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# THEY CALLED HIM BROTHER JOSEPH

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## **Cast of Characters**

LUCK MACK SMITH ( MUST PLAY FROM 40 TO 70)  
CORNELIUS MCCARIN (19-24)  
JOSEPH SMITH, JUNIOR ( BOY OF 14 AND YOUNG MAN IN 20'S)  
JOSEPH SMITH, SENIOR (40's)  
SOPHRONIA SMITH (15)  
CATHERINE SMITH (8)  
WILLIAM SMITH (12)  
SAMUEL SMITH (9)  
ALVIN SMITH (21)  
HYRUM SMITH (20'S)  
MARTIN HARRIS (50's)  
EMMA HALE (20'S TO 30'S)  
MR AND MRS HALE  
REVEREND CHASE  
RUFFIAN #1  
OLD NICK  
OTHER "RUFFIANS"  
MARY FIELDING  
ELIZA R. SNOW  
ZINA HUNTINGTON  
TOWNSFOLK ( FOUR GROUPS INCLUDING CHILDREN AND YOUTH)

## **Musical Synopsis**

#1 OVERTURE  
#2 FIFTY THIS YEAR  
#3 THEY CALLED HIM BROTHER JOSEPH  
#4 FACTS  
#5 THE VISION  
#6 WHAT WAS IT LIKE?  
#7 EVERYTHING AND MORE  
#8 BROTHER JOSEPH'S SONG  
#9 DIVINE DIVINING ROD  
#10 FAITH  
#11 TRUTH  
#12 CURTAIN CALL

## THEY CALLED HIM BROTHER JOSEPH

### MUSICAL #1 -- OVERTURE

**SCENE 1 -- AT RISE:** April, 1855. The stage is black. In four different areas of the stage IMAGES appear on screens or scrims, or there are set pieces that represent PALMYRA, KIRTLAND, JACKSON COUNTY and NAUVOO. DOWN RIGHT a pool of light rises. LUCY MACK SMITH, a woman in her late-70s, sits in a rocking chair. She wears a black dress, a white cap, and a white shawl. She begins to rock. With the rhythm of the rocking chair, MUSIC STARTS:

### MUSICAL # 2 -- FIFTY THIS YEAR

**LUCY:**

HE WOULD HAVE BEEN 50 THIS YEAR. JUST THINK...  
THAT ELEGANT BOY WITH WONDER IN HIS EYES.  
I THINK OF HIM: THE MEMORY ENDEARS.  
NOT A PERFECT CHILD, BUT WISE BEYOND HIS YEARS.

I can't believe it. Fifty.

JUST A MOMENT AGO...FOURTEEN.  
ALVIN WINNING...BUT NEVER MEAN.

*(A pool of light rises in the "PALMYRA AREA" on YOUNG JOSEPH SMITH, a boy of 14, with him is his older brother ALVIN SMITH, 21. They are frozen in a "tableau," ALVIN has JOSEPH in a headlock.)*

FRIENDS AND FOLLOWERS GONE,

*(A light rises in the "JACKSON COUNTY AREA" on a handful of MEN and WOMEN sitting in pews, small hymnals in their hands.)*

FAMILY LOST OR MOVED ON OR IN BETWEEN.

*(A light rises in the "PALMYRA AREA" on JOSEPH SMITH, SR., a tall, thin man in his 50s, who, with OLIVER COWDRY, is confirming SOPHRONIA, a teenage girl of 15. Around them are CATHERINE, a little girl of 8, SAMUEL, a boy of 12 and WILLIAM, a boy of 9. Behind them are handful of PALMYRA TOWNSFOLK looking on.)*

IS IT SILLY TO SIT AND ROCK?

IS IT SENSELESS TO WATCH THE CLOCK?

WHERE DO VISIONS AND VISITATIONS HIDE,

WHEN I WANT THEM BY MY SIDE.

MY DEAR KIRTLAND, FAR WEST...NAUVOO, PALMYRA...

*(Lights up on the "NAUVOO AREA" where EMMA, a beautiful woman of 30, a black shawl draped over her head, on one side is a teenage GIRL, on the other, four teenage BOYS.)*

IN A JUMBLE THEY APPEAR

HYRUM'S VOICE IS SOMETIMES CLEAR.

*(A light rises on the KIRTLAND AREA. HYRUM, a handsome man of about 30, is frozen in the middle of digging a hole. Behind him, stand a handful of KIRTLAND TOWNSFOLK in various poses of "building the temple.")*

HOW I WISH THEY ALL WERE HERE.

HE WOULD HAVE BEEN 50 THIS YEAR.

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*(Then a KNOCK at the door. The lights on the different areas go out and the TOWNSFOLK exit. The music continues. A KNOCK again.)*

**WOMAN'S VOICE** :Mama?

*(The music stops as Lucy is startled out of her reminiscences.)*

Mama, I have pots boiling on the stove.

