

**CORANTON, AN AZTEC
ROMANCE: A
ROMANTIC SPECTACULAR
DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS**

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Corianton, an Aztec romance: a romantic spectacular drama in four acts by Orestes U. Bean

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ORESTES U. BEAN

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CORIAnton,



A ROMANTIC SPECTACULAR DRAMA,
IN FOUR ACTS,
BY
ORESTES U. BEAN.

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CAST OF CHARACTERS,
AS PRESENTED IN THE SALT LAKE THEATRE, AUGUST 11TH, 1902,
JOSEPH HOWORTH SUPPORTED BY MISS AGNES ROSE LANE.

NEPHITES.

ALMA, The High Priest	BRIGHAM S. YOUNG
NEPHIAH, The Chief Judge	JOHN S. LINDSAY
CORLANTON, Wayward Son of Alma	JOSEPH HOWORTH
SHIBLON, Righteous Son of Alma	CHAS. ROY BOWERS
BASTON, Merry-making Armor Bearer	WALTER S. ST. CLAIR
AMULOKI, Leader of the "Gadianton Order"	ALFRED G. SWENSON
JASPER, Of the "Gadianton Order,"	LUKE COSGROVE
LAMARCK, Of the "Gadianton Order"	B. WILLARD
MORLANTON, Officer in charge of Korihor	THORALD JENSEN
ZENOS, Loyal Citizen of Zarahemla	GEORGE GARDNER
ZENNOCK, Loyal Citizen of Zarahemla	NED LYNCH
RELIJA, Plighted Wife of Shiblon	MISS THAIS MAGRANE

Citizens of Zarahemla; Soldiers of Zarahemla; Religious Chorus;
"Justice Ho!" Acolytes.

ZORAMITES.

SEANTUM, Great in Antionum	THOMAS COLEMAN
KORIHOR, The Anti-Christ	JAMES H. LEWIS
LAMAN, Second in Command	MILERS TRUETT BLUXOME
MELEK, Leader of Gay Revelers	SHIRLEY CLAWSON
ZOAN ZE ISABEL, A Siren	MISS AGNES ROSE LANE
LYDA	(ETHYL D. BEST
LEALIA } Zoramite Beauties	PEARL HOUTZ
SALOME }	ALBERTA BARTON
NAOMI }	FLORENCE JENKINSON
SARA } Zoramite Coverts	RUTH WILSON
MIRIAM }	IDA DUF

Gay Revelers. Braves and beauties of Antionum.

LAMANITES:

MANITAH, Zoan's Maid	JOSEPHINE DRACI
ZEBU, Captain of Seantum's Body Guard	HERR ZOGG

Seantum's body guard; Street criers; Flambeau Club; Ballet
Maidens ("Black Pearls"); Servants, Waiters, Wine Boys, etc.

SYNOPSIS:

ACT I.—Zarahemla—Temple of Justice—Trial of Korihor.
 ACT II.—Antionum.—Scene 1: Before Seantum's Palace—The Siren and the Prophet—Evening, a fortnight later. Scene 2: Seantum's Famous Garden—Heralding of a Prophet—Night, one hour later.
 ACT III.—Siron.—The Prodigal Son—Three days later.
 ACT IV.—Zarahemla.—House of High Priest Alma (Housetop Setting, City of Zarahemla in distance)—The Prodigal's Return—Night, a fortnight later.

Musie	George W. Thatcher, Jr., Logan
Libretto	Miss Kate Thomas, Salt Lake City
Models and scenery	John H. Young, Broadway Theatre, New York
Costume plates	Chas. Roy Bowers, New York
	Wanamaker, New York
Costumes	Eaves, New York
	Salt Lake Costuming House, Salt Lake City
Staged under the direction of	James H. Lewis, Boston

PROPERTIES.

ACT I.—Altar of Justice, 2 thrones, 24 palms, dagger, flowers, incense burners, chains, papyrus, holders, document.
 ACT II.—Rustic bench, flowers, 12 flambeaux, wine jugs, goblets, 24 fans, musical instruments, horn, brush, jug of oil, dagger.
 ACT III.—Aztec statuary, 2 settees, vases, flowers, candles, rugs, tables, garland of flowers, huge scissors (cross swords), coat of arms, chairs.
 ACT IV.—Couch, table, 12 spears, gong.

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CORINTHON.



ACT I:

RELIGIO SPECTACLE.

FUNCTION OF PROLOGUE.

