THREE CREATIVE PROJECTS IN DIRECTING:
AN ORIGINAL PLAY, A SCRIPTED FILM,
A DOCUMENTARY FILM

by

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(Films on file in University of Utah Library)
ABSTRACT

Chapter 1

INTRODUCTION

This dissertation is concerned with theatre and film directing. The scripts of the three direction projects are included in this work. Copies of the two completed films are on file with the University of Utah Library. The three projects in directing are:

First, an original play, IT BEGINS WITH ONE. This is a dramatic-comedy with music, written about the Viet Nam War. The theme of the play is that war and peace begin in the heart and mind of the individual.

Second, a scripted film, WELFARE, ANOTHER PERSPECTIVE. This is a thirteen minute documentary with dramatic sequences that portray the over-all Welfare Program of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints (Mormon) and points up many of its unique aspects.

Third, a documentary film, THE CHURCH IN ACTION - 1972. This film is a twenty-eight minute historical documentary that highlights the major events and movements in The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints during the year 1972.
Chapter 2

IT BEGINS WITH ONE

Included is the original script by the writer of the production which was presented at the University of Utah, August, 1972. The story focuses on a group of young musicians as they journey to Viet Nam to entertain the U. S. troops.

Chapter 3

WELFARE, ANOTHER PERSPECTIVE

The first completed draft of the script as well as the final film transcript is included. From drawing board to screen this script underwent seven major revisions. A close comparison of the first revision, the final script, and the completed film is evidence of the evolution of the film. It is the director's burden and joy to bring about this evolution and guide the diverse elements into a united whole.

Chapter 4

THE CHURCH IN ACTION

The completed film transcript is included. The film covers the major events of the year 1972 in the Mormon Church. Two main challenges of the film were to make it
historically accurate and to place emphasis on the most important events. Highlights of the film included the passing of a prophet, President Joseph Fielding Smith, and the sustaining of a new "prophet, seer, and revelator," President Harold B. Lee. The ultimate challenge in making the film was to weave the individual events of the year into a visual tapestry that had a wholeness and a mood or spirit of its own.

CONCLUSION

The scripts included in the work contain valuable information; however, a complete analysis of this dissertation cannot be made without viewing the films. They are the creative end result of the directing techniques employed by this writer.
Chapter 1

INTRODUCTION TO THREE CREATIVE PROJECTS IN DIRECTING: AN ORIGINAL PLAY, A SCRIPTED FILM, A DOCUMENTARY FILM

This dissertation concerns directing, with emphasis and focus on the projects themselves and not on the supplementary material. The three creative theatre-film projects were designed to be of interest to an audience and to communicate ideas in an articulate, concise, entertaining, esthetically satisfying way.

The three projects were:

First, an original play, IT BEGINS WITH ONE. It is a dramatic-comedy with music, written in twelve scenes about the Viet Nam War. The theme of the play is that war and peace begin in the heart and mind of the individual.

Second, a scripted film, WELFARE, ANOTHER PERSPECTIVE, a thirteen minute documentary with dramatic sequences. The film portrays the over-all Welfare Program of the Mormon Church and points up many of its unique aspects.

Third, a documentary film, THE CHURCH IN ACTION - 1972. This is a twenty-eight minute historical documentary of the major events and movements in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints during the year 1972.

These three projects must be, because of their
great diversity, judged on their individual merit. The dissertation should be examined in its totality, as a whole. This is necessary because of the broad scope of the directing techniques incorporated within the three separate projects. It is the directing that must be the focal point of this work. The three creative projects are the end result of the directing and the director's influence on all aspects of production. The scripts included in the work contain valuable information; however, a complete analysis of this dissertation cannot be made without viewing the films. They are the creative product of the directing techniques employed by this writer.

Directing in and of itself is very complex. Add to that three projects very unlike each other (one being an original play, another a scripted film, the third a film documentary), and you have a multiplicity of directing challenges to meet. The skills and versatility necessary to complete such an assignment are many. It is hoped that they will be recognized in the production of the play and viewing of the films without extensive written elaboration.

No attempt will be made to compare live theatre with motion pictures. No comparisons of technique or differences in the directing methods of the various media will be attempted. No emphasis on research, methodology, or directing techniques will be made. Only a brief preface will precede each of the three projects.
The ultimate judgment of the effectiveness of these projects will be made at future times when the productions will be seen by audiences. If they have a brief effect on the life of a viewer, or if by some chance they are preserved and enjoyed by many at future times in future seasons, these projects will have served their purpose well.

The idea of this dissertation was to put the theories, the experimentations, the research, the projects, the classwork learned by this writer in his lifetime to work. Hopefully this has been accomplished. Like any artist, however, I would love the opportunity to redo some things, to change this and alter that. Yet with every artistic endeavor the creative process at some point must be completed and the work must stand on its own and be viewed. There are several things I dislike about the projects. There are many things I would like to change, but circumstances, budgets, practical limitations, time and other considerations will not permit. However, I have given my best and have worked to my capacity. Having done so I now can see that my capacity has increased and I will no longer be entirely satisfied with what I have done in the past. That is the challenge of the future.
Chapter 2

IT BEGINS WITH ONE
An Original Play

The title expresses the main idea and theme of the play, which is that war and peace begin in the heart and mind of the individual person. The play itself tries to examine war and peace on several levels, one being war between nations, and the other being personal war between individuals. Both are destructive and reinforce each other. Both can be avoided if—and that is what the play is about.

There could be volumes written about the positive and negative aspects of directing your own play. The reasons this writer wrote as well as directed were two-fold. First, the directing of a play would be invalid for the doctoral project unless it was an original play. Second, I felt the experience of writing, producing and directing a full-length play would be an important educational and personal discipline.

There are several advantages to writing your own play. One would be immediate understanding of what the author had actually intended when questions arise from the cast or crew. Another advantage is in the rewriting of scenes or changing of lines. You have immediate author
Perhaps the greatest drawback to writing your own play is the lack of objectivity, a quality essential to keep the written script in proper perspective.

It is a great learning experience to write your own play and then direct it. In rehearsal you can tell immediately if a scene is poorly written. If actors cannot grasp characterizations, if continuity is sketchy, if climaxes fail to build and peak, you are acutely aware of it.

Yet an author-director can add a new dimension to the director-cast relationship. He can suggest great enrichment materials for the actor. He can demand fidelity to portrayal of ideas or situations. He can sense to a tremendous degree the message or theme of the play. How he communicates that message to his actors is then part of his dual role as director-author. The writer found this duality extremely stimulating at times and very frustrating at others. Compromises had to be negotiated and adjustments made. Yet the thrill of seeing your own concepts and words, as well as all you have contributed as a director, leap to life on stage during an inspired performance is an exciting, gratifying experience.

The play was generally well accepted and received enthusiastic reviews from the conservative Deseret News on one hand to the liberal University of Utah Chronicle student newspaper on the other. The audience was very diverse, from long hairs to lorgnettes.
The play seemed to be enjoyed more by the under-thirty set than the over-thirty group as far as this writer could ascertain. Each night of performance brought increasing overflow crowds and finally people had to be turned away due to lack of seating.

The play was given its premier performance in the Babcock Theatre of the Pioneer Memorial Building on the University of Utah campus August 3, 4, and 5, 1972. It was a timely play due to the fact that the Viet Nam War was still in progress. The message was not only for the specific period of the early 1970's, however. Hopefully, to some small degree, the message is universal and will survive the passing of time.
IT BEGINS WITH ONE

A Drama in Twelve Scenes
SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

Scene One                          Mike's Apartment
Scene Two                          International Airport Terminal
Scene Three                        Hotel Room in Hong Kong
Scene Four                         Saigon Villa Bedroom
Scene Five                         Anywhere
Scene Six                          Saigon Villa Living Room
Scene Seven                        Chapel Villa
Scene Eight                        Rooftop Chapel Villa
Scene Nine                         Chapel Villa
Scene Ten                          A Rooftop
Scene Eleven                       Outside a Helicopter Landing Pad
Scene Twelve                       Anywhere

SETTING

The action takes place on a space stage set with three main acting areas on three different levels connected by stairs or ramps. Only those prop items suggesting locale are needed in the various scenes. Wood blocks of different sizes may be used instead of furniture if desired.
CAST

In Order of Appearance

Mike Johnson
Mike's Roommate
Wendy
Tisa
Lynn
Jill
Jill's Father
Airport Lobby Passengers
Frank Moran
Lare Camfort
John Rogers
Bob Long
Nurse
Medic
Assistant Medics
Soldier
SCENE ONE

Mike's Apartment

MIKE:

(To audience) Believe me this really happened. I know it did because it happened to me. It's funny, some of the most real experiences in life seem the most unreal. And some of those unreal moments are like dreams woven in spider-web tapestries—they drift away with the slightest breeze as if they had never existed. Except they do, in our memories and occasionally in our hearts.

Why even now Viet Nam is not talked about in the same tone of voice as it was then. Viet Nam now is almost a dream, a reoccurring nightmare for many. You know there are only two alternatives to those involved in war—you become a casualty or a survivor. Many who survive carry wounds. Some are visible, often the most critical are not.

But there is strength in survival. And life.

I wasn't a real soldier, but I've seen battle. I hate war, but perhaps—unknowingly I've contributed to it. War is incredible to me, to most of us, yet it is not always foreign to our natures, our hearts. Unconsciously in the smallest, seemingly innocent ways we
become sowers of seeds that somehow grow blossoms of destruction.

One thing I've learned. War doesn't begin with groups, it starts with one, then two.

Oh, don't worry, this isn't your typical war story, if any war can be called typical. And yet, as I look back on it, it was really funny in many ways.

(Lights begin to fade as voice continues on in the dark.)

Take the day my roommate found out I was going to Viet Nam. He was shouting, shouting at me. "You're crazy, Mike. Mike, you're crazy. You're absolutely crazy."

(Roommate's voice alone as lights come up.)

ROOMMATE:

No, let me not dignify the word crazy by applying it to you. No!!! No!! No!!! You deserve something much, much better. You're--a lunatic, yeh, a stark-raving lunatic. Better still, a looney bird--a coo-coo-nut looney bird. . .

MIKE:

Coo-coo (like a clock).

ROOMMATE:

Go ahead, laugh at me, tell me I'm the nut, but the world will know when they ship you back in the freezer compartment of a C-124 with a commendation medal stuck
on your chest inscribed, "A Martyr by Mortar While Singing with the Saints."

MIKE:

Instant Sainthood!

ROOMMATE:

Laugh it up, while you...can
For soon you'll be dead in Viet Nam.

MIKE:

I'm serious. Entertainment troupes go to the Pacific every day of the world. And the "Saintly Sounds" will be no different.

ROOMMATE:

Yeh, and just days ago a couple of nice kids, entertainers, were killed enroute to a routine Nam gig.

MIKE:

We're only going to Saigon for our placement audition. From there they've promised to send us to Bangkok, Singapore, Sidney, Manila, and Tokyo! Six wonderful months touring the Pacific and being paid for it!

ROOMMATE:

They who?

MIKE:

Who what?

ROOMMATE:

You said, "They've promised".

MIKE:

Our agent, Mrs. Stein and her partner in Saigon, a Mr. Moran.
ROOMMATE:

You mean "All-American-Show-Biz-Mamma-Stein?"

MIKE:

Yeah, you were with me the first time I met her. Well, she called, and said a group of hers had been in a bad accident and were laid up. They were due in Saigon next week. She checked with her other groups, but they had contract or age problems and couldn't go. So she asked if I could get a group together in a week, and I said, "Why not?"

ROOMMATE:

Why not? Step right up here, folks, and buy a one-way ticket for the easy little "do it yourself place" or should I say "do yourself in place", Viet Nam. All you need is a nice voice to sing in a group for, say... two days... because that's how long it will probably take to get your head shot off.

MIKE:

Garbage! Do you think I'd go if I thought I'd get killed? And besides, if I thought there were any real danger, I wouldn't risk taking three of the cutest, most talented dolls I know along.

ROOMMATE:

If you really thought anything of those girls, you wouldn't go.

MIKE:

Hey! Now I'm with it. It's not really that you
crave my body coming back in one chunk, it's girls... yeh, specifically one girl, Miss Disneyland Darling--Betty--boopsie!

ROOMMATE:

Shut up.

MIKE:

But you hardly even know Jill.

ROOMMATE:

I'd like to.

MIKE:

What?

ROOMMATE:

Know her better.

MIKE:

I bet you would.

ROOMMATE:

To have her around, I'm not much good at writing letters or epitaphs.

MIKE:

For you, buddy, I'll take extra special care of Jill's body.

ROOMMATE:

You'll have to. Every guy in Nam will have homesick, horney-moan attacks when she walks by.

MIKE:

She really does it for you, huh?
ROOMMATE:

Who wouldn't like her?

MIKE:

She is the cutest thing on wheels, not too bright, but a doll, a real doll. And, a singer.

ROOMMATE:

She quitting the Disneyland group?

MIKE:

Yeah.

ROOMMATE:

I sure hope you know what you are doing. You blasted idiot.

MIKE:

Look, this job means more to me than six months of work. It means an opportunity to form my own group, work out our own arrangements, to polish on the road and to come back and do something really significant. I need this opportunity; it's my chance. This isn't just a lark.

ROOMMATE:

No, it's a looney bird.

MIKE:

It'll give me a chance to succeed to get out of the business entirely. Look, you've been making lots of money in the insurance game these past two years, but I've been making zero, and I've had it. If this doesn't make it, I'm through with this business, I mean it.
And I don't want to be through. I know it's a risk in lots of ways, picking a group and trying to get a show together in a week; it's nuts. But I have worked with all these kids before but Jill, and she's great, I think we can swing it.

ROOMMATE:

Well, I hope you can, buddie. I know it's been tough for you. (laughs) And at last you will be able to drop a few bombs of your own over there. I mean real ones, not show-type ones.

MIKE:

Let's not start that again. I'm glad I can get there and see for myself why the crud this lousy war has been strung out for eons and why the heck they don't get it over with.

ROOMMATE:

Well, now you'll be able to, you Looney-Hawk-Bird.

(phone rings)

Caw, caw, caw.

MIKE:

Shhh. Hello. Wendy? I've been dying to know! Are you going? Look, don't tease me, we can't do it without you. Great! When can you fly in? What catch? Another girl? Yes, I've seen her perform. But that would cut the rest of our salaries. Twelve hundred guaranteed per week between us plus expenses. Just come yourself. I'd rather not chance anyone I haven't
worked with before. Look, talent-wise she's O.K.,
but I don't know how she'll react under pressure. Oh,
oh, I see. Well, I can't go without you. You're the
super Saint. Well, if that's my choice, all right, she
goes. But only on my terms. Tell her again. No booze.
No shacking up. No back-biting. And what I say goes.
If she understands, fine. O.K. I'll meet you both.
International, 8:30 a.m. Cheers.

ROOMMATE:

So you now have four eggs to keep in the nest
instead of three.

MIKE:

Wendy wouldn't go without Tisa Morton, her best
friend. Tisa's just getting a divorce and needs the
out. And I can't go without Wendy, so...

ROOMMATE:

A turkey, chicks and a hawk. Woooo-wee!!!

