

Reverend Stormfield Goes to Heaven:
An Operetta for Seven Vocalists and Instrumental Ensemble

by

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ABSTRACT

Reverend Stormfield Goes to Heaven is an operetta in six scenes for seven vocalists and flute, clarinet, horn, percussion, piano, violin, cello, and double bass. The work's approximate length is 40 minutes. The libretto is written by the composer and based on the short story by Mark Twain titled "Captain Stormfield Goes to Heaven." The short story features the typical biting sarcasm of Mark Twain. The libretto combines part of the original text with alterations to satirize modern day Christianity and religious values in general. The story follows Reverend Stormfield as she arrives in Heaven and quickly learns that the locations and people she expected to see and meet are shockingly different. The journey takes her through comical scenarios and deeper philosophical dilemmas, and in the end she is left to confront her own disturbing past.

The musical elements of the operetta include traditional and octatonic scales, twelve-tone rows and set theory based on the overriding intervallic relationship of the perfect fourth. The sets implemented as motivic ideas: 0-1-4-5, 0-1-6-7, and 0-2-5-7 are based on the perfect fourth and serve as the framework for many of the melodic ideas. The instruments provide an accompanimental role often incorporating melodic fragmentation and contrapuntal textures and techniques. Instrumental solos are featured prominently in arias and the instrumental interludes between scenes.

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CAST

REV. STORMFIELD, middle-aged female.....Soprano
BERNICE, middle-aged female.....Mezzo-Soprano
ANGEL 1, sarcastic female.....Soprano
CHOIR MASTER, exuberant male.....Bass
YOUNG/OLD PERSON 1, 18-21 year-old male.....Tenor
YOUNG/OLD PERSON 2, 18-21 year-old female.....Soprano
YOUNG/OLD PERSON 3, 18-21 year-old female.....Mezzo-Soprano
CHARLES DARWIN, old man.....Bass
CHORUS, 4 singersSATB
[Doubling ANGEL 1, OLD PERSON 1, 2, & 3, and
CHOIR MASTER]

The action takes place in heaven

*

INSTRUMENTATION

Flute
Clarinet in Bb
Horn in F
Percussion*
Piano
Violin
Cello
Double Bass

*Glockenspiel, suspended cymbal, wind chimes, triangle, gong,
snare drum, 3 wood blocks

*

DURATION: approximately sixty-eight minutes

PERCUSSION REFERENCE

Cymbal
Wind chimes
Triangle
Snare Drum
Bass Drum

A musical staff with five lines. On the top line, there is a cymbal symbol. On the second line, there is a wind chime symbol. On the third line, there is a triangle symbol. On the fourth line, there is a snare drum symbol. On the bottom line, there is a bass drum symbol.

High Woodblock
Med Woodblock
Low Woodblock
Gong

A musical staff with five lines. On the top line, there is a high woodblock symbol. On the second line, there is a medium woodblock symbol. On the third line, there is a low woodblock symbol. On the bottom line, there is a gong symbol.

Reverend Stormfield Goes to Heaven

Overture

Dale Sakamoto

Energetic ♩ = 74

Flute *mp*

Clarinet in Bb *fp* *f* *p*

Horn in F

Percussion *mp*

Piano *mp*

Violin *p* *f* *p* *mp*

Cello *fp* *f* *p* *mp*

Double Bass *fp* *f* *p* *mp*

5

Fl. *mp*

Bs. Cl. *f* *mp*

Hn. *mp* *p* *mf*

Perc. arco

Pno. *f* *ppp*

Vln. *f*

Vc. *f*

D.B. *f*

9

Fl. *mp* *tr*

B♭ Cl. *mp* *tr*

Hn. *mp*

Perc. *mf*

Pno. *mf*

Vln. *mf*

Vc. *mp* *mf*

D.B. *fp* *f* *mp*



14

Fl. *f* *p*

B♭ Cl. *p* *mf*

Hn. *mp* *p* *mf* *mp*

Glk. *mp*

Pno. *mf*

Vln. *f* *p*

Vc. *f* *p*

D.B. *mf* *p*

18

Fl. *mf* *f* *p*

B♭ Cl. *p* *mf*

Hn. *mf* *p* *mf*

Glk. *mf*

Pno. *mp* *f*

Vln.

Vc.

D.B. *mp*

22

Fl. *f* *mp* *mf*

B♭ Cl. *mf* *p*

Hn. *mf*

Glk. *mf*

Pno. *mf* *mp*

Vln. *mp* *f* *mp* *mp* *mf*

Vc. *mf* *fp*

D.B. *mp* *f* *p* *fp* *fp*

28

Fl. *mp* *f* *mf* *f*

B♭ Cl. *mp* *f* *mf* *p*

Hn. *mp*

Glk. To Cymbal *mp*

Pno.

Vln. *tr* *fp* *mf*

Vc. *mp* *f* *mp* *f*

D.B. *mp*



35

Fl. *mp* *mf*

B♭ Cl. *mp* *mf* *mp*

Hn. *mf* *mp*

Perc. *mp*

Pno. *mf* *f*

Vln. *pp* *mp* *mf* *mp*

Vc. *mp* *mf* *mp* *f* *mf* *mp*

D.B. *p*

42

Fl. *mf* 5 *p*

B♭ Cl. *mf* 5 *p*

Hn. *mp* *mf*

Perc.

Pno. *p* 7 *f*

Vln. *mf* *mp*

Vc. *mf* 3

D.B. *mf* 3



45

Fl. *mf* 5 *p*

B♭ Cl. *mf* 5 *p*

Hn. *mp*

Perc.

Pno. *f* 3 *p* 7 *f*

Vln.

Vc. 3

D.B. 3

48

Fl.

B♭ Cl.

Hn.

Perc. *To Triangle*

Pno.

Vln.

Vc.

D.B.

mf *p* *mp* *f* *p* *mf*



53

Fl.

B♭ Cl.

Hn.

Glk.

Pno.

Vln.

Vc.

D.B.

mf *p* *mf* *p* *mp* *mf* *non arp.* *mp*

57

Fl. *mf*

Bs. Cl. *mp* *mf*

Hn. *mp*

Glk. *mf*

Pno. *mf* *mp* *mf*

Vln. *f* *p* *f*

Vc. *f* *p* *f*

D.B. *mf* *f* *p* *f*



61

Fl. *f* *p* *mf*

Bs. Cl. *f* *p* *mf*

Hn. *mf* *p*

Glk. *f*

Pno. *mp* *mf* *mp* *mf*

Vln. *pizz.* *mp* *mp*

Vc. *mp* *mp*

D.B. *mp* *mp*

66

Fl.

B♭ Cl.

Hn.

Glk.

Pno.

Vln.

Vc.

D.B.

70

Fl.

B♭ Cl.

Hn.

Glk.

Pno.

Vln.

Vc.

D.B.

rit.

mp

mp

mp

p

pp

mf

arco

mf

arco

mf

mp

p

pp

Sc. 1 No. 1 Chorus and Duet: "We praise thee, oh God"

Atmospheric ♩ = 60

Flute

Clarinet in Bb

Horn in F

Percussion

Piano

Violin

Cello

Double Bass

*Notes should be played without a specific tempo, but should create an atmospheric sound. Begin in notated register then expand to higher and lower 8ves.

Spritely ♩ = 118

Fl.

Hn.

Perc.

Pno.

S

A

Vln.

Ve.

We praise thee, oh God, high in the Hea-vens who brings us life, life ev - er - last - ing. We praise thee, oh We praise thee, oh

22

mf

S God, high in the Hea-vens who brings us life, life ev - er - last-ing. We praise thee, oh God, high in the Hea-vens who brings us life,

mf

A God, high in the Hea-vens who brings us life, life ev - er - last-ing. We praise thee, oh God, high in the Hea-vens who brings us life,

mf

T We praise thee, oh God, Hea-vens who brings us life,

mf

B We praise thee, oh God, high in the Hea-vens who brings us life,

35

rit. Tense ♩ = 112

Fl. *mp*

B♭ Cl. *mp*

Hn. *mf*

Perc. To bass drum *mf*

Pho. *mf*

S *Like a recording slowing down and stopping

life ev - er - lass ass... ass... ass... ass... ass... ass... ass... ass...

A life ev - er - lass ass... ass... ass... ass... ass... ass... ass... ass...

T ass... ass... ass... ass... ass... ass... ass... ass...

B life ev - er - lass ass... ass... ass... ass... ass... ass... ass... ass...

Vln. *p* *mf* *mp*

Vc. *p* *mf* *mp*

D.B. *mf*

45

Fl. *f* *mp* *f*

B. Cl. *f* *mp* *f*

Hn.

Perc.

Pno.

Vln. *f*

Vc. *f*

D.B.

48

Fl. *p*

B. Cl. *p*

Hn. *p*

Perc.

