

PERUSAL SCRIPT



The TRAIL of DREAMS

BY

JAMES ARRINGTON, MARVIN PAYNE, AND STEVEN KAPP PERRY

"I am building castles in the air, and inspecting those others have built. One can almost convert imagination into reality. What a happy faculty!" – John Brown



Newport, Maine

© 1997 by Arrington, Payne and Perry

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

Duplication Prohibited

CAUTION:

Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that

The TRAIL of DREAMS

being fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States Of America, the British Empire, including the Dominion Of Canada, and the other countries of the Copyright Union, is subject to royalty. Anyone presenting the play without the express written permission of the Copyright owners and/or their authorized agent will be liable to the penalties provided by law.

A requisite number of script and music copies must be purchased from the Publisher and Royalty must be paid to the publisher for each and every performance before an audience whether or not admission is charged. A performance license must first be obtained from the publisher prior to any performance(s).

Federal Copyright Law -- 17 U.S.C. section 504 -- allows for a recovery of a minimum of \$250 and a maximum of \$50,000 for each infringement, plus attorney fees.

The professional and amateur rights to the performance of this play along with the lecturing, recitation, and public reading rights, are administered exclusively through ZION THEATRICALS without whose permission in writing no performance of it may be made. For all other rights inquiries may be made to the authors through ZION THEATRICALS Any adaptation or arrangement of this work without the author's written permission is an infringement of copyright. **Unauthorized duplication by any means is also an infringement.**

FOR PUBLIC PERFORMANCE RIGHTS YOU MUST APPLY TO THE PUBLISHER OR YOU ARE BREAKING THE LAW!

The possession of this SCRIPT whether bought or rented, does not constitute permission to perform the work herein contained, in public or in private, for gain or charity. Proper prior application must be made and license granted before a performance may be given. Copies of this SCRIPT and all other rehearsal materials may be bought and/or rented from:

ZION THEATRICALS

PO Box 536, Newport, Maine 04953-0536

www.ziontheatricals.com

Printed in the United States Of America

THIS NOTICE MUST APPEAR IN ALL PROGRAMS, ON ALL POSTERS AND PUBLICITY MATERIALS AND INTERNET ADVERTISING/WEBPAGES FOR THE PLAY:

“The Trail of Dreams is presented through special arrangement with Zion Theatricals (ZT). All authorized materials are also supplied by ZT, www.ziontheatricals.com”

In all programs and posters and in all advertisements under the producers control, the author's name shall be prominently featured under the title.

NOTE: Your contract with Zion Theatricals limits you to making copies of this document for persons directly connected with your production. Do not distribute outside of your cast and crew. Following your performance run you must destroy all photocopies, preferably by shredding them. If we sent you the document in printed format, you must return that document to us. If we provided you with an electronic PDF file, simply trash that on your computer so that it cannot be recovered and destroy any copies made from it.. The electronic document may only exist on ONE computer -- it may NOT, itself, be duplicated. This is also a part of your contract with Zion Theatricals.

CAST of CHARACTERS

The numerous characters in this piece were played in the premier run by twenty actors. They were grouped as follows:

ACTOR ONE -- John Brown, Southern (middle-aged)

ACTRESS ONE -- Angela Hopewell (mature)

ACTRESS TWO -- Caroline Grant (a young wife)

ACTOR TWO -- Jedediah Grant (thirtyish)

ACTRESS THREE -- Caddie Grant /The Bailey Daughter (a little girl) ACTOR THREE -- Jens Nielson, Danish (thirtyish)

ACTRESS FOUR -- Elsie Nielson, Danish (thirtyish)

ACTRESS FIVE -- Bodil Mortenson, Danish /Sarah Staker (young girls)

ACTOR FOUR -- Robert Pearce /Gov. Ford's Scribe (mature men)

ACTOR FIVE -- Mosiah Hancock /John Bailey /William Empey / William Whitaker/Langley Bailey (in Scene "No Trouble To Die") (teen-aged boys)

ACTOR SIX -- Langley Bailey (in Scene "Affliction") / Peter Howard McBride / John Cook/George Albert Smith / Joel Johnson / John Stucki (young boys)

ACTOR SEVEN -- Erastus Snow / Martha's Husband / Alfred Lambourne / Frederick Piercy, proper English / Lyman Littlefield / Father Hale / John Watkins /Brigham Young / Husband of Lucy Ashby Clark (mature men)

ACTOR EIGHT -- David Osborn / Solomon Chamberlain / John Young / Jimmy (variously-aged men)

ACTOR NINE -- Gov. Ford / The Tinner / Lorenzo Young / Howard Egan / Levi Savage/Appleton Harmon / John Chislett / H.H. Benson /Ephraim Hanks / Truman Leonard, Scottish (variously-aged men)

ACTOR TEN -- Abner Blackburn, Cockney / William Clayton / John Benson / David Kimball (young adult men)

ACTOR ELEVEN -- Orson Pratt / John Johnson Davies, Cockney /Dan Jones / Daniel McArthur (variously-aged men)

ACTRESS SIX -- Eliza R. Snow / Jean Baker, proper English / Mary Bathgate, Scottish (older women)

ACTRESS SEVEN -- Jane Richards / Margaret Dalglish, Scottish (mature women)

ACTRESS EIGHT -- Priddy Meeks / Eliza Lyman / Elizabeth Jackson / Mary Ann Hafen /Mary Lightner, Lucy Ashby Clark / Sister Bailey (mature women)

ACTRESS NINE -- Sarah Rich / Mother Hale / Martha Spence Heywood/Helen Mar Kimball Whitney / Mary Brannigan, Irish (young adults)

ACTRESS TEN -- Ellen Wasden, English / Ellen Pucell / Susan Noble (teen-aged girls)

We suggest that props and sets be minimal, and that directors let the words and the people do the work. The performance of the many FPAs (first person accounts) will be most effective if they arise from "tasks" and interrupt (or advance) the pursuit of specific objectives. Our strongest caution is against allowing the actors or audience to linger over the myriad moments that invite lingering.

We suggest using the indicated sound effects subtly. In most cases, it would work best to establish the ambience and then, very gradually fade it out.

The scenes in this play, more often than not, flow right into each other. The delineation here is largely for convenience in planning rehearsal time.

Directory & Synopsis of MUSIC and SFX

ACT ONE

[MUSIC "Overture / Opener"]	on MUSIC CD1 (1)	in Score (1)
[MUSIC "I Had A Son"]	on MUSIC CD1 (2)	in Score (5)
[MUSIC "It Began"]	on MUSIC CD1 (3)	in Score (11)
[MUSIC "Window" underscore]	on MUSIC CD1 (4)	
[MUSIC "Driven Out" underscore]	on MUSIC CD1 (5)	
[MUSIC "A Box For My Dreams"]	on MUSIC CD1 (6)	in Score (14)
[MUSIC "Sparrows" underscore]	on MUSIC CD1 (7)	
[SFX "Wind"]	missing from CD	
[MUSIC "Dancing Against The Cold" underscore]	on MUSIC CD1 (8)	
[MUSIC "Watch The Sparrows Fly"]	on MUSIC CD1 (9)	in Score (22)
[MUSIC SEGUE to "IN ANOTHER TIME"]	on MUSIC CD1 (9)	in Score (28)
[SFX "Birds, outdoors"]	on SFX CD (choose 4-21 through 6-23)	
[MUSIC "Oxology" intro]	on MUSIC CD1 (10)	
[MUSIC "Oxology" intro #2]	on MUSIC CD1 (11)	
[MUSIC "Oxology"]	on MUSIC CD1 (12)	in Score (33)
[MUSIC "Sparrows" underscore]	on MUSIC CD1 (13)	
[MUSIC "Oxology" Bit #1]	on MUSIC CD1 (14)	
[MUSIC "Oxology" Bit #2]	on MUSIC CD1 (15)	
[SFX "Crickets"]	on SFX CD (1-16)	
[MUSIC "Angels / Come To The Valley"]	on MUSIC CD1 (16)	in Score (41)
[SFX "Baby cry"]	on SFX CD (2-18)	
[SFX "Thunder, rain"]	on SFX CD (3-19)	
[MUSIC "Nearer My God To Thee / A Box For My Dreams"]	on MUSIC CD1 (17)	
[SFX "Wolf cry"]	missing from CD	
[MUSIC "Come, Come Ye Saints intro #1"]	on MUSIC CD1 (18)	
[SFX Birds, outdoors]	on SFX CD (choose 4-21 through 6-23)	
[MUSIC Come, Come, Ye Saints intro #2]	on MUSIC CD1 (19)	
[MUSIC Come, Come, Ye Saints intro #3]	on MUSIC CD1 (20)	
[MUSIC Lottery underscore #1]	on MUSIC CD1 (21)	
[MUSIC Lottery underscore #2]	on MUSIC CD1 (22)	

