

{Spells of the Sea}

TRANSCRIPT EPISODE 5

Soft music.

The following podcast was made possible by the University of Texas at Austin's Cohen New Works Festival. Be sure to support other productions in the festival and go to spellsofthesea.com for activities following each episode.

Recap sound.

CRANK:
Safe journey, sailor.

FINLEY:
Same to you, Captain Crank.

*A burst of sound.
Ringing. Crank's voice is muffled.*

CRANK:
No! Wait! Finley!

Ringing subsides as we transition to Bleary, grosser than ever.

MERMAID:
With a heavy heart and a mind on a mission, Crank sailed back to Bleary, where a sad fog swept over the entire town. Masses were mourning the death of Ferris Frankfurter at the non-denominational denominational church.

The town sings in the church.

SONG: Going, Going, Gone

TOWNSPEOPLE:
*Going, going, gone
Frankfurter fishing is no more
Going, going, gone
Frankfurter fishing is no more*

*(Note: Repeats or turns into hums as the dialogue goes on.)
End of song.*

MERMAID:
A sad towns person sat on the last pew at the funeral.

CRANK:
Excuse me?

TOWNSPERSON #1:
Yes?

CRANK:
Where is Ferris?

TOWNSPERSON #1: (*through tears*)
In the...th--the casket. At the front.

CRANK:
Thank you.

TOWNSPERSON #1:
You have to get in line. The end is three blocks away.

CRANK:
Three blocks?!

It echoes. Silence. Everybody stares at Crank.

Sorry. I'll...

He walks out the door shaking his head.

Three blocks.

Beat. He looks at the line.

No. No! I'm going back inside.

Opens the door. Music.

Attention!

The crowd murmurs and turns to Crank.

I need to see Ferris Frankfurter!

TOWNSPERSON #2:
Why?

CRANK:
Because I have the Elixir of Life.

Gasps.

Let me through.

MERMAID:

And everyone did. And it was then that H.S. Crank walked up to the casket and poured the Elixir of Life into Ferris Frankfurter's mouth.

The sound of magic and whispers as the gloopy liquid pours. Music swells. Townspeople murmur excitedly.

TOWNSPERSON #1:

What's happening?

TOWNSPERSON #2:

Is it working?

TOWNSPERSON #3:

What is that?

*Music stops.
Long beat.*

SWIMMER:
Nothing's happening!

CRANK:
No, I promise. I promise it works!

TOWNSPERSON #3:
He ruined Ferris Frankfurter's face forever!

*An uproar from the town!
And then—*

DAD coughs.

Silence. Heads turn to the casket.

TOWNSPERSON #1:
Ferris?

DAD sits up.

DAD:
What's going on?

TOWNSPERSON #2:
He's alive!

*The whole town cheers!
Everyone tries to talk to him at once, but Dad interrupts them.*

DAD:
Will someone please tell me what is happening?

TOWNSPERSON #1:
Well—

TOWNSPERSON #2:
Uh ...

CRANK:
I can.

TOWNSPERSON #3:
Yes! This old, decrepit man saved you, Mr. Frankfurter!

CRANK: *(to Townsperson #3)*

Hey.

TOWNSPERSON #3:

What? You are old and decrepit.

DAD:

You saved me?

CRANK:

Yes...well, not entirely.

DAD:

What do you mean?

CRANK:

You were dying of the Big Bad Sickness from the Big Bad Depths of the Sea. Finley asked for my help to get you the Elixir of Life. And she got it. You died, but now you're alive.

TOWNSPERSON #2:

Who's Finley?

DAD:

My daughter. Thank you, Mister...I didn't catch your name.

CRANK:

Harold Sully Crank. But they call me Captain Crank.

DAD:

Well, Mr. Captain Crank. Thank you. And where is Finley?

Beat.

CRANK:

She wanted me to tell you she loves you.

DAD:

Where is she?

CRANK:

I'm sorry. The Elixir needed a life, and she...

Beat.

DAD:

Where is she, Captain?

CRANK:

She insisted on sacrificing herself for you. I cannot express how sorry I am.

DAD:

She's dead.

CRANK:

I'm sorry, Mr. Frankfurter. Truly, I am. If you only knew—

DAD:

You say the Elixir needed a life?

CRANK:

Yes, and I tried to stop her—

DAD:

She's fifteen. She's only fifteen.

CRANK:

I'm sorry. Please—

DAD:

How could you let her do that?

