

Archibald Avery

A New Musical...



Cape Rep Theatre

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Songs from *Archibald Avery*
A new musical

Book, Music & Lyrics by Paddo Devine, Seamus Devine,
and Macklin Devine

Based on the original characters and poetry of Macklin Devine

SENTENCING

A tree falls
Nobody around
A simple question
But the answer can't be found

Words on a page
No one there to read them
Despite their intention
Or who put them down

A tree will turn into a log
And slowly waste away
Sentences left alone will stay
Stay what they say

Laughs for a joke
Lasts just a moment
But shapes the lines
Of your face as you age

Words are the river
That shape our canyons
Tell stories of mountains
A key to our cage

A tree will turn into a log
And slowly waste away
Sentences left alone will stay
Stay what they say

A tree falls
Somebody heard it
They wrote it down
And described its sound

A crack and a crash
Listen you'll hear it
It's right there in words
The thud of the ground

A tree will turn to story
And never waste away
Sentences describing its last day
Stay what they say

THE GRAVEYARD SONG

Listen closely to the banned backyard
The forbidden land where the grass is charred
From burning sun and mounds of earth
Overturned in the Devil's Church

One thump two thump three thump four
Tick tick boom goes the hard dirt floor
Listen close by the old wood fence
Archibald's Graveyard Song commence

One click two click three click more
Shovel hits rock in the old dirt floor
Tell the size of the body by how long he digs
All while the Graveyard Song he sings

Going down down way on down to Hell
Hear that sound sound we all know too well
Keeps the bodies close so he can sleep in peace
And the parents tell the children let him be

Is it just a garden? Planting food or picking weeds?
The idea is so foreign, to young detectives on a lead
Rumors travel faster than an old man can dig
And the Graveyard Song of murder is as true as you can think

One thump two thump three thump four
Every night to the planet's core
The excavation of a secret crime
Or a lonely man killing only time

One step two step three step crack
A branch gives way during the back track
A child halts as the digging stops
And a fear deep down boils to the top

Going down down way on down to Hell
Hear the sound sound we all know too well
Keeps the bodies close so he can sleep in peace
And the parents tell the children let him be

But to the beat of the shovel so deafening
Archibald's Graveyard Song they sing
Dancing to the Graveyard Song they sing
Listen to the Devil's Church bells ring
Click boom to the tomb of kings

ARCHIBALD 1

Archibald Avery lived in a shack
The walls they were green and the roof it was black
There were rumors he ate small children for snacks
Archibald Avery lived in a shack

Archibald Avery had two first names
No middle no last and for this he was blamed
His name gave all premonition to the town's superstition
Archibald Avery never made clear his mission

I think that he fought in a war or maybe a few
Some say he flew as a pilot in World War II
Some people say that Avery was a draft dodger
For this reason and others the man was verbally slaughtered

He has a white cross in his brown picket fence
Archibald Avery down the lane at the Tenth
The grass in his front yard is dry, gray and dying
But his rose garden is almost pacifying

Quick look here exhibit "L"
Will surely lock him in a cell
The cookies on his countertop
Full of human taste and smell

Right to your left exhibit "Y"
Near the grave of Cindy Sly
A footprint matching tread and size
Of who? You guessed it! That there guy

For those less visual in learning
Listen to my words
The idea this man goes walking free
Is nothing but absurd

Double-time tempo

Now kind jury if you please
I'm begging on my hands and knees
Imploring you and your decree
To sentence Mr. Avery

Think of your kids out at play
Picture them not here today
Do not say you looked away
When an innocent was slay

Oh deciders you twelve fates
You have the key now lock his gates
For his guilt we postulate
Poor Lucinda justice waits
For Lucinda justice waits

This appalling skin a'crawling
Case has been a gas
I'll be the winner home by dinner
And sit upon my ass

The Prosecution rests.

