

CLOWN RIOT!




MUSIC & LYRICS BY CHRISTO GRAHAM
STORY BY TYRONE SAVAGE & CHRISTO GRAHAM
ILLUSTRATIONS BY GINAR OGBIT

CLOWN RIOT

Lyrics by Christo Graham
Story by Tyrone Savage & Christo Graham

Clown Riot tells the story of a bizarre event that occurred in Toronto in 1855. On the second Thursday of July that year, members of the Hook & Ladder Fire Brigade marched with their Orange Order brothers in celebration of the Twelfth. Also on this day, S.B. Howes' Traveling Circus came to town, prepared to provide the best in equestrian, gymnastic, and zoological entertainment. However, after the evening's performance, a brawl struck out between the clowns and the firemen at a downtown brothel leaving several firemen injured and humiliated.

The next day, Friday the 13th, the firemen and one thousand of their friends stormed the circus tent seeking revenge. They set fire to the Big Top, beat clowns with clubs and axes, and drove the wagons and animals into Lake Ontario. The only reported casualty of the riot was an 11-year-old boy named Lawrence Curley, and it is in him that we find our tragic hero: an orphan, sweeping floors and washing uniforms at the firehall where his father once worked. When the circus arrives, Curley sees the possibility of a bright and exciting future for himself, far away from a city on the bleak brink of industrial revolution. Caught between these two vastly different worlds, Curley finds himself faced with a choice: will he honour the memory of his father and become a well-respected fireman or abandon a life of security, embrace his talent and run away with the circus?



WHAT COULD POSSIBLY GO WRONG?

CITIZENS

This is paradise

This is home

Neo Britannia

Sing a Northern song

This is paradise

This is home to so many

What could possibly go wrong?

Sea to sea

Skin for skin

Skin, fur skin

Brothers, that's the game

You better deal yourself in!

Railroad's comin

With a Gold Rush on its back

I got a cousin

Says he's bringin' me a sack back

This is progress
Bound for home
Peace and inclusion
What could possibly go wrong?


This is paradise
This is home to so many
What could possibly go wrong?

You'll be fine if you get in line
Get in line!
Brothers, we're all the same
or didn't you read the sign?

Heaven on Earth
Here in the North, we found a gem
We don't know much,
but sure know we ain't them!

This is progress
Bound for home
Peace and inclusion
What could possibly go wrong?

This is paradise
This is home to so many
What could possibly go wrong?



LUCKY BOY

BIRD

Such a lucky boy
Such a lucky boy
With a roof overhead
Three square meals and a bed
Lucky boy
Lucky birthday boy
We don't ask much of you
If you can't push a broom
Then we haven't got room on our crew


Your father stood above the rest
A paragon, the very best
He led us 'til the bitter end
He trusted me to raise you strong
Know good from bad and right from wrong
I proudly called that man my friend
Lucky boy!
You don't know how good you've got it
It seems like you forgot it
Don't try my patience now
Lucky boy

FIREMEN

Here at the firehall we work around the clock
No time for idle talk
We're Hook & Ladder Number 4
But more like Number 1 without a doubt
“The best at putting out!”
Serving whoever pays us more

BIRD

Your father, rest his soul
Did things that you'd better learn
Brothers brave side by side
And I tried
As the rest watched it burn
I tried to save him, boy
But houses crumble to ash
We did all we could do
Better next time pay upfront in cash
I see him in you, boy
That means there's nowhere better to be
Just do good at your work
And your work's gonna set you free
Lucky boy!
If all the world's a stage, you're on kid
Lucky boy!
Be the son your father wanted
Your destiny awaits!
Lucky boy!
Come tomorrow, you'll work beside us
Understand the pride inside plus
You'll get a shiny hat
How 'bout that
Lucky boy?



FAR AWAY

CURLEY

Something isn't right
I hear a voice all night
And hold my breath
When all the rest of my friends
Are sleeping soundly

Somehow I'm all alone
My destiny unknown
And that voice keeps me awake
It echoes off the Lake
It echoes off the Lake

Far away

Far away

I'd board a boat or hop a train
If only to get there, far away

There's nothing for me here
The sky a smoky mirror
The streets a muddy mess
The sour sound of success
A constant ringing

If I'm your lucky boy
Why do I feel no joy
When that fire bell rings all day
I hear it and I say
For whom does that bell toll?
It's not for me

Far away

Far away

I'd walk through fire, wind and rain
If only to get there, far away

Won't somebody please just tell me this is all a dream?
Won't somebody please tell me I'm more than I seem
I listen and I hold my breath...



HOWES' MAGIC PANTOMIME

CLOWNS

A grand pantomime will be performed
Great attractions in Howes' Menagerie
At Toronto on Thursday July 12 and Friday the 13th
Myers and Madigan's Equestrian Troupe without extra charge
Forming two exhibitions in one

MYERS & ROSE

Howes' Magic Pantomime!
Extraordinary Novelty!
As Performed in Philadelphia for One Hundred Nights and more!
Fun, wit, and wagery will reign throughout the canopy!
with five noted clowns including Jim Myers!

CLOWNS

A wonderful troupe of dogs and monkeys
and horses and ponies
A Brazillian tiger
Two African leopards
North American bears
A pair of English deer
A Peruvian llama
A kangaroo!

CURLEY

Equestrian and gymnastic talent
unequalled in the whole world's history!

