

SAMUEL FRENCH SAMPLE PERUSAL

This sample is an *excerpt* from a Samuel French title.

This sample is for perusal only and may not be used for performance purposes.

You may not download, print, or distribute this excerpt.

We highly recommend purchasing a copy of the title before considering for performance.

For more information about licensing or about purchasing a play or musical, please visit our website.

www.samuelfrench.com

www.samuelfrench.co.uk

Reunion

A Musical Epic in Miniature

Book by

Jack Kyrieleison

Story by

Jack Kyrieleison
and Ron Holgate

Traditional Music Arranged by

Michael O'Flaherty

A SAMUEL FRENCH ACTING EDITION



**SAMUEL
FRENCH**

FOUNDED 1830

NEW YORK HOLLYWOOD LONDON TORONTO

SAMUELFRENCH.COM

Copyright © 2010 by Jack Kyrieleison

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

Logo artwork copyright © 2010 Jack Kyrieleison

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that *REUNION* is subject to a Licensing Fee. It is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America, the British Commonwealth, including Canada, and all other countries of the Copyright Union. All rights, including professional, amateur, motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved. In its present form the play is dedicated to the reading public only.

The amateur live stage performance rights to *REUNION* are controlled exclusively by Samuel French, Inc., and licensing arrangements and performance licenses must be secured well in advance of presentation. PLEASE NOTE that amateur Licensing Fees are set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. When applying for a licensing quotation and a performance license please give us the number of performances intended, dates of production, your seating capacity and admission fee. Licensing Fees are payable one week before the opening performance of the play to Samuel French, Inc., at 45 W. 25th Street, New York, NY 10010.

Licensing Fee of the required amount must be paid whether the play is presented for charity or gain and whether or not admission is charged.

Stock licensing fees quoted upon application to Samuel French, Inc.

For all other rights than those stipulated above, apply to: Bret Adams, Ltd, 448 West 44th Street, New York, NY 10036 Attn: Bruce Ostler.

Particular emphasis is laid on the question of amateur or professional readings, permission and terms for which must be secured in writing from Samuel French, Inc.

Copying from this book in whole or in part is strictly forbidden by law, and the right of performance is not transferable.

Whenever the play is produced the following notice must appear on all programs, printing and advertising for the play: "Produced by special arrangement with Samuel French, Inc."

Due authorship credit must be given on all programs, printing and advertising for the play.

No one shall commit or authorize any act or omission by which the copyright of, or the right to copyright, this play may be impaired.

No one shall make any changes in this play for the purpose of production.

Publication of this play does not imply availability for performance. Both amateurs and professionals considering a production are strongly advised in their own interests to apply to Samuel French, Inc., for written permission before starting rehearsals, advertising, or booking a theatre.

No part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means, now known or yet to be invented, including mechanical, electronic, photocopying, recording, videotaping, or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the publisher.

RENTAL MATERIALS

An orchestration consisting of a **Piano/Conductor Score**, and additional parts for **Violin, Trumpet, Banjo/Guitar, Bass and Percussion** will be loaned two months prior to the production **ONLY** on the receipt of the Licensing Fee quoted for all performances, the rental fee and a refundable deposit.

Please contact Samuel French for perusal of the music materials as well as a performance license application.

IMPORTANT BILLING AND CREDIT REQUIREMENTS

All producers of *REUNION* *must* give credit to the Author of the Play in all programs distributed in connection with performances of the Play, and in all instances in which the title of the Play appears for the purposes of advertising, publicizing or otherwise exploiting the Play and/or a production. The name of the Author *must* appear on a separate line on which no other name appears, immediately following the title and *must* appear in size of type not less than fifty percent of the size of the title type.

REUNION opened at Theatre Row in New York on March 26, 1999. The show opened as a production of AMAS Musical Theatre, and was subsequently produced commercially by Eugene Kallman, with Donna Trinkoff as the Associate Producer. The production was directed by Ron Holgate. The set designer was Doug Huszti, the costume designer was Jan Finnell, the lighting designer was Stephen Petrilli, with publicity by Tony Origlio, and casting by Donna DeSeta Casting. The production stage manager was Carlos A. Mongé, III and William Repicci served as the general manager. Musical Direction by Robert Lamont, with orchestrations by Andrew Wilder and musical staging by Karen Azenberg. The cast was as follows:

MR. HARRY HAWK Joe Barrett
MR. TOM TRUDGETT Don Burroughs
MISS CORDELIA HOPEWELL Donna Lynne Champlin
MRS. CASSIE DRUMWRIGHT Harriett D. Foy
MR. AUGUSTIN LOVECRAFT Jonathan Hadley
MR. HANNIBAL DRUMWRIGHT Michael A. Shepperd

MUSICIANS

Musical Director/Piano Robert Lamont
Percussion Joseph Brady
Guitar-Banjo Robert Braunstein
Violin Cody Ritchey
Trumpet Dan Yeager

REUNION was originally produced in 1996 as *BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM* for The Goodspeed Opera House by Michael P. Price, Executive Producer.

CHARACTERS AND CASTING

(4 males, 2 females)

REUNION was written to be performed by 6 actor/singers but can be expanded to virtually any size. It has been staged very effectively with 28 performers and there is no reason it could not accommodate as many as a group has available. There are two options for expanding the cast:

Assign the major acting roles to the 6 principals as in the standard script and assign a group of performers (minimum 1 woman and 2 men) as Ensemble for supporting roles and as a self-contained group of music hall performers for the songs *Darling Nelly Gray*, *Abraham's Daughter*, *Pat Murphy of the Irish Brigade*, *Der Deitcher's Dog*, and *Grafted into the Army*. (This will also help to distribute rehearsal time, as one group can rehearse musical numbers while the other rehearses scene work.)

OR

Reassign all roles using the Expanded Cast breakdown.

If the cast size is enlarged much beyond 6, Harry Hawk's introductory speech should be replaced by the alternate version included at the back of the script to justify so many performers being available to the cash-strapped impresario.

ABOUT THE CHARACTERS

MR. HARRY HAWK – Middle-aged, company leading man and manager. Baritone. Plays Union general George McClellan, John Wilkes Booth, a music hall comedian and several smaller roles. Hawk is a resourceful survivor who has talked his way out of more than a few tight places, not the least of which was the interrogation he endured in the Old Capitol Prison the night Lincoln was assassinated. With the vanity of the Victorian actor-manager, he has reserved the most flamboyant role for himself, even though a good many years past his prime. But where others might notice an expanding paunch or a receding hairline, when Hawk looks in the mirror a virile young hero still stares back at him.

MR. AUGUSTIN LOVECRAFT – Late 20s-early 30s. The company's light comedian. High baritone. Plays Lincoln's secretary, an Irish tenor, and several smaller roles. Lovecraft is the most sophisticated member of the company and isn't shy about showing it. As a rising young actor, Lovecraft embraces a more modern, subtler style than the declamatory Harry Hawk. The natural rivalry between them should occasionally spill over to their interactions with each other during the play, allowing each to enjoy it that much more when his character scores a point at the other's expense.

MR. HANNIBAL DRUMWRIGHT – Middle-aged, African-American. Company stage manager. Bass-baritone. Plays a fugitive slave turned freedman and several smaller roles. Hannibal and Hawk have travelled together for a quarter of a century and have become so interdependent onstage and off that it's hard to imagine one without the other. As Hawk's stage manager, Hannibal keeps things running and there is no onstage emergency he has not had to find a way out of.

MRS. CASSIE DRUMWRIGHT – Middle-aged, African-American. Company wardrobe mistress. Mezzo. Plays a slave turned Underground Railroad guide, an elegant Washington freedwoman and several smaller roles. Married to Hannibal, Cassie is part of Hawk's company not out of a love of theatre, but because she chooses to go where Hannibal goes. Observant, practical and unsentimental, she takes life as she finds it and has little interest in the self-absorption of actors or the dramatics of their interpersonal relationships. Both she and Hannibal have been pressed into service onstage as the company's failing economic fortunes have made it necessary.

MISS CORDELIA HOPEWELL – 20s. Company ingenue. Soprano. Plays a romantic small-town girl, a New England abolitionist turned volunteer nurse, a music hall performer, and several smaller roles. Cordelia is a creature of the theatre and wrings every available ounce of romance out of it. And though it secretly pleases her to be thought of as the jewel of Hawk's company, she is sweet-natured enough not to use that status any more than absolutely necessary.

MR. TOM TRUDGETT – Late teens or 20s. Company juvenile. Tenor. Plays a young millworker who volunteers for the Union army, a music hall performer and several smaller roles. Not an actor by training or design, his appealing looks, sincerity, willingness to work and good nature, coupled with a search for adventure, have landed him in the midst of Hawk's company. He is generally in awe of his fellow actors, particularly Cordelia, and there are moments when he simply cannot believe his good fortune.

ALTERNATE BREAKDOWN FOR EXPANDED CAST PRODUCTIONS

The roles have been redistributed in this version to create opportunities for more performers. There are 12 principal roles (7m, 5f) and an ensemble of any size. If desired, 6 of the principals (see below) can be cast from the ensemble.