TRIAL PART 1: THE PROSECUTION

The Prosecution calls them all
All the children playing ball
Big and tall and thin and small
The Prosecution calls them all

This one saw him stealing cats
That one saw him eating rats
That one saw him sneaking up
And hiding in the crabby grass

This girl claims he drained the pool
And rang the fire bell at school
This one says with much regret
He kicked him in the family jewels

This disturbing quite unnerving
Testimony proves
The rumors of these sweet young things
Are more than just a ruse

The Prosecution calls the cops
All the donut eating slops
From pistol pop to chief on top
The prosecution calls the cops

The beat cop saw a print in dirt
Sergeant found a piece of shirt
Captain caught a leaf of rose
That lead them to where she was hurt

That one dug and found some bones
Under roses who'dve known
Another found his long dead parents
In his house as dry as scones

This most convincing evidencing
Exhibition shows
That Mister there right in that chair
Is Perfect's greatest foe

There's more.

Now if you please exhibit "B"
On pages fifty-two and -three
A drawing pulled right off his fridge
Clearly signed by Lucindy

MOTHER'S SONG

Baby
My sweet little baby
All the world's problems aren't for you
Baby
Sweet little lady
Feel the gum stuck to your shoe

Snoopin'
Knew it when I saw your face droopin'
Know you went to his yard
Droopin'
Now his flowers are they droopin'
What do you think that you should do

You've got to go apologize
Baby baby dry your eyes
I know that everything
Will be alright

Hurry
Almost supertime you had better scurry
Your favorite's tonight
Worry?
No baby why would I be worried
He's just an old man everything's alright

Cindy
Take your bike please Cindy
It's getting late tonight
No dear
You have to go apologize you know dear
You have to make this right

You've got to go apologize
Baby baby dry your eyes
I know that everything
Will be alright

You've got to go apologize
Baby baby dry your eyes
I know that everything
Will be alright

**CATERPILLARS, HOBOS, IGUANAS, LINT, DEMONS,
SNAKES, MONSTERS, IDIOTS, NOMADS AND DUTCH/
CHILD'S MIND**

It's nearly two
Bubblegum stuck to your shoe
Laces both untied
Mama's knocking
Just outside your door

But no one's home
The children they are far away
Away in Rome
Or a spaceship made of yesterday's
Packaging for boring grown up things

There's only one chance to escape
So Mother you will have to wait
The Jailer's dropped his key
And the children have begun to flee

Off to a mountain they must climb
With Bigfoot, Yeti, Frankenstein
Who could go downstairs for lunch
When the summit's red with fisticuffs
A break is such a boring grownup thing

Laughter on an avalanche
As the mountain turns to sea
A captain offers them his hand
And the first mate is a bee

So Mother let the children play
Their war brigades and masquerades
Will train them for the day
The day where they are forced to pay
And sell their toys for boring grown up things
They'll complain about the noise and do boring grown up things
Till they have children of their own who will soar on magic wings

DEAR MR. STANDSTILL

Dear Mr. Standstill I know that it's uphill
But now it is time to check in
I need your new pages we'll discuss your wages
I'm just tryna look out for you my old friend
Your deadline is creepin'
I know you've been weepin'
It's easy to see that you have what it takes
I don't mean to be daft but
I still need your draft
I've no doubt that it'll be great

Dear Mr. Standstill don't mean to be a pill
I'm hopin' that you'll understand
When I say I need somethin' you're stallin' and slumpin'
It's starting to get just a bit out of hand
Your deadline's approachin'
The contract's encroachin'
It's now time to shit or to get off the pot
Is there somethin' to send me
My desk is still empty
For our sakes i hope yours is not

Dear Mr. Standstill there's no time left to kill
My kettle is boiled to steam
I'm rather frustrated your work's been sedated
For so long that sometimes I just want to scream
If you miss your due date
I promise you this fate
It'll be the last contract you'll ever receive
There must be a story
No matter the glory
It can't be that hard to conceive.

Standstill
Send whatever you've got