

VILLE DU HAVRE

By
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VILLE DU HAVRE

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Ville du Havre Characters

HORATIO SPAFFORD - Forties, well to do businessman and father
ANNA SPAFFORD - Horatio's wife
PHILIP BLISS - 1870s Music Composer, Obsessed with his music
LUCY BLISS - Philip's wife
TANETTA SPAFFORD – Oldest Spafford daughter
ELIZABETH “BESSIE” SPAFFORD – Middle Spafford daughter
MARGARET SPAFFORD – Youngest Spafford daughter
JUNIOR SPAFFORD - Son of Horatio and Anna Spafford
REVEREND DWIGHT MOODY - Evangelist, Friend of Philip and Horatio
JACK HARWELL - Attorney, friend of Horatio
HARVEY WILCOX - Civil war veteran, drunk
MARY CLEMENTS - Sister of Lucy Bliss
SECRETARY/TOWNSPERSON
POLICE OFFICER/TOWNSPERSON
CAPTAIN/TOWNSPERSON

Author's Note: I would like to thank Keith Guthrie, Michael Donaldson, and Abi Huff for their listening ears, bright ideas, and steadfast encouragement throughout the writing process.

I would also like to thank everyone that has had a hand in bringing this story to life, especially the cast and crew of the original production. Your talent and dedication exceeded my wildest dreams.

Finally, I would like to dedicate this play to Coach Kyle Kilman. Just like Horatio Spafford, your faith in times of adversity has inspired countless lives. Thank you for showing us the true meaning of, “It is well”.

-Amanda

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Ville du Havre was produced by Teague High School Theatre in Teague, TX and opened on March 21, 2015. It was directed by the playwright with lights being run by Savannah Gideon and sound being run by Westin Hankins. Olivia Guerrero, Blake Fisk, and Samuel Palacios also served on the technical crew. The opening night cast was as follows:

PHILIP BLISS.....	Mick Morgan
LUCY BLISS.....	Hannah Anderson
HORATIO SPAFFORD.....	Jason Smith
ANNA SPAFFORD.....	Erica Walker
TANETTA SPAFFORD.....	Lane Morgan
BESSIE SPAFFORD.....	Chloe Sifford
MARGARET SPAFFORD.....	Ashlyn Hayworth
JUNIOR SPAFFORD.....	Ben Whitaker
DWIGHT L.MOODY.....	Wesley Cockerham
JACK HARWELL.....	Jacob Smith
HARVEY WILCOX.....	Josh Folsom
MARY CLEMENTS.....	Angie Wheeland
SECRETARY/TOWNSPERSON.....	Rebekah Havens
CAPTAIN/TOWNSPERSON.....	Joseph Morgan
TOWNSPERSON.....	Jakari Levels

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SCENE ONE

Lights up on PHILIP, sitting at a piano, trying to find the melody to accompany the lyrics. He may play the first few notes to the hymn, "It is Well", but he cannot find the rest of the notes. LUCY is also on-stage on the ground. She is in pain from suffering a miscarriage and calling for Philip, whom ignores her for his music.

PHILIP. *Why can't I find the melody?! (Lucy is in pain and becomes more and more upset that Philip is ignoring her. She exits the stage. Philip arises from the piano as the melody comes to him. As he writes, the other characters from the story appear as tableaux. As he writes the notes in his music book, the other characters sing them aloud. First, he makes his way to where HORATIO, ANNA, TANETTA, BESSIE, MARGARET, and JUNIOR are positioned in a tableau.)*

SPAFFORDS. *(Singing). When peace like a river... (Philip lifts his pen to think. When the next portion of the song comes to him, he begins to write again.)*

SPAFFORDS. *(Singing.) Attendeth my way... (Philip again stops writing and makes his way to another portion of the stage where DWIGHT, SECRETARY, JACK, HARVEY, CAPTAIN and TOWNSPERSON are positioned in a tableau. When the next portion of the song comes to him, he begins to write again.)*

OTHERS. *(Singing.) When sorrows like sea billows roll... (Philip is pleased with the melody so far. As he writes the last portion of the song, all of the characters sing at once.)*

ALL. *(Singing.) Whatever my lot, Thou has taught me to say...*

LUCY. *(From off-stage. In great pain.) PHILIP! (Lucy's scream interrupts Philip's vision. He drops his books in a panic.)*

PHILIP. *Lucy! (The characters in the tableaux exit the stage. Lucy walks in, slowly, hesitantly. Upon, seeing that Lucy is fine, Philip immediately turns his thoughts back to the melody.)*

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PHILIP. There you are, Lou. Did you hear me? I think I've finally got...