HARRY HAWK – Mature, baritone actor-manager. The company actor-manager plays himself, a flamboyant tragedian, and Union General George McClellan.

HANNIBAL DRUMWRIGHT – Mature, low baritone, African-American. The company stage manager plays himself, and a fugitive slave turned freedman in the North who volunteers as a Union soldier.

CASSIE DRUMWRIGHT – Mature, mezzo, African-American. The company wardrobe mistress plays herself, Underground Railroad Guide.

THE SECRETARY – Youthful, high baritone, sophisticated company comedian. Plays Lincoln's Secretary.

THE NURSE – Youthful, soprano, company leading lady/ingenue. Plays an abolitionist who volunteers as a Union nurse.

THE SOLDIER – Youthful, tenor, the company juvenile, the boy next door. Plays a young Northern millhand who volunteers as a Union soldier.

The following 6 roles can be cast from the ensemble if needed:

THE DRESSMAKER – Mature, mezzo, African-American.

THE HOMETOWN GIRL – Youthful, soprano, patriotic small-town girl.

MUSIC HALL PERFORMERS – 3M, 1F, appear as minstrel trio, dancers, Irish tenor, comedians.

ENSEMBLE ROLES (all doubled):

New Yorker 1	General Pope	Washingtonians
New Yorker 2	Recruit 1	Theatregoers
New Yorker 3	Recruit 2	New Yorkers
New Yorker 4	Recruit 3	Farewell Committee
Secessionist	Southern Officer	Music Hall Girls
Maid	Rioter	McClellan Admirers
Female Northern Spy	Union Soldier 1	Society Ladies
Newsboy	Union Soldier 2	Do-Gooders
Telegraph Clerk	Union Soldier 3	Union Supporters
Guard	John Wilkes Booth	Union Recruits
Temperance Lady	Mrs. Muzzy	Union Soldiers
Saloonkeeper	Laura Keene	Mourners
Union Picket		

ORCHESTRATION

6 pieces

(Piano/synthesizer, violin, trumpet, banjo/guitar, bass, percussion)

TIME

8 o'clock in the evening, April 14, 1890.

PLACE

A theatre.

The play is performed with one intermission.

AUTHORS' NOTES

REUNION is told through the eyes of those who took up the Union cause – an intersection of theatre and history, weaving together songs from the period, visual images and dialogue adapted directly from eyewitness accounts.

All songs date from the Civil War or before, and the dialogue is drawn from or inspired by accounts from scores of participants like Walt Whitman, Louisa May Alcott, Frederick Douglass, John Hay, Harriet Tubman, George McClellan, many Union soldiers, and, of course, Abraham Lincoln. Occasionally there are references to “magic lantern” projections of specific photographs – technology that was available and in use at the time the play is set. The projection cues in the stage directions should be viewed as a guide, and images of those projections are provided in the back of the script. But a production could include more or fewer or different projections as circumstances allow.

The show is a Victorian entertainment, presented by the fictional company of the actor-manager Harry Hawk. Hawk was a real actor of the period, and was indeed standing alone on stage performing for President Lincoln at the moment he was assassinated. However, Hawk’s production and the other members of his “company” are invented. He embodies the virtues and excesses of rip-roaring, Eliza-crossing-the-ice 19th-Century stagecraft, and he’s tried to pack it all into this show: music hall, Victorian sentiment, minstrel show, florid tragedy and patriotic pageant.

Each actor has a basic costume suggestive of his place in the company hierarchy. Individual costume pieces are added and subtracted – the changes are usually part of the action, which is pretty much nonstop.

Some kind of projection system is needed for displaying the “magic lantern” projections that accompany songs and scenes and are key to placing the events in historical context. The projections allow the show to work for an audience with little or no existing knowledge of the Civil War.

The cues for the “magic lantern” projections in the stage directions should be viewed as a guide and reflect what worked for previous audiences. Images for these projections are available from the publisher in digital form, but a producer should not feel confined to using only those images and could include more, fewer or different images as circumstances dictate. To obtain the projections used in the original performance, please contact Samuel French, Inc.

As for sets, ideally there is an act curtain. A well-worn placard in front of the curtain reads: “TO-NIGHT!!! SPECIAL ENGAGEMENT! MR. HARRY HAWK’S COMPANY! ONLY LOCAL APPEARANCE!” A unit set with a second level upstage would be useful. Behind that, a generic wall or exterior flats with enough open space for “magic lantern” projections to be displayed – the larger the better. On stage right, stock interior flats – the kind Victorian theatres kept on hand for touring companies – set

with a practical door and practical window, the window at second-story level if possible. On stage left, stock exterior flats or ground row with an entrance opposite the door stage right. This will be draped with plain canvas midway through Act 1 to suggest a commander's field tent in the Civil War. Upstage near the "tent" is some sort of contraption used by Hannibal to reveal a large portrait of whichever Union general happens to be in command. It can be as elaborate as a crank-and-rope mechanical or as simple as a couple of nails to hold placards hung in place.

But Victorians loved stage machinery, so the more inventive the better. Seats and levels materialize from theatrical trunks, wardrobe hampers and whatever else is readily at hand. There are a few simple chairs available on the set or in the wings for placement by the actors when needed. This labor, like the other stagecraft chores, more often than not falls to Hannibal, Cassie and Trudgett. Victorian theatre trappings are encouraged: footlights, thunder sheets, wind machines, moving ground row panoramas – all things that Hawk's vagabonds might find on hand when they arrived at a typical 19th Century theatre.

Lighting is especially important and the more acting areas available to isolate scenes, the better. While many scenes are played realistically, others are meant to be theatrically presentational, including all of the "music hall" numbers and production numbers like "We'll Fight for Uncle Abe," which should be treated like a minstrel show cakewalk. Footlights are a great addition for the more theatrical scenes.

About the language: the dialogue in *REUNION* is virtually all adapted directly from words of actual participants in the events of the play. In some cases this means using controversial language that was freely used by both blacks and whites during the Civil War era, specifically the term "nigger." *REUNION* has been produced with and without the word and the writers believe strongly that, coming as it does from sources like Harriet Tubman, the play is much more powerful with the original language intact. However, we recognize that feelings about racial terms can also create an obstacle to performing the play. Each community and theatre needs to reflect on its own standards, and in cases where the term is felt to be too objectionable to use, the word "black" should be substituted.

–Jack Kyrieleison, Ron Holgate, Michael O'Flaherty

SONGS IN REUNION

- “Darling Nelly Gray” by Benjamin R. Hanby
“The Liberty Ball” by Jesse Hutchinson
“Lincoln And Liberty” (Traditional)
“May God Save The Union” by Rev. G. Douglass Brewerton & Carl
Wolfsohn
“Abraham’s Daughter” by Septimus Winner
“Home, Sweet Home” by John Howard Payne & Henry R. Bishop
“Marching Along” by William R. Bradbury
“Comrades, Fill No Glass For Me” by Stephen Foster
“All Quiet Along The Potomac Tonight” by Ethel L. Beers & John Hill
Hewitt
“We’ll Fight For Uncle Abe” by C.E. Pratt & Frederick Buckley
“Better Times Are Coming” by Stephen Foster
“We Are Coming, Father Abr’am” by James Sloan Gibbons & L.O.
Emerson
“Wake Nicodemus” by Henry Clay Work
“Pat Murphy Of The Irish Brigade” (Traditional)
“Wasn’t That A Wide River” (Traditional)
“Battle Cry Of Freedom” by George F. Root
“Heav’n Bound Soldier” (Traditional)
“Der Deitcher’s Dog” by Septimus Winner
“John Brown’s Body” (Traditional)
“Somebody’s Darling” by Marie Ravenal de la Coste & John Hill Hewitt
“Grafted Into The Army” by Henry Clay Work
“Weeping Sad And Lonely” by Charles C. Sawyer & Henry Tucker
“Tenting On The Old Camp Ground” by Walter F. Kittredge
“Marching Through Georgia” by Henry Clay Work
“Beautiful Dreamer” by Stephen Foster
“Steal Away” (Traditional)
“Hard Times Come Again No More” by Stephen Foster

All songs are in the public domain.

ACT I

(House lights dim. A drumroll, a trumpet fanfare, and a spotlight. The act curtain lurches open to reveal HARRY HAWK, a down-at-the-heels actor/manager, and four of his company – CORDELIA HOPEWELL, TOM TRUDGETT, and CASSIE and HANNIBAL DRUMWRIGHT – caught in a frantic effort to locate one of their number. After a deeply awkward moment they recognize they are in full view of the audience and abruptly compose themselves into a tableau behind HAWK. He addresses the audience with practiced charm.)

HAWK. Distinguished patrons of the Lyceum! I welcome you this evening with a deep sense of occasion, for it is a quarter of a century to the day – indeed, almost to the hour – since I found myself center stage in the tragic drama that shook the republic to its very foundations. Permit me to introduce myself – Harry Hawk! Actor, manager – one might even say impresario of our wandering band! Tonight, it is our great honor to present the story of The Late War To Save The Union, woven from the very words of those engaged in that heroic struggle, bedecked with the never-to-be-forgotten melodies of those tempest-tossed years, and illuminated by the astonishing wonders of...The Magic Lantern!

