

{Spells of the Sea}

TRANSCRIPT EPISODE 4

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.

FINLEY:

Are you sure you want to do this?

PRINCESS:

Duh. Let's go! High-fin!

They raise their hands.

Oh, ew, never mind. You have hands. Let's go.

MERMAID:

And with that, they were on their way.

Transition. The bubbly sounds of a sea city.

PRINCESS:

WOW. This is like, soooo exciting. So, like, where am I going to sell my soul? Or like, who am I going to sell my soul to?

FINLEY:

The map will tell us.

She takes it out of her pocket. It whispers:

ELIXIR:

Ship

home of the

Dwelling

danger

Find

ship

abandoned

DANGER

ship

Mermaid's

the mermaid's reef

danger

Danger

Reef of the mermaid

shopkeeper

elixir

Life and death

Danger

PRINCESS:

Are you KIDDING?! That's the coolest reefing thing *ever*. Like, when it said *danger*, I said yaaaaaaAAAAAAS.

CRANK:

Can we use anyone else's soul?

FINLEY:

We need hers. And we have to get to the mermaid's reef, quickly.

PRINCESS:

Wait...the *mermaid's reef*? That's like...far. Can we like, call a carriage? I don't feel like swimming.

CRANK:

We're in the middle of nowhere, you dimwitted—

FINLEY:

We can use that submarine!

PRINCESS:

What submarine?

FINLEY:

The one buried underneath all that seaweed.

PRINCESS:

That submarine? Ew, but it's like...rusty and old and disgusting. Also, I hate submarines. Too much stability makes me land sick.

FINLEY:

You go on land?

PRINCESS:

Yes! I'm an *amphibian!* Ugh, I hate humans.

CRANK:

Just get in the submarine.

PRINCESS:

You're so *pushy!*

They open and close the submarine hatch. Ocean sounds go away as Princess grumbles with her wet fins. Finley walks over to the control room and starts pushing operating buttons.

FINLEY:

Alright, how do we start this thing?

CRANK:

Well, I learned how to operate a submarine once in my youth...I believe...

He pushes a button. The submarine comes to life.

Aha!

FINLEY:

Woah! I guess you're no longer a boatswain, Captain Crank!

CRANK:

Don't...

FINLEY:

Don't what? Call you Captain?

CRANK:

Agh. Fine. You may.

FINLEY:

Ha-ha! I *knew* you liked it!

CRANK:

I don't like it. But I will tolerate it.

FINLEY:

Lead the way, then, Captain Crank!

CRANK:

To the mermaid's reef!

FINLEY:

Aye, aye, Captain Crank!

CRANK:

This is going to get old very quickly.

FINLEY:

Nonsense, Captain Crank!

CRANK:

Let's just go to the mermaid's reef. Please.

FINLEY:

Aye, matey Crank!

CRANK:

Yes. Aye.

PRINCESS: (from afar)

UGH! *None* of these bathrooms have gold toilets!

Bubbling sounds. Transition.

Closer to the mermaid's reef. Something unsettling is in the air.

PRINCESS:

How long have we been in here again? I'm tired of doing *nothing*. I like, *always* do nothing.

CRANK:

Agh. We're almost there. And then we'll finally take your soul.

PRINCESS:

Whatever. Ew, I hate this part of the ocean. I can't see *anything* down here. Dumb mermaids and their dark reefs.

A mermaid's song.

And they ALWAYS SING. Like, can they not just shut up for one reefing second?

FINLEY:

We're almost there. You'll be fine.

CRANK:

And soulless.

Mermaid's song gets louder.

PRINCESS:

I can't deal with this anymore. I'm shouting through this speaker thing.

CRANK:

No. No, don't to do that—

PRINCESS: (through the speaker)

HEY! Can all of you stop singing for *one reefing second?!!*

The song stops.

Ah. That's better.

FINLEY:

Are you sure that's...an okay thing to do?

PRINCESS:

Duhhh. Princess perks. Anyone in the ocean will do anything for me. Plus, mermaids are like, totally the least respectable commoners in the sea. You didn't hear it from me, but everyone knows they'll sing songs to *anybody*.

CRANK:

You're still in front of the speaker.

PRINCESS:

Oh. Doesn't matter, either way. They're mermaids. What's the worst they can do?

The submarine turns off. Its low hum stops.

CRANK:

The engine is dead.

FINLEY:

Looks like we're swimming the rest of the way.

*A swarm of mermaids SMASH into the submarine.
Finley, Crank and Princess scream!
An alarm sounds.*

FINLEY:

Scratch that--I don't think we're going anywhere!

