

{Spells of the Sea}

TRANSCRIPT EPISODE 2

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.

MERMAID:

And so, Finley the fisherwoman and H. S. Crank the lighthouse keeper sailed away on an old, rickety boat filled with 70 cans of sardines.

FINLEY:

Ready about, boatswain! Absolutely nothing can stand in our way!

A LOUD clap of thunder!

Except that.

CRANK:

We're about to die, aren't we?

FINLEY:

No way, boatswain! That won't reach us for another half hour! And besides, a little storm never hurt any seafarers! My Pa and I came across many-a storm in our fisherperson lifetime.

CRANK:

And what about boat police? Have you ever come across them?

FINLEY: (lying)

Probably, yeah.

CRANK:

Really? The people that throw little girls off of boats that don't belong to them?

FINLEY:

I'm not little.

CRANK:

Well, they're over there. On that ship.

A distant ship. We hear a cannon.

FINLEY:

Those aren't boat police. My Pa knows all about boat police.

CRANK:

You ever seen any?

FINLEY:

Maybe—I—I don't know--but--

CRANK:

Aha! Well. That's them. Fun's over. Time to turn back.

FINLEY:

No! We haven't even gotten a bottle of kindness!

CRANK:

Kindness was letting you break into my house and steal my boat! Turn it around, Foamy.

FINLEY:

It's *Finley*. And I need a *bottle* of kindness.

CRANK:

Here. Let's see...ah! Empty beer bottle. That'll do.

He picks it up and spits in it.

My DNA. Evidence of my kindness.

FINLEY:

That won't work.

CRANK:

And why not?

FINLEY:

It's not magic. You can't spit in a bottle and say it's magic.

CRANK:

Magic isn't real, little girl.

FINLEY:

My Pa knows magic is real.

CRANK:

It's imaginary, Fanny. Just like krakens.

FINLEY:

Uh-huh. Sure. Just like Krakens. And Nessie, too?

CRANK:

Yes. Nessie, too.

FINLEY:

What about pirates?

CRANK:

Pirates are lies.

FINLEY:

Really.

CRANK:

I haven't ever seen one. Only idiots believe in them.

FINLEY:

Then who are *they*?!

Finley points. The ship is right behind them. It's not the boat police. It's a pirate ship, filled with PIRATES. The PIRATE CAPTAIN and ASSISTANT TO THE PIRATE CAPTAIN step out as the rest of the crew cheer and whoop.

CAPTAIN:

AHOY!

ASSISTANT:

LAND HO!

CAPTAIN:

There ain't any land, ye dimwit.

ASSITANT:

Oi. Thanks, Cap'n /

CAPTAIN:

Good afternoon to the litt'ol lass and her gran-pa. The name is Captain Serpent Tyde, *feared pirate* over all the ocean and /

ASSISTANT:

And we're gonna / kidnap ye!

CAPTAIN:

Shut up! Shut up. But yeh. Hop aboard, litt'ol lass and her grandpa. Or we'll give ye to the hungry litt'ol sharks.

CRANK:

You're not real!

ASSISTANT:

Oi. That's what they all say!

FINLEY:

We'll never come with you!

CAPTAIN:

Never, eh? And what makes ye think we will listen to the likes of ye?

CRANK:

This is my wife's boat! I'm not getting off!

ASSISTANT:

That's too bad. The Cap'n hates women!

CAPTAIN:

I hate women.

FINLEY:

I'll make you a deal, Captain. One you can't refuse!

CAPTAIN:

A deal, eh? Let's hear it.

FINLEY:

I am the daughter of Ferris Frankfurter—the fishing *king*. Me and my boatswain are on a journey to find treasure. And if you let us go, we'll give you half of it.

Beat. Then, Captain laughs. Assistant follows.

ASSISTANT:

Ha! Cap'n thinks that was funny!

CAPTAIN:

We don't deal in money, litt'ol lass. *(to the crew)* Tie 'em up! Seize the boat! We'll steal their feelings and kill 'em.

CRANK:

Feelings?

FINLEY:

No! Stop!

ASSISTANT:

Can't stop the Cap'n!

FINLEY:

Why are you doing this?

CAPTAIN:

Because I'm a pirate!

FINLEY:

Well, why are you a pirate?!

Beat.

CAPTAIN:

Ye truly want to know?

ASSISTANT:

Oi! This is a long story!

The Pirates hoop and holler in excitement.

