Epic Nonsense: The Genesis of Me Prometheus

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Epic Nonsense: The Genesis of Me Prometheus

A thesis submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirement
For the degree of Bachelors of Arts in Music from
The College of William and Mary

By

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Accepted for Highest Honors
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Epic Nonsense

The Genesis of *Me Prometheus*

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Arlington, Virginia

A Thesis presented to the Undergraduate Faculty of

The College of William and Mary in Candidacy for the Degree of

Bachelor of Arts

Music Department

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# Table of Contents

Epic Nonsense: The Genesis of *Me Prometheus* .......................................................... 1

*Me Prometheus* Script

Act I ............................................................................................................................... 37
Act II ............................................................................................................................. 68

*Me Prometheus* Score

0. Overture ..................................................................................................................... 138
1. History’s a Mystery .................................................................................................. 139
2. Tuh Nuh Na Yey ...................................................................................................... 153
3. Feel the Spirit ......................................................................................................... 160
4. Magnificent Machine ............................................................................................. 184
4A. Neepaz Says So ................................................................................................... 203
4B. The First Doyce Harbinger .................................................................................. 204
4C. Great Gurgling ..................................................................................................... 205
4D. Ragtime ................................................................................................................ 206
5. Everything’s Already Been Invented ...................................................................... 210
5A. A New Brain ......................................................................................................... 235
6. Flamp Family Band .................................................................................................. 239
7. The First Breakthrough ........................................................................................ 244
7A. A Little Night Music ........................................................................................... 263
8. You Got Stood Up .................................................................................................. 265
9. I Got Stood Up ....................................................................................................... 297
9A. Rent ....................................................................................................................... 307
10. Finding Fire I ......................................................................................................... 310
10A. Into the Woods ................................................................................................... 317
11. Finding Fire II ....................................................................................................... 318
11A. The Second and Third Doyce Harbingers ......................................................... 324
11B. Hair ...................................................................................................................... 325
12. The Second Breakthrough .................................................................................... 330
12A. Ode to an Adolescent ........................................................................................ 336
12B. Show Boat ............................................................................................................ 337
13. Flamp Family Band Reprise I .............................................................................. 338
13A. The Fourth Doyce Harbinger .............................................................................. 339
13B. Flamp Family Band Reprise II ................................................................. 340
13C. The Fifth Doyce Harbinger ................................................................. 341
14. Finding Fire III .................................................................................... 342
14A. Rock of Ages ...................................................................................... 363
15. Ent’acte ............................................................................................... 371
16. He’s Gonna Cast His Bones ................................................................. 372
16A. Children of Eden .............................................................................. 374
17. Me Prometheus .................................................................................... 378
17A. I Am Prometheus ............................................................................... 380
17B. Malcolm Comes ............................................................................... 381
18. Mastondond Song ............................................................................... 382
18A. Carmen ........................................................................................... 395
18B. He’s Gonna Cast His Bones Again .................................................... 398
18C. Cats .................................................................................................. 400
18D. The Sixth Doyce Harbinger .............................................................. 404
19. Keep Us Warm .................................................................................... 405
19A. Passion ............................................................................................. 423
20. I’m Lost ................................................................................................ 428
20A. Groove ............................................................................................. 441
20B. Glacier Anthem ................................................................................ 443
20C. Spring Awakening .......................................................................... 444
20D. The Neepaz Rag ............................................................................. 446
20E. Glacier Anthem II ........................................................................... 448
21. Start the Fire ...................................................................................... 449
21A. Bows ................................................................................................. 468
22B. Exit Music ....................................................................................... 478
Epic Nonsense: The Genesis of *Me Prometheus*

I did not grow up dreaming of writing a musical. But now that I have, I am not surprised I did. All my life, I have been fascinated by myths and stories, whether I was reading them or making them up myself. The freedom and possibility of fiction, coupled with the absurd reality of the non-fiction surrounding us, has done wonders in informing my perspective on the world. I have also loved music as long as I can remember. I have been singing as long as I could talk, and enjoy the many ways music can be used to tell a story. It made sense that the two came together in such a palpable way.

I met Simon Riker (then Simon Edmonds-Langham) at the Montreal Boys Choir Course in the summer of 2006. MBCC, as it is known, is the only Royal School of Church Music-certified all-boys choir camp in the Western hemisphere. Each of us attended through our churches, where we sang as trebles. We got on well our first few years at camp, performing at the end of week talent show and finding available pianos during free time to play the fine works of Randy Newman and Ben Folds. Eventually, we both became proctors (counselors) at the course, and in the past few years have become increasingly involved in facilitating the course as staff members. Larry Tremsky, the course’s executive director, has been infinitely supportive of Simon and me as we have worked on the show, and numerous members of the community have supported us in our endeavors thus
far. Needless to say, our collaboration was made possible by our attendance at MBCC.

The first time Simon and I discussed *Me Prometheus* was at MBCC, mere weeks before I began at William and Mary. We were doing our usual beginning-of-the-week catch-up when he told me about his idea to write a musical about the discovery of fire. I knew instantly it would make a great show, and was immediately jealous that he had thought of something so cool to write. Nearly a year passed after this initial conversation before we discussed the show again, at which point Simon informed me the idea had not developed significantly since we had first discussed it. He cited his reluctance to prioritize writing a work of such great magnitude amidst numerous other musical opportunities, and the difficulty of creating without a collaborator. I insisted that the idea was worth it, and suggested that we work together. He agreed, and we decided to attempt to start writing the following winter break.

When I first arrived in Rye to write with Simon in December 2012, he already had some basic ideas about how the show would function. He had no scenes or dialogue, only a basic plot synopsis, much of which remains intact in our current version. Simon, a sociology major at Wesleyan, was interested not only in the discovery of fire itself, but how others reacted to the discovery. He knew early on that the show should focus on progress, and how it is viewed and accepted in humanity. Simon also knew that he did not want to confine himself to one particular genre in composing the musical material, an idea I wholeheartedly
supported based on my experience painstakingly sitting through shows that remain stubbornly set in one style. The result of our first hours of work was a more detailed synopsis, complete with tentative placement of musical numbers. From this, we wrote the show.

Because the two of us have been full-time students at faraway institutions during the writing process, we had to be creative about how we managed it. Our work began in December 2012 at his house in Rye. I returned home for Christmas and the New Year before returning to Rye to write until the semester began. These first two sessions yielded a rough draft of the script and a handful of songs, enough to impel us to continue writing. At this point, Simon also began the process of presenting his show his honors thesis. One important decision we made was to put the script in a Googledoc in order to facilitate easy sharing and editing of the show. Much of the show’s growth came from the time in between our sessions, as the show percolated in our heads. This allowed us to make subtle changes even when we were unable to work together, usually in a different color text so we could see what was different. Anytime we totally reworked a major plot element, we started a new Googledoc.

Our second major stint of writing took place Williamsburg during my lone Summer semester. We convened again the following December in Rye, and then in January in my hometown, Arlington, VA. By the end of our time in Arlington, we had a script we felt confident about, all of our songs written and had a rough demo recording, and the process of orchestration had begun. In other words, we
had written nearly all of the creative material by January 2014, just in time for the beginning of the Wesleyan rehearsal process.

In December 2013 we began our crowdfunding campaign. We decided that crowdfunding would be the best way to raise money, as we were unlikely to find a single producer at our stage in the game and did not have the money ourselves. Simon got help from his director, Dan Froot, in making a short video describing the show, including an original composition of ours, “Everything’s Already Been Invented” sung by the original cast’s lead actor, Matt Getz. We created a page on the website Indiegogo and raised $5,100 in twenty days, enabling us to produce the show at Wesleyan with some money to spare.

The next time I saw Simon was when I journeyed up to Connecticut during my Spring break to participate in some rehearsals and tie up some script issues with Simon. This was the first time Me Prometheus really started to look like a musical to me. The first rehearsal I attended began with music work, and I sat in as the cast learned the choral sections. It was when the rehearsal transitioned to blocking that it became truly surreal. Seeing people acting out the characters, bringing them to life, was amazing. Sitting in that room with no control over what went on in front of me apart from what Simon and I had already written was a seminal experience of my life.

Wesleyan was, perhaps, the perfect place to workshop and debut Me Prometheus. The school has an established pedigree of musical theatre excellence; Stephen Sondheim is one of their alumni and Lin-Manuel Miranda
premiered “In The Heights” there in 1999. Beyond these famous names, however, Wesleyan students are especially motivated toward fostering creative musical work at any cost. Many of those cast in Me Prometheus had their own senior theses to worry about, yet still opted to join the cast in order to see an original work to fruition. Wesleyan’s musical culture ensured that our show would be in good hands, and Simon’s work assembling the necessary forces gave us a battalion of over fifty people to work on the show. Simon states that Wesleyan’s “influence on [his] thought and musicianship is deeply embedded in the work.”

I returned to Wesleyan in early April for the tech week rehearsals and performances of Me Prometheus. At this point, Simon and I had finished orchestrating and distributed to the parts to the pit, with barely a week and a half to spare before the show. I was slated to play acoustic guitar in a few numbers, but upon arriving in Connecticut, it was clear that much more remained to be done before opening night, and I made myself available for any task Simon needed completed. I spent the week staying up nearly all night, completing odd tasks off a seemingly never ending to do list. I went to Home Depot five times, Radioshack twice, sawed over fifty feet of PVC, transported numerous instruments and music stands, and generally assisted in any way I could to ensure that the show would in fact go on.

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Opening night was simultaneously terrifying and spectacular. Our first ever audience laughed in most of the right places, even when our entire lighting apparatus failed in the middle of Act I due to circuit issues. By the end, everyone seemed to think that what they had experienced was a musical, which relieved us greatly. That night, I went out with a few of the cast members, still in euphoria over what had transpired. I saw many people who had seen the show that night, and it was exhilarating to hear their reactions, positive and negative. The intensity of the preceding week had drained me, and I was left only with the adrenaline and relief only a live performance can bring. The final two performances were far more successful than the first, and by closing night we knew we had created something special. This became most clear to me at our cast party. One of the songs in the show, the eponymous “Me Prometheus”, is entirely electronic save for the melody, sung onstage by the lead character, Herbert. At the party, somebody put on the electronic background track for the song. Everybody in the room, whether they were in the cast, pit, or crew, sang along and knew every word. Needless to say, this was incredible. I returned to Williamsburg the next day with a newfound determination to give the show new life, to create that kind of community again.

Simon and I did not spend much time resting on our laurels. We knew that while the show we wrote was successful in its own way, there was still much to be done to make it the musical we had both envisioned. I returned to Rye in June, at which point we watched the performance footage. We critiqued
mercilessly, highlighting any aspect of the show that did not function to the highest degree. Our main concerns were that the show was too long and dialogue-heavy. We cut any dialogue that did not serve a distinct purpose, while also adding two songs to keep the action moving. Simon returned to Williamsburg in September to complete some of this work, and I went up to Rye in December to put on the finishing touches before the William and Mary production got started in earnest. On the whole, the Wesleyan Production was a fantastic opportunity to workshop the show, a chance to present what we wrote in a kinder atmosphere than the professional world allows, amidst friends who gave their all to see the show fulfilled.

Inspired by the fantastic community at Wesleyan, I knew I had to line up a production at William and Mary. I was already certain I would submit the show as my thesis, and seeing it come to life at Wesleyan made me sure that I wanted to produce it myself. The process began in earnest last Summer, when I asked Megan Tatum and Dunham Janney whether they would be my choreographer and director, respectively. Since that time, I have secured a performance venue, assembled a 21 person cast and 12 piece pit, found individuals willing to design costumes, sound, props, and even happened upon a fantastic stage manager, Elena Bartlett, mere weeks before rehearsals were set to begin.

It became clear to me very quickly that the show had changed significantly since it went up at Wesleyan, and for the better. It was faster, funnier, and most importantly contained a great deal more music. The actors were able to form their
characters much more readily, and our material was far more organized than last
time. This also helped with the orchestra’s work, as I was able to present most of
the musical numbers to them months before opening night. I worked with both
the cast and pit on their music, first separately then eventually together, and
learned a great deal from music directing. Not only did it give me a deeper
understanding and appreciation of the work, it also illuminated some of its flaws,
as well as giving me some incredible directorial experience.

All of our efforts resulted in a very entertaining student production. I myself
have not seen the show since it has entered Commonwealth Auditorium, as I
have been backstage with the pit, but opening night had an extremely positive
audience response. All of the students I recruited and cast performed admirably,
giving the show their fullest attention and best musicianship. We went through an
extremely difficult week on campus during our techs and performances, but we
persevered in order to honor our lost friend Paul Soutter. *Me Prometheus* brought
smiles to the faces of everyone involved, cast, crew, pit, and audience alike. This
fact alone makes me extremely proud to have brought it to life.

*Me Prometheus* is our absurd, creative imagining of the discovery of fire.
At the dawn of an ice age, Herbert Gurg, a peculiar young caveman, struggles to
live up to his family’s brilliant reputation in the field of inventing. Impelled by his
grandfather’s cryptic last words, he sets out on quest to find “fah-yur”, despite not
knowing what it might be. This takes Herbert and his loyal friend Grob into the
forest, where lightning hits a tree and sets it ablaze. He becomes obsessed with cultivating fah-yur of his own and reproducing the breakthrough. Herbert is stymied until his romance with the shaman’s daughter sparks his creativity and he invents the match. Together they build a fah-yur and the Gurg come to adopt the exciting new tool. Unfortunately, a reckless user allows a fah-yur to grow out of control one night. Tribe Square burns down, leaving their homeland barren and their lifestyle in shambles. The tribe is forced to relocate and reevaluate its relationship to Herbert and his discovery. Absurdity ensues as hallucinogens, giant birds, mastodons, and glaciers weave in and out the action, forever altering the course of human history.

We are not the first human beings to tell the story of fire. The most obvious example is the myth from which our show takes its name, the fable of Prometheus descent from the God’s and eternal damnation. The 1981 film Quest Fore Fire gives a visceral, realistic adaptation of fire’s early spread amongst disparate tribes of early humans, and stars burly actors who look the part of Neanderthals. Cavemen are also often portrayed in the media, with the Geico’s notable ad campaign coming to mind as a recent example. Stravinsky’s ballet Rite of Spring too features early humans, focusing on the violence of their rituals. Even Ringo Starr, musical royalty, tried his hand at prehistoric humor in Caveman. But we took an entirely different approach with Me Prometheus: a musical comedy. We focused on different aspects of fire than the previous examples. Rather than dwell on the process of discovery itself, we attempted to
explain the meandering road inspiration takes before it manifests in discovery. And rather than show cavemen painstakingly sorting through fire’s uses, we presented it as a metaphor for progress, as fire was a discontinuous innovation that changed human life forever.

What truly sets our show apart, however, is the irreverent way in which we present the story. The cavemen speak to each other in English, and are unafraid to use expletives to convey their various messages. Our songs span the last hundred years of Broadway styles, and even look toward the future; very little of the music is meant to sound as though cavemen are singing it. The anachronism continues with our various props: fire is displayed on a television set, a tribe member invents a blender, and some characters even brush their teeth. Fire is discovered not through careful experimentation, but by dumb luck and wordplay, an acutely ironic portrayal of the nature of discovery. We never let the inherent contextual elements of the show tether us in any way, only buoy us further toward innovation. We are deeply indebted to the work of the Zucker Brothers and Jim Abraham for their distinctive, literal brand of humor\(^3\) \(^4\), as well as Tim Heidecker and Eric Wareheim for how ridiculously they portray human beings\(^5\). These comedy luminaries gave us great inspiration for how to characterize the Gurg.

Filling our story with music was not difficult to conceive. True, some songs took longer to write than others, but for the most part we knew exactly which parts of the story needed music. We added and subtracted along the way as the show took form, but for the most part we knew where the musical material would fit. From there, the process of songwriting took many forms, from a concerted method of listening and research to inexplicable moments of eureka. Each song has its own story, and we did our best to make sure they worked in tandem to truly further the show’s message and make it a musical.

We decided early on that Thomas Edison should sing the first number in of show. The show’s themes of invention and progress seemed to fit with Edison’s oeuvre, not to mention that fire was the first controllable source of light. Edison comes onstage with little fanfare, accompanied only by a phonograph playing “Clocks and Calendars” an old-fashioned song written by Downey Stancs, one of Simon’s freelance employers. Edison delivers a monologue over this nostalgic number, before the phonograph ceases playing. Edison starts the opening number, “History’s a Mystery”, a Burl Ives-inspired, brief, expository song meant to settle the audience a little more comfortably into their seats. This prologue is orchestrated mainly for piano and clarinets, with accordion and banjo reproduced by a keyboard patch. The song begins with a slow, measured, almost recitative introduction before a brief interlude leads into a faster section with offbeat banjo chords. The song ends with Edison asking aloud whether he has time to do a dance break, before transitioning into what we call “The Neepaz Rag”, a bit of
ragtime music based off the melody and harmonic progression of a later number, “Feel The Spirit”. Edison finishes the dance break and strikes a pose before a swift blackout.

A man from Simon’s church choir in Hartford, who shall here remain nameless, premiered the role of Thomas Edison. Simon chose him for the role based simply on the fact that he could touch his toes, and he unfortunately had very little acting experience. This was one of the few aspects of the Wesleyan production that truly went badly, inspiring a great deal of confusion in the audience. Because of this, we did not get a chance to properly appraise the inclusion of the character in the script. To ensure this would not happen again, I invited Ryan Fletcher to play the role at William and Mary, as he is a seasoned opera professional in addition to historical re-enactor. His experience made him perfect for the role, and his performance should give us a better idea of how well the character works. In addition to the change in actor, we also rewrote Edison’s introductory monologue to include actual Thomas Edison quotes, something that significantly aided in establishing his dialect.

“Tuh Nuh Na Yey” is the only number in Me Prometheus outside of the English language, and the first in which we meet the Gurg, the tribe of cavemen that comprise nearly all of the characters in the show. The song begins with The Great Neepaz, the tribe’s hallucinogen-dependent shaman, singing “Tuh Nuh”, followed by a unison Gurg response on the same notes. What follows is an a cappella call and response in the form of Episcopal preces and responses from a
traditional evensong service, a style Simon and I both know well from our time in boy choir. We chose this format because we wanted the song to be seen as devotional, as a part of a serious tribal religious ceremony. This is also why we utilized a made-up language; we wanted the song to seem pre-pre-historic, older than cavemen, older than speech. That, and to confuse some in the audience into thinking the entire show might be set in this incomprehensible dialect. We were inspired by Russian Orthodox chant in our voicing, creating a thick, bass-heavy texture to emphasize the primitive, guttural aspects of the Gurg.

After the first section of call and response, the number moves to a metric refrain, all on the syllables “Tuh nuh na yey, tuh nuh na yey, tuh nuh na”. The theme in this section is sung and referenced again by the tribe at various points in the show, and its repetition in this scene emphasizes its prominence. The orchestration in this section was inspired by Hans Zimmer’s work on The Lion king, with marimba and kalimba patches played through the keyboard, ample percussion, and off-beat, accented string chords. This is also when the Gurg begin to enter in earnest, as they have been scattered throughout the audience, in darkness, until this point. The song ends with a featured vocal solo for Neepaz, accompanied by oohs by the rest of the Gurg. This was one of the most enjoyable parts of the work to compose, as we had a fantastic time coming up with the most disjointed, angular, nonsensical set of notes and syllables to give to the truly insane Neepaz. Nate Repasz, the man who inspired and premiered The
Great Neepaz, even added a bit of throat singing to the section, incorporating the technique on the final note as a perfect conclusion to a wacky, powerful number.

When we premiered the show at Wesleyan, the music ended there, and the tribe began to petition the Great Neepaz and the spirits with whom he supposedly communicates, asking for solutions to their various problems. This scene was full of monologues, slow, and not that funny. It killed the momentum we had established with “Tuh Nuh Na Yey”, and was consistently one of the weakest moments in that initial set of performances. We still wanted to include the petitions, as they served as an opportunity to more firmly establish the tribe’s devotion to their religious leader. So, we turned the scene into a song for the William and Mary production, one of the larger of the many alterations we made to the work.

It was immediately apparent that the written material from the scene would adapt best into a gospel number. While both Simon and I had performed gospel music before, we knew we did not have the chops to write a gospel number based on our existing knowledge. We watched videos of gospel choirs in competition, and listened to examples of some of the finest gospel groups in the country. The hymnbook *Lift Every Voice and Sing*<sup>6</sup> was especially helpful to us in this process, as it contained both familiar and unfamiliar hymns in a simple gospel arrangement. We also looked at examples of pseudo-gospel music in

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musicals, including examples from *Seussical*\(^7\) and *Urinetown*\(^8\). After this period of research, we felt confident enough in ourselves to attempt a number. The first draft was deemed unsatisfactory, but gave rise to “The Neepaz Rag”, which we further incorporated into the number in the final version. This is easily our most involved piece in terms of choral singing, with numerous sections in five-part harmony, ooing, and drastic tempo changes. The energy created by the number is preferable to the slow-moving scene we had originally in its place, and we hope “Feel The Spirit” improves the momentum and energy of the show in this regard.

The next musical number is a short call and response entitled “Neepaz says so”. This is written in the style of a short religious response: Neepaz intones a simple progression, followed by a tutti response by the Gurg. For the Gurg’s response, we used the first eight notes of a twelve tone row, meant to symbolize their nonsensical adherence to their addled demagogue.

After the Great Neepaz makes his final exit and the religious ceremony, or “Gurging” as it is referred to in the show, finishes, a new character takes the spotlight. Birns was conceived early on as the show’s antagonist, a haughty, ill-natured hunter whose main hobby in life is inventing. The devices he creates are not useful, rather spectacles to behold, intricate Rube Goldberg machines that function within themselves but perform no pragmatic tasks. “Magnificent

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Machine” is the number in which Birns unveils his newest creation. The song was styled in the fashion of Stephen Sondheim, with offbeat chords in the right hand of the piano, with a timpani-enhanced bass hitting on one and four. The structure is AABA, led by Birns, who sings of his absolute proficiency in the field of inventing, as well as describing in detail his disturbing methods for killing boars. The orchestration of this number is perhaps our most diverse: the keyboards play timpani, bassoon, harp, and other patches to add to the zany texture. The strings play a number of rapidly descending scales, beginning on four and landing on one, and many of Birns’s lines are mimicked or doubled by instruments.

