

PERUSAL SCRIPT

THE
POTLUCK SOCIAL STRING BAND

P R E S E N T S

T'AKE T'HE MOUNT'AIN DOWN
(A FINGERPICKIN' PARABLE)

Book, Music, and Lyrics by
Marvin Payne & Steven Kapp Perry

Creative concept by **R. Don Oscarson**



Salt Lake City

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TAKE THE MOUNTAIN DOWN

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“Take The Mountain Down” takes place in the timeless present. The setting is a community picnic in a rural park or field. The cast is the band that’s providing the entertainment for this event. The story unfolds during a break in their playing. In the course of the story, the band will imagine their simple stage into a farm in a Smoky Mountains meadow, and a distant city.

The characters, members of The Potluck Social String Band, may play a variety of instruments including, but not limited to, guitar, banjo, mandolin, fiddle, bass, harmonica, washboard, tambourine, dobro--acoustic rural American instruments. They include:

the **STORYTELLER**, a mature man, who will become *JOSHUA CLAY*, the father of a farming family, a **MATURE WOMAN**, who will become *DRUSILLA CLAY* (sometimes “Drucy”) who is Joshua’s wife, **FIRST YOUNG MAN**, who will become *HIRAM CLAY*, the firstborn son, about 22, **SECOND YOUNG MAN**, who will become *MARTIN CLAY*, the second son, about 20, and a young woman named **CHARLOTTE**, who will become the *CITY WOMAN*, a sophisticated 18. (Optional: **WOMAN**, a Banjo Player possibly, who can fill in here and there, if you need her.)

SCENES AND SONGS

The music is simple mountain America folk style, loosely “bluegrass.” The songs are simple enough that a kid strumming a guitar could make them work, if the singers are enthusiastic and soulful. Great players will just make them sound better.

Pre-show	“The Lost Is Found”	Company
1. Charlotte’s Need	“A Certain Man”	Storyteller
	“Publicans and Sinners Gather ‘Round”	Storyteller & Company
2. Two Sons	“Better Days”	Hiram & Martin
3. Martin’s Pitch	“From the Top of Clay’s Prospect”	Joshua & Drusilla
4. The Sale	“What Will You Give Me?”	Martin
5. The Split	“Better Days” Reprise	Martin
6. In The City	“What You Need To Succeed”	Charlotte
7. Meanwhile...	“Bring My Faith Back From the Dead”	Drusilla
8. Blast Off	“Nothin’ I Can’t Do”	Martin
9. Reality Check	“Empty Bottles”	Charlotte
	“Nothin’ / Bottles” Reprise	Martin
10. The Messenger		
11. Always Hope	“Just Enough Power To Pray”	Drusilla
12. Famine In The Land	“There Arose a Mighty Famine”	Company
13. Nowhere To Go But Up	“Down In the Dumpster Blues”	Martin
14. Return	“Take the Mountain Down”	Joshua & Martin
	“A Shirt, a Shave, and Brand-new Shoes”	Joshua & Company
15. What About Me?	“All That I Have Is Yours”	Joshua
	“The Lost Is Found” Reprise	Hiram & Company
16. Charlotte’s Answer	“A Certain Man” Reprise	Storyteller
17. Bows	“The Lost Is Found” Reprise 2	Company

“Take The Mountain Down” was originally produced on the deJong Concert Hall stage at Brigham Young University in August of 2007, as a part of Campus Education Week. It was co-produced by Don Oscarson and the Education Week executives. The production was directed by Eric Samuelsen, whose work significantly helped shape the script. The original players were Marvin Payne, Tricia Storey, Robby Sorensen, Sam Payne, Lacey Williams, and Kendra Lowe. The script calls for five players. Ms. Lowe was included for her remarkable musical gifts, and was given, ad lib., membership in the fictional band. A highly collaborative effort, the input of the company also colored and enriched the script. The playwrights are grateful for the generous spirit of all these people.

NOTE: If actors can be found who play instruments all will work out well. However, if you cannot find actors who play instruments, there can be a band separate from the actors -- or even just a guy with a guitar. The show will work either way. It is flexible and fun and powerful. And if you haven’t found a Banjo player, just add one in and give her a line here and there along with some of the “Famine” number like was done on the DVD. Of course -- you could just use the Performance Tracks CD! But we all love live music, don’t we?

TAKE THE MOUNTAIN DOWN Book, Music and Lyrics by *Marvin Payne & Steven Kapp Perry*. About 90 minutes. “*Mountain*” is the musical telling of the parable of the prodigal son in the bluegrass music style. What happens when a wayward young woman needs to hear the sweet story of the Prodigal Son, and the only folks who love her enough to tell it are the players in a bluegrass band she once deserted? On an autumn afternoon in Appalachia, the Potluck Social String Band takes a break from their concert in the park and weaves the timeless tale of redemption and forgiveness around their former bandmate with the strings of guitars, banjos, fiddles, bass, and mandolin. However, the story can be told by actors with a separate band, or actors who can play instruments, or a groups of actors and a guy with a guitar. Anything is possible in this flexible musical that will *Take The Mountain Down* and, at the same time, bring the house down! **ORDER #3055.**

MARVIN PAYNE is an actor, writer, songmaker, and recording artist living in Alpine, Utah. After attending BYU on Music Performance and Creative Writing scholarships, he released a dozen albums of original songs and toured the country extensively as a solo concert artist throughout the decade of the seventies.

In the early eighties, his career expanded into the world of theatre and film, where he became the Man who Searches for Happiness, Sweeney Todd, El Gallo, and the Phantom, but is most often recognized in the mall as the guy behind daddy's nose in Saturday's Warrior. His acting has shown up on the Disney Channel, the major networks, and PBS. He is a familiar lead at Sundance. He is an inventor of Scripture Scouts (he is Boo Dog!) and the Allabout Family, and in the nineties focused increasingly on creative projects for children, which include writing and performing in Alexander's Amazing Adventures and directing for MacMillan/McGraw Hill their Share The Music series, two hundred audio episodes for teaching musical principles to the nation's elementary school children. He co-authored the musical plays *The Planemaker*, *Sweet Redemption Music Company*, *Charlie's Monument*, *Utah*, *Wedlocked*, *The Trail Of Dreams*, and *Take the Mountain Down*, all of which have enjoyed extensive production. Along the way, he wrote *Love And Oranges* (The Love Book), *Vivian*, *The Prodigal*, a series of historical novels, and published some prize-winning poetry. In the new century, he is combining previous pursuits, recording and concertizing again. He is the father of eight children, all of whom follow their art professionally (except the babies), and the husband of Laurie Koralewski, a teacher, director, and actress. You'll find out more at www.marvinpayne.com.

