURTLE GETS UP AND CROSSES UL TO THE R OF THE C PILINGS, STANDING AT THE RIGHT OF CAPTAIN WAVES. SKULL GETS UP AND CROSSES UL TO THE LEFT OF BLACK BEARD, WHO IS HOLDING A KNIFE AT CAPTAIN WAVES' BEARD.)

Not on your life;
Unless served up on the end of my knife.

CAPTAIN WAVES

Don't you point that thing at me,

SKULL

Yeah . . . he might throw you out of his story.

LITTLE TOMMY

(CALLS FROM OFF-STAGE R. THE THREE PIRATES AND CAPTAIN WAVES TURN IN THAT DIRECTION; PROFILE, ALL BUT FOR CAPTAIN WAVES, WHO CAN ONLY TURN HIS HEAD.)

Sailors, beware!

RODANTHE

(CALLS FROM OFF-STAGE R.)

Of lighthouses not there . . .

TURTLE

Oh what a night filled with queer happenings,
And things not what they seem!

SEA HORSES

The lighthouse is here . . .

BLACK BEARD

(CALLS FROM OFF-STAGE L. BLACK BEARD PIVOTS AROUND L AND

RUNS L WITH HIS TELESCOPE AIMED AT THE LIGHTHOUSE. SKULL
FOLLOWS BEHIND BLACK BEARD; TURTLE RIGHT BEHIND SKULL.)

Do you hear what I hear . . .

SKULL

It's . . . it . . . it's the lighthouses calling us.

SEA HORSES

(AT THE SOUND OF THE SEA HORSES' VOICES THE PIRATES COME TO
A SCREECHING HALT! THEN LED BY BLACK BEARD, THEY RUN ALL
THE WAY R, LEAPING OVER THE C PILINGS.)

Come out to us s s s s s . . .

RODANTHE

(THEY COME TO ANOTHER SCREECHING HALT AS RODANTHE SPEAKS;
THEY TURN, LED BY BLACK BEARD, AND RUN ALL THE WAY L AGAIN,
LEAPING OVER THE C PILINGS.)

Do you hear what I hear?
The sea horses have returned to us!

OLD DEAR

(OLD DEAR ENTERS FROM OFF-STAGE R, CROSSES DR, LOOKING FOR
HIS SPECIAL SEA HORSE. BLACK BEARD, HEARING OLD DEAR'S
VOICE SCREECHES TO A HALT DL; THE OTHER TWO PIRATES PILE UP
BEHIND HIM AND LAND ON THE FLOOR. BLACK BEARD TURNS, AIMS
HIS SCOPE AT OLD DEAR AS HE CROSSES R. TURTLE AND SKULL GET
UP AND SLOWLY CROSS DR. SEE FIGURE 14.)

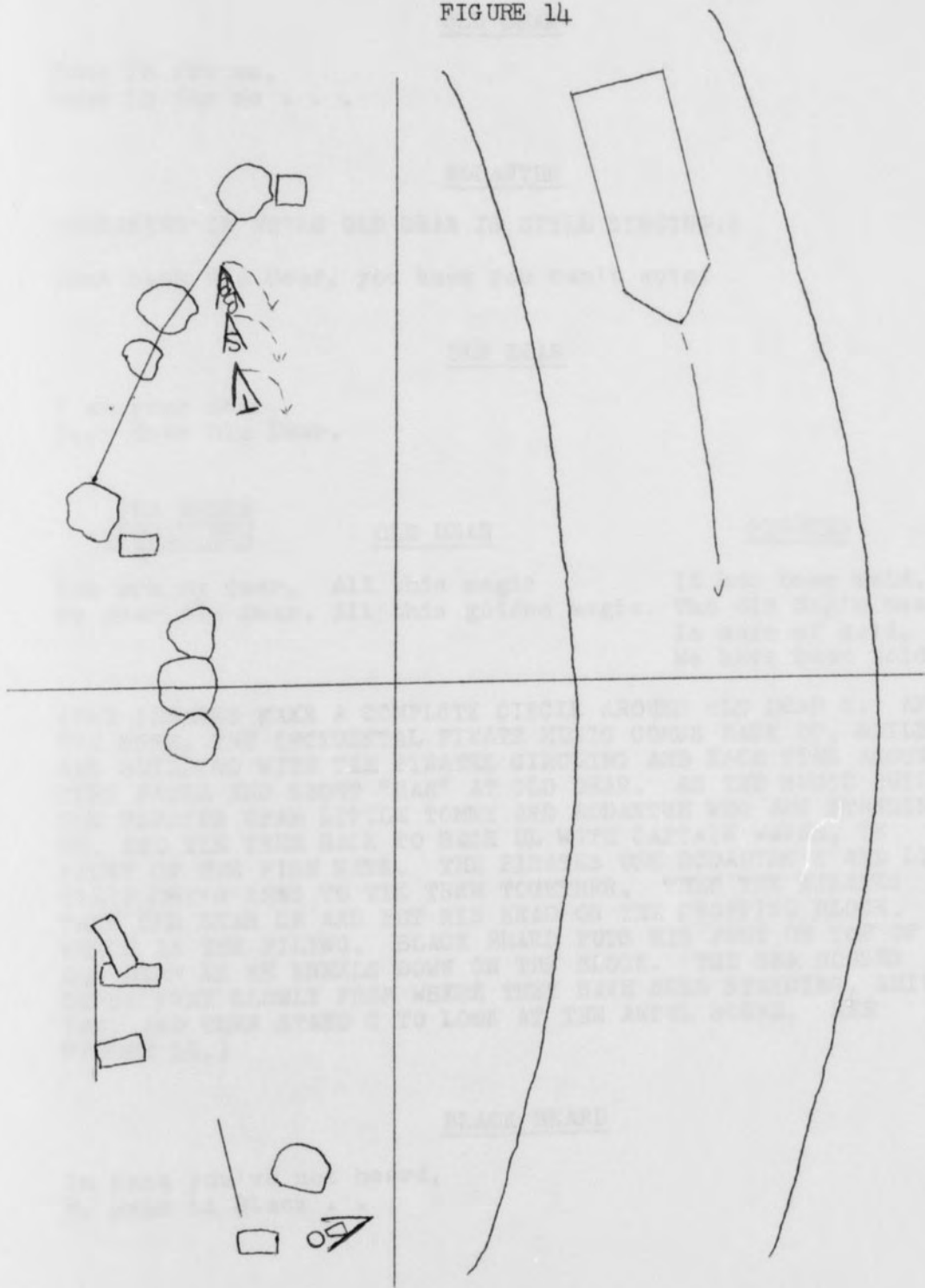
I knew she'd never leave me,
My head feels lighter already!

