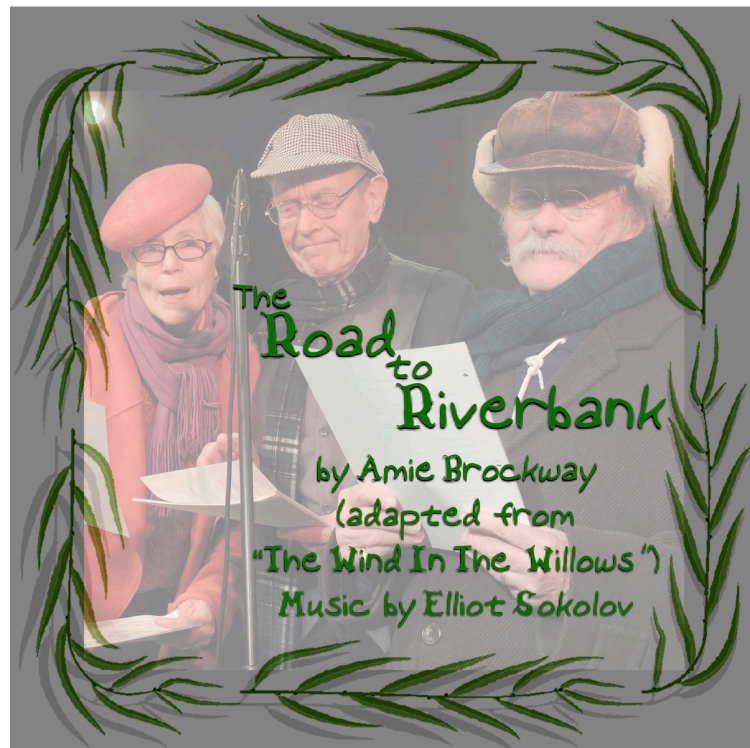


PERUSAL SCRIPT



Newport, Maine

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THE ROAD TO RIVERBANK

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ORDER #3344

Cast of Characters — 2f, 2m, 1either, + several children/youth

ANNOUNCER — A story teller. (M or F)

MOLE — Lower middle class, mature; Watson to WATER RAT's Sherlock Holmes; A twelve-year-old at heart. Though he may squint sometimes, he can see. A worker who dreams of adventure. Depends on WATER RAT for shelter, clothing, food, and introductions to Riverbanker society. (M)

WATER RAT — Upper middle class, mature; Sherlock Holmes by nature; probably a fourteen-year-old at heart. A poet. He is accustomed to being in charge, to making decisions, and to leading. (M)

SHEEP — several (may later play MICE) (M or F)

WILLOW WREN — Plays the flute (Digital Piano may be acceptable)

CHARLOTTE MOUSE — a mouse mother (F)

HAROLD — a mouse (M)

EDWARD — a mouse (M)

RENAE — a mouse (F)

OTHER MICE — if desired (M or F)(Carol Singers)

The Original Cast of the Old-Time Radio Style Production of
THE ROAD TO RIVER BANK

Adapted from Kenneth Grahame's "The Wind in the Willows

Written and Directed by Amie Brockway

Music by Elliot Sokolov

December 1-17, 2017

THE CAST

ANNOUNCER.....Anne Saxon-Hersh

MOLE.....Ward Stevenson

WATER RAT.....Jerrold Reinstein

THE ENSEMBLE

Carol Schwartz, Amie Schwartz, Larisa Hrazanek, Lisa Hrazanek, Billy Hrazanek

KEYBOARD: Patricia Brannen

Stage Manager: Darlene DeMaille

THE ROAD TO RIVERBANK a radio-play, with music and songs, for stage and station by Amie Brockway. Music by Elliot Sokolov. Traditional Holiday Fun with Rat and Mole (adapted from Kenneth Grahame's "The Wind in the Willows.") Casting is Flexible but should include 2f, 2m 2either, and several children/youth. About 1 hour. The meeting of Mole and Water Rat and their adventures leading up to a Christmas feast is a delightful way to usher in the Holidays. This clever adaptation focuses on their developing friendship with adventures on the river and through the willow-woods. The play can be staged as a live, old-time radio show, and/or that staging may be broadcast on a local radio station. **ORDER #3344**

AMIE BROCKWAY is a proud recipient of the Sara Spencer Artistic Achievement Award from the American Alliance for Theatre and Education, winner of a Children's Theater Foundation Aurand Harris Grant, and an Artistic Visionary Award from The Working Theater in New York City. She was a nominee for the Orlin Corey Award for Artistic Excellence in 2020. She is Artistic Director of The Open Eye Theater in Margaretville NY. Her scripts **THE ODYSSEY** and **THE NIGHTINGALE** have been produced across the US, in Canada, and Europe. She has directed new works and participated in new play development projects at the Bonderman National Youth Theater Playwriting Symposium, New Visions/New Voices at The Kennedy Center, Write Now in Tempe AZ and Indianapolis IN, the Coterie in Kansas City, and The Alliance of Los Angeles Playwrights. She is a member of SAG/AFTRA, The Dramatists Guild, Stage Directors and Choreographers Society, and is a past co-president of the League of Professional Theater Women. She has a BFA from SUNY Purchase and MFA from Rutgers Mason Gross, with additional professional training with Shakespeare & Company. She and her husband Ron live in Yulee FL and Margaretville NY.

