

NIMBUSCLUD

by Cara Scarmack

CHARACTERS:

A PERSON

CANNOLI STAND LADY

HOOPIE

MRS. TREEMP

THE MOURNER

FIRST DRUNKARD

SECOND DRUNKARD

THIRD DRUNKARD

NIGHTINGALE

SEAFARER SIR

PUPILS

THE SEA

THE LAMBS

YOUNGPUP SIRAT

YOUNGPUP SIRT

FATHER-TH'ALMIGHTLY

FAR-OFF VOICES

CHORUS OF ANGELS

Act One

*Onstage: Two porthole windows suspended in space.
Also, at least one wall (if not all of the walls) is completely covered by dark fabric that stretches from floor to ceiling.
The fabric flutters and ripples every now and again.*

*A wooden lemonade stand wheels in, as if on its own.
There is no operator.
There is music playing within the stand.*

*The lemonade stand wheels across the stage without stopping nor hesitating.
There is a moment one might expect it to stop
but it keeps going.*

Until it is gone.

The music continues long after the stand's departure.

*A mechanical toddler doll enters and walks across the stage
heading for the lemonade stand.
It keeps going until it runs out of juice.*

*A PERSON enters and winds up the doll.
The toddler doll resumes its trek.
It runs out of juice again and this time falls on its face.
A PERSON takes off her hat out of respect for the departed.*

*A wooden sign and signpost wheel on/appear.
The sign reads: FOONERAL FOR A YOUNG PUP*

A PERSON:
That Young Pup
I swear't
if you rolled her over
and gaped at her wide-eyed
you'd see a tear
on that soft young cheek.
Or maybe just some
caked up salt
left over from the sea.

*A PERSON crouches down to the doll as though she might roll it over
and kiss the soft cheek.*

Instead A PERSON kicks the toddler doll off the stage with her like a potato.

Offstage, kicking sounds continue for a bit.

Several seconds of stillness ensue.

Somewhere the lemonade stand's music sounds so faint and fainter.

A beautiful cannoli stand wheels on, as if by itself.

It arrives and settles somewhere between the suspended porthole windows.

HOOPIE and MRS. TREEMP enter.

*They settle behind one of the suspended porthole windows
and gaze outwards.*

*Sometimes HOOPIE, as she is wont to do, sneaky sneaks her fingertips onto the
windowsill and out of the window, always testing the waters, that HOOPIE darling.*

HOOPIE:

Ooooh, it's the cannoli stand!

Do you want a cannoli, Mrs. Treemp?

MRS. TREEMP:

Hoopie gal, I can think of nothing better.

The cannoli stand wheels around.

It is filled with cannolis.

But lacking a lady.

HOOPIE:

Where is the cannoli stand lady?

MRS. TREEMP:

She's gone astray.

She stepped out for lunch.

She's sucking back a cigarette.

She's reading *TIME* magazine on the porta-pot.

She's a tyrant missing her heart.

HOOPIE:

What if we just went back there and took two cannolis?

MRS. TREEMP:

Then that'd be stealing.

HOOPIE:

What if we left money on the counter?

MRS. TREEMP:

Awww Shoop Hoop, then that'd be like how people once ago got newspapers.
Do you remember that bless-ed crinkle and rustle frustle at the door?
The smell of a crisp Sunday morning on your cheek after falling asleep
absorbed in some big news in teensy print?
Followed by the soap-and-scrub-th'-ink-off-your-greedisome-grub-fingers?

HOOPIE:

Do you think newspapers are going to go by the wayside?

MRS. TREEMP:

We're all going to go by the wayside.

Some silence.

The cannoli stand creaks.

It's missing its lady and wants her to come home.

A bicycle wheels around offstage.

A nice little bell sounds.

The bike rider dismounts.

*We can hear the kickstand go out
and the jangle of the chains choking the frame.*

We hear a good 10 seconds of chain jangle and frame choke.

