

BRAVE NEW WORKSHOP THEATRE

DATE: 01.18.01

SHOW: How to Try in Business Without Really Succeeding

TITLE: "Ballad"

DRAFT: FINAL

PREMISE:

There is no greater hero than the guy who can fix your copier—so let's immortalize him in song!

SETTING:

A combination Irish pub/dimensional gate that allows travel through time and space.

CHARACTERS:

Balladeer: An Irish revolutionary who is short on good material. He occasionally has flashbacks to his days when he sang about a more noble cause.

Seamus: A fine Irish fella with an uncanny ability to repair copiers.

Tragos: A group of Irish peasants who act out the various characters in the story of Seamus.

(Lights up on BALLADEER. He sings the story of SEAMUS. As he does, the TRAGOS reenact the events. The music begins with a recognizable Irish reel that segues and builds into a traditional Irish drum beat with full orchestration.)

BALLADEER

Gather about your wee ones, and wake the sleeping old,
'Tis a stormy night and the time is right for a tale
that must be told,

I sing now of a hero, a man of steely heart,
But he had to go to trade school cause he never was
that smart.

With tools in hand he'd greet you with a furrowed brow
and frown,

Cause he's the guy you have to call when your copier
breaks down.

His prices were always high but he always was a fair
man,

His name was Seamus O'Leary, certified Xerox
repairman.

Sing lie, li lie, li lie, li lie lie lie lie, lie li
lie li lie...lie li lie, li lie li lie lie lie lie lie
lie

As a young boy he was quick and strong, but he always
was a loner.

Some say the banshees replaced his blood with eighteen
pints of toner.

So off he went to America with little more than his
name.

He graduated from DeVry and went out seeking fame.
The work came hard and fast, young Seamus was in luck,
Cause anyone who's used one knows your average copier
sucks.

Sing lie, li lie, li lie, li lie lie lie lie, lie li
lie li lie...lie li lie, li lie li lie lie lie lie lie
lie

Sing lie, li lie, li lie, li lie lie lie lie, lie li
lie li lie...lie li lie, li lie li lie lie lie lie lie
lie

BALLADEER
Dance break!

*(Dance break. Both Balladeer and Tragos perform a
"Riverdance"-style Irish dance that is both accurate and
ridiculous.)*

*(The music switches to just drums, the pace increases and
creates an Irish "tribal" feel. The energy is contagious
and the actors bodies represent the new "pace" of the
performance.)*

The day it finally happened, the sky was red, not
blue.

3M had trouble with a copier from 1962.

The office engineer gave up, for he was far too weary.

He said, "I can do no more here! It's time for Seamus
O'Leary."

Seamus knew of this copier, to his marrow he was
chilled.

The secretaries sang songs of all the temps that it
had killed.

The copier was a beastly sight; it filled the entire room.

It was shredding paper and belching fire like a harbinger of doom.

Now Seamus was filled with fear, but his job he would not shirk.

He said, "The Irish may not tan, but Godammit we can work."

Sing lili nacky hoogooga hickyhacky nyack slappity boo!

Everybody! (*The Balladeer prompts the audience to repeat the verse he has just sung.*) li li nacky hoogooga hickyhacky nyack slappity boo!

(*The Tragos now act out the scene that the Balladeer is describing to the audience.*)

He ripped open that copier, a slave to foolish pride. The wiring was faulty and angry badgers lived inside. Still Seamus pressed onward because of the cut of his gib,

Inside he found a Twix bar and six pints of Mr. Pibb. The machine it whined and rumbled, the screaming was quite shrill,

Then as quickly as it started—everything was completely still.

(*A drastic lighting change occurs to create a somber mood on stage. The music switches from a hard-driving drum beat to a traditional Irish lullaby. The Tragos switch from fast-paced frantic movements to slow and deliberate movements as the Balladeer sings the next verse.*)

The workers approached quite slowly, thinking maybe it was a trick.

They didn't run copies right away; they just poked it with a stick.

Then Sandy pulled out a memo—she was always quick on the draw.

She ran it through; the copy was true and came out without a flaw.

The copy looked quite beautiful, but it came at quite a cost,

For while the machine was fixed, somewhere inside Seamus was lost.

But Seamus still lives on, though his disappearance
was quite heinous,
And they say when you see a smudge on your copy—that's
a little bit
of Seamus.

Sing

*(Music switches back to the beginning dance reel as actors
perform a circular Irish dance that culminates with the
audience clapping and the actors in a 'traditional
Riverdance' clog line ending with a final pose.)*

lie, li lie, li lie, li lie lie lie lie, lie li lie li
lie...lie li lie, li lie li lie lie lie lie lie lie lie...
Hey!

(Blackout.)

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