

# **Invincible**

**by Luke Sawczak**

**a play in four acts**

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## CHARACTERS

**Henry** was an entrepreneuring businessman at 30, and is now 60 and in extremely poor health. Enabled to become a millionaire by an absolute abandonment of family and friends, he lives with the aid of his caretaker Emily and head of office Elizabeth. He previously owned a cat, Mozart, his only friend, which died and which he doesn't seem able to get over, possibly due to another influence.

**Emily** is Henry's young, naïve caretaker who in the days goes to college, in the afternoon attends Elizabeth's house parties [and cleans up after them], and in the evenings helps Henry, going home at night. She pities Henry, if a little fearfully. She put down Mozart when he was sickly and unhappy.

**Elizabeth** is a brazen and conniving woman who had a troubled youth and grew up fending for herself, until she met Thomas Caldwell, a millionaire whom she seduced into signing her a small fortune in his will. Twenty years on, in order to continue hosting parties, living wealthily, and being the centre of attention, she must do the same to Henry Roquemore. Her livelihood depends on it.

**Hewett** is a middle-aged fellow who, after a brief affair with a well-to-do girl that left him living in an apartment alone that he couldn't pay for, must go to his employer Henry to ask for money or end up going a step back, to lower environs. According to Henry and alluded to by the Lawyer, he may be the son of Henry left to and adopted by a friend 30 years ago.

**the Women [1, 2, 3]** are three insincere and shallow ladies whose friendship to Elizabeth is bought by the throwing of extravagant parties with male visitors.

**Chaddington** is the male visitor who entertains the guests at Elizabeth's daily parties.

**the Lawyer** is a man who, for fascination with the behaviour of people around them, tends to take on clients who are old, rich, and dying, and befriends them in order to protect them and their estates. He seems to have been in close correspondence with Henry and may have convinced him to sign his will giving his money *not* to any of the people badgering him for it, but to a third person – the government – via a clever scheme involving an inheritance and a cat dead for a month which Henry may think is still alive.

## **LOCATIONS**

### ***OUTSIDE THE OFFICE:***

An urban scene outside. A door to the office where Henry and Elizabeth work is stage right. Stage left is the direction of the train station. A lamppost and a park bench are downstage or upstage centre.

### ***ELIZABETH'S HOUSE:***

A well-lit living room, where the women get together for Elizabeth's parties. A door out of the house on one side and into a back room on the other. A table is always downstage centre with snacks on it.

### ***HENRY'S HOUSE:***

A late night scene inside a comfy room. A fireplace with an armchair by it are upstage left, and a cupboard is downstage left. A door outside is upstage right, and a table with two or three chairs is downstage left.

### ***THE FUNERAL***

Either inside a church or in Henry's house, according to the director's preference. A large casket sits downstage centre. Other decorations may include chairs around the room, as for visitors.



# Act One

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*[Scene 1. Outside the office; begin with Henry closing a door. Park bench, lamppost overhanging, in centre stage. Elizabeth waiting expectantly.]*

**HENRY:**

Oh, my keys, look, I've, oh – oh, no, here they are, aha! I thought I'd left them inside again, like that – no good!

**ELIZABETH:**

Come on, now.

**HENRY:**

It's dark, I swear it, darker than it's ever been at this hour.

**ELIZABETH:**

It's getting on toward winter. Are you coming? Put the keys away, and – do you need help with that? You're still holding your pen ...

**HENRY:**

No, it's not just the year. I tell you, I mean that I've... here, though, we're going.

*[They move to bench, Henry sits.]*

**HENRY:**

We'll sit here a moment. Oh, but it's cold. Elizabeth, did I ever?...

**ELIZABETH:**

Why are we sitting? Good heavens, at your age, it's ridiculous. You'll catch a cold, or pneumonia.

**HENRY:**

No, listen to me a moment. Have I told you about my cat? -- it's an old tabby, I rescued him off the street, twenty years ago almost. A real fighter, Elizabeth, I tell you - no, I tell you he fought other cats, the gout, he didn't stop, to...

**ELIZABETH:**

And we won't stop now. Get up - oh, fine *[as he pulls her to sitting]*.

**HENRY:**

Mozart was his name...

**ELIZABETH:**

You've told me about him before. A month ago, do you remember,? You had him put down. That caretaker of yours...

**HENRY:**

That caretaker of mine convinced me to, well, he was blind. And arthritic, and the neighbourhood cats would torture him, never leaving him alone.

