

The Brothers

A dramatic portrayal
of the lives of
Joseph and Hyrum Smith

By Christie Lund Coles

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THE BROTHERS

Cast of Characters

15 men 3 women 2 teenboys 1 teengirl 2 boys plus extras

JOSEPH SMITH JUNIOR as a man, a teenager and a boy

HYRUM SMITH as a man, a teenager and a boy

BROTHER GOODING

LUCY MACK SMITH

JOSEPH SMITH SENIOR

DR. STONE

2ND SURGEON

3RD SURGEON

SOPHRONIA SMITH

ALVIN SMITH

REVEREND MADDOX

EMMA HALE SMITH

ELIZA R. SNOW

ORRIN PORTER ROCKWELL

STEPHEN MARKHAM

JOHN TAYLOR

DR. WILLARD RICHARDS

JOHN S. FULLMER

DAN JONES

GOVERNOR FORD

GUARDS and the MOB



THE BROTHERS by *Christie Lund Coles*. Space setting with wing and drop or set pieces. Hunted and persecuted, Hyrum Smith and his brother, Joseph hide, wait and watch. Mobs of unruly men are searching for them thinking of nothing but death. But the Lord watches over his chosen; they have safety, and a time to reflect." When will it end? Where did it all start? Why? Where will it lead?" A deeply moving play about "The Brothers". 1hr 45mins. Order # 1015.



Synopsis of Scenes

ACT ONE

- Scene One -- a Nauvoo city street and Brother Gooding's home -- 1839
- Scene Two -- Flashback, Lebanon, New Hampshire -- about 1814
- Scene Three -- Flashback, Lebanon, New Hampshire -- 3 weeks later
- Scene Four -- Flashback, Lebanon, New Hampshire -- 3 days later
- Scene Five -- Nauvoo, Brother Gooding's home -- next morning

ACT TWO

- Scene One -- Nauvoo, Mansion House -- 1843
- Scene Two -- Same a few hours later
- Scene Three -- Same, late that night
- Scene Four -- Flashback to Palmyra, New York -- 1820
- Scene Five -- Flashback to Palmyra, New York -- an hour later
- Scene Six -- Nauvoo, the Mansion House -- later that night

ACT THREE

- Scene One -- Nauvoo, a grassy spot near the river -- June 23, 1844
- Scene Two -- Carthage Jail, the eve of the martyrdom
- Scene Three -- Governor Ford's office -- next morning
- Scene Four -- Carthage Jail -- that afternoon

THE BROTHERS

A play in Three Acts by
Christie Lund Coles

ACT ONE

Scene One -- NAUVOO, ILLINOIS. A narrow city street on a dark night. It is the year 1839. JOSEPH and HYRUM SMITH, two caped figures dart furtively into a dark alley. In the distance can be heard the murmuring of angry voices, footsteps, moving about, then receding as a voice cries:

VOICE: I'm sure they went this way!!

(More noise as it grows fainter)

JOSEPH: (Lowering the hood from his cape slightly so that his fine face can be seen even in the darkness) Oh, Hyrum, could the moon stay shielded by this cloud 'til we can find a refuge?

HYRUM: Heaven has stayed the purpose of our foes before, surely now we shall find some protection. Brother Gooding's house lies beyond the corner. Go first, I'll shield you from behind.

JOSEPH: (Covering his head with his cloak) Why are you always there to shield me?

HYRUM: (Almost severely) I have no time to answer now. Precede me, it will give my spirit light even to follow you.

JOSEPH: Could you still perhaps outrun me? I may have been the stronger but you were more lithe, more quick. Let's try. (They run. Stage dims in blackout. There is a knock at a door and it opens) Brother Gooding, could you bed us down?

GOODING: Of course. Yes. I heard the mob in the street. Come in!

(Lights come up dimly to show the two young men in bed. JOSEPH has his arms folded behind his head--his eyes are open)

JOSEPH: I feel that sleep, though wooed will not be won. The ravelled sleeve of care is still my lot. Hyrum, do you recall us wrestling in our yard in Lebanon?