Suddenly we hear nothing.

The cannoli stand creaks.

CANNOLI STAND LADY enters.

She settles behind the other porthole window.

CANNOLI STAND LADY:

So many baby birds don't make it. I keep seeing them dead on the sidewalk. It's not that I glance down so often anymore but I swear't I've seen five this week and it's only just Tuesday. And when I gaze upwards as I am wont to do, towards the billowing bellowing sky protruding with helicopters chugging so high we can't see but we know they're there and they fly fly and it's blue blue I get so lost in the blue that I forget I looked up in the first place to see which tree was't the baby bird fell from. There's no way to know for sure, I s'pose.

HOOPIE, MRS. TREEMP, CANNOLI STAND LADY:

Nor how't a blue sky can churn down death.

MRS. TREEMP:

Tell me, how is it you are political?

CANNOLI STAND LADY:
I sign petitions on a regular basis.

HOOPIE:
What if you became a siren?
That's all you did.

CANNOLI STAND LADY:
That would certainly come in handy.
Sometimes I forget where I am.

HOOPIE:
Do you ever get the feeling you're not alone in your cannoli stand?

MRS. TREEMP:
Ohhh HOOP-A-DOOP, so often, having scored your point, you lose interest and turn elsewhere.

CANNOLI STAND LADY:
For heavens sakes I'll give you a call on my mail route.

*CANNOLI STAND LADY goes to her cart.
She gives HOOPIE and MRS. TREEMP three cannolis each.
She wheels her creaky stand offstage.
MRS. TREEMP aids her and goes off with her.
The stand creaks and creaks.*

*HOOPIE remains.
She eats her cannolis, one by one.
The cannolis make a delightful crunching sound.
The cannoli stand continues to creak a happy creak
as it wheels farther and farther away.*

HOOPIE goes to look out the other porthole window.

The creaking ceases, at long last.

Lo and behold, MRS. TREEMP never returns.

*The sound of the bicycle bell sounds.
And again.
The unlocking of the chains.*

*The bicycle bells transform into bells sounding.
Loud and somber.*

Then, offstage: FAR-OFF VOICES sing an a cappella holy song.

FAR-OFF VOICES: *(sing)*
*Who will save those
escaped from themselves?
Who'll go after
and in what boats?
with what oars?
When will they cast ashore?*

*A PERSON returns from some unpleasant place.
She is awful ragged and not at all a sight for sore eyes.
The singing continues softly as she speaks.*

A PERSON:
She died of a broken heart
and nobody saw it coming.
Actually, everyone saw it coming
saw it coming and coming
but busied themselves with other concerns.
Kept on looking every which way.

FAR-OFF VOICES:
*Who will save those
escaped from themselves?
Who'll go after
and in what boats?
with what oars?
When will they cast ashore?*

FAR-OFF VOICES: *(cry out)*
LOOK AT THAT PLANT!
LOOK AT THAT SIDEWALK!
LOOK AT THOSE NAILS!
JUTTING OUT OF THAT OLD CREAK FENCE!
IN NEED OF REPAIR!
NOTHING TO DO ABOUT IT NOW!
EVEN THOUGH WE'D NEVER ADMIT IT OUT LOUD!
WASN'T LIFE SO SIMPLER WHEN WE WERE TWO YEARS OLD?

*THE MOURNER appears, as far from the audience as possible.
She stares, silent for a bit, save heaving air in and out.*

THE MOURNER:
Can you spare an hour or so and plant yourself on that god awful couch and turn the fan on I have to sit down with the crook of an arm in my eyes for a bit don't mind my whimpering it won't stop but I will be sure to be discreet when I wipe my snot on your sleeve wear a dark color, oh ohh ohhhk? Oh that's a given I s'pose.

