

CARDIFF

A MUSICAL COMEDY IN TWO ACTS
BASED ON THE HISTORIC TALE OF THE CARDIFF GIANT

Book, Lyrics and Music Selection by Deann Haden-Luke
Music by Karl L. King
Music Arranged by Chuck Penington

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

(15-39 MEN, 10 WOMEN, 0-30 EXTRAS)

- CARDIFF (m) Spirit of the Cardiff Giant and narrator; song-and-dance man. (27 lines)
- GEORGE HULL (m) Smooth-talking conman; middle-aged cigar manufacturer. (106 lines)
- HANNAH (f) George's youthful, spirited, attractive wife; a romantic. (27 lines)
- WILLIAM "STUBBY" NEWELL (m) George's hayseed cousin; good-natured hillbilly. Non-singing. (72 lines)
- NATHANIEL (m) Stubby's able-bodied, simple-minded son. (10 lines)
- PRUDENCE (f) Stubby's assertive, matronly wife. (16 lines)
- LYDIA (f) Stubby's young, attractive, hot-blooded newlywed daughter. (12 lines)
- HENRY (m) Lydia's happy-go-lucky husband. (4 lines)

CARDIFF

REVEREND TURK (m)..... Fast-talking, flamboyant
traveling evangelist. (19 lines)

CONSTANCE HULL (f) George's wise, unmarried older
sister; a schoolteacher.
(16 lines)

PHINEAS TAYLOR (PT) BARNUM (m) ... Middle-aged, somewhat refined
showman. (13 lines)

GEORGIA (f)..... Good-natured middle-aged
quilter. (8 lines)

ANNA (f) Good-natured middle-aged
quilter. (6 lines)

BARNUM'S FAKE (m)..... Light-hearted, spirit of the fake
Cardiff Giant. (12 lines)

CHORUS

CROWD OF ONLOOKERS (m/f)..... At least five men, three women
and children. (MAN 1 — 7
lines, MAN 2 — 3 lines; MAN 3
— 1 line; MAN 4 — 3 lines ;
WOMAN 1 — 6 lines; WOMAN
2 — 2 lines; WEALTHY MAN
— 1 line; WEALTHY WOMAN
— 1 line)

BARKER (m) At Cardiff Giant exhibit.
(3 lines)

PIANO PLAYER (m/f) At Cardiff Giant exhibit.
(Non-speaking)

CORNELIUS (m)..... George's younger, hard-
working, compassionate
brother. (10 lines)

CARDIFF

- TATE (m)..... Domineering, elderly father of George and Cornelius. (8 lines)
- CIGAR FACTORY WORKERS (m/f).... Men, women and children. (WORKER 1 — 1 line; WORKER 2 — 2 lines; WORKER 3 — 1 line; WORKER 4 — 1 line)
- DAWSON (m)..... Cigar factory foreman. (4 lines)
- CHURCH CONGREGATION (m/f)..... Men, women and children.
- FOLEY (m) Quarry foreman. (9 lines)
- QUARRY BOYS (m)..... Eight boys. (Non-speaking)
- QUARRY GALS (f)..... Eight girls. (Non-speaking)
- QUARRY ESCORT (m) One. (2 lines)
- SCULPTORS (m)..... Two. (SCULPTOR 1 — 4 lines; SCULPTOR 2 — 3 lines)
- CARDIFF TOWNSPEOPLE (m/f)..... Men, women and children.
- WELL-DIGGERS (m)..... Two. (WELL-DIGGER 1 — 5 lines; WELL-DIGGER 2 — 4 lines)
- REPORTERS (m/f) Four. (REPORTER 1 — 2 lines; REPORTER 2 — 2 lines)
- SCIENTISTS (m)..... Three — including President of Cornell, Smithsonian Representative and State Geologist. (SCIENTIST 1 — 1 line; SCIENTIST 2 — 1 line)
- CLERGY (m/f)..... Two. Professor of Theology and Mother Superior. (CLERGY 1 — 1 line)
- BARNUM'S CRONIES (m) Two. (CRONY 1 — 2 lines; CRONY 2 — 2 lines)
- CARDIFF BUSINESS SYNDICATE..... Three — lawyer, banker and dentist. (LAWYER — 4 lines; BANKER — 2 lines; DENTIST — 2 lines)
- GALUSHA PARSONS (m) No-nonsense politician from Iowa. (7 lines)

CARDIFF

JUDGE (m) Commanding presence.
(12 lines)

Note from the Author: While some characters are based on historical figures, other representations are fictional. Any resemblance to actual individuals is pure coincidence.

SCENES

ACT ONE

Scene 1: Exhibit Hall Syracuse, NY, 1869
“Rock of Ages” (on-stage piano)
Scene 2: Hull and Sons Cigar Factory Binghamton, NY, Spring 1868
Scene 3: Parlor Ackley, IA
Scene 4: Revival Tent Ackley, IA
Scene 5: Parlor Ackley, IA
Scene 6: Gypsum Quarry Fort Dodge, IA
Scene 7: Sculptors’ Studio Chicago, IL
Scene 8: Stubby Newell Farm Cardiff, NY, October 1868
Scene 9: Stubby Newell Farm Cardiff, NY, that evening

ACT TWO

Scene 1: Town of Cardiff Cardiff, NY, October 1869
Scene 2: Stubby Newell Farm Cardiff, NY
Scene 3: Stubby Newell Farm Cardiff, NY
Scene 4: Farmhouse Porch Late afternoon
Scene 5: Exhibition Hall Syracuse, NY
Scene 6: Apollo Hall Broadway and 28th Street, New York City, NY
Scene 7: Courtroom New York City, December 1869

CARDIFF

MUSICAL NUMBERS

ACT ONE

- SONG #1 **OVERTURE**..... Instrumental
- SONG #2 **ROCK OF AGES**..... Instrumental
- SONG #3 **LIFE AS A MIN’RAL**..... Cardiff
Tune of *BROADWAY ONE-STEP*.
- SONG #4 **DAILY GRIND** George and Workers
Tune of *THE TROMBONE KING MARCH*.
- SONG #5 **A LIFE TO LOVE**..... Constance and Hannah
Tune of *THE GOLDEN DRAGON OVERTURE*.
- SONG #6 **GET ALONG** Rev. Turk, George and Congregation
Tune of *CYRUS THE GREAT MARCH*.
- SONG #7 **MIN’RAL CITY** Quarry Boys and Gals
Tune of *THE WALKING FROG*.
- SONG #8 **COLOSSAL MAN**..... George and Sculptors
Tune of *MOURNFUL MAGGIE*.
- SONG #9 **CARDIFF** Townspeople
Tune of *KENTUCKY SUNRISE TWO-STEP*.
- SONG #10 **A LIFE TO LOVE (REPRISE)**..... Hannah, Prudence,
Lydia, Anna and Georgia
Tune of *THE GOLDEN DRAGON OVERTURE*.
- SONG #11 **A MILLION PASSIONS**..... George and Hannah
Tune of *THE GOLDEN DRAGON OVERTURE*.
- SONG #12 **CARDIFF (REPRISE)** Townspeople
Tune of *KENTUCKY SUNRISE TWO-STEP*.

ACT TWO

- SONG #13 **ENTR’ACTE**..... Pit Band
Tune of *THE CARDIFF GIANT MARCH*.
- SONG #14 **WAITING**..... Cardiff
Tune of *SOUTH DAKOTA STATE COLLEGE MARCH*.
- SONG #15 **CARDIFF (REPRISE)** Townspeople
Tune of *KENTUCKY SUNRISE TWO-STEP*.
- SONG #16 **THE GREAT DIVIDE** Scientists, Clergy, Turk and Crowd
Tune of *IN OLD PORTUGAL WALTZ*.

CARDIFF

- SONG #17 **THE BEDSHEET BALL**..... Hannah, Prudence, Lydia,
Anna and Georgia
Tune of *THE PRINCESS OF INDIA OVERTURE*.
- SONG #18 **SHOWMAN**..... P.T. Barnum
Tune of *BARNUM AND BAILEY'S FAVORITE MARCH*.
- SONG #19 **THE GREAT DIVIDE (REPRISE)**..... George and Syndicate
Tune of *IN OLD PORTUGAL WALTZ*.
- SONG #20 **A LIFE TO LOVE (REPRISE)** Hannah and Constance
Tune of *THE GOLDEN DRAGON OVERTURE*.
- SONG #21 **TWO OF A KIND**..... Cardiff and Barnum's Fake
Tune of *PAN AMERICAN MARCH*.
- SONG #22 **INJUNCTION DENIED**..... Judge, George, Barnum and
People in Courtroom
Tune of *THE PURPLE PAGEANT MARCH*.
- SONG #23 **I STILL LOVE YOU**..... George and Hannah
Tune of *THE ALTAR OF GENIUS OVERTURE* and
FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.
- SONG #24 **LIFE AS A MIN'RAL (REPRISE)** Cardiff and
Barnum's Fake
Tune of *BROADWAY ONE-STEP*.
- SONG #25 **I STILL LOVE YOU (REPRISE)** George and Hannah
Tune of *THE ALTAR OF GENIUS OVERTURE* and
FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.
- SONG #26 **FINALE: CARDIFF (REPRISE)** Cardiff, Barnum's Fake,
and Townspeople
Tune of *KENTUCKY SUNRISE TWO-STEP*.
SHOWMAN (REPRISE) George, Barnum and Company
Tune of *BARNUM AND BAILEY'S FAVORITE MARCH*.
- SONG #27 **CURTAIN CALL: INJUNCTION DENIED** Instrumental
Tune of *THE PURPLE PAGEANT MARCH*.
- SONG #28 **EXIT MUSIC: SHOWMAN**..... Instrumental
Tune of *BARNUM AND BAILEY'S FAVORITE MARCH*.

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ACT ONE, SCENE 1
SYRACUSE, NY, NOVEMBER 1869

SONG 1: OVERTURE
(INSTRUMENTAL)

SONG 2: ROCK OF AGES
(INSTRUMENTAL)

Inside a dark and mysterious exhibit hall in Syracuse, New York, November, 1869, a banner states “The Original Cardiff Giant.” The Giant lies in state center stage on a raised platform draped with bunting, surrounded by roping to keep people back. A crowd of onlookers stands in awe, mumbling and pointing. A PIANO PLAYER softly plays “Rock of Ages.” A BARKER stands next to a “Cardiff Giant” sign downstage left, wearing a hat, waving a cane, and announcing admission price.

