

Cloud Mother

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CHARACTERS

All characters are from mid-teens to mid-twenties.

The actors should speak with accents, and apart from Kathleen Kerr who is Irish, the places of origin can be determined by the cast. Place names mentioned by each character should be altered accordingly.

Kathleen Kerr	
Sarah Gladwin	
Hannah Wharmby	
Margaret Jolly	married to James
James Jolly	married to Margaret
Ann Scrimshaw	married to John
John Scrimshaw	married to Ann
Martha Lightoller	married to George
George Lightoller	married to Martha
Joseph Green	
Harry Snelling	
Thomas Cox	

Eight Elementals:	Reflection
	Shadow
	Rainbow
	Dream
	Flight
	Wind
	Sky
	Fade

The Elementals double for other parts throughout the play.

Part 1: 19th Century, on a sailing ship.

Part 2: 19th Century, in New Zealand.

Waiata used throughout the play are unspecified. This is because the chants of the region in which the play is performed are best used, and one chant from an area might be unknown or inappropriate to those of another region. The community of the area should be consulted as a matter of course.

Cloud Mother was first performed by Riccarton Players at the Mill Theatre, Christchurch, from 24 February to 6 March 1993. It was directed by Bruce Goodman with choreography by Sherril Cooper.

The cast were as follows:

Kathleen Kerr	- Nicki Pauling
Sarah Gladwin	- Natasha Gordon
Hannah Wharmby	- Claire Thornley
Margaret Jolly	- Charlotte Anne Brydon
James Jolly	- Ged Kennedy
Ann Scrimshaw	- Bridget Lange
John Scrimshaw	- David Johnston
Martha Lightoller	- Stacey Watson
George Lightoller	- Mitch Button
Joseph Green	- Paul Sullivan
Harry Snelling	- Stephen Austin
Thomas Cox	- Ben Parsons

Elementals	- Maaka Raynor
	- Malcolm Murray
	- Liam McFarland
	- Ponifasio Mealamu
	- Ursula Rochester

In this production tapes were used for the voices of the Elementals in the sea storm and the arrival in New Zealand in Part One, and the two storms in Part Two. The rest of the voices were divided between the five Elementals.

Cloud Mother

PART ONE

A sailing ship. The entire theatre at times is the scene of action. Costumes for the passengers are of European 1800s impression. The theatre is suitably decorated with ropes, spars and boxes, as if the audience were sitting within the ship and were passengers themselves.

There is an open stage at the front, used mainly by the three Married Couples. It is in effect the outside deck of the ship, with the railing away from the audience. Beyond this deck is a backdrop of sky, which changes with both the mood of the weather and the mood of the passengers. To the right of the audience is another stage, smaller, and set as if passenger quarters. It is the Single Women's Quarters. There is a large crate there. To the left of the audience is a third stage, similar to the one on the other side. This is the Single Men's Quarters. This also has a crate. The set should veer towards impression rather than naturalism.

As important as the setting is the "Soundscape". For Part One, the Soundscape is of constant sea and ship sound, coming from speakers around the theatre. Occasionally there are particular sound effects. These however are additions to the constant underlying Soundscape, and not an integral part of the same tape. To do otherwise would make exact timing impossible. The Soundscape is turned off when stipulated.

The Elementals are "draped" at different heights about and above the theatre. They becomes at times a movement of black, white and blue, to create an impression of sea, cloud, sky, storm, sail, and so on. Each Elemental is clothed in black, white or blue, of loose and flowing fitting. The Elementals act as a "Fate", "Calling", "Fortune" - the elemental drive that brings Kathleen to the end of the world and her fate. They are more than a Chorus.

There are four areas of lighting - the Front Stage, the Left Stage, the Right Stage, and any part of the General Auditorium where action of the Elementals takes place. Light rises in each area as action occurs there - unless otherwise stated. When there is no action on a particular stage, the characters (Elementals excepted) are silhouetted against background light - museum display style. Throughout Part One, night scenes excepted, the lighting moves in an arc from cold winter to hot tropics to cold winter.

Throughout the play Kathleen's pregnancy grows apparently but not ridiculously.

The three Married Couples are on the Front Stage leaning over the railing as if the ship was leaving a wharf. Each man has his arm around his partner's waist. Sarah, Hannah and Kathleen are in frozen position in Single Women's Quarters. Likewise for Harry, Joseph and Thomas in the Single Men's Quarters.

From the dark, a karanga is heard - as if calling the ship to New Zealand.

*There is a movement of choreographed black, white and blue as the Elementals enter.
The Soundscape begins as the lights rise.*

Elementals: (singing) Blow the wind southerly,
Southerly, southerly;
Blow the wind south
O'er the bonny blue sea.
Blow the wind southerly,
Southerly, southerly;
Blow bonny breeze
My lover to me.

The ship's bell begins to toll.

Sarah:

White clouds squalling

Sea gulls soaring

Children bawling.....**Harry:** Black winds roaring

Far lands calling Dark seas mauling **Rainbow:**

Cold rain falling.....Bright shines the sun

Thomas: Sailors brawling Bright sing the sailors

Dull the weather.....It is morning

Dull the cloud **Joseph:** Seas are blue as skies

The waiting crowd.....The boat creaks

Wave farewell The sails flutter **Wind:**

Down the Thames.....Sickness at sea

John: We are leaving Scarlet fever

See the stormy petrels.....Death on board

It is an adventure **Ann:** Burial in the deep

Our voyage begun.....Alone at sea

Good bye Storm at sea **Sarah:**

We journey on.....White clouds squalling

Harry: The albatross follows Sea gulls soaring

Black winds roaring.....Children bawling

Dark seas mauling **Elementals: (singing)** Far lands calling

Cold rain falling.....Blow the wind southerly,

Sailors brawling Southerly, southerly

Blow the wind south

O'er the bonny blue sea.

Blow the wind southerly,

Southerly, southerly;

Blow bonny breeze

My lover to me.

*A light comes up at the back of the Front Stage so that each person is in silhouette.
Each couple in turn faces the audience as they speak.*

Margaret: That's the last we'll see of England.
The last we'll ever see.
James: What fierce futures. What cold, fierce futures.
Margaret: I am afraid.

James turns and faces the sea.

Elementals: (*singing*) They told me last night
There were ships in the offing,
And I hurried down
To the deep rolling sea;
But my eye could not see it
Where ever might be it,
The boat that is bearing
My lover to me.

Ann: That's the last we'll see of London.
The last we'll ever see.
John: We might return. Everything is possible.
Ann: We shall not come back.

John turns and faces the sea.

Elementals: (*singing*) Blow the wind southerly,
Southerly, southerly;
Blow the wind south
O'er the bonny blue sea.

Martha: There are faces in the water.
George: Faces in the night.
Martha: At night I dream of people I once knew.
George: They fade away.
Martha: I am afraid.

George turns and faces the sea.

Wind: (*singing*) Blow bonny breeze
And bring him to me.

Elementals remains static. Margaret, Ann and Martha turn in turn towards the audience and remain so. The lights gradually come up.

Margaret: I left my mother standing on the shore.
I saw her white bonnet with its ribbons fluttering.
I gave her those, those once white ribbons.

Kathleen: (*from the side stage with sudden silhouette rising*) I am afraid.

Ann: I left my father standing on the shore.
I saw his white hand wave.
His eyes grey.
I thought I saw his lips quiver.
I did not hear what he said.

Hannah: *(from the side stage and in silhouette)* We shall not come back.

Martha: I left my brother standing on the shore.
I saw his silly hat with silly feathers.
He smiled.
I've never seen him sad before.

Sarah: *(from the side stage and in silhouette)* I am afraid.

Silence.

Pipes begin to play off stage. The couples dance slowly then freeze into a silhouette as the music fades. Light focuses on single women who have been in silhouette. Kathleen Kerr is sitting on the crate saying the rosary. Sarah Gladwin and Hannah Wharmby are standing together.

Hannah: And to think the pipes are playing and we stuck here, Sarah Gladwin, in this single women's quarters, while all the deck are dancing.

Sarah: And to think, Hannah Wharmby, that we're stuck here for three to four months with the muck-hen of an Irishwoman there telling her beads like some Pharisee flaunting her phylacteries ...

Hannah: The whore of Babylon.

Sarah: ... and bringing her superstitions all the way from England's Ireland to the ends of the earth.

Hannah: *(to Kathleen)* Worship God woman and don't be praying to some graven image and splashing false religion over the decks like a wave.

Kathleen: *(calmly)* I might be bringing what you call my superstition with me, but you'd be bringing your bigotry to the ends of the earth, and I'm not too sure which one's worst.

Sarah: *(slightly ruffled)* So it's bigotry you'd be accusing us of now is it Kathleen Kerr. Well you can be a savage of New Zealand and run around the deck stark naked brandishing war sticks for all I care, but you won't be finding bigotry in me, for I was raised a lady.

Hannah: And I too, Kathleen Kerr, and if it's bigotry you'd be accusing us of it'll be bigamy you're guilty of.

Sarah: Two husbands I hear, and you running away from both to marry four native savages no doubt in the islands of New Zealand.

Hannah: Or maybe you had no husband at all, but simply ... simply loose living?

Kathleen: It was neither.

Hannah: (*triumphantly*) Three husbands then! It was three husbands - she's admitted it.

