

PERUSAL SCRIPT

ALL THE *SCATTERED* LEAVES

A play in three acts
by *Doreen Crookell*



Newport, Maine

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ALL THE SCATTERED LEAVES

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HISTORICAL NOTE

After the Civil War the members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints were rapidly becoming well established in the American West. The promise of gold and railroads had attracted more and more people to the land of the pioneers.

By this time the Church had made something of a name for itself in many parts of England. Thousands of souls had been converted and had left for Salt Lake City, some never to be heard of again; and the general feeling in many towns and villages of England was one of distrust and even fear of the "Mormons". At the sight of the missionaries, women would run into their houses and bolt the doors for fear of being abducted and imprisoned behind the legendary walls of Salt Lake City. Yet the Mormon Elders continued to proselyte in England.

The action of the play takes place in the living room of the Maitland home. The Maitland family, together with Mrs. Maitland's father and sister, live in a small town in England. They are middle class people and have a comfortable, though-unpretentious home. They also own a farm on the outskirts of town.

SETTING

The living room is small but bright and tastefully furnished. Down left is a chair or love seat. Left is a door which leads to the kitchen. Back left there is a desk with desk chair. Back center is a hall entrance fitted with elegant draperies. To the right of the hallway (off stage) is the front door and to the left are the stairs (off stage). Back right is a book case. Down right is a window with an upholstered, recessed window seat, and upstage of this is the fireplace. Down center left there are two chairs with a small table between them. Down center right is a larger table with two chairs, one up right and one down left of the table. On the table is a kerosene lamp. The room has several ornaments, and Victorian type pictures on the walls.

ALL THE SCATTERED LEAVES by Doreen Crookell. 5M 4W. 1 Interior. Period Costumes. It is the Mid-Victorian era in England and the Mormon Church has made a name for itself throughout many parts of the land. Thousands of souls have been converted and have left for Salt Lake City, some never to be heard from again. The general feeling in many of the towns and villages is one of distrust and even fear of the "Mormons". At the sight of the Missionaries, the women run inside and bolt the doors for fear of being abducted and imprisoned behind the walls of Salt Lake City. But the Mormon Elders continue to proselyte. Thus has the Maitland family's life been disrupted and changed. Their eldest daughter, Rose, joined the Church the year previous and went to Zion. No word has yet been heard from her. As the play starts the Maitlands are visited by two Mormon Elders who bring a letter from Rose. Finalist in the 1979 Encore Performance Publishing Playwrighting Contest. **Order #2084**

Cast in order of appearance (5M 4W)

Albert MAITLAND – is a shrewd, down-to-earth type of man with an active sense of humor. He is stubborn, logical, and not easily daunted by life's problems. Yet he is also a kind-hearted man of considerable integrity.

ELSIE Maitland (his wife) – is not a vivid, interesting personality. She is a steady, reliable person, to whom a happy marriage is the most important thing in the world. For this reason she tends to go along with her husband on all important matters, although she manages to get her own way quite effectively when she so desires. She is mistress of her own home and her small world is secure and efficient, though not entirely problem free.

IRIS Maitland (their daughter) – is about 20 years old. She is an attractive, independent and sensible girl; not prone to act on her emotions.

SIMON Grindley (Mrs. Maitland's father) – is a loud, blustery old fellow with a chip on his shoulder. He has some trouble getting around even with the aid of his cane. Generally he is genial enough but quick to take offense, and not very tactful or tolerant of others.

Reverend James Hunt (the **VICAR**) – is about the same age as Mr. Maitland. His world is his parish and his first concern is the welfare of his "flock". He is a dignified, educated English gentleman and is respected by all who know him as a dedicated minister of the gospel.

Elder Robert DALY – is a well-groomed, charming and well-educated young man. He is slight in build but quite handsome.

Elder Thomas BARLOW – is a tall, husky, and not so well-groomed or well-educated farmer. He appears rather shy and awkward – perhaps even afraid.

CLARISSA Grindley (Mrs. Maitland's sister) – is a slightly eccentric, innately shy spinster who tries, and has been pretending for years to be an extrovert. She is careful to keep a cultured tone to her voice for she is, unlike her sister and brother-in-law, anxious to impress. She is nonetheless sincere and well loved by some, though generally misunderstood.

GLORIA Hunt (the Vicar's wife) – is a well dressed lady in her early forties. Her appearance is rather worldly for a vicar's wife. She has strong opinions and has a slightly domineering attitude toward her husband.

Synopsis of Scenes

Act 1 – Scene 1 – An Autumn evening.

Act 1 – Scene 2 – The following evening.

Act 1 – Scene 3 – The evening of the next day.

Act 2 – Scene 1 – Early evening two weeks later.

Act 2 – Scene 2 – The afternoon of the following day.

Act 3 – Scene 1 – Saturday evening, one week later.

Act 3 – Scene 2 – The following day.

All The Scattered Leaves

Act 1

Scene 1 – *It is a Sunday evening in Autumn. The curtain opens to show MAITLAND sitting in his chair at the desk with his feet propped up on it. He is engrossed in a book. ELSIE, his wife, stands looking through the window.*

ELSIE: *(with a sigh)* Raining again! I swear there's not a day that passes when I don't think about Rose, but days like this make me feel worse.

MAITLAND: *(noncommittally, as he reads his book)* Hmmm.

ELSIE: I can't bear to think of her being so unhappy – a prisoner – forced into –
(She shudders)

ugh! Are you listening?

MAITLAND: *(still engrossed in his book)* Huh-huh.

ELSIE: My poor baby – she was misled. She must have realized her mistake, but it's too late.

MAITLAND: Hmm.

ELSIE: *(a little exasperated)* You can't fool me by just sitting there saying "hmm". You feel it too. You're as worried as I am. Why don't you admit it?

MAITLAND: Because I'm trying to finish a very good book, and because I keep getting interrupted whenever I get a minute to myself. Half the time your father has his hands on it.

ELSIE: Isn't Rose more important than a silly book?

MAITLAND: *(slamming his book down in frustration)* I'd just as soon forget it, Elsie. In fact I try my hardest to forget it but you won't let me. Rose is dead!

(As ELSIE tries to protest.)

Well, she might just as well be.

(Fed up)

We've been over this a million times.

ELSIE: I don't know how you can close your mind to it so easily.

MAITLAND: It's not a question of how easy it is. We'll never hear from her again. I'm sorry Elsie but we'd be better off to face it.

ELSIE: *(worried and tense)* If that were, it would be your fault. You just about threw her out, saying such unkind things to her.

MAITLAND: And who wouldn't have been angry? She's had plenty of time to get over it by now.

ELSIE: Oh, I just can't believe she's dead. Somehow I have a feeling –

MAITLAND: *(gently, as he goes over to ELSIE)* We have to try to forget, Love. There's nothing else we can do, unless we want to go out of our minds with worry.

(MAITLAND puts his arm around her shoulders.)

ELSIE: *(worried about losing her mind)* I've waited, for months, so sure I would hear something about her.

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MAITLAND: Well, I can't afford to, with all the other problems.

ELSIE: I can't seem to keep my mind on those other problems.

MAITLAND: If I don't get this grain harvested soon it'll be too late. Maybe you should try to solve that one.

ELSIE: You still can't get the laborers?

(ELSIE starts her work – moves lamp from table to mantle piece)

MAITLAND: They're still bargaining. I can't afford to pay more – and neither can most of the other farmers around here. If they're waiting to see me give in, they'll wait forever. I'll let it rot first.

ELSIE: You hired that new manager to let him worry about those things, didn't you?

(ELSIE folds the tablecloth.)

MAITLAND: He can't bring in the harvest by himself. But, between us... If the weather's better I'll go down tomorrow.

(MAITLAND sighs as he sits down at his desk again.)

This weather hasn't helped much either.

ELSIE: Couldn't you bring in help from out of town? There must be some people who want a job badly enough.

MAITLAND: *(shaking his head)* Cost us just as much by the time we've paid to get them here. No – we'll see how long the local men hold out. They have to eat too.

(A knock is heard at the front door. MAITLAND looks at his pocket watch in surprise.)

They're home from Church already.

(ELSIE exits. MAITLAND props his feet up again and picks up his book.)

ELSIE: *(offstage)* Reverend Hunt! Hello!

(ELSIE re-enters with her daughter, IRIS, her father, SIMON, who walks with the aid of a cane, and the VICAR.)

MAITLAND: *(taking his feet off the desk)* Hello, Vicar.

(MAITLAND goes over to shake hands, then puts his book down on the table.)

IRIS: *(As she goes to sit on the window seat)* Reverend Hunt wanted to talk to you Mother, so he brought us home from church.

(ELSIE helps SIMON to his favorite chair down center.)

ELSIE: How nice. Please Reverend, come in and sit down. How are you feeling Father?

(VICAR sits down.)

SIMON: Not too bad, Daughter. Came home in the Vicar's new carriage – and very nice too I might say.

ELSIE: Oh, how interesting. Reverend, will you have a cup of tea?

VICAR: Oh no, no, thank you all the same but I'm not staying. To get right down to the purpose of my visit, I just wanted to express my gratitude for all the work you did at our Garden Party and Fete.

ELSIE: Oh yes – did we do well financially?

VICAR: Dear lady – it was a huge success. We netted three pounds, four shillings and tuppence. It was the best we've ever had I'm sure.

ELSIE: That's wonderful. I was glad to help out. Your wife was the one who worked the hardest, though. I wondered how she managed to get through the day so cheerfully.

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VICAR: You know, she enjoys that type of activity – she really does. And I'm thankful she does too because we certainly can use the funds. You should have been there Albert. You would have enjoyed the pie eating contest if nothing else.

