



A Musical Play

Book & Lyrics by

ORSON SCOTT CARD

Music by

C. MICHAEL PERRY

© 1978 by Orson Scott Card & C. Michael Perry
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that

LIBERTY JAIL

ing fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States Of America, the British Empire, including the Dominion Of Canada, and the other countries of the Copyright Union, is subject to royalty. Anyone presenting the play without the express written permission of the Copyright owners and/or their authorized agent will be liable to the penalties provided by law.

A requisite number of script and music copies must be purchased from the Publisher and Royalty must be paid to the publisher for each and every performance before an audience whether or not admission is charged. A performance license must first be obtained from the publisher prior to any performance(s).

Federal Copyright Law -- 17 U.S.C. section 504 -- allows for a recovery of a minimum of \$250 and a maximum of \$50,000 for each infringement, plus attorney fees.

The professional and amateur rights to the performance of this play along with the lecturing, recitation, and public reading rights, are administered exclusively through ZION THEATRICALS without whose permission in writing no performance of it may be made. For all other rights inquiries may be made to the authors through ZION THEATRICALS Any adaptation or arrangement of this work without the author's written permission is an infringement of copyright. **Unauthorized duplication by any means is also an infringement.**

FOR PUBLIC PERFORMANCE RIGHTS YOU MUST APPLY TO THE PUBLISHER OR YOU ARE BREAKING THE LAW!

The possession of this SCRIPT whether bought or rented, does not constitute permission to perform the work herein contained, in public or in private, for gain or charity. Proper prior application must be made and license granted before a performance may be given. Copies of this SCRIPT and all other rehearsal materials may be bought and/or rented from:

ZION THEATRICALS
3877 W. Leicester Bay South Jordan, UT 84095
www.ziontheatricals.com

Printed in the United States Of America

Whenever this play is produced the following notice should appear in the program and on all advertizements under the producer's control: "Produced by special arrangement with Zion Theatricals, South Jordan UT" In all programs and posters and in all advertisements under the producers control, the author's name shall be prominently featured under the title.

NOTE: Your contract with Zion Theatricals limits you to making copies of this document for persons directly connected with your production. Do not distribute outside of your cast and crew. Following your performance run you must destroy all photocopies, preferably by shredding them. If we sent you the document in printed format, you must return that document to us. if we provided you with an electronic PDF file, simply trash that on your computer so that it cannot be recovered. The electronic document may only be on ONE computer -- it may NOT be duplicated. This is also a part of your contract with Zion Theatricals

LIBERTY JAIL

A Musical Play

Book & Lyrics by

ORSON SCOTT CARD

Music by

C. MICHAEL PERRY

© 1978 by Orson Scott Card & C. Michael Perry
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED
Duplication Prohibited

For performance rights contact:
ZION THEATRICALS
3877 W. Leicester Bay South Jordan, UT 84095
www.ziontheatricals.com

LIBERTY JAIL

TIME: late 1800's and in the actors memories

PLACE: Liberty Jail, Clay County, Missouri

Cast of Characters

ACTOR ONE -- Smith & Joseph Smith
ACTOR TWO -- Elder Humphreys & Hyrum Smith
ACTOR THREE -- Jack, the foreman & Sidney Rigdon
ACTOR FOUR -- Elder Alexander Macrae
ACTOR FIVE -- A boy & Alex Macrae
ACTOR SIX -- Hank & Lyman Wight
ACTOR SEVEN -- Bill Johnson & Caleb Baldwin
ACTRESS ONE -- Mrs. Johnson & Emma Smith
ACTRESS TWO -- A Woman & Mary Fielding Smith
ACTRESS THREE -- A Woman & Mrs. Harvey
ACTOR EIGHT -- A young man & Doniphan & Judge Turnham
ACTOR NINE -- A Man & General Lucas & Nasty Guard
ACTOR TEN -- A Man & Old Guard & Sheriff
ACTRESS FOUR -- Annie Parker & A Woman
ACTOR ELEVEN -- A Boy & Aide & Young Guard & Billy

AUTHOR'S NOTE

For six months in the fall and winter of 1837-38, the First Presidency of the Mormon Church was locked in a two room jail in Liberty, Missouri. Joseph Smith and his counselors, Sidney Rigdon and Hyrum Smith, were joined by Lyman Wight, later an Apostle, and two virtually unknown to history, Caleb Baldwin and Alexander Macrae.

We know little of what went on in the tiny prison -- only comments from several letters hint at the events there. But two of Joseph Smith's most powerful revelations came from the experience~ Sections 121 and 122 of the Doctrine and Covenants

Why were they in prison? The answer well-known to most Mormons is that the mobs of Mormon-haters had driven the Saints from the land they had hoped to turn into Zion, and in the process sought to kill the Prophet and his two highest lieutenants. And

But why did the Non-Mormon Missourians hate the Saints so much? Because they were jealous of the hard-working Saints accomplishments? Perhaps. Because they feared that the Mormons -- almost all Yankees -- were about to abolish slavery? Much more likely.

But no one reason was the cause of all the hatred. And one of the contributing factors was certainly the appearance of many of the Saints. Like Sidney Rigdon, who in a stirring Fourth of July speech called for the Non-Mormon Missourians to be "exterminated or driven from the State," The very words that Governor Lilburn Boggs would soon use against the Mormons, And like the vengeance-seeking Danite Band, Mormons who rode the night, trying to terrorize the anti-Mormons into submission, but only succeeding in igniting the flames that would consume the Mormon Church and leave all hope of building Zion in ashes.

MUSICAL SYNOPSIS

OVERTURE	Orchestra
ONE OF THE SMITH BOYS	Annie Parker, Bill Johnson
HE'S YOUR FRIEND	Alexander Macrae
I AIN'T A SNAKE	Caleb Baldwin
TIME	Lyman Wight
I THANK THEE	Sidney Rigdon
A PLACE WITHOUT SUN	Young Macrae
SIMPLE MEN	Hyrum Smith
WHEN DID THE MAN BECOME A PROPHET?	Joseph Smith
HE'S YOUR FRIEND (reprise)	Hyrum Smith
UNREMARKABLE THEY GROW	Hyrum Smith
JAILBREAKER JED	the six prisoners
GOD IS NEAR	Joseph Smith
LIBERTY JAIL SEXTET	the six prisoners
OVERTURE TO ACT II	Orchestra.
LETTERS	Joseph, Hyrum, Emma, Mary
DEEPER THAN YOU KNOW	Sidney
JOSEPH'S PRAYER	Joseph
BROTHER JOSEPH	the visitors
ONLY	Joseph and Hyrum
ONLY (reprise)	Hyrum
WHEN DID THE MAN BECOME A PROPHET? (reprise)	Joseph
THE VISION (underscore)	Orchestra
SECTION 121 (underscore)	Orchestra
PAVILIONS	Humphreys and Older Macrae
LIBERTY JAIL	Both Macraes, Hyrum, Lyman
HE'S YOUR FRIEND (Finale)	the ensemble

LIBERTY JAIL

Book and Lyrics by *Orson Scott Card*.

Music by *C. Michael Perry*.

11M 4W (doubling included)

Space setting.

At the end of the persecutions of the Mormons in Missouri, Joseph Smith, Hyrum Smith, Sidney Rigdon and three others were imprisoned in a jail at Liberty, Missouri. The conflicts that arose there and the friendships that were formed shaped the future history of the Mormon Church -- and also brought to Mormon Scripture the beautiful and poetic Section 121 of the Doctrine and Covenants. This musical drama will have your audience totally involved with beautiful music, a deeply moving story and a variety of characters. *"Absorbing, moving ... a powerful drama ... powerful music."* PROVO DAILY HERALD. *"A Mormon classic! The score is lyrical and sometimes thrilling."* UTAH HOLIDAY MAGAZINE. About 2hrs.

Liberty Jail was first produced by Pavilion Productions at the Valley Centre Theatre in Provo, Utah opening on February 9, 1978. Directed by the Orson Scott Card with C. Michael Perry. Produced by Keith and Jody Renstrom. Choreographed by Linda Cameron. Vocal Direction by Betsy Lee. Technical Direction by James G. Lambert & Mark S. Gelter.

The original cast was as follows:

Smith & Joseph Smith -- RUSSELL GORDON CARD
Elder Humphreys & Hyrum Smith -- DENNIS PURDIE
Jack, the foreman & Sidney Rigdon -- NORMAN THORESON
Elder Alexander Macrae -- ROBERT RONSON
A boy & Alex Macrae -- ARLEN CARD
Hank & Lyman Wight -- ALAN ROCKWELL
Bill Johnson & Caleb Baldwin -- DENNIS MURPHY
Mrs, Johnson & Emma Smith -- CORAL TERRY
A Woman & Mary Fielding Smith -- CAROL REED
A Woman & Mrs. Harvey -- SHARRY SCHLEUTER
A young man & Doniphan & Judge Turnham -- JEFF PETERSON
A Man & General Lucas & Nasty Guard -- GARY ROGERS
A Man & Old Guard & Sheriff -- JAMES G. LAMBERT
Annie Parker & A Woman -- DONNA HARLOW
A Boy & Young Guard & Billy -- SHAWN RONSON

Music Orchestrated and conducted by C. Michael Perry
Flutes: Lorinda Atwater, Linda Smoot
Piano/Electric Piano: Delpha Card
Guitar: Dirk Plowman
Banjo: Lee Peterson
Violin: Leisha Larson
Bass: Rob Honey

The original cast album is available on the LEICESTER BAY THEATRICALS label.

ORSON SCOTT CARD -- Nobody had ever won the Hugo and Nebula awards for best novel two years in a row, until Orson Scott Card received them for *Ender's Game* and its sequel, *Speaker for the Dead*, in 1986 and 1987. The third novel in the series, *Xenocide*, was published in 1991, and the fourth and seemingly final volume, *Children of the Mind*, was published in August 1996. However, the Ender cycle now includes the new parallel series that began with *Ender's Shadow* in 1999, followed by *Shadow of the Hegemon* in 2001, and continued with *Shadow Puppets* in 2002. Warner Brothers also recently announced that it has made a deal for director Wolfgang Petersen to bring *Ender's Game* to the big screen.

But Orson Scott Card's experience is not limited to one genre or form of storytelling. His contemporary novels *Lost Boys*, *Treasure Box*, and *Homebody* brought a powerful emphasis on character and moral dilemmas to the old-fashioned ghost story. And his contemporary novel, *Enchantment* (April 1999), is a romantic fantasy that has *Sleeping Beauty* being awakened by an American graduate student in Ukraine in 1991.

