

North Atlantic

Book and Lyrics

by

Michael Colby

Music and Lyrics

by

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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

Originally produced by the Gene Frankel Theatre (NYC)

Musical numbers

ACT I

| | |
|--|---|
| Overture | <i>Orchestra</i> |
| The Happier Side | <i>Honey, Melanie, Essie</i> |
| Where the Hell is Annie? | <i>Eskimo Men</i> |
| Sometime Special | <i>Eskimo Annie, Voices</i> |
| Before I Fall | <i>Honey, Eskimo Men</i> |
| Now is Here | <i>Essie, Melanie, Nanook, Eskimo Annie and Eskimos</i> |
| Duo Thoughts | <i>Honey, Sir William</i> |
| I've Held A Hope | <i>Sir William</i> |
| The Sleigh With the Cream Coloured Team . . | <i>Sandy Shore, Melanie</i> |
| The Sign Song | <i>Honey, Eskimo Students</i> |
| There's a Rainbow at the End | <i>Essie</i> |
| Raising an Igloo | <i>Ensemble</i> |
| Solo Thoughts | <i>Sir William</i> |

ACT II

| | |
|--|---------------------------------------|
| Entr'acte | <i>Orchestra</i> |
| Reprise: The Happier Side | <i>Honey, Nanook, Eskimo Students</i> |
| Erase Him | <i>Honey, Melanie, Essie</i> |
| Ya Won't Complain | <i>Sandy, Melanie</i> |
| North Atlantic | <i>Ensemble</i> |
| Who'd Have Guessed It? | <i>Honey, Sir William</i> |
| Deep In My Mind | <i>Honey</i> |
| Ballet | <i>Ensemble</i> |
| Reindeer Moss | <i>Ensemble</i> |
| Finale | <i>Ensemble</i> |

ACT I Scene 1

Oh, what a beautiful morning it is as the music begins and the 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 and Hammerstein musical 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, grinding fists 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 and others crouch - so that, in their white parkas, they transform into glacial mountains. The ship 'Chow Mein' darts into view, having ended a cross-ocean voyage: as whistles toot and the narrative begins.

VOICE: North Atlantic, everyone off!

(A bit shaken, but with frozen smiles, HONEY SNODGRASS and soon MELANIE FONG enter. HONEY is an Ioway 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 MELANIE.)* 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 Ioway '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 Ioway 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. Golly. This is downright hauntin'.

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 see the happier side.

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.

Whut 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 grey 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 and 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 of 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. Opportunities like this don't come often!

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 grey 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 and MELANIE:

Still, in my own scrapbook ev'ry scrap
 Makes me want cheer and 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 Ioway?

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 ta 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.)

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: Oh, how thoughtful.

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

(The girls - mostly MELANIE - pick up the luggage.)

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 merely to help us with the party tonight.

HONEY: Party?

ESSIE: His Honour, 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 - MELANIE and ESSIE:

So let the people say:

"This spot is no one's pride."

HONEY:

I say:

"I still want to

Flip my cap!"

I'm that sort of

Saucy sap!

MELANIE and ESSIE

She says -

She still wants to

Flip her cap!

She's that sort of

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 I Scene 2

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?

ESKIMO 1: I not happy.

ESKIMO 2: I not happy.

ESKIMO 3: Eskimo Annie is late!

ESKIMO 4: With our booze!

ESKIMOS: Where the hell is Annie?

Where the hell is Annie?

Eskimo Annie's late.

Where the hell is Annie?

Where the hell is Annie?

I thought we had 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?

HALF OF ESKIMOS:

Oh Damn!

OTHER HALF:

She bettah show up!

HALF OF ESKIMOS:

Damn!

OTHER HALF:

She bettah show up!

ALL ESKIMOS:

With our promised booze.

HALF OF ESKIMOS:

Damn!

OTHER HALF:

I'm gonna blow up!

HALF OF ESKIMOS:

Damn!