CRANK:

I'm sorry. I had a daughter once, too, Mr. Frankfurter.

DAD:

Then you must know. You have to know how this feels, Captain. She was all I had.

SWIMMER:

And you killed her.

TOWNSPERSON #1:

He murdered Ferris Frankfurter's only child!

CRANK:

I'm sorry.

TOWNSPERSON #2:

What a monster!

CRANK:

Please. I cared about her like my own daughter--

TOWNSPERSON #3:

He doesn't deserve to be here!

CRANK:

Please!

*The crowd riots! They push Crank out of the church.
SWIMMER pushes him to the ground outside.*

SWIMMER:

Leave town, old man.

*And slams the church door.
Silence as CRANK sits on the ground, shocked. He gets up.*

CRANK:

Fine!

MERMAID:

It was back to the dark lighthouse after that. Crank didn't see the use in going outside again. It remained cruel. He still had no family. He still was old. And he was still utterly, terribly alone.

CRANK is home again in the LIGHTHOUSE. Admires the walls that have always been there for him.

Song: Seafoam

CRANK:

*You're safe, Crank
Back in your tower
Beloved patched up walls
There'll be no sun at any hour*

*No one here to bother you
Anymore
No more seasick adventures
Just sweet, sturdy floor*

*No more boat, no more treasure
No more girl
No more*

*I'm glad I'm home
I knew, I've known
Lighthouse keeper, I'm no Captain
Not a hero, I'm an old man*

*I'll be gone like seafoam
I'm better off alone*

*Who said I need a new adventure? Not I.
I'm not trying to live
I'm just getting by*

*I don't need more new people
In my life
They only ever bring more pain
And then die*

*All I wanted was a day off,
All I needed was some time
'Stead I hopped on a boat to find
More trouble, more crime*

*I'm glad I'm home
Glad I'm alone
Lighthouse keeper, I'm no captain
Not a hero, I'm an old man
I'll be gone like seafoam
I'm better off*

*I have all my family here
My chair and my bottles of beer
No need to be a father
No need for more dead daughters
In this house I'm not upset
In this house I forget*

*I'm here, I'm home
I'm all alone
Lighthouse keeper, never captain
Not a hero, I'm an old man
I'll be gone like seafoam*

*I'm better off
I'm better off
I'm better off
Alone*

End of song.

Silence, for a while. Then, a knock at the door.

CRANK:
Out of business.

Knocking continues, more persistent this time.

CRANK:
Leave.

More knocking. Loud.

CRANK:
Scum of the earth. For crying out loud—

Crank gets up and goes to the door. Opens it.

What do you want?

DAD:
Hi.

*Crank closes the door.
From behind the door:*

I'd like to apologize. For earlier. Fans, am I right?

Beat.

I didn't think everyone would react so strongly. I'm sorry.

Beat.

Please open the door, Captain Crank.

CRANK:
Don't call me Captain.

DAD:
I'd like to talk about Finley. Please.

CRANK:
There's nothing to talk about. She's dead.

DAD:
This, um...this bottle—or, the Elixir. It started whispering. It told me there was a way to bring her back.

Crank opens the door.

CRANK:

What?

DAD:

Yes. It said, uh...

ELIXIR: (*whispered*)

Bring back the dead, just lose your head.

Bring back lose your head

DAD:

That.

CRANK:

Bring back the dead, just lose your head.

DAD:

Yes. I'm not quite sure what it means. But I know I need her back.

CRANK:

I know.

(to Elixir) What do you need?

DAD:

...Are you talking to the bottle?

CRANK:

Tell us.

DAD:

I'm not sure that will work—

ELIXIR:

The princess may come back to life.

DAD:

Oh. Wow.

ELIXIR:

But Ferris Frankfurter will lose all memories of the princess.

Beat.

DAD:

I can't forget her.

CRANK:

Is there another way, Elixir?

ELIXIR:

No other way we can say.

DAD:

But I can't...I can't just forget Finley. After my wife died, she...

CRANK:

She was all the family you had left.

DAD:

Yes. Exactly.

Beat.

How did you get through it?

CRANK:

I didn't. And then I met Finley. And I realized...I could see my daughter in her. She was everywhere. And she still is.

DAD:

So, I just have to live with it, then.

CRANK:

Yes. But you'll always have her memories.

DAD:

Yes. Thank you.

Beat.

Suppose I'll go back home, now.

Dad walks away.

CRANK:

Ferris?

DAD:

Yes?

