

SCENE I.

[WHIT'S END. WHIT IS IN HIS OFFICE, DOING SOME WORK AND LISTENING TO A TAPE OF A CHURCH CHOIR SINGING "THE OLD RUGGED CROSS." THERE IS A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.]

WHIT:

(CALLS) Come in.

[THE DOOR OPENS AND LUCY ENTERS.]

LUCY:

(COMING ON) Mr. Whittaker?

WHIT:

Hi, Lucy!

LUCY:

Here's my story for KYDS Radio News.

WHIT:

Oh, thanks. Just set it down in the basket there.

LUCY:

Okay . . . (SHE DOES) What's that you're listening to?

WHIT:

Hm? Oh, just a tape of the choir at my church.

LUCY:

Oh. Nice.

WHIT:

Yeah, we sound all right if I do say
so myself.

LUCY:

"We?" You're in there?

WHIT:

Can't you hear my hearty baritone?

LUCY:

I didn't know you sang!

WHIT:

Well, I'm sure a lot of choir
members think I can't . . . (THEY
CHUCKLE) But I do my best.

[THE CHOIR STARTS SINGING "IT IS WELL WITH MY SOUL."]

LUCY:

That's pretty . . . (LISTENS
AGAIN) Oh, I've heard this song
before! What's it called?

WHIT:

(A BIT TAKEN ABACK) You really
don't know?

LUCY:

Uh . . . no . . .

WHIT:

Hm. It's called "It Is Well
with My Soul," by a man named
Horatio G. Spafford. It's a
very famous hymn.

LUCY:

We sing mostly praise songs at
my church.

WHIT:

Ah.

LUCY:

You have something against
praise songs?

WHIT:

No, not at all. But, the
church has a rich tradition of
hymns that we've almost
forgotten. Like this one.

[THEY LISTEN TO PART OF A VERSE FOR A MOMENT.]

LUCY:

"When peace like a river
attendeth my way . . ." How
poetic.

WHIT:

There's a remarkable story
behind those words.

LUCY:

There is?

WHIT:

Would you believe that they
were written during a time of
almost unbelievable tragedy?

LUCY:

Really? But it sounds like
such a hopeful song!

WHIT:

Well, Spafford was an
exceptional man. He'd built a
successful law practice in
Chicago in the years just after
the Civil War. He had five
children -- four girls and a
boy.

LUCY:

Since he wrote such a great
hymn, I take it he was a
Christian?

WHIT:

Oh, yes. He was deeply
spiritual, and studied the
Bible every day. He was also
good friends with some of the
most influential Christian
leaders of his day, men like
D.L. Moody and Philip Bliss--

LUCY:

Moody? I've heard that name
before! He was a preacher,

wasn't he?

HORATIO:

That's right. Dwight L. Moody was one of the greatest preachers of his day. He spread the word of God throughout the United States and Great Britain in huge revival meetings. It was said that when he spoke, thousands of people accepted the Lord.

LUCY:

What about Philip Bliss?

WHIT:

He was also an evangelist who wrote some of the most familiar and well-loved hymns of all time.

LUCY:

And both of them were close friends of Mr. Spafford?

WHIT:

Very close. And they helped him over the years -- years that were filled with tragedy .
. . .

[MUSIC: AN EMOTIONAL BRIDGE TO THE NEXT SCENE.]

SCENE II.

[THE SPAFFORD HOME, OUTSIDE THEIR SON'S BEDROOM. A DOOR OPENS AND THE DOCTOR STEPS OUT.]

HORATIO:

Doctor Rawlings.

MRS. SPAFFORD:

How is our son?

DOCTOR:

(A HEAVY SIGH) He's very sick,
Mrs. Spafford.

HORATIO:

It's just a severe cold, isn't
it?

DOCTOR:

I'm afraid it's much more than
that. He's developed
pneumonia.

MRS. SPAFFORD:

(SCARED) Pneumonia!

HORATIO:

(COMFORTING HER, BUT ALSO
SCARED) Now, now, I'm sure
everything is going to be all
right, Mother. No need for
alarm, right, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

(CATCHING ON) Uh, no . . . no,
of course not.

[THERE IS A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.]

HORATIO:

Mother, why don't you go
downstairs and see who that is.

MRS. SPAFFORD:

(VERY SCARED) Horatio, I--

HORATIO:

(GENTLY REASSURING) Go on,
now. Everything is going to be
fine.

