BARNACLE BILL THE HUSBAND

by Dick D. Zigun

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C/O CONEY ISLAND, USA, INC.

1208 Surf Avenue

Coney Island, N.Y. 11224

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TIME

SET PIECES

BILL’S FERRY

DREAMLAND OUTLINED IN LIGHTS

GHOST GALLEON

MOON/MAN IN THE MOON

TROPICAL ISLAND WITH PALM TREE

CAST OF CHARACTERS

TOURISTS, straw hats and parasols

BARNACLE BILL THE SAILOR

YOUNG HENRY HUDSON, early 17th century Englishman

PETE, resembles the Steeplechase Funnyface

REPETE, his twin

FEEJEE THE MERMAID

THREEPETE, their triplet

GHOST OF HENRY HUDSON, frozen in iceberg

AN OCTUPUS

A SKELETON

KING NEPTUNE, with his trident

TALKING FISH, wears glasses

ORIGINALLY COMMISSIONED AND PRODUCED BY THE METTAWEE RIVER THEATRE COMPANY WITH THE FOLLOWING CAST:

BARNACLE BILL – FRANK SULLIVAN

SHIP’S LOG READER – BRUCE BARTON

PETE – TOM MARION

REPETE – ELLEN ABRAMS

FEEJEE – MICHELE KARAS

GHOST OF HENRY HUDSON – BRUCE BARTON

NEPTUNE – ELLEN ABRAMS

MUSICIANS – JODY KRUSKAL

BARBARA BENARY

WRITTEN BY DICK ZIGUN

MUSICC AND MUSICAL DIRECTION BY JODY KRUSKAL

COSTUMES BY CASEY COMPTON

CHOREOGRAPHY NY WENDY OVERLEY

DIRECTED AND DESIGNED BY RALPH LEE

SET CONSTRUCTION BY FRANK SULLIVAN

MASK AND COSTUME ASSISTANCE BY ANNE ELLSWORTH

MANAGING DIRECTOR – CASEY COMPTON

ACT 1

BILL AT THE SHIP’S WHEEL

TOURISTS ENTER HIS BOAT

TOURISTS

Who’s the captain of our ship?

What’s the skipper of a trip?

Where’s the seadog get his zip?

Ferryboat to Dreamland.

BILL

Oh, welcome aboard ye tourist horde,

Said Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

Cast-off, full steam, next port’s a dream,

Said Barnacle Bill the sailor.

TOURISTS

When do we get to the beach?

Why’s the harbor such a reach?

How’s the tour guide for a speech?

Ferryboat to Dreamland.

BILL

Oh, pop the cork, wave bye to New York,

Said Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

The Hudson, the sea, the pier, you’re free,

Said Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

ALL

Meet me tonight in Dreamland

Under the silvery moon

Meet me tonight in Dreamland

Honeymoons, swoons and balloons

(And balloons)

Sail with the sun a’setting

Sail for the fun Coney Isle

Meet me in Dreamland

See you in Dreamland

There let our dreams doze a while.

BILL

I’ll show yous da sights now, da landmarks, da lights. I’ll sail yous toity-toid street ta Brooklyn. Yous can’t miss if yous look sharp now: da Hudon’s on ya belly side, Manhattan’s on ya starboard, Staten Island on ya bow, Ellis Island off ya stern, now yous betta turn sideways cause de Verrazzano Narrows very narrow, so take a deep breath…so suck in ya guts…so hold it…so I’ll make sailors of yous yet…so breath! Salt water to the left of ya, salt water on the right of ya, port, starboard, battle stations, yous on the open sea, getta load of that Atlantic. Land ahoy, mates! Coney Isle full steam ahead…Dreamland awakes on ya horizon. Look sharp now mates, get ya bearings…steer for date big building with dat big boat weathervane dats me sailor’s landmark, da Half Moon Hotel named fer da foist toirist, Henry Hudson….easy now, mates, bring her into port…

TOURISTS

Meet me tonight in Dreamland

Under the silvery moon

Meet me tonight in Dreamland

Honeymoons, swoons and balloons

(And balloons)

BILL

Blind date tonight in Dreamland

After the park shuts down

Blind date tonight in Dreamland

Spend my pay painting the town

(Paint the town)

THEY EXIT

YOUNG HENRY HUDSON WRITING HIS JOURNAL

YOUNG HUDSON

The fourth of September, in the morning, as soone as the day was light, I sent my mate and foure of our companie to rowe about the Bay, to see what rivers were in the same, which did alwaies send out a great streame to the southwards, against the tide that came from thence. So we sent our boate to sound and they found by the way shoald water two fathoms; but at the north of the river eighteen, and twentie fathoms, and very good riding for ships and found that it was a very good harbour with a narrow river to the westward betweene two ilands. The lands they told us were as pleasant with grasse and flowers and goodly trees, as ever they had seene, and very sweet smells came from them. This is a very good land to fall with, and a pleasant land to see, perhaps a very pleasant place to build a town.

THE SCENE RETURNS TO BILL AND THE TOURISTS.

THEY ARRIVE AT DREAMLAND. THEY DOCK. PETE,

A BARKER, ENTERS.

PETE

All ashore that’s going ashore! Step lively! Hurry – Hurry – Hurry! Watch your step! Right this way. STOP! LOOK! Welcome to Dreamland! Watch your wallets. Hold onto your wigs. Men with weak hears please register with our registered nurse because you lucky rubes happen to be standing in front of the most exciting and electrifying entertainment emporium ever established on earth – and we’re about to have a sale here at the circus of certified curiosities! A sale you say?

REPETE

A free sample of the show you say?

PETE

This show would cost ten times the price on 42nd Street, you say?

REPETE

We must be crazy, you say?

PETE & REPETE

Well, yes, we say!

PETE

Psst…we’re really part of the act…let the Siamese cats out of the bag…we’re freaks…veritable split personalities!

REPETE

Veritable double talkers! They call us the Two Faced Man!

PETE

They call me Pete.

REPETE

They call me Repete.

THEY SMILE. THEY BOW. APPLAUSE.

PETE

The rest of the acts, the good acts, are onstage, inside, and there’s a new show about to begin.

REPETE

Hey, we said we’re having a sale, so it’s half-price, ten cents. So let’s go if you’re going. Showtime!

PETE

Ten cents if you go now. Push your way right through the turnstyle. Last call! One thin dime! Half-price only if you join this line now!

REPETE

It’s the only show in Dreamland. Last complete show of the day.

PETE

The Dreamland Circus Sideshow. Hurry – Hurry! Last call!

REPETE

Last call!

TOURISTS EXIT INTO DREAMLAND. BILL APPROACHES

PETE AND REPETE, FLOWERS IN HAND.

BILL

Ahoy there, Pete, and another ahoy there, Repete! How’s da living on da midway tonight? I been working for peanuts all day long but at least I’m off work. I’m here for me blind date, matchmakers, yous get da match?

PETE

Your face and my tuches! Ha!

REPETE

Your tuchas and my two headed platypus! Ha!

BILL

Harr – harr, too bad I ain’t more conversant like you clever saps! I’ve come to pick up me match, ya said dat ya knew a swell single dame I could take home to meet my mudda. I don’t got the bachelor yen anymore like I usta. I must be getting soft in da head, so help me fellas, but I wants ya to set me up wit a class dame. She’s gotta be something different.

PETE & REPETE

Oh, she’s different alright!

BILL

I gotta feeling something fishy is goin’ on around here, you landlubbers, I musta been soft in the head to listen to yous.

PETE

Do we have the faces of a man who would do something like that?

REPETE

Oh, stick around a while, Barnacle Bill, have some fun! Dally in Dreamland a little while. The blind date’s all set.

PETE

But she isn’t off work yet. She’s on stage, Captain. We got you a date with the start of the show! Come on in, Captain, it’s only half-price. Catch her act.