BARKER: Step right up. For 50 cents, see the one and only Cardiff Giant, ancient fossilized human being, larger than Goliath. Right here in Syracuse, New York. *(Takes coins from a common-dressed MAN 4 with WOMAN 1 & 2 and then WEALTHY MAN and WEALTHY WOMAN — all have entered from the back of the auditorium and made their way up front.)* Thank you...Just 10 more minutes to see the biggest news of 1869...the discovery of this century. Called a fascinating miracle, described in the Bible.

BARKER continues to take money, then steps out front of his podium to put up a “closed” sign and begins to count money. Stage right — a group of well-dressed men — MAN 1, 2 & 3 — discuss the exhibit. Standing upstage from the giant’s mid-section is MAN 4, who is fixated on the leaf covering the giant’s privates. MAN 4 stands between WOMAN 1 and WOMAN 2. WEALTHY MAN and WOMAN stand stage left of the others.

MAN 1: Astonishing. Simply amazing.

MAN 2: A petrified giant.

CARDIFF

MAN 3: Look how he died in pain. (*Grimace.*)

MAN 1: Maybe he was a warrior in God's army.

There is a hushed pause as we hear the piano music continue with "Rock of Ages."

WOMAN 1: Some say he's a just a thousand-year-old statue.

WOMAN 2: I heard he's a giant from the Bible. See, he wears a fig leaf like in the Garden of Eden.

In a grand yet quick gesture, MAN 4 leans over the roping, lifts the leaf and gets a look at the giant's "goods" — he reacts, slack-jawed — others gasp, stunned, ladies fan themselves.

MAN 4: A very **large** leaf. (*WOMAN 1 and WOMAN 2 elbow him from the sides.*)

WEALTHY WOMAN: (*Fans self and starts to sway, nearly fainting.*)
Oh, my...he's quite...substantial!! (*Everyone gasps.*)

WEALTHY MAN: (*Catching his wife, he turns and scolds MAN 4.*)
Sir, show some respect! Careful, my dear. You need some air. (*He holds her steady on her feet as they exit.*)

WOMAN 1: My cousin saw him in Cardiff on the very day they dug him up. (*Matter-of-fact.*)

WOMAN 2: I heard those folks draped a flag over his manhood.

MAN 4: (*Fixated.*) A **grand** old flag.

WOMEN gasp, elbow him and fan themselves, other MEN agree.

BARKER: Excuse me folks. We're closing for the day. But tell your friends about the Cardiff Giant — the eighth wonder of the world.

BARKER escorts folks as they file out, piano player exits, lights dim slightly.

CARDIFF

MAN 4: *(The last to exit — to the tune of “Rock of Ages,” he roughly sings to the giant.)*

ROCK OF AGES,
YOU'RE NOT ME,
BUT IN MY DREAMS I'M GREAT AS THEE!

MAN 4: Hhlmph. *(He throws his shoulders back — struts offstage.)*

GEORGE and STUBBY enter stage right. GEORGE'S trademark is to constantly smoke, hold or motion with a cigar. He is refined in appearance. STUBBY is unshaven, more coarse, a misplaced hayseed attempting to appear polished. The BARKER takes them a bag of money.

BARKER: Here you are, Mr. Hull, Mr. Newell, over two thousand dollars today. *(Hands over bag of cash.)*

GEORGE: Good work. We'll lock up. *(BARKER leaves cane and hat then exits. Once they are alone, GEORGE slaps STUBBY on the back and hands him a cigar.)* What'd I tell you, Stub. They think he's amazing... *(He circles the giant.)* ...the discovery of the century.

STUBBY: *(Laugh.)* You're always right, cousin George, *(Loudly.)* folks will believe anything.

GEORGE: SHHH, not so loud. If you keep quiet, he'll be our bread and butter for life.

STUBBY: Our bread and butter...Our meat 'n' taters. *(With a glazed look, he licks his lips.)* The apple pie of our eye...the - -

GEORGE: Obviously you're ready for supper. *(Motions to the door.)* Shall we?

STUBBY: *(Pulls a knife and fork from his pocket and announces.)* Yes, we shall.

GEORGE shoves STUBBY toward the door as they exit stage left. Lights out, except for “moonlight” on the giant.

CARDIFF

A moment of silence. Pause. Special lighting to imply a moment of magic. Then the giant's spirit appears — the character of CARDIFF, who has been lying upstage behind/beside the stone image of the giant. He is dressed all in white. He sits up and looks at the statue. Rubs his eyes, stretches, and steps to the floor upstage from the platform. Lights brighten a bit.

CARDIFF: *(Aside.)* Did you hear that? I'm amazing... *(He leans into the face of the statue and repeats words people have used to describe him. As he speaks he moves about the statue, circling it.)* ...incredible....Biblical... *(A longer pause. He stops at the giant's midsection.)* ...substantial... *(Sizes himself up — then sizes up the giant.)* Hmm, I thought I was taller. *(To audience.)* Oh well, you still recognize me, don't ya? I'm the spirit of the Cardiff Giant. *(Shrugs. Grabs hat and cane.)* But you know, I wasn't always this famous. *(Motions toward displayed giant.)* Actually, I came from very humble beginnings...a rough neighborhood...you might say, a **rocky** start.

SONG 3: LIFE AS A MIN'RAL (CARDIFF)

To the tune of "Broadway One-Step."

CARDIFF: ‘
LONG AGO ‘NEATH THE MIDWEST PRAIRIE
B'LOW THE GROUND MANY LEVELS BURIED,
UNDER SAND, GYPSUM LAYERS BEGAN.
LEFT WHEN A GLACIAL SEA
DRIED UP IN HIST'RY.

LONG AGO
‘NEATH THE MIDWEST PRAIRIE
UNDERGROUND, IT WAS MIGHTY SCARY.
SQUEEZED BETWEEN, CLAY AND MUDDY STREAM, THEN
CAME THE LIGHT OF DAY
AS DIRT WAS HAULED AWAY.

CARDIFF

LIFE AS A MIN'RAL WAS PLAIN
HIDDEN AWAY FROM THE RAIN
LIFE AS A MIN'RAL AIN'T GRAND
MY ONLY FRIEND WAS SAND.

YEARS AGO
ON THE MIDWEST PRAIRIE
MINES BEGAN, AND THE SOD WAS CARRIED.
FAMILY, THEN WAS LEAVING ME, MY
SISTERS BECAME SHEETROCK,
BROTHERS FOUNDATION BLOCK.

MONTHS AGO,
UNDER FORT DODGE PRAIRIE
I WAS CUT AS THE MINERS QUARRIED.
AS A SLAB, LIFE WAS STILL SO BAD, THEN
I WAS HAULED AWAY
NOW I'M A MAN TODAY.

LIFE AS A MIN'RAL WAS PLAIN,
HIDDEN AWAY FROM THE RAIN
LIFE AS A MIN'RAL AIN'T GRAND
MY ONLY FRIEND WAS SAND

CARDIFF: *(Spoken as dance begins.)* And that sand was so coarse — really rubbed me the wrong way.

DANCE SECTION.

LIFE AS A MIN'RAL WAS PLAIN,
NO CAVIAR OR CHAMPAGNE.
LOOK AT ME NOW I'M A MAN
FAR FROM WHERE I BEGAN.

CARDIFF: I'm alive!

Lights go down at the end of the song. Scene change to Hull & Sons Cigar Factory. CARDIFF moves downstage right where a spotlight picks him up once scene is ready.

CARDIFF: It just dawned on me. I was the first **rock** star. Now, those two gentlemen with the money were George Hull, my creator, and his cousin Stubby Newell.

But a lot happened to get to this point, let me tell ya...wait, I'm a spirit, let me show ya. **Let's go back about 18 months — to the spring of 1868** and meet George Hull **before** he created me. We'll start in Binghamton, New York, at his father's cigar factory. George is a...well, you'll see.

Lights come up on the store — gestures to the scene and exits.

ACT ONE, SCENE 2
HULL & SONS CIGAR FACTORY
BINGHAMTON, NEW YORK, SPRING 1868

The papier-mâché/foam giant has been covered by an inverted wooden box added over top of the display platform and the draping has been pulled over to the upstage side. This wooden cover on top of the platform is now a work counter for the cigar factory.

This set has two sides — stage left needs to look like an elaborate cigar sales counter in a store with a small table, a couple chairs, cigar boxes, and a small cigar store Indian. A door leading to the right, opens to stage right which will eventually show the back room workings of cigar manufacturing: a line of workers in shabby, dirty, sweaty clothes and aprons, standing at a counter — some with knives, rolling tobacco leaves, in an assembly line — roll, wet, label, chop, box and crate. Bales of dried tobacco leaves hang at the back. HOWEVER, only the “store” stage left is lit as the scene begins. The “backroom” is not lit until the song “Daily Grind” begins.

GEORGE: *(When lights come up, GEORGE is in the store with DAWSON following him.) Dawson, a word with you. (GEORGE moves to center stage and leans on the counter/chair.)*

DAWSON: *(He steps into the store, lights and sound go down on the factory side as DAWSON wipes his hands on his apron/shirt and offers to shake hands with GEORGE.) Yes, Mr. Hull?*

GEORGE: *(Ignores the handshake, he is holding a cigar — rolling and smelling it.) These Southern Sweets are the highest-priced cigars we make.*

DAWSON: Yes, sir. We pay dearly for those “tobacca” leaves.

GEORGE: Hmmm. *(He’s deep in thought, rolling the cigar.)* ...I want them cut shorter and put more **filler** in each box... *(Motions.)* ...paper on the sides and sawdust in the bottom. *(Pause, smile to self.)* Then change the label to say *(Gestures.)* **patented** storage elements preserve fuller flavor. *(Laughs.)*

DAWSON: How impressive. *(Believing it himself.)*

GEORGE: *(He slaps DAWSON on the back.)* Exactly. People won’t complain about **less length** if they think they’re getting **more flavor**. If anyone asks questions, tell them *(Ponders for a moment, rubs his chin and then declares.)* you’re sworn to secrecy.

DAWSON: *(Nods in agreement and winks at GEORGE.)* Secrecy. Golly, if I didn’t work here, I’d buy a crate of the things myself.

With a slight bow, DAWSON exits through the store door and enters the backroom of the factory, which is now lit and in motion with the workers at the cigar factory. When the light comes up, the introduction to “Daily Grind” begins. We see the work of cigar manufacturing: some workers are at a counter — with knives, rolling tobacco leaves, in an assembly line. Workers are rolling, cutting and others are boxing cigars. Men are hoisting in bales of tobacco.

