

Lilacs in the Valley



By

Daris and Donna Howard



arranged
by

Dan Lee

with arrangements also by
Daris and Donna Howard
and
Nancy Walker

Copyright ©1997 by Daris Howard
All Rights Reserved

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that LILACS IN THE VALLEY is subject to a royalty. It is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America, the British Commonwealth, including Canada, and all other countries of the Copyright Union. All rights, including professional, amateur, motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, and the rights of translation into foreign language are strictly reserved.

The amateur live stage performance rights to LILACS IN THE VALLEY are controlled exclusively by Drama Source and royalty arrangements and licenses must be secured well in advance of presentation. PLEASE NOTE that amateur royalty fees are set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. When applying for a royalty quotation and license please give us the number of performances intended, dates of production, your seating capacity and the admission fee. Royalties are payable one week before the opening performance of the play to Drama Source, 1588 E. 361 N., St. Anthony, Idaho 83445.

Royalty of the required amount must be paid whether the play is presented for charity or gain, and whether or not admission is charged. For all other rights than those stipulated above, apply to Drama Source, 1588 E. 361 N. St. Anthony, Idaho 83445.

Copying from this book in whole or in part is strictly forbidden by law, and the right of performance is not transferable.

Whenever the play is produced, the following notice must appear on all programs, printing and advertising for the play, "Produced by special arrangement with Drama Source"

Due authorship credit must be given on all programs, printing and advertising for the play.

No one shall commit or authorize any act or omission by which the copyright or the rights to copyright of this play may be impaired.

No one shall make changes in this play for the purpose of production without written permission.

Publication of this play does not imply availability for performance. Both amateurs and professionals considering a production are strongly advised in their own interests to apply to Drama Source for written permission before starting rehearsals, advertising, or booking a theatre.

No part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means, now known or yet to be invented, including mechanical, electronic, photocopying, recording, videotaping or otherwise without the prior written permission of the publisher or as expressly declared by the publisher for evaluation purposes.

IMPORTANT BILLING AND CREDIT REQUIREMENTS

All producers of LILACS IN THE VALLEY must give credit to the Authors and Arrangers of the Musical and in all instances in which the title of the Musical appears for purposes of advertising, publicizing or otherwise exploiting the Musical and/or a production. The names of the Authors must appear on at least one separate line no other name appears on, and the names of the Arrangers must appear on at least one separate line from the Authors on which no other name appears. Both sets of names must be immediately following the title. The names of the authors must appear in size of type not less than 50 percent the size of the title type. The name of the main arranger must not be less than 30 percent, and the name of the secondary arrangers not less than 20 percent of the size of the title type.

© 1997 by Daris Howard

Drama Source

1588 E. 361 N.

St. Anthony, Idaho 83445

Phone: (208) 624-4726

E-Mail: editor@dramasource.com



Drama Source

I would like to give those reading or performing this musical a bit of insight into it. The musical is about the family of Jonathan Harriman Hale. It was taken from the journals, news articles, and oral histories of this family. I chose this family because I am a descendant of Jonathan, making it easier to do the research. I had ancestors on both the Mormon trail and the Oregon trail, but the Mormon movement is the best documented, has the most journals, and is the easiest to write about. Though this is about the Hale family, it could be about many a pioneer family. It is not meant to follow the Mormon movement, but to give a feel for the sacrifice of the western movement and similar sagas such as the pilgrim migration to the new world.

Many of these people were trying to escape persecution of oppressive governments or persecutions because of their religion. Others were trying to escape economic hardships and find a new life. All were trying to find a better world to raise a family or to start over. Even though the setting is the Mormon trail much of the story line could have been with any people seeking a better life.

Writing this musical has helped me understand and love those of all time periods who have sacrificed that I might have a better life. I also wanted to make this a musical because it's main purpose is to convey what these people were feeling. The medium of music can portray feelings in ways words alone can not. Because of the magnitude of this project I have drawn on the talents of others, especially my sweet wife, to help bring out the music and script as I envisioned it.

Jonathan Harriman Hale, Olive Boynton Hale, their family, and many of the others were real people. However, many of them had similar names so I changed some names to make the musical less confusing.

I have also changed the ages of some of the characters. The musical covers approximately 10 years. The main characters were given ages at which they don't change a lot physically over that time period. Also some parts needed to be cast older to have more mature actors.

Though most of the main events of the musical are actual events, some of the events actually occurred in different places from where they are depicted. Working with a stage and limited sets requires grouping many events so they appear to happen the same day or near the same time.

There are also some fun things taken from oral histories I have included or expanded on in the musical. Oral histories indicate that Alma was a bit of a prankster.

I couldn't find anything written about this, but feel that many of the oral histories, though not as exact as written ones, carry a lot of truth that brings out the character of these men and women. Often the journal entries are very factual, but give little insight into the character of the individuals. Oral histories, handed down through the years, are often better indicators of what a person was really like.

Because I wanted the musical to show the feelings and thoughts of these people, I went to sources where I could get those feelings and thoughts.

After getting as much insight into each individual as I could, I took that understanding and tried to sense how that person might respond in a given situation. This was very important to me. I did not want to show these men and women as superhuman, but as living, loving, individuals.

I hope those seeing or acting in the musical, as well as those wonderful men and women who have gone before us, will forgive the liberty I took in the changes I made. I tried to keep the events that occurred as factual as I could while fulfilling my main purpose to help people see as they saw and feel as they felt. I wanted all participants, both the actors and the audience, to feel the sorrow and suffering, sense the courage and strength of these pioneers, and with those feelings, make a renewed dedication to find greater strength within themselves.

I hope you enjoy the musical.

Daris Howard

Notes about the family and others:

Olive's sister, Clarissa, married Henry Harriman. I want to make it clear that Henry Hale is in no way a reflection of Henry Harriman, even though the children did have an Uncle Henry who helped them cross the plains. Bishop Hoagland was a real man, but built into his character are the characters of Henry Harriman, Jonathan's cousin Heber C. Kimball, and the real Bishop Hoagland. Henry Harriman and Heber C. Kimball were a great strength to the children.

Henry Hale and Gertrude Schultz are not real people taken from the histories I have read; they are a composite of people I have known in my life.



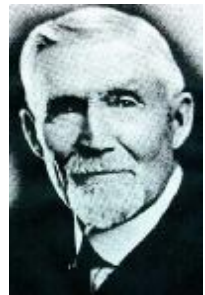
Aroet L. Hale



Rachel with
her daughter
Olive.



Alma H. Hale



Solomon H.
Hale

Dedication

I would like to dedicate this musical to my sweet wife and children; they are my inspiration. They were patient as I spent untold hours researching and writing. My wife, Donna, spent many hours at my side, helping with things beyond my own talent to make the finished work much better than it would have been otherwise. Also, I make a special dedication to our sweet baby, Tracy, whom we were expecting, but lost just a few days before Christmas while I was writing this musical. As we continued to work on the script and music, the tender feelings we felt for her helped us understand what some of our ancestors must have felt. In particular I dedicate to Tracy “Rest Well, My Baby,” which came to me the evening we found out we had lost her.

Daris Howard

Special Thanks

Many people helped bring this work about: A special thanks to my wife for late night dates with hot chocolate at the computer. My children for being patient, waiting to go sledding, snowmobiling, swimming, etc., while I finished, “this scene.” My wife Donna, Dan Lee and Nancy Walker for help with the music and arranging. Denise Howard for critique of the script and help with staging ideas. Joan T. Haeberle for her many hours proofreading. Jessica Rodgers for direction on costuming ideas. JoAnn Rhodehouse for help in lining up the orchestration and giving lots of input on putting the musical together. Thanks to Jack Weyland for his encouragement on my writing, and to Omar Hansen for some direction on play writing. Thanks to Dan Cossolini for help and encouragement when I needed it. A special thanks to Byron Bates for his help on the script layout and cover design. Also thanks to the many others who kindly gave us so much input and spent many hours helping us. A very special thanks to Brian and Laura Stanton, our assistant directors for the first production, and to all of the wonderful people of the cast, orchestra, and stage crew who gave their ideas and time to make this a success, and who became our dear friends.

Lilacs in the Valley (Cast)

If there are too few people to fill all of the parts some people can play multiple parts. For example, Joseph Smith is on for only a bit of the first scene. He could play other characters later on with some makeup, beards, or other changes. *The men who play the two gold prospectors, Dr. Smith, Joseph, and Bron could be other men in the cast. If there are plenty of men, the men who play these parts could be part of the company with some changes in clothes and appearance. Mary Rose's lines could be said by Agnes Walker.

Men & teenage young men {Minimum=11 - more is better.}

Woman & teenage young ladies {Minimum=6 - more is better.}

Children {Minimum=3, Solomon about 6, two girls about 8-10 - more is better.}

Jonathan Hale Family

Jonathan Hale - Father. Jonathan is in the age range of 45-50. He is a serious but very kind, caring man.

Olive Boynton Hale - Jonathan's wife. Sweet, loving wife and mother. About 45-50 years old.

Alma Hale - A young man, late teens. He begins the musical at a supposed age of 14 and is about 24 at the end. With this in mind, he will need to be a young man who can look both ages. He is also a quite a prankster, but has a loving heart.

Emily - Meant to be a young girl of about 6 years. She has some singing parts and some other important parts so she might need to be a bit older, possibly even up to 10, but still look as young as possible. Having her hair in braids might help her look younger. She is sweet, but mischievous. She knows how to take Alma's teasing and give it right back.

Aroet (ah-ROW-it) Hale - Alma's brother and slightly older. He will need to look from 16 to 26. He is a lot more serious than his younger brother.

Rachel - About 15 years old. Understanding and loving.

Solomon - about 5 years old. Not many speaking parts, but must be old enough to play his part seriously.

Clarissa - Baby to about 3 years old. It might work if she can toddle on in one scene, or be carried on, so the audience can love her. If no child is available a doll could be used.

Henry Hale - Jonathan's brother. He is a man of about 35. He has to be someone who can ham up his part and have a lot of fun.

Other Men in the company and town

Miles Walker - A man of about 40 - 50 years old. He is Martha and Frank's father and Jonathan's friend.

Bishop William Hoagland - A man of 40-50 years. He is the leader of the group from Winter Quarters to the Salt Lake Valley.

Lucas Hoagland - A young man, about 19 years of age.

Frank Walker, Tom , Andrew - These are young men of about 18 or 19.

Jim - A very old man in the company. Walks with a cane, but is very feisty. He is almost deaf and speaks in a loud voice.