ELLIOT SOKOLOV — is a composer, songwriter and music producer who has composed for theater, film, dance, television, and the concert stage, as well as rock and R&B songs. His recent work includes a new musical, "Green," the musical "Seneca Falls" produced in 2017, and an opera, "Icarus Rising," produced in 2015. He has scored music for more than 100 animations on Sesame Street, as well as scores for the films "Michael Joseph Jason John," "Broadway Damage," "Kings Park: Stories From An American Mental Institution," and "The Restless Conscience" (a documentary nominated for an Academy Award). Elliot has a Master's degree in music composition from Columbia University and has received a Composer Fellowship from the U.S. National Endowment for the Arts.

NOTES:

- Many of the ANNOUNCER's lines have the character names in ALL CAPS. These can be interpreted as stage direction/blocking.
- MUSIC may be done live or be pre-recorded.
- SOUND EFFECTS may also be done live, or pre-recorded, or a mixture of both.

THE ROAD TO RIVER BANK

by Amie Brockway • Music by Elliot Sokolov

(Sound: OPENING MUSIC 1—Wren's Song)

ANNOUNCER: Our story begins on the road leading cross country from the edge of The Wild Wood to The River Bank and WATER RAT's spacious and comfortable house. It passes around and through the village, and past Mole End, the former tidy little home of MOLE.

It is late afternoon, Christmas Eve, 1910. There is a chill in the air.

Listen!..... That's WILLOW WREN singing her song:

(Sound/MUSIC 2: WILLOW WREN plays an old English Country Carol on the flute. SHEEP are baaaing)

Water Rat and Mole are strolling down the winding dirt road.

(Sound: Footsteps of WATER RAT and MOLE strolling on dirt road.)

And there, behind the fence in the meadow are the sheep!

FIRST SHEEP: Hello-o-o-o, Mole. Hello-o-o-o, Ra-a-a-a-at.

SECOND SHEEP: Hello-o-o-o, Mole. Hello-o-o-o, Ra-a-a-a-at.

MOLE: Say, Ratty, these sheep have come to say "hello," and wish us goodspeed on our way home.

FIRST SHEEP: Safe tra-a-a-a-a-vel, tha-a-a-at way; tha-a-a-at way.

SECOND SHEEP: Tha-a-a-a-a-at way.

(Sound: SHEEP continue to baaaa.)

WATER RAT: Yes, quite right; *this* path leads home!

(Sound/MUSIC 3: WILLOW WREN plays traveling music.)

MOLE: See the lighted lamp in the house ahead? It looks as if we are coming to the village. Let's not go

there! Can we go another way? The *people*—Ratty—sometimes they—you never know, Ratty.

WATER RAT: Oh, never mind! There's nothing to worry about. At this season of the year the people are all indoors by this time in the evening, sitting round the fire; men, women, and children, dogs and cats and all. We shall slip through all right, without any bother or unpleasantness; and we can have a look at them through their windows if you like, and see what they're doing.

(Sound: Scurrying footsteps)

MOLE: *(Hushed tones)* Look here, Ratty. Can you see how she's scratching her cat's ears-and how he likes it?

(Sound: Perhaps a purr or a "meow" joined by:)

(Sound: More scurrying)

WATER RAT: *(Hushed)* And here's a baby just now picked up by his Pa and carried off to bed.

(Sound: Baby goo-ing, joined by:)

(Sound: Animal Scurries)

MOLE: Oh, Ratty, watch this little bird in its cage. He's waking up.

WATER RAT: He's yawning, but he's not waking up.

(Sound: Bird squawking)

MOLE: *(A little too loud)* He sees us!

WATER RAT: No, shhhhhh. ... He's just getting himself settled again. There, he's tucked his head under his wing and is asleep again. Let's go.

(Sound: THEY continue walking...)

(Sound: There is a cold gust of wind)

MOLE: Ratty! Let's hurry. I'm cold and hungry, and my legs are tired. It's a long way home.

(Sound: Walking ahead)

WATER RAT: All right. It's this way to the home stretch.

(Sound: Sniffing the air)

Smell the fields?

(Sound: Sniffing the air)

MOLE: Mmmm, it smells like grass and mud and...

(sniff, sniff)

... snow! My tummy is growling because I'm so hungry. Some supper would be good right now. Hot soup and a bite of bread would be just the thing.

(Sound: THEY plod along steadily, WATER RAT a good distance ahead of MOLE.)