Kathleen: It was not.

Sarah: Four maybe.

Kathleen: It was not.

Sarah: Maybe five. Maybe every man of Ireland was the father of the child.

Hannah: What child is this, Sarah Gladwin?

Sarah: She's pregnant, Hannah Wharmby.

Hannah: Pregnant? And we stuffed in here in this same place for four months with a pregnant Irishwoman. And we sailing to a land shrouded in promises. (*To Kathleen*) And what would you be doing leaving Ireland pregnant and all if it was your husband was the father?

Sarah: Yes! How is this so, (*deliberately*) Miss Kerr?

Silence.

Hannah: Where did you get your money from for the voyage then? Was it an important man?

Silence.

Sarah: She'd rather tell her beads.

Silence.

Hannah: (*ignoring Kathleen*) Where are the other girls, Sarah Gladwin?

Sarah: Keep telling your beads then Kathleen Kerr, but you won't change the fear and you won't be changing the way things are.

Sarah and Hannah sit on the crate with their backs to the audience. Kathleen stands, clutching her beads and stomach.

Kathleen: *(growing from a whisper)* Of all the grief. Of all the world's grief. And this be all I have left in this lonely world. How my father would've killed me when he knew. And now back home around the fire they'd be sitting and wondering where their wayward daughter would be gone. And wondering where their wayward sister would be gone. Or maybe not wondering at all. Not wondering where I be gone at all, that I be sailing lonely to the wild shores of New Zealand.

There is a motion of Elementals. The entire "feel" of the theatre is one of slow, deep swell. Where singing occurs, the speech of Elementals continues above it. The Elementals move as if "calling"/"motioning" Kathleen away.

Reflection: Fly torn wild thing
Shadow: Fling your tears
Rainbow: Thunder to the salted wind
Dream: For tears are spray
Reflection: Wings are clouds
Shadow: Ripped by the beauty of some lonely truth
Rainbow: Lonely cloud
Dream: Lonely wind
Flight: Sail the wind
Wind: Sail
Sky: Sail the wind
Fade: Billow and clouds
Flight: Catch fast the sails and blow
Wind: Like a gull the gull the gull
Sky: Stream fast past the sailing ship
Fade: Sails catch the wind
Flight: Carry fast over the sea the sea the sea
Wind: Far away
Sky: Billow and blow
Fade: We are sailing away
Flight: Sail the wind away
Wind: *(singing)* Blow the wind southerly,
 Southerly, southerly;
 Blow the wind south
 O'er the bonny blue sea.
Reflection: Dark clouds foul wind
Shadow: Foul weather
Sky: Skim the wind
Rainbow: Black gull

Fade: Billow and clouds
Dream: Waves of the deep
Flight: Wind in the sails
Reflection: Dark wind
Shadow: Away dark waves
Sky: Away fast sea
Rainbow: Black storm bird fly
Shadow: (*singing*) Blow the wind southerly,
 Southerly, southerly;
 Blow bonny breeze
 My lover to me.

Fade: Dark stormy petrel
Flight: The wind steady
Dream: Black sea
Dream: (*singing*) Blow the wind southerly,
 Southerly, southerly;
 Blow bonny breeze
 And bring him to me.

Wind: Sail away away away
Sky: Away sail
Fade: Sail
Reflection: Sail away
Elementals: (*singing*) Is it not sweet
 To hear the breeze singing
 As lightly it comes
 O'er the deep rolling sea?
Shadow: A voyage begun.
Elementals: (*singing*) But sweeter and dearer
 My song is when bringing
 The boat of my true love
 In safety to me.

Elementals remains static.

Joseph Green, Harry Snelling and Thomas Cox are grouped in their quarters.

Silence. Discomfort.

Harry: You from Wales?

Joseph: Farm hand.

Pause.

Harry: You?

Thomas: Sheffield. Boot-maker.

Harry: I was in the town of Chorley. Cotton mills. Lancashire.

There is an atmosphere of embarrassment. Pause.

They introduce themselves to one another.

Joseph: Joe Green.

Thomas: Tom Cox.

Harry: Harry Snelling.

Thomas: Tom Cox.

Harry: Harry Snelling.

Joseph: Joe Green.

Pause.

Thomas: *(together with Harry)* I was ...

Harry: *(together with Thomas)* Were you ... *(he wins)* Were you forced to leave the farm?

Thomas: No. I wasn't on the farm.

Joseph: My father was the farmer.

Pause.

Harry: What happened?

Joseph: My father took to poaching.

Pause.

Thomas: Got caught? Eh?

Joseph: Someone hung traps on his front fence.

Thomas: What? An enemy?

Joseph: Sort of.

Pause.

Joseph: So he sneaked off to America.

Harry: America?

Pause.

Joseph: My mother's dead.

Pause.

Thomas: What were he poaching?

Joseph: Rabbits.

Harry: I'd be mad as a rat if someone grabbed my land.

Thomas: Didn't. He got caught poaching.

Joseph: No. Not me poaching. It was my father what got caught.

Harry: What was it like then? Poaching?

Joseph: *(almost to self)* When the mist comes up on Llanwrtyd Wells - what's near the Bird in the Hand, my father's pub - I would creep in early mornings through the marshes with the rabbits feeding, and set traps and come home still in the green mist.

Harry: Green mist? I never saw mists like that. Chorley has mists, but the mists is black from chimneys.

Joseph: The mist was green.

Thomas: I never seen mists like that. At Sheffield the mists is black.

Joseph: In New Zealand, they say, the mist is green.

Sudden loud laughter and scorn from the Single Women.

Sarah: And what she's wearing!

Hannah: But I saw her, Sarah Gladwin. The man said "Sign here Miss" and she put a cross. A little cross. I saw it. She can't write!

Sarah: *(to Kathleen)* Perhaps you'll read to us later Kathleen Kerr. Perhaps you'll read to us in the evenings from one of those travel books on New Zealand from Captain Tierney's library.

Hannah: In England we was taught to read. In England we was taught to be ladies.

The backdrop darkens. There is a build up to a flurry of Elementals. The Soundscape is drowned in storm noise.

Flight: Roll and pitch. Roll and pitch.

Reflection: Up and

Wind: Down and

Shadow: Up and
Sky: Roll and pitch and
Rainbow: Down and
Fade: Up and
Dream: Roll and pitch

The actors on the main stage exit. The single women and men cower in their respective quarters.

Flight: And roll and pitch.
Reflection: Up and
Wind: Down and
Shadow: Up and
Sky: Roll and pitch and
Rainbow: Down and
Fade: Up and
Dream: Roll and pitch.

There is a crash of thunder. A wild, random bell peals.

Flight: Flash!
Reflection: And quick!
Wind: Tack! Tack!
Shadow: Roaring winds and wild water.
Sky: Spars lashed.
Rainbow: Seas crash.
Fade: Cold and bracing.
Dream: Black as pitch.

The thunder continues and lightning flashes.

Flight: Hold fast! We're going down!
Reflection: We're going down!
Wind: (*Screams*)
Shadow: Fierce winds.
Sky: Wind and waves.
Rainbow: Waves crash.
Fade: Angry seas and white foam.
Dream: Black foam billowing.

The following four speeches are uttered simultaneously.

Reflection And the ship on the wild, angry foam went
& down, down to the depths of the sea, before
Shadow: rising high on the crest of the wave breaking on the bow of the
ship and snapping the foremast with a crash as the ship on the
wild, angry foam went down, down to the depths of the sea,
before rising high on the crest of the wave breaking on the bow.

**Rainbow
&
Dream:**

The clouds and the rain wild with thunder as waves crash in heavy seas. Maybe the worst storm in living memory, perhaps the worst storm the sailors have seen. As the angry rain and haunted clouds scamper in the dark and who can tell where sea begins and black sky ends for the clouds and the rain are wild with thunder as waves crash in heavy seas.

**Flight
&
Wind:** Blow wind in the heart of the storm, blow wild
wind in the seas, the mountainous seas of
water, the raging cruel foam of angry water in angry weather.
Dive headlong into the valley of the sea and blow wind wild in
the heart of the storm, blow wild wind in the seas, the
mountainous seas of water, the raging cruel foam of angry water
in angry weather.

**Sky
&
Fade:** Hold fast to the railing! Quick! Help him!
The ship plunges into the depth of the wave.
A man lost overboard! Swept overboard! Swept away! Rise to the
mountain of water and he is gone. Gone. Hold fast to the railing!
Quick! Help him! The ship plunges into the depth of the wave. A
man lost overboard! Swept overboard! Swept away! Rise to the
mountain of water and he is gone. Gone.

The storm gradually calms to a large swell.

All Elementals: Headlong into the valley of the sea
Down, down, down and
Rise to the mountain of water
Up, up, up and

Reflection, Shadow, Rainbow & Dream: Headlong into the valley of the sea
Flight, Wind, Sky & Fade: Down, down, down and
Reflection, Shadow, Rainbow & Dream: Rise to the mountain of water
Flight, Wind, Sky & Fade: Up, up, up and
Reflection & Shadow: Headlong into the valley of the sea
Rainbow & Dream: Down, down and
Flight & Wind: Rise to the mountain of water
Sky & Fade: Up, up and
Reflection: Headlong into the sea
Shadow: Down and
Rainbow: Rise to the water
Dream: Up and
Flight: Down and
Wind: Up and
Sky: Down and
Fade: Up and
Reflection: Down
Shadow: Up
Rainbow: Down and ...
Dream: Still.