A GRAND PANTOMIME WILL BE
performed, in addition to other great attractions, in S. B. Howes' CIRCUS and MENAGERIE combined.

At Toronto, on THURSDAY and FRIDAY,
July 12th and 13th.

The Manager of these Exhibitions takes pleasure in announcing, that in addition to the brilliant display of Horsemanship and other Feats, included in the regular performances, there will be presented at each EVENING ENTERTAINMENT, an extraordinary novelty in the magnificent Magic Pantomime of THE MISER OF BAGDAD, with all its superb appointments, rich costumes, costly properties, and wonderful tricks and transformations, as performed in Philadelphia for upwards of 100 consecutive nights, to crowded and enthusiastic audiences. This being the first instance of the representation of so complicated a piece in a Travelling Exhibition.

The piece will positively be played at the close of THE EVENING'S ENTERTAINMENT.
For cast of characters, scenes, &c., see large bill.

Toronto, July 7, 1855.

TWO COMPANIES!

Menagerie and Circus.

S. B. Howes, Prop'r.

MYERS & MADIGAN'S

CELEBRATED

EQUESTRIAN TROUPE!

Without Extra Charge, forming two EXHIBITIONS IN ONE. For One Day Only.—Afternoon and Evening.
J. M. NIXON, Director of the Combined Exhibitions, At Toronto, Front Street, on Thursday and Friday, 12th, 13th, July, 1855.

In this Exhibition will be found the two greatest Living Curiosities in the Animal Kingdom, viz.—a LIVING GIRAFFE, and a LIVING RHINOCEROS, besides a full collection of other Wild Beasts, all in the most perfect health and condition.

THE CIRCUS TROUPE. Consists of the following acknowledged talent, CLOWN, JIM MYERS.

MISS ROSE MADIGAN, The fearless, graceful and brilliant American Artiste, in her Matchless Scenes of Equitation. Messrs. T. King, LaRue, W. Armstrong, H. P. Madigan, Master Madigan, Thompson and Professor Nixon with his talented Pupils, in all their achievements upon horseback, and in Gymnastics.

The following rare and beautiful Animals are among the collection belonging to this Exhibition:

A Brazillian Tiger, or South American Jaguar, Two African Leopards, Two N. American Bears, a pair of English Deer, a beautifully marked Zebra, a Peruvian Lama, a White Camel, a Kangaroo, besides a variety of the Monkey Tribe, Parrots, Pelicans, Swans, Birds of Paradise, &c., &c.

Admission to see the Combined Exhibitions:


Reserved Seats, 50 Cents, Pit, 25 Cents. Children under 9 years of age half-price. Doors open at 2 and at 7. Performances commence at half-past 2 and quarter to 8.

This Company will Exhibit at Markham Village, July 10th; Richmond Hill, July 11th.

S. B. LEONARD.

Toronto, June 21, 1855.





CATCH A RIDE

MYERS

The next town's up around the bend
Thank God we left the last behind
Another day in Hamilton and I know
I woulda lost my mind

ROSE

They want to be "Toronto the Good"
A bright upright monument
But do their politicians stand up straight?
Do the landlords never raise the rent?

MYERS

Back and forth on the bumpy road
We've been hustling from town to town
And Rosie's on my case, says I should sober up
Or I'll end up some kind of clown
"You should have stayed in school instead" my mama cried
And I don't know if I would blame her
But Momma see me now! I got my education as a lion tamer

CLOWNS

You wanna be a part of it
Everybody's trying to catch a ride
You think you got the art of it
The Big Top's awfully shiny from outside

ROSE

Two more tomorrow and you'll get to eat
We might even break even next week
When you're fishin' for admission, 50 cents a rube
Hope they pay to see a juggling freak!

MYERS

I hear they got a different tavern on every block
And boast the best rye whiskey mall
I gotta say that's mighty Good'a 'h'm
I think I like Toronto, Worts and all!

CLOWNS

You wanna be a part of it
Everybody's trying to catch a ride
You think you got the art of it
Maybe you just need a place to hide

MYERS


I once knew a good Canadian girl
Taught me how to say thank you and please
She left me for some head of government
Left me hanging up on my trapeze

CLOWNS

This life ain't for everyone
But everybody still wants in
You've never seen a crew of Ho-Bos like us
Go to the places we've been

You wanna be a part of it

Everybody's trying to catch a ride
You think you got the art of it
Well the Big Top's awfully shiny from outside



THE TWELFTH

BIRD

Gentlemen, out time again has come
July the 12th, the day of our freedom
The time to march and hand-in-hand we join
To celebrate our ancestors at the Battle of the Boyne
Yes the time has come to speak of many things
This city needs our leadership
from Cabbagetown to King
All Firemen and Orangemen under God
Will march today and trample every Roman Catholic fraud

FIREMEN

Today is the day we march along the Harbourfront
And sing our song for Lord and Land
(and Private Civil Rule)
Today is the date we commemorate the House of Orange
And celebrate for Lord and Land
(and Private Civil Rule)