Pno. *mf*

Vln. *mp*

Vc. *mp*

D.B. *mf*

Anxious but Unhurried $\text{♩} = 94$

51

Fl. *f*

B♭ Cl. *f*

Hn. *f*

Perc. *To snare drum* *mf* *To cymbal* *f* *mp*

Pno. *f*

Angel 1 *f* Fuck! _____ *mf* Shit, shit, shit _____

Bernice _____

Vln. *f*

Vc. *f*

D.B. *f*

57

Fl. *mf*

B♭ Cl. _____

Hn. _____

Perc. _____

Pno. _____

Angel 1 *f* *mf* It's not an eas-y re-pair job _____ it re-quires much time and at-ten-tion _____

Bernice thought I told you to fix that yes-ter-day _____

Vln. _____

Vc. *mf*

D.B. _____

61

Fl. *mp* *mf* *f*

B♭ Cl. *f* *mf* *f*

Hn. *p*

Glk. *mp* *mf*

Pno. *mp*

Angel 1

Bernice
Now you've got my time and at-ten-tion

Vln. *mp* *mf*

Vc. *mp* *mf*

D.B. *mp* *mf*

66

Fl. *mf*

B♭ Cl. *mf*

Hn. *mp*

Glk. [To bass drum]

Pno. *mf*

Angel 1

Bernice
Can you fix it? I'm try-ing! Is it done yet?

Vln.

Vc. *p* *mf*

D.B. *mf*

70 *rit.*

Fl.

B♭ Cl.

Hn.

Perc.

Pno.

Angel 1
do - ing my best

Bernice
Just fix it!

Vln.

Vc.

D.B.

Sc. 1 No.1a Horn Solo: Undignified Entrance

Cue: (Hand signal by actor to begin playing)

Cut off: Ok, that's quite enough

Horn in F

*Play measures in any order holding the fermata as long as desired. Play continuously only pausing for a breath after the fermata.

Sc. 1 No. 2 Solo: The Runway

Cue: You could say that.

With some Freedom ♩ = 96-102

Flute

Clarinet in B♭

Percussion To triangle

Piano *mp* *mf*

Bernice *mp* *mf*
 In his mind there was a run - way — A gi - ant

Violin *mf*

Cello

Double Bass

5

Fl. *p* *mf*

B. Cl. *mp*

Perc. To gong To wind chimes

Pno.

Ber. *mf*
 run - way where he could be who he tru - ly was and when he fin - al - ly strut down that strip of stage for the ver - y first time in his life he was in hea - ven.

Vln. *mf*

Vc. *mf*

D.B. *mf*

Sc. 1 No. 4 Solo: The Clockman

Cue: The setup for that entrance was quite intricate

Clock Ticking ♩ = 76

Flute

Horn in F

Percussion

Bernice

Violin

Cello

To Gong

mf

mf

col legno

mf

col legno

mf

A clock on this wall a clock on that A clock a-bove be-low in - side ___ and out and

tit. a tempo

Fl.

Hn.

Ber.

Vln.

Vc.

mf

mp

ev'-ry ___ o-ther prep-o-si-tion-al place you could think of ___ And there he sat for years on end tap tap-ping his fin-gers a-

long

Sc. 1 No. 5 Solo: "I don't know what to say"

Cue: *Immediately following previous music

The musical score is divided into two systems. The first system features Stormfield, Violin, and Cello. Stormfield has a vocal line with lyrics: "I don't know what to say I nev-er i-mag-ined Hea-ven this way Where are all the bells ring-ing? Where are all the an-gels". The Violin and Cello parts are accompaniment, with dynamics *p* and *mp*. The second system features Storm, Violin, and Viola. Storm has a vocal line with lyrics: "sing-ing? Where is my King of Kings? and Lord of Lords? and Sav-ior?". The Violin and Viola parts are accompaniment, with dynamics *mf*, *f*, and *mp*. The score includes various musical notations such as triplets, slurs, and dynamic markings.

Stormfield

p *mp*

I don't know what to say I nev-er i-mag-ined Hea-ven this way Where are all the bells ring-ing? Where are all the an-gels

Violin

p *mp*

Cello

p *mp*

Storm

f

sing-ing? Where is my King of Kings? and Lord of Lords? and Sav-ior?

Vln.

mf *f* *mp*

Vc.

mp

Sc. 2 No. 6 Chorus and Trio: The Heavenly Choir

*Each instrument plays what they did while they were warming up for this operetta. The performers should emulate what happens before a concert begins by not playing in sync with each other and practicing whatever material is pertinent to them.

Cue: (All follow the Choir Director)

*Each instrument plays what they did while they were warming up for this operetta. Except this time slowly begin to play less and less toward the end of the time and listen for the violin/cello harmonies.

Tempo ♩ = ?

Flute: *Play notes out of tune and with poor rhythm.

Clarinet in B \flat : *Play notes out of tune and with poor rhythm.

Horn in F: *Play notes out of tune and with poor rhythm.

Glockenspiel: -

Percussion: *Bang on stuff.

Piano: *Play anything, the more ridiculous and random the better.

Soprano: *Sing with poor rhythm, but try to keep notes in tune.
A - men

Alto: *Sing with poor rhythm, but try to keep notes in tune.
A - men

Tenor: *Sing with poor rhythm, but try to keep notes in tune.
A - men

Bass: *Sing with poor rhythm, but try to keep notes in tune.
A - men

Violin: *Play anything using pizzicato and extended techniques, the more ridiculous and random the better.

Cello: *Play notes out of tune and with poor rhythm.

Double Bass: *Play anything using pizzicato and extended techniques, the more ridiculous and random the better.

13 Conversationally ♩ = 68

B♭ Cl. *p* *mf* *p*

Hn. *mp*

Glk. *mp*

Pno. *mf*

Storm. *mp*
That was... well...

Ber. *mp*
Ter-rible, Aw-ful a com-plete bas-tar-di-za-tion of mu-sic.

Vln. *mp*

Vc. *mp*

D.B. *mp*

18

Fl. *mp* *mp*

B♭ Cl. *mp*

Hn. *p* *mf* *mp*

Glk. *mf* *mp* [To triangle]

Perc. *p*

Pno. *mf*

Storm. *mf*
I al-ways thought that when I got to hea-ven my voice would sound like an an-gel.

Ber. *mp*
Tell me rev-'rend...

Vln. *mf* *mp*

Vc. *mf* *mp*

D.B. *mf* *mp*

25

Fl. *p* *mf* *p*

Bs. Cl. *mp* *mf*

Perc. *mp*

Pno. *mf*

Storm. *mf*

Ber. *mf*

Vln. *mf*

Vc. *mf* *mp*

D.B. *mp*

I'd prob-ab-ly fit right in here.

how were you as a sing-er on earth? Just be-cause you're in

32

Fl. *mf* *p* *mf*

Bs. Cl. *p* *mf* *mp*

Perc. *p*

Pno.

Ber. *p*

Vln. *p*

Vc. *p*

D.B. *mf*

To wind chimes

hea-ven doesn't mean all your fan-ta-sies come true. but to be good at an-y-thing in hea-ven still re-quires much time and at-ten-tion.

52

Glk.

Perc. To wind chimes

Pno. *mp*

C.D. *mp*
Wel - come! Wel - come to the Heav - nly choir where voic - es sing as one. We praise our Lord and Sav - ior who

Vln.

Vc.

D.B.

58

Fl.

Bs. Cl.

Hn.

Glk.

Pno.

C.D. *mf*
wel - comes you this day I'm Har - ley dir - ec - tor of God's fav' - rite choir Heav - en - ly Choir six six six

Storm. *mf*
It's a plea - sure to meet you.

Vln.

Vc.

D.B.

64

Fl. *mp*

B♭ Cl. *mf* *mp*

Hn. *p* *mf* *p* *mp*

Strom. *mf*

Vln. *mf*

Vc. *mf*

D.B. *mf*

But, may I ask you some - thing _____ Why _____ can't I stop sing - ing? _____

68

Fl. *mf* *p*

B♭ Cl. *mf* *p*

Hn.

C.D. *mf*

Vln. *mp* *f*

Vc. *mp* *f*

D.B. *mp* *f*

My a - po - lo - gies _____ I _____ for - got to turn this off

Sc. 2 No. 7 Solo: Too Many Choirs

Piano *mf*

Choral Director *mf*

Choirs six six six _____ through three tril-lion five hun-dred ten bil-lion eight hun-dred sev-en-ty nine mil-lion two hun-dred e - lev-en thou-sand four hun-dred and six-ty one _____

Sc. 2 No. 8 Chorus: The Heavenly Choir Outro

*Each instrument plays what they did while they were warming up for this operetta. Except this time play sprightly, creating enough space for the violin/cello harmonics to come through.

Tempo ♩ = ? Steadily ♩ = 72

Flute

Clarinet in B \flat

Horn in F

Glockenspiel

Piano

Soprano

Alto

Tenor

Bass

Violin

Cello

Double Bass

mp

mp

mf

p

p

*Notes should be played without a specific tempo, but should create an atmospheric sound. Begin in notated register then expand to higher and lower 8ves.

10

rit.

Fl.

B \flat Cl.

Hn.

Glk.

Pno.

Vln.

Vc.

mp

*Let vibrate until cutoff

Sc. 3 No. 9 Instrumental: Intro to the City of Departments

Energetic ♩ = 88

Flute
Clarinet in Bb
Horn in F
Glockenspiel
Piano
Cello

Sc. 3 No. 10 Trio: To Be Old

Cue: Well let me tell you how to not make the same mistake all of us did.