ACT TWO

[MUSIC "Rolling On"]	on MUSIC CD1 (23)	in Score (45)
[MUSIC "Ordinary People" underscore]	on MUSIC CD1 (24)	
[MUSIC "Ordinary People" #1]	on MUSIC CD1 (25)	in Score (51 verse 1)
[MUSIC "Ordinary People" #2]	on MUSIC CD1 (26)	in Score (51 verse 2)
[SFX "Crickets"]	on SFX CD (8-31)	
[MUSIC "Buffalo"]	on MUSIC CD1 (27)	
[MUSIC "Bugle"]	on MUSIC CD1 (28)	
[SFX "Morning (River Water)"]	on SFX CD (7-27)	
[MUSIC "Lead Kindly Light"]	on MUSIC CD1 (29)	
[MUSIC "Day" #1]	on MUSIC CD1 (30)	
[MUSIC "Day" #2]	on MUSIC CD1 (31)	
[MUSIC "Wolves"]	on MUSIC CD1 (32)	

[SFX "Wolves"]	missing from CD	
[SFX "Fire"]	on SFX CD (9-37)	
[MUSIC "One Step Ahead"]	on MUSIC CD1 (33)	in Score (55)
[MUSIC "Come To The Valley" underscore]	on MUSIC CD1 (34)	
[SFX "Night"]	missing from CD	
[SFX "Baby cry"]	on SFX CD (10-40)	
[MUSIC "Ships" underscore]	on MUSIC CD1 (35)	
[SFX "River"]	on SFX CD (11-41)	
[MUSIC "Wings To Fly"]	on MUSIC CD1 (36)	in Score (66)
[MUSIC "Come To The Valley" underscore]	on MUSIC CD1 (37)	
[MUSIC "No Trouble To Die" underscore"]	on MUSIC CD1 (38)	
[MUSIC "One Step"]	on MUSIC CD1 (39)	in Score (71)

ACT THREE

[MUSIC "Overture / Statistics"]	on MUSIC CD2 (1-40)	
[MUSIC "Blood On My Hands"]	on MUSIC CD2 (2-41)	in Score (76)
[MUSIC "Digging Deep"]	on MUSIC CD2 (3-42)	in Score (80)
[MUSIC "Rescue" #1]	on MUSIC CD2 (4-43)	
[MUSIC "Rescue" #2]	on MUSIC CD2 (5-44)	
[MUSIC "Rocky Ridge" underscore]	on MUSIC CD2 (6-45)	
[MUSIC "Rocky Ridge"]	on MUSIC CD2 (7-46)	in Score (82)
[MUSIC "Rocky Ridge" outro]	on MUSIC CD2 (8-47)	
[MUSIC "Dream" underscore]	on MUSIC CD2 (9-48)	
[MUSIC: Come, Come Ye Saints underscore]	on MUSIC CD2 (10-49)	
[MUSIC "I'll Love Whatever's Left Of You"]	on MUSIC CD2 (11-50)	in Score (87)
[MUSIC: Whatever's Left Of You underscore]	on MUSIC CD2 (12-51)	
[MUSIC "In Another Place"]	on MUSIC CD2 (13-52)	(missing from score)
[SFX "Hawk, wind"]	missing from CD	
[MUSIC "On Big Mountain"]	on MUSIC CD2 (14-53)	in Score (92)
[MUSIC "Come To The Valley" underscore]	on MUSIC CD2 (15-54)	
[MUSIC "Finale"]	on MUSIC CD2 (16-55)	in Score (98)
[MUSIC "Bows"]	on MUSIC CD2 (17-56)	

In general, anything that is sung is in the Piano-Vocal Score. Music that is underscore is not in the Piano-Vocal Score. Therefore, we suggest using the PerformanceTrack CDs and not trying to do the show with just a Piano. There are two exceptions to this: the Act Three reprise of IN ANOTHER PLACE. We have no copy of it, but it is very evident when the words in the script are sung, for the melody is played; and the Act Two reprise of Come Come Ye Saints intro #3, some words in the script are sung, again it is evident as the melody is played.

All music, sung or underscored, is on the Performance Track CDs.

The SFX CD contains only 11 of the 16 tracks.

James Arrington -- has been theatrically involved in writing and acting about the nineteenth century (Brother *Brigham*, *Wilford Woodruff*, *The Prophet*, *J. Golden*, *Independence, 1833* and now *The Trail of Dreams*) for so long that modern life has become quite confusing, *The Farley Family Reunion*, *The Farley Family 2: The Next Gyration* -- and *Farley Family Xmas*, which premiered December 1997.

Marvin Payne -- lives in a cabin in Alpine, Utah, with his lovely wife Laurie and daughter Eliza, two guitars, a banjo and a cardboard moon from The Fantasticks. He's done everything from Shakespeare to *Phantom*, but he usually gets recognized in the mall as the guy behind daddy's nose in *Saturday's Warrior*. He is Boo Dog, the Man Who Searches for Happiness and a great-great-grandson of pioneer John Brown.

Steven Kapp Perry -- is a songwriter and playwright living in Cedar Hills. He is best known for his recordings "From Cumorah's Hill," "Come To The House Of The Lord," and *Polly, a One Woman Musical*, now released on video. Steve loves music, cream cheese on bagels, his wife Johanne, and whichever of his four children slept through the night.

THE TRAIL OF DREAMS

by James Arrington, Marvin Payne and Steven Kapp Perry.

1 Unit Set.

75 Characters can be doubled to 19M 8W 1TB 2G or a company of 20. Other doubling arrangements are possible.

Some of us have the notion that the Mormon pioneers saw the world in bold strokes of black and white, while moderns squint through myriad shades of gray. In writing this play the authors found that the pioneers reflected a rainbow of passions, fears, dares and enormous presumptions. This is not the story of one family, or even one company. This is the story of all of the "Saints" brought across the plains by one man John Brown. It is through his memory, and the actual journals of the traveling pioneers, that this vibrant musical comes to life. There are bright moments of hope and dreary moments of tragedy. A fantastic musical score weaves throughout the dialog scenes and reinforces character and plot.

"Come away knowing a good deal more about the pioneers and appreciating their sacrifices on a deeper level. Surprisingly funny...this is a story difficult to tell, yet well worth the recitation." --Sharon Haddock, *Deseret News*.

"The play is a must see." -- Benson Parkinson, *Association of Mormon Letters*.

About 2:15. Vocal Book, PerformanceTrack CD, Piano-Vocal Score available for rental. Original Cast Album CD available.

