

The Ties That Bind: A Recollection of Bygone Days

Revised September 23-December 10, 2013

Fire Mountain Arts Council

P.O. Box 781

Morton, WA 98356

Contact person: April Doolittle april.doolittle@gmail.com

This play was written specifically for the Centennial of the incorporation of the City of Morton, Washington. It was so well received that we would like to give other community theatres the opportunity to produce *The Ties That Bind*. We appreciate your donation of \$50 per performance to the Fire Mountain Arts Council.

In sharing this musical, we realize that our town's history might be reflective of the history of many small pioneer towns. Therefore, if you would like to adapt place and family names to reflect YOUR local history, you have our permission to do so. If you wish to make further adaptations, please contact us for permission. Thank you.

Songs and Scenes

Act One

Scene 1 – In the woods near Morton, Washington, c.1907

“Turkey in the Straw”

Scene 2 – At the All-School Reunion, Morton, c. 1970

“Last Dance,” “Faith, Hope and Charity”

Scene 3 – The raising of the schoolhouse, near Morton, c. 1908

“Oh My Darling, Clementine,” “Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here,” “Buffalo Gals,” “School Days,” “Smiles,” “Smile, Smile, Smile,” “The Pioneer Song”

Scene 4 – At the All-School Reunion, Morton, c. 1970

Scene 5 – At the Stout homestead, near Morton, c. 1908

Scene 6 – At the All-School Reunion, Morton, c. 1970

Scene 7 – At the Stout homestead, near Morton, c. 1908

“Sleep My Child”

Scene 8 – At the All-School Reunion, Morton, c. 1970

Scene 9 – In town from Shade's perspective, Morton, 1912

“There Is A Tavern in the Town,” “Faith, Hope and Charity” reprise, “Home on the Range,” “Oh Where, Oh Where Has My Little Dog Gone?,” “You're a Grand Old Flag,” “Yankee Doodle,” “How Ya Gonna Keep 'Em Down on the Farm?,” “America the Beautiful”

Scene 10 – At the All-School Reunion, Morton, c. 1970

Scene 11 – In town from Hazel's perspective, Morton, 1912

“Home on the Range” reprise, “If You/I Were the Only Girl in the World”

Scene 12 – At the All-School Reunion, Morton, c. 1970

Scene 13 – Town incorporation meeting, Morton, 1912-1913
“Smile, Smile, Smile”

Inter-act Vignette
Logging Camp

Act Two

Scene 1 – Basket social, Morton, c.1917

“Happy Days,” “In the Good Old Summertime”

Scene 2 – At the All School Reunion, Morton, c. 1970

Scene 3 – The boys go to war, Morton, early 1918

“Battle Hymn of the Republic,” “For He's a Jolly Good Fellow,” “Our Boys Will Shine Tonight!,” “Over There”

Scene 4 – At the All-School Reunion, Morton, c. 1970

Scene 5 – Shade at a field hospital in France, 1918

“There's No Place Like Home,” “How Ya Gonna Keep 'Em Down on the Farm?” reprise

Scene 6 – Hazel received the letter, the Stout home, Morton, 1918

“How Ya Gonna Keep 'Em Down on the Farm?” reprise

Scene 7 – At the All-School Reunion, Morton, c. 1970

Scene 8 – In town when Shade returns, Morton, c. 1920

“If You/I Were the Only Girl in the World” reprise

Scene 9 – At the All-School Reunion, Morton, c.1970

“I Had a Dream, Dear”

Scene 10 – Finale

“Home on the Range,” “Buffalo Gals,” “The Pioneer Song,” mash-up of “You're a Grand Old Flag,” “America the Beautiful,” “Yankee Doodle,” “I Had A Dream, Dear”

(We chose the music for this play because it originated in the time period depicted and is also royalty free. All songs are available online. Our musical director developed arrangements to suit our cast, such as the “mash-up” from the Finale.)

Cast of Characters

Elder Hazel Stout (70)
Elder Shade Conley (70+)
Young Clara Stout (13-23 years)
Young Edythe Stout (14-24 years)
Child Hazel Stout (11 years)
Child Faith Squires (11 years)
Child Hope Squires (10 years)
Child Charity Squires (9 years)
Maude Johnson

Charles Stout
James Conley
Child Shade Conley (13 years)
Young Casper Stout (16-26 years)
Pius Cottler
Katie O'Brien Conley
Ophelia Coleman
Child Sadie Coleman (9 years)
Addie Kuchenhausen
Myrtle Stout
Child Andrew Jackson Kuchenhausen (6 years)
Child Ruby Stout (5 years)
Doctor Feagles
Mrs. Clevinger
Photographer
Young Shade Conley (17-22 years)
Young Faith Squires (15-21 years)
Young Hope Squires (14-20 years)
Young Charity Squires (13-19 years)
Mrs. Gottfried
Miss Gottfried
Young Hazel (15-21 years)
Newsboy
Young AJ Kuchenhausen (10-15)
Otto Cottler (15-21)
Young Ruby (14-15)
Joe, soldier
Dog, at least one
Ensemble throughout

Act I

Scene One – In the woods near Morton, WA c.1900

(The show starts with a slide show of pioneer photos as the audience settles in. This scene begins in darkness with the sounds of the forest, sound effect of chopping or sawing; sounds of the tree falling. Music: Fiddle.)

Scene Two – At the All-School Reunion, Morton, WA c. 1970

(The lights come up on a table near the punch bowl at a reunion below a staircase leading to a tiny balcony which has seating. Disco ball light and soft 70s music –“Last Dance” plays in the background. Elder Shade enters and scopes out the scene as if looking for someone. Elder Hazel enters through audience, improvising as though she is meeting folks she knows. She spots Shade. They meet for the first time in over fifty years.)

ELDER HAZEL: Well, if it isn't Shade Conley!

ELDER SHADE: Hazel! I was hoping to see you. I'd know you anywhere. You are still such a beautiful woman. Prettiest eyes in the county.

ELDER HAZEL: Now I know I recognize you. Always the one for pretty words. Oh my, how many years has it been? Seems like forever, doesn't it? Is there a quiet place we could talk? Let's go up to the balcony.

ELDER SHADE: Good idea. *(Climb stairs while improvising. Sit.)* Uh, I, well, I was sure sad to hear about Otto. He was a good man, Hazel. You could not have chosen a better one, I'd say.

ELDER HAZEL: Thank you, Shade. Otto was a good man, and a good husband. We had many good years together. *(Pause)* Now let me see, how long has it been, Shade? I don't think any of us here in Morton have heard from you since your mom shared that letter with us, some time after the war, I think.

ELDER SHADE: Well, that may be true. It's been a long time since I've been out this way though I HAVE paid attention to news from the ol' hometown.

ELDER HAZEL: Really? Through your parents?

ELDER SHADE: Yes. Mother used to give me a subscription to *The Morton Mirror* every Christmas. Since she passed on, I have kept up a subscription to *The Morton Journal*.

ELDER HAZEL: No kidding?

ELDER SHADE: No kidding! I have enjoyed keeping up with the comings and goings of the old families.

ELDER HAZEL: Why didn't you come home? I've always wondered. *(There is a slight awkward pause.)* Where did you go? What did you do?

ELDER SHADE: I guess I just got busy. I had things to do. I spent some time in Alaska. I was up there, right smack dab in the middle.

ELDER HAZEL: What sort of work did you do? I always imagined you off selling cars or inventing machines or making movies or something.

ELDER SHADE: *(Laughing)* Oh no, mostly timber and small scale mining, railroad work, some real estate. You could say that my Morton days stayed with me. Say, who all is here at the reunion? I mean, the pioneer-folk? Would I know any of these people?

ELDER HAZEL: Oh sure, you should remember the Squires sisters over there.

ELDER SHADE: The Squires. . .

ELDER HAZEL: Faith, Hope, and Charity. Remember, they were town girls we met when we started attending the new school house in 1908.

ELDER SHADE: I couldn't forget them! The schoolhouse...whatever ever happened to old Maude Johnson?

ELDER HAZEL: She eventually moved to Chehalis then passed away years ago.

ELDER SHADE: She was a terror! I remember the first day we met her. Oh boy, she was something. We sure had fun back then, didn't we?

ELDER HAZEL: Fun? Oh sure, I suppose. Mostly, I remember all the work we did.

ELDER SHADE: Oh no, Hazel Stout! Don't pretend you don't remember the fun! Remember when we met? At the raising of that new schoolhouse? I will always remember that day.

ELDER HAZEL: Oh, yes! We also met Faith, Hope, and Charity Squires that day.

ELDER SHADE: And you were there with your whole family. There was your dad, Charles, your momma, Myrtle, and Casper. . . Those two sisters of yours, Edythe and Clara. Which was the crabby one?

ELDER HAZEL: You mean Edythe?

ELDER SHADE: Yeah. Where is she now?

ELDER HAZEL: She did finally marry and moved to Arizona. She's been happy there.

ELDER SHADE: The whole valley turned out (*Ensemble enters.*) to help raise the schoolhouse.

(Music—fiddle—comes up and scene changes as lights go down on the Reunion table.)

Scene Three – The raising of the schoolhouse, near Morton, c. 1908

*(Music—"Hail, Hail the Gang's All Here." Scene opens with **men** busy framing up then raising a wall while the **women** are setting up tables, tablecloths, food. Smaller children are playing tag around the women. **Child Shade** and **Casper** are initially carrying scraps of lumber, **Edythe** is initially helping the women, and they sing as they work. **Hazel, Clara,** and the **Child Squires girls** are dancing in a circle while the younger children- **Child Ruby, Child A.J.,** and **Child Sadie**- stop their tag game, then join in the chant.)*

CHILD HAZEL, CLARA, FAITH, HOPE, CHARITY, SADIE: (*Chanting with delight.*) We get a new school house! We get a new school house!

