

**PERUSAL SCRIPT**

# **Impressions on Plates of Gold**

by  
Eric Samuelson



**Newport, Maine**

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**IMPRESSIONS ON PLATES OF GOLD**

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## **PRODUCTION NOTE:**

Three acting areas

- **Area 1** is MORONI's space—he's alone on it, except when interacting with MORMON or others.
- **Area 2** is Contemporary. Three men, three women, make up this CHORUS [not to be confused with the CHOIR], dressed in neutral costumes--perhaps dark slacks, simple shirt, modern.
- **Area 3** is reserved for Book of Mormon times. Perhaps five actors here, three men and two women. Dressed in period costumes, some suggestion of Meso-America. MORMON and other Book of Mormon characters cross from here to Area 1.
- There's also a CHOIR, perhaps upstage (So, **Area 4**)

**CHARACTERS:** 8m 5f + Choir

**Moroni**

**Mormon**

**Choir** (can be as large or small as needed to get a full sound)

**Chorus** (suggested)

**Three Contemporary Men** (play and sing various characters)

S4 - Three Young Men (Alma and the Sons of Mosiah)

S8 - Mayor, 2 workers

S9 - Helaman, Amnah (Stripling Warrior), Soldier1 (Stripling Warrior)

S10 - Chorus, Chorus, Chorus

S11 - General, Michael, Aide

S12 - Singer, Father, Young Man

**Three Contemporary Women** (play and sing various characters)

S2 - First Sister, Second Sister, Investigator

S4 - Two Young Men (Alma and the Sons of Mosiah)

S8 - Aide, Mrs, Lewis, worker

S9 - Soldier 2 (Stripling Warrior)

S10 - Chorus, Chorus, Chorus

S11 - Aide, Aide, Aide

S12 - Young Woman, Older Woman

**Three Book of Mormon Men** (play and sing various characters)

S1 - Captain Moroni, Pahoran, Stenographer 2

S2 - Lehi, Nephi

S3 - First Counselor, Second Counselor

S4 - Alma, Mosiah

S5 - Hagoth, Son1, Son2

S7 - Ammon, Aaron, Himni

S8 - King Benjamin

S10 - Amulek, Chorus, Chorus

S11 - Coriantumr, Shiz, then The First, The Second, The Third

S12 - Man, Second Man, Third Man

## **CAST (cont'd)**

### **Two Book of Mormon Women (play various characters)**

- S1 - Stenographer 1
- S2 - Sariah, Moroni's Wife
- S4 - Alma's Wife
- S3 - King Lamoni's Wife
- S5 - Hagoth's Wife, Daughter
- S7 - Lamanite Woman, Lamoni's Wife
- S9 - Lamanite Mother
- S10 - Chorus, Chorus(Moroni's wife)
- S11 - Aide, Aide, Aide
- S12 - Woman

## **Song List**

- MUSICAL #1 — I HAVE SEEN YOUR DAY — Mormon**
- MUSICAL #2 — IMPRESSIONS — Choir and Moroni**
- MUSICAL #3 —NO — Choir**
- MUSICAL #4 —IMPRESSIONS (REPRISE1) / BLOOD ON MY HANDS — Choir and Moroni**
- MUSICAL #5 —FOR A SACRED RECORD — Second Sister and First Sister**
- MUSICAL #6 —IMPRESSIONS (REPRISE 2) — Choir**
- MUSICAL #7 —WHAT AM I TO THINK? — Queen**
- MUSICAL #8 —IMPRESSIONS (REPRISE 3) — Choir**
- MUSICAL #9 —IMPRESSIONS (REPRISE 4) — Moroni**
- MUSICAL #10 — A CURIOUS MAN — Choir, Hagoth and Family**
- MUSICAL #11 —IMPRESSIONS (REPRISE 5) — Choir**
- MUSICAL #12 —I SING A SONG OF PEACE — Lamanite Woman**
- MUSICAL #13 —IMPRESSIONS (REPRISE 6)—Chorus**
- MUSICAL #14 —IMPRESSIONS (REPRISE 7) — Choir**
- MUSICAL #15 —DELIVER YOU — Mother**
- MUSICAL #16 — CRY UNTO GOD — Amulek, Moroni, Chorus, Choir**
- MUSICAL #16b — OH YE FAIR ONES! — Moroni, Chorus**
- MUSICAL #17 — IMPRESSIONS (REPRISE 8) — Choir**
- MUSICAL #18 — BLESSED BE THE NAME — Choir, Singer, Chorus**
- MUSICAL #19 — COME HOME TO HIM AGAIN — Chorus, Singer, Choir**
- MUSICAL #20 — HE WILL ANSWER YOU — Singer, Moroni, Chorus, Choir**

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**Eric Samuelsen** taught at Wright State University in Dayton, Ohio before joining the faculty at Brigham Young University in 1992. He became head of the Playwriting program at BYU in 1999. He has also taught as an adjunct faculty member in the Religion department. He retired from BYU in 2012.

As a playwright, Samuelsen has had twenty-seven plays professionally produced in Utah, Indiana, Louisiana, New York, and California. Some of his plays include *Gadianton*, which has seen three professional productions across the country, *A Love Affair with Electrons*, *Family*, *The Plan*, and *The Way We're Wired*. He is resident playwright at Plan-B Theatre Company in Salt Lake City, who designated their 2013-14 season a 'Season of Eric, including productions of six of his plays.

He is a member of the Playwrights' Circle, and the Dramatists Guild. He is three-time winner of the Annual Award in Playwriting offered by the Association for Mormon Letters (AML) and he became president of AML in 2007. In 2013 the organization awarded him the Smith Pettit Award for his lifetime work as a playwright.

He has been a staff writer for the on-line satirical magazine *The Sugarbeet*. He was also featured in the book *Conversations with Mormon Authors*, edited by Chris Bigelow. He is a noted Ibsen translator, and has also published scholarly articles on 19th and 20th century Scandanavian Theatre, and more recently, on LDS drama and film. He blogged at [Mormoniconoclast.com](http://Mormoniconoclast.com). Eric died in September of 2019 after a long battle with polymyositis. This has left a huge hole in the Theatre Community within, and outside of, The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

# **Impressions on Plates of Gold**

## **Act One**

*(Enter MORMON. He addresses the audience.)*

**MORMON:** I am Mormon, and I worshipped the same God you profess to know.

### **MUSICAL #1 — I HAVE SEEN YOUR DAY**

I speak to you now, a voice from the dust, and I warn you, as I warned my people.

*(He sings.)*

I HAVE SEEN YOUR DAY.

KNOW THAT I HAVE KNOWN YOU.

