

## SIDE 5

## GOODMAN Monologue 43-44

Bradley looks around, helplessly, for things that could be of use. A branch? A vine?

Aha! His pants!

Bradley takes off his pants

I'm taking off my pants sir!

POWELL. Oh!

BRADLEY. I'm going to pass the end to you and you'll grab hold and I'll hoist you up!

POWELL. Yes, okay. Hurry

Bradley clutches one pant leg and passes the other down to Powell. Powell grabs hold.

I got it!

BRADLEY. I'm pulling! You got it? I'm pulling!

POWELL. Steady

BRADLEY. There's a rock I'll hoist with my leg

POWELL. Hold tight

BRADLEY. Holdin tight. Okay! Up! Up! Up!

POWELL. Almost there!

BRADLEY. ALMOST THERE You're over! Hey!

POWELL. HOOO!

Powell scrambles over the edge of the ridge. He pants and Bradley pants. They both clutch pants and the earth.

BRADLEY. Hey! Look! They're both waving!

As Powell regards Dunn and Summer down there, they hold up their findings with triumph.

POWELL. (Peering.) Looks like... tin... flour tins

And a sack of... sack of something BACON MAYBE?

And a box—yes Bradley, you were right those were the sextants

Thank God

And barometers

Dunn hoists a barrel in the air. Perhaps the most triumphantly of all!

And... a barrel, full of... could it be?

BRADLEY. Is that?

The Full Company (except Goodman, who is somewhere fishing) emerges to sing!

ALL. WHISKEY!

Whiskey whiskey whiskey whiskey—whiskey whiskey whiskey

Found the whiskey, Drink the whiskey

Whiskey! Whiskey! Whiskey!

Drink the dram, Dram the drink

Whiskey whiskey whiskey

No-Name had the whiskey and Now we have the whiskey!

The whiskey band disperses, and all that is left is the image of Goodman on the side of the river, holding a rock. Goodman is alone, and So British.

GOODMAN. Oh Hallo! A little fish! <----- **START HERE**

Oh hello fish!

A lovely day...

TO BE EATEN! HA!

Hello SCHOOL of fish

I am going to CATCH YOU IN THIS SACK!

HA HA!!

LITTLE FISHIES

In my sack

Burlap is a lovely color on you, fishes

And soon you'll all live in my stomach

Mmmmm

mmMMMMMmm

I will eat you

If only I had a crisp Muscadet

And I was sunning myself in Marseille

The summers there, you know

They are absolutely divine

Everyone walks around in swimming trunks

And their skin is crispy with sunning

And they drink Muscadet with their oysters

And it's all very civilized

And there are finer things

That people wear, and celebrate

It's different there, than here  
Isn't it, fishes?

People don't risk death

In Provence

Other than trying a strange bouillabaisse

My brother hates the French

But I love them

I think I would like to go back

I don't think my life should end

Without another walk on the beaches of Marseille

What do you think, Fishy?

Think, fishy. Think!

Into my sack you go. <-----

**END HERE**

## 2.2 Dinner

*Goodman is very pleased with the fish haul. Hawkins cooks fish.*

GOODMAN. I used the sack. Dunn's Sack Method!  
It worked as good as ever

HALL. Goodman, you're a champ. Keep em comin, Hawkins.

HAWKINS. Hand me some whiskey, Sumner!

SUMNER. If Dunn'll ever finish

DUNN. "The perfect pour" okay I'm done

SUMNER. Thank Christ

*Sumner pours. Dunn gets up and sits with the Howlands.  
Kind of an aside:*

O.G. You pour a mean cuppa whiskey, Dunn.

DUNN. Well, we're all soaked through, we deserve a little pick-me-up

O.G. We coulda used you out there on that hunt today, Dunn.

SENECA. We couldn't get a clear hit on anything. Good thing

Goodman used the sack

O.G. Or we'd all be starvin.

DUNN. We'll go on another hunt soon. Too cliffy around here.  
(*Calling out.*) Hey, Hall? When do the cliffs level out?

HALL. They don't. It's this or higher 'til we get to the Big Canyon.

SENECA. Today Oramel and I built the fire and watched over the camp

And when we were gathering wood we found a few old pots and pans  
And splintered siding that looked like the siding of an old boat.

O.G. We believe it is the remains of Ashley's crew

SENECA. Are you reading the omens? 'Cause we are. Loud and clear.

DUNN. I don't do omens, Howland brothers. I do forethought. I make plans.

Hey. Here they come.

Someone rustle up a plate for Powell!

*Then Bradley and Powell come a-rustling through the brush!*

DUNN. What took you guys so long?

POWELL. I almost fell to my death on the mountain ridge.  
Very exciting stuff!

Bradley took off his pants and saved me.

HALL. Holy shit. Bradley! Hawkins plate Bradley the biggest fish  
from the sack.

HAWKINS. Oh you mean Frank? Frank's all yours, Bradley. Eat up!

BRADLEY. Aright!

POWELL. Yes, Bradley, eat Frank the fish!

I am glad for this joyous air that we all harbor tonight

And I hope we can return to occasions like this

In times of strife

In order to replenish our spirit's coffers when they run dry

HAWKINS. May we never run dry again.

*They drink.*

OLD SHADY. (*A little song.*)

Dry dry dry

Water runnin dry

Whiskey runnin dry