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NORTH ATLANTIC A Golden Age Musical

Book and Lyrics by Michael Colby
Music and Lyrics by James Fradrich

CHARACTERS

(in order of appearance)

HONEY SNODGRASS
MELANIE FONG
ESSIE NORTON / ESKIMO ANNIE
NANOOK
SIR WILLIAM LITTLEWOOD
SANDY SHORE

Eskimos, Eskimo students, and other accessory characters.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

ACT ONE

| | |
|--|---|
| Overture | Orchestra |
| The Happier Side | Honey, Melanie, Essie |
| Where the Hell is Annie? | Eskimo Men |
| Someting Special | Eskimo Annie, Voices |
| Before I Fall | Honey, Eskimo Men |
| Now is Here | Essie, Melanie, Nanook, Eskimo Annie, & Eskimos |
| Duo Thoughts | Honey, Sir William |
| I've Held a Hope | Sir William |
| The Sleigh With the Cream Colored Team | Sandy Shore, Melanie |
| The Sign Song | Honey, Eskimo Students |
| There's a Rainbow at the End | Essie |
| Raising an Igloo | Company |
| Solo Thoughts | Sir William |

ACT TWO

| | |
|---------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Entr'acte | Orchestra |
| Reprise: The Happier Side | Honey, Nanook, Eskimo Students |
| Erase Him | Honey, Melanie, Essie |
| And Ya Won't Compain | Sandy Shore, Melanie |
| North Atlantic | Company |
| Who'd Have Gussed It? | Honey, Sir William |
| Deep In My Mind | Honey |
| Ballet | Company |
| Reindeer Moss | Company |
| Finale | Company |

ACT ONE
SCENE ONE

Oh, what a beautiful morning it is as the music begins and the orchestral **Prelude** fills the air. Busting out all over is the exotic, snow-capped North Atlantic setting—the threshold of all Eskimo dreams—where hints of past Rodgers & Hammerstein musicals flurry everywhere. As Jingle Bells tinkle do-re-mis, ESKIMOS skip out to amuse themselves in the younger-than-springtime frost. They blow upon their clenched fists, rubbing to warm themselves. A RIDER bursts forth, pantomimically sledding and whipping the suggestion of huskies. Also, ESKIMO ANNIE appears, peddling merchandise like a barker.

The action bubbles forth to a peak, topped by the waving of the banner reading “North Atlantic.” Then, some of the ESKIMOS scatter off; OTHERS crouch so—in their white parkas—they transform into glacial mountains. In miniature, the ship *Chow Mein* sails into view, having ended a cross-ocean voyage; it may break through an iceberg and grind to a stop. Whistles toot and the narrative begins.

VOICE [Off-Stage]

North Atlantic—everyone off!

(A bit shaken, but with frozen smiles, HONEY SNODGRASS and soon MELANIE FONG enter. HONEY is an loway beauty, corny as Kansas in August and pretty as petunias in May. MELANIE is an all-American Asian soubrette)

HONEY

Oh, oh. Whut a shimmerin’ land! It’s even more wondrous than I dreamed. Have you ever seen so many igloos? Why, it’s like wanderin’ into an amusement park for the very first time. Melanie... Melanie, come and see!

(MELANIE enters, dragging in all their luggage. She tries to say something, but HONEY—in her excitement—continually interrupts)

Isn’t this the most spellbindin’ area you’ve ever encountered?

(MELANIE can’t get a word in edgewise)

Gosh! No one back home in loway’d ever believe this... These lovely glaciers! And the brisk climate, as bracin’ as a parent’s cuddlin’ arms.... And, Melanie, look!

There's a gaggle o' seals over there, urp-urpin' like a welcoming committee for us. Hello there, seals! Oh. We are gonna have a time. You'll see. It was a smart move when we volunteered in our loway branch of the Teaching Corps—comin' *here* ta teach... But, Melanie, look! The mist is vanishin' now...and the sun blazin' forth! Why, the land is greetin' us with a smile. Like a celestial home.

MELANIE

(finally getting through)

Yep, Honey! It's a step outev our old worl' 'n' into a new kettle o' fish. But I'm not so sher I like the smell.

HONEY

Oh pish! I'm...all aglow!

(Lights beam around HONEY. **SONG 1: The Happier Side**)

HAPPY DAY!
I'M HERE TO STAY.
AND SAY,
I LIKE THE VIEW.

SNOW-CAPPED HILLS
AND ARCTIC THRILLS
WITH CHILLS
I NEVER KNEW.

WHAT A TREAT
OF SLOPES AND SLEET,
A DREAMLAND BY THE MILE.

IT IS—ON THE DOT—
THE VERY SPOT
TO MAKE MY LIFE WORTHWHILE.

PINK SUN PAINTS THE SKY
LIGHT AS A KITE IN JUNE.
HINTS OF STARS POP BY,
AND IT'S NOT EVEN NOON.
AND THOUGH SOME PEOPLE SAY—
LANDING HERE THEY'D HAVE CRIED—
I SEE ONLY THE HAPPIER SIDE.

WHEN THE HAPPIER SIDE IS
ALL YOU SEE,
YOU FEEL RICHER THAN MIDAS.
LOOK AT ME!

WARM THOUGHTS FILL MY HEART
AND IT'S NOT EVEN SPRING.
DOWN THE GRAY CLOUDS DART,
NEAT AS AN APRON STRING.

AND THOUGH SOME PEOPLE SAY—
 THIS IS A SPOT THEY'D HIDE—
 STILL IN MY OWN SCRAPBOOK EV'RY SCRAP
 MAKES ME WANT TO CHEER 'N' CLAP:
 I JUST SEE THE HAP-
 PIER SIDE!

HONEY

Oh, Melanie. Boy, I can't wait ta start work.

MELANIE

Yeah. If we don't faint o' the cold first.

HONEY

Oh. I'll be derved if it won't be glorious. Us teachin' sweet, little underprivileged Eskimo children—in the wilderness. Prospects like this don't come often!

(Before MELANIE can disagree, HONEY
 launches back
 into song)

WHEN I'M HAPPY MY SHYNESS
 BIDS GOODBYE.
 YOU COULD CALL ME "YOUR HIGHNESS,"
 I'M SO HIGH.

WARM THOUGHTS FILL MY HEART
 AND IT'S NOT EVEN SPRING.
 DOWN THE GRAY CLOUDS DART,
 NEAT AS AN APRON STRING.
 AND THOUGH SOME PEOPLE SAY—
 THIS IS A SPOT THEY'D HIDE—

(MELANIE creeps up on HONEY with a
 snowball)

HONEY & MELANIE

STILL IN MY OWN SCRAPBOOK EV'RY SCRAP
 MAKES ME WANT TO CHEER 'N' CLAP:
 I JUST SEE THE HAP-
 PIER SIDE!

(MELANIE slaps the snowball on HONEY)

HONEY

Melanie!

MELANIE

Hmm. Maybe it won't be too bad at that. Jumpin' jackrabbits, when I write ta my folks 'bout my adventures here, they'll do a backward hurdle.

HONEY

At the very least.

MELANIE

Honey. Are you gonna write home too? Write ta yer feller Johnny Joe in loway?

HONEY

Oh poo, Melanie. I told ya. I decided ta come here and teach so I'd have time ta get away from Johnny Joe.

MELANIE

But Johnny Joe wuz such a wingding guy. Winnin' all them first prizes at the State Feer—raisin' champine hogs.

HONEY

Melanie. There's more to life than that.

MELANIE

Heck, least you had a snappy steady. Mos' of the guys who sparked me had all the spark of a rained-out campfire...

(ESSIE NORTON has entered. She is a stiff-lipped, mezzo commander. The actress will double as ESKIMO ANNIE)

ESSIE

Are you young ladies—Honey Snodgrass and Melanie Fong?

HONEY

It looks that way.

ESSIE

I am your commander and Teacher Superior, Essie Norton.

(They stiffly all shake hands)

It is my duty to escort you to your gravel barracks.

MELANIE

Whoopie.

HONEY

How thoughtful.

ESSIE

Unless it collapses and we have to move elsewhere... Well, pick up your luggage yourself ladies. And follow me. Now!

(The girls—mostly MELANIE—pick up the baggage)

MELANIE

(trying to convince herself)

I'm going to like it here. I'm going to like it here. Like it or not.

HONEY

Aren't there some natives to help us carry our things, Commander Essie?

ESSIE

Oh, don't depend on them. When you're in the deep freeze all the time, you're slow in thawing out. It's enough for our Eskimos to merely help us with the party tonight.

HONEY

Party?

ESSIE

His Honor—Lieutenant Governor, Sir William Littlewood—is throwing a bash tonight. Everyone is invited, even you ladies.

(MELANIE and HONEY are no longer resistant)

MELANIE

Hot dog! I *am* going to like it here.

HONEY

That's right! There's a happier side to ev'rything.

(They drop the luggage and **reprise The Happier Side**)

HONEY

I SAY:
"I STILL WANT TO
FLIP MY CAP!"
I'M THAT SORT O'
SAUCY SAP!

MELANIE & ESSIE

SHE SAYS
SHE STILL WANTS TO
FLIP HER CAP!
SHE'S THAT SORT O'
SAUCY SAP!

(HONEY and ESSIE cheerfully bounce off.
Melanie finds she is left to carry off the luggage
by herself. Her glee turns to a smirk as she
totters out)

ACT ONE **SCENE TWO**

Lights blaze up again, as the scene becomes a mysterious glacial coast. The ESKIMOS leap out of their mountain poses and sing.

SONG 2: Where the Hell Is Annie?

I not happy. ESKIMO 1

I not happy. ESKIMO 2

Eskimo Annie is late! ESKIMO 3

With our booze. ESKIMO 4

ESKIMOS
 WHERE THE HELL IS ANNIE?
 IS ANNIE? [alternative: WHERE THE HECK
 WHERE THE HELL IS ANNIE?
 I THOUGHT WE MADE A DATE.

'CAUSE SHE SAID SHE'D BE
 HERE 'ROUND HAF-PAST THREE.
 NOW IT'S HAF-PAST FOUR
 AND I'M GOOD 'N' SORE.
 IF SHE SAID SHE'D BE
 HERE 'ROUND HAF-PAST THREE.
 WHERE IN HELL IS SHE?

OH DAMN! HALF OF ESKIMOS
 [alternative: OH DARN!]

SHE BETTAH SHOW UP! OTHER HALF

DAMN! HALF OF ESKIMOS

SHE BETTAH SHOW UP! OTHER HALF

WITH OUR PROMISED BOOZE. ALL ESKIMOS

DAMN! HALF OF ESKIMOS

I'M GONNA BLOW UP! OTHER HALF

DAMN! HALF OF ESKIMOS

I'M GONNA BLOW UP! OTHER HALF

'LESS SHE WETS MY FUSE! ALL ESKIMOS

I'M A LOUSY SPORT
TILL I TAKE A SNORT
OF THE MOONSHINE SORT
BY THE PINT OR QUART!
I'LL ITCH LIKE THE HIVES
TILL SHE FIN'LLY ARRIVES.
WHERE IS ANNIE?
WHERE THE HELL IS ANNIE?
WHERE CAN ANNIE BE?

(ESKIMO ANNIE, a blubbery scavenger lady, makes a sweeping entrance—looking into trashcans for merchandise on her way. Also present is the village wiseman, NANOOK, acting enigmatic)

Hi, hot shots! Here's yo' bootlegged booze. You get big boot out of it.

(She passes booze bottles around, eagerly collecting on them)

NANOOK
(imperiously giving an unwelcome word to the wise)
It is mad to take a drink—
Fo' mad is thoughts it make you think.