ALTHOUGH MY PEOPLE LOST THEIR WAY

I TOLD THEIR TALE, TO GUIDE YOU

I HAVE SEEN YOUR DAY

IN VISIONS STARK, IN DREADFUL DREAMS,

I'VE SEEN OUR WICKEDNESS REPLAY

AND DREADED EVERY TIME THE VIVID SCENES

THAT DID DESTROY MY PEOPLE

PROSPER.

REBEL.

DESTROY.

REPENT.

PROSPER.

I HAVE SEEN YOUR DAY

I HOPE YOUR HOPE, I SHARE YOUR LIGHT.

YOUR PROMISE OF A BETTER WAY

I PRAY FOR YOU WITH ALL MY MIGHT.

*(He speaks as MUSIC continues under.)*

They are gone now, their willful wickedness had its end in their end, and their voices are almost silent. But not completely. Not while my son lives.

*(Lights up on MORONI. He drags a travois with the Plates of Gold behind him.)*

Moroni, my poor son. He is lost and alone, wounded and ill. And he is close to despair. But my record is not complete, and there is only he who can complete it. But the voices of the past echo in his heart, and I can only watch from afar, and speak when other thoughts cease.

**AREA 3 SINGERS:** (*Hissing, whispering, barely audible.*)

WAR. BLOODY WAR...  
WAR AND DESTRUCTION.  
MY SOUL ...  
...RENT WITH ANGUISH  
THE SLAIN OF MY PEOPLE ...  
BEHOLD THE TEN THOUSAND OF GIDGIDDONAH ...  
LAMAH ...  
JONEAM ...  
ANTIONUM ...  
FALLEN ...  
DESTRUCTION AND WICKEDNESS. BLOODSHED...

**MORMON:** They did fall upon my people with the sword and with the bow and with the arrow and with the ax and with all manner of weapons of war.

**MORONI:** Oh! Ye Fair Ones! Behold ye are gone, and my sorrows cannot bring your return!

**AREA 3 SINGERS:**

WOMEN CHILDREN SACRIFICED ... IDOLS  
AWFUL FEAR OF DEATH FILLS WICKED BREASTS  
WICKED ... MOLDERING IN CORRUPTION.  
OH, YE FAIR ONES!

**MORONI:** Oh ye fair ones!

**AREA 3 ACTORS:** Every heart hardened

**AREA 2 CHORUS:** delight shedding blood.

**AREA 3 ACTORS:** Continually.

**AREA 3 SINGERS:**

OH, YE FAIR ONES!

**MORONI:** Oh ye fair ones! How could ye have departed from the ways of the Lord? Oh ye fair ones! How could ye have rejected that Jesus, who stood with open arms to receive you?

**AREA THREE SINGERS:**

PROSPER.  
REBEL.  
DESTROY.  
REPENT.  
PROSPER.

**MORONI:** Never has so great wickedness. Never such wickedness...

**CHORUS:** It is by the wicked and the wicked are punished by the wicked for it is by the wicked that the wicked are punished for it is by the wicked that the wicked do stir up do stir up do stir up the hearts of the children of men unto bloodshed unto wickedness unto bloodshed unto wickedness

**MORONI:** They did harden their hearts against the Lord their God. My father is slain.

**CHORUS:** Yet notwithstanding their wickedness I had led them many times to battle and had loved them and had loved them and had loved them...

**MORONI:** My father hath been slain in battle. My wife and my children. And all my kinsfolk. And I have not friends nor whither to go. How long the Lord will suffer that I may live I know not.

**CHORUS:** Oh ye wicked and perverse and stiffnecked people ye do love money, and your substance and your fine apparel and the adorning of your churches and the adorning of yourselves more than ye love the poor and the needy and the sick and the afflicted

**MORONI:** My people ... without feeling...

People lost in horror... Despair.

*(MORONI sinks to his knees. MORMON approaches him.)*

**MORMON:** Moroni, my son.

**MORONI:** My father is slain.

**MORMON:** Yes. And your mother. And your wife. We all have been killed by our enemies.

**MORONI:** I have no one but enemies left.

**MORMON:** Moroni my son.

**MORONI:** I am alone.

**MORMON:** And in despair.

*(MORONI does not answer.)*

Look to the plates. Look to the plates I fashioned. My life's work. And now yours.

**MORONI:** Look to the plates. For solace? For comfort?

**MORMON:** For hope.

**MORONI:** I am alone! My kin, my people, my tribe, all destroyed! I am alone!

**MORMON:** Still, there is hope. Find it. And complete my task.

**MORONI:** No.

**MORMON:** Complete my task.

**MORONI:** I am tired. I am ill.

**MORMON:** Faith. And love. And hope.

## **MUSICAL #2 — IMPRESSIONS**

### **CHOIR:**

IMPRESSIONS ON PLATES OF GOLD  
TALES TOLD IN DAYS OF OLD  
SERMONS, WHERE TRUTHS UNFOLD

IMPRESSIONS, ENGRAVED IN GOLD

*(After a moment, MORONI opens the plates and reads.)*

HOPE IN THE MIDST OF DESPAIR

**MORONI:** Is it possible?

**CHOIR:**

PASSING FROM DAMAGE WE BEGIN TO REPAIR

A PATHWAY FROM BLEAKNESS TOWARDS HEALING AND PRAYER

FROM BLACKNESS TO CARE. HOPE.

**MORONI:**

...IN THE MIDST OF DESPAIR.

**CHOIR:**

HOPE IN THE MIDST OF DESPAIR.

**MORONI:** *(Opens the plates. With satisfaction.)* My namesake. Captain Moroni.

**MORMON:** *(an echo.)*

I HAVE SEEN YOUR DAY

KNOW THAT I HAVE KNOWN YOU...

### ***SCENE ONE: MORONI AND PAHORAN***

*(We see the painting of Captain Moroni under this scene.)*

**CHORUS:** Moroni and Pahoran. Stops and starts.

*(Two of the CHORUS men step forward. Put on a helmet, fatigues. Stenographers stand by them, pens in hand.)*

**CAPTAIN MORONI:** Take a message.

**STENOGRAPHER ONE:** Yes sir.

### **MUSICAL #3 —NO**

**CAPTAIN MORONI:** Pahoran. Chief Judge Pahoran. To the traitor Pahoran...

**CHOIR:** *(Softly.)*

NO. GENTLY.

**CAPTAIN MORONI:** *(To himself.)* Gently.

*(To STENOGRAPHER ONE.)*

Start again. To Pahoran, Chief Judge. There's no point pretending otherwise. We are losing this war.

