Samuel Brannan: An Historical Play

Reed Davidson Turnbow

Brigham Young University - Provo

Follow this and additional works at: https://scholarsarchive.byu.edu/etd

Part of the History Commons, Mormon Studies Commons, and the Theatre and Performance Studies Commons

BYU ScholarsArchive Citation


This Thesis is brought to you for free and open access by BYU ScholarsArchive. It has been accepted for inclusion in Theses and Dissertations by an authorized administrator of BYU ScholarsArchive. For more information, please contact scholarsarchive@byu.edu, ellen_amatangelo@byu.edu.
SAMUEL BRANNAN

An Historical Play

A Creative Thesis
Presented to the
Department of Theatre and Cinematic Arts
Brigham Young University

In Partial Fulfillment
of the Requirements for the Degree
Master of Arts

by
Reed Davidson Turnbow
August 1976
This thesis, by Reed Davidson Turnbow, is accepted in its present form by the Department of Theatre and Cinematic Arts of Brigham Young University as satisfying the thesis requirement for the degree of Master of Arts.

Charles W. Whitman, Committee Chairman

Larry C. Porter, Committee-Member

Charles L. Metten, Department Chairman

Typed by: Kristy L. Withers
PREFACE

First and foremost, a play must give its viewers pleasure. If, for any reason, it fails to do that, it is a poor play. When the dramatic experience is not enjoyable, the audience ponders only one question, "How can I get out of here?". If a writer starts with a preconceived dogma or moral and organizes his plot in such a way as to teach or "preach" that moral his play may lose universal appeal and, for many people, be unenjoyable and valueless. Unless we define pleasure in terms of Aristotle's katharsis, or Longinus' sublime, or some other method of clarification, we cannot say that every play which gives pleasure is a good play. 'I do not believe that a good drama must necessarily answer questions, but I do believe that it must raise them. Not only must it raise questions, but they must be difficult. It is a shallow play that raises only questions which are easily answered. 'I believe the theatre should be a place for thinking, for evaluating, for pondering, and ultimately for enlightening.

Although Samuel Brannan deals with such issues as drinking, dishonesty, and marital difficulties, if I have written well, these "easy" questions will be recognized as necessary parts of the story and plot, and not as the important questions of the play. If Samuel Brannan is a good play, then I don't even know all of the questions it will raise. They will differ with the experience,
knowledge, and understanding of each individual who sees it. If questions are immediately obvious, I hope they are such questions as: "Why do we live contrary to our convictions?", "What determines our motivations?", "How does one become wealthy?", "Is it possible to want one thing, and at the same time put our whole effort into obtaining something else which will keep from us what we really want? If so, why?". I do not know the answers to these questions. For that reason alone, it is impossible for me to "preach" my views on them. Plays are to be seen, and it would be my hope that in watching this play performed, I would feel it's emotion and gain insight and enlightenment on these and other questions which may arise in performance.

'I have attempted to lay out causally and logically the experiences of Samuel Brannan which I felt were essential to the content of this play. I chose to write about him because, although he was in many ways like most men, his life was one of extremes. Perhaps during his life he asked himself many difficult questions. It appears to be a common thing for men in times of great loss or failure to probe the "why's?". I wonder if in retrospect he had insights which in his early life were not even considered.

As a writer I have taken some license with the historical facts in order to make this play theatrical. For example, Samuel's vast empire crumbled slowly, I have condensed it. His life after he lost his wealth I have also shortened. He did not die on the wharf in San Francisco, but rather his death came slowly under the care of a kind woman in Escondido, California.
I have tried to remain true to Sam's character, and am indebted to him for putting into his letters so many of his attitudes and philosophies. I am also indebted to the L.D.S. Church for preserving so many of those letters, both in the Journal History of the Church,¹ and in the B.Y.U. Special Collections Library. I am also indebted to the historians who have recorded so many of his activities.

¹Journal History of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, L.D.S. Church Historians Office, Salt Lake City, Utah.
### TABLE OF CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Section</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>PREFACE</td>
<td>iii</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SAMUEL BRANNAN</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Act 1</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Act 2</td>
<td>47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>APPENDIX</td>
<td>85</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SELECTED BIBLIOGRAPHY</td>
<td>88</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
SAMUEL BRANNAN

by

Reed Davidson Turnbow
CHARACTERS

SAMUEL BRANNAN
ANN ELIZA BRANNAN
Samuel's wife

FANNEY CORWIN
Ann's mother
MARY ANN BADLAM
Sam's older sister

ALEXANDER BADLAM
Mary Ann's husband
ALEX BADLAM
son of Alexander

LAURA BADLAM
Alex's wife
JOHN BRANNAN
Sam's father

BRIGHAM YOUNG
Mormon Church leader
FERGUSON
Mormon elder

COREY
Mormon elder
LYMAN
Mormon apostle

COLEMAN
citizen of San Francisco
WARD
citizen of San Francisco

HOWARD
citizen of San Francisco
SAM JR.
Sam's son

ADELAIDE
Sam's daughter
LIZZIE
Sam's daughter

JOHN ANDERSON
Mormon
BROTHER ADAMS
Mormon

ISAAC BLUXOME
vigilante
JOHN JENKINS
convicted thief

GOVERNMENT AGENT
DRUNK

DOORMAN
TELEGRAM BOY

PROSTITUTE
WAITERS

PARTY GUESTS
ORCHESTRA

SERVANT
MAN

LADY
DRINKING MEN
ACT ONE

Scene One

The scene takes place in the modest living room of the home of Alexander and Mary Badlam in Nauvoo, Illinois. It is the spring of 1845, and the long evening has fallen under the shroud of darkness. Only Mary and her eight year old son Alex Jr. are at home. Mary is darning socks, and Alex is sitting looking out of the window as if he were expecting to see someone come.

MARY

Any sign of him yet?

ALEX

It's too dark to see anything.

(Mary nervously)

MARY

He'll be home shortly. It's way past your bed time Alex.

ALEX

Not yet. Let me stay up a little longer. Gramps said he'd bring me something from the store.

MARY

You're a growing boy, and you need your sleep.

(A loud noise is heard on the front door step. Both Mary and Alex give a start.)

What was that?

(Mary nervously)

ALEX

(Alex peers through the window.)

It's Grandpa. He fell down!

(Mary and Alex run to help him followed by Mary.)

MARY

Is that you, Father?

(Mary and Alex return immediately with John who is drunk. One of them is on each side of him helping to steady him.)

ALEX

Are you hurt, Gramps?
JOHN
That step moved. Just as I put my foot on it, it moved. It did
Mary, I saw it move.
(They help him to the couch, and he plops down in the middle
of it.)

MARY
You promised not to drink.
(sternly)
Alex, go to bed.
(Alex exits immediately.)
Can't you do without drink?

JOHN
You're mad at me, Mary Ann.

MARY
I'm not mad, I'm just upset.

JOHN
If you could only just--Where's Alexander?

MARY
He hasn't come in from the field.

JOHN
How come he's so late?

MARY
(ignoring his question)
Father, I hate for Alex to see you drunk. I want him to respect you.

JOHN
He's a fine boy, he is. He's the only person I know that likes me
even when I'm drunk.

MARY
We all like you, but when you've been drinking you aren't yourself.
(John gets to his feet and starts toward the door.)
Where are you going?

JOHN
(sulky and almost vicious)
You don't want me here.

MARY
I didn't say that. I just want you to stay sober.

JOHN
What's the difference?
MARY
(taking John by the arm and leading him to the couch)
Father, I don't want Alex to ever feel like Sam did toward you.
Please don't drink around him.

JOHN
(sitting)
Alex is nothing like him. If Sam cared anything about me, he'd never
walked out on me like he did. I was his father.

MARY
He was afraid, that's all. He loves you the same as we all do.

JOHN
He had nothing to be afraid of.

MARY
I don't think you remember how you get sometimes when you're drunk.

JOHN
I know everything I do. He just had no respect for me. It doesn't
matter anymore.

MARY
You're right, it doesn't. He's a man now, and a good one.

JOHN
(getting drowsy)
Where's Alexander?

MARY
Something's wrong or he'd be here. He's never been this late before.

JOHN (falling off to sleep. Mary goes to the window and
nervously peers into the night. In her concern for Alexander
she fails to notice that John is asleep.)

I wish you could go find him.

VOICE
(off stage)
Mary! Mary, are you there?
(Mary gives a start and peers into the darkness. As soon as
she recognizes her husband she hurries and opens the door.
Alexander enters, helped by Sam on one side and another man
on the other. He has been badly beaten.)

MARY
Alexander! What happened to you?
(to Sam)
Here, lay him...
(Mary motions toward the couch, but seeing John sprawled out
in the middle of it, she clears her sewing from the big chair.)

Sit him here.
SAM
(to Mary)
I'll move the old man.
(Mary helps support Alexander while Sam roughly picks John up and moves him to the chair.)

MARY
What happened?
(She opens Alexander's shirt which reveals the gashes made by a whip.)

ALEXANDER
They whipped me. It's alright, Mary, I'm not hurt bad.
(Sam helps Mary lay him on the couch.)

MARY
Who did it?

MAN
It was a mob. I watched them.

MARY
Who?

MAN
If you ask me, it's the same ones that killed Joseph.
(Sam is getting a basin of water. He brings it over by Alexander and sets it on the floor.)

SAM
Let's get these wounds washed and some salve on them.
(Mary starts to wash the wounds on Alexander's chest as Sam goes to the cupboard looking for salve.)

MARY
(to Sam)
I'm so glad you're here. I thought you were in New York.

SAM
I was. Where do you keep your salve?

MARY
Left side on the top shelf.

MAN
You know him then?

MARY
Yes, he's my brother.

MAN
If he'll be staying to help you, I think I should get home to my wife. She'll be worried.
MARY
Of course, and thank you so much.

MAN
I'll stop by and send Doctor Richards over.

ALEXANDER
Thanks, William, that won't be necessary.
(William starts to leave.)

MARY
How did you escape?

MAN
When I saw them whipping your husband, I hid in the thicket.
(He exits.)

MARY
(Sam returns with the salve.)
I'm so glad you've come, Sam. Where did you find Alexander?

SAM
I just barely got off the stage and started up the street toward your house when a wagon passed me and stopped here. I could see that someone was hurt so I hurried up to help.

MARY
Can you turn over, Alexander?
(Sam helps her turn him over on his stomach. Mary continues to dress his wounds.)

SAM
(to Alexander)
Do you feel any broken bones?

ALEXANDER
No, there aren't any.

SAM
Any pain inside?

ALEXANDER
I don't think so.

SAM
Those gashes weren't made by an ordinary horse whip.

ALEXANDER
I'm afraid not.

MARY
Where is Ann and the baby?
I left them in New York. I was in a hurry. It would have been too much for them.

Is something wrong?

A mistake, that's all.

What is it, Sam?

My associate, William Smith, has succeeded in getting both of us excommunicated.

You're not apostatizing too, Sam?

Of course not. That's why I'm here in Nauvoo. I'm going to see Brigham Young in the morning.

There's been so much apostasy since Joseph was killed. Some of the Saints just can't seem to take any more persecution.

(to Alexander)

Does that feel any better?

Much better. Thank you.

Why did they do it, Alexander?

I refused to obey when they ordered me to leave my field.

So what do you do now?

I suppose we'll have to arm ourselves and work in groups, or something.

I wish I could stay and help you. I'd like to square with the men that did this to you.

You can't. You get your own problem solved and then go home to your wife and baby.
SAM

(looking at John who is still asleep in the big chair.)
Looks like you have more troubles than you deserve. How long has he been here?

MARY

A couple of weeks.

SAM

If you want me to, I'll take him with me tomorrow and drop him off at his home.

MARY

I want him to stay here as long as he will.

SAM

(to Mary Ann)
Whatever you say.
(to Alexander)
You better get some rest. I'll see you before I leave tomorrow.

MARY

Won't you sleep here?

SAM

You've got a full house. I'll catch a room down at the Inn.
(Sam starts to exit.)

ALEXANDER

We have plenty of room.

SAM

(good naturedly)
See you tomorrow.
(He exits.)

ALEXANDER

Is he too good to stay with us now?

MARY

When he came to live with us as a boy he said he would never sleep under the same roof with father again, and he hasn't.

ALEXANDER

I thought he'd have grown out of that by now.
Scene Two

The next morning Brannan and Brigham Young are talking in the street outside the Masonic Hall.

**SAM**

When I heard what had happened I came immediately. I want to be sure that you know where I stand regarding the Church.

**YOUNG**

I've read some of the articles you published and they seem to leave no doubt about your position.

**SAM**

What was I to do? William was an apostle. I was sent by the Church to be subject to his authority.

**YOUNG**

Can't you recognize apostacy when you see it?

**SAM**

Yes, I can. I was very concerned, but felt that I had no right to criticize or even question the position of an apostle. I didn't want to do anything that would displease you.

