

OUR PEOPLE

The Story of William and Catherine Booth
& the beginnings of
The Salvation Army

Written by

W Edward (Eddie) Hobgood

Revised (05/08/11)

OUR PEOPLE

W. Edward Hobgood

ACT ONE

MUSIC CUE 1: Overture

As Overture begins, curtain rises. Additionally, the following information about the “good life” appears on the outer screens.

SCRIM CUE: Down.

SCRIM GRAPHICS: Images from Victorian England are inside of picture frames that illustrate the words on the outer screens.

SCREEN CUE: The information in italics appears on the outer screens, timed to the Overture.

The reign of Queen Victoria, commonly referred to as the Victorian Era, saw a long period of prosperity for the British people.

Photography was developed in 1839 in Britain by William Fox Talbot.

In 1851, the first World’s Fair, known as The Great Exhibition, was held in London and showcased the greatest innovations of the century.

In Victorian Britain, theater, arts, music, drama and opera were enjoyed by the social elite.

Brass bands became very popular with the Victorians.

Stage coaches, canals, steam ships, railways and the invention of the postage stamp dramatically changed communication in Britain and the world.

One of the greatest engineering feats in the Victorian Era was the development of a sewage system in London.

Gas lighting became widespread during the Victorian era.

The Industrial Revolution that took place during this time allowed people to amass great wealth.

The City of London grew in world prominence and sophistication.

The Industrial Revolution had a positive impact on living standards – people had more money and could improve their standards.

SCENE ONE

MUSIC CUE 2: Children of the Gutter and the Slum

(Overture segues into the opening song and some of the picture frames change into images of high society people, which come to life during the opening moments of the song. 6 dancers appear in front of the scrim and dance during the opening segment of the song.)

East Enders: THE VICTORIAN ENGLISH UPPER CRUST
LIVE LIVES THAT MAKE THE PEASANTS LUST;
WITH PARTIES, DANCES, AND THE THEATRE;
LIFE'S PLEASURES SEEM SOMETIMES TO BLUR!

ARISTOCRATIC, HIGH SOCIETY
IS WHAT WE WANT AND WHAT WE NEED;
THE LATEST FASHIONS FROM PAREE
JUST TO KEEP OUR POPULARITY.

AND ETIQUETTE, DON'T FORGET THAT!
KNOW WHEN TO BOW AND TIP YOUR HAT;
AND WHAT TO SAY AND HOW TO ACT,
ESPECIALLY WHOSE ATTENTION TO ATTRACT!

LIFE IN THE 19TH CENTURY
IS GREAT FOR THE ARISTOCRACY;
AND SO WE DANCE AND SO WE SING
AND FIND WE WANT FOR NOT A THING!

LIFE IN THE 19TH CENTURY
IS GREAT FOR THE ARISTOCRACY,
AND SO WE DANCE AND SO WE SING
AND FIND WE WANT FOR NOT A THING
AND FIND WE WANT FOR NOT A THING!

(Dancers exit)

BUT EVERYTHING'S NOT ALWAYS AS IT SEEMS!
REALITY HAS CRUSHED OUR HOPEFUL DREAMS.
AND IF YOU DARE TO SEE THE TRUTH, THEN COME
AND MEET THE CHILDREN OF THE GUTTER AND THE SLUM!

SCRIM CUE: UP to reveal the poor of London's East End – the Children of the Gutter & the Slum, some of which are on scaffolding.)

RP CUE: East End of London Street Scene

ALL: SO COME WITH US AND LEARN THE PAINFUL TRUTH
FROM THE POOR, FORGOTTEN, AND UNCOUTH.

SOLO 1: SEE US IN OUR MISERY,

SOLO 2: LOOK UPON OUR POVERTY,

SOLO 3: VIEW OUR LOST HUMANITY,

SOLO 4: AND OUR LACK OF DIGNITY.

ALL: IN THE MILE END WASTE OUR LIVES ARE HELL;
JUST TO MAKE ENDS MEET WE HAVE TO SELL

Women: OUR BODIES

Men: AND OUR PROPERTY,

All: NOT TO MENTION DIGNITY

SOLO 5: HOW MUCH WORSE CAN THIS ALL BE?

SOLO 6: LIFE IS ONE GREAT TRAGEDY.

ALL: WE'RE THE CHILDREN OF THE GUTTER AND THE SLUM!

STAGE CUE: SCAFFOLDING EXITS

ALL: THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION
WAS TO BE THE GREAT SOLUTION
THAT WOULD BRING US ALL A LIFE OF WEALTH AND EASE!
BUT INSTEAD WE ALL ARE DYING;

ENSEMBLE: CAN'T YOU HEAR OUR CHILDREN CRYING,

ALL: AS THEY WALLOW IN SUCH PAIN AND MISERY!

Women: "ALMS FOR THE POOR", CAN'T YOU HEAR US PLEAD?

Men: CRUMBS FOR OUR STOMACHS WE SURELY NEED!

SOLO 7: DAYS WITHOUT A BITE TO EAT;

SOLO 8: SCRAPS FOR US WOULD BE A TREAT,

SOLO 9: NO FOOD FOR US ON THE STREET

SOLO 10: NOT A TINY PIECE OF MEAT!

ALL: DAY AFTER DAY THINGS ARE DARK AND BLEAK;
YES, GOD HAS FORGOTTEN THE POOR AND MEEK.
SINKING IN OUR POVERTY;

SM GROUP: NO ONE COMES TO SET US FREE;

MED GROUP: WHILE IN HIGH SOCIETY

LRG GROUP: THEY ENJOY THEIR SPOT OF TEA!

ALL: WE'RE THE CHILDREN OF THE GUTTER AND THE SLUM!

ALL: THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION
WAS TO BE THE GREAT SOLUTION
THAT WOULD BRING US ALL A LIFE OF WEALTH AND EASE!
BUT INSTEAD WE ALL ARE DYING;

ENSEMBLE: CAN'T YOU HEAR OUR CHILDREN CRYING,
ALL: AS THEY WALLOW IN SUCH PAIN AND MISERY!

SCRIM CUE: DOWN ¼

SCRIM GRAPHIC: ROLLING, DARK STORM CLOUDS

ALL: EVERYDAY OUR HOPELESS THOUGHTS INCREASE.
WILL ALL OF THIS SUFFERING EVER CEASE?
WHO IS THERE TO SAVE US
FROM THE DEMONS THAT ENSLAVE US?
O, WHO WILL SET A LIGHT
IN THE DARKNESS AND THE COLD, BLACK NIGHT?
(SHOUTED) No one! Why?
'CAUSE WE'RE THE CHILDREN OF THE GUTTER AND THE SLUM!
CHILDREN OF THE GUTTER AND THE SLUM!
CHILDREN OF THE GUTTER AND THE

AUDIO CUE: (booming thunder during after the word "THE" and before "SLUM")

LIGHT CUE: (lightning begins flashing)

SCRIM CUE: Down

SCRIM GRAPHICS: graphics of a thunder storm

SLUM!

MUSIC CUE 3: Transition Music – Gutter and the Slum

(Transition music to allow cast to exit & change set. The Gutter and Slum crew appear to be caught in a thunderstorm. Last image is of one of the G&S cast opening up an umbrella, which is broken.)

MUSIC CUE 3: Ends

SCENE TWO

(Binfield House, a church in Clapham, England. Catherine Mumford & her mother are in the congregation of middle to upper- class folk.)

SCRIM CUE: UP

RP GRAPHIC: inside of church

SCREEN CUE: 1851, Binfield House, a church outside of London

Mr. Rabbits: It is my sincere pleasure to introduce our speaker today. I first encountered Mr. Booth at the Walworth Road Wesleyan Chapel, where I was taken by his unconventional manner, which to me, seemed to be the opposite of what I had encountered before in a minister. The congregation that morning seemed to shower the chapel with 'Amens', the likes of

which I have not heard in recent days in a Methodist church. Following the service, I quickly made my way to Mr. Booth, congratulated him on his sermon, and took him home for dinner. Mr. Booth desires to become a minister and I have made a commitment to him to use my influence, (false humility) such as it is, with the Wesleyan ministers in London to make certain this comes to pass. He has since joined the Reformers, (polite applause), and linked his cause with ours to see the Methodist Church return to the glorious days when the Fire of God, the Holy Spirit burned brightly within it and people were being daily added to the church. Well, you did not come here today to listen to me preach (polite applause). So without any further ado, I present to you, Mr. Booth.

William: It is certainly a privilege to share the Word of God with you this morning. Thank you, Mr. Rabbits for your incredible kindness. Well, I come to you today to declare that Christ is indeed, the Savior of the world. In the book of John, chapter 4, verse 42, we read these words spoken by the Samaritans, who, after hearing the testimony of the woman at the well *and* upon spending time listening to Jesus, himself teach about the truths of the Kingdom declare: (reading from the Bible), "...for we have heard him ourselves and know that this is indeed the Christ, the Savior of the world!" (Stops reading from the Bible.)

"The world needs a Savior?" you may ask. I tell you the world needs a Savior! The disobedience of mankind to the Law of God, calls for the wrongdoers to pay the price, the penalty, if you will, for that disobedience. Who are the transgressors? You and I, and all of humankind are, and as such, we must pay the consequences of our waywardness from the Law. Now listen! How God's heart yearned over his children, longing for them to be delivered from this punishment. But how was this deliverance to come to pass? Something had to be done to impress upon the mind and heart of the offender, the importance of keeping the Law, the evil of breaking it and the awful consequences of doing so. Whatever was done, it also had to awaken in the guilty one, a sense of remorse and shame for the committing of the wrongdoing, and a desire to no longer be disobedient. This atoning work, my dear friends, was done by the life, death and resurrection of Jesus Christ, so that now every sinner who will accept the deliverance provided, may go free!

Congregation: Amen, Yes, Praise the Lord!

William: When I was but a young boy, I came to realize the awfulness of my transgression against the Lord. I was struck to the heart by the pain I had caused the Heavenly Father, and not only did I turn my life over to Him and offer Him my all, I submitted to His calling to become an evangelist. I remember when I was but fifteen years of age, hearing my minister say, "A soul dies every minute." Those five words struck me to the heart. I felt an urgency to tell every man, woman and child I saw about the saving grace of Jesus Christ. Those words still haunt me today.

MUSIC CUE 4: A Soul Dies Every Minute

“A SOUL DIES EVERY MINUTE!”
THAT IS WHAT HE SAID.
“A SOUL DIES EVERY MINUTE!”
ETERNALLY DEAD.

I WAS A BOY OF FIFTEEN
LIKE ANY OTHER LAD
AND AS A BOY OF FIFTEEN
MY HEART WAS DARK AND BAD
THEN THE SPIRIT SPOKE TO ME
AND TOLD ME HOW I COULD BE FREE
CONVICTING ME OF ALL THE SIN
THAT WAS LIVING DEEP WITHIN.

THEN I FELL UPON MY FACE
RECEIVED HIS PERFECT LOVE AND GRACE
ACCEPTED ON MY LIFE HIS CALL
AND CRIED, “LORD YOU WILL HAVE ALL....OF ME!”

I REMEMBER AT THIRTEEN
THE PAWNBROKERS SHOP
YES, AS A LAD OF THIRTEEN
MISERY WAS MY LOT.

DAY AFTER DAY ALL THE PEOPLE
WOULD SELL THEIR EARTHLY GOODS
DAY AFTER DAY ALL THE PEOPLE
WOULD SELL WHAT THEY OWNED FOR FOOD.

AND I SAW THE SAD AND POOR
STRUGGLING TO LIVE ONE DAY MORE
HEIRLOOMS, SILVER, GOLD AND RINGS
WOULD PAY THE BILLS, SELL ANYTHING!

HOPELESSNESS AND ENDLESS NIGHT
ARE THEY WORTHLESS, HEATHEN, BLIGHTS!
JUST PRETEND THEY DON'T EXIST
DISAPPEAR THEY WON'T BE MISSED...AT ALL!