Our men are being killed every day. My men are dying, and their blood is on your hands, coward, enemy, traitor, because you will not give us the support that we ...

**CHOIR:**

NO.

**CAPTAIN MORONI:** *(A pause. A deep breath.)* No.  
*(He starts again.)*

Let's start again.

**STENOGRAPHER ONE:** Yes sir.

**CAPTAIN MORONI:** Chief Judge Pahoran. My men are dying. And I need to know why we haven't received the reinforcements and supplies that we need so desperately. I have written to you, I have implored you, I implore you now... To provide us ... To provide us with...

*(With rising anger.)*

You people back there sit on your thrones in a state of thoughtless stupor, you knock off work at 5 o'clock, and enjoy a pleasant evening at home with your families,

**CHOIR:**

NO.

**CAPTAIN MORONI:** ... have your cocktail parties and your fancy dress balls and in the meantime my men are dying.

**CHOIR:**

NO.

**CAPTAIN MORONI:** ... they are being slaughtered, I see them lying there, my friends, my comrades ...

**CHOIR:**

NO.

**CAPTAIN MORONI:** No.

*(Tries again.)*

I'm sorry. Start again.

**STENOGRAPHER:** From where, sir?

**CAPTAIN MORONI:** You sit on your thrones, and you do not seem to realize just how desperate our situation is here in the field. We are losing as many men to disease and to hunger as we are to the swords of our enemies, and all because you people cannot be bothered to ... Cannot be bothered to ...

**CHOIR:** *(Sings.)*

NO.

**CAPTAIN MORONI:** No.

*(Tries again.)*

I'm sorry. Let's go back.

**STENOGRAPHER ONE:** Yes sir.

**CAPTAIN MORONI:** All because you, my beloved brethren ... I do wish I could feel that you are our brothers in this, that you take this cause as seriously as our men in the field are doing. I wish you could see them. I wish you could see how they suffer. And yet every attack, they strap on their armor, and they ... they're so weak they can hardly stand up, but they pick up their swords, and they defend you, and they defend their families, and their comrades in arms. God is with them. I know He strengthens them. Is He with you? Because if you think that their deaths are in any possible way to be blamed on God, or on their own sins, or any such foolishness...

**CHOIR:**

NO.

**CAPTAIN MORONI:** You are in the wrong. And you are killing us.

**CHOIR:**

NO.

**CAPTAIN MORONI:** Oh yes. Yes.

**STENOGRAPHER ONE:** Sir?

**CAPTAIN MORONI:** Send it just like that. Just like that.

*(She seals his letter as PAHORAN stops reading it. PAHORAN turns to STENOGRAPHER TWO.)*

**PAHORAN:** Take a letter.

**STENOGRAPHER TWO:** Yes sir.

**PAHORAN:** Moroni. You have said some very harsh things to me in your letters. Very harsh. Just who do you think you are, to make those kinds of accusations towards the duly elected officials of the state?

**CHOIR:**

NO.

**PAHORAN:** You have absolutely no business writing to me like that. Do you seriously think ... ?

**CHOIR:**

NO.

**CAPTAIN MORONI:** Their deaths are on your hands, and God will find you guilty. He will condemn your laziness ...

**PAHORAN:** You are under my orders, mister, and you will not accuse me.

**CHOIR:**

NO.

**CAPTAIN MORONI:** He will condemn your idleness, he will condemn your treachery and your lying, and he will strike you down!

**PAHORAN:** If your people, so called, are dying you might want to look at your battlefield tactics...

**CAPTAIN MORONI:** I am coming after you, I am sending an army to the capital city and we are taking you out ...

**PAHORAN:** You are dismissed, mister, you are relieved of command...

**BOTH TOGETHER:** Traitor! Enemy! Coward!

**CHOIR:** *(almost whispering.)*

NO.

**CAPTAIN MORONI:** No.

**PAHORAN:** No.

**CAPTAIN MORONI:** Start again.

**PAHORAN:** A fresh start.

**BOTH STENOGRAPHERS:** Yes sir.

**PAHORAN:** Moroni. I know your desperation. I anguish over the slain. Our good brave soldiers.

**CAPTAIN MORONI:** There must be problems at home I don't know about.

**PAHORAN:** My situation is as desperate as yours.

**CAPTAIN MORONI:** We'll hold on here as best we can. Perhaps we can solve this together.

**PAHORAN:** I love the greatness of your soul Moroni. I need your help. Can your troops hold the line long enough for you to get away? Come home. We need to work together.

**CAPTAIN MORONI and PAHORAN:** All I want is to serve God, and to serve our people.

**CAPTAIN MORONI:** Let's find a way to serve our people together.

**MORONI:** And he rejoiced at the greatness of heart of one who he had believed to be an enemy. And together, they saved their nation.

#### **MUSICAL #4 —IMPRESSIONS (REPRISE1) / BLOOD ON MY HANDS/**

**CHOIR:** *(an echo.)*

IMPRESSIONS ON PLATES OF GOLD...

*(With a shout, one of the Area 3 actors brandishes a sword and suddenly attacks MORONI. They fight. MORONI is wounded, but kills his opponent. In anguish, he looks at his dead opponent.)*

**MORONI:**

MORE BLOOD ON MY SWORD!

MORE BLOOD ON MY HANDS.

STRIFE AND DISCORD?

WHEN WILL IT END?

WHEN WILL THE KILLING END?

*(Looks at the dead man.)*

I MEANT YOU NO HARM, MY FRIEND.  
WE BOTH KNOW I DID NOT PROVOKE YOUR ATTACK  
WHAT WOULD IT TAKE TO BRING YOU BACK?  
WHEN WILL THE KILLING END?

*(He weeps. The CHOIR gathers around the dead man)*

**CHOIR:**

IMPRESSIONS ON PLATES OF GOLD,  
WITH WAR AND BLOOD FORETOLD,  
WRITTEN BY PROPHETS BOLD,  
IMPRESSIONS, ENGRAVED IN GOLD.