**YOUNG**

You've certainly done that. Who can say how much harm's been done to the Church as a result of the filthy lies you've perpetrated.

**SAM**

I'm sorry. Please recognize my dilemma--Try to forgive me. What I did was out of weakness, and not because of any apostate feelings or inclinations.

**YOUNG**

I suppose, but I want you to remember something that Joseph Smith said: "A man is a prophet only when he's acting like a prophet." The same thing applies to apostles and every other position in the Church. I expect you to use your God-given intelligence to judge what's right. The Lord needs men of your abilities, and if you can convince the Council that we have your complete support--not as a sheep, but as an intelligent human being, and that you truly have a conviction of this restored gospel--then I'm prepared to restore you to the Church, and to send you back to New York with Elder Pratt to see if you can undo some of the harm that's been done.

**Sam**

President Young, I want more than anything for you to know that I support you and the Church with all my heart.
YOUNG
I'm glad of that. We've got troubles enough from the outside. We don't need anymore rebellion within our ranks.

SAM
I know. I saw what they did to Alexander Badlam last night.

YOUNG
They're not content with Joseph's blood. There'll be no more peace for us in Nauvoo. We've got to move on.

SAM
But... where?

YOUNG
Maybe Oregon or California. God will let us know in his own time.

SAM
Then why are they still working on the temple?

YOUNG
Because God commanded us to build it. We won't leave until it's finished.

SAM
But if we're just going to leave it...

YOUNG
It will remain as a symbol of our faith, and a witness against our enemies. Wherever the Saints of God live he requires them to build temples.

SAM
I wonder where the next one will be.

(looking at his watch)
YOUNG
Come along, Brother Brannan, the Council is waiting.

Scene Three
Nine months have passed. Sam has been made presiding Elder of a group of New York Mormons who are now loading a ship with their belongings before they sail. Sam is on deck giving directions.
FIRST MAN
Brother Brannan, where does this farming equipment go?

SAM
All the way to the bottom, and stack it carefully. We're going to be on this vessel for a long time, and before this trip is over we'll want all the room we can get.

SECOND MAN
(carrying tools)
That printing press takes up a lot of space, Brother Brannan. Maybe we should leave it, or perhaps trade it for a smaller one.

SAM
That's a good press. We'll have plenty of room.

THIRD MAN
This box says ink, type...

SAM
Put that in my quarters, and be careful with it.

SECOND MAN
(sarcastically)
I'm sure we'll need a printing press. Whoever heard of taming the western frontier without a printing press?

THIRD MAN
When we get there we'll take it apart and make plows out of it.
(they laugh)

SAM
That press is destined for greatness, and if you had any vision you'd know it.

FOURTH MAN
True, Brother Brannan, true. We'll use it to educate the Indians.

SAM
Yes, but first we'll try to make literates out of you rogues.
(everyone laughs)

LADY
Brother Brannan, can I talk to you for a minute?

SAM
Sure, Sister McNeil, what is it?

LADY
(nervously)
It's... A... Well, could we step over here?
SAM
(moving to one side with Sister McNeil)
What's the problem?
(As they talk she remains very nervous and continues to look about for eavesdroppers.)

LADY
Are you aware that there will be several unmarried young ladies on board?

SAM
Yes, and lovely women they are.

LADY
That's the problem. Living in such close quarters for such a long time...Well, it could be...I mean...

SAM
Yes, Sister McNeil, what do you mean?

LADY
Well...are there any rules? I haven't heard any rules.

SAM
Oh yes, the rules are all drawn up right here.
(He takes a piece of paper out of his coat pocket and waves it at her.)
They're very strict.
(in a loud whisper)
They were approved by Elder Orson Pratt himself.

LADY
It's such a relief to know that.

SAM
As soon as the ship is loaded I'll read them to everyone, then I'll tack a copy up where you can refer to it at any time.

LADY
Oh thank you, Brother Brannan, you've taken a burden off my mind.
(She bustles excitedly off stage.)

SECOND MAN
How long will it take to get there?

SAM
About six months.

SECOND MAN
Six months of nothing but water. Isn't that something?

SAM
Do you love the sea?
SECOND MAN
I'm scared to death of water.
(He turns and exits--Brannan and the others laugh.)

SAM
(calling orders)
Hurry it up. Get those boxes loaded or we'll never sail.
(Enter Ann with the baby and Fanney loaded down with luggage.)

FANNEY
Where does this luggage go, Sam? I feel like a work horse packing it all over New York harbor.

SAM
(pointing to his quarters)
In there.
(Fanney goes to his quarters.)

ANN
I'm so excited. I've hardly been out of the state of New York, and now to be going half way around the world--I can hardly believe it.
(She kisses Sam, and he takes Sam Jr.)

SAM
(holding the baby in the air)
Well, son, you are going to be a sailor.
(Fanney returns.)

FANNEY
Why can't that printing stuff go down below? It's going to be so cramped in there we won't be able to turn around.

SAM
If it gets too cramped, you can go below, but the printing materials stay.

ANN
You two aren't going to fuss today are you?

FANNEY
Of course not. I couldn't be prouder of Sam.

SAM
So why the big change?

FANNEY
Finally you're doing something with your life. That's why.

SAM
I've always done something with my life.
FANNEY
Now, Sam, I didn't mean anything. It's just that I'm so proud to see you accepting so much responsibility in the Church.

SAM
A lot of hard work you mean.

FANNEY
Well, I'm proud of you just the same.

ANN
I always was proud of you, ever since the first day I saw you.

SAM
You're a lot smarter than your mother.

FANNEY
Will Brigham Young and the Saints from Nauvoo cross the mountains and meet us in California?

SAM
I think that's the plan.

ANN
It's such an adventure. I can't believe it's happening to us.

SAM
This time we're going to find a decent place for our people to settle. Not another Kirtland or Missouri, or Nauvoo.

FANNEY
Joseph Smith chose those places, and I don't think you should insinuate that he was in error.

ANN
Mother, you know what he means.

SAM
(calling to Kemble).
Get everyone on deck for role call, and let's get started.

Scene Four

It is August 1847. Over a year and a half has passed since the "Brooklyn" left New York harbor. Brigham Young and Sam are walking among the tents and wagons in Salt Lake.
...And the potential! Not only is the climate mild--It never snows--but the earth is deep and fertile and there's plenty of water. We can grow anything there!

Is that right?

We'll build an empire that'll be respected by the entire world. That bay will become one of the greatest seaports anywhere.

It's that good?

Can you imagine the advantage--To establish our empire on a water front, a natural harbor?

I suppose you're right.

From all over the world the Saints can come to Zion by boat. They won't have to fight the wilderness and the Indians. You left Nauvoo the same day we left New York. We went all the way to California, built homes, planted crops, and then I came to find you, and I still beat you to Salt Lake.

That can't be denied. However, we were delayed almost a year because we sent so many of our men with the Battalion.

When the Saints set foot on land they'll be in the City of Zion. Can't you just see it?

Sounds like you've found a delightful place out there on the coast.

The very thing we've been searching for all these years.

We've had our share of difficulty alright. I've built and abandoned five homes since I met Joseph Smith. I watched the Saints leave a trail of blood in the snow at Far West. When we left Nauvoo it rained all night. The wagons got bogged down in the mud so deep we couldn't move till it dried up. Crossing the plains, we breathed so much dust, I wouldn't be surprised if we all get consumption.
SAM
At Yerba Buena we can forget about mud and snow and dust. That harbor is beautiful.

YOUNG
We've settled on the waters edge before: New York, Kirtland, Nauvoo.

SAM
And the land in the San Joaquin valley is deep and fertile.

YOUNG
The soil of Jackson County was as good as any on earth, but we had to leave before the first harvest was completed.

SAM
But in Jackson County we were such a minority. The Mormons in Yerba Buena already outnumbered the non-Mormons by more than two to one. We'll have the advantage of numbers.

YOUNG
In Caldwell County and Nauvoo, we outnumbered our foes by a hundred to one--had local governments made up almost entirely of our own people, but as soon as we started to prosper they brought in outsiders to drive us away. It's not that we're bad, we're just different. It's our faith.

SAM
Brother Brigham, bring the Saints to California, and I promise you that in ten years they will be the wealthiest people anywhere in the world. With the influence of that wealth we'll never again be persecuted by anyone. I know what I'm saying. Haven't we suffered enough? We deserve the prosperity which God has promised to the righteous.

YOUNG
I know you mean well, Sam; I'm sure California is a wonderful place, but, if this garden land is what you say it is, in ten years it will be full of men and women who seek ease and wealth, and they'll bring with them all the vile and base things known to mankind. Sam, there's no greater plague in the world than for men to have enough money to buy whatever they want, and enough leisure time to do whatever they will. When wealth and leisure both come into the hands of one man, look out!

SAM
It doesn't have to be that way. We can establish a powerful government and control the society so that those evils can be eliminated. I know we can.

YOUNG
In a democracy, if the society is sick, the government will be. The men of this world seek ease, and will flock to California in hoards
when they hear the things you've told me, and they will hear. Sam
the Lord has never promised us that this life would be easy. His
people will be a tried people, a persecuted people, a purged people,
but they will be a strong people.

SAM
Why do only God's people suffer?

YOUNG
There's a difference between purging and suffering. Purging comes
early and purifies so that the final state is good and precious. Real
suffering is the final state, and the result of an unpurged soul.

SAM
How long must we be subjected to fire?

YOUNG
I know, Sam, I know... The Saints need some peace, and a home where
they can be relatively free from persecution... And this is it.

(shocked)

SAM
What?

YOUNG
This is the right place for us.

SAM
This salt desert?

YOUNG
Those who come to Salt Lake will do so under great difficulty, and
you can be sure that there will be far fewer troublemakers settle
here than there will be in California.

SAM
Don't be so hasty. Come with me! Don't make a decision until you
see what I'm talking about! I'll take you down and bring you back.
Then you can decide.

YOUNG
The decision isn't mine to make. It's the Lord's, and he says to
stay here.

SAM
The Bible says we shouldn't judge a matter until we hear it.

YOUNG
I suppose he had a look at California before he decided. The Saints
will prosper here, and they'll be much better off than those who run
off to California searching for wealth.
But...But I told them...I mean...

You go back to California. Keep the Saints organized. Have them stay there this season and raise crops, then next spring as early as the mountains are passable, bring them to Zion.

You heard the trapper! You can't raise food here! You'll all starve.

Sam, if we go to California and settle there, within five years we'll have to deny our faith or leave.

That isn't true!

We'll stay here in the mountains where we can raise our own potatoes and eat them.

You can't raise potatoes! The ground is too dry to sprout seeds.

We can irrigate.

The water in those streams is too cold, it'll chill the seeds--they'll never mature. Even if they did, it'll freeze every month of the year.

It may not come easy, but at least we'll know what's ours, and what isn't.

Scene Five

Ann and Fanney are alone in the small kitchen-living room of the Brannan cabin. Fanney is sewing while Ann prepares dinner. It is late afternoon, the latter part of September 1847.

(chiding)

What ya cookin', dearie?
ANN
You know very well what I'm cooking.

FANNEY
Well, I was hoping...

ANN
Don't you like my stew?

FANNEY
Now, Annie, it's not that I don't like it...

( expressively, with both hands on her hips )
Then what?

FANNEY
...It's just that--that's all we ever have.

ANN
Sam will be home any day now, and he'll replenish the larder as soon as he arrives.

FANNEY
Who knows but what he'll simply love your special stew, and insist that we have it for every meal all winter.
(She has crossed over to the stove, removed the lid, and is smelling the stew.)
Mmmmm, what an odor. I do hope Samuel comes tonight...

ANN
So do I.

FANNEY
...Because if he doesn't we'll have this stuff warmed over for breakfast again.

ANN
If he comes he'll be hungry.

FANNEY
I never saw him when he wasn't.

ANN
Stop complaining mother.

FANNEY
I know, I know, "We should at least be thankful for this beautiful climate. We've had such a lovely summer, not hot and muggy like New York."

( looking through the window at the beautiful weather she sees Sam approaching )
We're saved!
ANN
(Ann joins her at the window)

It's Sam!

(Shes runs out to meet him while Fanney sets another place at the table and pours hot water in the wash basin. When he enters Sam looks tired and dirty. He throws his bedroll and saddle bag in a corner, and goes directly to the wash basin where he washes up. During all of this Ann follows him around talking a hundred miles an hour.)

...And you won't believe the change in Sammy. I say, hes grown four inches--And he talks. I mean he says words as clear as a bell. You'll just have to hear him.

SAM

Where is he?

ANN

He's asleep. He won't even know you. Imagine that, in the morning I'll have to introduce him to his father. It's going to be so nice having you home. I've missed you so--I'm never going to let you go away again; not even for one day.

(Sam finishes drying his face, throws the towel on a chair and takes her in his arms.)