BLACK BEARD

(OLD DEAR CROSSES L TO C. SINGS AS HE CROSSES.)

Follow that light.
We're going to solve this mystery tonight!

FIGURE 14



OLD DEAR

Come in for me,
Come in for me . . .

RODANTHE

(BREAKING IN WHILE OLD DEAR IS STILL SINGING.)

Come back Old Dear, you know you can't swim!

OLD DEAR

I am your dear,
Your dear Old Dear.

SEA HORSE
NUMBER ONEOLD DEARPIRATES

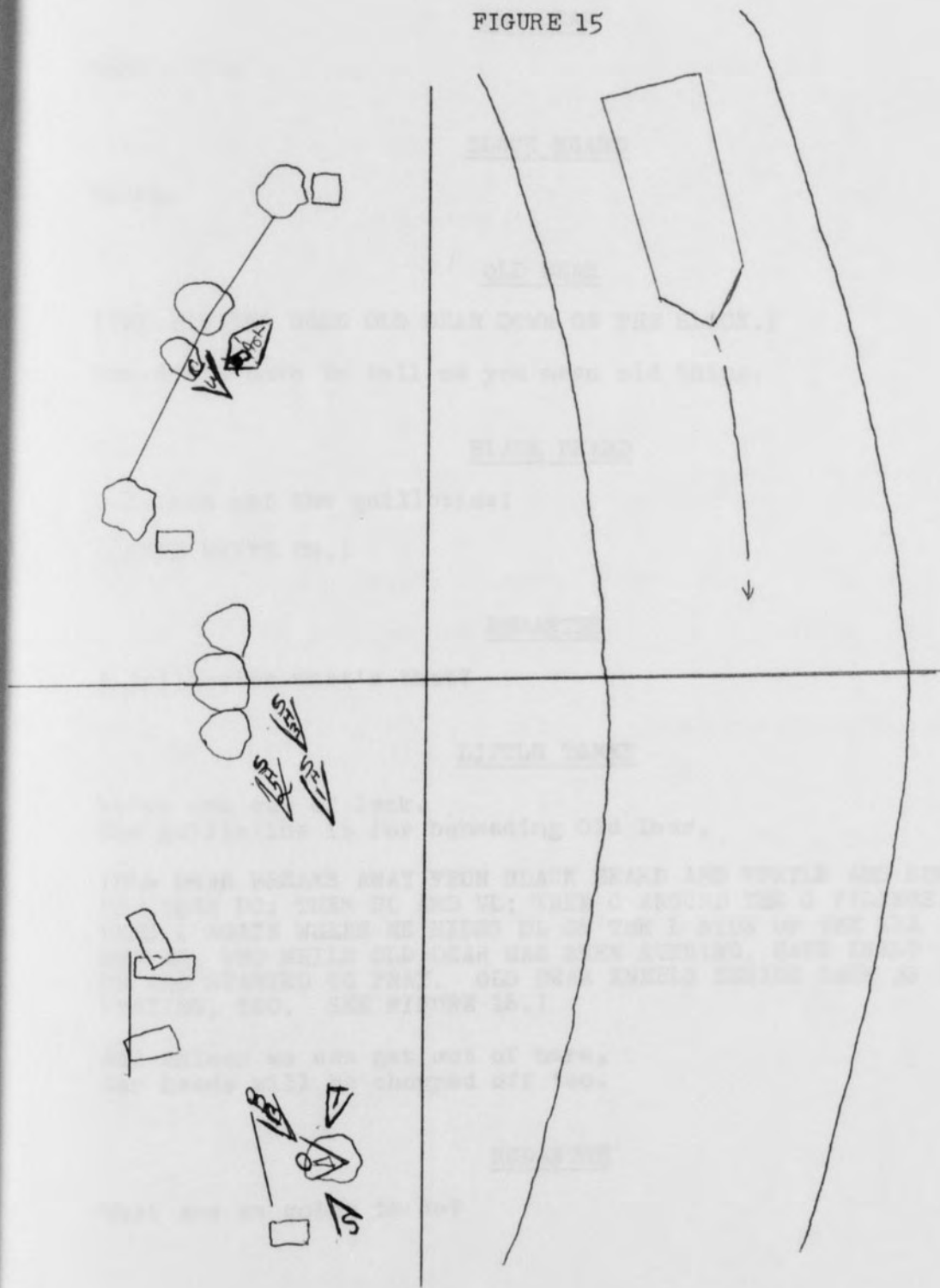
You are my dear,	All this magic	It has been said,
My dear Old Dear.	All this golden magic.	The Old Nag's head,
		Is made of gold,
		We have been told.

(THE PIRATES MAKE A COMPLETE CIRCLE AROUND OLD DEAR C. AFTER THE SONG, THE INCIDENTAL PIRATE MUSIC COMES BACK UP, BUILDING AND BUILDING WITH THE PIRATES CIRCLING AND EACH TIME AROUND THEY PAUSE AND SHOUT "HAH" AT OLD DEAR. AS THE MUSIC BUILDS THE PIRATES GRAB LITTLE TOMMY AND RODANTHE WHO ARE STANDING DR, AND TIE THEM BACK TO BACK UL WITH CAPTAIN WAVES, IN FRONT OF THE FISH NETS. THE PIRATES USE RODANTHE'S AND LITTLE TOMMY'S ARMS TO TIE THEM TOGETHER. THEN THE PIRATES TAKE OLD DEAR DR AND PUT HIS HEAD ON THE CHOPPING BLOCK, WHICH IS THE PILING. BLACK BEARD PUTS HIS FOOT ON TOP OF OLD DEAR AS HE KNEELS DOWN ON THE BLOCK. THE SEA HORSES CROSS VERY SLOWLY FROM WHERE THEY HAVE BEEN STANDING, SHIVERING, AND THEN STAND C TO LOOK AT THE AWFUL SCENE. SEE FIGURE 15.)

