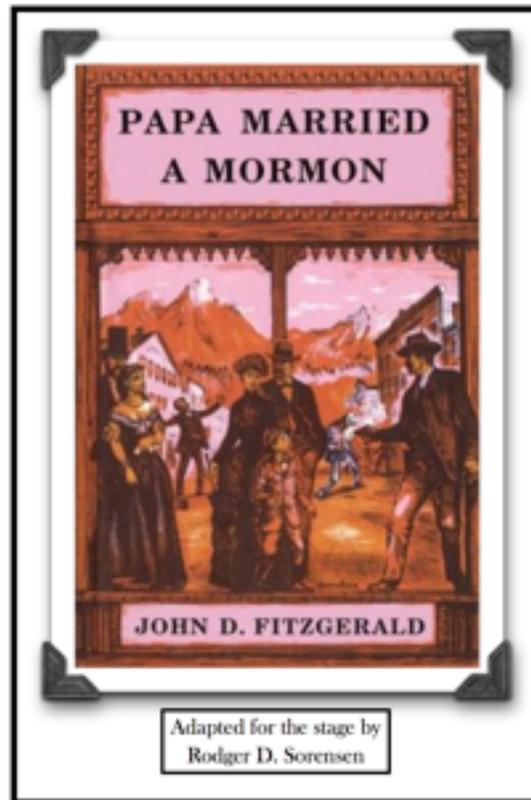


PERUSAL SCRIPT



A play for the stage
after the historical novel by *John D. Fitzgerald*
Adapted by **Rodger D. Sorensen**



Newport, Maine

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PAPA MARRIED A MORMON

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NOTE: Artwork based on the dust-jacket cover from the original novel, published in 1955 by Prentice Hall.

John D. Fitzgerald was an American author, born in Price, Utah, the son of an Irish Catholic father and a Scandinavian Mormon mother. He was mostly known as the author of The Great Brain books about his brother, Tom Fitzgerald.

He wrote *Papa Married a Mormon* in 1955. It is his story of growing up Catholic in a small, Mormon, eastern Utah town. He later wrote a sequel to *Papa* entitled *Mamma's Boarding House* (1958), and followed that with another story of the Fitzgerald family, *Uncle Will and the Fitzgerald Curse* (1961).

Rodger D. Sorensen is a professor of Theatre and Media Arts and serves as Associate Dean in the College of Fine Arts and Communications at Brigham Young University. Prior to his appointment as Associate Dean he served as the Chair of the Theatre and Media Arts Department.

Before coming to BYU in 1996 Sorensen taught at the College of Eastern Utah from 1974-1979 and also at Ricks College (BYU-Idaho) from 1979-96, serving as the Theatre Department Chair for the latter ten years. During his first years as a professor at BYU he completed his doctorate degree at the University of Texas at Dallas (1999). His dissertation discussed *Alchemy, Nature, and Time in 'Pericles' and 'The Winter's Tale'*.

Sorensen has directed over a hundred theatre productions, including premieres of original scripts, adaptations of his own devised pieces, a range of interdisciplinary projects, many operas, musicals, dramas, and comedies. He worked every summer on the Hill Cumorah Pageant near Palmyra, New York, from 1978 to 2004, where he served as Artistic Director starting in 1997. Sorensen specializes in teaching Directing Theory and Practice for the stage. He has also taught Introduction to Theatre, various Acting classes, Readers Theatre, Forensics, and Public Speaking. As the TMA Department chair he was invited to present a speech at one of BYU's weekly campus devotionals in 2008.

Throughout his career he has mentored many students on their way to professional careers. One such student is Ryan Little, the celebrated filmmaker known for *Saints and Soldiers*.

Dr. Sorensen was a 2011 recipient of the SCERA Star Award. The SCERA Star Awards are held annually and recognize those who have made significant contributions in enriching the communities and citizens of Utah Valley through the arts.

In Spring of 2013 Dr. Sorensen directed the BYU production of *A Wrinkle in Time*. His unique interactive and youthful approach thrilled the audience each production night.

This readers theatre adaptation of *Papa Married a Mormon* can be fully staged (with memorization and blocking, costumes and props) or simply presented with scripts in hand. It asks questions about tolerance and brotherly love. Can people of different faiths (or people of the same faith) who perceive life differently live together in harmony and peace? John D. Fitzgerald suggests positive answers to such questions. This play performs one approach to the principle of tolerance.

Papa Married a Mormon is like a family patchwork quilt worn threadbare from use. It is constructed of sixteen different scenes that synergistically create a community of diverse people from varied backgrounds, conjoining to make up the frontier town of Silverlode/Adenville, Utah.

The set should be minimal, perhaps as simple as platforms of various levels. Story locations are not defined by specific set pieces, but rather by minimal props and furniture pieces that performers carry on and off, allowing for fluid changes from one location to another.

Costumes could consist of a basic outfit for each performer, adding different pieces for each character, allowing the performers to quickly change from one character to another with maybe a change of hat, coat or shawl.

Music can be live or recorded, using musical instruments and songs/sounds from the period.

Please feel free to alter narration assignments however necessary for individual productions.

Papa Married a Mormon opened on May 28, 2004 in the Pardoe Theatre in the Harris Fine Arts Center at Brigham Young University. The production team consisted of the following:

Director and Adapter:	Rodger D. Sorensen
Dramaturg and Co-adapter:	Kayela Seegmiller
Scenic and Lighting Designer:	Eric Fielding
Production Stage Manager:	Katie Renville
Costume Designer:	Analisa Larsen
Makeup Designer:	Kimberlee Six
Fight Choreographer:	Matthew Carlin
Dialect Coach:	Emily Combe

This script is prepared for a fifteen person company, nine men and six women. The company of the original production is included, suggesting one possible way of casting. The company can be expanded or contracted depending upon the needs and resources of the producing group.

The text was adapted after the technique used in the Royal Shakespeare Company's 1981 Tony Award winning production of *The Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby*. Originally adapted by David Edgar from the novel by Charles Dickens and directed for the stage by Trevor Nunn and John Caird. Samplings of the Jim Goddard film can be viewed on YouTube at https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IieU_CJK6w.

The legend to understanding the structure of the script follows. The play retains the chapter format of the original book. The numbers in brackets indicate who speaks the line, phrase or word, each performer having been assigned a number. At times the character name is used instead of or with a number. Bracketed text is not intended to be spoken, rather it suggests subtext or staging ideas. In the 2004 production, all company members performed as narrators as well as the following characters:

Cast for the 2004 production of *Papa Married a Mormon* (9M 6F)

<u>Number</u>	<u>Original Performer</u>	<u>Characters played by the performer</u>
#1 (M)	<i>Trevor Banks</i>	JD, Nat Breen, Hal Gentry, Town Marshal, Judge Baker, Narrator
#2 (F)	<i>Amanda Schutz</i>	Tena, Narrator
#3 (M)	<i>Phillip Clayton</i>	Tom, Lem Owen, Narrator
#4 (M)	<i>Josh Romney</i>	Will, Old Man, Narrator
#5 (M)	<i>Jon Andrus</i>	Mr. Murphy, Bishop Aden, Dan Harkess, Barnaby Smith, Narrator
#6 (M)	<i>Scot Fetter</i>	Grandpa Sweyn, Dandy Allen, Dirty Dawson's Dad, Narrator
#7 (F)	<i>Erin Gathro</i>	Grandma Elizabeth, Old Lady Miller, Narrator
#8 (M)	<i>Aaron Spjute</i>	Grandpa Timothy, Mark Trainor, Narrator
#9 (M)	<i>Doug Kauffman</i>	Dave Powell, Windy Davis, Old Man, TD, Narrator
#10 (F)	<i>Diana Spjute</i>	Grandma Annie, Bertha Tuttle, Narrator
#11 (F)	<i>Laura Sorensen</i>	Aunt Cathie, Narrator
#12 (M)	<i>Kevin Snow</i>	Butch Mears, Bishop Trainor, SD, Father Caffaralla, Narrator
#13 (F)	<i>Debra Moses</i>	Ma Burke, Katie, Narrator
#14 (M)	<i>Collin Smith</i>	Brother John, Abe Glassman, Earnest Dawson (EDD), The Laredo Kid, Doc Tethers, Narrator
#15 (F)	<i>Denise Cutliff</i>	Queenie, Narrator

ACT I

Scene 1: The Beginning

[The stage is empty. The set is multiple levels of platforms and some suggestion of southern Utah architecture from the end of the 19th century. The set locations are not specific, allowing for fluid changes from one location to another. Costumes are also from the period, allowing for performers to quickly change from one character to another with maybe a change of hat or coat or shawl. Lights fade on the audience and come up on John D. Fitzgerald, standing somewhere on stage, talking to the audience. There are approximately fifteen members of the acting company, all of them playing narrators, many of them performing multiple characters.]
(Characters in Scene: Entire Company as Narrators.)

- NARRATORS:** [1] Dixie, to the Mormons, is that portion of Southern Utah Territory colonized by them. [9] In the year 1854, Brigham Young sent a mission of twelve wagons, [13] thirty horses and mules, [14] six cattle, [15] eight cows, [8] and twenty-six men [3] to build a settlement at the mouth of Red Rock Canyon in Dixie. [8] Ephraim Aden, a big-boned, tall, gaunt-faced youth of twenty, was chosen Captain of the Mission. [11] His homely appearance was accentuated by what remained of his right ear. [12] All of the ear but the lobe had been torn off by a bullet in a hunting accident. [8] He had formed a habit of reaching for his ear and, finding it gone, gently pulling on the remaining lobe.
- [10] The Dixie desert was strewn for miles with grotesque rock formations, left from volcanic upheavals, which reached up from the sands like the gnarled hands of the damned. [14] The rain and wind had carved fantastic shapes out of the red sandstone, and these added to the bleakness and unearthliness of the scene.
- [2,9,10,12,13,15] Red Rock Canyon.
- [1] Winfred Judd, Recorder of the Mission, made this entry in his journal: [6] “I find it hard to believe that man, beast or plant could survive in such a God-forsaken place.” [7] At times the wind blew so hard that it hurled sand against the faces of the members of the Mission [3,4,6,9,12] until they were flecked with blood. [14] When this concern was voiced to Captain Aden, he replied: [8] “Brothers, I say this to you, that on this site chosen by the scouts and approved by President Young, we shall build a colony if we have to plant one seed at a time and stand upon each one until they take root.”
- [9] Their first shelters were dugouts: [10] a hole six feet deep and twelve feet square, covered with a roof made from cottonwood poles, [11] with bundles of rushes placed between the poles and held in place by willows, [12] and a foot of dirt shoveled on top to keep out the rain, snow and cold. [13] The town was named Adenville in honor of the Captain.
- [1] Twenty years later, Judd noted in his journal: [6] “Although our progress has been slow, we feel that we have accomplished a great deal. The population is over a thousand. We have log cabins or adobe houses for every family. Cotton, corn, vineyards, and wheat are growing abundantly. Our gristmill, tannery, soap and wool factories are all producing for export to Salt Lake City and other communities.” [2] Upon completion of the beautiful Tabernacle made from red rocks quarried in the canyon, [8] Adenville was made a Ward

with Ephraim Aden as Bishop.

