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# Joseph - King of Dreams

By Eugenia Bostwick-Singer

(Squawks)

It's taking so long.

(Chuckles) Look at yourself, Father.

You'd think

this was your first child.

Tell me, were you this nervous

when I was born?

Well, yes and no.

It was different with your mother.

But with Rachel, we gave up hope.

We were told

she could never have children.

- Father! It's a boy!

- Father.

- Father, it's a boy!

- It's a boy.

(Baby crying)

My boy!

(Crying continues)

Can you believe it?

Rachel had a baby.

I guess it is a miracle.

(Baby coos)

O God, who is the father of us all,  
you have blessed me

with a gift beyond all measure.

Within a barren wife,  
amid the twilight skies of my life,  
you've placed a treasure.

# A brightly shining star  
where there was none

# You have granted us a son

(Rachel) # Dreams do come true.

- # Look at you

- (Father) # Joseph

(All) # Our baby brother

(Father) # He is special

# He is one of us,

we'll keep him from harm

# And we will teach him

# I will teach him

all he needs to know

# He'll stand apart from other men

# We'll stand beside him and together

# We will show him  
what it means to be a family... #  
Ah. Ooh.  
# You are a miracle child  
# You are the best  
# You shine the brightest... #  
- (Laughs)  
- Joseph.  
Come on. Come to Papa.  
# Your trails be blessed  
# Your trials the lightest  
# You were made for better things  
# You will share the air of kings  
# You were born and fortune smiled  
# For you are a miracle child  
(Rachel) # The sun will rise  
# Within your eyes  
# The moon will light your smile  
# And Heaven grace your gentle face  
- # With power to beguile... #  
- Good night, Joseph.  
# You will wade through  
the river of sorrows  
# Warm and dry  
(Father) # And angels  
will guide your tomorrows  
# This I prophesy  
(Both) # For you are a miracle child  
# You are the best  
# You shine the brightest  
# Your days will be cloudless  
and mild  
# Your trails be blessed  
# Your trials the lightest  
# You were made for better things  
# You will share the air of kings  
# You were born and fortune smiled  
# For you are a miracle child  
# Dearest Mother  
# Beloved Father  
# A coat of colours  
bright as butterfly wings  
# To remind me  
# Things you've told me all my life

# I am special, I am smart  
# I am somehow set apart  
# Petty rules and limitations  
don't apply  
# For I  
# Am a miracle child  
# I can't be harmed  
# I'm wrapped in rainbows  
# Though fate  
can be heartless and vile  
# My life's been charmed  
# And shall remain so  
# I was made for something more  
# Not to struggle but to soar  
# To my fortune reconciled  
# For I am a miracle child  
# You won't see me bent over double  
# In darkness and rubble  
# Where mountains of trouble  
are piled  
# I was destined to fly  
# Watch me light up the sky  
# For I am a miracle child #  
(Insects chirping)  
(Bleating)  
(Thunder rumbles)  
(Growling)  
(Barks)  
(Wolves barking)  
- (Jingles)  
- (Sheep bleating)  
- (Whispers) Hey...  
- (Growls)  
- No! Stop!  
- What's wrong?  
- What's going on?  
- What did he say?  
- Oh, it's Joseph.  
- It was wolves!  
Coming out of the shadows.  
I was surrounded.  
- They were all around...  
- That's it?  
- You woke us...for a dream?

- Ooh!

Quiet! You want to scare the sheep?

- The sheep. The ram.

- (Brothers murmuring)

- The wolves killed the ram.

- (Bleats)

It was dead. I... I don't understand.

It all seemed so real.

- Everything is fine, Joseph.

- It's over. Don't worry.

Boys, since you're up,  
make yourselves useful.

Get to work before sunup.

(Brothers groan)

Thanks(!)

(Grumbling)

- Joseph, where are you going?

- Um, I...

You have studies.

But, I wanna go with them.

- They have their work and you yours.

- But why?

Because you do.

Because you're a miracle child.

For you things are different.

I don't want to be different.

I want to be like them.

Joseph, God has a plan  
and a purpose for you.

- You're not like the rest of us.

- (Sighs)

I've worked this earth all my life,  
just as my father and grandfather did  
and your brothers will after me.