Agile $\text{♩} = 108$

Flute

Clarinet in B \flat

Percussion

Old Person 3

Old Person 2

Old Person 1

Violin

Cello

mp

mp

mf

When I first got to hea-ven I said to my - self I can't wait to be

pizz.

mf

pizz.

mf

7

Fl.

B \flat Cl.

Perc.

OP 1

Vln.

Vc.

mf

To woodblocks

p *mf* *mp*

beau-ti-ful and young with health. But soon you re-a-lize to your dis-may, your mind's so much dul-ler and use-less with-out age so day af-ter day and

arco

arco

14

Fl.

B \flat Cl.

Perc.

OP 1

Vln.

Vc.

To triangle

f *mp*

night af-ter night this line keeps grow-ing no end in sight. To be old to be old have your mind filled with gold and fool-ish youth-ful

mp

mp

23

Fl.

B♭ Cl.

Perc.

OP 1

lusts pass a - way to be frail and pale your breath a lit-tle stale but filled with wis - dom un -

Vln.

Vc.

mp

32

Fl.

B♭ Cl.

Perc.

OP 2

I went to the bar and sat drink - ing and wait - ing I par - ty'd through the night and gazed at my beau - ty but

OP 1

told

Vln.

Vc.

mf *mp*

38

Fl.

B♭ Cl.

Perc.

OP 2

I'd ex - change all the drink - ing for sit - ting and think - ing that's the life I long for a - gain. so mean - ing - less and worth - less my

Vln.

Vc.

mp *f* *p*

43

Fl. *mf* *mf*

B♭ Cl. *mf*

Perc.

OP 2 *mf*

Vln. *mp* *mf*

Vc. *mp* *mf*

life here'd be-come I came back to this line and I wait and I wait to be old a - gain to be told a - gain

50

Fl. *mp* *mf* *mp*

B♭ Cl.

Perc.

OP 2

Vln.

Vc.

where I left my med-i - ca - tion last night but the stor-ies I'd sell to my child - ren would tell of a

59

Fl. *f* *mf*

B♭ Cl. *mp* *f* *mf*

Perc.

OP 3 *mf*

OP 2 *f*

Vln. *f* *mf*

Vc. *f* *mf* pizz.

My first me-mor-y in life was of rid-ing my bike when I was just sev - en years
life well liv'd and con - veyed

66

Fl. *p*

B♭ Cl. *p*

Perc.

OP 3 *mp*

Vln. *pizz.* *arco*

Vc.

old so I got up here with a bow in my hair thik-ing this child-hood of mine would be lithe but the nov-el-ty of it all soon

72

rit. *a tempo*

Fl. *mf*

B♭ Cl. *mf*

Perc.

OP 3 *mf*

Vln. *p* *mf* *arco*

Vc. *mf*

wore thin I could-n't read Twain, Frost or Dick-in-son. and with my eyes los-ing sight and my skin fill'd with blight I'd trade my

77

Fl. *mp*

B♭ Cl. *mp*

Perc.

OP 3 *mp* *mf*

Vln. *mp*

Vc. *mp*

gold-en com-plex-ion for a sil-ver col-lec-tion an-y day to be old to be old have your chin fall in folds as

84

Fl.

B♭ Cl.

Perc.

OP 3

mem' - ries of love and loss fill your mind and the face that once flow - cred now sinks to a

Vln.

Vc.

91

Fl.

B♭ Cl.

Perc.

OP 3

glow - er

OP 2

but my

OP 1

that my sight and bear - ing and taste may be low but my

but the years etched a - way in my wrink - les would show

Vln.

Vc.

p

100

Fl.

B♭ Cl.

Perc.

OP 3

heart and mind and soul are a - glow.

OP 2

heart and mind and soul are a - glow.

Vln.

Vc.

mp

f

mp

mf

mp

110 *rit.* *a tempo*

Fl. *mf* *f* *mf*

B. Cl. *mf* *f* *mf*

Perc. *To woodblocks* *mf* *f* *To triangle* *mf*

OP 2 *mf*

OP 1 *mf*

Vln. *mp* *f*

Vc. *pizz* *arco* *mf* *f*

Now I'm old a - gain — I'm re - born a - gain — *mf*

Would-n't trade all I've learn'd for my

120

Fl. *mp* *mf*

B. Cl. *mp* *mf*

Perc. *To bs. & sn. drum* *mf*

OP 3 *To cymbal* *f*

OP 2 *f*

OP 1 *f*

Vln. *mf*

Vc. *mf*

sight — — — — — gave me the vis - ion — — — — — to

But the crick in my neck and the limp in my step to

and in - tu - i - tion *f*

129 *rit.* *a tempo*

Fl. *f* *mf*

B♭ Cl. *f* *mf*

Perc. **To triangle**

OP 3
live my life to its best

OP 2
live my life to its best

OP 1
live my life to its best

Vln.

Vc.

140

Fl.

B♭ Cl.

Perc.

Vln. *f*

Vc.

147

Fl.

B♭ Cl. *mp*

Perc. *mp*

Vln. *mp*

Vc. *mp*

Sc. 3 No. 10a Instrumental: Outro

Cue: Bernice!? Bernice!?

Agile ♩ = 108

Flute

Clarinet in Bb

Horn in F

Glockenspiel

Violin

Cello

6

rit.

mp *p*

Sc. 4 No. 11 Solo: Unknown Worlds 1

Cue: Let me give you an example of one of the entries here...

Lively ♩. = 70

Flute *p*

Clarinet in B♭ *p*

Glockenspiel *mp*

Percussion *p*

Piano *mp* *mp*

Alto *mp*
In the star clus - ter Plei - a - des to some the sev - en la - dies there's a

Violin *p*

7

Fl. *mp*

B♭ Cl. *mp*

Glk. *mp* *To triangle*

Pno. *mp*

A. *mp*
sys - tem named Mai - a with two stars called Tay - get - a and a

Vln. *mp*

**Play these notes in any register in fast flourishes. Let vibrate until cutoff by conductor.*

12

Fl.

B♭ Cl.

Perc.

A. *Cut: Bosen Particles*
plan - et there _____ known as Plei - o - ne nine as fine a place as an - y to learn a - bout...

Sc. 4 No. 12 Solo: Darwin's Lament

Cue: Infinitesimal fraction of His actions?

Plodding $\text{♩} = 74$

Clarinet in B \flat *mp*

Bass *mf* *mp* *mf*

Violin *mp* *mf*

Double Bass *mp* *mf*

7

B \flat Cl. *f* *f*

B *f* *mp*

Vln. *f*

D.B. *< mp* *mf*

15

B \flat Cl. *mp*

B *mf*

Vln. *mp* *mf*

D.B. *mf*

22

B \flat Cl. *mp*

B *mp*

Vln. *mp*

D.B. *mp*

God what an un-in-spir-ing God!

*Slide down string at the indicated tempo

*Slide down string at the indicated tempo

Lyrics: To think he made you and I all in the blink of an eye, what an un-com-mit-ted God! To think that se-ven days and nights could con-tain all of Cre-a-tion what an un-dis-tin-guished God! To think that in the beg-gin-ing there would be no met-a-phor or sim-i-le what an un-cre-a-tive God!

29

B♭ Cl. *mf* *f*

B *f*

Vln. *f*

D.B. *f*

That he _____ in his in-fi-nite wis-dom would let man be so de-

37

B♭ Cl. *p* *f* *mp*

B *mf* *p* *f* *mp*

Vln. *mp* *p* *f* *mp*

D.B. *p* *f*

ceived by sci-ence and lo-gic and un-de-ni-a-ble facts! What an un - a - bash - ed God! To

45

B♭ Cl. *mp* *mf* *f*

B *mf* *f*

Vln. *mf* *pizz.*

D.B. *mf* *pizz.*

think with-out thoughts of death and des - pair, to o - bey on com-mand with-out rai - sing a fin - ger, and I His Cre - a - tion _____ made in his

52

B♭ Cl. *mf* *mf*

B *mf*

Vln. *arco* *f* *mp*

D.B. *arco* *f* *mp*

im - age _____ and might, _____ would have know - ledge _____ and wis - dom and log - ic so trite. What a hope-less What a

59

B♭ Cl. *pp*

B
ruth - less what a tri - vi - al God

Vln. *p*

D.B. *p*

Sc. 4 No. 13 Instrumental: Intro

Plodding ♩ = 66

Violin *p* *mp*

Cello *p* *mp*

Double Bass *mf*

Sc. 5 No. 14 Instrumental: The Valley

*Each instrument plays in their own tempo. The conductor begin by holding up a number corresponding to the appropriate section. Instruments play sparingly trying to interact with each other musically. When the conductor holds up a fist, instrumentalists should begin fading out by playing less and less. Conductor chooses any order of the sections and can repeat or not play whatever numbers they wish. Conductor chooses to use different sections throughout the scene as they deem fitting and appropriate.

1 Tempo ♩ = ?

Flute: *pp* → *mf* (triplets)

Clarinet in B♭: *mp*

Horn in F: *mp*

Glockenspiel: *mp*

Percussion: *mp*

Piano: *mp*

Violin: *mp*

Cello: *mp*

Double Bass: *mf* (pizz.)

