

INT. MAGGIE'S KITCHEN -- DAY

Maggie stands at the table surrounded by perfume bottles, lipstick tubes, eyeliner pencils, and colorful goody bags. She drops perfume, lipstick, cream, and eyeliner pencil into one of the bags. Her face is pale and she has a faraway look in her eyes.

Next to her, ABBY, a bespectacled woman in her forties, does the same. She stops and looks over at Maggie.

ABBY

Is everything okay, Mags? You've hardly said a word all afternoon.

MAGGIE

I'm ... fine. I just have a lot on my mind, that's all.

She smiles weakly and rubs Abby's arm. Abby shrugs, and both resume their goody bag stuffing.

Lucille bustles into the room.

LUCILLE

Sorry I'm late. Traffic on the Beltway was a nightmare.

Lucille grabs a nearby perfume bottle, then an eyeliner pencil, then a tube of lipstick.

LUCILLE

Lancombe. I love it. I love your whole Girls at the Spa theme idea. Sure beats magic shows and pony rides.

MAGGIE

Actually, it was your idea.

LUCILLE

It was, wasn't it?

Lilly bursts into the room.

LILLY

Mommy, mommy! There's a man here who wants to see you. In a funny costume.

LUCILLE

I've always liked a man in a costume.

MAGGIE

Maybe you could serve your "friend" tea
from your new tea set while we finish
stuffing these goody bags.

She winks at Lucille and Abby, continues stuffing goody
bags. Lilly jumps up and down.

LILLY

But, Mommy, there really is a man here
who wants to talk to you. He looks like
the Quaker Oats guy.

Maggie turns her back to Lilly and reaches for another bag.
She smiles and shakes her head.

MAGGIE

The Quaker Oats guy, or whoever he is,
will just have to wait until I've
finished decorating for the party.

GEORGE FOX enters the room and stands next to Lilly. He's
dressed in the attire of a seventeenth-century Englishman:
breeches, a peasant shirt and vest, shoes with buckles, a
straw hat. He speaks an antiquated English.

Maggie still has her back to Lilly & George. Lucille and
Abby both stop what they're doing and stare, mouths open.
George steps closer.

MAGGIE

Has anyone seen those gift certificates
for a day at the spa?

She turns around and does a double take.

GEORGE

Maggie Stone.

The three women look at one another. Lucille raises her
eyebrows and whistles between her teeth.

MAGGIE

I ordered the Spa birthday party this
year, not the Founding Fathers package.

LUCILLE

Who are you supposed to be, anyway?
Benjamin Franklin or George Washington?

LILLY

The Quaker Oats guy!

GEORGE

The child has come closest to discerning the truth. I am George Fox, a seeker of truth in scorn called a Quaker by one Justice Bennett.

Maggie grips the table in front of her, her eyes widening.

ABBY

Are you campaigning for the Democrats or the Republicans?

LILLY

Can he come to my birthday party?

GEORGE

Might I have a word with thee, Maggie?

Maggie, still looking shaken, approaches George. She gestures towards the door.

MAGGIE

Why don't we go into the sitting room?

Lucille and Abby exchange a bemused look as Maggie and George exit.

EXT. MAGGIE'S SITTING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Maggie sits awkwardly next to George on an ottoman, her eyes still wide with alarm.

MAGGIE

Who are you?

GEORGE

I am George Fox, a child of the light, a seeker of truth, in scorn called...

MAGGIE

A Quaker. I know. But who are you really and why are you here?

GEORGE

I'm here because you called me.

MAGGIE

I called you? I don't even know you.

GEORGE

You worshipped in a Friends Meetinghouse, so God sent me.

Maggie, who has been listening with rapt attention, shakes her head abruptly.

MAGGIE

This is crazy. What am I doing sitting here listening to you?

GEORGE

You're a seeker.

She stands up and points towards the door.

MAGGIE

That's it. I want you out now before I call the police.

GEORGE

I'm no stranger to the police.

MAGGIE

I'll bet you're not.

INT. SWARTHMOOR HALL SITTING ROOM - EVENING

MARGARET FELL, a tall imposing woman in her late thirties, is dressed in the manner of the landed gentry in seventeenth-century England. She stands in the center of the room, gazing at a wedding portrait of herself and Justice THOMAS FELL.

SARAH, a lively ten-year-old, hops into the living room, followed closely by MARY, a nimble five-year-old. Margaret continues to gaze at the portrait.

SARAH

A preacher came to see thee.

MARY

And he argued with Mr. Lampitt.

SARAH

About religion.

MARGARET

Did he now?

MARY

He told Mr. Lampitt there was no need for preachers.

SARAH

Or the Scriptures.

MARY

He was bold. But quiet, too.

Margaret, who appears to be only half listening, picks up a book from the shelf and flips through the pages.

MARGARET

No need for preachers or holy books? A bold man indeed.

SARAH

And he says he's coming back to talk to thee in person.

MARY

He wants to talk about the lamp that's inside thee.

SARAH

Not lamp, silly. Light.

George Fox enters the room, unseen by Margaret and the girls. He looks ready to jump into the conversation at the slightest pause.

MARGARET

A lamp inside me? How, pray tell, do I light this lamp? By swallowing fire?

All three laugh. George steps into the center of the room and stops in front of Margaret.

GEORGE

Mary is referring to the Inner Light, the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world. John 1:9.

MARY

That's him.

Margaret ushers the girls out the door.

MARGARET

Run along.

GEORGE

Dost thou go by Margaret or Maggie?

MARGARET

That's Mistress Fell to you. And while you're at it, you might

consider doffing your hat. That's the custom of the country when greeting one's superiors.

GEORGE

We are all equal in the eyes of God.

MARGARET

I hear you've been stirring up trouble with our local priest.

GEORGE

My only crime was telling the truth.

MARGARET

If you want to hear the truth, you should come with us on Sunday to hear Mr. Lampitt preach. A finer preacher I've never heard.

GEORGE

I need neither preacher nor steeplehouse. I wait in silence on the Lord, and he speaks to me directly.

Margaret looks startled, takes a step back.

MARGARET

I've never heard such blasphemy. I want you out of my house. Now.