Song: Why I'm a Pirate

CAPTAIN:

When I was a young lad

I loved a young lassie

*'Til one day she left me,
Broke me heart in two
She said, "ye has no feelings,
Ye never cry boo-HOO!"*

So me took what she said

PIRATES:

He was twenty-three

They lived happily

PIRATES:

Quite personally

*Now I'll pirate every feeling--
Every one in the sea!*

*I'll steal 'em and take 'em
And bottle 'em up
'til I've got all the feelings
So she'll feel me love!*

*I've got a bottle o' sad, a bottle o' jealous
A bottle o' mad and a bottle o' helpless!
I'll steal the world's feelings
'Til I'm feeling some, and that is why I'm a pirate!*

FINLEY: (*spoken*)

You'll never steal our feelings, you lousy, awful pirates!

CAPTAIN: (*spoken*)

I'll be the judge o' that. Assistant! Take her anger.

ASSISTANT:

Aye, aye, Cap'n!

ASSISTANT grabs a BOTTLE.

FINLEY:

No--you—

A magic WOOSH as Finley's anger is stolen.

...What was I mad about?

CRANK:

Impossible!

CAPTAIN:

And the ol' man's disbelief.

Another WOOSH!

CRANK:

Very possible.

CAPTAIN:

Tie 'em up! We'll steal all their feelings!

The PIRATES CHEER!

PIRATES: (*sung*)

*A bottle o' mad, a bottle o' righteous
A bottle o' sad and a bottle o' kindness!
I'll steal the world's feelings
'Til they're feeling none! And that is why I'm a pirate!*

End of song.

CRANK:

Captured on a pirate ship. About to be drained of all our feelings. I hope you're happy, Fiddle.

FINLEY:

It's Finley. And you didn't have to come.

CRANK:

Didn't have to, did I?! Thoughtless child—you *stole my boat!*

FINLEY:

All I did was take the keys after *you* ripped up the map!

CRANK:

You broke into *my house!* Mother of pearl, I should have stayed at home. But *no*. I thought to myself, Crank, maybe you should do a good thing. Maybe you should hop on the boat, let that little brat get the treasure hunt out of her system, then never see her again.

As Crank speaks, we start to hear faint whispers. Finley hears them, too.

I should have turned back sooner. Or better yet, I should have left you out here to die by yourself.

FINLEY:

Crank--

CRANK:

But instead I'm here, about to die with the world's most disrespectful child—

FINLEY:

Hush, old man!

CRANK:

I will not be—

FINLEY:

SHHHH!!! The map is talking.

Crank hushes. We hear the map whisper intensely:

ELIXIR:

 bottle of kindness bottle of kindness
 take it Captain Pirates
 take it! take it
near near bottle of kindness

MERMAID:

And quicker than the quickest seahorse, Finley was back at the post.

CRANK:

That was fast.

FINLEY:

That's because my Pa taught me speed and agility. Once, I stole the entire school's supply of lifejackets. Took ten minutes tops. No one even noticed until the entire swim team almost drowned.

CRANK:

That's evil, Finch.

FINLEY:

It's Finley. And thanks to *me and my Pa*, I have the Bottle of Kindness *right here*.

CRANK:

Stop waving it in front of my nose, idiot child.

FINLEY:

Finley. And it's not like I'm going to—

The boat tilts, and the BOTTLE OF KINDNESS slips from Finley's hands and shatters. Into a million pieces. A magic REVERSE WOOSH emits from it.

No, no, no--

CRANK:

And you've broken it. That smells very strange.

FINLEY:

Don't inhale it!! We need a *bottle* of—

CAPTAIN:

'Ello, prisoners. Or should I say—

ASSISTANT:

Or should Cap'n say *thieves?!?*

CAPTAIN:

SHUT UP! Or should I say *thieves?* ...No, no, ye ruined it. Ye ruined it.

ASSISTANT:

I'm sorry, Cap'n.

CAPTAIN:

Doesn't matter. *Ye thieves STOLE me Bottle o' KINDNESS!*

FINLEY:

Hey—let's do this the Frankfurter way and compromise!

CAPTAIN:

NEVER! That was me *only* Bottle o' Kindness—and now—*now* ye will PAY! Ye will *walk the plank and die!* KILL HER, ASSISTANT!

ASSISTANT:

Yes, Cap'n! Sorry, lass!

FINLEY:

No! Let go of me! Stop!

CAPTAIN:

Any last words before ye certain death?

FINLEY:

When my Pa hears about this you'll *die* and--

CRANK:

Wait!