OTHER HALF:

I'm gonna blow up!

ALL ESKIMOS:

Unless she wets my fuse!

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 in trash cans for merchandise on her way. Also present is the village wiseman, NANOOK... acting enigmatic.)

ESKIMO ANNIE: 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.

ESKIMO 1: Butt out, Nanook...

ESKIMO 2: Or I really get mad!

ESKIMO ANNIE: Oh, lay off poor 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 3: Bah.

NANOOK: Oh, when the piece you speak is kind
It kind that bring you peace o' mind,
Fo' talk is cheap and talk is crool
But separate wise man from fool.

(*He leaves.*)

ESKIMO ANNIE: (*out of booze*). Dat's it. Till we make repairs (*The ESKIMO's act dejected.*) Da distillery broken into las' night by walrus, who try out sample, den go wild and knock distillery into fizzled fizz.

ESKIMO 2: Den, meantime, what keeps us warm out here?

ESKIMO ANNIE: Well, you in plenty o' luck, 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 it 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 around.*)

ESKIMO 3: No dice.

ESKIMO ANNIE: (*taking out dice*). I got lucky pair o' dose too. Fines' make. Bes' quality. Loaded!

ESKIMO 4: If you really want to 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. 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...want to 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 and 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 will float 'way to exotic island of da mind, where billows of soft air graze 'gainst you... and pleashuhs of love cover you like summer sprinkle.

(*She sings.*)

Song 3: Someting Special

(*Enhanced by lighting and choral effects.*)

ESKIMO ANNIE: 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 through da vapory view
An echo's voice dat pleads:
'Find yo' someting

ESKIMO ANNIE:**VOICE:**

Special!

Oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo.

Find you someting

Special!

Oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo.

ESKIMO ANNIE: *(aside)* To meet yo' special needs...'
Someting special
Will come to com-plete you,
As is goes to yo' head like a drug.
Den outa da dust
It helps you to trust
Dat yo' someting special
Too.

ESKIMO 1: Sold! When you haf girls, Annie?**ESKIMO ANNIE:** Got to 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 ring right numbah. You betcha.**HONEY:** Oh. Well, 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 and containers of what HONEY has requested.)

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:** Oh, what a pretty name. But you pretty girl. Hmm. Yii! I got real storm in brain. Haa, 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 it's outa the question.**ESKIMO ANNIE:** Whah? Who ask question?**HONEY:** I know you mean well. But I've already been smitten 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

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.
 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.
 Midgets will grow tall,
 Apples will bake pies
 Long before I fall
 For any guys!

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

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

HONEY: *(fighting ESKIMOS off).* Thank you, no. I'm busy enough!

(ESKIMOS signal they want refunds from ESKIMO ANNIE.)

ESKIMO ANNIE: I gettin' out of gettin' girl bus'ness. All demand and no supply!

(Nevertheless, the ESKIMO's frolic and ogle HONEY.)

HONEY: Never am I one
 Who starts to melt
 When some hot swain gets nervy.
 Long before I'm un-

Der some guy's belt,
 This world'll be topsy turvy.

ESKIMOS: *(roisterously)* Monkeys 'll lay eggs
 Before 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's hum along.)

Dynasties will fall,
 Waterfalls will rise,
 Long before I fall
 For any guys!

ESKIMOS: *(tossing HONEY up and catching her.)*

Monkeys 'll lay eggs
 Before she's caught!

(They all sprint off, as lights fade.)

ACT I Scene 3

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 ENSEMBLE 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.' Meanwhile, the ENSEMBLE loudly sings Now Is Here à la a Jerry Herman song.

Song 5: Now is Here

ENSEMBLE: 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.
 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'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: 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 see things in perspective and set 'em in runnin' order.

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.)* 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 are 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 edgy.)* 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.

HONEY: I thought so.

WILLIAM: Do you have any favourite writers?

HONEY: Oh, I love 'em all.