MIKE:

Shove, dove.

(Roommate making chicken cackles exits with Mike.
Mike playfully hits him, and they continue exit, laugh-
ing.)
SCENE TWO

International Airport Terminal

(Scene opens with Mike pacing up and down in the terminal. Wendy and Tisa enter.)

MIKE:

Wow! Am I glad to see you. Don't girls believe in catching planes on time?

(All exchange greetings.)

WENDY:

Relax, dearest, Wendy-love is here and all your troubles are over. This is Tisa Morton. Mike Johnson.

TISA:

Mike, I can't tell you how neat it is for you to let me join you. I really appreciate it and will try to be less obnoxious than usual—and hope you'll be the same.

(Mike looks at her, puzzled.)

WENDY:

Dearest, she's kidding. She's really a very funny girl. And where is our bosom buddy, Lynn? Lynn free from sin and this Jill person that you said was so ravished—or was it ravishing?)
MIKE:

Would I like to know where Lynn is? or Jill? Would I like to know? No. What I'd like to know is how anyone could be dumb enough to miss a flight to Hong Kong especially when I told them to be here at the latest thirty minutes ago.

WENDY:

Hold it. Look, dearest, upset thyself not. For thou will not liveth long in the land if thou gets an ulcer and pops thy gut. Thus sayeth the Book of Wendy. The original Saint.

TISA:

It's only nine.

MIKE:

The plane leaves in fifteen minutes, and I merely wanted our group on it. And I had planned on a nice orderly first meeting for all of us.

TISA:

"The best laid plans of mice and. . . ."

WENDY:

We shall be off. I hear it. . . I hear it. . .

(Sings from "Love Is a Many Splendored Thing") "Once on a high and windy hill". . . calling me, calling me.

TISA:

Speaking of calls, I need to make one to my lawyer before we board. {Exits}
WENDY:

See you in First Class?

MIKE:

(Hands her tickets) Tourist.

WENDY:

That's O.K., dearest. It's been ages since I was west of Muscle Beach, and I'm hoping for plane layover in Honolulu. (Sings and people stare) "I wanna go back to my little grass shack in Hawaii... Oh, we're goin' to a Hukilau, to a huki, huki, hukilau."

(Mike laughs as Wendy exits. He is more agitated than before. Lynn approaches and gently puts her hand on his shoulder.)

LYNN:

Mike, I'm sorry. But I'm here. Luggage all checked. And I'm so excited.

MIKE:

Glad you could make it.

LYNN:

Don't be angry. My mother has been so ill. It was hard for me to leave.

MIKE:

I'm glad you're here.

LYNN:

What can I do to help?

MIKE:

Go to Gate Ten and tell the guy to try to hold
for just a minute or two, that we'll be right along.
Jill still isn't here yet.

LYNN:
You're kidding. I didn't think anyone could be as late as I was.

MIKE:
Wendy and Tisa are already on board.

LYNN:
I see. I'll run, but you'd better hurry--it takes five minutes to get there.

MIKE:
I'll be there. Take care. (Walks to information and paces back and forth)

JILL:
Mike! Mike!

(Mike turns and sees a beautiful blonde, extremely well-endowed, dressed to the hilt, but in good taste, carrying a guitar with daisies painted on the case, a wig box, a huge purse, and followed closely by her father. He is loaded with two huge suitcases and an overnight cosmetic case.)

Where do I go? What do I do?

MIKE:
Follow me. It's too late to check your luggage.
Run. We've got two minutes to make a five-minute dash.
Run.

(He grabs the overnight case and one suitcase. She
gives her father the hat box and all three run. She has a sack of jelly beans half opened and spills them along the way. Children run to pick them up, fathers grab for their kids. The suitcase pops open, clothes go everywhere. Meanwhile her father is shouting.)

FATHER:

Now you take care, honey. Write every day. Mr. Johnson, you take good care of our little girl. She's our baby, you know. Don't take any chances. Now call us, honey, if you need anything. Take care of yourself and stay with Mr. Johnson at all times. Not all times, you know what I mean.

MIKE:

(Frantic) We'll never make it.

JILL:

(Kissing her father) 'Bye, Daddy. 'Bye.

MIKE:

Come on! Come on!

(He pulls her, and they exit running.)
SCENE THREE

A Hotel Room in Hong Kong

(Wendy is showing Tisa actions to the opening song. When Tisa gets them:)

WENDY:
That's it!

TISA:
Yuck.

LYNN:
(Enters) Sorry, but we're stuck here for the next twenty-four hours.

JILL:
Ta-Da! Then I can have some more spaghetti!

MIKE:
Some more what?

JILL:
Spaghetti! You no-a-speaka-Italiano?

MIKE:
In Hong Kong? Si! Ravioli--lasagna--Ariva-der-ci--Gratzi, a--a--spaghetti!

JILL:
Yeesss! (Does a little jump up and down, clapping)

TISA:
Well, when in Rome. . .
WENDY:
Eat spaghetti.

TISA:
And when in Hong Kong... 

WENDY:
Beware of Greeks bearing the Asian flu.

JILL:
Noooo!

LYNN:
Didn't you get any lunch?

MIKE:
No time. Grabbed a coke. Which brings us back to the fact that we can't get out of here for at least another day. It helps, because we can work the show. It hurts, because we're expected in Saigon tonight.

TISA:
What's the problem?

LYNN:
It's the Chinese New Year day after tomorrow, and it seems like everyone is trying to get where they're going before then. Planes are all full.

MIKE:
This means the Tet celebration in Viet Nam. Last year that was the day the Viet Cong stormed the American Embassy and almost did Saigon in. I read about it in *Life* magazine.
JILL:

Maybe we'll make Life this year.

TISA:

Life or death. You sure know how to pick the time for our sightseeing journey to the Pearl of the Orient.

MIKE:

I didn't exactly plan it this way. Everyone should had their words and parts memorized to the opener by now.

JILL:

Do I. That poor man on the plan couldn't sleep from Guam to Tokyo because I kept humming my part--over and over. Finally he looked at me and said, "I'd sure like to turn you off," and I was feeling so silly by then I said, "You do." And he said, "What?" And I said, "Turn me off." (Giggles)

LYNN:

You didn't.

JILL:

And then he just stood up, reached his suit coat from the rack, went down the aisle, and I didn't ever see him again.

WENDY:

Bless you, my child, bless you.

MIKE:

Let's run the opener and work the lineup after a brief report on the morning's activities. Lynn?
LYNN:

First flight with five openings to Saigon is tomorrow, late afternoon. They'll call and let me know in the morning to confirm.

MIKE:

Wendy?

WENDY:

I worked out a possible lineup for group numbers and arranged a groovy number to start off with.

MIKE:

After our opener.

WENDY:

Well, it's really good. Maybe we could use it as an opener.

TISA:

I think it's much better than your opener.

MIKE:

We'll stick to the old tried and tested opener, but I'd like to hear it, soon as we're finished.

TISA:

But it really moves, it's with it, it's . . .

MIKE:

(Annoyed) A . . . Let's go on. Tisa, were you able to find the right material for our outfits?

TISA:

Just perfect. Edith Head couldn't have done better. And here are my sketches for the dresses, with pants to
match your outfit.

LYNN:

The skirts are a bit short, aren't they?

MIKE:

Too short, you want to leave something to the audiences' imagination.

TISA:

I don't think they're short at all.

LYNN:

I do.

JILL:

I love to wear my skirts that high.

WENDY:

(To "Oh, What a Beautiful Morning") "The skirt is as high as an elephant's eye, and I think that it's reaching right up past my thigh. . . ."

(All dissolve in laughter.)

MIKE:

Lower them to four inches above the knee. They'll look better with the pants that way and free up the choreography.

TISA:

All right, but I don't see why it matters. . .

WENDY:

Do it, dearest, do it.

TISA:

O. K. But I can't get anyone to sew the outfits
because of the New Year. Everyone's too busy to do a rush job.

MIKE:

We'll just have to wait till Saigon. Perhaps they'll send us right back here after the placement auditions anyway, who knows.

LYNN:

How long will we be in Saigon anyway?

MIKE:

Grace--Mrs. Stein--our agent, said we will be met at the airport and taken to the company's villa.

JILL:

A villa, wow!

MIKE:

We'll stay at the villa until after our audition. Mrs. Stein said that perhaps we'd do a few shows around Saigon, do the bases in Thailand and then on to club dates all over the Pacific.

JILL:

It's so exciting, in a real villa. This is my first trip abroad, and I can hardly stand it. I'm abroad!

WENDY:

You sure are, honey. You certainly are. And when the boys hear you're coming, I'm sure they'll gong the Cong and be at the airport en masse to meet you.
JILL:

Oh, stop it.

TISA:

No kidding. You will drive those guys right up a wall. No one will even see me.

LYNN:

You don't have to worry. You've got the best legs in the group.

MIKE:

(Pulling up his pant to reveal a hairy limb) Oh! Come on.

TISA:

True, I do have nice legs, and that's why I like short dresses, but I have little teeth!

LYNN

You're joking.

TISA:

No, I mean it. When I smile, do I look like the girl from Gleem? Or the kook with the Crest smile? No, I have row upon row of little teeth, and boys don't go for girls with tiny teeth.

WENDY:

Tears for Tisa with tiny teeth which terribly tarnishes thy temple.

{All laugh}

TISA:

Stop it. I'm never going to open my mouth again.
MIKE:

Promise? All of you girls will be a refreshing eye-ful for war-weary heroes. Hey, Jill, did you get the photos arranged?

JILL:

Oh! Good heavens, yes... what time is it?

WENDY:

The time at the tone is--Hong-Kong-Ding-Dong, about...

LYNN:

It's two o'clock.

JILL:

Oh, good. Our appointment's at five. What'll we wear?

MIKE:

Wear your individual long dresses you brought first and the jump suits you bought last night for the second shot. Well, looks like we're on our way. Let's take the opener. Can you give us the pitch?

WENDY:

Only perfectly, my dear. I'm the girl with the golden ear, remember?

MIKE:

I thought it was the golden teeth. O.K. Let's work the tallest one in the middle and shorter ones on the sides. That's it. And, one, two, three...
(All do routine with actions. It's not good, but not terrible, either.)

ALL:

Away we go
With our show
Another opening
We're on our way.
We're glad that you
Could be with us today.
Another show and we're on our way.

We've got some light and silly songs
Some soft and feminine and frilly songs
Some blues, some rock, some folk songs, too.
We're glad that we can sing them for you.

So sit right back and enjoy the show.
We want you to stay, so please don't go.
'Cause we brought it all that long, long way
From the good old U. S. A.
So sit right back, and away we go,
Enjoy, enjoy our little show.

MIKE:

Not bad.

TISA:

Not good.

LYNN:

I think with a bit of practice it will be O.K.,
but it is a bit corny.

MIKE:

Look, it's worked on over one hundred shows in the Middle East and East Africa. I don't see what your gripe is.

WENDY:

It's dated, dearest. Remember... (singing) "Well, deary, you're much older than I."

MIKE:

We were on the same tour, remember? For the State Department, remember? The audiences went wild after the "opener", remember? So what's the beef?

WENDY:

That was four years ago, remember? The show was for nationals, not hip GI's, remember? Times change and so does music, and it's just not "with it" for today's audiences! The end.

TISA:

She's right. It's just not with it. And...

MIKE:

Please, just shut up.

TISA:

You didn't tell her to shut up.

MIKE:

Well, you shut up. I don't know what the big deal is, but we're doing the opener. And we are doing it now. Oh, crud, take five.
[Lisa exits, Wendy follows.]

WENDY:

I want to talk to you. (Exits)

JILL:

Wait! I want to listen. (Exits after them)

MIKE:

I don't know why I flipped out. But that girl bugs me. She's always mouthing off. I usually can control myself a little.

LYNN:

This is different. We're all a bit tense. I mean, we don't know how long we're going to stay in Viet Nam, but just the fact that we're going there and that the situation is as bad as it is, well, it's enough to scare all of us a bit.

MIKE:

I know, and you've all been so great to just drop what you were doing and come like this. Do you think your school district will let you back next year?

LYNN:

I hope I don't need to go back. But if this doesn't work out, it's always there. I don't think I'd get to be music coordinator, but most of the principals would be happy to have me at their school.

MIKE:

Just on general principles?
LYNN:

Mike, I'm glad you asked me to come.

MIKE:

I'm glad you came.

LYNN:

Are you?

MIKE:

Of course.

LYNN:

Do you think we'll be safe in Viet Nam? My parents are concerned.

MIKE:

I'm sure it's as safe as driving on the L. A. freeway at rush hour or taking a stroll in Central Park after dusk.

LYNN:

I guess I'm a little scared. I feel like I'm about to fall off a high place and need to hang on to something. Isn't that silly?

MIKE:

If it ever gets that bad, just let me know. I volunteer for the job of chief "hanger-on-to". (He hugs her) Does that feel better? (Holds her in his arms until the end of the scene)

LYNN:

Much.
MIKE:

It is kind of nice.

LYNN:

Are you scared?

MIKE:

I don't know. It's like the first day of high school. You really want to go, but you're not so dumb as not to know some big bully might clobber you or you might do something stupid or get lost. It's exciting, but frightening.

LYNN:

Well, if you're ever scared, let's do this.

MIKE:

I'll remember that.

(Fade out.)
SCENE FOUR

A Saigon Villa

TISA:

No one could call this dump a villa.

JILL:

It isn't exactly what I expected.

WENDY:

I thought we were going to be attacked coming down that street. All those strange little men.

TISA:

That's no street, it's an alley, a filthy, rotten, stinking alley.

JILL:

It's so bare and ugly and dirty. Where will we take our clothes to be washed?

WENDY:

That I'm not worried about. But where I take something else is of vital interest to my body at the present moment.

JILL:

There are three "johns" on this top floor.

TISA:

But did you lift the lids to notice that it's been some time since two of them have worked? Hence the
pleasant aroma of the Cho Lon streets infiltrates our lovely villa from the interior.

WENDY:

I think I may be sick.

TISA:

Please be sick in the first door on your right down the hall. It's the only one that flushes. Please allow me. *(Hands her a purse package of facial tissue.)*

WENDY:

You mean our hosts have thought of everything?

TISA:

Everything for our comfort and convenience.

WENDY:

The Saigon Hilton! *(Exits)*

JILL:

I can't believe this place. Did you look out the window? There are people right there, right next to us staring in our window.

TISA:

Keep it closed. We've got enough slant-eyes on the bottom floor of this rat trap, we don't need any more staring eyes up here.

JILL:

Those people are close enough to jump from their roof to ours. And they've got chickens right in their house.
TISA:
They find the eggs quicker that way. Just forget it.

JILL:
I wish I were home.

TISA:
You're not helping things. Be quiet.

(Jill dissolves into tears as Mike and Lynn enter.)

MIKE:
Hey, what's wrong. You'll be O.K. Well, guess it "ain't the Waldorf".

TISA:
It "ain't" even the YWCA in Oscaloosca, Iowa--it's like hell.

LYNN:
I'm soaking wet--let's open the windows.

TISA:
Better not. There's some weird-looking natives about ten feet the other side of that blind. Seems their upstairs windows look directly out on our upstairs windows.