Card has broken new ground with each of his major works. "*The Homecoming Saga*" (the novels *The Memory of Earth*, *The Call of Earth*, *The Ships of Earth*, *Earthfall*, and *Earthborn*) was a retelling of ancient scripture as science fiction. *Pastwatch: The Redemption of Christopher Columbus* is the sine qua non of alternate history novels, in which time travelers return to keep Columbus from discovering America -- or at least from returning to Europe after having discovered it. It will be followed by books that reinvision Noah's flood and the Garden of Eden -- in historically, culturally, and scientifically plausible ways. Card's *Women of Genesis* series -- Sarah, Rebekah and soon to be followed by Rachel and Leah -- bring these ancient matriarchs to life.

Perhaps Card's most innovative work is his American fantasy series *The Tales of Alvin Maker*, whose first five volumes, *Seventh Son*, *Red Prophet*, *Prentice Alvin*, *Alvin Journeyman*, and *Heartfire* are set in a magical version of the American frontier. The most recent volume, *The Crystal City* (November 2003), and the final volume, *Master Alvin*, will complete this reexamination of American history. France awarded *Heartfire* its highest science fiction award, *Le Grand Prix de l'Imaginaire* 2000.

Card's works have been translated into many languages, including Catalan, Danish, Dutch, Finnish, French, German, Hebrew, Italian, Japanese, Polish, Portuguese, Romanian, Russian, Slovakian, Spanish, Swedish and Turkish.

A dozen of Card's plays have been produced in regional theatre, including the musical *Barefoot to Zion* (written in collaboration with his composer brother, Arlen L. Card), which played to sold-out houses in Utah as part of the Mormon Church's celebration of the sesquicentennial of the entry of the pioneers into Salt Lake Valley. His historical novel, *Saints*, has been an underground hit for several years, and Card has written hundreds of audio plays and a dozen scripts for animated video plays for the family market.

Card has written two books on writing: *Character and Viewpoint* and *How to Write Science Fiction and Fantasy*, the latter of which won a Hugo award in 1991. He has taught writing courses, including his *Literary Bootcamp* at UNC-Greensboro and Utah Valley State University, and a novel-writing course at Pepperdine. He has also taught in such workshops as Antioch, Clarion, Clarion West, Seton Hall, and the Cape Cod Writers Workshop.

Born in Richland, Washington, Card grew up in California, Arizona, and Utah. He lived in Brazil for two years as an unpaid missionary for the Mormon Church. He received degrees from Brigham Young University (1975) and the University of Utah (1981). He currently lives in Greensboro, North Carolina. He and his wife, Kristine, are the parents of five children: Geoffrey, Emily, Charles, Zina Margaret, and Erin Louisa (named for Chaucer, Bronte and Dickinson, Dickens, Mitchell, and Alcott, respectively).

C. MICHAEL PERRY -- was born in Colorado and raised in Chicago. He found the theatre in High School and has made a living in Theatre, Film and Television since then. He has worked on over 25 major network television shows and some 300 commercials along with two feature films. He has performed in front of over 2000 live audiences from Utah to Italy in various plays and musicals. He has received acting awards for his many leading and supporting roles. He has directed over 40 shows on the Community, Educational and Professional level. He has choreographed over 50 productions. He has won awards for lighting and scenic

designs in community theatre and continues to design shows at the high school level. He is a graduate of Brigham Young University with a BA in Theatre. He is the composer of over thirty musicals including "CINDERABBIT" for PBS, which won an Emmy Award and a "Best Of The West" Public Television award. He is also a playwright and lyricist for over 20 plays and award winning musicals that have been produced across the nation, many of which are published. Other works composed include, ENTERTAINING MARK TWAIN, FAUNTLEROY!, KEWPIE!, THE APPLE KINGDOM, OF BABYLON, TURN THE GAS BACK ON!, CURSES, FOILED AGAIN!, TOM SAWYER, ONSTAGE!, A CHRISTMAS MEMORY and THE MIRACLE OF MIRADOR, THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL and ANNE with an 'e' - THE GREEN GABLES MUSICAL.

He is a member of The Educational Theatre Association, The International Thespian Society, Christians In Theatre Arts, The Texas Educational Theatre Association, The Utah Theatre Association, Ohio Community Theatre Association, The American Alliance for Theatre In Education and The American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers (ASCAP). He has served as the President of the Theatre Guild Of Utah Valley in central Utah. He is President of Encore Performance Publishing of Orem, Utah -- a young and growing publisher of plays and musicals for amateur and professional markets. He makes his home in Orem, Utah with his wife Sharon, and daughters Jessica, Janalynn and Joelle and son Jon-Christopher.

LIBERTY JAIL

ACT ONE

MUSICAL # 1 -- OVERTURE

(After the overture, Jack, the Foreman enters the upstairs of the jail, looks around, Mr, and Mrs. Johnson are downstairs drinking cider,)

JACK: Where is everybody?

(No answer as the Johnson's hastily cap the jugs,)

Isn't any body here?

MRS. JOHNSON: I don't know about anybody else, but Mr. Johnson and me is down here.

JACK: Well , then, I hope that you're Mrs, Johnson!

MR. JOHNSON: More's my sorrow she is!

(She cuffs him lightly)

SMITH: *(Entering)* I have the wrong day? Or am I early?

JACK: The right day, all right, so let's get busy tearing down the jail.

BILL: *(coming upstairs)* We aren't going to tear it down right away. Annie Parker's comin' and we're gonna have a dance.

JACK: It wasn't my understanding that we was going to dance the jail down, Mr. Johnson.

ANNIE PARKER: *(entering)* Is everybody here? Bill Johnson said we was gonna have cider and a dance afore the jail comes down.

MUSICAL # 2 -- ONE OF THE SMITH BOYS

JACK: The jail doesn't just come down, Miss Parker,. Strong men are supposed to pull it down. The county's paying those strong men.

(Four more men and two women enter carrying more food and cider)

WOMAN: More food! Make way for the meal!

JACK: Did anybody think to bring tools?

BILL: Patience, Jack, patience! We ain't bein' paid by the hour, I say let's dance for Liberty Jail, and all the famous people who've been locked up in here! Then we'll tear it down.

MRS. JOHNSON: And who was ever locked up in here that was famous?

BILL: Me, for one!

MRS. JOHNSON: And they never should have let you out!

SMITH: And Joseph Smith.

MRS. JOHNSON: Who's that?

JACK: He was a Mormonite, They shot him in Illinois. He said he was a prophet.

MRS. JOHNSON: Smith, huh? Any relation to you?

SMITH: There's a lot of Smiths in the world. Ya gonna sing now?

ANNIE: Sure am!

Liberty Jail by Orson Scott Card and C. Michael Perry

Possession of this script does not grant performance rights. Contact: Leicester Bay Theatricals.

ONE OF THE SMITH BOYS DOWN THE ROAD!
 FATHER PAID WHATEVER HE OWED.
 MOTHER CAME TO HELP THE SICK
 BUT THEIR SON WENT CRAZY!
 WASN'T THAT A DIRTY TRICK!

(DANCE)

ANNIE: Come dance!

JACK: I don't wanna dance'

ANNIE: Sure you do.

(DANCE)

JACK: Isn't there gonna be any work done around here?today?

WOMAN: Shut up and dance Jack!

(During the second verse Macrae and Humphreys enter. they are obviously Mormon Missionaries, Macrae is disturbed by the mocking lyrics.)

ANNIE:

JESUS TOLD HIM WHAT TO DO.
 CHANGE THE WORLD BEFORE HE'S THROUGH.
 ANGELS CAME WITH BOOKS OF GOLD.
 OH, THE TALES THAT SMITH BOY TOLD!

BILL:

JESUS TOLD HIM WHAT TO DO.
 CHANCE THE WORLD BEFORE HE'S THROUGH.
 ANGELS .CAME WITH BOOKS-OF GOLD.

ALL:

OH, THE TALES THAT SMITH BOY TOLD!

MACRAE:

OH THE TALES THAT SMITH BOY TOLD!

SEGUE TO

MUSICAL # 3 -- HE'S YOUR FRIEND

JACK: Who're you?

HUMPHREYS: We're Missionaries from the Mormon Church.

BILL: Mormons here? I thought we runned you out a long time ago!

MACRAE:

OH THE TALES THAT SMITH BOY TOLD
 FOUND MY HEART AND TOOK A HOLD!
 LOVED THE WORDS HE HAD TO SAY.
 I LOVED THE MAN.
 I STILL DO TODAY.
 I STILL DO TODAY!

HE'S YOUR FRIEND, HE'S YOUR FATHER.

HE'S YOUR BROTHER, HE'S YOUR SON.
 IF HE ASKED YOU TO WALK TO YOUR DEATH--
 YOU WOULD RUN!
 YOU LIVE FOR A SMILE;
 YOU ASK FOR A WORD.
 WHEN YOU SPEAK TO THE MAN YOU ARE HEARD.

HE' S YOUR FRIEND, HE'S YOUR FATHER.
 HE'S YOUR BROTHER, HE'S YOUR SON.
 IN THE DARK HE'S A STAR.
 IN THE DAY HE'S THE SUN.
 TILL HE TOOK YOUR HAND
 IT NEVER WAS HELD.
 WHEN YOU GIVE HIM YOUR HEART IT IS FILLED.

I WAS EMPTY, NOW I'M FILLED.
 I WAS FALLOW, THEN HE TILLED.
 I WAS LONELY FOR A WORD.
 I WAS LONELY. HE HEARD.

SMITH: Did you know Joseph Smith? Yourself?

WOMAN: Course he did. He's a Mormon, ain't he?

SMITH: Shows what you know, Joe Smith was killed more'n twenty years ago.

MACRAE: I knew him. And I knew this jail too. We both spent some time here. I heard you were tearing it down. I came by to see it

JACK: Imagine that, gettin' all sentimental about a jail.

MACRAE: I was born here.

(Loud laughter)

SMITH: I heard a lot about Joe Smith, From my Aunt. She met him when he was jailed here.

MACRAE: Did she?

SMITH: She thought he was a faker, and she came to see. But before she died she always told me, Joe Smith's no faker. He really saw God.

MACRAE: I think I remember the woman.

JACK: Enough palaverin'. Let's get to work.