PRINCESS:

Are they trying to like, kill us?! This has like, *never* happened before!

CRANK:

The controls stopped working. I can't turn the submarine back on!

PRINCESS:

And I can't get this hatch open! I think they're like, holding it down!

Another SMASH!

FINLEY:

What about the speaker? Is that working?

CRANK:

Yes! It doesn't operate on electricity.

FINLEY:

Perfect. Move, Princess!

PRINCESS:

Um, *rude!* Why in the *ocean* would I—

Finley pushes her away.

Ow!

FINLEY:

Hello? Hello, mermaids? My name is Finley Frankfurter. I'm a human. I'm sorry about Princess Kelp. We've only known her for about an hour.

SMASH! Everybody screams.

I know you're angry, and I'm sorry. People say mean things about me, too. At school. And when I let them get to my head, sometimes I believe them.

Smash!

I like to sing, too! And I don't think it's bad to sing to a lot of people. You can sing to whoever you like.

PRINCESS:

Okay, not *whoever*—

FINLEY:

You can sing to *anyone you want*. And that's okay. And if people look down on you for singing to five different people in a week, I mean, that's their problem. Not yours.

Beat. Silence.

CRANK:

I think it stopped.

The sound of a hatch opening.

PRINCESS:

Hey! The hatch works! I'm coming up.

She climbs up, only to meet an army of mermaids above the submarine.

Uhh. Guys? There's like, a mermaid army up here.

The sound of tridents all pointing towards Princess:

Okay, uhh! They like, have tridents!

FINLEY & CRANK:

What?

PRINCESS:

Hey Queens, um, you can put your weapons down! I come in, like, peace. Or whatever.

MERMAIDS (all women sans Finley):

NOT HER.

PRINCESS:

What do you mean “not *her*?” The human? You can have her if you want, like you can even kill her I guess—

MERMAIDS:

Not You!

PRINCESS:

Not *me*? I’m the *princess of the entire kingdom of Meltem!* I can go *wherever* I want! And I’m not going to listen to a group of *mermaids* like y—

*The sound of a sea spell! It swirls through the ocean and lands right on the Princess’s mouth.
She tries to speak, but her lips are sealed:*

MmMM!! MmhmhhHM!

MERMAIDS:

The girl may get out. Our queen wants to speak to her.

PRINCESS:

MmmHHMM?!?!

MERMAID:

And so, Finley rose from the submarine and was greeted with an army of fish-tailed women. Their eyes were red with anger. But there was something else in them that Finley recognized. Something she noticed in Crank’s eyes, too. Sadness.

FINLEY:

Hello.

MERMAIDS:

You will speak to our queen for what you request.

MERMAID:

And hiding behind the army of mermaids, was the mysterious shopkeeper. But this time, she had a mermaid tail instead of legs.

SHOPKEEPER:

Hello, Finley.

FINLEY:

Aren't you...a shopkeeper? From "New Light Life?"

SHOPKEEPER:

Sometimes. But most of the time, I'm Queen of the Mermaids—excuse me.

She coughs up a spell.

Had to get rid of that voice-changing spell. As I was saying, as Queen, I own every spell in the sea, each one generated through mermaid song.

FINLEY:

Wow.

SHOPKEEPER:

You've made it quite far since we last met.

FINLEY:

I have. All we need to do is take the entitled princess's soul. Sorry about her, by the way.

PRINCESS:

MMMMMMM!!!

SHOPKEEPER:

That's alright, Finley. I admit, I didn't think you would make it this far.

FINLEY:

Well, that's ridiculous. I'm just as good as my Pa.

SHOPKEEPER:

Still comparing yourself to your father, I see. Haven't you learned from the sea monster's cave?

FINLEY:

I...

SHOPKEEPER:

I came here to warn you about the Elixir. I was wrong. You must turn back. The fourth element--

From below:

CRANK:

Nonsense!

SHOPKEEPER:

It is not nonsense, lighthouse keeper. You don't know of magic.

Climbing up:

CRANK:

Don't talk to me of what I do and do not know! We have faced pirates, sea monsters, and annoying little brats like this one!

PRINCESS:

MmMMM?!!

CRANK:

I don't know who you are, mermaid, but you cannot tell us what we can and cannot do!

SHOPKEEPER:

You aren't ready either old man. Look at yourself. Still so full of anger and hurt.

FINLEY:

We have everything we need for the Elixir. Just tell us what we have to do next.

SHOPKEEPER:

It is in the Abandoned Ship of Treasure.

FINLEY:

Good.

SHOPKEEPER:

But you shouldn't go. The Elixir requires sacrifice.

