



**WISH**  
A MUSICAL ADVENTURE

**Story and Book by Allen Robertson and Damon Brown**  
**Music and Lyrics by Allen Robertson**

The CHARACTERS: A cast of 12 (4 women, 8 men) portray variously:

The LEGENDARIES: Three ageless men with the power to grant wishes.

COLT – the youngest. He’s ruggedly charismatic and generally positive, but he’s also grown tired of his responsibility and cynical about the world in general. When danger occurs, he is thrillingly capable and mostly unflappable, however, Colt is now an exhausted and reluctant action hero.

WALT – the middle one. The eternal optimist. He believes in the power of dreams that come true and the good that can come of it. It’s a weakness, too.

PROCTOR – the eldest. The optimistic pessimist. He’s also charismatic but he’s selfish and the problem is that no one else figures that out until it’s too late.

#### THE INVENTORS

Samantha “SAM” Major – 20, Sam is curious and bright, a great inventor who doesn’t know it yet. A born leader who doesn’t know it yet. A tomboy who is also a beautiful young woman who doesn’t know it yet. She’s got some stuff to discover. Forever with a baseball.

TOM MAJOR – 45, a charming, successful and brilliant inventor on the verge of making his mark on history. It may not be the mark he hoped.

#### THE MYTHICAL

JADE – Colt’s Old Flame. A siren of the Mississippi. A torch singer by trade, she also has magical, hypnotic, powers of seduction. She’s good at being bad.

JOHN HENRY – Once the “World’s Greatest Steel Driver,” he’s devoted his remaining years of legendary life to a single, honorable purpose.

CAPTAIN Lewis “Lemon” BENEDICT, Union Army – a ghost of a soldier who is clinging desperately to the past. He’s also completely blind, which is dangerous for a man with a Civil War-era firearm.

CAPTAIN Hephaestus TWIGGS, Confederate Army – is the grey-uniformed mirror of blind Lemon Benedict except Cap’n Twigg is mostly deaf from cannon fire and excessive shouting.

SYDNEY – The delightful host of an enchanted riverboat.

Goliath, A Leviathan – The fabled, giant river monster of the Mississippi. Ancient tomb guardians, ghost soldiers, fireflies, and other mythic creatures are also performed by the ensemble.

#### THE AMERICANS

GRACE – 20ish, Sams’s best friend. She is kind if perhaps a bit superficial.

FILLMORE FURTHERMORE – the bombastic Mayor of Ideal, North Carolina.

PATIENCE FURTHERMORE – his long-suffering, even tempered wife.

The COLONEL – an old man who’s seen all this happen before.

In addition to Reporters, Townspeople, Cowboys, Riverboat dancers, Gatekeepers and visitors to the World’s Fair!

TIME: Just before the first World War.

SETTING: A Fairy Tale version of the historic USA. A place where tall tales, magic, and history intertwine.

CAST  
First Reading  
May 26, 2013 – ZACH Kleberg Stage

Jill Blackwood – Samantha “Sam” Major  
Sara Burke – Grace, Soldier, Figure of the Legendary West, etc.  
Felicia Dinwiddie – Jade, Olivia, Soldier, etc.  
Barbara Chisholm – Patience, Gatekeeper, Soldier, etc.

Matt Redden – Walt  
Andrew Cannata – Colt  
Nathan Jerkins – Proctor  
Dan Sullivan – Tom Major  
Joshua Denning – John, Sydney  
Tyler Jones – Sullivan, Young Confederate Soldier, Figure of the Legendary West, etc.  
Brian Coughlin – Colonel, Captain Benedict, Cowboy, etc.  
Scott Shipman – Mayor Furthermore, Captain Twiggs, Figure of the Legendary West, etc.  
Vincent Hooper – Foster, Union Lieutenant, Reporter, Outlaw, etc.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

ACT ONE

1. Make a Wish – Colt, Tom, Sam, Walt, Proctor and Full Cast
2. The Caves – Underscore
3. The Patriotic Polka – Mayor and Ensemble
4. Walt’s Waltz – Walt and Ensemble
5. Waltz Reprise – Underscore
6. Memory of Flight – Sam and Grace
7. Shooting Star – Underscore
8. Knock, Knock – Tom and Showgirls
9. Travel – Underscore
10. The Bridge – Sam
11. How Much – Tom
12. Soldier Song – Young Confederate Soldier
13. Make a Wish, John – John
14. The Escape – Underscore
15. Through the Mountain – Underscore
16. John Goes Home – Soldiers
17. All in Small Degrees – Proctor
18. The Leviathan – Jade and Ensemble

ACT TWO

19. Magimusimystisario – Sydney and Ensemble
20. One Touch of Magic – Jade
21. Wabash Cannonball – Outlaw, Cowboy, Figures of the Legendary West and Ensemble
22. The Top of the Train – Underscore
23. The Sequoias - Underscore
24. If I Never Knew You – Sam
25. The Gates of The Fair – Underscore
26. Entering the Gates - Underscore
27. Reunion – Sam and Tom
28. The Show - Underscore
29. Epilogue – Walt, Sam, Tom, Colt, John and Ensemble

## 1. PROLOGUE

*An enormous antique US Map (circa 1908) hangs from the rafters. In addition to the expected cartography, it also includes some cryptic and curious icons and notations. A forgotten labyrinth in Southern California. A bottomless cave of despair in Kentucky. A Sea Monster of unknown proportion lurking in the Mississippi. Tall Tales and History intertwined. The cast enters dressed in neutral costumes addressing the audience with excitement.*

NARRATOR MAYOR

This is NOT the beginning of the story.

NARRATOR PATIENCE

Stories like this one need a proper launch.

NARRATOR JOHN

Opening a mystical book.

NARRATOR OLIVIA

A musical number.

NARRATOR COLONEL

Or a great and memorable opening line, like: “Long ago when our land was brand-new and full of magic,”

NARRATOR SULLIVAN

Or, “Paul Bunyan stood tall amongst the redwoods and wiped away a tear of joy,”

NARRATOR PROCTOR

Or perhaps... “Abe Lincoln couldn't wait to get back to the White House and work on his Time Machine.”

*They all agree, that one would be awesome.*

***MUSIC 01- Make a Wish.***

NARRATOR WALT

Before we start the story, we need your help. More specifically, we need your imagination. Imagine you are very small and standing in a purple green forest at twilight. The sun is just fading on the horizon between some trees and a warm summer breeze comes whispering over the branches, glancing over your arms and the back of your neck. Can you feel it?

NARRATOR TOM

You are young, maybe seven or eight, but you're not scared even as the sun sinks lower, the green leaves turn to blue, and shadows begin to play across the forest floor.

## NARRATOR FOSTER

These are the precious seconds between light and dark.

## NARRATOR PATIENCE

This is the practically momentary yet romantically infinite twilight.

## NARRATOR WALT

This time is magic.

*As the lights fade to blue, the music takes on a distinctively American sound.  
NARRATOR COLT enters, retrieves a lantern and addresses the audience.*

## NARRATOR COLT

WHEN THE NIGHT IS CRISP  
AND CLEAR AND COOL AND SILENT  
JUST THE WAY IT IS TONIGHT  
IT RENEWS THE POSSIBILITY OF MAGIC  
FROM A DISTANT POINT OF LIGHT

A STAR'S BEEN GUIDING MEN AROUND FOR AGES  
TO BETHLEHEM OR SAFELY HOME FROM SEA  
AND THOUGH I'M NOT A WISE MAN OR A SAILOR  
THAT STAR IS GUIDING ME

TO MAKE A WISH  
TO WANT SOMETHING ENOUGH  
TO MAKE A WISH  
TO HAVE A DREAM I'M BRAVE ENOUGH TO WISH  
AND THEN THAT STAR MIGHT LEAD ME TO  
THE PATH TO MAKE THE WISH COME TRUE

*Fireflies emerge from the shadows, chasing each other across the stage.*

## NARRATOR GRACE

A tiny flicker of light darts just out of your sight. You turn and see another brief flash of light, then another, and another, winking off and on in the fading day.

## NARRATOR PROCTOR

A grown-up person has already thought "Of course these are just fireflies and a bioluminescent insect hindquarters is not magic."

## NARRATOR WALT

Keep those practical thoughts to yourself, grown-up person. We were talking to someone smaller, remember?

## NARRATOR PATIENCE

Maybe it's fireflies, maybe it's fairies, or maybe those flickers are wishes blinking to secret life and fading just as fast.

## NARRATOR JOHN

Maybe they went out because they were forgotten.

NARRATOR WALT

Or maybe, just maybe, those wishes were granted.

NARRATOR SAM

That could be the start of a great story.

NARRATOR COLT AND TOM

IF EVERY STAR'S A WISH THERE MUST BE MILLIONS  
OR IS A STAR A WISH WE DIDN'T MAKE?  
AND IT FLOATS THERE IN THE SKY AS A REMINDER  
OF THE ROADS WE DIDN'T TAKE

NARRATOR COLT AND WALT

ARE WE HERE TONIGHT JUST WONDERING AND GAZING  
MESMERIZED AND FROZEN AND RESIGNED  
OR DID WE COME HERE FOR A PURPOSE MORE AMAZING

NARRATOR COLT, WALT, TOM AND SAM  
THAT WE'RE JUST ABOUT TO FIND?

NARRATOR TOM

IF WE MAKE A WISH

TOM AND COLT

WANT SOMETHING ENOUGH  
TO MAKE A WISH

SAM, TOM AND COLT

HAVE A DREAM WE'RE BRAVE ENOUGH TO WISH

COLT/SAM

AND THEN A STAR MIGHT LEAD US TO  
THE PATH TO MAKE THE WISH COME TRUE

NARRATOR MAYOR

Continue to imagine, in the bits and pieces you see here, an America of more than a hundred years ago.

NARRATOR OLIVIA

A magical "Once upon a time" America.

NARRATOR COLONEL

The 48 shooting stars in Old Glory glisten as reminders of wishes coming true in a young country.

NARRATOR PROCTOR

Humankind has finally wrestled power from the gods.

NARRATOR TOM

The wizard Edison lighting the darkness.

NARRATOR GRACE

A Pegasus of a train speeding through the wilderness.

COLONEL AND MAYOR

The colossal Cannonball!

NARRATOR SAM

The Wright brothers are sharing the skies with eagles! The sky... the possible is so vast and endless.

NARRATOR PROCTOR

But with great heights must come the depths. Heroes and monsters.

NARRATOR TOM

Light and dark.

NARRATOR WALT

Music and magic and wishes lighting up the night sky like stars... or fireflies.

NARRATOR TOM

TOO MANY PROMISES ARE BROKEN

NARRATOR PROCTOR

TOO MANY WISHES DON'T COME TRUE

NARRATOR COLT

TOO MANY THINGS WE JUST DON'T KNOW

NARRATOR WALT

BUT GREAT DREAMS NEVER HAPPEN  
WITHOUT A WISH TO MAKE THEM GROW

ALL

SO MAKE A WISH  
WANT SOMETHING ENOUGH  
TO MAKE A WISH  
HAVE A DREAM YOU'RE BRAVE ENOUGH TO WISH  
AND THEN A STAR MIGHT LEAD YOU TO

COLT

THE PATH TO MAKE THE WISH COME TRUE

NARRATOR WALT

YES THERE'S A PATH TO MAKE THE WISH COME TRUE

*WALT opens a mason jar and whistles. From afar, a special firefly winks its light and flies to him, landing in his jar. He closes the lid with a smile and exits, the light flickering as he goes.*

## 2. THE THEFT

### *MUSIC – 02 The Caves – underscore*

*There is a thunder of drums, then a cavernous expulsion of silence.*

*From above, a flame pierces the darkness. It is COLT, now fully outfitted in his adventure gear. He cautiously begins a treacherous rope descent into an inky cavern.*

### NARRATOR JOHN

Journey a mile or more underground through tunnels and painfully tiny passages ‘till there’s no turning back.

### NARRATOR COLONEL

Over razor-thin ledges and down into the very bowels of a... (*COLT slips!*) bottomless pit.

*COLT recovers and lands safely on a ledge, bringing his light to bear on the . . .*

### NARRATOR MAYOR

Then behold an ancient cavern, deep beneath the southern side of Niagara Falls!

*The cavern is suddenly illuminated with spectral torchlight from all around. COLT steals himself and proceeds into...*

### NARRATOR FOSTER

A chamber forgotten by time – lit by unquenchable torches.

### NARRATOR SULLIVAN

Flickering spirits who stand watch over a mysterious treasure.

### NARRATOR COLONEL

An artifact better left alone. A curse on all who seek its power for gain.

### COLT

*Unconvinced, ready for the challenge.*

Perfect.

*The drumming begins to build, soft at first but growing. Ancient voices echo though the cavern as COLT makes his way deeper. He steps onto a platform and it begins to move, carrying him across the chamber!*

*Another ancient platform floats by supported by spirits and COLT manages to step onto it just as his current ride evaporates. He teeters a short distance then suddenly realizes there are no more platforms coming! At the last moment, he grabs onto a nearby ledge and hangs in space over a void. He pushes himself up and manages to land in front of a stone gate guarded by mighty axe blades.*

COLT

Okay.

*COLT scrambles back and reveals he's carrying a sword. He draws his blade and holds it in front of himself while eyeing up the axes hanging over his head. In a swift motion, he uses his sword to pry the gate open, jumping though the opening just as the trap springs and the axes descend. They miss him by inches!*

*He turns and there, revealed just beyond the gate, is a treasure chest covered in cryptic markings and symbols. He crouches before it, thinking. Then he performs a short ritual combination, touching the container on specific runes and inserting his sword straight down into a hidden keyhole in the floor. The lid opens slowly, like a warning exhalation. Something within the trunk glows a magical light throwing an imposing silhouette of COLT on the cave wall.*

*He reaches in and puts an object in his saddlebag, extinguishing the light. Silence.*

COLT

*Laughing to himself.*

Better left alone.

*A furious sound of an awakened beast – perhaps a bear but impossibly bigger. Now COLT'S a touch concerned.*

Perfect.

*COLT retrieves his sword and bag and begins frantically climbing the knotted rope to escape as the shadow of the beast approaches. The beastly roar is closer, now joined by the sound of an earthquake or massive volcanic upheaval growing in volume and ferocity. COLT struggles up the rope as the lights narrow. Drums beat again – a faster and more war-like rhythm. The air is charged and thick with ancient dust and the primeval noise of impending doom!*

*Blackout. A polka.*

### 3. THE CELEBRATION

*A quaint city park at dusk.*

*MUSIC – 03 The Patriotic Polka and underscore*

*It is a beautifully whitewashed small town square. The first star of the evening is just appearing as a holiday celebration kicks into full swing!*

MEN  
HAPPY INDEPENDENCE DAY

WOMEN  
HAPPY INDEPENDENCE DAY

ALL  
HAPPY INDEPENDENCE DAY

MAYOR  
I THINK I'LL START A TREND AND SAY  
IN A MOST RESPLENDANT WAY

ALL  
HAPPY INDEPENDENCE DAY

MAYOR  
ILLUMINATIONS LIGHT UP THE SKY  
WE'RE NOT UNDER ATTACK  
IT'S JUST THE FOURTH DAY OF JULY

GREAT ZEUS! IT'S INDEPENDENCE DAY  
THE BRASS BAND IN ATTENDANCE PLAYS

*(Brass solo)*  
SO IN A MOST TRANCENDANT WAY  
LET'S ALL MAKE AMENDS AND SAY

ALL  
HAPPY INDEPENDENCE DAY

NARRATOR MAYOR  
This is Ideal, North Carolina! I'd say you were late, but it's never too late for Ideal! *(That's amusing to him.)* But seriously, we're just like any other American town. Two hundred and 96 happy residents...

NARRATOR COLONEL  
... and one old sorehead!

NARRATOR MAYOR

Beat me to the joke, there. Here in Ideal --

*A young couple dances past, speaking as they whirl by.*

NARRATOR SULLIVAN

You'll still hear horse trolleys CLIP-CLOP down Main street.

NARRATOR MAYOR

We've yet to embrace the knocking, beeping auto-mobile. Though we are right proud of our --

*The couple comes around again.*

NARRATOR GRACE

Evening strolls under flickering gaslight.

NARRATOR MAYOR

Quite romantic. And tonight --

*NARRATOR PATIENCE enters, linking arms with the MAYOR.*

NARRATOR PATIENCE

The fragrance of baked goods, honeysuckle...and hope fills the air.

NARRATOR MAYOR

*Trying to get a word in.*

For this is --

EVERYONE

The Fourth of July!

MAYOR

WE'RE CELEBRATING  
OUR COUNTRIES BIRTH  
WHICH IS THE GREATEST COUNTRY  
GOD HAS EVER PLACED UPON THIS EARTH

ALL

SO WE SING HAPPY INDEPENDENCE DAY

MAYOR

IN HARMONY WE BLEND AND SAY

ALL

HAPPY INDEPENDENCE DAY

MAYOR  
WE'LL DANCE AS HOURS WEND AWAY  
AND TRY TO MAKE THE END DELAY

ALL  
OF THIS INDEPENDENCE DAY

NARRATOR MAYOR

Welcome to Ideal! Where everyone looks out for everyone else - all 297 of us. (*He spots the COLONEL who's heading out carrying a telescope.*) Even...

NARRATOR PATIENCE

*Popping in.*

Mrs. Patience Furthermore. And her husband the esteemed Mayor. . .

MAYOR

Fillmore Furthermore. Ladies and Gentlemen! (*The band pauses. Everyone looks.*) Oh. I didn't mean to stop the... I just wanted to say that in a few moments, it will be time for the celebratory patriotic illuminations. (*Aside, to Patience.*) Alert the fire crew. (*Patience surreptitiously smacks him.*) OW-r... that is... our glorious evening is just beginning. Well... go back to... you know!

*The music resumes. Everyone picks up where they left off. Clearly, they are used to the MAYOR'S style.*

PATIENCE

Fillmore Furthermore! Was that fire crew remark about Sam?

MAYOR

Of course! (*Noting her displeasure.*) And by "of course" I mean NO! Why would you...

PATIENCE

You show Sam a little forbearance, Fillmore. She's a bright girl. Her mind just gets a little ahead of her abilities, that's all.

MAYOR

Trying to be like her father, I would say. Well... what's that they say about patience?

PATIENCE

It's a virtue.

MAYOR

And you, my dear, are a blessing.

*They kiss, clearly enamored with each other. From offstage, we hear SAM calling.*

SAM

*(From off.)*

GRACE!

MAYOR

That too. Is that a virtue?

*The MAYOR and PATIENCE disappear into the celebration. GRACE is dancing with SULLIVAN who turns when he hears SAM calling.*

SAM

*Still off.*  
Grace, where are you?

GRACE

Over here, Sam!

SULLIVAN

My name's not Sam. It's –

GRACE

Yes, I know.

SULLIVAN

Well... who's Sam, then?

*GRACE gestures semi-grandly behind her. She knows SAM well enough to predict her entrance. **There is a modest crashing sound** and sounds of casual concern. SAM comes sliding in – her clothes and hair a bit askew. She's a little annoyed at the world right this second.*

SAM

Oh, seriously...!?