MIKE:
(To Jill) You O.K.?

JILL:
I guess so.

LYNN:
It's so hot. I'm thirsty.
MIKE:

Here's some water. They said it was pure, in a special bottle.

LYNN:

Oh, no. Look! Look at the black around the lid and in the bottom. That'll kill us.

MIKE:

I recommend we try to do without liquid tonight and first thing tomorrow I'll rustle around and find someplace to get something safe to drink and some goodies.

TISA:

I feel like I'm in prison. I can't believe this place.

LYNN:

And Mr. Frank Moran, our agent, he's right out of those old Karloff movies. He gives me the creeps--he's a Frank!

TISA:

A what?

JILL:

A weenie! It's his name, too!

LYNN:

Mike, why did he have to take our passports? What if we wanted to get out of here fast?

MIKE:

He said he needed them to check us in with the Commercial
Entertainment Office. We'll get them right back. I still have our return plane tickets. Don't worry, We'll get this whole mess straightened out soon.

WENDY:
Speaking of messes—may I present myself? But I feel much better now and am here to tell you that "it's always darkest before. . . it gets totally black."

LYNN:
Thanks for those words of cheer and comfort.

WENDY:
After meeting Werewolf's brother downstairs, I figure we could all use a little . . .

[Frank Moran unexpectedly enters.]

TISA:
Oh! Mr. Moran, hello!

MORAN:
Hi, kids. Just thought I'd bring you up a little "P".

[Group reactions.]
Piasters. You know, like yen, dollars? We'll give each of you the equivalent of five bucks just in case you should get lost. You could hail a pedicab. But don't go nowhere alone--stay in pairs.

WENDY:
(Aside) Even here at the villa.

LYNN:
Mr. Moran. . .
MORAN:

Please call me Frank.

LYNN:

All right, Frank. Who are those Americans downstairs?

MORAN:

Oh, you mean Harold and Lare. They're Green Berets and they come here for a little, a... relaxation whenever they can. It's the big Lunar New Year tomorrow and there are a lot of troops in town.

TISA:

Why?

MORAN:

Well, last year we had a few fireworks around here.

TISA:

You mean like the bombed out house at the end of the street?

MORAN:

Yeah, it did get pretty close, but you don't have a thing to worry about. You're safe from Charlie here. We'll take care of you.

WENDY:

(Aside) I think I prefer "Charlie".

MIKE:

I intend to take very good care of them.

MORAN:

Do you take care of all their needs?
(Mike affirmatively shakes his head and stares at Frank.)

MORAN:

Must be quite a man to be able to do that.

MIKE:

Look, Frank, let's get something straight. This is not your friendly touring whore show. So watch what you say in front of the girls. If that's what you think, you're mistaken.

MORAN:

Hold on. . .

MIKE:

No, you hold on, please, until I finish. These girls are not typical "show biz bunnies". They're nice girls from nice homes. We, except for Jill, all met at a nice church university. Believe it or not. We believe in ethics and morals in a world not so ethical or moral. We're here to do a job. We'll do it. But we are not taking crap from anyone. So please inform those animals downstairs with their local honeys.

MORAN:

Hell, you are different! After meeting every plane for two days, I was mad. But when you guys come, I took one look and said, "it's worth it--they're different, they're beautiful, fresh." Those guys downstairs won't bother you none. They're just a bit juiced up at the moment. Tet and all.
WENDY:

Well, they better not come upstairs.

MORAN:

Hell, they won't. I promise you that. Now don't you worry about a thing. Ole Frank'll take good care of ya. Can't give you MPS because it's illegal unless you're working for the armed forces. All got your "P", right? Mike, here's five bucks in MPS just in case the girls want to head down to town and get a burger at the U. S. O.

JILL:

A hamburger?

TISA:

With cokes?

LYNN:

Here? In Saigon?

MORAN:

Sure. It's closed this late, but it'll be open at nine in the morning. Just tell the cab driver U. S. O. by Tu Do Street.

JILL:

Maybe they'll have spaghetti!

WENDY:

Mama Mia!

MORAN:

Here's my number at the hotel, if you need me. The little woman will be wondering where I am. It's late.
JILL:

Oh, your wife's here, too.

MORAN:

(Coughs) Well, not exactly. Er,--I'm, a--divorced.

MIKE:

Thanks, Frank. We'll be glad to get our audition over and all.

MORAN:

Say, I might be able to swing a deal with one of my buddies in charge of the clubs at Dong Tam. Maybe we could go down there and get a few shows under our belt before the big audition.

MIKE:

I don't understand.

MORAN:

Every group coming into the country is given a rating. Ten's the best. The higher the rating, the bigger the money.

MIKE:

How much a show?

MORAN:

Three-fifty or four hundred a show, and you can usually work two or three hour-shows each day. It all adds up.

MIKE:

O.K. Whatever you say, Frank. We'll be ready.
MORAN:

Look. Don't worry about nothin'. With you good-looking round-eyes up there the guys won't care what you sound like—as long as ya move—know what I mean? Ya gotta move it a bit, give 'em a little body.

WENDY:

Very little.

MORAN:

You get the idea?

MIKE:

Ya, we've got the idea.

MORAN:

Fine. Sees ya tomorrow. (*Exits*)

WENDY:

Hold it, folks! What's the line, oh, yeah. "If M-O-T-H-E-R could see me now." She'd cry.

LYNN:

Look, I don't trust that guy at all.

TISA:

Why not?

LYNN:

I just don't. He's a creep.

TISA:

We've got to. He's all right. He said we could call him if we had any problems.

MIKE:

Mrs. Stein, our agent in L. A. we'd be staying in a villa. You forgot to say that it used to be a villa. That it's several decades past the retirement age for villas and should be buried. In fact, it is buried, from within, judging from the crud on the floors.

LYNN:

And, Frank, it's illegal to have MPS. So here's some for us, thanks a lot. Now we're illegal, too.

MIKE:

I'm sure there's something fishy about that Dong Tam deal. I just don't feel right about it.

TISA:

Why not. You're just judging the man. He knows what he's doing. He's run groups here for years. I think we're all acting like a bunch of stupid children, away from home for the first time.

MIKE:

I think that it's fine that you're so trusting, Tisa.

WENDY:

Trusting Tisa with tiny teeth.

MIKE:

Cut it. I happen to have been around a bit, and...

TISA:

I've been around, too.

MIKE:

What I'm trying to say is...
TISA:

You'll think and do as you damn please.

MIKE:

I want to protect us.

TISA:

From what?

MIKE:

From... Have you ever been on a professional tour outside of the U.S.?

TISA:

No.

MIKE:

Have you ever managed a tour before?

TISA:

No, but that doesn't make a... .

MIKE:

Then you'll have to trust me and my judgment.

TISA:

What about my judgment? It tells me that you're wrong, dead wrong, and already you're picking a man apart for absolutely nothing. I don't think you know anything, anything at all. If you did, you wouldn't be making us sing that lousy opener, you wouldn't be making us distrust our only friend in Saigon, you wouldn't be making us stay in this terrible place. . . [Screaming] DO YOU READ ME?
MIKE:

Loud and clear you....

(Suddenly artillery fire is heard from outside and distant bombing rumbles start. Lights flash and bullet whizzes are heard. Yelling is heard from downstairs. Smoke comes from above.)

Cut the light. Get on the floor.

(Jill grabs her guitar. All get down. All girls make noises and talk.)

(Shouting) Quiet, quiet!

(They stop making noise. Sounds of chickens cackling, Vietnamese screams and shouts, American yells from downstairs and plane noises are heard.)
SCENE FIVE

Anywhere

MIKE:

We survived the Tet offensive. Some of us survived better than others. Poor Jill cried all night, and even Lynn couldn't get her to stop. Tisa tried to convince Wendy that most of our troubles, including Tet, were my fault. To shut her big mouth, filled with tiny teeth, Wendy agreed with her, and for the first time during the long night there was quiet on the other side of the thin wall that separated our rooms. Just then the roosters in the house next door decided to herald the breaking of day, even though it was still pitch black outside. To our horror they were answered, screaming, by the chain-smoking-voiced roosters on the other side of our villa. The possibility of sleep was shattered forever, when not being able to stand it any longer, Wendy boomed, "There's something 'fowl' going on here!"

Only seven were killed that first day in Saigon from rockets lobbed into the city, downtown, meant for anyone and specifically for general terrorization of civilians and military alike. What amazed me was how everyone went on about their daily tasks almost
nonchalantly. They just all knew, like the sun, they could expect the rockets in the morning. Early morning, when everyone finally dies a little in sleep, they come. You listen as the first one hits. If it's close, things rattle and the noise instantly jolts you to life. When that happens, you roll under your bed or run to the nearest stairway or shelter. When the rockets stop, you go back to bed. If they aren't close, when they begin, you just lie in bed half awake but not quite daring to sleep, and wonder, why? Why send rockets into a sleeping city that may just as well kill little children, old people, young mothers, as soldiers. Why? And never, while you're lying there half in haze and half in dim shadow light, never do you come up with an answer. Is there an answer? And then later on during the day you hear the report. Twenty-six killed. An apartment house. Two families, three generations, gone. And you wonder again, why? And eat your lunch.
SCENE SIX

Living Room of the Saigon Villa

(All are singing with actions, Up, Up and Away
with counterpoint of You're Gonna Hear from Me.*)

ALL:

We can fly
  We can fly
We can fly
  We can fly
We can fly
  We can fly
We can fly
  We can fly
We can fly.

Up, up and away in my beautiful, beautiful balloon.
Move over, sun, and give me some sky.
I've got me some wings, I'm eager to fly.
Would you like to ride in my beautiful balloon
  (00000)
Would you like to glide in my beautiful balloon.
If you take my hand, we'll chase your dreams across the sky
For we can fly

*Up, Up and Away, by Jim Webb; You're Gonna Hear from Me by Andre and Dory Previn, both arranged by J. Laycock for this composition.
We can fly
We can fly
We can fly
Make me some room, you people up there.
On top of the world I'll meet you, I swear.
I'm staking my claim
Remember my name
You're gonna hear from me.
Suspended under a twilight canopy
We'll search the clouds for a star to guide us.
If by some chance you find yourself lovin' me
You're gonna hear from me
Fortune smiled
  Fortune smiled
On the road before me
I'm Fortune's child
  Fortune's child
Listen, World, you can't ignore me.
Love is waiting there in my beautiful balloon
Way up in the air in my beautiful balloon
If you take my hand, we'll chase your dreams across the sky
For we can fly
  We can fly
We can fly
  We can fly
Somewhere over the rainbow we can fly
We can fly

We can fly

We can fly

We can fly

We can fly

We can fly!

LARE:

(Who has been watching the group intently, claps as group finishes, long and hard) Great! Terrific!

Just great. I mean it.

JILL:

Glad you like it. And the costumes?

LARE:

Terrific.

WENDY:

Thanks, audience of one. Sergeant Lare Camfort, Green Beret, winner of three purple hearts, we promise to have more for you after a brief sleep break from our sponsor--The Saigon Sandman. (She starts off doing an oriental step ("da-da-da-ing" to the tune of Japanese Sandman.)

TISA:

Yeah. We are hitting the sack after only nine hours of rehearsal and a morning mess call for 0600 hours.

ALL:

'Night, all. 'Bye. Sleep tight. See you when we
get back, Lare.

(Jill, Wendy and Tisa exit.)

LARE:

Going to Dong Tam, huh?

LYNN:

In the a.m.

JILL:

(Offstage) You coming, Lynn?

LYNN:

I'll be right up!

LARE:

When will you be back?

MIKE:

Four days.

(Lare puts his head down, shakes it.)

MIKE:

What's wrong?

(Lare shrugs, says nothing.)

You're not getting sentimental on us, are you?

LYNN:

Lay off, Mike. Anything wrong, Lare?

LARE:

How long you been here?

LYNN:

Three days. This is the fourth night.

LARE:

Remember when you first came in that door?
LYNN:

Yes. You were sitting where you are now, and you didn't move. You just looked at us.

MIKE:

Harold jumped up and helped with the gear, but you just sat there.

LARE:

You know why?

MIKE:

You were loaded?

LARE:

Sure, but that wasn't why I didn't move.

LYNN:

Tell us.

LARE:

I didn't move because I didn't believe it. Four round-eyes walkin' through the door. Number One girls. I couldn't believe it. Jill said, "Is this a villa?" That was the first any one of you spoke. Girls from home, I just couldn't believe it.

LYNN:

Did you know that's just the way I felt.

LARE:

What do you mean?

LYNN:

I couldn't believe it.
LARE:

What?

LYNN:

This place. You guys.

LARE:

Yeah?

LYNN:

Harold in the corner with his hand up that local's blouse and you sitting there looking as tough as any person I'd ever seen and not moving, not saying a word, just staring.

LARE:

Jeez, I'm an ape.

MIKE:

You're a tough soldier. No one survives three purple hearts without being tough.

LARE:

Survive?

MIKE:

Yeah. How long till you're out?

LARE:

I'm one month short.

LYNN:

Great!

MIKE:

You don't sound too happy about it.
LARE:

Why should I?

MIKE:

You can go home and start doing what you're going to do.

LARE:

I'm doing it.

LYNN:

But I thought you said you weren't a career man.

LARE:

I'm not.

MIKE:

Then what did you mean?

LARE:

I'm upping for two more.

LYNN:

Why, Lare? Why?

LARE:

Reasons.

MIKE:

Do you like this life?

{Lare is quiet a long time. Mike and Lynn look at each other.}

LARE:

{Exploding quietly} I hate this damm war. I hate this stinking hole. I hate those yellow pigs.
MIKE:

(Pause) Why stay?

LARE:

I've got a few scores to even up. Besides, there's nothing for me to go home to. Four years in Nam. Four lousy years.

MIKE:

It mustn't be so bad if you're re-upping.

LARE:

I'll show you why I'm staying. This is why I'm staying. (He tears at his shirt buttons and reveals a horribly scarred stomach.)

MIKE:

Good...

LYNN:

Oh, no.

MIKE:

What happened?

LARE:

I'll spare you that. But that's why I'm staying.

LYNN:

Get out, Lare, while you can. You're strong and smart enough, you can make it on the outside.

LARE:

You know, you're the first people I've talked to for eight, no, nine months.
MIKE:

Oh, come on.

LARE:

There's no reason for me to lie to you. Sure, I've had to "Yes, Sir," "No, Sir," "Yes, nurse," "no, doc," but I mean it. You guys are different. You're not out there. You're not like us. You're not like me. I have no reason to live except this. [Indicating scar]

MIKE:

That's why you ought to be sensible. You ought to...

LARE:

Sensible? Sensible? Can you show me one thing in the world that is sensible? What's sensible? I've seen six of my buddies killed in this screwing "armed aggression". One of them did nothing but fall in a paddie on his own gun—blasted half his head off. Is that sensible? The one guy that made it through with me from basic to here, three years and two months together, the toughest dude you'd ever want to know, wrote his old lady every lousy week—I saw him die—a horrible, indescribable—right in front of my eyes, and I couldn't do anything. Is that sensible?

MIKE:

I'm sorry.

