

2-PLAYER PERUSAL SCRIPT



Two-Player Version

A MUSICAL PLAY BY **SUSAN MCCLOUD AND MARVIN PAYNE***
MUSIC BY **K. NEWELL DAYLEY**
LYRICS BY **MARVIN PAYNE**
BASED ON THE BOOK "*CHARLIE'S MONUMENT*" BY **BLAINE YORGASON**

*With generous contributions from Rosanna Weeks Ungerman, James Arrington,
Lyle Mortimer and William Shakespeare.

First Western States Tour directed by Charles Metten

© Copyright 1982 and 1987 by Marvin Payne

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

LYRICS © Copyright 1982 by KANADA MUSIC

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

© 1990 by C. Michael Perry & Spanish Fork High School

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

CAUTION:

Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that

CHARLIE'S MONUMENT

being 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 LEICESTER BAY 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 LEICESTER BAY 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:

LEICESTER BAY THEATRICALS

3877 W. Leicester Bay South Jordan, UT 84095

www.leicesterbaytheatricals.com

Printed in the United States Of America

Whenever this play is produced the following notice should appear in the program and on all advertisements under the producer's control: "Produced by special arrangement with Leicester Bay 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 Leicester Bay 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 Leicester Bay Theatricals.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

2M 3W

played by 1 man and 1 woman

Charles Langly, (Charlie) -- a cripple
also plays: Mayor Jake Sorensen.

Nellie Reeves --his wife
also plays: Faith Langly (Charlie's mother),
Lillie-Belle (The town busy-body)

CHARLIE'S MONUMENT *Book by Susan McCloud and Marvin Payne. Lyrics by Marvin Payne. Music by Newell Dayley.* 2M 3W (played by 1 M 1W) Unit Set. 90 mins. It is the frontier! It is 1890. He has only one arm and a twisted foot. He stands on the mountain bravely watching over the town that cast him out -- piling stones in some frail hope that he'll be remembered. Then he is loved by one who sees and mirrors the bright spirit inside him. He is fulfilled, awakened, renewed. But then he is wounded, called to be tried and when all but love is stripped away, he is triumphant. Charlie is the tender, crippled man ostracized by his fellow citizens and it is Nellie's love and faith that restores Charlie's self-esteem and ultimately saves his life. This award-winning and heartwarming musical is based on the popular, best-selling book by Blaine Yorgason. This show may be performed in many variations: by one man and one woman doing all the roles or the roles can be divided up among twelve players or you can add as large an ensemble as you wish. (A Full Cast version is available. Please specify.) No Piano-Vocal score. Performance-Traks CD included in royalty. **Order # 3054(2)**

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

Newell K. Dayley His parents bought a piano when he was four-years-old. Mother was determined. But Newell wasn't, even though he kept up piano lessons through the 6th Grade. Guitar? No. Violin? No. He had a wonderful band teacher in 7th Grade who got Newell started on the cornet, and he never stopped. After receiving a B.S in Music Education from BYU, a Masters in Music from USC, he received his Doctorate of Arts from the University of Northern Colorado.

He is *Professor Emeritus* of Music at BYU, where he also served as an Assistant Professor and a Professor and Chairman of the Music Department and Dean & Associate Dean of the College of Fine Arts and Communications. He also found time along the way to direct the Entertainment Division for 5 years. He is currently the Dean of Humanities and Fine Arts at Utah Valley University. Dayley joined the BYU faculty in 1967. Dayley was the first director of the BYU jazz ensemble, Synthesis. He also directed the brass ensemble and other organizations as well as many musical theatre productions. He has taught classes from trumpet to music theory and from film scoring to music business.

On the trumpet Dayley has performed with the Utah Symphony and many professional ensembles. He also has performed as a soloist with the Mormon Tabernacle Choir.

Hundreds of recognizable musical compositions including: *Faith In Every Footstep*, *Lord, I Would Follow Thee*, *Lengthen Your Stride*, *I Feel My Savior's Love*, and *May My Life Reflect Thy Will*. He wrote *This Is Polynesia*, presented continuously from 1983 to 1991 at the Polynesian Cultural Center, accumulating approximately 2500 performances to a combined audience of about 6.5 million.

Two of his many awards are: 2002 Legacy Award – Faith Centered Music Association (FCMA), and the 1998 Pearl Award from Faith Centered Music Association (FCMA) for the song Faith in Every Footstep as recorded by the Mormon Tabernacle Choir in commemoration of the 1847 Mormon Pioneer Sesquicentennial.

His scores for the theatre include: *Brigham* (with Arnold Sundgaard), *Life ... More Sweet Than Bitter* (with Pat Davis), *Kirtland* (with John Cameron), *Moroni* and *III Nephi* (with Ralph G. Rodgers), *Don't Forget to Remember* and *Above All Other Lands* (with Pat Davis & Ralph G. Rodgers), *Charlie's Monument* (With Susan McCloud, Marvin Payne & Blaine Yorgason), and *Let It Ring* (with Margaret Smoot & Michael MeLean).