That won't be your future.

Jacob, even God

rested on the seventh day.

He'll find his future soon enough.

- Let him be with his brothers.

- Please?

(Sighs) Go on.

Thanks.

Be safe!

(Sheep bleating)

(Joseph) Judah! Simeon!  
- Hmph! Look who's here.  
- The miracle child.  
What are you doing?  
Don't you have some scrolls to read?  
Here, let me do that.  
Wait, wait!  
You have to be very careful.  
- You'll cut your hands on the fur(!)  
- Get away!  
- (All laughing)  
- I... I just want to help.  
Thanks to you, we'll have to  
work an extra hour today.  
You're tired  
because you were out all night.  
Why, you little sneak...  
What do you know?  
Everything.  
The women and the drinking...  
- There's a lot Father doesn't know.  
- You wouldn't?  
He would, the brat.  
- One word and I'll wring your neck.  
- Stop it!  
We should be happy for his help.  
Maybe he can do your work, Simeon.  
Somebody should.  
(Laughter)  
And there is something Joseph can do.  
- What's he doing?  
- Shh!  
While we round up the strays,  
can you watch the herd?  
- Of course.  
- Good.  
We'll be back soon. Let's go.  
Maybe we should split up.  
You go over there.  
- I'll go this way.  
- (Chuckles) Hey! What are you doing?  
(Laughs)  
- (Bleats)  
- (Laughs)

(Brothers laughing and chattering)

- Whoo-hoo!

- (Shouting)

- Get him.

- You're too heavy.

- (Laughing)

- (Sighs)

(Groans)

- (Bleats)

- What?

Are you making fun of me too?

- (Bleating)

- (Laughs)

- (Bleats)

- Hey! Hey, come back!

- (Growling)

- Huh?

- (Growling)

- (Gasps)

Get away! Get away!

(Bleating)

(Wolves barking)

- Gotcha!

- (Wolves snarling)

(Whimpers)

Back! Back!

- Get away!

- (Growling)

(Sighs)

Joseph, are you hurt?

Father! (Panting)

Your brothers, where are they?

I asked you a question!

They're...they're, uh...

They...they went swimming.

- Swimming?

- (Panting)

- What happened?

- This is how you take charge?

I expect you to watch out for Joseph,

but you abandoned my son!

- My son!

- Aren't we your sons too?

- The ram!

- (Bleats)  
- (Jingles)  
- (Brother) It's Joseph's dream!  
Wolves kill sheep.  
It happens all the time.  
No! I understand.  
God sent you a vision of the future.  
Joseph didn't really  
see the future, did he?  
Let's get back to work.  
(Insects chirping)  
(Grunts)  
(Squawking)  
Why do we wash before work?  
We don't want the sheep smelling you!  
(Laughing) Look who finally woke up.  
- Look what the sun brought up.  
- Nice of you to join us.  
Good morning, Joseph.  
Mom, last night I had another dream.  
- Oh, another dream!  
- Ooh!  
- I wasn't talking to you.  
- Please, why don't you share it?  
Who'd the wolf get this time?  
You can laugh, but it was about you.  
Oh, please, you must tell us  
our future, great Joseph!  
- Leave me alone!  
- Come on, tell us.  
We're dying to hear about it.  
We were carrying sheaves of wheat.  
I was among you,  
but then all of a sudden I was above  
you and your wheat bowed to me...  
- I wonder what that means.  
- Nothing, that's what.  
Hey, you asked to hear the dream.  
What happened next?  
The sky was dark  
and all around me were stars  
- They were bowing to me too.  
- Ooh! Let's all bow down to Joseph!  
We can't ignore these dreams.