STEVEN KAPP PERRY is a full-time songwriter and playwright whose musical adventures include everything from singing the National Anthem at Wrigley Field for the Cubs to leading the music in LDS General Conference and singing Mozart from atop the altar in Notre Dame in Paris. As part of Peace Mountain MediaWorks, he helped create “The Scripture Scouts,” “Alexander's Amazing Adventures,” and “The Allabouts” with his co-writers Marvin Payne and Roger & Melanie Hoffman. He has written projects for National Geographic, Prime Recordings, Deseret Book, and other companies. He is also a volunteer for Reach the Children, a non-profit organization providing education, nutrition, and vocational training (learn more at www.reachthechildren.org). He has eleven albums of original music. Steve loves music, cream cheese on bagels, his wife Johanne, and whichever of their four children slept through the night. Steve's website is www.stevenkapperry.com.

R. DON OSCARSON was involved in Marketing and Sales Promotion for most of his working life. He is currently Director and Secretary of the Board of Directors of Kohl's Illinois, President at Discovery LLC and Donsco, Inc. He is on the Public Relations Board for the Philadelphia Orchestra, A Board Member of the Milwaukee Music Conservatory, Chairman of the St. Louis National Alliance of Businessmen, an Honorary Vice-Consul to Sweden and a former Air Intelligence Officer with the USAF. He even has the time and energy to devote to mentoring and sponsoring others in the Arts, especially theatre. He wrote the Book and Lyrics to the following musicals: *Sand In Their Shoes* and *A New Land Called Home* with Crawford Gates, *City of Joseph* and *Christopher* with Maughan McMurdie, *My San Diego* with Robert Brunner, and *Six Sent South* with Ken Perry. He created “Evening of Grand Moral Entertainment” in Nauvoo, along with writing the book “Traveler's Guide to Historic Mormon America” now in its 26th printing. He was involved in the Seminary videos *Last Day At Carthage* and *For Us*. He has served as Executive Producer for *Hancock County*, a play by Tim Slover, *Take The Mountain Down*, A musical with Marvin Payne and Steven Kapp Perry, and *The Voice of a Prophet* (about David O. McKay). He served as associate producer for *Sonrisas*, a children's TV series, and the audio CDs: *Lullabies of Jesus*, *Stories of Jesus*, along with the musical *Berlin* (in a off-Broadway production) One of his current passions is developing and producing national and international programming for cable and satellite TV. He has also spent much of his time serving the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints as a bishop, stake president, regional representative, and patriarch, and counselor in the St. Louis Temple Presidency. He is a member of BYU Alumni Board, the Co-Chair of College Volunteer Leadership Council, College of Fine Arts and Communications, BYU; Co-Chair of Jesse and Amanda Knight Society, BYU; and a member of President's Leadership Council, BYU. He is married to Shirley Calder Oscarson and they have three children.

PRE-SHOW

As the audience fills the theatre, the band is already playing instrumentals, in subdued light. The idea is that they are background to a country potluck social, and are not requiring focus.
Lights rise.

MUSICAL #1 -- THE LOST IS FOUND (Track 1)

COMPANY:

OH THE LOST IS FOUND.
OH THE LOST IS FOUND.
RAISE YOUR VOICE
AND WITH ANGELS REJOICE.
REJOICE FOR THE LOST IS FOUND.
WHICH OF YOU WITH SHEEP UPON THE MOUNTAIN
WOULD LET ONE GO ASTRAY AND THEN SLEEP SOUND?
YOU'D LEAVE THE NINETY-NINE AND QUIT YOUR COUNTIN'
AND CALL THAT LITTLE LAMB UNTIL HE'S FOUND.
OH THE LOST IS FOUND.
OH THE LOST IS FOUND.
RAISE YOUR VOICE
AND WITH ANGELS REJOICE.
REJOICE FOR THE LOST IS FOUND.
WHICH OF YOU WHO LOST A SILVER DOLLAR
WOULDN'T LIGHT A CANDLE AND LOOK 'ROUND?
YOU'D SWEEP IN EV'RY CORNER, THEN YOU'D HOLLER
"COME CELEBRATE WITH ME, THE LOST IS FOUND!"
OH THE LOST IS FOUND.
OH THE LOST IS FOUND.
RAISE YOUR VOICE
AND WITH ANGELS REJOICE.
REJOICE FOR THE LOST IS FOUND.
RAISE YOUR VOICE
AND WITH ANGELS REJOICE.
REJOICE FOR THE LOST IS FOUND.

SCENE ONE, CHARLOTTE'S NEED

STORYTELLER: Thank you! Thanks very much. It's been a pleasure playin' for you. We'll be taking a break now.

PERUSAL SCRIPT -- *Take The Mountain Down* by Marvin Payne & Steven Kapp Perry

(Band starts pulling off instruments. Storyteller points deep audience R.)

They asked me to be sure y'all know there's cold lemonade under yonder sycamore tree.

(points deep audience L.)

They're just pullin' watermelons from the creek.

(points audience C.)

Whole lotta pies on that flatbed! The pies are always my favorite part o' this yearly shindig. I'd come for the pies even if we weren't playin' for ya.

(indicates elsewhere in the house, nearer the stage)

I don't think anybody'll walk off with the quilts you've spread.

(A young woman, CHARLOTTE, enters, heads for somebody's instrument that's still on its stand, picks it up, admiringly.)

SECOND YOUNG MAN: *(nudges First Young Man)* Look who's here.

THE WOMAN: *(hushed, to the young men)* Be kind.

SECOND YOUNG MAN: Relax.

STORYTELLER: Charlotte!

THE WOMAN: Charlotte!

FIRST YOUNG MAN: *(a beat, then less enthusiastically)* Oh, hi Charlotte.

(She reluctantly returns his greeting. The two young men commence whispering to one another, seeming to be offended at Charlotte's presence.)

STORYTELLER: What a surprise! You just get in?

THE WOMAN: Have you had anything t' eat?

CHARLOTTE: Oh, no thank you.

(Referring to instrument she's holding)

Is this new?

STORYTELLER: Got plenty o' food, just sittin' there...

CHARLOTTE: No, really...