*(They separate, and two bring on chairs and a low table. Two of the women in the Area 2 CHORUS pin name tags to their shirts, sit on the chairs--one of the MALE CHORUS members sits across from them. They have become sister missionaries; he, their investigator. Meanwhile, we see SARIAH and LEHI in Area 3, scanning the horizon.)*

**SCENE TWO: NEPHI AND THE PLATES OF LABAN**

*(We see the painting of SARIAH awaiting Nephi's return.)*

**LEHI:** Sariah. Come in. It is very late, and soon the desert will begin to chill our old bones.

**SARIAH:** Soon.

**LEHI:** Sariah. Please.

**SARIAH:** The city is dangerous now. My sons are in grave danger.

**LEHI:** They are on the Lord's errand, Sariah.

**SARIAH:** Well I know it. I am a mother, and I must still worry.

**LEHI:** The Lord will protect them.

**SARIAH:** Go to bed, Lehi. I won't be much longer.

**MORMON:** I have seen your day...

**INVESTIGATOR:** *(Area 2.)* I'm not doing so well, I'm afraid, sisters. I'm sorry, but I'm not.

**FIRST SISTER:** What's wrong? Do you want to talk about it?

**INVESTIGATOR:** I think it would be best if we just ... ended this.

**FIRST SISTER:** Ended...?

**INVESTIGATOR:** Our discussions together. I mean, I respect what you're doing, what you represent.

**FIRST SISTER:** But you don't want to investigate our Church.

**INVESTIGATOR:** That's right.

**FIRST SISTER:** Why?

**INVESTIGATOR:** I can't accept it. I just ...

*(Pause.)*

**FIRST SISTER:** Go on.

**INVESTIGATOR:** I began reading that book you gave me. The Plates...

**FIRST SISTER:** The Plates of Gold. The Book of Mormon.

**INVESTIGATOR:** And I came across 'that' story.

*(In Area 3, we see two actors begin to act out the story. NEPHI stands over the prostrate body of LABAN, sword in hand. Tormented with doubt. SARIAH is seen somewhere else, praying and pleading.)*

**NEPHI:** Can this be? Can you really require this of me?

**SARIAH:** The Lord's errand.

**NEPHI:** This is my uncle, my kinsman. Can this be right?

**SARIAH:** Bring them home, safe. Bring them home to me.

**NEPHI:** The spirit so strong right now. The message so clear. So wrong.

**INVESTIGATOR:** Murder and robbery. He's commanded by God to commit an act of murder and robbery.

## **MUSICAL #5 —FOR A SACRED RECORD**

**FIRST SISTER:** No. But he is asked to kill, and to take.

**INVESTIGATOR:** It's the same thing.

**FIRST SISTER:** Not if God commands it.

**SECOND SISTER:**

I HAD MY OWN DOUBTS, WHEN FIRST I READ IT.

THE STORY SEEMED DREADFUL

A BOY ASKED TO KILL

FOR A SACRED RECORD.

SEEMED SO WRONG, SO UNLIKE A GOD

REQUIRING ACTIONS SO ODD.

TO ASK A BOY TO TAKE A SWORD — SO INNOCENT!

ALL ALONE THIS BOY SUFFERED THROUGH

THE PAIN OF WHAT HE MUST DO.

HE MUST FOLLOW GOD'S WILL

AND KILL, FOR A SACRED RECORD.

**INVESTIGATOR:** How can you worship a God who can require that of someone?

**FIRST SISTER:** This sacrifice was necessary.

**INVESTIGATOR:** How? Why?

**FIRST SISTER:** Babylon was about to invade. God had to save His people. Starting a new civilization from scratch, far from home, how long would they survive without their laws or moral standard or guidance, without a history or any knowledge of their God? It was on those plates.

**INVESTIGATOR:** I don't see it.

**SECOND SISTER:**

OR WAS THERE SOME OTHER WAY?

WHAT VOICE? WHAT CHOICE?

HIS PEOPLE COULD DWINDLE IF HE COULD NOT  
KILL, FOR A SACRED RECORD!

**INVESTIGATOR:** It's not just this one story, sisters. I've been bothered my whole life by ...

**FIRST SISTER:** Go on.

**INVESTIGATOR:** ...well, how can I worship a God who permits war; even requires it at times? Like in the Old Testament? Like this kid, this Nephi, required to do something so horrible. I mean, how can God, if he's all powerful, require something like that?

**FIRST SISTER:** Tough questions.

**INVESTIGATOR:** I'm sorry.

**FIRST SISTER:** Do you think God loves you?

**INVESTIGATOR:** I don't even know if there is a God.

**FIRST SISTER:** Would you like to know?

**INVESTIGATOR:** *(Pause.)* I suppose...

**FIRST SISTER:** Yes?

**INVESTIGATOR:** Yes. I would.

**SECOND SISTER:**

ONCE THESE PAGES DID NOT MAKE SENSE.

STILL, I FELT SOMETHING ABOUT IT.

GOD GIVES LIFE, OUR LIVES ARE HIS —  
NO QUESTION NOW!

ALL THE BATTLES! ALL OF THE DEATH!

THIS BOOK AFFIRMS THAT HE LIVES!

THROUGH HIS LIFE WE CAN FIND OUR LIFE  
IN A SACRED RECORD.

**FIRST SISTER:**

IF GOD LOVES YOU, HE MUST LOVE  
ALL HIS CHILDREN.

THE MYSTERY OF GOD IS, HE UNDERSTANDS!  
IGNORANCE AND BLINDNESS ASIDE,  
HIS GIFT TO US IS OUR FAITH.  
THROUGH FAITH WE CAN FIND OUR LIVES.

**BOTH SISTERS:**

IN HIM OUR HOPE SURVIVES  
AS OUR LIVES INTERTWINE,  
ALL BLESSED BY A SACRED RECORD.

**SARIAH:** Bring him home to me.

*(The SISTERS and INVESTIGATOR bow their heads. NEPHI does the same.)*

**MORONI:** And we have the record. The salvation of my people. If they had only listened.

*(He looks again at the record.)*

Plates of gold. What am I supposed to do with them? For Nephi, the brass plates were valuable; his people needed the guidance of their scripture. But I'm the only one who can even read these plates. My father got them from Ammaron, and gave them to me to preserve, and pass on ... to who? The Lamanites? The people who killed my people, and will kill me if they can find me. Why do I bother carrying them around?

*(He hefts them in his hand.)*

Worth a pretty penny, if one wanted to melt them down. A target for thieves. That's all they are now. The people they might have saved had no interest.

**MORONI'S WIFE:** Moroni?

**MORONI:** My wife?

**MORONI'S WIFE:** It's me.

**MORONI:** My wife. What are you really? Delusion. Mirage. Some fragment of memory.

**MORONI'S WIFE:** Does it matter?

**MORONI:** It matters.

**MORONI'S WIFE:** When you know that the next time you see me, I will be as I was?

**MORONI:** I pray and I hope for so rich a blessing.

**MORONI'S WIFE:** Cling to that hope, then.

**MORONI:** I remember too clearly how I saw you last. Twitching in your blood. Our children...

**MORONI'S WIFE:** These thoughts are too bitter, Moroni.

**MORONI:** Bitter. Yes, my thoughts are bitter ones tonight.

**MORONI'S WIFE:** Surely you have sweeter memories of me. Of us.

**MORONI:** Yes.

**MORONI'S WIFE:** Think of better days, Moroni. The day you proposed to me. You talked of every subject under heaven.

**MORONI:** It's true. I babbled like an idiot.

**MORONI'S WIFE:** You brought up the weather at least four times. 'It's been a fine spring,' you kept saying. So pompous.

