

PERUSAL SCRIPT



Book and Lyrics by
Carol Lynn Pearson

Music by
Lex de Azevedo

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ZION THEATRICALS

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THE ORDER IS LOVE

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INTRODUCTION

Communitarianism (the search to build the Kingdom of God on earth by beginning with better communities) is one of the most solid traditions of Christianity. The writer of the Book of Acts states: “And the multitude of them that believed were of one heart and of one soul; neither said any of them that ought of the things which he possessed was his own; but they had all things common” (Acts 4:32). Small groups of faithful disciples sought, at various times, to implement this tradition by seeking to establish brotherly orders characterized by unity, harmony, and self-sacrifice. Particularly prominent among these groups were the Waldenses, Anabaptists, the monastic orders, and some of the early Protestants.

When the Gospel of Jesus Christ was restored (as members of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints believe) in 1830, one of the first revelations to their Prophet, Joseph Smith, commanded the establishment of the “law of consecration” and “order of stewardships.” Stating that “the earth is the Lord’s,” this revelation directed members to consecrate their properties to the bishop, who would then assign stewardships over properties and enterprises which would enable the members to support their families. Those producing surpluses were expected to consecrate their unneeded production for the benefit of the needy and for other expenses connected with building the Kingdom. The Saints were admonished to be industrious (“thou shalt not be idle”) and make the most of their stewardships. Above all, they were counseled to live together in equality and love.

The law of consecration and order of stewardships was instituted among the Latter-day Saints in the early 1830’s in Ohio and Missouri, and various means of realizing this apostolic order were also adopted in the 1840’s among Latter-day Saint communities in Illinois, Iowa, and Nebraska. Difficulties with the United States Government, particularly the failure of Congress to grant the Latter-day Saints title to land until 1869, effectively prevented a reinstitution of the law of consecration and order of stewardships during the first two decades of their sojourn in the Great Basin.

In the early 1870’s Brigham Young and his associates commenced the organization of community-wide United Orders of Enoch. More than one hundred such orders were successfully launched. They were designed to help the Saints approximate the Christian society suggested by the revelations. Every person was asked to contribute his economic property to the United Order organized in his community, and each able-bodied male and female was given an assignment or stewardship—to plant and cultivate crops, to prepare meals, to graze livestock, to sew dresses, to do blacksmithing, to teach children, to work with leather, to bake bread, to build houses, and to nurse the sick. There was to be spiritual union as well as temporal union, and rules were drawn up according to which all were expected to live. Each participant (and participation was voluntary) underwent a new baptism and made a solemn covenant to obey the rules of the Order.

Beginning in 1875 several communities in Utah, Nevada, and Arizona were organized with a more communal way of life. Each contributed all his property to the community United Order, each shared more or less equally in the common product, and all those in the settlement ate together, prayed together, and labored together. The first and famous of these family orders was established at Orderville, in Kane County, Utah. This organization lasted for eleven years. Testimonies of those who lived in this Order verify that their lives were happy and exciting, that they enjoyed the experience of laboring collectively, and that they reached a new plateau of spirituality and unselfishness.

Some of the spirit of these pioneer experiences have enlivened Mormon activities in the twentieth century. Labor missionaries building chapels, gospel missionaries colonizing convert-members in South America, priesthood quorums laboring on Welfare projects, Relief Societies preparing ward dinners, the establishment of a medical clinic for the poor in Guatemala, married Mormon graduate students sharing a large home in Madison, Wisconsin—all of these have partaken of the spirit of Orderville and the United Order.

Records left by the more than one hundred United Orders suggested that the members were occasionally transported by transcendental experiences; they also suggest that there were occasional outcroppings of selfishness, arbitrariness, and maliciousness. Such aberrances were overcome by outpourings of good humor and good will. The pioneer Mormon capacity to pardon human imperfection and make the most of little opportunities and pleasures is captured by Carol Lynn Pearson in her happy musical *THE ORDER IS LOVE*. Here is depicted the history and spirit of the Mormon Pioneers. The meaning of the pioneer heritage—the selflessness, dedication, and enjoyment of life—is given authentic and imaginative expression in *THE ORDER IS LOVE*.

Leonard J. Arrington
Professor of History
Utah State University

CAST OF CHARACTERS

EZRA COOPER SOPHIA	A leader in the Order His Wife
MATTHEW, 18 FRANCIS ISADORE, 16 EDWARD, 13 or younger	Their Children
BROTHR RUSSELL CATHERINE ANN, 18, or younger	Newcomer to the Order His daughter
BROTHR GARRISON BROTHER ALLEN	President of the Order Director of Labor
ALONZO BURROWS SISTER BURROWS	The town inebriate His nagging wife
BROTHER HILL BROTHER SORENSEN ERASTUS PALMER	Quarreling blacksmiths Stuttering blacksmith
BROTHER AIKEN SISTER AIKEN SISTER STEVENS BROTHER SPENCER SISTER SPENCER BROTHER ROBERTS SISTER ROBERTS DOCTOR MEEKS OTHER TOWNSPEOPLE	Member of the Order Member of the Order Member of the Order Member of the Order Member of the Order Member of the Order Member of the Order Member of the Order Members of the Order
DUNCAN MINNIE CLARISSA OTHER YOUNG PEOPLE PEDDLAR	Local rebel The scatterbrain Her friend

PLACE: Orderville, Utah

TIME: 1885-86

THE ORDER IS LOVE Book & Lyrics by Carol Lynn Pearson Music by Lex deAzevedo The tale of Orderville, Utah—1875-1885—where over 700 Saints lived and worked and played and prayed together in the United Order, a version of the Law of Consecration, seeking Zion, learning tolerance and patience, expanding “love” towards “charity.” We see our own foibles and failings in those of the residents of Orderville as they learn the hard lessons of sharing, giving, getting along, and wondering how can I love my neighbor even when I can’t even stand him and after all I work harder than he does and my skilled work is worth more than his lowly weed-pulling. And oh, it’s about romantic love too, discovering that people are more important than things and that most important of all is how we treat one another. **Order #2076**

SCENE SYNOPSIS & MUSICAL NUMBERS

ACT ONE

#1 -- OVERTURE

SCENE ONE -- *The exterior of EZRA's house, facing the town square.*

#2 -- LOVE THY NEIGHBOR

Ezra and Company

#3 -- A LITTLE MORE LOVE

Ezra

#4 -- THE LEAN LIFE

Matthew

SCENE TWO -- *The vegetable garden.*

#5 -- WE'RE BROTHERS

Company

SCENE THREE -- *In EZRA's house.*

SCENE FOUR -- *The RUSSELL house.*

#6 -- THE THINGS I DON'T REALLY NEED

Catherine Ann

SCENE FIVE -- *Exterior of EZRA's house.*

SCENE SIX -- *The dance.*

#7 -- TOUCH NOT THE WINE CUP

Erastus

SCENE SEVEN -- *The swings.*

#8 -- THE LEAN LIFE (REPRISE)

Matthew

SCENE EIGHT -- *In EZRA's house*

SCENE NINE -- *Exterior of EZRA's house.*

SCENE TEN -- *The Wood Shed.*

#9 -- KEEP YOUR SEAT TO THE GRINDSTONE

Edward & the BOYS

INTERMISSION

ACT TWO

SCENE ONE -- *Exterior of EZRA's house.*

#10 -- HARVEST SONG

Company

SCENE TWO -- *Exterior of EZRA's house.*

#11 -- PROGRESS

Peddler and Company

SCENE THREE -- *The husking bee.*

#12 -- THE HUSKING BEE (UNDERScore)

SCENE FOUR -- *Exterior of the RUSSELL house.*

#13 -- THE WEEPING WILLOW

Catherine Ann

SCENE FIVE -- *Exterior of EZRA's house.*

#14 -- CHRISTMAS MADE TO ORDER

Company

SCENE SIX -- *Spot*

SCENE SEVEN -- *Exterior of RUSSELL house.*

#15 -- EVENING PRAYER

Company

SCENE EIGHT -- *In EZRA's house*

SCENE NINE -- *Spot*

#16 -- THE THINGS I DON'T REALLY NEED (REPRISE) Catherine Ann

SCENE TEN -- *Exterior EZRA'S house.*

#17 -- GOTTA THINK ABOUT MINE

#18 -- A LITTLE MORE LOVE (REPRISE)

Ezra, Matthew,
Catherine Ann & Company

ACT ONE

MUSICAL #1 -- OVERTURE

SCENE ONE -- *The exterior of EZRA's house, facing the town square. The BUGLE sounds: "Oh, Ye Mountains High." EZRA enters, carrying two buckets of water.*

EZRA: *(calling)* Time to get rolling, Matthew. Get a move on, Francis Isadore.