**LUCY**: Don't worry, Catherine, I'll get it.

*(She pulls herself to her feet, limps to the door and pantomime's opening it. We HEAR the door squeak as a light comes up in the shape of a door. Standing there is CORNELIUS MCCARIN, a dapper young man in his late teens or early 20s.)*

**LUCY**: Yes?

**CORNELIUS**: I'm looking for a Mrs. Joseph Smith, Senior.

**LUCY**: Yes.

**CORNELIUS**: Would that be you, ma'am?

**LUCY**: Yes.

**CORNELIUS**: I'm a reporter. Can I talk to you?

**LUCY**: No.

*(She pantomimes slamming the door. The door light goes out as we HEAR the door slam. She starts back to her chair.)*

**WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)**: Who was it, Mama?

**LUCY**: Just some trash. I got rid of it.

*(A KNOCK at the door again.)*

**WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)**: Is that the door again?

*(LUCY stops and heaves a sigh.)*

**LUCY**: I've got it.

*(She limps back to the door and pantomimes opening it. The door light rises as we HEAR the door squeak again. CORNELIUS rubs his nose.)*

**CORNELIUS**: Maybe you didn't understand, Mrs. Smith, I'm a reporter with— —

*(She slams the door again. The door light goes out as we HEAR the door slam. She starts back to the rocker. A KNOCK. She stops again.)*

**LUCY**: Well, he's persistent, I'll give him that.

*(She returns to the door and opens it. The door light rises as we HEAR the squeak. CORNELIUS jumps in the house.)*

**CORNELIUS**: Please don't slam the door in my face again, Mrs. Smith.

**LUCY**: Why?

**CORNELIUS**: Because I want to talk to you. No, I want to interview you.

**LUCY**: Why?

**CORNELIUS**: *(Incredulously.)* B-because... Well, because you're his mother. You're Joe Smith's mother. And because if I do, I get twenty-five dollars.

**LUCY**: Goodbye.

*(She turns and walks away.)*

Don't slam the door when you leave.

**CORNELIUS**: Please, Mrs. Smith. Please.

*(She stops.)*

I really could use that twenty-five dollars.

*(His plaintive plea stops her. She turns, scrutinizes him and takes a deep calming breath.)*

**WOMAN'S VOICE (OS)**: Is someone here, Mama?

**LUCY**: *(yelling)* A reporter.

**WOMAN'S VOICE (OS)**: A reporter?

**LUCY**: *(yelling)* You tend to your pots. I'll take care of him.

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*(She eyes the young man)*

What's your name. young man?

**CORNELIUS:** Cornelius McCarin, I'm a reporter for the— —

**LUCY:** Prove it.

**CORNELIUS:** Ma'am?

**LUCY:** I said, prove that you're a reporter. I have had more reporters at my door this year than a hen's got chicks. And each and every one of them showed me a piece of paper. Where's your piece of paper? Where are your cre-den-tials?

*(CORNELIUS takes his hat in his hand, and stares at the ground.)*

**CORNELIUS:** Well, it looks like you got me red-handed ma'am. I'm not a reporter...yet, but I'm a'fixin' to be.

**LUCY:** "A'fixin'"? You're "a'fixin'" to be? You never will with English like that.

**CORNELIUS:** Hoping. I am hoping to be. And if I can interview you, my editor will sure enough give me a job.

*(LUCY thinks a moment, then limps back to her chair.)*

How come you're limping?

**LUCY:** Because I'm old. All old people limp. It's our rite of passage.

*(She sits and looks up at him.)*

All right, your plight has moved my ancient heart. What do you want?

**CORNELIUS:** To interview you.

**LUCY:** I sort of got that part. But why?

**CORNELIUS:** Because you're the American Prophet's mother.

**LUCY:** Who told you that?

**CORNELIUS:** My editor. Seems the Mormon's're makin' a— —

**LUCY:** The "Mormon's'r"? What's a "Mormon's'r"? Sounds like some new fangled doodad. You young people and your sloppy language.

**CORNELIUS:** I'm sorry, ma'am.

*(He clears his throat and speaks very carefully)*

It seems that the Mormon's are making quite a name for themselves out in the Utah territory.

**LUCY:** Are they now.

**CORNELIUS:** Yes, ma'am. They got theirselves quite a colony out there with wagon trains and hand cart companies cuttin' a regular trail on the prairie.

**LUCY:** You don't say.

**CORNELIUS:** Yes, ma'am. You didn't follow your people West, did you?

**LUCY:** If I did, would I be here? I thought about it, I truly did. Mary, Hyrum's wife, went and took her children.

*(A light rises in the NAUVOO area on MARY FIELDING, a woman in her early 30s and two teenage girls and one teenage boy.)*

So did my good friends Eliza R. Snow and Zina Huntington.