MAITLAND: *(with a grin)* Still trying to get me to Church, eh, Vicar?
(MAITLAND sits down.)

After all these years I should think you'd give up.

VICAR: *(smiling)* Never! I remain constantly hopeful.

MAITLAND: Elsie told me a long time ago you had the patience of Job. You'll need it with me, Vicar.

VICAR: Well, I must say, among my acquaintances there are few as stubborn. But then I like a challenge. I wonder though if you could ever admit you were wrong.

MAITLAND: Vicar, if I thought for one minute that you were right, it wouldn't worry me in the least to have to concede it. I believe I'm honest enough for that.

IRIS: Father's right on that point Reverend Hunt. He's honest even with himself, which, you must admit, is a rare quality.

VICAR: Rare indeed, especially on the subject of religion.

IRIS: We've discussed religion so often that I know his feelings as well as my own.
(IRIS smiles.)

He usually comes out best in our arguments as well – but then I'm stubborn too.

MAITLAND: You're young, lass. Wait until life has tried you a little.

VICAR: I believe life has already tried your daughter more than you realize Albert.

(A loud knock is heard on the front door and IRIS excuses herself and goes to answer it.)

ELSIE: *(shaking her head after IRIS)* I only wish that she would marry – that she could meet someone really nice.

MAITLAND: *(sarcastically)* Huh! You mean someone who didn't know her sister absconded with the Mormons, eh?

(IRIS enters and closes door hastily behind her.)

IRIS: *(eyes wide with awe)* Father – there are two Mormon missionaries at the door.

MAITLAND: Well, speak of the devil!

IRIS: They say they have a letter for you from Rose.

ELSIE: A letter? Oh, can it be true? Oh, invite them in quickly before they go away!

MAITLAND: Now just a minute.

ELSIE: *(unyieldingly)* Oh Albert! They don't have to stay more than five minutes.

MAITLAND: Alright – be it upon your own head.

(IRIS opens the door again and goes to invite the missionaries in. There is an uneasy silence.)

VICAR: *(in a dubious tone)* Oh dear – I wonder if it's wise

(IRIS interrupts him by returning with the two young missionaries. DALY immediately comes toward ELSIE, his hand outstretched, a confident smile on his face. BARLOW stays by the door, nervously twisting his hat brim in his hand.)

DALY: You must be Mrs. Maitland. Allow me to introduce myself. I'm Elder Robert Daly, from Salt Lake City.

ELSIE: *(gingerly offering her hand)* So nice – to meet you. My daughter tells me you have a letter for us.

DALY: Yes ma'am. At least my companion does.

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(DALY turns and motions BARLOW to come forward.)

This is Elder Thomas Barlow ma'am.

(BARLOW fumbles in his pocket for the letter as he comes slowly forward. Wordlessly he hands the letter to ELSIE. He has no shoes on his feet and his socks have big holes in them.)

ELSIE: Thank you.

(ELSIE's hands tremble as she impatiently tears the letter open.)

You don't mind do you Reverend Hunt? It's been so long.

(ELSIE begins to read the letter.)

VICAR: No, no – not at all. Perhaps I'd better be going

(VICAR rises.)

SIMON: *(authoritatively)* No – you don't have to leave. Sit down and hear the news.

(VICAR sits again. BARLOW looks tall, awkward and out of place.)

MAITLAND: *(motioning BARLOW to a chair.)* You'd better sit down a minute.

(As BARLOW moves to the chair MAITLAND notices the socks, leans over and stares. The OTHERS notice MAITLAND staring and they look at the socks too.)

BARLOW: *(apologetically & self-consciously)* I – I left my shoes in the hall, if that's okay, sir. They were awful wet and muddy, you see.

(BARLOW hesitates as though he feels he should explain himself further.)

It's been raining, you see.

(BARLOW crosses his feet awkwardly, trying to hide the holes in his socks.)

ELSIE: Oh, listen to this! Rose is married and has a baby! A baby boy. Oh, how wonderful.

MAITLAND: Well, how about that! And not a word from her before now.

ELSIE: *(still reading)* She's been ill, dear. All that time – my poor darling – and me not there to look after her.

BARLOW: My mother – and some of the other sisters looked after her ma'am. What I mean is – she wasn't without help – I mean – She did write though. Didn't you get it?

(ELSIE shakes her head)

DALY: *(turning to MAITLAND)* You see, sir, it hasn't been easy to get a letter out of Salt Lake City. The west was just a great wasteland until we went there. And the Indians weren't always friendly, to put it mildly.

ELSIE: Poor Rose. What a dreadful life for her.

DALY: I'm happy to say we've made progress from that state of affairs. We have a railroad through now, and there are lots of improvements to our living standards.

(DALY smiles)

Log cabins have gone out of style.

(DALY turns and smiles at IRIS, obviously fascinated by her.)

ELSIE: Dear met it sounds so desolate.

IRIS: At least my little sister found a husband. Perhaps I should go there too.

MAITLAND: What'.

ELSIE: *(shocked)* Oh no!

(ELSIE looks anxiously at the missionaries and then at IRIS.)

Iris, I left the dishes for you tonight. It's your turn to do them you remember?

IRIS: I know Mother. How could I forget?

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ELSIE: Perhaps now would be the best time, dear.

SIMON: I should think so too. We don't want any Mormons running off with her as well.

ELSIE: (*obviously embarrassed*) Oh dear me – I didn't mean to be so blunt – I...

IRIS: (*smiling*) It's all right Mother. If it'll make you feel better I'll do them now.

(*IRIS turns to the elders.*)

Thank you for bringing the letter, gentlemen. Perhaps we'll meet again.

MAITLAND: (*drily*) Not if I have anything to say about it.

(*IRIS blows a kiss to him as she exits smiling door left.*)

Now, I suppose I'm correct in assuming you're not here in England just to deliver a letter from my erring daughter?

(*ELSIE resumes the reading of her letter.*)

DALY: (*calmly*) We've come to England to preach the gospel, sir.

VICAR: (*with a slightly sarcastic tone*) I think you will find, young man, that the shepherds of England are quite capable of looking after their own sheep.

DALY: But what about the people, sir?

(*Enter CLARISSA, door left.*)

CLARISSA: Well, well, well – we do have a lot of company for Sunday afternoon – or is it evening already? My, how time flies!

(*Becoming coquettish.*)

Reverend Hunt, you didn't see me at Church today did you? But you won't be cross with me, will you? I really would have been there but that old garden party of yours just tired me out. I just collapsed after it was over – I really did. I'm not getting any younger you know. I hope the Church never needs money ever again – my old bones won't take it. I was just saying to Elsie yesterday morning while we were making pies.

MAITLAND: (*becoming impatient*) Clarissa!

CLARISSA: (*ignoring him*) Don't ask me to make any more pies, I said – it makes me too cross. In fact, I'm feeling quite 'tart' already!

(*CLARISSA gives a high-pitched giggle at her own joke.*)

MAITLAND: Clarissa! If you'd just listen for a minute

CLARISSA: Yes Albert? What were you saying?

MAITLAND: I merely wanted to tell you that these two young men have brought a letter all the way from Salt Lake City from Rose.

CLARISSA: From Rose?

(*MAITLAND nods.*)

Well why didn't somebody tell me? Where is it? How is she?

ELSIE: She is well – she is married and she has a baby boy!

CLARISSA: Oh-h-h! Well, what did I tell you? I knew she was alright. My intuition is never wrong you know. Well – how nice! I have some tea ready in the kitchen. Let's celebrate with a cup. As soon as I heard all the voices I knew we had company so I said to myself, Clarissa – put the kettle on! I'll just go and get it – won't be a jiffy.

(*CLARISSA exits, door left.*)

MAITLAND: (*sadly*) Vicar – she's enough to drive anyone to drink.

VICAR: Patience Albert. Your sister-in-law is a good woman.

SIMON: She'd give you the shirt off her back if you needed it.

MAITLAND: I don't want her shirt. I just want a bit of peace and quiet.

ELSIE: Oh, stop criticizing, Albert....

MAITLAND: *(interrupting)* If she didn't talk she'd be a right fine person.

(MAITLAND sighs.)

But then – she'd have more time to play her violin , and I don't know which is worse.

VICAR: Whenever I've heard her play she's been rather good.

MAITLAND: She doesn't practice in your parlor – with her friends too. When they all get going it sounds like somebody swinging cats around in there.

ELSIE: *(looking up from her letter again)* Mr. Barlow – it is Barlow, isn't it? Rose mentions that you have some other news for me. What is it?

BARLOW: *(stumbling over the words)* Well ma'am – er – she asked me to talk to you, that is, and you too Mr. Maitland sir – about – well...

(BARLOW pauses and looks at DALY, who shakes his head slightly. During BARLOW's speech

CLARISSA enters with a tray of tea things.)

CLARISSA: *(very brightly and cheerfully)* Here we are!

(CLARISSA places the tray on the table and pours the 'tea' [Postum, of course.]

Go or with your conversation don't mind me!

VICAR: *(to BARLOW)* Naturally we're all very interested in what Rose is doing but ...

CLARISSA: *(interjecting and speaking over VICAR)* Cream and sugar, Reverend?

VICAR: Oh – er please – two spoonful.

CLARISSA: Now, Mr. I didn't catch your name?

DALY: Daly, ma'am.

CLARISSA: Cream and sugar?

DALY: Thanks for your hospitality ma'am – but neither of us drinks tea.

CLARISSA: *(surprised)* Oh – oh well, all the more for me.

(CLARISSA places her own tea on the table, then hands tea to the VICAR and SIMON, and returns to the table.)

VICAR: Thank you Clarissa.