MRS. SPAFFORD:

(COMFORTED, BUT STILL
CONCERNED) Yes, Horatio . . .

[SHE LEAVES.]

DOCTOR:

(AFTER SHE'S GONE) That was
very wise, Mr. Spafford.

HORATIO:

My wife . . . is not a strong
woman, Doctor . . . How bad is
it?

DOCTOR:

(SIGHS) Bad. The infection
has gone too far . . . I don't
think he'll survive the night.

HORATIO:

(SHAKEN) Dear Lord . . .

DOCTOR:

I apologize for being so blunt,
but I thought you'd want to
know the truth.

HORATIO:

Is he in pain?

DOCTOR:

No, I've given him some
medicine, and left instructions
with the nurse on how to make
him comfortable. All we can do
now is wait.

HORATIO:

(EMOTIONALLY) He's . . . just
a little boy . . .

DOCTOR:

(GENTLY) I'm sorry, Mr.
Spafford . . . I'll look in
on you later.

[THE DOCTOR LEAVES AND PASSES PHILIP BLISS ON THE WAY UP.]

BLISS:

(OFF) Doctor.

DOCTOR:

(OFF) Mr. Bliss . . . stay
with him . . .

BLISS:

(APPROACHING; GENTLY) Horatio?
I came as soon as I could--

HORATIO:

He's dying, Philip.

BLISS:

(SYMPATHETIC) Oh, no, no . . .
Is there no chance -- no hope?

HORATIO:

None . . . My son is dying, and
I can do nothing but watch it
happen.

BLISS:

. . . And pray. You can pray,
Horatio -- we can pray.

HORATIO:

(NEAR TEARS) Yes . . . yes,
help me to pray, Philip!
(BROKEN) Help me . . . to pray
. . .

BLISS:

(PRAYS) God of our Fathers . .
.

[MUSIC: RISES TOUCHINGLY AND TAKES US BACK TO]
[WHIT AND LUCY.]

WHIT:

They stayed with the boy all
night, and prayed that God
would spare him and return him
to health.

LUCY:

What happened?

WHIT:

(GENTLY) Sometimes God says
"No."

LUCY:

You mean, he died?

WHIT:

Yes.

LUCY:

How sad.

WHIT:

It was . . . and it was also
only the beginning . . .

[MUSIC: RISES UP AND TAKES US TO]

[COMMERCIAL #1]

SCENE III.

[WHIT'S END -- CONTINUOUS. LUCY PICKS UP WHERE WE LEFT OFF.]

LUCY:

What else happened to Horatio

Spafford?

WHIT:

Well, as I said, he had built a very successful law practice -- medical jurisprudence.

LUCY:

That means he was a lawyer for doctors, right?

WHIT:

That's right. And it was work that made him very wealthy. He had invested his money in property along Lake Michigan .
. . .

[IN SCENE -- THE SHORELINE OF LAKE MICHIGAN. SPAFFORD IS TALKING WITH PHILIP BLISS.]

HORATIO:

(MID-SENTENCE) . . .
everything from here to the pier, and then the six buildings beyond.

BLISS:

This is a very heavy investment, Horatio! What do you plan to do with all of it?

HORATIO:

I want to convert part of it to housing, and I've set aside the property next to the church for

Moody's new YMCA center.

BLISS:

Ah! I thought our preacher
friend had something to do with
this.

HORATIO:

He doesn't know.

BLISS:

Really!

HORATIO:

I wanted it to be a surprise.

BLISS:

When are you going to tell him?

HORATIO:

When he returns from Britain.
It should give me time to clear
up the building code problems.

BLISS:

Building codes? I didn't know
we had any.

HORATIO:

It's something new -- the city
wants to make certain its
structures are safe.

BLISS:

That's understandable.

HORATIO:

Yes, except that the city can't
decide on what codes it wants.
And until it does, I can't
begin any renovation or
construction. I tell you,
Philip, dealing with
bureaucracy is no picnic!

BLISS:

(TEASING) Yes, it must be very
difficult to have all that
money . . .

[A BEAT, THEN THEY BOTH BURST OUT LAUGHING.]

HORATIO:

(CHUCKLING) All right, all
right -- you've made your
point. And I am grateful to
God for His blessings.

BLISS:

I am glad to hear it! I was
beginning to think that money
was the worst curse ever to
befall mankind!