**MORONI:** I was trying to sound mature and wise.

**MORONI'S WIFE:** "It's been a fine spring?"

**MORONI:** I know, I was utterly tongue-tied.

**MORONI'S WIFE:** And of course, I knew why you were there. But I wasn't about to help you out.

**MORONI:** *(Chuckles.)* Not you. "Yes, it has been a lovely spring," you kept saying, and your smile grew wider each time. And finally we both burst out laughing.

**MORONI'S WIFE:** You never really did propose, you know.

**MORONI:** I didn't?

**MORONI'S WIFE:** Of course not. You just seemed to regard it all as settled. And it was settled.

*(Fondly.)*

That's a memory to cling to, my husband.

**MORONI:** Yes.

**MORONI'S WIFE:** Look to the plates. Loving stories. Remember...

**MORONI:** Love, to me, is tied too securely to death.

**MORONI'S WIFE:** Look to the plates of gold, Moroni.

## **MUSICAL #6 —IMPRESSIONS (REPRISE 2)**

### **CHOIR:**

IMPRESSIONS ON PLATES OF GOLD  
STORIES TOLD OF PEOPLE'S LIVES  
STORIES OF HUSBANDS AND WIVES  
IMPRESSIONS, ENGRAVED IN GOLD.

### **SCENE THREE: KING LAMONI'S WIFE**

*(We see a woman from the CHORUS don a crown. Two obsequious councilors stand before her. In Area 3, King Lamoni's WIFE kneels by his bed, while AMMON prays for him. Painting of King Lamoni's Wife.)*

**THE QUEEN:** *(Area 2)* And we are concerned about the protection of our flocks. Double the guards by the waters of Sebus, and see you arm them well.

**FIRST COUNCILOR:** Yes, your highness.

**SECOND COUNCILOR:** Your majesty...

**QUEEN:** It is intolerable, that the simple task of watering our flocks should become so fraught with peril.

**FIRST COUNCILOR:** Just so, your highness.

**SECOND COUNCILOR:** If I may...

**QUEEN:** Just a moment. And we have need of a new Minister of Defense. Have the Privy Council recommend three names, and have each candidate prepare a plan for the protection of our watering places; we will make our choice from among them.

**FIRST COUNCILOR:** It shall be done, your grace.

**QUEEN:** You may go.

*(FIRST COUNCILOR bows, but does not leave.)*

**SECOND COUNCILOR:** Your majesty...

**QUEEN:** Yes, all right. We hear you. What do you wish of the Queen?

**SECOND COUNCILOR:** Your majesty. It grieves me to importune your majesty on the matter on which I've been asked to approach your grace. In my defense, allow me to state that I am merely ... the ambassador, if you wish, the mouthpiece for a point of view which many, I might even say, all your servants share.

**QUEEN:** *(Imperiously.)* Yes?

**SECOND COUNCILOR:** Your majesty, it has to do with your husband. The late king ...

**QUEEN:** Not late, he's not dead, don't call him 'late'...

**SECOND COUNCILOR:** No, certainly, not the late king, I misspoke myself by referring to his majesty as the late king, you were certainly correct to take umbrage at so insensitive ... so insensitive a designation of his majesty, your (clears his throat) husband. Except, your majesty, the only, the one difficulty is...

**QUEEN:** Yes?

**SECOND COUNCILOR:** Well, he certainly appears to us--from our no doubt limited and unquestionably circumscribed perspective--I must say that he does appear to be--granting that appearances can be deceiving--still and all, truth be told--as I say in my capacity as spokesperson for a point of view that's very widely shared--I must say, he does appear to be, in fact, deceased. Dead, to state it bluntly.

**QUEEN:** He's not dead.

**SECOND COUNCILOR:** Well, he does rather look dead, your majesty. I really must say he does.

**QUEEN:** He's not dead. What else do you want of me?

**SECOND COUNCILOR:** And he does rather smell...

**QUEEN:** *(Dangerously.)* Yes...

**SECOND COUNCILOR:** Well, to be perfectly blunt, he smells dead.

**QUEEN:** I'll thank you not to make comments about the King's personal hygiene!

**SECOND COUNCILOR:** Your majesty, we are a tropical kingdom. Bodies left unburied in this heat...

**QUEEN:** I tell you, he is not dead, and to me, he does not stink.

**SECOND COUNCILOR:** Your majesty, it is all I can do to walk in that door. Truly...

**QUEEN:** I don't smell a thing. The stables need cleaning, perhaps.

**SECOND COUNCILOR:** Your majesty...

**QUEEN:** King Lamoni is merely ... resting.

**SECOND COUNCILOR:** Madame, you must believe me. Vultures overflying the palace have dropped from the sky from the fumes.

**QUEEN:** He smells fine to me. Remove that handkerchief from your nose.

**SECOND COUNCILOR:** Your majesty. Please hear me. All the kingdom knows of the love you have for King Lamoni. We honor that love. We share it. But painful truths must be told, or our service to you cannot profit the kingdom. The king is dead. He has not moved from his bed in three days.

**QUEEN:** Two days, two nights.

**SECOND COUNCILOR:** Long enough. Let us make plans. To bury him in peace, and to name his successor.

**QUEEN:** He is not dead.

*(Pause.)*

But you say this opinion is widely shared?

**SECOND COUNCILOR:** Very widely shared.

**QUEEN:** Very well. I will send for the holy man.

**SECOND COUNCILOR:** Your majesty...

**QUEEN:** Send for Ammon. He was with the king when ... the king became indisposed. I will inquire of him.

## **MUSICAL #7 —SOME SMALL MIRACE**

**SECOND COUNCILOR:** As you please, your highness.

**QUEEN:**

WHAT IS THIS THEY TELL ME? WHAT AM I TO THINK?

THEY TELL ME THAT HE'S DEAD AND GONE. TO ME HE DOES NOT STINK.

AM I CRAZY? OR HAVE ALL AROUND ME LOST THEIR WAY?

AM I ALMOST THERE? OR DO THEY EVEN CARE?

HE WAS TALKING TO THE PROPHET, HE WHO SAVED OUR SHEEP.

AND SOON MY HUSBAND PRAYED ALOUD, AND NOW THIS AWFUL SLEEP.

