

PERUSAL SCRIPT

Six Sent South

by R. Don Oscarson
&
Kenneth Perry



Newport, Maine

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SIX SENT SOUTH

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Characters

WALT BROWN -- Pa, a widower

HILDA BROWN -- oldest daughter, in charge of the house

MARGE BROWN -- older teen girl, in love with FRED

BESSIE BROWN -- younger teen girl, love struck but unsure about it all

LA RAY BROWN -- twin, 10-12 years old

LA RUE BROWN -- twin, 10-12 years old

JESS KNIGHT -- Pa

MAUDE KNIGHT -- Ma

FRED KNIGHT -- older teen boy, in love with MARGE

GORDON KNIGHT -- younger teen boy, not a clue -- yet

VOICE

1ST SETTLER

2ND SETTLER

3RD SETTLER

4TH SETTLER

1ST WOMAN

1ST CITIZEN

2ND CITIZEN

1ST BOY

1ST GIRL

2ND BOY

2ND GIRL

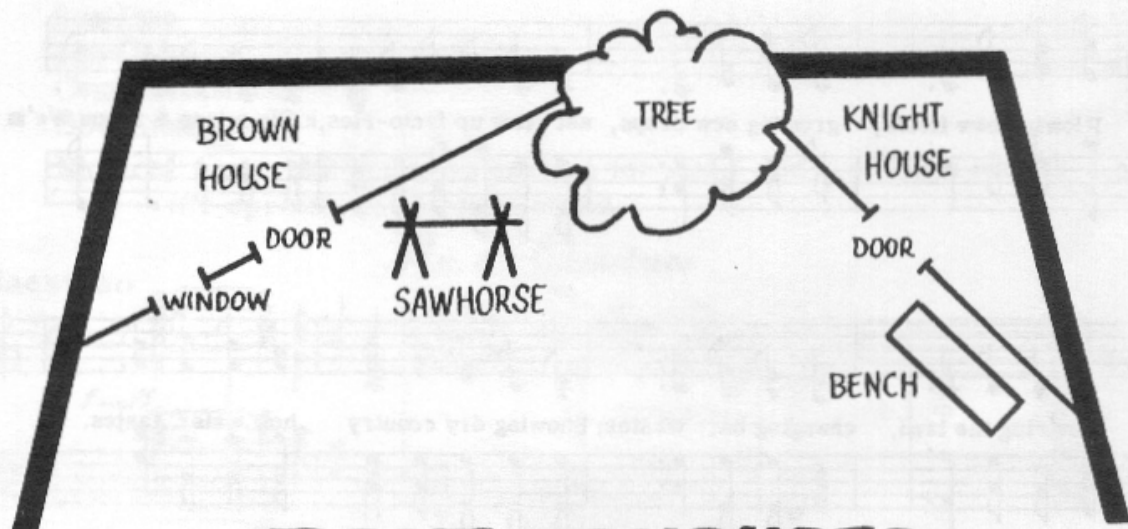
GIRL ENSEMBLE

BOY ENSEMBLE

SIX SENT SOUTH A Musical by **R. Don Oscarson** Music by **Kenneth Perry**. 2M 2W 2TB 2TG 2G + ensemble. About One Hour. 2 Exteriors / 1 Interior. (*For production by LDS Wards and Stakes and Community groups.*) The place is Utah after the Civil War. The Church is expanding and Brigham Young is calling individuals and families to colonize out-lying areas in Nevada, Southern Utah, Arizona, California, Colorado, Wyoming and Idaho. The fictional Brown family is called to serve such a mission and their reaction to what they come to understand as their duty makes up the story of this musical. This slice of life in post-Civil War Utah, mixed with young love in full bloom, is both funny and touching. **ORDER # 2067**

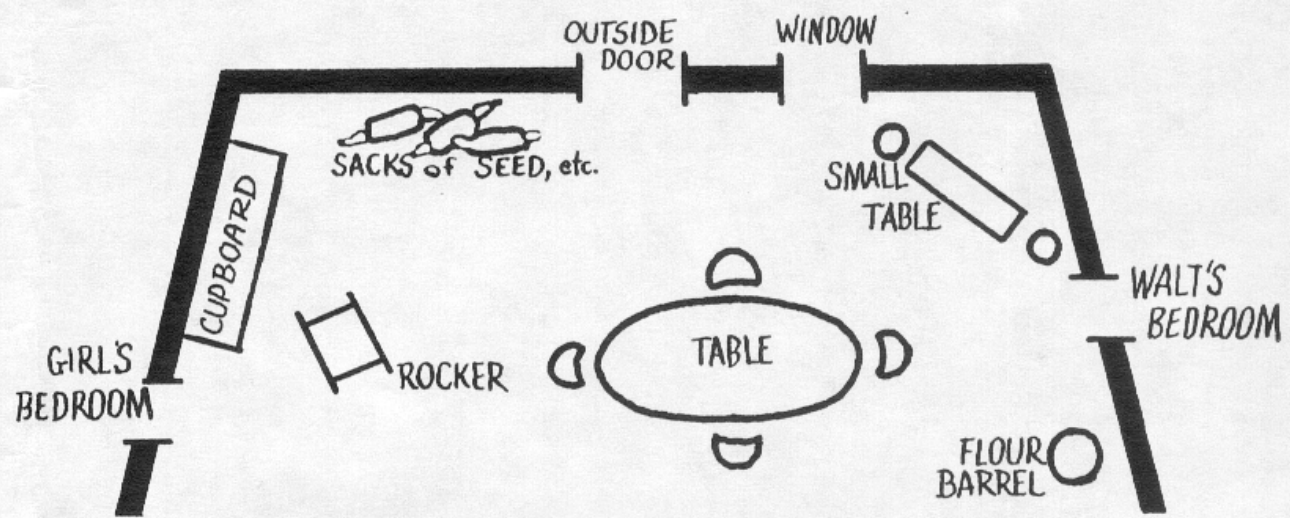
R. DON OSCARSON -- was involved in Marketing and Sales Promotion for most of his working life. He is currently Director and Secretary of the Board of Directors of Kohl's Illinois, President at Discovery LLC and Donsco, Inc. He is on the Public Relations Board for the Philadelphia Orchestra, A Board Member 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.

