The Golden Cage

An Two-Character Fantasy Musical
Book, Music & Lyrics
by Deborah Henson-Conant

Draft Script ~ v. 66 *to accompany the video of the version we did Jan. 20, 2020*

Version 65 got corrupted
Version 64 ~ Jan. 6, 2020 / 2/29/20 - I made all the text black to print for Ellen
v.63 is after Paul Gordon asked me to revise it *back* to more similar to the original
v.60 was pretty much like this but this is created to hopefully make the rehearsal easier
V. 56 was edited after the Jun 18 reading to conform to what I actually did in the reading (DHC 7/1/18)
V. 57 was reformatted for the TRU Beginnings Workshop Aug. 5
v. 58 was edited *after* the TRU Beginnings Workshop on Aug. 6

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CHARACTERS

ALPHEA J. SIMPSON-HUGHES *– is a supremely grumpy, 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 props, costumes and odd collections. She changes her costume based on how she's feeling at in the moment and spends her days morosely journaling and reading self-helps books about how to escape her fate.*
VOICE RANGE: *Soprano/Mezzo (or Tenor/Baritone if played by a male); operatic range (for opera parody); legitimate voice*
BODY-TYPE, AGE, RACE: Irrelevant

BORIS ORIDNIKOV SLEPNIC O'HARA *– is a birdman who's spent his life on a quest to find the mythic 'Golden Cage' of ancient Birdman lore, the ultimate symbol of security, where everything you've ever lost is found.*
VOICE RANGE: *Tenor/Baritone or (or Mezzo if played by a woman)*
BODY-TYPE, AGE, RACE: Irrelevant

ORCHESTRATION:

Originally scored for piano/cello/drumset - currently for solo piano.

AUDIO EXCERPTS:

At GoldenCageMusical.com

LENGTH:

75 minutes without intermission

SETTING & STYLE:

The play takes place in a time out of time on a remote mountaintop, above, around and inside a Golden Cage which is built into a craggy cliff 500,000 feet in the air.

The inside of the cage is filled with shelves, knickknacks, costumes, marble collections, wigs, bottles, instruments and books - and in the middle of the cage is an immense desk.

COSTUMES:

***Boris** is a birdman, with bright red feathers, wings, tail and a small, but impressive crest.*

***Alphea** changes costume to fit her mood, pulling on a Wagnerian breastplate, a Marie-Antoinette wig filled with hair curlers, an apron, a sword, etc. as it suits her fancy -- and later, she becomes a birdman herself.*

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SCENE 1

(The stage is nearly dark as the overture begins. From the darkness, a craggy mountain takes form. A bright shape appears, far away, a flash of red above the mountain in pre-dawn twilight). Closer and closer an immense red birdman appears, flying straight at the mountain. He flies into view: a glorious crimson birdman singing:)

#2 - Flying Song (Boris)

BORIS

[MP3]: 02 - Flying Song (Boris) GC-2020 [=>:28:11]

AHHHHHHHH ….
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

BUT WHERE IS THE GOLDEN PROMISE? HOW WILL I KNOW IT'S NEAR?
OVER THE NEXT HILL, AFTER THE NEXT NIGHT, UNDER THE NEXT MOON
AND THEN IT MIGHT APPEAR

(BORIS navigates towards a landing on the craggy mountain)

GOLDEN, GLOWING FOR ME.

(BORIS lands on the topmost crag with a clatter and a thud and dusts himself off. He pulls a spyglass out from his backpack and looks through it to the left)

OVER THERE … I SEE NOTHING

(BORIS looks through the spyglass to the right)

OVER THERE … IS SEE NOTHING

[2:44:17<=]

[BORIS]

Lost again. *(speaking to the spyglass)* Do you see 'nothing?' Because I see *nothing*. I don't think I've ever been this high up before. But I feel fine.

(Suddenly a bright red feather - one of his own - flies up in front of him. He grabs for it, catches it, and speaks to it)

Hey! Where do you think you're going? You're not leaving now. You can't give up now. It could be right over the next hill. Who knows?

[MUSIC CUE:] Just because nobody's ever actually *seen* it doesn't mean it's not out there.

#3 - The Golden Cage (Boris)

[MP3] 03 - The Golden Cage (Boris) GC-2020 [3:17: =>]

THE GOLDEN CAGE - I DREAMT ABOUT IT WHEN I WAS A CHILD
THE GOLDEN CAGE - THE PLACE WHERE EVERYTHING YOU'VE EVER DREAMT WOULD HAPPEN HAPPENS FOR YOU
THE GOLDEN CAGE

(BORIS yawns) This is all going to look a lot better after a little nap.

(BORIS instantly falls asleep and his first snore blows the feather away)

[3:50:29 <=]

SCENE 2

Music Cue #4A -

(The wind picks the feather up and we see it twirl, descending with spins and pirouettes. As it descends, it illuminates the crags it passes over, then lands on a ledge and light spreads below it.

As the light spreads, we see a golden cage. The cage is filled with shelves of books, hanging objects and a large oak desk. Everything on the shelves is labeled, in beautiful calligraphy, including musical instruments and jars of marbles.

We see an immense book standing upright on the desk titled ***"How to Get Out of your Inner Cage ~ A Daily Journal"*** *with two arms extending on either side of it. We hear the sound of snoring.*

ALPHEA is sleeping on the desk. She wakes with a start, flails her arms, and the book falls open in front of her on the desk. ALPHEA is dressed in an apron with a purple bouffant wig in which there are pink hair curlers.

She sighs, puts on an immense pair of glasses, picks up a huge quill pen and writes one word into the journal with a flourish and then leans back to look at her handiwork, and is filled with disgust.)

#4A - Today (Alphea) *[Insert Music] (15 pgs)*

[MP3] 04ABC - Today-Nothing's Ever New -I used to Dream (Alphea) GC-2020 [4:54:06 =>]

ALPHEA

(reading what she's just written)

"Today."

(She shakes her head.)

"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,

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.

(ALPHEA becomes increasingly melodramatic as the song progresses)

AND I'M JUST ABOUT TO LOSE MY MIND
WITH SUMMERTIME AND WINTERTIME!
THE SEASONS ALWAYS CHANGING …
BUT THE *SEQUENCE* STAYS THE SAME!

AND NIGHT-TIME FOLLOWS EVENING,
AND THEN MORNING AND THEN NOON,
EVERY DAY OF EVERY WEEK OF EVERY YEAR!