ACT ONE

"THE TRAIL OF MUD"

SCENE ONE, "OPENING THE BOOKS" (THE SETTING IS THE STAGE)

[MUSIC "Overture / Opener"]

(Lights up on a stage holding nothing but a wooden box near Center. John Brown, a pioneer, enters and crosses to the box, takes books from it and starts placing them in a row downstage L. to R. A woman enters upstage, observes and sings.)

ANGELA HOPEWELL

COME AWAY, COME AWAY

DOWN THE TRAIL OF DREAMS TONIGHT! FEEL THE SUN, FACE THE WIND,
FORD THE RIVERS, FIND THE HEIGHT OF YOUR DREAM.

JOHN BROWN *(who has not heard her, continues placing books and sings)*

EVERY NIGHT FOR A WEEK,

I HAVE DREAMED THE SAME DREAM,

CONFUSED AND AMAZED,

WOND'RING WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

I WALK BACK THROUGH THESE BOOKS 'TIL THE MOMENT I WAKE,

THEN THE FEELINGS AND FACES,

THE PEOPLE AND PLACES

START TO FADE.

ANGELA *(enters, observes)* What are you doing?

JOHN I don't know... This is a dream. I do this every time.

ANGELA John Brown, you've had this dream before?

JOHN This is the seventh time. Who are you?

ANGELA A friend. Tell me about these books.

JOHN Books? Oh no, these are lives. I was their captain.

ANGELA How many lives, John Brown?

JOHN There were seventy thousand people.

(Company emerges upstage.)

[MUSIC "I Had A Son"]

ANGELA *(reads from a book she has picked up)* "As the mob arose and commenced burning the Mormons' houses, my wife gave birth to a son who lived but one hour. We called him John Crosby Brown. I raised a small heap of brick on his grave. We severely felt his loss."

JOHN *(grabbing it away)* That's my book.

ANGELA Your life.

JOHN *(sing, beginning out of the book)*

I HAD A SON, HE WAS BORN IN THE SPRING,
I WAS PROUD AS A FATHER COULD BE,
HE WAS NAMED AFTER ME.
HE GREW WEAK, HE WAS GONE IN AN HOUR
AND I HAD NO POWER TO FIGHT
WHAT MY EYES COULD NOT SEE.
I WAS HELPLESS, HE SLIPPED INTO DEATH.
WHEN I HEARD HIS LAST BREATH I FELT TIRED, I FELT SICK.
JUST A SMALL PILE OF BRICK
MARKS THE FACT OF HIS BIRTH
AND THE FACT THERE WAS NOTHING ON EARTH
THAT HIS FATHER COULD DO.

ANGELA

THERE WAS NOTHING YOU COULD DO.
YOU MUST NOT HOLD ON TO SORROW.
LET THE PAST BEGIN TO FADE.
FIX YOUR EYES AND ALL YOUR DREAMS ON TOMORROW.

JOHN

I COULD SAIL ACROSS THE SEA,
I COULD ROLL ACROSS THE PLAINS,
I COULD FIND THE FARTHEST VALLEY,
AND THE PICTURE OF HIS FACE STILL REMAINS.

(to the books, as the company slowly moves downstage, unseen by John)

LOOK AT THEM ALL, JUST LIKE INNOCENT CHILDREN,
EACH MAN, WOMAN, CHILD OF THEM
TRUSTING IN ME AS THEIR GUIDE,
IN A WORLD WHERE THERE'S NO PLACE TO HIDE.
LIKE THEIR FATHER I'LL LEAD THEM ALL THROUGH IF IT'S ALL I CAN DO.
WE'LL ARRIVE THERE, AS HARD AS IT SEEMS,
AND I SWEAR I WON'T FAIL THEM OUT THERE ON THE TRAIL OF THEIR DREAMS!

THE PLAYERS *(all picking up books. John sees them. The dream has begun again!)*

COME AWAY, COME AWAY
DOWN THE TRAIL OF DREAMS TONIGHT.
FEEL THE SUN, FACE THE WIND,
FORD THE RIVERS, FIND THE HEIGHT OF YOUR DREAM.
COME AWAY! COME AND DREAM!

(Company generally retreats upstage to prepare for a journey.)

SCENE TWO, "IT BEGAN" (ILLINOIS BORDER)

[MUSIC "It Began"]

JENS NIELSON *(referring to his book, as each of the following soloists will do)*

IT BEGAN IN A VILLAGE IN DENMARK,

WHEN WE HEARD WE MUST GATHER ACROSS THE SEA.

ELSIE NIELSON

IT BEGAN WHEN THE FARM WAS SOLD
AND I HID THE GOLD...WHERE NO ONE WOULD SEE.

CAROLINE GRANT

IT BEGAN WHEN THEY LOOKED AT MY CHILDREN
AND THEY RAISED UP THEIR GUNS SAYING, "NITS MAKE LICE."

JEDEDIAH GRANT

THAT'S THE MORNING WE SHUDDERED
AND SHIVERED,
CROSSING THE RIVER, OVER THE ICE.

PLAYER WHO WILL BECOME ROBERT PEARCE

IT BEGAN WITH THE DREAM OF A HOMELAND
WAY OUT WEST IN THE MOUNTAINS AND ALL ALONE.
IT BEGAN WITH A TWELVE-POUND BALL
THROUGH OUR KITCHEN WALL, SAYING "GO!"

ALL THE PLAYERS

GO!

(Players, throwing together gear, sweep around John Brown.)

A PLAYER *(as though driving oxen)* Haw! Gee!

JOHN Where are you going?

ANOTHER PLAYER To the Rocky Mountains!

A THIRD PLAYER But where are we now?

GOVERNOR FORD *(striding downstage, dictating to a scribe)* To Mr. Brigham Young, from Governor Thomas Ford:

"Dear Mr. Young,

Why are the Mormons still in Nauvoo? I have letters from your president and prophet, Joseph Smith, written before his unfortunate death that led me to feel that you would be gone. May we agree that you will cross the Mississippi, leaving Illinois for the West, 'as soon as grass grows and water runs.'"

THE THIRD PLAYER *(to Ford, who doesn't seem to hear him)* But it's winter!

FORD *(to scribe, while retreating)* We're letting the Mormons believe the President is ordering the U.S. Army up the Mississippi from New Orleans with the first thaw. This will have the intended effect.

SCENE THREE, "A BOX FOR DREAMS, PART ONE" (NAUVOO)

[MUSIC "Window" underscore]

(Lights change. Leaving John Brown, the players disperse urgently, immersed in their "scripts," finding props, affecting costumes. A "fourth wall" goes up. The Grant family is packing. John Brown observes.)

CADDIE GRANT *(looking out her window)* Mother, why do we have to leave our home?

CAROLINE Because angels speak to the Mormons, dear.

CADDIE Like when an angel told Mary and Joseph to take Baby Jesus away into the land of Egypt?

CAROLINE Not exactly, dear.

CADDIE Well, what did the angels say, then?

CAROLINE We don't have to leave because of what the angels said. We have to leave because of what we said.

CADDIE What did we say?

CAROLINE We said that angels speak to the Mormons.

CADDIE I'm tired of packing. Can I go slide on the ice?

JEDEDIAH (*rushing in urgently, packing*) Say goodbye to your house first.

CADDIE Goodbye, house! Whose house will we sleep at tonight?

JEDEDIAH We get to sleep in the wagon.

CADDIE (*sings*) We get to sleep in the wagon, we get to sleep in the wagon...
(*exits*)

JEDEDIAH Caroline, you're supposed to rest.

CAROLINE I'm not ill, just tired.

JEDEDIAH I think the doctor said, "Ill."

CAROLINE Jed, I'm afraid these wedding gifts won't survive Iowa without a box.