THEN I COULD NOT BE SILENT
I JUST HAD TO PREACH
I JUST COULD NOT KEEP SILENT
I STARTED PREACHING ON THE STREET

SO HERE I AM TODAY FRIENDS
PROCLAIMING GOD'S LOVE FOR ALL
I'M SPEAKING TO YOU TODAY FRIENDS
THIS IS MY SACRED CALL

RICH OR POOR WE'RE ALL IN NEED
OF GOD'S FORGIVENESS TO BE FREED
FROM BONDAGE, SELFISHNESS AND PRIDE
BROTHERS WALKING SIDE BY SIDE

SO I HAVE A CALL TO PREACH
AND MY GOAL, THE WORLD TO REACH
I'LL TELL THEM OF THE FATHER'S CARE
I HAVE TO PREACH IT EVERYWHERE...I CAN

A SOUL DIES EVERY MINUTE!
A SOUL DIES EVERY MINUTE!
A SOUL DIES EVERY MINUTE!

MUSIC CUE 4: Ends

William: Perhaps these words will trouble you as they have me and move you to no longer be content sitting in your church pews, while outside these walls, countless men, women and children die every day without a personal relationship with Jesus Christ. God help us all. Amen.

(The congregation disperses.)

SCENE 2B

RP GRAPHIC: Outside of church

(Mr. Rabbits sees Catherine, walking and talking with 3 female friends, and makes his way to her. Dr. Quack is stage left with his cart and a few church members approach to see what he is selling. Flower girl is stage left. One of Kate's friends will buy flowers from her during the next song)

Mr. Rabbits: Ladies, Oh, ladies. Good day. It's so nice to see you all. I was wondering if I might have a word with Miss Mumford. (He takes Kate by the arm and walks a little ahead of the girls. The girls giggle and stay 2 or 3 steps behind them). Miss Mumford. How nice to see you this morning. I am always pleased when you are well enough to join us.

Kate: Mr. Rabbits, I love coming to the House of the Lord and am especially happy to have been here this morning.

Mr. Rabbits: I take it you enjoyed our speaker, Mr. Booth. (The girls giggle)

Kate: I consider it the best sermon I have yet to hear in Binfield House.

Mr. Rabbits: My, that is a high compliment coming from you Miss Mumford. You know I consider you to be a person of quite discerning taste and exceedingly knowledgeable when it comes to the Word of God. If you think that highly of Mr. Booth, perhaps I should arrange a time for the two of you to meet. (The girls giggle)

Kate: (She gives the girls a disapproving look, they regain their composure.) Mr. Rabbits, please do not read more into my words than are there. I was merely saying I thought it the best sermon I have heard here in our little church.

Mr. Rabbits: Of course. Of course, forgive me for making an assumption that I should not have. But, if you ever change your mind, my initial observation of Mr. Booth is that he would make one, whomever that 'one' might be, a fine husband. (The girls scream with delight at the thought.)

Kate: Mr. Rabbits! (She is mortified...but not really.)

Mr. Rabbits: Not another word on the matter. (He lays his finger aside his nose.) I promise. (Turns to walk away and we see that he has crossed his fingers and his arms.) Good day ladies. (He exits stage left, but not before shoos the people away from Dr. Quack. Dr. Quack also exits.)

Kate: (The girls rejoin her. Kate, mocks Mr. Rabbits:) My initial observation of Mr. Booth is that he would make one, whomever that 'one' might be, a fine husband. Indeed, as though I am looking for a husband.

Mary: Well, Kate, he is rather attractive.

Kate: Mary, his nose is as large as my hand. (They all laugh).

Jane: He speaks so persuasively.

Kate: Jane, do you not know that many a woman has been led to her ruin by a man with a silver tongue?

Rebecca: He's single! (They move downstage to area in front of scrim)

Kate: Rebecca, I can assure you that I am not so desperate to be married, as to melt at the sight of the first man (she looks at Jane) who can cohesively put two sentences together or (she looks at Mary) who is...slightly attractive, or...tall (she's starting to forget herself) or has

a voice that one could listen to all day long. (She sighs, then comes back to reality) No, no, no!

MUSIC CUE 5: The Man I Marry

SCRIM CUE: Down.

SCRIM GRAPHIC: Outside of church moves from RP to Scrim.

KATE: WHEN ONE MARRIES IT MUST BE FOR LOVE
IT MUST BE ORDAINED BY HEAVEN ABOVE
AND WHEN I MARRY THAT WILL ALL BE TRUE
BUT, ADDED TO LOVE, THERE MUST BE A FEW
MORE THINGS THAT THIS MAN MUST BEAR
IF MY LIFE HE WANTS TO SHARE
THAT MAN MUST POSSESS THESE THINGS.
YES, THAT MAN MUST POSSESS THESE THINGS

OUR RELIGIOUS VIEWS THEY SIMPLY MUST AGREE
AND ON DOCTRINE SOUND, OUR THEOLOGY
MUST BE COMPLETELY ONE!
A SETTLED CHRISTIAN MAN WHO DEEPLY LOVES THE LORD
AND HE MUST VALUE HIGHLY GOD'S INERRANT WORD.
HIS HOLY WORD ALONE. HIS HOLY WORD ALONE.

TRIO: AND WHEN SHE MARRIES THAT WILL ALL BE TRUE
BUT, ADDED TO LOVE THERE MUST BE A FEW
MORE THINGS THAT THIS MAN MUST BEAR
IF HER LIFE HE WANTS TO SHARE
THAT MAN MUST POSSESS THESE THINGS.
YES, THAT MAN MUST POSSESS THESE THINGS

MARY: CONVERTED AND ATTENDS THE LORD'S HOUSE FAITHFULLY;
KATE: AN INTELLIGENT, SMART MAN, MY EQUAL HE MUST BE!
JANE: NOT A BULL-HEADED LOUT
REBECCA: HE MUS'NT EVER DRINK, MUST TOTALLY ABSTAIN
TRIO: ADMIT WHEN HE IS WRONG, NOT ONE WHO WILL COMPLAIN
KATE: OTHERWISE HE IS OUT! OTHERWISE HE IS OUT!

TRIO: AND WHEN SHE MARRIES THAT WILL ALL BE TRUE
BUT, ADDED TO LOVE THERE MUST BE A FEW
MORE THINGS THAT THIS MAN MUST BEAR
IF HER LIFE HE WANTS TO SHARE
THAT MAN MUST POSSESS THESE THINGS
YES, THAT MAN MUST POSSESS THESE THINGS

MARY: A TALL AND HANDSOME MAN,
JANE: A MINISTER, THAT'S RIGHT
REBECCA: STANDING SIDE BY SIDE, TOGETHER THEY WILL FIGHT
KATE: HIS PARTNER THEN I WILL BE.
YES, HIS PARTNER THEN I WILL BE!
ONE LAST THING I ASK, COULD WILLIAM BE HIS NAME?
HENRY, JOHN OR RICHARD, THEY JUST DON'T SOUND THE SAME
WILLIAM IS FINE FOR ME
WILLIAM, IS FINE FOR ME.

TRIO: OH, BUT DEAREST KATE, DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'VE ASKED?
YOUR REQUIREMENTS MAKE THIS A HOPELESS TASK!
CAN SUCH A MAN BE FOUND? CAN SUCH A MAN BE FOUND?

KATE: BUT I'VE OFT BEEN TOLD THAT WE GET WHAT WE'VE GOT
JUST BECAUSE SO OFT, WE DARE ASK IT NOT!
TO THIS QUEST I AM BOUND! TO THIS QUEST I AM BOUND!

ALL: SO, WHEN SHE MARRIES THAT WILL ALL BE TRUE
BUT, ADDED TO LOVE THERE MUST BE A FEW
MORE THINGS THAT THIS MAN MUST BEAR
IF HER LIFE HE WANTS TO SHARE
YES, THAT MAN MUST POSSESS THESE THINGS!
OH, PLEASE LET HIM POSSESS THESE THINGS!
MARRY THAT MAN!

MUSIC CUE 5: Ends

(THE GIRLS ALL GIGGLE AND RUN OFF STAGE)

MUSIC CUE 6: Transition Music – The Man I Marry

SCRIM CUE: Down

MUSIC CUE 6: ends

SCRIM GRAPHIC: East End of London, Poor House

SCENE THREE A

(Performed in front of scrim with image of the poor house; the woman is dressed in rags. Before she begins, a rich couple walks by, she holds out hand for a coin, but they ignore her. William walks by and gives her a coin.)

MUSIC CUE 7: Underscore – Gutter & the Slum – played softly

AUDIO CUE: Victorian Street Sounds

SCREEN CUE: East End of London, The Mile End Waste

P H Girl: I used to work as a seamstress for a factory, but seven months ago I was laid off. Every week I call on the warehouse to see if there's any work, but they keep putting me off. After I lost my job, I also lost my room in the boarding house and now I'm living in the Poor House.

My father deserted my mother before I was born. I have never seen him. My mother died when I was a week old, so I do not remember her. My auntie, even though she did not have a lot, kept me from the orphanage and the workhouse, but since she died, I have had a rough go of it. I have had to sell most of my clothes in order to have money to buy food. Sometimes I will go two or three days without eating. I've had to start begging for bread or for whatever anyone would spare a poor, starving girl.

I can stay in the Poor House two more nights and then I'm back on the streets. It's turning cold and my shoes are near gone, so my feet stay wet at night. I'm starting to get a little sick. I hope I can hold out to the spring or 'til I can get some work. Of course, the way I look now, no respectable person would hire me. I have no friend in the world to help me.

(Blackout)

MUSIC CUE 7: End – slow fade

AUDIO CUE: End Victorian Street Noises

SCENE THREE B

SCREEN CUE: 1851, The home of Mr. Edward Rabbits

SCRIM CUE: Up

RP Cue: Inside Mr. Rabbit's House

(Mr. & Mrs. Rabbits are hosting a dinner party. Kate is one of the guests. They are playing a game of charades, which is obviously not going over well at all. William is late. Stage right area is dark until Grog Seller's Dream sequence.)

(Wadsworth is acting out the phrase: *To be or not to be*, but no one is getting it. Finally, exasperated, he throws up his hands.)

Mr. Wadsworth: Really, you're all about as daft as a dog! It's, "*To be or not to be.*" (They groan).

Mr. Jackson: Well old chap, I guess it was not meant...*to be!* (They laugh. William enters.)

Mr. Rabbits: William...William, there you are my dear boy! (Kate hears his name, drops dishes in her lap, and turns to audience and mouths *William*).

William: Please accept my apologies for being late Mr. Rabbits.

Mr. Rabbits: No apology needed. You are exactly what the doctor ordered for this party!

William: I am?

Mr. Rabbits: Absolutely! Everyone, gather closer. A few days ago, I heard Mr. Booth recite the most delightful poem. It's one of those American temperance pieces decrying the evils of alcohol. You know those Americans, what a funny lot, always on about something. Spent years fighting us for their liberty and freedom and now all they seem to do is fight amongst themselves to take those liberties and freedoms away. Teetotalism – what is that all about? Well, I digress. William, you must recite this poem for us. If my memory serves me correctly, it's called *The Grog-seller's Dream*.

William: (Pulling Rabbits aside) Mr. Rabbits, you have placed me in a very awkward position. The majority of your guests are not teetotalers and I fear I shall offend them should I do as you have asked. I would not want to ruin your party.

Mr. Rabbits: No fear of that, dear boy! No fear of that! The ship has almost wrecked upon the shoals this very evening! Quite the contrary, you shall save it! (To the group) Here, here, I have pressed young Booth to recite the poem. He fears he will offend some of us. My dear boy, I myself, am not a teetotaler. I admit that I enjoy a spot of the hard stuff on occasion. I assure you I will not be offended, nor will any of my guests by your recitation.

Guests: Here, here! Go on! Let's have it!

Mr. Wadsworth: You know, my uncle used to love his grog, he did. One day he went and fell into a big barrel of it.

Mrs. Jackson: My goodness, what happened?

Wadsworth: He drowned.

Holmes: How sad.

Wadsworth: Not really, it saved my auntie five pounds because the undertaker didn't have to embalm him. (They all groan).

