

PERUSAL SCRIPT

AN **ENGLISH** TOFFEE  
IN **AMERICAN** MOLARS  
by Mark Stoddard



Newport, Maine

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## **AN ENGLISH TOFFEE IN AMERICAN MOLARS**

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## AN ENGLISH TOFFEE IN AMERICAN MOLARS

### **Characters -- 2m 2f**

**Mortimer (Mort) Livingston**--Returned Missionary from England.

**Michael (Mike)**--Mort's returned missionary companion.

**Corliss Middlebury**--one of Mike's baptisms.

**Kira Bartovski**- Mike's longtime girlfriend.

### **Scene Synopsis**

Scene One--Salt Lake City Airport--a summer Saturday.

Scene Two--the living room of Mike's home--later that day.

Scene Three--The next day, Sunday, in Church.

Scene Four--The following Saturday, a canyon picnic.

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**Scene One**--*One Saturday in the summer at the Salt Lake Airport, Salt Lake City, Utah. MIKE and MORT enter stage left.*

**MORT:** Okay, all right. I already said I'd do it... it's just that I'm not all that thrilled... but I'll do it.

**MIKE:** (*Hurrying*) Thanks, man. I really appreciate you, but we'd better move... She'll be here, walking off the plane any second.

**MORT:** You sound excited.

**MIKE:** (*Glaring*) Don't give me that. It's just that if I don't get back home in half an hour, Kira will suspect something... and I can't afford that.

**MORT:** No, I guess you can't.

**MIKE:** Oh, how did this all happen? What a mess!

**MORT:** (*Smiling*) That's what you get for fooling around in England.

**MIKE:** I told you nothing happened!

**MORT:** She must have thought so.

**MIKE:** All I told her was "You're welcome to come to Salt Lake anytime."

**MORT:** And now is anytime. Hey, there she is.

**MIKE:** (*Gasping*) Oh, no--where?

**MORT:** (*Laughing*) Just kidding--thought that package was a wedding bouquet.

**MIKE:** You clutz. Lay off, I'm already in a conniption fit...

**MORT:** (*Aside*) Good. Couldn't happen to a nicer guy.

**MIKE:** What?

**MORT:** (*Covering*) It's good for you. Hey, here comes the bride.

**MIKE:** Shut up, man.

*(Seeing the girl for the first time that day.)*

Oh, my heavens. Look at that. She looks like a kaleidoscope.

**MORT:** (*Laughing*) Hasn't changed a bit. Go get her, buddy.

**MIKE:** (*Glaring*) Now wait. I said, I mean we agreed you would take care of her.

**MORT:** After you meet her and introduce her new 'chaperone.'

**MIKE:** Her 'escort' and you know her as well or better than I do. You were there, too, when I first met her in Canterbury.

**MORT:** (*Shakes his head*) After you introduce us ... again.

*(Faking a British accent.)*

And proper like.

**MIKE:** Ohhhl

*(MIKE goes offstage to meet CORLISS.)*

**CORLISS:** (*Offstage*) Oh, Michael, Michael. Gol blimey, if it ain't Michael. Don't you half look gran'. 'ow do I look, love? Like me togs?

**MIKE:** (*Now entering with CORLISS, shaking his head*) Wonderful. They look quite nice.

**CORLISS:** Thank you. Just bought them 'fore I come. And Elder Mort! What a surprise! I fink I might cry.

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You'ze two is so nice. 'Ere, 'ave a toffee.

*(Moving to MIKE.)*

Just bought 'em yesterday at the airport. Best toffee in the world.

**MIKE:** No. thanks. Then you do remember Mort Livingston. He was a missionary in Canterbury the same time I was.

**CORLISS:** 'Course. Like one?

**MORT:** Love one.

**MIKE:** *(Nudging MORT)* Well, uh... .

**CORLISS:** Ya bring a car for me baggage?

**MIKE:** Oh, my, it's not that big.

*(Laughs.)*

**MORT:** *(Also laughing though his mouth is almost stuck from the toffee. He suddenly winces with pain)*

Owww!

**CORLISS:** Wot's wrong? Bite your tongue?

**MORT:** I think I just lost a filling in my back tooth.

**CORLISS:** Oh, I am sorry. Let's 'ave a look.

*(CORLISS goes to open MORT's mouth.)*

**MORT:** No need, I just swallowed the filling. Oh well, toffee fills a cavity much better than silver. Tastes better, too.