GRACE

*To SULLIVAN.*  
That's Sam.

SULLIVAN

Oh, yeah.

GRACE

I'm Grace. Wouldn't want to call her Grace.

SULLIVAN

*Sincerely – not intentionally mean.*  
That would just be cruel.

SAM

Did you take my –

*GRACE produces an old baseball. She casually tosses it to SAM and sweeps SULLIVAN back into the dance.*

GRACE

Ok. Enough small talk. Let's dance!

SAM

-- my baseball. Yes. Okay. *(Suddenly)* Wait! I still need your –

*GRACE and SULLIVAN come sweeping by.*

GRACE

Can't hear you. Love this tune!

SAM

-- help!

*Sam tries to maneuver through the party to talk with GRACE. Each time she gets close enough, GRACE calls out "Change partners!" Everyone seems a little confused at first, but they comply, which GRACE finds exceedingly amusing and SAM find infinitely frustrating since it means GRACE gets farther away each time ending up with a different boy. Even if some of them don't really want to change partners, she find a way to make it happen.*

*At last, SAM ends up across from the MAYOR who finds himself sans partner. After a beat of looking around for an exit, they dutifully join the dance together and GRACE seems satisfied.*

MAYOR

Well, hello Samantha. I actually... wait . . . why are you here?

SAM

I've been asking myself that question for 10 minutes.

MAYOR

Oh, no, I didn't mean you weren't welcome... *(He notices a disapproving glance from PATIENCE.)* You look lovely, of course. Very...

SAM

Disheveled?

MAYOR

Bohemian. I just expected you to be preparing fireworks. Goodness! We wouldn't want a repeat of last year. *(He laughs nervously.)*

SAM

No, sir, we would not. *(She steps on his toe.)* Sorry, I'm not much for dancing.

MAYOR

True. *(PATIENCE glares.)*

*SAM surreptitiously tries to get GRACE'S attention but GRACE is enamored with her current dance partner. The MAYOR is looking helplessly at PATIENCE who immediately makes her way over.*

SAM

Grace. . .

*PATIENCE pulls SAM out of the dance and speaks to her.*

PATIENCE

Samantha.

SAM

Patience – Mrs. Mayor I'm sorry I was just trying to get... I needed help because... *(She sees their expressions of concern and is loathe to mention any trouble.)* Everything's fine. I just...

PATIENCE

You don't do well at parties.

SAM

I do not.

PATIENCE

Listen to Patience. Not every flower blooms early. Your time is coming. I believe in you. *(She motions to the MAYOR.)* We're all looking out for you.

MAYOR

Yes. I should mention I have taken the liberty of having the fire department on call. Just... just as a precaution.

*There is a little uncomfortable moment. SAM is not good with compliments – even back-handed ones. Suddenly, SAM sees GRACE dancing by.*

SAM

Excuse me, Mayor. Mrs. Mayor. Firework details.

*SAM talks as she dodges around GRACE and her dancing partner.*

SAM

*(Holding up the baseball.)*

You took this on purpose.

GRACE

Got you to follow me here. You need to get out more. See the world.

SAM

This isn't the world, this is just Ideal. Besides, I need you now.

*Finally, she grabs her by the arm and yanks her away from the dance.*

SAM

Nothing is working right.

*GRACE looks mournfully after her dance partner who is already dancing with someone else.*

GRACE

You're telling me.

SAM

I need my friend.

*There is a honking and rattling sound offstage. Everyone gets excited and turns to look.*

GRACE

Five more minutes.

SAM

Grace, tonight is important. I have to get this right.

GRACE

Five minutes. Promise?

SAM

Four minutes.

GRACE

Done.

*They each extend two fingers, like a "scout's honor" sign and then lock their fingers in agreement. GRACE runs back to the group. SAM moves out of the way as WALT comes rumbling in driving a jalopy of an automobile honking the bulb horn and causing quite a ruckus!*

FOSTER

He's back!

SULLIVAN

Hey, Walt, where'd you get the horseless carriage?

WALT

Nice, huh? Jump in.

OLIVIA

Walter's back!

PATIENCE

Walt, that thing is ridiculous and it smells!

WALT

Patience, you said the same thing about my old Labrador, Mickey!

PATIENCE

Well, Mickey did not make this kind of racket.

MAYOR

That's debatable.

WALT

It's just a little engine knock, folks. That's the sound of progress!

*A backfire -- POW!*

MAYOR

Easily mistaken for the sounds of battle. Shut it off Walt!

WALT

Good to see you, Mrs. Patience! Mr. Mayor.

PATIENCE

Walt, you've been gone for I don't know how long and you don't look a day older than the last time I saw you.

WALT

I eat plenty of apples.

PATIENCE

Really?

WALT

I don't lie. That's my thing. And furthermore . . .

MAYOR

Did you call me?

WALT

I suppose I did. Fillmore!

*WALT wraps the MAYOR in a surprisingly firm but jovial embrace.*

MAYOR

Oof, yes. That's right – you're a hugger. It's good to have you back, boy. Haven't seen much of you since the night good old Tom Major left . . .

PATIENCE

Fillmore.

*Everyone stares at SAM.*

SAM

Hi, Walt. Nice car. Glad you're back.

WALT

Ok. Listen, we'll talk –

SAM

Sure. Of course. That's what we do, humans. That's how we, you know, express ideas and such. Keeps us busy, at least and what good are we if we're not busy –

***POW! Another backfire. Everyone jumps back.***

MAYOR

SON OF A BRIAR PATCH! I thought that thing was turned off.

WALT

Not to worry, my fellow Idealists...

MAYOR

Did we agree on calling ourselves that?

WALT

I have seen the future, and the future is bright.

OLIVIA

Do you mean it?

WALT

In my journeys, I have seen a world where folks travel from one side of our great nation to the other faster than the time it takes to read a dime novel. I've seen cities bright at night powered by nothing more than the ingenuity of man. Wishes are coming true, my friends. Coming true every second. And on this most patriotic of nights, my mind lingers on the great dreamers of our young country. A country that started as a wish.

***MUSIC – 04 Walt's Waltz***

*He opens his satchel and begins to take out artifacts.*

I HOLD IN MY HAND  
AN ARTIFACT RARE  
THE RABBIT'S FOOT WASHINGTON WISHED ON  
WHILE CROSSING THE COLD DELAWARE  
A WISE MISTER FRANKLIN  
MADE A WISH ON THIS STONE  
WENT OUT ONE NIGHT  
TIED A KEY TO A KITE  
AND THE REST IS WELL KNOWN  
THERE'S MAGIC OUT THERE  
JUST HAVE TO GO FISH  
BENJI AND GEORGE KNOW  
IT ALL STARTS WHEN YOU GO AND WISH

WALT  
 What did they have that you don't?

SULLIVAN  
 Smarts?

WALT  
 Bah! You've got that.

OLIVIA  
 Heart?

WALT  
 You've got that, too – bursting out all over!

SAM  
 Faith.

WALT  
 Oh, I see. Do you believe the sun will rise in the morning? Do you believe the caterpillar is just a butterfly in disguise? All you need... is a wish.

MAYOR  
 Alright, my boy. Now you're just talking nonsense.

WALT  
 Mr. Mayor?

MAYOR  
 I mean I grant you the trains and the electric lights and even your noisy auto-mobile but let's keep our heads. Wishes?

WALT  
 Absolutely. You start with a wish, and things happen. Then you have to work for it. But nothing starts without one. You just need something to wish on.

A STAR THAT IS FALLING  
 OR A DANDELION BLOWN  
 SOME FOLKS WILL TELL  
 OF AN OLD WISHING WELL  
 WHERE A COIN CAN BE THROWN  
 START WHEN YOU'RE LITTLE  
 DON'T STOP WHEN YOU'RE GROWN  
 ABRAHAM LINCOLN  
 DID HIS WISHFUL THINKIN'  
 ON CANDLES ALONE  
 SO LETS ALL MAKE A WISH  
 AND THEN MAKE IT COME TRUE  
 IF IT HAPPENED FOR OLD HONEST ABE  
 IT CAN HAPPEN TO YOU

WITH A WISH AND A SMILE YOU'RE WITHOUT A CARE  
 A MAN WITH A WISH IS A MILLIONAIRE

IF YOU WANT TO FLY  
KEEP AN EYE TO THE SKY  
MAKE A WISH AND YOU'LL SOON BE THERE

ALL  
WITH A WISH AND A SMILE YOU'RE WITHOUT A CARE  
A MAN WITH A WISH IS A MILLIONAIRE

*WALT helps SULLIVAN and OLIVIA find each other and begin dancing.*

WALT  
CLOSE YOUR EYES  
SPIN AROUND  
AND LOOK WHO YOU FOUND  
MAKE A WISH AND HE'LL SOON BE THERE

GRACE  
Abraham Lincoln's actual birthday candles?

WALT  
That's right!

GRACE  
What did he wish for? Understanding? Peace in our time?

WALT  
Well, at the time I think he wished for a bigger hat. He was only 8 years old.

GRACE  
Do they still work?

WALT  
That is a good question. Wanna try?

GRACE  
I don't know if I should.

WALT  
Then I insist. Blink twice. Close your eyes. Tug your ear. And wish.

*WALT flicks one of the candles to life and holds it at arm's length. The music takes on a magical quality. GRACE blinks, closes her eyes tightly while tugging her ear and... blows the candle. **The candle light flickers off, then on again, then off, then it suddenly glows brighter and flies up away from the candle.** It hovers for a moment in the air with the group.*

WALT  
WELL LOOK WHAT YOU DID  
MIRACULOUS LIGHT  
IT FLICKERS AND FLIES  
A DELIGHTFUL SURPRISE

AS IT LIGHTS UP THE NIGHT

MIGHT SEEM UNIMPORTANT  
 BUT SEARCH AND YOU'LL FIND  
 THE WISHES THAT CHANGE THE WHOLE WORLD  
 OFTEN START JUST BY CHANGING A MIND  
 IMAGINE THE BLISS  
 ALL THAT WE COULD ACHIEVE  
 SO LET'S TAKE A LEAP  
 MAKE A WISH AND BEGIN TO BELIEVE

ALL EXCEPT SAM  
 WITH A WISH AND A SMILE YOU'RE WITHOUT A CARE  
 A MAN WITH A WISH IS A MILLIONAIRE

WALT  
 WHEN THE JOURNEY SEEMS LONG  
 JUST REMEMBER THIS SONG  
 MAKE A WISH AND YOU'LL SOON BE THERE

*The dance begins again! WALT asks SAM to dance. She's reticent so he grabs PATIENCE and they waltz with abandon.*

WALT  
 BUT THE BEST THING TO DO  
 IS TO GRANT WISHES TOO  
 AND YOU'LL FEEL LIKE YOU'RE FLOATING ON AIR  
 KEEP AN EYE TO THE SKY  
 WHEN A STAR'S FLYING BY

ALL EXCEPT SAM  
 MAKE A WISH AND YOU'LL SOON BE THERE

SAM

Grace.

*The light moves slightly away and WALT follows leaving the celebrating townsfolk. SAM catches GRACE by the arm.*

GRACE

Did you see that!?

SAM

It's a firefly, Grace. There are about a million of them behind my house.

GRACE

But –

SAM

No, seriously, it's biology. Your five minutes are up.

But –

GRACE

You promised.

SAM

*SAM holds up her “scouts honor” pledge as a reminder.*

Alright, let’s go.

GRACE

*SAM and GRACE exit. WALT is still watching the firefly make patterns in the air. The MAYOR walks over to join him.*

Like a dream they fly. Like a half-remembered idea blinking off and on in the twilight. Winking with the promise of unfulfilled wishes.

WALT

Wishes? Hah.

COLONEL

*WALT and the MAYOR jump. The COLONEL is stationed near them on a rooftop with his telescope.*

Didn’t see you up there, Colonel.

MAYOR

How fair the skies this evening?

WALT

Not fair. Not fair at all. It’s happening again, and the stars don’t like it.

COLONEL

Not sure I follow.

MAYOR

*Referring to WALT.*  
He knows, don’t you? Pollute the air with your horseless machine. Pollute the skies with your incandescence.

MAYOR

You’re thinking of Edison, old fellow. Light bulbs?

COLONEL

*Still referring to WALT*  
He knows. Man-made light? Won’t be able to see the stars at all if they have their way.

WALT

Maybe he's just making his own stars and giving them to us.

COLONEL

What good is that? (*Referring to the sky.*) THESE stars gone and what is there to guide you?

MAYOR

Now, now. The stars aren't going anywhere.

COLONEL

*His tone towards WALT suddenly a little pleading.*

What is there to guide you? We need these stars.

WALT

*Comforting him with his words.*

Yes. Yes sir, we do.

COLONEL

Take care of them.

WALT

*He really will.*

I will do my best.

*The COLONEL picks up his telescope and moves off to a different vantage point in the darkness. WALT looks after him. The MAYOR isn't sure what just happened.*

MAYOR

What's he on about?

WALT

We all have our dreams. (*Looking at the firefly in the air.*) Even that little fella.

MAYOR

It's a firefly, Walter.

*WALT pulls a glass mason jar from his pack. It still has a firefly inside blinking and glowing excitedly.*

WALT

So is this. He's over a hundred years old. Not much for flying anymore. Prefers to travel with me. (*Looking at the two fireflies.*) I wonder if they have anything to say to each other.

*He puts the jar in the MAYOR'S hands who observes the magical little creature with wonderment.*

MAYOR

I used to try and capture these little creatures as a boy. Make a wish on them and set them free.

*PATIENCE comes over from the party. The MAYOR doesn't see her, yet.*

PATIENCE

What do you have there, Fillmore?

MAYOR

*Startled, quickly handing the jar back to WALT and exclaiming...*  
INDEPENDENCE! It's – it's not mine! It's Walt's.

PATIENCE

What?

MAYOR

Walt's! Walt's! Walt's!

*MUSIC – 05 – Waltz Reprise - underscore*

PATIENCE

I'd love to!

*The MAYOR and his wife return to the party as everyone dances! WALT remains, releasing his firefly as he recites his life-long pledge.*

WALT

Wherever I go, there you are. Wishes large and small and yet unknown to me – I will always do my very best. All you need is something to wish on, and someone to help it come true.

*WALT is alone now. Both fireflies lift up a little, then zing off in the direction SAM and GRACE went when they left. WALT takes out a revolver.*

WALT

Ok, Sam. Let's talk now.

## 4. THE WORKSHOP

*Moments later in the evening, we're in a high-ceilinged building that's fantastically and passionately cluttered with drawings, models and abandoned scientific experiments.*

NARRATOR SULLIVAN

There was a place us kids all liked to go.

NARRATOR GRACE

A tall rust-red barn on the edge of town. Warm and glowing – magic inside. The workshop of a man we all loved. At least it was years ago.

NARRATOR SULLIVAN

A man who made dreams come true then disappeared one night – POOF – as though whisked away by the very magic... *(He pauses, a little uncomfortable. SAM comes though the crowd carrying a pack, but still part of the narrators.)* that he created.

SAM

My dad. The famous inventor, Tom Major. The dad who disappeared. Well, that's what everyone was thinking, right?

*She shoulders past everyone into the workshop and slams her bag down on the table, hurriedly taking out a couple of tubes and measuring powder into them.*

NARRATOR SULLIVAN

Now it's just a shell, cluttered with copper tubing, glass beakers, colorful powders. . . and memories.

NARRATOR GRACE

And a girl who thinks she can wipe away the past by ignoring the present.

SAM

It's all wrong!

GRACE

What are you talking about?

SAM

*(Working herself into a state. She is fumbling with a box of matches and keeps striking out multiple times.)*

It's all wrong --nothing is firing correctly, going high enough, looking... looking like it's... looking. It's ridiculous! I have the measurements all wrong because I clearly don't know what I'm doing. Look!

*She gets a match lit, lights a tube on the table, and it gently "poufs" a shade of pink.*

GRACE

*(Actually pleased.)*  
Yay! Well that's lovely.

SAM

That's the finale! It's pathetic!

GRACE

What is this stuff?

SAM

*(Speaking fast.)*  
SrCO<sub>3</sub> which is strontium carbonate and CaCl<sub>2</sub> which is calcium chloride in a binder of –

GRACE

I didn't really want to know.

SAM

All you need to know is, when you throw this switch... KA-BOOM! So?

GRACE

So, what?

SAM

Grace! So don't throw--

GRACE

*(Speaking over her.)*  
I know! Don't throw that switch--

SAM

. . . until I signal.

GRACE

You can trust me, Sam. *(Sam gives her a stink-eye.)* Ha! You're smart but you need to let people help you, more.

SAM

Sure.

GRACE

Oh, don't start with the "little girl all alone so I can't trust anybody" routine. *(She gestures dramatically around the workshop.)* Your father's been gone 12 years . . .

SAM

I know, and I still haven't made anything worthwhile from all these amazing things he left me.

GRACE

Let's just say he left it. Not sure he was thinking so much about you.

SAM

It's not like I don't know where he is, right? I read the Gazette. Tom Major rivals Edison. Tom Major saves New York. Tom Major to open the world's fair. He's Ideal's favorite son.

GRACE

Well, I'm glad this town is so proud of its kids. Somebody should be.

SAM

I'll admit the place is a bit of a mess. And sure, I should probably get out more . . .

GRACE

So dump it all! Get rid of all this junk! Toss out the smelly chemicals and the oily machines and clear out all the bad memories. *(She picks up the baseball.)* Let's toss it all!

*SAM moves in and stops GRACE from throwing the ball. They look at each other for a moment. SAM takes the ball from her.*

SAM

No. I just have to put it all in the right order. I'll make it all work again.

GRACE

But you can't play catch by yourself, Sam. It's not like he's ever coming back for it.

SAM

I'll figure it out. Scientifically . . .

GRACE

I just think it's time you grew up is all.

SAM

He didn't have a choice.

***MUSIC 06 – Memory of Flight***

GRACE

Everyone has a choice.

SAM

You weren't there.

GRACE

Who takes their eight-year-old daughter to Kitty Hawk beach in December? It had to have been freezing.

SAM

JUST A WEEK 'TIL CHRISTMAS  
JUST A WINDY BEACH

A FATHER AND A DAUGHTER  
 AND SOMETHING OUT OF REACH  
 I'M NOT SURE WHY WE WENT THERE  
 I'M NOT SURE WHAT WE'LL SEE  
 I'M JUST GLAD THAT HE'S THERE WITH ME  
 SO GLAD THAT HE'S THERE WITH ME

Can you imagine it?

GRACE

I imagine its freezing.

SAM

No, the flying machine. Close your eyes. Really try to picture it.  
 WIRE, SPRUCE AND MUSLIN  
 AND A DREAM OF FLIGHT  
 NO ONE THINKS THEY'LL DO IT  
 FATHER THINKS THEY MIGHT  
 THE BROTHERS HAVE A VISION  
 FATHER UNDERSTANDS  
 AND THE MOMENT THAT THE PLANE LEAVES THE SAND  
 HE GRABS MY HAND

AND THE WORLD CAN SUDDENLY BE  
 EVERYTHING YOU DREAMED IT COULD BE  
 AND ONLY THE FEW OF US HERE ON THIS BEACH BELOW  
 EVEN KNOW  
 THAT WHAT NO ONE THOUGHT OF BEFORE  
 HAS THROWN OPEN SOME MAGICAL DOOR  
 AND WE DON'T KNOW WHAT LIES IN STORE  
 BUT WE KNOW THAT WE'LL GO

It's like Prometheus.