**ELIZABETH:**

A thing like that ought to be put out of its pain. *[awkward pause]*

**HENRY:**

Well, a man and his animal suffer much the same, I suppose.

**ELIZABETH:**

I'm chilly myself, now. How can you stand it, it must be-

**HENRY:**

One moment more, Elizabeth. Elizabeth, there's something I'd like to... Did I tell you about William, I think, Young?

**ELIZABETH:**

No, but go ahead, tell me on the subway.

**HENRY:**

When I was forty – you know, before I'd opened my business – I knew a fellow...

**ELIZABETH:**

*[buttoning up his coat]* Geez, it's cold... come along...

*[They go out right. **End scene.**]*

*[Scene 2. Elizabeth's living room; punch on the table. Three women in foreground. Emily in background, silent.]*

**WOMAN 1:**

Oh, here she comes back now. The punch, the punch, or she'll think...

*[All three take punch from the table.]*

*[Elizabeth enters left.]*

**ELIZABETH:**

So, as I was saying – what was I saying, do you?...

**WOMAN 1:**

The old man. Did you really think you'd?

**ELIZABETH:**

I'd what?

**WOMAN 2:**

Get the position, I mean – isn't he the second-richest man in the country? It's hardly thinkable that – I mean, I wouldn't have put any money on it.

**ELIZABETH:**

I had the position from the start because I myself have got acclaim.

**WOMAN 3:**

What's that? [*grimacing*] This punch is ... well, it's not that bad, I suppose...

**WOMAN 1:**

I heard that he entertains a woman every night.

**WOMAN 2:**

Don't be ridiculous! He must be sixty!

**WOMAN 1:**

So, and what's that? There are other things than..

**WOMAN 3:**

But he's also arthritic. Hasn't he got arthritis? I heard that he had arthritis... Yes, most definitely; oh, I've got a mosquito bite on my leg. No, he's arthritic.

**ELIZABETH**

*[annoyed]*: Don't you remember how I befriended  
Caldwell!

**WOMAN 2**

*[instantly]*: Caldwell! You'll never stop about the old sack!

**WOMAN 3:**

Caldwell?

**ELIZABETH:**

In my youth, old Theodore Caldwell was – well, I needn't say it. He had means, I mean, his estate was three million, or more. Have some punch, oh my goodness, have you noticed how cold it is out? Anyhow I saw him at a coffee shop – take some punch!

**WOMAN 3:**

A coffee shop? Oh, but--

**ELIZABETH:**

I met him there, dolled up – I was young then, you remember, it wasn't quite so cold –

**WOMAN 2:**

I've heard this story... [*becomes detached*]

**ELIZABETH:**

Shut up! Anyhow he took a liking to me – of course he would. And I rode him to his death, and he wrote me a million in his will.

**WOMAN 1:**

A million...

**WOMAN 2:**

Seven hundred thousand it was last time.

**ELIZABETH:**

Don't fool yourself, Germaine, how do you think I paid for this house?

**WOMAN 3:**

A million.

**ELIZABETH:**

And it's been ten years but I've still got my looks, and



my fox. I'm not lost when it comes to, to, you know, I haven't had any punch yet... *[Takes some.]*

**WOMAN 2:**

So you're saying Henry will be so easily coerced.

**ELIZABETH:**

Well I've got the position! I'm the manager of his office, and who else has he got?

**EMILY:**

*[stepping out from the back of the room, where she was the entire time]*

I'm his... well, I mean, I take care of him, at home, you know, it's very...

**WOMAN 3:**

I heard that he was losing his mind.

**EMILY:**

He's not losing his mind, he's only...

**ELIZABETH:**

And that damned cat! He mentions it twice a day and it's been dead for a month. I attended its absurd funeral and he won't stop...

**EMILY:**

He had a lot of respect, he had a lot of respect for...

**WOMAN 2:**

Is there someone at the door?

**ELIZABETH:**

Nevermind it – take some punch, Emily dear – come, now, he's still got his wit. He can still deliberate decisions.

**WOMAN 1:**

Then perhaps you haven't got a chance with him after all! *[All laugh.]*

**WOMAN 2:**

I think there's someone at the door.

*[Chaddington enters right.]*

**CHADDINGTON:**

You called for me? Here I am...

*[The women, tittering, go away with him left.]*

**EMILY:**

I think I'm going, now. Thanks for the, for the, the punch was good.