JEDEDIAH We've no place for them.

[MUSIC "Driven Out" underscore]

The wagon is loaded full up with just the necessities.

CAROLINE They'll hardly take any space. They just need to be protected. You know what they mean to me. They are part of... part of my dreams.

JEDEDIAH (*defusing*) I thought I was your dream.

CAROLINE All I need is a small box.

JEDEDIAH Caroline, the fancy cloth, the candlesticks—you've never even used them.

CAROLINE (*coldly*) I've never had the chance.

[MUSIC "A Box For My Dreams"]

(*sings*)

DRIVEN OUT OF KIRTLAND, OHIO,
CHASED FROM INDEPENDENCE, MISSOURI,
WAS THERE ANY REASON TO THINK
THIS PLACE WOULD BE DIFF'RENT?
LATE AT NIGHT RIFLE SHOTS CRACKING, LANTERN LIGHT,
AND ALL OF US PACKING, IS IT ANY WONDER I'M
STILL AFRAID OF THUNDER,
I'VE WATCHED MY DREAMS ALL DIE, I'VE SEEN THEM ALL GO UNDER,
I'VE GIVEN UP ON ALL OF THEM, BUT ONE.
A BOX FOR MY DREAMS
THE SMALLEST OF THINGS,
YET NOTHING MEANS MORE TO ME NOW
A BOX FOR MY DREAMS,
THE FEW I'VE KEPT WAITING.
I'M SAVING THEM UP FOR THE DAY

WE CAN SPREAD OUT THE CLOTH
WHILE WE SIT ON A SUNDAY
AND THE CANDLES ARE ALL BURNING BRIGHT.
EVERYONE OF US THERE—
GATHERED SAFE AT MY SIDE.
YES, THOSE ARE PLANS,
THOSE ARE MY SCHEMES;
A BOX THAT'S JUST BIG ENOUGH FOR DREAMS.

JEDEDIAH

A BOX FOR HER DREAMS?
THAT'S ALL THAT SHE NEEDS?
SHE'S NOT ASKED FOR ANYTHING MORE.
A BOX FOR HER DREAMS—
I'LL FIND ONE,
I'LL MAKE ONE
I'D TAKE ONE IF ONLY IT MEANS
SHE CAN SPREAD OUT THE CLOTH
WHEN WE SIT ON A SUNDAY
AND THE CANDLES ARE ALL BURNING BRIGHT. EVERY ONE OF US THERE
GATHERED SAFE AT HER SIDE.
AND WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT
THAT A BOX JUST THIS SIZE
COULD HOLD ALL THE DREAMS IN HER EYES.

(emptying John Brown's book-box, which has become his)

Here. The perfect size for your treasures.

CAROLINE But your books! You're so fond of those!

JEDEDIAH I'm more fond of you.

CAROLINE Jed...

JEDEDIAH *(putting a finger to her lips.)* I think it's a very good trade.

JEDEDIAH & CAROLINE

WE'LL SPREAD OUT THE CLOTH
WHEN WE SIT ON A SUNDAY
AND THE CANDLES ARE ALL BURNING BRIGHT. EVERY ONE OF US THERE,
WHEN WE'VE SAFELY ARRIVED!

JEDEDIAH *(holding up the empty box)*

FOR ALL OF YOUR PLANS—

CAROLINE *(placing her bundle in it)*

FOR ALL OF MY SCHEMES—

JEDEDIAH & CAROLINE

A BOX THAT'S JUST BIG ENOUGH FOR DREAMS.

MOSIAH HANCOCK *(rushing in, warning)* The mob burned our home and everything in it! Even the feather bed mother was trying to get out of the house!

[MUSIC "Sparrows" underscore]

JEDEDIAH (*grabbing up the box*) Come quickly. Where's Caddie?

CAROLINE (*following Jedediah and Mosiah quickly off*) Caddie! Caddie!
(*Lights change.*)

SCENE FOUR, "EXODUS" (ILLINOIS BORDER)

[SFX "Wind"]

ORSON PRATT February 26th, 1846, at 6 a. m., 5 degrees above zero. -Orson Pratt

SARAH RICH We crossed the Mississippi River on the ice. At night we had to sweep away the snow and make our beds on the cold ground. As my Charley was then a nursing baby it was very hard on me.

DAVID OSBORN I got an old cloth coat and a few pounds of pork for our house and farm, by throwing in a good table and some other things too heavy to take.

PRIDDY MEEKS While crossing, we looked back and took a last sight of the temple. We was sad and sorrowful. The emotions of our mind at that time I cannot describe.

ORSON PRATT February 26th, at 6 p.m., 10 degrees above zero.

ABNER BLACKBURN I will tell you a dream which brother Kesler had. He dreamed that there was a sack of gold and a cat placed before him, and that he had the privilege of taking which he pleased, whereupon he took the cat, and walked off with her. Why did he take the cat in preference to the gold? Because he could eat the cat.

SCENE FIVE, "WHAT I WANT"

[MUSIC "Dancing Against The Cold" underscore]

HELEN MAR KIMBALL WHITNEY (*Sweeps on with others who act out her story. John Brown enters and observes.*) At Sugar Creek we scraped the snow away, and kindled a huge fire. We there formed a cotillion or French four. The boys wore heavy boots and the shoes of the girls were not such as the fairies wear, but we were dancing against the cold.

(*Dancing and underscoring continue through the next few lines. After dancing, the players retire to their camps.*)

ANGELA HOPEWELL (*in passing, as she crosses briskly through*) Brother Brown. Is it going well?

JOHN If I can keep everyone warm and moving.

ANGELA No. How is everything going in your dream?

JOHN Well...

ANGELA Is it how you remembered it?

JOHN Yes. But have we formally met?

ANGELA (*exiting*) We haven't.

JEDEDIAH GRANT (*Approaches John Brown, accompanied by Caroline, who carries an infant, and their six-year-old, Caddie.*) John Brown?

JOHN (*looking after Angela*) Who was that woman? That fine lovely woman...

JEDEDIAH Woman?

JOHN Yes. That handsome...

(*notices the rest of the Grant family*)

that woman in the brown dress there.

JEDEDIAH I don't believe we saw her. Are you John Brown?

JOHN I am.

JEDEDIAH I'm Jedediah Grant.

JOHN And your wife, Caroline. Welcome.

JEDEDIAH We have with us our daughter Caddie and our baby.

JOHN Margaret.

JEDEDIAH You're in charge?

JOHN Well, it's my memory that brought you here.

JEDEDIAH You're the captain, then.

JOHN I often was. Fact is, you'll be a captain in the company that crossed right after Brigham Young, in 1847.

(On "captain" Caroline grabbed Jedediah's arm, as if to say "What does this mean?")

CAROLINE GRANT Well, it's 1846 now, and we're all a little tired.

JOHN Forgive me. There's space over there, if you can clear the snow.

CAROLINE Thank you, Brother Brown.

CADDIE *(to her mother, as they turn away)* Are we there yet?

JOHN *(calling after)* And Brother Grant, there's a meeting for captains tonight! *(Grants set up camp.)*

ELSIE *(Enters, ahead of Jens and Bodil, and approaches John Brown menacingly.)* You are the one who is in charge here?

JOHN Unless you'd like to be.

ELSIE You are good at this? You have authority? And a map?

JOHN Sister, Orson Pratt and I were the first pioneers to look into the valley of the Great Salt Lake!

ELSIE You have been there yourself?

JOHN Crossed twelve times before I settled in the valley for good, and stayed put.

ELSIE *(Over her shoulder to Jens)* Twelve!

JOHN Well, thirteen. I don't count my last trip west. I took the train.

ELSIE *(pronouncing it "Yens")* Jens! Do you hear? We are taking the train!