GRACE

Huh?

SAM

Prometheus. He stole fire from the gods and gave it to man.

GRACE

The Wright Brothers stole something?

SAM

The point is . . . he brought light into the darkness and the impossible became possible.

GRACE

*Softening.*

Okay . . . then I'm wrong. He will come back.

SAM

No, he won't.

FATHER HAD HIS OWN DREAM

FATHER'S GONE FOR GOOD  
 NO ONE THOUGHT HE'D MAKE IT  
 BUT I KNEW HE WOULD  
 WE BOTH HAD WITNESSED MAGIC  
 A MAN UP IN THE SKY  
 HOW COULD HE WATCH AND NOT TRY  
 TO FLY?

*GRACE and SAM activate the old machines, models, and lights bringing the workshop to life.*

GRACE AND SAM  
 FOR OUR WORLD CAN SUDDENLY BE  
 EVERYTHING WE DREAM IT TO BE  
 AND WHAT NO ONE THAT CAME BEFORE US COULD KNOW  
 WE WILL KNOW

GRACE  
 YES OUR WORLD CAN SUDDENLY BE

SAM  
 WE CAN FLY

GRACE  
 EVERYTHING WE DREAM IT TO BE

SAM  
 LIGHT UP THE NIGHT

BOTH  
 AND WE'LL BUILD A PALACE FOR JUST YOU AND I  
 IN THE SKY

AND WE'LL CROSS EVERY OCEAN  
 TO SHARE WHAT WE'VE FOUND  
 PROMETHEUS THAT NEVER TOUCHES THE GROUND  
 LIGHTER THAN AIR AND FASTER THAN SOUND  
 ON A STAR

SAM  
 YOU CAN SEE SO FAR

Five minutes?

I'll give you four.

GRACE

I'll signal you. And then . . .

SAM

Throw the switch. Got it. Go.

GRACE

*They link fingers again. SAM exits the workshop with the baseball and firework supplies in hand.*

## 5. THE WISH

*A moment later in a moonlit field of dandelions, SAM stands in the middle of an elaborate and inventive semi-circular array of firework-launching apparatus.*

SAM

FATHER MADE A WISH  
FATHER'S WISH CAME TRUE  
HE HAD THE GUTS TO MAKE IT  
OTHERS NEVER DO  
SO I LIVE THE LIFE I'M GIVEN  
NOT THE LIFE I PLANNED  
AND I STILL FEEL HIM HOLDING MY HAND

*A light flashes across the sky accompanied by an unearthly sound and interrupts her.*

*MUSIC – 07 – Shooting Star - underscore*

What was that? A shooting star. Huh?

*She begins to distribute powder to the firework stands. Another streak of light in the sky.*

Two in a row. You don't see that every day. I guess I should make a wish. Hmm . . . I wish I could see the world's fair. No . . .

*She pauses a moment, closes her eyes and speaks sincerely.*

I wish I could see my father again.

What am I doing? It was wishing that took him away in the first place.

*Another shooting star. Another and another – and suddenly the air is beset with twinkling lights! From the shadows, a strange figure emerges slowly approaching. SAM calls out.*

Grace? Grace. Grace!

*SAM waves her arms. The ground-effect powder explodes in a brilliant flash knocking SAM backward and the twinkling lights subside. **Darkness.** SAM frantically picks up her lantern as she hears the mysterious stranger fumbling around in the dark.*

SAM

Who's there? What are you doing? Where are you?

COLT

*Answering her questions in order.*

Just me. Looking for my saddlebag. And I'm trying to figure that out myself, Sam.

SAM

How do you know my name?

Lucky guess. COLT

What are you doing here? SAM

I came to take you to the world's fair so you can see your father. COLT

What? SAM

Your wish. I'm granting it. COLT

What are you, some kind of a genie? SAM

Yes, absolutely. COLT

Really? *Genuinely surprised.* SAM

No, don't be ridiculous. Genies are a myth. I just grant wishes. But right now, I'm looking for my saddlebag. COLT

I wish I could see you. SAM

*One of the fireworks stands lights up with COLT standing next to it.*

Well that was an easy one. Hello, I'm Colt. OK. Now help me find the bag – brown – about yea big - COLT

What are you trying to pull? SAM

*Gently taking her by the shoulders.* COLT

You made a wish did you not? There was an "eligible event or artifact"? SAM

What? SAM

COLT  
A wishing well, shooting star, . . .?

SAM  
Yes, several. Several shooting stars. Right in a row.

COLT  
Great. Wait . . . several?

SAM  
Does that matter?

COLT  
No . . .maybe . . . look, I'm just here to . . .

SAM  
Grant my wish?

COLT  
Now you're getting it. Grant your wish. Find my bag.  
*A saddle bag on the ground starts to glow.*

SAM  
Is that your bag?

COLT  
*Obviously evasive.*  
Which one?

SAM  
The . . .um . . .glowing one?

COLT  
No. Maybe. Could be. Yes, it has that feature. Really wish you hadn't seen that. Off we go then?  
*He collects the bag.*

SAM  
Where?

COLT  
San Francisco. That's where the World's fair will be held. A fair distance. No time to waste.  
*He grabs her hand and starts to go. She pulls away.*

SAM

Wait. Wait. WAIT! I can't run off to San Francisco to find my dad with some strange cowboy toting what I can only assume is some sort of sword. AND . . . and . . . and . . .

COLT

And a glowing bag.

SAM

Right. The bag. What is in there?

COLT

*Suddenly very serious.*

Sam Major, I realize that this is all very strange and frightening. But destiny of sorts has landed at your feet. This window of opportunity is exceedingly rare and brief. My history would tell me that means there is something of consequence about you. So are you coming or not?

*Two fireflies have appeared.*

SAM

I think you have the wrong person. I've never left North Carolina. If only father were here.

COLT

Yes. I understand. And I don't want to rush you.

*A moment of tense silence... broken by a gunshot. COLT doesn't flinch.*

But now we're being shot at so . . .

*Another shot. COLT moves SAM behind him and fires back into the darkness.*

SAM

OK. OK. Let's go.

*SAM blinks twice, tugs her ear, squeezes her eyes shut and stands frozen. COLT turns. They are face to face.*

COLT

What are you doing?

SAM

Wishing for you to transport us.

COLT

That's not how it works.

SAM

How does it work?

*Gunshot! COLT returns fire again as they take cover. He glances over at SAM and notes the powder tube still in her hand.*

Is that calcium chlorate?

COLT

Yes, with a binder of . . .

SAM

*COLT takes the tube.*

Nice to know we have chemistry.

COLT

*COLT throws the tube off in the direction of the gunfire and shoots up at it. There's a lovely and distracting explosion resulting*

Now run.

COLT

*They do! As they escape, the rest of SAM'S fireworks display ignites over their heads and she's momentarily pleased it actually worked. COLT drags her off and the lights blackout.*

## 6. TOM MAJOR

*A sudden powerful and heroic fanfare. We are in a great exhibition hall somewhere in the Fabled Industrialized Northeast.*

### ***MUSIC 08 – Knock, Knock***

NARRATOR MAYOR

Dateline: New York. American Scientific Conference. The Great Exhibition Hall.

NARRATOR PATIENCE

Day One –Edison unveils electronic wonders.

NARRATOR COLONEL

Day Two –Tesla amazes onlookers as he walks through lightning.

NARRATOR MAYOR

And now on Day Three - what lucky fellow gets to try to top that?

*Giant banners depicting a strong and powerful inventor unfurl. Showgirls enter.*

PROCTOR

Ladies and Gentlemen of the press. Tom Major.

*Music shifts to a vaudeville vamp as TOM MAJOR enters and launches into a showman's sales pitch.*

TOM MAJOR

*Spoken in rhythm.*

I HAVE TRAVELED ACROSS THE GLOBE, MY FRIENDS.  
OBSERVED THE BURDENS OF THE MODERN MAN.  
I HAVE SOUGHT AND SOUGHT AND FINALLY WROUGHT  
THE VERY RAW MATERIALS OF PROGRESSLAND.  
AND I TELL YOU I HAVE FOUND A MIRACLE  
THAT WAS UNDER MY VERY NOSE.  
SIMPLE, PLENTIFUL, HARMLESS , PLIABLE . . .LEAD.

*An advertisement banner for Lead-Zene is unfurled.*

TOM MAJOR AND SHOWGIRLS

KNOCK, KNOCK  
GET THE KNOCKS OUT  
GET THE KNOCKS OUT DO

KNOCK, KNOCK  
GET THE KNOCKS OUT  
GET THE KNOCKS OUT DO

KNOCK, KNOCK

GET THE KNOCKS OUT  
 GET THE KNOCKS OUT DO  
 PUT LEAD-ZENE  
 IN YOUR GASOLINE  
 TO MAKE A SMOOTHER RIDE FOR YOU

*TOM and a SHOWGIRL act out the scene as he describes it.*

TOM MAJOR  
 LET'S TAKE A LITTLE TRIPPY TO THE STATE OF MISSISSIPPI  
 HEAR THE STORY OF MISTER BROCK  
 THERE'S A SWEET YOUNG MISS  
 BROCK WANTS TO KISS  
 BUT HIS ENGINE STARTS TO KNOCK  
 HE SAW HER FROWN  
 WHEN SHE HEARD THE SOUND  
 AND HE KNEW SHE'D NEVER SWOON  
 BUT HE PUT LEAD-ZENE IN HIS GASOLINE  
 AND NOW THEY'RE ON THEIR HONEYMOON

SHOWGIRLS AND TOM  
 KNOCK, KNOCK  
 GET THE KNOCKS OUT  
 GET THE KNOCKS OUT DO  
 KNOCK, KNOCK

TOM MAJOR

*An aside to his friend, PROCTOR, who stands smiling on the side of the stage.*

A LITTLE MORE LEAD  
 MEANS A LITTLE MORE MONEY TOO

SHOWGIRLS  
 KNOCK, KNOCK

TOM  
 THEY ALL COME KNOCKING  
 TO SEE WHAT TOM CAN DO

ALL  
 PUT LEAD-ZENE  
 IN YOUR GASOLINE  
 I'LL MAKE A SMOOTHER RIDE FOR YOU

TOM MAJOR

But my friends Leaded gasoline is only the beginning. How about something as simple as a fresh coat of white paint for your picket fence? A white so bright you have to shield your eyes. Lead paint my friends. Whiter than the world has ever known. It is after all one of the colors of the American flag.

A LITTLE LEAD ON YOUR WALLS  
 A LITTLE LEAD IN YOUR HALLS  
 MAKES A DREARY HOME LOOK NEW  
 A LEAD PIPE LINK FROM YOUR WELL TO YOUR SINK

MAKES YOUR WATER WORRIES FEW  
 IT'S LEADS FIRST INNING  
 AND ONLY THE BEGINNING  
 OF THE MIRACLES LEAD CAN DO  
 LIKE THE STORY TOLD  
 I'VE TURNED LEAD TO GOLD  
 LET ME SHOW YOU WHAT LEAD CAN DO

*Dance break. Showgirls demonstrate the wonders of lead as TOM makes a quick off-stage costume change assisted by PROCTOR.*

TOM

Proctor, I am an inventor not a two-bit pitchman. Leadzene . . .it was just a by-product, an accident, while I was trying to do the real work.

PROCTOR

A profitable accident.

TOM

I'll be a joke by the time we get to San Francisco.

PROCTOR

Not after they see what you have to show them.

TOM

Still. The placards and the music and the . . .showgirls?

PROCTOR

One step at a time, Tom. You've come so far from Ideal. And besides, your "real work" doesn't fund itself, yet. Can't change the world with just an "idea". Now get out there and sell some Lead-zene. They love you. Big Finish.

*TOM returns to the stage.*

TOM MAJOR AND SHOWGIRLS

KNOCK, KNOCK  
 GET THE KNOCKS OUT  
 GET THE KNOCKS OUT DO

KNOCK, KNOCK  
 GET THE KNOCKS OUT  
 GET THE KNOCKS OUT DO

KNOCK, KNOCK  
 GET THE KNOCKS OUT  
 GET THE KNOCKS OUT DO  
 PUT LEAD-ZENE  
 IN YOUR GASOLINE  
 TO MAKE A SMOOTHER RIDE FOR YOU

SHOWGIRLS

PUT LEAD-ZENE

IN YOUR GASOLINE  
TO MAKE A SMOOTHER RIDE FOR YOU

TOM  
IN EVERY CAR!

SHOWGIRLS  
IF THE PIGMENTS FAINT  
I'LL PUT LEAD IN YOUR PAINT  
TO MAKE THE WORLD A LITTLE BRIGHTER TOO

TOM  
ON EVERY WALL!

SHOWGIRLS  
IF YOU NEED A DRINK?  
A LEAD PIPE FOR YOUR SINK  
SHOWGIRLS AND TOM  
LET'S SHOW 'EM WHAT LEAD CAN DO

TOM  
KNOCK, KNOCK

SHOWGIRLS  
WHO'S THERE?

TOM MAJOR  
LEAD!

*Flashbulbs.*

## 7. THE JOURNEY BEGINS

*On the road. We see a journey underway on the giant US MAP. COLT and SAM are riding in a knocking, rattling Model-T.*

*MUSIC – 09 – Travel - Underscore*

NARRATOR FOSTER

You learn a lot about a person when you travel cross-country in a stolen car after being shot at.

You STOLE this car?!	SAM
Wishes work in . . . mysterious ways.	COLT
And illegal?	SAM
Arguable.	COLT
Tell me again why we are not taking a train.	SAM
Trust me. We do not want to take a train. A train is our last resort.	COLT
Afraid of hobos?	SAM
Our. Last. Resort.	COLT
OK. Thing about hobos. Last resort. Got it. What's the glowing thing in the bag?	SAM
There is no bag. Forget the bag. Let go of the bag. Give me the bag.	COLT
Sorry. Touchy about the bag. Note taken. How fast are we going?	SAM
Full throttle. 27 miles an hour.	COLT
And how far to California?	SAM

3000 miles.

COLT

So estimated time of arrival at the fair would be . . .

SAM

Will you and I be talking the whole way or can we just do that in short spurts?

COLT

I see. Fine.

SAM

*Slight pause. Under her breath.*  
Wow, that sure explains a lot.

What?

COLT

I mean, it's no wonder we've had so much trouble as a society if cranky men with swords have been doing all the wish granting. I'm just saying.

SAM

*A little pause. She's looking at a map*

Look at these new states out West! Arizona is HUGE! Will we go by the Grand Canyon? Sorry. We aren't talking.

Just never thought I'd see the Grand Canyon. Or the World's fair. I can just picture it. "Hello, Daddy? Surprised? Oh, who is this? The cowboy with the sword? He grants wishes."

*Suddenly.*  
Stop the car.

Why?

COLT

Stop the car!!!

SAM

*The car stops.*

Wish granted. For free.

COLT

Wishing wells, coins in fountains, birthday candles, dandelions, . . . this is insane. I mean, people are making thousands of wishes everyday.

SAM

Every minute. It's exhausting.

COLT

Nobody could grant all of those wishes. SAM

I'm not the only one. And not all wishes are granted. COLT

I don't believe in magic. SAM

Yet something magical clearly believes in you. COLT

I'm going home. SAM

I don't think you should, Sam. COLT

And I should listen to you because you're . . . SAM

Colt. COLT

Right. And you grant wishes, steal automobiles, and tell the future. SAM

More like facilitate wishes, borrow automobiles and . . .no I can't tell the future. COLT

And I can't go... SAM

You don't believe me. Fine. I've got something to show you. Page three. You'll find an article about your father. COLT

Is that some super-natural prediction? SAM

It's a newspaper. I read it this morning. COLT

*REPORTERS and TOM MAJOR appear in another area of the stage as SAM reads the newspaper.*

REPORTER 1 (COLONEL)  
So this breakthrough with lead is what the world can look forward to hearing about at the World's Fair?

TOM

While I am excited to share the wonders of lead with our friends around the globe, it is not how I intend to open the World's Fair. I'm afraid you'll just have to wait and see my presentation at the opening ceremonies.

REPORTER 2 (SULLIVAN)

So not even a hint? Some new product, perhaps?

REPORTER1 (COLONEL)

*Dismissively.*

Another trifle for the housewife or handyman . . .

TOM

*Taking on a new imposing demeanor.*

There are powers in nature beyond your imaginings my friends. There are rare and potent wonders in store for you. I myself stand in awe of the sheer power of what I have unlocked. It will not be something you will soon forget. Until then, good day.

PROCTOR

It will all be made clear, sir, July 28.

SAM

July 28. 3 weeks away.

COLT

I thought you would want to be with him. Whether you believe in magic or not, I can get you there. So . . .?

SAM

Yes. No.

COLT

All right, then I'll take you back home.

SAM

Can't do that either.

COLT

Why not?

SAM

I'll give you a hint. (*See closes her eyes.*) I wish we had more fuel.

COLT

It doesn't work that way.

SAM

Then I guess it needs to work *this* way.

*She hands him a gas can from the back of the car.*

Because the fueling station before that bridge is the last one I know of.

*COLT exits with the can. SAM approaches the bridge.*

**MUSIC 10 – The Bridge**

It's the last anything I know of. It's as far as I've ever been.

NARRATOR GRACE

There are borders that do not appear on any map. The borders that mark the edges of your experience. The distance your thoughts have traveled. The location of your heart's farthest outpost.

SAM

THIS SIDE OF THE BRIDGE - FAMILIAR  
 THAT SIDE OF THE BRIDGE - UNKNOWN  
 THAT SIDE OF THE BRIDGE - ADVENTURE  
 THIS SIDE - HOME  
 THAT SIDE OF THE BRIDGE IS FATHER  
 THIS SIDE OF THE BRIDGE IS ME  
 MAYBE IT'S JUST BEST TO WAIT AND SEE

Right. Right? I mean that's right. Isn't it? That's gotta be right. But on the other hand. There is no other hand.

THIS SIDE OF THE BRIDGE I'M CERTAIN  
 THAT SIDE OF THE BRIDGE I'M LOST  
 BUT WHAT GOOD IS A BRIDGE UNLESS YOU GO ACROSS?  
 BUT WHAT IF YOU GO ACROSS AND FIND  
 IT'S NOT THE WORLD YOU HAD IN MIND  
 WHEN YOU CROSS BACK TO THIS SIDE IS SOMETHING LOST?