THE WOMAN: Come on, young lady, it's goin' to the squirrels if you don't dig in.

CHARLOTTE: Seriously, this is really nice! Where'd you get it?

THE WOMAN: When's the last time you really filled up?

CHARLOTTE: Not for awhile. I guess.

STORYTELLER: Well, grab a plate and...

(suddenly)

Hey, do your folks know you're back?

CHARLOTTE: *(with emphasis)* No. And I'd like to keep it that way.

STORYTELLER: *(deftly changing the subject)* How'd you get here? Bus?

(Charlotte sticks out her thumb, indicating "hitchhiked.")

Well, glad to see you back.

CHARLOTTE: You might be the only one.

STORYTELLER: Things not go so well in town?

CHARLOTTE: You might say that.

STORYTELLER: Your folks didn't want you t' go, did they?

CHARLOTTE: They did say that.

THE WOMAN: ‘Course, that’s not all they said.

CHARLOTTE: Oh, so I’ve made the gossip headlines?

STORYTELLER: You’ve been mentioned a time or two. You and... what’s his name?

CHARLOTTE: “Mr. True Love?” Please. I’m tryin’ to forget.

THE WOMAN: Hey Charlotte, got your fiddle?

(or whatever instrument the actress plays)

CHARLOTTE: Had to sell it.

THE WOMAN: Use mine!

CHARLOTTE: Huh?

THE WOMAN: Come play!

CHARLOTTE: You really mean it?

STORYTELLER: You are always welcome!

SECOND YOUNG MAN: Do we get a vote?

CHARLOTTE: I dunno, maybe it was a mistake even comin’ here.

STORYTELLER: Listen, you and your family may have some wounds to bind up, but...

CHARLOTTE: *(having heard enough)* Comin’ back may be a worse mistake than goin’ was. I’m out o’ here!

(She begins to exit.)

STORYTELLER: Hang on! Not ‘til I tell you...

THE REST OF THE BAND: *(They’ve heard this too often.)* A story!

(They exit.)

CHARLOTTE: What? Another one of your “Once upon a times”?

STORYTELLER: Yeah.

(strums a chord, and sings)

MUSICAL #2 -- A CERTAIN MAN (Track 2)

A CERTAIN MAN HAD TWO SONS,

TWO VERY DIFFERENT BOYS.

THEY WERE THE SPRING OF ALL HIS SORROWS,

THE WELL OF ALL HIS JOYS...

A CERTAIN MAN HAD TWO SONS, THE PRIDE OF HIS LONG DAY.

THOUGH THE YOUNGER CAUSED HIM HEARTACHE DADDY LOVED HIM ANY...

(The Storyteller notices Charlotte’s not exactly riveted expression.)

You don’t look exactly riveted.

(He calls offstage.)

Hey!

SECOND YOUNG MAN: What!

STORYTELLER: I need some help tellin’ this story!

FIRST YOUNG MAN: Now?

(The rest of the band appears, reluctant and a little confused.)

STORYTELLER: Now.

(Pointing to the First Young Man, he assigns a role.)

Hiram Clay, farmer's son.

(pointing to the Second Young Man)

Martin Clay, farmer's son.

(thumping himself on the chest)

Joshua Clay, farmer.

(gallantly honoring The Woman)

Drusilla Clay...

THE WOMAN: *(objecting to the name)* Drusilla?

STORYTELLER: Drucy Clay, farmer's wife.

(She is relieved.)

THE WOMAN: *(coquettishly)* Is this a proposal?

STORYTELLER: No, it's art.

CHARLOTTE: Should I sit and listen?

STORYTELLER: No, no, I need you to play a part. After awhile would you be a wicked city woman?

(immediately regrets casting her thusly)

CHARLOTTE: *(flatly)* I think I know the type.

STORYTELLER: Sorry. I mean, it's not you. I mean, you're just acting.

CHARLOTTE: *(sarcastically)* Right.

STORYTELLER: *(to the others)* Let's do this in "G."

THE FIRST YOUNG MAN: *(gamely, but obviously lacking confidence)* Okey... doke.

STORYTELLER: Just watch my fingers.

(to audience)

Hey, I'm glad a few of you stuck around.

(to one group he says)

How would you like to be publicans?

(He secures a response, ad lib.)

Good.

(to another group)

How would you like to be sinners? We won't tell. Good.

(He cranks up the following song. The other band members are still confused, but as soon as they have music to play, their confidence increases. This first song together will proceed in a "call and response" fashion, until the others get the hang of what's going on. From here on out, their characters mostly come naturally to them, and the music just rolls out.)

MUSICAL #3 -- PUBLICANS AND SINNERS GATHER 'ROUND (Track 3)

STORYTELLER:

PUBLICANS AND SINNERS GATHER 'ROUND.

BEND YOUR EARS AND HEAR THE HOLY SOUND.

WE GOT A STORY FROM THE BOOK.

COMPANY:

WHAT BOOK?

STORYTELLER:

GOD'S STORYTELLIN' BOOK.

COMPANY:

THAT BOOK!

STORYTELLER:

A STORY 'BOUT HOPE LOST AND GLORY FOUND.

PUBLICANS AND SINNERS GATHER 'ROUND.

COMPANY:

GATHER 'ROUND.

STORYTELLER:

BEND YOUR EARS AND HEAR THE HOLY SOUND.

COMPANY:

HOLY SOUND.

STORYTELLER:

WE GOT A STORY FROM THE BOOK.

COMPANY:

WHAT BOOK?

STORYTELLER:

GOD'S STORYTELLIN' BOOK.

COMPANY:

THAT BOOK!

STORYTELLER:

A STORY 'BOUT HOPE LOST AND GLORY FOUND.

COMPANY:

GLORY FOUND!

STORYTELLER:

THERE'S LOTS O' "ONCE UPON A TIME"
DOWN WHERE THE WATER TURNS TO WINE,
DOWN WHERE THE KINGS AND CONCUBINES AND PHAROAHS DWELL,
WHERE YOU HEAR PARABLES AND PRAYERS
FROM FOLKS WITH TERRIBLE LONG HAIR
AND BEARDS, AND ANGELS IN THE AIR WITH NEWS TO TELL.
SO SET A SPELL.

STORYTELLER:

PUBLICANS AND SINNERS GATHER 'ROUND.

COMPANY:

GATHER 'ROUND

STORYTELLER:

PERUSAL SCRIPT -- *Take The Mountain Down* by Marvin Payne & Steven Kapp Perry

BEND YOUR EARS AND HEAR THE HOLY SOUND.

