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THE MAGIC WORLD

(CURTAIN IS OPEN BUT THE THEATRE AND THE STAGE ARE COMPLETELY BLACKED OUT. THERE IS NO EXCEE INTRODUCTION TO THE SKIT; WE OPEN COLD. AT THE SOUND OF THE FIRST OF EIGHT INTRODUCTORY CHORDS WITH A MARTIAL DRUMBEAT WE SEE A SUNSET ON THE MOVIE SCREENS AND A JUNGLE REVEALED UNDER BLACK LIGHT. ACTION TAKES PLACE IN SILHOUETTE BEFORE A BLUE-LIT BACKDROP.

WE HEAR THE SOUNDS OF BATTLE IN THE DISTANCE---MACHINE GUN FIRE, EXPLODING SHEELS, AND AN OCCASIONAL BOMB STRIKE. ON THE FOURTH MUSICAL CHORD WE SEE ON ONE OF THE SCREENS A SLIDE WHICH SAYS "MAGIC WORLD" AND THEN "MUSIC, LYRICS BY ROGER FEINMAN AND RICHARD ZALMAN. " ON THE SIXTH MUSICAL CHORD A SMALL BAND OF SOLDIERS ENTER FROM STAGE RIGHT. THEY ARE SEARCHING FOR THE VIET CONG. ONE WHISPERS TO HAROLD: "HAROLD, THERE SHOULDN'T BE MORE THAN FOUR OR FIVE CHARLIES OVER THERE. THE REST OF US WILL CIRCLE AROUND BEHIND THEM. YOU STAY HERE." AS THEY LEAVE, WE HEAR VOICES SPEAKING TO HAROLD:)

MUSIC: OCCASIONAL CHORDS ON VIBES WITH MARTIAL DRUMS.

Father's voice : Harold, your mother and I will write to you often.
Take care of yourself, son, come back to us safe.

Girlfriend : Harold, if you want me to, I'll wait for you."

Harold: Honey....

Girlfriend : Don't say it, Harold, you will come back to me. I'll wait for you.

(WE SEE A CHOREOGRAPHED, STEALTHY BOBBING AND WEAVING OF VIET CONG AND HAROLD BETWEEN THE TREES.)

MUSIC:
Banners of sunlight protect you
Dark waves of night will blind you
Heavy Breaths are locked inside your jaw
You're flying high on wings of war

(THE SCENE BLACKS OUT FOR THE TIME BEING AS WE HEAR THE INTRODUCTION TO "THINK OF WHAT YOU COULD BE DOING " WE SEE FILMS OF HAROLD AND HIS GIRLFRIEND WALKING ON THE BEACH ALONE, SIPPING COKES, JUST HOLDING HANDS, LYING ON THE GRASS TOGETHER BETWEEN CLASSES, SHARING A CIGARETTE, ETC. WHILE THE SONG IS SUNG.)

(ROGER LEADS)
Think of what you could be doing
If the war didn't come to your doorstep
If the drums didn't summon your footsteps
Think

(CHORUS JOINS)
Love was once a new sensation
Till you came to the realization
Life was full of complications
You were part of the operation
And you think

Of the way life could be
There is so much to see
While I'm still young and free
And my heart directs me

(ROGER LEADS)
People talk in wandering mazes
Lost in thoughts hidden by their faces
Sending young men to far off places
Telling you not to think about it
You can't do anything about it.

(AS SONG ENDS THE BLACK LIGHT COMES ON AGAIN. WE HEAR ONE SHOT RING OUT AND HAROLD FALLS TO THE GROUND MOANING AND GASPING "NO," "HELP ME," "DIE, MY GOD."

WE HEAR THE INTRODUCTORY MUSIC TO "MAGIC WORLD" AS THE SCENERY REVOLVESTC THE MAGIC WORLD PRODUCTION NUMBER SCENERY.