[Lynn is silent and crying.]
LARE:

No, don't pity me. Pity them, those little pigs, those yellow (under breath and bitter) bastards.

LYNN:

Lare, you can't get even with injustice. You can only cause injustics.

LARE:

Justice? Look, I tried to tell it nice, but what kind of justice is it to be held, spread eagle, with ropes by the fingers and made to watch while they cut your best buddy's organ off and shove it down his throat? They made me watch till it was over. Justice! There's only one kind of justice—that's to kill them at their own killing game.

MIKE:

But you can't win, don't you see that? It doesn't help to kill. It...

LARE:

Oh, yes, it does. It's the only thing that does help. It helps a lot. It helps me. It helps me right here. (Indicates stomach) It's the only thing that does help. When I see someone's guts blown out, it helps me remember how that little--you can't tell how old they are--walked over in front of me and let me have it point blank. Burning, I saw my guts spilling out and thought I was dead. But I didn't die. And before I do, I'm gonna take every last Charlie-pig I
can with me. That's justice.

LYNN:
   Excuse me. Good night, Lare, Mike.

LARE:
   I'm sorry.

LYNN:
   It's all right. I think I know, a little.

   'Night.

LARE:
   I'm sorry.

MIKE:
   She'll be all right. She's O.K.

LARE:
   I didn't mean to. I'm sorry. I've never told anyone. I'm sorry.

MIKE:
   It's all right. I'm glad you told me. I learned a lot.

LARE:
   Me, too. And I want you to know something. I hated everything for so long. But since you guys have been here—I know it's only three days, but well--crap, I laughed. I'd forgotten. It's been so long. I'd forgotten what. . .girls look like. Real girls. So sweet. What it must be like to have a family, a home, or anyone who cares. Or people who. . .pray. I heard you guys praying. That. . .oh, . . .I. . .don't even
believe in God. . .but--oh,--crap!

(They sit silent for a long while.)

Do you have a lucky charm?

MIKE:

I don't.

LARE:

Do the girls?

MIKE:

What like, what do you mean?

LARE:

Everyone here has something lucky. You need it. Mine's gotten me through hell.

MIKE:

Guess we don't.

LARE:

You're going to Dong Tam; you'll need something. And I want it to be lucky. I wouldn't want nothin' to happen to Lynn, neither would you. Or to Jill--Jill's boobs, boy, what boobs. Or to you. So here. Here. Take it. And I tell you it's lucky. I mean it. (Takes his green beret and hands it to him gently.)

MIKE:

Thanks, Lare, thanks.

LARE:

The two of us have seen a lot of action together. Look, Mike, you take care of those girls. I think they're the nicest girls I've ever met.
MIKE:

You take care, too, Lare. When are you leaving?

LARE:

Now.

MIKE:

At night? Aren't you afraid?

LARE:


MIKE:

Not the killing.

LARE:

That's the way it is, man. The way.

MIKE:

Lare, here's my address. When it's over, look us up. And thanks, buddy, for our charm.

LARE:

Buddy.

MIKE:

Where you headed?

LARE:

Patrol out in the boons, some lost bunch of hooches no one's ever heard of. Don't even remember the name for sure myself. My Lai, I think. So long.

MIKE:

So long.
SCENE SEVEN

Saigon Chapel Villa

ROGERS:

Come in, Bob.

LONG:

This is my house, but it can't be the right place!

ROGERS:

Happy to say it is.

LONG:

Incredible.

ROGERS:

Please let me introduce. I'll never get the last names, but let me try the first. This is Wendy, Tisa, Jill and Lynn.

LONG:

I guess you were just strolling down Cong Ly Street and stopped in for tea?

TISA:

No, actually, we stopped in for you. Rather, we were looking for you. We heard there was a congregation of our church in Saigon, and we needed some help, and well, here we are.

LONG:

Sit down. We'll do anything we can. What's the
LYNN:
It's a bit difficult to explain.

JILL:
You'll never believe all the things that happened to us. We've just...

WENDY:
Shutest thy mouth, dearest, and let Lynn telleth it.

LYNN:
We all met back home at the church college.

JILL:
Except me.

LYNN:

And performed together on many shows, and some of us toured the Middle East and Europe together. Anyway, we had a chance to come on only a weeks' notice to the Orient. So we dropped our jobs, school, or whatever and came. Our agent in L. A. told us that her partner here in Saigon would take care of us upon arrival. He took us to this villa...

JILL:

It's a run-down, horrible place, with weird G. I.'s and Vietnamese girls all over the place. And a lot of pot smoking and other drugs floating around. And the manager is the super weirdo of all time.

TISA:

He's not that bad. In fact, I think...
LYNN:

Hold on.

LONG:

Sounds fascinating. Go on.

LYNN:

The villa is a rat-trap in Cho Lon district, and we were to be paid twelve hundred dollars a week in advance. Mr. Moran, our agent here, hasn't paid us yet and won't. When we ask him for it, he changes the subject, and we've been here over a week. That means we're two weeks behind in our payment.

WENDY:

What's more, we were supposed to have an audition at the Commercial Entertainment Office before we did any shows, but he drags us off to Dong Tam for four days, and we're doing shows without being officially registered. . .

JILL:

Which is illegal.

WENDY:

On top of that he sent us to Dong Tam in an unescorted mini-bus.

LONG:

Unescorted to Dong Tam?

ROGERS:

They didn't even go in a convoy.
LONG: A single vehicle to Dong Tam?

JILL: Yes, and all the guys there told us that the stretch of road was called "ambush valley" and that those two performers were killed on a similar road.

LONG: That's insanity.

LYNN: And then our manager tells us that these pre-audition shows were not paid performances, but were just helping us to get our routines polished and we...

JILL: Found out that the club manager had given him two hundred bucks a show--four shows, and in front of rude enlisted men, no less.

TISA: Animals.

LYNN: But when we told him we thought we should be paid, he played dumb and said the pre-audition shows never were.

WENDY: So we confronted him about the payments, and he denied it. What's more, he still has our passports, and we have asked him for them three times and are worried because we hear stolen passports are now
selling for $700 on the black market.

JILL: And we're afraid of staying in the villa any longer, and we're wondering if you know where we could stay.

LONG: Whew.

ROGERS: I told them we had plenty of room here.

LONG: But two married men with four single women. I'm afraid the brethren would frown on it.

LYNN: But with Mike along...

LONG: Mike who?

ROGERS: Their tour leader. He's coming later.

JILL: Yes, he's our chaperon.

LONG: Well...

ROGERS: What do you think?

LONG: I think we can work it out.

ALL: [In unison] Hooray! Great! Thanks a lot. We
appreciate it so much. How can we ever thank you. We're so grateful.

LONG:

You can stay in my children's rooms. My family was here until about a year ago. Things got so bad at Tet time I shipped them home until my contract is up.

ROGERS:

We often have church members that are traveling from post to post for a few nights, and once a young couple working for the airlines stayed with us a month. But. . .

LONG:

This is a bit different. What's going to happen when you move out of your agent's villa?

WENDY:

We're not quite sure, but we don't quite care.

LONG:

I should say not. I've never heard of anything so foolish as taking you unescorted on that dangerous Mekong Delta road. It doesn't make sense.

ROGERS:

What it looks like to me is a bunch of petty crooks, war leeches that are trying to take these kids for all they can.

LONG:

War attracts a lot of these types, parasites. You'd
be amazed.

LYNN:

I'm sure our agent at home isn't aware of what's happening over here because she's very honest.

LONG:

We'll have to clear out some stuff upstairs and move you in.

ROGERS:

We hold church downstairs here, and the maid lives in the room out by the kitchen.

LONG:

There are two rooms on the right of the stairs you girls can have. Mike can stay in the small room on the left, and I'll move the junk to the back storeroom. Two baths, so you gals can have one to yourself.

JILL:

You don't have a tub, do you? I haven't had a real bath since Hong Kong.

ROGERS:

Matter of fact, we do.

ALL:

Whoopee. Allelujah. Let me at it. Oh, brother!

LONG:

No hot water, but in this heat, who needs it?

LYNN:

We can't tell you how much we appreciate this. It's so great.
[Bell rings.]

ROGERS:

Is that your friend?

LYNN:

Yes.

JILL:

Hey, Mike! I get a bath!

WENDY:

Me, too! Not that I need one after that "cool ride" from Dong Tam.

MIKE:

That's great. I'm Mike Johnson.

LONG:

I'm Bob Long.

ROGERS:

I'm John Rogers. Glad you found us. And we'll be happy to have you and your group stay with us as long as you're in the country.

MIKE:

Thanks so much. Boy, I can sure use the good news.

LYNN:

What's wrong, Mike?

MIKE:

Are you ready for this?

JILL:

I'm having a bath. I'm ready for anything.
MIKE:

I put the screws on Moran. Told him we are out of money, which we are, need our first two-week payment, which we do, and that I wanted to know when our audition would be and how long it would be until we left Viet Nam for Thailand or wherever. He hedged on the money and when I said Thailand, he acted shocked and said, "Well, our agency handles only Viet Nam." When I told him Mrs. Stein told us we'd be all over the Pacific, he called her a few choice names and said it just wasn't so, that Viet Nam was it for all his groups, including the Saintly Sounds.

LYNN:

Oh, no.

WENDY:

Another foul. This is a dirty ball game.

TISA:

I can't understand. Frank isn't like that.

JILL:

I'll never bathe again.

MIKE:

Sorry, I feel just terrible.

TISA:

That means Manila, Tokyo and Bangkok are out?

JILL:

And Australia? I've always wanted to see a kangaroo and now I won't get to.
WENDY:

Tragic.

MIKE:

What a mess.

LYNN:

You didn't know.

TISA:

I wish I could believe that.

WENDY:

"Can" it.

JILL:

I'm sick.

LYNN:

Me, too.

LONG:

I don't know about you, but if we don't get going, we won't get you moved before supper, and since I've been saving some frozen strawberries for weeks for some special occasion, I'd hate to see them go wasting on all that new ice cream.

WENDY:

Ice cream.

JILL:

Strawberry sundaes? Really?

LYNN:

Let's move it.
WENDY:

(Singing to "When the Saints Go Marching In")
Oh, when those Saintlys go marching out
From that villa we'll give a shout.
I want to be among that number,
When the Saintleys go marching out.

(All join in singing. Rogers and Long don't sing but clap in time.)

LONG:
And after supper, how about the cinema?

TISA:
A flick, where?

LONG:
Tan San Nuit Air Base. We have passes.

WENDY:
Let's hear it for Long.

ALL:
It!

JILL:
And fifteen for Rogers!

ALL:
Fifteen!

MIKE:
Let's have a big hand for both of them!

(All throw right hand in the air, like pattie-cake that's not met by someone else's hand. All laugh.
Start singing as they all exit like a parade. Jill
leads like a majorette.)

ALL:

Oh, when those Saints go marching out.

Oh, when those Saints go marching out,

I'm gonna be among the number,

When the Saints to marching out.

(Blackout)
SCENE EIGHT

Rooftop of the Chapel Villa

(Night, four days later. Lynn is sitting, watching the war. Sound of low rumble of bombs in the far distance. Sky flares brightly light the entire stage at times.)

MIKE:

(Comes up from below, enters) I thought I'd find you here, watching the war.

LYNN:

There's not very many places to go.

MIKE:

It's nice up here. Cool.

LYNN:

It's here or the cinema.

MIKE:

I love movies, but four nights in a row is a bit much.

LYNN:

That why you didn't go?

MIKE:

No.

LYNN:

Me, either.
MIKE:

What's your problem?

LYNN:

No problem, really. I just needed a chance to think and be alone.

MIKE:

I hope I'm not bothering you.

LYNN:

I didn't mean alone from you. I meant alone from three other girls. Jill's always talking or crying, Tisa griping—you know.

MIKE:

This twenty-four-hours-a-day bit is rough. But Long and Rogers seem to be enjoying it.

LYNN:

Poor guys away from their families all this time. Why do they do it?

MIKE:

The money. They make twice what they could at home with the same engineering jobs. Rogers is saving to open his own business. And Long, I don't know, he really seems to like it here for some reason.

LYNN:

Strange, isn't it?

MIKE:

He does a lot of good here with the church. Says there are fifty or so servicemen and civilian personnel
that come on Sundays. And several Vietnamese have been baptized.

LYNN:

They've sure been good to us. Why, even Tisa has been on her best behavior these past few days. Like she's trying to impress someone.

MIKE:

I've noticed.

LYNN:

Why did you choose her for this tour over Ralph Nielson?

MIKE:

I didn't. Wendy wouldn't come without her. Felt she could help her as her divorce became final. I didn't object to another girl coming as I knew it could only help the show. The audiences want girls up there, not fellows.

LYNN:

But Tisa's made it hard for us. She continually bad-mouths you every time we close our door, and I feel she has been a detriment to everyone's morale. Even Wendy is affected. I'm to the point that if she pops off again, I'm going to let her have it right back.

MIKE:

But she has been better these past few days.

LYNN:

True. I still wish she would cooperate or shut up.
MIKE:

You really get to know what a person's like out here. Fast.

LYNN:

Sure do. Like Lare.

MIKE:

That beret meant everything to him.

LYNN:

He liked us. And we all liked him.

MIKE:

If only I could have helped him in some way.

LYNN:

You did. You know, that night he left, you said something to him that surprised me.

MIKE:

Like?

LYNN:

"It doesn't help to kill." You said that. But I remember back home you were always the first to want to zip over here and wipe out Hanoi, Saigon, and everybody in general. Said we had the power, why didn't we do it.

{Mike shrugs.}

Not that simple is it? When you're back home and hear "record low week, only twenty-two killed in battle" we don't think in terms of specific people. What if Lare was one of that number? Or any of our friends?
MIKE:

What I guess I really oppose is a political war. If we are to win, then I feel we should do it with all we've got and be done with it.

LYNN:

Too bad it's not that simple.

MIKE:

Too bad men can't solve their problems by talking them out.

LYNN:

How?

MIKE:

By being open and honest, starting on a person-to-person basis.

LYNN:

Like you talking to Tisa?

MIKE:

You think I should?

LYNN:

If there's a problem, it probably isn't one-sided.

MIKE:

That hurts.

LYNN:

I'm only trying to be open and honest. And there is a problem. The tension between you two affects all of us, and every day it seems to get worse.
MIKE:
O.K. All right, O.K.

LYNN:
And while I'm at it, I think you're O.K.

MIKE:
You, too.

LYNN:
You say that to all the girls.

MIKE:
(Taking her into his arms and kissing her very gently) But I don't do that to all the girls.

LYNN:
Maybe you should. They'd like it.

MIKE:
Good idea. I think I'll try it.

{Lynn cuDDles him.}

MIKE:
That's how wars are started! (Goes to playfully hit her back.)

LYNN:
Peace.

{Mike kisses her again.}

I'm worried.

MIKE:
About what?

LYNN:
About Moran. He still hasn't paid us and though
he's provided that drummer and bass player for our audition, he still hasn't told us when it is.

MIKE:

It's a put-off. Don't worry. I know how to handle it if and when the time comes. I've found out a few things. I guess we'll have to have "show and tell" day tomorrow. Show us the money or tell us why. He's coming over, you know.