The first performance of this song was somewhat successful, but we made two key additions. The first was adding chorus vocals to the number, including responses and reactions to Birns’s lines and beefing up the sections in which the song changes key. The final addition to this number was an underscore to go accompany the machine, our real invention onstage. This bit of “Mickey Mousing” as it is known seemed necessary after watching its somewhat lame unveiling at Wesleyan. Moreover, the machine has known been built and is consistent, and therefore functions at a regular pace, allowing us to exactly plan the underscore.

This scene is also the first time a “Doyce Harbinger” is heard. The six doyce harbingers are a short, climbing collection of notes played by the pit whenever Herbert learns a piece of information that aids in his discovery of fire. We were inspired by videogame music for this particular set of musical numbers,
as the doyces are somewhat akin to the sounds one often hears when gaining an achievement in a game. These numbers are sprinkled throughout the show, and further cement the inductive process Herbert used to make his discovery.

“Everything’s Already Been Invented” was planned as a musical number, and titled as it currently is, in the original storyboard Simon sent me. Upset by the attention Birns receives from the Gurg, Herbert knows he can do better to prove himself to the tribe, to realize his destiny as an inventor, like his ancestors before him. This is an expository number to establish that Herbert had not yet found fulfillment in life. The somewhat nonsensical conclusion he makes, that there is nothing left to invent that had not been discovered before, is doubly ludicrous given the prehistoric setting of the show. The subject matter of the number has changed very little through our rewrites; we knew early on what we wanted this song to say.

This song was the first eureka moment I have experienced in my young career as a composer. Simon and I had only just begun the songwriting process, and I had the working title for this number running through my head. The breakthrough came in the shower, when a hook came into my head, complete with harmony surrounding it. Once fully dressed, I showed Simon what I had come up with on the piano. He liked it immediately, and we then collaborated to add a verse and more lyrics to augment the hook. The progression I first came up with for the verse had far too rapid a harmonic rhythm. Simon heard this, and changed it to one that more resembled The Beatles “With A Little Help From My
Friends” in its unfolding. The chorus remains to this day very similar to what I had originally come up with in the shower. This song also prominently features the bVII-IV-I used extensively in The Beatles’ “With A Little Help From My Friends”, “Hey Jude” and other of their songs, as well as in “Finding Fire II” and “Finding Fire III” later in Me Prometheus. We added the Schoolhouse Rock-style dialogue and a B section later on. From the start, we felt confident about this song, and even used it as the principal number in the video for our crowdfunding push.

“Flamp Family Band” is one of the simpler numbers in the show. It is a showcase for Flimp, Flomp, and Flump, who make up the Flamp family of gatherers, or “grabbers”, in the tribe. Their job is to collect berries, a task they take great pride and gusto in performing. The characters are one of the major sources of comedy in the show, and we knew this song should follow suit. We created a simple refrain: “Singin’ in the old Flamp Family Band”, and augmented it with solo lines for each character as well as harmonized group vocals. The threesome are accompanied by a banjo patch on keyboard, and dance wildly as they gather, dropping most of their berries in the process.

The Flamp Family is our most explicit manifestation of the hunter-gatherer dichotomy. We portrayed the two sides almost as jocks and nerds in high school, Herbert and the Flamps of course among the nerds. It’s even historically

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accurate, as hunter-gatherer societies often determined social ranking “along lines of age, gender, physical power, and personal charisma.”

Birns, Mulga, Charles, and the other hunters display great machismo, while Herbert and the Flamps sing songs and pick berries. Establishing this dichotomy, tethering the grabbers to a lower social class, gave Herbert more adversity to overcome within the Gurg’s social structure.

Originally, a dialogue-heavy scene followed “Flamp Family Band”. Herbert, positively influenced by the conversation with his friend Grob the night before, comes to the tribe with an invention: the weather rock, a rock suspended by a couple sticks that, when placed outside, can easily tell the weather. Weather rocks actually exist in the real world, and we decided to make Herbert their inventor as well. As was the case with the scene following “Tuh Nuh Na Yey”, we saw this stretch of the show as an opportunity for improvement, as the dialogue felt repetitive and killed some of the energy, especially after the hilarious “Flamp Family Band”. So, again, we decided to turn the scene into a song.

“The First Breakthrough” was originally given the working title “The Weather Rock Song”, and our first instinct was to write a 50s style doo-wop song to allude to the other more musical interpretation of the word “rock”. Before we really even started, the idea felt played-out, and Simon suggesting writing more in the style of modern Broadway, using Stephen Schwartz and Jonathan Larson

as models. We began this song in the choir room at The Cathedral of the Incarnation in Garden City, Simon beginning with the syncopated open chord in the piano’s right hand that still exists in the song today. The song immediately took on an entirely different meaning than the scene had; rather than Herbert blandly explaining the weather rock to his peers, he could now sing about his newfound success, his first invention. Herbert’s singing is interrupted by some of the original dialogue from the scene, and we composed interludes loosely based off of Herbert’s melody in “Everything’s Already Been Invented” to underscore this spoken action. The tribe’s apathy turned to wrath when decrying the rock’s uselessness. Simon and I had a great deal of fun composing the final Gurg chorus, “It’s boring, it’s useless/It’s here to confuse us/Enough is enough, yeah/The weather rock sucks!” This refrain is sung in a round with powerful, unison hits in the orchestra. Turning the scene into a song created much more drama than it possessed in its original state.

“You Got Stood Up” was the very first song we began writing. It was to take place after Herbert asked his love-interest, Clarissa, on a date, and is waiting for her on the beach. Birns, the aforementioned antagonist, arrives at the beach and convinces Herbert that Clarissa, who Birns also covets, stood him up. We always envisioned this as the jazziest number in the show, and it turned into just that. We took inspiration from the late Robin Williams’s performance and Alan Menken’s vivacious writing in “Friend Like Me”¹², and came up with a

bouncy, mocking melody with a walking bass line. The orchestration, primarily Simon’s work in this case, features a number of big-band gestures, with sloppy glissandi and accented hits in the winds and a featured piano solo during the second chorus. Originally envisioned as a solo for Birns, we added harmonies for the Flamp Family, and even brought the entire tribe (save for Clarissa) onstage to sing along on the final chorus. Birns’s plan works, as by the end, Herbert is convinced Clarissa has indeed stood him up. Grob then alerts Herbert that his Bubdub is seriously ill, and Herbert leaves immediately to go see him.

Naturally, Clarissa then walks onstage, alone, and has her own song, “I Got Stood Up”. This, along with “I’m Lost” and the Edison appearances, is a soliloquy, a chance for Clarissa to directly address the audience with her feelings, buoyed by music to make her points. She begins by expressing her tempered excitement to meet Herbert, singing one of the more lyric melodies in the show, one we came up with together. When the sun begins to set in earnest, she questions Herbert’s motivation for making her wait so long, over a much more driving, Jason Robert Brown-style progression. The final stanza is Clarissa’s subdued acceptance of Herbert’s failure to meet her, using the same musical material as the opening section. At Wesleyan a short scene followed this, but we cut this, preferring to end the scene with the song.

Clarissa was easily the most difficult character for us to write. Simon only put her in the original storyboard because people told him the show needed a love story, which is a pretty poor place to start. In the first iteration of the show,
Clarissa was not yet fully formed. She had a confusing back-story, a subplot that detracted from the energy and momentum of numerous scenes, and her character was in numerous hastily written scenes in the months leading up to the show. Neither Simon, I, or the audience was satisfied with the original Clarissa, through no fault of the actor. Her character was one of the first things we addressed during our rewrites. We realized that the qualities we liked about her character, her headstrong nature and sarcastic wit, were not shining through, and we needed to give her stronger purpose within the tribe. We decided to make her the daughter of The Great Neepaz, and next in line to succeed him in his duties as tribe shaman. Clarissa, however, does not partake in hallucinogenic substances, and therefore cannot see the spirits like her father can. This is, of course, a good thing, and in spite of Clarissa’s original self-doubt, she ends up being the perfect candidate to replace her father when the time comes.

“Finding Fire” was another song listed in the original storyboard. We knew that Herbert’s discovery of fire would be told through song, but also knew it was a journey, and could not happen all in one number. As the script materialized, we found that three clearly defined numbers would do it: one for the pivotal scene in which Herbert’s grandfather (Bubdub) tells him to find “fah-yur”, one for when Herbert first sees it in the forest, and a final iteration for when he finally invents the match. “Finding Fire” was formed around the piano part, a majestic I-IV-vi-IV progression with a struck open chord in every other measure, hearkening to the sound of a funeral chime to echo the onstage action.
The violin counter melody that first appears in mm.13 was taken from a piece of music written by Simon and my mutual friend Matthew Tamke, who set ought to write a musical and came away with a single number, “Pierre, Vegetable Seller”, the melody of which is used in this scene. This nonsensical bit of objet trouvé worked as a perfect counter-melody, another example of the true randomness of inspiration. The colloquial opening lyric of this song, “Fire/The fuck did he just say?” was the subject of some debate, as we were unsure whether including an expletive in such a prominent moment was wise. But, as the show developed into a true comedy, we realized that the line perfectly captured the irony of the moment, and will keep it there unless we decide to write a child-friendly version of the show.

Impelled by Bubdub’s final words, Herbert travels with Grob into the forest, a supposedly dangerous place, to find “fah-yur”. They spend a fruitless three years there, starving and struggling, until one night, lightning sets a tree ablaze. “Finding Fire II” begins immediately with a chugging guitar E5 power chord. We wanted this song to be the most energetic in the show, as seeing fire for the first time must have been incredible. The A section is a long crescendo, as bass, drums, and keyboard join the guitar over time. Herbert’s melody also becomes more active as the song progresses, and the B section even features some solo singing for Grob, with responses from Herbert. The chorus, a raucous refrain over the A section chords, centers around a harmony on the titular words, and is meant to be a shout-along anthem. This song is crucial to the show, as it
encapsulates one of the greatest moments of discovery in human history. Worth noting, however, is that said fire is represented onstage by a television set, playing a video of a fireplace. Not only is the VCR now defunct, we even purchased a television from the 1970s to play it, making it a nearly useless object in today's society. This doubly anachronistic prop contributes to the absurdity that permeates the entire show.

Naturally, Herbert's first inclination upon discovering "fah-yur" is to share it with the rest of the Gurg. Unfortunately, he and Grob are unsuccessful in keeping the fire alive in the rain, and have only charred logs to show their comrades. Like "The First Breakthrough", "The Second Breakthrough" was also originally a scene, during which Herbert recounted the story of what had transpired in the woods. We decided to incorporate the musical material from "The First Breakthrough" into a new number, this time keeping the melody going straight through, without interludes for dialogue. The result is a one minute, energetic number that replaced a rambling, nearly five minute scene, a much more desirable passage of action. At the end of the song, Birns attempts to begin another round of the "It's Boring, It's Useless" refrain, before Herbert's mother Maureen, the tribe matriarch, silences him.

Despite the tribe's blasé reaction to Herbert's story, he is undeterred, and keeps searching for a way to make fire without the aid of a lightning bolt. He is having a conversation with Clarissa when her phrase "I don't know if you strike me as a good match" gives Herbert the inspiration to invent, and he makes a
match out of sulfuric egg and a small stick. Once the fire is lit, the same funeral chime-style piano part from “Finding Fire” begins. “Finding Fire III” is a combination of I and II. Herbert sings the same melody he did in the first number during the opening slow section, and is joined by Clarissa for a duet in the B section. We added our first true bit of parody for this iteration of the song, when Clarissa sings verbatim the melody from Aladdin’s “A Whole New World.”\textsuperscript{13} The I-IV-bVII-IV-I progression from “Finding Fire II” then returns with a crash, and the Gurg join Herbert’s “Finding Fire” refrain on the words “Join the choir”. The entire Gurg ensemble now finally sees Herbert as the hero he yearned to be, and they are overjoyed and excited by the fire they see in front of them. Unfortunately, after this climax of Act I, their home burns down, and the tribe is forced to reevaluate their acceptance of Herbert and fire.

“He’s Gonna Cast His Bones” is a very unique number in the show. It is written for percussion and keyboard, and is an accompaniment for The Great Neepaz’s intensely spiritual bones casting ritual. In order to give Neepaz the maximum level of freedom onstage, the music changes along with his movements, and we notated distinct sections of the ceremony with roman numerals. The drumbeat slowly becomes more intense, and as Neepaz enters the third part of the ceremony, the tribe also begins to sing “Tuh Nuh Na Yey” along with him. The number is basically a wild crescendo, culminating in Neepaz’s final, dramatic throwing of the bones. He interprets their message to the

mean Herbert is to punish for the village’s destruction, and Neepaz asserts that the spirits want Herbert tied to a stone to die.

“Me Prometheus” is our re-imagining of the Prometheus myth. We decided early on that the number should be electronic and include Daft Punk-style vocoder\(^\text{14}\), signifying Herbert’s exile from the tribe. The musical material is a metric reinterpretation of a response from “Tuh Nuh Na Yey”, specifically the harmonic progression from the line “Ha, Ha Na Tuh Day Pah”. This makes up the first half of the piano loop that makes up the verses of the strophic number. The chorus, too, borrows from our own material, this time from the line “Tuh Num Buh/Wuh Duh Fuh”, before diverging into entirely new harmonic material. The vocoder comes in on the eponymous line “Me Prometheus/I am Prometheus”, a disembodied echo of Herbert’s damnation. The entire backing track was recorded on Simon’s keyboard, and played over the PA system for the performances.

While “Me Prometheus” received a positive audience response at Wesleyan, Simon and I felt there was an aspect of the myth we had not yet addressed: the eagle that arrives to eat Prometheus’s liver. We took inspiration from \textit{The Book of Mormon}\(^\text{15}\), specifically the fact that almost every number in that show contains a second punch line, a new piece of information that keeps the audience on their toes for the second verse. We puzzled over how to incorporate the bird into the number, and do it in a way that was humorous while still

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convincing. The idea came to me one night after a long day of work and rehearsals. I was listening to the backing, basically a karaoke version of the number, and was struck by a sudden idea: Herbert could rap when the bird comes onstage. We had not yet incorporated Hip Hop of any kind into the show, and this seemed as appropriate a moment as any to utilize the style. I jotted down a few lines and showed them to Simon in the morning, who loved the idea immediately. The scene ends with Birns visiting Herbert on his rock, and admitting that he burned down the village. He frees Herbert and rejoins the tribe, citing his unwillingness to let Herbert die for his mistake.

In the next scene, The Gurg receive a visitor in the forest: Malcolm the Miniature Mastodon. His approach is met with violence and fear, and the tribe then immediately attacks Malcolm, flinging rocks and sticks at the poor creature. As they retreat, Grob is knocked over, and Clarissa comes to his aid. They realize that Malcolm is crying after the attack, and approach him with kindness and caution to see what is the matter. He then launches into “Mastodond Song”, a number that recounts Malcolm’s tragic loss of his mother at the hands of glaciers, forewarning of a coming ice age. Malcolm’s character and the song’s style were inspired by Randy Newman, and the somewhat sectional number mimics a number of his more famous techniques, complete with a lyric string introduction and ascending, nasal slides on the final notes of certain phrases. Grob, Clarissa and Malcolm decide that they must free Herbert from the rock in
order to combat the impending threat of glaciers. Clarissa and Malcolm search for Herbert, sending Grob back to the tribe to cover for their absence.

Malcolm the Miniature Mastodon is meant to be a parody of animal appearances in musicals. He was originally the Mumbling Mastodon, but as much fun as that is to say, mumbling is no fun on stage. We got the “miniature” from a bit of research, when we learned of a theory that claimed mammoths grew smaller as they became extinct\textsuperscript{16}. The theory has been disproved, but it sparked our creativity nonetheless. Despite his glacier-ridged northern homeland, Malcolm speaks in a southern accent. This is a parody of some of the more ridiculous Disney characters; the Jamaican Sebastian the Crab from \textit{The Little Mermaid}\textsuperscript{17} and British Scar from \textit{The Lion King}\textsuperscript{18} come to mind. And while mastodons are often portrayed as majestic creatures, Malcolm’s costume makes him look more like a washed-up mascot. Malcolm steps up the absurdity of the show. Without his appearance, the later entrance of the glaciers might seem too out of place, too ridiculous. In this way, he works not only as a harbinger of the glaciers to the Gurg, but prepares the audience as well.

The Gurg, now safe from the supposed threat of the mastodon, realize that Grob and Clarissa are no longer among them. They beseech Neepaz, now going into withdrawal from lack of hallucinogens, to cast his bones again and


\textsuperscript{17} \textit{The Little Mermaid}. Clements, Ron and John Musker. perf. Samuel E. Wright. Disney. 1989.

\textsuperscript{18} \textit{The Lion King}. Allers, Roger and Rob Minkoff. perf. Rowan Atkinson. Disney. 1994.
divine their locations. He eventually relents and agrees to cast his bones, but does so halfheartedly, without the usual drama of the ceremony. The musical accompaniment follows suit, playing a lame version of “He’s Gonna Cast His Bones” to symbolize Neepaz’s apathy. “He’s Gonna Cast His Bones Again” is a stark contrast to the first iteration, showing the lunacy of blindly following an insane drug addict.

Clarissa and Malcolm eventually see smoke, and stumble upon Herbert’s encampment. He is surprised to see Clarissa and terrified of Malcolm at first, but soon calms down when he realizes Malcolm is harmless. Malcolm tells Herbert about the glaciers, and Herbert comes to the conclusion that fire is the only protection from the icy menace. He beseeches Clarissa to stay with him in the forest, to run away from the Gurg that sentenced him to death. His enraptured monologues lead directly into a ballad, “Keep Us Warm”. The Civil Wars, whose music features close harmonies between alto and tenor voices, deeply inspired this number\textsuperscript{19}. Rather than write an over-dramatized, sappy ballad, we wanted to try to write a simpler song, a more heartfelt declaration of care and affection. Although the song was written at a piano, it was always intended for a guitar to play. The second verse, sung in harmony by Clarissa and Herbert, features a flute-clarinet duet, and strings buoy the song into its final chorus. The song is has straightforward strophic form: a sixteen measure A section that repeats followed

by an eight measure B section that does not. “Keep Us Warm” is the only love
song in the show, a moment of tenderness amidst the absurdity.

Meanwhile, Grob is lost in the forest. Unable to find the Gurg, he stumbles
aimlessly, shouting for anyone to find him. After a few harried opening lines that
receive no response, the underscore for “I’m Lost” begins. The song was built
around a 3/4 meter and chromatic piano part, a disconcerting progression that
perfectly accompanies Grob’s frantic, disjointed melody. The orchestration for
this number heavily features isorhythm, with sections and individual instruments
coming together to create a cacophony. Grob even asks at one point “And
where’s this music coming from?/In My Head?” The song is the pinnacle of
Grob’s neurosis, a fantastic comedic showcase of the character’s ineptitude. The
song crescendos throughout, culminating in Grob screaming and begging for
help. Rhonda, his boss and crush, who has heard his frantic cries, then joins him
onstage.

We were working on this scene at a Starbucks in Brooklyn, and did not
quite know where to go from there. At that moment, a Marvin Gaye song20 came
on over the speakers, and we had the idea to write a similar funk number for the
pit in order to bring these potential lovers together. We incorporated this bit of
happenstance into the show because it just made sense.

In the next scene, the audience finally meets the glaciers, Hunk and
Spunk. Hunk personifies the might and unstoppable force of a glacier, and wears

20 Marvin Gaye “Sexual Healing”. By Marvin Gaye and Odell Brown. Midnight
a PVC frame carrying a large white sheet, with a hole large enough for his face. Spunk, on the other hand, is the icy chill of a glacier, and is capable of moving around stage far more rapidly. Spunk uses this ability to her advantage when she attacks Birns, freezing him to death. The dramatic glacier entrance was originally left without underscore, but we decided to give it a theme song. The resultant “Glacier Anthem” is styled after monster-truck entrance music, a bit of loud chugging guitar to accompany the ludicrous monolith and companion as they inch onstage. We prerecorded this as an MP3, as would most likely be the case at an actual monster truck rally.

Despite Herbert’s initial reluctance to rejoin the Gurg, he is eventually convinced to return, as he knows he is the only one who can save their lives. He and Clarissa rejoin the tribe, only just before the glaciers appear in their midst. As his comrades panic, Herbert builds a fire, and vanquishes the glaciers. He is hailed as a hero, and the action freezes onstage. Thomas Edison re-enters, delivering a summation of the show’s event, urging the audience to hear the message of the Gurg, to continue to progress the world through whatever confronts it. He then sings the intro to “Start The Fire”, our closing number.

Edison’s slow, almost recitative section of the song was inspired by Stew, the musician who wrote Passing Strange, a show that is the best thing I have ever seen live onstage. Edison’s introduction ends, and a rapidly descending bass scale signals the beginning of the disco section. A number of characters chime in

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with their gratitude for Herbert’s discovery and new willingness to work together and accept fire as progress. Edison chimes in one final time, addressing the audience with “Next time you’re face to face with a flame/Say, wait a minute, Herbert Gurg was his name!” The tribe then begins the “Start The Fire” refrain, a Bee-Gees inspired, unison melody that sits solidly in the falsetto of any male characters in the show. The show ends like an episode of Soul Train, with mass dancing and rejoicing, Herbert and the Gurg finally triumphant.