*(A light rises in the KIRTLAND area on ELIZA R. SNOW, in her early 40s and ZINA HUNTINGTON, in her late 30s.)*

But then I said to myself, old woman, what are you thinking? Are you gonna be wandering around in the desert at 71 like some Israelite? No, thank you. No, my home was here and that's where I was going to stay.

**CORNELIUS:** How old are you now?

*(She peers at him.)*

**LUCY:** How old are you now?

*(He straightens to his fullest height, but it doesn't make him look any older.)*

**CORNELIUS:** I'm near 20.

**LUCY:** I'm near 80. I got you beat. Where you from, boy?

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**CORNELIUS:** Saint L— — Hey, who's doing the interviewing here?

*(LUCY chuckles.)*

Truth is ma'am, my editor says that he's sent nigh-on to seven reporters over here to talk with you, on account of it will be 50 years since your son was born, and you wouldn't talk to any one of 'em.

**LUCY:** Tell me why I should? You newspaper men have caused my family nothing but grief since I can remember. Pack of lyin' wolves, that's all you are.

**CORNELIUS:** No, ma'am, begging your pardon, but we's not, least I'm not.

*(She eyes him.)*

**LUCY:** If I did talk to you... What would you want to know?

**CORNELIUS:** The truth ma'am.

*(She thinks a moment.)*

**LUCY:** The truth, huh? All right, Mister— — ?

**CORNELIUS:** McCarin.

**LUCY:** McCarin. You will leave here with the truth. That will be my goal. So fire at will.

*(CORNELIUS pulls out a small leather-bound notebook, and takes a pencil from his pocket.)*

**CORNELIUS:** I want to know about your son. Tell me about Joe.

**LUCY:** Joseph. His name was "Joseph."

*(Pointedly.)*

Only "ignernt" fools called him "Joe." Fact, come to think of\ it, no one ever called him Joseph. They always called him Brother Joseph.

**MUSICAL # 3 -- THEY CALLED HIM BROTHER JOSEPH**

**LUCY:**

THEY CALLED HIM BROTHER JOSEPH,

MR. SMITH, JUST NOT THE SAME.

"JOSEPH, DEAR" WAS EMMA'S PHRASE,

SO HE'LL BE BROTHER JOSEPH ALL HIS DAYS.

*(A handful of TOWNSFOLK, young and old, enter and stand in the KIRTLAND AREA.)*

**KIRTLAND TOWNSFOLK:**

IN KIRTLAND, 1831,

A GROWING CHURCH HAD JUST BEGUN.

TO HEAR THE WORD, WE CROWDED IN A STORE;

NO ROOM FOR MORE...

BUILD A TEMPLE, BROTHER JOSEPH HAS SAID.

BUILD IT TALL, BUT SMALL AND WHITE.

BUILD A TEMPLE, SO WE SOLD OUR HOMESTEAD,

**WOMEN:**

AND CRUSHED MY CHINA JUST TO MAKE IT BRIGHT.

**KIRTLAND TOWNSFOLK:**

IT HELPED US TO UNITE.

*(A second handful of TOWNSFOLK, young and old, enter and stand in the NAUVOO AREA.)*

**ALL TOWNSFOLK:**

WE CALLED HIM BROTHER JOSEPH,

MR. SMITH, JUST NOT THE SAME.

"JOSEPH, DEAR" WAS EMMA'S PHRASE,

SO HE'LL BE BROTHER JOSEPH ALL HIS DAYS.

*(The PEOPLE standing in front of the NAUVOO AREA step forward and sing:)*

**NAUVOO TOWNSFOLK:**

THE SWAMP WAS DRAINED, THE CITY ROSE.  
WE PROSPERED HERE DESPITE OUR FOES.  
IN SUMMERTIME WE WORSHIPED IN A TENT,  
IT SAVED ON RENT.

BUILD A TEMPLE, BROTHER JOSEPH HAS SAID.  
BUILD IT STRONG AND LONG AND WHITE.  
BUILD A TEMPLE, 'CAUSE THE GOSPEL HAS SPREAD.

**MEN OF NAUVOO:**

A HUNDRED SAINTS ARRIVING EVERY NIGHT

**NAUVOO TOWNSFOLK:**

WAS REALLY QUITE A SIGHT.

*(The rest of the cast enter and stand in their AREAS.)*

**ALL TOWNSFOLK:**

WE CALLED HIM BROTHER JOSEPH,  
MR. SMITH, JUST NOT THE SAME.  
"JOSEPH, DEAR" WAS EMMA'S PHRASE,  
SO HE'LL BE BROTHER JOSEPH ALL HIS DAYS.