CRANK:

We've already made sacrifices! What's one more?

SHOPKEEPER:

It's everything, Crank.

FINLEY:

I'll do anything to save my Pa.

SHOPKEEPER:

I know, Finley. But you have to understand that this isn't something you can simply--

CRANK:

No. No! We have not come *this far* to turn back now!

SHOPKEEPER:

You don't understand.

CRANK:

Tell us, then! Tell us what it is we have to be afraid of!

SHOPKEEPER:

I cannot. It is a secret of the Spell.

CRANK:

Of course, you cannot. May as well be lying to us. To keep it for yourself.

SHOPKEEPER:

I am not lying.

CRANK:

Finley, we cannot trust this *thing*, whatever it is. Let's go.

SHOPKEEPER:

I want you to be safe, Finley.

FINLEY:

But how do you--

CRANK:

Finley. Listen to me. I know what it's like to be alone. No family. No friends. You don't want that, do you?

SHOPKEEPER:

Finley. There's so much you don't know.

FINLEY:

I...

CRANK:

We'll be alright, Finley.

Beat.

FINLEY:

Let's go.

They hop back on the submarine. It whirrs away.

SHOPKEEPER:

No! Stay! *Don't go!*

*Shopkeeper is angry. Hurt.
Cellos angrily pluck, pluck, pluck as her temper rises.*

Song: The Elixir of Life - Reprise

It's called the Elixir of Life

*And it will cure the Big Bad Sickness for a price
If you need to HAVE your Pa
Be prepared to make more than one sacrifice!*

End of song.

Transition. Inside the submarine.

CRANK:
Almost there.

FINLEY:
Do you think we did the right thing?

CRANK:
You have to save your father. While you still have him.

FINLEY:
Yeah...Yeah.

Beat.

CRANK:
I had a daughter. Pearl. You remind me of her.

FINLEY:
Really?

CRANK:
Yes. Same stubbornness. Same smarts. Same...determination.

FINLEY:
Thanks.

Beat.

Crank?

CRANK:
Yes?

FINLEY:
What happened to her?

CRANK:
She fell. Climbing to the top of the boat. Because of me.

FINLEY:
It's not your fault.

CRANK:

I won't let it happen again. No one will die because of me. Not anymore.

Beat.

So, what will you and Pa do after he gets the Elixir?

FINLEY:

Oh, the usual. Obviously. We'll...we'll go fishing. Catch some tuna. Trout. Maybe even a shark. Not me, of course. Probably Pa. And...Everything will be back to normal.

CRANK: (*with a pang of sadness*)

Yes. Normal.

FINLEY:

What are you going to do, Captain?

CRANK:

Oh, just old man things. Sit in my chair. Sleep.

FINLEY:

Eat clam chowder?

CRANK:

Plenty.

FINLEY:

I've been wanting to do something with Frankfurter Fishing. Maybe we could open up a restaurant branch. Serve her clam chowder.

CRANK:

That would be nice.

FINLEY:

It would be awesome. But I'm not sure if my Pa would think it's a good enough idea, but if he does...

CRANK:

He will. You have great ideas, Finley.

FINLEY:

Thanks, Captain Crank.

Beat.

PRINCESS:

UGH! It's so *hot* in this *submarine*!! My gills are overheating!

CRANK:

Wish that spell lasted longer.

FINLEY:

There's always duct tape.

Submarine beep.

We're here!

The map whispers softly.

The map!

It gets louder.

ELIXIR:

Elixir

Eternal

CLOSE

warmer

Elixir is near!

Near

Elixir

life

getting closer

Elixir of life

getting warmer

CRANK:

Yes, we are close.

PRINCESS:

FINALLLLLYYYY. I need to stretch my fins. See you in the Abandoned Treasure Ship, losers.

A ssscccRRRRCH sound as she lifts the hatch and gets out.

CRANK:

I hope that attitude dies with her soul.

FINLEY:

Me too, grandpa.

An underwater SCREAM outside the submarine.

CRANK:

Was that the princess?

FINLEY:

I'm going up.

Finley hurriedly clunks up the submarine. She peeks her head out of the hatch and peers into the dark abyss.

So dark up here.
Princess? ...Hello? ...Everything okay?

CRANK: *(from below)*
What happened?

FINLEY:
I don't know, I can't see a thing.
Princess?

*Still nothing. Something eerie is in the air.
Then, the map whispers.*

ELIXIR:
Elixir is here. Elixir is here. Elixir is here. Elixir is here.
Elixir is here. Elixir is here. Elixir is here. Elixir is here.
Elixirishere. Elixirishere. Elixirishere. Elixirishereelixirishereelixirishereelixirishere.