BILL: Come on, Jack. We've got all day, I want to hear about Joe Smith, I never heard a Mormonite afore,
(Ad libs from crowd "yes" etc.)

MACRAE: I'll be glad to tell you, If you want me to, If you'll help me?

JACK: Oh, what the hell, Go ahead.

MACRAE: Well --

(A meaningful look at Humphreys)

I'm Elder Alexander Macrae, and This is Elder Humphreys, First, I want you to imagine what it was like coming in here, We were all from New York and Ohio.

HANK: I knew it! A bunch of damned Yankees!!

HUMPHREYS: Maybe you don't know it, sir, but Yankees come in two varieties, damned and not damned, So do Missourians.

HANK: Maybe, myself, I'm damned and proud of it!

MACRAE: There was myself -- but I was only seventeen then , like you, son, and Hyrum Smith, the Prophet's brother -- Elder Humphreys would you help with Hyrum?

HUMPHREYS: Sure.

MACRAE: And Joseph Smith --

(Touches Smith's shoulder)

You ,sir, would you mind?

SMITH: Not at all.

MACRAE: And there was Lyman Wight, A firebrand if ever there was one.

(touches the shoulder of Hank)

And Sidney Rigdon, of course, the hottest preacher ever made.

JACK: *(anxiously)* I always hankered to give a rip-roarin' sermon!

MACRAE: Fine, And a man who wasn't even a Mormon -- Caleb Baldwin.

(touches Bill Johnson's shoulder)

BILL: Me?

MACRAE: Are you a Mormon?

BILL: No!

MACRAE: Well, then, you're perfect. And a couple of guards strong and tough. . . and not very bright.

(All laugh)

Shall we start?

(All move to places)

And then the walls of Liberty Jail. Hot when we first came here. Freezing cold all winter ...

(The "crowd" ad. libs. as they moCk the "Prisoners".)

GUARD: (To crowd) Shut up you stinkin' Missouri mules.

(to prisoners)

Inside!!

CALEB: It's dark!

GUARD: You'll get used to it,

(Caleb tumbles down the stairs)

CALEB: Yow! Why didn't you tell me there was a step!

GUARD: Why don't you look where you're goin'!

CALEB: *(to Lyman)* Couldn't you find a better place to sit?

LYMAN: I couldn't find a rocking chair.

ALEX: It's so small.

GUARD: Hurry up!

LYMAN: It stinks in here!

CALEB: If the rats can live with it so can we.

ALEX: Rats!?!?

SIDNEY: Better than the company we'd have outside.

HYRUM: Is this all?

CALEB: The parlor's downstairs. And it has a large front yard.

LYMAN: Hope you don't mind an indoor privy.

(He kicks a large barrel)

CALEB: The rent's low and the food's free.

LYMAN: Oh, wonderful, I'm stuck in jail with a guy who likes to look at the bright side.

HYRUM: Where's Joseph?

JOSEPH: *(over the noise of the crowd outside)* Good afternoon, gentlemen.

(enters)

A light, a roof, four walls. Better than I thought.

CALEB: Sorry, Lyman, The bright side again.

JOSEPH: Not what I'd choose as home, but we'll make do. We'll make do.

SIDNEY: At least we're alive.

CALEB: You call this livin'?

HYRUM: Cheer up, Maybe they'll kill us quick,

(all laugh)

* * * * *

MRS. JOHNSON: How come they was in prison?

MACRAE: Troublous times, ma'am.

HUMPHREYS: There was a traitor, Ma'am. More than one. We had plenty of enemies from outside the Church -- but there was a man named Samson Avard.

AVARD: My name is Samson Avard, your honor, and I swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth so help me God.

(pause)

Well, sir, I have been an Elder in the Mormon Church for many years now.

(pause)

I am an Elder to this day, sir, though after this day I want nothing further to do with Joseph Smith and his band of thieves and killers, Sir. Yes, thieves and killers! It was about four months ago that Joseph Smith started up his band of thieves and killers, called the Daughter of Zion. Later on we called it the Danite Band.

Both MACRAES: *(to Lyman)* What a liar he is?

LYMAN: Liar? I was a member of the Danites.

AVARD: Joseph Smith taught that it was the right thing to take the worldly possessions of the gentiles, because the gentiles are the lowest scum on the face of the earth and don't deserve to own property. We paid everything we stole into the Church as tithing. Tithing is the money that Joseph Smith gets to keep.

BOTH MACRAES: I don't believe a word of it!!

LYMAN: Avard's a snake, Alex, but I was in those raids, and I paid that produce to the Bishop.

AVARD: Obey them? It's the doctrine of the Mormons, sir, that we are as bound to obey Joseph Smith, Sidney Rigdon and Hyrum Smith, as much as we are bound to obey Almighty God!

BOTH MACRAES: Brother Joseph -- is anything he's saying true?

JOSEPH: I never heard of this Danite Band until Dr. Avard said that I'd started it, Alex. I never told the Saints to break the law.

SIDNEY: Me neither. Once again the Devil has snared the Saints with a lie.

LYMAN: Snared with a lie? I heard Sidney Rigdon himself speak at a meeting of the Danites. It was a fiery speech, it was.

ALEX: You're sure?

LYMAN: Have no mercy on the gentiles, says Sidney Rigdon. God will protect you in battle. We are the avenging angels of the Lord, says Sidney Rigdon. And now he swears it's all a lie. Prophets, seers and revelators.

SIDNEY: I can't get over a faithful man like Avard suddenly turning against us, Joseph. It seems that you can't trust anyone anymore.

LYMAN: Amen. Remember what he says, Alex. That much is true.

CALEB: (*in a fury*) My name is Caleb Baldwin and I'm the meanest old coot to live to see his fiftieth birthday in the state of Missouri! I ain't never married cause no Missouri woman's stupid enough to have me, and I ain't never made no money cause no Missouri man's stupid enough to loan me any. If a man died owin' me money, I'd pick his pockets right in the coffin. But nobody's ever seen me as mad as I am right now.

JOSEPH: (laughing) You tell it, Caleb!

CALEB: I'm so tough I could tackle a charging buffalo and bite his ear off afore he knew what hit him! And if they don't let me out of this jail in five minutes, I'm gonna bite a three foot hole in the wall!!

MUSICAL # 4 -- I AIN'T A SNAKE

LYMAN: Quiet down. Baldwin!

CALEB:

I AIN'T A SNAKE.

I DON'T LIKE HOLES.

I DON'T LIKE LOCKS.

WHAT I LIKE IS STROLLS

DOWN THE AVENUE OF MY LITTLE TOWN--

WHERE THE SKY IS BLUE

WHEN THE SUN COMES DOWN.

THE MINUTE THAT I CAN STEAL A KEY

THIS JAIL WILL SEE THE LAST OF ME!

I'M ALREADY SICK OF LIBERTY JAIL!

I'M ALREADY SICK OF LIBERTY JAIL!

SIDNEY: So are we all Caleb!

CALEB: The whole idea of jails is stupid. If you don't like a fellow, why stick him in a hole for a few years and have to keep feedin' him? He'll come out madder'n ever anyway, plus you had to spend a lot of money buyin' him food. The death penalty's cheaper.

ALEX: Don't go givin' em ideas, Mr. Baldwin.

CALEB: The stupidest thing of all is that I'm not even a Mormon, Not even close!

(*to Joseph*)

Not even plannin' on it, I'm in here because I got mad when I saw a half-dozen drunken apes tryin' to rob a helpless old lady Mormon and her three kids.

ALEX: Did you shoot 'em?

CALEB: Shoot 'em? And where would I be gettin' a gun? NO! I bashed their heads in with a rock, And now here I am, all on account of tryin' to help out a lady in trouble. Next time you see a good Samaritan glint in my eye, do me a favor and tie me to a tree!

LYMAN: When's dinner? I'm hungry.

CALEB: He's hungry. Do you hear him? My dear, clean out of your mind Mormon friends, how long do you plan to sit here in this over-grown root cellar?

HYRUM: Until they let us out.

SIDNEY: Shouldn't be long. It's illegal to hold us here. They'll have to let us go.

CALEB: Where? To Illinois? Or to Heaven? They may decide to let you Latter-day Saints join the early-day ones. And what worries me is that they might decide to let this latter-day sinner go, too.

LYMAN: What are we supposed to do? Ask them nicely to please let us go?

CALEB: I was thinkin' more along the lines of keepin' our guards busy wakin' up from a knock on the head while we take our exercise hiking to the Mississippi River.

LYMAN: Hey, now, a man of action! I'm with you!

CALEB: So is everybody else, right here in this outhouse, till we decide to leave.

JOSEPH: Do you have a plan?

CALEB: I've been watching the guard, Mr. Smith. When he comes in with the food we've got about fifteen seconds that he's got his back to the door. If right at that moment somebody cuts and runs, what will he do?

HYRUM: Shoot him dead, Mr. Baldwin.

CALEB: Yes, that's what he'll try to do, but first he'll follow him to the door, he'll have to cock his musket. During that time, a few rather quick fellows might actually be able to pull him down and take his gun away before it goes off and wakes up the city.

LYMAN: Tonight! I say we do it tonight!

HYRUM: It's dangerous. Somebody could get killed.

CALEB: Somebody could get killed sittin' on his backside waitin' for the firin' squad.

HYRUM: I'd feel better about it if I knew that we had the approval of the Lord.

SIDNEY: I suggest that we have a time of fasting and prayer first.

CALEB: I'm all for not eating the food.

ALEX: Brother Joseph -- would you -- do you think the Lord would tell us what to do?

JOSEPH: I'll ask the Lord if you like, Alex. But only if you all agree to abide by His answer.

SIDNEY: I've long abided by the word of the Lord to you in every other matter, Joseph. I'll continue that practice now.

HYRUM: Me too.

LYMAN: Following you got me in here. Maybe following you will get me out.

* * * * *

WOMAN: Come on now! Did you really think they'd kill you?

MACRAE: I don't know. When a mob gets up in Missouri they get pretty mad.

SMITH: We saw that right enough in the war. Killin' everybody.

MACRAE: They tried to kill us more than once, General Lucas even gave the order.

(Lucas and Aide at table. Enter Doniphan)

DONIPHAN: *(saluting)* General Lucas?

LUCAS: *(to aide)* Give Doniphan his orders.