JOHN No, no, that was in 1869, and you're here in... Pardon me, remind me of your names.

JENS *(stepping forward, with Bodil)* Jens Nielson, from Denmark.

JOHN Yes, I remember! And this is your wife, Elsie. And your daughter?

ELSIE No, no.

JENS This is Bodil, the daughter of Peter Mortenson.

(Bodil curtseys competently. John bows.)

We're bringing her to the valley for him.

JOHN That's very kind.

ELSIE My husband, he cannot refuse anyone in need. He would take all of Denmark to the Rocky Mountains!

JENS *(Pronouncing it "Ilsa")* Elsie!

BODIL It is not a large country.

JENS We just take Bodil to her papa.

BODIL He is already in the valley of the Great Salt Lake.

ELSIE That is why she is with us. We have a son, six years old.

(Seeing he is not there, shoos Bodil off.)

Where is little Jens? Now, Herr Captain, about the train...

JOHN Sister Nielson, you're crossing in 1856. No railroad for a good while yet.

(He exits, to help others.)

ELSIE Jens, do you understand what he said about the years?

JENS Have patience, my dear. Remember, we're in a foreign country.

ELSIE You don't have to tell me! Steamboats!

BODIL *(who has sauntered back on, unseen by Elsie)* And Indians! Yah, ya, yahhh!

(like an Indian)

ELSIE *(terrified)* Bodil! Jens, are there really those Indians?

JENS They say so.

ELSIE Jens, you will protect me. You are strong.

JENS I am the husband. I will protect you. Ja?

ELSIE *(Takes his arm, leans her head against him.)* Ja.

BODIL Ja.

ELSIE *(to Bodil)* Go!

(Bodil exits.)

ELSIE This was not my idea, this little girl!

JENS We have only one child. We have the means to give. And she is a nice little girl.

ELSIE I want a little girl of my own.

JENS Well, we can do anything, if we have enough sticky-ta-toody.

(They move to set up camp.)

ROBERT PEARCE *(following John Brown back onto the stage)* Captain Brown!

JOHN No!

PEARCE Captain Brown...

JOHN Robert Pearce, we've been through this before. Find someone with a wagon big enough for you to ride in.

PEARCE I'll walk every step!

JOHN Unless you arrange to ride, you'll be a burden.

PEARCE I'll not be! Brigham Young will straighten my limbs tall as yours, then we'll see who's a burden!

JOHN Brother Brigham hasn't been back from the valley since 1848. You're here in the fifties.

PEARCE That's why I'm going there. For the healing power of a prophet!

JOHN Just getting there would be a miracle.

PEARCE D'ya think any o' the elders out here've got the faith to heal me? Do you? Brother Brigham will.
When I walk into the valley on my own two feet.

JOHN Be reasonable. You need help.

(turning away)

[MUSIC "Watch The Sparrows Fly"]

You will ride, Brother Pearce. And you will not change my mind!

PEARCE *(calling after)* "The Lord helps those that help themselves!"

(John is gone.)

IF YOU'RE POOR AND YOU'RE IN ENGLAND

WHAT'S THE USE TO HAVE A SOUL?

FOR THE FACT'RY IS YOUR LIFE

IF YOU'RE TOO BENT FOR DIGGING COAL.

YOU'LL BE WORKING DAY AND NIGHT UNTIL IT'S HARDLY LIFE AT ALL.
AND IF THEN YOU FALL DOWN DEAD IT ISN'T VERY FAR TO FALL.
BUT I WATCH THE SPARROWS FLY,
FINDING FREEDOM IN THE SKY.
AND I WISH THAT THERE WERE SUCH A PLACE FOR SUCH A ONE AS I.
(segue to Jens and Elsie singing "YOU ARE A SHEPHERD")

JENS

ONLY A FARMER WHO WORKS WITH HIS HANDS,
LEAVING MY FIELDS FOR THE FREEST OF LANDS.

ELSIE

YEAR AFTER YEAR YOU WERE CURSING EACH ROW.
JENS, YOU WERE MEANT TO HELP PEOPLE TO GROW.
I KNOW YOUR HEART AND THE SECRETS IT KEEPS.
YOU ARE A SHEPHERD IN SEARCH OF HIS SHEEPS.

JENS Sheep, not sheeps. One or many, it is the same.

ELSIE It is not like Denmark.

JENS No. Here no one can keep us from being who we should be.

BOTH

THE LAND OF OUR BIRTH MAKES US FOREIGNERS HERE,
BUT WE ARE NOT STRANGERS.
OUR NEW HOME IS NEAR!

[MUSIC SEGUE to "IN ANOTHER TIME"]

CAROLINE *(impatiently crossing away from Jedediah)*

IF YOU'D BEEN JUST
A LITTLE BIT LESS SMART,
HAD A LITTLE BIT LESS HEART,
BEEN JUST A LITTLE BIT LESS ABLE
I'D HAVE KEPT YOU AT MY TABLE HERE TONIGHT.
BUT CAPTAINS OF A HUNDRED ARE IN GREAT DEMAND.

JEDEDIAH *(defensively)*

IT'S NOTHING THAT I ASKED FOR. TRY TO UNDERSTAND.
SOON WE WILL BE SETTLED
AND OUR LIVES WON'T BE SO STRANGE.
AND THERE IN THE VALLEY
OUR LIVES AND OUR FORTUNES WILL CHANGE.

(He turns away, hesitates.)

BOTH *(each unheard by the other)*

IN ANOTHER PLACE AND IN ANOTHER TIME WE'LL HAVE HOURS AND DAYS
WHEN YOU ONLY ARE MINE!

(lights up on Nielsons and Pearce)

JEDEDIAH, CAROLINE, JENS, ELSIE, PEARCE

THERE IS A LAND SO SWEET CALLED ZION,
THOUGH IT'S NOW BUT A TREASURED DREAM.

MY LORD IS THE STAFF I SHALL RELY ON
'TIL I REST BY ITS GENTLE STREAMS.
OH ZION, OH ZION
HOW LONG SHALL I WAIT
TO FIND THE END OF ALL MY JOURNEY
AND FIND PEACE THERE WITHIN THY GATE?

(Lights change.)

SCENE SIX, "OXOLOGY" (IOWA)
[SFX "Birds, outdoors"]

[MUSIC "Oxology" intro]

JOHN JOHNSON DAVIES It was a Circus! Our captain told us...

ABNER BLACKBURN *(entering from opposite, with Frederick Piercy)* Get up hearily in the morning t' get ready to start 'n good toime. Bring in two yoke of hoxen and one yoke of 'eifers.

JOHN JOHNSON DAVIES "Right" sez I.

ABNER BLACKBURN So, After breakfast was over we got the cattle together and tried to yoke them up.
(Piercy tries to yoke up Davies and Blackburn, who resist, resulting in severe entanglement. A trumpet sounds, calling players to order.)

JOHN Is everyone here? Settle down please. We have a great trek ahead. How many of you folks have driven teams of oxen?"

A PLAYER I've driven teams!

JOHN Of oxen?

A PLAYER How different can it be?

ELSIE What is "oxen"?

JENS My dear, it is more than one ox.

ELSIE What a language!

(Laughs, recovers.)

Brother Brown!

JOHN Sister Nielson?

ELSIE What is "ox"?

[MUSIC "Oxology" intro #2]

(Several women players emerge in the shadowy background as oxen, bemused, curious, waiting.)

JOHN Well, it's a bull that, uh... that isn't... anymore.

(Elsie, embarrassed, gets it.)

They're still strong, but they don't fight.

(He sees the "oxen.")

As much.

[MUSIC "Oxology"]

The Trail of Dreams by James Arrington, Marvin Payne and Steven Kapp Perry

(The song "OXOLOGY" bookends and punctuates the following. Pioneers try to conquer the "oxen" throughout.)