Elementals remains static. Silence - including Soundscape.

Light on the backdrop changes. Gradually the single men and women return to normal. The married couples return to the centre stage. They are intensely bored.

Margaret: It's hot.

John: Three days and no wind.

Margaret: Wind. Wind. Dear Lord, send wind.

Martha: *(to George)* Take off your shoes and stop feeling sorry for yourself.

George: I said nothing.

Martha: That's the trouble.

George takes off his shoes. From this point on, George continues to lean against the railing looking out to sea.

James: Going nowhere.

Ann: Oh dear!

Margaret: I spy with my little eye, something ...

James: Oh shut up.

Margaret: *(Sighs)* Something beginning with *(she looks around the audience and selects something)* ... M

They look among the audience.

Martha: Monocle.

Ann: Where?

Martha: *(pointing at some particular person)* There!

Ann: Oh!

Margaret: No!

John: Merry-making?

Margaret: No.

George: Meaninglessness.

Martha: *(to George)* Can't you be a little more civil?

Ann: Moustache?

Martha: Whose?

Ann: *(pointing to a man in the audience)* His!

They all look and titter, except for James and George.

Ann: Am I right?

Margaret: Well, yes, sort of.

Martha: There's another moustache, she must've been looking at another moustache.

Ann: Which one?

Martha: *(pointing)* There's another one over there.

Margaret: *(pointing)* No, it's that one there.

James: Margaret, you shouldn't be doing that.

Margaret: Why?

James: It's embarrassing.

Margaret: Don't be so stupid. You're just nit-picking.

James: You shouldn't do that.

Margaret: Don't tell me what to do.

James: I'm not.

Margaret: You are. I've put up with all this for long enough. You're just going on and on and on and on and you always do it in front of everyone else when I'm ...

James: I don't. You're just acting like a stupid ...

John: Look, maybe we should ...

Margaret: And as for you, can't you keep out of ...

Ann: Don't go bringing my husband into it.

Margaret: Your husband? If he learnt to mind his own business the trip'd be well worth his while. Little busy ...

Ann: Don't you dare carry on about ...

Martha: Look Margaret, it's no use ...

Margaret begins to strike Martha physically. They are stopped. George takes no notice.

Margaret: And as for you, you smart little hussy. I've watched you and ...

James: Margaret!

Martha: Whale blubber! How dare you call me a hussy.

Margaret: I've watched you with my husband when you thought I wasn't.

James: Margaret! Don't!

Martha: It's jealousy is it? With a wife like you I'm not surprised.

Margaret: *(to James, beaten)* I've watched you sniffing after that cockroach for most of the voyage now and I don't like being stuck on this boat and I can't stand the thought of being alone in New Zealand, and... alone. I want to go back.

Martha: You can't go back, dear. You're stuck here. You're stuck on the boat, and it's he and I that are together now, so you'd best learn to cope. For that's the way the wind blew.

Margaret: We're going nowhere. Nowhere. Just rotting. Stuck, and rotting. It was to be an adventure.

Martha: It is.

From now on James and Margaret stand separated. George continues to stare out to sea. James and Martha stand together. The scene shifts quickly to Single Women's Quarters.

Kathleen: *(to Sarah and Hannah)* Why don't you leave off nagging and be finding some rat-ridden tar to claw. I'll not be sitting here day after day taking all this muck from two tarts when you could be up in the rigging swinging with a sailor and doing whatever it is your profession demands.

Sarah: Something's touched a nerve Kathleen Kerr, I see.

Hannah: You'll be wanting next to be saying that you're the lady and be asking for us to go below into the scullery and bake some plum duff.

Kathleen: Get away. I'm tired of it. I'm tired of it all.

Sarah: Nothing happens when the wind don't blow.

Kathleen: And when it blows, Sarah, you must throw yourself to the mercy of the wind.

The scene shifts quickly to Single Men's Quarters.

Thomas: Not a breath.

Harry: I wish I'd never left.

Joseph: Trapped on a boat.

Silence.

There is a slow beginning of choreographed Elementals rising in tempo. The Soundscape begins again. All passengers go to the front stage during the Chorus.

Flight: Slowly the wind catches.

Reflection: Slowly the sails fill.

Wind: Slowly the wind rises.

Shadow: Billow and blow.

Sky: Billow and blow.

Rainbow: It catches in the sails!

Fade: Slowly the wind catches.

Dream: Slowly the sails fill.

Flight: The wind rises.

Reflection: Slowly.

Wind: The wind rises.

Shadow: It leaps!

Sky: The wind leaps!

Rainbow: It springs in the air!

Fade: We are sailing!

Elementals exit. The passengers look out to sea. George does not take part. Their heads follow the play of the fish from stage left to right.

Ann: See the little fish! Look! The little flying fish! There!

Hannah: Where? I don't see it!

Ann: Look!

Kathleen: Look! The fish! Its colours! It's made of gold!
Harry: It's made of turquoise!
Thomas: Flashes of emerald!
Martha: It skims in the sun.
Ann: In the waves.
Joseph: Its wings are ribbed like a stretched hand. It's gone.
Ann: It's gone.
Margaret: The wonder of it.

They continue to look. Then they all look in a different direction.

John: There! Something dark. It must be a whale!
Hannah: A shark! It's a whale!
Thomas: Frisking. See it roll!
James: It gambles!
Sarah and Hannah: Its tail!
Joseph: Look at the size!
Harry: I never seen such a thing!
Sarah and Hannah: Ooh!
Margaret: The spout! The spout! It's just breathed!
Joseph: There's another one there!
Thomas: Where?
Joseph: There! There must be others.
Martha: There! There's another!
Ann: That's the first one!

Harry: Look! It's going down. Its tail! It's going down. They're moving away.

Kathleen: It's further away.

Harry: Oh I never seen anything like this before.

They follow out to sea.

Joseph: (*pointing out at sea offstage*) A cloud with a tail! Look at that! A cloud with a tail!

Thomas: A water spout! It's a water spout!

Joseph: I read about them. I read about them in a book.

Sarah: It's getting lower. It's dipping into the sea!

James: The whole ocean's getting sucked up.

Hannah: I don't see it. (*She does*) Look!

James: It spins!

Sarah: What if it ...?

John: It won't, it won't.

James: It's dropping! It's dropping! It's finished.

Hannah: It's gone. The water spout.

Kathleen: That is wonderful, just wonderful. Just wonderful!

Silence.

Margaret: The albatross still follows.

Joseph: Catch it on a hook.

Hannah: Catch it!

Harry: Set a line! Look at its wings!

Harry throws a line out through the air.

Thomas: Missed! Throw it again.

Margaret: Let it be.

Martha: Look at it fly in the valley of the wave.

Harry throws the line again.

Thomas: Missed. Missed again. Let me try.

Thomas takes the line and throws it.

Martha: No it didn't take it. It's not taking it.

Margaret: It's not hungry.

The back drop begins to darken to sunset.

John: It's going. It's going away.

Hannah: Where do they sleep? The albatross?

The back drop has changed to sunset and continues to quickly darken.

Sarah: The sunset! I've never seen such!

Thomas: The Equator must be near.

Silence.

Joseph: The sun falls quickly at the Equator.

Sarah: Are we half way there?

Long silence.

Kathleen: It's blood. The waves are blood.

The backdrop is night. The actors are in dark silhouette. Silence. George has left unnoticed.

Ann: Look at the shiny water.

Joseph: That's plankton.

Margaret: It's what?

Joseph: Plankton glistening.

Margaret: It's new. Everything's so new.

Silence.

Kathleen: The sea is black.

Backdrop to moonlight. Silence.

Martha: I never knew the moon could be so warm.

Kathleen: I saw him. I saw it happen.

Margaret: *(almost to self)* I wonder what they're doing now in England.

Ann: In New Zealand they say it's daytime now.

Martha: Where's George?

James: I don't know.

Panic begins to set in.

Martha: Where's George? Where's George?

Thomas: What's the panic?

Martha: Find him! George! George!

James: Look! Look for him!

Kathleen: *(loudly, in command)* It's no use. I saw it happen.

Ann: What?

Kathleen: It's little use to look. I saw it happen. He's gone.

Sarah: There's no where to go.

Silence.

Hannah: I want to go home.

Sarah: I know somewhere, maybe tomorrow, tomorrow somewhere, we land in a land of hope.

Kathleen exits unnoticed to become the Doctor in the next scene. The backdrop brightens to morning during the following speech.

Margaret: *(to self, desperate)* Oh I have sailed from England. Sailed from England. A heart of hope and a husband. I left my mother

standing on the shore. I saw her white bonnet with its ribbons fluttering. I gave her those, those once white ribbons.

A bell rings.

James: The Equator! King Neptune will appear. They told me that. They said King Neptune and his wife appear.

John: We cross the line!

Joseph rushes to the railing and looks over.

John: *(to Joseph)* We should hear a gun!

There is no light on the side stages. A gun fires offstage to the left of audience. The passengers cheer.

Ann: *(pointing to the back of the theatre)* A procession!

The Elementals wait to process in from the back - along with Kathleen as the Doctor. They are dressed amateurishly - rope for hair, and so on.