[14] Two great calamities befell the community in 1877. [11] Its residents were in a state of shock and grief over the death of their beloved President, Brigham Young, [15] when a prospector accidentally stuck his pick into a sandstone formation [4] in Red Rock Canyon [4] just two miles above Adenville [15] and discovered horn silver where silver had previously not been known to exist. [7] Just across the canal from Adenville, [4,15,3,14,9] the hell-roaring mining camp of Silverlode was born.

[Everyone moves either to their next location on stage or to the side of the stage to watch the next scene.]

Scene 2: Uncle Will's Arrival in Silverload

Characters in scene: Grandpa Timothy [8], Will [4], Mr. Murphy [5], Town Marshall [1], Grandma Annie [10], Lem Owen [3], Dave Powell [9], Nat Breen [1], Narrators 2, 13, 14.

NARRATORS: [14] The man who boarded the stagecoach out of Salt Lake City for Silverlode had a hundred and eighty pounds of sinewy muscle well distributed over his six-foot frame. [13] His wide-spaced brown eyes set above high cheekbones were expressionless, whether he laughed or frowned. [2] He wore a tailor-made serge suit. [14] Around his waist he wore a hand-tooled leather holster and belt studded with precious gems. [13] The man had killed seven men in his life, four of these in arguments over card games and three who were seeking a reputation as gun-slingers.

WILL [4]: Mister, do you mind if I ride on top with you? The ladies in the coach object to my smoking.

LEM OWEN [3]: Sure thing, stranger.

WILL [4]: Name's Fitzgerald. Will Fitzgerald.

LEM OWEN [3]: Reckon you're one of the gamblin' fellows.

WILL [4]: Anything against gambling, old-timer?

LEM OWEN [3]: Nope. Last gambling fellow rode with me was dead before sunup next day. If you ain't good at gambling without cheating, and if you can't back your play with a fast draw, maybe Silverlode ain't the town for you.

WILL [4]: Don't worry about me, old-timer.

LEM OWEN [3]: See that dam the other side of the canyon? Before Silverlode, the Mormons had a dam on this side. After Silverlode the water got so polluted by the time it reached Adenville it wasn't fit for man nor beast. The Mormons built a new dam and a canal down the other side of the canyon. Stands all of ninety feet high. Highest in the Territory. Them Mormons can make water run up hill. Plumb crazy about water and trees. There's a saying in the Territory that when two Gentiles meet they have a drink; but when two Mormons meet, they build a dam and a canal, and plant a tree. Damnedest tree planters since Johnny Appleseed.

WILL [4]: An unusual breed of men, all right.

LEM OWEN [3]: Strange about a lot of things. Don't drink nor smoke. Don't even drink coffee.

WILL [4]: Didn't they develop the mines?

LEM OWEN [3]: Brigham Young forbid 'em to. Wouldn't allow 'em to trade with miners either, until Bishop Aden laid down conditions. The irrigation ditch divides Silverlode and Adenville. Every day two Mormon men go into Silverlode and take orders. Deliver the food and goods the next day, get paid in cash. Any Gentile crosses the irrigation ditch without permission from the Mormons, agreement's off.

NARRATORS: [2] Will D. Fitzgerald, despised the weak. He believed that if there had been only the strong in this world, life would have been a better contest. **[13]** He was the second son of five children, and at fifteen he refused to attend church any more.

WILL: All men are entitled to believe anything they wish.

NARRATORS: [14] However, he never ridiculed God or religion.

WILL [4]: It's my ace in the hole. Since I never speak out against God, if by chance there should be one, it'll be in my favor on judgment Day.

NARRATORS: [14] Will was sixteen when he began his preparations for leaving his childhood home in Pennsylvania. He ordered a Sharps revolver, a holster and shells from a mail order house, and began to frequent Murphy's Tavern.

MR. MURPHY [6]: The first time Will entered the tavern, Mr. Murphy tried to put him out, only to receive a terrible shellacking. Mr. Murphy appealed to Will's father,

GRANDPA TIMOTHY [8]: who in turn sought the help of the town marshal,

TOWN MARSHALL [1]: who ordered the boy to leave the tavern.

WILL [4]: You can leave me alone or go for your gun. It's immaterial to me.

TOWN MARSHALL [1]: The marshal reported to Timothy Fitzgerald that he would have to kill the boy or be killed.

GRANDPA TIMOTHY [8]: Timothy resigned himself to having Will spend all of his time at the tavern or down by the river practicing with his gun.

WILL [4]: On his seventeenth birthday, Will announced to the family that he was leaving for the West.

GRANDMA ANNIE [10]: Please don't let him go, Timothy. He is just a child going out into that wicked and dangerous wilderness.

GRANDPA TIMOTHY [8]: If you must feel sorry, Annie, feel sorry for the Wild West. It's the Fitzgerald curse. There is one born in every generation.

LEM OWEN [3]: If you're looking for the really big stake games, ain't no place but the Whitehorse. Nat Breen, the owner himself takes a hand in the biggest ones. One more word of advice, stranger, he killed two men on account of 'em.

NARRATORS: [2] Will pushed open the swinging doors and entered the Whitehorse.

WILL [4]: He was impressed. It was the most plush saloon and gambling hall he'd ever seen in a mining camp.

NARRATORS: [13] He spent an hour watching the various gambling games in progress. **[14]** He bought chips

and began playing roulette, but kept his eye on the big stake poker game until he saw real money being bet. [13] From the July 2, 1877, edition of *The Silverlode Advocate*, a weekly newspaper published every Friday, Dave Powell, editor and publisher:

DAVE POWELL [9]: Death, as it must come to most men who accuse other men of cheating in a card game, came to Nat Breen, late proprietor of the Whitehorse Saloon, at eleven-fifteen AM last Wednesday morning. Breen's premature demise was due to a stranger who was not only a better poker player but also faster on the draw.

NARRATORS: [14] The shooting was the culmination of a fifteen-hour poker game. [13] At eight PM the stranger took a hand in the big stake poker game. [14] At approximately eleven AM Wednesday morning the stranger had broken the saloon bank, [13] having won more than twenty thousand dollars.

NAT BREEN [1]: Stranger, I challenge you to one hand of showdown poker: your winnings against the Whitehorse Saloon.

WILL [4]: We'll need a new deck of cards.

[Both players shuffle the deck and then cut high card for deal. The stranger wins.]

NAT BREEN [1]: Your deal.

[He deals the cards one by one face up.]

NAT BREEN [1]: I've got a pair of kings.

WILL [4]: And I've got [lays his last card down] three jacks.

NAT BREEN [1]: And I think . . .

DAVE POWELL [9]: Nat Breen was so indelicate as to suggest that the stranger's good fortune had not been attributable to luck or skill.

NAT BREEN [1]: . . . you cheated.

WILL [4]: You can apologize or go for your gun. It's immaterial to me.

DAVE POWELL [9]: The stranger's hands never left the top of the table until Nat Breen touched leather.

[Then, with a lightning-like draw unparalleled in these parts, the stranger drew.]

DAVE POWELL [9]: Nat Breen was dead before he got his gun out of its holster.

NARRATORS: [14] *The Advocate*, in the interest of impartial reporting, reminds its readers that on two previous occasions Nat Breen lost the Whitehorse Saloon in poker games, [13] only to retrieve same by accusing his opponent of cheating and then beating him to the draw.

WILL [4]: Mr. Powell, I believe I will remain in Silverlode.

DAVE POWELL [9]: We can therefore stop calling him stranger and welcome to our midst Will Fitzgerald, new proprietor of the Whitehorse Saloon, lock, stock and barrel.

[MUSIC – transition to next scene.]

Scene 3: Papa Goes West

Characters in this scene: Grandma Annie [10], Grandpa Timothy [8], Tom [3], Brother John [14], Butch Mears [12], Windy Davis [9], Will [4], Dandy Allen [6], Bishop Aden [5], Narrators 7, 10, 11,

and 15.

NARRATORS: [11] Tom D. Fitzgerald was the third son of five children. [15] His character was molded by two extremes.

GRANDMA ANNIE [10]: From his mother he learned compassion,

GRANDPA TIMOTHY [8]: only to hear his father say that pity is wasted on some people.

GRANDMA ANNIE [10]: From his mother he learned that charity is divine,

GRANDPA TIMOTHY [8]: only to hear his father say that charity begins at home.

GRANDMA ANNIE [10]: From his mother he learned that revenge belongs to God,

GRANDPA TIMOTHY [8]: only to hear his father declare that if a man hits you, you hit him back.

GRANDPA TIMOTHY [8]: From his mother he learned religious intolerance,

GRANDMA ANNIE [10]: only to hear his father say emphatically that intolerance is the handmaiden of ignorance.

GRANDMA ANNIE [10]: Timothy, what have you heard about Doris Brown.

GRANDPA TIMOTHY [8]: That she is pregnant and not married.

GRANDMA ANNIE [10]: What can you expect from a Methodist?