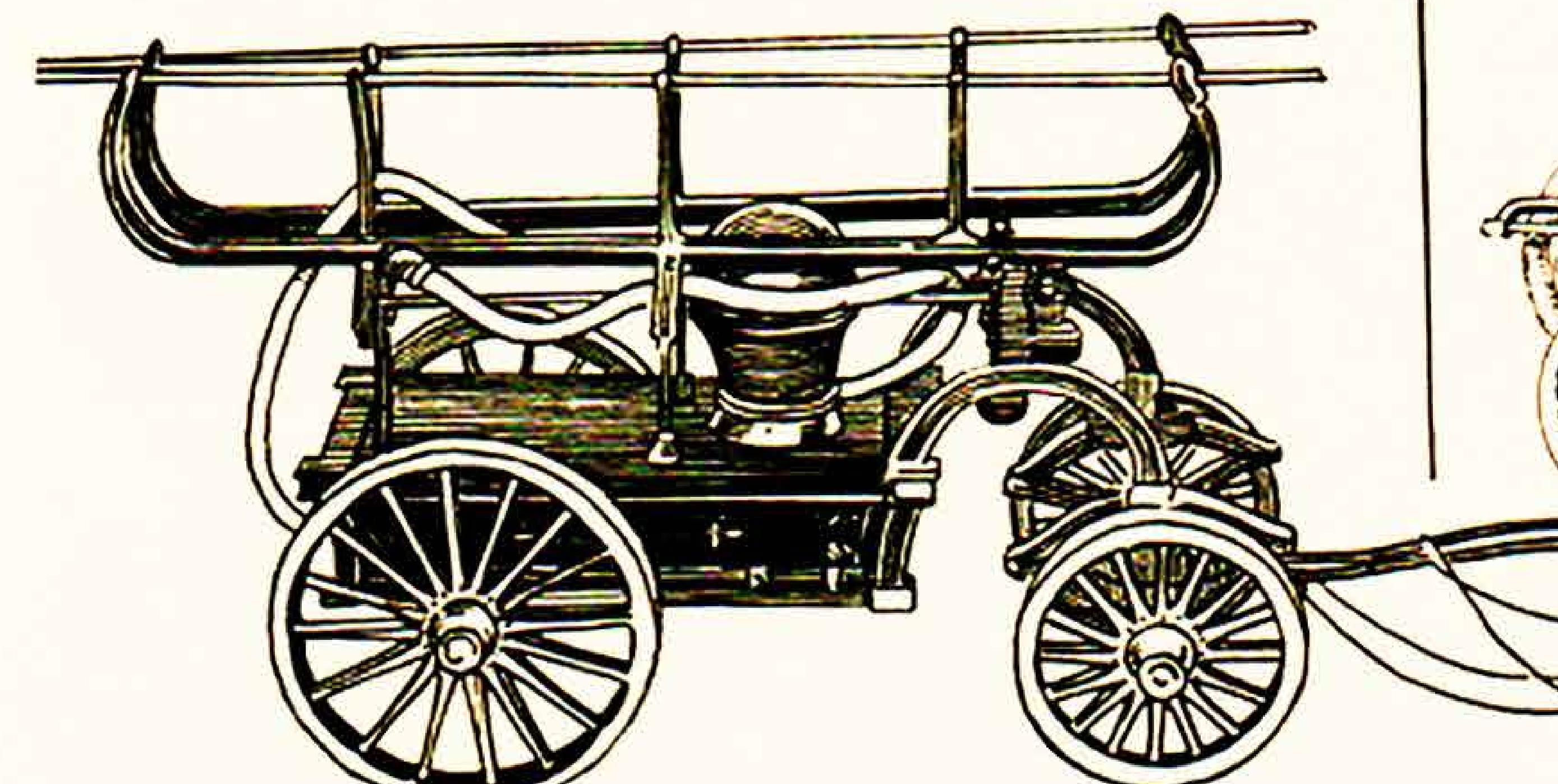
CURLEY

A circus show has come to town today
I'd like to go and see it
For my birthday if I may
They march along the street and entertain
They just pulled into the station
With a tent for shine or rain