A drum and bell sound. First in the procession are two Bears - grizzling. These Bears simply have sacks on their heads with string tied in the corners for ears.

Hannah: Bears! Two grizzly bears like in a circus I seen in Liverpool.

Drum and bell sound. The Bears are followed by King Neptune and Wife arm in arm. Wife wears a huge chignon and a black hat. She is a male actor.

Joseph: That's King Neptune. And his wife Aphrodite.

Sarah: His wife's not Aphrodite, it's Herpes.

Martha: Hermes dear. Not Herpes.

Sarah: Well she looks like Herpes to me.

Neptune: *(still among audience)* What ship is this?

Harry: Hermes is a male.

Hannah: Surprise, surprise.

Ann: A whale?

Harry: It must be Aphrodite.

John: I thought it was Venice.

Joseph: Venus.

Ann: That's a star.

Drum and bell sound. Next in the Procession is Kathleen as a Doctor carrying tools of the trade, including a huge wooden clock.

Margaret: That's the doctor.

Hannah: It's Kathleen!

Sarah: Why is Kathleen there?

Neptune: To all sailors never before crossed the Equator. Step forward to become a Roving Member of the Southern Seas.

Drum and bell sound. Two Sailors enter the stage with boxes and plank. They set these in position. Last in the procession appears a Barber, carrying a large shaving brush and a bowl of sheep shit.

Martha: That's the barber!

Ann: What for? What for?

John: Initiation.

Ann: What's that?

Sarah: It's matron's hat! Hermaphrodite's wearing one of matron's hats!

Drum and bell sound as the entire procession completes its walk to the stage. The Bears lunge at the passengers - who scatter. Sarah and Hannah scream, and are pursued off stage by the Bears.

Margaret: *(looking at Barber's bowl)* Oh them doctor's pills are sheep's ... sheep's doings rolled in flour.

Neptune: Step forward.

A Sailor steps forward, and sits on the plank so that he can eventually be tipped backwards and out of sight into a sail. Martha and James crowd near the plank for a look beyond.

James: They've got sawdust and tar and water in a sail.

Martha: It's horrible.

Neptune: Step back, step back, or you'll find yourselves hurled into the pitch with the sailors.

The Doctor steps forward and feels the Sailor's pulse, timing it with the large wooden clock. She nods and steps back. The Barber steps forward with bowl.

Neptune: Do you wish to become a Roving Member of the Southern Seas?

The Sailor nods.

Neptune: Well?

Sailor: *(keeping his mouth closed)* Yes.

Neptune: Open wide.

Sailor: Yes, sir.

Neptune: Wider.

Sailor: Yes, sir.

Sheep shit is shoved into the Sailor's mouth. The Barber and Doctor then shove the Sailor backwards out of sight into the sail behind. The drum sounds. Passengers cheer. There is considerable noise from where the Sailor has been pushed.

Ann: He's gone into the pitch!

Sarah and Hannah dash across the stage screaming - pursued by the Bears.

Neptune: Next!

The remaining Sailor steps forward reluctantly.

Neptune: Do you wish to become a Roving Member of the Southern Seas?

The Sailor nods.

Neptune: Speak up.

The Sailor nods again, so the process is repeated. There is much comment and applause as the drum sounds.

Martha: If I was a sailor I'd never become a Member of the Southern Seas.

Ann: Is Kathleen Kerr a sailor?

Sarah and Hannah enter screaming - pursued by the Bears. They run around the stage, ending up on the plank. Hannah and Sarah and the two Bears grapple on the

edge. As is clearly intended, the two women succeed in throwing the Bears into the sail. There is much noise coming from the sail. Everyone crowds around to look over.

Sarah: (*prudishly*) He kissed me. I'm sure he kissed me, Hannah Wharmby.

Hannah: (*not wanting to be left out*) I was kissed too, Sarah Gladwin. I've never been kissed by a bear before.

Sarah: Never kissed by a bear, Hannah Wharmby? I've never been kissed before at all. (*Within ear-shot of Kathleen who is now exiting through the theatre*) Like Kathleen Kerr, who's off with the sailors. She'll be having twins next.

Neptune, Wife and Barber exit in procession through the audience, taking the plank and boxes with them. The passengers applaud. The drum plays a march.

A bell chimes slowly. All passengers look out to sea. The backdrop begins to change to sunset. Kathleen enters unnoticed as soon as possible.

Margaret: There's been a death.

Joseph: It must be the Bright's child what was sick.

Ann: Or the Morley child what was sick.

Sarah: (*pale*) What child?

Martha: Or Mrs Quaid, what's been lying ill in the infirmary for days on end.

John: There, they bring the body.

James: It's a child.

Harry: It's a child's body.

Martha: She was a wee woman. It's Mrs Quaid.

Thomas: It's a child's body.

Kathleen: (*turning to audience, speaking to self, frightened*) It's a poor child's body I'll be thinking, and how the tormented thing lay shrinking on its bed for days, till the doctor came and pronounced it dead. The child is dead, he said. There's no hope now. The child is dead and no matter what may come of life ahead, they'll always say, we had a child dead at sea.

A voice offstage is heard reciting prayers.

Voice: Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery. He cometh up, and is cut down, like a flower; he fleeth as it were a shadow, and never continueth in one stay. Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God of his great mercy to take upon himself the soul of our dear brother here departed, we therefore commit his body to the deep, to be turned into corruption, looking for the resurrection of the body - when the Sea shall give up her dead - (*Margaret's next speech begins here*) and the life of the world to come, through our Lord Jesus Christ; who at his coming shall change our vile body, that it may be like his glorious body, according to the mighty working, whereby he is able to subdue all things to himself.

Margaret: We had a child dead at sea. I remember the white canvas. The sailors hanging from the shrouds above. The sea ruby red with sunset. Our days are like the waves, the waves, the waves. And the tiny body slipped through the scuttle as the sun sank. The child is dead, he said, and no matter what may come of life ahead, they'll always say, we had a child dead at sea.

They continue to look out to sea. It is almost dark. The Elementals enter for a movement of black, white and blue.

Elementals: (*singing*) Blow the wind southerly,
Southerly, southerly;
Blow the wind south
O'er the bonny blue sea.
Blow the wind southerly,
Southerly, southerly;
Blow the wind south
O'er the bonny blue sea.

Sarah:

White clouds squalling

Sea gulls soaring

Children bawling.....**Harry:** Black winds roaring

Far lands calling

Dark seas mauling

Rainbow:

Cold rain falling.....Bright shines the sun

Thomas:

Sailors brawling

Bright sing the sailors

Dull the weather.....It is morning

Dull the cloud

Joseph:

Seas are blue as skies

The waiting crowd.....The boat creaks

Waved farewell

The sails flutter

Wind:

Down the Thames.....Sickness at sea

John:

We are leaving

Scarlet fever

See the stormy petrels.....Death on board

It is an adventure

Ann:

Burial in the deep

Our voyage begun.....Alone at sea

Joseph goes to look, but Sarah pulls the book away.

Joseph: It's not there.

Sarah: I'm not making it up. *(To Joseph)* And you keep your mouth shut. We're not interested in little boys saying things aren't what they are. It's here. Irish flesh is salty like the flesh of sharks and sea lions.

Kathleen: It's not. It's not. You're making it up. You said seals before, not sharks.

Sarah: I did not. I did not. And be as it may, you'll have none to protect you from the natives in New Zealand.

Kathleen: I'm not afraid.

Harry: Well you should be.

Sarah: There's stories you hear.

Kathleen: And why shouldn't you be afraid yourself?

Sarah: Because, Kathleen Kerr, I'll have a man.

Hannah: And what use is a single woman to a man with one of these?

Hannah makes a large pregnancy gesture.

Sarah: Aye, you're sunk. You're sunk.

Kathleen: I'm not afraid.

Sarah: *(standing up)* You said that. But you'll see, on the cold dark nights, with the long fog hanging, and the mist from the river hanging, and the mysterious knock at the door, and the creak of the wooden boards of the floor. Cooked alive. Aren't you foolish to be here.

Kathleen: But it's not true, is it?

Sarah: It is. And your baby.

Kathleen: It's not true.

Harry: But it is.

Thomas: It is.

Silence.

Hannah: I wonder if the clouds will beat us there. They seem to sail so fast through the sky.

Thomas: Maybe we should travel on a cloud.

Hannah: The sky's so big. It goes forever.

Joseph: There's a story in New Zealand, they say, that the sky fell in love with the earth.

Harry: And what happened?

Joseph: When the sky come down to embrace the earth, everything was crushed. Nothing could move.

Pause.

Joseph: Nothing could bear fruit.

Hannah: If the sky fell, we'd be stuck.

Joseph: So they were separated, and the mist that rises from the earth are the tears of the earth.

Sarah: And the rain the sky's grief? Crying?

Joseph: Sometimes crying.

Sarah: Maybe.

Kathleen: *(to Sarah)* Would you teach me to read?

Pause.

James, Martha, Ann and John enter.

Ann: *(holding a paper bag)* Oh I feel sick. These seeds I brought from England. Hollyhocks from my father's house. They'll never grow. They're wet.

The others look concerned and do not know what to do. Ann is clearly out of her mind.

John: *(to other passengers)* She's not well.

Ann: I will not now have hollyhocks to grow at the little house we build. On the little farm we have in our new land.

