

THE STORY OF OPAL

A Play in Two Acts

by
Gale Fury Childs

Adapted from THE STORY OF OPAL
(The Journal of an Understanding Heart)
by
Opal Whiteley

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Setting

The play takes place near the mill town of Cottage Grove, Oregon at the turn of the century. The action occurs in various locales including Opal's house, the schoolroom, the barnyard, the forest and the potato field.

The stage is set simply with a long bench stage left, a rough-hewn straight-backed chair stage right, a small three-stepped stair unit up center, and a smaller bench in the up left corner.

The only props used are those necessary for story-telling: a small pocket sized book from Angel Mother and Angel Father that fits into one of Opal's pockets, a diary that is small, soft covered also pocket sized, a stub of pencil, a bell, a bow, a hickory stick, a jar of Vaseline, eight pink ribbons, five colored pencils.

Note: The ensemble of five actors provides all of the sound cues in the piece. Each actor speaks as Opal at various times, especially in the narrative passages, and all of the actors except Opal 1 play multiple roles including animals. There is incidental music between passages sometimes, and at the beginning and ending of each act.

Characters:

Opal 1: Opal

Opal 2: Opal, Lola, The Girl Who Has No Seeing, Mrs. Limburger, Dear Love, Lars Porsena of Clusium, Voice of the baby, a potato

Opal 3: Opal, Sadie McKibben, Teacher, Elsie, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Angel Mother, Voice of Mamma, Voice of Lucian Horace Ovid Virgil, Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus, a potato

Opal 4: Opal, Chore boy, Jimmy, Elsie's Young Husband, Shepherd, Peter Paul Rubens, a man, a potato

Opal 5: Opal, Big Jud, Dear Love's Husband, The Man That Wears Gray Neckties and is Kind to Mice, Brave Horatius, Angel Father, a man, Grandpa, a sparky cat, a potato

Character Description/Costume Plot

Opal 1 is a slight, small young woman with dark hair and eyes. She wears a white silk blouse, a blue skirt, a blue calico apron, black tights, bloomers, a petticoat and short button boots and a sunbonnet.

Opal 2 is a taller young woman with blonde hair and blue eyes. She wears a blue dress over a white blouse, a white/gray apron, bloomers, a petticoat, dark stockings and boots and a sunbonnet.

Opal 3 is an older woman with dark hair and dark eyes. She wears a dark blue blouse, blue skirt, calico apron, black tights, bloomers, petticoat and plain black shoes and a sunbonnet.

Opal 4 is a stocky young man with brown or black hair. He wears overalls, a red flannel shirt and boots.

Opal 5 is a taller, older man with light brown or red hair. He wears blue jeans, a brown flannel shirt and vest with a gray necktie, boots and a slouch hat.

Scene Breakdown

Act One

Scene One	Song of Summer
Scene Two	Glad Feels
Scene Three	Three Roads
Scene Four	Lars Porsena of Clusium
Scene Five	Earth Songs
Scene Six	The Great Fir Tree
Scene Seven	Honeysuckles
Scene Eight	Peter Paul Rubens Goes to School
Scene Nine	Onions
Scene Nine A	The Cornfield
Scene Ten	Taking Egg Day
Scene Eleven	Exploration Trip
Scene Twelve	Rob Ryder (The Chore Boy)
Scene Thirteen	The Talking Fir Trees
Scene Fourteen	Opal Has a Hard Day at School
Scene Fifteen	Comparer
Scene Sixteen	The Long Day
Scene Seventeen	The Days of Brown Leaves
Scene Eighteen	Window Lesson
Scene Nineteen	The Death of Peter Paul Rubens
Scene Twenty	The Woodshed
Scene Twenty-one	The Potato Field
Scene Twenty-two	Twilight Music

Act Two

Scene One	Song of Winter
Scene Two	Elsie's Baby
Scene Three	Pink Ribbons
Scene Four	China Mending Glue (<i>Deleted from revised version</i>)
Scene Five	Angel Mother's Song (<i>Deleted from revised version</i>)
Scene Six	Sparky Cat
Scene Six A	Ten Minutes
Scene Seven	Twins
Scene Eight	Raindrops (<i>Deleted from revised version</i>)
Scene Nine	Prayer for Peter Paul Rubens
Scene Ten	Lola Wears Her White Silk Dress
Scene Eleven	Blue Fleurs
Scene Twelve	Song of Spring
Scene Thirteen	Borning Time of Year
Scene Fourteen	Writing of the Fairies
Scene Fourteen A	The Death of Lars Porcena of Clusium
Scene Fourteen B	Dyeing Day
Scene Fifteen	The Girl Who Has No Seeing Takes a Walk
Scene Sixteen	Potato Eyes
Scene Seventeen	Why The Girl Who Has No Seeing Was Not At Home
Scene Eighteen	The Brush Fire
Scene Eighteen A	Lonely Day (<i>was originally Act One, Scene 20 in earlier version</i>)
Scene Nineteen	The Fall of the Great Fir Tree
Scene Twenty	The Lily Plant
Scene Twenty-One	Necessary Things

Act One**Scene One****Song of Summer***(Lights reveal Opal 1 climbing from bench as if from out of bed.)*

Opal 1: Very early in the morning of today, I did get out of my bed and I did get dressed in a quick way. *(Climbing over the bench as if through a window.)* Then I climbed out the window of the house we live in.

The sun was up; and the birds were singing.

(The ensemble enters with the words of the birdsong tumbling one on top of the other.)

Opal 2: Roitelet, ortolan, bruant, epervier...

Opals 2 & 4: rousserolle, tourterelle...

Opals 2, 3 & 4: farlouse, ramier, aigle, nonnette, chardonneret, orfraie...

Opals 2, 3, 4 & 5: ibis, rossignol, loriot, ortolan...

(the bird song fades under Opal 1 as she continues)

Opals 2, 3, 4 & 5: ibis, sansonnet, pinson, thirondelle, ibis, lanier, ibis, roitelet, ibis, roitelet, ibis...

Opal 1: I went my way. As I did go, I did have hearing of many voices...

Opal 3: they were the voices of the earth, glad for the summer. .t

Opal 1: I did listen.

Opal 5: The wind made ripples on the grass as it went over.

Opal 4: There were voices from out the earth.

Opal 1: And the things of their saying were the things of gladness of growing.

Opal 4: They did say what they had to say in the growing of the grass,

Opal 2: and in the leaves growing out from tips of branches.

Opal 1: The birds did have knowing, and sang what the grasses and leaves did say of the gladness of living.

Opal 3: There was music.

Opals 2 & 3: and in the music,

Opals 2, 3 & 5: there was sky twinkles

Opal 2,3,4 & 5: and earth tinkles

Opal 1: that was come of the joy of living.

Michael Rasbury 4/18/07 10:32 AM

Comment: Cue 1 Song of Summer

Michael Rasbury 4/18/07 10:32 AM

Comment: Cue 3 Gentle Wind; Gradually Fades

Michael Rasbury 4/18/07 10:33 AM

Comment: Cue 4 Quiet Wind Chimes

Act One Scene Two
(Opal dances with the wind)

Glad Feels

Opal 1: I too did feel glad feels. The wind did say,

Opal 5: Je viens, je viens.

Opal 1: The plants did answer make,

Opals 2, 3 & 4: Nous entendons, nous entendons.

Opal 1: Then the wind did say,

Opal 5: Petite Francoise--l'ete approche, l'ete approche.

Opal 1: And the plants did answer make,

Opals 2, 3 & 4: , Nous fleurirons bientot.

Opal 1: I did have glad feels. From my toes to my curls.
(The ensemble dances a reel into the next scene.)

Act One Scene Three
(Opal 3 and Opal 5 form a willow tree with branches hanging over Opal 1 as she sits on the bench with a book and a stub of pencil.)

Three Roads

Michael Rasbury 4/20/07 10:55 AM

Comment: Cue 5 Singing Creek

Opal 5: Between the ranch house where the grandpa does live, and the house we live in is the singing creek where the willows grow.

Opal 3: We have conversations.

Opals 3 & 5: It goes singing on.

Opal 1: Its joy-song does sing in my heart. And there I do dabble my toes beside the willows. I feel the feels of gladness they do feel. I do sit here and make prints. *(Moving into position to look down the fork of the three roads)* And often it is I go from the willows to the meeting of the road,

Opal 5: *(Joins Opal 3)* that is just in front of our ranch house.

Opal 4: *(Joins Opal 3 & 5)* There the road does have divides.

Opals 2, 4 & 5: *(Opal 2 joins them)* It goes three ways.

Opal 3: One way, the road does go to the house of...*(Opal 3 puts on the character of Sadie McKibben)* Sadie McKibben.

Opal 1: It doesn't stop when it gets to her house, but mostly I do.

Opal 2: The road just goes on to the mill town, a little way away.

Opal 4: About the mill live some people.

Opals 4 & 5: mostly men-folks.

Opal 5: There does live *(Opal 5 puts on this character)* the Good Man That Wears Gray Neckties and is Kind to Mice.

Opal 4: Another way, the road does go the way I go when I go to the schoolhouse where I go to school.

Opal 3: When it is come there, it does go right on--

Opal 2: on to the house of (*Opal 2 puts on this character*) The Girl Who Has No Seeing.

Opal 1: When it gets to her house,

Opals 1 & 2: it does make a bend, and it does go its way to the blue hills

Opal 4: So go two of the roads.

Opal 1: The other road does lead to the upper logging camps

Opal 5: in the far woods.

Opal 3: It goes only a little way from the ranch house, and it comes to a riviere.

Opal 5: Long time ago, this road did have a longing to go across the riviere.

Opals 3 & 5: Some wise people did have understandings,

Opal 2: and they did build it a bridge to go across on.

Opal 1: It went across the bridge,

Opals 1 & 2: and it goes on

Opals 1, 2, 3 & 5: and on

All: between the hills-- the hills where dwell the talking fir trees.

