

CAUTIONARY TALE

A new musical about growing up and growing glum

Book and Lyrics by Rebecca Atkinson-Lord
Music by Rebecca Applin

With additional material by Mark Iles

Bonus Extract – The Shaws’ Tale

COPYRIGHT NOTICE

Cautionary Tale is a show about finding hope and spreading joy when all seems lost. Because of the Covid-19 pandemic, we’ve lost our chance, for the time being, to work on developing the show as we had planned but we’d still like to share the joy.

For a limited time, we’re sharing extracts from the score, lyrics and script of *Cautionary Tale* online so you can get a flavour of this show by reading, rehearsing and performing some of it in your own home.

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In the first instance, all licensing enquiries should be directed to Rachel Daniels at Berlin Associates racheld@berlinassociates.com.

Act 2.

The NARRATOR is surrounded by murky darkness. In a very slow fade over the entire duration of the song, the lights come up to reveal that he is picking his way through the blasted remains of The Black Dog. The visual reference here should absolutely foreshadow the burned house of The Shaw's Tale Part 2.

[SONG: THE SHAW'S TALE PART 1]

THE NARRATOR:

Not long ago
But long enough
That you might not remember

A woman lived
In Gloaming who
Was kind and warm and tender

The easily forgotten sort
With quiet, boring ways
But filled with so much love
That golden sunlight filled her days

Love is bright
Love is warm
Love holds us in its palm
Love is hope
Love is peace
Love keeps us safe from harm

For Seraphina's talent
Her children used to say
Was to love so hard she'd conquer
All harm that came their way

Not the love that's sweet and sickly
Full of Frills and fading flow'rs
But the ancient, deep and primal love
An eternity of power

Sebastian and Sylvie Shaw
Didn't know the touch of fear
Wrapped safe in Seraphina's love
Never shed a single tear

Love is fierce

Love is hard
Love's power won't expire
Love remembers
Love endures
Love burns us in its fire

Throughout the preceding section, the people of Gloaming have gradually awoken and begun to go about their business. In dribs and drabs, they pass the place where The Black Dog once stood and stop to stare in silent shock. It's nothing but a ruin now. Maybe it still smokes.

NARRATOR:

No one could ever have imagined that quiet, kind Seraphina Shaw, whose only talent was to love so powerfully that her heart shielded her children from all harm, might one day become Gloaming's spitefully sinister Safe Keeper. But the shards of a broken heart can be dangerously sharp. Sometimes tears are unavoidable and here in Gloaming, they're always flowing somewhere. And this morning. Well. This morning there's a deluge.

AUNT WORSELMAN arrives, and goes calling through the ruins for FRED. But there's no sign of him. MR HAMINGTON joins her. Searches. Nothing.

[SONG: WHAT'S LEFT]

AUNT WORSELMAN:

What's left of our dear happy place?
Can it really stand no more?
No stupid grin across your face.
No joy behind the door.

What's left of all our hopes my dear?
What's left of all our dreams?
What's left for me but bitter fear?
There's nothing now it seems.

For I am left without you
I am left without your smile
I am left without the joy
We found together for a while.

During the song, AUNT WORSELMAN's heart breaks and she begins to crumble into dust. She holds it together though. For just a tiny bit longer.

AUNT WORSELMAN: She took him away for Safe Keeping.

MR HAMINGTON: We'll find him Jude.

AUNT WORSELMAN: No we wont. We've never found any of the others.

MR HAMINGTON: No.

AUNT WORSELMAN: I feel as though my heart has cracked in two Arthur.

NARRATOR:

Sometimes, it seems as though the tears will never stop. And though the business of life goes on and on, here in Gloaming it's as though the clouds rain grief.

DRAFT