

**C A S C A D E S**

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**ACT I: HYDE**

Dyna the Dryad  
Glassbottom Boats  
Rhapsody of Water  
Glen Albyn  
Nessie the Beastie  
Grande Couloir, Geats of Heofon  
Mystical Colours and Dancing Waterfalls  
Meeting Love By the Water  
The Song of Dyna

**ACT II: JEKYLL**

Glasgow Glaziers  
Journey With Jekyll  
Lake to Loch  
Loch Ness  
Angel of Death  
The Bicycle Ballet  
Dali Takes a Dip  
Passion  
Return to the Cascades

**FINALE: CASCADES**

**CAST OF CHARACTERS**

A Man  
Dyna the Dryad / Mother  
Hyde / Jekyll  
The Loch Ness Monster  
Phillip the Salesman  
Two Rot Birds  
Several Bearded Bicyclists  
A Distant Narrator  
Salvador Dali, c. 1944  
A Satyr  
Some fish

Set in Scotland, and elsewhere.  
Partly based on the painting by Salvador Dali.  
Sentimental Colloquy, 1944.

**CASCADES ACT I: HYDE**

The stage is dark. The music begins.  
A bearded man wearing a bridal veil  
pedals a bicycle across the stage,  
left to right.  
Trickling water is heard, turning into  
a crashing waterfall.  
Suddenly, day breaks.  
(Who will fix it?)

SCENE 1

**DYNA THE DRYAD**

(DYNA sleeps beside the cascades in a  
dense forest. A song is sung by a  
distant voice.)

NARRATOR

She loves to rest by the cascades  
In the shade on the hot summer days.  
She sits in the soft, shoreside grasses,  
Laying her head upon the cool, damp moss.  
The rushing falls spray a mist into the air  
That makes the wind moist and refreshing.  
Liquid pellets form on her skin,  
Joining into drops  
And trickling down to the ground.  
She sleeps there beneath the trees and clouds.

(The SATYR is there as a dream. Through  
the crashing of water onto stone, his  
beautiful flute can be heard, playing a  
simple melody. The song calls for a man  
to come to the spring and love the fair  
Dyna. The sounds drift from the flute  
and into the flowing water, where the  
hypnotic notes are trapped in the bubbles  
that float downstream. The spring  
empties into the river that departs the  
deep wood of the dryad's domain.)

SCENE 2

**OBSERVING THE WORLD THROUGH GLASSBOTTOM BOATS**

(There is a MAN staring through the  
bottom of a glassbottom boat. He watches  
the FISH swim about the water.)

MAN

What a strange sight to see said he, the he being me. The fish  
soar like the birds of the air. I can see their gills breathing  
the tiny bubbles of underwater oxygen. How strange to live like  
that. How strange to look at other worlds through glassbottom  
boats.

PHILLIP

Jacob the Glazier fitted that window.

(PHILLIP has an eternal grin, that salesman's smile: a glassy expression, if you will. Phillip hands the man his card, who reads it aloud.)

MAN

'Glasgow Glaziery'. So I'm in Scotland. I had forgotten where I was, and couldn't quite remember when I knew before. Anyways, knowing where I am doesn't change the fact that the sun is trotting off to bed, so I should do the same.

SCENE 3

**RHAPSODY OF WATER**

(The man enters a room with no walls. The floor reaches infinity in all directions. In the center of this room is a giant grand piano. Mr. HYDE sits on a tiny stool, playing and singing a song. As he pecks the keys, the piano springs a leak. The water fills the piano and overflows onto the floor.)

HYDE

Depth and cold.  
Rot and mould.  
I can feel the drowning in the flood.  
I can hear the screaming in the flood.  
I can see the pouring of your blood.  
I can see you drowning in the flood.  
In the cracks and out the door.  
Sweep the table and set the floor.  
The wedding guests will soon arrive.  
When long shadows shade the sky.  
So you share a room with me. My name's Hyde.

MAN

Good evening, Mr. Hyde. I'm--

HYDE

Listen lad, I'm sailing tomorrow to the Glen Albyn. You're invited to go along.

MAN

I've got nothing else to do. I'll go along.

SCENE 4

**GLEN ALBYN**

(Mr. Hyde and the man float on a small sailboat in the Glen Albyn. The man is very sick.)