GRANDPA TIMOTHY [8]: Annie, that isn't fair. The girl might be a Methodist, but the boy she claims is the father is a Catholic.

GRANDMA ANNIE [10]: Nonsense. She's just saying that because the boy's people have money.

GRANDPA TIMOTHY [8]: Annie, you can no more stop sin from cropping out in people of all religious beliefs than you can disease.

NARRATORS: [11] Annie's religious intolerance confused Tom. [15] When his oldest brother John announced his intention to become a priest, Tom talked to him about it.

TOM [3]: John, I want to be a good Catholic, but I can't find it within my mind or heart to believe that anybody who isn't a Catholic is bad.

JOHN [14]: If you believed that, Tom, you would not be a good Catholic. I once felt about Mamma's intolerance as you do, so I went to Father O'Leary. He said, "All religions are but windows in the same church, letting in the light of God. And if you break one of these windows, you desecrate the Mother Church.

TOM [3]: John, you're wise enough to be a priest, all right.

NARRATORS: [15] Tom studied journalism at Loyola College in Baltimore and had been working for his father on *The Boylestown Gazette* for two years when his mother died of cancer. [7] From her deathbed, she looked up from her pillow into the faces of her loved ones. It was the lost one, the Godless one, the laughing one, who made her cry out against her approaching death.

GRANDMA ANNIE [10]: Tom, I want you to promise me something.

TOM [3]: Anything, Mamma.

GRANDMA ANNIE [10]: I want you to go out West and find your brother. I want you to promise me you'll watch over him and take care of him.

TOM [3]: But Mamma---

GRANDMA ANNIE [10]: I know you all believe that Will is dead because he hasn't written in years. But, I would have felt it and known if he were dead. I have prayed to the good Saint Jude to watch over the lost

one. I cannot die in peace unless I know you will take care of your brother.

NARRATORS: [7] The day after her funeral, the family gathered in the parlor of their home.

GRANDPA TIMOTHY [8]: I'm sorry your mother extracted such a promise from you, Tom. I feel quite certain that when and if you do find your brother, it will be the last thing he'll want.

TOM [3]: That I'll find Will, if he is alive, I haven't a single doubt, although it may take years. And when I find him, there I'll put down my roots. I would appreciate it, Father, if you'd advance me a part of my inheritance for expenses, and give me your blessing.

GRANDPA TIMOTHY [8]: You have both.

NARRATORS: [7] It was a cool spring day in March when the stagecoach braked to a screeching stop in Silverlode. A salesman and Tom Fitzgerald were the only passengers. The salesman started walking across Whiskey Row. He reached the center of the street when his bowler hat went sailing from his head as the loud cracking sound of a whip was heard. The salesman picked up his hat and walked over to the front wheel of a freighter. [6] "I'm sorry, Mister Mears." [11] Tom watched this bit of by-play while he claimed his luggage. He followed the salesman toward the Miner's Hotel. [10] He too reached the center of the street when his own hat went flying from his head. [7] He picked up his hat and walked over to the freighter. [15] The driver was a heavy-set man, very broad across the shoulders and chest. [11] Through his brown-stained teeth he spat tobacco juice that splattered over Tom's pearl-buttoned shoes.

BUTCH MEARS [12]: Name's Butch Mears. You plumb forgot to tip your hat to me. Fust thing all City Slickers learn when they get to Silverlode is to tip their hats to Butch Mears.

TOM [3]: You handle that whip like an expert.

BUTCH MEARS [12]: Yep, best mule-skinner in the whole dern Territory.

NARRATORS: [11] Tom grabbed the whip, giving it a strong jerk. [15] Mears, caught by the leather thong around his wrist, tumbled into the street. [7] Tom moved in fast, pouncing on Mears, removing his gun from its holster, and throwing it under the freighter. [15] He grabbed the driver's wrist and pulled the leather thong of the whip over it. [11] Jumping away from Mears, he threw the whip under the freighter.

TOM [3]: Now, Mister Mears, if you can fight your way to your whip, I'll let you knock my hat off again.

WINDY DAVIS [9]: Fight! Fight! Butch Mears is gonna slaughter a Dude.

NARRATORS: [7] Will and the others arrived just as Butch and the Dude had finished stripping to the waist.

WILL [4]: What's the fight about?

BUTCH MEARS [12]: Just going to learn this damn Dude some manners, Will. Would'ya believe it, he refuses to tip his hat to me. Now I claim that ain't no way for a Dude to go on living.

WILL [4]: He's a fair-sized man, Butch. Maybe you bit off more than you can chew.

BUTCH MEARS [12]: Hell's fire, Will, I eat City Slickers like him for breakfast.

DANDY ALLEN [6]: You wouldn't want to bet on it would you, Will?

WILL [4]: Now Dandy Allen, I didn't say I'd back my opinion with money.

DANDY ALLEN [6]: Did you hear that, boys, first time I ever knew Will Fitzgerald to hedge a bet.

WILL [4]: Since you force me, Dandy, I've got a thousand dollars that says the Dude will whip Butch.

DANDY ALLEN [6]: A thousand? Come off it, Will. We never bet more than five or ten dollars on these fights.

WILL [4]: Who is trying to hedge now?

DANDY ALLEN [6]: All right, Will, I'll cover that bet.

BUTCH MEARS [12]: I'd like to get some of that easy money, Will.

[The crowd takes up the cry of "Me too."]

WILL [4]: Just line up, folks. Judge Baker will record all bets and hold the stakes.

BUTCH MEARS [12]: What's the idear, Will? You want I should let this Dude whip me?

WILL [4]: No, Butch, you just do your dammedest to win. Stranger, I think it only fair to tell you that we fight a little different out here than you do back East. Everything goes. Nearest thing you have to it back East is what you call lumberjack fighting. We're ready now. Let her rip, and may the best man win.

DANDY ALLEN [6]: I can't bear to watch it, Will. The Dude will expect Butch to come in slugging. Butch will ram him instead.

NARRATORS: [15] For a man of his size, Mears dove with great speed at the Dude's stomach in an attempt to ram his opponent with his head. **[11]** but a split second before Mears reached him, he sidestepped, stuck out his foot, and tripped the mule-driver.

[The crowd roars with laughter as Butch's nose plows a furrow in the dirt.]

WILL [4]: That will rile Butch and he'll go at the Dude swinging. Watch the Dude cut Butch's face to ribbons.

NARRATORS: [15] Mears charged the Dude with his ham-like fists slamming at the air, but his punches never seemed to land as the Dude kept him off balance with a steady tattoo of left jabs. **[11]** The Dude then feinted Mears into position and sunk a powerful left hook into the mule driver's stomach.

[Mears appears to be unconscious although still on his feet. He stands with his arms hanging at his sides, with his right foot placed backward as if to keep himself from falling.]

DANDY ALLEN [6]: This is the end of your Dude, Will. Butch is setting him up to give him the boot.

WILL [4]: I'll bet you a hundred dollars that within one minute Butch is sprawled flat on his back.

DANDY ALLEN [6]: I'll take that bet.

NARRATORS: [11] The Dude stalked toward Mears with his right fist cocked as if for the final blow. **[15]** Butch stood limply, with his arms hanging at his side, until the Dude was within striking distance of his foot. **[11]** With a move so fast his leg seemed blurred, Mears aimed a kick at the Dude's chin. **[15]** The Dude jerked his head back just in time and grasped Butch's leg by toe and heel. **[11]** The Dude whirled his own body around, twisting the foot as he did so. **[15]** Butch was suspended in the air for a moment, and then hurled to the ground.

WILL [4]: *[Uncle Will looks at his watch.]* That's another hundred you owe me, Dandy. Exactly forty seconds.

NARRATORS: [15] Butch bounded to his feet. With a roar of rage he charged the Dude. The suddenness of the attack enabled him to wrap his big arms around the Dude's chest.

DANDY ALLEN [6]: This is definitely the end of your Dude, Will. Butch will bust every rib in his body. You are the only man in the Territory that ever broke that hold.

WILL [4]: I've another hundred that says the Dude will break the hold, Dandy.

DANDY ALLEN [6]: I have to cover that bet.

NARRATORS: [10] The crowd held its breath as they watched the dude force up his arms until his hands were cupped under the mule driver's chin. **[15]** Slowly the Dude pushed back Butch's head. **[11]** As the hold was broken, the Dude grabbed Mears by the wrist with a flying mare hold, and threw the mule driver over his head. Still holding Butch's wrist, he fell on top of him with his elbow crashing into his opponent's Adam's

apple. [15] The mule driver's body went limp.

[Tom gets to his feet, walks to where his clothes are piled, and begins dressing. Uncle Will slaps Dandy Allen on the back.]

WILL [4]: That'll teach you to bet against a Fitzgerald!

DANDY ALLEN [6]: You mean ---

WILL [4]: I sure do, Dandy. I used to be able to lick him, but I wouldn't want to try it now. Welcome to Silverlode, Tom.

TOM [3]: Hello, Will. Why didn't you stop it? You knew I could take him. Even John could take him.

WILL [4]: And pass up a golden opportunity to make a bet on a sure thing?

TOM [3]: You haven't changed a bit.

WILL [4]: Boys, meet my brother Tom Fitzgerald.

TOM [3]: Will you shake hands, Butch Mears?

BUTCH MEARS [12]: Ain't feeling so bad about losing now I know you're Will's brother. Before he came here, I could lick any man in the Territory. Now there's two of you. Glad to know you, Tom.

[All exit except Tom and Will.]

WILL [4]: So, tell me, Tom, what brings you to this desolate country?

TOM [3]: Mamma is dead, Will.

WILL [4]: I know I should feel something but I don't.

TOM [3]: Maybe you're the lost one of this generation.

WILL [4]: Surely you don't believe in that legend.

NARRATORS: [10] Their Irish ancestor Dennis Fitzgerald, was captured in a fight against the English. He informed on six of his friends to save his own life. [15] The six men were caught in an ambush by the English and killed. [7] Dennis was found murdered a few days after his release by the English. [11] Legend has it that the fathers of the six betrayed men called upon Dennis' father, James Fitzgerald. [15] They pronounced a curse on the family that one male in each generation for six generations would die violently or in disgrace without benefit of confession and the last rites as an expiation for Dennis' cowardice.

