

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_

## Spotlight on Performance Script

# Nature's Songs

### Costume/Prop Suggestions

All characters should be dressed in camping clothes and gear.

### Set Suggestions

Most of the action occurs around a campfire where the students are roasting marshmallows. This can be mimed or props can be used. Use colored streamers, a light, and a fan to create the effect of a campfire. The set can include trees, rocks, and so on.

### Script Begins

*(Dad leads the children onto the stage area.)*

**Amanda:** I love sitting around the campfire. Listening to all the night sounds around me makes me feel such a part of *(trying to find the right word)*, such a part of ...nature.

**Andy:** Well, we are a part of nature.

**Amanda:** Yeah, but sometimes spending all my time in the city, I forget about all this out here; all these sights, sounds, and even smells.

**Andy:** Yeah, I love the sound of frogs croaking.

**Amanda:** The smell of the campfire burning.

**Sarah:** The sound of crickets chirping.

**Sophie:** Watching the way their colors change as the flames dance.

**Nathan:** The taste of the marshmallows.

**Everyone:** *(in unison)* the taste of the marshmallows?

*(Everyone gives him a look as though he's busted the groove of the mood.)*

**Amanda:** When I'm out here I love to close my eyes and pretend that I'm something else in nature. I mean like an animal, an animal that I can hear.

**Andy:** Like a frog?

**Amanda:** *(She starts hopping around making “ribbit” noises.)* Exactly.

**Sarah:** I’d like to pretend I’m a *(starting to rapidly move her index finger up and down in front of her lips to make an underwater sound)* fish.

**Ted:** I’d like to be an eagle, not for the sound it makes, but because I would love to fly.

***Song 1: The Eagle, p. 337***

**Sophie:** There is something about being out here that does free up your imagination. I mean I can’t see us sitting around at a coffee shop talking about pretending to be a frog or an eagle.

**Nathan:** If I were at a coffee shop, I’d be talking about whether to order the chocolate or the butterscotch brownie.

**Everyone:** *(in unison)* The chocolate or butterscotch brownie?

*(Everyone gives him a look as though he’s busted the groove of the mood.)*

**Ted:** *(ignoring Nathan’s last remark)* There is something about being out here does something to your soul. It really makes you feel closer to nature.

**Andy:** I know exactly what you mean. You know what I was thinking? When I close my eyes I think I’d like to be an owl.

**Everyone:** *(in unison)* An owl?

**Ted:** Why an owl?

**Andy:** Because I’m such a wise guy.

*(Everybody laughs.)*

**Sarah:** Well, if you’re gonna be a wise guy, I’m gonna be a cuckoo bird.

*(Everybody laughs.)*

***Song 2: The Owl and the Cuckoo, p. 337***

**Amanda:** Can you imagine how great it really would be as a bird? I mean an eagle, robin, or even a crow... whatever... just flying, soaring above the world. Can you imagine the view from up there?

**Andy:** I think that’s what gave people the idea to invent the airplane.

**Amanda:** Airplanes are great, but it's not the same as just spreading your wings and taking off.

**Nathan:** But what about the 'eating worms part' of being a bird?

**Everyone:** *(in unison)* The eating worms part?

*(Everyone gives him a look as though he's busted the groove of the mood.)*

**Amanda:** Other than the eating worms part, I think the life of a bird would be pretty great.

***Song 3: E nānā kākou i nā manu, p. 338***

**Sophie:** I love the crackling sound that the fire makes; it's almost hypnotic.

**Ted:** Yeah, it's sort of like running water in a stream... that babbling brook thing.

**Amanda:** There's nothing better than lying back on the bank of a river with your toes in the water listening to the music, the music the water makes.

**Ted:** Every drop of water in a stream...

**Sophie:** Every wind that blows...

**Sarah:** Every fish...

**Andy:** Every bird...

**Sophie:** Every bee...

**Sarah:** Every river that runs to the sea...

**Amanda:** All of nature is singing a song. Now that's my kind of music.

***Song 4: Arroyito serrano, p. 340***