LYNN:

I have a feeling it won't be pleasant.

MIKE:

Don't worry, trust me. The worst thing he could do is fire us, and at this point that would be a relief. I think we could find jobs very easily on our own. Interesting what you learn about people and life in a place like this.

LYNN:

You think Moran's a crook?

MIKE:

Yes.

LYNN:

Too bad. You know Tisa thinks he's a great guy and that you two just have personal communication problems--you make him defensive.

MIKE:

You know--for the first time I hope she's right. I know better, but I sure hope she's right.
SCENE NINE

Saigon Chapel Villa

WENDY:

He should be here any minute.

JILL:

I'm scared.

TISA:

Why? Frank's a good guy. I'd be mad, too, if a group I'm paying started off a perfectly good show with a perfectly lousy opener.

WENDY:

I have to agree.

JILL:

Why won't Mike...

TISA:

He's stupid.

WENDY:

It used to work; it's outdated now.

JILL:

Is that why Frank hasn't paid us our twenty-four hundred? In a couple of days he'll owe us thirty-six hundred.

TISA:

But we've only done shows those four days at Dong
Tarn.

WENDY:

That's really not our fault. But I have been glad we've had the extra time to get our show in shape. The audition should be a snap.

JILL:

We're a million times better than those lousy rock groups from Korea or Japan or the Philippines.

TISA:

Besides the fellas don't want to see more almond eyes at show time.

(Bell rings.)

They see enough of those every day.

JILL:

It's Moran, and he looks mad.

TISA:

I'll unlock the gate. (Exits)

WENDY:

Mike, Lynn, it's D-Day--get your butts down here. Fink's coming... a, Frank.

LYNN:

Coming.

JILL:

Something awful is gonna happen. I'm gonna cry.

WENDY:

You cry, and something awful will happen.

(Tisa and Moran enter, Lynn and Mike also.)
WENDY:

Greetings, Frank. How's everything?

ALL:

Hi, hi, hi, Frank, hi.

MORAN:

Will you sit around the table. I've got somethin' to tell ya.

JILL:

Oh, oh, I knew it.

MORAN:

You all's goin' home. Your contract has been canceled as of now. You're flying back stateside tomorrow morning.

MIKE:

Why?

MORAN:

They're lots of reasons. But I don't have to tell you none of them. I called Grace Stein this morning and told her.

MIKE:

Why? Frank, why?

MORAN:

You're too expensive.

WENDY:

Expensive? We haven't even been paid yet.

LYNN:

Why haven't we been paid?
JILL:
Yes, why?

MORAN:
You're not gonna be.

LYNN:
You can't do that.

MORAN:
Oh, yes, I can. You're not gettin' any money, but I am being nice to you and letting you keep your plane tickets to go home on.

WENDY:
Why, you rat!

MORAN:
Don't call me names, you snotty little. . . Our villa not good enough for ya, huh? Well, it's been good enough for all the other groups that have come here.

TISA:
We're sorry, Frank.

MIKE:
We aren't either, Frank. The way that villa is run is no place for decent people.

MORAN:
Decent. You all think you're so good and so damn smart. Well, you'll find your smart-aleck ways are getting you a one-way ticket out of Viet Nam tomorrow.
WENDY:

Why so soon?

MORAN:

Because I said.

MIKE:

Do you have anything else to say?

MORAN:

Not one thing.

MIKE:

Are you sure?

MORAN:

Of course I am.

MIKE:

Then you listen to me. I've been on to you but went along giving you every chance to do right by this group. You know, Frank, you really will miss out on a lot by not keeping us here. With these girls and our show we could have stayed 'til the end of summer. But, no, you preferred to play your little crooked games even though you had a good, honest money-maker for you in the Sounds.

TISA:

Don't call him a crook.

MIKE:

Will you shut your mouth!

TISA:

No.
MIKE:
You'd better.

TISA:
I won't.

MIKE:
Wendy? If she interrupts me once more... 

WENDY:
Tisa, dearest, zip thy lip.

MORAN:
You kids aren't even a group.

MIKE:
Not like your other groups, that's true, Frank. We aren't the kind that you could boss around or con. I'll admit that. In fact, when you found out you were going to have to pay us in cash, you panicked.

WENDY:
What do you mean?

MIKES:
His previous groups were paid mostly in drugs and black market items. Then the groups would sell it to the G.I.'s or Nationals wherever they went. When Frank didn't come through with the number of dollars promised the groups, they couldn't report it to the Commercial Entertainment Office because they were already in it too deep with the drug traffic. They knew Moran would rat on them, and they'd lose their visas.
MORAN:

You think you know so damn much.

MIKE:

I think I know that you have two hours to bring us our passports and two thousand bucks. I figure you owe us four thousand but since we've only done four days of actual shows, I'll be fair and split the difference.

MORAN:

You punk, you're not getting a cent.

MIKE:

That's too bad, Frank. Because the colonel down at the Commercial Entertainment Office said that if you refused that decent offer, he had no choice but to revoke your license—permanently. There's a two-page complaint on his desk right now listing the charges. You know, you could be kicked out of the country just for the Dong Tam deal alone, Frank.

MORAN:

You punk.

MIKE:

Two hours, Frank.

MORAN:

You dirty punk. (Exits)

JILL:

My word.

WENDY:

Wow!
LYNN:
How did you know all that? When did you find out?
MIKE:
Yesterday.
TISA:
Why didn't you tell us?
MIKE:
Because I wanted the job to go through. I wanted things to work out right.
WENDY:
You must have suspected.
MIKE:
Of course I did, and so did Long and Rogers. They got wind of his drug activities, so I went to the Entertainment Office and checked why we hadn't received our passports back yet, and they told me that we had never been officially registered. After that, I checked with all the people I could at the office and villa and put the answer together. I must have been pretty close.
WENDY:
Weren't you sure?
MIKE:
Pretty sure.
TISA:
Just pretty sure? You should have been very sure before you made such terrible accusations and
jeopardized our entire group.

MIKE:

If there's a real danger to our group, it's you, Tisa.

JILL:

Mike, don't say such awful things to Tisa. It isn't fair.

MIKE:

Look, I've been fair to everyone.

TISA:

That's a laugh. You've had it in for me from the first.

MIKE:

You're sick. You belong in a . . .

WENDY:

Careful, dearest. She has her problems, but she's not in the category you were about to assign her.

LYNN:

You'd stick up for her even if she were dead wrong--and she is dead wrong. She has been at Mike all along for mistrusting Moran, and now it's plain to see he was right.

TISA:

Moran has his problems, but he liked us and you treated him like he was filth. You think you're so right that no one else could possibly know anything.
MIKE:

Okay, Tisa. I don't trust your judgment. You don't know show business, you're a poor judge of character, you're immature, and have an all-around negative personality.

JILL:

Stop it, Mike, stop it. I can't stand this!!

MIKE:

Then get out of here and leave us alone.

WENDY:

Hold it, big boy. Don't order any of us around. You're becoming extremely pushy, and I for one won't take it.

MIKE:

Please leave me alone with Tisa. We need to talk a few things out.

WENDY:

Not on your life.

JILL:

I'm getting out of here. I can't stand it.

LYNN:

Stop, Jill. Jill, come back. She can't go out on the streets alone. Wendy, come on, help me get her. Please?

WENDY:

All right.
TISA:

Well, you have your way now, go on, get it over with. (Pause) You hate me, don't you?

MIKE:

I've dreaded this, Tisa, but you've asked for it.

TISA:

Will you stop your self-righteous judgments and get on with it.

MIKE:

Don't tell me what to do. I'm the leader of this group.

TISA:

Don't leader me!

MIKE:

You're sick.

TISA:

I despise you.

(Mike goes to grab her, and she slaps him. He pushes her to the floor.)

MIKE:

Now, just be quiet for a minute.

(Both collect themselves.)

Most of our trouble started with Moran. I just wanted to protect us against him. He's unscrupulous. He'd stop at nothing for money.

TISA:

Why do you say that?
MIKE:

Look what he does, Tisa. He's a war leech. He makes his living off other people's misery. He brings groups in here to entertain, then makes drugs so available to them, so cheap, they can't resist. Then he has them. In turn, they addict soldiers. He works the black market. He deals in every filthy aspect of the war. He makes a living off human misery. He's not only against us, he's against our fighting men. He attacks our troops in their most vulnerable spots. He deals in death.

TISA:

You're as bad as he is.

MIKE:

How can you say that?

TISA:

Because I've known men like you before. You're always right. No matter what anyone else wants or feels, you know everything, and no one else's opinion means anything. Well, let me tell you, I can't always be wrong. Some time, somewhere, I have to be right. And I found that out the hard way. It's a lesson dearly bought, because you see, my husband was like you—always right. Month in and month out every little decision, every friend we made, every question that came up—he knew the answers and he was always, always right. I kept feeling less capable, less important,
in fact, I felt dumb, stupid, and he seemed to like it. And the more miserable I became, the more powerful and pleased he seemed until one day I realized that just by the sheer law of averages that I had to be right at least once. And when I decided to take a stand and did, it made him furious. He flipped out and carried on like a madman. And I left. And then filed.

MIKE:

You've had your problems. I appreciate that. But you have caused such negative feelings within our group that I don't think we can go on.

TISA:

Why should we?

MIKE:

It means so little to you. It was just a good way to escape the petty divorce talk and a change of scenery for you. But to me this trip means everything. A start in my profession. It's either my beginning or it means the end of a dream. I need this tour to succeed. I want a professional entertainment career. I'm out of money and hope. Tisa, do you know what it's like to be out of hope? I need this group to succeed. It's got to if I'm to survive.

TISA:

Then why, why, are you doing the very worst thing you can by making us look so tacky?
MIKE:

Tacky? What do you mean? I've done everything I know how...

TISA:

Everything but admit that you could be wrong. That opener is terrible. I know you like it—but all of us girls know it's wrong. We feel silly doing it; we're embarrassed. It's not a good introduction for our group. It's tacky.

MIKE:

(A long silence. After soul-searching, he realizes his error.)

Embarrassed? I better look at it again. If you all feel that way... I didn't really know you all felt so strong. I thought you specifically were just being negative.

TISA:

I want the group to be a success. I've made a mess out of the last two years of my life. I need someone to like me--and those G.I.'s do. I need someone to just listen to me.

MIKE:

Gosh, I guess we mis-cued on each other.

TISA:

I was feeling like I was being smothered again. and I know I probably shot off in self-defense. I needed air. I guess I felt like I was dying again.
MIKE:

That's strange. I felt the same way. I needed air. You were smothering me. I wished that you hadn't come along. I wanted you off the earth.

TISA:

Well, I suppose this is a truce in our private war. I find it difficult to say things like "sorry", but you know how I feel.

MIKE:

I'm glad we talked. I don't hate you. I am sorry. I only hope we haven't affected the others too much. Jill is still innocent in many ways. She doesn't understand war--personal or international.

TISA:

I wish I were more like Jill.

ROGERS:

(Entering by front gate) Hello. Hello, anyone home?

MIKE:

In here, Mr. Rogers.

ROGERS:

John, please, John. Barbra Streisand just went up on the poster board at Mac V Theatre; what do you say we all take her in this evening?

MIKE:

I'd like that. I think the gals would, too. I'll go see if I can find them.
ROGERS:

What do you say, Tisa?

TISA:

Well, I . . . (Sees Bob long at front gate as he enters) I think I'll just stay in this evening. I need to--think about some things.

(Bob Long enters with groceries.)
SCENE TEN

Rooftop of the Red Cross Building

(There is a movie in progress, a World War II film. Mike and Lynn are on the back row. Flashes from different distant bombs and occasional gunshots are heard from the local scene.)

LYNN:

Just what I needed. Another war.

MIKE:

We should have gone to the Streisand picture with the others. After our battle with Moran, mine with Tisa, the Cong out there, plus the flick, I feel like a veteran. I've got wounds.

LYNN:

You'll be all right. I'm so glad you were able to talk with Tisa.

MIKE:

I'm glad, too. And I'm glad Tisa was able to talk with me. I understand a lot now about why she acts the way she does. I'll accept her for herself, and I think now she'll accept me.

LYNN:

That's great. I know it wasn't easy. So where do we go from here?
MIKE:

I think we should check around the city and see if we can get some dates at private clubs like the International House. We can check with Commercial Entertainment and see if they might know a legitimate club booker and continue our original plans to tour the Pacific.

LYNN:

Sounds wonderful. [Long pause and change of thought] Then after that?

MIKE:

Who knows? Maybe we'll be in shape by then for the big time. We just need to keep our little group together and work, work, work.

LYNN:

I'm for that keeping together stuff.

MIKE:

I'll buy that. If for no other reason this trip's a success, at least it's meant getting to know you and like you.

LYNN:

Thank you. Same here. Guess it's true with everyone. When we get to really know people, then we like them for what they are. Even Tisa.

MIKE:

She's got some problems. But she's O.K.
LYNN: She stayed home tonight on purpose. I think she wanted to talk to Bob. They've hit up quite a friendship.

MIKE: Oh, yeh?

LYNN: Haven't you noticed?

MIKE: I've been preoccupied with Frank, frankly.

LYNN: They joke and kid a lot with each other.

MIKE: I hope that's all.

LYNN: Come on, Mike. Don't let your new role as counter-spy get to you. He's a married man.

MIKE: Fine. Let's change the subject.

LYNN: Look! There goes a tracer bullet. That red flash is quite lovely against the night sky.

MIKE: And over here, see, that's Cambodia, over thirty miles away. Those pretty flashes are thousands of pounds of bombs being dropped. Beautiful, isn't it?
LYNN:

It's strange. There's the movie--World War II--pure fantasy made by Hollywood out of a fabrication by writer, director, actor--but it seems more real to me in a way than that shooting does down there.

(There is the sound of a lot of close, small gunfire, then air raid siren.)

MIKE:

We're on yellow alert. Charlie must be around.

LYNN:

The movie goes on, and the war, who wins?

MIKE:

Perhaps the economy. But never the people. Never the Lares, the Franks, and maybe even us.

LYNN:

And so, what do we do?

MIKE:

Try to be at peace. With each other. With God. With men.

LYNN:

Will there ever be peace?

MIKE:

Someday.

[Bright sky flare comes on and almost fades out the movie screen. Audience looks up.]

Someday.

[Fade out on everyone but Mike as he walks to
another part of the stage and is caught by a pool of light.)
SCENE ELEVEN

Hospital Emergency Entrance

(Group after the movie walks past the heli-pad.)

JILL:

I loved Barbra Streisand. I'm going to fix my hair just like hers. Tisa and Lynn will be sorry they didn't go with us.

JOHN:

Tisa seemed pretty upset after her talk with Mike. When I walked in, I could tell something was wrong.

JILL:

I hope she's all right.

WENDY:

She will be. But I'm glad they had it out. I like both of them too much to see things go on like they were. Bob was going to be around the villa all evening, so she's protected.

JOHN:

I can't imagine Lynn and Mike going to a war movie—not with all we have around here of the real variety.

(Chopper sounds.)

WENDY:

They just wanted to be alone. They're very close.
JILL:

Hey, look. What's that?

