

Sherrator: Once upon a time, in a far-off Wenham, there lay a sovereign college at the edge of the woods.

Zingarella: I teach...

Sherrator: --And in this college--

Zingarella: More for everything...

Sherrator: --lived a stoned sculptor--

Zingarella: More for life...

Sherrator: --an oily painter--

Zingarella: More for virtues.

Bruce/Brack: I preach--

Bruce: --art is life...

Sherrator: --a broken biker--

Skillen/The Biker: My speech... **Janis:** I reach--

Bruce: --art is everything...

Sherrator: --and a teachers prof.

Zingarella, Bruce, Skillen: I impórtune!

Janis/Biker's Wife: I reach--

Zingarella: Some things that may be untestable...

Skillen & Janis: On/Toward their life...

Bruce: I preach...

Zingarella: I teach a mode that's untestable--

Skillen: On their choices... **Janis:** Toward their license...

Zingarella: --over here...

Bruce: I preach with SOUNDS and mirrors and smoke.

Zingarella: More for everything... **Janis:** Elementary...

Skillen: They need to be exiled--

Bruce: See now?

Janis: A school child!

Bruce: Here's how!

Zingarella: I teach a mode that's untestable...

Bruce (Overlapping): I preach with guesses and hints and drollery...

Skillen & Janis (Overlap): My speech will / I reach to get 'em beguiled--

Zingarella: I teach! / **Bruce:** I preach! / **Skillen:** My speech! / **Janis:** I reach!

Step-Ethos: You teach a mode that's "untestable"?

Sherrator: The rare college Ethos had died.

Step-Ethos: You, Zingerella, assessable! Go teach a mode that's assessable!

NECHE (over): What, you, Zingerella, untestable?! Assessable!!

NEASC (over): What, you teach a mode that's untestable?!

All Three: Untestable?! The UN-testable?!

Sherrator: So, the Queen appointed a Step-Ethos--

Step-Ethos: Untestable?! Ha!

--who arrived with twelve attendant flunkies.

NECHE: Where are your fails?

NEASC: Where are your tests?

Step-Ethos: No quantifying you--

Zingarella: Nevertheless--

You're *testing* an artist? Detestable--

Zingarella: Your numbers can't convince! **Step-Ethos & Flunkies:** Pure numbers *can* convince. [laughter]

Sherrator: The Step-Ethos and her lackeys were totally lacking in something. Bruce, on the other hand, possessed something unusual, which was a complete extra SELF--named Bruce's Other.

Original lines

Narrator: Once upon a time--

Cinderella: I wish...

NA: --in a far-off kingdom--

Cinderella: More than anything...

NA: --lived a young maiden--

Cinderella: More than life...

NA: --a sad young lad--

Cinderella: More than jewels...

Jack: I wish...

NA: --and a childless baker--

Jack: More than life...

Cinderella: I wish... **Baker:** I wish...

NA: --with his wife.

Jack: More than anything...

Cinderella, Jack, Baker: More than the moon...

Wife: I wish..

Cinderella: the King is giving a Festival.

Baker, Wife: More than life..

Jack: I wish...

Cinderella: I wish to go to the Festival--

Baker, Wife: More than riches..

Cinderella: --and the Ball...

Jack: I wish my cow would give us some milk.

Cinderella & Wife: More than anything...

Baker: I wish we had a child.

Jack: Please, pal--

Wife: I want a child..

Jack: Squeeze, pal...

Cinderella: I wish to go to the Festival.

Jack: I wish you'd...some milk, or even cheese.

Baker, Wife: I wish we might have a child.

All Four: I wish..

Stepmother: You wish to go to the Festival?

NA: The poor girl's mother had died.

You, Cinderella, you wish to go to the Festival?

NA: And her father had taken for his new wife, a woman with two daughters of her own.

Florinda: Look at your nails!

Lucinda: Look at your dress!

Stepmother: People would laugh at you--

Cinderella: Nevertheless--

All Three: You/I still wish to go to the Festival --

Step Family: --and dance before the Prince?!

NA: All three were beautiful of face, but vile and black of heart. Jack's mother, on the other hand--

Bruce's Other: I would...

Sherrator: You could say he was bicameral...

Bruce's Other: I would my chair were not a stool...
I would my spouse could buy the dress.
I would my show were bright with gilt.
I would my paintings all were sold.
I'd tell myself some things... Like—
You foolish Bruce! What in Herman's name is a painter doing as a professor?