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

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

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

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

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

WILLIAM: 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.

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

(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.
Countesses 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.

WILLIAM: 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...)

HONEY:

Two different people -

Worlds apart - have met.

I don't really know you.

she propitiously gets the hang of it. They are reluctantly in love.)

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 ex-quisite Arabian carpet. And my favourite: 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. Everyday 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 held a hope I'd discover such a momentous thing in the middle of traffic. Vainly hoped until now.

(He mellifluously breaks into the song, adding extra syllables to sound Italian and like Ezio Pinza. He also milks held notes on the words "Held" and "Hope".)

Song 7: I've Held a Hope.

WILLIAM:
 In my dreams I've known you,
 Like blind men know there's light.
 Now I wake and find you -
 Shining through my night.
 I've held a hope,
 The girl I dreamed about
 Would stray in
 Some day.
 I've held a hope

She'd make my zest for living
 Begin,
 Some day.

I've 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.

(They embrace.)

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. (*Reluctant.*) 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.

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

ACT I Scene 4

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 rosily appear 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 int'restin'. You should 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 delicious golden apples... Even if we fall and break our necks on the way.

MELANIE: You said a bushel-full.

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 to be a clash between the traditional world of 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, on today's activities. I will see you then.

(*ESSIE leaves.*)

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

MELANIE: Eeww! This school is gonna need a lotta tidyin'. I think the monsoon season skipped into here before the children could.

(*Meanwhile, HONEY has found the blackboard. She erases, and writes "I'm in love/ I'm in love/ I'm in love/ I'm in love" all over it.*)

HONEY: You'll never guess whut's happened to me.

MELANIE: Jehosephat, 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 blade... from Ioway 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... and tosses it on the floor.*)

MELANIE: Hey.

(*SANDY heeds this mating call, picking up the scarf and handing it back.*)

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: Well, first off...

MELANIE: No kidding!

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 Ioway.

MELANIE: Yer from Ioway? Me, too. But I never noticed you there.

SANDY: Well, Ioway's a big neighbourhood.

MELANIE: Not that big.

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

(They sing.)

Song 8: The Sleigh With The Cream Coloured Team.

SANDY: Would you like to play
In my sleigh
With the cream
Coloured team
One day?

MELANIE: I may.

SANDY: OK.
Maybe we will play
In my sleigh
With the cream
Coloured team
One day.

Would you like to glide
By my side
In a steam
As we stream
On our ride?

MELANIE: Yes, I'd...

SANDY: Then perhaps we'll glide
Side by side,
Makin' steam
As we stream
On our ride.

MELANIE: Be my guide.

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.

SANDY: On the way...

MELANIE: The way

BOTH: I

SANDY: Know.

MELANIE: No good.

SANDY: Goodbye.

MELANIE: By golly.

BOTH: Golly! Golly!
Golly oh!

(SANDY scoops MELANIE up. Then they go for a breezy sleigh ride, as

SANDY's sleigh appears.)

SANDY: Let's go, Melanie.

MELANIE: You win.

SANDY: Fasten tight.

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

BOTH: I'll clasp your hand
And rub your nose
And do like all the Eskimos -
In the sleigh
With the cream
Coloured team.

(They flirtatiously dance off.)

HONEY: *(returning).* Gosh, am I nervous about teaching my first class, 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: 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 individually to me. *(Again nothing.)* Oh gee. We appear to have a communication barrier. And how.

(The sole English-speaking student, ROBERT LITTLEWOOD, 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: *(stunned).* Golly. 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 she gesticulates the words she is singing. And...since one hundred million miracles happen every day... the ESKIMO STUDENTS catch on, joining HONEY in song.)

Song 9: The Sign Song.

HONEY: 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: Right!
 We stand or we
ESKIMO STUDENTS: Sit!
HONEY: Then we ought to rest a bit.
 I
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: Magnificent, 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 doormat
If need be.