**ELIZABETH:**

Go on out then.

*[Elizabeth, left alone, starts to clear and then clean the table.]*

**ELIZABETH:**

How could they even pretend to understand? They haven't lived my life. I've got a cut on my ankle and I've had it since I was five, I've never been able to walk straight, but I held myself up. When I was seven my prostitute of a mother ran off with a man with an accent and I found myself counting cards for my blaggard father at the gamble. And I was pulled out of school at eleven, just when my breasts were starting to come in and I was making friends. I've got a head for numbers, I know how many wrongs I've suffered. What, you think I didn't work every night at the factory?

For my blaggard father? He wouldn't even give me a full meal! He'd entertain women. And you know where I got that cut, a broken bottle of his on the floor. When I was eighteen I got into drugs. No, I was a seller. A go-through. And he used me. They all used me, and it went on for years. For years it – oh, and then he died. Yep – up and died. Alcohol poisoning, you know? I think his heart failed. My father I mean. He couldn't even hold up a family. My baby sister died young. She caught something, I was three. Oh, how it hurts! How can they hope to understand? And at twenty-three I was done with selling myself.

I saw him, then, in the street. No, I won't lie. I saw him at the brothel and only later in the coffee shop – Goffrey's. And he recognized me, can you believe it? Well, I can. It's all a man thinks about.

There was a bottle on his floor, too, a millionaire. Millions, his estate, and he drank away his evenings. Drank and made love. And when I killed him, indirectly, I looked in his cupboard where he kept a copy of his will and testament and I got a million. No, seven hundred thousand. But I've never been healed. I've never been able to walk straight.

But did you see how they reacted? They all hate me, oh, they hate me, and my ankle is aching again. I cut it myself the other night but I'll get

Henry, and I'll ensnare him. He's got to have something,  
and I'll find it, and I'll take it. Old men, that's all they think  
about.

But they used me and I still can't sleep without...  
No, yes, a broken bottle, I think he broke it on a *woman*...  
I can't sleep!

*[She drops something on the floor intentionally in her  
frustration.]*

*[Chaddington and women enter left; they stare at her.]*

***[End scene.]***

*[Scene 3. Henry's house. Henry is in the armchair.  
Emily begins setting the table from the cupboard.]*

**EMILY:**

You're home late today. Did you stay late?

**HENRY:**

Don't, don't bother setting the table for two, dear. I'm not hungry. I stayed a little late, it was dark when I went out.

**EMILY:**

Seems it's always getting darker, all the time, all year round.

**HENRY:**

Yes, that's exactly what I said!-- that's what I.. where's Mozart, have you seen him?

**EMILY:**

Oh, he's... don't you remember, he's dead?

**HENRY:**

Dead?

**EMILY:**

I put him down last month... you remember his afflictions.. oh, you poor old man. Well, I'm still hanging around.  
[Pause.] Are you sure you won't eat anything?

**HENRY:**

Well, a man and his animal, they... no, I won't have anything. You're still hanging around. I don't think I'll be around myself too much longer.

**EMILY:**

Don't say that – you're only sixty! And you've got everything; you're very well off, you can't deny it. *[Exits right; comes back with pot of soup.]* It's chicken noodle soup, I made it for you.

**HENRY:**

I've lost my tastebuds since I quit smoking. I thought I'd lost them when I took it up but nope; I'd, well, I'm not hungry. But in all seriousness, will you stay with me until I die?

**EMILY:**

---

During the day, I go to college.

**HENRY:**

So? Where's – oh, he's dead.

**EMILY:**

Don't frighten me,... I'm just trying to eat.

**HENRY:**

Did you know a William Young? I knew him, he was a friend of mine, until the day that put me here.

**EMILY:**

I didn't know him.

**HENRY:**

We were business partners, thirty years ago, before I'd begun all this business, you know, before I was rich, and had means. When I was still young enough to have a wife.

**EMILY:**

You'd be twenty-eight. Yes, oh, an adventure.



**HENRY:**

He and I had the idea for this, you know. All this success, it was Henry Roquemore and William Young.

**EMILY:**

Yes.

**HENRY:**

And he had a wife, a young wife. She was barren. I had no wife, and didn't look for one. I was married – once, actually – ten years later, but she gave me no child, either. And she was gone, it was breast cancer. But I digress. He wanted a child, oh, he wanted one. And I will tell you I wanted one too, I tell you it as the truth. Although there was the one...