CLARISSA: Albert?

(MAITLAND declines the tea.)

VICAR: My, but that does look good.

ELSIE: Mr. Barlow, you've really kept us in suspense long enough don't you think?

BARLOW: Oh yes.

(As BARLOW gestures nervously and anxiously twists his hat brim he accidentally knocks over CLARISSA's cup, which falls on the floor. BARLOW jumps up quickly.)

Oh I'm so sorry – so sorry...

(The more BARLOW tries to do things properly the more difficult he finds it to relax. BARLOW tries to mop up with his handkerchief, then not quite sure what to do with the wet handkerchief he squeezes it over the saucer. CLARISSA picks up the broken cup. MAITLAND looks on with some

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*disgust as BARLOW gets on his knees and tries to mop the floor with his handkerchief.
CLARISSA holds up MAITLAND's book to let the tea drip off it, looking over at him.)*

MAITLAND: *(looking frustrated)* For goodness sake – Clarissa, get a cloth or something.

(CLARISSA runs out for a cloth)

SIMON: *(sounding bitter)* Just because you don't drink it, you don't have to knock it over.

ELSIE: Please, forget it – it's alright really. I'm still waiting for this news and I declare, I'm finding it impossible to be patient any longer.

BARLOW: *(standing up)* Well – it's about the Church...

SIMON: *(bitterly aroused)* I knew it!

(CLARISSA returns with a cloth with which to mop up the spilled tea, and dangles it in front of BARLOW, who finishes mopping up.)

VICAR: *(calmly)* That's taking rather a lot for granted isn't it, after all the trouble your Church has caused this family?

DALY: Most people are interested in discussing religion sir.

MAITLAND: Ah, but not your religion. And what makes you think I'd be interested? The Vicar here has been my friend for years – and he hasn't succeeded in converting me. Do you of all people hope to do better?

DALY: People have changed their minds before after talking with us.

MAITLAND: Confident young man, aren't you?

SIMON: Young upstart, if you ask me.

CLARISSA: Oh, are we going to have an argument?

(CLARISSA takes the cup, etc., over to the table and then sits down.)

I do enjoy a good argument.

ELSIE: Well, I appreciate your bringing me the letter, but I'm quite happy with the religion I already have.

Pow, if there is anything else I can do for you

SIMON: *(interrupting sarcastically)* Aye, give 'im another cup o' tea – see what he can do with the next one!

ELSIE: *(rising)* What I meant was, if there's nothing else you have to tell me, perhaps you'll excuse me. I should help Iris with those dishes. Come Clarissa.

CLARISSA: Oh, sit down Elsie and stop worrying. Mormons or not, these young chaps aren't going to run off with someone like me, I'm sure.

(With a giggle)

And you're no temptation either for that matter.

ELSIE: *(embarrassed again)* My dear sister, I had no such thought in mind. Excuse me Reverend – you understand, I know.

(VICAR stands.)

Thank you gentlemen.

(ELSIE exits, door left.)

VICAR: *(stands behind his chair as though it is a pulpit)* Now, what I can't understand is why you have to try to be so different and anti-social. Why must you break away from our Protestant cause? In the words of our famous poet John Donne

(In a preaching kind of voice)

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"All Mankind is of one author, and is one volume; when one man dies one chapter is not torn out of the book, but translated into a better language but God's hand is in every translation, and His hand shall bind up all our scattered leaves again for that library where every book shall lie open to one another..." – after all, my dear fellow, there is only one God.

DALY: (*pointedly*) Yes – and I wonder what He wants us to believe, and how He wants us to behave.

CLARISSA: (*with a high-pitched giggle*) Now, that's a good one!

DALY: When the Saviour was on earth he didn't compromise with the leaders of the established Churches. No sir – I'm not even sure that you and I believe in the same God.

VICAR: (*amiably*) Quite a paradox!

DALY: The Bible teaches of a literal Heavenly Father who has a body that can be seen, and who displays feelings of love and joy and even anger. Yet I hear that some churches believe in a God without a body – without passions.

VICAR: Well, one can hardly expect God to feel passion like a human can one? Be reasonable. Surely nobody wants to bring God down to the same level as man.

BARLOW: (*innocently*) No sir – God is perfect.

DALY: (*with conviction*) Our Prophet Joseph Smith saw God and Jesus Christ, so we know what God looks like. Perhaps you've never heard the story. Let me tell you ...

MAITLAND: (*interrupting*) Just a minute now – I've heard all about this business of angels appearing to Joseph Smith. But there's no proof – no reason on earth why we should believe such a fantastic tale.

CLARISSA: (*with sincerity*) Oh, I can believe it. I certainly believe in angels. I saw my dear grandmother once in a vision. I'll never forget it. She was beautiful. I always said after that – she was with God.

MAITLAND: (*sarcastically*) Now you know why I'm not religious.

VICAR: Now in this day and age ... together:

SIMON: I believe in angels but ...

MAITLAND: (*interrupting*) Hah! Angels? With purple wings I suppose?
(*MAITLAND laughs shortly.*)

SIMON: You'll not be laughing at such matters on Judgement Day, Albert Maitland. Wait till the seven angels blow their trumpets to announce the end of the world. Then you'll believe. You won't laugh then.

MAITLAND: (*laughs again*) I will if you sprout wings Grand dad! And trumpets you say? Clarissa – that's perfect for you.

(*Another laugh*)

You can take your violin and every time they toot you can squeak.

(*MAITLAND squeaks his voice on the last word.*)

CLARISSA: (*Good-naturedly*) I'll be the Angel Clarissa by that time.

MAITLAND: Then you'll put in a word for me, eh?

CLARISSA: (*with a smile*) Not on your life. I shall just gloat and say 'I told you so'.

MAITLAND: (*humourously*) That's gratitude! She's murdered that fiddle until I've felt like murdering her – and that's all the thanks I get for my patience.

CLARISSA: (*sweetly*) To appreciate chamber music one has to have an attuned ear – which Albert has never cultivated.

MAITLAND: Hah! You'd have to sit on a chamber to make the noise you call music.

PERUSAL SCRIPT -- ALL THE SCATTERED LEAVES by *Doreen Crookell*

(VICAR looks askance at this.)

SIMON: *(glowering at MAITLAND)* Never in all my life have I known anyone so irreverent. God won't be patient with you forever.

VICAR: I'm afraid he's right Albert. I wish you were not so lighthearted about religion.

DALY: Don't feel bad Mr. Maitland – I couldn't believe in angels with wings either. I think you might find it easier to understand our religion. Maybe we could

MAITLAND: *(waves this comment aside with annoyance as he interrupts)* Prove it to me! Show me where God is when men are at war. Show me where God is when people are starving to death ...

DALY: *(interjecting and speaking over MAITLAND)* God doesn't make that happen. People have their free agency.

MAITLAND: *(interrupting)* Show me where God is when families are split by so called religion. Religious men are supposed to be motivated by brotherly love – charity for all – are they not? Tell me, what's your motive for preaching to our womenfolk?

BARLOW: *(momentarily forgetting his fear in his anxiety to defend his religion)* Our only motive is love of the true gospel. And we preach to brother and sister alike – begging your pardon sir – that is I mean...

(BARLOW trails off as he becomes conscious of MAITLAND glaring at him.)

DALY: *(forcefully)* I'm a convert to this Church. The elders who brought the gospel to me had no ulterior motives for seeking me out, for spending their time with me. And, incidentally, they didn't get paid one cent for it.

VICAR: Oh, now, now – let us not turn to squabbling. I'm sure you young fellows are quite sincere in your motives. Just a little confused perhaps, but...

MAITLAND: *(interrupting)* All religion is confused if you ask Me. Take my sister Harriet – she was worse than Clarissa here. Went off to the African jungle to preach to the cannibals. Everyone said she was a saint. Hmm! Didn't do her much good!

CLARISSA: Oh, she was a saint though. She even had a saintly look about her.

MAITLAND: Now in my opinion she would have been better off raising a happy family – like Elsie has.

CLARISSA: *(indignantly)* Without a husband?

MAITLAND: *(ignoring this comment)* Was she so saintly? No. She was afraid of being an old maid if she stayed in England, so off she went to sit in some savage's stew pot.

CLARISSA: You don't know if that really happened – just because she was never found.

VICAR: Whatever her motive it doesn't lessen her sacrifice. She was a wonderful person.

CLARISSA: *(with a day dreamy expression)* She genuinely wanted to do good for those poor people.

MAITLAND: Rubbish! She was always unpopular. People who feel different in some way like she did always have to make up a reason for it – so they can live with themselves. So – they become fanatics about something or other. Now people who are more popular can afford to be liberal. They don't have to prove anything.

VICAR: *(smiling)* Perhaps, perhaps.

MAITLAND: No perhaps about it! People just do what suits them best. Think about it – you'll see I'm right.

VICAR: Then whom would you classify as a good Christian? Obviously not someone who lives his religion when life is easy.

PERUSAL SCRIPT -- ALL THE SCATTERED LEAVES by Doreen Crookell

CLARISSA: He's in no position to classify Christians at all. He doesn't think they're any better than he is. In fact he has a very superior attitude.

MAITLAND: (*impatiently*) Why do you have to keep chipping in all the time? To get back to the point religion...

CLARISSA: (*loudly interjecting and speaking over MAITLAND*) I've as much right to join in the conversation as you have.

MAITLAND: Have you quite finished?

(*CLARISSA sniffs.*)

As I was saying, religion breeds hypocrisy – that I believe.

SIMON: Don't be ridiculous.

MAITLAND: My father forced me to study the Bible until I could repeat it backwards. But everyone who knew him thought he was such a kind father.