ASSISTANT:

Uhh...but the Cap'n...

CRANK:

You work so hard, assistant. Why don't you take a break while I give Finley over here some good-natured thoughts before she dies?

ASSISTANT:

Well...I—uh—yeh.

MERMAID:

And under the spell of the Bottle, Crank whispered in Finley's ear the most positive thoughts ever known. And it was then that Finley knew what to do.

FINLEY:

Captain! Pirates. I need a Bottle of Kindness for my Pa. And you need a Bottle of Kindness for your...lass. If we work together to find one, maybe we can both win. What do you say?

Beat.

ASSISTANT:

Cap'n?

CAPTAIN:

I'd rather have a Bottle of the hope yer feelin' now than another Bottle o' Kindness. Sounds like too much work.

ASSISTANT:

But Cap'n!

CAPTAIN:

Shut up! For the last time, ye foolish idiot!

ASSISTANT:

I'm sorry, Cap'n. But...methinks ye should give the litt'ol lass some last words...Cap'n's own protocol, after all.

CAPTAIN:

Fine. Prisoner: Any last words before we leave ye devoid of all hope and kill ye?

FINLEY:

I... Yes. Thank you. I know I can't have your Bottle of Kindness. But...Crank, when I die, you'll have to tell my Pa something. You'll have to tell him...I'm okay. Because sometimes...I can take care of myself.

Song: We'll Be Alright

FINLEY:

*I was very young, about four or five or six
When I was told the ocean was not meant for little chicks
So, I dove into the sea*

*I swam about ten feet before the water got too high
My father said he nearly thought I was about to die
But I was fine
It was just a little deep for me*

*I yelled, "Pa, don't worry about me."
I said "Pa, I'm stronger than you think.
I'll be fine or my name's not Finley
I'll be alright."*

*I arrived onshore and everyone rushed out to come help me
Dad smiled and then asked what on earth had come over me?
And I said, "To prove to them I'm not weak."*

*From that day on I was known as the swimming whiz, Finley
But jerks at school still spat on me and called me wannabe
Dad found out*

He was so angry

*But I said “Pa, don’t worry about me.”
I said, “Pa, I’m stronger than you think.
I’ll be fine, or my name’s not Finley.
I’ll be alright.”*

*I know now he is not the one who should be worried, now it’s me
Yes, the sea is full of dangers, but so’s life, don’t you agree?
So, don’t give up on our adventure—you can forget all your strife!
We can still save the ones we have with the elixir of life*

*Just tell them, “Don’t worry about me.”
You should know you’re stronger than you think
We’ll be fine, or my name’s not Finley
We’ll be alright
We’ll be alright*

End of song.

MERMAID:

And suddenly, with a song, Captain Serpent Tyde’s heart felt something he hadn’t felt in a long time—a feeling. A deep, warm feeling.

CAPTAIN:

Wot did ye just do, litt’ol lass?

FINLEY:

I just...said what I felt.

CAPTAIN:

Why...it was beautiful. It...made me feel...something.

FINLEY:

Really?

CAPTAIN:

Something. Warm. An’ nice. An...oh, scabby sea bass! Wot am I doin’ here? Me needs to return home to me lass! She never wanted me to steal feelings! She only wanted me to express meself! Oh, what a fool I’ve been! Assistant, set the sails! Release the feelings! We’re goin’ home!

ASSISTANT:

We’re goin’ home, lads!

All PIRATES cheer!

CAPTAIN:

Thank ye, litt'ol lass an her grandpa. I'll see ye boat returned to ye.

FINLEY:

Thank you! We'll need it to save my Pa. He's the fastest, fittest fisherman in all of Bleary.

CAPTAIN:

Aye. Best of luck to ye.

CRANK:

And none to you, you evil pile of scum.

CAPTAIN:

I see the Bottle o' Kindness has worn off. Me apologies that we did not have another, lass.

CRANK:

Not accepted. I felt like a blob of positivity for too long.

CAPTAIN:

That apology was not fer you, nasty seadog.

ASSISTANT:

Did the ol' man just say...positivity?

CRANK:

Yes.

ASSISTANT:

Cap'n. Methinks I made a grave mistake. I put the Bottle o' Positivity in the wrong barrel. An' now...well...we gots no Bottle o' Positivity. Only a mere Bottle o' Kindness! I'll see meself to the plank.

CAPTAIN:

Wait! Ye say we *still have* the Bottle o' Kindness?