**EMILY:**

Couldn't you adopt? Or , or why didn't you?...

**HENRY:**

I had a business. This is why William Young is a pauper and I'm in a mansion. I had a business and he gave it up, when he received his child.

**EMILY:**

She wasn't barren?

**HENRY:**

He prayed. Every night he prayed for a child, and oh, it stirred me, and sometimes I'd ask him to put in a good word for me. "Pray, yes, pray," I'd say, "pray your heart out, and mention me, that's a good man; maybe something'll come my way yet." Him on his knees, oh. And do you know it?

*[Emily finishes her soup and begins to clean up.]*

One night the doorbell rang. His wife went to answer it and a baby was there in a basket. In a basket, like a story! Out of a book! It said only, "Yours to keep." He looked everywhere, asked everyone in the neighbourhood. His wife didn't want to keep it, you know, but he had faith and he insisted it was God's answer to his prayers. And the child grew and my own child grew – my business.

He dropped out and now I'm rich and he's got a family. I prayed, too! I prayed, too, but God...

**EMILY:**

Let me put these away, and then I'll sit beside you...  
*[she puts the dishes away]*

**HENRY:**

The people of this generation, that's the thing, they think they're invincible. They don't believe in car crashes and dehydration. They believe only in the death of the mind, and imagine that death of the body accompanies it. *[He seems to perceive something.]* Nothing kills you anymore – death like everything else only needs the right medication. An aspirin for your sorrows. But look, death of the mind, I'm still here...

**EMILY:**

Please don't talk like that.

**HENRY:**

Child! I prayed, too, but God gave me no child. O, child..  
*[he draws her to himself]*

**EMILY:**

You're not that old.. you won't die yet... you're not that old.

**HENRY:**

O, my child. At least not one that I could keep. Never that.

*[End scene.]*



# Act Two

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*[Scene 4. A bench and lamppost centre-stage; on the left the office; to the right the station. Hewett enters right.]*

## **HEWETT**

*[going to the door]:* Well – this is the address. Now, what does it say? Oh-- oh, here it is. Hours. Closes at .. ah, I'm early. *[He goes to the bench and sits.]*

I can't say as much as I deserve it, you know – a loan, or a raise, it's the same, as I'll pay it back in extra work, the raise, I mean. I'm honest. Or so I think. I mean I honestly think I'm... but, nevermind. Do I deserve to be here? I don't think so. I saw old Mr. Roquemore before. A standard of goodness. I'd been turned down, but he gave me the job.

And then she came along, the one I thought I loved. I don't even remember; I think we met at – in a park, or a coffee shop. But it developed fast. I had money then! But now I'm down on the .. well, I'm three months' rent backed up. As though a man were his own grave. Just a little more.. and he's got such a good heart. She left me. My money ran out and I started looking for a job. Didn't suit her, she was used to better. But here I am and I can't pay. Do you think he uses the office, daily? Oh, Hewett, you fool, you're probably going to make a fool of yourself...

*[The door opens; Elizabeth looks out.]*

**ELIZABETH:**

Oh – hello – are you here to see – look, he's not here,  
and we'll be closing soon – I'm closing up the office –

**HEWETT:**

That's alright, give me a moment to collect my  
thoughts. Who are – um...

**ELIZABETH:**

Oh! Well – ah, and that being so,... *[she closes the  
door again.]*

**HEWETT**

*[looking towards the door]:* Good heavens! Did I just  
see?... [pause] Keep your focus, Hewett, Hewey,  
you ... you'll have to visit him again, maybe tonight.  
Wasn't that his policy? No. No, that was her parents.  
Her parents. Good heavens, that wasn't her! No, but a  
similar face. A recognizable face. She was too old,  
there's no way that was her. Too old, same face. It  
hasn't been that many years – and what am I thinking?  
That was Britain. Where do you think you are,  
Hewett? Where? I'll visit him tonight. That wasn't  
her, you needn't worry. But – good gravy, she was



beautiful! I think I'll wait till closing! What hour did it say?

*[He gets up to look at the door. As he approaches it,  
Elizabeth walks out in a hurry.]*

**ELIZABETH**

*[flustered]:* Oh, you're still here. Hey, get yourself a coat, it's cold. Oh dear, oh dear, all his accounts. Won't go to – have I forgotten the keys? The ... you're still here. Oh, I'm going.