She makes as if to tip the seeds overboard.

Margaret: Don't tip them out!

Ann: Maybe they will float to some island. Give them a chance.

She tips the seeds into the sea.

Ann: I feel sick. I will not last the journey's end. Maybe these hollyhocks will grow.

Margaret: *(angry and frightened, and going to James)* They will not grow. Sea salt will not let them grow. Oh if that hadn't been done how different it would be. The seeds are lost.

Ann: Give them a chance.

Margaret: It's chance. It's all chance. How different it could be. Oh how different it could be, but the seeds are lost.

Kathleen: Some seeds from a hollyhock lost is no matter. For it's not to England we're going, but it's new things in this new place that I'll be planting. For I can't be clinging to my shamrocks and bells of Ireland while I'm making fresh starts and new things happen.

Sarah: A voice not English.

Hannah: 'Cause Ireland has little to bring to the savage islands.

Kathleen: You cling to grass in the windy storm, and you'll not let yourself be blown nowhere. It's not to England that we're sailing, and there'll be little savage in New Zealand but the tongues of Sarah Gladwin and Hannah Wharmby.

Voice: *(offstage)* Land to the south!

All passengers look alert. The ship's bell clangs vigorously. There is chaos and a movement of Elementals who mix with the passengers. The passengers make their farewells. There is much joy and confusion. Sarah and Hannah go to the single women's quarters and put on their hats. All exit - except for Margaret and Kathleen who remain alone on stage. Sarah and Hannah are off stage, but have not yet departed.

Reflection: Land to the south!

Flight: The journey's end

Shadow: One hundred and eighteen days

Wind: Oh how we left England
Rainbow: How we left England with such hope
Sky: Slowly the land rises
Dream: See the tall mountains
Fade: Snow-capped peaks
Reflection: The hovering mists
Flight: See the flocks of birds
Shadow: A butterfly! A butterfly overhead
Wind: The forests
Rainbow: Rocks to the west
Sky: One hundred and eighteen days
Dream: Rocks to the south
Fade: The white black-backed gulls
Reflection: The terns
Flight: The journey's end
Shadow: The porpoises that play along the boat lead the way
Wind: How we left England with such hope
Rainbow: They leap they bound
Sky: The joy of water
Dream: White foam
Fade: Play wind
Reflection: Play
Flight: The swoop of the gull
Shadow: The cold fresh wind
Wind: Oh how we left England
Rainbow: How we left England with such hope
Sky: Slowly the land rises
Dream: Slowly the ship nears the harbour
Fade: We are here.

The Soundscape ends.

Margaret: I have reached some journey's end. A strange and awful voyage.
Kathleen: A single bird, once more easy in the air than me, buffeted now in cruel clouds slumped over the sea.
Margaret: Fly torn wild thing. Fling your tears. Thunder to the salted wind.
Kathleen: For tears are spray. Wings are clouds ripped by the beauty of some lonely truth.
Margaret: And I? I left my Mother England with such hope, with husband, and thoughts of children, and notions of destiny changed on cold, fierce shores. Unperceived futures grew in my dreams. I'd change the course of history in a single voyage. Change, by change of shore, the course of future generations. Bring my seeds and see

my offspring mated and flourish with offspring sprung, that could not spring unless for unsung voyages on seas.

Sarah and Hannah enter the stage wearing their hats. They snigger at Kathleen and depart the ship.

Kathleen: And I would be leaving Ireland with no hope at all, and no strong husband, and no thought at all of where to go or what to be doing. And I caught a boat that sailed, and I sailed - for it be sailing nowhere - and that's something. Maybe I'll spend my days till death as a laundry maid or kitchen maid, though what futures could be made of that no one would be sure. And one day, when my bones lie cold and straight, with yellow skin like battered sail, they'll say, "Here lie the bones of that Irish woman. But though her bones be straight her heart was bent and cried like a child on its lonely walks."

A karanga is heard calling offstage. The lighting begins to grow dark. Kathleen makes to exit.

Kathleen: *(calling out)* Receive me then into these wild islands.
 Long, white cloud,
 cold, fierce cloud,
 green, green cloud,
 be my mother.

Kathleen exits. Margaret remains alone on stage. Karanga fades away. Darkness.

INTERVAL

PART TWO

New Zealand. As for Part One, there is a Soundscape. This time it is of New Zealand bush sounds - trees, birds, frogs...

The ropes of the ship have become perhaps forest vines.

The three stages of Act One remain. The setting is changed however. The Front Stage backdrop is of a misty, mountainous impression that, as in Act One, changes mood. The ship's deck has become the verandah of a settler's house. It is as if the audience are in the house. The verandah can be entered from a door going somewhere into the house, and from outside steps in the middle of the verandah. There is a chair on the verandah on which Ann sits. John stands next to the chair. The stage to the audience's left is empty. The stage to the audience's right is the inside of a humble settler's house. It has a door to an unseen porch, and an uncurtained window with real glass through which night and day can be seen. Sarah, Hannah and Kathleen stand there in frozen position.

Elementals are now clothed in green, brown and blue.

The Act opens with a gradual play of lighting on the backdrop, and an increasing proliferation of Soundscape.

A waiata to the new day is heard offstage.

There is a gradual increase of movement from the Elementals who enter. The following Elemental dialogue is spaced among Soundscape. They sound detached and distant.

Reflection: Daybreak.

Soundscape.

Flight: Shrouds wrap the mountain.

Soundscape.

Shadow: Green forests. Wake.

Soundscape.

Joseph: *(off stage)* I hear birds. Other birds.

Kathleen: Something new is happening.

Harry: *(off stage)* Like a bell, a bell.

Soundscape.

- Dream:** The call is something new.
- Fade:** What new things will the day bring to these islands?
- Reflection:** Something never seen before.
- Flight:** Something is changing.
- Shadow:** Something is clanging.
- Wind:** Like a bell, a bell.

Soundscape.

- Joseph:** The tui on the tree is invisible. I cannot see it.
- Kathleen:** I hear it. I hear a rustle. A rustle.
- Harry:** The little warbler. The little grey warbler.

Soundscape.

- Fade:** Quick flight. Quick flight. Silence.

Soundscape.

- Sarah:** The English song thrush.
- Hannah:** The blackbird.
- Kathleen:** Huia are gone. They will never come back.
- Joseph:** I cannot see the tui in the tree.
- Harry:** I can hear it only sometimes.
- Kathleen:** Only sometimes.
- Dream:** Like a bell, a bell.
- Fade:** Silence.

Elementals remain static. Light rises a little on Ann and John on the verandah.

- Ann:** The morning is still.

Daylight swamps the still hanging night.

(She breathes breathlessly).

John: The air is damp. Soon the sun will warm.

Ann: I am tired.

Ann coughs gently. Pause.

John: Time passes.

Ann: Rain falls.

John: Grey days and cold winter months and wet spring months.

Ann: Will the sun ever warm for I am cold?

Pause.

John: Hear the frogs in the swamp.

Their little eyes peep from the damp reeds.

Ann: A storm will startle them into silence.

John: Sleep. Take the blanket and sleep.

Soundscape fades. Light rises on Sarah, Hannah and Kathleen in the settler's house to the audience's right. They are measuring undyed cloth against the window for curtains.

Sarah: So you think, Kathleen Kerr, that fern leaves are best for making green dye?

Kathleen: And they said the wild lichen for the pinks and purples.

Hannah: You're very brave to ask the wild natives.

Sarah: Well I can't think whether I want the curtains green or pink or purple. Colour matters little at all when you've no rug on the floor to be matching it with.

Hannah: Perhaps we should use the five-finger tree for dye that the natives spoke, for you can't be sure what colour in the end you'll be getting at all.

Sarah: It would be a risk not worth the taking. I wouldn't like to leave the colour of my cloth to the whims and fancies of a native tree. It might come out black, Hannah Wharmby, and the room would look like a funeral procession.

Hannah: If it was black it would match the colour of the ferocious native man that might peep through the window in the dead of night.

Sarah: And I'm standing here in my shift without a strong man to protect me from the pilfering natives that wander the bush at midnight. No face will ever look through my window after dusk, Hannah

Wharmby, God help me. What ever the colour the sooner we get the curtains hung the better. It's safer with curtains hung.

The dialogue goes down to a whisper.

Kathleen: It might stop them from looking in, but what if the face of the man was behind the curtain?

Sarah: Oh God, Hannah Wharmby, why does she talk like that?

Kathleen: *(she is hiding behind a piece of curtain cloth which she holds over her face)* What if in the still of the night time, with the little wind rattling the chimney tin and the laughing owl, and you sitting here all alone with your candle and darning a stocking, when suddenly you looks up to the dark window, and *(she leaps out from behind the curtain)* WHHAA!

Suddenly loud, then laughter. Sarah and Hannah rush into each others arms.

Sarah: Ahhh! But it couldn't, Hannah Wharmby!

Hannah: It's the face of a native man come to steal you off, Sarah Gladwin!

Laughter then silence.

Sarah: It wouldn't happen. I have a gun.

Kathleen: What for?

Sarah: Well, I ... You never know.

Silence.

Sarah: I hear you lost your baby?

Kathleen: I did.

Hannah: I didn't know.

Sarah: I'm sorry you lost your baby.