2

Flute: *mf*

Clarinet in B♭: *pp* → *mf*

Horn in F: *pp* → *mf*

Glockenspiel: *mp*

Percussion: *mp*

Piano: *mp*

Violin: *mp*

Cello: *fp* → *mf*

Double Bass: *p* → *mf* → *p*

3

Flute: *mf* (With pitch)

Clarinet in B♭: *mf*

Horn in F: *mf*

Glockenspiel: *mf*

Percussion: *pp* → *mf*

Piano: *p* (Lightly strum strings in piano)

Violin: *p*

Cello: *p*

Double Bass: *p*

4

Fl.:

B♭ Cl.:

Hn.:

Glk.:

Perc.:

Pno.:

Vln.:

Vc.:

D.B.:

5

Fl.:

B♭ Cl.:

Hn.:

Glk.:

Perc.:

Pno.:

Vln.:

Vc.:

D.B.:

6

Fl.:

B♭ Cl.:

Hn.:

Glk.:

Perc.:

Pno.:

Vln.:

Vc.:

D.B.:

Touch at a node so harmonic sounds

stroke with a brush lightly

Lightly strum strings in piano

col legno

col legno

Sc. 5 No. 14a Instrumental: Outro

Plodding ♩ = 66

Flute *mf* *With pitch*

Horn in F *p* *Con sord.*

Percussion *pp* *stroke with a brush lightly*

Violin *p*

Cello *p*

Double Bass *mf* *p* *mp* *p*

11 *rit.*

Fl. *mf*

B. Cl. *mp*

Hn. *mp*

Perc. **To triangle**

Pno.

Storm. *mp*

Ber. *mp* *mf* *p* *mf*

Vln. *mp*

Vc. *mf*

Do you re - mem - ber yet? Do you re - mem - ber me?

15 **Ease Back** ♩ = 96

Fl. *fp* *f*

B. Cl. *mf* *mp* *p* *mf*

Hn. *mp* *p*

Perc. **To cymbal** *mp* *Scratch top with triangle stick*

Pno.

Storm. *mf* *mp* *mf* *mp*

Ber. *mf* *mp* *mf* *mp*

Vln. *mf* *mp*

Vc. *fp* *f* *mp* *mf* *mp* *pizz.* *arco*

D.B. *mp* *mf* *mp* *mf* *mp*

Yes and no, it was my first a-part-ment I didn't have much mon-ey back then.

21 *rit.* *a tempo*

Fl. *mf* *mf* *ff* *mf*

B. Cl. *mp* *f* *mf* *ff* *mp*

Hn. *mp* *f*

Glk. *mf* [To triangle]

Pno. *f* *mf*

Ber. *mf*
Is it com-ing in-to fo-cus?

Vln. *p* *f* *mf*

Vc. *p* *f*

D.B.

26 *rit.* *a tempo*

Fl. *mp*

B. Cl. *mp* *p* *mf*

Perc. [To wind chimes] [To bass drum] *p* *mf*

Pno. *mf* *f* *mf*

Storm. *f* *mf*

Ber. *mf*
Do you see me? Why am I here? I

Vln. *mp* *mf* *p* *f* *mf*

Vc. *mf* *p* *f* *fp*

D.B. *mp* *p* *f*

48 *rit.* Tense $\text{♩} = 74$

Fl. *mp*

B♭ Cl. *mp*

Hn. *mp*

Glk. *mp*

Pno. *mp*

Storm. *mp*

Vln. *mp*

Vc. *mp*

D.B. *mp*

It was so long a-go, — be-fore I en-tered the sem-i-nar-y.

54

Fl. *mf*

B♭ Cl. *mf*

Hn. *mf*

Glk. *mf* *mp*

Pno. *mf*

Storm. *mf*

Vln. *mf* *mp*

Vc. *mf* *mp*

D.B. *mf* *mp*

It was this a-part-ment this shit-ty a-part-ment where my life chang'd for-e-ver

Sc. 6 No. 16 Duet: "Peace, I grant you rest"

Restful ♩ = 68

The score is for a duet in 4/4 time, marked "Restful" with a tempo of ♩ = 68. It features the following instruments and parts:

- Flute:** Enters in the third measure with a triplet of eighth notes, marked *p*, and continues in the fourth measure, marked *mp*.
- Clarinet in B♭:** Enters in the fourth measure with a triplet of eighth notes, marked *mp*.
- Horn in F:** Enters in the fourth measure with a triplet of eighth notes, marked *mp*.
- Percussion:** Provides a steady accompaniment with a triplet of eighth notes, marked *p* in the third measure and *mp* in the fourth.
- Piano:** Features a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand, marked *p* in the third measure and *mp* in the fourth. The left hand provides a simple harmonic accompaniment.
- Stormfield:** Remains silent throughout this section.
- Bernice:** Remains silent throughout this section.
- Violin:** Plays a sustained chord, marked *p* in the third measure and *mp* in the fourth.
- Cello:** Plays a sustained chord, marked *p* in the third measure and *mp* in the fourth.
- Double Bass:** Plays a sustained chord, marked *p* in the third measure and *mp* in the fourth.

A double bar line with repeat dots indicates the end of the first system. The second system begins with a 6-measure rest for the B♭ Clarinet and Horn in F. The Stormfield part begins in the second measure of this system with a triplet of eighth notes, marked *mp*. The vocal line (Storm) enters in the second measure with the lyrics: "Peace, _____ I grant you rest from all you've said _____ and all you've done. The past _____ it brought me". The vocal line is marked *mp* in the second measure and *mf* in the fourth. The Violin and Cello parts continue with sustained chords, marked *p* and *mp* respectively. The Double Bass part continues with sustained chords, marked *mp*.

13

Fl.

B♭ Cl.

Perc. *To triangle & cymbal*

Storm. *f*
 grief but bless'd me with a life I would have ne-ver known all those years I nev-er knew I turned my life in-to some-thing good

Vln.

Vc. *mf*

D.B. *mf*

20

B♭ Cl. *mp*

Perc. *mp*

Pno. *mp*

Storm. *mf*

Ber. *mf*
 You were young and a-fraid like me too scared of
 I don't de-serve your kind-ness or your grace I don't know why I'm in this place

Vln. *mp*

Vc. *mp*

D.B. *mp*

25

Fl.

B. Cl.

Hn.

Perc.

Pno.

Storm.

Ber.

Vln.

Vc.

D.B.

mf

mp

p

To wind chimes

mf

p

mf

what you'd heard and seen. Grace, I grant you

30

Fl.

B. Cl.

Hn.

Perc.

Pno.

Storm.

Ber.

Vln.

Vc.

D.B.

mf

mp

mf

mf

mf

mf

peace in that life you led and this life you now lead Right now I still be - lieve we can for - give and be set free. May-be...

Right now I still be - lieve we can for-give and be free.

p

p

39

Fl. *p*

B. Cl. *p*

Storm. *mp* *mf*

to for-give is to be for-giv-en — to love is to be loved by God

Ber. *mf*

to help is to be helped

Vln. *p* *mp* *mf*

Vc. *mp* *mf*

D.B. *mp*

40

Pno. *mf*

Ber. *mp*

Now you must go — and do as I have done Be a guide to those you have wronged You were my... But now that you've for-give-en me we may

Vc. *mp*

D.B. *mp*

56

Fl. *p* *mf*

Bs. Cl. *p* *mf*

Hn.

Perc. *mp*

Pno. *p*

Storm. *mf*

Ber. *mp* *mf*

Vln. *p* *mf*

Vc. *p* *mf*

D.B. *p* *mf*

To triangle

Peace _____ I grant you rest _____ and to be helped and

both go in peace _____ to for-give is to be for-giv-en _____ to help is to be helped to

62

Fl. *p* *mp* *mf* *f*

Bs. Cl. *p* *mp* *mf* *f*

Hn. *f*

Pno.

Storm. *f* *mp* *mf* *f*

Ber. *f* *mp* *mf* *f*

Vln. *f* *mp* *mf* *f*

Vc. *f* *mp* *mf* *f*

D.B. *f* *p* *mf* *f*

to be loved _____ by God To for-give _____ To help love is love love is

love is to be loved by God To for-give _____ is to be for-giv-en _____ to help _____ is to be helped to love is to be loved by

68

Fl. *p* *mf* *p*

B>Cl. *p* *mf* *p*

Hn. *p* *mf* *p*

Glk. *mp*

Pno. *mp* *mf*

Storm. *mp*

Ber. *mp*

Vln. *p* *mf* *p*

Vc. *p* *mf* *p*

D.B. *p* *mf* *p*

love by God
God by God

Detailed description: This is a page of a musical score for measures 68-71. The score is arranged in a standard orchestral format with multiple staves. The instruments listed on the left are Flute (Fl.), B-flat Clarinet (B>Cl.), Horn (Hn.), Glockenspiel (Glk.), Piano (Pno.), Stormtrooper (Storm.), Bassoon (Ber.), Violin (Vln.), Viola (Vc.), and Double Bass (D.B.). The music is written in a key signature of two flats (B-flat major or D minor) and a common time signature. Dynamic markings are indicated throughout, including *p* (piano), *mf* (mezzo-forte), and *mp* (mezzo-piano). The vocal parts for Stormtrooper and Bassoon have lyrics: "love by God" and "God by God". The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, accents, and articulation marks. The page number "68" is located at the top left.

WORKS CITED

Twain, Mark. *Extract from Captain Stormfield's Visit to Heaven*. New York: Mark Twain Company, 1909.

