

HUMANS ARE 60% WATER.

SEE WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THEY BECOME 100% WATER!



**WATER
ROCKS!**
THE MUSICAL

SCRIPT

DRAFT

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WATER ROCKS! THE MUSICAL

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CHARACTERS

The four characters are emotional, believable, very human students with contrasting personalities. They're in the same class, but none of them know each other well.

All genders are welcome. Personalities can be shaped further by the people cast in the roles. The actors' own names can be used for the characters, or they can use the names provided.

MICK: *Curious, cheerful, imaginative, quirky. Smart but doesn't sound it. (Broadway/Rap sound)*

FEN: *Skeptical, sarcastic, somewhat jaded; wants things to make sense. Smart and gets easily bored with class. (Jazz/Pop/Rap)*

SKY: *Emotive, passionate, idealistic. Wants to be a hero and make a difference; has no idea how. (Broadway/Rap)*

JESS: *Pragmatic, hardworking, nurturing. Striving to stay a star student. (Ballad/Pop)*

Whenever possible, add:

CHORUS: *A student choir of backup singers and dancers, joining in at key moments.*

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TIME: Now

PLACE: Here

OPENING DRIP

A classroom. Four STUDENTS are being bored crazy by a lesson in hydrologic science.

The STUDENTS are in seats represented by boxes. They're scattered across the stage, facing the audience. All are in contemporary street clothes, matching their personalities. (We'll find out later that each STUDENT has a blue t-shirt hidden underneath the outer layer.)

Of the STUDENTS, FEN is bored, mindlessly scrolling a phone; SKY is making a valiant effort to stay awake, getting progressively tenser in doing so; JESS is overwhelmed; and MICK is nodding happily and taking brainy notes. Or are they doodles?

The lesson is droned by an unseen TEACHER (on tape), barely audible. We also hear a leaky faucet dripping: water as pedestrian, unwanted, boring, a slow torture. Drip...drip...drip...

At timed breaks in the soundscape, everything freezes and we hear snatches of the STUDENTS' inner monologues. If tech permits, these can be taped voiceovers; the STUDENT who is thinking is not frozen, and continues reacting, shifting, etc.

*For the tech operator, this recorded "opening number" is **Cue 1**.*

TEACHER: *(semi-audible v.o.)* ...which is why it is also called the hydrologic cycle. Average precipitation onto landmasses accounts for 1.2 percent of...

SKY: A whole world out there to experience and learn from, and where am I? I'm stuck here. In class!

Drip...drip...drip...

TEACHER: ...whereas landmass evapotranspiration accounts for only .84 percent. However...

FEN: This is the third time this has been covered. We get it. Teach us something we don't know. (*beat*) Or at least something useful.

Drip...drip...drip...

TEACHER: ...is involved in interbasin circulation. Component parts of the cycle, including...

JESS: Why is this going so fast? Will all this be on the test tomorrow? I can't believe there's a test tomorrow!

Drip...drip...drip...

TEACHER: ...an exchange notably occurring in the hyporheic zone. Note also that hydric soils indicate...

MICK: (*cheerfully*) I wonder if there's a test tomorrow?

Finally, mercifully, the bell rings. Sounds of unseen other students getting out of chairs, murmuring, exiting...Simultaneously with the unseen other students, the four visible STUDENTS get up to go. As SKY picks up a science textbook, a scrap of unusual-looking paper flutters to the floor.

SKY: (*looks around and says to no one specifically*)

Hey, someone dropped a paper.

FEN: (*annoyed; only answering because nearest to SKY*)

Who cares?

SKY: (*picking it up*) This paper. Is it yours?

FEN: Nope.

SKY: (*looks around; to JESS*) Yours?

JESS: Did I drop a note? (*frantically counts notes at high speed, 1 to 15*) Nope, not mine.

SKY: Okay... (*to MICK*) How about yours?

MICK: What? (*seeing paper*) Ohh! (*rushing to it and taking it*)

Neat, thanks!

SKY: (*surprised Mick grabbed it*) Oh, ok. So, it's yours?

MICK: (*brightly*) No! (*beat*) But you never know...it could lead to a treasure or something!

The off-the-wall-ness of this makes the OTHERS pause on their way out, and look back at MICK, who is inspecting the scrap of paper.

JESS: (moving toward Mick) Wait, it's a treasure map?

MICK: Dunno. It just says "Go with the flow." And then there's two notes.

Softly beneath, we hear a magical underscore begin: Cue 2.

FEN: Notes on a note? Big deal.

MICK: No, no, musical notes—it could be... (*looks closely, sight-singing the "mi, so" we will hear much later in the Finale:*)
OH, OH...

Another magical sound, layered on top of the first: Cue 3. Dropping the scrap of paper, MICK's arms start moving slowly like a wave. As if a sudden transformation had begun, MICK's eyes get wide.

SKY: Are...you ok?

JESS: Are you having seizures? We should call somebody.

MICK: No, I'm fine. Just a little...what was that word?...hyporheic! (*slightly mispronounces it, "hype-a-REE-ick"*)

Another magical sound, Cue 4. MICK's legs move along with the arms as MICK "shifts" physicality.

JESS: We should definitely call somebody.

FEN: Yeah. Call somebody crazy. You mean hyporheic? (*pronounces it correctly, "hype-a-REE-ick"*) "Saturated with water?"

SKY: (*starting to panic, paces a bit; wants to take charge, but has no idea what to do in an emergency. Speaks to FEN*) You aren't being helpful. (*to MICK*) What does it feel like?

MICK: Like...flowing. All wobbly and transparent and cool.

JESS: (*concerned*) Wobbly—like a seizure? Are you going to throw up?

MICK: What? No! Not sick-wobbly. Not a seizure. More like... (*lightbulb*) water!

Body movements slowly return to “normal” as Mick begins to adjust to the newness. Another magical sound, Cue 5.

MICK: (*giddily*) Holy heck, I am water! I’m not a human anymore, I’m a flipping water person! (*does a little water dance, taking off an outer layer to reveal a blue t-shirt*) I’m completely made of water! (*finishes with a swirl*)

JESS: (*reaches hand as if to touch MICK’s body*) That’s impossible. The human body is like 60% water.

MICK: (*with joy, another water movement or twirl*) Not this one! This body is 100% water!

FEN: (*staring in disgusted fascination*) It’s like a train wreck, I can’t look away. You thirsty or something?

MICK: No, no, I’m not trying to get attention. I’m just bubbling over with excitement!

And next thing we know, the magical sounds cut out and a rap beat begins: Cue 6.

THE POWER OF WATER

MICK:

I'VE BEEN HERE FOR A MEGAANNUM, THAT'S A LONG TIME,
BEFORE THE DINOSAURS, AND AS THE STARS SHINE.
YOU NEED ME EVERY HOUR, EVERY MINUTE, IT'S TRUE.
IT'S TIME TO TELL THE WORLD ALL THE THINGS I CAN DO.

I'M WATER! WATER! A POWER YOU FEEL!
PUTTING WATER IN YOUR BODY HAS THE POWER TO HEAL.
HURRICANES, THUNDERSTORMS, MASSIVE MONSOONS,
FLASH FLOODS, GIANT SWELLS, YEAH, AND RAPID TYPHOONS.

I'M WATER! WATER! THE POWER ITSELF!
DON'T DISRESPECT OR YOU'LL END UP ON THE SHELF.
WATER HAS THE POWER TO CHANGE INTO ICE...
IT ALSO HAS THE POWER TO CHANGE YOUR LIFE.