Bruce: A schoolmarm environment might be just what I-myself need to entice the muse.

Bruce's Other: "The muse"? How many times must I tell me, *Get to work!*—
Only myths have muses...

Sherrator: At the Englishman Party headquarters, there appeared the Chairman of the Drámacrats.

Skillen: It's Literate Men Robbing Dude!

Jeff/Literate Men Robbing Dude: I want...
Some literati
For our show *Into the Woods*—
A loaf of men, please...
To stage our too-ambitious
Show Into the Woods...
Just a load of men, please...

Sherrator: So, the Broken Biker Skillen gave Literate Men Robbing Dude Jeff all the English ballots marked with an X and a Y. (Chromosomes). Meanwhile, our Parliamentarian Bruce was having a serious bilateral summit with himself.

Bruce's Other: OK, listen up, Bruce. You-yourself need to focus totally on the art market.

Bruce: But, Other, *teaching* is the cushiest job—

Bruce's Other: WAS cushy: WE'VE been dry for a decade. And no fame or fortune, so, we must quit to paint while we can still command a price.

Bruce: Quit?! But she's the best college in the whole world!

Bruce's Other: Best college? Where have you been? Open your Lothlorien eyes.
There are blanks in her ranks.
There's a pall in her halls.
There are bods 'neath her quads
Grave enough for laying sods.

Bruce: No! Alton's getting her shipshape...

Bruce's Other: Shipshape?—she's hit the iceberg!
We believed her hull was sounder;
But we found her founders founder
When they fail to take account of a trend.
You're both muddled—you and that college of yours...

Jeff: I want recruits,
To cast our show,
I hate to steal,
I have to, though.
I want recruits;
We have to grow
To stage some A.R. Gurney.
I need recruits,
Someone to be
A villain and
The leading man.
I need recruits
to get a full house...
I need recruits
to nab a full house...

Janis: You're certain you can't play—

Jeff: We can't play *Lear*;
We can't mount *Drood*;

Jack's Mother: I wish..

NA: Well, she was not quite beautiful--

Jack's Mother: I wish my son were not a fool.
I wish my house was not a mess.
I wish the cow was full of milk.
I wish the walls were full of gold--
I wish a lot of things..

You foolish child! What in heaven's name are you doing with the cow inside the house?

Jack: A warm environment might be just what Milky White needs to produce his milk.

Jack's Mother: It's a she! How many times do I have to tell you? Only 'she's can give milk.

[Knocks on the door; it's Little Red Riding Hood]

Wife: Why, come in, little girl.

LRRH: I wish..
It's not for me,
It's for my granny in the woods.
A loaf of bread, please--
To bring my poor old hungry
Granny in the woods..
[Insistent] Just a loaf of bread, please..

[Baker gives her a loaf of bread.]

Jack's Mother: Listen well, son. Milky-White must be taken to market.

Jack: But, Mother, no--he's the best cow—

Jack's Mother: Was. Was! SHE'S been dry for a week. We've no food nor money, and no choice but to sell her while she can still command a price.

Jack: But Milky-White is my best friend in the whole world!

Jack's Mother: Look at her!
There are bugs on her dugs.
There are flies in her eyes.
There's a lump on her rump
Big enough to be a hump—

Jack: But--

Jack's Mother: Son,
We've no time to sit and dither,
While her withers wither with her--
And no one keeps a cow for a friend!
Sometimes I fear you're touched.

LRRH: Into the woods,
It's time to go,
I hate to leave,
I have to, though.
Into the woods--
It's time, and so
I must begin my journey.
Into the woods
And through the trees
to where I am
Expected, ma'am,
Into the woods
to Grandmother's house-- [mouth full]
Into the woods
To Grandmother's house—

Wife: You're certain of your way?

LRRH: The way is clear,
The light is good,

Without men here
Our shows aren't good.
Our women have ease;
Our guy will get booed—
And nothing quite bewilders
As every show is *Quilters*...

Skillen: "Quilters?" Is that the...

Janis: Musical with only women.

Skillen: Oh, right. Well, don't rehearse those lit guys too late.

Janis: You might save some of their thoughts for Graham Greene!

Jeff: In for recruits
And out with fel-
-lows who can make
Our numbers swell.
In for recruits,
Some men to help
Improve our cast recording.
With our recruits
(And now coed)
A Grammy® is
Predestin-éd;
Yeah, we can tell
What lies ahead:
I already know
We're going to *extend through Christmas*...
So, in for recruits;
Into recruits;
I want recruits
To grab a full house—
Before we go dark!