(A triumphant chord from the orchestra. A projection appears on upstage wall:)

PROJECTION (1):
MR. HARRY HAWK'S
COMPANY PRESENTS
"REUNION!"
THE AMERICAN ILIAD!

(HAWK continues grandly.)

HAWK. *(cont.)* For the past quarter of a century, we have played our drama before the Great and the near-Great, the very stage itself bursting to hold our army of actors and the sheer extravagance of our production!

(He comes back down to earth.)

But unhappily, you find us in somewhat diminished circumstances, as a regrettable misunderstanding with certain of our less imaginative creditors has dictated the hasty withdrawal of our forces from the field of our latest triumph. It pains me to announce that in the chaos of retreat, not all of our brave number escaped. Ah, well. In the deathless words of Homer, "Surely these things lie in the lap of the gods. For there is —"

(But a supremely self-assured and unconcerned AUGUSTIN LOVECRAFT, the final member of the company, chooses precisely this moment to stroll on. With a smile at the audience and a nod to HAWK, he stations himself prominently in the group. HAWK begins again, his icy gaze fixed on LOVECRAFT, with the resignation of a man who has survived many theatrical battles.)

"For there is a strength in the union even of *very* sorry men."

(HANNIBAL coughs discreetly, and HAWK is instantly the gracious host once more.)

Therefore, tonight each of us appears before you in many roles, asking only that you unfetter your imaginations as you journey with us. In the fervent hope that you shall deem us worthy of your approbation, I give you our musical epic – in miniature.

(With a deep bow, he exits. Blackout.)

PROJECTION (2):
“MR. LOVECRAFT,
MR. HAWK & MR. TRUDGETT IN
‘DARLING NELLY GRAY’”

(Footlights up on HAWK, LOVECRAFT & TRUDGETT as MINSTREL TRIO.)

MINSTREL 1 (LOVECRAFT).

THERE'S A LOW GREEN VALLEY
 ON THE OLD KENTUCKY SHORE,
 THERE I'VE WHILED MANY HAPPY HOURS AWAY,
 A-SITTIN' AND A-SINGIN'
 BY THE LITTLE COTTAGE DOOR
 WHERE LIVED MY DARLING NELLY GRAY.

MINSTREL TRIO (HAWK, LOVECRAFT, TRUDGETT).

OH! MY POOR NELLY GRAY,
 THEY HAVE TAKEN YOU AWAY
 AND I'LL NEVER SEE MY DARLING ANY MORE.
 I'M A-SITTIN' BY THE RIVER
 AND I'M WEEPING ALL THE DAY,
 FOR YOU'VE GONE FROM THE OLD KENTUCKY SHORE.

(Lights up on an impassioned ABOLITIONIST (CORDELIA). She holds up a book, addressing a large unseen crowd. Music under.)

PROJECTION (2.1):
TITLE PAGE OF
“UNCLE TOM'S CABIN”

THE ABOLITIONIST (CORDELIA). Men and women of America, is slavery a thing to be defended, apologized for, passed over in silence? This Union will

THE ABOLITIONIST (CORDELIA). (*cont.*) not be saved by protecting slavery! For there is no stronger law than that by which injustice and cruelty shall bring on nations the wrath of Almighty God!

(*Lights up on an UNDERGROUND RAILROAD GUIDE (CASSIE) holding a lantern.*)

THE GUIDE (CASSIE). I think slavery is the next thing to hell! If a person would send another into bondage, he would, it appears to me, be bad enough to send him into hell, if he could.

MINSTREL TRIO.

WHEN THE MOON HAD CLIMBED THE MOUNTAIN
 AND THE STARS WERE SHINING TOO,
 THEN I'D TAKE MY DARLING NELLY GRAY,
 AND WE'D FLOAT DOWN THE RIVER
 IN MY LITTLE RED CANOE,
 WHILE MY BANJO SWEETLY I WOULD PLAY.
 OH! MY POOR NELLY GRAY,
 THEY HAVE TAKEN YOU AWAY
 AND I'LL NEVER SEE MY DARLING ANY MORE,
 I'M A-SITTIN' BY THE RIVER
 AND I'M WEEPING ALL THE DAY,
 FOR YOU'VE GONE FROM THE OLD KENTUCKY
 SHORE...

(*TRIO hum under. Lights up on FUGITIVE SLAVE (HANNIBAL).*)

THE FUGITIVE (HANNIBAL). I have fled to the highest hills of the forest, pressing my way to the North, but the river Ohio was my limit. It was an impassable gulf. Sometimes, standing on the Ohio River bluff, I gazed upon the blue sky of the free North and thought...

THE GUIDE. Oh, that I had the wings of a dove...

THE FUGITIVE. ...that I might soar away to where there is no slavery...

THE GUIDE. ...no clanking of chains...

THE GUIDE & THE FUGITIVE. ...no parting of husbands
and wives....

(Projection out. This verse is accompanied by maudlin, theatrical gestures from THE MINSTRELS, in contrast to THE GUIDE and THE FUGITIVE.)

MINSTREL 1.

ONE NIGHT I WENT TO SEE HER
BUT "SHE'S GONE!" THE NEIGHBORS SAY,
THE WHITE MAN BOUND HER WITH HIS CHAIN.
THEY HAVE TAKEN HER TO GEORGIA
FOR TO WEAR HER LIFE AWAY,
AS SHE TOILS IN THE COTTON AND THE CANE...

THE FUGITIVE. ...I thought of the fishes of the water,...

THE GUIDE. ...the fowls of the air,...

THE FUGITIVE. ...the wild beasts of the forest. All
appeared to be free...

THE GUIDE. ...to go just where they pleased....

(Music out.)

THE FUGITIVE. And I was an unhappy slave.

*PROJECTION (3): POSTER –
"COLORED PEOPLE OF BOSTON!
BEWARE OF SLAVECATCHERS
AND KIDNAPPERS!"*

MINSTREL 1.

OH! MY DARLING NELLY GRAY,
UP IN HEAVEN THERE THEY SAY,
THAT THEY'LL NEVER TAKE YOU FROM ME ANY MORE.

MINSTREL TRIO.

I'M A COMING – COMING – COMING,
AS THE ANGELS CLEAR THE WAY,
FAREWELL TO THE OLD KENTUCKY SHORE.

(Blackout. Sound of a large audience in an auditorium.)

*PROJECTION (4): POSTER
ANNOUNCING LINCOLN'S
APPEARANCE IN NEW YORK.*

THE ABOLITIONIST.

COME, ALL YE TRUE FRIENDS OF THE NATION...

(The others enter as supercilious NEW YORKERS who have come to have a look at the Illinois rube. They speak directly to the audience, describing events as they unfold in front of them.)

NEW YORKER 1 (LOVECRAFT). When Mr. Lincoln rose to speak, I was greatly disappointed.

NEW YORKER 2 (CASSIE). From his long, ungainly figure hung clothes that were evidently the work of an unskilled tailor.

NEW YORKER 3 (HAWK). His large feet, his clumsy hands, his bushy head, balanced on a long and lean head-stalk –

NEW YORKER 1. All this made a picture which did not fit in with New York's conception of a finished statesman.

THE ABOLITIONIST.

ATTEND TO HUMANITY'S CALL...

NEW YORKER 2. He cleared his throat and began.

NEW YORKER 4 (HANNIBAL). *(a high-pitched squawk)*
"Mister Cheer-man!"

(All laugh discreetly except NEW YORKER 5 (TRUDGETT), who has started to pay close attention.)

NEW YORKER 1. He employed many other words with an old-fashioned pronunciation....

THE ABOLITIONIST.

COME AID IN THE SLAVE'S LIBERATION...

NEW YORKER 4. I said to myself, "You won't do."

NEW YORKER 1. This is all very well for the wild West...

NEW YORKER 3. ...but it will never go down in New York!

THE ABOLITIONIST.

AND ROLL ON THE LIBERTY BALL!

THE ABOLITIONIST & NEW YORKER 5 (TRUDGETT).

AND ROLL ON THE LIBERTY BALL,

AND ROLL ON THE LIBERTY BALL,

COME AID IN THE SLAVE'S LIBERATION,

AND ROLL ON THE LIBERTY BALL!

NEW YORKER 4. But pretty soon he began to get into his subject....

NEW YORKER 2. He straightened up...

NEW YORKER 4. His face lighted as with an inward fire...

NEW YORKER 2. The whole man was transfigured.

THE ABOLITIONIST.

SUCCESS TO THE OLD-FASHIONED VIRTUE

THAT MEN ARE CREATED ALL FREE;

AND DOWN WITH THE POWER OF THE DESPOT,

WHEREVER HIS STRONGHOLD MAY BE!

