

# Sweet Land,

the musical

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Music by Dina Maccabee  
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## Perusal Copy

*Inspired by*

*the film SWEET LAND by Ali Selim*

*and the short story A GRAVESTONE MADE OF WHEAT by Will Weaver.*

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**Synopsis:**

*Sweet Land, the musical* is inspired by the film "Sweet Land" by Minnesota filmmaker Ali Selim and the short story *A Gravestone Made of Wheat* by Minnesota writer Will Weaver. It follows the story of Olaf Torvik, a Norwegian immigrant and bachelor farmer, and Inge Altenberg, the woman who came to America in 1920 to be his bride.

Our story begins in 1975, when Lars Torvik, the grandson of Olaf & Inge Torvik, is preparing to sell his grandparents' Minnesota homestead, which has been in his family since his grandfather arrived from Norway in the 1910s. With the help of an ensemble of actors and musicians, Lars steps into the role of his grandfather Olaf, who, as a young Norwegian bachelor farmer, allows his parents to send him a bride from Norway—a bride who happens to be a German national. When Inge arrives, her German heritage and lack of official immigration papers are deeply suspicious to Olaf's community, and she and Olaf are forbidden to marry. Inge goes to live with Olaf's friends and neighbors, the large and boisterous Frandsen family, where she learns English and American ways. But in the middle of the night, the Northern Lights and a desperate search for peace and quiet draw Inge across the fields to Olaf's farm, where she sneaks into his kitchen and takes a bath. When Olaf awakes, he is scandalized to discover that she has been at his house overnight. He orders her back to Frandsen's; Inge refuses to leave. Olaf moves into the barn, and Inge moves into his house, and while they wait for the appropriate papers to arrive, the work together on the farm while Inge continues to work on her English and citizenship exam.

One morning, Pastor Sorenson arrives with papers for Inge, only to find Inge and Olaf dancing in broad daylight on the front porch. She offers him coffee; it is too black. Despite their protests, he believes they have been living in sin, and the following Sunday at church, he publicly ostracizes them from the community. It is threshing time, and Olaf and Inge are forced to harvest by hand, without the necessary help of their neighbors. As they work, exhausted, to finish their harvest, they hear the sound of auction bells ringing. Frandsen has lost his farm, and at the sound of the auctioneer, Olaf and Inge race to his farm, where Olaf impulsively bids on Frandsen's property and wins. Olaf does not have the money to pay the bank. The banker warns him that he will lose both his and Frandsen's farm if he cannot come up with seven thousand dollars in twenty-four hours.

The next day, moved by Olaf's sacrifice, Pastor Sorenson and members of the community comes to Olaf's farm with enough money to pay the bank and save both farms, and the Pastor invites Olaf and Inge to return to church, even though marrying them is still an impossibility.

At the end of the story, we return to 1975, and it is revealed that Inge and Olaf are buried in the fields they once worked by hand. Lars takes down the “for sale” sign. He will not part with this sweet land.

**Cast List:**

OLAF TORVIK / LARS TORVIK: Olaf, age 30, a Norwegian immigrant and bachelor farmer: stoic, strong, and handsome. He came to Minnesota as a young man. He has a Norwegian accent. Lars (played by the same actor) is his grandson, age 35 years.

INGE ALTENBERG: German immigrant, 25 years old, intelligent, strong-willed, pretty. When she arrives, she speaks only German.

ALVIN FRANDBSEN: Olaf’s friend and next-door neighbor. Comic, quirky, 35 to 40. Known as Frandsen to friends.

MARTA “BROWNIE” FRANDBSEN: Alvin’s wife and mother of eight children, 35 years old, strong and more man-of-the-house than her husband.

PASTOR SORENSON: A Lutheran minister. 40 to 50 years old, stern but kind.

A WOMAN to play: GAIL (Lars’ wife), ESTHER, ensemble.

A MAN to play: STATION AGENT, HAROLD, ensemble.

FIVE MUSICIANS: Serve as orchestra [guitar, fiddle, cello, reeds, piano and accordion, bass] and play ensemble roles as needed, including: CONDUCTOR, LARSON, NELSON, AMUNDSON, ANNA and TOWNSPEOPLE.

*(Note: The sparse set is skeletal—objects in the yard will be repurposed as set pieces and props as the story unfolds.)*

*A blustery, cold, late fall day, 1975, Park Rapids, Minnesota.*

*Lights up on LARS TORVIK in the front yard of an old farmhouse. A “FOR SALE, 1800 ACRES” sign hangs in the yard. Hanging below: a placard that reads “SALE PENDING.” The yard is scattered with objects taken out of the house in preparation for the sale. Friends and neighbors (members of the ENSEMBLE, some holding instruments as they will be playing them) are helping LARS and his wife GAIL pack and move the contents of his grandparents’ home.*

*Wind.*

*Lights up on LARS. He holds letters and he’s near the for sale sign.*

### **#1 Land So Sweet**

LARS: EVERY PLACE HAS A STORY  
EVERY PERSON HAS THEIR TIME  
EVERY TALE HAS AN ENDING  
DON’T KNOW YOURS  
DON’T KNOW MINE  
EVERY END HAS A BEGINNING  
ALL BEGINNINGS HAVE AN END  
IN BETWEEN COME ALL THE HOURS  
WE CAN BARELY COMPREHEND  
AND WE HOPE WHAT CAME BEFORE US  
WAS A STORY BORN OF LOVE  
TRUST THE EARTH  
TRUST THE SUN  
TRUST IN GOD ABOVE

ENSEMBLE: SHINING LIKE A BEACON  
A GRAVESTONE MADE OF WHEAT  
FIRMLY PLANTED

LEADER: IN THIS LAND

ENSEMBLE: A LAND SO SWEET

LARS: WORTH A FORTUNE WHEN YOU SELL IT

ENSEMBLE: LAND SO SWEET

LARS: WHERE THE GOOD EARTH MEETS THE SKY

ENSEMBLE: LAND SO SWEET

LARS: WHAT A PLACE TO RAISE A FAMILY

ENSEMBLE: LAND SO SWEET

LARS: WHAT A PLACE TO LIVE

ENSEMBLE: TO LIVE AND DIE  
WORTH THE TOIL AND ALL THE TROUBLE  
LAND SO SWEET  
WE'LL RETURN THERE BY AND BY  
LAND SO SWEET  
WHAT A PLACE TO RAISE A FAMILY  
WHAT A PLACE TO LIVE AND DIE

LARS: I WILL BEAR THE WITNESS  
THE EARTH BENEATH MY FEET

ENSEMBLE: DEEPLY ROOTED  
IN THIS LAND SO SWEET

ENS 1: *(Picking up a box.)* Hey, Gail, where do you want this?

GAIL: Put it with the other dishes. My God, your grandmother saved everything.  
*(Giving orders.)* That goes to the thrift store.

ENS 2: Who's buying the place?

ENS 3: Prob'ly that guy from the Twin Cites who was poking around. Heard he bought the old Amundson place.

ENS 4: Investor. Won't farm it himself. He'll rent it out.

ENS 2: Eighteen hundred acres are profitable enough.

GAIL: Lars. Lars! Is the truck loaded?

LARS: I don't know.

GAIL: What are you staring at?

LARS: The wheat. It's turning gold.

GAIL: There'll be snow on the ground by the time we get this house cleaned out if you don't get moving.

LARS: Look how tall the wheat is in that spot.

GAIL: Lars. You said yourself you don't want to move in here. Inge's been gone two years.

LARS: When Grandma asked me to bury Grandpa out there, she never thought we'd sell.

ENS 3: Who you got buried out there?

GAIL: No one. Go on now. Lars. The house can't sit empty forever. Your grandma would understand. What have you got there?

LARS: I wish I knew. I found them hidden in the dresser upstairs.

GAIL: Love letters?

LARS: Too official.

GAIL: This is German. July, 1920. Right after World War I. These must be Inge's.

ENS 6: Hey, Gail! This gramophone going to the thrift store? 'Cause I'll give you fifty bucks for it right now.

LARS: It's not for sale.

GAIL: Lars, we can't keep everything.

LARS: Grandma Inge carried it over on the boat.

GAIL: I guess it's not for sale. But that's it, Lars. I mean it. Not one more thing.

ENS 4: *(Pulling one of Olaf's hats out of a box.)* Check it out! Now *this* is a hat.

*GAIL puts OLAF's hat on LARS' head.*

GAIL: My god. You look just like him.

*While the LEADER sings, a member of the ENSEMBLE takes of LARS' coat, and another puts on OLAF's coat. The memory of the past becomes the present as LARS becomes OLAF.*

LEADER: OLAF CAME TO THIS COUNTRY  
AND THIS COUNTRY CALLED HIM SON  
HERE HE FELT ALL THE PROMISE  
WHERE HIS OLD LIFE LEFT HIM NONE

INGE CAME AT HIS ASKING  
ASKING NOTHING IN RETURN

DIDN'T KNOW WHAT SHE HAD COMING  
DIDN'T KNOW WHAT SHE WOULD LEARN

AND THEY HOPED WHAT LAY BEFORE THEM  
HELD A WHISPERING OF LOVE

INGE/OLAF: TRUST THE EARTH, TRUST THE SUN, TRUST IN GOD ABOVE.

ENSEMBLE: SHINING LIKE A BEACON  
A GRAVESTONE MADE OF WHEAT  
FIRMLY PLANTED  
IN THIS LAND SO SWEET  
IN THIS LAND SO SWEET

*The lights shift. It is April, 1920. A train whistle blows. Lights up on Inge Altenberg, on board a train somewhere in Southwest Minnesota, on her way to a new life with a man she has never met. She holds a gramophone on her lap.*

## #2 Don't Look Back

INGE: HE'S A NAME  
OLAF TORVIK  
NOT A MAN  
NOT YET  
JUST A PHOTO  
OF A FACE  
I CANNOT SEE  
I'VE NEVER MET  
AND THIS FACELESS MAN  
WILL BECOME MY LIFE  
WHEN HE TAKES ME FOR  
TAKES ME FOR HIS WIFE

I'M THE SAME  
TO THIS OLAF  
NOT A WOMAN  
NOT ME  
JUST A FACE  
HE'S NEVER SEEN  
FROM A PLACE  
ACROSS THE SEA  
NOW THIS FAITHFUL HEART  
WILL BE HIS FOR LIFE  
WHEN HE TAKES ME FOR  
TAKES ME FOR HIS WIFE

YES, I WILL COME  
I WILL BE YOUR BRIDE  
TAKE MY PLACE  
ON YOUR FARM  
WORKING BY YOUR SIDE.  
YES, I WILL COME  
GIVE YOU CHILDREN, TOO.  
OH MY GOD,  
WHAT WILL I HAVE TO DO?

*A conductor comes through the train car, calling the next stop.*

COND: Next stop, Brainerd. Miss, your ticket...your ticket?

INGE: *(She hands him her ticket.)* I go?

COND: *(He looks at her ticket.)* No, wait. Not yet.

INGE: Meine Beine sind eingeschlafen.  
*(My legs have fallen asleep.)*

COND: Not yet...stay. *(He moves along.)*

INGE: I WAS SURE  
WHEN I LEFT HOME  
HE WOULD LIKE ME  
ALL RIGHT  
NOT A WORRY  
NO TRACE OF FEAR  
NO NAGGING DOUBTS  
NO SLEEPLESS NIGHTS  
NOW THIS SPEEDING TRAIN  
AND MY BEATING HEART  
RACING DOWN THE TRACK  
AND BY GOD  
I WON'T LOOK BACK.  
NO!  
I WON'T LOOK BACK.

SOON THIS NAME  
OLAF TORVIK  
WILL BELONG  
WILL BELONG TO ME  
MRS. OLAF TORVIK  
FROM ACROSS THE SEA



DON'T KNOW IF I'LL BE HAPPY  
DOESN'T MATTER ANYWAY  
THERE ARE DIFFERENT KINDS OF HAPPY  
AND I'M HAPPY NOW  
I'M HAPPY TODAY.  
INGE, YOU MUST LOOK FORWARD.  
KEEP ON ROLLING DOWN THE TRACK.

COND: Park Rapids!

AND BY GOD INGE  
DON'T LOOK BACK.  
REMEMBER, INGE.  
PROMISE, INGE.

COND: Park Rapids, Minnesota! Miss, this is your stop.

INGE: DON'T LOOK BACK.

*Light shift. As the train transitions into a train station, we hear the train leaving the station. INGE sets her gramophone on a bench and sits beside it. She pulls out an English phrase book.*

INGE: *(Reading.)* I...could ...eat ...a ...horse. I could eat a horse.

*ESTHER ANDERSON, a fellow passenger, sits down beside her on the bench.*

ESTHER: I could eat a buffalo! My, Wasn't that the longest train ride? What a beautiful gramophone. I've been to visit my mother out East. They said she was on her deathbed but it was nothing but a false alarm. Goodness, but I cannot wait to sleep in my own bed. I'm Esther. Esther Larson. And you are?

INGE: Inge.

ESTHER: Is that Scandinavian?

*NELSON, a man from the local Farmers' Cooperative, approaches their bench.*

NELSON: Good afternoon, Ladies.

ESTHER: Good afternoon to you.

NELSON: I'm talking to folks today about the Farmers' Cooperative.

ESTHER: No, thank you.

NELSON: Are you aware, Ma'am, of the work we're doing for farmers and their families?

ESTHER: Oh, I'm fully aware. My husband has warned me about your organization.

NELSON: Maybe your friend would like some information? Hello, Miss.

INGE: Hello.

NELSON: I'm sure you know all about us, Miss, but just in case you don't, at the Farmers' Cooperative, we keep a close eye on the banks, and foreclosures, and—

ESTHER: Inge, pay no attention. That man is a socialist.

NELSON: We don't just work for farmers, ma'am, we're also fighting for the woman's vote.

ESTHER: I don't need to vote, my husband votes for me. I said we are not interested. Go on, now. Shoo.

NELSON: Have a nice day.

*He tips his hat and walks away.*

INGE: Husband. (*Handing ESTHER the photo of OLAF TORVIK.*)

ESTHER: Your husband? Oh, he's very...oh, dear, I can't see what he looks like with the picture folded like that. But he has a very handsome steed.

INGE: You...read? (*Inge hands OLAF's letter to ESTHER.*)

ESTHER: You can't read? You can't read English. Here I have been rambling on and you can't understand me because — (*looking at letter*) Altenberg. You're German.

INGE: Ja. German. Inge Altenberg. Olaf Torvik.

ESTHER: Olaf Torvik? Of Park Rapids?