LUCY. (*Sadly, unable to look at him.*) That's great, Philip.

PHILIP. It took a while, but I think I finally found a melody that will make the Spaffords proud.

LUCY. It took a while indeed. It's been about three months since we've even had a real conversation. Look at you; you're a mess. (*Philip looks down at his messy attire. His hair is ruffled. He is completely disheveled. Lucy fixes his collar for him.*)

PHILIP. (*Laughs, as if the thought is absurd.*) Three months? No.

LUCY. It's October, Phil. Three months of composing, of ignoring me.

PHILIP. October? So it has. But...this (*Philip holds up the poem*) was that poem we loved so much when Reverend Moody brought it to me. Remember the Spaffords' story? Those words deserved the perfect notes. And I found them. It took a while, but I found them. (*Philip closes his eyes as if he is still composing music in his head.*)

LUCY. It always takes a while. Look, we need to talk.

PHILIP. Sure, but first just listen to...

LUCY. (*Lucy is fed up.*) No, Philip. I'm through listening. I'm through with all of this. (*LUCY looks around and gestures at the disheveled state of the room.*) You've made your choice.

PHILIP. I haven't made a choice. I didn't even know there was a choice to be made. Given the option between you and music, I would choose...

LUCY. Music.

PHILIP. No. You.

LUCY. Actions speak much louder than words. I needed you (*Lucy gets choked up*). I needed you more than ever (*she grabs her stomach*)...and you chose that piano, right there.

PHILIP. (*Philip is visibly upset that Lucy is hurt.*) Lucy, you know this time was different. You know once I start writing it's hard to stop.

LUCY. Exactly. These projects...they suck you in. They consume you. Day and night you compose. It's like you're a mad man until you finish the melody, then

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you come back to me for a moment...and then you're on to your next one. I know that this one was special, and these words (*Lucy picks up the lyrics*) do deserve the perfect notes. You're right. They do. Reverend Moody entrusted you, of all people, with this beautiful poem, but they *all* consume you. Every time you write, I feel like a widow. Phil, I...(*Lucy's sister, Mary, walks in on the conversation holding a suitcase. She is all business.*)

MARY. (*Bluntly.*) She's leaving you, Philip, hopefully forever. We've packed her things. Say your goodbye and we'll be on our way. (*It is evident that Philip does not like Mary. He is angry that she has shown up.*)

PHILIP. (*Annoyed.*) Why is your sister here, Lucy?

MARY. You heard me. She's had enough.

PHILIP. She can speak for herself, Mary.

MARY. Yes, she can, but I say it much better.

PHILIP. Doubtful. What are you saying? You're coming here to take my wife away? (*Philip looks at Lucy, utterly confused.*) Did you even ask her to come, Lou? What is all of this?

MARY. Of course she asked me to come, you nincompoop. She's done with you and she doesn't have to explain herself. (*Mary is affectionate towards Lucy, but cold towards Philip. Philip has grown very angry.*)

PHILIP. Actually, she does. She is my wife. We made a vow to one another. (*Mary and Philip go toe to toe.*)

MARY. A vow that you broke a long time ago. In sickness and in health, remember?

LUCY. Are you really so surprised, Phil? You should know, at least have some clue, that your wife has grown so far apart from you that she had to call her sister... (*Mary and Philip are so busy staring each other down that they both ignore Lucy.*)

PHILIP. (*To Mary.*) I will not allow you to come into my house and speak to me in that tone.

MARY. You won't? Well I guess we'll be on our way then. (*She reaches for Lucy's hand.*)

LUCY. Mary! I would like a moment with Phil.

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PHILIP. Lucy, a moment? No...let's talk about this (*Philip looks at Mary, then back at Lucy*) alone. Let's take the afternoon. I, I didn't realize that anything was wrong.

MARY. That's because you always have your head up your...

LUCY. Please wait outside, Mary! Philip, I'm sorry, but it's too late. You're so busy worrying about yourself and your music that you've neglected our marriage at a time when I needed you the most. You can give me the afternoon today because the song is complete, but it never lasts long. I'm so sorry. I must go.