THE ABOLITIONIST & NEW YORKERS 2, 4 & 5

WHEREVER HIS STRONGHOLD MAY BE,

WHEREVER HIS STRONGHOLD MAY BE;

AND DOWN WITH THE POWER OF THE DESPOT,

WHEREVER HIS STRONGHOLD MAY BE!

NEW YORKER 1. I forgot his peculiarities!

NEW YORKER 3. Presently, forgetting myself, I was on my feet with the rest...

NEW YORKER 1. yelling like a wild Indian...

NEW YORKER 3. cheering this wonderful man...

NEW YORKER 1. (*abandoning all restraint*) The greatest man since St. Paul!

*PROJECTION (5): HEADLINE –
“THE PRAIRIES ON FIRE FOR LINCOLN!”*

ALL.

HURRAH FOR THE CHOICE OF THE NATION,
 OUR CHIEFTAIN SO BRAVE AND SO TRUE!
 WE'LL GO FOR THE GREAT REFORMATION,
 FOR LINCOLN AND LIBERTY, TOO!
 WE'LL GO FOR THE SON OF KENTUCKY,
 THE HERO OF HOOSIERDOM THROUGH,
 THE PRIDE OF THE "SUCKERS" SO LUCKY,
 FOR LINCOLN AND LIBERTY, TOO!

*PROJECTION (6): HEADLINE –
 "LINCOLN NOMINATED!"*

THEN UP WITH THE BANNER SO GLORIOUS,
 THE STAR-SPANGLED RED, WHITE AND BLUE!
 WE'LL FIGHT 'TIL OUR BANNER'S VICTORIOUS –
 FOR LINCOLN AND LIBERTY, TOO!

(Blackout. All exit except HAWK.)

*PROJECTION (7):
 "LET THE PEOPLE
 REJOICE! LINCOLN ELECTED!"*

(SECESSIONIST (HAWK) steps into light.)

SECESSIONIST (HAWK). *(ominously)* Even if the Potomac is crimsoned in human gore, the South will never submit to the inauguration of Abraham Lincoln.

(Projection out. Lights down on HAWK. LOVECRAFT enters. With the addition of something as simple as a pair of glasses, he has become THE SECRETARY.)

THE SECRETARY (LOVECRAFT). I had just returned to Illinois from college in the East. My uncle practiced law next door to Mr. Lincoln and prevailed on his celebrated neighbor to offer me a secretarial post. When the great news of his election reached us, Mr. Lincoln turned to us. "Well, boys," he said, "your troubles are over. But mine have just begun."

*PROJECTION (8): HEADLINE –
“THE UNION IS DISSOLVED!”*

(THE SECRETARY takes it in for a moment, then turns back to us, dismissing it.)

He is convinced this is only an artificial crisis. More importantly, I am to accompany this backwoods Jupiter to Washington! At first he resisted – “We can’t take all Illinois with us!” But then he smiled. “Well,” he said, “let the young fellow come along.”

(A MAID (CASSIE) enters and helps THE SECRETARY into an overcoat. Sound of a train whistle.)

After a farewell to his friends in Springfield, we boarded the eastbound train.

(MAID exits, and he seats himself as though on a train next to the unseen Lincoln. He picks up a stack of mail and glances through it as he speaks.)

All the talk now is of war. They say there’s so much tension in Washington, a dogfight could make the gutters run with blood. The army insists Mr. Lincoln is in considerable danger.

(A letter catches his eye – he opens it.)

SECESSIONIST. Mr. Abe Lincoln: If you don’t resign, we’re going to put a spider in your dumpling, you god almighty goddamn son of a bitch! Excuse me for using such hard words with you, but you need it. *(politely)* Yours, etc.

(THE SECRETARY looks up in alarm, but quickly recovers and puts the letter aside.)

THE SECRETARY. Mr. Lincoln doesn’t take these threats seriously – he says, “Oh, there’s nothing like getting used to things.”

(He opens another. NORTHERN SPY (CORDELIA) enters furtively, checking to see she is not observed.)

A NORTHERN SPY (CORDELIA). I was advised last night by a gentleman that there exists in Baltimore a league of ten persons who have sworn that you should never pass through that city alive.

(She slinks away. THE SECRETARY rises, more concerned now.)

THE SECRETARY. But a change in the traveling arrangements has brought us into Washington on the night train. There were no incidents, and for the next four years mail may be addressed to "A. Lincoln – The White House."

(Lights change as he crosses. He takes in the view, clearly unimpressed what he sees.)

So *this* is Washington. Springfield shines before me like a paradise compared with this miserable, sprawling little village which imagines itself a city.

(An elegantly dressed FREEDWOMAN (CASSIE), comes through the door and is about to pass THE SECRETARY on her way out when he holds out his hat for her to take. This stops her.)

THE FREEDWOMAN (CASSIE). *(not unkindly, indicating the door)* I believe you will find the servants through there.

(In some confusion at this unaccustomed response from a black woman, THE SECRETARY exits through the door, hat still in hand. THE FREEDWOMAN turns back to the audience and continues, with great self-possession.)

Mrs. Lincoln told several of her lady friends that she had an urgent need for a dressmaker. I was summoned. "We are just in from the West, and we are poor," she warned me. "I can't afford to pay big Eastern prices." *(with a smile)* I told her I thought there would be no difficulty about the charges.

(She starts off, but turns back.)

Mr. Lincoln is from the wilds of the West, and evil reports have said much of him and his wife. The polite world is shocked.

(Lights down. A crash of stage thunder and lightning.)

*PROJECTION (9):
"FORD'S ATHENEUM PRESENTS
JAMES H. HACKETT'S COMPANY
IN JULIUS CAESAR."*)

(MUSIC: "HAIL TO THE CHIEF." HANNIBAL and TRUDGETT set a swag of bunting and arrange chairs to represent the President's box at the theatre. THE LADIES are seated upstage of the box. THE ACTOR (HAWK) strides Center, draped in a Roman toga. THE SECRETARY, not pleased to be here, stands by an empty chair in the theatre box – this will be referred to throughout as if Lincoln were in it.)

THE SECRETARY. *(confidentially, to us)* The Hell-Cat –

(THE WOMEN gasp and shoot him a disapproving look, and he catches himself.)

– Mrs. Lincoln – has made it my task to accompany Mr. Lincoln to the theatre.

THE ACTOR (HAWK). *(declaiming ripely)*

"Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction."

(As the others applaud silently and HAWK bows to them, THE SECRETARY nods toward the empty chair.)

THE SECRETARY. *(uncomprehending)* Mr. Lincoln is fond of the theatre.

(**THE ACTOR** notices and hurls this right at **THE SECRETARY**.)

THE ACTOR.

“It is the part of men to fear and tremble
When the most mighty gods by tokens send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.”

(**A NEWSBOY (TRUDGETT)** bursts in with a shout,
carrying a stack of newspapers.)

NEWSBOY (TRUDGETT). Rebels fire on Fort Sumter!

(*Pandemonium, as COMPANY rises and exits in all directions.*)

THE SECRETARY. The newsboys came tearing and yelling up the street, even more furiously than usual.

NEWSBOY. Rebels take Fort Sumter!

PROJECTION (10):
“75,000 MEN ORDERED OUT!”

THE SECRETARY. The heather is on fire! The whole population seems to be in the streets with Union favors and flags. Even the White House is turned into a barracks! Everyone seems to be expecting a son or brother to arrive with the coming regiments.

NEWSBOY. (*front, with a grin*) If a fellow wants to go with a girl now – he’d better enlist!

(**THE COMPANY** re-enters as a small-town **FAREWELL COMMITTEE**, headed by a pompous **MAYOR (HAWK)**. Among them are **THE FREEDWOMAN** and **THE FREEDMAN (HANNIBAL)**.)

ALL.

MAY GOD SAVE THE UNION,
GOD GRANT IT TO STAND;
THE PRIDE OF OUR PEOPLE,
THE BOAST OF OUR LAND.

STILL, STILL 'MID THE STORM
 MAY OUR BANNER FLOAT FREE,
 UNRENT AND UNRIVEN
 O'ER EARTH AND O'ER SEA.

(During the song and hidden by the group, TRUDGETT dons a Union soldier's blouse, belt and cap. After the verse, he is revealed posing for a formal photograph in uniform.)

*PROJECTION (11):
 DAGUERROTYPE OF
 TRUDGETT IN UNIFORM*

THE SOLDIER (TRUDGETT). We were presented with a flag by the ladies of the town. A young lady made a speech...

(A HOMETOWN GIRL addresses the crowd, clutching a blue regimental flag to her bosom, perfectly thrilled at her own rhetoric.)

HOMETOWN GIRL (CORDELIA). Sustain this banner for the love you bear to woman! For under no standard in the wide world is woman so blessed as are Columbia's daughters.

(But she has lost her place, and fumbles through her notes in a panic.)

THE SOLDIER. ...but she went through with it about as smooth as one might come down a rocky hill in the dark.

HOMETOWN GIRL. *(recovering)* Our spirits waken and we feel the blood of heroes stirring in our veins!

(With a shiver of emotion, she builds to a big finish.)

The eagle of American liberty from her mountain eyrie swoops down on spreading pinions, and brave men rush to arms!