During the beginning of the song, GEORGE is chewing a cigar and begins checking his inventory, smelling cigars. After the first stanza of the song, he leans over to the door and eavesdrops to hear what the workers are singing about him.

**SONG 4: DAILY GRIND
(GEORGE AND WORKERS)**

To the tune of "The Trombone King March."

GEORGE is in the store.

WORKERS: *(Many chopping in time with knives.)*

EV'RY DAY IS LIKE BEFORE.
IT'S NOTHING LESS, NOTHING MORE,
HERE IN THE BACK OF THE STORE.
WE'RE THE WORKERS.
DAILY GRIND IS ROLL AND CHOP,
MAKING CIGARS FOR THE SHOPS
TO SELL.

GEORGE leans near the door to listen.

AND OUR BOSS IS SO UNFAIR.
WE CAN'T SLOW DOWN, WOULDN'T DARE.
WE KNOW THAT HE DOESN'T CARE
FOR OUR WELL-BEING.
BLOWING SMOKE, FOR HIS SHADY DEALS.
WE STRUGGLE JUST FOR A MEAL
TO EAT.

MALE WORKERS:

WE TOIL AND WORK THE DAILY GRIND
HIS EV'RY CENT IS ON HIS MIND

FEMALE WORKERS:

WE'RE WEARY AND TOO WEAK TO DREAM
HIS EV'RY THOUGHT'S ON HIS NEXT SCHEME.

GEORGE enters back room abruptly.

GEORGE:

IF YOU MUST KNOW, DEALS MAKE ME CASH
YOU SHOULD THINK TWICE, MY NAME YOU TRASH.
WITHOUT MY CASH THERE'D BE NO PAY
CONSIDER THAT, WATCH WHAT YOU SAY.

Full of himself.

WELL-MADE PLANS JUST MEAN I AM SMART
I'VE RAISED CONNIVING TO AN ART
YOUR WORK IS JUST A TINY PART
I'M YOUR MASTER.

YOU'LL NOT GO HOME WITH YOUR PAY,
UNLESS THIS ORDER'S FILLED TODAY
AND QUICK!

WORKERS: (*In harmony. Knife chopping on the bolded syllables.*)

YES, WE NEED THIS JOB TO **STAY ALIVE**
BUT YOU NEED OUR HARD LABOR TOO,
OH, YOU COULD LEARN TO BE A **KINDER MAN**
AND WE WOULD BE LOYAL TO YOU.
TAKE CARE, YOUR TRICKS WILL CATCH YOU **BY THE THROAT**,
AND WE'LL LAUGH AND SAY THAT WE KNEW.
THE POW'R AND MONEY SEEM FULFILLING,
YES, YOU CAN CHEAT THE WILLING,
WAIT 'TIL THE VICTIM IS YOU.

GEORGE:

IF I SELL ENOUGH **TOBACCO LEAVES**,
THEN YOU ALL CAN STAY AT YOUR JOBS.
YES, I AM GOOD AT PLANNING **STRATEGY**
AND WON'T LISTEN TO YOUR SAD SOB.
AND I DON'T TREAT YOU QUITE AS **BAD AS DIRT**,
BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN THAT I WON'T
HARD WORK AND HONEST DEALINGS?
NO, NOW MY TIME YOU'RE STEALING.
GET BUSY CUT THOSE CIGARS!

He slams the door and returns to the store.

GEORGE again opens the door to the back room and all the workers hush and start their assembly-line process, avoiding eye contact with GEORGE. He slams the door again and takes a seat to do paperwork just as CORNELIUS HULL has entered stage right and mills through the workers — CORNELIUS is dressed to work among them, sleeves rolled up, unlike GEORGE who is dressed as a boss. He perspires and carries some tobacco bales, which he hoists to hang behind the assembly line.

CORNELIUS: (*Pats workers on the back as he passes.*) How are things today, folks?

WORKER 1: Cornelius Hull, you don't need to be totin' around "tobacca" bales.

WORKER 2: That's our job. Don't get your hands dirty.

CORNELIUS: It does me good to keep my hands dirty and not just push papers around *(At that moment, GEORGE is shuffling papers or filing his nails in the store, as CORNELIUS moves to the cutting line.)*

WORKER 3: Your brother's makin' us finish 200 more boxes before we rest.

WORKER 4: I'm tuckered out in this heat.

CORNELIUS: I'll talk to him. *(He enters the store, wiping his hands with a rag and approaches GEORGE, who sits with his back to him.)* Hey there, big brother. Plotting up a new scheme? *(Takes a seat across from GEORGE.)*

GEORGE: Good day to you too, Cornelius. *(Sniffs, then fans his nose, suggesting CORNELIUS is a bit ripe.)*

CORNELIUS: *(Sarcastically.)* The smell of hard work, *(Pause.)* or have you forgotten? *(Stands and refers to his sweaty shirt.)* It's hot, and the workers need more breaks and water for God's sakes.

GEORGE: You're getting soft. We have deadlines to meet and money to make. *(He leans back, quite pleased with himself and puffs cigar.)*

CORNELIUS with his hands on his hips, he scowls at GEORGE.

GEORGE: *(Agitated.)* Fine, give them a break, but they stay until the orders are filled.

CORNELIUS: *(He walks through workroom door and announces.)* Folks, take 10-minutes to cool off.

WORKER 2: *(Grabs his hand.)* Oh, thank you, Mr. Hull. *(She wipes her brow and all workers exit stage right.)*

CORNELIUS: *(Turns to GEORGE.)* What's churning in your devious mind?

GEORGE: A new product, no, make that — the same product but new labels to **suggest** a new product.

CORNELIUS: *(Sarcastically.)* And strain the workers.

GEORGE: No, listen. The war ended just three years ago, so we capitalize on the public's alliances — Confederate or Yankee. *(He leans in, clearly thrilled by hatching the scheme.)* We take our **cheapest** cigar, and we market it with different names — in the North we call it *(Dramatically using his hands to suggest the signage.)* the Republic's Rolled Gold and in the South, the same cigar becomes Dixie Pride. And of course, we up the price.

CORNELIUS: Sounds kind of shifty to me.

GEORGE: It's good marketing. And I need your support when I present the idea to Father. He listens to you.

CORNELIUS: *(Hesitant.)* I'm not sure.

GEORGE: Go along with me, and when it's hot, we give the workers an extra break. Agreed?

CORNELIUS: Alright. *(Shakes his head.)* Someday your scheming will get you into trouble, George. *(Glances offstage left.)* And that **someday** is now. Here comes your wife, and she looks upset. *(He goes into the workroom — exits stage right.)*

As CORNELIUS exits, HANNAH HULL enters from stage left, through the store door and approaches GEORGE. She is dressed in the height of 1868 fashion, including jewelry.

GEORGE: *(Gets up to greet HANNAH.)* My dear Hannah. Why are you out in this heat? Please, sit. *(Holds necklace.)* Your necklace is stunning. Did I give you this?

HANNAH: *(Takes it back from him.)* No, I designed it myself. I was just informed that we are traveling to Iowa. I would like to know why?

GEORGE: It's business. I have some debts to collect. We'll stay with my sister in Ackley, and you can spend time with her. *(He sits.)*

HANNAH: I have matters here that need my attention. You did not even consult with me —

GEORGE: *(Slightly irritated, he stands and moves behind her as she remains seated.)* Your plans can wait. *(He squeezes her shoulder. He's thoughtless, not mean.)* Please, accompany me to Iowa. To show you my heartfelt affection, *(Pulls wad of money from pocket.)* buy a new dress *(Pulls bills out.)* and a new hat. *(Counts out more bills, puts them in her hand and closes her hand around them.)* My beautiful wife must always look her best. *(He kisses her hand.)*

HANNAH: *(Flustered, she pulls her hand back.)* Really, George. I'd be more flattered **without** the bribery. *(Stands and thinks.)* A visit with your sister...at least **she** listens to me. Good day. *(Coldly turns and exits stage left.)*

GEORGE: *(Watches her leave, then sits to smoke or chew his cigar.)* That is one fine woman. *(As cigar smoke wafts above his head, lights go out.)*

ACT ONE, SCENE 3
PARLOR IN ACKLEY, IOWA

A spotlight goes on at the corner of the stage to pick up CARDIFF, who has come onstage — extreme downstage right.

CARDIFF: Hannah's life with George has been a rocky road, no pun intended. Things really get ugly in Ackley. *(Lights come up on the 1868, Ackley interior parlor with seating, and a table.)*

HANNAH: *(Seated, distraught, holds a handkerchief.)* Oh Connie, he treats me as though I'm just a fine horse he parades in public, shuts in a stall, and rides when he wants.

CONSTANCE: Whoa, girl. *(Consoling, she pats HANNAH's hand and brushes her hair back.)* That's why I'm still single.

**SONG 5: A LIFE TO LOVE
(CONSTANCE AND HANNAH)**

Underscore introduction of “A Life to Love” to the tune of “The Golden Dragon Overture” begins.

CONSTANCE: My brother is no prize when he acts this way, but I do think he loves you. Our society just expects **men** to be in control.

HANNAH: I love George, too, but I want him to be kind and romantic — like when we were courting.

CONSTANCE: Oh honey, don’t wait for a miracle. If you pursue your own interests, he’ll come around.

HANNAH: *(Dreamily.)*

IN YOUTH, IT WAS MY DREAM TO FIND A SOMEONE
WHO’D BE MY CONSTANT FRIEND AND FOND COMPANION - -
GENTLY HOLDING MY HAND WHENEVER STROLLING OUT TOGETHER,
WATCHING HORIZONS, KISSED EACH NIGHT BY THE SETTING SUN.

I THOUGHT THAT I HAD FOUND MY SOMEONE.
ROMANCE FILLED EACH DAY, WE WERE SO YOUNG.
BUT TIME WENT BY AND FLAMES OF PASSION
HAVE DIED TO EMBERS, NO LONGER FANNED BY LOVE.

CONSTANCE: *(Realistically.)*

IN YOUTH, I TOO HAD DREAMS OF FINDING SOMEONE
TO BE MY CONFIDANT AND SOUL CONNECTION.
MY SOMEONE NEVER CAME, INSTEAD I HAD A REVELATION.
I LOVED MY LIFE’S WORK AND FOUND I DID NOT NEED A MAN.