PHILIP. Lou...is this about. I mean, because we can't...(*Philip crosses to Lucy and touches her stomach. She harshly removes his hand in disgust. Lucy becomes tearful and can't muster any words. She takes off her wedding ring and hands it to Philip, then exits in tears.*)

PHILIP. Lucy, wait! Please don't go. We can work this out. Please! (*Philip goes after her, but is stopped by Mary standing in the doorway.*)

MARY. Let her go. You've already hurt her enough. Let's not make this worse than it already is. We all know that you'll go after her, only to disappoint her. Again. Your first and only love is there. (*She points to his piano. Philip desperately tries to get past Mary, and then in a comedic moment, Philip realizes that Mary is much stronger than him.*)

PHILIP. You're stronger than you look.

MARY. Yes, I am, and you're just as weak as you look. She's been through enough, and I WILL protect her. Remember that. (*She turns and leaves, he considers going after Lucy, then returns to the piano, sits at the bench, and begins to play.*)

PHILIP. (*Singing and playing.*) When peace like a river attendeth my way, when sorrows (*when Philip gets to the word "sorrows", he breaks*) like sea billows roll...(*He stops abruptly and breaks down into tears, pounding brashly on the keys, throwing sheet music.*) What have I done?!

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SCENE TWO

Transition to the Spafford home. Anna, Tanetta, Margaret, Bessie, and Junior are playing in the main room when Horatio walks in. As he enters, the children run to greet him.

HORATIO. Ah, my Tanetta! Well hello, dear Bessie! Margaret, Junior, get over here, you rascals. Such a warm welcome from you all, but what I really desire is a kiss from the lady of the house.

ANNA. Oh, I'm sorry. The lady of the house cannot walk a step further. Looking after five children has exhausted her so. *(Anna collapses onto the couch. Horatio walks to Anna to kiss her, but is covered in children (they are holding his hands, wrapped around his legs, etc. He makes it to her and kisses her on the forehead.)*

HORATIO. *(Sarcastically)* I don't know why you would be exhausted, dear.

ANNA. Well, I've enjoyed my rest; I'm off to finish the dinner preparations. How does beef wellington sound?

HORATIO. That sounds wonderful. *(Anna exits. He rises.)* And for dessert *(He whips stick candy from his pocket and shows the children.)* Stick candy!

MARGARET. Oh, poppa, really?

HORATIO. Of course! As I walked past the general store, the colorful jars caught my eye, and I just knew that my children HAD to have some.

BESSIE. You were right!

JUNIOR. Thank you!

TANETTA. *(Concerned.)* Poppa, can I ask you a question?

HORATIO. Cherry or butterscotch. You can choose your flavor first.

TANETTA. Thank you! I'll have cherry. But that's not what I wanted to ask you. I have this friend at my school. Well, the other day I asked her about her favorite flavor of stick candy, and she told me that she's never had any. She said that her poppa couldn't afford to buy things like that. Why are we so lucky that we get to enjoy treats, but she doesn't?

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HORATIO. Come here, dear. And I want all of you to listen to this. It is true that we are able to enjoy stick candy from time to time and we have plenty of food to eat, and a roof above our heads, but it has nothing to do with luck. We are not lucky. We are blessed. God has provided for our needs, and He has done so abundantly.

TANETTA. But, poppa, what about the ones who don't have those things? Does He not take care of their needs?

HORATIO. *(Horatio is visibly perplexed about how to answer this question.)* You know, the funny thing about life is that there are going to be good times and there are going to be bad times. What's most important is to remember to trust that God is in control in the good times AND in the bad times. Do you understand what I'm trying to say?

BESSIE. You mean, we should be happy when we get stick candy, but we should also be happy even if we don't?

HORATIO. *(Chuckles)* Exactly.

TANETTA. Poppa, I know you bought this for us, but if you don't mind, I think I will save mine to give to my friend. Is that ok with you?

HORATIO. Oh, Tanetta. Of course it is. You make me so proud. *(Horatio hugs Tanetta.)*

SCENE THREE

Transition to Philip. He is now the narrator and addresses the audience. He has been looking onto the Spaffords.