After all, his last one came true.  
Are you saying that Joseph belongs  
above all of us, even Judah?  
I'm not saying that,  
but there could be a message here.  
Judah's led the herd for years,  
brought in the wheat...  
He comes first before any of us -  
especially Joseph.  
Judah, it's not up to me.  
God may be telling us  
something of our future.  
- Then my work doesn't matter.  
- Watch your tongue.  
Jacob, Judah, please!  
- I've had enough of this.  
- Let's go.  
(Sighs) Look at  
what your dreams have done.  
Don't get mad at me.  
I didn't ask for them.  
- Or this either, brother!  
- Half-brother!  
Joseph! Boys!  
Apologise to each other!  
Let me talk to Joseph.  
(Jacob) He's just a boy.  
You're too harsh on him.  
You're always defending him!  
(Jacob) His dreams come from God.  
Joseph, you need to be  
more understanding of your brothers.  
Life is harder for them  
than it will be for you.  
Why do you defend them?  
They're not even your sons.  
They're no less my sons than you are.  
We're family, all of us.  
If we break apart,  
we have nothing left.  
# You've seen the damage words can do  
# When full of thoughtless pride  
# Now heed the wiser voice in you  
# That calls to be your guide

# The flowers reaching for the sun  
# Are all uniquely blessed  
# But though each is special  
# Not a one is better  
# Than the rest  
# Bloom, bloom, may you know  
# The wisdom only time breeds  
# There's room, bloom and you'll grow  
# To follow where your heart leads  
# Bloom and may you bring  
# Your colours to the vast bouquet  
# There's room, bloom,  
learn one thing  
# Your gifts are meant to give away #  
Thanks, Mom.  
Judah! Simeon!  
Levi! Reuben!  
Where are you?  
- (Judah) Joseph couldn't lead sheep.  
- (Reuben) But he's our brother.  
(Simeon) Half brother.  
Judah should take over.  
- But...  
- Do you want Joseph in charge?  
We agree that something  
has to be done about Joseph?  
- Absolutely.  
- Yes.  
- Hey! The spy is back!  
- I wasn't spying!  
- Did Father tell you to check on us?  
- No!  
- I want to...  
- Report on us to Father?  
- You're his favourite.  
- N-no.  
You look at scrolls all day  
while we sweat.  
Why is that? Is it because  
we don't have pretty coats?  
- I have mine.  
- (Grunts) That's my coat!  
Step aside.  
I'm the new head of the family.

Bow before me,  
you sheaves of wheat!  
Oh, yes, Master Joseph,  
ruler of the world.  
Give it back, now!  
If you want your coat,  
why don't you go get it?  
- Levi's got it.  
- No, I don't. Judah does.  
- Come on!  
- I've got it!  
(Screams)  
(Laughing)  
- I've had enough of this game!  
- Joseph!  
Who says this is a game?  
What are you doing? Leave me alone!  
No! Stop it!  
(Gasps)  
Oh! Ohh!  
(Coughing)  
What do we do now?  
Are we just going to leave him there?  
- We'll think of something.  
- Somebody!  
- Just get out of here.  
- Maybe he can dream his way out.  
Don't leave me here alone!  
(Sighs)  
(Wolf howling)  
(Shivering)  
Aah! Aah!  
(Whoosh)  
I knew you'd come back.  
(Grunts)  
You think this is funny?  
Father won't be laughing when...  
- Who are you?  
- Get him.  
Hey! Hey! What are you doing? Ow!  
Let me go! You don't understand.  
I'm from the house of Jacob!  
- Scrawny, isn't he?  
- It's hard to tell.

(Groans)

- Hmm.

- No, no, no, don't take my...

- (Groans)

- Get up!

- (Grunts)

- Looks like he's never worked a day.

- That'll change.

- (Laughing)

My brothers will come for me. Judah!

- Simeon! Levi! Please help me!

- Joseph!

We're right here.

(Sighs) Judah.

I told you they'd come for me.

As agreed, 20 pieces of silver.

J-Judah... Why...?

No! Help me!

Levi, please. Issachar.

Simeon. Stop them.

Judah. Judah, help me, please.

Please!

Judah, please!

Judah, we can't turn back now.

We've gone too far.

- Aah!

- Hut, hut!

- (Brays)

- (Chuckles)

I'm your brother!

I'm your brother!

Half-brother.

- (Slaver) Yah!

- (Saddle jingling)

(Wind whistling)

(Wolf howling)

(Slavers talking)

(Shivers)

(Gasps)

- Where could he have gone?

- Don't worry.

I'm sure he's all right.

The boys will find him.

(Judah) Father.

This is all we found.

(Gasps) Joseph!

- No! Joseph!

- Joseph!

(Gasping)

- Oh, Rachel.