KENNETH I. PERRY -- Son of Ivan and Laurie H. Perry of Provo, Utah. Served LDS mission to France from 1949 to 1951. Graduated from Brigham Young University in 1954 with a major in French and a minor in Music. Received an Air Force ROTC Commission and served in the Air Force from 1954 to 1957. While stationed at Tucson, Arizona, wrote Easter Cantata for LDS Institute of Religion at University of Arizona. While stationed at Wichita Falls, Texas, collaborated on this musical. Studied music at McCune School of Music. While at BYU was accompanist and assistant director to the University Chorus. Has served as organist and chorister in ward and stake capacity since the age of 12. Holds a Ph. D. degree at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor, Michigan.

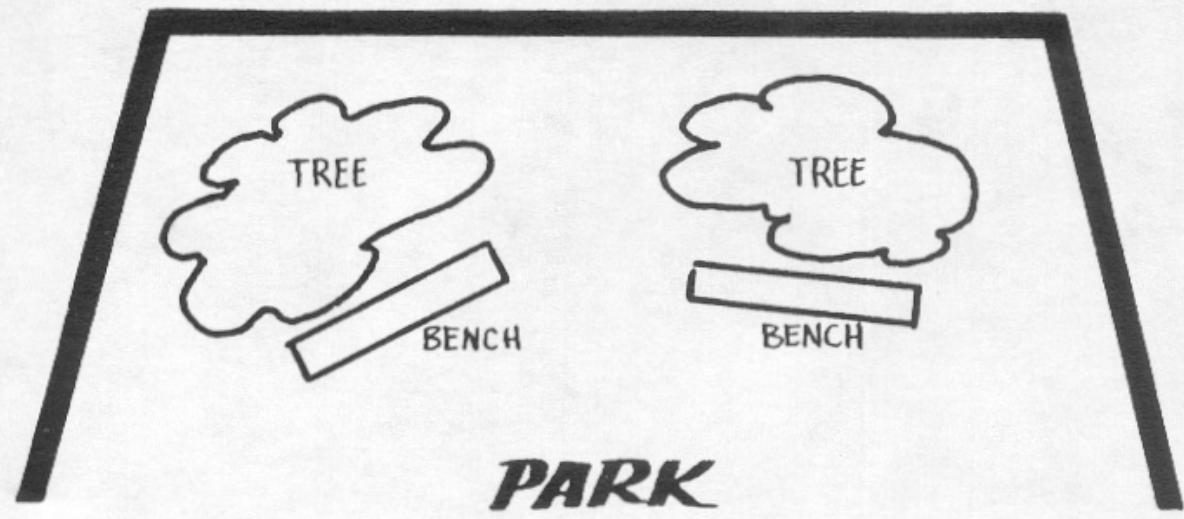


FRONT OF HOUSES

SHOVELS, PITCHFORKS, ETC.
LEAN AGAINST HOUSE



INSIDE BROWN HOUSE



PARK

Musical Numbers

#1 -- Overture

Act One Scene One -- SATURDAY. The afternoon session of Conference is ending. Crowds are standing in front of two houses on one of the streets near the Bowery.

#2 -- Colonizing ENTIRE COMPANY

#3 -- It's Such A Lovely Day MARGE, FRED

#4 -- It's Such A Lovely Day (reprise) FRED

#4a -- Scene Change

Act One Scene Two -- Inside the BROWN house. The one large room serves as parlor, kitchen and dining room. Bedrooms are off stage.

#4b Scene Change

Act One Scene Three -- Evening. A park in Salt Lake City.

#5 -- Where Can We Run To? MARGE, FRED

#5a -- Scene Change

Act One Scene Four -- Inside the BROWN home. A few minutes later.

#6 -- We'll All Be Maiden Ladies BROWN GIRLS

#6a -- Scene Change

Act One Scene Five -- Inside of BROWN home but things arranged to give impression of dream.

#7 -- Dream Folk Dance BROWN GIRLS, FRED, GIRL AND BOY ENSEMBLE

INTERMISSION

#8 -- Overture

Act Two Scene One -- Afternoon a day later, in front of the BROWN house. The back of a wagon can be seen.

#9 -- Vanity GIRL AND BOY ENSEMBLE, BROWN GIRLS,

#10 -- What Is Love? BESSIE AND FRED

#10b -- What Is Love? (reprise) FRED

#10c -- Scene Change

Act Two Scene Two -- Inside the BROWN house an hour later.

#11 -- It's Such A Lovely Day (reprise) MARGE

#12 -- What Is Love (reprise) BESSIE

#13 -- Colonizing ENTIRE COMPANY

Six Sent South

Act One

MUSICAL #1 -- OVERTURE

(Continues into the opening of the first scene.)