SAM

I've missed you too, sweetheart.

(They kiss.)

I wish I'd never left. I wish I'd stayed right here with you.

ANN

Was it a difficult trip?

SAM

The trip was fine, but it was all for nothing.

ANN

You mean they're not coming?

SAM

That's what I mean. They're staying at Salt Lake.

ANN

But I thought President Young told you...

SAM

So did I.

ANN

Why? He must have a reason.
He's afraid of persecution. I think he likes to watch his people suffer. He doesn't want any of us to ever have anything.

Why, Sam?

I don't know, but he's making a terrible mistake, and I'd be willing to bet both of my eyes that they'll have to come here next year, or starve.

Is it that bad?

I spent a month exploring that desert with them. Their diet will consist of sage brush tea and fried lizard. Nothing else will grow.

You're bitter, Sam.

Yes I am.

You shouldn't let it get to you that way.

I know, but I can't stand to see us lose a golden opportunity. He'll wait until the gentiles are in control, that way his fears will be realized and he'll say: "What'd I tell ya Sam, I knew I should have listened to the Lord instead of you." Maybe that's what he wants.

Does Brigham Young know how you feel?

Sure he does. I did everything I possibly could to persuade him. He's the most stubborn man...

No, I mean does he know how bitter you are?

I suppose he does, he seems to think he knows everything.

Did you talk to him like you've been talking to me?

If I had, do you think he would have left me in charge?
ANN
You just contradicted yourself. Then he doesn't know everything.

SAM
That's right! He said a man is a prophet only when he's acting like a prophet. This is definitely one of those times.

ANN
What do you mean?

SAM
They'll all be here next year, and there's no good in Brigham Young being down on me when they come.

ANN
You'll feel better when you're rested.
(She takes his hand and leads him to the table.)
After you've had a little of my west coast stew, you'll be a new man.

SAM
There's a lot of wealth to be had here. I sure hate to see the Mormons lose out.

FANNEY
If there's so much wealth around here, why haven't I seen any of it? Where is it?

SAM
It's here. All you have to do is look.

FANNEY
Just gaze into your crystal ball.

SAM
You leave that to me. It won't be long till you'll see plenty of it.

ANN
Did you find a gold mine while you were gone?

SAM
(to Ann)
You deserve some of the nice things of this world, and I'm going to see that you get them.

FANNEY
Maybe just a little sugar for pastries and some fresh meat once in a while.

ANN
You've always been a dreamer, Sam.

SAM
I'm not just dreaming--you'll see.
FANNEY
I hope so, but I don't think the plantation at New Hope can be relied on.

ANN
I don't care if we're rich as long as I have you and Sammy.

FANNEY
Yes, but she's been complaining plenty while you were away about needing this, and that.

SAM
(continuing to ignore Fanney)
Sure you do, and when you live in a mansion overlooking the bay, you'll love me more than you ever thought you could. Our children will be happier--they won't have to go without like we've had to--and everything will be that much better.

FANNEY
I'll look forward to the change.

ANN
Of course it'd be nice, who wouldn't like to be rich? All I'm saying is that I'm happy, and I love you even if we aren't wealthy.

SAM
Don't think about that, because we're going to be.

FANNEY
You were born into a poor family, and you'll probably live and die just as poor as they did. That's the way life is.

ANN
What if he does, wealth isn't so important.

SAM
Yes it is, to me and to everyone else. Even Brigham Young.
(Sam's enthusiasm builds throughout this speech)
Everything depends on it. Money rules this world. That's how it was in New York, New Orleans, Ohio, Missouri, Illinois; and that's the way it is in California. Every place but Salt Lake, and there'll never be any wealth there.

ANN
(laughing at Sam's enthusiasm)
Oh, Sam, not everything.

SAM
Yes, everything! When we get our share of it I'll show you what I mean.
(Knock at the door. Ann gets up and answers it. John Anderson, a farmer, enters.)
Come in, Brother Anderson.

   (rising to shake hands)
Hello, John.

John
Evenin', Sam, my wife said she saw you ride in. I hate to bother you so soon, but we've been having some problems while you were away, and I thought you ought to hear the truth before...

Before I hear the other side.

Well, yes, but...

What is it, John?

John
It's the farm at New Hope.

Fanney
About a third of the company have been doing hardly any work. They're just leeching off the rest of us. You can't blame us for being upset.

   (Sam nods)
It just isn't right.
   (knock at the door)

Sam
Excuse me, John.
   (Sam goes to the door and opens it. Adams enters.)
Well, Brother Adams, what brings you out after dark. Out with it, what's on your mind?

Fanney
Here we go.

Adams
There's been some contention while you were away, and I thought it might be a good idea if I stopped over and explained the whole situation before...

John
You're a little late, Adams, I've already told him about you and your lazy friends.

Adams
He's a liar.
DON'T YOU CALL ME A LIAR, YOU WORTHLESS LEECH.

NOW, GENTLEMEN.

I AM NOT A LEECH.

AND JUST WHAT DO YOU CALL IT?

JOHN

ADAMS

JOHN, YOU ARE THE MOST SELFISH MAN I'VE EVER MET.

AND YOU ARE THE LAZIEST HUMAN BEING ON THIS EARTH.

PLEASE, GENTLEMEN.

ADAMS

HE'S LYING!

(JOHN COMES AT ADAMS AND GRABS HIM BY THE THROAT. THEY STRUGGLE.)

STOP IT! BOTH OF YOU!

SAM

JOHN

YOU'LL NOT CALL ME A LIAR!

(SAM PULLS JOHN AWAY AND SHOVES HIM TOWARD THE DOOR.)

YOU'RE A FILthy LIAR.

(SAM STILL STRUGGLING TO KEEP THEM APART)

ADAMS

(SHOVING ADAMS TOWARD THE DOOR)

THIS IS MY HOME, AND NEITHER OF YOU ARE WELCOME TO STAY HERE ANY LONGER. TAKE YOUR BRAWLS TO THE STREET.

(AS THEY LEAVE SHOUTING AND CURSING SAM SLAMS THE DOOR, AND ANN BURSTS INTO LAUGHTER. SAM JOINS HER.)

ONLY A FOOL WOULD EVER WANT TO BE A LEADER OF MEN.

ANN

YOU'RE A FOOL THEN.

(SHE HUGS HIM.)

SAM

I AM IF I LET THEM CONTROL MY LIFE.
FANNEY
As long as you hold the title of Presiding Elder, they'll control it. They'll get you up before daylight and keep you up half the night. But you'll be blessed for your service to God's children.
(Sam sits back at the table and continues to eat.)

SAM
Forget it, Granny--I wasn't molded for that type of servitude. I might be their leader, but I won't be mother to them.

FANNEY
Samuel, that's no way for a man of your position to be talking.

SAM
Ann, honey, there's only one problem we've ever had in our marriage.

ANN
What problem?

SAM
(making a broad gesture toward Fanney)
Your mother.
(Sam and Ann laugh but Fanney remains sober)

FANNEY
You shouldn't take your spiritual responsibilities so lightly.

ANN
He's only teasing.

FANNEY
I'd like to think so.

SAM
You sound as if you think you're Brigham Young's special messenger to me. He'd probably like me to spend all of my time listening to the type of immature display we just witnessed. That way I'd always remain poor, and humble.

ANN
Will you two stop arguing?

SAM
I'll stop arguing, but I won't remain poor.

FANNEY
Or humble.

ANN
And just how do you intend to go about getting rich?

Sam
That's all a matter of policy.
ANN
That doesn't answer my question. What I mean is: will you be a
printer, or a farmer, or a merchant, or what?

SAM
You think too small. If I tie myself to anyone of those things, I'll
never be wealthy.

Then how?

ANN
You just leave that to me.

SAM
Yes, Mr. Brannan, and now if you've finished with your dinner, I'll
wash the china and crystal and put them away.
(She starts to clear the table.)

ANN
Mother, don't tease, you can see how serious he is about this.

SAM
It won't be long, Ann, I promise.
(he exits to the bedroom)
I'm going to have a peek at my namesake.

FANNEY
I wouldn't be getting my hopes up. Your husband will always be off
chasing a dream while you're home peeling potatoes.

ANN
Mother, his trip to see Brigham Young was important.

FANNEY
Just the same, you'll have to do some dreaming of your own if you're
going to change these into china.

Scene Six

It is now May of the following year.
Ferguson and Corey are seated at the
table in Brannan's cabin. Sam is
standing.

SAM
When I called Addison Pratt to be branch president I gave him the
responsibility to care for the spiritual needs of the Saints. Now
I'd like to know why they're always pounding on my door and bringing their problems to me.

FERGUSON
You are the link between him and the prophet, and we need to straighten some things out.

SAM
What things?

FERGUSON
In the first place, I'm fed up to here with your sarcasm and public harassment every time Brother Corey and myself expound the doctrines of the kingdom.

SAM
Spiritual wives are in no way connected with the "doctrines of the kingdom" and if you don't stop teaching it to unsuspecting single women, I'm going to excommunicate both of you.

COREY
I have received numerous reliable communications from friends in Salt Lake to the effect that Brigham Young and Heber C. Kimball are not only preaching the doctrine in public meeting, but are indeed living what they preach.

SAM
Brother Corey, I would advise you to keep quiet until you have official information, which information will come through the proper channel. Namely me!

FERGUSON
If it's being taught and practiced in Salt Lake, why have we no official word on it?

SAM
We have. Polygamy is a doctrine of the devil.

COREY
Is that official word from Brigham Young, or from Samuel Brannan?

SAM
Polygamy makes slaves of women, who are the best of God's creatures. It's as evil as the slavery in the south. They're twins, born of the devil, and I'll do what I can to destroy them whenever I have the opportunity.

FERGUSON
If that's how you feel, then I must ask you another question.

SAM
That is how I feel, and it's final and I refuse to hear or answer anymore questions on the subject.
I believe you've...

COREY

I said I'd heard enough, now is there anything else you'd care to discuss before you leave?

SAM

FERGUSON

Why did you dissolve the company at New Hope?

SAM

Because of contention. I don't like contention.

FERGUSON

Maybe a little discipline was needed, but you could hardly call that contention.

COREY

Two of them had a physical brawl in my home over the subject!

FERGUSON

How were the companies holdings disposed of?

SAM

In the most just way possible. Everything was advertised for sale and sold at public auction. The company debts were paid, and anything left was divided equally among the members.

COREY

We've noticed that while everyone else has gone out on their own you still oversee much of what belonged to all of them.

FERGUSON

Is that quite just?

SAM

That's because I bought it. If you doubt my integrity, check the record.

FERGUSON

I see. I have one final question. It's my understanding that your instructions were to organize the Saints and take them to Salt Lake two months ago.

SAM

President Young is aware of my every action, and I have his complete approval. Now if you're through, please leave!

(They start to exit.)

Next time you have grievances take them to Addison Pratt.

COREY

He sent us to you, Mr. Brannan. He shares some of our questions.
SAM
Then see that you give him the answers.
(As they exit, Ann enters from the bedroom.)

ANN
I think you were right when you said that only a fool would want to be a leader of men.

SAM
Someone's always complaining or criticizing. Telling you how it was done last time, or how they think it should be done this time. But the thing that really hurts is when they start casting doubt on your character.

ANN
Why don't you quit? Write Brigham a letter and tell him to put someone else in charge. You've done your share. Then maybe you could spend more time with us.

SAM
They need me. Maybe Corey and Ferguson don't, but the others do. I'm closely involved with our people on Mormon Island, and since the discovery of gold out there, that's most of them. Without my leadership, they'd fall apart. When Brigham Young sees the light and brings the rest of the Saints to join us, they'll need me even more.

ANN
They're not the only ones who need you. I know you're working so hard for me, but I really miss you when you're away so much.

SAM
Don't think I don't miss you just as much; and the little ones. It's so seldom I'm home when they're awake. I hardly know the baby.

ANN
Can't you slow down and spend some time with us?

SAM
If I did that now, it'd be like a fire fighter going on a picnic before he puts the fire out.

ANN
But the children are growing up, little Samuel needs you.

SAM
When I get things caught up I'll take some time off. I promise.

ANN
When will that be?

SAM
I'm trying to get the stores organized so I don't have to be there so much, but it seems that when I'm not there things just don't get done
right. Between the stores, and the barge, and the buying--this gold rush has me swamped. If I'd thought it was going to be like this I'd have printed only one thousand gold rush extra's instead of two. But Ann, if business keeps growing like it has been, I'll soon be able to spend all the time I want with you and the little ones.

ANN
I'm holding you to your promise, Sam.

Scene Seven

It's the spring of 1849. Ferguson and Lyman are seated in Brigham Young's office in Salt Lake. Young is standing with a letter in his hand looking out the window.

