

WELL WATER: A PARABLE

by

Amanda Higgins

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by

Amanda Higgins

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Approved by:

John Shearin

School of Theater and Dance, College of Fine Arts and Communications

Well Water

A Parable

Book, Music, and Lyrics by

Amanda Higgins

Scene 1-- *A sort of town square. Barrels, stools, and such sit C with men on them, where they have been talking and carrying on. Doors to homes or shops perimeter the space. One or two women are around doing chores and such until they join the men at some point during the song.*

#1 - Opening

MEN

WHAT'VE YOU GOT, BROTHER?
WHAT'VE YOU GOT THAT'S GONNA SHOW FOR YOU
WHEN THAT CHARIOT COMES A'SWINGING
AND YOUR TICKIN' TIME ON EARTH IS THROUGH?
WHEN ALL HAS BEEN SAID AND DONE,
AT THE END OF ALL OUR DAYS
I WON'T WORRY CAUSE I'M A PART OF
SOME MIGHTY GOOD PEOPLE IN A MIGHTY GOOD TOWN
MIGHTY GOOD PEOPLE IN A MIGHTY GOOD TOWN

MAN 1

BROTHER, I'M A GOOD MAN, LEAST THAT'S WHAT OTHER SAY,
CAUSE I KEEP MY CHILDREN HAPPY, AND I KEEP MY WIFE AT BAY.
CHECKIN' OFF MY DUTIES TO MY FAMILY,
THEN AS SOON AS I'M THROUGH, I KICK OFF MY SHOES AND MAKE SOME TIME FOR ME.

MAN 2

IF EVER MY GOOD BUDDY SHOULD NEED A HELPING HAND,
HE'S DOWN AND OUT OR PEEVED ABOUT SOME STRANGER ON HIS LAND,
HE NEED BUT COME A HOLL'RING OR KNOCKING AT MY DOOR,
AND I'LL BE THERE, YOU BET YOUR HAIR, CAUSE THAT'S WHAT FRIENDS ARE FOR.

ALL

WHAT'VE YOU GOT BROTHER?
WHAT'VE YOU GOT THAT'S GONNA SHOW FOR YOU
WHEN THAT CHARIOT COMES A'SWINGING
AND YOUR TICKIN' TIME ON EARTH IS THROUGH?
WHEN ALL HAS BEEN SAID AND DONE,
AT THE END OF ALL OUR DAYS
I WON'T WORRY CAUSE I'M A PART OF
SOME MIGHTY GOOD PEOPLE IN A MIGHTY GOOD TOWN
MIGHTY GOOD PEOPLE IN A MIGHTY GOOD TOWN

MAN 3

I HEAR TALKIN' BOUT DROUGHT, AND I HEAR TALKIN' BOUT WAR
BUT I AIN'T GOT A DOUBT IT'S ALL A LOAD OF HORSE—
SHOULD ANYONE HERE WORRY OUR FIELDS IS GONNA THIRST,
I'LL JUST REMIND YOU WE'RE THE KIND TO ALWAYS COME IN FIRST.

ALL

WHAT'VE YOU GOT BROTHER?
WHAT'VE YOU GOT THAT'S GONNA SHOW FOR YOU
WHEN THAT CHARIOT COMES A'SWINGING
AND YOUR TICKIN' TIME ON EARTH IS THROUGH?
WHEN ALL HAS BEEN SAID AND DONE,
AT THE END OF ALL OUR DAYS
I WON'T WORRY CAUSE I'M A PART OF
SOME MIGHTY GOOD PEOPLE IN A MIGHTY GOOD TOWN
MIGHTY GOOD PEOPLE IN A MIGHTY GOOD TOWN

MIGHTY GOOD PEOPLE IN A MIGHTY GOOD TOWN

WORKING HARD FROM DAWN TO DUSK TO KEEP THE DEVIL DOWN
IF ANYONE DESERVES TO SLEEP OUR NIGHTS ALL SOUND,
IT'S SOME MIGHTY GOOD PEOPLE IN A MIGHTY GOOD—

Song is interrupted by the sound of a struggle offstage. Company looks at door to see what it is.

EDNA

(offstage) JJJIIIMMMMMYYYY!!!! You two-timing son of a gun! And you! You whore! Floozy!

The door opens and a woman (Joan) is thrown out onto the ground. The crowd stares at Joan as she gets up. We don't see the "two-timing son of a gun." EMMA appears at doorway.

EDNA

Don't you ever... *(at a loss for words, she huffs inside and slams the door)*

RICHARD

(from crowd) At it again, Loosey Goosey? (emerges from crowd)

JOAN

Jealous? Your wife isn't doing it for you at the farmhouse, is she?

RICHARD

You'd best not be talking that way, Joan. *(says her name like it's a curse word)*

JOAN

Don't call me that. Not you.

MAN

Hey, Rich, it ain't even worth your breath, buddy.

RICHARD

I wouldn't ever touch you for fear of getting my hands dirty, and that's coming from a man who's been plowing a field all day.

Some men in the crowd laugh. By now, the man who entered with Joan has rejoined the group.

JOAN

Last Thursday, you were real quick to get those hands dirty. *(At this, the laughing men shut up)*

RICHARD lifts his hand as if to strike JOAN. She turns her head, bracing herself for the blow, then realizing he's bluffing, boldly spits in his face. He slaps her hard.

RICHARD

(wipes his face on his sleeve) Get out. For good this time.

RICHARD stares her down as she gets up and looks to the crowd for any defense on her behalf. One man in the crowd merely averts his eyes while the others show no ounce of objection. JOAN takes one last look at RICHARD, then turns and goes. RICHARD turns back to the crowd.)

IF ANYONE SHOULD DARE TO THREATEN OUR COMMUNITY,
AN UPRIGHT CITIZEN HAS GO TO NOTICE IT...

MAN 1

...AND HE
SHOULD DO WHAT'S FOR THE GREATER GOOD...

MAN 2

...CAUSE THAT'S HIS DUTY

ONLY MIGHTY GOOD PEOPLE IN A MIGHTY GOOD TOWN

ALL
MIGHTY GOOD PEOPLE IN A MIGHTY GOOD TOWN!
MIGHTY GOOD PEOPLE IN A MIGHTY GOOD TOWN!

(End of Scene)

Scene 2-- *The stage is empty. Joan enters. She is walking on the road out of town to who knows where.*

#2 – Joan’s Lament

JOAN
“GET OUT OF HERE, GET OUT OF HERE,” THEY SAY.
“YOU DON’T BELONG IN OUR HIGH SOCIETY.”
BUT WHAT THEY MISS, IS I MAKE AND BREAK THEM.
YOU CAN’T BUILD AN IVORY TOWER WITHOUT SOME DIRT TO SINK IT IN.

YOU CALL ME A HARLOT,
I’LL CALL YOU MY LOVER.
YOU CALL ME A SINNER,
I’LL CALL YOU MY FRIEND.
YOU CALL ME YOUR WEAKNESS,
LIKE IT’S IN JEST.
CALL ME WHAT YOU WANT,
I WON’T PROTEST.

THE ONLY WAY THIS GIRL IS GONNA PLAY YOUR GAME
IS IF I’M TWO STEPS AHEAD OF YOUR BLAME.
IT’S ALREADY ON ME,
BUT DON’T FORGET ABOUT YOUR HYPO-CRA-SY.
I’LL ADMIT IT, I’M NOT WINNING
I’M NOT EVEN IN YOUR RACE.
BUT I’D RATHER BE HATED FOR WHO I AM
THAN BE A SLAVE TO YOUR PRETEND.

YOU DRIVE THE KNIFE IN,
BUT IT’S YOUR BLOOD THAT’S SPILLING.
COME CLOSE, COME NEARER.
SEE YOUR FACE IN THE MIRROR.
I AM YOUR MIRROR
YOU FACE EVERYDAY.
YOU’D BETTER THROW ROCKS AT IT
SO YOU FORGET YOU LOOK LIKE ME.

THE ONLY WAY TO LIVE UNDER THE SOLE OF YOUR BOOT
IS TO DAMN MY SOUL AND MURDER YOU, TOO.
NAIL YOU TO YOUR CROSS,
LIKE THE RIGHTEOUS SONS OF BITCHES YOU ARE.
I’LL ADMIT IT, I’M NOT WINNING,
I’M NOT EVEN IN YOUR RACE.
BUT I’D RATHER BE HATED FOR WHAT I AM
THAN BE A SLAVE TO YOUR PRETEND.

I WON’T PRETEND TO BE BETTER THAN I AM,
I WON’T BECOME LIKE YOU.

INSTEAD I'LL KEEP MY GIVEN NAMES:
THE SLUT, MISS TART, LADY SHREW.
CAUSE JOAN IS TOO PRETTY A NAME FOR A GAL
WITH A HEART AS HARD AS STONE
WHO ROLLS IN THE HAY, CLAIMING THAT'S THE WAY
TO SURVIVE WHEN YOU'RE ALL ALONE.

JOAN, JOAN, JOAN, LITTLE WIDE-EYED JOAN.
COMING BACK FROM SCHOOL ONE DAY,
GONNA SEE IF PAPA'S HOME, JOAN.
FILLING EMPTY CHAIRS WITH EMPTY PROMISES
AND FILTHY BLINDS DRAWN, JOAN.
JOAN, JOAN.

THE ONLY WAY TO LIVE INSIDE A CIRCUS OF LIES
IS TO HOP ON BOARD AND STEAL FIRST PRIZE
THANK YOU, LADIES AND GENTS,
I HOPE YOU LIKED MY PERFORMANCE.
I'LL ADMIT IT, AT LEAST I'LL ADMIT IT,
AND THAT'S MORE THAN YOU CAN SAY.
CAUSE I'D RATHER BE ASHAMED OF WHO I AM, WHAT I AM
THAN BE A SLAVE TO YOUR PRETEND.