*(Two or three scruffy, really mean-looking RUFFIANS, from each area move CENTER.)*

**RUFFIANS:**

THAT OL' JOE SMITH, NO BROTHER MINE,  
A FLIMFLAM AND A LYIN' SNAKE!  
AND HE'S A FAKE!  
GOLDEN BIBLE, ANGELS HEAVEN SENT.  
TRIED TO BE THE NATION'S PRESIDENT.  
FIRST WE SHUNNED 'IM,  
THEN WE RUNNED 'IM,  
THEN WE GUNNED 'IM DOWN.

*(The PEOPLE standing in front of the JACKSON COUNTY SCENE step forward to sing:)*

**JACKSON COUNTY TOWNSFOLK:**

WE STARTED OUT IN '33  
'CAUSE THAT'S WHERE GOD TOLD US TO BE.  
THE NEW JERUSALEM WAS OURS TO BUILD,  
GOD'S WORD FULFILLED.  
BUILD A TEMPLE, BROTHER JOSEPH HAS SAID.  
BUT WE DIDN'T HEED HIS CALL.  
"BUILD A TEMPLE," FILLED MISSOURI WITH DREAD,

**WOMEN OF NAUVOO:**

AND THE EXTERMINATION ORDER BROUGHT AN ENDING TO IT ALL.

**ALL TOWNSFOLK:**

IF WE'D LISTENED, BROTHER JOSEPH,  
WE MIGHT STILL BE THERE TODAY,  
LIVING RIGHT, IN EDEN'S LIGHT,  
AND THE MESSIAH WOULD BE...ON HIS WAY.

*(The TOWNSFOLK sing as the RUFFIANS sing in counterpoint.)*

**ALL TOWNSFOLK:**

MISSOURI TO PALMYRA'S HILL,  
OUR PROPHET SOUGHT TO DO GOD'S WILL.  
GOD'S WILL AND BROTHER JOSEPH'S ARE THE SAME,



MUST BE HIS NAME.

BROTHER JOSEPH, PROPHET, PREACHER AND FRIEND,  
JUST AN ORDINARY MAN.  
BROTHER JOSEPH, HE ENDURED TO THE END,  
FROM TAR AND FEATHERS OR IN JAIL,  
HE NEVER VARIED FROM GOD'S PLAN.

**RUFFIANS:**

THAT OL' JOE SMITH, NO BROTHER MINE.  
A FLIMFLAM AND A LYIN' SNAKE!  
AND HE'S A FAKE!

GOLDEN BIBLE, ANGELS HEAVEN SENT.  
TRIED TO BE THE NATION'S PRESIDENT.

*(The song almost becomes a "competition" between the TOWNSFOLK and the RUFFIANS as the RUFFIANS start pushing and shoving the MEN of the TOWNSFOLK. A LITTLE GIRL watches as her DAD is shoved by a RUFFIAN. She walks up and kicks the RUFFIAN in the shins.)*

**RUFFIANS:**

FIRST WE SHUNNED 'IM,  
THEN WE RUNNED 'IM,  
THEN WE GUNNED 'IM DOWN.

*(The RUFFIANS can't compete with the power of the TOWNSFOLK and stomp off stage, pushing and shoving anyone in their way.)*

**ALL TOWNSFOLK:**

WE CALLED HIM BROTHER JOSEPH,  
MR. SMITH, JUST NOT THE SAME.  
"JOSEPH, DEAR" WAS EMMA'S PHRASE,  
SO HE'LL BE BROTHER JOSEPH...  
YES, HE'LL BE BROTHER JOSEPH...  
OH, HE'LL BE BROTHER JOSEPH ALL HIS DAYS.

*(The song ends and the TOWNSFOLK amble OFF STAGE as the lights shift back to LUCY and CORNELIUS.)*

**LUCY:** So, tell me, young man, what do you know about my son?

**CORNELIUS:** Well, I did some lookin'...

*(He pulls up a chair.)*

May I?

**LUCY:** Of course.

*(He sits facing LUCY and reads from the middle of his notebook.)*

**CORNELIUS:** He was born December twenty-third eighteen hundred and five in Sharon, Windsor county, Vermont. He claimed to have seen God and Jesus when he was a boy, fourteen years old. He married Emma Hale, daughter of Isaac Hale, in South Bainbridge, Chenango county, New York, January eighteenth, eighteen hundred and twenty-seven. He started the Mormon Church—

**LUCY:** The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. If you're regurgitating the facts, regurgitate the right facts.

**CORNELIUS:** Yes, ma'am, I beg your pardon. He organized the— — church with the very long name— — on April sixth, eighteen hundred and thirty, and...

*(He pauses, awkwardly.)*

And...

*(LUCY looks up.)*

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**LUCY:** *(Gently helping him over the difficult part.)* You may say it.

**CORNELIUS:** Died...

**LUCY:** *(Correcting him.)* Was murdered.

**CORNELIUS:** At the hands of a mob, June twenty-seventh, eighteen hundred and forty-four at the age of thirty-nine.

*(He pauses and looks at LUCY who is still and reflective. Then she shakes her head.)*

What? Did I get something wrong?