Mr. Rabbits: Enough. Mr. Booth, please bring some life to this valley of dry bones, won't you? (To his guests), Give the boy some encouragement. (They applaud politely).

William: Sir (He begins to protest, but Mr. Rabbits holds up his hand to stop him) Very well, Mr. Rabbits, as you wish. (Clears his throat, and as song begins, it is re-enacted on stage. Wagon with Grog Seller set comes into place. Stage right lights up.)

MUSIC CUE 8: Grog seller's Dream

RP CUE: Rabbit's House with Grog Seller's graphics/video (during intro, fire jumps from fireplace and burns away a section of the way to reveal Grog Seller's tavern)

STAGE CUE: Wagon with Grog Seller set rolls into place, SR. Grog Seller is on wagon and Satan is hidden.

William: A GROG-SELLER SAT BY HIS BAR-ROOM FIRE
THE SMOKE IN HIS FIRE CLIMBED HIGH'R AND HIGH'R
HE SMILED AS HE THOUGHT HOW THE NIGHT HAD GONE
AND SAW EV'RY DRUNKENED FACE ONE BY ONE
THAT HAD LEFT HIS BAR IN AN INEBRIATED STATE
AND STAGGERED HOME TO HIS POOR FAMILY LATE

BUT WHAT CARED HE, HIS JOB WAS DONE
HIS COFFERS WERE FULL, HE'D HELD NO GUN
TO THE POOR LOT'S HEADS, HE COULDN'T CARE LESS
IF THEIR BILLS WERE PAID, OR THEIR LIVES A MESS!
AND SO HE SAT DOWN AND BEGAN TO DOZE
WHEN HE HEARD A GREAT NOISE AND HE QUICKLY AROSE.

STAGE CUE: Scaffolding from SR comes onto stage with characters

IT HAD COME FROM OUTSIDE OF HIS OWN FRONT DOOR
SO HE OPENED IT UP SO THAT HE'D SEE MORE
THEN HE HEARD A CRY AND HE HEARD A SHRIEK
AND HE SAW A GREAT MULTITUDE OUT IN THE STREET
"OLD TOM GIBSON MURDERED HIS OWN CHILD TONIGHT,
HE WAS DRUNK AS A BEAST, HE WAS HIGH AS A KITE!"

STAGE CUE: Scaffolding offstage

THE GROG-SELLER SLAMMED HIS BAR-ROOM DOOR
WENT BACK TO HIS CHAIR, HE'D HEAR NO MORE.
WHAT CARE HAD HE, THE OLD FOOL WAS DRUNK
HE'D PLAYED NO PART IN THIS MURDEROUS STUNT
(William continues to mouth the words)

GS: "I ONLY HAVE SOLD HIM WHAT HE WANTED AND CRAVED
I HAD NO PART IN PUTTING THAT CHILD IN THE GRAVE.
AND IF THEY WANT TO RUIN THEIR LIVES
SLASH AND CUT THEMSELVES WITH KNIVES,
I'LL GLADLY TAKE THE COINS AND THE BILLS
WHAT CARE HAVE I, IF THEY ALL ARE KILLED?"

Satan: "WHAT CARE HAVE YOU?"

William: A VOICE HE HEARD

GS: "I'M ALL ALONE, THIS IS ABSURD!"

William: BUT FROM THE FIREPLACE DARK AND DIM
THE SMOKE AND THE FIRE BEGAN TO SPIN.

RP CUE: Graphic follows storyline.

THE LIGHTNING FLASHED AND THE THUNDER ROARED
THE GROGSELLER CROUCHED DOWN UPON THE FLOOR
AND WHEN HE LOOKED UP IN THE NIGHT DARK AND DIM
HE SAW A MAN THAT WAS UNKNOWN TO HIM
(Satan appears)
WITH REDDISH FACE AND SNAKY HAIR
UPON HIS HEAD THERE WERE HORNS, A PAIR.
EYES THAT WERE GLOWING AND HANDS LIKE CLAWS
THE GROG-SELLER FEARED WHO THIS FELLOW WAS!

Satan: GROG-SELLER SIR, 'TIS A WELCOME COLD
THAT YOU GIVE A FRIEND, SO TRUE AND OLD
BUT NEVER FEAR, FOR I PLAINLY SEE
THAT YOU ARE AFRAID, DEAR FRIEND, OF ME!

BUT HAVE NO DREAD, I HAVE NOT COME FOR YOU,
YOUR TIME ON EARTH IS FAR FROM THROUGH!
THERE ARE HEARTS TO BREAK AND SOULS TO WIN
FROM THE PATHS OF PEACE TO THE WAYS OF SIN

THERE IS TRUSTING LOVE TO BE TURNED TO HATE
THERE ARE SOULS TO KEEP FROM THE PEARLY GATES!
AND LIVES SO YOUNG, SO PURE AND FAIR
TO BE TURNED TO RUIN AND DESPAIR.

THOSE ARMS THAT SHIELD A WIFE FROM ILL
IN DRUNKEN RAGE, RAISED NOW TO KILL
TEARS WILL ROLL LIKE A SWOLLEN FLOOD
AND THE RIVERS WILL FLOW WITH INNOCENT BLOOD

NO, MY FRIEND, IF I HAVE MY WAY
YOU'LL HAVE LONG LIFE, HAVE MANY MORE DAYS
TO BE MY HANDS, MY FEET ON THE EARTH
YOU ARE MY TWIN",

GS: "NO, NOW THAT IS ENOUGH!"

STAGE CUE: Wagon with Grog Seller comes off stage.

William: THEN THE GROG-SELLER LET OUT A CRY AND A SCREAM
AND AWOKE TO DISCOVER IT ONLY A DREAM
AND AS THE SUN CLEARED THE MORNING SKY

HE CLOSED UP HIS BAR AND HE SAID,

GS: "GOOD-BYE"

I WILL NEVER AGAIN BE THE OLD DEVIL'S PAWN
AND RUIN MEN'S LIVES WITH WHISKEY SO STRONG
AND EVERY CHANCE I'LL TAKE TO TELL
OF HOW STRONG DRINK BRINGS DEATH AND HELL!

RP CUE: Mr. Rabbit's house is restored.

William: AND SO MY FRIENDS THE POINT IS QUITE CLEAR
THE PATHWAY TO RUIN IS DANG'ROUSLY NEAR
IF WINE AND WHISKEY ARE YOUR CLOSEST FRIENDS
THEY'LL BE YOUR DOOM, THEY'LL BE YOUR END

(At the conclusion of the song, there is silence. Everyone is looking uncomfortably around the room, the ceiling, the floor...except Kate, she is beaming! The butler [Jeeves] comes in with a tray upon which is a carafe of whiskey and glasses. As he offers each guest a drink, they immediately refuse.)

Group: No thank you; Water for me, please; You've got to be joking; Never touch the stuff.

Billings: I don't understand all this fuss over drinking. My goodness, even anyone with a cursory knowledge of the Bible knows that it's allowed.

Kate: Mr. Billings, I have not so read and interpreted my Bible. At a first superficial glance it might indeed appear so. But if you read with care, you will observe that there are two kinds of wine referred to in the Bible, one intoxicating and the other not. The first is generally spoken of as "strong drink", or some equivalent term, and is invariably coupled with language of condemnation. We never see it used in connection with wine that does not intoxicate.

Wadsworth: Be that as it may, people are going to drink. You cannot make people sober by an Act of Government.

Kate: Mr. Wadsworth, I am not so sure about that. By shutting down the liquor dens, you can certainly minimize the evil, since you remove the temptation from those who are too weak to resist it. It has been done in some places with the best possible results. In villages and districts where its use has been prohibited, drunkenness is comparatively unknown, thus proving by experience that people can be made sober by an Act of Government.

Jackson: (stands to make a comment) Miss Mumford. (His wife quickly pulls him back down to his seat and scolds him.)

Holmes: What of the revenue that the Government gains from the taxation of alcohol? Surely, you see how that benefits the general public?

Kate: Revenue? My dear Mr. Holmes, how can a kingdom flourish that lives upon the destruction of its subjects, and draws its revenues from their very graves? Can any amount of revenue justify thousands, yea, tens of thousands of our fellow-countrymen, husbands, fathers, robbed at once of their earnings, their manhood, their reason, and turned loose on unfortunate wives and children? Look upon the thousands of poor suffering wives, who have to endure all a drunkard's tyranny and fury, while working for the children's bread, struggling vainly to keep a home where they may lay their heads. Look on the hosts of helpless, neglected children, look upon their half-starved, half-clad bodies, their untaught, ignorant minds and darkened souls, and then tell me that the revenue gained by the sell of alcohol benefits the general public.

(Everyone, except William bows their heads in embarrassment, but William, losing himself in the moment, claps enthusiastically for Kate, and then realizes he's the only one who's taken by her words. The awkward moment of silence, is broken by the entrance of the butler, who carries a small silver platter and bell. He picks it up, rings it and announces...)

Jeeves: Dinner is served.

Mr. Rabbits: Very good Jeeves! Come along everyone.

(Everyone makes a mad dash for the dining room, everyone, except William and Kate. After a moment, he moves toward her.)

William: Miss Mumford, permit me to introduce myself.

Kate: I know who you are Mr. Booth...Mr. *William* Booth.

William: Mr. Rabbits has told me quite a bit about you and I have been given the privilege of seeing, firsthand this evening what an amazing woman you are. Surely no man's inferior. I do hope the opportunity to...*engage* you in further conversation will avail itself to us very soon.

Kate: I shall look forward to a time in the near future where we can have a...*marriage* of the minds. Now, Mr. Booth...

William: Please call me Will.

Kate: Definitely, but only if you will call me Kate.

William: Very well...Kate.

Kate: Now that that is settled, Will, would you be so kind as to escort me to the dining room, where I am sure, by now, the other guests and kitchen staff have had sufficient time to hide all the liquor. (They laugh and exit.)

MUSIC CUE 9: Transition Music – Grog Seller’s Dream

SCRIM CUE: Down

MUSIC CUE 9: Ends

SCENE FOUR A

SOUND CUE: Victorian Street Noises

SCREEN CUE: East End of London, The Mile End Waste

SCRIM GRAPHIC: East London Street

(Performed in front of scrim; Will and Kate walk past and the beggar asks them for some change; Will gives him a coin, and as he does, he clasps the man’s hand as though to say, *God bless you.*)

MUSIC CUE 10: Underscore – Gutter and the Slum

Beggar: Spare a bit of change for a man who is down on his luck? A beggar’s life is the worst kind of life that a man can lead. A beggar is no more thought upon than a dog in the street. I wasn’t brought up to a bad life. I should like to have had a chance at something else, but unfortunately, the drink’s ruined my life. I began to like drink when I was ‘tween thirteen and fourteen. My uncle used to run a pub and whenever I’d go and see him, he’d give me some beer. Soon I got to like it very much...too much; and before I knew it, I was a slave to it and not able to do anything that amounted to much good.

I’ve been a vagabond now for ‘bouts ten years. I’ve been to prison almost twenty times for stealing a loaf of bread, a piece of cheese or for even being caught by the police begging. Ain’t never understood why begging was against the law when you’re hungry.

I generally learnt something new in prison and it usually won’t anything good. It’s not possible for a man like me to get work, so I’m forced to go on this way. Sometimes I haven’t a bit to eat all day. My uncle once told me I’d probably end up hanging at the gallows. I ain’t afraid of no gallows. I am afraid of starving to death. (Blackout; he exits.)

MUSIC CUE 10: Slow fade

AUDIO CUE: Victorian Street Noises – end

SCENE FOUR B

SCRIM CUE: Remains DOWN

SCRIM GRAPHIC: A London Street that moves as Will and Kate walk. It eventually stops when they reach the Mumford home.

SCREEN CUE: April 9, 1852, outside the Mumford home.

(William is walking Kate to her home.)

William: I am so sorry that you were not feeling well enough to stay for the entire service tonight, but I would not be totally truthful if I did not tell you that I am happy to have been asked to escort you home.