FINLEY:
The elixir is close--I heard the map!

CRANK:
I'm coming up.

FINLEY:
Okay.

He climbs up, out of breath.

CRANK:
They need more oxygen in these suits.

FINLEY:
The map told me it's close. Maybe it's wherever the Princess is.

CRANK:
How do we find her, then? It's dark.

FINLEY:
We've got to move.

CRANK:
Aye.

They wade. Finley steps on a creaky plank.

FINLEY:

Woah! A wooden plank.

CRANK:

Almost as if it's...

FINLEY & CRANK:

Part of a ship.

FINLEY:

Let's keep going. If we keep going, then we should get further and further into—

ELIXIR:

Turn left to reach your destination.

FINLEY:

Left where, map?

ELIXIR:

Here.

*An unseen force drags Finley and Crank further into the abyss as they scream.
They are plopped into the depths of an abandoned ship filled with gold, jewels, and...sitting
atop a mountain of coins—the Elixir of Life. A simple glass bottle filled with green liquid.*

CRANK:

My back.

FINLEY:

You okay, Captain?

CRANK:

I'm alright. Just old.

FINLEY:

Woah...looks like we're in a giant treasure chest. Ooh, gold coin! I'll take you as a souvenir.

*Finley tosses it in the air.
A fin emerges from beneath it.*

AH! There's something underneath us.

CRANK:

What is it?

PRINCESS emerges, gasping.

PRINCESS:

UGGHHHH! I like, couldn't *breathe* down there! Why did you have to land *on top* of me?!

FINLEY:

How did you get down here?

PRINCESS:

Oh, I like, tripped on a piece of wood or something? Then I slid through this tunnel thing. And then I ended up here in this like, poor people treasure chest. I mean, there's probably only like, 300 trillion gold coins down here. And that dumb little talking green bottle.

FINLEY:

Talking green bottle?

PRINCESS:

Yeah. On top of that giant gold mountain over there. It keeps whispering weird stuff like "I'll give you everlasting life" or something.

ELIXIR (*whispered*):

I will grant you life eternal.

PRINCESS:

Yeah. That. When are we going to sell my soul, again? I'm bored.

CRANK:

That's the elixir.

FINLEY:

Let's go.

They run through the coins and stop when they reach the Elixir. Its low hum gets louder as they approach it.

Elixir! Elixir of life! We want you and we have what you request!

ELIXIR:

Set it in my grasp. All will be given.

Void opening.

FINLEY:

Yes! Yes. Okay. Crank, can you get my satchel?

CRANK:

Here.

FINLEY:

Okay. A Bottle of Kindness.

It gets sucked into the void.

A token of my worst fear.

Mirror piece: into the void.

And...Princess?

PRINCESS:

Is this the part where I get to sell my soul?

FINLEY, CRANK, & ELIXIR:

Yes.

ELIXIR:

Step inside the void.

PRINCESS:

YESSSSSSS! Okay. For shellzies.

Princess starts to get sucked in, then--

Oh WOW. Okay. Um, so like, before I go, I just wanted to say that this is like, literally what I've been waiting for for like, 2 hours straight. And I'd like to thank some people and things.

FINLEY:

How long will—

PRINCESS:

I'd like to thank my mom and her amnesia. And I'd also like to thank this disgusting poor people treasure chest for inviting me in. And I'd also like to thank these two gross humans—

CRANK:

Look! A rich people treasure chest!

PRINCESS:

Where?

Crank pushes Princess inside the void. She screams. It fades away.

Beat.

FINLEY:

Huh.

CRANK:

Nice and quiet.

The void opens back up as PRINCESS is spit out.

PRINCESS:

WOOOOOOO! What a *ride!* I feel so like, *light* without a soul.

CRANK:

This is a nightmare.

ELIXIR:

Soul retrieved. Who would you like to cure?

FINLEY:

My father, Ferris Frankfurter.

ELIXIR:

Request granted.

*Magic swells. Music roars—and then—stops abruptly.
Pathetic beep.*

Request denied. We cannot cure Ferris Frankfurter.

CRANK:

What?

FINLEY:

But we have everything you need!

ELIXIR:

Fourth item needed. Ferris Frankfurter is deceased.

FINLEY:

No, he's not!

ELIXIR:

Ferris Frankfurter. Pronounced deceased yesterday.

FINLEY:

No--my Pa has the Big Bad Sickness. He's still alive.

CRANK:

Finley—

FINLEY:

He's alive.

ELIXIR:

Ferris Frankfurter is dead.