YOUNG
What you've told me comes as no great surprise. Brother Brannan mentioned in his letter that there were problems. I'm more disturbed by Sam's own letters than by what you've told me. Every time he writes he echoes his fears.

(reading from the letter)
"I hope, brethren, that you will not be prejudiced or doubt my loyalty from any rumor or report that may be circulated. My whole soul is bent on laboring for you day and night."

FERGUSON
He's working day and night, but the labor seems to be more for Sam Brannan than for the Lord--except for collecting tithing. He finds time to make regular rounds and collect tithing and special taxes, especially from our members who are gathering gold on the American River.

YOUNG
Has anyone spoken to him about these questions?

FERGUSON
Both myself and Addison Pratt have tried, but he always avoids serious discussion--says he hates contention, and anyway he's busy. He's so set in his attitudes and the things he's doing, I believe he'd die before he'd change.

LYMAN
Exactly what evidence is there that his intentions aren't good and sincere?
YOUNG
It appears to me after what you've said that we at least have reason to question on the following items: except for collecting tithes, he is shirking his responsibility as a leader, he is violently opposed to our practice of polygamy and in spite of being told over and over again, he still seems to think that the Church will come to California.

LYMAN
It does appear that everything isn't quite right with him.

YOUNG
This tithing situation could pose a serious problem. True, the Saints owe a tithe on their increase, but they owe it to the Lord and not to Samuel Brannan. Brother Lyman, I want you to go to California and pay Sam a visit.

(to Ferguson)
How wealthy would you say he is?

FERGUSON
He owns two stores--gets almost all of the trade from the gold fields. I heard his partner, bragging that they were taking in over 150,000 dollars a month. Besides that he owns a large river barge which operates between San Francisco and Sutters Fort. He does a fantastic business on it.

LYMAN
That's amazing. How does a man become so wealthy in such a short period of time?

FERGUSON
Somehow he had enough money to buy up most of the New Hope holdings when he dissolved the company. Two years ago he was as poor as any of us, and now he spends more money on the clothes he wears than most of us make in a year.

YOUNG
There's a rank odor here. Maybe he's trying to prove something to me.

(sighs heavily)
I think I know how to make him show his true colors. I'll just touch him where it hurts most, and by the time you see him, you should be able to tell where his loyalties lie.

Scene Eight

It is mid-summer 1849. As the scene opens Ann is alone, in the parlor
of their new home, polishing Silver
humming or singing to herself. It
is late. She hears Sam on the door
step.

ANN

That you, Sam?

(He enters.)

I just about gave up on you and went to bed alone.

SAM

You should have.

(She puts her work down and kisses him.)

I guess everyone else is asleep.

ANN

They have been for hours. I've polished every piece of silver we own
twice.

SAM

In that case I'll buy you some more tomorrow. Anything important
happen today?

ANN

The only important thing that ever happens around here is when you
come home. Are you hungry?

SAM

No. I had dinner at the new Oriental Hotel with my business associate
Mr. Howard, and a new gentleman--William Coleman, who just arrived
this week. This city needs more men of his character and refinement.

ANN

Since you've started eating in those fancy places, you don't like
my cooking any more do you?

SAM

Of course I do. You are without any doubt the finest cook in the world.

ANN

For liking it so well, you sure don't eat it very often.

SAM

That's only because I'm seldom home at mealtime, and you know it.

ANN

A letter came from Brigham Young--it's on the table.

(Sam picks up a letter, opens it and sits to read while Ann
finishes putting her silver away.)

SAM

(His features show growing concern turning to contempt as he
reads.)
...I expect all that I have asked when Brother Lyman returns, and may God bless you to this end is the prayer of your brother in the new covenant. B. Young.

(Ann detects something wrong in the tone of Sam's voice.)

ANN

Is something wrong?

SAM

Just what is he trying to prove?

ANN

What did he say?

(Sam hands her the letter and she reads to herself.)

SAM

Two years ago money was unimportant, now he wants me to support him in his great salt desert.

ANN

President Young is known for his sense of humor, maybe he's...

SAM

He's serious enough. He's starting to really feel the pressure of poverty, and thinks he can force me to buy them a little more time. If that's how he feels, he can stay there and rot. I'm through! Someone else can have the stinking thankless job, I never wanted it anyway.

ANN

What about your faith?

SAM

My faith is between me and God, and that's all that matters.

(He takes some books from a drawer and puts them on the table.)

If I'm not at home when Elder Lyman comes, give him these books. They belong to the Church.

(He reaches into his coat pocket and takes out a bag of gold which he throws on the table.)

That's their money, and that's all they'll get. Give it to him, and tell him that I stand alone.

ANN

But they need your leadership.

SAM

Most of them are making plans to go to Salt Lake before the month is out. Ann, they've criticized and condemned me since the day we landed here. There's no reason to believe differently. They have refused to accept what we can offer them, and they certainly have nothing to offer us. We don't need each other anymore. Besides, with my work and my civic involvement I don't have time to be bothered.

(Fanney enters as Sam begins to speak.)
"No time to be bothered?" Is that as deep as your faith goes?

ANN
Please Mother, don't interfere.

SAM
You can stop gloating over me, Fanney. Your daughter's husband is no longer the "Presiding Elder".

Scene Nine
Two years have passed. It is early evening on the wharf which is alive with shops, workers, and all varieties of people from all over the world doing all sorts of things. Sam and Ann enter dressed for a night on the town. They stroll arm in arm.

ANN
The bay is the only thing that hasn't changed. It's as beautiful as it was the day we landed, especially at sunset. If only people would slow down a bit. Sometimes I wish it was quiet like Yerba Buena use to be.

SAM
If you wish all these people away, you'll ruin me.

ANN
(smiling)
I'll let them stay then, but just the same, I wish San Francisco would find another bay.

SAM
Listen, Ann. That is the sound of growth and success.

ANN
Oh, I know that, and it is exciting. But people aren't friendly like they use to be.

SAM
There are too many. It was easy to be friends with everyone in Yerba Buena, but Yerba Buena has grown into a city, and if you tried to make friends with everyone in San Francisco, you'd have your hands full.
ANN
But you can't trust anyone anymore. There's so much crime and gambling, and the prostitution is so open and vulgar.

SAM
(Sam speaks loudly, and some of the citizens stop to listen)
If you're going to prosper, you have to accept the good with the bad. Then, you make the bad good, or you burn it. Isn't that what the Bible says? "Don't pull out the tares too soon, or you'll uproot the grain." Or was that gain?
(He laughs.)

FIRST CITIZEN
They're bringing trouble. Last week someone broke into McKinley's tent and took all the gold he's been workin' for fur six months.

SECOND CITIZEN
They found another body in the rocks north of town today; said he'd been knifed.

SAM
The law'll take care of it. We can't waste a beautiful evening like this worrying about other people's problems.

FIRST CITIZEN
Maybe they'll be our problems tomorrow.

SAM
If they are we'll worry about it tomorrow.
(taking Ann by the arm)
Come with me, Annie, I want to show you something.
(pointing)
Look.

ANN
What is it, I can't see...

SAM
Between those two buildings, up on the hill.

ANN
(delighted)
It's our home!

SAM
I've been checking, and you can see it from nearly every point in the city. What do you think? Aren't things turning out just like I said they would?

ANN
(embraces him)
To the last piece of China.
SAM
You're beautiful. The whole world is beautiful. Tonight I even love your mother. After all, I wouldn't leave my children with just anyone.

ANN
Sam, you're crazy. Maybe that's why I love you so.

SAM
I'm the luckiest man alive.
(Sam and Ann walk arm in arm along the wharf greeting people and making small talk. They meet several men who are out drinking--friends of Sam.)

FIRST MAN
Evenin', Mr. Brannan.
(tipping his hat)
Evenin', ma'am.

SAM
Good evening, gentlemen.
(They return the greeting.)
Looks like you're bringing a little joy and merriment to the wharf tonight.

SECOND MAN
(heavy English accent)
I say we are, old chap.

THIRD MAN
(New York accent)
We'd be most pleased if you'd care to join us.

SAM
Another time perhaps, but I promised to spend the entire evening with my wife. Of course, I don't think she'll mind if I share a drink with you.
(He looks at her. She smiles and nods her approval. Sam takes the jug and drinks a long drought. He wipes his mouth with his sleeve, and begins to sing.)

The grapes that grow in miles of rows
In the valley of San Joaquin,
Make a red red drink, which is warm I think
And give us wild new dreams.
(The others join in singing and dancing.)

When my friends all get together
for a social or a chat,
We're never really happy
Till they open the old grape vat.
Then life seems wild and we feel free
And we dream of things which soon will be.
Cheers, cheers, shout the men of the sea  
As they drink to things that will never be.  
Cheers, cheers, the gamblers say as they  
Watch their next prey's brain decay  
Drink, drink, the farmers shout as they lift  
Their mugs and drink their draught.

To all of us, the merchants say  
May fortune light our way.  
A drink, a drink, the drunkard cries  
"Without a drink, I know I'll die."

This red red wine from those San Joaquin vines  
Where the sky is blue and the river winds,  
And the world's best grapes grow in long straight lines.  
To make California wine.  
(The others all exit drinking, laughing and singing, leaving only Sam and Ann and one old drunk who has passed out as the scene ends.)

Scene Ten

As the scene opens, a fire is raging off stage. The fire bell begins to ring with a steady gong which continues to get gradually softer until it is no longer heard. The citizens rush to put the fire out forming a line across the wharf for a bucket brigade. While the concerned citizens fight the fire, the hoodlums who started it are occupied with looting other buildings. Howard, Coleman, and Ward are among the first to enter and are clearly the leaders.

(calling)

COLEMAN

Get more buckets!

WARD

(to a small group of the looters who are passing by)  
Get in that line. Can't you see we need help.

FIRST LOOTER

Sorry, friend, they ain't my buildings.
Move those buckets faster.

SECOND LOOTER
    (sarcastically)
You're spilling more than you're saving.

COLEMAN
It's going to take that next row of buildings if we don't do something quick.

HOWARD
As long as that wind blows, there's nothing we can do anywhere. Those buildings burn like tinder.
    (Sam enters and quickly surveys the situation.)

WARD
Somethings got to be done, and quick, or it'll be taking our homes too.

SAM
Three of those buildings in the next block are mine, and I'm giving the order to tear them down. That's the only way we'll save the city. Ward, take some men and hurry before they start fire. We'll try to buy you some time on this end.
    (Ward starts to gather a group of men. Sam joins the bucket brigade.)

COLEMAN
Take them all down! Everything in the path of the fire comes down!
    (Ward and several men exit running.)

HOWARD
Keep those buckets moving!

COLEMAN
    (The bucket brigade works frantically. After a few moments Coleman grabs a man to take his place in the line, and looks in the direction of the fire.)
The first one's down. If they can get them all in time it's going to work.

SAM
    (calling)
Jones, take these four men and go help pull those buildings down. Hurry! You don't have much time.
    (They exit on the run.)

COLEMAN
Don't let up now! Smith, they've got the buildings on the north side down. Get the other bucket brigade down here to help us.
    (Smith runs off stage and returns in a few moments with several men and establishes another line.)
SAM

They did it! Now move these lines over to the next block and wet down that rubble. Watch for sparks. Don't let it start up some place else!

(As the bucket brigade moves to the next block Ward returns.)

WARD

It's burning out. We've stopped it.

(Sam has been working until he's nearly exhausted. Now he stops and rests on a barrel which has been knocked over. Howard approaches him.)

HOWARD

It's under control. As soon as we stopped it from leaping to new buildings...It won't take long to burn itself out now.

SAM

If a fire has plenty of fuel, and a wind to fan it, it will always burn violently, and the fire in me is being fanned to the combustion point.

COLEMAN

(joining them)

That makes five fires this year, and I know it was those "New York Hounds" who started most of them.

SAM

Did anyone see the Governor or the police tonight?

WARD

(sarcastically)

They were probably too busy keeping the peace to notice a minor disturbance like this one.

HOWARD

They never help fight fires. They say they have to be on the watch for looters, but to my knowledge, they've never convicted a single one.

COLEMAN

We all know about the looting. That's why they start the fires. But they have no fear of being punished--Something in this government stinks.

SAM

Why do we need the government? We know who's doing it.

(The fire off stage is gradually dying down, and many of the citizens are gathering in the plaza where Sam and the others are talking.)

WARD

Sure we do, but as long as they're in league with the law, what can we do?
HOWARD

If we punish them ourselves, we're guilty, and I think we would be convicted more efficiently.

SAM

So what are we going to do?

COLEMAN

What can we do?

SAM

I'm through letting them push me around.
(Sam sets the barrel upright and mounts it.)
I've watched these criminal dogs take over our city until I'm sick, and I'm through watching. If Governor Geary and his lawmen can't stop them, we can!
(The representative of the government directs all of his remarks to the speaker, but Sam directs all of his to the people.)

AGENT

There's enough trouble already! Don't try to start a riot!