Kate: It was truly quite the blessing that Mr. Rabbits happened upon you on the street and brought you with him to the meeting tonight.

William: I am not totally convinced that he ‘happened’ upon me. One doesn’t become a wealthy man like Mr. Rabbits without the ability to be a tad conniving. I am sure he planned, by hook or crook, to find a way for us to spend some time together.

Kate: Conniving or not, I am grateful to him for introducing us. The first time I heard you preach at Binfield House, I was greatly moved by what you said. Your handling of the Word of God and the testimony of your life spoke powerfully to me. I thought you were brilliant.

William: Mr. Rabbits did share that little compliment with me.

Kate: (She feigns embarrassment) He never?

SCRIM CUE: UP to reveal inside of house

RP CUE: Cut-away of inside of Mumford home

(They enter Kate’s house)

William: Yes he did, and he also told me that you were not one to pass out compliments frivolously.

Kate: Well, I do have a rather practical side.

William: Of that I am well aware, and it is, I must admit...what has drawn me to you.
(Mrs. Mumford enters and ruins the moment.)

Mrs. M: My goodness Kate, you’re home sooner than I expected. Is everything alright?

Kate: Yes mother, I wasn't feeling well and Mr. Booth graciously agreed to escort me home.

William: Mrs. Mumford, so very nice to see you again.

Mrs. M: And you Mr. Booth. Thank you for seeing my daughter safely home.

William: Pleasure, truly a pleasure.

Kate: All the way home we've had such a lovely conversation, mother. We had just started to talk about common causes that we believe in. I was beginning to tell Mr. Booth, that my heart is deeply saddened by the crisis which has befallen our beloved Wesleyan Methodism.

William: We are of kindred spirit there Miss Mumford. I so love Methodism and the call to righteousness and holiness that John Wesley sounded to the world; and yet I fear that the indifference to the deeper things of God has killed and quenched the very Spirit that gave it life. That is why I have joined the Methodist Reform Movement, as you yourselves have.

Kate: I pray, oh I pray fervently that the Reformers will return us to the time of revivalism, where men and women will be called to repentance through Jesus Christ and where the teaching and practice of holy living will once again permeate our pulpits.

William: I believe God has called me to be an evangelist and wherever that may take me; I intend to be faithful in proclaiming His Word.

Mrs. M: You know, Mr. Booth, my Kate and I have been talking about how, if there were more preachers around like you, our churches might not be as empty as they are. Some of the preachers we have heard in recent years are so dry that if you blew on them, moths would fly out of their ears! (William laughs)

Kate: Mother!

Mrs. M: I'm only speaking the truth, my dear. Far too many preachers stand behind the sacred desk and talk about their gardens, or the latest cute thing their grandchildren have done or said or what new trick they've taught their dog; anything, anything but truth from the Word of God.

William: Hear, hear Mrs. Mumford. You have a point. The pure, unadulterated truth from the Word of God is what we need more of.

Mrs. M: Oh, where are my manners? Mr. Booth, you must be thirsty after your journey here? Would you care for a cup of tea?

William: Mrs. Mumford that would be wonderful, but you needn't trouble yourself...

Mrs. M: Kate, would you be a dear and put the kettle on for some tea?

Kate: Mother, you know your tea-making skills are much better than mine. (Through body language, we see that Kate does not want to leave Will and Mrs. Mumford wants her to go and leave the two of them alone)(Finally) Yes, mother, I would be *delighted* to make us all a cup of tea. (She leaves.)

Mrs. M: (Once Kate is gone, Mrs. M goes and sits beside William and all of a sudden, becomes very chummy). You know, Mr. Booth...or may I call you William?

William: Please, please do.

Mrs. M: And you may call her Kate (pointing toward the direction that Kate exited).

William: You're much too kind.

Mrs. M: As I was saying earlier, a man such as yourself, who desires to spend his life proclaiming the truth of God, must associate himself with those who will help him as he develops. Take for example...my Kate. Before she was twelve years of age, she had read the Bible through eight times. Her knowledge and passion for the Word of God would be such a tremendous asset to anyone who is serious about public ministry. She would make a fine preacher's wife.

MUSIC CUE 11: She Could Be a Preacher's Wife

SHE COULD BE A PREACHER'S WIFE
 SHE CAN SEW AND COOK AND READ
 SHE COULD BE A PREACHER'S WIFE
 SHE POSSESSES WHAT ONE NEEDS
 SHE HAS PATIENCE, SHE HAS GRACE
 AND HAS QUITE A LOVELY FACE
 (She takes after my side of the family, don't you know!)
 SHE IS QUITE CONVERSANT IN
 MANY TOPICS YOU WILL FIND
 SHE CAN HOLD HER OWN 'GAINST MEN
 SHE HAS QUITE A BRILLIANT MIND

SHE COULD BE A PREACHER'S WIFE,
 SHE ALREADY LOOKS THE PART!
 AND IT SEEMS QUITE CLEAR TO ME,
 SHE ALREADY HAS YOUR HEART!
 IF HER HAIR'S TOO FLAT FOR YOU

SHE'LL CREATE A POOFY DOO!
(I think you'll find she's quite reasonable like that!)
SHE COULD LEARN TO SING OR PLAY,
IF IT'S MUSIC THAT YOU NEED.
HAVE YOU EVER HEARD HER PRAY?
SHE CAN REALLY INTERCEDE!
THE GOOD LORD UP IN HEAVEN
HAS TOLD US FROM ON HIGH
THAT EVERY MAN AND WOMAN
SHOULD GO FORTH AND MULTIPLY!
(I think 6 or 8 grandchildren will be just fine!)

EVERY PREACHER HAS A NEED
OF A WIFE THAT HE CAN TRUST
WHO WILL GIVE HER DEEPEST LOVE
TO HER HUSBAND, THAT'S A MUST
AND HER VALUE WILL INCREASE
IF SHE'S ALLOWED TO SAY HER PEACE.
(If you're as smart as I think you are, you'll listen to her!)

JUST RELAX AND HAVE NO FEAR,
SHE IS GENTLE, SHE IS KIND.
SO IF YOU'LL JUST BE A DEAR
AND WITH ME BECOME ALIGNED!

AND SINCE THE LORD IN HEAVEN
GAVE US FAMILY
IT JUST STANDS TO REASON
YOUR HOME WILL INCLUDE ME!
(You want me to move in with you? Oh, how sudden!)

SO I THINK THE POINT'S QUITE CLEAR
NOT A BETTER WIFE YOU'LL FIND
AND IN CASE YOU DIDN'T HEAR
I'LL REPEAT IT ONE MORE TIME
YOU CAN TAKE HER OFF MY HANDS
WITH A LITTLE WEDDING BAND
(It doesn't have to be anything expensive, Love!)
SHE COULD BE A PREACHER'S WIFE
SHE COULD BE JUST WHAT YOU NEED
SHE COULD BE YOUR MATE FOR LIFE
SO JUST LISTEN AND TAKE HEED!
SHE COULD BE A PREACHER'S WIFE,
NOT JUST ANY PREACHER'S WIFE,

SHE COULD BE A PREACHER'S WIFE,
NOT JUST ANY PREACHER'S WIFE,
SHE COULD BE *THIS* PREACHER'S WIFE INDEED!

Mrs. M: You'll take that under advisement, my dear William?

William: Absolutely!

Kate: (Enters carrying tray with teapot and cups). Tea's on!

MUSIC CUE 11: Ends

SCRIM CUE: DOWN

SCRIM GRAPHIC: East End of London Street Corner

MUSIC CUE 12: Transition Music – She Could Be a Preacher's Wife!

SCENE FIVE A

AUDIO CUE: Victorian Street Noises

SCREEN CUE: East End of London, The Mile End Waste

MUSIC CUE 13: Underscore – Gutter and the Slum – played softly

(Monologue of prostitute played in front of scrim – East End. There are 2 girls, they are accosted by 2 men and one breaks free, while the other is dragged away screaming. The remaining girl has fallen to the ground, from where she begins here monologue. A man walks by and stops to try and help her.)

Prostitute: Go on now. You best be moving along unless you're interested in some of what they're serving (gestures toward where the girl was taken.)

I know I'm not the most beautiful girl you've ever seen, but I was pretty once...and free. (She looks nervously around.) The shadows have eyes and ears, and so I have to be careful what I say. If I try to run away, I'll be caught and things won't go so well for me then. These clothes I'm wearing, such as they are, don't belong to me and if I try to escape, they'll call the police and I'll be arrested for stealing these rags and turned back over to them what keeps me...and I will pay for it dearly. I tried to run away once and they locked me in my room for a week and only gave me bread crumbs and water. Next time they said they'd beat me and if I tried to run away after that, they said they'd kill me and throw my body into the Thames River where no one would ever find me.

I know this is true because the place where they keep me is located near a sewer that runs into the Thames. These people I work for are dangerous; if a stranger comes calling who is not from around these parts, I've seen them get the man drunk, take him down to the sewers, murder him, take all his possessions and toss him in the river. That could easily be me; after all, who would ever miss the likes of me? I've been a prisoner here for a long time. I suppose I'll be here until they've used me up. Then what will become of me?

MUSIC CUE 13: Ends

SCENE FIVE B

MUSIC/AUDIO CUE 14: Our People music and dialogue.

SCRIM CUE: Down

SCRIM GRAPHICS: Video/graphics of Will & Kate's handwritten letters. The words appear as they are spoken.)

Letter One: April, 1852 (Voice of William) My dear Kate: I must admit that since I escorted you home the other evening, I have been a different man. You have captured my heart. I was not looking to fall in love, but I have. You are everything I have hoped and prayed for. I feel completely comfortable in your presence, so alive, so complete. Until I see you again, be assured that I am forever, your dearest and most sacred friend. Will

Letter Two: (Voice of Kate) Dear Will: My heart echoes with yours and I find that your feelings for me mirror mine for you. Let us kneel and pray that this is indeed God's will for our lives. Let us not rush into anything, but earnestly seek God's guidance in this matter. Your dear friend, Kate

Letter Three: May, 1852 (Voice of William) My dearest Kate: Yesterday, I made you an offer of engagement. You know the inmost feelings of my heart. The circumstances of my future, as it relates to ministry are not certain, but I am trusting in God to provide for our future needs. I have been called to be an evangelist and feel with all my heart that I must obey this call, regardless the personal consequences. You must know this about me. Will

Letter Four: (Voice of Kate) My dear fiancé: If you are satisfied that this is God's will, irrespective of circumstances, let circumstances go and let us be one. I intend to make you happy. The thought of our walking through life together perfectly united, is to me exquisite happiness. We have acknowledged God from the beginning, we have sought His will and we do now love Him more because of the love we have for each other. As ever, your own loving Kate.

MUSIC/AUDIO CUE 14: Ends

SCENE SIX

SCREEN CUE: 1854, New Connexion Methodist Boardroom

SCRIM CUE: Remains down

SCRIM GRAPHIC: New Connexion Board Room

(A group of well-dressed men are standing on scaffolding behind the scrim. Dr. Cooke is standing on the floor, stage left and Dr. Crofts is standing on the floor, stage right, in front of the scrim. Dr. Crofts stands behind a desk with a gavel and wood block. The scene is that of a board room, with deep walnut paneled walls. These men are the leaders of the New Connexion.)

Dr. Crofts: (Hitting hammer on table) Gentlemen, come to order. Dr. Cooke has joined us this evening to tell us about one of his students that is showing great promise. Obviously, as our denomination continues to grow, we need capable men to help us. Dr. Cooke believes that a young man by the name of William Booth possesses certain qualities and gifts that we might find beneficial. Dr. Cooke.

Dr. Cooke: Thank you Dr. Crofts. As you have just heard, a certain William Booth has recently come to our training college as he wishes to become a New Connexion Methodist minister. The long and short of it is, he could spend the next few months in a classroom setting, studying and preparing for the ministry, but I believe he gives evidence to being ready now. To confine him to a desk would be to waste his considerable gift for evangelism.

Rev Wright: So you're saying that he has had enough training?

Dr. Cooke: That is correct.

