The Golden Cage

A Musical Fable
Book, Music & Lyrics
by
Deborah Henson-Conant

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The Golden Cage (originally titled Dream of Waking) was premiered in 1979 at the Parker Street Theater in Berkeley, California by High Flight Theatre Company.

Original Cast
Gunnar Madsen - Boris
Deborah Henson-Conant – Alphea
Suzanne Garrimone – Piano • Celeste Cumming – cello
Hugh O'Donnell – drums
Directed by: Michael Jayson
The Golden Cage
CHARACTERS & ORCHESTRATION

ALPHEA J. SIMPSON-HUGHES – (for age, ethnicity, etc, see About Casting below) Alphea is a melodramatic Diva. She’s imprisoned in a golden cage on top of a remote cliff in the middle of nowhere and can’t remember how she got here. The cage is filled with everything she needs – including props, costumes and odd collections. She changes her costume based on who she thinks she is in the moment.
VOICE RANGE: Soprano/Mezzo (or Tenor/Baritone); operatic range (for opera parody); legitimate voice

BORIS ORIDNIKOV SLEPNIC O’HARA – (for age, ethnicity, etc, see About Casting below) Boris is a birdman, weary and lost. Other birdmen may dream of adventure, but Boris dreams finding the classic Valhalla of ancient birdman lore, the Golden Cage, the ultimate symbol of security.
VOICE RANGE: Tenor/Baritone or Mezzo

ABOUT CASTING: Cast for character, not gender, age, race or body-type if a single cast.

ORCHESTRATION: Piano/cello/drumset or string quartet, bass, piano & percussion.
**SETTING:** The lower half of the stage is a mountain crag, with the orchestra inside. Above is a golden cage, with translucent bars. There’s a scrim behind the bars so sometimes inside the cage is completely visible, other times slightly obscured.

There’s a set of rich velvet curtains behind the bars that are drawn shut at the beginning of the play.

The inside of the cage is crammed full of shelves, nicknacks, costumes, collections of marbles, bottles and books.

*From the sky hang log silk streamers, like clouds (this is what they use to fly).*

*The play runs 75 – 90 minutes without intermission.*
The Golden Cage SONG LIST

SONGS

1. Overture – (Orchestra)

SCENE 1
2. Travel Song (Boris)
3. Dream of the Golden Cage (Boris)

SCENE 2
4A. Today (Alphea)
4B. Nothing's Ever New (Alphea)
5. Monsterphobia (Alphea)
6. Dream of the Golden Cage Reprise (Boris)
7A. Here I am - Golden Cage (Alphea & Boris)
7B. Can't You See? (Alphea & Boris)

SCENE 3
8. Prisoner of Fate (Alphea)
9A. Intro to Humor Her Madness (Boris)
9B. Humor Her Madness (Boris & Alphea)
10. Then At Last (Alphea & Boris)
11. Alphea, Have You Ever Seen (Boris)
12. Flying Song (Alphea & Boris)
13A. A Capella Duet (Alphea & Boris)
13B. (Post A Capella Transition – Instrumental)

SCENE 4
14. Incantation Duet - Song (Alphea & Boris)
15. Open Your Eyes (Boris)
16A. My House is Nice Like This (Alphea & Boris)
16B. Flying Song Reprise (Alphea & Boris)

SCENE 5
17. It's Mine! (Boris)
18. Today Reprise (Boris)
19. First Came the Dream (Boris)
20. Dream of the Golden Cage Reprise (Boris)
21. Flying Song Reprise (Alphea & Boris)
22. Alphea’s Story (Alphea)
23. All Your Life (Alphea & Boris)
24. Bow Music
Scene 1

(The stage is dark as the overture begins)

#1 - Overture (Orchestra)

A dark craggy shape takes up the full length of the stage. We see only the bottom of it – the top is hidden by fog. A golden light rises inside the shape and we see the orchestra, the conductor with raised baton. We hear a rumble of thunder and the conductor starts the overture. Lightning flashes revealing the shape as a craggy mountain. We see the percussionist create thunder with a thunder stick, and wind with a wind machine.

The overture resolves to an offbeat percussive shuffle and we see a bright light circling the top of the stage, as if it were an erratic flying thing. Sometimes it points brightly at the audience, sometimes illuminates parts of the mountain crag. Again there’s lightening and thunder and we hear a cry, a thump and a jangle as of pots and pans banging into each other.

The overture resolves to a percussive shuffle, there’s one more fading rumble of thunder and sunlight begins to dawn on the stage. As the stage lights rise, they fade on the orchestra, which seems to dissolve into the face of the mountain and disappear.

The fog disperses and we see BORIS way at the top of the crag, consulting a map. He’s dressed like a tinker, wearing backpack with pots and pans hanging off of it. His clothes are tattered, and somehow the effect is that he’s covered with feathers. In fact, he is a bird-man.

BORIS

(talking to himself)

Now, where AM I?!?! No - don’t tell me, I can figure it out. I can’t be THAT lost. Hmm... no ... wait ... I could be. No, no, no - I can DO this! I just need to retrace my steps.

#2 - Travel Song (Boris)

BORIS

Let’s see here. Hmm. Now...

(Speak-singing, half Harold Hill, half Danny Kaye, entertaining himself immensely)

I STARTED FROM A TINY MEADOW WAY UP IN THE ALPS, THEN TRAVELED SOUTH UNTIL I HIT MADRID. (YES, I DID!) I KEPT IT ON A LEVEL VEERING SLIGHTLY TO THE RIGHT, AND SPENT THE NIGHT ATOP THAT GREAT TRIANGULATED THING OUT IN THE SAND … oh right, the pyramid.
FROM THERE I WENT TO CAIRO,
FROM CAIRO BACK TO SPAIN,
THEN CIRCUMNAVIGATED AND WAS BACK IN SPAIN AGAIN.

A RIGHT AT BARCELONA, A LEFT AT MONTPELLIER.
TOULOUSE, BORDEAX, DIJON, PAREE,
AND I WAS ON MY WAY, TO:

TRANSYLVANIA, PENNSYLVANIA, MALAY, LITHUANIA,
TO BIRMINGHAM, ST. PETERSBURG, VIENNA, ROME, TASMANIA!
TO MADAGASCAR, BARCELONA, BAGDAD, ETHIOPIA,
TO FLUSHING, PERSHING, BRIDLINGTON, FARMINGTON,
KENSINGTON, WILMINGTON
TEA NECK NEW JERSEY!!!

OK, but this doesn’t really look like Teaneck. Ahhh… but what a time I’ve had!

WHY, I’VE BEEN RUBBING ELBOWS WITH THE COBRAS IN BOMBAY,
I MET THE SPHINX, WE HAD A COUPLE DRINKS
AND I WAS ON MY WAY.

OUT IN THE DUNES I SAW KING TUT WITH HIS SARCOPHAGUS UNZIPPED,

And believe me, that was quite a thrill!

BUT I RIPPED MYSELF AWAY WITHOUT A CARE!

(BORIS shift from braggart to bored to frustrated during the next section)

I SWAM THE MIGHTY AMAZON,
PIRANHA NOTWITHSTANDING.
I SINGLE-HANDED CLIMBED THE NORTHERN POLE.
I’VE EATEN PIZZA ON THE LEANING TOWER,
USED NIAGARA FOR A SHOWER,
HOUR AFTER HOUR, AFTER DAY, AFTER WEEK
AFTER MONTH AFTER YEAR,
I’VE BEEN THERE, AND WHERE-EVER IT IS

DOWN IN KENTUCKY, KUWAIT,
DOWN IN HAITI, IN MALTA, IN YALTA, IN SALTA
IN CHILE, IN CHINA, SUMOA, SUMATRA,
FORMOSA, MONTANA, BERMUDA, MADERA,
NEW GUINEA, NEW BRUNSWICK, NEW ZEALAND, NEW YORK AND
NEW DELAWARE!
YOU CAN’T NAME A PLACE THAT I HAVEN’T BEEN THERE.

[Music cue: D MINOR VAMP BEGINS]

(BORIS’s mood deflates as soon he says the last line. He slowly crumples onto the ground.)
Except one. The one place I’ve been searching for. The one place where the ground is firm where you can lift your head and drop the ancient weight of no place to belong – the one place where nothing can harm you.

#3 - Dream of the Golden Cage (Boris)

(BORIS)

THE GOLDEN CAGE
I ALWAYS DREAMT ABOUT IT AS A CHILD
THE GOLDEN CAGE
IT IS THE HOLY GRAIL,
VALAHALA AND THE GOLDEN FLEECE
IT IS THE GREATEST PRIZE, THE JOURNEY’S END
THE BIRDMAN’S PRIZE OF REST AND PEACE,
THE GOLDEN CAGE.

MY FATHER SANG THE TALE TO ME
EVERY NIGHT WHEN I WAS SMALL,
OF THOSE WHO LEFT TO FIND THE CAGE,
RETURNED IN SHAME … OR NOT AT ALL.

HE TOLD ME IT WAS JUST A MYTH
BUT SOME BELIEVED THE MYTH WAS TRUE
AND AS I HEARD THE STORIES
IT WAS ETCHED INSIDE MY HEART

ONE TALE ABOVE ALL I LOVED TO HEAR
OF THE GREATEST BIRDMAN TO EVER APPEAR,
THIS HERO – IT’S SAID - HAD ONCE SHARED OUR NEST!
AND HAD TOLD MY FATHER OF THE CAGE AND THE QUEST.
AND HAD VOWED TO FIND THE WAY INSIDE
TO PROVE THE MYTH WAS TRUE
TO FIND:

THE GOLDEN CAGE
IT’S ALL I’VE DREAMT ABOUT SINCE I WAS SMALL
THE GOLDEN CAGE
I KNOW IT’S JUST A DREAM, BUT SOMEHOW
I KEEP SEARCHING OVER EVERY HILL

I wonder if I always will. (Chuckles) I can’t believe I still believe that old fairytale.