COMPANY:

HOLY SOUND

STORYTELLER:

WE GOT A STORY FROM THE BOOK.

COMPANY:

WHAT BOOK?

STORYTELLER:

GOD'S STORYTELLIN' BOOK.

COMPANY:

THAT BOOK!

STORYTELLER:

A STORY 'BOUT HOPE LOST AND GLORY FOUND.

WE GOT BAD GUYS, WE GOT GOOD.

WE GOT SHADY NEIGHBORHOODS.

WE GOT LADIES THAT YOU SHOULDN'T OUGHTA TRUST.

WE GOT PRODIGALS AND FOOLS BREAKIN' HEARTS AND BREAKIN' RULES,

AND TAKIN' PAINS TO STILL LOOK COOL LEFT IN THE DUST.

SO LISTEN TO US!

STORYTELLER:

PUBLICANS AND SINNERS GATHER 'ROUND.

COMPANY:

GATHER 'ROUND.

STORYTELLER:

BEND YOUR EARS AND HEAR THE HOLY SOUND.

COMPANY:

HOLY SOUND.

STORYTELLER:

WE GOT A STORY FROM THE BOOK.

COMPANY:

WHAT BOOK?

STORYTELLER:

GOD'S STORYTELLIN' BOOK.

COMPANY:

THAT BOOK!

STORYTELLER:

A STORY 'BOUT HOPE LOST AND GLORY FOUND.

COMPANY:

GLORY FOUND!

(Mandolin break, if desired, from the Chorus)

STORYTELLER:

PERUSAL SCRIPT -- Take The Mountain Down by Marvin Payne & Steven Kapp Perry

RINGS AND ROBES, AND BRAND-NEW SHOES,
JEALOUSY AND BARBECUES,
WE GOT HONKY-TONK AND LOW-DOWN DELTA BLUES,
A TRAGIC HERO FULL O' PAIN,
FLAWS AND SORROW, FIRE AND RAIN,
WITH EVERYTHING TO GAIN,
AND NOTHIN' LEFT TO LOSE.
WHAT WILL HE CHOOSE?

STORYTELLER:

PUBLICANS AND SINNERS GATHER 'ROUND.

COMPANY:

GATHER 'ROUND.

STORYTELLER:

BEND YOUR EARS AND HEAR THE HOLY SOUND.

COMPANY:

HOLY SOUND.

STORYTELLER:

WE GOT A STORY FROM THE BOOK.

COMPANY:

WHAT BOOK?

STORYTELLER:

GOD'S STORYTELLIN' BOOK.

COMPANY:

THAT BOOK!

STORYTELLER:

A STORY 'BOUT HOPE LOST AND GLORY FOUND.

COMPANY:

GLORY FOUND!

SO PUBLICANS AND SINNERS GATHER 'ROUND!

STORYTELLER: *(to First Young Man)* Hiram?

(to Second Young Man)

Martin?

(Both pause for a moment, forgetting what he means by calling them these names.)

My sons. Hiram? Martin?

HIRAM: Oh.

MARTIN: Yeah.

STORYTELLER: I need the north field weeded. While you're out there, maybe you could sing a song to push this story along a bit.

(They start removing their instruments.)

Take your instruments. Use 'em as props.

MARTIN: Props?

STORYTELLER: Tools.

HIRAM: You said something about a “north field”?

(Storyteller indicates a nearby area. Still, they're perplexed.)

STORYTELLER: C'mon! Pretend! Improvise! Trade solos.

(Hiram tries to use his mandolin, or whatever, for a shovel. Martin ridicules him ad lib.)

No, that's the right idea!

SCENE TWO, TWO SONS

HIRAM: *(stiffly)* Well, here we are on our... farm. Fields stretching out like a patchwork of... quilts. Yes, spreading out as far as the eye can see.

STORYTELLER: Psst!

(Hiram turns, alarmed. Storyteller goes over and pulls Hiram aside for a whispered conference.)

HIRAM: *(returns)* As far as the eye can see. Except where there are hills.

(grandly indicating upstage left)

And that mountain!

STORYTELLER: Psst!

(indicates downstage left, above the audience, instead)

HIRAM: *(correcting his aim)* And that mountain, yonder, named after our family, “Clay’s...

(looks to Storyteller for help)

STORYTELLER: Prospect.”

HIRAM: “Clay’s Prospect.” Overlooking our family’s precious land. Almost sacred, one might say.

MARTIN: I think we should sell it.

HIRAM: But it’s been in our family for many generations.

MARTIN: It’s worth a great deal of money.

HIRAM: Martin, it’s clear that you and I have opposing ideas about what should be done with this land.

MARTIN: Yes. On the one hand, you cherish it for sentimental reasons, whereas I...

HIRAM: *(exasperated, to Storyteller)* Hey, can we just sing about this?

CHARLOTTE: I wish you would!

MUSICAL #4 -- BETTER DAYS (Track 4)

(During the first part of this song, the brother who isn't singing works with his “tool.”)

MARTIN:

UP AT DAWN ONE MORE DAY WORKIN’ LIKE A MULE *(smack)*

WORKIN’ LIKE A SLAVE

WHAT’S THE GOOD BEING HEIR TO THE LAND

WHEN YOU WORK EACH DAY *(smack, boom)*

LIKE A HIRED HAND

NOONDAY SUN MAKES ME BLIND BURNIN MY NECK (*smack*)

BURNIN' MY MIND

I CAN'T LIVE FACE TO THE EARTH

WHEN I KNOW FULL WELL (*smack, boom*)

WHAT THE LAND IS WORTH.

MARTIN: (*with HIRAM on harmony*)

BETTER DAYS, BETTER DAYS!

MARTIN:

WELL THE SUN MAY GROW A LIVIN'

BUT IT'S SLOWLY KILLIN' ME.

MARTIN: (*with HIRAM on harmony*)

BETTER DAYS, BETTER DAYS!

MARTIN:

BARELY SCRATCHIN' OUT SURVIVAL

WHEN THERE SO EASILY COULD BE

BETTER DAYS!

HIRAM:

SOMETIMES I WAKE UP WHEN THE MORNING MIST IS COLD

AND I THINK O' THOSE AWAKIN' ROWS COMIN' UP LIKE GRASS, (*smack, boom*)

COMIN' UP LIKE GOLD.