INGE: Ja. Husband.

ESTHER: Now I've seen it all. "Dear Inge. I am glad you are coming." I'll bet he is. Living all alone in that empty farmhouse. It's a big house, Inge. Nice, solid house. "My mother says you are good cook." So his mother sent you

here? A German girl? He tells you all about his farm and his horse. Oh—here we are. “The pastor is ready for us. We will be married the day you arrive. I will meet your train on April 24<sup>th</sup>.” April 24<sup>th</sup>? Oh, dear. I’m sorry, Inge.. He’s not coming until tomorrow. Tomorrow. *(In a whisper.)* Morgen.

INGE: Morgen?

ESTHER: To-mor-row.

INGE: Tomorrow.

*(A bell jingles as ESTHER’s husband JOHN LARSON enters the train station.)*

LARSON: Esther!

ESTHER: Jon! I’ve never been so happy to see you. That was the longest train ride of my life!

INGE: Husband?

ESTHER: Yes, my husband. Mr. Larson.

INGE: Hello.

LARSON: Hello.

ESTHER: She won’t understand you. She’s German.

LARSON: German? Well.

ESTHER: Jon, dear, Miss Altenberg’s in need of some kindness. Olaf Torvik is coming for her.

LARSON: Torvik? Taking a bride, is he?

ESTHER: Only he’s not coming until tomorrow. Couldn’t we...?

LARSON: We’d best be on our way. It’ll be dark soon.

ESTHER: Please, Jon. She doesn’t know a soul.

LARSON: A German girl?

ESTHER: She’ll have to spend the night here.

LARSON: Don't go borrowing trouble. Come along, Esther. I said come along.

*LARSON picks up ESTHER's luggage and hurries her out the door.*

ESTHER: Good luck, Inge. *(She turns to go, and turns back.)* It's a nice, solid house. I'll see you at the church. *(Whispers.)* Morgen.

STATION AGENT: Here you are, miss. Sleep tight.

*Day turns into night. The STATION AGENT gives INGE a pillow and thin blanket. As the sun sets, he locks the station door, locking INGE and her gramophone in for the night.*

REMEMBER, INGE.  
PROMISE, INGE.  
DON'T LOOK BACK.

*INGE puts her head on the bench and goes to sleep for the night.*

*Lights shift. Birds. Morning.*

*The next morning. We hear the sound of a Model T pulling up to the train station. Two doors slam. INGE rouses from her sleep, and sees ALVIN FRANDBSEN pounding on the locked door of the train station, OLAF TORVIK behind him.*

FRANDBSEN: *(Through the door.)* Are you from Snåsa? Snåsa, Norway?

INGE: Ja. Inge. Snåsa!

FRANDBSEN: You are from Snåsa?

INGE: Ja, Snåsa. Inge.

FRANDBSEN: Oh look! Inge from Snåsa. You are here.

INGE: Hello.

FRANDBSEN: Hello Inge from Snåsa!

*The STATION AGENT arrives with keys.*

AGENT: Hold your horses! It's locked! You're late! She slept here all night. That bench is hard.

FRANDBSEN: I thought we were early.

AGENT: She arrived yesterday.

INGE: Olaf Torvik? I could eat a horse.

*OLAF brushes past FRANDSEN to pick up INGE'S suitcase and carry it outside to the automobile.*

FRANDSEN: Good thing we didn't bring the wagon. *(Offering.)* Apple?

INGE: Ja. Danke.

FRANDSEN: You'll have to eat that in the automobile, the pastor is waiting. Gotta hit the road.

*INGE picks up her gramophone.*

FRANDSEN: That yours? Let me help ya with that.  
*FRANDSEN takes the gramophone from her arms.*

AGENT: Good luck, Miss. You're gonna need it. *(HE exits, and the train station is gone.)*

FRANDSEN: *(Carrying her gramophone to the back seat of his automobile.)* I can't believe you carried this gramophone all that way. It's heavy. Do you understand a word I'm saying? Heavy! Does she have any English?

OLAF: She'll learn.

FRANDSEN: Heavy! Gramophone!

*FRANDSEN loads the gramophone in the back seat and helps INGE in to the automobile.*

INGE: Es war ein Geschenk von meinen Eltern; ich musste es mitbringen.

FRANDSEN: What'd she say?

OLAF: Something about her parents.

*FRANDSEN hops in. OLAF cranks the Model-T and starts the automobile (and the music). He hops in the front seat. They drive.*

FRANDSEN: I was five years old when we came to America from Amsterdam, first stop, Ellis Island.

INGE: Ellis Island. So viele Menschen.

FRANDSEN: What's that she said?

OLAF: So many people.

FRANSEN: It's nothing next to New York City, right Inge? Five years old and I got separated from my sister in Manhattan. They found me sitting on top of a piano in a honkytonk. I don't remember much, except that I liked the feeling of the piano rumbling under my pants.

*[Pause. They drive, and look ahead. No one speaks. FRANSEN steals a look at INGE.]*

FRANSEN: We didn't have a picture of you. You could have been plain, eh, Inge, from Snåsa? Plain. Or worse. I think you ought to like waking up in the morning and looking at your wife. As we say in America—you're ducky.

INGE: Ducky?

### #3 Ducky

FRANSEN: YOU'RE DUCKY.  
HE'S LUCKY.  
YOU'RE DUCKY.

INGE: IS GUT?

FRANSEN: Ja. DUCKY.  
HE'S LUCKY.  
THAT'S VERY VERY GUT.

YOU'RE PEACHY.  
SHE'S PRETTY.  
YOU'RE PEACHY.

INGE: Schlecht?

FRANSEN: Bad? Nein.

FRANSEN: PEACHY.  
THAT'S PRETTY.  
WE'RE VERY VERY GLAD.

INGE  
FROM SNÅSA  
(BY WAY OF BERLIN)  
INGE  
SHE'S GERMAN

OLAF: That's not a sin.  
KEIN DEUTSCHE

FRANSEN: NO GERMAN  
AMERICAN NOW  
YOU'RE DUCKY  
HE'S LUCKY  
AND HOW.

How about those doctors at Ellis Island? They rolled my eyelids back with matchsticks—did they do that to you? Or the lice check? Lice? Lice?

INGE: Ich habe keine lice.

LARS: What'd she say?

OLAF: Just drive.

FRANSEN: HOTSY  
AND TOTSY  
YOU'RE SPIFFY AND SWELL.  
JUST TEACH YOURSELF THE ENGLISH WORDS  
GERMANY IS FOR THE BIRDS.

INGE: Birds?

FRANSEN: Yeah, you know, birds. "Tweet, tweet, tweet!"

INGE: Vords?

FRANSEN: Oh, no that's words. Wuh. Wuh. Words.

INGE: Words.

FRANSEN: You got it.

INGE: Ducky. Ein Ducky ist ein Bird. Ja?

FRANSEN: Ja.

INGE: Tveet? Tveet?

FRANSEN: No, no...it's more like quack, quack.

HOW I WISH SHE UNDERSTOOD.  
ON THE WAY YOUR MAN WAS SWEATING

NO IDEA WHAT HE'D BE GETTING  
ON THE WAY WE HAD NO CLUE  
HE'S SO LUCKY YOU ARE YOU.

YOU'RE DUCKY.  
HE'S LUCKY  
YOU'RE THE CAT'S MEOW  
SO DUCKY.  
HE'S LUCKY.  
AND HOW!  
SO DUCKY  
HE'S LUCKY  
AND HOW!

*SFX: Automobile horn. The lights shift. The Model T comes to a stop in front of a country church, where INGE and OLAF are to be immediately married.*

*Organ music*

FRANSEN: Okay, Inge. Here we are. The pastor is waiting.

*In the transition, the automobile disappears and the church takes shape. PASTOR SORENSON welcomes INGE, OLAF and FRANSEN at the door of the church. Inside, a smattering of curious people crane their necks to see OLAF's bride.*

PASTOR: This must be the bride-to-be! Welcome, Inge from Snåsa. I'm Pastor Sorenson. I wish I could say I knew more about you, but Olaf is a man of surprises.

INGE: *(Stunned, she takes in the news that the quiet man is her intended.)* Olaf? Olaf Torvik?

OLAF: Ja.

INGE: Olaf.

FRANSEN: I think we might have confused her. I am Alvin Frandsen. But you can call me Frandsen. I never really liked the name Alvin. Just Frandsen.

INGE: Frandsen.

OLAF: I thought she understood.

PASTOR: Is there a problem?

OLAF: No. No problem.



PASTOR: Inge? Is there a problem?

*FRANSEN shakes his head.*

INGE: No.

PASTOR: *(Leading them inside.)* Come to the altar then. Fransen, you will witness. Stand here, please. *(Officiously.)* You have come here before God to be married today. Even though you have just met, Inge, Olaf, are you ready to join together today in holy matrimony?

INGE: Was hat er gesagt?  
*(What did he say?)*

OLAF: Ja. For her too, I say Ja.

PASTOR: You're not married yet. I'd like to hear her say it.

INGE: Bitte sagen Sie mir, was er sagt.  
*(Please tell me what he is saying.)*

PASTOR: Only English in my church.

FRANSEN: She has very little English.

INGE: Ich brauche Sie, mir zu sagen, was er sagt.  
*(I need you to tell me what he is saying.)*

PASTOR: Are you speaking German?

INGE: Ja, Deutsch! Sprechen Sie Deutsch? Gott sei Dank; jemand, der mich versteht!  
*(“Yes, German! Do you speak German? Thank God, someone who understands me!”)*

PASTOR: No! Only the English language is to be spoken in this church. Your parents sent you a German girl? How could you not know?

OLAF: I knew.

PASTOR: And yet you let them send her here? How do they know her?

OLAF: She kept house for them. In Norway.

PASTOR: Let me see your citizenship papers. Your papers.

*INGE hands him papers.*

PASTOR: German! What were you thinking?

OLAF: I am thinking I need a wife.

PASTOR: We just ended a war with Germany. Your very own neighbors have brothers, sons, who didn't come home. My own son...

FRANSEN: (*Inaudibly, under his breath.*) Martin Luther was German.

PASTOR: What is it, Frandsen?

FRANSEN: Martin Luther was German.

#### **#4 Not One of Us**

PASTOR: How could you expect to build a marriage and life here with a German girl?

I CANNOT IN GOOD CONSCIENCE BLESS THIS MARRIAGE  
I CANNOT IN GOOD CONSCIENCE SEE YOU WED  
WE DON'T KNOW A THING ABOUT THIS WOMAN  
I FEAR YOU BEEN TERRIBLY MISLED  
THE LORD OUR MASTER ASKS FOR OUR OBEDIENCE  
THE LORD ABOVE IS SPEAKING NOW THROUGH ME  
UNTIL SHE DEMONSTRATES THAT SHE IS WORTHY  
YOU SHALL NOT HAVE THIS WOMAN CLEAVE TO THEE

PASTOR: There will be no wedding here today. Do you understand a word I'm saying?

OLAF: Inge will learn English.

FRANSEN: On the way here I taught her some. Tell him, Inge. Speak. English.

INGE: Hello. Ducky. Lice.

FRANSEN: See? She learns fast.

PASTOR: SHE IS NOT ONE OF US  
SHE WILL NEVER FIT IN  
WE DON'T KNOW WHO SHE IS  
WE DON'T KNOW WHERE SHE'S BEEN  
WE CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL

THE DANGER'S TOO GREAT  
FOR THE SAKE OF US ALL  
THIS MARRIAGE MUST WAIT.

OLAF: Please. This letter from my mother.

*(OLAF'S MOTHER appears.)*

MOTHER: THE GIRL IS PROPER FIT AND GOOD  
SHE WORKS AND WORSHIPS AS SHE SHOULD  
SHE WILL DO JUST FINE  
FOR A SON OF MINE

PASTOR: This is not enough. I need references from a minister in Germany. Until then, this marriage must wait.

OLAF: Come.

INGE: Wohin gehen wir?  
*(Where are we going?)*

FRANSEN: Forget about him. The judge will marry you.

INGE: Judge?

FRANSEN: Next town over.

INGE: *Keine Kirche?*

OLAF: No church. Judge.

INGE: *Ins Gerichtsgebäude.*

OLAF: It is good enough.

FRANSEN: I'll wait outside.

*The courthouse CLERK appears.*

CLERK: Papers.

*OLAF hands the CLERK INGE'S papers.*

CLERK: A German national?

OLAF: The war is over.

CLERK: Have you read the newspapers?

OLAF: We only want to be married.

MOTHER: THE GIRL IS PROPER FIT AND GOOD  
SHE WORKS AND WORSHIPS AS SHE SHOULD...

CLERK: I WILL NOT ACQUIESCE  
DON'T NEED TO TELL YOU WHY!  
SHE'S A GERMAN, A KRAUT  
AND SHE MIGHT BE A SPY.  
YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT SHE IS  
YOU KNOW THE GERMANS LIE.  
SHE IS NOT ONE OF US.  
GOOD BYE.

INGE: Ist er der Richter?  
*(Is he the judge?)*

OLAF: No. He is just the clerk.

INGE: Clerk? Wir wollen den Judge.  
*(We want the judge.)*

CLERK: What did she say?

OLAF: We want to see the judge.

CLERK: Oh you do, do you? You're wasting your time.

FRANSEN: *(Popping his head in.)* Married yet?

OLAF: Wait outside.

*The JUDGE appears.*

JUDGE: What's this?

CLERK: They want a marriage license. German national. No birth certificate.  
Socialist.

OLAF: Here. Read.

MOTHER: THE GIRL IS PROPER FIT AND GOOD

JUDGE: Who wrote this?

CLERK: His mother.

JUDGE: Not good enough. I need real references. Proof she wasn't involved with the German military. Verification of her birthplace. Letters from people who knew her. In Germany. Why was she in Norway?

OLAF: She was working. For my mother and father.

JUDGE: Why did she leave Germany?

OLAF: I don't know.

JUDGE: I didn't think so.

WE DON'T KNOW WHO SHE IS  
THE GIRL'S A MYSTERY  
AND WE DON'T KNOW A THING  
ABOUT HER HISTORY  
ONCE SHE'S A CITIZEN  
I WILL REVIEW THE CASE  
'TIL THEN, PLEASE LEAVE THIS PLACE

PASTOR: UNTIL A MAN OF THE CLOTH

JUDGE: WE DON'T KNOW WHO SHE IS

PASTOR: SENDS GOOD REFERENCES

JUDGE: DON'T KNOW ANYTHING!