HYRUM: Indeed. But, I remember too the day you first began that last illness. It was then, I think, that I knew you were destined for some unusual purpose of the Lord. Do you remember, Joseph--

(The lights dim)

Scene Two -- Flashback. The scene shows the two boys, JOSEPH & HYRUM. JOSEPH is swinging. HYRUM is leaning against a tree.

JOSEPH: If I tried hard I could go over the top -- into the sky.

HYRUM: Well, don't.

JOSEPH: But I could.

HYRUM: I think you could if you put your mind to it. I suppose you could do anything.

JOSEPH: (Laughing) Even get you down?

HYRUM: Maybe.

JOSEPH: Dare me?

HYRUM: Dare you!

JOSEPH: All right -- run, run, Hyrum -- run!

(JOSEPH jumps from the swing to the grass, gives a grimace which HYRUM, striking a stance, does not see. They run. They begin to wrestle. After several moments, JOSEPH has HYRUM's shoulders pinned)

JOSEPH: Give up?

HYRUM: (Breathing heavily) As usual, you've bested me, but you fight fair. You never hurt me. You're just stronger. Half the boys in Lebanon are afraid to fight you.

JOSEPH: Perhaps. But, I don't want them to be scared. And it really isn't that I'm stronger, Hyrum -- I just know when I'm going to win. Sometimes when I don't feel like it, I don't win.

HYRUM: You're pretty sure of everything. Do you have insp . . . inspir . . . inspiration -- as mother calls it? I've tried . . .

JOSEPH: Some call it intuition. It comes swiftly. I don't try . . . unless you'd call praying "trying."

HYRUM: Why, we all do that. You ponder so, Joseph. You should have been the eldest in the family.

JOSEPH: No. You and Alvin are great. I'm just like mother, I suppose. She has the gift of knowing -- of dreaming.

HYRUM: And she's mostly right.

JOSEPH: Yes. (Pause) She's seemed so tired lately.

HYRUM: No wonder, nursing Sophronia through the typhus, getting settled here. How could you and Mother be so sure she was going to get well? I was scared.

JOSEPH: (Meditatively) Mother taught me once:

The heart has no room for both fear and faith:

Faith dispels fear as sun the morning mist.

Has He not told us to believe?

Fear dispels faith and is the demon, dark,
that would surely conquer and decieve.

We must kneel often. And believe.

HYRUM: I wonder you can be so wise at ten years old.

JOSEPH: Ah . . . I just grow quiet. I think . . . and I
listen.

HYRUM: I grow quiet and I fall asleep. (Staring at JOSEPH)
But Joseph, when you're in a crowd you can be so much
fun.

JOSEPH: I like people, all people. But I like being
alone, too. And perhaps my gaiety gets me away from my
own seriousness. It frightens me. Can I tell you
something?

HYRUM: You know you can.

JOSEPH: When Grandfather Smith said that one of his
descendents would change the world of religion, I felt
it might be me.

(JOSEPH cringes)

HYRUM: But how?

JOSEPH: I don't know that. It's not that I want to . . .
. . . it's just a feeling.

(JOSEPH cringes once again. This time HYRUM notices)

HYRUM: What is it? Did I hurt you?

JOSEPH: No, I'll be all right.

HYRUM: But you look red in the face. You're sick.

JOSEPH: It will go away. I'm fine. (He rises. His right hand
pressing against his left shoulder) I'm just tired. Promise you
won't tell Mother?

HYRUM: I promise. But, if you get sick I will nurse you
myself.

JOSEPH: Yes. But I'm feeling better already.

HYRUM: Your face is still red.

JOSEPH: Yours is too. (He sinks to the ground again) The worst
thing about the typhus coming was that we had to quit
school. You were just getting started at the academy
and us others at the neighborhood school. I liked it.

HYRUM: But there is not much they could teach you. How
many times have you read the Bible?

JOSEPH: I haven't counted. (Still pressing his shoulder, yet talking as
though trying to divert HYRUM and his own thoughts) Ask me something
out of it. Go ahead and ask me.

JOSEPH: Can't think of anything I haven't asked you

End of Freeview

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