

SPLISH SPLASH - Children's book text

by Sheila Cowley

Illustrated by the Artists of Creative Clay

Performed by Jan Neuberger and David Warner,
and directed by Jim Rayfield

CAPTAIN ZUMBA: Cast off, Bing!

BING: Aye aye, Captain Zumba!

CAPTAIN ZUMBA. . . I feel like we're still here.

BING: Working on it.

CAPTAIN ZUMBA: Please stop poking ropes and slapping sails
around, Lieutenant. I didn't bring both halves of a cantaloupe
along to loom around the shoreline. Let's set sail!

BING: Aye aye, Captain. I just need to luff the jib.

CAPTAIN ZUMBA: You luff anything you want to luff,
Lieutenant.

Hang on, where'd that other half a cantaloupe go?

BING: How about you help me with this sail?

CAPTAIN ZUMBA: I'm helping. I am thinking about floating.

BING: It'd be more help if you could let go of that sail.

CAPTAIN ZUMBA: You think about bobbing, Bing. I am thinking about letting all this sticky, soggy, stultifying, somehow semi-satisfying, sappy Earthbound shambles of a shark-infested shiveriee - just, go!

BING: You mean the spinnaker? 'Cause, yes - I need you to let go of that.

CAPTAIN ZUMBA: Never!

CAPTAIN ZUMBA: Oh, sure - here you go, Bing.

BING: So pick a direction. Where are we headed?

CAPTAIN ZUMBA: Out to sea, of course. On an adventure.

BING: For the GPS, I need you to be more specific.

CAPTAIN ZUMBA: Oh, you know where Captain Zumba wants to go.

BING: I know where you wish that we could go.

CAPTAIN ZUMBA: Exactly. And that's where we're going.

BING: Please, no.

CAPTAIN ZUMBA: It has got the best beach, Bing. The best butter, the best balmy breezes.

BING: Let's try someplace different.

CAPTAIN ZUMBA: And by far the best bananas.

BING: Let's go someplace actual. And real. Someplace that's on a map.

CAPTAIN ZUMBA: Oh, it's on a map now, Bing. See?

BING: Hang on, that's your handwriting.

CAPTAIN ZUMBA: This is a completely, absolutely and official map.

BING: Well, the water's purple on that map. With orange birds.

CAPTAIN ZUMBA: Yes, thank you.

BING: Did you draw this?

CAPTAIN ZUMBA: This is an unconditionally, utterly and altogether real map.

BING: It's in crayon.

CAPTAIN ZUMBA: How else can I make the fish pink, Bing?

BING: The sky is green. With yellow clouds.

CAPTAIN ZUMBA: Yes, thank you. Because we are off to find -

BING: Don't say it.

CAPTAIN ZUMBA: Yes! The Isle of Zumba!

BING: It's imaginary, Captain.

CAPTAIN ZUMBA: Hah! The Isle of Zumba's on this map. That makes it comprehensively and ultimately real.

BING: Just like those paisley whales?

CAPTAIN ZUMBA: Yes, thank you.

BING: No such thing.

CAPTAIN ZUMBA: You missed them, Bing. You weren't looking in the right direction.

CAPTAIN ZUMBA: Isle of Zumba's got a waterfall - and trees that have exciting swings.

It has got a lot of otters, who sing six-part harmony at night.

BING: That isn't possible.

CAPTAIN ZUMBA: You missed them, Bing. You were listening in the wrong direction.

BING: We can't go there, Captain Zumba.

CAPTAIN ZUMBA: Buck up, Bing. Be confident.

BING: I'm confident we're gonna sail around in circles. 'Cause there is no Isle of Zumba.

CAPTAIN ZUMBA: Look right here - it's on the map. Just left of the orange dolphins. Above the aquamarine submarine.

BING: Please don't use the jib to gesture, Captain. You are knocking us off course.

CAPTAIN ZUMBA: Just give me that.

BING: No, no - don't luff the jib -

CAPTAIN ZUMBA: I'm gonna luff whatever I want! Just hold this half a cantaloupe -

BING: Calm down. You're heading into unknown waters, Captain.

CAPTAIN ZUMBA: To the Isle of Zumba! Where it has a water slide that's public transportation between everywhere I want to go. I get from my treehouse to the seven most exciting swings - by slide. It's pink, with purple zig zags. And if I want lunch, I water slide over the seal pool to the purple picnic table and I shoot out with a splash.

BING: The wind is picking up.

CAPTAIN ZUMBA: Great! Because the Isle of Zumba has a boogie woogie band, who will do some doo wop until I fall off to sleep.

In a treehouse with a breeze. And the Moon is gonna shine on me and my pajamas. With the purple polka dots.

BING: Well, I know you like things like you like 'em, Captain Zumba.

CAPTAIN ZUMBA: I like you, Bing. I like sailing. I like waves and - oh, I'm wet.

BING: Darn - the wind just went away. We are becalmed.

CAPTAIN ZUMBA: I'm not calm - I am hysterical! I am so excited I can juggle three bananas - see? I will never go to sleep. (yawns) And I'm not tired.

BING: Here's your blanky, Captain.

CAPTAIN ZUMBA: Thank you. zzzzz. . . .

BING: I'll keep watch. For nothing, really - since there is no Isle of Zumba. But it's pleasant to go looking, every now and then.

CAPTAIN ZUMBA: Bananas. . .

BING: Look, the Moon is sparking all the clouds with gold and purple.

CAPTAIN ZUMBA: Purple. . .

BING: It's so quiet I can smell the stars. Or hang on - oh, it's a half a cantaloupe.

CAPTAIN ZUMBA: Cantaloupe-p-p-p. . .

BING: And what is that? It sounds like - otters? Singing? Six-part harmony?

OTTER: Oodle-doo-oodle-oodle-oodle-la-la-la.

BING: I guess we did find your island, Captain. We'll be there by morning.

CAPTAIN ZUMBA: Splish splash. . .

BING: Goodnight, Captain Zumba.

OTTER: Loodle-doodle-loo-oooo-

- THE END -