THE SOLDIER. The ladies then proposed three cheers for the colonel...

(As THE LADIES delicately stab the air in silent cheers, there are 3 fiddle squawks from the pit.)

...which sounded a good deal as my cat did when her tail was stepped on. The officers then gave the ladies three cheers...

(THE MEN throw their arms lustily into the air, accompanied by 3 warlike trumpet blasts.)

...which made them turn pale.

(THE HOMETOWN GIRL swoons and starts blushing from the stage. Realizing she is still holding the flag, she rushes back on, hands it to THE SOLDIER, and runs off. Sound of a train whistle.)

THE SOLDIER. *(with a shrug)* The band played, we took the flag...and went.

THE FREEDWOMAN. *(to THE FREEDMAN)* A meeting of colored citizens was called to aid in the defense of the Union....

(Music stops.)

THE FREEDMAN (HANNIBAL). We were told by the police, "We want you damned niggers to keep out of this. This is a white man's war."

THE SOLDIER. *(making this sound perfectly reasonable)* I came out to fight for the Union – not to free the niggers.

(THE SOLDIER poses with THE MAYOR for an unseen photographer. THE FREEDWOMAN looks back at THE FREEDMAN with concern.)

THE SOLDIER, THE FREEDWOMAN, HAWK & LOVECRAFT.

MAY GOD SAVE THE UNION,
THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE;
OUR STATES KEEP UNITED
THE DREARY DAY THROUGH;
LET THE STARS TELL THE TALE
OF OUR GLORIOUS PAST
AND BIND US IN UNION
FOREVER TO LAST.

(Lights out on THE FAREWELL COMMITTEE, isolating THE FREEDMAN.)

THE FREEDMAN. Our national sin has found us out. The war now being waged is a war for and against slavery – it can never be put down till one or the other of these vital forces is completely destroyed. Would to God you would let us do something! We lack nothing but your consent.

(Blackout. THE FREEDMAN exits.)

*PROJECTION (12): TITLE CARD –
“MISS HOPEWELL IN ‘ABRAHAM’S
DAUGHTER – THE SONG OF THE
FIRE ZOUAVES.”*

(Footlights up on a MUSIC HALL SINGER (CORDELIA) dressed in a flattering theatrical version of an exotic Zouave uniform. She holds a rifle high above her head.)

MUSIC HALL SINGER (CORDELIA).

OH! KIND FOLKS LISTEN TO MY SONG,
IT IS NO IDLE STORY,
IT'S ALL ABOUT A VOLUNTEER
WHO'S GOIN' TO FIGHT FOR GLORY!
NOW DON'T YOU THINK THAT I AM RIGHT?
FOR I AM NOTHING SHORTER!
AND I BELONG TO THE FIRE ZOUAVES,
AND DON'T YOU THINK I OUGHTER?
I'M GOIN' DOWN TO WASHINGTON
TO FIGHT FOR ABRAHAM'S DAUGHTER!

(MUSIC HALL ENTERTAINERS (LOVECRAFT & HAWK), wearing Zouave caps and jackets, join her in a flashy show-biz parody of a precision rifle drill.)

MUSIC HALL SINGER.

OH! SHOULD YOU ASK ME WHO SHE AM,
COLUMBIA IS HER NAME, SIR!

MUSIC HALL SINGER. (*cont.*)

SHE IS THE CHILD OF ABRAHAM
OR UNCLE SAM – THE SAME, SIR!
NOW IF I FIGHT, WHY AIN'T I RIGHT?
AND DON'T YOU THINK I OUGHTER?
THE VOLUNTEERS ARE POURING IN
FROM EVERY LOYAL QUARTER –
I'M GOIN' DOWN TO WASHINGTON
TO FIGHT FOR ABRAHAM'S DAUGHTER!

(*Music under the following.* **THE FREEDMAN &
THE SOLDIER** enter.)

THE FREEDMAN. Each man has been provided with a piece of rope with which to bring back a prisoner from the audacious South, to be led in a noose, on their early and triumphant return.

THE SOLDIER. Our regiment yells at everything. A yell starts in at one end of the division, and regiment after regiment takes it up and carries it along, then sends it back to the other end – few knowing what it was about, and caring less.

PROJECTION (13):
“ON TO RICHMOND!”

THE FREEDMAN. Our brave army moves toward Manassas, and thence without delay – to Richmond!

MUSIC HALL SINGER.

BUT LET US LAY ALL JOKES ASIDE,
IT IS A SORRY QUESTION –
THE MAN WHO WOULD THESE STATES DIVIDE
SHOULD HANG FOR HIS SUGGESTION!
ONE COUNTRY AND ONE FLAG, I SAY,
WHOE'ER THE WAR MAY SLAUGHTER!
SO I'M GOIN' AS A FIRE ZOUAVE,
AND DON'T YOU THINK I OUGHTER?
I'M GOIN' DOWN TO WASHINGTON –

ALL. (*a shout*)

TO FIGHT FOR ABRAHAM'S DAUGHTER!

(They freeze in a triumphant tableau. They remain a moment in the light, before THE FREEDWOMAN appears.)

THE FREEDWOMAN.

'MID PLEASURES AND PALACES,
THOUGH WE MAY ROAM,
BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE,
THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME....

(Music continues under, as the tableau disintegrates.)

THE FREEDWOMAN. The road to Manassas was choked with Sunday picnickers rushing off to see their loyal heroes teach the rebels a lesson. The rest of us waited for news of the victory. But the defeated Union troops commenced pouring into Washington at daylight on Monday. A steady stream of men, covered with mud, poured up Pennsylvania Avenue.

(THE FREEDMAN opens the window and calls out toward stage in alarm.)

THE FREEDMAN. Where are you all coming from?

THE SOLDIER. *(angry and humiliated)* I guess we're all coming out of Virginny as far as we can – and pretty well whipped, too.

THE FREEDMAN. *(can't believe it)* What! The whole army?

THE SOLDIER. They can stay that like. I know I'm going home. I've had enough fighting to last my lifetime.

(THE SOLDIER exits.)

*PROJECTION (14):
SELF-SATISFIED OFFICERS
IN FULL DRESS UNIFORMS.*

THE FREEDWOMAN. *(scornfully)* The bar at Willard's Hotel is full of officers. There you are, shoulder straps! But where are your men?

THE FREEDMAN. Bull Run is your work. Had you been one-tenth worthy of your men, this never would have happened.

THE SECRETARY. Well. The fat's in the fire now. And we shall have to crow very small until we can retrieve the disgrace somehow.

(Lights down, all exit.)

PROJECTION (15):
"PRESIDENT CALLS FOR
500,000 VOLUNTEERS."

(Wearing a traveling cloak, THE NURSE (CORDELIA) enters. She is a no-nonsense New Englander who has heard quite enough defeatist talk. Throughout the following she packs a valise.)

THE NURSE (CORDELIA). It is not characteristic of Americans to sit down despondently after a defeat. Let us go to work, then, with a will. A townswoman heard of my desire to become a nurse and brought about an interview with one of the sisterhood which I wished to join. A morning chat produced three results: I felt that I could do the work, was offered a place, and accepted it – promising not to desert, but to stand ready to march on Washington.

(She picks up a small photo case and places it in the grip before snapping it shut and crossing purposefully away. Sound of a train whistle, and the light change.)

It was dark when we arrived. Though I'd often been told that Washington was a spacious place, its visible magnitude quite took my breath away. The White House was lighted up, and carriages were rolling in and out of the great gate. I would have liked a peep through the crack of the door.

(A SENTRY (TRUDGETT) leans casually against the office door, rifle at his side.)

We stopped before a great pile of buildings, with a flag flying before it, sentinels at the door, and a very trying quantity of men lounging about. My heart beat rather faster than usual, and it suddenly struck me that I was very far from home.

(She takes a deep breath. As she approaches the door, THE SENTRY stands at attention, touches his cap and opens the door for her.)

THE NURSE. *(cont.)* Marching boldly up the steps, the men fell back, the guard touched their caps, a boy opened the door, and, as it closed behind me, I felt that my mission was begun.

(Lights down as she exits through the door. Lights up on theatre box as before. MUSIC: HAIL TO THE CHIEF.)

PROJECTION (16):
“FORD’S ATHENEUM PRESENTS
JAMES H. HACKETT’S COMPANY IN
HENRY IV, PART 1.”

(THE SECRETARY is standing behind Lincoln’s chair, in a sour mood.)

THE SECRETARY. The Hell-cat gets more hell-cattical every day. Her Satanic Majesty has now decreed that it shall be my duty to protect the President’s dignity in public. We come to the theatre with alarming frequency – it’s about the only place he can escape to. The cowardly shame of Bull Run has created a sea of troubles.

(Music: Fanfare. THE ACTOR (HAWK) enters swinging a broadsword melodramatically at an unseen foe, thrilling all except THE SECRETARY.)

How funny that he should be so completely absorbed in these human jackstraws, moving about with their silly little gestures and

THE SECRETARY. (*cont.*) flatulent text. Not much different from our generals. If only we had one who could do more than talk!