**LUCY:** No, no, you got the facts right. But that's all they are is facts.

*(She looks up at him.)*

**MUSICAL # 4 -- FACTS**

**LUCY:**

YOU CAN'T TELL ABOUT A PERSON BY A PLACE OR BY A DATE  
YOU NEED TO KNOW WHAT'S IN THEIR HEART  
TO JUDGE BETWEEN BOTH LOVE AND HATE.

**CORNELIUS:**

HOW CAN YOU SEE WHAT'S IN THE HEART?  
IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO TELL  
IT'S ONLY FACTS THAT I CAN USE  
TO WRITE A STORY THAT WILL SELL.

**LUCY:**

YOU REPORTERS ARE A SORRY LOT  
TO "SELL" IS ALL YOU WANT.  
NOT FIND THE TRUTH  
OR KNOW THE MAN,  
JUST "HUCKSTER" ALL YOU CAN.

YOU MUST FIND OUT WHO HE REALLY WAS  
BY WHAT HE THOUGHT AND HOW HE FELT  
AND HOW HE LAUGHED AND HOW HE PLAYED.  
AND HOW HIS FRIENDS CAME TO HIS AID.  
AND WHAT AN AWFUL PRICE HE PAID.

*(The MUSIC continues under the dialogue.)*

And you won't find that in some back issue of a newspaper.

**CORNELIUS:** With all due respect, ma'am, I'm not interested in "friends that came to his aid, or how he played," and if I'm not interested, neither are my readers. But I am interested in what you thought of him.

**LUCY:** I thought the world of him, Mr. McCarin. He was my son. I loved him.

**CORNELIUS:** But did you believe him? That's the question I need answered. Did you really believe he saw God and Jesus Christ?

**LUCY:** I believe everything he ever saw and everything he ever said.

*(SMITH, SR., enters and moves to the PALMYRA area with a hoe and pantomimes hoeing a row. YOUNG JOSEPH, 14, enters, exhausted.)*

**YOUNG JOSEPH:** Pa!

*(SMITH, SR., looks up.)*

**SMITH, SR.** What is it, son? Why you're white as a sheet.

*(SMITH, SR., helps YOUNG JOSEPH sit on a log.)*

MUSICAL # 5 -- THE VISION

**YOUNG JOSEPH:**

AS I WAS PRAYING...  
PRAYING IN THE WOOD.  
AS I WAS SAYING...  
SAYING IN THE WOOD.

THEY STOOD ABOVE ME,  
ABOVE ME IN THE AIR,  
DON'T THINK I'M CRAZY  
I SAW GOD & JESUS THERE.

*(The MUSIC continues under the dialogue.)*

**SMITH, SR.:** What are you saying, boy?

**CORNELIUS:** Really, Mrs. Smith, again with all respect— —

**LUCY:** Oh, I know how it sounds, but I know it happened. Happened just like he said it did.

**YOUNG JOSEPH:**

WHEN I ASKED OF GOD...  
ASKED WHICH CHURCH WAS TRUE?  
HE TOLD ME SOMETHING ODD...  
THAT NONE OF THEM WOULD DO.

Saying that "they draw near to me with their lips but their hearts are far from me."

*(The MUSIC continues under the dialogue.)*

**CORNELIUS:** Well, sure as all get out, we want to believe that God is directing the affairs of men, but the facts— —

**LUCY:** I don't think men want to believe that at all. Oh, they say they do, they like to say that God is leading them, but they don't really want him to. If they did, then they would have to follow.

*(CORNELIUS thinks on her words a moment.)*

**YOUNG JOSEPH:**

HE SAID SO MUCH MORE.  
BUT MORE I CANNOT TELL YOU.  
THERE ARE WONDROUS THINGS IN STORE.  
I SWEAR TO YOU IT'S TRUE.

**SMITH, SR:** I believe you, son. Go into the house now and rest. I still have work to do.

*(YOUNG JOSEPH gets up and crosses to LUCY who rises and takes off her cap, shawl, and black dress. Underneath, she wears a typical everyday dress of the time. Suddenly she is 40.)*

**LUCY:** Joseph, what's the matter? You look like someone just walked on your grave?

**YOUNG JOSEPH:** Never mind, mother, all is well—I am well enough off. I have to tell you that I learned for myself that Presbyterianism is not true. I shall not be joining you at Sunday services.

*(LUCY is taken off guard.)*

**LUCY:** What-whatever you think is right, Joseph.

*(YOUNG JOSEPH exits.)*

**CORNELIUS:** So you believed him?

**LUCY:** Yes...Every word.

*(The MUSIC ends. LUCY walks back over to CORNELIUS and as she speaks, she replaces her shawl and cap.)*

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And those are not just the idle words of a dottering old woman. Oh, I know how it sounds, seeing God and all, but we were a visionary family, Mr. McCarin. My husband and I dreamed dreams that guided our lives and our family. I supposed Joseph "inherited" it from us, in a way.