I KNOW EACH FURROW AND IF I CLOSE MY EYES

I CAN FEEL THE NEED IN EVERY SEED COMIN' UP LIKE PRAYER.

CAN YOU FEEL IT RISE?

MIRAM: (*with MARTIN on melody*)

BETTER DAYS, BETTER DAYS!

HIRAM:

IN A WEEK, A STAND OF SEEDLINGS.

IN A MONTH, A SEA OF LEAVES.

HIRAM: (*with MARTIN on melody*)

BETTER DAYS, BETTER DAYS!

HIRAM: IN THE FALL, WE'LL HEAP THE HARVEST.

WHO COULD SEE AND NOT BELIEVE IN

HIRAM: (*with MARTIN on melody*)

BETTER DAYS.

MARTIN and HIRAM:

OH BROTHER, OH BROTHER, OH BROTHER!

HIRAM:

CAN'T YOU LOVE WHAT'S ALL AROUND US?

MARTIN and HIRAM:

OH BROTHER, OH BROTHER, OH BROTHER!

I THINK IT'S TIME THE FUTURE FOUND US.

HIRAM:

SOMETIMES I WAKE UP WHEN THE
MORNING MIST IS COLD
AND I THINK O' THOSE AWAKIN' ROWS
COMIN' UP LIKE GRASS, (*smack, boom*)
COMIN' UP LIKE GOLD.

I KNOW EACH FURROW AND IF I CLOSE MY EYES

MARTIN:

UP AT DAWN ONE MORE DAY WORKIN' LIKE A MULE
(*smack*) WORKIN' LIKE A SLAVE
WHAT'S THE GOOD BEING HEIR TO THE LAND

BOTH:

BETTER DAYS, BETTER DAYS!

HIRAM:

THIS OLD SUN WILL GROW A LIVING!

MARTIN:

BUT IT'S SLOWLY KILLIN' ME!

BOTH:

BETTER DAYS, BETTER DAYS!

HIRAM:

EVERY BARN BE FULL BY WINTER

MARTIN:

I PRAY I LIVE TO SEE (*beat, beat*)
(LORD ABOVE WHY CAN'T THEY SEE?!)
(WHEN THERE SO EASILY COULD BE...
(THERE'S A WAY I THINK I SEE...) (*beat, beat*)

BOTH:

BETTER DAYS.

HIRAM: (*stepping out of the "farm" toward "home"*) We gotta save this land for the family!

MARTIN: (*to himself*) I'm gonna save the family from this land!

SCENE THREE, MARTIN'S PITCH

STORYTELLER: (*nudging woman*) Hey.

WOMAN: What?

STORYTELLER: We need a homemaker.

WOMAN: Huh?

STORYTELLER: Drusilla, make a home.

WOMAN: Oh. Sure.

(Hiram and Martin appear. She broadly traces in the air a door where they may enter.)

“Door.”

(They “enter.”)

Why look, It’s my strapping sons! Hiram and...

STORYTELLER: *(whispered reminder)* Martin!

(Martin is chagrined.)

DRUSILLA: Martin. My strapping sons!

MARTIN: *(under his breath)* Your strapping slaves.

HIRAM: You’ll never guess what we brought.

JOSHUA: Couple ton of miraculously early corn?

HIRAM: Found some peas comin’ on in the patch! Just enough for supper, though.

DRUSILLA: *(spontaneously and sincerely prays)* Thank you, Lord, for these first fruits. And for the fine son who bore them home.

MARTIN: Hey! I picked some...

JOSHUA: *(shushing)* Son, your mother’s praying.

DRUSILLA: *(having heard)* And bless whoever helped.

MARTIN: Is she gonna pray over every vegetable?

HIRAM: *(making it obvious that he’s talking about himself)* Just over the first fruits.

MARTIN: So why are first fruits supposed to be better?

HIRAM: They just... are.

DRUSILLA: *(has finished praying)* As long as you’ve got breath, you’ve got the power to pray. Might as well use it.

(Hiram exits.)

MARTIN: Papa, if you stand on top of Clay’s Prospect, pretty much everything you can see is ours, isn’t it?

JOSHUA: Pretty much.

MARTIN: Must be worth a lot.

MUSICAL # 5 -- FROM THE TOP OF CLAY’S PROSPECT (Track 5)

JOSHUA: It’s worth everything we can give it.

FROM THE TOP OF CLAY’S PROSPECT I CAN SEE ALL I LOVE,
WITH HEAVEN BESIDE ME AND HEAVEN ABOVE,

DRUSILLA:

THE HOMESTEAD, THE MEADOW, THE SOIL DARK AND DEEP,

BOTH:

WHERE OUR CHILDREN RUN BAREFOOT AND OUR GRANDFATHERS SLEEP.

DRUSILLA:

ON THE TOP OF CLAY’S PROSPECT YOU ASKED FOR MY HAND.

JOSHUA:

I OFFERED MY LOVE, AND I OFFERED MY LAND.

DRUSILLA:

I REMEMBER THE KISS THAT HELD ALL I COULD DREAM,
AND THE SONG THAT RUSHED THROUGH ME LIKE THE SWEET LAUGHING STREAM.

BOTH:

OUR PEOPLE HAVE LOVED HERE.
OUR PEOPLE HAVE HAVE DIED.
OUR PEOPLE CARVED OUT FROM THE WILDERNESS WILD
A WELCOME FROM WANTING,
A SHELTER FROM STRIFE.
WE GIVE IT OUR LOVE AND IT GIVES US, IT GIVES BACK OUR LIFE.

Instrumental Fiddle break

DRUSILLA:

FROM THE TOP OF CLAY'S PROSPECT I CAN SEE ALL OUR WEALTH,

JOSHUA:

THE FIELDS RICH WITH HARVEST,

DRUSILLA:

THE AIR RICH WITH HEALTH.

JOSHUA:

EACH YEAR I AM OFFERED TWICE MORE THAN THE LAST,

BOTH:

BUT HOW COULD WE PART WITH OUR FUTURE AND PAST?

BOTH:

OUR PEOPLE HAVE LOVED HERE.
OUR PEOPLE HAVE HAVE DIED.
OUR PEOPLE CARVED OUT FROM THE WILDERNESS WILD
A WELCOME FROM WANTING,
A SHELTER FROM STRIFE.
WE GIVE IT OUR LOVE AND IT GIVES US, IT GIVES BACK OUR LIFE.

MARTIN: Papa, I guess you'd never sell this place, then.