YOU TOLD ME NOTHING IN THE WORLD  
 WOULD BE BEYOND MY REACH  
 NO HIDDEN PLACE A COMPASS CAN'T REVEAL  
 BUT MAYBE THOSE ARE WORDS  
 A FATHER FINDS ARE EASY WORDS TO TEACH  
 BUT HARDER FOR A DAUGHTER'S HEART TO FEEL

A BRIDGE IS JUST A TOOL YOU MAKE  
 TO TAKE THE RISK YOU HAVE TO TAKE  
 JUST CLOSE YOUR EYES AND WALK ACROSS  
 YOU'RE ON THE OTHER SIDE  
 IF THIS TIME YOU DECIDE TO WAIT  
 THE BRIDGE BECOMES A PRISON GATE  
 AND YOU LIVE REGRETTING THAT YOU NEVER TRIED

MAYBE EVERYTHING I EVER DREAMED IS WAITING THERE  
 MAYBE ONLY DISAPPOINTMENT'S THERE INSTEAD  
 BUT REALLY DREAMS AND DISAPPOINTMENT  
 FIND YOU ANYWHERE  
 HAVE COURAGE, CROSS THE BRIDGE AND FORGE AHEAD

SO TAKE THE GIRL I WAS REPLACE HER  
 NOW SHE IS A RAINBOW CHASER  
 SHOW HER ANY BRIDGE AND PLACE HER ON THE OTHER SIDE

I MADE A WISH I HAVE TO FOLLOW  
TO FIND IT I'LL EMBRACE TOMORROW  
BECOME THE GIRL I KNOW I'M MEANT TO BE  
JUST CROSS A BRIDGE AND THEN ANOTHER  
LIVE A DREAM AND FIND A FATHER  
IT ALL AWAITS ACROSS THE WATER FOR ME

## 8. TOM MAJOR

*The map takes us to New York. TOM MAJOR'S current laboratory. He is making adjustments to an extremely complicated diagram on a chalkboard and observing the model of his prized invention on the table.*

NARRATOR PATIENCE

The New York Times. Page 12. A small notice in the lower right hand corner.

NARRATOR SULLIVAN

Concerning a factory that produces a certain petroleum additive and a mysterious illness. (*He raps his knuckles twice gently on the table. Knock, knock.*)

NARRATOR GRACE

Four women from the factory now critically ill. Violent headaches, blurred vision.

NARRATOR PATIENCE

Reporters asking questions. (*Rapping a little more urgently. Knock, knock.*)

NARRATOR GRACE

Disorientation.

NARRATOR SULLIVAN

Investors losing faith. (*An internal conscience trying to break though. Knock, knock.*)

NARRATOR GRACE

Stumbling, spasms, collapse.

NARRATOR PATIENCE

And for what . . . Twenty-six attempts.

NARRATOR SULLIVAN

Twenty-six failures.

*TOM opens a small package, takes out a metal specimen and approaches the model placing it inside.*

NARRATOR GRACE

And time's running short. Try again, Tom

NARRATOR SULLIVAN

Maybe this time – (*It is the sound of his heart. Knock, knock.*) opportunity.

NARRATOR PATIENCE

Maybe this time – (*It is the drums in his head. Knock, knock!*) they will remember!

## NARRATOR GRACE

Maybe this time – your daughter will forgive you.

***TOM throws a switch in rhythm with the knocking – a flicker and then nothing. He suddenly, violently throws a stool across the room as PROCTOR enters just in time to catch it.***

## PROCTOR

That's the spirit, Tom! You show that chair what's what! Tell me your troubles, my friend.

## TOM

It's not working.

*TOM examines the blackboard, searching for a solution.*

## PROCTOR

Not... working. No. I don't think that combination of words is in our plan. You'll figure it out. We ship all this to sunny San Francisco where we build it ten times the size and...

## TOM

*Talking to himself.*

I can't get the proper specimens or access to the Curie's research. Maybe it is an alloy I need. Radium and lead. Maybe . . .

## PROCTOR

*Finishing his thought.*

We wake the sleeping world.

## TOM

It's no use. I'll just have to start over.

***TOM begins furiously erasing the blackboard.***

## PROCTOR

What are you doing?

*PROCTOR grabs his hand and stops him.*

## TOM

*Seizing the chalk in anger and frantically circling a key section of the equation.*

This! This is the missing element! Right here! Without **this** it makes no difference what you or anyone else believes. I simply cannot squeeze power from any old rock.

## PROCTOR

Look at me, old boy. Look! Have I ever led you astray? All this – years of work, sweat, sacrifice – it's a wish coming true. Look at it, now! Money right there for the taking.

## TOM

Money?

PROCTOR

Don't tell me it hasn't crossed your mind.

TOM

Maybe.

PROCTOR

A beautiful by-product of your brilliance. And imagine all the good you could do with it.

TOM

Proctor, have you seen the Times this morning? Another four young women at the factory? Maybe it's tied to the new extraction process.

PROCTOR

Perhaps. Or perhaps an unfortunate coincidence. Who's to say? Newspapers? You keep your mind on the Fair. I'll take care of everything else.

TOM

This missing element is the key. It's too hazardous without it. We should stop and re-test the entire process.

PROCTOR

Fine. I'll just take THIS back where I found it. (*He produces a small, shiny, almost glowing geologic specimen.*) Who knows if it will still be viable in, what, two days, a week, a month?

TOM

Wait! (*TOM is mesmerized by the new sample.*) Where did you get—never mind. I don't want to know. Could this be— (*He turns to the board with renewed energy.*)

PROCTOR

*Examining the little, portable lamp on TOM'S desk.*

How long has this lamp you invented been producing light from that tiny speck of lead alloy?

TOM

12 years - uninterrupted. That was right before I met you.

PROCTOR

You could change the world with that little idea. Inexhaustible energy. (*Referring to the new specimen.*) Release the power trapped in that hunk of rock since time began. Set the genie free, Tom.

NARRATOR PATIENCE

*The hopeful voices in TOM'S subconscious.*

Light in the darkness.

NARRATOR SULLIVAN

Protection.

NARRATOR GRACE

Hope.

TOM

And the factory? Those girls?

PROCTOR

By-products of your brilliance.

TOM

What?

PROCTOR

If there is even any truth to it all, it is but four. Think of the millions more who wait in darkness for your light. Everything has its price. No success...

TOM

...without sacrifice. But you'll look into it?

PROCTOR

*Producing train tickets from his coat.*

Of course. Oh, and what of your daughter's invitation. I made arrangements for train passage for her to join us in San Francisco. Shall I have these train tickets delivered to Ideal?

TOM

No, give them to me. I'll take care of that. See you on the train.

*PROCTOR exits.*

***MUSIC 11 – How Much***

*TOM holds the train tickets.*

I'm gonna figure it out, Sam. I'm gonna figure it out. Just haven't yet.

IF THE WAVES ON THE SAND  
 COULD BE HELD IN YOUR HAND  
 THEN MAYBE YOU'D KNOW HOW MUCH I LOVE YOU  
 IF THE STARS IN THE SKY HAD SPELLED OUT MY GOODBYE  
 THEN MAYBE YOU'D KNOW HOW MUCH I LOVE YOU  
 AND IF MISTAKES THAT I'VE MADE  
 DIDN'T MAKE ME AFRAID  
 THEN MAYBE YOU'D KNOW  
 MAYBE YOU'D KNOW  
 MAYBE YOU'D KNOW  
 HOW MUCH

***TOM discards the train tickets. Blackout.***

## 9. THE FORT

### *MUSIC 12 – Soldier’s Song*

*An imposing but secluded wooden fort  
hidden in the Appalachian mountains.  
Dusk.*

*Military silhouettes materialize on either  
side of the fortress.*

YOUNG CONFEDERATE SOLDIER  
HOME FROM THE MEADOWS  
AND HOME FROM THE MOUNTAIN  
SOLDIERS AND HEROES  
WE ALL WILL COME HOME  
HOPING TO FIND HER WITH LANTERN STILL SHINING  
SOFTLY REPEATING WE’LL NE’ER AGAIN ROAM

NARRATOR PATIENCE

Deep in an Appalachian wood stands a fortress - forgotten these two-score and twelve years.

NARRATOR GRACE

Built into the side of a mountain. Overgrown with vines and memories.

NARRATOR PATIENCE

Manned by soldiers still fighting a war that ended long ago.

NARRATOR GRACE

Flying on opposite sides—

NARRATOR PATIENCE

--Two tattered flags.

NARRATOR GRACE

One union. *Placing flag.*

NARRATOR PATIENCE

One confederate.

YOUNG CONFEDERATE SOLDIER  
HOPING TO FIND HER WITH LANTERNS STILL BURNING  
SOFTLY REPEATING WE’LL NE’ER AGAIN ROAM

*He is stationed alongside Confederate Captain Hephaestus Twiggs who is gazing  
out over the battlements. CAPTAIN TWIGGS’ ears are wrapped in bandages to  
signify his inability to hear things clearly – or at all. He speaks with the  
heightened verse of an epic poem, yet the roughness of an ancient warrior.*

## CAPTAIN TWIGGS

Why stand ye like a mute? Sing aught, my lad!  
 Sing aught of brazen hearts and mar-bled memories.  
 The fiery breath of war and green, green grass of home thy better nature stirs.  
 Sing! Remind us why we fight.

YOUNG CONFEDERATE SOLDIER (SULLIVAN)  
 HOME FROM THE FORESTS  
 HOME FROM THE MOUNTAIN  
 SOLDIERS AND HEROES

*The Young Soldier is interrupted. CAPTAIN TWIGGS continues, as though he hasn't heard a note which, of course, he hasn't.*

## CAPTAIN TWIGGS

Sing aught of passion, glory-bound!  
 Sing of our mission true!  
 Sing on, until this noble conflict's won!

YOUNG CONFEDERATE SOLDIER

I—

## CAPTAIN TWIGGS

Epic poetry got you all befuddled, boy? I'm asking you to sing something. Are ye deaf?

NARRATOR PATIENCE

*Raising his voice at TWIGGS and speaking slowly.*

He – is – not – deaf!

CAPTAIN TWIGGS

Ah, your silence volumes speak.

NARRATOR PATIENCE

For there are none so deaf as those who will not hear.

CAPTAIN TWIGGS

Also, cannons are extremely loud!

*A Union Lieutenant stands near the Union leader, Captain Lewis "Lemon" Benedict. CAPTAIN BENEDICT'S eyes are fully wrapped to highlight his (possibly) hysterical blindness. Opposing forces are in plain sight, rifles at the ready.*

NARRATOR GRACE

And none so blind as those who will not see.

CAPTAIN BENEDICT

Lieutenant, my glass.

*The Union Lieutenant holds out a telescope.*

CAPTAIN BENEDICT

Where is that blasted Lieutenant with my blasted scope?

UNION LIEUTENANT

I'm here, sir.

CAPTAIN BENEDICT

And my teh-lee-scahpic, man!?

UNION LIEUTENANT

Here, sir. Here. (*BENEDICT can't find it.*) No, RIGHT HERE.

CAPTAIN BENEDICT

No need to be secretive about it.

*The Lieutenant is clearly exasperated. BENEDICT "looks" through the telescope directly at the opposing forces. He speaks like a pirate from New York City.*

CAPTAIN BENEDICT

Just as I figgered. The enemy 'aint making no sign and ay're good men be hidden like foxes in their holes ready to defend our position at a moment's call. It's still so very dark out there.

UNION LIEUTENANT

*He's said this about a million times.*

Dusk, sir.

CAPTAIN BENEDICT

Black as pitch.

*SAM and COLT enter and approach a small shack a few hundred yards below the fort.*

COLT

Stay here. I shouldn't be long.

SAM

But . . .

COLT

You'll be safe here.

*Giving her his gun.*

Do you know how to use this?

SAM

Sure. Maybe. I've read about it. How hard can it be? (*She holds the gun awkwardly between two fingers, clearly afraid of it. COLT gives her a look.*) Uh... I thought you said I'd be safe here.

COLT

*Still eyeing the dangling pistol*

I'm not always right. I won't be long.

***COLT exits. SAM sits in the dark. There is a small forest sound, then a larger one. SAM is nervous but practices aiming the gun awkwardly each time getting a little more cocky now she's alone. Then there's a pregnant pause, followed by a significant forest disturbance sound. COLT quickly approaches the shack. SAM panics and fires the gun in his general vicinity. Everybody talks fast.***

COLT

Whoa!

SAM

Sorry.

COLT

Wow--

SAM

I know—

COLT

That was--

SAM

I know, I KNOW, RIGHT?

COLT

No, that almost—

SAM

I feel bad

COLT

OK. Quick lesson. There's me and there's them. Shoot at the them, not at the me.

SAM

You frightened me. I thought you were . . .

COLT

What?

SAM

I shot an actual gun at—

COLT

The Me.

That's bad. SAM

Could be fatal. Please stop. COLT

*He gives her a lantern. She's still shaken, but a tiny bit elated that she had the capacity to fire the gun at all.*

No, but I shot at you. SAM

Right. COLT

With a gun. SAM

I remember. I'll be back soon. Might have lost the element of surprise. COLT

*COLT exits.*

That was not a good thing I did there. OK. Ohhhhkkaaay. Okokokokok! Calm down. Keep it together, Sam. I wish father were here. SAM

*SAM lights a lantern then turns and finds herself suddenly face to face with JOHN, an imposing black man in working clothes. She points the gun at him.*

Are you a *them*? SAM

I'm just me, ma'am. John. I thought I heard someone. JOHN

*SAM jumps up quickly keeping him at gun point.*

You're big. SAM

Yep. JOHN

And it's dark SAM

Yeah. JOHN

And . . . SAM

I'm black. JOHN

Yeah. I mean, no! It's fine . . . SAM

JOHN

*Laughing.*  
It's OK. Scares me too sometimes.

SAM

Who are you?

JOHN  
John. John Henry. Steel driver by trade. And who are you, little one?

SAM  
I'm Sam. Uh . . .no trade. I'll only be here a minute – as soon as he gets back . . .

JOHN  
Your father?

SAM  
No, my . . .did you say John Henry? Not the . . .

JOHN  
Yep.

SAM  
With the . . .

*JOHN pulls out an enormous hammer.*

SAM  
But you're dead.

JOHN  
Don't believe everything you hear. But I am awful hungry. You want to share an apple?

SAM  
Sure.

JOHN  
Good. Do you have one?

*SAM takes an apple out of her bag and gives it to him.*

SAM

Here you are.

JOHN

Thank you, kindly. Wish granted.

SAM

*Sitting down to eat with him.*

You scared me to death. I guess I was a little jumpy after shooting my friend.

*JOHN pauses, eyeing the gun – then SAM.*

*The scene shifts to the interior of the fort. An ancient-looking chest is isolated in a beam of smoky light atop an array of planks and halberd-spikes. One army is stationed to the left flank of the fort, the other to the right. COLT enters, carefully approaching the chest in the center. Suddenly shots ring out from both sides causing COLT to reel quickly back into the shadows.*

CAPTAIN BENEDICT

What's this I hear?

UNION SOLDIER

*A little taken aback. Usually it's a false alarm.*

Someone actually approaching, sir!

CAPTAIN BENEDICT

*Looking through his glass.*

I see. *(He doesn't.)* Dozens of them.

UNION SOLDIER

No, *(sigh)* just one, sir.

CAPTAIN BENEDICT

One entire regiment!

*Yelling out to the darkness.*

We may be outnumbered, dogs, but know this: ye'll feel the sting of our steel before laying a Wretched Rebel finger on yon' vessel!

*On the other side of the fort.*

CAPTAIN TWIGGS

Lay down your rifles, all!

We face the thief with blades of cold, cold steel alone.

We few, we merry few.  
Let all who march with me say AYE!

REBEL SOLDIERS

Aye!

*He's deaf.*

CAPTAIN TWIGGS

What no one? Cowards are you? Then I go alone.

*Scene switches back to JOHN and SAM. John unwraps a faintly glowing stone he had hidden away. It's about the size of a heart. Sam is pacing.*

JOHN

You remind me of my daughter. Can't stand still. But if you've come here to make a wish, you're wasting your time.

SAM

What?

JOHN

Can't get at the magic in there.

*The stone glows.*

She glows but that's it.

SAM

I've seen a light like this.

JOHN

Not like this. No ma'am.

SAM

Yes, I have. In a saddle bag.

JOHN

*Looking at her more closely*

Sounds like you may know a lot about stones. My little girl did too. Always askin' me to bust 'em open so she could see what was inside. Funny little kid – like you.

SAM

But, not many stones are like this.

JOHN

No. Only three like it in the world. Enchanted this whole place you see – even them folk up there at the fort. They ever lose this stone or cross t'other side of that mountain... whoosh. Like dust they blow away. Wishes got granted here.

*The scene shifts to the fort. BENEDICT, TWIGGS and COLT have drawn swords now and are circling the chest dodging in and between the planks and spikes that surround it. Their dialogue is punctuated by swordplay.*

CAPTAIN TWIGGS

Maybe you didn't hear me, young man. There is a prophecy—

COLT

Not so young as all that...

CAPTAIN BENEDICT

He who shall this chest possess shall triumph o'er his foes indeed – indomitable—

CAPTAIN TWIGGS

And in conclusion, win the war!

*The swashbuckling escalates.*

COLT

But gentlemen—(*Swords lock, WHANG!*) Gentlemen—(*Again, CLANG!*) HOLD IT! The war is over.

CAPTAIN BENEDICT

Impossible. No one has captured the chest. Have they?

*He can't see.*

UNION LIEUTENANT

*Helping.*

No sir.

CAPTAIN BENEDICT

We been a'stalemate nigh 50 years.

CAPTAIN TWIGGS

Don't let him fill your head with lies!  
I dagger-ed mine own ears anon,  
To keep such portents out!

*COLT makes a move toward the chest and they block him.*

COLT

Look, your war ended decades ago. How is this not good news?

CAPTAIN BENEDICT

Hah! Good? Son, I've gi'en me life, me liberty, e'en me very SIGHT to see that cur o'er there'll ne'er gaze upon what I cannot! This chest here, 'natch.

COLT

Can't you see?

*BENEDICT is clearly facing the wrong direction.*

CAPTAIN BENEDICT

I beg your pardon?

COLT

You can return to your families.

CAPTAIN BENEDICT

As what? What is a cap'n without an army? A soldier without a war? Nay, sir. Keep your lies! I see only the world I desire, now!

*With a quick move, COLT neutralizes CAPTAIN BENEDICT and has his sword at his neck.*

COLT

I'm sorry. I need that chest.

*TWIGGS puts a pistol to the back of COLT's head.*

CAPTAIN TWIGGS

Drop your weapon, sir.

*Still blind...*

CAPTAIN BENEDICT

Me, or him?

*COLT drops his sword and reaches for his gun. It isn't there.*

*Scene shifts back to the shack where SAM is examining COLT'S gun.*

SAM

Three magic stones and three... of something else? What?

*MUSIC 13 – Make a Wish, John*

JOHN

Not "what," "who." The granters of wishes. The enchanter's of fireflies. Dreamwrights. I met 'em. All three. All started when I made a wish of my own.