Act One **Scene Four**

Lars Porsena of Clusium

(The ensemble works as if in the fields. Opal 2 stands on one of the chairs. She is Lars Porsena of Clusium.)

Michael Rasbury 4/18/07 10:33 AM

Comment: Cue 6 Cicadas

Opal 1: Today was a warm, hot day. It was warm in the morning and hot at noon. Before noon and after noon and after that I carried water to the folks in the field in a jug. The folks were glad to have that water, in the jug. While I was taking the water in the jug to the folks in the field, from her sewing-basket Lars Porsena of Clusium took the mama's thimble...

Opal 2: Caw! Caw!

Opal 1: and mama didn't have it and she couldn't find it. She sent me to watch out for it, in the house and in the yard and everywhere. I know how Lars Porsena of Clusium has a fondness for collecting rocks; so I ran to his hiding place in the old oak tree. There I found the mama's thimble.

Opal 2: Caw! Caw!

Opal 1: But she said the pet crow's having taken it was as though I had taken it, because he was my property--so I got a spanking with the hazel switches that grew near unto our back steps. (*Opal 3 spanks Opal 1*) Inside me, I couldn't help feeling she ought to have given me thanks for finding that thimble.
(Opal 1 crawls under the bench as if under her bed)

Opal 2: Caw!

Act One **Scene Five**

(Opal 1 is under the bench writing in her diary as the ensemble gathers around her)

Earth Songs

Michael Rasbury 4/18/07 10:34 AM

Comment: Cue 7 Babbling Brook

Opal 3: The creek that does go by our house is always bringing songs from the hills.

Opal 3: Morning is glad on the hills.

Michael Rasbury 4/18/07 10:34 AM

Comment: Cue 8 Add Blue Tone

Opal 2: The sky sings in blue tones.

Opal 2: The earth sings in green.

Michael Rasbury 4/18/07 10:34 AM

Comment: Cue 9 Add Green Tone

Opal 3: Earth voices are glad voices.

Opals 3: and earth songs come up from the ground through the plants;

Opals 2, 3: and in their flowering,

Opals 2, 3: they do tell the earth songs to the wind.

Opal 1: When I grow up, I am going to write for children--

Opal 1: and grown ups that haven't grown up too much--

ALL: all the earth songs I now do hear.

Act One **Scene Six**

(The ensemble is forming a barn roof and tree branches with the bench, chairs, etc.)

Great Fir Tree

Michael Rasbury 4/20/07 10:59 AM

Comment: Cue 10 Cicadas

Opal 1: I went to talk things over with my chum, Michael Angelo Sanzio Raphael. He is that most tall fir tree that grows just back of the barn. I scooted up the barn door. From there, I climbed onto the lower part of the barn roof. I walked up a ways. Up there, I took a long look at the world about. One gets such a good wide view of the world from a barn roof. I said a little prayer. I always say a little prayer before I jump off the barn into the arms of Michael Angelo Sanzio Raphael, because that jump is quite a long jump, *(ensemble prepares to catch Opal 1)* and if I did not land in the arms of Michael Angelo Sanzio Raphael, I might get my leg or neck broken. That would mean I'd have to keep still a long time. Now I think that would be the most awful thing that could happen, for I do so love to be active. So I always say a little prayer, and do that jump in a careful way. *(Opal 1 jumps into the arms of the ensemble)* Today when I did jump, I did land right proper in that fir tree. It is such a comfort to nestle up to Michael Angelo Sanzio Raphael when one is in trouble. He is such a grand tree. He has an understanding soul. After I talked with him,

Opals 1 & 5: and listened unto his voice,

Opal 1: I slipped down out of his arms. I intended to slip into the barn corral, but I slid off the wrong limb, in the wrong way. I landed in the pig-pen, on top of Peter Paul Rubens. *(Opal 4 as Peter Paul Rubens gives a grunt)* He gave a peculiar grunt--it was not like those grunts he gives when he is comfortable. I felt I ought to do something to make up to him for having come into his home out of the arms of Michael Angelo Sanzio Raphael, instead of calling on him in the proper way. I

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decided a good way to make it up to him would be to take him for a walk. (*Opal 1 and Opal 4 go for a walk*) I went to the wood-shed. I got a piece of clothes-line rope. I took my Sunday best hair-ribbon. I made a bow. I put the bow just over his ears. That gave him the proper look. (*Opal 1 and Opal 4 run into Opal 3 as Mama*) When the mama saw us go walking by, she took the bow from off the pig. She put that bow in the trunk. Me, she put under the bed. (*Opal 1 crosses to under the bench.*) I don't think I'll print more tonight. Now I think I shall go out the bedroom window (*she climbs up and stands on the bench arms outstretched*) and talk to the stars. They always smile so friendly. This is a very wonderful world to live in.

Act One **Scene Seven** **Honeysuckles**
(*Opal 2 is sitting in a spotlight center on the floor as The Girl Who Has No Seeing*)

Opal 2: There was dew on the grass this morning, and the sunbeams made all the drops to shine. And there was glory and gladness everywhere.
(*Opal 1 joins Opal 2 at center*)

Opal 1: Today I went to see the Girl Who Has No Seeing.

Opals 1 & 2: She and I, we are friends.

Opal 2: I wonder if honeysuckles grow about the gates of heaven. I've heard they are made of precious jewels. I have thinks there will be flowers growing all about. Probably God brought the seed from heaven when he did plant the flowers here on earth. Too, I do think when angels bring babies from heaven to folks that live here below, they do also bring seeds of flowers, and do scatter them about. I have thinks that they do this so the babies may hear the voices of the loving flowers, and grow in the ways of God.

Opal 1: When I grow up I am going to have twins and eight more children. A baby is such a comfort, and twins are a multiplication table of blessings.

Act One **Scene Eight** **Peter Paul Rubens Goes to School**
(*Opal 4 as Peter Paul Rubens gives a red-ribbon squeal. The ensemble forms the schoolroom*)

Opal 1: In the morning of today part way to school I met a glad surprise. There was my dear pig waiting for me. I gave him three joy pats on the nose and did call him by name ten times. I was so glad to see Peter Paul Rubens. The first time I saw him was the twenty-ninth of June. He was little then--a very plump pig--and wanted to go everywhere I did go.
(*Opal 4 squeals*)

Opal 1: This morning when I did start on to school he gave the same red-ribbon squeal
(*Opal 4 squeals*)

Michael Rasbury 4/18/07 10:34 AM
Comment: Cue 11 "Girl With No Seeing"
Use Girl With No Seeing Light

Opal 1: and came following after. When he was caught up with me he gave a grunt.

(Opal 4 grunts)

Opal 1: A lump came up in my throat. I couldn't tell him to go back to the pig pen. So we went along to school together. School was already took up. I went in first. The new teacher told me I was

Opal 3: *(as Teacher)* Tardy again!

Opal 1: She did look out the door. There was Peter Paul Rubens. She did ask me

Opal 3: Where did that pig come from?

Opal 1: I started to tell her all about him from the very first day. She did look long looks at me. She did look those long looks for a long time. I made pleats in my apron with my fingers. I made nine on one side and three on the other side. When I was through counting the pleats I did ask her what she was looking long looks at me for. She said,

Opal 3: I'm screw tin eyesing you.

Opal 1: I never did hear that word before. It does have an interest sound. I think I will have uses for it. Then the teacher went back to her desk. I sat in my seat. Peter Paul Rubens waited waits at the steps. He did make such a sweet picture as he did stand in the doorway looking looks about. The grunts he gave were such nice ones. He stood there saying:

Opal 4: I have come to your school. What class are you going to put me in?

Opal 1: They were the same words I did say on my first day at school. The children all turned in their seats. I'm sure they were glad he was in school--and him talking there in that dear way. I guess our teacher doesn't have understanding of pig talk. She came at him in a hurry with a stick, and she did send us both home in a quick way!

(Opal 4 squeals as the teacher chases Opal 1 out the door and the school scene breaks up)

Act One Scene Nine

(As Opal 5 weeds the onions, Opals 1, 2, & 3 put on their sunbonnets)

Onions

Michael Rasbury 4/18/07 10:35 AM

Comment: Cue 12 Cicadas (Underscore Next Two Scenes)

Opal 5: The mamma did have me to weed onions. There were an awful lot of weeds trying to grow up around those onions. It took a very long time to pull all the weeds, and my back did get some tired feels; but I did get those weeds pulled out. I have thinks the onions were saying when the wind did rustle them, "We thank you for the more room we now have got to grow in." Folks growing in a garden do say interest things.

Act One Scene Ten

Taking Egg Day

Opal 1: Today was taking-egg day.

Opal 1: Mamma told me

Opal 3: *(as Mamma)* go straight to take this basket of eggs here-about and yonder and come straight home again.

Opal 1: I started to go. Then I remembered my mouse, Felix Mendelssohn. I thought that a walk in the fresh air would be good for his health. I call this mouse Felix Mendelssohn because sometimes he makes very sweet music.

Opal 2: I put on my sunbonnet. It is blue and has a ruffle on it.

Opal 3: Sometimes I wear it on my head,

Opal 2: but most times it hangs back over my shoulders.

Opal 1: Often I carry it over my arm with things in it--earthworms for baby birds, bandages for the animal folks that get hurt, and mentholatum.

Opal 2: And my friends ride in it.

Opal 1: Sometimes it's a mouse.

Opal 3: A sunbonnet is a very useful garment.

Opals 1, 2 & 3: It was a good day for me to go exploring.

Michael Rasbury 4/18/07 10:35 AM

Comment: Cue 13 Exploration Music 1

Opal 3: My dog, Brave Horatius came walking by.

Opal 5: Woof!

Opal 3: He did make a stop at the doorstep. He wagged his tail. That meant he wanted to go on an exploration trip.

Opal 1: Lars Porsena of Clusium came from the oak tree. He did perch on the back of Brave Horatius. He gave two caws. .t

Opal 2: Caw! Caw!