CRANK:

A word of advice, if I may.

DAD:

What is it?

CRANK:

Don't shut the world out. And don't convince yourself you're better off without your family.

DAD:

I won't.

CRANK:

I wasted too many years doing that. Don't waste yours.

Crank swings the door to close it.

DAD:

Wait.

Opens it again.

Do you, uh...do you need help fixing that light up there, Captain?

CRANK:

The light?

DAD:

In your lighthouse.

CRANK:

Oh. No, no...it's been out for...

Actually, yes. I would like that.

DAD:

Great. I'll get my toolbox.

MERMAID:

And the old man and the younger man climbed up to the top of the lighthouse—the same lighthouse Crank vowed to never light again. And they worked and repaired until the old rusty beacon was new again.

DAD:

Hand me a wrench, Captain?

CRANK:

Aye, Frankfurter. This wrench has a very...interesting design.

DAD:

Oh, ha. Finley painted all the tools when she was six.

CRANK:

Sounds like something my Pearl would do. Painted the whole boat bright orange. Almost drove my wife insane.

DAD:

Kids.

CRANK:

Yes, ha. Kids.

One last scrrrrch of the wrench.

DAD:

That should do it. She's ready to light up. Just have to pull the switch.

CRANK:

Aye.

Beat.

DAD:

You alright?

CRANK:

I'll be alright.

Just been a long time.

DAD:

Those sailors will sure be happy to see a beacon again.

CRANK:

Yes. They will.

DAD:

On three?

CRANK:

Yes.

DAD:

One!

DAD & CRANK:

Two!

Crank takes a deep breath.

CRANK:

Three.

The light flashes on as triumphant music plays. Cheers of “Land ho!” “Hey, look!” etc. echo from the sea below.

CRANK:

Ha-ha!

DAD:

There you go!

CRANK:

Never thought I’d see this again. Thank you, youngster.

DAD:

Sure thing, Captain. Let’s do some fishing tomorrow? I’ve got a boat.

CRANK:

Yes. For sure.

DAD:

I’ll let you enjoy the view, then, lighthouse keeper. See you then.

CRANK:

Yes.

Dad walks down the stairs.

Crank looks out at the boats in the ocean. Looks at the happy people. Laughs.

What a view.

MERMAID:

The old man vowed from then on to live life without shutting the world out. His heart was still wounded, but he would use his remaining years to mend it back together again. He didn’t have any family left, but at least he had--

From below--

DAD:

Hey, Captain?

CRANK:

Yes?

DAD:

The bottle—the Elixir! It’s talking!

CRANK:

What?

MERMAID:

And sure enough, the Elixir of Life was rumbling, tumbling around, spewing whispers and green magic. And then, a void started to appear.

ELIXIR:

A new light for a life!

light for a life!

New light!

New light !!!

NEW LIGHT FOR A LIFE NEW LIGHT FOR A LIFE NEW LIGHT FOR A LIFE!

CRANK:

Get away from it, Ferris!

DAD:

What?

CRANK:

Get away! It's dangerous!

DAD:

Okay!

*Dad moves away.
Wind whistles. Glass breaks.*

CRANK:

Ferris?! I can't see you!

DAD:

I'm here! There's a lot of fog!

CRANK:

Try to get away!

DAD:

I can't find the door!

CRANK:

Try! Try to find—

One last ROAR from the Elixir!

ELIXIR:

The curse IS **BROKEN!**

And just like that, the wind stops. Complete silence.

CRANK:

Ferris?

FINLEY:

Crank?

CRANK:

Finley!

He hurries down the stairs.

FINLEY:

Crank!

CRANK:

Your Pa. He's in here somewhere, I can't see through the fog.

DAD:

Finley.

FINLEY:

Pa?

Dad starts to cry. He hugs Finley.

DAD:

You're back. You're alive. You're back.

FINLEY:

Are you crying?

DAD:

Ha-ha. Yes.

FINLEY:

I'm fine, Dad. I told you. I always tell you.

DAD:

I know, Fin. I know. I believe you. Thank you for saving me.

FINLEY:
Of course, Dad.

DAD:
You're so strong. So strong.

FINLEY:
Really?

DAD:
Yes. I love you so much, Fin.

FINLEY:
I love you, too, Pa.

DAD:
I thought I lost you.

FINLEY:
It's okay, now. We'll be alright.

DAD:
Yes. We'll be alright.

They let go of their embrace.

FINLEY:
Fishing time tomorrow?