JOSHUA: Not in a million years. Not while there's still family left to turn the soil.

MARTIN: Papa, I want to be that. I want to "turn the soil."

JOSHUA: Son?

MARTIN: You took what your papa gave you and made it better.

JOSHUA: I've tried.

MARTIN: And richer.

JOSHUA: With your help.

MARTIN: Papa, I wanna make it even richer!

JOSHUA: Richer?

MARTIN: (*turns it outward, sees the vision*) I have a lot of ideas!

JOSHUA: Greener harvests?

MARTIN: Oh, much greener, and golden, too.

JOSHUA: Barns?

MARTIN: Bounty.

JOSHUA: Orchards?

MARTIN: Or mines.

JOSHUA: What?

MARTIN: *(almost caught)* Vines.

JOSHUA: Oh.

MARTIN: Papa?

(Joshua is silently listening.)

For the good of the family... and our future... I want my half. Now.

Lights change.

STORYTELLER: *(to Charlotte)* In the book, the son said “Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me.”

CHARLOTTE: What’d he do?

STORYTELLER: He gave him the portion of goods that felleth to him. He “divided unto him his living.”

CHARLOTTE: *(skeptical)* Hmm...

STORYTELLER: *(to the audience)* Is that what you would have done? Is it?

(a moment to allow for response, if any)

Me neither. We’re just tellin’ the story.

DRUSILLA: Joshua.

(Storyteller is oblivious.)

Joshua!

STORYTELLER: Oh! Me. Yes. Sorry.

DRUSILLA: Give him his half, Joshua.

JOSHUA: What?

DRUSILLA: I feel it. It’s all right.

JOSHUA: Drucy...

DRUSILLA: *(sings, rubato, to melody of “Take the Mountain Down”)* Oh let him have the thing he asks -- the parcel where the mountain stands.

JOSHUA: Drucy, that’s crazy!

DRUSILLA: *(continuing)* And something good will come to pass.

JOSHUA: Drucy!

DRUSILLA: Something good from Heaven’s hands.

She takes off her instrument, caresses it, and hands it to the eager Martin. He brandishes it triumphantly in Joshua’s face and turns his back on the family.

SCENE FOUR, THE SALE

(Martin approaches an imaginary door, rehearsing)

MARTIN: A certain property has fallen to me. I hate to part with it, but...

(Nah, that's no good. Try another.)

I am willing to sacrifice for the sake of a successful transaction...

(Strike two. He plucks up his courage and actually knocks. The sound comes from another player knocking on their instrument.)

Hello! Is this the Pimperwell Strip Mining Company? Hot dang!

(sings, playing his mother's instrument)

MUSICAL #6 -- WHAT WILL YOU GIVE ME FOR MY MOTHER'S DREAMS? (Track 6)

WHAT WILL YOU GIVE ME FOR MY MOTHER'S DREAMS?

GUARANTEED TO DELIGHT YA, LIKE A DOLLAR GLEAMS.

(NEVER MIND IN THE DISTANCE HOW SHE HOLLERS AND SCREAMS.)

MISTER, WHAT WILL YOU GIVE ME FOR MY MOTHER'S DREAMS?

OH, THE SOIL IS SO DEEP, AND THERE'S A STREAM RUNNIN' THROUGH.

WHAT'S THAT YOU TELL ME?

THE SOIL DOESN'T MATTER TO YOU?

WE GOT A MOUNTAIN YOU CAN SEE FOR FIFTY MILES AROUND.

WHAT'S THAT YOU TELL ME?

NO PROBLEM, YOU CAN TAKE IT ON DOWN?

WHAT WILL YOU GIVE ME FOR MY MOTHER'S DREAMS?

GUARANTEED TO DELIGHT YA, LIKE A DOLLAR GLEAMS.

(NEVER MIND IN THE DISTANCE HOW SHE HOLLERS AND SCREAMS.)

MISTER, WHAT WILL YOU GIVE ME FOR MY MOTHER'S DREAMS?

(Fiddle break)

SHE THINKS SHE KNOWS WHAT SHE WANTS.

SHE ONLY WANTS WHAT SHE KNOWS.

WHAT SHE NEEDS IS SOME COINS.

I'M GONNA GET SOME O' THOSE!

RIP ALL THE COAL THAT YA CAN.

LAY IT BARE TO THE SUN.

MISTER, OPEN YOUR HAND,

I'LL TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN!

WHAT WILL YOU GIVE ME FOR MY MOTHER'S DREAMS?

GUARANTEED TO DELIGHT YA, LIKE A DOLLAR GLEAMS.

(NEVER MIND IN THE DISTANCE HOW SHE HOLLERS AND SCREAMS.)

MISTER, WHAT WILL YOU GIVE ME FOR MY MOTHER'S DREAMS?

SHE MAY NOT UNDERSTAND THIS REALLY RADICAL SCHEME.
SHE MAY NOT UNDERSTAND THIS AIN'T AS BAD AS IT SEEMS.
BUT WHEN I HAND HER THE CASH, I'M GONNA GRAB HER ESTEEM!
SO MISTER, WHAT WILL YOU GIVE ME FOR MY MOTHER'S DREAMS?
MISTER, WHAT WILL YOU GIVE ME
 (Major lick)
FOR MY MOTHER'S DREAMS?

SCENE FIVE, THE SPLIT

Band begins building an industrial pulse, ad lib.

DRUSILLA: *(focusing down left, the direction of Clay's Prospect)* What's that I hear?

HIRAM: Martin comin' up the steps?

DRUSILLA: No, somethin' further off.

HIRAM: Storm, maybe?

JOSHUA: Doesn't smell like a storm.

MARTIN: *(bursting in)* Mama! I got us fistful 'o bills! Big ones!

JOSHUA: What'd you do, rob a...

DRUSILLA: *(focused on the sound)* Joshua!

JOSHUA: Hold on, you didn't...

DRUSILLA: It's getting louder.

MARTIN: I didn't know there was this much money in the whole county! Just think what we could do with this!

HIRAM: Sounds like machinery.

DRUSILLA: *(whirling on Martin)* The land! You sold the land!

MARTIN: It's only half the land!

DRUSILLA: Clay's Prospect!

MARTIN: It was on my half!

JOSHUA: You tell 'em you changed your mind!

HIRAM: *(still listening)* I think it's too late for that. It's bulldozers, Mama!

DRUSILLA: You didn't...

JOSHUA: Who'd you sell to?

MARTIN: Well, the mining company.