The beat continues and fades out under dialogue...

JESS: You...really believe you're water, don't you?

MICK: I am water. Try it! Sing those two notes!

FEN: Ok, joke's gone far enough. We get it, you're hyped up about
the test tomorrow.

SKY: Hey, maybe it's for real. (*deep breath for confidence*) I'm
trying it. It beats just sitting here. (*picks up the paper*)
OH, OH...

*And another, different transformation begins, based on SKY's
body—maybe it starts with legs and moves to arms! Magic sound
effect: Cue 7.*

SKY: Oh...oh! (*having trouble with arms and legs, could be funny
bit*)

MICK: See? Told you so! Don't fight it. Go with the flow like it
said.

SKY gets it under control, revealing blue t-shirt. The beat begins again: Cue 8.

MICK: What do you feel?

SKY:

THUNDER CRASHES 'ROUND, RAIN POURS DOWN ON ALL THE LAND.

MICK:

YOU KNOW I HAVE MORE POWER THAN YOU'LL EVER
UNDERSTAND.

SKY:

SPINNING WATER MILLS AND RUNNING INTO RIVER DAMS,

MICK:

GIVING COUNTRIES DIFFERENT ECONOMIC DIVIDENDS.

SKY:

I'M WATER, WATER, ALIVE AND WELL!

MICK:

HERE I COME, HERE I GO, INSIDE EVERY LIVING CELL.

SKY:

I MOVE AROUND THE PLANET, GROWING FOOD, FILLING SEAS

MICK:

AND 'TIL THE DAY YOU DIE YOU SPEND YOUR TIME CHASING ME.

SKY/MICK:

I'M WATER! WATER! THE POWER ITSELF!

DON'T DISRESPECT OR YOU'LL END UP ON THE SHELF.

WATER HAS THE POWER TO CHANGE INTO ICE—

IT ALSO HAS THE POWER TO CHANGE YOUR LIFE.

Beat fades out under dialogue as before...

FEN: I'm out of here.

JESS: No, what if they're telling the truth? What if this is some kind of, I don't know, magic?

FEN: *(with a dramatic/annoyed eye roll)*

Rrrrrrrrrriiiiiiiiiighhhhhhhhhht!

JESS: Ha ha. But now I need to find out. Trying things is science. It's the ultimate experiment! *(picking up paper)*

OH, OH...

A third transformation. Each character takes to being water in unique ways; perhaps JESS intones the rapped lines on pitch rather than speaking them, and uses whole body movements. T-shirt reveal as before. Water effect goes right into the beat: Cue 9.

JESS:

I'M WATER, MAKING MOVES EVERYWHERE THAT YOU GO

MICK:

FROM MIAMI TO L.A., YEAH, AND UP TO JUNEAU.

JESS:

SOME OF ME IS FROZEN UP IN A GLACIER,

MICK:

AS THE CUBES KEEP MELTING IT'S CREATING NEW DANGER.

JESS:

WHEN COASTS WASH AWAY IT'S CREATING NEW NEIGHBORS,

MICK:

WHEN WATER ISN'T SHARED IS WHEN HATE CREATES ANGER.

JESS:

POURING, EXPLORING, A FORCE YOU CAN'T STOP

MICK:

AND I'M NOT THROWING AWAY ONE...DROP!

JESS/MICK/SKY:

I'M WATER! WATER! THE POWER ITSELF!

DON'T DISRESPECT OR YOU'LL END UP ON THE SHELF.

WATER HAS THE POWER TO CHANGE INTO ICE—

IT ALSO HAS THE POWER TO CHANGE YOUR LIFE.

Beat fades out as before under dialogue...

FEN: *(with distrust)* You all planned this, right? Is this for TikTok?

SKY: *(responds with an easy-going tone)* Hey, I don't understand it. It's just what's happening.

MICK: *(ignoring Fen's tension)* Come on in, the water's fine!

JESS: *(with a gentle smile)* Might help on the test tomorrow.

FEN: *(exaggeratedly)* Gahhh! You all look so foolish! Watch, I'll sing these nonsense notes from this random piece of paper.

Then you'll see, it will not turn me into a liquid that raps! *(with a deep breath, picking up the paper)*

OH, OH...

T-shirt reveal. As great as FEN's resistance is how bold the transformation—if actor can do some kind of spectacular move like a flip, it would be cool here—and FEN launches with much astonishment into rap. T-shirt reveal, sound effect and beat: Cue 10.

FEN: Oh...

I'M WATER, THE FUNDAMENTAL, ELEMENTAL FORCE.

MICK:

DON'T BE A DRIP, LET ME RUN MY WATERCOURSE.

FEN:

I'M WATER, WATER, NO NEED TO BE NERVOUS,

MICK:

I'M THE CONTENT PROVIDER, THE REAL STREAMING SERVICE.

SKY/FEN:

I'M WATER! WATER! A POWER YOU FEEL!

MICK/JESS:

PUTTING WATER IN YOUR BODY HAS THE POWER TO HEAL.

FEN:

HURRICANES, THUNDERSTORMS,

JESS:

MASSIVE MONSOONS,

SKY:

FLASH FLOODS, GIANT SWELLS,

MICK:

YEAH, AND RAPID TYPHOONS!

ALL:

I'M WATER! WATER! THE POWER ITSELF!

DON'T DISRESPECT OR YOU'LL END UP ON THE SHELF.

WATER HAS THE POWER TO CHANGE INTO ICE—

IT ALSO HAS THE POWER TO CHANGE YOUR LIFE.

SKY: (*excited*) That was crazy!

JESS: (*coming down from the high a bit*) Ok, I don't mean to be a wet blanket, but what happens now that we're water blobs? I can't take the test tomorrow if I'm some kind of moist ghost.

FEN: (*cynicism returning*) Please don't say "moist ghost" ever again.

SKY: Test? You're worried about the test? We're water now. (*lightbulb moment*) We could go traveling! Escape the classroom, see the world!

MICK: Yeah, like a water vacay!!! So, I've got just one question. (*beat*) How did we become water?

FEN: (*double-take*) What? The two notes...the rapping? (*sigh of frustration*)

MICK: (*cutting Fen off*) Ya. Ya. Ya. Not that. How does water become water? You know, that stuff with the atoms!

JESS: Oh sure! Hydrogen and oxygen. Basic chemistry. (*reaches into one of the boxes, tosses two Hydrogen balls to Sky and Mick and an Oxygen ball to Fen*)

Music begins: Cue 11.

WILL U B THE H 2 MY O?

FEN: (*can't tell where this is going, but doesn't like it*) Chemistry?

JESS: Yeah. Chemistry.

PASSED YOU BY IN THE HALL,
YOU WERE LOOKIN' SO FINE,
THESE CRAZY FEELINGS INSIDE,
WANNA MAKE YOU MINE.

GOT THE COURAGE TO ASK,
"CAN I GET YOUR NUMBER?"

"OXIDATION PLUS ONE,"

YOU SAID WITH A SMILE.

SO ATTRACTED, IT'S TRUE,

NO ONE ELSE WILL DO,

SO I SAY TO YOU...

"WILL YOU BE THE H TO MY OH OH OH?

WE CAN MAKE IT RAIN OR MAKE IT SNOW.

YOU AND ME, BABY, IT'S MEANT TO BE,

SHARING ELECTRONS COVALENTLY.