A PERSON:
Everyone went a mourning
and no one went a hungry
but nobody ate nothing
and nobody slept.
As far as the eye could see
there were folks kicking each other

FAR-OFF VOICES:
*Who'll save those
escaped from themselves?
Who'll go after
and in what boats
with what oars?
When will they cast ashore?*

A PERSON: *(cont'd)*

kicking themselves
kicking the trees and mailboxes
for letting her live with a broken heart.

THE MOURNER:

It's such a sad day when the sun don't shine as bright as before it's such a heavy way to hold your head and the ears grow weary too not to mention the knees greased with guilt for their sheer simple pleasure of bend, straight bend, straight while the underbellies of the feet are the only ones who make contact with the earth.

*The MOURNER breathes and rocks
maybe manages a hum with the FAR-OFF VOICES.*

A PERSON:

All the sobbing
all the hand holding
all the screaming.
Who knows how long it will last.
Any of it.
Got a tear (air) in your heart?
Better start mending it now
or that tear will spread like a run in your pantyhose
and soon no likes of clear nail polish nor slippery flame
will harden up the ridges of that tear.
No amount of sewing, hogging, musing, muling
bears any chance
to stop up a broken heart.
Unless you get to mending it right quick
soon as you detect it.

FAR-OFF VOICES: *(hum)*

*HOOPIE is suddenly very close to the audience.
Vivacious. Hungry. Sucking in air.
Not greedy-grub-like. Just grateful.*

HOOPIE:

Open up the shutters.
Fetch us to the sea!
Otherwise pour drain-o in our guts.
Bound here so tight.

THE MOURNER, HOOPIE, A PERSON: *(sing another tune entirely)*
*Sometimes there's a wonder
about the lullaby
about the rocks beneath my feet
where do they roll from?*

A PERSON:

Sometimes there's a joy that escapes you.
And sometimes it spreads.
Sometimes a fellow person will catch hold of the joy
and say thank you or most of the time not even thank you.
Just, whoa.
And then move.

THE MOURNER, HOOPIE, A PERSON: *(sing)*

*And the CRUMBS
between my TEETH
some celery
some stringy beans
a trace of the days
gone ta bye*

THE MOURNER:

Yesterday I felt a tongue on my shoulder. A phantom tongue. I don't know if it ever happened to me for real, but it must've, at some point. The tongue was slimy and strong and it stuck to my shoulder like a salamander. When I went outside the tongue got dried up by the sun in an instant like a raisin varnish.

THE MOURNER, HOOPIE, A PERSON: *(sing)*

*So long photobooks
fare o fare thee well*

HOOPIE:

Lots of wonderful people reside by the sea. You'd think they were greedy mongers but tis not so. Tis a wonder of a life by the sea. The sounds and the smells and all that. And the fear of storms checking in on your enthusiasm about being alive. And the things we do, the things we think about with the sky above our heads and the waves crashing our feet. And when we board a *boat...* getting away from this land and fast, casting nets, eating tuna, vomiting up standing still addictions the whole time. I mean, a boat like that: fish gravitate towards it because they know tis where the saints reside. The saints are the get-a-way to heaven, I think. I hope so anyway because I talk to them all the time. We've become good friends, especially me and Saint Anthony. Oh, Saint Anthony, my own savior. I have to whisper that so as not to get found out but he really is my own savior, and I pray to him all the time. I yearn for his interference and for his grace and all that. Most of all I yearn for us to sit down at a table and break something to eat. And pour the wine and sleep all day and travel the long country at night with a lantern. The lanterns really are the angels. Who would've thought angels were just in front of us, just below our heads. Whereas I've been looking up this whole time.

THE MOURNER:

When you cast an eye towards your fear you don't always look down.
Many times you look up.
You do anything but look straight ahead.

HOOPIE:

Just because you don't like to talk doesn't make you a good listener.

*THE MOURNER is seized.
An attack, a keel over, a shout.
A wound to the hip
hollers and hoots
Then, last words, from a distance.*

THE MOURNER:

I just want to be in the waves where the salt can wash everything, all my wounds.
Then we'd get to mending that broken heart before it spreads, infected.