CLARA: (*To EDYTHE, who has just come up to the group.*) EDYTHE, Hazel and I have some new friends. They live right in Morton—Faith, Hope, and Charity Squires.

CHILD HAZEL, CLARA, FAITH, HOPE, CHARITY: (*Return to their chant*) We get a new school! We get a new school!

CLARA: (*To EDYTHE*) Just like we attended in Tacoma—a two story frame schoolhouse!

EDYTHE: Yes, Clara. And SOOO much better than that one-room, drafty, split-cedar school shack at Bergen. We froze the minute the sun disappeared—which was most of the time.

CLARA: Isn't that why we just attended school in the summer?

EDYTHE: (*Condescendingly*) Yes, Clara, and the roads.

CHILD HOPE: But, Edythe Stout, your family lives so far out of town. How are you going to get into Morton to attend the new school? You can't walk like we do.

EDYTHE: But, Faith Squires, (*mimicking Faith's tone of voice*) we have big brother Casper to drive the wagon into town with all of us girls on school mornings (*back to normal voice*)---except when the road is a mud bog.

CHILD HAZEL: Maybe, Sister, it won't rain so much this fall.

EDYTHE: Not likely, Hazel. It will rain.

CLARA, CHILD FAITH, HOPE, CHARITY: (*Not deterred by Edythe's pessimism, chant again*) We get a new school! We get a new school!

CHILD HOPE, CHARITY: (*Seeing **Maude Johnson** head their way*) Teacher! Teacher! Teacher!

MAUDE: Good afternoon, Hope. Hello, Charity. I see you are getting acquainted with your new schoolmates from out the wagon road toward Bremer.

CHILD HAZEL: (*Shyly*) Good afternoon, Mrs. Johnson.

MAUDE: Good afternoon, Hazel Stout, we look forward to seeing you at the new school.

MYRTLE: We have been working so hard, folks. Let's take a break. Strike up the band. Let's have a reel!

(*Musical interlude---"Buffalo Gals". Dance the Virginia Reel. Women have the table ready to put in place. Men are securing the wall they have just raised.*)

(*Lights dim on ensemble and go up on **Elder Shade** and **Hazel**.)*)

ELDER SHADE: What a day!

ELDER HAZEL: Seems to me the entire Rutabaga Gang was there.

ELDER SHADE: Your father and mine. (***Men** enter.*)

ELDER HAZEL: Yes. And HW Kuchenhausen, and he couldn't speak a word of English!

ELDER SHADE: Thomas Hopgood, before he was mayor...

ELDER HAZEL: Before Morton was even a town, you mean!

ELDER SHADE: How about Ed Cooper and Bill Little? William Clevinger? Adam Bremer?

ELDER HAZEL: Oh, the legends of the Rutabaga Gang.

(*Through their introduction, members of the **Rutabaga Gang** create a "portrait" downstage. **Photographer** takes "photo" with flash effect. Cast poses stiff and seriously and reacts to "flash."*)

CHARLES: (*Speaking with a bit of a drawl, clapping a few of the men on the back*) James Conley!

JAMES: (*in Irish brogue*) Well, Mr. Stout, raising a wall knowing that the womenfolk have a fine meal waiting be a far cry more pleasant than driving

shingle bolts to Kelso in March rains. Don't suppose our twenty foot pikes will do us any good today.

DOC FEAGLES: Boys, I would say those pikes are the right length but may not have the structural integrity needed for rafters.

(The men guffaw.)

MRS. CLEVINGER: You men may have enjoyed the camaraderie of the shingle bolt drive, but three weeks in the waters of the Tilton and Cowlitz was too much suffering. My husband and I are looking at partnering with James Childers to open a good-sized mercantile here in town.

JAMES: *(With a twinkle in his eye)* Mrs. Clevinger, ma'am, a real mercantile be an excellent idea for the town. However, we still will not be able to buy socks like Ed Cooper's. *(Another guffaw)*

DOC FEAGLES: I've heard you boys tell the tale that halfway between here and Kelso on that drive, Adam Bremer was betting on Bill Little's powers of persuasion and was sure he would succeed in buying the socks off Cooper! *(More guffaws)* Is that so, Stout?

CHARLES STOUT: That was about the size of it.

JAMES: Ed was smart to hang onto 'em. He said Mary Satanis, one of the Indian women living in Bremer, spun her own long hair in with her sheep's wool. Ed claimed they actually kept his feet warm in the river!

MRS. CLEVINGER: And Little was in the boat! Hardly needed the socks like the rest of you. *(More guffaws)*

JAMES: I thank God for that boat, though, and the horses. Our pikes wouldn't have been enough to budge shingle bolts off some of the gravel bars. That \$2 a cord they paid us in Kelso for those bolts does go a long ways to buying winter supplies for our families. But I, for one, do look forward to spending my money at Clevinger's store here in Morton rather than packing supplies all the way from the county seat!

ALL THE MEN: *(Raising their tools as if in a toast)* Here! Here!

JAMES: I hear that Kuchenhausen be hand-hewing railroad ties. Is that right. Mr. Stout?

CHARLES: Yah. For that new route from Mineral to Glenovan A good man, that Kuchenhausen. Hand-hewing ties!

MRS. CLEVINGER: I hear the railroad pays twelve cents each. Not bad. *(Others grunt, nod in agreement.)*

JAMES: Hand hewing ties works for the small trees, but shingle bolts at least provide a use for the big cedars.

CHARLES: Better than burning 'em out.

(The men react with mock fear to the off-stage approach of the school marm. Musical interlude---"Wicked Witch" theme. Maude Johnson heads over to talk to the men.)

MAUDE: Enough jawing, men. Today we build the finest schoolhouse east of Chehalis!

CASPER: *(Aside to Edythe)* Our Pap better do what Maude Johnson says. I heard she picked up them big Olson twins by their collars, shook them 'til they thought their teeth'd fall out, then knocked their heads together.

MAUDE: (To **Charles**) Charles Stout, a good start. The rafters, of course, go up before dinner.

CHARLES: (With considerable respect) Yes, Ma'am. That's the plan.

MAUDE: Where are the drawings?

PIUS: (With a light German accent-w's sound like v's, v's sound like w's). Vell, Mrs. Johnson, I have them here.

MAUDE: (Hailing **Pius** and **Feagles**) Oh, Mr. Cottler and Doctor Feagles, please, reassure me that the windows sashes open fully.

DR. FEAGLES: Well, well, Mrs. Johnson. You are concerned that your charges may not bathe quite often enough?

MAUDE: Doctor Feagles, that is, of course, the case. Considerable ventilation is requisite when one is dealing with ripe body odors combined with summer's and fall's propensity for warm weather.

PIUS: Rest assured, Mrs. Johnson. The schoolhouse windows are numerous and their sashes do open fully.

(Musical interlude—"School Days". We see **Child Shade** scaring the **Child Squires** sisters with frogs. Appropriate screams and running.)

(Grabbing **Child Shade** as he runs by after the **girls** with **Child A.J. Shade** grins at **Hazel**.)

KATIE: Shade Conley, leave the girls alone. Now go call the men to dinner.

CHILD HAZEL: (Aside to **Faith**) Will he be in our class? Who is he?

CHILD HOPE: That is Shade Conley. He will be in school with us. But he's a pest and he's Irish and he's already 13!

CHILD HAZEL: (Whispers and looks wistful) I like his smile...

(Musical interlude—"Smile, Smile, Smile". The **ensemble** swarms the tables, dancing through the meal then on to a reel or quadrille.)

(**Child Shade** dances with **Child Hazel** during the final dance. "The Pioneer Song." Rain begins and the **ensemble** scatters.)

(Exeunt)

Scene Four – At the All-School Reunion, Morton, WA c. 1970

(The lights come up on the elder couple, and **Elder Hazel** shares the same wistful look as her younger self as she remembers. **Elder Shade** has been chatting all along.)

ELDER SHADE: ...and that Casper was such a kick. I remember the time he took part in bear-wrestlin'? Remember that? ... Hazel?

ELDER HAZEL: Hmmm?

ELDER SHADE: I thought you'd drifted off there for a minute.

ELDER HAZEL: Oh, no, I was just thinking back, that's all.

ELDER SHADE: We had some good times.

ELDER HAZEL: Oh, yes, Shade. We sure did. But there were also hard times.

ELDER SHADE: You don't have to tell me. I remember before the railroad how we went all the way to Chehalis for supplies, and even in the summer and fall, when the road should have been open, it was often thick with mud to bog down the wagons.

ELDER HAZEL: And we had to raise most of our food and put up enough to get through the winter. Kids these days are sure spoiled.

ELDER SHADE: Yeah, but we survived, didn't we? Some didn't; that's for sure, what with illness, injury, floods...

ELDER HAZEL: Logging accidents...and the war, of course.

ELDER SHADE: Well, I guess we were the lucky ones.

ELDER HAZEL: Especially you, Shade. You sure managed to get through a lot of dangerous situations. In fact, if it wasn't for your first brush with death, I may never have gotten to know you very well.

ELDER SHADE: Oh, you mean when my father and I showed up at your house on our way back from Chehalis, when half the ladies in the valley were there making kraut?

ELDER HAZEL: And sauerkraut was the most important part of that story?
(*Ensemble enters as kraut makers.*)

Scene Five - At the Stout homestead, near Morton, WA, c. 1908

(*Myrtle Stout, her daughters --Edythe, Clara, Child Hazel and Child Ruby--*

and her neighbors--Ophelia and Child Sadie Coleman and Addie

Kuchenhausen-- working on making a large batch of sauerkraut and/or canning for the winter. Young Casper Stout is also present, cleaning a bridle. Child Andrew Jackson Kuchenhausen is playing with a toy on the floor.)