JUDGE/PAS: THE GIRL

JUDGE: CANNOT BE YOUR WIFE

MOTHER: THE GIRL IS PROPER FIT AND GOOD

CLERK: I WILL NOT ACQUIESCE  
DON'T NEED TO TELL YOU WHY

PASTOR: A MAN OF THE CLOTH

JUDGE: LAWYER OR A JUDGE

PASTOR: WE CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL

MOTHER: THE GIRL IS PROPER FIT AND GOOD

JUDGE: SOMEONE WHOM WE TRUST

CLERK: YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT SHE IS  
YOU KNOW THE GERMANS LIE.

ALL 3: 'TIL THEN WE WON'T BUDGE

ENSEMBLE: BROTHERS AND SONS  
INNOCENT ONES  
GONE IN THE PRIME OF THEIR LIVES  
ALL LOST IN THE WAR  
WHAT DID THEY FIGHT FOR?  
DO NOT ASK FOR MORE!  
NOT A GERMAN WIFE!

INGE: *Keine Hochzeit?*  
*(No marriage?)*

OLAF: No. No marriage today.

CHORUS: SHE IS NOT ONE OF US  
SHE WILL NEVER FIT IN  
WE DON'T KNOW WHO SHE IS  
WE DON'T KNOW WHERE SHE'S BEEN  
WE CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL  
THE DANGER'S TOO GREAT  
FOR THE SAKE OF US ALL  
THIS MARRIAGE MUST WAIT.

*The lights shift. SFX: The sound of a Model T coming to a stop.*

*Late afternoon the same day, outside Olaf Torvik's farm house. OLAF takes off his jacket, getting ready to work in the barn. INGE, standing in the farmyard with FRANDSEN, takes in her new surroundings.*

INGE: Ist das dein Haus?  
*(Is this your home?)*

OLAF: Ja. And land. *(Indicating acreage in the other direction as well.)* There, too.

INGE: Ducky.

OLAF: Ja.

FRANSEN: Hey, I have an idea! I was going to take a wedding photograph. Why not take one now? It's a beautiful day, blue sky...

OLAF: I have work.

FRANSEN: Olaf, she just got here. Make her feel welcome. Get my camera out of the automobile. Inge, come here. Photograph?

INGE: Foto?

*OLAF gets FRANSEN's gelatin dry plate camera and tripod out of the automobile.*

FRANSEN: Yes! Why don't you stand over there. *(To OLAF.)* Olaf, set the camera up over there. Oh, not like that. You've never used one of these before, have ya? Hey Inge, you're going to have to bring this man into the twentieth century. *(Back to OLAF.)* Okay, hold this. Now look through the little window. Is she in the frame? *(FRANSEN places INGE where he wants her.)* Okay, Inge, stand right here, dear.

INGE: Here, dear.

FRANSEN: She's a fast learner. I'm sure you two will be married in no time.

*FRANSEN poses INGE for the photograph. Time suspends as OLAF looks at INGE through the eye of the camera.*

## **#5 The Photograph**

OLAF: HER FACE IN THE WINDOW  
I SHOULDN'T BE LOOKING  
SO HARD NOT TO NOTICE  
THE WIND IN HER HAIR  
THE CURVE OF HER FINGERS  
THE WAY SHE IS FACING  
THE CHILL IN THE AIR

HER CHEEKS IN THE SUNLIGHT  
I SHOULDN'T BE STARING  
SO HARD NOT TO NOTICE  
THE LOOK IN HER EYE  
THE CROOK OF HER ELBOW  
THE WAY SHE IS MOVING  
AGAINST THE BLUE SKY

I SHOULD NOT HAVE ASKED HER TO COME  
SHE MUST THINK I AM A FOOL  
HOW COULD THEY BE SO UNKIND  
SO COLD, SO CRUEL?  
I DON'T KNOW WHAT I SHOULD SAY TO HER  
THANK GOD FRANDSEN IS HERE  
HE MAKES HER LAUGH  
I WANT TO DISAPPEAR

HER SMILE IN THIS MOMENT  
I SHOULDN'T BE SEEING  
SO HARD NOT TO NOTICE  
THE STRENGTH IN HER FACE  
THE CURVE OF HER LIPS AND  
THE WAY SHE IS STANDING  
SUCH POWER AND GRACE

WHAT DO I SAY TO HER NOW?  
WHAT DO I SAY?

*OLAF takes the photograph, without meaning to, before FRANDSEN is ready.*

FRANDSEN: Olaf. We weren't ready yet. Forget it, Inge. That was my only plate.

OLAF: Sorry.

FRANDSEN: Too bad, Inge. All done. All done.

*INGE lifts her suitcase and gramophone out of the Model T. Realizing she thinks she is staying at OLAF's farm, the men put them back in the car.*

INGE: Nein, nein, nein! Nimm alles ins Haus.  
(*No, no, no! Take everything into the house.*)

FRANDSEN: Inge, you can't stay here. You're coming across the field, to my house.  
My house.

*INGE takes her suitcase out of the car again.*

INGE: Nein. Hier.

OLAF: You are going to Frandsen's!

INGE: Frandsen's? Nein! Nein! Ich muss mich ausruhen. Ich bin seit Tage,  
Wochen gereist! Am Bahnhof hab ich die ganze Nacht auf einer Bank  
geschlafen! Wir fahren nach der Kirche—keine Hochzeit. Wir fahren nach



dem Richter—keine Hochzeit. Endlich sind wir hier und jetzt muss ich wieder nach Frandsen's fahren? Nein! Ich muss mich ausruhen. Ich fahre kein mehr. Nein.

*(Frandsen's? No! No! I need to rest. I have been traveling for days, weeks! I slept all night on a bench at the train station! We go to the church—no wedding. We go to the judge—no wedding. Finally we are here and now I have to go to Frandsen's? No! I need to rest. I will not travel any more. No.)*

OLAF: She could stay in my room. I could sleep in barn.

FRANSEN: Do you have any idea what your neighbors would say? Not to mention Pastor Sorenson. You'd have to go all the way to Minneapolis just to buy your seed.

OLAF: Until we are married you go with Frandsen.

INGE: Lügner! Feigling! Du bist ein echter Feigling!  
*(Liar! Coward! You are a real coward! You're just scared!?)*

FRANSEN: Feigling?

OLAF: I am not a coward!

INGE: Feigling!

OLAF: He will never marry us if you stay here.

INGE: Feigling!

*Olaf huffs off towards his house and slams the door.*

OLAF: *(Offstage)* Enough!

*INGE, furious, throws her suitcase in the automobile, where her gramophone sits in the back seat.*

FRANSEN: Olaf! You gotta start my car!

*INGE cranks the motor herself, and the Model T is running.*

FRANSEN: Strong—in more ways than one.

*Lights shift. The sound of the Model T fades and we hear chickens clucking and children playing in the distance.*

*Evening that same day, in FRANDSEN's farmyard, across the field from OLAF's place. FRANDSEN carries INGE's suitcase toward his house. BROWNIE, FRANDSEN's wife, bursts out of the door to meet INGE.*

BROWNIE: You must be Inge! No groom? Where's the groom?

FRANDSEN: Pastor wouldn't marry 'em.

BROWNIE: What? No wedding?

FRANDSEN: Yet. Isn't that right, Inge? We'll get you and Torvik married, don't you worry.

BROWNIE: Oh, dear. Oh, Inge. What on earth happened? (*FRANDSEN shakes his head, and BROWNIE understands what she's to do.*) Never you mind, you'll stay with us. I'm Marta, Alvin's wife, but everyone calls me Brownie.

FRANDSEN: Very little English.

BROWNIE: Oh. Brow-nie.

INGE: Brow-nie.

BROWNIE: She must be exhausted after all that traveling. My parents came here from Ireland, but I'm an American. A-mer-i-can. Where are my manners? You need a bath.

INGE: Bath?

BROWNIE: Bath. A bath will make you feel better. (*Yelling at a kid off stage.*) Frankie, get out of that tree! Now! I swear, if you break your leg again, this time I'm setting it myself.

FRANDSEN: Things move pretty fast around here. This is a modern farm. You know what that means? It means bigger, better, faster. (*He pantomimes.*) Bigger.

INGE: Bigger.

FRANDSEN: Better.

INGE: Better.

FRANDSEN: Faster. (*Chasing Brownie, kissing her.*)

BROWNIE: Not now, Alvie.

FRANSEN: I gotta show her something. *(He runs off.)*

BROWNIE: His new tractor. He's so proud of that thing. Trac-tor. Only the fifth one in the whole county. What happened? Don't understand. I'll teach you. Look at you. Covered in five miles of road. You must be hungry. Hungry?

INGE: I could eat a horse.

BROWNIE: *(Reaching into her apron pocket.)* Bread. I always have a hungry child begging for something. Go ahead.

### #6 Bigger Better Faster

TIRED, BEDRAGGLED, COVERED IN DUST.  
EVERYONE A STRANGER. WHO WILL YOU TRUST?  
THIS IS AMERICA, LAND OF THE FREE.  
FOR NOW WE'RE FAMILY. YOU CAN TRUST ME.

FRANSEN: *(Riding through on his tractor.)* Inge! Inge! Lookee here!

BROWNIE: You kids stay away from that thing! Alvin if you run over one of my hens you won't live to see another day!

FRANSEN: Isn't this grand? Look how fast I'm going!

BROWNIE: *Mary! You and Rosie get those chickens back in the coop. And tell the boys it's milking time.* There's eight in all. Peter, our eldest, he's very serious. Mary, my little helper. Frankie, well, he's like his father. That's Agnes, Robert, Gladys, little Rosie, and my baby Isaac, such a sweet child. And this one, who knows?

*FRANSEN enters on his tractor.*

FRANSEN: This tractor's gonna make me rich!

BROWNIE: First you have to pay the bank for it.

FRANSEN: Planting time went lickety-split.

INGE: Lickety...spit.

BROWNIE: Spit? *(She spits.)* Lickety split.

EVERYTHING IS BIGGER IN THE U.S.A.  
EVERYTHING IS BETTER NOW YOU'RE HERE  
THINGS GONNA MOVE SO FAST  
YOUR TROUBLES JUST WON'T LAST  
KEEP YOUR CHIN UP, WALK WITH PRIDE  
BEFORE YOU TURN AROUND YOU'RE SOME FELLA'S BRIDE.

ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN IN THE U.S.A.  
GOD ABOVE'S THE ONE WHO BROUGHT YOU HERE  
YOU KNOW WHAT'S DONE IS DONE  
SO TURN AND FACE THE SUN  
HOLD YOUR HEAD UP, YOU ARE STRONG.  
TELL YOUR WORRIES TO MOVE ALONG.  
EVERYTHING'S BIGGER BETTER FASTER  
FORGET ALL ABOUT THAT PASTOR  
BIGGER BETTER FASTER  
ON YOUR WAY TO MAKE A BRAND NEW LIFE

FRANSEN: Hey Brownie, you've got to teach her English. She's German.

BROWNIE: German?

INGE: Ja. Deutsche.

BROWNIE: Oh for God's sake. Never mind. We'll make an American out of you.  
Alvin, get off that thing and wrangle the kids out of the barn.

*BROWNIE rings a yard bell loudly to call in the children.*

BROWNIE: Yip, Yip, Yip, Yee! Supper time! Then everyone gets a bath.

*FRANSEN hops off the tractor and wraps his arms around Brownie.*

FRANSEN: Hey! Maybe Inge can look after the kids for a little bit.

BROWNIE: She looks like she's going to fall asleep standing up.

FRANSEN: *(He kisses Brownie. She blushes.)* You're gonna love being married.

BOTH: EVERYTHING IS BETTER IN THE U.S.A.  
BIGGER BETTER FASTER SOON YOU'LL SEE

BROWNIE: FORGET ABOUT THE MOTHERLAND

FRANSEN: YOU ARE IN ANOTHER LAND

BOTH: HOME OF THE BRAVE AND THE FREE  
BIGGER BETTER FASTER

BROWNIE: FORGET ALL ABOUT THAT PASTOR

BOTH: BIGGER BETTER FASTER  
BIGGER BETTER FASTER  
BIGGER BETTER FASTER

BROWNIE: Frankie, stop eating dirt!

EVERYTHING IS BETTER IN THE U.S.A!

*Lights shift. It is a beautiful, sunny Sunday afternoon, one week later. A baseball flies through the air and Brownie catches it at the plate. A batter swings and misses.*

### **#7 Baseball Rag**

BROWNIE: You're out!

ENSEMBLE: OH IT'S A SUNNY DAY WE'VE GIVEN OUR THANKS TO GOD  
ABOVE  
SO NOW IT'S TIME TO LAY OUR BURDENS DOWN AND PICK UP  
A BASEBALL GLOVE [*A swing and a miss.*]  
FINGERS ITCHING FOR THE BALL AND FEET ARE ITCHING FOR  
THE BAG [*A hit!*]  
GRAB YOUR MITT AND GRAB YOUR BAT  
LET'S PLAY THE BASEBALL RAG

HAROLD: (*The pop fly is caught.*) You're out!

BROWNIE: Hey Inge, just wait 'til you see Olaf hit the ball. He can hit it farther than anyone.

FRANSEN: (*Up to bat.*) Hey, what about me?

BROWNIE: You're pretty darn good. But no one can touch Olaf Torvik.

ESTHER: Last game he hit it so hard we lost the ball.

BROWNIE: THROW HIM THE BALL

ESTHER: THROW HIM THE BALL

BOTH: TORVIK

BROWNIE: HE HITS 'EM ALL

ESTHER: HE HITS 'EM ALL

BOTH: TORVIK

BROWNIE: HE'LL MAKE THE CALL

ESTHER: HE'LL MAKE THE CALL

BOTH: OUR MAN OLAF TORVIK IS FIRST-RATE

*(A swing and a miss. Hubub.)*

BROWNIE: You shouldn't have swung at that one.

FRANDSEN: Well, I'm no Olaf Torvik.

BROWNIE: GIVE THE MAN A SPITBALL AND HE'LL SPIT BACK IN YOUR  
FACE

*(A swing and a miss.)*

ESTHER: GIVE THE MAN A FASTBALL AND HE'LL PUT YOU IN YOUR  
PLACE

*(A swing and a hit. FRANDSEN runs to first.)*

ENSEMBLE: GIVE THE MAN A CURVEBALL AND HE'LL SEND IT OUT TO  
SPACE

BR/AN/ESTH: NO ONE HITS LIKE TORVIK CAN

ENSEMBLE: THAT'S HOW WE KNOW HE'S AN AMERI-CAN

BROWNIE: Safe!