REPETE

Wait for the applause, give her time to curtsy to the folks, and then she’s expecting you to go backstage and knock on her dressing room door.

PETE RAISES THE CORNER OF THE DREAMLAND

FAÇADE AND REVEALS FEEJEE, A MERMAID,

INSIDE. SHE PLAYS A HARP.

PETE

And now, Ladies!

REPETE

And now, Gentlemen!

PETE & REPETE

And now children of all ages!

PETE

The star of our show!

REPETE

Feejee the Mermaid! Absolutely alive and in half-person/half-fish!

PETE

Floating so artistically in the world’s largest aquarium, yes, when she swims every fiber and every tissue in her entire anatomy shakes like a jar of jelly from your grandmother’s Thanksgiving Dinner!

CURTAIN OPENS

FEEJEE

*Exotic and slow on rock with mirror*

La-La-La-La-La-La-La

In Ancient lands

When sirens sang

The sailors

Swam for mermaids

La-La-La-La-La-La-La

Don’t be a fool

Swim to my school

Hey sailor

Catch you later

La-La-La-La-La-La-La

PETE LOWERS THE FLAP. FEEJEE IS GONE.

BILL

Didya geta loada dat mermaid! Fadda, if yous can hear me now, I swears this one’s a class dame! What am I talking about? There ain’t no such things as mermaids! So help me, I wasn’t born yesterday! So exactly how blind a date did yous jokers take me for? Come here, both of ya!

BILL POKES PETE IN THE EYE BUT REPETE FEELS

THE PAIN.

REPETE

Ow!

BILL POKES REPETE IN THE EYE AND PETE FEELS IT.

PETE

Ow!

BILL

I’m here for a blind date, yous double-talking, double-crossing matchmakers! Where is she?

APPLAUSE FROM WITHIN THE DREAMLAND FAÇADE.

THE TOURISTS STREAM OUT AND EXIT, APPLAUDING.

TOURISTS

…what a great show…it was so classy…didya geta loada dat mermaid…

BILL

There ain’t no such thing as mermaids!

PETE

She’s expecting you to go backstage and knock on her dressing room door.

BILL SLICKS HIS HAIR, GATHERS

THE FLOWERS AND KNOCKS.

FEEJEE

Who’s that knocking at my door?

Who’s that knocking at my door?

Who’s that knocking at my door?

Cried the fair young maiden.

BILL

Oh, it’s only me off work from the sea,

Said Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

Pardon me if I smell like the sea,

Said Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

FEEJEE

What if I should let you in

What if I should let you grin

What if I should let you win

Cried the fair young maiden.

BILL KNOCKS. NO ANSWER. HE IS FRUSTRATED.

BILL

I gotta be soft in da head so help me to play along with dis gag.

PETE

You’ll have to learn patience if you want to woo a mermaid, Captain Bill. Feejee’s already been alive for hundreds of years.

REPETE

You’ll have to sing duets if you want to go wooing a mermaid, Captain Bill. Feejee usually won’t even smile at a man unless he’s a headline tenor at the Metropolitan Opera.

BILL

Oh, open the door I do implore

Said Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

Oh, open the door and we’ll stroll to the shore

Said Barnacle Bill the Sailor.

FEEJEE

Where do sailors get the nerves

When a girl keeps her reserves

Why do men go ape at curves

Cried the fair young maiden.

BILL KNOCKS EVER SO POLITELY. HE PAYS

PETE AND REPETE SOME MONEY.

PETE

She’s a quality catch, Captain. She’s coming right out.

YOUNG HUDSON WRITING HIS JOURNAL

YOUNG HUDSON

The fifteenth, all day and night cleere sun-shine; the wind at East, the latitude at noone 75 degrees 7 minutes…This morning, one of our companie looking overboard saw a Mermaid, and calling up some of the companie to see her, one more came up, and by that time shee was come close to the ship’s side, looking earnestly on the men: a little after a sea came and overturned her; from the navill upward, her back and breasts were like a woman’s (as they say they saw her), but her body as big as one of us; her skin very white; and long haire hanging down behind, of colour blacke,; in her going downe they saw her tayle, which was like the a tayl of a Porposse, and speckled like a Maccrell.

THE SCENE RETURNS TO BILL AT THE DRESSING ROOM

DOOR.

BILL

Oh, open the door or prepare for war

Said Barnacle Bill the Sailor

I’ll break this door down with my oar

Said Barnacle Bill the Sailor

THE DOOR OPENS AND FEEJEE STANDS IN THE PORTAL

WEARING A LONG AND TIGHT MAE WEST DRESS THAT

LEAVES QUESTIONS ABOUT HER ANATOMY UNANSWERED.

FEEJEE

La-La-La-La-La-La-La

Pleased to meet you sailor. Hubba – hubba.

Are those flowers for me or your mother?

Isn’t he cute with his tounge hanging out.

BILL

When I was a cad in a seaside town a matchmaker said to me

You can waste your life your jolly life as a bachelor on the sea

You can fish this world for two-foot girls til your head grows weak and dim

But don’t go courting with a mermaid son if you don’t know how to swim

FEEJEE

‘Cause my hair is as green as seaweed and my skin is blue and pale

And I’ll tell you now before you start you will love this girl with all your heart

But you’ll only touch the upper part you must respect the tail.

BILL

So I docked up my ferry boat and my very first step off sea

I meets a mermaid on the stage just waving out at me

Come live with me in the sea she’ll say and down on the ocean floor

She’ll show me a million wonderous things that I neva would think before.

PETE & REPETE

Well over he falls and we push him down, down to her seaweed bed

And a pillow made of tortoise shell she lays beneath his head

She feeds him shrimp and caviar upon a silver dish

From her head to her waist she was oh so chaste but the rest of her was a fish.

FEEJEE

My hair is as green as seaweed and my skin is blue and pale

My face is a work of art, you will love this girl with all your heart

But you’ll only touch the upper part you must respect the tail.

THEY DANCE. THEY EMBRACE. BILL GOES

TO KISS FEEJEE. SHE TURNS AWAY.

BILL

Feejee, my darling, I must be getting soft in da head so help me but I feel something fishy going on, I must be falling in love with you.

PETE REVEALS THE TUNNEL OF LOVE BACKDROP

PETE

Hurry – Hurry – Hurry! Step right this way!

REPETE

Welcome to the Tunnel of Love. You can bring your wife, you can bring somebody else’s wife-

PETE

-bring your blind date or bring your seeing eye dog! What do I care?

REPETE

Just go-go-go for it folks and I’m telling you you better go now because the whole place shuts down early tonight.

PETE

Half price! Ten cents! Hurry – Hurry! Last call for the Tunnel of Love!

REPETE

Last call!

FEEJEE

La-La-La-La-La-La-La

You’ve probably been in love a million times, sailor.

BILL

Who, me? In love? Yous gotta be kidding. Sure, I been in dis place, I been in dat place, I been in trouble, I been in debt, I been articulate but I never been “in love”. Never once! Ya wanna give it a go?

PETE

That’ll be how many tickets, please?

FEEJEE

La-La-La-La-La-La-La

Two adults.

BILL

Let us pass. Come on, Pete.

REPETE

La-La-La-La-La-La-La

Two thin dimes buy the two tickets. Money talks, freeloaders walk.

BILL

Here’s a whole quarter and keep the change fellas…psst…see if yous can give us a long time in love…

BILL AND FEEJEE ENTER THE TUNNEL

OF LOVE. IT IS DARK.

BILL

Ladies foist, Feejee. Watch your step, it’s dark in there, give me ya hand.

FEEJEE

La-La-La-La-La-La-La

Don’t ask for my hand yet we only just met.

BILL

Whatsa matta with you? It’s getting cold in here that’s all. Come closer.

FEEJEE

La-La-La-La-La-La-La

Don’t turn on the heat yet we only just met.

BILL

Whatsa matta now? It’s getting windy in here, ya hear it? I think it’s whispering sweet somethings.

