

SAMUEL FRENCH SAMPLE PERUSAL

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Shenandoah

A Musical Based on
an Original Screenplay by
James Lee Barrett

Lyrics by
Peter Udell

Music by
Gary Geld

Book by
James Lee Barrett, Peter Udell,
and Gary Geld

A SAMUEL FRENCH ACTING EDITION



**SAMUEL
FRENCH**
FOUNDED 1830

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by Gary Geld and Peter Udell: "Freedom", "I've Heard It All Before",
"Meditation I", "Meditation II", "Next To Lovin' (I Like Fightin')",
"Pass The Cross To Me", "The Pickers Are Comin'", "Raise The Flag
Of Dixie", "It's A Boy", "Papa's Gonna Make It Alright", "Why Am I
Me?", "The Only Home I Know", "Violets And Silverbells", "We Make A
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DESCRIPTION OF CHARACTERS

CHARLIE ANDERSON: A strong, earthy farmer of about fifty, who rules his large family with authority and tenderness.

JENNY ANDERSON: A nineteen year old daughter, attractive, feminine who competes with her brothers as equally as with her suitor.

ROBERT ANDERSON (THE BOY): The youngest son—twelve years old, a typical country boy.

SAM: Jenny's suitor and later husband, upstanding and shy young Confederate soldier.

GABRIEL: Twelve year old black boy, a slave, charming and friend of Robert.

ANNE ANDERSON: Wife of James, beautiful and mature twenty-six years old.

JAMES ANDERSON: Second oldest son, twenty-six, very much his father's son, strong, handsome and argumentative.

JACOB ANDERSON: Twenty-eight, oldest son very serious and devoted to his father.

NATHAN ANDERSON: Twenty-four year old son.

JOHN ANDERSON: Twenty-two year old son.

HENRY ANDERSON: Seventeen year old son.

REV. BYRD: Irascible, preacher very much duty oriented to God and country.

SHENANDOAH was first presented by Philip Rose and Gloria & Louis K. Sher at the Alvin Theatre, New York City, January 7, 1975, under the direction of Philip Rose. The choreography was by Robert Tucker, Scenery by C. Murawski, Lighting by Thomas Skelton, Costumes by Pearl Sumner and Winn Morton, Orchestrations by Don Walker, Musical Direction by Lynn Crigler, Production Stage Manager, Steven Zweigbaum.

CAST
(In Order of Appearance)

CHARLIE ANDERSON	John Cullum
JACOB	Ted Agress
JAMES	Joel Higgins
NATHAN	Jordan Suffin
JOHN	David Russell
JENNY	Penelope Milford
HENRY	Robert Rosen
ROBERT (The Boy)	Joseph Shapiro
ANNE	Donna Theodore
GABRIEL	Chip Ford
REVEREND BYRD	Charles Welch
SAM	Gordon Halliday
SERGEANT JOHNSON	Edward Penn
LIEUTENANT	Marshall Thomas
TINKHAM	Charles Welch
CAROL	Casper Roos
CORPORAL	Gary Harger
MARAUDER	Gene Masoner
ENGINEER	Ed Preble
CONFEDERATE SNIPER	Craig Lucas
THE ENSEMBLE:	
Ted Carrere, Stephen Dubov, Gary Harger, Brian James, Robert Johanson, Sherry Lambert, Craig Lucas, Gene Masoner, Paul Myrvold, Dan Ormond, Casper Roos, J. Kevin Scannell, Jack Starkey, E. Allen Stevens, Marshall Thomas and Matt Gavin (Swing).	

The Shenandoah Valley, Virginia.
The Civil War

ACT ONE

SPRING

ACT TWO

AUTUMN

MUSICAL NUMBERS

PROLOGUE

"Raise the Flag of Dixie" .. *Confederate and Union Soldiers*

ACT ONE

- "I've Heard It All Before" *Charlie Anderson*
"Pass the Cross To Me" *The Congregation*
"Why Am I Me?" *Boy and Gabriel*
"Next To Lovin' (I Like Fightin')" *The Anderson Sons:*
Jacob, James, Nathan, John, Henry
"Over the Hill" *Jenny Anderson*
"The Pickers Are Comin' " *Charlie Anderson*
"Next To Lovin' " *The Anderson Sons and Jenny*
"Meditation" *Charlie Anderson*
"We Make a Beautiful Pair" *Anne and Jenny*
"Violets and Silverbells" *Jenny, Sam, and the Family*
"It's a Boy" *Charlie Anderson*

ACT TWO

- "Freedom" *Anne and Gabriel*
"Violets and Silverbells" *James and Anne*
"Papa's Gonna Make It Alright" *Charlie Anderson*
"The Only Home I Know" *The Corporal and Soldiers*
"Papa's Gonna Make It Alright" *Jenny*
"Meditation" *Charlie Anderson*
"Pass the Cross To Me" *The Congregation*

Shenandoah

ACT ONE

PROLOGUE

Open Stage: The CHORUS is On Stage divided into equal halves. The half, Stage Left, is dressed in gray CONFEDERATE uniforms. The half, Stage Right, is dressed in blue UNION uniforms.

SONG: "RAISE THE FLAG OF DIXIE"

CONFEDERATES.
COME ON REBEL
GRAB YOUR GUN
YANKEE DOODLE
WANTS TO HAVE SOME FUN
UNION BLUE
SURE LOOKS FINE
RUNNIN' AWAY
FROM A LONG GRAY LINE
GONNA MARCH ON DOWN
TO WASHINGTON TOWN
AND SET ME UP A STILL
GONNA BEAT MY DRUM
AND DRANK ME SOME
SETTIN' ON CAPITOL HILL
THEY GET BEAT
AND WE GET CHEERED
'N' I GET A HANK O'
ABE LINCOLN'S BEARD

RAISE THE FLAG OF DIXIE
HIGHER THAN A TREE
AND LET IT WAVE
FROM SEA TO SHININ' SEA
IF IT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR JACKSON
AND IT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR LEE
THEN HOT DAMN! ALABAM!
IT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME.