22nd 8:15
28th 8:45

IN A SPOTLIGHT, A YOUNG BOY DRESSED AS A COWBOY COMES OVER TO HAROLD AND TELLS

Boy: Bang! Bang! I got ya Harold, you're dead, I got ya.
(HAROLD LIES STILL FOR A MOMENT AND THEN GETS UP)

Harold: De-over, Ralph, I call do-over. You had your gun out but you yelled "draw."

Boy: Sore loser, I got ya fair and square.

Harold: No you did not. I'm not playing with you again. (WALKS OFF)

Boy: Cry baby, Cry baby.

AS STAGE LIGHTS COME UP WE SEE THE MAGIC WORLD. THE LETTERING "HOUSE OF BAMCO AND" IS PRINTED ON GIANT ALPHABET BLOCKS. WE SEE A GIANT PLAYROOM WHERE TOYS AND GAMES AND ROCKING HORSES ARE BLOWN UP OUT OF ALL PROPORTION. WE SEE PLAYPENS, TOY RABBITS, CRIBS, SWINGS, MONKEYBARS, LARGE BEACH BALLS, ETC. FROM UPSTAGE CENTER, LEFT AND RIGHT, COME TOY SOLDIERS IN A DRILL MARCH WITH TOY MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS. THROUGH THE NUMBER THEY ARE JOINED BY TRICYCLE RIDERS AND THE CHORUS, DRESSED IN HALLOWEEN COSTUMES, ANIMAL COSTUMES, PAJAMAS, SUN SUITS, CLOWN SUITS, CUB SCOUT AND BROWNIE SUITS, CHRISTMAS SUITS, TEACUPS, DUMBO, COWBOYS, INDIANS. ALL SING:)

It's a magic world, where rabbits come from silk hats
And Bosco gives your milk that delicious flavor
Magic World, the sandbox is a desert
Your shoelace is a lizard, but you'll bravely slay her

Secret friends that no one else can see
Let's pretend there's no reality

It's a magic world where building blocks make cities
And mommy's hats look pretty in the attic mirror
Magic world, your daddy buys you candy
And Santa Claus is real, so real, so real, so real

When you're young and its spring
And the birds start to sing
Nothing touches you, time is your wealth
And there's no one to tell you you can't be yourself

There is no past to remember
The future is so far away
You can laugh at the world
Turn your back on the world
What a world
Our world
Magic world

(DURING TRANSITIONAL MUSIC THERE IS CHOREOGRAPHY, PLAYING HIDE AND SEEK, RINGELIVIO, AND A LITTLE VIGNETTE:)

(HAROLD SITTING IN FRONT OF A TV SET. WE HEAR ANNOUNCER'S VOICE:

Announcer: Now boys and girls, it's time to use your magic screen to trace the picture of Winky Dink.

(HAROLD QUICKLY STARTS DRAWING ON THE TV SCREEN WITH CRAYONS. MOTHER ENTERS, DRESSED AS HOUSEWIFE WITH APRON, SEES WHAT THE LITTLE BOY IS DOING AND CRIES OUT:)

Mother: Harold, you forgot to use the magic screen again!

(REPRISE TO MAGIC WORLD)

It's a magic world where silly words have meaning
And spending time just dreaming isn't out of season
Magic World, no grownups are admitted
And laughing is permitted for no special reason

Secret friends that no one else can see
Let's pretend there's no reality

It's a magic world, where things are elementary
And fun is complementary, there's no obligation
Magic world, the sky is just a window

No telling what you'll see...it's free...you'll see...it's free.