*THE MOURNER is gone.
A PERSON vanishes, too.
The FOONERAL FOR A YOUNG PUP sign wheels away.
HOOPIE remains, by her lonesome.*

*HOOPIE returns to the porthole window, gazes outwards.
The sound of teeny bells jangling, somewhere in the distance.
The coo of a nightingale sounds from above.
The voices of drunkards far-off, getting closer and closer.*

FIRST DRUNKARD: *(offstage)*

FOR YEARS, I'VE LOVED HER FROM AFAR. It's not that twas hard ta due; not so, no
it's just that NO ONE HAD DONE IT BEFORE 'n M'HEART TENDED
TOOWARDS HERS LIKE A FLOW'R some kind of flow'r stuck indoors in a pot
packed with clay by some young pup who didn't know much better 'und now that poor flow'r
that's wiltin 'n dyin, it's chokin 'n leanin toowards soil.

*THE DRUNKARDS arrive.
They see HOOPIE in the porthole window and swoon and sway.*

FIRST DRUNKARD:

Come to think on't, if I am thinkin 'n thinkin on't, SO LOUD AND S'CLEAR, COME ON 'N
THINK ON'T WITH ME, GET YUR KNUCKLES ON YUR CHINS 'N YUR ELBOWS ON
YUR KNEES 'N THUMB UP YUR HEAD WITH SOME SCRATCHINS OF THOUGHT
WOULD YE, 'N THINK SOME YES INDEEDS FOR ME WOULD YA? very yes, YES, YES
SAY TIS RIGHTLY SO, THAT TIME I LOVED HER, CAN YOU SEE IT NOW MY
LOVELYS, 'N IN MY HEART OF HEARTS I SWEAR'T I STILL DO IN SOME
VESTICLES... go get me a something dear 'n I'll swear to Father'Th-Almightly on't, my dear
loveys, my home AWAY FROM HOMES, my heartBEATS, THIS'T WHAT I'M TELLIN YE
'N GOING DOWN WITH ON TH'SHIP TONIGHT repeat, repeat-o that might'n be the
highlight of m'life.

SECOND DRUNKARD:
WHY DON'T YE GET BUSY REMEMBERIN THE *NOTEWORTHY* THINGS ON ONE-A-
THESE OCCASIONS.

FIRST DRUNKARD:
Awwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwahhhhhhhhhhhahhhhhahh!
TIS LIKE I TOLD YE BEFORE
I'm afraid I won't remembir the *specifics*.

THIRD DRUNKARD:
CUT YUR LOSSES, TWILL NOT MATT'R.

The sound of crickets and nightingales take over.

*THE DRUNKARDS lounge about.
They catch crickets and eat one every now and again.
Whenever this happens, a delightful cricket crunch sounds.*

THIRD DRUNKARD:
What do yen suppose those many crickets 'und creepy night birds are going on 'n on about
anyway?

SECOND DRUNKARD:
OHHH whoooooo in the world knoooooows my love-y. You know't I think?

FIRST AND THIRD DRUNKARD:
WHAT, MY HOME AWAY FROM HOME, WHAT ARE YE THUMBIN ON ABOUT AT
THIS PRECISE?

SECOND DRUNKARD:
The only very thing in the entire world those little crunch critters could be chirpin so gleefully
on't is... they're phil-os-o-phizin about what's th'most dearest to thim.

FIRST AND THIRD DRUNKARD:
WHAT'S IT, MY HEARTBEAT?

SECOND DRUNKARD:
What we should've learned in Seafarer School but we were dozin 'n snoozin 'n plottin und
didn't.

THIRD DRUNKARD:
NOW WAIT! Come here. Lean in. Just enough so we get it 'und just enough so we don't.

*Everybody leans in.
Including HOOPIE from her porthole window.*

Crickets chirping.
Nightingale cooing.

