

PLAYS FOR YOUNG AUDIENCES

A PARTNERSHIP OF SEATTLE CHILDREN'S THEATRE AND CHILDREN'S THEATRE COMPANY-MINNEAPOLIS

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Lizzie Bright and the Buckminster Boy

By
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Based on the Book of the same title by
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LIZZIE BRIGHT AND THE BUCKMINSTER BOY

CHARACTERS

Turner Buckminster, 13, white, woefully high-strung

Lizzie Bright Griffin, 13, black, feisty and sings like an angel

Mrs. Cobb, 80'ish, white

Reverend Buckminster 40'ish, white

Reverend Griffin (Grandfather) 70'ISH, black

Willis Hurd, 13, white

Sheriff, 50'ish, white

Deacon Hurd, 50'ish, white

***THE TRIPPS (can be performed with the three Trips combined into just two Tripps)

Little Abbie Tripp 7, black

Little Bobby Tripp 8, black

Little Mary Tripp 6, black

Playwrights Note:

...Mostly we travel the road that is known, so similar we could, with ease, travel it blindfolded; but journeying the unfamiliar road, the unknown, a road different as the sea on any given day, promises us a type of magic we didn't think our life capable. But if we're real lucky, we'll collect a good friend along the way... [CL West July, 2009]

THE SETTING:

Due to the number of locations, it's important that the setting be fluid and more suggestive of the small coastal town of Phippsburg, Maine, an elevated town of incredible rock cliffs and pine forests. Below Phippsburg is the tiny island of Malaga, exiled and isolated, inferior to its lording neighbor. The only constant between the two locales is the incredible music of the sea, engulfing them both, echoing their uneasy history and forecasting, perhaps, an even more dire future.

Yet a few specific set pieces might help to illuminate our story

1. Reverend Buckminster's book lined study, which is anchored by his substantial desk. Off from the study is a gabled window where there is a presumed view of the sea and Malaga off in the distance.

2. Mrs. Cobb's house; tiny with the only suggestion of beauty being the magnificent flowers and rose bushes on its exterior. Inside, it's a place of old, hoarded memories. There are stacks of books, two chairs -- a comfortable one for her and one rather hard one for Turner. She has a period pump organ, one that we actually see Turner play.

3. New Meadows - Lizzie and Turner's special meeting place on the beach - on the Phippsburg side. A place Lizzie's dory can be anchored among the rocks and driftwood.

4. Malaga Island - a place of joyous and vibrant color with its forestry, hillside cemetery, and shanty homes.

Sounds from a blowing foghorn, a steeple church bell, and a peaceful sea all announce their importance to our sense of place - which is the rocky and picturesque shores of Phippsburg Maine. The year is 1912, the summer and we are at...

SCENE 1 - CHURCH GROUNDS

Lights rise on a banner fluttering under Phippsburg's FIRST CONGREGATIONAL'S sunlit church steeple. It reads: "WELCOME PASTOR BUCKMINSTER & FAMILY." Under the sign, a baseball game proceeds or attempts to.

The new minister's son, TURNER ERNEST BUCKMINSTER III, 13, is at bat, his skin blanched and sticky from the ocean spray, the humid summer heat and sheer panic. He's about to strike out in front of people he's known for about six hours, people who are clearly unimpressed with his efforts thus far.

WILLIS HURD, 13, the pitcher, chuckles smugly as he throws the second ball, an enigmatic, soaring ball that seems to take hours to descend. Turner swings with as much hope as he can conjure. He misses. The crowd groans. Acting as an umpire of sorts, the excitable DEACON HURD, Willis's father, gestures "strike" much too enthusiastically.

DEACON HURD

Strike two!!!!

TURNER

You call that a pitch?

DEACON

No, son, we call that a strike.

TURNER

But it landed on the plate.

REVEREND

Come on son, you're more than capable. Let God guide you.

WILLIS

Don't you know how to hit a ball?

TURNER

Don't you know how to pitch?

REVEREND

Turner!

The Deacon turns to Turner's father, the REVEREND BUCKMINSTER, a rather severe looking man dressed in a formal frock coat and top hat.

DEACON

You did say this was your boy's favorite sport, didn't you?

REVEREND

It is. In Boston he played every day. I'm not sure what is happening here.

WILLIS

Maybe if you'd bend your front leg, Turner Buckminister.

TURNER

It's Buckminster! Not Min-is-ter. And I certainly don't need you to tell me how to play.

REVEREND

Turner...

SHERIFF

Bit touchy, isn't he? But I hear city living can do that to you.

Mrs. Cobb, 80'ish, offers her own summation to anyone who might be listening, which she's certain is no one.

MRS. COBB

Maybe the bat's too heavy for the boy. It's not like he's a hearty sort.

REVEREND BUCKMINSTER

He's hearty enough. I assure you, he's quite capable. Come on, son, you can do this. Let God be your guide.

SHERIFF

Maybe back in Boston where you come from, being that he was the minister's son, maybe they, you know, handed the ball off to him. Here, we'll treat him like everybody else, make him feel really at home.

He thumps Turner heartily on the back, almost knocking him over. Turner does a few practice swings, mutters his frustration a little too loudly.

WILLIS

OK, here comes strike three, Buckminister.

And once again Willis pitches his oddly lofting ball. Turner takes a desperate-his-life-depends-on-it-swing and...

DEACON HURD

(Celebrating with Willis)

Strike three and you're out, Buckminister!

REVEREND/TURNER

It's Buckminster.

DEACON HURD

Yes, yes, of course. Good job Willis.

TURNER

Good job?! But he threw nothing I could hit. In Boston we know how to pitch a ball!

SHERIFF

But we're not in Boston. Here son, we're used to batters who know how to hit any ball thrown to them.

Sheriff and Deacon laugh as the Deacon attempts to pull the Reverend and Turner in awkward embrace. They are clearly embarrassed and awkwardly stiffened by this unearned display of affection.

DEACON

Now, now... let me take this opportunity again to say that all of Christian Phippsburg wholeheartedly welcome you two with open arms. Welcome to your new home!

SHERIFF

Deacon, let them go now. You're embarrassing them. They've only been here a few hours and being from Boston - as they continue to remind us - they're unused to the friendly ways of Maine.

Mrs. Cobb, who's been dozing, suddenly pops awake, struggles to assemble herself. Her huge key ring tangles in her lap.

MRS. COBB

Oh my! You all continue with your picnic. I have grown quite weary of all this talk about Boston. Now that I've made your acquaintance, Reverend Buckminister, it's time for me to return home for my afternoon nap.