JOHN

COME, TRY YOUR LUCK WITH THE OXEN BOYS,
WITH A "GEE!" ("GEE!"),
AND A "HAW!" ("HAW!")—
STOMP THROUGH THE MUCK AND THE DUST AND NOISE WITH A WHOA! AND GIDDAP!

OXEN

MOO.
ALL WE WANNA DO
IS STAND HERE AND CHEW OUR CUD 'TIL THE MORNING. NO.
WE'RE NOT GONNA GO.
WE'RE TELLING YOU SO. WE'RE GIVING YOU WARNING.

(Music continues under the following.)

JOHN JOHNSON DAVIES Hi say, captin, Hi caan't do a bloody thing with those beastly bullocks. They nearly poked hout me heyes. Just look at me clothes!

FREDERICK PIERCY I say, can't we have horses that have been used to work? Those beastly brutes fight like lions, why we shall never be able to fasten them together.

ABNER BLACKBURN Now I say, if we ever get those yokes and things on them do they stay until we get to Zion?

JOHN Oh, no, they have to be taken off twice a day, at noon and at night to allow the oxen to feed and rest.

JOHN JOHNSON DAVIES My word, Hi wish Hi was back in Old Hingland, that's all.

JOHN BROWN That's a good wish!

PLAYERS WHO ARE "TEAMSTERS" *(includes Davies, Blackburn, and Piercy)*

THESE BEASTLY BULLOCKS
ARE AWFULLY RUDE.
THEY'D SERVE US BETTER
AS A ROAST OR NICELY STEWED. THERE'S NOTHING DUMBER THAN SUCH AN OX,

PLAYERS WHO ARE ONLOOKERS

EXCEPT THE BLOKE WHO GOES BESIDE HIM WHEN HE WALKS!

(Music continues as underscore.)

FREDERICK PIERCY The Captain was watching us and telling us what to do. He told us to take the whip and use it and say "Haw Duke," "Gee Brandy," and so on.... "Geeing" and "Hawing" were most forcibly taught.

JOHN JOHNSON DAVIES The teamster should drive with the team t' the right. When he cries "Gee," the team should go from him and when "Haw" comes toward 'im...

ABNER BLACKBURN I was in the road part of the time and that was when I was crossin' it.

FREDERICK PIERCY *(emerging from oxen bandaged, with arm in sling)* This was a great experience and edifying!

PLAYERS

COME, TRY YOUR LUCK WITH THE OXEN BOYS,
WITH A "GEE!" ("GEE!"),
AND A "HAW!" ("HAW!")—
STOMP THROUGH THE MUCK AND THE DUST AND NOISE
WITH A WHOA! AND GIDDAP!

OXEN / WRANGLERS (*in counterpoint*)

MOO.
ALL WE WANNA DO
IS STAND HERE
AND CHEW OUR CUD.
'TIL THE MORNING
NO!
WE'RE NOT GONNA GO.
WE'RE TELLING YOU SO.
WE'RE GIVING YOU
WARNING.
MOO.
ALL WE WANNA DO
IS STAND HERE
AND CHEW OUR CUD.
'TIL THE MORNING
NO!
WE'RE NOT GONNA GO.
WE'RE TELLING YOU SO.
WE'RE GIVING YOU
WARNING.

THESE BEASTLY BULLOCKS
ARE AWFULLY RUDE.
THEY'D SERVE US BETTER
AS A ROAST OR NICELY
STEWED.
THERE'S NOTHING DUMBER
THAN SUCH AN OX,
EXCEPT THE BLOKE WHO GOES
BESIDE HIM WHEN HE
WALKS.
THESE BEASTLY BULLOCKS
ARE AWFULLY RUDE.
THEY'D SERVE US BETTER
AS A ROAST OR NICELY
STEWED.
THERE'S NOTHING DUMBER
THAN SUCH AN OX,
EXCEPT THE BLOKE WHO GOES
BESIDE HIM WHEN HE
WALKS.

JOHN JOHNSON DAVIES And by the time we got half way across the plains we could drive an ox team
as well as you can Enny Day!

ALL (*miraculously together*)

COME, TRY YOUR LUCK WITH THE OXEN BOYS,
WITH A "GEE!" ("GEE!"),
AND A "HAW!" ("HAW!")—
STOMP THROUGH THE MUCK AND THE DUST AND NOISE
WITH A WHOA! AND GIDDAP!

*(ad lib repetitions of "whoa!" and "giddap!" leading to pandemonium which leaves only the
"oxen" standing)*

OXEN

COME, TRY YOUR LUCK WITH OXEN BOYS!
MMMMOOOOOOO!

SCENE SEVEN, "AFFLICTION"

[**MUSIC "Sparrows" underscore**]

PLAYER #1 We were suddenly like sparrows fluttering over some unmapped ocean, with nowhere to light.

PLAYER #2 Our houses were on wheels—those as had them.

ERASTUS SNOW When we ask President Young about our destination, all he will say is that he will know
it when he sees it.

ELIZA R. SNOW On the first day of March, we broke encampment about noon, and soon nearly four hundred wagons were moving to—we knew not where.

SOLOMON CHAMBERLAIN Among those on the trail, there was considerable sickness.

LANGLEY BAILEY I was taken down with "hemerage of the bowels." A captain, named Tune, would not administer to me, said he did not have faith enough to raise the dead. I was hauled across the plains in the handcart by my brother, John...

(grabs him)

and Isaac Wardle. I promised my two-man team that I would give them some of my bread if they would try and miss the rocks in the road.

JOHN BAILEY It might have been worse. You might have had the cholera instead, and been dead in the first six hours.

MARTHA'S HUSBAND Mercifully, there was one serious affliction that came only once a day, and then only to my own family: Martha's squirrel soup!

SCENE EIGHT, "LITTLE WAGON"

[MUSIC "Oxology" Bit #1]

ELSIE *(as Jens reveals a handcart)* This is our wagon? It's smaller than I expected.

JENS It's not a wagon. It's a handcart.

ELSIE A cart. This is for the children?

JENS You know we agreed to use our means to help the others. With only a cart, we have gold enough for other people to have carts.

ELSIE But the size?

JENS Brigham Young writes from the valley that we will get there faster, cheaper, and be stronger when we arrive.

ELSIE He is a prophet.

JENS He is a prophet.

(She gives in and produces their money pouch from her blouse.)

ELSIE *(She looks off into the distance, away from Jens, as he picks up the crossbar.)* Well, where is the dumb beast that pulls it?

(She turns, sees him and laughs as the realization hits)

You must promise me only this... I will not have to pull it, ja?

JENS I am the husband, I will pull.

(He does. She lags behind. He turns to her.)

You may push.

ELSIE *(following him off, not pushing)* This would never happen in Denmark!

[MUSIC "Oxology" Bit #2]

SCENE NINE, "MANURE AND MUD"

SOLOMON CHAMBERLAIN I was with the rank and file in connection with this diarrhea trouble and held the record for spreading more manure over the plains of North America than any other person of my size, age and weight. But the trouble with Iowa wasn't manure. The trouble with Iowa was mud!

JEAN BAKER Nothing can exceed the kindness of the people in Iowa as we pass along. Oh yes, there are some settlements—it's not the wilderness yet. Many a time when our wagons have been in a mud hole, the men working in the fields have left their plow to come and help us out. Men, too, who in our country would be called gentlemen! Owning 500 acres of land! But it seems to be a rule among them to help every one who is in need.