SAM

A riot! Am I starting a riot?
(There is a slight response from the crowd who now become more intent on Sam.)

AGENT

Keep it up and you will, and if you do you'll be responsible.
(The hounds move among the crowd making threats.)

SAM

How long are you going to let them push you? Are you going to stand silent? Or are you ready to fight?
(There is a scuffle in the crowd.)

VOICE

Fight!

SAM

If you're all cowards, I'll stand alone! I've done that before, and I'll do it again, but I won't be quiet any longer. I'm not afraid of hoodlums, and I have no respect for lawmen who can't control them.

VOICE

It's dangerous to talk that way!

SAM

I'm not afraid of you either!
(Coleman approaches and calls to Sam.)
COLEMAN
Sam, they're threatening to burn you out.

SAM
If they don't burn it they'll steal it, and yours too.
(to the crowd)
If a man steals, is he a thief?
(small response)
Should he be punished?
(several yell out "Yes")
When he kills, is he a murderer?
(more crowd approval)
Should he be hanged?
(more of the crowd call out yes)

AGENT
Mr. Brannan, you are making a terrible mistake! Leave it to the courts.

SAM
What courts? Where are the courts? We've left it to the courts, and what have they done?

VOICE
Nothing!

SAM
That's right, nothing!
(about half of the crowd voice their approval)

AGENT
What you're trying to do is illegal.

SAM
So is stealing! So is mugging! So is murder! So is arson!

VOICE
He's gone mad!

SAM
I've never been more sane! I'm calling on the citizens of San Francisco to join me. Put a stop to lawlessness! Do you love your homes?
(crowd approval grows with each question)
Do you care about your wives and children?

AGENT
Stop it, Sam, while you still can.

SAM
If I stop, who will fight?
AGENT
Leave it to the courts.
(Some of the hounds have pulled out their guns and are making threats to the citizens.)

SAM
To hell with your courts! We are the courts! We are the juries! We are the hangmen!
(three fourths of the crowd chant their approval)

COLEMAN
Look out, Sam, they've got guns.
(Shots are heard.)

VOICES
Kill him! Shut him up! Stop him! Shoot him!

SAM
Hear their threats!
(He rips open his shirt baring his chest.)
Shoot me! I'm not afraid! Go ahead, shoot! Shoot! If their killing me will make you save this city, my blood will be well spent!
(The entire crowd roars approval. They are completely with Sam from this point on, and there are continual scuffles between the citizens and the hounds.)

HOWARD
It's time for action! Now is the time.

COLEMAN
No! They're a mob now!
(Ward leaps to a prominent position.)

WARD
What we all want is peace!
(crowd cheers)
Peace and justice!
(cheers)
If the Governor can give that to us do we ask for more?
(crowd yells no)

AGENT
This is America! What you ask must come through the courts!

WARD
Then tell Governor Geary what we require! If the law can give it to us we are grateful! But one way or another, this lawlessness must stop!
(crowd roars approval)
These rabble who have polluted our city are the stinkin'est slime ever to hide under the guise of men.
(crowd roars)
SAM

Be rid of them!

COLEMAN

Not now, Sam!

WARD

They are sons of the devil living in bodies of swine. I said pigs! They call themselves hounds, but they're pigs!

(crowd goes wild)

AGENT

Mr. Ward, what I told Mr. Brannan applies to you as well.

WARD


AGENT

What you're doing is morally wrong.

SAM

Please don't hide their crimes under the smock of morality!

WARD

Right is right! Just is just! Truth is truth!

AGENT

Crime is crime! Whether they, or you commit it.

WARD

Wrong again!

AGENT

The laws and courts will determine what's right and wrong!

COLEMAN

(His whole manner is one of dignity. To look at him demands respect. He takes an elevated position and silences the crowd who by this time had reached the excitement of a milling mob.) Let me speak to you. I know we haven't much faith in the government. The things Mr. Brannan and Mr. Ward have said are true. But what we really want is a government that we can have faith in.

(crowd approval)

So let's charge this gentleman who has so eloquently represented the government with the responsibility of relaying our message to the governor.

(crowd disapproval)

We don't want to become a lawless mob. We don't want to live with mistakes do we? Let the government try again, but this is the last time. Now go to your homes. We'll start rebuilding in the morning. Let me repeat however, that if the government fails to establish peace this time, we will establish it. Now go home.

(The crowd starts to disperse.)
SAM
They were ready.

COLEMAN
They were a wild mob. When we act, we want to act as an organization. If we'd let them go tonight they would have lynched some criminals, but they would have also lynched some innocent men. I want no part of a mob. Every man deserves a fair and just trial.

SAM
You're right, William. I guess my temper overruled my reason.

COLEMAN
What you did was important. The people are with us now. Since we all know that the government will fail I think we should start organizing ourselves immediately.
ACT TWO

Scene One

It is 10:00 p.m. Several members of the executive committee of the newly organized Vigilance Committee are finishing up their work and making preparations to leave.

HOWARD
Mr. Ward, you have just pledged your fortune and your life to this cause. How do you feel?

WARD
Like a man. At least as tall as you.

HOWARD
Of course your fortune isn't as great as Sam's, but we'll need it just the same.

SAM
It's not a joke. If the committee needs everything I own, it gets it.

HOWARD
I know, Sam. I was only trying to relieve some tension.

COLEMAN
We've made some weighty decisions today.

WARD
We have nothing to worry about. We're right, and when you're right, what is there to worry about?

COLEMAN
We're right, but we're just as illegal as any criminal in the city. That's why our decisions must be made by the whole group, and not by one man.

SAM
I'm not worried about anyone on the executive committee. I know all of them, but the general committee...

COLEMAN
The general committee will never know any details. That's important. The less the members know about who does what, the better.

(Knock at the door. All show signs of tenseness. Brannan nods to Ward who goes to the door. Several of the men pull out revolvers.)
WARD

Who's there?

VOICE

Isaac Bluxome.

(They relax and put their guns away as Isaac enters.)

SAM

What is it?

ISAAC

We have a prisoner. He was apprehended while trying to steal a safe.

WARD

Your men aren't wasting any time.

ISAAC

Should they?

WARD

No, of course not.

COLEMAN

I don't think we should either. Mr. Brannan, you're president of the executive committee. That makes you chief judge.

SAM

Well, Ward, this is it. You know what to do. Let's set the wheels turning.

(Ward exits.)

Bring in your prisoner.

(Isaac goes through the door and returns with the prisoner and two guards.)

Sit him over there. You'll all act as associate judges. We'll hear the evidence and as a group determine this man's innocence or guilt, and his punishment. Mr. Howard you will act as prosecutor, and Mr. Coleman--defend him as if he were your own brother.

(Howard rises to prosecute as the lights fade to a dim violet on the committee and the fire bell begins to ring in repetitions of three. Those in the house freeze while outside in the night light the citizens gather outside the house talking and questioning among themselves. Some are members of the committee, others know nothing of it. The bell continues to ring throughout the scene, but becomes soft while Sam is speaking. Suddenly the door opens and Sam makes his way through the crowd to an elevated spot.)

SAM

Friends, citizens of San Francisco. For some time now we've been subjected to protection by courts which were not courts, by toothless laws, and by judges and lawmen who are cowards if not criminals themselves. We have suffered under the most damnable rule short of hell itself. And because of this, our city has become so polluted
that men and women of decency dare not go into the streets. Several
days ago the Governor was given an opportunity to change our situation.
Nothing has changed. That left us no alternative but to change it
ourselves. One of the "New York Hounds" has just been tried by the
committee.

VOICE
What committee?

SAM
John Jenkins, as he calls himself, better known to most of you by the
name of Simpton...
(noise among the crowd)
...has just had an impartial trial, been found guilty, and sentenced
to be hanged. The execution is to take place on the plaza in one
hour.
(discussion among the crowd)

VOICE
What's going on here?

SAM
A clergyman is being sent for, and everything will be done in a
solemn and proper manner. If you value the peace and dignity of this
city, please remain orderly and dignified. Now, tell me, does the
action of the committee meet with your approval?
(A shout of mostly ays' goes up.)

VOICES
Who's the speaker? Who are the committee? No names! No names!

Scene Two

It is a Sunday evening several
months later. Ann is at home with
her two children, Sam Jr. age 6,
and Adelaide age four. The baby
Lizzie is asleep in the bedroom.

ANN
I was seasick for the first two months of the voyage, but your father
never got sick once.

SAM JR.
How big was I?

ANN
About the same size as Lizzie is now.
How big was I?

Honey, you weren't born yet.

Why didn't Papa get sick?

He was too strong, and Sammy, I hope you grow up to be just like him.

Where is Daddy?

At a meeting.

What kind of meeting?

A very special one, to help make everyone be good.

Did he go to Grandma Corwin's meeting?

No. Grandmother goes to church meetings.

She told me that her meetings help make people be good. She said that we should all go with her. Why don't we go?

Maybe we will sometime.

No we won't. Papa said we'd be better off if we never set foot in that Church. He said if we did we'd all start to act as ornery as Granney does.

Samuel! Don't talk that way about your grandmother!

Papa said...

Well, he shouldn't have.

Why doesn't Daddy ever stay home with us?
ANN
He'd like to, honey, but he's a very busy man.

SAM JR.
I'm going to stay up till he comes.

ANN
No you're not.

SAM JR.
I just want to show him what I made.
(noise on the doorstep)
He's here!  
(He runs to the door.)
Daddy, Daddy.

ANN
That you, Sam?
(Fanney enters. Sammy disappointed shows some of his father's contempt for her as he returns to his seat on the floor.)

FANNEY
No. It's just me.  
(She takes her shawl off and sits down wearily.)

ANN
How was your meeting?

FANNEY
(irritable)
Isn't it time the children were in bed?

ANN
Mother?

FANNEY
It can wait.

ANN
You kids heard that, to bed.

SAM JR.
Not yet, it isn't time yet.

ANN
Samuel, right now. I'll come and tuck you in in a few minutes. Now hurry, and don't wake up the baby.  
(The children exit to the bedroom.)
What happened, Mother?

FANNEY
Anne, I've always wanted the best for you. I tried to bring you up right.
Mother, what's wrong?

ANN

If I'd known it would end like this, I would have stopped you...

FANNEY

From what?

ANN

...But how was I to know?

FANNEY

Mother, will you tell me what's wrong?

ANN

They excommunicated Samuel. Annie, what's happening to us?

FANNEY

Oh, mother, is that all? We haven't had a thing to do with the Church for over two years, making it formal won't matter to Sam.

ANN

I was so humiliated. Don't you even care?

FANNEY

Not really. My family's more important to me. I don't want the Church or anything else to come between us.

ANN

I had to sit there and listen to the charges against my daughter's husband--everything: neglect of duty, un-christianlike conduct, joining assemblies to commit murder.

FANNEY

They excommunicated him for starting the Vigilance Committee? Well, I'm proud that he did! In less than three months they've turned this city into a peaceful and law abiding--What would have happened if they hadn't?

ANN

You should hear what they're saying about him.

FANNEY

Mother. You can't believe what people say. You taught me that when I was a little girl.

ANN

Ann, he hardly ever comes home till nearly morning, and sometimes he stays out all night.
ANN
Sam tells me what he does, there's nothing to worry about.

FANNEY
Does he tell you everything?

ANN
Of course he does. Why would he lie to me?

FANNEY
(picking up a whiskey bottle)
When a man uses this stuff he doesn't even remember everything he does. You shouldn't leave it sitting around the house.

ANN
I just forgot to put it away.

FANNEY
First thing you know, the kids will be picking up his habits.

ANN
It isn't a habit.

FANNEY
That's what he says.
(Ann is becoming angry.)

ANN
What if he does drink a bit? He pays for it, and provides for his family doesn't he? Just where would you be without him?
(From outside Sam is heard singing.)
That's him, please don't start a fuss.
(Ann goes to the door and opens it.)

HOWARD
Grab his other arm, Frank. We're home, Sam.
(Sam has been singing and continues to sing and hum until he speaks.)

SAM
I'd love to be a sailor
If the sea was made of gin,
I'd pull the cork and dive right in
Till everything was fine, was fine.
I'd pull the cork and dive right in
And drink my fill of wine.

HOWARD
I don't know what got into him, Ann. It isn't like him to start drinking so early in the day. A man called at his office early this afternoon. He was only there a few minutes. Right after he left Sam started drinking. I don't know who the man was or what he said.
(They put Sam down on the couch.)
Thanks, Mr. Howard.

HOWARD

He'll be all right in the morning. Goodnight, Ann.
(nods at Fanney)
Goodnight, ma'am.
(Howard and Frank exit. Sam is in a drunken stupor still singing and humming and muttering.)

FANNEY

That is my daughter's husband.

ANN

Mother.
(Ann withdraws into thoughtfulness throughout the rest of the scene.)