These contortions suit us TO a tee.*

*(*Accent on first of 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!
Ev'rybody...

(They divide into harmony.)

| HONEY: | ESKIMO STUDENTS: |
|-------------------------------|--------------------------|
| Wave, | Wave, |
| I wave to you with my hand. | I wave with my hand. |
| Hand, | Hand, |
| To wave my hand has to stand. | My hand has to stand. |
| Stand, | Sit or we stand, |
| We either stand or we sit. | We stand or we sit. |
| Sit, | Then |
| We ought to sit down a bit. | We ought to rest a bit. |
| | I |
| Bit, | Bit |
| I bit my little thumb. | My poor little thumb. |
| | And my |
| Thumb, | Thumb, |
| My thumb's feeling numb. | My thumb's feeling numb. |

HONEY: *(falling to 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 Ioway. 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.

(Strains of There's A Rainbow At The End play, as HONEY recites.)

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

ESSIE: Move over, Honey.

(She takes over, singing.)

Song 10: There's A Rainbow At The End.

ESSIE: 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.
 When on tiptoe comes a tornado
 That may make each edifice bend,
 Let it pass and follow my credo,
 There's a rainbow at the end.

 Soon
 The sweet tune
 Of a thrush
 Tweets to a 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 I Scene 5

Lights blaze again, as we visit another mysterious glacial coast, where the igloo-raising event is taking place. EVERYONE is present, except HONEY and ESSIE. They sing.

Song 11: Raising the Igloo.

ENSEMBLE: 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 ESSIE rush in.)

HONEY: Oh! Is that our new home?

MELANIE: It sher is, Honey!

HONEY: Oh, may I help? Please!

ENSEMBLE: You bet!

(HONEY joins the ENSEMBLE as they energetically continue raising the igloo. There's a dance.)

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!
 Then rise!
 Then rise!
 Raise that igloo to the skies!
 You bet!

(The igloo and 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 savoury character. In fact, he is currently under secret investigation by the authorities.

HONEY: *(after gasping)*. Oh, 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.

MELANIE: Cheer up, Honeysuckle.

HONEY: No! 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 Ioway? And why didn't I pay heed ta the warnin's I've heard?

(Ghostly lights shine, as background black out - and as PEOPLE enact speeches remembered by HONEY.)

SANDY: The Lieutenant Governor is not an altogether savoury character.

MELANIE: 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.

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: Until it collapses. Collapses. Collapse...

ESKIMO STUDENT: Numb, my thumb is feeling numb!

(HONEY's "voices" disappear, as her screams squash them.)

HONEY: Oh! I can't take it anymore. I've gotta go to the horse's mouth - to Eskimo Annie - ta see for myself... about William. Where'd she go?

(Scene ends with a blackout.)

ACT I Scene 6

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

HONEY: Eskimo Annie! Oh, Eskimo Annie.

ESKIMO ANNIE: *(suddenly popping out.)* Whatza mattah? Iz World War Two back on?

HONEY: No. I've just discovered something far worse...! Something about 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: Whatevah you want.

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

ESKIMO ANNIE: Ho! Yo' in love wid him, aren't you? Hello, young lovfa!

HONEY: Jus' tell me about Sir Littlewood? About his past in Britain! About his bootlegging! Are you really mixed up in notorious lawbreaking and crimes? Are you two really horrible criminals?

ESKIMO ANNIE: What you mean? 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 seeing 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: Okie dokey. A-wailin' we will go. Da trute 'bout Sir William Littlewood, who I been close 'ssociate of ever since he come to Nortt Atlantic, is dat..

(WILLIAM races in to interrupt ESKIMO ANNIE.)

WILLIAM: No! No! No! Eskimo Annie! Keep quiet!

ESKIMO ANNIE: Hah, Lieutenant Governor. Why you not let me tell her?