FEEJEE

La-La-La-La-La-La-La

Don’t blow in my ear yet we only just met.

PETE & REPETE

Just give her some time then blow in her ears!

PETE AND REPETE POP UP IN THE DARK BEHIND

BILL AND FEEJEE. THEY PLAY PEEKABOO.

BILL

Ahoy! Who goes there?

PETE & REPETE

Peekaboo! We see you!

FEEJEE

La-La-La-La-La-La-La

We want to be alone.

PETE

It’s me-me-me, Pete.

REPETE

No, it’s me-me-me, Repete.

THREEPETE

Yes, it’s me-me-me, introducing Threepete.

PETES

…you two hitting it off?...don’t they make a nice couple…maybe they want to be alone…

BILL

Beat it! Two’s company but Threepete’s a crowd!

FEEJEE

La-La-La-La-La-La-La

Party poopers!

PETES

…can’t you take a hint, you heard what the lady said…oh, so you can’t take a hint…I can take a hint, he’s the one who can’t take a hint…leave the lovers alone…get out of here…after you…who’s gonna make me…brains before beauty…goodbye…see you later…tootle-oo

THEY EXIT PUSHING EACH OTHER.

BILL

Just yous and me alone with yous at last…give me a little kiss, will yous? Whatsa matta don’t ya like me? Getta loada what big lips you have, Feejee…

FEEJEE

La-La-La-La-La-La-La

The better to serenade you with, sailor. Think la-la not kiss-kiss we only just met.

BILL

Why do you always go: la-la?

FEEJEE

La-La-La-La-La-La-La

I’m a mermaid, I’m singing my scales.

BILL

You wanna hear a love song? I’ll sings yous a love song:

Once upon a battleship

Da Navy booted Bill the skip

For making love instead of war

I’m now a carny bachelor!

BILL POUNCES. THEY KISS FOR THE FIRST TIME.

BILL & FEEJEE

La-La-La-La-La-La-La

PETE AND REPETE AND THREEPETE POP UP

IN THE DARK BEHIND BILL AND FEEJEE.

PETE

Just yous and me alone with yous at last…we missed so much, Threepete.

REPETE

My brother triplets…geta loada what big teeth yous have…welcome back, Threepete. Have you read any good trilogies lately?

FEEJEE

La-La-La-La-La-La-La

Make them shut up, Bill!

BILL

For yous, my pearl, my fists unfurl

Said Barnacle Bill the Sailor

I’ll make Petes put up yous dukes

Said Barnacle Bill the Sailor

I’ll punch dem guys in six black eyes

I’ll knock yer blocks off past the docks!

THE PETES THROW A BLANKET OVER THEIR THREE HEADS.

 BILL PUNCHES AT THE FIGURES ROLLY-POLLY BACK AND

FORTH LIKE PUNCHING BAGS. A BELL RINGS AND RINGS.

BILL

Knock out! A repeat knock out! A triplet knock out! 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8 bells! Winna and still champion, Barnacle Bill the Boxer! Alright with the bells, already! Whatsa matta for da bells?

PETE

Ride over! No more love for now! Park closing! Dreamland shuts down early tonight. Exit this way, please, hurry – hurry – hurry!

THEY USHER BILL AND FEEJEE OUT OF THE TUNNEL

OF LOVE. THE BELL KEEPS RINGING.

BILL

Da night is still young, Feejee. Whata yous say I wins you a kewpie doll down on Surf Avenue?

THE BELL KEEPS RINGING. DREAMLAND SHUTS DOWN.

PETES

That’s the curfew bell, Captain…Feejee’s got to go home, everybody’s got to go home…hurry – hurry – hurry, go home…

THE PETES PUSH FEEJEE OFF STAGE. BILL IS SUDDENLY

ALONE. THE BELL STOPS RINGING. FEEJEE STRUGGLES

BACK IN.

FEEJEE

When will I see you again?

When will I see you again?

When will I see you again?

Cried the fair young maiden.

THE PETES PULL FEEJEE BACK OFF.

BILL

Whatsa whosa wanna? Where is she? What curfew? What’s going on tonight?

PETES

Go home, Captain! Hurry!...lock your portholes and batten down your hatches…there’s a ghost story’s worth of trouble tonight…there’s a legend…our forefathers taught us a legend…it’s so sad and it’s so true and it’s so legendary…let’s repeat it for a the Captain and then go home, hurry!

Once upon this very midnight

With the sky lit half in moonlight

Henry Hudson lost the good fight

New York’s father died of frostbite

Each hundred years lunar years near Dreamland

Hudson’s ghost haunts Coney Island

Disturb no ghosts, no spooks no friend

The ways of ghosts lead down dead ends!

…some legends say the ghost is searching for a happier time in his past…some legends say the ghost is searching for a hole dug in the sand straight through to China…some legends say the ghost is searching for a public toilet in Dreamland…it’s so sad…it’s so true…it’s so legendary…GO HOME, CAPTAIN!

THE PETES EXIT. BILL IS ALONE WITH HIS BOAT.

BILL

Will ya geta loada dem cowards? There ain’t no such things as ghosts! I ain’t afraida no stories. Hello in there! Open up, Dreamland? Pete? Feejee? Anybody home? They musta gone soft in da head, so help me. Cowards! Well, I ain’t like you saps! Barnacle Bill ain’t going home! I’m taking the watch tonight! I’ll sail in me ferry and search the whole harbor! Anchors aweigh! Full steam ahead! Break out the whiskey keg, Captain! We’re drinking a toast to de invisible ghost!

Whiskey is a drink for men, whiskey for Billy.

A ghost drinks mugs of oxygen, no spirits for me spirits-o.

Men drink it hot and men drink it cold, whiskey for Billy.

A ghost drinks dust and a ghost drinks mold, no spirits for me spirits-o.

Whiskey gives men a big red nose, whiskey for Billy.

Ghosts don’t drink they decompose, no spirits for me spirits-o.

Men love women and men love whiskey, whiskey for Billy.

A ghost thirsts for dates with destiny, no spirits for me spirits-o.

BILL SAILS LIKE A DRUNKEN SAILOR. AN

ICEBERG APPEARS IN THE DISTANCE AND BILL

RUBS HIS TIRED EYES.

STORM. WIND. SNOW.

BILL SHIVERS.

THE ICEBERG APPROACHES.

BILL

Brrr! Shiver me timbers, mates, it’s an iceberg!

MORE SNOW. BILL’S TEETH CHATTER.

Brrr! Shiver me timbers, mates. The iceberg’s getting closer!

THE ICEBERG COLLIDES INTO BILL’S BOAT AND

SPLITS OPEN SHOWERING BILL WITH SNOW.

We’ve been hit, mates! Battle stations!

A FROZEN MAN’S HEAD AND STIFF ARMS POP

OUT OF THE ICEBERG.

Who the hell froze over are yous, mate? Are you in or are yous out of de boat? Cold out. Icecube overboard! What am I gonna do about you, oh, brudda, I better haul yous in and give yous some of me whiskey to melt yous frozen blood while I picks at yous ice with me fadda’s switchblade. Brrr! Shiver me timbers, yous a stiff one…let me carve out a spot to yous lips…drink hearty, frosty, me snowman…down the frozen hatch, sailor…did you gurgle? Are yous breathing? Can yous say something?

GHOST

…aye…that’s good whiskey…wakes the dead…

THE GHOST COMES TO LIFE. HE MOVES STIFFLY.

BILL

Brrr! Shiver me spine and me timbers, mates…maybe I’m gettin soft in de head but I thinks yous de ghost! Mermaids, triplets, now ghosts! I shoulda gone home.