DALY: Maybe he lived a good life to the best of his understanding.

MAITLAND: You don't have to be a Christian to do that.

SIMON: Keep going – keep going! You'll argue your way into perdition yet.

MAITLAND: (*with a grin*) Now maybe it's the people who don't have a strong personal code who need to lean on religion. Look at Grandad. He's as miserable as sin most of the time. But he's as nice as pie while you're here Vicar. He can pretend he's a goody E00d.

SIMON: (*gets up and goes to door left, looking as though he's about to explode*) I'm not staying here to be insulted.

(*SIMON stops and turns at the door, as though he wants someone to ask him to stay.*)

Well --- ?

MAITLAND: Oh, come on – sit down. I didn't mean it.

(*MAITLAND goes to bring SIMON back, then stands behind SIMON's chair to argue with the VICAR.*)

SIMON: (*returns to his seat, muttering to himself*) No respect at all.

VICAR: Nevertheless Albert, religion should inspire an even stronger personal code in people.

MAITLAND: Ah, but it doesn't! Intelligence is the thing, Vicar. Ignorant people don't understand morality, or the value of it. That's why Harriet got stuck in the pot.

CLARISSA: You don't have to keep harping on that. It's not very pleasant to think about you know.

VICAR: Faith, Albert – faith! I admit that relatively greater perception demands a higher morality – but it doesn't necessarily inspire it. And people can and do learn Christianity – it helps them.

MAITLAND: (*sarcastically*) Well, all I can say is – they must've enjoyed Harriet! She helped them alright. She was a true martyr – couldn't think of anything better to do with her life.

CLARISSA: Albert, you can't compare people and their motives, You don't know what they feel in their hearts – what sorrows and troubles have beset them – what tragedy has befallen them – the misery and the suffering...

MAITLAND: (*mockingly*) Ah – what a shame! It gets me right here.

(*MAITLAND holds his hand over his heart.*)

SIMON: (*obstinately glaring at MAITLAND*) I think you can compare people. I've always been a very understanding person.

MAITLAND: *(leaning over the back of SIMON's chair)* Tell us another one!

SIMON: It just comes naturally to me to understand other people's feelings.

(Looking pointedly at MAITLAND, who laughs.)

But most people aren't like that and they're not very sincere either, judging by my experience. I'm an old man, so I should know.

DALY: *(shaking his head in disagreement)* There are lots of sincere people. Many times I've seen people make a choice to do what God wants instead of what they'd prefer to do. And I've seen people sacrifice to do it.

MAITLAND: Alright, assuming for a moment that there is a God, just for the sake of argument...

SIMON: *(interrupting)* Argue – that's about all you know how to do...

MAITLAND: *(raising his voice over SIMON's last words)* Just for the sake of argument, show me one instance of such a sacrifice. And one that isn't so glorified by history that it's impossible to judge the reason.

DALY: Well,

(Pause.)

I realize I can't prove it, any more than you can prove people's motives – but I believe your own daughter, Rose, sacrificed to join the Church.

MAITLAND: *(genuinely surprised)* Is that the best you can do? For a minute you had me curious.

(MAITLAND shakes his head.)

No – Rose did what she thought was in her own best interest.

BARLOW: *(Impetuously, though obviously still nervous)* She did sacrifice – and still does. She does it for you.

MAITLAND: For me? She sacrifices for me? You must be mad. What is she sacrificing for me?

BARLOW: *(Pausing a moment, looks at DALY, then in a rush he speaks.)* I – I wasn't going to tell you right away. I wanted you to get to l-like me first – but ...

MAITLAND: *(looking a little contemptuous)* Huh! And why should I like you?

(Pause.)

Come on – spit it out and have done with it.

BARLOW: *(getting control of himself a little better, though he still looks scared to death)* Well, Rosie is sacrificing her husband that he might preach the gospel to you. She said to me before I left 'Bring them into the Church, Tom', she said.

(Slight pause.)

Yes – er – sir, I'm the man – that Rosie married.

BLACKOUT

Scene 2 – *The following morning. DALY is sitting on a chair down center. He has his Bible, Book of Mormon, and a notebook and pencil. BARLOW sits on a chair by the table. He leans on the table, despondently cupping his chin in his hands.*

BARLOW: I sure ruined everything didn't I?

(DALY remains silent.)

Honestly, it just seemed like the harder I tried the more nervous I was. I just couldn't seem to do anything right.

DALY: It would've been better if you'd waited till you got to know them.

BARLOW: But I couldn't keep on deceiving them. Besides, they may've never let us in the house again.

DALY: Well, we're here anyway, so maybe it's not as bad as it seems.

BARLOW: It was surely nice of Mrs. Maitland to ask us to stay after all I did – oh boy!

DALY: Good thing she mentioned the trouble they're having with the harvesting.

BARLOW: Yeah. If we hadn't offered to help him with it we'd have been out on our ears for sure. He's a hard man, eh?

DALY: He's Rose's father and she seems to think a lot about him. Trouble with you is you build yourself up into such a state about meeting her parents that when the time comes you've talked yourself into being a nervous wreck.

BARLOW: I know – I know.

(BARLOW begins to pace the floor.)

DALY: Just relax and try to think about him bouncing Rose on his knee when she was a baby. He didn't frighten me.

BARLOW: You don't frighten easy. I wish I had lots of education like you. He'll never listen to a word I say – even if I can manage to say it.

DALY: *(consoling)* Look – don't be so discouraged...

BARLOW: *(interrupting)* That's easy enough for you to say. It's not as important to you.

DALY: It is as important to me.

BARLOW: How could it be when you're not personally involved? I promised Rose I'd teach them the gospel.

DALY: *(musing)* I am though.

BARLOW: Am what?

DALY: Personally involved.

BARLOW: Huh? How d'you mean?

DALY: You won't breathe a word of this to anyone if I tell you?

BARLOW: No, of course not. What on earth...?

DALY: *(looks around to make sure nobody is there)* I'm going to marry his other daughter.

BARLOW: *(shocked)* What!

DALY: *(defensively)* I didn't want it to happen – it just happened.

(DALY gets up and walks across stage.)

As soon as I saw her I knew – she's the girl for me!

BARLOW: But you don't know her. Besides, you'll be here to get to know her.

DALY: I can wait. Don't worry I know I have to finish my mission first.

BARLOW: Oh great! As if we don't have problems enough as it is.

DALY: Don't worry – I told you, I can wait. It'll work out okay.

BARLOW: And what if she won't accept the Church?

DALY: She will – you'll see. The first thing is to get Mr. Maitland interested.

BARLOW: Somehow I can't imagine him joining the Church. The Lord would have to work a miracle.

DALY: (*deliberately changing the conversation*) I wonder how honest a man he is.

BARLOW: What do you mean? He's Rose's father isn't he?

DALY: Jell, I was thinking about the farm laborers. Maybe they have a right to bargain for higher pay. I wonder if we're doing the right thing to interfere.

BARLOW: (*interjecting indignantly*) Well, that's a fine thing to say about Rose's own father. My wife's as honest as the day is long, and she didn't get that way by accident. Besides, he looks honest

DALY: (*slightly exasperated*) Okay – okay! Sorry I mentioned it. I won't say another word.

(*DALY moves upstage.*)

BARLOW: You must've got out the wrong side of the bed this morning.

DALY: You snored half the night and kept me awake – that's

BARLOW: Oh – sorry. You should've woke me up. I slept just fine.

DALY: I noticed.

(*DALY throws a cushion at BARLOW, who catches it. IRIS enters carrying a vase and some freshly cut flowers for the table.*)

IRIS: So here you are – up and about so early in the morning, and nobody to give you breakfast.

(*IRIS stands beside the table and begins to arrange flowers.*)

DALY: Miss Maitland, we're sure grateful to you and your family for the hospitality you've shown us.

BARLOW: Yeah – most kind of you ma'am.

IRIS: Oh, don't mention it Gentlemen. Mother would never let her son-in-law stay anywhere else, no matter what Father said.

DALY: I hope you don't lose any friends because of us. Your neighbors have probably noticed.

IRIS: I'm sure they have, but I don't care a fig what the neighbors think. Why should I? Except for a dear old lady next door they haven't had anything to do with us anyway since Rose left.

BARLOW: Did they treat her badly?

IRIS: Oh no – I suppose she left too quickly for that. I was the one that got the brunt of their displeasure.

DALY: Why you?

IRIS: Well look at me – I'm an old maid.

BARLOW: I've never seen such a pretty old maid in all my life.

IRIS: (*goes to sit on love seat*) Some people were sympathetic – the people at our Church mainly, mind you.

They talked about the Mormons dragging off four lovely English Rose, as they called her. But others knew there wasn't any dragging necessary, so they drew their own conclusions as to why she left home

BARLOW: (*interrupting in a shocked, angry voice*) You mean...? Of all the nerve!

IRIS: Yes, when you're the sister of a ...

(*Slight pause*)

well, it's hardly acceptable by society. The proud mamas were not happy to have their dear sons courting me at that time I'll tell you.

DALY: No wonder your minister said we were taking a lot for granted.

IRIS: Not that I blame Rose, mind you. She only did what she thought best at the time – and I know she was good, no matter what people say.

BARLOW: (*looking annoyed*) She's more than just good. They had no right to talk about her like that.

IRIS: But you must admit it looked peculiar. She used to go over for lessons with this other family who left at the same time.

BARLOW: That would be the Fords I guess.

IRIS: Yes, that was their name. It must have seemed like a great adventure to her.

(*IRIS sighs*)

Anyway, I've enjoyed my books and my education all the more for it.

DALY: And all because one person in the family accepted the gospel. Boy, it's almost unbelievable.