*As JOHN tells the legend, it comes to animated life on the flickering walls behind them.*

THOUGHT ALL I'D EVER NEED  
 WAS A SHOT AT BEING FREE  
 WHAT A WISH, LORD, WHAT A WISH  
 BUT IT DOESN'T STOP AT BEING FREE  
 A WIFE AND A GIRL I NEED TO FEED  
 ANOTHER WISH JOHN, MAKE A WISH

BROKEN SHACKLES; MELT 'EM DOWN  
 MAKE A HAMMER; FIFTY POUND  
 ONE BLOW CAN SHAKE THE GROUND  
 THERE'S THUNDER IN THE SOUND  
 DRIVING STEEL AND CARVING LAND  
 I'LL BE BETTER THAN ANY MAN  
 IF I CAN DO WHAT NO ONE CAN  
 THEY'LL FINALLY UNDERSTAND  
 SO MAKE A WISH

The first Dreamwright granted my wish. He believed in me, in my family, in my dream. Set me loose to build a track straight across this land. Boss said if I finish it in 40 days I'd have 40 acres for me, my Polly and our little girl.

But turns out there's a second Dreamwright – and another man with a wish.

I THINK THAT LAND IS ALMOST MINE  
 BOSS HAS ANOTHER PLAN IN MIND  
 HE MAKES A WISH; MAKES A WISH  
 GONNA BUILD A GREAT MACHINE  
 IRON CLAD AND HISSING STEAM  
 TO GET HIS WISH; TO GET THAT WISH  
 MILES OF TRACK WE HAVE TO LAY  
 THERE'S A MOUNTAIN IN THE WAY  
 IF HIS MACHINE CAN SAVE THE DAY  
 HE'LL TAKE MY JOB AWAY, LORD  
 ONLY WAY TO KEEP MY PRIDE  
 RACE IT THROUGH THAT MOUNTAIN SIDE  
 CARVE A TUNNEL HIGH AND WIDE  
 FIRST TO SEE THE LIGHT  
 WILL GET HIS WISH

All a'sudden this ain't about a dream anymore – aint' about a family. It's just a race to see who's faster, who's stronger, who wants to win more. Polly begged me not to do it. Said she' rather have me than all the land in the USA. But I left her behind – left my little girl, too. No machine was gonna steal my pride away. Ain't no wish stronger than John Henry. I busted that mountain clean apart – but weren't nothing inside but more and more rock and sweat and pain. Don't stop, John. Gonna win the race. Gonna get your wish. Gonna give up your life even to beat that hunk of tin and steam.

And then suddenly you break out into light . . .

BURNING LUNGS AND POUNDING HEART  
 SUDDEN FALL AND FALL APART  
 GOT MY WISH; GOT MY WISH  
 EVEN WHEN YOU WHEN THE RACE  
 THERE'S A PRICE YOU HAVE TO PAY  
 TO GET A WISH; TO GET YOUR WISH  
 CAN'T FEEL MY ARMS OR CATCH MY BREATH  
 ONLY FEEL THE CHILL OF DEATH  
 THERE'S ONLY ONE WISH LEFT  
 JUST BEFORE THE LIGHT FADES  
 WISH TO LIVE ANOTHER DAY  
 SO THEY TOOK ME FAR AWAY  
 LAND IS GONE AND SO'S MY GIRL  
 WON THE RACE AND LOST THE WORLD

## TO GET MY WISH

I lost.

SAM

No, you beat the machine. You won.

JOHN

Some things are worth dying for. That ain't one.

SAM

But you didn't die.

JOHN

Didn't, but should've – 'cept for that third Dreamwright. He was there when I came smashing through that mountain, near dead from exhaustion and worry. I thought at first he was with the Pony Express lookin' at his get-up. I begged him to get a message to my family – tell 'em how sorry I was. Tell 'em how I did it for them in the end, not just for me.

SAM

Did you? Do it for them, I mean?

JOHN

Started out wanting to be the greatest steel driver – ended up just wishing I could be a father again.

SAM

So, I'm confused. Are you dead, or not?

JOHN

Like I said, I should've been dead. But that third fella gave me one more chance – said he might just have a loophole for a man like me – and brought me here. Guard the stone that can never be broken. Watch over the magic that keeps me alive. Stay at my post until he returns.

SAM

That stone – it's magic, then?

JOHN

Wish is a powerful thing. Too much power and the wrong wish? Who knows what might happen? All I know is wishing power been taken out of those dreamwrights and hidden up in these stones and I got to keep this one safe 'till he comes back.

SAM

Who?

JOHN

Well, now I think you already know who I mean seeing as how you got his gun right there.

SAM

This? You mean Colt?

JOHN

What I'm hoping is you two are friendly travelling together – and not that you got that gun by being unkind.

SAM

No, he's here! But it can't be the same man. He'd be over a hundred years old!

JOHN

He was older than that when I met him.

SAM

How long have you been waiting here?

JOHN

Doesn't matter. What matters is: now YOU'RE here, HE'S here. Maybe I can finally go.

SAM

Colt went up to that fort. Looking for you, I imagine, or that stone?

JOHN

Found those ghost soldiers instead, I'd reckon. (*Laughing a little*) I bet that was a surprise! They weren't here back when.

SAM

Soldiers? Is he in danger?

JOHN

Old, dusty ghosts ain't no match for the Colt I know.

*COLT is revealed in the fort. He's tied to a chair, captured by the Captains.*

JOHN

*Holding up the glowing stone.*

And besides, we got what they're all looking for.

*Scene shifts back to the Captains as JOHN speaks and they open the chest, reacting almost in synch with his revelation.*

CAPTAIN TWIGGS

What treachery is this?  
What foul deed has befallen?

COLT

What are you talking about?

CAPTAIN BENEDICT

Will someone please tell me what is going on in regular words?

It's empty, sir. UNION LIEUTENANT

What? Who? CAPTAIN BENEDICT

CAPTAIN TWIGGS

*Turning on COLT*

It must be HIM, the wolf who sneaketh in at night.  
Where be the treasure? Where is the power gone?

What was supposed to be in thar, anyhow? CAPTAIN BENEDICT

It matters not! What 'ere it was, I want it back forthwith! CAPTAIN TWIGGS

Be this some kind o' trick? CAPTAIN BENEDICT

*They both turn, blades drawn on COLT, now.*

A trick? Why would I bother! I don't care about your ridiculous war! Obviously one of YOU came in here and stole it right from under the other's nose! COLT

*The CAPTAINS turn on each other.*

The blasted rebel scum! Where be he presently, location-wise? Someone point me blade at his throat! CAPTAIN BENEDICT

*He can't see so he's swinging his blade about, trying to find TWIGGS to run him through. TWIGGS keeps dancing just out of harm's way. He hasn't heard much of anything so he's not really sure what's happening.*

What? What? CAPTAIN TWIGGS

AHA! CAPTAIN BENEDICT

What... what say you, man? Believe not this fellow's lies.  
Think you that I the treasure stole?  
This outrageous, foul, pernicious-- CAPTAIN TWIGGS

That's right, just keep talking so I can find you. CAPTAIN BENEDICT

CAPTAIN TWIGGS

Wait, NO, Uhhhh...

***CAPTAIN BENEDICT has CAPTAIN TWIGGS at sword point.***

CAPTAIN BENEDICT

Epic Poetry finally run dry? Guilt tied your tongue old feller?

CAPTAIN TWIGGS

Look, I swear it wasn't ME! He's lying – surely – oh, blast it, man. No one else saw what happened. Let's just kill him and pretend the treasure is still in there.

CAPTAIN BENEDICT

Keep things as they were?

CAPTAIN TWIGGS

Aye. As they were. Forever.

***The CAPTAINS turn on COLT. They approach slowly.***

CAPTAIN TWIGGS

Make your final wish.

***JOHN enters from behind them holding the brilliantly glowing magic stone.***

JOHN

Looking for this?

***The CAPTAINS turn on JOHN.***

COLT

John! It's been a long time, my friend.

JOHN

Too long.

COLT

Sorry about that.

CAPTAIN TWIGGS

Is that – the treasure?

JOHN

Yep. Didn't trust it in there with ya'll building forts and waving weapons around.

CAPTAIN BENEDICT

What does it look like? What is it?

CAPTAIN TWIGGS

It looks like – I'm going to win this war after all is what it looks like. Hand it over!

JOHN

Cain't do that, I'm afraid

*Unseen by the CAPTAINS, SAM has snuck in behind COLT and is attempting to free him from the chair. She's not doing well, but COLT is not being particularly patient or helpful. The next sections of dialogue occur simultaneously, COLT and SAM arguing while JOHN tries to stall the Captains with a monologue.*

JOHN

You can face me down with steel, you can come at me with blazing guns –

*During JOHN'S speech, rising gradually in volume.*

COLT

No, no, no , have you ever cut a rope before?

SAM

Yes, no, maybe, how hard can it be? I've cut other things.

COLT

Great

JOHN

*He never stopped talking.*

– threaten my life, my very freedom – but NOTHING you can say or ever do will make a jot o'difference in this great, big world –

*Now SAM and COLT'S bickering is starting to draw attention.*

SAM

What kind of rope is this?

COLT

Who cares? Regular ropey-rope... just CUT... never mind—

SAM

Don't yell at me. If it's jute then it's different than cotton and harder to cut so—

COLT

Just hand me my sword.

JOHN

*Still going, building to a rousing finish.*

– because I still have breath left in me, I have a power INSIDE, and more than that –

SAM

Hang on.

YOU'RE DOING IT WRONG! COLT

JOHN

*Bringing it home!*  
– I have a PLAN!

*By now, of course, everyone is looking directly at COLT and SAM.*

CAPTAIN TWIGGS  
Are we interrupting your poor attempt at escape?

COLT  
Uh... what was your plan, there, John?

JOHN  
Well, I was trying “distraction.” But . . .

SAM  
What do we do? WHAT DO WE—

CAPTAIN BENEDICT  
*Grabbing SAM and holding her hostage.*  
I'll tell you what we do, missy. Your brethren here hand over that treasure and I CONSIDER not killin' ye.

*TWIGGS hasn't heard a word.*

CAPTAIN TWIGGS  
Wait, what's being discussed, now?

SAM  
Colt?

COLT  
You know, Sam, I think you're right. This IS jute.

*COLT has freed himself from the chair. He whips the rope around and catches CAP'N TWIGGS by surprise, toppling him over. COLT leaps up and JOHN tosses the glowing stone through the air towards him.*

JOHN  
Catch!

*It flies in slow motion. BENEDICT can't see.*

CAPTAIN BENEDICT  
What? Where?

*In a single, spectacular move COLT catches the flying stone and heroically swoops up SAM as she flies free of CAP'N BENEDICT'S grasp.*

COLT

*With SAM on his arm, everyone looking a little surprised the maneuver worked.*  
Ok, new plan. Run!

***MUSIC – 14 – The Escape – Underscore (demo coming soon)***

*Bugles, drums and rhythmic cannon fire. Suddenly a legion of GHOST SOLDIERS with rifles and swords are in pursuit. JOHN, COLT, and SAM are running out front talking as they escape.*

COLT

*To JOHN as he places the stone in his saddlebag.*  
That was great what you said back there. Completely would've worked if... *(a sideways glance at SAM)* someone were better with knots.

SAM

Hey, those ropes were surprisingly well tied!

JOHN

I've had a lot of time to think.

COLT

Yeah. Sorry about that. I should've... I meant to come back a lot sooner but—

SAM

*Toward COLT*

So... magic rocks in the bag, eh? And you're what, couple hundred years old?

COLT

Yes. NO! Maybe... what was the question again?

JOHN

At LEAST 200. Still have a way with the ladies, I see.

COLT

I don't need any more help from you, thanks.

***Cannon fire close by.***

COLT

Except this one time. Which way?

JOHN

Into the tunnel. Once you get through the mountain, they can't follow you.

Why? COLT

SAM

Whoosh. *Making the same gesture JOHN did when describing the ghosts' demise.*

Exactly. JOHN

Is that a real explanation or— COLT

GO! JOHN

*They duck into the tunnel. Behind them, the regiments have grown and are now blazing giant shadows against the sky as they increase the intensity of the chase. High atop the battlements, the two captains have joined forces to command their combined ghost army.*

CAPTAIN BENEDICT  
Where be the thievin' dogs?

CAPTAIN TWIGGS  
In the tunnels! The tunnels deep and long  
Which under i'over this mountain do traverse---

CAPTAIN BENEDICT  
Lay off the poetry, man! Fire the cannon at will! Block their escape!

*A large explosion and the three fugitives change course.*

JOHN  
This way! THIS WAY!

*Another explosion. A few rocks come down from above. COLT pulls SAM to safety.*

JOHN  
Still one more passage to try—

*BOOM! A final cannon report rocks the cavern and we hear the massive slide of rock. Everyone coughs up some dust.*

JOHN  
It WAS a passage.

CAPTAIN BENEDICT  
HA! Ran into a rock slide did ye? Did they?

## UNION LIEUTENANT

Yes, sir!

## CAPTAIN BENEDICT

Little dead end problem? I'm sore afraid there's now some 600 foot o' solid rock and stone between you and your ill-conceived escape.

## CAPTAIN TWIGGS

We now have on grand display 12 cannon brass,  
400 gallant men stand firm and true  
Our forces are united to enhasten your demise.  
What have you now – I say what HAVE YOU?

## COLT

I have nothing. But... John has a hammer.

*MUSIC – 15 – Through the Mountain - underscore*

*There is an earth shattering thump. Music. JOHN begins to bust through the mountain, his mighty hammer swinging in giant, rhythmic silhouette against the red sky, ghost armies in pursuit.*

## NARRATOR PATIENCE

One last race, John. One more wish.  
One more mountain in your way, one last swing, one last day.

*JOHN is tiring. He looks almost beat.*

Dust flies, memories fly, rocks bust wide open. She's waiting for you. It's all waiting for you.  
Don't stop, John. Don't stop.  
Till you reach the other side, John. Till you reach your girl – the girl you left behind.

## JOHN

ENOUGH! I'm... goin'... HOME!

*With three final earth-shattering, epic hammer swings JOHN brings the mountain down and breaks open the escape route! He falls to the ground, completely spent his legend fulfilled.*

*MUSIC 16 – John Goes Home – underscore and song*

## JOHN

I wish.

## SAM

John! What's—

*SAM runs to JOHN and holds his hand.*

## JOHN

It's time for me to go on home, Colt. The land they promised me.

COLT  
I'll miss you old friend. You give my best to Polly.

JOHN  
You should get on out of here.

COLT  
Right. Sam, come on.

SAM  
I'm not leaving him behind.

JOHN  
I'm finished busting things . . .

SAM  
You'll be alright. Stay with me.

COLT  
Sam. Let him go.

SAM  
No. He's . . . he's . . .

COLT  
He's John Henry. The only one that ever was or ever will be – but his work is done. It's time for him to go home. He's made of magic, now – no more human than those ghosts back there.

SAM  
No. No, a great deal more human.

JOHN  
I wish.

*SAM holds him. Lights soften. SOLDIERS abandon their pursuit.*

SOLDIERS  
HOME FROM THE MEADOWS  
HOME FROM THE MOUNTAIN  
SOLDIERS AND HEROES  
WE ALL WILL COME HOME  
HOPING TO FIND HER WITH LANTERN STILL SHINING  
SOFTLY REPEATING WE'LL NE'ER AGAIN ROAM

*SOLDIERS have form peaceful ranks as they emerge from the mountain. Fireflies are gathering in the night air. SAM is sitting on the ground with JOHN, COLT stands apart – watching.*

SAM  
What is it, John?

JOHN

I made a wish to beat a hunk of tin. Selfish and wasted. Machine beat me, anyhow. Only one kind of wish makes any difference.

SAM

What, John?

SOLDIERS

HOME FROM THE MEADOWS  
HOME FROM THE MOUNTAIN  
SOLDIERS AND HEROES  
WE ALL WILL COME HOME  
HOPING TO FIND HER WITH LANTERN STILL SHINING  
SOFTLY REPEATING WE'LL NE'ER AGAIN ROAM

YOUNG SOLDIER

SOFTLY REPEATING WE'LL NE'ER AGAIN ROAM

JOHN

Just... look after one another. *(He has a final, curious thought.)* Huh. Had an apple after all.

*He produces an apple. He smiles and gives it to SAM as he begins to fade.*

*Fireflies gather around JOHN. He is content and vanishes into thin air along with the soldiers.*

## 10. THE PROBLEM

*Projections and old film reels chronicling TOM MAJOR'S scientific achievements play in a loop on the walls. PROCTOR is in the midst of a presentation to the audience – a lesson in soliloquy, if you will, using his cane to highlight points. As the song continues, PROCTOR'S following of silent partners grows in a line across the stage. TOM is dressing for another press event.*

### *MUSIC 18 – All in Small Degrees*

PROCTOR  
 A RAINDROP FORMS A PUDDLE  
 IT OVERFLOWS INTO A STREAM  
 THE STREAM BECOMES A RIVER  
 AS IT STARTS TO BUILD UP STEAM  
 THE PATIENT RAINDROP CARVES A CANYON  
 AND THEN IT FORMS THE SEAS  
 JUST LIKE A SOUL CAN BE CORRUPTED  
 ALL IN SMALL DEGREES

*A line begins to form. It is TOM's wealthy investors and a blackmailer or two.*

A BRILLIANT MAN WHO HAD A VISION  
 AND A LOVING DAUGHTER TOO  
 HAD TO MAKE A SMALL DECISION  
 TO MAKE A WISH COME TRUE  
 SO HE LEAVES THE LOVING DAUGHTER  
 FOR A WHILE HE BELIEVES  
 BUT WHAT THE EYE NEVER SEES  
 THE HEART NEVER GRIEVES  
 AND A SOUL WILL BE CORRUPTED  
 ALL IN SMALL DEGREES

THE VISION OF THE BRILLIANT MAN  
 IS MAKING MONEY FIST OVER HAND  
 THE VISION HAD TO CHANGE  
 BUT THE WISH IS STILL IN RANGE  
 HER CHILDHOOD'S OVER SOON AND YET  
 THE MONEY'S NICE  
 IT'S NOT A CRIME  
 IT'S JUST SO EASY TO FORGET  
 YOU CAN MAKE MORE MONEY BUT NOT MORE TIME

*PROCTOR is giving money to a blackmailer who begins to walk away.*

SO I CAN KEEP THE RUMORS QUIET  
 I CAN PAY THE BRIBES  
 TO KEEP HIM PUSHING FORWARD

I'LL FILL HIM FULL OF LIES  
 AND IF BY CHANCE  
 THERE COMES SOMEONE TO CHANGE WHAT HE BELIEVES  
 HE'LL FIND THE WARMTH IS LEAVING HIM

*PROCTOR suddenly fires his gun. The bullet flies in slow motion past the line of silent partners, each one watching it as it passes, finally striking a blackmailer, who is resigned to his fate by this time..*

ALL IN SMALL DEGREES

BUT IF YOU WISH TO PUT TO SEA, TOM  
 THEN DO NOT MISS THE TIDE  
 AND WHEN THE TIDE IS TURNING  
 IT'S A WAVE YOU HAVE TO RIDE

THE VISION MADE THE MONEY  
 THE MONEY MADE THE FAME  
 BUT WE ALL KNOW  
 THE WEALTH MUST GROW  
 THINGS CANNOT STAY THE SAME

*TOM walks on to a stage that has a covered vat of liquid. REPORTERS are present.*

SUDDENLY THERE'S A PROBLEM

REPORTER 1 (MAYOR)

Mr. Major. Reports say 16 people under your employ have fallen ill with the same symptoms – uncontrolled spasms, as if their nervous system had been poisoned.