THIRD DRUNKARD:

What song was't got you singin again? Remind me would ye, my mind is all a kind of slush 'n dirty creek river by now.

FIRST DRUNKARD:

Won't let up. Like a criminal in my ear. Screaming all the time. Repeat, repeat-o.

FIRST DRUNKARD: (*sings*)

*When there's no way
of knowing for sure
do you gamble
or take it easy?*

*There's no way
of knowing for sure
why yure doin
what yure doin*

*This day
and that day
yesterday
and all the days
they're not
our own*

ALL THE DRUNKARDS: (*sing*)

*This day
and that day
yesterday
and all the days
they're not
our own*

THIRD DRUNKARD:

Whatever happened to your son anyway?

FIRST DRUNKARD:

They took him away. Then he...in the psychiatric ward...died from, um, his general strangeness.

THE DRUNKARDS: (*chant*)

HEART BEAT HEART BEAT HEART BEAT HEART BEAT HEART BEAT HEART BEAT
HEART BEAT HEART BEAT HEART BEAT HEART BEAT HEART BEAT HEART BEAT
BEAT BEAT—

FIRST DRUNKARD:

Ooooooooooooooooooooo

*FIRST DRUNKARD goes to HOOPIE's porthole window, gazes outwards.
The other DRUNKARDS roll away.*

Light on HOOPIE's porthole window.

FIRST DRUNKARD holds the nightingale up to gaze, too.

The second window ascends and disappears.

FIRST DRUNKARD places the baby nightingale on HOOPIE's windowsill.

HOOPIE returns.

The porthole window begins its ascent into the heavens.

HOOPIE and DRUNKARD watch as it goes.

It takes a long, long while to ascend and vanish out of sight.

While it ascends...

FIRST DRUNKARD:

What are you waiting for?

HOOPIE:

If you look at a cloud, it's very difficult to decipher exactly how far you are from it.

FIRST DRUNKARD:

What, you got so bound to something or something?

HOOPIE:

Stupidity is the cause of so much sadness.

FIRST DRUNKARD:

What are you waiting for?

HOOPIE:

Some people, they really take off.

FIRST DRUNKARD:

You got so bound to something or something?

HOOPIE:
Others tend to hover in the same place too long.

FIRST DRUNKARD:
Are you waiting?

HOOPIE:
I'm running out of time to be somebody.

FIRST DRUNKARD:
What got you bound so tight?

HOOPIE:
No one will say it to my face; no one would *dare*.

FIRST DRUNKARD:
You know, if you go around thinking people are going to leave you, you're really leaving them with no choice.

HOOPIE:
We remain with ourselves unfortunately for the rest of our lives.

Finally, the porthole window is gone.

*A wooden sign and signpost wheel on/appear.
The sign reads: SEAFARER SCHOOL.*

HOOPIE and FIRST DRUNKARD sit amongst the audience.

SEAFARER SIR enters.

PUPILS either file in too, or have been planted in the audience this whole time.

SEAFARER SIR:
Walcoome, High Sea-ers! Where'n yer mightly dreams'll coome true.

PUPILS:
Pleasure'n making yer acquaintance, Seafarer Sir, on this right'n fine occasion!

SEAFARER SIR:
Stand! Up! Tall! Straight! Look fine! Let me see yur standing tall 'nd looking fine!

Ye gapers. Ye gapes with yer minds strewn gainst ta wall. Whuut, ye bin sleepin these yars gone ta by? Ye been tossin n turnin in the gape gap hole that is't yer pathetic landylock-ed nights?

SEAFARER SIR: (*cont'd*)

Return to me m'lamb. A *wook* now in peace 'nd in fear. I'll lead ye to the deep water. Dip yer hooves in th'salt. Muddle up th'sand, kick up the crawlers fer a guud loud snack 'nd crunch. Drink in the air, tip yar ears toward th'wind 'nd let it blow't through yer ears. Clogged! Clogged! Yer each of ye cloooooogged! Up! SIT!