UNION.
 I'M UNION ARMY
 UNION ALL THE WAY
 UNION ARMY
 TILL MY DYIN' DAY

I'M UNION TIED,
 UNION TRIED AND TRUE
 AND BENEATH MY UNION BRITCHES
 MY UNION BUTT IS BLUE
 TWO, THREE, FOUR, ONE, TWO . . .
 (*See below.*)

The following stanzas have been deleted from the original Broadway production, and it is the owners' recommendation that it also be cut from regional productions.

THE PENNSYLVANIA
 INFANTRY
 CAN WHIP
 THE WHOLE CONFEDERACY
 UNION BOYS ARE
 HARD AS NAILS
 JOHNNY REBEL
 IS A COTTON TAIL

WELL, I'M ON MY WAY
 TO WHERE THEY SAY
 "Y'ALL AND HUSH MY MOUTH"
 GONNA RAISE SOME HELL
 WITH A SOUTHERN BELLE
 AND LEARN TO LOVE THE SOUTH
 RUN 'EM DOWN
 THEM STARS 'N BARS
 AND FLY 'EM HIGH
 THEM STRIPES 'N STARS

CONFEDERATES.
 RAISE THE FLAG OF DIXIE
 HIGHER THAN A TREE
 AND LET IT WAVE
 FROM SEA TO SHININ' SEA
 IF IT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR JACKSON
 AND GOOD ENOUGH FOR LEE
 THEN HOT DAMN! ALABAM!
 IT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME.
 TWO, THREE, FOUR, ONE, TWO . . . THREE, FOUR!

CONFEDERATES.
THREE, FOUR!

UNION.
WELL, I LAUGHED LAST NIGHT
'TIL I HAD PAIN
JOHNNY REBEL
CAN'T WRITE HIS NAME.

CONFEDERATES.
SHINE YOUR SADDLE 'N
SHINE YOUR BOOT
BAG YOU A YANKEE
IN A TURKEY SHOOT.

UNION.
GONNA MARCH AND WIN
A COTTON GIN
AND A BIG PLANTATION BOSS.

CONFEDERATES.
GONNA HANG A PAIL
RIGHT ON THE TAIL
OF CAPT'N SHERIDAN'S HORSE

UNION.
GOODBYE SARAH
AND MARY LOU—
SEND YA MY RIBBONS
AND MEDALS, TOO!

CONFEDERATES.
GOODBYE CLARA
AND BETTY SUE—
SEND YA MY RIBBONS!

UNION.
SEND YA MY MEDALS!

CONFEDERATES.
MY RIBBONS!

UNION.
MY MEDALS!

CONFEDERATES.
MY RIBBONS!

UNION.
MY MEDALS!

CONFEDERATES.
MY RIBBONS!

UNION.
MEDALS!

CONFEDERATES.
RIBBONS!

UNION.
MEDALS!

(The SOLDIERS confront each other. As they separate to frozen positions, CHARLIE ANDERSON is dramatically spotted between the BLUE and GRAY ARMIES. He is standing erect, but with his head slightly bowed. He is beside his wife's grave.)

CHARLIE. It's not like you left it, Martha. It's nothing like you left it. It's war, Martha. Brother is fighting brother and father is fighting son and . . . I remember you reading from the Bible . . . where it's written that a house divided against itself cannot stand. Well, I'm still not religious, Martha, like you always said you wanted me to be . . . but I've got just enough belief in me . . . to know that God didn't create war. *(He kneels beside wife's grave.)* Maybe from where you are, Martha, you can see the smoke . . . maybe you can see the fire. Sometimes I wonder . . . whether you can see the tears and hear the crying. *(Standing.)* Well, we've got some disagreement in our own house now . . . our own family, but Martha, our house is going to stand . . . yours and mine. And our family . . . our blood is going to stay together. *(Fervently.)* In God's name . . . and in your memory, I promise. *(He exits. The SOLDIERS continue their threats and youthful boasting.)*

UNION.

MOUNTAIN BOY
GOT NEWS FOR YOU
YA BIT OFF MORE
THAN YOU CAN CHEW

CONFEDERATES.

DOODLE JIM
YOU SOON WON'T GRIN
WHEN YOU START SEEIN'
THAT YOU CAN'T WIN

UNION.

THEM SOUTHERN GENTS
ARE UP AGAINST
MORE THAN THEY SUSPECT

CONFEDERATES.

GONNA GIVE ME JOY
TO SEE THEM BOYS
LEARN A LITTLE RESPECT

UNION.

OH, THIS OL' WAR
JUST CAN'T LAST
ONE WIT LONGER
THAN A WEEKEND PASS

CONFEDERATES.
OH, THIS OL' WAR
JUST CAN'T LAST
ONE WIT LONGER
THAN A WEEKEND PASS

CONFEDERATES and UNION.
THIS OL' WAR
JUST CAN'T LAST
ONE WIT LONGER
THAN A WEEKEND PASS
CAN'T LAST
CAN'T LAST

UNION.
CAN'T (*Shout.*)

CONFEDERATES.
LAST! (*Shout.*)

(*Singing in counterpoint, the fighting and killing is silhouetted against a blood red sky.*)

UNION.
I'M UNION ARMY

I'M UNION ARMY
I'M UNION
I'M UNION ARMY

UNTIL MY DYING DAY

UNION TRIED AND
TRUE.

CONFEDERATES.
HOT DAMN!

UNION.
UNION!

CONFEDERATES.
HOT DAMN!

UNION.
UNION!

CONFEDERATES.
ALABAM!

UNION.
MY UNION BUTT IS
BLUE

CONFEDERATES.
RAISE THE FLAG OF
DIXIE
HIGHER THAN A TREE
AND LET IT WAVE
FROM SEA TO SHININ'
SEA
IF IT'S GOOD ENOUGH
FOR JACKSON
AND IT'S GOOD
ENOUGH FOR LEE,
THEN

CONFEDERATES.
IT'S GOOD ENOUGH
FOR ME

(BLACKOUT.)