Opal 1: That meant he wanted to go on an exploration trip.

Opal 2: Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus, that most velvety wood-rat came from under the house.

Opal 2: He just crawled into my lap. I gave him pats, and he cuddled his nose up under my curls.

Opal 1: Peter Paul Rubens did squeal out in the pig-pen. (*Squeal*) He squealed the squeal he does squeal when he wants to go on an exploration trip. Now I go--

All: We all go--on explores!

Act One Scene Eleven

Exploration Trip

Opal 1: I did go listen to the voices.

Opal 2: The wind was calling. (*Opal 5 twirls and dances with Opal 1*)

Opal 1: His calling was to little wood-folk and me.

Opal 3: Come, Petite Francoise, come go explores!

Opal 1: He was in a rush. I raced. Brave Horatius ran.

Opal 5: Woof, woof (*as he twirls her around*)

Opal 1: We played tag with the wind.

Opal 1: Then I went to look for the fairies. I went to the near woods. I walked along the logs, and I went among the ferns. I looked looks about. I touched fern fronds, and I did have feels of their gentle movements. I came to a big root. I hid in it. (*The ensemble creates the forest for Opal 1. They become the big root she hides in etc.*) I so did to wait waits for the fairies that come among the big trees. I did have thinks about that letter I did write the other day, for more color pencils that I do have needs of to print with. I thought I would go to the moss-box by the old log. I thought I would have goes there to see if the fairies yet did find my letter. I went. (*Opal 1 looks into the end of the bench as if it were the log*) The letter-- it was gone! The color pencils, they were come! There was a blue one, and a green one, and a yellow one. And there was a purple one, and a brown one, and a red one. I did look looks at them a long time. It was so nice, the quick way the fairies did bring them

Opal 3: Opal! (*as Sadie McKibben hanging up laundry*)

Opal 1: On the way to go straight to take the eggs, I did meet with Sadie McKibben and it was very nice to see her freckles The freckles on Sadie McKibben's wrinkled face are as many as are the stars in the Milky Way, and she is awful old--going on forty. She beamed a smile at me. Her hands are all brown and cracked like dried up mud puddles, but she has an understanding soul She gave me a kiss on my nose and smoothed back my curls and shook my hand When she so did, Felix Mendelssohn did poke his nose out the cuff. He made a quick run up my arm and settled down on my shoulder He is a very quick-running mouse She asked

Opal 3: Is that the only friend you have with you today?

Opal 1: Then I lifted up my apron and did show her my toad, Lucian Horace Ovid Virgil. He was riding in a pocket in my underskirt. Then

Michael Rasbury 4/18/07 10:35 AM

Comment: Cue 14 Exploration Music 2

Michael Rasbury 4/18/07 10:35 AM

Comment: Cue 15 Fairies

she gave me wrapping paper to make my prints on. She kissed me goodbye--two on the cheeks and one on the nose

Michael Rasbury 4/18/07 10:36 AM

Comment: Cue 16 Exploration Music 3

Opal 2: I made a stop to watch the clouds. They first did come over the hills in a slow way; then they did sail on and on.

Opal 4: They were like ships I did have wonders what thoughts they were carrying from the hills to somewhere.

Opal 1: While I did watch, Brave Horatius did come and stand by my side. (*Opal 5 stands next to Opal 1*) He looked up at me. In his eyes were askings. I made explainings. I told him, "Le ciel est plein de nuages, qui ont l'air de navires"

Opal 5: Woof

Opal 1: I sat on the edge of the brook and dabbled my toes. One drinks in so much inspiration while one is dabbling one's toes in a willow creek. And one does hear the talking of the plants that dwell near unto the water While I was dabbling my toes, my legs did have longings to go in wading. But I went not in. And I did not take Felix Mendelssohn out of the pocket he was riding in, that he might dabble his toes in a brook He has prefers to dabble his toes in cheese. After I did take in a goodly amount of inspirations, I looked looks around to see what was near about. I saw a bumblebee. He was plump in body, and he did give a plump buzz. I did screwtineyes him. I did listen to those plump buzzings of his.

Opal 4: (as bumblebee...buzzzzzzz)

Opal 1: They were cool sounds. He was a bumblebee in a hurry and he went on in a quick way. And I went on in a slow way. The sun was so hot it made me squint my eyes, so I put my bonnet on. That made things better. Pretty soon I met Elizabeth Barrett Browning. She is a most lovely cow and there is much poetry in her tracks.

Opal 3: (*as Elizabeth Barrett Browning*) Mooooo.

Opal 1: I took off my sunbonnet and tied it on Elizabeth Barrett Browning, so the sun wouldn't bother her eyes. And she did go her way, and I did go mine. We shall meet again at the pasture-bars when comes eventime.

Opal 1: I gave Peter Paul Rubens four pats, and I showed him all the color pencils. Then I did make a start to go to the mill by the far woods.

(*Opals 2,3 & 5 make buzzing noises as if from the mill*)

Opal 1: All the way along, I did feel glad feels, and I had thinks how happy The Man That Wears Gray Neckties and is Kind to Mice would be when he did see how quick the fairies did answer my letter and bring the color pencils. I did have him guess what it was the fairies did bring this time. He guessed,

Opal 5: (*as The Man That Wears Gray Neckties and is Kind to Mice*) a sugar lump for your horse, William Shakespeare every day next week?

Opal 1: I told him it wasn't a right guess. He guessed some more.

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Opal 5: A piece of cheese for Felix Mendelssohn every day next week?

Opal 1: But he couldn't guess right, so I showed them all to him. He was so surprised. He and I we do have knows the fairies walk often in these woods. And when I do have needs of more color pencils to make more prints with The Man That Wears Gray Neckties and is Kind to Mice tells me to

Opal 5: go write a letter to the fairies about it.

Michael Rasbury 4/18/07 10:36 AM

Comment: Cue 17 Exploration Music 4

Opal 1: I write to them a little letter on leaves of trees, and I do put it in the moss-box at the end of the old log. Then after they do come walking in the woods and find the letter in the moss-box, they do bring the color pencils, and they lay them in the moss-box. I find them there, and I am happy.

Opal 5: No one does have knowing of that moss-box but one.
(Opals 1,2, & 3 come to center)

Opal 1: We went home along the dim trail.

Opal 2: There by the dim trail grow the honeysuckles.

Opal 3: I nod to them as I go that way.

Opal 4: In the daytime, I hear them talk with sunbeams and the wind.

Opal 1: And this I have learned.

All: Grownups do not know the language of shadows.
(The ensemble forms the pasture bars)

Opal 1: I went on in a hurry home. The mamma came a little ways from the door to meet me. Behind her was a switch--I saw both ends sticking out. I did give my skirt a shake, so Felix Mendelssohn would get out and away. It would be awful for him to get hurt by a whipping. It might hurt his soul.
(Opal 3 as mamma whips Opal 1)

Opal 1: After the mamma did tend to me as usual, I put some Mentholatum on the places where the whip did hit most hard.

Opal 1: My legs do feel some tired this eventime.

All: I've been most everywhere today.

Act One Scene Twelve

Rob Ryder

(Opal 4 crosses down center as the chore boy, the ensemble move into upstage positions, as Opal 1 narrates. Ensemble makes chicken sounds)

Opal 1: This morning as I was coming back from feeding the chickens, I heard a loud noise. *(Opal 4 makes a loud noise)*
(Opal 4 as the chore boy pumping water is cursing silently, but we know what he is saying)

Opal 1: That Rob Ryder was out there by the water chute, shouting at God in a very quick way. He was begging God to dam that chute right there in our back yard. Why, if God answered his prayer, we would be in an awful fix-- the house we live in would be under water, if God dammed the chute! Now I think anger had Rob Ryder, or he would not pray kind God to be so unkind.

Act One Scene Thirteen

The Talking Fir Trees

(The ensemble forms the forest)

Michael Rasbury 4/18/07 10:37 AM
Comment: Cue 18 Light Wind/Crickets

Opal 1: I went to the near woods to the altar of Saint Louis to pray. And I took there with me all the little plants with green leaves, the ones I did dig up yesterday. I brought them to plant them in a crown there on his altar, in the cathedral
(Opal 1 opens her diary, and reads. Opal 5 looks over her shoulder)

Opal 5: for this day is the day of his crowning in 1226.

Opal 1: While I did plant them

Opal 5: the wind did sing a memory song.

Michael Rasbury 4/18/07 10:37 AM
Comment: Cue 19 Distant Trees Talking

All: And the trees were talking.

Opals 1 & 5: I do so love trees.

Opal 1: I have thinks I was once a tree,

All: growing in the forest.

Opals 1 & 5: Now all trees are my brothers.

Opal 1: I call them by names I have given them. I call them

Michael Rasbury 4/18/07 10:37 AM
Comment: Cue 20 Medium Distant Tree

Opals 1 & 5: Hugh Capet, and Saint Louis, and Good King Edward I-- and the tallest one of all is

Opal 2: *(Standing on a chair)* Charlemagne!

Michael Rasbury 4/18/07 10:37 AM
Comment: Cue 21 Close Tree

Opal 1: and the one around where the little flowers talk most is

Michael Rasbury 4/18/07 10:37 AM
Comment: Cue 22 All Trees Talk

Opal 4: William Wordsworth!

Opal 1: and there are

Opals 1, 3 & 5: Byron,

Opals 1, 3, 4, & 5: and Keats

All: and Shelley.

Opal 1: When I come to the cathedral,

All: I do so like to talk to these tree friends.

Michael Rasbury 4/18/07 10:37 AM
Comment: Cue 23 Fade All Trees

and a fish is a poisson, and a colt is a poulain, and a blackbird is a merle.

Opal 1: So I do know, for Angel Father always did call them so.

Opal 5: He knows. He knows what things are.

Opal 1: But no one hereabouts does call things by the names Angel Father did. Sometimes I do have thinks this world is a different world to live in. I do have lonesome feels.