[10] James Fitzgerald loathed the English so much that he was twice as bitter about his son's cowardice as the bereaved fathers of the men his son had betrayed. [7] He decreed that all his male descendants for all time to come would bear the middle name of Dennis to keep the disgrace and shame of the cowardice of one Fitzgerald alive in the family forever.

TOM [3]: You must have believed it yourself, or you wouldn't have left home.

WILL [4]: Tom, why did you come here? I've always pictured you stepping right into Papa's shoes.

TOM [3]: I came out West looking for a newspaper I could buy. I found a copy of the Silverlode Advocate and your name was on it as publisher.

WILL [4]: I won The Advocate from Dave Powell in a poker game. You couldn't pick a poorer place in the whole country to buy a newspaper, Tom. If you're against the Mormons, they'll boycott the paper. If you're in favor of them, the Gentiles will call you a Jack Mormon, and not only boycott you, but wreck your office and beat you up. And you can't sit on the fence. It's been tried by dozens of newspapers and they all failed.

TOM [3]: Sell me The Advocate. I'm certain I can make a living with it. I have never asked you a favor, Will.

WILL [4]: I admit there's a need for men like you, but if I knew a man was going to kill you in a fair gun fight, I wouldn't interfere. I'd kill him later, but I couldn't prevent him from killing you first. Life is cheap here

and a man must fight to keep it.

TOM [3]: I would not have it any other way.

WILL [4]: I promised Dave Powell he'd have a job for as long as he wanted. The Advocate couldn't support you both.

TOM [3]: I'll keep David Powell on as my typesetter and assistant. I don't want to make a lot of money.

WILL [4]: You haven't asked about Queenie.

TOM [3]: I came West to live my own life, Will.

WILL [4]: Remember that. We are an uncivilized, unprincipled, immoral, and irreligious people, not counting the Mormons. You try to live another man's life in this country, Tom, and he'll take yours.

TOM [3]: I could not succeed as a journalist if I were not objective and impartial.

WILL [4]: All right, Tom, you can have The Advocate.

NARRATORS: [15] From its editorial page of March 21, 1884, *The Silverlode Advocate* announced a change in its editorial policy.

NARRATOR [11]: Your new editor received his training as a journalist from his father who was also an editor and owner of a newspaper. [7] Each morning when your editor reported for work his father would make him read the following creed, which was suspended in a wooden frame above his father's roll-top desk.

TOM [3]: "A journalist who prints only the good about a person, issue, thing, belief or political party is just as much a disgrace to his profession as a journalist who prints only the bad about a person, issue, thing, belief or political party. It's not the duty of a true journalist to defend or condemn the acts or morals of men and governments. The true journalist is the voice of the unbiased observer who presents only the facts so the people may decide the issues themselves. When he omits a single fact, either pro or con, he ceases to be a true journalist."

NARRATOR [10]: This creed shall dictate the editorial policy of this newspaper for as long as your editor is the publisher. [11] Your editor believes he has no more right to tell you what church you should attend than he has to tell you how to vote. [15] Let it be enough that a man worships God, and the manner in which he manifests that love for God be of his own choosing. Editorially yours, *Tom D. Fitzgerald*

BISHOP ADEN [8]: Tom Fitzgerald? I'm Ephraim Aden. We Saints in Adenville have read the editorial in *The Advocate*. There were the doubters who thought it some sort of a trick. I felt it could have been written only by a sincere man. This envelope contains the names of six hundred residents of Adenville and a check in the amount of three thousand dollars in payment for one year's subscription to *The Advocate*. We shall resume our advertising, send you our printing, and arrange for the relaying of important news to you from Salt Lake City over the church telegraph lines. Good day.

TOM [3]: Bishop Aden, permit me to thank you. I can only assure you that you haven't misjudged me.

NARRATORS: [15] After Bishop Aden left, Tom tried in vain to reconcile the first Latter-day Saint he'd met personally with the farfetched stories he'd heard about them.

NARRATORS: [7] Tom's reputation as a journalist grew with each succeeding issue of *The Advocate*. [10] There were many among the Gentiles in Silverlode who might have found fault with Tom's editorial policy; [15] but none dared call him a Jack Mormon, knowing he had beaten Butch Mears. [11] There were a few who might've goaded him into a gunfight, [7] but they held back this urge because they knew in turn they would have to face the guns of Will Fitzgerald.

[MUSIC- transition into the next scene.]

Scene 4: Papa Meets Mamma

Characters in scene: Tom [3], Abe Glassman [14], Bishop Aden [5], Two Old Men [4, 9], Tena [2], Grandpa Sweyn [6], Grandma Elizabeth [7], Bishop Trainor [12], Mark Trainor [8], and Narrators 1, 13, and 15.

NARRATORS: [1] Tom wasn't a drinking or a gambling man. He found relaxation in visiting the campgrounds every evening, where he participated in the wrestling matches, foot races and weight-lifting contests. **[15]** He sat around campfires and listened to tall tales of the West, or debated issues ranging all the way from politics to horse-trading **[13]** After getting to know his neighbors, Tom took a realistic look at his prospects. **[1]** Even with the generous support of the Saints in Adenville, *The Advocate* could not support both him and Dave Powell.

TOM [3]: One evening he spoke of this to Bishop Aden.

BISHOP ADEN [5]: Tom, why don't you seek additional subscriptions in nearby Mormon communities. Talk to Sweyn Neilsen in Enoch.

NARRATORS: [1] The following Monday, Tom hired a rig and rode to Enoch, twenty miles north of Adenville. **[15]** He drew the horse to a stop in front of Neilsen's Mercantile Store and tied the reins to the hitching post.

OLD MAN [4]: As he entered the store, two elderly men were seated on empty boxes playing checkers near a big iron stove,

OLD MAN [9]: so intent on their game that they didn't raise their heads.

TOM [3]: Tom looked up and saw a girl standing on a stepladder behind the counter placing goods on a shelf.

NARRATORS: [13] Her long corn-colored hair hung in two thick waist-length braids. Her hazel eyes showed curiosity as she saw the stranger, and her small mouth crinkled into a smile producing two dimples in her cheeks.

TENA [2]: May I help you, sir?

TOM [3]: He tried to speak, but his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. He felt dizzy and the blood rushed to his face.

TENA [2]: Are you ill, sir? Can I get you a glass of water?

TOM [3]: Ill? [He turns to the audience.] He was definitely ill.

NARRATORS: [13] As ill as the first cigar he smoked had made him. **[1]** As ill as the first drink of whiskey he drank had made him.

TOM [3]: He could see no possible similarity between the cigar and the whiskey and love at first sight, but that was the way he felt.

NARRATORS: [1] Tom turned and ran from the store, climbed into the rig and galloped the horse out of town. **[15]** There he sat for more than an hour trying to compose himself.

OLD MAN [4]: The two old men were still playing checkers when he returned to the store.

[Tom turns into the scene. He takes a deep breath, removes his hat, and bows gracefully.]

TOM [3]: Allow me to introduce myself. Tom Fitzgerald, Esquire, your obedient servant.

OLD MAN [9]: The two old men interrupted their game and stared at the maker of flowery speeches.

TENA [2]: Your name is vaguely familiar to me.

TOM [3]: It's the name of a man who knows you well, of a man who has met you many times in his dreams, of a man who has carried a picture of your dear face in his heart since the days of his youth. It's the name of a man who begs with all humility for the honor of calling on you and paying his respects to your family.

[Sweyn Neilsen enters the room with an umbrella.]

TENA [2]: Ohhhh... Father, this is Tom Fitzgerald.

GRANDPA SWEYN [6]: I've heard of you, sir. I am Sweyn Neilsen.

TOM [3]: I am very glad to know you, sir, and congratulate you upon being the father of such a beautiful and charming daughter.

[Sweyn Neilsen backs up a few feet and points his umbrella at Tom.]

GRANDPA SWEYN [6]: You speak gibberish. State your business with me, young man.

TOM [3]: Certainly, sir. Bishop Aden suggested that I contact you. I would like you to become the agent for my newspaper in Enoch. I would make a financial arrangement to pay for your time.

GRANDPA SWEYN [6]: There will be no need of that. I have read your newspaper. I shall be pleased to act as your agent as long as your newspaper retains its present editorial policy.

TOM [3]: That is most generous of you, sir. And now, as to my own personal qualifications, I can furnish excellent references as to my character, reputation, family background, citizenship and financial rating.

GRANDPA SWEYN [6]: That isn't necessary. I have said I would act as your agent.

TOM [3]: You misunderstand me, sir. I am requesting permission to call upon your daughter.

GRANDPA SWEYN [6]: You are a Catholic, are you not?

TOM [3]: Yes, sir.

GRANDPA SWEYN [6]: My daughter is a God-fearing believer in the tenets of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. I am confident that after you have given yourself time to think this over, you'll realize how impossible your request is.

TOM [3]: I'll do as you suggest, sir; but even so . . .

NARRATORS: [1] Tom returned to Silverlode. **[13]** The next morning he stopped at the Emporium and bought a box of chocolates. **[15]** He stopped once during the drive to Enoch to pick some wild flowers.

OLD MAN [4]: The two old men playing checkers had been joined by a dog that lay stretched beneath the pot-bellied stove.

OLD MAN [9]: They all three watched expectantly as Tom walked to the counter.

TOM [3]: I'm distressed that I must speak to you this way. But your father has refused me permission to call on you in your home. Please, please tell me your name.

OLD MAN [4]: Well, I'll be dadburned. In all my born days, I never seed anything so golly.

TENA [2]: My name is Tena, Tena Neilsen.

TOM [3]: Tena: a sweet name, a beautiful name, a dear name. I'll devote my every moment toward the day when you grant me permission to call you Miss Tena.

[Sweyn Neilsen enters the room, swinging his umbrella.]