IRIS: Not really. The name Mormon doesn't exactly inspire confidence in people.

DALY: I'm sorry it had to be so hard on you. But you know your lovely English Rose has made Elder Barlow here very happy. And if it's any consolation – I think the Maitland's kept their fairest bloom in England.

IRIS: (*looks rather pleased though she doesn't encourage him*) Why, Elder Daly! If Father heard you he'd accuse you of trying to entice me away to Salt Lake City. Indeed, I have heard that this is how you charm all the ladies into your religion.

DALY: (*frowning*) Then don't believe all you hear Miss Maitland. I've no wish to entice anyone into my religion. Life isn't easy in Salt Lake City – although life is good. People there serve the Lord and they must do it of their own free will, because they know it to be true.

IRIS: You surprise me Elder Daly. I didn't realize you were so intense. But then I suppose you would have to be – intense I mean – in order to come all this way to preach about your Church.

(*CLARISSA enters, door left. She is carrying her violin.*)

CLARISSA: Oh Iris, I'm so excited – I've composed a song – it came to me last night while I was in bed. It's called "The Mormon Cavalier".

IRIS: The what?

CLARISSA: Would you like to hear it?

IRIS: Perhaps later Auntie. It would be better when everyone's awake – after breakfast.

CLARISSA: (*disappointed*) Oh – well that might be better I suppose – then everyone could hear it.

(*CLARISSA takes a good, long look at DALY, then walks around him looking him over thoroughly.*)

Hmm! Not bad at all!! The others had beards.

DALY: What others?

CLARISSA: The scraggy pair that came for Rose. I thought you Mormons were all a threadbare, undernourished lot – but you look quite respectable.

(*CLARISSA looks meaningfully at BARLOW's large size.*)

Ah well, I'll go and start breakfast.

(*CLARISSA crosses over to the fireplace, picks up the poker and hands it to IRIS.*)

Here – just in case! Conk him one if he tries anything. I'll be in the kitchen if you need me.

(*CLARISSA exits door left.*)

PERUSAL SCRIPT -- ALL THE SCATTERED LEAVES by *Doreen Crookell*

IRIS: (*a little embarrassed*) Everyone seems to be very worried about me all of a sudden. Really I – well, certainly I don't believe all these stupid rumors about Mormons.

(*CLARISSA replaces the poker.*)

DALY: (*a little annoyed*) How can people be so blind nobody respects women more than we do.

BARLOW: (*emphatically*) And nobody could love Rose more than I do.

IRIS: But we still haven't seen her – don't you understand? And, after all, you have left her all alone there

BARLOW: (*interrupting*) She's not alone – she's with my mother.

DALY: (*gently*) Do you think it was easy for Elder Barlow to leave his wife and new baby?

IRIS: No, perhaps not – but many wouldn't believe your devotion. In any case I wonder if it's really worth your trouble.

BARLOW: It's worth any amount of trouble if we can get a chance to teach the gospel to your father – and all of you it would make Rose happy.

IRIS: (*laughing*) Father? You'll never get him interested in any Church, let alone the Mormons. And what does it take to make Rose happy? Hasn't she done enough?

BARLOW: Well it's not just that ...

IRIS: (*interrupting*) Look, here you are trying to get people to give up everything – not just material things, but families and customs – even churches where they were christened. All to go to a foreign land, which is well nigh impossible to get to, let alone come back from. And when you get them there you try to integrate them into your own peculiar social system, for which they are totally unprepared. How do you –hope to make it work – to make these people happy?

DALY: (*calmly*) It's obvious you've heard a lot of strange untruths about Salt Lake City. And how can you say whether the Church is right or wrong, when you know next to nothing about it? Will you study with us and find out

IRIS: (*interrupting a little impatiently*) The church the church! Your church, you mean. I spent many unhappy hours trying to discipline myself not to think about the problems your church left with me. Now you ask me to actually study the thing which caused my 'unhappiness.'

BARLOW: I guess you have a right to be mad at us. But we wouldn't want to make you unhappy for anything.

DALY: The Gospel is wonderful when you understand it.

BARLOW: is there anything I can do to help you? Anything!

IRIS: No thanks! I appreciate your concern, but you've done enough already.

DALY: We can't make progress if we dismiss new ideas with out even giving them a chance or having an open mind.

IRIS: Oh my! How does one distinguish at a glance whether an idea has merit or not? One can so easily be misguided.

BARLOW: Do you think the Lord would guide you in the wrong direction if you prayed to him?

IRIS: (*guardedly*) No ...

DALY: (*interrupting*) Then pray and ask for the Lord's guidance. And if you feel good about it when you pray then you have nothing to fear. Perhaps you'll find more truth than you've ever known existed...

IRIS: (*interrupting*) Oh, I'm tired of this conversation. I want to know more about the baby. And my sister does she look any different?

PERUSAL SCRIPT -- ALL THE SCATTERED LEAVES by Doreen Crookell

(There is the sound of the front door slamming and MAITLAND enters. He looks surprised to see DALY & BARLOW.)

MAITLAND: *(gruffly)* Still around, eh! Please leave us Iris. There's no need for you to be up and about so early in the morning.

IRIS: But Father

MAITLAND: *(firmly)* Please go to your room Iris.
(IRIS exits.)

MAITLAND: Up to your tricks already, eh?

DALY: Pardon me, sir?

MAITLAND: *(tight lipped)* Call yourselves Christians, eh? And here I find you after my daughter already.

BARLOW: No sir – we're not honestly. We meant no harm.

MAITLAND: *(angrily)* No harm! No harm he says! You've already Cot one of my girls isn't that enough?

DALY: But ...

MAITLAND: *(almost shouting in his rage)* Fever mind but! Look, I've put up with letting you stay here for the sake of my wife. God knows why, but she thinks it's the only 'Christian' thing to do, and she has a heart as soft as butter. But one thing I won't stand for –

(MAITLAND shakes his finger at them warningly.)

Don't you lay a finger on my girl. I don't want to see her alone with you again. I've had enough enough! You hear me?

(MAITLAND cracks his fist down hard on the table.)

BLACKOUT

Scene 3 – *The evening of the next day. The scene opens to show MAITLAND, dressed ready to go out, waiting for the other members of the family. His hat is on a chair down center. He looks frustratedly at his watch.*

MAITLAND: Where are those women!

(Enter SIMON, door left.)

MAITLAND: Are they ready yet?

SIMON: *(shrugging)* Don't ask me.

(SIMON picks up MAITLAND's book from the desk and moves to sit down on the chair. Slowly and awkwardly SIMON begins to ease himself into a sitting position.)

MAITLAND: Whoa—a – my hat – don't sit down!

(As SIMON staggers, trying to retain his balance, MAITLAND dashes over and retrieves his hat – just-in time. SIMON almost falls into a sitting position on the chair.)

SIMON: *(groaning)* O–o–oh. What are you trying to do kill me? It's a wonder I didn't do myself an injury.

MAITLAND: Well, I couldn't have gone to the ball if you'd sat on my hat, could I?

SIMON: *(irritably)* You shouldn't leave it lying around where people can sit on it.

(SIMON groans again.)

O–ooh – I think I have done something too.

PERUSAL SCRIPT -- ALL THE SCATTERED LEAVES by Doreen Crookell

MAITLAND: (*cheerfully*) Never mind, Grandad. It'll give you a reason for staying in bed again tomorrow.

SIMON: There's not much else to do around here. It's a wretched life, it is.

MAITLAND: Ah, come on – cheer up, Grandad. Tell you what – I'll bring home something to eat for you, eh?

(*Enter ELSIE, IRIS and CLARISSA, dressed ready for the ball.*)

MAITLAND: About time! I don't know why it takes all this primping and fussing just for a Charity Ball. I've been ready for ages.

ELSIE: it's only once a year, my love. And we had to make Iris really nice – you never know who she'll meet.

(*ELSIE fusses with IRIS' hair.*)

IRIS: Oh mother – you know it'll be the same old crowd. I don't know why I said I'd go.

CLARISSA: All in a good cause my dear.

IRIS: Where are the elders tonight?

ELSIE: They had a meeting with someone. They certainly don't seem to waste a minute. Well, as long as they don't try preaching in this house it doesn't bother me.

(*ELSIE takes a corsage off the mantelpiece and pins it on her dress.*)

MAITLAND: I don't understand you at all. Why were you so insistent that they stay here? I don't trust them at all. I may be doing them an injustice – but I think we're taking a big chance having them here.

ELSIE: (*firmly*) just because they have a strange religion doesn't mean we should forget our manners. It was only right that I invite him to stay anyway. And there was no splitting them up that I could see.

MAITLAND: (*incredulously*) I still can't believe it. That great hulking elephant – my son-in-law.

CLARISSA: But Elder Daly is just the opposite – he's so refined. From a wealthy Boston family I understand. Quite a good catch for some young lady.

(*CLARISSA looks meaningfully at IRIS.*)

ELSIE: Oh dear no! I wonder if it would be a good idea for Iris to go and stay with Aunt Liddy for a while what do you think?

MAITLAND: Yes, it might be a good idea.

IRIS: Oh no you don't. I'm definitely not going to stay with Aunt Liddy.

CLARISSA: For goodness' sake, stop worrying Elsie. Iris won't come to any harm – she's too sensible. Now, let's get going. No use standing around here when we're all ready. Come – come!

ELSIE: (*turning to SIMON*) Will you be alright now Father?

MAITLAND: Course he'll be alright. He can't get into much trouble sitting on a chair all evening can he?

SIMON: What if I fell again and nobody here to help me?

MAITLAND: Well sit on the floor then – you can't fall off that!

SIMON: It's all very well for you young 'uns gadding about. You don't understand what it's like to be old and lonely.