INTERIOR:—*Hall of Justice Awaiting Trial of Korihor, the Anti-Christ.*

At rise of Curtains throng of sixty or more citizens of Zarahemla enter v. in twos, threes, or more, earnestly discussing the approaching trial of Korihor, the Anti-Christ. ZENOS talking with OMNES, C. LAMARCK talking with OMNES, R. ZENNOCK talking with OMNES, L. Mob kept logically in motion.

ZENOS. Say what thou wilt. Korihor is a blasphemer.

LAMARCK. What law hath he broken to thus be brought to trial?

OMNES. Yes, yes, what law? Name the law.

LAMARCK. We are met here in our Hall of Justice to hear the trial of Korihor, the Anti-Christ, and what his offense? *(Throng interested—assembling.)*

ZENOS. He hath spoken blasphemy against the law—against his God. Hath not blasphemy been criminal from the beginning.

LAMARCK. Since the reign of kings hath ceased with us, we have no law to punish blasphemy.

ZENOS. Search the Scriptures, my friend; search the Scriptures.

LAMARCK. The Scriptures?

OMNES. Ha, ha, ha, ha. *(Throng rapidly assembling from various parts of the temple.)*

LAMARCK. We are not governed by the laws written in the Scriptures, but by those laws of our own making.

OMNES. That is true, etc., etc.

LAMARCK. *(Has been talking with Omnes, L. L.)* Yet those laws are interpreted by a High Priest according to the Scriptures.

OMNES. Well said! Bravo! Ha, ha, ha, ha.

ZENNOCK. *(Aged, bearded brother talking with another gray beard., R. C.)* These men are but contention mongers; conspirators against the law. No rule at all, would suit them best.

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LAMARCK. 'Tis said now since the Judges reign that every man is counted free.

ZENNOCK. Too free for much unbridled speech. Our law is lax; our freedom is abused. Ne'er should have been a Korihor, an Anti-Christ for trial.

LAMARCK. How now, gray beard and High Priest satellite. In Zarahemla a man is free to think as he will; talk as he will.

JASPER (*entering through throng L*). We shall see if thou art right; Korihor will never quail.

LAMARCK (*extending hand—shake*). Ah my good friend Jasper, and thou art come to hear the trial of Korihor (*mockingly*).

JASPER. Could Jasper miss so certain a sensation? (*They laugh.*)

LAMARCK. 'Tis not long until the trial.

JASPER. The dial points the hour.

(AMULOKI AND SEANTUM *stroll in from prison yard, R.*

Our greatest friend, our Amuloki (*meets him extending both hands*). Hath Nephiah, the Chief Judge, granted our request that we may see the prisoner?

AMULOKI. Ay, ye all may see this friend of freedom when the sentinel announces.

OMNES. 'Tis well; I wish to see him.

JASPER. Our Judge is growing liberal.

ZENNOCK. He hath always been so; liberal and just.

OMNES (*some of them*). Thou sayest well! He hath, etc., etc.

AMULOKI. My friends of Zarahemla, it gives me joy to present to you a Zoramite I'm proud to know—Seantum, foremost man in Antionum.

OMNES. (*All bow low.*)

SEANTUM. Noble sirs, it is a joy thus to meet you. (*As he bows he gives the Secret Gadianton Order sign of "Recognition."*)

JASPER (*advancing toward Seantum.*) Thou art friend and brother. (*Signs "Return of Recognition," "Secrecy." They embrace and step aside, R. 1. for confidential talk.*)

AMULOKI. Thou wert discussing Korihor, him and his coming trial.

(SHIBLON *enters L and looking among the throng for his brother CORIANTON. Talking with OMNES R.*)

I tell ye there is much truth in the complaints of Korihor. The High Priest and the Chief Judge are becoming too arbitrary in their rulings. There is too much said about law and order; and not enough regard paid to personal liberty.

SHIBLON (*coming down R. C.*) Tut, man, whenever has a disturber of the peace, a blasphemer of God, any enemy to religion, come amongst us but he hath taken refuge behind the cry of "liberty?"

JASPER (*to AMULOKI aside like*). 'Tis Shiblon, righteous son of High Priest Alma.

SHIBLON. Thus did Nehor in the first year of the reign of Judges. So did Amlel, five years later; and Korihor with like cunning, adopts their cry of Liberty.

OMNES. (*Some applaud—some sneer.*)

SHIBLON. Believe me, friends; not every one who cries out against God, religion, and the law, is a friend to freedom. Let not thy minds be carried away by the persuasion of men who prosper by violence (*looks significantly at AMULOKI*) and thrive on tumults.

