Dizzy Miss Lizzie’s Roadside Revue

Presents

Finn McCool

Music and Lyrics by Steve McWilliams and

Debra Buonaccorsi

Book by Debra Buonaccorsi

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**TIME:** The present. Dizzy Miss Lizzie’s Roadside Revue presents the piece in the present time but take the viewers to an undefined time, post-apocalyptic but ancient.

**PLACE:** The story tellers are in their current place but transport the viewers to a place that could be ancient Ireland but also futuristic, Mad Max-esque, post-apocalyptic anywhere.

**CHARACTERS:**

FINN MCCOOL: The Hero. Young, bright eyed, earnest and a little angsty, grows to be a fearless leader.

GOLL MAC MORNA: The one-eyed henchman to the evil fairy. Violent and dim.

THE MORRIGAN: A wicked fairy, nasty and full of contempt, bent on destruction.

LUATHA LURGANN: A warrior woman. Tough and loving.

DRUIDESS BODHMAL: Spiritual, mystic. Nurturing earth mother.

DRUID FINNECES: An oracle, a prophet, driven to madness by his visions but gentle and harmless.

MURNA: Mother of Finn. Sad and tragic, but strong and resilient.

THE FIANNA: a rag tag band of ne’er do wells and drunks who become an inspired fighting force for Finn McCool.

**SCENE BREAKDOWN**

SCENE 1: Introduction to “The Rockumentary of Finn McCool”

 DANNY BOY

SCENE 2: The legend himself and his “Blue Period”

 WHAT WAITS FOR ME

SCENE 3: Finn’s moms: The warrior, Luatha Lurgann, The Druidess Bodhmal and their band, Sapphic Love

WHAT WILL YOU BE/SIAN A CHUIR MOIRE AIR A MAC ORT

SCENE 4:The Morrigan, Goll Mac Morna and their band, The Nefarions

 SONG OF LIES

SCENE 5: The Druid Finneces and the Magic Can Band, featuring Murna and the Melancholies

 MY FAIR BOY

 THE CAN’S CAN

SCENE 6: The Fianna

 THE DRINKING SONG

 SWEET FREEDOM

SCENE 7: The Battle

 MERCY

 Guitar battle

 DANNY BOY (reprise)

 SWEET FREEDOM (reprise)

**Finn McCool Excerpt, Scene 5**

*(The Nefarions transform into the Magic Can Band. Finneces is pushed out in the shopping cart. Now it is piled high with canned goods. Some jamming from the magic can band)*

FINNECES

Finneces. Finn he sees. Blessings and curses. Curses and hearses. Minding my own business I was. Go away, go away. Don’t want to come out and play today. No thank you I say. But it came anyway, uninvited. Knew it was trouble. Trouble it was. Astronomy was me. The stars beheld all. No more stars up thar. Nope no. ignominious death. Impenetrable. But still I was in the cauldron and I saw. I saw Finn. Finneces . Finn he sees. That’s me. Not in the stars but in the cauldron. Finn to do the deed. A battle great indeed. And Finn to do the deed. A boy. A fair boy. In a haze of grey, silver and filmy. That is what I saw. See. See saw. See saw. In the cauldron. Finneces. Finn he sees. Rotten prophecy. You see what I saw. Look inside. Inside my eyes…

*(dreamy flashback music… Finn, as a boy, enters, hesitantly)*

FINN

Ummm… excuse me. I am looking for the wise, ancient, Druid Finneces. They told me, back in town, that this was where I could find him. *(Finneces stares at him silently)* Are you Finneces? Ummm…You pretty much fit the description… *(Still he stares)* Well. Okay then. I guess I’ll keep looking. *(he starts to walk away)*

FINNECES

Finneces. Finn he sees.

FINN

Yes. I am Finn. Then you must be him. My mothers told me that you would help me. That you would have answers for me. And that once, you were a great prophet. That you were given a prophecy. About me. You saw it in the stars.

FINNECES

No more stars. No more astronomy for me. The stars go away from me. The stars beheld all. No more stars up thar. Nope no. ignominious death. Impenetrable.

FINN

Oh. Right.

FINNECES

But my cans can. They can see. They see for me. Who are you you, who are. Looking, looking, seeking, seeking. Finneces. Finn he sees.

FINN

*(confused. Not sure if he follows)* My mothers, they said you could tell me about my real mother, Murna. That you know how she died.

FINNECES

*(Finneces is captured in a vision of the past. The audience sees his vision but Finn does not. Murna appears)* Murna…

MURNA

My boy.

FINNECES

Finneces. Finn he sees.