WATER RAT: *(to Himself)* What a fine day this has been. A brisk walk through town and country, seeing the sights, watching folks get ready for Christmas, and now just a short ways further, over the hill and around the bend to the river bank and home. And look! It's beginning to snow!

MOLE: Stop!

(Sound: MOLE stops dead in his tracks)

(Sniff, Sniff, Sniff—seized with a tingling sensation through and through, nose searching hither and thither in its effort to capture the telegraphic current—and then he catches it in fullest flood—the recollection of Home.)

It.... It.... It... It must be close by, Ratty! My old home that I hurriedly forsook the day I first found the river! I never even gave it a thought! Remember, Ratty?

(Sound: Footsteps leading back to where MOLE is.)

WATER RAT: That first day you came by and we went for a ride in my blue and white boat...

MOLE: And we had that lovely picnic?

(Pause)

I had been spring cleaning my house with brooms and dusters, and climbing up and down the ladder and chairs and steps with a brush and pail of whitewash until I had dust in my throat and eyes and splashes of whitewash all over my fur and an aching back and weary arms and I just said, “Hang spring-cleaning!” and bolted out of my house without even waiting to put on my coat.

WATER RAT: Spring Fever!

(Sound: Tunnel noises joined by:)

(Sound: perhaps MUSIC 4 through the next speech.)

MOLE: And I scraped and scratched and scrabbled and scrooged up through my steep little tunnel until I found myself rolling in the warm grass of a great meadow and it all seemed too good to be true. I felt the sunshine on my fur and I jumped off all four of my legs at once and ran hither and thither across the meadow to the hedge on the other side. I rambled along the hedgerows, across the copses, and everywhere birds were building, flowers budding, leaves thrusting, everything happy and progressive and occupied. How jolly it was to be the only idle dog among all these busy citizens, for after all the best part of a holiday is perhaps not so much to be resting yourself, as to see all the other fellows busy working. I thought my happiness was complete.

WATER RAT: For so it seemed.

MOLE: And then, suddenly, I found myself at the edge of the river. I’d never seen the river before, Ratty.

(Sound: Happy river sounds through the following speech)

It was chasing and chuckling, gripping things with a gurgle and leaving them with a laugh. All was a-shake and a-shiver—glints and gleams and sparkles, rustle and swirl, chatter and bubble. I sat on the grass and looked across the river, and saw a dark hole in the bank opposite, just above the water’s edge, and thought what a nice snug dwelling place that would make for an animal.

WATER RAT: For some kinds of animal. For a Water Rat, for instance. But not for every animal.

MOLE: And as I looked at it, something bright and small twinkled way down in the heart of it, then vanished, then twinkled once more. I looked steadily, and a small face began gradually to appear, a grave face, with that same twinkle in its eye. You and I stood and regarded each other cautiously across the river, remember?

WATER RAT: Yes, and I said, “Hullo, Mole!”

MOLE: And I said, “Hullo, Rat.” And you asked if I’d like to come over and talk, and then you stooped and unfastened a rope and hauled on it and then lightly stepped into a little boat painted blue outside and white within, and was just the size for two animals, and you rowed across and helped me into the boat. I had never been in a boat before in all my life!

WATER RAT: There is absolutely nothing half so much worth doing as simply messing about in boats. What the river hasn’t got is not worth having, and what it doesn’t know is not worth knowing.

MOLE: And then we went back and got your picnic basket filled with cold chicken and ...

WATER RAT: ...coldtongue coldham coldbeef pickledgherkin salad frenchrolls cressandwiches pottedmeat gingerbeer lemonade sodawater...

MOLE: Yes. And after our picnic on the grassy turf down past the lake, I wanted to row...

WATER RAT: And I wanted you to wait until you’d had some lessons...

MOLE: But I did it anyway...

WATER RAT: And next thing we knew we were in the river!

(Sound: Two big SPLASHES)

MOLE: And the water was cold and O, how *very* wet it felt. And I thought I would drown and you hauled me out and set me on the shore, wrung some of the water out of me.

(Sound: Water being wrung from MOLE)

WATER RAT: And I told you to run up and down the tow path until you were dry.

(Sound: MOLE running up and down)

MOLE: And then we got back in the boat

(Sound: Getting into boat)

and *you* rowed us back home.

(Sound: Skillful rowing)

And when we got there, you made a bright fire in the parlour,

(Sound: Crackling fire)

and fetched down a dressing-gown and slippers for me, and told me river stories till supper-time. —And every day after that was full of new interests and in the summer I learned to swim

(Sound: Learning to swim)

and in the fall, I learned to row

(Sound: Learning to row)

and I was having so many new experiences—having so much fun—

WATER RAT: Yes, and now we must move on to River Bank.

(Pause)

(Sound: Sniffing)

MOLE: Wait! I know it's here, Ratty. Shabby as always, poorly furnished, but my own—that I made myself. It must miss me and is telling me so, through my nose! Ratty, I must go!

9 more pages to the end of the script