ANNA: Has Olaf even spoken to Inge yet?

BROWNIE: He's barely looked at her. *(To INGE.)* Inge, Inge! Why don't you go say  
hello to Olaf?

ESTHER: No! Let him come to her!

BROWNIE: *(Pastor comes up to bat.)* Hello, Pastor.

ANNA: Lovely sermon, Pastor.

PASTOR: Why thank you, Anna. Very fitting on today of all days, what with the planting done and all. "I have planted, but God gave the increase."

ANNA: *(With him.)* "God gave the increase." I've always loved that one.

ESTHER: *(Aside, to INGE)* Listen to her. His wife isn't even cold in the ground.

AMUNDSON: Pastor, you're up!

PASTOR: Hold your horses! I'm tending to my flock! Did you bring my favorite pie, Anna?

ANNA: I did if it's boysenberry.

ESTHER: Oh, my heavens...

PASTOR: I guess I have a new favorite. *(To pitcher.)* Give me something I can hit!

ALL: OH IT'S A SUNNY DAY WE'VE GIVEN OUR THANKS TO GOD  
ABOVE  
SO NOW IT'S TIME TO LAY OUR BURDENS DOWN AND PICK UP  
A BASEBALL GLOVE  
*(The PASTOR swings and misses, FRANDSEN steals second base in slo-  
motion.)*

BROWNIE: Strike!

ALL: FINGERS ITCHING FOR THE BALL AND FEET ARE ITCHING FOR  
THE BAG  
GRAB YOUR MITT AND GRAB YOUR BAT  
LET'S PLAY THE BASEBALL RAG

*(Hubub as FRANDSEN slides into second. Go, go, go!)*

AMUNDSON: Nice steal, Frandsen!

PASTOR: So Inge's staying with you, is she?

BROWNIE: She is.

PASTOR: And how's her English?

BROWNIE: It's coming along. But she could use some proper instruction. *[A swing and a miss.]* Strike two! Hey, how about it, Pastor. Would you help Inge with her lessons?

PASTOR: Me?

ESTHER: You'd certainly get to know her.

PASTOR: Indeed.

BROWNIE: And I think you'll be surprised, Pastor, how quickly she's learning.

PASTOR: Is that so?

ESTHER: It's so kind of you to offer your help.

ANNA: She's lucky to have you.

PASTOR: Why, thank you, Anna.

BROWNIE: Hey Inge, Pastor Sorenson wants to help you with your English.

PASTOR: Would you like that, Inge? Would you like me to help you with your English?

*INGE looks at BROWNIE. BROWNIE nods. INGE nods.*

PASTOR: Tuesday, Brownie. The rectory. Two o'clock.

BROWNIE: Thank you Pastor, Tuesday, two o'clock!

*A swing. He hits and runs.*

BROWNIE: Fly ball! Run run run!

HAROLD: I got it!

BROWNIE: And...he's OUT!

*FRANSEN steals third. HAROLD misses the tag.*

BROWNIE: That's two outs, Inge—one more and our boys lose the game. But they won't, no sir. Olaf Torvik's up to bat!

GIVE THE MAN A SPITBALL AND HE'LL SPIT BACK IN YOUR  
FACE

FRANSEN: GIVE THE MAN A FASTBALL AND HE'LL PUT YOU IN YOUR  
PLACE

ENSEMBLE: GIVE THE MAN A CURVEBALL AND HE'LL SEND IT OUT TO  
SPACE



BR/ESTHER: NO ONE HITS LIKE TORVIK CAN

ENSEMBLE: THAT'S HOW WE KNOW HE'S AN AMERI-CAN

ESTHER: *(Marching up to OLAF with a piece of pie.)* Here. This pie is for Inge. Go on, give it to her.

OLAF: I'm up to bat.

ESTHER: Go on.

*The music stops. Everyone stares as OLAF awkwardly walks to INGE and hands her the piece of pie.*

OLAF: Apple pie. I'm sorry it's not a horse.

*OLAF looks up and everyone is staring at him.*

AMUNDSON: You're up!

ENSEMBLE: IT'S HIGH AND TIGHT IT'S HIGH AND TIGHT TORVIK

*OLAF swings and misses.*

BROWNIE: Strike one!

FRANSEN: Come on, Olaf, hit it to the trees!

ENSEMBLE: KEEP IT IN SIGHT KEEP IT IN SIGHT TORVIK

BROWNIE: Ball!

HAROLD: How are your crops?

FRANSEN: Oh, pretty good.

HAROLD: Let's hope so.

FRANSEN: Come on Olaf, send me home!

ENSEMBLE: PUT IT IN FLIGHT PUT IT IN FLIGHT TORVIK MIGHT BE  
HEADED FOR A ROUT

*OLAF swings and misses.*

BROWNIE: Strike two!

FRANSEN: How are things at the bank?

HAROLD: Oh, Lots of auctions on the horizon.

FRANSEN: That so?

HAROLD: Foreclosures, so forth...you know.

FRANSEN: Come on, Olaf, put some wood on it!

ENSEMBLE: GIVE IT SOME WOOD GIVE IT SOME WOOD TORVIK  
BY GOD HE'S GOOD BY GOD HE'S GOOD TORVIK  
DOES WHAT HE SHOULD DOES WHAT HE SHOULD, //

*OLAF swings and misses.*

BROWNIE: Strike three!

ENSEMBLE OLAF TORVIK JUST STRUCK OUT!

BROWNIE: No!

ENSEMBLE: TORVIK JUST STRUCK OUT!

INGE: Out!

ENSEMBLE: TORVIK JUST STRUCK OUT!  
OH IT'S A SUNNY DAY WE'VE GIVEN OUR THANKS TO GOD  
ABOVE  
SO NOW IT'S TIME TO LAY OUR BURDENS DOWN AND PICK UP  
A BASEBALL GLOVE...

*Lights shift. The baseball diamond melts away and the scene transitions into a barn, that same evening, where everyone is making ready for a barn dance. Musicians tune up.*

HAROLD: *(Sizing Nelson up, clearly unhappy to see him.)* Nelson.

NELSON: Well, hello, Harold.

HAROLD: What are you hanging around here for?

NELSON: Amundson's my cousin. Every once and a while I come and help him out.

HAROLD: You're here pushing that co-op of yours.

NELSON: Are you thinking of joining?

HAROLD: You know I don't farm.

NELSON: Oh, that's right. You're the one who lends the farmers money. Seems to me you should be all for the co-op, then.

HAROLD: Socialist claptrap.

NELSON: I'd think you'd want these farmers to get the best price they can.

HAROLD: What's that supposed to mean?

NELSON: Being as they're all mortgaged to the hilt. Price of grain's gone down since the war ended, but I'll bet their mortgage payments haven't budged.

HAROLD: You keep your nose in your own damn business.

NELSON: *(Tipping his hat and walking away.)* Nice talking to ya. *(To Frandsen, who has just entered with Brownie.)* I don't think your cousin likes me.

FRANSEN: *(To musicians.)* Hey, Amundson, Anna, let's make some hay!

#### **#8 Barn Dance — Instrumental**

*MUSIC begins, a traditional Norwegian fiddle tune. Everyone dances, except INGE and OLAF. INGE's feet are moving—she is itching to dance. Seeing this, FRANDSEN draws her in, and OLAF is pulled in to the dance as well.*

#### **#8A Barn Dance — Instrumental**

*Promenade. INGE and OLAF meet in the dance. Afraid, OLAF backs away, leaving INGE without a partner.*

*She is still an outsider after all.*

*Lights shift. Transition to Brownie's kitchen. It is late afternoon, a few days later. BROWNIE and INGE are alone. INGE cuts apples for a pie.*

BROWNIE: Okay, now you tell me. How much flour?

INGE: Flour. Three cup.

BROWNIE: Lard?

INGE: Hif cup.

BROWNIE: Half. Half cup.

INGE: Half cup. Egg. Umm...quartal cup...water?

BROWNIE: Quarter. Quarter cup water.

INGE: Quarter cup water.

BROWNIE: Good. What then?

INGE: Mix und...und...

BROWNIE: Squish it.

INGE: Roll the squish.

BROWNIE: You got it. Roll the squish. The way to a man's heart is through his stomach. You make a pie for Olaf and he will be — *(Yelling out a window.) Frankie! Get out of that tree! I'm going to bean that kid. Now we're ready for the apples. First, a little sugar.*

INGE: Sugar.

BROWNIE: Some cinnamon.

INGE: Cinnamon.

BROWNIE: Now mix it.

INGE: Mix it.

BROWNIE: There you go. Frandsen loves cinnamon. Calls it the eighth wonder of the world. Now dump it. Dump it in.

INGE: *[Holding up the cinnamon.]* Cinnamon. Ah! Zimt! Strudel?

BROWNIE: No. Not strudel. American. Apple pie. All right, let's put the top crust on. So. Did you have a husband, in Germany? *(Pointing to her ring.)* Husband?

INGE: No.

BROWNIE: No dead husband. That's good. Now pinch the edges. Pinch. There you go. *Frankie! Get out of the pigpen! And give us some peace and quiet!* Look how filthy he is. Good thing it's bath night. *Frankie!*

*While BROWNIE prattles on, INGE sings, tuning out the noise around her.*

**#9 Peace and Quiet**

INGE: QUIET.

BROWNIE: You can go first if you'd like. You probably don't want to get in that water after he's been in there.

INGE: PEACE AND QUIET

BROWNIE: Keep pinching. All the way around. There you go.

INGE: SINCE I ARRIVED I'VE HAD NO QUIET TIME ALONE.

BROWNIE: So. You and Olaf. You have fun? Hanky-panky? Hanky-panky?

*[INGE is puzzled.]*

INGE: No—no, no, no. No hanky-panky.

BROWNIE: Of course not. You've barely been in the same room together. We'll have to fix that. On our way to the rectory to see Pastor Sorenson tomorrow we'll bring Olaf this pie. *Aggie! Get him out of there! He's tinkling on my tulips!*

INGE: QUIET.  
HOW I LONG FOR PEACE AND QUIET.  
QUIET.

BROWNIE: Isn't that pretty? Time to bake it. I have baked many, many pies in my life – eight so far, and one in the oven. What's the matter Inge? You look tired. Tired. Did you sleep okay? Sleep?

INGE: Sleep? No. Feet. Face.

BROWNIE: Oh! Feet in your face—that Mary, she's a kicker. Climb in with Rosie and Gladys tonight. They won't mind, Gladys loves to cuddle. Just be careful if you feel a wet spot. All right, time to put it in the oven. Why don't you go sit on the porch. Go on. I'll clean up.

*Lights shift. Night is falling. The kitchen melts away and INGE moves to the porch. The sun sets.*

INGE: PEACE AND QUIET  
A MOMENT ALONE  
A BATH WITHOUT PEOPLE WATCHING  
WAITING

NO CHIRPING CHILDREN  
STICKY  
KICKING  
NO NEW WORDS

*BROWNIE carries the hot pie out to the porch to cool.*

BROWNIE: Don't touch it!

FRANSEN: Not even one piece?

BROWNIE: She made it for Olaf.

FRANSEN: She did, did she? I remember the first time you baked me a pie. Peach.

*She blushes. He kisses her. INGE sees this.*

FRANSEN: Hey, Inge, you giving Olaf that whole pie?

BROWNIE: Leave her alone.

*BROWNIE and FRANSEN speak softly to each other, leaving INGE on the porch, alone. The Northern Lights appear in the dark sky.*

FRANSEN: How long is she going to stay out here? She didn't even come in for supper.

BROWNIE: She'll come in when she's ready.

FRANSEN: Brownie, look! The Northern Lights. Aurora Borealis. Let's get the kids out on the porch. *[A look from BROWNIE.]* They can see 'em the next time.

INGE:  
PEACE AND QUIET  
NO RIGHT AND NO WRONG  
NO QUESTIONS  
NO ANSWERS  
A MOMENT OF GRACE  
AWAY FROM THIS PLACE  
AH—  
AH—

*Music continues — instrumental — as INGE picks up her apple pie and walks towards OLAF's house under the spell of the Northern Lights.*

*Lights shift.*

*OLAF's kitchen. It is morning; still dark.*

OLAF: Inge! No. How did you—? No. You cannot be here. No. No. I'm not decent. Give me the blanket.

INGE: Nein.

OLAF: Give me the blanket! I have to cover.

INGE: Nein! Ich bin nackt. *[No. I am naked.]*

OLAF: You are naked?

INGE: Meine Kleider sind nass. *[My clothes are wet.]*

OLAF: Put these clothes on! My clothes! What have you done?

INGE: Sleep.

OLAF: You slept here?

INGE: Und bath.

OLAF: You took a bath? Here?

INGE: Ja.

OLAF: You have to go back to Frandsen's.

INGE: Nein. Hier.

OLAF: You took off your clothes and took a bath!

OLAF: *[He hands her a pair of his pants and a shirt.]* We cannot be here like this! You cannot be here at all. If Pastor Sorenson finds out, we will never be married.

*[Music.] OLAF leaves the house and goes to the barn. INGE follows, frantically dressing in his clothes.*

INGE: Olaf—

OLAF: No. I have work.

INGE: Olaf—Olaf!

**#10 You Took a Bath**

OLAF:        You took a bath  
              A bath!  
              Get out. This is my barn.  
              No dress.  
              No shoes.  
              THIS A RESPECTABLE FARM

PEOPLE WILL TALK //

INGE:        People?

OLAF:        Ja. Man. Woman. People.

INGE:        Ist Sie people?

OLAF:        She is a cow.

INGE:        Cow talk? Guten Tag, cow. Sprechen Sie English?

OLAF:        PEOPLE WILL KNOW  
              THEY ALWAYS KNOW

INGE:        HOW THEY KNOW?  
              HOW WILL THEY KNOW?

OLAF:        You took a bath  
              A bath!  
              No clothes. In my house. //

INGE:        SHH! Frau Cow.  
              No talk.  
              Wer ist das? [*Who is this?*]

baa

OLAF:        Sheep.

INGE:        Sheep.

OLAF:        She gives wool for clothes.

INGE:        Hello, sheep.



SHEEP: Baa!

INGE: Shh! Erzähl neimand, dass Inge nackt war. (*Don't tell anyone Inge was naked.*)

OLAF: Oh my God. You were naked.

*INGE starts to laugh.*

OLAF: Inge. It is not funny. When people find out—

INGE: People? No people heir.

OLAF: —when Pastor Sorenson finds out, he will never marry us.