I HAD THAT DREAM OF FINDING SOMEONE.
ROMANCE SEEMS SO IMPORTANT WHEN YOUNG.
I KNOW THAT TEACHING IS MY PASSION.
YOU HAVE A MAN, DEAR, NOW FIND A LIFE YOU LOVE.

Music continues as underscore for the following dialogue.

HANNAH: I thought a man could make me happy.

CONSTANCE: Your happiness **can** come from your achievements.

HANNAH sighs heavily.

CONSTANCE: Find your purpose, then your passion for living will spark again.

HANNAH:

I'LL SEARCH FOR SOMETHING TO
FULFILL MY LIFE
NOT PINE FOR SOMEONE TO
RESCUE MY DREAMS
LOOK FOR LIFE TO LOVE

A LIFE I LOVE.

CONSTANCE:

YOU'LL SEARCH FOR SOMETHING TO
FULFILL YOUR LIFE
NOT PINE FOR SOMEONE TO
RESCUE YOUR DREAMS
LOOK FOR LIFE TO LOVE
A LIFE **YOU** LOVE

GEORGE and his father TATE enter the scene from stage right, deep in discussion. GEORGE is dragging a cigar store Indian, which he places on the table in the set. HANNAH sits up and tucks her hair in, and blots her face with the handkerchief.

TATE: *(He is an elderly, domineering gentleman. He reaches for each of the ladies' hands.)* Greetings, ladies. I trust you're enjoying the day. *(They nod yes.)*

CONSTANCE: Hello, Father.

GEORGE interrupts.

GEORGE: *(As GEORGE speaks, TATE makes his way around the room until he is standing near the Indian statue.)* Father, Mr. Johnson still owes us a lot of money and I don't buy his excuses. We should take him to court. *(He takes a flask from his pocket and downs a drink.)*

TATE: Humiliating him serves no purpose — he's a good connection for selling cigars in the Midwest. Now why did you take his cigar store Indian?

GEORGE: To make a point. We gave him this Indian. Taking it back shows that we **can** and **will** take our business elsewhere. He has taken us for fools. He —

TATE: *(Waves his hand in GEORGE's direction, GEORGE is fuming.)* No more! We need to leave for the tent revival.

GEORGE: *(Frustrated.)* You go on. I'd rather spend the evening with my old friend here. *(He motions to the flask and takes another drink.)*

CONSTANCE: That is exactly why you **are** attending the revival. *(She makes a drinking motion.)* You and your “friend” need to part ways.

HANNAH: Must I share your attentions with that? *(Motions to flask.)*

GEORGE: *(Sigh dramatically.)* For you, my dear Hannah, I will leave my friend at home, but only after a goodbye kiss. *(Kisses flask, downs the contents, thrusts the emptied flask to CONSTANCE and slurs facetiously.)* Now, which way to my salvation?

BLACKOUT.

ACT ONE, SCENE 4
REVIVAL TENT IN ACKLEY, IOWA

“How Great Thou Art” plays as the scene changes.

The platform/table at stage right is the same one that held the giant and that served as the cigar chopping table. It now serves as the minister’s altar/stage — he stands above the CROWD, which is seated at stage left. The platform holds collection plates overflowing with cash. A tent canopy outline is placed at the back of the stage to give the appearance of being inside a tent. This will be re-used in Act Two as a tent set up over the giant once he’s discovered.

A few crude wooden chairs or benches face the REVEREND, the women sit and the men stand in the back or sit on a few straw bales which can also be re-used in the farm setting. The women fan themselves, children sit on the ground and menfolk are chewing on straw, smoking cigars, and one or two slip drinks from flasks. The crowd needs to react to the sermon with gasps or “Amens.”

When the lights come up, the dramatic and flamboyant REVEREND TURK is mid-sermon. During his pauses, the CROWD is reacting, nodding in agreement.

REV. TURK: ...and in the beginning, the world that God made was a different place, brothers and sisters. Yes, the new and fresh world was a tropical garden full of sunshine...warmth...plants . . . animals...food. Friends, it was full of life — there were no storms and floods...no bitter cold nor starvation...no fighting nor suffering...no sickness, no death. Folks, it was a perfect paradise — the Garden of Eden was what we all dream about. But then came **sin!** (*At this point, GEORGE has bummed a drink and is caught up with the crowd.*)

ALL: Amen!

GEORGE: (*Intoxicated and loud.*) Yes, sssir!

REV. TURK: (*Dramatically.*) Sin...say it with me now. SIN!

ALL: Sin!

GEORGE: Sin?

REV. TURK: (*He mimics a snake.*) SSSSSSSSSSin!! That's right, folks. The devil in the dress of a serpent. Adam and Eve had everything until there was sin. **We** could have had everything if it weren't for sin. The devil... (*Paces.*) Lucifer himself...in the skin of a snake.

At this point, he holds up a snakeskin for effect — the CROWD gasps and women fan themselves as he shakes the skin before dramatically tossing it aside.

REV. TURK: Temptation, my friends...giving in to the devil's temptation cost us our paradise. A high price to pay for a taste of fruit. That serpent's apple was bittersweet, my brothers and sisters, just as the taste of sin may seem sweet at first but is bitter in the end...the sin of gambling! (*TURK paces while the crowd mumbles and nods.*) ...the sin of liquor!

TURK steps down into the congregation with his Bible. He points to the back of the room. Ashamed, two gentlemen hide their flasks at this point, and GEORGE rolls his eyes and shakes his head "no" in disbelief.

REV. TURK: The sins of cursing, of stealing, of lying and the list goes on and on, my friends. **You** know your sins. (*Crowd nods.*) And it is your **sins** that make you small — small in heart, small in mind AND even small in stature.

For you see, brothers and sisters, in the Bible, the holy book of Genesis, (*He holds up a Bible, flips pages, then reads.*) — chapter 6 verse 4, the truth is revealed. (*Hands the Bible to CONSTANCE who sits in the front row.*) Sister Constance will you kindly read what this verse says.

CONSTANCE: (*Proudly clears her throat and stands.*) . . .for there were giants in the earth in those days. These were the mighty men that were of old, the men of renown.

REV. TURK: GIANTS!! Mighty giant men of renown. (*Pulls back the Bible and dramatically holds it up.*) GIANTS!! (*Shouts and raises his arms to the sky, causing one woman to swoon.*) Folks, **we** were the giants. Were it not for the sin, the snake and Satan, **we** would be bigger people. Bigger stature and with grander morals. **Sin** made us small. **Sin** left us as a mere shell of the glorious beings we once were. SSSSSSSSin, I tell you —

GEORGE: (*Annoyed, he scoffs and interrupts.*) Say Rev, just how **big** do you suppose we were? (*Some menfolk chuckle.*)

REV. TURK: Sir, back in those days of old, we were twice the people we are now...twice the size and twice the integrity.

GEORGE: About 11 or 12 feet then.

REV. TURK: (*Annoyed.*) Sir, I would venture to say that you are but half the man that you once were. (*More menfolk chuckle.*)

GEORGE: (*GEORGE steps out from the crowd.*) Gives those measurements right there in the scriptures, huh.

HANNAH: (*Gasps in embarrassment.*) George, no.

CONSTANCE puts her arm around HANNAH to console her.

REV. TURK: The Bible does not need to include an exact number, I just know. For I can see how **small** sin has made you. (*Some of the men jeer “woo.”*)

TURK and GEORGE sing combatively over the heads of the crowd, who turn from side to side as though watching a tennis match and “gasp and fan” in shock at what’s being said.

SONG 6: GET ALONG
(REV. TURK, GEORGE AND CONGREGATION)

To the tune of “Cyrus the Great March.”

REV. TURK:

SIR, YOU ARE A LESSER MAN
FOR CHALLENGING THE WORD OF GOD.
I AM BUT A MESSENGER,
I SPEAK THE TRUTH OF OLD — YOU’RE SMALL!

GEORGE:

STANDING UP ABOVE THE CROWD
MAKES YOU APPEAR TO KNOW IT ALL.
YOU BELIEVE THIS PREACHER MAN? *(To the congregation.)*
HE’S FILLING YOU WITH LIES — YOU FOOLS!

REV. TURK:

NO, YOU’RE THE LIAR,
YOU NON-BELIEVER.
DON’T LEAD THESE FOLKS ASTRAY,
I AM AN HONEST MAN.

GEORGE: *(Scoffs.)*

YOU PREACH OF GIANTS,
AND CALL US SINNERS,
THEN PASS YOUR COLLECTION PLATE
AND LEAVE A WEALTHY MAN.

CONSTANCE: *(Stands, scolds GEORGE.)*

JUST FOR ONCE BE KIND AND GET ALONG, QUIETLY.

CHORUS yells “wholeheartedly” with CONSTANCE in the following line.

KEEPING SILENT THOUGH YOU DISAGREE, WHOLEHEARTEDLY.

CONGREGATION:

AS THE BIBLE SAYS, WE DO BELIEVE IN GIANT MEN.
NOW BE THE BIGGER MAN BE ON YOUR WAY

CARDIFF

GEORGE: *(Yells at crowd.)*
NO, FOOLS!
CAN YOU NOT SEE
HIS GIANT MEN *(Points to TURK.)*
ARE MAKE BELIEVE.

TURK: *(Furious, yells, points at GEORGE.)*
NO, YOU,
WILL BE THE ONE
TO BURN IN HELL
WHEN JUDGMENT COMES!

HANNAH: *(Stands, upset by GEORGE.)*
JUST FOR ONCE BE KIND AND GET ALONG, QUIETLY.

CHORUS yells "so totally" with HANNAH in the following line.

KEEPING SILENT THOUGH YOU DISAGREE, SO TOTALLY.

CONGREGATION:
AS THE BIBLE SAYS, WE DO BELIEVE IN GIANT MEN.
NOW BE THE BIGGER MAN, JUST GO AWAY.

GEORGE: *(Agitated, mocks them.)*
FINE! HAVE YOUR
GIANT MEN
AND LINE HIS PLATE,
AND PRAY, WHAT THEN?

YOU FOOLS,
YOU'RE SO NAIVE,
YOU'LL JUST BE POOR
AFTER HE LEAVES!

ALL CONGREGATION stand and file to the front of the tent to show support for REV. TURK — they point for GEORGE to leave.

WOMEN:	MEN:
CAN'T YOU JUST BE KIND AND MOVE ALONG, QUIETLY.	JUST BE KIND AND MOVE ALONG
REVEREND TURK HAS TAUGHT US PEACEFULLY, HONESTLY.	HE TAUGHT US PEACEFULLY AND HONESTLY.