Butt out, Nanook— ESKIMO 1

Or I really get mad! ESKIMO 2

Oh, lay off Nanook. He North Atlantic's mos' faithful remnant of old Eskimo civil'za-shun. Be dankful dere's some one dere to uphold standahds. ESKIMO ANNIE

Bah! ESKIMO 3

Oh, when the piece you speak is kind
It kind that bring you peace o' mind; NANOOK

Fo' talk is cheap and talk is crool
But sep-a-rate wise man from fool.

(As ESKIMOS ignore him, he leaves—stoically)

ESKIMO ANNIE

(out of booze)

Dat's it. Till we make repairs.

(The ESKIMOS act dejected)

Da distillery broken into las' night by walrus, who try out sample, den go wild an'
knock distillery into fizzled fizz.

ESKIMOS 1, 3 & 4

No!!!

ESKIMO 2

Den, meantime, what keeps us warm out here?

ESKIMO ANNIE

You one lucky cuss, bustah! It so happen dat today I haf going special on
heatahs. Only fifty whale-bone cost and it yo's.

(She rummages through her bag of merchandise)

ESKIMO 1

No deal. No outlet in igloo.

ESKIMO ANNIE

How 'bout radiation lamp, fresh from World War Two? Only slightly radioactive.

(No one is interested)

I get if fo' you ho'-sale.

ESKIMO 2

No sale.

ESKIMO ANNIE

How 'bout two sticks to rub togeddah and a fistful o' kindling?

(She shows obviously decrepit merchandise)

ESKIMO 2

No dice.

ESKIMO ANNIE

(taking out dice)

I got lucky pair o' dose too. Fi-nes' make. Bes' quality. Loaded!

ESKIMO 4

If you really wanna keep us warm, what 'bout getting us one o' yo' girls?

ESKIMO 1

How 'bout yo' daughter, what-you-ma-call-it?

ESKIMO ANNIE

You mean my daughter Angeline?*

(*pronounce "An-ja-lean")

How you like dat French name fo' Eskimo girl? Sorry. Angeline elope wid las' officer I set her up wid. Sez she weary o' pretendin' she blushing flower ev'ry time new officer in town...wanna retire.

ESKIMO 3

Well, what 'bout udder girls?

ESKIMO ANNIE

You sure I can't int'rest you in bunsen burner?

ESKIMO 4

No. We want dames.

ESKIMO 2

Nuttin' like a dame.

ESKIMO ANNIE

Okie dokey. You want. You get. Jus' count on me an' we find girl you like.

ESKIMO 1

You haf heart of octopus, Annie.

ESKIMO ANNIE

Wait. I get you girls. It will be someting special too. Soon you float 'way to exotic island o' da mind, where billows of soft air graze 'gainst you...an' pleashuhs of love cover you like summer sprinkle.

(She sings, enhanced by lighting and choral effects. **SONG 3: Someting Special**)

ESKIMO ANNIE (Cont'd)

MOS' PERSONS FLOAT IN A SINKING KAYAK
OFF IN DA CENTAH OF A LOS' LAGOON.
MOS' PERSONS FLOAT IN DAT SINKING KAYAK
TILL SOMETING SPECIAL,
SOMETING SPECIAL
RESCUES DEM, NONE TOO SOON.

SOMETING SPECIAL
WILL HAPPEN TO GREET YOU,
AS CARESSING AND CLOSE AS A HUG.
YO' FEET WILL TAKE WING

FROM DAT CERTAIN TING
DAT MEANS SOMETING SPECIAL TO YOU.

SOMETING SPECIAL
WILL RUN OUT TO MEET YOU,
AS IT WRAPS YOU AROUN' LIKE A RUG.
AT ONCE YOU ARE HURLED
IN SOME UDDER WORLD,
DA WAY SOMETING SPECIAL CAN DO,

I HEAR TRU DA VAPORY VIEW
AN ECHO' DAT INVITES:

VOICES

OOO....

ESKIMO ANNIE (Cont'd)

'FIND YO' SOMETING

ESKIMO ANNIE
SPECIAL!

FIND YO' SOMETING
SPECIAL!

VOICES
FIND YO' SOMETING
OO-OO-OO-OO-OO-OO.
FIND YO' SOMETING

OO-OO-OO-OO-OO-OO.

ESKIMO ANNIE

(aside)
FO' NIGHTS OF SPECIAL DELIGHTS."

(as VOICES harmonize like beckoning sea
sirens)

ESKIMO ANNIE

SOMETING SPECIAL
WILL COME TO COM-LETE YOU,
AS IT GOES TO YO' HEAD LIKE A DRUG.
(VOICES swoon)
DEN OUTA DA DUST
IT HELPS YOU TO TRUST
DAT YO' SOMETHING SPECIAL
TOO!

ESKIMO 1

Sold! When you haf girls, Annie?

ESKIMO ANNIE

Gotta get dem...ready. Ten whale-bone cost.

(The ESKIMOS pay ANNIE with whale-bones.
Meanwhile, HONEY comes jogging in. She is in

a cute uniform—à la Mary Martin in *Leave It to Me*. ESKIMO ANNIE sees her as a harem prospect)

HONEY

One, two, three, four. One, two, three, four.
(losing count)

One, four, three, five. Oh dern!
(seeing ESKIMO ANNIE)

Hey, miss. Are you Eskimo Annie?

ESKIMO ANNIE

You betcha.

HONEY

Oh. Welll, Annie. I need some things, and they tell me you're a one-woman general store.

ESKIMO ANNIE

Funny. Dey tell me I one-woman junkyard.

HONEY

I need some toothpaste and some gargle. Oh, and some hair conditioner. I've been washin' it too much lately. D'you have those?

ESKIMO ANNIE

Does a squid haf ink? You name it, I got it. Or I dig some up fo' you.

(She rummages through her bag and comes up with half-used tubes/containers of what HONEY has requested. She tries to ingratiate herself)

HONEY

Oh, thank you... I suppose.
(She reluctantly takes products)

ESKIMO ANNIE

You can haf fo' free. 'Cause I like you. I like make new bes' buddy, new pal...pal!

HONEY

Oh, thank you. I'm Honey Snodgrass.

ESKIMO ANNIE

What a...pretty name. But you pretty girl. Hmm. Ah! I got real storm in brain. Oo... You spicy dish. How you want I set you up wid local Eskimo Casanova?

HONEY

I honestly would not.

ESKIMO ANNIE

I get you guy so handsome, you sprout extra eyes—jus' to look at him!

HONEY

No. I'm afraid that's outa the question.

ESKIMO ANNIE

Whah? Who ask question?

HONEY

I know you mean well. But I've already been smittened and smartened from love. And it'll be a blue-moon day before I allow myself ta fully fall for the sassafras of any feller.

(She sings. **Song 4: Before I Fall**)

HONEY

MONKEYS 'LL LAY EGGS
BEFORE I'M CAUGHT.
WINTERS 'LL BE HOT 'N' CLAMMY.
FISH 'LL HAVE LONG LEGS
AND BRAINS 'LL BE BOUGHT
LONG BEFORE MEN FLIM-FLAM ME.

PUMPKINS 'LL WEAR PUMPS
BEFORE I YIELD.
DINOSAURS WILL ONCE MORE WAKEN;
SCHOLARS 'LL BE CHUMPS
AND CAVES 'LL BE SEALED
LONG BEFORE I AM TAKEN.

NEVER AM I ONE
WHO STARTS TA MELT
WHEN SOME HOT SWAIN GETS NERVY.
LONG BEFORE I'M UN-
DER SOME GUY'S BELT,
THIS WORLD 'LL BE TOPSY TURVY.

CUPID 'LL BE JAILED
BEFORE I'M STUNG,
VALENTINE'S DAY BE OUTDATED;
WISDOM WILL HAVE FAILED
AND CAUTION BE FLUNG
LONG BEFORE I HAVE MATED.

PIGMIES WILL GROW TALL,
APPLES WILL BAKE PIES
LONG BEFORE I FALL
FOR ANY GUYS.

(ESKIMO MEN surround HONEY, who coyly wards them off. She uprears onto a trash can of ESKIMO ANNIE's merchandise)

ESKIMO ANNIE

You sure I can't set you up wid local Casanova.

HONEY

(fighting off ESKIMOS)

Sorry. My heart belongs to teaching.

(ESKIMOS signal they want refunds from
ESKIMO ANNIE)

ESKIMO ANNIE

I gettin' out o' gettin' girl bus'ness. All demand and no supply!

(Nevertheless, the ESKIMOS frolic and ogle
HONEY)

HONEY

(as ESKIMO MEN whistle along)

NEVER WAS THERE ONE
ALMIGHTY MALE
THAT I COULD—WITH NO DOUBT— FACE;
LONG BEFORE I'M UN-
DER SOME GUY'S TAIL,
THIS WORLD 'LL BE IN ABOUT-FACE.

HONEY & ESKIMO MEN

(turning about-face; roisterously)

MONKEYS 'LL LAY EGGS
BEFORE I'M/SHE'S CAUGHT.
WINTERS 'LL BE HOT 'N' CLAMMY.
FISH 'LL HAVE LONG LEGS
AND BRAINS 'LL BE BOUGHT

HONEY

LONG BEFORE MEN FLIM-FLAM ME.

(ESKIMO MEN hum along)

DYNASTIES WILL FALL,
WATERFALLS WILL RISE,
LONG BEFORE I FALL
FOR ANY GUYS!

ESKIMO MEN

(tossing HONEY up and catching her)

MONKEYS 'LL LAY EGGS
BEFORE SHE'S CAUGHT!

(They all rustle off, as lights fade)

ACT ONE
SCENE THREE

Scene shifts to the deluxe Yukon home of the Lieutenant Governor, SIR WILLIAM LITTLEWOOD. LITTLEWOOD is a dashing, aging “Englishman” with a secret. The whole COMPANY—including ESSIE—is attending LITTLEWOOD’s splashy party. People are chipping ice off of LITTLEWOOD’s home to chill their cocktails, and there is a sign out front: “No seals admitted.” MELANIE can be seen flirting with the ESKIMOS. Meanwhile, the COMPANY loudly sings a Jerry Herman-style song. **Song 5: Now Is Here**.

COMPANY

OH,
NOW IS HERE.
MAY HAS RETIRED ‘CAUSE
NOW IS HERE.
JUNE HAS EXPIRED ‘CAUSE
NOW IS HERE—
THE TIME WE’VE ALL BEEN WAITING FOR.

OH,
NOW IS HERE.
SEPTEMBER SCOOTED ‘CAUSE
NOW IS HERE
ONCE MORE.

WOW! IS IT PLEASANT
HERE IN THE PRESENT!
KICK UP YOUR KNEES ‘N’
PRAISE THE SEASON.

NOW IS HERE.
DECEMBER’S BOOTED ‘CAUSE
NOW IS HERE TO TAKE A BOW.
THOUGH I CAN’T STATE
PRECISELY THE DATE,
LET’S CELEBRATE
RIGHT NOW!

(They waltz. Then the vocal carousing
continues)

NOW IS HERE.
MAY HAS RETIRED ‘CAUSE
NOW IS HERE.
JUNE HAS EXPIRED ‘CAUSE
NOW IS HERE—

THE TIME WE'VE ALL BEEN WAITING FOR.

OH,
NOW IS HERE.
SEPTEMBER SCOOTED 'CAUSE
NOW IS HERE
ONCE MORE.

PERK UP YOUR PARKAS—
DON'T BE A CARCASS!
NO TIME HAS BECKONED
LIKE THIS SECOND.

NOW IS HERE.
DECEMBER'S BOOTED 'CAUSE
NOW IS HERE TO TAKE A BOW.
THOUGH I'VE FORGOT
THE TIME AND CANNOT
REMEMBER OR STATE
PRECISELY THE DATE,
LET'S CELEBRATE
RIGHT NOW!

(We now listen to vignettes of conversation—
while music permeates the cocktail hour, allegro)

HONEY

Oh, whut a lovely party. Unlike any, back home.