THE GOLDEN … (BORIS yawns and falls asleep)
SCENE 2

BORIS lays down and as the lights lower on him, they rise on the mountain below him. The mountain face starts quivering and then is drawn away like a curtain. In fact, it is a curtain and ALPHEA is pulling the drawstring to reveal the inside of a cozy room, surrounded by transparent, golden bars.

ALPHEA is dressed in an apron with a purple Marie Antoinette-type wig, in which there are hair curlers.

The cage is filled with shelves of books and objects and a large oak desk. Nearly everything on the shelves is labeled, in beautiful calligraphy including a trumpet labeled Trumpet (Silver). On one shelf are jars filled with marbles labeled Marbles (Aggies), Marbles (Cat-Eye), etc.

When the curtain’s completely open, ALPHEA looks out of the bars and sighs. She shuffles to the desk, drops heavily into the chair and sighs again. She opens an immense book, picks up an oversized quill pen, and scribbles a single word ending with a dramatic flair. She leans back to admire what she’s written, then an expression of completely disgust fills her face.

#4A - Today (Alphea)

ALPHEA

(Reading what she’s just written)

Today.

(She shakes her head. She doesn’t like it. She’s sick of it)

Today.

(She throws down the pen)

Today, today, today ...
Just the same, every page, every line, every book!
Every stage of my life has the same look.

It's the same every day
and it's written in the same hand.
Nothing good, nothing great,
Nothing of the sort that makes a bleak existence grand,

(Speak-singing)

AND I CAN'T STAND IT WHEN THE EVENINGS ARE AS EMPTY AS THE DAYS,
AND THE MORNING ONLY SHEDS A HAZY LIGHT THAT HELPS TO HIDE...
THE DARKNESS OF THE NIGHT BEFORE IT FALLS.

AND I CAN'T STAND IT WHEN THE MORNING, SUN AND ALL, COMES POURING THROUGH THE BARS TO PROVE THAT NIGHT WAS JUST ANOTHER MOMENT IN THE ENDLESS HALL OF ENDLESS TIME.

AND I'M JUST ABOUT TO LOSE MY MIND WITH SUMMERTIME AND WINTERTIME! THE SEASONS ALWAYS CHANGING, BUT THE SEQUENCE STAYS THE SAME. AND NIGHTTIME FOLLOWS EVENING, AND THEN MORNING AND THEN NOON, EVERY BLASTED DAY OF EVERY WEEK OF EVERY MONTH OF EVERY BLASTED YEAR!

AND I'M HERE, HERE IN A LONELY ROOM. HERE IN A LONELY CELL.

I CAN SEE ALL THE WORLD IN THE BLINK OF AN EYE. I CAN WATCH IT AND WAIT AS THE WORLD PASSES BY. I CAN WAIT AS I WATCH OR WATCH AS I WAIT, EITHER WAY I STILL HATE IT AS MUCH.

AND I FLINCH AT THE THOUGHT OF A LIFE WITHOUT END, IF I SPEND IT ALONE IN THIS ROOM. I'LL BE MAD AS A HATTER, AS BAD AS A LOON, I'LL BE DEAD AS A DOORNAIL AND PALE AS THE MOON. AND THE MOON WILL BE WANING, THE DOORNAIL WILL RUST, AND JUST IN CASE I HAVEN'T MADE MY POINT ...
IF I WASN'T SO ALONE, IF IT WASN'T ALL THE SAME
IF THERE WAS SOMETHING THAT I DIDN'T SAY AGAIN
AND AGAIN AND AGAIN AND AGAIN AND AGAIN AND AGAIN AND
AGAIN AND AGAIN AND AGAIN AND AGAIN ONCE …

On the mountaintop, BORIS yawns loudly and noisily changes position.

BORIS

Blaaaghghaaagaga!

ALPHEA hears him, but can't see him. She runs to the window ledge.

ALPHEA

What was that?

[Music Cue: Wind Chimes]

Oh, just the wind.

BORIS Violently sneezes and noisily changes position again.

BORIS

Aaaaaaaaaagkanawa-plewwwww!

#5 - Monsterphobia (Alphea)

ALPHEA

What was that?! SOMETHING SEEMS TO BE OUTSIDE THE WINDOW,
SOMETHING’S ON THE WINDOW LEDGE.

But that’s impossible! Why we’re 500,000 feet in the air on the edge of sheer granite cliff!

BORIS

(Yawning, stretching and vocalizing again)

Hgggohhh – fluckapaga! Flblblblblblblblbl!

ALPHEA

(half-terrified, half-thrilled)

Something is definitely … HAPPENING!!!

SOMETHING’S SCRATCHING AT THE WINDOW,
SOMETHING’S ON THE WINDOW LEDGE
I AM SURE I HEARD IT, JUST OUTSIDE THE CURTAIN,
GROWLING HUNGRILY I KNOW!

BORIS

(sneezing violently)
Eska-bskuzkabsuka-aaaaaaaaka-zchooooo!

ALPHEA

(Screams) Aaaagh!
IT COULD BE MALIGN, MALICIOUS.
THIS COULD BE MY FINAL FATE.

WHAT IF IT DECIDES IT WANTS ME FOR ITS DINNER?
COULD I HOPE TO CHANGE ITS MIND?

BORIS

(gargling loudly)
Gdld-gldl-gldl-gldl …

(ALPHEA identifies where the sound is coming from: directly above her.
ALPHEA looks up towards the roof with alarm. And with glee. She
melodramatically poses like an over-the-top storyteller.)

ALPHEA

I CAN JUST IMAGINE IT, THE NOSTRILS FLARING, FLAMING, FLAPPING.
I CAN SEE ITS SEETHING PASSION
AS ITS TEETH BEGIN TO FASTEN ON MY FLESH,

AND IN A FLASH, ALTHOUGH I FIERCELY STRIVE TO STRUGGLE,
I’LL BE DASHED AGAINST THE ROCKS, BASHED AGAINST THE WALL,
SMASHED BENEATH ITS HAIRY, HOARY FEET!
I REPEAT:
I’LL BE SMASHED BENEATH ITS HAIRY, HOARY FEET!

(She dances around like this is the greatest thing that ever happened)
Wooooooooo-hoooooooooo!

(Totally gleeful now)
I DON’T HAVE A TRACE OF HOPE,
I’M AT ITS MERCY, ITS COMMAND!
(Reciting like a caricature of a German scientist – she's really enjoying this)

And it's ugly, I can tell! It has huge bug eyes and a thousand antennae, with slimy legs and a hundred teeth as sharp as needles.

(Even more melodramatic)

And here I am boxed in a corner. Cornered in a box.

Wait! If only I had a weapon, some way to protect myself. If only I had ... I know! My sword! My trusty sword! A heart of steel and a blade of silver! I know it's here somewhere.

**ALPHEA** searches the room, frantically, tossing things out of boxes onto the floor as **BORIS**, oblivious, gargles, stretches, does thumping jumping jacks, each sound driving **ALPHEA** to greater heights of thrill. Finally **ALPHEA** finds the sword in an umbrella case, pulls it out and brandishes it.

(Alphea)

Aha!

(Speak-singing)

I MAY WIN THE BATTLE YET,
I MAY STILL SAVE THE DAY!
JUST HAND ME DOWN MY TRUSTY SWORD,
I'LL FIGHT IT ALL THE WAY, HEY!
GIVE IT A LEFT! GIVE IT A RIGHT!
GIVE IT A LEFT AND A RIGHT AND A LEFT AND –

(Singing)

I MAY HAVE A CHANCE OF WINNING,
MAYBE LIVE ANOTHER DAY!
IF I DON'T MY BEST OF WISHES.
BID FAREWELL, ADIEU, GOODBYE!

During this section, **BORIS** prims himself for the day, and bit by bit, jumps down from the mountaintop, getting closer and closer to the windowledge.

BUT WHILE THERE'S A BREATH IN ME,
I'LL FIGHT UNTIL THE DEATH OF ME.
GIVE IT A LEFT, GIVE IT A RIGHT,
FIST TO THE FACE, TO THE HEAD, TO THE JAW,
THEN A LEFT AND A RIGHT AND A RIGHT AND A LEFT,
AND A LEFT AND A RIGHT AND A RIGHT AND A LEFT – AHA!!!

Just as **BORIS** lands on the windowledge **ALPHEA** thrusts her sword through the bars. She narrowly misses him and **BORIS** jumps backwards with a yell.
BORIS

(Terrified) Aaaaa!!! What? What?? WHAT!!?!?

ALPHEA

(yelling, shocked – she hasn’t seen another being in as long as she can remember)
Oh my god!!!! What are you doing out there???

BORIS

(Shocked, terrified, raising his hands) Nothing. Honest. Nothing.

ALPHEA

Who are you?

BORIS

I’m Bo -- (BORIS suddenly notices the cage. He pauses in awe.)

[MUSIC CUE: Dream of Golden Cage Vamp]

(BORIS involuntarily raises his hands to touch the bars of the cage. His eyes and head, in fact his whole body follows the curve of the cage all the way up to the top and back down. ALPHEA is mesmerized and horrified by his total focus. His eyes follow the bars down ‘til he’s looking straight in front of him, then through the bars he does a double-take seeing Alphea).

[MUSIC CUE: Vamp stops abruptly when BORIS sees ALPHEA]

BORIS

Who are YOU?

ALPHEA

(she’s on a short fuse) Grrrrrr. That’s what I asked YOU!

BORIS

(stunned, preoccupied with the cage, he speaks as if in a dream, half stuttering) I’m uh – I’m Boris Oridnikov Slepnic O’Hara. (suddenly

ALPHEA

Boris Oridni-WHAT? That’s the stupidest name I ever heard!

BORIS

(not even hearing what she said) But what are you doing in my … my (he reaches out to touch the bars)
ALPHEA

Don't touch! Don’t touch!! Don't TOUCH! DON'T TOUCH!!!! You probably don't even exist. But if you do, you have no right to be her. This is mine.

BORIS

But you're in ... you're IN ...

#6 - Dream of the Golden Cage (Reprise) (Boris & Alphea)

THE GOLDEN CAGE.

ALPHEA

What are you talking about?!?