ACT ONE

SCENE 1

Inside the Anderson House. Sunday morning. The house is warm and loving. In its way it exemplifies the stability and the strength of a family's heart and soul. The breakfast table is set Downstage Right.

At the table, the ANDERSON FAMILY stands erect behind their benches, awaiting PAPA CHARLIE'S arrival. His children's names are JACOB, JAMES, NATHAN, JOHN, JENNY, HENRY and ROBERT. The youngest ROBERT, is called "The Boy." He is wearing a Confederate cap. ANN, JAMES' wife, is trying to stop the sons from arguing. CHARLIE enters Right, and moves to his place at the head of the table. All sit. For a brief moment CHARLIE looks over his FAMILY. His gaze centers and holds on THE BOY, who is himself looking hungrily at the food. Finding himself the center of attention, THE BOY looks around at them all and then at CHARLIE.

CHARLIE. Boy!

THE BOY. What did I do?

CHARLIE. It's what you haven't done, Boy. A man that eats with his hat on is going nowhere in a mighty big hurry. (THE BOY grabs the cap off his head. CHARLIE looks around the table at the others. Stands.) Your mother wanted all of you raised as good Christians. Now, I might not be able to do that thorny job as well as she could, but I can do a gracious plenty about your manners. (The FAMILY bows their heads.) Lord, we cleared this land. We dug the weeds, hauled the rocks, chopped down the trees and burned the stumps. We plowed it and sowed it. We fought off the bugs and the worms and the varmints. We harvested and then we cooked our harvest. Lord, there wouldn't be a damn thing on this table if we hadn't done it all ourselves . . . but we thank you just the same anyway, Lord, for this food we're about to eat. Amen. (As CHARLIE sits his FAMILY begin to help themselves to the food on the table. CHARLIE looks at THE BOY.) Boy?

THE BOY. Yes, sir.

CHARLIE. Where'd you come by that Confederate cap?

THE BOY. Down by the spring, sir.

CHARLIE. Oh? Is there some fella down there passing out caps?

THE BOY. No, sir, it was just lyin' there.

CHARLIE. I see. (*As CHARLIE begins to help himself to another dish, his gaze moves from one to the other at the table. It seems that there is an unnatural silence in the atmosphere. It's as if CHARLIE is accustomed to more conversation than he's getting.*) I seem to detect something at this table today that's not being said. I raised all of you to say what you think. If there's anything I can't stand, it's a lot of noisy silence. Now, let's hear some talking. (*They all look around at each other for a moment before all of their gazes center on JAMES. JAMES stands.*) If you're going to make a speech, James, I'm sorry I said it.

JAMES. I know how you feel about this war, Pa . . . and I guess we all feel more or less the same way, but I don't know how we can just sit here and ignore it any longer. You say it's no business of ours and not our fight. Well, we're Virginians.

CHARLIE. I'm an American.

JAMES. Yes, but we're still Virginians, and . . . and I believe that what concerns Virginia concerns us.

CHARLIE. (*Stands.*) You do, do you?

JAMES. Yes, sir, I do. (*As JAMES sits, CHARLIE remains silent for a moment as his gaze moves to JOHN.*)

CHARLIE. John, are you going to keep your slaves or let them go free?

JOHN. You know I don't have any slaves, Pa.

CHARLIE. (*Sits.*) That's right, John, you don't have a slave to your name. (*His gaze moves to JACOB.*) Jacob, did you ever think you'd like to own a slave?

JACOB. Well, sir I . . . I guess I never thought about it.

CHARLIE. Well, think about it, then. If you had the money, would you go out and buy a slave? (*JACOB is thoughtful for a moment before he answers.*)

JACOB. (*Standing.*) No, sir, I wouldn't. If I can't do my own work with my own hands, it won't get done. (*JACOB sits and CHARLIE's gaze moves to HENRY.*)

CHARLIE. Suppose you had a friend who owned slaves, Henry. Suppose somebody came along and wanted to take them away from him and set them free. Would you help him fight to keep them?

NATHAN. No, sir.

CHARLIE. Your name's Nathan, isn't it?

NATHAN. Ah, you know my name, Pa.

CHARLIE. I seem to remember it's Nathan. I was talking to Henry. (*To HENRY.*) Well . . . ?

HENRY. I don't think I should have to fight for something I don't believe in . . . and a real friend wouldn't ask me to. (*Having heard enough, JAMES stands again.*)

JAMES. Pa, you just don't understand me. (*ANNE tries to silence him.*) No, Anne, I'm not talking about slaves or any other thing like that. I'm talking about what's happening right here to our home ground.

CHARLIE. (*Stands.*) As far as I can see, James, this farm is exactly the way it's always been and this farm and the people at this table are the only concerns I have in this world.

JAMES. They're all around us, Pa. It's just a matter of time. (*Music cue: "I'VE HEARD IT ALL BEFORE."*) Every day, you can hear the artillery in one direction or another . . .

CHARLIE. If those fools want to slaughter one another, that's their business, but it's got nothing to do with us. Not one damn thing has it got to do with us! (*He breaks Down Right away from the table and begins to sing:*)

SONG: "I'VE HEARD IT ALL BEFORE"

CHARLIE.

STAND AND SHOW YOUR COLORS—
LET'S ALL GO TO WAR.
THE LORD WILL SURELY BLESS US
I'VE HEARD IT ALL BEFORE.

I'VE HEARD IT ALL A HUNDRED TIMES.
I'VE HEARD IT ALL BEFORE.
THEY ALWAYS GOT A HOLY CAUSE
TO MARCH YOU OFF TO WAR.

TYRANNY OR JUSTICE
ANARCHY OR LAW
WE MUST DEFEND OUR HONOR
I'VE HEARD IT ALL BEFORE.

(*He crosses Up Center behind table, then Down Left.*)

I'VE HEARD IT ALL A HUNDRED TIMES
I'VE HEARD IT ALL BEFORE.
THEY ALWAYS GOT A HOLY CAUSE
THAT'S WORTH THE DYIN' FOR
SOMEONE WRITES A SLOGAN,
RAISES UP A FLAG—
SOMEONE FINDS AN ENEMY TO BLAME.