HORATIO:

Who's to say it isn't?
(ANOTHER CHUCKLE, THEN, MORE
SOLEMN) Of course, the Lord
gives . . . and takes away . .
.

BLISS:

(GENTLY) Of course.

HORATIO:

(A SIGH) Sometimes the memory
of my son washes over me like a
flood.

BLISS:

You must give yourself more
time, Horatio. It's only been
four months.

HORATIO:

Yes . . . but it is very
difficult . . . One good thing
from this is that I am much
more thankful for my daughters.

BLISS:

How is your wife?

HORATIO:

Holding up much better than I.
She's shown remarkable
strength -- much more than I
thought she had . . . (A
BEAT) I owe you a great debt
for all your help during these
months, Philip.

BLISS:

No, Horatio -- no debt. You'd
have done the same for me. It

is part of who we are as
children of God.

HORATIO:

Sometimes God seems very far
away.

BLISS:

Then perhaps what you need is
to busy yourself with the work
of the Lord. Get closer to
Him.

HORATIO:

How?

BLISS:

By getting away.

HORATIO:

Away? You're speaking in
riddles, Philip.

BLISS:

(SMILES) You know that Moody
is in Great Britain on a grand
evangelical campaign. I'm sure
he would love to have you and
your family join him.

HORATIO:

Oh, that does sound wonderful .
. . .

BLISS:

But--?

HORATIO:

But . . . I really can't go.
Not at this time.

BLISS:

Why?

HORATIO:

These buildings. Business
matters detain me.

BLISS:

Business.

HORATIO:

I know -- that isn't the best
of reasons . . . but it is
unavoidable.

BLISS:

Well, at least think about it.
It will do you good.

HORATIO:

Of that, I have no doubt . . .
Come, let's get something to

eat.

[WATERFRONT SFX (SHIP HORNS, SEA GULLS, ETC.) TAKE US BACK TO WHIT AND LUCY.]

LUCY:

Don't tell me -- something
happened to the property,
didn't it?

WHIT:

Have you ever heard the tale of
Mrs. O'Leary's cow who kicked
over the lantern in the barn
and started the great Chicago
Fire?

LUCY:

Yeah, I remember that story.
But, I thought it was just a
legend.

WHIT:

Well, whether the story is true
or not, there was a huge fire
along the shoreline of Lake
Michigan around that time --
and Horatio Spafford's property
was right in the middle of it .
. . .

[IN SCENE. WE HEAR THE RAGING FIRE, THE CLANGING OF FIRE BELLS, THE
SCREAMS OF HORSES, AND THE SHOUTS OF THE FIREMEN TRYING TO PUT OUT
THE INFERNO.]

FIRE CHIEF:

(SHOUTING) Bring that wagon

around here! . . . Keep that
pump going!!

FIREMAN:

(RUNS UP; SHOUTING) Another
building has started up across
the street!

FIRE CHIEF:

We don't have anymore wagons!
Get a bucket brigade started!

[HORATIO RUNS UP.]

HORATIO:

(RUNNING UP) Sir? Sir! I'm
Horatio Spafford!

FIRE CHIEF:

Well, you're gonna have to
stand clear, Mr. Spafford!

HORATIO:

But, these are my buildings!
You're just letting them burn!

FIRE CHIEF:

I'm sorry, Mr. Spafford, but
there's nothing I can do about
it! We don't have enough men
or equipment to put `em out!
Excuse me . . . (RUNS OFF,
SHOUTING) Keep that water
coming! C'mon, you men --
move!! . . .

HORATIO:

(HORRIFIED; TO HIMSELF) Dear
God . . . Dear God, no . . .
no . . .

[MUSIC: A BRIEF DRAMATIC BRIDGE TAKES US TO]
[THE NEXT MORNING. SPAFFORD AND BLISS WALK AMONG THE RUINS.]

HORATIO:

(STUNNED) Gone, Philip . . .
it's all gone . . . Completely
wiped out . . .

BLISS:

The church is badly damaged,
too, Horatio . . . I'm so
sorry, my friend.

HORATIO:

(SIGHS) Well . . . I no longer
have business concerns to keep
me here . . . Contact Moody
for me, Philip . . . tell him
my family and I will join him
in England . . .

[MUSIC: DRAMATIC BRIDGE RISES UP AND TAKES US TO]

SCENE IV.

[THE SPAFFORD HOME. MRS. SPAFFORD IS PACKING THE GIRL'S CLOTHES.]