MELANIE

Yow. There's more things whirlin' 'round here than in a shootin' gallery. And I've never heard such sparklin' conversation.

NANOOK

Those who wine and dine—it's true—
Mus' pay high tab when night is through.

ESKIMO

Sez who?

HONEY

(in the middle of a conversation, charming an
ESKIMO dignitary)

And there are other reasons why I came to the North Atlantic. Back home my life—though happy—was uneventful. I was always the girl who arrived when the auction was over. When the bus had left the depot. All signals were red and I was goin' nowhere. Nowhere at all. And so, I need this tiny time off—this next year and a half—to make a real difference.

ESSIE

William, this party of yours is the best yet. And, by the way, I know someone you might enjoy meeting. A refreshing departure from your usual coterie.

(Across a crowded room, HONEY and WILLIAM have spotted each other and instantly—know even then that—they are in love. ESSIE goes over to HONEY and guides her toward SIR WILLIAM)

Honey Snodgrass. I want you to meet our host, the Lieutenant Governor of this region. Sir William Littlewood. He's our touch of elegance here... British, you know.

WILLIAM

(with a strangely heavy Italianized accent, converting the written speech)

I'm so very pleased to meet you. What a charming young lady.

HONEY

Y' honor.

WILLIAM

I'm enchanted. But who are you?

ESSIE

Honey and her companion, Melanie Fong, just arrived from the United States today. They're going to teach at the Children's Shelter.

WILLIAM

But, how admirable. Then you will be teaching my son, Robert.

(ESSIE leaves them)

HONEY

You have a son. And...?

WILLIAM

(expeditiously)

I am a widower. A man without a wife. After the Second World War, I brought my son over from Britain and was assigned the post of Lieutenant Governor here.

HONEY

Well, how wonderful for you.

WILLIAM

Yes, Honey.

(Realizing he has said her name, he becomes a bit dreamy)

I'm told you're going to teach the children English. That takes someone special. How I love the English language. I am a compulsive, rapacious reader.

I thought so. HONEY

Do you have any favorite writers? WILLIAM

Oh, I love 'em all. HONEY

I have so many. Robert Browning. The Bronte sisters. James Joyce. Evelyn Waugh. WILLIAM

Oh, I'm 'specially fond of her too. HONEY

You're most amusing. But, you're trembling. Are you cold? WILLIAM

Why should I be cold...in this lovely sub-zero weather. ... Compared ta someone of your stature, I mus' seem like a little fool. HONEY

(There is a feeling of romance in the air, as EVERYONE but WILLIAM and HONEY fade from the picture)

Oh, on the contrary. Why, you are probably the most attractive teacher we have ever had. You should have...a diamond-framed blackboard to match your charm. I have never said this to a woman before. WILLIAM

Oh, William.... I love your...terrace. HONEY

(They drift into song. **Song 6: Duo Thoughts**)

WILLIAM
SHE IS SWEET AND LOVELY,
PURE AS MORNING AIR.
COULD SHE EVER WANT ME?
MUST WE ONLY STARE?

HONEY
HE IS TALL AND DASHING,
FULL OF TASTE AND TACT.
SHOULD I RUSH TO KISS HIM?
WOULD HE THINK I'M CRACKED?

WILLIAM

I AM GETTING OLDER;
SHE IS YOUNG AND SMART.
WOULD SHE CALL ME "GRANDPA"
THEN WITH SOME BOY DEPART?

HONEY

I AM JUST A FARM GIRL
WITH AN ENDLESS SMILE.
COUNTESSSES AND DIVAS—
THEY ARE MORE HIS STYLE.

WILLIAM

SHOULD I TELL HER NOW
WHAT I THINK—OR BE TAME?
I FEEL SO UNBALANCED;
COULD SHE FEEL THE SAME?

WILLIAM

HERE WE ARE TOGETHER—
WE HAVE BARELY MET.
I DON'T REALLY KNOW YOU

HONEY

TWO DIFF'RENT PEOPLE—
WORLDS APART—HAVE
MET.
I DON'T REALLY KNOW YOU

WILLIAM (Cont'd)

AND YET!

HONEY

AND YET!

WILLIAM

AND YET!

(As the music swells to a crescendo, WILLIAM romantically locks his champagne-holding arm around HONEY's—so that they can drink champagne, arm in arm. She has never experienced anything like this before and is nervous. But—as if becoming one in mind with WILLIAM—she propitiously gets the hang of it. They are reluctantly infatuated with each other)

HONEY

Y'know. The Northern Atlantic area is not as barren as I guessed it 'd be.

WILLIAM

Oh. There is much to pleasure the eyes and other senses here. I'm particularly partial to the tapestry of mosses around us. These mosses abound everywhere in North Atlantic. There is the bewitched, jade-green peat moss. And the rich, romantic tundra moss, as delicately textured as the most exquisite Arabian carpet. And my favorite: the pristine, creamy-white reindeer moss—an endearing and

enduring moss which the reindeer chew for nourishment. Yes. Our moss masses must be the most masterly of all moss masses.

HONEY

My, they must.

WILLIAM

I am touched by your sensitivity. One rarely appreciates so precious but familiar a thing as moss. Every day of our lives for as long as we live, we are blind to the most beautiful of objects.

HONEY

Exactly my thoughts.

WILLIAM

(intense)

You may be driving along in your jeep one day, and *there*—in the middle of traffic—is that one thing which will give your life the most meaning. Grab it fast or the rest of your life may be just a flat tire. I've hoped and prayed I'd discover such a momentous thing in the middle of traffic. Vainly hoped...until now.

(He mellifluously breaks into song, adding extra syllables to sound Italian à la Ezio Pinza. He also milks held notes on the words "Held" and "Hope". **Song 7: I've Held a Hope**)

WILLIAM (Cont'd)

IN MY DREAMS I'VE KNOWN YOU
LIKE BLIND MEN KNOW THERE'S LIGHT.
NOW I WAKE AND FIND YOU
AS I PRAYED I MIGHT.

I'VE HELD A HOPE
THE GIRL I DREAMED ABOUT
WOULD ARRIVE
SOME DAY.

I'VE HELD A HOPE
SHE'D MAKE MY ZEST FOR LIVING
REVIVE
SOME DAY.

I DREAMED SHE'D BE
AS STARTLING AS THE STARLIGHT
AND KNEW THAT SHE
WOULD MAKE MY DREAM COME TRUE.

I'VE HELD MY HOPE
AS LONG* AS I COULD HOPE,
(*The note on the word "LONG" should be held
as long

as possible)
 BUT, MY DEAR, AT LAST
 YOU'RE HERE AT LAST
 AND NOW I'M HOLDING YOU.

(They embrace)

WILLIAM (Cont'd)

I DREAMED SHE'D BE
 AS STARTLING AS THE STARLIGHT
 AND KNEW THAT SHE
 WOULD MAKE MY DREAM COME TRUE.

I'VE HELD MY HOPE
 AS LONG AS I COULD HOPE,
 BUT, MY DEAR, AT LAST
 YOU'RE HERE AT LAST
 AND NOW I'M HOLDING YOU.

HONEY

(abruptly)

Yes, I'll consider marrying you.

WILLIAM

Then, I have a confession to make. I have a grave secret that only one other person in this area knows—Eskimo Annie.

(reluctantly)

And soon I'll muster the courage to tell you too.

HONEY

Oh, whuh...?

(MELANIE re-emerges and cuts in)

MELANIE

I'm sorry. But it's time ta go now.

HONEY

Oh well, William.

(graciously waving goodbye)

Sorrow is such sweet parting.

WILLIAM

As you say.

(She departs, leaving WILLIAM perplexed by her comments. Lights fade)

ACT ONE
SCENE FOUR

Next we enter the Children's Shelter. It is dilapidated and punctuated by a blackboard. NANOOK is present, trying to deter HONEY, MELANIE, and ESSIE—as they arrive to begin school.

HONEY

No, no, Nanook.

ESSIE

How many times must I tell you, it's no use trying to convince us not to teach the children.

NANOOK

When you push new thoughts in head,
You push others out—it said.
Why teach children modern stuff?
Pearls of past should be enough.
It best to leave our world as was
Or polar bee will cease to buzz.

MELANIE

That's catchy. You could write jingles.

HONEY

Please, Mr. Nanook.

ESSIE

It is our obligation to educate the children. Your Eskimo heritage and traditions have their place—

HONEY

Oh gosh. There's no gettin' out o' that.

ESSIE

But we must move onward and upward. We must scuffle up the tree of knowledge and taste its most golden apples. Even if we fall and break our necks on the way.

MELANIE

You said a bushel-ful.

NANOOK

(giving up and leaving)

You be like baboon's new mate,
Very sorry, much too late.
Still, I do wish you best o' luck

Because with kindly heart I stuck.

HONEY

Oh, it's terrible there has ta be a clash between the traditional world o' North Atlantic...and the new, modern world which we represent. For, Nanook is—in his gut—deeply engaging.

MELANIE

In a fashion. An old fashion. But a fashion.

ESSIE

Well, ladies, this is it. The time for classes.

MELANIE

Hot diggity.

ESSIE

You will report to me—this afternoon—of today's activities. I will see you then.

(HONEY and MELANIE salute her, as ESSIE marches out)

HONEY

Oh, classroom, good morning! Good morning to you!

(She finds the blackboard. There may be a drawn picture on it of a face sneering or sticking out its tongue. HONEY erases and writes "I'm in love/ I'm in love/ I'm in love" all over it)

MELANIE

Eeww! This school is gonna need a lotta tidyin'. I think the monsoon season skipped through—before the children could.

HONEY

(Smiling at what she wrote on the blackboard)

You'll never guess what's happened to me.

MELANIE

Johosafat—I like your penmanship. Ya mean, somethin's cookin' 'tween you 'n' the Lieutenant Governor? Ooo, I can hear the kettle goin' off! ... But whut about Johnny Joe back home?

HONEY

Who cares? I've got caviar on my hook now, 'n' that's not easy.

MELANIE

C'gratulations, ya lucky goose. We've jes' been in North Atlantic twenty-four hours, and you've already won thousands 'v friends, stole the party las' night, 'n' met the man of yer destiny.

(to herself)

I wish there wuz some good fortune left fer me, saddest o' sacks.

(MAJOR SANDY SHORE enters. He is a spirited buck—from loway too)

SANDY

Howdie! Howdie, girls. I'm Major Sandy Shore of North Atlantic's Sociological Division. If there's anything I can do to assist you in your school endeavors, just snap, blow bubbles, or whistle. I'll

(dazzled by MELANIE, his speech falters)

thee bare...uh...be bare...uh...be there.

HONEY

Pardon. I'm going out for some reinforcements.

(She leaves them alone. MELANIE and SANDY fidget around, hardly able to contain themselves. Then, MELANIE whips a red scarf out of her pocket—tossing it on the floor)

MELANIE

Hey.

(SANDY heeds the mating call, picking up the scarf and handing it back; MELANIE says flirtatiously:)

I'm Melanie.

SANDY

Say, Melanie... If you're not busy, I'd be pleased to show you around the...ah, hallways.

MELANIE

Oh, wowie, Mister Shore. Sher. Mm, suddenly I'm a joyful, jubilant girl...and enjoy being it. Now that you know all about me, how 'bout lettin' me hear the story of yer life.

SANDY

Happy to oblige.

MELANIE

Good start.

SANDY

I'm a Yale summa coom lawdie with numerous degrees—doin' my share for humanity out here in the North Atlantic. Yes, I've traveled far...since my boyhood days in loway.

MELANIE

Yer from loway? Me too. But I never noticed you there.

Well, loway's a big neighborhood.

SANDY

Not that big.

MELANIE

You're fun, Melanie. Say, would you care to see my prize possession? It's parked outside.

SANDY

(She wonders what he means, but soon finds out.
They sing **Song 8: The Sleigh With the Cream Colored Team**)

WOULD YOU LIKE TO PLAY
IN MY SLEIGH
WITH THE CREAM
COLORED TEAM
ONE DAY?