GRANDPA SWEYN [6]: Mister Fitzgerald! I assumed that you were an intelligent man. I assumed that you were a reasonable man. I assumed that you were not an idiot! I see now I was wrong. I'll therefore make it plain enough for even a dolt to understand. Don't ever attempt to see my daughter again.

TENA [2]: But, Papa!

GRANDPA SWEYN [6]: Tena, go home this instant.

[After a shy smile towards Tom, Tena reluctantly walks toward the rear of the store.]

GRANDPA SWEYN [6]: Mr. Fitzgerald, will you please leave my store immediately?

TOM [3]: This may be hard for you to comprehend, sir, but I'm in love with your daughter, and I intend to seek her hand in marriage, with or without your permission. I didn't wait these many years for the one girl in the world for me, only to have you take her from me. Good day, sir!

NARRATORS: [13] Sweyn Neilsen's destiny was shaped by three religions: [6] Lutheran, [7] Episcopalian, [6,7] and Mormon.

GRANDMA ELIZABETH [7]: He met and fell in love with Elizabeth Fairgate, an Episcopalian, while studying in England, and married her in 1864.

GRANDPA SWEYN [6]: When his father received word that Sweyn had married an Englishwoman [7] and not a Lutheran, [6] he promptly disowned, disinherited and forbade his son ever to return to the ancestral home.

GRANDMA ELIZABETH [7]: His wife had been raised by an uncle and aunt who believed that anyone who wasn't an Episcopalian was an infidel. When she married a Lutheran, they promptly disowned her.

NARRATORS: [13] This drove Sweyn to the brink of agnosticism. For four years he attended no church and said no prayers.

GRANDMA ELIZABETH [7]: One Sunday while walking in the park, Sweyn joined a crowd who were listening to a Mormon missionary. For many weeks after this, the missionary was a regular visitor in his home.

GRANDPA SWEYN [6]: As Sweyn listened, he knew that he'd been trying too long to dam up the universal longing of man to worship God.

GRANDMA ELIZABETH [7]: One night he dropped to his knees and prayed for forgiveness. An unseen fist clenched around his heart seemed to relax and a blinding light drove the darkness from his mind.

NARRATORS: [13] His family was baptized and confirmed as Latter-day Saints. They sold their bakery and moved to America. They crossed the plains, and after arriving in Salt Lake City, were called on a mission to help settle Enoch in Utah's Dixie.

NARRATORS: [15] That afternoon neighbors near the Neilsen home were treated to a strange sight. A handsome stranger leaned on the whitewashed picket fence and stared at an upstairs bedroom window they knew to be Tena's. [13] When Sweyn Neilsen heard about it, he sent an urgent message to Bishop Trainor. [1] At precisely six o'clock that evening, Tom opened the gate and walked boldly up to the front door.

[Tom knocks on the front door. Sweyn Neilsen opens it.]

TOM [3]: I present myself as an uninvited guest for supper, sir. I know it to be one of your customs always to set an extra plate for any unexpected guest.

GRANDPA SWEYN [6]: You are a stubborn man, sir. I cannot break with custom and refuse you supper; but I

can deny you the privilege of having my daughter dine with you.

[Grandma Neilsen enters.]

Mr. Fitzgerald, this is my wife, Elizabeth Neilsen. Mother, this is the new editor of "The Advocate."

GRANDMA ELIZABETH [7]: I'm pleased to meet you, sir.

[She notices that Tom is staring at her hair.]

Yes, young man, it's a wig. I lost all my hair from fever while crossing the plains.

[To Grandpa.]

Supper is ready.

TOM [3]: Your eyes, they're like your daughter's, Madam.

GRANDMA ELIZABETH [7]: Tom waited until Elizabeth Neilsen was seated and then sat down on one of the leather-backed chairs.

GRANDPA SWEYN [6]: He bowed his head as Sweyn Neilsen asked the blessing. Amen

TOM [3]: Despite his embarrassment, Tom took a second helping of everything on the table.

GRANDMA ELIZABETH [7]: Elizabeth Neilsen tried to make conversation several times during the supper.

GRANDPA SWEYN [6]: But her husband's meaningful glance soon made her lapse into silence.

[There is a knock at the door. Bishop Trainor and his son Mark enter the home.]

GRANDPA SWEYN [6]: Mr. Fitzgerald, this is Bishop Trainor, . . .

BISHOP TRAINOR [12]: How do you do, young man.

GRANDPA SWEYN [6]: . . . and his son, Mark.

MARK [8]: Hello.

GRANDPA SWEYN [6]: Gentlemen, this is Tom Fitzgerald, the new editor of *The Silverlode Advocate*.

TOM [3]: I'm pleased to meet you.

BISHOP TRAINOR [12]: Mr. Fitzgerald, we believe you to be an honest and honorable man. We trust you to do the right thing when you know the facts in this case: my son Mark and Tena Neilsen have been sweethearts since childhood. They are betrothed and will marry in the fall when Tena is eighteen. We realize that it would be possible for a handsome man like yourself to perhaps turn the head of a mere girl, but we trust to your sense of honor not to do so.

TOM [3]: I'll give up my courtship of Tena only when she herself spurns my attentions.

GRANDPA SWEYN [6]: Very well.

[He turns to Tena's room.]

TENA [2]: But Father, I am not betrothed to Mark. I like him, I even love him. But as a sister loves a brother.

GRANDPA SWEYN [6]: That is nonsense, daughter. You and Mark have been in love since you were children.

You'll tell Mr. Fitzgerald that you are betrothed to Mark and will marry him in the fall . . .

TENA [2]: But . . .

GRANDPA SWEYN [6]: . . . at the urging of your father and your Bishop.

[Tena and Mr. Neilsen turn to the parlor.]

NARRATORS: [13] When Tena looked across the parlor into the eyes of Tom Fitzgerald, it seemed that for a moment they were alone in the room. For the first time in her life she was looking at a man and feeling herself a woman. As his eyes pleaded with her, she experienced an uncontrollable elation that her face was beautiful and her body desirable.

GRANDPA SWEYN [6]: Daughter, please tell this gentleman that you're betrothed to Mark and will marry

him in the fall.

[She drops her head.]

TENA [2]: I am betrothed to Mark and I'll marry him in the fall.

[Tom groans as if in pain and exits.]

[MUSIC- transition into the next scene.]

Scene 5: The Courtship of Tena

Characters in scene: Mark Trainor [8], Tena [2], Tom [3], Schoolteacher [15], Bishop Trainor [12], Grandpa Sweyn [6], Grandma Elizabeth [7], Dave Powell [9] and Narrators 1, 9, and 11.

NARRATORS: [1] A few days after Tom left the Neilsen home, Mark went for a ride with Tena. They stopped at the edge of the desert.

MARK [8]: Tena, are you going to marry me in the fall?

TENA [2]: Mark, I can't. I love you, yes, but not that way. If I married you it wouldn't be fair to you. I -- I just don't love you that way.

MARK [8]: Could you learn to love me as a wife loves a husband?

TENA [2]: I honestly don't know.

MARK [8]: Our fathers will insist that we marry when you're eighteen. What if that day were tomorrow? What would you do?

[Tena doesn't answer.]

MARK [8]: I'd make you a good husband.

TENA [2]: I wish I could say yes. But I love you too much as a friend to lie to you.

MARK [8]: Do you know what love is Tena?

TENA [2]: I think so. For a brief moment with Tom Fitzgerald as I looked at him in our parlor.

[Mark and Tena exit as Tom enters.]

NARRATORS: [9] The next day, Tom looked up from his desk in the office of *The Silverlode Advocate*.

TOM [3]: Mark Trainor?

MARK [8]: Tell me why you insisted on hearing from Tena's own lips of her betrothal and coming marriage to me.

NARRATORS: [9] Tom cleared his throat and bared his soul. **[11]** He told Mark of his mother and how she conditioned him into believing that somewhere in the world was the one right girl for him. **[1]** He told Mark of his college days and how he was always hoping the next girl he met would be the right one.

TOM [3]: Tena is the one. I knew the moment I first saw her. If there was any decent and honorable way for me to win Tena away from you, I'd do so.

MARK [8]: I'm glad you said that. I've loved Tena since I was a boy. But she doesn't feel for me the love of a

PERUSAL OF Papa Married A Mormon Adapted by *Rodger D. Sorensen*

woman for a man she'll marry. She would only marry me if our fathers insisted upon it. I love her too much for that. I saw something in her eyes as she looked at you that I would have given my life to see... That light in her eyes may have been just infatuation. But I want to give her every opportunity for happiness. Will you see her again?

TOM [3]: I shall everlastingly be in your debt for your frankness and confidence. I swear to you that if I don't marry Tena, I shall never marry.

NARRATORS: [11] Tena Neilsen didn't sleep the night of her conversation with Mark, but lay awake in her bedroom until the sun began streaming through the window, going over and over her first meeting with Tom Fitzgerald and the impulse she'd had to reach across the counter and push back the cowlick of his curly black hair.

NARRATORS: [9]: She thought of their second meeting and the almost uncontrollable desire she'd had to run across the room and touch his face with her hands.

NARRATORS: [1] She closed her eyes and repeated the words he'd spoken to her.

NARRATORS: [11]: She knew at last the meaning of love, and why she couldn't marry Mark.

NARRATORS: [9]: The next day Tena asked Mark to go riding with her.

TENA [2]: Mark, I'm being tortured. He's nowhere near me and yet I feel his presence all the time. Please help me.

NARRATORS [9]: A few days later, Tena and Mark met Tom near a wooded glen a few miles from Enoch on the road to Silverlode. **[1]** Years later when the children asked Mamma what she and Papa said to each other during that meeting, a soft light would come into her eyes. **[9]** She'd stop whatever she was doing and get that faraway look. **[1]** Then she'd shake her head and say,

TENA [2]: There are some moments in every woman's life that are too precious to share with anyone, even her own children.

NARRATORS: [11] They met several times afterwards at the wooded glen but their love was developed through correspondence with Mark Trainor acting as their messenger.