He currently resides in Provo with his wife, Diane, after having served a service mission to BYU-Idaho to teach in the Music Department there. They have eight children.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES AND MUSICAL NUMBERS

#1	PROLOGUE	Orchestra
<u>SCENE ONE -- PROLOGUE.</u>		
#2	PRETTY NEARLY PEFECT PLACE TO LIVE	MAYOR & LILLIE-BELLE
#2A	UNDERSCORE	Orchestra
<u>SCENE TWO -- THE TOWN COUNCIL.</u>		
#3	WHAT'LL WE DO WITH CHARLIE?	MAYOR & LILLIE-BELLE
#3A	UNDERSCORE	Orchestra
<u>SCENE THREE -- THE MOUNTAIN (AND A MEMORY).</u>		
#3B	Underscore	Orchestra
#4	A WORLD OF OUR OWN	FAITH & CHARLIE
#5	LETTING HIM GO	FAITH
<u>SCENE FOUR -- THE MOUNTAIN, AGAIN.</u>		
#6	ON THE OUTSIDE	CHARLIE
<u>SCENE FIVE -- THE MOUNTAINTOP (HIDE AND SEEK).</u>		
#7	HIDE AND SEEK	FAITH
<u>SCENE SIX -- CONVERSATIONS.</u>		
<u>SCENE SEVEN -- COULD SHE LOVE ME?</u>		
#7A	UNDERSCORE	Orchestra
#8	COULD SHE LOVE ME?	CHARLIE & NELLIE
<u>SCENE EIGHT -- PEOPLE ARE TALKING.</u>		
<u>SCENE NINE -- GOSSIP!</u>		
#9	I NEVER GOSSIP	LILLY-BELLE
<u>SCENE TEN -- BRIBERY.</u>		
<u>SCENE ELEVEN -- PLAYING HOUSE.</u>		
#10	IN A WORLD OF OUR OWN	CHARLIE & NELLIE
#10A	IN A WORLD OF OUR OWN (Reprise)	FAITH
<u>SCENE TWELVE-- MIRACLE</u>		
#11	CALL HER A MIRACLE	NELLIE & CHARLIE
<u>SCENE THIRTEEN-- ANNA'S DEATH.</u>		
#11A	UNDERSCORE	Orchestra
#11B	UNDERSCORE	Orchestra
<u>SCENE FOURTEEN -- HARD WORLD.</u>		
#12	FIRST WE GAVE LOVE	NELLIE & CHARLIE
#12A	Underscore	Orchestra
<u>SCENE FIFTEEN -- SERVICE MONTAGE.</u>		
#13	PRETTY NEARLY PERFECT PLACE TO LIVE (Reprise)	CHARLIE & NELLIE
<u>SCENE SIXTEEN -- BABY AGAIN.</u>		
#13A	UNDERSCORE	Orchestra
#13B	UNDERSCORE	Orchestra
<u>SCENE SEVENTEEN -- NELLIE'S DEATH.</u>		
#13B	UNDERSCORE	Orchestra
<u>SCENE EIGHTEEN -- THE CHOICE.</u>		
#13C	UNDERSCORE	Orchestra
#14	DOING ALL I CAN	CHARLIE
<u>SCENE NINETEEN-- PARABLE.</u>		
<u>SCENE TWENTY--REUNION.</u>		
#15	A WORLD OF OUR OWN (Reprise)	CHARLIE & NELLIE
#16	Curtain Call (optional)	Orchestra

Charlie's Monument

by Susan McCloud, Marvin Payne & K. Newell Dayley

MUSICAL # 1--PROLOGUE

Scene One -- Prologue -- CHARLIE & NELLIE are setting up the stage.

MUSICAL # 2 -- PRETTY NEARLY PERFECT PLACE TO LIVE

NOTHIN' COMPLICATED HERE.
FOLKS ARE SIMPLE AND SINCERE.
RIGHT AND WRONG ARE ALWAYS CLEAR IN THIS TOWN.
WE'VE GOT NOTHIN' HERE TO HIDE.
WE'VE GOT STRENGTH AND WE'VE GOT PRIDE,
AND WE'VE GOT ANGELS ON OUR SIDE IN THIS TOWN!
THIS IS A PRETTY NEARLY PERFECT PLACE TO LIVE,
A PRETTY NEARLY PERFECT PLACE, MY FRIEND.
BETTER KINDS OF FOLKS ARE HATCHED
HERE IN HEAVEN'S GARDEN PATCH--
A NEARLY PERFECT PLACE TO LIVE.
WELL, I GUESS WE'VE GOT OUR PROBLEMS,
LIKE OTHER PLACES DO.
BUT WE JUST CLOSE OUR EYES,
AND DROP OUR HEADS AND PUSH ON THROUGH.
THIS IS A PRETTY NEARLY PERFECT PLACE TO LIVE
A PRETTY NEARLY PERFECT PLACE, MY FRIEND.
BETTER KINDS OF FOLKS ARE HATCHED
HERE IN HEAVENS GARDEN PATCH--
A NEARLY PERFECT PLACE TO LIVE,
A PRETTY NEARLY PERFECT PLACE TO LIVE!