SANDY

I MAY.

MELANIE

OKAY—

MAYBE WE WILL PLAY
IN MY SLEIGH
WITH THE CREAM
COLORED TEAM
TODAY.

SANDY

WOULD YOU LIKE TO GLIDE
BY MY SIDE
IN A STEAM
AS WE STREAM
ON OUR RIDE?

YES, I'D—

THEN PERHAPS WE'LL GLIDE
SIDE BY SIDE
MAKIN' STEAM
AS WE STREAM
ON OUR RIDE.

SANDY

BE MY GUIDE.

MELANIE

SANDY
 WE WILL THREAD
 AND WE WILL KEEP AHEAD
 OF THE SLED,
 AND MOOSE, AND JEEP AHEAD.

MELANIE
 NO DOUBT!
 TILL WE HIT A SNOWDRIFT HEAP AHEAD.
 HOW SNUG! TILL THEY DIG US OUT.

(They begin patter, coyly bombarding each other
 with overlapping nonsense phrases)

GOLLY OH.

SANDY
 OH MY.

MELANIE
 MY HEAVENS.

SANDY
 HEAVENS NO.

MELANIE
 NO SIR.

SANDY
 SURPRISE.

MELANIE
 PRIZE THAT?

SANDY
 THAT'S SO.

MELANIE
 SO WHUT.

SANDY
 WHAT NOTHING!

MELANIE
 NOTHING BETTER.

SANDY
 BETTER GO.

MELANIE
 GO ON.

ON THE WAY— SANDY

THE WAY MELANIE

I BOTH

KNOW. SANDY

NO GOOD. MELANIE

GOODBYE. SANDY

BY GOLLY. MELANIE

GOLLY! GOLLY!
GOLLY OH! SANDY

(SANDY scoops up MELANIE. They go for a breezy sleigh ride, as SANDY's sleigh [of DANCERS as huskies] appears)

Let's go, Melanie. SANDY

You win. MELANIE

Hold tight! SANDY

(The ride is fast and exhilarating. Then, the "sleigh" hies off, as MELANIE and SANDY complete the song)

SANDY & MELANIE
I'LL CLASP YOUR/YER HAND
AND RUB YOUR/YER NOSE
AND DO LIKE ALL THE ESKIMOS—
IN THE SLEIGH
WITH THE CREAM
COLORED TEAM.

(They flirtatiously dance off. Meanwhile, HONEY returns to the classroom—a bit nervous)

HONEY

Gosh, it's almost time for school.

(She looks for MELANIE, who's nowhere in sight)

Melanie... Melanie? Well, no matter. I'm the teacher for the first class. And I'll do myself proud—even by myself.

(Looking into the distance)

Oh, here come my Eskimo students now.

(The ESKIMO STUDENTS grandiosely arrive. The actors playing the ESKIMO STUDENTS may be adults, stooped down and hobbling on their knees to take on the appearance of children)

HONEY (Cont'd)

My! Good morning, students. What an impressive class! Class, I'm your new teacher, Miss Honey Snodgrass—on this bright balloon of a morning.

(They only stare, silently)

Let's see. Hmm. Why don't you announce your names to me, one by one.

(Again nothing)

Oh gee. We appear to have a communication barrier. And how.

(ROBERT LITTLEWOOD, the sole English-speaking student, rises)

ROBERT

Your Ladyship. I am the only student here who speaks in English. Perhaps I can save you. I am Robert Littlewood, son of the Lieutenant Governor, Sir William Littlewood.

HONEY

Whutta sweet boy. Whutta you suggest I do?

ROBERT

I don't know.

HONEY

Oh. Well, they claim music is the language understood by all. Perhaps if I sing a tune, I can get through to them.

(She sings)

Doe-re-mi-fa-so-la-tee-doe. Doe-re-mi-fa-so-la-tee-doe.

(The ESKIMO STUDENTS do not catch on)

ROBERT

Perhaps if you sang a few proper words instead of that ghastly gibberish.

HONEY

Yes, that's it. I'll sing some proper words and—ah!—portray them through sign language. Yes, I'll use signals, make signs...

(She sings, during which time she gesticulates the words she is singing. And—since one hundred million miracles happen every day—the ESKIMO STUDENTS catch on. **Song 9: The Sign Song**)

THERE'S A UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE
 THAT SURPASSES SIMPLE SPEECH:
 IT'S THE LANGUAGE KNOWN AS GESTURES
 AND THE PERFECT WAY TO TEACH.
 WHEN YOU MERELY MOVE YOUR FINGERS
 OR SINCERELY WINK YOUR EYE,
 YOU ACHIEVE COMMUNICATION
 EVEN DEAF-MUTES CAN'T DENY.

When you make a sign! For instance—

WAVE,
 I WAVE TO YOU WITH MY HAND.
 HAND,
 TO WAVE MY HAND HAS TO STAND.
 STAND,
 WE EITHER STAND OR WE SIT.
 SIT,
 WE OUGHT TO SIT DOWN A BIT.
 BIT,
 I BIT MY LITTLE THUMB.
 THUMB,
 MY THUMB IS FEELING NUMB.

NUMB,
 MY THUMB'S NUMB BUT I'M FINE—
 WHEN I SPEAK TO YOU
 THROUGH
 A SIGN!

(The ESKIMO STUDENTS react to HONEY'S signals)

Your turn.

ESKIMO STUDENTS

WAVE!

HONEY

I WAVE WITH MY HAND.

| | |
|---|-----------------|
| | ESKIMO STUDENTS |
| HAND! | |
| | HONEY |
| MY HAND HAS TO STAND. SIT OR WE | |
| | ESKIMO STUDENTS |
| STAND! | |
| | HONEY |
| WE STAND OR WE | |
| | ESKIMO STUDENTS |
| SIT! | |
| | HONEY |
| THEN WE OUGHT TO REST A BIT. | |
| | ESKIMO STUDENTS |
| BIT! | |
| | HONEY |
| MY POOR LITTLE THUMB. | |
| | ESKIMO STUDENTS |
| AND YOUR THUMB— | |
| | HONEY |
| MY THUMB'S FEELING NUMBER. HO HUM! | |
| | ESKIMO STUDENTS |
| NUMB | |
| | HONEY |
| IS MY | |
| | ESKIMO STUDENTS |
| THUMB | |
| | HONEY |
| BUT I'M FEELIN' FINE WHEN I SAY IT THROUGH A | |
| | ESKIMO STUDENTS |
| SIGN! | |
| | HONEY |

Excellent, class!

ESKIMO STUDENTS

Thank you, Miss Snodgrass.

HONEY

YES! WE'RE GETTING MORE THAN WARM AT
USING SIGNALS AS A FORMAT
THROUGH WHICH YOU COULD TEACH A DORMAT
IF NEED BE.

THESE CONTORTIONS SUIT US **TO A TEE**.*

(*Accent on first of the three syllables so "TO a
tee" rhymes with "DO it, he" and "ingenUity")

MAN CAN CONQUER IF TO **DO** IT, HE
TRIES A LITTLE INGENUITY
AS DO WE.

(says)

Sing, ev'ryone!

(They divide into overlapping counterpoint)

HONEY

WAVE,
I WAVE TO YOU WITH MY
HAND.
HAND,
TO WAVE MY HAND HAS TO
STAND.
STAND,
WE EITHER STAND OR WE
SIT.
SIT,
WE OUGHT TO SIT DOWN A
BIT.
BIT,
I BIT MY LITTLE THUMB.
THUMB,
MY THUMB IS FEELING NUMB.

NUMB,
MY THUMB'S NUMB BUT I'M
FINE—
WHEN I SPEAK TO YOU
WHEN I SPEAK TO YOU,

ESKIMO STUDENTS

WAVE!
I WAVE WITH MY HAND.
HAND!
MY HAND HAD TO
STAND.
SIT OR WE STAND,
WE STAND OR WE SIT!
THEN WE OUGHT TO
REST A BIT.
I
BIT
MY POOR LITTLE THUMB.
AND MY THUMB—
MY THUMB'S FEELING
NUMB.
HO HUM!
NUMB IS MY THUMB
BUT I'M FEELIN' FINE
...WHEN I SPEAK TO YOU,
...WHEN I SPEAK TO

HONEY & ESKIMO STUDENTS

WHEN I SPEAK TO YOU
THROUGH
A SIGN!

(The GROUP has now exhausted the song and themselves)

HONEY

Wonderful, students! Notable progress today! Class dismissed.
(The ESKIMO STUDENTS leave, scampering on knees)

So long. Farewell.

(WILLIAM LITTLEWOOD enters)

Oh! William.

WILLIAM

Honey. I see you've finished your class.

HONEY

Yes. We're finished all right.

WILLIAM

I came to pick up my son. But as I was walking down the hall, all I heard were the children raving about you.

HONEY

Were they now?

WILLIAM

You must be a remarkable teacher.

HONEY

Perhaps.

WILLIAM

Honey. You haven't forgotten about last night? You still feel the same toward me?

HONEY

Even more so, William.

WILLIAM

Grand.

HONEY

Make that a double grand.

WILLIAM

Honey, we should be married as soon as possible. How about this afternoon?

HONEY

No, William. I'd love to, really. But I have four more classes this afternoon.

WILLIAM

So devoted.... Well, would you marry me tonight?

HONEY

Yes, perhaps I will. I jus' have ta call off seein' the ice hockey game with Melanie Fong. I reckon I can miss that...to get married.

WILLIAM

Then we'll meet at seven tonight, marry, and have dinner. Will you confirm that reservation?

HONEY

Without reservation. Golly!

(ESSIE rushes in)

ESSIE

(gesturing acknowledgment to WILLIAM, then saying:)

Oh Honey, you're here! I don't know quite how to say it. But your quarters, the gravel barracks, have finally collapsed.

WILLIAM

Finally? This is the fifth time.

ESSIE

But fortunately, no one was hurt in this daylight hour.

WILLIAM

Thank, thank goodness. Life can be rough here.

HONEY

Oh, William.

WILLIAM

Darling, don't worry. I'll fix things!

(He hastens out)

ESSIE

I'm afraid that most of your belongings—your luggage, your family snapshots—all were destroyed in the collapse.

HONEY

(hysterical)

Oh no! Aiee! Eee!

(Getting hold of herself)

Well, it was meant ta be—I suppose. Yes! Looking on the happier side, now I am fully free of those ties to the past...and allowed ta start life completely anew. Whut a wonderful feeling. I'm actually happy, Essie. Yes, happy!

(gravitating toward tears again)

Was my stamp collection ruined too?

ESSIE

Yes.

HONEY

(falling on her knees)

Whut'll I do, Essie?

ESSIE

You're alive, aren't you?

HONEY

I suppose.

ESSIE

Then you're way ahead of the game! Honey, don't let depression trample you. Remember your sympathy card? The one sent when your pet chicken died in loway? How you've always used it as a source of encouragement when you were down? Well, recite that sympathy card now. Let it be a source of inspiration to you. Go ahead.

HONEY

I'll...try...Though the storm clouds empty their shakers...And the crows of darkness descend...When the storm clouds lift from these acres—

(In tears, she blubbers)

There's a rainbow...rain...ba...ra...

ESSIE

Move over, Honey!

(ESSIE takes over. **Song 10: There's a Rainbow at the End**)

THOUGH THE STORM CLOUDS EMPTY THEIR SHAKERS
AND THE CROWS OF DARKNESS DESCEND,
WHEN THE STORM CLOUDS LIFE FROM THESE AC-RES,
THERE'S A RAINBOW AT THE END.

WHEN ON TIPTOE COMES A TORNADO
THAT MAY MAKE EACH EDIFACE BEND,
LET IT PASS AND FOLLOW MY CREDO—
THERE'S A RAINBOW AT THE END.