FANNEY

Some day he'll come home drunk like that, and you won't even own a home to raise your children in.

SAM

Fanney, that you blubberin'?
(drunken laughter)
I had a visit from your Apostle today. He wanted me to come down and watch them kick me out of the Church.
(more laughter)

FANNEY

It's your salvation. I don't think it's funny.

SAM

Wait till you hear the rest.
(More drunken laughter as he gets to his feet. He raises his hand in the air.)
He had a message from Brigham Young.
(mimicking the Apostle)
"Samuel Brannan" he said, "You're a wealthy man..." Everyone knows that. "...but as an Apostle of the Lord I promise you that you'll die a pauper; alone and penniless."
(more laughter)
Did you hear that, Fanney? Me a pauper.
(laughter)
Samuel Brannan, alone.
(Sam is in drunken laughter as the scene ends.)
Scene Three

Ten years have passed. Brannan is one of the thirteen wealthiest men in the United States. The scene opens upon an elegant party in the Oriental Hotel hosted by Sam and Ann. An orchestra composed of violins, cello's, viola's and bases is playing. The floor is filled with dancers all of whom are dressed elegantly and display an air of cultural breeding. At one side of the hall are the refreshment tables where hors d'oeuvres and champagne are being served. Waiters with trays of champagne are moving among the guests serving them. After a few moments the music stops and Sam takes the platform.

SAM

(obviously trying to be formal)
Friends and citizens of San Francisco, welcome. Never has there been gathered at one celebration such a dignified, influential, group of people as you represent here tonight. A more refined group of gentlemen than you, the founders of San Francisco, does not exist. A more lovely association of women than your wives present here, I've never seen. When I arrived here fifteen years ago, today was only a dream. A dream which fell far short of the glory of today's reality. I've invited you here to celebrate the fulfillment of that dream.

(applause)
I propose a toast to our accomplishments.
(raising his glass)
A toast to San Francisco.
(All of the men and most of the women drink the toast and give a hearty cheer.)
A toast to Yerba Buena, to the gold rush, to the Vigilance Committee, and to all of you.
(They drink and cheer. Coleman approaches Sam, puts one arm on Sam's shoulder and raises his glass with the other.)

COLEMAN

Ladies and gentlemen, let me propose a toast to a man who has had more influence and done more in making this city what it is than any other individual. Samuel Brannan: land developer, banker, publisher, merchant, and builder of railroads. His service as founder of the Odd Fellows Lodge, the Music Fund Society, and the Pioneer Historical Society; combined with his influence in perpetuating our schools and public health facilities, have made Samuel Brannan the philanthropist of San Francisco.
(Cheers go up again and again as everyone drinks the toast. Sam graciously accepts the tribute and as the applause starts to die he signals the orchestra and the dancing continues.)

**COLEMAN**

I heard about your Mexican contingent. Do you realize how extensive that expense will be?

**SAM**

Maximilian is a dictator, and if the Mexican people don't get help from someone they'll loose everything to him before the year is up.

**COLEMAN**

Are they going to reimburse you?

**SAM**

They'll do what they can, but their government is broke. They need help and since I'm in a position to help them, they'll get it.

**COLEMAN**

I just hope you don't overextend your financial base. Those troops will use up a lot of money in a hurry.

**SAM**

Nothing to worry about, William. Besides, this is no time for worrying. If you don't start dancing Mrs. Coleman will become impatient.

**COLEMAN**

If you say so, but this is a new type of venture, and I hope you're prepared for it.

**SAM**

It's not so different from my involvement in the Civil War, and that hasn't hurt me any. All it's done is make me feel good right here... (pointing to his heart) ...knowing that I helped destroy slavery. After all William, what value is money unless you use it?

**COLEMAN**

You're right, Sam. Besides, who am I to be advising Samuel Brannan on finances?

(They both go to their wives and join the dancing:)

**ANN**

What was William so concerned about?

**SAM**

Nothing, nothing at all.

(As they dance a drunk tries to enter at the main entrance. He is loud and determined. The doorman is being as tactful and respectful as possible.)
DRUNK
I'm coming to this party because I like parties.

DOORMAN
I'm sorry, sir. This is a private party, and if you don't have an invitation I can't let you in.

I won't get in anyone's way.  
       (He pushes further in.)

DOORMAN
(physically resisting him)
I'm sorry, sir, but I can't let you in. Now please leave before I call the police.

DRUNK
Have you got no kindness in you?

DOORMAN
Please, the guests are watching you.  
       (Most of the dancers have stopped dancing and are watching them.)

DRUNK
Let em watch...damned if I care.

SAM
(approaches and speaks to the doorman)
Call the guard and put him out.  
       (The doorman goes for the guard letting loose of the drunk who staggers toward Sam.)

DRUNK
(focusing his eyes on Sam)
Well if it isn't Sam Brannan. How'd you get in here? Oh yah, you're rich, and rich men can go wherever they want to.  
       (two guards approach)

SAM
Put him out and keep him out. And keep a more careful watch. We don't want any more disturbances.

DRUNK
I know some people who think you should divide your money up and give it back to the poor people.  
       (guard is dragging him from the room as he calls)
That's where you got it in the first place, isn't it?  
       (They exit and Sam turns to the guests.)

SAM
It was just a drunk stumbled in off the street.  
       (Sam nods to the orchestra and the dancing resumes. Sam goes
directly to the refreshment table and pours a drink. As he downs his second drink in a row Ann approaches.)

Sam, you promised.

(Ann sharply)
Promised what?

That you would only drink the toasts.

Oh...I forgot. (He nervously fidgets with his glass as he walks away from her, obviously upset.)

(following him)
What's wrong, Sam?

Nothing. I was just thinking.

About what? (Pause. Sam looks away, then at his glass.)
Whatever it is, you've been thinking about it a lot lately. Tell me.

(regaining his composure)
There's nothing. I was just thinking about that drunk. Poor worthless soul.

Ever since the baby died. Is it him? Are you still...

No! I'm fine.

Sam, he's gone. You can't bring him back. You've got to accept it.

Leave me alone will you. (He goes for another drink. Ann follows him and tries to hold him from getting it.)

Please, Sam, you promised you wouldn't get drunk tonight. (Sam breaks loose and shoves Ann, then he fills his glass and drinks it.)
Sam. I'm sorry. I won't ask any more questions, but please, don't drink anymore tonight. Let's dance and have fun. It's been so long.

S

AM

(He sighs heavily.)

Sure.

(They join the dancers as the scene ends.)

Scene Four

Later that night. Sam and Ann have just returned home from the party. Ann is preparing for bed in silence. Sam is sitting staring into the open fire.

S

AM

We're moving to Calistoga. I want you to be ready to leave in a week.

L

e

ave

San

Fran

cisco? Why?

A

NN

Because Calistoga is the most beautiful resort in the world. You should have known we'd live there as soon as the buildings were completed.

A

NN

Well I didn't know. Sam, are you just trying to get back at me for what happened tonight? Because if you are, I don't think it's very funny.

Y

ou'll

l

love

Cali

stoga.

A

NN

You visit a resort. Only caretakers live there. San Francisco is my home, and I want to live here. Our friends are all here. Everything that's important to us is here. You can't do it to the children.

S

AM

I have great plans for Calistoga. Now that the railroad is completed, I intend to draw every important social event in San Francisco. Those mineral baths will become world famous. To do that, we must live there. You won't be a caretaker. You'll be hostess to every celebrity in California.
Why do we have to go so soon? Can't we wait until...

(becoming impatient)
Because I said so.

Can't we...

(angered)
No! I've got to get away from this city! So stop arguing with me!

(angered)
Why!
(sensing Sam's fear)
You're afraid of something aren't you.

Don't try to be funny.

ANN
No, I'm serious. I've known you were concerned about something for months, but you're afraid...That drunk...What did he say?

SAM
I'm not afraid of anything or anyone. Now leave me alone.

ANN
Tell me. Tell me so I can help you.

SAM
There's nothing to tell. I'm leaving here because I want to.

ANN
Maybe if you told me what's bothering you it would help us...I mean, maybe it would bring us closer to each other.

SAM
What are you saying?

ANN
We may as well admit it, Sam; things have changed between us. Sometimes I think I don't even know you. If you'd share your problems with me...

SAM
If things have changed, it's because of your constant nagging.
(He pours a drink.)
If you'd stop trying to run my life.
ANN
You make it awfully hard for me to be courteous.

SAM
Courtesy is one of the least of your virtues.
(He drinks and refills his glass.)

ANN
So the loving wife sits home while you go out and get stinking drunk every night, and if she says anything she's nagging.

SAM
If I want to drink, that's no concern of yours.

ANN
On the rare occasions when you take me in your arms and kiss me, you stink. I can't remember the last time you kissed me when you were sober. There's no love in it anymore. Sometimes you're so drunk you can't even tell if it's me in your arms. What kind of a marriage is that?

SAM
(empties his glass in one drink)
I'm going to have a few more drinks,
(puts his arm around her and tips the bottle)
...and then I don't give a damn if you rave all night.
(Ann jerks violently away, totally enraged.)

ANN
Don't you ever come near me again when you've been drinking. Until you can act like a gentleman, and treat me like a lady, I want nothing more to do with you.
(She leaves the room slamming the door behind her. Sam tips the bottle as the scene ends.)

Scene Five

Several months later. It is late evening at Calistoga. Sam and his nephew Alex Badlam Jr., who has just recently taken over the job of helping Sam run his financial matters, are walking around the resort. It is nearly dark.
SAM
I'm pleased that you accepted my invitation to come here, Alex. I needed someone I could depend on. Oh, I can find plenty of men to care for my vineyards and wineries, and to keep up my buildings. I don't even find it difficult to find dependable servants to care for my wife and children. But money, that's different. It's very difficult to find a man who you can trust with your money.

(They chuckle.)
I hadn't lived here for six months till I realized that this was to be my base for all operations. As soon as I can, I intend to bring the rest of my financial papers here. I hope you and Laura like it here. You should have brought your mother too.

ALEX
When I read your telegram to her she started to cry. She always felt bad that you didn't come to Utah.

SAM
If I had, neither of us would have any money to worry about.

(Sam laughs.)
I've missed your mother and father, Alex. I tried once to get them to come here, but they were too devoted to Brigham Young. No one was ever treated better than I was while I lived with them.

ALEX
Mother told me all about it. I guess it was pretty rough having to leave home that young and all.

SAM
Without your folks taking me in and treating me like they did it would have been. How is your mother?

ALEX
She's not too well anymore. Pa didn't leave much for her, but now that I have a good job with you, I intend to help her all I can.

SAM
If Brigham Young had listened to me, you could have had plenty all along. I want you to send for her. She can take the train. It won't be too hard on her and she'll be here where you can really help her. Draw the money for her fare out of my miscellaneous account.

ALEX
Mother always said your heart was pure. Even when you left the Church she said that was the fault of your head, not your heart.

SAM
It was neither, it was Brigham Young's fault. But let's not talk of that. No boy ever had a better sister than your mother was to me.

(A candle flickers in a second story window. The window is being opened.)
What was that?
ALEX
Sounded like it came from that building. There's a candle in the upper window. Isn't that the room the safe's in?

SAM
Do you know where I keep my rifle?

Yes.

ALEX
Get it for me.
   (Alex starts for the gun.)

SAM
Bring my pistols too.
   (Alex exits and Sam starts cautiously toward the building. A man watching under the window hears him coming and gives a bird-like whistle. Sam stops. The candle goes out.)

VOICE
   (whispering)
   I see him, over by the fence. Looks like Brannan to me.
   (A rifle barrel appears at the window.)

SECOND VOICE
   (from the window)
   That you, Brannan?

SAM
Yes, and you're completely surrounded. If life means anything to you, you'd better come out with your hands up.

VOICE
He's bluffing, there ain't nobody else.
   (Shot rings out from the window. Sam is hit but remains on his feet.)

SAM
   (calling)
Alex, give the order. Close in.
   (Several shots are fired in succession both from the window and the ground. Sam's body pitches one way, then the other, and finally goes down. The thieves fire a couple more shots as they flee. Alex comes running followed by several others. He takes a quick shot in the direction of the fleeing men.)

ALEX
Sam! Sam! Where are you?
   (He finds Sam and drops to his knees beside him.)

Get a doctor quick!
   (Someone runs while the others gather around Sam's body as the scene ends.)
Scene Six

It is mid-morning three weeks after the accident. Sam is in bed propped up with pillows. Alex is with him.

ALEX

For a long time we wondered if you were going to pull through.

SAM

What'd you think, I was a quitter? Their lead was heavy enough to knock me down, but it'd take a lot more than that to keep me down.

ALEX

The doctor said it was nothing but orneryness that kept you alive. He said you looked like a sieve.

SAM

That's impossible. There were only nine holes in me...unless that doctor poked some with his knife, and I can feel everyone of them.