***Bron Schultz** - Gertrude's cousin. He is a foreigner and speaks with an accent, possibly German. Any age from about 20-50.

***Joseph Smith** - 38 years old. On for only one short scene.

***Two Gold Prospectors** - Any age from about 18 - 50. A bit rough and unshaven. On for only one short scene.

***Dr. Smith** - Middle-aged man. On for only one short scene.

Other Women in the company and town

Martha - A young lady of about 17. She needs to be able to look about 14 at the beginning of the musical to about 24 at the end. She is a quiet, but a supportive young lady and wife.

Gertrude Schultz - A big (or at least forceful) woman with a strong foreign (possibly German) accent. She is tough and bossy, but likes to think she is weak and feminine.

Agnes Walker - Miles's wife. A no-nonsense kind of woman. About 40 -50 years old.

Olive Whittle - About 19 years old. Marries Aroet.

Mary Rose - A lady of high class. Could be anywhere from 20 to 50.

Other Children in the company and town

Emily(2) - Alma's daughter. Needs to be about 6.

Jonathan(2) - Alma's son. Needs to be a young boy about 4. He has no lines. He just follows Emily(2) on and off the stage.

James - Boy about 6. Son of Aroet. This part could just be referenced if need be, since he has no lines.

Olive(3) - Daughter of Aroet. About 4. This part also could just be referenced if need be, since she has no lines.

In the very last scene, if you have children available, you could use three children about 6 or 7 years old to be Henry's triplets. The script says two boys and a girl, but this line could be changed according to the cast available. Gertrude should come in with about eight children plus two bundles representing babies. (Many children here really adds to this part.) The children should range in age from seven down. It would be good to have a few children in the group scenes as well. Children could be used in multiple parts if dressed differently.

Others - It will add greatly if there are others who are part of the chorus, filling in as other members of the company.

Lilacs in the Valley

Act I:

Time Line

- Scenes 1-4: Nauvoo, Illinois - June 1844
Scenes 5-6: Nauvoo, Illinois - Early May 1846
Scenes 7-9: Winter Quarters - July 1846
Scenes 10-11: Winter Quarters - September to October 1846
Scenes 12 Winter Quarters - Spring 1847

Act I Scene 1

In the background is a mural showing the city of Nauvoo, Illinois. Either the river or the temple on the hill could be part of it. Stage left is the inside of the Jonathan Harriman Hale home with the walls facing downstage. One door opens into center stage and one door opens upstage.

Gathered in the cabin are Joseph Smith, Jonathan Hale, Alma Hale, and Henry Hale. Joseph and Jonathan are sitting. Alma is standing by the door and Henry is standing to the other side of the house. As the curtains open, Jonathan and Joseph are in the middle of a discussion.

Joseph: On order of Governor Ford, we are going to disband the Nauvoo Legion, and Hyrum and I are going to surrender for trial in Carthage.

Jonathan: But Joseph, that will leave us vulnerable like it did in Far West. The armies marched in and did anything they wanted to us.

Joseph: I know, Jonathan, but I don't feel we should fight.

Jonathan: Alright. I'll help disband my unit, then I'll accompany you to Carthage.

Joseph: No Jonathan, General Dunham might need you to help with plans for the Nauvoo Legion.

Jonathan: But who's going to protect you in Carthage? It's full of people who hate you and have sworn your death.

Joseph: I know. Governor Ford has ordered the Carthage Greys to protect me.

Jonathan: *{rising and showing great alarm}* The Carthage Greys? Most of them are your enemies! That's like swearing the wolves to guard the sheep!

Joseph: *{rising and bringing Jonathan close to express his vision of events ahead}* I know, Jonathan. This people will leave Nauvoo and move to the Rocky Mountains. I will not be with them. Moses was shown the Promised Land but not allowed to enter, and that is how it will be with me. *{Turning to leave}* I must go take care of other things now. *{Joseph then begins to depart. He pauses at the door and puts his hand on Alma's shoulder.}* Alma Hale, you're a good young man. Remember to keep your sense of humor through all your challenges. Sometimes it will be the only thing that will get you through. *{Then laughing}* But, don't go tumbling any more of the governor's men into the mud.

Alma: *{Somewhat embarrassed}* Yes, Joseph.

{Joseph then exits the house and goes offstage left behind the house.}

Jonathan: *{Turning to face Henry}* Henry, I'll need you to help me gather our Cohort of the Nauvoo Legion. I want you to ride around to every man, tell them to meet at the town square at 10 o'clock, and to bring their arms.

Henry: *{in a loud commanding voice, saluting}* Yes sir, Jonathan. I'll do it!

Jonathan: Stop that saluting. You're my brother, for pete's sake.

Henry: *{in a more subdued voice}* Jonathan, what do you think Joseph meant when he said he won't be going to the Rocky Mountains with us?

Jonathan: I think Joseph knows he'll be killed if he goes to Carthage, but Joseph will do what is asked of him, no matter what. It takes a great man to do that. Now, Henry, go sound the call.

{After this, Alma quietly slips out and then does a mad dash offstage right, while Henry gets his rifle and slowly exits and saunters out onto stage, giving a few seconds offstage to Alma.}

Alma: *{casually comes back on stage}* Got your horse ready, Uncle Henry.

{Henry nods and continues offstage right. From behind the house, upstage left, Emily enters carrying a watering can.}

Alma: Hi, Emily, come watch some fun.

{Emily has a quizzical expression, but comes over to Alma and looks offstage right in the direction Alma is looking. Suddenly they hear Henry scream. There is a lot of commotion, and then it is quiet. Alma is doubled up with laughter, and Emily stands with an amused smile on her face. Jonathan steps outside.}

Jonathan: What was all that racket?

{Alma, at the sound of his father's voice, suddenly becomes quiet and tries to hold back a smile. Henry comes in carrying a lead rope and/or a saddle blanket with the back side of the saddle blanket full of burrs.}

Henry: *{glaring at Alma}* Some low-down hooligan put burrs under my saddle, and old Bess threw me a good 20 feet high. I'm lucky to be alive.

Jonathan: *{looking at Alma}* Alma Helaman! *{Turning to face Henry}* You all right, Henry?

Henry: Yes, *{again turning to glare at Alma}* no thanks to a certain prankster. It takes more than a throw to the ground to hurt **Henry Hale**. *{He glares at Alma's and stomps offstage right.}*

Alma: *{to Emily}* He must have landed on his head. *{He and Emily break into laughter.}*

Jonathan: *{In a loud voice}* Alma Helaman! *{This brings the laughter to a quick halt.}* I don't need your pranks at a time like this. I'll deal with this later.

{Alma looks a bit ashamed and embarrassed. Jonathan goes back into the house and is busy writing at the table.}

Alma: *{Turning to Emily}* Hey, Em, where are you going with the watering can? To water your lilacs?

Emily: Yes.

Alma: You sure take good care of the lilacs.

Emily: Mother gave them to me. She said that she hasn't been back home to Boston since she and Father left. The lilacs are all she has from there. *{In a very proud tone, acting as though Alma wouldn't be trusted.}* And she gave them to me to take care of because she **trusts** me.

Alma: I just like the flowers.

Emily: The flowers look like little stars, and they're all together like a family.

{It is important to emphasize this phrase because it is important later on.}

Alma: Who told you that?

Emily: Mother.

Alma: Stars all together like a family. I like that. *{pause}* Do you want me to help you water them?

Emily: No! Last time you watered me, not the lilacs!

{Music starts}

Alma: *{In an overly sweet voice, putting his arm around her and leaning his head her way}* Oh, Emily, don't you trust me?

Emily: *{with an emphatic voice, maybe pinch his cheek}* No!

Alma: *{laughs}* Can I help it if the can slipped?

Emily: It's a good thing it did slip or you wouldn't have gotten any water at all on the lilacs.

{Alma laughs again. Jonathan goes offstage left before the song starts.}

(2. You Make Me Smile) *{This song and the actions with it should be a bit of a teasing between the two of them.}*

Alma: **You make me smile. Everybody needs a sister like you.**

You make me laugh at all the funny things you say and do.

You are the sunshine of my life.

You are the stars that light up my dark nights.

You take my saddest day and turn it all away

And make everything turn out all right.

Emily: **You make me smile. Everybody needs a brother like you.**

You make me laugh, at all the funny pranks I see you do.

You make my worries all seem light

When I'm wrapped up in your arms so tight.

You take my tears each day and wipe them all away,

And make everything turn out all right.

Alma: You make me smile. There will never be another like you.

Emily: You make life fun. I'd rather be with you than anyone.

Alma: You bring so much love to my life. No one could ever make my life so grand.

Emily: You can make a great day be better anyway,

Together: You make life good like no one can. You are the sunshine of my life.

{As the song ends, Alma is kneeling on one knee with his arm around Emily.}

Emily: I'd better go get the lilacs watered.

{Emily leaves stage right. Jonathan comes back on stage and comes out of the cabin carrying his rifle.}

Jonathan: Alma, I want you to stay here and watch over your mother. Don't let Emily or any of the others come down to the town square.

Alma: Do you expect some fighting?

Jonathan: No, but I don't want to take any chances. If Aroet comes home, send him over.

Alma: Can't I come and let Aroet stay here?

{Emily enters unnoticed by the two and stands motionless upstage right.}

Jonathan: Last time we had a state official in town you loosened all the straps on the harness of his buggy. When he laid the whip to his horse she high-tailed it out of town, dropping the buggy and rolling him into the mud.

Alma: *{looking a bit sheepish}* Well, Joseph laughed.

Jonathan: Oh, yes. I've heard a thousand times how Joseph said the only bad part was that he had to keep a useless government official in town while our men rounded up the horse. However, that does not excuse such behavior.

Alma: Sorry, Father.

Jonathan: Alma, I'm so afraid that someday your pranks are going to get you into real trouble. If Joseph hadn't taken such a shine to you, I think there are

a few times you would have been flogged. Now, you stay here. *{Begins leaving and then pauses.}* And Alma, **try** not to get into any trouble.

{Jonathan leaves stage right. Emily sneaks up quietly behind Alma who is deep in thought.}

Emily: *{Trying to speak in a deep voice like her Father to scare Alma.}* And **try** not to get into trouble.

{As Alma jumps, Emily laughs.}

Alma: You little eavesdropper.

{Gertrude, a big woman with a foreign (possibly German-type) accent enters from stage left calling loudly from behind the house.}

Gertrude: 'enry! Oh 'enry! Oh, 'i Alma and Emily. 'aff you seen your uncle?