Dr. Green: And you are proposing that he is ready for full-time ministry?

Dr. Cooke: I am. I am also recommending that he be considered for a position that would allow him to give his full attention to his evangelistic work.

Rev Smyth: And how do you propose we pay for this? In case you haven't noticed, money is not growing on trees these days.

Dr Cooke: That has been arranged. A Mr. Edward Rabbits has offered to cover the expenses.

Rev Jonas: Well, that can't be all bad, now can it? Is this Mr. Booth married?

Dr. Cooke: I'm glad you asked that question. That is another matter that needs discussion. As you are aware, most probationary ministers who are single, must wait a period of four years before they can marry. Mr. Booth has already been engaged for two years and I think it would be a show of good faith on our part to allow him and his fiancée, a Miss Catherine Mumford, to marry after one year of probationary service.

Dr. Crofts: I have no serious qualms with a one year probationary period, and if this Mr. Booth is as gifted as you say, then he is definitely someone that we need as a part of New Connexion Methodism.

Dr. Cooke: Oh, he is that and much more. When he preaches, he speaks with such passion and sincerity. One is hard pressed to ignore his appeal to come to God. He's quite creative and inventive and doesn't mind stirring things up a bit to gain a hearing from his audience.

Rev Wright: Sounds like he's one that we will need to watch with great interest. Perhaps Dr. Cooke, some of your other students might learn a great deal from Mr. Booth.

- Dr. Green: If he's bringing people into our chapels by his powers of persuasion, then I am not so sure that we need to waste a lot of time debating our terms of acceptance.
- Rev Smyth: Yes, if he can turn some of our lifeless chapels into living places of worship, he sounds like the kind of chap we are looking for.
- Rev Jonas: And if his ways are a little unorthodox, what harm is there in that? At least he's waking the people up as well!
- Dr. Crofts: Then if I hear you all correctly, we are accepting Mr...Reverend William Booth as a probationary minister of the Methodist New Connexion. We are adjourned. (He hits the gavel on the table.)(Crofts & Cooke exit, others fade out of sight from behind scrim, and scaffolding is removed.)

SCENE SEVEN A

SCRIM CUE: Remains down

SCRIM GRAPHICS: Handwritten letters. As the words are spoken by William and Catherine, they appear on the screen.

MUSIC/AUDIO CUE 15: Our People underscore music and dialogue

- Letter One: August, 1855 (William) My precious wife: As we have come together in this new life, may we recommit ourselves in fresh devotion to the Christian walk. God has opened the door for us to travel the whole of England and preach the good news of His salvation. I count the hours until you are by my side, joining me in this endeavor. As always, Will
- Letter Two: (Kate) My dear husband: A thousand thanks for your sweet, kind letter. I have read it over many times. As soon as my health permits, I will be with you, supporting you in this important work God has called us to. With all my love, Kate
- Letter Three: September, 1855 (William) My dearest Kate: What a triumphant day we had on Sunday. In the morning, the chapel was packed and there was upwards of forty seekers. On the night, the chapel was packed to suffocation and after the sermon, a mighty prayer meeting ensued, in which upwards of sixty people came forward. People of all walks of life are coming to the services, from the Town Council to the lowest outcasts. I shall be home soon. Yours always, Will
- Letter Four: (Kate) Dearest Will: How my heart rejoices to hear the reports of those who, under your ministry are being won into the Kingdom. Oh, to be indeed light and salt in our influence on all around us. Oh, to rise above the worn path of professed Christian life. It is impossible to live a holy life without winning souls. My dear husband, I have some exciting news to share with you...

MUSIC/AUDIO CUE 15: Ends

SCENE SEVEN B

SCRIM CUE: UP.

RP CUE: Nebulous background
(Reveal of William, Kate, Baby Bramwell, and members of the congregation.)

William: Dear friends, what a joyous occasion it is that brings us together; the dedication back to God of this precious new life, William Bramwell Booth. We rejoice on this day and pray that God would grant to us many more children to keep little Willie here company. Just as Hannah dedicated Samuel back to God, we dedicate this life too, asking that he may serve the Lord all of his days.

MUSIC CUE 16: We Believe in Miracles

William: WE BELIEVE IN MIRACLES WHEN WE LOOK AT YOU
YOU ARE GOD'S GREAT GIFT TO US
AND SOMEHOW WE KNEW
THAT YOU WOULD BE EXACTLY WHAT
WE'VE LONGED FOR AND IT'S TRUE
WE BELIEVE IN MIRACLES
WHEN WE LOOK AT YOU

Kate: WE BELIEVE IN MIRACLES WHEN WE LOOK AT YOU
IN OUR HEARTS IS SO MUCH LOVE
AND WE NEVER KNEW
THAT WE COULD FEEL FOR ANY CHILD
ALL THAT WE FEEL FOR YOU
WE BELIEVE IN MIRACLES
WHEN WE LOOK AT YOU

Both: A NEWBORN LIFE WE HOLD IN OUR HANDS,
GOD'S OWN CREATION, ALL PART OF HIS PLAN
LOOK AT THOSE FEATURES SO PERFECT AND TRUE
SO MUCH POTENTIAL LIES DEEP INSIDE YOU

WE BELIEVE IN MIRACLES WHEN WE LOOK AT YOU
WE PRAY GOD'S GRACE ON YOUR HEART
ALL YOUR WHOLE LIFE THROUGH
THAT YOU WOULD BE EXACTLY WHAT
HE LONGS FOR YOU, IT'S TRUE
WE BELIEVE IN MIRACLES
WHEN WE LOOK AT YOU
THAT YOU WOULD BE EXACTLY WHAT
HE LONGS FOR YOU, IT'S TRUE
WE BELIEVE IN MIRACLES

WHEN WE LOOK AT YOU

CHORUS: WE BELIEVE, WE BELIEVE IN MIRACLES!

MUSIC CUE 16: Ends

MUSIC CUE 17: Transition - We Believe in Miracles

SCRIM CUE: DOWN

SCRIM GRAPHIC: graphic of trees and bushes

SCENE EIGHT A

AUDIO CUE: Big Ben strikes 9 times

SCREEN CUE: East End of London, The Mile End Waste

(Monologue is played in front of scrim, which is the image of some trees and bushes)
Character is an elderly looking man.)

MUSIC CUE 18: Underscore – Gutter & the Slum – played softly

Elderly Man: (As he speaks, he is spreading some crumpled old newspaper on the floor on which to lie. Will and Kate push the baby carriage by.) Evening, Gov'ner. (Will and Kate acknowledge him) Big Ben says its 9PM. Lord, will the night ever end and the sun shine on me cold bones? No, it's not got the comforts of home, but its relatively safe and out of the harsh night elements. If it rains, I don't get so wet. I've been sleeping here four nights. I've had no money for lodging and haven't been able to earn any of late. I get my living by carrying parcels, or minding horses, or odd jobs of that sort. My health is not what it used to be and so no one is really interested in giving work to a feeble, old man. I've had one bit of bread today and so I am feeling weak tonight. My wife died a long time ago and I can't really say how many years it's been; I've lost count. She was a fine cook she was! Could make a feast out of nearly nothing! (sits down on the paper). The ground's a little hard, but this paper makes it a bit softer and when it gets cold, I just find more paper and put it on top of me to help keep warm. You would think one would get used to this kind of life...but you don't.

MUSIC CUE 18: Ends – slow fade.

SCREEN CUE: 1859, a church in Sunderland, England

SCRIM CUE: STAYS DOWN

SCRIM GRAPHIC: Image of inside of church with high pulpit.

SCENE EIGHT B

(A church in Sunderland, England. Reverend Rees is preaching to his congregation. This sermon eventually becomes a pamphlet that Catherine reads and in response, writes her own about a woman's right to ministry. Rev Rees is SR on Scaffolding and behind scrim; Kate is SL on floor in front of scrim. Congregation is standing behind the scrim and facing Rees. As Rees speaks and sings, Kate, is reading his pamphlet and becoming more and more agitated.)

Rev. Rees: Good morning congregation. It has come to our attention that a Mrs. Phoebe Palmer, from the United States is in Newcastle, standing behind a pulpit preaching. How scandalous! God's Word is very clear and in One Timothy, Chapter 2, verses 11 and 12 we are told that she, a woman, is to learn in silence, and not only that, that she is not to teach men nor to have any authority over Man. Would you dare contradict the Word of God? The grounds on which the apostle rests the divine legislation against the preaching of women make it clear that we have construed it correctly. Bringing together One Corinthians 11 with One Timothy 2, we find the following: The male was the first creation of God, the female a subsequent one. The female was made from the substance of the male, being taken from his side. The purpose of the woman's creation and existence is to be a helpmate for man. Therefore God, from the beginning of man's existence as a sinner, put the wife under the kind and compassionate authority of the husband, making him the head and her, the subordinate in domestic society. The action of the woman in yielding first to Satanic temptation and aiding to seduce her husband into sin was punished by this subjection, as seen in the curse of Genesis 3:16, where it is declared that the husband will rule over the wife, and the sentence on the first woman has been extended to all her daughters. These are the grounds on which the apostle says the Lord enacted that in the church assemblies the woman shall be the student, and not the public teacher...ruled, and not ruler.

The reasons against the public preaching and teaching by women apply to all women, of all ages and civilizations alike. The inspired commands of Scripture are clear to every honest listener, as clear as human language can make it.

MUSIC CUE 19: A Woman's Right To Preach

I shall say it again.

A WOMAN HAS NO RIGHT TO STAND AND PREACH
ONLY TO HER OWN SEX, IS ALLOWED TO TEACH
BUT NOT TO STAND BEFORE A MAN
AND SPEAK TO HIM ABOUT HIS SIN
NO! GOD FORBIDS SUCH BLASPHEMY
AND IN HIS WORD DOES THIS DECREE
THAT SHE SHALL NOT BE OVER HIM
BUT SILENTLY SUBMIT TO HIM
NO! A WOMAN HAS NO RIGHT TO PREACH!

GOD HAS MADE IT CLEAR TO SEE
NO MAN'S EQUAL SHE COULD BE
THAT HER DUTY ON THIS EARTH
IS FULFILLED WHEN SHE GIVES BIRTH
AND THE RIGHT FOR LEADING MEN
IS LEFT TO ROOSTERS AND NOT HENS
NO! A WOMAN HAS NO RIGHT TO PREACH!

Kate: I cannot believe that Reverend Rees has spoken out so harshly against Mrs. Phoebe Palmer. I should think that anyone who is serious about winning souls to the Kingdom of

God should welcome, with arms open wide any help he or she might receive, regardless of their gender!

A WOMAN HAS A RIGHT TO STAND AND PREACH
AND CHRIST, OUR LORD DOES NOT DEEM THIS A BREACH
OF HIS TRUE WORD, MY, HOW ABSURD
TO THINK THAT HE WOULD DISAGREE
NO, GOD HAS GIVEN GIFTS TO ALL
AND MADE IT CLEAR THAT WE'VE BEEN CALLED
MALE AND FEMALE, ALL ALIKE
A BLOW 'GAINST SIN WE HAVE TO STRIKE
YES! A WOMAN HAS A RIGHT TO PREACH!

ON THAT FIRST EASTER DAY
WHEN THE MEN HAD FLED AWAY
WHO WAS THERE TO SEE THE LORD
AND GIVEN CHARGE TO SPREAD THE WORD
THAT HE'S ALIVE, NO LONGER DEAD
"GO SPREAD THE NEWS", THAT'S WHAT HE SAID
YES! A WOMAN HAS A RIGHT TO PREACH!

Rees: WOMAN IS THE WEAKER SEX
RATHER SIMPLE, NOT COMPLEX
MAN IS STRONG WITH PATIENCE LONG
AND NATURALLY INCLINED TO LEAD

Kate: THE PROPHET JOEL PROPHECIED
WE WOULD ALL WORK SIDE BY SIDE!

Both: NO/YES A WOMAN HAS NO/A RIGHT TO PREACH!

