

Original Draft Only

OPENING

Speaker on right of stage?

Sanguine pulls back curtain, peaks his head out, looks around

Sanguine:

(possibly with accompanying tempramental music with dialogue, or in between speech)

(to behind him)

See here friends!

See!

(steps through curtain lightly)

See how the crowd looks tonight!
With eyes like a sky full of stars!
See how the furthest ones flicker
and flutter and sway!
See how the middle ones shine
with sparkling smiles!
See the ones that are near –
how they follow my every move!
Oh what a room!
Oh what a room full of stars!

(Choleric pulls back curtain sharply)

Choleric:

Hey there! Get back in here!

(choleric moves through curtain forcefully)

How many times must I tell you?
Wait for the veil to part!
Must you say every night
Again and again, how the crowd
looks like stars?!
They are not stars,
but people patiently waiting
for our story to start!

(Phlegmatic nonchalantly pulls back curtain)

Phlegmatic:

Ah, here you are.
Hah, another crowd.

(steps through curtain slowly)

But...something seems different tonight.

(smells the air)

Or should I say *smells* different.

Ah ha!
Someone has brought us food

Hah! Someone has brought us bread.

Or could it be?
Ah ha!...Yes! Tomatoes!

Choleric:
To throw at your head,
most likely...
if we don't get on with it.

(Choleric pulls back curtain)

Now for the last time!
The two of you –
Get back inside!

PART ONE

(Curtain parts – Melancholic on her own (in tower?) with quill, writing on paper. Melancholic music plays.)

Oh.
Oh woe.
Must I suffer so?
Too true is the world's pain.
Too few are those who'll gain
from all this pointless play –
For has anyone seen a character as sad,
as man upon his earth-bound stage?

Oh.
Oh woe.

Who feels this truth more than me?
Who lives eternally under this weight
as I do, day and night?

And so I write to you,
whoever you may be,
that you can hear my song.

For do not the same notes of
suffering sound in you?

Are not our chords the same?

So, if you hear this song
will you not aid me?

Will you not sing with me
the songs of pain?

(little bird appears)

Little blue bird,
what gives you strength
to chirp the way you do? –
To fly and dance with joy?

Do you not know the world's sorrow?

What's this? – you'll take my note?

(bird flies off with note)

So be it, do as you wish.

Though I fancy it shall prove too heavy,
or you will starve upon your way,
or an eagle will mistake you for its lunch.

A pointless quest.
But go if you wish.

Oh woe.
Do you not suffer so?

PART TWO

(Characters moving around on stage – accompanied with music?)

Sanguine:

See here some wood for our fire!
More sticks! – more wood is what we need!

But here, look how this little flower –
this little sun flower is stretching free
its delicate golden wings!

And here! See here!
See how this orange butterfly
flutters by like a flower
that's up and taken flight!

Oh what delight there is
to follow one little thing
into the next!

Choleric:

Hey there!
Where is the wood?!
The wood for the fire?!

You say what you think
and think what you say
running from one thing to another.
Day after day you are like this!

You blow like a leaf in the wind.
When will you change?!

Just gather the wood
for the fire I'll tend.

Maybe this way
we'll finally eat!

Phlegmatic:

Eating, ah, eating.
Far above all
is this art.

Food, dear food,
far and father still
I'll travel for you.

Whether fish in this river rolling past,
or the berries in grass I find hiding here,

I'll take one for the basket
and one for myself...

and one more for myself to be sure.

Ah...
like a wide empty meadow,
like a calm open ocean
Like a dream this all is!

Choleric:

Hey there!

Stop dreaming and eating
and bring in the food!

My fire is burning,
the only things missing
are more wood
and something to eat!

Some meal this will be!

You two fools, hurry up!

Sanguine:

See here more wood for the fire!
I'll bring it all in right away!

...But what's this?

A blue bird flying by! –
oh see his little chest
and furious flapping
of wings!

And between its beak
surely some straw for its nest!

or is it?...
a scroll! a letter! a note!

(sanguine catches it and all come around to read – melancholic music plays)

Choleric:

This maiden seems a little distressed!
Overtaken by madness perhaps!

Sanguine:

I'm not sure I understand at all!

Phlegmatic:

Perhaps she has food.

Choleric:

I say! It is our duty to heed such a call –
Like a mayday that sounds from a sinking ship!
We shall be such rescuers!

Sanguine:

What beautiful handwriting she has!

Choleric:

I shall lead the way,
shall make a path clear and true
to her door!
So follow me and together we'll...

(Sanguine has already headed off)

Sanguine:

This way! The bird came this way!
Come! See! Follow me!

Choleric:

Wait!

Phlegmatic:

Ah yes, there is no rush.
We've yet to eat our lunch!

Sanguine:

No time! Come on!

Choleric:

Wait!

(All start to go, Sanguine leads, with accompanying music)

Sanguine:

Yes, I shall lead!

Follow me and have no fear,
I'll take us near and nearer to...

Where was it that we're headed?