CHARLIE: Well, it was a pretty nearly perfect place.

NELLIE: It's embarrassing to admit, but in fact it isn't even here any more!

CHARLIE: Oh, the place is, but the town we lived in finally dried up and blew away around 1930.

NELLIE: All that's left these days is that pile of rocks on the edge of the mountain.

(Turns and gazes)

CHARLIE: Uh, it's imaginary. You have to imagine... the pile of rocks...

NELLIE: We're dead.

CHARLIE: Don't be alarmed! Getting dead is the end of being old.

MUSICAL # 2A--UNDERScore

NELLIE: And the beginning of being forever young! So, pretend you're in Charity Bend, in 1890. Come back with us.

CHARLIE: We need you! There's a town council meeting about to begin, and it would be shamefully undemocratic to hold it without a few representatives (Gestures to audience) of the town.

Scene Two -- The Town Council -- CHARLIE becomes MAYOR. NELLIE becomes LILLIE-BELLE.

MAYOR: Attention! Attention! Please!

(To LILLIE)

Lillie-Belle, do I have their attention?

(He uses an ear trumpet)

LILLIE: I hate to be the one to say it, but Mayor, why is Charlie our problem?

MAYOR: Things that can't be cured must be endured!

MUSICAL #3--WHAT'LL WE DO WITH CHARLIE?

LILLIE: But what do you do with a thing like Charlie?

MAYOR

MEN, WE GOTTA FACE REALITY.
WE GOT A PROBLEM ON OUR HANDS.
BUT Y'KNOW WE'RE A MUNICIPALITY--
CAN'T JUST KICK THE BOY RIGHT OUT OF THE BAND!
WE GOT DECENCY! WE GOT CIVIC PRIDE!

LILLIE

I CAN SEE YOU WANT TO KEEP THE KID OUTSIDE.

MAYOR

VERY WELL, WE CAN'T JUST SIT ON THE FENCE.
WE GOTTA THINK ABOUT ALL THEM CONSTITUENTS!

LILLIE

WE GOT VOTERS
SEEM TO THINK THE POOR BOY'S GOT ODORS.

MAYOR

WELL, I'M NOT SURE ABOUT THAT,
BUT I KNOW WE CAN'T LEAVE THE POOR BOY FLAT
LIKE A SOWBUG ON THE ROAD.

WE GOTTA HANDLE THIS EPISODE LIKE STATESMEN!
NEVER HESITATIN' TO DEFEND THE RIGHT!

LILLIE

'COURSE WE ALL MIGHT GET IMPEACHED A BIT
OVER THAT KINDA HASTY OVERSIGHT
'CAUSE ALL WE GOT THAT'S GOVERNMENTAL
WE GOT IT ON THIS AWKWARD RENTAL.

MAYOR

SO MEN, WE GOTTA HAVE SOME GREAT IDEAS!
GREAT AMERICAN BRAINSTORMS!

LILLIE

NOT WHAT YOU'D DO FOR A PERFECTLY SANE
AND NORMAL SORT OF GUY.

MAYOR

BUT HECK, THE KID HIMSELF'LL VOTE SOMEDAY
'N COME WHAT MAY WE GOTTA MEET HIM ON HIS TERMS.

LILLIE

WHO HAD TO OPEN THIS CAN O' WORMS?

MAYOR

BUT WAIT! I CAN FEEL IT COMIN' TO ME!
A WAY TO GET THIS BODY FREE O' GUILT.
'N I CAN GUARANTEE IT'S BUILT
ON THE ROCK O' DEMOCRACY,
LIKE A FORTRESS FOR THE BOY!
LIKE A HAVEN ON THE NOISY BEACH OF LIFE!

LILLIE

CORNER THE BOY SO HE CAN'T ANNOY,
CAN'T CAUSE NO STRIFE.

MAYOR

EMPLOYMENT! I SAY GIVE HIM A JOB!
ANY OLD THINGUMABOB NEEDS DOIN'.

LILLIE

ANY OLD THING TO KEEP THE BOY FROM RUIN.

MAYOR

WHY, IT'S EASY!
OILIN' THE WHEELS OF FATE,
AND OUR HANDS AIN'T EVEN GREASY!

BOTH

AH, BUT WHAT KINDA JOB! WHAT KINDA JOB?
WHAT KINDA JOB? WHAT KINDA JOB?

WHAT'LL WE DO WITH CHARLIE?
WHAT'LL WE DO? WHAT'LL WE DO?
LET'S GET DOWN AND PARLEY. WHAT'LL WE DO?
WHAT'LL WE DO WITH CHARLIE?
WHAT'LL WE DO? WHAT'LL WE DO?
LET'S GET DOWN AND PARLEY. WHAT'LL WE DO?
WHAT'LL WE DO? WHAT'LL WE DO? WHAT'LL WE DO?
WHAT'LL WE DO? WHAT'LL WE DO?

LILLIE: I've got just the job! The town lookout!

MAYOR: Town cookout? What do ya wanna have a town cookout for? We were talkin' about...