Mrs. Cobb struggles to get her considerable girth up from her chair. She drops her keys.

REVEREND*(Stooping to retrieve her keys)*

Thank you for coming, Mrs. Cobb. It's been a pleasure.

*He attempts to help her up from her chair. She waves him impatiently away.***MRS. COBB**

I can still get up and down without the help of a stranger. After you've been here more than a day, I might consider taking your hand. Until then, why don't you give a hand to your son? He obviously needs it more than I do.

(All eyes on Turner who's been kicking rocks furiously)

Never seen a worse baseball player. And have you no wife, Reverend?

REVEREND

My wife...she...she died suddenly last year...

MRS. COBB

Sorry for your loss but I, too, am expecting to die soon.

REVEREND

I'm very sorry to hear that.

DEACON

Oh, don't let her fool you, Reverend. She's been saying she's dying for fifty years. And you're still as young as ever, Mrs. Cobb. Isn't she Sheriff?

SHERIFF

Yes indeed.

MRS. COBB

And you're both liars I wouldn't give two cents for.

DEACON*(laughs, a little too uproariously)*

Mrs. Cobb, Mrs. Cobb, what are we going to do with you?

MRS. COBB

You will never get an opportunity to do anything with me! Good day all. Can't say it's been a pleasure.

*After Mrs. Cobb exits...***DEACON HURD**

She's as daft as a loon. She carries that key ring around, Reverend, as if someone's going to steal everything she owns...

He's interrupted by the sound of a rousing gospel hymn accompanied by tambourines and kids (the Tripps) hitting rocks and sticks to keep beat is heard below...

DEACON

My word! What those people won't do to God's music. And on the Sabbath!

Deacon Hurd and the Sheriff approach the ridge, beckon for the Reverend to join them. They point to Malaga Island.

DEACON

Behold, Reverend Buckminister... minster. The cross we bear. Malaga Island!

SHERIFF

Filled with the unstable and some of the worst thieves and lazy sots.

DEACON

Mixed bloods and mixed up minds. And they expect us to support them, year in and year out.

SHERIFF

If those people and their shanties were gone, we could build one of the most incredible resorts known to the East Coast.

DEACON

Yes because if this town's income doesn't change soon, I fear the only path I'll provide for my son is a beaten path to the poor house. All because of those people!

SHERIFF

What the Deacon is trying put forth in his rather passionate way is our belief, Reverend, that the church has the biggest influence over the direction of Phippsburg.

DEACON

They certainly don't train ministers like they used to. That last one we had...

SHERIFF

Deacon, Deacon, I'm convinced we've finally made the right choice and can trust Reverend Buckminster's leadership on this Malaga matter...pastor jobs being so scarce these days...

REVEREND

(Not missing the veiled threat)

While I appreciate your vote of confidence gentlemen...,

DEACON

My, my, would you look at that little monkey?

TURNER

A monkey? There are monkeys here?

SHERIFF

Yeah, come here son and see the monkeys we have that nobody wants.

DEACON

Come see because with your father's help, they won't be here much longer, isn't that right Reverend?

Turner naively hurries to get a look at a real monkey. But he sees nothing but a black girl, (Lizzie) about his age, off in the distance looking up at them, a hatchet in her hand - she's been splitting kindling.

DEACON

So what you think of our island monkeys, young Buckminster?

TURNER

But it's just a girl.

Lizzie hesitates but then takes off running.

DEACON

Sure know how to run, don't they?

Off Turner wishing he could run too, far away from these people he can't begin to understand.

SCENE 2 - REVEREND BUCKMINSTER'S STUDY

The Reverend sits at his desk writing a sermon. Turner enters carrying the Reverend's lunch on a formal tray, complete with a silver dome cover. He places it before him, eagerly lifts the cover. His father glances at it. From the look on his father's face, it's not very appetizing.

TURNER

And I managed, Father, to prepare lunch with no stains on my clothes. I was lucky to find one of mother's aprons...

REVEREND

Where did you find that? I got rid of everything!

TURNER

(taken aback)

I found it in...

REVEREND

(Abruptly cutting him off)

Fine, we can ill afford new clothes.

His father resumes writing. Turner waits. Finally.

TURNER

Father, shall I join you or take my meal in the kitchen?

REVEREND

One minute.

His father continues to write. Turner waits but then replaces (a tad loudly) the dome cover. He starts to quietly ease toward the exit but his father's voice, seeped in preacher cadence, suddenly stops him.

REVEREND

Even a child is known by his deeds, by whether what he does is pure and right...

TURNER

Yes sir. Proverbs 20: verse 11.

REVEREND

Very good. Sit down.

(beckons Turner close to the desk)

As the minister's son, Turner, you bear the weight of my position. This is our home now, our community. Our charge is to become its moral leaders. To do that, you are to learn what it takes to be a Phippsburgean... if there is such a word...

TURNER

But Father, this place... it's... it's terrible.

REVEREND

"This place" has given me an opportunity to lead my own church. Son, these people have welcomed us with open arms. Now I expect you to respond in kind.

As Willis is heard calling through the open window.

WILLIS

OH, TURNER BUCKY-MIN-IS-TER!

REVEREND

Please ask the young Mister Hurd to come inside. No need to shout through windows as if he's taken leave of his senses.

Turner exits to retrieve Willis. Meanwhile, Reverend lifts the dome cover, looks once again. Nope, it still doesn't look appetizing.

PARSONAGE ENTRYWAY

Where Turner sourly greets Willis.

TURNER

How many times do I have to tell you, my name is not Bucky-minister?!

WILLIS

(re: Turner's apron)

Well, now don't you look like a sweet Missus.

TURNER

(Yanking off the apron)

Shut up before I smash your...

REVEREND

(Calling out)

Turner, please you and the young Mr. Hurd come inside to my study.

WILLIS

Coming, sir. As fast as my "Godly" feet will carry me.

Willis sneers at Turner, then enters

THE REVEREND'S STUDY

WILLIS

(Grand as a carnival barker)

Good day and afternoon to you, Reverend, sir! Welcome to our beautiful Phippsburg. We're so delighted to have you with us!

REVEREND

Young Mr. Hurd, you don't have to welcome me at every occasion. It's been nearly a month now.

WILLIS

Yes, sir, that it has. Just acting on my father's instruction to make you feel more than welcome. I believe you both arranged for me to spend time with this youngster from Boston, Turner Buck-minster, the third. So here I am.