JOSHUA: *(like it's a dirty word)* Coal!

DRUSILLA: They're gonna take my mountain down!

MARTIN: Now we got a mountain o' money!

Underscore cuts out abruptly.

JOSHUA: I will have nothing to do with that money!

MARTIN: I got it for us, for all of...

JOSHUA: I will have nothing to do with that money!

MARTIN: Then I reckon you'll have nothin' more to do with me!

(Martin slams Drucy's instrument into Joshua's hands and storms off.)

JOSHUA: *(after him)* So be it.

(louder)

So be it!

STORYTELLER: The younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country.

MUSICAL #7 -- BETTER DAYS, REPRISE (see Song #4) (Track 7)

MARTIN: *(has re-entered, sings)*

BETTER DAYS, BETTER DAYS!

THEY'RE ALL STUCK IN THE DARK AGES,

THEY'RE ALL BLIND TO WHAT COULD BE!

BETTER DAYS, BETTER DAYS

IF THEY CAN'T SEE HOW I CAN SAVE THEM THEN THEY'VE SEEN THE LAST OF ME!

BETTER DAYS!

JOSHUA: *(after a pause, shouting down the road)* So be it!

SCENE SIX, IN THE CITY

CHARLOTTE: Great story, but I don't really see why you're tellin' it to me. I been there, I done that. It's just hashin' over the same...

STORYTELLER: Be patient. Now, where were we? The younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country. Where he was met by... Y'all.

CHARLOTTE: Huh?

STORYTELLER: *(whispered reminder)* "Wicked City Woman."

CHARLOTTE: Oh. It's time for...? Yeah. Sorry.

(looking for direction from the Storyteller)

So-o-o...?

(Storyteller rubs his thumb and fingers together in the galaxy-wide accepted gesture for "money.")

Light change.

(purrs to Martin)

Welcome to the city, farmboy.

MARTIN: You live here?

CHARLOTTE: Like crazy.

MARTIN: Where's a good place to stay?

CHARLOTTE: You want a bench? You want a room? You want a suite?

MARTIN: *(like a reflex of thrift)* Whatever costs...

(changes his mind)

the most!

CHARLOTTE: Well, in that case come home with me.

Music hit, ad lib.

MARTIN: Um, I...

CHARLOTTE: You seem like a man with discriminating taste.

MARTIN: Well, I...

CHARLOTTE: Let me show you this town.

Extended intro music begins, if desired.

MARTIN: Well...

CHARLOTTE: But first, let's get you some clothes.

MARTIN: What's wrong with...

CHARLOTTE: They smell a mite like...

MARTIN: Oh, right. Highway.

CHARLOTTE: Nope. Holstein.

MARTIN: Huh?

CHARLOTTE: If you wanna make a mark in this town, if you wanna really be somebody...

MARTIN: I do! I do!

Music stops abruptly, is replaced by the solo melody of "Here Comes the Bride" on the guitar.

CHARLOTTE: Let's not say those words.

MARTIN: What words?

CHARLOTTE: I... um...

(chokes, can't say it)

MARTIN: "I do?"

CHARLOTTE: Those words.

MARTIN: Okay.

Intro resumes.

CHARLOTTE: Sugar, to make heads turn, you gotta spend a bit on fancy duds, and a little somethin' feminine to match.

MARTIN: Well sure, maybe...

MUSICAL # 8 -- WHAT YOU NEED TO SUCCEED (Track 8)

CHARLOTTE: *(During the CHORUS the company can harmonize)*

IF YOU WANT TO BE LIKE SOLOMON'S SUCCESSOR,
IF YOU WANT TO BE LIKE ROCKEFELLER'S HEIR,
IF YOU WANTA CLIMB THE PINNACLE OF FORTUNE,
WELL THEN BABY GOTTA LOOK LIKE YOU'RE ALREADY THERE.
WHAT YOU NEED TO SUCCEED IS TO LOOK LIKE MONEY,
LIKE YOU CAME FROM SOME FAMOUS DYNASTY.
IF YOU NEED TO SUCCEED, LET ME TELL YOU, HONEY,
WHAT YOU NEED IS A WOMAN LOOKS LIKE ME.

(spoken)

Ain't it so?

IT'S NOT ENOUGH TO RATTLE SILVER DOLLARS.
IT'S NOT ENOUGH TO BULGE WITH FOLDED GREENS.
IT'S NO GOOD HAVIN' POCKETS FULL O' FIFTIES,
IF THOSE POCKETS ARE IN FADED OLD BLUE JEANS.

WHAT YOU NEED TO SUCCEED IS TO LOOK LIKE MONEY,
LIKE YOU CAME FROM SOME FAMOUS DYNASTY.
IF YOU NEED TO SUCCEED, LET ME TELL YOU, HONEY,
WHAT YOU NEED IS A WOMAN LOOKS LIKE ME.

(Harmonica instrumental break, if desired)

THE THINGS WE'RE GONNA DO!
THE SIGHTS WE'RE GONNA SEE!
GONNA SPEND MY TIME WITH YOU
SPENDIN' EVERY DIME ON ME!
WHAT YOU NEED TO SUCCEED IS TO LOOK LIKE MONEY,
LIKE YOU CAME FROM SOME FAMOUS DYNASTY.
IF YOU NEED TO SUCCEED, LET ME TELL YOU, HONEY,
WHAT YOU NEED IS A WOMAN LOOKS LIKE ME.
WHAT YOU NEED IS A WOMAN...
... LOOKS LIKE ME.

STORYTELLER: *(after applause, to Charlotte)* Hey, that was good! You really nailed it!

CHARLOTTE: Thanks!

(sees the implication)

I think.

SCENE SEVEN, MEANWHILE...

MUSICAL #9 -- BACK FROM THE DEAD (Track 9)

STORYTELLER: *(to audience)* You remember this boy's mother had a tendency to pray? Well, she prayed over everything, and she prayed over everyone. But it's harder to pray when the one who "despitefully uses you" used to wake you in the night for comfort. And when the world beyond your walls keeps sayin' to ya --

EVERYBODY BUT DRUSILLA: *(clamoring, ad lib.)* Give up on the bum! Quit hangin' on! No hope for kids like him! Give up hope! No hope...

DRUSILLA: *(Should sing and not play)*

LORD, I HEAR YOU KNOCKIN' ON MY DOOR,
SWEET TENDER SOUND LIKE A THOUSAND TIMES BEFORE.