- (Sobbing)

- (Grunts)

- Hey, wake up.

(Laughter)

# Behold the glory

behold the wonder

# What we have made

shall not be torn asunder

# Such vast achievement

stone and papyrus

# Beneath the gaze

of Isis and Osiris

# Land of majesty

# Where the heavens smile

# Jewel of history shining

# By the Nile #

- Exquisite, aren't they?

- Yes.

- Where's the slave market?

- By the docks.

(Camel brays)

# Serve and be silent

# You who are chattel

# We think of you

as little more than cattle

# This is your lot now

and we advise you

# To bow before

whatever master buys you

# Feel the power here

# Power has its price

# Some can live like gods

# Some must sacrifice... #

- What do you have?

- A Canaanite.

# Through the centuries

many backs have bent

# Many dreams are built

- # Many lives are spent #  
- Move, slave!  
Get in line.  
(Trader) Slaves for sale!  
Buy this one!  
(Buyer) Let's have a look.  
Let me see his teeth.  
Hmm. Mm-hmm.  
He's too skinny.  
This is more like it.  
The captain of the guard  
needs a slave for his household.  
I have one he might like.  
Thirty pieces? Hmm.  
He looks healthy enough.  
Lord Potiphar!  
- He'll do.  
- Looks like we have some work to do.  
# Look and be humbled  
learn what your place is  
# Egyptian slave  
no matter what your race is  
# This is your future  
your life suspended  
# And everything  
you knew before has ended  
# You are Egypt's now  
# We have all control  
# From your every step  
# To your very soul #  
- Hold still.  
You're done. He's ready for work.  
It's not for your face.  
It's for the floor.  
(Grunting)  
Ow!  
(Laughter)  
- 'Hey, Joseph, you missed a spot.'  
- (Laughing)  
(Levi) 'Real work's different.'  
- 'No more baby soft hands.'  
- 'Who bows now, little brother? '  
(Brothers laughing)  
(Grunting)

- You there.  
- (Laughter stops)  
Have you cleaned  
this entire courtyard yourself?  
- Yes.  
- (Woman) He's a hard worker.  
Hmm.  
We could put him  
to better use inside?  
My wife thinks you should work  
for her. What do you say?  
I cannot say.  
A slave is not his own master.  
Well said.  
Find him some new clothes.  
Then get someone else to finish.  
- (Yowling)  
- Here, kitty, kitty, kitty! Come on.  
- (Yowling)  
- Who brought the cat?  
- Here, kitty, kitty, kitty.  
- Stop!  
- (Chuckles)  
- Come down!  
Aunt Zuleika, I'm sorry.  
I'll get it down.  
- (Miaows)  
- Please come down.  
Come here. Look at this.  
- Oh.  
- (Women chuckling)  
- Hmm. She seems to like you.  
- (Miaows)  
- (Chuckles)  
- Thank you.  
I haven't seen you here before.  
- Oh, I'm new.  
- Asenath.  
Coming, Aunt Zuleika. Goodbye.  
(Sighs)  
(Horse whinnying)  
(Woman) Joseph, come here.  
I'm waiting.  
I'm coming!

Oh! Sorry, Asenath.

- Oh! (Giggles)

- What?

You don't want my aunt  
seeing you like this.

- That's better.

- Thanks.

- (Horse whinnies)

- Slave.

- (Flies buzzing)

- Oh, yes, of course.

- (Gallop hooves)

- Hyah! Hyah!

(Zuleika) What a magnificent animal.

- (Potiphar laughing)

- Slave, I'm in the sun.

(Laughing) Whoa!

- Well?

- You were right.

He's all that you promised.

I haven't seen a finer horse  
in all of Egypt.

I'm glad Your Excellency is pleased.

- There is still one small matter.

- Oh, yes. As we agreed.

(Coins jingling)

Forgive me,

but something is not quite right.

Hmm. I thought

I brought the right amount.

You're a busy man.

Anyone can make a mistake.

He's yours.

Pharaoh himself would be jealous.

(Potiphar) Yes, he's a fine horse.

Hmm.

Master, I think you should see this.

Uh... Get away from that.

Don't touch it!

Well, look at that.

Well, i-it's broken.