IRIS: Oh, perhaps I'd better stay with him, Mother.

(*IRIS goes and puts her arm around SIMON's shoulder.*)

SIMON: (*looking martyred*) No, no! So on. Far be it from me to spoil other people's pleasure. I'm too independent.

(*SIMON puts his hand over IRIS' and holds it there.*)

ELSIE: Well, if you're sure you'll be alright.

(*ELSIE pauses doubtfully*)

We will be home early.

MAITLAND: (*impatiently*) Oh come on – we're late already.
(*MAITLAND exits into the hall.*)

CLARISSA: Let's go then.
(*CLARISSA exits and Mrs. MAITLAND follows her.*)

IRIS: Is there anything I can get for you before I go?

SIMON: No – no. I'll just read a little while – then I'll probably drop off to sleep. Yes – I remember when I used to go to the dances. And now all I do is sleep.
(*SIMON sighs.*)

How things have changed.

IRIS: I'd better go – they're waiting for me.

SIMON: Yes, you go. I'll be alright, don't worry.

IRIS: See you later Grandfather.
(*IRIS exits.*)

SIMON: 'Bye Love – have a nice time.
(*To himself.*)

Ah me – what a life! I'd be better off dead – I'm not much use any more.

(*SIMON opens his book and begins to read. There is a knock at the front door. Muttering to himself SIMON lays down his book and, with some difficulty, reaches for his cane and limps toward the door. There is another knock.*)

SIMON: Alright, alright, I'm coming as fast as I can.
(*SIMON goes into the hall. Offstage*)

Why, vicar, and Mrs. Hunt too – come in, come in. What a nice surprise.

(*Enter the VICAR, his wife, GLORIA, and SIMON behind them. The VICAR carries a rolled, black umbrella.*)

SIMON: Do sit down Mrs. Hunt. I'll get you a cup of tea.
(*GLORIA goes to sit on SIMON's chair, but, with a slightly embarrassed cough, he guides her to another one.*)

GLORIA: (*sitting down*) Oh please don't bother, Mr. Grindley. Really we've just had dinner, so I'd rather not if you don't mind. Actually James and I are on our way to the Charity Ball.

VICAR: (*sits down also*) All alone, Simon? I suppose the family have gone to the ball too, have they? We just saw the carriage leaving.

SIMON: (*sits down again*) Yes, they've all gone off and left me again. Can't blame them I suppose. They're young and they don't want an old fogey like me trailing along spoiling their fun.

VICAR: We heard you were not feeling well, my friend. We thought we'd drop in to see if you were any better.

SIMON: Oh, so-so, Vicar. You know how it is. At my age bones don't heal the same. It's been a year now since I broke my leg – don't suppose I'll ever really get over it.

VICAR: Now, Simon. We must be positive in our attitudes.

SIMON: (*shakes his head*) Still gives me a lot of pain. Don't think I'm long for this old world, to tell you the honest truth.

VICAR: Oh, come, come now. Let us not give way to discouragement.

PERUSAL SCRIPT -- ALL THE SCATTERED LEAVES by *Doreen Crookell*

SIMON: (*disconsolately*) It's alright for you – you haven't got the pain. It's not even as though there's much to live for either. My family don't care about me any more.

GLORIA: Oh, Mr. Grindley, I'm sure you're wrong there. I know Elsie thinks the world of you. on.,

SIMON: Aye, Elsie's a good girl alright, but she's got her own life to live. I just wish she'd chosen a Christian husband, that's all.

VICAR: But Albert has a rather high code of ethics even though he doesn't profess a belief in the Church.

SIMON: No – not him! He goes against me all the time. He's a very selfish man.

VICAR: (*stands and walks across the stage, reflectively tapping his umbrella*) I don't think I can agree with you on that Simon. People's moral codes are not easily understood and we're all ready enough to see the mote in our brother's eye.

SIMON: Aye – well, some have big motes and others have little motes. Ah well not much use in talking about it I suppose. Nobody ever listens to me.

GLORIA: Oh, Mr. Grindley, I'm sure

SIMON: (*interrupting*) Take these Mormons for instance they've got their wicked eyes on Iris

GLORIA: Oh my goodness – no!

SIMON: But do you think Elsie will listen to me? No use for the wisdom that comes with age these days. I swear they've got horns under all that hair – and forked tails under their pants too, no doubt.

VICAR: (*thoughtfully*) That is a problem – a real problem. And it's not their anatomy that worries me – it's their personality.

(*VICAR sits down.*)

Especially that bachelor – if he really is a bachelor

SIMON: (*interrupting in agreement*) Aye!

VICAR: There's something about him – an attraction. I can't quite put my finger on it, but it worries me nonetheless.

GLORIA: Whatever it is they have certainly put Elsie under a spell. Why she has them in the house after what happened to Rose is beyond me.

SIMON: She thinks she's being charitable.

GLORIA: Poor Iris. I wish her mother would nip it in the bud before it's too late.

SIMON: All this nonsense about the big chap being her son-in-law and him having a right to stay. He's a fraud if ever I saw one. Why, I'm willing to bet that letter weren't even from Use.

VICAR: (*surprised*) Oh? I never thought of that. I suppose it could be a forgery. But then they gave quite a sincere impression.

SIMON: (*making this up as he goes along*) That's their whole plan – don't you see? Make people trust them and then – cut them down! Would you believe me if I told you he tried to kiss her?

GLORIA: Who?

SIMON: (*with relish*) That good looking one – he tried to kiss Iris, right before my eyes.

GLORIA: (*eyes wide*) No – really?

SIMON: Of course, they didn't know I was there. Naturally Iris wouldn't have anything to do with him – not my grand-daughter – but you never know. They know how to charm a woman.

VICAR: (*suspiciously*) Does Albert know of this.?

PERUSAL SCRIPT -- ALL THE SCATTERED LEAVES by Doreen Crookell

SIMON: I haven't had chance to tell him yet – but I will. I'll do all in my power to save her from that man's evil clutches. It's my duty.

GLORIA: Good for you Mr. Grindley. I couldn't agree with you more.

SIMON: I remember reading in the Bible – St. Paul it was I think – said it was a sin to give lodging to those who preach false doctrine.

VICAR: I wouldn't go as far as to say all their doctrine is false. They appear to have one or two useful ideas.

GLORIA: (*interjecting*) You're too lenient and tender hearted, James. You never could see other people's failings.

VICAR: (*getting up and pacing the floor*) The trouble is they somehow manage to convey their message in such a way as to instigate immediate action. People go rushing off to America to a way of life they don't understand.

(*VICAR throws up his hands.*)

I feel I have a responsibility to them – to explain the perils of their venture, but how do I reach them all?

SIMON: Aye, they've upped and gone before you can wink your eye.

VICAR: I remember only too well how it was when Rose left. Five families emigrated at the same time – five families out of my parish.

GLORIA: (*interrupting*) You can't blame yourself Dear. How were you to know they would leave so suddenly?

VICAR: The Bishop was certainly unhappy about it. I always felt that he blamed me somewhat.

SIMON: No, it's not your fault vicar. It was just fate. You couldn't help it.

VICAR: (*pacing the floor again*) The thing is, we needed those people here too. They were good families and who knows what happened to them in that no man's-land? They were not conditioned for life in the wilderness, or desert – or whatever it is. Women and children too. Oh, I shouldn't have let them go.

GLORIA: (*interjecting and speaking over him*) Don't think about it any more Dear. It's definitely not your fault and that's all there is to it. If people want to be so stupid then they only have themselves to blame.

SIMON: We must think of a way of getting rid of the Mormons once and for all.

VICAR: (*dubiously*) Those are strong words Simon.

(*VICAR puts his hand on SIMON's shoulder.*)

I have nothing against the Mormons personally. Live and let live – I firmly believe in it. But they must allow us to live our way too, without interfering.

SIMON: (*pointedly*) But neither of us has any reason to like the Mormons have we Vicar? And the Bishop would probably have a fit if it happened again.

(*VICAR looks at SIMON sharply.*)

VICAR: (*drily*) You have a point Simon – but my concern over the welfare of these people is more important than what the Bishop thinks about me. I hope there's no doubt in your mind on that point.

GLORIA: (*laughingly*) Of course he doesn't think any such thing my love. Everyone knows that you are above reproach.

SIMON: (*hastily*) Oh, of course – naturally I didn't mean anything like that.

GLORIA: You know I never interfere in the way you run your parish, James, but I think Simon is right. You must speak out against the Mormons in your next sermon.

VICAR: You know how I always value your opinion, Gloria, but how can I do a thing like that?

SIMON: Why not? That's an excellent idea.

PERUSAL SCRIPT -- ALL THE SCATTERED LEAVES by *Doreen Crookell*

VICAR: (shaking his head) Oh, I'm not so sure. The church isn't a place for speaking ill of people. No – my hands are tied.

(VICAR sits down and speaks as though he is thinking aloud.)

I feel that something should be done – something – but what...

SIMON: Well, one thing's certain, Vicar –

(SIMON thumps his cane determinedly on the floor.)

This time I don't intend to stand by and watch them take my grand-daughter.

CURTAIN

Act Two

Scene 1 – *Early evening two weeks later. The scene opens with MAITLAND writing at his desk. ELSIE and IRIS are standing near the hall doorway. They are putting on their capes and gloves, getting ready to go out. SIMON has nodded off to sleep in his favourite chair down centre. CLARISSA is doing embroidery.*

ELSIE: Now, you're sure you can manage without me till tomorrow afternoon, Albert?

MAITLAND: Of course we can manage. Clarissa can cook breakfast alright. Go on – off you go, and give Aunt Liddy my regards.