(Opal 1 rises and crosses back to her desk. Opal 5 leaves her and joins Opals 2 & 4 as a child in the London Bridge game)

Opal 1: *(Looking out the window at her desk)* This is a most long recess. Outside the window I have hearing of the talk of the older girls. They talk of what they want. Martha wants a bow. I don't have seeings why she wants another one. Lola wants a white silk dress with a little ruffle around the neck and one around the sleeves.

(As Opal 1 narrates Opal 2 stands in the center of the game and shows off her imaginary white silk dress, as Opal 4,5 circle around her in the game)

She says she will be a great lady then. And she says all the children will gather around her and sing when she has her white silk dress on.

(Opal 2 is caught in the arms of Opal 4,5 and acts out the blessing)

And while they sing she will stretch out her arms and bestow the blessing on all the people like the deacon does in the church at the mill town.

(The children freeze in a tableau)

Opal 3: Opal, you may eat your lunch--at your desk.

Opal 1: *(Sighs)* It so has been a long recess time.

Act One Scene Fifteen

Comparer

(Opal 5 takes Opal 1 downstage as the ensemble sets the next scene)

Opal 5: *(as Angel Father)* Today, I do gather seeds along the road, and in the field. I lay in rows side by side the seeds I gather. With them I do play comparer. I look near looks at them. I do so to see how they look not like one another. Some are big, and some are not so. And some are more large than others are large. And some do have wrinkles on them, and some have little wings, and some do have silken sails.

Act One Scene Sixteen

The Long Day

(The ensemble arranges themselves as various objects in the house. Opal 2 is a clock on a shelf, Opal 3 is a cradle, Opal 4 is a pot bellied stove, and Opal 5 is a bookshelf)

Opal 1: Some days are long. Some days are short. The days that I have to stay in the house are the most long days of all. In the morning time of now, I had thinks to go on explores. I was going to the singing creek where the willows grow. And all the animals were going with me. Then the mamma said

Michael Rasbury 4/18/07 10:38 AM

Comment: Cue 24 Lola Tableau

Opal 3: (*Voice of mamma*) I'm going to the house of Elsie, and I want you to stay inside all the rest of the day.

Opal 1: Before she did go, she told me do's to do while she was gone. She told me to

Opal 3: (*Voice of mamma*) keep the fire going,

Opal 1: and to

Opal 3: sweep the floor,

Opal 1: and to

Opal 3: tend the baby, and to fix its bottle, and to mind it all the time.

Opal 1: Then she shut the door and locked it. I did watch her out the window. Then I did put some more wood in the fire. I did pick up all the sticks my arms could hold. I looked long looks at them. I did have thinks about the tree they all were, before they got chopped up. I did wonder how I would feel, if I was a very little piece of wood that got chopped out of a very big tree. I did think that it would hurt my feelings.

(She puts the wood in the pot bellied stove played by Opal 4)

Opal 1: Then I swept the floors in a careful way. (*Opal 5 becomes the broom*) The broom made bobby moves. That broom in my hands makes not moves like the moves it does make in the hands of the mamma. It has so much of tallness--I look looks up its handle.

(Opal sets the broom against the wall and Opal 5 becomes the bookcase holding three books)

Opal 1: After that I did look looks about. There are no rows and rows and rows of books in this house, like Angel Mother and Angel Father had. There is only three books here. One is a cook-book, and one is a doctor-book, and one is an almanac.

Opals 1 & 5: They have not interest looks on their backs. (*Opal 2 starts ticking*)

Opal 1: I did look looks at the alarm-clock that does set on the shelf. That clock has interest looks. I have thinks I will take that clock apart, to see what its looks are inside. (*Opal 2 looks worried*)

Opal 1: Then I had remembers, the mamma wished she did have some varnish to shine up the furniture with. So while she is gone, I have given the furniture a shine-up with Vaseline.

(She moves about the room polishing)

Vaseline gives just as bright a shine as varnish does. I have aunt tis a pay shuns the mamma will be pleased when her arrives come home.

Opal 1: (*Opal 3 cries as baby*) The baby had wake-ups. I went to sing her to sleep. I did sing

(Opal 3 is on one end of bench as the head of the cradle, Opal 1 joins her at the bottom end of bench and they rock the baby as they sing)

Opal 1: A is Adour, Ayre, Ain, Arroux,

Opals 1 & 3: D is for Douze and Dordogne and Durance,

Opals 1, 3 & 5: G is for Garronne and Gers and Gard,

All: I is for Indre and Iraouaddy.

Opal 1: This day it was a lonely day. I had long to go to the foret de Chantilly, and down by Nonette. Many times in the grey-light-time I go on searches for the kisses of Angel Father. I did have more thinks about it. I took some of the wood out of the wood box. I stood it up for trees. I called them all foret de Chantilly.

Opals 1& 5: (*Opal 5 joins Opal 1, they walk*) Angel Father and I went for a walk between them.

Opal 1: Then I took the dipper full of water, and I let it pour in little pours a riviere on the kitchen floor. That was for Nonette. Then,
(*Opal 3 joins Opal 5 and Opal 1, they walk*)

Angel Mother and Angel Father and I went a walk by Nonette. We went in little steps, to make the time go longer. I took some more water and the dipper, and I made it go a little riviere to join Nonette,

Opals 1, 3 & 5: we called it Lounette.

Opal 4: (*Opal 4 joins them*) Peter Paul Rubens joined us.

Opal 1: I took more sticks from the wood-box back of the stove, and I made another foret.

Opal 2: (*Opal 2 joins them*) Lars Porsena of Clusium perched on my shoulder.

Opal 1: Then we went walking in the foret d'Ermonville. And we did sing Le Chant d'Automne.

All: Now are come the days of brown leaves.

Opal 2: They fall from the trees,

Opal 4: they flutter on the ground.

Opal 1: When the brown leaves flutter, they are saying little things.

Opal 5: They talk with the wind.

Opal 1: I hear them tell of their borning days, when they did come into the world as leaves.

Opal 4: And they whisper of the hoods they wore then.

Opal 1: I saw them-- I used to count them, on the way to school. Today they were talking of the time before their borning days of this springtime.

Opal 1: They talked on,

Opals 1 & 3: and on, and I did listen,

Opals 1, 2 & 3: on to what they were telling

Opals 1, 2, 3 & 5: the wind

All: and the earth in their whisperings.

The Story of Opal (*revised December 2006*)

Opal 1: They told how they were a part of

Opals 4 & 5: earth

Opals 2 & 3: and air,

All: before their tree-borning days.

Opal 1: And now they are going back. In gray days of winter they go back to the earth again,

All: but they do not die.

(Opal 1 moves to the chair, as the ensemble disperses upstage)

Opal 1: *(With diary and stub of pencil)* Now I sit here and print. The wind comes creeping in under the door. It calls,

Opal 5: Come, come, Petite Francoise, come.

Opal 1: It calls to me to come go exploring.

Opal 2: It sings of the things that are to be found under leaves.

Opal 4: It whispers the dreams of the tall fir trees.

Opal 2: It does pipe the gentle song the forest sings on gray days.

Opal 1: I hear all the voices calling me. I listen. But I cannot go.

Act One Scene Twenty

The Woodshed

Opal 4: Today I didn't get to go on the exploration trip I had planned because after I did my morning work the mamma grabbed me. She did tie me to the woodshed corner with a piece of clothesline. So we couldn't go on explores together she did tie the very wise crow, Lars Porsena, to another corner .

Opal 2: Caw!

Opal 1: She said

Opal 3: *(as mamma)* If you was my born child you wouldn't have this longing to go on exploration trips!

Opal 1: The day was growing warm. When it grew awful hot my arms did have feelings too sore to lean over any more to see Lars Porsena. I sat down and did watch the passers-by.

Opals 3 & 4: *(as chickens)* Cluck, cluck, cluck!

Opal 1: There was the Rhode Island Red rooster and the Plymouth Rock hen. I did have hopes Brave Horatius would come by. I called and did hear his whine a far off .

Opal 5: *(whining as Brave Horatius)*

Opal 1: Then I knew he was tied up too. The old calico cat sat on the doorstep. She had a saucer of milk and she did wash her face.

Opal 3: *(as calico cat)* Meow.

Michael Rasbury 4/18/07 10:40 AM

Comment: Cue 30 Cicadas 1

Opal 1: I would have been partly glad if she did come over to see me. I haven't made up with her since she did catch the baby robin. A grasshopper came hopping along.

(Opal 4 makes a grasshopper sound)

Opal 1: I stuck out my foot and he did hop over it. I was having very sad feels. The sun got hotter and hotter. And pretty soon I did have queer feels in the head and then my nose did begin to bleed. I felt all chocked up and sticky. And every time I gave my head a shake to get a good breath, my curls did get mixed up with the nose bleed. Pretty soon the mamma did see my apron with blood upon it. She untied me. After she did souse me in the tub under the pump I felt better. My arms did tingle where the rope did burn. The mamma did say I might take the ducklings to the brook. Brave Horatius went with me.

Opal 5: Woof!

Opal 1: That did make me very happy. All the way to the brook I did sing "Sanctus, sanctus, Dominus Deus."

Act One Scene Seventeen

The Days of Brown Leaves

Opal 2: *(Moving a chair downstage for the apple tree)* Today is a fall-time-is-here-day.

Opal 1: *(Putting on the coat)* In the morning, when the mamma was in the other room, I did take down from its hook the papa's big coat. I did put it onto me, and it did trail away out behind. I like to wear the papa's big coat. The mamma says the reason I like to wear the papa's big coat is because it makes me more grown-up. She's wrong. The reason I like to wear the papa's big coat is because it has pockets in it--big ones--nice ones to put toads and mice and caterpillars and beetles in. Why, when I go walking in the papa's big coat, nearly all the animals can go along!

Michael Rasbury 4/18/07 10:39 AM

Comment: Cue 25 Exploration Music 5

Opal 1: Mamma said Opal! You go get me some apples, and scoot up that tree in a hurry!