- Your Excellency, I had no idea.

- Of course not.

You're a busy man.



Anyone can make a mistake.  
Yours will cost you your freedom.  
Please, keep the stallion as a gift.  
No. Take him away.  
I have a dozen more horses!  
Take them all! Please, anything!  
Potiphar, you should keep it.  
You said it was  
the finest in all Egypt.  
Own a horse taken from a thief?  
What would that say about me?  
You and your honour!  
- You've done well. What's your name?  
- Joseph.  
Joseph. You're an educated slave.  
- Where did you learn?  
- My father taught me.  
Ah. He taught you well.  
- What else has your father taught?  
- I can read and write Egyptian.  
(Man) # A boy looks up  
- # And sees a golden gift of chance  
- What a mess.  
Good luck.  
# To prove his worth  
# And make the best  
of what might seem  
# A dire circumstance  
# Onward and onward  
the slow and steady climb  
- Master.  
- Let's have a look.  
# Task upon task that can lift him  
- # To the summit over time  
- Well done, Joseph.  
# You've got to take  
whatever road's at your feet  
# You've got to make  
whatever progress you can  
# Although the map you hold  
is far from complete  
# You've got to take  
whatever road's at your feet  
(Laughing)

To a good year, and to your friend.

(Both laughing)

(Crickets chirping)

(Sighs)

(Judah) 'My neck is killing me.

- 'It's too early for this.'

- (Brothers grunting and laughing)

(Water sloshing)

- (Jacob) 'Rachel.'

- Joseph.

- Huh?

- Shh!

W-why are you here?

- Is something wrong?

- No.

This land...it's not Egypt.

Is this your home?

- Canaan.

- Please, tell me more about Canaan.

(Sighs)

This is the place where I was born.

These are the sunflowers

my mother planted.

This is my, uh...

- My...

- Family?

You miss them, don't you?

My brothers.

They betrayed me!

- Joseph, we are your family now.

- Huh?

We care for you here.

We... I feel you are special.

What? No.

W-why have you come here tonight?

- To be with you.

- No. This is not right.

- Look at me.

- I won't betray my master.

- I'm talking to you.

- No!

- Wait! I order you to stay.

- No!

Everything you are, you owe to me!

(Panting)

(Zuleika screams)

You stood apart  
from the other slaves.

I let you work in my home.

I kept you from hard labour,  
and you did well for me.

- Or so I thought.

- Master...

No other slave was ever given this  
opportunity! I gave you my trust.

- What do you say?

- I did nothing wrong.

Still you insult me  
with your denials!

- What am I to make of this?

- (Sobbing)

It's not what it seems.

I could never betray you, master.

Such insolence! Am I to believe  
a slave over my own wife?

I swear. I did nothing to betray you.

Silence! For what you have done,  
you must be put to death.

- See to it.

- No, Master, I beg you. Tell him!

Help me! Tell him that... (Groaning)

Help me! Please!

- Stop. He doesn't deserve to die.

- Why?

I see.

Take him to prison.

Wait, master. No! Please!

Believe me! I- I did nothing wrong!

This is a mistake! Uh!

I did nothing wrong.

Yeah, we know you're innocent.

(Squeaking)

I know it sounds crazy,  
but it was so real.

I was up all night  
with my own dreams.

Now you wanna take up  
my day with yours?

No. Just listen.

I was back at Pharaoh's palace  
in a garden of grapes  
that had three old vines.  
A tear fell from my eye,  
and the vines drank it in.  
They became so thick with grapes...  
that I squeezed them into a cup  
and served it to Pharaoh.  
That is quite a dream.

- I know what your dream means.  
- You do? H-how could you?  
I just do. It's some kind of gift.  
The three vines signify three days.  
Then Pharaoh will bring  
you back to the palace a free man.  
- (Sighs) If only it were true.  
- It is true.

And when you're free, tell Pharaoh  
about my gift. Please.

Some gift. To make up fairy tales  
and give hope to the foolish.

- Maybe he's not making it up.  
- All right, then.

Here's one I've had every night  
for a week.

I'm taking three baskets of bread  
to Pharaoh when the baskets fall.  
I go to pick up the bread,  
when suddenly  
a swarm of birds attack me.