BLACK BEARD

In case you've not heard,
My name is Black . . .

FIGURE 15



OLD DEAR

BIRD . . .

BLACK BEARD

Beard.

OLD DEAR

(THE PIRATES HOLD OLD DEAR DOWN ON THE BLOCK.)

You don't have to tell me you mean old thing.

BLACK BEARD

O.K. men get the guillotine!

(SKULL EXITS UR.)

RODANTHE

A guillotine what's that?

LITTLE TOMMY

We've run out of luck.

The guillotine is for beheading Old Dear,

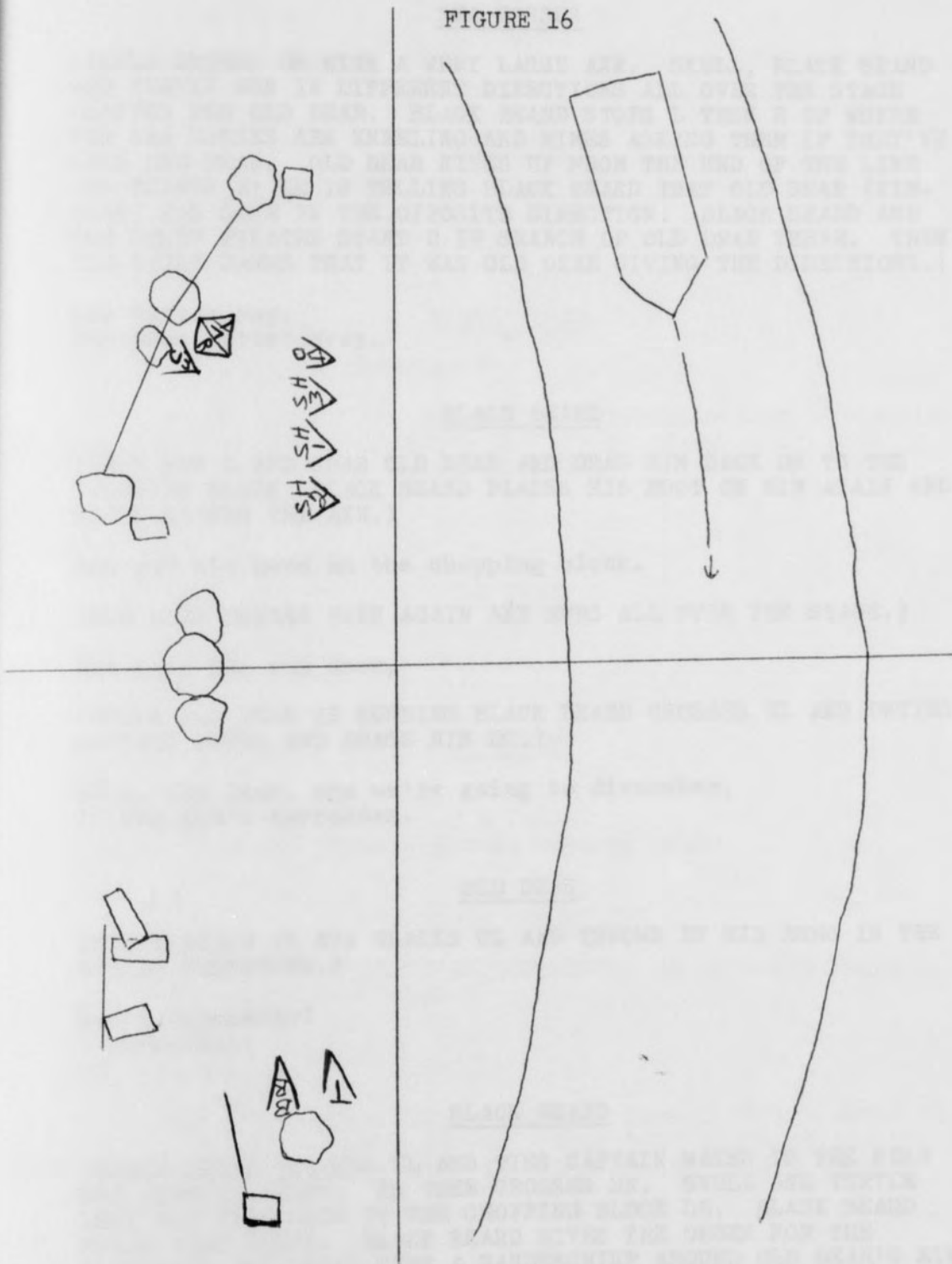
(OLD DEAR BREAKS AWAY FROM BLACK BEARD AND TURTLE AND RUNS UC; THEN DC; THEN DL AND UL; THEN C AROUND THE C PILINGS; THEN L AGAIN WHERE HE HIDES DL ON THE L SIDE OF THE SEA HORSES, WHO WHILE OLD DEAR HAS BEEN RUNNING, HAVE KNELT DL AND STARTED TO PRAY. OLD DEAR KNEELS BESIDE THEM AS IF PRAYING, TOO. SEE FIGURE 16.)

And unless we can get out of here,
Our heads will be chopped off too.

RODANTHE

What are we going to do?

FIGURE 16



SEA HORSES

(SKULL ENTERS UR WITH A VERY LARGE AXE. SKULL, BLACK BEARD AND TURTLE RUN IN DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS ALL OVER THE STAGE LOOKING FOR OLD DEAR. BLACK BEARD STOPS L THEN R OF WHERE THE SEA HORSES ARE KNEELING AND MIMES ASKING THEM IF THEY'VE SEEN OLD DEAR. OLD DEAR RISES UP FROM THE END OF THE LINE AND POINTS R; HE IS TELLING BLACK BEARD THAT OLD DEAR (HIMSELF) HAS GONE IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION. BLACK BEARD AND THE OTHER PIRATES START R IN SEARCH OF OLD DEAR THERE. THEN THE LIGHT DAWNS THAT IT WAS OLD DEAR GIVING THE DIRECTIONS.)