HYDE

Your face is green, son. How is your health this morning?

MAN

Not very well, Mr. Hyde. How much longer is this trip?

HYDE

It won't be long. Have a sip of this to settle your stomach, fellow.

(Mr. Hyde hands him a large flask with a liquid inside. The medicine has a pale, yellow color, looking like lemonade, or urine, perhaps.)

MAN

It tastes like honey! I feel better.

(Soon, however, the liquid affects the colors seen, as if rainbow shades were placed across the skies, and all is distorted. Mr. Hyde sings with a charming voice that echoes across the firth.)

HYDE

What do you think, son? Are you having fun?

(The question remains unanswered as another memory lapse occurs. Soon the effects of the yellow drink begin to wear off, and memory returns. At first it seems as though the man and Hyde are on Phillip's boat, peering through the glass-clear bottom into the water below, but they are actually in Mr. Hyde's sailing vessel.)

HYDE

Your face is green, my son. How is your health this morning?

MAN

Not very well, Mr. Hyde. How much longer is this trip?

HYDE

We're there, lad.

MAN

Are we in the Glen Albyn?

HYDE

Glen Albyn? We haven't been there in six years. This is Loch Ness, son. Are you feeling alright? Would you need some medicine?

(A MONSTER rises from the water behind the boat. The man is surprised, but Hyde is not.)

HYDE (CONT'D)

That's Nessie, the beast of the lake.

NESSIE

Come with me into the water and see the magical world of the depths.

HYDE

Don't be tricked into the water, son. The monster wishes to drown you.

MAN

The beast is too curious to ignore.

(The man tosses himself from the bow of the ship.)

SCENE 5

**NESSIE THE BEAST**

(Nessie is graceful beneath the waters of the lake. The man is at first blinded in the darkness, but after his eyes adjust he can make out the fish and life that inhabit the liquid world. Strangely enough, he can breath, for he has grown gills and the air-filled bubbles percolate through his membranes. He swims down into the darker depths to survey this new found world. Fish of all colors, shapes, and sizes dance about him like the clouds about the earth. Direction ceases to be of importance. Up and down, left and right. They no longer exist. He floats in free space as if he were a thousand miles above the earth in the weightless emptiness, and can spin and twirl, bob and drift. FAINT, FAINT MUSIC can be heard, gurgling through the water as if muted by light years of vacuum space. The man stops to concentrate on the tiny sounds, and can pick out the notes and melody.)

MAN

Can you hear the music, Nessie?

(Nessie shakes her head.)

MAN

It seems strange that the tune is a familiar one, like a childhood memory of a nursery rhyme that lingers through old age.

(Suddenly, Hyde arrives, gills waving on the sides of his throat. He is much amazed that he can breath, and comes awkwardly swimming down towards the man and beast.)

MAN

I hope that I don't look that funny when I swim.

HYDE

I can breath! I can swim!

MAN

Can you hear that music?

(Hyde shakes his head. They swim down towards the source of the sound, and all the time it grows in intensity. At the bottom of the loch, below the fish and creatures, in the mud and stones, is a hole. It is too small for Nessie to fit, but large enough for Hyde and the man.)

The music flows out with the cold current.

(The man swims into the hole against the current, determined to discover the source of the enchanting music. Hyde cannot hear anything, although it is ever clearer at the mouth of the cave.)

HYDE

I warn you, son. Don't venture into that dark tunnel.

(The man throws Hyde's caution aside.)

Wait for me, then!

(Hyde follows the man into the hole.)

SCENE 6

**GRANDE COULOIR, GEATS OF HEOFON**

(We see a great valley. There are brown dirt walls to either side, and a muddy river at the bottom. The valley continues into infinity. Two ROT BIRDS of enormous size are perched high on the cliff above the Grande Couloir.)

FIRST ROT BIRD

I seen two men in the water bilooghe. Are eow hungri?

SECOND ROT BIRD

Leten us finden out qwa thei aren beforen we eaten them.

(They soar down and come to rest on a stone near where Hyde and the man are resting after their long journey through the tunnel.)

FIRST ROT BIRD

Qwa are eow that liens in mi trenche wayten to ben et?

MAN

I couthe nought understanden the accentus at first, so I axed, "Where am I?"

SECOND ROT BIRD

Eow are in the Grande Couloir.