APPENDIX A

LIBRETTO

ACT ONE

Scene 1

The Scene: Entrance to Heaven. White sheets are draped over the backdrop and the rest of the stage. A small boombox is set up on a small table to stage right while STORMFIELD lies in the center of the stage draped in white gowns.

At rise: The sound of forlorn pitches float throughout the hall. After a little time STORMFIELD rises up and looks around.

The music continues to play as STORMFIELD walks about the stage looking inquisitively at different aspects of the scene including out into the audience. After a while the piano stops and an angelic voice is heard by stage right near the boom box.

CHORUS SOPRANO

(She sings)

We praise thee, oh God, high in the heavens. Who brings us life, life everlasting.

(CHORUS sings)

We praise thee, oh God, high in the heavens. Who brings us life, life everlasting.

We praise thee, oh God, high in the heavens. Who brings us life, life everlast *(like a skipping track)*...ass...ass...ass...*(like a track skipping and eventually breaking)*...ass...ass...ass...

(STORMFIELD notices and walks over to the boombox before hearing someone entering and hiding back in the corner)

(ANGEL 1 walks briskly on stage followed closely behind by BERNICE)

ANGEL 1

(She sings)

Fuck! Shit, shit, shit!

BERNICE

(She sings)

I thought I told you to fix that yesterday?

ANGEL 1

It's not an easy repair job. It requires much time and attention.

(ANGEL 1 pulls out a screwdriver and begins trying to repair the boombox)

BERNICE

Now you've got my time and attention.

(Music plays while ANGEL 1 attempts to repair the boombox)

Can you fix it?

ANGEL 1

I'm trying.

BERNICE

Is it done yet?

ANGEL 1

I'm doing my best.

BERNICE

Just fix it.

ANGEL 1

I can't.

(Suddenly she sees STORMFIELD and speaks nervously to BERNICE)

Holy hell! You see that?

BERNICE
(She speaks)

Of course, she's standing right in front of us!

ANGEL 1
(She speaks)

I mean I –

(Pulls a scroll clumsily out of her pocket. Signals to the French Horn to start playing. Speaking in a much more stately voice.)

My child! Welcome to the glorious kingdom of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ on this day, um

(To BERNICE, whispering)

Crap, what day is it?

BERNICE

All right, that's quite enough, I think we might have to fast track this one.

(Turning to STORMFIELD)

Well dear, what's your name?

(STORMFIELD stares awkwardly at them for several seconds before opening her mouth to say something and then closing it again.)

STORMFIELD

Uh, Stormfield. Reverend Nancy Stormfield.

BERNICE

You're Nancy Stormfield? And do you know who I am?

STORMFIELD

How could I, I've just met you.

BERNICE

Of course, my apologies, well... we usually try to get people more accustomed to what their view of heaven is before you get to see, *(clears throat)* well behind the scenes so to speak. Anyway you can call me... Bernice.

STORMFIELD

So, this IS heaven, right?

BERNICE

Yes, of course. You see when someone gets to heaven we usually have a list of what will be most welcoming and pleasant to them. Unfortunately, we have been having a few technical difficulties with you...

(glaring at ANGEL 1)

but usually everyone gets to see their version of heaven when they first get here before we expose them to the real thing. *(brief pause)* Maybe if I give you an example that will help you understand better. Yesterday there was a man, his name was...

(turning to ANGEL 1)

Where's the list?

ANGEL 1

What list?

BERNICE

The clipboard. You know with the names on it?

ANGEL 1

Let me go grab it.

(ANGEL 1 runs off stage to retrieve the list)

BERNICE
(To STORMFIELD)

Anyway this man was a humble farmer from Montana who thought actual pearly gates were going to open up for him with all heaven singing. Of course we couldn't get all of heaven, but we got as many as we could together along with all the other frills like wispy clouds and little harps, we even spray-painted those gates over there if you can still see them...

(ANGEL 1 enters running, with a clipboard in her hand)

ANGEL 1

I've got it! I've got it. It was... *(Takes a deep breath)* Jeremiah Longly.

BERNICE

Yes, that's right, Longly. Thank you. Jeremiah: a conservative name for a conservative entrance.

STORMFIELD

Are there less conventional entrances than Jeremiah's?

BERNICE

Of course! Where do I even begin?

(BERNICE *signals* ANGEL 1 *to hand her the clipboard*)

We had this one person... (*Flips through the pages of the clipboard*) Ah! Here he is! Geoffrey Smith. I expected a pretty run of the mill entrance for him, but boy did I peg him wrong. I had to call in reinforcements for that one!

STORMFIELD

Why, did he also have a big fanfare?

ANGEL 1

You could say that.

BERNICE
(*She sings*)

In his mind there was a runway,

STORMFIELD

Like for an airplane?

BERNICE

A giant runway where he could be who he truly was.

STORMFIELD

An airplane pilot?

BERNICE

And when he finally strut down that strip of stage,
(*A MAN in a dress comes out from behind the sheets in the back wall and struts down the center stage, giving a sultry look to the audience before turning around and strutting back*)

for the very first time in his life, he was in heaven!

STORMFIELD
(*Slightly taken aback*)

What? That, that can't be right. A man in heaven wanted to dress as a woman?

ANGEL 1

There's a lot more of them than you think out there.

BERNICE
(She speaks)

It's true. That was quite a setup too, wasn't it?

ANGEL 1

Not as much as Amita Gupta.

BERNICE

Oh yes, Amita. Now let me remember.

(She sings)

In her mind there was a stage.

STORMFIELD

That doesn't seem too out there.

BERNICE

A stage as large as the sea.

STORMFIELD

Well that's a little more complex.

(A WOMAN in a torn jeans and a t-shirt jumps on stage with an air guitar, she jumps up and down and spreads her arms and falls into a couple of outstretched arms on stage right)

BERNICE

And as the electric guitar blared out rock n' roll, she crowd surf'd into eternity.

ANGEL 1

You should have seen the production on that one. All the lighting, audience members, fog machines... mother of all shitstorms.

BERNICE
(She speaks)

Yes almost as big a production as...

BERNICE and ANGEL 1

Clock man!

BERNICE

The clock man was truly an interesting specimen. The setup for that entrance was quite intricate.

(She sings)

A clock on this wall, a clock on that,

(A MAN with glasses walks onto stage holding a giant clock close to his chest, he gazes at it fondly several times before exiting stage left.)

a clock above, below, inside and out, and every other prepositional place you could think of. And there he sat for years on end tap, tapping his fingers along.

STORMFIELD

(She sings)

I don't know what to say. I never imagined heaven this way. Where are all the bells ringing? Where are all the angels singing? Where is my King of Kings and Lord of Lords and Savior?
(She speaks) Wait don't tell me those Catholics were right all along am I in... purgatory?

ANGEL 1

Shit lady, purgatory, are you serious?

STORMFIELD

I don't know! I didn't think it would be like this. I need to sit down.

(STORMFIELD sits down on the stool where the broken boombox used to be)

BERNICE

That's all right. It's a lot to absorb, we can take our time.

STORMFIELD

Ok. I think I would be fine if there was less, well, using the Lord's name in vain for one.

ANGEL 1

Ha, when you've been here a few billion years working my job then you can criticize me!

(Mumbling to BERNICE)

Who the fuck does she think she is, Moses or something?

BERNICE

That's enough. Why don't you just go set up the next entrance so this mishap doesn't happen again?

ANGEL 1

Ya, ya...

(ANGEL 1 exits stage right while grumbling random grievances under his breath)

BERNICE

I apologize, she gets a little testy sometimes when things don't go according to plan. She's good underneath that rough exterior and that's all that really matters here. And the cursing thing, you'll get more accustomed to it over time. Are you ready for the rest of your tutorial?

STORMFIELD

Tutorial?

BERNICE

Yup, let's just check the clipboard... Ah, here you are Reverend Nancy Stormfield.... Let's see, let's see. Well this was originally scheduled for one year from now, but since dancing to atmospheric music and corny repetitive choir songs is now completed we'll move on to your second stop: the heavenly choir.

STORMFIELD

(She stands up)

Oh, good. That's a relief. I can't wait to sing praises to my Lord and Savior every day for all eternity.

BERNICE

Ya... sure... something like that. Come on let's go check it out.

(BERNICE exits stage right with STORMFIELD following closely behind)

Scene 2

The Scene: The Heavenly Choir. The 4 members of the CHORUS are in the audience while the CHOIR DIRECTOR faces the audience. A pile of small harps lies to stage right near the front of the stage.

At Rise: In the middle of a rehearsal. The ORCHESTRA and CHORUS are warming up with music from the rest of the operetta. The cacophony of noise should sound like an ORCHESTRA and CHORUS warming up before the start of a concert. CHORUS members act as if their section of the audience is their section and attempt to get audience members to warm up and sing with them. The CHOIR DIRECTOR looks out into the audience as if he is directing everyone. BERNICE and STORMFIELD enter from stage left into the middle of this rehearsal. The CHOIR DIRECTOR taps his baton on the podium.

BERNICE

All right, everyone. Can I have your attention, please. Choir members please listen to your section leaders and sing along. Let's make sure we're opening our mouth for the vowel "Ahhhh".

CHORUS and AUDIENCE
(They sing)

Amen.