H₂O,

HEY, HERE WE GO,

BABY, WE'VE GOT CHEMISTRY!"

SEPARATE ATOMS NO MORE,

WE'RE A MOLECULE,

THERMODYNAMICS AT WORK,

WE'RE PRODUCING JOULES...

JESS continues as THE OTHER THREE add backup vocals for the final chorus...

"WILL YOU BE THE H TO MY OH OH OH?

WE CAN MAKE IT RAIN OR MAKE IT SNOW.

YOU AND ME, BABY, IT'S MEANT TO BE,

SHARING ELECTRONS COVALENTLY.

H₂O,

HEY, HERE WE GO,

BABY, WE'VE GOT CHEMISTRY!

ALL:

BABY, WE'VE GOT CHEMISTRY!

MICK: (*applauds the song*) Neat! Now we can travel anywhere!

(*beat*) I think. Can't water, like, shapeshift and move around all over the place? It's everywhere, isn't it?

JESS: (*like a teacher*) You're right! You just described the water cycle...(*pauses trying to be kind*) well, sort of. We've been studying this for the test...Remember what happens to water? (*Awkward silence. Firmer voice*) Oh come on people! Water constantly moves around the world by cycling between the air, the ground, and the ocean. Since we are water, we could evaporate! That's one way to travel. We can form clouds and drift away!

MICK: Amazing! (*beat, curious*) So how exactly do we evaporate?

SKY: (*trying to impress*) Hey, I think I know. We'll need to turn into vapor. Let's breathe in the energy around us, lighten up, and see if we become steam!

The STUDENTS take deep breaths, trying to become vapor. (FEN won't do it until MICK elbows FEN who reluctantly starts.) A vaporwave instrumental starts: Cue 12.

HEAD IN THE CLOUDS

STUDENTS move boxes with clouds painted on one side and slowly stand on them. Maybe they even put on a cloud-like article of clothing around their waists or heads.

SKY: (*amazed it worked, hopping onto a box*) Hey, look at that! It's working! Going up!

JESS: (*looking down, nervous, climbing onto the second box*) There goes our classroom.

The vaporwave backing coalesces into an up-tempo pop/punk sound as the STUDENTS look around.

MICK: (*jumping onto the third box*) So cool! I've always wanted to be a cloud.

FEN: (*eye roll, sitting on the fourth box*) Yeah, 'cause that makes sense.

MICK:

I'VE GOT MY HEAD IN THE CLOUDS

AS I'M LIVIN' OUT LOUD!

CLOUDS ON THE HORIZON IN THE HERE AND NOW.

SOMETIMES THEY'RE FLUFFY AND WHITE,

SOMETIMES THEY'RE DARK AS THE NIGHT!

MY OH MY, THOSE ARE MIGHTY FINE CLOUDS.

ALL:

MY OH MY, THOSE ARE MIGHTY FINE CLOUDS!

MICK:

TAKE WATER VAPOR, MIX IT WITH COOL AIR UP HIGH;

WITH SOME SATURATION, RAIN FALLS FROM THE SKY.

GAZING AT THE SKY AS I'M THINKING OUT LOUD,

MY OH MY, THOSE ARE MIGHTY FINE CLOUDS!

I'VE GOT MY HEAD IN THE CLOUDS

AS I'M LIVIN' OUT LOUD!

CLOUDS ON THE HORIZON IN THE HERE AND NOW.

SOMETIMES THEY'RE FLUFFY AND WHITE,
SOMETIMES THEY'RE DARK AS THE NIGHT!
MY OH MY, THOSE ARE MIGHTY FINE CLOUDS.

The OTHERS motion Fen to stand on the box and join the final chorus. FEN eventually, reluctantly, does.

ALL:

MY OH MY, THOSE ARE MIGHTY FINE CLOUDS!

MICK:

MY OH MY, WE ARE MIGHTY FINE CLOUDS.

ALL:

MY OH MY, WE ARE MIGHTY FINE CLOUDS!

*A pre-storm wind blows, and thunder rumbles in the far distance:
Cue 13.*

FEN: *(talking to self loudly so others hear)* Since there's no logical explanation for this, I'm gonna assume I fell asleep in class and I'm dreaming. Dreaming science. With these nerds. What a nightmare! *(screams and jumps off box)*

SKY: *(frustrated, jumps off box)* Oh cool it.

MICK: *(brightly)* Yeah, lighten up! *(more serious)* Literally...you are getting so heavy. *(slowly steps down from box, tosses cloud hat offstage, encourages Jess down from box)*

FEN: We all are...that's what happens in clouds. This is Water Cycle 101.

SKY: Look who's the nerd now...

JESS: *(to Sky)* Stop that. *(looks to Fen)* You're right! The higher we float, the colder we get. We're becoming ice crystals—oh no, we're being drawn together.

They are pulled to each other, backs connecting, arms interlocking. They circle so that the person speaking is facing the audience.

SKY: Hey yeah! We're in an epic battle. Can you feel the masses of warm and cold air meeting? We are going to be a thunderstorm!

MICK: We're going to rain on someone's parade!

FEN: Oh, great. Basic gravity...what goes up must come doooooowwwwwwnnnnn!

The students, disconnecting from each other as they become liquid form, suddenly begin a plummeting freefall represented in physical comedy: Cue 14. They finally land with a resounding SPLASH.

MICK: Wow! I'd never been skydiving before!

FEN: (*somewhat to self*) This dream is like the weirdest episode of *The Magic School Bus*.

MICK: (*shows a little frustration with pessimism*) Why can't you just enjoy it? (*back to upbeat*) This so beats sitting in class! What's next?

JESS: That was like the whole water cycle...I don't know, there was nothing like this in test prep! Anybody? We gotta remember the science because we are the science and we're gonna need it!

SKY: (*still trying to impress*) Wait, I know this one! It's still just gravity. We're going to flow downhill. Water sheds downward in a...what's the word. Ah...

FEN: (*dripping with sarcasm*) A watershed.

MICK/JESS: Watershed?

SKY: Oh yeah! Give me a beat...

WATERSHED RAP

No backing track for this song; instead, the beat is drummed on the boxes by the actors, or beatboxed with a repeated “boots and cats.”

SKY:

WATER FLOWS, WATER SHEDS, AND WATER RUNS
ALL TO ONE POINT WHEN THE RAIN IS DONE.
THIS ALL TAKES PLACE IN ONE AREA OF LAND,
TO THE BOTTOM IT GOES, WHERE THE RIVER FLOWS,
OVER, ACROSS, AND THROUGH THE GROUND IT GOES.
ALWAYS TRAVELING DOWNHILL, WHEN IT FLOWS.
WHAT, YOU DIDN'T KNOW? IT'S ALL ABOUT TOPOGRAPHY,
AND THAT'S AN IMPORTANT PART OF OUR GEOGRAPHY.

MICK: *(turning a box to the stream side, as beat continues)* Look!
We're joining up with other water drops! We're trickling into a
stream! It's like a big family road trip!

FEN: Just what we needed. More water.

SKY: *(running out of patience; during this, the other three boxes
are turned to the stream sides, lining up together so they read
from small stream to large river)* Get used to it. This stream is
just going to flow into a bigger stream. And then a bigger
stream. And then a—

FEN: Yeah, yeah... Tell me something I don't know.