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

(ALPHEA moves to the bars of the cage, grabs two of them and looks out between them)

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 CELL.
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 QUITE CLEAR …

I would like to emphasize that I spend every day in utter and unbearable solitude, suffering silently and prodigiously from sunup to sunset *w*hile the rest of the world - et cetera, et cetera, et cetera

#4B - Nothing's Ever New (Alphea)

NOTHING'S EVER NEW, AND THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO TO CHANGE IT
NOTHING I CAN SAY THAT I HAVEN'T SAID A MILLION TIMES BEFORE
NOTHING THAT I WON'T SAY AGAIN AND AGAIN AND AGAIN AND AGAIN AND AGAIN

(ALPHEA grabs the bars and shakes them violently as she yells:)

(As she shakes the bars, the feather flies up in front of her. ALPHEA sees it, grasps at it, tries to catch it through the bars, tries again and finally catches it.)

(ALPHEA looks at the feather, then sticks her head outside the bars and looks up and down to see where it came from)

A feather. That's IT? Just a feather? I ask to be ALIVE and I get a FEATHER???

#4C - I Used to Dream (Alphea)

I USED TO DREAM, AT LEAST, I THINK I USED TO DREAM,
I DREAMT I WAS IN FLIGHT
I USED TO DREAM, I DREAMT OF SOARING ON A STARLIT NIGHT
NOW I ONLY DREAM, I DREAM, I DREAM OF DREAMING

AGAIN, AND AGAIN, AND AGAIN, AND AGAIN
AND AGAIN, AND AGAIN, AGAIN, AGAIN, AGAIN AND AGAIN!

BORIS

(*Yawning loudly)* Aaaaaaaaghhhhhhhh.

(BORIS lets out a huge loud yawn. ALPHEA hears him, but can't see him. She runs to the window ledge.)

[8:50:00]

ALPHEA

What was that?

(There's only silence as she listens)

Oh, just the wind.

BORIS

(Yawning again) Aaaaaaaaaaagkanawa-plewwwww!

ALPHEA

What was that?!

#5 - Monsterphobia (Alphea)

[MP3] 05 - Monsterphobia (Alphea) GC-2020 [9:04:03 =>]

LALPHEA

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 Yawns, stretching and vocalizing again)

BORISL

Hgggohhh – flluckapaga! Flblblblblblblbblb!

ALPHEA

This is terrible! I mean spectacular! I mean terrifying. I mean … something is definitely … HAPPENING!!!

YES! 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 sneezes violently and ALPHEA screams)

BORIS

Eska-bskuzkabsuka-aaaaaaaaaka-zchoooooo!

(Alphea works herself into a panic hearing Boris above her jumping, grunting & wheezing through his morning exercises. In a panic, she finds a sword, pulls on a Wagnerian breastplate & helmet and prepares to do battle with whatever's out there.)

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!

I DON'T HAVE A TRACE OF HOPE
I'M AT ITS MERCY, IT'S COMMAND!

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.

IT COULD BE MALIGN, MALICIOUS!
THIS COULD BE MY FINAL FATE

And here I am boxed in a corner … Cornered in a box! If only I had a weapon, some way to protect myself. If only I had ... I know! My sword - my trust sword! A heart of steel and a blade of silver! I know it's here somewhere!

(BORIS yawns loudly. ALPHEA ransacks an immense trunk, pulling things out wildly, finds her sword and brandishes it)

ALPHEA:

Agh! I need some PROTECTION

(ALPHEA ransacks the trunk more, finds a Trojan helmet and shoves it on. BORIS, oblivious, gargles, stretches, does thumping jumping jacks, each sound driving ALPHEA to greater heights of excitement.

Finally ALPHEA finds a Trojan Warrior helmet, stuffs it on her head, pulls on a Wagnerian breastplate and does some 'moves' with thesword. BORIS looks around and starts slowly jumping down the mountainside, oblivious to the cage)

(ALPHEA)

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 –

(ALPHEA)

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

(BORIS gets closer and closer to Alphea's main ledge.)

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
AND A LEFT AND A RIGHT AND A RIGHT AND A LEFT – AHA!!!

(Just as BORIS lands on the ledge, ALPHEA thrusts her sword through the bars. She narrowly misses him and BORIS jumps backwards with a scream)

[11:58:11←]

SCENE 3

(ALPHEA & BORIS each yell, shocked, as he jumps around and she stabs at him with her sword - this goes on for awhile - 4 or 5 times.

BORIS

What are you - what are you - what are you DOING here in -- in the middle of NOWHERE?

ALPHEA

WHAT ARE YOU??

BORIS

I'm ME.

ALPHEA

No - I'M me! I'm Alphea.

BORIS

I'm Boris!

ALPHEA

What ARE you?

BORIS

I'm a -- I'm a **--**

[MUSIC CUE: (Underscore) Lush, Golden Cage theme

(BORIS looks up, thinking, and sees the cage)

Woah!

ALPHEA

Woah - what??

BORIS

Woah… Woah!!

#6A&B - Golden Cage Reprise & Let Me Explain (Alphea & Boris)

[MP3] 06A&B - Golden Cage Reprise & Let Me Explain (Alphea & Boris) GC-2020 [12:11➔]

(BORIS)

THE GOLDEN CAGE
THE GOLDEN CAGE
THE GOLDEN CAGE

(The music changes dramatically and becomes over-the-top operatic recitative)

ALPHEA

YOU!
MISTER WHATEVER-YOUR-NAME IS
LET ME EXPLAIN SOME OF YOUR RIGHTS!
AND THE FIRST ONE IS

… is that this ledge is unreachable, insurmountable, remote, hidden --

(BORIS races around the cage -- looking, touching)

BORIS

(Underscored Lush music) I found it!!!

ALPHEA

Stop! *(Underscore stops abruptly)* Nobody can reach this ledge.

BORIS

(Underscored Lush music) I FOUND it!!!

[13:04🡐]

ALPHEA

Nobody could possibly be here! We're 500,000 feet in the air on the edge of sheer, granite cliff. The icecaps form at 20,000 feet. At 40,000 feet you have to fight the flesh-eating dragons.

(BORIS crawls up onto the cage, exploring it - and ALPHEA watches him and hurls her words wherever he crawls).

BORIS

I FOUND IT!!!

ALPHEA

At 50,000 feet there's so much snow that even snowmen get lost. At 60,000 feet nostrils freeze on the first breath. At 70,000 feet it starts to get hotter. So hot that -

BORIS

Where's the door?

ALPHEA

It gets so hot that eyeballs melt. At 80,000 feet the floods begin. At 90,000 feet -

BORIS

How do you get in?

ALPHEA

You're not even listening to me.

BORIS

Do you need a key or something? Where do you put it?