Alma: *{With finger to lips}* Shhh. Someone might hear you.

Gertrude: *{A bit more subdued and scared.}* Vy? Are dere some mob people around?

Alma: *{Taking her by the arm and then checking both ways to make sure no one is listening.}* No. Someone might hear you call him my uncle.

{Alma then breaks into boisterous laughter and Emily joins him.}

Gertrude: *{In a mad, haughty tone}* You're a naughty boy and you're teaching your sister bad tings too. Vy, vy... you don't deserve to 'ave 'im for an uncle.

Alma: Why Sister Schultz, that's the nicest thing you ever said to me. It's a sad man that does deserve him as an uncle.

Gertrude: *{now a bit flustered}* Dat is not vut I meant. I meant 'e is a goot man, and you are a naughty boy to always play yokes on 'im.

Alma: *{laughing}* By the way, just why are you looking for him?

Gertrude: I 'eard that some mob might be a-comin' and I need a goot, strong man to protect me.

Alma: Well I'll tell Henry that you want him to find you one.

{Alma starts laughing again.}

Gertrude: *{Grabs Alma by the ear and pulls him up onto his tiptoes, then wags her finger at him.}* You mind some day, Alma 'Elaman 'Ale, dat sensus of humorous of yours is going to get you into trouble.

{Gertrude stomps out back behind the house backstage left swinging her arms to look like a tank.}

Alma: *{shaking his head as if to straighten out a stiff neck}* It's no wonder Uncle Henry is still single; with a woman like Gertrude after him. Now I know why they call her the second Nauvoo legion.

{Martha enters from stage right, obviously dressed too pretty for a regular workday. Emily, walking offstage right, passes her, stops, eyes her over, imitates her walk, then continues off.}

Martha: Alma, did you hear the news? They're disbanding the Nauvoo Legion.

Alma: I know. Joseph said we weren't to fight.

Martha: I think that's very frightening. After we surrendered in Far West, Missouri, we were left unprotected.

Alma: What scares me more is that Joseph is going to Carthage for trial.

Martha: Oh, Alma! I hope he'll be all right.

Alma: Me too. He has always been so kind to me.

{Martha gets up close to Alma and he puts his arm around her as she leans her head against him. Aroet enters from behind the house stage left carrying an armload of wood and they quickly break apart. Aroet just gives a bit of a smile but says nothing. Emily enters upstage right, unnoticed, carrying a bucket that is a bit too big for her. She stops upstage and sets it down, still unnoticed by the others.}

Alma: Oh, *{stammering}* hi, Aroet. We were talking about the disbanding of the Nauvoo Legion.

Aroet: *{Smiling.}* I can see that. *{Then doing a double take}* Disband the Nauvoo Legion! What in the world are you talking about?

Alma: Father said you were to ride to the town square immediately. *{slyly}* But of course, if you're too busy, you could stay here and I could go for you.

Aroet: Not on your life!

{Aroet quickly stacks the wood by the house and rushes off downstage right.}

Emily: Nice try, “mister drop-the-government-official-in-the-mud.”

{Martha giggles and smiles.}

Alma: *{Turning to face Emily.}* Oh, right. I’m the one who always gets blamed, but you helped me.

Emily: *{Acting innocent.}* Sure, but everyone knows that someone as sweet me wouldn’t do something like that unless my older brother talked me into it.

Alma: Oh, you think so. *{He then proceeds to chase her around the water bucket with Emily squealing in delight. When he catches her, he tickles her.}*

Emily: All right, I give, I give.

Martha: *{laughing}* Well, I’d better get back home and do my chores.

Emily: Dressed like that?

Martha: *{ embarrassed}* No, I’ll change first.

{Emily snickers as Martha exits stage right.}

Emily: *{to Alma}* I think she likes you.

Alma: Oh. I hadn’t noticed. *{Emily goes back and picks up the bucket and starts to carry it awkwardly in front of her. Alma sees it is way too heavy for her and goes to help.}* Let me help.

Emily: No thanks, I don’t feel like getting wet today.

Alma: Oh, Em.

{He reaches down and takes the bucket from her and she only half struggles to keep it. He carries it in front of the curtains and is followed by Emily who is carrying a watering canister. He goes to stage right in front of the curtains where there is a lilac bush. Curtains close.}

{Act I Scene 2}

Alma: The lilacs sure are pretty.

Emily: They're Mother's and my favorite flower. She says the blooms in the springtime remind her that life is starting out new again.

Alma: Well, they remind me of you.

{Music for "Lilacs in the Springtime" starts.}

(3. Lilacs in the Springtime)

Alma:

Lilacs in the springtime remind me of you

Every time they open up and bloom.

Vigorous and full of life for all to see,

Sweet and pretty like you seem to be.

But you can never judge a book by its cover.

You can never tell a flower by its stem.

On the outside you're a sweet little flower,

But a prankster is lying deep within.

Lilacs in the springtime remind me of you

Every time they open up and bloom.

Vigorous and full of life for all to see,

Sweet and pretty like you seem to be.

And I don't know how I could ever live without you.

I don't know how I could make it through a day.

You always have a radiance about you

That helps me to smile every day.

Lilacs in the springtime remind me of you

Every time they open up and bloom.

Vigorous and full of life for all to see,

Life is happy when you're here with me.

{As the song ends Alma picks Emily up and set her in the water bucket.}

Emily: I'll get you!

{She chases him across and offstage left with Alma laughing as he goes.}

{Act I Scene 3. Curtains open. The stage is somewhat dark to indicate twilight, with a lit hurricane lamp on the table. There is a soft target light on the cabin. Jonathan is sitting at the table, very forlorn-looking, head in hands. Olive (the mother) enters from the door facing upstage carrying a baby and puts her hand on Jonathan's shoulder.}

Olive: Jonathan, you seem troubled.

Jonathan: I worry for Joseph. He's been in Carthage for days, surrounded by those who have sworn an oath to take his life no matter what the law says.

Olive: Surely the Lord will protect him.

Jonathan: Sometimes in this life we are required to pay the ultimate price for what we believe in.

{Rachel enters from stage left with Solomon}

Rachel: Mother, Solomon was crying. I don't think he's feeling well.

Solomon: Mother, I feel sad.

Olive: *{Putting one hand on Solomon.}* Why do you feel sad?

Solomon: I don't know. I just got a scary feeling on me.

{Olive pats him and he lays his head against Rachel. Alma enters with Emily from stage left.}

Jonathan: *{Getting just a bit flustered.}* Now what do you two need?

Emily: I don't know, Father. I just don't feel right.

Olive: Are you sick?

Emily: No. It's more like when our puppy died.

{Alma puts his arm around her to comfort her. Aroet enters from stage left.}

Jonathan: Not you too, Aroet.

Aroet: I heard all the commotion and came to see what was going on.

Jonathan: Nothing is going on except the whole family is supposed to be getting ready for bed, and instead you're all here. Let's read some scriptures and maybe we'll all feel better. Aroet, will you hand me the Bible? *{Aroet hands it to him.}* Thank you. Well, let's just let it fall open and read something. Let's see Job 13 verse 13, "Hold your peace, let me alone, that I

may speak, and let come on me what will. Wherefore do I take my flesh in my teeth, and put my life in mine hand?" *{Then choking on the words}*
"Though he slay me yet will I trust in him ..."

{Everyone goes quiet. There is a bit of a pause. Jonathan rises and stares off into space, worried. From stage right there is a lot of commotion. Miles Walker comes running on stage.}

Miles: Jonathan! Jonathan! *{He runs farther on stage while still yelling.}*
Jonathan! Jonathan!

{Jonathan runs to the door and flings it open and steps out.}

Jonathan: Miles, what are you doing out this time of night?

Miles: *{Breathlessly}* They've done it, Jonathan. A mob attacked the jail and killed Joseph. *{Those in the house start to cry or gasp.}* Do you want me to round up the men? I'm sure General Dunham will want to attack. We could hit Carthage by sunup and teach those devils a lesson they would never forget!

Jonathan: Round up the men; but we will not be fighting. Joseph made us promise that we would not fight. Go!

{Miles runs back across and off - downstage right. As Jonathan comes back to the cabin, Alma rushes past him and runs off downstage right.}

Jonathan: Alma!

Olive: Jonathan, let him go. He really loved Joseph. This will be hard for him.

Jonathan: It will be hard for all of us. I think I'll go talk to him.

{Jonathan goes out the door and exits off downstage right. The curtains close.}

{Act I Scene 4: Alma comes on stage right in front of the curtains and drops down on his knees with his head in his hands. By the jerking of his body you can tell he is crying though he is quiet. Soon Jonathan enters. Alma looks up and sees his father and stands, trying not to show he's been crying and turns away from his father.}

Jonathan: Alma.

{Alma turns deliberately to face his father.}

Alma: *{With anger, sadness, and frustration in his voice.}* Why, Father? Why did you and the other leaders disband the Nauvoo Legion? The men could have defended Joseph. They were the best fighting force in the state, better than that lying Governor's militia.

Jonathan: *{kindly}* I know, son. But Joseph told us to disband and surrender the state arms.

Alma: *{mellowing}* But why? Surely he knew this was going to happen. He talked like he did.

{music begins}

Jonathan: Yes, he seemed to know, but Joseph was willing to give his life for his friends and what he believed.

Alma: I don't understand.

(4. Joseph, My Friend)

Jonathan:

A friend like him is hard to find.

He always was brave, good, and kind.

With strength and courage he lived true

To what he knew he must do.

Joseph, my friend, I love you.

It's hard not to have you near.

It's hard to go on without you.

We'll hold your mem'ry dear.

You are God's own; may he welcome you home,

And help us continue too.

When someone that you love is gone,

It seems hard to keep moving on.

Some day we'll all see Joseph again,

And be glad that he's our friend.

Joseph, my friend, I love you.

It's hard not to have you near.

**It's hard to go on without you.
We'll hold your mem'ry dear.
You are God's own; may he welcome you home,
And help us continue too.**

{As the song ends give about 5-10 seconds for the mood. Henry enters from stage left. He is carrying a gun that has been bent into an L shape so it goes at almost a 90-degree angle. (This gun could be made of wood painted with a metal color or be bent metal pipe.)}

Henry: Oh, Jonathan. There you are. Well, I'm ready to go fight.

Jonathan: *{Almost breaking into a smile.}* With that?

Henry: They made me surrender the other gun.

Jonathan: Why didn't they take this one?

Henry: The man collecting the weapons didn't want it. He said now he knowed why Mormons was always shooting themselves in the foot.