(*He crosses Down Right.*)

THE TRUMPET SOUNDS THE CALL TO ARMS

TO LEAVE THE CITIES AND THE FARMS
AND ALWAYS—
THE ENDING IS THE SAME.

THE SAME.

(He slams fist on table.)

THE SAME.

THE SAME.

THE DREAM HAS TURNED TO ASHES
THE WHEAT HAS TURNED TO STRAW
AND SOMEONE ASKS THE QUESTION—
WHAT WAS THE DYIN' FOR?
THE LIVIN' CAN'T REMEMBER—
THE DEAD NO LONGER CARE
BUT NEXT TIME IT WON'T HAPPEN
UPON MY SOUL, I SWEAR

I'VE HEARD IT ALL A HUNDRED TIMES
I'VE HEARD IT ALL BEFORE.
DON'T TELL ME "IT'S DIFFERENT NOW."—
I'VE HEARD IT ALL—I'VE HEARD IT ALL
I'VE HEARD IT ALL BEFORE!

(BLACKOUT.)

ACT ONE

SCENE 2

A country road. Split rail fences, Stage Right and Left. In the background we hear church bells and the very faint strains of the song "PASS THE CROSS TO ME," played on a distant church organ.

Dressed in their best, the ANDERSONS are on their way to church. They cross over from Stage Left. CHARLIE, with JENNY on his arm, is in front. Following them comes JAMES and ANNE together. It is obvious now just how pregnant ANNE is. After them comes NATHAN, JACOB, JOHN and HENRY. THE BOY is somewhat behind them all as if he has a great reluctance to attend church.

HENRY. *(Calling back.)* Hey, Boy, you better hurry up or you'll be late again.

(FAMILY goes on ahead without taking any notice of the lingering BOY. By the time THE BOY has reached Center Stage, GABRIEL appears at Stage Left and calls to him. GABRIEL is a black boy his own age. He is barefooted and dressed in slave's rags.)

GABRIEL. Hey, Boy!

THE BOY. Hey Gabriel!

GABRIEL. You got church again?

THE BOY. Yeah. (They cross Down Right and sit on fence.)

GABRIEL. We going fishing when you get out of meeting?

THE BOY. If I ever get out. You know there's only one thing I don't like about church, Gabriel.

GABRIEL. What's that?

THE BOY. It's the Preacher. He talks on and on and don't never get nowhere. He never laughs or smiles or tells about anything funny . . . (Shakes his head.) Preachers are just no fun, Gabriel, and that's all there is to it. They're always telling you about Hell in a way that makes you think maybe they been there.

GABRIEL. It must be awful purty in that church, Boy.

THE BOY. Why don't you go in and see for yourself?

GABRIEL. Naa, my Massa, he say a black slave in a white church just wouldn't be decent. And you know me, Boy. I wouldn't want to do nothin' undecent. (THE BOY glances in the direction his FAMILY has gone and then looks back at GABRIEL.)

THE BOY. Well, listen, I gotta hurry. My Pa'll give me the Devil if I don't get there with 'em. (On the verge of running, he begins to back away from GABRIEL towards Stage Right.)

GABRIEL. I'll see you after Meetin', all right?

THE BOY. All right. (He hurries off and exits Stage Right. GABRIEL exits Left.)

(The country road scrim flies, the fences part and we are inside the church.)

ACT ONE

SCENE 3

Inside the church.

Because of the war, the CONGREGATION is composed of more women than men, [male chorus members may be dressed as women if necessary] except for a small scattering of CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS. A DEACON is seated at Right by

the church doors. The REVEREND BYRD has already begun his sermon.

BYRD. . . and my message could very well be concerned with these Northern barbarians who have flooded like ravenous and homeless locusts across the Potomac River . . . but it isn't. What I have to impart to you today, good friends, could very well be concerned with the ill-advised and suicidal antics which every day and night take place in a White House which we once proudly called our own . . . but it isn't. My message for today is Duty. Duty means many things to many people. (BYRD is rendered momentarily mute and everyone in the CONGREGATION watches as CHARLIE enters from the church doors Stage Right and leads his FAMILY to their pews in the front row. The ANDERSONS have interrupted everything. The DEACON closes the doors. After the ANDERSONS are seated and there is once again a respectful quiet, BYRD continues to stare at CHARLIE.) There are no doubt some present, Charlie Anderson, who . . . (BYRD is once more interrupted as THE BOY enters and hurriedly takes his seat with his FAMILY and then almost painfully BYRD continues what he was saying to CHARLIE.) There are no doubt some present, Charlie Anderson, who wonder why you and yours are never on time for the Lord's services. (CHARLIE mulls this over for a moment.)

CHARLIE. Have I kept the Lord waitin', Reverend Byrd?

BYRD. You have not! (CHARLIE takes his seat as BYRD continues his sermon.) My message for today is Duty.

CHARLIE. Amen.

BYRD. Duty means many things to many people . . . and all of these lead to one for a Virginian. There are three important kinds of Duty. Duty to God, who created us and loves us . . . Duty to our neighbor . . . our fellow man, without whom we cannot live— Indeed, without whom we would not want to live and indeed without whom life would be hollow and meaningless. And then, there is Duty to our State. It gives us sustenance. It protects us. Duty—to a Virginian—not just a word, my friends. It is a way of life . . . a dedication. . . . a benediction . . . a spiritual rule. Amen. We will all rise now and sing Hymn Number 228. (The CONGREGATION stands, opens its Hymn books and begins to sing:)

SONG: "PASS THE CROSS TO ME"

CONGREGATION.
LET ME STRAY NOT LIKE A SPARROW IN A
STORM.

LET ME CAST NOT TO THE GROUND MY CROWN
OF THORN.

I WILL BEAR IT, YOU CAN PASS THE CROSS TO
ME

PASS THE CROSS AND I WILL BEAR IT
FAITHFULLY

I AM READY, I AM READY—

I AM READY, YOU CAN PASS THE CROSS TO ME.