TOM [3]: My beloved Tena, I am not a wise man. But this I know, that God in his infinite wisdom did not mean that love should be denied to any of his children because they worship him in different churches. It is the belief in God that really matters. I could not possibly love you more if you were a Catholic. Walk to your window. Look up at the western sky. Ask yourself: how many ways does Tom love me. You can count them my dear only by counting all the stars you see. Good night my love, a sweet goodnight.

NARRATOR [11]: Tena knew she loved Tom. But still she couldn't heed his plea and Mark's suggestion that they elope. It wasn't the thought of hurting her father and mother, although she disliked deceiving them, for she had a premonition that in time they would both forgive her. It was her faith in the Latter-day Saint religion that held her back.

NARRATORS: [9] Tena received a letter from Tom telling her of his father's sudden death from pneumonia. **[1]** He promised to return from Pennsylvania before her eighteenth birthday. **[11]** Two months later, when Tom alighted from the stagecoach in Silverlode, he found Mark Trainor waiting for him.

MARK [8]: I don't know what I would have done if you hadn't been on this stagecoach. I've been meeting

every one for the past week.

TOM [3]: Has anything happened to Tena?

MARK [8]: Nothing except that she'll be eighteen in a week, and our fathers are moving ahead with the wedding plans. You'll want to read this letter in private.

TENA [2]: My dearest: If this betrayal of my heart for not telling you that I love you before you went away means a lifelong regret, I deserve it for my cowardice. I pray that I am not too late in saying yes, yes, I'll marry you, dear Tom. I love you as Ruth loved in the Bible. Thy God shall be my God. Thy people shall be my people. If prayers will bring you, I know you will come.

NARRATORS: [9] Tom forgot how tired he was from the long journey and insisted they leave at once. As they approached the wooded glen outside Enoch, Mark turned sideways in his saddle.

MARK [8]: Tom, I'm going to try and talk you out of doing it this way one more time. Today is Sunday. You'll arrive in town just as everybody's on their way to church. Why not wait until tomorrow? I'll have Tena ride with me and meet you here.

TOM [3]: I want her father and mother to know that we're eloping.

MARK [8]: They'll know all right. The whole town will know. I'll be waiting right here.

NARRATORS: [1]: Tena was walking toward the tabernacle with her family when she heard the sound of galloping hoofs.

TENA [2]: I recognized Tom even from a distance.

NARRATORS: [11] Tena wrapped her arms around his chest as they raced out of town. **[1]** They met Mark at the wooded glen where he helped Tena mount the spare horse. **[9]** When Tom asked if she could stand the ride, Mark laughed.

MARK [8]: She can outride any man. Just try to keep up with her. I've cut the telegraph lines to Adenville. They'll figure you'll go to Salt Lake to get married, so they'll try to head you off at Cedar City. Now, Tom, before you go -- you know, of course, that I'll kill you if you ever hurt Tena or bring her unhappiness?

TOM [3]: I'd want it that way, Mark. Some day I hope I can repay you for what you've done for Tena and me.

MARK [8]: Repay me by making Tena happy.

NARRATORS : [1] Will had three empty freighters heading to Salt Lake City, so Tom and Tena rode in one of them. **[11]** Whenever they came to a place where they might be seen, they hid in the big empty water barrels on the side of the wagon. **[9]** It was dusk when a posse of eight armed men headed by Bishop Trainor stopped the three wagons just north of Cedar City. **[1]** Sweyn Neilsen guided his horse to the side of the middle wagon where he remained until the search was over and the freighters moved on.

GRANDPA NEILSEN [6]: They thought they were pretty smart hiding in those water barrels, but I saw a piece of blue cloth through a hole in one of the barrels and recognized it as Tena's dress. I don't know why I didn't stop them. Perhaps it was because I had seen the love they had for one another--seen it in their eyes. I might have been remembering how our families disowned us when Elizabeth and I were married. Or maybe it was thinking of how happy we've been. I could've taken Tena away from Tom that day. But instead, I helped them elope.

NARRATORS: [11] Tom and Tena were married in Salt Lake City by a District Judge. **[1]** This was the first of

four times they were married to each other. [9] The second ceremony took place in Denver, after Tena turned eighteen.

NARRATORS: [11] When Tom and Tena returned from their honeymoon in Denver, Mark met their stagecoach and explained how Will had lost the house he had built for them in a poker game.

TOM [3]: I don't blame Will. I blame myself.

MARK [8]: I own a house in Adenville, Tom, just the other side of the ditch. It's a small adobe place, but Tena could make a home of it.

TENA [2]: Aren't you living in Enoch any more, Mark?

MARK [8]: I bought the saddlery shop next to *The Advocate*, and enlarged it to include a harness and gun shop. I always liked working with leather and no reason I can't become a fair gunsmith.

TOM [3]: I'm sorry if I've been the reason for your leaving home.

MARK [8]: It's something I've been wanting to do for some time. But let's get back to the adobe house.

TOM [3]: I don't know . . .

TENA [2]: Please Tom, let's go see Mark's house.

NARRATORS: [11] Tena rushed eagerly from room to room. [1] It had a combination parlor, living and dining room, a big kitchen, and one bedroom.

TENA [2]: It's just what I wanted!

TOM [3]: Mark, will you sell me the house?

MARK [8]: I was hoping you'd say that, Tom. I had to borrow money on my shop to buy it.

TOM [3]: It seems that I'm destined to go through life being in your everlasting debt, Mark.

NARRATORS: [1] Tom went into Silverlode and arranged for some men to move their furniture into the adobe house. [9] When he stopped by *The Advocate* office, Dave Powell was hard at work.

DAVE POWELL [9]: Tom, welcome back.

NARRATORS: [1] They discussed Tom's trip and then the local news.

TOM [3]: I'm relieved to hear the Mormons didn't cancel their subscriptions. I was certain they would.

DAVE POWELL [9]: Bishop Aden came to see me the day after you left.

[Bishop Aden enters the scene.]

BISHOP ADEN [5]: Mr. Powell, I want to impress upon you that the Mormons will seek no retaliation for what Mr. Fitzgerald has done. We hope the editorial policy of *The Advocate* will remain unbiased. Here is a check for three hundred and seventeen subscriptions for Mormons in Enoch and other communities. Just send *The Advocate* by stagecoach to Enoch in care of Neilsen's Mercantile Store.

DAVE POWELL [9]: *[To Tom.]* Knowing Neilsen is your father-in-law, I couldn't help but ask the Bishop what was behind it all. He gave me a damn good answer.

BISHOP ADEN [5]: Because it will be newspapers like *The Advocate* that will one day make Utah a state!

[Bishop Aden exits the scene.]

NARRATORS: [11] The first night in their home, Tom stood behind Tena in the bedroom while she brushed her hair, looking at her reflection in the mirror above the dresser.

TOM [3]: Tena girl, I'll love you and cherish you for always, and always.

TENA [2]: Please do, Tom dear.

TOM [3]: It's going to be difficult for you. I'm afraid, the Mormons of Adenville will ostracize us.

TENA [2]: The one and only thing in the world of which I am afraid, Tom dear, is that some day you'll no longer love me.

TOM [3]: That day, my darling, will never be.

NARRATOR: [11] Tom was right, that day never came.

[MUSIC-transition into the next scene.]

Scene 6: Blending Faiths

Characters in scene: Tom [3], Bishop Aden [5], Tena [2], Mark [8], Judge Baker [1], Dave Powell [9], Ma Burke [13], Abe Glassman [14], piano player, singers 4, 6, 7, 11, Grandma Elizabeth [7], Grandpa Sweyn [6], and Narrators 10, 12, and 15.

[Tom steps out of the scene and addresses the audience. Tena joins him on her lines.]

NARRATOR [11]: Tom was also right about Adenville. The Latter-day Saints politely ignored Tena because she was **[Offstage People]** an "apostate."

TENA [2]: Even the farmers refused to sell me eggs and vegetables. I did all my shopping in Silverlode.

TOM [3]: The thought that there weren't any decent married women in Silverlode for Tena to associate with worried me. One evening . . . "Bishop Aden, mind if I walk a ways with you?"

BISHOP ADEN [5]: Not at all.

TOM [3]: Do you hate me because I married a Mormon?

BISHOP ADEN [5]: We Saints hate no man. We strive to love everyone.

TOM [3]: But, I've noticed a strained relationship between us since my marriage. Believe me, sir, I love my wife deeply. I worship and adore her.

BISHOP ADEN [5]: We Saints love our women but worship and adore only the Lord

TOM [3]: I'm sorry. What I'm trying to say is that I love my wife more than I do my own Catholic religion. I'm seriously considering joining the Latter-day Saint church. It would make my wife happy and remove all ostracism.

BISHOP ADEN [5]: To embrace a religious faith because of earthly love for a woman is unworthy of the high esteem in which I hold you, Tom.

TOM [3]: High esteem?

BISHOP ADEN [5]: You have many qualities of character, which I admire and that's why what you just said disappoints me. A religious faith can only be based upon a spiritual awakening. Can you honestly tell me that you no longer believe in your Catholic religion?

TOM [3]: You are a very wise man, Bishop Aden. Thank you.

BISHOP ADEN [5]: Time will heal the wounds of all religious intolerance, Tom. With God's help, you'll find a way to reconcile your marriage and your religion. And now, good night.

NARRATORS: [10] The next Sunday evening, Tom removed two books from the bookcase: the Douay *Bible* he'd brought with him from Pennsylvania, and *The Book of Mormon* Mark had bought him two days earlier.

TOM [3]: Tena, I had a talk with Bishop Aden and he told me that we'll find a way to reconcile our marriage and our religions. Every Sunday we'll read aloud a chapter from the *Bible* and *The Book of Mormon*, and then say the Lord's Prayer together. The Catholic version is different from the one you know. I shall learn your way of saying it.

TENA [2]: Let's also learn each other's hymns. I've wanted to sing a hymn for so long.

TOM [3]: Why not now, Tena girl?

TENA [2]: I only know the Latter-day Saint hymns.

TOM [3]: Then teach me the words.

[Tena begins singing the song a cappella. Tom joins.]

O my Father, Thou that dwellest
In the high and glorious place!
When shall I regain Thy presence,
And again behold Thy face?