(MATTHEW and FRANCIS ISADORE dash out of the house and off.)

MATTHEW: 'Bye, Father!

FRANCIS ISADORE: See you at noon!

(EZRA continues toward the house, then stops, puts down the buckets, stretches his shoulders, and comes toward the edge of the stage.)

EZRA: If I was the devil, and I owned both Southern Utah and Hell—I'd live in Hell and rent out Southern Utah.

(He starts back to his buckets, then turns again to the audience.)

So what am I doing here? I was walking down main street in Salt Lake City one day when Brigham Young, President of the Church, happened by. "Afternoon, Brother Cooper," he said. "The Lord wants you in Love Valley."

"Long Valley! What's down there?"

"Nothing," he said. "That's why. But you won't be on your own. We're setting up the United Order. Settin' it up all over the Church. Got to make the Saints one—start developin' a perfect society." When I got my teeth back in my mouth, I said, "Brother Brigham, that's impossible! There must be some mistake!"

"There's no mistake," he said. "But don't take my word for it. You go home and pray about it."

So I went home and prayed about it—damn it!

(He starts off again, then stops and smiles.)

Over seven hundred people—working, living, eating together—everybody equal—sharing the good and the bad. Oh, there are problems. Some say the meat cuts aren't all the same size. But by and large—

(with pride)

—it's working. And all because we try with our whole hearts—weak as they are—to live the greatest of all commandments—love!

MUSICAL #2 -- LOVE THY NEIGHBOR

TOWNSPEOPLE: *(Enter, singing)*

LOVE THY NEIGHBOR!

EZRA:

YOU READ IT IN THE BOOK.

TOWNSPEOPLE:

LOVE THY NEIGHBOR!

EZRA:

WE TRY TO MAKE IT WORK.

TOWNSPEOPLE:

LOVE THY NEIGHBOR

LOVE HIM AS THYSELF.

LOVE THY NEIGHBOR

GIVE TO SOMEONE ELSE.

LOVE THY NEIGHBOR

NO EASY THING TO DO,

ESPECIALLY WHEN YOUR NEIGHBOR'S

NOT AS LOVEABLE AS YOU.

AND TO WORK JUST AS LONG AND AS HARD AS YOU CAN

TO FILL THE BELLY OF ANOTHER MAN

TAKES LOVE – TAKES LOVE!

BROTHER HILL: (*Speaks, English accent*) But it works! I love everybody! I do. I can hardly believe all the people I love.

(*Indicating BROTHER SORENSEN*)

Why, I love people that I absolutely detest!

TOWNSPEOPLE:

AND TO PLANT YOUR WHEAT

FOR SOMEONE ELSE TO EAT

TAKES LOVE – TAKES LOVE!

SISTER BURROWS: (*Speaks, pulling her husband forward*) I been married t this low life for eighteen years. Eighteen years I can't stand him. Now, all of a sudden I gotta love him. They say he's my neighbor!

TOWNSPEOPLE:

TO GIVE ALL YOU'VE GOT

THOUGHT SOMEONE ELSE MAY NOT

TAKES LOVE – TAKES LOVE!

BROTHER BURROWS: (*Pointing to his wife*) She says I'm lazy and shiftless. Lazy I am. Shiftless I am not. Why already this week I've been shifted from the dairy to the garden to the carpentry shop - .

(*SISTER BURROWS pulls him back.*)

TOWNSPEOPLE:

TO FORGET ABOUT "ME"

AND ONLY THINK OF "WE"

TAKES LOVE – TAKES LOVE!

MINNIE: (*To DUNCAN, sighing*) Duncan, would you be my neighbor?

TOWNSPEOPLE: Love thy neighbor

LOVE HIM GOOD OR BAD.

LOVE THY NEIGHBOR

IT'S ENOUGH TO DRIVE YOU MAD

BUT LOVE THY NEIGHBOR
GETS EASIER TO DO
IF YOU REMEMBER THAT YOUR NEIGHBOR
HAS GOT TO LOVE YOU TOO.

(With hands joined, all but EZRA exit.)

EZRA: *(To audience)* The United Order. Most all the rest of the Orders they set up collapsed in a few months. Ours is the only one left that's going strong. And we've been at it about eight years. Oh, none of us are perfect. Nobody's been translated yet. Least, I haven't noticed anybody missing at breakfast.

BROTHER BURROWS: *(Enters running)* Shut yer eyes, Brother Cooper!

(EZRA shuts his eyes and turns away as BROTHER BURROWS leaps into the barrel beside EZRA's house.)

SISTER BURROWS: *(Enters running)* Have you seen my Alonzo, Brother Cooper? I thought he came this way.

EZRA: Why no, I haven't seen your husband since this morning.

SISTER BURROWS: Look — valley tan fire water! *(Holding out a flask.)* Found it hid in his boots. And he promised me! Now what's a woman to do?

EZRA: Patience and long-suffering, Sister Burrows.

SISTER BURROWS: Long-suffering! Brother Cooper, I have suffered longer than any woman I know! He is the most lazy, no account, excuse for a man—.

EZRA: *(Interrupting)* Sister Burrows, the Lord hasn't asked us to confess other people's sins—just our own.

SISTER BURROWS: Hmmmmmph!

(Indignantly she exits. ALONZO steps out from behind EZRA's house, and runs out the direction he came in. EZRA crosses toward the barrel.)

EZRA: *(To audience)* Connects up with my cellar. I don't guess it's the most honest thing I've ever done. But it's one of the most useful — and it gives poor Alonzo a little peace. He's not a bad sort. Just got a little weaker flesh than most.

(BROTHER ALLEN and PRESIDENT GARRISON enter.)

PRESIDENT GARRISON: Well, I don't know about pullin' people off their regular jobs.

BROTHER ALLEN: Just a couple of days. The cucumbers are going to be finished if we don't get the weeds off.

EZRA: Morning, President Garrison, Brother Allen.

PRESIDENT GARRISON: Morning, Ezra.

BROTHER ALLEN: Morning, Brother Cooper.

EZRA: You need some extra help over to the garden? My bookwork can wait 'til tonight.

BROTHER ALLEN: Well, thank you, Ezra.

(MATTHEW enters, carrying a suitcase, followed by BROTHER RUSSELL, also carrying a suitcase, and CATHERINE ANN.)

MATTHEW: Father — here's some new people want to join the Order.

EZRA: Wonderful.

BROTHER RUSSELL: (*Holding out his hand*) I'm William Russell. Very pleased to meet you.

EZRA: Likewise. Brother Garrison here is President of the Order.

(*"How do you do's" exchanged*)

And Isaac Allen – in charge of labor.

(*More "How do you do's"*)

BROTHER RUSSELL: My daughter, Catherine Ann.

(*MATTHEW sits down on the steps.*)

PRESIDENT GARRISON: Welcome to Orderville, Miss Russell.

CATHERINE ANN: (*Coolly*) Thank you.

PRESIDENT GARRISON: It's customary for applicants to answer a few questions.

BROTHER RUSSELL: Certainly.

PRESIDENT GARRISON: Are you and your daughter trained in the fear of the Lord?

BROTHER RUSSELL: We are,

PRESIDENT GARRISON: (*In one breath*) Will you put up with inconveniences without murmuring or fault finding, practice economy, abstain from tea, coffee, tobacco and intoxicating liquors, forsake swearing and cursing, cease quarreling, refrain from abusing dumb animals, forgive your brethren, and do as you are told cheerfully and not sullenly?

BROTHER RUSSELL: Yes.

PRESIDENT GARRISON: And you, Miss Catherine Ann?

CATHERINE ANN: (*Sullenly*) Yes.

PRESIDENT GARRISON: (*Kindly*) Cheerfully?

CATHERINE ANN: I'll – try.

PRESIDENT GARRISON: Good. We'll set you apart this evening as members of the United Order.

Brother Cooper will fix you up with a place to stay and give you everything you'll need.

EZRA: I'm Director of Partition of Proceeds. That's a fancy title, but what it means is —

MATTHEW: (*Interrupting*) What it means is that our family gets less than anybody.

BROTHER RUSSELL: (*Laughs*) I understand. It would be a difficult job to decide who receives what.

PRESIDENT GARRISON: And Brother Allen will give you your work assignments.

BROTHER ALLEN: We'll put you both in cucumbers for today.

CATHERINE ANN: My father is a lace maker.