NEVER SEEN HIM PRAY BEFORE.

THIS GOD WAS TO IGNORE!  
THEN SOME POWER STRUCK HIM, FELLED HIM, DROVE HIM DOWN.

*(Enter AMMON.)*

HOLY MAN, MAN OF GOD. OH, AMMON,  
WHAT HAS GOD DONE TO LAMONI?

THEY SAY THE KING IS CRUEL, I'VE SEEN IT CAN BE SO;  
BUT HE HAS A GENTLENESS, I'VE SEEN HIM START TO GROW  
THEY SAY BEHIND HIS BACK, IT'S HARD TO SERVE HIM.  
SOMETHING TELLS ME THAT THEY DON'T DESERVE HIM.  
THEY HAVE NOT KISSED HIS TENDER LIPS, OR CARESSED HIS ROUGHENED HANDS  
OH MAN OF GOD, IT'S ON THE BRINK OF DEATH HE STANDS!

SOME SMALL MIRACLE.  
SOME GREAT CHANGE,  
SOMETHING EASY ENOUGH FOR YOU TO DO,  
IT'S SO STRANGE.  
I LOOK AT HIM, SO STILL  
I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO THINK.  
DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY!  
I CAN'T SEE MY WAY THROUGH THE DARK!  
SO, IF I CANNOT SEE — WILL YOU?!

## SEGUE TO

### MUSICAL #8 —IMPRESSIONS (REPRISE 3)

**MORONI:** But the dead do stink. And that stench fills my nostrils. I have smelled it all my days, and I cannot abide it any longer.

*(He stands.)*

These plates are useless to me.

#### **CHOIR:**

IMPRESSIONS ON PLATES OF GOLD.

**MORONI:** I want nothing to do with these plates!

#### **CHOIR:**

YOUNG MEN OF WEALTH RAMPAGE.

MOCKING AND FULL OF RAGE.

IMPRESSIONS, ENGRAVED ON GOLD.

**SCENE FOUR: The Sons of Mosiah.**

*(MORONI starts to walk away from the Plates. He stops, and looks into Area 2. Sons of Mosiah painting. Suddenly, we see, in Area 2, Five Young Men. Baggy pants, baseball hats worn backward. A dance follows: In Area 3, we see two older men, one older woman. They kneel down and begin praying. The Five Young Men cross into Area 3, begin laughing at the praying people. They run among them, knock them down, make faces at them. The praying people resolutely continue praying. Then one of the Five Young Men pulls out a can of spray paint. He begins spray painting the praying people. They continue to ignore him. Suddenly, a shaft of light appears. The Five Young Men ignore it at first. One of them notices it, starts to point it out to the others. Music changes. The Young Man who first notices the light, crosses slowly to it, curious. Suddenly, he freezes. The others turn to him. A little frightened, they stop mocking the Praying People. One of the Young Men crosses to his frozen friend. He reaches out to touch him, and suddenly freezes as well. Music cue? The others suddenly freeze. The Young Men, in a sudden jerking motion, have their faces lifted skyward. Their freeze continues. The Praying People continue praying.)*

**MORONI:** No. That story, that's not me. I'm not one of them, the sons of Mosiah. I do not mock.

**MORMON:** They didn't turn out so badly, those boys. They grew. From hoodlums to great leaders.

**MORONI:** I would never mock!

**MORMON:** No. You just want to leave.

**MORONI:** I don't know what I want to do.

**MORMON:** Where would you go, Moroni?

**MORONI:** Somewhere. Anywhere.

**MORMON:** Without the plates?

**MORONI:** I'm alone, I need to travel light.

**MORMON:** You're safe enough here.

**MORONI:** You think so? I don't.

**MORMON:** So you're leaving the plates behind.

**MORONI:** They weigh me down.

*(Pause.)*

**MUSICAL #9 —IMPRESSIONS (REPRISE 4)**

**MORMON:** So where will you go?

**MORONI:** Look around. See the world. Maybe I'll go exploring. Like what's his name, from your record.

Hagoth.

*(He sings, a mocking version of the same tune as the CHORUS.)*

IMPRESSIONS ON PLATES OF GOLD

EXPLORER BRAVE AND BOLD

TAKING HIS FAMILY, UNABLE TO BE CONSOLED...

*(Scoffs)*

What family?

### **SCENE FIVE: HAGOTH**

*(We see the painting of Hagoth.)*

*(From Area 2, enter HAGOTH and his family.)*

**HAGOTH:** Okay kids. Get everything packed. We're off on another adventure.

*(HAGOTH's kids ad lib responses, "Dad, no" "We just got here." "Again?")*

To Ghana. I'm serious, I've heard it's absolutely beautiful.

**HAGOTH's WIFE:** Ghana?

**HAGOTH:** Why not?

**HAGOTH's WIFE:** What will we do there? How are we going to live?

**HAGOTH:** We'll figure something out.

**HAGOTH's WIFE:** Honey...

**HAGOTH:** Come on! It'll be fun.

### **MUSICAL #10 — A CURIOUS MAN**

*(As they sing, we see a ballet of movement, as HAGOTH and his family pack and move.)*

**CHOIR:**

HAGOTH WAS A CURIOUS MAN, AN EXCEEDING CURIOUS MAN

IF HE SAW A ROCK, HE'D LOOK BENEATH IT,

SAW A HOUSE, HE'D LOOK AROUND IT

SAW A TREE, HE'D TRY TO CLIMB IT

SAW AN OCEAN, TRY TO SWIM IT.

HAGOTH WAS A CURIOUS MAN, AN EXCEEDING CURIOUS MAN

A CURIOUS MAN

**HAGOTH's WIFE:** I've got to say, Ghana isn't so bad, once you get used to it.

**DAUGHTER:** I love the jungle sounds at night.

**A SON:** And the hot sun at noon.

**ANOTHER SON:** And the really big cool icky bugs!

**HAGOTH:** Hey, kids. Come on, let's get packed again.

**DAUGHTER:** Dad!

**A SON:** I thought you liked it here.

**HAGOTH:** I do. Of course I do. It's just ...

**HAGOTH'S WIFE:** What?

**HAGOTH:** Greenland! I've been thinking about Greenland.

**HAGOTH'S WIFE:** Greenland.

**A SON:** Here we go again.

**HAGOTH:** Frozen tundra, long winter nights, the roughest terrain on earth. Doesn't it sound marvelous!

**DAUGHTER:** My friends...

**HAGOTH:** Let's get packed. Time for another adventure!

*(Again, movement ballet as the CHOIR sings.)*

**CHOIR:**

HAGOTH WAS A WANDERING MAN, AN EXCEEDING WANDERING MAN  
IF THERE WAS A STREAM, HE'D FORD IT,  
IF A PEAK, HE'D TRY TO CLIMB IT,  
IF A CANYON, PACK RIGHT THROUGH IT  
SAW AN OCEAN, TRY TO SWIM IT  
HAGOTH WAS A WANDERING MAN, AN EXCEEDING WANDERING MAN  
A WANDERING MAN