(**A PORTER (HANNIBAL)** bursts in and hands a telegram to **THE SECRETARY**.)

PORTER (HANNIBAL). For the President!

(*As THE SECRETARY looks over the telegram, THE PORTER speaks the words.*)

“Secession is killed in Western Virginia. General George B. McClellan.”

(*Music: “The Marseillaise.”*)

*PROJECTION (17):
GENERAL GEORGE McCLELLAN,
POSED LIKE NAPOLEON.*

(**THE ACTOR**, striking a pretty heroic pose himself, speaks as Henry IV.)

THE ACTOR (HAWK). “Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke!”

THE SECRETARY. (*enthusiastically dictating a telegram*)

“From the President. General McClellan: Circumstances make your presence here necessary. Come hither without delay.”

(*Drumroll, which will be used throughout to accompany the frequent changes in Union command, as HANNIBAL reveals an intimidating portrait of General McCLELLAN above the set.*)

THE ACTOR.

“Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,
Meeting the check of such another day!”

(*During the next song, HANNIBAL helps HAWK exchange his crown and doublet for the gold-bedecked uniform coat of a Union Major General,*

assuming the role of MCCLELLAN. This should take place in full view of the audience and call to mind a matador being dressed in his "suit of lights." Finally, HANNIBAL places the cap on his head like a crown.)

THE FREEDWOMAN.

THE ARMY IS GATHERING
FROM NEAR AND FROM FAR –
THE TRUMPET IS SOUNDING
THE CALL FOR THE WAR!

THE SOLDIER.

MCCLELLAN'S OUR LEADER,
HE'S GALLANT AND STRONG!
WE'LL GIRD ON THE ARMOR
AND BE MARCHING ALONG.

ALL.

MARCHING ALONG,
WE ARE MARCHING ALONG!
GIRD ON THE ARMOR
AND BE MARCHING ALONG!
MCCLELLAN'S OUR LEADER,
HE'S GALLANT AND STRONG –
FOR GOD AND FOR COUNTRY
WE ARE MARCHING ALONG!

(HAWK's transition to the narcissistic MCCLELLAN is complete.)

MCCLELLAN (HAWK).

THE FOE IS BEFORE US
IN BATTLE ARRAY –
BUT LET US NOT WAVER
OR TURN FROM THE WAY!
THE LORD IS OUR STRENGTH
AND THE UNION'S OUR SONG!
WITH COURAGE AND FAITH
WE ARE MARCHING ALONG.

ALL.

MARCHING ALONG,
 WE ARE MARCHING ALONG!
 GIRD ON THE ARMOR
 AND BE MARCHING ALONG!
 OUR CAUSE IS THE RIGHT ONE –
 OUR FOE'S IN THE WRONG!
 THEN GLADLY WE'LL SING
 AS WE'RE MARCHING ALONG.

(Music continues under.)

MCCLELLAN. When I see the hand of God guarding one so weak as myself, I almost think myself a chosen instrument.

THE SECRETARY. “From the President. General McClellan: You have been designated to command all our armies. This command will entail a vast labor upon you.”

(All turn to MCCLELLAN.)

MCCLELLAN. *(sincerely, reassuringly)* I can do it all.

(A cheer from THE COMPANY.)

THE FLAG OF OUR COUNTRY
 IS FLOATING ON HIGH –
 WE'LL STAND BY THAT FLAG
 TILL WE CONQUER OR DIE!

ALL BUT MCCLELLAN.

MCCLELLAN'S OUR LEADER,
 HE'S GALLANT AND STRONG –

ADD MCCLELLAN.

FOR GOD AND FOR COUNTRY
 WE ARE MARCHING ALONG!

(Music continues under, as MCCLELLAN composes a letter to his unseen wife.)

MCCLELLAN. My Dearest Ellen: I find myself in a new and strange position here – by some strange operation of magic I seem to have become the power

of the land. I receive letter after letter alluding to the Presidency, Dictatorship, etc. But as I hope one day to be united with you forever in heaven, I have no such aspirations – I will never accept the Presidency. Pray for me, darling, that I may be able to accomplish my task – the greatest, perhaps, that any poor, weak mortal ever had to do.

ALL BUT MCCLELLAN.

MCCLELLAN'S OUR LEADER,
HE'S GALLANT AND STRONG –

ADD MCCLELLAN.

FOR GOD AND FOR COUNTRY
WE ARE MARCHING ALONG!

(MCCLELLAN twirls his cap overhead, accepting the adulation of his unseen troops.)

ALL.

MARCHING ALONG,
WE ARE MARCHING ALONG!
GIRD ON THE ARMOR
AND BE MARCHING ALONG!
MCCLELLAN'S OUR LEADER,
HE'S GALLANT AND STRONG –
FOR GOD AND FOR COUNTRY
WE ARE MARCHING ALONG!

*PROJECTION (18):
THE HALF-BUILT
CAPITOL DOME.*

(A canvas drape is lowered to resemble a field tent over the entrance downstage left, opposite Lincoln's office. MCCLELLAN and THE SECRETARY take up positions accordingly.)

MCCLELLAN. To the War Department: All quiet along the Potomac.

THE SECRETARY. (*who loves to gossip*) I call Mr. Lincoln “the Tycoon.” And he might as well be the Grand Tycoon of Japan, he rules my life so completely. Last night at midnight, he burst into my room in his slippers, as he wanted to read me a funny poem. The Tycoon seemed utterly unconscious that with his nightshirt hanging above his long legs and setting out behind like the tail feathers of an enormous ostrich, he was infinitely funnier than anything in his book.

MCCLELLAN. I had dinner with the President last night. What a rare bird he is! I never in my life met anyone so full of anecdote.

THE SECRETARY. Underneath his stories from third-class county barrooms, the Tycoon keeps a fountain of first-class practical wisdom.

MCCLELLAN. His stories were as usual very pertinent – and some pretty good!

(*Two fluttery WASHINGTON LADIES (CORDELIA & CASSIE) join him. MCCLELLAN mimes the action described below.*)

THE SECRETARY. (*not without envy*) As for “The Young Napoleon,” every hostess in the capital has the general in her sights, and why not? He’s the very model of chivalry – and about as modest as one could be who is so universally adored. The General does a nice piece of after-dinner claptrap – he bends a ten-dollar gold piece right in half between his finger and his thumb.

(**THE LADIES** *nearly swoon with admiration.* **THE SECRETARY** *takes this in, then continues dryly.*)

The ladies are always impressed.

MCCLELLAN. (*pleased with himself*) “To the War Department: All quiet along the Potomac.”

(*MUSIC under: "COMRADES, FILL NO GLASS FOR ME."*)

*PROJECTION (19):
UNION TROOPS DRILLING.*

(*THE SOLDIER drags in, lugging a rifle. He tosses his knapsack on the ground with relief.*)

THE SOLDIER. (*disgusted*) The first thing in the morning is drill, then drill, then drill again. Then drill, drill, a little more drill. Then drill, and lastly, drill. Between drills, we drill.

MCCLELLAN. I have found no army to command – merely a collection of regiments cowering on the banks of the Potomac. The troops are demoralized by the defeat at Bull Run – some regiments even mutinous.

THE SOLDIER. (*sprawled on the ground*) If there is anything peculiarly attractive in marching 20 miles a day under a scorching sun with a good mule load, my mind is not of a sufficiently poetical nature to appreciate it.

(*THE SOLDIER produces a jug. To his indescribable disappointment, it is empty.*)

*PROJECTION (20):
A JOYLESS PHOTO
OF THE U.S. CHRISTIAN
COMMISSION.*

(*A TEMPERANCE LADY (CORDELIA) enters, an energetic Victorian do-gooder. Outraged at the sight of the Soldier's jug, she pounces on MCCLELLAN.*)

TEMPERANCE LADY (CORDELIA). There is at present the most serious apprehension that the Grand Army of the Potomac is on the eve of a terrible defeat. Not from the rebels, but from rum!

MCCLELLAN. (*trying to placate her*) It has come to my attention that the men are frequenting... (*he reaches for a polite word*) ...disorderly houses.

TEMPERANCE LADY. Thousands on thousands of young men not yet inured to tipple are now induced to swallow their daily glass.

MCCLELLAN. No one evil agent so much obstructs this army as the degrading vice of drunkenness. It is therefore ordered that the Provost Guard shall arrest any man found at the following establishments: Madam Wilton's Private Residence for Ladies, the Blue Goose... and Madam Russell's Bake Oven.

THE SOLDIER. The Colonel's drunk all the time now. He turned out fifteen gallons of rotgut and several of the boys got happy. Some got pugilistic.

MCCLELLAN. (*at his wit's end*) I have come to the belief that total abstinence from intoxicating liquors would be worth 50,000 men to this army!

(**MCCLELLAN** and **TEMPERANCE LADY** cross to **THE SOLDIER**.)

MCCLELLAN.

OH, COMRADES, FILL NO GLASS FOR ME
TO DROWN MY SOUL IN LIQUID FLAME!

MCCLELLAN & TEMPERANCE LADY.