ALEX

Do you feel like having some visitors?

SAM

That depends on who.

ALEX

Three of the most prominent citizens in all of California.

SAM

Tell them to come back in two or three weeks.

ALEX

They'll be pretty disappointed. They're leaving for Europe in a few days and...

SAM

Sure I want to see them. What about Ann? Is she with them?

ALEX

I'm sorry, Sam. She wouldn't come. I tried to change her mind but...

SAM

It's alright, Alex. Whatever she wants.

(Alex in uncomfortable pause)

ALEX

She wants a divorce. I hated to bring it up now, but they're leaving, and I thought you'd want to know before you see the children.

(pause)
SAM

So that's why she hasn't been to see me.
(acting like he doesn't care)
I've always given her everything she wanted, she may as well have this too.

ALEX

I'll get the lawyers to fight it if you want me to.

SAM

Let her go. If she doesn't care enough to tell me in person, I don't want her around.
(awkward silence)

ALEX

Shall I send the children in now?
(Sam nods, Alex exits and the three children enter. Sam Jr. and Adelaide are in their teens; Lizzie is nine.)

ADELAIDE

Daddy, they wouldn't let us see you until now.
(She kisses him on the cheek.)
How do you feel?
(Lizzie kisses him.)

Does it hurt bad?

SAM

No honey, I'm fine.

SAM JR.

(shaking hands)
Hello, Papa.
(Sam winces with pain.)

SAM

Hello, son.

ADELAIDE

It does hurt, doesn't it?

SAM

No, not really. You get used to pain. The first time you feel it you think you'll die, but after you've had a lot of it you don't even notice it anymore.

LIZZIE

I still notice it.

SAM

I know you do, sweetheart.
LIZZIE
Have you had a lot of pain?

SAM
Well, I've had enough.

LIZZIE
When?

SAM
When I was your age I broke my arm, I was almost as old as Adelaide when I had to leave home. It wasn't long after that that my mother died. Nothing hurts worse than to lose someone you love. Then I was living with my brother in New Orleans when he got Yellow Fever and died. When your little brother died--that was the worst.

LIZZIE
Even worse than getting shot?

SAM
Much worse. I understand you're all going away.

ADELAIDE
To Europe.

SAM JR.
To school.

ADELAIDE
Mother says that if we're properly educated we'll grow up to be real ladies and gentlemen.

LIZZIE
I don't think it will work for Sam Jr. He'll never be a gentleman.

SAM JR.
I'll be a gentleman before you're a lady.

SAM
Of course he will. You'll be surprised how he'll change as soon as he gets some of that European schooling. I don't suppose I'll be seeing a whole lot of you from now on.

ADELAIDE
We'll be back to visit in six months, and we'll write to you.

SAM JR.
We won't spend the rest of our lives in school.

SAM
Course not.
LIZZIE  
(putting her arms around Sam's neck)  
I love you.

SAM  
(Unaccustomed to verbalized affection, Sam is very touched and awkward.)  
Do you, Lizzie?

LIZZIE  
(nodding)  
We all do, don't we.  
(Sam Jr. and Adelaide both nod yes.)

LIZZIE  
(to Lizzie)  
I... love you... too. All of you.

ADELAIDE  
I never heard you say that before.

SAM  
I guess you didn't. Maybe I didn't realize before just how much you all mean to me.  
(Sam winces in pain.)  
You're part of me. To lose any one of you would be like losing an arm or a leg.

LIZZIE  
Is that why it hurt so bad when little Don died?  
(Sam closes his eyes and nods. He is obviously trying to hold back tears. Sam Jr. is embarrassed by his father's show of emotion.)

SAM JR.  
I think we better go. The doctor said we shouldn't stay long.  
(The girls kiss him again on the cheek and they start to leave.)

SAM  
Don't forget about your old man. Promise.

THE GIRLS  
We promise.

SAM  
Sam, take care of your mother.  
(they exit)
Scene Eight

It is seven months later. The scene takes place in the living room of the Calistoga resort.

LAURA

I'm afraid this is going to be very awkward.

ALEX

Why?

LAURA

When she was here last, she was lady of the house. I looked to her for orders; now that has completely reversed.

ALEX

Ann isn't going to be any different. She always treated us as sweet and kind as anyone could, and we'll treat her the same way.

LAURA

I know that, but can't you just hear me slip and say "When shall I have dinner served?" or something like that.

ALEX

Who knows, she may have changed her mind about leaving Sam.

LAURA

Has he heard from her since she left for Europe?

ALEX

Not that I'm aware of. I did see a letter on his desk from Adelaide, but he never talks about Ann at all. (Knock at the door. The servant crosses to the door and admits Ann who is dressed in the finest European styles. As the servant talks, Laura comes to her.)

SERVANT

(excitedly)
Mrs. Ann, what a surprise! Welcome home! We've sure missed you around here. Why, we'd almost given up on ever seeing you again, and here you are back. You look just as lovely as you ever did. Come in, come in.

LAURA

(taking Ann in her arms)
It's so good to see you again.

Hello, Laura.

ANN

How was Europe?
It's lovely there. Hello, Alex.

ANN

It's nice to see you, Ann.

ALEX

How does it seem to be back in California?

LAURA

It's good to be here again. I guess it's difficult to get home out of your system.

ANN

If you'll excuse me I'll tell Sam you're here.

ALEX

I'd really prefer to visit with you and Laura, but I guess we just as well get it over with.

ANN

I'll get him.

ALEX

(exits)

LAURA

How are the children?

ANN

Fine, the girls love school, and all the cultural things they've been able to see and do. I'm afraid Sam Jr. is bored to death though.

LAURA

He's just a boy.

ANN

I suppose, but I did so want him to become a gentleman.

LAURA

There's plenty of time for that.

ANN

I think he was too overcome by hero worship during his informative years to ever change his course.

LAURA

What do you mean?

ANN

He acts more and more like Sam everyday.

(Knock at the door. Sam enters immediately without being beckoned. Laura rises as he enters.)
LAURA
(to Ann)
If you'll excuse me.
(exits)

SAM
Looks like you didn't drown crossing the ocean.

ANN
Hello, Samuel.

SAM
Where are my children?

ANN
I thought we could talk better if they weren't here, so I left them in San Francisco.

SAM
They're my children too. I haven't seen them for six months, and you leave them in San Francisco.

ANN
They're planning to visit you in a couple of weeks.

SAM
(sarcastically)
Oh well, what's a couple of weeks?

ANN
I remember many times when you've gone for months without seeing them while you were living under the same roof with them.

SAM
Let's don't start that again.

ANN
Of course not. You may as well know I'm here for only one reason.

SAM
And that is?

ANN
To inform you of the divorce terms.

SAM
I thought after you cleared your head and got your senses together you'd forget about that.

ANN
What made you think that?
SAM

(trying to act casual)
You're forgiven. You acted like a damn fool, but I forgive you. Send for the children, and we'll forget it ever happened.

ANN
No, Samuel. If I'd known it would be such a relief to be free from you I'd have left a long time ago.

SAM
Did you come to mock me?

ANN
No. I came to tell you what I want.

SAM
Well?

ANN
I want full custody of the children, and half a million in cash to support them properly.

SAM
My children and my fortune. Is that all?

ANN
You have millions, Samuel. Please don't play the pauper.

SAM
Sure I've got millions, but it isn't sitting in the bank. It's tied up in land and buildings and merchandise. If I gave you half a million in cash it'd ruin me.

ANN
I thought you had millions? How could half a million hurt you? Are you too selfish to want to support your children?

SAM
I have full intentions of caring for them. Did you ever want for anything while you lived with me?

ANN
We don't live with you anymore.

SAM
I'll give you $30,000 in cash, and you'll have to take the rest of it in property.

ANN
I don't want property.

SAM
You'll take what you get or you can do without.
ANN
If you force me I'll go to the courts.

SAM
Then go to the courts, and to jail too.

ANN
Be reasonable, Samuel. There's no reason for you to have to pay court costs.
(Sam pours a drink and drinks it.)

SAM
You'll have to take the rest of it over a period of at least two years.

ANN
Please don't put me off. We're leaving to return to Europe in two months. I want all of it when I leave.

SAM
Why? You don't need it then.

ANN
I want what's mine, and I want it now; so that I can start to forget you.

SAM
You'll never forget me as long as my money supports you. While you live like a queen on my money you'll never forget me. When you live here with me, it's yours, but if you leave, you're a leach, and you'll never forget!

ANN
I'm bitter, Samuel. Please don't argue with me.

SAM
Is that my fault?

ANN
Yes, it is! If you hadn't been so selfish...

SAM
You've always had everything you've ever wanted.

ANN
The one thing I "ever wanted" I never had!

SAM
And what was that?

ANN
A husband who loved me. A family with a father, as well as a mother and children.
What do you think you had?

ANN
Nothing! I was tied to a title--wife--and that prevented me from ever having anything more than a hope that someday you'd change. I was too foolish to admit that you were too selfish to ever care about anyone but yourself.

SAM
I spent my whole life working for you and our children, and you know it.

ANN
Then it shouldn't be difficult for you to give us a little of it.

SAM
Ann, be reasonable! There's a right and a wrong time to sell, and this is the wrong time. Do you realize the kind of losses I'll have if I try to force the sale of enough property to raise half a million in cash in eight weeks?

(plays second drink)

ANN
I don't see how it matters if you sell now or in two years.

SAM
You don't understand, or maybe you don't want to.

(drinks)

ANN
If you want to talk about your problems--I've always been willing to listen.

SAM
Ann, I don't have any problems, not if you'll be reasonable.

ANN
Go ahead, Samuel.

SAM
I gave a lot of money to help fight slavery. The contingent of soldiers I sent to Mexico--well I hadn't expected it to take so long. Don't misunderstand, I'm financially sound, but I hadn't counted on having to come up with a half million. I'm just getting things together again. While I was laid up full of holes, everything went to pot.

ANN
I never thought you'd admit defeat even if you were defeated. But there you are crying poorhouse just so you won't have to part with a little money to take care of your family.
SAM
I'm not defeated! Just leave me alone for a couple of years, and I'll give you a million.
(pours a drink)

ANN
I pity you, Sam. I'm tired of talking about it. If I don't receive the money before I leave for Europe, I'll have a lawyer collect it.
(Sam drinks and refills his glass.)

SAM
You're a coward to take my children and walk out on me like this.

ANN
It's refreshing to know that you'd rather have us live with you than to have to part with a little of your money.
(Sam drinks and refills his glass.)

SAM
Don't you love me at all?

ANN
I did once, but not anymore. I'd rather share my husband with two other women, than to share him with a lust for wealth and a bottle of whiskey.
(She starts to exit.)

SAM
Then why don't you go to Salt Lake and join Brigham Young!
(drinks)

ANN
Good-by, Samuel. I'm going to leave now, so I won't have to watch you get drunk again.
(She exits. Sam pours another drink--looks at it and throws it violently at the floor.)

Scene Nine

Six years have passed. The scene takes place in the modest but adequate home of Alex Badlam Jr. Alex is working at his desk. Mary Ann, a rather aged woman, is knitting. Laura is humming as she prepares dinner.
MARY
Smells good.

LAURA
The thing I disliked most about the time we spent at Calistoga was that I didn't get to cook a single meal. The cook wouldn't even let me in the kitchen.

MARY
If Sam hadn't kept everyone working just as though nothing was wrong...

LAURA
Alex suggested that, but he said they were more than servants, they were friends, and they were counting on him. It worked out well for most of them. I understand the new owners kept the entire Calistoga staff just as they were.

MARY
I can't get the picture of him out of my mind. I hadn't seen him since he came to Nauvoo to see Brigham Young about getting back in the Church clear back in '45. He was so young and handsome, and so full of energy. And then to see him so dejected and crippled and...

LAURA
And drunk.

MARY
Sam hated father's drunkenness so much. That's the main reason he left home and came to live with us. I never thought he'd do the same.

LAURA
I guess he's been drinking for a long time. Sister Corwin said that was one of the reasons Ann left him.

MARY
His father's drinking chased him off, and now his drinking has driven his own family away. Why?

LAURA
When he was finally able to get out of bed, he moped around like a lost soul.

MARY
He still suffers with pain, doesn't he.

LAURA
Yes, but I think the thing that really hurt was losing Ann, and the children. It hurt his pride. He wouldn't admit it but I'm sure he loved Ann.
MARY
I know he did once. He was so in love he could hardly wait to get back to her.

LAURA
I think the real reason he went to Mexico was to prove to her that he could make a comeback. He seems to feel that if he can turn that land grant into another fortune, everything else will return. Whether he makes any money or not, it was worth it to see him sober again. If he'd stayed sober long enough to help Alex they might have saved something.

MARY
His letters sound like it's only a matter of time until he'll be as wealthy as he ever was.

