

The first act of *North Atlantic* follows. For a complete reading copy or to arrange production rights, please visit <http://www.steelespring.com>.

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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
Sometime 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 Guessed 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' inta 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?**

ESKIMO 1

I not happy.

ESKIMO 2

I not happy.

ESKIMO 3

Eskimo Annie is late!

ESKIMO 4

With our booze.

WHERE THE HELL IS ANNIE?  
WHERE THE HELL IS ANNIE?  
I THOUGHT WE MADE A DATE.

ESKIMOS

[alternative: WHERE THE HECK IS ANNIE?]

'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)

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 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 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 AROUND' 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, what 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.

Y' honor. HONEY

I'm enchanted. But who are you? WILLIAM

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)

You have a son. And...? HONEY

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.

Well, how wonderful for you. HONEY

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

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 ta someone of your stature, I mus' 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

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 whut'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.

SANDY

Well, loway's a big neighborhood.

MELANIE

Not that big.

SANDY

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

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

SANDY

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

MELANIE

I MAY.

SANDY

OKAY—

MAYBE WE WILL PLAY  
IN MY SLEIGH

WITH THE CREAM  
COLORED TEAM  
TODAY.

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

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.

NO SIR.	MELANIE
SURPRISE.	SANDY
PRIZE THAT?	MELANIE
THAT'S SO.	SANDY
SO WHUT.	MELANIE
WHAT NOTHING!	SANDY
NOTHING BETTER.	MELANIE
BETTER GO.	SANDY
GO ON.	MELANIE
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	



STAND! ESKIMO STUDENTS

WE STAND OR WE HONEY

SIT! ESKIMO STUDENTS

THEN WE OUGHT TO REST A BIT. HONEY

BIT! ESKIMO STUDENTS

MY POOR LITTLE THUMB. HONEY

AND YOUR THUMB— ESKIMO STUDENTS

MY THUMB'S FEELING NUMBER. HONEY  
HO HUM!

NUMB ESKIMO STUDENTS

IS MY HONEY

THUMB ESKIMO STUDENTS

BUT I'M FEELIN' FINE HONEY  
WHEN I SAY IT THROUGH A

SIGN! ESKIMO STUDENTS

Excellent, class! HONEY

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



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**

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