ADDIE: Mrs. Stout and Mrs. Coleman, I can't tell you enough how I appreciate you loaning your husbands to help Mr. Kuchenhausen take a stump or two out of our field.

ANDREW JACKSON: Mama, I wanted to help Papa. I could have led the oxen.
(CHILD SADIE and CHILD RUBY giggle)

ADDIE: A.J., when you are older... I do declare, in this country it is nigh impossible to get enough light to raise a garden.

OPHELIA: Yes. At our place, the folks before us had to burn out those massive nuisance cedar trees, and now alder trees just sprout up overnight.

MYRTLE: Clara, do you have that crock cleaned out? We are ready to start the second batch of sauerkraut.

CLARA: Crock's ready, Mother.

ADDIE: Too bad those early folks couldn't sell the cedar to bring in a little cash like our menfolk can nowadays. (*Aside to Andrew*) Andrew Jackson, help Hazel with those cabbages.

ANDREW JACKSON: Yes, Mama.

OPHELIA: Sadie, you help also.

MYRTLE: It was a blessing in a way for the folks who got here first. They didn't have to spend three weeks wading in the Tilton and Cowlitz in March to get their shingle bolts to a mill.

OPHELIA: We all need to count our blessings...

ADDIE: Mrs. Stout, I am blessed and much obliged to you!

MYRTLE: Land's sake, what for?

ADDIE: Why, my husband grew up in Germany with his grandmother, who, I do

declare, must have had sauerkraut in her veins.

CHILD RUBY: (*Believing, simultaneously*) Really?? Instead of blood? In her veins??

OPHELIA: (*Ignoring the children*) Ah... He is very fond of a good kraut then?

ADDIE: Indeed! I'm afraid that my kraut has been a very poor substitute. With your good instruction (*to both women*) I do believe I can improve on it.

AJ: (*Tossing **Child Ruby** a Brussels sprout*) Catch, Ruby! (*She misses, but she picks it up and stuffs it in his shirt.*)

ADDIE: Andrew Jackson Kuchenhausen, we are IN A HOUSE. Sit down in that corner NOW.

(*Meanwhile older children are discretely laughing knowing that the little ones are in trouble. Crescendos on Ruby's "Brussels sprout" below.*)

MYRTLE: (*Simultaneously*) Ruby Elizabeth, that is NOT behavior for a young lady. You apologize to Mrs. Kuchenhausen, then get to work. Pick up your toys.

CHILD RUBY (*Ashamed*) I apologize, Mrs. Kuchenhausen, for putting a Brussels sprout down A.J.'s shirt. (*Starts to pick up toys but freezes in place in response to the next line.*)

OPHELIA: (*Trying to smooth things over and change the subject*) Mrs. Stout, I heard that you came from a big house in Tacoma with *inside* plumbing. That must make life here seem almost uncivilized.

EDYTHE STOUT: Mother doesn't complain, but I do. We had a two-story frame house that had electricity as well.

CHILD HAZEL: Edythe complains, but I prefer it HERE. People are so nice.

CLARA: Though outside of town here, it does get a little lonely. It's wonderful when company stops by, especially the peddler, Mr. Fairhart, with his suitcase full of delightful things.

MYRTLE: (*Ignoring Clara*) Doctor told Mr. Stout that he needed clean, country air to get away from that nasty coal smoke in Tacoma. And now we have country air! Washed clean on days like today.

CLARA: Remember that day we moved, Mother? It was raining just like this! Only it was colder, in March.

EDYTHE: We boarded the train in Tacoma with our two cows, three pigs, a dozen chickens, and the dog in their *own* boxcar. We started out excited... until we all got seasick.

CHILD SADIE: Seasick?

CHILD RUBY: We weren't on a boat! But I remember a terrible stomach.

ANDREW JACKSON: Did you puke? (*Girls nod*)

ADDIE: Andrew Jackson Kuchenhausen! Use polite words!

MYRTLE: The train stopped at Glenovan, of course, so we were north of Morton several miles. Mr. Stout rented wagons to haul our possessions on to Morton and then out the wagon track toward Bremer. It was a downpour. The horses could barely pull the wagons up over the steep grades through the sucking mud.

CHILD HAZEL: During the ford, water flowed over the floorboards and soaked the mattresses.

EDYTHE: We were a sight to behold, completely soaked and bedraggled.

CLARA: And then we arrived here.

CASPER: Except for me! I drove the livestock and had to swim the Tilton River twice.

MYRTLE: We did worry about our boy Casper. . .(*smiles at him*)

EDYTHE: The house was so small! Cold! Damp! Just this two-bedroom, split-cedar cabin.

OPHELIA: Well, it sure is homey now. Goodness! How did you survive that night?

MYRTLE: Our wonderful neighbors, the Coopers, took our family in that night, somehow finding food to feed the seven of us and bedding for us to sleep on. It was the warmest welcome we could have possibly wished.

OPHELIA: We all count our blessings, don't we?!

(There's a knock at the door and Myrtle answers it.)

JAMES CONLEY: *(Entering with **Child Shade**)* Pardon us, ma'am. I am James Conley and this, my son Shade. We be on our way home from the county seat with a loaded wagon.

MYRTLE: Come in out of the rain, you two. Girls, we have company. Put the kettle on. *(Hazel gets the kettle.)*

JAMES: The roads muddied up early this year. The wagon barely got out of Bear Canyon a few miles back. I needed the help of this lad here to push that wagon out of the canyon. He was worthless. Said his side hurt. I thought he jus' being lazy. However, since then he be complaining bitterly, so we stopped to rest.

CASPER: *(Looking off stage at the wagon)* Jeesh! What's makin' that wagon so heavy?

JAMES: Winter supplies and heavy windows for the house I be building.

CHILD SHADE: *(Holding his side, barely able to stand)* Felt like a knife cutting at me with every bump in the road.

EDYTHE: *(Still working on the kraut with the other women)* What ya been eating? Did you get bad water?

JAMES: *(Somewhat embarrassed but clearly concerned)* Aw, never mind him. Come on, son, there be nothing wrong with you but a bellyache. Maybe just rest a little bit.

CHILD SHADE: I think I'll be all right.

MYRTLE: I imagine you could use some cool water. Hazel. Fetch this young man a fresh drink. You poor boy. Come sit on this bench.

OPHELIA: Son, you do look a bit peaked. *(To James)* It does seem he needs to rest.

CHILD HAZEL: *(Returns with water)* Mama...he seems awful bad. He's burnin' up!

MYRTLE: *(Comes over to Shade...confirms Hazel's thoughts)* Hmm...his color's perty pale.

(Shade collapses/ doubles over in pain)

OPHELIA: *(Everyone gasps)* Get Dr. Feagles!

MYRTLE: *(Pointing to CASPER)* Casper, you ride into town as fast as your pony can take you, and fetch Doc Feagles. You folks just sit tight. *(Reassuringly to*

CHILD SHADE and JAMES) He is an excellent doctor.

CLARA: Last year when we cut kraut, Edythe cut her fingertip off! Doc Feagles stitched it right back on.

EDYTHE: Even the fingernail has grown back correctly. (*EDYTHE proudly shows off her finger.*)

MYRTLE: Here, lay down on bench. Bring a quilt, girls. Make him comfortable. (*The women gather around and bring Child Shade to the bench...lights go down*)

Scene Six – At the All-School Reunion, Morton, WA c. 1970

ELDER SHADE: (*Wistfully*) I remember that well...the day you saved my life.

ELDER HAZEL: Oh! You know quite well, Dr. Feagles did all the saving. And if he hadn't had the fastest horse in the county. . . .

ELDER SHADE: Well, let's give Doc Feagles some credit, but if it hadn't been for you and your mother...

(*Fade back to the house*)

Scene Seven – At the Stout homestead, near Morton, WA, c. 1908

DOC: That appendix was near bursting. Good thing for a little neighborly support!

JAMES: Doc, thank you for dropping everything to come.

DOC: Mr. Cottler didn't mind. Just that knee of his again. But Casper and his pony are to be commended. And thank goodness for my speedy Lightning. I would wager him against any horse in the county!

JAMES: You've saved the life of my son, Doc. I worry about how we can pay you.

DOC: It doesn't need to be just now. I'm not starving. That boy will be back to his hardy self in no time. Send him my way. He can work off the bill a little at a time. That'll be just dandy. (*They exit together, still talking.*)

(*Low lights come up showing Child Hazel nursing Child Shade as he sleeps. She sings him a lullaby—"All through the Night"--and he watches her when she is not looking.*)

Scene Eight - At the All-School Reunion, Morton, WA c. 1970

ELDER HAZEL: Those were tough times, Shade. It may have been fun at times, but we sure had a lot of sickness and tragedy to overcome.

ELDER SHADE: Oh sure, there were tough times, Hazel, but the folks around here knew how to make the best of it. Now take that Dr. Feagles. He was a hard working man, serious about his business. That said, he was also a heck of a load of fun, wasn't he? Remember when he bought that Model T? He was still able to get to all his patients in no time. He just had to take the fenders off first so the car would fit between the trees on the trails. There still wasn't a decent road in these parts, but Dr. Feagles was not one to back down from a challenge.

ELDER HAZEL: I remember. I remember he made you work for him for almost two years to pay off that surgery, too.

ELDER SHADE: Oh, sure he did, but I learned a lot from him. I got side work in town, too. There wasn't a business owner I didn't know. Got me out of some of the hard work out on the farm and in the woods.

ELDER HAZEL: The fact you nearly died and took forever recovering might have had some bearing on that. Don't you think?

ELDER SHADE: Honestly, I think that city life was calling me; that's all.