Kathleen: *(begins softly and grows in strength)* Maybe it was better that he died. Maybe, I'm thinking, it was better that he did not have to know the dark nights, and lonely nights, and nights and nights and nights of this swamped land and lonely land. But what to do? If I could go back I would. But his bones lie here, and I think I would always have my heart in this ruined place. He was buried in the forest, and in time, somehow the trees will eat him up.

Then he will belong in this different place and I will not know him. I think in some silly way that if I die here too I will belong. And my Irish flesh become earth here, as his flesh has earthed here. (*Fading and breaking down*) But what to do? But what to do? How do I belong in this place?

Sarah: You don't belong.

Soundscape. The scene darkens. There is a movement of Elementals, during which Kathleen exits unnoticed.

Reflection: Time passes.
Flight: Time flies.
Shadow: Time stays the same.
Wind: Everything's the same.
Rainbow: People are born here.
Sky: People die here.
Dream: It need not be born at all.
Fade: Another will make the history.

Reflection: Chance.
Flight: Chance.
Shadow: Life of chance.
Wind: Everything's the same.
Rainbow: A bird hatches and flies away.
Sky: Another flies and dies.
Dream: They sing the same.
Fade: Same song. Same tune.

Reflection: A baby's born.
Flight: A baby dies.
Shadow: It need not be born at all.
Wind: Another will make the history.
Rainbow: Thistledown in wind.
Sky: Tumbleweed in sand.
Dream: It need not be born at all.
Fade: Another will make the history.
Reflection: Others will make the history.
Flight: Another will learn to belong here.
Shadow: Hollyhock seeds.
Wind: Who cares if they grow or not?
Rainbow: Who cares?
Sky: Another will flower in this place.
Dream: Another will seed in this place.
Fade: Others will make the history.

Soundscape fades. Elementals remain static. The scene shifts to the front stage. Kathleen enters and approaches Ann and John.

- John:** My wife is ill.
- Kathleen:** I know. I know.
- John:** The climate's not good for her. The voyage home is too long now.
- Kathleen:** I'll nurse her.
- John:** The doctor says she has an infection in the lungs. Sometimes she coughs a little blood. Sometimes she's too weak to walk.
- Kathleen:** I'll nurse her.
- John:** Ann. Remember Kathleen.
- Ann:** Kathleen, I remember well. The voyage here. The sailing ship and deaths. The storms.
- Kathleen:** And the sea birds and clouds. It seems so long ago.
- Ann:** Long ago? And John here, he said he'd buy some land. And we'd make a little farm, and grow our family. It was going to be nice.
- Kathleen:** It shall be.
- Ann:** I hope. I hope. I've always hoped. That's why we came here. Remember the hollyhock seeds? I wonder if they ever grew. I sent for more, but they're not from my father's garden.
- John:** I'll buy a little land.
- Ann:** I am frightened to die here. In England if I died I would be buried in a place I knew.
- Kathleen:** You will not die.
- Ann:** We all die. But here I will be buried in a land that does not know me. In a place I do not know. (*Growing in fear*) And no children to care for my grave. And no family bones to lie with me. Nothing. I will be a stranger here. Always. I am afraid to die in this place.
- Kathleen:** Oh but you will have children here. You must, Ann. You must have children here.
- Ann:** (*broken*) I will not have children here. I will not have children here. I am ill. I am too ill.

John: There.

Kathleen: There. Come with me. (*She helps Ann to her feet*). Come and lie down. You will be well again soon.

Ann: We must buy some land that we can call our own. (*As she goes*) I am a stranger here.

They go. Soundscape. The scene begins to darken. One by one the Elementals move to the front stage.

Maori 1: (*to audience*) Look. Here, and there, and there, and there and yonder are all burial places, not ancestral burial places, but those of this generation. Our parents, uncles, aunts, brothers, sisters, children, they lie thick around us. We are but a poor remnant now, and the Pakeha will soon see us all die out. But even in my time, we Ngai Tahu were a large and powerful tribe, stretching from Cook Strait to Akaroa, and the Ngati Mamoe to the south of us were slaves. The wave which brought Rauparaha and his allies to the strait, washed him over to the southern island. He went through us, fighting and burning and slaying. At Kaikoura, at Kaiapoi and at other of our strongholds, hundreds and hundreds of our people fell, hundreds more were carried off as slaves, and hundreds died of cold and starvation in their flight. We are now dotted in our families, few and far between, where we formerly lived as tribes. Our families are few and we cannot rear them.

But we had a worse enemy than ever Rauparaha, and that was the visit of the Pakeha with drink and disease. You think us very corrupted, but the very scum of Port Jackson were shipped as whalers or landed as sealers on this coast. They brought us new plagues, unknown to our ancestors, until our people melted away. This was one of our largest settlements, and it was beyond even the reach of Rauparaha. We lived secure and feared no enemy; but one year, when I was a youth, a ship came from Sydney, and she brought measles among us. It was winter then, it is winter now. It was winter. In a few months most of the people sickened and died. Whole families on this spot disappeared and left no one to represent them. My people lie all around us. And now you can see why we cannot part with this portion of our land, and why we were angry when you sent the surveyor in to measure it out. (*This speech is taken mainly from that given by Tuhawaiki to Wakefield in 1844.*)

As each speaks, they crouch in various postures; hidden - as if rocks perhaps - but present to the audience.

Maori 2: When the mist of the earth hung over the land, it was the grief of the earth.

Maori 3: Sky Father was apart from Earth Mother.

Maori 4: Soon the mist will hang for another separation.

Maori 5: There is another grief.

Maori 6: Another parting.

Maori 7: When the mist will hang for another separation.

Silence. The light rises a little.

Martha and James enter from the house helping Ann. They make their way across the stage and exit down the verandah steps.

Martha: Down south, I hear, there was a woman whose husband was killed.

Ann: It frightens me.

James: There's little need to be afraid. A little walk, a little air, and out of the house.

Ann: These stories lurk in my mind. They skulk there, and when you've little to do they sneak up and grow bigger and bigger, until fear takes control of me.

Martha: It's stories. They're stories. Just stories.

They exit.

Light changes. Soundscape fades. John enters from house. Elementals rise from their positions and form in a semicircle. John arrogantly throws a money bag at the foot of each. Kathleen enters from the house.

John: For land we saw and measured out, between the river and the mountain, I give each payment.

There is a pause. Slowly, each picks up the money as a sign of acceptance - except for Maori One. He kicks the money away with his foot.

Maori 1: I will not take money for the land. I take the Pakeha.

Pause.

Maori 1: I take the Pakeha for land, and in return I give protection. But the Pakeha is my Pakeha. The others have taken money.

John: It is a common thing, and fair. I am your Pakeha.

Maori 1: We agree. It is your land.

John: It is a fair trade. My place is your place, my things yours.

Maori 1: You will supply me with food and tobacco?

John: Agreed.

Maori 1: And I will take the maid.

Kathleen: Oh no.

Pause.

John: You cannot take the maid.

Maori 1: You are my Pakeha. I take the maid.

John: You cannot take the maid.

Maori 1: She is your maid. You are my Pakeha. I take the maid.

Elementals step closer towards John as the lights darken in a noticeable step.

John: It is not our way.

Maori 1: Then it is not your land.

John: What will you do with her?

Maori 1: What is a maid for?

Pause. Elementals step forward yet closer as the lights darken another step.

John: Take the maid, but I will not be your Pakeha.

Maori 1: It is not your way?

Kathleen: I am not for sale.

John: You've little option as a single woman in this foreign place.

Maori 1: So that's the ways of the Pakeha, is it?

John: Would you trick me?

Maori 1: We would test you.

John: I'm not on trial. This is a threat.

Maori 1: Because you would threaten us.

John: (*scornfully*) With what?

Kathleen: (*almost as an aside*) Greed maybe. Maybe greed.

John: Whose?

Kathleen: You've not a maid at all, for I'll not be bought or sold like a cow in a green field or a white pig in a stinking sty. When I came to New Zealand I came with little hope at all, for I was blown in the windy storm and not clinging to the place I came from. And it's still no hope at all I have for nasty men in this foreign place, Johnny Scrimshaw. It's the likes of you will be needing to change if there's something of wonder to happen here. You can buy all the land you want and more but it's little good it'll do. It's the future I'm hoping for, and it's yourself only you're thinking of because your future's dead. You should have stayed in England if you want to stay in England. (*To Maori 1*) It's not the way of the Pakeha at all, it's the way of himself alone and it's the way of what we all despise. And we'll not thank either side if they go selling or buying their grandmother's bones for pots of silver.

Silence. One by one Elementals throw the money on the ground and leave, except for Maori 1.

John: Take the maid.

Kathleen: No.

John: Take the maid.

As Maori 1 leaves, he jerks his head to the side as if commanding Kathleen to follow him.

John and Kathleen remain.

John: (*quietly*) Get out of my house.

Kathleen: Do I have a choice?

John: No.

Kathleen: Then I choose to go. And I'll fly like a wild bird escaped from its cage, Johnny. And I'll be singing at your closed window each day from dawn till dusk till you listen. (*She begins to leave*) Till you listen. Till you listen.

She has gone.

The lights fade. The lights come up the stage to the audience's right. Sarah, Hannah, Thomas Cox, Joseph Green and Harry Snelling are present. Sarah and Hannah are teaching Thomas and Harry to dance. The males are very self-conscious. Joseph is sitting at a table reading.