YOUNG HUDSON WRITING HIS JOURNAL

YOUNG HUDSON

I told the men that we are a hundred leagues farther than Englishmen had ever been and showed them my charts and asked them whether they did not have the will to go on. We sailed but there were discontents and murmurings. We gave prayers to God, who marvelously preserved us from so many dangers, amongst so huge a quantity of ice and fogge. We steered away northwest, hoping to be free from ice. We fell with ice again. Next day we had our shroudes frozen, it was searching cold, we also treaded the ice not knowing whether we were cleare or not. Our sails frozen, I was in despair because of the crust of ice that surrounded the ship. I sent out our boat to seeke a place to winter in; and it was time; for the nights were long and cold, and the earth covered with snow. Having spent three months in a Labyrinth without end we found a place, whereunto we brought our ship, and haled her aground; and this was the first of November – by the tenth thereof we were frozen in.

THE SCENE RETURNS TO BILL AND THE ICE GHOST.

GHOST

Woe is me, cold is me, Hudson by name

Frozen three centuries bring me fast flame!

Defrost these icy veins, thaw out this breath,

Help this found legend step up to lost death.

BILL

Who do yous takes me for, de popsicle’s pallbearer?

GHOST

Cursed be sailors who do not obey

Cursed most sea wolves with mutinous ways! yy ‘~é;.%

Serve me or curse on you, Barnacle Bill

Moon cast a spell on this mortal’s free will.

BILL

Who do yous takes yerself for, de ghost of Christmas icicles?

GHOST

Swear me an oath, just enlist for one year

Fame and adventure will conquer your fear

See the world, underworld, bachelor's delight

Fool for a ghoul when you brave half-moonlight!

Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha, hoist sails!

BILL

Who sez yous giving de orders?

GHOST

I be Captain. Be still. Thou wilt obey!

BILL

We'Il see who's da Captain of me ship when yous runs away!

GHOST

My life is history, dwell on your fate

Chase you a dull dream or join you one great?

Hudson so blue served by Bill in the pink,

The fleshy man's soul is the ghost's missing link!

BILL

Beat it with yous linked together stuff. Sounds like de life of a repete to me. Forget about it! I‘m an original. I‘m not ya man, l'm not ya mate, yous invisible Captain. There ain't no such thing as ghosts. I‘m sailing dis boat a mine back to me houseboat where I‘m gonna climb into me hammock an sleep dis one off.

GHOST

I am ghost, quite invincible, Captain.

BILL

I ain't so convincable, Captain.

THEY FIGHT. BILL BEATS HIMSELF UP AS HIS

BLOWS PASS RIGHT THROUGH THE GHOST AND RETURN.

BILL

Stand still an fight fair, phantom. Me fists pass right through yous. I'l1 knock meself out.

GHOST

Thou protest too much, it maketh me scoff

Defend this, dreamboat, or Captain, cast off!

HE DUMPS BILL OVERBOARD AND SAILS THE SHIP OFF.

BILL BOBS IN THE BAY. HE HOLDS UP ONE FINGER

AND GOES UNDER. HE HOLDS UP TWO FINGERS.

BILL

Man overboard! Mayday! S.O.S. Life jacket? Call in the navy...where did everybody else go tonight? I'm going down for the count!

HE GOES UNDER. HE BOBS. HE HOLDS UP THREE FINGERS.

BILL

Thus ends the sad story of Barnacle Bill!

A WHALE ENTERS.

BILL

Wait! Stop de presses. I sees a long tale - a fish story - yet a new chapter for drowning Bill. What a whale of a tale. Save me whale! Swallow me whole and make me some kinda celebrity like Ahab or Jonah or Pinocchio.

THE WHALE EXITS.

BILL

Whatsa matta? Where did yous go? Yous some kinda vegetarian whale or what? I'm drowning! Where's de porpoise with da purpose when yous need one? I'm sinking...glub...glub...goodbye, cruel world...glub...Bill sinks and Bill drowns...

WATER BANNERS. THE ACTION SWITCHES TO

UNDERWATER SCENES. BILL STRUGGLES

AND DROWNS. FEEJEE ENTERS, SWIMMING WITH AN

OXYGEN MASK FOR BILL'S EMERGENCY. SHE IS A

REAL MERMAID. SHE CATCHES BILL, SHE KISSES HIM.

FEEJEE REVIVES BILL WITH OXYGEN AND WITH

MOUTH TO MOUTH RESUSCITATION.

FEEJEE

La-La-La-La-La-La-La

Bill, my darling, speak to me.

BILL

Whatsa whosa wanna...Feejee, you're a fish! Who sez I don't belie e in mermaids? Yous saved me life, Feejee. Forget about curfewsl Forget about ghosts! Let's get married and live together till death do us part.

FEEJEE

La-La-La-La-La-La

Bill, my fiancé, when a mortal marries a mermaid neighbors whisper about mixed marriages, but if you're in love with me, I'm in love with you. Neptune runs an all-night chapel just a short swim from here!

MARRIAGE MUSIC. BILL DONS A TOP HAT AND FEEJEE

A BRIDAL VEIL. NEPTUNE IS REVEALED ABOVE

THE PROSCENIUM WITH A BUBBLE MACHINE.

NEPTUNE

Dearly beloved, ye dolphins, eels and mackerel;

Ye drips, ye drops, ye argonauts.

We are submerged here this evening

To wet (I meant wed)

Barnacle Bill The Sailor and Feejee The Mermaid

In baloney matriphony.

Behold this mixed dish!

The bride: inspiration for traditional tattoos on seamen‘s burly biceps, girlfriend of sirens, nixies, kelpies, nymphs, tritons and silkies, mermen, mermonsters and miscellaneous merthings, merfolk, merstuff, offspring of earth and water, near humans and fish deities.

The groom: a singing sailor of unquestionably questionable reputation what with whiskey in his liver and water in his aqualungs.

But he loves her. She loves him. He loves her.

I am not losing a daughter but gaining a bum (I meant son).

If any bluefish has objection to this catch,

Gurgle now or forever swallow your bubbles.

Do you, Barnacle Bill, take this mermaid

To stroke and to spawn to dote until dawn

Through seasickness or drought

From this knotting day out

Till death or someday thereabout?

BILL

I do what?

NEPTUNE

Do you, Mermaid Feejee, take this sailor

To chauffeur and sober to make him a home in the foam

Through scurvy or gout

From this knotting day out

Till death or someday thereabout?

FEEJEE

La-La-La-La-La-La-La

I do what?

NEPTUNE

Repeat after me: With this trident I appoint you

BILL & FEEJEE

With this trident I appoint you

NEPTUNE

With salt water I anoint you

BILL & FEEJEE

With salt water I anoint you

NEPTUNE

My ring finger I disjoint you

BILL & FEEJEE

My ring finger I disjoint you

NEPTUNE TOUCHES THEM ON THE

SHOULDERS WITH HIS TRIDENT.

NEPTUNE

I ding you...I dong you...

By the power invested in me

As the ruling god of the sea

I now pronounce you man and wife!

You may kiss the fish!

BILL AND FEEJEE KISS.

NEPTUNE

...psst...that'll be twenty five clams...half price.

BILL PAYS NEPTUNE. NEPTUNE RETIRES.

BILL AND FEEJEE SLOWLY EXIT UP THE AISLE.

ACT 2

PETE, REPETE AND THREEPETE APPEAR ROWING IN A

BARREL. THEY WEAR HULA SKIRTS AND MONKEY MASKS.

PETES

Oh, rub—a—dub-dub, three monkeys in a tub,

Seamonkeys in a barrel when we shoulda sailed a sub

We're here to save Bill! We're here to save you, bub!

But to save you we must find you and to find you is the rub.

We lower a scope to find you and we fear to see your corpse

When up to the top you shoot like a shot and say in a voice so hoarse:

BILL AND FEEJEE SURFACE.

BILL

Me saviors and me sinners do not weep for me

FEEJEE

La-la-la-la-la-la-la

For he's married to a mermaid at the bottom of the sea.