REVEREND

Yes. Turner has been eagerly awaiting your arrival.

TURNER

Father, today I really wanted to study the bible.

REVEREND

Remember, son, God knows our every thought, our every true thought, isn't that right, young Mr. Hurd?

WILLIS

Yes, of course, Reverend. True thoughts! That's all I ever have. But is Turner ready to go? My father said I was responsible for him.

TURNER

Responsible for me?! As the minister's son, I think it's the other way around.

REVEREND

Turner! You apologize to Willis, immediately!

Turner looks to his father imploringly but a brick would be more responsive.

TURNER

Beg your pardon, Willis. I misspoke.

WILLIS

Well, we're all capable of sin.

(smirks, enjoying Turner's humiliation)

I read that in the bible, sir. On many pages, just about on every page. So, is there a need to pray, Reverend, before we go or can we just go?

REVEREND

(Hiding a bemused smile)

A prayer is always added protection but I trust you boys can do that on your way. Run along now to your swimming.

TURNER

But Father...

Ignoring Turner's protest, his father offers him a perfunctory parting salutation.

REVEREND

Be of good courage. Walk in God's light and see Him in all things.

TURNER

(Mumbles as he exits)

And unto you I wish the same.

SCENE 3 - BEACH OUTCROPPING

Willis and Turner climb the outcropping. Willis throws off his clothes as they go.

WILLIS

Do you have to wear that Sunday shirt and collar every day?

TURNER

It isn't a Sunday shirt.

WILLIS

I hope you know you can't swim in it.

TURNER

I know that! I hope you know you talk too much.

Turner whips off his shirt as if he hates it.

WILLIS

You do know how to jump, don't you? Because nobody wants to scrape your remains off the rocks. And no screaming like some girl.

(Willis demonstrates a "girl" scream; climbs faster.)

Keep up, Buckminster. Nobody's going to hold your hand, preacher boy. Lord, now who's responsible for who?

TURNER

(Correcting him)

For whom, not who!

WILLIS

You think you're so smart, don't you Boston boy? Okay, let's see if you're smart enough to jump forty feet into the sea by your dang self.

And Willis jumps/ disappears. Turner reluctantly drops his pants. Shivers uncontrollably. Looks down at the sea. Yep, it's there - beckoning him forward to his imminent death.

WILLIS' VOICE

Jump Turner. Or you too scared? Here comes a big one. Jump! NOW, PREACHER'S BOY!

But Turner just stands there shivering. Terrified. Not ready to die. Finally, he takes off running in the opposite direction like some mad man, tripping over his pants and shirt. He arrives at...

SCENE 4 - NEW MEADOWS SHORELINE

Where the peaceful sound of placid waves signal a much-needed relief. He's out of breath. He looks back. No one's following him. Thank God! He quickly dresses. Decides to leave his collar off. Finally, he's breathing normal, starting to relax even. He looks around at the pines, driftwood and every shape and size of rock there is. He picks up one, throws it at a small dory abandoned against the shoreline rocks. Then he spots a perfect piece of driftwood. He hefts it in his hands and swings. He has an idea. He picks up a rounded stone, sets his feet. He tosses the stone high into the air, swings as the rock comes straight down. He misses. He tries again, but he's being watched, unbeknownst to him. Eventually we discover LIZZIE, the same girl called monkey at the picnic. She stands a safe distance away - with her clam pail and rake, watching him aghast. Finally.

LIZZIE

You some kind of an idiot or what?!

Startled, Turner turns sharply and the rock he'd just thrown up hits him in the head, hard. He stumbles from the impact and is bleeding from his nose.

TURNER

Oh, Lord, not my shirt!!! I can't bleed on my shirt.

He thrusts his head forward so the blood won't drip onto his shirt.

LIZZIE

Bleeding like that, you s'posed to lie down, with your head back.

Lizzie cautiously approaches him. She speaks loudly in case he's deaf and dumb.

LIZZIE

You understand me at all? You talk any?

TURNER

I talk but usually not to people who hide out and scare a soul so that a rock lands on their face.

LIZZIE

Well, who the fool who threw the rock in the first place?

He glares at her, delicately touches his nose.

TURNER

Is it pushed off to one side?

LIZZIE

How would I know? Don't know what you looked like before you threw a rock at your own nose.

TURNER

I didn't throw a rock deliberately at my... I was practicing baseball, if you must know.

LIZZIE

Never seen nobody do something like that and call it baseball.

TURNER

How would you know anything about baseball?

LIZZIE

Know enough to know you ain't nowheres near good, I know that.

TURNER

And I know you made me ruin my shirt. Look at it. It's all stained.

LIZZIE

The sea'll wash it out. Salt water will do for everything. Go 'head, and take it off now.

He awkwardly turns away to unbutton his shirt.

LIZZIE

Boy, nobody cares about looking at your little bitty chest. Take off your dang shirt! And while it's sea soaking, maybe I can teach you something. And my name, by the way, is Lizzie. Lizzie Bright Griffin. This be my clamming spot. I come justa 'bout every day.

(Pointedly)

My spot! Mine and only mine!

TURNER

Well, I'm sorry I interrupted your spot. And my name, by the way, is Turner. Turner Ernest Buckminster, the third.

LIZZIE

Well, ain't that a heavy name to be toting around.

(suddenly tickled)

Maybe that's why you can't swing a bat. Give me your shirt.

She takes his shirt to the water edge, places a rock to anchor it. Turner anxious.

TURNER

Won't that wash the starch out of it?

LIZZIE

Boy, it would take all the water God ever made to wash out this much starch.

Lizzie picks up the driftwood that Turner dropped.

LIZZIE

OK, pitch one. Show me where you come from.

He throws a stone. Lizzie hits the rock dead center.

LIZZIE

Good?

TURNER

Wow! Better than good.

LIZZIE

Have to say you don't look so bad when you smile.

TURNER

And you don't look so bad when you swing. You must start with your hands low, don't you?

LIZZIE

Secret be your swing gotta start lower and come higher. I'll show you.

She steps to him and puts her hands over his to demonstrate. He jumps at her touch and is instantly ashamed of himself.

LIZZIE

You never touch a girl before, Turner the third, or just not a girl with colored skin?

TURNER

I've never even talked to anyone with colored skin before.

LIZZIE

That so? Well, now, if you willing, my skin need to touch yours 'cause I need to clean you up some 'fore I go. That's if you ain't scared.

TURNER

Girl, I am not afraid of anything. I'm one of the bravest souls you could ever meet-

She dunks his head. He screams like a banshee.

