

Samuel Taylor Coleridge

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner - SLIMY THINGS SCRIPT

DO NOT read what is in [Square Brackets] *or in italics* ***If the instructions, settings or stage directions [in brackets] apply to you they will be in BLUE***

Pay attention to those Blue Lines – they may tell you WHAT YOU SHOULD BE DOING and how you should be acting. OR what you should be getting ready for.

YOUR LINES will appear in RED ---

Your script will include the PAGES THAT YOU APPEAR AND ONE PAGE BEFORE – BE READY AND KNOW WHAT YOUR UPCOMING STAGE DIRECTIONS ARE!

Stage Directions or Instructions for the Teacher or Others will appear in Black or in Green. You can ignore those.

PART I

[AT WEDDING]

(An ancient Mariner meets a wedding guest bidden to a wedding-feast, and detains him.)

It is an ancient Mariner,

And he stoppeth one of three.

'By thy long beard and glittering eye,

Now wherefore stopp'st thou me ?

The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide,

And I am next of kin ;

The guests are met, the feast is set :

May'st hear the merry din.'

He holds him with his skinny hand,

'There was a ship,' quoth he.

'Hold off ! unhand me, grey-beard loon !'

Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
 'Twas sad as sad could be ;
 And we did speak only to break
 The silence of the sea !
 All in a hot and copper sky,
 The bloody Sun, at noon, [Sun come out looking bloody]
 Right up above the mast did stand,
 No bigger than the Moon. [Quickly, Sun you are now the Moon]
 Day after day, day after day,
 We stuck, nor breath nor motion ;
 As idle as a painted ship
 Upon a painted ocean. [Mariners should all be still, like the ship is not moving – starting to grumble]
And the Albatross begins to be avenged.
 Water, water, every where,
 And all the boards did shrink ;
 Water, water, every where,
 Nor any drop to drink. [Mariners should all act very thirsty]
 The very deep did rot : O Christ !
 That ever this should be ! [Slimy things should enter – wiggle about looking as slimy & disgusting as possible]
 Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
 Upon the slimy sea.
 About, about, in reel and rout
 The death-fires danced at night ;
 The water, like a witch's oils,
 Burnt green, and blue and white. [Slimy things exit]
A Spirit had followed them
 And some in dreams assuréd were [Spirit enter and throw curses and plagues at the ship]
 Of the Spirit that plagued us so ;
 Nine fathom deep he had followed us
 From the land of mist and snow.
 And every tongue, through utter drought,
 Was withered at the root ;
 We could not speak, no more than if
 We had been choked with soot. [Spirit exit]
The shipmates, in their sore distress, would fain throw the whole guilt on the ancient Mariner : in sign whereof they hang the dead sea-bird round his neck.
 Ah ! well a-day ! what evil looks
 Had I from old and young !
 Instead of the cross, the Albatross
 About my neck was hung. [Mariners all hang the albatross around the Mariner's neck]
 PART III
 There passed a weary time. Each throat
 Was parched, and glazed each eye.
 A weary time ! a weary time !
 How glazed each weary eye,
 When looking westward, I beheld
 A something in the sky.
The ancient Mariner beholdeth a sign in the element afar off.

[Back at SHIP]

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide wide sea !
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

[He despises the creatures of the calm]

The many men, so beautiful ! [Mariners look particularly beautiful]
And they all dead did lie : [Slimy Things – enter and start squiggling about – the slimier you are the better]
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on ; and so did I.

And envies that they should live, and so many lie dead.

I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away ;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.
I looked to heaven, and tried to pray ;
But or ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.
I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat ;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet. [Slimy things exit]