LILLIE: Town lookout! To climb clear to the top of Old Baldy every day--come rain, storm or sun blisters--
watchin' out!

MAYOR: Watchin' out fer what?

LILLIE: Fires! Indians! Crickets! Floods! Bandits! Banshees! Pirates! I don't know! It'll keep the freak off the
streets, away from decent folks, and that's worth tax dollars any day. (Righteously) A regular salary!
Security!

MAYOR: I don't think he can do it.

LILLIE: Ah, in no time he'll be doin' this job with one hand tied behind his back!

MUSICAL #3A--UNDERScore)

(MAYOR exits throwing up hands)

Well, I guess that leaves it up to me. All in favor of makin' Charlie the town lookout, manifest by the usual
sign.

(Persuades audience)

All opposed?

(Immediately)

Thank you.

(Exits)

(Slow sunrise transition with lights.)

Scene Three -- The Mountain (And a memory) -- CHARLIE has been struggling up the back of the mountain.
He emerges over the top, crawling, exhausted.

CHARLIE: Well, here I am..."disposed of." If I don't learn to climb this mountain any better than that, I may be
more "disposed of" than the good town fathers ever dared hope for! I think there's more of my skin on those
rocks back there than there is left on me! What's this?? A trail?! Oh, no!

(Laughs)

MUSICAL # 3B-- UNDERSCORE

(Kneeling--looking down slope)

I'm glad you're on this mountain too, Mama. It's a lovely grave, really, down there under that twisted hawthorne, with the sound of the creek. And I can kind of check in on you. Nobody else! Just you and me and the birds, Mama. Oh, I miss you, Mama. I miss you with a fierce missin'.

FAITH: *(Appearing on the valley floor to an unseen little Charlie)* Charlie why aren't you in school?

CHARLIE: What, Mama?

FAITH: All the other children will be in school. You'd better hurry. Charlie?

(CHARLIE is watching now, amazed and touched)

CHARLIE: *(Remembering the long-past conversation)* But, Mama, I didn't wanna go to school.

FAITH: *(Still to the phantom character)* But Charlie, you love school.

CHARLIE: Mama, did those kids hurt me and make fun of me because I don't have two arms?

FAITH: Charlie, what's that picture you're drawing there in the dust?

CHARLIE: *(Still remembering)* It's a deer.

FAITH: Is that all?

CHARLIE: Well, there's an Indian over there behind that rock. This line's an arrow he just shot. It's gonna hit that deer, and then the Indian'll have food for his family. He's the Papa, you know.

FAITH: I see. That's a very good picture, Charles. I wish your Papa could see it. Did you do that other one?

CHARLIE: Sure! There's the Indian dragging the deer to camp. See over there? That's his little boy running out to meet him. He sure is proud of his Papa right now!

FAITH: I'm sure his Papa is proud of him, too. Charlie, I... I can't tell you for sure why you have only one arm while all the other children have two. But I'd say God gave you only one arm because that's all He felt you needed.

CHARLIE: What do you mean, Mama?

FAITH: Why, just look at these two fine pictures you drew with your one hand. I suppose there aren't many people with two hands who could do as well. Charlie, God never makes mistakes. He made you different, but He made you special. And He expects something special from you.

CHARLIE: Well, He knows what He's doing, doesn't He?

FAITH: Yes, Charlie, He does.

MUSICAL # 4--A WORLD OF OUR OWN

You can do anything in this world that really matters. And as long as we remember that, we don't have to worry about the rest of the world.

I GUESS THE WORLD IS THROUGH WITH US,
FORGETTING ALL THEY KNEW OF US.
BUT WE DON'T CARE, AND WE WON'T SCARE,

AS LONG AS THERE ARE TWO OF US.
HAPPY TOGETHER,
WE'LL MAKE OUR OWN WEATHER.
WE'LL SING UP A SUNRISE
AND CRY DOWN SOME RAIN.
AND IF WE GET BOTHERED,
OR OVERLY WATERED,
WE'LL LAUGH UP RAINBOW AROUND US AGAIN.

(Teaching)

IN A WORLD OF OUR OWN,

CHARLIE

IN A WORLD OF OUR OWN,

FAITH

WE CAN LET GO AND FLY.

CHARLIE

WE CAN LET GO AND FLY.

BOTH

IF IT'S FUNNY, WE LAUGH.

IF IT'S LOVELY, WE CRY.

IF WE REACH FOR A STAR,

THERE YOU ARE,

HERE AM I

IN A CLOSE, QUIET WORLD OF OUR OWN.

(Imaginary LITTLE CHARLIE rises and FAITH ceremoniously accepts his invitation to dance. BIG CHARLIE follows dance)

CHARLIE & FAITH

IN A WORLD OF OUR OWN,

WE CAN LET GO AND FLY.

IF IT'S FUNNY, WE LAUGH.

IF IT'S LOVELY, WE CRY.

IF WE REACH FOR A STAR,

THERE YOU ARE,

HERE AM I

IN A CLOSE, QUIET WORLD OF OUR OWN.

CHARLIE:

IN A CLOSE, QUIET WORLD OF OUR OWN.