**HAGOTH'S WIFE:** If you don't mind freezing your toes at night, Greenland does have its good points.

**DAUGHTER:** It's neat to look at the walruses.

**A SON:** The northern lights are beautiful.

**ANOTHER SON:** And mosquitoes as big as your hand!

**HAGOTH:** Now, aren't you glad we had this adventure?

**HAGOTH'S WIFE:** (Warily.) Sure.

**HAGOTH:** Just think how much more fun we'd have someplace new.

**HAGOTH'S WIFE:** Oh, no!

**DAUGHTER:** Dad, get real.

**HAGOTH:** What could possibly be more real than a life spent seeing the world?

**HAGOTH'S WIFE:** Where this time?

**HAGOTH:** Tibet. Biggest mountains you've ever seen.

**HAGOTH'S WIFE:** Tibet?!?!?

**DAUGHTER:** My friends...

**A SON:** I was just getting used to tundra.

**HAGOTH:** Come on. Life is meant to be enjoyed. Let's see the world, all of it. Who's with me?

**HAGOTH's FAMILY:** (*United, dismayed, resigned.*) We are.

**CHOIR:**

HAGOTH WAS A TRAVELING MAN, AN EXCEEDING TRAVELING MAN.  
WHEN HE BUILT A SHIP, HE THEN SUPPLIED IT  
FOUND A CREW, HE HAD TO TRAIN IT  
TOWARDS THE SUN, AND SAILED BEYOND IT  
HAGOTH WAS A TRAVELING MAN, AN EXCEEDING TRAVELING MAN  
A TRAVELING MAN.  
A WANDERING MAN.  
A CURIOUS MAN.  
A CURIOUS MAN!

**MORONI:** An adventure. Get on a boat, and sail around, and see what you can see. I could do that.  
There's nothing to hold me here.

(*Pause.*)

Except I've already seen what there is to see.

**SCENE SIX: Moroni Alone.**

(*We see the Moroni Alone painting.*)

**MORONI:** (*He looks around.*) Where am I? Where have I wandered? Each day the sun rises and falls—winds turn harsh, and my face burns from cold, then the spring arrives and warm breezes blow. And all that time, I have wandered alone. I cannot plant or harvest; I cannot leave a trail. I kill when I must, and gather when game is scarce. And my only conversations are with loved ones long dead.

(*He looks over the horizon.*)

I have trudged across deserts, and waded through streams. I have seen great rivers, and have built small crafts, and crossed them. I have seen forests with leaves as broad as a man's hand, and other forests where the leaves were brittle and sharp as needles. I have seen narrow canyons, where the rock was red as a fall sunset, and I have seen wide canyons with far rims shimmering in the distance. And at times, I have seen men. I have seen villages, and seen the cooking fires of women, and tents made of animal skins. I have seen small children wrestle in the grass, and I have seen the elders of the tribe counsel together. And I have seen the warriors of the village return from the hunt. It is then that I have truly known loneliness. My brothers. Your children and your wives. Once glimpse of me, my smell or my track, and the hunt would begin again, and once more, I would be your prey. The hunt will not be easy, for I am swift afoot, and dangerous when cornered. I am not a Teancum, a man of cunning and stealth, who takes the fight to my enemies, creeping through a sleeping camp looking for a chance to kill unawares. I will leave you in peace, my brothers. But do not pursue me too closely. God has set me a

task with these plates, and though my task is obscure and strange to me, I will kill, if I must, to fulfill it. But I also cannot look away. I see your tents and cooking fires, and briefly linger near. I risk all our lives. But I have been alone so long. And yet, not alone completely. As I wander from plain to valley, from hill to forest, I cry out in my loneliness, and I know my cries are heard. And in my heart, I hear answers whispered to my soul. I know that my task cannot simply be to wander. There is something more I must accomplish. What it can be, I do not know. I do know this. I can't leave the plates behind.

**MORMON:** I'm glad you've realized that.

**MORONI:** But what am I to do with them?

**MORMON:** Read them.

**MORONI:** I have.

**MORMON:** What do they say to you?

**MORONI:** I know their message well. Prosper. Rebel. Destroy. Repent. Prosper.

**MORMON:** That's much of the message. Not all rebelled.

**MORONI:** The Jaredites rebelled, and were lost. The Nephites had their records, and still followed the same path downwards.

**MORMON:** Not all generations. Can you think of a people who found peace?

**MORONI:** A few. The Anti-Nephi-Lehies. The people who buried their weapons. And died without resisting.

**MORMON:** Look to the plates.

## **MUSICAL #11 —IMPRESSIONS (REPRISE 5)**

### **CHOIR:**

IMPRESSIONS ON PLATES OF GOLD  
A PEOPLE CONVERTED TO PEACE  
A WAR THAT NEVER CEASED  
IMPRESSIONS, ENGRAVED IN GOLD.

### **SCENE SEVEN: THE ANTI-NEPHI-LEHIES**

*(Suddenly, the Area 3 actors leap into Area 2 and begin to attack the CHORUS. We begin to see a very stylized battle, a ballet of combat. Area 3 actors slash and kill, but the Chorus, instead of resisting, kneels in prayer. Many die. But some of the Area 3 actors cannot continue. They lay down their weapons. And soon, all are kneeling together. We see an Anti-Nephi-Lehi painting? A pause. Three young men from the CHORUS meet. They're anxious, nervous)*

**AMMON:** This is going to be a tough one.

**AARON:** I'll go first, if you want me to.

**AMMON:** No, I'd better.

*(He stands at a mike.)*

I'd like to bring this meeting ...

*(Mike feedback sounds.)*

Sorry. Could someone...?

*(The mike is repaired.)*

Okay, are we on?

*(AARON and HIMNI signal him to start.)*

Hi. My name is Ammon, and ... look, you're probably wondering what's going on. There are lots of rumors flying, and... See, the governor asked me to come down here today and address you, and I appreciate you all coming on such short notice. Well, here's the deal.

*(Pause, as he collects his thoughts.)*

How long has this war lasted? As long as I can remember, since I was a kid. Our enemies ... well, you know as well as I do the history. They've invaded us repeatedly, they've destroyed our crops and homes, they've killed our fathers, grandfathers, brothers. We've all been affected by it, we've all lost loved ones. Anyway, a few months ago, the governor asked me and my brothers Omner, Himni and Aaron to begin a mission to the lands of our enemies.