TURNER

OUCH! GIRL, LORD JESUS AND THE HEAVENS ABOVE-

LIZZIE

Boy, hold still, why don't you? Thought you said you were brave.

She dunks his head again.

TURNER

IT BURNS, dangit!

LIZZIE

My grandfather says it's the stinging that drives out the hurt. HOLD STILL NOW!

He struggles, loses, gets dunked again.

TURNER

(Rising up, Sputtering)

Your grandfather fond of hurt, is he?! You were trying to kill me for sure.

LIZZIE

Believe me, if I was trying to kill you, I would've held you under longer but since my grandfather is a God-fearing Reverend...

TURNER

The Reverend! Oh, no, he'll think I've drowned at sea.

(answering her puzzled expression)

My father, the Reverend Buckminster of First Congregation.

(anxiously grabs up his shirt)

Look at this. Look what you've done. It's too wet to wear.

LIZZIE

It's a wet shirt and anything's wet is eventually gonna dry out.

TURNER

You don't understand.

LIZZIE

I understand nothin's ever that bad. Now calm yourself. I promise you it will dry after while.

He stops, gazes at her appreciatively. She smiles reassuringly.

LIZZIE

Really. Nothing is ever that bad, less you think it up that way.

She's so nonplussed and calming.

TURNER

Lizzie Bright Griffin, do you ever wish the world would just go ahead and swallow you whole?

LIZZIE

Sometimes. But let me tell you something. Once you get close enough to look in the eye of a whale, you'll never have the same kind of fear of nothing or no thing on this earth, ever no more. Umkhomo.

TURNER

What?

LIZZIE

That's the Mother tongue word for what we call the whales. Umkhomo.

TURNER/LIZZIE

(Repeats along with Lizzie)

Um-k-homo...

LIZZIE

Means one that sees and knows everything. Whales do, you know. And boy if one get close 'nough to let you touch it, LOOK OUT!

She suddenly thrusts her hand in his face. Turner jumps. She laughs – he's way too easy to spook.

TURNER

You telling the truth? You really got that close to a whale?

LIZZIE

We'll leave that for another time, if you come again. Will you come again?

(He nods yes)

Okay. Good. Go on now 'fore your kinda fear choke the life out of you right before my eyes.

TURNER

Wait, how will I know when you'll be here? Shall I ring you first? Do you have a telephone?

LIZZIE

Boy, is you silly? Nobody on Malaga rich enough to have a telephone. Just tell the sea, I'll hear it soon enough. Go on now so I can get home myself.

She turns to pack up for the day. Turner hurriedly takes off but then he hears her singing the most beautiful notes he's ever heard. He secretly watches her until she loads her pail and rake into her dory and then pushes off while...

LIZZIE

(Singing)

“Swing low, sweet chariot/Comin’ for to carry me home...”

Her voice transporting him toward a new regard for himself and this Phippsburg place. Even the seagulls overhead seem to agree.

SCENE 5 - SOON AFTER - EXTERIOR MRS. COBB’S HOUSE

Looking much like the village idiot, Turner moves along kicking a rock and waving his shirt dry. He mutters to himself, trying to remember the word.

TURNER

Um-k...Umkhomo...

But then he kicks the rock a little too hard and it hits the picket fence of the narrowest house. The door jerks open and there stands Mrs. Cobb, holding her broom like some plump witch of gloom.

MRS. COBB

Aren’t you that new minister’s boy, the one that can’t play baseball to save his life or anybody else’s?

(Turner nods, terrified)

A boy that belongs to a minister should know how to answer a lady proper!

TURNER

Yes mam, Turner Buckminster, the third, mam.

MRS. COBB

Well Turner Buckminster the third, what are you doing standing in the middle of the road half naked like that, at nearly nightfall, throwing stones at my house?

TURNER

I’m on my way home, mam. From swimming.

MRS. COBB

Maybe running around naked is the kind of thing they do down to Boston but we don’t do that sort of thing here, young man. Unbelievable! You can throw stones at my house like it’s target practice but can’t hit a baseball even if God himself held the bat. And a minister’s son! You’re supposed to set some kind of example!

TURNER

Yes ma’am. I’m just on my way home now.

MRS. COBB

Then put your shirt on! God help you... walking down the main street of Phippsburg like some castaway.

TURNER

Yes, mam.

Turner hurries to put on his shirt. He quickens his step, hoping to make a break for it.

MRS. COBB

(Calling after him)

Your father is sure to hear of this. See if he doesn't. You tell him that Mrs. Cobb will be down to call on him. Better yet, STOP RIGHT THERE! I will come now and have a word with him. Don't you move another step while I get my hat.

She exits back into the house. Turner offers up a silent prayer as Willis approaches.

WILLIS

So there you are, scaredy cat. Your father was fit to be tied when I told him you cut out on me and the other boys.

But then Mrs. Cobb exits her house wearing her hat.

MRS. COBB

I'm ready. Oh, my, I've forgotten my keys.

(Yelling in Turner's direction)

See, what you've done to me, young man. You've upset my natural order! Lord, Lord, I never forget a thing until you started stoning my house.

Willis laughs, chides him as Mrs. Cobb exits back inside to retrieve her keys.

WILLIS

You've upset her "nat-u-rallll" order. So that's your girl, huh, Bucky-minister? Left swimming so you could come call on your girl? She giving you another apron?

TURNER

IT'S BUCKMINSTER! And she's not my girl, you halfwit!

WILLIS

Sure looks like it to me. Mrs. Cobb is Bucky-minister's girl! Bucky-minister's girl!

TURNER

You had better shut up right now.

WILLIS

Think you'd like to fight me, Bucky-minster, but if you can't even swing a bat...

As Mrs. Cobb emerges from her house, Turner hauls off and socks Willis in the nose. Willis screams in pain as Mrs. Cobb screams in indignation.

MRS. COBB

TURNER BUCKMINSTER, THE THIRD. WHAT IN HEAVENS NAME HAVE YOU DONE NOW?!

She grabs him by the ear and leads him off still fussing.

SCENE 6 - NEXT MORNING - THE REVEREND'S STUDY

Turner enters the study where his father waits, looking like he's already used the morning to plan Turner's funeral. Turner avoids eye contact, his head mostly hung.

TURNER

Father, I have...I have completed the task you assigned. I have memorized all verses that pertain to the sin of disobedience.

REVEREND

And which one in particular pertains to you?