SOON
THE SWEET TUNE
OF A THRUSH

TWEETS TO HUSH
THE TEARS TOWARD WHICH YOU TEND.

SO, WALK ON AND SURGE,
FIGHT EACH CONTRARY URGE,
THOUGH YOU MAY NOT LINGER TO SEE IT EMERGE—
(With HONEY now uplifted, a rainbow actually
does appear behind them)
THERE'S A ROSY RAINBOW AT THE END!

(Blackout)

ACT ONE
SCENE FIVE

Lights blaze again, as we visit another mysterious glacial coast, where an igloo-raising event is taking place. EVERYONE is present, except HONEY and ESSIE. **Song 11: Raising an Igloo.**

COMPANY

RISE
AND RAISE THAT IGLOO UP,
IGLOO UP
TO THE SKIES.

YAA-AA! LET'S BUSTLE!
YAA-AA! WITH MUSCLE!
YAA! IT WON'T GET DONE TILL EACH OF US'LL

RISE!
AND RAISE THAT IGLOO UP,
IGLOO UP
TO FULL-SIZE.
MUSTER YOUR BRUTE FORCE;
WE MUST RECRUIT FORCE!
OPEN YOUR EARS AND EYES—
THEN RISE!
AND RAISE IT UP TO THE SKIES.

(HONEY and MELANIE hurry in)

HONEY

Oh! Is that our new home?

MELANIE

It sher is, Honey!

Oh, may I help? Please!

HONEY

You bet!

COMPANY

(HONEY joins the COMPANY as they energetically continue raising the igloo)

COMPANY

IGLOO RAISING!
 IGLOO RAISING!
 IGLOO RAISING!
 IGLOO RAISING!
 IGLOO RAISING!
 IGLOO RAISING!
 IGLOO RAISING!
 IGLOO RAISING!
 IGLOO RAISING!
 IGLOO RAISING!
 IGLOO RAISING!
 IGLOO RAISING!
 AAAH!

RISE
 AND RAISE THAT IGLOO UP,
 IGLOO UP
 TO THE SKIES.

YAA-AA! LET'S BUSTLE!
 YAA-AA! WITH MUSCLE!
 YAA! IT WON'T GET DONE TILL EACH OF US'LL

RISE!
 AND RAISE THAT IGLOO UP,
 IGLOO UP
 TO FULL-SIZE.
 MUSTER YOUR BRUTE FORCE;
 WE MUST RECRUIT FORCE!
 OPEN YOUR EARS AND EYES—
 THEN RISE,
 THEN RISE,
 THEN RISE,
 THEN RISE,
 THEN RISE,
 THEN RISE,
 THEN RISE—
 RAISE IT UP TO THE SKIES!

(button:)

You bet!

(The igloo and the number are finished)

MELANIE

Sandy, you'd better spill it.

SANDY

Excuse me, Miss Snodgrass. You've been seeing a lotta Sir William Littlewood lately.

HONEY

Yes. I was introduced to him last night.

SANDY

Have you ever wondered about his past?

HONEY

What's the use o' wond'rin'? I love him.

SANDY

I regret to inform you—there are indications that he, the Lieutenant Governor, is not an altogether savory character. In fact, he's currently under secret investigation by the authorities.

HONEY

(after gasping)

It can't be. Why, his son—an adorable, kind little kid—was just in my classroom. A man under secret investigation couldn't have a son like that! Or could he?

SANDY

I regret—these are the cold facts. There's some question about his so-called past in Britain. And what incriminates him most are his dealings with Eskimo Annie.

HONEY

Eskimo Annie?

SANDY

It has come to our attention that Eskimo Annie—that seemingly harmless old goofball—is actually the ringleader of a bootlegging gang of Eskimos! And Sir William may be involved with them.

HONEY

Impossible!

(She is crestfallen)

MELANIE

Cheer up, Honeysuckle.

HONEY

I simply can't accept it! Why, he's the only guy I've ever been in love with. And you inform me that William is under investigation, suspected of dealin' with boo-hoo-hootleggers! Oh, why did I ever fly away from loway? And why didn't I pay heed ta the warnin's I've heard?

(Ghostly lights shine, as the background fades and PEOPLE enact speeches remembered by HONEY)

SANDY

The Lieutenant Governor is not an altogether savory character.

MELANIE

It's a step outev our old worl' 'n' inta a new kettle o' fish. But I'm not so sher I like the smell.

NANOOK

You be like baboon's new mate. Very sorry, much too late.

WILLIAM

I have a grave secret that only one other person...

ESSIE

(Can be taped voice if ESKIMO ANNIE is used in the scene; or actress can play ESKIMO ANNIE for part of the scene, then go off and return as ESSIE)

Until it collapses. Collapses. Collapse...

ESKIMO STUDENT

Numb, my thumb is feeling numb!

(HONEY's "voices" disappear, as her scream supersedes them)

HONEY

No!!! I can't take it anymore. I gotta go to the horse's mouth—Eskimo Annie—to see for myself about William. Where the heck is she?

(Scene ends with a blackout)

ACT ONE
SCENE SIX

Lights shine again, as we visit another of the countless North Atlantic coasts. HONEY runs in, crying and flailing.

HONEY

Eskimo Annie! Eskimo Annie!

ESKIMO ANNIE

(suddenly popping out)

Whatza mattah? Iz World War Two back on?

HONEY

No. I've discovered something far worse! Something involving me.

ESKIMO ANNIE

Dat's possible. Ay, you teacher now. Want I sell you school supplies?

(She rummages through supplies)

HONEY

(knocking supplies everywhere)

No! Jus' listen ta me!

ESKIMO ANNIE

Whateveh you want.

HONEY

You mus' tell me ev'rything about Sir William Littlewood! Ev'rything—good, bad, indifferent, unthinkable, unutterable, disgusting. And tell me the negative things too. I know you're his confidante.

ESKIMO ANNIE

Whoh! Yo' in luf wid him, aren't you? Hello, young luvfa!

HONEY

Jus' tell me about Sir Littlewood? About his past in Britain! About the bootlegging! Are you two really horrible criminals?

ESKIMO ANNIE

I no like yo' insinua-shuns! Why you no mind yo' own q's and p's and carrots! Leave me 'lone!

HONEY

Please, please! You mus' tell me!

(HONEY nearly throttles ESKIMO ANNIE, shaking the truth out of her)

ESKIMO ANNIE

You hard to resist. I hate seein' grown woman cry like abominable snowman. Honey, I cawshin' you—da trute will leave you cryin'. Leave you wailin'.

HONEY

I don't care.

ESKIMO ANNIE

(as HONEY hangs on ESKIMO ANNIE'S every drawn-out word)

Okie dokie. A-wailin' we will go. Da trute 'bout Sir William Littlewood, who I been close 'socciate of evah since he come to Nortt Atlantic is dat...

(WILLIAM races in to interrupt ESKIMO ANNIE)

WILLIAM

No! No! No! Eskimo Annie! Shhhhhushhhhh!

ESKIMO ANNIE

(Wiping her face after WILLIAM's messy "shush")

Ugh! Lieutenant Governor. Why not let me tell her?

WILLIAM

One more word, and I'll stuff you into one of your own merchandise cans.

(ESKIMO ANNIE hula-waves her hands back and forth—as if to suggest the secret is only so-so)

ESKIMO ANNIE

Well, Honey. When you want udder secrets of area, you call again. Dis secret—too privileged.

(Leaving and giving WILLIAM a scowl)

Some privilege!

HONEY

William, if you won't let her tell me, then you must. Don't you see? There's no other course. Dinner is over.

WILLIAM

Honey. I've done nothing to be ashamed of in all my years, which is a *long* time! Trust me!

HONEY

(increasingly agitated)

Then why won't you confide in me?

WILLIAM

Honey. You sound upset. In the glow of this sterling setting for two, we mustn't argue. We should rejoice. Shall we announce to the world...our love?

HONEY

Stop it! You're evadin' me—because it's all true what they've been warnin'! It's true about their investigatin' you—I don't know whut for—but it mus' be bloodcurdlin'! And it's true I can't trust anything about you! Ooo! ... From now on, it's only in God I trust! So excuse me while I run off 'n' sew my heart back together.

(HONEY runs off)

WILLIAM

Honey! Honey—Nuts!

(He soliloquizes. **Song 12: Solo Thoughts**)

I'VE PONDERED WHO MY GIRL WOULD BE,
BUT THE ONES I SOUGHT WERE FEW.
NOT A FLIRT WHO'S BOLD AND BRASSY
NOR A PRIM AND PRISSY LASSIE;
I WANT YOU.

ONLY HONEY,
FREE OF PRETENSE,
GIVES MY SENSELESS LIFE
SOME REAL SENSE.

I'M WEARY OF WAND'RING HOME
AT NIGHT AND ROAM-
ING THOSE LONELY HALLS
WITH NO ONE TO HEAR MY TROUBLES
EXCEPT FOR MY FOUR WALLS.

THEN I PICTURE HONEY
LIGHTING UP THE HOUSE
IF THE GIRL AND I WERE ONE.
DARING TO LOVE ME
AND SHARING MY SECRETS,
EVEN CARING FOR MY SON;
BUT IT'S OVER—BEFORE BEGUN.

IT'S BACK TO EMPTY NIGHTS FOR ME,
EACH MORNING BITTER AS CAN BE;
TO RAISE MY SON UNAIDED
TILL EV'RY DREAM HAS FADED,

THE NIGHTTIME IS BLACK; AND
THE CLOCK TICKS OFF MY YOUTH.
I MUST WIN HONEY BACK AND

HAVE TO TELL THE GIRL THE TRUTH.

HONEY, MY HONEY...
HONEY,
I'VE ALWAYS DREAMED OF YOU!
DON'T LET IT ALL FALL THROUGH.
FOR...

I'VE HELD MY HOPE
AND WATCHED MY DREAM UNFOLD;
BUT YOU'VE FLOWN AGAIN.
ALONE AGAIN!
I'VE NOTHING LEFT—TO HOLD!

(He reaches out—holding his last note as long as he can—then chokes back tears. Overhead the star-filled sky turns blue and cloudy. Lights dim around the paroxysmal WILLIAM, as it is:)

END OF
ACT ONE

ACT TWO
SCENE ONE

On a happy, hopeful day that is something wonderful, we find a recovered HONEY. She is with her ESKIMO STUDENTS and NANOOK at the Children's Shelter. They bust out all over with the sound of music, reprising **The Happier Side**.

HONEY, NANOOK, & ESKIMO STUDENTS
WHEN THE HAPPIER SIDE IS
ALL YOU SEE,
YOU FEEL RICHER THAN MIDAS.
LOOK AT ME!

WARM THOUGHTS FILL MY HEART
AND IT'S NOT EVEN SPRING.
DOWN THE GRAY CLOUDS DART,
NEAT AS AN APRON STRING.
AND THOUGH SOME PEOPLE SAY—
THIS IS A SPOT THEY'D HIDE—
(HONEY and NANOOK cheerfully dance)
I JUST SEE THE HAPPIER SIDE!

HONEY
Whut a comfort you all are. And I needed comfort today. Now, students, for our next lesson—in Ancient History—

(She turns around the class blackboard. There, to her stupefaction and STUDENTS' giggles, HONEY discovers a chalked valentine. The valentine is inscribed:

HONEY
+ SIR LITTLEWOOD =
!?!?!?

HONEY (Cont'd)
That's enough Ancient History for today, pupils. It time ta go on to your next class. But I'll see you tomorrow. Remember your homework assignments.

STUDENT 1
We know, teacher.

STUDENT 2

He have to be taught, carefully.

HONEY

Exactly.

(The ESKIMO STUDENTS and NANOOK)

NANOOK

Stay strong.
So long.

HONEY

Oh, I love bein' in the North Atlantic.

(MELANIE enters the scene)

MELANIE

Wowie, Honey. You made a more bouncy spring-back than a crunched cricket!

