

Silkie, The Seal Wife

-Harvey D'Souza

(Music begins to play softly in the background, BUT increases in volume when Silkie starts to dance)

Once upon a time, not so long ago,
in a lonely land not so far away,
lived a lonely, hardworking fisherman.

One evening,
one lonely winter's evening,
he saw a lovely woman at the water's edge,
dancing,
dancing,
dancing.

He watched her move
to the music of the waves,
he watched her sway
to the swelling of the sea.

Hypnotised,
fascinated,
mesmerised,
the poor fisherman was captivated by her .
She exerted a terrible charm,
stronger than the tides of the sea.

He could not move,
he dared not stir,
he kept
watching,
watching,
watching her.

As the sun sank below the horizon
she finally stopped dancing.
Then, to his surprise,
she reached to her side,
pulled on a skin,
dived into the sea,
and swam out of sight.

Fisherman: Who is she? Is she a woman?

Everyone: No!!!

Fisherman: Is she a fish?

Everyone: No!!!
Silkie! She is the Silkie!
On land she is a woman
In the water she is a seal.
Silkie lives. Silkie rules!

Fisherman: This Silkie is really cool!

The next day the fisherman did not touch his fishing nets,
All day he waited for Silkie by the seashore.
But there was no sign of her.

Then,
When the sun had set below the horizon,
(Music begins to play softly in the background, BUT increases in volume when Silkie starts to dance)

When the pale moonlight sent its shimmers over the water,
When the sea breeze shivered in anticipation,
Silkie came out of the night,
and danced,
danced,
danced
in the pale moon light.

As she danced,
something stirred in the fisherman.
Something uncontrollable moved in him,
deep,
deep,
deep inside.

When Silkie reached for the skin
the fisherman jumped out and grabbed it from her.

Fisherman: Oh no, you don't.
Oh no, you won't.

Silkie: Let me go,
Don't you realise what you are doing?

Fisherman: Marry me and be my wife.

Silkie : I cannot. I belong to the sea.

Fisherman: You belong to me!

Everyone: You belong to the fisherman, Silkie.
You belong to him now.

Silkie follows the fishermen, sobbing.

Seven years pass,
seven years pass

slowly,
slowly,
slowly
for Silkie.

She has three children now,
Three beautiful children...
Who dance all day by the sea,
The fisherman catches fish every day.
Their mother cooks delicious meals for them.
They look like a happy family.
But a deep sadness casts its shadow over their roof.
The children dance beautifully
but after a while
they notice their mother watching them sadly.
The children sense their mother is sad.
But they don't know why.

Child1: Dance with us, mother.
Child2: Yes, dance with us, please.
Silkie: Shhhh, I have to prepare the lunch for your father.
Child3: But you have already prepared the lunch!
Child1: Yes, you have prepared the lunch.
Silkie: Shhhh, I have to bake you lovelies a cake.
Go outside and play now.

The children go out to play.
Little do they know why their mother doesn't dance.

One day some workers come to repair the thatched roof of their hut.
While working, they find a skin on the roof.
They give it to the children.

Worker: This belongs to you.
Child2 (showing the skin to Silkie): The workers found this on the roof. What is it?
Silkie : Oh, that. Nothing. It belongs to me, my lovelies. Thank you.

Late that night
In the pale moon light,
When the fisherman and the children are fast asleep,
Silkie gets up.
(Music begins to play softly in the background, BUT increases in volume when Silkie starts to dance, AND carries on till the end of the play....)
She kisses her children.
She tiptoes out of the hut.
She goes to the seashore
She dances one last time.
Then she puts on her skin,

And dives back into the sea.

(The volume of the music decreases..)

Once upon a time,
in a lonely land
not so far away,
Lived a lonely, hardworking fisherman
And his three, handsome children.

(The volume of the music starts to increase...)

And
Once in a while,
on a cold winter's evening,
in the pale moonlight,
You can see the fisherman and his children
by the water's edge,
dancing,
dancing,
dancing.

Blackout

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