**MIKE:** *(Still nudging MORT)* Hey, Moo-ort!

**MORT:** Oh, yeah. I brought my car.

**CORLISS:** *(Grabs MIKE's arm and begins to walk him off)* Let's go get me baggage.

**MIKE:** *(Stops)* Corliss, I have to leave immediately. It was great seeing you again, but I really must be going.

Mort has agreed to give you a lift, and I'll see you ... soon. Okay?

**CORLISS:** Oh. Awright.

*(Grabs MORT's arm.)*

See you in a bit.

**MIKE:** *(Stares at MORT)* Maybe Mort can give you a guided tour of Salt Lake. Would you like to see Temple Square?

**CORLISS:** Temple Square! Ages I been dreamin' about it. Could we?

**MIKE:** Mort would love to. And then maybe you could go see where Brigham Young entered the valley. Right, Mort?

*(No response from MORT)*

**CORLISS:** But we must leave something for us. But 'at'll be all right... we'll 'ave lots of time.

*(Smiles broadly.)*

**MORT:** Lots of time.

*(He catches MIKE'S glare)*

Ah, lets get your suitcases. How many did you bring?

**CORLISS:** *(Walking over to the baggage claim)* All of them... plus me trunk, but it's comin' later ... on the boat.

**MORT:** *(Smiling at MIKE as MIKE begins to leave)* Oh, really. You'll be here a while then?

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*(Tries a British accent)*

A rather lengthy stay. Permanent like.

**CORLISS:** Certainly. Didn't Michael tell you?

**MORT:** Ah, yeah. As a matter of fact, he was delirious. And how was England? It's been a while since I was there. 'Ow 'bout another English Toffee, mum?

**(BLACKOUT)**

**Scene Two--***At the home of MIKE'S parents where he is living. MIKE enters the living room where KIRA, MIKE'S long-time girlfriend, is sitting.*

**KIRA:** *(Very cold)* Oh, Mike--hello.

**MIKE:** Kira. I thought you wouldn't be here yet.

**KIRA:** *(Politely)* It is 4:30. But that's ok. I've only been here a few minutes.

**MIKE:** Sorry, I'm late.

**KIRA:** It's OK. Really. If I'm not prying, though, how has your afternoon been?

**MIKE:** Ahh. Fine. How's yours been?

**KIRA:** Fine, Mike. Thank you for asking. What did you do?

**MIKE:** Oh. Mort and I just went around town. You know, draggin' and stuff--old times. Talked alot. You know.

**KIRA:** What... did you talk about? Anything in particular?

**MIKE:** Naw. Just stuff. Missions, girls, you, in fact.

**KIRA:** I'm flattered. Thank you.

**MIKE:** Do you want to wait a minute and I'll get ready...

*(Trying to change the subject)*

Just need to throw on another tie and we'll jump into the chariot and be off, OK?

**KIRA:** *(Quietly)* Sure, Mike.

**MIKE:** *(exaggerates)* Ready for a scrumptious dinner and a night on the town?

**KIRA:** *(Shakes her head, 'Yes' and then bites her lip)* Mike?

**MIKE:** Ok, well, see you in a bit. . .

**KIRA:** *(Louder)* Mike?

**MIKE:** *(Stops)* Yes?

*(Ignoring the tone)*

What can I get for you? 7-Up, Coke, Milk? How about some water?

**KIRA:** No thanks, Why couldn't you have told me you went to the airport?

**MIKE:** Oh.

*(Pause)*

Who told you?

**KIRA:** Your mother. I just asked her where you were. I didn't intend to pry. I was just curious.

**MIKE:** Did she say why?

**KIRA:** Sort of.

*(Pause)*

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Does this girl really expect to marry you?

**MIKE:** She told you.

**KIRA:** Mike. I waited for over two years while you were in England on your mission.

*(Pause)*

We've been going together since practically grade school, and I just figured I would at least be told about this 'romance' before now.

*(Whines)*

Why didn't you tell me before?

**MIKE:** I was hoping things would work out by themselves. I didn't know until two days ago, myself. She just sent a letter saying she'd be here today... that's all the notice I had.

**KIRA:** She must have had some reason to write.

**MIKE:** All I told her when I was over there was, "if you ever get to the States, look me up." And now she's here.

**KIRA:** Your mother says she came expecting a bridal veil.

**MIKE:** *(Quiet)* Oh, Kira. Doggone it! I never encouraged her. I don't even want to see her, let alone marry her. When she got off that plane today, I was swept with nausea. She's hideous. Frizzy hair, tiny skirt and a wild top. Embarrassed me to death. What am I going to do?