SCENE ONE -- **TIME:** Spring of 1849. It is General Conference time in Salt Lake City. **PLACE:** On a street near the Bowery in Salt Lake City. The fronts of two or three houses can be seen. **AT RISE OF CURTAIN,** the afternoon session of Conference is just ending on Saturday. An overflow crowd is standing in front of the Bowery. The crowd is standing as if listening to someone just off stage to the audience's left. In the last few measures of the overture a firm voice is heard as the curtains open on an intently listening crowd. The voice is the Conference speaker and it is heard just before the curtain is completely open.

VOICE: We must extend our Stakes!

CROWD: AMEN!

VOICE: We must secure the land of our inheritance!

CROWD: AMEN!

VOICE: We must expand the boundaries of Zion!

CROWD: AMEN! AMEN!

MUSICAL #2-- COLONIZING!

CROWD:

WE'RE COLONIZING THIS TERRITORY
WE'RE COLONIZING, THAT'S OUR STORY.
WE'RE COLONIZING FOR ZION'S GLORY.
THIS WILDERNESS, THIS TERRITORY.
WE'RE SPREADING OUT, EXTENDING OUR BOUNDS,
BUILDING UP CITIES, VILLAGES, TOWNS.
PLOWING NEW FIELDS, GROWING NEW CROPS,
SETTING UP FACTORIES, MILLS, MINES AND SHOPS.
WE'RE COV'RING THIE LAND, CHANGING BARES WASTES,
SHOWING DRY COUNTRY HOW WATER TASTES.
WE'RE MOVING OUT, CAN' SETTLE DOWN YET,
FOR ZION'S GLORY AND THE STATE OF DESERET.
WE'RE COLONIZING THIS TERRITORY
WE'RE COLONIZING, THAT'S OUR STORY.
WE'RE COLONIZING FOR ZION'S GLORY.

1ST SETTLER: *(Looking around as crowd breaks up)* Anyone got a sack of cotton seed they want to trade for some ice saws and a pair of snow shoes?

2ND SETTLER: *(To neighbor as they exit)* How far west of here do you reckon it is to Carson River?

3RD SETTLER: If we get there first we can call the place Andersonville, or maybe Andersonburg or maybe ...

4TH SETTLER: Sure am glad they're sendin' us north, just can't take that hot country.

1ST WOMAN: *(To friend as they walk off)* Just remember to have the kids inspect each other everyday for mountain ticks. The valleys east of here are full of 'em, ticks I mean.

(CROWD disperses quickly, leaving only those who live in the houses shown on stage, WALT BROWN, MAUDE and JESS KNIGHT, and a few others. GORDON KNIGHT is on one side on work bench, whittling.)

WALT: Jess, say Jess!

MAUDE: Jess, Walt Brown is callin' you,

JESS: *(Looking up from sack of seed in front of his house)* What can we do for ya, Walt?

WALT: *(Crossing to JESS)* Just thought I better return your scythe afore I forget.

MAUDE: You best keep it Brother Brown, they tell me that's good country you're being sent to.

JESS: Good for raisin' horn toads and Indians. Glad it's you and not me that's goin'!

MAUDE: Hush up Pa. You keep it Walt, it'll come in handy next fall when the first harvest comes in.

WALT: Thanks but ...

JESS: When did you find out you were going to be sent south?

WALT: Just before meeting. President Young said they were sending some families south and we were the first that had been asked. Guess he figures by turning those girls of mine loose on the Indians we can scare 'em into being peaceful. When five girls get going at one time it's enough to take the fight out of any man.

MAUDE: Well, I think they're pretty fine. We wouldn't mind having them at all. They'd be more help than these men folk of mine.

JESS: Maude ...

MAUDE: Any one of them is worth two of you.

WALT: How about swappin'? One of my daughters for one of your sons?

JESS: Since Ma thinks so little of us ... and we could use another cook ...

MAUDE: Oh Pa, don't be silly.

WALT: I'll give you two for one.

JESS: How would Gordon suit you?

MAUDE: Jess ...

WALT: Fine, you can have the twins. And I'll throw in your scythe besides.

MAUDE: All right you two slave traders.

WALT: I tried. Heaven help the colonizing effort when they send the six of us south.

JESS: Told the girls yet?

WALT: Not yet. No courage.

JESS: How do you think they'll take it?

WALT: With weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. . . . But by telling them all at once the crying and stewing of one will drown out the screaming of the other.

JESS: Fly a warning flag will you.

MAUDE: Pa you're the most unencouraging soul. . . . I wish they'd call us just to spite you.

JESS: There's not a chance. That's why I can afford to gloat.

MAUDE: *(Starting inside)* Come on in and fortify yourself with some hot chocolate.

WALT: Thanks Maude, I'll need it.

JESS: Chocolate! Where did that come from?

MAUDE: Never mind. It's just some I saved for such occasions.

(Exits into house)

JESS: Brother, I can't handle one female. What you must go through with five! What's your secret?

WALT: Keep faith in your heart and cotton in your ears.

(They enter house.)

HILDA: *(Sticking head out of door)* La Rue, La Ray! Gordon, have you seen the twins?

GORDON: *(Working on bench)* Nope.

HILDA: "While the cat's away the mice will play." Have you seen Marge, Bessie?

GORDON: Marge is probably with my brother and no telling where Bessie is. Every time I try to talk to her she sticks her nose in the air and goes off to follow some couple that's holdin' hands. What is she so interested in anyway?

HILDA: I don't know. But "an idle mind is the devil's workshop." They all ought to be helping me fix dinner. "The idle shall not eat the bread of the laborer."