SHEEP: (*Bleating.*) Paaastor.

INGE: [*To sheep.*] Shhh! No talk Pastor.

OLAF: Inge!

YOU TOOK A BATH  
NOW YOU MUST GO.

INGE: No.

OLAF: Inge. Please. You have to go back to Frandsen's.

INGE: No!

YOU TELL ME TO COME  
I WILL NOT GO  
I AM NOT LEAVING.  
No.

FRAU COW PLEASE  
PROMISE YOU NO TELL  
FRAU COW PLEASE  
WE WILL GO TO HELL

INGE: FRAU COW PLEASE  
Oh! DER SCHOCK! (*Oh! The shock!*)  
FRAU COW, PLEASE //

OLAF: Inge—you make mock.

INGE: Nein. Das ist ein ernstes Gespräch. (*This is serious business.*)

OLAF: Ernstes Gespräch?

*She shows him how serious she is. He can't help it—it softens the moment.*

INGE: No make mock.

OLAF: Missus.

INGE: Missus?

OLAF: Ja. Missus Cow. Not Frau.

INGE: MISSUS COW I BEG OF YOU  
PEACE UND QUIET PLEASE NO MOO

Und —?

OLAF: That one is ham.

INGE: Herr Ham.

OLAF: Mister Ham.

INGE: MISTER HAM  
HELLO TO YOU.  
YOU GIVE US SOME PEACE UND QUIET TOO.//

INGE: [*To horse.*] Hello you.

OLAF: Horse.

INGE: Ach! Horse? No eat horse.

OLAF: His name is Elfin.

INGE: Alvin? Alvin Frandsen?

OLAF: No. Not Alvin. Elfin Horse. EL-fin.

INGE: Guten tag, El-fin.

OLAF: Elfin speaks English only.

INGE: Hello. Shh! *[whispers.]* I took bath.

OLAF: Oh my God. You were naked.

INGE: Hast du—? *(Do you have—?) (She indicates driving tractor.)*

OLAF: Tractor? No. Banking and farming don't mix.

INGE: Elfin...arbeitet er? *(Does he work?)*

OLAF: *(Searching for the word in his German vocabulary.)*  
Arbeitet...arbeitet...yes. Elfin work. Elfin work very hard.

INGE: Elfin. Shhh! Good boy.

INGE: I TOOK A BATH.  
I TOOK A BATH.  
I THINK ELFIN NO MIND

OLAF: Inge! In the barn, you must wear shoes. You understand? Always, shoes.

INGE: Ja. Shoes.

YOU DID NOT LOOK  
YOU DID NOT SEE  
NOBODY KNOW.

BOTH: NO ONE BUT ME

INGE: YOU TELL ME TO COME  
I WILL NOT GO  
I AM NOT LEAVING!  
NO.

*Lights shift. Transition to FRANDSEN's farm yard, where OLAF waits for INGE to come out with her belongings.*

FRANDSEN: She can't stay with you. They'll call you Bolsheviks. Pastor Sorenson, when he hears—

OLAF: It's none of their business.

FRANDSEN: It's no bother having her here.

OLAF: She took a bath.

FRANSEN: A bath? *[He whistles.]*

OLAF: I will sleep in the barn.

*Brownie carries INGE's suitcase out of the house. INGE follows with her gramophone.*

FRANSEN: Olaf, I'm trying to look out for you. I'm trying to stop you from... Brownie, tell them not to do this.

BROWNIE: How was the pie, Olaf?

OLAF: Inge ate the pie.

BROWNIE: She did not.

FRANSEN: *[Under his breath.]* That's not all she did.

OLAF: No one's business but mine.

*We hear a truck approaching from down the road.*

FRANSEN: Now who's that coming up the road? Olaf, just wait. Stay for supper and we'll sort this out.

*It comes to a stop. Doors slam.*

BROWNIE: Is that Cousin Harold? What is he doing here?

*HAROLD enters with two men.*

FRANSEN: Afternoon, Cousin. Who's your friend?

HAROLD: They're here to catalog. For the auction. Go on in.

BROWNIE: Auction? We're not having an auction.

HAROLD: No. We're having an auction. The bank is. 'Cause this house and all this property is 'bout to be ours.

BROWNIE: You can't take our home.

HAROLD: We can if you don't pay your mortgage.

MAN: Just the furniture?

HAROLD: Everything.

*The MEN enter the FRANDSEN home without permission.*

BROWNIE: Wait! Wait! Alvin?!

HAROLD: This shouldn't be news. You were sent a foreclosure notice.

BROWNIE: Foreclosure? Alvin...! Say something.

HAROLD: I see you didn't tell your wife.

BROWNIE: We can pay after the harvest.

HAROLD: You still owe for last year's harvest. He didn't tell you that, either, did he?

FRANDSEN: Harold. We're family. We're cousins.

HAROLD: Third cousins.

*The men carry a crib out of the house.*

INGE: *[Aside, to OLAF]* Olaf!

OLAF: I told him. Banking and farming don't mix.

ENS: Hey boss, you want this, too?

BROWNIE: Put that down! Alvin, that's my crib. My crib.

FRANDSEN: Not the crib.

HAROLD: Let her have it. She drops a new one every year.

*FRANDSEN makes a move toward cousin HAROLD, but OLAF stops him.*

### **#11 It's Not Over Yet**

HAROLD: Don't be stupid, Frandsen. It's your own damn fault.

HAROLD: YOU'RE BEHIND ON YOUR MORTGAGE  
IN DEFAULT ON YOUR LOAN  
HAVE YOU NO UNDERSTANDING  
OF THE RESTRAINT I HAVE ALREADY SHOWN?

IT'S OVER NOW

BROWNIE: THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE

HAROLD: I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOUR NONSENSE!

FRANSEN: HAROLD PLEASE GIVE US A BREAK

HAROLD: IT'S A MESS, IT'S A SHAME, BUT I'M NOT TO BLAME

BR/FR: HAROLD, PLEASE

OLAF: I KNEW IT!  
I KNEW HE'D BET INTO THIS FIX  
BANKING AND FARMING DON'T MIX!

BROWNIE: You've got to let us get our crop in.

FRANSEN: There's a goldmine out there!

LOOK AT OUR CROP, JUST LOOK OUT IN THE FIELD

HAROLD: YOU OWN MUCH MORE THAN YOUR CROP WILL EVER YIELD

BR/FR: WE'VE HAD PLENTY OF SUN  
AND PLENTY OF RAIN

INGE: THEY HAVE PLENTY OF TROUBLE  
AND PLENTY OF PAIN

HAROLD: I HAVE PLENTY OF DOUBT

OLAF: HE HAS PLENTY OF DEBT

FRANSEN: YOU TOOK A GAMBLE, HAROLD,  
WE MADE A BET  
AND IT'S NOT OVER YET

BR/FR: NO, IT'S NOT OVER YET.

HAROLD: You've had plenty of chances, and you know it!

BROWNIE: HAROLD PLEASE THINK OF MY CHILDREN  
WITH NO ROOF OVERHEAD  
WOULD YOU PUT US OUT OF DOORS,  
LEAVE US BEGGING FOR OUR BREAD?

CAN'T YOU MAKE AN EXCEPTION?  
WE'LL GET OUT OF THIS BIND

HAROLD: WE HAVE A CONTRACT  
THAT YOUR HUSBAND SIGNED  
IT'S A MESS, IT'S A SHAME  
BUT I'M NOT TO BLAME

BR/FR: HAROLD PLEASE

OLAF: I TRIED TO WARN HIM

HAROLD: YOU GOT YOURSELVES INTO THIS FIX

OLAF/INGE: BANKING AND FARMING DON'T MIX

BROWNIE: HAROLD HAVE MERCY  
WE'LL REPAY OUR DEBT!

FRANSEN: YOU TOOK A GAMBLE  
AND WE MADE A BET  
ON OUR BLOOD AND OUR SWEAT

BR/FR: AND OUR CROP'S

OLAF/INGE: AND THEIR CROP'S

BR/FR: NOT IN YET

OLAF/INGE: NOT IN YET

B/F/O/I: SO IT'S NOT OVER YET

HAROLD: WELL YOU'RE NOT GONNA MAKE IT

BROWNIE: HAROLD PLEASE

HAROLD: YOU'RE TOO FAR BEHIND

BROWNIE: WHAT ABOUT MY CHILDREN

FRANSEN: HAROLD THINK OF OUR CHILDREN

BROWNIE: HAROLD DON'T BE A MONSTER

FRANSEN: HAROLD DON'T BE A MONSTER

BROWNIE: DON'T BE SO UNKIND

FRANDSEN: DON'T BE SO UNKIND

HAROLD: Enough! I'm no monster.

I WILL HOLD UP THE AUCTION  
I'LL CUT YOU A BREAK  
NOT BECAUSE WE'RE COUSINS  
BUT FOR YOUR CHILDREN'S SAKE.  
BUT WE STILL HAVE A CONTRACT THAT YOU SIGNED ON THE  
LINE.  
MISS JUST ONE MORE PAYMENT  
AND THIS FARM IS MINE!

FRANDSEN: YOU TOOK A GAMBLE, I'LL MAKE GOOD

HAROLD: THIS IS YOUR FINAL WARNING

FRANDSEN: DO EVERYTHING I SAID I WOULD

HAROLD: MISS JUST ONE MORE PAYMENT  
AND I'LL BE BACK

HAR/O/I: BACK TO TAKE IT ALL

BR/FR: THIS IS NOT

OLAF: I HAVE PLENTY OF DOUBT

HAROLD: THEY'VE HAD PLENTY OF CHANCES

BR/FR: OVER YET

OLAF: HE HAS PLENTY OF DEBT

INGE: HE HAS PLENTY OF DEBT

OLAF: THEY GOT THEMSELVES INTO THIS FIX  
BANKING AND FARMING DON'T MIX

BR/FR: PLENTY OF HOPE  
AND PLENTY OF LOVE

BR/FR/O/I: PLENTY OF FAITH IN HEAVEN ABOVE



HAROLD: MISS JUST ONE MORE PAYMENT

BR/FR: ON OUR BLOOD

HAROLD: AND I'LL BE BACK

BR/FR: AND OUR SWEAT

HAROLD: THIS IS YOUR FINAL WARNING

BR/FR: THIS IS NOT OVER YET

OLAF: BANKING AND FARMING

HAROLD: PLENTY OF DOUBT AND PLENTY OF DEBT

ALL: THIS IS NOT OVER YET!

*END ACT I.*

## ACT II

*Lights up on a beautiful summer day, a few weeks later. (As the song progresses, summer passes by, and we move with INGE through the days, transitioning in and out of scenes as if in a dream.)*

### #12 Summer

LEADER: OH WE WAKE UP EVERY MORNING  
FACE THE SUN OR FACE THE RAIN.  
DO THE THINGS WE HAVE TO  
BE THERE JOY OR BE THERE PAIN  
WORK OUR FINGERS TO THE BONE  
UNTIL WE HIT THE HAY.  
SLEEP AND DREAM OF WHAT WE'LL DO  
WHEN NIGHT TURNS INTO DAY.

*INGE and OLAF are in the barnyard. INGE carries a basket of eggs.*

OLAF: How many eggs did you find?

INGE: Seven?

OLAF: Ja. What color.

INGE: Grün?

OLAF: Green.

INGE: Green. And brown.

OLAF: Brown. Good. And?

INGE: Blau. Blue.

OLAF: Ja. Blue.

LEADER: AND OH! THE WHEAT IS INCHING TOWARD THE SKY  
MY OH MY, THE SUMMER'S FLYING BY!

*BROWNIE and FRANSEN walk with INGE.*

BROWNIE: And when they say hello, you say, "How do you do?"

INGE: How do you do.

FRANSEN: Hello.

INGE: Hello. How do you do?

FRANSEN: I am very well, thank you.

INGE: I am very well, thank you.

FRANSEN: No. I am very well.

INGE: No. I am very well.

FRANSEN: No, no...I mean—never mind. You are very well. You're doing good, Inge, real good.

LEADER: WHILE THE WHEAT IS GROWING TALLER  
AND THE DAYS ARE GETTING LONG

+ BR/FR: OLAF'S WAY IS GROWING SOFTER  
INGE'S ENGLISH COMES ALONG

BAND: STILL NO PAPERS FROM HER HOMELAND  
NOTHING'S COME TO EASE THEIR WAY  
NO REFERENCES, NO LETTERS

LEADER: SO THEY WAIT ANOTHER DAY

ENS: AND OH! THE WHEAT IS REACHING FOR THE SKY  
MY OH MY, THE SUMMER'S FLYING BY!

*INGE visits the PASTOR in his study.*

PASTOR: I find it easiest to memorize verses when I write them out. "A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband, but she that maketh ashamed is as rottenness in his bones." Go ahead. Write it out. "A virtuous woman..."

INGE: A virtuous...

PASTOR: No. With a "v". No "w". English. Virtue.

INGE: Virtue. What is virtue?

PASTOR: Why, it's the heart of the matter. It is proper behavior, Inge. Morals. Chastity.

INGE: Chastity?

PASTOR: Brownie can explain that one.

LEADER: NOW THE WHEAT'S STILL GROWING TALLER  
AND THE NIGHTS HAVE GROWN SO LONG  
THAT THEIR HEARTS ARE GROWING CLOSER  
AND THEIR FEELINGS GETTING STRONG  
STILL NO PAPERS COME FOR INGE  
THOUGH THEY HOPE AND THOUGH THEY PRAY  
NO REFERENCES, NO LETTERS  
SO THEY WAIT YET ONE MORE DAY

ENS: AND OH! THE WHEAT IS STRETCHING T'WARD THE SKY  
MY OH MY, THE SUMMER'S FLYING BY!

*INGE tags along with OLAF while he works in the field.*

OLAF: What are the colors of the flag?

INGE: Red. White. Blue.

OLAF: What is Independence Day?

INGE: The day they sign independence declaration?

OLAF: Independence from who?

INGE: England?

OLAF: Who was the first president?

INGE: Thomas...no...George. George Washington.

OLAF: Ja. Very good.

ENS: OH! THE WHEAT IS WAVING AT THE SKY  
MY OH MY, THE SUMMER'S FLYING BY!

*In the PASTOR's study, with a book of Keats.*

INGE: *(Reading.)* "A thing of beauty...

PASTOR: ...a thing of beauty...

INGE: ...is a joy forever."

PASTOR: You've worked hard this week.

INGE: *[Finding a photo tucked into the book.]* Who is this?

PASTOR: Ah. I forgot that was in there. My son. He loved Keats.