BORIS

DO YOU REALIZE WHERE YOU ARE?

ALPHEA

Do YOU realize you're tresspassing?

BORIS

THE GOLDEN CAGE.
I THOUGHT THAT IT WAS JUST A DREAM BUT IT'S TRUE!

ALPHEA

(interrupting, with Wagnerian operatic style)

YOU!
MISTER WHATEVER-YOUR-NAME-IS
LET ME EXPLAIN SOME OF YOUR RIGHTS

AND THE FIRST ONE...

... is that no one is allowed on this ledge, not for any reason, at any time, for any purpose—

BORIS

(Musing to himself) But how did I get here?
ALPHEA

That’s what I want to know! This ledge is unreachable, insurmountable, remote, hidden –

BORIS

(still to himself) And after all those years I ended up here by accident!??

ALPHEA

(angrily) As I was saying. It is unreachable, it is insurmountable, and it is the property of ME! Which is Alphea J. Simpson-Hughes. Me!

BORIS

(still ignoring her and talking to himself, trying to figure it out) Yet I found it...

ALPHEA

(irritated) Oh, for godsake! I’m a prisoner here for five gazillion years and the first time I get a visitor he can’t carry on a decent conversation. How did you get here?

BORIS

(after a big sigh) That’s what I’ve been trying to figure out...

ALPHEA

But I mean how?? This ledge is 500,000 feet in the air on the edge of a sheer granite cliff.

BORIS

Well, how did YOU get here??

ALPHEA

I … I … arrrgh … I don’t remember. I’ve always been here. But YOU just got here. Surely you remember. Did you ride a horse? Did you swallow a lakefull of helium. Did you --

BORIS

(finally understanding the question) Oooohhh. You mean the method! I flew here.

ALPHEA

(sarcastic) Oh, you flew here. With wings. That’s completely impos--
BORIS opens his arms to full wing-span

(ALPHEA)

(Looking at him for the first time; briefly humbled, amazed)
Is that true?

BORIS
Well, sure! How else?

ALPHEA is stunned for a split-second, but then is back on the offensive.

ALPHEA
But ... well... then you violated the sanctity of this ledge on purpose.

BORIS
(Angry) Now wait just a minute! I haven’t done anything wrong! I didn’t get here on purpose. I didn’t know this was your ledge.

ALPHEA
Well, it’s on the outside of my house, isn’t it?

BORIS
But ... you’re on the INside.

#7A - The Golden Cage (Alphea & Boris)

ALPHEA
I know I’m on the inside! You don’t have to rub it in!!

HERE I AM IN MY GOLDEN CAGE,
GROWING THIN, GROWING PALE.
THERE YOU ARE, ON THE OUTSIDE LOOKING IN.
HERE I AM, IN MY SUIT OF MAIL,
SO SECURE AND SO PURE.
THERE YOU ARE ON THE OUTSIDE LOOKING IN.

THERE ON THE OUTSIDE,
WHERE YOU STAND.
ALL THAT GLITTERS IN YOUR HAND.

WIND BLOWS SOFTLY BY THE WINDOW, YOU COULD TAKE IT.
FLY BY DAYLIGHT, IF YOU TRIED YOU’D SURELY MAKE IT:
PAST THE MEADOW, PAST THE MOUNTAIN,
TAKE YOUR WINGS AND FLY AWAY, HIGH AWAY.
BORIS

HERE I AM AT YOUR PALACE GATE.
IN A STATE OF DESPAIR.
THERE YOU ARE
ON THE OUTSIDE LOOKING IN.

ALPHEA

WHAT A FATE,
WHAT A TRAGEDY.
HOW UNGODLY UNFAIR.

BORIS

HOW I'D GIVE MY LIFE

ALPHEA

TO BE THERE
ON THE OUTSIDE LOOKING IN
THERE ON THE OUTSIDE
WHERE I'D STAND
ALL THAT GLITTERS IN MY
HAND
AH
I COULD TAKE IT
FLY BY DAYLIGHT,
IF I TRIED,
I'D SURELY MAKE IT
PAST THE MEADOW,
PAST THE MOUNTAIN.
TAKE MY WINGS AND FLY.

BORIS

TO BE THERE
ON THE INSIDE LOOKING OUT
THERE ON THE INSIDE
WHERE I'D STAND
ALL THAT GLITTERS IN MY HAND
WIND BLOWS SOFTLY
BY THE WINDOW
I ...
...WOULD NEVER ROAM
I'D BE HOME.
HOME,
MY OWN HOME

BORIS

AND THE TROUBLES OF THE WORLD WILL BE SLIGHT

ALPHEA

WHEN I'M MILES IN THE AIR
AND IN FLIGHT!
Boris

Can't you see?
The bars that you have are at least your own.
Look at me!
Free to fly, free to roam –
But to where?

What is the use of the sky as a highway to nowhere?
What is the freedom to fly if I've no place to go?

I don't even know why I'm taking to you! You must be the most ignorant entity on the face of the earth! You have absolutely everything I've ever dreamed of and you don't even appreciate it! But ho-ho –

I can see it.
What you want.
What you're after can't be got.

Alphea

Here I am in a cage with no door, with no lock, with no key.

Understand you're mistaken to think I'd be taken by that!

So you say that's for you.

You insist, but still I say...

Boris

Can't you see that you have what you hold, and it's here in your hand?

But so much is forsaken by flying away.

And it's true!

That's the way that it is and I swear it's no wonderful prize.

Life can spin like the wind through your wings in the blink of an eye!

Alphea

Better that than to save it, and watch it grow rotten and rancid, then wither and die!
OH, I CAN SEE RIGHT THROUGH YOU! 
YOU ARE BLIND! 
YOU HAVE HEAVEN AT YOUR VERY DOORSTEP! 
AS FOR ME, I'M BOUND TO ROT IN HELL FOREVER 
NEVER KNOW A DAY OF JOY.

BORIS

CAN'T YOU SEE YOU'VE GOT IT ALL? 
WHY CAN'T YOU SEE IT?

ALPHEA

I HAVE NOTHING!

BORIS

I HAVE LESS!

ALPHEA & BORIS

Yelling at each other through the window-ledge bars.

CAN'T YOU SEE? CAN'T YOU SEE? 
CAN'T YOU SEE? CAN'T YOU SEE? 
NYA-NYA-NAY-NAY-NYA-NAY!
NYA-NYA-NAY-NAY-NYA-NAY!
NYA-NYA-NAY-NAY-NYA-NAY!
SCENE 3

BORIS

(Disgustedly) Well, if you hate it so much, why don't you just leave?

ALPHEA

(Mimicking him) Well if you hate flying around so much (Her regular voice) why don't you just settle down somewhere?

BORIS

It's not so easy.

ALPHEA

Right.

BORIS

But you could leave if you wanted to.

ALPHEA

(sarcastic) Oh could I?

BORIS

Why not?

ALPHEA

Are you blind? Cement walls, bars on the windows: I'm obviously a prisoner!

BORIS

A prisoner? But these bars are – are gold! It's the softest metal!

ALPHEA

Oh please! They're iron!

BORIS

Well, they look gold … ish.

ALPHEA

Looks aren't everything.
BORIS

Yes, but to the untrained eye, it just seems…

ALPHEA

Seems!

(ALPHEA grabs a Wagnerian Brunhilde helmet and thumps it onto her head)

Seems!

(She grabs a breastplate and clamps it on)

Seems??!

( She glares at Boris. The next song is sung operatically, over-the-top. Opera can't get worse than this.)

#8 - Prisoner of Fate (Alphea)

AH! NO!

IF ONLY LIFE WAS WHAT IT SEEMS TO BE,
AND NOT WHAT IT IS.
SURE AND THAT WOULD BE DANDY,
A PIECE OF CAKE.

BUT THAT ISN'T THE WAY LIFE IS,
NOR ARE SITUATIONS ALWAYS THE WAY THEY APPEAR,
NOR ARE APPEARANCES TO BE BELIEVED,
NOR IS BELIEF THE ANSWER TO ALL PROBLEMS LARGE OR SMALL.
AND, IN ADDITION, NEITHER ARE PEOPLE EXACTLY THE WAY THEY SEEM TO BE.
FOR EXAMPLE, TAKE:
MI-MI-MI-MI-MI-MI-MI-MI-MI-MI-ME.

YES, I –

MAY APPEAR TO BE FREE TO DO JUST AS I PLEASE.
BUT I, AND I BLUSH TO ADMIT, AM A PRISONER OF FATE,
IN A HATEFUL POSITION ADDITIONALLY GRIM
SINCE THE STATE THAT I'M IN
IS A BLATANT MISTAKE.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT,
IT'S SECRET AND TERRIBLY TRAGIC.
A MAGICAL SORT OF A TRICK WHERE I'M STUCK
UNDER MYSTICAL LOCK WITH A HIGHLY MYSTERIOUS KEY
FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE.

YOU MAY WELL PITY, PITY, PITY, PITY ME.
BORIS

That is the stupidest thing I ever heard. (beat) I'll bet you never even tried to get out.

ALPHEA

Well, I certainly don't keep trying. I already know it's impossible.

BORIS

How do you know?

ALPHEA

It's fate. I ... I told you. You can't alter fate, because it only is fate because it can't be altered.

BORIS

(Boris reaches out, grabs two bars to pull himself closer – and – Boom! One comes off in his hand)

[NOTE – THIS NEXT PART, TO THE SONG, IS DIFFERENT IN THE AUDIO]

Hey! (Surprised) Woah! Hey! Hey! Look!

ALPHEA

(Looking at him like nothing happened) What?

BORIS

(Holding up the bar) I ... I ... I just altered fate.

ALPHEA

(Looking at him oblivious) What are you talking about?

BORIS

(Holding up the bar) This bar! It's a bar from your window!

ALPHEA

(Disgusted) Are you sick? You think this is a joke, making fun of a prisoner.

BORIS

(Holding up the stick) But ...
ALPHEA
(See the stick) Oh ... now you're going to hit me. Great!

BORIS
(Holding up the bar) This bar is from your ... your cage.