WOMEN AND MEN:
AS THE BIBLE SAYS, WE DO BELIEVE IN GIANT MEN.
NOW YOU'RE THE ONE WITH DOUBTS, SO GO AWAY.

REV. TURK: (*Furiously.*) **We were giants, you devil!!!**

CROWD: (*Angrily yell this at GEORGE.*) **GIANTS!!**

GEORGE: (*Stunned, shakes his head, shrugs them off with a motion of his hands, and leaves the tent stage left.*) **You are all giant fools!**

REV. TURK: (*Out of breath, mopping his brow.*) Friends, (*Gasp.*) please (*Panting.*) join me in singing “Rock of Ages.” (*Straightens his shirt and smoothes his hair.*)

Softly, the crowd begins singing, lights dim and spotlight catches GEORGE at extreme downstage left.

GEORGE: (*He mockingly “sings” these lines to the tune of the hymn.*) Fools of ages, dare mock me? You will regret this day, you’ll see. (*Lights out.*)

ACT ONE, SCENE 5
PARLOR IN ACKLEY, IOWA

The revival set is replaced with the same roll-on pieces of CONSTANCE’s parlor. That same evening, back at CONSTANCE’s home in Ackley. Scene opens with spotlight on CARDIFF downstage right.

CARDIFF: Yep, that’s my creator — in all his glory. To recover his pride, George conjures up a **master plan of revenge**. A plan larger than life. Yes, indeed, he’s about to dream up the likes of ME! (*CARDIFF exits.*)

GEORGE: (*Paces furiously, puffing or chewing on a cigar...CARDIFF shadows him.*) Stupid idiots! And to turn against me — all of them, gullible fools, they are... (*Pace and puff.*) Believe in a fast-talking, Bible-toting, verse-quoting preacher. He’s nothing but an charlatan! (*Pace and puff.*)

Every one of those people lapped it up, and they'll all be lining the Reverend's collection plate. (*GEORGE motions as though he's peeling dollars off a wad of cash. He shakes his head in disbelief, scoffing.*) We were giants. Eleven foot tall Goliath men. (*He moves to the cigar store Indian and leans against it.*) Giants walking the earth! Men of enormous stature, hmph. (*He pauses, puffs and ponders and studies the cigar store Indian.*) ...Giant humans...giants... (*All of a sudden, the lightbulb goes on — he looks at the Indian.*) Giants... (*Pause as he looks up and down at the Indian, and walks around it, sizing it up.*) By George, Georgie ol' boy, I think you've got it. (*He walks around the Indian again, looking up and down.*) If it's 11-foot giants they want, it's 11-foot giants they shall have. (*He laughs, buckling over.*) Yes, oh yes, a giant...walking the earth...those self-righteous, high-and-mighty, holier-than-thou fools will lap it up — and in the process, they'll line **my** pockets.

He pretends to count out cash again, chuckling, as he pours a drink, plops into a chair as TATE, CONSTANCE AND HANNAH enter from stage left. GEORGE has a gleam in his eye, a smile on his face and stares off into space — TATE escorts both ladies into the room. HANNAH has been crying.

CONSTANCE: I see you've found your friend again. (*Refers to his drink.*) I hope you're ashamed of yourself and your behavior this evening.

TATE: Once again, you have conducted yourself in your usual loud, lewd and rude style.

HANNAH: (*Sobs.*) How could you be so unkind to the reverend?

CONSTANCE pats HANNAH's hand and helps her to a chair. HANNAH fans herself.

TATE: Don't you have anything to say in your defense?

GEORGE: (*Refocuses on the here and now.*) Father, Connie, you are right. (*He rises, moves to HANNAH, kneels and kisses her hand.*) Hannah, my dear, I am sorry. In fact, **so** sorry for my actions that I will be staying in Ackley a few more days (*Move stage left.*) so that I may make amends.

TATE: What for? Haven't you stirred up enough trouble?

GEORGE: I'm staying so...uh...so I can return Mr. Johnson's Indian and make formal apologies to Rev. Turk. Please, escort Hannah back to New York so that she can tend to the plans I made her interrupt. (*He bows and takes her hand.*)

CONSTANCE: Why, who is this man? George, you're behaving like the bigger man Rev. Turk spoke of. Why have you decided to make this giant change?

GEORGE: (*Excitedly, he points at CONSTANCE.*) You have said the magic words, Connie. (*Aside, he rubs his fingers together suggesting money.*) I am going to make an enormous amount of change.

HANNAH: I have longed to hear you say that. If you need time here in Iowa to rediscover yourself, then I will gladly go back to New York.

CONSTANCE: (*Takes GEORGE's brandy glass.*) To celebrate your change of heart, I will make some **tea**. Hannah come tell me about your necklace. (*As they exit, HANNAH admires her own necklace.*)

TATE: A changed man — (*Sarcastically.*) — what are you concocting, George?

GEORGE: Quite harmless, I assure you. I'll be traveling west to Fort Dodge. You mentioned quarries there. (*Fishing for information.*) And what minerals are mined in that fair city?

TATE: Limestone, sandstone, coal, clay...and gypsum, I believe. But what would draw you to such mining operations? I am suspicious of your intentions.

GEORGE: I'm exploring new cigar markets. Yes, I have a feeling I will find just what I'm looking for in Fort Dodge.

Instrumental music to "Min'ral City" plays one verse then lights come up on set and chorus starts.

ACT ONE, SCENE 6
GYPSUM QUARRY, FORT DODGE, IA 1868

The setting is a gypsum quarry in Fort Dodge created by a quarry backdrop and large “chunks” and “boulders” of gypsum. The Fort Dodge Quarry Boys — a group of eight or more miners — are armed with tools of the trade — fake axes, sledge hammers, etc. They are dressed in work clothes — hats, boots, dusty trousers and suspenders.)

SONG 7: MIN'RAL CITY
(QUARRY BOYS AND GALS)

To the tune of “The Walking Frog.”

Begins with a big bass beat simulating an axe swing.

QUARRY BOYS: *(Swinging axes or sledgehammers to the beat.)*

IN 1868 WHEN FORT DODGE
IS KNOWN AS MIN'RAL CITY,
WE CUT STONE IN THE QUARRY.
AND WHEN THE WORKING DAY IS OVER,
WE STOP AND HAVE SOME SHOTS OF WHISKEY
AND A LOT OF BEER.

The BOYS continue and finish the work, standing up, wiping their brows.

OUR LITTLE PRAIRIE TOWN
HAS GROWN TO ALMOST A THOUSAND.
AND MINING IS BIG BUSINESS,
FIRST COAL THEN CLAY AND GYPSUM.

The BOYS start to sit. Some greet the eight or more GALS who enter at stage right, carrying picnic baskets which are eagerly taken by the men. The GALS glare at or elbow the men at “smoke and gamble” — the BOYS take a bite of a sandwich while the ladies sing next.

CARDIFF

AND FOR OUR HAPPINESS,
WE LIKE TO BET ON THE HORSES,
SMOKE AND GAMBLE
— AND SPEND
SOME TIME WITH OUR WIVES.

The GALS scold, then sing, wipe their brows as well, and gesture toward the gypsum.

QUARRY GALS: *(Scolding.)*
NO TIME FOR PLAYING GAMES,
YOU NEED TO HELP WITH THE STRUGGLE.
AT HOME THE WORK CONTINUES,
STILL HARD BEYOND THIS RUBBLE.

GALS continue to sing as BOYS eat.

WE HAVE SO MANY CHORES,
WE'RE ALWAYS CONSTANTLY COOKIN'
TENDIN' GARDEN *(Wipe hands on aprons as BOYS finish lunches and stand.)*
-- MAKIN' SURE
THE FAM'LY IS FED.

BOYS have finished eating and stand with the GALS, preparing to dance.

QUARRY BOYS AND GALS:
IN 1868 WHEN FORT DODGE
IS KNOWN AS MIN'RAL CITY,
NO TIME FOR BEIN' LAZY
BUT WHEN THE WORKING DAY IS OVER,

QUARRY BOYS: *(Getting elbowed by GALS)*
WE STOP AND HAVE SOME SHOTS OF WHISKEY

QUARRY GALS: *(BOYS roll their eyes and grudgingly dance.)*
AND GO TO A DANCE.

DANCE.

At the end of the dance, the GALS take their baskets, kiss the BOYS and exit stage right. The BOYS get back to work — cutting, lifting, loading, etc.

GEORGE: *(Enters stage left, with ESCORT worker.)* Which one of these fellows is the boss?

ESCORT: That's the foreman right there. (*Points.*) His name is Mr. Foley.

GEORGE: Say, young man, before you go, if you unload that barrel in my wagon and bring it here, I'll reward you — generously. (*He flashes money at the ESCORT.*)

ESCORT: (*Enthusiastically.*) Yes, sir! (*Exits.*)

GEORGE: (*To the group of miners.*) I'm looking for a Mr. Foley.

FOLEY: (*Stands up tall.*) That'd be me — what do you need?

GEORGE: (*Clears throat.*) Mr. Foley, kind sir, may I have a moment of your time to address some matters of utmost importance?

FOLEY: (*Approaches and wipes dirt from brow.*) What can I do for you?

GEORGE: I am here on behalf of our nation's newest museum. I've been sent to collect rock samples and mineral specimens, and I need to study a bit of gypsum and acquire a sizeable quantity for display purposes.

FOLEY: (*Extends hand.*) I see, Mr. uh, I didn't catch the name.

GEORGE: (*Shakes FOLEY's hand, slightly caught off-guard.*) The name, yes...ah...um... (*He glances around.*) Stone, yes, the name's Stone. G.H. Stone of Washington, D.C.

FOLEY: Well, Mr. Stone. I don't think that will be a problem. (*Bends down and retrieves and fist-size piece of gypsum.*) Gypsum is a very unique mineral.

GEORGE: I see. Now does all of it have these bands of blue and gray running through it? Almost looks like it has veins.

FOLEY: Well, now, not all of it is marked with the blue veins, but a lot of it is.

GEORGE: (*Excited.*) I see, I see, I'll take it. (*At this point, FOLEY plops the rock into GEORGE'S hand.*) But I'm afraid my requirements call for a much larger specimen than this. (*FOLEY shakes his head and retrieves a shoebox-sized piece of gypsum.*) Yes, now Mr. Foley that IS bigger, but honestly, I need a very generous portion.