Choleric:

What!?

Sanguine:

Never mind, I'll find a path,
or rather let a path find me!

Come friends, further on...
to?...
to?...

See two clouds go rolling by
and dissolve again in air!

See a hare go shooting through
to where its lair lies buried!

Phlegmatic:

Ah ha! I have a recipe for hare!

Sanguine:

look how this little flower –
this little sun flower is stretching free
its delicate golden wings!

And here! See here!
See how this orange butterfly
flutters by like a flower
that's up and taken flight!

Oh what delight there is
to follow one little thing
into the next!

Here lies a spider,
and there a glorious stream!

Choleric:
But where is the path!?

Phlegmatic:
Where is the hare?

Choleric:
You have lost the way
and lost us too!
Fools! I am beginning to glimpse her pain!

Enough!
We start again and now I lead.

Phlegmatic:
Can't we stay here a while
and pass some time,
my feet do slightly ache.

Choleric:
No! Onwards on this path I take and often make,
for these others surely wind.

Phlegmatic:
Is this safe?

Choleric:
My trail is safe
for it is straight
as you can plainly see.

Forwards!
like a fire we burn
through these thickening trees!

Sanguine:

I fear I can go no further,
for these bushes are too high!
I cannot even see the way!

Too hard!

I've tried!

Choleric:

But the path is here somewhere!
If only you'll follow me!

Phlegmatic:

I've followed friend,
now I'm tired, not to mention hungry.

How far we've come
without a break –
without a chance to sleep.

But sleep I can't, until I feed.

To eat, yes! to dream then sleep –

Now I'll lead.

Choleric:

Can you think of nothing other
than your stomach!

Phlegmatic:

What is worth thinking more about?
And sometimes it is it that thinks in me...
like now – follow my lead –
a scent I've found!

Choleric:

To the maiden?

Sanguine:

Ah yes! the maiden!
I had almost forgotten!

Phlegmatic:

Could be.
Like the scent of the stars
I smell something so sweetly!

Choleric:

It *must* be the maiden!

Sanguine:

As beautiful as her handwriting,
I'm sure!

Phlegmatic:

No. It's honey!
Look – a buzzing hive!

Sanguine:

See the beautiful
buzzing of bees!

But oh,

how they chase me!

Phlegmatic:

And sting!

Choleric:

Fools Fools Fools!
May they chase you and sting!

We have forgotten the maiden
and her song!

Amazing! We've travelled far,
and each has led.
But nowhere have we gone!

So divide!

to each their separate way!

I forge ahead on this path I make.

Sanguine:

Yes, this is no fun,
away I'll go,
wherever the air will blow me.
Wherever I feel most free.

Phlegmatic:
We've come this far,
I'll stay and fill
this honey jar.

Choleric:
(*on his own – his music turning melancholic*)
But how dark this way has grown.

Sanguine:
(*on his own and music*)
How lonely is this road.

Phlegmatic:
(*on his own and music*)
How empty is this eating
without my friends to share it.

(*Melancholic music plays*)

Sanguine:
I hear it!

Choleric:
I hear it!

Phlegmatic:
I smell it!
I mean, I *hear* it!

(*The three characters move out in front of the maiden's tower and reunite. Maybe a gradual intermixing of cadences with the melancholic until all music mixed together*)

Sanguine:
See! It is me with you!

Choleric:

Hey! Here we are!

Together again!

Phlegmatic:

Ah, my friends with whom

I've come so far!

Choleric:

I've missed our eating

and our wandering!

Sanguine:

I wanted more direction,

and chances to rest my thoughts!

Phlegmatic:

I needed more air and fire

with which to cook for you!

Choleric:

And now look, here is the maiden!

Sanguine:

Dear maiden, we found your letter!

Phlegmatic:

And heard your song!

Choleric:

Your music brought us together again!

Sanguine:

You sung to us this quest.

Melancholic:

Joining the other three who dance around her

My dear friends!

And so it is true!

My music resounded in you!

Now I hear your songs in me.
You three are the notes I've been missing!
You three are the chords I need!

Sanguine:
As we need you!

Choleric:
Finding the tones we'd been searching
all along!

Sanguine:
Without even knowing it.

Phlegmatic:
Come all! A feast is in store!

(They move off together)

Melancholic:
(looking up)
And now look!

Sanguine:
The bluebird, it has turned...

Melancholic:
Into an eagle!

Choleric:
Come friends! Let us follow it into the world!

(All move to go offstage...then Sanguine moves back on)

Sanguine:
Oh see how the sunflower has grown!
I shall pick it for the stars!

(Choleric back on stage)

Choleric:

Enough about stars!
They are people who want to go home!

(Phlegmatic back on stage)

Phlegmatic:

Do you think they will leave their tomatoes?

Choleric:

Off!
Before they throw them at your head!

Written by John Stubley

Eurythmy Humouresque choreographed and directed by Live Sem.
Performed in Switzerland and Germany, 2009 and 2010.