*(Nodding to the others.)*

And we did. Guys, do you want to...?

**AARON:** Just ... some amazing things have happened.

**HIMNI:** You have no reason to trust us, especially considering our reputations among you. The sons of Mosiah, thugs and vandals.

**AARON:** But you may also have heard of our change.

**AMMON:** And what we're telling you is the truth.

## **MUSICAL #12 —I SING A SONG OF PEACE**

*(Singer from Area 3 stands to the side, dressed as a LAMANITE WOMAN)*

**LAMANITE WOMAN:**

I GRIND THE FLOUR, I BAKE MY BREAD,  
THE JAR OF MAIZE IS OVERFLOWING!  
MY CHILDREN PLAY; THEY'RE LAUGHING, FED.  
THEY KICK UP DUST CLOUDS, NEVER KNOWING  
TOMORROW THEY WILL PLAY AGAIN.  
NO NEED TO WONDER WHEN  
OR IF THEY WILL EAT. WILL THIS BE THE DAY  
THEY SEE THE SOLDIERS... AND RUN AWAY?

I SING A SONG OF PEACE.  
OF HOW IT FEELS WHEN HATE IS GONE  
A SONG ABOUT THE SWEET RELEASE  
FROM ENMITY, FROM FEAR. A SONG  
... OF PEACE.

**AMMON:** We taught people who all their lives had been warriors.. Hunters of men, destroyers of families, killers of their own brothers and sisters. Those are the people we were sent to.

**HIMNI:** Shaved heads, armor, all those weapons. I took one look, and all I could think was ... I want my mommy!

*(They laugh, the tension is broken momentarily.)*

**AARON:** I wondered if our missions would last long enough to for us to even open our mouths.

**AMMON:** We did preach, and we were listened to. God spoke to their souls. These people are truly ... changed. So much ... that it's just not safe for them anymore.

**AARON:** What the governor is asking ... is for you to move, give up your homes, your businesses, your farms, your fields, to these people. Our enemies. That's ... why we're here.

**LAMANITE WOMAN:**

I BEAT THE BLANKETS — SCRAPING OFF THE  
MUD, NO LONGER CAKED WITH BLOOD!  
WHILE PACKING UP THE BATTLE KIT  
I'VE PRAYED THE END OF IT BE SUDDEN!  
THE WARRIOR WHO OWNS MY HEART  
MAY NOT BE SEEN AGAIN.  
I HOPE FOR A WORLD  
WHERE WAR'S NOT AN ART,  
AND NEVER VISIT'S MY SWEET, YOUNG MEN.

**AMMON:** Sir. I understand your reaction. I really do. We killed their fathers, as they killed ours. Hatred is a river that flows both ways.

**AARON:** Born of fear and ignorance.

**AMMON:** On both sides! Hatred. Do you remember the nicknames we had for them? All the Lamanite jokes.

**HIMNI:** We need to put all that behind us.

**AARON:** We're asking a tremendous sacrifice.

**AMMON:** We thought, if they could have Jershon, we could protect them.

**HIMNI:** The number who have converted is small, and they live under a death sentence.

**AMMON:** These people are our brothers. Enemies once. But no longer.

**AARON:** I know the kind of sacrifice we're asking you to make. Nobody's going to force you.

**AMMON:** If you can't do this, fine, we'll find someplace else for them. This seems to be the best choice.

**AARON:** What do you say? How do you vote?

**LAMANITE WOMAN:**

I SING A SONG OF PEACE.  
OF HOW IT FEELS WHEN HATE IS GONE  
A SONG ABOUT THE SWEET RELEASE  
FROM ENMITY, FROM FEAR. A SONG  
... OF PEACE.

**MORONI:** And they had no poor among them.

**MORONI'S WIFE:** No. And neither did the people of Nephi. For two hundred years, our people lived in peace.

**MORONI:** It's true.

**MORONI'S WIFE:** Can you imagine what that would have been like? To raise your children without fear? To make a home, and know you were safe inside its doors?

**MORONI:** A rich life.

**MORONI'S WIFE:** Two hundred years of peace. And not so long ago either.

**MORONI:** They still had their hardships.

**MORONI'S WIFE:** I expect they did. Husbands who snored at night, and stole the bedcovers on the coldest mornings.

**MORONI:** And wives with feet like ice!

*(They chuckle together.)*

**MORONI'S WIFE:** And accidents, and injuries, and illness. But no poverty. No war. No robbers.

**MORONI:** Yes, but then a generation passed away, and our people fell. We knew God's goodness, and then we rejected it.

**MORONI'S WIFE:** Too bitter, Moroni.

**MORONI:** We had those who became rich through robbery and murder, and those who were their victims. That was our society.

**MORONI'S WIFE:** That was what destroyed our society.

**MORONI:** That's why father would no longer lead their army. He saw our leaders, offices bought and sold, every one of them claiming royal blood. Grasping greedy parasites.

*(Bitterly.)*

Our beloved leaders.

**MORONI'S WIFE:** So angry, Moroni. So full of despair. Was your life always this bleak?

**MORONI:** You know how much joy we shared.

**MORONI'S WIFE:** Do you? Do you truly remember? The jokes and the games and the laughter. The miracle that was our marriage?

**MORONI:** I do. I still feel that goodness when I pray.

**MORONI'S WIFE:** Could that be your task? To write of God's goodness? Of human goodness?

**MORONI:** For whom? To what end? The story of our people is a story of warnings ignored, messengers persecuted, goodness trampled under foot.

**MORONI'S WIFE:** It is also a story of good men doing their best. Like you.

**MORONI:** A lot of good I did anyone.

*(Pleading with her.)*

The record is complete. Examples of wicked, foolish leadership. That's where we went wrong. Corrupted leaders, ignoring the counsel of God. That story is told, amply so.

**MORONI'S WIFE:** Also stories of good. Of good leadership. Look you to the plates. See a very different kind of King.

**MORONI:** Benjamin. Yes. There were no poor among his people.

**MORONI'S WIFE:** Look you to the plates, Moroni.

### **MUSICAL #13 —IMPRESSIONS (REPRISE 6)**

#### **CHORUS:**

IMPRESSIONS ON PLATES OF GOLD

A KING OF INFINITE CHARITY

A TALK OF PIERCING CLARITY

IMPRESSIONS, ENGRAVED IN GOLD.

***22 MORE PAGES TO THE END OF THE SCRIPT.***