Me Prometheus is about the intersection of creativity and progress. It explores how humans react to crises, seen through the prism of the hunter-gatherer Gurg tribe. The show contains commentary on: the society of the spectacle, through the narcissistic antagonist Birns; religion, through the tribe’s drug-addled shaman; technology, through the prehistoric culture of innovation; and climate change, with the ominous advance of the glaciers. The hero’s ultimate choice of whether to save the tribe or spite them drives home the themes of the importance of community and forgiveness, two crucial elements of human society. Developing this work has easily been the creative highlight of my life thus far, and has spurred me to newfound confidence in my abilities as a composer, writer, and generally creative person. Collaborating with Simon on this bit of what we call of “epic nonsense” has been fantastic, and I would be shocked if we never worked together again. Me Prometheus has changed my life for the better, and I cannot wait to see where we take it from here.
Works Cited


Me Prometheus

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CHARACTERS IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE

THOMAS EDISON - en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Thomas_Edison
THE GREAT NEEPAZ - A crazy, kinetic shaman.
CLARISSA - Neepaz’s daughter, and next in line as the shaman. Strong, charismatic, and independent.
BIRNS - A self-assured, perverted, sociopathic, and ostentatious hunter, oblivious to social nuances.
GROB - Herbert’s supportive friend and wingman.
MORIANCE - Herbert’s father. Short-tempered and opinionated.
MAUREEN - Herbert’s compassionate and perspicacious mother. Matriarch of the tribe.
FLIMP FLAMP - The smartest member of the Flamp Family Band. Or so he thinks.
FLUMP FLAMP - Easily discouraged and frustrated.
FLOMP FLAMP - The most excitable Flamp.
MULGA - A female hunter. Intense realist.
RHONDA - Chief grabber. An experienced naturalist.
HERBERT - A strange young man grappling with issues of self-confidence and creativity.
BUBDUB - Herbert’s ailing Grandfather, a retired inventor. Moriance’s father.
LUCRETIUS THE BIRD - Total avian disaster. No lines. Should be a character double.
MALCOLM THE MINIATURE MASTODOND - Harbinger of the ice-age. Inspired by Randy Newman.
SPUNK THE GLACIER - Calm, cool, and collected.
HUNK THE GLACIER - Big.

SETTING
The Gurg tribe’s beachfront settlement, Tribe Square

TIME
400,000 years ago

Notes: Downey Stancs’ “Clocks and Calendars” used by permission. Contact the authors for the track.
ACT I, SCENE I

“o Overture”

VOICEOVER

THE GREATEST INVENTOR OF ALL TIME, MR. THOMAS EDISON!

(Lights come up on a gramophone playing “Clocks and Calendars”, performed by Downey Stances, on a table, center stage. Spotlight on Thomas Edison. An incandescent light hangs down above his head, also in the spotlight. Edison turns on the light.)

THOMAS EDISON

Light. Energy that gives us the sensations of sight, illumination, and knowledge. Of course, we don’t know one millionth of one percent about anything. Nature is what we know. And nature is not kind, or merciful, or loving. But nature was kind to me. My name’s on Wikipedia! (Laughs to himself) Of all my inventions, I liked the phonograph best. Perhaps not as pragmatic as the light bulb, or fundamental as the current. But sweet music is one of life’s most soothing things. Its perpetual power to bring people together will be evidenced here, tonight.

(Edison turns off the phonograph.)

Ladies and gentlemen, this story is about a forgotten hero. A predecessor to whom I owe practically all of my success. Sit back, relax, and enjoy the tale of Herbert Gurg, and how he changed all our lives forever.

“01 Prologue”

History’s a mystery,  
The questions never quit  
We’ll never ever know it all,  
Cause there’s too much bullshit!

Is it love that makes the world go round,  
Or is it simply luck?  
The answer could be both, my friends,  
Now, kindly listen up!
I tell a story,
It’s one not often told;
A story of people
Four hundred thousand years old!

You might not know the Gurg by name
but this is their revue!
Come see invention’s inspiration,
Let it inspire you!

Is there time for me to do a dance break tonight? I think there’s time for me to do a dance break tonight.

(Edison does a few silly dance moves, ending by striking a final pose.

Blackout.)

SCENE II

(A light slowly brightens. Sunrise. Neepaz is center stage, the Gurg are positioned at the edges of the theatre, heard but not seen.)

“02 Tuh Nuh Na Yey”

NEEPAZ
Tuh nah?

GURG
Tuh nah!

NEEPAZ
Tuh nuh nah hey ah?

GURG
Hah,
Hah na tun day pah.

NEEPAZ
Mun dun kuh za za: fum buh wah!

GURG
Hah,
Toh doh loh roh fummoh.

NEEPAZ
Mugguh bunnuh doonoo magunnuh!
GURG
Tuh num buh.
Wuh duh fuh.

(The Gurg move towards the stage. pounding their chests and stomping their feet along to the music.)

Tuh nuh na yey,
Tuh nuh na yey,
Tuh nuh na,
Tuh nuh na yey,
Tuh nuh na yey,
Tuh nuh na.

Tuh nuh na yey,
Tuh nuh na yey,
Tuh nuh na,
Tuh nuh na yey,
Tuh nuh na yey,
Tuh nuh na.

Tuh nuh na yey,
Tuh nuh na yey,
Tuh nuh na,
Tuh nuh na yey,
Tuh nuh na yey,
Tuh nuh na.

Tuh nuh na yey,
Tuh nuh na yey,
Tuh nuh na,
Tuh nuh na yey,
Tuh nuh na yey,
Tuh nuh na.

(The Gurg are assembled onstage.)

Hoo.

NEEPAZ
Yee dun do lo lay lay ha mun go lay lay fu dingo mano yee
Yah ee go fun day bee za ya can feng ting tang,
Gon deng deng tiki tiki tiki ya ya ya,
Tiki tiki tiki tiki tiki tiki ya ya ya,
Toe toe toe toe toe toe toe toe toe toe toe toe toe,
Him.
(Neepaz issues a burst of colorful powder from his fist.)

“03 Feel the Spirit”

NEEPAZ
Gather round and come in closer,
Put your hands on mine,
Feel the spirits twim and twamble,
Presences divine.

If you got a problem put it in a prayer,
And shout it to the magic air.
We get the feeling when the moon is high,
Oh, let a little spirit inside.

RHONDA
Consecrate our listless people,
Lead us to the light,
May our children stand up straighter,
Escalate their height!

Spirits infect us,
Homo erect us,
Spines in line tonight!

GURG
We get the feeling when the moon is high,
Oh, let a little spirit inside.

MULGA
Help our hunters boost their yield,
Hunger kills the vibe.
Where are all the juicy creatures
That we used to find?

Help me clip a hippo,
Kill an armadillo,
Anything that walks or climbs.

GURG
If you got a problem put it in a prayer,
And shout it to the magic air.
We get the feeling when the moon is high,
Oh, let a little spirit inside,
Let a little spirit inside.
Feel the spirit
Taste it, hear it,
Step in time and
Sing the lyrics

CLARISSA
Oh, benevolent Neepaz,
Holiest in the tribe,
Take these berries and bless them,

GURG
Then we get to eat
Blessed berry meat
Spirits filled with their love

Oh great Neepaz, woah.
We can feel it! (Feel the spirits!)
Mister Neepaz, woah.
Tuh nuh na na yey!

Oh great Neepaz, woah.

NEEPAZ
Can you feel it?

GURG
We can feel it!
Mister Neepaz, woah.
Tuh nuh na na yey!

NEEPAZ
Heth uh sap a sap a sap a ye!
Luh suh tuh, wuh duh fuh ah say.
Tuh nuh na na yey!

GURG
Oh great, Neepaz, woah.
We can feel it!
Mister Neepaz, woah.

Put those berries in your mouths and say,
Neepaz and his spirits show the way.

GURG
Oh great Neepaz, woah.
We can feel it!
Mister Neepaz, woah.
Tuh nuh na na yey!

NEEPAZ
Everybody now!
(The Gurg form a kickline for the final two stanzas.)

GURG
Oh great Neepaz, woah.
We can feel it! (Feel the spirits!)
Mister Neepaz, woah.
Tuh nuh na na yey!

Oh great Neepaz, woah.
We can feel it! (Feel the spirits!)
Mister Neepaz, woah.
Tuh nuh na na yey!

GURG
Tuh nuh nah, Tuh Nuh Nah Nah Yey!

MAUREEN

Here endeth the Gurging. Hold the wisdom of Neepaz -

HERBERT

Wait! We’re coming. Here, Bubdub.

(HERBERT walks Bubdub to the spot where petitions are heard. Bubdub uses a walking stick, is sick, weak, and shivering. The Gurg murmur as Bubdub approaches.)

BUBDUB

Thank you, Herbert. Gurg! (coughs) I have seen the world, traveled across this land. Danger lies beyond the roaring gorge! Danger...ever so slowly inching its way towards our tribe...stealing into our land like a sickness. The creatures have started to move... have you ever been past the roaring gorge? Fewer beasts there. The great beyond is coming... and with it comes the cold...everywhere is cold.

Cold, cold, cold! How long until the cold engulfs us all? How long?

(Bubdub begins to fall backwards but someone nearby catches him. The Gurg murmur.)
MORIANCE

Herbert, what the hell is Bubdub doing up there? I told you to leave him home!
He’s an embarrassment!

HERBERT

Just listen to him, dad!

BUBDUB

Oh! Yes! Chase the sunset far enough down this beach of ours and you’ll see lakes
and ponds turn solid in the cold! When man walks on water, he can’t catch the
fish!

BIRNS

Can’t catch the fish? When was the last time Bubdub tried to catch a fish?

HERBERT

Don’t you understand? Bubdub says things are changing, going downhill! The
cold is coming, and we need to do something about it! Maybe we could extend the
workweek?

GROB

Herbert, we already work two days a week...

MULGA

Besides he doesn’t even work at all! He’s old!

BUBDUB

Hey! Watch where your mouth goes, ya spatherdab!

(The Gurg react to this insult by shouting at Bubdub and Herbert, who
shout back.)
MAUREEN

Order! Let the Great Neepaz speak!

(The Gurg wait with bated breath.)

NEEPAZ

Mulga is not a spatherdab. The old man is insane!

(Tribe reacts positively with yipping. Herbert leads Bubdub to sit on a stump.)

MAUREEN

The Great Neepaz has spoken. We will keep our workweek the same: two days of work, with five days of leisure. If there are no more petitions for the Holy One...

*Here endeth the -*

BIRNS

Not so fast! I have something to say!

MAUREEN

If you have a *petition* you may speak.

(The Flamps bring the machine onstage while Birns addresses the audience.)

BIRNS

Oh I’ve got a petition alright. *(Addressing the audience)* My fellow Gurg! I’ve already wowed you with my glorious gadget, captivated you with my colossal contraption, and overwhelmed you with my tremendous tool. And that’s not to mention my two-part invention. But this, my friends, is my masterpiece. Presenting: my magnificent machine!
"04 Magnificent Machine"

BIRNS
I completely guarantee you’ll be amazed!
Who could have realized their life would change
When they stepped outside today?
Hooray!

When the curtain lifts it will be quite a sight,

GURG
Oh what a sight,

BIRNS
So crisp and juicy, you’ll say, “hey, that’s tight!”

GURG
I hope he’s right!

BIRNS
My magnificent machine,
A dream come true.
I don’t like to brag,
But it’s so tempting.

GURG
You never disappoint

BIRNS
The cat’s out of the bag,
I’ve been inventing!

GURG
Ah, Inventing!

(Birns goes behind the curtain and tinkers with his invention for a moment. The Gurg mutter with excitement.)

FLUMP
This is gonna be great! I can just tell!

FLIMP
It’s the next big thing! Birns is big thing king!

FLOMP
I wonder what it’s made of...
HERBERT

It’s just hype.

FLIMP

Cool!

FLOMP

I’ve never seen a hype before...

BIRNS

So how did this inventor strike it big again?

GURG

We want to see,

BIRNS

Another miracle for you, my friends!

GURG

What will it be?

BIRNS

Just multitasks terrifically,

While he goes

Hunting down boars by day, stalking and hiding and
ripping their faces off popping their eyeballs and
choking the little ones –

GURG

Birns, let’s get back to the point!

BIRNS

I don’t like to brag, But it’s so tempting.

GURG

It’s in your nature, Birns!
BIRNS
 Common thinking makes me gag,
    So I’ve been inventing!
    
GURG
    Ah,
    Inventing!

BIRNS
    Now, it’s time for you to see the big event,
    The very pinnacle of my ascent.
    Now, won’t you count to three
    With me?

GURG
    One, Two, Three!

(Birns reveals his machine and sets it into motion. The underscore is timed with its actions. The Gurg watch intensely, oohing and aahing as it moves. The rock smashes the egg and everybody is amazed.)

BIRNS
Now wasn’t that something else? Mulga, give me a pat on the back, would you?
Mazel tov to Birns!

(Birns starts clapping for himself, people slowly join in until everyone is clapping heartily. The Gurg yip while they applaud.)

HERBERT
(Dumbfounded, staring at the broken eggshells) But... the egg. He broke the egg.

BIRNS
Doubting Herbert can go suck an egg!

MAUREEN
Enough, Birns. Insult my son on your own time. Here endeth the Gurgling. Hold the wisdom of Neepaz - Oh don’t tell me he fell asleep again... Neepaz! Neepaz!

NEEPAZ
(Startled awake) What startles my repose?

MAUREEN
(To Neepaz) It’s time for your closing remarks.
NEEPAZ

(Under his breath) Closing remarks... (Aloud to Gurg) The kingdom is vast, and the river - vast!

(The Gurg nod gravely in understanding.)

This time of Gurging shakes itself loose. The whitest moonstar tumbles along. I--hold on. Tormble. Tamble. Tinble. Tin tin tin! That’s it! Until the spirits have free passage again!

“4A Neepaz Says So”

NEEPAZ (intoned)
The spirits will hear you, because:

GURG
Neepaz says so. So it shall be.

NEEPAZ

Good morning, good night! I’m off to soak myself in seawater.

(Neepaz stalks away.)

MORIANCE

Maureen, I’m gonna go prepare for the hunt. I love you, Bunny Bear.

MAUREEN

And I love you, Nuzzle Nut.

(Moriance exits. Flamp family approaches Birns immediately. Clarissa moves to the Magnificent Machine to examine it more closely. Herbert and Grob move downstage. Everyone else remains onstage in silent conversation.)

GROB

(Imitating Neepaz) “We the Gurg! Gurging we do!”

HERBERT

You smell like eggs.
“4B The First Doyce Harbinger”

GROB

So? I like to eat old eggs. What’s it to you?

HERBERT

Grob, ever since you’ve been eating old eggs, you’ve been vomiting uncontrollably. You can’t hang out in public when you’re vomiting uncontrollably.

(Clarissa approaches.)

Hey Clarissa!

GROB

Hello, hello! A Great Gurging to you!

“4C Great Gurging”

(Grob does an odd fancy salute along to the piccolo cue. Grob then runs, vomits into a bush, and proceeds to collect himself.)

HERBERT

(Directed at Grob) What did I say?! What did I say?!

CLARISSA

Is he okay?

HERBERT

He’ll be fine, he just needs to get the egg out of his system.

CLARISSA

Oh, is it... (whisper) is it his time of the moonth?

HERBERT

No, Grob’s been doing this pretty constantly.
CLARISSA
Poor guy.

HERBERT
Hey, nice job at the Gurning. Berry blessing’s never been better. And Neepaz! He just seemed so... in touch!

(Grob retrieves a red solo cup from behind a rock, pulls an egg out of his pocket and cracks the egg into the cup.)

CLARISSA
Herbert, I know what you think about my dad -

HERBERT
He’s nutso. Crazy guy.

CLARISSA
That’s mean. Neepaz actually matters to this tribe.

HERBERT
You really think he schmoozes with “the schpirits”? God is dead.

GROB
(Standing with Herbert and Clarissa) Sup?

(Birns approaches.)

BIRNS
Just the girl I was looking for!

CLARISSA
I assume you’re referring to me?
BIRNS

I don’t see any other girls here.

(Then, gesturing to Herbert and Grob)

Besides these two girls.

GROB

So, you do see other girls here.

BIRNS

(Lifting his club) I’m gonna count to three.

HERBERT

We were in the middle of something!

BIRNS

One!

CLARISSA

Look, I’ll see you later, Herbert.

HERBERT

Oh, sure, later. Yeah.

( Herbert and Grob exit.)

BIRNS

(Encroaching) Now that we’re alone, I want to hear your thoughts about my piece.

CLARISSA

It’s—

BIRNS

Shh! I already know. I could see the fervor in your eyes as you watched my mechanism tick.
CLARISSA

It was a fine invention. It actually reminded me of all the others.

BIRNS

(Advancing on Clarissa) Tell me, did your jaw drop when I unveiled my apparatus? Did you feel anything when I thrust the rock into the stump? Or swung the stick with so much force?

CLARISSA

(Backs away) If you wouldn't mind, Birns, I really need to be going.

BIRNS

Always going, never coming. Goodbye, my dear.

CLARISSA

(Put off) Goodbye.

(Clarissa exits.)

BIRNS

Ah! What a beauty! That body is begging for Birns’ bouncing baby boy! She’ll help me make a little me! There will be two of me! What fun I’ll have when I have her...

(Birns exits. Mulga enters and speaks to the audience.)

MULGA

I’m gonna keep an eye on this guy. Fucking creep.

(Blackout.)

“4D Ragtime”
SCENE III

(Night, at the Clackers Court that Herbert oversees. Herbert and Grob play Clackers, a beach pebble tossing game, throughout the scene.)

GROB

(Tosses a pebble) Your shot to tie it up, Herbert.

HERBERT

(Half-heartedly tosses, misses) Hm... another miss. Your game, Grob.

GROB

You suck tonight. What’s got your dinosaur?

HERBERT

It’s Birns. I friggin’ hate that attention whore.

GROB

Hey! My mother was an attention whore!

HERBERT

He’s not inventing, he’s just being inventy!

GROB

Herbert, you’ve been saying the same thing for moonths now. “Birns wastes resources; Birns is a baby; Birns, baby, Birns!” If his machines are really that bad, why don’t you just make something better yourself?

HERBERT

Oh, you know how busy I am running the Clackers Court. Raking sand, handing out rocks, rinsing them off at the end of the night... (Getting sidetracked) good times, good times. Clackers is my thing! It’s our thing! Who doesn’t love a good clack? You understand, it’s your favorite pastime!
GROB

(Lying to protect his friend’s feelings) Me? Ha! Yeah, clacking, my favorite pastime! Gets better every time! I love it...

HERBERT

You see? People need Clackers, Grob. I made a commitment to Clackers.

GROB

And that commitment’s holding you back! I’m not saying you need to leave Clackers behind.

HERBERT

Leave Clackers behind?! Never!

GROB

Fine! That’s fine! But you don’t see Birns playing Clackers.

HERBERT

Birns is a joke. All he’s doing is taking the simple machines my Bubdub invented and turning them into pointless spectacles.

GROB

I mean, they’re in the public domain. Look, I am a great berry grabber, maybe the best in the tribe. But you’ve got different dreams! So stop wasting time! You already invented Clacking, which is really great! I mean, I love it! You! So what’s keeping you from doing it again?

“5 Everything’s Already Been Invented”

HERBERT

Grob, I don’t tell people this, but every night before I go to sleep-
GROB

I don’t know if I want to hear this.

HERBERT

I try to dream about some way to change the world. But when I start to think
about it, I come back to the same problem, time and time again...

HERBERT

Don’t know if you’ve noticed,
But people, they talk
About whether I’ll make it or whether I’ll balk.
Stones in the sand may be the start of something,
But I need a

New solution, an elegant fix;
Some new contraption made out of sticks.
A bite I can chew
But I say this to you,
There’s nothing left for me to do!

Everything’s already been invented,
Might seem a little bit silly to say,
Each time I try I find that some other guy
Has taken my ideas away.

Oh, everything’s already been invented,
Everything’s already been understood.
Grob, can’t you see, it’s as clear as can be,
That there just might not be an invention for me,
An invention for me.

Now just for a second, let’s go back in time,
I’ll introduce my familial line.
Inventing is something that comes naturally,
But not for me.

I sit around thinking day after day,
With nothin’ but nothin’ comin’ my way.
Maybe it’s time for me to give in
Before this career begins.
Everything’s already been invented,
Might seem a little bit silly to say,
Each time I try I find that some other guy
   Has taken my ideas away.

Oh, everything’s already been invented,
Everything’s already been understood.
Grob, can’t you see, it’s as clear as can be
That there just might not be an invention for me,
   An invention for me.

    GROB

How can you invent anything with this mindset?

    HERBERT

I can’t! That’s what the song is about.

    GROB

Then stop the music!

    (Music stops.)

Herbert, there’s got to be a great invention up there somewhere!

    (Music resumes.)

    HERBERT

There are tons! Last week I thought, hey, wouldn’t it be great if we could all
communicate clearly, get our thoughts across. But that’s what talking is! That was

Hungh!

    GROB

Hungh?!

    HERBERT

You heard me, Hungh! My great-Bubdub’s Babdab, the world’s first linguist.
GROB
Ah yes. A brilliant woman.

HERBERT
Or there was her nephew, that guy who invented the wheel!

GROB
You don’t want to reinvent the wheel.

HERBERT
It’s impossible. I’ve tried!

GROB
You really need to change your tune!

HERBERT
Even that’s been done before! These hunters were out in the plains, and some cousin had his bow, plucked it. And he was like: there’s sound in that! Man, I don’t want to hunt! I’m gonna do this all day! That’s how music was invented.

GROB
Music... replaced... murder!

HERBERT
Murder still exists, Grob. In fact it’s flourished since my dad invented the pointy rock. The pointy rock! The point is,

(Herbert and Grob both turn and wink at the audience.)

there are no good ideas left.

GROB
You’re being preposterous,
So let me be frank,
This conclusion’s off the mark.
Think more abstractly,
   Fill in the blanks,
Or you’ll never find creation’s spark.

HERBERT
But how do I deal with the unavoidable truth?
   I don’t know how to play my part.

GROB
Herbert, I’ll tell you, you’re lost in the past!
   But the future will prove you’re smart!
   Maybe not everything’s been invented!

HERBERT
   Seems like a much better thing to say!
   Grob, thanks to you, I think I’ll pull through.
   I’ll stop going on about yesterday.
   Maybe not everything’s been invented.
   There’s much that is left to be understood.
   Grob, can’t you see? It’s as clear as can be
   That we may finally see an invention from me.