BIRD

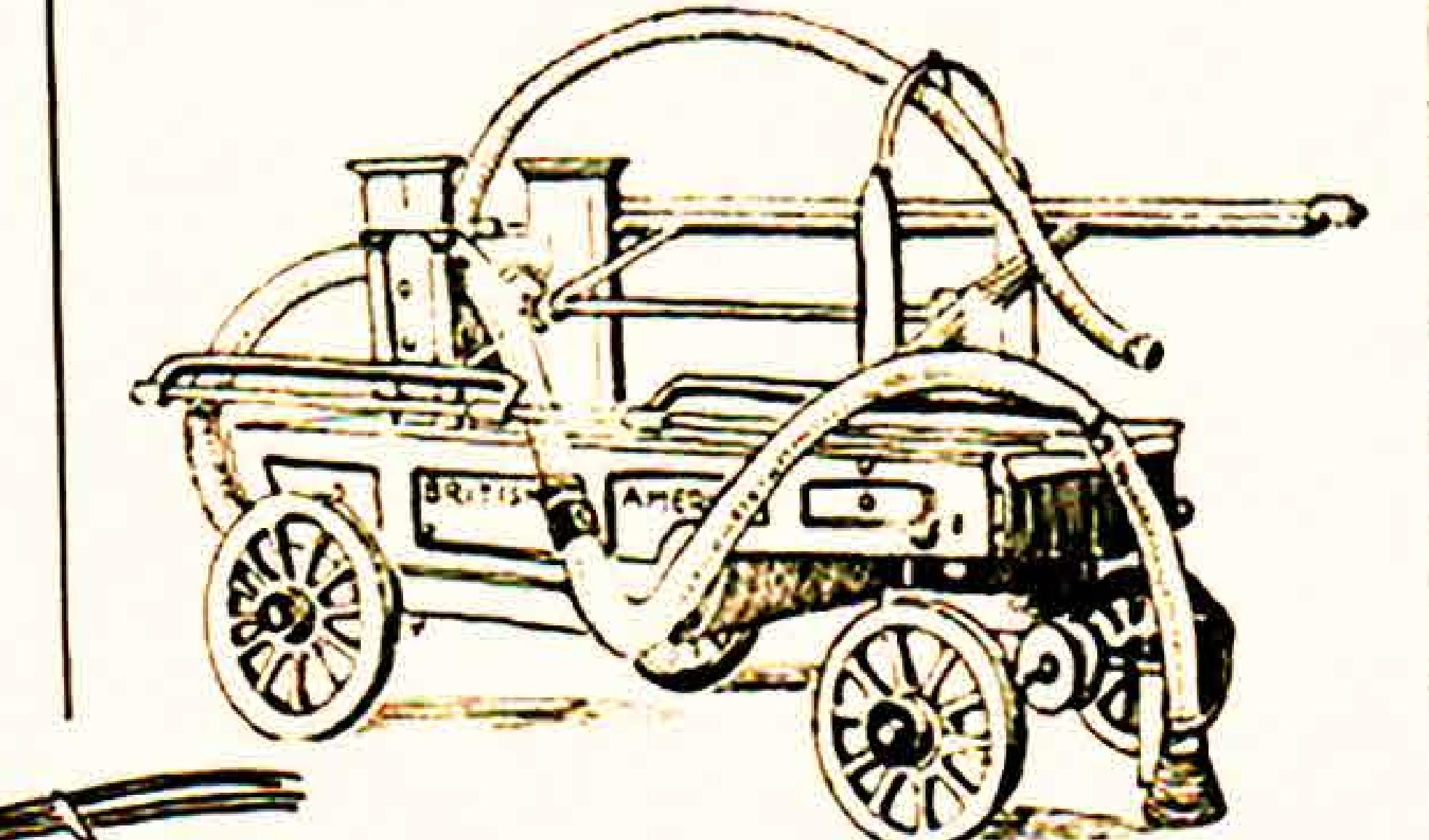
Boy, where ya been
We've a march to begin
Here's your hat
Hold the flag, step in line
Know if you go to that damn clowning show on the 12th
You'll be no man of mine
Pick up your head, we'll go marching instead
On the 12th we leave no one behind