MAN

Isn't that in France?

(The Rot Birds turn and leave dismayed.)

SCENE 7

**MYSTICAL COLOURS AND DANCING WATERFALLS**

(The canyon opens up and a valley appears that rivals heaven, a magical Garden of Eden full of peculiar life and magnificent flora. Several brooks break from the forest into the muddy river, each one clear as dew and intent on its downward journey. Hyde and the man stand awed by the spectacle of the great forest. The water bursts forth from the undergrowing branches and drops to their feet. Tiny waterfalls surround them, filling the air with a roar of thunderous applause. The sound of the falls turns into peculiar music, playing a liquid tune. The water welcomes them to this new world with a concerto of musical falls, and each note becomes a spectral color that dances about the air. Soon the sky is filled with vivid hues, mystical colors, and fluttering tints. Nothing can be seen but the rainbow show and the only sound is the water song. Mr. Hyde disappears. The man begins to move. It is not by his own locomotion, but by some force derived from the music and colors. Suddenly then, the medley of the bubbling water becomes familiar, that childhood memory of a long lost tune, and it becomes all to clear what that music is.)

MAN

The Song of Dyna! It's the Song of Dyna!

(The man laughs with great pleasure.)

The Song of Dyna, sung to me by my mother as she put me to rest each night.

MOTHER

Remember that song, and listen for it again one day.

MAN

Where are you, mother? I don't remember. You died when my memory lapses began.

(The colors blur into one another, melting into a mixture of beautiful patterns. The pace increases at incredible rates, until it seems that no greater velocity can be obtained. Then the value of the colors pale, and all slowly fades until nothing but white light remains. The sense of speed dissolves, and the music once again returns to the sound of rushing water. An image appears before the man, slowly forming in the white glare.)

#### SCENE 8

##### **MEETING LOVE BY THE WATER**

(Dyna the Dryad takes form and flesh upon a moss covered rock beside the falling cascade. She sits and watches the man beneath the drooping willow tree. The man approaches her. He stands only a few feet away from her, perhaps just a few inches, and can see the detail of her skin lit by the red, yellow and orange light of the setting sun. The man's hand moves forward to touch her skin. Long shadows cross the sky. Hyde is heard distantly.)

HYDE

Turn your face, lad. Don't become involved with this lady.

MAN

A stone looks upon me and wonder if it is truly alive. I am that stone to you.

(The man dares not look away to see if it is truly Hyde, but remains intent on the lady before him. His fingers brush her skin, ever so gently, ever so soft. Her fragile skin takes motion. She moves close around him, so that their flesh is all entwined. The nearby cascade sprays mist on them as they kiss. He looks into her face and is suddenly startled.)

Mother!

(Again the Song of Dyna is heard, more distinctly than before.)

#### SCENE 9

##### **THE SONG OF DYNA**

MOTHER

There is Dyna the Dryad, like the river and sea.  
Waiting by the waterfall, forever in her sleep.  
Isolated in the forest, upon his wooden fife,

The Satyr plays a tune, to ease his endless strife.  
The water takes the music and carries it downstream.  
To an unsuspecting man whose life is just a dream.  
Lost by his memories, he chases what he hears.  
Following his thoughts, he faces what he fears.  
Bone to bone and flesh to flesh they wed.  
Unite and rebirth to celebrate the dead.  
By all perceptions a creature of perfection  
Who on conception the universe and all creation.

MAN

All of this I heard, felt, became. I existed, as I had never  
existed before. I now took on life. I had perspective,  
enlightenment. The universe abandoned, redefined, rediscovered.  
It was at this moment that my memory lapse began once again, and  
nothing beyond is remembered...

### **CASCADES ACT II: JEKYLL**

The stage is bright. The music begins.

A bearded man wearing a bridal veil  
pedals across the stage,  
right to left.

Trickling water is heard, turning into  
A crashing waterfall.  
Suddenly, night falls.  
(Where does it land?)

SCENE 1

### **GLASGOW GLAZIERS**

(The FISH swim about the water as the MAN  
stares through the glass-bottom boat.)