IRIS: *(smiling mischievously)* Only regards, Father?

MAITLAND: I can't help it if I dislike the woman can I? But if I'm civil to her she might member me in her will who knows!

IRIS: Hah dreamer!

(As she exits)

I'll just get my hat, Mother. Be back in a minute.

MAITLAND: Come to think of it, it might be a good time for the old dear to die off.

ELSIE: Albert! She's got the 'flu – that's all!

MAITLAND: *(engrossed in his papers)* Hmm. Pity! I could do with some ready cash.

ELSIE: Albert! Did you hear me?

MAITLAND: *(looking up)* Yes. I said – what a shame.

ELSIE: Why don't you ask Father?– He'll lend you some money.

MAITLAND: good grief! I might just as well borrow from Shylock as be in his debt. I'd be a walking skeleton within a week.

(SIMON snores.)

I don't suppose those missionaries have paid anything for their room and board yet, eh Elsie? Or is good old Albert Maitland footing the bill?

(He gets up and yawns as he walks downstage.)

CLARISSA: If you ask me I should think they've more than paid their way with all the work they've done for you.

MAITLAND: Well I didn't ash you.

ELSIE: You must admit they've been a big help to you these past weeks. In fact, they've really been a godsend.

MAITLAND: Hm. They're hard workers alright – I'll be the first to vouch for that. But they still owe me plenty. They've caused me enough problems too.

ELSIE: Oh Albert, I feel so much better since they brought that letter. I almost feel I should pay.them. Rose is happy too – I can tell.

MAITLAND: Vow do you know she wrote the letter? Could be a forgery.

ELSIE: Don't be silly, Dear. You know very well it isn't. It's not just the handwriting – it's the way she expresses herself. I know my daughter and it's her letter and she's wonderfully happy.

MAITLAND: She's still out of her senses then.

(He returns to stand at his desk.)

ELSIE: I don't understand why she feels so strongly about, this religion, but she obviously loves Tom Barlow and his family. His parents sound like dear sweet people. And the baby is delightful. Oh, how I'd love to hold him.

MAITLAND: *(obviously in a bad mood)* Mormon brat!

ELSIE: *(raising her voice)* Albert! He's your grandchild. I won't have you saying such mean things. I'm sure I've never seen you in such a terrible mood.

(SIMON stirs and wakes up as she is speaking.)

MAITLAND: It's all this religion – it's getting to me.

SIMON: *(sleepily)* I don't know why you married such a godless man, Elsie. I certainly raised you to be a good Christian and know the difference.

MAITLAND: *(with a sardonic smile)* Perhaps that's exactly why!

SIMON: Huh? Why – what?

MAITLAND: Oh, go back to sleep Grandad.

ELSIE: Please let's not start that again.

SIMON: *(Grumpily, as he rises)* Alright – alright. I'm leaving. But I still say you should've married a good Christian – we would've all been better off for it.

(He exits.)

MAITLAND: If he wasn't such a doddering old goat – I'd punch him on the nose.

ELSIE: Albert!

MAITLAND: Well, if you have to be like him to be a good Christian it's no wonder I can't stomach it.

(He comes downstage and sits in Simon's chair.)

ELSIE: He's like that because he's not well, and he hasn't had much happiness in life.

MAITLAND: *(interjecting and speaking over her)* Doesn't make any difference.

ELSIE: It does make a difference though. He never used to be like that. He was a very good Christian as I remember him.

(As she speaks she walks to the hall doorway. She calls upstairs.)

Iris!

CLARISSA: Don't blame it on religion, Albert. You're always blaming everything on religion. And you know very well there are some wonderful religious people. What about me...

(MAITLAND casts an incredulous glance at the ceiling.)

...and Elsie? What about Reverend Hunt? I've never seen a finer person...

MAITLAND: *(interrupting)* There's no need...

(He stands up impatiently.)

CLARISSA: *(interrupting)* You can't deny that Albert. And the more I see of the elders the more I respect them for their good living. They're good, honest people. I must say, I'm very impressed with Elder Daly – aren't you? He's clever, he's charming – and handsome too. Ah, if only I were a few years younger

MAITLAND: *(sarcastically)* Wouldn't make a bit of difference unless he was deaf as well as daft.

CLARISSA: *(ignoring him as she daydreams)* I might even go to America for someone like that. I might ...

MAITLAND: *(interrupting)* Good – when are you leaving?

CLARISSA: Right now. I'm going to practice my music.

(She gets up and goes to hallway, then turns to face him.)

PERUSAL SCRIPT -- ALL THE SCATTERED LEAVES by *Doreen Crookell*

What if Joseph Smith really was a prophet? Really Albert, you should open your ears more often – and your heart. You might learn something of value for a change. Perhaps those young men really have something to offer.

MAITLAND: And be a traitor to my principles – like you? Or have you ever really believed in anything?

CLARISSA: Perhaps they have more to believe in – that's all.

(She exits.)

MAITLAND: *(walks downstage)* Of all the wishywashy...! She's worse than those sprouts she cooked for dinner tonight.

ELSIE: She's actually quite a loyal person. I don't know what's got into her.

MAITLAND: Must've fallen under the Mormon spell twittering about low charming...

(Mimicking Clarissa)

...how handsome – hmm!

ELSIE: Where is Iris! I told Aunt Liddy we'd be there at seven o'clock.

(She goes to hallway and calls Iris again.)

IRIS: *(offstage)* Coming Mother.

ELSIE: Good – she's ready. 'Eye then, Dear.

(She kisses his cheek.)

See you tomorrow afternoon.

(To IRIS as she appears at the hall doorway.)

What were you doing all that time?

(IRIS blows a kiss to MAITLAND as she and ELISE exit together.)

MAITLAND: *(Calling after ELSIE)* Don't bring the 'flu back with you.

(He picks up a book from his desk and begins to read. SIMON pokes his head around the door.)

SIMON: Have they gone?

MAITLAND: Yes, why?

SIMON: The vicar is coming tonight, and I didn't want Elsie to know.

MAITLAND: Whyever not? What's he coming for anyway that you have to be so secretive?

SIMON: I didn't think Elsie would like it. He's going to have a discussion with the Mormons.

MAITLAND: *(in a surprised voice)* What? What have you been up to Grandad?

SIMON: Well, the vicar has come notion that he can get them to leave town if he listens to them and explains his viewpoint to them.

MAITLAND: Hah! Never in a million years.

SIMON: I think he's in for a disappointment – but there you are. He thinks he's doing the right thing. Any way, I said it was alright if he came. Give me a shout when he arrives, eh? I don't want to miss out on this – it should be good.

(He exits, chuckling to himself. MAITLAND just gets settled with his book again when there is a knock at the front door.)

CLARISSA: *(walks across hallway)* Don't bother, Albert. I'll see who it is.

(She returns a moment later with DALY & BARLOW.)

MAITLAND: Oh, it's you. I thought for a minute it must be he vicar. I hear he's coming to talk to you tonight.

DALY: Yes sir. We were hoping you'd stay for the discussion too.

MAITLAND: Well, I've nowhere else to go.

CLARISSA: Oh –

(giggle)

aren't you going to invite me too?

DALY: Sure we are. Maybe we'll even get you reading that Book of Mormon we left with you.

CLARISSA: Tut–tut – you're too late. I just finished reading it yesterday.

DALY: Wonderful! And how did you feel about it?

CLARISSA: Well, it was awfully boring in places but, funnily enough, I like it anyway. It has a ring of truth.

It's all very romantic really isn't it – an ancient history inscribed on gold plates

MAITLAND: *(interrupting scornfully)* Gold plates indeed!

CLARISSA: *(ignoring him)* And hidden away in the mountainside for so many years. It's terribly interesting.

MAITLAND: I don't know how an intelligent person can believe such things.

DALY: *(looking MAITLAND straight in the eye)* And I don't know how an intelligent man can pass judgement on something he knows nothing about either.

MAITLAND: *(looking at DALY quizzically)* Hmm! Did they eat their dinner off 'em first?

CLARISSA: *(exasperatedly)* They weren't those kind of plates Albert. They were engraved sheets of metal.

MAITLAND: It's a lot of baloney.

DALY: How can you say if a thing is right or wrong until you have knowledge of it?

MAITLAND: *(disinterestedly)* Well, I really don't care one way or the other.

DALY: Mr. Maitland, would you mind if we had a word of prayer before we begin our discussion?

MAITLAND: *(surprised)* What for?

DALY: *(a little taken aback)* Well, we'd like to have our Heavenly Father's blessing on the meeting – we usually do.

MAITLAND: *(stands up defiantly)* No! Look, you've already got me staying for your meeting. Between you you've wangled a religious pow~wow right here in my living room – and now you want prayers too? Good heavens, I'm beginning to feel like a stranger in my own house. Next thing I know you'll have me on my knees chanting the Litany.

BARLOW: Oh no, sir.

(A knock is heard at the front door.)

CLARISSA: I'll answer it. It's probably the vicar. Go ahead with your discussion. I'm finding it very interesting.

(She exits.)

BARLOW: *(appears now to have forgotten his fears and become more at ease.)* If you'd read the Book of Mormon sir at least it might help you to feel at peace about Rose. There's nothing bad in it believe me.

(Enter Clarissa and Reverend Hunt, who is carrying a large size Book of Mormon.)

MAITLAND: *(goes and shakes the VICAR's hand.)* Vicar! Nice to see you. Have a chair and make yourself comfortable. Clarissa, will you call Grandad? He won't want to miss anything.

(CLARISSA returns to hallway.)

CLARISSA: *(in a high pitched warble)* Fa–a–ther–r–r! It's time for the argument.