FIRE ENGINES

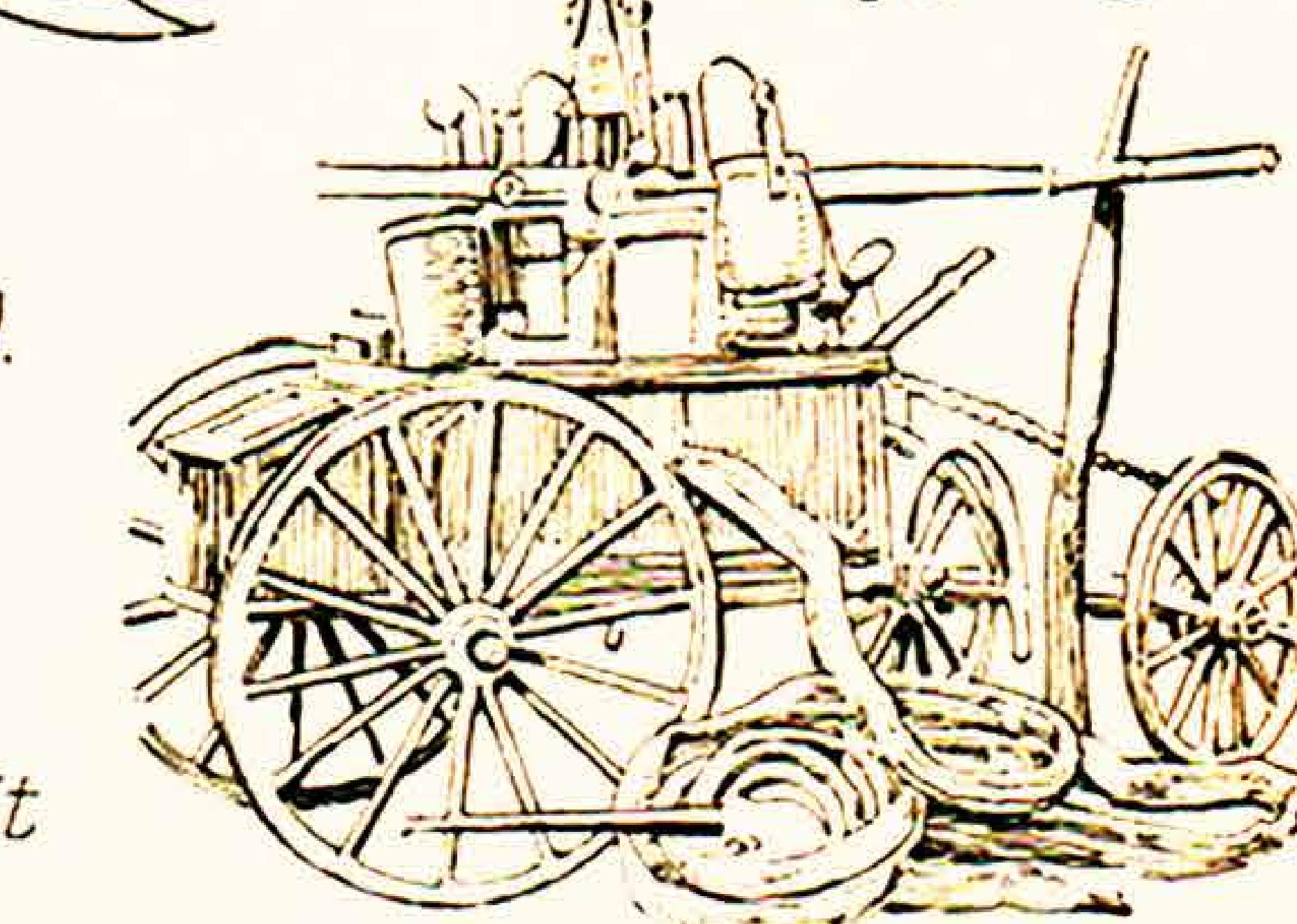


First Engine in Toronto, the "York",
1826, when Volunteer Department formed.
Manned by 8 men on each side.

*Engine presented to Toronto, 1837,
by British America Assurance Co.*



1840-50



Fore and Aft
Type
1852

THE ORANGE MARCH

ORANGEMEN

Here we stand brother to brother
Marching to the drum of a city's heartbeat
Fearless, peerless, we're coming to save the day
Kicking some Catholic ass on the way
Oh hooray! for the Glorious Orangemen
We took God's word and we made it better
Timeless, rhymeless, leading Toronto the best!
Orange is the word! Sucks to the rest!

BIRD

Thank you all for being here
It really means a lot
You show up every year
And watch us give it all we've got
Forgive us while we slip away
We're really all quite beat
If you need us you know where we'll be
Ms. Armstrong's down the street!

*Hurry home now, boy
Stay far away from that crowd
These are begging broke vagrants
They cheat you, they're freaks, and too loud
Start growing up now, boy
And prove what you're meant to be
You think my life is dull, but my pockets are full
Play it right, and end up like me!*



PEANUT PARADE




CLOWNS

Peanut parade is coming to town
Everybody knows it's the best show around
Peanut parade we open today
With a spectacle of great display
We got the Lady on the Flying Trapeze
World Class Clowns that are sure to please
Creatures and animals big and small
Lions and tigers and penguins and elephants
We got 'em all!

For twenty five cents you can see it all
Step right up and have a ball!

CURLEY

For twenty five cents you can see it all
Step right up and have a ball!



STEP RIGHT UP

MYERS

Ladies and gentlemen! Girls and boys!
Something for everyone! Trinkets and toys!
Everyone's a winner! Every brave joe blo!
In the colourful magical mystery show!
Step right up!

CURLEY

It's a feast for all the senses every way I turn
So much to see and hear now
So much to watch and learn
With peanuts and popcorn
Harlequin and buffoon
A technicolour explosion
I'm over the moon

CLOWNS

(Step right up)
To see a spectacle of wonder
(Step right up)
To see it right before your eyes
(Step right up)
Bright as lightning, loud as thunder
(Step right up)

Spin the wheel!

Courtesy of S.B. Howes!
Madame Zeller the Fortune Teller
will see you now!

ROSE

You unlucky boy
Your past is full of pain
I see your father alone engulfed in flame
His brothers in Orange
Standing safely away from the blame
Now I can tell you boy
The future you've got in store
You've marked your last Twelfth, lucky boy,
Half a cent to hear more!

CURLEY

If you could really see my past
You'd know the ticket taker took my last
So how can I believe you?
How come I believe you?

CLOWNS

(Step right up)

CURLEY

How'd she know to much I wonder?
Could she see it in my eyes?
What's the lie I'm living under?

ROSE & MYERS

What we're about to do
Is not some hokey act
We spent a year in preparation
Just to bring this one trick back
What we're about to attempt
Should not be tried at home
We spent a year in meditation
With a medicine man from Rome
What you're about to see
The vanishing hat reappear!
Perfectly safe but we can't do it alone
We're gonna need a volunteer...

CURLEY

Something feels so right
Under this tent tonight
I've heard this voice
I've made this choice already

CLOWNS

(Step right up)

MYERS

And volunteer at the circus
Think you got what it takes?
A new career in the circus

CLOWNS

We go from Baltimore to Boston
Syracuse to St Lou
From Condord o'er to Cleveland
Philadelphia too
But we've never seen a town like this
No we've never seen a town like this
(what's the name again?)
Never seen a town, never a town like this
Thank you Toronto! And to our volunteer!
Thank you Toronto! We think we'd like to stay here!
Step right up!