MRS. SPAFFORD:

(CALLS) Girls! Tanetta!
Maggie!

TANETTA & MAGGIE:

(OFF; CALLS) Yes, Mother?

MRS. SPAFFORD:

(CALLS) Do you have your
things together?

TANETTA:

(OFF) Well, I do, but Maggie
doesn't!

MAGGIE:

(OFF) That's because Annie and
Bessie keep putting my clothes
back in the closet!

MRS. SPAFFORD:

(CALLS) I thought I told you
older girls to put Annie and
Bessie to bed more than an hour
ago? (A PAUSE) Didn't I?

TANETTA:

(OFF) Um . . . yes ma'am . . .

MRS. SPAFFORD:

(CALLS) Then why are they
still up? (ANOTHER PAUSE)
Well?

TANETTA:

(OFF) Uh . . . we dunno . . .
uh . . . we were just
packing, and we looked up and
there they were! Right,
Maggie?

MAGGIE:

(OFF) Uh, yeah, yeah, that's it! You know how hard it is to keep track of `em, Mother!

MRS. SPAFFORD:

(CALLS) I know two girls who are going to be in a lot of trouble if they don't do as they're told! Now, I want you to put Annie and Bessie back to bed and then bring me down your things! We're leaving in the morning -- we don't have time for foolishness!

TANETTA & MAGGIE:

(OFF; CALL) Yes, Mother . . .

[HORATIO ENTERS DURING THIS LAST BIT.]

HORATIO:

(COMING ON) Trouble? What's all the yelling about?

MRS. SPAFFORD:

Oh, I think our girls are suffering from a case of pre-trip jitters, excitement and forgetfulness.

HORATIO:

Just the girls, eh?

MRS. SPAFFORD:

Yes, why?

HORATIO:

Well, dear, I know we wanted to rest and recreate on this trip, but, considering that it'll be nearly winter when we arrive, don't you think it'll be a bit cold for bathing suits?

MRS. SPAFFORD:

(GRABS THEM FROM HIM) Give me those! (HORATIO CHUCKLES.) I didn't pack them -- they were already in there. I use these trunks for storage, too, remember?

HORATIO:

Mm-hmm . . .

[HE LAUGHS AGAIN, AND SHE LAUGHS WITH HIM.]

MRS. SPAFFORD:

Oh, Horatio, it is good to see you smile again.

HORATIO:

And you, my love. We've had our share of tragedy -- it is time that joy returned to this house.

[TANETTA AND MAGGIE ENTER.]

TANETTA:

(COMING ON) Here are Annie and
Bessie's clothes, Mother.

MRS. SPAFFORD:

Oh -- just set them on that
trunk over there. Are the
little ones in bed?

TANETTA:

Yes, ma'am.

MRS. SPAFFORD:

Good. Where are your's and
Maggie's things?

[MAGGIE ANSWERS FROM BEHIND THEM.]

MAGGIE:

(STRAINING UNDER THE LOAD)
Right . . . here . . . uuh!

HORATIO:

Oh, goodness! Let me take some
of that! (HE DOES)

MAGGIE:

(SARCASTICALLY) Thank you for
leaving me all of the heavy
stuff, Tanetta!

TANETTA:

I thought you could use the
exercise.

HORATIO:

Well, why don't you get a
little exercise and help your
mother pack these trunks . . .

TANETTA:

(SUBDUED) Yes, Father.

MAGGIE:

(MOCKING) Ha, ha!

HORATIO:

. . . both of you.

MAGGIE:

(SUBDUED) Yes, Father . . .

TANETTA:

Mother, how long will we be on
the ship?

MRS. SPAFFORD:

6 days.

MAGGIE:

That's a long time. Will there
be things to do?

HORATIO:

Plenty of things.

TANETTA:

What about in England? Will
there be things to do there,
too?

HORATIO:

Oh, yes -- especially in
London! It's a grand place!
There are so many things to see
-- Buckingham Palace . . .
Parliament . . . The Tower of
London . . . On, no, my dear --
you won't be bored in England.

[THERE IS A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.]

MRS. SPAFFORD:

Now, who could that be?

TANETTA & MAGGIE:

I'll get it--

HORATIO:

No, no -- I'll get it. You
both continue with what you're
doing.

[HE WALKS OVER TO THE FRONT DOOR AND OPENS IT.]

MR. KRAMER:

Mr. Horatio G. Spafford?

HORATIO:

Yes.