ALPHEA

Wait a minute… I've read about this … *(She races back to the book and leafs madly to a page)* "Extensive time alone may breed hallucinations."

Wait .. you're just a figment of MY imagination. Well, then pay attention to me. I'm a prisoner here for five gazillion years, some figment finally shows up and can't even carry on a decent conversation. Tell me how you got here.

BORIS

Well, I was just -- I was just trying to figure that out.

(Lush underscoring) But it doesn't matter anymore. I'm here. I'm here! *(underscoring ends)* How did YOU got here?

ALPHEA

I … I … don't remember HOW. I've always been here. I'm just *here*. But YOU just got here. The only way you could possibly get through the icecaps, the floods, the snow, the dragons is if … if …

BORIS

I flew.

ALPHEA

(she races back and leafs through the book) "With aggressive delusions, you may be better off pretending they're true." So … you flew.

BORIS

Of course. I'm a birdman - like you. *(He peers through the bars)* What species are you, anyway?

(ALPHEA is stunned for a split-second, she cocks her head to look at BORIS, who cocks his head to looks at her, they peer at each other, shifting their heads like birds)

ALPHEA

I'm not a birdman.

BORIS

OK, fine, fine - I get it you're a bird-woman.

ALPHEA

I'm NOT a birdperson

BORIS

You're not a birdperson. You're NOT a birdperson. And you're here. Inside the cage.

[MUSIC CUE: Here I Am (Alphea & Boris)

ALPHEA

I know I'm inside the cage! You don't have to rub it in!

#7A - Here I Am (Alphea & Boris)

[MP3] 07A&B - Here I Am - Can't You See? (Alphea & Boris) GC-2020 [15:05➔]

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 YOU PALACE GATE.
IN A STATE OF DESPAIR.
THERE YOU ARE
ON THE INSIDE LOOKING OUT.

ALPHEA

WHAT A FATE,

BORIS

WHAT A TRAGEDY.

ALPHEA

HOW UNGODLY UNFAIR.

BORIS

HOW I'D GIVE MY LIFE

ALPHEA	**BORIS**
TO BE THERE	TO BE THERE
ON THE OUTSIDE LOOKING IN	ON THE INSIDE LOOKING OUT

THERE ON THE OUTSIDE
I COULD 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.

THERE ON THE INSIDE
I COULD 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!

#7B – Can't You See? (Alphea & Boris)

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 EVERYWHERE ELSE
BUT WHERE I WANT TO BE?
WHAT IS THE FREEDOM TO FLY
WHEN I WANT TO BE *THERE* WHERE YOU ARE NOW?

I'VE LIVED ON DREAMS 'TIL IT SEEMS I'M ASLEEP
FROM THE TIME I WAKE UP EVERY DAWN
WHEN I WAKE UP MY LIFE'S GONE, FROM ME

BUT NOW I SEE IT!
ALL I WANT!
ALL I'VE LONGED FOR YOU HAVE 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!

YOU ARE *FREE!*

I CAN SEE!

BUT YOU'RE FREE YOU CAN FLY

LIFE CAN FADE

IN THE BLINK OF AN EYE

BORIS

CAN'T YOU SEE THAT YOU HAVE WHAT YOU HOLD - AND IT'S HERE IN YOUR HAND?

BUT IT'S CLEAR - I CAN SEE!
YOU ARE *IN*!

SO YOU THINK

FROM IN THERE!

AND I SWEAR THAT'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-NYA! NYA-NYA-NAY-NAY-NYA-NYA!
NYA-NYA-NAY-NAY-NYA-NYAAAAAAAAH!

[20:40 ←}

(When the song is over, BORIS & ALPHEA stand glaring at each other, each holding the bars, from their own side. Then BORIS shakes himself, as if he's coming out of a trance)

BORIS

Wait a minute! This is perfect! You don't want to be in this cage.

ALPHEA

Duh! What do you think I am? An idiot?

BORIS

So let's just trade places!

ALPHEA

Omygod - you are *blind!!* I can't GET out. I'm a prisoner

BORIS

A PRISONER! This is the golden cage. THE Golden Cage. The sacred - *most* sacred *most* excellent *anything* you could *ever* want. The Golden Fleece, the Bower of Bliss, the Promised Land, the *Sine Qua non*. The Golden Cage.

ALPHEA

This. Is. A. Prison, idiot.

BORIS

Every birdman dreams of finding this cage. I've been around the world trying to find *this* cage

[MUSIC CUE] (ALPHEA stares at BORIS blankly)

BORIS

I've spent my *life* looking for this cage. I've had adventures looking for this cage. Looking for this cage *has been my life.*!

#7C: I STARTED WTH A MISSION

[MP3] 07C&D: I Started with a Mission & Golden Cage Reprise (Boris) GC-2020 [21:44:18 ➔]

BORIS

I STARTED WITH A MISSION AND A COMPASS AND DREAM
THEN TRAVELLED EAST UNTIL I SAW THE GLEAM OF THE OCEAN.

I KEPT IT ON A LEVEL VEERING SLIGHTLY TO THE RIGHT,
THEN SPENT THE NIGHT ATOP THAT GREAT TRIANGULATED THING OUT IN THE SAND

ALPHEA:

You mean the Pyramid?

BORIS

Exactly!

FROM THERE I WENT TO CAIRO,
FROM CAIRO BACK TO SPAIN,
THEN CIRCUMNAVIGATED AND WAS BACK IN SPAIN AGAIN.

ALPHEA

Olé!

(BORIS)

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!

BORIS

BUT I RIPPED MYSELF AWAY WITHOUT A CARE!

I SWAM THE MIGHTY AMAZON,
PIRANHA NOTWITHSTANDING.
I SINGLE-HANDED CLIMBED THE NORTHERN POLE.

ALPHEA:

Just ONE hand?

BORIS:

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, I'VE BEEN THERE, I'VE BEEN THERE, I'VE BEEN THERE,
I'VE BEEN THERE, THERE! THERE! THERE! THERE! THERE!

I've been every place except the one place I really wanted to be - the one place I was looking for.

#7D- The Golden Cage Reprise (Boris)

(BORIS)

THE GOLDEN CAGE
I'VE DREAMT ABOUT IT SINCE I WAS A CHILD
THE GOLDEN CAGE - THE PLACE WHERE
EVERYTHING YOU'VE EVER DREAMT COULD HAPPEN
HAPPENS FOR YOU

(ALPHEA is oblivious to the fact that he's talking about her cage)

ALPHEA

Wait - you've travelled around the world looking for a CAGE??