(The Boy is the only one not singing. BYRD hands him a Hymnal.)

FOR TO SUFFER AS THE LORD
IS TO HAVE MY SOUL RESTORED.
LET THIS FAITH OF MINE BE TRIED
FOR THE LORD IS BY MY SIDE.

I AM READY, I AM READY—

I AM READY, YOU CAN PASS THE CROSS TO ME

(The service is over. The ANDERSON FAMILY led by HENRY and THE BOY begin a processional Exit Right.)

I WILL KEEP IT, YOU CAN PASS THE CROSS TO
ME.

PASS THE CROSS AND I WILL KEEP IT
TENDERLY.

I AM READY, I AM READY—

I AM READY, YOU CAN PASS THE CROSS TO ME.

WHEN THAT BELL BEGINS TO TOLL
CALLING MY IMMORTAL SOUL
LET ME STRUGGLE UP THE HILL
IF THE STRUGGLE BE HIS WILL—

I AM READY, I AM READY—

I AM READY, YOU CAN PASS THE CROSS TO ME.

(The country road scrim flies in; fences on from Right and Left.)

ACT ONE

SCENE 4

A country road. Moments later.

JENNY and her brothers NATHAN, HENRY and JOHN enter

Right. JOHN as usual is reading a book. Playfully, JENNY manages to grab it from him. She throws it to NATHAN. They are about to exit Left when SAM a young Lieutenant in the Confederate army enters from Right.

SAM. Miss Jenny . . . ?

JENNY. Hello, Sam, I didn't see you in church.

(SAM takes his hat off and respectfully holds it at his chest as he talks to her. JOHN, HENRY and NATHAN stand waiting as she talks to SAM.)

SAM. Well, I . . . I was sittin' in the back, Miss Jenny.

JENNY. My little brother's always wanted to sit in the back of the church, so he could be the first out.

SAM. *(Apologetically.)* That's not why I sat in the back, Miss Jenny. I . . . well, I just sat in the back because . . . because I sat in the back . . . *(SAM begins to notice that JENNY'S brothers are looking at each other in a way that signifies they might think he isn't too bright.)* and . . . uh . . . well, actually, what I wanted to tell you was . . . *(He crosses Right and JENNY follows. The BOYS also follow. They make SAM uncomfortable. They are very distracting.)* I mean, what I want to tell you is . . . I'll be leaving soon and . . . *(He is again distracted by the stares of JENNY'S brothers.)* I'll be leaving soon . . .

JENNY. *(Gently.)* You've already said that, Sam.

SAM. I have . . . ? *(Remembering.)* Oh! Now. Yes, I did . . . I have— Well, I'll be leaving soon and . . . *(JENNY'S brothers look at each other and then roll their eyes to Heaven as if there is going to be no end to SAM'S leaving.)* I will be eternally grateful if you will permit me to call upon you this evening.

JENNY. "Eternally" is a long time, Sam.

SAM. Not when one carries the memory of you, Miss Jenny. *(HENRY can no longer control his laughter. JENNY kicks him. She immediately regains her composure and holds out her hand to SAM. He briefly takes her fingers.)*

JENNY. I'll look forward to seeing you . . . after supper, Sam.

(JENNY and brothers exit Left. The brothers are mocking SAM. SAM exits Right as GABRIEL and THE BOY enter. They carry fishing poles, bait box and a small crate which they proceed to sit upon Down Center.)

GABRIEL. Preacher say anything funny today, Boy?

THE BOY. No, it was worse than ever.

GABRIEL. Yeah, Boy, that sure is a purty church. What'dya do in there, anyway?

THE BOY. Pray.

GABRIEL. What else?

THE BOY. Sing . . . and then pray some more . . . and some more . . . and some more. Most borin' place I've ever been. All I have to do to get to sleep some nights is just think about going to church . . . (*They begin to fish.*)

GABRIEL. What does it look like inside?

THE BOY. Just a lot of hard benches.

GABRIEL. Hard benches? Is that all they is to it? Hard benches?

THE BOY. That's all. Hard benches and a hard sermon. That's what church is all about.

GABRIEL. You know, Boy, if I thought he wouldn't smack me good across my mouth, I'd sure like to ask the Massa something.

THE BOY. What's that?

GABRIEL. Well . . . the cabin I stays in has got a hard dirt floor . . . and the bed I sleeps on, it's hard, too. And the food I gets sits hard in my belly. And the words the Massa talks to my face . . . they's mighty hard— Now . . . now, if everything I got in my life is hard, what's undecent about me settin' on a hard church bench?

(*THE BOY and GABRIEL look at one another for a brief moment as if both are trying to figure it out, but THE BOY has something else on his mind.*)

THE BOY. Gabriel, you mean to tell me that in your whole life, you never been to any kind of a church at all?

GABRIEL. Naa, the Massa say we niggers can pray all we want to, but it ain't gonna do no good— That's what he calls us when he's feelin' bad. "Niggers." When he's feelin' good, he calls us by your name—"Boy."— And he say we can sing all we want to, but that ain't gonna do no good neither. He say we can sing and pray and clap till we's white in the face . . . and ain't none of it gonna do no good. Naa, the Massa wouldn't let us go to church, even if *his* soul depended on it.

THE BOY. I don't know, but if I thought I didn't have to go to church, I might change places with you.

GABRIEL. I don't think you'd be much good at bein' a slave, Boy. It takes practice.

(THE BOY scratches his cheek in a puzzled way and begins to sing:)

SONG: "WHY AM I ME?"

THE BOY.
TELL YA' WHAT I'M THINKIN'
HONESTLY AND TRUE:
HOW COME I COME TO LIFE AS ME
AND NOT TO LIFE AS YOU?

GABRIEL.
LORD, I KNOW THE FEELIN'
CUZ WHEN I'M BY MYSELF
I WONDER WHY I'M WHO I AM
AND NOT SOMEBODY ELSE.