(TWINS come on stage skipping.)

La Rue, La Ray, where have you been? Supper is ready soon, are you?

LA RAY: Yep, what we having?

(They cross to door and sniff.)

HILDA: What we having? Would you like a menu madame? If you're good as gold maybe there'll be some fresh bread for you.

LA RUE: Oh.

LA RAY: Can I have the crust?

HILDA: We'll see. You two stay within hollerin' distance, supper is about ready. If you see any of the others tell 'em ... Oh my bread . . .

(She goes back inside. TWINS go to sawhorse in front of their house and talk while climbing on it.)

LA RAY: Don't that bread smell good?

LA RUE: I think we should tell the bishop about it?

LA RAY: 'Bout the bread?

LA RAY: Yeh.

LA RUE: I think we should tell the Bishop. He says we're a pretty good family . . . considering.

LA RAY: Do you think we'll really go to hell if our flour is steel cut instead of stoneground?

(BESSIE enters following a young couple, trying to eavesdrop on them. She is taking notes of what they say. The couple walks across stage past GORDON.)

GORDON: Bessie ... Hi. Want to see what I'm doing?

BESSIE: Go away Gordon. Can't you see I'm busy.

LA RUE: Bessie ...

LA RAY: Hilda said supper's about . . .

(Following LA RUE)

BESSIE: Shhh ...

(The couple sees her and exit. She follows.)

LA RAY: What's she doing anyway?

LA RUE: I don't know, but it's something about love I bet.

LA RAY: Mmmmm. Smell that? Hilda sure does a good job of baking that sinful bread.

(They exit into house.)

WALT: *(Coming out of KNIGHT house.)* Looks like Israel has started to gather. Must be time to eat.

JESS: I'll bet manna didn't smell any better than that fresh bread.

WALT: Hilda is baking today. You know she sure takes after her ma. Kinda takes her place with the rest of the kids too. If ma were here this trip would be easier, but I guess the Lord needed her more than we did.

MAUDE: Maybe so, Brother Brown.

WALT: We been forced or asked to move around so much it's not such a trial anymore; it's gettin' to be normal. Seems to me if the Lord really wanted to test his people He should let them stay put and get wealthy, then see what prosperity and peace does to their faith.

JESS: Maybe He will. But it doesn't look like it will happen in our generation. Speaking of generations, where is that oldest son of yours, ma?

MAUDE: Wasn't he at the meeting with you?

JESS: No. I thought he was with you. I haven't seen him all day.

WALT: My Marge hasn't been around either come to think of it.

JESS: You don't suppose those young'uns ...

WALT: They wouldn't be together ...

MAUDE: You two amaze me. Why your powers of reason ... frightening!

JESS: *(Trying to be serious)* How long has this been going on Maude?

WALT: How long has what been going on? They haven't been seeing each other a lot lately, have they?

JESS: I don't think so. Seems ...

MAUDE: Monday, the Thorpe barn raising; Tuesday, hauled wood for Widow Dean; Wednesday, they checked the new irrigation ditch for badger holes; Thursday they inspected the Temple site; Friday, no special reason "just socializing." And today ... you menfolk are blind as bats, no wonder you are so easy to catch.

(BESSIE enters, writing.)

WALT: They been keeping steady company?

BESSIE: *(Dreamily crossing to C. stage)* Hello Pa, Brother and Sister Knight.

WALT: Bessie, have you seen Marge?

JESS: Or Fred?

BESSIE: *(Dreamily stops and turns)* They're comin', holdin' hands, right in the middle of town.

WALT: Holding hands!

JESS: In town?

BESSIE: I never saw two people walk so slow in all my life. Isn't it romantic.

(She goes into house.)

JESS: Wait till I see that son of mine.

MAUDE: Now Pa . . . It's not Sunday.

JESS: He should have been to meeting, anyway.

MAUDE: If you'll excuse me I'll leave you two with the rebellious and I'll fix supper.

(MAUDE exits. FRED and MARGE enter holding hands and walking slowly. When they see their folks they look guilty and separate.)

WALT: It's going to be worse than I thought.

FRED: Hello, folks.

MARGE: Pa

WALT: You ashamed to let us see you holding hands?

FRED: No Sir . . .

WALT: Then it's all right. Just don't ever do anything you wouldn't want us to see.

(They hold hands again.)

MARGE: I was afraid you'd be mad.

WALT: No. Just disappointed. It was a very important session of conference today.

MARGE: I'm sorry Pa. But...

JESS: You should have been to the meeting Fred. It was your duty.

FRED: I know Pa. But...

MARGE: But...

WALT AND JESS: Well, children?

MUSICAL #3 -- IT'S SUCH A LOVELY DAY

WALT & JESS:

IT WAS SUCH A LOVELY DAY,
AWAY ON THE MOUNTAIN SIDE.
TOO NICE A DAY TO WANT TO STAY INSIDE,
SO WE UP AND TOOK A RIDE TODAY
AWAY ON THE MOUNTAIN SIDE.

MARGE:

GULLS WERE GLIDING ON THE TIDES OF AIR.
CLOUDS TIP-TOED CROSS THE SKY.

FRED:

SUNBEAMS PLAYED WITH YOUR HAIR.
A LARK SONG WAS IN YOUR SIGH.

WALT & JESS:

IT WAS SUCH A OVELY DAY,
AWAY ON THE MOUNTAIN SIDE.
TOO NICE A DAY TO WANT TO STAY INSIDE,
SO WE UP AND TOOK A RIDE TODAY
AWAY ON THE MOUNTAIN SIDE.