BORIS:

Not "A" cage. "The" cage. The ***Golden*** Cage

ALPHEA:

And this cage is like a quest?

BORIS:

The greatest quest - for a birdman.

BORIS:

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

AND SNUG INSIDE OUR LITTLE NEST

MY MIND INFLAMED WITH CAGE AND QUEST
I SWORE I'D BE THE ONE I TO PROVE THE MYTH WAS TRUE
THAT I WOULD FIND THE GOLDEN CAGE

BUT ME, I COULD NEVER FLY STRAIGHT,
I COULD NEVER FLY TRUE.
ONE SHINY OBJECT AND I'M OFF IN THE BLUE
ALWAYS LOST, ALWAYS UP IN THE AIR,
NEVER CLOSER TO MY DREAM

BUT DEEP IN MY SOUL
THERE WAS A FLAME OF HOPE THAT NEVER WOULD DIE
DEEP IN MY SOUL THE HOPE THAT I WOULD BE THE ONE TO KNOW
THE POWER, THE STORY, THE SPLENDOR THE GLORY OF THE

ALPHEA

THE GOLDEN CAGE

THE SWEET, ELUSIVE, GLORY OF
A PLACE WHERE YOU BELONG

THE GREATEST TEST,

A SACRED QUEST

THE HALLOWED GROUND

BORIS

THE GOLDEN CAGE

THE SWEET, ELUSIVE, GLORY OF A
PLACE WHERE YOU BELONG

THE GREATEST TEST,

A SACRED QUEST

THE HALLOWED GROUND

ALPHEA & BORIS

WHERE THE ALL THE LIFE YOU'VE LOST… IS FOUND

BORIS

THE GOLDEN CAGE

[26:40:27 ←]

ALPHEA

(Dreamily) That sounds beautiful.

BORIS

It *is* beautiful. It's everything I ever dreamt of.

ALPHEA

Do you think you'll ever find it?

BORIS

I have! It's right here!
(ALPHEA looks around outside the cage, mystified)

ALPHEA

Where?

BORIS

Here! You're IN it.

ALPHEA

This?? This is nothing like that. The walls are granite - the bars are iron. I'm a prisoner.

BORIS

The bars … are gold. There's no granite.

(ALPHEA points around the cage in disgust)

ALPHEA

Well, *look!*

(BORIS just stares at her)

(ALPHEA)

Wha … you're making FUN of me!

BORIS

No! No! It just *seems* like this is a beautiful … ornate … everything-you-could-possibly-want kind of … I mean … it just *seems* like …

ALPHEA

Seams? SEEMS?!?!?!

(ALPHEA glares at Boris. She turns around, grabs her helmet, then a breastplate. She sings operatically, over-the-top. Opera can't get worse than this.)

#8- Prisoner of Fate (Alphea)

[MP3] 08- Prisoner of Fate (Alphea) GC-2020 [27:40:08 ➔]

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-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, PITY ME.

[30:20 ➔]

BORIS

I am speechless. That is the most … stupid thing I ever heard. I can see! I can see from right here - that these bars -- you could just pull them out. Why don't you just pull them out and leave.

ALPHEA

Because I can't.

BORIS

Well, then *I'll* do it.

ALPHEA

You can't. You can't. You can't *alter fate.* How stupid are you?? It only is fate because it can't be altered. What did I just tell you? Look -

(ALPHEA grabs the bars and pulls - they're firm).

You don't think I've tried this??? Go ahead - try!

(BORIS grabs one of the bars, pulls it out and holds it up)

BORIS

There! I did it!

(ALPHEA looks at him like nothing happened)

ALPHEA

Did what?

(BORIS holds up the bar he pulled out)

BORIS

I pulled out a bar. I just pulled it out. I altered fate.

(ALPHEA looks at him oblivious - she doesn't see the bar)

ALPHEA

What in the world are you talking about?

(BORIS wiggles the bar)

BORIS

This bar! It's a bar from the cage!

ALPHEA

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

(BORIS holds the bar closer to her to show her and wiggles it)

BORIS

But look ...

ALPHEA

Oh ... you want to fight?? You wanna fight?!?! I'll fight you! Where's my sword?

(ALPHEA pulls out her sword and BORIS backs away)

BORIS

No! No! But this bar - it's from your ... it's from the cage.

ALPHEA

Well, some people will do anything to try to prove a point, won't they? And you! I thought you were this wonderful birdman but you're worse than that stupid book! You pick on an emotional cripple with your mental cruelty. You … you - you sadist!

(ALPHEA stomps back to the desk, plops down, nervously picks up the pen and scribbles in her journal. During the next section, she scribbles, then surreptitiously looks at the bars, then refocuses on her writing – fidgeting -- but keeps being drawn back to looking at the bars – or, rather, the place where the bar that Boris pulled out was. She squints at it, as if to try to see it more clearly)

BORIS

But these '"iron bars"– they're just in your mind! These are *golden.* It's the softest metal. This prisoner thing – it's just not true. This wall isn't impenetrable. The whole thing is comes apart in your hand.

(ALPHEA studiously ignores him)

I'm telling you the truth!

(speaking to himself)

Oh my god. You finally find your dream … and there's a crazy person inside it.

SCENE 4

(BORIS jumps up ledge by ledge to the top of the cage.)

#9A - Humor Her Madness – Part 1 (Boris) (INSERT 25 pages)

[MP3] 09A - Humor Her Madness – Part 1 (Boris) GC-2020 [32:30 ➔]

(Speak-singing)

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, HOW CAN SHE EVER UNLOCK IT??

(BORIS)

Because when she does -- I'll be on the INSIDE looking OUT.

[33:32 ←]

It will be my cage! My ledge! *(frustrated) Grrrr).* But she's still IN it.

Why is she IN there? There's nothing in the old legends about an obnoxious Diva **inside** the cage. She doesn't belong there. I have to get her out.

Well, I could just break in and throw her off the cliff!

No I can't do that. That's not me. I can't just push her off the cliff. Plus she has that sword. No – no - I can figure this out.

[Magical thinking music begins]

OK … now … suppose I walked through the bars right now. I could do that - just walk right in. No - stop.

[Magical thinking music stops]

I'm back where I started: I'd be in there *with her and her stupid sword.*

But wait. Wait - wait - wait - WAIT! 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 the trick.

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?

[Magical thinking music begins again]

(Rubbing his hands, scheming - almost diabolic)

Yes … yes .... but what colors will catch her eye? In what shades will she be drawn into its spell? Clearly she loves mystery, magic, *tragedy*, *fatality*. So I can give her what she loves!