SKY:

IT'S TRUE, IT'S REAL, I DON'T MEAN TO BRING SURPRISES,
BUT WATERSHEDS COME IN MANY DIFFERENT SIZES.
YOU LIVE BETWEEN THE APPALACHIANS AND THE ROCKIES.*
YOUR RIVER DRAINS DOWN TO THE MISSISSIPPI.
SMALL RIVERS JOIN BIG ONES AND THEY JOIN BIGGER ONES,
BRO, ALL THE WAY TO THE GULF OF MEXICO.
BUT SOME CREEKS AND STREAMS ARE SO SMALL,

* If your production does not take place between the Appalachians and the Rockies, use the alternative version of “Watershed Rap” at the end of the script.

THEY DON'T EVEN HAVE A NAME,
BUT THAT'S HOW IT GOES IN THIS GAME.
NOW HEAR ME OUT, LISTEN UP, FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH,
OUR WATERSHED'S THE FOURTH LARGEST ON THE EARTH.
NOW THAT AIN'T TOO SHABBY, DOO DAD GUM SKIPPY,
THE NAME OF OUR WATERSHED IS THE MISSISSIPPI.
EVERY RIVER CLOSE TO YOU IS FLOWING DOWNHILL,
THE GULF OF MEXICO IS THE FINAL APPEAL.
IN CONCLUSION, A WATERSHED'S AN AREA OF LAND,
THAT DRAINS TO A COMMON WATER BODY, UNDERSTAND?
NOW SAY, "I LIVE IN A WATERSHED!" GO!

FEN/JESS/MICK/AUDIENCE:

I LIVE IN A WATERSHED!

SKY:

EVERYBODY SAY, "I LIVE IN A WATERSHED!" COME ON!

FEN/JESS/MICK/AUDIENCE:

I LIVE IN A WATERSHED!

SKY:

EVERYBODY SAY "I LIVE IN A WATERSHED!" YEAH!

FEN/JESS/MICK/AUDIENCE:

I LIVE IN A WATERSHED!

SKY:

SAY IT LOUD, "I LIVE IN A WATERSHED!" YO!

FEN/JESS/MICK/AUDIENCE:

I LIVE IN A WATERSHED!

SKY: Yeah you do!

JESS: *(starting to let go of fear)* Ok, this is fun.

SKY: I know right? It's like tubing without the tube!

MICK: Vacation delivered!

FEN: I mean, I still think it's a dream, but yeah...it is kinda cool
how we're flowing... reminds me of when I was a kid.

Music begins under dialogue as FEN gestures vaguely: Cue 15.

DREAM STREAM

FEN: Every weekend in the summer, my parents would take me camping and we'd go canoeing down different rivers and streams. *(more to self)* But not anymore. Too busy. *(to the group)* I used to think that one river connected the whole world...dumb.

MICK: No. Not dumb at all. A sort of a dream stream!

FEN: *(hearing the music, realizing this is all a cue)* What? Oh no.

For this song, SKY, FEN, and JESS have blue rhythmic gymnastics ribbons from their boxes, and MICK has pom-poms.

MICK:

WE'RE A DREAM STREAM, WHEREVER WE HEAD.
OUR PATHS ALL CONNECT WITHIN THE WATERSHED.
WE'RE A DREAM STREAM. WE EBB AND WE FLOW.
A HABITAT FOR CREATURES EVERYWHERE THAT WE GO.

WE'RE A DREAM STREAM, A DREAM STREAM!
WE'RE A DREAM STREAM, A DREAM STREAM!
OUR PATHS ALL CONNECT,
NOW IT'S TIME TO RESPECT,
WE'RE A DREAM STREAM!

Hey look, a rapid!

SKY: Let's catch a ride!

JESS: What? Nooooooooooooo!!!

Sound effects, music, and a "rapids" dance as MICK continues the song...

MICK:

WE'RE A DREAM STREAM, THE ULTIMATE GIVERS.
IMAGINE WHAT THE WORLD WOULD BE WITHOUT ITS RIVERS.
WE'RE A DREAM STREAM, WHEREVER WE BE,
TWIST AND TURN, ROUND THE BEND, FLOWING TO THE SEA.

WE'RE A DREAM STREAM, A DREAM STREAM!
WE'RE A DREAM STREAM, A DREAM STREAM!
OUR PATHS ALL CONNECT,
NOW IT'S TIME TO RESPECT,
WE'RE A DREAM STREAM!

ALL:

OUR PATHS ALL CONNECT,
NOW IT'S TIME TO RESPECT,
WE'RE A DREAM STREAM!

The STUDENTS flow slower and slower, putting Dream Stream props back into boxes, and scattering the boxes to create a wetland scene. Almost subliminally, there are soft sounds of wetland animals, like crickets and frogs: Cue 16.

SKY: Well that's one way to ride the rapids! Why have we stopped?

JESS: We haven't, we're just moving slower. Wait. Where are we?!

FEN: *(starts a little derisive, but gradually gets carried away with enthusiasm about the subject)* We're in a wetland. That's why we're moving slowly. Isn't this in your notes? The marshy soil and swamp plants are filtering out pollution we've been picking up. We could hang here for days, just gradually getting purified before we flow downstream...ugh, now you all have me believing this is real.

JESS: What's not to like? It's peaceful here. Don't you remember what happens?

FEN: What happens to what?

JESS: To your heart. When you're near a body of water.

Music in gently as JESS continues: Cue 17. (Note that there are two versions of this cue, depending on whether JESS prefers singing in F Major or A Flat Major. The score includes sheet music for both versions.)

THE WATER BECKONS

JESS: I'm always so stressed. About grades. About friends. About not being enough. But here, well...

THE WATER BECKONS.

COME JUST AS YOU ARE.

THE WATER CALLS YOU,
SUMMONS PEACE FROM NEAR AND FAR.

THOUGH THE MIND IS A TEMPEST
AND THE STORMS OF LIFE ARE ROUGH,
THE WATER BECKONS...

AND YOU FIND THAT YOU'RE ENOUGH.

During the following, the STUDENTS sit on different boxes.

THE WATER BECKONS.

THE FEN, THE STREAM, THE SEA.

THINK HOW IT'S SHAPED US
ALL THROUGH HISTORY.

ON THE EDGE OF THE WATER
YOUR HEART HAS ROOM TO THRIVE.

THE WATER BECKONS...

AND YOU FIND THAT YOU'RE ALIVE.

The STUDENTS turn back to JESS and each other, looking significantly calmer and happier than they were before. Music continues.

SKY: I'm Sky, by the way. (*here and throughout, actors' names may be used instead of placeholders*)

JESS: Jess.

MICK: Mick.

FEN: Fen.

JESS:

YOU AND THE WATER, ALIVE.

Music concludes softly.

JESS: *(in awe: for conscientious JESS, this is a big deal to have such a thought)* OMG. What if we don't go back to class tomorrow?

FEN: *(smiles at JESS)* What if we never go back?

Sounds of subterranean gurgling: Cue 18. All four STUDENTS sink slowly downward until they're on the floor.

MICK: Wait. *(bringing them back to what is happening)* Are we being...absorbed?

JESS: What! *(goes back to panic mode)* We're moving through the soil!

From the gurgling emerges a jazzy beat with cave-like mystery: Cue 19.

HIDDEN WATER

SKY: *(to Fen)* Ok wetland nerd, explain this. What's going on?

FEN: *(a little smug)* Infiltration. We're going down to my kind of water! Water that even makes me sing!