MARGE: It Was so wonderful, Pa... And we could think about church easy in such lovely surroundings.

WALT: Next time go to meeting and think about the mountains then if it's just the same.

FRED: It was my fault Brother Brown.

MARGE: It wasn't either.

JESS: Never mind. Just remember what's expected of you next time.

FRED: We will, Pa.

MAUDE: *(From doorway)* If you want any supper better stop your gabbin'. Come on Jess unless you want Walt's job.

MARGE: What job is that Pa?

WALT: Ahl I'll tell you about it later. Come on in, Hilda has supper ready. Night Fred, Jess. Sure wish you two had been to church.

(He exits into house.)

JESS: Fred, go find your brother and come on in. ‘Night, Marge.

(Exit into house)

FRED: It’s been wonderful, Marge.

MARGE: I never thought such a dreary place could be so beautiful. I’m glad we’re staying in this valley.

FRED: We can do it again next week, there’s no meeting.

MARGE: I’d love to.

FRED: And the next week, and the next because ...

MUSICAL #4 -- IT’S SUCH A LOVELY DAY

FRED:

IT WILL BE SUCH A LOVELY DAY,
AWAY ON THE MOUNTAIN SIDE.
TOO NICE A DAY TO WANT TO STAY INSIDE,
SO WE UP AND TOOK A RIDE TODAY
AWAY ON THE MOUNTAIN SIDE.

Don’t forget about this evening. Regular place.

MARGE: I won’t regular place. Goodnight.

(Exit into house)

FRED: Goodnight. Gordon!

(Exit)

CURTAIN

MUSICAL # 4A -- SCENE CHANGE

SCENE TWO -- TIME: A few minutes later, PLACE: Inside the BROWN house. AT RISE OF CURTAIN the family is around the table eating supper. The twins are eating on some boxes in one corner.

BESSIE: So then what happened?

(Leaning on table)

MARGE: He took my hand and said . . . “here, let me help you.”

BESSIE: *(Writing)* And what did you say?

MARGE: I said, Thank you Fred.

BESSIE: Oh, how romantic.

HILDA: More soup, Pa?

WALT: Thanks, Hilda. You ever hear from Vern any more now he is on his mission?

HILDA: He’s waiting for me, and I’m waiting for him.

WALT: He’s a fine boy.

HILDA: Handsome is as handsome does.

(LA RUE and LA RAY are climbing around the flour barrel.)

WALT: What are you two doing? Get away from that flour barrel ... La Ray!

LA RUE: Hurry and see.

LA RAY: I am, but it's almost empty.

(Climbing up on box and looking in barrel.)

WALT: La Ray ...

LA RAY: *(Puts head in)* It's all right. I am just checking.

BESSIE: What for?

LA RUE: To see if it's safe to eat.

MARGE: La Ray ...

(She falls headfirst into barrel. All rush to her.)

WALT: *(Looking in barrel)* La Ray, honey, are you all right?

LA RAY: It's okay, we can eat it, it's stone ground!

(Coming up covered with flour-she is brushed off and all return to table.)

HILDA: For land sakes, what difference does that make?

LA RUE: We heard Brother Garth say that he heard that the Word of Wisdom said flour had to be stone ...

WALT: If you two would listen more in church and less to gossip you'd be better off.

LA RAY: But he said ...

WALT: The Lord said no such thing. All right?

LA RUE AND LA RAY: Very well.

LA RUE: I never could see how something as good as Hilda's bread could be sinful anyway.

LA RAY: *(Holding out plate)* I'll have some more please.

WALT: Now that this crisis has passed there is something I want to tell you. It's very important and it concerns our whole family. Please sit down, children.

BESSIE: *(Jumping up happily)* Papa, you've fallen in love with Widow Roy and you want to ask our permission to marry Her! Oh, how romantic ... mature love.

WALT: Bessie ... sit down please.

BESSIE: Oh.

(She sits)

MARGE: If it's about Fred and me ... missing church ...

WALT: No. Now will you please listen.

(TWINS reach for more bread.)

La Rue, La Ray.

(They sit back.)

Now children.

MARGE: Children?

BESSIE: It must be bad.

WALT: We have been very blessed in being able to come to the valley with the Saints haven't we?

GIRLS: *(Getting bored)* Yes, Pa....

WALT: *(Rising)* Well, we've been asked to ... called to ... called by President Young ... personally called ... to ...

GIRLS: Yes, Pa!

WALT: Go south to colonize some new country.

(A long pause)

HILDA: The calm before the storm.

GIRLS: *(All together)* What Pa! But! We can't do that!

WALT: Children. Girls.

(They start to talk to each other as HILDA starts cleaning off the table.)

HILDA: There's no rest for the wicked.

BESSIE: *(Rising clutching her book and going upstage)* It's so lonely . . . and unromantic.

WALT: Think of the adventure.

LA RUE: *(Crying, running to HILDA)* The Indians will get us.

LA RAY: *(To HILDA)* They'll cut off our heads.

WALT: No, they wont.

MARGE: *(Moving D. R.)* How can you do this to us? We've only been here six months.

BESSIE: It's so unromantic.

LA RUE: They'll cut my head off.

LA RAY: They eat children.

HILDA: Excuse me.

(Cleaning table with TWINS holding on her apron.)

MARGE: It's Fred, you just don't like Fred because we missed church. You planned the whole thing.

(She cries.)

LA RAY: I don't want to go.

LA RUE: I want, my mama.