(Blackout.)

“5A A New Brain”

SCENE IV

(Lights up. Malcolm the Mastodon walks across the stage.

Blackout.)

SCENE V

(Flimp, Flump, Flomp, and Grob are bringing berries on their berry
boards to Tribe Square.)

“6 Flamp Family Band”

FLAMP FAMILY
Grabbin’ the grub and singin’ this ditty,
   Singin’ in the Old Flamp Family Band!
   Pickin’ in the sun, my face ain’t pretty!
   Gotta pick the berries, gotta lend a hand!
(The brothers collide, spilling berries everywhere. They stop and put down their berry boards. When there is a solo, they pick up berries and put them on the board: when the ensemble sings, they clap along with poor rhythm.)

FLIMP
Wake up in the mornin’ start to pick!

FLAMP FAMILY
Singin’ in the Old Flamp Family Band!

FLIMP
Better grab them berries and do it quick!

FLAMP FAMILY
Gotta pick the berries gotta lend a hand.

(Flimp claps over the next phrase.)

FLOMP FLUMP
Might drop a berry here and there! Thinkin’ ‘bout sittin’ down makes me giddy!

FLOMP
Goddammit Flump! That was my verse! How many times?!

FLUMP
I’m sorry, Flomp! Just go again! (stage whisper) Nobody heard us!

FLOMP
Might drop a berry here and there!

FLAMP FAMILY
Singin’ in the Old Flamp Family Band!

FLOMP
If a couple hit the ground, well, we don’t care!

FLAMP FAMILY
Gotta pick the berries gotta lend a hand!

FLUMP
Thinkin’ bout sittin’ down makes me giddy,

FLAMP FAMILY
Singin’ in the Old Flamp Family Band!
FLUMP
You gotta use those hands and make them gritty,

FLAMP FAMILY
Gotta pick the berries, gotta lend a hand!

(All of the berries have been salvaged. The Flamps place their loads center stage, and once their hands are free, all three clap on every beat.)

Grabbin’ the grub and singin’ this ditty,
Singin’ in the Old Flamp Family Band!
Might look like our life is shitty,
But we’ll pick the berries long as we can stand.

(The Gurg slowly gather for breakfast in Tribe Square. Food is split from a communal source. Grob, Flimp, Flump and Flomp drop off their morning yield to Rhonda.)

FLIMP
Here we go. Today’s haul.

RHONDA
You guys need to stop singing while you’re grabbing berries! You’re dropping them everywhere!

GROB
(Flirting) Rhonda, I didn’t drop a single berry.

RHONDA
Why can’t you guys be more like Grob?

FLOMP
(Directed at Grob) Who’s Grob?

(Herbert enters, carrying The Weather Rock hidden under a fur. Grob approaches him.)

RHONDA
Look who decided to show up. Where have you been, boy?
GROB

You missed the sunrise shift! I had to pick double because of you!

HERBERT

I can explain.

“7 The Breakthrough”

HERBERT

I stayed up working through the night,
Until the stars had faded.
I paced in circles, scratched my head,
Because of what you stated.

Contemplating purpose and form
And how these things related.
All I needed was one brilliant thought,
And then, Grob, I created.

GROB

You made something? What is it?

HERBERT

You’re about to find out.

MAUREEN

Herbert! You’re late for breakfast again...

HERBERT

It’s okay. I’ve been inventing.

MORIANCE

What is it, another game?

HERBERT

Better than a game.
MORIANCE
Let’s hope so. Too much longer grabbing berries and you’ll have to start lickin’ ass just to pay the rent.

MAUREEN
Moriance!

HERBERT
You may not think that I possess,
The rigor for this job.
Not one of you believes in me,
Except, perhaps, for Grob.

Yes, Gurg,
Get up, stand up and shout hooray

GURG
This is Herbert’s day!

HERBERT
Sing Tuh Nuh Nah,
Tuh Nuh Na Na Ney!

GURG
Tuh Nuh Na Na Ney!

MULGA
What are you talking about?

GROB
Yeah, what is this thing?

FLIMP
I saw a flower while I was grabbing yesterday. Does it help with that?

FLUMP
There was also a log.
FLOMP

No, two logs.

FLUMP

Stupid, stupid, stupid! Yeah, two logs.

HERBERT

Look! I call it The Weather Rock: the cure to all your meteorological woes.

GROB

I don’t have any meteorological woes.

HERBERT

That’s what you think.

This is a beneficial instrument,
   A source of information.
Standing here before you is
The world’s first weather station.

If the rock is wet, it’s raining,
   If it’s sunny out, it’s dry,
You can see the stone swing back and forth
   When a breeze comes by.

FLIMP
I don’t think I get it.

HERBERT
Isn’t it so clear?

RHONDA
But the rock just kind of sits there.

HERBERT
Hey, you’re ruining the premiere!

BIRNS
What is there to ruin?
   You’re just masquerading as
An inventor. Some invention!
   Has no flash, got no pizzazz.
(On the word ‘pizzazz’, Flump fires a confetti gun into the air. Flimp blows a noisemaker.)

FLOMP

Yeah!

GURG
It’s boring, it’s useless,
It’s here to confuse us,
Enough is enough, yeah,
The weather rock sucks.

It’s boring, it’s useless,
It’s here to confuse us,
Enough is enough, yeah,
The weather rock sucks.

What’s he gonna do with a weather rock?
He can’t tell the weather with a weather rock,
So what’s he gonna do with a weather rock?

Enough is enough, yeah,
The weather rock sucks.
He’s a fraud!

HERBERT

Doesn’t anybody like my invention?

FLUMP

No! It smells like pee.

HERBERT

(Herbert sniffs the weather rock) Did someone pee on my rock?

GROB

I’m sorry.

MAUREEN

Herbert, the weather rock is very... accurate. But couldn’t you invent a rock that
could tell us the weather for tomorrow? Some way to predict that? Predict the
MAUREEN (cont’d.)

weather?

HERBERT

Predict the weather? You’re literally asking me to tell the future! That’s impossible!

BIRNS

Move along, folks. It’s just a rock.

(The Gurg disperse and exit.)

GROB

Well, you had to start somewhere. Let’s go grab.

HERBERT

(Sees Clarissa approaching) You go ahead, I’ll see you in a minute.

(Grob exits.)

CLARISSA

Super cool project, dude. This one might be up there with Clackers.

HERBERT

You shouldn’t kick people while they’re down, you know. The weather rock sucks.

CLARISSA

No, I really liked it! The weather rock rocks.

HERBERT

Whatever. You heard everyone. It’s just a rock.

CLARISSA

It’s not just a rock... to me.
HERBERT

(Sighs) Thanks, Clarissa, but its debut was a tremendous failure.

CLARISSA

I don’t know. I think the weather rock is kind of neat! It’s clever, like in a way that sort of transcends irony. And who’s to stop you from keeping it here, anyway? It’s not hurting anybody.

HERBERT

But who’s it helping?

CLARISSA

Well, I for one will always go outside and check the weather rock whenever I want to know what the weather’s like outside.

HERBERT

Aw, thanks, Clarissa.

CLARISSA

Thanks for what?

HERBERT

For liking my invention.

CLARISSA

I like what I like. (Pause) I’d better go find my dad. I’m late for my flying lesson.

HERBERT

(Concerned) Neepaz is giving flying lessons? How’s that going?

CLARISSA

(Clarissa waves her arms in a flapping motion) “Flap your wings like a bird and you’ll take off flying like a bird.” That was day one. Today, the cliffs.
HERBERT

Any last words?

CLARISSA

I think you’d better get to grabbing.

HERBERT

Yeah. (Pause) Hey, Clarissa, what are you doing later tonight?

CLARISSA

Well, I didn’t really have any plans... Did you want to do something?

HERBERT

Yeah, sure! That sounds great!

(Pause.)

CLARISSA

Okay, what do you want to do?

HERBERT

Oh, uh, I dunno, I didn’t think about that.

CLARISSA

How about we meet on the seashore, at sunset? It gets so pretty that time of day.

HERBERT

Yeah, the seashore! That’ll be perfect! Yeah!

CLARISSA

Yes it will! (Pause) I need to—

HERBERT

Yeah, yeah, you need to go! And I need to go. But I’ll see you at the beach at sunset!
CLARISSA

Until then!

(Clarissa begins to exit.)

HERBERT

Hey Clarissa!

CLARISSA

Yes?

HERBERT

I’m glad someone appreciates my invention.

CLARISSA

It’s great! As is the guy who invented it. I'll see you tonight!

(Clarissa exits.

Blackout.)

SCENE VI

(Herbert paces on the beach. Flimp, Flomp, and Flump enter.)

FLIMP

Herbert! Hey!

FLUMP

(Offers Herbert the bag of marshmallows) Have some marshmallows!

HERBERT

Thanks, guys. What brings you to the beach?

FLOMP

Oh, you know. Just Flampin’ around.
FLUMP

What about you?

HERBERT

I’m waiting for Clarissa. We had plans to meet up. In private.

FLIMP

Oh ho! Private, he says? Now what are you looking for in private -

FLAMPS

Ohhhhhhh.

FLUMP

(Goes to tickle Herbert.) Is she gonna tickle you?

FLOMP

Is she gonna touch your face?

(FLomp sticks his finger in Herbert’s mouth, then retreats, putting the same finger in his own mouth. Birns enters with a stuffed orangutan.)

HERBERT

(Uncomfortable) Well, uh... I wasn’t necessarily planning on that –

BIRNS

What ho! A mighty hunter enters! I’d love to stay and chat, boys, but daddy’s got to bring home the bacon.

FLIMP

(To Flomp) Daddy?

FLOMP

(To Flump) Bacon?
BIRNS

Don’t ask me what happened on the hunt today though. That’s a story you really don’t wanna hear.

(A pause, no reaction from the others.)

A gruesome tale, one of deceit, intrigue, and me strangling this baby orangutan with my bare hands, squeezing the little bastard until his lungs emptied and nothing remained but death!

(Birns spikes the orangutan on the stage.)

HERBERT

That’s messed up.

BIRNS

What’s your problem? Oh yeah, that shitty rock of yours really didn’t go over too well with everyone, did it? (Pause. Then, dramatically removing his coat and striking a pose) Anyone want to go skinny-dipping?

FLUMP

Nope! Herbert’s waiting for Cramissa.

FLIMP

They have a date!

BIRNS

A date? You don’t say! That’s... unexpected.

HERBERT

Unexpected? As unexpected as you shutting your dumb mouth up for once?

BIRNS

Oh ho? Throwing punches now, are we, Herbert?
HERBERT

(Completely lacking in confidence) Yeah.

BIRNS

You talk a big game, but right now you’re only talking to me! Where is she?

FLOMP

(looks up) Yeah, where is she?

HERBERT

She must-

BIRNS

Herbert, Herbert, Herbert. I’ve been around the block a few times, and what we have here seems to be a classic case. I hate to say it, old bean, but you’ve been stood up.

“8 You Got Stood Up”

BIRNS

You thought you’d see her all alone
   Philander on the sand,
   Get to know her biblically,
   Lick her face and hold her hand.

   I hate to tell ya, sonny Jim,
   It’s up on the marquee
   Your co-star’s left the show,
   So listen up to me.

   You got stood up,
   You thought she was gonna show.
   You got stood up, oh,
   And you don’t even know!
   She’s playing you, and she don’t care,
   Who would want to date a square?
HERBERT

This is nonsense! She’s probably on her way right now.

BIRNS

Highly unlikely! Women need an iron fist to be set straight. Look at your fist! It’s made of plastic.

BIRNS

You say you don’t believe
That she could be untrue?

FLAMPS

Be untrue.

BIRNS

Then please, explain to me
Why she’s not here with you.

FLAMPS

Here with you.

BIRNS

Why try to kid yourself,
And give romance a chance?
You’re powerless! Unqualified!
You won’t get in her pants!
You got stood up,

FLAMPS

Shoobee doo!

BIRNS

You thought she was gonna show.

FLAMPS

Shoobidee doobop
Bop doo wa.

BIRNS

You got stood up, oh,
And you don’t even know!
FLAMPS
You don’t know!

BIRNS
She’s playing you, and she don’t care,
Who would want to date a square?

HERBERT
Buzz off, just drop it, man,
I’m tired of your face!
Clarissa’s gonna meet me here,
You’re totally off base.

BIRNS
You would stand up for her!
You weak, romantic sap!
Wake up and just accept
She doesn’t give a crap!
You’re just a
Stupid, useless, loser boy

(Gurg ensemble begins to trickle in)

BIRNS & FLAMPS
Stupid, useless loser boy

GURG
Stupid, useless loser boy

(The Gurg ensemble is onstage, minus Clarissa.)

GURG
Herbert you had your shot,
It’s time for you to let it go.

HERBERT
What are you all doing here? What’s going on?

GURG
Clarissa’s one fine girl,
Too good to be your beau.

HERBERT
Has anybody seen Clarissa?
GURG
This cat’s not runnin’ late,
Not playing hard to get.

HERBERT
When did you learn this dance?

GURG
She’s left you, cut-and-dried,
To sulk in the sunset.
You got stood up,
You thought she was gonna show.
You got stood up, oh,
And you don’t even know!
She’s playing you, and she don’t care,
Who would want to date a square?

You got stood up.
You got stood up.
You got stood up.
You got stood up.

You got stood up!
You got stood up!
You got stood up!
You got stood up!

You got stood up!!
You got stood up!!
You got stood up!!
You got stood up!!

(As quickly as they appeared, the ensemble disperses after the dance number, leaving Herbert alone onstage.)

HERBERT
What just happened?

(Herbert looks dejected, Grob enters.)

GROB
Herbert! Come quick. It’s your Bubdub. He might not have much time left.
HERBERT

What do you mean?

GROB

You need to go see him, he’s just—

HERBERT

Let’s go. There’s nothing here for me, anyway.

(Herbert exits with Grob. A few moments later, Clarissa enters from the other side and sits on a stump.)

CLARISSA

Herbert?

“9 I Got Stood Up”

CLARISSA

So he wants to watch the sunset
At my side, beside the sea
And perhaps we’ll see a shooting star
It’s a bit cliché for me.

Yes, he’s quirky, he’s peculiar,
But I’m here, so what the hell?
Okay, Herbert, let’s see how we gel.

Better keep the conversation,
At a distance from my dad.
Should I talk about inventions,
Or will that make him sad?

I just wish that he would get here
All this waiting drives me mad.

The sun is going down so very fast
There’s a sinking feeling that our moment’s passed,
If he falls through on this, that’s so half-assed,
And our first date could be our last.
CLARISSA (cont’d.)
There just has to be a reason
I got stood up by that geek.
If he wants to have a chance with me,
He should brush up his technique.

I won’t waste another minute here,
In this game of hide-and-seek,
I should be home and practicing
to hear the spirits speak.

(Blackout.)

“9A Rent”

SCENE VII

(Moriance and Maureen are by the side of Bubdub’s bed in their cave.
Herbert rushes in.)

MAUREEN

(Embraces her son) Herbert!

HERBERT

How’s he doing?

MORIANE

Your Bubdub is nearing the end.

HERBERT

The end? The end of...what?

MORIANE

The Book.

HERBERT

The Book?

MORIANE

The Book That Is His Life.
BUBDUB

Is that the boy?

HERBERT

It’s me, Bubdub. I’m here.

MAUREEN

We’re all here for you.

BUBDUB

Leave me with the boy. Please.

(Moriance squeezes Bubdub’s hand, Maureen gives him a kiss on the forehead. Moriance and Maureen exit, holding hands.)

BUBDUB

Are we alone?

HERBERT

Yes, yes, Bubdub! What do you--

BUBDUB

(Dropping in and out of consciousness. Herbert shakes him a few times to wake him.) I’m near the end, this is clear. But I’ve had a vision... seen times when men grow cold. Cold hearts, cold brains, bodies... Is coming fast, no time to waste. All things. All cold, cold, cold, cold...

HERBERT

(Kneels closer to Bubdub) Bubdub! Not yet. Stay with me!

BUBDUB

Boy! My boy. You have to look inside yourself. Must find the way. Yes. Take us to tomorrow. Who will keep us safe and warm? (trails off, coughing)
HERBERT
What are you saying?! What do I need to do?

BUBDUB
(Still coughing) Herbert, I... you... you have to find...

HERBERT
What?! What do I have to find?

BUBDUB
(Dropping out of consciousness momentarily before delivering line, awakes with a start) Herbert! You have to find fah-yur.

(Bubdub dies. Herbert remains kneeling at bedside, dumbstruck.)

“10 Finding Fire”

HERBERT
Fire,
The fuck did he just say?

Fire,
How can I find a way
To find it?

Did he even know what he was saying to me,
Or was everyone right:
Was he just slowly going crazy?

Behind his eyes, there was strength in his convictions,
He realized that the cold had settled in.
But where do I fit into this whole story?
I’m as lost as I’ve ever been.

I might not know what to do,
but somehow I have to do it.
For him, for them, for me.

Fire,
I’ve gotta find a way to find it.

(Maureen re-enters, standing at bedside. Maureen embraces Herbert.)
HERBERT

He’s... he’s gone.

MAUREEN

It was his time. You know he was almost forty years old.

HERBERT

Mom, have you ever heard of “fah-yur”?

MAUREEN

HERBERT, THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS FAH-YUR! IT IS FOOL’S LANGUAGE, THE LEXICON OF THE PEASANTRY. (Gathering herself) Your Bubdub wasn’t in his right mind. He probably had no idea what he was saying.

HERBERT

But this was... you know how The Great Neepaz is always talking about the spirits? This looked like it might have been one of those spirit moments.

MAUREEN

Just drop it, Herbert. Bubdub was always a confusing man. I’m going to go check on your father.

HERBERT

Okay.

(Maureen exits. A few moments later, Grob enters.)

GROB

Herbert, what is it? Your mom said--

(Grob notices the corpse.)

Ewwwwww.
HERBERT

He died, Grob...right here in front of me. But with his last breath, he told me to find fah-yur. I don’t know what it is, but Bubdub said it’s the only thing that can save the Gurg.

GROB

Fah-yur? Save the Gurg? Herbert, I hate to say it, but he wasn’t well, he was a gross, smelly, old –

HERBERT

I’ve heard enough about Bubdub being sick, being off his rocker. You wanna know the truth Grob? Bubdub didn’t even have a rocker! He was fine his entire life, until he went up past the roaring gorge. Something he saw there shook him to the core. You weren’t here, Grob, you didn’t see how sure he was. I need to do this. I need to find fah-yur.

GROB

But how are you gonna find it if you don’t even know what is?

HERBERT

You raise an excellent point. But how will I know what it is if I don’t try to find it?

GROB

Uh...

HERBERT

This is it!

GROB

This is what?
HERBERT

This is the only way to invent anything at all! I’m peering into a metaphoric hole. I need to fill the hole! Grab my shovel, I’m going to the forest! Far away, where no one will find me.

GROB

(Frightened) The forest? It’s scary in the forest...

HERBERT

Richard Scarrey.

GROB

Are you sure you wanna go in there?

HERBERT

I’ve never felt so sure about anything.

GROB

But only Neepaz goes in there by himself, and he’s crazy! You need my help. Two sets of eyes are better than one set of eyes!

HERBERT

There’s gotta be a better way to say that.

GROB

No.

HERBERT

Fine. You can come with me. But I don’t want to attract any attention. Let’s leave early tomorrow -

GROB

(Reluctant) Early?
(Herbert and Grob walk offstage. After a moment, Maureen and Moriance enter. They approach Bubdub’s body, kneeling over him, then pull out forks and knives from up their sleeves and begin to eat him.

Blackout.)

“10A Into The Woods”

SCENE VIII

(Herbert is in a small encampment in the forest. Inventing materials are scattered around the area. Herbert is experimenting with some of them.)

HERBERT

Four minus the rest with a bit from the left and-a-one, two, three!

(Herbert snaps his fingers and jumps up suddenly, pointing at the sticks as though expecting them to move. Grob enters wearing an apron, carrying a meager portion of berries.)

GROB

Dinner! I’ll tell you, even I couldn’t find any more than this...

HERBERT

(To himself) I just have to find what’s in between this part and those ones.

GROB

Herbert? Did you hear me? I’ve brought some food, and I think you should eat.

HERBERT

Oh, Grob, great! How much... that’s not very many berries.

GROB

Well, maybe I’d have a better batch if we weren’t in a spooky forest in the middle of nowhere away from all the best berry bushes!

HERBERT

I can’t invent on an empty stomach.
GROB

You can find the food if you want to eat more of it. I’ve watched you pace around like a madman for THREE YEARS, and you haven’t come up with a single thing.

HERBERT

Do you see this work, Grob? Isn’t it clear what I’m doing here, Grob? Inventing takes time, Grob! I’m making progress, Grob!

GROB

(Genuine, if somewhat testy) Really, Herbert? Show me. What kind of progress are you making? I’m interested.

HERBERT

Well. There’s this bit. I’ve gotten it to attach to this other one, if you line them up right... who am I kidding, Grob? Oh, it’s hopeless. I’m never gonna be able to do this. Or maybe I just need more time.

GROB

I don’t think time is what we’re missing here.

HERBERT

If that’s how you feel, why don’t you just go back to the tribe? Nobody asked you to come.

(Thunderclap. Rain begins to pour.)

GROB

Great! Now it’s raining! You know what, I am going back. And you, Herbert, you can stay here and do whatever you need to find some inspiration, or come to terms with the fact that you just might not have any.
HERBERT

Fine. Go. See what I care. Something’s gonna happen soon though. If I give up now, I destroy my only chance at discovering fah-yur. I’m this close to inspiration! I’m this--

(Lightning strikes nearby (“in the audience”). Herbert and Grob are terrified, knocked to the ground. Herbert and Grob grab each other,.)

“11 Finding Fire II”

GROB

Wh-wh-wh-what was that? What is that? The tree! It turned red, oh now it’s orange! Do you think it’s a spirit? Herbert, what is it?

HERBERT

It’s fah-yur.

GROB

What?! Oh!! You really... You really think this is fah-yur?