(beginning to feel faint) Water... (she exits)

(End of Scene)

Scene 3— *A clearing in a field. A covered well is C, slightly US. JOAN enters, searching for water. She spots the well, hurries over to it and starts to draw a bucket. Realizing she is trespassing, she hesitates and looks around to see if anyone is nearby. Seeing no one for miles, she quickly pulls up the bucket while SAMUEL enters behind her with a shotgun at his side. Just before the bucket touches Joan's lips, SAMUEL speaks:*

SAMUEL

(With a big, but not angry, voice) Excuse me!

JOAN

(Startled, JOAN drops the bucket, which spills out onto the ground.) Look what you did! (Breaks out in sobs) Well, what are you gonna do? Shoot me?! I dare you, I dare you, shoot me! I'm a trespasser aren't I? I don't belong here. Turn me in! Take me to the sheriff, turn me in!

SAMUEL

(Gives her a new look of compassion. Calmly:) Where did you come from? What are you doing here?

JOAN

(Answers swirl in her mind until she finally answers, helplessly) I'm thirsty.

SAMUEL

(casual) Me too. Say, do you mind drawing me a drink while we're both here?

JOAN silently obeys, at a loss for words to respond to his disposition. While her mind hasn't yet sensed that there's something different about him, her spirit has, and she feels unsure. She hands him the pail. SAMUEL takes it and drinks, leaning against the side of the well. JOAN watches, curious and guarded. Taking a breath, he offers the pail to JOAN. She recoils.

JOAN

Do you know who I am?

SAMUEL

(looks her over for a moment) You're the lady from town nobody there is too keen on. You ain't got a husband but you've been knocking boots with everyone else's. Based on what I hear, I'd say as far as character is concerned, you're a hateful, selfish, hard woman who probably deserved to be kicked out of town. *(takes another drink)* But I have met a lot of people who deserve punishment and have yet to find one worthy of serving it. *(JOAN is silent. SAMUEL extends his hand.)* Samuel.

JOAN

(does not shake his hand) Joan.

SAMUEL

(Holding out the water to her again) You said you were thirsty, right?

JOAN

Are you expecting payment? You know a lot about me...

SAMUEL

The only thing I'm expecting out of you taking a sip of this water is that you're gonna get thirsty again soon, and that when that hour comes, you'll know where to find me.

JOAN

Well there's no need to pussyfoot around it. You know what it is I have to offer, so we might as well get it over with.

SAMUEL

(laughs uncomfortably) I don't think you know what it is you have to offer, Joan. Look, are you going to take this or not? There's no charge, it's just water.

JOAN

See, that's where you're wrong, mister. Nothing comes free.

SAMUEL

If you don't want anything from me, you can be on your way.

SAMUEL leans against the well, waiting for her decision. JOAN hesitates, then stubbornly starts to leave. After a few steps, she glances over her shoulder to see if he has gone. He is still standing there, watching her. She starts to go again.

JOAN

That's right, I'm leaving!

SAMUEL

Alright, nice making your acquaintance!

JOAN

(A few more steps off) Farewell!

SAMUEL

Goodbye!

JOAN starts whistling as if to continue her exit, then glances back at him again. He smiles and waves, staying put. She turns back to the road, then looks down, makes a sound as if surprised.

JOAN

Oh! My necklace! *(Runs back to well, starts crawling on the ground to look for a necklace that isn't there)* It must have fallen off! It's around here somewhere, I'm sure. You can just go, I'll find it.

SAMUEL

Here, let me help you look.

JOAN

NO! I mean, you've got things to do right? Don't worry about me, you can go on!

SAMUEL

(Who has been humorously watching her) I don't remember you wearing a necklace, are you sure you didn't leave it in town somewhere? Maybe you should go look for it there.

JOAN

(Stops "looking," giving up on her gimmick) You're probably right. *(Stands and starts to really go, resolved. Crosses almost all the way off, then stops.)* Okay, wait.

SAMUEL

(With a chuckle) I haven't gone anywhere.

JOAN

Get straight with me. What happens if I take some of this water?

SAMUEL

You can have a swig and go on your way...but I get the feeling you don't know where you're headed.

JOAN

Oh yeah?

SAMUEL

(Gives her a look as if expecting her to reveal her destination; when she is silent:) The alternative is you can come home with me—

JOAN

Ah-ha! Just what I thought, just what I said! The lonely old man is hungry for a whore! You don't fool me. Like I said, nothing comes free. There's always something, always some payment, always... *(Her outburst has drained what little energy she had left and she sinks toward the ground. SAMUEL starts and catches her.)*

SAMUEL

(Holding the pail to her lips) You need this now or you're going to die. You have to trust me. I'm not what you expect.

JOAN

(Finally brings her hands to the pail and takes a desperate drink. Gasping:) Where do you live? What's waiting there for me?

SAMUEL

Come and see.

JOAN's body goes limp. Samuel catches her, picks her up, and exits.

(End of Scene)

Scene 4 – *A makeshift bedroom in a barn. JOAN is asleep in a small bed just R of Center, a folded up wet cloth on her forehead. A bedside table and stool sit R of bed. A half-full glass of water sits on the table. A folded up set of clothes is on the stool. A drafting table UL of bed. JOAN awakens, looks around at this strange place, trying to remember how she got here. It's not the first time she has woken up in a stranger's room. She spots the glass of water and, suddenly noticing her extreme thirst, grabs the glass and gulps it down. Just as she puts the glass back down, whistling is heard offstage. JOAN gets back into the bed and self-consciously fiddles with the quilt as SAMUEL enters L.*

SAMUEL

Look who has awakened from her slumber! It's about that hour! How you feelin' this morning, angel?

JOAN

(Mustering up her hardness:) I reckon I'm about as fine as you left me, Don Juan.

SAMUEL

Joan, I was merely asking how goes it with your health. I haven't, I didn't touch you at all except for carrying you here when you fell faint and laying you here in this bed to rest and trying to get any sort of water in your belly I could without drowning you. I hope you can believe me when I say that.

JOAN

(Surprising herself) I believe you.

SAMUEL

Thank you. Now, let me ask you again. How are you feelin'?

JOAN

Fine.

SAMUEL

You slept for about a whole day. I was a little worried. You have nightmares?

JOAN

How many questions are you going to ask me today?

SAMUEL

Well I'm glad you're feeling better. I've already finished feeding the hogs and the horses this morning, but I could use your help with the chickens and some weeds are coming up in the wheat field. I'd like to clear them out before the seeds start sprouting so there's plenty of room for good growth.

JOAN

You want *me* to work in a field?

SAMUEL

Yes, Joan. There ain't much else to do on a farm, and you might find life here a lot more meaningful if you have a hand in its operation. Here are some gloves. There's a wheelbarrow, which will make things easier—

JOAN

(Interrupting) Samuel.

SAMUEL

Yes, Joan?

JOAN

Why do you call me that, why do you call me Joan?

SAMUEL

Because that's your name.

JOAN

I still don't understand what you want from me. Why did you bring me here? You don't take my body when you have the chance, now you're asking me to work for you, and I've *never* worked on a farm I'll have you know. If you're looking for a farmhand, there are plenty looking for work in town, but I'm not going to be of any service to you.

SAMUEL

You can learn. You'll have plenty of time to learn, believe me.

JOAN

Are you listening to me? I said I don't work on farms.

SAMUEL

You do now.

JOAN

No! You have me mistaken for someone that I'm not. I'm not good for anything – (*grabs his hands and puts them on her body*) – but THIS, so don't be surprised when all that's left is a useless shell of a body. These hands were made to touch skin, not pull weeds. These arms can't push a plow. And these legs are only strong enough to be draped over sheets cleaned by some man's wife.

SAMUEL

Joan, is that all you want to be? I'm not forcing you to stay, but I'm asking you. Hands grow calluses, muscles grow stronger, and hearts grow soft. You have only seen death and destruction come from your kind of work, striving to stay alive and still ending up dead inside. But here you work hard and see things spring to life after. I'm giving you the chance of a lifetime. You can start over. Can't you see that?

JOAN

That sounds too good to be true.

SAMUEL

You're right, you'll be taking a risk with a stranger, but that's why I'm leaving it up to you.

JOAN

(*Thinking*) Up to me? (*SAMUEL nods*) Who are you?

SAMUEL

That's a good question. Leads to a long story but I'm willing to tell you if you're willing to listen.

#3 – Samuel's Story

See, I used to live in the town where you came from. I fit right in, too. In fact, I was the mayor.

I HAD BUILT UP MY TOWER HIGHER THAN ANY MAN COULD GO,
WITH THE WEALTH OF ALL THE NATIONS IN MY HAND (OR SO I THOUGHT)
PRAISE AND HIGH REGARD FROM EVERY CORNER OF THE WORLD
THAT WAS FULWORTH, AND WHAT A FOOL I WAS WORTH.

JOAN

You? In Fulworth?

SAMUEL

That's back when I was "mighty good" too. (*He gestures and laughs. JOAN is not amused*)

BUT SWIMMING IN THAT POWER AND THROUGH THE GRAIN FIELDS MADE OF GOLD,
FOR A JUST MOMENT I GLANCED AT MY HEART
I SAW A SEA OF BLACKNESS JUST AS EMPTY AS THE NIGHT
AND WHEN I LOOKED UP I WAS DIZZY AS A GOOSE

AND I THOUGHT, OH, I'LL JUST GO OUT FOR A SPELL
LONG WALKS ALWAYS SEEM TO CLEAR MY HEAD
AND I THOUGHT, OH, A BREATH OF FRESH AIR AND THEN
I'LL BE FINE BEFORE I LAY DOWN TO BED.