ROSE

*How can you perform when you can barely stand
Or is that now part of your act?
You're drinking's made you lose your touch
with sleight of hand
How do you expect me to react?*

MYERS

*How am I to focus when you're at my throat
Do you believe I really care what you think?*

CURLEY

*Hello Mr. Clown Man
I wondered if you had some room
for one more in the game
I want to be part of the grand circus art
I'd sell peanuts and work for the same*



HOW TO SELL A PEANUT

MYERS

So you want to enlist
You don't start at the top
Peanut pushin's a coveted position
You'd get handed a mop
Our circus ain't no place for tres ordinaire
But thanks for comin' out
We require an appointment
Booked years in advance
Et curriculum vitae
Favour given to those who dance
We screen all our employees meticulously
But thanks for comin' out
When I was a boy like you, the age of five

CURLEY

I'm eleven!

MYERS

I sold my first peanut, never felt so alive
I said no lie these peanuts let you travel through time
The sign said two for a penny but she gave me dime
When I was in the desert, Colorado I think
I met a man who'd wandered lost and needed a drink
I sold him thirty peanuts saying "Jim here's a tip:
This salty snack's the first thing you'll want after you sip!"
So you see, I can sell a peanut to most anyone. Can you?

You know, it takes a certain kind of loser to do what we do
Visited the Vatican for to see the Queen
I told her she looked nothin' like them pictures I'd seen
That nun bought my whole stock for she had let out a curse
And all I said was Corpus Christi and she opened her purse
So you see, when you're as good as me
You can sell a peanut to most anyone
(ain't nothin holdin' me down)
You can sell a peanut to most any nun
(St. Genesius pray for me)
You can sell a peanut to most anyone

THE BOY'S GOT TALENT

CURLEY

I got nowhere to go
Somehow I just know

ROSE

You won't find any enjoyment in our
area of employment
We're not hiring so don't hold your breath...

CLOWNS

The boy's got talent
The boy's got lungs
The boy's got a future
At eleven years young

ROSE

Hang on a minute
Why the change of heart?

MYERS

He'd be so lucky to say he got his start
To learn the ropes,
to train with you and me
Besides, you heard him
The boy will work for free!
A fresh face and a mouldable mind
Strong hands, no home to leave behind
We need an act like a water escape
This boy and his lungs
Could be our big break!

ROSE

I remember when you started out
Didn't have a pot to piss in
No bed, no food, no talent
And I gave you a chance, so listen

You and I had a dream
We could do anything
Break the cycle, our dream
Is that the dream we're livin?

This boy won't make that dream come true
Won't make you love the job you do
Groom him for this and he'll be just like you
Angry, Afraid and Alone

Do you remember what you told me then
When we were dumb and dreamin
No time in the showtime day
For nursin, whinin, changin, screamin


You and I were a team
We could do anything
Now it's a common theme
This drinkin brawlin leavin

This boy needs more than you can give
You think you've found a will to live
But will you live to find he's just like you?
Angry afraid and alone

MYERS
I see a clown
A born entertainer
A part-time cage-cleaner
A chimpanzee trainer
A sock darning cook
And a grub-frying valet
I see him the star of
Sword-swallowing ballet!
It's...

CURLEY
Curley!

MYERS
You're gonna look good as a clown
Get ready for some world renown
Now can you tell me where to get a drink around?



MS. ARMSTRONG'S HOUSE OF ILL FAME

MARY-ANN

My boys come see me every single night
Drink me dry and leave me at first light
Ain't no watering hole like this

FIREMEN

Ain't no better host than our Miss!

MARY-ANN

Come to the place
everyone knows your face
And thirst comes first

ORANGEMEN

There's no better place to feel alive
Nowhere else to go in Eighteen Fifty-Five
Than Ms. Armstrong's House of Ill Fame

MARY-ANN

Every one of my girls is chosen specially by hand
I'm running a business and your pleasure is my brand
Aldermen, clergymen, mayors eat free
I host city council each week in Room Three
Leave your hat at the door
See what we've got in store
It's what you're all here for...

ORANGEMEN

There's no better place to feel alive
Nowhere else to go in Eighteen Fifty-Five
Than Ms. Armstrong's House of Ill Fame



BIRD MEETS MYERS

BIRD

Good evening, gentlemen, I don't believe we've met
I usually know every man who walks through that door
Joseph Bird is the name, it's not easy to forget
Did you come for a drink or did you come for more?

MYERS

Forgive me and my boys, my name is Myers
You've likely seen it printed on our flyers

BIRD

May I ask you what your line of work is?

MYERS

Can't you see we're from the circus?

BIRD

Please take off that hat, it's what we expect
As a sign of manners and a sign of due respect

MYERS

We just got in to your new little station
Hoping for a post-show rye libation
We heard this was the place to be for our humble band
Nice to meet you, will you shake my hand?

BIRD

You think you can come in here acting like a clown
Disrespect our hospitality and mess around
You're a stranger here, you understand my point
You're stinking up what once was a classy joint
Wash off that cake, you made a big mistake
now for the Good Lord's sake
You better take off that hat if you know what's good for you
Take off that hat, you don't know what I will do!


You disrespectful boy

You disobeyed what I said

*If you're not on our wagon at sun up, you'll wish you were dead
So you're all grown up, boy?*

You wanna act like a clown?

I raise you in my home and you thank me by razing it down



ONLY A CLOWN

ROSE

You're down and you're out
Of your mind
Left behind and left to doubt
I'll try to understand

So you're wounded inside
On the street in defeat
So you catch a ride
Though it isn't as you planned

And I wonder every day
But I never say

What kind of man never clues in?
Finds pleasure in confusin'?
And bets the house on losin'
His key repeatedly?
What kind is he?