**KIRA:** Where is she now?

**MIKE:** Oh, she's with Mort. He's agreed to escort her around the next couple of days. Maybe then she'll get tired and leave.

**KIRA:** You're lucky to have him around.

**MIKE:** Sure. Sure. She's more his speed anyway. Hey, I'd better get ready for our date. Excuse me?

**KIRA:** OK. I'll wait here. Mike? How come Mort never comes by? I haven't seen him since he got home with you from England.

**MIKE:** Just busy.

**KIRA:** Does he does he still -- like me? He used to have a crush on me in Junior High.

**MIKE:** *(Rushes back into the center)* He got over that long ago! And don't get any ideas. Besides, he knows he's way below your class.

*(Starts to leave)* OK?

**KIRA:** I was just . . . wondering.

**MIKE:** I'll be back in a second.

*(Leaves. KIRA goes over to the magazine table and picks up a magazine, returns to her chair, sits down and leafs through it. The Doorbell rings.)*

**KIRA:** I'll get it.

*(But the door opens before she can get up. CORLISS and MORT enter, laughing.)*

**CORLISS:** Oh, Mort, you're so incorrigible.

**MORT:** *(Seeing KIRA)* Kira. What are you doing here?

**CORLISS:** 'ello. Name's Corliss Middlebury from Canterbury.

**KIRA:** *(Smiling)* Good to meet you.

**CORLISS:** Pleasure's all mine. You Michael's sister? ... didn't fink you was 'is Mum,

**KIRA:** My name Is Kira Bartowski . . . from Salt Lake City.

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**CORLISS:** Like a toffee? Only got a few left. Mortimer's about eaten 'em all.

**KIRA:** *(Smiling)* No--well, thank you.

*(She takes one and puts it in her pocket)*

I'll have it later, I'm not his sister, though. Do sit down.

**CORLISS:** Why, thank you. Do you know Mort? He's a perfect gentleman, 'e is. Why if it weren't for Mike. I'd be runnin' after Mort.

*(Tickles MORT)*

**MORT:** *(Looks over to KIRA)* Story of my life. Corliss is a friend of ... 'ours' from England. She's just over for ...

**KIRA:** I've heard.

*(Goes over to CORLISS)*

How do you like Salt Lake so far?

**CORLISS:** It's lovely, though a bit hot. Mortimer gave me such a grand tour.

**MORT:** Only a quickie.

**CORLISS:** 'e wanted me to save some of it for Mike. 'Specially the Temple. I do love the place.

**KIRA:** I can imagine.

**CORLISS:** I fink I'm going to like 'ere. 'tis a nice house.

**KIRA:** You're staying here?

**CORLISS:** Ya know, Mort asked the same thing... the cheeky devil thought I was stayin' at 'is house. Now, could you see Mike standin' for that?

*(Laughs)*

**MORT:** He'd be furious.

**CORLISS:** Not Mike. He's such an angel.

**KIRA:** A real angel.

**MIKE:** *(Enters)* Are you ready . . .

*(Sees CORLISS and MORT)*

Corliss... Mort? What...

*(Pulls MORT aside)*

What the heck are you doing here? I thought I told you to ...

**CORLISS:** Oh, Michael, you've such a lovely 'ouse. I'm goin' ta love it 'ere.

**MIKE:** 'ere. Here! Mort!

**MORT:** The lady corrected me. I mistakenly assumed that she was staying at my house ... but she set me straight. "*Lussa vincat.*"

*(Gestures)*

**CORLISS:** Ah, Mike. Where's the toilet room? I do need to freshen meself 'fore we go out,

**MIKE:** Out?!

*(MIKE rushes to MORT)*

**MORT:** Oh, yes. Miss Middlebury made me 'let the cat out a da bag,' about your going out to dinner tonight... she was ... happy? Elated? Deliriously excited?

*(A glare from MIKE)*

None of the above?

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**CORLISS:** It's so nice of you, Mike. Me first night in America and a night out. This is the most wonderful day of my life.

**MIKE:** I've heard that before.

*(To MORT)*

Good friend, my ...

**MORT:** Wonderful. Wonderful.

**KIRA:** I do hope you enjoy the evening, Mike is the perfect host.

**MIKE:** *(To KIRA)* Kira, doll, this whole thing is a terrible mistake. I'm so sorry. I only want to be with you. Honest. Look, if I didn't want you, wouldn't I say so?