HERBERT

I think it’s up to me. Yes, it’s fah-yur. I’m calling it fah-yur! Fah-yur! Fah-yur!

What is this dancing heat that came from the sky?
Can I capture it? Can I make it mine?
And can I touch it—ouch!

What are you like? What do you do?
Are you something that can change our world,
And help us to break through?

Looks like Bubdub was right all along:
This is my destiny, my true calling realized.
I’ll bring it back home, this dancing heat,
Get my chance to prove them wrong.

GROB

You had it in you all along.
HERBERT
It was in me all along!

GROB
You finally found the answer,

HERBERT
You helped me find the answer!

GROB
And I don’t know what this stuff is,
But it’s better than the weather rock,

HERBERT & GROB
Oh-oh-oh!

GROB
Yow!

HERBERT
It happened in an instant!
This is a solid discovery,
I’m finally finding fire.

So now I’m shoutin’ Eureka!
And it’s time for the Gurg to see,
That I’ve been finding fire.

(Herbert begins approaching the tree. Underscore continues.)

Quick, Grob, hand me a branch!

(Grob hands him a branch. Herbert extends it onstage and lights it.)

I’ve got it! Let’s build it a home. Grab some wood!

(They build a campfah-yur.)

GROB
What does it mean?

HERBERT
It means that we can go home.
GROB

Hallelujah!

(Grob starts to exit.)

HERBERT

Wait! We gotta bring this stuff with us! (Thinking out loud) If I find a long enough stick, we can keep it going the whole way back.

(Herbert begins to look for a long stick. Grob begins to fiddle with the contrast and brightness of the TV.)

GROB

Herbert! We’re losing it!

HERBERT

Huh?

GROB

The fah-yur’s going away!

HERBERT

What?! No!

(Grob has left the TV on a setting that makes the fire unviewable. Herbert starts clapping at the TV, pounding on it, yelling at it, trying to get it to start again. Grob starts to dance a crazy fah-yur dance, accompanied by piccolo. Herbert looks over, and realizes the depravity of the situation.)

No! No! Look at us! This is pathetic! We’re running around like cavemen!

GROB

Herbert, can we go home? I’m soaking wet, and so, so, hungry...

HERBERT

Soaking wet...

“11A The Second and Third Doyce Harbingers”
(Doyce Harbinger sounds.)

Maybe water kills fah-yur! No, that doesn’t make sense.

(Doyce Harbinger sounds again, louder.)

Yeah! That makes perfect sense, the water must have done it! Water kills fah-yur!

GROB

Well, what do we do now, go home?

HERBERT

No, we wait. If I know anything it’s that lightning always strikes the same place twice.

GROB

It’s been three years. We need to go home.

HERBERT

But the fah-yur...

GROB

Whatever! I’m out. Have fun starving to death.

(Grob beings to exit.)

HERBERT


(Grob approaches the television.)

GROB

To Tribe Square!

(Blackout.)

“11B Hair”
SCENE IX

(Some Gurg are onstage, eating, sharpening spears, etc. Flimp now wears an eyepatch. Clarissa now dresses more in the fashion of her father. Birns is brushing his teeth by a bush. Grob enters.)

BIRNS

Hey Grob.

GROB

How’ve you been?

BIRNS

Can’t complain.

RHONDA

Grob?!

FLOMP

(Terrified) It’s a ghost!

(More Gurg appear onstage after these shouts.)

GROB

I’m not a ghost. And this is big. A zig-zag! It came down, it made everything hot!

NEEPAZ

Sounds like the ramblings of a ghost to me.

(Herbert appears suddenly. Flump screams in pure terror.)

FLUMP

(Pointing at Herbert) It’s another ghost!

MAUREEN

(Arriving) Where have you two been!?
HERBERT
Gurg! We found fah-yur!

MORIANCE
You found what?

HERBERT
Fah-yur! Fah-yur!

MORIANCE
Stop yelling that! This is a crowded theatre.

(Moriance glares at Herbert.)

FLUMP

“12 The Breakthrough II”

MULGA
I’ve never heard of it before.

RHONDA
Please enlighten us.

HERBERT
Grob and I were in the woods, The storm was raging higher.
A bolt of lightning hit a tree And then it caught on fire

The wood began to change its form It started getting hotter, It would have burned there all night long. Except for all that water.

Yes, Gurg Get up, stand up and shout hooray!
GURG
This is Herbert’s day

HERBERT
Sing tuh nuh nah
Tuh nuh na na yey.

GURG
Tuh nuh na na yey!

HERBERT
We have to go and watch that spot.
To recreate this breakthrough
Fire issues warmth and light
How happy it could make you.

BIRNS
It’s boring, it’s useless-

MAUREEN
(Forcefully) Not that again!

FLOMP
Fah-yur sounds great!

FLIMP
Yeah! But where is it Herbert?

FLUMP
I want some fah-yur. Now!

HERBERT
I don’t have any... with me...

BIRNS
Typical, typical, Herbert. You say water killed this “fah-yur”? Water keeps things alive, it doesn’t kill them! Everyone knows that! You say fah-yur, I say liar.

FLIMP
Herbert’s a fah-yur liar! Herbert’s a fah-yur liar!
HERBERT

Then how do you explain this?!

(Grob wheels the television onstage. The screen is full of static. The Gurg cautiously approach the set, oohing and ahing. They inspect it.)

You see? There was fah-yur on this wood. It covered the whole thing and turned it black.

MORIANCE

Ungh. I don’t get it. It’s just static.

GROB

(Manic) Are you people kidding me? It took us three years to find this! You have to believe us!

RHONDA

Drop it. You’re both working overtime today. You owe me five hundred twenty five thousand six hundred minutes of hard labor, boys.

(The Gurg disperse, moving to their tasks. Herbert exits. Clarissa, meanwhile, approaches the TV.)

BIRNS

Ah, Clarissa! You moist and meaty temptress!

CLARISSA

Don’t say things like that. We’ve been over this.

BIRNS

What on earth are you doing staring at that piece of trash?

CLARISSA

I think this “trash” is ingenious, Birns.

(Birns is staring Clarissa up and down.)
CLARISSA (cont’d.)

Stop! Why are you staring at me?

“12A Ode to an Adolescent”

BIRNS
(Spreading his coat open)
Come with me --

CLARISSA

Birns! You don’t get it, do you? I don’t want to hear it! Goodbye!

(Clarissa exits, leaving Birns alone onstage.

Blackout.)

“12B Show Boat”

SCENE X

(Flimp, Flump, Flomp, Herbert, and Grob are picking berries.)

“13 Flamp Family Band Reprise I”

FLAMP FAMILY
Grabbin’ the grub and singin’ this ditty,
Singin’ in the Old Flamp Family Band!
Pickin’ in the sun, my face ain’t pretty!
Gotta pick the berries, gotta lend a hand!

FLIMP

Piles looking good, boys! This could even be our last trip today!

FLUMP

No thanks to you, Herbert.

RHONDA

Your trays are half as full as theirs, like they have been all moonth long.

HERBERT

What can I say, my mind is somewhere else.
FLOMP

Must be love.

FLIMP

Gotta be.

HERBERT

*(Changing his mind)* No, I mean, yes. But mostly no. *Mostly* it’s about that fah-yur I saw in the forest.

RHONDA

Well you’re not in the forest anymore. So grab berries. Like a berry-grabber.

HERBERT

*(Imploring)* Have you ever had an aha moment?

FLOMP

A haha moment? Oh haha like a laugh? You mean a joke—sure, we have plenty of jokes.

FLUMP

Yeah, haha! Hahaha!

FLIMP

Haha!

*(Flamps laugh with each other.)*

HERBERT

*(Interrupting)* No! Haven’t you ever felt something big inside?

*(Herbert raps until the word “to” during the next line, with emphasis on the bolded syllables.)*

Have you *ever* had a **moment** where you **know** you’re about to produce something amazing?
FLOMP
Yeah! And then I find a quiet place, squat for a second, let it go, wipe three times, and move on, Herbert.

HERBERT
Flomp, this is serious! I’m not meant to be a berry-grabber! Fah-yur is real!

FLIMP
Herbert, buddy, you know, when life gets the Flamp Family down, we just take a break and make a bit of music.

(Flomp hands Herbert two sticks.)

FLUMP
Start it off with the sticks!

(Herbert rhythmically rubs the sticks together. The Flamps join in almost immediately, arhythmically playing claves, guiro, and rocks.)

HERBERT
Wow, that does feel better.

GROB
Damn, that was a hot beat.

HERBERT
(Holding the sticks) You’re right, it was hot. Why, these sticks are warm.

“13A The Fourth Doyce Harbinger”
If I kept rubbing them, maybe I could start fah-yur from scratch... but music couldn’t start a fah-yur, that’s crazy.

RHONDA
You and your fah-yur. Get over it! Let’s get back to picking, boys.
“13B Flamp Family Band Reprise II”

FLAMP FAMILY
Grabbin’ the grub and singin’ this ditty,
Singin’ in the Old Flamp Family Band!
Might look like our life is shitty,
But we’ll pick the berries long as we can stand!

(Flamps and Grob exit. Clarissa enters, walks toward the weather rock to check it.)

HERBERT
Kinda cold, huh?

CLARISSA
That’s what it says.

HERBERT
It’s never wrong, you know.

CLARISSA
Would you call it reliable, even?

HERBERT
Yeah....

CLARISSA
I don’t get it, Herbert. Why did you even ask me out if you were just going to run off into the forest for three years?!

HERBERT
What do you care? You stood me up anyway.

CLARISSA
No I didn’t!

HERBERT
You were there?
CLARISSA

What?

HERBERT

You mean you really showed up that night?

CLARISSA

Yeah.

HERBERT

Birns tricked me somehow. He convinced me you weren’t coming!

CLARISSA

That asshole. Of course I showed up.

HERBERT

Classic Birns! Can’t believe I fell for that!

CLARISSA

That doesn’t explain why you disappeared.

HERBERT

That night, before Bubdub died, he said to me, “Herbert... You have to find fah-yur.” I had to honor this absurd and cryptic request.

CLARISSA

Well, you didn’t need to spend three straight years in the forest to find it! Did you even consider commuting, like a normal person?

HERBERT

Huh, I never thought about that.
CLARISSA

You're a strange dude, you know that, Herbert? I thought this might go somewhere, but now I don’t know if you strike me as a very good match.

HERBERT

I don’t strike you as a good match...

“13C The Fifth Doyce Harbinger”

I don’t strike you as a good match!

CLARISSA

Herbert, that’s not a good thing.

HERBERT

No, strike! That’s it! I’ve got it! I’ve got it! Friction creates heat. That’s why the Flamps’ music is so hot. I just have to - here, throw me one of Grob’s eggs.

CLARISSA

(Not throwing one of Grob’s eggs to Herbert) Why?

HERBERT

Everyone knows eggs are sulfuric!

(Herbert finds an egg, smashes it, dips a twig in it, and prepares a match during Clarissa’s line.)

CLARISSA

Herbert! Sulfuric?! What is that? I’m trying to talk to you! Can’t you stop thinking about fah-yur for one second?!

HERBERT

(Crazed mumbling) Hey, woah, woah, woah a bub bub bub bub a. Bubabuba.
CLARISSA

Herbert!!

HERBERT

(As he strikes match on the Weather Rock) Clarissa.

“14 Finding Fire III”

Grab me some wood so I can keep this fah-yur going.

CLARISSA

Oh my Dad.

HERBERT

Clarissa!

CLARISSA

Right! Wood!

(Clarissa runs to get the T.V. from offstage.)

HERBERT

Fire,
Dancing in my hand.
    Fire,
Here at my command:
    I did it.

Bubdub, I only wish that you could see me now,
    I figured out the answer,
    I know that you’d be proud.

CLARISSA

Wow, Herbert. Herbert, wow!
    You left me speechless!

HERBERT

    Clarissa!
A brand new age is dawning
    And now I know
We’ll lead the Gurg someday,
    This fire

CLARISSA

    Oh Herbert,
A whole new world!
    We’ll have to find a way,
This fire
HERBERT & CLARISSA

It’s getting really hot.

(Clarissa licks Herbert’s face. Ensemble begins to trickle in, all transfixed by the fah-yur Center Stage.)

HERBERT

Fire,
Looks like I found a way
To find it.

CLARISSA

Fire,
Looks like you found a way
To find it.

(Most of the tribe has gathered at this point.)

MORIANCE

The legends were true.

MAUREEN

Bubdub was right.

HERBERT

Look right here, everybody!
Check out this thing in front of you,
Yes, I’ve been

GURG

Finding fire!

HERBERT

And now you’d better believe it,
This invention will pull us through,
So let’s all

GURG

Join the choir:
Finding fire,
Finding fire.

HERBERT

It’s just like Bubdub always said.

GURG

Like Bubdub always said!

HERBERT

You may not have believed me,
We thought that you were crazy!

But now it’s incontrovertible,
That this stuff’s not submersible,

Whoa-oh-oh!

Look right here, everybody!
Check out this thing in front of you,
Yes, I’ve been finding fire.

And now you’d better believe it,
This invention will pull us through,
So let’s all join the choir:
Finding fire, finding fire.

(Blackout.)

“14A Rock of Ages”

SCENE XI

(Flimp, Flomp and Flump are by a fah-yur, chowing down on bacon, with no regard for appearances.)

Wow.

This stuff.
FLOMP

What were we *doing* before bacon?!

FLUMP

So *good*! So good!

FLOMP

Hey, Flimp?

FLIMP

Yeah?

FLOMP

What’s that?

FLIMP

Out there, in the distance? It looks like...

FLUMP

It looks like the whole world is orange!

FLOMP

Cool!

FLIMP

Wait... I think the whole world *is* orange!

FLOMP

Cool!

FLIMP

It’s on fah-yur!

FLUMP

We need Herbert! Herbert! Herbert!
(Flomp goes over and yells into the shofar to wake everyone up. People enter from their caves, panicked.)

HERBERT

What the... What happened?!

FLUMP

We were sitting eating bacon, and all of a sudden the world caught on fah-yur!

MULGA

Herbert, how can we put that out?

MORIANCE

Water! We need water!

FLIMP

Neepaz, make it rain!

NEEPAZ

Fools! Grab the children and run! Run! Run!

(NEEPAZ grabs FLUMP by the shoulders and drags him offstage, followed by the rest of the Gurg, panicked.

Blackout.)

ACT II, SCENE I

“15 Entr’acte”

(The Gurg, entering from stage left, gather in a clearing. Moriance is at the head of the pack.)

MORIANCE

(Breathless, coming to a stop) Hold up! The fah-yur is just a glow on the horizon. I think we’re safe here.

MAUREEN

Do we have everyone?
MULGA
Almost. The women and children aren’t far behind.

MAUREEN
Good. Did we grab any food?

(The Gurg look around at each other.)

MORIANCE
That’s a damn shame. I guess we’ll be hungry until we find a new place to settle.

GROB
What do you mean, a new place to settle?

MORIANCE
Think about it, dipshit! No animal will live near Tribe Square for years. We can’t go back.

MAUREEN
The fah-yur destroyed everything.

RHONDA
(To Grob) Our beautiful bountiful berry bramble burned to but a bunch of bits!

MULGA
Someone needs to pay for this! All we’ve worked so hard for, gone in one night?! This cannot go unpunished.

MORIANCE
We all know whose fault this is. Herbert, ya fucked up.

MAUREEN
Moriance! Not our son!
MORIANCE

Maureen, someone’s gotta take the blame. Am I right, Mulga?

MULGA

Absolutely.

*(Mulga points at Herbert.)*

HERBERT

Now, hold on. We don’t need to blame anyone for this. Fah-yur didn’t burn down our forest; it was one of *us* who didn’t know how to use it! Fah-yur don’t burn down village, people burn down village! In fact, we should be building a fah-yur right now!

MORIANCE

No! We are never touching fah-yur again. It’s way too hot!

MULGA

We got along fine without fah-yur. Nothing will change.

HERBERT

*(Getting heated)* You really want to ignore the first bit of progress we’ve seen in a long time?

MORIANCE

Look around you, Herbert. Does this look like progress?

HERBERT

Actually, yes. But I can’t imagine you’re smart enough to realize that, Moriance.

MORIANCE

Don’t speak to me that way, boy!
(Neepaz jumps in between Herbert and Moriance.)

NEEPAZ

Enough! When the buck and his boy bonk bashers or bash bonkers, bones break!
Look around. Shut up! Answers come from above. From the bones that do not break.

CLARISSA

He’s gonna cast his bones!

GROB

Maureen, can’t you stop him?

MAUREEN

It’s too late to stop him.

GROB

But he hasn’t even done it yet!

MAUREEN

The Great Neepaz has spoken. We must let the spirits decide.

“16 He’s Gonna Cast His Bones”

GURG

Tuh nuh na yey,
Tuh nuh na yey,
Tuh nuh na,
Tuh nuh na yey,
Tuh nuh na yey,
Tuh nuh na.

I. Neepaz goes to a spot on stage and begins to frantically tap it down with his feet.
II. Neepaz stops abruptly, having prepared his bones casting spot.
III. Neepaz removes the bones from his pouch with great bravado, and displays them to each member of the Gurg in turn in a rhythmic fashion. Each movement is accompanied by nonsense language, sounds, or pop culture references.
IV. Neepaz begins to slowly shake the bones (accompanied by a drumroll). He accelerates the shaking until he looks completely out of control.

NEEPAZ

Aeeeeeeeee-ya!

V. Neepaz releases the bones. He scurries to them after they stop rolling.

NEEPAZ

Oh.

MORIANCE

Well?! What does it mean?!

NEEPAZ

It would seem... that the spirits, they want him!

MORIANCE

Whom?

NEEPAZ

Your boy! The spirits want your boy! Seize him! Tie him up and leave him!

(Pointing offstage) Tie him to the stone!

(Mulga grabs Herbert from behind. Herbert struggles and Moriance threatens him with the pointy rock.)

CLARISSA

Dad, what are you doing?! Stop!

(Neepaz ignores Clarissa, still in a daze.)

MORIANCE

I don’t want to hear another word. We’ll do as Neepaz says. Keep moving. Let’s put this night behind us.
HERBERT

Somebody, help! Stop! This is out of control!

MORIANCE

Shut him up!

(Mulga hits Herbert in the head with her club, knocking him unconscious. The Gurg gasp and mumble. Moriance exits and the Gurg follow behind, stealing glances back at the limp Herbert as they walk away.

Blackout.)

“16A Children of Eden”

SCENE II

(Ropes bind Herbert to a grey rolling office chair. He is alone.)

“17 Me Prometheus”

HERBERT

Trapped.
Stuck on a rock.
This is where I end up.

Done.
Left all alone,
To die here on my own.

No.
They don’t understand.
They’re blind, they left me here.

Now,
She may be gone,
We’ve lost what could have been.

What cruel twists of fate made my story end this way,
That fire could lead me here?
Who knew that the tool I found to light up this whole world
Would make me disappear?

Me Prometheus.
I am Prometheus.
Me Prometheus.
HERBERT (cont’d.)
I am Prometheus.

Bones,
Spirits and bones,
Have got them mesmerized.

Lost,
Carried away,
They’re so uncivilized!

(Lucretius the Bird enters)

What the hell, this dude’s my avian disaster,
Rustlin’ his feathers and hustlin’ like a master.
Now if you’re thinkin’ you might try to attack, stork,
I’ll mess you up with my hands behind my back dork.

A consequence of being kicked off of the Gurg-train
Is bein’ left alone to deal with this birdbrain.
The fates have conspired; they’ve soiled my name,
But I’m spittin’ fah-yur, so here goes the flame.

What cruel twists of fate made my story end this way,
That fire could lead me here?
Who knew that the tool I found to light up this whole world
Would make me disappear?

Me Prometheus.
I am Prometheus.
Me Prometheus.
I am Prometheus.

(Birns enters.)

BIRNS

Beat it, feathers!

(Lucretius looks up, startled, then flips Birns off as he exits in a huff.)

HERBERT

(Finally glad to see Birns, relieved) What are you doing here?
BIRNS

I’m actually here to apologize.

HERBERT

Well that’s completely out of character. For what?

BIRNS

Guess.

HERBERT

What’s wrong with you?

BIRNS

No, I just can’t bring myself to say it! Please, guess.

HERBERT

Hmm, was it for leaving me out here on this rock to die? Or for publicly belittling me at every possible opportunity? Maybe it was for tricking me into thinking Clarissa stood me up with a huge choreographed dance number with all my friends? I don’t know, this is hard. You’re kind of a shitty dude.

BIRNS

No, no, none of those things! I meant to do all of those things. Say, do you remember that really big fah-yur?

HERBERT

Uh, yep.

BIRNS

You do! Yeah, I started that. Accidentally made that happen. My bad.
HERBERT
You started the fah-yur?! You mother - !

BIRNS
Just hear me out! I came to set you free. You shouldn’t die on a rock for something I did.

HERBERT
I totally agree! Just cut me down and leave!

BIRNS
Just promise me two things. (Holding up one finger) Don’t follow me back to the tribe. If anyone finds out about this, it’ll be me on this rock. (Holding up two fingers) And don’t you ever speak to Clarissa again! She’s mine!

HERBERT
No, she’s not!

BIRNS
Promise! Promise or I won’t cut you down.

HERBERT
Fine, fine, I promise! Sheesh! What would I want with the tribe anyway? I have no place with the Gurg.

BIRNS
That’s the spirit!

(Birns frees Herbert.)

Okay!

(Birns exits. Herbert, now free, begins to make a fah-yur.

Blackout.)
“17A Prometheus. Me!”

SCENE III

(The Gurg are walking, headed by Moriance and Maureen.)

MAUREEN

Moriane... We need a break.

RHONDA

Maureen is right, we can’t keep moving. We need some rest.

MORIANCE

We can’t stop until we’ve found somewhere suitable.

MAUREEN

What’s wrong with right here?

MORIANCE

Shh!

“17A Malcolm Comes”

(Sound of Malcolm walking in the distance.)

Arm yourselves! Weapons at the ready!