PROCTOR  
 YOU CAN SEE IT IN THEIR EYES

REPORTER 2 (COLONEL)

Ms. Francis Deverelli, 25, mother of two, died last night from unknown causes. Do you care to comment?

PROCTOR  
 SO WHAT DO YOU DO  
 TO MAKE A WISH COME TRUE?

TOM

My friends, it has come to my attention that there are rumors that our processed lead is poison. It's fumes toxic. To this I say . . .

PROCTOR  
 THE PROBLEM NEEDS TO GO AWAY  
 BECAUSE YOU STILL HAVEN'T REACHED THE PRIZE  
 AND YOU'D NEVER HAVE LEFT YOUR GIRL THIS WAY  
 SO IT DOESN'T REALLY MATTER IF SOMEONE . . .

TOM

. . .Nonsense. And to finally put this all to rest – a demonstration. You see before you the material in question in its most concentrated form.

*TOM rolls up his sleeves, inhales the fumes deeply, and submerges his arms into the vat of liquid Lead-zene. He cups his hands and rinses his face with the fluid.*

Harmless. And I hope that will put this matter to rest.

*The reporters exit.*

PROCTOR

EVERY RIVER BEGINS AS A RAINDROP  
 EVERY FORTUNE A LONELY DIME  
 EVERY FIRE STARTS WITH A SINGLE SPARK  
 YOU JUST MUST GIVE IT TIME  
 EVERY TARNISHED, TWISTED, BATTERED SOUL  
 STARTS WITH A SHINY WISH

*TOM exits the “stage” and stumbles, clearly ill.*

A TONGUE IS NOT STEEL – AND YET CAN CUT  
 A SIMPLE WISH SEEMED HARMLESS BUT  
 A WISH CAN TURN SO FATAL  
 LIKE SEEDS BECOME THE TREES  
 EVERYTHING IS DONE WITH EASE  
 WHEN DONE IN SMALL DEGREES

*Blackout.*

## 11. THE LEVIATHAN

*The MAP descends and on it is highlighted the Mississippi River, glowing blue and gold in the setting sun.*

NARRATOR MAYOR

Observe! The mouth of the beast at 29 North by 89 West!

NARRATOR COLONEL

Two thousand five-hundred and thirty miles long.

NARRATOR PATIENCE

Powerful and wide – a mile across!

NARRATOR SULLIVAN

Fourth longest river on the globe.

NARRATOR GRACE

Ferrying dreams and ships –

NARRATOR FOSTER

And lifeblood. The artery of a young nation:

ALL

These United States!

NARRATOR MAYOR

Murky from the restless stirring of capital, bleeding the watershed of 31 states into the Gulf of Mexico, and we call it –

ALL

The Mighty Mississippi!

*COLT and SAM drift in on a raft.*

NARRATOR PATIENCE

Rushing to its destiny in the dark, carrying truth and mystery in its wake.

*SAM is standing, waving a lantern in a wide pattern from side to side. COLT is preparing ropes and watching for sunset.*

SAM

Why am I doing this, again?

COLT

Just keep it high, like this, and slow. Needs to be seen from a long way off.

Out there? SAM

No. Down there. Under the water. COLT

So – I should just expect that nothing will ever make sense again? SAM

That’s been my policy for a while now. Done all right by it. COLT

I didn’t even question when this raft came floating by the moment we got to the waters edge. I half expected Charon to ferry us through the water. SAM

Charon? COLT

You know. Black robe . . . long pole . . .Greek. . . myth. Ever read a book? SAM

*COLT stands behind her, grabs her hand and corrects her lantern pattern.*

It should be more of a figure 8. And over the water not the raft. COLT

Sorry. But, you say John Henry was just some mythical creature, right? Served his purpose and disappeared. SAM

Something like that. COLT

But we’re really floating in the real Mississippi. This is a real river. Not a mythical river, right? SAM

Who says it can’t be both? COLT

Um . . .Science. SAM

Hm. Yeah, sometimes the answers just dredge up more questions. COLT

So, you’re taking a couple of glowing rocks to San Francisco. SAM

COLT  
Right.

SAM  
Because. . . ?

COLT  
There's someone there who will give me freedom in exchange for them.

SAM  
And you're just OK with the fact that none of this makes sense?

COLT  
Well . . . Your words, not mine.

SAM  
OK, so, assuming this IS real... why me? Why my wish?

COLT  
I don't know. You must have really meant it.

SAM  
Only sincere wishes come true. I suppose that's good.

COLT  
You seem to think that "sincere" and "good" are the same thing. They're not. I want out of the wish granting game.

SAM  
And thus the two useless rocks.

COLT  
Yeah.

SAM  
See. My father took great pains to teach me science so I wouldn't ever have to rely on "magic" in the first place. Could've helped in your situation, I gather.

COLT  
I didn't say I wanted to be free of magic. I'm just tired of being its errand boy. The lantern?

SAM  
And I'm just saying it's a lot easier if you don't believe in it in the first place.

COLT  
What does "believing" have to do with it?

SAM  
I assumed pretty much "everything."

You're misled. Look up. COLT

What, clouds? A cloud is just ice crystals floating in the sky. SAM

Mm-hm. COLT  
*Humoring her.*

But most of the time you can't see them. SAM

Right. COLT

They're too small... they've transformed into a gas. SAM

Invisible, transforming crystals... in the sky. How is that not magic? Now wave the lantern. COLT

*A storm begins to gather and COLT takes on a renewed sense of purpose. He ties a rope around SAM's waist.*

But we can't live in some fairyland with nothing to guide us but strange rituals and superstitions. You can't have both. It is either science or magic. SAM

I didn't realize we had to choose. COLT

*COLT is preparing a ritual, unseen by SAM who is still waving the lantern.*

Then we just end up with irrational superstitions . . . SAM

Keep it higher. COLT  
*Referring to her lantern.*

. . . and peculiar rituals. SAM

Some of them are downright barbaric. COLT

*He takes out his sword, makes a small cut on his finger and begins squeezing drops of blood into the river.*

*MUSIC 18 – The Leviathan- underscore*

SAM

But I guess that didn't stop you from risking both of our lives to collect your glowing rocks. Any other ridiculous task you need to do before we get to San Francisco?

COLT

Just one more.

SAM

What's that?

COLT

Slay Goliath.

SAM

David beat you to it.

COLT

Different Goliath.

SAM

Yes, I figured it was a metaphor.

COLT

Nope. Not a metaphor. Just his name.

SAM

Who?

COLT

The leviathan.

*Thunder. A storm is brewing on the river.*

SAM

Leviathan. Like a sea monster?

COLT

And I've read thousands of books, Sam. Sometimes it's only a "myth" because you haven't seen it, yet.

SAM

Seen what?

COLT

*As if reciting an ancient verse.*  
 "Just three drops will call the monster forth."

*They both hear something. A slow, chanting musical build as SAM begins to sense something beneath the water. The storm grows more violent. Lightning punctuates the dialogue.*

SAM

What was that? Something bumped the – what bumped the boat?

COLT

Hold tight to the lantern, Sam.

SAM

But what just went by down there? It was big!

COLT

He'll be lulled by the pattern and ultimately it will be the light within . . .

SAM

Light within? He who? Where did this storm come from?

COLT

Oh, and by the way, if I don't survive just head west. You'll be in California in a week. (*Calling out over the water as a low rumble starts to compete with the sounds of the storm.*) HA! You rage on, old Beast! This time it's me or you!

SAM

What?

COLT

*Urgently, while concentrating on the water.*  
Now hand me the rope. Quick, it's our only shot.

SAM

*Looking for a rope and panicking.*  
What rope?!

COLT

Hurry, Sam.

SAM

There's no rope! WHAT KIND OF ROPE?

COLT

He's almost up. REGULAR ROPEY... oh for crying out loud...

SAM

I don't see a rope! I DON'T SEE A ROPE OF ANY KIND!

LANTERN!

COLT

*COLT draws his sword. We see a pair of huge eyes and with a sudden lightning flash, the beast rears its head from the deep.*

Impossi –

SAM

Hello, Goliath. Remember me?

COLT

*Goliath sweeps once around the raft, rocking it ferociously and smashing beneath the waves.*

I believe you've gotten bigger. What've you been eating down there?

Leviathans don't exist!

SAM

Interesting hypothesis.

COLT

*Goliath suddenly rears up around the boat and crashes down again, rocking COLT and SAM, almost toppling them*

Real world analysis?

WHERE DID HE GO?

SAM

*COLT kicks up a length of rope and hands one end to SAM.*

He'll be back, and he won't play around anymore. Don't let go, Sam, whatever happens – don't let go of that lantern unless I . . .

COLT

What? UNLESS WHAT?

SAM

Nothing. Just keep the light.

COLT

*Goliath surfaces behind them again. SAM holds tight to the rope and moves the lantern dutifully as instructed. For a beat, Goliath is hypnotized.*

This is crazy!

SAM

Not really. But THIS is.

COLT

*Goliath lunges, and COLT runs directly into the monster's mouth, vanishing!*

SAM

Colt! Colt!

*The monster begins to turn away.*

Come back here!

*SAM takes out her baseball and throws it at the beast. It turns back toward her.*

SAM

Ok, coming back. Not the smartest thing... *(She starts frantically moving the lantern as Goliath rushes towards her.)* Wait. WAIT! The light within... then this rope must be –

COLT

*Calling from the creature's mouth as Goliath bears down on her.*

SAM! TRUST ME!

*The rope tightens, yanking SAM off the raft and directly towards COLT and Goliath. In an instant, SAM is swallowed! Thunder! Then SAM'S lantern bursts into light casting shadows of COLT inside the beast as he hacks away. Goliath spins into the water in pain as lightning strikes the raft, shattering it into a million pieces! COLT struggles with the monster as it plunges deep into the waves on the horizon. Suddenly it crests and...*

*COLT is riding atop the Leviathan's back, sword drawn high over his head! He brings the blade down hard, landing a fatal blow!*

*Blackout.*

*End of Act One.*

## 12. THE SHOWBOAT

*The MAP again, this time marking a riverboat just north of New Orleans. A charismatic jazz performer, SYDNEY appears solo on a stage.*

### *MUSIC 19 – Magi-musi-mysti-sario*

SYDNEY  
 THAT DEVIL IN THE WATER'S GONE  
 TO HIS MUDDY GRAVE BELOW  
 GOLIATH OF A THOUSAND YEARS  
 SO SAD TO SEE HIM GO  
 THIS BOAT CAN TRAVEL SAFELY  
 ROLL THE FOG OF FEAR AWAY  
 AND SPREAD THE NATION  
 WITH SYNCOPATION  
 LISTEN TO THE MUSIC PLAY

*The riverboat comes to life. A party in full swing. SYDNEY leads the show. COLT enters still a bit tattered from the battle.*

COLT

Thanks for picking us up.

SYDNEY

Our pleasure. Thanks for slaying Goliath. I'm sure you made at least one lady quite happy.

COLT

Yes. Well . . . Have you seen, Sam? The girl I was with?

SYDNEY

She'll be along shortly. Excuse me.

*He rejoins the show.*

THERES A FAVORITE WORD I KNOW  
 MAGI-MUSI-MYSTI-SARIO  
 SAY IT FAST OR SAY IT SLOW  
 MAGI-MUSI-MYSTI- SARIO  
 IT'S THE MUSICAL QUALITY  
 THAT PUTS THE MAGIC IN THE MELODY  
 THE HYPNOTIZIN' MESMORIZIN'  
 SOUND OF PEOPLE HARMONIZIN'  
 MAGI-MUSI-MYSTI SARIO

It's one of those things in life that can't be explained away. There's just something magical about it. *(To COLT)* You know what I'm talking about. He knows.

YOU START OUT IN NEW ORLEANS  
 JUST A SINGLE CLARINET IN HAND  
 BLOW A LICK ON THAT LICORICE STICK  
 SOON YOU'RE LEADER OF A BAND  
 PLAY A SONG TO MAKE 'EM MOVE REAL SLOW  
 HELPS A BROTHER BE A ROMEO

NOW YOUR FRIENDS WITH EVERYONE YOU KNOW  
MAGI-MUSI-MYSTI- SARIO

POUND THAT SOUND  
A BEAT THAT MAKES YOUR FEET  
JUST WANT TO MOVE AROUND  
CROON THAT TUNE  
PRETTY SOON YOU SWOON  
BECAUSE THE MAGIC IN THE MUSIC  
HAS YOU OFF THE GROUND  
THE ONLY EXPLANATION THAT I KNOW  
YES I MUST INSIST IT  
JUST IN CASE YOU MISSED IT  
MAGI-MUSI-MYSTI- SARIO

Now help us out, Colt.

*Suddenly COLT plays a musical phrase on a trumpet. Who knew he could do that?*

ALL  
MAGI-MUSI-MYSTI- SARIO

*COLT does it again.*

ALL  
MAGI-MUSI-MYSTI- SARIO

*SYDNEY and COLT trade musical phrases.*

ALL  
MAGI-MUSI-MYSTI- SARIO

*They all begin to dance and form a circle. SYDNEY puts a blindfold on COLT and puts him in the middle of the circle of dancers while trading musical phrases.*

*SAM enters the circle blindfolded. She has changed into a dress and looks beautiful and transformed. COLT and SAM trade musical phrases, unaware of who the other is. The musical back and forth builds to a head. Suddenly they are face-to-face and simultaneously take off their blindfolds. A musical tremolo . . . a silent point of connection for the two of them. The music picks up in a more delicate but still jazzy style and they begin to dance. Soon everyone is dancing.*

*SAM speaks with infectious enthusiasm.*

SAM  
I love these people! I even love this dress! This music – I've never heard anything like it. It's magic.

COLT  
Yes, it is. And you, Samantha, are stunning.

*SAM is surprised by the comment. Another moment of connection followed by an awkward pause. SAM takes a cap from the head of a man walking by and wears it. She's more comfortable now.*

***SAM and COLT join the other dancers in a waltz around the dance floor.***

*The music switches back to its original up-tempo feel and the energetic dance comes to a rousing finish.*

ALL  
POUND THAT SOUND

SYDNEY  
A BEAT THAT MAKES YOUR FEET  
JUST WANT TO MOVE AROUND

ALL  
CROON THAT TUNE

SYDNEY  
PRETTY SOON YOU SWOON  
BECAUSE THE

ALL  
MAGIC IN THE MUSIC  
HAS YOU OFF THE GROUND  
THE ONLY EXPLANATION THAT I KNOW  
YES I MUST INSIST IT  
JUST IN CASE YOU MISSED IT  
MAGI-MUSI-MYSTI- SARIO

*As the crowd disperses, COLT takes SAM'S baseball out of his pack.*

COLT  
Found this right before they picked us up.

*SAM grabs it. She is clearly grateful.*

SAM  
Thank you, Colt. I'm speechless.

COLT  
Now, that's magic.

***MUSIC 20 – One Touch of Magic***

SYDNEY

*At a microphone onstage.*

And now after a long absence, it is my duty to reintroduce to you the Lorelei with a lullaby, the sweet siren of the Mississippi. The inescapable, Jade.

*JADE, a beautiful torch singer, materializes in a spotlight. She sings her song as if COLT is an audience of one.*

JADE  
 ANOTHER SIP OF THE WINE  
 A SHIVER SPARKS UP THE SPINE  
 A SMILE REMEMBERING WHEN  
 YOU WANT IT TO HAPPEN AGAIN  
 ONE TOUCH OF MAGIC AND YOU WILL BE MINE  
  
 JUST TRUST IN ME; WE'LL BE FINE  
 LET THOUGHTS AND ARMS INTERTWINE  
 WE START TO SWAY AND THEN  
 THE ROOM BEGINS TO SPIN  
 ONE MOONLIT DANCE IS WHEN  
 DESIRE AND ONE TOUCH OF MAGIC  
 WILL SOON MAKE YOU MINE  
 ALL MINE

*During and instrumental JADE takes COLT'S hand and they begin to dance as if he is under a spell. She whispers in his ear. He nods in agreement. SAM observes all this with discontent.*

Who is she?  
 SAM

That's Jade. She owes quite a debt to you and Colt. Been a prisoner of Ol' Goliath for longer than I can remember. Stuck up in that cave.  
 SYDNEY

Colt knows her?  
 SAM

They have shared a bit of history together. If you get my . . .  
 SYDNEY

*JADE gently touches COLT'S face.*

Got it.  
 SAM

JADE  
 THERE'S NO RESISTING, MISTER  
 THIS TIME YOU'LL STAY AND KISS HER  
 AND NEVER LEAVE HER LIKE YOU DID IN THE PAST  
 A SIMPLE INCANTATION  
 A SWEET INTOXICATION  
 FIRE IN HER EYES  
 HER SKIN IS SOFT  
 HER LIPS ARE WARM  
 THE SPELL IS CAST

*JADE kisses COLT sweetly on the lips.*

WAITED SO LONG FOR THE STARS TO ALIGN  
 WATCHING AND HOPING YOU'D SEND ME A SIGN  
 NOW THAT I'M FINALLY FREE  
 NOW THAT YOU'RE HOLDING ME  
 WE'RE GONNA BE BETTER YOU'LL SEE  
 YOU'RE NEVER ESCAPING FROM ME  
 IT ONLY TOOK TIME AND DESIRE  
 AND ONE TOUCH OF MAGIC TO MAKE YOU MINE  
 MINE  
 MINE

*COLT runs over to SAM as JADE takes her bows. COLT gathers his pack and takes out a glowing rock.*

SAM

*Not completely sincere.*

She's terrific. Is she . . .

COLT

I'm glad you think so. Because she's going with us. Now hurry, we've got a train to catch.

***MUSIC 21 – Wabash Cannonball***

SAM

What? Why? Where are we going to catch a train? I thought . . .

COLT

“Catch” is a relative term. I have to call it first. Hand on my shoulder. Let's see if I can make this work.

*Lights fade to a spotlight on COLT. COLT holds one of the magic rocks in front of him. It begins to glow as he closes his eyes in concentration. JADE walks up, suitcase in hand and touches his shoulder. SAM does likewise and we hear the sound of an enormous, approaching train.*

### 13. THE TRAIN

*At once, we're traveling through the mythic West on a legendary train crowded with passengers and workers, cowboys and vagabonds, making their way through the train car aisles. Deserts and canyons fly by as we steam into the mountains.*

NARRATOR OUTLAW (FOSTER)  
 FROM THE GREAT ATLANTIC OCEAN  
 TO THE WIDE PACIFIC SHORE  
 SAW THE QUEEN OF THE FLOWING RIVERS  
 MIGHTY MOUNTAINS BY THE SCORE  
 SHE'S LONG AND TALL AND HANDSOME,  
 AND SHE'S LOVED BY ONE AND ALL  
 SHE'S A MODERN COMBINATION,  
 CALLED THE WABASH CANNONBALL

ENSEMBLE  
 SHE'S A WABASH, WABASH CANNONBALL  
 WABASH, WABASH CANNONBALL  
 WABASH, WABASH CANNONBALL  
 WABASH, WABASH CANNONBALL

*The NARRATORS take on the personas of train passengers.*

CONDUCTOR (MAYOR)  
 Tickets! Tickets, please. Take your seats!