Sea Horses say,
Everyone better pray.

BLACK BEARD

(THEY RUN L AND GRAB OLD DEAR AND DRAG HIM BACK DR TO THE CHOPPING BLOCK; BLACK BEARD PLACES HIS FOOT ON HIM AGAIN AND SKULL RAISES THE AXE.)

Now put his head on the chopping block.

(OLD DEAR BREAKS FREE AGAIN AND RUNS ALL OVER THE STAGE.)

Old Dear has run amok,

(WHILE OLD DEAR IS RUNNING BLACK BEARD CROSSES UL AND UNTIES CAPTAIN WAVES AND DRAGS HIM DC.)

Look, Old Dear, who we're going to dismember,
If you don't surrender.

OLD DEAR

(STOPS RIGHT IN HIS TRACKS UL AND THROWS UP HIS ARMS IN THE ACT OF SURRENDER.)

Don't dismember!
I surrender!

BLACK BEARD

(BLACK BEARD CROSSES UL AND TIES CAPTAIN WAVES TO THE FISH NET RIGGING AGAIN. HE THEN CROSSES DR. SKULL AND TURTLE LEAD OLD DEAR BACK TO THE CHOPPING BLOCK DR. BLACK BEARD MEETS THEM THERE. BLACK BEARD GIVES THE ORDER FOR THE BLINDFOLD AND SKULL TIES A HANDEKCHIEF AROUND OLD DEAR'S EYES.)

(SEE FIGURE 17.)

Put on the blindfold.

RODANTHE

Old Dear's going to die,
And all because of Black Beard's lie,
That happy is a wish for gold!

BLACK BEARD

Have you sharpened the blade?

(SKULL PICKS UP THE AXE AND RUNS HIS FINGER ACROSS THE BLADE,
AND THEN NODS TO BLACK BEARD THAT IT IS SHARP. OLD DEAR IS
WIGGLING ALL OVER THE CHOPPING BLOCK.)

Will you keep still!

OLD DEAR

I can't keep still,
I'm too afraid.

RODANTHE

I knew I was wrong,
To wish for gold instead of a song.
Please, dear Sea Horses, I take back my wish!

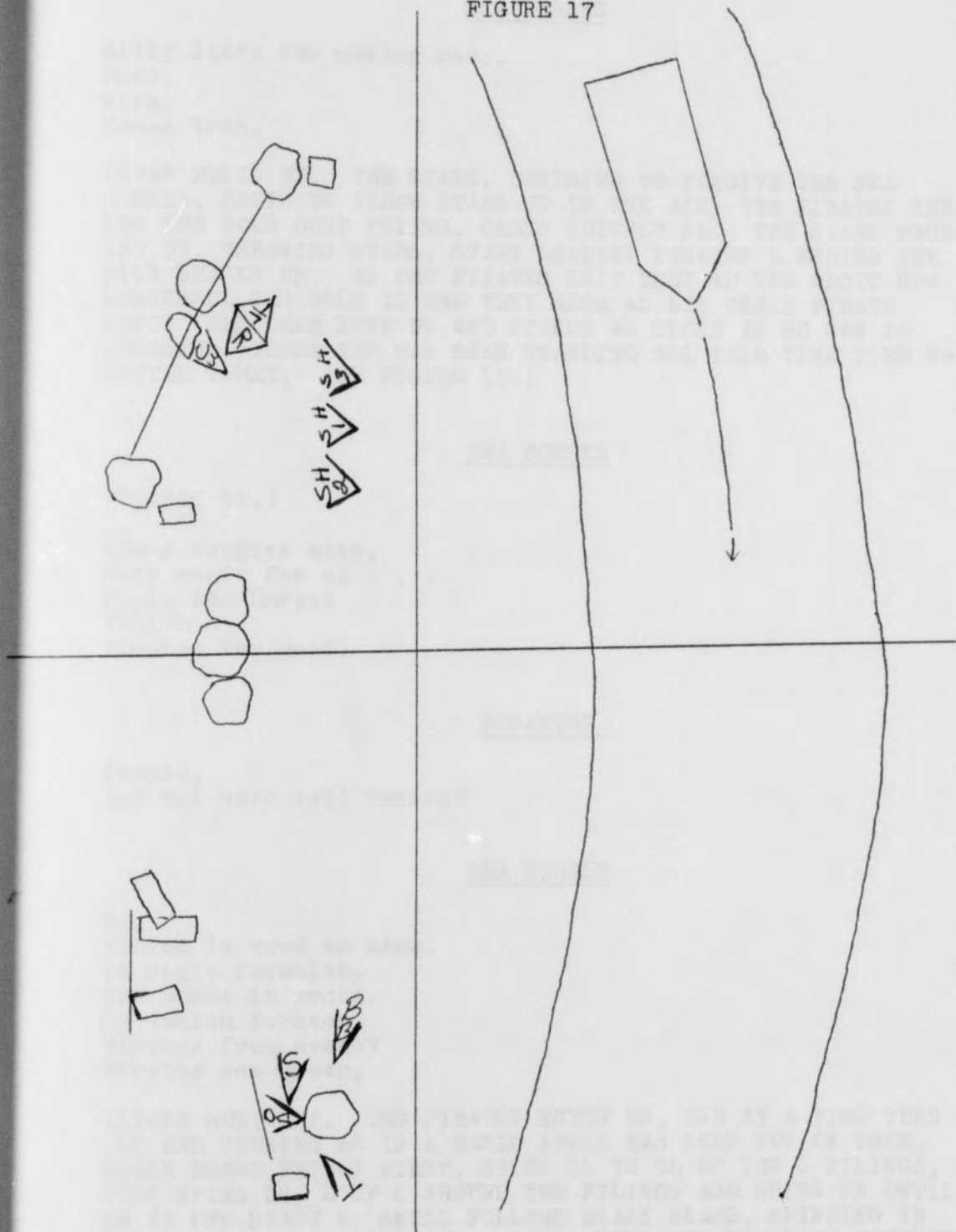
SEA HORSE NUMBER ONE

(ALL OF THE SEA HORSES RAISE THEMSELVES UP ON THEIR KNEES,
OUT OF THE PRAYER POSITION.)