DONIPHAN: *(reading)* "Brigadier General Doniphan, Sir -- You will take Joseph Smith and the other prisoners to the public square and shoot them at nine o'clock tomorrow morning. Samuel D. Lucas, Major General, Commanding." It's cold-blooded murder. I won't obey your order!! My brigade shall march for Liberty tomorrow morning at 8 o'clock. And if you execute these men, I will hold you responsible before an earthly tribunal, so help me God.

(He exits)

LUCAS: What an arrogant self serving, Mormon-loving traitor! Does he think he can frighten me?

AIDE: Well, then, shall we proceed with the execution?

LUCAS: No. I've changed my mind anyway.

MACRAE: And the Judges weren't too eager to keep us alive either.

JUDGE: This court finds evidence sufficient enough to hold you over for trial on charges of treason, murder, burglary, arson, robbery, larceny. You will be committed to prison without bail in the city of Liberty.

Naturally, Mr. Smith, we'll provide an armed escort to protect you on your way.

JOSEPH: Are these the escort your honor?

JUDGE: I believe so, yes.

JOSEPH: Then you'd be doing us a favor to keep these me at home with you I give you my word of honor that we'll make no effort to escape. But these men plan to kill us on the way.

JUDGE: Well, then. Do as you please. I'll send enough men to make sure you keep your word, Mr. Smith. Your safety is out of my hands.

CALEB: Thank Heaven. I can think of about fifteen places I'd rather have my safety than in his hands.

MACRAE: But on the road to Liberty, we were ambushed anyway.

CALEB: Don't look now, Smith, but here comes our welcoming committee.

LYMAN: Great! Where's our escort now?

HYRUM: If you'll look closely, Lyman, you'll see some of them in that group getting ready to kill us.

JOSEPH: Kill us? I don't think so

MAN: Are you Joe Smith?

JOSEPH: I am sir -- and you don't know how glad we are to see you. This has been a long and tiring trip from Richmond, and we have a long way to go. We've been afraid that some men with evil in their hearts might try to stop us and kill us. But now that you're here to protect us our journey to prison will be safe

MAN: Uh, you don't

JOSEPH: I know your heart and there is no will to murder there. I can trust you to be a true man. Thank you.

MACRAE: And so we rode on to Liberty with an armed escort. Not a hair of our heads was touched. Joseph was the last man into the jail. there was a crowd outside, watching . . . mocking.

WOMAN: Joe Smith!! Make a miracle and save yourself.

ANOTHER WOMAN: Show us an angel!!

ANOTHER MAN: Nigger-lovin Yankee abolitionist land stealin' Mormon!

WOMAN: I say string him up!!!

JOSEPH: *(Raising his arm)* Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen.

* * * * *

JACK: Boy, old Joe Smith showed them! No stupid Missourian can put one over on Joe Smith!

MRS. JOHNSON: Maybe you're forgetting, Jack, but you're a Missourian

JACK: Oh, yeah.

BOY: Hey, Mr. Mormon?

MACRAE: Yes?

BOY: I heard tell they fed you on human flesh when you was in jail.

MACRAE: Well, maybe, and maybe not. The guard told us he had fed us on Mormon beef. He might've meant a cow stolen from a Mormon -- or he might've meant something else. But my guess is that he was trying to make us feel more miserable than we already did.

Liberty Jail by Orson Scott Card and C. Michael Perry

Possession of this script does not grant performance rights. Contact: Leicester Bay Theatricals.

SMITH: How did you stand it?

(Sudden, embarrassing silence)

I mean, it's so cramped up in here, So small And never any privacy.

MACRAE: It wasn't easy But we kind of made an agreement. We all lived upstairs, And then anyone who wanted to be alone could go downstairs

MUSICAL # 5 -- TIME

(Lyman is downstairs)

LYMAN: I can't stand it in this place for one more lousy day Father in Heaven, don't you know they're killing your Saints out there? What are we doing in here, helpless?

EVERY TIME THEY ASK US NICELY.
WILL WE PLEASE SURRENDER?
WILL WE LET THEM ROB AND RAPE US
WHILE WE NEVER LIFT A FINGER?!
I FOR ONE AM SICK OF GIVING IN TO
ALL THOSE THIEVING BASTARDS!!
LET THE DANITES COME AND SHOW THEM
THAT THE MORMONS ARE THE MASTERS!
TIME TO KILL ALL THE KILLERS!
I WOULD KILL ALL THE KILLERS!
JUST GET ME OUT OF LIBERTY JAIL!
TIME TO KILL ALL THE KILLERS!
I WOULD KILL ALL THE KILLERS!
JUST GET ME OUT OF LIBERTY JAIL!

SIDNEY: *(coming downstairs)* Well, Lyman, it's so dark down here. Makes upstairs look almost cheery by contrast. Like the Lord said -- opposition in all things

LYMAN: The only opposition around here is between rotten and worse.

SIDNEY: Lyman, you seem upset. What's bothering you?

LYMAN: I don't like snakes.

SIDNEY: Meaning me? Tell me what I've done to offend you, Lyman, so I can set it right.

LYMAN: It doesn't set right with me to hear prophets, seers and revelators lie in their teeth.

SIDNEY: Oh that.

LYMAN: It makes a person wonder if they've been lying about everything else.

SIDNEY: What was I supposed to do, break the oath? Just because Samson Avard turns traitor doesn't mean I have to.

LYMAN: Truth is truth!

SIDNEY: And only a fool tells the truth all of the time! I am not a fool! I will not hand the enemies of God enough rope to hang me -- and Joseph. The Lord forgives a little sin to save the Church.

LYMAN: Then the Danites can still act? Will we strike to save the Church?

SIDNEY: Strike whom? With what?

LYMAN: With nothing!! Here we are shut up in this prison for Heaven knows what reason --

SIDNEY: To strengthen us! When we come out of here we'll be martyrs to a cause, Lyman. The Saints will know that we -- we -- were willing to live and die for the Gospel That we have suffered along with them. They'd follow us anywhere. As long as we don't stay here too long.

LYMAN: As long as we don't stay here past tomorrow night.

SIDNEY: Oh, yes, the escape attempt. Well, I do have my misgivings. But we will have the Lord's confirmation.

(They chuckle as Lyman heads upstairs)

MUSICAL # 6 -- FATHER, I THANK THEE

SIDNEY:

I FATHER, I THANK THEE FOR PLACING ME HERE
 WHERE I CAN BE STRENGTHENED.
 WHERE I CAN BE NEAR
 THY SPIRIT AND KNOW THEE
 AND SERVE THEE WELL.
 WITH YOU BESIDE ME WE COULD TAKE OVER HELL!!
 OH, LORD, IT IS SINFUL.
 I KNOW THAT IT' S PRIDE
 TO BE GLAD I'VE BEEN TRUSTED
 TO LEAD ON YOUR SIDE
 I THANK THEE FOR LIBERTY JAIL.
 I THANK THEE FOR LIBERTY JAIL.

MUSIC SEGUE TO MUSICAL # 7 -- A PLACE WITHOUT SUN

ALEX:

IN A PLACE W ITHOUT WINDOWS.
 IN A PLACE WITHOUT SUN.
 WE FORGET ABOUT DAYLIGHT.
 WE FORGET HOW TO RUN.
 WE FORGET HOW TO HURRY.
 WE FORGET HOW TO HATE.
 WE ENDURE ALL THE WORRY.
 WE LEARN HOW TO WAIT.
 WHEN THERE'S NO PLACE TO GO
 AND NOTHING TO SEE
 TIME DOESN'T MATTER
 IN CHAINS YOU ARE FREE --
 AT LIBERTY -- IN JAIL
 WE ENDURE ALL THE WORRY
 WE LEARN HOW TO WAIT.

WHEN THERE'S NO PLACE TO GO
 AND NOTHING TO SEE
 TIME DOESN'T MATTER.
 IN CHAINS YOU ARE FREE
 AT LIBERTY-- IN JAIL

(At the end of the Song Alex has come downstairs)

SIDNEY: Alex, you look worried -- or upset

ALEX: Brother Rigdon -- I -- no, I was just --

SIDNEY: Is your family in any danger?

ALEX: I don't know. I haven't heard.

SIDNEY: Poor fellow.

ALEX: I never knew people could be so ugly! The mobs, the cruelty of it all --

SIDNEY: Men have always been evil.

ALEX: But - I never knew how strong and good people could be either. Until that night at Richmond jail, before the trial - remember how the guards were talking? And then Joseph stood -

(Upstairs now seems different -- another jail -- and just outside the cell three guards are boasting and laughing.)

YOUNG GUARD: I wasn't there. I didn't see it!

NASTY GUARD: All right, tell him.

OLD GUARD: We got 'em all holed up in one room. Every stinkin' Mormon, all in that one room in the mill.

Ducks on the water. We just gathered around and started shootin' through the walls and the windows. Got 'em all! Ducks on the water.

YOUNG GUARD: Killed every one?

NASTY GUARD: You don't think we'd miss do you?

OLD GUARD: And then Bill Reynolds --

NASTY GUARD: No names

OLD GUARD: Ol' Bill's proud of it, Morton!

NASTY GUARD: I said no names

OLD GUARD: Anyway, he found a little crawlin' one, little caterpillar, couldn't be more than four years old.

Blew its head clean off. They was one Mormon lover with us who says "what you doin' shootin' a little kid like that!" But, Bill, he told him -- oh, beg your pardon -- This fellow who's name we ain't gonna mention, he told him, "Nits breed lice!" he says "Nits breed lice!"

(They all break up laughing. Joseph stirs, Hyrum is weeping)

NASTY GUARD: Get any women?

OLD GUARD: Shot 'em all. Men and women.

NASTY GUARD: But did you get any?

OLD GUARD: Oh! Well, that's for younger men than me.

NASTY GUARD: I run into some guys, they run into a bunch of Mormons tryin' to get away The Mormon man, he runs off like a chicken as knows it's near supptime. The woman, she tries to hide the kids behind her, but they didn't care about no kids! They had her tied down in two minutes.

YOUNG GUARD: I don't believe it!

NASTY GUARD: Believe what you want, boy, but I heard more stories than this They told me she squawked like a chicken the whole time, except she was dead 'fore they was through Probably never had a real man

Liberty Jail by Orson Scott Card and C. Michael Perry

Possession of this script does not grant performance rights. Contact: Leicester Bay Theatricals.

before, just a chicken-livered Mormon

YOUNG GUARD: They can hear you.

NASTY GUARD: Let 'em! I can tell 'em more too! I hear we got one wagon, burned it right up with the Mormons still on it.