JANE RICHARDS In Iowa, my little daughter Wealthy was ill and suffering greatly. She asked for some potato soup, the first thing she had shown any desire for for weeks, and we came in sight of a potato-field. One of the sisters went to the house and eagerly asked for a single potato. A rough woman heard her story through, put her hands on the sister's shoulders, and marched her out of the house, saying "I won't give or sell a thing to one of you damned Mormons." I turned on my bed and wept as I heard them trying to comfort my little one in her disappointment. When she was taken from me I only lived because I could not die.

SARAH STAKER (OR BODIL) I was sent to a tin shop to have a handle soldered to a quart cup.

TINNER So, you want the handle soldered to your cup do you?

SARAH Yes, sir.

TINNER Why, you're a Mormon girl, ain't ye?

SARAH Yes sir.

TINNER Then why don't you have faith that the handle will solder itself, and surely it would be so.

(He laughs loudly as do those who have surrounded the scene.)

Haven't you the faith to heal your cup?

SARAH No sir, I haven't faith that I can mend my cup; but if you will put the handle on good, I have faith that it will stay on.

(The crowd again bursts into laughter; however the tinner is charmed and shushes them. He takes the cup and works with it as Sarah moves down to the audience.)

He mended the cup good, just as I said.

(She turns and offers him money.)

TINNER No compensation.

SCENE TEN, "THE SHOOTING OF JOHN COOK" (IOWA)

[SFX "Crickets"]

(Lights simulate evening.)

JOHN We were not without friends. I remember my most constant friend on the trail was a mule named Zeek. It was after our seventh crossing that old Zeek died...

ANGELA I remember.

JOHN Oh! You startled me!

ANGELA Please forgive me.

JOHN It's just that a man could feel a bit awkward when overheard eulogizing a mule.

ANGELA I respect a good eulogy.

JOHN Sister, were you a member of these companies?

ANGELA I crossed with many companies.

JOHN Please forgive me for not remembering... you do seem familiar.

ANGELA You might say I was a midwife.

JOHN A midwife. Sister...

ANGELA Hopewell. Angela Hopewell.

JOHN Angela Hopewell...

(Tries to remember—gives it up.)

Seems a very fit name for a midwife; an angel of mercy. We could use an angel in every company. Some of these people have never even slept outside before.

ANGELA I expect there are angels in every tree among these people.

JOHN Well, I've never seen one.

ANGELA Keep looking.

JOHN I do! I do! Some of my brethren have, you know— probably more than have told me.

ANGELA Do tell.

JOHN Once Nathan Staker's child was ill, near death, and so he knelt by a log in the woods. An angel came! Shining! His hands were transparent! Brother Staker still weeps whenever...

(shattering report of a pistol offstage)

What's happened!

ORSON PRATT *(rushing in)* It's little Johnny Cook. Pistol shot!

JOHN Who shot him?

PRATT *(exiting)* Come help me.

ANGELA *(to John)* Bring him to the fire where I can see.

(A special establishes the fire.)

JOHN Here! By the fire!

(Players are dragging on the groaning Cook.)

How did this happen?

PRATT He was fooling with his father's pistol. He took the whole load in his neck.

(Meanwhile, players are frantically working with the wounded boy, straightening, cushioning, daubing and bandaging him. Angela seems to be silently directing the work, although no one actually acknowledges her. Players lift John Cook and carry him off. Angela seems to lead the bearers.)

He looked more surprised than hurt. Ah, it's ugly!

JOHN I'm glad Sister Hopewell has him in hand.

PRATT Sister who?

JOHN Hopewell. You must have seen her. She practically carried him off!

PRATT It's dark. I didn't.

JOHN No matter, she's a midwife—maybe a doctor!

PRATT I'll let you know if we need any help.

JOHN Thank you, brother. Good night.

(Pratt exits.)

[MUSIC "Angels / Come To The Valley"]

ANGELS BEFORE US AND ANGELS BEHIND,

The Trail of Dreams by James Arrington, Marvin Payne and Steven Kapp Perry

ANGELS WERE PROMISED, BUT SO HARD TO FIND.
I LOOK ON MY LEFT HAND, I LOOK ON MY RIGHT—
WHERE IN THE WORLD COULD THE ANGELS
BE HIDING TONIGHT?

(He stoops and gazes into the fire.)

ANGELA *(Enters upstage, dancing the resurrected John Cook across, unseen by John Brown.)*

COME TO THE VALLEY THAT LIES BEYOND DREAMS,
WALK THROUGH THE GARDENS
ALL SCATTERED ALONG THE STREAMS.
REST BY THE FOUNTAIN
WHERE MORNINGS ARE BORN,
COME HOLD EACH DAY LIKE A ROSE WITHOUT THORN.
COME TO THE VALLEY.

(John Cook is gone.)

Brother Brown.

JOHN It's quiet. How is he?

ANGELA Resting.

JOHN Good. He has big dreams for such a very young boy.

ANGELA They'll bury the body in the morning.

JOHN What?

ANGELA He was in terrible pain, John Brown.

JOHN But...

ANGELA Perhaps his dream is coming true even as we speak.

(She turns to exit, turns back.)

This is what happened. Don't you remember?

[SFX "Baby cry"]

I'm needed.

(She exits.)

JOHN *(unheard by Angela)* No. This time something's different.

[SFX "Thunder, rain"]

SCENE ELEVEN, "WET"

JEAN BAKER We have had thunderstorms every day for four weeks. I cannot describe the thunder! It is unlike any I have ever heard. The rain upon our wagon covers, I can only compare it to millions of shot falling on sheets of copper. Sleep is out of the question.

LORENZO YOUNG About nine o'clock p.m. there came a gust of wind and blew the tent flat to the ground. The rain came down in torrents so fast that it put out the fire. My next care was to hold my carriage from blowing away. I stood and held it about one hour.

JEAN BAKER The water in the hollows is higher than my knees.

ALFRED LAMBOURNE It is quite a task to remain cheerful when one creeps to bed in wet clothes and chilled to the bone.

JEAN BAKER There was a good omen. I heard a whippoorwill this evening...

SCENE TWELVE, "A BOX FOR DREAMS, PART TWO" (WESTERN IOWA)

[MUSIC "Nearer My God To Thee / A Box For My Dreams"]

(John Brown leads a funeral column including Father and Mother Hale, seeming to carry a dead infant, Caroline and Caddie Grant, and the Bodil Mortenson player.)

CADDIE GRANT *(breaking out of the line)* I don't like this!

CAROLINE We need to be here. The parents are my friends.

CADDIE Mama, I want to go home.

CAROLINE We are going home.

CADDIE Back where we came from?

CAROLINE No. We're going ahead to our new home.

CADDIE But I don't know that home.

CAROLINE You will. And it will be the only home your baby sister will ever know.

CADDIE Mama...

CAROLINE Shh...

[SFX "Wolf cry"]

MOTHER HALE Wolves... wolves... I can't bear to leave him to the wolves!

FATHER HALE We'll pile rocks on, and cross them with stakes.

MOTHER HALE Why didn't we bring a box for him?

FATHER HALE Mary! We never thought...

(can't continue. Following an idea, Caddie exits.)

JOHN BROWN *(taking charge)* Brothers and Sisters, we say farewell, in mortality, to this child. Just as we have nearly finished crossing Iowa, an island between two great rivers—the Mississippi on the east and the Missouri on the west—tiny Frederick has, in his brief hour with us, crossed the island of mortality into his sea of peace. His pain is over. Let us us lay him in this hallowed ground.

(During John's speech, Caddie quietly enters, dragging on the box that holds Caroline's treasures. Caroline discreetly removes the candlesticks and tablecloth.)

MOTHER HALE No! Something to cover him, something to protect him!

CAROLINE GRANT Wait!

(Everyone turns.)

We have a box.