Step-Ethos [off]: Zingarella! There's no gap year! (etc.)

Zingarella: Catchwords

Masking a lie,
Crafted to weave
And deceive,
And that yield
Empty tassels-and-robos.

NECHE: Where's the analytic score, Zingarella?—
Seems we need a little chat.

NEASC: Are you still there in the Core, Zingarella?
Well, I wouldn't count on that...

Zingarella: The Ineffable!

NECHE: Oh no.
NEASC: He means well.
NECHE [to Zingarella]: Put it in a test.
NEASC [to Zingarella]: Can you be fair?
[NEASC and NECHE continue babbling underneath.]

Zingarella: NECHE said to grade,
NEASC said to quiz,
Is assessment all there is?
Always—quiz, Zingarella,
Grade, Zingarella,
Quiz grade grade quiz grade quiz—

NECHE: Now: too much right
brain. Odd... [laughter]

Sherrator: Because Skillen the Biker had lost his verve chairing the Englishans (so volatile were they),
he was desperate for NEW vistas, duties, colleagues...

[Knock on the Biker's door]

Skillen: It's the Switch from next door!

[Switch enters]

Janis: We have no comradery.

I have no fear,
Nor no one should.
The woods are just trees,
The trees are just wood.
I sort of hate to ask it,
But do you have a basket?

Baker: Don't stray and be late.

Wife: And save some of those sweets for Granny!

LRRH: Into the woods
And down the dell,
The path is straight,
I know it well.
Into the woods,
And who can tell
What's waiting on the journey?
Into the woods
To bring some bread
To Granny who
Is sick in bed.
Never can tell
What lies ahead.
For all that I know,
She's already dead.
But into the woods,
into the woods,
Into the woods
to Grandmother's house
And home before dark!

Stepmother [off]: Cinderella! Come up here! (etc.)

Cinderella: Fly, birds,
Back to the sky,
Back to the eaves
And the leaves
And the fields
And the castles and ponds.

Florinda: Hurry up and do my hair, Cinderella!
[to Lucinda] Are you really wearing that?

Lucinda: Here, I found a little tear, Cinderella!
[to Florinda] Can't you hide it with a hat?

Cinderella: You look beautiful.

Florinda: I know.
Lucinda: She means me.
Florinda [to Cinderella]: Put it in a twist.
Lucinda: Who will be there?..
[She and Florinda continue babbling underneath]

Cinderella: Mother said be good,
Father said be nice,
That was always their advice.
So be nice, Cinderella,
Good, Cinderella,
Nice good good kind good nice--

Florinda: Ow! Not that tight.
Clod.

NA: Because the baker had lost his mother
and father in a baking accident--well, at least
that is what he believed--he was eager to have
a family of his own.

Baker: It's the witch from next door!

[Witch enters]

Baker, Wife: We have no bread.

Witch/The Switch: I don't care about comradery.

Skillen: What would you wish us?

Switch: It's not what I would, it's what you would.
No fire in the belly now, is there?

Sherrator: The Switch announced that she had written a—not a speech, but a *spiel*—exactly for this desperate moment.

Janis: A spiel?

Switch: Once upon a time, before George Herbert, while only a babe on a bike you broke your leg and passed your long days in bed with a book: *The Count of Monte Cristo*. Years later (while yet a babe, and clad all in brown), you forsook your bike and fortune with your brother to the country of that count. And later yet (no longer a babe, but married to one), after crashing your bike again you returned to that same country with ten artists—you a 'diarist.' [shrug] Whatever....

Each taste of that flavorful *paese* grew your—*appetito*, no? Each was a *sign* to be heeded, three signs, in fact—which is good, because you, bad Biker, you talk exclusively in—

Threes, threes, and nothing but threes:
Triads, trios, trilogies and trinities,
Tripartians and ternions and
Triviums and troikas—!
You say "three things"
In your ruminatings.
When you count 'em the amount emerges
Treble—like kings
Who say *veni, vi*
Di, vici—
Trotting out the tricolon,
Hefting the hendiatrix, all
Omne trium perfectum.
(Your axiom! Your formula!)—

If there are *four* things, the fourth *disappears*:
Churchill, you say, promised blood,
And sweat, and tears...