HONEY

Oh, Melanie. You always say the right thing!

MELANIE

Honey... Whut about Sir Littlewood?

HONEY

Oh, Melanie. Why do you always say the wrong thing?

MELANIE

Fergive me. I wuz only concerned 'cause I keer 'bout you.

HONEY

Yes, I know. And I'm touched.

(standing tall)

But I'm feeling back on top.

MELANIE

Then, have ya really wrenched Sir Littlewood outa yer system?

HONEY

Why, no.

MELANIE

Well, perhaps with a song.

HONEY

Why, I like your idea! Perhaps if I croon a song, I can drive him outa my life for good.

(ESSIE has entered by now)

ESSIE

You said it, Honey. Bid him adieu with a quarter note, not a sour note.

HONEY

Yes. I'll erase him.

MELANIE

Yeah! Erase him!

HONEY

That's it! I'm gonna...

(They obliterate the valentine from the blackboard and sing in harmony. **Song 13: Erase Him**)

HONEY, MELANIE, & ESSIE

ERASE HIM!
ERASE HIM!
ERASE 'N' DON'T RETRACE HIM.
ERASE HIM OFFA THE BOARD!

ERASE HIM!
ERASE HIM!
ERASE 'N' DON'T REPLACE HIM.
IT'S TIME THAT FELLER WAS FLOORED!

ESSIE

YEAH, SISTER!

HONEY, MELANIE, & ESSIE

ERASE HIM!
ERASE HIM!
SUBTRACT HIM FROM YER STENCIL—
THAT BAD WOLF O' THE WOOD.
A-PICK UP THAT UTENSIL
KNOWN AS YER PENCIL
AND RUB HIM OUT FER GOOD!

MELANIE

WHEN A GUY KEEPS ASKIN' YA OUT—
OH HO!

ESSIE

BUT THAT GUY'S HONOR SYSTEM YOU DOUBT—
UH OH!

HONEY, MELANIE, & ESSIE

LET HIM KNOW
SCHOOL IS DONE;
LET HIM GO
SOMEWHERE ELSE FER FUN!

ERASE HIM!
ERASE HIM!
ERASE 'N' DON'T RETRACE HIM.
ERASE HIM OFFA THE BOARD!

ERASE HIM!
ERASE HIM!
ERASE 'N' DON'T REPLACE HIM.
IT'S TIME THAT CAD WAS IGNORED!

ESSIE

YOU SAID IT!

HONEY, MELANIE, & ESSIE

ERASE HIM!
ERASE HIM!
SUBTRACT HIM FROM YER STENCIL—
THAT BAD WOLF O' THE WOOD.
A-PICK UP THAT UTENSIL
KNOWN AS YER PENCIL
AND RUB HIM OUT FER GOOD!

MELANIE

A-DUMP HIM IN THE BASKET, IF YA KNOW WHUT I MEAN.

ESSIE

IT'S TIME THAT YOU EXPELLED HIM—OUTA THE SCENE.

MELANIE

HE THINKS HE'S KING
BUT YOU AIN'T HIS QUEEN!

HONEY & ESSIE

SO WITH A BROAD SWING
WIPE THE BOARD CLEAN!

OH NO! HONEY

AH SO! MELANIE

DON'T WAIT! ESSIE

GO STRAIGHT! MELANIE

HONEY, MELANIE, & ESSIE
WIPE THAT MAN RIGHT OFFA YER SLATE!

ERASE HIM!
ERASE HIM!
ERASE 'N' DON'T REPLACE HIM.
FERGET THE MOMENTS YOU SPENT.

SING IT, SISTER! ESSIE

HONEY, MELANIE, & ESSIE
ERASE HIM!
ERASE HIM!
ERASE 'N' DON'T RETRACE HIM.
NO MATTER WHUT HE ONCE MEANT!

YOU GOTTA
ERASE HIM!
ERASE HIM!
AND NEVER EVER FACE HIM.
YER A DUNCE TA NOT KNOW:

IT'S TIME THAT YOU WALK OUT ESSIE

A-RUBBIN' HIS CHALK OUT MELANIE

AND LET HIM GO! ESSIE

OH HO, UH-HUH! MELANIE

HONEY & ESSIE
YEAH, LET HIM BLOW!

MELANIE
OH HO, UH-HUH!

ESSIE
YOU'D FLUNK WITH HIM, ALAS!
OH, LISTEN, BABY—

MELANIE
HE JES' AIN'T IN YOUR CLASS!

MELANIE & ESSIE
I DON'T MEAN MAYBE!

HONEY, MELANIE, & ESSIE
ERASE THAT MAN AND PASS!
(Aside:)
TELL THAT COOKIE
TO GO PLAY HOOKY!

HONEY
Oh, I feel purged now. How a song can make all the difference in your outlook!
(sings:)
PINK SUN PAIN-...

MELANIE
(interrupting)
Jehovah! Ya don't need another reprise fer that! Jes' do whut ya say.

ESSIE
Please!

(SANDY SHORE arrives)

SANDY
Hi, girls! What's the good word?

ESSIE
Killjoy.

SANDY
Spoilsport.

MELANIE

(signaling him aside, while ESSIE and HONEY
leave in
a huff)

Push over.

SANDY

Oh heck... I've never gotten a colder shoulder.

MELANIE

Well, ever since ya bombshelled the news 'bout Sir Littlewood, ya've kinda got the welcome quality...o' the messenger of death.

SANDY

Listen. And this is strictly confidential. Honey would soon learn, in any case, whether Littlewood is a little guilty or not.

MELANIE

Whut? How?

SANDY

(clearing throat)

Uh. Something's brewing among the bootleggers. And it's not jus' schnappes.

MELANIE

Whut? When? Who? Where?

SANDY

I can't be explicit. But our security men have staked out the coastal areas, where the suspected Eskimo criminals congregate.

MELANIE

And they're not jes' congregatin' verbs, like my students, huh?

SANDY

(ignoring the fact that she meant "conjugating")

You can wager your dangling participles!

MELANIE

Yiepers!

SANDY

Yes. The culprits are brewing a potent potion. But we're closing in on 'em. And, by the end of the day, they'll be flushed out and cleaned up! And North Atlantic will again be the spotless bowl it once was.

MELANIE

That's a relief! But be keerful. I've this feelin' in the melon-pit of my stomach.... something really bad may take place 'n' I'm afraid!

SANDY

Hold your head erect, Melanie! We have nothing to be feared of—so far!

MELANIE

So far.

SANDY

And Melanie—there's...something else confidential I've been longing to tell you.

MELANIE

Don't be shy.

SANDY

Ever since we met, I've been lovesick as a lonesome lizard. So sick that I've searched high 'n' low for a remedy. And—Melanie—you're jus' the perfect pill! Would you be my own?

MELANIE

Yer own whut?

(secretly delighted)

I'm not one who hands out her clothes on a line like that.

SANDY

Melanie, don't misunderstand me. My intentions are painstakingly decent.

MELANIE

Oh, Sandy. Are ya sher?

SANDY

I think I'm infatuated with you. Madly, uncontrollably, unavoidably, tempestuously, staggeringly.

(after rattling off his speech, he tries to catch his breath)

Breathlessly.

MELANIE

Sandy—you do keer!

SANDY

Do I! You're my heaven and earth and Madonna and one-of-the-guys rolled into one.

MELANIE

(thrilled)

Sandy!

SANDY

Melanie—you're captivating. Let's settle down.

MELANIE

Yeah. I'm tired o' bein' unsettled.

SANDY

But first let's settle something.

(They coyly duet. **SONG 25: And Ya Won't Complain**)

SANDY

WITH YOU, IT'S ALL FOR FUN!
 WITH YOU, IT'S FUN FOR ALL!
 YOU'D BETTER SLOW DOWN
 OR I'LL MOW DOWN
 OTHERS YOU ENTHRALL.

MELANIE

WITH YOU, IT'S ALL FER ONE!
 WITH YOU, IT'S ONE FER ALL!
 YER SO SELF-CENTERED,
 ONCE YOU'VE ENTERED
 FOLKS ARE S'POSE TA CRAWL.

SANDY

YOU'RE ALWAYS COMPLAINING
 AND GIVIN' ME SUCH GUFF.
 BUT WHEN WE SETTLE DOWN—
 ENOUGH'S ENOUGH.

MELANIE

YOU'LL TAKE ME FER
 JES' WHUT I AM,
 AND YA WON'T COMPLAIN.

YOU'LL TAKE THE LION
 WITH THE LAMB!
 AND YA WON'T COMPLAIN.

IF I SPEND ALL YOUR DOUGH TO BE BEAUTIFIED
 YOU'D BETTER LAUGH.
 AND I'M CERTAIN YOU'LL FIND IT CUTE IF I'D

CUT YOUR INCOME IN HALF.

WHEN MEN TAP AT
THE DOOR FER ME,
STILL YA WON'T COMPLAIN

'CAUSE ONLY YOU
WILL HAVE THE KEY,
AND YA WON'T COMPLAIN.

IF WE'RE HOPPIN' THROUGH THE LANE
AND SUDDENLY IT SHOULD RAIN,
YOU'LL THROW YOURSELF DOWN WITH A THUD
SO I CROSS YOU AND NOT THE MUD;
AND I'M SHER YOU

MELANIE (Cont'd)

WON'T....
AND I'M SHER YOU
WON'T...
AND I'M SHER YOU

SANDY

AND I'M SURE YOU
WON'T..
AND I'M SURE I
AND I'M SURE I

BOTH

WON'T COMPLAIN!

SANDY

Likewise, *I'm* sure.

YOU'LL DARN MY SOCKS
WITHOUT A DARN
AND YA WON'T COMPLAIN.

WE'LL MAKE MORE HAY
THAN IN A BARN.
(flirtatiously)
AND YA WON'T COMPLAIN.

YOU WILL SCRUB TILL OUR COTTAGE IS LOOKIN' CLEAN
AND NEVER FLINCH.
AND NOW MATTER HOW MUCH YOU COOK 'N' CLEAN,
YOU WILL SAY IT'S A CINCH.

MELANIE

Oh yeah?

SANDY

YOU'LL WAIT ON ME
WITHOUT A WAIT;
AND YA WON'T COMPLAIN

WITH NO FOUL PLAYING
AT HOME PLATE;
AND YA WON'T COMPLAIN.

IF I'M ON A WORK CAMPAIGN
AND HAPPEN TO MISS MY TRAIN,
YOU'LL THROW YOURSELF DOWN ON THE TRACK
AND SCREAM UNTIL THE TRAIN COMES BACK!
AND I'M SURE YOU

MELANIE
NO, I'M SHER I
WON'T!
NO. I'M SHER I
WON'T!
NO, I'M SHER I
AND I'M SHER I

SANDY (Cont'd)
WON'T..
AND I'M SURE YOU
WON'T..
AND I'M SURE YOU
WON'T..
AND I'M SURE YOU

BOTH
WON'T COMPLAIN!

MELANIE
Hot cornbread! But, ya know. There would be problems in our relationship.

SANDY
Whatta you talkin' about?

MELANIE
In case you didn't notice, I'm an Asian.

SANDY
A delectable, All-American Asian.

MELANIE
But an Asian nevertheless. My skin is a different color than yers. My eyes are set aslant. And I'll never be able ta become a blond and look nat'ral. You might feel peculiar 'bout me, don't kid yourself

SANDY
Whale blubber!

MELANIE
Well, you can poo all ya want. But back in loway, 'spite my peaches 'n' pearl personality, people weren't always open-armed ta me. Like when they stink-bombed our house 'cause we're the only Asian family on the block.

SANDY

Oh, is that all? Why, that happens to ordinary Wasp families back home too. My family home was stink-bombed many a time, back in loway.