ALPHEA
Well, some people will do anything to try to prove a point, won't they? And you! You're the worst! You pick on an emotional cripple with your mental cruelty. You – you – you sadist!

ALPHEA stomps back to the desks, plops down, nervously picks up the pen and scribbles in her journal. During the next section, she scribbles, then surreptitiously looks at the bars forgetting about her pen, then refocuses on her writing – fidgeting -- but keeps being drawn back to looking at the bars – or, rather, the place where the bars were.

BORIS
But these iron bars – they're just in your mind! This prisoner thing – it's just not true. This wall isn't impenetrable. The whole thing is falling apart.

Alphea, Alphea ... look, I'm telling the truth ...

[Music cue – “Humor Her Madess” Intro starts]

(BORIS)
How strange! (Shaking his head, making she's crazy sign with his finger circling around his ear, then speaks with a German accent) Shees krrracie!

BORIS climbs up the cliff to the top of the cage, where he first woke up, directly above ALPHEA.

(Speak-singing)

#9A - Humor Her Madness – Part 1 (Boris)

WELL, IT JUST GOES TO SHOW, AND IT SHOWS THAT IT'S TRUE: THAT A PERSON WON'T ALWAYS BELIEVE WHAT YOU TELL THEM, EVEN WHEN YOU KNOW WHAT'S RIGHT. IT'S BEEN SAID A MILLION TIMES, AND BY NOW IT'S A CLICHÉ, AND I HATE TO HEAR IT SAID BY ME, BUT STILL, IT'S LIKE THEY SAY:
(Singing)

YOU CAN LEAD A HORSE TO WATER,
BUT YOU CAN'T MAKE HIM DRINK,
YOU CAN TELL SOMEONE THE TRUTH,
BUT YOU CAN'T MAKE THEM THINK THAT IT'S TRUE,
NOT UNLESS THEY WANT TO.

(Speak-singing)

THAT'S TRUE.
CERTAINLY TRUE.

YOU KNOW, I'M NOT MY SISTER'S KEEPER
AND I DIDN'T LOCK THE DOOR,
BUT IF SHE CAN'T UNDERSTAND THAT THE KEY'S IN HER POCKET,
WELL, IT'S NOT UP TO ME TO UNLOCK IT!

BUT WHAT IF I DID?

Wouldn't that make it my cage? My ledge?

Ah, but the trick is: how to do it? Now, suppose I walked through the bars right now. Would she believe it? Ha! She wouldn't even see me.

But that's not the problem. Getting me in is simple. Getting her out, getting her to believe she can get out, which is, after all, the Truth ... that's another matter entirely.

(Suddenly self-righteous, almost melodramatic) But, if the Truth, by itself is neglected, if its simple nature makes it invisible, then isn't it my task, my ... my Duty, in fact, to paint it into existence?

(Rubbing his hands, scheming) Ah.... but what colors will catch her eye? In what shades will she be drawn into its spell?

(Catching himself, returning to piousness) I mean how can I bring her to understand the Truth? (scheming again) Clearly she likes mystery, magic, trickery and fatality.

(Pious again) And is that wrong of me: to ornament, to develop it? Which, after all, is the greater truth? My explanation? Or her understanding?

(Matter-of-fact) And what's the difference, anyway? If it all ends the same, I can play in her game and pretend I believe it's all true. Yes! That's the best way to do it! Yes, yes!

What if I did allow her her fantasy, Give her her tragedy, Share in her doom!
#9B - Humor Her Madness – Part 2 (Boris & Alphea)

I CAN HUMOR HER MADNESS,  
IT'S HARMLESS FOR NOW.  
MAYBE I COULD LEAD HER TO THE TRUTH  
BY FEEDING INTO HER FANTASY  
IT COULD BE EASY TO:  
HUMOR HER MADNESS AND STRETCH IT TO FIT.

GET HER TO THE POINT OF BREAKING:  
TAKE IT SLOW, TAKE IT EASY,  
LET IT BLOOM UNTIL ITS SWEET PERFUME WILL  
HUMOR HER SENSES AND SOFTEN HER MIND.  
WHEN SHE'S RIPE AND READY, STEADY GOES IT,  
I WILL DIVE FOR THE KILL, BUT UNTIL THAT MOMENT, I WILL  
HUMOR HER MADNESS AND HOPE FOR THE BEST!  
HUMOR HER MADNESS, I GUESS.

(speak-singing)

NOW, GOD KNOWS I KNOW, TO BE WELL UNDERSTOOD,  
WHEN YOU'RE TRAVELING OVER IN ROME,  
YOU SHOULD SPEAK IN THE LANGUAGE  
THAT MAKES SENSE TO THEM,  
AND NOT IN A TONGUE OF YOUR OWN.  
AND I STRONGLY INSIST I HAVE NO OTHER CHOICE,  
WHEN THE TRUTH GOES UNNOTICED, BUT GIVE IT A VOICE.  
AND IF MY MELODY ISN'T PLEASING TO HEAR,  
THEN, BY GOD, I HAD WELL CHANGE MY TUNE!

(singing)

I'LL HUMOR HER MADNESS, IT'S HARMLESS FOR NOW.  
IF THE ENDS ARE PURE, I RECOMMEND FOR SURE TO  
HUMOR HER MADNESS, YES, HUMOR HER MADNESS!  
BUT HOW?

Though this section, ALPHEA slowly rises and moves to the window. Warily,  
she puts her hand through the space where the bar Boris took out used to be.

BORIS (CONT.)

Ahh! Aha!  

FIRST I WILL TELL HER SOME FINE TALES OF BEAUTY,  
AND THEN I'LL EXPLAIN TO HER HOW SHE CAN FLY.  
THIRDLY, INVENT A DIVINE INCANTATION  
TO BRING THE WALLS TUMBLING DOWN.

I'LL MAKE IT APPEALING AND WHETTING HER APPETITE,  
I'LL MAKE HER DREAM.  
AND, WHEN I AM THROUGH,
SHE WILL BELIEVE THE IMPOSSIBLE,  
AND IT WILL ALL BECOME TRUE. BUT ...

BORIS  
FIRST I WILL TELL HER SOME FINE TALES OF BEAUTY.

ALPHEA  
IS IT TRUE?

BORIS  
THEN I EXPLAIN TO HER HOW SHE CAN FLY.

ALPHEA  
CAN IT BE?

BORIS  
THIRDLY, INVENT A DIVINE INCANTATION TO BRING THE WALLS  
TUMBLING DOWN!

BORIS  
I'LL MAKE HER DESIRE ALL OF IT.  
I'LL SET HER IN FLAMES WANTING IT.  
HUMOR HER EXCESSES,  
RUMOR OF GLADNESSES!

ALPHEA  
AH...

BORIS  
AH!  
I'LL BE...

ALPHEA  
FREE AS A BIRD IN THE SKY!

HUMOR HER MADNESS,  
IT'S HARMLESS FOR NOW.

FIRST I TELL HER OF THE  
WORLD OUTSIDE.

THEN I TELL HER HOW TO  
GET OUTSIDE.

THEN SHE WELCOMES ME  
WITH OPEN ARMS, AND TELLS ME:

YOU HAVE SAVED ME  
FROM A LIFE OF BITTERNESS,  
AND FOR YOUR TROUBLES  
YOU MUST TAKE A PRESENT, BORIS.  
FOR YOUR COURAGE A  
ND YOUR BRILLIANT INSIGHT,  
I BEQUEATH MY CAGE TO YOU  
TO HAVE NOW, AND FOREVER.

BORIS  
AH...

ALPHEA  
AH!  
I'LL BE...

ALPHEA  
FREE AS A BIRD IN THE SKY!

FIRST I TELL HER OF THE  
WORLD OUTSIDE.

THEN I TELL HER HOW TO  
GET OUTSIDE.

THEN SHE WELCOMES ME  
WITH OPEN ARMS, AND TELLS ME:

YOU HAVE SAVED ME  
FROM A LIFE OF BITTERNESS,  
AND FOR YOUR TROUBLES  
YOU MUST TAKE A PRESENT, BORIS.  
FOR YOUR COURAGE A  
ND YOUR BRILLIANT INSIGHT,  
I BEQUEATH MY CAGE TO YOU  
TO HAVE NOW, AND FOREVER.
#10 - Then at Last (Boris & Alphea)

**BORIS**

THEN AT LAST THE CURTAIN OPENS.
THEN THE DREAM IS IN MY HAND.
THEN THE MIRACLE WILL HAPPEN,
AND THEN THE MOMENT WILL ARRIVE.
AND THEN, AT LAST
I SEE THE DOOR OPEN WIDE,
AND WIDER STILL,
UNTIL THE MOMENT I STAND WITHIN THE WALL,
AND THEN I SEE THAT SLOW AND SWEETLY,
I SEE THE DAWN BREAK,
TAKE FLIGHT!
I WAKE AT LAST TO FIND THAT
HERE I AM INSIDE THE PALACE,
HERE, AT LAST WITHIN THE GATE.
HEAR THE CRACKLE OF THE FIRE,
SMELL THE AIR,
AND NOW IT’S WARM AND SWEET.
SEE THE MORNING SUN COME POURING THROUGH THE WINDOW,

THE SONG IS WHISTLED WILD AND FREE,
AND THEN, AT LAST THE CURTAIN OPENS.
THEN AT LAST THE WORLD IS RIGHT FOR ME.

**ALPHEA**

THEN, AT LAST I’M FREE.
THAT’S THE MOMENT
I CAN SEE IT
GLITTER IN MY HAND.
I SEE THE DOOR IS OPEN WIDE,
BUT WILL I TAKE THE STEP OUTSIDE IT?
JUST TAKE THE LEAP,
AND THEN I’M FREE.
I CAN SEE IT, IT’S SHINING FOR ME.
I SEE THE DAWN BREAK,
TAKE FLIGHT.
I WAKE AT LAST TO FIND
HERE I AM ON THE OUTSIDE OF THE GATE, AND I CAN
I SEE THE SPARKLE OF THE SUNLIGHT,
TASTE THE TINGLE OF THE BREEZE.
THEN, AT LAST, THE CURTAIN OPENS.
THEN THE DREAM IS IN MY HAND.
THE SUN COMES POURING THROUGH THE HAZE, AND

THE SONG IS WHISTLED WILD AND FREE.
AND THEN, AT LAST, THE CURTAIN OPENS.
THEN, AT LAST THE WORLD IS RIGHT FOR ME.