(*Exit street, l. 3 E. All look significantly at each other.*)

JASPER. Umph! Pointed rebuke that.

AMULOKI. Why, 'tis not to be wondered that the son of High Priest Alma should so speak.

OMNES. True, true, etc., etc.

AMULOKI. E'en though a stranger listed, had he overheard old Alma preaching in the Temple, he would know this man his pupil.

AMULOKI. (*Looking after SHIBLON.*) Bah, a stripling, who can but ape his father's cant. But Corianton, his brother, a man of broad mind and deep conception, is a friend of Korihor and liberty.

JASPER. (*In mockery restraining him.*) Hush—h—h—h. You're in the Palace of God's High Priest, who smites with the words of his mouth; and with the breath of his lips slays the wicked. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

OMNES. (*Laugh a scornful laugh.*)

AMULOKI. (*Mockingly*) Ah, yes, I bend low in pardon. (*To OMNES.*) Why, think men, this is the abode of God's vice-gerent; the headquarters of Heaven on earth; and yet ye move with covered heads. (*Mock command.*) Come slaves, kneel; the ground on which ye stand is holy. Ha, ha, ha.

OMNES. (*Laugh and bow in mockery.*)

JASPER. Yet this is Zarahemla, that boasts of her liberty, and yet at the gates stand the minions of the High Priest and Chief Judge to question whence ye come and whither.

OMNES. (*Assent in pantomime.*)

(*SENTINEL enters from jail yard, R.*)

SENTINEL. Thou may'st see the prisoner now at any time.

OMNES. 'Tis well. Let us see him, etc.

AMULOKI. Guard, tell the people as they pass thee on the street, that Korihor, their friend; who would see them free, is brought from Gideon in bands for liberty's sake; and is soon to be tried before an imperious High Priest and tyrant judge for honest disbelief in the traditions of their fathers.

(*CORIANTON leisurely strolls in from street, l. 3 E.*)

Tell them this and ask them if the time hath come when all men must be slaves to superstition.

(*Sentinel turns as if to go.*)

CORIANTON (*down c.*) Hold Sentinel, and tell them too;

that one son at least of their good High Priest declares for Korlor and liberty. Now go.

(SENTINEL *exit R.*)

OMNES. Bravo, Corianton, bravo!

CORIANTON. Ah, friends, methinks they find this Korlor savage as a lion in his chains.

AMULOKI (*down to him affectionately*). And Corianton, always true, declares himself from priestcraft free.

CORIANTON. Ay, tho' the priest, my father, sirs, I love beyond my words, these unseem powers they tell us of, to me are fancy dreams. Why not a sign—or miracle to all of us be given?

OMNES. Yes, yes, etc., etc. (*Varied business*.) I have seen no sign, etc., etc.

ZENNOCK. Ah, the High Priest knoweth best.

CORIANTON. Is God so choice that righteous ones alone may know.

JASPER (*aside to AMULOKI*). I never knew before how much we are in bondage.

AMULOKI (*aside to JASPER*). How dull thou art. (*Nudges him and winks significantly*.) The Priestly coffers must be filled.

CORIANTON (*overheard it*). Priestly coffers—Hold, sir; no man, if friend to me as thou pretendest now, will insinuate so vile an insult. No other man, friend or nay, can do it with impunity; and Amuloki, thou as well, must answer even now: for by my steel, I'll trow, I'll defend my father's honor.

(OMNES *stand aghast; some pleased*.)

AMULOKI. Why Corianton, what's amiss; that thou shouldst rant in such a strain?

CORIANTON. What's amiss? Dost thou presume I'll pass unnoticed such imputations 'gainst my father's name? Tho' I, as thou, am slow to see their logic of theology, to me my father's name is sacred. I know and here assert—also will here maintain—that my dear and reverend father hath labored with his own hands for his support, and hath never received one senine in his priestly calling. Thou know'st, too; so make amends; for I intend thou shalt. (*Taps his sword significantly*.)

(OMNES. *Some applaud*.)

AMULOKI (*in mock apology*). Most noble friend and High Priest's son, thou hast ill understood my meaning. Thy father is above suspicion. (*Bows and winks for JASPER to interrupt the scene*.)

JASPER. Come, come, no more of this. Let's to the jail and see the prisoner. Mayhap we'll comfort be, and let him know at least that some care for him and freedom.

(AMULOKI and JASPER *in charge of mob, exit R. CORIANTON much ruffled, slowly passes down R. SHIBLON who entered L, as OMNES were fling out to prison yard, passes down to him*.)