ELDER HAZEL: City life? Is that what you call it? Ha, I remember the "city" of Morton back then.

ELDER SHADE: Now you know how it was. Once the Milwaukee Road came to town, Morton livened right up.

Scene Nine – Morton, WA c. 1912

*(Music—"There's a Tavern in the Town." Railroad sound in the background. Ensemble creating busy street scene with **Young Shade** and **Mrs. Clevinger** entering. Young Shade is loading some packages on a handcart. He is met by a series of townsfolk.)*

MRS. CLEVINGER: Now, Shade, you need to get these dry goods out to Mrs. Kuchenhausen's place quick. And I have some more beans, peas and coffee that came in on the train that I need you to help stock.

YOUNG SHADE: Will do, Mrs. Clevinger. *(As he packs the cart, the busy street life of Morton is seen. He begins whistling "Home on the Range" and eventually sings it, too, enjoying the slight chaos of the town.)*

MRS. CLEVINGER: *(Spotting the **Young Squires sisters**)* Ladies! I have some of the ribbons you ordered from Tacoma in the store, Miss Charity. And you, Miss Hope, you wanted some of that hard candy we got in last time.

YOUNG HOPE: Oh, Mrs. Clevinger, is it the Sarsaparilla flavored?

MRS. CLEVINGER: Yes, ma'am. Come on into the store. *(She exits back to the store.)*

YOUNG CHARITY: Let's go.

YOUNG FAITH: What about the San Francisco show ladies from the train?

YOUNG HOPE: If we hurry we can still see them before they get to the theater.

YOUNG CHARITY: Mama is not going to like it if we talk to those ladies.

YOUNG FAITH: Talk? We won't talk to them.

YOUNG HOPE: No, we just want to see their dresses.

YOUNG FAITH: And their hair.

YOUNG HOPE: Oh, and their makeup.

YOUNG FAITH: *(Calling off stage)* Mrs. Clevinger, we will be right back. We have something to do first, but we will come back in a minute. *(Faith and Hope run off toward the railroad station.)*

YOUNG CHARITY: *(Calling after them)* I am going to tell Mama! *(Pause)* Hey! Wait for me! *(Runs off.)*

DR. FEAGLES: *(Entering)* Shade! It's good to see you, son. How's the new job going at Clevinger's?

YOUNG SHADE: Oh, hello, Dr. Feagles! Mrs. Clevinger is keeping me busy, for sure. And, I am working on the side for Bill Perigo, cleaning up the smith and helping him pick up freight at the depot. Since the railroad's come to Morton, it's

been busy—steady.

DR. FEAGLES: That's good to hear, Shade, but we sure miss you around the place. Mrs. Feagles swears that Old Lightning has been pining for you.

YOUNG SHADE: Well, tell Mrs. Feagles I miss her, too, *and* Old Lightning. If you need any deliveries, let me know. I'd love to come out and visit.

DR. FEAGLES: As a matter of fact, Shade, I do need a few things delivered. I'm low on that lineament that you know I use by the gallon, and also we need some coffee from the next shipment from Tacoma.

YOUNG SHADE: I will tell Mrs. Clevinger.

DR. FEAGLES: That's my boy. Now I need to get to the depot and check on the freight crew. You know how many of those boys get hurt. Not to mention those millworkers...especially cutting and loading all the railroad ties Chesser and some of the smaller mills are starting to ship north. See you soon, Shade.

YOUNG SHADE: Good afternoon, Doc!

(Dog runs across the stage. A young girl walks across stage looking for her "doggy" singing, "Oh Where, Oh Where Has My Little Dog Gone." Young Shade points in the direction a dog went.)

(Lights dim. Scene transitions back to the Elders briefly.)

ELDER SHADE: The streets of Morton were pretty lively in those days. You never knew who you would meet. I remember meeting Mrs. Gottfried.

ELDER HAZEL: Oh, that was the Swiss woman with the eight daughters.

ELDER SHADE: Every last one of them a beauty.

(Seeing a Swiss family, Mrs. Gottfried and her eight children, wandering the street in confusion. The family is played by various members of the ensemble. Some of the girls can be played by men to increase the comedic effect.—This scene was intended to be a bit slapstick.)

YOUNG SHADE: Can I help you, ma'am?

MRS. GOTTFRIED: *(In stilted English)* Ver look for somebody. Ver need go Kosmos...? My husband... *(Her eldest daughter steps up to assist her.)*

MISS GOTTFRIED: *(In heavily accented English)* Our father sent for us. And now ve arrive at the end of the world! *(She looks distraught.)*

YOUNG SHADE: Well, miss, Morton isn't quite the end of the world. *(Aside)* That's up the road at Randle. *(To Gottfrieds)* But I'm sure it's a far cry from wherever you came from. May I ask your name, ma'am?

MRS. GOTTFRIED: Namen? Ya, ver sindt Gottfried.

YOUNG SHADE: Well, Mrs. Gottfried, if you need someone to take you and your girls to Kosmos, Bill Perigo's rig goes there every few days. *(He pauses and notices they are staring at him in confusion.)* You have no idea what I'm saying, do you? *(They shake their heads affirmatively.)* Well, just a minute then. *(He calls off stage.)*

Hey Casper! Casper Stout!

CASPER: *(Jogging onto the stage)* Hey, Shade, what do we have here? *(He eyes the Gottfried's, the eldest daughter, in particular.)*

YOUNG SHADE: These are the Gottfrieds. I need to get these goods to the Kuchenhausens. Do you think you could get Mrs. Gottfried and her young'uns to Bill Perigo's and help them arrange a ride to Kosmos. Apparently, her husband is

a homesteader there.

CASPER: Oh, sure. I know Fritz Gottfried! He sure does live in Kosmos. (*The Gottfried's get excited when they hear their patriarch named.*) Come on, everybody; follow me. (*With encouraging gestures, Casper gets the entire Gottfried clan to follow him off stage.*)

(***Young Shade** turns back to the handcart and begins to push it down stage. As he does so, a group of show people enter.*)

BURLESQUE PERFORMER: Which way to the theater, bub?

YOUNG SHADE: Bub? Oh, right, Hopgood's Arcade Theater, ma'am? Just follow me. I'm going that way. (*Turns cart opposite direction.*) Here, I can take that case on the cart.

BURLESQUE PERFORMER: Much obliged, pal. Here is couple of tickets to our show for your trouble. (*Hands **Young Shade** two tickets*)

(*As a colorful troupe crosses the stage, the **Squires sisters** follow excitedly, pointing and whispering at the showgirls. As they exit, the scene transitions into the Fourth of July celebration. **Ensemble members** enter with red, white and blue bunting and flags. **Young Shade** returns and is central to the following musical numbers. Townsfolk sing and dance to "Yankee Doodle Dandy." They are interrupted by fancy ladies from the burlesque troupe singing "How Ya Gonna Keep 'em Down on the Farm." Burlesque performers flirtatiously dance with the local men while the local women react with disapproval. Finally, the proper local women take over the stage with a patriotic rendition of "America the Beautiful." The cast joins in, including the burlesque performers, and slowly moves to stand at attention together. As the song ends, there is a crack of thunder and the rain begins.*)

SOMEONE: It always rains on the Fourth of July!
(*Exeunt*)

Scene Ten- At the All-School Reunion, Morton, WA c. 1970

ELDER SHADE: Mmm.. Morton, what a great town. We sure could celebrate!

ELDER HAZEL: But it wasn't all dances and roses. The fact is we were not really a town yet. Don't you remember the dogs? You couldn't walk four feet without stepping on another mongrel. And that wasn't the worst of it...

ELDER SHADE: Heck, the cows were worse than the dogs.

ELDER HAZEL: Before the town incorporated, you'd have thought we lived in the wild west!

ELDER SHADE: Hazel, darlin', it was the west and it was wild! That's what made it so fun.

ELDER HAZEL: Shade Conley, you sure do have a selective memory!

Scene Eleven – Morton, WA, 1912

(*The scene opens with **Young Hazel** entering, dressed in nice Sunday dress. She deftly avoids a small pack of dogs that run across the stage. **A boy** runs on stage, splattered with mud.*)

BOY: Excuse me, did you just see a heifer about this big wanderin' around town?

My ma is gonna kill me if I don't get her back home quick!

YOUNG HAZEL: No, I'm sorry. I haven't seen any cows in town, at least not today. (*Mooring is heard off stage and the boy runs off. Hazel calls after him.*) You might want to put a bell on her! Or maybe put up a fence like civilized folk do. Oh dear, I already have mud on my skirt! I can't keep the mud off for two minutes!

CASPER: (*Running up behind Hazel, very excited*) Hey, little sister! Guess what just happened?

YOUNG HAZEL: Oh, dear! What now?

CASPER: It's the marshal! He just shot Frank Olmquist over at the hotel!

YOUNG HAZEL: The marshal shot Mr. Olmquist?

CASPER: That's right! And the county sheriff's deputy, Clem Phelps, has just arrested the marshal, tied him up, hands and feet, put him in his wagon, and is hauling him to the calaboose at the county seat.

YOUNG HAZEL: Let me get this straight. The marshal who is supposed to be protecting the people of Morton is now on his way to the jail in Chehalis for shooting a man?

CASPER: That's right.

YOUNG HAZEL: What is wrong with this town? We need a jail here!

CASPER: (*Smiling*) Crazy, ain't it?

YOUNG HAZEL: Casper, I am going to join my friends for a game of croquet and try very hard to pretend that Morton is a civilized place.

CASPER: Good luck with that, little sister. (*He exits.*)

(*A Dog runs and jumps on Hazel. And the little girl singing "Oh Where Oh Where..." comes in and takes it, while Hazel holds it away from her dress.*)

Newsboy enters.)