*BORIS quietly slips down the mountain and looks in the window at ALPHEA.*

**BORIS**

Alphea…. Alphea … there’s something I need to ask you.

**ALPHEA**

Go away
BORIS
Come closer.

ALPHEA turns to her desk and starts straightening it – busy work. Slowly, during the next song, she becomes seduced by BORIS’s words. At first she just hears them, then little by little, she allows herself to see and feel what he’s singing. Finally, she’s filled with the images he paints.

#11 - Have You Ever Seen (Boris)

ALPHEA, HAVE YOU EVER SEEN
THE WHITE FOAM LICKING AT THE SHORE,
OR THE SPARKLE OF THE WATER IN THE NOONDAY SUN,
OR THE SEA BIRD RIDING ON THE EVENING BREEZE?

BORIS
Have you?

ALPHEA
No. I mean, I don’t remember

BORIS
ALPHEA, HAVE YOU EVER SEEN THE SUNSET, SINKING IN THE BAY,
AND THE CALM OF THE WATER AS THE AIR GROWS COLD,
AS THE TWILIGHT GLISTENS ON THE EDGE OF THE WOOD,
AND THE CLOUDS GROW CRIMSON AND THE SKY TURNS GOLD?

YOU’VE NEVER? YOU SHOULD.
IT’S SOMETHING TO BEHOLD.
I’VE NEVER TOLD YOU JUST HOW FINE IT IS.

IF EVER YOU COULD
YOU SHOULD REGARD THE CHANCE,
FOR ONCE YOU’VE SEEN, YOU’LL NEVER BE THE SAME.

THINK FOR A MOMENT OF THE BEAUTY.
THINK OF THE WORLD THAT YOU COULD KNOW.
THIS, JUST A SPECK AMID THE SPLENDOR
THAT AWAITS BELOW IN HEAVEN.
YOU COULD KNOW THE:
The Flying Song (Boris & Alphea)

RHYTHM, THE MUSIC,
THE RAPTURE AS YOU'RE REELING,
THE FEELING AS YOU SAIL INTO THE SKY.
THAT MOMENT OF FREEDOM,
THE POUNDING IN YOUR HEAD,
WHEN FIRST YOU SPREAD YOUR WINGS AND START TO FLY.

I CAN REMEMBER HOW IT SPARKLES,
I CAN REMEMBER HOW IT SHINES.
I CAN REMEMBER, AND REMEMBERING,
MAKES ME WANT TO OPEN WINGS AND TAKE THE LEAP AND FLY.

(BORIS leaps into the air and circles the cage, flying as ALPHEA sings)

ALPHEA

I HAVE DREAMT OF SUCH A DREAM:
THE WIND BLOWS SOFTLY, THE AIR IS SWEET.
AND I HAVE DREAMT, IN MY WILDEST DREAMS,
I'M AN EAGLE, A SPARROW, WITH WINGS THAT CAN FLY!
AND I AM A PART OF THAT DREAM.

(BORIS lightly lands on the ledge)

BORIS

THEN YOU CAN IMAGINE HOW IT SPARKLES OUT THERE?
YOU CAN IMAGINE HOW IT SHINES?
CAN YOU IMAGINE?

ALPHEA turns towards Boris and moves towards him.

ALPHEA

YES, I IMAGINE.

BORIS

CAN YOU IMAGINE?

ALPHEA turns downstage and looks out – she really IS imagining, now.

ALPHEA

YES, I IMAGINE!

BORIS

CAN YOU IMAGINE HOW THE NOONDAY SUNSHINE GLITTERS ON THE BAY --
ALPHEA

GLITTERS ON THE BAY, GLITTERS ON THE BAY--

BORIS

CAN YOU IMAGINE HOW THE TWILIGHT LINGERS AT THE END OF DAY -

ALPHEA

AT THE END OF DAY

ALPHEA & BORIS

I SEE IT
I CAN SEE IT
YOU SEE THE WAY IT SPARKLES
AND YOU SEE IT SHINE.
YOU SEE IT OUT THERE AND
YOU WANT TO OPEN WINGS AND FLY!
TAKE TO THE SKY AND SEE IT.
YOU CAN ALMOST HEAR THE RHYTHM,
IF YOU TRY, THEN
YOU CAN IMAGINE THAT
YOU CAN TRULY FLY!

As the song reaches its climax, they both spread out their arms as if they are flying. They end the song, heads flung back, eyes closed, believe it, feeling it.

In the piano interlude that follows, they slowly open their eyes turn to each other and, reaching through the bars, slowly their hands entwine. They sing into each others' eyes.

#13A - A Cappella Duet (Alphea & Boris)

ALPHEA & BORIS

ALL MY LIFE,
ALL MY LIFE I'VE WAITED FOR THIS MOMENT.
TO BELIEVE,
FOR THE SIMPLE PLEASURE,
FOR THE SINGLE MOMENT OF BELIEF.
ALL MY LIFE, ALL MY LIFE, ALL MY LIFE

ALPHEA

ALL MY LIFE,
ALL MY LIFE I HAVE WAITED.
NOW, HERE IT IS, IN MY HAND.
I TRUST YOU

BORIS

IS IT TRUE?
YOU BELIEVE ME WHEN I TELL YOU
THIS CAN BE TRUE?
YOU CAN TRUST ME WHOLLY,
AND I CAN TELL:
WHERE YOU LEAD, I WILL FOLLOW.
WHAT YOU SAY I BELIEVE.
THAT'S FOR NOW
AND FOREVER.
I CAN TRUST IN YOU.
I BELIEVE.

AND BELIEVE WHAT I TELL YOU.
YOU CAN FOLLOW ME.
WHAT I SAY YOU BELIEVE.
THAT'S FOR NOW
AND EVER.
YOU CAN TRUST ME.
BELIEVE.

ALPHEA & BORIS pause, hands touching, after the song.

[MUSIC CUE: #13B – Post A Capella Transition]

Then ALPHEA pulls herself away from the bars, dreamily.
SCENE 4

ALPHEA

Oh, how strange. For a moment I felt as if I were really free ... 

ALPHEA shakes out of her reverie and is once more brusque, turning and walking briskly to her desk.

But that's ridiculous! You know that even if I could get out, what would be the difference? I'd just be out there, sitting on the edge of a cliff forever, instead of sitting in here. What would be the point?

BORIS

Why ... well ... you could fly away!

ALPHEA

Don't be ridiculous. I don't have wings.

BORIS

Well ... uh .... no, not yet! No, of course not! You ...uh ... you ... you see ... you don't get them until you fly! Now, if you were to go to school, would you get a diploma before you began your term of study? Or would you get a medal before you did a heroic deed? No, of course not! And it's the same with wings. You only get them to prove that you did fly. They come afterwards.

ALPHEA

But don't they help at all?

BORIS

Oh, a little, later on, for aerobatics, absolutely. Why, when I was born, I had nary a feather on my back. Not even a bit of fluff. But the moment I took the leap, the moment I believed I could fly, why there they were, just like this!

ALPHEA

Is that true?

BORIS

Living proof. Right here. Right before your very eyes.

ALPHEA

Phenomenal! But ... suppose I could fly without wings, what would be the point, because I can't get out!
BORIS
Ah, that's where you're wrong. Very wrong. Have you ever heard of Harold Houdini?

ALPHEA
It's vaguely familiar.

BORIS
Ah, well, he was an escape artist, and one of the best.

ALPHEA
So?

BORIS
He could get out of anything! Chains, bars ... prisons. And how do you suppose he did it?

ALPHEA
Skill, I guess.

BORIS
Skill, a little. But mostly incantation. Or, as he so cleverly termed it: outcantation. But why am I telling you this (he turns to go and grabs one of the flying silks) I'm sure you have much more important things to think about. I'll just be going.

BORIS starts to step off the mountain. ALPHEA rushes over and sticks her head through the bars.

ALPHEA
No! No! I think I've heard of Harold Houdini. I heard ... I heard he was very good.

BORIS
(Stopping and turning around) So he was.

BORIS comes back down the mountain to the ledge.

Not only a great performer, but a master teacher of the art as well. And I ...

ALPHEA
You? You what?

BORIS
Yes, I studied with him.
ALPHEA
Harold Houdini?!

BORIS
None other.

ALPHEA
And you learned to get out of things?

BORIS
Just about everything.

ALPHEA
Even cages?

BORIS
Especially cages.

ALPHEA
Oh ... but I'm sure you can't remember much he taught you ...

BORIS
On the contrary! It's very hard to forget! And in fact, speaking of Incarceration Incantations, one of the least forgettable spells I remember is a particularly potent one used for cages. You know, I won a Spell-ing Bee with it once.

ALPHEA
You did?

BORIS
Yes, intermurals. National finals. I still remember the question: If you had a woman incarcerated by Fate, high on a mountaintop in the middle of nowhere ...how would you spell her to freedom?

ALPHEA
(Aghast, speaking to herself) Oh, but that's just like ... (Turning towards Boris, trying to appear non-chalant) Well, how would you spell it?

BORIS
Oh, it's very tricky.
ALPHEA
How tricky?

BORIS
You need certain rare and specific items.

ALPHEA
Like what?

BORIS
Oh, you wouldn’t have any of them.

ALPHEA
Well, what? I might.

BORIS
First of all, you need a trumpet.

ALPHEA
But I have a trumpet!

BORIS
You do?

ALPHEA
Yes, yes! See, it’s right there on the wall!

BORIS
Why, of course! How silly of me never to notice. There it is in plain view! Oh… but it has to be a silver trumpet.

ALPHEA
(ALPHEA runs to the wall and pulls the trumpet down. A tag saying Trumpet (Silver) hangs visibly from the trumpet) But it is! See! Look! It says silver right here on the side: Trumpet (Silver).

