

SUMNER. I am John Colton Sumner and I was aboard the *Emma Dean*

OLD SHADY. I am Walter Henry Powell and I was aboard the *Kitty Clyde's Sister*.

HAWKINS. I am William Robert Hawkins and I was aboard the *Maid of the Canyon*.

BRADLEY. And there was William Dunn and O.G. Howland and Seneca Howland and they might be coming down any minute now.

MR. ASA. Well, we won't mention them until they've survived officially.

Wow! You made it! Maybe one day I'll find you on a map

HALL. I sure hope so.

MR. ASA. You gonna put em in your book, Major Powell?

POWELL. Oh, I've kept my journals well documented, I—

MR. ASA. Good on you. Alright, let's get you fed.

HAWKINS. So this is it?

MR. ASA. Sure is.

BRADLEY. But what will happen to us now?

MR. ASA. Well, you part ways, to start.

SUMNER. What about Dunn and the Howlands? What about the *Emma Dean*?

*Mr. Asa becomes a little wistful.*

*He can see it all before him.*

*He attempts to comfort them for the things they don't yet know.*

MR. ASA. I wouldn't wait up.

POWELL. But-----**START HERE**

MR. ASA. Oh, don't you worry, Major Powell. Don't worry about them! You'll get your job at the State Department. You'll get the pomp, the circumstance, the accolades. Your exploits will be told far and wide.

Your story will outlast even those of your own crew. It won't matter that the bulk of them will end up poor, drifting the desert, dying in taverns, traversing less exciting things. Don't you worry about that.

Because men will name places after you! A forest, perhaps! Or a man-made lake!

You all look so glum! This is about you too, for now! This is your moment! You rode those boats. You made history.

Hey, tell you what. I'll tell my children I met you all here on this bank. Here's where I was, I'll say, when those Powell folks clambered out of the canyon.

Wow, they'll say. Wow.

And the whole crew tipped their brims to me, I'll say! Wow, they'll say!

And the whole crew came over, and we fed em back to health.

And we kept in touch with all of them, I'll say.

They invited me to Washington, I'll say.

They gave me a medal for rescuing the ones that made it out.

I was the reason they all survived, I'll say. It was all because of me.

Were they alive? they'll ask me.

They were alive, I'll say. You were alive. This was your story. <---- END

*As Mr. Asa says these last few lines, he walks away, caught up in his own reverie.*

*The walls of the canyon behind them all tower and tower.*

*And their colors: Vermilion, umber, root, clay*

*Beat bloody reflection into a halcyon sky.*

*The crew looks up. They look ahead. Oars out.*

### End of Play