BROTHER ALLEN: Lace? Hmmm. We don't happen to have a lace department.

BROTHER RUSSELL: Oh, I won't mind the cucumbers.

CATHERINE ANN: My father is not well.

BROTHER RUSSELL: Now, Catherine Ann —

CATHERINE ANN: He'd go out under that sun and not say a word, but I won't let him.

EZRA: It is a mite strenuous. What about the shoe shop?

PRESIDENT GARRISON: Or the poultry?

BROTHER ALLEN: (*Reluctantly*) Well, all right.

EZRA: (*Picking up the two bags*) Now, let's see about a house.

BROTHER ALLEN: Did you bring other things? A wagon? Team?

BROTHER RUSSELL: This is all. I wish we did have more to consecrate to the Order. But these two bags are all we own of the world. And this necklace of my daughter's. It's real gold.

CATHERINE ANN: Papa! No! You gave it to me when I turned sixteen. It's mine!

PRESIDENT GARRISON: That's all right, Miss Catherine Ann. Jewelry and keepsakes are not required. And we've never turned anybody away yet on account of poverty.

BROTHER RUSSELL: No. I couldn't come and not bring something that'll help. Please, Catherine Ann, for me?

(Slowly CATHERINE ANN takes off the necklace and gives it to her father who hands it to PRESIDENT GARRISON.)

PRESIDENT GARRISON: When there are people starving in Orderville, we will sell this for food. Until then, I reckon we need somebody who can take very good care of it. Miss Catherine Ann, I'm asking you to be steward of this necklace.

CATHERINE ANN: *(Taking it gratefully)* Thank you.

PRESIDENT GARRISON: *(Smiling)* You'll find that life here isn't so bad as you're expecting. If you put your heart into it, you'll catch the vision of the Order and see it like we do.

CATHERINE ANN: To be honest, I just don't see it at all. What's wrong with living like – like regular folks?

EZRA: Just this, Miss Russell. Regular folks take advantage of each other because they're tryin' to get ahead of everybody else. Why, my own grandfather was pushed off a little plot of land in the Scottish Highlands because the duke that owned it figured he could make more money off of sheep than people. The people rebelled. Thousands of them. There was fighting, dying. It's just no good when people *claim* to be brothers, but don't practice it. That's what we're trying to do – practice it.

PRESIDENT GARRISON: That's right, Miss Russell.

MUSICAL #3 -- A LITTLE MORE LOVE

EZRA: Oh, I wish I could give you the vision of it that I have. When I'm out in the fields, or just sittin' and thinkin', I can see how things will be. I can see it all.

I SEE A WORLD WHERE EVERY MAN'S A BROTHER,
I SEE A WORLD WHERE EVERY MAN WILL SHARE.
I SEE A WORLD WHERE NOT ONE SOUL
IS LEFT ALONE OR COLD,
A WORLD WHERE EVERY MAN
IS LOVED, AND CLOTHED AND FED.

I SEE A WORLD THAT'S HEAVEN HERE AROUND US,
I SEE A WORLD WHERE WE CAN
PRACTICE UP FOR PARADISE.
IT ISN'T FAR AWAY –
WE'D BE THERE IN A DAY,

IF ONLY EVERY MAN WOULD PAY THE PRICE.

A LITTLE MORE LOVE
WILL MAKE IT HAPPEN
A LITTLE MORE LOVE
WILL MAKE IT COME TRUE.
A LITTLE MORE LOVE
WILL MAKE IT HAPPEN.
A LITTLE LESS ME,
A LITTLE MORE YOU.

THE FIELD YOU SOW WITH LOVE GROWS GOLD AS SUNRISE,
THE HOUSE YOU BUILD FROM LOVE IS FILLED WITH LIGHT.
TO DO FOR SOMEONE ELSE
INSTEAD OF JUST YOURSELF
LIKE MAGIC MAKES A DARK WORLD BRIGHT.

THE MAN FROM GALILEE SAID “LOVE THY NEIGHBOR,”
THEN HATE AND WAR AND SORROW ALL WILL DIE.
THE WAY HE CAME TO TEACH
IS RIGHT WITHIN OUR REACH
WHEN EVERY MAN IN EVERY LAND WILL TRY.

A LITTLE MORE LOVE
WILL MAKE IT HAPPEN.
A LITTLE MORE LOVE
WILL MAKE IT COME TRUE.
A LITTLE MORE LOVE
WILL MAKE IT HAPPEN.
A LITTLE LESS ME,
A LITTLE MORE YOU.

A LITTLE MORE –
A LITTLE MORE LOVE.

(EZRA picks up the bags.)

Well, let's see about that house.

PRESIDENT GARRISON: We'll see you in the Dining Hall at noon.

BROTHER RUSSELL: Fine.

(As CATHERINE ANN is about to exit behind her father, MATTHEW speaks.)

MATTHEW: Miss Russell?

(CATHERINE ANN turns to him.)

MATTHEW: I – I hope you’ll like it in Orderville.

CATHERINE ANN: Thank you. I won’t.

MATTHEW: Oh, it’s not the world’s most exciting place you could ever find. But there are lots of nice people. And it’s very – secure.

CATHERINE ANN: (*Close to tears*) I think it’s hideous. I wish I were dead!

MATTHEW: Oh, say now.

CATHERINE ANN: (*In a wail*) Cucumbers!

MATTHEW: Why did you come here then?

CATHERINE ANN: For my father. He’s been ill for over a year now, and I wouldn’t leave him for anything. He thinks life in the Order is just what we need – what I need – to learn unselfishness, and true brotherly love.

MATTHEW: Maybe he’s right.

CATHERINE ANN: How boring.

MATTHEW: Love?

CATHERINE ANN: No. Orderville. It looks like a factory. Feels like one too. What’s your name?

MATTHEW: Matthew.

CATHERINE ANN: Matthew, why do you stay?

MATTHEW: Stay? This is my home.

CATHERINE ANN: Do you believe in it? The Order?

MATTHEW: I guess so. We came here when I was ten.

CATHERINE ANN: I think that’s just awful. You seem like a very nice person. Perhaps if you had the chance you could make something of yourself. I know a boy in Salt Lake City who got to be a grocery clerk in three months. But what can you every amount to down here?

MATTHEW: (*Offended*) Well, I’m doing just all right, thank you. I been working in sheep raising for years. And, if you don’t mind my saying so, I don’t think it’ll be too long til I’m head of the sheep department.

CATHERINE ANN: And what will that get you? Better food, house, clothes?

MATTHEW: Sure. Soon as we *all* get them.

CATHERINE ANN: Which means never. Really, Matthew, those pants are a disgrace.

MATTHEW: (*Outraged*) What? These are my most favorite pants I’ve had. And there’s a whole nother year’s wear in them.

CATHERINE ANN: A man’s naked leg is not a very pretty sight. It’s indecent.

MATTHEW: (*Embarrassed trying to hid his legs*) Can I help it if I grew? The Order puts first things first. And sometimes life is – a little bit lean.

CATHERINE ANN: Lean! It’s absolutely skinny! And if a man can’t think of himself first, he’ll never get ahead. But until my father sees the error of his decision, I’m prepared to suffer.

MATTHEW: I bet you could get to be head of the suffering department. You do it real good.

CATHERINE ANN: Ohhhhhh!

MUSICAL #4 -- THE LEAN LIFE

(Exasperated, she exits. MATTHEW laughs, then looks down at his pants, tugs at the bottoms as if to make them longer, then gives up.)

MATTHEW:

MY LIFE IS LEAN,
BUT I DON'T NEED A LOT:
JUST SOMETHING ON THE INSIDE WHEN I'M HUNGRY,
AND SOMETHING ON THE OUTSIDE WHEN I'M COLD.
THAT'S ALL I NEED –
THAT'S ALL I'VE GOT.

BUT THE LAST COUPLE OF SPINGS
WHEN WE'RE PUTTIN' IN THE SEED,
WHEN THE BEES ARE ALL A BUZZIN' ROUND THE BLOSSOMS,
WHEN THE BIRDS ARE BUILDING HOUSES IN THE TREES –
'THOUGH I DON'T NEED A THING,
I GET THINKIN' THAT I NEED –
SOMEONE.

SOMEONE, SOMEONE, SOMEONE
WILL COME ONE DAY AND THEN
THAT SOMEONE WILL BE EVERYTING
I'LL EVERY NEED AGAIN.

OH, SOMETIME, SOMETIME, SOMETIME –
WILL COME A TIME THAT WE
BECOME FOR ONE ANOTHER
MORE THAN ALL THE WORLD COULD BE.