BORIS
So it does.
ALPHEA

And what else?

BORIS

Hair curlers. But pink plastic only.

ALPHEA

(Ecstatic) But I have hair curlers! I wear them all the time.

BORIS

You have to wear a wig, too.

ALPHEA

But they're on a wig! Oh, this is just perfect! What else? I'm sure I've got it! What else?

BORIS

Oh... eye of newt.

ALPHEA

(Pausing, in distress) Eye... of newt?

BORIS

Mm-hmmmmmm.

ALPHEA

Oh dear. Couldn't we... I mean... isn't there a substitute?

BORIS

No. Hmmm, I'm afraid not. Not... unless... (Surreptitiously looking to see what's on her shelves) you have some... uh... cat eye marbles.

ALPHEA

Cat eye marbles!!! Are you kidding?! I'm a collector! I have a whole collection!

BORIS

You only need one. Or two, if you want to really do it up right.

ALPHEA

(Rushing over to the wall and grabbing the jar of cat-eye marbles) Look! I've got five jumbo green ones right here. We could do it really, really well. And what else?
BORIS

That's it for props.

ALPHEA

That's it? (Ecstatic) We have everything?

BORIS

Why so we do. Who would have thought that all this time you had everything you needed to set yourself free, if only you knew how to use them?

But now comes the hard part: The Rite of Passage. But don't worry about it, just do what I say. Ahem.

_in the following section, ALPHEA does everything BORIS tells her to do._

Now, clear yourself a nice space on the floor. Good. Now, close your eyes, extend your arms and touch your nose.

_Alphea does this, carefully and exactly_

Very good. Now, with eyes still closed, repeat after me: O-wa-ta.

ALPHEA

(Very nasally, with her fingers closing her nose) O-wa-ta.

BORIS

Yes. Do it three times.

ALPHEA


BORIS

Alright. Now, put the marbles down to your left, the trumpet to your right and the wig on top of your head. And listen carefully. This next part must be done very quickly and correctly or the whole thing won't work. Oh, and we need some music.

Ah yes! Now, are you ready? Listen! Listen to what you do.

_BORIS does each of the following things as he speaks, and ALPHEA tries to follow along. They're both speak-singing in time with the underlying music._
FIRST YOU KICK YOUR LEGS UP HIGH
AND YOU DO IT TO A COUNT OF FOUR.
THEN YOU PATACAKE, PATACAKE,
DO IT ONCE AGAIN.
AND YOU DROP TO THE FLOOR.
DROP TO THE FLOOR!!
CLAP YOUR HANDS TO THE RHYTHM YOU HEAR,
TO THE RHYTHM YOU HEAR ME DO. YES YOU!
THEN YOU TURN ALL AROUND AND YOU SNAP AS YOU GO
AND YOU SNAP TO THE RHYTHM AND GO, GO, GO!

(singing)

HARRY HOUDINI,
GIVE ME A SIGN.
I'M IN A PICKLE.
YOU'VE GOT THE BRINE.

ALPHEA

HARRY HOUDINI,
GIVE ME A SIGN.
I'M IN A PICKLE.
YOU'VE GOT THE BRINE.

BORIS

Brava! Bravisssima!
NOW, LISTEN TO THE WORDS THAT I'M GOING TO SAY HERE,
'CAUSE YOU'VE TO TO SAY THEM FAST, AND THEY MUST BE CLEAR

BORIS
Flatulator
Spatulamit
Euphimistical
Now, evanescent
Water
Seamster
Bewail
Item
Carrot
Hall!

ALPHEA
Flatulator
Spatulamit
Euphimistical
Now, evanescent
Water
Seamster
Bewail
Item
Carrot
Hall!
BORIS

FLATULATOR, SPATULAMIT, EUPHEMISTICAL, EVANESCENT WATER SEAMSTER BE-, WAIL ITEM CARROT HALL!

ALPHEA

FLATULATOR, SPATULAMIT, EUPHEMISTICAL, EVANESCENT WATER SEAMSTER BE-, WAIL ITEM CARROT HALL!

BORIS & ALPHEA

FLATULATOR, SPATULAMIT, EUPHEMISTICAL, EVANESCENT WATER SEAMSTER BE-, WAIL ITEM CARROT HALL!

ALPHEA

I did it! I did it!

BORIS

Merveilleux! Excellamente!

BORIS

YES! NOW! NOW! NOW!
LISTEN TO THE NEXT PART,
LISTEN TO IT WELL!
LISTEN WITH YOUR EARS, WITH YOUR BRAIN, WITH YOUR HEART, WITH YOUR HANDS, WITH YOUR HOUNDS, WITH YOUR SMELL!!

ALPHEA

With my smell??

BORIS

With everything!!! Listen! You take those five shiny cat-eye marbles and you put them in your mouth.

ALPHEA

But they're dirty!

BORIS

You should have thought of that earlier. Then you must recite the alphabet forwards and backwards.
ALPHEA

But I can't do it back–

BORIS

Just concentrate! You can do it! Then, very quickly stick the trumpet to your lips. Blow the loudest, longest note you can, because it is this sound that renders the bars supple. In that one moment their chemistry is so changed that I can rip them easily from the casing and you will be free! Now, are you ready?

ALPHEA

Yes.

BORIS

Alright. Face East. Hands on hips. Now, on your mark, get set, Go!

ALPHEA does all the following actions as BORIS says the words. At first, she is very excited, almost over-confident, but as the Incantation progresses, she becomes less and less sure of herself, more frantic. Everything seems to be going too fast for her to keep up.

[Music Begins]

BORIS

(speak-singing)

FIRST YOU KICK YOUR LEGS UP HIGH
AND YOU DO IT TO A COUNT OF FOUR.
THEN YOU PATACAKE, PATACAKE,
DO IT ONCE AGAIN.
AND YOU DROP TO THE FLOOR.
DROP TO THE FLOOR!!!
CLAP YOUR HANDS TO THE RHYTHM YOU HEAR,
TO THE RHYTHM YOU HEAR ME DO. YES YOU!
THEN YOU TURN ALL AROUND AND YOU SNAP AS YOU GO
AND YOU SNAP TO THE RHYTHM AND GO, GO, GO!

ALPHEA

(singing)

HARRY HOUDINI,
GIVE ME A SIGN.
I'M IN A PICKLE.
YOU'VE GOT THE BRINE.
BORIS

Now!

ALPHEA

Flatulator, spatulamit, euphemistical, evanescent water seamster be-, wail item carrot hall!

BORIS

Now – put the marbles in your mouth!

ALPHEA stuffs the marbles in her mouth

Now say the alphabet forwards –

ALPHEA mumbles the alphabet, then starts to choke on the marbles

- and backwards!

ALPHEA is now visibly distraught and trying to catch up to the music.

Now put the trumpet to your lips and blow!

ALPHEA grabs the trumpet and stares at it as if she’s trying to will it to her lips and can’t.

You can do it Alphea! Just put the trumpet to your lips

ALPHEA’s arm is shaking, as she tries to inch the trumpet to her lips, but she’s immobilized.

BORIS

You can still do it! Just blow the trumpet! BLOW the trumpet, that’s all you have to do! Take the trumpet and put it to your lips. Alphea, listen to me! Hold the trumpet to your lips and BLOW!

ALPHEA

I can’t do it.

[MUSIC CUE: Music stops]

BORIS

What??!!?!

ALPHEA

What if I’m supposed to be in this cage, Boris? What if I was put here for some cosmic reason we’ll never understand and –
BORIS

Argggghhhhh!!!

BORIS grabs the bars and pulls them out. ALPHEA looks at him horrified. Suddenly he has an idea

Look, Alphea! It worked anyway!

He pulls more and more bars out of the cage, throwing them onto the floor of the cage

Look! They’re all coming out! You did it!

ALPHEA looks at BORIS in horror and then hides her head in her hands

ALPHEA

No! No! It’s impossible!!

BORIS

(half to her and half to himself) But it’s true. I’m INSIDE! I’m here!

ALPHEA

No! I don’t believe it! (She puts her hands over her eyes)

[BORIS steps inside and looks around, hugging himself with joy that he’s in. When he opens his eyes, he sees ALPHEA, crouched in on herself, hands over her eyes. He steps towards her and reaches out to touch her. She turns away.

BORIS

Alphea – open your eyes, please.

#15 - OPEN YOUR EYES (Boris)

OPEN YOUR EYES. YOU CAN BELIEVE IF I TELL YOU IT’S TRUE. OPEN YOUR EYES AND I’M LOOKING AT YOU.

OPEN YOUR EYES. TELL ME THE SIGHT THAT YOU SEE ISN’T WRONG. OPEN YOUR EYES AND THE VISION IS STRONG.

ALPHEA begins to sway, her eyes still closed.

OPEN YOUR EYES, YOU CAN BELIEVE ME, SEE ME INSIDE YOUR WALL. OPEN YOUR EYES. YOU SHOULD RECEIVE ME. HAPPY TO SEE I’VE CONQUERED THE LIES. HOPING AT LAST I’VE OPENED YOUR EYES.
BORIS reaches to ALPHEA, slowly dancing with her, twirling her, her eyes still closed.

OPEN YOUR EYES ALPHEA,
OPEN YOUR EYES AND SEE.
OPEN YOUR EYES AND YOU’LL BE LOOKING AT ME.

LOOK AT ME HERE. HERE I AM.
STANDING INSIDE YOUR WALL.
LOOK AT ME.
SEE ME BEFORE YOU STANDING.
I CAN TELL YOU THAT YOUR HEAVEN IS HERE,
BRIGHT AS THE SUNLIGHT, YOU CAN RECEIVE IT

ALPHEA slowly pulls her hands away from her eyes

LEAVE ALL THE LIES. OPEN YOUR EYES AND YOU WILL RECEIVE IT.
OPEN YOUR EYES.

ALPHEA opens her eyes.

OH ALPHEA, PLEASE BELIEVE ME.
OH ALPHEA, PLEASE BELIEVE ME,
OH ALPHEA, PLEASE.