**CORNELIUS:** But Mrs. SMith... You're sayin' to me that you believe your son saw--

**LUCY:** Mr. McCarin, what you don't understand about Joseph is that he was not a liar. It was not in his person to lie.

*(Lights up on the YOUNG JOSEPH AND ALVIN tableau.)*

**ALVIN:** Yes, you are.

**JOSEPH:** No, I ain't. It's the truth, Alvin. You can bust my head wide open, let my brains fall right on the ground, but it won't make it be any less true.

*(ALVIN releases him and raises a warning finger.)*

**ALVIN:** This is important, Joseph. If yer lyin' to me I will bust your head.

**JOSEPH:** If I'm lyin' God'll bust my head. But I ain't lyin', Alvin, honest.

*(ALVIN walks a few steps away, thinking, then turns.)*

**ALVIN:** It's just so hard to believe.

*(ALVIN thrusts his hands in his pockets and thinks. MUSIC STARTS.)*

**MUSICAL # 6 -- WHAT WAS IT LIKE?**

**ALVIN:**

SO, WHAT WAS IT LIKE?  
WHEN HE SHOWED HISSELF TO YOU.  
MOST OF US ARE UNFIT LIKE  
FER THE ALMIGHTY TO TALK TO.

WAS HE BIG AS THE SKY?  
AND HOW DID HE SPEAK?  
IN A THUNDEROUS CRY?  
OR MILDLY, MYSTERIOUS AND MEEK?  
*(YOUNG JOSEPH shakes his head.)*

**JOSEPH:**

YOU GOT IT ALL WRONG,  
LIKE OTHERS BEFORE,  
HE SPOKE LIKE A MAN WITH A MOUTH,  
NOTHIN' MORE.

HE ISN'T A CLOUD 'ER A TEMPEST, 'ER SUCH  
BUT I SAW, AS I BOWED, A MAN I COULD TOUCH.

**BOTH:**

A VISION OF GOD,  
NOT SINCE MOSES OF OLD,  
NOT SINCE PAUL STOOD SO AWED,  
WAS A MAN SO CONSOLED.

**ALVIN:**

BUT YOU'RE JUST A BOY  
AND HE SPOKE TO YOU.

**JOSEPH:**

THAT'S TRUE I'M A BOY WASN'T DAVID ONE TOO?

And Samuel.

**ALVIN:**

**PERUSAL SCRIPT -- THEY CALLED HIM BROTHER JOSEPH by Elizabeth Hansen & C. Michael Perry**

WHAT DOES IT ALL MEAN, DO YOU THINK?  
WHAT'S HE TRYING TO SAY TO US ALL?  
WHAT DO WE GLEAN, DO YOU THINK?  
WE ARE HUMANS SO WEAK AND SMALL?

**JOSEPH:**

IT MEANS GOD IS STILL HERE  
AND HE WANTS US TO KNOW,  
HE'LL RETURN TO US SOON,  
'CUZ HE LOVES US ALL SO.

AND MERE WORDS CAN NOT TELL  
HOW HIS VOICE LIKE A SPIKE PIERCED MY SOUL...  
THAT'S WHAT IT WAS LIKE.

**BOTH:**

THIS VISION OF GOD,  
NOT SINCE MOSES OF OLD,  
NOT SINCE PAUL STOOD SO AWED,  
WAS A MAN SO CONSOLED.

**JOSEPH:**

THOUGH I'M JUST A BOY,  
I KNOW HOW IT SOUNDS.  
I FELT GOD'S JOY.  
IT WAS PROFOUND.

**BOTH:**

WHAT'S HAPPENIN' HERE, DO YOU THINK?  
WHAT DOES GOD HAVE IN STORE?  
WHEN EVER'THING'S CLEAR, DO YOU THINK...  
GOD WILL SAY MORE?

*(JOSEPH and ALVIN freeze. The LIGHTS rise on CORNELIUS and LUCY.)*

**LUCY:** A few years later, Alvin...died. I don't think Joseph ever got over it. He worshipped Alvin, for Alvin was the gentlest, purest soul I ever knew on this earth.

*(ALVIN backs out of the light, leaving YOUNG JOSEPH alone.)*

That he left before his time has weighed on my heart my whole life, and weighed on Joseph's until the day he died.

*(Adult JOSEPH enters and changes places with YOUNG JOSEPH.)*

But life went on, as life is wont to do. Then one day, just before Christmas, eighteen-hundred and twenty six, Joseph came to speak to his father and me.

*(The LIGHTS rise on the PALMYRA AREA of the stage. SMITH, SR., enters with two chairs. LUCY takes off her cap and enters the scene with SMITH, SR. She is now 50. JOSEPH turns and walks to them.)*

**JOSEPH:** Father... Mother...

**MUSICAL # 7 -- EVERYTHING AND MORE**

**EMMA:**

JOSEPH... JOSEPH...