WHY CAN'T THEY UNDERSTAND
THIS IS THE LORD'S COMMAND
CREATED THUS TO BE; FOR ALL ETERNITY
AND IF THE TRUTH THEY'D KNOW
OF HOW GOD'S PLANNED IT SO
THEN WE WOULD BE NO FOE
AND THE WORK OF GOD WOULD GROW

Rees: NO! A WOMAN HAS NO RIGHT
JUST KEEP HER OUT OF SIGHT!

Kate: YES! A WOMAN HAS A RIGHT
AND FOR THAT RIGHT I'LL FIGHT!

Both: NO/YES A WOMAN HAS NO/A RIGHT TO PREACH!

MUSIC CUE 19: Ends

(Scaffolding is pulled offstage & Kate exits SL)

SCENE EIGHT C

SCREEN CUE: Pentecost Sunday, 1860. Bethesda Chapel.

SCRIM CUE: Up

RP CUE: Outside of church

(Scrim rises and congregation faces toward audience while speakers step forward and begin their lines.)

Leyton: I still can't believe my own ears. She's actually going to do it!

Lincoln: I was so wrapped up in the testimony meeting that I didn't even see her walking up to the platform.

Camilla: I think Reverend Booth thought she might not have been feeling well. Poor lass, she does seem to suffer so with her health.

Matthew: I saw her whispering something-like in his ear. He had the strangest look on his face, like he didn't understand what she was saying. Then, this huge smile came on his face and he looked like he was about to dance across the platform.

Leyton: "My wife wishes to speak." He said. Then he sat right down and let her speak.

Lincoln: When she started out, I wasn't quite sure what she was going to say.

Camilla: She said, "I dare say many of you have been looking upon me as a very devoted woman, and one who has been living faithfully to God. But I have come to realize that I have been disobeying Him, and thus have brought darkness and leanness into my soul."

Matthew: Well, you could have heard a pin drop. What dreadful sin was she about to confess to?

Leyton: What scandal was about to rock our dear little church?

Lincoln: I don't think any scandal could have rocked our little church like the announcement Mrs. Booth made this morning.

Camilla: She's going to preach tonight!

Matthew: After she wrote that brochure about a woman's right to preach, I'm not surprised a bit! It's about time she practiced what she preached; no pun intended!

Leyton: There had to be a thousand people in the meeting this morning.

Lincoln: It looks like there are at least two thousand here tonight to hear her preach! Look, here she comes!

RP GRAPHIC: Inside of Church

(Kate enters from SL to CS and takes her place behind the pulpit. The congregation spaces around her while she speaks.)

Kate: I think it must be very evident that the most important question that can possibly occupy the mind of a person is *how much like Jesus can we be?* Any one who possesses any measure of the Spirit of God has to understand that this is the most important question that we can concentrate on. Even if you think it impossible on earth, you must, if you have the Spirit of God within you, have this attitude that says you wish you could attain this and that you will hunger and thirst after it and never be satisfied until you possess it.

I heard a gentleman say the other day that for anybody to talk about being holy showed that they knew nothing of themselves and of Jesus Christ. And I said to myself, “O my Lord, what have we come to if we think that holiness and Jesus Christ have nothing in common! Jesus is the center and the fountain of holiness. It is in Him alone that we have any hope of getting holiness!”

After all, what does God want with us? He wants us just *to be* and *to do*. He wants us to be like His Son, and then to do as His Son did; and when we come to that, He will shake the world through us. People say, “You can’t be like His Son”. Very well, then, you will never get any more than you believe for. If I did not think Jesus Christ strong enough to destroy the works of the Devil, and bring us back to God’s original pattern, I would throw the whole thing up forever. Has He given us a religion we cannot practice? I say, No! He has not come to mock us. Has He given us a Savior that cannot save us? If that’s the case, then I refuse to have anything to do with Him. Does God say He will do for me what He cannot? No, no, no. God “is not a man, that He should lie”.

If He cannot restore me, He must damn me. If He cannot heal me, and make me over again, and return me to the pattern He intended me to be, then there is no hope. I must accept this by faith...faith like a little child. And when this is done, His Spirit will come and bickering and difficulty will be gone and we will see holiness, sanctification, purity, perfect love, burning out on every page of God’s Word. Hallelujah!

(At conclusion of lines, congregation gathers around her, congratulating her for this brave step she has taken.)

CURTAIN CUE: DOWN

MUSIC CUE 20: Transition – A Women’s Right to Preach.

End of Act 1

ACT 2

SCENE NINE A

CURTAIN CUE: UP

AUDIO CUE: Industrial Sounds

SCRIM CUE: DOWN

SCRIM GRAPHIC: East London Street

MUSIC CUE: Pills and Potions

SCREEN CUE: East End of London, The Mile End Waste

(The Street Doctor is pushing his cart of wares across the stage in front of the scrim. He stops center stage, looks around to see if anyone is there and then puts out his sign which reads: *Pills and Potions, Herbs and Lotions! I've got what you need!*)

Doctor: EVERYDAY I PUSH ME CART AROUND OLD LONDON TOWN
SOME FOLKS THINK THAT I'M A QUACK AND TRY TO PUT ME DOWN
PILLS AND POTIONS, HERBS AND LOTIONS, MAGICAL INDEED
IF THERE'S SOMETHIN' AILS YOU, I'VE GOT JUST WHAT YOU NEED!

IF YOU'VE GOT A COUGH, THEN SASSAFRASS FOR YOU
THIS WILL TURN YOUR BLOOD, BRIGHT RED INSTEAD OF BLUE
AND IF YOUR HOUSE HAS RATS, THEN THIS WORKS EVERY TIME
AND IF YOUR DOG HAS FLEAS, JUST ADD A LITTLE LIME.

OH, PILLS AND POTIONS, HERBS AND LOTIONS, MAGICAL INDEED
IF THERE'S SOMETHIN' AILS YOU, I'VE GOT JUST WHAT YOU NEED!
PILLS AND POTIONS, HERBS AND LOTIONS, MAGICAL I SAY
IF YOU'RE NEEDING SOMETHING, THEN I'VE GOT IT HERE TODAY!

IF YOUR KIDS ARE BAD, THEN GIVE THEM THREE OF THESE
THIS WILL CURE A COLD, IT'S MADE FROM ASIAN BEES!
IF YOU HAVE A HEADACHE AND EXCRUCIATING PAIN
IF YOU HAVE THE VAPORS AND YOUR BONES ACHE IN THE RAIN

THEN I'VE GOT JUST THE THING FOR YOU, AND YOU NEED IT RIGHT NOW!
I GETS IT FROM INDIA, MADE FROM A SACRED COW.
WHEN THEIR HORNS FALL OFF, INTO A GEL THEY'RE GROUND
IT HEALS YOU ON THE SPOT AND IT'S YOURS FOR JUST A POUND!

OH, PILLS AND POTIONS, HERBS AND LOTIONS, MAGICAL INDEED
IF THERE'S SOMETHIN' AILS YOU, I'VE GOT JUST WHAT YOU NEED!
OH, PILLS AND POTIONS, HERBS AND LOTIONS, MAGICAL I SAY,
IF YOU'RE NEEDING SOMETHING, THEN I'VE GOT IT HERE TODAY!

IF YOU'VE GOT A TAPE WORM, THEN I'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT
WITH THIS POTION MADE FROM AFRICANY CAT
WILL ONLY COST A SHILLING, BUT IF YOU ACT REAL FAST
I'LL LET IT GO FOR HALF PRICE; IT'S SURELY NOT TO LAST!

& IF YOUR LEGS ARE BOWED AND ON YOUR HEAD YOU CAN'T GROW HAIR
TAKE THIS PASTE AND RUB IT ON AND SEE THE MARVEL THERE
YOUR BOWED LEGS WILL STRAIGHTEN, YOUR NEW HAIR WILL GROW
AND THE GIRLS WILL FOLLOW YOU EVERYWHERE YOU GO!

OH, PILLS AND POTIONS, HERBS AND LOTIONS, MAGICAL INDEED
IF THERE'S SOMETHIN' AILS YOU, THEN I'VE GOT JUST WHAT YOU NEED!
PILLS AND POTIONS, HERBS AND LOTIONS, MAGICAL I SAY
IF YOU'RE NEEDING SOMETHING; IF YOU'RE NEEDING SOMETHING;
IF YOU'RE NEEDING SOMETHING, THEN I'VE GOT IT HERE TODAY!

MUSIC CUE 21: Ends

SCENE NINE B

SCRIM CUE: DOWN

SCRIM GRAPHIC: (The letters of William and Catherine Booth. The words appear as they spoken.)

MUSIC/AUDIO CUE: 22 – Underscore of Our People and dialogue of letters

Letter One: March, 1861 (William) My dearest wife: I fear the leaders of the New Connexion are no longer in agreement with my calling to be an evangelist. As a matter of fact, they are demanding that I be appointed to church and no longer hold revival services across the country. To obey, I fear, would be to disobey God. To obey God, I fear, will mean the end of our relationship with the Methodist New Connexion. Your loving husband.

Letter Two: (Kate) My dear husband: We are united in this decision. I fear that petty jealousy and politics now block the way for our continuance with the New Connexion. Have no fear, Will; if this door closes, I believe that God will open another one. I know that our firm stand on this issue could be seen as risky, but if trusting in the Lord for our bread is what we must do in order to be faithful to His call upon our lives, then so be it. With deepest love, Kate.

MUSIC CUE 22: Ends – fade

SCENE TEN

SCREEN CUE: 1861, The Methodist New Connexion Boardroom.

SCRIM CUE: CONTINUES DOWN

SCRIM GRAPHIC: New Connexion Boardroom

(A group of well-dressed men are behind the scrim on scaffolding. Dr. Crofts is stage right, in front of scrim.)

Dr. Crofts: (Hits his gavel on the table) Here, here; let's come to order. The matter before us today is one of grave importance. The Reverend William Booth has written a letter to this body requesting that he be allowed the freedom to continue his evangelistic work, as he has in the past or he will submit his resignation. I think we will all agree that the results of his ministry over the past several years have been no less than stunning. Our memberships have grown and our churches that were once half empty are being filled again. Wherever he goes to preach, the chapels are not usually large enough to hold the crowds.

Rev Wright: Regardless, I believe it is in the best interest of our denomination that Reverend Booth be confined to a local church. There is much to be said, in my opinion of consistently ministering in one place.

Dr. Green: Let me just remind this group that Reverend Booth's methods are quite unusual and in his zealotness to win souls into the kingdom, he has oftentimes crossed the line of respectability. His prayer services, with all the noise and confusion, have at times seemed more like a trip to the circus than a meeting in the House of God.

Rev Smyth: Well, there is something to be said about gradually gaining experience and prominence. He's still young and has much to learn. These outlandish revival services he conducts have gained him quite the reputation across the land. He is popular no doubt, but has he paid his dues and served his time? Absolutely not!

Rev Jonas: All I know is that when he came to my town and conducted his services, he left me with over a hundred new converts that someone had to follow-up on and mentor. Most of us don't have staffs large enough to handle the aftermath of his ministry. Don't get me wrong, it's great that people are finding the Lord, but he blows into town, does his bit and then is gone, leaving us to pick up the pieces.

Dr. Crofts: It appears that our appeals to Reverend Booth to allow more time for his skills to develop in a local setting are not acceptable to him. He is absolutely convinced that God has placed this calling on his life to be an evangelist. I fear that if we do not work with him on this, we will lose him.

Rev Wright: He may leave, but I assure you he will come back. To disassociate oneself from a denomination and to attempt to have a ministry apart from that denomination is, in my opinion, professional suicide.

Dr. Green: Once we have spread the word that the Reverend Booth has been banned from Methodist New Connexion pulpits, he will have a hard go of it finding churches in which to preach.

Rev Smyth: Then his moment in the spotlight will be gone and I predict that in the course of a few short years, no one will have ever heard of William Booth.

Rev Jonas: What's he going to do, go out and form his own denomination? He's certainly no John Wesley.

Dr. Crofts: Then the matter is settled. Should Reverend Booth refuse our request to give up his evangelistic ministry in lieu of a settled church, then we have no choice but to accept his resignation.