Look, Lambies. Fog! Wretched glorious fog choking us ta near oblivion kingdomcoome. Waft with me now, me lambys. Waft the fog clear out yer sight.

Who is here to *wook* today? *Woooook* and be ready.

Ah, SLOUP! Lookin lazy with yer salt drip tongue waggin'. Stuff it back in, sit.

HOPSDOCK! Up hold, march! How fast'n ye get that deck mopped yesternoon? Buhuhuh? Taint fast enough. Think we're slugs livin board the ship? Nay! Get quicker 'er right sure bail out now, mark me words in th'salt.

GOBGOOB! GobGoob, where'n you hiding these days. Ye been laggin. Stand readier these days gone ta by. Perch on yert boots. W a a a i t, fer patience is the key uber. Don't let n'other salty dogs sway ye other windways these long cold dreary fearing nights. Fearn't naught. The sun'll soon shine again.

Whuut we Seafarers do bears no match. We bring to th'land a constant reminder how lucky landy-dwellers have't there. Ohhhh, beg pardon! Our loooooong shadows on the high seas coomin in for a momentery land grip. Beg Pardon!

Whuut is't with the landlockers, buhuhuh?! Never happy less'n misery stinks everything, baheehee! Wood beasts! Termite dustheapens! The chomp chomp boo baahgs.

But, we! Seafarers! We know't of stinks! Of rot. Dare't we say't? *Gut rot*. Does't destroy us bye 'nd bye? Does't destroy our sea legs from wimdum? Naint! Fer the why we're here has to do with...wuth.... *whuut*? Whuut? Whuuut? Whoooooot, *HOPSDOCK*?! Whoooooot, *GOBGOOB*?! SLOUP?! *Known't*? Is't about th' fish 'nd stink 'nd rank and throw over th' bait? Is't only? Feed the gut? Forget the rot? HOOPSIE?!

HOOPIE:

Yes'n, Seafarer Sir?

SEAFARER SIR:

Answer me fer the *why we're here*. Lean in fer this, lamby bombies.

HOOPIE: (*sings*)
*We'n refresh the wearied
open the gates fer the righteous
remind othern
how to float*

HOOPIE, PUPILS:
*without 'n
blowin up th'sky
without 'n
blockin up the road
these dreary feary days*

HOOPIE:
gone ta bye

SEAFARER SIR:

*What ta else? Tell m'young shepherds of th'sea: what is 't that binds us, makes us whole begain?
Fuses our harts! Welded 'nd mushed!*

HOOPIE:

D o n ' t g i v e u p t h e s h i p .

SEAFARER SIR:

Do ye hear't me lamb lov-e-lys?

PUPILS:

WE HEAR'T, SEAFARER SIR!

SEAFARER SIR:

Say't together hububs! Say't loud! Up!

PUPILS:

D o n ' t g i v e u p t h e s h i p .

*The horizontal ARM appears, holding a gigantic empty crab shell
smelling and stinking of the sea.*

The ARM drops the shell at HOOPIE's feet.

The ARM retreats offstage.

The shell rests, lifeless.

Then, absolute stillness for a good 10 seconds.

SEAFARER SIR:

Ye wanna dine with th'fish do ye, Hoopsie? Dive inta th'holy waaater? The fish don't deserve human decay. They have their own high sorrows, incessant flapping.

HOOPIE:

I don't like to admit it out loud, Seafarer Sir, but sometimes I like dining with the under guys and th' refusals t'live. They need friends just as much as any of us.

SEAFARER SIR steps on the crab shell.

The crunch is gloriously loud and awful.

SEAFARER SIR:

Tell me, LAMBY HOOP-A-DOOP, what you knoweth of th'world up to this point.

HOOPIE:

I don't understand my fellow seafarers at all
and yet I don't understand *non*-seafarers
and what else't in this holy world
the landylockers could possibly be devoting their whole hearts to.
And somehow, I hate my fellow seafarers
'und I fear them to bits
for all of the ways they're not like me.