*[She exits right.]*

**HEWETT**

*[looking after her, grinning]:* Aha! Aha!

*[End scene.]*

*[Scene 5. Elizabeth's living room. Table, no punch – some other thing, crackers, etc. Three women standing; Emily not present. Elizabeth enters then.]*

**ELIZABETH:**

I ran into a man yesterday, he looked very familiar, very familiar – like I'd seen him in a photograph. Does that sound odd? I've never seen him in my life, not in my ...

**WOMAN 1:**

How is Henry, the old bachelor?

**ELIZABETH:**

Bachelor! My foot. Do you know he's stopped coming to work. He's said he can't make the trip every day. Too--

**WOMAN 2:**

Too old. Too frail...

**WOMAN 3:**

Oh, yes. Arthritis? He'd got arthritis... ooh, cake!  
*[She takes some cake.]*

**WOMAN 2:**

No, I'm sure it wasn't that. Was it ?...

**ELIZABETH:**

Too bad for his back. Rheumatism, you know, all that bull with old age – or whatever. Anyhow he told me he'd work out of his house.

**WOMAN 1:**

Well! You know that's the first step toward finding him one night, alone, door locked, quite dead...

**ELIZABETH**

*[horrified]*: Oh, that's – no, you're wrong. He's in good health, I haven't seen him ever take medication.

**WOMAN 1:**

Well, they don't have to. -- In fact if he doesn't it's probably worse. Does the tub have slippery edges?

**WOMAN 2:**

Rubbish! All rubbish, at any rate. Such things are bound for stories. People die in hospitals, with a general two months of

warning time. So you can arrange the funeral.

**ELIZABETH:**

Arrange the funeral! His will! Oh, what if he were to drop off, one day? Making tea. Crick in the neck...

**WOMAN 3:**

You hear Eileen, it's rubbish. You said so yourself a moment ago.

**ELIZABETH:**

All the same.. I did say...

**WOMAN 1:**

You did say he'd got rheumatism. Oh, I knew it! A stew, he's dying!

**WOMAN 2:**

Shut, shut. Is the cake any good?...

**WOMAN 3:**

When will he be arriving? ... Chaddington, I mean ...

**ELIZABETH:**

Never mind all that. I don't think he'd have put me in his will – I wonder if he thinks he'll die? He's put up a sign, a sign that says, 'All inquiries round to the front lobby of the estate.' To his own house!

**WOMAN 1:**

Now that'll kill him! *[giggles]*

**WOMAN 3:**

At any rate you've got to seal it, for better or worse; hasn't he got a thing for...?

**WOMAN 2:**

For the drink!

**WOMAN 3:**

For the drink!

**ELIZABETH:**

For the drink, yes. No. Well, I mean, there was the time..  
Oh, no, that was embarrassing. But see here. A man goes to his death, his mind starts racing. Maybe I can do something .

**WOMAN 3:**

Have you got any scotch?

**WOMAN 1:**

He's probably keeling over as we speak.

**ELIZABETH:**

I'll get some at the liquor store. Oh – and, well, no, he'll have some of that. Suppose I go tonight?

**WOMAN 3:**

Tonight?

**ELIZABETH:**

With the scotch...

*[An awkward pause.]*

**WOMAN 2:**

You mean to coerce a man into signing you into his will.

**ELIZABETH:**

Well, it isn't exactly... oh, harrum! What is it to you? Don't you like my parties? Cake, take some.. oh, I've forgot to put out the punch. At any rate either I get it or the government does.

**WOMAN 3:**

Most people like that, they've got something else, you know, hidden away.

**ELIZABETH:**

Don't be ridiculous. Now that, that is something only in stories.

**WOMAN 1:**

Never too sure... I think I've got some scotch at my place, do you know?

**WOMAN 2:**

I don't. *[pause.]*

**ELIZABETH:**

Please! What am I supposed to do, he's out of his mind!

**WOMAN 3:**

What do you mean, Elizabeth love?

**ELIZABETH:**

I mean that he's forgetful. No, he's senile. No, he's got Alzheimer's. No – I saw his medical bill the other day, it passed through my hands. This is ridiculous.

**WOMAN 3:**

Well, perhaps a bit of a drink. I find in men without any sense it gives them a level.

**WOMAN 1:**

Shh, shh, you don't want him to have any sense.

*[A knock at the door.]*

**ELIZABETH:**

Oh, that's your toy.