FOR IF I DRANK, THE TOAST SHOULD BE
TO BLIGHTED FORTUNE, HEALTH AND FAME.

TEMPERANCE LADY.

YET THOUGH I LONG TO QUELL THE STRIFE
THAT PASSION HOLDS AGAINST MY LIFE,

MCCLELLAN.

STILL, BOON COMPANIONS YE MAY BE –
BUT COMRADES, FILL NO GLASS FOR ME.

(*The others have entered, and now join in.*)

ALL.

STILL, BOON COMPANIONS YE MAY BE,
BUT COMRADES, FILL NO GLASS FOR ME.

(Music continues under.)

THE SOLDIER. *(ashamed)* Last night I had plenty of whiskey but today I have none.

(Shame and pride in his exploits battle for the upper hand.)

We had five canteens full. We had a merry old time and tore everything upside down. I thought I would fire a salute, so I got my musket and fired it – and I set my tent on fire. By the time I got through, my tent was burnt up.

TEMPERANCE LADY. *(consoling him)* You poor boy.

(to the others)

This is what comes of yielding to the demon!

(to THE SOLDIER)

A temperance league has been formed, and a goodly number of men stand pledges to wholly abstain from the use of intoxicating drinks.

(Whether driven by commitment to an improved lifestyle or proximity to a lovely young woman, THE SOLDIER launches his hand into the air to take the pledge.)

THE SOLDIER.

THEN, BY A MOTHER'S SACRED TEAR,
BY ALL THAT MEMORY SHOULD REVERE,
THOUGH BOON COMPANIONS YE MAY BE –
OH! COMRADES, FILL NO GLASS FOR ME!

ALL.

THOUGH BOON COMPANIONS YE MAY BE...

(A SALOONKEEPER (HANNIBAL) reveals a sign upstage reading "MADAME DUPREZ'S CLUB

HOUSE: RELAXATION FOR GENTLEMEN". He beckons THE SOLDIER, who hesitates for a moment, then turns front with a shrug.)

THE SOLDIER. Oh, well. A birthday don't come but once a year. And tents are cheap!

(He scurries off through the doorway, unnoticed by the others.)

ALL.

OH! COMRADES, FILL NO GLASS FOR ME!

(As MCCLELLAN and THE TEMPERANCE LADY finally notice their quarry has escaped, the lights bump out.)

PROJECTION (21):
"GENERAL MCCLELLAN SAYS
TROOPS ARE READY."

THE FREEDWOMAN. The First Lady says General McClellan is a humbug. He talks so much – and does so little.

MCCLELLAN. My Dearest Ellen: You have no idea how the men brighten up now when I go among them. I can see every eye glisten. If you could witness the enthusiasm of the troops, their confidence and desire to meet the enemy – I am sure that you would agree with me in feeling confident of success.

THE SECRETARY. He says his troops are ready, but the impression is daily gaining ground that The Young Napoleon does not intend to do anything.

MCCLELLAN. *(turning to THE SECRETARY)* I shall crush the rebels in one campaign! To the War Department –

THE SECRETARY. *(disgusted, finishing for him)* "All quiet along the Potomac."

(They exit. Lights up on THE NURSE, seated in the window above stage. As she sings, SENTRY (TRUDGETT) enters in half-light.)

THE NURSE.

“ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC” TONIGHT,
 WHERE THE SOLDIERS LIE PEACEFULLY DREAMING,
 AND THEIR TENTS IN THE RAYS OF THE CLEAR
 AUTUMN MOON,
 AND THE LIGHT OF THE CAMPFIRES ARE GLEAMING.
 A TREMULOUS SIGH, AS THE GENTLE NIGHT WIND
 THROUGH THE FOREST LEAVES SLOWLY IS CREEPING –
 WHILE THE STARS UP ABOVE, WITH THEIR GLITTERING
 EYES,
 KEEP GUARD O’ER THE ARMY WHILE SLEEPING.

MCCLELLAN.

“ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC TONIGHT.”

THE NURSE.

“ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC” TONIGHT –
 EXCEPT HERE AND THERE A STRAY PICKET
 IS SHOT AS HE WALKS ON HIS BEAT TO AND FRO,
 BY A RIFLEMAN HID IN THE THICKET.
 ’TIS NOTHING – A PRIVATE OR TWO NOW AND THEN
 WILL NOT COUNT IN THE NEWS OF THE BATTLE:
 NOT AN OFFICER LOST, ONLY ONE OF THE MEN
 MOANING OUT ALL ALONE THE DEATH RATTLE.

MCCLELLAN.

“ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC TONIGHT.”

THE NURSE.

HARK! WAS IT THE NIGHT WIND THAT RUSTLED THE
 LEAVES?
 WAS IT MOONLIGHT SO WONDROUSLY FLASHING?
 IT LOOKED LIKE A RIFLE –

(THE SENTRY jerks backward as though shot, crumpling to the floor as he reaches out toward us.)

SENTRY (TRUDGETT).

AH! MARY, GOOD-BYE!

THE NURSE.

AND HIS LIFE BLOOD IS EBBING AND PLASHING!
 "ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC TONIGHT" –
 NO SOUND SAVE THE RUSH OF THE RIVER!
 WHILE SOFT FALLS THE DEW ON THE FACE OF THE
 DEAD –

(spoken)

The picket's off duty forever.

(sung)

"ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC TONIGHT."

(Lights to black. Lights up on THE FREEDMAN Center, a smug MCCLELLAN at his tent downstage left, and a very agitated SECRETARY by the office door downstage right.)

THE SECRETARY. The Tycoon keeps poking sharp sticks under McClellan's ribs, but he doesn't move.

MCCLELLAN. Dearest Ellen: I have restored order completely. I have Washington perfectly quiet now – you wouldn't know there was a regiment here.

THE FREEDMAN. Yesterday the army was reviewed by President Lincoln and General McClellan.

(THE SOLDIER enters, as THE SECRETARY and MCCLELLAN circle the playing area, reviewing the troops. THE SOLDIER stands at attention facing upstage, turning to speak to us over his shoulder.)

THE SOLDIER. Today the colonel gave us the honor of tagging behind old "Honest Abe" himself. I got a look at him up close. And I can tell you that any man that homely *ought* to be honest.

THE FREEDMAN. The soldiers received General McClellan with loud shouts. They believed in him. And so did I. *(ironically)* And had I stood in the ranks, I should have shouted with the lustiest of them.

(He exits.)

MCCLELLAN. They nearly pulled me to pieces in one regiment. You never heard such yelling.

(He smiles.)

I do not think the President liked it much.

THE SECRETARY. *(making sure the general hears this)* The Tycoon calls him an admirable engineer, but says his talent is for a stationary engine.

MCCLELLAN. *(hotly)* There are some of the greatest geese in this administration I have ever seen. Even the President supposes himself capable of conducting great military operations!

THE SECRETARY. *(the last straw)* This army has got to fight or run away. The champagne and oysters on the Potomac must be stopped!

(THE SECRETARY & MCCLELLAN move angrily toward each other. THE SOLDIER steps between them and sings. Staging has the feel of a minstrel show number, minus the dialect.)

THE SOLDIER.

WAY DOWN IN OLD VIRGINNY,
I SUPPOSE YOU ALL DO KNOW,
THEY HAVE TRIED TO BUST THE UNION, BUT THEY
FIND IT IS NO GO!

MCCLELLAN.

THE YANKEE BOYS ARE STARTING OUT THE UNION
FOR TO SAVE,

THE SOLDIER & MCCLELLAN.

AND WE'RE MARCHING DOWN TO WASHINGTON...

THE SECRETARY. *(interrupting)*

TO FIGHT FOR UNCLE ABE!

ALL THREE.

RIP, RAP, FLIP, FLAP,
STRAP YOUR KNAPSACK ON YOUR BACK!
FOR WE'RE A-GOIN' TO WASHINGTON
TO FIGHT FOR UNCLE ABE!

(*Music continues under. The tension between MCCLELLAN and THE SECRETARY builds throughout the number.*)

MCCLELLAN. If they will simply let me alone, I feel confident of success. The salvation of the country demands the utmost prudence on my part. This war should be conducted upon the highest principles known to Christian civilization. And we must stay clear of the Negro question at all costs.

ALL 3.

RIP, RAP, FLIP, FLAP,
STRAP YOUR KNAPSACK ON YOUR BACK!
FOR WE'RE A-GOIN' TO WASHINGTON
TO FIGHT FOR UNCLE ABE!

THE SECRETARY. (*seething*) Last evening, the Tycoon went over to General McClellan's house. After an hour, McClellan came in, and the servant told him the President was waiting to see him. We waited another half-an-hour and sent the servant once more to tell the General we were there. The answer coolly came that the General had gone to bed. (*mystified*) But the Tycoon says, "I'll hold McClellan's horse if he'll only bring us success."

ALL 3.

RIP, RAP, FLIP, FLAP,
STRAP YOUR KNAPSACK ON YOUR BACK!
FOR WE'RE A-GOIN' TO WASHINGTON
TO FIGHT FOR UNCLE ABE!