VICAR: *(bitting down)* Well Albert – and how is the harvest?

MAITLAND: All done, thanks to these two young fellows. I don't know what I would have done without their help. It would've been quite a blow to lose all that grain.

VICAR: Very kind – most thoughtful indeed. Though I'm sure they have been well repaid by your hospitality, my friend.

(Enter SIMON.)

SIMON: Vicar!

(He hobbles over and shakes the VICAR's hand.)

It's nice to have a real man of God around the house for a change.

(He sits down in his favorite chair, next to the VICAR.)

CLARISSA: We were just discussing the Book of Mormon, Vicar.

VICAR: *(sitting down and turning the pages of the book)* Ah yes, the Book of Mormon.

(He speaks slowly and deliberately)

It may surprise you to know that I have finished reading it and I have even gone as far as to discuss the matter with my bishop.

DALY: And...?

VICAR: *(still turning pages)* Most enjoyable, my young friend. I found it to be quite edifying on the whole.

But there are one or two discrepancies which were pointed out to me by the bishop.

DALY: Discrepancies?

VICAR: Yes, and naturally this detracts from its claim of divine origin.

(He points out a line to SIMON.)

For instance, any scholar could tell you that the horse and the elephant were not common to the Americas in the time this supposed history was written.

(He passes the book over to SIMON.)

Of course, you do realize that the fact that these animals are mentioned proves it is not an authentic record.

SIMON: *(with an air of victorious finality)* Well, that settles that!

(He shoves the Book of Mormon under the chair.)

DALY: *(voice rising)* No, that doesn't settle it. How can what you've just given us as hearsay prove anything?

CLARISSA: *(wagging her finger)* Oh–h – temper, temper, gentlemen!

MAITLAND: *(mockingly)* Yes – remember you're a preacher. Motivated by brotherly love – a good example, and all that stuff.

BARLOW: *(with great sincerity)* Reverend, I'm not a learned man like yourself, sir, but I know with all my heart that the Book of Mormon is a true record.

MAITLAND: How can you possibly say you know? I can say I know too. I know there is no God. I know the moon is made of cheese. Will you believe that?

CLARISSA: *(with a sharp intake of breath)* Don't, Albert! Don't tempt fate – you may be struck dead or something. Supposing you're wrong?

MAITLAND: Hah! Supposing...

CLARISSA: *(interrupting)* In fact I'm quite, quite sure you're wrong. There is a heaven – and a hell. Think about it Albert. Don't you want to go to heaven?

MAITLAND: *(with a groan)* Not if you're going there! I can just see myself flapping about with my wings and my harp – and singing "Onward Christian Soldiers" for ever and ever.

PERUSAL SCRIPT -- ALL THE SCATTERED LEAVES by Doreen Crookell

(He groans again in mock agony.)

CLARISSA: *(with a sniff)* I don't know how you expect these people to discuss religion when you're in such a flippant mood Albert.

MAITLAND: *(innocently)* I never asked them to discuss religion and what's more, they never asked me either.

DALY: *(with conviction)* No wonder you can't believe in heaven if that's your understanding of it. If only I could give you the last few years of my life since I joined this Church. If I could give you the experiences I've had, then you'd understand how we know the Book of Mormon is true

MAITLAND: Poppycock!

DALY: *(ignoring this remark)* But all I can do is ask you to study and pray about the book. Ask God himself to reveal the truth of it to you

SIMON: *(interrupting)* What I'd like to know is...

DALY: *(ignoring him)* He won't lead you the wrong way. Just try it – and I know you'll find the truth. What can you lose?

SIMON: *(Poking DALY with his cane)* Hey – you! I'm talking to you!

(DALY looks at him in surprise)

What I'd like to know is how you can stand there looking so innocent and talk about prayer and the like, when there are such goings on in Salt Lake City? It's enough to make the devil blush with shame to think about the evils being done. Hypocrites – that's what you are!

MAITLAND: *(jokingly)* Oh absolutely! It's a disgrace!

DALY: *(smiling)* What evil is this?

SIMON: *(getting more excited)* You know what I'm talking about. Don't pretend to me. I can see what's going on behind your smiling faces – sitting there mocking me.

DALY: *(even more amused)* What? I don't know what...

SIMON: *(interrupting)* Locking up innocent women behind that wall – forcing them to be...

DALY: *(interjecting with an incredulous laugh)* But that's ridiculous! Surely you...

SIMON: *(struggling up and brandishing his cane)* Don't you laugh at me you miserable good-for-nothing. I'll wipe that smirk off your face!

(The VICAR jumps up to hold him back and MAITLAND helps him.)

SIMON: Let me get at him!

VICAR: *(with MAITLAND)* No, Simon – no!

MAITLAND: *(with VICAR)* Calm down, Grandad, for goodness sake. What's got into you?

SIMON: *(shaking his cane warningly)* Just you laugh once more and I'll knock your block off!

DALY: I'm sorry sir. I didn't mean any disrespect.

VICAR: *(sitting down again)* Dear me – dear me! He's right though, you know. You do have an unfortunately sullied reputation for a true Church.

SIMON: They have harems!

BARLOW: That's not true!

MAITLAND: *(with a grin)* Well, if it is true, it's the only good idea you've got!

CLARISSA: *(reprovingly)* Albert! Really, that's one thing I can't agree with.

MAITLAND: *(teasingly)* Why not? You'd do alright in a harem doing the dance of the seven veils. Go get your fiddle and give us a tune.

CLARISSA: *(with a giggle)* Oh Albert, don't be silly. I ...

MAITLAND: *(interrupting)* Come on lass. Let's see you dance.

(He pulls her to her feet and dances her around as he improvises his own unmelodious tune.)

Let's get into the spirit of it!

DALY: *(interrupting with a smile)* I wonder if people used to make fun of Abraham – and Jacob and David.

They all had more than one wife, you know. Isn't that right, Mr. Maitland?

MAITLAND: Well I wasn't there but if I had been – mmm...!

CLARISSA: *(reprovingly)* Albert!

MAITLAND: Why do you keep saying 'Albert' like that?

CLARISSA: I'm the voice of your conscience.

MAITLAND: If my conscience sounded like that I'd drown it!

DALY: This discussion doesn't seem to begetting us anywhere. I assure you though, our personal standards...

VICAR: *(interrupting)* Really young men – I'm sure your personal standards interest none of us. We are merely interested in what becomes of our own people when you get them to Salt Lake City.

MAITLAND: Yes, as long as Rose is happy and respected that's all I care about.

BARLOW: *(humbly)* She means everything to me sir. And she's happy – I know. The only thing that would make her happier is if her family joined the Church.

SIMON: *(aside to the VICAR)* He's off again!

DALY: Reverend, I wonder if I may ask a favor of you. You know, I've been thinking – it might be to our mutual benefit if I were invited to speak at your Church on Sunday. Maybe I could speak about unity.

(The VICAR is speechless at this proposal and his mouth falls open in surprise.)

MAITLAND: *(laughing as he goes to sit down)* How's that for a proposal Vicar? You might even get me to church to see the fun.

VICAR: *(finally getting over the shock)* Of course, you can't be serious. You're not authorized. We couldn't allow any unauthorized person to preach the sermon.

SIMON: Here – here!

VICAR: In any case, we really don't need any reforms. We're already a civilized country. Why don't you be sensible and preach to your Indians? You might be able to do some good there.

DALY: I might be able to do some good in your church too.

SIMON: Blasphemy!

DALY: Maybe I could get permission from your Bishop! I assume he authorized you.

SIMON: *(angrily)* I've had enough of this kind of talk.

DALY: *(ignoring him and interrupting)* In fact, your chain of authority goes back to the Pope doesn't it?

MAITLAND: What difference does it make? A man is still free to preach if he wants to isn't he?

DALY: Mr. Maitland, did the man who manages your farm take on the job himself, or did you hire him?

MAITLAND: Well, I hired him, of course!

(A loud rapping is heard at the front door.)

CLARISSA: Excuse me a moment, Gentlemen.

(She exits.)

DALY: Exactly. And this is why we're here to preach the restoration of the priesthood directly from Heavenly authorities. This is the biggest difference the restoration of the priesthood directly from Heavenly

PERUSAL SCRIPT -- ALL THE SCATTERED LEAVES by *Doreen Crookell*

authorities. This is the biggest difference between us, Reverend. You continue to preach Luther's protest, while we preach a restoration.

CLARISSA: There wasn't anybody there – just this note pinned to the door.

(She stops to read it, then gives a little squeal of fear and drops the note to the floor.)

MAITLAND: Come on woman – here, give it to me.

(He retrieves the paper and reads it.)

“Mr. Maitland – get rid of the Mormons if you don't want anyone hurt!
– well of all the nerve!

VICAR: *(standing in surprise as he interjects)* What?

(He looks at note.)

SIMON: *(excitedly)* There's trouble brewing. I warned you the Mormons always bring trouble – but you wouldn't listen to me.

MAITLAND: There's no need to get so excited.

SIMON: It's true. I was talking with some of the men in the pub the other day. There are some around these parts who're raging mad about the work these two have done on the harvest.

MAITLAND: *(firmly)* Well, whoever sent this, if they think they can dictate to me who I have working for me – who I have in my house and who I don't – they'd better think again.

SIMON: Don't be a fool, Albert. Whoever sent that note isn't joking.

(Turning to BARLOW & DALY.)

Look what you've brought upon us now – nothing but misery and trouble again. If you take my advice you'll get out of town before we're all murdered in our beds!

BLACKOUT

6 more pages in Scene 2 of ACT TWO

11 total pages in ACT THREE



Curtain Call of the
Original Canadian Production, 1978
(photo courtesy of the author)