OLD GUARD: Did you hear the one about the one little kid who hid himself in a haystack?

JOSEPH: Silence, ye fiends of the infernal pit! In the name of Jesus Christ I rebuke you, and command you to be still I will not live another minute and hear such language Cease such talk or you or I die this instant!

(They are silent Nasty Guard tries to laugh but it peters out. After a long time Joseph lies down again ~

YOUNG GUARD: I didn't believe your stupid story anyway

NASTY GUARD: Oh, shut up!

SIDNEY: Alex, don't worry, most of those stories were probably lies

ALEX: Oh, they're true enough. All true. But, you see, when Joseph stood up like that and spoke with the power of God, I felt like -- I felt like everything was worth it. Everything would work out in the end. Because God was still with the Prophet

SIDNEY: I wish all men could have your faith.

ALEX: Me? Oh, I'm just a nobody.

SIDNEY: You have the same eternal potential as --

ALEX: Oh, no, Brother Rigdon I'm not the sort that ever becomes famous or important. I expect I'll always just sort of make a living and go to Church. Maybe someday they'll ask me to go on a mission or something.

SIDNEY: You have a dismal view of your future.

ALEX: I'm happy with it. That's the way I want to live. I'm not the sort who's happy telling other people what to do. I don't know what they should do.

SIDNEY: Does anyone after all?

ALEX: I don't know anymore. Brother Rigdon. Lyman Wight's been telling me things.

SIDNEY: Oh, Lyman.

ALEX: Why, is he lying?

SIDNEY: Depends on what he said, doesn't it?

ALEX: He said -- he was a member of the Danites.

SIDNEY: Oh!? Did he now!

ALEX: And not only that, he said that you and Joseph knew about the Danites. How they was out robbing the-Gentiles and burning down houses. And if that's true -- why, no wonder the gentiles hate us! Those Danites brought all this down on us!

SIDNEY: Satan brought all this down on us, Alex. Don't you know? The Gentiles always hate the Saints. It's the way of the world.

ALEX: That's not what I'm asking! I want to know if Joseph Smith knew about them! And you -- Lyman said you gave a speech to them!

SIDNEY: There are times, Alex, when violence is the Lord's way. The Lord of the New Testament as well as the old. I come not to bring peace but a sword

ALEX: Then Samson Avard was telling the truth and you were lying to everybody.

SIDNEY: Alex, Avard's testimony was so full of lies that I don't think anyone will ever know where the lies leave off and the truth begins.

ALEX: Did you know about the Danites?

SIDNEY: Alex, I can honestly tell you that Joseph Smith never started any such group of men. The Mormon

Church is a law-abiding Church.

(HYRUM begins to make his way downstairs)

ALEX: But you -- did you know about the Danites

SIDNEY: I never heard of them until Samson Avard talked about them on the stand. Hyrum!!! Coming down to visit us?

HYRUM: Not if I'm interrupting anything.

SIDNEY: I was just going back upstairs where the air's a bit more clear

(Sidney goes upstairs Hyrum sits on a stool and starts to write. Then he looks at Alex)

HYRUM: Something wrong? Do you want to be alone?

ALEX: No Hyrum, I just don't know what to believe about anything!

HYRUM: Well.

(Pause)

Well.

ALEX: Lyman says one thing and Sidney says another -- and I feel like everyone's lying to me -- and I can't figure out why they're lying about anything! I shouldn't be here It doesn't do any good to see Prophets up close.

HYRUM: Alex, my friend, this can't go on! Joseph's never done anything dishonest in his life. I'm his brother, and believe me, I should know.

ALEX: What about Sidney?

HYRUM: *(chuckling)* Sidney's First Counselor in the Church.

ALEX: You don't trust him, do you?

(Pause)

HYRUM: Alex, why did you join the Church?

ALEX: Because -- I believed that Joseph Smith was a prophet.

HYRUM: And you were right. He is. So believe in Joseph and don't bother with anyone else He'll never fall. He's the only one you can count on.

ALEX: What about you?

HYRUM: Me? I'll try to hang on faithful to the death. But don't put your faith on any man but the Lord's anointed.

ALEX: All these men are called of God!

HYRUM: Called of God, yes! But for what purpose? Some men are called like Joseph, because they're clean and strong. They can endure the fullness of the Gospel and live it perfectly. And some are called, like Sidney, because they're capable, and they're needed to help build up the Kingdom of God. Some people are called to test us, to see if we can stay close to the Church in spite of the men who lead it. And some people are called so they can damn themselves.

ALEX: Why would the Lord do that?

HYRUM: Oh, you know the kind of man I mean. At the judgment day, when the Lord told him he hadn't made it, he'd whine and moan and say, "But Lord, if you'd only made me a Bishop, then you'd know what a great and good man I might have been." So the Lord gives them a high enough office that they can prove to everybody's satisfaction that they're worthless to God and a little irritating to the Devil as well.

ALEX: Who can I trust?

HYRUM: Jesus. Joseph. And the Gospel they both teach.

ALEX: And what about the others?

HYRUM: Forget about them, I say. Time always brings out the truth -- or enough of it that the details just don't matter.

ALEX: Yeah, I guess so. Thanks.

HYRUM: Go upstairs and sleep, Alex.

ALEX: Good idea.

MUSICAL # 8 -- SIMPLE MEN

HYRUM:

THANK GOD FOR SIMPLE MEN
 FOR MEN A MAN CAN TRUST.
 THE SORT YOU WANT TO MEET AGAIN.
 THE KIND YOU LOVE BECAUSE YOU MUST.
 THANK GOD FOR HONEST MEN;
 IT'S TOO BAD THEY'RE SO RARE --
 THE WHEAT LOOKS SO MUCH LIKE THE TARE.
 OH, FATHER, WHEN THE LIST IS DONE
 OF SIMPLE MEN LET ME BE ONE.
 I'LL BE CONTENT IN LIBERTY JAIL.

(The door opens upstairs and MRS. HARVEY is ushered in by a GUARD)

MRS. HARVEY: Thank you, sir. I'll be quite all right from here.

GUARD: They say I'm supposed to go in with any visitors.

MRS. HARVEY: And I say I'll be quite all right from here.

GUARD: Yes, ma'am

(Mrs. Harvey strides down the stairs, stops at the bottom and looks around)

MRS. HARVEY: Where's Joe Smith?

ALEX: That's Joseph Smith, Ma'am.

MRS. HARVEY: Mr. Smith, are you the man the Mormons worship as their God?

JOSEPH: It's awfully kind of you to come, Ma'am We don't get many visitors

MRS. HARVEY: I have neither time nor use for social amenities Do you claim to be the Lord and Savior?

JOSEPH: I'm nothing but a man A minister of salvation sent by Jesus Christ to preach the gospel.

MRS. HARVEY: Well, then, what they told me isn't true.

JOSEPH: I don't know what they told you, Ma'am But I know that I've taught nothing but the truth to this people, and those who listen with a sincere heart always believe.

MRS. HARVEY: Always!?

JOSEPH: With a sincere heart.

MRS. HARVEY: Jesus Christ sent you himself?

JOSEPH: Yes

MRS. HARVEY: Have you seen him?

(Pause)

JOSEPH: Yes.

MRS. HARVEY: Then He does live?

JOSEPH: With a body of flesh and bone like ours, only more glorious than the sun -- the Father also.

MRS. HARVEY: The Father -- a body?

JOSEPH: They're so alike that they can't be told one from the other. I've heard them speak. And if I've ever known any joy in my life, it's been in serving my Savior and doing his will. Yes, Ma'am, He lives.

MRS. HARVEY: Mr. Smith, I don't know whether what you've said is true or not. But I believe you believe it.

JOSEPH: And so do you

MRS. HARVEY: Good evening, Mr. Smith. You have disturbed me greatly.

(She exits)

CALEB: That woman is strange.

JOSEPH: Seekers after truth always are, Caleb.

(Joseph goes downstairs where Hyrum is resting in the corner.)

MUSICAL # 9 WHEN DID THE MAN BECOME A PROPHET?

JOSEPH:

WHEN DID THE MAN BECOME A PROPHET?

WHEN DID THE BOY BECOME A MAN?

WHO CAN TAKE A HOLD OF HEAVEN?

NOBODY CAN. NOBODY CAN!

WITH THE SUN RISING IN THE TREES.

WITH A STORM OF LIGHT

YOU CAME TO THE BOY

THERE ON HIS KNEES.

FROM THEN ON, FATHER,

I'VE FOLLOWED YOUR HAND

WHEREVER YOU'VE LED ME,

WHATEVER YOU'VE PLANNED.

BUT WITHOUT THE MEN I'VE LOVED TO HOLD ME.

HOW CAN I STAND?

YOU KNOW WHO I AM.

KNOW THAT I'M NEVER WISE

UNLESS YOU OPEN MY EYES, FATHER

SHOW ME YOUR PLAN

I AM A MAN WHO NEEDS

TO KNOW HOW THE SEEDS WILL GROW'

SEGUE TO

MUSICAL # 10 -- HE'S YOUR FRIEND (reprise)

HYRUM:

HE'S YOUR FRIEND, HE'S YOUR FATHER,

HE'S YOUR BROTHER, HE'S YOUR SON
HE'S YOUR

JOSEPH: PLEASE SHOW ME YOUR PLAN.
DON'T MAKE ME WAIT -- THE SEEDS WILL OPEN TOO LATE
HOW DID I COME TO THIS PLACE?
PLEASE DON'T TURN A-WAY YOUR FACE.
I'M CRYING FOR YOUR WORD
HAVEN'T YOU HEARD?
HAVEN'T YOU HEARD?

HYRUM: FRIEND, HE'S YOUR FATHER,
HE'S YOUR BROTHER, HE'S YOUR SON. IF HE ASKED YOU TO WALK TO YOUR DEATH
YOU WOULD RUN. YOU LIVE FOR A SMILE; YOU ASK FOR A WORD. WHEN YOU SPEAK TO THE MAN YOU ARE HEARD. I WAS EMPTY -- NOW I'M FILLED. I WAS FALLOW. THEN HE TILLED. I WAS LONELY FOR A WORD. I WAS LONELY
HE HEARD.

JOSEPH: Well, brother I can't decide if I have nothing to say, or if nothing needs saying

HYRUM: Everything needs saying, but there aren't any words

JOSEPH: *(Wordlessly takes Hyrum's hand)* I'm sorry
(suddenly)

So chance has thrown us in here away from the Church.