PETES

Congratulations! Bon voyage! Happy Honeymoon!

BILL AND FEEJEE SWIM OFF TO A SMALL TROPICAL

ISLAND WITH ONE BANANA TREE. THE THREE MONKEYS

REMAIN A PRESENCE IN SLOW—BARREL-TO-CHINA PURSUIT.

BILL

We'll take a honeymoon

Sea cruise for two

Sea cruise with you, oh, Feejee

Sea cruise for two, walla-walla-walla

FEEJEE

And if we're shipwrecked

How carefree we‘ll be

"Lost on an island

Lost island with one palm tree

BILL & FEEJEE

Nine months pass f-i-n-e fine

Love in b-r-i-n-e brine

We‘ll spawn a b-i-g big school in

Record t-i-m-e time

Forget to hoist the S-O-S

We’ll nest alone here y-e-s

Don't want a b-i-g big a-r-k

To reach the U-S-S

ALL

We‘ll take a honeymoon

Sea cruise for two

Sea cruise with you, oh, Feejee

Sea cruise for two, walla-walla-walla

And if we're shipwrecked

How carefree we'll be

Lost on an island

Lost island with one palm tree

 YOUNG HUDSON WRITING HIS JOURNAL

YOUNG HUDSON

I sailed to the shore in one of the native canoes, with an olde man, who was the chief of a tribe...on our coming into his house, two mats were spread out to sit upon, and immediately some food was served in well-made red wooden bowls; two men were also despatched at once with bows and arrows in quest of game, who soon after brought in a pair of pigeons which they had shot. They likewise killed a fat dog, and skinned it in great haste, with shells which they had got out of the water. They supposed that I would remain with them for the night, but I returned in a short time on board the ship. The land is the finest for cultivation that I ever in my life set foot upon, and it also abounds in trees of every description. The Natives are a very good people, for when they saw I would not remain, they supposed that I was afraid of their bows, and taking the arrows, they broke them in pieces, and threw them into the fire. .

THE SCENE RETURNS TO THE TROPICAL ISLAND

BUT THINGS HAVE CHANGED. IT IS A LATER TIME

PERIOD AND THE "HONEYMOON IS OVER".

PETES

Bill and Feejee cruising on the sea

Sight s-e-e-i-n-g

First seasick and then shipwreck

Then paradise turns into a pain in the neck:

FEEJEE SLEEPS UNDER THE TREE UNDER A TORN SAIL.

BILL COLLECTS A BUNCH OF BANANAS. THE PETES,

WEARING MONKEY MASKS, SIT TO THE SIDE IN THE

HEAR NO EVIL, SEE NO EVIL, SPEAK NO EVIL, POSITIONS.

BILL

Geta loada dat rise 'n‘ shine. will yous wake up, Feejee, me bride ‘n‘ joy! What's cookin' fer breakfast?

FEEJEE

La-la-la-Ia-la-la-la

I caught breakfast yesterday. Today I want service in bed. What can you cook?

BILL

Banana bread...banana juice...banana splits.

FEEJEE

La-la-la-la-la-la-la

Yes, I‘m sick of bananas

I'll have no bananas today.

BILL

Whatsa matta you, me bride ‘n' joy? Yous wanted dis lost island. I said, Feejee, I picked yous so yous pick the honeymoon. So, whatsa matta now, ya wants ta be callin' room service in some swanky suite at Niagara Falls? I can‘ts cook fer beans sos welcome to monkey paradise. Gets up an eats ya bananas.

FEEJEE

La-la-la-la-la-la-la

I've got a craving for relish on that banana.

SHE STANDS. SHE IS VISIBLY PREGNANT.

BILL

Willya geta loada dat mudda? I loves me family, Feejee. How's da baby? What‘s da baby doin' now?

FEEJEE

La-la-la-la-la-la-la

The backstroke...the breaststroke...ooo...any day, Bill...

BILL

Pull down the colors, mates, and hoist the white flag - we gots to surrender to someone and get offa dis island. Pull down the white flag, mates, and hoist the red cross - we gots to get de attention of a floatin' hospitality. Pull down the red cross, mates, and hoist the yellow peel, we gots to at least charter a banana boat and gets offa dis island!

FEEJEE

La-la-la-la-la-la-la

Bed and breakfast and business. My overnight bag needs packing, Bill scans the horizon...routine is simple on a lost little island.

BILL & FEEJEE

Did you remember to put the mail out in the tide?

BILL CORKS A BOTTLE AND TOSSES IT INTO THE SEA.

A note in a bottle a

Wedding gift, thank you

Wedding gift, my dear friend

Wedding gift, from you, the old crew

P.S., we're shipwrecked

How grateful we'd be

Found on this island

Lost island with one palm tree

PETES

Hear you no e-v-i-l evil

See you no e-v-i-l evil

Speak you no e-v-i-l evil

Just be p-r-i-m-e-v-a-l primeval!

THE GHOST ENTERS NOW TRANSFORMED

INTO OLD HUDSON’S HEAD ON THE BODY

OF AN OCTOPUS.

GHOST

Thou summonds monkey business thou gets it:

This little monkey hears his tale this trip

This little monkey sees an iceberg tip

This little monkey speaks of squid on ship;

This mother mermaid sings no lullaby!

HE GRABS ALL THREE PETES AND TOSSES

THEM OFF WITH HIS MANY ARMS

BILL

Willya geta loada dat coat a arms! Yous slimy, sos beat it, limey! Hold ona minute, whata yous want anyway?

GHOST

To wrap my arms around a smaller Earth

To wrap my arms around a mother’s birth.

Arms to spare steering into overfalls

Army corps to battle tides and waterfalls.

FEEJEE

Do-ri-me-fa-so-la-ti-do

I’m raising my voice against you! Leave us alone!

GHOST

Be hot, old curse, of this Frozen undead

My hell is blue hell, my thirst to taste red

My dream to return to my Half-Moon ship

My curse to plague the house of Bill, good skip

BILL

Why, yous cold-blooded, fate-flooded, Frankenstein! Willa geta loada dat gratitude? Plague our happy house because I gave yous a little whiskey and yous melted? Dat ain‘t Fair! We sez beat it! Dat ain't American! We sez beat it!

FEEJEE

La-la-la-la-la-la-la

This is a private beach, beat it!

GHOST

Make a wish for help in a bottle note

Out pops a genie full hands on your throat

Bill's time comes at the eclipse of half-moon

Feejee of his house wins the faster ruin!

Step forth, mother, hurry - hurry - hurry.

BILL

Don't yous lay a tentacle on her!

GHOST

Come mermaid be masthead, come skate with me

I'll give you a home ‘neath the Artic Sea

FEEJEE

La-la-la-la-la-la-la

Brrr! Shiver those timbers.

BILL

Stand beside, me bride 'n' joy, it’s battle stations! Now firing torpedo number one!

HE HITS THE GHOST. THEY FIGHT.

THERE IS A TUG OF WAR OVER FEEJEE.

BILL

Say uncle, yous octopus head! Say it. I got your arms pinned down, all eight of 'em. Say it!

GHOST

My arms turn to eels with shocking result

Tables turn tast when you fight the occult!

THE GHOST GAINS THE UPPER HANDS. THEY FIGHT

ANOTHER TUG OF WAR OVER FEEJEE.

FEEJEE

La-la-la-la-la-la-la

Turn into a harpoon, honey and I'll poke his zombie eyes out!

FEEJEE BREAKS FREE AND ANOTHER FIGHT BREAKS OUT.

GHOST

Form turn to spirit, my flesh to thin air,

Knock thyself out next you punch me, beware!

BILL THROWS THREE PUNCHES THAT PASS RIGHT THROUGH

THE GHOST AND LAND BACK ON HIS CHIN.

BILL

Now firing torpedoes numba two! Three! Four!..WHATTA...XOX...WHOSA...XOX...WANNA…XOX...I think I knocks meself out!...XOX...