MCCLELLAN. (*sarcastically*) I saw the President again, and was of course much edified by his anecdotes – ever apropos, and ever unworthy of one holding his high position. He is nothing more than a well-meaning baboon.

THE SECRETARY. (*a Lincolnnesque twang*) "If McClellan isn't using the Army, I'd like to borrow it for a while."

MCCLELLAN. (*reacting to the implied threat*) The rascals are after me again! And so, my dearest Ellen, I shall leave here on the wing for Richmond – which you may be sure I will take!

*PROJECTION (22):
A SEA OF ARTILLERY
ON THE MOVE.*

THE SECRETARY. (*hugely relieved*) McClellan is at last in motion and is moving on Richmond.

THE SOLDIER.

THE SEASON NOW IS COMING WHEN THE ROADS
BEGIN TO DRY –
SOON THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC WILL MAKE THE
REBELS FLY!
FOR MCCLELLAN, HE'S THE MAN, THE UNION FOR TO
SAVE!
OH! "HAIL COLUMBIA'S" RIGHT SIDE UP, AND SO'S
YOUR UNCLE ABE!

ALL 3.

RIP, RAP, FLIP, FLAP,
STRAP YOUR KNAPSACK ON YOUR BACK!
FOR WE'RE A-GOIN' TO WASHINGTON
TO FIGHT FOR UNCLE ABE!

MCCLELLAN. (*with urgency*) To the President: If I am not reinforced, it is probable that I will be obliged to fight nearly double my numbers.

THE SECRETARY. (*exasperated again*) Now The Young Napoleon sits trembling at Yorktown, afraid either to fight or run.

MCCLELLAN. I must have more troops!

THE SECRETARY. From the President: "You now have over a hundred thousand troops. It is indispensable to you that you strike a blow. I am powerless to help you in this."

MCCLELLAN. Those hounds in Washington are after me again. I must have more troops!

THE SECRETARY. Even if the Tycoon could by some magic send a hundred thousand men, McClellan would suddenly discover that the rebels have four hundred thousand.

(He tries to stay calm.)

THE SECRETARY. *(cont.)* From the President: “I have never written to you in greater kindness of feeling than now. But you must act!”

(Forced at last to action, MCCLELLAN strides upstage to address his unseen army, letting out all the rhetorical stops.)

MCCLELLAN. Soldiers of the Army of the Potomac! I will bring you now face to face with the rebels. You know that your General loves you from the depths of his heart. And when this sad war is over, we will all return to our homes, to ask no higher honor than the proud consciousness that we belonged to the Army of the Potomac!

(Music now at a deliberate cakewalk tempo.)

ALL 3.

RIP, RAP, FLIP, FLAP,
STRAP YOUR KNAPSACK ON YOUR BACK!
FOR WE'RE A-GOIN' TO WASHINGTON
TO FIGHT,
TO FIGHT,
TO FIGHT....

PROJECTION (23):
“ON TO RICHMOND!”

RIP, RAP, FLIP, FLAP,
STRAP YOUR KNAPSACK ON YOUR BACK!
FOR WE'RE A-GOIN' TO WASHINGTON
TO FIGHT FOR UNCLE ABE!

(Blackout. Sound: all hell breaks loose – bugle calls, cannon, the works. 3 projections in rapid succession:)

PROJECTIONS (24, 25, 26):
TROOPS IN COMBAT.

(Lights up on CASSIE, CORDELIA, LOVECRAFT & HANNIBAL as an upbeat group of Union supporters.)

SINGERS.

HURRAH! HURRAH! HURRAH!
SOUND THE NEWS FROM THE DIN OF BATTLE
BOOMING!

TELL THE PEOPLE FAR AND WIDE
THAT BETTER TIMES ARE COMING!

(Music: a flatulent bugle call, and THE SOLDIER slumps in, rifle dragging behind him.)

THE SOLDIER. Either we've just made an inglorious skeddle – or one brilliant retreat.

(MCCLELLAN enters from his tent.)

MCCLELLAN. (coming positively unglued) We have –
(He can't bring himself to say the word.)

– failed to win – only because overpowered by superior numbers. I have lost this battle because my force was too small.

THE SECRETARY. (amazed at his cluelessness) Since Don Quixote's enumeration of the armies of King Pentapolin of the Naked Arm, there has been nothing like our General's vision of the Rebel forces.

MCCLELLAN. I repeat that I am not responsible for this. And I say it with the earnestness of a General who feels in his heart the loss of every brave man who has been needlessly sacrificed.

THE SECRETARY. (finally) From the President. "General: You are ordered to withdraw your army."

MCCLELLAN. (judgment deserting him completely) If I save this army now, I tell you plainly that I owe no thanks to you or any other persons in Washington. You have done your best to sacrifice this army!

(A beat. Then:)

MACCLELLAN. *(cont.)* Send more gunboats.

(HANNIBAL crosses to MCCLELLAN's portrait.)

THE SECRETARY. General Pope will assume command.

(Drumroll. HANNIBAL tugs on the rope. MCCLELLAN's portrait is replaced by a smug portrait of General John Pope, as MCCLELLAN walks upstage in defeat. THE SINGERS start again hopefully.)

SINGERS.

HURRAH! HURRAH! HURRAH!

(HANNIBAL hands a telegram to THE SECRETARY.)

HANNIBAL. From General Pope. "I come to you out of the West, where we have always seen the backs of our enemies. My headquarters will be in the saddle."

(Music: another flatulent bugle.)

PROJECTION (26.1):
"POPE'S ARMY ROUTED."

(Disgusted, THE SOLDIER jerks a thumb toward Pope's portrait.)

THE SOLDIER. Looks like his headquarters were where his hindquarters should have been.

(The dejected SINGERS lower their heads and slink back across stage.)

THE SECRETARY. *(facing the inevitable)* Well, we're whipped again. McClellan has the army with him, and the Tycoon says we must use what tools we have. If McClellan can't fight himself, he excels in making others ready to fight.

(Drumroll. HANNIBAL pulls the rope to restore MCCLELLAN's portrait. Music: "The Marseillaise." MCCLELLAN crosses slowly straight downstage, waving his cap overhead triumphantly.)

THE SOLDIER. (*a shout of joy*) Little Mac is back!

(*MUSIC under: "MARCHING ALONG".*)

*PROJECTION (27):
A HEROIC MCCLELLAN PASSING
ON HORSEBACK THROUGH
AN ADORING CROWD.*

MCCLELLAN. (*attempting humility*) I leave to others who were present the description...

THE SOLDIER. We threw our caps high into the air, and danced and frolicked like school-boys.

MCCLELLAN. (*but failing*) ...the frantic cheers of welcome that extended for miles...

THE SOLDIER. We cheered and cheered again, till we became so hoarse we could cheer no longer.

MCCLELLAN. ...the wild appeals of the men that I should take them back and snatch victory out of defeat!

THE SOLDIER. Hundreds of us hugged his horse's legs while the general pointed with his finger to the mountain.

(*MCCLELLAN duplicates this pose. Awed by his magnificence, THE SOLDIER drinks it in.*)

It was like a great scene in a play.

MCCLELLAN. Dearest Ellen: Again I have been called upon to save the country. The case is desperate, but with God's help I will try unselfishly to do my best and, if he wills it, accomplish the salvation of the nation.

(*MCCLELLAN starts to exit, then turns back.*)

But I must have more troops.

(*He exits. Blackout. THE GUIDE enters.*)

THE GUIDE (CASSIE). They may send the flower of their young men to die. They may send them one year, two years, three years – till they tire of sending, or till they use up the young men. All of no use. God is ahead of Mr. Lincoln.

(She exits.)

*PROJECTION (28):
“PRESIDENT CALLS FOR
300,000 VOLUNTEERS.”*

(Lights up on THE NURSE.)

THE NURSE.

WE ARE COMING, FATHER ABR’AM,
THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND MORE –
FROM MISSISSIPPI’S WINDING STREAM
AND FROM NEW ENGLAND’S SHORE.

(THE SOLDIER enters.)

THE SOLDIER

WE LEAVE OUR PLOWS AND WORKSHOPS,
OUR WIVES AND CHILDREN DEAR,
WITH HEARTS TOO FULL FOR UTTERANCE,
WITH BUT A SILENT TEAR.

(THE SECRETARY enters.)

THE SECRETARY.

WE DARE NOT LOOK BEHIND US,
BUT STEADFASTLY BEFORE.
WE ARE COMING, FATHER ABR’AM,
THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND MORE!

ALL.

WE ARE COMING, WE ARE COMING,
OUR UNION TO RESTORE!
WE ARE COMING, FATHER ABR’AM,
WITH THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND MORE.
WE ARE COMING, FATHER ABR’AM,
WITH THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND MORE.

FINISH READING THIS SCRIPT

Visit our website to purchase the full script or to explore other titles.

www.samuelfrench.com

www.samuelfrench.co.uk

To stay up to date on all that we are doing, follow us on social media:



*Titles for licensing are subject to availability depending on your territory.