LAURA
The old optimist. Mr. Rickertson wrote Alex that he doesn't think Sam will make a cent off the project.

MARY
Why?

LAURA
He says the entire grant is the home of a very unfriendly tribe of Apaches. They won't even let the surveyors do their work. He doesn't think Sam could get anyone to settle in that desert even if there were no Indians. In his last letter he said that Sam had been sick again. Mrs. Rickerton has been caring for him.

(A knock is heard at the door. Laura opens it and a Western Union delivery boy enters.)

BOY
I have a telegram for Alexander Badlam Jr.

(Alex gets up and comes to the boy.)

ALEX
I'm Alexander Badlam.

BOY
Junior?

ALEX
Junior.

(The boy hands the gram to Alex. He opens it and a check falls to the floor. The boy picks it up and looks at it then hands it to Alex.)

BOY
Looks like your lucky day.

(grins)
It's from Sam.

Read it.

Land grant time ran out / Settled with Mexico for fourty-nine thousand / Pay my remaining debts / Will be there in a few days for visit before going to San Diego / Next big land boom there / Sam.

Is there a reply sir?

(looking at the check)
A...no.

Then if you'll sign here I'll be on my way.
(Alex signs and the boy leaves.)

Scene Ten

Sam and Alex are on a street corner in downtown San Francisco a few days later. Sam is seated on a bench, Alex is standing. Sam is alert clean shaven wearing an expensive new suit; but still looks old and tired. Even so, there is a hint of the Samuel Brannan of yesterday in his manner.

As nearly as I can tell, that's all of them.

Good.

How does it feel to be a free man again?

Good, very good.
ALEX
I spoke with the Odd Fellows Lodge, and they're going to send you a pension.

SAM
No. I don't need a pension, and I wouldn't take one if I did.

ALEX
You'll need a little to live on.

SAM
I'll strike it rich in San Diego before you get my letter saying I've arrived.

ALEX
After all the time and money you've put into that Lodge, whatever they send to you is rightfully yours, and I want you to accept it as such.

SAM
Well...maybe...for a while, to hold me over till I strike it rich. It won't take long to get into some real money in San Diego. That place is really going to boom. Then I'll pay them back tenfold.

ALEX
Sure you will. You look like a new man in that suit.

(SAM pleased)
Do I? I even stopped in at the shop where I used to go and ordered the works: shave, shampoo, massage, even a manicure.

(ALEX holding his hands out)

ALEX
Just like old times I'll bet.

SAM
It was all right, but these new guys just don't know how. They don't have the touch the old timers had. They rush you through like as if you had bad breath. I know that's not so. I haven't had a drink in weeks, and I've been chewin on a cinnamon stick all day.

(they laugh)

ALEX
They just don't know you, that's all.

I suppose.

(SAM getting to his feet)
Come along, Alex, let's wander around this old city and I'll show you some of the landmarks. Then I'll buy you the best dinner you've ever had.

(ALEX holding up his coin pouch)
There's still enough money left for that, and I sure owe it to you for all your help. Maybe that'll hold you over till I strike it rich in San Diego. When I do, you'll be rich too. I've fixed my will, so that when I cash in my checks everything goes to you.

ALEX
Thanks Uncle, but mother isn't feeling well. I think I should get on home. Why don't you come with me and we'll have Laura fix that meal you were talking about.

SAM
I guess I'm trying to get a case of nostalgia. I want to wander around and reminisce a bit. You go on home to your family. Tell Laura and your mother I'll see them tomorrow.

ALEX
If that's what you want.

SAM
Now you better get home to your family.

ALEX
Uncle...You know what the doctor said.

SAM
About drinking? There's nothing to worry about. I've quit that vice all together.

ALEX
(as he leaves)
See you tomorrow.
(Using his cane, Sam makes his way through the streets of San Francisco. He looks in windows, meditates on a bench in the plaza, gazes at the old fire bell, and looks at the people who avoid him and ignore him just as they do all old crippled men. Through this scene the sun falls from mid-day to evening. As Sam stops on the wharf and the sunset reflects across the bay, the wharf starts to come alive with the night folk; dancing, laughing, drinking etc. This scene should closely resemble the scene when Sam and Ann were in love strolling along the wharf. Couples stroll by just as they had done so long ago. A man hands Sam a jug of spirits.)

SAM
(quickly returning the jug)
No thanks, boy, I don't drink.

FIRST MAN
Of course you do. Everybody drinks.
(Hands him the jug. Sam returns it.)

SAM
No, boys, I never touch the stuff.
SECOND MAN
Look at him. He never drinks?
   (the men laugh)

SAM
I've quit

THIRD MAN
He's turned Saint.

SAM
No, not that! It's my doctor. He made me quit.

FIRST MAN
What does he know? Here, have a drink, it'll cheer you.
   (Hands the jug to Sam. Sam takes the jug and holds it up to
    his face so he can talk to it.)

SAM
(to the jug)
How does a man turn his back on an old friend? We've spent a lot of
   time together. I've spent the best years of my life with you. We've
   worked together; we've played together; we've wept together; we've
   made and lost a fortune together. Should I let the advice of some
   doctor I don't even know end that friendship? Besides, many's the
   time I've defended you. I've spoken out eloquently in your defense
   a thousand times. I've defended you before Fanney; I've defended you
   before my wife; in your defense I've turned my back on my family.
   Many a time I left them in tears so I could spend the evening with
   you.

SECOND MAN
Go ahead friend, tip'er up.
   (Sam shakes his head no and returns the jug.)

SAM
(a hint of bitterness in his boice)
You take it before I bust it in little pieces.

SECOND MAN
(returning the jug to Sam)
You wouldn't do that to an old friend.
   (Sam takes the jug)
That wine is probably the best friend you've got.
   (Sam throws the jug to the ground and shatters it.)

FIRST MAN
What'd you do that for?

SAM
I said I didn't want to drink.
SECOND MAN
Well, you're sure going to now. Hand me a jug, and hold him down.
We'll teach you to have more respect for your old friends.
(Sam struggles violently but finally is subdued and the men pour some of the wine down his throat. When he starts to drink on his own they help him to his feet.)

FIRST MAN
(handing Sam the jug)
Now let's see you have another all by yourself.

SECOND MAN
(In deep thought; Sam looks at the jug, then at the second man, then at the crowd which has gathered, then deep into his memory as he gazes across the bay.)
Well, what are you waiting for?

SAM
(After a moment he makes his decision, and holds the jug up so he can speak to it.)
What does it matter? You're probably the only friend I have left.
(He drinks a long draught and starts to come alive. Using his cane for support he begins to dance. His new friends cheer him on, and he takes another drink. The other men form a partial circle around him, clapping as he dances. Sam takes another drink and begins to sing:)

This red red wine
from those San Joaquin vines
Where the sky is blue
And the river winds
And the worlds best grapes
Grow in long straight lines.
(The others join in singing and dancing.)

Cheers, cheers, shout the men of the sea
As they drink to things that will never be.
Cheers, cheers, the gamblers say as they
Watch their next prey's brain decay.
Drink, drink the farmers shout
As they lift their mugs and drink their draught.
To all of us the merchants say
May fortune light our way.
A drink, a drink, the drunkard cries
Without a drink, I fear I'll die.

(Everyone joins in the singing, dancing, and drinking. As the song ends they all leave drinking, laughing, and singing until Sam is left alone on the wharf; sick, drunk, and heartbroken, leaning against a building. A prostitute, on her way home, enters. Sam tries to get to his feet as he sees her coming toward him.)
Ann! I knew you'd come.

SAM

PROSTITUTE

Look, friend, I'm tired. Maybe some other time. All right.
(Sam getting to his feet reaches for her. She steps out around
him. He grabs the pain in his stomach and falls hard. She
stops and goes to him.)

Are you hurt?

SAM

How did you know I needed you?

PROSTITUTE

You fell flat on your face. Should I get a doctor?

SAM

Don't leave me. Please.

PROSTITUTE

Are you sick or just drunk?

SAM

I always knew you loved me. I knew you'd come back.

PROSTITUTE

You're not well. I'm going for a doctor.
(She starts to go.)

Don't move. I'll get a doctor and be right back.

SAM

(getting to his feet)

It's too late for that. Come back, please. Don't leave me alone!
(Sam tries to follow her. The pain hits and he goes down
again. The prostitute returns to him and cradles his head in
her lap.)

PROSTITUTE

Don't try to walk. Just lie here and wait while I get a doctor.

SAM

No! Don't leave me. Not now. I'm dying, and I don't want to be
alone. Please, just hold me in your arms.
(She holds him close in her arms.)

SAM

Ann, I always loved you. I was just too proud to admit it. When you
left it broke my heart. I was just too proud. Forgive me.

You poor old soul.

PROSTITUTE
SAM

What? What did you say, Ann?

PROSTITUTE

I know, I know you loved me. It's alright, I forgive you.

SAM

And you love me? Of course you do, or you wouldn't be here.

PROSTITUTE

Yes, of course.

(Sam is hit by the pain again.)

SAM

I'm about done for.

PROSTITUTE

Let me get a doctor, you'll be fine.

SAM

(clinging to her)

No! Don't leave me. I don't want to die alone. Please don't go.

PROSTITUTE

But you need a doctor.

SAM

There's nothing they can do. Just stay here and hold me. Don't leave me. Promise?

PROSTITUTE

If that's what you want, I promise.

SAM

(Sam pulls out his coin pouch and empties the coins on the floor beside him.)

See that, Ann. See that gold. He was wrong. I knew all along that he was wrong.

PROSTITUTE

Who was wrong?

SAM

You remember--Brigham Young--the Apostle.

PROSTITUTE

Oh.

SAM

(hit again by pain)

How are the children? Do they still care about me? I haven't seen them or heard from them for so long.
PROSTITUTE
Sure they do...They've just...Well, they've been so busy...

SAM
He said I'd die all alone. But you're here with me. I'm not alone am I? Promise you won't leave me. Stay with me and hold me in your arms until I go. Promise?

I promise.

SAM
It's been so long since you last held me like this. Those cold lonely years...I knew you'd come back.
(Suddenly concerned, Sam starts to feel frantically for something.)
Where is it? Where did it go?

What?

SAM
My money. Where's my money?

PROSTITUTE
It's right there where you dumped it.
(Sam finds the pile of gold coins with his hand, takes a handful of them and holds it up where he can see it. When he sees it, he sighs with relief and a smile crosses his face.)

SAM
He said I'd be pennyless.  
(holding the coins up to her face)
Look! Is that money?

PROSTITUTE
Yes, that's money.

SAM
Am I pennyless?

PROSTITUTE
(Feeling deep pity)
No, you have money.
(The pain hits Sam again. This time harder than before.)

SAM
Then he was wrong. I was right. All these years...he was...wrong.
(Sam falls limp. As his arm falls, the coins are scattered. Soft dissonant music comes up as the prostitute lays Sam on the floor, gathers up the coins and puts them in her pocket. She takes a long look at him, sighs and exits as the curtain falls.)
APPENDIX

CALIFORNIA DRINKING SONG

Lively

By Reed D. Tumbow

The grapes that grow in miles of rows in the valley of San Joaquin make a

red red drink, which is warm I think and give us wild new dreams. When my

friends all get together for a social or a chat, we're never really

happy till they open the old grape vat. Then life seems wild and we feel free and we

dream of things which soon will be. Cheers, cheers, shout the men of the sea as they

drink to things that will never be. Cheers, cheers, the gamblers say as they
watch their next prey's brain decay. Drink, drink, the farmers shout as they

lift their mugs and drink their draught. To all of us, the merchants say, may

fortune light our way. A drink, a drink, the drunkard cries. "Without a drink,

fear I'll die." This red red wine from those San Joaquin vines where the

sky is blue and the river winds, and the world's best grapes grow in long straight

lines. To make California wine.
THE DRUNK'S REFRAIN

By Reed D. Turnbow

I'd love to be a sailor, if the sea was made of gin. I'd pull the cork and

dive right in till ever-ry-thing was fine, was fine. I'd pull the cork and

dive right in and drink my fill of wine.
SELECTED BIBLIOGRAPHY


SAMUEL BRANNAN

Reed Davidson Turnbow

Department of Theatre and Cinematic Arts

M.A. Degree, August 1976

ABSTRACT

The play, Samuel Brannan, is the final result of a careful study of the history of Samuel Brannan. The information which has been selected to serve as the base for the plot was gleaned from the works of historians, letters written by Samuel, and individual journals. Although license has been taken with historical facts by the playwright in order to make this play theatrical, the play is based upon authentic happenings.

The play is concerned with the events of Brannan's life, his unusual successes, and subsequent failures. It also treats his character, his attitudes, his beliefs, and the factors which motivated him to actions which caused his disintegration.

Committee Approval: Charles W. Whitman, Committee Chairman

Larry C. Porter, Committee Member

Charles L. Metten, Department Chairman