ALPHEA looks around with wonder. She gently touches the objects on the wall as if it is the first time she’s seen them.

ALPHEA

Oh, Boris, it’s beautiful! It’s so different suddenly. Different and familiar and wonderful and look!

#16A - My House is Nice Like This (Alphea & Boris)

LOOK AT THE WAY THE SUNLIGHT GLITTERS,
SEE HOW IT SHINES THERE ON THE WALL?
SOFTLY GLEAMING.
THIS IS THE WAY IT USED TO BE.
LONG AGO, I BARELY REMEMBER.
AND, ONCE AGAIN,
STRANGE IT SHOULD BE,
I CAN SEE IT. HOW COULD I LEAVE IT NOW?

BORIS

What!? But ...

ALPHEA

Shhh. Look:
MY HOUSE IS NICE LIKE THIS, THE CURTAINS HUNG.
THE SUN IS SHINING IN UPON THE WALL.
HOW COULD I LEAVE IT ALL BEHIND,
GO SEARCHING FOR AN ANSWER I MIGHT NEVER FIND?

THERE MAY NOT BE A LIGHT TO FIND THE ROAD.
AND THERE MAY BE NO SONG TO LIGHT MY LOAD.
AND YET I’D LEAVE IT ALL BEHIND,
GO SEARCHING FOR AN ANSWER I MIGHT NEVER FIND.

THE ROAD MAY BE EMPTY AND COLD
ILL LOST BE LOST ALONE
HERE I HAVE A HOME

BORIS

YOU’RE WRONG ALPHEA, IT’S A LIE
IT’S JUST A DREAM! IT’S IN YOUR MIND.
YOU’RE LOSING WHAT YOU MIGHT
HAVE IF YOU TRY

I KNOW THAT ROAD
IT GLOWS LIKE A GOLDEN PROMISE
YOU’LL loose BEFORE YOU KNOW

THAT ROAD
IF YOU DARE,
IT’S THE ONLY WAY TO GO
DARE TO LEAVE
AND THEN YOU’LL KNOW

THE MUSIC, THE RHYTHM,
THE RAPTURE AS YOU’RE REELING
THE FEELING AS YOU
SAIL INTO THE SKY

THAT MOMENT OF FREEDOM
THE POUNDING IN YOUR HEAD
WHEN FIRST YOU SPREAD YOUR WINGS
AND START TO FLY

ALPHEA

AND IT’S NICE LIKE THIS
THE CURTAINS HUNG
THE SUN IS SHINING IN
UPON THE WALL
HOW COULD I LEAVE IT ALL BEHIND
GO SEARCHING FOR AN ANSWER
I MIGHT NEVER FIND.

THE ROAD
MAY BE EMPTY AND COLD
I’LL BE LOST AND LONE BEFORE I
KNOW

I KNOW THAT ROAD
WILL BE LONELY
CAN I GO, DO I DARE TO LEAVE
CAN I GO
NO!

BECAUSE IT’S NICE LIKE THIS,
THE CURTAINS HUNG
THE SUN IS SHINING IN UPON THE
WALL

THERE MAY NOT BE A LIGHT
TO FIND THE ROAD.
AND THERE MAY BE NO SONG

BORIS

ALPHEA, YOU CAN IMAGINE HOW IT SPARKLES OUT THERE
CAN’T YOU SEE THE GLEAM ON THE BAY?
ALPHEA

No, I can’t!

BORIS

CAN YOU IMAGINE?

ALPHEA

NO, I CAN’T IMAGINE.

BORIS

YOU CAN IMAGINE.

ALPHEA

NO!

BORIS

THE RHYTHM …. THE MUSIC.

In a long pause, ALPHEA drinks in BORIS’s words and they come out of her like a sigh

#16B- Flying Song Reprise (Alphea & Boris)

ALPHEA

THE RHYTHM …

BORIS

Yes!

ALPHEA

THE MUSIC …

BORIS

GO ON!

ALPHEA

THE RHYTHM…
THE MUSIC …
ALPHEA’S eyes light on the gap in the bars. As she sings, she moves towards that gap in a rapture that grows with each step.

THE RAPTURE AS YOU’RE REELING.

BORIS

That’s right!

BORIS & ALPHEA

THE FEELING AS YOU SAIL INTO THE SKY.

ALPHEA is now out on the ledge, gazing over the ledge, enraptured.

THE MOMENT OF FREEDOM, THE POUNDING IN YOUR HEAD, WHEN FIRST YOU SPREAD YOUR WINGS AND START TO FLY! I CAN IMAGINE HOW IT SPARKLES. I CAN IMAGINE HOW IT SHINES. I CAN IMAGINE AND IMAGINING.

BORIS

MAKES YOU WANT TO SPREAD YOUR WINGS AND SOAR.
OPEN WINGS AND TAKE THE LEAP AND FLY. 
YOU CAN FLY 
SURELY YOU CAN FLY 
YOU CAN FLY!

ALPHEA

MAKES ME WANT TO SPREAD MY WINGS AND SOAR.
OPEN WINGS AND TAKE THE LEAP AND FLY. 
I CAN FLY 
SURELY I CAN FLY 
I CAN FLY!

BORIS shoves ALPHEA off the cliff, she plummets and we hear her scream and crash.
SCENE 5

#17  It’s Mine! (Boris)

BORIS

BORIS joyfully rushes back into the cage.

IT’S MINE! IT’S MINE, IT’S MINE, IT’S MINE! IT’S MINE! ALL MINE!
OH, THE MOMENT’S SWEET,
THE PLEASURE PURE.
NOW THE BATTLE’S WON,
THE VICT’RY SURE.
AND SUDDENLY THE WORLD IS BRIGHT, AND JUST AS QUICKLY ALL
IS RIGHT WITHIN IT,
IN A MOMENT I’M ALIVE!
I HAVE MY OWN!
I HAVE A PLACE!
I HAVE A HOME!

BORIS  picks up the bars, gleefully, and puts each back in place in the cage.

AS I BUILD THE WALL, MY LIFE BEGINS!
NOW I CLOSE THE DOOR AT LAST FROM INSIDE.
NOW I LOOK AROUND,
TAKING FULL ACCOUNT.
OVERLOOK THE SCENE AND SAY:
AH, YES! IT SHOULD BE JUST THIS WAY!
OH, YES THIS IS GOOD!
YES, THIS IS RIGHT!
YES, THIS IS FINE!
AND YES, BEST OF ALL, YES, AT LAST THIS IS MINE.
THIS IS MINE!
NOW THE DREAM IS IN MY HAND.
NOW THE MIRACLE HAS HAPPENED,
AND NOW THE MOMENT HAS ARRIVED.

Slowly over the course of the next lines, the lights dim and slightly flicker, turning
greenish; and the music turns sour.

AND NOW I STAND WITHIN THE WALL,
STANDING TALL,
AND ALL THE WHILE THE SUN COMES STREAMING
MY DREAMS HAVE COME TO …

The music has completely deteriorated and the room is a sickly green. Boris
looks around, bewildered.

Wait a minute. The sun’s not … the sun’s not streaming at all. The air’s so cold and
– (looking over at the fireplace) well, of course, the fire’s gone out. There’s not a bit
of heat coming from over there. I’ll have to poke it up a bit.
He picks up a poker and pokes at the fire, hitting the canvas backdrop of the stage.

But wait! This isn't a fire! It's just a picture of a fire! It's canvas! (grabbing at the bookshelves) and the books are just painted on the wall!

BORIS rushes to the desk, pulls open drawers, opens Alphea's journal.

This desk is empty! The journal's filled with blank pages! Empty pen! Empty ink bottle! But I know it was real when I was outside. It was warm! It was full! One moment ago, when she was here it was GLORIOUS!

BORIS looks around, then stops as if stopped by a revelation.

Wait! I've been tricked! I've been tricked into believing a lie, a sham! I've been tricked into buying a figment of someone else's imagination!

BORIS pulls himself up to full height, striking a dramatic, almost military pose.

But I won't stand for it! I have my rights! I won't stay here and be miserable while the rest of the world passes by on its jovial way!

BORIS gestures in a dramatic sweep encompassing the entire cage.

This may not be the true realization of my dream, but by God, I've still got that dream, and while there's breath within me, I'll find that dream yet! If I must face the world alone as before, as homeless as before, then so be it! Boris Oridnikov Slepnic O'Hara will still find his dream. He will not be beaten!

BORIS turns and gestures to the room, as though he is a cavalier leaving a beautiful, but treacherous lady.

Farewell to you, my empty cage, my golden worthless dream. You who glitter in jest of me. Adieu, adieu.

BORIS bows extravagantly, turns and grabs the bars he has recently put in place. He pulls them...but they are firm.

[Music Cue: Alphea's Eerie Today Vamp]

What's going on?

He tries the bars again. They're immovable. He runs his hand up and down them in amazement.

They feel like iron. But I know they're only... only nothing. If I know it, why do they feel like iron? No! No! This is only in my own mind.

He attacks the bars again, pulling and pulling, then falls back to the desk, exhausted.

No! Stop that music!

[Music Cue: Music Stops]

That's Alphea's music, not mine! I know I can get out.
BORIS staggers to the desk, and as he does, his wings slip off onto the floor.

Wait. I can figure this out.

[MUSIC CUE: The Eerie Vamp begins again, soft and slow, then almost unnoticeably becomes more and more insistent]

He slumps onto the chair. His eyes are drawn to the quill pen. He reaches for it.

I just need to write it down. That's right. I'll write down everything that happened and I can follow it back.

He assumes the same position Alphea had at the beginning of the play and pulls her journal towards him.

It just seems so hard to remember, suddenly. No! I can do this! It all started … today

He writes the word “Today” in the journal. Then he looks at it.

Today … today … (he’s trying to remember what to write after that, and he can’t. He realizes the music is distracting him terribly). How can I think with that music???

Stop that music! Stop it! I don't want to be Alphea! I don't want to be stuck in this dingy little lie and have every day the same!