(MUSIC CONTINUES)

FAITH: Oh, I love you, Charlie.

CHARLIE: I love you, too, Mama.

FAITH: Do you feel like you can go to school, now?

CHARLIE: I'd rather stay home and play with you, Mama. They don't teach songs like that at school, Mama.

FAITH: They have lots of songs for you to learn at school. You teach me one tonight. Runners at your mark!

Ready! Steady! Go!

CHARLIE: 'Bye, Mama!

(pauses just before exit and speaks more thoughtfully, more softly)

'Bye, Mama.

SEGUE TO MUSICAL #5-- LETTING HIM GO

FAITH

I COULD SHELTER HIM IN,
NEVER LET HIM AWAKE,
LIVE MY OWN LIFE THROUGH HIM,
KEEP HIM HOME FOR MY SAKE.
BUT STILL I BELIEVE
THAT I'LL SOMEHOW MAKE HIM GROW
BY LETTING HIM GO.
I COULD OPEN HIS DOORS.
I COULD PULL ON HIS STRINGS.
BUT I CAN'T LIVE HIS LIFE--
I CAN'T SPREAD OUT HIS WINGS.
AND SO I REFUSE
THOUGH THE HARDEST THING I KNOW
IS LETTING HIM GO.
MAYBE HE'LL BEND, MAYBE HE'LL BREAK.
MAYBE THE WORLD WILL SHAKE HIS SOUL.
ALL OF MY ACHING IS NOT GONNA MEND HIM
OR MAKE HIM WHOLE.
I WON'T OPEN HIS DOORS.
I WON'T PULL ON HIS STRINGS.
I WON'T THINK OUT HIS THOUGHTS.
I WON'T FLY ON HIS WINGS.
I'LL KEEP TO MYSELF,
AND WHEN SORROWS SPRING AND FLOW
KEEP LETTING HIM GO.

FAITH: *(As narrator)* He was always drawing something, building something--just trying to make something nice. He wasn't up there too many days before he started making...well...something.

(Exits)

Scene Four -- The Mountain, again

CHARLIE: *(Turning from the pantomiming of "stones" on a small pile)* Well, I guess a mountaintop's as good a place as any to grow a pile of rocks. Can't grow parsnips. Don't like 'em anyway.

(Concocting an idea)

Ah, but if I could grow the world's biggest parsnip--the tallest, the fattest, standing bold against the summer sky! A monumental parsnip! Then they'd remember me! Charlie's parsnip! Hey, down there! If you knew what I was growin' up here, I couldn't keep you off this mountain! You'd be up here in hundreds!...dozens?...pairs? So, nobody'd come. It's all right, I tell ya.

MUSICAL #6--ON THE OUTSIDE

CHARLIE: I'll just grow my...pile o' rocks.

TOSSED ON THE OUTSIDE, I'M PUT IN MY PLACE.
LOCKED ON THE OUTSIDE, I'M OUT OF THE RACE.
BUT IT'S SO QUIET HERE, AND THE AIR IS CLEAR,
AND THE OUTSIDE'S NEARLY IN ME.
HERE ON THE OUTSIDE, AT LEAST I'M ALONE.
HARD TO EXPLAIN IT--I FEEL LIKE I'M HOME.
IT FEELS SO DIFFERENT NOW, LIKE IT'S TURNED AROUND,
AND I'M ON THE INSIDE SOMEHOW.
MAYBE I'LL BLOSSOM WHERE I'M PLANTED.
COULD THIS BE MY PLACE, CLEAR AND FREE?
IT'S FULL OF DAYS AND FULL OF DREAMS, AND FULL OF ME!
TOSSED ON THE OUTSIDE, I'M PUT IN MY PLACE.
LOCKED ON THE OUTSIDE, I'M OUT OF THE RACE.
BUT IT'S SO QUIET HERE, AND THE AIR IS CLEAR,
AND I'M ON THE INSIDE, SOMEHOW!
I'M GONNA BLOSSOM WHERE I'M PLANTED.
'CAUSE THIS IS MY PLACE, CLEAR AND FREE!
IT'S FULL OF PROMISES AND DREAMS, AND FULL OF ME!
LEFT ON THE OUTSIDE, I'M GLAD THAT I'M HERE!
HERE ON THE OUTSIDE I CAN SEE MY WAY CLEAR!
SO LET ME TASTE THE LIGHT--LET ME FEEL THE FLIGHT,
HERE ON THE INSIDE, SOMEHOW!

(Transition of time indicated by lights. CHARLIE remains on stage)

Scene Five -- The Mountaintop (*Hide and Seek*). CHARLIE is lying on his stomach scanning the valley floor through a telescope.

CHARLIE: Where is she? Not on the porch, not in her window, or the garden. It's a beautiful day. She's probably off on a picnic with some boy. I reckon the meanest thing George Reeves ever did was to send his daughter away to school. She's changed. I know she's changed. Back three days and even from here, I can tell the years have changed her. She was a friend,

(composing)

"My Smiling Angel!" Now she's...a lady. Sprouted out all over. Ah, but if I had Nellie Reeves all to myself, just the two of us, alone together, I'd take her hand, gently, and help her over the rough places. I'd tell her that her eyes were like summer stars. I'd say a dozen clever things to make her laugh. And she'd tell me she couldn't remember when she'd had such a good time. We'd sit quietly together then, and she'd slip her hand back into mine, and I'd tell her she was the loveliest vision... the loveliest vision my eyes had ever...