Sarah: Dance, Mr Cox!

Hannah: And you, Mr Snelling!

Sarah: To think of the hours on ship when we could have danced. Danced all around the deck. And if we'd been allowed to do it you'd be quite good now I'd think.

Thomas: Do what?

Hannah: Dance, Mr Snelling!

Sarah: And you, Mr Cox!

Hannah: Put you foot there. Don't be frightened, Mr Snelling.

Sarah: Don't be frightened, Mr Cox. I won't eat you.

Hannah: No! Not like that! Da, da, da, da.

Sarah: Sing. We need to sing the music. Da, da, da.

Hannah: One two three.

Thomas: I think we done enough now.

Sarah: Enough! I'm barely started.

Harry: I think so too.

Hannah: Tired are we? And you spending all day in the saw mills cutting wood and felling native trees.

Sarah: What muscles you must have, Mr Cox.

Hannah: Muscles indeed! They're worn out already.

Sarah: May I feel them, Mr Cox.

Thomas: Don't be silly, Miss Gladwin.

Sarah: But you must call me Sarah.

Hannah: And me Hannah.

Pause.

Hannah: Oh, they've gone all coy. And you, Master Green? Do you not think they've gone all coy?

Sarah: *(to Joseph)* Do you not think he should call me Sarah?

Hannah: And me Hannah?

Joseph: You're not engaged.

Sarah: Well there now, Mr Cox. Only if we're engaged, he says. And me a minor still, and needing permission from the courts to get married. Then you might take my arm when we walk, and call me Sarah.

Thomas: Maybe.

Sarah: Maybe, he says, Miss Wharmby. This might well be a proposition. Is it a proposition, Mr Cox?

Thomas: *(warming)* Maybe.

Hannah: And you, Mr Snelling? In England I would be wed by now. I would live in a mansion.

Sarah: May I take you arm, Mr Cox?

Hannah: And have a gardener.

Slight pause. He puts his arm out. Sarah links her arm in his.

Sarah: See! You may now call me Sarah.

She squeezes his arm muscle.

Sarah: Oh! Such a muscle, Thomas! Such a strong arm!

Thomas: *(embarrassed)* Well maybe.

Hannah: And me too. May I call you Harry.

Harry: If you want.

Hannah: Such coyness in a man. And he working with trees all day would
make his arms thick as a post.

Sarah: And his legs like trees. And his tummy tough as a trunk.

She fingers his tummy.

Joseph: And his brains like sawdust or wood.

Sarah: His brains like wood is it now? You're only jealous. Sitting there reading and passing judgement. And we only having a little fun. Well it's brains in a man what attracts me, Master Green. And it's brains I'm going to get married to.

Hannah: Brains for me too, Sarah. Books is better than the looks of a man, Master Green.

Thomas and Harry are getting a bit randy.

Joseph: So you'll be sitting on the verandah in the still of an evening then, will you, barely changed from your wedding gown and be admiring each others brains?

Sarah: I might. I might not neither. Brains is not everything.

Hannah: But it is Sarah Gladwin. I don't want my children not knowing how to read and write. I don't want my children dumb as a cow.

Sarah: It may or may not come as a surprise to you, Hannah Wharmby, but you don't make children reading books.

The mood softens.

Thomas: What do you do then, Sarah, if it not be reading books?

Harry: And if you thought it was reading books then, Hannah, I know a way that won't strain your eyes.

Hannah: There's little wrong with my eyes, and I won't be needing a candle to be doing any reading through the night for a good while yet.

Sarah: I'm choosing a father for my children. And to think I left my chaperon in England, while here is all I'm needing ...

She stops suddenly.

Sarah: *(quietly)* There's a face at the window.

They all freeze.

Sarah: I saw a face at the window. There was a tattooed face of a man at the window.

Thomas: Where?

Sarah: *(whispers)* Don't look. Oh.

Hannah: Oh.

Harry: How many?

Sarah: Just one I think. I do not understand them.

Hannah: Make them go away.

Sarah: We are here now.

Hannah: Make them go away.

There is a knock at the door. Pause.

Hannah: Answer it.

Sarah: Yes. I will answer it.

They don't know what to do. Sarah puts on her hat.

Sarah: I have a gun.

Joseph: You don't need a gun.

Sarah gets the gun.

Sarah: There was a man south of here whose wife was never seen again.

Sarah exits. Pause.

Sarah: *(from offstage)* Why it's Martha and James!

There is the sound of happy greeting offstage and relief on stage. Sarah, Martha and James enter.

Sarah: And we thought it was a native man come to lop our heads off.

Martha: What native man?

Hannah: And these men here too scared to go out and see if it was safe for us.

Harry: We weren't. We were being careful.

Sarah: They were being careful they say. Well what use is a man that's careful when we fair sex be stuck in these savage lands without protection.

- James:** What did you see?
- Sarah:** I saw a face at the window. Or I thought I did. It looked through there.
- Hannah:** Was it your face maybe?
- James:** No.
- Sarah:** Hannah Wharmby! His face is not tattooed. I saw a tattooed face. Two faces in fact. Very fearful, cruel faces they were too. I saw the whites of their eyes.
- Hannah:** Indeed, Sarah! I suppose next there'll be six pairs of eyes you saw staring at us.
- Thomas:** Or seven eyes, counting the one eye of the native man that can't see clear to selling the land.
- Sarah:** You may laugh for all you want, but it's sleeping here with the growing fear of the prowling natives that's no fun at all. Each little creak in the night is a footstep of a stranger, and each shape in the dark the outline of some moving figure.
- Martha:** Have you seen them?
- Sarah:** Not at all, until tonight. But I'm fearful now with the rumours of war and the fighting that's breaking out.

The lights fade quickly and rise on the front stage where Ann enters from the house and goes to her chair. Margaret enters from the verandah steps.

- Ann:** Margaret.
- Margaret:** And are you well?
- Ann:** Much better. Much better. The Irish girl from the boat was helping me. Remember her? But she spends more and more of her time in the village. Says she has no choice, silly girl, mixing with the natives. I told her, Kathleen, I said, you will get diseases. You don't know where they've been. But she says, no matter. She wants to be there. Goodness knows what's got into her head. And I quite like the silly girl. How are you anyway?
- Margaret:** I'm fine, now that I'm working; for the mill keeps me busy, and I'm getting merrier by the day. There comes a time when you can't sit around waiting for things to happen. You have to make an effort. And John?

Ann: Sometimes I think that all we have in common is the voyage out. England is my mother. Here life is different.

Margaret: I wonder if we'd gone to Australia what we'd be doing now. But I came here, and that's quite different.

Margaret and Ann begin to exit into the house. Margaret takes the chair with her.

Ann: But I don't belong, Margaret, I don't belong. And all the hopes I harboured seem to disappear. John has got a little land. There is some hope somewhere.

The scene fades quickly and returns to the stage on audience's right.

James: The Irish girl has married a native.

Hannah: She's what?

Martha: Kathleen Kerr's pregnant to a native. She spent more and more time in the village. It's her own fault.

Sarah: Since the day I first set my eyes on her I knew her through and through. A piece of popery waving her beads and flaunting her superstitions. And now one superstition joins another. The very slag of Europe bends itself lower than ever I could conceive.

Hannah: Strumpet.

Sarah: What future is there now in these islands? What hope is left for a land when a stray cat forages in the waste pit with the rats?

Hannah: The babies'll be brown and called Paddy and Bridie.

Sarah: Spare the thought. And if High Heaven gets its way there'll be no more children from this match. Let the Lord God see to that.

They exit from the stage on the audience's right as Elementals enter. The Soundscape grows into a storm.

Reflection: Rumbblings in the earth.

Flight: Something will break soon.

Shadow: We are waiting.

Wind: We cannot wait for nothing to happen.

Rainbow: A volcano perhaps.

Sky: A storm.

Dream: A new history begins.

Fade: The birds of the bush will see times change.

Reflection: Some will not live.

Flight: Some change and live.
Shadow: A breeze blows up.
Wind: A tree rustles.
Rainbow: It blows to a wind.
Sky: A storm is brewing.
Dream: Will it get stronger?
Fade: There is no controlling it.
Reflection: Hold fast.
Flight: Sway or fall.
Shadow: The mighty wind will fell the forest.
Wind: Hear the wind crashing through the forest.
Rainbow: Never has this place seen such a storm.
Sky: The birds have gone. They are hidden.
Dream: Nothing sings.
Fade: Hold fast.

John appears on the verandah in the front stage. It is night. He is grappling in the wind. Margaret follows him.

Reflection: Blow the wind southerly.
Flight: The mighty air shrieks.
Shadow: The house shakes.
Wind: I hear a crash.
Rainbow: The trees, the English trees, begin to fall.
Sky: The oak has lost its branches.
Dream: The willows spin wild.
Fade: The pine is torn.
Reflection: The leaves are shredded from their place.
Flight: The bark is stripped.
Shadow: The elm uprooted from its earth.
Wind: The birch's silver branches crack.
Rainbow: The willow whips the air.
Sky: It is not safe.
Dream: It is not safe in such a storm.
Fade: Will nothing survive?