Jonathan: How did it get so bent?

Henry: Well, a certain unnamed someone *{ motioning in Alma's direction }* came over to help me clear rocks off my land and decided he needed a pry bar.

{Alma just looks away.}

Jonathan: Come on, Henry. Let's get down to the town square and meet with the men before they do something foolish. *{As they start to walk offstage right Henry marches off like an awkward soldier. Jonathan stops and puts his hand on his son's shoulder.}* Will you be all right, son?

Alma: *{Still holding back the tears}* I'll be fine.

{Jonathan exits. Alma pauses. #5 "Joseph, My Friend (scene change)" music begins with cymbal roll. Alma stands to follow his father offstage. Martha runs on stage left followed by Emily.}

Martha: *{With great grief in her voice}* Oh, Alma!

{Both Martha and Emily run to Alma. Martha throws her arms around his neck and Emily throws her arms around his waist. They stand there for

about five seconds as the music rises; then as they exit stage right, the music softens, but continues to play through the scene change.}

{Act I Scene 5: Curtains open. The scene is much the same except it is wintry. This is Nauvoo in early spring. Olive is sweeping her house, which is now almost bare of furniture. Agnes Walker, Martha's mother, followed by the other women (minus Gertrude) enter downstage right and Agnes knocks at the door. (The women ought to be wearing shawls or something for the weather.) }

Olive: Come in.

Agnes: *{Entering}* Well, Olive Hale. What are you doing? We're minutes from leaving Nauvoo and you're sweeping and cleaning your house?

Olive: Yes, Agnes. I wanted it clean before I left.

Agnes: You didn't sell it, did you?

Olive: No.

Agnes: The mob plans to just come in here and just take over our homes. I hear your husband even put your's up for sale for \$10.

Olive: Yes. He said even if it was only \$10, they could feel good about purchasing it instead of stealing it by driving us out.

Agnes: And you didn't get any takers either?

Olive: No, not a one.

Agnes: And neither did we. Why should they pay a dime when they can get it for free? It's a rotten shame, that's what it is. Well, you wouldn't find me cleanin' my house. If they want to take it away for nothin' they can darn well clean it themselves. I haven't cleaned it in weeks, just to spite them.

{Nauvoo music starts}

Olive: I can't stand the thought of leaving it dirty for someone else. I want them to know it was a home of love and a home that was loved. *{Olive hands the broom to Agnes. They step out and Olive gently closes the door.}* It was a place where we loved the Lord and raised our family. "Nauvoo" means "the city beautiful" and although we must leave I want to leave it

beautiful. I want it to be a legacy to the faith, virtue, and love of this people and of those who led them.

(6. Nauvoo, the City of Joseph)

Olive:

Nauvoo, Nauvoo, Nauvoo our home

Nauvoo, Nauvoo, we love you.

We will always dream of your bright gleam

Nauvoo the beautiful.

{ The women start to sing, and the children and men, all but Henry who is with Gertrude, and Aroet and Bishop Hoagland who have gone west, gradually file in from different parts of the stage taking positions with their families and join in. Alma comes in with Martha. }

This is Nauvoo, the city of Joseph.

Nauvoo, a city built to God.

In this sparkling city by the river

We raised our hands praising God.

Here we all raised our fam'lies,

Built a temple on the hill,

And though we're forced to leave our homes here

God's hand will be with us still.

Nauvoo, Nauvoo, Nauvoo our home

Nauvoo, Nauvoo, we love you

We will always dream of your bright gleam

Nauvoo the beautiful.

Nauvoo, we love you.

{As the song ends the group all starts to fade sadly off stage right, leaving Jonathan, Olive, and Miles alone. }

Miles: The last group is about to start ferrying across the river. You'd better hurry.

Jonathan: We'll be right with you.

{Miles goes offstage right. }

Olive: *{Turning back to look at their home.}* I can't believe we're leaving, Jonathan.

Jonathan: *{putting his arm around her}* Neither can I. Somewhere out west there's a place we can live in peace. Joseph talked about how Isaiah said, "the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in top of the mountains... and all nations shall flow unto it." The problem is, it's still winter, and our people are hardly prepared to face winter outside of Nauvoo.

From stage left behind the house Gertrude enters dragging Henry. Henry is wearing the ugliest coonskin cap available.}

Gertrude: Henry's been helping me load my things. He is so big and strong. *{With this she pats his shoulders and Henry puffs out his chest. Then she slaps him on the back and knocks the air out of him.}* Well, are you all ready to leaf?

{From upstage right, not seen by the others, enter Alma, Martha, and Emily and stop quietly upstage at Alma's signal.}

Jonathan: Just about. We're just saying our last good-byes to Nauvoo. *{He turns to look at Henry.}* Henry, where did you get that ridiculous-looking hat?

Henry: I got it from the man who bought my house.

Jonathan: *{In great surprise.}* You sold your house? You've got to be kidding! We couldn't sell ours.

Henry: *{Acting real proud}* Yeah, well I done sold mine.

Jonathan: You sly dog you. How much did you get for it?

Henry: *{Acting a bit embarrassed.}* Well, uh, I got this coonskin cap.

{Those on the front of the stage laugh while those on the back smile and cover their mouths because Alma motions for them to be quiet.}

Jonathan: You sold your home for a coonskin cap?

Henry: Yeah. What did you get for yours?

Jonathan: Well, nothin'.

Henry: Then, I got a better deal than you. ‘sides, the feller that bought my house was a real mountain man. He said if I was headin’ west I needed to think and act like a Westerner.

Olive: *{Holding her nose and looking at the cap.}* I hope that’s not how Westerners smell. You sure he didn’t pay you to take that thing away?

{Alma has been whispering to Emily and signaling to her. She swings wide around by the house and comes downstage so that she keeps Henry’s attention away from Alma, and so Henry’s back stays toward Alma.}

Henry: No way. This is a Rocky Mountain original.

Emily: Uncle Henry, what’s that animal on your head?

Henry: This, young lady, is a genuine coonskin cap, taken from a coon in the Rocky Mountains.

Emily: *{Holding her nose.}* I think you ought to give it back to the coon.

{Alma sneaks up behind Henry and jerks the hat off his head. He throws it on the floor and starts to stomp it mercilessly. Everyone else watches in horror.}

Jonathan: Alma!

{Alma stops and turns to face Henry.}

Alma: Wow, Uncle Henry, that thing was sneakin’ up on your head. But no need to worry, I killed it for you.

Henry: Alma Helaman Hale, you two-bit, ornery little hooligan!

{As Henry steps toward Alma, Martha moves up beside Alma, and Gertrude grabs Henry to calm him down.}

Alma: That’s a fine thing to say to someone who has just saved you from a skunk attacking your head.

Henry: *{In a demeaning angry tone, reaching down and picking up the cap and shaking the smelly thing in Alma’s face (a bit of talcum powder might add a nice touch.)}* For your information, Mr. Alma Hale, that was my original Rocky Mountain coonskin cap that you just demolished.

Alma: *{coughing}* Well it sure smells like a skunk. Why were you wearing it - to scare off neighbors or attract bears?

Jonathan: Alma!

Henry: I know when I've been insulted. Gertrude and I are headin' for the river.

{Henry and Gertrude start offstage right.}

Alma: Good! Make sure you wash that skunk cap while you're there.

{pause} Of course that might kill the fish.

Jonathan: Alma!

Henry: *{Turns to Jonathan}* I know where there's a good willer tree if ya ever need one.

{He glares at Alma and with that he walks off with Gertrude.}

Jonathan: Alma, how many times have I told you not to torment your uncle? Why do you always have to ...

{He is cut off in mid sentence by a scream from Henry offstage followed by a scream from Gertrude. Everyone but Alma bolts for stage right but just as they reach the side of the stage Gertrude comes dragging Henry across the floor by the feet. She drags him to where he can be seen well and drops him. She then leans over and starts to slap his face quite roughly.}

Gertrude: 'enry! 'enry! Speak to me! *{Still whacking him.}* Oh 'enry! Say something!

{Alma is starting to back off the stage left, behind the house.}

Jonathan: Gertrude! Gertrude! *{Strongly grabbing her shoulder to get her to stop whacking Henry}* Gertrude, what happened?

Gertrude: *{panicky}* Vell, 'enry vent to get on 'is 'orse and, vell, someone 'ad undone de strap and 'e fell on his 'ead.

{Alma turns to make a dash for upstage left, behind the house, but is stopped by his father's voice.}

Jonathan: Alma! Alma, come here! *{Alma slowly comes back, but keeps a bit of distance from his father. Martha looks on, very worried. Henry starts to revive. As he starts to sit up, Gertrude gets excited.}*

Gertrude: Oh 'enry! *{She gives him a big hug and a shake, upon which Henry lets out a groan, and when she releases him he flops onto his back.}*

Jonathan: Alma, what do you know of this?

Alma: Know of what, Father?

Jonathan: Don't play innocent with me! You know very well what! Did you do anything to the strap on Henry's horse?

Alma: Well, Bess looked like she could hardly breathe and I thought a bit of rest might do her good, and...

Gertrude: *{Turning to face Alma from her kneeling position.}* So it was you who tried to kill my poor 'enry!

Henry: I can ...

{Henry tries to sit up. He gets about up and Gertrude puts her hand on his chest and pushes him back down. Martha gets behind Alma as a sign of support.}

Alma: Well, I was...

Gertrude: You know you could 'ave killt 'im!

Henry: *{Starting to sit up again.}* I can ...

Gertrude: *{Looking at Henry.}* You stay out of dis. *{She puts her hand on his chest and pushes him down again. Looking at Alma again.}* Did I not tell you dat you would get in trouble vun day? *{She rises to face Alma.}*

Henry: *{Starting to sit up again.}* I can ...

Gertrude: *{Looking at Henry again.}* I said for you to stay out of dis. *{She put her foot on Henry's chest, who is only part way up, and pushes him back down.}*

Alma: Well, I was just ...

Gertrude: You was just trying to 'urt the man I luff.

{With this Henry sits bolt upright.}

Henry: But I can ...

Gertrude: *{Turning to face Henry again, this time a bit agitated.}* Dis doesn't concern you. *{She puts her hand on his face and again strongly throws him flat on his back. She turns to face Alma again.}* I tell you Mr. Alma 'ale, you is messing vith the wrong person when you mess vith me.