INGE: Your son?

PASTOR: He was killed in the war.

INGE: Ah.

PASTOR: My wife was never the same.

INGE: Your wife? Here?

*PASTOR SORENSON shakes his head "no", and INGE understands.*

PASTOR: Inge, what was the town? The town where you came from?

INGE: Snåsa.

PASTOR: No, I meant the German town. Before you went to Norway.

INGE: Osnabrück. Germany.

PASTOR: Do you still have family there?

INGE: I—the war...even my Mother, ja...No. No family.

PASTOR: I'll write to the pastor in Osnabrück. Maybe he can send you a reference. You just work on your English.

INGE: "A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

LEADER: STILL NO PAPERS IN THE MAIL  
NO LUCK TO EASE THEIR WAY  
NO REFERENCES NO LETTERS  
SO THEY WAIT...

ENS: AND WAIT...  
WAIT...

*Lights shift, a hot summer night, inside the farmhouse, INGE has gone up to her room. OLAF calls after her.*

OLAF: Inge...Inge...are you up there?

INGE: Nein! No come up...

OLAF: Inge...

INGE: Nein! Naked! Nackt!

OLAF: I sleep in barn.

LEADER: AND THE DAYS ARE FLYING FASTER

+ ENS: AND THE NIGHTS ARE GETTING COOLER  
AND THE WHEAT IS TURNING GOLDEN  
TURNING GOLDEN BY THE DAY

LEADER: BY THE DAY...

*Lights shift. OLAF makes his way to the barn, while INGE sings from her bedroom. OLAF sleeps in the hay mow. INGE can see him through her window, and he can see her in the distance.*

### **#13 When We Are Married**

OLAF: WHEN WE ARE MARRIED  
I'LL PUMP THE WATER

INGE: I'LL SEW THE BUTTONS THAT FALL OFF HIS SHIRTS

OLAF: I'LL BRING HER EGGS FROM THE HENHOUSE EACH MORNING

INGE: I'LL BRING/GIVE HIM COMFORT WHENEVER HE HURTS

WHEN WE ARE MARRIED  
I'LL WORK IN HIS GARDEN

OLAF: I'LL CARRY HER BASKETS WHEN THEY OVERFLOW

INGE: I'LL COOK A NICE SUPPER FOR HIM IN THE EVENING

OLAF: I'LL GIVE HER MY ARM IN THE ICE AND THE SNOW

WHEN WE ARE MARRIED  
I'LL TEAM UP THE HORSES  
WE'LL HOP IN THE WAGON  
AND HEAD DOWN THE ROAD

INGE: WE'LL HOLD OUR HEADS HIGH  
NEVER MIND WHO WE'RE PASSING  
NO MATTER THE BURDEN  
NO MATTER THE LOAD

BOTH: NO PINS AND NEEDLES  
AND NO SIDEWAYS GLANCES  
NO SECRET SMILES  
NO LOOKIN' AWAY  
WHEN WE ARE MARRIED  
NO WAITING NO WORRY  
NO THINKING ABOUT WHAT SOME STRANGER MIGHT SAY

OLAF: WHEN WE ARE MARRIED  
I WON'T HAVE TO SLEEP HERE  
NO COWS AND NO HORSES  
NO HAYLOFT NO BARN

BOTH: WHEN WE ARE MARRIED  
I WON'T LAY AWAKE  
IN THE DARK AND ALL ALONE...

INGE: I'LL PULL UP THE QUILT  
THAT I MADE WITH THESE HANDS  
FORGETTING TOMORROW  
ALL WORRIES AND PLANS

BOTH: I'LL BLOW OUT THE CANDLE  
WE'LL LAY IN THE DARK

OLAF: WE'LL TALK

BOTH: OR WE WON'T

INGE: I MIGHT

BOTH: NO YOU WON'T

NOW THAT WE'RE MARRIED  
YOUR FINGERS IN MINE  
JUST LETTING OUR ARMS  
AND OUR LEGS INTERTWINE  
WAITING AND WANTING AND WANTING NO MORE

INGE: WHEN WE ARE MARRIED...

OLAF: YES, WHEN WE ARE MARRIED...

INGE: I WILL BE YOURS.

INGE: TRA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA  
TRA LA LA LA...

*Lights shift. It is morning, late in the summer. INGE sweeps the porch while she listens to "The Gramophone Waltz" on her gramophone, which she has brought out to the porch. As she sweeps, she gently dances with her broom. She stops when she feels someone watching her. It is OLAF. He holds a dead bird and a shotgun.*

INGE: Did you shoot ducky?

OLAF: No, pheasant.

INGE: For supper?

OLAF: Ja, for supper. Here.

INGE: You shoot, you pluck. Do you like waltz?

OLAF: I can't dance.

INGE: I know. I teach you.

*INGE teaches him, first to move his feet, and then to hold her. They tentatively waltz on the front porch, where PASTOR SORENSON, who has arrived unannounced with letters in hand, observes.*

PASTOR: Olaf. Inge.

*Startled, they separate. INGE picks up the needle on the gramophone, and the music stops.*

PASTOR: Dancing. Dancing in the daylight.

OLAF: I was hunting. Inge. Coffee.

INGE: Ja, coffee. I get coffee.

*INGE exits into house.*

PASTOR: So it's true. I heard the rumors but I didn't want to believe it.



OLAF: She helps me with chores. I sleep in the barn.

PASTOR: And where does Inge sleep?

*INGE returns with a cup of coffee for SORENSON.*

INGE: Yes, coffee. Sugar? Cream?

PASTOR: I take my coffee black.

OLAF: Inge makes good coffee.

PASTOR: *(Tasting the coffee.)* Does she make you coffee every morning?

OLAF: Ja. No.

PASTOR: Is it always this black?

INGE: Is it good?

PASTOR: Too many beans. It's a waste. Inge, do you find comfort here?

INGE: It is good here. Frandsen's—not good.

PASTOR: Where do you sleep?

OLAF: I sleep in the barn.

PASTOR: I'm asking Inge. Where do you sleep?

INGE: In the house. Olaf sleeps in the barn. You have...papers?

PASTOR: Letters from the pastor in Osnabrück. This is why I came here today.

*INGE reaches for the letters, but PASTOR SORENSON puts them back in his pocket.*

INGE: Bitte. Please.

PASTOR: No. You're dancing together, you are living together—God knows what else.

OLAF: I sleep in the barn.

PASTOR: I made a mistake, trying to help. I warned you, Olaf.

*PASTOR SORENSON exits.*

OLAF: He will never marry us.

INGE: Do you believe in God? Olaf? Do you believe?

OLAF: Something makes the crops come up.

INGE: Yes. But not church.

*[OLAF does not respond.]*

INGE: You have...Träume?

OLAF: Dreams.

INGE: Yes. You have dreams? Olaf. Hast du Träume?

OLAF: I have work.

INGE: Work. Always work. I am here. Look at me. Olaf! Schaumich an!

*Ducks fly overhead. The sound makes them both look up.*

#### #14

##### **Ducks Dream**

INGE: Sie träumen. *(They dream)* Ducks. Ducks dream. Ducks, pheasants. All dream, but not you?

OLAF: When it is cold, they fly south. Ducks don't have dreams.

INGE: Ducks dream!  
Ducks dream.  
I KNOW  
DUCKS DREAM.

THEY DREAM OF FISH IN RIVERS  
THEY DREAM OF DARK AND LIGHT  
OF FLOATING ON THE WATER AT NIGHT  
DUCKS DREAM  
DUCKS DREAM  
I KNOW  
DUCKS DREAM

OF FINDING SOME DUCK TO LOVE  
OF FLYING THROUGH THE SKY

OF SAYING GUTEN TAG  
AND GOODBYE

THEY DREAM THEY FLY FÜR STUNDEN

OLAF: English. For hours.

INGE: SCHLIESSLICH REST.

OLAF: Finally rest.

INGE: THEY DREAM THEY LAND AND [*SPLASH GESTURE*]

OLAF: Splash.

INGE: SPLASH

INGE: OF BUILDING NESTS  
OF SITTING ON THE EGGS DAY AFTER DAY  
WANTING TO GO.  
WANTING TO STAY.

THEY DREAM OF WIND ON THEIR BACKS,  
THE SOUND OF MAMA'S QUACKS,  
OF DUCKLINGS HATCHED, NOW FLOWN AWAY  
PLACES THEY'VE SEEN ON THEIR WAY

OLAF: I have work.

INGE: Look at me.

OLAF: No.

INGE: WHY DID I GET ON THAT BOAT?  
WHY DID I COME ALL THIS WAY?  
JUST LIKE A DUCK ON THE WING,  
I COULD NOT STAY.  
I LEFT MY HOME TO COME BE HERE WITH YOU.  
IF YOU CANNOT FEEL, WHO KNOWS WHAT I'LL DO.  
IF YOU CANNOT IMAGINE DUCKS CAN DREAM  
IF YOU CANNOT SEE, I CAN NEVER BE WITH YOU.

*INGE turns to leave.*

OLAF: DUCKS DREAM.  
DUCKS DREAM.

I KNOW  
DUCKS DREAM.  
I'M NO DIFFERENT.  
I DREAM.  
I DREAM OF YOU.

*Lights shift. Transition to the church the following Sunday morning. PASTOR SORENSON is at the pulpit. INGE and OLAF sit alone.*

*ORGAN MUSIC.*

PASTOR: *“I wrote unto you in an epistle not to company with fornicators. If any man that is called a brother be a fornicator, with such a one do not eat. For what have I to do to judge them also that are without? Do not ye judge them that are within? But them that are without, God judges. Therefore, put away from among yourselves that wicked person.”*

This is the word of the Lord.

*ENSEMBLE: Thanks be to God.*

### **#15 Threshing Time**

Brothers and sisters, I am deeply troubled. When I first met Inge Altenberg, I was afraid. Afraid for Olaf, afraid for all of us. But I had hopes she would follow our path, a righteous path, and one day we could welcome her to our community. Yesterday, I found this woman in Olaf's yard, in Olaf's arms, dancing. In the middle of the morning. In broad daylight.

INGE: *(INGE rises.)* I cannot sit for this.

*INGE exits the church. OLAF follows.*

PASTOR: We are a good people. But we cannot reward the sinner. For we live by a moral code. We live by the rules.

*FRANSEN follows INGE and OLAF outside.*

FRANSEN: Olaf! Where are you going? You can't walk out.

OLAF: The harvest is coming. I will have no help. They will shun us.

PASTOR: *(From inside.)* Brothers and Sisters, do not allow yourselves to be poisoned. Do not ye judge them that are within?

FRANSEN: Come back inside, or you'll make it worse.

PASTOR: Put away from among yourselves that wicked person.

OLAF: What do you know? You put yourself in debt with your damn tractor. Any day now the bank will take your farm.

FRANSEN: Cousin Harold's giving us time, or he would have done it by now. It'll all work out. For you, too.

OLAF: You're not a farmer. You're a fool.

FRANSEN: Olaf, don't do this.

OLAF: They'll take your farm and Brownie will have to go to work in a factory.

FRANSEN: Don't pick a fight!

OLAF: You're a fool!

*FRANSEN strikes OLAF. OLAF falls to the ground.*

INGE: No fight! Come, Olaf. We go now.

*Lights shift. The scene transitions to a field. The PASTOR, now in the field instead of the pulpit, blesses the harvest they toil over.*

PASTOR: Let us pray. "Behold, I say to you, lift up your eyes and look upon the fields, that they are ripe for harvest. He who reaps is gathering fruit for life eternal, so that he who sows and he who reaps may rejoice together."

ALL: Amen.

AMUNDSON: You 'bout done, Pastor? We're burning daylight.

PASTOR: I'm done. Let's get to work.

ENSEMBLE: THRESHIN' TIME

THRESHIN' TIME  
THRESHIN' TIME

THRESHIN' TIME

MANY HANDS  
AT THRESHIN' TIME

THRESHIN' TIME

I NEED YOURS  
AND YOU NEED MINE

THRESHIN' TIME

PASTOR: GLORY BE  
IT'S THRESHIN' TIME

ENSEMBLE: THRESHIN' TIME

ESTHER: Time to eat!

ENSEMBLE: THRESHIN' TIME  
THRESHIN' TIME

THRESHIN' TIME

MANY HEARTS  
AT THRESHIN' TIME

THRESHIN' TIME

CROPS ARE IN  
WE'RE DOING FINE

THRESHIN' TIME

GLORY BE  
IT'S THRESHIN' TIME

*Lights shift, and we see OLAF and INGE alone in an enormous field of wheat, reaping wheat by hand with a scythe. BROWNIE watches them from afar.*

BROWNIE: Alvin. Alvin. We have to help them. Can't you talk to Pastor Sorenson? They'll never get to threshing. They'll never finish reaping. Alvin!

*Lights shift OLAF and INGE, in their field, alone, where they work by hand.*

OLAF: Stay back. When I swing, I can't see you. I don't want you to get hurt.

INGE: I will not get hurt. I will stay back.

*Lights shift back to the neighbors and the threshing machine.*

BROWNIE: Alvin—

FRANDSEN: We have enough problems of our own.

ANNA: Brownie! We need your hands!

*The PASTOR approaches BROWNIE.*

PASTOR: You seem troubled.

BROWNIE: They'll never get their wheat in, with no help, reaping by hand. Their harvest will rot in the field.

PASTOR: Brownie. Put away from among yourselves that wicked person.

BROWNIE: But Pastor—

PASTOR: There is nothing we can do.

ESTHER: Come on, Brownie!

ENS: IT'S A LEAP OF FAITH  
BUT GOD PROVIDES  
COME THE HARVEST  
THIS WE KNOW  
WE WILL REAP  
ALL THAT WE SOW

*The lights shift, and we see INGE and OLAF, alone in their own field, with sickle and rope.*

OLAF: Do you need to rest? Should we stop?

INGE: No. No rest. It will be dark soon.

OLAF: Ja.

*A shift back to BROWNIE, pleading with her husband.*

BROWNIE: Alvin, can't we at least hook the reaper up to the tractor and help them get their wheat in?

FRANDSEN: It's none of our business.

NELSON: Frandsen! Time to move the thresher to Amundson's!