CHOIR DIRECTOR

Yes, that sounded very good. Let's try it one more time!

(Points at different members of the audience to try to get them to sing with the person nearest them. He can say whatever he wants at this point to try to get audience members to join in)

CHORUS and AUDIENCE

Amen.

(CHOIR DIRECTOR waves his hands nonsensically while a horrible cacophony of A-mens are sung back to him. He quiets the audience down as choir members slowly exit to the sides of the stage.)

CHOIR DIRECTOR

Thank you all so much. I'll see you all again the same time tomorrow.

(CHORUS and CHOIR DIRECTOR go into the audience and shake hands, thanking audience members for singing, compliments them on their lovely voices)

STORMFIELD

(She sings)

That was... well...

BERNICE

(She sings)

Terrible? Awful? A complete bastardization of music?

STORMFIELD

I always thought when I got to heaven, my voice would sound like an angel.

BERNICE

Tell me reverend how were you as a singer on earth?

STORMFIELD

I'd probably fit right in here.

BERNICE

Just because you are in heaven doesn't mean all your fantasies come true, but to be good at anything in heaven still requires much time and attention.

STORMFIELD

Except up here you have eternity to learn.

(CHOIR DIRECTOR reenters the stage at this point and walks over to where STORMFIELD and BERNICE are standing)

CHOIR DIRECTOR

Welcome, welcome. Welcome to the Heavenly choir, where voices sing as one! We praise our Lord and Savior who welcomes you this day. I'm Harley, director of God's Favorite Choir, Heavenly Choir 666.

STORMFIELD

It's a pleasure to meet you. But may I ask you something? Why can't I stop singing?

CHOIR DIRECTOR

My apologies, I forgot to turn this off.

(CHOIR DIRECTOR *goes over to the side of the stage and picks up a sheet. Marching music plays while he walks over and eventually throws a sheet over the conductor which stops the music. He speaks*)

There, is that better?

STORMFIELD
(*She speaks*)

Yes, very much so, thank you. So if you are choir 666, how many choirs are there?

CHOIR DIRECTOR
(*He sings*)

Choirs 666 through 3,510,879,211,461 (*He speaks*) are all beginner choirs for those with untrained voices.

BERNICE

You can also be a freelance mistral.

STORMFIELD

What does that mean?

BERNICE

If you grab one of those harps over there you can sit on a cloud and play and sing to your heart's content.

STORMFIELD

But I don't know how to play the harp.

CHOIR DIRECTOR

After a millennium of practice those who continue tend to be pretty successful.

STORMFIELD

How many prevail for that long?

CHOIR DIRECTOR

Not many as you can see from that pile over there.

(*Points to a pile of harps on the side of the stage*)

STORMFIELD

I don't think I could do that for so long.

BERNICE

You'll learn soon enough that time matters less up here.

CHOIR DIRECTOR

Well, it was a pleasure to meet you. But I must be off to my next rehearsal. The sun never sets on music.

STORMFIELD

It was a pleasure meeting you too.

(CHOIR DIRECTOR exits stage left)

BERNICE

We should be on our way, also.

STORMFIELD

I think I'm good with not hearing anyone sing for a while after this experience.

BERNICE

I know what you mean. And this place often causes people to start spontaneously singing when their emotions are heightened or they're around others who are singing. It can get quite annoying at times. We should probably leave before the music starts up again.

STORMFIELD

Is that right? Well this place just keeps getting stranger and stranger.

BERNICE

Oh no, I hear them starting up the rehearsal again.

(Covering her ears and signaling STORMFIELD to do the same)

Let's get out of here quickly before we have to listen to any more music.

(BERNICE and STORMFIELD exit stage right)

Scene 3

The Scene: Heavenly Departments. Several buildings sit right next to each other including the Department of Gender Reassignment, Department of Orientation Realignment, Department of Tastebud Redistribution, Department of Skin Recoloration and in the middle is DAM or the Department of Age Matriculation.

At rise: BERNICE and STORMFIELD enter from stage left.

BERNICE

Please try to keep up with me on this next part. The roads are extremely difficult to navigate without a guide.

STORMFIELD
(Looking around)

Where are we?

BERNICE

Welcome to the city of departments. Of course this is only one branch, but I'll try to point them all out as we pass. Come on now, hurry along.

(STORMFIELD and BERNICE begin walking around the stage looking at the different departments)

On our left here we have the Department of Gender Reassignment, allowing all creatures to conveniently and quickly apply for gender reassignment.

STORMFIELD

So I could get a *(whispers)* penis *(normal)* up here if I wanted?

BERNICE

Yes, anyone can get a sex change. In heaven, all that is required for any transformation is documented paperwork and upon approval the change goes into effect immediately. Coming up on our right is DOR or the Department of Orientation Realignment. Here those who wish can have their genes realigned so their sexual preferences change.

STORMFIELD

Whoa, wait you can change your sexual preference? And let's back up a little more, there's sex in heaven?

BERNICE
(Pauses a moment and laughs)

Sex in heaven? Of course there's sex in heaven. What did you think this would be a convent; that we are all a bunch of prudes? No sex in heaven... and here you get to choose when you orgasm. Needless to say our female entrants are always enthralled with this revelation.

STORMFIELD

Hm, interesting.

(STORMFIELD pauses in front of the building and stands staring at it while BERNICE keeps moving on)

BERNICE

Coming up ahead we have some rather self-explanatory departments. The Department of Tastebud Redistribution, Department of Height Reconstruction, Department of Skin Recoloration, of course the latter requires orientation in how to discriminate or how to be discriminated against depending on how dark or light you want to shade yourself. The class must be taken immediately before you begin your transformation...

(Her voice trails off and as BERNICE walks off stage right)

The side effects can sometimes be pretty severe for someone who's unprepared to...

(STORMFIELD suddenly realizes BERNICE is gone and begins running around the stage.)

STORMFIELD

Shit! *(Covers mouth and looks around)* Where did she go? Bernice? Bernice?

(OLD PERSON 1 enters and Bernice addresses him)

Excuse me sir. Do you happen to know which way Bernice went?

OLD PERSON 1

Who's Bernice?

STORMFIELD

Oh, silly me, you probably don't know what she looks like. She's about my height with brown hair wearing a cloak.

OLD PERSON 1

I haven't seen anyone like that in a very long time.

(OLD PERSON 2 & 3 enter together)

STORMFIELD

Ok, well thanks anyway. *(To OLD PERSON 2 & 3)* Excuse me, excuse me!

OLD PERSON 2

Yes.

OLD PERSON 3

What is it?

STORMFIELD

Did you happen to see someone in a cloak pass by here a few minutes ago.

(OLD PERSON 1 exits)

OLD PERSON 3

A cloak? No, I haven't seen a person in a cloak since we first got here.

OLD PERSON 2

Didn't we just see someone in a cloak walk by?

(YOUNG PERSON 1 enters and forms a line in front of DAM)

OLD PERSON 3

No, no that was a long time ago.

OLD PERSON 2

Oh that's right, it was.

(OLD PERSON 2 and 3 continue walking and exit stage right)

STORMFIELD

Well, thank you both anyway. I wonder where she went?

(STORMFIELD *moves back and forth across the stage looking for BERNICE*)

Bernice!? Bernice!?

(YOUNG PERSON 2 and 3 *enter and get in line behind YOUNG PERSON 1*)

Hello? Bernice? Where did you go?

(*Finally she bumps into a man who is standing in the line to DAM*)

YOUNG PERSON 1

Hey! No cuts! You have to wait in the DAM line like the rest of us!

STORMFIELD

Oh, sorry, I didn't mean to... (*Stares at him*)

YOUNG PERSON 1

What are you staring at?

STORMFIELD

It's just...you're the first young person I've run into in a while.

YOUNG PERSON 1

Well, why do you think we're all standing in this line?

STORMFIELD

I haven't the faintest idea why.

YOUNG PERSON 2

This is the DAM line.

STORMFIELD

I'm sorry?

YOUNG PERSON 3

The DAM line. You know Department of Age Matriculation.

STORMFIELD

What are you enrolling in?

YOUNG PERSON 1

You're a newbie here aren't you? Well let me tell you how to not make the same mistake all of us did.

(He sings)

When I first got to heaven I said to myself, "I can't wait to be beautiful and young with health." But soon you realize, to your dismay, your mind's so much duller and useless without age. So day after day and night after night, this line keeps growing no end in sight. To be old, to be old, have your mind filled with gold and foolish youthful lusts pass away. To be frail and pale, your breath a little stale, but filled with wisdom untold.

YOUNG PERSON 2

(She sings)

I went to the bar and sat drinking and waiting. I party'd through the night and gazed at my beauty, but I'd exchange all the drinking for sitting and thinking. That's the life I long for again. So meaningless and worthless my life here'd become, I came back to this line and I wait. And I wait to be old again, to be told again where I left my medication last night. But the stories I'd sell to my children would tell of a life well-lived and conveyed.

YOUNG PERSON 3

(She sings)

My first memory in life was of riding my bike when I was just seven years old. So I got up here with a bow in my hair thinking this childhood of mine would be lithe. But the novelty of it all soon wore thin; I couldn't read Twain, Frost or Dickinson. And with my eyes losing sight and my skin filled with blight, I'd trade my golden complexion for a silver collection *(points to her hair)* any day. To be old, to be old have your chin fall in folds as memories of love and loss fill your mind. And the face that once flowered now sinks to a glower...