YES,
MY LIFE IS LEAN,
BUT I DON'T NEED A LOT:
JUST SOMETHING ON THE INSIDE WHEN I'M HUNGRY,
AND SOMETHING ON THE OUTSIDE WHEN I'M COLD –
AND SOMEONE, SOMEONE, SOMEONE
WANTIN' TO BE THERE,
AND WILLING' JUST TO SHARE
THE THINGS I HAVEN'T GOT.

SCENE TWO -- *The vegetable garden. TOWNSPEOPLE are weeding. BROTHER ALLEN enters.*

BROTHER ALLEN: Break time. Ten minute break, everybody.

(Among the last to enter is CATHERINE ANN, dressed in working clothes just like the others. She looks utterly miserable.)

1ST MAN: Say, Brother Allen, where'd all these weeds come from?

BROTHER ALLEN: Got up early and planted 'em, just for you.

MINNIE: Eek, it's hot!

(FRANCIS ISADORE walks over to CATHERINE ANN. The other TOWNSPEOPLE cluster in groups, some sit, others lean on their hoes.)

FRANCIS ISADORE: You new here?

CATHERINE ANN: *(Nodding, exhausted)* Yes.

FRANCIS ISADORE: *(Putting out her hand)* I'm Francis Isadore.

CATHERINE ANN: *(Shaking her hand)* I'm Catherine Ann. Say, do we just keep weeding all day long?

FRANCIS ISADORE: Only 'til suppertime.

CATHERINE ANN: And you do this every day?

FRANCIS ISADORE: *(Shrugs)* This time of year we're shifted round a lot. Winters after school I work in the post office. Wonderful place for getting to know things. See Sister Aiken over there – the one with the big hat? She's courting with a man in Saint George. Signs her letters "Buttercup."

CATHERINE ANN: *(Giggles)* Really?

FRANCIS ISADORE: We got lots of interesting people here. See the tall, skinny man over there? Erastus Palmer. He stutters. His mother made him take singing lessons to get over it.

CATHERINE ANN: Did it work?

FRANCIS ISADORE: Nope. But he's about the best singer in Utah. You'll hear him at all the dances and such. We'd just die without him.

CATHERINE ANN: *(Brightening)* You have dances?

FRANCIS ISADORE: Yep. 'Cept there aren't any boys.

CATHERINE ANN: *(Looking around)* No?

FRANCIS ISADORE: I mean *real* boys. Everybody here is your brother. Who can get excited about dancing with her brother?

CATHERINE ANN: I met one that seemed quite nice. Matthew.

FRANCIS ISADORE: You did? He's my brother.

CATHERINE ANN: I know.

FRANCIS ISADORE: No, my *real* brother. We got the same parents.

CATHERINE ANN: Oh.

FRANCIS ISADORE: And besides dances we put on plays sometimes. Last year I was Topsy in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Everybody cried their eyes out. Plus the Retrenchment Society meets once a week, and even has a paper for creative works. I'm Editor. Do you write poems?

CATHERINE ANN: Not very good ones.

FRANCIS ISADORE: Mine are wonderful. I was doing one out there. "Oh, lovely cucumber, lie still in slumber, while I weeks your weeks away." That's as far as I got.

BROTHER BURROWS: *(To DUNCAN)* Don't step on that tomato, son. They'll take it out of your wages.

DUNCAN: Wages! As if I got some. I'd call this pretty hard work to be doing for nothing.

BROTHER BURROWS: Why, you youngsters have got it easy. Just think what the early brethren of the Church had to endure.

DUNCAN: I don't know. They never saw this place.

BROTHER BURROWS: Why, the early brethren had to endure house burnings – sweatin' and freezin' across the plains – crickets - .

DUNCAN: I know. I know.

BROTHER BURROWS: The early brethren had to endure more in a month than you'll have to in a lifetime.

SISTER BURROWS: I am weary of hearing what the early brethren had to endure. The sisters had to endure just as much as the brethren did. *Plus* they had to endure the *brethren!*

BROTHER ALLEN: Break's over, everybody. Time to get back to work.

SISTER STEVENS: But first – the kitchen sent out a little treat.

(Holds up a small package.)

To celebrate the eighth anniversary of the founding of Orderville – one piece of molasses candy for everybody!

(Exclamations of delight as each receive a piece.)

FRANCIS ISADORE: Oh, lovely candy, thou art so dandy, giving thy sweetness to me. I plight thee my troth - . Say, why rhymes with “troth?”

CATHERINE ANN: “Sloth?”

(They have each received a piece of candy, but no one has begun to eat it. SISTER STEVENS is handing them out to the last few.)

SISTER STEVENS: Yours - - and yours – and yours – and - .

(She shakes the bag, turns it upside down, looks sadly at the three people with palms still outstretched, then begins rapidly to take back the candy from the others.)

Sorry. Sorry. Sorry.

(A few moan.)

If there's not some for all, there's none for any.

(Others hand theirs back.)

CATHERINE ANN: *(Outraged.)* What?

SISTER STEVENS: We will not celebrate the founding of Orderville by some having candy and some not!

CATHERINE ANN: So everybody goes without? I won't!

FRANCIS ISADORE: Oh, please, Catherine Ann, Oh, don't!

(CATHERINE ANN puts the candy in her mouth. SISTER STEVENS gasps. Others turn to each other then stare at CATHERINE ANN. BROTHER ALLEN walks over to her.)

BROTHER ALLEN: Miss Russell, this being your first day here, we'll allow you a mistake. But there are a few things you've got to learn right fast.

1ST MAN: In Orderville, people do not think of themselves first!

1ST WOMAN: We're a team.

2nd MAN: And we can't be pulling the wagon in different directions.

2nd WOMAN: We're all in this thing together. Oh, we may growl about it sometimes, but we believe in what we're doing.

3rd MAN: And if one person kicks against the pricks, we all feel it.

BROTHER HILL: Which means – if you'll pardon the expression – don't spit in the soup, we've all got to eat it!

MUSICAL #5 -- WE'RE BROTHERS

ALL: Right!

WE'RE BROTHERS! WE'RE BROTHERS!
EACH WRONG THING THAT YOU DO
WILL COME RIGHT BACK TO YOU,
SO WATCH WHAT YOU DO UNTO OTHERS.
WE'RE BROTHERS!

FIRST TOWNSPERSON:

AT A TABLE ALONG YOU CAN EAT YOUR FILL –
NO TROUBLE GETTING *ONE* FED.
BUT YOU PASS THE PORRIDGE RIGHT ALONG
AT A TABLE FOR SEVEN HUNDRED.

ALL:

YES, YOU PASS THE PORRIDGE RIGHT ALONG
AT A TABLE FOR SEVEN HUNDRED.

YOUNG GIRL:

IF YOU'RE TAKIN' A BATH ON A SATURDAY NIGHT,
THE FAMILY'S ONLY DAUGHTER,
YOU CAN SIT AND SOAK UP TO YOUR EARS –
AND NOT IN SIXTH-HAND WATER.

ALL:

YOU CAN SIT AND SOAK UP TO YOUR EARS –
AND NOT IN SIXTH-HAND WATER.

WE'RE BROTHERS! WE'RE BROTHERS!
EACH WRONG THING THAT YOU DO
WILL COME RIGHT BACK TO YOU,
SO WATCH WHAT YOU DO UNTO OTHERS.
WE'RE BROTHERS!

SECOND TOWNSPERSON:

WHEN YOU'RE LIVIN' CLOSE THERE ARE LOTS OF THINGS

YOU CANNOT OVERLOOK:
LIKE WHEN YOU HEAD DOWN THE PRIVY PATH,
DON'T TAKE A LENGTHY BOOK.

ALL:

SO, WHEN YOU HEAD DOWN THE PRIVY PATH,
DON'T TAKE A LENGTHY BOOK.
'CAUSE WE'RE BROTHERS! WE'RE BROTHERS!
EACH WRONG THING THAT YOU DO
WILL COME RIGHT BACK TO YOU,
SO WATCH WHAT YOU DO UNTO OTHERS.
WE'RE BROTHERS!

BROTHER ALLEN: Back to work, everybody. Back to work. Time's a-waiting.
(They exit. FRANCIS ISADORE and CATHERINE ANN going off together.)

SCENE THREE -- *In EZRA's house. He is at a table going over some papers. SOPHIA enters with some curtains and puts them on the table.*

SOPHIA: There. Mended good as I can.

EZRA: Look at that, Sophia! By fall, there won't be a house in Orderville that doesn't have real glass for the windows.