HYRUM: There must be a purpose in it.

JOSEPH: Of course, everything's ordered Everything that happens in this world is the right thing Maybe not good Maybe not anything a man can ever like But it's right.

HYRUM: I gave up outguessing the Lord long ago, Joseph

JOSEPH: Yes, But He used to let me in on the secret now and then

HYRUM: And now!?

JOSEPH: I'm worried.

HYRUM: So's Alex Macrae. He's convinced that Sidney was lying about the Danites.

JOSEPH: Alex Macrae. A good boy!

HYRUM: Boy! Not that much younger than you, little brother.

JOSEPH: Pain ages us all. He's already far older than anyone else born his same year. Everyone's getting too old too fast. I feel like I'll die of old age before I turn forty.

HYRUM: Me first.

JOSEPH: When can this people be at rest! When will the gentiles leave us alone!?

HYRUM: More to the point, when will the Saints start acting like Saints. I wonder how you put up with all the traitors in the Church.

JOSEPH: You work with what you're given, Hyrum. They just get a whiff of power and want to build their own kingdom. Thomas Marsh, John Corrill, William Phelps, Oliver -- Oliver, even Orson Hyde.

HYRUM: And Sidney.

JOSEPH: Maybe you didn't notice, but Sidney's in jail with us. Not out hobnobbing with apostates.

HYRUM: There are signs, Joseph. There have been for years.

(Joseph's silence seems like a rebuke)

I'm sorry, Joseph. I don't know. You tell me.

JOSEPH: Sidney is an able man.

HYRUM: Sidney is an able man.

JOSEPH: All right! Must the Church be led by incompetents because they have no ambition? Sidney's ambitious -- who isn't? Even Oliver. From the beginning he was with me. Visions, the translation, everything together. John the Baptist, Peter, James and John, priesthoods and powers. But he got ambitious and left.

HYRUM: Ambitious? He was hurt? He felt that Sidney had supplanted him.

JOSEPH: A strong man makes enemies.

HYRUM: Oliver wasn't the only one. Sidney has filled many places that didn't belong to him.

JOSEPH: (Looks long and hard at Hyrum) Sidney never filled a place that was full.

(relenting)

The past is full of proof that God leads the Church but not yet my own life. Why am I here when my people need me? We've lost everything again, and again and again. I can see their fear and suffering, I can reach out to them, and my hands stop at the walls.

HYRUM: Sidney and Samson Avard were very close.

JOSEPH: Have a little mercy on me tonight, Hyrum.

HYRUM: They were Campbellite preachers together.

JOSEPH: So was Parley Pratt.

HYRUM: Joseph, the Danites weren't invented! Somebody convinced a lot of otherwise righteous Saints that the Prophet wanted them to burn down gentiles houses.

JOSEPH: Hyrum! I have to trust Sidney Rigdon or what is this Church? I'll die sooner or later. Probably sooner, if my enemies have their way. And what will happen to the Church if all the strong men are gone? I have loved and trusted again and again and how many are left? I can't decide which is more foolish. Giving a part of the Church to a man or giving him my whole heart. I pray about calling a man to office, and the Lord directs me. I pray about giving my heart and the Lord says give it to all men.

HYRUM: And many people love you, Joseph.

JOSEPH: Men like Alex. they love me as the Prophet. They love the spirit of God in me. Who loves a farm boy with no education? Who even knows he exists?

HYRUM: I do.

JOSEPH: How d'ya do. I believe we've met.

HYRUM: Believe so, Mister.

JOSEPH: Could be you recollect my name?

HYRUM: Slips my mind, Mister. Maybe you could tell me mine.

JOSEPH: Your name? Your name is comfort. Your name is silence when a man needs some good strong silence to shout into. Your name is home to a man who doesn't know where he can go. Your name is trust, no matter

how long you have to wait.

HYRUM: Well You remember a lot of name from a man you haven't met but once and haven't seen in years. And your own name? Maybe you could refresh my memory.

JOSEPH: That's a hard question. I only use my brain but once a month on the second Thursday, and the light flickers perilous close to going out altogether

(they laugh)

There was once -- I was once called -- There was once somebody spoke to me in a voice I believed. He just called me Joseph.

HYRUM: Not so long as the name you remembered for me.

JOSEPH: Long enough, if I could only remember what it means. So many people have used it since then.

HYRUM: If you knew it once you can remember.

JOSEPH: If you can once name something then you can control it. Then it's not in control of you anymore.

The whole name, the whole life of the thing, it's past and it's future. Then you can lay hold on it and it's yours.

HYRUM: Then name Sidney Rigdon for me!

JOSEPH: No.

HYRUM: Afraid

JOSEPH: No!

HYRUM: Angry?

JOSEPH: Do I have reason to be?

HYRUM: Plenty. Find out Sidney Rigdon's name, Joseph. Find out that it isn't your own.

JOSEPH: I'm tired. I want to sleep.

HYRUM: Good night.

(Joseph lays down and is asleep)

MUSICAL # 11 UNREMARKABLE THEY GROW

HYRUM:

UNREMARKABLE, THEY GROW.
NO LIGHT SHINING WHEN THEY SPEAK.
NO ONE KNOWING THAT THEY SEEK.
NO ONE SEEKING WHAT THEY KNOW.

JESUS, PLAYING IN THE DUST.
GALILEE GRIMED ON HIS FACE.
HIS CHAMELEON IN HIS RACE --
CHILD WITH GLORY HELD IN TRUST.

NOW, BESIDE US WHERE WE WALK
COMMON MEN ARE ALL WE SEE --
WHICH OF THEM MIGHT SET US FREE!
HIDE US WHEN THE HUNTERS STALK.

SIMPLE JOSEPH, FARMERS BOY.
 JUST ANOTHER PIONEER.
 HAD NOT TAUGHT WHAT HE COULD HEAR.
 SOFT A NEW SONG WRUNG FROM JOY

SURE, WE KNEW THEM AS THEY WERE.
 DID NOT WONDER WHAT THEY'D BE --
 WHAT CAN COME FROM GALILEE?
 UNTRAINED HANDS CAN NEVER CURE.

UNTRAINED HANDS CAN NEVER CURE.
 BUT THEIR TOUCH CAN BE SO SWEET.
 THEY CAN FIND THE FADING BEAT
 OF A HEART. AND MAKE IT PURE.

MACRAE: Joseph spent the night downstairs alone. He'd do that now and then. I kind of had the private opinion that those were the nights that he wrestled with the Lord like Jacob. Or maybe those were the nights that he missed his wife and family. Or maybe he just couldn't get used to Caleb's snore, I don't know. But I believe those were the nights he really prayed.

JOSEPH: *(coming upstairs, Alex is at the top)* Good morning, Alex did I wake you?

ALEX: I was just thinkin'.

JOSEPH: What about?

ALEX: Nothin'.

JOSEPH: It must matter to you that nothing, not to sleep.

ALEX: Oh, don't bother about it ...

JOSEPH: Were you thinking about home?

ALEX: *(turning away in tears)* No. I'm sorry.

JOSEPH: What for? That you're man enough to cry?

ALEX: I try to act like a man. But I'm not doing so good.

JOSEPH: You're doing fine.

ALEX: I'll be alright. I'm sorry.

CALEB: *(waking up)* Well, finally come back up to the land of the living, huh? How can you sleep down there? It'd smother.

JOSEPH: Looks like I didn't.

CALEB: Now, religion isn't my line, but did you and the Lord come up with anything about getting us out of here?

JOSEPH: Today's the day. We'll get out if we go today.

CALEB: By gum, that's the first sensible doctrine I've heard

JOSEPH: Well, then, maybe we'll baptize you someday after all.

CALEB: No chance!

(they laugh)

LYMAN: Who needs roosters crowin' with you to wake us up in the morning? The sun isn't even up yet.

CALEB: Go back to sleep! Sleep all day. Sleep all night. But tomorrow you'll be sleeping here alone.

LYMAN: So we've got everything set, huh?

CALEB: Except who's going to be the decoy. I would, but I don't run very fast these days.

ALEX: I'll do it!

HYRUM: Good man, Alex

(The door opens, all turn -- startled)

GUARD: Ten minutes.

(Doniphan enters)

JOSEPH: General Doniphan, my good friend, welcome!

CALEB: Doggone it. For a minute there I thought they was bringin' us breakfast.

DONIPHAN: Next time I'll bring something. This time I was lucky to get in at all.

SIDNEY: They're not -- have they decided to sentence us to death!

DONIPHAN: It wouldn't be I here if they had, Mr. Rigdon, I just came early to avoid problems. Ever since I agreed to be your defense attorney, I haven't been a very popular man in northern Missouri.

JOSEPH: I'm sorry.

DONIPHAN: People are fickle. When this is all over they'll respect me again.

SIDNEY: Why are you here? Any news of what's happening to the Saints?

DONIPHAN: News ---- and news!

CALEB: Oh, well, start with the news

DONIPHAN: Brigham Young wanted me to come and reassure you. He and Heber Kimball are overseeing the movement of your people. They're gathering in Illinois. Quincy, mostly. Brigham would have come to you himself, but now that the mob knows that he's leading the Church, they'd be just as happy to make him a permanent resident here.

SIDNEY: Brigham running the Church!

JOSEPH: We aren't there to do it, Sidney. He's president of the Twelve.

SIDNEY: And I'll bet he's loving every minute if it.

DONIPHAN: He wanted me to tell you that the Lord instructed him to go ahead and ordain John Taylor and John E. Page to the Twelve, Apostles, right?

SIDNEY: He ordained -- he actually --

CALEB: Somebody pour water on him before he explodes.

JOSEPH: Brigham knew they were the right ones. And he has the authority.

SIDNEY: He's taking too much into his own hands!

JOSEPH: And who else's hands are out there? Everything's in his hands. I'm glad he has sense enough to see it.

DONIPHAN: He didn't want me to worry you Joseph, but he thought you should know. A good many of the Saints died in the shooting, but thank God the shooting seems to be over. Now that it's clear your people are moving out of the state, they seem content to let them go. But there are many sick. And winter isn't going to be kind to them. There isn't transportation for most -- they'll be walking. No shelter. Precious little food. I'm sorry, but -- there's no help for it.

GUARD: Time's up!

JOSEPH: Isn't there any comforting news? What about Emma?

GUARD: Come on, Doniphan, or I'll lock you in all day.