I knew you well
I thought
Maybe not
It's hard to tell
Maybe you're a mystery

Maybe I'd get a glance
In your head if you said
I stood a chance
But you're still so far from me

But I read you endlessly
And I want you to see

But you just keep me guessin'
I thought I learned my lesson
To stop myself obsessin'
Over you
'Cause all you do

Is you keep me at the wayside
Even after all the ways I'd
Surprise myself and stay tied
Up to you
Guess I am too
Only a clown



FRIDAY THE 13TH

ROSE

*Myers, you fool
You've really done it
There's a price on our head
Every Orangeman wants you dead
You've got to go
If you're seen in our show this afternoon
You'll be murdered where you stand
Or worse, be panned*

CITIZENS

I can't sleep
And I can't eat
On account of this city heat
I'd set fire to this whole town
So the ol' Hook and Ladder would come and
Hose me down

Nothing good ever comes on this day
Friday the thirteenth
Dogs run for shade
And the neighbours move away

TGIF does not apply
We thank God if we can make it by

This past April we had it again
Fox got in my coop
And ate nine hen
October last, my Tommy got put in jail
Had a hole in the roof
Couldn't post his bail and he's still there

When it's this hot this city's out of whack
People jump in the lake
And sometimes they don't come back
TGIF does not apply
We thank God if we can make it by

BIRD

You bet this joker's gonna pay his dues
Just wait til he sees this morning's news
These damn Yankees think they can cheat this town
I'm hell-belt their tent city's comin' down

CURLEY

This feels like living in some bad dream
My daddy's story ain't what it seemed
Now I've crossed the line and I played a fool
Who knew eleven could be so cruel

CITIZENS

Nothing good ever comes on this day
Friday the thirteenth
Dogs run for shade
And the neighbours move away

TGIF does not apply
We thank God if we can make it by
TGIF is something we ain't seen
We thank God if we can see fourteen


*Did you hear about what happened last night?
Did you hear about the fight?*

Last night

*An affray in a house of ill fame
Clowns belonging to Howe's Menagerie
Mr Myers refused to remove his hat
And was politely asked to leave
At which point his Clownship
Began to lash out
Swinging wildly with force
And intent to cause harm
Then the clown and his cronies
Threw tumblers about
And rushed out shouting "scram!"
Running into the night*

ROSE

*So Myers needs a place to hide
And Brampton should be nice this time of year*



SOMETHING WRONG

BIRD & MYERS

I'm a fool
Everybody says it's true
I never thought I'd get to where I am
What did I do?
I was given a part
That was doomed from a start
And I'm just playing along
But I'm doing something wrong

Did I dream
That I was underwater
Then I saw a child
Someone's son, or someone's daughter
He stayed right by my side
'Til he got taken by the tide
And I tried my best to swim
But I soon lost sight of him

Dare I run
Escape a fate that I can see
Deny a uniform that suits me well
A tailored destiny
If I do, my father's son
Would be forfeit, undone
I've been playing for too long
But still I'm doing something wrong

So I'll go
I must end what I began
What enemy is greater than myself?
I must face him man to man
And with my God as my guide
I'll be tested and tried
It's trivial and trite
But I'm doing something right



BURN THE BIG TOP

BIRD

Come on men, we've got to take action
Let that fire station bell sound
Our boy was taken this morning
Kidnapped by that dirty clown

FIREMEN

He's the one from Ms. Armstrong's last night
Making headlines in the paper today

BIRD

I'm going down to the bigtop
You bet this Myers will pay!

Get your children inside and let the Orangemen unite
This is no laughing matter, they have asked for a fight!
Them versus all of Toronto!
They'll be sorry they came!
They brought this on themselves!
Now, we'll play their little game

March with me!
Come, my friends!
To the tent!
Where this ends!

CITIZENS

This big top must come down!
Death to all circus clowns!


BIRD

Come on men, we've got to take action
Let that fire station bell ring!
Gather up your bats and your axes
As many as you can bring

There's not use now being quiet
No forgiveness for the deed that was done!
I think it's time for a riot
I think we might have some fun

CITIZENS

Burn the big top, burn the big top down!
Burn the big top, burn the big top down!
Burn the big top, burn the big top down!
Burn the big top, burn the big top down!



THE SHOW MUST GO ON

CURLEY

Meanwhile, back at the Big Top
Things aren't shaping up to hot for show number one
With Myers, the main act, in exile
The Rubes start to shuffle on in
For the show must go on
The show must go on

Hear that? That's the half-call
Every single act has been promoted up the line
Me and my water escape act
The finale, where I hold my breath

CLOWNS


For the show must go on
The show must go on

CURLEY

First up, Harry's trampoline
A triple backflip, a lethal feat
Kids, don't try this at home
Rose led the horses into formation
And the band improvised something new

CLOWNS

For the show must go on!
The show must go on!



THE RIOT

BIRD

Where is your fearless leader?
Where is Myers?
How can the show go on
When you've got nothing to show?

CLOWNS

Hey Rube! Hey Rube!

BIRD

You beasts and freaks
Animals

You're weak
You wreak!

Your wagons, your tent

You devils

You're spent
Repent!

Pickpockets

Taigs

Ratbags

Cleggs

Beg!