They keep pecking at me  
in the face and the eyes.

What does it mean?

- I don't know.  
- Yes, you do. Tell me.

Tell me!

(Sighs) The three baskets  
also signify three days.

In three days,  
Pharaoh will behead you,  
and birds will feed on your flesh.

What? You're lying. You're lying!  
- Stop it!

- Uhh! No!

Don't pay any attention to him.

We're not going anywhere.

(Squeaking)

(Door opens)

Take him.

Get up.

You knew. You knew!

That's not a gift!

- That's a curse!

- Pharaoh has summoned you.

- Why? What did I do?

- Let's go.

It's gonna be all right. You'll see.

- Tell Pharaoh about me.

- I will.

Don't forget me!

Don't forget me!

Guard! Tell them I'm still here!

Answer me!

(Sighs)

No one cares.

(Rain falling)

Asenath!

(Guard) Halt! Who's there?

No!

- (Thunder)

- (Squeaking)

(Roars)

(Spitting and panting)

God, why are you doing this to me?

Do you hear me?

Any kindness, you take away.

You gave me the dreams.

You brought me the gift!

Some gift! My dreams are lies.

What have I done to deserve this?

(Thunder)

# I thought I did what's right

# I thought I had the answers

# I thought I chose the surest road

# But that road brought me here

# So I put up a fight

# And told you how to help me

# Now, just when I have given up  
# The truth is coming clear  
# You know  
# Better than I  
# You know  
# The way  
# I've let go  
# The need to know why  
# For you know better  
# Than I  
# If this has been a test  
# I cannot see the reason  
# But maybe knowing "I don't know"  
# Is part of getting through  
# I try to do what's best  
# And faith has made it easy  
# To see the best thing I can do  
# Is put my trust in you  
# For you know  
# Better than I  
# You know  
# The way  
# I've let go  
# The need to know why  
# For you know better  
# Than I  
# I saw one cloud  
and thought it was the sky  
# I saw a bird and thought  
# That I could follow  
# But it was you  
who taught that bird  
# To fly  
# If I let you reach me  
# Will you teach me  
# For you know  
# Better than I  
# You know the way  
# I've let go  
# The need to know why  
# I'll take what answers  
# You supply  
# You know better  
# Than I #

(Sighs)

Potiphar?

Pharaoh's butler

said you interpret dreams.

That is true. And?

Pharaoh is tortured by a dream.

None of his wise men can explain it.

I'm to bring you to the palace.

Potiphar?

It's good to see you again.

How could I

have allowed this to happen?

- My wife...

- I understand.

Let's go.

For the sake of Egypt,

relieve my suffering.

(Groans)

- Is this the one you spoke of?

- Yes, Excellency.

I'm told you merely need to hear

a dream and you can explain it.

Not me, Your Excellency.

The explanation comes from God.

None of my wise men or magicians,

none of my gods could help me.

What makes you think

your god is any different?

Tell me your dream, Pharaoh.

Every night it's the same.

I am standing by the Nile.

Seven healthy cows

graze peacefully on the banks.

(Thunderclap)

But then seven horrible,

sickly cows come from the same river,

the most wretched

I have ever seen in Egypt.

Suddenly they begin to devour

the healthy cattle,

and yet the cows remain

as sickly as before.

And then I wake up.

- Is there more?

- Yes. Another dream always follows.  
Seven ears of grain, full and golden,  
grow from a single stalk.  
(Rumbling)  
Suddenly, seven ears,  
hardened and scorched,  
spring up on the same stalk...  
and swallow the seven good ears.  
All that remains  
are shrivelled grains unfit to eat...  
and nothing else.  
Well?  
Pharaoh's dreams are one.  
The healthy cows and ears of grain  
are seven years of abundance.  
The sickly cows  
and the withered grain...  
mean seven years of famine  
will follow...  
and destroy the land.  
Egypt may not survive.  
Can this be stopped?  
What can be done?  
You must find a man you can trust.  
During the years of plenty,  
have him collect one-fifth  
of the grain from every field  
and store it under guard.  
Then, during the famine,  
give it back to the people.  
Potiphar, you trust this man?  
With my life, Excellency.  
(Crowd cheering)  
(Crowd silences)  
Through this man,  
I have seen the future of Egypt.  
And through his deeds,  
we shall prosper.  
(Crowd cheers)  
I am giving him power over all Egypt.  
Only Pharaoh will be greater.  
You shall call him Tzafenat Paneah.  
The God speaks and He lives.  
(Crowd cheering)



Tzafenat Paneah! Tzafenat Paneah!