WALT: *(Not knowing which way to turn)* Girls. Girls. Please, girls. We must settle this territory. We've been called by President Young. Try to understand . . .

ALL: *(Running to different places in the room crying, MARGE to door.)* I don't want to go!!! I don't want to go!!!

(WALT tries to comfort them then gives up and sits at table in despair. HILDA comes and puts her hand on his shoulder as MARGE exits.)

HILDA: *(Nobly)* This too will pass.

CURTAIN

MUSICAL # 4B -- SCENE CHANGE

SCENE THREE -- *Time: A few minutes later. It is dark. PLACE: The "regular place". . . a park just off the main street. AT RISE OF CURTAIN the 1st CITIZEN speaks.*

1st CITIZEN: Do you know anything about Walt Brown?

2nd CITIZEN: Only that he must have nerves of steel to live with those five girls of his. Why?

1st CITIZEN: I was coming by their house just now and by the crying and screaming I heard, I wondered if he was beating them all with a horse whip.

2nd CITIZEN: Chances are it was Walt Brown taking the beating.

(Enter FRED)

BOTH CITIZENS: Evening, Fred.

(They exit.)

FRED: Hello, brethren.

(MARGE enters slowly.)

Hello ...

MARGE: Hello.

FRED: *(Crosses to her)* Where's that sunshine smile I left this afternoon.

MARGE: *(Stopping C. stage)* A cloud covered it.

FRED: Come on, smile. What's wrong?

MARGE: *(Turning away from him)* Nothing.

FRED: Come on now. Didn't you like our afternoon?

MARGE: *(Indifferently)* Yes.

FRED: *(Turning her around)* Yes. What kind of an answer is that?

MARGE: It was nice.

FRED: It doesn't sound like it. What's the matter?

MARGE: Nothing.

FRED: Now . . . is there something I can do to help?

MARGE: Nobody can.

FRED: Please let me try.

MARGE: No.

(Getting an idea)

Fred?

FRED: Huh ?

MARGE: Did you have a good time this afternoon?

FRED: You know I did.

MARGE: I mean a really good time? A really, really good time.

FRED: The most wonderful time of my life.

MARGE: Why?

FRED: Why? Because of this place, these people...

MARGE: *(Disappointedly)* Oh . . .

FRED: and most of all because of you.

MARGE: *(Very business-like)* Fred, how much do you like me?

FRED: That's a pretty direct question.

MARGE: How much Fred?

FRED: *(Embarrassed)* Marge.

MARGE: How much Fred?

FRED: An awful lot Marge.

MARGE: Enough to do something for me?

FRED: Sure.

MARGE: Anything?

FRED: Anything.

MARGE: Then let's run away and get married.

FRED: Marge!!

MARGE: You said you'd do anything.

FRED: I know but . . . anything within reason.

MARGE: If marrying me is out of reason, you don't love me much.

(Walks to bench at right)

FRED: *(Following)* Yes, I do Marge, but . . .

MARGE: There you said you love me, and since I love you what's wrong with getting married and going away.

FRED: Nothing is wrong with that, sweet, but, but the man should ask not... Things just aren't done... What's really wrong, Marge?

MARGE: *(Crossing to other side)* Maybe I was just a little forward, but we could be so happy together somewhere in some nice place without any worries ...

FRED: *(Takes her to bench and sits)* Sit down, honey. Now what's this all about? This getting married, this some place ...

MARGE: I want to get away, with you, now. Take me' away, Fred, please.

FRED: Marge, whatever it is, running away won't solve it.

MARGE: Yes, it would, please, Fred, take me away.

MUSICAL # 5 -- WHERE CAN WE RUN TO?

FRED:

WHERE CAN WE RUN TO?
WHERE CAN WE FLY?
TO CASTLES IN THE AIR,
OR CLOUDS IN THE SKY?
WHERE COULD WE RUN TO?
WHERE COULD WE HIDE,
ESCAPING OUR DUTY,
OR THAT VOICE INSIDE..
OCEAN'S BLUE MAY CALL US
PLAINS BID US COME
BUT ARE THEY REALLY BETTER
THAN THE PLACE WE'RE FROM?
WHEREVER WE RUN TO
IT'S ALWAYS THE SAME,
THE PEOPLE CUSE SORROW.
THE PLACE CAN'T BE BLAMED.

MARGE:

THERE'S SOMEWHERE TO RUN TO,
THERE'S SOMEWHERE TO FLY.
THE FOX HAS HIS DEN
THE EAGLE HIS SKY.
WE COULD LEAVE TROUBLE,
JUST YOU AND I,
FOR PLACES OF PEACE.
WHY COULDN'T WE TRY?
WE CAN RUN FROM OUR TROUBLES,

ESCAPE THEM SOMEHOW,
ANY PLACE IS BETTER
THAN WHERE WE ARE NOW.
SOMEWHERE TO RUN TO...
IS NO ONE INCLINED
TO SEE PLEASANT PLACES
I KNOW I COULD FIND.

MARGE:

WE COULD LEAVE TROUBLE
JUST YOU AND I.
LET'S JUST GO SOMEWHERE,
WHY COULDN'T WE TRY?
NOWHERE TO RUN TO,
NO ONE'S INCLINED
TO SEE PLEASANT PLACES
I KNOW I COULD FIND.

FRED:

WHERE CAN WE RUN TO?
WHERE CAN WE FLY?
TO CASTLES IN THE AIR,
OR CLOUDS IN THE SKY?
WHERE CAN WE RUN TO?
THAT WE COULD FIND
A QUIETNESS OF CONSCIENCE
A FULL PEACE OF MIND.