What about *toil*? That's the fourth.
Well, I'll let you have your tricolon,
Since, from the air
Of those three fond mem'ries,
There will soon appear
The *chiaroscuro* figure
Of a new frontier.
Yes, your new career!

Skillen: On Montecristo?!

Switch: Don't 'count' on it. But near Cinque Terre...

Skillen: Oh? Tell me more...

Sherrator: The Switch refused to leak any details about the diplomatic transfer. As for Bruce's Other...

Bruce's Other: Now Bruce, go find those would-be art collectors and charge a fair price for your work—or your words, at least. For either, take no less than five-thou... Are you listening to me?

Bruce: How can I not?

Bruce's Other: What would you charge for a speaking fee?

Bruce: No more than five-thou. [slaps himself]

Bruce, Bruce's Other: Yes!/What?—more than five!—I would, I would!

Bruce's Other:

~~Brack—it's fact;~~
~~Colleges crack;~~
~~Their mizzens start to moulder.~~
~~Yours is way beyond redeeming.~~
~~Wind's gone slack;~~
~~Trice up your tack—~~
~~You're wishing you had sold her.~~
~~And you, old jack,~~
~~There's creaking in your shoulder;~~
~~Your course is off track—~~
~~As an artist you're careering off the beam.~~

Witch: I don't want your bread.

Baker: What do you wish?

Witch: It's not what I wish. It's what you wish.
Nothing cooking in there now, is there?

NA: The enchantress went on to tell the couple that she had placed a spell on their house.

Baker: What spell?

Witch: In the past, when you were no more than a babe, your father brought this young wife and you to this cottage. They were a handsome couple, but not handsome neighbors. You see, your mother was with child and she had developed an unusual appetite. She took one look at my beautiful garden, and told your father that what she wanted, more than anything in the world, was--

Greens, greens, and nothing but greens:
Parsley, peppers, cabbages and celery,
Asparagus and watercress and
Fiddleferns and lettuce--!
He said 'all right,'
But it wasn't, quite,
'Cause I caught him in the autumn
In my garden one night!
He was robbing me,
Raping me,
Rooting through my rutabaga,
Raiding my arugula and
Ripping up the rampion
(My champion! My favorite!)--

I should have laid a spell on him right there.

Could have turned him into stone,

Or a dog, or a chair,

Or a sn-- [drifts off into a momentary trance]

But I let him have the rampion,

I'd lots to spare.

In return, however,

I said 'Fair is fair;

You can let me have the baby

That your wife will bear.

And we'll call it square!

Baker: I had a brother?

Witch: No. But you had a sister.

NA But the witch refused to tell him any more of his sister, even that her name was Rapunzel.

Jack's Mother: Now listen, Jack. Lead Milky-White to market, fetch the best price you can. Take no less than five pounds. Are you listening to me?

Jack: Yes.

Jack's Mother: Now how much are you to ask?

Jack: No more than five pounds. [pinches him]

Jack's Mother, Jack: Less! Than five.

Jack's Mother:

Jack Jack Jack,
Head in a sack,
The house is getting colder,
This is not a time for dreaming.
Chimney-stack
Starting to crack,
The mice are getting bolder,
The floor's gone slack.
Your mother's getting older,
Your father's not back,
And you can't just sit here dreaming pretty dreams

To 'may' and 'might'
With your fortes
Won't realize what
Jeff Bezos pays...

So, into the Woulds
To grow
A monster profit from
A monster show,
Into the Woulds
(Unlike Miró,
Who reckoned wealth was dirty).
Straight to the Woulds
To what-will-be,
From galleries
To Sotheby's.
Into the Woulds to make 'em spend!

Bruce: Into the Woulds—I'd rather lend...

Bruce's Other: Someday you'll get a real paycheck, Bruce.

Bruce: No biggie...

Sherrator: Meanwhile, the Switch signed a hex-ecutive order that was very specific and very cryptic at the very same time.

Switch: You wish to see
John Donne undone?
You'll need a new
Lo-cá-ti-ón.
Go to that ONCE-Upon-a-Time for—
One: the tufa as white as milk,
Two: the cloud as red as blood,
Three: the glaze as yellow as corn,
Four: the façade as pure as gold.
Tráck down thése in one sublime
Urbs vetus
Where church bells chime
The quarter hours,
And there you'll be!—
In Umbria,
Not Tuscany.
Into the Once!

Step-Ethos: Lackeys, accreditation's safe!

Zingarella: Now may I show the Ineffable?