STUDENTS move set boxes to reveal a cross-section of the soil. FEN springs up, puts on aviator sunglasses from their box, and begins singing. To give hidden water that unknowable mystique, this would be the time to pull out the jazz moves, tilting the cap over the eyes, doing bits of satirically weird interpretive movement, etc.

FEN:

WATER IS ABUNDANT IN OUR SIGHT,
BUT SOME WATER'S HIDDEN FROM THE LIGHT.
IT'S NOT JUST IN RIVERS, LAKES, AND STREAMS:
A WHOLE LOT OF WATER GOES UNSEEN.

IT'S HIDDEN UNDERGROUND WITH SOIL AND ROCKS,
ACROSS THE LAND, A BURIED TREASURE BOX.
WATER FILLS CRACKS IN OPEN SPACES,
MOVES THROUGH THE EARTH IN POROUS PLACES.

Fen goes into the refrain as the others echo "Hid, hid, hidden water..."

HIDDEN WATER. HIDDEN WATER.
GROUND WATER. HIDDEN WATER.

MICK: Is that where we are now? In the darkness underground?

FEN: That's right. We're traveling through an aquifer.

MICK: Oh cool! An aquifer! I've always wanted to visit an aquifer!
(beat) What's an aquifer?

FEN:

AN AQUIFER IS A PLACE UNDERGROUND
WHERE WATER CAN EASILY MOVE AROUND.

WATER FILLS THE CRACKS WHERE IT'S ABLE.

SATURATED SOILS FORM THE WATER TABLE.

SKY: (*upward movement, tight body*) Hey! We're going up! Toward the surface!

MICK: Why? (*tries to look around*) I feel like I'm in a tightly backed elevator!

JESS: Well—

FEN: (*enjoyment*) Exactly! A well!

WHEN HEAVY RAINS FALL FROM THE SKIES,

THAT'S WHEN THE WATER TABLE WILL RISE.

THAT GLASS YOU'RE DRINKING LOOKS MIGHTY SWELL.

BETCHA IT CAME UP FROM A WELL!

Refrain with "Hid, hid, hidden water..." backups as before...

HIDDEN WATER. HIDDEN WATER.

GROUND WATER. HIDDEN WATER.

HIDDEN, HIDDEN, HIDDEN WATER.

ALL:

HIDDEN, HIDDEN, HIDDEN WATER.

HIDDEN, HIDDEN, HIDDEN WATER.

HIDDEN, HIDDEN, HIDDEN WATER!

MICK: (*exhales, says quickly*) Cool, cool, cool! (*pause*) I'm pumped.

FEN: Bad pun.

MICK: (*emphatic*) No, I mean I'm being pumped!

FEN: Fair. We are...back to the surface!

ALL:

WATER!

Sounds of water bubbling gently: Cue 20. During the following, STUDENTS turn boxes to stream sides and take out signs.

SKY: (*gesture of brain exploding—lightbulb moment*) All this stuff we read about in class is making more sense now I'm experiencing it.

MICK: I hear you...*(gets distracted looking around)* Now, where in the world are we? *(a little concerned in a Mick sort of way)*

FEN: *(hesitant)* A water treatment plant is my best guess. We must be made safe to drink before we are piped out.

SKY: Oh yeah! *(further connecting classwork to experience)* I went on a tour there in 6th grade!

JESS: I loved that field trip!

The STUDENTS prep for a water treatment dance sequence, in which they will shout out each part of the process and hold up signs to match: Cue 21.

WATER TREATMENT DANCE

JESS: (*speaks over the music intro, in teacher mode again*) Water treatment—basically just humans mimicking what nature does best!

ALL:

SCREENING!
COAGULATION!
FLOCCULATION!
SEDIMENTATION!
FILTRATION!
DISINFECTION!

*A beat for breath as the STUDENTS put signs back and do some humorous things: maybe sniff sleeves or something to show they look and feel “fine” now. Then, gradually building, a joyful instrumental starts in the background: **Cue 22.***

THE DRINKING SONG

SKY: And we're clean! It feels so good! (*gets four mugs from their boxes, and tosses one to each of the other Students*)

MICK: Good enough to drink!

FEN:

HAVE IT IN A PITCHER

HAVE IT OVER ICE

JESS:

DON'T BUY IT IN A BOTTLE

TAKE MY ADVICE

SKY:

DRINK IT ALL UP

MICK:

DRINK IT ALL DOWN

FEN:

LET'S CALL THE WAITER

AND HAVE ANOTHER ROUND OF

ALL:

WATER! H₂O!

TAKE A GLASS, TAKE A SIP,

TAKE A CHANCE, YOU WILL FLIP

FOR THE WILDEST DRINK I KNOW.

DIG IT, SWIG IT,

STRAIGHT FROM THE SPIGOT!

IT'S H₂O! H₂O! H₂O, O, O!

SKY:

HAVE IT WITH DINNER

MICK:

HAVE IT WITH A SNACK

JESS:

GET IT FROM THE FAUCET

FEN:

AND TOSS IT BACK!

SKY:

DRINK IT EVERY NIGHT

MICK:

DRINK IT EVERY DAY

ALL:

THE BEST PART IS
YOU DON'T EVEN HAVE TO PAY FOR

WATER! H₂O!
TAKE A GLASS, TAKE A SIP,
TAKE A CHANCE, YOU WILL FLIP
FOR THE WILDEST DRINK I KNOW.
DIG IT, SWIG IT,
STRAIGHT FROM THE SPIGOT!
IT'S H₂O! H₂O! H₂O, O, O!

AHH AHH AHH AHH...

SKY:

IT'S SUGAR-FREE!

MICK:

FAT-FREE!

JESS:

CARB-FREE!

FEN:

CAFFEINE-FREE!

SKY:

GLUTEN-FREE!

MICK:

STARCH-FREE!

ALL:

IT'S FREE FREE FREE!

ALL:

WATER! H₂O!

WATER! H₂O!

TAKE A GLASS, TAKE A SIP,

TAKE A CHANCE, YOU WILL FLIP

FOR THE WILDEST DRINK I KNOW.

DIG IT, SWIG IT,

STRAIGHT FROM THE SPIGOT!

IT'S H₂O! H₂O! H₂O, O, O!

H₂O! H₂O! H₂O, O, O!

*The STUDENTS are still in the big Broadway poses they hit at the end of the previous number when we hear a sound suggesting polluted water: **Cue 23.***

JESS: *(looks at hand in despair)* Hang on. We're changing again.

(smells hands, sighs) We're a part of a river now, and this water is gross. We're gross.

The STUDENTS look at each other and check out their bodies.

Then they move boxes to the sediment side, returning their mugs into the boxes.

MICK: What is this stuff? It's like we're a river of chocolate milk.

(tries it) Ok, quick update. It's not chocolate milk.

JESS: *(shakes head sadly)* This is all a part of being in a

watershed. When water moves across the land, it can pick up just about anything in its path. Especially sediment.

FEN: Otherwise known as dirt.

SKY: *(wants to be hero)* What? No! We can't let a little dirt get in our way! *(looks around)* Where's a water treatment plant when we need it?

FEN: *(sits on one of the boxes in frustration)* That's the problem—most living things don't have water treatment plants. They have to use this water as is.

SKY: Maybe we could fix it...if we understood what's happening.