*[Woman 1 goes to the door and opens it.]*

*[Chaddington enters, carrying a bottle of scotch, and grinning widely, wearing a ridiculous costume.]*



**ELIZABETH:**

Oh, thank heavens. *[She grabs the scotch and stands in the doorway.]* Like in a photograph! I swear I could have seen him somewhere! His face! *[She exits.]*

*[End scene.]*

*[Scene 6. Henry's room. Henry in armchair by fireplace as usual; table set for a dinner already eaten. Emily cleaning – sweeping, dusting, etc.]*

**HENRY:**

Eh. But that's the thing, you know? What you were saying earlier. I mean I'm not invincible and nobody is. There's no medication for death.

**EMILY:**

But just the other day, you said...

**HENRY:**

I've been home all day, I did some thinking... eh, is the notice up at the roadside? Not many people came to-day.

**EMILY:**

I didn't put it up, not yet, only at the office. You said, well, I mean, I thought, if you were staying home you wanted rest, you wanted

**HENRY:**

Loneliness! I didn't want that!

**EMILY:**

Well, not many people come by here usually, anyway.  
What's out of the normal?

**HENRY:**

Not many come by? Well, for – the sign's not up!

**EMILY:**

Eugh! You're not making, you're not being sensible.

**HENRY:**

Don't be sore. Oh, I despise my own company. On that  
note where is Mozart.

**EMILY:**

Mozart? Mozart? Did you, did you?

**HENRY:**

Where's my cat?

**EMILY:**

HE'S DEAD! HE'S DEAD!

**HENRY:**

He's what?

**EMILY:**

HE'S DEAD, AND YOU KNOW IT! [*Crying.*]  
Oh, you don't forget! You know he's dead! You're  
just making it hard for me!

**HENRY:**

I, what? Oh, my child, come, oh, my child...!

**EMILY:**

And I'm not your child! Oh, I pity you, but – no, this  
is enough! You're just going to your death and you  
want it! People aren't sad to see a man get what he  
wants! And you aren't, I mean I'm not, going to stand  
and watch while you...

**HENRY:**

No!

**EMILY:**

No, what?

**HENRY:**

You've got it all backwards – but hello, is that someone coming to the?...

*[A knock on the door.]*

**HEWETT**

*[from outside]:* Hello, hello?

**EMILY:**

It's a bit late, you'll have to –

**HENRY:**

Come on in! *[Hewett enters the door.]* Why, what have you got for -- *[he stops midsentence, and gawks at Hewett. A tense silence for all of five seconds.]*

**EMILY:**

Mr. Roquemore?

**HEWETT:**

Henry, er, Mr. Roquemore? I've got to ask you, I've got, oh, I'm really sorry,...

**HENRY:**

Stop right there. Did you know a William Young?

**HEWETT:**

My father...

**HENRY:**

William Young, an employee of mine. His child. But not – you're not his real child? He was barren.

**HEWETT:**

What are you talking about?

**EMILY:**

I don't think...

**HENRY:**

Why, he was as barren as a stick. Ten years he tried to get a child by Martha, that pretty thing. Ten years...

**EMILY:**

Henry, sir, I don't think that the kid...

**HENRY:**

But what's your name?

**HEWETT:**

I'm adopted?

**HENRY:**

No, your name.

**HEWETT:**

Hewett... I'm.. I'm Hewett.. and I came to... to ask.. what do you mean? How can you... who...?

**HENRY:**

Hewett. Hewett Young. I wonder what you were really called. But that's all out of the way.

**EMILY:**

How can you just say that to a boy? [*She goes out the other door, muttering.*]

**HENRY:**

What did you want, coming here?

**HEWETT:**

Well, sir, that's quite an impressive story you've got there. Quite impressive. Almost had me. I'm here to ask for money, sir, I'm really in trouble...

**HENRY:**

*[laughs]* Damn right you are! But tell me about yourself.

**HEWETT:**

What is there to say? I was born poor. A rich girl fell into infatuation with me, and pulled me up into the world of the rich. And left me hanging. And now I can't afford it.

**HENRY:**

Step down.

**HEWETT:**

It's not that simple.



**HENRY:**

Well, you're William Young's son, you say?

**HEWETT:**

Apparently not. I mean, er, yes. But you know I know this is a dream.

**HENRY:**

*[laughs again]* Flesh out your story.

**HEWETT**

*[impatient at not being taken seriously]:* I told you there isn't much to say. Look, I only need about twenty-seven percent extra... to pay the bills... and an advance of...