And is that wrong of me: to ornament, to develop it? To paint the truth in a way *she* can see it? Is that not being *of service* to her??

Yes! That's the best way to do it!

[Underscoring begins]

#9B - Humor Her Madness – Part 2 (Boris & Alphea)

[MP3] 09B&10 - Humor Her Madness – Part 2 & Then at Last (Boris & Alphea) GC-2020 [35:50:13➔]

Yes, yes! I will allow her her fantasy, Give her her tragedy, Share in her doom!

I COULD
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?

Ahhh!

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

[BORIS]

FIRST I WILL TELL HER SOME FINE TALES OF BEAUTY
AND THEN I'LL EXPLAIN TO HER HOW SHE CAN FLY

THIRDLY INVENT A DEVINE 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!

(ALPHEA is becoming more excited)

BORIS	**ALPHEA**
I'LL MAKE HER DESIRE ALL OF IT.	AH...
I'LL SET HER IN FLAMES WANTING IT.	AH!
HUMOR HER EXCESSES,	I'LL BE...
RUMOR OF GLADNESSES!	
HUMOR HER MADNESS,	FREE AS A BIRD IN THE SKY!
IT'S HARMLESS FOR NOW.	
FIRST I TELL HER OF THE	THEN, MAYBE,
WORLD OUTSIDE.	
THEN I TELL HER HOW TO	COULD BE:
GET OUTSIDE.	
	THAT
THEN SHE WELCOMES ME	COULD
WITH OPEN ARMS, AND TELLS ME:	BE

MY

YOU HAVE SAVED ME
FROM A LIFE OF BITTERNESS, DAY,

AND FOR YOUR TROUBLES
YOU MUST TAKE A PRESENT, BORIS.
MY

FOR YOUR COURAGE
AND YOUR BRILLIANT INSIGHT,

I BEQUEATH MY CAGE TO YOU MOMENT
TO HAVE NOW, AND FOREVER.

[39:35…]

#10 - Then at Last (Boris & Alphea)

BORIS	**ALPHEA**
THEN AT LAST THE CURTAIN OPENS. THEN THE DREAM IS IN MY HAND. THEN THE MIRACLE WILL HAPPEN, AND THEN THE MOMENT WILL ARRIVE	THEN, AT LAST I'M FREE. THAT'S THE MOMENT I CAN SEE IT GLITTER IN MY HAND.
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 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 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,	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 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.	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 peers through the bars at ALPHEA. ALPHEA is still enraptured in her dream)

BORIS

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

ALPHEA

(ALPHEA comes out of her reverie, suddenly embarrassed, she rushes back to her desk and becomes brusque)

Leave me alone.

BORIS

(Seductively) Come closer.

(ALPHEA starts straightening her desk – 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 - Alphea, Have You Ever Seen (Boris)

[MP3] 11&12 - Alphea, Have You Ever Seen (Boris) -The Flying Song (Boris & Alphea) GC-2020 [41:41:01➔]

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!

(Her mind pulls towards the image and she weakens, torn between the pleasure and the pain of envisioning it)

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,
AS 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:

#12- The Flying Song (Boris & Alphea)

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

ALPHEA

GO ON…

BORIS

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 and sings in to her)

BORIS

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

ALPHEA

I THINK I CAN

BORIS

CAN YOU IMAGINE?

(ALPHEA turns moves towards BORIS).

ALPHEA

YES, I IMAGINE.

BORIS

CAN YOU IMAGINE?

(ALPHEA looks out of the hole between the bars.)

ALPHEA

YES, I IMAGINE!

BORIS

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

ALPHEA

GLITTERS ON THE BAY, GLITTERS ON THE BAY--

BORIS

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

[46:07 ←]

(As the song reaches its climax, they both spread out their arms as if they are flying. They're both completely entranced by the power and glory of what they're singing. They end the song, heads flung back, eyes closed, believing it, feeling it.

They open their eyes turn to each other and slowly move towards each other. Through the bars, they entwine their hands and sing into each other's eyes, a capella

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

[mp3] 13A - A Cappella Duet (Alphea & Boris) GC-2020 [46:11 ➔]

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	**BORIS**
ALL MY LIFE,	IS IT TRUE?
ALL MY LIFE I HAVE WAITED.	YOU BELIEVE ME WHEN I TELL YOU
NOW, HERE IT IS, IN MY HAND.	THIS CAN BE TRUE?
I TRUST YOU	YOU CAN TRUST ME WHOLLY,
AND I CAN TELL:	AND BELIEVE WHAT I TELL YOU.
WHERE YOU LEAD, I WILL FOLLOW.	YOU CAN FOLLOW ME.
WHAT YOU SAY I BELIEVE.	WHAT I SAY YOU BELIEVE.
THAT'S FOR NOW	THAT'S FOR NOW
AND FOREVER.	AND EVER.
I CAN TRUST IN YOU.	YOU CAN TRUST ME.
I BELIEVE.	BELIEVE.

#13B- Post-A capella (Instrumental)

[47:56 ➔]

SCENE 5

ALPHEA

(Dreamily) 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 impossble! I've been here as long as I can remember. 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 make fun of me. 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

Afterwards? But don't they help at all?

BORIS

(BORIS starts warming to this lie)

Oh, a little, later on, for aerobatics, absolutely. But not at first. 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

That's phenomenal! I never knew that. 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 … the Great … Pookerini?

ALPHEA

I have NOT.

BORIS

Are you sure? The Great Pookerini? She was an escape artist, and one of the best.

ALPHEA

She?

BORIS

Yes! SHE. While others dabbled in simple tricks like getting out of chains or straight-jackets or tanks of water, she *(a long pause)*

ALPHEA

She what???

BORIS

She could get out of ANYTHING. Chains, bars, prisons, labyrinths, psychological conundrums -- and how do you think she did it?

ALPHEA

Skill, training, good upbringing, important connections.

BORIS

Nope! Well, skill, a little. But mostly - and most people don't know this - incantation. Or, as she so cleverly termed it: OUTcantation. But why am I telling you this *(he turns to go)* 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 DID hear of the Great Pookerini. I think … I heard ... *(long pause as she figures out what to say)* she … was … very good.

BORIS

(Stopping and turning around) So she 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 she was my *(he stops and sighs)* …

ALPHEA

Your what???

BORIS

My *(making it up)* mentor.

ALPHEA

The Great Pookerini?

BORIS

None other.

ALPHEA

And *you* learned to get out of things?

BORIS

Just about everything.

ALPHEA

Even cages?

BORIS

Oh, especially cages.

ALPHEA

Well….???

BORIS

(acting dumb) Well, what?

