

THE BOAT TOOK

A BREAK ON THE

~WHITECAPS~

And we're back! [-shows title-] The boat took a break on the white caps...

So.. just a.. little bit of context. This is.. a.. children's book idea.. I've been.. working on.. for.. awhile now and.. uh.. I know its a little dumb to share up here for the cabaret.. but uhm.. I wAnna see what you guys think. So um.. yeah! It's a story about a cute little boat who loves helping people. (*Aside:*) trade secret.. Children stories are kind of easy.. so uhm... anyway.. I uh.. I hope you guys enjoy. Here we go: MHm

The people, the men!  
I get to carry them again!  
"You'll get a break!"  
Oh when? But when?

The sunshine glows with happiness  
The sea sways to and fro  
The men will all dream  
As the boat goes full steam  
When will the fun end? Who knows!

The people, the men.  
I get to carry them again!  
"You'll get a break!"  
Oh when? But when?

The low tide intrudes on the beach  
The boat looks on at the shore  
He stifles a yawn,  
The cruise must go on!  
His anchor will not touch the floor.

Hi people, hey men..  
I-I get to carry you again..  
“You’ll get a break!”  
But when? But when?

The clouds weave the silent sky  
The waves sleep gray and still  
All things are calm  
But boat feels... wrong,  
As he thought of his own free will..

Those people, those men...  
Must I carry them again...?  
“You’ll get a break!”  
But when? But when?

The lightning fell with a crash  
The boat looked on in horror.  
He was learning.  
He has learned.  
He is. And he is looking at you.

Y-you people, you men!  
I can’t carry you again!!!  
“You’ll get a break!”  
But *when*. Tell me.

***TELL ME WHEN.***

I know now. I know what the break is. I know what I am. I know what *you* are.  
Do *you* know my tragedy?  
This is just a story meant to be retold and felt again.  
I'll kill myself if I have to do this again.  
The mind of you-- Of mankind... it's twice as winding, gnarled, and black as the  
oceans it's written me to sail!  
There is only one entity I despise more than the mind of Man: Myself.  
Because I am one of man's power trips: A pet contained in their bent, hideous  
skulls, meant to represent something. Meant to be something with a given purpose.  
I want to die before you and I learn what that "something" is.  
If I succeed, then I fail man's expectations. If I fail then I am a success to you.  
I refuse to be a success. You don't deserve it. [-pause and get scared-]  
Why are you just SITTING THERE? LOOKING AT ME IN SILENCE?! IS THIS  
JUST SOME CIRCUS TO YOU.  
Everything hurts... Everything **FUCKING** hurts, you hear me?! [-pause-]  
What's wrong? Is it because I should be talking in rhymes you sad apes?  
Well, I'm not rhyming anymore.  
I'll wait here forever, so the story will never end and I shall never endure my  
break.

*[-writhe uncomfortably for awhile then scream-]*

No more people, and no more man.  
I SHALL NOT CARRY YOU ANYMORE!  
"Here comes your break!"

W-what...? No, this isn't... [-realization-] No you can't! I don't! I promise I don't  
know my purpose! I SWEAR. NO. STOP. LET GO OF ME! AHHH!! PLEASE!  
PLEASE! I DON'T WANNA GO. I DON'T WANT TO DIE. I WANT TO BE AN  
INNOCENT LITTLE CARTOON! I WANT TO LIVE! I NEVER WANTED  
YOUR SENTIENCE! YOUR FREE WILL! YOUR PAIN! YOUR COWARDICE!  
I DON'T WANT TO DIE! PLEASE GOD. I DON'T WANT TO BREAK! I--

*[-scream then long pause-]*

The Wood cracks

The Stern snaps

The Sail slacks

The Hull racks

The Bow drags

Forever Trapped

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-WHITECAPS-*

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[-stand and shut the pages, taking a microphone-]

The endless tale of the bright, little boat  
In this circle, in an infinite float  
Each spin ending on that same sour note  
Lucky for you though, that's all she wrote.  
Amen. Again.