SOPHIA: Fine, Ezra, fine. Uh - - speaking of changes, have you noticed Matthew this evening?

EZRA: Not particular. Is he sick?

SOPHIA: No. He's eighteen.

EZRA: So?

SOPHIA: It's spring.

EZRA: So?

SOPHIA: Have you forgotten what happened to you in spring when you were eighteen?

EZRA: Hay fever.

SOPHIA: Ezra!

EZRA: *(Taking her hand)* And love. Why they both come on in the same season I'll never know. I didn't dare kiss you for fear I'd sneeze. Good thing I got over it.

SOPHIA: Which - - love?

EZRA: Hay fever. Love's incurable. Say - - are you telling me Matthew's coming down with it?

SOPHIA: "When the fig tree putteth forth leaves..." He combed his hair before going to supper tonight. And he never slurped his soup once.

EZRA: *(Pleased and surprised)* Well, well, well.

SOPHIA: I'd say he's lookin' for a wife.

(MATTHEW enters, followed by EDWARD.)

MATTHEW: (*Angrily*) Father, will you please explain to Edward that the United Order does not give him the right to use my toothbrush.

EDWARD: It wasn't for me. I was just cleaning my prairie dog.

EZRA: Edward - - you know better than that.

EDWARD: Oh - -all right.

MATTHEW: And now, if you don't mind, I need to talk to Father.

(EDWARD sits down.)

MATTHEW: Alone!

EDWARD: (*Exiting*) Old people sure are touchy.

(MATTHEW sits uncomfortably.)

EZRA: Yes?

MATTHEW: Uh - - Mother- -

SOPHIA: What? Oh!

(SOPHIA gets up.)

MATTHEW: It's sort of - private.

(SOPHIA exits, giving a knowing nod to EZRA.)

EZRA: Yes, son?

MATTHEW: I don't - I don't quite know how to put this, Father.

EZRA: Now don't be shy.

MATTHEW: Well. You may not have noticed, but I've been growing up considerable this last year.

EZRA: I have noticed, Matthew. Yes, I have.

MATTHEW: As a young man grows up, he needs certain things. Things that he didn't need before - before he grew up.

EZRA: (*Agreeably*) Yes. And there's something that you're finding you need?

MATTHEW: Oh, yes. Yes, there is. And you've got to get it for me.

EZRA: (*Puzzled*) Me?

MATTHEW: Yes.

EZRA: Why me?

MATTHEW: You're in charge, aren't you? - of deciding fairly who needs what and getting it for them?

EZRA: Son, there are a few things you don't seem to understand about the Order. When a man decides he wants a wife, he doesn't go to the Director of Partition of Proceeds -- .

MATTHEW: (*Horried*) Wife?

EZRA: Isn't that -

MATTHEW: (*Interrupting*) My grief! I just want a new pair of pants!

EZRA: Pants!

(EZRA starts to laugh.)

Why I thought - M mmmmm. Turn around.

(Matthew turns round.)

Don't see any holes in them. What's the trouble?

MATTHEW: They're too short. A man's naked leg is not a very pretty sight. It's indecent. I could be

arrested!

(EZRA frowns at him.)

Please. It's important.

EZRA: Well, I could bring it up with the clothing committee, but you know the policy. I'm afraid you'll just have to wait until those wear out.

MATTHEW: *(Crushed)* Yes, Father.

EZRA: Don't take it so hard, son. There's lots a folks need a sight more'n a pair of pants.

(MATTHEW nods)

Say, would you mind taking these curtains over to Brother Russell?

MATTHEW: *(Brightens)* Not at all. Wouldn't mind a bit.

(He grabs the curtains and dashes out the door.)

EZRA: *(Smiles in bewilderment.)* Hmmm. Eighteen. Spring.

SCENE FOUR -- *The RUSSELL house. BROTHER RUSSELL is sitting at a table with the scriptures open before him. CATHERINE ANN is unpacking her things from a suitcase.*

BROTHER RUSSELL: Here it is. Second chapter of Acts. Talking about the Saints right after the death of Christ. "And all that believed were together, and had all things common. And sold their possessions and goods, and parted them to all men, as every man had need." You see?

CATHERINE ANN: *(Sighing)* I see.

BROTHER RUSSELL: And the same thing in the Book of Mormon. After the visit of the Lord they all had things common, too.

(Reading)

"And surely there could not be a happier people among all the people who had been created by the hand of God."

(Enthusiastically)

Hear that, Catherine Ann? They were happy!

(CATHERINE ANN drops to her knees, her head in her father's lap.)

CATHERINE ANN: Then how come I'm not, Papa? Am I an awful girl? Am I wicked?

BROTHER RUSSELL: No. Of course not. But the Lord does want us to learn how to be unselfish. That's what this whole life is for, I think.

CATHERINE ANN: How did you do it, Papa? I don't think you have a selfish bone in your body.

BROTHER RUSSELL: Now that's not true. But I have come a ways. Just seems to me that people that you love, you want to give to. And people that you get to know – you love.

CATHERINE ANN: Sounds easy.

BROTHER RUSSELL: Will you do something for me, Catherine Ann? Something particular?

CATHERINE ANN: You know I will.

BROTHER RUSSELL: Don't wear that necklace.

CATHERINE ANN: Papa!

BROTHER RUSSELL: It'll be a barrier between you and the others. Don't wear it.

(Slowly she takes it off and gives it to him; then she stands.)

BROTHER RUSSELL: I'll keep it for you. You'll have it again – when you've learned a little more about love.

(He hugs her.)

CATHERINE ANN: If I can last that long.

BROTHER RUSSELL: I never heard yet of anybody dying of the Order. Why, where's your faith, Catherine Ann? Don't you think the Lord will provide? I remember the Prophet Joseph telling how he and his family sat down t a meal of cornbread – the last thing they had in the house. He bowed his head and said, "Lord, we thank Thee for this cornbread and we ask Thee to send us something better." Wasn't long 'till there was a knock on his door, and there was a neighbor bringing over a ham. Now, where's *your* faith, Catherine Ann?

CATHERINE ANN: *(Looking up)* Oh, Lord – I thank Thee for the United Order, and I ask Thee to send me something better.

(There is a knock at the door. Startled CATHERINE ANN looks at her father, then goes to open it. MATTHEW steps in.)

MATTHEW: Good evening. Father asked me to bring these curtains over.

CATHERINE ANN: Thank you. Will you come in?

MATTHEW: *(Stepping in further.)* Good evening, Brother Russell. Are you findin' things in order?

(CATHERINE ANN laughs.)

CATHERINE ANN: That's funny, Matthew. Order. *Everything's* in order.

MATTHEW: Oh. Yes.

BROTHER RUSSELL: Everything's fine, Matthew. Thanks very much. I was just settlin' down to a little reading. But I'm afraid Catherine Ann's a bit restless for something more interesting.

MATTHEW: Oh? Well, I was just heading out for a walk. If you'd like me to show you around a little, I'd be honored to. That's only if you've got nothing better to do.

CATHERINE ANN: That's very nice of you, Matthew. But I am a little tired, and –

BROTHER RUSSELL: *(Interrupting)* Catherine Ann – are you refusing the Lord's ham?

MATTHEW: *(Looking at each of them.)* I beg your pardon?

CATHERINE ANN: On second thought, Matthew, I think that would be splendid idea.

(Kisses her father's cheek.)

Don't wait up for me, Papa.

MATTHEW: *(Hastily)* Oh, sir – she'll be back inside an hour. I promise.

BROTHER RUSSELL: I won't worry.

CATHERINE ANN: What could happen to a girl in Orderville?

BROTHER RUSSELL: *(Laughs)* Have a good time.

(MATTHEW and CATHERINE ANN walk out the door. They walk on the turntable as it revolves, taking away the RUSSELL house. Soon they arrive at the swings.)

MATTHEW: I saw you a supper tonight. The potatoes here are awful good, aren't they?

CATHERINE ANN: They were all right. But eating with that many people is positively uncivilized.

Dining should be an experience of pleasure.

MATTHEW: I never thought of it like that. That's the schoolhouse over there. I'm finished.

CATHERINE ANN: I've got one more year. I love school.

MATTHEW: Here's the swings. The little kids come here all the time.

(shyly)

Some of the big kids come here sometimes too.

CATHERINE ANN: *(Sitting in a swing.)* Spring smells just wonderful, doesn't it? Don't you wish it could be spring all year?

MATTHEW: Wouldn't be too good on the crops.