The storm continues. The Elementals come down onto the main stage and are part of the chaos. The dialogue is carefully orchestrated so that it is heard above the Elementals. Thomas, Harry, Joseph, Martha and James enter by the verandah steps. Sarah and Hannah enter from within the house.

Thomas: (*shouting above the storm*) How is she?
Margaret: She is ill. She is dying.

Sarah, Hannah and Margaret exit into the house.

The following four speeches are uttered simultaneously as the actors come and go.

**Reflection
&
Shadow:** And the ship on the wild, angry foam went down, down to the depths of the sea, before rising high on the crest of the wave breaking on the bow of the ship and snapping the foremast with a crash as the ship on the wild, angry foam went down, down to the depths of the sea, before rising high on the crest of the wave breaking on the bow.

**Rainbow
&
Dream:** The clouds and the rain wild with thunder as waves crash in heavy seas. Maybe the worst storm in living memory, perhaps the worst storm the sailors have seen. As the angry rain and haunted clouds scamper in the dark and who can tell where sea begins and black sky ends for the clouds and the rain are wild with thunder as waves crash in heavy seas.

**Flight
&
Wind:** Blow wind in the heart of the storm, blow wild wind in the seas, the mountainous seas of water, the raging cruel foam of angry water in angry weather. Dive headlong into the valley of the sea and blow wind wild in the heart of the storm, blow wild wind in the seas, the mountainous seas of water, the raging cruel foam of angry water in angry weather.

**Sky
&
Fade:** Hold fast to the railing! Quick! Help him! The ship plunges into the depth of the wave. A man lost overboard! Swept overboard! Swept away! Rise to the mountain of water and he is gone. Gone. Hold fast to the railing! Quick! Help him! The ship plunges into the depth of the wave. A man lost overboard! Swept overboard! Swept away! Rise to the mountain of water and he is gone. Gone.

The storm continues when the speeches have finished. Hannah enters from the house and comes to the front of the stage.

Hannah: She is dead.

Sarah enters from the house and comes to the front of the stage.

Sarah: Ann is dead.

Margaret enters from the house, with a lantern, and comes to the front of the stage.

Margaret: We had a child dead at sea. I remember the white canvas. The sailors hanging from the shrouds above. The sea ruby red with sunset. And the tiny body slipped through the scuttle as the sun sank. The child is dead, he said, and no matter what may come of life ahead, they'll always say, we had a child dead at sea.

Sarah, Hannah and Margaret exit into the house. The storm continues.

Thomas: I cannot hear.

Martha: There is blood. Blood on the pillow.

Martha exits.

Harry: We must wait.

James: We must wait till morning.

Joseph: The storm will die.

Hannah: I'll see the others.

Actors come and go. The storm climaxes and begins to fade. Characters enter and huddle - as if for a photograph. The Elementals remain still. Daylight comes up. There is silence - including Soundscape. All are on the verandah.

Kathleen enters Front Stage from the verandah steps.

Silence.

Kathleen: Where is she?

Sarah: Who?

Kathleen: The woman of this place.

Thomas: Dead.

John: Why are you here?

Kathleen: I was blown in by the wind.

Sarah: (*scornfully*) Your children will be ashamed of you.

Kathleen: Just a scragged bird blown in by the wind. I wish to see the body.

Sarah: You can't.

Kathleen: She was my friend. I wish to say goodbye.

Silence.

John: Go and see.

Kathleen exits into the house.

Sarah: (*standing*) Unbelievable. Unbelievable. To think, of all the nooks and crannies of the world, and I sailed to this one with the Irish whore. Oh this could be England, we could make another England here, become Mother England's daughter. But Ireland, England's wound, festers, it still festers, it festers here. She brought it on herself. Why won't she go away?

Silence.

Hannah: There never was such a storm.

Thomas: The roof of the shed is lost.

James: We can make another roof.

Silence. Kathleen enters unnoticed from the house.

Sarah: It's a funny thing, but I never felt so safe in this place as in that storm, for I thought no enemy would be walking in it.

Silence.

Kathleen: (*from the back*) Perhaps there never was such a storm. And you can build the roof of the shed to your hearts content. But there'll be other storms before the day is clear, and other winds to smash your English trees and break your roof. I hear one growling now. Each little breeze seems safe, and you can feel safe in each storm, Sarah Gladwin, but each time the wind blows stronger and there'll be no escape. Each storm will bring another death, and another. You're not safe when you lean against the wind.

Silence. They are uncomfortable.

Sarah: (*not looking at Kathleen*) Go back to your nigger man, woman, and don't be coming here making long speeches that I neither understand nor care to hear.

Kathleen: You drove me to it.

Sarah: They are diseased. They will die out. They will go away.

Kathleen begins to go.

Kathleen: You'll be needing more than a roof on your shed, I warn you. And you cannot hide behind English trees in winter - they have no leaves. Why, even now, the wind begins to blow.

Kathleen departs.

Silence.

Joseph: Trapped on a boat.

Silence.

Thomas: It is not safe.

Margaret: (*standing*) I am afraid. Often afraid. Ann was afraid. That's what killed her.

Joseph: It's ignorance. Only ignorance.

Margaret: You can't let it take over. We must make an effort.

Silence.

Sarah: I cannot bear the silence.

Hannah: Sometimes I think I will go mad. Sometimes I think the fear is in my head, but then I hear them scuttling through the forest on their way to somewhere. Where are they going, and what things are planned? Sometimes I think I'll never see the sun go down, and then I think I'll never see the sun come up.

Hannah exits into house, upset. Sarah follows.

John: We cannot live like this.

John exits into house.

Martha: We must protect ourselves.

Martha exits into house.

Harry: Remove the fear.

Harry exits into house.

James: We need guns.

The remaining characters exit into the house.

It grows quickly to night. The Elementals enter. The Soundscape begins again and grows to a storm. This should be bigger than previous storms.

Wind: A tree begins to rustle.

Rainbow: It blows to a wind.

Sky: Another storm is brewing.
Dream: Will it get stronger?
Fade: There is no controlling it.
Reflection: Hold fast.
Flight: Sway or fall.
Shadow: The mighty wind will fell the forest.
Wind: Hear the wind crashing through the forest.
Rainbow: Never has this place seen such a storm.
Sky: The birds have gone. They are hidden.
Dream: Nothing sings.
Fade: Hold fast.
Reflection: Rage wild wind.
Flight: The mighty air shrieks.
Shadow: The house shakes.
Wind: I hear a crash.
Rainbow: The trees, the English trees, begin to fall.
Sky: The oak has lost its branches.
Dream: The willows spin wild.
Fade: Will nothing survive?

The men appear on the Front Stage with guns. Again they are against the wind. Martha, Margaret, Sarah and Hannah appear on the stage on the audience's right. Sarah is wearing her hat.

Thomas: (*Shouting above the storm*) They will attack in the storm.

John: We are not safe in a storm.

Harry: You never know what they might do.

John: We will watch.

Joseph: Stand back! Stand back in the shadows.

James: Shoot if you see one.

Harry: What if they ...

James: Shoot if you see one.

The lights come up on the women.

Sarah: (*with gun*) I have a gun. I have a gun.

Margaret: What have they done?

Sarah: They will not come here. They would not dare. We will wipe the things from the earth and live in peace. I sailed from England in a

boat to build a new world here, and I'll not let it fail. My children will grow here and prosper. No one can take that from me.

Hannah: *(loudly, urgently)* Sarah, there's a face at the window! A tattooed face!

Sarah: Let it come through the door.

Martha: Don't, Sarah.

Margaret: Don't shoot the gun. Don't fire it.

Sarah: Let it put one foot of its face in my house and we'll see who's the warrior.

She rushes towards the door and exits. There is a gun shot.

Silence.

Sarah enters triumphant - without gun.

Sarah: *(over the storm)* It was a nigger that I shot.

The storm dies. Silence.

Sarah: The Irish slut's nigger man, if I'm not mistaken, that's gone limping and trailing blood down the backstreets of the festering world. They'll not be bothering me now.

Hannah: Is it dead?

Sarah: Bleeding.

Sarah: Let them run the gauntlet from here to the ends of the earth. But we'll not be hearing more of them for a good time now. And we can live our days in peace, and breed our children in peace. For we belong here. And let the wounded rats that once crawled in this place go down their holes and die for all I care. For now at last we can begin to build the world we want.

There should now be lighting - museum display style - on the men with guns on the main stage and on the women in the cabin. Soundscape of bird song begins again as light rises on Kathleen on stage to audience's left. The Elementals move down towards Kathleen, and pile up in front of her motionless - as if their duty done. Soundscape fades with the Elementals.

Kathleen: Had not the waves washed me here, then little would I know where I belong. Like driftwood in the sea, washed up and broken. Gathered to warm some fire. The world's rubbish. Or like a bird,

caught in a storm, and blown to a new land where in time something different happens. Or like a seed, floating on the ocean current, drifting, to and fro, lost. It plants itself. There is a new tree here. It breaks in the storm; its branches snap. It survives. What a thing of wonder it becomes. Or like a cloud, blown across the seas and dumped on these cruel mountains.

Pause.

Kathleen: I was that driftwood floating, that bird in a storm, that drifting seed. I was the cloud that broke at the journey's end.

Waiata tangi begins as light rises on the frozen figures on the three stages - museum display style.

Waiata and light fade.

THE END