PHILIP. *(He gestures towards the Spaffords.)* I always wanted a large family. When we were first married, Lucy and I joked that we would have enough children to have our own band. The Bliss family band we would call it. *(Philip's disposition changes.)* Four miscarriages later and we would be ecstatic with a solo act. Lou wants to be a mother so bad. In her heart she was born to bear children;

but her body disagrees. I feel like I've let her down. The doctors don't have a reason for why, but she blames herself, and now I suppose she blames me as well...

SCENE FOUR

Transition to the Spafford home. Junior is resting in bed with a high fever. Horatio and Anna are present, worried. They cover their mouths with handkerchiefs since the illness is contagious. Junior intermittently coughs throughout the scene.

JUNIOR. It hurts to cough, Mother

ANNA. I know, son. Just rest your head. Mother's right here if you need anything. *(She crosses to Horatio. Quietly).* He's burning up. The fever should have broken by now. Should we have the doctor return?

HORATIO. There is not much else we can do at this point but wait and hope for the best. We can only make him comfortable and pray. The doc said he would return first thing in the morning.

ANNA. I haven't stopped praying since the doctor told us it was scarlet fever. I believe that Junior will be healed, I just don't like seeing him this way. *(Tanetta, Bessie, and Margaret enter, covering their mouths with handkerchiefs. As soon as Horatio sees them enter, he crosses to them to keep them away from Junior for fear they will catch the illness.)*

HORATIO. I know, dear.

TANETTA. Is Junior going to be okay, momma?

ANNA. I hope so, darling. He is in God's hands. You all get ready for bed. Take your sisters and say a prayer that his fever breaks very soon. Can you do that?

TANETTA. Yes, momma.

JUNIOR. Tanny, wait.

TANETTA. Yes, brother?

JUNIOR. Can you please pray that it stops hurting too?

TANETTA. Of course.

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BESSIE. I'm sorry that you don't feel good.

MARGARET. Feel better, okay? *(The girls exit together. Horatio hugs Anna and kisses her forehead.)*

HORATIO. I have some work to do. I'll stay up with Junior; you get some rest.

ANNA. Oh, I'll be fine. I want to stay by his side until he is well.

JUNIOR. Mother? *(She crosses to him.)*

ANNA. Yes, son?

JUNIOR. I love you very much.

ANNA. I love you too. You just rest your head. *(Anna wets a wash cloth and brings it over to switch out with the one on Junior's head. Junior has a coughing fit and then it stops. Anna notices that Junior is unresponsive when she places the washcloth on his head.)*

ANNA. Horatio. *(Panicked.)* Horatio! He's not breathing. *(She listens for breathing, grabs his wrist, etc.)* No! No! Junior! Wake up! Oh no, please, please! *(While Anna is screaming, the girls run back in, horrified, and Horatio runs to Junior and picks him up, trying to wake him.)*

HORATIO. Tanetta! Run next door and have them call for the doctor immediately. *(Tanetta exits.)*

ANNA. Junior! Junior, can you hear me? Wake up, son! Wake up!

MARGARET. What's wrong, mamma? Is Junior okay? *(Bessie grabs Margaret to quiet her and they exit.)*

HORATIO. Father, please! Please...please...don't let it be. Please...not my boy. *(While Horatio and Anna are holding Junior, Dwight enters and touches Horatio on the shoulder, letting him know that it is over. Junior has passed. He walks forward to deliver the following to the audience, as if they are his congregation. While Dwight delivers the news, a funeral takes place on-stage for Junior.)*

DWIGHT. Dear church family, it is with a heavy heart that I inform you that last night Horatio Spafford Junior passed away in his home from complications related to Scarlet Fever. The good Lord giveth, and the good Lord taketh away, but our hearts still break for this dear family. We may not understand His reasoning, but it is not our job to question these sorts of things. We find peace in knowing that

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Junior is with his creator now. Let us not grow weary in being good stewards to the Spafford family in their time of grief.

SCENE FIVE

Transition to Philip. He narrates. As he speaks, he looks on at the funeral that is ending. Horatio remains near the casket, praying or saying his final goodbye.