FRED:

OCEAN'S BLUE MAY CALL US
PLAINS BID US COME
BUT ARE THEY REALLY BETTER
THAN THE PLACE WE'RE FROM?
WE CAN'T OUTRUN LIVING,
WE MUST MEET EACH DAY,
FOR PROBLEMS AREN'T ENDED
BY RUNNING AWAY.
FOR PROBLEMS AREN'T ENDED
BY RUNNING AWAY.

MARGE: You're right but ...

FRED: Besides your family needs you right now.

MARGE: My family?

FRED: It will be hard for the first year or so but after things get built and the first crops raised . . .

MARGE: *(Stepping back)* Fred Knight!

FRED: *(Startled)* What?

MARGE: What do you mean, "when the things get built and the first crops are raised"?

FRED: It takes time when you start from scratch in new country. Colonizing . . .

MARGE: You beast, you knew all the time we were going. All the time and you let me ask you . . .

FRED: *(Moving toward her)* What's wrong? That doesn't change anything. In a year or two . . .

MARGE: *(Moves away)* You knew it all the time. You want me to get ... get my head cut off by ... by Indians!

FRED: I didn't say ...

MARGE: *(Stopping)* Let me tell you, I wouldn't marry you if you owned...if you...if I was ... I won't marry you ...

FRED: All I said was ...

MARGE: Don't touch me. I'm leaving, leaving this den of thieves.

FRED: Den of thieves?

MARGE: You, you deceiver of women.

(She starts to exit L.)

FRED: Marge ... where are you going?

MARGE: *(Stops, turns)* I'm going...going south! To, to COLONIZE!!

(She exits R.)

CURTAIN

MUSICAL # 5A -- SCENE CHANGE

SCENE FOUR -- TIME: A few minutes later. **PLACE:** Inside the BROWN house. **AT RISE OF CURTAIN,**
WALT BROWN is preparing to leave, all the girls but HILDA are still crying softly. MARGE enters.

WALT: *(Turning)* Marge, honey?

MARGE: *(Very determined)* Pa, I'm going...

(Starts to break)

... to ... cry.

(MARGE cries.)

WALT: *(Comforts her)* Poor girl. Try to understand. Someone needs to set the example for the others. I've got to go to a meeting now. President Young is going to set us apart and give some more detailed instructions. I'll be back soon.

(WALT exits.)

HILDA: *(Matter-of-factly)* You can stop your crying, Pa's gone and it's no use wasting so much good emotion on me.

(They quiet.)

BESSIE: Hilda ...

(Knock at door)

HILDA: Just a minute.

(Opens door)

Evening Fred. Come on in.

MARGE: Don't you set foot in this house.

FRED: Just let me talk to you for a minute.

MARGE: I heard all I want to from you.

BESSIE: *(Going to MARGE)* What's he done?

MARGE: He's a tricker of women and I'll not let him in. I'll protect you all. Get out . . . you you-

(She pushes him out with a broom.)

FRED: Marge, don't be so obstinate. Let me...

MARGE: Hear that. He's calling us names.

FRED: Well, for ... goodbye. Women ... what a plague on mankind.

(FRED exits)

MARGE: Plague! That does it. Sisters we must unite against a common foe. We must unite against the most despicable, the most inhuman beast that ever existed ... Men! And how will we do it? By evacuation.

LA RAY: Evac-you-what?

LA RUE: Evac-a-nation, silly.

LA RAY: What's that?

LA RUE: How should I know?

MARGE: We will deny them our presence since they don't appreciate us. We will refuse their advances. We shall withdraw from society. We will go *South!*

HILDA: Will wonders never cease.

MARGE: What family has the potential for the most talented, most beautiful, most eligible girls in this whole territory?

BESSIE: Us?

MARGE: Us. And by withdrawing from society we will show the males of this earth, and especially Fred Knight, that we can be very content and happy without them. They aren't indispensable, after all, they're only half the human race. Join me sisters in a pledge to spinster-hood.

(TWINS and HILDA all come C.)

ALL: Hear, hear.

MARGE: Presenting Miss Hilda and Miss Bessie Brown, most desirable but most unavailable; Presenting Miss La Rue and Miss La Ray Brown, most yearned for but unobtainable.

(They walk in pairs to front of stage, bow, one pair goes L., one goes R., and end up on either side of MARGE.)

BESSIE: And the leader of our fight for solitude, Miss Marge Brown.

(Bows)

This stalwart woman has purposely denied the chains of family life to prove that happiness can be found ...
alone.

MUSICAL # 6 -- WE'LL ALL BE MAIDEN LADIES

WE SHALL NOW ELUCIDATE
ON LIFE WITHOUT A MATE.
THAT CAREFREE, HAPPY STATE
WITHOUT A MATE
WITHOUT A MATE
THAT CAREFREE, HAPPY, HAPPY STATE
WITHOUT A MATE,
WITHOUT A MATE.

TRIO:

WE'LL ALL BE MAIDEN LADIES
ENJOYING LIVING ALONE
WE WOULDN'T TRADE THESE PLEASURES
(Assuming the attitude of spinsters)
FOR ALL OF THE HUSBANDS KNOWN.

WE'LL HAVE TIME FOR THINGS CULTURAL,
BROADENING AND SUCH-UR-AL.
THAT MUST BE IGNORED BY THOSE OF MARITAL STATUS.
WE'LL HAVE TIME FOR THINGS RECREATIONAL, CONGREGATIONAL, EDUCATIONAL,
WITH NEVER AN ANGRY HUSBAND YELLING AT US.
WE'LL ALL BE MAIDEN LADIES
FREE FROM DOMESTIC CARES.
WE'D RATHER BE IN HADES
THAN BE CAUGHT IN MARRIAGE SNARES.