NARRATOR COWBOY (COLONEL)  
 A legend of a train.

NARRATOR HOBO (SULLIVAN)  
 A myth, some say.

CONDUCTOR (MAYOR)  
 Take your seats if you please – sir. AH, madam!

*JADE and COLT sweep through the aisle.*  
 Any luggage today?

COLT  
 Just a bit.

SAM  
 Hey, wait up!

*She struggles a pace behind JADE and COLT. SAM has been stuck with a load of unwieldy green suitcases.*

COLT

Come along, then.

*As SAM pushes though, the NARRATORS make it harder for her to keep up with COLT.*

PASSENGER (GRACE)

A phantom train 700 cars long – travelling so fast she arrives –

ALL

Before she departs!

SAM

Seriously? Can I just –

*An excited WOMAN WITH BROCHURE blocks SAM and shares her discovery.*

WOMAN WITH BROCHURE (PATIENCE)

Did you know? Most agree it was Paul Bunyan's younger –

HUSBAND OF WOMAN (FOSTER)

Slightly smaller –

WOMAN WITH BROCHURE (PATIENCE)

-- brother, Cal that built this train as a coach to carry the souls of dying wanderers to their final reward.

SAM

A DEATH COACH! How romantic.

*She drops the luggage in frustration. There is a beat. The CONDUCTOR motions for her to move on with the bags.*

NARRATOR COWBOY (COLONEL)

LISTEN TO THE JINGLE,  
THE RUMBLE AND THE ROAR  
RIDIN' THROUGH THE WOODLANDS,  
TO THE HILLS AND BY THE SHORE  
HEAR THE MIGHTY RUSH OF THE ENGINE,  
HEAR THE LONESOME HOBOS CALL  
RIDIN' THROUGH THE JUNGLE  
ON THE WABASH CANNONBALL

ENSEMBLE

SHE'S A WABASH, WABASH CANNONBALL  
WABASH, WABASH CANNONBALL  
WABASH, WABASH CANNONBALL  
WABASH, WABASH CANNONBALL

*SAM finally catches up to COLT and JADE.*

SAM

I thought you said a train was our last resort.

COLT

I had a change of heart.

SAM

*With the cases.*

Where do you want these cases?

COLT

Oh, those aren't ours.

SAM

*Slamming the cases down and using the phrase as an expletive.*

LONESOME HOBO! Last resort, Colt! (*Referring to JADE.*) What did she say to you back there on the boat?

COLT

Relax, Sam. It will get you where you want to go. (*Handing her the saddlebag.*) Take care of the saddlebag while we go talk.

SAM

Right, sure.

COLT

*Admonishing her like a child*

It's important, Sam.

FIGURES OF THE LEGENDARY WEST  
 THE UNDENIABLE FEEL OF THE WHEELS ON STEEL  
 HEAR THE JINGLE AND THE RUMBLE AND ROAR  
 OF THE FINE AND LEAN LOCOMOTIVE MACHINE  
 THAT'S DOIN' WHAT NO ONE'S EVER DONE BEFORE  
 SHE'LL CROSS THE LAND  
 FROM THE WOODLANDS TO THE CANYONS  
 WE'RE HEADED TO THE HEART OF IT ALL  
 SEE THE STEAM FROM THE FUNNEL  
 AS YOU'RE RIDING THROUGH THE JUNGLE  
 ON THE WABASH CANNONBALL

ENSEMBLE

SHE'S A WABASH, WABASH CANNONBALL  
 WABASH, WABASH CANNONBALL  
 WABASH, WABASH CANNONBALL  
 WABASH, WABASH CANNONBALL

*COLT and JADE exit together. Suddenly the train screeches to a halt. SAM, alone in the train car and left with the saddlebag that holds the stones, is looking out the window impatiently. WALT enters, she doesn't turn to see him. We hear the sounds of a bison herd.*

WALT

What's the hold up?

SAM

Bison. There must be ten thousand trying to cross the track. We'll be stuck here for hours.

*She rests her head on the window looking out over the desert.*

WALT

Amazing creatures.

SAM

I wish they'd all just disappear.

*A beat.*

WALT

I'm going to pretend I didn't hear that one, actually.

SAM

MOVE ALONG, BISON! I have to be somewhere soon!

WALT

Aren't you somewhere now?

SAM

Frankly, any place would be better than where ever I am.

WALT

Sounds like we're overdue for that talk, Sam.

*She turns.*

SAM

Walt? What are you --?

WALT

Although, I gotta say, I didn't think Colt would actually call the train. He hates trains. I think he's scared of hobos.

SAM

A last resort, I know! It was Jade's idea it HAD to be. Wait, but how do you know --?

WALT

Oh, I have no doubt Jade persuaded him, She's a – what's the word?

SAM

You don't want to hear the one I thought of.

WALT

She's "persuasive," then. Probably persuading Colt, right now.

SAM

You're not helping.

WALT

Listen, Sam, I don't have a lot of time.

SAM

Really? 'Cause there are about a million bison –

WALT

You're right not to trust her, and Colt's not himself.

SAM

You know, I think she DID cast some sort of spell –

WALT

Not just that. This journey he's on – the things he's doing – gathering the stones together, taking you to California, killing poor old Goliath –

SAM

Hey. "Poor Old Goliath" nearly killed us!

WALT

He was just doing his duty. I put him down there to keep this very scenario from occurring.

SAM

And what scenario is that?

WALT

There is someone who would love to get his hands on these stones that you and Colt have been so predictably helpful in liberating.

SAM

I can only imagine you're going to say: "But he's up to no good."

WALT

He's up to the unspeakable. You're part of something big, now Sam. A key player, in fact.

SAM

Somehow, I do not feel honored.

WALT

But you care, Sam, and that's the difference. Colt did too once upon a time but that was, what, sixty, seventy, a hundred years ago?

SAM

That's... OK... Never... Will ANYONE ever speak rationally, again!? Look, Walt, I don't know what mystic treachery you think is afoot here but I'm just going to California to see my father!

WALT

No treachery, Sam. Colt's one of the good guys – he just needs to be reminded.

SAM

Of what?

WALT

Life's not perfect, it's not fair, and some days the bad guys get ahead but in the end, in the big arc of history, we're moving toward the light. People deserve wishes, Sam. They deserve magic.

SAM

So... what am I supposed to do?

WALT

You go to San Francisco, and you go to your father. When it's time, I think you'll know what to do. If you must know, I might need you to save the world.

SAM

Is that all?

WALT

Good talk, then. Glad we finally had the time. Won't be needing this, now.

*WALT gives her his revolver.*

SAM

Why are people always giving me guns? I hate guns.

*SAM does not notice as WALT picks up her saddlebag and exits. After a moment, COLT enters.*

COLT

Sam?

SAM

Yes.

COLT

Are you alright?

SAM

Does it matter?

Where's my saddle bag?  
COLT

What?  
SAM

Sam, the one thing I asked you to do . . .  
COLT

Walt . . .  
SAM

What? Walt.  
COLT

*MUSIC 22 – The Top of the Train - underscore*

*There is a jolt. The train is moving again.*  
We're moving!

The bison must've – I hope that wasn't my fault.  
SAM

COLT

*To SAM.*  
No, you're useless. And I need that bag back.

*COLT runs out the exit and climbs a ladder to the top of the train. WALT is carrying the saddlebag and ahead of COLT. They set up for a gunfight.*

Walt!  
COLT

Hello, Colt. Good to see you. It's been too long.  
WALT

*They draw! Then both realize they don't have their guns. They draw swords and fight throughout the following dialogue*

Give them back! They aren't yours!  
COLT

I could say the same now, couldn't I? You did work awful hard to get 'em. Thought I had protected them better than that – now Jade's free again, too.  
WALT

Jade opened my eyes to a few things.  
COLT

WALT

Now that you mention it, you do look a little swirly in the eye area. Jade cast a charm on you? Make you set her free? Bring her the stones?

COLT

Impossible!

WALT

Good, then it won't matter if I do THIS!

*WALT clonks COLT on the head. COLT reels.*

COLT

*Shaking his head as it clears.*

OK, maybe just a little charm.

WALT

But not all that ails you, I see.

*They sword fight, again.*

COLT

Jade or no, those stones are my way out.

WALT

You can't get what's inside 'em. They should go back beneath the falls and you know it!

COLT

Not for you to say, this time!

WALT

We agreed! Just like we agreed Jade had to be contained. We should have put HIM away, too!

COLT

Wow! And this from Mister "Everyone Has Good Inside."

WALT

They do. Some just need more work.

COLT

Too much trouble. I'm getting out.

WALT

So you just give HIM whatever he wants?

COLT

'Bout the size of it.

*They fight again! The saddlebag has been dropped and sits atop the train.*

And when the darkness comes? WALT

I don't care. COLT

When it all goes gray? The reason we were punished in the first place? WALT

I DON'T CARE! COLT

Then who does? WALT

*They turn. SAM has picked up the bag.*

Sam! When I signal – jump! COLT

What? SAM

Colt! OK, maybe NO ONE has ever been honorable, honest, or wise! WALT

COLT

*Clarifying to SAM*  
WATER! BRIDGE! MY SIGNAL! JUMP!

ARE YOU CRAZY? SAM

It's not enough to say, "they failed and so shall I!" WALT

Don't listen to him. We have what we need! COLT

But – SAM

Look at me! You keep that bag! COLT

It's not enough to say that! I have to do better! You can, too! WALT

Now you're just sounding naggy. COLT

What's a big brother for? WALT

BROTHERS? SAM

SAM! COLT

WHAT! SAM

NOW! COLT

*COLT and SAM jump off the moving train. WALT watches them go, sees that they are alright, then opens up his own satchel to reveal that he has kept both stones.*

WALT  
How much more noble to long for something that never was – than to believe something can never be. What's a big brother for?

*The stones start to glow. From the darkness, a gunshot! WALT sinks to his knees and in the billowing steam of the train we see JADE with COLT'S gun.*

*Blackout.*

## 14. THE SEQUOIAS

*Sometime later. In the darkness, we hear COLT call out.*

COLT

Sam! Where are you?

*MUSIC – 23 – The Sequoias - underscore*

*It is sometime later. A thin light comes up on SAM. She is sitting alone downstage. She has COLT'S sword and is tossing her baseball as high as she can into the darkness, catching it as it falls. COLT enters with a noticeable limp.*

COLT

There you are.

SAM

How's your leg?

COLT

Not important.

SAM

So, you'll be alright?

COLT

Soon as I get those stones back, I'll be golden.

SAM

But, maybe no more jumping off speeding trains?

COLT

I just need to sit for a second.

SAM

That's right. You're an old, old, man. (*COLT gives her a sideways look as he tries to sit while concealing his pain.*) Ancient, really.

COLT

Young enough to get you here... which is where, I wonder?

SAM

*Looking around in the dark.*

I don't want to worry you, but we're surrounded by giants.

COLT

Okay. Wait, what?

*SAM stands, tosses her baseball again, and an impossibly large moon emerges from behind a cloud. They are ensconced in an enchanted grove of Sequoia, ancient trees stretching up into the night sky.*

NARRATOR MAYOR

The Sequoias. Not far from San Francisco.

NARRATOR PATIENCE

An enchanted clearing surrounded by ancient trees 400 feet tall. Trunks like pillars 30 feet across. 2000 years old.

NARRATOR COLONEL

And only in America – last of the living giants now standing in quiet repose – Watching, waiting.

COLT

I've been here before.

NARRATOR GRACE

A great cathedral of nature's design.

SAM

*Starting to play with COLT'S sword a little.*  
Feels like I have, too. Strange.

NARRATOR SULLIVAN

A birthplace for wishes – and those that see them granted.

COLT

I have to go back and find my brother. (*Looking at his blade.*) Give me the sword.

SAM

Little rest did you good, grandpa?

*SAM playfully swings the sword a little too close.*

COLT

Watch it!

SAM

Teach me.

COLT

*Sarcastically*  
Right.

SAM

Afraid? *Taking a playful swing.*

COLT

Last time I gave you a weapon you shot at me.

SAM

Ok. *(Sticking the sword in the ground and picking up a couple of sticks.)* Shall we start with something less “cutty?”

*She tosses him a stick which he catches.*

Know what tomorrow is? *(She takes a swing at him. He blocks.)* Opening of the World’s Fair! Are you just dying in anticipation?

*She lunges forward and he steps aside to block tapping her as she crosses.*

COLT

Not really. *(Telling her what she should say.)* Touché – on you.

SAM

What?

COLT

I killed you just then.

SAM

No, you didn’t.

COLT

Yes, I –

SAM

No. You didn’t. *(She gestures to herself as if to say, “Still here, see?”)*

COLT

Sure. If we’re gonna do this let’s – look at my stance.

SAM

It’s a WORLD’S FAIR! Aren’t you the least bit curious? See the capabilities of humankind?

COLT

Seen it. Don’t care to see anymore. *(They semi-playfully fence. He attacks the side. He prompts.)* Touché – again. Always defend your flank.

SAM

But, all the possibilities?

COLT

Same outcome, every time. *(He attacks from the flank, again.)*

SAM

My father would say THAT'S not scientific method. *(She punctuates the next words with sword hits.)* Curiosity, Experimentation, Discovery, Invention.

COLT

*(Returning her volley of hits.)*

Keep going – Invention, Production, Corruption, Deception.

SAM

No! Not always, Colt. You think you know people so well?

COLT

Look around! This forest? It used to go on for MILES! God saved these giants from drought, disease, fire, and flood –He couldn't save them from people.

SAM

From “fools” you mean. *(COLT shrugs.)* Well, maybe He wanted YOU to do that.

COLT

Don't think I'd be trusted with that assignment.

SAM

Trusted you with me. Tomorrow I see my father so... wish granted. You're making that happen.

COLT

No. You are. I won't be there.

SAM

*(She's surprised, but not as much as she thought.)*

I see.

COLT

I hope it works out for you, Sam, really. But I have to go find my brother.

*He turns and retrieves his sword. SAM nods, thinking.*

Don't be afraid.

SAM

I'm not. Not anymore.

COLT

Well... good, then.

SAM

I'll miss you, Colt, The Wish Granter.

COLT  
Sure. Running for your life from ghost soldiers –

SAM  
Sea monsters –

COLT  
Jumping off trains – *(He stumbles a little.)*

SAM  
Maybe less of that. Sit down.

COLT  
I'm fine.

SAM  
Of course you are. Sit.

COLT  
Okay, but don't touch the – OW!

SAM  
Immortal, but not unbreakable. *(Looking up as she bends to check COLT'S injury.)* The stars are coming out. Ever try to read them?

COLT  
AH, sure. There's uh, Sagittarius – the archer – so that represents you shooting at me over there the helpless – raccoon or badger or something.

SAM  
Nice. But Sagittarius is actually there and his arrow is aimed at Antares, the heart of the scorpion. *(COLT looks at her sideways.)* I spent a lot of time with star charts.

COLT  
Why?

SAM  
Thought it might come in handy someday – point me in the right direction.

COLT  
Did it?

SAM  
*Looking at him kindly, prompting for the truth.*  
Why are you leaving, really?

COLT  
I can't make your wish come true, Sam. I never could. All I can do is get you this far. You have to take the final steps yourself.

Wishes don't work that way?  
SAM

They do not.  
COLT

Then I guess they have to work this way.  
SAM

***MUSIC – 24 – If I Never Knew You***

*She holds her fingers up to COLT in her friendship pledge. They link fingers.*

What are we doing?  
COLT

Saying goodbye.  
SAM

ONCE  
FROZEN IN TIME  
TRIED TO STAY OUT OF SIGHT  
SAW A LIGHT  
NOW  
THAT I'VE FACED THE UNKNOWN  
I COULD GO HOME AND FEEL  
IT REALLY IS IDEAL

IF I NEVER KNEW YOU  
I WOULDN'T KNOW I COULD CHANGE  
WHICH MAKES IT NOT QUITE SO STRANGE  
WHEN OTHERS DO  
IF I NEVER KNEW YOU  
I WOULDN'T BE HERE AT ALL  
COULD NEVER HAVE BRAVED THE FALL  
IT'S TRUE

I THOUGHT THE WORLD WAS SOMETHING  
THAT I HAD TO FIGURE OUT  
SOMETHING THAT I WANTED TO CONTROL  
BUT NOW I SEE THAT'S NEVER BEEN WHAT LIFE IS ALL ABOUT  
SOMETIMES YOU FIND THE TRUTH BY LETTING GO

And sometimes. . .  
COLT

People make mistakes. Horrible, dreadful, terrible mistakes. But that's only part of the story. I want to stick around for the part that's wonderful.

IF I NEVER KNEW YOU  
WOULD I BE HALF AS STRONG?  
IT COULD HAVE ALL GONE SO WRONG  
ALONG THE WAY  
IF I NEVER KNEW YOU  
I WOULDN'T SEE MAGIC THERE

## YOU SHOWED ME IT'S EVERYWHERE

You have stars in your eyes, Colt. How did I not notice that before?

*She kisses his forehead again.*

***SAM exits. COLT remains. Fireflies gather, flicker and transform into the lights of the World's Fair.***

## 15. THE WORLD'S FAIR

*The gates of the World's Fair – San Francisco. Early evening. The distant lights and music of the fair fill the air. NARRATOR MAYOR and NARRATOR COLONEL are outside the gates, acting as hosts welcoming patrons.*

### *MUSIC – 25 – The Gates of the Fair - underscore*

NARRATOR MAYOR

Welcome to the San Francisco World's Fair – only a sunrise away from the official opening!

NARRATOR COLONEL

Behind these gates, 700 acres of wonders –

NARRATOR SULLIVAN

*Lining up to enter the gate, excitedly looking over a Fair Map.*  
To the west, the magnificent Palace of the Arts.

NARRATOR COLONEL

-- Scientific amazelements –

NARRATOR GRACE

*Lining up with SULLIVAN*  
To the east, Festival Hall celebrating –

NARRATOR COLONEL

-- Humankind's brightest achievements.

*SAM lines up behind GRACE and they all begin to enter the gate single file.*

NARRATOR MAYOR

And at the center, Tom Major's Tower of the Sun! 435 feet tall –

NARRATOR COLONEL

Rising like a colossus astride a fount of boundless energy! Magnificent! Watching, waiting –

*Everyone is through but SAM. She's stopped by the GATEKEEPER who steps right on NARRATOR COLONEL'S last word.*

GATEKEEPER

Wait!!! (*SAM looks at her blankly.*) Five dollars.

SAM

Sorry?

GATEKEEPER

If you please. Admission is five dollars.

SAM

*Still not quite believing what's happening.*

Oh. But I don't – I don't have –

GATEKEEPER

*Holding up her hand.*

I don't set the price – I just collect the coin.

SAM

No, this can't be –

GATEKEEPER

Or bills. Bills would be fine.

SAM

*Starting to have a panic attack, now.*

Ok, yes, but you see I don't – you don't – you don't understand.