MR. KRAMER:

My name is Kramer, and I work
for the Chicago Zoning
Commission.

HORATIO:

Yes, Mr. Kramer, how can I help
you?

MR. KRAMER:

I'm afraid there is a problem
with your property along Lake
Michigan--

[MRS. SPAFFORD WALKS UP.]

MRS. SPAFFORD:

(COMING ON) Horatio?

HORATIO:

This is my wife. Darling, this
is Mr. Kramer from the Chicago
Zoning Commission.

MRS. SPAFFORD:

Mr. Kramer.

MR. KRAMER:

Mrs. Spafford. We were just
discussing your husband's
buildings by the waterfront.

HORATIO:

I no longer have any buildings
down by the waterfront, Mr.
Kramer. The fire destroyed

them all.

MR. KRAMER:

I know, sir -- that's the problem.

HORATIO:

I don't understand.

MR. KRAMER:

The city is having some difficulties with the clean-up of the Lake Michigan property. As you know, the shoreline is in a rather confused condition, to say the least. There are some discrepancies about who owned what.

HORATIO:

But I've already filed one set of papers with the Commission explaining the extent of my holdings.

MR. KRAMER:

I know that, sir, but now they need to see proof of ownership -- deeds, titles, blueprints, if any.

HORATIO:

(SIGHS) Oh, very well. I'll pull everything I have together tonight.

MR. KRAMER:

We're not in that big of a
rush, Mr. Spafford. Just bring
them with you the day after
tomorrow.

MRS. SPAFFORD:

The day after tomorrow?

MR. KRAMER:

That's when the meeting is set.

HORATIO:

Then it will be quite
impossible for me to attend.
We're leaving for Europe in the
morning.

MR. KRAMER:

That, of course, is your
choice, Mr. Spafford, but the
Commission cannot guarantee
that you will retain ownership
of your property if you are not
at the meeting.

HORATIO:

So, I attend . . . or lose
everything.

MR. KRAMER:

As I said -- that is your
choice . . . Good day, Mr.
Spafford, Mrs. Spafford.

[KRAMER LEAVES, AND HORATIO CLOSES THE DOOR.]

MRS. SPAFFORD:

What are you going to do,
Horatio?

HORATIO:

I suppose I shall have to
attend.

MRS. SPAFFORD:

I understand . . . I'll tell
the girls to stop packing.

HORATIO:

Why?

MRS. SPAFFORD:

Because we're cancelling our
trip.

HORATIO:

We're doing no such thing!

MRS. SPAFFORD:

But, Horatio--

HORATIO:

I want you and the girls to go
on ahead. I'll follow in a few
days.

MRS. SPAFFORD:

Are you sure?

HORATIO:

Of course! Now, c'mon -- we
still have a great deal of
packing to do!

[MUSIC: A LIGHT BRIDGE TO THE NEXT SCENE.]

SCENE V.

[THE BRIDGE OF THE S.S. VILLE DU HAVRE, DAYS LATER. IT IS A FOGGY
EVENING. THE SEA IS A BIT CHOPPY, AND WE HEAR THE SOUND OF A STEAM
BOILER IN THE DISTANCE. THE CAPTAIN IS SHOWING MRS. SPAFFORD AND
THE GIRLS AROUND.]

CAPTAIN:

(MID-SENTENCE) . . . And here
is our bridge.

TANETTA:

Is this where you steer the
boat?

CAPTAIN:

Among other things, yes. Feel
free to have a look around, but
don't touch anything unless you
ask permission first.

[REACTIONS FROM THE GIRLS AS THEY MOVE OFF.]

MRS. SPAFFORD:

Thank you so much, Captain, for
showing my daughters and me
around the Ville Du Havre.

CAPTAIN:

Think nothing of it, Mrs. Spafford. I know how youngsters can get a bit stir-crazy after three or four days at sea.

MAGGIE:

(COMING ON) Mother, look at the pretty bell!

CAPTAIN:

Ah -- I see you've discovered our ship's bell. It announces the time. Which reminds me -- it's nearly five o'clock. Would you all like to ring in the new hour?

THE GIRLS:

(EXCITED) Could we, Mother?!/ Oh, please!

MRS. SPAFFORD:

Are you sure it's all right, Captain?

CAPTAIN:

Certainly! There are five of you, so it works out perfectly. Now, all of you line up behind your mother . . . (THEY DO) Okay, Mrs. Spafford, here's the hammer. When I give you the signal, strike the bell good and hard, then pass the hammer on to the next one in line.