MURNA

*(at the same time)* Finn.

FINNECES

Warn you of the prophecy.

MURNA

*(overlapping)* Prophecy.

FINNECES

He with the one eye

MURNA

Goll Mac Morna.

FINNECES

She with the black eyes

MURNA

The Morrigan.

FINNECES

Your boy.

MURNA

My Finn. Finn Mc Cool.

FINNECES

Finn he sees. He sees. Murna and the Melancholies…

*(Finneces plays the intro to My Fair Boy- the Melancholies join in. She sings)*

MURNA

YOU WERE BORN, NOT FROM LOVE

BUT FROM VIOLENCE

MY BODY WAS A BATTLEFIELD

THE BLOOD OF YOUR BIRTH

THE BLOOD OF THE SLAIN

THE BURDEN OF LIVING

YOUR FIRST BREATH

WOULD BE THEIR LAST

A HERO BORN FROM THE HATE OF WAR

I WILL SPARE YOU MY SON

NOW YOU MUST LEAVE MY ARMS

INTO THE CARE OF THOSE STRONGER AND WISER

SAFE FROM HARM AND THE PRIDE OF MEN

NO MOTHER’S LOVE CAN HOLD BACK THIS SEA OF FLAMES

MY FAIR BOY

KINGS MAKE THEIR WARS

NOT FOR JUSTICE

FOR THEIR OWN PRIDE

LIKE EVERY GENERATION

WE MUST FIGHT

WE MUST SCAR

WE MUST BURN

WE MUST DIE

LIKE EVERY GENERATION

I LOST MY BATTLE

I WON MY SON

THE SCREAMS OF THE DYING

THE CRIES OF YOUR BIRTH

I WILL SPARE YOU MY SON

NOW YOU MUST LEAVE MY ARMS

INTO THE CARE OF THOSE STRONGER AND WISER

SAFE FROM HARM AND THE PRIDE OF MEN

NO MOTHER’S LOVE CAN HOLD BACK THIS SEA OF FLAMES

MY FAIR BOY

MY FAIR BOY

NO ONE LOVES YOU MORE THAN ME

MY FAIR BOY

NO MAN WILL GIVE YOU STRENGTH

NO MAN WILL GIVE YOU PEACE

NO MAN WILL GIVE YOU COURAGE

YOU MUST LEARN HOW TO FIGHT

YOU MUST LEARN HOW TO LEAD

HOW TO BE A MAN OF WISDOM

DYING IS EASY

LIVING IS HARD

MOST MEN ARE WEAK

THE TRUTH IS HARSH

I WILL SPARE YOU MY SON

NOW YOU MUST LEAVE MY ARMS

INTO THE CARE OF THOSE STRONGER AND WISER

SAFE FROM HARM AND THE PRIDE OF MEN

NO MOTHERS LOVE CAN HOLD BACK THIS SEA OF FLAMES

MY FAIR BOY

MURNA

I didn’t hate my baby, my boy, because of how he came to be. He was the blessing that came from my curse. But I had to give him up. I knew he wouldn’t be safe and that he must remain safe if there was to be any future for mankind. As Goll Mac Morna took what he wanted from me, against my will, my son would one day take Goll Mac Morna’s life from him. A father, who gave life to his own murderer. What sweeter redemption is there?

I wouldn’t let either of them near my boy. He was long gone by the time they got to me. Long gone and safe from their murderous hands. I sent him to live with my sister, Luatha Lurgann and The Druidess Bodhmal, deep in the wilderness. My boy would never know his own mother. But he’d have two mothers, both wise and strong, to raise him to be the leader he must become. My boy…

FINNECES

Her boy. fair boy. Her boy not her.

*(We are back in Finneces dream world. All that he describes is silently enacted by Murna, Goll Mac Morna and the Morrigan. They question her, beat her and eventually kill her)*

Why black eyes. Why. Please her cries. Oh my eyes. My boy. Gone. Long gone. Never to be found. Boy wheres the boy. Gone daddy gone. Give him give him give him. Blood. Cries. She cries. Where where where is he. Tee hee she laughs she cries. He is free. You will never see. He. Himself he will show. You will know. No him. Know him on the day of your dying. She laughs. Then she with the black eyes. And he with one eye. They smile they laugh. Blood. Cries. Murna murna murna mourn her murna. Murna dies. She dies and dies. The eyes inside they see. Cuts them out to cut out what they see.

*(After killing Murna. Goll and The Morrigan step towards Finneces. Still silently enacting the story he tells)*

FINNECES

They say go and tell. You who sees. Show them what becomes of their prophecies. Show them all. She with the black eyes the black spies. And he with one eye. The bottom of his boot.