**KIRA:** If you do want me, why don't you say so.

**MIKE:** I went you.

**KIRA:** How much?

**MIKE:** I've told you that lots of times. You're mine.

**KIRA:** But are you 'mine?'

**CORLISS:** What time we going? Not for a minute, I hope? Need to get fixed up.

**MIKE:** Good luck.

**KIRA:** Better hurry. Mike wanted to leave in about five minutes. Can I help you?

**MIKE:** That's OK. Mother is in the kitchen and will show her to her room, and also the bathroom.

*(Escorts CORLISS into kitchen, carrying her baggage.)*

Mother, this is Corliss Middlebury.

**CORLISS:** 'ello, ma'am. I'm Corliss Middlebury from Canturbury. So good to be 'ere - Like a toffee?

**MORT:** *(Laughing)* What a gal!

**KIRA:** She really is something else.

**MORT:** But I like her just the same. She used to be the terror of the Mission field ... not bad, just crazy. Any time there was some activity she was there. Dancing, singing, running, swimming, You name it--she was doing it. Best number around, though. Used to take every new Church member and tuck them under her wing. Stuff 'em full of toffee too.

**KIRA:** She likes toffees.

**MORT:** A miracle she doesn't weigh a ton. Used to put the Missionaries into hysterics... loved Americans. She'd throw parties. Play pranks--you know, one time she sent me a telegram that said the Mission President would be in Canterbury to see us a 5:00 a.m. and signed his name. We were so shook up wondering what the President wanted that we hardly slept, and got up at 4:00 a.m. April Fools. We used to call her the English toffee in American molars.

**KIRA:** But how did she get to Mike?

**MORT:** Long story.

**KIRA:** Could you make it short?

**MORT:** Do you remember when Mike was made a leader out there?

**KIRA:** Very well, just after the first year. His letters almost stopped, and when he did write they were so depressing.

**MORT:** That's the time. He was sent down to Canterbury. I was in the next town so I saw him often. I've never seen him so depressed. He wasn't having any success and no one seemed to like him. Said he was 'stuck on

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himself.' Except me, of course. I knew how he was, You know what I mean.

**KIRA:** Yes, I know Mike. What went wrong?

**MORT:** Oh, he had been the super-converter of the mission. He knew he was good, and that's just how he is ... Good. Anyway, things didn't work out right and he didn't baptize for a while, and on top of that none of the Elders under him would obey him. Things just fell apart, Well, that's when Corliss came in. His first Baptism in months. Then she started feeling sorry for him and took him under her wing, As far as I can tell, that's what did it, He was depressed . . . she filled his need ... he filled hers, and now, here she is.

**KIRA:** But marriage?

**MORT:** Mike must have gotten carried away with the language. From what Corliss told me there, Mike proposed one Sunday before he was transferred. She wrote to him the rest of his mission. Made him feel good.

**KIRA:** He proposed?

**MORT:** Sort of--or at least she thought so.

**KIRA:** (*remembering*) He told me the same thing when he went off to college, and again when he went to California to work one summer. And again before his mission. Yes, he's promised marriage in so many words, so many times.

**MORT:** Hmmm. Why do you keep believing him? Or do you?

**KIRA:** Every time, And I don't know why, maybe it's because I know we will, sometime, get married. Maybe it's because we've been planning it since grade school, and I can't imagine anything different, He's a terrific guy, though. But who knows, maybe nothing will come of it.

**MORT:** Maybe so, But is it worth all of this?

**KIRA:** You mean Corliss?

**MORT:** Yeah.

**KIRA:** Oh, it's just a mistake. We'll figure it out.

**MORT:** Have fun.

**KIRA:** Will you help?

**MORT:** Sure, I'm as big a sucker as you are. What about tonight?

**KIRA:** Tennis?

**MORT:** How about dinner?

**KIRA:** Ok. Shall we go with them?

**MORT:** Let's not... make Mike too nervous.

**KIRA:** Shall we go then?

**MORT:** (*Holds out his arm*) To the slaughter I go with the lamb.  
(*They exit and MIKE enters.*)

**MIKE:** Kira? Where'd they go? Oh, . . . crud!

(*CORLISS enters the room with even much wilder clothes, though much prettier.*)

**CORLISS:** Ready?

**MIKE:** Oh, let's go. I guess we'll see them in Church tomorrow.

**(BLACKOUT)**

*An additional SEVEN pages to the end*