FEEJEE

Mi-mi-mi-mi-mi-mi-mi

Let go of me! Unhand me, you overgrown squid!

GHOST

Let me take you by thy hand, oh, lady

Let me save you from crude sailors, lady

Let me give you a river, an island

Let me give you a beach house with seagulls.

Thou canst smell the sea. Thou canst rule the rabbits.

Bunny rabbits. My island. My rabbits.

My Dutch crew named this place Konijn Eiland.

Rabbit Island. Let’s go to paradise.

I dream of returning to paradise.

One night in a million awake not a dream!

Konijn Eclipse meets a half crazed moonbeam!

HE SWOOPS UP FEEJEE IN HIS MANY ARMS AND

STEPS OFF WITH HER INTO THE OCEAN. BILL REVIVES.

BILL

...XOX...whosa hit me witha rolla coaster...ow...did ya get da license numba a dat hit ‘n' run taxi driva,..toity—toid an toid...nah, where am I...palm tree...oh, me missin' honeymoon...wife...Feejee! Where are ya, Feejee? Don't fear an' don't mourn I'm lost ta yous, me bride n' joy. Bill ain't out yet, Bill ain't afraid of no curse and Bill ain't afraid of no ghost. I ain't afraid of octopus or icebergs, I'm a member of the Coney Island Polar Bear Club! I'll marathon swims after yous, Feejee! Merman to da rescue, Coney Island or bust! When dis polar bear catches that big ghost fish, I'm gonna turn his little pond into a minefield.

BILL DIVES INT0 THE OCEAN AND SWIMS.

SCENE FADES ON THE ISLAND WITH ONE PALM

TREE AND LIGHTS COME UP ON YOUNG

HUDSON WRITING IN HIS JOURNAL.

YOUNG HUDSON

I asked them what they meant? They told me, I should know when I was in the shallop. I called to the carpenter and told him I was bound; but I heard no answer he made. Then was the shallop haled up to the ship side, and the poore, sicke, and lame men were called upon to get them out of their cabins into the shallop. Now was the carpenter at libertie, who asked them, if they would bee hanged when they came home; and as for himselfe, hee said, hee would not stay in the ship unlesse they would force him; they bade him goe then. Now, were the carpenter and I and all the poore men in the shallop, whose names are as followeth; Henrie Hudson, John Hudson, Arnold Lodlo, Sidrack Faner, Phillip Staffe, Thomas Woodhouse, Adam Moore, Henrie King, Michael Bute. The Carpenter got of them a peece, and powder, and shot, and some pikes, an iron pot, with some meale, and other things. We trailed behind dodging the ice, the shallop being fast to the sterne of the shippe, and so when we were nigh out, they cut our head fast from the sterne of the shippe. The sea-wolves let out with their top-sayles, and towards the east they stood in a clear sea. Come, how could they do thus to history? As my fame sailed forth without us, the whole universe seemed to grow larger and larger. I felt unto a speck. Once more, near the time of the eclipse, the ship was come within sight, they let fall the Main-sayle, and out with their Top-sayles, and flye as from an Enemy.

THE SCENE FADES ON YOUNG HUDSON. THE TOURISTS

ENTER WITH AN ILLUMINATED HALF-MOON ON A

 POLE. THE HALF-MAN IN THIS HALF-MOON

RESEMBLES A HALF-GRINNING HALF-PETE.

TOURISTS

Meet us tonight in Dreamland

Toasting the man in the moon

Lunar events at Dreamland

Eclipse of the moon coming soon

(Coming soon)

Let there be light in darkness

Light bulb and firework show

Electrified Dreamland

Party in Dreamland

Dreamland at night all aglow.

PETE ENTERS AS THE DREAMLAND BARKER.

PETE

All aglow that’s going aglow! Party - Party - Party! Get your luna lanterns! Get your telescopes! Get your souvenir programs! Half-price! You‘ve seen Halley's Comet! You‘ve seen the Star of Bethlehem! But tonight, astronomers and astrologers, a once in a century opportunity to come celebrate a total eclipse of a half-faced, half-moon! Party at Dreamland, home of a million dreams, a million ideas, a million Edison Light bulbs. Let there be light.Let there be fireworks tonight. Take a trip to the moon. Meet the man .Get your green cheese! Half-price. Ring side seats for the half eclipse, Half-price!

TOURISTS EXIT INTO DREAMLAND LEAVING THE

HALF-MOON ON THE POLE. PETE POINTS OFF.

PETE

...well, will you look at that wake...out there, far out at sea...what half vision is this by yonder half moonlight...

What speedboat putts right through the ocean?

What porpoise puts right through the sea?

What swimmer strokes in on the high tide?

Oh, who can this swift swimmer be?

...half drowned...half naked...half convinced he can't make it...why isn't there a half-time lifeguard on duty when you need one...what am I, a half-hearted hero...I'll grab you swimmer! Keep crawling! You're half way home... Stroke! Stroke!

BILL WASHES UP ON SHORE AND COLLAPSES INTO

PETE'S ARMS WITH HIS LEGS STILL KICKING AND

HIS ARMS STILL TURNING.

PETE

Well, for Pete's sake if it isn't Barnacle Bill the husband! How's the missus?

BILL

...willya lemme catch me breath...stroke-stroke-stroke-stroke...go tell da navy dat da octopus is da kidnapper...stroke-stroke-stroke-stroke...

BILL FAINTS.

PETER

Bill, my boy, you sound half delirious. You look half unconscious! Even with half a brain I know you‘re in need of the old mouth to mouth...in with the good air...out with the bad air...in with the good air...etc.

BILL

...stroke-stroke…honey, gimme more a dem kisses...yuck...you ain't Feejee...yick! I'm breathin' ain't I?...in/out...in/out...Forget about it! Did ya call in da navy? Have yous rescued me wife? Any sign of da ghost?

PETE

Nothing rotten to report in New York harbor, Captain. Good clean fun. Party night. Champagne. Let me pour you a glass.

BILL

What am I sippin' cocktails wid yous for...I gotta go...but where I gotta go I dunno...

PETE

You and Feejee have a quarrel in the coral, Captain?

BILL

Nah, nuthin’ like dat. It's like dis: Sailor meets mermaid. Sailor weds mermaid. Ghost spooks sailor. Octopus grabs mermaid. Sailor to the rescue. Ghost and mermaid to thin air. I dunno where else ta look for dem, Pete. I dunno what day it is. I dunno what time it is. All I knows is I'm drinkin' in Dreamland and Feejee's trapped in some in-between land...and dis here dream's so fulla memories it's a regular nightmare...geta loada dis place, it reminds me a her...FEEJEE! Where are you, FEEJEE!...gimme another glass...gimme whiskey.

PETE

Whiskey‘s two bits. Champagne's on the house.

BILL

Den I sez forget about da whiskey an pour da champagne. Here's foam in yous eye! Good party. What’s da special occasion?

PETE

The big wink! The big eclipse!

BILL

Da big legend a legends, me poisonal coise! Tonight's da night an' dis must be da place but I don't see no ghost and I don't see me Feejee...FEEJEE!...I might not ever see me Feejee again!

REPETE POPS OUT AND REVEALS THE

DREAMLAND TATTOO PARLOR FACADE.

REPETE

Hey, sailors! Get your tattoos here! Step right up! Be a man and get your tattoos, half price! Ten cents to remember your mother or remember the Maine.

BILL

...gimme one of dem mermaid tattoos on me chest and gimme one of dem broken heart tattoos on me arm...gimme de works!

THREEPETE APPEARS WITH AN ELECTRIC NEEDLE.

PETES

Did somebody say customer?...push the ink...turn on the needles...a paying customer...this is gonna hurt us more than it's gonna hurt you...quick, fill his glass...drain his pockets...

BILL

...hic...don‘t make it too small now...hic...