*(FRANDBSEN says nothing and follows after LARSON.)*

CHORUS: THRESHIN' TIME

*Lights shift. Back to OLAF and INGE in their field.*

OLAF & INGE: THRESHIN' TIME  
THRESHIN' TIME

CHORUS: THRESHIN' TIME

OLAF & INGE: ALL ALONE  
AT THRESHIN' TIME

CHORUS: THRESHIN' TIME

OLAF & INGE: FINGERS NUMB  
OUR BODIES ACHE

CHORUS: THRESHIN' TIME

OLAF & INGE: WE WON'T BEND  
NO WE WON'T BREAK

CHORUS: THRESHIN' TIME

OLAF & INGE: THANK THE LORD  
THAT I HAVE YOU

CHORUS: THRESHIN' TIME

OLAF & INGE: WE'LL DO WHAT  
WE HAVE TO DO

ENSEMBLE: IT'S A LEAP OF FAITH  
BUT GOD PROVIDES  
IT'S A LEAP OF FAITH  
SUCH A PITY SUCH A SHAME  
NO ONE BUT THEMSELVES TO BLAME

PASTOR: Larson's place done?

AMUNDSON: Finished yesterday. Findstadt's next.

FRANDBSEN: Pastor Sorenson?



PASTOR: What is it, Frandsen?

FRANDSEN: Do you think Olaf and Inge will finish?

PASTOR: God only knows.

FRANDSEN: Would it hurt to hook up my tractor for him?

PASTOR: It's not easy to follow the will of the Lord, Frandsen. I wish it were different.

AMUNDSON: Move it along!

*Late afternoon. Lights shift to INGE and OLAF in the field, where INGE's gramophone sits beside them. OLAF, exhausted, rests on the ground. She cranks the gramophone, drops the needle, and "The Gramophone Waltz" plays. She plops down next to OLAF and unwraps some bread.*

OLAF: I am too tired to waltz.

INGE: *(Handing him the bread.)* No dance. I like to listen. It lifts my heart a bit. To keep going.

OLAF: Ja.

*(They pause and listen to the music.)*

INGE: I can't hear the thresher. Maybe they are done?

OLAF: Not yet. Maybe they are all the way to Johnson's place.

INGE: Then what?

OLAF: Then they are done.

INGE: Will we finish?

OLAF: Not if we sit. *(He offers her his hand.)*

INGE, HOLD YOUR HEAD UP TALL  
DO NOT FALTER, DO NOT FALL

INGE: LET THE WHEAT FALL FROM THE CHAFF  
THEY MAY POINT, YES THEY MAY LAUGH

BOTH: WE WON'T LET THEM GET THE BEST OF US  
WHEN WE FINISH WE WILL REST

*Lights shift, back to the community threshing. They have finished a field and are moving on to the next one.*

AMUNDSON: All done here!

NELSON: Johnson's next!

ENSEMBLE: THRESHIN' TIME  
THRESHIN' TIME

AMUNDSON: Move it along!

ENSEMBLE: MANY HANDS  
AT THRESHIN' TIME

PASTOR: Praise God the weather held.

ENSEMBLE: I NEED YOURS  
AND YOU NEED MINE

FRANSEN: We're gonna make it, Brownie!

ENSEMBLE: GLORY BE  
IT'S THRESHIN' TIME

BROWNIE: But what about them?

ENSEMBLE: THRESHIN' TIME  
THRESHIN' TIME

ESTHER: They made their own bed.

ENSEMBLE: MANY HEARTS  
AT THRESHIN' TIME

OLAF: Do you need rest?

ENSEMBLE: CROPS ARE IN  
WE'RE DOING FINE

INGE: We have work.

ENSEMBLE: GLORY BE

IT'S THRESHIN' TIME

IT'S A LEAP OF FAITH

OLAF: INGE HOLD YOUR HEAD UP TALL

BR/FRAN: THY KINGDOM COME

ENSEMBLE: BUT GOD PROVIDES

INGE: LET THE WHEAT FALL FROM THE CHAFF

BR/FRAN: THY WILL BE DONE

ENSEMBLE: AND THE PROMISE THAT WE KEEP

IN/OL: THEY MAY POINT YES THEY MAY LAUGH

ENSEMBLE: AS YOU SOW

BR/FRAN: SO SHALL YOU REAP

ENSEMBLE: SO SHALL YOU REAP (CONT...)

FRANSEN: THRESHIN' TIME

BROWNIE: THRESHIN' TIME

BR/FRAN: THRESHIN' TIME

BROWNIE: THRESHIN' TIME

INGE: COME THE HARVEST THIS WE KNOW

FRANSEN: THRESHIN' TIME

OLAF: IT'S A LEAP OF FAITH

INGE: WE WILL REAP ALL THAT WE SOW

OLAF: BUT GOD PROVIDES

INGE COME THE HARVEST THIS WE KNOW

BR/FRAN: THRESHIN' TIME

OLAF: IT'S A LEAP OF FAITH

ALL: IT'S A LEAP OF FAITH  
BUT GOD PROVIDES  
IT'S A LEAP OF FAITH

I/B/O/F: COME THE HARVEST THIS WE KNOW  
WE WILL REAP ALL THAT WE SOW

ALL: COME THE HARVEST THIS WE KNOW  
WE WILL REAP ALL THAT WE SOW.

*Auction bell.*

*Lights shift. It is morning at the FRANDSEN farm. An auction bell rings, calling a crowd. Objects from the FRANDSEN home are piled in the yard. FRANDSEN's cousin HAROLD is preparing to preside over the sale of the FRANDSEN property.*

BROWNIE: Harold, you can't do this to us!

HAROLD: You missed your payment.

BROWNIE: You know we haven't had a chance to sell our grain.

HAROLD: Wouldn't make no difference, and you know it.

NELSON: You taking the grain, too?

HAROLD: What do you care, you buying the farm?

BROWNIE: Where are my children going to sleep?

HAROLD: Ask your husband. His fault, not mine.

NELSON: You're Frandsen's cousin, aren't you? Don't worry, Brownie, I'm sure he'll take care of you after he kicks you out.

HAROLD: What the hell is he—? What the hell are you talking about?

NELSON: You'll take them in, won't you? Blood is thicker than water.

HAROLD: I've had about enough of you.

BROWNIE: Alvin, for God's sake, do something. Alvin!

ESTHER: Brownie, don't make this worse for yourself.

BROWNIE: I can't let the children see this.

ESTHER: Anna will see to them. Won't you, Anna.

ANNA: Yes. Brownie, it will be all right.

ESTHER: No it won't.

NELSON: His own cousin.

HAROLD: You're itching to get thrown out of here.

NELSON: I got every right to be here.

ANNA: Pastor, the Frandsens are need of prayer.

ESTHER: They don't need prayer. They need money.

NELSON: A little brotherly love wouldn't hurt.

HAROLD: It's none of your damn business.

*OLAF and INGE push through the crowd.*

OLAF: What is going on?

HAROLD: Quiet, please. Quiet! Let's have a description of the property.

OLAF: Frandsen, what is going on?

NELSON: Foreclosure. Eight kids and they're takin' his farm. Hey Harold, are you gonna auction off the kids, too?

HAROLD: Get to it. There's a socialist in the crowd.

NELSON: *(To the crowd.)* Didn't even give him time to sell his wheat!

HAROLD: He's had nothing but time.

NELSON: Today it's Frandsen! Tomorrow it might be you!

HAROLD: Get to it before that damn rabblouser starts a mutiny.

NELSON: What do you say, Pastor? Not very brotherly, is it?

*(The PASTOR says nothing.)*

NELSON: What's that verse? "The least of my brothers?"

HAROLD: I said get to it!

A'NEER: *(Announcing to crowd.)* Property includes: one tractor, one wagon, livestock including two draft horses, one milk cow, thirteen chickens, miscellaneous tools and farm implements, all household goods including furniture: table and chairs, one sideboard with china, three beds, one baby's crib—*(continues)*

NELSON: *(To the crowd.)* He's auctioning the kids' furniture!

A'NEER: —kitchen items, pots and pans, baking utensils, miscellaneous items including one photographic box camera—don't see that every day—and approximately one hundred sixty acres in the county of Hubbard in the township of Park Rapids.

NELSON: Are you people gonna stand here and let this happen?

HAROLD: *(Under his breath to the auctioneer.)* Get it going.

## #16 The Auction

A'NEER: LOOKEE HERE LOOKEE HERE  
 LOOKEE HERE LOOKEE HERE  
 ONE HUNDRED SIXTY ACRES OF THE  
 FINEST LAND AROUND  
 ONE HUNDRED SIXTY ACRES OF THE  
 FINEST IN THE COUNTY  
 LET'S GET THIS BIDDING GOING,  
 GET IT GOING,  
 GET IT GOING,  
 GET IT GOING  
 LET'S START WITH TWO.

TWO THOUSAND  
 TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS.  
 GOT TWO GOT TWO GIMME TWO  
 GIMME TWO, GIMME TWO  
 GIMME TWO TWO TWO.  
 THERE'S  
 TWO!

WOMEN:  
 GET IT GOING, GET IT GOING,  
 GET IT GOING, GET IT GOING  
 GET IT GOING, GET IT GOING, GET IT  
 GOING, GET IT GOING, GET IT GOING, GET  
 IT GOING, GET IT GOING, GET IT GOING

MEN:  
 TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS  
 TWO TWO TWO TWO TWO TWO

ALL:  
 TWO!

*[A FARMER bids.]*

A'NEER: TWENTY-FIVE CAN I GET TWENTY-FIVE?  
 TWENTY-FIVE FOR THIS FINE FINE FARM?

[A MAN IN a HAT bids.]

A'NEER :        THERE'S TWENTY-FIVE HOW 'BOUT  
THREE?  
THREE THOUSAND GIMME THREE,  
GIMME THREE THOUSAND  
DO I HEAR THREE THOUSAND?  
GIMME THREE,

ENSEMBLE:  
FINE FARM, FINE FARM,  
  
GIVE 'EM THREE, THREE THOUSAND  
FINE FARM FINE FARM

[A FARMER bids.]

THERE'S THREE.  
THIRTY-FIVE THIRTY-FIVE,  
CAN I HAVE THIRTY-FIVE  
THIRTY-FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS  
FOR THIS FINE PIECE OF  
FINE PIECE OF LAND  
WHO'S GOT THIRTY-FIVE?

THERE'S THREE  
THERE  
CAN HE HAVE THIRTY-FIVE  
  
FINE PIECE OF LAND  
THIRTY-FIVE

A'NEER:        THIRTY-TWO,  
THIRTY-TWO,  
CAN I HEAR THIRTY-TWO?

TWO TWO TWO  
TWO TWO TWO

[MAN IN HAT bids.]

MAN/HAT:      THIRTY-TWO!

NELSON:        THIS IS HOW IT STARTS.  
GOT THE LAW AND THE MONEY!

WHO WHO WHO WHO WHO WHO  
WHO WHO WHO WHO WHO WHO  
WHO WHO WHO  
WHO?

A'NEER:        THIRTY-TWO TO THE MAN IN THE HAT  
THIRTY-THREE,  
THIRTY-THREE,  
THIRTY THREE?

THIRTY-THREE,  
THIRTY-THREE,  
THIRTY-THREE?

[A FARMER bids.]

A'NEER:        THERE IT IS THIRTY-THREE!  
  
THIRTY- FIVE THIRTY-FIVE  
CAN I HAVE THIRTY-FIVE?  
  
THIRTY- FIVE THIRTY-FIVE  
CAN I HAVE THIRTY-FIVE?  
  
THIRTY- FIVE THIRTY-FIVE  
CAN I HAVE THIRTY-FIVE?

THIRTY-THREE.  
  
MEN:  
THIRTY-FIVE THIRTY-FIVE  
THIRTY-FIVE?  
  
ENSEMBLE:  
THIRTY-FIVE THIRTY-FIVE  
  
NELSON:  
THE LAW AND THE MONEY  
  
ENSEMBLE:  
THIRTY-FIVE?

HAROLD: Get that agitator out of here!

NELSON: I have every right to be here!

HAROLD: Get that socialist out!

ENSEMBLE:  
MONEY MONEY LAW AND MONEY  
WHO HAS THE MONEY AND THE LAW?

*[MAN IN HAT bids.]*

A'NEER: THIRTY-SEVEN-FIFTY  
THIRTY-SEVEN-FIFTY FOR THIS  
FINE PIECE OF,  
FINE PIECE OF LAND?

FINE PIECE OF  
FINE PIECE OF  
FINE PIECE OF LAND.

*[OLAF bids.]*

OLAF: FOUR THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED!

A'NEER: I HEAR FOUR THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED  
FROM THE MAN IN THE BACK.

ENSEMBLE:  
KEEP IT GOIN', KEEP IT GOIN',  
KEEP IT GOIN', KEEP IT GOIN',

A'NEER: DO I HEAR YOU RIGHT SIR?

YOU HEARD HIM RIGHT.  
KEEP IT GOIN', KEEP IT GOIN,

*(Olaf nods.)*

A'NEER: FOUR THOUSAND FIVE.  
FORTY FIVE HUNDRED  
FROM THE MAN IN THE BACK

KEEP IT GOIN, KEEP IT GOIN'  
KEEP.

*[MAN IN HAT bids.]*

MAN IN HAT: FIVE THOUSAND!

A'NEER: FIVE THOUSAND  
TO THE MAN  
TO THE MAN IN THE HAT

ENSEMBLE:  
FIVE  
TO THE MAN  
TO THE MAN IN THE HAT

*[OLAF bids.]*

OLAF: FIFTY-FIVE HUNDRED!

A'NEER: FIFTY-FIVE HUNDRED  
DO I HEAR FIFTY-SEVEN-FIFTY,  
FIFTY-SEVEN-FIFTY,  
FIFTY-SEVEN-FIFTY

HERE  
LOOK HERE  
LOOK HERE  
LOOK HERE  
LOOK HERE  
LOOK HERE  
LOOK HERE

*[MAN IN HAT bids.]*

MAN/A'NEER: FIFTY-SEVEN-FIFTY

A'NEER: TO THE MAN IN THE HAT.

TO THE MAN IN THE HAT

*[OLAF bids.]*

OLAF: SIX THOUSAND!!

FRANDSEN: WHAT DOES HE THINK HE'S



A'NEER: SIX THOUSAND.

A'NEER: SIX THOUSAND SIX THOUSAND  
CAN I HAVE SIXTY-FIVE?  
SIXTY-FIVE, SIXTY-FIVE,  
CAN I HAVE SIXTY-FIVE?  
YOU SIR YOU SIR  
YOU SIR IN THE HAT.  
CAN I HAVE SIXTY-FIVE?

*[MAN IN HAT bids.]*

TO THE MAN IN THE HAT

*[OLAF bids.]*

OLAF: SEVEN!