NELLIE: (*Has appeared behind CHARLIE*) Mr. Langly!

(CHARLIE spins. NELLIE starts)

I ... I expect you'd stand in the presence of a lady!

(He does. Frantically)

You know you're practically legendary. I'm surprised you're not ten feet tall! I've been away to school for years, and now that I'm back I thought I might like to meet a legend. I think it's such a victory for you to even be up here. Even I could hardly make it. But here you are, every day, watching over this town like some kind of Guardian Angel.

(First light for CHARLIE, through the amazement and confusion)

And these rocks! Such a creative thing to do! Of course, what else could ... I mean ... well, if I were up here--uh, instead of you--I'd probably just waste all my time, oh, listening to waterfalls, collecting sunsets, reading ... writing ...

(turning away)

memorize something ...

(Diminuendo)

... anything ...

(to herself)

the Sears and Roebuck Catalog!

(Trying again)

But these rocks! They're really so... so... interesting. Such a remarkable person! Such challenges, such courage--and you grew up right here in Charity Bend! ... It's funny I don't remember you. That is, not very well. One's childhood memories tend to pale against the bright world out there. (As if to take her leave) Well, Mr. Lang...

CHARLIE: I remember you. Nellie Reeves, the prettiest little girl in school.

NELLIE: (*Awkwardly*) Oh, you do? Fancy that!

CHARLIE: I remember you walking home along the lilacs.

NELLIE: (*Nervous now, backing away*) Is that right?

CHARLIE: And how you waited for me, once.

NELLIE: *(Frightened at the sudden intimacy--crosses hastily)* The view is ... breathtaking ... I never realized there was such a view up here!

CHARLIE: *(Offering telescope)* Here, try this.

(Coaxing. She gingerly accepts it. He places strap around her neck)

Don't drop it.

(Pointing)

Right about there.

NELLIE: There's my father!

CHARLIE: He's closing the bank for the afternoon.

NELLIE: He's scowling!

CHARLIE: He always scowls--keeps people respectful of him that way.

NELLIE: It's incredible. I can see every detail. Why, there's my ...

(realization)

window.

(Giving CHARLIE the benefit of the doubt)

It's almost like having your own crystal ball!

(CHARLIE has been leaning in toward NELLIE, gazing at her. She turns her head toward his. Their eyes meet and they both panic. She hands him the telescope and turns quickly away, nearly strangling herself on the strap. He frantically extricates her and they spring apart)

My goodness, what the town would do if they knew... Uh, may I sit down?

(CHARLIE jumps to offer her a place to sit, spilling books from his shoulder satchel)

Books?

(Grabs a red book he is holding. He doesn't let go. Gentle tug-of-war)

You read?

CHARLIE: Write.

NELLIE: You read, right?

CHARLIE: Wrong, I write.

NELLIE: Write?

CHARLIE: My journal. The red one's my journal.

NELLIE: *(Lets go)* Oh.

(Picks up another)

Shakespeare?

CHARLIE: I made it through the Sears and Roebuck Catalog a long time ago.

NELLIE: *(Chastened, recovers)* Do you know "Midsummer Night's Dream?"

CHARLIE: *(At last feeling an opportunity to shine, recites awkwardly)* "I'll follow you, I'll lead you about around, through briar;"

(Checks for approval, gets it, continues, accelerating)

PERUSAL - Charlie's Monument (2-player) by Susan McCloud, Marvin Payne & K. Newell Dayley

"Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound, A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire; And neigh, and bark, and quint, and roar, and burn!..."

NELLIE: (*Applauding*) My turn! This is the way Miss Higgins taught all the girls at school.

(With broad sweeping gestures, very affected)

"Over hill, over dale, Through brush, through briar, Over park, over pale, Through flood, through fire, I do wander everywhere, Swifter ..."

(She forgets)

CHARLIE: (*Helping*) ... than the moon's sphere.

NELLIE: " ... than the moon's sphere!"

CHARLIE: Like horse...

NELLIE: Hound...

CHARLIE: Hog...

NELLIE: Bear...

CHARLIE: Fire...

NELLIE: At every turn!

(They laugh, greatly relieved and honestly delighted. A bonding has taken place. NELLIE suddenly feels "maybe too much bonding" and turns to the book again)

You must have a favorite. Here's one you've underlined.

(Reads theatrically)

"But I that am not shaped for sportive tricks Nor made to court an amorous looking glass; I, that am rudely stamped and want love's majesty To strut before a wanton ambling nymph; I, that am curtailed of this fair proportion,

(Begins to appreciate meaning)

Cheated of feature by dissembling nature, deformed ..."