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

(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 leer.)* 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 musn'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 what for - but it mus' be bloodcurdlin'! And it's true that 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

WILLIAM: I've pondered who my girl might 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 hollow 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 so 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

(Lights dim around the paroxysmal WILLIAM as the act concludes.)

ACT II Scene 1

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 and 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 grey clouds dart,

Neat as an apron string.

And though

NANOOK:

Some people say

This is a spot they'd hide...

(HONEY and NANOOK cheerfully dance.)

HONEY - NANOOK and ESKIMO STUDENTS:

I just see the happier side

HONEY: What 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

!*?!*!*)

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

STUDENT 1: We know, teacher.

STUDENT 2: We have to be taught, carefully.

HONEY: Exactly.

(The ESKIMO STUDENTS and NANOOK leave.)

NANOOK: Very strong. So long.

HONEY: Oh, how 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... What 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. But I'm feeling *(she rises on prop.)* on top now!

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. Wish him farewell with a quarter note 'stead of a sour note.

HONEY: Yes. I'll erase him.

MELANIE: Yeah! Erase him!

HONEY: That's it!

(They obliterate the valentine from the blackboard - and sing.)

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 the heel was ignored!

ESSIE: You said it!

HONEY - MELANIE & ESSIE:

Erase him!
Erase him!
Subtract him from your 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 what 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!

MELANIE & ESSIE:

So with a broad swing
Wipe the board clean.

HONEY: Oh no!

MELANIE: Ah so!

ESSIE: Don't wait!

MELANIE: Go straight!

HONEY - MELANIE and ESSIE:

Wipe that man right offa yer slate!
Erase him!
Erase him!
Erase 'n' don't replace him.
Ferget the moments you spent.

ESSIE: Sing it, sister!

HONEY - MELANIE and ESSIE:

Erase him!
Erase him!
Erase 'n' don't retrace him.
No matter what he once meant!

You gotta
Erase him!
Erase him!
And never ever face him.
Yer a dunce to not know

ESSIE: It's time that you walk out

MELANIE: A-rubbin' his chalk out

ESSIE: And let him go!

MELANIE: Oh-ho, uh-huh!

ESSIE & HONEY: 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 yer class!

MELANIE and ESSIE:

I don't mean maybe!

HONEY - MELANIE and 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 what ya say.

ESSIE: Please!

(SANDY SHORE arrives.)

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

ESSIE: Kill-joy.

HONEY: Spoilsport.

MELANIE: *(signaling him aside while ESSIE and HONEY leave in a huff)*. Push over.

SANDY: Why am I the recipient of this cold shoulder treatment?

MELANIE: Well, ever since ya bombshelled the news about Sir Littlewood, ya've kinda got the welcome quality - of the messenger of death.

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

MELANIE: What? How?

SANDY: *(clearing throat)*. Uh. Something's brewing among the bootleggers. And it's not jus' schnappes.

MELANIE: Who? What? When? Where?

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

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

SANDY: *(after a momentary confusion)*. You can wager your split infinitive.

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 all be caught and removed. And, North Atlantic will again be the clean vacuum it once was.

MELANIE: It's about time. But be keerful. I've this feelin' in the melon-pit of my stomach... something bad may take place. And I want you to take keer.

SANDY: Oh, Melanie. I will. I will. And Melanie... there's... something else confidential I've longed to speak... to you... for a long spell. Melanie... please don't take offense. But ever since I met you, I've been as 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 what? *(Secretly delighted.)* Slow down, Olympic runner. I'm not one who hangs 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 now?

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

MELANIE: Oh, Sandy. You do keer.

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

MELANIE: Sandy.

SANDY: Melanie. You're captivating. Let's settle down.

MELANIE: Yes. I'm tired o' being unsettled.

SANDY: But first let's settle something!

(They sing.)

SONG 15: 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.