ALPHEA

Well, do 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've got a lot of *things.*

BORIS

First of all*, (looking surruptitiously around the room at what she has)* you need a trumpet.

ALPHEA

But I have a trumpet!

BORIS

You do?

ALPHEA

What - are you *blind*! Of course! 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

But it is! See! Look! It says silver right here on the side: It has a *tag:* Trumpet (Silver).

BORIS

So it does.

ALPHEA

And what else?

BORIS

Hair curlers. But they must be pink plastic only.

ALPHEA

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

BORIS

You have to wear a wig, too.

ALPHEA

But they're on a wig! This is incredible! It's like this is *meant* to happen! 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-hmmmmm.

ALPHEA

But that's … I mean…isn't there a substitute?

BORIS

No. Hmmm, I'm afraid not. Not … unless*… (Sneaking a look to see what else is 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. 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.

#14 - Incantation Duet – (Boris & Alphea)

[mp3] 14 - Incantation Duet – (Boris & Alphea) GC-2020 [53:19 ➔]

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)

OH POOKERINI - GIVE ME A SIGN.
I'M IN A PICKLE - YOU'VE GOT THE BRINE.

ALPHEA

OH POOKERINI - GIVE ME A SIGN.
I'M IN A PICKLE - YOU'VE GOT THE BRINE.

~~BORIS~~

Brava! Bravisssima!

YES! NOW! NOW! NOW!
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	**ALPHEA**
Abarrrrrraca	Abarrrrrraca
Dabarrrrratoo	Dabarrrratoo
Crackapotawall	Crackapotawall
Now, evanescent	Evanescent
Water	Water
Seamster	Seamster
Bewail	Bewail
Item	Item
Carrot	Carrot
Hall!	Hall!

BORIS

ABARACA DABARATOO CRACKAPOTA WALL
EVANESCENT WATER SEAMSTER BE-, WAIL ITEM CARROT HALL!

ALPHEA

ABARACA DABARATOO CRACKAPOTA WALL
EVANESCENT WATER SEAMSTER BE-, WAIL ITEM CARROT HALL!

BORIS & ALPHEA

ABARACA DABARATOO CRACKAPOTA WALL
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 <u>everything!!!</u> 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 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

OH POOKERINI - GIVE ME A SIGN.
I'M IN A PICKLE - YOU'VE GOT THE BRINE.

BORIS

Now say it!

ALPHEA

ABARACA DABARATOO CRACKAPOTA WALL

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 takes a breath as if to do it, and then stops)

[57:06 ←]

ALPHEA

I can't do it.

[MUSIC CUE: Music stops)

BORIS

You didn't even try!!!

ALPHEA

(In complete panic) Boris, I can't DO it. I can't change this. It's too LATE. I've been here too long. I can't just leave. I don't know HOW. I don't know what's out there. I only know how to be in here.

BORIS

(Furious, breaking into the cage as he speaks) I've TOLD you how to do it!

Suddenly the lights change. Everything is bathed in swirling golden light, inside and out - and the music swells)

[MUSIC CUE - GOLDEN CAGE THEME]

ALPHEA

What's happening???

BORIS

You did it! I did it! I'm in!!!

(BORIS hungrily reaches towards each thing in the cage, hungry to touch, and everything is golden)

[MUSIC CUE: Golden Cage underscore)

ALPHEA

But what's happening??? Everything's changing!

(ALPHEA emerges from behind the desk, marvelling at everything, then opens her arms wide, spinning slowly, head back, taking it all in)

BORIS

It's exactly the way I imagined it.

#15- Golden Cage Reprise (Alphea & Boris`)

[MP3] 15- Golden Cage Reprise (Alphea & Boris) GC-2020 [57:42 ➔]

BORIS	**ALPHEA**
THE GOLDEN CAGE	THE GOLDEN SUNLIGHT
THE GOLDEN CAGE	THE WAY IT SHINES!
AND ALL AT ONCE I SEE!	AND ALL AT ONCE I SEE!
MY DREAM COME TRUE!	MY DREAM COME TRUE!
MY CAGE	MY HOUSE IS NICE LIKE THIS
MY CAGE	MY HOUSE IS NICE LIKE THIS

[58:38 ➔]

(BORIS & ALPHEA are both lost in the glory of what they're experiencing. ALPHEA continues to spin. BORIS'comes to' out of the spell and notices ALPHEA, with concern.)

BORIS

Alphea

ALPHEA

Oh yes, yes, YES!

BORIS

Alphea -

(ALPHEA stops and looks at BORIS, still with rapture)

BORIS

You're *leaving* - right??

ALPHEA

Oh Boris ….

BORIS

You ARE leaving … right?

ALPHEA

But it's all so different suddenly. I can't leave now! It's familiar. It's warm. It's beautiful. Oh Boris, look!

SCENE 6

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

[MP3] 16AB - My House is Nice Like This & Flying Song Reprise (Alphea & Boris) GC-2020 [58:47➔]

ALPHEA

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 is panicking.. His dream is so close. Alphea is so close to being gone. She MUST leave. It's essential to the quest that the cage be his and his alone).

BORIS

But … but you're leaving -- right?

ALPHEA

Shhh. Look:

ALPHEA

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
I'LL BE LOST AND 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 LOSE 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 FIRT 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 ALONE 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.

(BORIS'S words are so beautiful, that ALPHEA stops and listens, despite herself - they come back out of her like a sigh)

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

ALPHEA

THE RHYTHM …

BORIS

Yes!

ALPHEA

THE MUSIC …

BORIS

GO ON!

(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.)

ALPHEA

THE RHYTHM…
THE MUSIC …
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 edge, 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	**ALPHEA**
MAKES YOU WANT TO	MAKES ME WANT TO
SPREAD YOUR WINGS AND SOAR	SPREAD MY WINGS AND SOAR
OPEN WINGS AND TAKE THE LEAP AND FLY.	OPEN WINGS AND TAKE THE LEAP AND -- PUSH ME!**
	PUSH ME, BORIS - PUSH ME!
	TAKE ME TO THE EDGE AND SHOW ME THAT I CAN FLY
	LET ME TAKE THE LEAP OF BELIEVING*
YOU CAN FLY	I CAN FLY
MAYBE YOU CAN FLY	MAYBE I CAN FLY
YOU CAN FLY!	I CAN FLY
YOU CAN FLY!	I CAN FLAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH*!*

[1:04:16 ←]

(BORIS shoves ALPHEA off the cliff, she plummets and we hear her scream and crash as BORIS looks down in horror. Suddenly BORIS comes back to his senses, horrified at what he's done)

BORIS

What happened??? Did I push her? No-no-no I didn't push her? NO. I wouldn't do that. Would I? did I? No. She lept. She jumped!