Michael Rasbury 4/18/07 10:39 AM

Comment: Cue 26 Exploration Music Stops (Harp Chord)

Opal 1: I did so. *(Opal 1 climbs up on chair)* When I was up in the tree, I did not hurry so to get the apples. I took looks about. I looked to the divides in the road, and away to the blue hills. Then I looked looks more near. I did watch the little pond. In the pond is a lily. The lily is a yellow lily, and it floats upon the water. It does float upon the water like a little sky-star. In the pasture by the pond I did see a mother sheep. I think it must be nice to be a sheep--to be a mother sheep, and have a little lamb. Children are such a blessing.

Michael Rasbury 4/18/07 10:39 AM

Comment: Cue 27 Exploration Music 6

Opal 3: *(as the voice of mamma)* Opal!

Michael Rasbury 4/18/07 10:39 AM

Comment: Cue 28 Exploration Music Stops (Harp Chord)

Opal 1: When I did have my pail half full of apples, I did stop to pick out names for the twins I am going to have when I grow up. I did pick out sixteen names. And then, being as I could not make decides between them, I did have decides to pick out names for them some other day.

Opal 3: OPAL!

Opal 1: And I did begin at once to get that pail all full of apples! On the way inside I did go by the pig-pen.
(Opal 1 puts down the pail of apples. Opal 4 eats one or two. She leaves the apple pail)

I went that way to get Peter Paul Rubens. He does so like to go for walks. I have thinks the trees and the ferns and the singing brook all have gladness when Peter Paul Rubens comes a while to walk in the woods. He does carry so much joy with him, everywhere he goes. I did go to see the Man That Wears Gray Neckties and is Kind to Mice. He was on the railroad track coming from the mill.

(Opal 5 is pressing the handle center stage, Opal 1 hops up and presses the other side, while Peter Paul Rubens sits between them up stage and watches).

He was riding the dinky engine. I did ask him if he did not have thinks a pink ribbon would be nice for Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus to wear on some days--on days when he goes to cathedral service with me.

Opal 5: Oh yes!

Opal 1: And too, I did tell him how I did have thinks a pink ribbon would be nice for

Opal 5: your horse, William Shakespeare, and Felix Mendelssohn, and Lars Porsena of Clusium and Brave Horatius, and Peter Paul Rubens.

Opal 4: Grunt.

Opal 1: The Man That Wears Gray Neckties and is Kind to Mice did have thinks like my thinks. He did say to me to

Opal 5: go write the fairies about it.

Opal 1: And I did. When I hopped off the dinky engine, I heard the wind calling. *(The ensemble makes the sounds of the voices)* I did listen to the voices. The wind does have many things to tell.
(The ensemble and Opal 1 dance as they narrate)

Opal 5: He does toss back ones curls, so he can whisper things in one's ears.

Opal 1: Today he did twice push back my curls three times, that I might better hear what he did have to say.

Opal 2: He whispered little whispers about the cradles of moths-to-be, that hang a-swinging on the bushes in the woods.

Opal 1: I went around to see about it. I looked looks on many bushes.

Opal 1: The wind did blow in a real quick way--he made music all around.

Opal 3: A grand pine tree did wave its arms to me,

Opals 2 & 4: and the bush branches patted my cheek in a friendly way.

Opals 1 & 5: The wind again did blow back my curls--

Opals 2 & 4: they clasped the fingers of the bush people most near.
(*Opals 2, 3 & 4 have Opal 1 caught by the hair*)

Opal 1: When I did turn to untangle my curls, I saw a silken cradle in a hazel branch. (*Opal 1 addresses Opal 5*) I have thinks that the wind did just tangle my curls so I would have seeing of that cradle.

Opal 2: (*Opal 2 holds the hazel leaf*) It was cream, with a hazel leaf halfway round it.

Opal 1: I put it to my ear, and I did listen.

Opal 2: It had a little voice.

Opal 1: It was not a tone voice,

Opal 2: It was a heart voice.

Opal 1: While I did listen, I did feel its feels.

Opals 1 & 2: It had lovely ones.

Opal 1: I did hurry away in the way that does lead to the house of the Girl That Has No Seeing. I went that way so she too might know its feels, and hear its heart voice. One day I told her about the trees talking. Then she did

Opal 2: want to know about the voices.

Opal 2: What are the trees saying?

Opal 1: (*Opals 1 & 2 walk through the forest*) I led her in the way that does lead to that grand fir tree Charlemagne. And when we were come unto him, I did touch

Opal 5: his finger-tips to her cheeks.

Opal 2: I liked that.

Opal 1: Then we did stand near unto him, and I told her of the trees in the night--

Opal 3: of the things they tell to the shadows that wander through the woods.

Opal 1: She said

Opal 2: I don't think I would like to be a shadow.

Opal 1: I did give explanations

Opal 3: about how lovely it is to be a gray shadow, walking along and touching the faces of people.

Opal 4: Shadows do have such velvety fingers.

Opal 2: And now I too do have likings for shadows, and my fear that was is gone.

Opal 1: And after that, we turned about to the way that does lead out of the forest, and lied her again home.

Opal 2: (*Opal 2 stubs her toe again*) We did hurry a bit.

Michael Rasbury 4/18/07 10:40 AM

Comment: Cue 29 Girl With No Seeing Reprise

Opal 1: We so did because it was most time for her folks to be there.
Often she does say

Opal 2: you mustn't be thereabouts when my folks are thereabout.

Opal 1: I don't be. (*Opal 1 and Opal 2 part ways*)

Opal 1: I did turn my face to the way that leads to the house we live in.
Cloud-ships were sailing over the hills. They were in a hurry.

Opal 3: (*as the voice of mamma*) Opal!

Opal 1: The wind was in a hurry. Brown leaves, little ones and big ones
were hurrying along.

Opal 3: Opal!

Opal 1: I thought I had better get a hurry on me.

Opal 3: Opal!

Opal 1: I did.

Opal 1: I thought of Peter Paul Rubens--I did have thinks cathedral
service would be good for his soul. I reached in my pocket and got his
little bell that he does always wear around his neck to service. And I
did put it on.

Opal 4: (*as Opal 4 walks up the aisle as Peter Paul Rubens*) It does make
lovely silver tinkles as I go walking down the aisle to the altar.

Opals 2, 3 & 5: In the cathedral, the wind and the trees sang a vesper
song.

Opal 1: And I prayed for quite a time long, little prayers and long prayers
for the goodness of us all. Peter Paul Rubens did grunt Amen at in-
between times.

Opal 4: Grunt.
(*The ensemble disperses upstage*)

Opal 1: Now I hear the mamma say

Opal 3: (*as voice of mamma*) I wonder where that Opal is!

Opal 1: She has forgets. (*Opal 1 crawls under the bench*) I'm still under
the bed where she did put me, quite a time ago. (*She takes out her
diary and pencil*) And all this nice long time, light is come to here
from the lamp on the kitchen table--light enough so I can print prints. I
am happy.

Act One Scene Nineteen The Death of Peter Paul Rubens
(*The ensemble disperses from the classroom to a configuration around
Opal 4 while Opal 1 narrates*)

Opal 1: I am feeling all queer inside. Yesterday was butchering day. The
mamma let me go off to the woods all day, after my morning's work
was done. Brave Horatius and Lars Porsena of Clusium went with me.
We had not gone far, when we heard an awful squeal--so different
from the way pigs squeal when they want their supper. I felt cold

allover. Then I did have knowings why the mamma had let me start away to the woods without scolding. And I ran a quick run to save my dear Peter Paul Rubens--but already he was dying. And he died with his head in my lap. I sat there feeling dead, too, until my knees were all wet with blood from the throat of my dear Peter Paul Rubens. After I changed my clothes and put the bloody ones in the rain- barrel, I did go to the woods to look for the soul of Peter Paul Rubens. I didn't find it. But I think when comes the spring, I will find it among the flowers--probably in the blossom of a lily, or in the top of a fir tree. Today when Brave Horatius and I went through the woods, we did feel its presence near. When I was come back from the woods, they made me grind sausage. And every time I did turn the handle, I could hear that little pain squeal Peter Paul Rubens always gave when he did want me to come where he was at once.

Act One Scene Twenty-one

The Potato Field

(The ensemble is working in the field)

Opal 5: *(as Grandpa)* Today the grandpa dug potatoes in the field.

Opal 4: *(as chore boy)* Too, the chore boy did dig potatoes in the field.

Opal 2: *(as Dear Love)* Dear Love dug potatoes in the field,

Opal 3: *(as Sadie McKibben)* and Sadie McKibben so did too.

Opal 1: My work was to pick up the potatoes they got out of the ground. I picked them up, and piled them in piles.

Opal 4: *(becoming a pile of potatoes)* Some of them were very plump.

Opal 2: *(becoming another pile of potatoes)* Some of them were not big.

Opal 3: *(becoming a third pile of potatoes)* All of them wore brown dresses.

Opal 1: *(Opal 1 puts Opal 5 into a pile)* When they were in piles, I did stop to take looks at them. I walked up close; I looked them allover .I took a long look at them.

Opal 5: Potatoes are very interesting folks.

Opal 1: I think they must see a lot of what is going on in the earth---

Opals 2, 3, 4 & 5: We have so many eyes.

Opal 1: To some piles, I did stop to give geology lectures. *(She pulls a rock from her pocket and stands in front of Opal 5)*. And to other piles I did talk about my friends, *(stopping in front of Opal 2)*--Lars Porsena of Clusium, *(stopping in front of Opal 3)*--Elizabeth Barrett Browning, *(stopping in front of Opal 4)* and that most dear pig, Peter Paul Rubens. And all the times I was picking up potatoes I did have thinks of all their growing days there in the ground, and all the things they did hear. I have kept watch in the fields at night, and I have seen the stars look kindness down upon them. When I did have a goodly number of potatoes in piles, *(Opal 1 takes out her small diary from her pocket and reads)*, I did have thinks as how this was the going-away day of Saint Francoise of Assisi, and the borning day of Jean Francois

The Story of Opal *(revised December 2006)*

Millet--so I did take as many potatoes as years they did dwell upon earth. (*Opal 1 stands up Opal 2*) Forty-four potatoes I so took for Saint Francois of Assisi, for his years were near unto forty-four. Sixty potatoes I so took for Jean Francois Millet (*she stands up Opal 3*) for his years were sixty years. All these potatoes I did lay in two rows-- and as I did have seeing of them all there, I did have thinks to have a choir. First I did sing, "Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus, Dominus Deus."