Henry: *{sitting up again}* I can ... *{Gertrude, not even looking at Henry this time, again puts her hand on his shoulder and pushes (throws) him to the floor.}*

Gertrude: *{Now stepping over Henry and advancing toward Alma, who starts to back up with Martha behind him. Gertrude is wagging her finger in his face.}* I may look like a skinny veakling *{to this Alma shakes his head}*, but you make me mad and I can be meaner den a mudder bear vit a puppy!

Henry: *{Sitting up.}* You mean a cub.

{Everyone turns to look at Henry. Gertrude glares at him. He glances at the others staring at him and then back at Gertrude, and he drops back down flat on his own.}

Gertrude: *{Looking back at Alma.}* Just don't you push me too far, mister! *{With that she stomps off stage right.}*

Henry: *{Sitting up and checking to see if the coast is clear.}* I can stand up for myself!

Gertrude: *{Appears again.}* Oh, I 'most forgot you, my poor, poor 'enry. *{With the sight of Gertrude, Henry flops back down again, afraid to be pushed there. Gertrude comes and jerks him to his feet and drags him off stage right by the arm. Alma looks much relieved.}*

Jonathan: Well, Alma, what have you to say for yourself?

Alma: Uh, I will try not to do something so dangerous again?

Jonathan: Someone could get hurt badly from your pranks.

Alma: Yeah, and that someone was almost me!

Olive: *{Grabbing Alma by the ear.}* I can't say you didn't have it coming.

Jonathan: Alma, why don't you and Martha head on down to the river. Mother and I will grab the last few things and we'll catch you down there in just a minute.

Alma: All right, Father.

{Alma grabs Emily by one hand and Martha by the other. They start to exit offstage right but Emily pulls back.}

Emily: But you promised to help me with the lilacs!

Alma: *{Trying to hurry before he gets in trouble and kind of under his breath.}* We'll get the lilacs. Come on!

{They exit offstage right.}

Olive: *{looking back at their home}* Do you think we will ever see it again, Jonathan?

Jonathan: Not in this life, Olive.

{Music #7 "Nauvoo, the City of Joseph(Reprise)" starts as they slowly walk offstage right. Curtains close.}

{Act I Scene 6: Alma and Emily come out from in front of the curtains by the lilac bush stage right.}

Emily: This looks like a good one. *{Alma pretends to dig.}* Alma, why do we have to leave Nauvoo?

Alma: Well, there are people who don't much like us. They want us to leave and have threatened to kill us if we don't.

Emily: Why? Were we mean to them?

Alma: No, but there are people who are afraid of what they don't understand.

Emily: And they don't understand us?

Alma: No.

Emily: But we'd be willing to talk to them so they would.

Alma: Sometimes life isn't that easy. I wish we could talk to them, too. Then they might see that we are much like them.

Emily: Will they ever listen?

Alma: Probably not. Maybe it will help us though, to never look at someone who is different from us as bad. No matter who a person is they still like to laugh and hate to cry. They love their families. They are sad when someone they love goes away and happy when they return.

Emily: And they like lilacs?

Alma: *{Laughing}* Yes, and I'm sure they also like lilacs.

Emily: Oh, Alma, we won't get to see it bloom this spring.

Alma: I'm afraid not, Em.

Emily: Oh, I so love the smell of lilacs. If I were a queen I would make my servants bring me lilac blossoms every day.

Alma: *{Laughs.}* Oh, and your highness, where would you get them in the winter? They only bloom in the springtime.

Emily: Why?

Alma: Because God made them that way.

Emily: Why?

Alma: Well, I suppose it's because blossoms are the start of new life for the lilacs. That is the reason they remind me of you. You love them so much, and just like the lilacs, you are in the blossom of your life.

{Music starts}

(8. You Make Me Smile and Lilacs in the Springtime - reprise)

Alma: You make me smile. There will never be another like you.

Emily: You make life fun. I'd rather be with you than anyone.

Alma: You bring so much love to my life. No one could ever make my life so grand.

Emily: You can make a great day, be better anyway,

Together: You make life good like no one can.

Alma: And I don't know how I could ever live without you.

I don't know how I could make it through a day.

You always have a radiance about you

That helps me to smile every day.

Lilacs in the springtime remind me of you

Every time they open up and bloom.

Vigorous and full of life for all to see,

Life is happy when you're here with me.

Alma: Come on. We better catch up to the others.

{Music #9 “Lilacs in the Springtime (scene change)” begins. Alma and Emily exit stage left, hand in hand.}

{Act I Scene 7: The background mural is a rolling hill landscape against a blue sky. Aroet and Bishop Hoagland are working on stage left putting together a wood-and-canvas type of structure. Aroet is working on the roof and Bishop Hoagland is working on the walls. There is not much more on stage except a possible bush or two. Aroet pauses every now and then to look back over his shoulder. He drops a wooden nail on Bishop Hoagland’s head.}

Bishop Hoagland: Ow! Aroet, you sure can’t seem to keep your mind on your work today.

Aroet: I’m sorry. I heard yesterday that the company my father is leading was only about a day’s journey out of Winter Quarters.

Bishop Hoagland: You haven’t seen your family for quite a while, have you?

Aroet: No. Father sent me with the first group heading west. He felt I could be of assistance to help prepare for the poor.

Bishop Hoagland: He’s a good man. *{pause}* Well, Aroet, it is only fitting that this shelter we are working on will be for your family.

Aroet: This one is going to be for **my** family?

Bishop Hoagland: I know it isn’t much, but most aren’t.

Aroet: Oh, thank you!

Alma: *{Coming on from stage right carrying Emily on his back with Martha by his side.}* Well, would you believe the riffraff they allowed into town! If it isn’t Aroet Hale.

Aroet: Alma! *{Looking offstage.}* Father! What happened? *{Running offstage}*

Alma: *{As Aroet runs by}* Hey, Aroet, would you help lift Emily ...

{The rest of the travelers except Andrew, Frank, and Tom start to come onstage a few at a time. Alma lifts Emily down, then plops on the ground}

exhausted. In this scene it can also add to the play if Olive or Rachel brings in a little toddler (Clarissa). She should be about two years old. This will help endear her to the audience even though a doll may be used here or in later scenes. }

Bishop Hoagland: I'm glad to see you all made it all right. *{Then looking, he sees Jonathan Hale who comes in on crutches, with a concerned Aroet by his side. Emily runs up to Aroet and throws her arms around his waist. }* Or at least mostly all right. Jonathan, what happened to you?

Jonathan: Oh, it's nothing, really.

Alma: Father got caught in a double tree trying to help the Widow Johnson with her oxen. I think the devil himself sold her that set of oxen. One of them is the meanest critter you ever saw. Why that beast got loose in camp once and ...

Jonathan: Alma! I think Johnsons could use some help with their oxen.

Alma: But Father, I just got here. I'm sure Aroet could...

Jonathan: Alma!

Alma: *{Jumping up immediately.}* Yes, Father.
{He exits, stage right followed by Martha and Emily.}

Miles: It sure is good to be here, wherever here is.

Bishop Hoagland: "Here" is Winter Quarters.

Old Jim: *{Jim talks loud because he's deaf.}* Well, hello pardners to you too.

Miles: *{speaking loudly to Jim}* He didn't say hello pardners. He said "Winter Quarters".

Old Jim: Porters? Does it look like I got any porters? I carried my own stuff. Young whipper snapper.

{Miles just shakes his head.}

Agnes: Sure is a bit muddy isn't it?

Mary Rose: Yeah, and it is kind of, uh *{pausing to find the word}* barren.

Bishop Hoagland: True, but here is where we stay, at least until we head to the Rocky Mountains.

{Gertrude comes on from stage right dragging Henry to the front of the stage.}

Gertrude: Bishop ‘oagland, vere are all dee trees?

Bishop Hoagland: Well, there may not be a lot right here but there actually are lots of trees along the streams and in groves here and there.

Gertrude: And vat about brick. ’ow are we supposed to build ’omes?

Bishop Hoagland: We can cut trees and haul them here in wagons. We can use the canvases off our wagons, and of course some people build sod homes.

Gertrude: Vat is this sod home?

Bishop Hoagland: Well, a home made out of dirt.

Gertrude:*{indignant}* You expect perhaps maybe I live in hole like a prairie cat?

Henry: Prairie dog.

Gertrude:*{Glares at Henry.}* You stay out of dis.

Bishop Hoagland: Well, many do.

Gertrude: But this would ruin my beautiful congestion!

Henry: *{To the others in the company.}* Complexion.

Gertrude: *{glaring at Henry}* I said you to stay out of dis. Vell, at least we don’t plan to stay here forever. I am sure that valley in the Rocky Mountains vere ve are going has lots of trees, beautiful flowers, rivers, streams and all of dat stuff.

Agnes: We’ll hope so. But we should make the best of it. It may not be much, but it’s home.

{The music starts. The single young men, Frank, Tom, and Andrew, now come on. They are wearing bandanas to set them off as a group. They sing this song as they dance and then fade out going offstage. They should sing it with a bit of an Elvis swing. As they are singing the rest join in, snapping fingers and clapping their hands to the rhythm as they get into it too. Henry should especially get into it, getting wilder and wilder.}

(10. It Ain't Much, but It's Home)

Frank, Tom, and Andrew:

It ain't much, but it's home. It ain't much, but it's home.

And that makes it a great place to be.

It's just mud and sand, but, we'll make it so grand.

It ain't much, but it's everything to me.

{Henry goes offstage to put on his bandana which is way oversized.}

We'll be free to dance. We'll be free to sing.

We'll be free to be what we want to be.

We'll plow and we'll plant. No one to say we can't

We will make a nice home for you and me.

{Everyone joins in for singing and dancing to this chorus.}

It ain't much, but it's home. It ain't much, but it's home.

It ain't much, but it's everything to me.

It's just mud and sand, but we'll make it so grand.

It ain't much but it's everything to me.

{Henry comes back on stage and sings his part (see the music). Henry is trying to act young and cool like the young men. He should really ham this up. His singing should be falsetto and jazzy, fitting in well with the music. However, his dancing should be a poor imitation of the younger men, looking clumsy and ridiculous.}

It ain't much, but it's home. It ain't much, but it's home.

It ain't much, but it's everything to me.

It's just mud and sand, but we'll make it so grand.

It ain't much, but it's everything to me.

{Repeat again, gradually fading out as Tom, Frank, and Andrew, and Henry move offstage left. As Henry moves offstage he should really be dancing and singing his part. Gertrude might chase him off, trying to dance with him. Whatever he does, he really needs to ham it up.}

It ain't much, but it's home. It ain't much, but it's home.

It ain't much, but it's everything to me.