THE BOY and GABRIEL. (*Together.*)
WAY DOWN UNDERNEATH IT ALL
WHERE NO ONE GETS TO SEE

THE BOY.
I BET IT FEELS NO DIFF'RENT BEING YOU

GABRIEL.
OR BEIN' ME!

THE BOY and GABRIEL.
WHY WAS I BORN
WHEN I WAS BORN
WHO I WAS BORN TO BE?
WHY WAS I GIVEN
THE BODY I'M LIVIN' IN?

GABRIEL.
WHY AM I GABRIEL?

THE BOY.
WHY AM I ANDERSON?

THE BOY and GABRIEL. (*Together.*)
WHY AM I ME?
WHY AM I ME?
WHY AM I ME?

WHY AM I HERE?
WHY AM I NOW?
WHY AM I WHO YOU SEE?
WHY WAS I HANDED
THE PERSON I LANDED IN?

GABRIEL.
WHY AM I GABRIEL?

THE BOY.

WHY AM I ANDERSON?

THE BOY and GABRIEL. (*Together.*)

WHY AM I ME?

WHY AM I ME?

WHY AM I ME?

THE BOY.

I FIGURE

SOMEBODY PUTS THE "WHIO" INTO FOLKS
LIKE DROPPIN' A STONE IN A LAKE.

GABRIEL.

SO MAYBE I'M THINKIN'

I'M ABRAHAM LINCOLN

AND SOMEBODY MADE A MISTAKE!

THE BOY and GABRIEL. (*Together.*)

IF I WERE BORN

SOMEBODY ELSE

BETCHA I STILL WOULD BE ME!

SO MANY BEIN'S

I KNOW I COULD BE ME IN;

WHY MUST I BE IN

THE BEIN' YOU SEE ME IN!

GABRIEL.

WHY AM I GABRIEL?

THE BOY.

WHY AM I ANDERSON?

THE BOY and GABRIEL. (*Together.*)

WHY AM I ME?

WHY AM I ME?

WHY AM I ME?

WHY AM I ME?

WHY AM I ME?

WHY AM I ME?

(*The Young Boys exit Left. The scrim flies, the fences part.*)

ACT ONE

SCENE 5

The Anderson Farmyard.

At Left a stone well with hinged wooden cover. At Right, a barn. In front of the barn a barrel and slatted crate. JACOB

is seated on a nail keg, Right Center, sharpening his knife. JENNY and ANNE are seated on the well. They are snapping beans when CHARLIE enters, Left.

CHARLIE. Well, I got the tomatoes all hoed and from the looks of things, the corn'll be ready for harvest'n next week. (*He crosses Up Right and sets hoe on slatted crate.*) You hear that, Jacob? We can harvest the corn next week . . . all fifty acres of it.

JACOB. (*Less than enthused.*) I'm thrilled, Pa.

CHARLIE. (*Wryly.*) Yeah . . . yeah, I'll bet you are. (*To JENNY and ANNE.*) About the only thing left that makes any sense these days is hard work. (*They all look now as a Confederate Patrol enters, Right. The Patrol is composed of SERGEANT JOHNSON and four PRIVATES. They carry rifles.*)

JOHNSON. Howdy, Mr. Anderson.

CHARLIE. Sergeant Johnson.

JOHNSON. Mighty hot day. There's a rumor going around that you have the coldest water this side of the Shenandoah.

CHARLIE. That's right, Johnson, and the best East of the Mississippi. Six foot deep and twenty foot down. Help yourself. (*ANNE and JENNY step off the well and cross Right. They sit on slatted crate. CHARLIE crosses Down Left Center.*)

JOHNSON. You heard him, boys. (*The PRIVATES cross to the well and begin to draw a bucket of water.*)

CHARLIE. I'm glad you're here, Johnson, because I've been meaning to have a talk with you people about those cannon of yours. My chickens stopped layin' and my cow's gone dry. Who do I send the bill to?

JOHNSON. You might try Abe Lincoln. They're mostly his cannons. (*Another vein.*) When're you gonna take this war seriously, Mr. Anderson?

CHARLIE. Let me tell you something, Johnson, before you get on my wrong side. My corn, I take serious, because it's my corn. My potatoes, tomatoes and my fences, I take note of because they're mine. But, this war, it's not mine and I take no note of it. (*One of the PRIVATES walks over and hands JOHNSON a dipper of water.*)

JOHNSON. Maybe you'll take some notice when the Yankees drop a cannon ball into your front parlor. (*As JOHNSON drinks, CHARLIE pulls the dipper away.*)

CHARLIE. I might as well tell you now I can't think of another thing I want to hear you say.

JOHNSON. You have six sons, don't you, Mr. Anderson?

CHARLIE. Does the size of my family hold some special interest for you?

JOHNSON. As a matter of fact, it does. We need men, Mr. Anderson. (*He indicates the PRIVATES at the well.*) Two of those boys over there are younger than sixteen. It seems strange to quite a few people that none of yours are in the Army.

CHARLIE. It don't seem strange to me with all the work there is to do around here. (*CHARLIE watches JOHNSON as JOHNSON moves thoughtfully Downstage.*)

JOHNSON. I'll come right to the point then, Mr. Anderson. I came out here to get them.

CHARLIE. You . . . uh . . . you really came all the way out here to get my boys, huh?

JOHNSON. I did . . . yes, sir.

CHARLIE. Did you hear that, Jenny? They came all the way out here to get your brothers. Tell me the truth, Johnson, is that all the help you brought with you?

JOHNSON. Where're your sons now, Mr. Anderson?

CHARLIE. You want to see 'em, do you?

JOHNSON. Yes, sir, I do. (*CHARLIE looks all around and then calls.*)

CHARLIE. James! (*JAMES appears Left with a rifle.*)

JAMES. Here, Pa!

CHARLIE. John! (*JOHN appears from Down Left with a rifle.*)

JOHN. Here, Pa.

CHARLIE. (*Crossing Center.*) Henry! (*HENRY comes out of the barn with a rifle.*)

HENRY. Here, Pa!