Stars so mad at us,
For making mess.

(THE STARS ENTER FROM BEHIND THE FISH SHACKS UR AND CROSS DL,
STANDING BEHIND THE SEA HORSES. THEY DUMP STARS ON THE SEA
HORSES' HEADS, FURIOUS WITH THEM FOR MAKING SUCH A MESS OF
THINGS.)

FIGURE 17



SEA HORSES

Silly Stars for making mess,
 Undo,
 Wish,
 Comme true.

(STAR MUSIC UP. THE STARS, DECIDING TO FORGIVE THE SEA HORSES, BEGIN TO THROW STARS UP IN THE AIR; THE PIRATES SEEING THE GOLD DUST FLYING, CROSS QUICKLY SL. THE STARS BACKING UR, THROWING STARS, START LEADING PIRATES L BEHIND THE FISH SHACKS UR. AS THE PIRATES EXIT THEY AD LIB ABOUT HOW WONDERFUL THE GOLD IS AND THEY ALSO AD LIB THEIR PIRATE SONG. OLD DEAR RUNS UL AND STANDS AS CLOSE AS HE CAN TO RODANTHE, WHERE SHE HAS BEEN STANDING ALL THIS TIME TIED TO LITTLE TOMMY. SEE FIGURE 18.)

SEA HORSES

(STANDS UP.)

Stars forgive mess,
 Make magic for us . . .
 Magic Sea Horses
 Vanish
 Pirates for good!

RODANTHE

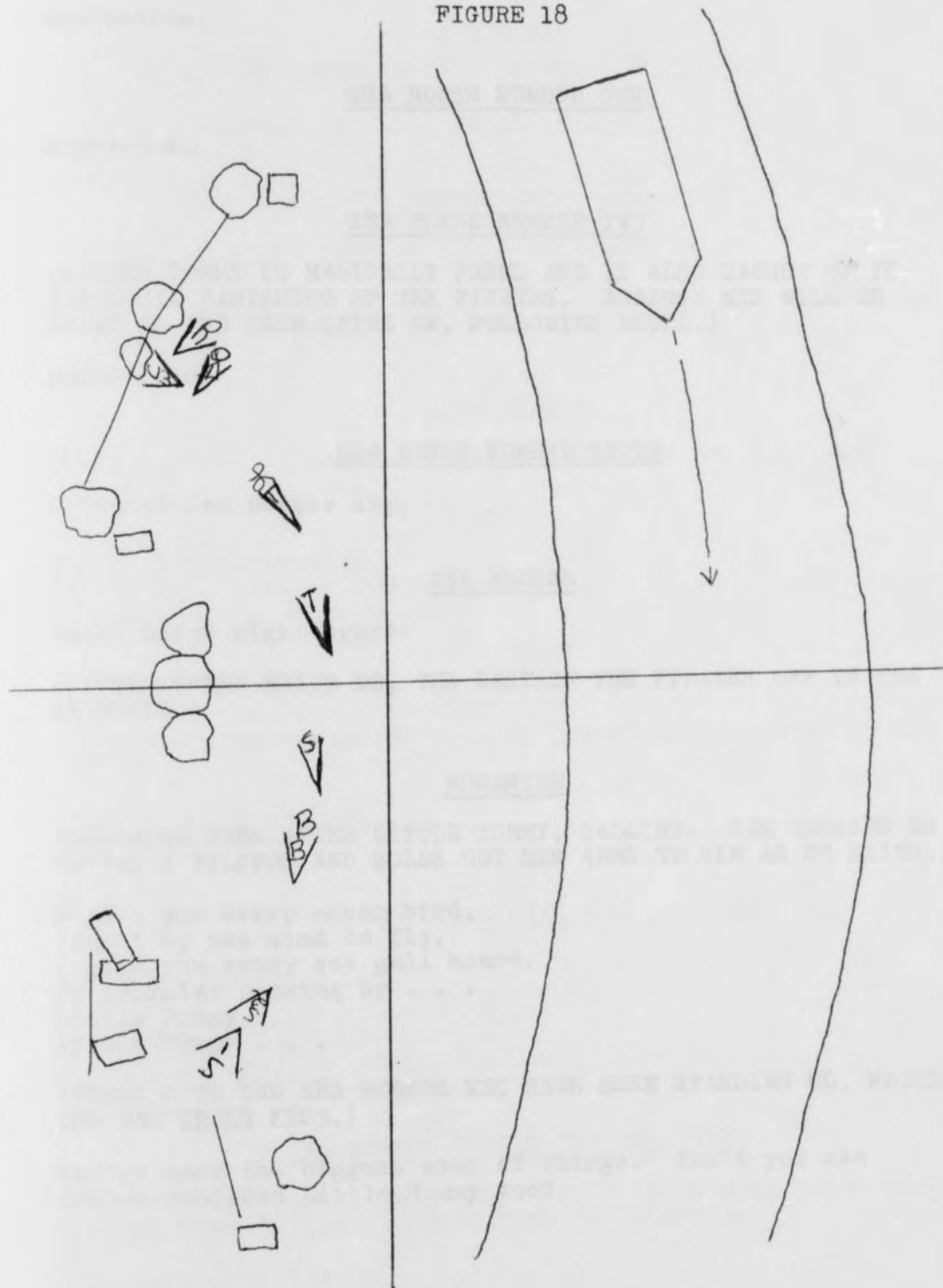
Should,
 You not have said banish?

SEA HORSES

No,
 Vanish is word to know,
 In magic formular.
 Are words in order,
 To vanish forever,
 Pirates from scene?
 Pirates sea green,

(STORM MUSIC UP. THE PIRATES ENTER UR, ONE AT A TIME TURNING AND TURNING AS IF A MAGIC SPELL HAS BEEN PUT ON THEM. BLACK BEARD ENTERS FIRST, SPINS SL TO UL OF THE C PILINGS, THEN SPINS DS, L OF C AROUND THE PILINGS AND SPINS SR UNTIL HE IS OFF-STAGE R; SKULL FOLLOWS BLACK BEARD, SPINNING IN THE SAME PATTERN; TURTLE FOLLOWS SKULL, IN THE SAME PATTERN.)