(Hunters arm themselves with knives and spears, grabbers with rocks.)

FLIMP

What is it, Moriance?

MORIANCE

It could be anything!

(Malcolm enters.)
FLUMP

Look!

MULGA

It’s huge!

MORIANCE

Attack!

(The Gurg fling rocks at Malcolm, which do no harm. Malcolm begins squealing and wailing.)

Charge!

RHONDA

Are you insane?!!

FLOMP

We’ll be killed for sure!

NEEPAZ

Run!

(The Gurg scatter. Grob falls as he is running away.)

GROB

(Panicked) Help! Help! Anyone!

CLARISSA

Grob! I’m coming!

(Clarissa runs over, helps Grob to his feet. The two are about to run away when Malcolm begins sobbing. They stop running, confused. Eventually, Clarissa approaches Malcolm.)

GROB

(Whispering so Malcolm can’t hear) Stop! He’s dangerous!
CLARISSA

I’m not so sure... It looks like we hurt him more than he hurt us! (To Malcolm)

Um, excuse me?

(Malcolm continues sobbing.)

Mister mammoth?

(Malcolm continues sobbing. Clarissa goes right up to his ear.)

Get a hold of yourself!

(Malcolm stops sobbing.)

MALCOLM

I’m sorry... I’m sorry, I juis’ get so upset. I’m Malcolm the Miniature Mammoth, and I’m very pleased to make your acquaintance.

GROB

Miniature? No offense, but you seem pretty big to me.

MALCOLM

You shoulda seen mah Bubdub.

CLARISSA

Malcolm, I’m Clarissa, and this is Grob. What brings you down this way? I thought mastodons lived up past the roaring gorge.

MALCOLM

Oh, we sure do. I’m just here because my world fell apart.

“18 Mastodond Song”

GROB

How?
MALCOLM
My name’s Malcolm.
I’m a mastodond.
Was a happy, carefree creature up until one day, you see.

We was in the hills,
Eatin’ daffodils and daisies
Then along came those evil glaciers!

Oh how the glaciers came!
Life will never be the same.
Yes, those glaciers took my ma from me!

And this, of course, is why I weep,
The price to pay was much too steep
For stickin’ ‘round those hills for far too long.

These days I don’t know what to do!
I have no friends I could turn to,
A mastodond needs somewhere to belong.

That’s why I’m singing this song!
All my friends on Earth are dead and gone.
Wherever you go, I’d love to come along.

Ya see, I don’t know a soul in the world anymore, not after mama. I’d love to come with you.

GROB
That was so beautiful.

MALCOLM
Thank you kindly, young mistuh Grob.

CLARISSA
You know, Malcolm, we lost someone too.

MALCOLM
Ya did? (Malcolm begins to sob, loudly.) Oh that’s horrible!
CLARISSA

No! No, no, no, no, it’s okay! He’s still alive!

MALCOLM

Hallelujah! So whaddya mean, ya lost him? Ya just tie him up to a rock and leave him or somethin’?! Ha!

(Clarissa and Grob exchange a glance.)

CLARISSA

I feel so awful about it, Malcolm! You see, my dad’s kind of crazy, and he sort of flew off the handle at him. Herbert only ever meant well, and he’s so bright.

MALCOLM

Bright, you say? Bright enough to see him at night?

CLARISSA

I see what you did there. Not bright like that, Malcolm.

MALCOLM

No! As I traveled down the road, I came across a man movin’ on up toward the roaring gorge, carrying light on a branch in his hands. I stopped to ask what his business was, but he ran away!

CLARISSA

You saw Herbert! That was him, Malcolm! Why didn’t you say so earlier?

MALCOLM

(Getting upset) Well, how was I supposed to know?

CLARISSA

Breathe Malcolm! Look, if Herbert’s free, he’s wandering all alone in the forest right now! Who knows what could happen to him?!
MALCOLM

We need to find that boy!

GROB

(Scared) You mean... you want to go up past the roaring gorge? Back to the glaciers?

MALCOLM

(Scared) Back to the glaciers?! Heavens no! We can’t, we can’t!

CLARISSA

If these glaciers are as terrible as you say, we need to warn Herbert! Grob, catch up with the Gurg. Tell them I’m dead, tell them anything. Let’s go, Malcolm.

GROB

I won’t let you down!

(Clarissa and Malcolm exit, Grob exits in the opposite direction. Blackout.)

“18A Carmen”

SCENE IV

(Mulga runs onstage.)

MULGA

Holy shit!

(Gurg enter frantically.)

MORIANCE

There aren’t a lot of those things left. Must be a major mammoth.

FLUMP

How many are there?
MORIANCE
Could be more. Maybe not. There’s absolutely no way to know.

MAUREEN
We’re missing two. Where are Grob and Clarissa?

(Gurg looks around, working themselves into a frenzy.)

BIRNS
This is a crisis! We have to find her!

RHONDA
And Grob...

MAUREEN
We need to organize search parties.

BIRNS
(Mocking) “We need to organize search parties!” No! This is no time for a party.
We need spiritual guidance, help from above. Neepaz! Can’t you do something?

NEEPAZ
(Wasn’t paying attention) What? Who said that?! Did someone say the name of Neepaz?

BIRNS
Clarissa is missing! Find her!

NEEPAZ
Clarissa? My boy! My baby boy! My bones? My magic? But there’s been no fungus... oh lay down low, risky business. What is this world without fungus?

(Pause.)
RHONDA

Is he being rhetorical?

NEEPAZ

If I’m on the ground, I can’t fly with the spirits.

BIRNS

So what you’re saying is that you need fungus?! Just divine her location and I’ll go back myself and get you all the fungus you need!

NEEPAZ

For the fungus! The very fungus. Spirits, forgive me!

(Neepaz casts his bones again, with much less bravado than before. He goes through the motions of the casting completely half-heartedly. The Gurg begin to sing.)

“18B He’s Gonna Cast His Bones Again”

GURG
Tuh Nuh Na Yey,
Tuh Nuh Na Yey,
Tuh Nuh Na,

(The singing falls apart due to confusion.)

NEEPAZ

Clarissa... she is not here. She is somewhere else! In order to be with her, you’ll have to find her!

FLOMP

Bingo!

BIRNS

I knew you had it in you!
MAUREEN
Could that mastodon have taken her away? That was the last time we saw her!

BIRNS
Oh shit! We need to move fast, before it eats her! Who wants to come with me?

(No one volunteers.)

Who wants to be a hero?!  

(Flump raises his hand.)

FLIMP
Flump’s a hero!

FLIMP & FLOMP
Flump’s a hero!

MULGA
I’m coming too. We don’t wanna lose anyone else today.

BIRNS
(Excited) Come on!

(Birns and Flump rush offstage, followed reluctantly by Mulga.

Blackout.)

“18C Cats”

SCENE V

(Clarissa and Malcolm enter.)

CLARISSA
Look, it’s one of Herbert’s weather rocks! Herbert! Herbert!

MALCOLM
Herbert! Herbert!
(Herbert enters, now wearing a bulky fur hat.)

HERBERT

Clarissa?

CLARISSA

(Running up for an embrace) Herbert!

(Licks his face.)

HERBERT

(In a lover’s trance—does not see Malcolm) How did you find me?

(Herbert’s eyes drift to Malcolm and he jumps with fright.)

What the fuck?! IT’S BACK?! Clarissa, run!

CLARISSA

No, Herbert! Calm down! Malcolm is a friend! He saw you walking and helped me find you!

HERBERT

Oh. Hey little guy, you’re not from around here, are ya? I thought mastodons lived up past the roaring gorge. Or are you a mammoth?

MALCOLM

It don’t make a damn bit o’ difference.

HERBERT

Fair enough. So how come you were traveling around these parts?

MALCOLM

Well, I been on the road for a long while now, headed down the slope of the land, away from the glaciers.
HERBERT
The what?

MALCOLM
The glaciers are giant, cold, walls of ice and snow. There ain’t nothin’ on Earth that can stand up to one. And they’re headed right our way!

HERBERT
You know this for a fact? These things sound dangerous.

MALCOLM
Dangerous and unstoppable! My mama... they... she...

(Malcolm breaks down in a fit.)

CLARISSA
Oh, no. He’s having one of his meltdowns! Malcolm, go find some water!

(Malcolm walks offstage.)

HERBERT
Meltdown... melt down!

“18D The Sixth Doyce Harbinger”

Ice melts when it’s warm outside, fah-yur is the warmest thing of all! Fah-yur is our answer, our protection from the glaciers!

CLARISSA
(Noticing the weather rock, goes over to touch it) Herbert! The weather rock! It’s so cold!

HERBERT
It’s fine, Clarissa. We have fah-yur. We can go anywhere we want, make a new life for ourselves. The Gurg never want to see me again, and frankly I don’t want to
HERBERT (cont’d.)

stand in their way.

CLARISSA

What about our families? Our friends?

HERBERT

Who needs them? You came this far. You found me when no one else cared to look. It’s time to move on! We have in our hands what could be the greatest invention in human history. We can do anything. Anything at all.

“19 Keep Us Warm”

HERBERT

Here we are smiling, our feelings are clear.
We give them away with our eyes,
Alone in this forest and who should appear?
You are the perfect surprise.

CLARISSA

This isn’t the Herbert who I knew before.
Who’s this sweet, eloquent guy?
Somehow I knew you would show me much more,
Away from the rest of the tribe.

HERBERT & CLARISSA

It’s getting so cold outside,
We’ll just take it in stride.

Hold me closer
Through the storm,
We’ll build a fire
To keep us warm.

Today we’re a couple of runaway Gurg
Our story has found a new line
Together we can make it; we can start fresh
Let’s make the most of our time.

It’s getting so cold outside,
We’ll just take it in stride.
Hold me closer
Through the storm,
We’ll build a fire
To keep us warm.

Hold me closer
Through the storm,
We’ll build a fire
To keep us warm.

(Herbert and Clarissa lick each other wildly as the lights fade.)

“19A Passion”

SCENE VI

(Grob enters, alone.)

GROB

Hello? Tribe? Gurgly Gurg? Where is the tribe? Hello. Not here. They’re not here. I’m all by myself. This is fine! This is like a vacation. I’m on vacation!

(Pause) I’m lost.

“20 I’m Lost”

GROB

I’m lost,
I don’t know where I am.
I’m lost.
I’ve never been alone before!
Not like this.

This is very bad,
I don’t like this at all.
Should I go north or south?
Which way is north or south?
Shit.

What was that?
An animal or a human?
What was that?
GROB (cont’d.)
I’ve ne -ver killed an animal.
Or a man.
Is it a friend or foe,
I’d rather never know.
If it wants to eat me,
What could I feed it instead?
I don’t know.

I’m alone.
I’m going to die alone.
Make it stop.
And where’s
this music coming from,
In my head?
I should just lie down
And wait ‘till I die,
No, I should call for help,
Someone might come save my life.

Help! Help me! I need it! I need help! Help!

RHONDA

(From offstage) Grob?

GROB

Huh?

(Rhonda enters.)

(Frantically, confused) What are you - wha - how - did - (Pulls it together, acting brave) Good thing I found you here.

RHONDA

You’re cute when you’re scared.

“20A Funk Groove”

(Grob and Rhonda hear the musical cue, look at the pit, then at the audience, then at each other. They slowly approach, and begin to make out wildly, attempting to tear off each other’s furs as they do.)
RHONDA

Grob, this is crazy - I'm your boss!

GROB

So let me do all the work.

(They continue to make out. Grob engulfs her in his cape. Blackout.)

SCENE VII

(The TV is onstage displaying a fah-yur. Birns, Mulga, and Flump enter.)

MULGA

Fah-yur!

BIRNS

Fah-yur?

FLUMP

No fah-yur!

(Flump pours a bit of water out of a small canteen at the TV cart's base. Someone pauses the VCR.)

MULGA

No fah-yur. But whose was it?

BIRNS

Couldn't be Herbert's! He's definitely still tied up to that rock. Someone would've had to set him free.

FLUMP

Must be someone else's fah-yur.
MULGA

Might be Clarissa’s. She’s probably nearby.

FLUMP

(Calling) Clarissa! Clarissa!

MULGA

Shh! Always approach your prey with caution.

(Hunk the Glacier begins to edge onstage, facing the audience. His costume slowly becomes visible from the wing. Flump sees the glacier over Mulga’s shoulder, and grows increasingly uncomfortable.)

Flump, you need to know when to stand back and when to make your move. A good hunter always preserves the element of surprise.

FLUMP

Oh, okay. (Pointing at Hunk) Uh, Mulga!

BIRNS

Everybody, remain calm.

“20B Glacier Anthem”

(Birns challenges Hunk. Spunk the Glacier emerges from behind Hunk, crosses to Birns swiftly, kicks him in the dangles, and knocks him to the ground. Birns dies. Spunk the Glacier then takes out her smartphone, takes a picture of Birns, then a selfie with Birns. The glaciers exit.)

MULGA

Oh my God, Flump!

(Clarissa and Herbert enter.)

FLUMP

Clarissa! We’re here to save you from the mammoth!

(Malcolm pokes his head onstage.)
MALCOLM

Did somebody say mammoth?!

(Malcolm dances across the stage to join the four. Flump and Mulga ready their weapons.)

Don’t worry, I’m harmless!

CLARISSA

What happened to Birns? Is he okay?

(Mulga runs up to examine the corpse.)

MULGA

He’s frozen solid. Oh well, he was a creep anyway.

HERBERT

How did this happen? Who put out our fah-yur?!

FLUMP

I put out the fah-yur! I was keeping us safe. But then...

MULGA

It was terrifying, Herbert. I’ve never seen anything so big in my life. And I’ve seen a lot. Birns didn’t stand a chance.

MALCOLM

Sounds like y’all’s friend Mistuh Birns met a glacier!

CLARISSA

The glaciers could strike the Gurg next! Their lives are in danger!

HERBERT

(To Mulga and Flump) You two, go back and warn them! We’ll stay here.
MULGA

Are you crazy? Herbert, you have to come back! These glaciers are serious business. We need fah-yur.

HERBERT

No way! Neepaz will try to kill me!

MULGA

Neepaz is in withdrawal and he’s not capable of much. Come to think of it, we need you too, Clarissa. It’s time to fill your father’s shoes.

CLARISSA

But I can’t see the spirits!

MULGA

Spirits schmirits! Everyone knows it’s all mumbo jumbo anyway.

CLARISSA

Mumbo jumbo? What do you mean?

FLUMP

You know, we sing the songs, we do the dances, but it’s really about the community.

CLARISSA

Is that right? *(Taking a moment, considering this fresh perspective)* So I just fake it ‘til I make it?

MULGA

That’s life, honey.

CLARISSA

Herbert, I’m going back.
HERBERT
But they left me for dead...

MALCOLM
I’d give anything to see my family again! Once they’re gone, they’re gone.

MULGA
Do the right thing.

FLUMP
Herbert, please?!

HERBERT
Alright. Let’s go.

(The group exits.
Blackout.)

“20C Spring Awakening”

SCENE VIII

(The Gurg are assembled in a clearing, shivering from the cold. Grob and Rhonda have rejoined the tribe.)

MORIANCE
Have some meat, everyone. Don’t be a fatass, we have to make sure it all gets around.

MAUREEN
This meat is raw.

MORIANCE
So?
MAUREEN

(She’s wanted to say this for a long time) So it’s disgusting.

FLUMP

I miss fah-yur.

FLOMP

I miss fah-yur, too.

GROB

Who knew this was such a common problem?

MORIANCENCE

Get a grip. What we really need to do is split up and scout the area for resources.

RHONDA

Split up? Moriance, I’m sick of listening to you run your dirty mouth. Get your sorry act offstage and let Maureen run the show. Let’s find Herbert.

NEEPAZ

You know Moriance, maybe they’re right.

MORIANCENCE

What?! But Neepaz!

“20D The Neepaz Rag”

NEEPAZ

Look, Moriance, I’ve come down. I finally ran out of shrooms. I was doing a lot of drugs. My whole life. I was a seriously misguided and tripped out man. I probably shouldn’t have told you to tie your son to the stone. I’m afraid that may have been a little overboard. I’m not gonna talk to those spirits for a little while, if that’s alright with you guys.
FLOMP
Will we still sing Tuh Nuh Na Yey?

NEEPAZ
What's Tuh Nuh Na Yey?

(Shofar is heard offstage.)

RHONDA
Birns is tootin' his horn!

(Clarissa enters on Malcolm's back, with Herbert, Flump, and Mulga.)

MAUREEN
Herbert?! How can this be?!

FLUMP
We'll explain everything.

MULGA
Our search party was, on the whole, a success. We found Herbert. He says Birns burned down Tribe Square.

RHONDA
(Slowly, putting it together) Birns burned down Tribe Square. Who'da thought?

MULGA
 Doesn't matter now. Birns is dead.

FLIMP & FLOMP
What?!

FLIMP
Our Shofar chauffeur is no more?
For sure!

*(Everyone else reacts underwhelmingly.)*

FLIMP

How did he die?

FLOMP

Did he explode?

MULGA

He was frozen by a glacier.

NEEPAZ

What’s a glacier?

MALCOLM

A humongous block of ice continually shiftin’ due to its corpulent mass.

HERBERT

It was exactly what Bubdub warned us about! We can’t let the cold catch us! It already got Birns, and now it’s coming here! Everyone, gather wood! Let’s make a fah-yur.

MORIANCE

Herbert, your hocus-pocus fah-yur won’t save us now!

HERBERT

Yes, it will! Fah-yur melts ice, *therefore* fah-yur melts ice!

FLOMP

It just doesn’t make any sense!
CLARISSA

(Generally directed towards Moriance) Gurg! Fah-yur may be scary! We might not understand how it works, but if we don’t bring it back now, we’re all going to die. Is that clear?

FLIMP

Oh my god, we’re gonna die!

HERBERT

No! Just gather wood!

(The Gurg spring into action.)

GROB

Herbert, I had sex! It was great!

HERBERT

That’s awesome!

(Clarissa runs offstage to get the TV. Herbert stands in the center to direct the Gurg. Hunk the Glacier begins to enter, unnoticed. The Gurg drop their wood at Herbert’s feet and watch him build a campfire. Flomp is last to bring his wood.)

Perfect Flomp! That’s just the right amount!

“20E Glacier Anthem II”

(Malcolm starts to wail, pointing at Hunk the Glacier. Everyone’s attention shifts to Malcolm and then Hunk the Glacier. Clarissa wheels the TV over to Herbert. Herbert reacts quickly and decisively, taking out the match. As the glacier moves on stage, the Gurg cower. Herbert turns on the TV.)

SPUNK THE GLACIER

Ahhhh! Fah-yur!

HUNK THE GLACIER

My one weakness!
(Glaciers exit.)

FLOMP

We did it... we vanquished the glacier!

RHONDA

We saved us!

HERBERT

Fah-yur saved us.

FLUMP

All hail Herbert! All hail Herbert!

GURG

All hail Herbert!

(The Gurg cheer and hug each other, now safe. Moriance puts down his pointy rock and hugs Herbert. Lights down on Gurg, spotlight on Edison. The fah-yur burns on.)

EDISON

It was the darkest of times, but the fah-yur on the ground and the fah-yurs in their hearts kept them safe and strong. Fah-yur made them human. How does the story end? Well, look around you! Strange as it may seem, you have these people to thank for your lives today. Be brave as your fathers and mothers before you. Have faith and go forward. Hey fellas, let’s sing a song, huh?

“21 Start the Fire”

EDISON

And then they knew what fire could do,
   In love and loss they grew.
   The ice age came and went,
   The Gurg continued their ascent.
   Who knows what it all meant?
   Or what these people represent?
MAUREEN
The crisis is over,
Yes, we’ve embraced technology.
They’ll tell our story for ages and ages,
We’ll all become mythology.

MORIANCE
(Pseudo-spoken)
Of course the struggle continues,
We’re all trapped in a sad situation,

MORIANCE & MAUREEN
But since we’ll never escape it,
Let’s turn it into a celebration!

HERBERT
We’ve got fire!

GROB
We’ve got fire!

CLARISSA & RHONDA
Desire!

NEEPAZ
In light of recent events, I think it’s time to retire.

MALCOLM
I got friends!

FLAMPS
You’ve got friends!

MULGA
Looks like most of the characters have sex in the end.

EDISON
Next time you’re face-to-face with a flame,
Say, wait a minute:
Herbert Gurg was his name!

(The Gurg cheer.)

FULL CAST
Let’s start the fire!
Let’s turn it on!
FULL CAST (cont’d.)
   Let’s start the fire!
   Let’s turn it on!

(Bubdub crosses to CS, now a ghost, and dances raucously along with the tribe. Hunk the Glacier bobs up and down across the stage behind the Gurg.)

   Herbert’s got the solution.
   Now it’s time for a revolution.
   And as we rise from the wreckage,
   Let this be our final message:

       Let’s start the fire!
       Let’s turn it on!
       Let’s start the fire!
       Let’s turn it on!
       Let’s start the fire!
       Let’s turn it on!
       Let’s start the fire!
       Let’s turn it on!

   “21A Bows”
   “21B Exit Music”
ME PROMETHEUS

FULL SCORE

MUSIC, LYRICS, & ORCHESTRATIONS
BY
SIMON RIKER & EMERSON SIEVERTS
Full Score

0. OVERTURE

Music by Riker and Sieverts

Dictated

Flute
Play your worst note

Clarinet I
Play your worst note

Clarinet II
Play your worst note

Alto Saxophone
Play your worst note

Baritone Saxophone
Play your worst note

Trumpet in B♭
Play your worst note

Electric Bass
Play your worst note

Keyboard I

Awful clusters

Any patch

Keyboard II

Awful clusters

Dictated

Violin
Play your worst note

Violoncello
Play your worst note
EDISON: Sit back, relax, and enjoy the tale of Herbert Gurg, and how he changed all our lives forever. [GO]

Music & Lyrics by Riker and Sieverts

1. History's a Mystery

His-tor-y's a my-stey-ry, the ques-tions just don't quit. We'll
love that makes the world go round, or is it simply luck? The
answer could be both, my friends! Now, kindly listen up!
I tell a story, it's

Violin (E4-UR)/
Tuba & Cello (LR-B3)

Banjo (B3-UR)/
Banjo sounds 8va (LR-A#3)

Glockenspiel (Ab4-UR)/
Tuba (LR-G4)
one not often told, A story of people four hundred
thousand years old! You might not know the Gurg by name, but
this is their revue! Come see invention's inspiration,
EDISON: I think there's time for me to do a
dance break tonight. [GO]

let it in - spire_ you!