(Showing disgust)

WE DON'T WISH FOR THINGS CULINARY, SEAMSTRESS-ARY, LAUNDY-ARY,
NOR WILL WE EVER BE IN FAMILY SPATS.
NO PROBLEM OF INFANTS CRYING, FORMULAS, OR DIAPERS DRYING,
FOR WE'LL LIVE ALONE IN COMFORT WITH OUR CATS.

(They pet imaginary cats. Then sing, yearningly.)

WE WONT HAVE A HUSBAND
WHOSE ARMS ARE BIG AND STRONG.
WE NEVER NEED TO LEARN THE VERSE OF A MOTHER'S CRADLE SONG.
WE'LL NEVER HAVE TO WORRY 'BOUT THE NAME FOR A NEWBORN SON.
WE'LL NEVER HAVE TO SEW OR COOK, OR TAKE PART IN A FAM'LY'S FUN.

(Determinedly)

FOR WE'LL BE MAIDEN LADIES,
WITH LIVES OF COMFORT AND GLEE.
SHARING THE THOUGHTS OF PLAIDES
FROM MASCULINE TAINT WE'LL BE FREE.
WE'VE NO TIME FOR THINGS TOILABLE,
GREGARIOUS, ANNOYABLE,
NO QUESTION ABOUT IT, YES SIR, THAT IS THAT.
WE'LL PASS OUR TIME WITH THINGS MOST BORING,
AWFULLY DULL AND SO DEPLORING,
AND WE'LL LIVE ALONE JUST KNITTING WITH OUR CATS.

(They sit around room and pet imaginary cats. WALT enters.)

GIRLS: Good evening, father.

WALT: Hello girls.

BESSIE: *(Dramatically rising)* Father, be of good cheer for we have seen the light and will happily accompany you to the lands that lie south.

OTHERS: Hear, hear.

WALT: What?

HILDA: They're going south.

MARGE: Nothing Father, we just decided to go.

WALT: I have my doubts about that. But even a little headway is better than none.

HILDA: What did you find out at the meeting?

WALT: *(He sits in rocker.)* Many things, many wonderful things. Come here and I'll tell you.

(GIRLS sit around him on floor)

We all met in a big room in President Young's home. It was beautiful with hand-carved furniture he had made himself. On one wall was a map, a map of the whole territory, with red lines circled from here to the California mountains and south almost to Mexico. And all over the map within the lines were tiny dots, each dot showing where a town will someday be. And there across that great area were the words "STATE OF DESERET."

MARGE: Deseret ...

LA RAY: That means the honey bee.

LA RUE: We learned that in the new Sunday School.

WALT: That's right. So you see we have a big job to do, a lot of land to plow.

BESSIE: *(Rising)* Just like the pilgrims. Why, think what we can tell our grandchildren, about how we went into the wilderness to build the mighty city and tame the savage red men.

LA RAY: Maiden ladies don't have grandchildren do they?

MARGE: Shh ...

WALT: It's a challenge but we can make it, now we're working as a family. And such a fine family it is. Let's all go to bed now we've got a lot to do to get ready. Don't forget to say your prayers.

(They all rise, kiss him goodnight and exit to the other room off L.)

HILDA: Pa, you should know about ...

WALT: Never mind sweetheart. I saw Fred just after he left here. He told me all about it and I can guess the rest. Let's just let it go and hope their decision will last till we get out of town ... after that we got 'em. And who knows maybe there'll be some surprises.

HILDA: You're sure smart, Pa. Night.

(Kisses him and exits)

WALT: Good night, children. Pleasant dreams.

GIRLS: *(From off stage)* Pleasant dreams, pleasant dreams.

(Yawns are heard at CURTAIN)

MUSICAL #6A -- SCENE CHANGE

MUSICAL #7 -- DREAM FOLK DANCE

SCENE FIVE -- *This scene is a dream scene that takes place in the living room of the BROWN house. The scenery is slightly changed to give the illusion of a dream. The girls all enter as though they were traveling south. They arrive and prepare for a Square Dance. During the dance there are no men to dance with. MARGE dances with a fat, bald farmer. HILDA is trying to fatten up an Indian, the TWINS are dancing by themselves and BESSIE is trying to teach another Indian to dance. As the dance progresses FRED runs through and MARGE tries to catch him but he is gone. Then things begin to get confused with the Indians trying to catch the TWINS, BESSIE and MARGE fighting over the bald farmer, and FRED running through. The music reaches a climax and the curtains close with music still at climax. Voices are heard off stage screaming . . . The MUSIC repeats under the dialog.)*

MARGE: Pa, Fred, Fred!

TWINS: The Indians are after us, the Indians are ...

BESSIE: It's so unromantic, so unromantic.

ALL: *(Crying)* Pa! Pa!

(CURTAIN opens on living room. GIRLS are in nightgowns and caps)

WALT: *(Enters in night shirt)* What's wrong, Marge, Bessie, Twins, what's wrong?

ALL: I don't want to go!!!

(Running to him. HILDA enters slowly and unexpectedly. WALT sitting in rocker in middle of room tries to comfort them all. HILDA brings him a small box from which he takes some cotton and stuffing it into his ears goes on trying to comfort them. MUSIC continues until CURTAIN.)

12 more pages of script comprise Act Two