YOUNG PERSON 1

but the years etched away in my wrinkles will show...

YOUNG PERSON 2

That my sight and hearing and taste may be low...

YOUNG PERSON 2 and 3

But my heart and my soul and my mind are aglow

YOUNG PERSON 1

(He speaks)

Hey the line's moving, let's go!

(YOUNG PERSON 3, 2 and 1 enter the DAM line one at a time and come out changed to look old again)

YOUNG PERSON 2

(She sings)

Now I'm old again; I'm reborn again...

YOUNG PERSON 1

(He sings)

Wouldn't trade all I've learned for my sight...

YOUNG PERSON 3

(She sings)

But the crick in my neck and the limp in my step...

YOUNG PERSON 1

Gave me the vision...

YOUNG PERSON 2

And intuition...

YOUNG PERSON 1, 2 and 3

To live my life to its best

(YOUNG PERSON 1, 2 and 3 gleefully dance off stage with walkers, wheelchairs, etc.)

STORMFIELD

Nice to meet you all! Hope it works out! Be careful with those stairs! Well, I guess I'll just have to find Bernice on my own then. Bernice!? Bernice!?

(STORMFIELD wanders off the stage still calling out for Bernice)

Scene 4

The Scene: Heavenly Library. An unnamed building sits in the center of the stage with bookcases on the stage with random piles of books throughout. A computer terminal sits on the stage.

At rise: CHARLES DARWIN sits on the side of the stage near a pile of books in a bean bag chair. STORMFIELD enter from stage left still wandering aimlessly and stops in front of the building. BERNICE enters from the opposite side of the stage and stands behind STORMFIELD.

STORMFIELD

My God, This building is humongous! It's, it's... incredible!

BERNICE

Yes, quite. I believe the tree of knowledge of good and evil is what you humans call it, but it is better known as the heavenly library.

STORMFIELD

(Without recognizing it is BERNICE because she is in new clothes with a new hair style)

Yes quite magnificent. It would rival anything on Earth 1,000 times over.

BERNICE

Do you not know me?

STORMFIELD

(She looks closely)

Bernice? You've changed.

BERNICE

Oh, I'm sorry, I forgot to mention my appearance will shift over the course of our journey.

STORMFIELD

Why is that?

BERNICE

Well, as your eyes begin to adjust to this heavenly realm, I will also appear different to your eyes. But don't worry about that now; would you like to take a look around?

STORMFIELD

Of course! I assume this is some kind of library? How is it all organized?

BERNICE

That's correct. It's organized mostly regionally.

STORMFIELD

What do you mean regionally? Like books from Branson, Missouri versus Manhattan?

BERNICE

Ha, no, no. I mean regionally by, well let me show you at this terminal over here. What's your home galaxy?

STORMFIELD

The Milky Way.

BERNICE

All right, here we are, the Milky Way. Let me give you an example of one of entries here:

(She sings)

In the star cluster Pleiades, to some the seven ladies there's a system named Maia with two stars called Taygeta *(She speaks)* 1a and 1b *(She sings)* and a planet there known as Pleione 9 as fine a place as any to learn about... *(She speaks)* Boson particles. Oh, and fun fact the #1 selling book on the planet is: Measuring the Effects of Mass Spectrometry on the Atomic Structure of Yttrium. Huh, didn't know that.

STORMFIELD

Wait, are you telling me there are aliens. And they publish books!?

BERNICE

Of course, you didn't think the entire universe was just for you, did you? *(She laughs)* Oh wait, you did? Well, maybe this next one will put things into perspective. *(She sings)* In the galaxy of Bo, there's a system known as Kloeau, with a little brown dwarf called Saa, and here the air consists of fallusium and primogen and zeronium and... *(She speaks)* I'm sorry, sometimes I get caught up with reading the entries.

STORMFIELD

I've never even heard of that galaxy before.

BERNICE

Would you like to know what the #1 book from that planet is?

STORMFIELD

Sure, why not.

BERNICE

The book is called *The Splendor of Worlds Unknown* by Rjjamfk Bloorg. I've read parts of it myself, quite an intriguing read balancing an exquisite metaphor of interspecies commonalities against their paradigm of time.

STORMFIELD

How about Earth?

BERNICE

What?

STORMFIELD

Earth, my home planet?

BERNICE

(She types something into the search and looks back confounded)

Yes you mentioned that earlier, but it's not coming up in the search. What system?

STORMFIELD

The solar system?

BERNICE

Nope. You said you were from the Milky Way galaxy, right?

STORMFIELD

Yes, that's correct.

BERNICE

Well, let's start there... Let's see, let's see... Wow there are a lot of planets, let me narrow the search to planets in habitable systems. Ok, I have a Spyerta, Challik, Dormmiar, Jupiter, Kuuluu...?

STORMFIELD

Yes! Jupiter, that's from my solar system.

BERNICE

Hm, that's classified as a micro planet. Now let's see there's another micro-mini planet in here called The Wart?

STORMFIELD

The Wart?

BERNICE

Yes, it looks like in the comments it says sometimes referred to as Earth, as many other planets are. Oh, and here's your #1 best-selling book...

STORMFIELD

The Bible?

BERNICE

Well, for a time but currently it is an ancient love story called... Fifty Shades of Grey.

STORMFIELD

Really?

BERNICE

Yes, that's correct. I've never read it before. How is it?

STORMFIELD

Well I'm sure we have other great books up here like John Steinbeck or Nathaniel Hawthorne.

BERNICE

I've never heard of them, but this place is quite expansive and growing continuously. Over 562 billion rooms with 965 quadrillion volumes and counting.

STORMFIELD

Wow, and what's that room over there?

BERNICE

Oh that. That is the meditation chamber.

STORMFIELD

So like a reading room in a library?

BERNICE

It's much more than that. On most worlds people try to cram all their learning into tidy little four, six or twenty year degrees and expect those among them who are educated to be filled with wisdom and knowledge, but even the contents of one good book takes centuries to comprehend. That's why the wisest in heaven often spend a millennium meditating on a single copy.

STORMFIELD

All this knowledge up here makes me feel like I don't know anything...

BERNICE

Any individual knows very little of the universe and since the library is expanding infinitely with all the knowledge from the past and present; it is impossible to ever have infinite knowledge.

STORMFIELD

Wait... is that... No, it can't be. I've only seen a picture of him once. My eyes must be deceiving me, but is that Charles Darwin over there?

(STORMFIELD quickly moves to the other side of the stage where CHARLES DARWIN is sitting.)

BERNICE

Wait!

STORMFIELD

(Clears throat)

Excuse me. Um, excuse me, Mr. Darwin?

CHARLES DARWIN

(Looks up after a moment of finishing something in the book he's reading)

Ah, I can tell from that look you're an earthling. Surprised to see me? You wouldn't be the first.

BERNICE

I'm sorry Mr. Darwin, sir. We're on our tutorial and she's a little bit excited you know with everything up here.

CHARLES DARWIN

It's not a problem really. I remember my first time as many of us do. What is your name, mam?

STORMFIELD

Reverend Stormfield, but how... what...

CHARLES DARWIN

What am I doing here?

STORMFIELD

Well, not to be rude, but as the antagonist to my religion for so long, yes.

CHARLES DARWIN

I was never the enemy to Christianity, I was just spreading the truth.

STORMFIELD

The truth? You mean evolution? No, that can't be right. It isn't true. *(She turns towards BERNICE)* Right?

BERNICE

(She shrugs)

It's not as big of a deal as you Wartlings make of it.

CHARLES DARWIN

Tell me Revered Stormfield, have you ever seen a beautiful painting?

STORMFIELD

Uh, yes.

CHARLES DARWIN

What's your favorite one.

STORMFIELD

I guess I like the water lilies by Monet.

CHARLES DARWIN

Well, tell me would it be more meaningful to you if Monet had painted that beautiful work in one stroke or had painted one stroke each day for a million years?

STORMFIELD

I don't know, I guess the first one feels almost too easy and the second more methodical and purposeful.

CHARLES DARWIN

Exactly. And don't you think God would have the same such purpose for all his creation? Don't you think he has more knowledge than you or I? You think that one book like the Bible could contain an infinitesimal fraction of his actions?

(He sings)

To think he made you and I all in the blink of an eye, what an uncommitted God. To think that seven days and nights could contain all of creation what an undistinguished God. To think that in the beginning there would be no metaphor or simile, what an uncreative God. That he in his infinite wisdom would let man be so deceived by science and logic and undeniable facts, what an unabashed God. To think without thoughts of doubt or despair, to obey on command without raising a finger. And I, his creation, made in his image and might would have knowledge and wisdom and logic so trite. What a hopeless, what a ruthless, what a trivial God.

(BERNICE motions to STORMFIELD and they exit stage right)

Scene 5

The Scene: The Valley. The stage is empty while the audience serves as the set pieces of the valley.

At rise: STORMFIELD and BERNICE enter stage left.

STORMFIELD

Where are we now? This place doesn't look like it belongs in heaven. Is it purgatory?

BERNICE

Didn't we already cover that? No this is a very important place, maybe one of the most important in all of heaven.