NEWSBOY: Hey, miss, you wanna buy today's copy of the *Morton Mirror*? It's got loads of new information about the *Titanic* disaster.

YOUNG HAZEL: No, thank you. That story is just too terrible. I just hate to think of all those people losing their lives!

NEWSBOY: You think that's bad? Old Hopgood had a shipment coming from England on that boat, and they aren't even paying folks back for lost goods! They say it's some sort of act of God! Can you believe it?

YOUNG HAZEL: I'm not sure I care so much about a lost shipment of goods from England, under the circumstances.

NEWSBOY: Suit yourself, then. (*Exits*)

(*Hazel sings a song reflecting her frustration with the chaos—a reprise of "Home on the Range."*)

(*Clara, Edythe, Young Hope, and Young Charity, and other girls enter with their croquet mallets, etc. Trying to brush the mud from her skirt, Young Hazel moves to join them as they set up for a game.*)

YOUNG CHARITY: Momma says we are not to go anywhere near the Arcade Theater while they're in town.

CLARA: While who are in town?

YOUNG HOPE: You know, those burlesque actresses with the "Old Maid's Convention."

CLARA: Oh, my mother says she thinks the show is too racy, but Father says it is

is charity event, so he's going. "Anything to help the band."

YOUNG HAZEL: I think the men just want to see those pretty actresses.

EDYTHE: I do too. Did you see the one in red? Her hat was so big she could barely squeeze through the depot door.

YOUNG HOPE: Might as well have carried a parasol. (*They all giggle.*)

(***Young Shade** and **Casper** enter and stop to watch the young ladies at their game.*)

YOUNG SHADE: Look at this, Casper! These fine ladies are playing croquet! What are you ladies celebrating?

(*All the girls, besides **Hazel**, stop playing and gather near **Shade**, vying for his attention. **Hazel** rolls her eyes in disgust.*)

CLARA: Now, Mr. Conley, you know we like to spend our Sunday afternoons in ladylike pursuits!

YOUNG HOPE: We do, but we aren't adverse to having the company of a gentleman or two.

YOUNG CHARITY: Oh, yes! Won't you join us **Shade** Conley?

YOUNG SHADE: What do you think, Casper? Do we have any other responsibilities right now?

CASPER: Nothing I can think of just now. (*The boys step into the game and take a couple of mallets, clearly gearing up to goof off with the equipment.*)

YOUNG HAZEL: Really? I finally think that I am going to be able to escape the filth and chaos of this place and relax, and you silly girls are going to invite **Shade** Conley to play croquet?

CASPER: And me.

YOUNG HAZEL: This is a terrible idea.

YOUNG SHADE: Now, **Hazel** Stout, you break my heart. Do you think I would do anything, anything at all to ruin your lovely afternoon? Why don't you come over here and help me figure out how to play this silly game.

YOUNG HAZEL: Mr. Conley, I see what you are up to, and it won't work. I am going keep my distance.

(*Just then there is a huge explosion. Startled, **Hazel** ends up screaming and jumping right into **Shade's** arms. **Casper** does his best to "comfort" all the other girls. Townsfolk come running from all directions, excitedly talking. There are the sounds of dogs barking, as well.*)

MRS. CLEVINGER: (*Entering from upstage and wiping her hands on a towel*) Now what was that?!

OTTO: (*Entering from downstage, looking behind him at the source of the commotion, he speaks in accented English.*) It was Perigo's powder shed, Mrs. Clevinger. Looks like it blew up!

YOUNG HAZEL: (*Realizing **Shade** is still holding on to her, pries herself free*) That just tops it all! What is this town coming to?

CASPER: You sound like an old woman, **Hazel**.

YOUNG HOPE: Really, **Hazel**! This is what I call excitement.

YOUNG CHARITY: Do you think we can go look at the damage?

CLARA: It would be too dangerous.

CASPER: Let's do it! (***Casper** and **the girls** rush off toward the powder shed.*)

YOUNG SHADE: Well, Miss Stout? You wanna come with us?

YOUNG HAZEL: No, I don't. I am going to stay right here and try to keep the mud off of this poor skirt.

YOUNG SHADE: *(With a long look and a smile)* Suit yourself, Miss Stout. *(He exits with the others.)*

(Hazel and Otto are left alone on stage. They freeze as the lights dim. Scene transitions back to the Elder Shade and Hazel.)

ELDER HAZEL: You must admit that Morton was not so civilized back then. In fact, I think you enjoyed that.

ELDER SHADE: *(Teasing)* Oh now, Hazel. Are you telling me that I was a bit too rowdy for you? I suppose that's why you liked that Otto Cottler. He tended to be, what would you call it? Civilized? Boring?

ELDER HAZEL: Calm. Solid. Kind.

(Scene transitions back to Otto and Young Hazel.)

OTTO: *(Sees Young Hazel picking up the croquet equipment alone)* Let me help you, Miss. May I?

YOUNG HAZEL: Oh...Aren't you Pius Cottler's nephew? I don't believe we've met.

OTTO: I am, and we have not met. My name is Otto Cottler.

YOUNG HAZEL: Well, Mr. Cottler, my name is Hazel Stout. And, thank you.

OTTO: Miss Stout, it is my pleasure.

YOUNG HAZEL: *(As Otto carries off the croquet equipment)* Now that is a nice young man. Why can't I like a boy like Otto Cottler? Why do I keep thinking about Shade Conley?

(She sings a song that reflects her growing feelings for Shade, and perhaps also her realization that she may have other choices, like Otto. Song—"If I Were the Only Girl in the World." The rain begins, and she runs to save her dress.)

Scene Twelve- At the All-School Reunion, Morton, WA c. 1970

ELDER SHADE: As I was saying, those wild days in Morton gave the town character. A lot of memories were made around here. Are you even listening to me?

ELDER HAZEL: *(Gazing off in memory)* Hmm, oh, yes, Shade. I was just remembering.

ELDER SHADE: I remember you. You were something else.

ELDER HAZEL: Me? Oh, Shade, I grew up to be the most normal of normal women, despite this crazy town. I guess it didn't stay quite so crazy for too long.

ELDER SHADE: No, things settled down a little once the town incorporated. Remember the meeting?

ELDER HAZEL: It seems like EVERYBODY was there!

(They notice that the ensemble is assembled.)

ELDER HAZEL: Seemed like a lot more people than that...

(The lights come up on the front rows and the ensemble recognizes and includes them in the following.)

Scene Thirteen- Morton Town Meeting c. 1912

(Scene opens with town hall-style meeting underway. A banner announces: "Incorporation Planning Meeting- Hopgood's Arcade Theater, August 25, 1912, 5:00 PM." Doc Feagles is the moderator.)

OPHELIA: Just too many people doing what they please!

ADDIE: Why, there is nigh on 300 people living here now.

KATIE: Not to mention all the animals.

DOC FEAGLES: That's why we are here, ladies and gents. A city council with a mayor whose job it was to. . .

MAUDE JOHNSON: Keep some order! Bars and who knows who else peddling liquor day and night. Drunks hootin' and hollerin' when decent folk are trying to get some rest. . .

MYRTLE: A jail--that's what's needed. Though I live outside of town, I want to know that my family is safe when they are here.

JAMES: And somebody take care of all those dogs!!

MAUDE: Require leather collars and licenses on each and every one of them.

ADDIE: Yes. License each dog—a dollar a year. The town marshal could then legally seize those without licenses as well as vicious dogs and fine the owner.

KATIE: But the cows and goats running loose—breakin' down my garden fence and destroyin' half the summer's produce—none of us can afford that loss.

MRS. CLEVINGER: We women have the vote now. Let's vote to limit free ranging cows to two per family!

PIUS: Each with a bell!! Ya?

JAMES: And no more pigs wanderin' the streets. My Katie is not going to stumble over pigs one more day!

DR. FEAGLES: Speaking of pigs. . . If I were a citizen of an incorporated city, I would happily pay a tax to have streets that were more than pig wallows for most of the year!

PIUS: What do you, think, Mr. Stout?

CHARLES: *(Shrugs)* Sounds good to me.

JAMES: In this modern day of the electric light, would that we have power lines in good condition. Today they be nothing but a danger for most and a benefit for few.

MAUDE: And some day perhaps we could enjoy streetlights!

MRS. CLEVINGER: Better still, a fire wagon!

OPHELIA: How can we possibly pay for all this?

PIUS: Excellent question, Mrs. Coleman.

MYRTLE: License businesses, theatrical performances, menageries, shooting galleries, billiard tables, peddlers, and of course those who traffic in intoxicating liquors, as well as posters, bills, circulars posted on the walls around town!

PIUS: Just about everything!

NEWSBOY: But I have five dogs. You can't tax them all!

JAMES: And no tax on my whiskey!

(Others grumble agreement.)

ADDIE: And we so need a walkway across the gully from uptown, by Tower's Store to the school house.

(Ensemble members interject with impatience, wanting to leave the meeting for

bear wrestling, drinking and blowing up stuff...)

DR. FEAGLES: Patience, everyone! This is important! Neighbors, I propose that we petition to our county seat for incorporation of the City of Morton!

ALL: Yea!!! Here, here. Aye! Today, today!

*(Passage of time is shown as the **Ensemble** enters in winter clothing and a new banner is brought in: "CONGRATULATIONS TO THE NEW CITY OF MORTON!" **Newsboy** announces incorporation. Bandstand gazebo is decorated for celebration.)*

DR. FEAGLES: And now, our master of ceremonies, the new mayor -Mr. Thomas Hopgood! *(The **ensemble** searches for a mayor, finally putting a top hat on "Thomas," a pre-determined audience member.)*

THOMAS: *(Reading from a scroll)* Ladies and gentleman, based on the election yesterday, the City of Morton, as of today, January 5, 1913, has been authorized as a Fourth Class Town!