Opals 1 & 2: Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus, Dominus Deus.

Opals 1, 2 & 3: Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus, Dominus Deus.

Opal 1: After I did sing it three times, I did have thinks as how it would be nice to have more in the choir. And I did have remembers as how tomorrow is the going-away day of Phillip III, roi of France; and so for the forty years that were his years, (*she stands up Opal 4*), I did bring forty more potatoes in a row. Then I did sing three times over, "Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spiritu Sancto. Hosanna in excelsis."

Opals 1, 2 & 3: (*they harmonize*) Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spiritu Sancto. Hosanna in excelsis.

Opals 1, 2, 3 & 4: (*they harmonize again*) Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spiritu Sancto. Hosanna in excel--

Opal 1: Before I did get all through the last time with Hosanna in excelsis I did have thinks as how the next day after that day would be the borning day of Louis Phillipe, roi de France. And I did bring more potatoes for the choir. (she drags Opal 5 up and puts him on the end) And the choir, there was a goodly number of folks in it, all potato folks wearing brown robes. Then I did sing one,

All: (*Opal 1 conducts the choir*) Ave Maria.

Opal 1: Then I did have thinks to start allover again. I did begin with Sanctus, sanctus, Dominus Deus (*they all sing, as Opal 5 drops down on his haunches to become Brave Horatius*) and Brave Horatius did bark Amen.

Opal 5: Woof.

Opal 1: Then I did begin allover,
(*they all sing Sanctus, sanctus, Dominus Deus*)

Opal 5: Woof

Opal 1: and he did so again! I did sing one more Ave Maria (*they all sing. Brave Horatius is silent*). Then I did begin to sing Deo Gratias (*they all sing*)

Opal 5: Woof

Opals 1, 2, 3 & 4: Hosanna in excelsis --

Opal 1: but I came not unto its ending--Brave Horatius did bark Amen before I was half done. I just went on (*They all sing Deo Gratias, Hosanna in excelsis, Brave Horatius sings Woof, woof, woof*). He did bark Amen three times!

(*Opal 4 breaks out of the choir and becomes the chore boy.*)

The Story of Opal (*revised December 2006*)

Opal 1: The chore boy did have steps behind me. He gave me three shoulder shakes, and he did tell me to

Opal 4: Hurry up and get these potatoes picked up.

Opal 1: I so did. I so did in a most quick way.
(The ensemble disperses, except for Opal 5 as Brave Horatius)

Opal 1: When near graylight-time was come, the chore boy went from the field. When most dark-time was come, Brave Horatius and I so went.

Opal 5: Woof, woof.

Act One Scene Twenty-two

(Opal 1 is sitting on the bench, the ensemble is gathered around her)

Twilight Music

Michael Rasbury 4/18/07 10:41 AM

Comment: Cue 32 Twilight Music (Opal's Theme)

Opal 1: I sit here printing this,

Opal 2: with the color pencils from the moss-box,

Opal 3: on the wrapping paper Sadie McKibben gave me.

Opal 5: By the step is Brave Horatius.

Opal 4: At my feet is Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus.

Opal 1: I hear songs--

Opal 3: lullaby songs of the trees.

Opal 1: I am happy,

All: listening to the twilight music of God's good world.

Opal 1: I'm real glad I'm alive.

End of Act One

Act Two Scene One

Song of Winter

Michael Rasbury 4/18/07 10:41 AM

Comment: Cue 33 Song of Winter

Opal 1: Today, I went to the singing creek where the willows grow.

Opal 3: I gathered watercress for the mamma.

Opal 1: I did look looks about.

Opal 5: This woods is gray in winter, when come cold days.

Opals 3 & 4: And gray shadows walk among the trees.

Opal 1: I saw many gray rocks.

Opal 4: Some gray rocks had gray and green patches on them.

Opal 2: Some of these patches had ruffles all around their edges.

Opal 5: The gray patches on gray rocks are lichens.

Opals 2, 3, 4 & 5: Lichen folks talk in gray tones.

Opal 1: I think they do talk more when come winter days--I hear their voices more in December than I do hear their voices in July and June-time.

All: Most grown-ups don't hear them at all.

Act Two Scene Two

Elsie's Baby

(The ensemble disperses upstage. Opal 3, as Elsie, goes to a chair and rocks with a newborn baby wrapped in a blanket. Opal 4 is near her as her young husband. Opal 2, as Mrs. Limburger, stands looking at the baby.)

Opal 1: Elsie has a brand new baby and all the things that go with it!
There's a pink fleur on its baby brush and a pink bow on its quilt.

Opals 3 & 4: The angels brought the baby last night in the night.

Opal 1: I have been to see it a goodly number of times.

Opal 2: *(as Mrs. Limburger)* The baby is a beautiful baby.

Opal 1: It does have much redness of face from coming a long way in the cold last night. Maybe it was the coldness of the night that did cause the angels to make the mistake. They stopped at the wrong house. I'm quite sure this is the very baby I have been praying for the angels to bring to Dear Love, that does live in the house, by the mill, by the far woods. I better tell Elsie as how this baby isn't hers before she gets too fond of it. She so likes to cuddle it now. Mrs. Limburger that was staying with Elsie *(Opal 1 pushes against one side of the door, Mrs. Limburger pushes against the other)* wouldn't let me come in the door to see the baby again because she has opinions that

Opal 2: Nineteen times is full enough to be seeing a baby on the first day of its life on earth.

Opal 1: So I went and got a woodbox off the porch and I did go around to the bedroom window. I stood on the woodbox and made tappings on the windowpane. Elsie did have hearings. She did turn her head on the pillow. She gave nods for me to come in. I pushed the window a push

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enough so I could squeeze in. Elsie did look so happy. with the baby. I did swallow a lump in my throat. She looked kind smiles at me. I did not like to bring disturbs to her calm. I just stood there making pleats in my blue calico apron. I did have thinks of Dear Love and the house without a baby by the mill by the far woods. Then I felt I couldn't wait any longer. I just said, "I know you are going to have a disappoint, Elsie, but I have to to tell you--this baby isn't yours. It's a mistake. It really belongs to Dear Love in that most new, most little house by the mill by the far woods. It's the one I've been praying the angels to bring her." Just when I was all out of breath from telling her, Elsie did unwrap the blanket from its red face. Elsie did say

Opal 3: *(as Elsie)* See its long hair?

Opal 1: And I did have seeing. It was most black. And its eyes--they were dark. Elsie did say

Opal 3: Now next time you go to the house of Dear Love have seeing of the color of her eyes and hair and also of her husband's. I hardly think this baby's hair and eyes are like theirs. And maybe it is where it does belong.

(Opal 2 has now become Dear Love and Opal 5 is her husband)

Opal 1: But I had not feels so. I straightway did go in a hurry to the house of Dear Love by the mill by the far woods. When I was come to the house she was there and he was there. Her eyes were light blue and her hair was most cream. Her husband's eyes were blue and he had red hair. I saw. And I had sad feels. I felt lumps come up in my throat. Dear Love did take me on her lap and she did ask me

Opal 2: *(as Dear Love)* What's the matter?

Opal 1: I just did tell her all about it. How I had been praying for the angels to bring a baby real soon to them--and how sad feels I did feel because they didn't have a baby yet. And I did have thinks that they did have thinks that the baby the angels did bring to Elsie was their baby. I did tell them as how this baby couldn't be theirs because it has most dark hair and most dark eyes--like the eyes and hair of the husband of Elsie.

Opal 2: Angels do have a goodly amount of wisdom.

Opal 5: They do bring to folks babies that are like them.

Opal 1: After I did tell them it couldn't be their baby, I did tell them not to have disappoints too bad because I am going to pray on--and maybe they will get a baby next week. They did want me to

Opal 5: Stay to dinner!

Opal 1: But I did have feels I must hurry back to Elsie and tell her that the baby was hers. She might be having anxious feels about it. As quick as her young husband did open the door I did walk right in. She smiled glad smiles when I told her it was hers. It must have been an immense amount of relief--them not knowing it was really their own baby.

Opal 4: *(as Elsie's young husband)* I knew it was mine.

Opal 1: I have feels now it is nice for them to have it. And it is good they will not have to give it up--being as it matches them.

Opals 3, 4: Angels do have a goodly amount of wisdom.

Opal 1: This is a wonderful world to live in.

Act Two **Scene Three**
(The ensemble becomes the forest)

Pink Ribbons

Michael Rasbury 4/18/07 10:41 AM
Comment: Cue 34 Trees Talking and Wet Leaves

Opal 2: Today, I went in a quick, soft way to the woods.

Opal 1: I so did to wait a wait to see if the fairies were near about. I went to the moss box. In it was something between two layers of moss, tied up with pink ribbon. I felt glad feels. When I did untie the pink ribbon around the moss, there was lots more of pink ribbons. They did have little cards. And the little card on a nice long piece of pink ribbon said, "For Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus." Another card on a more long piece did say, "For William Shakespeare." Another card on a more short piece did say, "For Lars Porsena of Clusium." And there was a ribbon for Brave Horatius, and Elizabeth Barrett Browning and there was more. I did show all those pretty pink ribbons to the Man That Wears Gray Neckties and is Kind to Mice. I did show him all the cards that was on them.

Michael Rasbury 4/18/07 10:42 AM
Comment: Cue 35 Fairies Talking

Opal 5: He was glad.