- (Miaows)

- Hey.

Kia, come back here. Hmm.

(Joseph clears throat)

(Gasps)

Tzafenat Paneah.

Joseph.

(Cheering)

# A single voice

# Is joined by multitudes in song

# With every verse

# They're finding harmonies

that rise to Heaven

- # Sure and strong

- (Asenath) Hey.

- We've come to help.

- # Richer and richer

- # The soil on which they thrive

- Great.

# Higher and higher

# A hymn of what it means to be alive

# You've got to give

a little more than you take

# You've got to leave

a little more than was here

# You may be prideful

of the strides you will make

# But keep one thing clear

# You're just a player

in a much bigger plan

# And still you have

to give it all that you can

# The very measure

of your soul is at stake

# You've got to give

a little more than you take

(Woman) # The seasons fly

# A man stands where a boy once stood

# His path unfolds

# And unafraid he walks in service

# Of a greater good

(Both) # Deeper and deeper

the lessons he has known

# Over and over  
# The message  
he is surely being shown  
# You've got to give  
a little more than you take  
# You've got to leave  
a little more than was here  
# You may be prideful  
of the strides you will make  
# But keep one thing clear  
# You're just a player  
in a much bigger plan  
# And still you have  
to give it all that you can  
# The very measure  
of your soul is at stake  
# You've got to give  
a little more than you take  
# The very measure  
of your soul is at stake  
# You've got to give  
a little more than you take #

(Wind whistles)

(Cawing)

(Straining)

Next. How many in your family?

- Five.

- Five.

Thank you, my lord.

(Potiphar) Next, please.

- A long life for you, Excellency.

- And for you.

Ah, here's a responsible young man.

- How many in your family?

- Four, my lord.

Very good.

- Hi there. What's your name?

- Menna.

And this is my sister Nyla.

I'm looking after her.

- Are you here for some grain too?

- (Gasps)

(Laughs)

- Thank you!

- Bye!

(Cries out)

- Here you go.

- (Potiphar) Who's next?

We are, my lord.

- You are not Egyptian.

- No, sir.

My brothers and I

have travelled far, from Canaan.

- Joseph, what's wrong?

- Nothing.

Look at you. You're shaking.

I-it must be the sun. I'll be fine.

(Judah) Our families are hungry.

You haven't contributed

to our supply.

We don't ask for charity.

We'll pay you with silver.

(Potiphar) How many are there?

our father and youngest brother.

- (Gasps)

- (Potiphar) Give them...

(Joseph) Nothing!

for grain, no ties to Egypt.

Are you thieves, hoping to see

where we store our grain?

I don't know what you are,

but I don't believe your story.

Your Excellency,

everything we say is true.

Prove it!

Produce this youngest brother.

- But what would that prove?

- That you're not lying.

If it's the truth,

I'll let you buy grain.

Till then, arrest this one!

- (Gasps)

- Until you produce this brother.

- Take him.

- (Grunting)

- (All shouting)

- Stop!

- Judah, help me!

- (Guard) No!

- (Simeon) No! No! No!

- (Guard) Let's go.

(Door slams)

Joseph, what are you doing?

They're only feeding their families.

They're thieves,

here to steal our grain.

They needed food and they would pay.

How can you say they're thieves?

They've done nothing to you.

(Scoffs)

Nothing?

(Sighs)

- They're my brothers.

- What?

They sold me.

They sold me into slavery.

They took me away from my home.

I never got

to say goodbye to my mother.

I never got

to see my father grow old.

Joseph, I... I didn't know.

You're here now. You have a home,

a wife who loves you,

everything you could want.

No. Not everything.

I thought you learned something

in that cell.

Remember when

I would bring food to you?

Yes. It kept me going.

(Simeon) Hey! You won't keep me here.

My brothers will come for me.

(Echoing) My brothers will come...