(The town cheers as the band plays.)

NEWSBOY: Now that we are incorporated, does that mean I have to license ALL of my dogs?

JAMES: And pay tax on my whiskey?

*(**Ensemble** begins "Smile, Smile, Smile," speaking the verses and singing the chorus. **Ensemble** exits, still celebrating.)*

*(Lights come up on **Elders** on balcony.)*

ELDER SHADE: That was a great day.

ELDER HAZEL: This is turning out to be a pretty good day, too.

ELDER SHADE: Hazel, I could talk with you for hours.

ELDER HAZEL: Well, if it's going to be hours, I need to visit the powder room. What do you say? *(including audience)* Meet you all back here in fifteen minutes?

END OF ACT ONE

Logging Camp (performed in **The Ties That Bind**)

Inter-Act Vignette written by Kenton Smith and John Mullenix

*(**Grampa** enters stage left carrying a wooden box. He is headed to exit stage right. **Junior** calls to him from down stage left. **Grampa** stops center stage in front of two crates side by side and waits as **Junior** enters.)*

JUNIOR: Hey, Grampa, give me a hand will ya? *(Heading to center stage crossing in front of **Grampa**.)*

GRAMPA: Junior, I been kinda expecting you. *(Puts box on floor next to crate.)*

JUNIOR: Why's that, Grampa. Did you think I was going to help you file saws?

GRAMPA: Nope. I figured with your city boy muscles on your first day in camp, you would barely make it to lunch time. Looks like I was right. Heh, Heh, Heh.

JUNIOR: Well, I am done for today, Grampa. If I stretch this leg out, I get a charley horse here *(Grips front of thigh)* and if I close it, I get worse cramp here. *(Grasps back of thigh)* Both legs. It took me an hour to get in from the brush.

GRAMPA: You lasted longer than your brother did on his first day. In a week you'll be keeping up with the rest of these brush monkeys. (*Motions downstage right*) Meanwhile, you can hide here in the saw shack while I finish these misery whips. (*Motions down stage left where Junior entered*)

JUNIOR: You got anything to eat?

GRAMPA: Let me grab my nosebag. (*Takes the time to look in the bag*) Looks like the main course is again....leftover breakfast biscuits and lard. (*Pulls an enormous biscuit out of the sack as it is described. Shakes head then toss it to Junior.*) Good Luck. (*Drops sack with loud clunk. Note: wraps small frying pan in a towel and put in the bottom of the bag.*) This new cook is a regular gut buster. Well, at least there are lots of 'em. Heh Heh Heh.

JUNIOR: (*Recoils*) You'd think he'd spread the lard on the inside. (*Licks fingers*) (*Grampa checks his fingers then wipes his hand on his own pants.*) You know, at the University, I get a banana everyday with my lunch. (*Pauses, looks at the hills for three count*) Grampa, do you think these big trees will ever be gone?

GRAMPA: (*Steps toward and look down stage right*) There are twenty miles of stumps from here to Morton. (*Motions downstage right*) But look at the rest of these hills. Virgin timber. (*Motions broadly across audience to stage left strolling a few steps*) I imagine, we'll keep building railway into the hills for the next century or so leaving little camps everywhere. You know, if this camp had a store, there would come women. With women, you get a church. If you have a store and a church, you gotta town. Someday this will all be farmland with towns every ten miles all connected by railway. (*Returns to seat and settles gently*) Now, tell me about life in Seattle.

JUNIOR: I saw *The Birth of a Nation* at that new theater, the Liberty. Seats seventeen hundred people and it was full. That was something. They even had a news reel about electricity in New York. Seems everyone is getting electricity in their homes.

GRAMPA: That will never happen out here. Too expensive. But I wouldn't mind an indoor toilet. My neighbor has one right in the house that empties into a cesspool they dug behind their chicken yard. (*Motions a turn left then back right*) I figure at our house, I can run it right down to the creek where it belongs. (*Looking down stage, fully serious, motion with both hands with absolute confidence.*)

JUNIOR: What about the people downstream?

GRAMPA: Why, it's scientific knowledge that a crick refreshes itself in a hundred feet. Besides, we all have good wells with pure drinking water.

JUNIOR: For one of my classes we read a book about this "Rip Van Winkle kind of guy" who goes to sleep in 1889 and wakes up in the year 2000. Turns out each house has a room where you can listen to music.

GRAMPA: Heh, heh. I suppose all the doors open and close themselves too. (*Shaking head at the ridiculousness*)

JUNIOR: It didn't say anything about that but the music is live and it's the best music in the world just like you are at the symphony. Just turn a screw and you can make it as loud or quiet as you want. I guess it's some kind of telephone thing.

GRAMPA: I don't know what I would do with a telephone. I ain't got that much to say. But I would like a music room. And I'd like to see a movie in Morton, but I don't know if I can read fast enough to keep up with the story. Hey, I just got an idea! The theater could be a music room then you wouldn't even need a piano player.

JUNIOR: That's a good idea, Grampa. You are almost ahead of my physics professor. (*Grampa smiles proudly but not broadly.*) Get this... he said that someday we can send moving pictures into homes just like music.

GRAMPA: You mean my home music room could actually be a home theater?

JUNIOR: Yep. You are pretty smart, Grampa.

GRAMPA: (*Says line as he stands up*) Not smart enough to get out of this loggin' camp. That's why I told your Dad, "Get a job in the city." And now your brother is a graduate of the University of Washington (*Some emphasis on underlined words*)... and you are taking classes there obviously smart as a whip. (*Steps to Junior, then grips his shoulder gently*) I am so proud of you.

JUNIOR: I'm proud of you too, Grampa. Thanks for getting me this summer job. Oh. Did you know that Bobby got a job building an airplane? He's working with Bill Boeing helping make an airplane that takes off from the water. He calls it the Bluegill or something like that. (*Note: fact – it was called the Bluebill*)

GRAMPA: (*Two count pause while stepping left, incredulously*) My grandson building an airplane. (*Looks above audience left then higher right*) My God. (*Three count pause then gently*) We gotta get to work. I gotta earn my buck four bits and you gotta hide 'till your legs let go. (*Walking to Junior, pulls him up in spite of stiff legs. Takes two steps toward exit then turns back.*) You know, I think, someday, Morton will have a real theater just as good as the Liberty.

JUNIOR: Yah. And a grocery store that sells bananas and oranges... year round... and tamaters... year round... and all with doors that open and close themselves. Heh, heh, heh. (*Junior exits first down stage left as they share similar laughs.*)

ACT TWO

Scene One- Basket Social, Morton, WA, c.1917

(Scene opens on the local ladies setting up for the Basket Social. The band is warming up. Some of the girls enter with their baskets.)

YOUNG CHARITY: Otto Cottler is just crazy for mamma's huckleberry pie. I took it with us when we went hiking last month, and he nearly ate the entire thing by himself.

YOUNG HOPE: My daddy always says, "Never ruin one of Momma's good pies by cut'n into it. Eat the whole thing in the round!"

(Everyone giggles.)

YOUNG HAZEL: *(indignant)* You mean to say your mother cooked what you girls brought for the basket social?

(All three sisters nod their heads.)

YOUNG RUBY: Everyone knows you're supposed to cook the supper yourself. That's how the boys know if they want to marry you or not!

(This causes some nervous laughter.)

CLARA: Well, I baked my own apple cobbler with Gravensteins from our own tree. No man's ever said "no" to apple cobbler and fried chicken.

(She holds her basket up for others to see, and everyone nods and mumbles agreement. Ophelia Coleman enters.)

OPHELIA: All right, girls, let me gather those baskets before the boys arrive. Half the fun of the social is the secret. We don't want those boys seeing whose basket they're bidding on, now do we?

(The girls begin to hand baskets to Ophelia. The lights dim. The Ensemble freezes. Lights come up on the Elders.)

ELDER SHADE: Oh, those summer days, when the rain quit, and we all got together...

ELDER HAZEL: Do you remember that one basket social?

ELDER SHADE: Do you mean the one where I got this? *(He produces a ribbon from a pocket, and she takes it from his hand.)*

ELDER HAZEL: Oh, Shade, you kept that all these years?

(Pins ribbon to his lapel as lights dim from the Elders and come up on the main stage. Young Hazel pulls an identical ribbon from her hair and ties it around the basket's handle. Edythe & Clara spy her doing it and approach her from behind.)

EDYTHE: Aha!

CLARA: We've caught you!

YOUNG HOPE: Everyone knows who you want to buy your basket, Hazel.

YOUNG CHARITY: Your eyes light up when he walks in a room.

YOUNG HOPE: You are so lucky, Hazel. Most of us will have to go outside of the valley to find a beau.

YOUNG CHARITY: It's pretty awful when half the boys in town are your cousins or brothers!

(The girls give supportive hugs to Hazel and one another as the crowd filters in. The band strikes up a lively tune, "Strike Up the Band." James Conley steps forward.)

JAMES: *(Interrupting the music)* Ladies and gentlemen, catch your breath and listen a moment. We be gathered here to raise some money to build the boardwalk all these ladies have been clamoring for. *(Ladies all nod and agree.)* Now dig deep in those pockets and find your money, boys.

CASPER: I'm here to find me a girl! *(The crowd laughs and there is general rowdy agreement from the men. A young man tries to peek in a basket and Ophelia Coleman smacks his hand.)*

JAMES: Well, I hope you saved your wages this week because you be going to spend it today. Chesser's Mill donated some of the lumber for our project, but we need to raise money for the rest.

KATIE: Lunches are getting cold Mr. Conley. Let's begin.

JAMES: Dr. Feagles will do the honors today folks.