**JOSEPH:** Since Alvin died I have been more lonely than a man ever could or ever should be.

*(A LIGHT rises on EMMA, a lovely young woman of 20.)*

**EMMA:**

PAPA SAYS HE LIKES YOU.  
I ALWAYS KNEW HE WOULD.  
MAMA HAS HER DOUBTS.  
BUT I THINK YOU SHOULD...

**JOSEPH:** I have been giving this much thought...

**EMMA:**

TELL HER HOW YOU'LL GIVE ME  
EVERYTHING AND MORE.  
AND YOU'LL MAKE ME SMILE  
LIKE I'VE NEVER SMILED BEFORE.

**JOSEPH:** Miss Emma Hale is not like any other woman I have ever seen.  
SHE'S EVERYTHING I WANT AND MORE.

**EMMA:** Papa... Mama...

**JOSEPH:**

MOTHER SAYS SHE LIKES YOU,  
I DIDN'T THINK SHE WOULD.  
FATHER HAS HIS DOUBTS  
ABOUT MY LIVELIHOOD.

**EMMA:** Joseph has asked me to — —

*(She stops and listens to her unseen mother.)*

Joseph...Smith.

**JOSEPH:**

I WILL TELL HER FATHER  
THAT I WILL ADORE  
HER. THE DREAMS SHE DREAMS  
WILL BECOME OUR DREAMS AND MORE.

**EMMA:** No, Mama, Joseph Smith. You know very well who I'm talking about, Mama.

*(SMITH, SR., exits but LUCY remains and watches JOSEPH and EMMA. Her light dims but doesn't go out.)*

HE'S EVERYTHING I WANT AND MORE.

**JOSEPH:**

A CASTLE ON A HILL,  
AND DRESSES OF BROCADE.  
SERVANTS TO ATTEND YOU,  
THAT'S HOW DREAMS ARE MADE.

**EMMA:**

A BUSINESS THAT IS BOOMING  
AND LOUNGING IN THE SHADE.  
STABLES FULL OF HORSES,  
THAT'S HOW DREAMS ARE MADE.

**JOSEPH:** Lounging in the shade. I haven't had enough of that.

*(They come together CENTER and take hands.)*

**EMMA:** Dresses of brocade. It is a lovely thought, isn't it?

*(He nods.)*

But I've heard brocade is heavy...and uncomfortable.

**JOSEPH:** And I've never been one to lounge.

**EMMA:**

A DRESS OF PLAIN DESIGN, IN GRAY OR GREEN OR BLUE,  
WITHOUT RIPS OR TEARS,  
JUST A DRESS THAT WEARS,

WOULD BE EVERYTHING, IT'S TRUE.

**JOSEPH:**

A FARM WITH LIVESTOCK AND A BARN THAT HAS A DOOR.  
WHERE THROUGH THICK AND THIN,  
ALL THE CROPS COME IN,  
WOULD BE EVERYTHING AND MORE.

**BOTH:**

DREAMS ARE SOON FORGOTTEN,  
NOT FORGOTTEN, JUST REPLACED.  
WITH THE SIMPLE HOPE OF LIFE  
WHERE HARDSHIPS CAN BE FACED.  
IF WE ARE TOGETHER, YES,  
TOGETHER NOT ALONE,  
NO POWER CAN UPSET US,  
WITH THE WINDS WE'LL NOT BE BLOWN.

**JOSEPH:**

A PLACE TO LIVE AND BREATHE, WHERE LIFE IS NOT A CHORE.  
STEADY WORK IS NICE,  
SPRING WITHOUT THE ICE,  
WOULD BE EVERYTHING AND MORE.

**EMMA:**

ONE SMALL CABIN, WITH A STURDY WOODEN FLOOR,  
WINDOWS FRAMED IN LACE,  
AND WITH GLASS IN PLACE,  
WOULD BE EVERYTHING AND MORE.

**BOTH:**

A FAMILY OF OUR OWN, WITH CHILDREN BY THE SCORE.  
WARM AND COLD WITH YOU.  
GROWING OLD WITH YOU,  
WOULD BE EVERYTHING AND MORE.

GROWING OLD WITH YOU,  
WARM AND COLD WITH YOU,  
YEARS UNTOLD WITH YOU,  
WOULD BE EVERYTHING AND MORE.

*(JOSEPH and EMMA walk off hand in hand and LUCY returns to CORNELIUS and puts the cap on.)*

**LUCY:** Accordingly, he set out with his father for Pennsylvania to ask for Emma's hand.

**CORNELIUS:** Forgive me, Mrs. Smith, but I don't want a chron-ol-o-gy —

**LUCY:** *(Looks at him.)* Chronology? That's a awfully big word.

**CORNELIUS:** I just learned it yesterday. Anyways, I don't want a chron-ol-o-gy of your son. As you said, I can get the facts in any back issue newspaper. What was it about him that made people follow him? That made people believe him? That's what I want —

*(Catches himself.)*

That's what my readers want to know.