(BORIS has a dawning, and glorious realization)

She's GONE!

SCENE 7

#17A - It's Mine! (Boris)`

[MP3] 17AB - It's Mine! & Now the Dream is in My Hand (Boris) GC-2020 [1:04:35 ➔]

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 BUILD THE WALL AT LAST FROM *INSIDE*
NOW I LOOK AROUND, TAKING FULL ACCOUNT
OVERLOOK THE SCENE AND SAY,
AH, YES, IT SHOULD BE JUST THIS WAY!
YES THIS IS GOOD, YES THIS IS FINE,
AND YES, BEST OF ALL, YES AT LAST, YES AT LAST! THIS IS MINE!

MY HOUSE IS NICE LIKE THIS
THE CURTAINS HUNG

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

THE SUN IS SHINING IN UPON THE WALL

#17B - Now the Dream is in My Hand (Boris)

NOW THE DREAM IS IN MY HAND!
NOW THE MIRACLE HAS HAPPENED
AND NOW THE MOMENT HAS ARRIVED.

AND NOW I STAND WITHIN THE WALL, STANDING TALL
AND ALL THE WHILE, THE SUN COMES STREAMING
MY DREAM HAS COME TO PASS …

[MUSIC CUE] Underscore demented "Flying Theme"

(The music has completely deteriorated and the room is a sickly green. BORIS

looks around, bewildered.)

[1:06:40 ←]

(BORIS)

Wait a minute. The sun's not … the sun's not shining 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.

(BORIS picks up a poker and pokes at the fire, hitting the canvas backdrop)

But wait! This isn't a fire! It's just a picture of a fire! It's canvas*!*

(He grabs at bookshelves)

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 I was looking IN it was GLORIOUS!

How could it have changed?? This is NOTHING like I dreamed it. This is --

(BORIS has a sudden realization)

The bars … the bars are losing their glow!.
Wait! This is a trick! I've been tricked into believing a lie. It's an illusion.

But I *felt it* - I *saw it*. This cage was *beautiful.*

Wait … no! I know this is an illusion. If I know it I can break the illusion. *(He runs his hands over the bars and then pushes on them - they're firm)* Wait - these were soft only moments ago. How can they be iron now???

[Music Cue #18A: Alphea's Eerie Today Vamp]

Oh no. No no no.

(He runs his hands up and down the bars.)

Oh no. No no - this is only in my mind.

(He attacks the bars again, pulling and pulling, then falls back to the desk, exhausted. Alphea's music is playing in his head)

No! Stop that music!

[Music Cue: Music Stops and then begins again]

I'm not Alphea. I **know** I can get out … Stop that music!.

(BORIS staggers to the desk, and as he does, his wings slip off onto the floor.)

This must be a dream. A horrible dream.

MUSIC CUE: The Eerie Vamp begins again, soft & slow, then more insistent]

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

But I can rewrite it. I can start again at the beginning. It all started today…

(BORIS assumes the same position Alphea had at the beginning of the play. He grabs her journal and opens it and writes the word "Today" in the journal. Then he looks at it.)

Today …. today …

(BORIS tries to remember what to write after that, and he can't).

How can I think with that music???

(Yelling) Stop it! Stop that music!

[Music cue: music stops, but then sneaks back in (#18B)

I don't want to turn into Alphea! I don't want to be stuck in this dingy little cage and forget why I'm here and have every day the same!

#18 - Today Reprise (Boris)

[MP3] 18 - Today Reprise (Boris) GC-2020 [1:09:41 ➔]

(BORIS)

I DON'T WANT TO HAVE THE EVENINGS BE AS EMPTY AS THE DAYS
AND THE MORNING'S JUST ANOTHER HAZY LIGHT TO HIDE THE DARKNESS OF THE NIGHT BEFORE IT FALLS
I DON'T WANT TO SEE THE MORNING, SUN AND ALL,
COME 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 --

[1:10:08 ➔]

Agh! I AM losing my mind!!

This can't be possible! This was MY DREAM!! It was my GOLDEN cage. Now it's just a CAGE. *(BORIS breaks down and sobs*) How did this happen. How … did this happen? It was a beautiful dream - this cage - it was everything I ever dreamt of - everything my father dreamt of. How could it go so wrong??

#19 - First Came The Dream (Boris) (7 pages)

[MP3] 19 & 20 - First Came The Dream - Golden Cage Reprise - Gone (Boris) & Alphea's Return (Alphea) GC-2020 [1:10:18 ➔]

BORIS

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

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

~~Wait - that's why this happened! This was my *destiny*. To go mad with desire, to murder her, to take my rightful place in the prison.~~

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

#20 - The Golden Cage Reprise & Gone (Boris) & Alphea's Return (Alphea)

[1:13 07…]

THE GOLDEN CAGE - I ALWAYS DREAMT ABOUT IT AS A CHILD
THE GOLDEN CAGE - I THOUGHT THAT IT WAS JUST A DREAM
WELL, THE CAGE IS REAL. THE DREAM IS GONE

GONE, NOW IT'S GONE
LIKE A DREAM THAT FADES WITH DAWN
LIKE A WIND THAT ONLY WHISPERS AND DIES
GONE IS THE SONG THAT MY HEART HAD YEARNED TO SING
LIKE A MELODY THAT LINGERS AND DIES

(Suddenly a glorious light appears above 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.)

[1:14:31 ←]

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)

[MP3] 21 - Flying Song Reprise (Alphea) GC-2020 [1:15:03➔]

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.

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!

[1:15:47 ➔]

SCENE 8

BORIS

Stop, Alphea! Listen to me! I *pushed you off the cliff!*

ALPHEA

Yes! *(enraptured)* You pushed me. You pushed me. You PUSHED me! I could never have done it myself. How can I thank you?

BORIS

STOP!

[Music Cue #22: "ALPHEA'S STORY" (underscoring)

(BORIS)

[Music Cue] Alphea! …

[Music Cue] I killed you!

[Music Cue] Oh my god! You don't know.

[Music Cue] You don't realize you're dead. Alphea – of course you can 'fly,' - you're an angel. That's why you have wings.

ALPHEA

[Music Underscore] That is not why I have wings. Listen to me!

These are *my* wings. When you pushed me off that cliff …

#22 – Alphea's Story (Alphea) *(7 pages)*

[MP3] 22 – Alphea's Story (Alphea) GC-2020 [1:16:33 ➔]

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 FLYI 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 SUNLIGHT AND I SAW … I SAW ...