All: Agreed. Here, here. Absolutely. I vote for that. Etc. (Dr. Crofts hits his gavel on the table and we go to blackout.)

SCENE ELEVEN

SCRIM CUE: CONTINUES DOWN

SCRIM GRAPHIC: Underneath a bridge

(Monologue is performed in front of scrim. This is a young man and woman who are desperate. The mother holds a tightly wrapped bundle in her arms and begins to sing. Her husband stands beside her. There is a wicker basket at their feet.)

Woman: LULLALEE, LULLABY
LITTLE BABY DON'T YOU CRY.
YOU HAVE NO REASON TO FEAR.
MOMMY AND DADDY ARE HERE.

LULLALEE, LULLABY,
GOD IS WATCHING FROM ON HIGH.
AND WITH HIS ANGELS AROUND,
SAFE IN HIS ARMS YOU'LL BE FOUND.

(The man takes the bundle into his arms, kisses it and places a pillow over its face and holds it tightly to his chest while he tries to sing. His grief is too great and he can barely sing.)

Man: LULLALEE, LULLABY
LITTLE BABY DON'T YOU CRY.
YOU HAVE NO REASON TO FEAR.
MOMMY AND DADDY ARE HERE.

LULLALEE, LULLABY,
GOD IS WATCHING FROM ON HIGH.
AND WITH HIS ANGELS AROUND,
SAFE IN HIS ARMS YOU'LL BE FOUND.

(He takes the bundle and places it lovingly in the basket and covers it with the blanket. The woman collapses onto the ground while the husband kneels to comfort her. After a moment, he looks up and speaks.)

MUSIC CUE 23: Underscore – Lullaby – very softly

Man: The past twelve months have been the most miserable of my entire existence. I cannot stand it anymore. We have no resources left, no family willing to help us and no energy to continue on. We can face poverty and degradation no longer and would sooner die than go to the workhouse. We had a beautiful baby boy, Martin and, God forgive us, but we have taken him out of this misery out of our pure love and affection for him, so that he would never have to suffer as we have.

Woman: I have done my best at needle-work, washing, house-minding, in fact, anything and everything that would bring a shilling; but it only keeps us in semi-starvation. It's enough to drive you mad – stark raving mad. There is no bright prospect anywhere; no ray of hope.

Man: May God Almighty forgive us for this heinous sin we have committed and have mercy on our souls. We are broken and no longer possess the will to carry on. Our minds are resolute on what we, ourselves must do. What few things we possess can hopefully be sold for enough to at least bury us in a pauper's grave. Don't grieve over us; we are not worthy of such feelings.

MUSIC CUE 23: Ends – slow fade

SCENE TWELVE

SCRIM CUE: UP

RP GRAPHIC: Booth Living Room

Screen Cue – 1865, London, the home of William and Catherine Booth

(Kate is sitting on the couch, sewing a garment as William enters. Gutter and Slum members are strategically placed in the shadows behind and to the sides of the scene. The living room is down stage as far as it can go up to the scrim and center stage.)

Kate: Will, it's late. Ever since we've moved to London and you started working with the Revival Society, I hardly see you anymore.

William: I know, but there's so much work to do in the East End, however, I'm not sure I'm any busier than you, my love. It appears that all the high society people of London can't get enough of that woman preacher named Catherine Booth! After all, the demand for your preaching is what brought us here to begin with.

Kate: Well, as long as God gives me the opportunities to speak for Him, I will gladly do it. I only wish I had been obedient to Him in that regard years ago!

William: Obedience. This evening, as I passed by the doors of the bars and pubs, full and overflowing with hopeless humanity, I seemed to hear a voice sounding in my ears, “where can you go and find such sinners as these, and where is there so great a need for your labors?” Kate, this may seem crazy, especially after all we’ve been through to have our freedom to evangelize wherever we feel led, but I truly believe God is calling us to the East End of London.

Kate: (She bows her head, and after a pause.) Well, if you feel we ought to stay, stay. We have trusted the Lord more than once for our support and we can trust Him again.

William: Kate, I know the future is uncertain and we have a family to provide for, but if you could only see what I see every day in the Mile End Waste. There are multitudes of our fellow creatures not only without God and hope, but sunk in the most desperate forms of wickedness and misery that can be conceived. My heart is broken by the despair and hopelessness that I see.

Kate: Will, I see it in your face every night when you return home. I feel you tossing and turning in your sleep and wrestling, as it were, with God for the souls of the condemned of that place where so few workers come to search for the lost and forgotten.

William: Every day I am pierced to the core of my being by the misery and degradation that I encounter. The stench of human suffering and depravity that exists in that God-forsaken place burns my nostrils and overwhelms my heart. Men and women, drunk in the morning, staggering through the alleys trying to desperately find a morsel of food that someone has carelessly tossed on the ground or in the garbage. The images in the streets haunt me and we have to do something!

MUSIC CUE 24: Our People

RP GRAPHIC: SR & SL edges of living room fade into shadow, graphic is only in the center. This will allow the Gutter and Slum monologues to move into position around the edges of the set.

WILLIAM: THE DARKNESS AND DESPAIR I SEE AROUND ME EVERYDAY
IT BREAKS MY HEART AND FILLS MY MIND WITH SADNESS AND DISMAY
THE NAMELESS FACES IN THE CROWD ARE DOWNCAST AND ALONE
THE STREETS, THE ALLEYS, EMPTY LOTS,
THE PLACES WHERE THEY ROAM;
THAT THEY CALL HOME.

(Light on Poor House Girl)

OUR PEOPLE; THESE ARE OUR PEOPLE
THESE ARE THE ONES WE’VE BEEN SENT TO LOVE.

THIS SACRED CALL COMES FROM UP ABOVE.

(Light on Elderly Man)

OUR PEOPLE; THESE ARE OUR PEOPLE.
WE'LL SPREAD THE LIGHT OF GOD
IN THE DARKNESS AND THE GLOOM

(Light on Prostitute)

THESE ARE OUR PEOPLE
AND IN OUR HEARTS THERE'S ROOM.

(Light on Flower Girl & Beggar)

AND SO THEY LIVE IN HOPELESSNESS AND PRAY TO BE SET FREE.
DAY BY DAY THEIR DARKNESS GROWS, NO CHANCE OF LIBERTY.
TIME AND TIME AGAIN THEY FAIL, ESCAPE IS SOMETHING RARE

(Light on Couple)

AND IN THEIR ANGUISH AND DESPAIR, THEY CRY OUT,
"WHO WILL CARE?"
"WHO WILL BE THERE?"

KATE:

OUR PEOPLE; THESE ARE OUR PEOPLE
THESE ARE THE ONES WE'VE BEEN SENT TO LOVE.
THIS SACRED CALL COMES FROM UP ABOVE.
OUR PEOPLE; THESE ARE OUR PEOPLE.
WE'LL SPREAD THE LIGHT OF GOD
IN THE DARKNESS AND THE GLOOM
THESE ARE OUR PEOPLE
AND IN OUR HEARTS THERE'S ROOM.

(Lights out on Gutter & Slum characters. Add other Gutter and Slum to the group)

BOTH:

WE CANNOT TURN THE OTHER WAY,
PASS ON THE OTHER SIDE
IT'S TIME TO TAKE A STAND FOR RIGHT
WE CAN NO LONGER HIDE
WE CANNOT CLASSIFY OURSELVES,
DETERMINE SOMEONE'S WORTH
BY WHAT THEY HAVE OR DO NOT HAVE
OR CIRCUMSTANCE OF BIRTH

(Lights up on Gutter and Slum Characters)

THESE ARE OUR PEOPLE. THESE ARE OUR PEOPLE.
THESE ARE THE ONES WE'VE BEEN SENT TO LOVE.
THIS SACRED CALL COMES FROM UP ABOVE.
OUR PEOPLE; THESE ARE OUR PEOPLE.
WE'LL SPREAD THE LIGHT OF GOD
IN THE DARKNESS AND THE GLOOM

THESE ARE OUR PEOPLE
AND IN OUR HEARTS THERE'S ROOM.

WE'LL SPREAD THE LIGHT OF GOD
IN THE DARKNESS AND THE GLOOM
THESE ARE OUR PEOPLE
AND IN OUR HEARTS THERE'S ROOM.
THERE'S ROOM!
THERE'S ROOM!

SCRIM CUE: DOWN

(Flower Girl steps in front of scrim before it comes down)

SCENE THIRTEEN A

(East End of London; a young woman, her younger siblings stand in front of scrim with East End scene.)

SCREEN CUE: The East End of London, The Mile End Waste

SCRIM GRAPHIC: East End of London – Blind Beggar

Flower Girl: Flowers! Flowers for sale! Beggin' your pardon, would you like to buy a lovely bunch of flowers?

MUSIC CUE 25: Underscore *Gutter and the Slum*

We make our living mostly on flowers when they are to be got. I sell 'em and so does me sister. If'n I can sell three bunches, then I make one penny profit and we can have a bite of bread. Sometimes, if we don't sell any flowers, we don't eat all day. That's when we look and see if there are any bits and pieces in the garbage...and then we can eat, if'n the cats or dogs or rats haven't got to it first. We've been at this for nigh two years. That's when our mum died from the cholera. Our dad, well, we've never met our dad, and if we did, I'm not so sure he'd want the likes of us!

The other day, this high society man didn't like me asking him to buy a bunch of flowers, so he hits me three times, ever so hard, across the face with his walking cane. We're only trying to make an honest living, we are. It's very cold here in the winter. You have to bear the cold as best you can, so I puts me hands inside me shawl when I'm not selling flowers. I could cry about the situation, but no one hears people crying no more...and no one really cares.

MUSIC CUE 25: Ends

Flowers! Flowers! Hello ma'am, would you like to buy a lovely bunch of flowers?

MUSIC CUE 26: Gutter & the Slum Reprise

SCRIM CUE: UP

RP GRAPHIC: Same graphic that was on scrim – East End, Blind Beggar

(Scrim rises to reveal a scene similar to what we witnessed in the opening – Children of the Gutter and the Slum, but this time, William is standing on a soapbox, waving a black umbrella, miming preaching; Catherine is working the crowd.)

People: IN THE MILE END WASTE OUR LIVES ARE HELL
JUST TO MAKE ENDS MEET WE HAVE TO SELL
OUR BODIES AND OUR PROPERTY
NOT TO MENTION DIGNITY
HOW MUCH WORSE CAN THIS ALL BE
LIFE IS ONE GREAT TRAGEDY.
DAY AFTER DAY THINGS ARE DARK AND BLEAK;
YES, GOD HAS FORGOTTEN THE POOR AND MEEK.
SINKING IN OUR POVERTY;
NO ONE COMES TO SET US FREE;
WHILE IN HIGH SOCIETY
THEY ENJOY THEIR SPOT OF TEA!
WE'RE THE CHILDREN OF THE GUTTER AND THE SLUM!

William: CAN'T YOU SEE IN YOUR DESTITUTION
YOU NEED SPIRITUAL REVOLUTION,
CHRIST WILL RID YOUR HEARTS OF PAIN AND MISERY.

Kate: THERE IS MORE TO YOUR LIFE THAN DYING
JESUS' LOVE IS SATISFYING
AND HE OFFERS GRACE THAT TRULY SETS YOU FREE!

BOTH: SO COME AND LEARN HOW YOU CAN QUENCH YOUR THIRST
YOU'VE NOT BEEN FORGOTTEN, BETRAYED OR CURSED

William: COME AND DO NOT BE AFRAID

Kate: YOUR ADMITTANCE HAS BEEN PAID

William: SINS WILL ALL BE WASHED AWAY

Kate: IT'S THE START OF A NEW DAY.

Both: 'Cause you're no longer THE CHILDREN OF THE GUTTER AND THE SLUM.

RP GRAPHIC: Goes to BLACK

LIGHTS: Focus on Gutter and Slum and down on stage to allow next scene to set.