MICK: Wait, wait. The soil...it's talking to me! I feel another change coming on! (*reaches into their box to remove brown coveralls*)

JESS: Not again. What is it this time?

MICK: (*putting on coveralls, with help from SKY if needed*) I'm digging into what it's like being soil!

FEN: (*to MICK as the coveralls go on*) If "digging into" was another pun, I'm done.

Music begins under dialogue: Cue 24.

WASH ME AWAY

MICK: (*when everything is in place*) Wow, anything's possible in this world. One minute I'm water and now I'm soil—how cool is this!?

WATER, I WANNA KNOW WHO YOU ARE
WATER, I REALLY THINK YOU'RE A STAR
WATER, I KNOW YOU COULD TAKE ME FAR
SO LET'S GO, LET'S GO, LET'S GET AWAY

WATER, I LIKE THE THINGS THAT YOU DO
WATER, I LIKE THE WAY THAT YOU MOVE
WATER, YOU KNOW YOU MAKE MY DREAMS TRUE
LET'S GO, LET'S GO, WASH ME AWAY

SKY and JESS become backup singers for MICK before joining a Water "Greek chorus" with FEN. They represent the soil/water mix of a river polluted with sediment. The irritated FEN stands apart, becoming the main "Water" to whom MICK is singing.

MICK/BACKUP SINGERS:

WASH ME AWAY, WATER WASH ME AWAY. WASH ME AWAY, WATER
WASH ME AWAY.

WASH ME AWAY, WATER WASH ME AWAY. WASH ME AWAY, WASH
ME AWAY.

FEN: (*interrupting*)

HEY SOIL, IT'S YOUR FRIEND WATER
WE JUST GOT THAT MESSAGE YOU HAD LEFT UP IN THE BOTTLE.

SKY:

YEAH AND FALLING FROM THE SKY HAS GOT US MOVING FULL
THROTTLE
BUT WE COULDN'T COME THROUGH WITHOUT MEETING WITH YOU

FEN:

AND LOOK, SINCE WE LAST CAME A COUPLE THINGS CHANGED

JESS:

WE STILL GOOD FRIENDS

SKY:

BUT NOW THERE'S

SKY/FEN/JESS:

DANGER IN THE RAIN

FEN:

THEY TILL YOU TOO MUCH WHEN THEY'RE GROWING UP THEIR
GRAIN

SO THERE'S NOTHING THERE TO HOLD YOU DOWN

SKY/JESS:

DOWN, DOWN, DOWN

FEN:

WHEN WE MEET YOU THAT COULD CAUSE EROSION

SKY:

IT'S AS DANGEROUS AS A TON OF EXPLOSIONS

SKY/FEN/JESS:

WHEN WE HIT, NOTHING HOLDS YOU AND YOU SLIP
INTO THE CURRENT THAT TURNS YOU INTO SEDIMENT

FEN:

NOW YOU'RE TAKING A DIP, IN THE RIVER AND IT'S FLOWING

SKY:

YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE THE LAND

JESS:

BUT YOU'RE GOING TO THE OCEAN

FEN:

POLLUTE THE WATERWAYS, MAKE US LOOK LIKE MOCHA
AND REMOVE THE NUTRIENTS

FEN/SKY/JESS:

THAT THE PLANTS NEED TO GROW IN

MICK:

WATER, I GUESS IT MAKES SENSE
BUT WATER, I MEAN WHAT'S THE OFFENSE?
WATER, YOU SEEM LESS DENSE

THAN THE FRIENDS I HAVE HERE ON THE LAND.

FEN:

SOIL, I HEAR WHAT YOU'RE SAYING

BUT THE PLACE THAT YOU ARE IS THE PLACE YOU SHOULD STAY IN

JESS:

IF YOU GO OUT TO SEA LOTS OF SEEDS WILL BE WASTED

SKY:

THE PLANTS AND THE TREES WILL MAKE TREATS THAT'S LESS
TASTY

MICK:

BUT WATER PLEASE LISTEN CUZ IT JUST MAKES ME SAD
THAT PEOPLE DON'T RESPECT ME AND DON'T VALUE WHO I AM
PEOPLE DON'T TREAT ME WELL

THEY KEEP KILLING ALL MY PLANTS

THEY EVEN KILL THE WORMS AND THEY EVEN KILL THE ANTS

AND I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO AND IT REALLY MAKES ME MAD

SO I WANT TO COME WITH YOU TO A PLACE THAT UNDERSTANDS,
SO...

MICK/BACKUP SINGERS:

WASH ME AWAY, WATER WASH ME AWAY. WASH ME AWAY, WATER
WASH ME AWAY.

WASH ME AWAY, WATER WASH ME AWAY. WASH ME AWAY, WASH
ME AWAY.

*In a bit of dance, MICK as "Soil" really is washed away by the two
BACKUP SINGERS.*

FEN: Soil, please hang in there... Soil where are you going?

(shouts in desperation) Soil!

*The erosion dance comes to its conclusion: MICK, JESS, SKY have
frozen with backs to audience as they have been washed away; FEN
is all alone. Beat; then MICK turns around.*

MICK: Washed away!

Big bass notes to end the song.

MICK, JESS, and SKY transform themselves back to water again.

MICK: (*great disappointment*) Well. That was a lot less good than I hoped.

FEN: (*softly at first, low simmer*) What, you're surprised? Of course there are dirty deeds going on here. (*frustration builds*) And this is just one river. Just think about the rest of nature.

SKY: (*genuinely concerned*) The rest of nature?

FEN: (*medium hot like a pot waiting to boil*) Oh, come on, face the facts! There's so much humans are doing, and so many consequences they don't even realize. Factories and cars out the wazoo, and boom, climate change! Consumption goes haywire, and boom, resources go scarce! Build in flood plains, and boom, water gets blamed for disasters!

MICK: (*sincerely*) Ooh, no! Can we sing a song about those?

FEN: (*boiling over*) No!!! No more songs. (*chilly like ice*) No more Magic School Bus shenanigans. This isn't a vacation. We're on thin ice. Fen out. (*sits down and goes "frozen ice," unresponsive*)

JESS: Fen?...Fen?...You are so cold...Can you feel me?

In touching Fen the ice spreads, JESS says "Oh..." and goes frozen water; beat as SKY and MICK look at JESS and FEN and then at each other.

MICK: That's creepy (*pause*) but cool?

SKY: Literally. I think they're ice. (*sighs, resigned*) Fen's got a point. It is a lot to take in.

MICK: (*softly*) I know. Sometimes I am too much.

SKY: (*smiles at MICK*) No. You're cool. It's the situation that's too much.

MICK: (*cheerfulness starts to re-emerge*) There's got to be something we can do, right?

SKY: I don't know. It's all messed up.

THE SONG OUR PLANET SINGS

A mournful piano chord: Cue 25.

SKY:

WATER, IT'S AWFUL. I'VE SEEN IT IN THE NEWS.
YOUR BLUE HAS GONE MUDDY. IT'S GIVING ME THE BLUES.
PLASTIC IN THE OCEAN, ACID IN THE RAIN,
HEAT IN THE ATMOSPHERE, SO MANY IN PAIN.
POLLUTION AND DESTRUCTION. THE WORLD'S IN A BIND.
I GUESS IT KIND OF SHOWS HOW EVERYTHING IS INTERTWINED...

MICK: Intertwined?

SKY: Tangled up. Connected.

A beat. Then a soft musical vamp: Cue 26.