ASSISTANT:

Yes, Cap'n. Throw me overboard, mates—

CAPTAIN:

Jolly rovin' tar! We need the *Bottle o' Kindness* for the lass an her grandpa—we need no Positivity! Ye made a mistake, but it was the *very best* mistake!

ASSISTANT:

So...I did somethin' right?

CAPTAIN:

Ye brought me and everyone a booty of joy!

ASSISTANT:

Blimey! I get to live!

Pirates shout with glee!

CRANK:

Well, this was fun. Now, give us the bottle and my boat so we can leave.

ASSISTANT:

Right, then! Here's the Bottle o' Kindness!

ASSISTANT hands the REAL BOTTLE OF KINDNESS to Finley.

FINLEY:

Thank you. Really.

ASSISTANT:

O' course! An good luck with ye attempt to find the Elixir of Life fer ye Pa. I heard that Sea Spell is a nasty one.

FINLEY:

What do you mean?

ASSISTANT:

Eh. Strange fine print having to do with...new light? Or was it new life? Eh. Somethin's cursed.

FINLEY:

Oh. Is that the fourth thing?

ASSISTANT:

Fourth?

FINLEY:

If it is, I don't need to worry about it.

ASSISTANT:

Aye. Silly me. Jolly farewell to ye both!

Assistant pats Crank on the back.

CRANK:

Don't touch me.

FINLEY:

Come on, boatswain!

*FINLEY and CRANK board the boat.
CAPTAIN's voice gets farther and farther away.*

CAPTAIN:

Good luck, lass! Farewell!

FINLEY:

Thank you!

CAPTAIN:

And no luck to ye, ye nasty seadog!

CRANK:

Oh, leave me alone.

ASSISTANT:

Aye! And lass! Remember that the elixir will only want the soul of a princess if ye Pa is alive! Otherwise, it will want you to sacrifice a life, too! It is greedy!

FINLEY:

What?

ASSISTANT:

(indistinguishable yell)

Beat.

FINLEY:

Did you hear that?

CRANK:

What?

FINLEY:

Probably unimportant. Anyway, now that I've got the Bottle of Kindness, all we need is a token of our worst fear and the soul—

CRANK:

A token of what?

FINLEY:

Our worst fear.

CRANK:

You're on your own for this one, Fanny.

FINLEY:

Are you scared? 'Cause I'm not. I'm brave, just like my Pa.

CRANK:

No. I am not scared.

FINLEY:

What's your worst fear, boatswain? Can I guess?

CRANK:

No, you annoying little--

FINLEY:

Is it spiders? Bears?

CRANK:

It--It's impossible to grasp.

FINLEY:

Dying? The looming threat of war?

CRANK:

No. Stop this.

FINLEY:

Ghosts?

Beat.

Ghosts?! Of what? Who? Your wife?

CRANK:

No.

FINLEY:

Got it. The dead ghost of your wife.

CRANK:

Don't act so high and mighty, Finkle. I was the one that got you out of the tussle with Pirates.

FINLEY:

It's Finley. For the last time. And wrong. You were under a magic positivity spell, so it doesn't count. It was the story about my Pa that got us out of that.

CRANK:

On and on about that Pa. You would've walked the plank if it weren't for me.

FINLEY:

And you wouldn't be going on an adventure if it weren't for my Dad and me. We saved you from your boring lighthouse life.

CRANK:

Saved me? You kidnapped me!

FINLEY:

You're ninety!

CRANK:

I am not! I am—

FINLEY:

If it weren't for us, you'd be stuck there scared and crying over your dead wife forever!

Beat. Crank laughs.

CRANK:

Oh, little girl. You have no idea what you're talking about.

FINLEY:

Yes, I do.

CRANK:

You think you know so much. Well, I can do the same thing. You talk and whine about how much you're like your Pa, but in reality, you are nothing but a *weak little girl* living in the shadow of her father. And you'll never be him. No matter how hard you try.

Beat. He hit a vein.

I...I--Perhaps I was too harsh.

FINLEY: (*Masking her hurt*)

I didn't need you to come with me. I just invited you.

CRANK:

Yes.

Beat.

You know, you don't...you don't need your father, anyway, Finley.

FINLEY:

What?

CRANK:

I mean...sometimes, when a close family member dies, it's a good thing.

FINLEY:
You're insane.

CRANK:
Now, I don't think—

FINLEY:
You're insane and you're afraid of your dead wife.

CRANK:
I did not fear her! And that is the truth. See, when you get to be my age, you'll hate everyone. You'll be glad most of them are dead.