Piano (LR-UR)/
Piano sounds 8va, 15ma, 22ma,
Viola sounds 15ma,
&
Glock sounds 22ma (D#2-A#2)
1. History's a Mystery - Full Score
2. TUH NUH NA YEF

Cue: Blackout. Key II gives Neepaz a G.

Music & Lyrics by Riker and Sieverts
2. Tuh Nuh Na Yey - Full Score

H.G.

Tuh nuh na yey, tuh nuh na yey, tuh nuh na, tuh nuh na yey, tuh nuh na yey, tuh nuh na.

L.G.

Tuh nuh na yey, tuh nuh na yey, tuh nuh na, tuh nuh na yey, tuh nuh na yey, tuh nuh na.

Vibraphone sounds 8vb (C#4-UR)/
Wood Marimba (LR-C4)

Kbd. I

Kalimba sounds 8vb (G4-UR)/
Strings sound 15ma (LR-G3)

E. Bass

= 130

\( \text{Vc.} \)

\( \text{Kbd. II} \)

\( \text{E. Bass} \)
2. Tuh Nuh Na Yey - Full Score

H.G.

```
  tuh nuh na yey, tuh nuh na yey, tuh nuh na yey, tuh nuh na yey, tuh nuh na.
```

L.G.

```
  tuh nuh na yey, tuh nuh na yey, tuh nuh na yey, tuh nuh na yey, tuh nuh na.
```

Kbd. I

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Kbd. II

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```

Vln.

```
```

Vc.

```
```

E. Bass

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```

156
(Neepaz issues a burst of colorful powder from his fist)
3. FEEL THE SPIRIT

Cue: (Neepaz issues a burst of colorful powder from his fist) [GO]

Music & Lyrics by Riker and Sieverts
Feel the spirits twirl and twangle, presences divine,
If you got a problem, put it in a prayer, and shout it to the magic air, Oh,
Alto Sax.

Bari. Sax.

Tpt.

Bass

Ne.

Kbd. I

Vln.

Cel.

"we get the feeling when the moon is high, let a little spirit inside,"
A Swing $\frac{\text{bar}}{\text{beat}} = 180$

Cl. I

Cl. II

Alto Sax.

Bari. Sax.

Tpt.

Bass

Rh.

RHONDA: Con-se-crake_ our list- less peo-ple, lead us to the light,
May our children stand up straighter, escalate their height.

Spirits infect us, homo erectus, spines in line to night.
We get the feel-in' when the moon is high, oh, let a little spirit inside,

Help our hunters boost their yield, hunger kills the vibe,
Where are all those jui-cy creatures that we used to find?

Help me clip a hip-po, kill an arm-a-dill-o, any-thing that walks or climbs,
If you got a problem, put it in a prayer, and shout it to the magic air.

Ooh
We get the feel-in' when the moon is high, oh, let a little spirit inside,
Vox: Feel the spirit, taste it.

Feel the spirit, taste it, hear it.

Vox: "Then we get to eat"

Vox: "Then we get to eat..."
Oh benevolent Nee paz,
step in time and sing the lyrics,
Half on each line sing a
dark ooh, the other half hum

Celeste
holiest in the tribe, take these berries and bless them,

Then we get to eat blessed berry meat spirits filled with their love,
3. Feel the Spirit - Full Score

Feel the spirit,
Oh great Nee paz, woah, we can feel it, Mister Nee paz, woah, tuh nuh na na yey
Feel the Spirit,

Oh great Neepaz, woah we can feel it,

Mr. Neepaz, woah,

tuh nuh na na yey
Feel the spirit,-

Hethuhsapasap a yey, Luh suh tuh wuh duh fuh ah say,

Oh great Nee paz, woah, we can feel it, Mis - ter Nee paz, woah, tuh nuh na na yey
Put those berries in your mouths and say

Feel the

Put those berries in your mouths and say

Oh great Nee paz, woah, we can feel it,

Feel the

Put those berries in your mouths and say

Oh great Nee paz, woah, we can feel it,
3. Feel the Spirit - Full Score

Alto Sax.

Bari. Sax.

Tpt.

Bass

Obl.

spirit,-

Nee paz and his spirits_ show you the way,

H. G.

Mister Nee paz, woah,_

tuh nuhna na yey

L. G.

Keyboard I

Nee paz and his spirits_ show you the way,
Feel the spirit, we can feel it, Mister Nee-paz, woah,
Feel the spirit, we can feel it, Mister Nee-paz, woah,
Tuh nuh na na yey, Oh great
Nee paz, woah,
Feel the spirit - we can feel it, Mister Nepaz, woah,
Feel the spirit - we can feel it, Mister Nepaz, woah,
Tuh nuh na na yey, Tuh nuh na, tuh nuh na na yey,
Tuh nuh na, tuh nuh na na yey, Tuh nuh na, tuh nuh na na yey!
4. MAGNIFICENT MACHINE

Standby: BIRNS: My fellow Gurg!
Cue: BIRNS: Presenting: my magnificent machine! [GO]

Music & Lyrics by Riker and Sieverts

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2015
I completely guarantee you'll be amazed! Who could have realized their
life would change when they stepped outside today? Hooray!
When the curtain lifts, it will be quite a sight, so crisp and juicy you'll say

Oh what a sight,
"Hey, that's tight!"

My magnificent machine, a dream come...

I hope he's right,
true. I don't like to brag but it's so
temp ting,

You nev er dis ap point,
HERBERT: It's just hype.
FLIMP: Cool!
FLOMP: I've never seen a hype before. [GO]

bag I've been inventing.

Ah, inventing.

[Violin]
how did this inventor strike it big again? Another miracle for We want to see!
you my friends. Just multi-tasks terrifically, while he goes

What will it be?
Hunting down boars by day, stalking and hiding and
ripping their faces off popping their eyeballs and
chooking the little ones

Birns, let's get back to the Tubular Bells (LR-UR)
I don't like to brag, but it's so tempting,
point! It's in your

Db.

Vibraphone (LR-UR)

Kbd. I

Bassoon (LR-UR)

Kbd. II

mf
common thin-king makes me gag, so I've been inventing!

nature Birns! Ah, inventing.
Now it's time for you to see the
big event, the very pinnacle of my ascent. Now, won't you count to

It's here at last! Skill unsurpassed.
three, with me? One! Two! Three! One! Two! Three!
The spirits will hear you because: Nee paz says so, so it shall be.

Nee paz says so, so it shall be.
4B. THE FIRST DOYCE HARBINGER

Standby: MORIANCE: I'm gonna go prepare for the hunt.
Cue: HERBERT: You smell like eggs. [GO]

Simon Riker

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2015
4C. GREAT GURGING

Simon Riker

Piccolo

Copyright © 2015

205
Cue: MULGA: I'm gonna keep an eye on that guy.
Fucking creep. (Blackout) [GO]

4D. RAGTIME

Swing, $d = 88$

Music by Riker and Sieverts

Flute

Clarinet I

Clarinet II

Trumpet in B♭

Acoustic Bass

Keyboard I

Banjo (Ab3-UR)/Banjo sounds 8va (LR-A3)

Keyboard II

Piano + Piano sounds 8vb (Db3-UR)/Piano sounds 8vb + Piano sounds 15vb (Bb3-C4)/Tuba (LR-A3)

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Full Score

5. EVERYTHING'S ALREADY BEEN INVENTED

Standby: GROB: I mean, they're in the public domain.
Cue: HERBERT: I try to dream about some way to change the world. [GO]

Music & Lyrics by Riker and Sieverts

Standby: GROB: I mean, they're in the public domain.
Cue: HERBERT: I try to dream about some way to change the world. [GO]

Don't know if you've noticed, but people, they talk about whether I'll make it, or whether I'll balk.

Stones in the sand may be a start of something, but I need a new solution, an
Some new contraption made out of sticks. A bite I can chew but I say this to you, there's nothing left for me to do!
Ev'rything's already invented. Might seem a little bit silly to say.

Each time I try, I find that some other guy has taken my ideas away! Oh,
5. Everything's Already Been Invented - Full Score

Sax. I

Sax. II

Tpt.

E. Bass

H.

Kbd. I

ev'rything's already been invented. Ev'rything's already been understood.
Grob, can't you see, it's as clear as can be, that there just might not be an invention for me.
5. Everything's Already Been Invented - Full Score

E. Bass

H.

Kbd. I

Kbd. II

Vln.

Vc.

"an in-ven-tion for me!"
Now, just for a second, let's go back in time, I'll introduce my familial line.

Inventing is something that comes naturally, but not for me. I sit around thinking, day.
after day, with nothing but nothing coming my way. May be it's time for
5. Everything's Already Been Invented - Full Score

E. Bass

H.

Kbd. I

Kbd. II

Vln.

Vc.

Sax. I

Sax. II

E. Bass

H.

Kbd. I

me to give in, before this career begins.

Ev'ry-thing's already been invented. Might seem a little bit silly to say.

218
Each time I try, I find that some other guy has taken my ideas away. Oh,
Everything's Already Been Invented - Full Score

5. Everything's Already Been Invented - Full Score

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5. Everything's Already Been Invented - Full Score
Grob, can't you see?
It's as clear as can be,
that there just might not be an invention for me,
an invention for me!
5. Everything's Already Been Invented - Full Score

Sax. I

"Then stop the music!" [CUT-OFF]
Start again on m. 77 after "great invention up there somewhere!"

Sax. II

"You really need to change your tune" [GO]

E. Bass

"Then stop the music!" [CUT-OFF]
Start again on m. 77 after "great invention up there somewhere!"

Kbd. I

"You really need to change your tune" [GO]

Kbd. II
5. Everything's Already Been Invented - Full Score

"Murder still exists Grob." [GO]
You're being preposterous, so let me be frank: this con...

Harmon mute, wa-wa

"There are no good ideas left." [GO]

"The pointy rock! [GO]"
clu-sion's off the mark. Think more ab-stract-ly! Fill in the blanks, or you'll...
ne- ver find cre-a-tion's spark.

But how do I deal with the un-a-void a-ble truth?
H. 

Don’t know how to play my part.

Vln.

Herbert, I'll tell you, you’re lost in the past, but the
future's where you prove you're smart!  
May be not ev'ry thing's been in vent-ed.
Seems like a much better thing to say. Grob, thanks to you, I think I'll pull through, and...
stop going on about yesterday, May be not every thing's been invented. There's
much that is left to be understood. Grob, can't you see, it's as clear as can be, that
we may finally see an invention from me.
5A. A NEW BRAIN

Cue: (Blackout) [GO]  
Music by Riker and Sieverts

Swing, \( \cdot = 115 \) 
Fade on cue

Flute

Clarinet I

Clarinet II

Alto Sax. I

Alto Sax. II

Trumpet in B\( \flat \)

Electric Bass

Keyboard I

Keyboard II

Violin

Violoncello

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6. FLAMP FAMILY BAND

Music & Lyrics by Riker and Sieverts

Cue: (Lights up on the Flamps)

\[ \frac{d}{dt} = 188 \]

FLUMP

Grabbin' the grub and singin' this dit ty, sing-in' in the Old Flamp

FLIMP

Grabbin' the grub and singin' this dit ty, sing-in' in the Old Flamp

FLOMP

Grabbin' the grub and sing-in' this dit ty, sing-in' in the Old Flamp

Banjo sounds 8vb (D4-UR)/ Banjo (LR-C#4)

Keyboard I

Fam-i-ly Band! Pick-in' in the sun, my face ain't pret-ty! Got ta pick the ber ries, got-ta

Fam-i-ly Band! Pick-in' in the sun, my face ain't pret-ty! Got ta pick the ber ries, got-ta

Fam-i-ly Band! Pick-in' in the sun, my face ain't pret-ty! Got ta pick the ber ries, got-ta

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2015
FLU.

lend a hand! sing in’ in the Old Flamp

FLO.
lend a hand! sing in’ in the Old Flamp

Kbd. I

Fam i- ly Band! Got ta pick the ber ries, got ta

Fam i- ly Band! Bet ter grab them ber ries and do it quick! Got ta pick the ber ries, got ta

Fam i- ly Band!

Got ta pick the ber ries, got ta
FLOMP: Goddammit Flump! That was my verse! How many times?!

FLUMP: I'm sorry, Flump! Just go again! (stage whisper) Nobody heard us!

any dissonant cluster, fall off

here and there

sing-in' in the Old Flamp Fam-i-ly Band!

If a cou-ple hit the ground, well,
we don't care! Got-ta pick the ber ries, got-ta lend a hand!

Got-ta pick the ber ries, got-ta lend a hand!

Got-ta pick the ber ries, got-ta lend a hand! Thin-kin’bout sit- tin’ down

makes me gid-dy! sing-in’ in the Old Flamp Fam-i-ly Band! You got-ta use those hands and
Got ta- pick the ber ries,- got ta lend a hand! Grab bin'- the grub and make them grit ty!- Got ta- pick the ber ries,- got ta lend a hand! Grab bin'- the grub and sing in'- this dit ty,- sing in'- in the Old Flamp Fam i- ly- Band! Might look like our life is shit ty,- but we'll pick the ber ries long as we can stand.
Standby: RHONDA: Why can't you guys be more like Grob?
Cue: GROB: I had to pick double because of you! [GO]

Music & Lyrics by Riker and Sieverts

7. THE FIRST BREAKTHROUGH

Full Score

Drum Set

Herbert

Keyboard I

Keyboard II

Violin

Violoncello

H.

Bass

Kbd. I

Kbd. II

Vln.

Vc.

stood up working through the night until the stars had faded, I
paced in circles, scratched my head, because of what you stated.

Contemplating purpose and form, and how these things related, all I

mp
nee ded was one brill-iant thought, and then, Grob, I cre-a-ted._
You may not think that I possess the rigor for this job, not
one of you believes in me, except, perhaps for Grob. Yes, Gurg... get up stand
up and shout hoo ray!
Sing tuh nuh nah, tuh nuh nah na yey!

This is Herbert's day!
Tuh nuh nah na yey!

7. The First Breakthrough - Full Score
7. The First Breakthrough - Full Score

Fl. I

Bass

Kbd. I

Kbd. II

Vln.

Vc.
HERBERT: That's what you think. [GO]

This is a Vamp play last time
be-ne-fi-cial in-stru-ment, a source of in-for-ma-tion, stand-ing here be-fore you is the world's first wea-ther sta-tion, if the
rock is wet, it's raining; if it's sunny out, it's dry, you can see the stone swing back and forth when a breeze comes by.
Is—isn't it so clear? Hey you're ruining the premiere!

But the rock just kind of sits there!

I don't think I get it.
What is there to ruin? You're just masquerading as an inventor, some invention! Has no flash, got no pizazz! It's...
The First Breakthrough - Full Score

The page contains a musical score with various sections for different instruments. The score includes notations for orchestra sections such as Flutes (Fl. I, Fl. II), Clarinets (Cl. I, Cl. II), Horns (H. G.), Oboes (O. G.), Bassoon (H. G.), Timpani (Tubular Bells), Bass (Bass), Keyboards (Kbd. I, Kbd. II), and Strings (Vln., Vc.).

The score includes musical notations and notes for the tempo and dynamics. The text in the score includes phrases like "bo-ring, it's use-less, it's here to con-fuse us, e-nough is e-nough!" and "Yeah, the wea-ther rock sucks!"

The page number is 258.
bo-ring, it's use-less, it's here to confuse us, e-nough is e-nough! Yeah, the weather rock sucks! It's boring, it's use-less, it's here to confuse us, e-nough is e-nough!
What's he gonna do with a weather rock? He can't tell the weather with a weather rock, so boring, it's useless, it's here to confuse us, enough is enough, is enough, is enough, is enough, is enough, is enough, is enough, is enough, is enough, is enough, is enough.

GURG GROUP FOUR (alto & tenor unison):

Weather rock sucks! It's boring, it's useless, it's

weather rock sucks!
weather rock sucks!
weather rock sucks!
weather rock sucks!
weather rock sucks!
GURG:
He's a fraud!
weather rock sucks!
8. YOU GOT STOOD UP

Standby: BIRNS: Oh ho! Throwing punches now, are we, Herbert?

Cue: BIRNS: I hate to say it, old bean, but you’ve been stood up. [GO]

Music & Lyrics by Riker and Sieverts

Swing

\( \text{\(j = 100\)} \)

Flute

Clarinet I

Clarinet II

Alto Sax. I

Alto Sax. II

Trumpet in B

Drum Set

Double Bass

Keyboard I

Keyboard II

Piano

Marimba & Triangle (C5)/
Xylophone (Eb4-B5)/
Bass Clarinet (LR-C4)

Violin

Violoncello

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You thought you'd see her all a lone phlan-der on the sand,
Get to know her bib-li-cally, lick her face and hold her
You Got Stood Up - Full Score

I hate to tell ya son-ny Jim it's up on the marquee,

Banjo (F4-UR)/
Banjo sounds 8va (LR-E4)
Your co-star’s left the show so listen up to me.
You got stood up,

you thought she was gonna show,
You don't know! You don't even know,

you got stood up, oh! And you don't even know,
Oh, she’s playing you, and she don’t care, but who would want to
8. You Got Stood Up - Full Score

Vamp

Fl.

Cl. I

Cl. II

Alto Sax. I

Alto Sax. II

Tpt.

Dr.

Db.

B.

date a square?

| Marimba (E4-UR)/Triangle (G5) |
| Vibraphone (LR-Eb4)/Strings sound 8va (LR-C4) |

Kbd. I

Kbd. II

Vln.

Vc.
You say you don’t believe that she could ever be untrue?

BIRNS: Look at your fist! It’s made of plastic. [GO]
So please, explain to me why she's not here with you.
Here with you

Why try to kid yourself, and give romance a chance?
You're powerless, Unqualified! You won't get in her pants!
Shoo bee doo! Shoo bi dee doo bop,
You got stood up, you thought she was gonna show,
You got stood up, oh, and you don't even know,
8. You Got Stood Up - Full Score

Alto Sax. I

Alto Sax. II

Tpt.

Dr.

Db.

B.

Kbd. I

Kbd. II

Vln.

Vc.

oh, she's playing you, and she don't care but who would want to
Buzz off just drop it, man, I'm tired of your date a square?
face. Cla-ri-ssa's gon-na meet me here you're to-ta-ly off
You would stand up for her! You weak romantic
Sap!

Wake up and just accept, she doesn't give a crap!

Fl.

Cl.

Cl. II

Alto Sax. I

Alto Sax. II

Tpt.

Dr.

Db.

B.

Harp (LR-UR)

Piano (LR-UR)/
Piano sounds 8va, Pizz. strings sound 8va &
Pizz. strings sound 15ma (C2-C3)
8. You Got Stood Up - Full Score

Play three times

Fl.

Cl.

Cl. II

Alto Sax. I

Alto Sax. II

Tpt.

Dr.

Db.

H. G.

L. G.

B.

Kbd. I

Kbd. II

Vln.

Vc.

mf

Stupid, useless loser boy!

Stupid, useless loser boy!

You're just a Stupid, useless loser boy!

Begin Second Time

Begin Second Time

Glockenspiel sounds loco (G4-UR)/
Tuba (LR-C4)

ff

pizz.
had your shot, it's time for you to let it go,___

Clarissa's

had your shot, it's time for you to let it go,___

Clarissa's

had your shot, it's time for you to let it go,___

Clarissa's
one fine girl, too good to be your beau.

This cat's not

one fine girl, too good to be your beau.

This cat's not

one fine girl, too good to be your beau.

This cat's not

one fine girl, too good to be your beau.

This cat's not
runnin' late, Not play-ing hard to get,
She's left you
You got stood up, you cut and dried to sulk in the sun-set.
thought she was gonna show, you got stood up, oh, and

thought she was gonna show, you got stood up, oh, and

thought she was gonna show, you got stood up, oh, and

8. You Got Stood Up - Full Score
you don't even know, oh, she's playing you, and

you don't even know, oh, she's playing you, and

you don't even know, oh, she's playing you, and
Piu mosso, accel.

Fl. sfz

Cl. sfz

Cl. II sfz

Alto Sax. I

Alto Sax. II

Tpt.

Dr.

Db.

H. G.

L. G.

B.

Kbd. I

Kbd. II

Vln.

Vc.

she don't care, but Who would want to date a square? You got stood up,

she don't care, but Who would want to date a square? You got stood up,

she don't care, but Who would want to date a square? You got stood up,
you got stood up, you got stood up, you got stood up, you got stood up,
you got stood up, you got stood up, you got stood up, you got stood up,
you got stood up, You Got Stood Up!

you got stood up, You Got Stood Up!

you got stood up, You Got Stood Up!

you got stood up, You Got Stood Up!

you got stood up, You Got Stood Up!

you got stood up, You Got Stood Up!

you got stood up, You Got Stood Up!

you got stood up, You Got Stood Up!

you got stood up, You Got Stood Up!

you got stood up, You Got Stood Up!

you got stood up, You Got Stood Up!

you got stood up, You Got Stood Up!

you got stood up, You Got Stood Up!

you got stood up, You Got Stood Up!

you got stood up, You Got Stood Up!
9. I GOT STOOD UP

Standby: GROB: Herbert, come quick! It's your Bubdub.
Cue: HERBERT: Let's go. There's nothing here for me, anyway. [GO]
CLARISSA: Herbert?

