

Shawn Cody
from *The Water Dream*

Scene. The Wildwood.

The stage is dark except for a pool of light on Cole, down stage left. Cole dresses in fool's clothes: a red patchwork jacket (patches of purples, dark blues, and greens) and a long cap of the same patchwork, with bells at the tip. Cole remains dressed as a fool throughout the play. The Wildwood Set is put into place. At least a dozen very tall, very thin, pale tan pieces of wood are lowered from the fly space to the stage and upper deck. They extend to the entire height from stage or deck into the fly space. They somewhat resemble birch trees. A woman speaks from the shadows, off stage left.

Woman
Who are you?

Cole
I am the fool Redhorn Hopfrog.

Woman
Ah, a fool. Say something funny.

Cole
I don't really know anything.

Woman
Ha!

Cole
That's not funny.

Woman
I agree. You're not very funny, for a fool.

Sofia steps out from the shadows to reveal that she is now the fool, Sweetwater, dressed as a boy. She wears a boy's navy blue worn-in suit, short trousers, a jacket, a crimson waistcoat, purple necktie, a brown cap, thin gold-rimmed spectacles, and brown shoes.

Cole
Sofia? Sofie? Baby?

Sweetwater
I am the fool Sweetwater.

Cole
A female fool?

Sweetwater
Yes.

Cole
But you're dressed as a boy.

Sweetwater
All the better to be a fool. Besides, it is not safe for a woman in the wood.

Cole
Do you mean to say that you are lamenting lost love?

Sweetwater
It hath made me a fool, for him I imitate.

Cole
Who was this man?

Sweetwater
That remains my mystery.

Cole
But I am he. It's me, Sofie.

Sweetwater
He was a fool, but not a professional fool.

Cole removes his cap.

Cole
I am only disguised as a fool.

Sweetwater
Which is more foolish, the man who dresses as a fool, but is himself, or the man who dresses as himself, but is a fool?

Cole
What?

Sweetwater
Think about it.

Cole
But I'm not a fool. I'm a writer. Remember? I wrote this book.

Cole reveals his book from within his jacket. She gently takes Cole's book and fingers through it.

Sweetwater
(*Reading*) The Whale King: A critical study of mythological archetypes.
That's not funny.

Cole
It's not supposed to be funny.

Sweetwater
It should be.

Cole
Why?

Sweetwater
Wit is our weapon in a corrupted world.

She retains Cole's book.

Cole
Well, I'm not a fool.

Sweetwater
Then you lament no one?

Cole
Oh.

Cole slowly replaces his cap upon his head.

Cole
I miss you.

Sweetwater
Then you are a fool indeed.

Cole
Why?

Sweetwater
Because I am right here.

Song. Sweetwater's Lament.

Verse 1

*Sweetwater
Farewell, fool, unfunny fool
Don't forget me, but don't lose your cool
Because that's all you'll miss
Besides my kiss
Swimming with me in your pool.*

*Farewell, fool, beautiful fool,
Don't hate me, baby, don't mean to be cruel
'bout your problem to solve
You could evolve
Think of a new kind of school.*

Chorus

*Dreaming is being alone, meet at
That cafe on cobblestone, atone,
Kiss me adieu,
Then I'll miss you too.*