(AS THE MUSIC TO "MAGIC WORLD" ENDS THE STAGE BLACKS OUT AND WE SEE A MOVIE OF HAROLD REVISITING HIS OLD SCHOOL PLAYGROUND AT NIGHT. THE SWINGS SEEM TO MOVE ALTHOUGH NO ONE IS ON THEM, AND SHADOWS CREATE WIERD EFFECTS. SOUND EFFECTS: CHILDREN LAUGHING AND PLAYING. MUSIC: ATONAL EFFECTS ON VIBES. WE HEAR FROM OFFSTAGE XX A YOUTHFUL VOICE YELLING: "RECESS, IT'S TIME FOR THE PLAYGROUND EVERYONE." ON THE FILM THE SCENE CHANGES WITH INTERRELATED CUTS: FROM NIGHTTIME TO DAYTIME, FROM AN/ EMPTY AND DARK PLAYGROUND TO A SCENE IN WHICH MEMBERS OF BOTH HOUSES DRESSED IN JACK AND JILL OUTFITS PLAY SKIP ROPE, FRISBEE, BASKETBALL, BIGGY BACK, FLIP CARDS, HULA HOOP, YO YOS/ , ETC. AS THE FILM CONTINUES, HAROLD(IN NIGHTTIME) STARTS RUNNING TOWARD THE CHILDREN (IN DAYTIME). WE /CUT TO SCENES OF HAROLD RUNNING IN NIGHT AND DAY TILL HE REACHES THE KIDS. THEN, WE RETURN TO LIVE ACTION ON STAGE WITH A SIMILAR PLAYGROUND SCENE.)

(GROUP OF BOYS ON ONE SIDE OF THE PLAYGROUND POINTING TO AND SNICKERING AT THE GROUP OF GIRLS:)

"Will you look at Claudia."

"Yea, she really has some knobs, doesn't she?"

"Hey, here comes Harold, he was over at Claudia's house Saturday night."

(HAROLD WALKS OVER TO THE GROUP, THEY NOD THEIR HEADS, ANTICIPATING THE REPORT, HE NODS HIS HEAD AND SMILES KNOWINGLY, THEN HE STICKS OUT HIS HAND FOR A SLAP ME FIVE.)

"So, tell us about it."

"Yea, how much did you get off of her."

"I got plenty, believe you me."

(CLAUDIA WALKS OVER:)

"Oh, Harold, thanks for doing my homework on Saturday night."

(HE SLAPS HIS HEAD IN UTTER MISERY WHILE THE OTHER GUYS LAUGH MOCKINGLY. THEN THEY WALK AWAY, LEAVING HAROLD AND CLAUDIA ALONE.)

Claudia: Did I say something wrong, Harold?

Harold: Yes, Claudia, you said hello.

Claudia: Oh, don't be like that Harold, they're all so silly. But you're different...I think you're cute.

Harold, what are you going to be when you grow up?

(7)
(SUDDENLY, HAROLD IS ALONE, EVERYTHING IS IN BLACK AND A SPOTLIGHT IS ON HIM. WE HEAR HIS MOTHER'S VOICE FROM OFFSTAGE.)

Mother's voice: Harold, your father and I have decided you're going to be a lawyer.

Harold: Yes, mother.

Mother's voice: Harold, your father and I have decided you're going to *Queens* → (State) College.

Harold: Yes, mother

Mother's voice: We know what's best for our little boy, don't we, Harold?

(HAROLD DOESN'T ANSWER. AS THE LIGHTS COME UP WE SEE HIM IN A RECEPTION ROOM OUTSIDE THE COLLEGE INTERVIEWER'S OFFICE. A SIGN SAYS "DEAN OF ADMISSIONS". THE INTERVIEWER IS WITH HIS SECRETARY GOING OVER HAROLD'S RECORD. HAROLD LISTENS THROUGH THE DCOR.)

Interviewer: Are all his grades here?

Secretary : Yes, sir.

Interviewer: Parents background? Political affiliations?

Secretary : Check

Interviewer: Social security number, selective service number?

Secretary : Both here

Interviewer: Achievement test scores, College Boards, aptitude tests, IQ?

Secretary : Yes, sir.

Interviewer: Rank in class, grade average, personality and maturity tests, profile charts?

Secretary : Plus transcripts of his discussions with the school guidance counselor.

Interviewer: Well, Send him in then, *WHAT EVER HIS NAME IS.*

(THE SECRETARY WALKS OUT, TELLS HAROLD "YOU CAN GO IN NOW." HE DOES, BUT FINDS HIMSELF IN AN INDUCTION CENTER WHERE A SERGEANT IS ADDRESSING THE RECRUITS.) (MARTIAL DRUMBEAT)

Sergeant: Welcome to the United States Army. You are about to serve in the finest, most powerful armed force in the world.