ONE MILE TURNED TO FIVE AND THEN TO FIFTEEN IN A FLASH

MY EVENING TROT BECAME AN ALL-NIGHT TOUR
AND AS THE DAY BEGAN TO BREAK BEYOND THIS GRASSY WILDERNESS
A MEMORY CAME FLOODING FROM THE PAST

You see, when I was just a boy, my dad taught me this old-fashioned trick men once used to search for groundwater to dig wells. You find a branch or a stick that's in this shape, sorta like a wishbone. And you hold it out over the ground like this. And if you feel it start pulling a little, that means there's water beneath you.

JOAN

That sounds crazy. Did it work?

SAMUEL

Ha! No! I'd spend all day and all night just running around the farm with this wishbone held out like a whack-o, and nothing. It was supposed to be an old wives' tale. But on this one particular morning, I was feeling reminiscent and not in any hurry to get back to town, so I went searching for a branch.

AND I THOUGHT, OH, I'LL TAKE THIS TRIP DOWN MEM'RY LANE,
IT USED TO GET ME STIRRED UP WAY BACK WHEN
AND I THOUGHT, OH, NOTHING MUCH WILL COME OF IT
TILL I FELT THAT BRANCH START PULLING IN MY PAWS

JOAN

So it worked?! The trick worked?!

SAMUEL

Like magic, Joan.

THEN SOMETHING PULLED INSIDE OF ME,
JUST LIKE THE STICK HELD IN MY HANDS
SAID COME BACK HERE TOMORROW,
YOU'LL FIND WHAT YOU'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR,
BUT NEVER KNEW YOU WERE UNTIL THIS VERY MOMENT.

SO BACK I CAME THE NEXT DAY WITH A
SHOVEL AND TWO EAGER HANDS
I DUG THAT HOLE FOR HOURS
TILL FINALLY AT DUSK WHEN ALL
MY HOPE SEEMED LOST, I REACHED DOWN AND WHAT I FELT

WAS WATER, WATER
AND I THOUGHT, OH, WHAT DOES MY LIFE NOW OFFER ME,
BUT EMPTINESS AND LIES AND ENDLESS YEARNING?
SO I SAID, OH, I'LL DIG THIS WELL AND BUY THESE FIELDS,
SELL EVERYTHING I OWN TO START ANEW.

BUT JOAN, SOMETHING I HAVE LEARNED IN YEARS HERE SPENT ALONE,
A GIFT LIKE THIS IS NEVER MEANT FOR ONE MAN.
I BROUGHT YOU HERE AS ONE OF MANY PEOPLE WHO WILL COME
AND TASTE THE DREAM THAT BROUGHT ME BACK TO LIFE.

JOAN

Must be some damn good water.

SAMUEL

Another thing. You might wanna change your clothes. What you're wearing now ain't gonna make work around here much easier. I've got you a set right there.

JOAN

(Holds up overalls, with disgust) What is this??

SAMUEL

Don't be afraid, it's just some overalls. Meet me out by the silo when you're ready and I'll show you around the place. *(beat)* The silo is that big, tall, skinny—

JOAN

I know what a silo is! (SAMUEL laughs and exits. JOAN stands up, examining the clothes he left for her, mumbling under breath and poking fun of the "farmhand" look. At last, she puts them down and sits back on the bed with a sigh.)

#4 – New Clothes

LEFT WITH A QUESTION
TO STAY OR TO GO
GIVEN AN OPTION THIS TIME
I SAY YES, I SAY NO

WHO IS THIS MAN, ANYWAY?
THAT HE WOULD BRING ME HERE, FARAWAY
FROM THE TOWN FULL OF THOSE WHO ONLY BRING ME
DIRTY WATER

BUT WHAT IF THESE HANDS WERE MADE FOR MORE
THAN CATCHING MY FALL ON A BEDROOM FLOOR?
AND WHAT IF THIS SKIN WERE DARKENED BY SUN
'STEAD OF BRUISES AND SHADOW?

IT'S LIKE STANDING AT THE EDGE OF A CLIFF AND
A WHISPER FALLS LIKE MIST, IT
PROMISES TO GIVE YOU WINGS TO FLY
BUT WHAT IF YOU FALL?
WHAT IF EVERY WHISPER IS A LIE?
THAT'S ALL YOU'VE KNOWN, JOAN. WHAT'S WORSE,
THE DEVIL YOU KNOW OR THE DEVIL YOU DON'T?

WHAT A FINE SHOW THAT WOULD BE
ME ON A TRACTOR IN BOOTS AND LEE'S
RIDING THROUGH FIELDS WITH SEEDS TO SOW
THE OPEN SKY, A WIND IN MY HAIR, NO!

MUDDY SHOES, GREASY HANDS, CALLUSED SKIN
NO CALLERS, NO FRILLIES OR LACE AKIN,
BUT MUSCLES, AND STRENGTH, AND A VOICE
THAT CARRIES, AND A WILL, AND A CHOICE

IT'S LIKE SEEING A NEW SUN THAT'S RISIN'
DAY BREAKS ON THE HORIZON,
NO FIGHTING IT 'CAUSE YESTERDAY HAS GONE.
A NEWBORN BABY TAKING IN LIFE'S FIRST BREATH
A BLUEBIRD TAKING OFF TO RAIN DOWN HEAVEN'S SONG
COME ON JOAN, IT'S JUST CLOTHES...

IF I TAKE HOLD OF THIS CHANCE,
FEELS LIKE I'M RISKING IT ALL, BUT WHAT WAS IT ALL?
TRADE PETTICOATS FOR PANTS
MY MAMA'S ROLLING OVER IN HER GRAVE, BUT SHE DIDN'T HAVE A SAY.

IT'S LIKE SEEING A MOUNTAIN FOR THE FIRST TIME,
AND KNOWING YOU CAN CLIMB IT
IT'S SOMETHING DEEP INSIDE THAT'S CALLING OUT
AND WHAT HAVE I TO FEAR BUT FEAR ITSELF?
IT THREATENS TO CONSUME, BUT I WILL NOT MELT.
'CAUSE I'VE BEEN GIVEN NEW CLOTHES.
HERE I CLOTHE MYSELF.

As JOAN begins undressing to change into the work clothes, lights go down.

(End of scene)

Scene 5 – *Some months later, just after spring planting season, late afternoon. The setting suggests the inside of a barn. There is a small water pump center, a makeshift drafting table covered with papers left. Joan enters R, carrying a bucket or wheelbarrow of weeds. Stops for a rest UR, drinking from a canteen or some sort of jug. Samuel enters, carrying a paper sack.*

SAMUEL

That's good, you need a rest. You've been working like a dog. Sowing season's over, you know. *(He goes to the pump center, takes handkerchief out of back pocket, wets the kerchief, cleans his hands and forearms and wipes his face and neck.)*

JOAN

Just trying to earn my keep.

Samuel pauses momentarily, tilts his head and looks at her for a moment, then shakes his head with a little chuckle.

JOAN

What?

SAMUEL

(Hesitates, then:) Just get some rest, and drink up. We'll be getting up extra early tomorrow to haul the water out before the sun comes up.

JOAN

Do droughts usually last this long? I never noticed before.

SAMUEL

No, this has been the longest I've known all my life. Hottest summer, too. *(Crosses over to drafting table SL and begins working)*

JOAN

Hell, even I can attest to that.

SAMUEL

It makes me wonder all the time now how they're holding up back in Fulworth. Them people have got more land and prospects than they know what to do with when the sky is generous, but a drought like this is sure to rattle their foundation a bit.

JOAN

(Her face has turned cold at the mention of Fulworth) Foundation of sand...

SAMUEL

Well I can't say that isn't true.

JOAN

I say good riddance.

SAMUEL

(Noticing her emotional change) I struck a chord, didn't I?

JOAN

It's fine, they're there, and we're out here, and at least we're making it through, so that's all that matters.

SAMUEL

Joan, you can't just say it doesn't matter what happens to them.

JOAN

I can't?

SAMUEL

Joan, they're just people like you and me with ups and downs and struggles of their own.

JOAN

Like you and me? Just people? You, sir, have been out in the wilderness for far too long. You don't know those people like I have known them. You have not seen the fire and the darkness that is capable of burning in their eyes—

SAMUEL

Whoa, whoa, whoa now—

Like you and me? You and me, we have souls! We have hearts capable of feeling and hurting and maybe even loving. But those people are pasted-up wooden mannequins fit for nothing but draping clothes and singing songs and building walls bigger than their tractors for shutting out the 'you's and the 'me's.

SAMUEL

Joan, *you* have walls that have barely begun to start crumbl—

JOAN

You haven't *known*, Samuel! And one especially, even more so than the others, as if he were the king of all uprightness and self-righteous... Someone like you wouldn't even believe, couldn't even comprehend... The first time I had to... because the whole town knew about my mother, and my father had gone long before and left us at rock bottom, and the walls people build are just so high, there's no climbing over them... But this *king* lit a candle for my initiation into living hell. And it was on that very night, when he finished and he pulled up his breeches and buckled his big old belt, and he grabbed ahold of a 13-year-old girl's chin and looked her square in the eye like this and said, "Girl, you are nothing, just like your momma. Don't you forget this is all you'll ever be."

SAMUEL

(After a moment of loss for words) I'm so sorry.

JOAN

So don't talk to *me* about Fulworth.

SAMUEL

Understood.

Silence. SAMUEL goes back to working.

JOAN

What's that? What are you drawing?

SAMUEL

This is something I've been working on for quite a while.