DAD:
Of course.

The creaky front door swings open.

FINLEY:
Crank?

CRANK:
I'm just going outside. This moment...it's for Frankfurters. And I'm no Frankfurter.

FINLEY:
No. Stay. You're a part of this too, grandpa.

DAD:
That's right, Captain. We're all going fishing tomorrow. Family event.

CRANK:
Really?

FINLEY:

Of course. But only if you make that famous clam chowder.

DAD:

Famous?

CRANK:

My wife's recipe.

DAD:

Well, I can't wait to try it.

FINLEY:

We need to make a Frankfurter Fishing restaurant, Dad. I have so many ideas.

DAD:

I can't wait to hear them.

CRANK:

She's a bright one, Ferris. She got us out of a tussle with pirates.

DAD:

Pirates? Gee, I haven't heard that one before!

Ad lib as their voices fade out.

MERMAID:

And so, Finley the fisherwoman, H.S. Crank the lighthouse keeper, and Ferris Frankfurter talked for hours about their sea adventures, about the good times and the bad times, about the sad times and the happy times, and everything in between. And what happened after that? Well, I'll let you find out.

*School bell rings. Music.
Swimmers splashing in the water.*

COACH:

Twenty-five, twenty-six, twenty-seven. With the others, that's 975 cans of clam chowder from Fisherwoman Finley and Captain Crank's Restaurant.

FINLEY:

And how many more did you want for the school dance?

COACH:

We'll order 100 more. Those Bleary swimmers love their clam chowder.

SWIMMER:

Coach! We're drowning!

COACH:

Not again. Take a break! Somebody throw in a live saver!

COACH blows a whistle.

Can't believe those idiots still can't swim.

FINLEY:

They'll get there.

COACH:

I just wish they had the drive you had. Coming back from the dead at fifteen. Opening up a restaurant at sixteen.

FINLEY:

Well, you just have to believe in yourself.

COACH:

Guess so.

FINLEY:

How about I give you the rest of the clam chowder for free? To make up for stealing those lifejackets last year.

COACH:

Thanks, Frankfurter.

FINLEY:

Of course.

SWIMMER:

Hey, Finley! Teach me how to fish?

FINLEY:

If I have time.

Song: Finley and Me

FINLEY:

Blue skies and starry nights

Greet this small town each night and morning

I find they're just the right company

For my dad, my grandpa and me

SWIMMER:

Can I at least have the clam chowder recipe?

COACH:

Oh, shut up and swim.

FINLEY:

(sung)

Cause once that school bell dings,

I'm out of here

Once it tolls, I'm flying free

Into the greatest bluest deepest widest sea

Hop on a boat, and then go fishing

Soaring, tumbling on the high seas

Just a girl, her grandpa and father

CRANK & DAD:

Finley and me

FINLEY:

There they are! Just in time for the daily catch.

CRANK:

Already the fittest, fastest fisherwoman in all of Bleary.

TOWNSPERSON #1:

Excuse me, Finley? Can I get a picture? I just *love* hearing about your adventures.

FINLEY:

Of course!

TOWNSPERSON #1:

Oh, and let's get Captain Crank in there, too!

DAD:

I'll hold the camera.

TOWNSPERSON #1:

Oh, thank you!

Click!

I love you, Finley!

FINLEY:

And I, you.

CRANK:
To the boat?

FINLEY:
To the boat!
(sung)
Just a fisherwoman

DAD:
And her father

CRANK:
And an old man

FINLEY & CRANK & DAD:
And the water

*A fisherwoman and her father
And an old man and the water
Finley and me
Our found family
Finley and me
Our found family*

MERMAID:
And the Spells of the Sea

ALL:
Hmmmm

*End of song.
Upbeat music.*

Spells of the Sea was created and written by Guinevere Govea and directed by Anna Pickett, with performances by Kathleen Guerrero, Emily Watson, Will Derden, Michael Williams Martinez, Gabriella Bastek, Ben Cervantes, Jayla Ball, Guinevere Govea, and Anna Pickett, with additional vocals by Christian Scheller and Alexis Williams. Mixing, score, and additional composition by Conner Darnell. Sound design by Alex Titsworth and Kasey Durham. Website concept and design by Anna Pickett. Dramaturg: Mallory Maybin. Music and lyrics by Guinevere Govea. Spells of the Sea is a production made possible by The Cohen New Works Festival. Thank you for listening to Spells of the Sea.

END OF PLAY.