MELANIE

Oh? But not jes' that wuz wrong. Why, some people made a real effort ta snub my family. Heck, Honey Snodgrass herself—as great as she is now—never had much ta do with me. She jes' became my bes' friend when I wuz the only one who'd join her trav'ling ta the North Atlantic.

SANDY

Then, why did you come?

MELANIE

I guess I'm jes' a girl who can't say "No."

SANDY

Melanie. Quit frettin' about yourself. I'd be the last person in the universe to condemn.

MELANIE

You've condemned Sir Littlewood, condemned Eskimo Annie, condemned the—

SANDY

But not because of racial factors. After all, my own grandmother's an Indian witch doctor.

MELANIE

No joshin'?

SANDY

Honest injun!

(They stare lovingly at each other and sigh)

Oh, Melanie. I love these poignant, intimate discussions with you.

MELANIE

Yes. We must have 'em again...and again...and again...sometime.

SANDY

Ah, Melanie. Do I love you because you're beautiful, or are you beautiful because I'm astigmatic?

(Ya Won't Complain is warmly reprised)

SANDY (Cont'd)

IF YOU LET ME, I'LL REMAIN
WITH YOU TILL I GO INSANE.

MELANIE

'CAUSE CUDDLIN' YOU IS MY ONE GOAL.

SANDY

AND YOU'RE THE BELL FOR WHOM I TOLL.

BOTH

AND I'M SURE YOU WON'T COMPLAIN!

(They fondly embrace, as lights close around them)

ACT TWO
SCENE TWO

We return to one of the glacial coasts, where SIR WILLIAM, NANOOK, and ESKIMO ANNIE enter together.

ESKIMO ANNIE

No, I won't stop da bootleggin' operation. Dat's one operation fo' which I get paid bettah dan surgeon.

NANOOK

Though yo' menu is ambitious,
You be left with broken dishes.

WILLIAM

Eskimo Annie, as your confidant, I can no longer stay silent. You have tongues wagging like a dachshund in a windstorm. Irreparable damage has been done. Are you aware that the walrus who broke into your distillery is on a drunken binge, terrorizing the territory. It's an outage, a scandal!

ESKIMO ANNIE

What wrong wide makin' living? Free enterprise, I say, at any price. You betcha!

WILLIAM

Annie! You must halt this madness. Not simply because I've been falsely implicated. Not because my position has been besmirched and besmeared! And not just because my once-in-a-lifetime romance has been obliterated from the face of this earth because of your beastly venality!!

(calming down)

That's minor! My main concern is for *you*, my friend! You've gone about as far as you can go!

ESKIMO ANNIE

Dat's tough!

NANOOK

Though it pays, don't make gigantic
Trashcan outa Nortt Atlantic.
Don't make this a booze and foam land;
This is still yo' only homeland.

WILLIAM

Yes, by gum. Nanook knows best. Have some national spirit. This land is like
your baby. Don't leave it spoiled rotten for the rest of us!

ESKIMO ANNIE

I do respeck Nortt Atlantic. Land where humble Eskimo like me can be born in
blizzard....and rise to peace and contentment...in blizzard!

NANOOK

I not being jus' pedantic
When I boast of Nortt Atlantic.

(MELANIE and HONEY appear)

HONEY

Did someone mention North Atlantic? My new favorite thing!

WILLIAM

Yes. Don't you worship this place? Of hope and help and harmony and heart...
(gasping from all the "h"s)
Hh, hh, hh...

MELANIE

I'm with you. Till I arrived in North Atlantic, I didn't know whut life wuz all about.

SANDY

It was in North Atlantic I found a Melanie I can't get out of my head.

HONEY

It was here that I took a classroom of illiterates and transformed 'em inta singin'
scholars.

MELANIE

North Atlantic!

North Atlantic!
NANOOK

You are never away!
ESKIMO 1

ESKIMO ANNIE
Okie dokey! I fo' Nortt Atlantic too. Anyting to stop dis chit chat.

Bravo!
WILLIAM

(The COMPANY sings **Song 16: North Atlantic**)

HONEY
GOSH, IT'S GRAND TA BE HERE.

MELANIE
COULDN'T YA BUST WITH JOY.

WILLIAM
EACH FUNNY FACE YOU SEE HERE
IS NOT YOUR AV'RAGE HOI POLLOI.

NANOOK
THERE'S NO AREA
THAT IS MERRI-A.
EACH KIND O' GOODIE—THEY CRAM IN.

ESKIMO 2
FROM THE TIMBER THEY KNOCK DOWN
TO THE HERRING WE FISH UP.

ESKIMO ANNIE
TO DEE OVERFLOW O' SALMON*.
(*pronounce "SAMM-in")

SANDY
SOME MAY CALL IT BARREN,
SOME MAY CALL IT QUILTS.

SANDY & ESKIMO ANNIE
BUT THE NORTH [NORTT] ATLANTIC IS A FITTING LAND
WHERE EACH OF US MISFITS FITS.

(The ESKMOS march in—to become part of the big number)

COMPANY

LAND OF ICE,
 COLD BUT NICE,
 OUR HEARTS ARE HIGH WHEN WE'RE HERE IN
 NORTH ATLANTIC:
 WHERE THE WINDS COME WOOSHIN' PUSHIN' SNOW
 AND THE TEMP'RATURE'S TWENTY ODD BELOW.
 NORTH OF NOME,
 HOME SWEET HOME.
 OUR IGLOO'S FOREVER NEAR IN
 NORTH ATLANTIC:
 WHERE FOR MONTHS WE SLEEP ON IN A HAZE
 'CAUSE YA CAN'T TELL THE NIGHTS FROM THE DAYS.
 WE'RE EACH PART OF THE LAND
 'CAUSE WE'RE FROZEN WHERE WE STAND!
 WE WATCH THE HUSKIES MUSH
 THROUGH THE SLUSH
 WHEN THE SNOWBOUND COAST IS CLEAR IN
 NORTH ATLANTIC.
 THOUGH IT'S NOT A SUNNY HONEYCOMB,
 NORTH ATLANTIC IS HOME.

(They lean forward to cheer)

NORTH ATLANTIC!
 NORTH ATLANTIC!
 NORTH ATLANTIC!
 NORTH ATLANTIC!

N-O-R-T-H
 A-T-L-A-N-...
 A-T-L-A-N-
 T-I-C,
 I-C, I-C-...
 I SEE!

(Rubbing off the chill of the "ICY-ness")

I-C, I-C-...
 I SEE!

OH...
 LAND WHERE FLAKES
 DROP LIKE CAKES
 AND ALL PATHS LEAD TO AURORA
 BOREALIS.
 WHERE WE FORM A VERY MERRY WREATH
 WHILE WE DANCE TO THE CHATT'RING OF OUR TEETH.
 NORTH OF WHALES,
 FIRM AS NAILS,
 WHERE WE'VE NO WHEAT FARMING NOR A
 GRAIN OF MALICE,

WE CAN LOUNGE WITHIN THE SHIV’RING SHADE
WHILE WE CHISEL OUR PINK LEMONADE.

WE LOVE THEE WITHOUT FAIL!
NORTH ATLANTIC!
THROUGH THE SNOW AND RAIN AND HAIL!
HAIL!
HAIL!
IN A CANOE FOR TWO,
WE CHIP THROUGH,
AND WE WOULDN’T TRADE IT FOR A
ROYAL PALACE.
WHO NEEDS TOWNS OF CONCRETE, TILE, AND CHROME?
NORTH ATLANTIC IS HOME!
NORTH ATLANTIC IS OUR HOME!
NORTH ATLANTIC!

(Bang-up ending. Blackout)

ACT TWO
SCENE THREE

There’s a bright golden haze, as the scene
transforms into a romantic retreat.

WILLIAM

Now do you comprehend how ridiculous you were?

HONEY

I admit it.

WILLIAM

I perpetually opposed Eskimo Annie. What an obscene business!

HONEY

Oh, I yearned ta believe you, William. But the cards were stacked against me.
And I’m afraid I was never very good at decks. But things have changed now.
We’re back together—alone again.

WILLIAM

Yes.

HONEY

It’s so wonderful ta be in love with you and not be ashamed or shattered about it.
William.

WILLIAM

Yes.

(They adoringly sing **Song 17: Who'd Have Gessed It?**)

HONEY

WHO'D HAVE GUESSED IT?
 WHO'D HAVE GUESSED IT?
 I WANT YOUR LOVE
 AND NOW'VE EXPRESSED IT.
 NO MORE WILL I SHY AWAY
 LOST IN THE PALE MIST OF DAY.

WHO'D HAVE GUESSED IT?
 I SUPPRESSED IT,
 BUT—GEE!—
 I'M GLAD NOW WHEN PEOPLE SUGGEST
 THAT "SHE LOVES HE."
 OH, WHO WOULD HAVE GUESSED?
 I TRUDGED THROUGH THE SLEET
 AND SLUDGED THROUGH THE SNOW
 AND SLIPPED ON AN ICY SHORE.
 BUT NEVER DID I EVER GUESS
 THAT THERE COULD BE SO MUCH MORE.

TO THINK THAT A GUY
 I ONLY JUST ME
 COULD ANSWER MY EV'RY PRAYER
 WHILE LEAVING ME AS HELPLESS
 AS A SQUARE DANCE WITHOUT ANY SQUARE.

WILLIAM

Honey, you have a way with words. And I agree.

(sings)

I'VE SIPPED EV'RY WINE,
 I'VE DIPPED IN THE NILE,
 I'VE DONE THINGS BOTH LARGE AND SMALL;
 BUT HERE YOU STAND BEFORE ME AND—
 RIGHT NOW—I HAVE SEEN IT ALL.
 YOU'VE ENDED THE VOID
 THAT VANQUISHED MY HEART
 AND GRANTED MY EV'RY PRAYER.
 NO MORE AM I AS EMPTY
 AS A SPARERIB WITH NOTHING TO SPACE.

WHO'D HAVE GUESSED IT?
 WHO'D HAVE GUESSED IT?
 I WANT YOUR LOVE
 AND NOW'VE EXPRESSED IT.

I DON'T CARE WHAT PEOPLE SAY,
THEY'RE FULL OF BEANS ANYWAY.

WHO'D HAVE GUESSED IT?
I SUPPRESSED IT,
BUT—SEE—

(They hold out they arms to each other)

HONEY

BUT—SEE—

BOTH

I'M GLAD NOW WHEN PEOPLE SUGGEST
THAT "SHE LOVES HE."
OH, WHO WOULD HAVE GUESSED?

WILLIAM

Honey, honey.*

(* Say the first "Honey" as a name and the
second as an endearment)

I will... I must tell you my long hidden secret after all. The sacred truth! I dared
not reveal it until I found the right, sturdy oak in which I could safely store it.
Honey, you are that sturdy oak. Please be staunch as I tell you my secret.

HONEY

Whatever you say, William.

WILLIAM

You see, I'm not really British.

HONEY

Yes. I detected your accent wasn't entirely British.

WILLIAM

No! And there's more.

HONEY

More?

WILLIAM

My accent's roots—like my own—are Austrian. I was born an Austrian.

HONEY

No.

Yes, I am of royalty.

WILLIAM

No.

HONEY

Yes.

WILLIAM

But—

HONEY

WILLIAM

But why did I leave Austria, you ask. Because I had no other choice. During the Nazi occupation, times were hard. My wife and my son and I had to flee for our lives.

HONEY

Oh, how upsetting for you. And your poor wife. She must have been a saint!

WILLIAM

No. She was a nun—who gave up her profession for me.

HONEY

Then whut happened?

WILLIAM

She died of exhaustion—making the trip from Austria. We had to climb mountains, ford streams...hike for miles to reach our destination—our dream which she never lived to see.

HONEY

Gosh. Back in loway, not many girls knew British Lieutenant Governors who were really Austrian royalty once married to a nun. I don't know whut ta think!