[Pianist begins introduction to Lead, Kindly Light.]

NARRATORS: [12] Tom learned many Latter-day Saint hymns during the next few weeks. The first Catholic hymn he taught Tena was *Lead, Kindly Light*.

[The entire company sings the first verse of Lead, Kindly Light. Then they hum as the narrators continue.]

NARRATORS: [15] So it came to pass in the town of Adenville, Utah Territory, in the year 1885, that the spiritually hungry among the neighboring Gentile town of Silverlode began making pilgrimages to the Fitzgerald home every Sunday evening. **[12]** They came first, timid and embarrassed, even apologetic, **[10]** and remained to sing praises to their God in loud and clear voices.

MARK [8]: Mark Trainor brought a Latter-day Saint hymnal at Tena's request.

JUDGE BAKER [1]: Judge Baker gave up drinking on Sunday after finding a Methodist hymnal among his dusty law books.

DAVE POWELL [9]: Dave Powell dug into his tattered trunk and found a Baptist hymnal.

MA BURKE [13]: Ma Burke, who ran the boarding house, kept hunting among the many boxes, trunks and crates in her home until she found some Catholic hymns.

NARRATORS: [15] Every Sunday evening the voices **[13]** of Catholic, **[8]** Mormon, **[1]** Methodist **[9]** and Baptist **[15]** were raised to sing hymns of all denominations. **[12]** This community of spiritual singing was made complete the Sunday evening Abe Glassman knocked at the door of the little adobe house. **[10]** He was wearing his skullcap, and his bearded face showed how flustered he was, but his small chin jutted with determination.

[Lead Kindly Light ends as Abe Glassman knocks. Tom answers the door.]

ABE GLASSMAN [14]: My good friend, I have spent many Sunday evenings by the canal, listening to you all.

TENA [2]: Come in, Mister Glassman

ABE GLASSMAN [14]: This is a book of Jewish Psalters. Mrs. Fitzgerald, could I impose on you to play one of them for me?

[Music to Eliahu Ha-Navi plays.]

TENA [2]: Mister Glassman, I'm going to play it again. Please sing the words for us.

[Music begins again. Abe sings a Psalter in Jewish, Eliahu Ha-Navi. When he finishes . . .]

TENA [2]: There is so much sadness and loneliness in the music. The meaning of the words must be beautiful.

[Abe presses her hand to his lips. All begin singing Praise Got From Whom All Blessings Flow.]

[While exiting, they sing it one time through. After exiting, they hum the song one time through. Tena sits by Tom and rests her head on his shoulder. The following lines continue over the humming.]

NARRATORS: [10] The first Easter Sunday in their home after their guests had departed, Tena nestled her head on Tom's shoulder and quietly told him she was expecting their first child.

NARRATORS: [12] The next few months were hectic ones for Tom. He came home one evening when Tena was six months pregnant and found her crying.

TOM [3]: What is it, my darling?

TENA [2]: *[Throwing his arm back.]* Don't touch me.

TOM [3]: Why are you crying?

[Tena doesn't answer, but continues to cry.]

TOM [3]: For the child's sake you must tell me.

TENA [2]: I--I just don't feel really married to you.

TOM [3]: But that's ridiculous Tena girl. We were married, twice.

TENA [2]: I know, I know, but I still don't feel married to you. The Saints are married for eternity and we--we're only married until death do us part.

NARRATORS: [15] Tom couldn't think of a reassuring answer. The next day he found Bishop Aden at the storehouse.

BISHOP ADEN [5]: Good morning, Tom.

TOM [3]: Bishop Aden, you told me once that time would heal the wounds of all religious intolerance. I know you were speaking in terms of centuries. But I must bridge that gap within hours. I desperately need your help.

BISHOP ADEN [5]: If what you ask is good, the Lord will provide a way.

TOM [3]: Tena and I were married in Salt Lake City and again in Denver after her eighteenth birthday. Now Tena is expecting. It seems her condition has induced a strange feeling about our marriage. How--how can I explain it?

BISHOP ADEN [5]: You're trying to tell me that now your wife is expecting, she doesn't feel really married to you.

TOM [3]: How--how did you know?

BISHOP ADEN [5]: Even the love you share with your wife, can't so quickly undo the teachings and faith of many years.

TOM [3]: Will you let me join your church so we can be married as Mormons are -- for eternity?

BISHOP ADEN [5]: I could make great capital out of your conversion, Tom. But, do you no longer believe in your Catholic religion?

TOM [3]: Isn't it possible to be married in your faith even if one does not belong to your church? You said that if what I wanted was good, the Lord would provide a way. Surely the happiness and peace of mind of an expectant mother is good.

BISHOP ADEN [5]: You can't be married in our Temple ceremony, but I can marry you in your home and for

the sake of the child I can date the official church records as having occurred when you first moved into the adobe house. Lord forgive me if what I do is wrong, but I can see only good in what I am about to do.

TOM [3]: God bless you, sir.

NARRATORS: [11] And so, on October 5, 1885, in the presence of Will Fitzgerald and Dave Powell, Tom and Tena were married **[15,11]** for the third time.

NARRATORS: [15] A few nights later, Tom was again awakened by Tena's crying. Pretending to be asleep, he heard her repeat, over and over again, the word "Mother." **[11]** The next day he hired a two-seated buggy and team and drove to Enoch and went boldly up to the Neilsen home. **[15]** Elizabeth opened the door but did not invite him to enter.

TOM [3]: You are Tena's mother. You must love her even though she married me. Her child is almost due, and every night she cries for you. I beg you to come, comfort and help her.

GRANDMA ELIZABETH [7]: Come in, son, and have some refreshments while I get ready.

TOM [3]: God bless you.

NARRATORS: [10] When they were seated in the buggy, Elizabeth said,

GRANDMA ELIZABETH [7]: Stop at the store, son, so I can tell Tena's father where we are going.

TOM [3]: But, he might try to stop you.

GRANDMA ELIZABETH [7]: Don't ever think a thing like that of Tena's father.

NARRATORS: [11] Neighbors had already advised Sweyn of Tom's visit. He was waiting in front of the store when they drove up.

GRANDPA SWEYN [6]: Is Tena ill?

GRANDMA ELIZABETH [7]: No more ill than I was when I was carrying her. I'll stay until the baby is born and for as long after as Tena needs me. I know you will give your permission.

GRANDPA SWEYN [6]: And my blessing.

TOM [3]: Thank you, sir.

NARRATORS: [15] Two weeks later, October, 21st, 1885, a son was born in the adobe house. **[11]** He was named Sweyn Dennis Fitzgerald, and his lusty howls kept his parents and neighbors awake for many a night.

[Tom and Tena sing the second part of the first verse of O My Father a cappella.]

[Music-Transition into a location representing the Fitzgerald home.]

Scene 7: Apostate

Characters in scene: Tom [3], Grandma Elizabeth [7], Grandpa Sweyn [6], Bishop Aden [5], Ensemble, Old Lady Miller [7], JD [1], TD [9], SD [12], Katie [13] and Narrators 4, 11, and 14.

NARRATORS: [4] The birth of Sweyn Dennis brought a complete reconciliation between Tom, Tena, and Sweyn and Elizabeth Neilsen. **[11]** They visited each other every few weeks and on holidays. Tom and Sweyn never discussed the subject of religion, until several months later. **[14]** They were sitting in the living room of the adobe house after dinner.

[Sweyn looks down at the cradle beside the rocking chair.]

GRANDPA SWEYN [6]: The little fellow's asleep. He's going to be small like the Neilsens instead of a six-footer like the Fitzgeralds.

[Pause, looking at Tom.]

Tom, I know that you've been reading scriptures and singing hymns on Sunday, and that you both say your prayers at night. But a child needs religious training. Since there's no Catholic church in Adenville, would you have any objection to the boy attending Mormon Primary and Sunday School?

[Grandma Elizabeth and Tena enter from the kitchen.]

TOM [3]: I promised Tena that we would send Sweyn Dennis to the Mormon Primary and later to Sunday School, and that if no Catholic church was available when the boy reaches the age of eight, we would have him baptized a Mormon.

[They all look at Sweyn Dennis for a moment.]

GRANDMA ELIZABETH [7]: Tena, why don't you make Tom take you to the dance at the social hall in the Tabernacle?

TENA [2]: Please, Mother, it would only embarrass everyone including Tom and me.

[Grandma Elizabeth gently rocks the cradle.]

GRANDMA ELIZABETH [7]: The only decent entertainment is at the church dances and socials. Now, both of you get dressed and go have a good time.

TENA [2]: But Mother---

GRANDPA SWEYN [6]: Do as your mother says. We'll take care of the baby until you return.

TOM [3]: I'm sorry, sir, but I don't---

GRANDPA SWEYN [6]: Nothing will happen to embarrass either of you. I spoke to Bishop Aden about it this afternoon.

TOM [3]: Let's do it, Tena girl.

[Music begins.]

NARRATORS: [4] They could hear the music of the five-piece orchestra as they went down the steps to the recreation hall. Everyone was dancing.

[Action: As Tom and Tena stand watching them, first one couple, then another and another stop dancing and stare at them. The orchestra, following the gaze of the dancers, stops playing. Bishop Aden pushes his way to the orchestra platform, and speaks to the violinist. The musicians begin playing a waltz, and Bishop Aden walks toward Tom and Tena.]

TENA [2]: We shouldn't have come, Tom.

TOM [3]: If he asks us to leave, I'll denounce him on the spot.

[Bishop Aden stops in front of Tena and smiles.]

BISHOP ADEN [8]: May I have the pleasure, Sister Fitzgerald?

TENA [2]: God bless you, Bishop Aden.

[Everyone dances a waltz. During the dance the Narrator announces "Last dance everyone." The music

segues into Home, Sweet Home. People begin singing and coming together. The song ends with everyone ready for prayer.]

BISHOP ADEN [8]: Oh Lord, we thank Thee for permitting us this evening of wholesome entertainment. We thank Thee for having blessed us one and all with understanding and tolerance. Please see us each safely home. In Thy Son's name. Amen.