TURNER

The proverbs of Solomon. Proverbs 10:1 A wise son maketh a glad father: but a foolish son is the heaviness of his...

REVEREND

And do I look like a glad father? By all that's holy, Turner, you couldn't wait at least a complete month before you decided to embarrass me in front of my new congregation?!

TURNER

I didn't mean to embarrass you.

REVEREND

First you throw stones at Mrs. Cobb's house with no shirt on; then you brawl in the street with Deacon Hurd's son. With the deacon's son! With whom you didn't even swim. People are already saying if he can't handle his own son, how can he possibly handle a church. And that's not all they'll be saying..

TURNER

Father, I stayed up last night and baked a pie for Mrs. Cobb. Remember how mother used to say, a freshly baked cake or pie can sweeten any temperament...

REVEREND

It was your mother who could sweeten any temperament.

(His emotions threaten to get the best of him)

Fine! Pie or not, you will read to Mrs. Cobb every day for the rest of the summer. At least an hour a day. Every day.

TURNER

Every day? For the entire summer?!

His father's look stops him cold.

REVEREND

And it starts today. She expects you momentarily.

Turner starts out, a boy marching to the gallows.

REVEREND

And Turner....

(Turner turns for the perfunctory salutation)

Be of good courage. Walk in God's light today and see Him in all things.

TURNER

And unto you I wish the same.

REVEREND

And please do the town a favor. Let trouble summon someone else's name other than yours today.

Turner nods, exits defeated.

SCENE 7 - NEW MEADOWS

With a freshly baked pie carefully balanced in hand, Turner (looking inexplicably paunchy) arrives at the same place he saw Lizzie. But Lizzie's not there. Nothing greets him but the ocean waves and the gulls overhead. He cups his hands, calls out what he would never want anybody but the ocean to know.

TURNER

"Lizzie Bright Griffin. Where are you, the best baseball girl player I've ever seen? Lizzie Bright..."

But then once again he's startled by Lizzie coming up behind him.

LIZZIE

Turner Earnest Buckminster, who the heck, the Third, you calling like you lost possession of your right mind?

Startled, Turner drops the pie. Both Lizzie and Turner freeze, aghast.

TURNER

Now look what you've done?! Do you ever announce yourself before you scare the daylight out of a soul?

LIZZIE

Me?! Whose hands was on it before it dropped?

TURNER

Did you not tell me to call out to the sea? Why did I come here first? I should have just taken the pie...

Lizzie tries patting some of the pie back into the pan while trying hard not to laugh.

LIZZIE

I really hope this pie wasn't for me.

Turner frantically scoops up some, too, but it's now a pie of sand. Watching his franticness, Lizzie can't help herself. She breaks out laughing.

LIZZIE

Turner Ernest Buckminster, no matter how hard you try, you're rather a mess, ain't you?

Finally, Turner laughs, too.

TURNER

I do try hard, Lizzie. My father says my results are always a poor relation to my efforts. I was supposed to be taking this pie to Mrs. Cobb, who, by the way, thoroughly hates me. She really does. It probably wasn't any good anyway since I made it.

LIZZIE

A boy that knows how to cook?

TURNER

What's wrong with that?! Who else is going to cook for my father and myself?

LIZZIE

You don't have a mama?

TURNER

She died last winter. Influenza.

LIZZIE

Now I understand why you look like you do.

TURNER

And what is that supposed to mean?

LIZZIE

Like you scared of your own shadow. My mama died, too, giving birth.

TURNER

But you don't look scared.

LIZZIE

That's cause on Malaga you'd have to fear life if you gonna fear death. So we don't fear neither. Grandfather always says, God's got the sea like he's got us. So when you leave your earthly body, you get to float around just like the sea, watching over all the folks you love.

TURNER

Wish I could believe that.

Sudden loud sound of gulls. They both look up.

LIZZIE

Think your pie is for the birds now. But since you've come to see the best girl baseball player you've ever seen, let's get at it. And I'm good and not just for a girl.

Sheepishly, from under his clothes, Turner retrieves the catcher's mitt. From his pocket, he pulls out a baseball.

TURNER

No more rocks. A real ball. Can you show me your swing again?

But Lizzie is only interested in the glove. She takes it in hand as if it's the most precious object she's ever seen. Ceremoniously, she eases the glove on. She smells it, inhaling deeply. Then hits the inside with her fist, repeatedly.

LIZZIE

See if you can throw me something worth catching in this mitt.

TURNER

Let's find a piece of driftwood so we can hit...

LIZZIE

No, please, just let me...

(Indicating the glove)

...use this. Just this. And throw me the ball hard. Hard as you can, Turner.

He doesn't quite get her but he winds his arm to pitch her the hardest pitch he thought possible. And then we see

WILLIS hiding, watching them. The scene eventually shifts to...

SCENE 8 - MRS. COBB'S HOUSE - ANOTHER DAY

Turner is about to knock on Mrs. Cobb's door with a freshly baked cake but Mrs. Cobb jerks open the door.

MRS. COBB

You're finally here! Oh, a cake today. At least this one looks edible. Maybe you aren't trying to kill me after all.

TURNER

Yes, mam, as I said, I plan to bake you a cake or a pie every week. Pies last month. Cakes this month.

MRS. COBB

Wipe your feet. I told you my grandfather built this house and it had never been damaged until you started stoning it.

Turner tries to maintain a pleasant expression. They move into the parlor. She hands him a book. It's so dusty, Turner sneezes.

MRS. COBB

Lives of the English poets. I thought you'd enjoy reading something more entertaining today.

She indicates the two seats. The hard chair for him and the comfortable chair for herself.

TURNER

Mam, would you care if today I opened a window? It's just that it's always a bit hot in here.

MRS. COBB

If I had wanted a window opened, young man, it would have been opened. I tell you that every week.

Turner resignedly sits in his seat. He might as well be sitting on concrete.

TURNER

Shall I begin?

MRS. COBB

I don't fashion being hurried. Every day it feels as if you're rushing me so that you can take off and do whatever mischief, God only knows.

(closing her eyes.)

I will not be rushed. You see, I will die soon enough in this room.

(He stares - speechless.)

I said I'm going to die in this room.

TURNER

Today?

MRS. COBB

(Snaps open her eyes)

Of course not today! I didn't say anything about today, did I?

(He shakes his head no)

The only thing I'll regret is that nobody will hear my last words.

TURNER

Last words?

MRS. COBB

You heard correctly. People are always remembered for their last words. They're almost like a message from beyond the grave.