SKY: *(as the vamp begins, the penny drops)* Wait. Connected.

That's it!

LIKE THE WAY A WEB OF RIVERS RUN
TO REACH A SINGLE SEA,
LIKE THE WAY A TON OF TANGLED ROOTS
UPHOLD A MIGHTY TREE,
LIKE THE WAY FOUR HUNDRED FEATHERS WEAVE
TO GIVE A BIRD ITS WINGS,
MAYBE ALL OF US ARE NOTES INSIDE
THE SONG OUR PLANET SINGS.

MICK: Go on.

SKY:

LIKE THE BUTTERFLY WHOSE FLUTTER
ALTERS WEATHER FAR AWAY,
THERE'S A PLACE FOR EVERY EARTHLY THING,
A VITAL PART TO PLAY.
EVERY THING'S A TONE THAT'S ALL ITS OWN,
FROM CABBAGES TO KINGS,

MICK:

AND THEY MELD TO MAKE A MELODY,

SKY/MICK:

THE SONG OUR PLANET SINGS.

During the following section, SKY thaws FEN and JESS by singing to them, maybe touching a shoulder: just as the chill of anger can spread (FEN and JESS), so can the warmth of hope (SKY).

SKY:

THEN NO WONDER THERE'S THUNDEROUS THINGS GOING WRONG.
YOU NEED EVERY NOTE WHEN YOU'RE SINGING A SONG.
IF ONE NOTE SHOULD DOMINATE, RULING THE REST,
THE BALANCE IS SHAKEN, THE SONG IS DISTRESSED.
THE MORE THAT WE HUMANS PRESUME TO PLAY MASTER,
THE MORE THAT IT BACKFIRES INTO DISASTER.
BUT CHANGES ACCUMULATE, THAT'S UNDERSTOOD,
SO MAYBE WE'RE READY TO CHANGE FOR THE GOOD,
AND FOR GOOD...

MICK: I think you've got it!

As SKY continues, the OTHER THREE sing "Ah"s and "Oohs" as a choir

SKY:

LIKE THE CELLS THAT BUILD A BODY,
FORMING FLESH AND BLOOD AND BONE,
WE ARE PUZZLE PIECES LOCKING IN.
WE NEVER LOCK ALONE.
EVERY TINY PIECE CAN SHAPE AND CHANGE
THE FATE OUR FUTURE BRINGS,
FOR WE'RE ALL OF US CONNECTED,

SKY/MICK:

YES, WE'RE ALL OF US CONNECTED,

SKY/MICK/JESS:

EVERY THING ON EARTH CONNECTED
IN THE SONG,
IN THE SONG...

FEN: Yah. You're right.

EVERY THING ON EARTH CONNECTED

ALL:

IN THE SONG OUR PLANET SINGS!

The music ends gently as the FOUR look up.

SKY: *(with a new kind of confidence)* We gotta go back.

MICK: Really? But I like being water! We *(pointing at self and SKY)* haven't even gotten to be ice yet or snow! Imagine being in rainforests and geysers, and—and—and...

JESS: *(interrupts)* Mick, listen...

MICK: *(overlapping)* ...the mist coming out of a whale!

JESS: Mick, I know what you mean. But water can't go on like this. *(great insight)* Maybe we became water, so we could become better humans.

SKY: *(new awareness of courage)* It needs our help. And not just the water...the earth. All of it!

MICK: *(nods understanding but then panics)* But how do we go back? We don't even have the music this time!

FEN: No, wait a second. Us...all of us working together sounds a lot like hope, right? And music is one of the languages of hope. Hold on.

FEN takes a deep breath... and then starts a song, with hesitation, without any backing track. It's a brave, high-stakes effort to invent the right words on the spot.

THIS IS OUR TIME

FEN:

THIS IS OUR TIME, THIS IS OUR PLACE
TO DIVE IN, MAKE A SPLASH, BE IN THE WORLD...

One by one, seeing where FEN is going, the OTHER THREE take heart and join in.

FEN/JESS:

THIS IS OUR TIME, THIS IS OUR PLACE

FEN/JESS/SKY:

TO DIVE IN, MAKE A SPLASH,

ALL:

BE IN THE WORLD...

LIVE OUT LOUD!

A second that, to our STUDENTS, feels like a lifetime...and then they hear music begin. The universe is listening. Cue 27.

As music begins, the STUDENTS begin to experience a physical transformation. It is less dramatic than in the beginning, very matter-of-fact, just putting on the outer layers THEY discarded at the beginning.

JESS: *(during the transformation)* It's working! I'm not just water.

I'm going human!

SKY: Then keep going!

ALL:

THIS IS OUR TIME, THIS IS OUR PLACE
TO DIVE IN, MAKE A SPLASH, BE IN THE WORLD...

THIS IS OUR TIME, THIS IS OUR PLACE
TO DIVE IN, MAKE A SPLASH, BE IN THE WORLD...

LIVE OUT LOUD! LIVE OUT LOUD!

LIVE OUT LOUD! LIVE OUT LOUD!

LIVE OUT LOUD!

LOWER VOICES:

NO, WE CAN'T KNOW WHO WE ARE
UNTIL WE SEE WHAT WE CAN DO.

HIGHER VOICES:

COME ON, LET'S OWN WHAT WE KNOW
TO MAKE THE WORLD ANEW...

SKY:

LIVE OUT LOUD!

JESS:

FOR THE CLIMATE!

MICK:

LIVE OUT LOUD!

FEN:

FOR THE ENERGY!

JESS:

LIVE OUT LOUD!

SKY:

FOR THE WATER!

FEN:

LIVE OUT LOUD!

MICK:

FOR THE WORLD!

ALL:

LIVE OUT LOUD!

JESS: Are we all back? Mick, you finished changing?

MICK: You mean into a human? Yeah. But I'm just starting to
make a change!

*During the following, STUDENTS move the boxes back to their
original configuration for the classroom scene.*

ALL:

THIS IS OUR TIME, THIS IS OUR PLACE
TO DIVE IN, MAKE A SPLASH, BE IN THE WORLD...
THIS IS OUR TIME, THIS IS OUR PLACE

TO DIVE IN, MAKE A SPLASH, BE IN THE WORLD...
LIVE OUT LOUD! LIVE OUT LOUD!
LIVE OUT LOUD! LIVE OUT LOUD!
LIVE OUT LOUD! LIVE OUT LOUD!
LIVE OUT LOUD! LIVE OUT LOUD!
LIVE OUT LOUD!

SKY: (*looking around, exhausted but happy*) We're back! Never thought I'd be so happy to be back in a classroom.

JESS: And I'm ready to be outside the classroom. Spreading the word. Making waves!

MICK: Yah! Me, too. (*beat*) So how do we do that?

They look at each other...and once the ideas start coming, they overlap eager to share all the things that they can do. The excitement and ideas build with energy.

SKY: We can take shorter showers and use less water...

JESS: Yeah! And we could petition the school to eliminate bottled water...

FEN: ...And I can create fun videos on water for TikTok to spread the word...

MICK: Yes! Yes...and I can become the Soil-rax... (*they look at Mick*) Soil and Lorax combined...Okay, okay, okay, I'll come up with a better name. Someone needs to speak for the soil...Let's keep it covered with plants so it doesn't end up washed away!

SKY: And, and, and we could start a student club that monitors the water in our nearby stream! We could dive into the results in class...