Joseph.

# How long must there be anger here

# Before we can rejoice

# Embracing love instead of fear

# Is but a simple choice

# It's hard for me to see you fall

# So bitter and so blind

# When the truest nature of us all

# Invites us to be kind  
# Bloom, bloom, may you know  
# The wisdom only time breeds  
# There's room, bloom and you'll grow  
# To follow where your heart leads  
# Bloom and may you live  
# The way your life was meant to be  
# There's room,  
bloom and forgive... #  
Tzafenat Paneah...  
The family of Canaanites...  
They've returned.  
Thank you.  
Maybe they've suffered  
these last 20 years as well.  
- Maybe they've changed.  
- No.  
I don't think so.  
(Door closes)  
(Murmuring)  
Don't speak unless you're spoken to.  
Don't worry. It'll be all right.  
Welcome.  
- You've done what I've asked?  
- Our brother, Benjamin.  
You kept your word.  
Bring out the other brother.  
So, Benjamin,  
tell me of your mother and father.  
My mother is no longer alive.  
Oh. I- I'm sorry.  
And your father?  
- He's worried I'm here.  
- Why is that?  
- I'm a long way from home.  
- Oh? Doesn't he trust your brothers?  
He likes me to stay close by.  
Really? Why is that?  
A long time ago,  
h-he lost his youngest son.  
Well, I'm sorry to hear that.  
How did that happen?  
- He was killed.  
- Killed? How?

By wolves.

- Wolves?

- Yes.

It broke my father's heart.

Well, it must have been very hard  
on your brothers too.

- They never speak of it.

- Don't they?

- Benjamin!

- (Brothers) Simeon!

- I was beginning to worry.

- (All murmuring)

You must be hungry  
after your journey. Come.

You'll be my guests.

(Traditional music)

- A toast...

- (Music stops)

to brothers.

(All) To brothers!

(Music resumes)

(Brothers arguing and protesting)

Stop this. You have no right.

We've done nothing wrong.

What's going on?

Why have they been arrested?

- Joseph, what are you doing?

- You'll see.

Get back in place. Get back in...

I give you food.

I take you into my home.

And this is how you repay me,  
by stealing?

We wouldn't steal from you!

- And now you insult me by lying.

- What?

One of you has stolen from me.

Benjamin.

- (Murmuring) No...

- The favoured one.

- I didn't!

- Arrest him.

For this you will be punished.

- Someone put it there!

- Stop! Take me instead.

- No, take me.

- Take me!

- (All) Take me!

- Take any of us, your grace,

but, please, let the boy go.

You would sacrifice yourselves

for a spoiled half-brother?

Yes.

Why should you care if I take him,

beat him, make him a slave?

Because I will not

make my father suffer...again.

Again? What do you mean, "again"?

Our brother was not killed by wolves.

We were blinded by jealousy

and sold him into slavery.

For 20 years

we have lived with that guilt.

We can't go back without the boy.

My father could not bear it

a second time.

And neither could we.

If anyone is to be punished,

it should be us.

(Sighs)

I will not harm any of you

or our father.

I am your brother, Joseph.

- Joseph?

- I can't believe you're here.

How can it be?

Joseph?

I have so much to tell you,

so many questions to ask.

Oh, Joseph, can you ever forgive us?

I already have.

Can you forgive me for thinking

I was some miracle from God?

But you are a miracle.

God sent you to save our family

and all of Egypt.

- And you did.

- Asenath?

Please. I'd like you  
to meet my brothers.

(All) Welcome. Pleasure to meet you.  
You will join me here,  
all of you, with your families.

Look!

- I see him! There he is!

- It's him! There he is!

- Joseph!

- Father.

Father! Father!

- Father!

- Joseph.

My boy. My boy.

Your mother prayed  
this day would come,  
that we'd all be together again  
as a family.

- It's a miracle.

- Yes, Father. It is a miracle.

# Oh, you know

# Better than I

# You know

# The way

# I've let go

# The need to know why

# I'll take what answers

# You supply

# You know better than I #

(Man) # A single voice

# Is joined by multitudes in song

# With every verse

# They're finding harmonies

# That rise to Heaven sure and strong

# Richer and richer,

the soil on which they thrive

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