It's just mud and sand but, we'll make it so grand.

It ain't much, but it's everything to me.

{As they exit everyone stares after them incredulously.}

Jim: *{Loudly}* Did you hear a jackass braying?

Miles: *{Also loud.}* You could say that.

Jim: Well, it sounds like it's sick and dying. Someone ought to shoot it and put it out of its misery.

Miles: Or out of ours.

Bishop Hoagland: Who was that bunch?

Miles: Those are the single men. Some of them really need to find a wife, especially my son, Frank.

Jim: That may be so, but you know what I think?

Miles: What?

Jim: I think some of them need to find a wife, especially your son Frank. Brigham says that if a man is not married by the time he is twenty-six he's a menace to society.

Bishop Hoagland: You don't say. Well,

{From offstage comes the bellowing of oxen. Everyone looks offstage right where the bellowing is coming from.}

Bishop Hoagland: *{Looking over the crowd}* That really is a devil of an ox isn't it?

Mary Rose: *{With her usual sophisticated air.}* I would have to say that if we believed in reincarnation that Governor Boggs died and came back as that ox. *{pointing offstage}*

{Alma comes in, shirt ripped, dragging a harness, followed by Martha and Emily.}

Alma: That beast is unhitched and out to pasture, Father.

Jonathan: Thank you, son.

Bishop Hoagland: Hey, everybody. Let's get all of you to the places you're going to be staying. The advance parties have been trying to get some dwelling places ready. We could celebrate your arrival with a dance and everything.

Alma: *{Resting wearily on the ground.}* I know where we could get some ox meat to roast.

{Everyone looks at him and some snicker. The curtains close to #11 “It Ain’t Much, But It’s Home” (scene change).}

{Act I Scene 8: Alma, in a new shirt, comes out with Emily stage right in front of the curtains. Each of them is carrying a bucket with a lilac and Alma is also carrying a shovel.}

Alma: We aren’t even settled in our house yet, such as it is, and you want to plant the lilacs.

Emily: Well, they have been in these buckets for a long time and I’m worried about them.

Alma: You worry about every little thing too much. You’re always bringing home some stray dog or cat.

Emily: Do you think Fluffy and Woofers are all right back in Nauvoo?

Alma: I’m sure somebody moved into our house and is taking good care of them.

Emily: Why wouldn’t Father let us bring them?

Alma: We have already been over this a thousand times. We knew in heading west that we would be limited on what food we could carry and there would barely be enough for us, let alone a dog and a cat.

Emily: I would have shared **my** food with them.

Alma: But when we got hungry they might have ended up **being** the food.

Emily: *{pouty}* Oh, Alma, you’re terrible!

Alma: Well, it’s true.*{It would be good to have music come in quietly.}* Hey, I think I hear the music playing. Come on, Em, let’s go.

Emily: But the lilacs!

Alma: I’ll help you plant them tomorrow. I promise.

Emily: *{Wiggling her hips and flipping hair}* You’re just afraid some other guy might dance with Martha.

Alma: Oh, is that so?

{Alma chases Emily across stage left as she squeals with delight.}

{Act I Scene 9: The curtains open to the music of “Every Man Needs to Find a Wife,” with everyone dancing. Alma comes running in with Martha and joins the dancing. Henry is hiding out of sight of the party, but conspicuous to the audience. During this song Henry should agree with the young men, but “There Is Nothing Like A Family” should make him really think. This song is supposed to be a bit of bantering back and forth between the older men and the younger ones, especially between Miles and his son, Frank.}

(12. Every Man Needs to Find a Wife/There is Nothing Like a Family)

**Jim: Brigham says that every man needs to have a wife
To love and be his partner for all of his life.
If he is not married by the time he’s twenty-six
A menace to society’s what Brigham says he is.**

Miles: (directed at the young men, especially Frank, but singing as if talking to the married men)

**We have got to find a wife for all those men
Who can’t seem to do it for themselves, my friend.**

Frank: {speaking to the other young men but showing stubbornness to his Father and directing it somewhat at his father, Miles}

**They just want to be helpful to everyone
To make sure we don’t have too much fun.**

Miles: {The first three lines directed to the married men, the other to Frank and he gets right up to Frank, in an accusatory manner.}

**In trouble, in trouble, we’ll be some day.
All these young men only want to play.
Never responsible you will find.
Always into trouble all of the time.**

Frank, Tom, and Andrew: {Miles sings some parts here as well, see the music.}

We don’t need your help to find ourselves a wife.

**We can take care of our own life.
We will marry when it is right for us.
We don't need you making such a fuss.**

Miles: {The first two lines sung to the married men, the other one is directed right to Frank.}

**Trouble. In trouble.
Never responsible, you will find.
Always into trouble all of the time.**

Jonathan: {As Jonathan comes in here, he breaks up the argument in a sense. The two groups act as if they are going to go at it again when he steps up and separates them. With his wisdom he sings that someday the young men will see the wisdom of a family. As this continues families move together. Frank puts his arm around his mother (Agnes) and his dad (Miles) pats Frank's shoulder. If Clarissa would run to Henry and give him a hug in the middle of this part it would be good.}

**There is nothing like a fam'ly.
Nothing like a wife to love.
The relations we share here will never disappear
For we'll have them again above.
And when the time comes for us
To marry and raise a family
We all should raise a grateful chorus
For wisdom we don't always see.**

Everyone: **There is nothing like a fam'ly.
Nothing like a wife to love.
The relations we share here will never disappear.
We'll have them again above.**

Olive: **When God created the fam'ly
The tapestry of life was now full.
For fam'ly helps a man be happy
And brings love and joy to the soul.**

Everyone: **There is nothing like a family.
Nothing like a wife to love.
The relations we share here will never disappear.**

We'll have them again above.

Jonathan and Olive: **We'll have them again above.**

{Dinner bell sounds.}

Bishop Hoagland: The food is ready everyone. Follow me.

{Everyone starts offstage behind the house. Alma catches a glimpse of Henry and motions Martha to go on. Alma hides where Henry can't see him. Gertrude is looking for Henry, but eventually follows the others offstage. Henry cautiously comes out deep in thought and has his back turned to Alma. Alma comes up behind him.}

Alma: Uncle Henry!

Henry: *{He jumps}* Land sakes! Why da ya go sneakin' up on me like that?

Alma: The real question is who are you hidin' from?

Henry: Who says I'm hidin' from anyone?

Alma: Sure looked like it. Say, Uncle Henry. Did you hear what Old Jim said? He said that if a man isn't married by the time he's twenty-six *{mimic Jim}* he's a menace to society. You're thirty-five. I guess that makes you downright criminal. Maybe you ought to be arrested for trespassing on life.

Henry: You think you're so smart, Alma Hale. In order to get married, there have got to be women to marry. I'm old enough that there aren't any respectable women my age.

Alma: What about Gertrude?

Henry: *{With great emphasis}* I am only going to tell this to you one more time. There aren't any **respectable** women...

Alma: She called you the man she loved.

Henry: She was just a bit deranged at the moment because of the actions of a certain unnamed assailant.

Alma: *{Smiling}* Now be careful, Uncle Henry. She can be as *{mocking Gertrude}* mean as a mudder bear wit' a puppy.

Henry: Yeah. I'm not afraid of her.

Alma: So why don't you tell her that you're not interested in her?

Henry: If she were here I'd tell her she's too bossy, ornery, and she better just find herself another man. That woman just really **burns me up**.

Gertrude: *{Who has been coming up behind.}* Who you talkin' about, 'enry?

Henry: *{Spinning around.}* Uh, uh, well I was talkin about, um, *{suddenly inspired}* Bess. *{Henry laughs innocently, and Alma snickers, and Henry glares at him.}* You know that horse sometimes gets a mind of her own and I feel like tellin' her a thing or two.

Gertrude: Oh, I don't know. I tink she con be qvite a nice 'orse.

Alma: *{imitates Gertrude}* Oh, yeah, but she can be as mean as a mudder bear with a puppy.

{Henry turns and takes a swift kick at Alma, but Alma grabs Henry's leg and shoves him up against Gertrude.}

Alma: Well, why don't I leave you two lovebirds alone. I think 'enry has something he wants to say to you. *{Turning to Gertrude}* He says you make him feel warm all over, *{Henry takes a swing at Alma, which he dodges}* or something about being heated.

{Alma runs offstage laughing}

Gertrude: Oh 'enry. Did you really say dat?

Henry: Well, I don't think I put it quite that way. *{pause}* Uh, Gertrude, you and I need to have a talk.

Gertrude: Yes 'enry?

Henry: Well, some men are just freer than others, and it's really hard to tie them down.

Gertrude: You're trying to tell me someting, aren't you?

Henry: Yes, and it's very hard for me because you are very, uh, um, kind.

Gertrude: So dat's it. Dere is anoter voman. Let me at 'er. *{Grabbing Henry by the arm she whirls him around and brings his arm up sharply behind his back. While Henry is crying out with pain she continues.}* I vill teach 'er to mess in my territory. *{She grabs Henry from behind by the*

throat.} I vill make 'er vish she 'ad not come across the likes of me. *{With this she throws Henry to the ground. Then standing there in a humble mood.}* But since I am such a gentle person, sweet, innocent, and delicate, it would be 'ard for me to tell 'er vat I tink of 'er. *{Looking down at Henry.}* 'enry, vat are you doing on de ground? Let me 'elp you up.

Henry: *{Gasping}* No, no, no! I can get up by myself!

Gertrude: So, dis odder voman.

Henry: *{Yelling.}* There is no other voman, uh, woman! *{Then more quietly.}* There is no other woman.

Gertrude: Oh, den vat vas it you wanted to talk to me about?

Henry: *{Putting a hand to his throat, remembering, then laughing.}* It just kind of slipped my mind. Um, maybe we should just go to dinner.

{They start off backstage left behind the house. The curtains close or lights black out to #13 "Every Man Needs A Wife" (scene-change) music. The ending note here, an E-flat, is Olive's cue for the next song.}

{Act I Scene 10: This is the same as scene as above, but now there is furniture in the cabin. The furniture consists of a cot or simple bed and a couple of rough chairs (one a rocking chair), and a table. The lights are dimmed to indicate a storm. There could be some lightning and thunder. In the cabin is Olive, who is rocking Clarissa, Solomon (who is lying in the bed), and Rachel, who is sitting on the bed taking care of Solomon. Olive starts singing a lullaby. For this scene Clarissa could just be a doll in a blanket. Olive is tired and sick.}

(14. Rest Well, My Baby)

Olive:

Rest well, my baby, I love you.