DONIPHAN: I haven't heard. I don't know. If anything had happened, though, Brigham would have told me.

(He is gone)

SIDNEY: I think it's time for a presidency meeting. Downstairs.

(Sidney thunders downstairs. Hyrum looks at Joseph and raises his eyebrows. Joseph smiles and claps his arm around Hyrum's shoulder. they go downstairs. Lyman follows as if he belongs but Joseph turns and sees him and Lyman moves back to his place upstairs.)

JOSEPH: Well, here we are.

SIDNEY: We've got to put a stop to Brigham Young's usurpation of power! If he's left in control you won't have a Church when you get back!

JOSEPH: The Church isn't so fragile. Nor is Brigham so ambitious. Let's just pray for him.

SIDNEY: Amen to that. And a good many prayers for the poor Saints. We've got to do something to assert our authority.

JOSEPH: I was thinking we could send a letter to the Saints.

SIDNEY: Excellent! Hyrum, will you scribe?

(Hyrum, resentful that Sidney has ordered him, an equal in the presidency, to act as scribe, nevertheless complies.)

JOSEPH: What are we going to say?

HYRUM: What do they need to hear?

JOSEPH: Comfort and support.

SIDNEY: We're writing to people who've lost everything.

JOSEPH: Except faith.

HYRUM: We should also use the letter to give some support to Brigham.

SIDNEY: No! Never! No point in endorsing his takeover. It's going to be hard enough to put him back in his place when we get out anyway.

HYRUM: He's doing a hard job. He could use our help.

SIDNEY: This letter is from the presidency. To the Saints. From Joseph. Comfort for everyone, not just Brigham

JOSEPH: Your humble servant, Joseph Smith, Junior, prisoner under the exterminating order of Governor Lillburn Boggs

SIDNEY: I think it's important they remember why we're in here.

HYRUM: And why is that?

SIDNEY: For the sake of Jesus Christ.

JOSEPH: Oh, Sidney, should we make martyrs of ourselves?

SIDNEY: No more than we are. Isn't it for the sake of Christ's gospel that we're here? How about -- Your Humble Servant, etc., prisoner for the Lord, Jesus Christ's sake, and for the Saints, then and held by the power of mobocracy - getting this, Hyrum? -- under the exterminating reign of his excellency the Governor.

HYRUM: Is this all right, Joseph?

JOSEPH: Sounds fine to me. Sidney has a good way with words. You should have been a psalmist, Sidney.

SIDNEY: Psalmists have to sing. I can't carry a tune.

JOSEPH: Unfortunately true, Sidney, as I can testify better than any man. But you're good and loud.

SIDNEY: Praise God with heart and voice. And those without voices must emphasize the heart.

JOSEPH: I think they need to have some understanding of why the Lord has allowed this to come upon us.

SIDNEY: I suggest that we start by listing the wrongs committed against us.

JOSEPH: Do they need to be reminded?

SIDNEY: They need to have it written down in the Prophet's own words.

HYRUM: Good idea.

JOSEPH: Is something wrong, Hyrum?

HYRUM: I just wonder who this letter is from. You or Sidney.

JOSEPH: It's from the Presidency.

SIDNEY: If you'd rather write it alone, Joseph --

JOSEPH: Hyrum. I don't understand your getting upset like this.

(Upstairs Caleb and Lyman are quarreling, and Alex is trying to hold Caleb back)

CALEB: Joe Smith, come up here and keep my hands off of the throat of this lily-livered chicken-plucker!!

JOSEPH: What's Lyman doing now!

(They rush upstairs.)

CALEB: I swear there are times when the patience of Job would break!

LYMAN: It's my right!

CALEB: It's your right to hang yourself, too, you --

SIDNEY: Calmly, calmly, gentlemen! What's the cause of this dispute?

CALEB: The man's a fool, that's what.

LYMAN: I say I have a right to say my say!

CALEB: Then say your say you lousy little sayer --

JOSEPH: Please! Caleb, quietly please, what's the problem?

LYMAN: How can you ask him? You'll go to a gentile before you'll ask me?

JOSEPH: I thought you could be more patient. What's the problem Lyman?

LYMAN: Don't look at me it's him!

(Alex snickers)

You can shut up!

CALEB: He doesn't want to make the escape tonight. He thinks he knows better!

LYMAN: It's not the right time to do it. It's just plain wrong!

CALEB: We've got to do it together!

LYMAN: I've got a feeling just as strong as anybody here that it's the wrong night.

CALEB: You're just mad because you didn't think of it yourself.

(Lyman roars, swings at Caleb and misses)

CALEB: Try that ten years ago and I'll knock you flat.

(All laugh except for Lyman who is humiliated)

JOSEPH: Well, Lyman, if you feel that strongly about it, we'll not make you go. But I told you I'd seek the will of the Lord if you all promised to abide by the answer. You all promised. But if one of you chooses not to go, there is no promise. Is there?

SIDNEY: Lyman, there's no need to be stubborn about this.

JOSEPH: Sidney, it's his right.

LYMAN: That's what I say!

(He goes downstairs, Sidney follows)

ALEX: But if we don't go tonight, will it work tomorrow night?

JOSEPH: The Lord said it would work tonight. He didn't say anything else.

(Sidney and Lyman are alone, downstairs)

LYMAN: Sidney, don't try to persuade me.

SIDNEY: You're a reasonable man, Lyman, Just tell me the reason.

LYMAN: I just don't feel like going tonight, that's the reason. Reasonable enough for you?

SIDNEY: But the Lord says that tonight's the night.

LYMAN: The Lord, huh? You mean Joseph. Well, Joseph's said a lot of things and here we are in this stinking prison with our families starving to death half way between here and Illinois! I have as much right to have my way as he does.

SIDNEY: But it's not just you.

LYMAN: I stay. You can do what you want~

SIDNEY: Then the man of action plans to sit and watch?

LYMAN: The man of action does what he wants, when he wants. It's a free country.

SIDNEY: Said the man behind bars;

LYMAN: You're not changing my mind, Sidney, You, Samson Avard, Joseph Smith -- it's hard to see much of a difference. Do things my way because my way's the Lord's way-- but when the chips are down, there's Samson Avard squawking away to the gentiles while everybody else pays for his crimes.

(spits)

I do what I want, when I want.

SIDNEY: If only you didn't want such stupid things.

MACRAE: So that night we all just sat and watched as the guard came in with our supper.

GUARD: Stay back -- A little something extra for you tonight, boys. I think there's some meat in the gruel. At least, I'm pretty sure that's where the rat disappeared to!

(laughs)

Eat up boys!

(He chatters as he serves the gruel and has his back to them for a full fifteen seconds. Then he exits.)

CALEB: Did you see that! Did you see it! We could have tipped our hats and walked out. Door wide open, his back turned, and here we sit with our jaws hanging open! If there wasn't a prophet in the room I'd say my opinion in words that a certain hog-slopper wouldn't mistake.

LYMAN: Look, old man, now we know for sure it will work. We had to know.

HYRUM: Some of us already knew, Brother Wight.

LYMAN: Well, I didn't.

JOSEPH: No hard feelings. What's done is done.

LYMAN: We'll just do it tomorrow night.

ALEX: But there wasn't a promise about tomorrow night.

LYMAN: You saw! It's going to work!

ALEX: I don't feel good about it.

LYMAN: Then don't be the decoy. I'll lead it off if you haven't got the guts with out somebody holding your hand.

CALEB: That's about the limit.

ALEX: That's all right Mr. Baldwin. I am afraid to do it now. And I'm just as happy for Brother Wight to do it.

JOSEPH: Good. It's settled. Now let's enjoy our rat soup.

CALEB: Somehow it seems like the perfect meal for this occasion.

HYRUM: Thanks for making peace, Alex.

LYMAN: You make me sick, kid. Can't even give in without trying to make a good impression on the Prophet.

ALEX: I'm not afraid of you, Mr. Wight.

LYMAN: Get on my wrong side boy, and you'd better start having nightmares about me every night.

ALEX: You're a lucky man, Mr. Wight.

LYMAN: And how's that?

ALEX: You never have to see yourself from the outside.

(Lyman grabs Alex ready to punch him but stops himself)

LYMAN: I never beat up a child before, and I ain't gonna start now.

MACRAE: Lyman was right. I did have nightmares about him. Often. But he wasn't alone. I had nightmares about the mobs I saw kill people. I'd never seen a human being die before, except my Grand-mother, and she died peaceful, in her sleep. To see a man you looked up to shot down right in front of you -- it's a miracle I slept at all. And yet we had some high times in Liberty Jail. Just like you -- singin' fit to knock down the walls.

MUSICAL # 12 -- JAILBREAKER JED!

CALEB:

JAILBREAKER JED WAS AN ONERY MAN.
WITH A CLUB FOR A FOOT AND A FILE FOR A HAND!
WITH A BAYONET NOSE AND A RAM FOR A HEAD;
THERE WASN'T NO JAIL COULD HOLD
JAILBREAKER JEDI

HYRUM:

JAILBREAKER JED HAD A STINGER THAT STUNG.
BROKE BARS WITH HIS TEETH.
PICKED LOCKS WITH HIS TONGUE.
GOT OUT ONE NIGHT, TIED THE SHERIFF IN HIS BED.
SIGNED HIS NAME ON HIS NIGHTSHIRT --
JAILBREAKER JED!
JAILBREAKER JED!

LYMAN: Whee haw! My turn!!

WELL, THE SHERIFF HE QUIT, AND THE DEPUTY, TOO.
ALL ON ACCOUNT OF YOU-KNOW-WHO!
THE LADIES GOT SCARED AND THE MEN SAW RED --
THEY'RE GONNA LYNCH
JAILBREAKER JED!! JED!!

(LYMAN motions to ALEX)

ALEX: Me? Alright.

THEY CAUGHT OLD JED AND STRUNG HIM TO A TREE.
HE SAID, "WHO KNOWS MORE 'BOUT JAILS THAN ME?"
YOU GOT NO SHERIFF -- I'M NO GOOD DEAD --
SO HE GOT A BADGE -- JAILKEEPER JED!

ALL:

JAILKEEPER JED~

CALEB: Time to finish this'n up --

JOSEPH: *(coming upstairs)* I'll do it!!

NOW, JED KEEPS THE TIGHTEST JAIL IN THE STATE --

HAVEN'T BEEN MANY ESCAPES OF LATE.
 AND HERE WE ARE GUARDED BY JAILKEEPER JED --
 JUST GIVE ME A CHANCE, AND I'LL BREAK HIS HEAD!