JOHN:

It's a dust-off bird. Helicopter. They're bringing in the wounded to Third Field Hospital. This is the emergency entrance to the pad. We can't go through the gate, though.

JILL:

Let's watch for a minute.

JOHN:

I'm not sure we should.

WENDY:

May we? I've never seen anything like this.

JOHN:

All right, but it's not too pleasant.

[Nurse enters from off-stage with chart on clipboard. Medic enters from 'copter.]

NURSE:

What do you have?

MEDIC:

We started with two Line Twos, one Urgent and one Lower Priority, but we ended the flight with two Line Ones and two Urgents.

NURSE:

Two died in flight?

MEDIC:

One was in the direct path of a B-40 rocket--
terrible frag wounds—ninety percent of his body. We did everything, but couldn't stop all the bleeding. The other must have died of shock. I don't know.

VOICE OFFSTAGE:

Doc, hey, Doc!

NURSE:

Get the Urgents.

VOICE OFFSTAGE:

Doc! We're losing him. We're losing him. [Two men carry out a stretcher with wounded soldier on it.]

WOUNDED SOLDIER:

Help me, help me, Mama. Help. Mama.

MAN:

We're losing him.

[Nurse and medic leap to wounded man. One stretcher bearer is still holding the plasma.]

MEDIC:

Keep it going. Looks like cardiac arrest.

WOUNDED SOLDIER:

Mama, Mama. [Screams] Mama.

MEDIC:

Get the mouth-to-mouth tube.

NURSE:

It's too late. His pulse is going.

WOUNDED SOLDIER:

Mama?
(Medic begins to administer radical heart massage treatment. Pounds heart. He doesn't respond. After vain attempts, soldier dies.)

NURSE:
Oh, why? The waste. The waste.

WENDY:
He was just a boy. A boy, and he wanted his mother.

NURSE:
Hurry, get him to the door, then help us with the last one.

MEDIC:
I've never lost so many on one trip. This is a nightmare.

(Stretcher bearers and medic exit.)

NURSE:
He was so young. So young.

JILL:
Why are they dying? Can't they do anything?

JOHN:
They're doing what they can. You can tell what the Medic has been through. His job is to keep them alive 'til they get more extensive help. A specialist team checks for breathing, bleeding and broken bones, then tags and X-rays them and puts them on the chopper. These poor soldiers must have seen the worst.

(Nurse and medic carry on the stretcher. They are met by the two stretcher bearers, and one takes the
place of the nurse, and the other grabs the plasma bottle.)

NURSE:
This one's conscious. We're taking care of you, soldier.

LARE:
Thanks.

JILL:
It's Lare. Lare!

NURSE:
You know this man?

WENDY:
We're his friends. The only family he's got. Please let us just say a word to him.

NURSE:
Quickly, there's no time.

JILL:
Lare, Lare, it's me, Jill, and Wendy. You're going to be all right.

LARE:
Hi.

WENDY:
We just wanted you to know we'll come see you after they patch you up. You'll be fine.

LARE:
I don't know this time.
JILL:

Look. *(Takes beret from purse)* Here's your hat; you'll need it now. It's been so lucky for us. I always carry it with me. You keep it.

NURSE:

That's enough; this man is in urgent need.

LARE:

Doc. Let her kiss me.

NURSE:

Hurry.

*(Jill kisses him. They carry him off.)*

JILL:

Goodbye, Lare.

LARE:

So long.

WENDY:

So long, Lare. So long, our friend. Be lucky.

So long.
SCENE TWELVE

Anywhere

MIKE:

That was the last time any of us saw Lare. We began calling clubs and making bookings on our own. By late afternoon it looked like we were on our way to several months of jobs in Nam with great possibilities of Thailand and Japan after that. Then Wendy told us. Last night after the movie she went to the store room to get some luggage and found Tisa with Bob Long. This made it rather uncomfortable, in fact, impossible for us to stay at the chapel villa any longer. Then I got a call from Commercial Entertainment. They said that because of some contract technicality, since we were no longer with our original Viet Nam agent, we would have to leave the country. I asked if we could renew our visas and work through a new agent. Apparently Frank had, in some devious way, blocked that avenue, because the officer huffed that it was impossible. No visa, no jobs. No place to stay! Poof—there goes your world.

So we packed up our belongings and packed in our group and headed for home. We all survived; some wounds, but we survived. (Following must be sincere,
but casual, not preachy.) In a way, when our group came home less than successful, and other than celebrities, I failed. Yet in a greater way I think I won. My victory was in a private war with myself. I learned how to plough under a battlefield in my own heart and tried to plant in its place seeds of self-change and understanding.

I do understand now a little better about the ways of dying. We can kill a spirit slowly by methods Tisa and I used on each other or by a quick bomb flash like the one that killed the young soldier. Both ways are effective and leave the victim mortally wounded. People can do it to other individuals or governments can do it to countries. But always it gets back to the simple number one. Incredible as it seems, all wars between men, groups or nations, start on a one-to-one basis. But so does the antidote—peace. Peace begins with one.

|During next speech to end, behind individual scrims, scenes from the play appear one by one and they fade just before Mike finishes his monologue.|

And now Viet Nam seems so unreal. And it's funny because phantom-like, when I'm walking or eating or trying to sleep, memories of war-watching on rooftops, strawberry sundaes, a dying soldier, running to airplanes, a green beret, all come flooding back in painful haunting, happy flashes, and it's hard to tell if it
was all a dream or if it really happened.

{End}
Chapter 3

WELFARE, ANOTHER PERSPECTIVE

A Scripted Film with
Dramatic and
Documentary
Sequences

Preface

For purposes of comparison this writer has included the first completed draft of the Welfare, Another Perspective script as well as the final copy of the film transcript. From drawing board to screen the script underwent seven major revisions which the writer supervised. A close comparison of the first revision and final scripts is evidence of the evolution of the film. It is the director's burden and joy to bring about this evolution and guide the diverse elements into a united whole. In the writer's opinion, a director must closely guide all aspects of pre-production, shooting, and post-production phases of a film if the work is to maintain a continuity, distinctive flavor and totality as he conceived them.

It is the writer's opinion that the emphasis in film should be the visual. Show it; don't say it. The writer has tried to do this by eliminating as much of the
narrator and the narration as possible.

The completed script works fairly well by itself, but the visualization of the script into film brings the project to life. The approximate cost of the film is $37,500.00. The full color, sixteen millimeter film runs a total of thirteen and one half minutes. Its effectiveness comes from a pulling together of all the diverse elements, particularly the script and the direction. The film, of course, must be seen in order to evaluate the directing.
WELFARE: ANOTHER PERSPECTIVE

A Documentary Film about
the Mormon Church
Welfare Program

Script

Prepared by
Paul H. Schneiter

Prepared for

Motion Picture Studio
Brigham Young University

April 23, 1974 (Revised)
WELFARE: ANOTHER PERSPECTIVE

Script

Visuals
Forty-year-old man (Jack Stevens) cutting meat on block in Welfare Square butcher shop. He talks as he works.

Young attorney (thirtyish) hoeing sugar beets on stake farm. About 15 other men of various ages are working alongside him.

Sound
STEVENS: I worked for an aerospace company as a parts cataloger. It was a good job with good pay—while it lasted! The company's government contract was cancelled—and so was my job. I'm working here as a butcher to take care of my family until I can complete a trade school course in radio and TV.

ATTORNEY: This sugar beet farm is operated by the Mormon Church. All the labor's donated—hundreds of hours annually. We work here early in the morning—before our regular jobs—and after work, on holidays, and on Saturdays.
Visuals

Attorney stops hoeing, straightens up, gestures with motion of head.

Group of men feverishly unloading truck of food and blankets at ward house. As they carry boxes into the cultural hall, we hear snatches of conversation about the flood that has just hit Rapid City, South Dakota.

Sound

Everyone pitches in. That fellow in the green shirt is my law partner, and the man next to him is an M. D. What we raise goes to the poor and needy. It gives you a good feeling (wipes brow). . . makes you appreciate your regular job, too!

FIRST MAN: Broke loose about three in the afternoon. . . really bad on the east side of town.

SECOND MAN: I heard four families are unaccounted for.

FIRST MAN: At least that many.

SECOND MAN: How many homeless?

FIRST MAN: I know ten families are staying here tonight. . . could be more. . .

MUSIC
MARSHALL (directly to audience): Hello. I'm E. G. Marshall. On the face of it, this film is about the Mormon Welfare Program. Look a little deeper, however, and you'll discover that it's more than that—it's about a way of life, a system of values, an approach to making Christianity an effective force in the lives of people.

That may explain why the Welfare Program works—it's an inseparable part of the people who participate in it, both givers . . .

. . . and receivers.

I'm not a Mormon, but I'm impressed with the way the Mormon people take care of themselves. Self-reliance is
The Mormons' commitment to the spiritual and temporal welfare of themselves and their fellowmen flows from their faith, their scripture, and their pioneer past. They take literally their scripture that reads: "If thou loveth me. . . thou wilt remember the poor, and consecrate of thy properties for their support" (D&C 42:30). They point to the second great commandment given by the Savior—"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" (Matthew 22:39). . . . and to Paul's statement in I Timothy: "But if any provide not for his own, and especially those of his own house, he hath denied
### Visuals

- Marshall standing by handcart.
- Family seated at dinner table, eating.
- Low-angle shot of Welfare Square grain elevators towering into sky.
- Historical paintings, etchings, etc. (perhaps the C. C. A. Christensen series).

### Sound

1. the faith and is worse than an infidel" (I Timothy 5:8).
2. But Latter-day Saints—that's their formal name—are a practical people, too... perhaps the trek across the plains had something to do with that.
3. They believe that a religion that cannot save people on earth and make them happy here, cannot save them in heaven.
4. What Mormon welfare all adds up to is another point of view, another perspective, of an age-old problem. Whether you agree with it or not, it works. Besides that, it makes for an absorbing story.
5. Mormon welfare is as old as the Church itself. Early in 1831—less than a year after the Church was founded—the Saints were told that every
man should "... esteem his brother as himself" and that they should "look to the poor and the needy, and administer to their relief that they shall not suffer. ..." (D&C 38:24,35).

The Mormons learned early about the poor and needy in a personal way. They encountered persecution each time they established settlements: first in Ohio, then in Missouri, then in Illinois. Finally, seeking refuge and religious freedom, they were led by Brigham Young across the plains to the Rocky Mountains.

In those early years of struggle and sacrifice, mutual helpfulness sometimes meant the difference between life and death.
When the Saints were driven from Nauvoo, Illinois, in 1846, those first to reach the Iowa side of the Mississippi didn't set up their camps until they had gone back to help late-comers clamber up the steep, slippery banks of the river.

The first companies of pioneers who went West planted crops, and those who came later harvested them.

Once they arrived in Salt Lake Valley, their faith and their concern for one another continued to be the source of the Mormons' strength and security. They didn't build many fences and many ditches, but a common fence and a common ditch to meet the common need.

During all those hard years of pioneering, no man went
Perhaps you've noticed by now . . . a distinguishing feature of Mormon welfare is that giving is a two-way arrangement: one gives what he has and gets what he needs.

The goal is to encourage individual enterprise and thrift, and the establishment of people on a self-sustaining basis.

In the Mormon view, two benefits result: the individual's physical needs are met . . .

. . . and so, too, are his spiritual needs, since self-effort is essential to man's eternal progress.

The Mormon people and their leaders have--as you might imagine--some strong feelings.
about the worth of honest work. It's no coincidence, for example, that the state seal of Utah is the beehive—symbol of industry.

J. Reuben Clark, Jr., distinguished statesman and Mormon leader, said that "there is no curse equal to the curse of idleness." And Brigham Young, second president of the Church, said: "... it is never any benefit to give... to man or woman, money, clothing, or anything else, if they are able-bodied and can work and earn what they need... To pursue a contrary course would ruin any community in the world and make them idlers."

In 1936 the Church formalized welfare into its present organization. At that time, with economic desolation everywhere at hand, the Saints
Sound

were called upon to unite in another pioneering effort to maintain independence of spirit and self-respect.

That effort became known as the Church Welfare Program. From its founding to the present day, it has had two principal objectives: first, to make the necessities of life available to the needy; and second, to help the needy help themselves.

The necessities of life are provided by the direct financial contribution of the Church membership and by volunteer labor on Church-directed projects.

The direct contribution takes the form of the 'fast offering'. All members are expected to abstain from two consecutive meals each month and to contribute the
One of the duties of this young man, a Mormon deacon, is to visit the homes of the members of his ward—that's another word for parish or congregation—and to collect the fast offering.

ATTORNEY: This Church sugar beet project—and more than 550 others like it across the country—gives ample opportunity to help the needy in the second way—through volunteer labor.

The projects produce just about anything you can think of—fruits and vegetables, canned fish, eggs, meat, milk, grains, clothing, bedding, furniture.

Church members who are not in need and who are not unemployed are expected to work on these projects, as well as those who
are receiving assistance or who are unemployed. In a recent year, nearly 155,000 man-days of work were donated, and 103,000 needy people assisted.

MARSHALL: In a matter of minutes, disasters can place hundreds of normally self-sufficient people among the poor and needy. On such occasions—whether it's an earthquake in Nicaragua, a flood in Rapid City, or a tornado in Indiana—the Church Welfare Program moves in to help with whatever is needed. Less than two days after the flood in Rapid City, South Dakota, for example, thousands of pounds of food and clothing arrived from Salt Lake City to help the Saints in need.

The second objective of the program—helping the needy to
help themselves—involves providing employment for members who are out of work.

STEVENS: This place where I work is called a bishop's storehouse—it's one of more than 100 operated by the Church nation-wide. Its function is to process, stock, and distribute the tons of commodities produced by the various Church projects. By working here I not only help others who are in need, but myself as well. Last year the storehouses provided gainful employment for more than _____ individuals like me. In addition, welfare personnel found employment for more than 16,000 others on the open job market.

MARSHALL: Our butcher friend --his name is Jack Stevens-- happens to work at the Church's
largest bishop's storehouse. It's known as Welfare Square, and it's located in Salt Lake City. Jack took me through it not long ago. Come on along--it's an experience you won't soon forget.

("Voice over" comments by Marshall and Stevens as they go through Welfare Square. Visuals and comments are more people-oriented than thing-oriented--people receiving food and supplies, people meaningfully employed, people producing. Marshall and Stevens might, for example, visit the furniture shop and chat with a 74-year-old man as he fits a drawer into a desk. He could simply say: "I'm happy to have something worthwhile to do in life... My skills are needed here--they're helping people. As long as I can work, I want to." Next
Marshall and Stevens might move to the shoe shop and talk with a 30-year-old man confined to a wheelchair who says something like this: "Sure, my family and I receive food and supplies from Church Welfare. But through my work here, we give as well. Unless you're handicapped, you can't appreciate what that does for a fellow's sense of self-worth." Then Marshall and Stevens might look over cans of food bearing the "Deseret" label, with Stevens commenting: "This is the brand money can't buy--it takes a bishop's order!" Tour should include a visit to the grain elevators with Stevens observing: "This elevator stores 318,000 bushels of grain--that's equivalent to a trainload of 140 cars. It was built in 1940 in eight days.
by 640 volunteers who poured concrete day and night." At some point in tour, Stevens should point out that "The poor are assisted according to their needs and are expected to work to the extent of their ability." Other aspects of the operation are revealed and other individuals "interviewed" before the tour ends.)