PERUSAL SCRIPT -- Take The Mountain Down by Marvin Payne & Steven Kapp Perry

BUT I'M AFRAID IN THESE DARK DAYS TO LET YOU IN.
HELP ME CUT OUT THE DOUBT TAKIN' ROOT UNDERNEATH MY SKIN.
I TRUSTED IN THIS MOUNTAIN LIKE I TRUSTED IN YOUR HAND.
SOMETHIN' SOLID I COULD COUNT ON, NOW IT'S CRUMBLIN' WHERE I STAND.
BEFORE YOU LET HIM KILL THIS MOUNTAIN YOU MIGHT'VE KILLED ME INSTEAD.
LORD, BRING MY FAITH BACK FROM THE DEAD.
LORD, I WENT ON DOWN TO THE BONES OF EARTH,
TO THE GATES OF HELL GIVIN' LIFE, GIVIN' LOVE, GIVIN' BIRTH.
I WAS WILLIN' TO WRESTLE DEATH FOR THIS SON SO SWEET.
THEN HE TURNED LIKE A SERPENT TANGLED UP ALL AROUND MY FEET.

(Fiddle interlude)

I TRUSTED IN THIS MOUNTAIN LIKE I TRUSTED IN YOUR HAND.
SOMETHIN' SOLID I COULD COUNT ON, NOW IT'S CRUMBLIN' WHERE I STAND.
BEFORE YOU LET HIM KILL THIS MOUNTAIN YOU MIGHT'VE KILLED ME INSTEAD.
LORD, BRING MY FAITH BACK FROM THE DEAD.

(MUSIC slows)

BEFORE YOU LET HIM KILL THIS MOUNTAIN YOU MIGHT'VE KILLED ME INSTEAD.
LORD, BRING MY FAITH BACK FROM THE DEAD.

15 more pages to the end of the show

REVIEWS

Take The Mountain Down (drama)

By Steven Kapp Perry, Marvin Payne

Reviewed by R. W. Rasband for the Association for Mormon Letters

On 8/25/2007

Directed by Eric Samuelson; with Marvin Payne, Tricia Storey, Robby Sorensen, Sam Payne, Lacey Williams, and Kendra Love; presented at Brigham Young University August 21-24, 2007

When I saw this on the program for BYU's Education Week, I knew I had to get tickets. The presence of the ever-reliable Marvin Payne, his son Sam, and my former next-door neighbor Lacey Williams was a big incentive. I wasn't disappointed. *Take The Mountain Down* is probably the coolest music performance I've seen at an Education Week. It's a retelling of the New Testament parable of the prodigal son, in country/bluegrass/blues music. It's a simply told story, but recounted without a loss of the full human dimensions and some of the sharp edges of the Biblical tale. The Prodigal Son is maybe the most important and suggestive story the Savior ever said, and Payne and Perry's music is an irresistible vehicle for a new version. The show is subtitled "a finger-pickin' parable" and it certainly is that; toe-tapping, foot-stomping and hand-clapping as well. The music isn't just pastiche or a parody of country; it's the real thing, exhilaratingly so. Several numbers have that bluegrass "high lonesome sound": others, especially as sung by Sam Payne, pay great tribute to the blues.

The most remarkable thing about this show is its sweetness and love; it completely avoids self-righteousness and sanctimony. The emphasis is on rejoicing over the finding of the lost sheep (although the folly of the prodigal is shown, sometimes with humor and sometimes with great pathos.) One aspect of the story which has always bothered me (one of the sharp edges, so to speak), is the disgruntled reaction of the older, faithful son to his younger brother's return. Payne and Perry provide some acute psychological reasons why the younger son would be resentful before he left. And the song "All That I Have Is Yours" which is sung by the father to the older son after the younger brother comes back, is a masterful little reckoning of the balance of forgiveness, consequences and love. It helps one understand just a little how the unconditional love of God might apply to a stupid sinner such as yourself. Perry and Payne fill in some of the blanks of the story. It's set in a modern-ish time, with strip-mining and damage to the environment, plus big city materialism and immorality as elements. There's also the addition of the prodigal son's mom (nicely played and sung by Tricia Storey), an essential and very Mormon touch. Marvin Payne, wearing an appropriately Biblical beard, presides. Lacey Williams plays Charlotte, the returning prodigal daughter for whom the story is told (as well as playing "the harlot" in the story itself.) She has a big, angelic voice and is a real charmer. Sam Payne makes a dynamic but eventually befuddled prodigal. As I said, the songs are outstanding. "Back From The Dead" is a convincing LDS portrayal of "the dark night of the soul." The acapella chorus "There Arose A Mighty Famine In The Land" gave me goosebumps. And the rousing "The Lost Is Found" with its refrain of "rejoice" will have you singing along as you leave the theater. It would be nice if they would take this on tour so more people could see it. In any case they should get it on CD and DVD as soon as possible. If I were giving letter grades, this would easily be an "A."

Concert review: 'Mountain Down' is spirited

By [Sharon Haddock](#), For the Deseret News

Published: Thursday, Aug. 30 2007

TAKE THE MOUNTAIN DOWN; Campus Education Week 4-day debut; de Jong Theater, Harris Fine Arts, BYU campus. Running time: 90 minutes.

PROVO — There's no shortage of spirit in "Take the Mountain Down."

Sam Payne alone could fuel a rocket. He dances vigorously, sings with energy and lights up the stage every time he's on it.

Since he's the prodigal son in this story and the one who goes off to the big city to live riotously, it's a good thing.

Without such a talent, this tale could be a little tedious.

Not to say there isn't a great deal to like about this show.

Most of the songs are rollicking, easy to hum, country bluegrass.

Lacey Williams, who plays the part of the prodigal daughter, has a wonderful countrified voice and all of the six musicians involved in this tale can strum a guitar and pick a fiddle.

There are a number of humorous moments built in as well as some nice insights.

Instruments — including a washboard — used as symbols for a field plow, a mountain handed over and a mother's coffin, add uniqueness.

This is a mighty tale told in a new way.

The "Potluck Social String Band" is performing at a country picnic when Charlotte comes by, trying to talk herself into reconnecting with her family.

Joshua asks her to listen to a story.

Steven Kapp Perry wrote the music, including the signature number "Publicans and Sinners Gather Round." Standouts include "The Lost Is Found," "What You Need to Succeed" and "A Shirt, a Shave and Brand-new Shoes."

It's heartening and reasonably told and mostly fun to watch.