#18 - TODAY Reprise (Boris)

(Speak-singing)

AND I DON'T WANT TO HAVE THE EVENINGS
BE AS EMPTY AS THE DAYS,
AND THE MORNING JUST ANOTHER HAZY LIGHT THAT THAT HELPS TO HIDE THE DARKNESS OF THE NIGHT BEFORE IT FALLS

AND I CAN'T STAND IT WHEN THE MORNING, SUN AND ALL, COMES POURING THROUGH THE BARS TO PROVE THAT NIGHT WAS JUST ANOTHER MOMENT IN THE ENDLESS HALL OF ENDLESS TIME

AND I'M JUST ABOUT TO loose MY MIND --

(Yelling) Stop it! Stop that music!

[Music cue: music stops]

BORIS is at his wit’s end.

This can’t be possible! This was MY DREAM!! It was my GOLDEN cage. Now it’s just a CAGE. How could this happen?? HOW. COULD. THIS. HAPPEN??

BORIS breaks down. The following is between sobs:

No. Wait. I can figure this out.

BORIS picks up the quill pen and writes as he sings
#19 - FIRST CAME THE DREAM (Boris)

BORIS

FIRST, CAME THE DREAM,
JUST AT FIRST A SIMPLE DREAM,
SMALL AND SWEET.

BORIS starts remembering and lets the pen drop.

NEXT, CAME THE CHANCE.
JUST AT FIRST A SIMPLE CHANCE.
SMALL AND NEAT.

NEXT, CAME THE LIE.
JUST AT FIRST A SIMPLE LIE.
DRESSED AS A DREAM. ONE SMALL DECEIT.
NOT QUITE A CRIME.

THEN, THEN THE GAME.
JUST A HARMLESS, CARELESS GAME.
ALL ALONG, I MEANT TO TELL.
I MEANT TO BREAK THE DREAMER'S SPELL.
BUT ONCE THE PRIZE WAS IN MY GRASP,
I COULDN'T LET IT GO.

OH, ALPHEA, PLEASE BELIEVE ME!

FIRST CAME DESIRE.
JUST AT FIRST A SIMPLE FIRE.
THEN, BEFORE I TURNED MY HEAD,
THE FLAMES HAD SPRUNG, THE FIRE HAD SPREAD,
THE MYTH WAS BORN, THE FANCY FLOWN,
THE TABLES TURNED, THE LIE WAS GROWN,
THE CRIME WAS DONE, THE BLOOD WAS SHED.
THE DREAM WAS GONE, AND YOU WERE DEAD.

Did I do that? But … I had to. The cage is mine. It is my destiny. But …

FIRST, CAME THE DREAM.
JUST A SWEET AND SIMPLE DREAM.
ONE SMALL DECEIT - NOT QUITE A CRIME.
JUST A DREAM AT FIRST.

#20 - Dream of the Golden Cage - Reprise (Boris)

THE GOLDEN CAGE,
I ALWAYS DREAMT ABOUT IT AS A CHILD.
THE GOLDEN CAGE,
I THOUGHT THAT IT WAS JUST A DREAM.
BUT THE CAGE IS REAL.
THE DREAM IS GONE. GONE.
GONE, NOW IT'S GONE,  
LIKE A DREAM THAT FADES WITH DAWN.  
LIKE A WIND THAT ONLY WHISPERS AND FLIES.  
GONE IS THE SONG THAT MY HEART HAD YEARNED TO SING.  
LIKE A MELODY THAT LINGERS AND DIES…

(A light appears at the top of the cage, and into the light ALPHEA flies, her clothes tattered, her hair disheveled – but with a glorious pair of wings)

ALPHEA

I CAN FLY! LOOK AT ME, LOOK AT ME!  
I CAN FLY! I CAN FLY! I CAN FLY!!

(ALPHEA jumps down onto the ledge, ecstatic.)

ALPHEA

Oh Boris! It was wonderful! The flying, everything was just like you said! The rhythm, the music, the rapture!

BORIS

Alphea! What are you doing here???

ALPHEA

I came back for you!

BORIS

But you can't fly.

ALPHEA

But I did.

BORIS

Alphea, I heard you crash.

ALPHEA

Yes, yes – I hit some things on the way down. But look, my wings!! MY wings!! And it's just like you said:
#21 - Flying Song Reprise (Alphea)

THE RHYTHM! THE MUSIC!
THE RAPTURE AS YOU'RE REELING!
THE FEELING AS YOU SAIL INTO THE SKY.
THE MOMENT OF FREEDOM
THE POUNDING IN YOUR HEAD
WHEN FIRST YOU SPREAD YOUR WINGS AND START TO FLY.

BORIS

Alphea! Listen to me! I pushed you off the cliff.

ALPHEA

I know! Boris. I KNOW. And I'll never forget it. I could never have done it myself –

BORIS

But I killed you!

[The Music Stop]

(BORIS)

Oh my god! You don't know. You don't realize you're dead. Alphea – of course you can ‘fly,’ - you're an angel. That's why you have wings.

[Music Cue]

ALPHEA

(almost angry) Boris. I'm not dead. These are MY wings. When you pushed me, Boris

#22 – ALPHEA’S STORY (Alphea)

ALPHEA

I THOUGHT THAT I WOULD DIE
I FELT THE WORLD SLIP AWAY,
THERE WAS NOTHING I COULD GRASP
I WAS FREE-FALLING THROUGH THE NIGHT

I SAW THE GROUND
I SAW IT RACE
THE GROUND WAS GALLOPPING LIKE STALLIONS AT MY FACE
I WAS A FOOL!
HOW COULD I LEAP!
HOW COULD I EVER HAVE BELIEVED?
HOW COULD I LEAVE IT ALL BEHIND?
AND NOW ITS GONE. GONE. GONE.

AND SO I OPENED UP MY ARMS
TO EMBRACE THE END OF EVERYTHING
I HUNG ABOVE THE EARTH
I HUNG ABOVE THE EARTH

INSTEAD OF GROUND, I FELT THE AIR
THE LIFT OF WIND, I FELT IT EVERYWHERE
AND I WAS LIFTED TO THE SKY
I COULD FLY
I CAN FLY!

AND WHEN I TURNED I SAW THE MOUNTAIN
IT ROSE IMPOSSIBLY HIGH ABOVE THE CLOUDS
AND ON THE HIGHEST PEAK,
THE GLINT OF GOLD IN THE SUNLIGHT AND I SAW
I SAW ...

ALL AT ONCE I SAW MY LIFE
AS I HAD BEEN WHEN I WAS SMALL
WHEN I HAD HEARD THE STORY OF THE GREATEST PRIZE OF ALL
AND I HAD VOWED BEFORE I DIED
THAT I WOULD FIND MY WAY INSIDE
THAT I WOULD BE THE ONE TO PROVE THE MYTH WAS TRUE
THAT I WOULD FIND ...

THE GOLDEN CAGE
I ALWAYS DREAMT ABOUT IT AS A CHILD
THE GOLDEN CAGE – AND WHEN I FOUND IT
I THOUGHT AT LAST MY DREAM CAME TRUE

ALPHEA:

But that’s not what happened.

BORIS:

Wait ... YOU were a birdman?

ALPHEA:

I AM a birdman. Like you. I dreamed of this cage like you did. I found it, like you did. I locked myself inside. Like you. And just when I thought I had it all ... it was nothing like I thought - not from inside.

Don’t you see, Boris? It’s the dream that traps you. The dream, the cage, when you close yourself inside. You trap yourself – and then you forget all the glory you were. I
trapped myself. Just like you did. And then I forgot. Everything I was and everything I had. I forgot I had wings, Boris. Boris! Where are yours?

(BORIS looks and realizes his are gone - he looks around and sees them crumbled on the floor)

(ALPHEA groans)

BORIS:

You’re not like me, Alphea. I am a murderer. I killed you. Don’t you see? I am THE prisoner. This cage was meant for me. You were in it by mistake. It’s been waiting for me. I deserve to be here. I don’t deserve to be free, to fly.

ALPHEA:

That’s the trap! Oh, Boris - what you did - I can’t hate you for it. You set me free. It’s not the cage that’s a trap. It’s closing yourself inside the bars. This cage is a glory. It is Valhalla, it is everything you need. It is everything your father told you about. Everything he told me.

BORIS:

Wait … you knew my FATHER??

ALPHEA:

When I was young and you were small.

BORIS:

You were the greatest birdman to ever appear? (pause) So then … you found it.

ALPHEA:

And I wanted nobody else to have it. I locked myself inside. I set the trap.

Look (she pulls out a bar and holds it up) the part of the cage that traps you (she throws the bar off the cliff and pulls out another bar and another) I can take them away – like you took them away for me.

BORIS:

(Boris looks around in wonder) – It’s beautiful again!

ALPHEA

And without the bars we will never be locked inside again.

BORIS

(whispering to himself) Or outside.
ALPHEA

Now ... where are your wings?

BORIS:

(BORIS looks for them, sees them on the floor and points to them)
Alphea ... my wings ... without them I can't fly.

ALPHEA:

Au contraire my dear. You only get them to prove that you did fly. Now, just do what I say.

#23 - ALL YOUR LIFE (Alphea & Boris)

(ALPHEA)

(Singing, Helping Boris put his wings back on)

FIRST, YOU, YOU PICK YOUR DREAMS UP GENTLY.
AND WHEN THEY'RE SAFE INSIDE YOUR HAND.
HOLD THE TREASURE FOR A MINUTE MORE,
UNTIL YOU KNOW FOR SURE IT'S TRUE.
ALL YOUR LIFE YOU HAVE BEEN WAITING.

ALPHEA & BORIS

HERE IT IS INSIDE YOUR HAND.
TAKE THE TREASURE AND REJOICE.
FACE THE ECSTASY.
WAKE AT LAST, AND THEN YOU FIND THE DREAM IS TRUE

ALPHEA

WAKE AT LAST,
AND THEN YOU FIND THE DREAM IS YOU
AND YOU

ALPHEA & BORIS

YOU AND I
(WE) CAN FLY
WE CAN FLY
WE CAN FLY

[CURTAIN]