The tent

CITIZENS

Into the lake

BIRD

The wagons

CITIZENS

Into the lake

BIRD

The beasts

CITIZENS

Into the lake

CURLEY

You've been telling me lies
You'll never recognize
That I won't any enjoyment
In your area of employment
So give it up, I've found my destiny

BIRD

Hurry home now, boy
Don't mess around with this lot
If you're looking to find
A new family here, you will not
So come on home, my boy

ROSE

The boy's got talent
The boy's got lungs!
The boy's got a future
At eleven years young

CURLEY

You've been telling me lies
You'll never recognize
That I won't any enjoyment
In your area of employment
So let me go, I've found my destiny

ROSE

The boy's got talent
The boy's got lungs!
The boy's got a future
At eleven years young

BIRD & ROSE

The boy's got talent
The boy's got lungs!
The boy's got a future
At eleven years young!

MYERS

You think you can march in here
And run us out of town
Does it take a thousand of your friends
To take on thirteen clowns?
If you want a fight, that's how it's gonna be
If you want the boy
You'll have to get through me
Come on and ring my bell
You're gonna be so busy in hell!
I'll take care of this one
Into the lake
Go now, run!

BIRD


I've raised you like my own son
Escape to the lake
Go now, run!

ROSE

Curley, go, and I'll keep them
Escape to the lake
Go no, swim!

CLOWNS

Into the lake!
Into the lake!
Into the lake!
Into the lake!



FROM BELOW

CURLEY

The view from below
Is the view from above
And I see it so clear
All I was afraid of

From the view up above
I see what you can't see
And it all looks so small
You're a child just like me


You fight and pick a side
And say you tried
But is it just or just a game?
That's all I see

The view from below
It's so dark but so plain
All you've been fighting for
Would you fight for again?

And I can't believe my eyes
Am I closer now
To that kind of freedom
I wished for my whole life?
Or have I got it all wrong?
Was I in too deep?
Too far away?

For a chance at a dream
Would you give up your soul
I can't change what I see
And I've lost all control

Two far from perfect worlds collide
Where men, like boys, will fight
Amongst themselves
That's all I see
From below
From below
From below



THE END

THE MAYOR

I'm perplexed the explanation
For this din lies in a hat
I do not comprehend
how so much damage stems from that

Enemies too close to kin
For justifying cause
Not to mention a police brigade
That counters with applause

And since you woke me up
And I am moody when I'm tired
Exit clowns and firemen
Every officer hereby fired

MYERS & BIRD

I'm not sorry!
I'm not sorry!

CURLEY


Can't stop the rain
Can't hold the wind
Can't keep the tide from goin' out or comin' in
Can't feel the pain
I must be in
Can't keep from cryin' and why
Where do I begin?
Where do I begin?
Got a clown to the left of me
Thinks he's in the right
Quite a mess I made
What a sad sorry sight

MYERS & BIRD

I'm not sorry!
I'm not sorry!
I'm not sorry and I'd do it again!

ROSE

Curley
I don't know him
Eleven year old boy
That's not familiar
Nothing to do
No words
The next town awaits 'round the bend
For the show must go on



WHERE DO I BEGIN?

CURLEY

I'm the flying space ship
floating past the stars
I'm the submariner son
That's what I are
I'm the braided balance
Sun and moon combined
Fall awake
Into your lighted mind

Far away and far ahead
Light'ning day like pulling thread
I'm the circle in the ring
The magic making magic sing
I'm the greatest with the latest thing!

I'm the dancing constellations in the sky
I'm the light of light
Projecting from your eye
Like the rock formations
Sleeping o'er the isle
Follow, wake
And join me for a mile

Water lives the death of flame
Man's monuments give god a name
I'm the circle in the ring
The magic making magic sing
I'm the greatest with the latest thing

Play the game to the change it
Do it right to rearrange it
How peculiar now and strange it
Is to be here at the end
Here at the end
Now at the end
Where do I begin?

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CHRISTO GRAHAM is a composer, actor, and graphic designer from Bishop's Mills, Ontario. He has performed across Canada as an actor and musician, recorded eight self-produced albums, as well as designed posters for over fifty theatrical productions. He composed, produced and performed the music and voice for Margaret Atwood's *Angel Catbird*, and earned a META nomination for his performance as Jerry Lee Lewis in *Million Dollar Quartet* at the Segal Centre. His latest albums, *Turnin'* and *Graham's General Store* are available on We Are Busy Bodies' label.

He lives in Lansdowne, Ontario with his wife Kelly and their son Reaney.



TYRONE SAVAGE is an actor, director and writer based in Stratford, Ontario. He co-created and directed the Award-Winning musical *Chasse-Galerie* for Storefront Theatre and Soulpepper. Other directing credits include *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf*, *The Zoo Story*, and *The Taming of the Shrew*. As an actor, Tyrone has spent eight seasons at the Stratford Festival and worked at theatres across the country.

He's a avid dog lover, gardener, baker and traveller.



GINAR OGBIT is an artist and animator based in Ottawa, Ontario. She is a graduate of Algonquin College's Animation program and now works as a 2D animator at Mercury Filmworks. Her love of art is borne out of its ability to communicate the profound, and she aims to help others bring their vision to life.

Outside of animating, she feeds her love of storytelling by reading copious amounts of books, taking photographs, and listening to movie soundtracks that inspire all sorts of stories in her imagination.