MOTHER HALE *(embracing Caroline)* Thank you! Oh, thank you!

(The body is placed in the box. John exits and Angela enters. She takes the baby. Players mime a grave dedication and burial and slowly disperse over the duration of the next scene. Lights up elsewhere on the stage on William Clayton, who was absent from the funeral.)

SCENE THIRTEEN, "COME, COME YE SAINTS" (WINTER QUARTERS)

[MUSIC "Come, Come, Ye Saints" intro #1]

[SFX "Birds, outdoors"]

WILLIAM CLAYTON *(holding a sheet of paper full of lyrics)* I've written a song!

(Grabs a passer-by.)

I've written a song!

FIRST PASSER-BY (*PRIDDY MEEKS ACTRESS*) What possessed you to do that?

CLAYTON My wife has born me a son! William Adriel Benoni Clayton!

FIRST PASSER-BY That's worth a song!

CLAYTON Come, come ye saints...

FIRST PASSER-BY (*with limited success*) Come, come ye what? Oh, "saints." We're saints! Yes!

(First passer-by stays. Another enters.)

CLAYTON (*to second passer-by*) I've written a song!

SECOND PASSER-BY (*LANGLEY BAILEY ACTOR*) Not another one!

(Exits, uninterested.)

FIRST PASSER-BY Come, come ye... uh...

CLAYTON ...saints!

(Another player enters.)

[MUSIC "Come, Come Ye Saints" intro #2]

THIRD PASSER-BY (*HELEN WHITNEY ACTRESS*) Brother Clayton, good morning!

CLAYTON Oh, it is! A grand morning! A musical morning!

No toil nor labor fear.

PASSERS-BY No toil nor labor fear.

(More players enter.)

FOURTH PASSER-BY (*J. RICHARDS ACTRESS, NOW AS COCKNEY*) I know that tune! I heard it in a pub! ...Uh, before my baptism.

CLAYTON It's the words I wrote! I only had one night!

FIFTH PASSER-BY (*MOSIAH HANCOCK ACTOR*) What's all the fuss?

FIRST PASSER-BY Shh! Brother William has written a song!

FIFTH PASSER-BY I'll fetch my banjo!

CLAYTON It's not that kind of song.

[MUSIC "Come, Come Ye Saints" intro #3]

HOWARD EGAN (*emerging from tent, hung-over*) What's all this infuriating din?!

CLAYTON I've written a song, Brother Egan!

EGAN You keep me up half the night toasting the health of your son, and now you want me to sing?

(He noisily withdraws.)

CLAYTON AND PASSERS-BY

COME, COME YE SAINTS. NO TOIL NOR LABOR FEAR.

BUT WITH JOY WEND YOUR WAY.

FIRST PASSER-BY (*to someone who sang "went"*) It's "wend"!

CLAYTON Harmony!

CLAYTON AND PASSERS-BY

THOUGH HARD TO YOU...

(Immediately goes sour, falls flat.)

FIRST PASSER-BY That was not me.

(Singers retreat upstage to work on it. Their improvised humming underscores the following.)

PEARCE (*urgently following John Brown across the stage*) Captain Brown...

BROWN No!

PEARCE Captain...

BROWN Brother Pearce! This is the point of no return! After this, there are no friendly farmhouses, no fresh eggs, none of our own outposts to rest in. No stopping!

PEARCE I've walked three hundred miles! Doesn't that mean anything t'ya?

BROWN It means you need a rest. Stay here in Winter Quarters.

PEARCE How long?

BROWN For all I care, until the government makes us give it back to the Indians in 1848!

PEARCE (*tactically*) But Captain Brown, you forget. I don't even get here until the fifties.

BROWN (*exasperated*) Then wait for the railroad!

PEARCE The Lord helps those that help themselves!

BROWN Union Pacific, 1869!

(*He spins away, nearly colliding with Mary B.*)

MARY BRANNIGAN Captain, it's Mary–Mary Brannigan. If you will let me have a handcart I will haul it myself.

JOHN You plucky little thing. I will try you.

(*He passes on, headlong into Robert Pearce, who has witnessed John's and Mary's conversation.*)

PEARCE I'm a plucky little thing.

JOHN You can't walk!

PEARCE That's all I can do! And I will! Take me and I will not be a burden! That's my promise! I will walk every step to the end!

JOHN You're not...

PEARCE With pluck!

(*John stomps off.*)

MARY BRANNIGAN So I started with my bedclothes, provisions, cooking utensils and clothes strapped on the cart. Soon two other girls were with me. An old Scottish sister had worked in the coal pits for years. She could hardly wait to set out!

MARY BATHGATE Huree! Huree fer th' handkerts!

[**MUSIC "Lottery" underscore**]

CLAYTON AND HIS PASSERS-BY CHOIR (*emerge from humming*) And should we die...

(*Segues to related "dream music."*)

SCENE FOURTEEN, "LOTTERY" (WINTER QUARTERS)

JOHN WATKINS (*Is the player who had been Father Hale. He walks out of the funeral scene, leaving Angela there alone. Lights slowly crossfade.*) The company had all turned in for the night and the camp had long been wrapped in slumber. I lay in bed but was not asleep when it seemed to me that the darkness began to fade and I saw myself in a room about sixteen foot square. God was considering what was to transpire on our journey from here to Salt Lake. It was shown to me that so many were to die. But who were they to be? There was a box placed in the center of the room, similar to many lotteries I have seen. Tickets within envelopes were placed in this box, so many marked to die and so many marked to live.

The Trail of Dreams by James Arrington, Marvin Payne and Steven Kapp Perry

(Passers-by come forward in a semi-circle behind Watkins and act this out, backed by the rest of the company in silhouette. Angela comes forward with our "treasures" box.)

About six hundred souls were in the company and the tickets seemed to be about half of each kind. After being put in the box and mixed promiscuously together, each one of the company drew an envelope bearing a ticket that would decide his fate.

[MUSIC "Lottery" underscore #2]

(Angela is passing the box from player to player.)

ELIZABETH JACKSON *(reading from her ticket)* "Sister Aaron Jackson, you will awake in the night beside your frozen husband, and remain until morning, but you will not die."

WILLIAM WHITAKER *(reading from his ticket)* "William Whitaker, you will go mad with hunger and cold, and then you will die, to be buried in a snowdrift."

MARGARET DALGLISH *(reading from her ticket)* "Margaret Dalglish, you will pull your cart to the very rim of the valley, while others ride. Then you will thrust it into the canyon, watch it burst into splinters, and walk into your new life with nothing but the clothes on your back and the faith in your heart."

LEVI SAVAGE *(reading from his ticket)* "Levi Savage, you alone will stand against the decision to pull handcarts into the threat of winter. Then you will go with the saints, helping them, suffering with them, and offering to die with them. But you will live."

ELLEN PUCELL *(reading from her ticket)* "Ellen Pucell, you will lose both feet to the snows of October, but you will flourish in Zion."

(Angela is facing John Watkins with the box. He takes his envelope and holds it, unopened.)

PLAYERS *(all of whom have opened and read their tickets)* John Watkins, are you willing to go?

JOHN WATKINS *(Looks at his envelope. Speaks to the players.)* The spirit of the gathering has been filling my soul. My thoughts by day and my dreams at night are only how to get there.

ANGELA John Watkins, are you willing to go?

JOHN WATKINS *(Folds the unopened envelope and puts it in his pocket. Speaks to Angela.)* I am willing to take my chances with the rest.

(Turns to audience.)

I was bugler for the company.

(NO INTERMISSION. CONTINUE ON TO ACT TWO)

21 PAGES IN ACT TWO: The Trail of Dust

21 MORE PAGES IN ACT THREE: The Trail of Blood

END OF PERUSAL SCRIPT