(suddenly, sharply)

What are your last words, Turner Buckminster? You're never too young to know. Death could come along at any moment and thrust its dart right through you.

She jerks her arm toward him as if it might be the death dart itself.

MRS. COBB

So what are they? Your words? Speak up, boy!

TURNER

Well, I suppose they might be something like, "the Lord is my shepherd."

MRS. COBB

Too expected. Nobody would care to remember that and you'd have wasted your one opportunity. It's not as if you get two chances to say your last words, you know.

TURNER

So would sixty minutes of reading be all that you require today, Mrs. Cobb?

MRS. COBB

Am I such a chore that you need the clock to be set? Has reading to me these last weeks been that insufferable to you?

For a second, Mrs. Cobb looks vulnerable, hurt even. Turner feels for her.

TURNER

No, mam, I didn't mean...I'm happy to read to you. I...

MRS. COBB

Well, read! Begin with Alexander Pope. Then we'll get to John Milton and the other fifty-two.

The clock chimes. He sighs, begins reading.

TURNER

"Alexander Pope was born the 21st day of May, 1688.

(Mrs. Cobb immediately falls asleep)

"He was Catholic at a time that the Church of England banned Catholics from voting, teaching and attending a university or holding public office for fear of pain or imprisonment...." Wow, I didn't know that! Did you, Mrs. Cobb?

No response from Mrs. Cobb who appears to be asleep. Lights shift and the clock chimes indicating a passage of time... Turner's still reading but he's sweaty and sticky from the heat in this closed up house. He attempts loosening his collar, to no relief.

TURNER

(still reading)

"John Milton was weak of body and dim of sight; but his will was forward. He was rewarded with a thousand pounds, and his book was much read..."

Turner closes the book, coughs, his throat severely parched. Coughs again to see if Mrs. Cobb will stir. She doesn't. And the clock chimes once again.

TURNER

Mrs. Cobb, I know you said no before but if could just have a glass of water.

No response. Good, she's asleep. He tiptoes over to the pitcher of water on the nearby table. He pours himself a glass but then spills half of it on his clothes.

TURNER

Goodness, Turner Buckminster! Trouble has called your name once again.

He looks to see if Mrs. Cobb has stirred. She's still, too still. Is she even breathing? He's alarmed.

TURNER

Mrs. Cobb? Mrs. Cobb??

He tiptoes closer to her - intimately close to check her breath. In a shot of courage, he touches her neck, hoping against hope. And like a toy bobbing on a spring, Mrs. Cobb bounces up, her expression one of wide-eyed shock.

MRS. COBB

What in the name of all that's holy are you doing to me, you... you impertinent boy...?!

TURNER

Nothing...I was just.

MRS. COBB

I close my eyes for only a second only to open them and find you hovering over me closer than I rarely allowed my own husband. And good gracious, you're wet! Oh, my. A WET BOY IS IN MY HOUSE! Wait till your father hears about this... I will ring him right now.

Turner sighs - he's doomed. The chime sounds. Turner looks to the door, anxious about missing Lizzie.

TURNER

Mrs. Cobb, I was supposed to meet someone...

But all he hears is Mrs. Cobb on the phone with his father.

MRS. COBB

Reverend, yes, he's still here.

(Calling out)

Turner? Young man, your father would like to have a word with you.

She looks around but Turner's gone. Mrs. Cobb shakes her head - that Turner Buckminster will surely be the death of her.

SCENE 9 - NEW MEADOWS

Where Lizzie digs for clams, singing quietly as she works. Turner runs on distraught and collapses in a heap of despair. Lizzie looks up, swallows a laugh watching him.

LIZZIE

Something be wrong with you today?

TURNER

Mrs. Cobb again. She's probably burning up the wires telling the entire town of Phippsburg about my many and varied sins. Sunday, they'll all be in the pews pointing and laughing about how the minister's son has upset poor Mrs. Cobb once again. You'd think I tried to kiss her or something.

LIZZIE

Kiss her?! Well, did you?

TURNER

Of course not. The woman just hates me.

LIZZIE

She'd hate it more if you wasn't there. And looka here. A good spitting one.
(She lifts up a clam that promptly spits on Turner)
 Oops, clams don't always mind their manners much.

TURNER

Why should clams be any different? The entire world spits on me!
(Lizzie laughs)
 I'm glad I'm such a source of amusement for you.

LIZZIE

Ain't never seen nobody who suffers so! And over nothing 'cause the entire world ain't even thinking about you!
(A beat to study him)

Turner, I...would you...would you wanna come over to the island today? To Malaga and meet my grandfather.

TURNER

Well...I...

Turner hesitates just long enough to offend.

LIZZIE

Forget I even asked. Just thought you'd like to see where I come from or maybe you're just like the rest of them, afraid to leave their precious Phippsburg for fear we Malagalites will somehow breathe the devil into 'em...

TURNER

I never said...

LIZZIE

Just keep company with your own misery then! See, if I care.

TURNER

Now don't get your dander up, Lizzie Bright. I do want to come.

LIZZIE

You do?

TURNER

You think we'll see any whales?

LIZZIE

Whales come when they're needed. Come on, I think we got enough for supper. Come on so I can get you back before nightfall.

They load into Lizzie's dory. Lizzie gracefully mans the oars, guiding them forward.

LIZZIE

Doesn't take too long to get across. You're not going to throw up, are you?

TURNER

No, Lizzie! I'm not going to throw up! I'm not a complete imbecile. So tell me about this place you're taking me.

LIZZIE

Malaga is the most perfect place God ever created. We have the tallest trees that if you climb 'em, you can hide forever and we got all manner of birds and fish and the prettiest wild flowers and the prettiest wild natured children, at least that's what the old folks say about us. But I don't seem wild, do I? Okay, maybe you shouldn't answer that.

(He laughs. She turns serious.)

Malaga is a place, Turner the third, where every color of people, like every color flower live like one big family. You'll never meet a stranger on Malaga.

TURNER

But I'm a stranger.

LIZZIE

Not for long. You'll see because we're here now.

She steps out the boat.

LIZZIE

Coming?

(He hesitates.)

We don't bite, Turner. Grab the dang clam bucket and COME ON! And don't forget your mitt.

Turner grabs both as a few small Malaga kids, (the Tripps) reveal themselves. They look at Turner in wide eye wonderment. He tries a small, awkward wave to them. The Tripps look to each other, try imitating Turner's small wave to humorous effect.

LIZZIE

You go away now, Tripps, and leave him be. Go on now.