FOLEY: Generous, you say. Hmmm... (*Looks around.*)

GEORGE: Huge, you might say. About... (*He looks around the quarry and spies the chunk he needs.*) ...THAT size, yes, that ought to do it. I think that quantity should suffice nicely. (*FOLEY is stunned.*)

FOLEY: Now, Mr. Stone, do you realize the weight of that slab? Over 2 tons! A piece like that will be a real bear to load, not to mention how many wagons you'll break trying to move it. I'm afraid I can't help you if you need a giant chunk of gypsum like that.

GEORGE: Strange that you would say "giant," yes, a **giant** chunk indeed! Now, not so fast, Mr. Foley. I'm willing to make a fair trade for your extreme effort in this service.

At that point, the ESCORT returns rolling a large wooden barrel of beer. It rolls and he tries to stop it, but the weight of it flips him over onto the ground. He lies there.

GEORGE: **There**, Mr. Foley. I've had this young man bring in one of my best friends — *(He slaps the barrel.)* a barrel of the finest ale — all for you... *(Pause, FOLEY looks at the barrel then at GEORGE.)* ...for your trouble. Lager — for your lugging, you might say. *(Pause.)* Think of how the public will be impressed with this mammoth mineral from right here in Fort Dodge, Iowa. Do we have a deal?

GEORGE has his hand on FOLEY'S shoulder — FOLEY's eyes glaze over...he looks at the slab and the barrel, once and then again.

FOLEY: Well, now, Mr. Stone, you really know my weak spot. *(He wipes his drooling mouth with the back of his hand.)* BOYS! *(The BOYS look up and walk over to them, FOLEY shakes GEORGE's hand.)* Boys, we've got some totin' to do. *(He points to the very large slab of gypsum.)* Mr. Stone here, er, I mean Mr. Stone there *(Points at GEORGE.)* is from our nation's museum, and he wants this here block of rock loaded on his wagon. *(The BOYS groan.)*

GEORGE: For the good of the country! *(They just look at the slab and GEORGE.)* For the pride of Iowa! *(Still no reaction by the BOYS.)*

FOLEY: *(In a salute.)* For this barrel of beer, boys! *(They cheer and hoist the barrel — ALL exit stage left, then lights out.)*

ACT ONE, SCENE 7
SCULPTORS' STUDIO, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Downstage center becomes the sculptors' studio. The backdrop changes, but many of the small "gypsum" pieces remain as rubble from the sculpting process. The "carved giant on the platform" from Scene 1 is wheeled out again.

CARDIFF: *(Downstage right.)* In trying to haul me 45 miles, from the Fort Dodge quarries to the Boone railroad, three wagons broke down, wheels split, a bridge collapsed and the oxen refused to pull the load — me. About halfway there, a two-foot section was chopped off and left by the wayside. My remaining 10 and a half feet of solid rock finally arrived in Chicago where George's plan and the real me began to take shape.

As the lights come up, GEORGE is standing center stage in a bathrobe, with his bare back to the audience. As the lights come up he pulls the robe up and ties it around the waist, before turning to the audience, and moving downstage left to sit in a "manly fashion" on a stool — the audience needs to assume that he has been posing for the sculpting of the giant. Two sculptors are hovering over the sculpture with carving tools, and for effect, take a few last "jabs" and "chisels."

SCULPTOR 1: *(The lights come up and GEORGE ties his robe.)* That should just about do it, Mr. Hull. *(He clangs his chisel.)*

SCULPTOR 2: I agree, I think we're finished here. *(He also delivers a blow to the top of his chisel. One of them still motions as though smoothing out the surface of a leg, while the other begins dusting off the giant sculpture.)* I think we've captured your likeness — on a large-scale!

GEORGE: Tell me, boys, is he a giant in every way? *(Chews a cigar and sits "spread-eagle" in his robe.)*

SCULPTOR 1: Oh, yes, in every single way. *(Chuckles.)*

SCULPTOR 2: *(Laughs.)* He's very much a man's man.

GEORGE: A giant among men. Good. As he should be. And is he in pain? (*SCULPTORS nod “yes” after each question.*) Does he look as though he met his death with bravery? He needs to be a fossilized human, an ancient being, a Biblical Goliath.

SCULPTOR 1: (*Assuredly.*) Yes, yes, just as you ordered — his body slightly twisted to the right. One arm across his stomach, the other drawn up under his back. Flexed leg muscles.

SCULPTOR 2: And may I add, Mr. Hull, that your idea of pounding the statue with needle-covered mallets gave it the effect of having skin pores — genius, pure genius.

SCULPTOR 1: Especially with the blue streaks in the gypsum — the thing looks like he has veins. Pores **and** veins.

GEORGE: And let’s not forget what a nice touch the sulfuric acid added. That dingy brown color makes him look simply ancient — buried in the earth for centuries. And I know just where to bury him to incubate so I can hatch my plan. Gentlemen, he’s taking the next train to New York. Incognito, of course. (*GEORGE throws a sheet over the giant.*)

During the song, the SCULPTORS add the box to cover the giant, tack a “New York” and “agricultural machinery” sign on the side of the box, and tie ropes around the “crate.”

SONG 8: COLOSSAL MAN (GEORGE AND SCULPTORS)

To the tune of “Mournful Maggie.”

SCULPTOR 1: (*Gestures “big” with arms.*)
A GIANT!

GEORGE:
THAT IS TRUE,
BUT IT’S MORE IMPORTANT
THAT HE’S A MAN.

SCULPTOR 2:
THAT’S ONE BIG MAN!

SCULPTOR 1:
OF STONE!

GEORGE:
NOT STONE, HIS BODY'S PETRIFIED!

SCULPTOR 1:
HE DIED!

GEORGE:
HE'S A MIGHTY LEADER
WHO LIVED AND RULED
LONG AGO.

SCULPTOR 2:
IF YOU SAY SO.

SCULPTOR 1:
IN PAIN!

GEORGE:
YOU MADE HIM JUST AS I DESCRIBED.

With grand stage movement.

AND LIKE THE PREACHER SAID IT WAS SO,
GIANTS ONCE WALKED THE EARTH FROM BELOW.
FELLAS, I'LL MAKE THE FOOLISH BELIEVE
THEY'LL LINE UP TO SEE MY BIG COLOSSAL MAN.

OH, YES AND THIS GYPSUM ROCK MAKES HIM LOOK SO REAL.
I GOT GOLIATH HERE FOR A STEAL.

GEORGE slaps the sculptors on the back.

HIS EVERY DETAIL LOOKS JUST LIKE ME.

GEORGE proudly motions, then he counts out money from a roll.

NOW YOU KEEP YOUR WORD, FORGET ALL THAT YOU SEE.

SCULPTOR 1: *(Shrugs and takes cash from GEORGE.)*
WHAT GIANT?

GEORGE: *(Makes a choking gesture to SCULPTOR 2.)*
EXACTLY RIGHT.
THAT'S THE ANSWER

CARDIFF

THAT YOU MUST GIVE.

SCULPTOR 2:

I WANNA LIVE!

SCULPTOR 1: (*Gestures, sealing his lips, crossing his heart.*)

OUR WORD!

GEORGE: (*GEORGE shakes finger in face of SCULPTORS.*)

YOU TELL, AND I'LL BE AFTER YOU!

SCULPTORS "crate" the giant.

GEORGE:

HE'LL RIDE THE TRAIN OUT EAST

Very full of himself.

AND I'LL HAUL HIM TO MY COUSIN'S FARM
WHERE I'LL BURY HIM OUT BACK OF THE BARN.

SCULPTORS:

AND THEN WHAT NEXT?

GEORGE: (*Thinks and rubs his chin.*)

I'LL SIT AND WAIT MAYBE A YEAR.

SCULPTORS:

HOW WILL YOU WAIT?

GEORGE:

DREAM OF DISCOV'RY OVER A BEER.

SCULPTORS continue to crate the giant and tack on sign stating "MACHINERY."

SCULPTORS:

WHAT HAPPENS THEN?

GEORGE:

THEN I WILL TURN THIS STONE INTO GOLD

SCULPTORS:

AND YOU'LL GET RICH?

CARDIFF

GEORGE:

THEY WILL FLOCK TO THE GIANT OF OLD.

REMEMBER I DID NOT EVER COME BY THIS WAY.
DON'T THINK ABOUT ME OR OF THIS DAY.
THOUGH WHEN YOU THINK OF HIM YOU'LL SEE ME.

Motions toward the giant, then pulls up at the waist of his trousers.

NOW YOU KEEP YOUR WORD, FORGET ALL THAT YOU SEE.

CARDIFF stands by his "box" and sings "extra melody."

SCULPTORS AND GEORGE:

OH, YES AND JUST LIKE THE
PREACHER SAID IT WAS SO,
GIANTS WILL RULE THE EARTH FROM
BELOW.

FELLAS, I BET THE FOOLISH BELIEVE
THEY'LL COME FROM AFAR TO OUR
COLOSSAL MAN

CARDIFF:

BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE,
THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME . . .
EVER SO HUMBLE
THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME.

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ACT ONE, SCENE 8
STUBBY NEWELL FARM
CARDIFF, NEW YORK, OCTOBER 1868

The set changes to the rundown STUBBY NEWELL farm — a roll-on farmhouse exterior porch with laundry on a clothesline. The porch sits downstage left and contains a table holding scraps of fabric and chairs. An exterior barn set or drop is upstage right and a section of raked stage is in front of the barn, looking like a sloping hill. The piece of raked stage in front of the barn has a trap door that opens to a “mound” of dirt. In ACT TWO, this dirt mound needs to be removed, then put back into the “pit” and trap door closed. The “giant” machinery box needs to be positioned to the side of the barn. Other “farm” items are scattered about — bucket, fence post, bales, shovels, etc. The house and barn need to be lit separately.

CARDIFF enters from stage left, casually walking through the set, browsing. He stops downstage right to address the audience.

CARDIFF: Now, George traveled back to New York with his crate containing me. He brought Hannah along so nothing scandalous would be suspected. We all journeyed to Stubby Newell’s farm on the edge of town. Stubby Newell is George’s cousin. The town? — why, it’s Cardiff, New York, my namesake...er...um...I’m its namesake, (*Scratches head.*) or something like that. Cardiff will be my resting place for one year. (*Wistfully.*) Cardiff, New York, my hometown...where I became famous.

At this moment, TOWNSPEOPLE — men, women and children of all ages, dressed in 1868 garb and props- - enter from every direction, on stage, from the back, etc. The indented lines are song/speech said among various characters as though they’re gossiping in different groups. These “one-liners” can be various solos.