FINN

They killed her. Because of me. Because of the prophecy. My mother.

FINNECES

*(quietly, underneath Finn’s lines)* Murna, murna, murna…

FINN

They killed her. They must be stopped. I must stop them. But how? How? Tell me how can I kill Goll Mac Morna and the Morrigan? Finneces, please.

FINNECES

*(he has left behind his memories of Murna and now relates happier news)* Sammon. Sam on. So wise. She cries. Sammon. Smell him. Tell him. What does he tell. Go and tell what he tells. What he sells. Dum dum da dum. Wisdom. *(He shows Finn a can of salmon)*

FINN

You want me to eat this? But I’m not hungry.

FINNECES

Wisdom. Dum dum da dum.

FINN

I don’t get it.

FINNECES

Ssshhh….

*(he sings)*

FINNECES

I CAN’T TELL YOU BUT THE CANS CAN

WHY OH WHY

BLACK EYES

LOOK ME IN THE EYE

HEAR THE SCREAM

YOU MEAN SARDINES

PEAS PLEASE HOW YOU TEASE

TELL ME MORE IF YOU PLEASE

NEVER ASK THE EYES IF THEY CAN SEE

TOM TOM,

BOMB BOMB

THE HOST IS ROAST

SHE’S MOSTLY TOAST

WICKERY WANKY

TWINKIE TWANKY

OREO SCUM-BLE

COMES A BUMBLE

PEAS PLEASE HOW YOU TEASE

SHOW ME MORE IF YOU PLEASE

NEVER ASK THE EYES IF THEY CAN SEE

CUT HER OPEN, LOOK INSIDE

NOW SHE’S GOT NOTHING TO HIDE

YOUR TIN COAT

SAFE FROM SMOKE

YOUR COOL EYE

PLEASE DON’T CRY

CHICKEN OF THE SEA

WHAT DO YOU SEE?

WISE OLD SALMON

HAPPY FAMINE

APPLES, PEACHES, PUMPKIN PIE

WHO’S NOT READY, HOLLER “I”

PICKLE BELLIES, OSTRICH PLUMES

ORANGE PEKOE BUNKER BLUES

SLATE AND COLD, ASHY CRUMBLES

CINNAMON AND FISHY STICKS

LIPS AND FINGERS, VOICES, TREES

SALTY CRUNCHY MEMORIES

PEAS PLEASE HOW YOU TEASE

SHOW ME MORE IF YOU PLEASE

NEVER ASK THE CANS WHAT THEY CAN SEE

I CAN’T TELL YOU BUT THE CANS CAN

I CAN’T TELL YOU BUT THE CANS CAN

I CAN’T TELL YOU BUT THE CANS CAN

APPLES, PEACHES, PUMPKIN PIE

WHO’S NOT READY, HOLLER “I”

PICKLE BELLIES, OSTRICH PLUMES

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LIPS AND FINGERS, VOICES, TREES

SALTY CRUNCHY MEMORIES

FINN FAN, LISTEN TO THE CAN MAN

*(Finneces hands Finn the can of Salmon)*

FINN

Do you want me to open this for you? I don’t want any. I don’t care for canned fish. But I’ll open it for you, okay?

(*Finn reluctantly opens the can of the Salmon of Wisdom. As he does, he cuts his thumb)*

Ouch! Man, that hurts. That’s gonna leave a scar. It’ll probably get infected too. Ouch. *(he sticks his thumb in his mouth, as he does, it’s as though he has a revelation. He pulls his thumb out of his mouth, shakes it off)* What the hell? *(puts his thumb back in his mouth, receives more revelations. Pulls it out.)* Holy shit! That’s amazing! *(he sticks his thumb back in his mouth. Pulls it out)* I know… everything. I see everything. The past, the future. I know what I must do! *(he sticks his thumb back in his mouth)* I see it. I will gather a band of loyal warriors. We shall overpower the unconquerable Goll Mac Morna in a mighty battle. *(sucks his thumb again)* I will destroy the Morrigan. Hmmmm… That’s where it gets a little foggy. *(sucks his thumb harder) (sucking his thumb)* Not sure… Nope. Definitely slaying the Morrigan… But it’s not… nope. Can’t quite make out how. Oh Well. The killing part is clear enough! Thank you Finneces! You’ve been a big help. I gotta go kick some evil, fairy ass!

FINNECES

*(watching him leave)* Finneces. Finn he sees. And now, ladies and gentlemen, Finn Mc Cool and The Fianna, if you please…