Won't... No, I'm sher I
 And I'm sure you Won't!
 Won't... No, I'm sher I,
 And I'm sure you And I'm sher I

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 colour than yers. My eyes are set aslant. And I'll never be able ta become a blonde and look nat'ral. You might feel peculiar 'bout me, don't kid yerself.

SANDY: Whale blubber!

MELANIE: Well, you can poo all you want. But back in Ioway, 'spite my peaches 'n' pearl personality, people weren't always open-armed ta me. Like when people 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 Ioway.

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

SANDY: Then, why did you come?

MELANIE: She didn't want ta come alone.

SANDY: So?

MELANIE: Well, I guess I'm jes' a girl who can't say "No."

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

MELANIE: Condemn! 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! ... Oh Melanie. I love these poignant, intimate discussions with you.

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

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

(Ya Won't Complain is warmly reprised.)

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 belle for whom I toll

BOTH: And I'm sure you won't complain!

(They fondly embrace, as lights close around them and scene ends.)

ACT II Scene 2

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 confidante, I cannot hold back and allow you to make these pitiable mistakes of horrid widespread consequences. Already, irreparable damage has been done. Are you aware that the walrus who broke into your distillery is on a drunken binge, terrorising the territory? You've caused serious problems.

ESKIMO ANNIE: What wrong wid makin' living? Some nerve you got. Free

enterprise, I say, at any price! You betcha!

WILLIAM: Eskimo 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... I'm mainly concerned for *you*, my friend. Your offenses will not be construed as a feather in your cap. People will beat the feathers out of you.

ESKIMO ANNIE: Dat's tough!

NANOOK: Though it pays, don't make gigantic
 Trash can out of North Atlantic.
 Don't make this booze and foam land,
 This is still yo' only homeland.

WILLIAM: Yes, by gum. Nanook knows best. Have some national spirit. You've bathed in the pleasures of this area. Now, don't leave the tub dirty for the rest of us.

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

NANOOK: I not jus' pedantic
 When I boast of North Atlantic

(*ESSIE, SANDY, MELANIE and HONEY appear.*)

ESSIE: Did someone mention North Atlantic? My number one passion.

WILLIAM: Yes. Don't you worship this land? Of hope and help and harmony and heart... (*Gasping.*) Hh, hh, hh...

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

SANDY: Yes. It was in North Atlantic that I gazed into an oyster and discovered a pearl.

HONEY: It was here in the North Atlantic that I took a classroom of illiterates and transformed 'em inta singing scholars.

MELANIE: North Atlantic!

NANOOK: North Atlantic!

ESSIE: You are never away!

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

OSSIE: Bravo, North Atlantic.

(*The ENSEMBLE 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 poloi.

NANOOK: There's no area
 That is merri-a.
 Each kind o' goodie they cram in.

ESSIE: From the timber they knock down
 To the herring we fish up

ESKIMO ANNIE: To the overflow of salmon (*Pronounced "sam-in".*)

SANDY: Some may call it barren,
 Some may call it quits.

SANDY and ESKIMO ANNIE:

 But the North (*Nortt*) Atlantic is a fitting land
 Where each of us misfits fits!

(*The ESKIMOS march in to supplement.*)

ENSEMBLE: 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 bend 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! -
 I-C, I-C,

(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!

(After a bang-up ending, the scene closes with a blackout.)

ACT II Scene 3

There's a bright, golden haze as the scene transforms into a romantic retreat. HONEY and SIR WILLIAM are having a felicitous reconciliation.

WILLIAM: Now do you comprehend how ridiculous you were. I perpetually opposed Eskimo Annie's bootlegging. What an obscene business!

HONEY: Oh, I yearned to believe you, William. But the deck was stacked against me. And I'm afraid I was never very good with cards. Always trumped... Oh, I'm so happy we're reconciled. Back together alone again.

WILLIAM: Yes.

HONEY: It's so wonderful to be in love with you and not be ashamed or shattered about it... William.

WILLIAM: Yes.

(They adoringly sing.)