PETES

Aye, aye, Captain!

THEY TATTOO BILL AS HE CRIES AND SCREAMS FOR FEEJEE.

PETES

Oh, what can we do for your tattoos, sailor?

How do you do to new tattoos, sailor?

Why do you buy these tattoos, sailor?

Every mother‘s warning.

BILL

...hic...getta loada dis one: F-E-E-J-E-E…hic...

ALL

Yo-ho-ho the half-moon rises

Yo-ho-ho the world capsizes

Yo-ho-ho a twist suprises

Every mother's warning.

PETES

Stars and stripes and skull and bones, tattoos

Mom and Dad and Hell and Home, tattoos

Needles sting and canvas moans, tattoos

Every mother's warning.

BILL

. . .dem eyes. . . FEEJEE. . .dat smile. . .FEEJEE. . .

ALL

Yo-ho-ho the volume rises

Yo-ho-ho the dream capsizes

Yo-ho-ho a life suprises

Every mother’s warning.

PETES

A picture this and picture that, artwork

Arms and arse wear sailor tat, artwork

Marked man till you're old and fat, artwork

Every mother's warning.

BILL

...to da death or someday thereabout, FEEJEE, I canst live without ya...hic...

ALL

Yo-ho-ho the legend rises

Yo-ho-ho the —-—

SUDDEN INTERRUPTION OF THUNDER AND LIGHTNING

FROM THE DREAMLAND SPOOKHOUSE FACADE. SOUNDS

OF CHAINS RATTLING, SCREAMS AND DOG HOWLING

AT THE MOON. THE DOORS OF THE SPOOKHOUSE SWING

OPEN. FEEJEE EMERGES, VICTORIOUS.

FEEJEE

La-la-la-la-la-la-la

Stop the music, stop the presses, stop staring please, folks, I want to kiss Bill...

THEY KISS.

BILL

I missed yous too, babe, getta loada dis tattoo.

FEEJEE

La-la-la-la-la-la-la

I’ll look at it later, dear. First help me bring in the ghost. I netted the ghost in his hideout, the spookhouse. I caught him off-guard, he was sitting with his log, he was busy ghost writing.

THEY DRAG IN A LARGE NET HOLDING THE GHOST, NOW

TRANSFORMED INTO OLD HUDSON'S HEAD ON THE BONES

OF A SKELETON. THE PETES TAKE OVER THE NET.

PETES

...l thought I saw an iceberg...I thought I saw an octopus...I betya that's what happened to the missing skeleton key...

FEEJEE

La-la-la-la-la-la-la

I filleted him, but being he’s a ghost, it’s just impossible to slay him!

PETES

He's bones, he’s bones, he's all bones

BILL

If yous dead it's tough to kills yous.

PETES

He‘s bones, he’s bones, he’s all bones

BILL

An' if we couldst kills whats we canst, I bet ya'd come undead an spook us all over again.

PETES

He‘s bones, he’s bones, he's all bones,

Strange the ways of the legend.

BILL

So, I axe yous, whata yous got ta say fer yerself, yous skinny Flyin' dutchman? Mebbe yous can try an' make us an offar we canst refuse?

THE GHOST LIFTS HIS HEAD OFF HIS SKELETON BODY

AND SPEAKS WITH HIS HEAD IN HIS HANDS.

GHOST

Mine bones doomed to ice, mine soul dreams of heat

Mine shame to shiver for lacking mine meat,

Mine fate to testeth thou faith of mine friends

Mine deal dependeth on rest for mine ends.

Rest and retirement, hot and not cold

Soulful release from moons half, new, and old.

Discover mine heaven, dispatch mine hell,

Findeth me heat and thou breaketh mine spell.

HE PUTS HIS HEAD BACK ON HIS SHOULDERS.

PETES

...something smell fishy to you...(sniff)...(sniff)...

A PUFF OF SMOKE. NEPTUNE EX MACHINA.

FEEJEE

La-la-la-la-la-la-la

Long live the King of The Sea!

NEPTUNE

Did somebody say King Fish?. I've got a half-price special on solving problems today. Step right up, kiss the ring, greet the king, explain the thing, try not to sing. Who's next?

BILL

Dis ghost got a pretty hot offa, dear lord, but what can I do?

FEEJEE

Do-ti-la-so-fa-me-ri-do…oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-

I’m having the baby, dear lord, what'll I do? ...ooo...

PETES

We're out of champagne, dear lord, what'll we do?

GHOST

Thy heart is cold, my lord, what canst thou do?

FEEJEE

Oo—oo—oo-oo—oo—oo—oo

NEPTUNE

My fellow Dreamlanders! Ding and dong, I do decree, this official Proclamation from the King of the Sea. Whereas, Feejee the mother, the mermaid breaking water, the mermother missing medic, missing midwife, missing modern medicine, finds herself in a most immediate position; and whereas, withermore, Hudson, the snowman, the cold man, the iceman, commeth forward in frozen petition to reposition the realm of underwater for fire and flames; now, therefore, deus ex Neptune, I hereby strange arrange the future, I hereby deputize the immediate services of Barnacle Bill the father and Pete the triplet, and Repete the triplet, and Threepete the triplet...you can say that again. I whereby command Bill carry Feejee to the Dreamland Baby Incubator Building. Company dismissed, sailor, that’s an order! And furthermore I hereby command the Petes to escort this ghost, so cold to the bones, forthwith to the Dreamland Hell Gate! To the firey furnace’s first in command, to King Pluto, god of the underground, ask Pluto to roast and release what you froze in my sea. In conclusion, thereof, I hereunto godbless the baby; loan Threepetes my trident, be strident; and impose a 50% tax penalty on the Ghost for requiring the bureaucracy of a second god officiating outside of my jurisdiction. Further be informed that the gods accept no liability for acts of ungods or unidentified astrological phenomenon occurring once in a blue moon or a half moon eclipse...blame it on the moon! Payment is due immediately upon the populace upon receipt of this Proclamation. We prefer payment in sacrifice but crops and/or cities will be accepted as additional collateral. Gods bless you one and all and goodnight!

A PUFF OF SMOKE. NEPTUNE IS GONE.

THE PETES POKE THE GHOST WITH THE TRIDENT.

PETE

Ladies and Gentlemen and Skeletons of all ages: Now presenting the deepest, the hottest, the absolutely most exotic temptation you’ll ever find outside of heaven and earth.

REPETE

A ticket straight to Hell Gate! This is without a doubt the most fascinating and amazing tour through the fires of Hell that your lost soul could desire. We don’t recommend it.

PETE

We don’t apologize for it. We only warm, I mean warn, you that the Hell Gate is not for your run-of-the-mill little devil who can’t take the heat. Get out of the igloo! Ye who enters the Hell Gate, abandon all cold!

THEY POKE THE GHOST WITH THE TRIDENT.

THE TRIDENT SPARKS. THE HELL GATE OPENS

TO REVEAL THE FIERY PIT, THE GHOST ENTERS

AND SHOWERS IN THE FLAMES.

PETE

Hot enough for you, Henry?

GHOST

Fire and brimstone beats chilly and cold

Hell spells relief from ice crushed, cubed and old

Turn up the heat, Petes, come turn it up high

I’m already dead so please turn it on fry!

BILL ENTERS, RUNNING WITH A BUCKET OF WATER.

BILL

Watar! Watar! I needs hot, boilin’ watar! Da baby incubator doctar went to da dentist an da wife is due ta delivar. Gimme hot watar! Gimme some clean towels, willya? Gimme scissars. Whatsa matta dat da watar’s not boilin’? Turn da damn flames on ta boil! Turn it on boil!

GHOST

Turn it on broil…ahh…well done…

These barbeque ribs bid goodbye…

FEEJEE (off-stage)

La-la-la-la-la-la-la

Push-push-push-push

BILL

Dot's it. Keep pushin' honey, I'm pullin' for yous!

