

The Scene opens at her Uncle's Village, where there is a celebration in progress. (FADING)

MUSIC: *Wild, Pagan, Drums*

SOUND: *Laughing, shouting*

1st GIRL: Come with us Tekakwitha — we're going to do the dream dance.

2nd GIRL: O, it's so much fun — when the young men choose their partners!

1st GIRL: Yes — come Tekakwitha — let the braves see you dance and they will forget the cruel scars on your face — for you are as graceful as the wind in the reeds.

KATERI: Run along, girls. I don't want to — I'm trying to finish this cradle tonight.

2nd GIRL: Always some excuse to be alone — how can you bear it?

1st GIRL: You'd better come, Tekakwitha — your uncle doesn't like it when you hide in the lodge. And he's angry at you because you tried to stop the trial by fire the other night.

KATERI: Yes, I know. But I hate it so — I can't bear to see anyone hurt — for no good reason.

2nd GIRL: But there is a reason — to show how brave the young men are! You are a coward, Tekakwitha — not like a true Indian maid at all — aren't you afraid that your sons will be weaklings, with such a mother?

KATERI: (LAUGHING) As I am not married, I will not worry about my sons.

2nd GIRL: (SCORNFULLY) It's true you aren't a wife, yet, and you may find it hard to bring a husband to our lodge, if you hide yourself all the time. Aren't you afraid to incur your uncle's wrath?

1st GIRL: If you aren't, you should be — he wants you to repay his kindness to you by bringing a husband into the longhouse.

KATERI: I will try to repay my uncle's care by working hard.

1st GIRL: It's true you are always first at work and the last to stop. But you don't have any fun — won't you come with us?

2nd GIRL: We'll tell your uncle on you if you don't.

KATERI: Please don't do that! If you don't say anything to him, he'll not notice that I'm not at the dance. I'll make lovely new ribbons for you to braid into your hair, if you keep silent.

2nd GIRL: Promise? And will you make us baskets for our necklaces, too?



KATERI: Yes, gladly.

MUSIC: *Up Wild, Pagan...*

SOUND: *Excited cries in distance*

1st GIRL: Come on — the dance is beginning — hurry!

MUSIC: *Up louder and then fading to BG.*

KATERI: God of Christians — I believe — please give me courage to speak to the Blackrobe — and accept me as a Christian.

MUSIC: *Dance Music X-fade to*

MUSIC: *Organ up and fading to BG.*

BLACKROBE: Did you call me?

KATERI: My heart called you, Father, — the God of the Christians told you I wanted to speak to you.

BLACKROBE: Why did you want to speak to me?

KATERI: I want to be a Christian. I prayed for something to happen that would make it possible for me to speak to you — and God heard me. I sprained my foot and couldn't go with the others into the fields to harvest the grain — and now you have come.

BLACKROBE: What do you know of Christianity?

KATERI: My mother was a Christian, though she lived in pagan country. She taught me my prayers. I have said them ever since. O, they are simple prayers such as a child could remember — for my mother has been dead these many years.

BLACKROBE: (IN AMAZEMENT) And you have kept your belief in God ever since you were a little girl — and continued to say the prayers that your good mother taught you?

KATERI: Yes, but O, I would like to know more about God and how to pray to Him. I talk to Him and ask His help and I think He listens to me — but I want to be more worthy of Him.

BLACKROBE: I will help you, daughter. But, when you talk to God and pray with the simple words of a child, you are very pleasing to God. If you want to become a Christian, you must learn more about our dear Lord. Come to the mission and listen to the word of God — and we will see — we will see (FADING)

MUSIC: *Up and out*

BLACKROBE: I have watched you, my daughter, and I think the time has come for you to be prepared for baptism.

KATERI: Thank you — O, thank you!

BLACKROBE: Well — now — we will take first things first. Who made the world?

KATERI: God.