<i>(Looking over his shoulder)</i> What is it?	JOAN
You guess!	SAMUEL
<i>(Studies drawing)</i> ...It's a fishing pole!	JOAN
No, guess again.	SAMUEL
<i>(Studies again)</i> Is it a teeter-totter?	JOAN
Well, I guess I'm no Michaelangelo...	SAMUEL
Who's Michaelangelo?	JOAN
Don't worry about it.	SAMUEL
Did he draw teeter-totters?	JOAN
He didn't draw teeter-totters.	SAMUEL
He built them then?	JOAN
Michaelangelo was a sculptor.	SAMUEL
Well then why are you <i>drawing</i> ?	JOAN
He drew sometimes too.	SAMUEL
So you're drawing a teeter-totter?	JOAN
It's not a teeter-totter, Joan, it's—	SAMUEL
Then what is it?	JOAN
It's a plan for something I'm going to build.	SAMUEL
Oh, are you a sculptor too?	JOAN

Not quite. SAMUEL

Michaelangelo was a sculptor. JOAN

Yeah, so? SAMUEL

So, I thought you were trying to be Michaelangelo! JOAN

Joan, listen to me. *This* is a groundwater pump. SAMUEL

It doesn't look like any of the water pumps I've seen. JOAN

That's because this isn't like any of the groundwater pumps around here. SAMUEL

(Points to a measurement on the drawing) Is that how tall it is? JOAN

Yep! SAMUEL

Gee! *(Then as delivering a joke)* You must be compensating for something... JOAN

(Focused on the drawing and the joke goes over his head) Just a few more changes and kinks to iron out and it should be perfect for irrigating at least a hundred more acres! SAMUEL

How in the hell are we going to take care of a hundred acres? And how are you, one man, going to build a thing like that? Surely the rain will come before you even finish it. JOAN

We have to be ready if the rain doesn't come. We're not going to do all this alone, of course. You see, it's all part of the dream I been telling you about. SAMUEL

A hundred more acres of crop out of this rinky dink farm is a pretty big dream. JOAN

#5 – Samuel's Story (Reprise)

SAMUEL
(reprises earlier song)
 I SEE MILES OF CORN STALKS PEEKING BEYOND THE MILES OF GRAIN
 COTTON FIELDS LOOK LIKE A WINTER'S SNOW
 A PATCH OF PUMPKINS NESTLED BY THE BALES AND BALES OF HAY
 THAT NINETY HEFTY COWS ARE MUNCHING ON

Oh, Sam— JOAN

EVERY BEAN AND KIND OF GREEN IN ROWS THAT YOU CAN'T COUNT SAMUEL

PICK YOUR BERRY: BLACK, BLUE, RAZZ, OR STRAW
A BIG SUN SETS ON PARADISE WHEN WE'RE IN COMPANY,
AND WE PUMP STREAMS EVEN HOOVER COULDN'T DAM.

JOAN

I can see it! It looks beautiful.

SAMUEL

IMAGINE WHAT COULD BE DONE WITH THE WATER...

JOAN

But Samuel, I don't understand. *(Sits)* How are we going to find all the hands to work that kind of a place?

A loud whistle is heard offstage.

SAMUEL

(Recognizes whistle) No way. It can't be.

OFFSTAGE VOICE

Sam! Sammy!

JOAN struggles to recognize voice as SAMUEL crosses to door excitedly.

SAMUEL

Who's that?!

VOICE

Sammy!

SAMUEL

Rich! *(Crosses through door, out of view)*

JOAN immediately recognizes the name and grows cold. She doesn't move.

VOICE

Howdy, Sam! *(ad lib greeting)*

SAMUEL

(overlapping ad lib greeting, and then:) It's about time I got paid a visit from my little brother!

RICHARD

Yes, I reckon it has been a while since I last saw you.

SAMUEL

Well come on in here and sit down for a spell.

JOAN hurries to a corner of the room.

How long can you stay? *(He enters through the door again, followed by RICHARD)* We were about to start fixing supper here real soon.

RICHARD

"We?"

SAMUEL

Yes, "we." Me and Joan, here. *(Gestures to JOAN who stands awkwardly in the corner staring at RICHARD.)*

RICHARD

(Recognizes her but plays polite in front of SAMUEL) Uh... Howdy, miss.

JOAN stares.

SAMUEL

Rich, do you need something to drink? It's a good walk from—

RICHARD

(Unsuccessfully discreet) Sammy, what is she doing here? I mean, I heard talk, but you know people. They're always talking. But surely, I thought *you*—

SAMUEL

What are you talking about Rich?

RICHARD

I'm talking about why do you have a whore living under your roof?

SAMUEL

Whore? I don't see a whore anywhere.

RICHARD

Come on, Sam, I'm being serious.

SAMUEL

She's just working for me, Rich. Lending an extra hand around the farm. There's nothing else going on.

RICHARD

But Samuel. If you will forgive me. She's *common*.

SAMUEL

Richard—

RICHARD

You're hating me saying this, aren't you?

SAMUEL

Yes. Yes, I am.

RICHARD

Well, fine, I won't mention it again. Now why I came here—

SAMUEL

Don't you wanna sit down, Rich?

RICHARD

No, that's alright, I don't exactly have the time. I just gotta ask you something.

SAMUEL

You can ask me over a meal.

RICHARD

I can't stay for a meal.

SAMUEL

You should visit more often, Rich. I know you'll warm up to Joan once you're around her awhile outside of Fulworth. And there's plenty of room here if you want to bring Martha and the baby—

RICHARD

Samuel! I just came to see if you could help me out with some things in Fulworth. The drought is starting to really hit us hard. I just looked out there at what you've got, and it's not much, but at least it's growing. You always knew what to do when problems came up before.

SAMUEL

Rich, I'd be happy to help. In fact, you coming here and asking me is more than I could have hoped for.

RICHARD

Thanks. Thank you, Sammy.

SAMUEL

I have some ideas. Let's talk about it over supper.

RICHARD

Wait. Sam. I said I can't stay for supper.

SAMUEL

Come on, I'm sure Martha can hand you over for one night.

RICHARD

I said I don't have time, Samuel, now just tell me what to do!

SAMUEL

It's not that simple, Rich. We need to spend some time on it, work it out together. I swear if you just spend some time here, you'll start to understand—

RICHARD

Fine, then, if you aren't going to help me... Just forget about it. *(He starts to go)*

SAMUEL

No, Rich, I said I want to help you and I'm going to.

RICHARD

But you ain't, Sam, you ain't helping me. Helping me is telling me what to do and letting me get back to my town to fix everything.

SAMUEL

Rich, why don't you and your family just come live here with me?

RICHARD

What?

SAMUEL

Leave everything there and just come here and live. You can work this ground. There's a well that can get us through this drought. There's plenty of room in the house. Your land's not gonna be worth anything soon.

RICHARD

Bullshit! It's gonna rain. It's gonna rain real soon on good ol' Fulworth. And how dare you? How dare you tell me to leave everything I've spent my life working for? How dare you even suggest I raise up a family alongside that piece of trash?

SAMUEL

Richard—

RICHARD

No! *(starts to laugh in spite of himself)* This is too much. I guess they were right about you going crazy living out here so long. *(Turns to go again)*

SAMUEL

Wait! Please stay, Rich. I miss my brother.

RICHARD

Yeah, well, I miss mine too. *(Exits)*

SAMUEL is left standing in defeat. He looks at JOAN, who is apparently livid.

SAMUEL

Joan—

JOAN

That's it? That's your plan for making paradise? Fulworth?

SAMUEL

Joan, one day you'll understand.

JOAN

Oh, I understand. You can take your dream and shove it. *(Exits)*

SAMUEL sits down and puts his face in his hands.

(End of Scene)

Scene 5a (transition) - RICHARD enters SR, crossing L. BILL enters SR crossing R carrying some coiled up barbed wire. BILL isn't much younger than RICHARD, but he idolizes him. BILL has a naïve warmth, which makes him a little dopey as his inability to pick up social cues might be compared to that of an excited dog.

BILL

Oh, hello there, Rich!

RICHARD

(still bothered after leaving SAMUEL) Hi, Bill. *(tries to continue walking before being stopped by BILL)*

BILL

Hey, Rich. I finished drawing up that plan you wanted. We're all ready to go on it as soon as I get you to look at it.

RICHARD

Sounds mighty fine, Bill. I'll come by later to take a look. *(tries to continue again)*

BILL

It's gonna be a doozy, Rich, but I think that with men like we got in good ol' Fulworth, it'll get done just in time for harvest!

RICHARD

That's right, Bill. *(tries again to keep walking)*

BILL

Ain't nobody gonna come in and steal our wealth, Rich! No, no, no, not with a contraption like this!

RICHARD

That's the plan, Bill. *(finally crosses past Bill)*

BILL

Good seein' you, Rich!

RICHARD

Good seein' you, Bill. *(The two continue their crosses. RICHARD stops.)* Hey, Bill.

BILL

Rich.

RICHARD

Would you ever want to leave Fulworth?

BILL

Oh, lord no. Fulworth is where I grew up. It's where I planted my roots. Where else would I go?

RICHARD

That's what I like to hear. *(They both start to leave again)* Dammit. Bill? *(BILL turns)* Have you got anything on you to drink? I swear I'm thirsty as a catfish in the desert.

BILL

Oh, Rich. Haven't you heard? The only place to get water now is the well pump in the middle of town. Everywhere else is dried up.

RICHARD

What?

BILL

It's a good thing we got rain coming soon! Any day now! *(He exits.)*

RICHARD

Yeah, good thing. *(He exits.)*

(End of Scene)

Scene 6 - *A kitchen table is UR. Here, JOAN is preparing breakfast. Later, RICHARD and the citizens of Fulworth will appear in a town meeting formation SL. SAMUEL enters.*

JOAN

Breakfast is ready.

SAMUEL

Thank you. I'll have to eat it on my way out.

JOAN

The hogs can wait five minutes.

SAMUEL

I'm making a trip to Fulworth today.

JOAN

You're what?

SAMUEL

We're going to have a party, Joan! A kind of feast! Come harvest. They won't be able to resist. And if this drought is really hitting them hard, they'll be hungry enough.