CATHERINE ANN: Oh, Matthew! Don't you ever think of anything unpractical?

MATTHEW: Try not to.

CATHERINE ANN: Well, try! Just listen to that lovely orchestra.

MATTHEW: Sounds like crickets to me.

CATHERINE ANN: Playing the Blue Danube Waltz. Ta da da da – da da. Francis Isadore says they have dances here. Do you go to them?

MATTHEW: Sometimes. I'd invite you to go with me to the next one, only we're not allowed to go in couples.

CATHERINE ANN: That's just as well. I wouldn't be able to go with you anyway.

MATTHEW: Why not?

CATHERINE ANN: Because I couldn't possibly marry you.

MATTHEW: Marry? My grief. I was just talking about a dance.

CATHERINE ANN: No matter. If we were to start going places together, I might fall in love with you, and what would that be? Tragic. We could never get married. There are too many things we don't agree on.

MATTHEW: Like – my pants?

CATHERINE ANN: You may call them a symbol if you wish.

MATTHEW: I can't get new ones. I asked Father.

CATHERINE ANN: Goodness. Matthew, can't a person exercise a little initiative around here?

MATTHEW: Certainly not! Not just to benefit *himself*. Couple of years ago a family was sent over to Leeds to take care of the Order fruit farm. The wife washed and ironed clothes for some of the miners and spent the money on her children. When they got back, it was complained that she had spent money privately that should have been turned into the Order treasury.

CATHERINE ANN: What happened?

MATTHEW: She was forgiven, but had to promise to sin no more.

CATHERINE ANN: Sin! Matthew, do you think that was a sin?

MATTHEW: Reckon so. A little one. You can't agree to do one thing and then go do another. Besides, everything you really need you can get right out of the Order storehouse.

CATHERINE ANN: No, you can't, Matthew. People need lots of things besides food and a roof over their heads. At least I do.

MUSICAL # 6 -- THE THINGS I DON'T REALLY NEED

MATTHEW: Like what?

CATHERINE ANN: Like lots of things. Like --
A LITTLE LACE ON THE CURTAINS,
A RUG IN EVERY ROOM,
FLOORS YOU CAN SEE YOUR FACE IN,
AND SOAP THAT SMELLS OF PERFUME.

MATTHEW: Our soap don't smell too bad – if you use it quick.

CATHERINE ANN:
A FEW LOVELY THINGS
THAT BELONG JUST TO HER –
A GIRL CAN HARDLY DO WITHOUT.
OH, I NEED – YES, I NEED –
A FEW THINGS I DON'T REALLY NEED.

A MUSIC BOX IN THE BEDROOM,
LITTLE PINK FLOWERS ON THE PLATES,
PLENTY OF SUGAR IN THE CELLAR,
AND IVY GROWING UP THE GATE.

MATTHEW: There's pumpkin vines all over the vats at the tannery.

CATHERINE ANN:
A FEW LOVELY THINGS
THAT BELONG JUST TO HER –
A GIRL CAN HARDLY DO WITHOUT.
OH, I NEED – YES, I NEED –
A FEW THINGS I DON'T REALLY NEED.

PEOPLE HAVE GOT TO BE DIFFERENT AT TIMES.
THEY'RE NOT JUST LIKE CATTLE OR SHEEP
WE EACH NEED A PIECE
OF SOMETHING IN THIS WORLD,
TO CHOOSE FOR OURSELF,
AND USE FOR OURSELF –
THAT'S OUR VERY OWN THING TO KEEP.

I NEED SOME –
SHOES WITH SILVER BUCKLES
THAT CLICK AND GLITTER AND SHINE.
A BONNET WITH BOWS AND RIBBONS –
AND A DINING ROOM THAT'S ALL MINE.

MATTHEW: If you go at five in the morning there's hardly anybody there.

CATHERINE ANN:

A FEW LOVELY THINGS
THAT BELONG JUST TO HER –
A GIRL CAN HARDLY DO WITHOUT.
OH, I NEED – YES, I NEED –
A FEW THINGS I DON'T REALLY NEED.

(Still singing)

AND DO YOU KNOW WHAT ELSE I NEED, MATTHEW? NEED SO BAD IT HURTS?

MATTHEW: What?

CATHERINE ANN: A piano. Oh, a piano! Ever since I was a little girl I dreamed of having one. I remember there was a little place on our kitchen table that was broken. And when I'd plunk it, it was just like a piano key. I used to sit there for hours. Plunk. Plunk. Mama always said I could have one someday, but things kept getting worse. And then she died.

MATTHEW: I'm – sorry.

CATHERINE ANN: That's all right. Only – Matthew – a person needs a little beauty in their life.

MATTHEW: *(Looking at her dreamily)* I hope you get it, Catherine Ann. Your piano. I hope you do.
(The Bugle Sounds -- "Oh Ye Mountains High")

Well --.

CATHERINE ANN: Do they sound the bugle if you're in the swings too long?

MATTHEW: *(Laughs)* No.

CATHERINE ANN: Well, they do for everything else.

MATTHEW: *(As they start out)* Only for getting' up, going to prayer, eatin' breakfast, going to work, eatin' dinner, going to evenin' prayer, and going to bed.

CATHERINE ANN: Oh. Is that all?

SCENE FIVE -- *Exterior of EZRA's house. CATHERINE ANN and FRANCIS ISADORE are sitting on the steps, papers in their hands.*

FRANCIS ISADORE: I've been thinking we ought to start a serial like the big journals do. Something thrilling—like a girl who gets kidnapped crossing the plains. She gets scalped and an Indian falls in love with her and cuts off his own hair for a wig. But in the meantime he gets pneumonia and dies.

CATHERINE ANN: Wonderful!

EDWARD: *(Coming in the house with a note in his hand.)* Say, what does this mean? "We are forced to return the poem you submitted because we have been flooded with poems and yours was not a very good one. Sincerely, The Editor."

FRANCIS ISADORE: Edward, poetry has got to be beautiful and uplifting.

(Takes the poem from him.)

How would this look in "The Honey Bee"—"Poem to a Prairie Dog." There's nothing beautiful about a prairie dog.

EDWARD: Oh, yeah? He's a dang site prettier 'n the *girls* around here.

(EDWARD exits.)

FRANCIS ISADORE: Children are so touchy.

CATHERINE ANN: Say, Francis Isadore. What are you going to wear to the dance tonight?

FRANCIS ISADORE: My other dress. Why?

CATHERINE ANN: Oh. Just thought it'd be fun to ask. I'd wear my necklace – only Papa hid it.

FRANCIS ISADORE: Catherine Ann, you count your blessings. There's plenty don't even have one dress to wear. You just count your blessings.

CATHERINE ANN: One.

FRANCIS ISADORE: Two. Matthew. If you can call him a blessing.

CATHERINE ANN: He's not mine.

FRANCIS ISADORE: Could be if you wanted him. I got eyes.

CATHERINE ANN: Well I don't want him.

(Pause)

Where's he been since Wednesday?

FRANCIS ISADORE: Took a load of wool to Nephi. They're supposed to be back today sometime.

BROTHER BURROWS: *(Entering)* Afternoon, ladies.

FRANCIS ISADORE: Good afternoon, Brother Burrows.

CATHERINE ANN: Hello.

BROTHER BURROWS: Ain't it a shame?

CATHERINE ANN: What?

BROTHER BURROWS: That two such lovely creatures as you have got to grow up to be *wives!*

FRANCIS ISADORE: Oh, it can't be that bad.

BROTHER BURROWS: Yes, it can. I'll never have peace 'till the grave. Oh, no! I just realized – she's *eternal!*

(He sinks down on the steps.)

CATHERINE ANN: Is she looking for you now?

BROTHER BURROWS: No. She and Sister Aiken are out gossiping. And they don't quit 'till the cows come home.

FRANCIS ISADORE: *(Looking off and pointing)* Moooooooooooo!

(BROTHER BURROWS jumps up and lifts the lid off the barrell.)

BROTHER BURROWS: 'Scuse me, ladies. Be right back.

(He disappears inside the barrel. SISTER BURROWS enters, panting. She looks at the girls a moment.)

SISTER BURROWS: Ain't it a shame?

FRANCIS ISADORE: What?

SISTER BURROWS: That two such lovely young girls as you have got to grow up and get husbands?

(The lid of the barrel goes up. FRANCIS ISADORE slams it down.)

SISTER BURROWS: Ah, well. You may have better luck than I did.

(Starting off.)

I certainly scraped the bottom of the barrel when I got mine.