And the Tripps scamper off, still making fun of Turner's small wave. Turner, obviously uncomfortable being out of his element, follows two paces behind Lizzie who moves at a brisk pace.

LIZZIE

Keep step, Turner Buckminster number three, the third. Not going to your hanging.

TURNER

I hate it when you do that, Lizzie. No three, just the third or just Turner.

Lizzie laughs at his obvious distress. Eventually, a small shanty is revealed. Reverend Griffin (Grandfather) sits in the doorway reading the bible, which he closes at Turner and Lizzie's approach. Turner instantly mesmerized and a bit frightened by Reverend Griffin's appearance - he looks much like a prophet straight out of the bible except he's brown with the most incredible wild mane of white hair.

LIZZIE

This is my granddaddy, the Reverend Griffin.

GRANDFATHER

So this the boy never talked to a Negro before? Afternoon, young man.

(Turner speechless)

It's okay, son. Talk if you wanna, but then again a wise man never talks 'fore he has something necessary to say. Maybe I oughtta introduce my own self proper first. I'm the Reverend Griffin.

LIZZIE

And he's the Turner Ernest Buckminster and he's the THIRD, not the three!

(Off her grandfather's look)

Heavy loaded name, ain't it? And he hates it when people confuse his name with Buckminster instead of just min-ster. No 'i' in the middle. He hates that.

TURNER

I don't hate it, Lizzie....

LIZZIE

See, he talks. But once he gets going, you can't get a work in edgewise...you really can't!

TURNER

Lizzie! Just Turner. Turner will do, sir...for my name.

GRANDFATHER

Well, Turner will do, I'm pleased to meet you.

(extends his hand to shake)

You can tell a man by his hand. You hold your bat on the knob.

Turner stunned - this man doesn't just look like a prophet.

TURNER

Yes, sir. Just on it. And to think you knew that without me saying!

GRANDFATHER

Well, we're not fancy here. Our home is your home. Now if you give me those clams I'll see what else I know about cooking 'em.

The little Tripps appear again, flapping their arms, screeching and cackling like grounded sea gulls.

LIZZIE

You Tripps, quiet it down now! Quiet!

ABBIE TRIPP

I'm Abbie. You the boy who throws rocks at his own nose?

MARY TRIPP

Lizzie says you play baseball with your nose.

Turner glares at Lizzie who's trying not to laugh. And the Tripps circle Turner, pulling at him.

BOBBIE TRIPP

Play with us boy. Hit your own nose.

ALL TRIPS

(Chanting)

Yeah, hit your nose...hit your nose...

Turner can't help but laugh; the Tripps are infectious.

TURNER

I don't just play baseball with my nose. My nose also helps me to fly. You want to see?

Turner flaps his arms, wildly and begins running down the beach like some crazy bird in starched clothes, freer than we've ever seen him. The Tripps screech and follow behind him. Lizzie laughs. So does grandfather.

GRANDFATHER

I see what you mean. That boy really does need a friend. You better go after him. No telling what trouble he'll get into left on his own.

Lizzie's happy and relieved that he approves. She kisses him and takes off running to join Turner and the Tripps as they disappear into the pines. Grandfather watches them go; enjoying their unbridled joy.

SCENE 10 - MALAGA CEMETERY - MINUTES LATER

Lizzie and Turner stand over a neat row of graves marked with wood crosses on which the printed names seem almost too faded to read.

LIZZIE

See, spirit never dies when it's where it belongs. Here in the ground or
(Gestures toward the sea)
out there in the waves.

TURNER

Some of these names you can't even make out. Some don't even have birthdays, when they were even born.

LIZZIE

Maybe they didn't know their birthdays, you ever think of that? And reading their names not so important when the living can still call 'em out. See, there's my mother's grave and my baby sister's...

TURNER

Lizzie, don't these graves and talking about the dead all the time just make you sadder. My father never talks about my mother so I try not to either.

LIZZIE

Not talking about 'em would be what's sad. How you going to remember what they meant to you if you don't ever speak on 'em?

TURNER

But this is morbid!

LIZZIE

I don't even know what that means. Hush now, so I can finish telling you. On the other side of Mama is my father's grave. One day I'll be buried next to him but see I want my name in bright purple, the color of violets...my father loved violets...he loved flowers... and I want every other letter in my name to be in gold. That way nobody'll ever have trouble finding me.

TURNER

Purple and gold? Crosses are always white, Lizzie.

LIZZIE

Who says? Nothing is always anything, Turner the third! If I say I want a purple and gold cross, I'm going to have a purple and gold cross!

TURNER

Fine! Purple and gold, Lizzie. Calm down.

LIZZIE

I would if you'd listen with your mouth shut and your ears open for a change!

(He laughs - she's a piece of work)

Now right over here is the grave of Benjamin Darling. He was the first slave man who made himself free here on Malaga. You listening?

(Turner nods yes)

He upset a whole lotta folks 'cause he had himself a white wife. Grandfather says that's when all the hate gave birth. First, having a free colored man, then colored and whites taking up living together and having babies together. The folks of Phippsburg didn't cotton to that at t'all. They were like you, believing everything need to be painted white!

TURNER

Would you stop lumping me into them? I'm from Boston!

LIZZIE

The same fish swim upstream as down. So now that you've seen my favorite place in the world...

TURNER

How a cemetery is anyone's favorite place, I'll never understand...

Lizzie suddenly stares at him for a long time, so long he grows awkward. Finally she turns away as if his eyes have wounded her.

TURNER

What is it Lizzie?

LIZZIE

Wondering why you don't have dead eyes like all the rest? Easy to pity a person with dead eyes, sometimes even hate 'em but you, I'm not really sure what to do with the likes of you, Turner Buckminster the third.

Just as the Tripps descend, squawking, ready to be chased again.

TURNER

I tell you what, why don't you let me out run you for once. That's what you could do for me.

And he takes off running and flapping his arms.

LIZZIE

I didn't say do for you. I said do with you.

(Yelling playfully after him)

And you don't even know where you're running to.

And she takes off to catch up. Meanwhile down at...

SCENE 11 - GRANDFATHER'S SHANTY

Grandfather sets out bowls and the clam pot when he hears...

SHERIFF

(Calling to him)

Preacher Griffin? Preacher Griffin. If we may have a word with you.

And the Sheriff, Reverend Buckminster and Deacon Hurd appear. All formally dressed in their top hats and frock coats. Grandfather slowly turns to face them, already knowing what their intentions are.