JOAN

Why are you doing this?

SAMUEL

I've gotta find some way to get 'em all out here, just to get a taste of—

JOAN

No! Why are you trying to bring them here, to work here?! Let them suffer if that's what they're going to do to themselves!

SAMUEL

Joan, you weren't so different from them a few months ago. You're already not who you were, but... It's not about deservin' or not deservin'. It's about me doin' what I choose to do with my farm. And I choose to invite them.

#6 – Fine (Act I Finale)

JOAN

DON'T WASTE YOUR TIME. YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY CAN DO
YOU DON'T KNOW FULWORTH LIKE I DO
OUR LIVES HERE ARE SIMPLE, BUT WE HAVE ALL WE NEED
AND IF THINGS STAYED THE SAME, YOU HAVE TO AGREE
WE WOULD BE FINE, FINE, FINE, FINE, FINE
LOOK, WE'RE JUST FINE, FINE, FINE, FINE, FINE

SAMUEL

I know you don't understand now, Joan, but you will someday. Just trust me.

JOAN

HOW COULD YOU DO THIS TO ME? TAKE SIDES WITH MY ENEMY?
SAM, DO YOU TAKE ME FOR A FOOL?
THEY'RE THE PEOPLE WHO HATED ME, KICKED ME DOWN, SAID "GET LOST"
SAM, LOOK IN MY EYES AND COUNT THE COST
STAY AND I'LL BE FINE, FINE, FINE, FINE, FINE

SAMUEL

BUT THEY WON'T BE FINE, FINE,
FINE, FINE, FINE
JUST GIVE IT SOME TIME, TIME,
TIME, TIME, TIME

JOAN

SO MAKE UP YOUR MIND, MIND, MIND
TIME, TIME, TIME WILL ONLY DEEPEN THE
SCARS

SAMUEL

AND I SWEAR YOU'LL BE

BOTH

FINE.

RICHARD

Attention good folks of Fulworth! You may have all noticed at some point that we are in the middle of what seems like a dry season. Now here in good 'ol Fulworth, we have a wonderful spirit of positivity. We know this rain is gonna come! And in order to ensure that fact, we are going to take our usual course of action. We are going to keep being the good people we are, and work that land harder than ever. Good things come to those who earn it. If you make a mistake, that's alright, just be sure to make up for it. Also be on guard against any outside influences that may be distracting or set us back. Speaking of which, our next order of business: the long awaited construction plans have officially been approved!

WE'RE GONNA BE FINE, FINE, FINE, FINE, FINE!

FULWORTH CITIZENS

SO WE'LL JUST KEEP MOVING FORWARD, KEEP HOPING FOR THE BEST
AND IF ANYONE SHOULD SUFFER IN SPITE OF ALL THE REST,
WELL HE PROBABLY DESERVES IT. NOT ALL CAN PAST THE TEST... BUT THE REST
WILL BE FINE, FINE, FINE, FINE, FINE

SAMUEL

WON'T IT BE FINE WHEN WE SEE THAT MORNING SUN ARISE
ON A FARM FULL OF PEOPLE WORKING TOGETHER
NO ONE LEFT BEHIND, NOR ENTITLED
BUT BY THIS WELL WE LIVE
AND WATCH A DREAM COME TRUE
AND WON'T IT BE FINE, FINE, FINE, FINE, FINE FINE!

SAMUEL

WON'T IT BE FINE, FINE, FINE, FINE,
FINE!

JOAN

Sure, that's fine, fine, fine, fine.

SAMUEL

WON'T IT BE FINE WHEN WE
SEE THAT MORNING SUN
ARISE
ON A HARVEST FEAST WHERE
EVERY WALL IS BROKEN
DOWN
ALL PRIDE IS GONE, ALL
HEAVY BURDENS AT THE
DOOR
JOAN, THIS LAND WAS MADE
FOR SO MUCH MORE...

JOAN

I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS
WE'LL FEAST ON EACH
OTHER!
WITHOUT THESE PEOPLE
WE COULD DO
SO MUCH MORE

FULWORTH

SO WE'LL JUST KEEP MOVING
FORWARD,
KEEP HOPING FOR THE BEST
AND IF ANYONE SHOULD
SUFFER
IN SPITE OF ALL THE REST,
WELL HE PROBABLY
DESERVES IT.
NOT ALL CAN PAST THE TEST

FULWORTH

SO WE'LL STAND SIDE BY SIDE, AND SHOUT UP TO THE SKY
AND SAY "WE DESERVE THIS." AT LEAST WE'VE GOT OUR PRIDE

ALL

AND IT'LL BE FINE, FINE, FINE, FINE,
FINE, FINE, FINE, FINE, FINE
FINE, FINE, FINE, FINE

BILL

Rich! The town well is dried up!

SAMUEL

Joan, they will die.

JOAN

Then let them die.

ALL

FINE!

(End of Act I)

ACT II

Scene 1 – *The same setting as scene 1, the center of town. However, it should look dusty and dirty – only just enough to be noticeable. People are shuffling about or standing around, keeping busy. Some are doing completely senseless things, “picking their noses” (someone might actually be picking their nose), but keeping busy nonetheless. During song, Samuel is going from person to person, trying to convince them to come to the harvest feast he’s planning. Everyone is trying to avoid him and “carry on,” including exchanging gossip about him.*

#7 – *Carry On, Samuel’s Comin’ (Act II Opening)*

ALL

CARRY ON, SAMUEL’S COMIN’, CARRY ON, SAMUEL’S COMIN’
COMIN’ FROM WAY OUT WHERE
CARRY ON, SAMUEL’S COMIN’, CARRY ON, SAMUEL’S COMIN’
COMIN’ TO TAKE YOU THERE

SOLO

HE TOLD ME THAT HE WANTS TO BRING US
TO HIS FAR-FLUNG FLAT
SAYS HE’S HAVIN’ A SWELL SOIREE
WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT THAT?

SOLO

I HEARD HE RAN OFF WITH THE SHE
WHO VAMPED AROUND HERE BEFORE
HAD THEMSELVES A COUPLE BASTARD BABIES
WELL THERE COULD BE TWO OR THREE... OR WAS IT FOUR?

ALL

CARRY ON, SAMUEL’S COMIN’, CARRY ON, SAMUEL’S COMIN’
COMIN’ FROM WAY OUT WHERE
CARRY ON, SAMUEL’S COMIN’, CARRY ON, SAMUEL’S COMIN’
COMIN’ TO TAKE YOU THERE

GEORGE

Samuel, that sounds really great and all, but Florence and me are getting’ hitched in a few weeks, and you know there’s a lot that goes along with that. Hey! How about this – I’ll be there in spirit!

SAMUEL

Thanks, George.

SOLO

CAN YOU RECKON THAT HE THINKS A SPECK OF ME’S
ABOUT TO DROP A LICK OF TIME?
I GOT CHORES TO DO AND SURELY MORE TO DO
AND OTHER THINGS ON MY MIND

ALICE

Well, Bill’s daddy is getting’ old and not doing so well. He may go any month now, and then there are funeral arrangements, and I just don’t think we can make it out there.

SOLO

I HEARD HE TURNED OUT JUST TO BE
A LOONEY WITHOUT A DIME

SOLO

I HEARD HE GOT CONSENT TO RUN FOR THE PRESIDENT

SOLO

OOH! I HEARD ONCE THAT HE'D DIED

ALL

MAYBE HE'LL LEAVE SOON, LEAVE US BE SOON
WE'RE JUST FINE HERE WHERE WE ARE
WE AIN'T IMPRESSED, SAM, WITH YOUR REQUEST, SAM

SAMUEL

IT'S JUST OUT THAT WAY, REALLY AIN'T FAR!

ALL

CARRY ON, SAMUEL'S COMIN', CARRY ON, SAMUEL'S COMIN'
COMIN' FROM WAY OUT WHERE
CARRY ON, SAMUEL'S COMIN', CARRY ON, SAMUEL'S COMIN'
COMIN' TO TAKE YOU THERE

CLARENCE

I got this toe fungus. And some days it's really flarin' up and I have to walk around like this (*demonstrates*) just to keep it from hurtin', and so I don't think you want that goin' on at your supper party...

EMMA

CLARENCE!

SOLO

IS SAMUEL LIST'NIN? I THINK HE'S MISSIN'
ALL OF US HAS THINGS TO DO
IF HE WANTS TO GATHER ALL FULWORTH TOGETHER,
HE CAN DO IT HERE

SOLO

AIN'T THAT THE TRUTH!

ALL

CARRY ON, SAMUEL'S COMIN', CARRY ON, SAMUEL'S COMIN'
COMIN' FROM WAY OUT WHERE
CARRY ON, SAMUEL'S COMIN', CARRY ON, SAMUEL'S COMIN'
COMIN' TO TAKE YOU, COMIN' TO TAKE ME, TOO
COMIN' TO TAKE ME NOWHERE!

(All members of Fulworth exit immediately with all props. SAMUEL is left onstage alone, looking around.)

SAMUEL

(Disappointed, but resigned) A time to seek, and a time to lose. *(He exits)*

(End of Scene)

Scene 1a (transition) – *SAMUEL enters from SR, crossing L, followed by JOAN. Both carry two buckets of water. SAMUEL is just beginning to get a cough, which is apparent during the dialogue*

JOAN

I can't believe you spent all day there. And nothing came of it, did it?

SAMUEL

I wouldn't exactly say *nothing*.

JOAN

Well, is anyone *here*? Did anyone say “Of course, Sam! A harvest party at your place in the middle of nowhere sounds mighty fine! Let me just start getting ready now! Oh, I can’t *wait* to sit down and break bread with that naughty little witch you got living with you!”

SAMUEL

Joan, you’ve got to let that go. You and I both know that’s not who you are anymore, and that’s all that matters in that department.