No longer CHILDREN OF THE GUTTER AND THE SLUM
No longer CHILDREN OF THE GUTTER AND THE SLUM

(As they sing these last 3 lines, The Booths begin to lead the group off the stage.)

MUSIC CUE 26: Ends

SCENE FOURTEEN

SCREEN CUE: 1870, East End of London, The Mile End Waste

RP GRAPHIC: Backstage view of theater

(Dance Hall; there are several girls stretching and limbering up, Artie, the manager is talking to them when Kate enters; the image is of a vaudeville-type theater.)

Artie: Okay girls, we're going to run through this number one more time. If we're ever going to make any money in this run-down theatre, then we've got to give our customers a real show!

Kate: (enters) Excuse me sir, but I wanted to inquire about the availability of your theatre on Sundays for our services.

Artie: Services? (Looks her over) Just exactly what type of services you offering?

Kate: I'm sorry sir, but you misunderstand my intentions. My husband, the Reverend William Booth is the leader of The Christian Mission, and our attendances have grown so, that we need a larger and regular place to hold our evangelistic services. I understand that your busy times are in the evenings and not the mornings...especially Sunday mornings.

Artie: Oh, I've heard about you lot. Your husband's him what stands on the street corner, waving his umbrella preaching. I'd like to see him on my stage. Quite entertaining! Well, perhaps we could negotiate something. If the theatre's empty and not in use, I'm not against bringing in some extra income.

Sally: Hey, Artie, my girls have a dress rehearsal to run here. Do you mind?

Artie: You'll have to excuse me for a moment ma'am, while we finish this rehearsal. We can talk then. Just have a seat over there and I'll be with you in a moment.

Kate: Thank you kind sir,

Artie: Okay, from the top.

MUSIC CUE 27: Listen to the Jungle

Girls: GIRLS THAT SING AIN'T ALL THAT SPECIAL
'CAUSE THEY'RE EVERYWHERE
GIRLS THAT DANCE ARE KIND OF DULL
'CAUSE THEY AIN'T ALL THAT RARE
BUT IF YOU WANT TO SWING
YOU'VE GOT ADD SOME ZING
WE DO THAT WHEN WE PLAY THE TAMBOURINE!

RP CUE: Change to front of theater view

GIRLS: OH, LISTEN TO THE JINGLE
JINGLE OF THE TAMBOURINE
WE ARE QUITE ENTHRALLING
AND OUR LIKES YOU'VE NEVER SEEN
NOT ONLY DO WE SING,
BUT WE CAN DANCE AND PLAY
WE'LL DRIVE YOUR CARES AND WORRIES ALL AWAY!

(Timbrel routine & musical interlude)

OH LISTEN TO THE JINGLE
JINGLE OF THE TAMBOURINE
WE ARE QUITE ENTHRALLING
AND OUR LIKES YOU'VE NEVER SEEN
NOT ONLY DO WE SING,
BUT WE CAN DANCE AND PLAY
WE'LL DRIVE YOUR CARES AND WORRIES ALL AWAY!

MUSIC CUE 27: ENDS

(Kate walks over and picks up an extra tambourine and begins playing in “proper timbrel fashion”. The girls join in and there’s a back and forth exchange. They move in downstage, front of scrim, as it closes and they reprise the timbrel drill and final chorus with Kate singing the “new” religious words. As she sings, they march off.)

MUSIC CUE 28

SCRIM CUE: Down

SCRIM GRAPHIC: Same as RP - stage

KATE: O, THE BLOOD OF JESUS CLEANSSES WHITE AS SNOW, YES I KNOW!
O, THE BLOOD OF JESUS CLEANSSES WHITE AS SNOW, YES I KNOW!
I BLESS THE HAPPY DAY WHEN HE WASHED MY SINS AWAY
THE BLOOD OF JESUS CLEANSSES WHITE AS SNOW!

KATE/GIRLS: O, THE BLOOD OF JESUS CLEANSSES WHITE AS SNOW, YES I KNOW!
O, THE BLOOD OF JESUS CLEANSSES WHITE AS SNOW, YES I KNOW!
I BLESS THE HAPPY DAY WHEN HE WASHED MY SINS AWAY
THE BLOOD OF JESUS CLEANSSES WHITE AS SNOW
(Kate marches them off.)

MUSIC CUE 28: Ends

SALLY: Where you taking me girls?

ARTIE: We've got a show tonight!
(Sally & Artie chase after them)

SCENE FIFTEEN

SCRIM CUE: Up

RP GRAPHIC: William Booths Home Office

SCREEN CUE: 1878, London, The home office of William Booth.

(William's office; he is pacing back and forth. There's a knock at the door.)

William: Come in. (Bramwell and Railton enter) Come in Bramwell, George Scott.

Bramwell: Good morning, Father.

Railton: Good morning, General Superintendent Booth, sir.

William: Good morning. I know it's early and you haven't had breakfast yet, but we have much work to do on the annual report. Bramwell, remind me of how many Christian Mission Stations we now have.

Bramwell: Well Father, at last count, we had fifty-seven Stations across the United Kingdom, with eighty-eight evangelists. On average, we are adding one new mission station and evangelist every week.

William: We are indeed on the move! George Scott, I need you to take some dictation.

Railton: Yes sir, General Superintendent Booth, sir. (Railton goes to the desk and takes pen and paper; Bramwell sits in a chair.)

William: Take this down. "The Christian Mission under the superintendence of the Reverend William Booth is a Volunteer Army recruited amongst the multitudes who are without God and without hope in the world." How's that sound for a start?

Bramwell: (He walks over to Railton, grabs the paper.) A Volunteer Army? Here, here, I'm not a volunteer. I'm a regular or nothing!

Railton: He's got a point, General Superintendent Booth, sir. I suppose we are an army of sorts, but...what sort are we?

William: (Walking back toward the desk and taking the paper from Bramwell's hand. He places it on the desk, makes a mark on it.)

By George...and by Bramwell, I think I've got it! The Christian Mission is a Salvation Army!

(They jump up in excitement)

Bramwell: Thank God for that!

Railton: Now that makes perfect sense General Superintendent Booth, sir. General Superintendent Booth, sir, since we're going to be an army, a Salvation Army now,

would it be okay if I started calling you, General Booth? By the time I call you General Superintendent Booth, sir, I've usually forgotten what it was that I wanted to say to you in the first place?

William: Well, Elijah Cadman has been calling himself Captain for months now and me, General. I suppose if we are going to be an army, then we need to start looking and sounding like one! After all, we are a salvation people – this is our specialty – getting people saved and keeping them saved, and then getting somebody else saved. Boys, we are workers-together with God for the salvation of our fellow men and women. What's the business of our lives? Not to merely save our souls and prepare for Heaven? No, we are called to be redeemers, saviors, and a copy of Jesus Christ Himself. We must consecrate every waking moment to the great end of saving souls. We are called to rescue the perishing. They are all around us everywhere, crowds upon crowds. We are called to be self-sacrificing. Remember our Master, Jesus. Whatever we lose for His sake and for the sake of the poor souls for whom He died, we will find again. Our hands are on the Salvation plough, we cannot, nay we will not look back!

MUSIC CUE 29: Army of God

William: I CAN SEE IT, NOW A THOUSAND SOLDIERS MARCHING BY
BRINGING CONVERTS WITH THEM TO OUR HOME UP IN THE SKY
I CAN HEAR A THOUSAND TAMBOURINES BEGIN TO PLAY
AND A THOUSAND VOICES SINGING,
WHILE A THOUSAND MORE JUST PRAY
INSTRUMENTS OF EVERY SIZE AND SORT
SOUNDING FORTH A CHARGE AGAINST THE DEVIL'S FORT
AND 'ROUND THE WORLD I SEE OUR BANNER FLY
PROCLAIMING "CHRIST IS KING" AND WE'LL WIN THE WORLD OR DIE!

George Scott: I CAN SEE IT NOW, A THOUSAND UNIFORMS WE'LL WEAR
AND WITH 'S'S' BRIGHT WE WILL ATTACK THE DEVIL'S LAIR
I CAN SEE IT NOW, BOLD COLORS YELLOW, RED AND BLUE
WE WILL THEN DEFY THE ENEMY AND RUN THE DEVIL THROUGH!

Bramwell: I CAN HEAR THEM SHOUT ALOUD AND SING
SONGS OF THANKS AND SONGS THAT PRAISE THE KING OF KINGS!
AS WE GO MARCHING INTO EV'RY LITTLE TOWN
WE'LL BRING THE FORTS OF SIN, FORTS OF SIN AND DARKNESS DOWN!

All:: WE'LL BE AN ARMY UNITED AS ONE
SPREADING SALVATION 'TIL WE HEAR CHRIST'S, "WELL DONE!"
WE WILL NOT REST 'TIL WE'VE CAPTURED ALL THE LOST
AND SET THEM FREE BY THE POW'R OF THE CROSS.

William: I CAN SEE IT NOW, 'HOLINESS' OUR BATTLE CRY
AND WE'LL PREACH AND TEACH OF HOW OUR GOD CAN SANCTIFY
AND BY WORD AND DEED WE'LL SHOW THE WORLD THAT WE ARE TRUE
WITH OUR FAITH AND HOPE AND TRUST THEY'LL BE AMAZED AT WHAT
WE DO

Railton: 'ROUND THE WORLD OUR ARMY WILL BE KNOWN
WE WILL FACE THE FOE EVEN WHEN STONES ARE THROWN

Bramwell: THIS ARMY WILL BE CALLED A FORCE FOR RIGHT
BY THE SPIRIT'S POW'R HE WILL LEAD US IN THE FIGHT!

(They begin moving downstage, in front of scrim. Kate, who is in uniform, enters and brings William his tunic and 2 others bring Bramwell and Railton their tunics.)

Add choir: WE'LL BE AN ARMY UNITED AS ONE
SPREADING SALVATION 'TIL WE HEAR CHRIST'S "WELL DONE!"
WE WILL NOT REST 'TIL WE'VE CAPTURED ALL THE LOST
AND SET THEM FREE BY THE POW'R OF THE CROSS

SCRIM CUE: DOWN (to allow cast to take their places)

SCRIM GRAPHIC: A Salvation Army flag in motion

WE ARE THE SALVATION ARMY
ARMY OF GOD.
ONWARD TO CONQUER THE WORLD WITH FIRE AND BLOOD
ONWARD TO CONQUER THE WORLD WITH FIRE AND BLOOD.

SCRIM CUE: UP

RP GRAPHIC: The flag morphs into a globe and all around it, swirls the *The Salvation Army* in various languages.)

AND NOW, HALLELUJAH! THE REST OF MY DAYS
SHALL GLADLY BE SPENT IN PROMOTING HIS PRAISE
WHO OPENED HIS BOSSOM TO POUR OUT THIS SEA
OF BOUNDLESS SALVATION
OF BOUNDLESS SALVATION
OF BOUNDLESS SALVATION
FOR YOU AND FOR ME!

(Gutter and the Slum cast begin to come out and attach themselves to various groups of officers, who happily welcome them and place their arms around them, as they all sing. Doctor comes out, in uniform, pushing his cart that has a sign on it advertising the Trade Department.)

OUR PEOPLE; THESE ARE OUR PEOPLE
THESE ARE THE ONES WE'VE BEEN SENT TO LOVE.
THIS SACRED CALL COMES FROM UP ABOVE.
OUR PEOPLE; THESE ARE OUR PEOPLE
WE'LL SPREAD THE LIGHT OF GOD IN THE DARKNESS AND THE GLOOM
THESE ARE OUR PEOPLE AND IN OUR HEARTS THERE'S ROOM!
WE'LL SPREAD THE LIGHT OF GOD IN THE DARKNESS AND THE GLOOM
THESE ARE OUR PEOPLE AND IN OUR HEARTS THERE'S ROOM!
THERE'S ROOM!

MUSIC CUE 29: Ends

CURTAIN CUE: DOWN (reset for bows)

MUSIC CUE 30: Bow Music

CURTAIN CUE: UP

RP GRAPHIC: Globe with Salvation Army names – same as above

MUSIC CUE 30: Ends

CURTAIN CUE: DOWN

The End