SHERIFF

All's well on Malaga, preacher?

GRANDFATHER

Yes, thanks for asking, Sheriff.

Grandfather acknowledges the other men. His eyes linger briefly on the Reverend, recognizing the same eyes of the young man he just met. The Reverend grows uncomfortable with the intensity of his gaze.

SHERIFF

I haven't heard tell of anything missing in town since last spring. Not a single chicken all this time. Suppose you've been preaching right, keeping the natives in line.

GRANDFATHER

Like to think I'm preaching love and respect among my neighbors. Yes.

DEACON

Oh, for Heaven's sake, the reason we're here is...

SHERIFF

These shanties, Preacher...

(Waving his hand across the inland)

Have all got to come down.

DEACON

And by this fall. They're an eyesore.

The sound of the gulls taking offense, too. The sheriff motions for Deacon Hurd to let him do the talking as previously agreed. Deacon nods deferentially.

SHERIFF

Times move on, Preacher. And sometimes when times move on, folks have to move on with it.

GRANDFATHER

This has been our people's home for over a hundred years. Who you wouldn't accept in Phippsburg always found a home here on Malaga with us.

DEACON

Which should have been a crime. Not one of you has a registered deed to this land.

SHERIFF

This land is owned by the state of Maine, Preacher, and the governor has given me the power to evict you. You knew this day was coming.

GRANDFATHER

So as you are representing the state of Maine, you must be willing to settle with us. Is that what I'm hearing?

DEACON

We don't owe you people...

GRANDFATHER

My granddaddy and my daddy and my mama and my grandmamma worked like dogs tending to you and yours- and yours before you- to pay right for every nail it took to make us any little somethin' to call home. Those sixty graves yonder are our deed.

DEACON

Deed?! Do you even know the meaning of the word?

REVEREND

If I may interject...

GRANDFATHER

Please.

REVEREND

Reverend Buckminster, sir.

GRANDFATHER

Reverend. So you must know when God gives you a place to live, you don't leave it even if all the armies of the Philistines come down among you, am I not right Reverend?

SHERIFF

Preacher, this is not a God issue. It's a legal issue.

DEACON

Why are we trying to reason with him? These are not educated people. They can't understand...

Reverend Buckminster gestures them both quiet. Calmly, he reasons with grandfather.

REVEREND

Gentlemen, if I may. I'm sorry for your trouble, Reverend... Reverend Griffin, is it?

(Grandfather nods)

Please know First Congregational will help out as much as it can to see you folks settled somewhere. We plan on a collection next Sunday...

SHERIFF

Collection or not, your time has run out. We tried to do right by you people but we need you out by fall. I'll count on you having the right words to tell the rest of 'em.

GRANDFATHER

Yes, I'll tell them "that times move on."

SHERIFF

You'll find a place. You people always do.

As the frock coats turn to leave.

GRANDFATHER

Just one more thing, Sheriff. What'll happen when times move on again and it's your turn?

SHERIFF

Times will never move on that much, Preacher. Out by fall now.

Grandfather watches them go. But then he sees the Reverend Buckminster stoop, and pick up something. It's Turner's catcher's mitt. He looks back at Reverend Griffin. A long moment as the two men lock gaze - a gaze wrestling with surprise, anger, and finally a sadness neither one is capable of expressing to the other.

GRANDFATHER

He's a good boy, your son...I would think he gets it from you.

Reverend Buckminster shoves the glove in his frock coat before the others see it. He turns back one final time to find Grandfather seeking counsel from the heavens

SCENE 12 - THAT NIGHT - THE REVEREND'S STUDY

The Reverend Buckminster paces angrily. After a beat, Turner appears out of breath. He quickly tucks in his shirt. His father turns slowly, his fury grossly apparent.

REVEREND

Where were you today?

TURNER

Where? Well, I...I read to Mrs. Cobb...and...I saw Willis...and...then I think, I think I returned home...

From under his frock, the Reverend pulls out Turner's catcher mitt.

REVEREND

You're a liar now? I have a liar for a son? What has happened to you?

TURNER

Father, I...

REVEREND

How did you even get over there?

TURNER

Lizzie. She's...

REVEREND

A Negro?

TURNER

Yes. We play baseball and...

REVEREND

You are not to be running around playing baseball or anything else with some girl and especially some Negro girl. The very idea of it sickens me to my very soul. Those Malaga people, I'm told, are not fit for a minister's son.

TURNER

How could you say that? You don't know...

REVEREND

I know your eyes are never to meet mine in impertinence.

TURNER

(Dropping his head)

Forgive me father.

REVEREND

If the congregation ever gets wind of this, that the minister's son is running around with some Negro, they will insist upon my resignation and then where will we go? Don't you understand we have nothing! Your mother's illness wiped out all of our savings...

TURNER

I so miss her. Mother would never tell me to judge people by the color of their skin...

REVEREND

How would you know? Your mother is dead and I am so sick to death of all your wishing otherwise!

TURNER

(Tearing now)

But father, please...

REVEREND

And those tears are further evidence of your weak will and insufferable immaturity, neither trait I will tolerate in this house. Stop that sniveling! Stop it right now! I will not have people thinking I'm raising a son who is so...so weak-willed, who has no moral compass. No

backbone! From this day forward, you are forbidden from ever seeing that Negro girl again.

TURNER

But father she is my only friend.

REVEREND

Those people can never be friends! I forbid it.

Turner utterly destroyed. His father turns away, pained and made helpless by the sight.

REVEREND

Now please go. Leave my sight.

Turner exits sobbing, angry and more humiliated than he thought possible. Remorseful, his father starts after him,

REVEREND

Turner, wait...I...

But what's the use? His father collapses in his chair, utterly drained. After a beat, he opens his desk drawer, gently pulls out a delicate woman's lace handkerchief. He inhales it, his grief palatable.

REVEREND

My dear... What am I to do with him?

Eventually, we discover Turner morosely looking out at the sea. He's just in time to capture the moon doing a special dance with the water. And magically, he thinks he hears Lizzie's voice, singing - the waves and the whales acting as her backup choir. And as the lights shift, we just might see Lizzie Bright indeed floating on her piece of paradise, singing her heart out.

LIZZIE

"Glory, glory, hallelujah/Since I laid my burdens down/Glory, glory, hallelujah/Since I laid my burdens down..."

As we fade to dark, Turner Ernest Buckminster the third finally smiles, grateful for the sounds of comfort that is Lizzie Bright.

END OF FIRST ACT

ACT 2