PHILIP. *(To audience)* I've been working on this melody for three months now *(In disbelief.)* Three months. The toughest I've ever composed. Something about those words is haunting, especially considering the events that precipitated them. *(He gestures towards the funeral.)* I was in awe of Horatio's story; his hope in the midst of tragedy. His perpetual hope. When Reverend Moody approached me with the poem, the words resonated with me, and I obsessed over finding the perfect melody. The words were beautiful and peaceful and I wanted to compose a melody that was the same. I thought, "If I am to go down in history as a hymnist, this would be my chance!" Never have I been more inspired. The reverend told me that Horatio Spafford was a man of great faith, but seeing the words, written by his own hand, inspired me to believe that regardless of my circumstances, I could find peace. If he could do it *(He gestures towards Horatio again)*, anyone could. But now...now that I'm facing my own tragedy. Now that my Lucy, my one true love, has decided to walk away....I don't know. The lyrics *(He pulls the lyrics from his pocket.)* have taken on a new form. The peace is not present. It is not well. *(Philip rips up the lyrics and lashes out in anger. As he is lashing out, a fire begins on-stage behind him. Horatio stumbles out and grabs two buckets from the set.)*

HORATIO. Fire! Fire! We need more men out here! Here! Take this! *(Horatio hands a bucket to Philip. Philip and Horatio simultaneously throw water from their buckets onto the fire.)* We need more men! *(The other characters rush on-stage, as bells ring. There is general chaos and panic to emulate a fire taking place. The chaos of the scene builds. The fire spreads rampantly, then suddenly the fire is out;*

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the town is gone. Everyone has exited the stage. Only Horatio remains. He stands in disbelief. Anna brings him his hat and exits.)

SCENE SIX

Horatio enters Jack's office.

HORATIO. *(Somberly)* Morning, Mr. Harwell. *(They shake hands.)* Thanks for looking into things for me.

JACK. Good morning, Mr. Spafford. It's nice to see you. How are you holding up?

HORATIO. I'm still in shock. I can't believe it. I invested everything I had into real estate, right out there, and now it's gone. Just like that.

JACK. I know it's difficult to swallow. How is Anna?

HORATIO. Not well. She was starting to be more and more herself since we lost Junior, but there's no doubt that she's taking it pretty hard. We've grown accustomed to a certain lifestyle, and now it's literally gone up in smoke. Have you looked over the numbers yet? Any idea what we're looking at in terms of my personal finances?

JACK. You're a good lawyer, Mr. Spafford. You'll be fine, but I'm afraid you're going to have to start over. From the ground up, as it were. *(Horatio is devastated.)*

HORATIO. How can I tell her? She's suffered so much already.

JACK. This is a worldly loss; a loss of comforts, really. There are many in much worse circumstances than you. Losing Junior was devastating, but this, this will not be the end of you. This will make you stronger. We will do everything we can to make sure you land on your feet again.

HORATIO. I know you will. God did not promise that this life would be easy did He? No, no. He merely promised that He would be there with us...through the trials.

JACK. You are a man of great faith.

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HORATIO. He gives and takes away. Oh, my dear Anna. She is of strong faith too. I know that she is, but she is a tender soul. My heart breaks to see how she grieves him. And now the road to healing will be much more difficult as we try to rebuild our lives.

JACK. The good news is that you still have money in savings. True, you lost your investments in the fire, but you have plenty of time to recover. Why don't you consider taking a holiday with the family? Get out of Chicago for a bit.

HORATIO. That would be good for them, wouldn't it? A chance to escape and just enjoy one another's company. *(Horatio stands to exit.)* Well, thank you for looking into everything...and thank you for your encouragement, Mr. Harwell. You're a good man. *(Harvey stumbles into the office, dressed in his full Yankee uniform, drunk, and slurring his speech.)*

HARVEY. Mornin' boys.

JACK. Mr. Wilcox, are you drunk? *(Harvey laughs uncontrollably and pulls out a flask.)*

HARVEY. I don't know. Does whiskey make you drunk?

JACK. Yes...

HARVEY. Then, yes, because I've had a lot of whiskey today.

HORATIO. It's 10 a.m.

HARVEY. Is it?

JACK. Does Violet know you're...intoxicated...and in public...at 10 a.m....in your uniform? I thought you were just home sick today.

HARVEY. I've got work to do. Who cares what Violet thinks, anyways? She's not my boss, is she?

JACK. No...but, I am. Let's get you home. *(Jack reaches for Harvey's flask, which makes him erupt in anger. He lunges towards Jack.)*

HARVEY. Get your hands off of me! I marched with Grant. Did you know that? *(Horatio steps in between them to break them up.)*

HORATIO. Hey, hey, hey, take it easy, Harvey. *(Harvey looks at Horatio, confused.)*

HARVEY. Who are you?