JOAN

(Without acknowledging SAMUEL’s comment) And *Rich*. The way he just didn’t even want your help. He’s so blind. All those people are just *blind*!

SAMUEL

(Mostly to himself) Like sheep without a shepherd.

JOAN

Well, I guess if I think about it, I can understand *you* wanting to go back for *Rich*. He is your brother.

SAMUEL

You’re right. *Rich* is my brother. And as hard as it may be to admit, *Fulworth* is my town. *(He coughs again, but this time it gets away with him. He puts down the buckets and bends over trying to stop the deep cough)*

JOAN

(Puts down her buckets and tends to SAMUEL) You’re not starting to get sick, are you? *(Reaches for his forehead)*

SAMUEL

(Finally regaining control and shooing her hand away, he picks up the buckets and continues offstage R) Naw, naw, I’m fine. Just a little tired from today, that’s all. Gotta get some rest before heading out again tomorrow.

JOAN

(Looking after him) Tomorrow? *(SAMUEL exits)* That man is something else. *(Picks up her buckets and exits R)*

(End of Scene)

Scene 2 – *SAMUEL’s front porch. He sits in a chair, churning butter, humming to himself, enjoying the sunrise. He goes to take a sip of water from the glass beside him, and just as he does, a shriek is heard from inside the house:)*

JOAN

SAM!!

SAMUEL is startled and, choking on the water, jumps up, ready for action. JOAN comes running out of the house to meet him.

Sam! Samuel, oh Samuel!

SAMUEL

(Still half-choking on his water) What? What is it?

JOAN

Samuel, I just had the worst nightmare!

SAMUEL

Oh. Alright, what was it?

JOAN

You have to understand... Every time I drink from this well water, I can't help thinkin' about that first day when we met, and how strange it all was. I hate thinkin' of the possibility that I could owe someone my life! I tried going a few days without it – the water – just to get some relief, get it out of my mind. But of course, that was nonsense because it only made me feel worse, feel even more thirsty for it.

SAMUEL

Going without water tends to do that.

JOAN

In my dream last night, just now, I was something like... like a goddess. Like maybe a mermaid or something and I ruled over the whole ocean – the whole thing! It all belonged to me. And I looked down at the water... it was clear as crystals.. And you should have seen it! I saw my reflection and I was just that – I was a sea goddess! The most beautiful thing I have ever seen, and it was reflection in the ocean! It was the most wonderful feeling, looking at that clear water. But then I looked up, you see, and I saw the ocean stretchin' its way out to the shore. But the shore was all sandy and covered in mud. And I feel so scared all o' sudden because what if the mud and sand mixed with my water, and then it wasn't crystal clear and I couldn't see that reflection anymore? So I started pulling. I was pulling real hard, too, stretchin' out my arms as far as that shore and trying to pull all the water back to me. But the more I pulled and pulled, the more it would just fall over my arms and keep reaching out to the shore. I was crying and screaming, "no, no no!" And that's when I looked down at my beautiful water, and I didn't see myself anymore. Instead I saw the brightest blue. It was the sky. The water was reflecting the sky!

SAMUEL

Are you still afraid, Joan?

JOAN

I don't know. *(thinks for a moment)* No. I'm not afraid. I think I understand, Sam. I think the reason I couldn't pull the ocean back to me is because it didn't really belong to me. It belonged to the sky. And if that ocean wanted to reach for the shore, it was going to reach for that shore, and I'm better off not trying to stop it.

SAMUEL

(Touched) That sounds real beautiful. Real beautiful. *(JOAN smiles at him.)* Now may be a good time to for me to tell you something, Joan.

JOAN

What's that?

SAMUEL

I intend to marry you someday.

JOAN

(She looks at him intently for a moment, then bursts out in laughter.) That's a good one, Sam! A real good one!

A few people from Fulworth approach on foot. They look exhausted and dirty, as if they had run the whole way.

BILL

Howdy there, Samuel! *(He nods to Samuel. He looks toward Joan as if to give the same greeting, but then realizing who it is, just clears his throat.)*

SAMUEL

Howdy, Bill. It's good to see you all out here. Getting some fresh air?

BILL

We came to... *(weakly, gasping for air)* make a bargain with you.

SAMUEL

Bill you look like you could use something to drink. Can I get you a glass?

BILL

(Politely) No, no thank you.

SAMUEL

You sure? Anybody else?

Motions of "no thank you" come from the group.

BILL

You see, a few days ago, the well in the middle of town dried up, and so we—

SAMUEL

You said *what* now?

BILL

Oh it's nothing. We've been rationing what we all had in our houses already, but we're sure the rain—

SAMUEL

And this happened when? A few days ago? I was just in town yesterday and nobody said nothin'.

BILL

Nobody's all that worried about it, Samuel. This drought will be over in no time, and we know how to keep our heads up and make do. Don't we, fellas?

Exasperated responses of agreement come from the group.

SAMUEL

Please come inside and sit down!

BILL

No, thank you, Samuel. The reason we came here is we got a proposition for you.

SAMUEL

What's that?

BILL erupts into a coughing fit and can't go on, so GEORGE takes over for him.

GEORGE

We would like to buy some water from you. We hear you have a well that's doing fine.

SAMUEL

Buy water?

GEORGE

Just enough for us to make it through this drought. It'll only take a couple days' worth. We came together and decided we can offer you fifty dollars!

SAMUEL

Hold on, hold on. You don't have to *buy* my well water. I already *bought* the land; it's paid for.

GEORGE

With all due respect, Samuel, we did not come here to ask for charity.

SAMUEL

A few days' worth is not going to be enough. And how do you think you're going to get that much all the way to Fulworth without killin' yourselves doin' it?

GEORGE

Fifty-five dollars?

SAMUEL

How do you put a price on yours and your families' lives?!

GEORGE

Sixty!

SAMUEL

No sale!

BILL

(From the crowd) Let's split, boys. Rich was right. He ain't gonna help us out.

Group turns to leave.

SAMUEL

(Blurts out) If you will boys just leave Fulworth and bring your families here to live, there's plenty of room, plenty of water and land to live on!

GEORGE

He *has* hitched onto the wacko train!

JOAN

(With a sudden eagerness) There will be a feast! A party, come harvest! Here, you're all invited.

Grumbles from the crowd.

SAMUEL

At least have a drink before you hit the road again!

One man meekly comes back to accept this small offer. It is CLARENCE, a feeble, shy man whose means of survival is keeping his head down and following the current. Samuel hands him what's left of his glass of water and CLARENCE gulps it down, wiping his mouth on his sleeve.

SAMUEL

Clarence, where's my brother? How is his family?

CLARENCE

Uhh... Rich is doin' alright. Martha, though, she's come down with the dust pneumonia.

GEORGE

(offstage) Clarence! Shake a leg, buddy!

CLARENCE

(hands back the glass and turns to leave) I gotta go.

SAMUEL

Clarence, what about the baby?

Clarence turns back and starts to answer.

BILL

(offstage) C'mon, Clarence!

Clarence turns and leaves in the direction of the others. Music underscoring begins.

SAMUEL

(Retreats to porch where JOAN is standing in thought) What now? They're so hung up on good ol' Fulworth, they can't see all that's here for 'em.

JOAN

Samuel, I'm ready. I think I'm ready to go with you. Next time you go to town. I'll go too.

SAMUEL

Yeah?

JOAN

Yeah! Staying here all day fumin' about how they don't deserve it hasn't gotten me anywhere. It's like my dream last night. And like you said. There's more than enough room here for all of 'em.

SAMUEL

The million dollar question is how we get 'em here, Joan. They seem determined to save themselves any other way but this one.

#8 – *Something In the Water*

JOAN

Samuel, I'm different, you know I'm different. I know they still hate me. I know what they think of me. But I don't feel I hate them anymore. And I know that when they see how I've changed... Or maybe I'll just have to tell them. Then they'll be curious. They'll have to wonder what living out here has done with me. What's it's been like living with you, on this land. Living off this well water.

SAMUEL

Joan, that's swell. That's real swell. But it may not be that easy.

JOAN

Well, I'm not sayin it'll be easy, but you know as well as I do, two is better than one.

Samuel chuckles a bit at her childlike enthusiasm.

See? You know.

IN MY YESTERDAYS, I WAS SOMEBODY ELSE
AS IF VEILED BEHIND A MASK OF LIES AND MUD
WHEN YOUR SOUL IS DRY
YOU CAN'T SEE BEYOND THE THRIST
CAUSE NOTHING SATISFIES
BUT WHEN I TOOK A BREATH, AND TOOK THAT STEP
THE WATER OPENED UP MY EYES

THERE'S SOMETHING IN THE WATER
IT'S ALMOST UNBELIEVEABLE
BUT SOMETHING JUST UNTHINKABLE
HAPPENED WHEN I DRANK
NOW NOTHING ELSE IS BETTER
NOTHING COULD BE WETTER
THAN WHAT COMES FROM YOUR WELL
I SWEAR, THERE'S SOMETHING IN THE WATER

I THINK I KNOW NOW WHY YOU BOUGHT THIS LAND
IT'S WORTH SO MUCH MORE THAN A MILLION ACRES CANNED
NOW THERE'S A PURPOSE, LIKE EVERYTHING YOU'VE SAID
THIS WELL WON'T STOP WITH US!

SAMUEL

AND NOW THAT YOU SEE
YOU WILL COME WITH ME

JOAN

I'LL COME WITH YOU

BOTH

TO REALIZE OUR DREAM!

THERE'S SOMETHING IN THE WATER
MAKES YOU SEE THINGS CLEARER
SUDDENLY YOUR WORLD, IT
COMES CRASHING DOWN BEFORE
BUT AS YOU TASTE THE WATER,
DESTRUCTION'S JUST A DORMER
OP'NIN' INTO CASTLES BUILT ON STONE
BECAUSE OF SOMETHING IN THE WATER

SAMUEL

I SEE A TEAM OF HORSES RUNNING WILD WITH COLTS IN TOW

JOAN

I SEE TEN ROWS OF TREES; HOW BOUT THEM APPLES THOUGH!