MAN

I hate the water. Passionately. Perhaps it plays back to a time  
as a child. I found myself in a large lake, away from land and  
solid footing. I panicked, screamed, and splashed, but there was  
no one there to save me. It was frightening to wake in the cold,  
icy liquid, alone. I did my best to stay afloat, flailing my arms  
and legs, but eventually I went under. I was dead, drowned,  
suffocated in a thick, wet atmosphere. I lost my memory. Since  
that day I've had a fear and hatred of water. How I arrived on  
Phillip's glassbottom boat I do not know, but in a drunken state  
my own aquaphobia seems to subside. Perhaps I didn't realize it  
was an actual lake, but for the time I was there I was charmed by  
the scene beneath the surface, the fish that swam to and fro, the  
murky depths that were now not so frightening. My own fears  
seemed to drift away with the rippling waves, staring into the  
bottom of the boat at the reverse world where creatures seemingly  
alien existed where things like ourselves could not.

SCENE 2

**JOURNEY WITH JEKYLL**

(Water, in all directions, stretching endlessly, surrounding him, engulfing him, choking, strangling, drowning in a watery underworld. Dying once again in the icy, cold liquid, filling his lungs and destroying life. Painful constrictions in his chest with each lungful of water as he tries to breath and stay alive. Sinking into the depths. The fish laugh at him.)

FISH

You can't live in our environment. You can't exist. There is no life for you beneath the water.

(His cries for help are drowned out by music. It is loud, agonizing - pulsing through his ears and head. He screams, again and again, trying to make his voice louder than the sound, to deaden its intensity. It persists, stronger and stronger.)

JEKYLL

That's it, boy. Let it go. Scream. Feel the cold water around you, inside you, killing you. Sink to the bottom and never return, lad. Drown in the sea, there.

(Suddenly, with a flush of relief, the pain disappears. All is silent except the still trickle of water waves against the side of the boat. Cool air blows across his face, through his clothes and hair. Peace returns, and the man sits comfortably on a broad expanse of inlet firth in a tiny boat.)

MAN

In any normal situation, I would be succumbed by fear, but now I am quite happy, particularly overjoyed. You are very curious looking, completely stranger but somehow familiar, yet I cannot place a name to you. Who are you, stranger?

JEKYLL

My name is Jekyll, son. Welcome to the Glen Albyn.

MAN

I like it here. It's very nice.

SCENE 3  
**LAKE TO LOCH**

MAN

Every lake was the same: torturous discomfort and pain followed by serene happiness and cool pleasure, and all the time there was Jekyll, first executioner then closest friend. I didn't see the point in it all, but somehow I stepped into the boat at every lake and loch we came to, knowing I would have to endure to drowning but eager to experience that heavenly joy afterwards. I followed him about for six years, exploring every waterway and pool in Scotland. Each one was a special conquest, an experience totally different than the other. The only consistent thing was the thundering music more unendurable than the drowning itself, and as much as the melody played through my head, I could never quite remember the tune. It, like Jekyll, was all too familiar to be stranger.

SCENE 4  
**LOCH NESS**

MAN

Dyna! Dyna! Dyna!

(The screeching music and screams of pain end. There is serenity and calm. Bubbles float about the air. Are we underwater, or floating with the wind? Is it outer space? Are we confined in the mind of this man, and why? The dream continues, abstract and unending. Jekyll walks away.)

JEKYLL

I'll leave you in the lake then, fool. Leave you to the beast. Depths and watery death where Davy Jones reigns, and Nessie lies hidden. Leave you to your mother's song. Why should I bother trying to help you with your water fear, when it's not the depths that frighten, but the music that you hear?

(Jekyll exits, storming across the surface of the water with anger on his lips. The man won't listen to him, so he won't help the man. He leaves him in the water. The man sobs as he enters a strange, new world, with screams and tears like a crying child.)

SCENE 5

**ANGEL OF DEATH**

(The water falls from the sky, pouring harder than rain. The cascades surround everything there is. Crystal, colored drops descend and crash on the rocks. The thunder of falls fills the air with vibrant sound. Everything is cleansed by the rushing force. Everything is swept away. Only the water remains, that one pure element.)

(In the distant depths, two figures embrace. The water falls upon their bodies. The man kisses his mother, slowly slipping his hands about her throat. He strangles her. She chokes as her air supply is cut, and dies.)

SCENE 6

**THE BICYCLE BALLET**

(The man enters a room with no walls. The floor reaches infinity in all directions. In the center of this room is a giant grand piano. Jekyll sits on a tiny stool, playing and singing a song.)