STORMFIELD

Well, what is it?

BERNICE

It has been called many things. King David once called it the Valley of the Shadow of Death, but his rendering in poetic hyperbole and over-exuberant metaphors turned his dream into something it was not.

STORMFIELD

So King David once saw this place?

BERNICE

Yes, he was given sight of this location in his vision, but David was prone to idealizing and romanticizing the world around him, as many humans are. But if you really want to know what to call this place take a close look at the shadows out there.

(She points out into AUDIENCE)

STORMFIELD

(She stares out into AUDIENCE closely then jumps back surprised)

My God! It almost looks like, like they have faces.

BERNICE

Some can see faces, others hands or legs, it's what we call an imprint. Did you believe in hell growing up?

STORMFIELD

Yes, the burning lake. A place of everlasting torment

BERNICE

Human beings and their imagination! It gets me every time. Anyway, would you be surprised if I told you there is no hell?

STORMFIELD

I think I've lost every notion of knowing anything today.

BERNICE

That's good. You're accepting the inevitability of the unknown, which is one of the most important steps to understanding heaven.

STORMFIELD

(She looks back out into the AUDIENCE)

But what are those things out there. Ghosts, spirits, demons?

BERNICE

Oh, nothing quite so sinister. They are what we call unimprinted souls.

STORMFIELD

Well, that sounds morbid.

BERNICE

Depends on how you look at it. A person who lives their life without ever looking down becomes like that. They become the ones who are looked down on. In essence a soul is an entity separate from the body. When someone dies, if they have never connected or sought out their soul then their human essence is not infused into it. Since the soul is the only thing that can survive beyond death if someone forsakes it in life, then it becomes an unattached entity in death, floating through the valley of shadows. If one does not imprint on their soul it cannot exist beyond death, because it contains none of their personality or qualities.

STORMFIELD

So the soul is like a tapestry of skin that slowly gets tattooed over time with the memories of our life.

BERNICE

Yes, I'm impressed. That's a very suitable metaphor. Although some of the souls do have a face or an arm as you said, they cannot quite manifest themselves into the human form they once held, because they are only fragments. They come here to the valley to rest.

STORMFIELD

Rest? Why do they need rest?

BERNICE

It's like this. Can you imagine only being able to use one of your five human senses? If you only had your sense of smell, you could smell everything potently and such exposure would eventually overwhelm you.

STORMFIELD

But what about the souls that are unused or ones that have not manifested any form?

BERNICE

Yes, yes a good question. You see, the soul is a tabula rasa just like some of the souls you see here. And like a discarded plastic bag, if they go unused they are sent back here for lack of a better term: recycling.

STORMFIELD

You mean like reincarnation?

BERNICE

For individuals such as Stalin, Hitler, Donald Trump, it's easy; we just send those unimprinted souls back to your home planet for a new body and a chance at a tangible existence in Heaven. The rest are partial souls left to wander Heaven, able to touch or see or taste or hear bits of Heaven but never experience the full thing.

STORMFIELD

So what you're saying must be contradictory to everything I've ever learned. Heaven is based on good works. And those who only do some good works don't get into Heaven.

BERNICE

It's really not that simple. No one really knows the formula for manifestation in Heaven, God is the one who judges and decides. It is the great mystery that permeates all of Heaven. Scholars, mathematicians and educated people up here have spent centuries trying to figure out the exact formula by analyzing people in Heaven, but it continues to elude us. Up here it is known as the Unknown Proof.

STORMFIELD

The Unknown Proof. I like it. So, is this the final place you are supposed to take me?

BERNICE

Almost, Come with me, we have one last place to see.

(STORMFIELD and BERNICE exit stage right.)

Scene 6

The Scene: The Apartment/Throne Room. A simple set up of a couch a table and chairs and a home-like ambiance. A few boxes off to the side of the room partially opened as if someone has moved in relatively recently.

At rise: STORMFIELD and BERNICE enter stage left. STORMFIELD looks around questionably.

STORMFIELD

(She sings)

What is this place? It looks like somewhere I used to know.

BERNICE

(She sings)

Do you remember yet? Do you remember me?

STORMFIELD

Yes and no. It was my first apartment. I didn't have much money back then.

BERNICE

Is it coming into focus? Do you see me?

STORMFIELD

Why am I here? I thought this place was to be filled with happiness and joy.

BERNICE

Just wait a moment and then you'll see. Tell me, tell me what happened here?

STORMFIELD

It was so long ago. Before I entered the seminary. (*She speaks*) It was in this apartment, this shitty apartment where my life changed forever.

BERNICE
(*She speaks*)

What happened?

STORMFIELD

Can we go somewhere else? I don't want to be here. Why are you doing this to me?

BERNICE

You're almost there. Come on now, you can finish your story.

STORMFIELD

Like I said, it was right after I got into the seminary. Just one ordinary night, like so many other ones before. I was walking up the stairs, heading to my landing. Do you know how horrible the lighting was in those hallways? The light outside my door used to flicker on and off all night long. About a month after I started living there it was driving me so crazy I grabbed the light bulb and went downstairs to exchange it with the entrance light, so that maybe the maintenance guy would see it and finally switch it out. I remember feeling my hand burn as I desperately twisted while covering my hand with the sleeves of my jacket. As I was finally getting it loose I tried to grab it with my other free hand, but the bulb was so hot it slipped from my hand and shattered on the ground. I guess I'd forgotten that it wasn't a flickering light and was being heated by its own light the whole time. Anyway, I screwed my crappy light bulb in and walked back up to my now dark apartment door, which I thought would be better. It took them months to clean up that shattered glass you know. And I think it was probably a tenant who got so tired of the hazard that they finally came out and swept it up.

BERNICE

It was there about two months.

STORMFIELD

What?

BERNICE

It was there about two months. I called the super about twenty times to come and sweep it up.

STORMFIELD

Wait, you lived in my complex?

BERNICE

Yes, and it was such a long time ago.

STORMFIELD

I've tried for so long to forget that horrible apartment building... to forget that night. You know I blamed myself for so long, because it was dark out, I was out alone, I forgot to ask for another bulb outside the front door. But what could I do when he held a knife to my throat or when he told me to not scream or he'd cut me open or when he told me to lie down on the bed and not make a sound. What was I supposed to do? What could I have done?

BERNICE

Nothing...but...I could have...I could have done something.

STORMFIELD

What do you mean?

BERNICE

I saw it all happen.

STORMFIELD

How is that possible?

BERNICE

I lived across from you. In 22B. That night I was getting ready for a night out with my friends. As I was leaving I saw him pulling you into your apartment.

STORMFIELD

The police said there were no eyewitnesses; I never saw you. No one reported anything that night.

BERNICE

I was leaving my apartment when I saw it all happen, but I froze. I couldn't move. I couldn't speak. He looked at me with a stare that terrified my soul. I ran inside and hid behind my door. I...I failed you. I know I did. But I couldn't bring myself to report it, because I knew I left you there all alone. I was ashamed.

STORMFIELD

Ashamed? They never caught him! He could have done it to someone else!

BERNICE

I know. I was such a coward! I let you down. I just... couldn't. I'm so sorry.

STORMFIELD

You've been taking me on a tutorial all this time just to bring this up here at the end? What purpose could this possibly serve?

BERNICE

I have to. We all have to. I don't know what I could ever say to make this ok?

(STORMFIELD sits down and begins weeping as BERNICE stands far away afraid to approach her.)

STORMFIELD

Except you can't say anything to make it ok. It will always be a part of who I was and who I became. It will always be a black hole of fear and dread I slip into sometimes and cannot get out of. And when I finally am able to sit down and breathe for a moment I realize that it's not anger I feel for you, but sadness. Sadness that you felt what I was feeling that night and were also too afraid to act, and after the fact too ashamed to talk to the police or contact me; sadness that the something like that had to happen to anyone; sadness that anyone could be so cruel to take that feeling of safety away from both of us. I can't change any of that, but I can release you from your burden.

(She sings)

Peace, I grant you rest, from all you've said and all you've done. The past, it brought me grief, but blessed me with a life I would have never known. All those years I never knew, were years I turned my life into something good.

BERNICE

(She sings)

I don't deserve your kindness or your grace. I don't know why I'm in this place.

STORMFIELD

You were young and afraid, too scared of what you'd heard and seen. Grace, I grant you peace in that life you led and this life you now lead. Right now, I still believe, we can go on and be let free. *(She speaks)* Maybe there's no unknown proof after all. Perhaps all we need is to forgive and turn the other cheek.

BERNICE
(She speaks)

Maybe you're right. *(She sings)* To forgive is to be forgiven...

STORMFIELD

To help is to be helped...

BERNICE

To love is to be loved...

STORMFIELD and BERNICE

By God.

BERNICE

Now you must go and do as I have done; be a guide to those you have wronged. You were my last one, my most shameful secret of all. But now that you've forgiven me we may both go in peace.

(They stare at each other for a moment before slowly walking away backwards still looking at each other towards opposite sides of the stage)

STORMFIELD

To forgive is to be forgiven... To help is to be helped... To love is to be loved...

BERNICE
(She sings)

To forgive, To help, To love

STORMFIELD and BERNICE

By God.

(BERNICE and STORMFIELD exit stage left together at the same time)