So he wants to watch the sunset. At my side, beside the sea. And per

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haps we'll see a shooting star it's a bit cliche for me. Yes he's quirky, he's peculiar but I'm here, so what the hell?
Okay, Herbert, let's see how we gel. Better keep the conversation, at a distance from my dad. Should I?...
talk about inventions, or will that make him sad? I just wish that he would get here, all this
Waiting drives me mad. The sun is going down so
very fast, there's a sinking feeling that our moment's passed. If
he falls through on this that's so half assed, and our first date could be our last.
There just has to be a reason I got stood up by that geek. If he wants to have a chance with me, he should
brush up his technique. I won't waste another minute here, in this game of hide-and-seek.
I should be home and practicing to hear the spirits speak.
A Fade on cue

Fl.

Cl.

Cl.

Tpt.

Dr.

A. Gtr.

E. Bass

Voice

Kbd. I

Kbd. II

Vln. I

Vc.
10. FINDING FIRE

Standby: BUBDUB: Who will keep us safe and warm?

Cue: BUBDUB: Herbert, you have to find fah-yur! (Bubdub dies) [GO]

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to find it?

Did he ev-en know, what he was saying to me, Or was ev-ry-one right:

French Horn

mp

Kbd. I

Kbd. II

Vc.

mp
was he just slowly going crazy? Behind his eyes there was strength in his convictions. He
re-a-lized that the cold had settled in. But where do I fit into this whole story? I'm as
I might not know what to do but somehow I'll have to do it for...
I've got to find a way, for them, for me. Fire,
I've got to find a way.
Finding Fire - Full Score

Fl.

Cl. I

Cl. II

Tpt.

H.

E. Bass

Kbd. I

Kbd. II

Vln.

Vc.
Full Score

10A. INTO THE WOODS

Standby: GROB: Early?
Cue: Maureen and Moriance begin to eat Bubdub. (Blackout.) [GO]

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\[ \text{\( q = 130 \)} \]

Flute

\[ \text{\( \text{C}_{m}^{n(\text{add}9)} \)} \quad \text{Ab}^7 \quad \text{G}^7 \quad \text{Cm}^7 \]

Overblow and improvise a high-energy, syncopated, mysterious solo with the percussionist. Fade on cue.

Clarinet I

Drum Set

\[ \text{\( q = 130 \)} \]

Improvisate a high-energy, syncopated, mysterious solo with the flutist. Fade on cue.

Bass Guitar

Keyboard I

Flute & Percussion improvisation. Fade on cue.
11. FINDING FIRE II

Standby: HERBERT: If that's how you feel, why don't you just go back to the tribe?
Cue: (Lightning strikes.) [GO]

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HERBERT: If that's how you feel, why don't you just go back to the tribe?

What is this dancing heat that came from the sky?
Can I capture it, can I make it mine?

And can I touch it?
What are you like? What do you do?

Are you something that can change our world, and
help us to break through?

Looks like Bub-dub was right all along, this is my destiny, my true calling realized, I'll bring it back home, this dancing heat.

You had it in get my chance to prove them wrong.
you all a long.\-

It was in me all a long!

finally found the answer, And

You helped me find the answer.
I don't know what this stuff is, but it's better than the weather rock, oh-oh-oh!

It happened in an instant! This is a solid discovery,

Yow!

Funky Comping

Funky Clavinet
I'm finally finding fire. So now I'm shoo-ting! Eu-re-ka!

And it's time for the Gurg to see, That I've been finding-

\[ \begin{align*}
E. \text{ Bass} & \\
G. & \\
H. & \\
A. \text{ Gtr.} & D \quad A^7 \quad E \\
Kbd. I & \\
Vln. & \\
Vc. &
\end{align*} \]
11A. THE SECOND AND THIRD
DOYCE HARBINGERS

Standby: GROB: The fah-yur’s going away!
Cue: HERBERT: Soaking wet... [GO]

HERBERT: Maybe water killed the fire.
No, that doesn’t make sense. [GO]

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11B. HAIR

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Percussion

I measure
high-energy fill!

Acoustic Guitar

Keyboard II

70's Analog Lead

A. Gtr.

Kbd. II

E. Bass

A. Gtr.

Kbd. II
11B. The Jungle Book - Full Score

E. Bass
A. Gtr.
Kbd. II
Vc.

21
E. Bass
A. Gtr.
Kbd. II
Vc.

26
E. Bass
A. Gtr.
Kbd. I
Kbd. II
Vln.
Vc.

Funky Comping
Funky Clavinet
Standby: HERBERT: Gurg! We found fah-yur!
Cue: FLUMP: I just have one question. What. Is. Fah-yur? [GO]

Grob and I were in the woods, the

Muted Electric Guitar sounds 8va (LR-F#3)/
Wurlitzer Modern (G3-UR)
storm was raging higher, a bolt of lightning hit a tree, and then it caught on fire, The
wood be gan to change its form, it star-ted get-ing hot-ter, it would have burned there all night long ex-
except for all that water. Yes, Gurg... get up stand up and shout hoo-ray! 

Sing This is Herbert's day!
We have to go and watch that spot to

Tuh nuh nah, tuh nuh nah na yey!
It's **bo-ring,** it's **use-less...**

---

*Timpani sounds 8va (E1)/ Timpani (F1-UR)*
Full Score

12A. ODE TO AN ADOLESCENT

Standby: BIRNS: Ah, Clarissa! You moist and meaty temptress!
Cue: CLARISSA: Stop! Why are you staring at me? [GO]

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12B. SHOW BOAT

Standby: CLARISSA: Birns, you don't get it, do you?
Cue: (Blackout) [GO]

Music & Lyrics by Riker and Sieverts

\[ \begin{align*}
    \text{Acoustic Bass} & : \quad \text{mf} \\
    \text{Keyboard I} & : \quad \text{mf} \\
    \text{Cl. I} & : \quad \text{mp} \\
    \text{Cl. II} & : \quad \text{mp} \\
    \text{Sax. I} & : \quad \text{mp} \\
    \text{A. Bass} & : \quad \text{mp} \\
    \text{Kbd. I} & : \quad \text{mp} \\
    \text{Vln.} & : \quad \text{mp} \\
    \text{Vc.} & : \quad \text{mp}
\end{align*} \]
13. FLAMP FAMILY BAND REPRISE I

Cue: (Lights up on the Flamps, Herbert, and Grob)

Music & Lyrics by Riker and Sieverts

---

Full Score

---

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Standby: FLUMP: Start it off with the sticks!
Cue: HERBERT: You’re right, it was hot. Why, these sticks are warm. [GO]

13A. THE FOURTH
DOYCE HARBINGER

Flute
Clarinet I
Clarinet II
Alto Sax. I
Alto Sax. II
Trumpet in B♭
Percussion
Electric Bass

Kalimba (G3-UR)/Breathy Pipe Organ (LR-UR)/Breathy Pipe Organ sounds 8vb (LR-UR)

Keyboard I
Keyboard II
Violin I
Violoncello

q. = 76
f accel.

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13B. FLAMP FAMILY BAND REPRISE II

Standby: "The Fourth Dooyce Harbinger"

Cue: RHONDA: You and your fah-yur... Let's get back to picking, boys! [GO]

Music & Lyrics by Riker and Sieverts

Swing

\( \text{d} = 100 \)

FLOMP

Grab-bin' the grub and sing'in' this dit ty, sing'in' in the Old Flamp

FLIMP

Grab-bin' the grub and sing'in' this dit ty, sing'in' in the Old Flamp

FLUMP

Grab-bin' the grub and sing'in' this dit ty, sing'in' in the Old Flamp

Keyboard I

Fam-i-ly Band! Might look like our life is shit-ty, but we'll pick the ber ries long as we can stand.

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Standby: CLARISSA: Well, you didn't need to spend three straight years in the forest to find it!
Cue: HERBERT: I don't strike you as a good match... [GO]
14. FINDING FIRE III

Standby: HERBERT: Everyone knows eggs are sulfuric!
Cue: HERBERT: Clarissa. [GO]

Music & Lyrics by Riker and Sieverts

Trumpet in B
text:

Herbert

Keyboard I

\( \text{Airy synth (C4-UR)/} \)

Violin sounds 8va (LR-B3)

Kbd. II

Kbd. I

Fi- re,
dancing in my hand,

Fi- re,
here at my com- mand
Herbert  

Kbd. I  

I did it. Bub-dub, I only wish that you could see me now. I figured out the answer.

Kbd. II  

Wow, Herbert, Herbert, wow! You've left me swer. I know that you'd be proud.

Vln. I

[Violin]
speech less...

Oh, Herbert,

A Whole New World!

Cla - ri ssa,

a brand new age is dawning, and
14. Finding Fire III - Full Score

E. Bass

Clarissa

Herbert

Kbd. I

Kbd. II

Vln. I

Vc.

we'll have to find a way. This fire is getting really hot.

now I know we'll lead the Gurgsone-day. This fire, it's getting really hot.
Cl. I

Cl. II

Alto Sax. I

Alto Sax. II

Tpt.

Dr.

E. Bass

Clarissa

Herbert

Kbd. I

Kbd. II

Vln. I

Vc.

Fire, looks like you found a way,

Fire, looks like I found a way,

14. Finding Fire III - Full Score
To find it.

Look right
here, ev'-ry bo-
dy! Check out this thing in front of you,
Yes, I've been finding fire. And now you'd

Finding fire.
better believe it! This invention will pull us through.
so let's all join the choir:

Join the choir:
14. Finding Fire III - Full Score

Cl. I

Cl. II

Alto Sax. I

Alto Sax. II

Dr.

E. Bass

Herbert

find    ing fire.

H. G.

find    ing fire.

L. G.

Kbd. I

A. Gtr.

D     A7     E
14. Finding Fire III - Full Score

Cl. I
Cl. II
Alto Sax. I
Alto Sax. II
Tpt.
Dr.
E. Bass
Herbert
H. G.
L. G.
Kbd. I
A. Gtr.

sub. p

D  A7  C♯m

Finding fire.

Finding fire.

Finding fire.
It's just like Bub - bub always said.
Like
Like
f
f

354
but now it's in - con - tri - ver

We thought that you were cra - zy!

We thought that you were cra - zy!
that this stuff's not submersible, oh-oh-oh!

Look right

oh-oh-oh!

oh-oh-oh!

ff
here, ev-ry bo-
dy!
Check out this thing in_front of you,
Yes, I've been finding fire. And now you'd find- ing fire.

Find- ing fire.
better believe it! This invention will pull us through

We believe!

We believe!
so let's all join the choir:

Join the choir:

\[ D \quad A^7 \quad E \]
14. Finding Fire III - Full Score

Cl. I

Cl. II

Alto Sax. I

Alto Sax. II

Tpt.

Dr.

E. Bass

Herbert

find - - -ing fire.

H. G.

find - - -ing fire.

L. G.

Kbd. I

A. Gtr.

D A7 E

Vln. I

Vc.
Full Score

16. HE'S GONNA CAST HIS BONES

Standby: CLARISSA: He's gonna cast his bones!
Cue: MAUREEN: The Great Neepaz has spoken. We must let the spirits decide. [GO]

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I. Neepaz goes to a spot and taps it with his feet.
Ad lib. to Neepaz's movements
II. Neepaz stops.

III. He removes the bones from his pouch.

III. He removes the bones from his pouch.

IV. He displays them to the Gurg.
accelerando throughout

V. Vamp

Tuh huh na yey tuh huh na yey tuh huh na, tuh huh na yey tuh huh na yey tuh huh na.

H. G.

Perc.

Driving, steady, tom-heavy beat

Vibrphone sounds 8vb (C#4-UR)/
Wood Marimba (LR-C4)

Kalimba sounds loco (LR-UR)

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V. Neepaz begins to shake the bones until he looks out of control.

continuing to accelerate

Tuh nuh na yey tuh nuh na yey tuh nuh na, tuh nuh na yey tuh nuh na yey tuh nuh na.

Cut-off on cue

VI. He throws the bones.

NEEPAZ:

Aeeeeee - - - - - ya!

Roll

Hit
16A. CHILDREN OF EDEN

Standby: HERBERT: Somebody help!
Cue: (Blackout)

Music by Riker and Sieverts

Flute

Clarinet I

Clarinet II

Alto Sax. I

Alto Sax. II

Trumpet in B♭

Electric Bass

Keyboard I

Keyboard II

Violin

Cello

Standby

: HERBERT: Somebody help!

Cue: (Blackout)
16A. Children of Eden - Full Score

Fade on cue

Fl.

Cl. I

Cl. II

A. Sax. I

A. Sax. II

Tpt.

E. Bass

Kbd. I

Kbd. II

Vln.

Vc.
Herbert

Trapped. Stuck on a rock. This is where I end up.

Done. Left all alone. To die here on my own.

No. They don't understand. They're blind, they left me here.

Now, she may be gone. We've lost what could have been. What cruel twist of fate made my story end this way? That fire would lead me here? Who knew that the tool I found to light up this whole world would make me disappear.

Me Prometheus
I am Prometheus.

Me Prometheus
I am Prometheus.

Bones, spirits and bones. Have got them mesmerized.

Lost, carried away. They're so uncivilized.
What the hell, this dude's my avian disaster, rustlin' his feathers and hustlin' like a master.

Now if you're thin-kin' you might try to attack, stork, I'll mess you up with my hands behind my back, dork.

A consequence of being kicked off of the Gurg-train Is bein' left alone to deal with this bird-brain. The

fates have conspired, they've soiled my name, But I'm spit- tin' fah-yur, so here goes the flame. What

cruel twist of fate made my story end this way? That fire would lead me here? Who

knew that the tool I found to light up this whole world would make me disappear.

Me Prometheus I am Prometheus
17A. I AM PROMETHEUS

Cue: (Blackout) [GO]  
Fade on cue

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17B. MALCOLM COMES

Standby: MAUREEN: Moriance, we need a break.
Cue: MAUREEN: What's wrong with right here? [GO]

Vamp

Mammoth footsteps approaching

Drum Set

start p
cresc. to ff by Malcolm's entrance
cut off on cue

Timpani, sounds 15vb

Keyboard I

start p
cresc. to ff by Malcolm's entrance
cut off on cue

Music & Lyrics by Riker and Sieverts
18. MASTODOND SONG

Standby: GROB: Miniature? No offense, but you seem pretty big to me.
Cue: MALCOLM: I'm just here because my world fell apart. [GO]

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18. Mastodond Song - Full Score

name’s Malcolm. I’m a mastodond. Was a
happy, care-free creature up until one day, you see. We was in the hills, eat in' daf-fo-dills, and daisies. Then a
long came those evil gla ciers! Oh, how the gla ciers came! Life will ne ver be the same. Yes, those gla ciers took my mom from
And this, of course, is why I weep, the
price to pay was much too steep for stick-in' round those hills for far too
These days, I don't know what to do,
I have no friends I could turn to. A mastodon needs somewhere to be.
That's why I'm sing - in' this
song!

Yes, all of my friends on Earth are dead and gone.
Wherever you go, I'd love to come along.
**Standby:** RHONDA: Is he being rhetorical?

**Cue:** NEEPAZ: For the fungus! The very fungus. Spirits, forgive me. [GO]

---

### 18B. HE'S GONNA CAST HIS BONES AGAIN

**Percussion**

I. Neepaz goes to a spot and taps it with his feet.

II. Neepaz stops.

III. He removes the bones from his pouch.

---

**Instruments**

- **H. G.**
- **L. G.**
- **Perc.**
- **Kbd. I**
- **Kbd. II**

**Music & Lyrics by Riker and Sieverts**

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V. Neepaz briefly shakes the bones. Singing falls apart on cue.

VI. He drops the bones.
Strike a gong and submerge it halfway in a tub of water.
Full Score

Standby: BIRNS: Who wants to be a hero?
Cue: (Blackout.) [GO] \( \frac{d}{r} = 100 \)

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18C. CATS

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Standby: HERBERT: You know this for a fact? These things sound dangerous.

Cue: HERBERT: Meltdown... melt down! [GO]

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18D. THE SIXTH
DOYCE HARBINGER

Approximate a cosmic *DOYCE* here with your synthesizer, making it wobble and speak by adjusting cutoff and resonance.

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Standby: "The Sixth Doyce Harbinger"

Cue: HERBERT: Who needs them? You came this far. [GO]

\[ \text{let it ring} \]

\[ \text{Vamp HERBERT: We can do anything. Anything at all. [GO]} \]

\[ \text{Here we are smiling, our feelings are clear.} \]

\[ \text{We give them away with our eyes.} \]
19. Keep Us Warm - Full Score

A lone in this forest and who should appear?

You are the perfect surprise.

This isn't the Herbert who I knew before.

Who's this sweet, eloquent guy?
Somehow I knew you would show me much more away from the rest of the tribe.

It's getting too cold outside,
We'll just take it in stride.

Hold me closer.

We'll just take it in stride.
through the storm, we'll build a fire—

Bass
Kbd. I
Kbd. II
Violin
Cello

through the storm, we'll build a fire—

Bass
Kbd. I
Kbd. II
Violin
Cello
19. Keep Us Warm - Full Score

Fl.  mp

Cl. I  mp

Bass

C.  keep us warm

H.  keep us warm

Kbd. I

Kbd. II

Violin

Cello
Today we're a couple of runaway Gurg.

Today we're a couple of runaway Gurg.

D

Kbd. I

Kbd. II

Violin

Cello
Our story has found a new line.

To


ther we can make it; we can start fresh.

Kbd. I

Kbd. II

Violin

Cello
Let's make the most of our time.
It's getting too cold outside.
We'll just take it in stride.
Hold me closer
Hold me closer
through the storm, we'll
build a fire to
build a fire to
Bass

C.

H.

Kbd. I

Cello

Hold me closer

Hold me closer

through the storm, we'll

through the storm, we'll
19. Keep Us Warm - Full Score

C. build a fire to

H. build a fire to

Kbd. I

Cello

C. keep us warm

H. keep us warm

Cello
Cue: (Herbert and Clarissa lick each other wildly as the lights fade.) [GO]

Music by Simon Riker

423

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20. I'M LOST

Music & Lyrics by Riker and Sieverts

\[ \text{Standby: GROB: Hello?} \]
\[ \text{Cue: GROB: (Pause) I'm lost. [GO]} \]
\[ \text{I'm lost, I don't know} \]
\[ \text{I'm lost. I've ne\,ver} \]

\[ \text{where I am.} \]

\[ \text{Acoustic Guitar sounds 8vb (D4-UR)/} \]
\[ \text{Bassoon (LR-C#4)} \]

G.

\[ \text{G. where I am. I'm lost. I've ne\,ver} \]

Perc.

Kbd. I

Kbd. II
Perc. I

been a - lone be - fore!

Not like this.

13

Perc. II

This is ve - ry bad, I don't like this at all. Should I go

19

G.

20. I'm Lost - Full Score

Perc.

Kbd. I

Kbd. II
North or South? Which way is North or South? Shit. What was that? An animal or a human?
What was that? I've never- - -

killed an animal. Or a man.
Is it a friend or foe, I'd rather never know.
If it wants to eat me, what could I feed it instead?
I don't know. I'm a -
I'm going to die a lone.
And where's this
music coming from, in my head?
I should just lie down and wait 'til I die,
No, I should call for help, someone might come save my
20. I'm Lost - Full Score

Fl.

Cl. I

Cl. II

Tpt.

G.

life.

Perc.

A. Bass

Kbd. I

Kbd. II

Vln.

Vc.
20A. Groove - Full Score

Sax. I

Sax. II

Tpt.

Kbd. I

Kbd. II

Bass
20B. GLACIER ANTHEM- INSTRUMENTS TACET
20C. SPRING AWAKENING

Standby: HERBERT: But they left me for dead.

Cue: (Blackout) [GO]

Anim. Modern (LR-UR)
Standby: RHONDA: Split up? Moriance, I'm sick of listening to you...
Cue: MORIANCE: What?! But Neepaz! [GO]

Music by Riker and Sieverts

20D. THE NEEPAZ RAG

\( \text{Cut off on cue} \)

\( \text{p brushes} \)

\( \text{pizz.} \)

\( \text{pizz.} \)

\( \text{pizz.} \)

\( \text{pizz.} \)

\( \text{pizz.} \)
20D. The Neepaz Rag - Full Score

Cl. I

Cl. II

Dr.

Db.

Kbd. I

Kbd. II

FLOMP: Will we still sing Tuh Nuh Na Yey? [CUT OFF]
20E. GLACIER ANTHEM II -
INSTRUMENTS TACET
Standby: EDISON: It was the darkest of times...
Cue: Hey fellas, let's sing a song, huh? [GO]

Music & Lyrics by Riker and Sieverts
The crisis is over, let's all embrace technology.

They'll tell our story for ages and ages, we'll all become mythology.

Of course the struggle's not over. We're just trapped in a sad

Rock Organ (Bb3-UR) / Violin sounds 15va (LR-B3)
But since we can not escape it, Let's turn it into a situation.

But since we can not escape it, Let's turn it into a situation.
We've got fire! In light of recent events, I think it's...
MALCOLM: time to retire.
FLAMPS: I got friends!
MULGA: You got friends! Looks like most of the characters have
sex in the end!

EDISON:

Next time you're face to face with a flame, Say, wait a minute, Her bert-

Rock Organ & Rock Organ sounds 8va (G4-UR)/
Violin sounds 15ma (LR-Bb3)
Let's start the fire!

Gurg was his name!

Rock Organ (Bb3-UR) / Violin sounds 15ma (LR-F3)
Let's turn it on.
Let's start the fire!
Herbert's got the solution.

Let's turn it on.

Herbert's got the solution.
Now it's time for a revolution. And as we rise from the wreckage,
Let this be our final message: Let's start the fire!
Let's turn it on.
Let's start the fire!
Let's turn it on.
Let's start the fire!
Let's turn it on.

Let's start the fire!

Let's turn it on.

Let's start the fire!
Let's turn it on.

Let's start the fire!

Let's turn it on.

Let's start the fire!
Let's turn it on.

Let's start the fire!
Let's turn it on.
21A. BOWS

Cue: Lights up.

Music & Lyrics by Riker and Sieverts
the solution. Now it's time for a revolution. And as we rise from the wreck
Let this be our final message: Let's start the fire!
Let's turn it on.

Let's start the fire!

Let's turn it on.
Let's start the fire!

Let's turn it on.
Let's start the fire!
Let's turn it on.