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JACK. You remember...Horatio Spafford. He's a friend of mine. He's a lawyer, but he also lost quite a bit of property in the fire downtown, just as you did.

HARVEY. Horatio Spafford? That name sounds familiar? Horatio? Oh, yeah, I remember. You died, didn't you? *(Horatio looks around confused.)*

HORATIO. I...no. I didn't. I'm alive.

HARVEY. No, you died. I read about it in the paper. It said you died of scarlet fever.

JACK. Mr. Wilcox!

HORATIO. *(Solemnly.)* That was my son, Horatio Spafford Junior.

HARVEY. *(Laughing.)* You lost all that money in the fire and your boy? What have you done, Horatio? *(Jack is furious)* Way I see it, God...or something...is punishing me for all those lives I took, but you got it worse than I do. Were you on the wrong side of the war or somethin'?

JACK. Get out of my office before you lose your job, Mr. Wilcox. Take a day and get your act together or you'll be looking for a new one!

HARVEY. *(Harvey erupts in anger again.)* You're talking to an army general, sir. You better watch your tone.

JACK. Now! *(Jack slams Harvey's flask back to him. Harvey exits, visibly angry.)* Sorry about that. Since the fire, he's gone off the deep end. You know that nothing he said is remotely true right...about this being a punishment.

HORATIO. I know, Jack. You don't have to apologize. He's had a rough go at it. I'm afraid if God were to punish me...all of us...we would deserve much, much worse. No, I believe in grace above all. Thank God for grace.

JACK. Yes. Thank God for grace. *(Change of tone.)* He was a different man before the war...and now that he's financially ruined, I'm afraid he'll never be the same ol' Harvey. I suppose some people crumble in the face of adversity, while others inspire us. *(Jack pats Horatio on the back and gives him an encouraging look.)*

HORATIO. Perhaps time will be good to him. I'll be seeing you, Jack. Watch out for those rebs, you hear? *(Jack salutes Horatio. They share a smile and Horatio exits to the other side of the stage. As he walks out of the office, he sees Dwight.)*

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SCENE SEVEN

DWIGHT. Mr. Spafford! How are you? Finding out the damage, like me, I assume?

HORATIO. Yes, Reverend Moody! I just left a meeting with Mr. Harwell. I suppose I'm okay. I really appreciate you being there for us after Junior passed. I'm sorry to hear about the church and your home. That fire was relentless.

DWIGHT. I still have my bible and my reputation, and that's all I need. I know you heavily invested in property downtown. Is anything of yours still standing?

HORATIO. Unfortunately, no. But you can't take it with you, can you? The good news is that I planned well enough that I have significant funds in savings. There are people much worse off than us.

DWIGHT. That is true, Horatio.

HORATIO. I'm considering taking some money out of savings and treating the family to a holiday.

DWIGHT. Oh, really? *(An idea strikes him.)* You know, I will be making a trip to England soon myself. I plan on doing some evangelism there for a while. You should join me. It would be a change of scenery for the girls, and we could work together. I would be privileged to work alongside you.

HORATIO. Hmm. Not a bad idea, though, it would be MY privilege to work alongside the great evangelist, Dwight L. Moody.

DWIGHT. *(He chuckles.)* Do seriously consider it, Horatio.

HORATIO. I will. *(They shake hands).* It was nice to see you.

DWIGHT. The pleasure is all mine, Horatio. I hope to hear from you soon. *(They tip their hats to one another, then exit. Transition to Mary's home.)*

SCENE EIGHT

MARY. Let's get you unpacked.

LUCY. Should I really unpack? That makes it seem so...permanent.

MARY. What's your plan? Isn't this permanent?

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LUCY. I don't know...

MARY. Well, I do know. Lucy, he's no good for you. You need a husband that can provide for you. He can't hear you cry or your stomach growl over the sound of his precious music. Who's held your hand during each loss? It wasn't that self-obsessed fool. It was me.

LUCY. You don't know just how much it hurt him as well. He uses his music to cope. You know we joked when we first married about having enough kids to start a band. *(She grabs her stomach.)* The Bliss Family Band, we said we would call it.

MARY. A family band? Are you serious?

LUCY. What?