NARRATORS: [4] As Tom and Tena walked home, they knew they would be welcome at future dances and socials, **[11]** that Tena could start trading at the general store in Adenville, **[4]** that the Mormon farmers would stop at Tena's home and sell her their produce, **[11]** and that the Mormons would pass the time of day with them when they met. **[4]** They also knew that no Mormon women would call on Tena or invite her into their homes.

NARRATORS: [11] Tena's exclusion by the majority of the Mormon women in Adenville continued until Sweyn Dennis was eight years of age and was baptized a Latter-day Saint. **[4]** It was this simple religious rite accompanied by Tom and Tena's move into a bigger house closer to town that seemed almost completely to break down the barriers of Tena's ostracism. **[11]** There was a minority of fewer than a dozen Mormon women who still continued to treat Tena as an apostate.

OLD LADY MILLER [7]: The leader of this group was Old Lady Miller.

NARRATORS: [4] Old Lady Miller was a thin, ugly woman with a mustache you could see when close to her. **[11]** Her husband had been killed from the kick of a mule, **[4]** and there were some people who said that he had either coaxed or tormented the mule into kicking him. **[11]** She did have, however, one redeeming feature, **[4,11]** her ability to nurse the sick. **[11]** She had an uncanny power of intuition that told her where illness would strike, before anyone send for her.

SD [12] We Fitzgerald children first felt the wrath of Old Lady Miller just after Sweyn Dennis was baptized.

Katie [13] Katie was seven. **TD [9]** Tom Dennis had just turned six,

JD [1] and the youngest, John Dennis, was five. **SD [12]** We were walking past her house and she was sitting on the porch. **JD [1]** She ran to the picket fence across the front of her lawn, shook her fists at us and screamed,

OLD LADY MILLER [7]: You little infidels will burn in Hades.

KATIE [13]: Katie got hysterical and ran home.

JD [1]: JD was ready to follow Katie when he saw Tom D glaring right back at her.

TD [9]: [action: Tom stuck his thumbs in his ears and wiggled his fingers.] "I'm a crazy little infidel. I'm a crazy little infidel."

OLD LADY MILLER [7]: Old Lady Miller gathered her skirts and ran into the house, locking the door behind her.

JD [1]: This didn't stop her persecution of Mamma.

OLD LADY MILLER [7]: One day, Old Lady Miller sneaked into the Fitzgerald back yard, up onto their porch, and suddenly threw open the kitchen door. "Down on your knees, you wicked woman. Down on your knees and beg the Lord to show you the way back to the true church."

JD [1]: Another day John D came home and found Mamma crying after meeting Old Lady Miller on the street. "TD, with your great brain can't you figure out a way to get rid of Old Lady Miller? I just saw Mamma, and Old Lady Miller has made her cry again."

TD [9]: JD, I'll put my great brain to work at once. Old Lady Miller hasn't got a chance against my great brain.

JD [1] One week later, we were all gathered in the parlor when the front door burst open and Old Lady Miller

rushed in.

OLD LADY MILLER [7]: Tom Fitzgerald. I beg you to help me. My own people think I'm crazy. But I'm not. I swear before the Lord I saw and heard Indians right in my bedroom. Don't let them send me to an asylum! [Tena helps Sister Miller to a chair.] I know you hate me, Tena Fitzgerald, but please, please ask your husband to help me.

TENA [2]: I don't hate you. I've never hated you. If there were anything we could do to help you, Sister Miller, we would.

TD [9]: Why are you crying, Mamma? I thought you'd be happy.

TENA [2]: Because Sister Miller is hurting.

TD [9]: But Mamma, do you really want to help her after all she's done to you?

TENA [2]: If I could, Tom D.

TD [9]: Do you want to help her too, Papa?

TOM [3]: If there were anything I could do, TD, I would.

TD [9]: If Mrs. Miller could prove she really saw Indians in her bedroom, would that save her?

TOM [3]: TD, if you know anything that might save Mrs. Miller, you must tell me.

TD [9]: Well, JD and I rubbed our bodies with a concoction I made from red clay and water. Then we painted our faces with crayons to look like Indians at a war dance.

JD [1]: We dressed up in our genuine Indian war bonnets, breechcloths, moccasins, and beaded arm bands that Uncle Will gave us, . . .

TD [9]: . . . and put bowie knives in our teeth,

JD [1]: . . . and tomahawks in our breechcloths,

TD [9]: . . . and took stilts to Sister Miller's house so we could climb into her window.

JD [1]: I jumped into her bedroom and did a war dance around the bed. . .

TD [9]: . . . just as I let out a war cry and started crawling into the window.

JD [1]: She made it from the bed to the door in one bound.

TD [9]: You could hear her screams a mile away.

JD [1]: Run for your lives,

TD [9]: . . . the Indians are attacking!

JD [1]: & TD [9]: Run for your lives!

[Pause.]

TOM [3]: How many times did you do this?

TD [9]: Twice.

TOM [3]: Thank you for telling the truth, TD.

TD [9]: You're welcome.

TOM [3]: Mrs. Miller, we now beg of you the mercy you sought from us. Can you ever forgive us?

Katie [13] Old Lady Miller threw her arms around Papa's neck and kissed him right on the lips. **SD [12]** Then she hugged and kissed Mamma. **JD [1]** John D was next, **Katie [13]** then Katie

SD [12] and Sweyn D. **TD [9]** Tom D had a funny look on his face when she hugged and kissed him several more times.

JD [1] From then on every time we Fitzgerald children passed Old Lady Miller's house she'd call us in and give us cookies or homemade candy.

OLD LADY MILLER [7]: Yoohoo, cinnamon sticks and honeycombs.

KATIE [13] Later, Dr. LeRoy said it was only Old Lady Miller's good nursing that pulled Tom D through when he got diphtheria.

[Music-transition to next scene and introduce Bertha.]

Scene 8: Bertha Tuttle Finds a Home

Characters in scene: Bertha Tuttle [10], Tom [3], Tena [2], and the children as Narrators: JD [1], TD [9], SD [12], and Katie [13].

[The scene moves into the office of The Advocate. Tom is at his desk. Bertha Tuttle enters.]

BERTHA [10]: Name's Bertha Tuttle. The widow Tuttle. You be Tom Fitzgerald, I reckon. I hail from down Vermont way. Been cooking in the camp boarding house at Castle Rock nigh on to four years now. Jest buried my husband--that be Mr. Tuttle--t'other day.

TOM [3]: I'm sorry to learn of your bereavement, Mrs. Tuttle.

BERTHA [10]: 'Twas God's will. 'Twere jest a question of time afore God called him. Mr. Tuttle was a consumptive. That's how I brung him out here. Doc Brayton, that be young Doc Brayton, Old Doc Brayton died some time ago, Doc Brayton 'lowed as how Mr. Tuttle might live a little longer if I brung him out West. I did and I cared fer him. And now the good Lord has called him.

TOM [3]: I'm sorry about your husband's death. Do you want me to print Mr. Tuttle's obituary?

BERTHA [10]: 'Twould be right nice of you, but t'aint the reason I'm here. Mr. Tuttle and I aren't blessed with any young 'uns. Now he's passed away, a mining camp ain't a fit place fer a respectable widow. Bertha, I says to myself, find yourself a good family that needs you as much as you need them. Mr. Tuttle used to read that paper of your'n and he'd say, "Bertha, the man who wrote that editorial is a good man." So I asks around and found you be a Catholic married to a Mormon. And I says to myself, t'ain't no never mind if a Methodist joins a family like that.

TOM [3]: But---

BERTHA [10]: Ain't no other way, Mr. Fitzgerald. If it be money, fergit it. It ain't dignified to be a servant. All I be wantin' is a home and be makin' myself useful.

TOM [3]: But my wife might object.

BERTHA [10]: Ain't no woman in her right mind objects to havin' help around a house, especially when there's four young 'uns. I ain't the imposin' kind, Mr. Fitzgerald, but I already told them to send my trunk from the railway station to your house. I'll stay one month. Then if you or your Missus be of a mind I should leave, there won't be nary an argument.

JD [1] And that was how Aunt Bertha came to live at our house, where she remained until she died at the age of seventy-nine.

TD [9] The first and only quarrel Mamma ever had with Aunt Bertha was shortly after she came to live with us.

JD [1] To understand the quarrel it's necessary to explain our childhood recollections of God and religion.

KATIE [13] I remember well the Sunday evenings after supper when Papa read from the *Bible*, and Mamma

PERUSAL OF Papa Married A Mormon Adapted by *Rodger D. Sorensen*

read from The Book of Mormon. **SD [12]** I remember the singing of hymns and that I was partial to the Mormon hymns because to me the louder you sang them, the better they sounded.

KATIE [13] Christ to us was all things beautiful, like the snow on the ground, the birds singing in the trees, the petal of a rose, the sunset, the rainbow after a storm.

SD [12] But God was difficult to understand. The God that Papa and Mamma told us about was a kind God. He loved all his children and sent a personal Guardian Angel to watch over each one.

JD [1] He gave us a warm and cozy feeling. He was the Father of all the people, very compassionate and forgiving.

KATIE [13] We were never afraid of God.

TD [9] We couldn't understand when we'd hear some kid's mother say, "If you do that again, God will punish you."

SD [12] Now, our sister Katie was terribly afraid of snakes. One day, Aunt Bertha caught Tom putting a harmless little garter snake in Katie's bed. **JD [1]** She grabbed him by the ear and shouted so loud that Mamma could hear downstairs.

BERTHA [10]: Do you want to burn in everlasting Hell? God will punish you if you ever do the likes of that again.

SD [12] Mamma rushed upstairs.

TENA [2]: Bertha Tuttle, don't you ever speak to my children that way again, or threaten any of them with God's punishment. I've taught them to believe that God is love and not some terrible monster that goes around punishing little children.

BERTHA [10] And that was the first and only quarrel Mamma and Aunt Bertha ever had. After that they were devoted to one another the rest of their lives.

INTERMISSION

MUSIC to intermission.

MUSIC during intermission.

MUSIC from intermission.

22 additional pages in Act Two