FINLEY:
No. No he's not.

CRANK:
Finley—

FINLEY:
Shut up, old man! He's not dead! And if he is, I'm going to save him! Because I have the Elixir of Life. I have it. I have everything we need. I did it! Right?

Nothing.

Answer me!

ELIXIR:
A fourth item is needed.

FINLEY:
What do you want?

ELIXIR:
The life of a Princess.

PRINCESS:
The *what?*

ELIXIR:
The existence of a Princess as an individual human, seaperson, or animal.

PRINCESS:
I have to *die?!?*

ELIXIR:
Correct.

FINLEY:
No—it'll be fine---right? Elixir?

ELIXIR:
Sorry, I do not understand. Here are other commands you can try: What is the weather like?

FINLEY:
Princess—I can figure this out—listen to me!

PRINCESS:

To you? And with *that tone*? Please. You're a nobody. And I signed up for *soul selling*—not death. I'm calling a carriage. Bye, humans.

FINLEY:

No—wait! Please!

PRINCESS swims away forever.

No! I can figure something out! Come back! Please! I need to save my Pa! Please!

Finley sits down, crying.

CRANK:

Finley.

FINLEY:

She's right. I can't save him. I'm just a nobody. A weak little girl.

CRANK:

You made it this far.

FINLEY:

All this time I wasted looking for a cure...I didn't even get to say goodbye.

CRANK:

You'll see him again.

FINLEY:

How do you know?

CRANK:

Because I see Pearl in you.

FINLEY:

No. We can't leave without the elixir. He has to have it.

Beat.

CRANK:

We have one another, don't we?

No answer.

Is there another way, Elixir?

ELIXIR:

You have what we require.

CRANK:

We do not! The Princess is gone!

FINLEY:

No.

CRANK:

What?

FINLEY:

It...It's me. I'm the princess.

CRANK:

No. Finley, you are a sailor. A fisherwoman.

FINLEY:

I'm the fishing king's daughter. Next in line to own Frankfurter Fishing. Bleary's fishing empire.

CRANK:

No. No, that...it doesn't count. Surely. Elixir?

ELIXIR:

You have what we require.

FINLEY:

See?

CRANK:

No. No, you will not sacrifice your own life for a magic spell, Finley. You have too much life to live.

FINLEY:

It's for my Pa. But it's for me, too.

CRANK:

I will not let you.

FINLEY:

I don't have a choice.

CRANK:

But you do, you see? You have a choice. You have a choice.

FINLEY:

It's okay, grandpa.

CRANK:

Not for me. It's not okay for me.

FINLEY:

You'll be fine.

CRANK:

No. Don't say that.

FINLEY:

I'll be alright.

CRANK:

DEAD IS NOT ALRIGHT!

Beat.

I'm sorry. Please. I...you must understand. I have been alone for so long, Finley. I spent so many days in that lighthouse, so afraid to let the light in. I trained myself to hate the family I loved just to cope. But these past few days...I've felt complete again. When I said you reminded me of Pearl, I meant it. She left, but you're here now. Don't leave me, too. Please. Please don't leave me, too.

FINLEY:

I'm not going to leave you.

CRANK:

You're not?

FINLEY:

When you go back to Bleary and save my Pa, you'll see me in everything he does.

CRANK:

It's not the same.

FINLEY:

You said you saw Pearl in me. But when you save my Pa and become the town hero, imagine all of the family you'll have after that. You'll see Pearl in everyone.

CRANK:

Please, Finley.

FINLEY:

I'm tired of trying to prove to everyone that I'm just as good as my Pa. But this...this is how I'll get over that. This is something *I* can do. This is my own brave.

CRANK:

You are already brave, Finley. And I'm sorry if I ever convinced you otherwise.

FINLEY:

You don't have to be sorry, Captain.

CRANK:

I can't let you do this.

FINLEY:

You have to let me go.

CRANK:

No!

ELIXIR:

Say "I accept" and the deed is done.

CRANK:

Please, Finley!

Beat.

FINLEY:

I accept.

CRANK:

Finley...

FINLEY:

I'm sorry.

ELIXIR:

Step into the green void.

Green void opening sound.

FINLEY:

Tell my Pa I love him.

CRANK:

Wait.

FINLEY:

Yes?

CRANK:
You'll be alright?

Song: We'll Be Alright - Reprise

FINLEY:
*Hey, grandpa
Don't worry about me
You should know
I'm stronger than you think*

*I'll be fine, or my name's not Finley
I'll be alright
We'll be alright*

End of song.

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 intensifies, leading to--

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 4.