(Chokes on this word)

CHARLIE: Deformed "...deformed, unfinished, sent before my time Into this breathing world, scarce half made up, And that so lamely and unfashionable That dogs bark at me as I halt by them."

(It sinks in)

Boy, am I glad I'm not like him!

(Sees she is confused, still troubled)

Miss Reeves, do you know what I do when life gets dark, and narrow, and close?

NELLIE: What?

CHARLIE: Well, I think I'm gonna choke sometimes. Then I imagine a window somewhere high in a wall, with light coming through, and sometimes music even ...

NELLIE: (*Looking into the air at his illustration, as if remembering*) ... and sweet smells ...

CHARLIE: (*Stunned*) ... like moist earth ...

NELLIE: ... and a baby's breath.

CHARLIE: (*After a long moment, amazed*) Same window.

NELLIE: Have you found it?

CHARLIE: *(Letting go of the trance)* ... No. But that's what I like about this mountain. It feels a little like that window ... in my mind.

NELLIE: I'd like to know about these rocks. They must mean something to you.

CHARLIE: Well, they ... I guess I'm just trying to make something nice. I bring a stone up everyday--the prettiest one I can find.

NELLIE: That's nice. I should have expected it.

CHARLIE: *(Eagerly pointing out a rock in the waist-high pile)* Pretty, don't you think? See that streak of silver running through?

NELLIE: Nice! No ... beautiful. My father's throwing a homecoming party for me next week. The invitations are all out. I ... I know you didn't get one ... But I wish you could come .. I'd better go. Thank you, Mr. Langly. Really ... thank you.

CHARLIE: Anytime! Got lots of time.

NELLIE: *(Retreats, returns, offering him the flower she has been carrying)* Here ... Charles.

CHARLIE: *(Grinning)* Charlie.

NELLIE: Charlie!

(She grins broadly, turns away and calls back from several paces down)

Bye Charlie!

MUSICAL #7--HIDE AND SEEK

CHARLIE

YOU MIGHT CLOSE YOUR EYES AND COUNT TO A MILLION--
COUNT OUT A LIFETIME AND NEVER DARE PEEK.
BUT FINALLY YOU OPEN THEM, KNOWING SHE'S OUT THERE,
AND WILLING TO PLAY YOU AT HIDE AND SEEK

Scene Six -- Conversations -- CHARLIE is engrossed in the flower. NELLIE re-enters, different costume, while the music is still decaying. She is below, he above, in separate conversations.

NELLIE: *(To herself)* Shakespeare! Who would have dreamed it? I'll bet every rock has a story inside. Maybe they're written in that journal. I can't believe I almost wrestled it from him! I would have opened it, I know. His journal! He's different ... almost like ... a rude, rough box left outside. And I opened it. And there were jewels! I wonder ...

CHARLIE: Miss Reeves, you're back! I didn't think ...
(receiving)

Oh, how lovely ... I have a box where I keep special things. I'll put this right in there! I keep it back ...

NELLIE: Mr. Langly, do you ever get lonely? Do you carry a lunch up every day? I mean, with hardly any shelter at all, you ...

CHARLIE: Why just since you were up here last I've saved this town from forty-three buzzards,
(scratching)
about fifty-thousand mosquitoes--and three stray dogs. I've captured eighteen fierce lizards--singlehanded.
You wanna see the prisoners?

NELLIE: Oh, Charles, you can't tell him that! Nobody really knows what makes warts go away! Last Tuesday,
when you told me about ...

CHARLIE: So I finally complained to the Mayor, and he said, "Why son, there's nothin' you can't do with a
willin' heart and two good hands!" No fooling, sometimes I feel ...

NELLIE: But Charlie, she died. She died. She wasn't three years old! She couldn't even say my name right ...

CHARLIE: My mother always said God doesn't make mistakes. Nellie, it was just a bump on the head, but the
boy can't see anymore. They led him up here, to me. I tried to tell him his world won't ...

NELLIE: Why Charles, it's tame as a kitten! Have you named it? Where's it's mother? Is it the only ...

CHARLIE: For a long time I've been counseling the animals for free. But just yesterday Mrs. Sorensson came
up here and traded me a perfectly good turkey pie for some of that same advice! Where are these people
coming from? The path up this mountain is turning into...

NELLIE: Of course the Town Council is confused, but couldn't they see that whenever you put up a wall
around something, people will scramble over, just to see what's in there?

CHARLIE: Nellie, will I see you again tomorrow?

NELLIE: Oh, I'd love to see them, Charlie. Race you to the river!
(Exits)

Scene Seven -- Could She Love Me -- CHARLIE is alone on the mountain, kneeling at it's edge, looking down
on FAITH's grave.

CHARLIE: Strange, Mama, how easy it is to help folks. Dick Fisher came to me the other day--wanted to
know how to tell his old maid sister he's getting married and moving out. You know, I think Nellie's telling
folks I'm some kind of cross between Robinson Crusoe and Plato. (MUSICAL #7A--UNDERSCORE) Why
can't it be so simple with myself, Mama? I'm not even the same person since Nellie. One minute I'm dizzy
with happiness, feel like I could soar with the eagles up there, light and free. Then, suddenly I'm swallowed
up in doubt and depression. And fears ... fears I can't even put a name to, Mama. Maybe I don't have any
right to feel happy--to think I can live like ... like other men--that Nellie could ever give her heart to me.