**SONG 9: CARDIFF
(TOWNSPEOPLE)**

To the tune of “Kentucky Sunrise Two-Step.”

TOWNSPEOPLE:

(OH.) THERE ARE MANY TOWNS
WHERE LOCAL COLOR ABOUND,
BUT NONE LIKE CARDIFF, NEW YORK.

WE HAVE A HARD TIME
KEEPING FEET ON THE GROUND
IN CARDIFF, NEW YORK.

AND WE GOT SUCH A NAT’RAL KNACK
FOR MAKING EVERYTHING GROW.
WE’RE VERY AGRICULT’RAL.

TALL TALES GROW BIGGER
THAN THE CROPS THAT WE SOW
IN CARDIFF, NEW YORK...OH, YES AND

WE’RE SWAYED IN CARDIFF
BY ANY STORY
WILDER IS BETTER
WE NEVER BLINK.

IMAGINATION
EXAGGERATION
INFATUATION
WHY EVER BOTHER TO THINK?

CARDIFF, WHERE ODD IS IN
Have you heard about the boy who has a monkey face?
STRANGENESS IS NOT A SIN.
Heard it at the séance out at Mrs. Johnson’s place
OUR TOWN LIKES TO BELIEVE
Said you saw a ghost that disappeared without a trace?
ALL YARNS THAT STRANGERS WEAVE.

WE DON’T MIND AT ALL
THAT WE ATTRACT THE BIZARRE.
IT BUILDS OUR REPUTATION.

CARDIFF

SETS US APART
FROM OTHER TOWNS ALL AROUND.
WE'RE CARDIFF, NEW YORK.

BECAUSE OUR FUTURE COUNTS ON US
FOR BRINGING FOLKS TO THIS TOWN.
WE NEED TO GET ATTENTION.

HELPS US COMPETE
WITH THE BIG CITIES AROUND
IN UPSTATE NEW YORK....AND THAT'S WHY

PEOPLE IN CARDIFF
EMBRACE ABNORMAL,
BELIEVE STRANGE STORIES
LEGENDS ABOUND.

THINGS FAR FROM ACTUAL,
THE SUPERNAT'RAL
THE LESS THAN FACTUAL
ARE RIGHT AT HOME IN THIS TOWN.

CARDIFF, WHERE ODD IS IN
 Did you see that bright light bobbing in the northern sky?
STRANGENESS IS NOT A SIN.
 In church a fella swears he saw the Mary statue cry.
OUR TOWN LIKES TO BELIEVE
 Found a dinosaur while plantin' corn and that's no lie.
YOU FIT IN, IF YOU'RE NAIVE.

TRIO (Dance section — with the repeat.)

CARDIFF, WHERE ODD IS IN
 Have you read that Barnum bought a calf that has two heads?
STRANGENESS IS NOT A SIN.
 She sat up in her coffin 'cause she really wasn't dead!
IN CARDIFF THERE ARE NO LIES.
 He said an angel visited while he slept in his bed!
IRREG'LAR IS JUST OUR SIZE — JUST OUR SIZE!

At the end of the song, PRUDENCE, LYDIA, GEORGIA and ANNA are gathered around the porch to quilt, cutting scraps and stitching. STUB takes place near barn. Then, GEORGE and HANNAH enter downstage right, where GEORGE points HANNAH toward the house and he takes his place with STUB in front of the barn.

Lights up on porch.

PRUDENCE: *(Steps off the porch to greet HANNAH.)* Why Hannah, it's so good to see you. I haven't seen you since our daughter Lydia and Henry were married last spring. *(She strokes LYDIA's hair.)* These are my neighbors — Anna and Georgia. *(Ladies reach to greet HANNAH.)* We're piecing a quilt. Come sit. *(Reaches for HANNAH's necklace.)* What a lovely necklace.

HANNAH: Thank you, Prudey, I designed it myself. I'm so glad to be here. Lately, George has been off on business in Iowa and Chicago, so I've been lonesome.

PRUDENCE: It's nice for us womenfolk to spend time together.

GEORGIA: *(Working her needle in the quilt fabric.)* Good conversation makes time pass quickly when poking a needle, making a stitch, pull... *(Concentrating.)* poke, stitch, pull, poke —

ANNA: *(Interrupts.)* Our handiwork gives us a chance to discuss the men. They're always gathering to do their own kind of "handiwork", but it certainly is not pretty.

LYDIA: Yes, my Henry's always **needling** into other men's business, and **stitching** together the pieces of a deal, and I don't even want to think about the **poking**. *(She pretends to poke/tickle GEORGIA — she giggles and covers her mouth, and fans herself as others gasp, giggle or roll their eyes.)*

ANNA: Now Lydia, we know you're a newlywed, but calm down. We don't need to hear about the private parts of your life.

LYDIA: Then no more details about private parts. *(Others react, wide-eyed looks, giggles.)* Oh, shame on me. I don't know what's gotten into me. *(She fans herself, again.)*

PRUDENCE: *(Teasingly.)* Why, Lydia! After six months you're **still** a blushing bride. Now, Hannah, what brings George to Cardiff? Has he confided in you?

HANNAH: Only that he needed to meet some sort of machinery shipment here.

Freeze and lights down on porch set, lights up on barn set where we see STUB, GEORGE and the machinery box.

STUB: *(Dressed much like a hayseed, he wears a piece of bone on some twine around his neck. He's engaged in a tale of his farming woes, slapping a board with his hand for effect., It's obvious he's one for telling tall tales.)* ...and then the gol durn thing busted in half, and I still ain't got it fixed. But it don't matter 'cause I made a deal with my son-in-law Henry that we're not tellin' the wives what happened. No-siree.

GEORGE: *(Interrupting.)* Yes, Cousin, this practice of farming breaks many a good man. Just how much longer can your poor old body go on? *(Slaps STUB on the back.)*

STUB: *(Nods his head in agreement with GEORGE while he's rubbing the object strung on some twine around his neck.)* Good thing my good luck charm comes through now and then, or I'd be done for. *(He holds out the object so GEORGE can see it.)*

GEORGE: And just what is this charm you are referring to? *(He takes hold of the object on the twine and squints to see it.)*

STUB: That's my toe. *(At this GEORGE suddenly drops it, steps back, shaking the germs from his fingers.)* I was cuttin' wood when I was a kid, and I missed and cut my big toe instead. This here is my big toe bone.

GEORGE: How on earth can you call that thing a good luck charm!

STUB: *(Ponders.)* Well, I'm lucky I found it, and I'm luckier that I didn't cut my whole foot off. So see there, it is too a good luck charm. Besides, it's my namesake. I've been called Stubby ever since.

GEORGE: And to think that all these years I presumed you were called Stubby because of some...shall we say...due to a...some other physical shortcoming.

STUB: *(Confused a bit.)* Oh shucks no, if that were the case, I'd be called Tiny.

Freeze and lights dim on barn set — lights up on porch set.

The ladies are still engrossed in their quilting as they gossip. As drama heightens with each story, their stitches should become more and more physically aggressive.

PRUDENCE: What was it like? I've never been to a séance.

GEORGIA: Well, when the séance began, all of us joined hands and the spiritualist invited the souls of the dearly departed to come forth.

ANNA: Then the room got very warm. And then she asked the spirit of Selma's dead husband some questions.

GEORGIA: (*Dramatically.*) That's when we heard the loud tapping...Twice for yes and once for no.

ANNA: After a few minutes, the candles flickered (*Ladies' eyes are widening.*) and a chill swept through the room, just like the spirit had opened the door and walked outside.

LYDIA: W-w-w-were you scared?

GEORGIA: I could hardly breathe, but I could feel the beats of my heart nearly shake my dress. (*ALL gasp.*)

HANNAH: My... (*She's fanning herself with her hand.*) folks here in Cardiff are....very...receptive to the world's mystical side.

Freeze and lights dim on the porch — lights up on the barn.

GEORGE: What if you could leave your days of broken down equipment and dried up crops behind? I have a plan that could make you and me a lot of money and make you a **big name** around here. (*He slaps the machinery crate and caresses it.*)

STUB: But I just learned to write my name. I don't really reckon I want to change it to anything bigger. I'd have to study it all over again.

GEORGE: No, no, no, by a **big name**, I mean make you a **big man**. (*STUB still looks confused.*) When people heard your name they would think of power and wealth- - of success! (*He rubs his hands over the lid of the machinery box. Dramatically.*) Like an actor...commanding the stage.

STUB: (*Glazed over.*) Ohhhhh, say....I like the sound of that...yessir, an actor. You know I even been on stage once.

GEORGE: (*In disbelief.*) Really, and what show were you in?

STUB: By that famous writer Shake-a-spear. You know, that famous strategy...oh, now, what was it called...oh yes, (*Dramatically.*) "A FELLOW."

GEORGE: Perhaps you mean the famous tragedy OTHELLO?

STUB: No, no, I'm sure it was — Will Shake-a-spear's famous strategy, "A FELLOW." Yeah, yeah, I played a fellow who died at the start of the play. I think the part was called **Man 1**. (*Stands tall, chest out, pulls suspenders.*)

GEORGE: Well then, a man with your acting ability would certainly rise to the occasion of playing the role of a lifetime. (*Puts his arm around STUB and motions to the sky.*) Think of it, man, money and fame instead of dirt and despair. (*Motions to the ground.*)

STUB: (*He's starry-eyed.*) Oh say...I like the sound of that. Now, I wouldn't have to **die** at the start, would I?

Freeze and lights dim on barn and lights up on porch.

LYDIA: (*Gossiping.*) ...and then he sent her some flowers and a box of bon-bons. I wish my Henry would learn a thing or two from THAT gentleman. (*All sigh.*)

HANNAH: I would give anything to have the George of my youth back again. He was so attentive and polite.

ANNA: When we were courting, my man escorted me everywhere, always offering his hand to help me. Even when we were newlyweds, there was none of this smoking all day or gambling all night. Menfolk just lose romance as they grow old.

PRUDENCE: All we women want is a good man — and all men want is a good deal.

GEORGIA: They lose romance. They lose patience. And like my Albert, they lose their hair!

Freeze and lights dim on porch switch over to barn — lights up.

GEORGE:I just want to bury the contents of this crate (*Hits box.*) on your farm and have you dig it up a year later. Trust me. People will pay money for a peek at what's in this box. What I've got here is a gold mine. We'll be rich — quick and easy.

STUB: What **are** you cookin' up? And now just where does my acting come in?