MARY. Luce, did he want a family with you or a P.T. Barnum side show featuring my nieces and nephews?

LUCY. Mary, it was a joke. Of course he wants...wanted a family with me.

MARY. I bet he even had little costumes picked out.

LUCY. Mary! Not that it matters anyway...he does love me though.

MARY. Then why did he let you go? *(Lucy is visibly hurt by this statement.)*

LUCY. I know that Philip has an unhealthy obsession with his music, but this last song of his *was* different. It consumed him more than I have ever seen.

MARY. Which is why you called for me. Which is why you decided you couldn't do it anymore.

LUCY. Yes, but I keep replaying the story in my head. The man that wrote those words, he endured so much tragedy...but he still found hope. Philip and I pored over that poem. Reverend Moody knew if anyone could do those words justice, find the perfect notes, it would be my Philip. And I'm sure he did.

SCENE NINE

Transition to the Spafford residence. Tanetta is brushing Bessie's hair while Anna is staring out the window. Margaret is playing in the floor.

TANETTA. Hold still, Bessie!

VILLE DU HAVRE

BESSIE. It hurts! Mother, please tell her to be gentle.

MARGARET. Mother's sad again, Bessie. Leave her alone. *(Anna continues to stare out the window.)*

BESSIE. Mother! Mother!

ANNA. *(Very dazed.)* Tanetta, have you checked on Annie. Is she well?

TANETTA. Yes, mother. She is up with Ms. Sarah. *(Anna still stares out the window. She is deeply grieved.)*

MARGARET. Mother, are you still sad that brother died? *(Anna continues to stare out the window, not making eye contact as she speaks.)*

ANNA. Yes, my dear. Mother's heart is broken very much that brother died.

BESSIE. But, you said he's in Heaven, right? You don't have to be sad because he's with God now. *(Anna is forced to stop looking out the window. She composes herself for the sake of her children.)*

ANNA. You're right, Bessie. I'm happy that he is with God, but I'm sad that he's no longer with me, does that make sense?

MARGARET. I'm sad that he's not with me anymore too, mamma. Here, take my doll for a little while. Junior didn't like her much, but she always makes me feel better when I'm sad.

ANNA. *(Genuinely touched.)* Oh, Margaret, that is so kind. Thank you. *(Horatio enters.)*

HORATIO. There are my girls! I've got a surprise for you!

TANETTA. A surprise? Oh boy!

BESSIE. What is it, daddy? What is it?

MARGARET. Stick candy? I want cherry! *(Anna pulls Horatio aside.)*

ANNA. You seem...cheerful. Did things go well with Mr. Harwell? Not as bad as we had anticipated? *(Horatio looks at Anna as if to let her know that it went worse.)*

BESSIE. What is it? Is it a treat?

TANETTA. Be patient, Bessie.

ANNA. Well...

HORATIO. Close your eyes. No peaking! *(Horatio pulls tickets out of his pocket and places one in each girl's hand.)* Ok. Open!

VILLE DU HAVRE

ANNA. Oh, Horatio! You mean?

BESSIE. What is it?

MARGARET. I don't get it?

TANETTA. Read what it says...

BESSIE. (*Bessie struggles to read the words, especially "Ville du Havre". Horatio helps her along*) Admit one. Ville du Havre. Departing New York. Arrival: England (*gasps*) England!

ANNA. I thought...

HORATIO. We have a lifetime to rebuild, but for now, we deserve a holiday. Reverend Dwight L. Moody is in charge of an evangelism campaign in England, and he invited us to join him. We need to get away. Clear our minds.

ANNA. I...I'm speechless.

HORATIO. Anna. I love you. So very much. I can't bear to see you in such grief. This is my gift to you and to our girls; a blessing from above.

TANETTA. Thank you, daddy! I can't wait!

HORATIO. You girls run along. (*The girls exit merrily together. Horatio grabs Anna by the waist.*) Well, what do you think, Mrs. Spafford? How about a holiday in jolly old England?

ANNA. Are you sure we can afford it?

HORATIO. I will worry about that. (*They kiss.*)

ANNA. I do have faith, Horatio. I know that I am to find joy, even in suffering, but it still hurts. I hardly think a trip across the pond will heal this heartache. (*She hands the ticket back to him and stares out the window again.*)

HORATIO. It still hurts me too, but we must try something. I think it will be better than staying here where it happened, staring out that window day in and day out. The pain will always be there, but what we must pray for is peace.