Opal 1: I had seeing of the glad light in his eyes. He and I,

Opals 1 & 5: we do believe in fairies.

Michael Rasbury 4/18/07 10:42 AM
Comment: Cue 36 Fade Trees

Act Two **Scene Five** **Angel Mother's Song**
(Opal 1 takes the baby from Elsie and sits on the bench as if it is one end of the cradle. The ensemble gathers around her)

Opal 1: Today I did teeter-totter Elsie's baby in her bed. I did sing to her a new song. I did sing to her

Opal 5: Now it is winter--

Opal 4: The sky is gray,

Opal 3: The field is quiet,

Opal 2: The flowers sleeping

All: Now it is winter.

Opal 1: And while I do sing, I have knowings that the little song-notes do dance about the cradle of the baby.

Act Two **Scene Seven** **Twins**
(Opal 1 and Opal 2 are kneeling by the bench as if it is the bed)

Opal 1: Every night I pray for twins I want when I grow up.

Opal 2: Some nights I pray they may have blue eyes and golden hair.'

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Opal 1: Other nights I pray for them to have brown eyes and brown hair.
Sadie McKibben says I better stop changing my prayers so much

Opal 2: or the angels may bring to me twins with streaked hair,

Opal 1: and plaid eyes.

Act One Scene Eighteen

Window Lesson

(The ensemble has set the stage as the classroom again. Opal 3 is the teacher, Opal 4 is Jimmy, Opal 5 is Big Jud, and Opal 2 is Lola)

Opal 1: *(Running in)* Today, I was quite late to school. Teacher made me stand in the corner with my face to the wall. I didn't mind that at all. There was a window in that part of the wall. I had seeing of little plant folks just peeping out of the earth to see what they could see. I did have thinks it would be nice to be one of them, and then grow up and have a flower, and bees a-coming, and seed-children at falltime.

I have thinks this is a very interest world to live in. When teacher did send me to my seat to get my slate for arithmetic, I did put Lucian Horace Ovid Virgil in my desk by my Cyr's reader. I keep my books in one little corner of my desk, and that does leave a lot of room for my animal friends. There was room enough for Lucian Horace Ovid Virgil to take nice little hops. But while I was having recites with arithmetic...

(all of the children are reciting the multiplication table, Opal 1 is trying to keep the lid to her desk down)

...he hopped a little hop too far, and he fell out of my desk. I had quivers, and it was hard to pay attentions to arithmetic. When our lessons were done, I made a quick go to my seat. I looked a look-under for him. He was not there. I looked more looks about. He was rows away, over by the seat-row where Lola has her sitting. I did almost sit sideways in my seat, I had such anxious feels about him. Lola had seeing. She made a reach-over *(Opal 2 picks up Lucian Horace Ovid Virgil)*. She picked him up in a gentle way; she put him in her apron pocket. She asked the teacher

Opal 2: May I get a drink from the dipper in the wrap-room?

Opal 3: Yes you may, Lola.

Opal 1: She went. She made a come-back from the wrap-room down our row. When she went by my desk, she put her hand in my pocket. She went on to her seat. Lucian Horace Ovid Virgil was back again in my apron pocket. I felt an immense amount of satisfaction feels.
(whispering) Thank you, Lola.

Opal 2: You're welcome, Opal.

Act Two Scene Six

Sparky Cat

(Opal 5 curls up like a cat)

Opal 3: Last night, coming home, I saw the black cat, by the barn. *(She bends down to pet the cat.)*

Act Two Scene Eleven

(Opal 3 as Angel Mother has her arms around Opal 1)

Blue Fleurs

Opal 1: Today, Angel Mother did say

Opal 3: Little blue fleurs are early blooming now.

Opal 1: I do so like blue.

Opals 1 & 3: It is glad everywhere.

Opal 1: When I grow up I am going to write a book about the glad of blues.

Michael Rasbury 4/18/07 10:43 AM

Comment: Cue 40 Single Cricket followed by Chorus of Crickets

Act Two Scene Twelve

(The ensemble and Opal 1 are looking down the road)

Song of Spring

Opal 3: This eventime, the light of day was going from blue to silver.

Opal 4: And thoughts had coming down the road to meet us.

Opal 2: They were thoughts from out the mountains where are the mines.

Opal 5: They were thoughts from the canyons that come down to meet the road by the riviere.

Opal 2: I did feel their coming close--

All: very near they were and all about.

Opal 3: We went on a little way, only.

Opals 2 & 4: We had listens to the thoughts.

Opal 3: They were thoughts of blooming-time and coming-time--they were the soul thoughts of little things that soon will have their borning time...

Michael Rasbury 4/18/07 10:43 AM

Comment: Cue 41 Fade All Crickets

Act Two Scene Thirteen

Borning Time of Year

Opal 1: The shepherd has said

Opal 4: *(as shepherd holding a lamb played by Opal 2)* You may name the little lambs that now are coming.

Opal 1: He did have one little lamb in his arms. He did tell me how!

Opal 4: It doesn't belong to anyone and it is lonesome without a mother .

Opal 1: And then he said

Opal 4: I think I will give it to you to mother.

Opal 1: I was so happy. *(she hugs the lamb)* It was very white, and very soft, and its legs was slim. And it had wants for a mother. It had likes for me to put my arms around it. I did name it first of all--I called it Menander Euripides Theocritus Thucydides. It had likes for the taste of my fingers when I did dip them into the pan of milk on the rock and then put them in its mouth. Its woolly tail did wiggle joy wiggles, and I did dance on my toes. I felt such a big amount of satisfaction feels, having a lamb to mother. I am getting quite a big family now.

Act Two Scene Fourteen

Writing of the Fairies

(Opal 3 as Sadie McKibben is hanging clothes out on the line, muttering under her breath as the clothesline falls and she picks it up)

Opal 1: When I did go goes to the house of Sadie McKibben, she was having troubles. Just when she did have all her clothes hung out to dry--then the clothesline did break and they all had falls on the ground. While she did gather them up she did have talks with herself. She did say

Opal 3: 'Tis a folly to fret--grief's no comfort.

Opal 1: When her bread gets burns in the oven, and the chickens bother on the porch, and the clothes boil over on the stove, and everything seems to go wrong, Sadie McKibben has a way of saying

Opals 1 & 3: 'Tis a folly to fret--grief's no comfort.

Opal 1: When she did have them clothes part hung on the line to dry again, then did come by the Man That Wears Gray Neckties and is Kind to Mice. He was on his way to the mill town. He had asks

Opal 5: Is there anything you need of that I can bring back?

Opal 1: And while she did say

Opal 3: bacon, and some soda, and some more things...

Opal 1: The Man That Wears Gray Neckties and is Kind to Mice did write it down.

(Opal 5 takes out a small pad and stub of pencil from his pocket and writes)

I breathed a big breath when I did see his writing. I said "oh".

Opal 5: What is it little one?

Opal 1: Oh, it's that you write in the way the fairies write that do put notes for me in the moss-box where the old log is. Then he did smile a slow smile.

Opal 1: When he did start to go I heard him say to Sadie McKibben,

Opal 5: I guess I will have to change my writing.

Opal 1: When he did tell me

Opal 5: Goodbye!

Opal 1: I did say, "Please don't change your writing because you write the way the fairies do. I think the way they write is lovely."

Act Two Scene Fourteen A

The Death of Lars Porsena of Clusium

Opal 4: Yesterday, I was going a go across the cornfield.

Opal 1: Lars Porsena was going on ahead. Brave Horatius did follow after me. Suddenly, Brave Horatius did give a queer bark and he pulled the corner of my apron. I looked looks about. The chore boy, Rob Ryder, was in the corner of the cornfield with a gun. Maybe he did not see

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Lars Porsena there. I ran a quick run to stop him. I hollered hollers at him. When I was come to where he was I did tell him he must not shoot that old gun. A ball in it might go as far as my dear Lars Porsena of Clusium.

Opal 4: He just laughed a laugh.

Opal 1: Then he said

Opal 4: Lars Porsena of Clusium is nothin but an old crow.

Opal 1: And then he pointed that gun right at my own dear Lars Porsena of Clusium.

Opals 3 & 5: BANG!

Opal 1: The noise was a big awful calamity. I had feels I was killed dead, when I saw him fall. I ran a quick run. I found he was making little flutterings. When I did pick him up he was wet with much blood. I felt the shivers of his pains. The raindrops were coming down in a slow, sad way. The sky was crying tears for the hurts of Lars Porsena of Clusium. And I was too. I had not knows of what to do., I did cuddle him up close in my arms and I washed off some of the blood, but more and more came and sleepy feels were upon him. I wrapped my apron more close around him. My own dear Lars Porsena of Clusium was very cold, and he was very dead. I so did want him alive again to go explores. I said a little prayer, and I covered him with moss.

Michael Rasbury 4/18/07 10:43 AM

Comment: Cue 42 Light Rain

Opals 3,4 & 5: (*Wind*)

Opal 1: The winds are calling; and between the callings of the wind, the willows do call, down by the creek. They beckon and call to the soul of Lars Porsena of Clusium.

Michael Rasbury 4/18/07 10:43 AM

Comment: Cue 43 Distant Thunder

Act Two Scene Fifteen The Girl Who Has No Seeing Takes a Walk

Opal 2: Today, the Girl Who Has No Seeing and I went for 'a walk.
(*Opal 2 trips and stubs her toe. Opal 1 catches her*)

Michael Rasbury 4/18/07 10:43 AM

Comment: Cue 44 Girl With No Seeing (Full Version) underscore entire scene

Opal 1: With my right hand I did lead the Girl Who Has No Seeing.

Opal 2: As we did go along we did have listens to the voices of the trees and grass.

Opal 1: She is learning what the grasses say.

Opal 2: Too, I am learning to see things.

Opal 1: She shuts her eyes when I shut mine. We go on journeys together.

Opal 2: We ride in a cloud--in a fleecy white one that does sail away over the hills.