GATEKEEPER

Really? Pretty sure I do. You give me five dollars and I -- *(She gestures broadly)* Let you into the Fair!

SAM

What if... what if I don't have any money?

GATEKEEPER

No worries! Fair'll be here six months! Come back when you do.

SAM

I have to be here, TONIGHT!

GATEKEEPER

'Course, you'll miss the opening...

SAM

This can't be – it's not happening.

GATEKEEPER

And I, for one, would NOT want to miss Tom Major's big display! I hear he's going to unveil something amazing! Probably change the world and all – makes sense being the World's Fair. *(She whistles.)* Shoot, come all the way to San Francisco and miss that? No sir. Not for me.

***SAM sits on the ground head in her hands, barely listening. She's fighting back real tears. GATEKEEPER leaves her post to comfort SAM.***

Are you – what's going on? You okay?

SAM

*She's about to break.*

No. No I'm NOT, actually! I escaped from about four hundred ghosts, was almost eaten by a HUGE – I jumped off a train, A MOVING TRAIN – came all the way across the country in a car that I DID NOT STEAL, incidentally, but I'm starting to think maybe Colt was right all along! Maybe things just don't work out for the best no matter how sincere your stupid wish is!

GATEKEEPER

Well, you've had a day. (*SAM can't speak, anymore, she out of steam.*) Now it's nearly tomorrow. This place was built for wonders, not for tears. Even printed a new 5 spot for the occasion. (*SAM doesn't react.*) New five dollar bill. Printed just this week. Seen it?

SAM

I have not.

GATEKEEPER

*Pulls out a 5 dollar bill to show SAM.*

Whole new design. Even changed the portrait, see? Goodbye General Grant –

SAM

*Looking at it.*

Lincoln?

GATEKEEPER

Nice likeness, don'cha think? Always was my favorite President, Lincoln. Now THERE'S a fella who knew how to make a big wish, eh? What's that they say? E Pluribus... something.

SAM

Unum.

GATEKEEPER

That's it. Wish I knew what that meant.

SAM

Out of many, one.

GATEKEEPER

Aren't you a little wish granter. Very bright. "Out of many, one." Kind of like, we all look out for each other, right?

*They are both holding the five dollar note to observe it now. The GATEKEEPER releases her grasp leaving SAM with the bill.*

SAM

I suppose. But –

GATEKEEPER

*Getting up and returning to her post.*  
E Pluribus Unum. My, my, yes I like that indeed.

SAM

Oh, you forgot your . . .

*SAM walks to the ticket booth.*  
Thanks for showing me this. Here's your five dollars.

GATEKEEPER

And here's your ticket.

SAM

What?

GATEKEEPER

*Holding up the bill.*  
Looks like you're all paid up. Enjoy the fair, dear.

SAM

Seriously?

GATEKEEPER

Hardly ever. Now get inside!

***MUSIC – 26 – Entering the Gates -underscore***

*SAM jumps up on the booth and kisses the GATEKEEPER. GATES open as the music swells.*

## 16. THE REUNION

*In the growing music a soft glow comes up. SAM is clutching her baseball for courage as she makes her way down a corridor of muted light. The NARRATOR'S voices echo in retrospect around her.*

NARRATOR SULLIVAN

To the west, the Palace of the Arts.

NARRATOR GRACE

To the east, Festival Hall.

NARRATOR MAYOR

And at the center, Tom Major. Ideal's Favorite Son.

NARRATOR COLONEL

Gonna change the world.

NARRATOR GRACE

The dad who disappeared.

*SAM approaches a monolithic power cylinder and is mesmerized by what appears to be a small glowing rock, suspended inside. As she approaches, the stone glows slightly brighter and the rest of the machine is revealed. It's the larger version of TOM MAJOR'S model invention. SAM sets the ball down beside the machinery to get a closer look. Suddenly, voices! Startled, she hides in the shadows, leaving the baseball behind.*

PROCTOR

*Entering with TOM*

Moments, mere moments, Tom. Everyone's arriving! All of Europe and a good bit of South America -- Royalty, Prime Ministers. (*TOM stumbles, clearly weaker. PROCTOR helps him to the machine.*) It's everything you wanted.

TOM

Seems that way...

*TOM is looking at the little glowing rock, leaning heavily on the machine.*

PROCTOR

And yet?

TOM

*Rallying his strength.*

Proctor, am I... are we doing the right thing?

PROCTOR

*To himself.*

So predictable.

TOM

This process... there's still an element missing.

PROCTOR

The fuel? A mechanical issue?

TOM

No, it's... it's a human element.

PROCTOR

Is this about those girls in the factory?

TOM

It might be... I don't know. I was sure I could figure it out before it came to this. One way or the other this fuel source will last mere moments. It will give them the show they want but the light will quickly fade. It won't last the length of the fair as promised. And when that happens, they'll see I'm nothing but a fraud.

PROCTOR

Tom...

TOM

Look at what it's done to me! I can barely stand. Is it worth the risk? TELL ME WHAT TO DO!

PROCTOR

Breathe. Breathe deep with me, Tom. You feel that in your lungs? That's the thin air at the top of the mountain – the heady atmosphere of success. Your wish is coming true. What else matters? I'm going to go tell them you're coming and you – get ready to make history.

*PROCTOR spots the baseball as he exits, picks it up, and tosses it to TOM.*

This yours?

*PROCTOR exits. TOM stands, frozen, looking at the ball.*

*MUSIC 27 - Reunion*

*SAM steps out of the shadows to face her father.*

NARRATOR GRACE

There are moments in life when time seems to freeze. (*To SAM*) When all that you've hoped and dreamed will be realized or must be abandoned.

NARRATOR SULLIVAN

(*To TOM*) When all the mistakes, all the unsaid words, all the sins of your past drop down at once.

NARRATOR GRACE

Wondering if the next moment is rejection . . .

NARRATOR SULLIVAN

. . . or judgement.

NARRATOR GRACE

And then like a tidal wave . . .forgiveness.

*SAM and TOM embrace.*

TOM

AND THE WORLD CAN SUDDENLY BE  
EVERYTHING WE DREAMED IT COULD BE  
I WAS SO WRONG THINKING I NEEDED TO GO  
NOW I KNOW  
THAT I THOUGHT I NEEDED TO FLY  
WHEN I SAW THOSE MEN IN THE SKY  
I FORGOT MY WISH HAD ALREADY COME TRUE  
I HAD YOU

SAM

Hi, daddy. Surprised?

TOM

Samantha. Let me look at you. How did you . . .

SAM

It's quite a story.

TOM

You're grown.

SAM

Lot of time to think.

TOM

I know. I tried to figure all this out for you but...

SAM

People got hurt.

TOM

Those girls, at my factory, they could have been you –

SAM

We can never go back.

TOM

No.

SAM

But we can follow your dream all the way to the end now – together. Run all the way ‘till there’s no more beach and nothing but ocean and then... maybe we can fly, too.

TOM

I’d give it all up to have those 12 years back with you, Sam.

*She takes his hand and they smile as PROCTOR enters.*

PROCTOR

It’s time.

TOM

Proctor! This is my daughter.

PROCTOR

A family affair all ‘round! I’m so pleased you will be here to share in your father’s triumph.

TOM

*Excited to tell PROCTOR his new idea.*

Listen, Proctor, there’s been a change of plan. We can do this... we can MAKE this right. We’ll postpone the demonstration and thoroughly test all the fuel sources – my daughter and I. Working together. (*Warmly grasping her hand.*) What do you say, Sam?

SAM

I’m ready!

TOM

Light in the darkness, I can see it at last! And safely this time.

PROCTOR

You’re partially right.

TOM

I... I am?

PROCTOR

Tom, there’s no doubt. Lead is poisonous.

TOM

What?

PROCTOR

And this glowing deathtrap? What, Radium? Frankly I’m surprised human beings have survived this long.

TOM

You’re not making sense.

PROCTOR

*To himself, again.*

Of course, staggering with the weight of humanity on his shoulders he struggles to comprehend the bigger picture. (*Laying it out for TOM*) You're going to kill a lot of people with these inventions of yours, Tom. But to allay your fears of a fading legacy – let's try a fuel source that will never run out.

***PROCTOR reveals one of the wishing stones. It is glowing.***

SAM

Where did you get that? Did Walt give it to you?

PROCTOR

Take it easy, Sam. I didn't get it from Walt. Walt's dead. I got it from her.

***JADE enters with COLT'S gun.***

And "it was lead what dun'im in!" (*No one else is as amused.*) Anyway, the irony is deep. After all these centuries, I wasn't sure any of us could die.

SAM

*Starting to put it together*

You, and Walt, and Colt? The three --

PROCTOR

Yes, and so nice of my brother to bring Jade and you to me. Just as I requested.

SAM

Bring me here – but why?

PROCTOR

Simple, really. To make sure your father finishes what he started.

SAM

Colt wouldn't . . .

PROCTOR

Colt doesn't care.

TOM

Are you threatening my daughter?

PROCTOR

No, but it appears Jade is. Now switch out the fuel source, if you please.

***TOM replaces the smaller rock with the larger one and starts a generator.***

TOM

What will it do?

PROCTOR

Sam knows, don't you?

SAM

Three brothers, three stones that can never be broken because inside –

PROCTOR

Endless power to satisfy the deepest, darkest desire of your heart. Ever heard what other people wish for? It ain't always pretty. And how about all those people outside, Tom? Royalty, Prime Ministers, Presidents... wishes like that aren't something you share. You hide them away 'till they shrivel up and twist themselves into something you may not even recognize anymore. Human nature is predictable. You think those leaders will witness your light show and see a glorious potential to lift humanity out of darkness. No. That's not what they'll see. They'll see a . . .

TOM

... a weapon.

PROCTOR

Oh, Bravo! Top of the class! We're going to grant a lot of wishes out there today. When they all see the explosive potential you're about to unveil I'll have no trouble selling this unending source of power to the highest bidder. You know what we haven't had yet? A jolly good WORLD War. Now get out there and light the fuse, Tom.

TOM

Why don't you pull the switch yourself?

PROCTOR

Because it doesn't work that way.

SAM

*Remembering*

You have to finish your own wish...

*TOM frantically gathers his blueprints.*

TOM

I won't sell my plans! THAT was never my wish!

PROCTOR

NO, Tom, that's MINE! I finally get one.

*PROCTOR shoves TOM aside and takes the plans.*

And what was your wish, Tom? Save the world? Bring civilization to a better place?

TOM

*Softly*

I wanted to be remembered.

I'm sorry. Couldn't quite hear that.

PROCTOR

I wished to be remembered.

TOM

Well... they will remember you now, Tom.

PROCTOR

I can't.

TOM

Really? You've already killed a few in the name of progress. Get out there and show the world what's what.

PROCTOR

I won't do it.

TOM

Then she will die.

PROCTOR

*Musical fanfare. TOM takes the stage.*

*To SAM*  
People are just so very predictable.

PROCTOR

*MUSIC – 28 – The Show – underscore (demo coming soon)*

*TOM moves into a spotlight as he approaches a microphone near the ceremonial switch that will start his demonstration. He rallies what remains of his strength and tries to summon his old persona.*

## 17. THE SHOW

TOM  
 WE GATHERED FROM AROUND THE GLOBE, MY FRIENDS.  
 TO WITNESS THE WONDERS OF MODERN MAN  
 I HAVE SOUGHT AND SOUGHT AND FINALLY WROUGHT  
 THE VERY KEYS TO OPEN PROGRESSLAND.  
 BUT I TELL YOU I'VE BEEN SHOWN A MIRACLE  
 THAT I NEVER SAW BEFORE . . .

A genie in a bottle that must never be opened. Set him free and we receive unimaginable power. What will we aspire to? Tools that ease the human burden? Tools of war? How will our children remember us? If we wish to be remembered. . .

*TOM falters. We see SAM backstage held at gunpoint by JADE. SAM tries to break free but can't. TOM sees her threatened and rises to his feet.*

Witness the dawn of a new era.

*Music swells. TOM throws the ceremonial switch. Sound, music, and lights overwhelm the crowd.*

PROCTOR

Well done, Tom. Well done indeed. Well . . .

*To JADE*

Shoot them both.

*PROCTOR takes his satchel with the plans and other rock and begins to exit up to the elevated walkway. JADE turns the gun on SAM – we hear a shot – and JADE'S gun flies out of her hands! SAM picks the gun up quickly as JADE looks at the elevated walkway to spot her assailant. It's COLT! He tosses SAM a rope.*

COLT

Tie a good knot. It's jute.

*SAM is pleased to have JADE under control as the scene focuses on COLT who's blocking the elevated exit PROCTOR was planning on using.*

PROCTOR

Nice timing, Colt. Now get out of my way.

COLT

Can't do it.

PROCTOR

*Sardonically*

Oh, please. You wanted out of this whole –

COLT

Not any more.

PROCTOR

Really? Then come with me. We'll finally be what we were MEANT to be and all of these insignificant fools will get exactly what they deserve.

COLT

I don't believe that.

PROCTOR

Neither did Walt and... he's dead.

COLT

What?

*PROCTOR puts down his satchel and unsheathes a sword from his cane.*

PROCTOR

Don't pretend you two were close. You don't care! You were ready to walk away . . .

*PROCTOR strikes fast, hoping to catch COLT off guard. COLT pulls his sword and defends, barely blocking the blow at the last moment.*

You're still slow. Just like old times.

*There is a back and forth swordplay in the walkway over the glowing energy source of TOM's invention. This time it seems a little more desperate and more dangerous. The lights from TOM'S presentation begins to spread all across the stage and out into the audience, growing in intensity.*

*There is a minor blast of energy from the generator and COLT is distracted long enough for PROCTOR to get the upper hand. With a swift move PROCTOR attacks from the side and disarms Colt backing him into the corner of the walkway.*

SLOW! Always defend your flank, little brother!

*PROCTOR stabs COLT in the shoulder.*

I wish I could say I was sorry – but we never get OUR wishes granted, do we Colt? We were born to be gods not slaves! Let them all destroy each other with their petty predictable selfishness.

COLT

No.

PROCTOR

Why should you possibly care?

COLT

Because she does.

*SAM is on the walkway behind them holding a gun on PROCTOR. She has retrieved the satchel with remaining rock and blueprints. PROCTOR slowly moves toward her.*

PROCTOR

You're smart, Sam. Smarter than your father or my foolish brothers. Smart people like us don't need weapons. (*He puts his sword down.*) See, we know the power of the mind, you and I. We know – and KNOWING makes us strong. Are you just going to shoot me in cold blood? That's a bridge you haven't crossed, yet. Tell me what your heart desires.

SAM

You could make it so my father never left.

PROCTOR

Yes. Just give me the bag.

SAM

But if I do that people will get hurt.

PROCTOR

Maybe. But what do you want?

SAM

I want those twelve years back with my father.

PROCTOR

Then make a wish.

*Face off. The glowing bag between them. In an instant, SAM makes her choice. She holds the bag over the edge of the walkway, just above the brightly pulsing generator.*

SAM

It doesn't work that way.

*Just as she releases the bag, PROCTOR lunges for it – missing SAM by inches and falling into the glowing energy source below.*

*Blinding light. Darkness.*

## 18. EPILOGUE

*Soft music wafts out of the silence. WALT walks towards us through the darkness carrying his firefly in a jar.*

**MUSIC 29 - Epilogue**

WALT  
WHEN THE DAWN IS BREAKING OVER THE HORIZON  
TO SEPARATE THE MORNING FROM THE NIGHT  
IT CARRIES ALL THE MEMORIES OF MAGIC  
FROM A DISTANT POINT OF LIGHT

THE STARS DON'T REALLY LEAVE US IN THE DAYTIME  
THE BRILLIANCE OF THE SUN JUST HIDES THEIR GLOW  
AND OUR FAITH THAT THEY ARE THERE  
WILL HELP REMIND US  
THAT WE NEVER WALK ALONE

*He is joined in the growing pool of firefly light by SAM. SAM can't see WALT but is comforted by his presence.*

WALT AND SAM  
IF WE MAKE A WISH  
WANT SOMETHING ENOUGH  
TO MAKE A WISH  
HAVE A DREAM WE'RE BRAVE ENOUGH TO WISH  
AND THEN THAT STAR WILL LEAD US TO  
THE PATH TO MAKE THE WISH COME TRUE

*WALT'S spirit smiles at SAM, turns, and moves away, climbing above the scene leaving SAM below as familiar, lovable Ideal, North Carolina fades back into view. It's dawn.*

NARRATOR MAYOR  
There was quite a celebration when we welcomed Tom and Sam Major home.

NARRATOR GRACE  
I was in charge of the fireworks.

NARRATOR PATIENCE  
It all made Ideal that much more . . . Ideal.

*The MAYOR warmly greets TOM MAJOR who enters supported by SAM and looking a little stronger. PATIENCE gives SAM a loving look and GRACE runs to hug her best friend. They are quickly joined by the other townsfolk. On a high hill, JOHN HENRY now appears near WALT as they watch the Ideal homecoming in the valley below.*

JOHN  
So that's how the story ends? Where's that third magic rock? Who's gonna be granting wishes now that you and that awful brother of yours are gone?

WALT

No worries, John. Wishes will always be granted. Just gonna look different from now on.

*COLT has cautiously entered the scene below following SAM and TOM. There is a moment as SAM looks at her father, who smiles and tosses her the baseball while cocking his head towards COLT. SAM quickly walks to COLT, stops and extends her hand. There is a moment, then they link fingers in their honor pledge and pull each other into a friendly embrace as they are surrounded by the townsfolk of Ideal.*

JOHN

Afraid it's all going to happen again. Every good-hearted wish getting beat down by another fella out there with a selfish wish.

WALT

There's long work ahead, it's true. Bad things are always gonna make a run at you. All I know is, light drives out darkness. And there's a lot of us wishing for light. So as long as we keep looking out for each other, it's gonna work out fine.

WALT, SAM AND TOM

IF EVERY STAR'S A WISH THERE MUST BE MILLIONS  
ALL OF THEM ARE WAITING TO COME TRUE  
AND THEY'RE MADE OF DREAMS  
AND HOPE AND OUR DESIRE  
TO FIND THE THING WE'RE MEANT TO DO

WALT, JOHN, TOM. SAM AND COLT

WE'RE NEVER SATISFIED JUST WONDERING AND GAZING  
MESMERIZED AND FROZEN AND RESIGNED

ALL

BECAUSE WE CAME HERE FOR A PURPOSE MORE AMAZING  
THAT WE KNOW WE'RE BOUND TO FIND  
IF WE MAKE A WISH  
WANT SOMETHING ENOUGH  
TO MAKE A WISH  
HAVE A DREAM WE'RE BRAVE ENOUGH TO WISH  
AND THEN A STAR MIGHT LEAD US TO  
THE PATH TO MAKE THE WISH COME TRUE

SAM

YES THERE'S A PATH TO MAKE THE WISH COME TRUE

*The Ideal townsfolk have now formed a tableau, gathered around SAM, COLT and TOM who have linked hands. From the hillside above, WALT releases his firefly. It flies to SAM. As the morning sun rises, she holds up her baseball – it begins to glow.*

**Blackout.**

**The End**