FIGURE 18



Quarantine,

SEA HORSE NUMBER ONE

Wolverine,

SEA HORSE NUMBER TWO

(LITTLE TOMMY IS MAGICALLY FREED AND IS ALSO CAUGHT UP IN THE MAGIC VANISHING OF THE PIRATES. AGAINST HIS WILL HE SPINS DL AND THEN SPINS SR, FOLLOWING SKULL.)

Guillotine,

SEA HORSE NUMBER THREE

Oriental Sea Horses say,

SEA HORSES

Split scene right away!

(LITTLE TOMMY EXITS DR, THE LAST OF THE PIRATES OFF IN THE SPINNING.)

RODANTHE

(RODANTHE RUNS AFTER LITTLE TOMMY, CALLING. SHE CROSSES DS TO THE C PILINGS AND HOLDS OUT HER ARMS TO HIM AS HE EXITS.)

I give you every ocean bird,
Taught by the wind to fly,
I give you every sea gull heard,
In laughter passing by . . .
Little Tommy,
Little Tommy . . .

(TURNS L TO THE SEA HORSES WHO HAVE BEEN STANDING DL, WATCHING THE WHOLE MESS.)

You've made the biggest mess of things. Can't you see
You've vanished Little Tommy too?

OLD DEAR

(CROSSES DL AND STANDS R OF RODANTHE.)

He wasn't a member of that awful crew.

SEA HORSE NUMBER ONE

(CROSSES TO C AND SITS ON THE L PILING.)

Sea horse magic do
Best it can for you.

OLD DEAR

Well, none of it makes any sense, (CROSSES TO SEA HORSE
NUMBER ONE.)

Now I guess
You'll vanish too,
But by all there is and is not true,
I'm sure going to miss you.

SEA HORSES

(BEGIN BACKING OFF-STAGE L AS IF DRAWN OUT ONCE MORE BY THE
TIDE.)

Come out with us s s s s.
Come out with us s s s s.

OLD DEAR

(FOLLOWS THEM.)

I'm not like you,
My tail won't do
For a tail to swim.

SEA HORSES NUMBER TWO AND THREE

(STOP DL JUST BEFORE THEY EXIT. THEY ARE SINGLE FILE, SEA
HORSE NUMBER ONE THE LAST IN LINE TO GO OFF.)

Say good-by to him.

SEA HORSES

(SEA HORSE NUMBER ONE KISSES OLD DEAR; THEN SHE TAKES OFF HIS GOLDEN HEAD.)

Good-by Old Dear,
Good-by Old Dear,
By happy Old Dear.

OLD DEAR

(SEA HORSES EXIT OFF-STAGE L.)

Good-by, good-by . . . my Dear . . .

SEA HORSES

(CALLING FROM OFF-STAGE L.)

Be happy e e e e
Rodanthe e e e e . . .

RODANTHE

Old Dear, it's all so puzzling,
(CROSSES UL AND UNTIES CAPTAIN WAVES.)
Captain Waves what does it mean?

OLD DEAR

(CROSSES DR.)

Well, it must be just a silly dream,
A fishy fairy tale someone tired to tell,
Oh well . . .
At least we learned that gold hasn't much to offer.

CAPTAIN WAVES

(PUTS HIS ARM AROUND RODANTHE AND CROSSES WITH HER DR TO STAND WITH OLD DEAR DR AND L OF THE DR PILING.)

What's a fairy tale for,
If it doesn't have something

For learning.

RODANTHE

Gold is certainly not to sing,
Puzzling . . .

OLD DEAR

(LOOKS LONGINGLY AFTER SEA HORSE NUMBER ONE. CAPTAIN WAVES STANDS BETWEEN OLD DEAR AND RODANTHE WITH HIS ARM AROUND BOTH OF THEM.)

I learned that happy is someone close you can call your dear.

RODANTHE

My dear, Old Dear. (CROSSES IN FRONT OF CAPTAIN WAVES, WHO COUNTERS BACK, AND HUGS OLD DEAR.)

OLD DEAR

A song is someone dear to sing.

CAPTAIN WAVES

(CROSSES DS R OF C AND ON TO THE PIT LEVEL AS IF HE'S STANDING IN THE OCEAN.)

A song is a bluefish to sing.

RODANTHE

(CROSSES DS R OF C TO CAPTAIN WAVES. MUSIC UP FOR THE SONG, "THIS MUCH I KNOW.")

Captain Waves, what else can we know about the sea,
What else do you know about ourselves and all this mystery?

(MUSIC UNDER, CAPTAIN WAVES SPEAKS.)

I know that gulls can fly,
This much I know.

RODANTHE

(SINGS.)

I know that gulls can fly,
This much I know.

CAPTAIN WAVES

(SPEAKS.)

This much is true.

RODANTHE

(SINGS.)

This much is true.

CAPTAIN WAVES

(SPEAKS.)

I know that up is sky,
And sometimes blue.

RODANTHE

(SINGS.)

I know that up is sky,
And sometimes blue,
And sometimes grey,

CAPTAIN WAVES

(SPEAKS.)

This much I say,

RODANTHE

(SINGS.)

This much I say,

What's more to know,
That up can snow,
This much I know.

I know that time is sand,
With far to go,

OLD DEAR

(SPEAKS.)

And what about me, Dear Old Dear,

RODANTHE

(SINGS.)

I know that I am man,
With far to go,

OLD DEAR

(SPEAKS.)

Will people think me insincere,
A talking horse might seem too queer.

RODANTHE

(SINGS.)

And longing so,
For I don't know,
And yet I know,
The sea to know,
Is me to know.

(RODANTHE SINGS THE SONG ALL THE WAY THROUGH AGAIN, WITHOUT THE SPEAKING. AS SHE BEGINS THE REPRISÉ THE LIFT STARTS DOWN, AS IF CAPTAIN WAVES, OLD DEAR, AND RODANTHE WERE SINKING INTO THE OCEAN; THE SAME OCEAN OUT OF WHICH THEY CAME. THE SONG ENDS JUST AS THEIR HEADS GO OUT OF SIGHT.)

RODANTHE

(SINGS.)