God in heaven loves you, too.

As you dream His angels watch over you.

Rest well, my baby, rest well.

And when the dawn is coming,

**I'll be there for you
To hold you in the morning
And love you all day through.
Rest well, my baby, I love you.
God in heaven loves you, too.
As you dream, His angels watch over you.
Rest well, my baby, rest well.
And God will love and keep you.
You're His baby too.
And I'll be there to greet you
When dawn brings life anew.
{Rachel joins in for the chorus}
Rest well, my baby, I love you.
God in heaven loves you, too.
As you dream, His angels watch over you.
Rest well, my baby, rest well.
Olive:
Rest well, my baby, rest well.**

Rachel: Mother, would you like me to rock Clarissa for a while? You look like you aren't well.

Olive: I'll be fine. You're doing such a good job taking care of Solomon.
{Jonathan enters stage left from behind the house, still on crutches. He comes into the house, and drops exhausted into one of the chairs.}

Olive: Jonathan, are you all right?

Jonathan: Just a bit tired is all.

Olive: You need to get some rest.

Jonathan: There is so much sickness and death everywhere, I can hardly rest.

{Alma enters from stage right. He enters the cabin crossly with a hammer in his hand and flops in a chair.}

Alma: Stupid ox. Why didn't we roast it when we had half a chance?

Jonathan: Now, Alma. You know we will need every ox we can get to cross the plains next year.

Alma: But Father! That ox always breaks down the fence and leads the others off. Then it comes home while we have to hunt down the rest. It ought to wander off by itself and step in a gopher hole or something.

Jonathan: Alma, it's still one of God's creatures.

Alma: But it's possessed by the devil!

Olive: Have any of you seen Emily?

Alma: *{Suddenly coming to attention}* I thought she was here.

Olive: She headed out of here before the storm, carrying her rag doll, Annie. I thought she would be with you, Alma, and she had on her thick coat so I didn't worry.

Alma: *{With great alarm.}* She was carrying her doll. Oh no! She was probably headed over to Jensen's. They have a new baby and, and, ... *{Shaking his head and heading out the door}* I'll find her, Mother! *{He runs across and offstage right.}*

Jonathan: Sometimes I don't understand that boy. He'll complain about working on a fence to take care of an ox. He'll play jokes on you till you want to use a buggy whip on him, but he will head out into the fiercest rainstorm to find his little sister without even being asked.

Olive: He may have a tough exterior, but he really has a lot of love inside him.

Jonathan: Especially when it comes to Emily. Ever since she was a baby she was his girl.

Rachel: She even helps him with some of his jokes.

{Aroet enters from stage left, enters the house and puts his coat on the door knob.}

Aroet: We had to stop cutting the prairie grass. The rain will make it rot.

Jonathan: You didn't see Emily or Alma out there, did you?

Aroet: No, but I'm sure they're together. Alma will take care of her.

Jonathan: Actually, Alma just left here to go find her. He thinks she might have gone over to Jensen's because they have a new baby.

Aroet: *{Spinning to face his father.}* But Father, the Jensens are sicker than anyone in the camp. They've already lost two members of their family.

Jonathan: I think Alma knows that, the way he took off when he knew she wasn't here.

Aroet: Father, you don't look well yourself. Are you all right?

Jonathan: Just a bit tired.

{Rachel crosses to Jonathan and puts her hand on his forehead.}

Rachel: Father, your skin feels cold.

Jonathan: I am a bit chilled.

Olive: *{patting the bed}* Jonathan, lie down here. I'll take your shoes off and we'll get you a blanket.

Jonathan: I need to get over to Widow Miller's. Her roof is leaking really bad.

Aroet: I'll do it, Father. You rest.

{Aroet starts to bundle up while Rachel helps Jonathan into bed.}

Jonathan: Thank you, son. Watch for Alma and Emily.

Aroet: I will.

{Aroet exits the door and goes around the house and offstage left. Soon after, Alma (who has no coat on) hurries on carrying Emily bundled up in his coat. Both of them have hair wet from the rain. He rushes into the house and slams the door closed with his foot. He sits down in the chair with Emily on his lap.}

Alma: I found her heading home in the rain with no coat on.

Olive: Emily, where is your coat?

Emily: Sister Jensen's new baby didn't have a warm blanket.

Alma: So you gave her your coat to use for the baby? I suppose you gave her your doll, too?

Emily: No, I gave that to Sally. Sally doesn't have a doll, and she is sick too. Her little brother and her father died. I told her Annie would help her get better.

Alma: *{Very emotional.}* Oh, Emily.

Emily: Alma, I don't feel very good.

{Olive gets up and feels Emily's forehead.}

Olive: Alma, she's chilled. Get that wet coat off her and let's wrap her in a warm blanket.

{Alma proceed to take the coat off of Emily.}

Olive: We can stick her in the other end of the bed.

Emily: Can't I stay here with Alma?

Alma: I'll rock her, Mother. Maybe I can help warm her up.

Olive: All right. I'll get you a blanket.

{As Olive reaches for the blanket, she stumbles and grabs onto the table for support.}

Rachel: Mother! Are you alright?

Olive: Take the baby.

{Rachel takes Clarissa as Olive still leans on the table. Aroet enters and starts to shake off the rain.}

Aroet: I got some men to help me just quickly throw a canvas over the roof. We'll be able to do more when the rain quits.

Rachel: Aroet, help me with Mother.

Aroet: *{Suddenly grasping the situation, he rushes to help his mother to a chair.}* Mother, what's the matter?

Olive: I'm sure I'll be fine. I just need to rest a minute.

{Aroet helps his mother to a chair and kneels beside her. Rachel gives Alma a blanket for Emily.}

Emily: Are we going to die like Sally's brother and father?

Alma: No, Emily. What makes you say such things?

{Lights fade out. A spot shines on Alma and Emily. Everyone else freezes.}

Emily: Because I don't feel very good.

Alma: No, Em, we're going to get you better.

Emily: Sally's mother says that even if Johnny and her husband are gone she will always remember them, so they will still be with her.

Alma: Yes, as long as a person still has the memory they are never alone.

{Music starts.}

Emily: Will you always remember me?

Alma: You're not going to die.

Emily: But if I did, would you?

(15. You Always Would Be in My Memory)

Alma:

**You always would be in my mem'ry,
The thoughts that are near to my heart.
They always would be so sweet to me.
You could not keep us far apart.
And in the sorrow and through the pain
When dawn seems so far away
I would remember your sweet name
And sunshine comes to stay.**

**As wind in lilacs whistles softly,
It would always whisper your name.
The tune would be so sweet and lovely,
My heart never could be the same.
We've always been the best of friends.
You've never been far away.
Love like ours can never end
It just helps us to say.
You always would be in my mem'ry,
The thoughts that are near to my heart.
They always would be so sweet to me.
You could not keep us far apart.**

**As wind in lilacs whistles softly,
It would always whisper your name.
The tune would be so sweet and lovely,
My heart never could be the same.
My heart never could be the same.**

{As the song ends the lights come back up. Jonathan struggles to sit up.}

Jonathan: Aroet.

{Aroet gets up and goes to Jonathan's bedside and kneels down.}

Aroet: Yes, Father?

{Jonathan reaches out his hand and lays it on Aroet's hand.}

Jonathan: Aroet, I feel very weak. It is time for me to go.

Aroet: No, Father. We'll get you better.

Jonathan: No, Aroet, the time is even now at hand. Your mother seems very weak also. You are the oldest and will be responsible. I want you to promise me something.

Aroet: Yes, Father.

Jonathan: Do not be persuaded to turn back, even though our relatives insist upon it. Stay true to the faith. Continue west to the Rocky Mountains and God will bless and preserve you.

Aroet: Yes, Father, I promise.

{With that Jonathan lies down. Aroet bows his head still holding his father's hand. There is a short pause then Olive stirs.}

Olive: Aroet.

{Aroet goes to his mother and kneels and takes her hand.}

Aroet: Yes, Mother.

Olive: Aroet, I am going with your father. When we are gone I'm sure your grandfather will want you to come back. Don't do it, Aroet. Promise me you will take those of your brothers and sisters who are left and go west.

Aroet: I promise, Mother.

Olive: Rachel.

{Rachel, who is holding Clarissa, stands up and goes over to her mother. Olive grasps her hand.}

Rachel: Yes, Mother.

Olive: Rachel, you will be the lady of the family. Keep the family together.

Rachel: Yes, Mother.

Olive: Alma.

Alma: Yes, Mother.

Olive: My dear, sweet Alma. Don't be afraid to love or let your love show. Remember that love never dies, but love is an eternal flame that only dims as the distance from those we love increases. Someday, as we meet together again, that love will illuminate our souls never to be dimmed. Like the lilacs, love just goes dormant. Then, when the sun shines on a glorious dawn, it reawakens to become new and more beautiful than it was before. Let the lilacs always remind you that we, too, will be together as a family again. I love you. *{Then reaching out to all of them.}* I love you all.

{With that she lies back and closes her eyes. They all bow their heads in grief. There is short pause. Emily stirs on Alma's lap. }

Emily: Alma.

Alma: Yes, Emily.

Emily: I love you.

Alma: I love you, too, Emily. I love you too.

{ The music #16 "You Always Will Be in My Memory (scene change)" starts to play softly. As the lights slowly fade to twilight, Jonathan, Olive, and Emily stand. Olive takes Clarissa. They all join hands and walk through where the wall of the cabin would be and off stage right. A few seconds later Alma and Aroet go through the door and over to the right side of the stage and put on the grave markers just on the stage. These should be close to the lilac bush. They stand there silently as the lights come back up full, then Alma goes offstage right and Aroet goes to the cabin. }

{Act I Scene II: Rachel is working in the house. Solomon is in the bed. Alma comes on from stage right as Aroet enters the cabin. Alma starts watering and cleaning the lilacs.}

Aroet: That takes care of Millers' roof. How is Solomon doing?

Rachel: No change. He doesn't get worse, but he doesn't get any better either. I can barely get a little broth down him each day. If this fever doesn't break soon I don't know what we'll do.

Aroet: We'll just keep praying. *{pause}* Where's Alma?

Rachel: I think he's down taking care of the lilacs and the graves.

Aroet: *{Aroet looks out the door at Alma.}* You'd think that those lilacs were going to give us all the food we need to make it through the winter and across the plains, as much as he tends them.

Rachel: Be easy on him. I know he spends a lot of time down there, but this has been really hard for him.

