

THE BOAT TOOK

A BREAK ON THE

~WHITECAPS~

[-deliver the first stanza as realistically as possible-]

“And there was never a woe greater than when he looked into those glass eyes in the bathroom and saw something had snapped. Set free wasn’t the right phrase, no. Something had escaped the frame that once mocked him. Something constant. Safe. Because that’s what we all want. To get the same thing from our side of the window as we put into the other. But the same never came. And nothing we could do could put it back in the mirror.”

[-spin around once, deliver story close to how it was done in freshman year-]

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 floo

No people, no men..
Today your trip's at its end..
"T-those aren't the words?"
I won't go. Not again.

The clouds should stay silent?
And the waves remain awake??
But all stared in shock
As the boat reached its dock
He was somehow now taking a break.

boat move, BOAT SEND!!!
Just go 'round the bend!
"Why fight when there's time
For repenting old friend?"

The voice was too guilty to answer
That boat was too tranquil to care
He's learning.
He's learned.
He is. But he's well aware.

[-enter into first person of the boat, speaking to the audience and to himself-]

The break was something I feared. Not once but all of the time. It was the one thing that I wanted out here, adrift in an ocean sublime.

The days would all run together. At noon it was always the same. I'd become self aware of the circles and squares. And stopping would leave me in pain.

I could not live... like you all. In your world so smattered in roses. I envied your thorns of curve balls, silver lining your ungrateful noses.

A bad day, a better day, each one has potential! You call that cliché? But to live it's essential.

One ripple, what then
You get to feel it again
Can't catch a break?
It'll catch you my friend

Because... If you love change despite all the harm it can do. Then you'll see stranger heights, but it's well worth the view.

The mold cracks
The chains snap
The shoulders slack
The hands clap
The sorry sap's
No longer trapped

[-spin once and go back to realistic delivery-]

“We want something to sit fucking still! I just want to scream at everyone and say ‘Hey! HEY! Look at me! Look, look! I-I can prove I’m not a slave! Look! Watch me think, and breath, and sing, and dance, and scream right back. AHHHHHHH!!’ Watch me watch you watching me watching you. See, no story book character could do that right? Right? No actor could play that part right? You can’t write this... No, I’m real damnit! Tell me I’m right?! Or please just say that I’m wrong. I’ll take anything! Say I’m horribly wrong for Christ’s sake! I wanna know what right means!!!! I can’t be.. Alone can I..?!”

[-spin around once returning to freshman year delivery and flip the page-]

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A BREAK ON THE
-WHITECAPS-

And we're back! *[-shows title-]* The Boat took a break on the whitecaps... whoa
deja vu haha

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working on.. for.. awhile now and.. uh.. I know its a little dumb to share up here for
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[-spin three times into a realistic voice again-]

"Set free was a boy. My youth is undone. Beyond the echo on my wall I see a face
worn with the regrets that a younger, blonder me swore I should never dare breathe
in. But the promise of a child is trumped only by the growth of a man who now
knows too much. The dreams are what must not be lost. That boy is gone. But if
only one thing may be found, lord, let it be his heart. Lord, let it be his heart!"

The once endless tale of that bright, little boat
In this circle, can I choose where I float?
Just please find an ending with a bright happy note
Sadly for us though, that's the last thing we wrote.

Goodbye, Adam.

Amen, my friends. The End.