

SCENE 5

*The woods are dark. THE PROSPECTOR ambles through. There are no clouds. The scene is illuminated from the moon, off the lake. (It's backlit.) THE PROSPECTOR can be heard in the close distance.*

THE PROSPECTOR

(Singing) Pass me not o gentle savior. Hear my humble cry. While on others thou art callin'. Do not pass me by.

*The woods continue in their own keep. THE PROSPECTOR rambles on, as he makes it closer to his campsite.*

*A beat.*

Let me at a throne of mercy. Find a sweet relief.  
Kneeling there in deep contrition . . .

*THE PROSPECTOR enters his campsite singing.*

Help your unbelief. Savior. Savior. Hear my humble cry. While on other thou art calling do not pass me by.

*A beat. The singing ceases.*

A beautiful night. Huh?

*A beat. THE PROSPECTOR scans the woods around himself.*

A good days work. A great grand, days work. (He smiles) When anyone . . . there is work to be done and when the work is great. And the work is going great, good at least . . .

*THE PROSPECTOR goes to sit down at his campsite and nearly falls backwards.*

Oh. Damn ways!

*THE PROSPECTOR sits on the ground. He leans back against a tree.*

*A beat. THE PROSPECTOR stares straight ahead for a moment and then straight into the sky. He returns back to a comfortable focus. He brushes dirt off of his legs.*

Damn!

*A beat. THE PROSPECTOR clears his throat and spits into the dirt. He sings:*

Pass me not o gentle savior. Hear my humble cry.  
While others that thou art calling, do not pass me  
by. Savior, savior. Hear my humble cry. While others  
thou art calling do not pass me by.

*A beat.*

I want for to find what there is . . . here. I think  
that'd would be the most important thing. And the  
thing that I'd want for the most. I am looking for  
it. I am waiting for it. I am looking right here for  
it. I am . . .

*A half-beat.*

I am not ashamed. The work is good. I am only  
jubilant. I feel . . . overcome. And I mean that with  
no vitriolic notion.

*A beat. THE PROSPECTOR stares into the night's  
sky and smiles.*

I picked up this little song in town today, and I  
like it. I think it's . . .

*THE PROSPECTOR smiles.*

I think it's good. I think it's real . . . jubilant.

*THE PROSPECTOR chuckles. He looks up to the sky.  
He sings.*

Pass me not o gentle savior. Hear my humble cries.  
While others that you art calling, do not pass me by.  
Savior, savior. Hear my humble cry. While others you  
art calling do not pass me by.

*He takes a deep breathe.*

I can't sing real good. But I can sing for glory! And  
I do. I do sing for glory.

*A beat. THE PROSPECTOR continues looking towards  
the sky.*

I see you still. My brother and my friend.

*A beat.*

I'm to . . . I want for so much, this is true. I  
continue, I continuously work. And to want. But there  
is a wonder in the glory that I want. (He smiles) In  
loving your stead. There is no shame. There is no  
weakness in it. In being . . . (he swallows) a one  
who works hard and earns his, glory and his . . . As  
there is glory to God so shall I delight in his . . .  
in him.

*A beat. THE PROSPECTOR looks up into the trees.  
He shivers.*

Tomorrow I will work in the same spot and then . . .  
(He stretches his arms out and points) into the  
water.

*He smiles.*

Back to the pan and then back to the pick, if needed be. Back to the pan and then back to the pick. With no irritability. With every frustration spoilt away. Back to the pan! And then back to the pick.

*He rubs his cheeks.*

Do everything without grumbling and arguing so that you may be blameless and pure innocent children of God. Surrounded by the people who are impure and corrupt. Among these such people I shine like the star in my own land. And there will be a glorious bounty to come in in a way that is worthy of the work that is and has been done. And will be done and that I am to be worthy of. Ah, Lord! It is you who have made heaven and the earth by your immense power and by your outstretched arm! Everything is possible in you. Let me commit to your grandeur and I will present my hard working efforts to greatness. Only in your image are we, or am I also glorified. Amen.

*THE PROSPECTOR closes his eyes and puts his head down for a minute.*

*He pulls his head up and opens his eyes. He pulls a bottle out from inside his shirt pocket. He takes a swig from the bottle.*

*A beat.*

*An owl screeches in the night.*

*THE PROSPECTOR takes notice of the bird. He scans the trees. No luck.*

I am ready. I'm ready to be everything that is . . . Everything that is reached in . . . a purposeful . . . place, to be just . . . glory filled. (He Smiles) Let me reign in the glory and godliness of you. If you will have me be so. I am a servant. I am ready for . . . all of it. God bless it. God bless it! God bless it!

*He pulls out the bottle once more and takes a sip.*

God is good! God is great! Repent for your sins and  
bask in his love! Amen, amen, amen!

*There is a calm in the woods.*

*THE PROSPECTOR sits and listens. He looks around  
himself. There is no one and nothing there.*

*THE PROSPECTOR rubs his face into his shoulder.*

Hey Elliott. You there?

*An extended beat.*

I'm becoming an old man now. Older'n my eldest  
brother by at least two decade in years. Older'n  
Daddy was when he joined up for to kill the Ho-Chunk.  
Comin' up on Mama's age when she was taken. And many  
many years older'n many other men that I've come in  
exposure with in the western territory, or in any  
other place I been to for that matter. I'm tired.  
Though I am not discouraged. I am tired in body but I  
refuse to be tired in spirit or to be persuaded by  
any disposition toward it. For God comes to us when  
*he* chooses to come to us. That is what I've read in  
the Bible and that's what is I've seen with mine own  
as well. That's why I'm singing. I will not be passed  
by. I am . . .

*THE PROSPECTOR takes a drink.*

THE PROSPECTOR

I am two sheets in the wind. As Pop would say. Not  
that he had the dipsomania or nothin' like that. Nor  
am I inclined to the drink habitually.

*A half-beat.*

I am sorry though. I am but only a man to be sure.  
And tonight I am I think . . . Well I . . . I'm  
celebrating. In jubilation. Tomorrow is another new  
day. God bless it! From you we'll proceed  
thanksgiving. And the voice of those who celebrate.

And you will multiply them and they will not be diminished. You will also honor them and they will not be insignificant. God bless it! God bless it!

*A beat.*

*THE PROSPECTOR takes a drink.*

To the pan and then to the pick. To the pan and then to the pick. To the wrong inclinations of wicked men, and the redemption of all men as Jesus Christ's followers, we shall find what we're looking for . . . wealth in the spirit and glorious eminence in our load. Let the resolutions of our workings convince them of God's charity. Of your want for our success as as we have found our charity in you. God bless! The Lord is good. And he is swift, and he is . . . God bless this land. And I will only ask what you ask of me. To be consistent and godly and reverent. I pray for good presence and for success for I am one of belief. I am a believer. Bless the Lord and those of . . . true belief in the father and in his son.

*A beat.*

*The Prospector sits for a moment, contemplating. He looks up to the sky and breathes deeply.*

*A beat.*

*He pulls the bottle from his shirt. He takes a swig.*

I know I have wronged and I have sinned and have been in the presence of lesser folk. I have carried on with a band of doubters and thieves. And down right hideous folk. I have repented and I have found resolution. You did not come for to call on the righteous but for the sinners and I listened to your call. God called me to his worship and I answered. To never be involved in the sorrow of despair. To never again be affianced to the persuasion of low spirits. Never again. I have found purchase in the . . . I have found purchase in the Lord. And in his word I shall contend my ways.

*Lights fade to black.*