CHARLIE. Nathan! (*From Downstage Right NATHAN enters with his rifle.*)

NATHAN. Here, Pa! (*Surprised, JOHNSON turns quickly to look at NATHAN and his rifle.*)

CHARLIE. Boy! (*THE BOY jumps up from behind the well with his rifle.*)

THE BOY. Here, Pa!

CHARLIE. Jacob, you want to pick up your rifle, so Johnson here can see you better. (*JACOB stands and picks up his rifle. CHARLIE looks all around at his sons with a kind of subdued pride. JOHNSON and his men are surrounded. CHARLIE sits on nail keg.*) Well, here they are, Johnson. If you have something you want to say to them, go ahead. They'll listen, because you're older than they are and I raised 'em respectful like that.

JOHNSON. (*Crossing Center to CHARLIE.*) A Yankee Army is breathing down your neck, Mr. Anderson. I don't think you realize . . .

CHARLIE. You're town bred, aren't you?

JOHNSON. Yes, I was raised in a town, but I don't see what that has to do with anything.

CHARLIE. It's the reason you're having such a hard time understanding me— I've watched people who are raised in towns and cities. You can stand 'em up in lines for hours and they'll never let out a squeak. You can shove 'em and push 'em and herd 'em like sheep. You can charge 'em a dollar for something worth a dime and they'll pay you and thank you for it. (*He stands.*) You can stack 'em up one on top of the other and get 'em to think that's the way people are really supposed to live.

JOHNSON. (*Confronting him.*) Mr. Anderson, I don't think you really know what . . .

CHARLIE. Let me finish talking, Johnson. That's another thing about you town people. You're so anxious to say what you got to say, you never really listen to what another man's saying. And that's where you get in a whole lot of trouble, Johnson . . . so you better listen to me now. (*He crosses Down Left. He looks out.*) I got five hundred acres of good rich dirt here—black as Hades and as rich as Croesus. Long as the rains come and the sun shines, it'll grow anything I've a mind to plant. We've pulled every stump and we've cleared every acre, and we've done it ourselves without the sweat of one slave.

JOHNSON. (*Crossing to CHARLIE.*) What's your point?

CHARLIE. My point is this, Johnson. I want you to give me one good reason why I should send my family that took me a lifetime to raise, down that road like damn fools to do somebody else's fighting.

JOHNSON. Virginia needs all her sons, Mr. Anderson.

CHARLIE. That may be, but these are my sons. They don't belong to the state. When they were babies, I never saw the state coming around with a spare tit. We've never asked anything of the state and never expected anything. We do our own living and thanks to no man for the right. And we'll do our own dyin' when our time comes . . . and dig our own graves, too. Now . . . now, do you think you understand us a little better? (*JOHNSON stares at CHARLIE for a moment. Suddenly he lifts his rifle.*) I wouldn't. (*JOHNSON looks around at all of the armed sons. Even THE BOY has him tightly covered.*)

JOHNSON. Come on, boys. (*The PRIVATES pick up their rifles and as they cast parting glances at CHARLIE'S armed sons, they follow JOHNSON and exit Right. CHARLIE now looks around at his sons.*)

CHARLIE. Well . . . ? What're you standing around for?

There's work to do. (*Awed by the feeling of some kind of power, the sons remain just as they are as CHARLIE exits Left. ANNE, ROBERT and JENNY follow.*)

JOHN. You know . . . something just occurred to me.

NATHAN. What's that?

JOHN. Well, I understand Pa and all that, but . . . but, I'll bet if we did get into this war, we'd be hell. (*The ANDERSON sons begin to sing:*)

SONG: "NEXT TO LOVIN' (I LIKE FIGHTIN')"

NATHAN.

JUST CUZ I'M FOR BROTHERHOOD
LOV'N PEACE 'N' MOTHERHOOD
NO ONE POPS THE BUTTONS OFF MY VEST
I CAN BUST A MAPLE TREE
CLEAN IN HALF ACROSS MY KNEE
AND I AIN'T INCLINED TO BE THE KIND OF
JEST.

ANDERSON SONS.

NEXT TO LOVIN'
I LIKE FIGHTIN'
I LIKE FIGHTIN', IT'S EXCITIN'
NEXT TO LOVIN'
I LIKE FIGHTIN' BEST
NEXT TO BEIN' HUGGED AND KISSED
I LIKE MAKIN' ME A FIST,
NEXT TO LOVIN'
I LIKE FIGHTIN' BEST.

JAMES.

YOU JUST SEE A GENTLE SOUL
HAPPY IN A PASSIVE ROLE
YOU DON'T SEE A TURKEY YOU CAN ROAST
I CAN SPLIT AN EIGHT FOOT RAIL
WITH JUST MY LITTLE FINGER NAIL

ALL.

AND WE AIN'T INCLINED TO BE THE KIND TO
BOAST.

ANDERSON SONS.

NEXT TO LIVIN'
I LIKE FIGHTIN'
I LIKE FIGHTIN', IT'S EXCITIN'
NEXT TO LOVIN'
I LIKE FIGHTIN' MOST
NEXT TO POETRY AND PROSE
I LIKE PUNCHIN' ME A NOSE,

NEXT TO LOVIN'
 I LIKE FIGHTIN' MOST.
 NEXT TO LOVIN'
 I LIKE FIGHTIN' MOST.

HENRY.

I'M JUST LIKE A BUMBLE-BEE
 SIPPIN' HONEY PEACEFULLY
 HEAVEN KNOW I WOULDN'T HURT A FLY

ANDERSON SONS.

BUT IF YOU POKE AROUND MY HIVE
 YOU'LL BE SORRY YOU'RE ALIVE
 AND I AIN'T INCLINED TO BE THE KIND TO
 LIE

NEXT TO LOVIN'
 I LIKE FIGHTIN'
 I LIKE FIGHTIN', IT'S EXCITIN'
 NEXT TO LOVIN'
 I LIKE FIGHTIN' BEST
 I DON'T HAVE TO COME ON TOUGH.
 YOU CAN BET I'M TOUGH ENOUGH
 NEXT TO LOVIN'
 I LIKE FIGHTIN' BEST.
 NEXT TO LOVIN'
 I LIKE FIGHTIN' BEST.