(SISTER BURROWS exits. FRANCIS ISADORE and CATHERINE ANN stifle their laughter. BROTHER BURROWS climbs out of the barrel grumbling.)

BROTHER BURROWS: Bottom of the barrel. Hmmph.

(He goes off in the opposite direction. The girls explode into laughter.)

SCENE SIX -- *The dance. All the TOWNSPEOPLE are here—everyone except MATTHEW. Musicians are playing on accordion, banjo, guitar, and (or) violin. Several sets of dancers are doing one of the dances of the day – quadrille or reel. Other people stand around clapping. The dance continues for perhaps two minutes. When it is finished all applaud.*

PRESIDENT GARRISON: Quiet. Quiet. Attention, please.

1ST MAN: Quiet!

2nd MAN: President's got something to say.

(Gradually they give their attention.)

PRESIDENT GARRISON: I just wanted to take this happy occasion to give you some good news.

3rd MAN: The bugler learned a new tune!

(ALL laugh.)

PRESIDENT GARRISON: No. We just closed the deal on the machinery for the woolen factory.

(Cheers)

It was ten thousand dollars, but now it's all ours.

(More cheers)

The United Order Department of Public Works will have it ready to dedicate next month.

TOWNSPEOPLE: Hooray! Now, there's something to celebrate. (Etc.)

1ST WOMAN: Give us a song, Erastus!

3rd MAN: Sure! Come on!

(They push ERASTUS up by the orchestra)

ERASTUS: W-w-w-w-well, I – I--.

4th MAN: Come on, Erastus.

ERASTUS: I'll s-s-sing "Th- th – the Bl-bl- -"

4th MAN: Yeah. We know, Erastus. Just sing it!

MUSICAL # 7 -- TOUCH NOT THE WINE CUP

(ERASTUS sings without hesitation or stuttering and in a rich, deep voice an authentic song of the day.)

ERASTUS:

OH, TOUCH NOT THE WINE CUP, DEAR BROTHER, I PRAY,
THOUGH IT GLEAMS IN ITS CRYSTAL SO BRIGHT,

I KNOW YOU'VE BEEN THINKING OF MOTHER TODAY
AND THE LETTER SHE WROTE US LAST NIGHT.
I KNOW THAT SHE WEPT WHEN SHE WROTE TO HER BOY,
FOR I NOTICED A BLOT ON EACH LINE.
COME HOME WITH ME, THEN, FOR HER SAKE, BROTHER DEAR,
AND TASTE NOT, OH, TOUCH NOT THE WINE.
ROSY WINE, ROSY WINE 'ROUND THE DEAR HEART TO
CLING LIKE A VINE;
FOR 'Twill WITHER AND SEAR ALL THAT'S BRIGHT,
BROTHER DEAR.
THEN TASTE NOT, OH, TOUCH NOT THE WINE.

(Immediately as he finishes, all applaud, cheer, and go into a spirited dance. After it has progressed for about a minute. MATTHEW suddenly appears in one of the dance sets, and does a do-sa-do traveling the length of the set and wearing a pair of bright, unmistakably store-bought pants. His partner stops in her tracks and gasps. Others also stop dancing, looking at MATTHEW in stunned silence. One by one the MUSICIANS STOP PLAHYING. With a loud squeal, CATHERINE ANN runs to MATTHEW, throws her arms around him and gives him a kiss on the cheek.)

CATHERINE ANN: Matthew! They're beautiful!

EZRA: *(Crossing to him)* Matthew Cooper – where did you get those pants?

MATTHEW: *(Bravely)* Nephi. They're very popular.

EZRA: *(Roaring)* Not in Orderville they're not popular! Aren't you ashamed of yourself? We send you to sell the wool and you spend the Order's money on nonsense!

MATTHEW: I didn't! It wasn't the Order's money.

EZRA: And whose was it?

MATTHEW: Mine. When we docked the lambs' tails I saved them and sheared them. Took the wool along to Nephi, and traded it for the pants. I'd say I got a right to them!

YOUNG PEOPLE: *(Cheering)* Yay! Horray for Matthew! Yay!

EZRA: Quiet! Now see? You've started an insurrection. Should never have sent you to Nephi. Might have known the city would corrupt you! What else did you learn up there?

MATTHEW: Lots of things.

(To the fiddler)

Clarence, play a waltz.

8TH VILLAGER: Aw – that ain't new. We been waltzing for years.

MATTHEW: Not like this, you haven't.

(The music begins, and MATTHEW grabs CATHERINE ANN and begins to waltz, face to face. Scandalized, people turn to each other.)

SISTER STEVENS: *(Stopping them)* No, sir! There'll be no round dancing in Orderville. I been in charge a these dances for years, and they been good, clean, and wholesome. No sire. I won't have it!

CATHERINE ANN: What's unwholesome about this? I like it.

SISTER STEVENS: It just don't look like something folks ought to watch each other doing. We're told to avoid the very appearance of evil. And the round dance is one of those evils.

MATTHEW: But they do it in Nephi. And at Church dances too.

PRESIDENT GARRISON: Well, now. I don't reckon a man could lose his salvation because of it – if he keeps a fair distance between him and the lady. Show us some more, Matthew. I think it looks rather fetching.

(The music begins again and MATTHEW and CATHERINE ANN continue their waltz.

ALL watch in fascination. After a moment PRESIDENT GARRISON walks over to SISTER STEVENS.)

PRESIDENT GARRISON: Sister Stevens – may I have this waltz?

SISTER STEVENS: *(Scandalized)* Why President – you – you wouldn't!

PRESIDENT GARRISON: I'm goin' to.

SISTER STEVENS: But I – I couldn't! I'd die of shame!

PRESIDENT GARRISON: Now, Sister – in the Order don't we share and share alike?

SISTER STEVENS: Well, yes – but --.

PRESIDENT GARRISON: I'm asking you to share a waltz with me.

(Hesitantly and with much embarrassment, SISTER STEVENS closes her eyes, hold out her arms to PRESIDENT GARRISON and they begin to waltz. In a moment DUNCAN rushes over to FRANCIS ISADORE and they too begin to waltz. Then EZRA and SOPHIA waltz. Soon couples all over the floor are waltzing, giggling, and exclaiming over the novelty of it. A dance number grows out of this and builds to a climax to end the scene.)

SCENE SEVEN -- *The swings. MATTHEW and CATHERINE ANN sit in the swings, which are pulled close together and swing as one. Their arms are around each other and their heads together. MATTHEW still wears his store bought pants.*

CATHERINE ANN: I'm so proud of you, Matthew. I just can't tell you! You were brave as – as Daniel in the lion's den!

MATTHEW: Might get eaten up tomorrow.

(Sighs)

But it's worth it.

CATHERINE ANN: *(Sighs)* Is it?

MATTHEW: Mmmm Hmmm. Catherine Ann?

CATHERINE ANN: Yes?

MATTHEW: I know I'm not much of a fella – I mean, I know I leave a lot of room to be desired – but – but I sure would like it if – if you'd be my girl.

CATHERINE ANN: *(Teasing)* Thought you didn't need anything that you couldn't get out of the

storehouse.

MUSICAL # 8 -- THE LEAN LIFE (REPRISE)

MATTHEW:

JUST SOMETHING ON THE INSIDE WHEN I'M HUNGRY –
AND SOMETHING ON THE OUTSIDE WHEN I'M COLD –
AND SOMEONE, SOMEONE, SOMEONE,
WANTING TO BE THERE
AND WILLING JUST TO SHARE
THE THINGS I HAVEN'T GOT.

CATHERINE ANN: I'd like to be your girl, Matthew, I would.

(Still in the swings, they kiss.)

SCENE EIGHT -- *In EZRA's house, EZRA, PRESIDENT GARRISON, BROTHER ALLEN, and his other MEN are assembled. MATTHEW, wearing his old pants, stands before them. The store-brought pants are on the table.*

PRESIDENT GARRISON: You realize, of course, Matthew, that we cannot permit you to keep these pants?

MATTHEW: Yes, Sir.

PRESIDENT GARRISON: It just wouldn't do to have store-bought pants running around the Order.

MATTHEW: Yes, Sir.

1ST MAN: We've always *made* our pants – and all of them are homespun. It's the rule.

MATTHEW: I know. I'm – I'm sorry.

PRESIDENT GARRISON: But there's no sense in wasting a perfectly good pair of pants. And I must say they're a nice cut. I suggest we take them to the tailor shop, to be unseamed and used as a pattern for all future pants.

EZRA: Good idea.

PRESIDENT GARRISON: And, as a reward for Matthew's enterprise – misdirected thought it was – I think he ought to get the first pair.