FINLEY:
That won't happen.

CRANK:
Oh, but it will. Once that Pa of yours is gone, you'll be happy as a clam!

FINLEY:
No, I won't!

CRANK:
But you will! All you have to do is think of him the same way I think of my wife! You see--

Song: Clam Chowder

CRANK:
*I hated her voice
I hated her thoughts
I hated everything about her*

*I hated her nags
Constant in the night
I hated her nickname for our daughter*

FINLEY: (spoken)
What?

CRANK: (spoken)
Tuna.

(sung)
*I hated her so
Don't miss her a bit
But if there's one thing I must admit*

She made good clam chowder

FINLEY:

There has to be something else you miss about her.

CRANK:

*I don't miss her yells
When she'd say, "Get up, lazy bum,"
No, I don't miss those hollers*

*You can't convince me
To bring her back to life
To that I'd say she's better as my dead wife*

*I hated her so
Don't miss her a bit
Only one thing I must admit
I do miss her clam chowder*

*It was just the right amount of creamy and delicious
It was chock-full of clams—she said they were nutritious
Then she left me sad and lonely
'Till I found her hidden recipe*

*I hated her so
Don't miss her a bit
Only one thing I must admit
Now I make great...clam chowder!*

End of song.

CRANK:

So, you see Finley: I don't miss her. And I didn't need her.

FINLEY:

And what about your daughter? Is life better without her?

Beat.

CRANK:

Barely remember her. We were never really close. Anyhow, I'm doing you a favor here, Finley. When your father dies, you will look back on what I said and—

FINLEY:

My Pa is *not* going to die! *I'm* going to save him, and then I'll grow up to be *just as good as him*, and then I *won't* end up living sad and alone in a rundown lighthouse like you!

CRANK:

You will be better off alone! Everyone is!

FINLEY:

That's not true!

CRANK:

Well, it is for me. In fact, I'd rather jump off of this boat right now and drown than stay stuck here with the likes of you, / you ungrateful child!

FINLEY:

Oh, trust me, if there's one person I would be glad was dead, it would be *you!*

CRANK:

Well, that makes two of us, then! Because nothing would make me happier than to never see you ever again!

A CRASH of THUNDER!
A growl, from the depths of the sea.

FINLEY:

Well, you might just get what you want, old man.

CRANK:

Where did that come from?

FINLEY:

Looks like it's coming from over there--

Something crashes into the boat!

Woah!

CRANK:

Argh! What was that?

Another CRASH!

FINLEY:

Okay, we've got to get away. Hand me the wheel.

CRANK:

I will not to let you do that.

FINLEY:

I can do it, just like my Pa! Everyone always *doubts* me!

CRANK:

I have the right to doubt you, you thoughtless girl!

FINLEY:
I can steer it!

She pushes Crank away.

CRANK:
Agh! Get away from that wheel!

FINLEY:
I know what I'm doing! My Pa taught me--

Another CRASH! Finley falls to the ground.

Ah!

... then, she looks up.

Oh no. No, no, no, no.

CRANK:
What?

FINLEY:
Do you see that?

MERMAID:
What Finley saw was deep and dark, grabbing everything in its path. Giant octopus tentacles crept out of it and dragged everything to the bottom of the sea floor. Finley knew what it was at once.

MERMAID & FINLEY:
A whirlpool.

FINLEY:
It's a whirlpool!

CRANK:
How do we get out of it?

FINLEY:
I--I don't know! My Pa said...oh, what did he say?!

CRANK:
Think of something!

FINLEY:
I can't! I'm trying!

CRANK:

How can you save your father's life if you can't save your own?!

FINLEY:

I don't know! Maybe I can't! Maybe I'm not good enough!

MONSTER:

Come inside, Finley.

FINLEY:

Did you hear that?

CRANK:

What? Hear what?

FINLEY:

That voice...

The map whispers, indistinct.

MERMAID:

It was the voice of a special kind of sea monster. The voice of

MERMAID & MONSTER:

Their worst fear.

FINLEY:

I know what we have to do.

CRANK:

What?

FINLEY:

Confront our worst fear. We have to let the whirlpool carry us down.

CRANK:

Are you insane?! We'll die!

FINLEY:

You have to trust me!

CRANK:

I don't!

FINLEY:

You have to!

CRANK:
But— but—

FINLEY:
Jump!

They do.

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. Be sure to stay tuned for our next episode.

END OF EPISODE 2.