(Dance extension.)

JACOB and JOHN.

EASY GOING—THAT'S MY STYLE
 NEVER FROWN WHEN I CAN SMILE,
 HAPPY AS AN OX WITHOUT A YOKE

ANDERSON SONS.

BUT IF YOU AGGRAVATE MY SCORN,
 YOU'LL BE SORRY YOU WERE BORN
 AND WE AIN'T THE KIND
 TO BE INCLINED TO JOKE.

NEXT LOVIN'
 I LIKE FIGHTIN'
 I LIKE FIGHTIN', IT'S EXCITIN'
 NEXT TO LOVIN'
 I LIKE FIGHTIN' BEST.
 NEXT TO SMELLIN' ME A ROSE
 I LIKE STOMPIN' ON SOME TOES
 NEXT TO LOVIN'
 I LIKE FIGHTIN' BEST.

(BLACKOUT.)

ACT ONE

SCENE 6

The Anderson Porch.

It is after supper. There is a rosy, dusk-like glow over the farm. CHARLIE is smoking his after-supper cigar on the porch rocker. THE BOY sits by his side. There is a suggestion of a split-rail fence Stage Right.

CHARLIE. You know, Boy, this is one of the best times of day. You've worked hard and you've eaten well. You know the day's been worthwhile and you can just sit for a spell and relax.

THE BOY. And think about all the work that has to be done tomorrow?

CHARLIE. Well, did you ever think of gettin' up in the mornin', sittin' around all day long and then going to bed at night without having done a blessed thing?

THE BOY. Yes, sir, I think about that all the time.

CHARLIE. You're happy, aren't you, Boy?

THE BOY. (*Grudging.*) Yes, sir . . . I guess I'm happy.

CHARLIE. Well, there you are, then. The only reason you're happy is because I keep you busy. (*There is silence between them for a moment.*)

THE BOY. Pa . . . ?

CHARLIE. What?

THE BOY. Just one day . . . would you give me a chance to be unhappy?

(SAM and JENNY enter Down Left and walk side by side. They do not notice CHARLIE and THE BOY on the porch.)

JENNY. You haven't said a word in a long time, Sam. Is something wrong?

SAM. No, nothing's wrong. I just don't know what to say. I mean, I know what to say, but I don't know how.

JENNY. It must all be very complicated then. (*They stop at the fence. They have still not noticed CHARLIE and THE BOY on the porch.*)

SAM. No, it's just all memorized. Everything I want to say now, I said a dozen times before I got here. I said it to the (*Music cue: "OVER THE HILL."*) moon and it sounded

good. I said it again to the trees and it sounded better. I said it to my horse and it sounded perfect . . . and now I can't remember what it was I said, or where it began, or where it ended.

SONG: "OVER THE HILL"

JENNY.

YOU CAN'T TURN THE MOON ON, SAM—
THE MOON LIGHTS UP FOR THE SUN.
TRY YOUR POETRY ON ME.
I COULD BE WOED AND WON.

DON'T YOU AGREE, IT'S A BEAUTIFUL NIGHT.
DID YOU EVER SEE FIRE-FLIES BLINKIN' SO
BRIGHT.
WITH HEAVEN AS CLOSE AS THE TOPS OF THE
TREES;
A BODY COULD THINK OF THE BIRDS AND THE
BEES.

OVER THE HILL, I'LL BE
OVER THE HILL
BY THE TIME WE EMBRACE, I'LL BE
OVER THE HILL!
NO SWEET GIRLISH FIGURE, NO BLUSH ON MY
CHEEK,
TOO OLD TO GO DANCIN', TOO FEEBLE AND
WEAK.

AREN'T YOU GLAD FOR THE CRICKETS THAT
SING
FOR A BIG HARVEST MOON THAT IS ROUND AS
A RING?
THE STARS ARE A GLITTER LIKE DIAMONDS
ABOVE.
DON'T IT JUST MAKE YOU WISH YOU WERE IN
LOVE?

OVER THE HILL, I'LL BE
OVER THE HILL.
BY THE TIME THAT WE KISS I'LL BE
OVER THE HILL.
MY LIPS WON'T REMIND YOU OF RASPBERRY
WINE;

FOR I WILL BE WEATHERED AND WRINKLED
WITH TIME

ALL OF MY CHARMS FOOLISHLY WASTED;
NARY A MEM'RY I'LL HAVE OF ROMANCE.
JUST AN OLD MARE PUT OUT TO PASTURE;
OVER THE HILL AND TOO WEARY TO PRANCE!

WHAT CAN I GIVE YOU, WHEN
I'M OLD AND GRAY
THAT I HAVEN'T GOT, MORE OF
TO GIVE YOU TODAY.
WITH BATS IN THE ATTIC AND FROST ON THE
SILL;
WILLIN' OR NOT, I'LL BE OVER THE HILL.
OVER THE HILL.

(They look at each other for a moment in silence.)

SAM. Jenny . . . ?

JENNY. Yes, Sam . . . ?

SAM. I have something I really want to say to you . . .

JENNY. I'm listening.

SAM. What I really want to say is . . . and I want you to
know I mean it with all my heart . . .

JENNY. Yes . . . ?

SAM. Well, it's just this. *(SAM now sees CHARLIE and THE BOY sitting on the porch, listening to him. He stares at them for a moment and then clears his throat and lowers his voice.)*
Jenny, could . . . could we walk somewhere else? *(He exits Right. JENNY, alone, sings.)*

JENNY.

WILLIN' OR NOT I'LL BE
OVER THE HILL!

(She exits Right.)

THE BOY. I wonder what it was he wanted to say, Pa. He had me real interested.

CHARLIE. Well, I can tell you one thing. I'm sure going to miss her.

THE BOY. *(Puzzled.)* Is Jenny going somewhere?

CHARLIE. All women go somewhere—sooner or later. You don't expect her to stay here and take care of us the rest of her life, do you?

THE BOY. I guess not, but I sure hadn't planned on her going anywhere.

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