MATTHEW: Really? Oh, thank you, Sir. Thank you!

PRESIDENT GARRISON: Board of Management dismissed.

(MEN get up and exit.)

'Bye, Ezra, Matthew. See you at supper.

EZRA: 'Bye, President. Goodbye, Brethren. Thank you.

MATTHEW: Goodbye.

EZRA: Matthew?

MATTHEW: Yes, Sir?

EZRA: (*Motioning for him to sit*) Oh. I'm not going to bawl you out. I just want to make sure yo uknow how important the Order is to me. And I hope it is to you too.

(*MATTHEW is silent.*)

It's hard, son. Don't think I don't know it. But it's the will of the Lord that we live it—that we weed out all the unselfishnesses and vanities that grow inside of us and choke out the finer things. Do you believe that, Matthew?

MATTHEW: Yes. I do. Only—like you say—it isn't easy.

EZRA: 'Course not. And we should be flattered that the Lord chose us to be in the front ranks of this great experiment. We ought to feel pleased and honored.

MATTHEW: (*Sadly*) Yeah.

EZRA: We've started off pretty good. But whether we can keep it going—perpetuate it – is something else. That's what the President is always telling us – we got to perpetuate the Order. And we'll never perpetuate it if we start kow-towing to the world and take up all the world's frivolities.

(*Squeezes MATTHEW's shoulder*)

But I want you to know that I trust you, Matthew. You're a good boy, and I trust you.

MATTHEW: I'll try to be, Father.

EZRA: Well, now – you'd better get back to the sheep.

MATTHEW: Father. Long as we're on it, I'd like to talk to you about something that'd be just wonderful if you could get it for the Order. It ain't really a frivolity—though it's awful cultural – and I've heard you say that culture's important. And – well – don't you think it'd be just wonderful if we had – a piano?

(*EZRA turns and looks at him blankly. Lights.*)

SCENE NINE -- *Exterior of EZRA's house. EZRA walks toward the audience.*

EZRA: Store bought pants. Round dances. A piano! Where will it end? One of these days our own girls'll be wanting lip rouge like the city hussies – and skirts that show their ankles. As if we didn't have enough troubles already.

(*BROTHER HILL and BROTHER SORENSEN enter quarreling.*)

Like them. Brothers Hill and Sorensen. They never could get along. So we assigned them both to the Blacksmith Shop, thinking they'd learn to love each other.

BROTHER HILL: (*English accent*) I say, Brother Ezra. Do you recollect that new bellows you purchased for the Blacksmith Shop?

EZRA: I do.

BROTHER HILL: That was intended for *my* use, now wasn't it?

EZRA: Well, you were the one that placed the order, but –

BROTHER HILL: You see? It's mine!

BROTHER SORENSEN: (*Danish accent*) What's yours is mine!

EZRA: Why is it you two can't even get along for a day?

BROTHER HILL: It's this one's fault. I get along fine with Erastus.

BROTHER SORENSEN: That's because Erastus don't talk.

EZRA: Now, Brethren. There are two bellows in the shop. Can't you share?

BROTHER SORENSEN: But he always wants to share the old pair with me. They don't work so good.
And they squeak.

EZRA: I see. So I'm to decide – like Solomon – who gets the new bellows.

(He looks at the audience as if to say "Why not?")

I've got it. Why don't we take the new bellows and cut it in half?

BROTHER HILL: Fine!

BROTHER SORENSEN: Fine!

(EZRA turns to the audience and shrugs.)

BROTHER SORENSEN: And something else. He's been loafin' on the job.

BROTHER HILL: Oh, come on mate!

(He starts off. BROTHER SORENSEN follows.)

BROTHER SORENSEN: It's true. Getting fed whether you work or not is too big a temptation for some.
Freeloader! Freeloader!

(They exit. EZRA turns to the audience.)

EZRA: You see? Why are human beings so – so human?

SISTER AIKEN: *(Entering agitated)* Brother Cooper ... Brother Cooper! What are we going to do?

EZRA: About what?

SISTER AIKEN: The pants! Look at those orders! Ever since we made new pants for Matthew, every boy in Orderville needs a new pair.

EZRA: Just tell them they can't have new til the old wear out.

SISTER AIKEN: But they're wearing out. Dozens of pairs of pants are suddenly wearing out.

EZRA: What?

SISTER AIKEN: And not at the knees where a pair of pants should wear, what with praying and weeding. No. In the seat! And if they've got so much leisure that it's wearing out their pants, then I'd say they got too much leisure.

EZRA: In the seat, huh? Sister Aiken, I'd say a little investigating wants to be done.

(They exit)

SCENE TEN -- *The Wood Shed. About eight or twelve boys of varying ages are lined up by the grindstone. EDWARD is leaning over, his seat touching the grindstone. Another boy turning it.*

MUSICAL #9 -- KEEP YOUR SEAT TO THE GRINDSTONE

EDWARD: Ouch!

1ST BOY: You're done, Edward. My Turn.
(*He takes EDWARD's place at the grindstone.*)

EDWARD:
YOU WORK ALL DAY IN THE SUN
AND WHAT DOES IT GETCHA?

ALL:
YOU BETCHA! NOTHING!

EDWARD:
YOU PLANT AND WEED AND PULL
AND WHERE DOES IT LEAD?

ALL:
AGREED! NOWHERE!

EDWARD:
YOU CAN'T HAVE A NEW PAIR OF PANTS, THEY SAY,
'TIL YOU WEAR OUT THE ONES YOU'VE GOT. O.K. –
SO WE'LL WORK AND WORK 'TIL THE PANTS ARE WORN THROUGH,
IT WON'T BE LONG AS LONG AS YOU –
KEEP YOUR SEAT – KEEP YOUR SEAT
TO THE GRINDSTONE!

ALL:
KEEP YOUR SEAT – KEEP YOUR SEAT
TO THE GRINDSTONE!

1ST BOY: (*Still at the grindstone*)
You're growing into men
But what does it getcha?

ALL:
You betcha! Nothing!

1ST BOY:
YOU CAN'T HAVE A NEW PAIR OF PANTS, THEY SAY,
'TIL YOU WEAR OUT THE ONES YOU'VE GOT. O. K.!
IF YOU REALLY WANT TO GET AHEAD
JUST HEAD OUT TO THAT OLD WOOD SHED –

KEEP YOUR SEAT – KEEP YOUR SEAT
TO THE GRINDSTONE!

BOY TURNING GRINDSTONE: (*Speaks*) You're done – I can see your drawers.

3rd BOY: My turn!
(*The music continues, and the BOYS dance. As they finish --*)

EDWARD:
YOU DO THE BEST YOU CAN
AND WHAT DOES IT GETCHA?

ALL:

YOU BETCHA! NOTHING!

EDWARD:

YOU DO YOUR SHARE AND MORE
AND WHERE DOES IT LEAD?

ALL:

AGREED! NOWHERE!

EDWARD:

YOU CAN'T HAVE A NEW PAIR OF PANTS, THEY SAY,
'TIL YOU WEAR OUT THE ONES YOU GOT, O. K!
SO WE'LL WORK AND WORK 'TIL THE PANTS ARE WORN THROUGHT.
IT WON'T BE LONG AS LONG AS YOU –

ALL:

KEEP YOUR SEAT – KEEP YOUR SEAT
TO THE GRINDSTONE!
IF YOU REALLY WANT TO GET AHEAD,
JUST HEAD OUT TO THE OLD WOOD SHED –
AND KEEP YOUR SEAT –

2ND BOY:

KEEP YOUR SEAT –

ALL:

KEEP YOUR SEAT –

3RD BOY:

CAN'T BE BEAT –

ALL:

KEEP YOUR SEAT –

4TH BOY

NOT YOUR FEET –

ALL:

KEEP YOUR SEAT –

5TH BOY

IT'S SO SWE-E-E-ET –

ALL:

TO THE GRINDSTONE!

(They finish in a straight line. On the last beat EZRA and SISTER AIKEN enter. The BOYS freeze. Without a word EZRA walks the length of the line in front of the BOYS, looking at each of them, then turns and walks back behind them, examining their pants. When he comes to EDWARD, who is on the end of the line, he gives him a resounding slap on the seat.)

EZRA: *(Roaring)* All right! New pants for the lot of you.

(The BOYS cheer and jump in delight.)

Now, get back to work!

(The BOYS run out. EZRA and SISTER AIKEN follow.)

END OF ACT ONE

INTERMISSION

24 more pages in Act Two