(The crowd cheers as Feagles steps up and grabs the first basket. The following should be auction style, including improvisation with ensemble men spotting and soliciting bids.)

FEAGLES: Let's get at it. Who'll give me two dollars, two dollars to enjoy delicious lunch with a pretty girl?

SOMEONE: Two dollars!

FEAGLES: Who'll give me two and a half? Two and a half?

SOMEONE: Two and a half!

FEAGLES: Come on, boys, smells like some mighty fine fixings in there. Who'll give me three?

CASPER: Three!

FEAGLES: Going once... *(drum roll)* twice... *(drum roll)* Sold to Casper Stout!

(Young Hope steps up out of the group. She and Casper loop their arms through the basket handle and move up stage together.)

(Feagles picks up Ruby's basket.)

FEAGLES: Here it is, the biggest basket! There's enough in here to feed all you boys lunch. *(He hefts the basket up and down.)* Someone start me off with a dollar.

CHARLES: I'll give a dollar! *(Myrtle elbows him and shakes her head "No." He winks.)*

FEAGLES: Come on now, folks! Loosen up! Let's dig out those hard-earned dollars. It will be worth it! I know for a fact that the household this one comes from makes some of the best food in the county. *(There are meaningful looks toward Myrtle Stout, and Young Shade looks interested.)*

SOMEONE: Two dollars!

YOUNG SHADE: Three dollars!

FEAGLES: Going once... *(drum roll)* going twice... *(drum roll)* Sold to Shade Conley! That ought to hold you for a while, son.

(Young Hazel crosses her arms, upset, as her little sister Young Ruby steps up with a haughty flip of her hair. Ruby sticks out her hand to a shocked Shade. He looks at Hazel and then at the basket. She points at her hair and then at the

ribbon on the other basket. He recovers and bows gallantly to Ruby, then escorts her to the back of the crowd.)

FEAGLES: *(Picks up Hazel's basket)* Oh, I can smell the fried chicken from here boys. Better dig deep; this is a good one.

(Young Shade is digging through his pockets counting cash, as are a few others. Feagles pulls the ribbon off and stuffs it in his pocket, although everyone has seen it.)

FEAGLES: Let's start the bidding at three, boys. Three dollars for fried chicken and a pretty girl's company for lunch. *(There are shouts all over for three dollars.)* Who'll give me four dollars? *(Still lots of bids)* Five dollars, boys, five dollars? If I make my guess, there's pie in this basket. *(He lifts the lid a little and pretends to look. There are several shouts of "five" and then "five fifty!" Some of the boys are collecting money together.)*

YOUNG SHADE: Six dollars!

FEAGLES: Six dollars. Going once... *(drum roll)*

SOMEONE: Six and a quarter, Doc.

FEAGLES: Six and a quarter! That'd better be a whole pie!

(Otto hands some coins to Young Shade at Clara's urging.)

YOUNG SHADE: Six fifty! *(The crowd gasps and applauds.)*

FEAGLES: Six fifty going once... *(drum roll)* twice... *(drum roll)* sold to Shade Conley! Again! You, my boy, must have quite an appetite!

(Young Hazel picks up her basket and stops and sticks her hand out in front of Feagles who tugs the ribbon from his pocket and hands it to her. She and Young Shade step aside together. Young Hazel takes the ribbon and pins it to Shade's coat. The music picks up—"The Good Old Summertime"—for a song and dance, and the crowd and new couples join in. At the end, Young Shade leads Young Hazel downstage as the crowd moves off. He takes her hand and they sing a duet—reprise of "The Good Old Summertime." It rains and cast disperses.)

Scene Two- All School Reunion, Morton, WA, c. 1970

(The lights come up on the Elders, who are still caught up in the emotions created by reminiscing about the romantic moments they shared at the basket social.)

ELDER SHADE: *(Clearing his throat)* Well, that was quite a day, wasn't it?

ELDER HAZEL: The basket social where you spent a month's wages on my basket? Oh my, I will never forget that, Shade. You had me feeling pretty silly about you then.

ELDER SHADE: Did I?

ELDER HAZEL: Don't pretend you didn't know. I had always had a terrible crush on you, but, that day, I lost my heart. Shade, you were my first love, did you know that? Did you know it then?

ELDER SHADE: Well, ummm, Hazel, I'm just not sure anymore what I know, and I certainly can't vouch for how aware I was back then. *(Noticing she seems a bit embarrassed and disappointed, he continues.)* Now look, Hazel, don't get me

wrong. You were always the prettiest girl to me. You were the smartest, the most fun and the best cook. I knew that whatever man won your hand would be the big winner. I might have won that basket, but Otto Cottler won the real prize.

ELDER HAZEL: (*Smiling*) Otto was a good husband.

ELDER SHADE: I knew he would be.

ELDER HAZEL: Who knows how things would have turned out if you boys hadn't gone to war? You? Casper? Everything changed. (*She sighs and there is a pause.*)

ELDER SHADE: (Breaking the awkward silence) There's no point dwelling on what might have been, I suppose. I'd rather forget some things, but what happened, happened.

ELDER HAZEL: Oh, I know. I just remember that last day, the day we had the big send-off for you boys. I'll never forget it. Everyone in town showed up, our families, the Squires', Mrs. Johnson, the Bingamans, the Colemans, the Clevingers, the Coopers, the Comptons... (*Ensemble assembles under low lights on the main stage as they speak.*)

ELDER SHADE: Everybody but the Cottlers and the Kuchenhausens.

ELDER HAZEL: Well, Addie and A.J. Kuchenhausen were there.

Scene Three- The Boys Goes to War, Morton, WA, early 1918

(*Set in the park by the gazebo. A large WWI recruiting poster hangs or is projected. Men, except Charles Stout and James Conley, are hanging patriotic banners, women are setting up a buffet table for a picnic, and all are humming patriotic songs.*)

MYRTLE: I am glad that Mr. Conley and my husband wanted to take Casper and Shade fishing this morning. Kept all of them out of our way and makes for a bit of a surprise.

MAUDE JOHNSON: I, for one, am pleased to be able to wish a hero's send off to these Morton boys willing to serve our country.

EDYTHE: As am I. I am very proud of my brother!

CLARA: Me, too. But I will miss him.

YOUNG RUBY: (*Teasingly*) Who is Hazel going to miss most? Shade? (*Young Hazel, flustered, turns away.*)

YOUNG HOPE: (*Taking attention away from her friend*) I confess that I will miss Casper. . .

YOUNG CHARITY: It might be a good thing for you two to be separated for a while. (*Girls giggle.*)

OPHELIA: It must be a bit difficult for you, Myrtle and Katie, sending your boys off to war. (*Both women nod.*)

MYRTLE: Yes, Ophelia, but Casper is so determined to do his duty, to protect his country in the face of the German aggressors. (*Addie fades back.*) He has been following the news—I declare, he is the first one to grab the *Mirror* when it comes off the press. He is still angry about that U-boat sinking the *Lusitania* and all those innocent people that died. He was outraged in January when the German U-boats resumed torpedoing any and all ships.

EDYTHE: Casper cheered out loud when President Wilson finally declared war last April.

YOUNG CHARITY: Mrs. Conley, does your son WANT to go to war?

KATIE: Yes, Charity, he does. As much as I hate to see him go, Shade also feels the call to duty. Truth be told, he is certainly excited about seeing more of the world. He was actually afraid the war would be over before he was called up. (*Young Hazel reacts.*)

YOUNG AJ: (*Helping the men but over-hearing*) I should be going, too!

ADDIE: AJ, you know you are too young. Besides, your father and I really need you on the farm.

YOUNG AJ: I want to see more of the world than an axe and the back of a plow!

ADDIE: You know your father would never let you go. (*AJ acknowledges her comment and moves away. Other women nod knowingly.*)

YOUNGER CHILDREN: (*Enter chanting, marching and pretending to shoot each other.*) Halt the Hun! Stomp the Kaiser! Halt the Hun!

MAUDE: Hush, children! Those are not polite words.

ADDIE: I so dislike the sense that the German families in our community are being treated with suspicion. My husband is just too uncomfortable to be here today to send the boys off. Please understand, he truly believes that the United States should not have entered this war. Though he emigrated from Germany many years ago, it is true that he sometimes misses the old country. Surely, you can understand how it hurts him to think of the land of his childhood torn by war?

MAUDE: Of course, Addie, and now he is a good American and a good neighbor. We know you both have put your lives and livelihoods into this community and country.

OPHELIA: Thank you, Addie and Maude, for that important reminder. We all need to be good neighbors as well as good citizens. (*The women move toward Addie in a conciliatory manner. Young Shade, Casper, James, and Charles enter with fishing gear.*)

CASPER: (*With a sweep of his arm*) What's all this?

(*Ensemble breaks into song, "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow", surrounding Young Shade and Casper and bringing them down stage, back slapping, etc.*)

MRS. CLEVINGER: Fill your mugs, ladies and gentleman. A toast to these fine young men!

(*They sing "Our Boys Will Shine Tonight."*)

OPHELIA: Casper and Shade, may you win the war!

OTHERS: Here! Here! To Morton's finest! Here! Here! To God and country! Here! Here! To courage and bravery! Here! Here! To coming home safe and sound! Here! Here! To our soldiers! To Casper! To Shade!

(*Reprise of the song. As singing fades, Young Shade finds Young Hazel, and they move away from the crowd. The crowd continues to celebrate.*)

YOUNG SHADE: I am glad you are here, Hazel. (*Reaches for her hand.*)

YOUNG HAZEL: (*Softly*) I wish . . . you weren't . . . (*She doesn't get out the word "leaving." Straightening, turning away, so her sadness doesn't show.*

Pragmatic voice.) Of course, I am here. My brother is leaving.