(HAROLD SHOUTS OUT "NO, NOT YET." AND RUNS TO THE OPPOSITE END OF THE STAGE WHERE HE ENCOUNTERS A SIMILAR SCENE.)

Sergeant #2: Welcome to Fort Benning. This is a copy of U.S. Army rules and regulations. Learn them well, for they will guide you through this period of adjustment.

Harold: Stop it, damn it. Stop it. (HE RUNS BACK.)

Sergeant #1 : On this form you will write the names and addresses of whomever you want notified in case of your death. You must also state the beneficiary of your life insurance policy.

Harold: It's not time, yet. I don't want to think about it.

(HAROLD AGAIN STARTS FOR THE OPPOSITE END OF THE STAGE WHERE THE SCENERY REVOLVES AND WE SEE HIS MOTHER WORKING IN THE KITCHEN AS HIS FATHER WALKS IN FROM STAGE LEFT. MUSICAL INTRODUCTION TO "CARNIVAL CIGAR.")

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Mother: Harold, come downstairs. Your father's home.
(HAROLD HAS A LOOK OF DISDAIN AND STARTS TO WALK IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION.
HE SAYS WEAKLY:)

Harold: Hi, Dad.

Father: Hello, bum. (TO MOTHER) He's been up in his room all day?

Mother: Yes, Harold is in one of his introspective moods.

Father: There's too much introspection going around these days.

Mother: (CALLING TO HAROLD) Harold, when you come down for dinner, bring
your garbage pail outside.

Father: And put yourself in it! Didn't you go to school today?

Mother: No, I decided to cut my economics course. It's just not relevant,
pop!

Father: Any course he can't pass isn't relevant. (TO MOTHER) I'll be down
for supper in a minute. (AS HE WALKS OFF) That's right, cut your
classes...just study rolling cigarettes for four years. You kids
have it too easy. When I was your age....

Harold: I know, you had to chop wood and carry water from the wells.

Mother: Very funny, Harold. You should really be a clown...that is, if
you can't make it as a shipping clerk. Go off, and join the Carnival
somewhere, you'll be a sensation.

Harold: Oh, mom.....

Mother
(SHE SINGS)

Carnival Clown, nobody's laughing now
Wipe off the smile on your face
Take off that frown, no one is crying
Everyone's trying to just play the game
The rules are the same
Someday you'll be in the race

Carnival Clown, I know you very well
Sit on the sidelines all day
Wait till the world is ready to meet you
And greet you with news that our problems are solved
So don't get involved
Just let your life slip away

Chorus
Don't think that life is a lot more of just good times
You'll have to fight and you'll struggle to survive
When you are young you have fun and just good times
Now you are older, it's time to ~~come alive~~ (be A MAN)

(Father)
He sings

Carnival Clown, grow up and find a girl
Maybe she'll settle you down
Learn what it is to earn your own money
Please listen Sonny I've been through it all
And life is no ball
The circus has long left town

Chorus

Shape up, grow up, move up, climb up, grow up Carnival Clown.

Harold: What's wrong with being a clown anyway?

Mother: I want you to be somebody.

Harold: I'm me.

Mother: I mean somebody important!

Harold: I don't want to be somebody. I'm already me...I'm alive, see?

Nobody has to tell me who I am
Mother: Ha His big claim to fame. I'm alive. Well you didn't have much to
do with that. Where are you going?

Harold: Out!

(Pause)
Mother - will come back in time for Supper.

HAROLD & "TRIP" outside

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(STAGE BLACKS OUT. FILM TIME AGAIN IN A BURST OF PSYCHEDELIC AND PSYCHOLOGICAL TERROR IN WHICH ALL CONTRIBUTIONS ARE WELCOME. IN ADDITION TO THE FILM I'D LIKE TO HAVE A BLATANTLY EROTIC SEQUENCE AND WIERD LIGHTING EFFECTS. MUSIC: "WELCOME TO THE WORLD" SUGGESTED FILMS: TEXAS POP ROCK FESTIVAL, FOOTBALL, BASEBALL, BASKETBALL, PEACE DEMOS, KENNEDY, KING, VIETNAM.)