Opal 1: The Girl Who Has No Seeing asks

Opal 2: When are you going to come and see me again?

Opal 1: I did tell her I would come to visit her on the fourth day from the day that is now.

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Opal 3: Today, I went not to school.

Opal 1: The mamma did have me cut potatoes into pieces. Tonight and tomorrow night the grownups will plant the pieces of potatoes. Angel Father says:

Opal 5: (*as Angel Father*) After they are planted, the ones with eyes on them will have baby potatoes under the ground. Up above the ground they will be growing leaves and flowers. One must leave an eye on every piece of potato one plants. It won't grow if you don't. It can't see how to grow without its eye.

Opal 1: All day today I did be careful to leave an eye on every piece. And I did have meditations about what things the eyes of potatoes do see there in the ground. I have thinks they do have seeing of black velvet moles and large earthworms. I have longings for more eyes.

Opals 1 & 5: There is much to see in this world all about.

Act Two Scene Seventeen Why The Girl Who Has No Seeing Was Not At Home

Opal 1: Now is the fourth day come and I am going goes to the house of the Girl Who Has No Seeing. When I was come near to her house I did walk right up to the door. I had knows only she would be there, because this day is the going-to-town day of her people. I stepped three steps back, and three hops over, and three steps up to the door, so she would have knows I was come. I did listen listens. She had not coming to the door. I had wonders why she did not come. After a while I did go sit on the fence rail to wait waits. It was a long time. A man went by. He had asks

Opal 4: Why are you sitting on the fence rail?

Opal 1: I did tell him I was waiting waits for the coming of the Girl That Has No Seeing. He did look away, off to the hills. Then he did say

Opal 4: Child, she died, she won't come back. She is gone to the graveyard.

Opal 1: I did smile a sorry smile upon him, because I had knows he didn't know what he was talking about when he did say she won't come back. It is not often she goes anywhere, and when she does, she always does come back.

Opal 4: No child there was a fire here yesterday she walked right into it she won't be coming back.

Opal 1: She died. They say she died. (*pause*) But I do have thinks

Opals 1 & 2: (*Opal 2 joins her*) her soul will come again to the woods,

Opals 1 & 2: and she will have sees of the blooming of the fleurs in the field she has loves for.

Opal 1: I will go write a message on a leaf for her,

(Opal 3 and Opal 5 join them)

Opals 1, 3 & 5: like I do to Angel Father and Angel Mother.

Opal 1: I will put one by the ferns
(Opal 4 joins them)

Opals 1 & 2: and I will tie one to a branch of the singing fir tree.

Opals 1, 3, & 5: And I will pray that the angels may find them,

Opals 1, 2, 3, & 5: when they come a-walking in the woods.

Opal 2: Then they will carry them up to her in heaven, there.

Act Two Scene Eighteen A

Lonely Day

Opal 4: This day, it was a lonely day.

Opal 1: The glad song in my heart is not bright today. Angel Mother did say

Opal 3: make earth glad little one--that is the way to keep the glad song ever in your heart. It must not go out.

Opal 1: I do so try to keep it there. Then the mamma did say I might take the ducklings to the brook. That did make me very happy. All the way to the brook I did sing "Sanctus, Sanctus, Dominus Deus."

Act Two Scene Nineteen

The Fall of the Great Fir Tree

(The ensemble and Opal 1 watch the Great Fir Tree as they narrate)

Opal 1: Someday I will write about the great tree that I love. Today, there was an odd sound (*the ensemble moans gently*)--like someone crying, a great way off. The mamma said

Opal 3: "I wonder what that is."

Opal 1: I know it is the death-song of that great fir tree they are falling this afternoon. It reaches up

Opals 1 & 3: and up,

Opals 1 & 3: and up, most away to the clouds.

Opal 1: Days have been when I did sit by it to have thinks.

Opal 4: And Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus has gone goes there with me.

Opal 5: And Brave Horatius has waited waits while I did say prayers by that tree.

Opal 1: And I have told it all the things I am going to do when I grow up.

Opal 3: And I have told it about the books I am going to write about wood folks and them of the field,

Opals 1 & 2: and about the twins I want when I grow up,

Opals 1, 2, & 3: and the eight other children.

Michael Rasbury 4/18/07 10:44 AM
Comment: Cue 47 Distant Trees Talking

Opal 1: And always I have read to this great fir tree the letters I have wrote and put in the big log for the fairies.

Opal 4: And night-times I have heard the little wind song among its arms most " near to the sky,

Opals 4 & 5: and I have almost touched the big gray shadow,

Opals 3, 4 & 5: with velvet fingers,

Opals 2, 3, 4 & 5: that stays close by it at night-time.

Opal 1: And today there, I did watch and I did hear its moans, as the saw went through it. (*Opal 2 makes the high whining sound of the saw*) And I sat down on the ground. There was a queer feel in my throat, and I couldn't stand up. All the woods seemed a still sound, except ,the pain-sound of the saw. It seemed like a little voice was calling. And then it was many voices. (*The ensemble adds their voices to the sound of the saw*) They were all little voices calling as one silver voice come together. The saw it didn't stop--it went on sawing. Then I did have thinks the silver voice was calling to the soul of the big fir tree. The saw did stop. (*The ensemble stops the sound of the saw*) There was a stillness. There was a queer, sad sound. (*The ensemble moans as if the tree were falling*) The big tree did quiver. It did sway. It crashed to the earth.

Michael Rasbury 4/18/07 10:44 AM

Comment: Cue 48 Single Distant Tree/Fade All Other Trees

Act Two Scene Twenty

The Lily Plant

Opal 1: Ever since the day when Peter Paul Rubens did go away, I have looked for his soul in tree-tops, and all about. Now I have knows his soul does love to linger by this lily. I did kneel by it, and say a thank prayer for the blooming of this fleur Peter Paul Rubens's soul does love to linger near. If ever I go from here, I will take with me this lily plant.

(The ensemble starts the birdsong that opened the playas it segues into the next scene, i.e. Ibis, pivoine, epeiche, faisán, etourneau, roitelet, draine, ibis, nonnette, aigle, niverolle, durbec, roitelet, ibis etc. etc.)

Act Two Scene Twenty-One

Necessary Things

(Opal 1 is sitting on the bench. Throughout the narration the ensemble join her for the final scene)

Opal 1: Morning work is done. There is enough wood in the woodbox, the floor is swept and the baby is fed. Now I can make prints. I am sitting on a log for the last time in my cathedral. Tomorrow we will move to the mill town. The mamma does say none but my necessary things can go. She said that was my

Opal 3: blue calico apron,

Opal 2: and my gray calico apron,

Opal 1: and the clothes that goes under them,

Opal 2: and my two pair of stockings,

Opal 1: and the shoes I have on,

Opal 2: and my sunbonnet,

Opal 1: and my slate,

Opal 2: and my Cyr's reader.

Opal 1: But I have some more necessary things that the mamma does not have knows of.

Opal 5: There is my book that Angel Mother and Angel Father did write in

Opal 3: and I do study in every day,

Opal 4: and the lily plant the soul of Peter Paul Rubens has loves for to be near,

Opal 1: and there is the color pencils that the fairies did bring to the moss-box,

Opal 3: and there is many brown papers that Sadie McKibben has given me to print prints on

Opal 1: and there is the track of Elizabeth Barrett Browning that I did dig up in the lane.

Opal 3: It has so much of poetry in it.

Opal 5: And there is one of the gray neckties of the Man That Wears Gray Neckties and is Kind to Mice,

Opal 5: that he did give me for Brave Horatius to wear.

Opal 1: Some of us go to the mill town, but not all of us so go.

Opal 3: Elizabeth Barrett Browning has been sold with her mother the gentle jersey.

Opal 5: Brave Horatius and Menander Euripides Theocritus Thucydides are going to live with the shepherd in the blue hills.

Opal 4: Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus is going to stay with Dear Love and her husband,

Opal 2: and too Dear Love does say Lucian Horace Ovid Virgil can live under her doorstep.

Opal 1: I will leave letters for the fairies in the moss-box by the old log. I have thinks about the mill-town. Maybe in the fields over there will be etourneau, and ortolan, and draine, and durbec and loriot. When I am come to the mill town, I will go explores to see. And I will build an altar for Saint Louis!

Opal 1: Now I go to see Dear Love. She did give me a last kiss on each cheek. Then Dear Love did tell me a secret.

Opal 5: Only her husband knows.

Opal 2: (*as Dear Love*) We are going to have a baby in five months. The angels let us know ahead. Nobody knows it but just us three--

Michael Rasbury 4/18/07 10:45 AM

Comment: Cue 49 Begin Blue and Green Tone

Michael Rasbury 4/18/07 10:45 AM

Comment: Cue 50 Fairies

Michael Rasbury 4/18/07 10:45 AM

Comment: Cue 51 Exploration Theme (Recorder)

Opals 1 & 4: and Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus,

Opals 1 & 5: and Brave Horatius,

Opals 1 & 2: and Lucian Horace Ovid Virgil,

Opals 1 & 5: and Felix Mendelsshon,

Opals 1 & 3: and Elizabeth Barrett Browning,

All: and the willows that grow by the singing creek.

Opal 1: We are going to prayers in the cathedral.

Opals 4: The great pine tree is saying a poem,

Opals 2: and there is a song in the tree tops.

Opal 5: The waters of the brook lap and lap.

Opal 4: They come in little ripples, over gray stones.

Opal 3: They are rippling a song.

Opal 2: It is a gentle song.

All: It is a good-bye song.

Michael Rasbury 4/18/07 10:45 AM

Comment: Cue 52 Singing Creek

Michael Rasbury 4/18/07 10:45 AM

Comment: Cue 53 Opals' Theme
(Harmonium and Dulcimer)

Michael Rasbury 4/18/07 10:45 AM

Comment: Cue 54 Fade or End Opal's
Theme

Michael Rasbury 4/18/07 10:46 AM

Comment: Cue 55 Curtain Call (Exploration
Music)