I know that gulls can fly,
 This much I know,
 This much is true,
 I know that up is sky,
 And sometimes blue,
 And sometimes grey,
 This much I say,
 What's more to know,
 That up can snow,
 This much I know.

I know that time is sand,
 With far to go,
 I know that I am man,
 With far to go,
 And longing so,
 For I don't know,
 And yet I know,
 The sea to know,
 Is me to know.

FULL COMPANY

(AS SOON AS THE LIFT HAS GONE ALL THE WAY DOWN WITH RODANTHE, CAPTAIN WAVES, AND OLD DEAR ON IT; THE ENTIRE COMPANY GETS ON AT THE BOTTOM LEVEL AND THE LIFT COMES UP AGAIN FOR THE CURTAIN CALL; EVERYONE IS HOLDING HANDS AND SINGING "IF WHAT IS REAL'S A FAIRY TALE." AS SOON AS THE LIFT HITS TOP, LEVEL WITH STAGE, THE COMPANY BOWS TOGETHER AND THE LIFT STARTS DOWN AGAIN WITH EVERYONE STILL SINGING.)

If what is real's a fairy tale,
 And horses' back feet are a tail,
 Could there be feet beneath a whale,
 And if sea horses have no feet,
 How do they get enough to eat,
 Or does the sea have hay beneath,
 And if there's hay is it to call,
 As well as eat the way I call:
 Hey! Hay does not make sense at all,
 If I am real and you are real,
 And polka dotted horses feel,
 That they also perhaps are real,
 Oh Dear, I feel we'll never know,
 If we are real or just a show,
 Or if we're real for playing so,
 To those who do not understand,
 Realities' a fairy land,
 I'm sure I do not understand,
 Nothing's ever what it seems,

What does it mean,
 What does it mean. (EXIT FROM LIFT.)

THE END

PART III

CRITICAL EVALUATION

In this final chapter the writer will evaluate the production of A Song Is A Blue Fish. Included in the evaluation will be: (1) an interpretation of the final product, relative to what the director set out to accomplish; (2) an evaluation of actor-director relationships by analyzing the specific problems which occurred in working with the actors; (3) an evaluation of the audience reaction to the production; and (4) personal observations which will serve to tie together the foregoing coverage.

Initially, the writer will comment on how well she thinks she achieved what she set out to achieve, relative to the statement of interpretation made in the first chapter. The points of achievement are judged on the following considerations: (1) justification of style, (2) justification of rhythm, tempo and pace.

In justification of the style of direction, the writer refers to the Introduction in which she pointed out that the play should evoke a feeling of the Absurd through fantasy and wonder. At the same time she noted that this Absurd translation of A Song Is A Blue Fish would be attempted by directing the play as a dance of both words and

bodies. The style of the play should have been, therefore, one of a dance; more specifically, one of a dance of life, which by the fantastic presentation of material, denies life as a reality while, at the same time, calling on the nature of paradox to assert reality by the very denying of it. The purpose of A Song Is A Blue Fish is to involve the audience in the reality of a fairy tale; to get them to ask themselves, as do the characters in the play, "Is what is real a fairy tale?" The director believes she brought off the desired oral interpretation of the words of the play. However, for the most part the movement never reached the statement of the dance that she wished to make. This part of the direction fell short in the rhythm, tempo and pace of the show. The oral interpretation of A Song Is A Blue Fish, the director feels, had a sense of an oral dance, which was not fully realized by the bodies.

The evaluation of the actor-director relationships will be made by analyzing the specific problems which occurred in working with the actors. With one exception, the actor-director relationships during the rehearsals of A Song Is A Blue Fish, were, as far as the director can analyze, excellent. This exception was with one of the leads, who refused to take direction and then when he did consent, after long argument, to do as he was directed, quickly forgot what it was he was asked to do. This same actor was also late to rehearsals and did not show up for

two rehearsals. The director felt such frustration in working with this actor that she wanted to tell him not to come back so that she might replace him at once. However, because of lack of time, and people available, this was not a wise thing to do.

The negative attitude of the director in response to the actor's lack of professional approach to his work was also unprofessional. Finally, to get at the character that the actor was playing, the director asked one of her other actors if she would coach him on the side. At this point the director was completely unable to handle the actor in developing his character. The coaching proved to be a solution.

The most difficult evaluation this director had to make was the one involving the effectiveness of the means and methods employed to stimulate the cast to be original and creative. In the first place this director is very shy of words like "means" and "methods," believing that such terms limit the very idea of creativity. If "means" and "methods" can be translated to mean "response to an actor," then an evaluation can be made. For the director believes that she has the ability to respond to most people, encouraging whatever dimension of creativity the actor brings with him to his work.

To be more specific, in A Song Is A Blue Fish, the director responded to her actors by talking with them about

what they hoped to bring to their roles, and how they hoped to realize the characters reaching those dimensions of themselves which might become possible keys to opening the doors to characterizations. The response that each actor gave to her questions and the response this director made in turn was, the director hopes, a stimulation of creativity.

A Song Is A Blue Fish is a play which demands a sensitive imagination and a playing energy to sustain the wonder. The director, to stimulate in her actors a creative and original response to this level of energy, tried to bring to the theatre the best of her own energy, in response to the magic which the play asks of its actors. This director found that her own enthusiasm and belief in the magic of the play brought the best results in encouraging her actors to call on their own creativity in response to the challenge of energy. This demand of energy takes hard work and it was very important for the director to stress that imagination requires a concerted effort on the part of the actor. For example, the director brought in a shell one evening. The shell was placed on a table. Very few of the actors noticed the shell until the director asked them to pick it up and respond. They saw and touched and heard as they "happened to the shell." The shell was not able to respond to them. They had to respond to it; bringing to it a psychic energy, which demanded a creative concentration and reaction to the wonder of what they had experienced. The director then told

her cast that the response to the shell was the same kind of response that must be brought to the play. For the play, very like the sea shell, would not happen until the actors had picked it up and responded with every possible sense. Just as the actor happened to the play with his very senses in response to the wonder he found there, so would his response be communicated to the audience. The director believes that the actors' creative response was communicated effectively to the audience.