**LUCY:** People only follow because they want to be led somewhere, Mr. McCarin. Somewhere better. Somewhere peaceful. Somewhere true. Joseph led them to the truth, Mr. McCarin, that's why they followed.

*(MUSIC begins and individual lights rise on each SINGER in different "AREAS" until lights fill the stage.)*

**MUSICAL # 8 -- BROTHER JOSEPH'S SONG**

**WOMAN 1:**

I HEARD IT ON A HILL,

**WOMAN 2**

IN A STREET,

**WOMAN 3**

BY A RIVER.

**MAN 1**

I WAS WORKING IN MY SHOP,

**MAN 2**

HAULING HAY,

**WOMAN 4**

PUMPING WATER.

**ALL TOWNSFOLK:**

A SUMMER, SPRING, FALL, WINTER'S DAY.

I SAW A MAN AND HEARD HIM SAY, THIS IS THE WAY.

**MAN 3:**

HE TAUGHT ME ON MY FARM,

**WOMAN 5:**

ON MY PORCH,

**MAN 4:**

IN THE CITY.

**MAN 5:**

I WAS RUSHING OFF TO WORK.

**MAN 3:**

FEELING FINE,

**WOMAN 5:**

FEELING TROUBLED.

*(CORNELIUS watches, entranced, as LUCY faces off stage.)*

**ALL TOWNSFOLK:**

A SUNNY, CLOUDY, WET, DRY DAY.

I SAW A MAN AND HEARD HIM SAY, THIS IS THE WAY.

*(Several YOUNGER WOMEN step forward.)*

**YOUNGER WOMEN:**

I FOLLOWED BECAUSE OF HIM.

*(Several YOUNGER MEN step forward.)*

**YOUNGER MEN:**

I FOLLOWED BECAUSE OF HER.

*(Several OLDER WOMEN step forward.)*

**OLDER WOMEN:**

I FOLLOWED IN SPITE OF HIM.

*(Several OLDER MEN step forward.)*

**OLDER MEN:**

I FOLLOWED DESPITE OF HER.

**ALL TOWNSFOLK:**

I FOLLOWED WHAT NO MAN HAD EVER SAID TO ME BEFORE.

I FOLLOWED WHEN I HEARD A WHISPERING VOICE.

I FOLLOWED WHEN ALL REASON SAID THAT I SHOULD JUST IGNORE.



**PERUSAL SCRIPT -- THEY CALLED HIM BROTHER JOSEPH by Elizabeth Hansen & C. Michael Perry**

I FOLLOWED WHEN I FELT MY HEART REJOICE.  
I FOLLOWED BROTHER JOSEPH,  
BUT SOON I CAME TO KNOW,  
THE TRUTH HE TAUGHT WENT DEEPER THAN THE MAN.

I FOLLOWED BROTHER JOSEPH,  
ON THE PATH HE SAID TO GO,  
WHEN ALL ALONG IT WAS THE MASTER'S PLAN.

**MEN:**

HE TAUGHT ME  
THAT HUNGER IN THE SOUL HAD BROUGHT ME  
WHERE FAITH COULD TAKE CONTROL.

**WOMEN:**

I'LL FOLLOW,  
THE LOVE OF GOD GUIDES ME ALONG.

**ALL TOWNSFOLK:**

THAT LOVE  
IS BROTHER JOSEPH'S SONG.

*(As the following groups of TOWNSFOLK sing, they step out from the crowd. The small groups can be together or separated by other TOWNSFOLK.)*

**TWO MEN:**

I HEARD IT ON A HILL,

**YOUNG GIRL:**

IN A STREET,

**THREE WOMEN:**

BY A RIVER.

**ONE MAN:**

I WAS WORKING IN MY SHOP,

*(THREE MEN enter bringing in a table and set it by the Smith's two chairs.)*

**THREE MEN:**

HAULING HAY,

**YOUNG BOY:**

PUMPING WATER.

**ALL WOMEN:**

A SUMMER, SPRING,

**ALL MEN:**

FALL, WINTER'S DAY.

**ALL TOWNSFOLK:**

I SAW A MAN AND HEARD HIM SAY,  
THIS IS THE WAY.

HE TAUGHT ME  
THAT HUNGER IN THE SOUL HAD BROUGHT ME  
WHERE FAITH COULD TAKE CONTROL.

I'LL FOLLOW,  
THE LOVE OF GOD GUIDES ME ALONG. THAT LOVE,  
IS BROTHER JOSEPH'S SONG.

*(The MUSIC ends and the lights dim as all the TOWNSFOLK exit.)*

**NINE more pages of script to end**