SAMUEL

I SEE A PEOPLE DRINKING FROM A CLEAR BLUE STREAM

BOTH

THAT NEVER WILL RUN DRY, NO MATTER WHAT DROUGHT TRIES TO SCHEME
AND THAT'S THE DREAM
THERE'S SOMETHING IN THE WATER!

THERE'S SOMETHING IN THE WATER
THEY ONLY NEED COME NEARER
JUST ONE TASTE WILL KEEP THEM
ALL COMING BACK FOR MORE
CAUSE WE HAVE TASTED WATER
UNLIKE ANY OTHER
AND WE JUST CAN'T KEEP IT IN
BECAUSE THERE'S SOMETHING IN THE WATER...

JOAN

I see bright things happenin', Sam. Real bright things. Things I never saw before because I was too blind and lookin' at the ground all the time instead of seein' the whole picture. I see your big dream, but I see it in color now, like you do I think. Tomorrow. We'll bring em whole barrels of what they been missin'. *(exiting)* Tune up that tractor, cause we are *goin' tomorrow!*

Samuel lingers, then takes a deep breath and follows Joan off.

(End of Scene)

Scene 3 - *In the town square. The women of Fulworth all sit around either coughing, fanning themselves, sweeping, or trying to calm their crying babies. They are almost zombie-like in their movement and expressions. JOAN and SAMUEL are going from one person to the next, giving them water they draw from a barrel UC and telling them about SAMUEL's farm.*

JOAN

(As she tries to coax FLORENCE to accept a sip of water) There is plenty of space for your children to play. And Samuel builds teeter-totters!

FLORENCE

My husband can provide for my children just fine, thank you.

JOAN

(crosses to the next woman) And the feast we are planning for harvest! Can you imagine? We have plenty to eat because of the well – just look at how plump I'm getting from living there so long! *(crosses to EMMA, grabbing her hand to feel her arm)* See? Feel that arm!

EMMA frees her hand and weakly slaps JOAN in the face.

EMMA

Don't you touch me!

ALICE

We don't need help from the likes of you.

JOAN

Please, see how I've changed. There's something about living on that farm. And that well water is the purest I've ever tasted. *(she drinks what's in her hand as if to demonstrate, looks around to see if it had an effect. It didn't. She goes to barrel UC, where SAMUEL is, to refill.)*

FLORENCE

Who does she thinks she is all a sudden?

EMMA

Maybe all that fresh air and time away from Fulworth has got her thinkin' she's somethin' she's not. You know, they say people change, but it don't matter what clothes you're wearin' when you spend more time takin' 'em off than you do keepin' 'em on!

FLORENCE

Emma!

ALICE

She's right!

EDNA

I can't deny it either! The number of times Jimmy had to shoo her away... you'd think she was a hound and him a coon.

FLORENCE

You know, I still don't know if I've ever seen Jimmy.

EMMA

Yeah, Edna, where is he all the time?

All the women look at EDNA.

EDNA

Oh, you know...

They don't.

ALICE

Anyway, it's about time somebody just told 'em to give up. We ain't *that* thirsty we can't wait another day or so for some hard-earned rain.

JOAN

(returning) Just wait till you see what comes of Samuel's place when there are more hands to work it! Everything here's dried up, but that well out there – it's *good news!* *(Crosses to MARTHA with water)* I can do all the things you can now. We're not so different anymore.

MARTHA spits in JOAN's face.

MARTHA

Don't you dare try and compare yourself with me. We are two different species! You hear that, ladies? She seems to think she's better than us.

ALICE

That's a hoot!

MARTHA

We believe that this rain is gonna come because of all people, we *deserve* it here in Fulworth. We've worked our whole lives to keep this community and our families thriving. We are *good people*. We didn't just take some free charity from a lonely stranger. I'm not letting go of that. And what makes you so sure Samuel's land will be so much better than ours? I would rather die than give away my life here for your cuckoo fairytale idea.

JOAN retreats to the barrel UC where SAMUEL is also.

JOAN

Where are all the men?

SAMUEL

Joyce said something about them being off building something. Lord knows what that could be.

JOAN

This is harder than I thought it would be. They just make me so angry!

SAMUEL

I'm sorry Martha was so ill to you.

JOAN

No, it's not even that. They can insult me all they want and I don't feel a thing. It's different now. I'm angry but it goes deeper than that. It's an aching. My heart aches for them.

SAMUEL

Now you know how I feel when I look at Rich.

JOAN

They're sick.

SAMUEL

It's this dust. It's getting to me, too.

JOAN

No, not their lungs. It's their eyes. Their eyes are bad. Diseased or something. So no light can get into their souls. *(pause)* Oh, Samuel, what are we going to do?

SAMUEL

Only thing there is to do. We'll come back again tomorrow.

They exit.

(End of Scene)

Scene 4 – *The next day, Sam’s barn. This time SAMUEL is in bed and JOAN is tending to him. SAMUEL is in the middle of a coughing fit. JOAN helps him sit up and holds a glass of water to his lips.*

JOAN

Here.

SAMUEL stops cough just long enough to get in a few sips.

SAMUEL

Were you able to get the cart loaded up?

JOAN

Yes.

SAMUEL

Alright, well just give me a minute. *(He sits up on the side of the bed and just breathes a few times before erupting into another coughing fit.)*

JOAN

Sam, you need to stay here and get better.

SAMUEL

I can make it out there at least one more day.

JOAN

Nonsense who ever heard of a sick doctor being any good? Get well first. I’ll make the trip myself until then.

SAMUEL

Joan, no.

JOAN

It’s alright, I know how to use the tractor, and I’ve already loaded the barrels.

SAMUEL

(assertive) No, Joan, I will not have you going by yourself. It’s too dangerous. It’s not your fault, but they haven’t warmed up to you quite enough yet, and I’m afraid of what they might do to you, so no. No, you are staying right here.

JOAN

Samuel—

SAMUEL

Besides! If the sick doctor’s going to get any better, he needs a nurse to take care of him. *(flashes her a cheesy grin)*

JOAN

(Giggles) Oh, fine, you got me with that one. Well, if you’re going to rest, then really rest! It’s back to bed for you mister!

SAMUEL

(Crawling back into bed) Yes ma’am.

JOAN

We'll be back out and about in no time.

SAMUEL

You can bet your bottom dollar!

(End of Scene)

Scene 5 – *The stage is bare, besides Martha who sits in a chair C, rocking her baby. As she sings a lullaby, the other women join her.*

#9 – Lullaby (Baby Blue)

MARTHA

OH WHEN THE FLOWERS BLOOM IN SPRINGTIME
OR WHEN THE GRASS IS BRUSHED WITH DEW
EVEN THE SUN CANNOT COMPARE TO
MY SWEET BABY BLUE

A MANY MAN HAS SEARCHED THE COUNTRY
FROM CAROLINE TO HONOLU
AND NEVER FOUND A GAL LIKE MY ONE, SHE'S
MY SWEET BABY BLUE

BABY BLUE, THE MORNING'S COMING SOON
BABY BLUE, I HAVE EYES FOR ONLY YOU

ALL WOMEN

YOUR DADDY'S GOT THE STARS ALL READY
AND MOMMA'S SHINED THE MOON FOR YOU
IT'S TIME TO REST YOUR LITTLE HEAD-Y
MY SWEET BABY BLUE

BABY BLUE, THE MORNING'S COMING SOON
BABY BLUE, I HAVE EYES FOR ONLY YOU
BABY BLUE, THE MORNING'S COMING SOON
BABY BLUE, I HAVE EYES FOR ONLY YOU

OH WHEN THE FLOWERS BLOOM IN SPRINGTIME
OR WHEN THE GRASS IS BRUSHED WITH DEW
EVEN THE SUN CANNOT COMPARE TO

MARTHA

MY SWEET BABY BLUE

(End of Scene)

Scene 6 – *A portion of the dirt road to Fulworth. There is now a barbed wire fence, just tall enough that one could not safely climb over, that crosses over the road and beyond. It stretches from URC to DR on the stage. JOAN and SAMUEL enter from R, ad lib singing and humming. JOAN dances around while SAMUEL pulls a cart with a barrel. His eyes are fixed on her until he looks up and realizes the fence is there. He stops, but she doesn't. JOAN almost backs right into the fence.*

SAMUEL

Joan! *(He runs and grabs her, saving her from backing into the fence.)*

JOAN

(She turns around and lets out a startled scream when she sees the fence.) What is this doing here?!

Both are dumbstruck and just back away, staring at the fence.

It looks like it goes on for miles. Do you think...?

SAMUEL

Richard.

JOAN

He had to have help.

SAMUEL

That's what they were talking about building! I didn't think anything of it.

JOAN

We can find an opening somewhere along the way, right? We just need to look for it!

SAMUEL

Something tells me we could circle around all of Fulworth and not find an opening.

JOAN

But why would they do such a thing?

SAMUEL

(With growing frustration) To keep people out, I reckon! Better question is why were they working on this when they should have been taking care of their families, trying to get something out of that land to make it through the season?! *(He kicks the cart with anger and eventually leans against it with his face in his hands.)*

JOAN studies the fence.

JOAN

Sam! I bet we could tear this thing down! Not with our bare hands, but we get the tractor out here... And I know you can come up with some kind of tool that would cut through this barbed wire! *(She kneels before him, to look him in the eye.)* We'll be walking to Fulworth in no time.

SAMUEL

(Looking up at her) Joan, there are some kinds of walls that can't be torn down. *(He stands up, crosses to the fence, and stares off beyond it.)*

JOAN

What do we do then?