A'NEER: SEVEN THOUSAND  
FROM THE MAN IN THE BACK.  
SEVEN GRAND, SEVEN GRAND,  
SEVEN GRAND  
FROM THE MAN IN THE BACK  
EIGHT? CAN I HAVE EIGHT?  
CAN I HAVE EIGHT?  
CAN I HAVE EIGHT EIGHT EIGHT?  
SEVENTY-FIVE, SEVENTY-FIVE,  
SEVENTY-FIVE, SEVENTY-FIVE  
YOU SIR IN THE HAT  
CAN I HAVE SEVENTY-FIVE,  
SEVENTY-FIVE, SEVENTY-FIVE  
FOR THIS FINE PIECE OF LAND  
SEVENTY-FIVE SEVENTY- FIVE  
SEVENTY-FIVE  
SEVENTY-ONE? SEVENTY-ONE?  
SEVENTY-ONE?

A'NEER: DO I HEAR SEVENTY-ONE?

And sold!! To the man in the back for seven  
thousand dollars!  
Sold! For seven thousand!

OLAF: I don't have seven thousand.

INGE: I know.

A'NEER: What is your name, sir?

OLAF: Olaf Torvik.

DOING?

ENSEMBLE:  
Shh!

MEN:  
WHO'S THE MAN THE MAN THE MAN?  
WHO'S THE MAN THE MAN THE MAN?  
WHO'S THE MAN THE MAN THE MAN?  
WHO'S THE MAN THE MAN THE MAN?

ADD WOMEN:  
WHO'S THE MAN THE MAN THE MAN  
WHO'S THE MAN THE MAN THE MAN

SEVEN THOUSAND  
FROM THE MAN

(WHO, WHO, WHO, WHO)  
TRACTOR WAGON  
LIVESTOCK HORSES  
COWS AND CHICKENS

TOOLS AND CHINA  
TABLES CHAIRS  
AND BABIES' CRIB

FINE PIECE OF LAND

LAND.

HAROLD: Congratulations, Olaf. You now own Alvin's farm.

OLAF: I don't have seven thousand.

FRANSEN: Olaf.

BROWNIE: Shh.

HAROLD: This is a legal action. What were you thinking?

OLAF: I wasn't thinking. I just did it.

HAROLD: Well, that's just fine. Because your property is even nicer than this one. And if you don't pay me that seven thousand dollars by tomorrow morning, I'll own them both. But I could help you out.

OLAF: With a mortgage.

HAROLD: Yep.

OLAF: Banking and farming don't mix.

HAROLD: Twenty-four hours. Twenty-four hours.

*The crowd disperses.*

PASTOR: You weren't thinking?

OLAF: I just did it.

PASTOR: Shall I pray with you?

NELSON: He doesn't need prayer. He needs money. And a little brotherly love.

*NELSON tips his hat and leaves.*

*The PASTOR searches for what to say to OLAF. He says nothing. As he exits, he pauses as if he might have something to offer, but looking at the two couples, he is at a loss, and leaves in silence.*

*INGE and OLAF, FRANSEN and BROWNIE, both side-by-side, look out over FRANSEN's bare fields.*

INGE: Olaf. What now?

**#17 Frozen Fields**

OLAF: THIS COULD BE OUR LAST NIGHT ON THE FARM  
LAST TIME LOOKING OUT ACROSS THIS LAND  
ONE THING IS FOR CERTAIN  
SOON THE SNOW WILL FLY  
AND THESE FIELDS WILL BE FROZEN BY AND BY

FRANDSEN: CAN YOU FEEL THE CHILL IN THE AIR?

OLAF: CAN YOU FEEL THE CHILL IN THE AIR?

FRANDSEN: COULD YOU FEEL THE HATRED IN THEIR STARES?

OLAF: IN THEIR STARES?

OLAF/FR: THEY OFFER US NO SHELTER  
FROM THE BITING WIND  
SHOULD WE FREEZE OUT IN THE FIELDS  
THEY WOULD NOT CARE.

INGE/BR: BUT IN THE SLIVER OF THE MOON  
THERE IS MYSTERY AND PROMISE

ALL: AND LIKE THE MOON THAT EVER BRIGHTENS,  
WE ARE STEADY, WE ARE HONEST

INGE/OLAF: OH---  
LET THEM DO WHAT THEY WILL DO  
IN THIS COLD, IN THIS DARKNESS  
YOU HAVE ME AND I HAVE YOU

OLAF: AND OH---

BR/FR: LET THEM SAY WHAT THEY WILL SAY  
SPRING WILL COME, AND THE ICE  
WILL MELT AWAY.

OLAF: NOW IN THE DARKNESS OF THE NIGHT

INGE: IN THE DARKNESS

OLAF: WE TAKE COMFORT IN THE LOVE WE SHARE

INGE: IN OUR LOVE

ALL: ONE THING IS FOR CERTAIN  
SOON THE DAY WILL COME  
AND THE SUN WILL WARM OUR FIELDS ONCE AGAIN

INGE/OLAF: AND IF WE TWO ARE JOINED AS ONE

OLAF: AS WE WALK THIS FROZEN EARTH

BR/FR: AS WE WALK THIS FROZEN EARTH

INGE: TWO JOINED AS ONE

ALL: WE WALK TOGETHER  
IN THE PROMISE OF REBIRTH  
OH---

INGE/FR: LET THEM DO WHAT THEY WILL DO  
IN THIS COLD IN THIS DARKNESS

ALL: YOU HAVE ME AND I HAVE YOU  
OH---

BROWNIE: SOON THE SPRING WILL COME

OLAF/INGE: LET THEM SAY WHAT THEY MAY SAY

FRANSEN: SPRING WILL COME

OLAF/INGE: SPRING WILL COME

ALL: AND THE ICE WILL MELT AWAY

OLAF: OH, THE FROZEN FIELDS

FRANSEN: OH THE FROZEN FIELDS

OLAF: WILL SIT AND WAIT FOR SPRING

BROWNIE: WILL SIT AND WAIT FOR SPRING

OLAF: OH THE FROZEN FIELDS  
TIME WILL PASS

FRANSEN: TIME WILL PASS

BROWNIE: TIME WILL PASS

*FRANSEN and BROWNIE, clasping hands, disappear inside their house.*

INGE: TIME WILL PASS

OLAF: DO NOT FEAR THE ICY STING.

*Lights shift. Darkness has fallen. OLAF and INGE stand in OLAF's farmyard.*

OLAF: I go to barn.

*INGE kisses Olaf. They go into the house together.*

*Lights shift again. It is morning. PASTOR SORENSON is on the front porch. OLAF, hearing him, comes out on the porch, INGE behind him.*

OLAF: I thought you were the sheriff.

PASTOR: He'll be here soon enough. *(Handing a bundle of letters to INGE.)* I came to bring you these. You'll need them, wherever you're going.

INGE: My papers?

PASTOR: References from your home church in Germany. I wanted you to have them before the sheriff comes. The morning I found you dancing on the porch, I had come here to give them to you.

OLAF: But you didn't.

PASTOR: No.

INGE: Keep them.

PASTOR: Please, Inge, they are yours. Another judge might be satisfied by the references. You might be married yet.

INGE: We don't need papers.

OLAF: This is her home now.

PASTOR: When the sheriff gets here you won't have a home, Olaf.

INGE: Wherever we are. My home is with Olaf.

PASTOR: You would live together in sin?

INGE: No sin. We are married.

PASTOR: How? How can that be?

INGE: In my heart. I know we are married. I believe.

PASTOR: Your heart? That's not enough, to believe you are married in your heart. It has to be real.

INGE: It is real. It is very real.

**#18 Call Me Inge Torvik**

INGE: WE ARE ALREADY MARRIED  
WE ARE ALREADY ONE  
HEAVEN, HEAVEN HAS DONE THIS  
AND HEAVEN CAN'T BE UNDONE.  
NOTHING TO STOP US  
NO HARDSHIP NO SHAME  
CALL ME INGE TORVIK  
THIS IS MY NAME.

WE ARE ALREADY MARRIED

OLAF: WE ARE ALREADY MARRIED

INGE: WE ARE ALREADY WED

OLAF WE ARE ALREADY WED

BOTH: OUR HEARTS, WOVEN TOGETHER  
TWO HEARTS SHARING ONE BED

INGE: THIS GOD INTENDED  
THIS IS WHY I CAME  
CALL ME INGE TORVIK  
THIS IS MY NAME

PASTOR: AM I WITNESS TO GOD'S GRACE?  
THERE IS GOODNESS IN HER FACE  
FATHER, SHOW ME WHAT TO DO  
FATHER, TELL ME WHAT TO SAY  
SHOULD I LET THEM LIVE IN PEACE?  
COULD I HELP THEM FIND THEIR WAY?

INGE/OLAF: WE ARE ALREADY MARRIED  
WE ARE ALREADY ONE

PASTOR: ARE THEY ALREADY ONE?

INGE/OLAF: GOD HAS PUT US TOGETHER  
AND GOD'S WORK CAN'T BE UNDONE

PASTOR: DEAR GOD, THY WILL BE DONE?

OLAF: FOR BETTER OR WORSE  
INGE HAS MY HEART

INGE: CALL ME INGE TORVIK

BOTH: TILL DEATH DO US PART

INGE: CALL ME INGE TORVIK

BOTH: TILL DEATH DO US PART

*Music — the sound of the threshing machine.*

**#19 Finale / Land So Sweet Reprise**

*NELSON and FRANDSEN appear with the rest of the ensemble in the farmyard.*

NELSON: Morning, Pastor Sorenson. Has the sheriff been here?

OLAF: No.

PASTOR: Not yet.

FRANDSEN: Look, Olaf, Amundson's thresher is in your field! What are you waiting for? Get out there. See for yourself!

ESTHER: Hurry up, Brownie, you don't want to miss it!

BROWNIE: Will someone please tell me what is going on?

*He moves them outside and they find the whole community gathered in the farmyard.*

AMUNDSON: You're not finished with your threshing already, are you, Torvik?

ESTHER: Oh for God's sake, don't tease the poor man. You know he hasn't even started. We're here to help you with your harvest. And to give you this. Hurry up, open it. I can't take this much excitement.

FRANSEN: What is it?

ESTHER: Money.

NELSON: Seven thousand dollars.

BROWNIE: Seven thousand?

INGE: Seven thousand, Olaf.

OLAF: Ja.

ESTHER: Seven thousand fifty two dollars and thirty-three cents. I counted it three times.

PASTOR: Where did you get that kind of money?

ESTHER: Tell them, Mr. Nelson.

NELSON: This money came from your neighbors and friends.

INGE: All this?

NELSON: All this.

OLAF: We cannot take it.

ESTHER: Yes you can. And you will.

NELSON: It was given freely, Torvik.

ESTHER: When we saw what you did for the Frandsens, we each gave what we could.

EST/NEL: WE KEPT ENOUGH FOR THE WINTER  
AND FOR PLANTING IN THE SPRING

+ ENS: YOU'VE GOT ENOUGH TO PAY THE BANK  
ENOUGH FOR PAY FOR EVERYTHING

PASTOR: I AM WITNESS TO GOD'S GRACE...



ESTHER: *(Leading the neighbors outside.)* Now let's get to work!

*OLAF starts to follow, and stops, watching INGE and the PASTOR.*

INGE: Seven thousand.

PASTOR: Inge Torvik?

INGE: Ja?

PASTOR: I still think your coffee is too black.

ENSEMBLE: IT'S A LEAP OF FAITH  
BUT GOD PROVIDES  
IT'S A LEAP OF FAITH  
COME THE HARVEST THIS WE KNOW  
WE WILL REAP ALL THAT WE SOW

COME THE HARVEST THIS WE KNOW  
*(during this repeat OLAF transitions back into LARS.)*  
WE WILL REAP ALL THAT WE SOW

TIME. TIME. TIME. TIME.  
TIME. TIME. TIME.

*The lights shift. It is 1975 again. GAIL AND LARS stand alone outside in the farmyard. GAIL pulls a photo from the stack of letters and hands it to LARS. It is the photo that was taken the day INGE arrived at OLAF's farm.*

GAIL: I've never seen this picture before.

LARS: Uncle Frandsen took it the day Grandma Inge arrived. I've always loved it.

GAIL: You have her eyes.

LARS: What do you think people would say if they knew Grandma and Grandpa were buried out in that field?

GAIL: They'd say they're right where they belong.

LARS: I can't do it, Gail. I can't sell.

GAIL: Then I guess it's not for sale. *(She kisses him sweetly.)*

LEADER: EVERY PLACE HAS A STORY  
EVERY PERSON HAS THEIR TIME  
EVERY TALE HAS AN ENDING  
DON'T KNOW YOURS

*(The memory of FRANDSEN appears, ghost-like, followed by the rest of the ENSEMBLE,  
now a memory from the past.)*

+ FRAND: DON'T KNOW MINE

FRANDSEN: EVERY END HAS A BEGINNING  
ALL BEGINNINGS HAVE AN END

BR/FR: IN BETWEEN COME ALL THE HOURS  
WE CAN BARELY COMPREHEND

PASTOR: AND WE HOPE WHAT CAME BEFORE US  
WAS A STORY BORN OF LOVE

INGE: TRUST THE EARTH  
TRUST THE SUN  
TRUST IN GOD ABOVE

P/I/B/F: SHINING LIKE A BEACON  
A GRAVESTONE MADE OF WHEAT  
FIRMLY PLANTED

LEADER: IN THIS LAND

+ ENS: A LAND SO SWEET

LARS: WORTH A FORTUNE WHEN YOU SELL IT

P/I/B/F/ENS: LAND SO SWEET

LARS: WHERE THE GOOD EARTH MEETS THE SKY

P/I/B/F/ENS: LAND SO SWEET

LARS/GAIL: WHAT A PLACE TO RAISE A FAMILY

P/I/B/F/ENS: LAND SO SWEET

LARS/GAIL: WHAT A PLACE TO LIVE

ALL: TO LIVE AND DIE

ENSEMBLE: WORTH THE TOIL AND ALL THE TROUBLE

P/I/B/F: LAND SO SWEET

ENSEMBLE: WE'LL RETURN THERE BY AND BY

P/I/B/F: LAND SO SWEET

ALL: WHAT A PLACE TO RAISE A FAMILY  
WHAT A PLACE TO LIVE (AND DIE)  
A PLACE TO LIVE

LARS/GAIL: WHAT A PLACE TO RAISE A FAMILY

ENSEMBLE: A LAND SO SWEET

ALL: WHERE THE GOOD EARTH MEETS THE SKY

*The end.*