SHADE: Hazel? . . . *(He has her attention. He obviously wants to say something meaningful, but courage fails him. Drops her hand. Goes into casual conversation. She shows her disappointment.)* Hope things go well in Morton while I'm gone. *(Awkward pause)* That new mill should be finished soon. The demand for railroad ties is picking up with the war effort. *(Awkward pause)* I hope AJ sticks with Dr. Feagles. Medical services are needed more than ever. *(Awkward pause)* Watch out for those temperance ladies. They could really change things. *(His voice trails off as they are interrupted by **Ensemble**, crowding around them, separating them, humming and then singing and dancing "Over There." At end of song all pose for patriotic picture. Then it starts to rain and the crowd quickly dissipates.)*
(Exeunt)

Scene Four- At the All-School Reunion, Morton, WA c. 1970

ELDER HAZEL: Casper was so excited. He was going to be a hero. And you, you were going to see the world. Remember? *(Awkward pause)* Well, I guess you did.

ELDER SHADE: Hazel...

ELDER HAZEL: Hmmm?

ELDER SHADE: I'm so sorry.

ELDER HAZEL: Whatever for, Shade?

Scene Five- Shade at War, a Field Hospital in France 1918

*(The scene opens on **Young Shade** as a medic tending to **Joe**, an injured man on a cot. The man's eyes are bandaged. Shade sits, obviously exhausted, and hums/softly sings. Music – "There's No Place Like Home.")*

JOE: *(Waking)* Hey, are you there, Shade.

YOUNG SHADE: *(Startled)* Uh, yeah.

JOE: I was wondering if you would write a letter to my wife for me?

YOUNG SHADE: No problem, Joe. I guess you miss her a lot. I have a girl back home too.

JOE: I do. I always thought that I would be going home without a scratch. Now I don't know if I will ever leave this hospital.

YOUNG SHADE: I know what you mean. This war seemed like it would be an adventure, but now I see the horror and the misery it brings. Just last week my best friend Casper was killed. That's going to be pretty hard on his family...and his sister.

JOE: *(Weakly)* We thought we were invincible. Boy, were we wrong. War has a way of redefining one's priorities. It changes you.

YOUNG SHADE: You're exhausted. Get some rest, and we'll write your letter when you wake up.

(Shade pulls a blanket up around Joe's torso, then sits nearby. He pulls out a pad of paper and a pencil and chews thoughtfully on the eraser.)

YOUNG SHADE: Joe there is right. I used to know who I was and what I wanted. . . Hmmm... What's important here? . . . I should write a letter to Hazel. Well, here goes:

(Shade writes and narrates, haltingly.)

My Dearest Hazel,

This war has been quite an education. Things that we took for granted back home assume a new meaning now. Life, like war, is made up entirely of the unknown. We should live each day to the fullest, no regrets. With that in mind, I would like to ask you to be my girl, to consider someday marrying me. The memories of that basket social before we left, and the great times we shared...

(Shade quietly writes a few more sentences, then tears of the top sheet, crumpling it up. He is obviously conflicted and suffering from the trauma of war and separation.)

YOUNG SHADE: I may not be going home either. There's no way I can send her a letter like this. Even if I survive this war, I know I don't have it in me to go back home just now. After what I've seen, I just can't go home and pretend it didn't happen. I need to get out of here. I need to see something different, something... Besides, she needs a man that wants to settle down. That's not me, not yet, anyway. *(He sings "How Ya Gonna Keep 'em Down on the Farm". After, he begins a new letter. Music is "No Place Like Home.")*

Dear Hazel,

How's it going back home? I've been assigned as an orderly to a field hospital. Last week I transported some of the wounded to Paris and was amazed by what I saw there. You could see the Eiffel Tower from several miles away. And the Arc de' Triomphe was colossal. On my next visit I hope to see the Louvre and...

(Lights fade out.)

Scene Six- Hazel at Home, Morton, WA 1918

*(Lighting shifts to the other side of the dark stage. **Young Hazel** with the other girls around her,)*

HAZEL: *(Reading Shade's letter)* "...and maybe even the scandalous Moulin Rouge. Don't worry about me. I will stay out of any real trouble. Someday I'll tell you all about my adventures. Your friend, Shade Conley" *(Hazel turns and walks upstage, obviously shaken.)*

CLARA: Oh, dear.

YOUNG RUBY: What? What's wrong?

CLARA: Isn't it obvious?

YOUNG RUBY: Not to me.

YOUNG HOPE: Shade Conley is not coming home.

YOUNG RUBY: Ever?

YOUNG FAITH: Maybe someday, I guess, but not for Hazel.

YOUNG RUBY: That was obvious?

CLARA: Goodness, Ruby, you are such a child sometimes.

YOUNG RUBY: You'd think he'd want to come home, after what happened to Casper.

(All the girls react to her mention of the lost brother, as well as Hope's sweetheart.)

YOUNG HOPE: Let's not talk about it. Please.

YOUNG CHARITY: No. Let's think of a way to take Hazel's mind off this letter.

YOUNG HAZEL: *(Turning back to them)* It's okay, girls. Just give me a minute, and we can get back to helping mama with the canning.

YOUNG HOPE: Are you sure you want to be alone?

YOUNG HAZEL: Alone? Oh, I don't know about that. I just need a minute.

CLARA: Well, hurry up, little sister. Take your minute, then come join us.

Personally, I am glad that you won't be pining for that boy any more.

YOUNG CHARITY: There are plenty of fish in the sea, you know.

YOUNG FAITH: Oh! And some of them are so handsome!

YOUNG RUBY: I know one man who won't be disappointed that...

CLARA: Come on, Ruby. Let's give Hazel her minute.

(The girls leave Hazel alone and she sings a sad song about losing her love to adventure, such as an ironic "How Ya Gonna Keep 'em Down on the Farm.")

OTTO: *(Entering, hat in hand, while a couple of the girls are seen huddled conspiratorially in the background)* Miss Hazel? Your mother has asked me to accompany you into town and get more wax for jelly jars. I would go myself, but I am afraid my knowledge of jelly jars is not very, how do you say it? Knowing? Knowledgeable?

YOUNG HAZEL: *(Looking past him to the girls)* Oh, Mr. Cottler, I think it is very kind of you to offer to get more supplies. Although, I am quite sure there is an extra box...

(Clara hushes her from a distance. The girls urge her with silent gestures to just go with Otto.)

YOUNG HAZEL: Um, well, Otto, that is a fine offer. I would be glad to accompany you to the store.

(He offers his arm. She takes it and they exit. The girls exit the other direction, giggling.)

Scene Seven- All-School Reunion, Morton, WA, c.1970

*(The lights come up on the elder couple, and **Elder Hazel** is wiping tears from her eyes. **Elder Shade** is staring off, with a distant and sad expression.)*

ELDER HAZEL: It was bad enough to lose Casper. Mama never was the same after that. *(Drifts into the past.)* And so many difficult times here, what with the Spanish flu taking 8 people, like Mr. Winsberg, leaving his widow with the store and those three little children. And the huge fire in '24 that burned all of downtown. Prohibition, of course. And then people struggling to make a living during the depression. . .

ELDER SHADE: Yes, but after the fire the town rebuilt with all these fine buildings that line Main Street today. And then railroad construction all across

the country was a boon to Morton. I read that Morton actually became the Railroad Tie Capital of the World!

ELDER HAZEL: Yes. And the Loggers' Jubilee added real spark to the town after 1942. . . (*Trails off*) But you, why Shade? Why didn't you come home?

ELDER SHADE: I did.

ELDER HAZEL: What?

ELDER SHADE: I did come home, Hazel.

Scene Eight- Shade's Return 1920

(Young Hazel comes out of store carrying several packages and bags. Young Shade is at the end of the street dressed with coat and hat pulled down to keep from being noticed. He begins to move forward. Otto Cottler enters.)

OTTO: Hazel, let me carry those for you.

YOUNG HAZEL: Oh thank you, Otto. You are the most reliable man I know.

OTTO: Anything to help you, Hazel. You know how I feel about you.

(Hazel slips her arm in his and lays her head against him. They continue down the street. Shade pulls back, flips up his collar and steps back into the shadows as they leave. Then he sings a solo about his lost love—"If I Were the Only Boy in the World.")

Scene Nine- Final Reunion Scene c.1970

ELDER SHADE: It...well, it seemed like you were doing just fine without me.

ELDER HAZEL: What do you mean, "fine?" I thought I'd never see you again! I didn't know for the longest time whether you were alive or dead. I imagined you climbing the Eiffel Tower or exploring Egyptian tombs. For the longest time, I kept hoping you would step off the next train.

ELDER SHADE: For the longest time?

ELDER HAZEL: Longer than you might think.

ELDER SHADE: I think you did just fine without me, Mrs. Cottler. (*He smiles at her.*)

ELDER HAZEL: (*After a pause*) Oh, I know I was fine without you, Mr. Conley. Tell me this, after all these years, why did you come back?

SHADE: Ya know, at my age...it was time to come home. The ties that bind, Hazel. The ties that bind.

(Shade reaches gently for Hazel's hand. He begins singing, "I Had a Dream, Dear." She picks up the melody, and the lights come up on stage as the younger couple comes on stage and picks up the song, transitioning into the finale.)

Scene Ten- Finale

(The Elders and Young Shade and Young Hazel sing "I Had a Dream, Dear", and they are joined by their Child counterparts. Then Ensemble joins them. Big ensemble number with a patriotic, love-of-Morton feel. All characters back on stage to sing a reprise of "Smile, Smile, Smile," then sing and dance, inviting

audience participation, "Home on the Range," "Buffalo Gals," "The Pioneer Song". Ends with "I Had a Dream, Dear.")