Step-Ethos: Ineffable?

NECHE: Teaching with foils;

NEASC: Teaching with stones;

Step-Ethos: Pencils are one thing but
Nudies and bones?

All Three: Your product is hardly investible
And quite a large expense.

Step-Ethos: You're overdrawn... [they remain with a flourish]

Zingarella: I'm—what?... [sighs]

Sherrator: After the Switch departed, Skillen and Janis discussed the spiel she had given.

Skillen: It's like herding cats.

Janis: Chairing the lit profs?

Skillen: Yes.

Janis: You must flee them.

Skillen: The Switch said as much. But I doubt they can herd themselves.

Janis: I double doubt it, too many wounds; but someone will herd them.

Skillen: Not you!

Janis: Yes!

Skillen: You can't! You chair the Ed dept, and you'll get wounded yourself.

To wish and wait
From day to day
Will never keep
The wolves away.
So into the woods,
The time is now.
We have to live,
I don't care how.
Into the woods
To sell the cow.
You must begin the journey,
Straight through the woods
And don't delay--
We have to face
The marketplace.
Into the woods to journey's end--

Jack: Into the woods to sell a friend--

Js Mother: Someday you'll have a real pet, Jack.

Jack: A piggy?

NA Meanwhile, the witch explained the spell

Witch: You wish to have
The curse reversed?
I'll need a certain
Potion first.
Go to the wood and bring me back:
One: the cow as white as milk,
Two: the cape as red as blood,
Three: the hair as yellow as corn,
Four: the slipper as pure as gold.
Bring me these before the chime
Of midnight
In three days' time,
And you shall have,
I guarantee,
A child as perfect
As child can be.
Go to the wood!

Stepmother: Ladies, our carriage waits.

Cinderella: Now may I go to the Festival?

Stepmother: The Festival?

Darling, those nails!
Darling, those clothes!
Lentils are one thing but
Darling, with those,
You'd make us the fools of the Festival
And mortify the Prince!
We must be gone. [they exit with a flourish]

Cinderella: I wish... [cries]

Baker: Look what I found in Father's jacket.

Wife: Six beans.

Baker: I wonder if they are the--

Wife: Witch's beans? We'll take them with us.

Baker: No! You are not coming.

Janis: The Switch made her spiel for my doubts—I must go.

Skillen: No—her spiel was for MY doubts.
Really, I can fit the spiel,
The spiel is for MY doubts.

Janis [over]: No, no, the spiel was for OUR doubts.
We must make this switch together,
The spiel is for OUR doubts.

Skillen Fine: I'll search in the ONCE for—
what was it?

[**Janis:** Uh...]

The Switch: I'll make it easier:
A town that tops a hill.
A train that climbs a bluff.
A square that mimes a store,
A cavern that's pigeonholed—

Skillen [memorizing]:
A town that tops a hill.
A train that climbs a bluff.
A square that mimes a store,
A cavern that's pigeonholed—

Sherator: [Over] And so, Skillen the Biker and the Janis the Teachers Prof both planned for a switch in their posts. As for Zingarella...

Zingarella: I hanker to show the Ineffable.
But what is the secret to making it *testable*?...

Skillen [simultaneously]: A town that tops a hill.
A train that climbs a bluff.
A square that mimes a store,

Janis: A convent...

Skillen: A convent run by a scold.

Zingarella: *Allora!*—
I'll visit Sargent's cave,
The cave on his mountain-top,
For answers to all of the Whats of the
In-effable...

Skillen: The town, the train,
The socks that never get sold—

Janis: The square—!

Zingarella:
Into the Whats

Skillen:
BOTH: Into the Once
We step and so
Skedaddle from
The status quo.
Into the Once,
Like Prospero,
Our custom here abjuring.

Into the Whats,

Zingarella:
Into the Whats,

Skillen: **Janis:**
THREE: Into the Once, Into the Wounds,
To extricate
From Gordon's spell
Like Ariel—

Skillen: **Janis:**
TWO: Into the Once Into the Wounds
to fit the spiel... to fit the spiel...

Zingarella: Into the Whats to sing or smother...

Wife: I know you are fearful of the woods at night.

Baker: The spell is on MY house.
Only I can lift the spell,
The spell is on MY house.

Wife [over]: No, no, the spell is on OUR house.
We must lift the spell together,
The spell is on OUR house.

Baker [Over]: No. You are not to come and that
is final. Now, what am I to return with?