Song 17 Who'd Have Guessed 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 met
 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 spare.
 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, see...

HONEY: But, see...

BOTH: I'm glad now when people suggest
 That "She loves he."
 Oh, who would have guessed?

WILLIAM: Honey, honey. 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 the one: 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: Yes?

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

HONEY: No.

WILLIAM: Yes. Indeed, an Austrian Duke.

HONEY: No.

WILLIAM: Yes. I am of royalty.

HONEY: No.

WILLIAM: Yes.

HONEY: But...?

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 what 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 Iowa, not many girls knew British Lieutenant Governors who were really Austrian royalty once married to a nun. I don't know what 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 withouta 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 to run wild. She brought serenity into 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. Where it is so different from Austria... where even 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 lightyears before I can resolve this *mael-strom!*...Ohh. Be your Cinderella? (*Running about, sobbing.*) I'll call you tomorrow, and we'll see.

(*WILLIAM melancholically leaves. NANOOK 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, it is HONEY's turn to be spotlighted amidst the darkness.*)

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

(*She chants the waltz.*)

Song 18: Deep In My Mind.

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
 What 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. And these images represent key events that have led to HONEY's current predicament. Firstly, a square-dancing group of COUNTRY COWFOLK do-si-dos in. HONEY threads through them, brandishing the placard "Join the Teaching Corps"... and 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. And, 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 goosestepping 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 and 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 be united, the jig is up. Suddenly, SANDY SHORE leaps out to whisper aspersions about WILLIAM to HONEY. The ghostly ENSEMBLE look askance at him. And SISTER BETTINA and JOHNNY JOE re-emerge to pry HONEY away. But, love nevertheless triumphs. HONEY makes up her mind and no one can deter her. She pushes the opposition down and dashes into WILLIAM's arms. And after a brief embrace, HONEY and WILLIAM... flanked by the rising ENSEMBLE... 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 suddenly darts 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 slalomed down the mountainside.

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

ESKIMO ANNIE: Oh. It's ovah fo' him. He dead. Gone on to even whiter place dan dis.

SANDY: A great man perished today.

(Breaking in.)

HONEY: Who? Who?

SANDY: He was the pillar of this society.

HONEY: Who?

SANDY: The man who was always there to remind the people who they were and how to be proud.

HONEY: Who?

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

HONEY: Who?

SANDY: (*heartbroken*). Nanook.

HONEY: Nanook?

SANDY: Nanook.

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

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

ESKIMO ANNIE: Yes. Yes. Nortt Atlantic nevah be same wittout... Nanook.
I'll miss him as much as I can.

HONEY: 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 that the wrong people always die?

ESKIMO ANNIE: Dat's da way it happens.

HONEY: Well, the next time it happens ... and I know it can happen again... we will be cordial and 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 and remind each other of his supremacy. 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'lly found you.

(*ESSIE NORTON bolts in.*)

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

HONEY - MELANIE and SANDY:
ROBERT and ESKIMO ANNIE: } 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 other Eskimo's who were disabled in the distillery tragedy. Eskimo's with wives and children ta support. They need our help! So, heck, let's snap together and... put on a benefit show for them! (*Everyone nods in approval. In fact, the whole ENSEMBLE has drifted on-stage by now.*) We will now sing a song of faith and affection. It is about reindeer moss, a plant that continues to grow and 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 ENSEMBLE perform the metaphorical song, Reindeer Moss. At first, the song is light and cute. Then, it becomes increasingly impassioned.*)

Song 20: Reindeer Moss.

HONEY and ENSEMBLE:

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

ENSEMBLE: Plant life in the snow.

ALL: As you spring from rocks and trees,
In our hearts you grow.

HONEY: *(as others 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 injuring. With this happy reunion, the show comes to a cockeyed optimist ending. Characters cling to each other, the ENSEMBLE rejoices in song, and there is even a rainbow at the end.)

ENSEMBLE: 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, The End.)

END