Are you gonna run, there's no place to run
And you shiver in the strawberry sunshine
They're callin' your number, and stealin' your thunder
It won't be the same for a long time

Welcome to the world, Harold
Whatcha gonna be, Harold
Livin in a dream world
Wanderin' through the haze that envelops you
Two suns rising in a burnt out sky
But it's one in the morning see the red birds fly

"The city slides"

Snare drum is heard in the distance, gets louder and louder.....
Scene switches to to the battlefront of Vietnam again and a toy soldier gives Harold a gun with the words: "Here son, you're gonna need it this time... no one's gonna fight your battles for you any more...."

In the battle scene^{in black light} Harold turns coward when he sees the advancing soldiers, whom he believes to be Viet Cong. These soldiers, however, turn out to be Americans. Seeing Harold flee they shout: "Kill Charlie," and fire at Harold, killing him. Stage is in black light as clowns remove Harold's body, not on a stretcher, but on a throne, with an inverted egg-shell on his head. They bring him to a darkened part of the stage and he takes his place in a reproduction of the cover of the Beatles' Sgt. Pepper Album, only here Harold is surrounded by his dolls and makebelieve friends from the Magic World. The snare drum is heard again and this time the entire set is illuminated and the entire cast, dressed as characters from the magic world, sing:

It's magic!
It's magic!
(whispering) Do you think what you are doing
When the war knocks hard on your doorstep,
When the drums they all summon your footsteps,
Do you think?
(louder) Or are you in your own world?
Your own magic world
(still louder) Where you're no one, and nothing matters at all
Banners of sunlight are all to protect you
Dark waves of night will suddenly blind you,
(very soft) Heavy breaths are locked inside your jaw.
Very Loud) You're flying high on the wings of war!

Blackout and switch to the funeral scene, with the toy soldiers shooting silent 21-gun salutes. Everyone, in fact, seems to be talking heatedly, but no one utters a sound, except Harold. He sees everyone is blindfolded, and, emerging from the coffin, He exclaims:

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FUNERAL SCENE: WE SEE A GROUP OF MOURNERS GATHERING AROUND A GRAVE. HAROLD IS ON THE OUTSIDE OF THE CROWD; HE CAN SEE AND HEAR EVERYONE, BUT THEY CAN'T SEE OR HEAR HIM. CHORUS SINGS REQUIEM

over the

Harold

drum beat
wind
hints

Harold: Hey, Danny, what's going on? What's everybody lookin' at?
(Danny turns to another person in the crowd and says--"He was my best friend you know."
The other person says: It's too bad they couldn't find a cure for it before it got to him.

Danny: Yes, but not enough research is being done now. The symptoms could be identified, but no one seems anxious to find a cure."

Harold: Danny, what are you talking about, who died. Why didn't anyone tell me about it.
Preacher: Here rests his head upon the lap of earth
A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown:
Fair science frowned not on his humble birth,
And melancholy marked him for her own.

Mother, sobbing to Father: He was such a good boy. If only he had decided to teach for
Danny: Poor Harold, he didn't think he was cut out for teaching.

Harold: Me? No, dead? What's going on here?
Preacher: Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre

Harold: Hey, dad, tell them all who I am. I love you dad, I'm sorry I left home. Please tell +
Preacher: Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

isled a wave

* NOTE: at end of scene "Bamboo and Ivy, the letters, in Black Light"

are clearly visible on the Building blocks

One Reverend
Harold stands alone over his own grave. It gets dark. He goes back to the Vietnam. He is back to the ground of

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We are flowers in a wasteland
We are pine trees in the storm
And we wander as though lost in a dream
A dream for the child who shall be born

Born to fortune, full of laughter
Giving love to fellow men
And as love grows to a world of its own
Then life will be magic again.