In the following evaluation of audience reaction to A Song Is A Blue Fish, the director simply states that she hoped to evoke a certain curiosity about the nature of reality; to leave the audience wondering what the play was all about; to ask themselves the same question that Rodanthe and Old Dear asked Captain Waves, "What does it mean?" Their response as a whole was one of a happy time, the director believes. The curiosity the director was trying to arouse in the audience was evident in the comments made to the director and to friends of the director by individual members of the audience. One person said the play was the most curious piece she had ever seen. Another person offered that it was a delight of puzzles and certainly had a quality, not only of wonder, but ultimate questioning about the very nature of reality. These responses are what the director hoped to evoke with A Song Is A Blue Fish.

In conclusion to this critical evaluation of the

thesis production of A Song Is A Blue Fish, the director would like to say that the only true critique she can give of her own work is by returning to the poems and the directing she left behind to write this critique. For only as a work of art makes the artist want to go on in his work, always stretching himself taller than he has known, can he evaluate his work; saying by his work what he has done, is doing, and hopes to do. If the director of A Song Is A Blue Fish hoped to achieve a curiosity about songs being blue fish, then she can only evaluate this production by trying further to prove that: Madness and joy is April bending green and Whitman under me.

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CAST OF THE PRODUCTION

William Sengenberg	
Mary Stewart	
Robert Bradford	
Clayton Stewart	
Ray Taylor	
Henry Clay	
Carol Walker	
John Smith	
Frank Miller	

APPENDIX A

CAST OF THE PRODUCTION

Family	
The	

CAST OF THE PRODUCTION

Captain Waves.	William Dannenberg
Rodanthe	Mary Stewart
Old Dear	Robert Bodford
Oriental Sea Horse Number One.	Candy Sherman
Oriental Sea Horse Number Two.	Kay Taylor
Oriental Sea Horse Number Three.	Nancy Clay
Funny Star Number One.	Carol Walker
Funny Star Number Two.	Sybil Rosen
Black Beard.	Frank O'Neill
Skull.	Jim Burroughs
Turtle	Connie Spadanuta
Little Tommy	Tom Bates

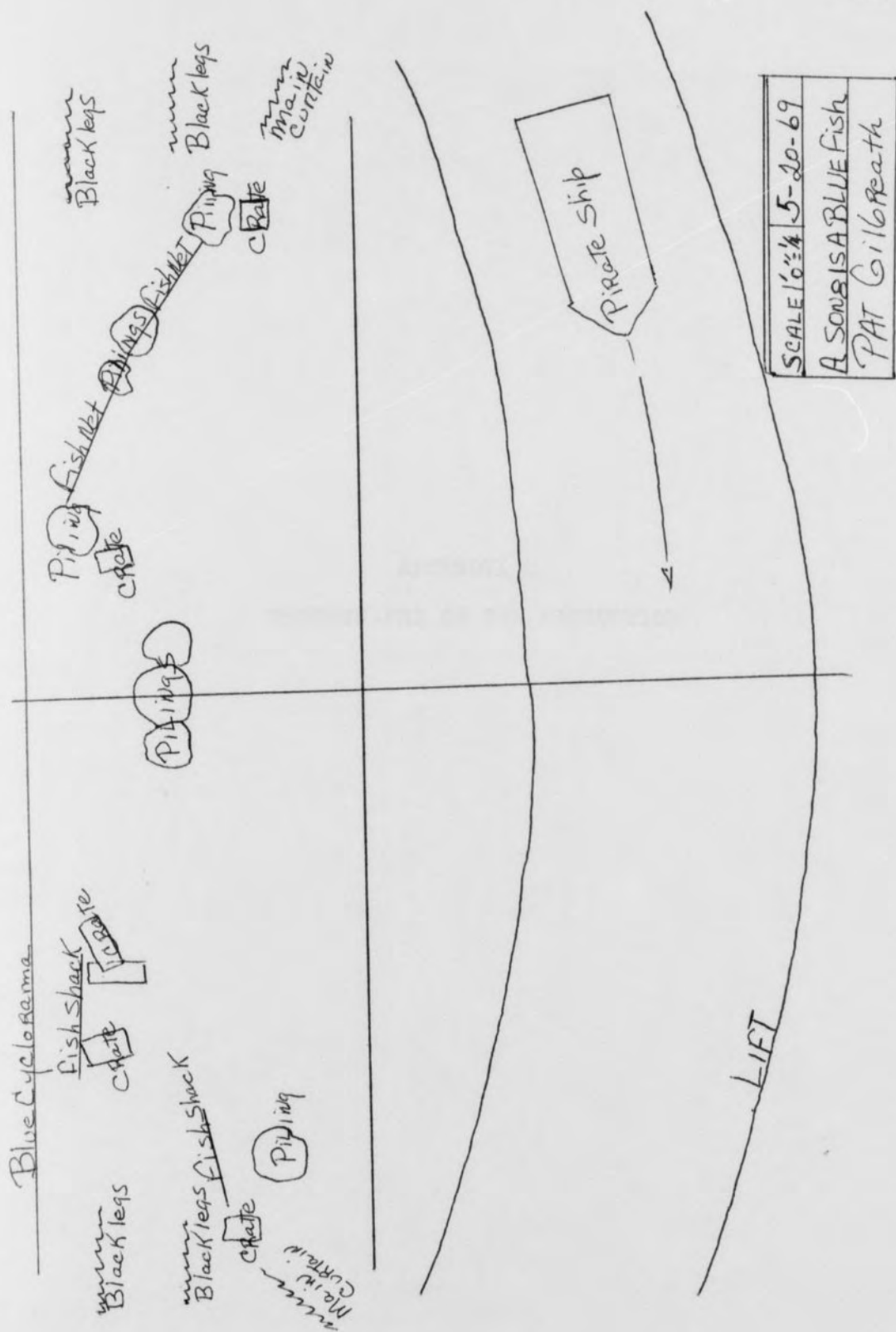
SCENE

By the Sea

TIME

Anytime

APPENDIX B
FLOOR PLAN OF THE PRODUCTION





OLD FASHIONED TREE
BOND
LOW COTTON FIBER

APPENDIX C

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE PRODUCTION