WILLIAM

(not wanting any interruptions)

Then don't. Just let me explain all that is burning in my heart like a munitions factory aflame! For years, I missed my wife frightfully...until you came along. I was like a comet without an orbit, a unicorn without...a horn. My first wife, Sister Bettina, was the kindest, gentlest votary I have ever known. She taught me to horseback ride and dance again. She knew acrobatics

(fondly)

and was always coaxing me to yodel hymns with her on the trampoline. To climb trees and run wild. She brought serenity to my life. And she was a devoted,

devoted mother, especially to our child. Only the Alps we climbed proved too much for her.

HONEY

Oh, how can I follow in her footsteps?

WILLIAM

Forget my first wife. All that matters is that I have made a new life for myself and my son here... Here it is so different from Austria, where my poor wife was harassed because of the Jewish issue.

HONEY

Ya mean your wife—the nun—was Jewish?

WILLIAM

No. In addition to being Austrian and a Duke of royalty, I am 45% Jewish.

HONEY

You are? Oh dear—I'm so confused.

WILLIAM

But what does it matter? I mean, racial distinctions are like the wings of butterflies. They should be seen for their beauty, not flapped in people's faces.

HONEY

In a way.

WILLIAM

You must agree. What about your friendship with Melanie Fong?

HONEY

That's not the same. I wouldn't fall in love with Melanie Fong.

WILLIAM

Dear. All people are essentially not different at all. Why, the Eskimos around us know that. They welcomed me and my son with open mittens. ... When will intolerant people learn how intolerable it is to tolerate intolerance? What could be clearer than that?

HONEY

I suppose.

WILLIAM

Honey. Here in this silver, winter fortress, I have built a crystalline castle, where I am royalty again. Be my Cinderella and—I promise you—every iceberg, every icicle, every ice cube will be your glass slipper. Be my Cinderella.

HONEY

Jewish blood. Eskimo surroundin's for life. A first wife who was a nun. And you want to make this life of yours...mine too?

WILLIAM

Try. Try.

HONEY

I don't know when I can give you an answer, or even understand myself. Oh, William, William, leave me alone. This is so terrible. It'll be light years before I can resolve this *mael*-strom! Ohh. Be your Cinderella?

(running around, sobbing)

I'll call you tomorrow, and we'll see.

(WILLIAM melancholically leaves. NANOON pierces through the dark to confront HONEY)

NANOOK

(spotlighted in the dark)

Both the lotus leaf we cherish
And the stinkweed one day perish.
All is scaled to balance out
So—from bad—good come about.
Even when a day look black,
Soon the light make sneak attack.

(As NANOOK drifts off, its is HONEY's turn to be spotlighted amidst the darkness)

HONEY

Whut should I do? Whut shouldn't I do? Oh, this thing's beyond my ken.

(She ponders in waltz-time. **Song 18: Deep in My Mind**)

DEEP IN MY MIND,
MY MIND
IS TURNING IN CIRCLES.
CIRCLING AROUND AND ROUND,
LIKE A TOY TOP UNWOUND.

YES, DEEP IN MY MIND,
MY MIND SPINS ROUND

LIKE A DANCE FLOOR—
 WHERE I DON'T KNOW
 WHERE TO GO
 OR WHICH STEPS I SHOULD TAKE.
 WHO'LL SHOW
 ME
 DEEP IN MY MIND
 WHUT MOVES TO MAKE?

(HONEY sways back and forth in her reverie. Then, a dazzling Agnes DeMille-style ballet unfolds—as HONEY attempts to make up her mind. Her mind becomes a kaleidoscope of portrayed images. These images represent key events that have led to HONEY's current predicament. Firstly, a square-dancing group of COUNTRY COWFOLK do-si-does in sight. HONEY threads through them, brandishing the placard "Join the Teaching Corps"—vainly trying to interest them. JOHNNY JOE suddenly hops in with his prize pig. He signals that HONEY should remain with him, not enlist in the Teaching Corps. But HONEY rejects JOHNNY JOE, pushing him and his hog aside. She then wins over MELANIE, who grabs a "Teaching Corps" sign. As the COUNTRY COWFOLK strut out in one direction, HONEY and MELANIE giddily march off opposite them: the girls are proudly off to the North Atlantic.

During the next phase of the ballet, SISTER BETTINA waltzes in. She wears a nun's habit and has her hands met in prayer. WILLIAM soon drifts in, whereupon SISTER BETTINA reacts. She strips off her nun's habit and races into WILLIAM's arms. After a brief pas-de-deux between them, they are interrupted by the sound of goose-stepping Nazis. Then, WILLIAM and SISTER BETTINA flee over icy mountains, like Eliza being chased by Simon Legree. The ESKIMOS, stooped in their white parkas, can serve as the mountains. Ultimately, like Little Eva, SISTER BETTINA is vanquished. She bids adieu to WILLIAM, and—thoroughly exhausted—languishes in the mountains.

The ESKIMOS then bounce out to recreate NORTH ATLANTIC's opening. They suggest the approach of the ship *Chow Mein*, after which HONEY and MELANIE disembark. Soon, HONEY lovingly spots WILLIAM—across the crowded room. The attraction is mutual. But before they can unite, the jig is up: SANDY leaps out to whisper aspersions about WILLIAM to HONEY. The ghostly COMPANY look askance at him. Suddenly, SISTER BETTINA and JOHNNY JOE re-emerge to pry HONEY away. Nevertheless, love triumphs. HONEY makes up her mind and no one can deter her. She pushes the opposition down and dashes into WILLIAM's arms. After a brief embrace, HONEY and WILLIAM—flanked by the COMPANY—waltz off. As romance fills the air, there is a quick blackout. Finally, a spotlight beams around HONEY. Her dream is over)

HONEY

(after waking)

Now I know what I mus' do! I belong with...William. William!

(MELANIE bursts in—hysterical)

MELANIE

Oh, oh, Honey. A disaster, a tragedy has happened!

HONEY

Huh?

MELANIE

I jes' heard that Eskimo Annie, Nanook, and Sir Littlewood went over ta the distillery to stop the illegal bootleggin'. Well, a scuffle took place! The rumblin' caused an avalanche. 'N' the whole shack slomed down the mountainside.

(The lights blaze up as ESKIMO ANNIE and SANDY SHORE ramble in)

ESKIMO ANNIE

Ugh! It ovah fo' him. He dead. Gone on to even whiter place dan dis.

SANDY

A great man perished today.

(breaking in)
Who? Who? HONEY

He was the pillar of this society. SANDY

Who? HONEY

The man whom we could all look up toward and listen to. SANDY

Who? HONEY

A man of pure goodness who stood for respect of home and tradition. It was... SANDY

Who? HONEY

(heartbroken)
Nanook. SANDY

Nanook? HONEY

Nanook. SANDY

(shudders with sadness)
No. No. Nanook. Such a tender, giving man. And so few of us genuinely understood his teachings. HONEY

MELANIE
I feel as low as a centipede's toe.

ESKIMO ANNIE
Oh woe! Nortt Atlantic nevah be same wittout...Nanook. I'll miss him as much as I can.

HONEY

(looking around)
Where's William?
(ROBERT LITTLEWOOD enters)
Robert. Where is your father?

ROBERT

They still haven't found him.

HONEY

(cuddling ROBERT to her)
Oh, my poor darling. No matter what, I'll stick by you, my sweet child.

ROBERT

Thank you, Miss Snodgrass.

SANDY

(shakes his head back and forth in sorrow)
Isn't it ironic? A vital, important man like Nanook perishes. And there, by Nanook's body, we spied the walrus—who never did anything for anyone—still alive and kicking. Why is it the wrong people always die?

ESKIMO ANNIE

Dat's da way it happens. S'cuse me while I wash dat sadness outa my head.

(she picks up jug of moonshine and exits for a drink)

HONEY

Well, the next time it happens...and I know it can happen again...we will be cordial 'n' attentive to the one who only wishes to care for and ennoble us. Like Nanook did. Or like William.

ROBERT

Oh, where is my father? My Daddy?

HONEY

Hush, little one. Even if somethin' bad has happened to your father—and I pray that it hasn't—like Nanook his goodness will live on.

(EVERYONE is crying buckets by now)

Yes. We will always be here to comfort 'n' remind each other of his ideals. And I did...I do love your father—with ev'ry fiber, ev'ry string, ev'ry breath of my life force. Oh, what will I do with you away, William? Now that I fin'ly found you.

(EVERYONE starts sobbing again. ESSIE
NORTON bolts in)

ESSIE

Oh, you senseless defeatists! Shape up! You're alive, aren't you?

HONEY, MELANIE, SANDY & ROBERT

Yes.

ESSIE

Then don't throw in the towel until you're all wrung out. Remember the words of Honey's sympathy card.

(She reprises **There's a Rainbow at the End**)

THOUGH THE STORM CLOUDS EMPTY THEIR SHAKERS
AND THE CROWS OF DARKNESS DESCEND,
WHEN THE STORM CLOUDS LIFT FROM THESE AC-RES,
THERE'S A RAINBOW AT THE END—

(Thoroughly inspired, HONEY interrupts ESSIE)

HONEY

Yes, Essie! You're right! Whut're we mopin' for! Let's be useful human beans. Y'know, there were Eskimos who were disabled in the distillery tragedy. Eskimos with wives 'n' children ta support. They need our help! So, heck, let's snap together and...put on a benefit show!

(The whole COMPANY has drifted on-stage by
now. EVERYONE nods in approval)

We will now sing a song of faith and affection. It is about reindeer moss, a plant that continues to grow 'n' thrive in this glacial area, despite adversity. Reindeer moss. A plant that was prized by Sir William Littlewood. It is from the bottom of my broken heart that I dedicate this song to him.

(She and the COMPANY perform the
metaphorical song. At first, the song is light and
cute. Then, it becomes increasingly
impassioned. **Song 20: Reindeer Moss**)

HONEY & COMPANY

REINDEER MOSS, DEAR REINDEER MOSS,
PRECIOUS, GRACIOUS GROWTH:
TO YOUR STEADFAST ROOTS, WE PLEDGE
OUR UNDYING OATH.

EVER FAITHFUL REINDEER MOSS,
SILVER, SILENT FRIEND:
LIKE EACH REINDEER CHEWING YOU,
ON YOU WE DEPEND.

FABLED FUNGUS,
FINE AND FAIR,
ALWAYS THERE,
FAIR AND SQUARE.

EACH, AMONG US,
WOULD FEEL CROSS
IF WE LOST OUR REINDEER MOSS.

THROUGH THE YEARS, DEAR REINDEER MOSS,

HONEY

DEAR MOSS!

COMPANY

PLANT LIFE IN THE SNOW:

HONEY & COMPANY

AS YOU SPRING FROM ROCKS AND TREES,
IN OUR HEARTS YOU GROW.

HONEY

(as OTHER hum along)

Yes, good people. We of the North Atlantic are like reindeer moss. Blossoming through wintry weather and bitter avalanches.

(Suddenly WILLIAM appears, staggering forth
on crutches and heavily bandaged)

Always proud of our roots. And clinging to each other as one happy community...

(As WILLIAM totters to her, HONEY finally sees him. She runs over to WILLIAM and embraces him—as delicately as possible, to avoid further injury. With this happy reunion, the show comes to a cockeyed-optimist ending. The COMPANY rejoices in song—as characters cling to each other. There is even a rainbow at the end)

ALL

IF WE LOST OUR REINDEER MOSS.
THROUGH THE YEARS, DEAR REINDEER MOSS,
PLANT LIFE IN THE SNOW:

AS YOU SPRING FROM ROCKS AND TREES,
IN OUR HEARTS YOU GROW.

(There may be a Finale/Reprise of **North
Atlantic**, after which it is:)

**END OF
ACT TWO**

Performance rights must be secured before production. For contact information, please see the North Atlantic information page (click on your browser's Back button, or visit <http://www.singlelane.com/proplay/atlantic.html>)