JESS: Oh yeah, and how about stormwater stenciling? We could paint words and images by the storm drains on the street so people know that the water flows right to the river...

FEN: Are we thinking big enough?... How about a wetland to capture and clean all the water that sheds from the school property? I'm gonna figure out how to make that happen...

The STUDENTS nod to one another in agreement and excitement, verbally affirming the wave of ideas: “Great idea!” “Cool.” “Yes!” etc.

MICK: And, and, oh ... these are all such amazing ideas, but maybe we should wait till we get through the exam tomorrow?
(doubtful)

The STUDENTS look around and realize the irony of this. Underneath, a drumbeat slowly fades up: Cue 28.

DRAFT
DRAFT
DRAFT

GRAND FINALE

FEN: You're worried about the exam? After what we've been through...I think we've got this.

FEN and MICK fist-bump. The STUDENTS all start dancing to the music: they survived this; their lives have purpose; they're not alone.

FEN/JESS:

OUR WORLD'S MADE UP OF WATER,
IT'S PART OF YOU AND ME,
CYCLING THROUGH OUR LIVES FOREVER
IN GLOBAL CHEMISTRY.
IT'S ELEMENTAL, IT'S LIFE FOR US ALL,
GROWING CROPS WITH RAINFALL...

JESS:

DRINK A COOL GLASS ON A HOT SUMMER DAY.

FEN/SKY/MICK:

HEY!

JESS:

THERE'S A SWIMMING POOL!

FEN:

LET'S DO A CANNONBALL!
WE'RE ALL CONNECTED IN THE MOLECULE MASH
SO IT'S TIME TO MAKE A SPLASH!

FEN/JESS:

IT'S ABOVE GROUND AND BELOW,
IT GOES WITH THE FLOW, IT CAN'T
STOP.

SKY: Water rocks!

THAT'S RIGHT, WATER ROCKS!
RUSHING AND GUSHING,
IT'S GOOD FROM THE VERY FIRST DROP.

MICK: Water rocks!

THAT'S RIGHT, WATER ROCKS!
OH, OH, OH, IT GIVES LIFE TO US ALL—

JESS: Water rocks!

THAT'S RIGHT, WATER ROCKS!
OH, OH, OH, LIKE A MIGHTY
WATERFALL!

ALL:

IT'S ABOVE GROUND AND BELOW,
IT GOES WITH THE FLOW, IT CAN'T
STOP.

SKY: Water rocks!

THAT'S RIGHT, WATER ROCKS!
RUSHING AND GUSHING,
IT'S GOOD FROM THE VERY FIRST DROP.

MICK: Water rocks!

THAT'S RIGHT, WATER ROCKS!
OH, OH, OH, IT GIVES LIFE TO US ALL—

JESS: Water rocks!

THAT'S RIGHT, WATER ROCKS!

DESCANT:

OH, OH, OH, LIKE A MIGHTY
WATERFALL!

(one or two voices)

LIKE A MIGHTY WATERFALL!

H₂O! H₂O!

LIKE A MIGHTY WATERFALL!

H₂O!

H₂O! H₂O! H₂O, O, O!!!

Freeze in exalted, elated end-of-rock-concert final poses. Then go into a curtain call to the tune of a "Water Rocks" reprise: Cue 29.

CURTAIN CALL

ALL:

IT'S ABOVE GROUND AND BELOW,
IT GOES WITH THE FLOW, IT CAN'T
STOP.

SKY: Water rocks!

THAT'S RIGHT, WATER ROCKS!
RUSHING AND GUSHING,
IT'S GOOD FROM THE VERY FIRST DROP.

MICK: Water rocks!

THAT'S RIGHT, WATER ROCKS!
OH, OH, OH, IT GIVES LIFE TO US ALL—

FEN: Water rocks!

THAT'S RIGHT, WATER ROCKS!

DESCANT:

OH, OH, OH, LIKE A MIGHTY
WATERFALL!
LIKE A MIGHTY WATERFALL!
LIKE A MIGHTY WATERFALL!

(as before)
H₂O! H₂O!
H₂O!

H₂O! H₂O! H₂O, O, O!!!

THE END

WATERSHED RAP (ALTERNATIVE VERSION)

If your production does not take place within the Mississippi River Watershed, use this version of “Watershed Rap” instead of the one in the script:

SKY:

WATER FLOWS, WATER SHEDS, AND WATER RUNS
ALL TO ONE POINT WHEN THE RAIN IS DONE.
THIS ALL TAKES PLACE IN ONE AREA OF LAND,
TO THE BOTTOM IT GOES, WHERE THE RIVER FLOWS,
OVER, ACROSS, AND THROUGH THE GROUND IT GOES.
ALWAYS TRAVELING DOWNHILL, WHEN IT FLOWS.
WHAT, YOU DIDN'T KNOW? IT'S ALL ABOUT TOPOGRAPHY,
AND THAT'S AN IMPORTANT PART OF OUR GEOGRAPHY.

MICK: *(turning their box to the stream side, as beat continues)*

Look! We're joining up with other water drops! We're trickling into a stream! It's like a big family road trip!

FEN: Just what we needed. More water.

SKY: *(running out of patience; during this, the other three boxes are turned to the stream sides, lining up together so they read from small stream to large river)* Get used to it. This stream is just going to flow into a bigger stream. And then a bigger stream. And then a—

FEN: Yeah, yeah... Tell me something I don't know.

SKY:

IT'S TRUE, IT'S REAL, I DON'T MEAN TO BRING SURPRISES,
BUT WATERSHEDS COME IN MANY DIFFERENT SIZES.
SOME ENDORHEIC BASINS CATCH WATER'S MOTION,
BUT MOST WATER FLOWS OUT TO AN OCEAN.
SMALL RIVERS JOIN BIG ONES AND THEY JOIN BIGGER ONES,
BRO, TO THE SEA AS THEY GO WITH THE FLOW.
BUT SOME CREEKS AND STREAMS ARE SO SMALL,

THEY DON'T EVEN HAVE A NAME,
BUT THAT'S HOW IT GOES IN THIS GAME.
NOW HEAR ME OUT, LISTEN UP, FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH,
THERE ARE WATERSHEDS EVERYWHERE ACROSS THE EARTH.
NO, YOU CAN'T AVOID 'EM, YOU CAN'T RESIST 'EM.
ALL WATERWAYS ARE PART OF A DRAINAGE SYSTEM.
EVERY RIVER CLOSE TO YOU IS FLOWING DOWNHILL,
THE BIGGEST WATERWAY IS THE FINAL APPEAL.
IN CONCLUSION, A WATERSHED'S AN AREA OF LAND
THAT DRAINS TO A COMMON WATER BODY, UNDERSTAND?
NOW SAY, "I LIVE IN A WATERSHED!" GO!

FEN/JESS/MICK/AUDIENCE:

I LIVE IN A WATERSHED!

SKY:

EVERYBODY SAY, "I LIVE IN A WATERSHED!" COME ON!

FEN/JESS/MICK/AUDIENCE:

I LIVE IN A WATERSHED!

SKY:

EVERYBODY SAY "I LIVE IN A WATERSHED!" YEAH!

FEN/JESS/MICK/AUDIENCE:

I LIVE IN A WATERSHED!

SKY:

SAY IT LOUD, "I LIVE IN A WATERSHED!" YO!

FEN/JESS/MICK/AUDIENCE:

I LIVE IN A WATERSHED!

SKY: Yeah you do!

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