Wife [Annoyed]: You don't remember?

The cow as white as milk,
The cape as red as blood,
The hair as yellow as corn,
The slipper as pure as gold--

Baker [memorizing]:
The cow as white as milk,
The cape as red as blood,
The hair as yellow as corn,
The slipper as pure as gold...

NA [Over]: And so the bakers set off to meet the
enchantress's demands As for Cinderella

Cinderella: I still wish to go to the Festival,
But how am I ever to get to the Festival?

Baker [simult.]: The cow as white as milk,
The cape as red as blood,
The hair as yellow as corn--

Wife: the slipper--

Baker: The slipper as pure as gold...

Cinderella: I know!
I'll visit Mother's grave,
The grave at the hazel tree,
And tell her I just want to
Go to the King's Festival...

Baker: The cow, the cape,
The slipper as pure as gold--

Wife: The hair--!

Cinderella, Baker:
Into the woods
It's time to go,
It may be all
In vain, you (I) know.
Into the woods--
But even so,
I have to take the journey.

Cinderella, Baker, Wife:
Into the woods,
The path is straight,
You (I) know it well,
But who can tell--?

Baker, Wife:
Into the woods
to lift the spell--

Cinderella: Into the woods to visit Mother--

Janis: Into the Wounds, the scratch and sting

Wife: Into the woods to fetch the things--

Skillen: To cross the ocean—

Baker: To make the potion--

Zingarella: To show the ineffable—

Cinderella: To go to the Festival--

Zingarella: Into the Whats
Bruce, Other: Into the Wounds
Skillen: Into the Once
Janis: Into the Wounds
Jeff: Into the Wants

Baker, Wife, Cinderella, Jack, Jack's Mother:
Into the woods

ALL: To face the threat
Of door-to-door
And *tête-à-tête*.

Without regret,
The choice is made,
The task is set.

Into the Whats Into the Wounds Into the Once Into the Wounds Into the Wants

Into the woods,

ALL: With hope for getting God as our attorney.

But not forgetting why I'm (you're) on the journey.

Into the Whats, Into the Wounds, Into the Once, Into the Wounds, Into the Wants,
ALL: An elderish Seafarer now
I point the prow—

Into the woods

To get my (our) wish,
I don't care how,
The time is now.

Bruce's Other: Into the Wounds for seven-thou—

Jack's Mother: Into the woods to sell the cow--

The Switch: Umbrian Wounds (not in Tuscany)—

Jack: Into the woods to get the money--

Janis: Into the Wounds to fit the spiel—

Wife: Into the woods to lift the spell--

Skillen: To cross the ocean—

Baker: To make the potion--

Zingarella: To show the Ineffable—

Cinderella: To go to the Festival--

Jeff: I've been removed; forget the full house!
I gotta to move; we're selling the house!

LRRH: Into the woods to Grandmother's house...
Into the woods to Grandmother's house...

ALL: The Why is clear;
The Why's not good;
I sojourned here
Into this wood...
When woods become weeds,
And we'd become wood...
I truly would have stayed here—

All: The way is clear,
The light is good,
I have no fear,
Nor no one should.
the woods are just trees,
The trees are just wood.
No need to be afraid there--

Zingarella, Skillen: But something was un-made here...

Bak, Cind: There's something in the glade there...

ALL: Into the Whats
And through the spray
No chart to help
You choose the way
Into the Wounds
It may
Get rough and murky on the journey
Into the Wants/Once
Your craft will bring
You back to earth
For sturdying
Into the Wounds

All: Into the woods
Without delay,
But careful not
To lose the way.
Into the woods,
Who knows what may
Be lurking on the journey?
Into the woods
To get the thing
That makes it worth
The journeying.
Into the woods--

Step-Ethos & Flunkies: To staff the Queen—

Stepmother, stepsisters: To see the King--

Bruce, Sherrator: To seize the now—

Jack, Jack's Mother: To sell the cow--

Skillen, Janis: To calm the ocean—

Baker, Wife: To make the potion--

ALL: To sail
To sell
To seek
To find
To herd
To heal
To show the Ineffable—
Into the Whats—
Into the Wants/Once—
Into the Wounds,
We enter the Wounds—
And so we embark!

All: To see--
To sell--
To get--
To bring--
To make--
To lift--
To go to the Festival--!
Into the woods!
Into the woods!
Into the woods,
Then out of the woods,
And home before dark!