SEAFARERER SIR:

Gooo *ooooon*...

HOOPIE:

Tis ideal to see the lighthouse light circling through the night
but tis equally as pleasing to be around a tower that tolls.

SEAFARER SIR:

Whuut else? Buhuhuhuh? Whuut do ye *woonder, bahehe*?

HOOPIE:

How't to recruit help from th'angels.

SEAFARER SIR:

Oooooh und whuuut if th'angels are a might busy at th'precise?

HOOPIE:

I shall't throw the ANCHOR that hangs so heavy round my neck whilest I wait.

Shocks, gasps for a good 10 seconds.

SEAFARER SIR:

YOU.SHALL'T.WHUUT?

HOOPIE:

I only mean to
put my crew to a kind of *ease*
'und let em forget for't a whilest that
'eir aching bones are cold.

SEAFARER SIR:
Never will you sail.
Never.
Nont.
Ever.

HOOPIE:
But I was meant to fetch the high seas!

Sudden compassion, albeit brief and shaky, uncharted waters.

SEAFARER SIR:
Say that t'yur toes, 'und wiggle em ever now 'und bagain, t'remind yurself how luck you are they didn't get snipped off by th'fish mongrels nor the hungry eels.

The ARM returns, plucks HOOPIE away once again.

Blackout.

Darkness and silence for some seconds.

A foghorn sounds.

And sounds.

And sounds.

The dark fabric covering the walls starts to open/rip/unravel.

The sound of the fabric open/rip/unravel is mysterious and slightly terrifying.

As the fabric drops to the floor, lights come up slowly to reveal:

A sea and sky on the wall(s) so so blue it aches the soul and tugs the knees.

The blue is vast and electric, taking over everything.

No one is onstage.

The FAR-OFF VOICES sing, their voices a little closer, a little louder than before.

FAR-OFF VOICES: *(sing)*
Who was 't paved our way
twas the unfamed young pups
lost in the effort
out at sea

FAR-OFF VOICES: *(cont'd)*

*Let's all close our eyes
and dream of the poor souls
who live in
the echo of the wind*

*In the clouds overhead
in the pane of the window
in the rumble of the engine
soft and low*

A ship appears, light on ship.

FAR-OFF VOICES: *(their voices grow louder as they approach)*

*Hellow, Old Beasts!
We haven't forgotten
how you lived
with all stacks against you
the way you would wake
in the mornings and say:
Today, I live with my whole heart*

HOOPIE appears, struggling with all her might against the ARM that holds her.

HOOPIE:

MAY I BOARD THIS SHIP?

SEAFARER SIR: *(from out at sea)*

Ooooooooooooooh, Hoooooooooopie Daaarling, this ship is full.

Suddenly the FAR-OFF VOICES are present.

FAR-OFF VOICES: *(sing)*

*Father Almighty
bless them and save them
a good seat
at your table*

*Make way make way
and give them heaps
oh please
give them heaps*

HOOPIE is right near destroyed.

HOOPIE:

My whole life asking for too little
and then like a hurricane or gust of wind
asking for too much.

The ARM suddenly releases her.

But it is too late.

The ship sails away and away into the distance.

Until it is at one with the horizon.

HOOPIE ventures ahead into the blue.

HOOPIE:

Lately I can't remember things.
Like, wring out the mop head.
It's all I can do to remember to wring out the mop head.
And, my life has never been so expansive, you know?
It is strange but I don't fight it.
Whatever it is that is happening
I just don't fight anymore.

HOOPIE departs for a long time.

Until she is at one with the horizon.

FAR-OFF VOICES: *(sing)*
Hellow, Old Beasts!
We haven't forgotten
how you lived
with all stacks against you
the way you would wake
in the mornings and say:
Today, I live with my whole heart
Today, I live with my whole heart

End of Act One.