ANNA. I miss him (*she breaks down and turns back towards Horatio*) so much.

HORATIO. (*Horatio embraces Anna.*) One day he will be in your arms again, my dear. (*Transition to Philip, narrating to the audience.*)

VILLE DU HAVRE

SCENE TEN

PHILIP. Have you ever sat by a river and just listened to the water flow over the rocks? There is something about babbling streams of water that are divinely peaceful. I find it ironic that water can serve as a symbol for peace, yet we regard trials as “turbulent waters”. I like the water analogy that Horatio used in his poem. Peace like a river, sorrow like sea billows. I guess, really, we can’t appreciate the peaceful streams of wonderful, life-giving water (*he holds up Lucy’s ring and looks at it thoughtfully*) until we’ve experienced torrential floods, or maybe we can, or maybe it’s not about the water at all, but about knowing that regardless of our lot—a peaceful brook, or horrendous typhoon, that there is hope of a land whose ebbs and flows do not depend on the moon’s gravitational pull ...but instead, the creator and His goodness.

SCENE ELEVEN

Transition to the Spafford family at the train station.

ANNA. Alright girls. Just a short train ride to New York, then we’ll board the Ville de Havre for England.

TANETTA. I’m so excited! (*Jack races towards the family.*)

JACK. Mr. Spafford! (*He is out of breath.*) Mr. Spafford!

HORATIO. Mr. Harwell? What is it? Our train heads out in just a bit.

JACK. I know. (*He pulls Horatio aside.*) We’re on the eve of a major breakthrough with an investor. He wants to visit with you...tomorrow.

HORATIO. But, I’ll be halfway across the Atlantic Ocean tomorrow. (*Jack shows Horatio a book or document indicating the reason for the meeting.*)

JACK. He’s offered to pay to have you stay and meet up with them when the next ship departs next week.

HORATIO. You mean...(*Jack points to a number on the document, which makes Horatio understand its importance.*)

VILLE DU HAVRE

JACK. It will be well worth the sacrifice. *(Horatio hesitates and looks at Anna. She nods, letting him know he should stay behind. He then crosses over and kisses each girl, then stops at Anna and kisses her on the lips.)*

HORATIO. I love you.

ANNA. I love you too. Are you sure this is a good idea?

HORATIO. This is our fresh start. We need this. I'll be there as soon as I can. A week tops.

ANNA. What if?

HORATIO. No, what ifs, Anna. I will miss you every second that you're gone.

ANNA. I will miss you too.

CAPTAIN. All aboard!

ANNA. Alright, girls. It's time. Gather your belongings. *(The girls and Anna begin to board as Horatio begins to exit. The girls wave, blow kisses, etc.)*

BESSIE. Bye poppa! See you in England!

TANETTA. I love you. *(As they are about to board, Margaret lets go of Anna's hand, runs to Horatio, and hands him her doll.)*

MARGARET. Here, Poppa! Take my doll so you won't be alone.

HORATIO. No, Margaret! That's your favorite doll. You keep her with you. Poppa will be just fine.

MARGARET. I want you to have her, poppa! I'll be ok. I have my mother and sisters.

HORATIO. Margaret...

MARGARET. *(She pouts.)* Take her or I'll be mad at you forever!

HORATIO. Well, we can't have that, can we? I'm sure she will be excellent company while you are away.

MARGARET. Take good care of her, promise? She likes to lay beside my bed with the pink blankie. Not the white one. Never the white one. Got it?

HORATIO. Of course. Pink blankie.

MARGARET. I'm going to miss her, but I'm going to miss you the most. *(Margaret hugs Horatio tightly.)*

ANNA. Come along, Margaret! (*Margaret runs towards Anna. Horatio and Jack tarry as Philip delivers the following monologue. Horatio is hesitant to stay behind.*)

PHILIP. Looking back on life, there are so many moments where it seems, had we just made a different choice...taken 6th avenue instead of 10th, waited 30 minutes instead of 15 before departing home, chosen a holiday in Greece instead of England, boarded that train instead of staying behind (*Philip gestures towards Horatio. Horatio looks back one last time, then exits the stage with Jack.*)...went after her instead of letting her slip away. (*It suddenly dawns on PHILIP that he must go after LUCY. He rushes off stage.*)

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