Aroet: It has been hard on all of us. To lose them all within two weeks seems more than a soul can bear.

Rachel: At least they're together.

Aroet: And at least we have each other too.

Rachel: I don't know what we'll do if we lose Solomon too. I think it would kill Alma.

Aroet: Even Uncle Henry was wondering if Alma was sick. Alma hasn't played any pranks on Henry since before everyone got sick.

{Alma enters and immediately the conversation stops.}

Aroet: Hey, Alma. Would you mind comin' and helping me fix the ox corral? Johnsons' ox tore down part of it again.

Alma: *{In a very subdued, disgusted tone and shrugging his shoulders.}* If I need to.

Aroet: *{Trying to sound cheerful.}* You're getting better. You didn't even mention ox steak this time.

{Alma just shrugs and acts indifferent.}

Alma: How's Solomon?

Rachel: *{Trying to sound positive.}* Well, he hasn't gotten any worse. In fact I think there might be a bit more color coming into his cheeks.

{Alma sits on the bed and puts his hand on Solomon's forehead}

Alma: *{In a bitter tone.}* Yeah, well I don't think he looks any better. He'll probably die just like all the rest.

Aroet: Alma! Don't say such things. He's going to get better.

Alma: Oh, sure. He'll get better just like Mother, Father, Clarissa, *{then choking on the words}* and Emily got better. It's been weeks since they died and he hasn't gotten one bit better. *{Grabbing the hammer and heading for the door}* Let's go fix that stupid fence.

{Aroet follows him. Just then Martha comes on from stage right carrying a loaf of bread.}

Martha: Oh! Hello, Alma. I thought you could use ...

{Alma just keeps going, hammer in hand, offstage right.}

Aroet: I'm sorry, Martha. Alma's just not himself.

Martha: I know, Aroet. I brought your family some bread. I baked it myself.

Aroet: That is very kind. Rachel is in the house. Why don't you go in and visit?

{Aroet goes offstage right and Martha knocks on the door. Rachel opens it and Martha enters.}

Rachel: Martha. It is so kind of you to drop by.

Martha: I brought you some bread. I baked it myself.

Rachel: It's too bad Alma isn't here.

Martha: I passed him, but he didn't speak to me.

Rachel: I'm sorry, Martha.

Martha: He really loved Emily, didn't he?

Rachel: Yes. It was hard on him when the others in the family died, but when Emily went, it's like she took his heart and soul with her.

Martha: He almost never says a word to me anymore. He never comes to the dances at night. He doesn't even laugh when someone tells a joke.

Rachel: He just doesn't seem to have the heart left to laugh.

Martha: You know, Rachel, I have always loved Alma, ever since we were small. He was always so kind to me and protected me. Now he doesn't even know I exist. I wonder if he doesn't like me any more.

Rachel: I don't think that's it.

Martha: Then what is it?

Rachel: I'm not sure what Alma feels. I'm not even sure Alma knows.

Martha: What can I do to help Alma?

Rachel: Just be understanding and patient. Someday he will be the same old Alma. He just needs time, and people who won't give up on him.

Martha: I won't give up on him.

Rachel: I know you won't.

Martha: Well, I'd better be going. If you need anything, let me know.

Rachel: Thanks, Martha.

{Martha gets up, hugs Rachel, then leaves the cabin. As she does Aroet and Alma enter. As Alma runs into Martha he stops, looks down, then walks around her. Martha sadly exits stage right. Aroet sees this. Rachel, meanwhile, goes over to check on Solomon.}

Aroet: What is the matter with you? You haven't said a word since we left.

Alma: What is there to say? We work, we eat, we sleep, we die.

{Henry enters stage left from behind the house.}

Henry: Aroet, I have been looking all over for you. You got a letter.

Aroet: A letter?

Henry: Yes. The man who delivered it is still here and said he has orders not to leave until he receives an answer.

{Henry hands the letter to Aroet.}

Alma: What could be so important?

Aroet: It's from Grandfather. Henry, you may need to leave us alone for a bit. Tell the man we need some time to read this. *{Henry exits stage left, behind the house. Aroet turns to Alma.}* Remember how Mother said Grandfather would contact us about coming to live with him? Well, I sent a letter off to Grandfather telling him about their deaths. If Mother was right, then you'd better get Rachel and have her come out so we can talk privately.

{Alma gets Rachel while Aroet sets up three stumps in a semi-circular shape for them to sit on. Alma could also bring some chairs from the house. Aroet then pulls out the letter and starts to look through it.}

Alma: Well, read it.

{Aroet chokes up a bit as he reads the letter. He must read it clearly but he needs to show the emotions he feels as the letter tries to make him feel guilty if he does not take the family to live with the grandfather. Also, he would have a lot of emotion in the decision based on his concern for Solomon.}

Aroet: "Dear Aroet and others. I was sad to hear about the death of your parents and sisters. I hope the rest of you are still healthy and well. I loved your mother and father greatly. However, I have never felt they have done right by you and your brothers and sisters traipsing across the country in search of some perfect life that can never exist. Now that they are gone I would ask you to be wiser than they have been. Give up this foolish idea of going west and come live with me. You can be my sons and daughter. You will have servants to do your every bidding, and I will pay to have you educated in any university you choose. I beg you to consider the welfare of your younger brothers and sisters. If any are sick it is especially important. With my help they could get better. If you choose to continue on as you are they might all die the same way. If any of your brothers or sister do die, their death will be..."

{Aroet stops, too full of emotion. Alma takes the letter, as Aroet goes to the door to look at Solomon. Alma scans the letter a minute and continues.}

Alma: "If any of your brothers or sister do die, their death will be on your shoulders. If you really love them, you will do as I suggest. Love, your grandfather, James E. Boynton."

{There are a few seconds of silence to let it sink in.}

Rachel: What are we going to do?

Aroet: What do you feel we should do?

Rachel: You promised Mother and Father we'd go west. We should go west.

Aroet: But what about Solomon?

Rachel: We're still a family. If he went back with Grandfather and we didn't, we would never see him again. If he goes, we all go.

Aroet: Alma, how do you feel?

{Alma gets up and walks over to the graves and looks down. Aroet goes and puts a hand on his shoulder}

Aroet: Alma?

Alma: I guess I've never even considered leaving this place to go east or west. Solomon lies in there dying right now. I know you promised Mother and Father to go west, but we could save Solomon's life. I don't know, Aroet.

Aroet: Father always said, "When in doubt, pray."

Alma: I don't feel I have any prayer left in me.

{Aroet pats his shoulder. They all join hands and kneel down to pray.}

Aroet: Dear Heavenly Father. We come before thee now in prayer at this time. Please guide us. We have received a letter from Grandfather asking us to come back and live with him. Our little brother at this moment is dying, and we could possibly save his life if we went. We have already lost our mother, our father and our two little sisters. We can hardly bear to lose our little brother too. *{Pausing and looking over at Alma}* And Father, as we struggle with the losses we have had, please give us understanding hearts. Help us to feel of thy love and give us the courage to continue on. Again we pray for thy guidance at this time. Amen.

{Aroet and Rachel rise, but Alma stays kneeling, bringing his hand to his face he starts to sob. Rachel puts her hand on Alma's shoulders as he stays there, head bowed. Inside the house Solomon begins to sit up.}

Solomon: Alma, Aroet, Rachel!

{Alma finally raises his head as Rachel rushes into the cabin. She runs over and feels Solomon's forehead. She runs back to the door.}

Rachel: Aroet, Alma, Solomon's fever has broken!

{Rachel rushes back to Solomon and hugs him. Aroet runs to him too. Alma slowly rises, looks up as if to heaven, and wads up the letter.}

Alma: We're headin' west.

{Curtains close or blackout. Scene change music #16A "There Is Nothing Like a Family" (scene change) starts.}

{Act I Scene 12: The curtains open. Rachel is sweeping. The furniture is gone. Solomon is in the room with her. Alma and Aroet enter stage right and come into the house.}

Aroet: Rachel, what are you doing?

Rachel: Mother always left a clean house when we have had to move. I'm just cleaning it for her.

Aroet: The wagons are ready. Let's be going.

Solomon: Do you think we'll see any buffalo?

Alma: *{picking Solomon up}* I'm sure we'll see more buffalo than you can count.

{They all walk out the door. Alma is last. He pauses, looks back into the house, then quietly closes the door. He sets Solomon down.}

Alma: You all go ahead. I'll catch up to you. There is something I must do.

{Music begins. The others exit stage right. Alma goes behind the house and comes out with a shovel and two buckets. He goes over to the lilacs and digs, putting a plant into each bucket. (This could be accomplished by having two behind the bush that he can put in the buckets.) He then comes back and stops at the graves.}

Alma: Well, Emily, I guess this is good-bye; but I have a surprise for you.

(17. I'll Plant You a Lilac in the Valley)

Alma:

I'll plant you a lilac in the valley. In the valley wherever we go.

**I'll plant you a lilac in the valley and carefully watch it grow.
And then when it blooms in the springtime, it will bring back your
memory.**

**I'll plant you a lilac in the valley if you'll say a prayer for me.
I need your strength to help me. I need your courage now.
I know you're there and with a prayer I'll make it through somehow.
I'll plant you a lilac in the valley. In the valley wherever we go.
I'll plant you a lilac in the valley and carefully watch it grow.
And then when it blooms in the springtime, it will bring back your
memory.**

I'll plant you a lilac in the valley if you'll say a prayer for me.
*{Martha and Aroet enter upstage right, but stay back there just on stage
enough to be seen well.}*

**I pray that God will watch you; I pray that he'll watch me.
Help me go west and do my best to be what I should be.**
{Alma kneels at the graves.}

**Dear Mother and Father I love you. Clarissa and sweet Emily.
I'll plant you a lilac in the valley for all of the world to see.
And then when it blooms in the springtime, it will bring back your
memory.**

**I'll plant you a lilac in the valley, {long pause then spoken with no music} if
you'll say a prayer for me.**

*{The music will continue to play until the curtain closes. Martha walks
forward and puts her hand on Alma's shoulder. He looks up into her face
and smiles, then pats her hand. Aroet steps forward.}*

Aroet: Alma, the wagons are set. You ready?

{Alma stands and puts his arm around Martha.}

Alma:*{With determination and hope.}* Yes, Aroet, I'm ready. I'm ready.

*{With a last glance at the graves, he picks up the buckets and shovel and they
walk offstage right together as the music crescendos. Curtains close.}*

INTERMISSION

**To Read The Rest,
Please Purchase The
Script**