FEEJEE (off-stage)

La-la-la-la-la-la-la

Complications-complications-and cramps

BILL

Steady as she goes I’ll be right back, Feejee! Help! Complications, ahoy! I needs a stetsascope! Gimme a microscope! Gimme a rod an reel an a net an a air pump an gravel an willya gimme a ten gallon glass tank!

PETE

Will that be to stay or to go, professor?

REPETE

Hot enough for you yet, Henry? Higher! Fryer! Keep stoking the fire!

PETE

The Hell Gate’s a pyre! Well done his desire. Higher! Higher!

REPETE

Keep feeding the fire!

GHOST

Goodbye freezing cold, hello thawing heat

Shower me flames from mine skull to mine feet

Goodbye bluish Hell, hello red hot coal

Ashes to ashes a dance for mine soul.

BILL

Enough with da tapdancin’ skeleton, already. Gimme a hand, will yous?

FEEJEE (off-stage)

La-la-la-la-la-la-la

1-2-3-4-5-6-7 Owww!

BILL

Keep countin' dem contractions, honey, and yous can count on me too. Keep smilin', no cryin', keep laughin'.

FEEJEE (off-stage)

La-la-la-la-la-la-la

Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha

GHOST

Farewell cruelest curse, no more ice and snow

Till Hell freezeth over, find me below!

FEEJEE (off-stage)

La-la-la-la-la-la-la

Papa-Mama-Wawa

BILL

Gimme a "b”, gimme an "a", gimme a "b", gimme a "y”!

PETES

What’s that spell?

BILL (off-stage)

Willya geta loada dat baby!

GHOST

Bon voyage old worlds I beat the eclipse

Hudson discovers his apocalypse!

A PUFF OF SMOKE. THE GHOST‘S SOUL,

IN THE FORM OF THE MINI GHOST GALLEON,

FLOATS FROM HIS MOUTH AND TO HEAVEN.

FEEJEE (off-stage)

(Tune of Funiculi-Funicula)

La-la, la-la, la-la-la-la-la,

La-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la-la-la-la

La-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la-la.

LIGHTBULBS POP AND EXPLODE AND THE LIGHTS OF

DREAMLAND FLICKER AND GO OUT. IF POSSIBLE,

FIREWORKS, FOLLOWED BY THE ECLIPSE OF THE HALF

MOON ON THE POLE. IF POSSIBLE, THE MOON

ACTUALLY BURNS AND DISAPPEARS IN FLAMES.

PETE

Fireworks, look! The main event begins! There's hardly enough time to countdown the half-moon eclipse: 5 ½ - 4 ½ - 3 ½ - 2 ½ - 1 ½ - ½ - there goes a rare moon in a million - rest in peace, Henry Hudson!

BILL RUNS ON STAGE WITH CIGARS.

BILL

I'm a fadda! Barnacle Bill the fadda! Whata nite! Whata life! Whata family! Have a cigar! Have a cigar!

PETE LIGHTS A CIGAR AND TOSSES THE MATCH OVER

HIS SHOULDER. REPETE ENTERS WEARING A FIREMAN'S

HAT. HE HANDS PETE A FIREMAN'S HAT AND A BUCKET

FULL OF CONFETTI.

REPETE

FIRE! FIRE! The Hell Gate's on Fire!

BILL

Yous and me, we’ll put out da fire! Gimme a bucket! Have a cigar?

REPETE

Sure, thanks. I’ll take three. Get your half price tickets to the fireman’s ball! We're having a fire sale here!

REPETE TOSSES THE MATCH OVER HIS SHOULDER.

BILL THROWS BUCKETS OF CONFETTI ON THE FLAMES

AS PETE AND REPETE FEED HIM MORE AND MORE BUCKETS.

PETE

FIRE! FIRE! Two alarm fire! Dreamland's on fire!

BILL

I don't wanna hear nuthin‘ 'bout Dreamland, not me dreams up in flames! Gimme more buckets an gimme hoses an axes an laddars!

REPETE

FIRE! FIRE! FIRE! Three alarm fire! Get your hotdogs, get your toasted peanuts and marshmallows, half price!

BILL

Feejee! Whatsa whosa wanna! I'll be right back, Feejee!

THEY FIGHT THE FIRE AND IN THE PROCESS DESTROY

AND DISMANTLE DREAMLAND AS THEY TRY TO SAVE IT.

WATER BANNERS WASH OVER THE REMAINS.

PETES

What a fire! DOUBLE NINE ALARM FIRE! Clang - clang - clang - clang - clang, step aside folks we're bringing in pumpers...33 companies - 400 men – 102 Dalmatians - 57 volunteers from the Midget City Fire Department: ding - ding - ding - ding...admission to the burning ruins half price, ten cents, get 'em while they're hot!

BILL

Whata nite! Whata life! I'm a fadda! I'm a fireman!

PETES

See the worst nightmare in the history of Brooklyn! See the Dreamland tower in flames from Manhattan! See it all live in Coney Island before the world reads tomorrow’s headlines! Flames to the left of us...flames to the right of us...the zoo is on fire...the lion's on fire...the ocean’s on fire!

THREEPETE

Anybody got a match for my cigar?

THE FIRE DIES OUT LEAVING ONLY SMOKE

AND FLASHING RED LIGHTS.

PETE

Fire! More Fire! The Baby Incubator Building's on fire!

BABY (off-stage)

Daddy! Daddy! Daddy!

BILL

Fear not, I'II saves ya me mudda an child!

BILL DIVES INTO THE FLAMES AND A MOMENT

 LATER, RETURNS WITH FEEJEE PUSHING

A BABY CARRIAGE. THE PETES APPLAUD.

PETE

Hip, hip and hooray For Bill and Feejee and the baby! Congratulations! Is it a boy or a girl?

FEEJEE

La-la-la-la-la-la-la

It's a Fish! Say hello to daddy.

BILL

Have another cigar? Kootchie-koctchie-kootchie...

THE FISH BABY POPS UP FROM THE CARRIAGE.

HE WEARS A BONNET AND GLASSES.

TALKING FISH

Daddy! Daddy! Daddy!

PETE

A talking fish! Well, for Pete’s sake!

GENERAL APPLAUSE AS BILL EMBRACES

FEEJEE AND THE TALKING FISH.

TALKING FISH

Daddy! Daddy! I talk, I walk, I see da past an’ da futurel

Me fadda sailed da Hudson in da half-moonlight

He married a mermaid one hot night

From dis union dere comes three

A porpoise an' a penguin but the foist is me!

BILL

Yo-ho-ho da sunshine's free

Oh for da life by da Brooklyn sea

TALKING FISH

I can read yer fortune I predicts all things

See da talkin' fish hear da mudda sing

A voice from da houseboat sings ahoy

An' dere is me mudda a sittin' on a buoy

ALL

Yo-ho-ho da sunshine's free

Oh for da life by da Brooklyn sea

FEEJEE

What will become of my babies three?

TALKING FISH

Me mudda dere she asks a me

PETES

One gets exhibited as a talking fish

The others get served on a chafing dish

ALL

Yo-ho-ho da sunshine's free

Oh for da life by da Brooklyn sea

BILL & FEEJEE

A tricky ride a bad nightmare

Yous looks again Dreamland ain't dere

Babies sleep without a fright

Grown-ups fear da coise a da half—monlight

BILL

Can yous see da future for me and yous and yer mudda?

TALKING FISH

I see millions, I see a sea of humanity making its way to Coney Island an' all of 'em asking directions to Bill an' Feejee's place. Foist, yous greets dem, fadda, yous talks ‘bout me an mudda an our friends an den I predicts dat yous say:

BILL

Go now, folks, it's only half—price, ten cents!

ALL

Yo-ho-ho da sunshine's free

Oh For da life by da Brooklyn sea!

THE CAST SAILS OFF INTO THE SUNSET.

THE END.