SEGUE TO

MUSICAL #8--COULD SHE LOVE ME?

CHARLIE:

COULD SHE LOVE ME?
OH, I KNOW SHE WOULD BE KIND

AND TRY TO CARE FOR ME,
AND EASE MY MIND--
BUT COULD SHE LOVE ME?
NOT AS ONE MIGHT LOVE A CHILD
OR LOVE A SINGING BIRD,
ALONE AND WILD.
COULD SHE HOLD ME AND MOLD ME
LIKE A WOMAN MOLDS A MAN?
COULD SHE LOVE ME
FOR THE SIMPLE THING I AM?
I'VE BEEN KIND TO MYSELF,
LIKE SHE'S BEEN TO ME.
NOW IT'S KIND OF A HARD PLACE I'M IN.
I'VE BEEN KIND TO MY HEART
JUST BY LETTING IT FLY--
AND NOW IT'S LOST ON A RISING WIND.

(NELLIE enters valley floor; unheard by CHARLIE, who kneels, looking for her through the telescope)

NELLIE

COULD HE LOVE ME?
OH, I KNOW HE CAN BE KIND
AND LOVES TO CARE FOR ME,

AND EASE MY MIND--
BUT COULD HE LOVE ME?
NOT LIKE ROSES IN THE SPRING
OR LIKE A SINGING BIRD,
A RHYMING WORD.
COULD HE HOLD ME AND MOLD ME
LIKE A WOMAN MOLDS A MAN?
COULD HE LOVE ME
FOR THE SIMPLE THING I AM?

(Facing audience, NELLIE pantomimes seeing CHARLIE and waves excitedly. He springs to his feet and, facing audience, waves back)

CHARLIE

I'VE IMAGINED MYSELF BEING HELD BY HER.

NELLIE

I'VE IMAGINED THE FLAME I WOULD FEEL.

BOTH

I'VE IMAGINED MY LIFE FADING OUT LIKE A DREAM
UNLESS HE/SHE TAKES ME AND MAKES ME REAL.

NELLIE

COULD HE LOVE ME?
OH, I KNOW HE CAN BE KIND
AND LOVES TO CARE FOR ME,
AND EASE MY MIND--
BUT COULD HE LOVE ME?
NOT LIKE ROSES IN THE SPRING
OR LIKE A SINGING BIRD,
A RHYMING WORD.
COULD HE LOVE ME?

COULD HE LOVE ME?
COULD HE LOVE ME?

CHARLIE

COULD SHE LOVE ME?

COULD SHE EVER LOVE ME,

MORE THAN A LONELY

FRIGHTENED

CHILD?
COULD SHE LOVE ME?
COULD SHE LOVE ME?
COULD SHE LOVE ME?

(NELLIE emerges onto mountaintop over last measures of accompaniment. CHARLIE is musing, pocketing his telescope. At last chord, he turns, their eyes meet, and they freeze close, face-to-face for applause. They then assume a casual pose on the ground, as if a visit is just ending)

NELLIE: Oh, I almost forgot. I brought your journal back.

(NELLIE produces the book from a basket)

CHARLIE: *(Takes it shyly, expectantly)* Well? What did you think?

NELLIE: *(Her turn to be shy)* Here's my journal.

(Gives him another book)

CHARLIE: Nellie! Yours?

NELLIE: *(Rising)* Oh, isn't it a lovely day? I wish you could see the lilacs down by the river, Charlie--banks of them, tumbling over each other.

(CHARLIE is engrossed in her journal. She notices, and during the next line crosses quickly over and shuts the book lying open on the ground)

Oh, Charlie, I'm so happy when I'm up here!

CHARLIE: Must be the scenery and the fresh mountain air.

NELLIE: Widow Ames would say it's because you have bedeviled me.

CHARLIE: And your father? What would your father say, Nellie?

NELLIE: You don't want to hear what my father would say! And neither do I.

CHARLIE: He's a powerful man.

NELLIE: He's a good man!

CHARLIE: He has this town by the throat.

NELLIE: People respect him, that's all.

CHARLIE: This town can make life very hard, Nellie. I know.

PERUSAL - Charlie's Monument (2-player) by Susan McCloud, Marvin Payne & K. Newell Dayley

NELLIE: This town doesn't care about you and me!

CHARLIE: I care about you and me! Nellie, I ...

NELLIE: (*Hearing REEVES' approach, stills CHARLIE*) My father?!

CHARLIE: (*To the phantom character*) Mr. Reeves.

NELLIE: Father, don't treat me like this!

CHARLIE: (*Boldly*) Mr. Reeves, I don't think ...

NELLIE: It's all right, Charlie.

CHARLIE: Mr. Reeves, you're welcome to use my mountain to talk to your daughter, alone. That's what I use it for. Goodbye, Nellie.

(Exits)

14 more pages of the script to the END