GEORGE: The acting begins as soon as this lids comes off. (*Pulls the lid off of the machinery box.*)

STUB: (*Jumps back in awe.*) Holy, criminy...that's one big seegar store Injun!! (*Leans forward to peek.*) Is he dead?

GEORGE: He was never alive.

STUB: (*Still almost shivering, gripping his hat in his hands, he gasps and points his left hand toward the giant's face.*) H-h-he's got your face! (*Gasps and drops hat and points with his right hand pointing down to the giant's mid-section — so that his arms are criss-crossed.*) ...**AND —**

GEORGE: (*Proudly.*) He does bear a striking resemblance to me. Now calm down, Stub, we'll just dig a little hole and drop him in it.

STUB: (*Nervous and squirming.*) I don't know, George, to bury a body and then dig him up.

GEORGE: He's carved out of stone — Iowa gypsum to be exact. I just posed for the carvers — that's why he looks so lifelike...and stately. (*GEORGE smoothes his hair and pulls the waist of his trousers.*) We're just going to play a big prank on people — no harm in it. Thousands of suckers will pay good money to get a peek at him. What if I guarantee you 10% of the profits? Up to now, he's cost me a couple thousand, but I really believe I'll double my investment, maybe even quadruple it. Stub, you'd make four hundred dollars.

STUB: F-f-f-four hundred dollars!! That's more than this rundown, neck-breakin' farm makes in a year. Just fer diggin' up a stone man?!

GEORGE: (*Dramatically.*) Not just a stone man, but a petrified giant. We'll fool the fools. (*Puts his arm around STUB and motions toward the stars.*) After you dig him up, you'll invite folks to gather around and hear you tell how you made the biggest discovery of the nineteenth century. (*Really playing on STUB'S emotions.*) And you'll be in the spotlight, running the show from center stage.

STUB: (*There is a long pause as STUB eyes are glazed over...he takes a big swallow.*) I'll get the shovels. (*He exits.*)

Freeze, barn lights dim and lights go up on the porch.

Begin underscore for "A Life to Love" to the tune of Golden Dragon.

LYDIA: There, I'm finished.

Holds up a large blanket-sized fabric, with an appliqué of a gingerbread man on it.

PRUDENCE: Now **he's** the perfect man!

ANNA: He's quiet and sweet.

GEORGIA: And if he gives you any trouble, you bite off his head!

HANNAH: Now, now, ladies.

SONG 10: A LIFE TO LOVE (REPRISE)
(HANNAH, PRUDENCE, LYDIA, ANNA AND GEORGIA)

To the tune of "The Golden Dragon Overture."

PRUDENCE:

IN YOUTH, IT WAS MY DREAM TO FIND A SOMEONE
WHO'D BE MY CONSTANT FRIEND AND FOND COMPANION

LYDIA:

GENTLY HOLDING MY HAND WHENEVER STROLLING OUT TOGETHER,
WATCHING HORIZONS, KISSED EACH NIGHT BY THE SETTING SUN.

GEORGIA:

I THOUGHT THAT I HAD FOUND MY SOMEONE.
ROMANCE FILLED EACH DAY WE WERE SO YOUNG.

ANNA:

BUT TIME WENT BY AND FLAMES OF PASSION
HAVE DIED TO EMBERS NO LONGER FANNED BY LOVE.

HANNAH:

LET'S SEARCH FOR SOMETHING TO FULFILL OUR LIVES,

ALL:

NOT PINE FOR SOMEONE TO RESCUE OUR DREAMS.

HANNAH:

LOOK FOR LIFE TO LOVE.

ALL:

A LIFE TO LOVE?

HANNAH: *(Nodding.)*

CARDIFF

A LIFE YOU LOVE.

HANNAH exits the porch to contemplate, standing in the farmyard in a spotlight with her back to GEORGE, who sings the next section. They aren't aware of each other.

Lights up on GEORGE who stands near the barn.

**SONG 11: A MILLION PASSIONS
(GEORGE AND HANNAH)**

To the tune of spliced sections of "The Golden Dragon Overture."

GEORGE:

I HAVE A PLAN FOR MAKING
ME A TIDY FORTUNE,
PROVING I AM SOMEONE
POWERFUL AND MIGHTY.
I WON'T STOP 'TIL
I HAVE MADE A MILLION,
EVERYBODY KNOWS MY NAME,

MAKE A MILLION.

MAKE A MILLION.

MILLION!

HANNAH:

*Deep in thought.
Nods her head, "yes."*

FIND A PURPOSE,
AND A PASSION.

NOW'S THE TIME FOR ME TO FIND MY
TALENTS.
POLISH THEM UNTIL THEY SHINE LIKE
DIAMONDS.

She clasps her necklace.

FIND A PASSION.

FIND A PASSION.

PASSION!

GEORGE turns to see HANNAH across the yard.

CARDIFF

GEORGE: *(To HANNAH.)*

ONCE FORTUNE IS MINE,
I'LL MAKE HER LIFE FINE.
I GUAR-
ANTEE.
MY WEALTH
WILL KEEP HER RIGHT BY ME.

I'LL BUY HER EV'RY
CONTENTMENT THEN

AND PURCHASE HER EV'RY
DESIRE.

TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS

THIS PLAN HAS
COST ME SO FAR.

GEORGE turns away and HANNAH turns so that she sees him across the yard.

GEORGE:

TWO THOUSAND CASH SPENT

SO THAT SHE HAS ALL THE BEST.
SOMEONE,
SOMETHING,

SOMEHOW,

ANSWERS WILL COME I KNOW.

TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS

THIS PLAN HAS
COST ME SO FAR.

TWO THOUSAND CASH SPENT

SO THAT SHE HAS ALL THE BEST.

HANNAH: *(To self.)*

A STRENGTH
OF MINE,
A GEM
TO SHINE.
I'LL FIND
A JEWEL IN LIFE FOR ME.

THE DAYS WILL FILL WITH
JOY AND CONTENTMENT THEN.

ROUTINE BEING REPLACED
BY DESIRE.

TWO THOUSAND DAYS,

I'VE DEVOTED TO BEING HIS WIFE.

HANNAH:

TWO THOUSAND DAYS

I GAVE TO HIM.

SOMEONE, HE GOT THE BEST OF ME.
SOMETHING, NOW GETS THE REST
OF ME.

SOMEHOW, THIS IS THE TEST FOR
ME.

ANSWERS WILL COME, I KNOW.

TWO THOUSAND DAYS,

I'VE DEVOTED TO BEING HIS WIFE.

TWO THOUSAND DAYS,

I GAVE TO HIM.

CARDIFF

GEORGE turns to see HANNAH just as she turns away.

GEORGE and HANNAH now sing in harmony as a duet, not acknowledging each other.

GEORGE:

ONCE I
AM RICH
SHE'LL LOVE
ME MORE.
SHE IS
MY JEW'L IN LIFE,
I HOPE SHE SEES.

ONCE WEALTH
IS MINE
MY GEM
WILL SHINE.
SHE IS
A JEW'L IN LIFE FOR ME.

HANNAH:

A SKILL
OF MINE
A GEM
TO SHINE.
I'LL FIND
A JEW'L IN LIFE
TO CALL MY OWN.

A STRENGTH
OF MINE
A GEM
TO SHINE.
I'LL FIND
A JEW'L IN LIFE FOR ME.

Lights out.

ACT ONE, SCENE 9
STUBBY NEWELL FARM, THAT EVENING

Lighting needs to be the moon and lanterns and we see shadows of actions taking place. We faintly see STUB, GEORGE, NATHANIEL and HENRY with shovels and ropes, next to the machinery box which has boards leaning against it. We hear them breathing heavily, huffing and puffing, mopping their brows, kicking dirt onto the spot where they've just lowered the giant.

GEORGE: *(Passing cigars around.)* Well boys, that's a job well done!

STUB: Cousin George, I gotta hand it to ya. You do know how to work a plan. Gettin' the womenfolk to all leave for the Opera House show was a stroke of pure genius.

GEORGE: What they don't know can't hurt them.

STUB: Now, Nathaniel, Henry, you remember what we told ya — not a word to anyone. Don't speak, don't breathe. Mom's the word.

NATHANIEL: Pa, don't you mean "mum's the word"?

STUB: No, son, in our case, “**Mom’s** the word,” ‘cause think of how harsh your mother would be if she ever found out about this. That oughtta put the fear o’ God in both of us.

GEORGE: Gentlemen, please, show some dignity. This is a turning point for all of us — savor the moment.

HENRY: (*Folds his hands.*) Yeah....yeah...dignity...have respect for the dead. (*Looks at buried giant, takes off his hat to deliver eulogy.*) He was a big man, a giant among men. May he rest in peace.

STUB: Now, he ain’t real ya know...he’s stone...he’s more like a “piece in rest.”

GEORGE: Remember, don’t **say** anything, (*NATHANIEL covers his mouth.*) and you haven’t **heard** or **seen** anything either. (*STUB covers his eyes and HENRY covers his ears. Impatiently, GEORGE sighs and shakes his head.*)

NATHANIEL: (*Suddenly looking offstage, points and gasps.*) Mom’s the word.

STUB: (*Impatiently.*) No, son, **now** we keep quiet — mum’s the word.

NATHANIEL: No, Pa, I really mean **Mom’s** the word — ‘cause here comes Mom, Lydia and Aunt Hannah back from the show.

PRUDENCE, LYDIA AND HANNAH enter downstage left.

STUB: Quick — act normal! (*Except for GEORGE, they should assume some strange pose.*)

**SONG 12: CARDIFF (REPRISE)
(TOWNSPEOPLE)**

To the tune of “Kentucky Sunrise Two-Step.”

Chorus of Cardiff TOWNSPEOPLE come onstage/into auditorium. At the end of the song, CARDIFF moves to the spotlight downstage left, sings in the spotlight, then total darkness.

TOWNSPEOPLE:

WE DON'T MIND AT ALL
THAT WE ATTRACT THE BIZARRE.
IT BUILDS OUR REPUTATION.
SETS US APART
FROM OTHER TOWNS ALL AROUND.
WE'RE CARDIFF, NEW YORK.

AND THAT'S WHY
PEOPLE IN CARDIFF
EMBRACE ABNORMAL,
BELIEVE STRANGE STORIES
LEGENDS ABOUND.

THINGS FAR FROM ACTUAL,
THE SUPERNATURAL
THE LESS THAN FACTUAL
ARE RIGHT AT HOME IN THIS,
NEVER ALONE IN THIS
NO MORE TO ROAM,
FROM THIS TOWN!

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