And each of you do the same,
got it? (THEY DO.) All right .
. . now!

[THE BELL TOLLS FIVE TIMES. AFTERWARDS, MRS. SPAFFORD AND THE GIRLS
ARE VERY PLEASED WITH THEMSELVES.]

CAPTAIN:

Well! That was wonderful! You
all handled that like true
sailors!

SAILOR:

(A BIT OFF) Captain?

CAPTAIN:

Pardon me, folks . . . (A BIT
OFF; TO THE SAILOR) Yes, what
is it?

SAILOR:

(OFF) Fog rolling in sir.
East by Northeast.

CAPTAIN:

(OFF) Fog? That's odd . . .
Keep careful watch.

SAILOR:

(OFF) Aye, sir.

MRS. SPAFFORD:

Is there a problem, Captain?

CAPTAIN:

(COMING ON) Oh, no, ma'am.
We're just headed into a little
foul weather, that's all.
Nothing to worry about as long
as we have Myrtle.

TANETTA:

Myrtle? Who's Myrtle?

[FOR AN ANSWER, WE HEAR A TERRIFIC BLAST ON A FOG HORN, CAUSING THE
SPAFFORDS TO JUMP.]

CAPTAIN:

(CHUCKLES) That's Myrtle --
our fog horn. Gotten me
through many a close scrape,
she has. Why, I remember one
time off the Gulf of Mexico--

SAILOR:

(ALARMED) Captain!

CAPTAIN:

Pardon me again . . . (TO THE
SAILOR) What is it,
Montgomery?

SAILOR:

Something in the fog, sir! 10
degrees off the port bow.

CAPTAIN:

(LOOKING) I don't see
anything.

SAILOR:

It was a flash of light -- like
the sun shining off a piece of
metal.

MRS. SPAFFORD:

Perhaps we should go back to
our cabin, Captain?

[THEY GIRLS GROAN THEIR DISAPPOINTMENT.]

CAPTAIN:

I think that's a good idea,
Mrs. Spafford, just until we
can get clear of--

[SUDDENLY, AN ALARM SOUNDS -- VERY LOUD.]

[MUSIC: A VERY DRAMATIC STINGER PLAYS UNDER.]

SAILOR:

(CALLS OUT) Collision course!
Collision course!

CAPTAIN:

Collision!? Where?! I--
(SEES THE OTHER BOAT) It's
another ship!! Evasive
action!!

[HE BLASTS THE HORN, BUT IT IS NO GOOD. THE OTHER VESSEL -- THE
LOCHEARN -- SMASHES AGAINST THE VILLE DU HAVRE WITH GREAT FORCE.
THERE ARE SCREAMS OF TERROR AND FRIGHT, AND GREAT CONFUSION.]

MRS. SPAFFORD:

(TERRIFIED) Girls! Girls!!
(ETC., AD LIB)

GIRLS:

(ALSO TERRIFIED) Mother!/ Oh,
Mother!! (ETC. AD LIB)

[WATER RUSHES INTO THE BOAT.]

SAILOR:

(YELLS) She's taking on water!
We're sinking!!

CAPTAIN:

(CALLS OUT) This is the
Captain. Abandon ship!
Abandon ship! (CONTINUES, AD
LIB)

MRS. SPAFFORD:

(CRYING, TERRIFIED) Oh, dear
Lord! (CALLS OUT) Girrrrls!!

GIRLS:

(SCREAMING) Motherrrrrrr!!!

[AND DURING THEIR TERRIFIED SCREAM, WE HEAR A LOUD EXPLOSION. THEIR
ECHOED VOICES ARE SWALLOWED UP BY THE SWIRLING SEA BILLOWS . . . AND
THEN, ALL IS QUIET . . .]

[MUSIC: RISES UP DRAMATICALLY AND TAKES US TO]

SCENE VI.

[THE SPAFFORD HOME, THREE DAYS LATER. PHILIP BLISS ENTERS.]

BLISS:

(OFF; COMING ON) Horatio? The
neighbors said you'd received a

telegram! I came as soon as I-
- (ON NOW, GENTLY) Horatio?

HORATIO:

(STUNNED) 12 minutes, Philip .
. . The ship went down in 12
minutes . . .