[Music underscore: "the Golden Cage" theme]

BORIS

Alphea - nobody could survive that fall. You died.

ALPHEA

No Boris. I remembered.

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
THE GOLDEN CAGE -- THE GOLDEN CAGE
AND WHEN I FOUND IT, I THOUGHT AT LAST MY DREAM CAME TRUE

[1:20:09 ←]

ALPHEA:

Boris - I was ***born*** with wings, like you were. I had a father with wings who sang me songs about a Golden Cage. I fly. Like you. I dreamed of this Golden Cage -- like *you*. I *found* it, like you did.

And I trapped myself inside. Like you did. And just when I thought I *had it all*, it was nothing like I dreamed. And neither was I. I forgot everything I truly *was* and became a prisoner.

And then *you* appeared out of the blue and you showed me how to fly again - you pushed me to be what I AM - a thing with wings that flies!

BORIS:

But … I was lying about all that.

(ALPHEA opens her winds, her gorgeous wings and just looks at BORIS)

BORIS:

But you didn't have wings when you were in the cage.

ALPHEA

Well, where are yours?

(BORIS looks down and sees that his wings are gone)

BORIS:

(A realization dawning on him) Of course … of course!!! Now it all makes sense. Don't you see? Alphea - *I'm* the prisoner this cage was meant for. This -- this is my punishment. My wings are gone - my freedom is gone. I am a prisoner.

Don't you understand? It makes so much sense now! You were never *meant* to be in this cage. That was all a tragic mistake! You said so yourself. It was me - me - ME who was the prisoner destined for this cage. That's why I had to find it. To fulfill MY tragic fate! I'M the prisoner of fate - destined to murder you.

ALPHEA:

But I am not murdered! Stop saying that! I asked you to push me. I needed you to push me. I begged you to push me.

BORIS:

But then … why … why am I *here*? Why can't I get out?

ALPHEA:

(Shaking her head, just as mystified as Boris) I don't know. What did you do when you got in?

BORIS:

(frantic) Nothing! Nothing! I just put the bars back up.

ALPHEA:

Well … then just take them out again.

BORIS:

(sobbing) I can't!!! Can't you see?!! It's cement. It's iron. Everything you said is *true* - from the inside.

#23 - You Build Your Cage (Boris & Alphea)

(ALPHEA runs her hands along the bars.)

ALPHEA:

So that's how it happens … It's not the cage that traps you. You lock yourself inside.

(As she sings, ALPHEA slowly pulls out the bars, one by one, and as she flings each into the dark, it dissolves into starlight like the trail of a firework)

[MP3] 23 - You Build Your Cage (Boris & Alphea) GC-2020 [1:21:16 ➔]

(ALPHEA)

YOU BUILD YOUR CAGE FROM DREAMS THAT DIED
AND EVERY HEARTACHE THAT YOU EVER HELD INSIDE
YOU FORGE THE BARS FROM EVERY PAIN AND SORROW YOU HAVE KNOWN
AND IN YOUR CAGE YOU ARE ALONE

BORIS

(Stepping into the opening ALPHEA made and peering over the cliff and into the night)

THE QUEST, THE FLIGHT - THE ENDLESS NIGHT
THE TASTE OF GLORY THAT YOU DOUBT YOU'LL EVER KNOW
AND ALL THE TIME YOU'RE ACHING FOR A TRUST
YOU FEAR YOU'LL NEVER FIND
YOU'RE TORN! YOU'RE TOSSED!
OUTSIDE THE CAGE - YOU'RE LOST

BORIS

AND ALL MY LIFE
I WAS LOST
AND LONGING TO BE FOUND
HOW COULD I KNOW
I'D STILL BE LOST INSIDE,
WHERE I WOULD FIND MY OWN DARK SOUL?

TAKE THE BARS

ALPHEA
TAKE MY HAND

ALL MY LIFE I HAVE BEEN WAITING, LONGING

PUSH ME!

PUSH ME!

PUSH ME!

PUSH ME!!
TAKE ME TO THE EDGE
AND SHOW ME I STILL CAN FLY!
LET ME TAKE THE LEAP OF BELIEVING.
LET ME TAKE THE LEAP OF BELIEVING
LET ME TAKE THE LEAP WITH YOU!

[1:25:11←]

THE END

ALPHEA

AND ALL MY LIFE
I WAS ALONE
AND LONGING TO BE FREE
HOW COULD I KNOW
THAT I COULD FLY

TAKE THE BARS AND WE'LL THROW
THEM AWAY FOREVER

TAKE MY HAND AND WE'LL FLY

TAKE THE BARS AND WE'LL THROW
THEM AWAY FOREVER
TAKE MY HAND AND WE'LL FLY!
ALL MY LIFE I HAVE BEEN WAITING,
LONGING
FOR THE RHYTHM

THE MUSIC

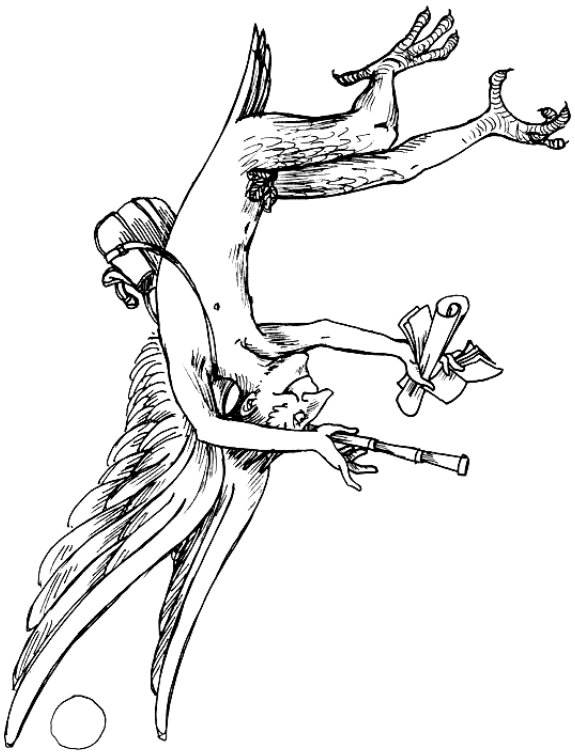
THE RAPTURE

THE FEELING

THE RAPTURE AS YOU'RE REELING!

LET ME TAKE THE LEAP OF BELIEVING.
LET ME TAKE THE LEAP OF BELIEVING
LET ME TAKE THE LEAP WITH YOU!

This is the back cover of the Script of "The Golden Cage"



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