MAN

Where am I?

JEKYLL

You're at the end, son.

MAN

What happens now?

JEKYLL

Happiness! Happiness forever now.

MAN

How?

JEKYLL

A wedding, of course. Lights!

(A spotlight falls on Jekyll, who begins a very lively tune. Suddenly, several bearded men wearing bridal veils enter on bicycles. They perform the elaborate Pedal Ballet, riding in circles and patterns to the music. The man puts on a tuxedo that looks like a fish. The music continues to the complex display of two-wheeled motion. The Wedding March is played, and the man walks down the aisle with.....Himself! They descend into the piano as the curtain falls.)

(The curtain call follows, with everyone returning to the stage. After the cast takes its last bow, they leave. Salvador DALI remains alone on the stage, still bowing. He is wearing swim gear. The man returns.)

SCENE 7  
**DALI TAKES A DIP**

MAN

Who are you?

DALI

Salvador Dali. I'm here for the Cascades play.

MAN

The play is over. You're too late.

DALI

Too late! But I must orchestrate the bicycle ballet.

MAN

We've already done that.

DALI

Oh. Were they good?

MAN

Oh yes, just excellent.

DALI

Oh well, then. I wouldn't like to have gotten all dressed up for nothing. I guess I'll go swimming. Would you like to swim with me?

MAN

I would, but the cast party. They're waiting for me.

(Dali dives into the water.)

DALI

The water's nice. Won't you reconsider?

MAN

Well, perhaps just a quick dip.

DALI

Wait! You haven't eaten recently, have you?

MAN

No.

DALI

Good. One should not eat before swimming. No, one should not eat before swimming or painting. It ruins your digestive systems.

(The man dives into the water.)

The two most fortuitous things that can happen to a painter are, first to be Spanish, and second to be called Dali. Both have happened to me.

MAN

I'm afraid that I don't conform to either of those qualifications.

DALI

Oh? Then you shouldn't be a painter. Trust me.

MAN

I won't be.

DALI

In fact, you shouldn't be swimming. Get out.

MAN

But--

DALI

Go on! Get out!

(The man climbs out of the water. Dali gives him his final advice, imitating Jekyll's Scottish accent.)

DALI (CONT'D)

Stay away from the water, lad. It'll kill you.

SCENE 8

**PASSION**

(Dali dives under the pool and is never seen again. A fountain bursts forth from the water, spraying a mist into the air. Music begins, loud and strong.)

NARRATOR

The drops of moist air cling to the hairs and the dampness wets the skin. You win. The night comes and shadows the sky so the stars can be seen. Outer space is nearby, and God is approaching. Beware the night rain, and the lightning. The lightning is terrifying. The thunder strikes hard and shakes your bones. Moans your bones. The thick drops erode your skin and dig groves in your flesh so that you're soon a shambling mound of mud and blood. The red rain, blue rain, wet rain. The falling water from the sky. The dancing stars and moist dew sparkles in the shadows. In the shadow of the sky. The sun comes. The son comes. The white light. The white light. I can't see anything, or can I see everything?

SCENE 9

**RETURN TO THE CASCADES**

(Mother takes form and flesh upon the moss covered rock beside the falling cascade. The man approaches her. He stands only a few feet away from her, perhaps just a few inches, and can see the detail of her skin lit by the red, yellow, and orange light of the setting sun. The man's hand moves forward to touch her skin.)

MAN

I'm back, Mother.

(She remains motionless on the rock. She is dead. He falls upon his knees and cries at her feet. The water in the roaring cascade slowly stops flowing. The lights fade.)

**CASCADES FINALE: CASCADES**

SCENE 10

(The music plays on.)

MAN

Floating in the silence.  
Lost in the disarray of the world,  
I melt and dissolve into the water.  
Those twinkling lights in the distance.  
Are they stars?  
They dance about like fireflies.  
Is this outer space?  
I don't feel anything.  
What is that music?  
Where am I?  
So many questions, I begin to understand.

The meaning of all is placed into my hand.  
Secrets and misconceptions small and grand  
are clarified. Simplified.  
It's all rather frivolous by comparison.  
I have no shape. No substance. No direction.  
I am all there is. The universe is me.  
Who would not worship me?  
Who dares not worship me?

(Everything fades.)