MARSHALL: Quite a place, isn't it?

There are other things you ought to know about the Church Welfare Program. Let's look at just a few of them. You might be wondering how the needy are identified. That's the responsibility of the bishop—the man in charge of each ward of two hundred families or so.
By means of the Home Teaching program, lay members visit every home in the ward each month. They leave a spiritual message, and check on the welfare of each family. It was during just such a visit that Jack's problem first came to light.

(The following is to be voice over and as close to documentary form as possible. Script may change substantially—what follows is intended only to suggest content and principal points to be covered. Stevens is to tell his experience with welfare program in his own words—hesitating sometimes, searching for words, etc.)

STEVENS: About a week after I'd been laid off, the home teachers visited our home. After the lesson was finished,
While I was at work, the president of the Relief Society—an organization of Mormon women dedicated to compassionate service—visited my wife, determined our family’s needs, and filled out a Bishop’s order for groceries.

We're back on our feet now. . .

. . . and I've got a solid job waiting just as soon as I complete that electronics course!

MARSHALL: In addition to the storehouses, the Welfare Program provides jobs for senior citizens and handicapped persons in salvage processing plants known as Deseret Industries.
The first of these was established in 1938. There are now eleven in four states. As a result of their experience at Deseret Industries, many individuals develop job skills that make them employable in the regular job market.

Under an exchange program, the output of all the program projects is made available to all the storehouses. For example, storehouses in Boise, Idaho, and San Diego, California, trade... potatoes and tuna fish--what else!

The widely scattered farms, processing plants, and storehouses are linked by an extensive truck-trailer network. In a typical year, welfare truckers log over ___ miles.

And speaking of trucks, if a
needy family isn't able to pick up their supplies at a storehouse, they're delivered to their door... in a special kind of truck: unmarked.

If a needy Mormon woman lives a long distance from a storehouse, she goes to a regular store, and her order is paid for with ward budget funds.

The Saints' method of estimating the production quota for each project is interesting. It involves, first, an analysis of the previous year's production and consumption.

And second, a technique not commonly a part of other large agricultural operations—kneeling prayer.

The Church admonishes its members to do all they can to help themselves before turning
to the Welfare program for assistance.

Consistent with that idea, every Mormon family is encouraged to have their own 'storehouse'—an emergency supply of food and other essentials to meet their needs for at least one year.

If I were to summarize all this, I suppose I'd say that the Church Welfare Program is deeply rooted in the faith of the Mormon people, in their work ethic, in their fierce sense of self-sufficiency. I'd say, too, that Mormon Welfare works because its people do. And I think I'd be right. But that somehow seems incomplete.

Perhaps the best summary is one provided by the Saints themselves, shortly after the program was established:
Visuals
Marshall reading from plaque on wall at Welfare Square.

Cut away to handicapped girl sorting clothes at VI. . . man operating butter-wrapping machine . . . senior citizen upholstering chair, etc.

Family entering ward house. . . newlyweds leaving temple. . . father carrying child "piggy-back", etc.

Sound
'Our primary purpose was to set up, insofar as it might be possible, a system under which the curse of idleness would be done away with, the evils of the dole abolished, and independence, industry, thrift, and self-respect once more established among our people. The aim of the Church is to help people help themselves. Work is to be re-enthroned as the ruling principle in the lives of our Church membership.

'. . . the real, long-term objective. . . is the building of character in the members of the Church, givers and receivers, rescuing all that is finest down deep inside them, and bringing to flower and fruitage the latent richness of the spirit, which, after all, is the mission and
Marshall glancing at Stevens, smiling.

Marshall being escorted to exit by Stevens, shaking hands with him, walking out door.

Closing titles.

Sound

purpose and reason for being of this Church.

In short, as the butcher here says, Mormon welfare is concerned not only with shoes, but with souls. I'd say that's a perspective that takes in both... heaven and earth.

MUSIC

MUSIC

MUSIC
Original Script
Paul Schneiter

Sixth Revision
Doug Stewart

Final Transcript
David K. Jacobs
November 7, 1974

WELFARE: ANOTHER PERSPECTIVE

Brigham Young University
Department of Motion Picture Production
As far as my handicap, it isn't a deterrent to me. It's something that I can work with and bypass.

Things slowed down, and I was laid off. My Church welfare job as a meat cutter was temporary until I finished my accounting course at night school.

I am eighty-four and have enjoyed working all my life, but I wouldn't have a job now if it wasn't for the Church Welfare Program.

I like the people here. We have a lot of fun while we work.

Our volunteer help here is just great.

It was really quite a disaster, and it makes you really feel good that you are able to help.
Salt Lake City bound for a disaster area.

7. FATHER and SON working together in the early morning on a Stake Welfare Farm. There's no satisfaction comes to us like coming down here to the Welfare Farm early in the morning to work together.

8. TITLES: (As camera pans from sun over sugar beet farm in early morning.) (Music over)

WELFARE, ANOTHER PERSPECTIVE
Copyright information
Presented by The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints
Under the Direction of The First Presidency and the Council of the Twelve

NARRATOR - ERIC SERVER
EXECUTIVE PRODUCER - HEBER G. WOLSEY
Director - David K. Jacobs
9. EZRA TAFT BENSON

(President of the
Council of the Twelve
Apostles of the Church
of Jesus Christ of
Latter-day Saints)
greets volunteer
cherry pickers at
Church orchard and
gives an on camera
statement of the
Mormon Church's view
of welfare.
TITLE OVER: EZRA
TAFT BENSON, President
Council of the Twelve.

10. Montage of smiling
FACES of people at

Throughout the holy scriptures
the Lord has given commandments
Visuals
work on various welfare projects.

Sound
to take care of the poor and the needy. The Mormon Welfare Program is entirely voluntary. In it both givers and receivers are expected to give of their time and their service. It is the Lord's way to provide for the needy of his people.

11. Cut back to BENSON in cherry orchard.
Hello, and welcome to what is termed the "Bishop's Storehouse", one of a hundred such complexes located throughout the world, serving the Welfare Program of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

12. Cut to Bishop's Storehouse boxing line for foodstuffs.
Enter non-Mormon NARRATOR who walks through store area explaining parts of the Welfare Program.
Now up until this point, you've heard how the Mormon people feel about their welfare program, including comments from President Benson. But in the next few minutes, I'd like to show you just how it looks from an outsider's viewpoint. You see, I'm not a Mormon. But I am impressed
with the way the Mormon people take care of themselves, both the givers and the receivers. You discover that self-reliance is big on their list of priorities.

13. Pan down on Temple spires.


15. NARRATOR by Handcart Monument.

Camera pans inside cabin where pioneer woman places bread to cool.

The Mormons learned early about helping each other in a personal way when their pioneer forefathers carved a niche out of desolate wilderness and others followed on foot across the plains. The first companies of pioneers that went West planted crops. Those who came later harvested them.

When they arrived in Salt Lake Valley, they didn't build many fences or dig many ditches, but rather a common fence and a common ditch for the common need. But during those hard and hungry years, no one
starved as long as his neighbor had food.

Today, as then, Mormons are told that their first responsibility is to take care of themselves and their families, and share with those in need.

The late Church authority, J. Reuben Clark, said, "There is no curse equal to the curse of idleness." And Brigham Young, second president of the Church, said, "It is never any benefit to give to any man or woman money, clothing, or anything else if they are able-bodied and can work and earn what they need."

In 1936, with economic desolation everywhere, the Mormons formalized their present Church Welfare Organization. From its founding it has had two principal objectives: first, help
those in need to help themselves and second, make the necessities of life available to those in need.

The necessities of life are provided by volunteer labor. . .

. . . and the direct financial contributions come from the "fast offering" of Church members.

All members are expected to to abstain from, or fast for, two consecutive meals each month and give the equivalent cost or a generous contribution to the Church.

Both the employed and the unemployed freely work on over 550 different production projects all over the world, like this tomato farm. These projects can produce just about anything you may need.
In a recent year, nearly 155,000 man days of work were donated and 103,000 needy people assisted.

Thus, the unemployed feel they have contributed, too, as well as been assisted by the Church, and the employed have a way to help the less fortunate.

In a matter of minutes, disaster can place normally self-sufficient people among the destitute. Sometimes whole communities can be left helpless.

Within hours after the flood in Rapid City, South Dakota, thousands of pounds of food and clothing arrived from Church projects.

Sixty tons of food and supplies went to Nicaragua after that terrible earthquake.
Thousands of dollars worth of aid were distributed in Australia after their recent disastrous flood.

"And we pray that thy spirit will be with us, that we may be a happy people and a busy people this day as we serve and wait upon those that come here to receive. And we ask all these blessings in the name of thy beloved Son, our Savior, Jesus Christ, Amen.

"Amen."

The other objective of the program--helping the needy to help themselves--involves providing jobs for those members who may be out of work. This leads to upgrading skills and encourages personal development.

Last year the Welfare Program provided gainful employment for more than 1,400 individuals.
And jobs were found for 16,000 others in private industry.

If I hadn't had this job, I wouldn't know what to do with life. I... I enjoy cutting these buttons and knitting the houseslippers. If I stayed home doing nothing, I just wouldn't know what to do.

I don't think that the Lord expected us to come here on the earth to feel sorry for ourselves and what we are doing is the work of the Lord and that if we help ourselves, He'll help us, too.

I'm eighty-seven this fall, and I enjoy my work real well here. It's a good job that I can't get any place else only here in the Industries.

Actually, the Deseret label is the brand that money can't buy. It takes a Bishop's
Order. There is no commodity, clothing of any type, that goes out of this storehouse unless it’s been approved and sanctioned by a bishop.

Well, I don’t think that our financial problems will last too much longer, but still, even after things are okay, I want to keep on helping, because they’ve done so much for us.

I think that the thing that’s impressed me more than anything is the pride that people can have. That they can work for what they receive.

You may wonder just how they determine who the needy people are. Well, that’s the responsibility of the bishop—the man in charge of the ward—that’s a congregation of about two hundred families. Now, by
The same week I had been laid off, the home teachers came by. I told them what had happened. I wasn't too concerned—thought I could find another job as a cataloger. But no luck. After a few months it finally hit me that I'd have to train for a new occupation. And that was a rough adjustment. I decided to go to trade school in the evening and study accounting and work at whatever I could find during the day.

"What are we going to do?" By now the severance pay was gone,
Sound
and I was hurting.

"Well, Brother, I'm really having a hard time finding a job."

I told my home teachers about it the next time they came over. They must have told the bishop because he called the next morning and said they could use a meat cutter at the Bishop's Storehouse. Well, that sounded good to me.

The president of the Relief Society--that's the woman's organization--visited with my wife. She found out what we needed, and filled out a Bishop's Order for groceries. That was a real blessing.
I'm very thankful to be back on my feet now, and have a job waiting for me when I finish my accounting course.

While the storehouses and farms produce goods, another phase of the L. D. S. Church Welfare Program—Deseret Industries—reclaims and repairs old and used materials. Thus it provides vital necessities at inexpensive prices and provides meaningful employment for senior citizens and handicapped persons. By their experiences at Deseret Industries, many of these handicapped people develop job skills that make them employable in private industry.
And still another goal of the Welfare Program is to encourage individual enterprise and thrift in the homes, and to establish a self-sustaining people.

Every Mormon family is therefore encouraged to have their own "storehouse"--an emergency supply of food and essentials to sustain them for at least one year.

In summary, I would say that the Mormon Welfare Program is deeply rooted in the faith of the Mormon people, in their work ethic and in their strong sense of self-sufficiency.
I would also say that the Mormon Welfare Program works because the Mormon people do.

Shortly after the program was established in its present form, the First Presidency of the Church said the following: (He reads) "Our primary purpose was to set up, insofar as it might be possible, a system under which the curse of idleness would be done away with, the evils of the dole abolished, and independence, industry, thrift and self-respect once more established among our people. The aim of the Church is to help people help themselves. Work is to be re-enthroned as the ruling principle in the lives of our Church membership. . . . the real, long-term objective. . . . is the building of character in the members of the Church, givers and
receivers, rescuing all that is finest down deep inside them, and bringing to flower and fruitage the latent richness of the spirit. . ."

And so, there you have it.

On the surface, the story of the Mormon Welfare Program . . . but really it's more than that--it's a . . . a way of life, a system of values, an approach to making Christianity a more effective force in people's lives.

Now that's a perspective that takes in both heaven and earth.
77. Frame Three:  Cherry picker disappears
   and C.U. wheat appears.

78. Frame Four:  Wheat
   field disappears
   and beet hoers appear.

79. Frame Three:  C.U.
   wheat disappers and
   workers appear.
   Frame Two:  Prayer
   Group disappears and
   sunset hoers appear.

80. Frame One:  NARRATOR
   disappears and hoers
   going home appear.
   Action continues
   until music Cue.
   Freeze frame appears:
   A Brigham Young
   University Production.
Chapter 4

THE CHURCH IN ACTION 1972

A Documentary Film

Preface

One of the challenges of making this film was to give it a basic unity. That is difficult in a documentary that is shot over a one-year period of time, scene by scene, event by event. Another challenge was to provide a format or framework on which to build the film. The method finally employed was to separate the film into different categories, such as "Temples", "New Appointments", and "Church Growth". This approach gave clarification that was not possible through one that was strictly chronological. Another main challenge was to make the film historically accurate by covering the major events of the year, and also to make value judgments by placing emphasis where it belonged.

The film is a sixteen millimeter, color, twenty-eight and one half minute production. Before final approval was given, the film had to be cleared by the Church Historian's office of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and the entire body of the General Authorities of the Church.
The ultimate challenge was to weave the events into a visual tapestry that had a mood or spirit of its own. A unified whole had to grow from fragments. Hopefully The Church in Action 1972 has to some degree done this.
Transcript

November 13, 1974

THE CHURCH IN ACTION - 1972
Prod. No. 218

Brigham Young University
Department of Motion Picture Production
Each of the one hundred forty-two years in the history of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints has been one of growth. But perhaps in no other year has the growth been more dramatic, more in evidence than in. . .

THE CHURCH IN ACTION. . .

[TITLES (over men with raised hands sustaining)]

(THE CHURCH IN ACTION - 1972, Presented by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Under the Direction of the First Presidency and the Council of the Twelve)

PRESIDENT JOSEPH FIELDING SMITH . . . nineteen seventy-two, a year in which one prophet laid aside his earthly labors,

PRESIDENT HAROLD B. LEE . . . and another took them up.
... a year in which six new General Authorities were called, ... 

... two temples dedicated, ...

... twenty-six stakes formed, ...

... forty-four new regional representatives appointed. ...

... and three new missions opened. ...

... a year of far-reaching organizational change. ...

... of major moves to improve Church communications. ...

... and of extensive building programs.