SAMUEL

When you want to grow a crop, you get your seed and you drop it in the ground. Now sometimes it might fall on the path on your way to the field, some'll fall in dirt that's too rocky, and some might get choked by weeds, but there will be some that will fall in some good dirt. All you can do, Joan, is water that plant and put it in the light. But you can't will it grow.

JOAN stares beyond the fence.

C'mon, let's go home. *(attempting light-heartedness)* After all, we have a harvest feast needs preparing for!

They start to exit, JOAN pulling the cart. SAMUEL lingers.

JOAN

You coming?

SAMUEL

You go on ahead. I'll meet you back at the house.

(End of Scene)

Scene 6a: *SAMUEL drifts downstage, mulling over his frustration. RICHARD enters from R, and both sing out toward the audience as if they were alone in different locations, though the barbed wire fence remains onstage.*

#10 - Brothers

BOTH

YOU MAKE ME SO MAD!
YOU MAKE ME SO ANGRY I COULD WRING THE NECK OF A CALF,
SPLIT HIM WIDE OPEN SO HIS EYES POP OUT ON THE GRASS
IF YOU HAD JUST DONE WHAT I'D DONE, YOU WOULDN'T BE SOME
FOOL WITHOUT A CLUE
IF YOU'DA LISTENED TO ME, AND SEEN HOW I SEE,
I'D HAVE BLOOD LEFT TO STEW.
BUDDY YOU,
YOU SURE MESSED UP.
YOU SURE MESSED UP.

RICHARD

I DON'T UNDERSTAND
HOW YOU COULD MAKE TRACKS LIKE YOU DID, LEAVE, NOT EVEN SHAKIN' HANDS
UP ON YOUR HIGH HORSE...

SAMUEL

YOUR HIGH HORSE AND YOUR NEAR SIGHT GOT YOU BLIND TO THE GROUND
BETTER WATCH OUT, DICK, WHEN THAT PONY KICKS,
AND WHAT'S COMING HITS YOU FAST.

RICHARD

YOU COME TO FIND ALL YOU LEFT BEHIND,
YOU CATCH UP WITH THE PAST

BOTH

YOU FINISH LAST
BUT THAT'S THAT,
YOU SURE MESSED UP.
YOU SURE MESSED UP.

SAMUEL

YOU GOT ME IN AGONY...

RICHARD

I'M GRINDING MY TEETH

BOTH

JUST THINKING OF YOU

SAMUEL

I WANT YOU TO BE OKAY...

RICHARD

CAUSE THERE'S NO WAY

SAMUEL

YOU'VE GOT ME TO LOOK TO

RICHARD

YOU'RE A REAL FINE GUY.
YOU GIVE THAT HOT MAMA EVERYTHING BUT ME - NOTHIN'. WHY?
YOU PROBABLY LIKE THE WAY SHE SWINGS THOSE HIPS AND THIGHS

SAMUEL

I WISH YOU WOULD TAKE A STEP BACK, AND JUST LET DOWN YOUR PRIDE
THEN YOU'D SEE CLEARLY, I'M TRYIN' DEARLY
TO SAVE YOU FROM YOUR NIGHT
THIS WELL WILL ONLY RELIEVE THE THRISTY
IF THEY STOP PUTTIN' UP A FIGHT

RICHARD

YOU KNOW I'M RIGHT.

SAMUEL

YOU SURE MESSED UP

BOTH

OOHHH

RICHARD

HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO FEEL, WHEN THE ONLY GOOD MAN IN MY LIFE TOOK A PEEL?

SAMUEL

I DID THIS ALL FOR YOU, ALL FOR YOU.

RICHARD

SOMETHIN' IN YOU CHANGED AND NOW
I'M THE BAD GUY WHEN I SAY THAT'S NOT FOR ME, PAL?
WHAT DID YOU EXPECT?

SAMUEL

RICH, PLEASE COME HOME.

BOTH

NOTHING'S BEEN THE SAME WITHOUT
YOU BY MY SIDE, MAN, JUST LOOK AT US NOW.
I MISS MY RIGHT HAND MAN, I MISS MY BROTHER!

RICHARD

YOU REALLY...

SAMUEL

YOU REALLY...

RICHARD

YOU REALLY...

SAMUEL

YOU ONLY

BOTH

MESSED UP.

(SAMUEL exits L. The lights go down on RICHARD.)

(End of Scene)

Scene 7 – *SAMUEL's front porch, late afternoon, a few weeks later. JOAN is sitting on the front porch, shelling peas in a large bowl. Another basketful sits on the ground beside her. She periodically glances up to gaze in the distance. SAMUEL emerges from the house, drinking a glass of water.*

JOAN

Sam, could you go get the lantern and bring it out here? The sun'll be setting soon. *(SAMUEL obliges)* These days are gettin' a lot shorter...

SAMUEL emerges with a lit oil lamp and hangs it on one of the porch's posts. He leans against another post, gazing out in the distance.

SAMUEL

This is the biggest harvest I've had yet, Joan. I owe it to you.

JOAN smiles in response, but is silent.

Well, I'll be inside blanchin' corn. *(He retreats into the house)*

JOAN continues shelling peas and starts singing a bit of a folk song to herself (a capella). Eventually, she looks up and notices something in the distance. She squints trying to make it out. She puts down her bowl, stands up, and walks a few steps off the porch, still trying to recognize what it is. She gasps.

JOAN

Sam... Samuel. Samuel!! Samuel!!

JOAN runs back up to the door of the house, shouting for SAMUEL to come out. He emerges and follows her gaze toward the horizon. He is overcome with amazement and is at a loss for words for a moment.)

SAMUEL

RICH!!

SAMUEL runs off the porch, off the front of the stage, down an aisle, and meets his brother in the middle of an audience with a hug that makes you wonder if he'll ever let go. With RICHARD is MARTHA, who follows behind. Both are covered in dust, weak, and sickly. SAMUEL begins walking his brother toward the house. JOAN goes out to meet them. MARTHA trips and falls along the way, and JOAN is immediately there to help her up and lead her into the house.

MARTHA

(Genuinely) Thank you.

JOAN

Let's get you inside and cleaned up

RICHARD

Sam. *(The men stop DS of the porch)* Forgive me.

SAMUEL

Richie, you're my brother. Of course I do.

RICHARD

Sam. The whole town...

SAMUEL

The baby?

RICHARD shakes his head with shame. JOAN emerges from the house with a glass of water and hands it to SAMUEL.

You are where you belong now, Rich. With family. *(He helps RICHARD take a drink)* Not a doubt in my mind you will plant new roots here, you will see wonderful things come to be here. And you will heal here.

RICHARD

I don't deserve to eat at your table, Sam. Just consider me a hired hand. Me and Martha will sleep out in the barn.

SAMUEL

Nonsense. I've had your room in the house ready for months. Joan? Get those silver table settings out of the pie safe. I've been saving them for this day. Tonight we will have a feast, a party! Cause my brother was lost, and here he is, found again!

JOAN returns inside.

RICHARD

Thank you, Sammy. I can't... I don't have the words.... *(They hug again, and SAMUEL leads him inside.)*

After a moment, JOAN emerges from the house again.

#11 – For Everything, There Is a Season (Act II Finale)

SAMUEL

(offstage) Can you bring that lantern when you come back in?

JOAN slowly takes lantern from where it is hanging, then stands looking out into the distance. SAMUEL emerges.

You coming?

JOAN

I'm not feeling as much like celebrating as I thought I would.

SAMUEL

(follows her gaze with understanding) Mmm.

FOR EVERYTHING, THERE IS A SEASON
THAT'S WHAT SOME OLD WISE MAN SAID
EVERYTHING BENEATH THE MOON AND SUN
WILL HAVE ITS PLACE UNDER THE SKY.

I KNOW NOW DOESN'T FEEL LIKE A CARNIVAL
WHEN THE GRAVE LOOKS SATISFIED
BUT IF THAT'S ALL YOU SEE, YOU AIN'T SEEN IT ALL
DON'T FORGET TO STEP BACK AND SEE THE LIGHT

SO WE MOURN FOR THE LOST
AND WE CRY OUT ALL OUR TEARS
BUT WE SING OUT LOUD
FOR ALL THE WALLS THAT WERE BROKEN DOWN
FOR EVERYTHING, THERE IS A SEASON

A TIME TO PLANT, AND A TIME TO REAP.
A TIME TO GRAZE, AND A TIME TO DRINK
A TIME FOR WAR, AND A TIME FOR PEACE.
A TIME TO SPEAK IT EASY, AND A TIME TO THINK.

THERE'S A TIME FOR SILENCE
A TIME FOR KEEPING ALL YOUR FEARS LOCKED UP INSIDE
AND THERE'S A TIME TO HEAL
TO EMBRACE ALL THAT LIES AHEAD.
FOR EVERYTHING, THERE IS A SEASON.

(RICHARD and MARTHA enter from SAMUEL's house, joining SAMUEL and JOAN DS)

ALL
A TIME TO LOVE THE ONES THAT HATE YOU
A TIME TO HATE ALL THAT STANDS BETWEEN
A TIME TO CLING, AND A TIME TO LET GO
A TIME TO LAUGH, AND A TIME TO DREAM.

WE CAN'T ALWAYS UNDERSTAND
ALL THE WOES THAT WEREN'T PLANNED
BUT ONE THING THAT'S SURE

SAMUEL
IS THAT GIFT OF LIFE'S NOT EARNED BY HUMAN HANDS

ALL
SO WE MOURN THE LOST
AND WE CRY OUT ALL OUR TEARS
BUT WE SING OUT LOUD
FOR ALL THE WALLS THAT WERE BROKEN DOWN
FOR EVERYTHING, THERE IS A SEASON.
FOR EVERYTHING, THERE IS A SEASON!

(The End)