ALL:

JAILKEEPER JED!

JAILKEEPER JED!!

(All laugh and exchange "good mornings")

CALEB: Our singing didn't drag you up here, did it?

JOSEPH: You were singing? Someone was singing?

(All laugh)

ALEX: You didn't -- I mean there isn't -

JOSEPH: The Lord has offered no confirmation about tonight.

LYMAN: Well, I'm still going through with it. The Lord didn't say no did he?

JOSEPH: He said nothing.

LYMAN: Well, that's permission enough for me.

CALEB: Me, too. There's times for religion and times for good old fashioned head-bashing.

JOSEPH: If you can tell the difference, Brother Caleb, You're a wiser man than I.

CALEB: Now, don't you go brotherin' me, Mr. Smith. I ain't been baptized! Hell, it's been fifteen years since I been bathed!!

LYMAN: We know!

CALEB: You don't like keepin' your teeth, do you?

(Sound of the guard coming up the steps, fumbling with the door)

LYMAN: Here he comes. I'll stay by the door. Everybody look natural, so he doesn't know anything's wrong.

CALEB: I was thinkin' of makin' monkey faces!

(The door opens and the old guard and the nasty guard come in together -- not part of the plan. Nasty guard stands at the steps holding the gun, while old guard comes down with the kettle. All the prisoners look at Joseph who looks at Caleb who shakes his head. Lyman, furious, moves)

LYMAN: What kind of slop we gettin' now?

OLD GUARD: Better than you deserve, mister, and worse than I'd feed my hogs.

(Lyman saunters toward the gruel, then launches himself backward, knocking down the armed nasty guard. Lyman is outside in a moment. The guards quickly recover, and have the guns leveled on the others before they can do much more than stand up.)

One thing your friend didn't know-- we got five of our boys out there, all good shots and all fast runners. He ain't got the chance of a hog at harvest time.

(To Nasty)

Did he hurt you?

NASTY GUARD: Only bashed my head on the floor, that's all

(Lyman is shoved into the room and half tumbles down the stairs)

NASTY GUARD: Welcome home, my son. Did they shoot you anywhere?

LYMAN: No.

NASTY GUARD: Break any bones?

LYMAN: Them?

(Nasty guard rams his knee into Lyman's gut, bashes him on the back of the head and when he is down)

gives him a final kick in the side)

NASTY GUARD: I got a pain in my head from you, boy, Too bad. I didn't break any of your bones, neither.
(Guards exit)

ALEX: Are you all right, Lyman?

SIDNEY: Good try, Lyman.

CALEB: For a damned fool, that is.

JOSEPH: Caleb, the man's down.

CALEB: No one could get any lower.

JOSEPH: Excuse me. I don't want to stay up here another minute.

(He goes downstairs)

CALEB: Did I say something wrong?

HYRUM: *(Sadly)* No. Just now and then Joseph gets a little sick of the human race.

LYMAN: Well, that excludes Caleb Baldwin.

SIDNEY: The food's here. Let's eat it while it's still a little warm.

(All gather around the food as Hyrum goes downstairs)

HYRUM: Not going to eat?

JOSEPH: Who's hungry?

HYRUM: Won't accomplish a thing for you to starve to death. What're we going to do? We can't tear down stone.

JOSEPH: I can try!!

HYRUM: Why not use your muscle against something that can fight back?

JOSEPH: You? I could throw you before I was ten!

HYRUM: You've never thrown me!

JOSEPH: I've had you down a dozen times.

HYRUM: And I've had you down at least that often!

JOSEPH: You'll want to take your coat off.

HYRUM: You're going to get that nice clean shirt all dirty.

(They wrestle. It should lean more to the comic side with laughter and lots of groaning and grunting. Joseph finally pins Hyrum.)

JOSEPH: There's not a man living who can say he threw me!

HYRUM: I'm having a little trouble breathing!

JOSEPH: So am I!

HYRUM: Little brother, you're a bigger man than me!

JOSEPH: Big brother, nobody's greater than you.

HYRUM: Am I to spend the night down here?

JOSEPH: Well me what I'm supposed to do.

HYRUM: Start with letting me up.

JOSEPH: An idea first.

HYRUM: Finish the letter. Better still, call Sidney down and let him finish it.

(Joseph leans on Hyrum more heavily)

I repent! I repent! But finish the letter. Brigham will carry out your instructions.

JOSEPH: What instructions?

HYRUM: The Lord's instructions, I imagine. Since when do you ask me for inspiration?

JOSEPH: Since I stopped getting any myself. The heavens are brass. Nothing. Not a word, not a thought. It's happened before - but it's always been when I was angry, or when I was disobedient, or proud. But I'm not angry, Hyrum, and I'm trying to obey, and God surely knows that I'm not proud.

HYRUM: Then it must not be your fault.

JOSEPH: Why else would the Lord be silent? He's still there. I'm the one who's locked up.

HYRUM: Then maybe it isn't something you've done just today. Maybe it's something that's been going on for a long time, and the Lord's only now just telling you to stop.

JOSEPH: I feel like I've lost - - something. Something small but very, very important. Remember how it was back in '30 and '31? I knew every member of the Church by name, I knew what they were thinking, what they were saying -

HYRUM: And they damn near kicked you out of the Church, if I remember.

JOSEPH: They were rebellious children, but I knew them. I loved them. Now, I make speeches, and I get together with the Presidency and we decide policy. But what does policy have to do with the Gospel? Now, when I have something important to say, I tell Sidney, or the Twelve, or the Bishops, and they tell somebody else; and sometime six months later it gets down to the members of the Church, all twisted up so they wonder if the Prophet's crazy! Does anything ever really get through?

HYRUM: I think so, Joseph. They love you.

JOSEPH: They worship me - when they aren't criticizing me or calling me a fallen prophet. I can't be Joseph Smith walking down the street. I have to be the Prophet.

HYRUM: Is there a difference?

JOSEPH: Joseph wrestles with the boys in the street, but the Prophet walks by with dignity.

HYRUM: The Prophet just threw the Second Counselor into the floor and nearly killed him, too.

JOSEPH: And the good sisters would cluck their tongues and say it wasn't proper.

HYRUM: Do you care?

JOSEPH: Yes!

HYRUM: If you don't like being separated from the members, then do something about it!

JOSEPH: (*Exasperated*) From here?~ I'm rotting in here, Hyrum, and the Church is going on without me. The Church won't stop to wait for one Prophet. The Lord's proving to me that I'm not indispensable. All right!! I've learned the lesson! Now let me get back to the Saints.

HYRUM: Back to the Saints? And where are they? Scattered in a dozen towns up and down the Mississippi in Illinois and Iowa.

JOSEPH: We'll gather again.

HYRUM: Where? There's no hope for establishing Zion now.

JOSEPH: I don't know. I'll have to talk to Sidney -
(*Long pause*)

I see. I'm sorry. Work with a man long enough and you come to rely on him.

HYRUM: Joseph, when Sidney came to New York in 1831 it only took 20 minutes before you were spilling your heart to him and suddenly everyone else was in the back of the wagon.

JOSEPH: Sidney gets things done!

HYRUM: Like the Danite band?

JOSEPH: I need Sidney!

HYRUM: Like you need to hold Satan's hand.

JOSEPH: I can't do everything myself! I have to leave some of it most of it - most of the work has to be done

by other hands!

HYRUM: Why his?

JOSEPH: Because all the others, the ones I trusted most, they all started to love their power, and one by one, instead of staying clean, they tried to take my place. Sidney hasn't.

HYRUM: Sidney didn't have to! He thinks he already controls you.

JOSEPH: Sidney knows better than that. He's loyal to me - not like Oliver and Thomas and David and John and Orson - I loved all those men, I trusted them! But I couldn't turn the Kingdom over to them just because they wanted it!

HYRUM: But you turned the Kingdom over to Sidney.

JOSEPH: I have never made a decision against the will of God.

HYRUM: But it's a pretty good thing that God hasn't disagreed with Sidney, isn't it.?

JOSEPH: Somewhere in the Ten Commandments, Hyrum, I'm sure it says "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbors power."

HYRUM: Aren't you listening to me? I don't want Sidney's power. I just want you to look at him closely, see who he is, and get rid of him! Take the power back to yourself, give it back to the Lord, for Heavens sake, but don't keep trusting that self-serving scoundrel who thinks he's the prophet to the Prophet!

JOSEPH: You really don't like Sidney, do you?

HYRUM: As a matter of fact I don't. But I do like you, Joseph.

JOSEPH: *(Savagely)* Then don't try to drive a wedge between me and the last strong man I can trust.

(long pause)

Besides you, I mean.

HYRUM: *(laughing suddenly)* Last strong man! What about Brigham Young? Heber C. Kimball? The Bishops? The members? Here you are locked in prison and the Church is surviving, going on. Why? Because of Sidney Rigdon's strong helping hand? NO!! Because of the faith of the Saints out there who are determined to live the words God spoke to you!!

JOSEPH: They're great people, aren't they?

HYRUM: We're just a small version of the Church in here, Joseph. The loyal and the disloyal, the friend and the stranger together. Can you tell one from the other?

JOSEPH: Let me guess. You - you're a friend.

HYRUM: You're beginning to see clearly. But don't guess anymore. Quit while you're winning.

JOSEPH: Hyrum, do you really believe the Church is surviving?

HYRUM: Can you doubt it? Thank God for the Saints. Thank God for Brigham.

MUSICAL #13 -- GOD IS NEAR

THANK GOD FOR BRIGHAM YOUNG!

JOSEPH:

THERE IS A REASON WE ARE HERE.

GOD IS NEAR IN THIS DARK SEASON.

WAIT AND WATCH

FOR GOD WILL SHOW US.

SOON WE'LL COME TO KNOW US--

TO KNOW US.

Liberty Jail by Orson Scott Card and C. Michael Perry

Possession of this script does not grant performance rights. Contact: Leicester Bay Theatricals.

**SEGUE TO
MUSICAL # 14 -- LIBERTY JAIL SEXTET**

CALEB:

I AIN'T A SNAKE.

HYRUM:

THANK GOD FOR SIMPLE MEN

CALEB:

I DON'T LIKE HOLES.

ALL:

LIBERTY JAIL! LIBERTY JAIL!

(Continue as in vocal books)

LIBERTY JAIL!

END OF ACT ONE

24 pages in ACT TWO