For some, it was a year of personal tragedy and deep introspection about the fragility of life on earth.
Two new houses of the Lord were dedicated in 1972. The Ogden Temple, the first to be dedicated in Utah in seventy-nine years, was dedicated January 18 by President Joseph Fielding Smith. He was assisted by his counselors, Presidents Harold B. Lee and N. Eldon Tanner.

The Provo Temple was dedicated February 9 by President Smith assisted by his counselors.

Nearly 75,000 Church members witnessed the dedication on closed circuit television in rooms throughout the temple and in nine buildings on the Brigham Young University campus.

Nearly 400,000 persons toured the two temples during open houses in December and January.
In the fall the First Presidency announced plans for major additions and alterations to five temples within the next two years: Idaho Falls, Arizona, Hawaii, Logan, and St. George.

In November, the Church News reported that construction of the Washington Temple was on schedule with completion expected in mid-1974. The seven-story structure to be capped by six towers of differing heights overlooks suburban Kensington, Maryland.

To better serve the rapidly growing world-wide Church membership, the First Presidency announced in June a major new supervisory program. The program is designed to
facilitate the supervision and training of leaders, members, and proselyting missionaries.

In support of the new program, the First Presidency called twenty-nine brethren to a new position known as Mission Representatives. In addition, thirty-six new Regional Representatives were called. Nine others were called throughout the year bringing the total number of Representatives to the Twelve to one hundred eleven at the year's end.

President N. Eldon Tanner stated that the organizational changes were made, not only to provide for future growth, but to accommodate that which had already taken place.

President Tanner indicated that world membership in the Church had increased 94% in the past twelve years to
Visuals

Graphs super over pictures illustrating figures

Foreign chapel construction

Pictures of countries mentioned

MISSIONARIES walking along

Pictures of Missions mentioned

Montage of shots of countries around the world included in International Mission

Sound

3,090,953 members.

South America was setting the pace with a 1,100% increase followed by Central America with 948% increase and Asia with 751%.

In every month of 1972 except July one or more stakes were formed—twenty-six in all—a record number for a single year.

Eight of the new stakes were outside of the United States—in Argentina, Mexico, Chile, Brazil, Tahiti, Germany and Japan.

Three new missions were opened in 1972: the Quebec Mission, the Argentina East Mission, and the International Mission. Membership of the International Mission—the first of its kind in the Church—was to consist of
Church members throughout the world who were outside of organized stakes and missions and who were not served by any other mission. There are no proselyting missionaries within this mission which has its headquarters in Salt Lake City. Its purpose is to keep scattered Church members in close contact with the Church through various means such as organizing them into small groups and branches, supplying needed Church materials and maintaining a close correspondence.

A symbol of growth—with a nostalgic twist—came in Salt Lake City when the old Lyric Theatre was restored to its turn-of-the-century Victorian elegance and given a new name: The Promised Valley Playhouse. It was dedicated in August by
President Marion G. Romney and houses the pioneer drama "Promised Valley" as well as many other theatrical productions.

A graphic illustration of Church growth in 1972 was the completion and occupancy of Salt Lake City's tallest structure—the 420 foot, twenty-eight story Church Office Building. Designed to house nearly all of the Church's Departments, the building had been under construction for three years.

The Church Historical Department was the first to move in, arriving on November 4. Six separate moving companies spent three months completing the move into the building.

The offices of the First Presidency, the Council of the
Twelve, and many other General Authorities remained in the Church Administration Building on South Temple.

The year 1972 brought the death—on July 2—of President Joseph Fielding Smith and the subsequent ordination of a new president. President Smith's ninety-five years covered much of the history of the modern world—from prairie schooner to lunar lander.

Born July 19, 1876—a year before the death of President Brigham Young—he was the first son and fourth child of President Joseph F. Smith, sixth president of the Church, and Julina Lambson Smith.

Joseph Fielding Smith was called to the British Mission
in 1899, and on April 7, 1910, at the age of 33, he was ordained and set apart as a member of the Council of the Twelve by his father, Joseph F. Smith.

Joseph Fielding Smith served with uncommon commitment in many important Church positions, often holding several offices simultaneously. He was a member of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association General Board for fifteen years, counselor in the Salt Lake Temple Presidency for twenty years and Temple President for four years, President of the Genealogical Society for twenty-seven years, Church Historian for forty-nine years, theologian and author of twenty-four Church books, a Member of the Quorum of the Twelve for sixty years...
"I thank the Lord for the Gospel of Jesus Christ, for my membership in the Church, for the opportunity which has come to me to give service."

... and President of the Council of the Twelve for nineteen of those sixty years, Counselor in the First Presidency five years, and on January 23, 1970, was named tenth president of the Church, a position he was to occupy for nearly two and a half years.

President Smith was preceded in death by three faithful companions.

His body lay in state in the rotunda of the Church Administration Building July 5 as thousands paid their last respects.

At funeral services in the
President N. Eldon Tanner said on that occasion: "He was called as an apostle of God and became a member of the Twelve about sixty-two years ago. He served with four presidents of the Church and was the last of the General Authorities to bridge the gap between the days of Brigham Young and the present generation. Since he became a member of the Twelve, the number of the stakes in the Church has increased from sixty-two to five hundred eighty-one; and the number of members from 393,000 to 3,090,953; the
number of missions has increased from about a dozen to one hundred one. He has attended the dedications of eleven of the thirteen temples, including St. George and Salt Lake.

He passed on this heritage to his large, outstanding family, all of whom have been sealed in the temple of God for time and eternity. He has eleven children (ten of whom are living), fifty-nine grandchildren, ninety-nine great grandchildren making a total of one hundred sixty-nine direct descendants.

On July 7 in the Salt Lake Temple, Harold B. Lee was ordained eleventh president of the Church. When asked what single message he would have
PRESIDENT LEE press conference at Church Administration Building

for the members of the Church, he said:

"... is to keep the commandments of God for therein lies the safety of the Church and the safety of the individual. Keep the commandments. There could be nothing that I could say that would be a more powerful or important message today. By the keeping of the commandments, the blessings of heaven come."

President Lee named N. Eldon Tanner as his first counselor and Marion G. Romney as his second counselor.

Spencer W. Kimball was named President of the Council of the Twelve.

The new First Presidency was sustained in the Salt Lake Tabernacle in Solemn Assembly October 6 at the first session.
of the 142nd Semi-annual General Conference. The Tabernacle was overflowing with representatives from nearly every Ward, Stake and Mission in the Church. They'd lined up in the pre-dawn hours long before the Tabernacle doors were opened, to assure themselves a place in the simple yet majestic act of sustaining a prophet of God.

"We sustain Harold Bingham Lee as Prophet, Seer, and Revelator and President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Those in favor will raise their right hands to the square. Those opposed by the same sign."

When the voting was complete, a process requiring about forty minutes, President Lee then spoke:

"Today, at the greatest moment
in my life, I find myself without words to express my deep and inner-most feelings. What I may say, therefore, must be actuated by the Spirit of the Lord, that you, my beloved Saints of the Most High God, may feel the depths of my soul-searching on this momentous and historic occasion.

"How grateful I am for your loyalty and your sustaining vote! I bear you solemn witness as to the divine mission of the Savior..."

At the concluding session on Monday, President Lee bore his special witness with the warmth, directness and humility that would become characteristic of many of his addresses:

"There have come to me even in these last few days a deepening and reassuring faith. I can't,
I can't leave this conference without saying to you that I have a conviction that the Master hasn't been absent from us on these occasions. This is His Church. Where else would He rather be than right here at the headquarters of His Church? He isn't, he isn't an absentee master. He is concerned about us. He wants us to follow where He leads. I know that He's a living reality, as is our Heavenly Father. I know it. I only hope that I can qualify to the high place to which He has called me and in which you have sustained me."

At April Conference John H. Vandenberg, Presiding Bishop, . . . and Robert L. Simpson, his first counselor, were released from their positions in the Presiding Bishopric and were sustained as
Victor L. Brown, former Second Counselor to Bishop Vandenberg, was sustained as the New Presiding Bishop. Bishop Brown called as his counselors H. Burke Peterson, a Regional Representative of the Twelve, and Vaughn J. Featherstone, President of the Boise, Idaho, North Stake.

During October Conference, Elder Bruce R. McConkie, who had been a member of the First Council of Seventy since 1946, was called by President Harold B. Lee and sustained as a member of the Council of the Twelve. Elder McConkie filled the vacancy left by the appointment of Elder Marion G. Romney to the First Presidency.

Named as Assistants to the
Twelve were O. Leslie Stone, a Regional Representative and former president of the Salt Lake Temple; James E. Faust, also a Regional Representative and former president of the Cottonwood Stake; and L. Tom Perry, president of the Boston Stake.

Rex D. Pinegar, President of the North Carolina-Virginia Mission, was sustained as a member of the First Council of Seventy, filling the vacancy left by Elder McConkie.

The Church Historian's Office was also reorganized and renamed the Church Historical Department with Alvin R. Dyer as managing director. Leonard J. Arrington was named as Church Historian with James B. Allen and Davis Bitton as Assistant Church Historians. Earl E. Olson was appointed Church...
To help fellowship and activate Aaronic Priesthood holders over age twenty-one, in January the First Presidency announced that these men would meet with Elder's Quorums and would be called "prospective elders".

Late in the year the First Presidency announced major changes in the organization of the Young Men's and Young Women's Mutual Improvement Associations. To facilitate more meaningful activity programs and to develop stronger Priesthood identity, two separate Priesthood-oriented organizations were created: the Aaronic Priesthood MIA and the Melchizedek Priesthood MIA.
The Aaronic Priesthood MIA will serve youth twelve to eighteen; and the Melchizedek Priesthood MIA will serve two separate groups: the Young Adults, unmarried persons eighteen through twenty-five; and Special Interests, unmarried persons twenty-six and older.

Another auxiliary—the Sunday School—experienced change in 1972.

To encourage stronger Priesthood identity, the executive title "superintendent" was changed to "president"—a change that also applied to the MIA.

An eight-year course series on the Standard Works began Church-wide in 5,000 adult Sunday School classes in September.
In December the First Presidency announced the formation of the Church Music Department. This department will direct all facets of Church music including the Youth Symphony and Choir, the Tabernacle Choir, and will correlate all music activities with other Church departments.

To meet the pressing communications needs of a growing Church, the First Presidency created directorships for internal and external Church communications.

In January, Elder J. Thomas Fyans, a Regional Representative of the Twelve, was appointed managing director of Internal Communications. Elder Fyans will be responsible for planning, preparing, translating, printing, and distributing communications,
The work of Elder Fyans and the Internal Communications Department includes distribution of nearly 6,000 different categories of printed matter. To aid in this work, distribution centers have been established throughout the world from Brazil to Tonga, from Frankfurt to Hong Kong.

In November in Salt Lake City, President Lee presided at the dedication of a new 177,000 square foot distribution center and supply store.

In August, Wendell J. Ashton, a prominent Salt Lake advertising executive and a member of the Sunday School General Board for twenty-one years, began his duties as managing director of External Communications. Elder Ashton directs
the department which communicates Church activities and teachings to the worldwide general public through the news media, motion pictures, literature, visitors centers, pageants, and exposition exhibits.

Thirty-eight health missionaries were called to serve in twenty-four countries during the year to bring the total of such missionaries to forty.

There were other changes, other signs of growth in the Church throughout 1972; the selection of J. Spencer Kinard as the voice of the Spoken Word, the naming of Elder Theodore M. Burton as President of the Genealogical Society, the opening of a new sixteen-bed mental health facility at Primary Children's Hospital, the establishment of
In 1971 worldwide Church welfare assistance amounted to...
Kellogg, Idaho, May third—fire struck America's richest silver mine—killing ninety-one men, including fifteen members of the Church. Nine families in the Wallace Ward lost loved ones, as did six families in the Kellogg Ward. The Wallace
Ward Bishop said that in the days following the tragedy, Stake members brought food "into the area by the truck-load. The supplies filled our needs and brought comfort to many non-members as well as members."

Rapid City, South Dakota, June 9, the worst flood in America in thirty-five years, inundated Rapid City killing hundreds and leaving three thousand homeless. Five Church members were among the dead. As soon as the president of the Rapid City Second Branch learned of the flood threat, he began calling his families and telling them to evacuate. Those he couldn't reach by phone, he contacted in person by driving to their homes. Assistance arrived in the form of two plane loads
On December 23 an earthquake of great intensity struck Managua, Nicaragua, killing thousands. The Church's twenty-eight missionaries were evacuated by air to Mission headquarters at San Jose, Costa Rica. Within three days the Costa Rica District Presidency had sent forty-five tons of food stuff as well as canvas tarpaulin shelters to the stricken Nicaraguan member-families.

Throughout 1972 in less dramatic but equally critical moments in people's lives,
As the Church has grown, it has reached out to its worldwide membership in multiple ways, including the area general conference. The second such conference was held in the eighteen thousand seat National Auditorium in Mexico City August 25, 26, and 27.

Nearly seventeen thousand Latter-day Saints from Mexico and Central America attended the conference, sometimes at
great sacrifice, coming from distances as far as three thousand miles.

They journeyed by car, bus, and plane from Panama, Honduras, Costa Rica, and throughout Mexico.

The conference began on Friday evening with a program of entertainment.

(President Marion G. Romney greets conference in Spanish.)

The opening general session on Saturday morning was conducted in Spanish—to the delight of the members—by President Marion G. Romney.

All of the First Presidency were in attendance for the Saturday evening sessions and the Sunday general sessions.

The Tabernacle Choir broadcast its Sunday morning program from the auditorium just prior
to the conference session. On Sunday morning the Mexican and Central American members had the privilege of being the first to sustain President Lee and his counselors at a general conference.

(Spanish translation in between phrases)

(S) My beloved brothers and sisters. (S) It is good to be back in Mexico among the warm spirit of friendly people of Latin America. (S)

The Saints were admonished to strive for spirituality, to be willing to sacrifice and to keep the commandments.

Speakers included President Lee, President N. Eldon Tanner, members of the Council of the Twelve, and assistants to the Twelve, as well as Regional Representatives and the presidents of five stakes in Mexico.
One sister from northwestern Mexico scrubbed her neighbors' clothes for five months to earn enough pesos to make the trip. Others worked nights, borrowed money, sold their belongings. Once in Mexico City many could not afford the two pesos for cots, so they slept the three nights on hardwood gymnasium floors. Still, as these Saints gathered to attend a conference of the Church in their own land, they were often heard to say, "Es un suengo"—it is a dream.

(Singing: "Come, Come Ye Saints" in Spanish)

All of the events associated with the Church in Action — 1972 are significant and meaningful in and of themselves. But in the larger
HAROLD B. LEE receiving congratulations from GORDON B. HINCKLEY, DANCERS at Mexican Conference, CHOIR singing, PRESIDENT LEE, PRESIDENT SMITH, PRESIDENT TANNER and Provo Temple President HAROLD G. CLARK, moving into the new Church Office Building, PRESIDENT and MRS. HAROLD B. LEE leading a group off an airplane in Mexico, sunset shots of Salt Lake Temple

TITLE supers over Temple

Directing David K. Jacobs
Editing James W. Dearden
Photography Ted Van Horn - KSL News
Sound BYU Sound Services

A Brigham Young University Production