BLISS:

Yes, the newspapers reported
that, but they also said that
most of the passengers got off
safely--

HORATIO:

(ANGUISHED) Safely? (HANDS
HIM THE TELEGRAM) Here . . .
read it.

BLISS:

(WHISPER) Dear God . . .
(READS) "Saved alone . . .
Your wife."

[MUSIC: DRAMATIC, UNDER TO THE COMMERCIAL.]

HORATIO:

(BREAKS DOWN) Oh, my precious
daughters!

[HE WEEPS AND BLISS COMFORTS HIM.]

[MUSIC: TAKES US GENTLY TO]

[COMMERCIAL #2]

SCENE VII.

[WHIT'S OFFICE -- BACK WITH WHIT AND LUCY.]

LUCY:

(SADLY) So, all four of the
Spafford girls were lost?

WHIT:

Yes.

LUCY:

Oh . . . What did Mr. Spafford
do?

WHIT:

He sailed on the next available
ship to join his wife in Great
Britain . . . And it was
during that voyage that he
received the inspiration for
his greatest work and testimony
. . .

[IN SCENE -- THE STEAM SHIP. THERE IS A KNOCK AT A CABIN DOOR.]

STEWARD:

(OFF, KNOCKING) Mr. Spafford?
Mr. Spafford?

[SPAFFORD OPENS THE DOOR.]

HORATIO:

Yes, steward?

STEWARD:

You asked me to inform you when
we were near the site where the

Ville Du Havre went down.

HORATIO:

Thank you, steward.

STEWARD:

Yes, sir. Of course, it's nearly impossible to know the exact spot, because of shifting currents. But, this is it, as near as we can tell.

HORATIO:

Thank you . . .

WHIT:

(NARRATING) Spafford went up to the deck of the ship to see the spot where his daughters had drowned . . . and to talk with God.

[ON THE DECK. THE OCEAN IS MUCH LOUDER NOW.]

[MUSIC: UNDERSCORE, CHANGES TO MATCH SPAFFORD'S MOOD. MID-WAY THROUGH THE MONOLOGUE, IT SHOULD CHANGE TO AN ORCHESTRAL VERSION OF "IT IS WELL WITH MY SOUL."]

HORATIO:

It's so peaceful, now, Lord . .
. like a gentle river . . .
Even when the sea billows roll,
they won't reveal the sorrow in
them . . . (SUDDENLY OVERCOME
WITH GRIEF) O, dear God! My
heart . . . my heart is so
heavy! . . . I don't . . .
think . . . I can bear this,

Lord! . . . My children! My
precious children! . . . (HE
WEEPS WITH DESPAIR FOR A FEW
MOMENTS, THEN:) "For God . . .
so loved the world . . . that
He gave His only . . . begotten
. . . Son . . ." (A BEAT) You
know, Lord . . . You know what
I feel . . . You lost your
Child, too . . . and because of
that, I will see my children
again . . . My sins are nailed
to the cross -- I bear them no
more . . . O, my Jesus! Come
soon! Come soon! Or if it not
be soon . . . then give me
strength to bear the pain . . .
Help me to be content with
your will . . . Teach me to
say, "It is well with my soul .
. ." (A BEAT) It is well with
my soul . . . (INSPIRED)
["When peace like a river
attendeth my way
When sorrows like sea billows
roll
Whatever my lot, thou hast
taught me to say,
It is well, it is well with my
soul . . ."]

[MUSIC: BRIDGES BACK TO]

[WHIT AND LUCY. THE MUSIC SHOULD CONTINUE GENTLY UNDER THE
REMAINDER OF THE SCENE.]

LUCY:

He faced so much tragedy, and
could still write such words of
hope and faith.

WHIT:

As I said, he was an incredible man.

LUCY:

What happened after that?

WHIT:

Horatio cabled the words back to Philip Bliss. By the time Spafford and his wife returned home, Philip had composed a tune to the poem. The result is one of the best-loved hymns of all time -- a hymn that has inspired and helped countless others in times of trial and distress to be able to say: "It Is Well with My Soul . . ."

[MUSIC: UNDERSCORE RESOLVES. THERE IS A BEAT OF SILENCE, AND THEN WE HEAR A FULL A CAPELLA CHOIR SING THE BEAUTIFUL STRAINS OF "IT IS WELL WITH MY SOUL" -- THE THREE VERSES FIRST, THEN THE CHORUS. THE HYMN'S CONCLUSION TAKES US TO . . .

. . .THE END.]