**HENRY:**

Oh, my poor boy! Have you seen a cat around?

**HEWETT:**

What? What?

**HENRY:**

Oh, nevermind, he's dead. Go on.

**HEWETT:**

An advance of four months. I've worked it all out. Apparently I'm the progeny of your friend. Maybe you could see your way through?...

**HENRY:**

Oh, nevermind all that. Look. Take some food, it's still on the table. [Hewett takes something from a bowl and munches on it.] Look, you've got it, you don't need to beg. Look how old I am! I've got seven million put away, for nobody at all. At all, Hewey, did you know? Let's simplify it. You said twenty-seven percent and four months advance? What about a hundred percent and cut the advance!

**HEWETT:**

Sir? Sir? What? What?

**HENRY:**

And have you seen my damned cat?!

**HEWETT:**

Dead, sir.

**HENRY:**

Ah, yes, that's... well, all that aside, is your father still alive?

**HEWETT:**

Dead, sir.

**HENRY:**

Of course, I knew that. And your poor mother?

**HEWETT:**

She's being killed by my poverty.

**HENRY:**

Ho! Well, tell her to live on a little longer. Did you take something to eat?

**HEWETT:**

I did – er – can I go? I've got to work tomorrow – I mean I know you don't – but ah – you'll remember my name?

**HENRY:**

Hewett Young. Status, not dead yet, sir. Very good!  
Expect a result. And take something to eat, or the  
cat'll end up with it.

*[Emily re-enters the room.]*

**EMILY:**

Oh, he's still here.

**HEWETT:**

On my way out. *[He pauses.]* Say, you're... well, I'm  
on my, ah, thank you! And goodnight.

*[He leaves.]*

**HENRY:**

Nice fellow. Do you know who he reminded me of?

**EMILY:**

Who's that, I wonder?

**HENRY:**

Myself, actually. Hence the raise. Hence the, well, he  
took some food... I thought he might grow up well..

**EMILY:**

The cat! The cat! I've heard enough?

**HENRY:**

Well, where is he, anyway? Always disappearing on me...

**EMILY:**

HE'S DEAD! HE'S DEAD! [*A knock on the door.*] HE'S  
DEAD! [*She goes to answer the door.*]

**ELIZABETH**

[*at the door*]: Where's Henry--

**EMILY:**

HE'S DEAD!

[*Elizabeth is shocked and promptly faints, dropping a bag.*]

[*A pause.*]

**HENRY:**

Aaaaaha. Quite right. I'd forgotten.

[*End scene.*]

# Act Three

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*[Scene 7. Stage opens on outside office. Nobody on stage at start. Quite dark.]*

*[Hewett enters from stage left.]*

**HEWETT:**

Here it is. *[Checks watch.]* And very soon she'll be out. A raise! Oh, that's good news. Oh, that's very good news, but still. Of course there's the other matter. Why not step down? Why not, I mean, take his advice? Well, am I as dumb as I look? Maybe I am. But I know one thing. A girl doesn't go for a bum. You can show them a pricey apartment, you can show them, I mean, you can take them to dinner, and you've landed one, I mean a nice fancy restaurant. *[Checks watch.]* And it's just about closing time. And I can afford her. Oh, silly, you, you are as dumb as you look! Here, sharpen up. Straighten your tie. Maybe then you'll be a little less dumb.

*[A pause.]*

But then again maybe she's not that kind of girl. But ... if she works for Henry Roquemore she's probably used to.. I mean, a regular old restaurant wouldn't do. Lamb chops, ha! What's the idea, eh, Hewey? *[Checks watch and straightens tie. Sits down on the bench.]* You know what? I don't think you've got a thing to fear. Do you know how

much you're earning, man? And good friends with..

*[Sounds from the other side of the door, a creaking sound too. Hewett tries to straighten his tie, is dissatisfied, and removes it, stuffing it into his pocket.]*

**ELIZABETH**

*[entering from the office, after turning to lock the door, during which Hewett was fumbling and watching her]:* Oh! Ahem... it's ah... it's you.

**HEWETT:**

It certainly is, I mean it isn't, I mean I've got a – oh, where did I put my tie? Are you on your way home?

**ELIZABETH:**

Well, you're a funny one. Yeah, I am. A party tonight. I mean, punch, you know, well, it's a sort of thing I do. I'm sorry, did I catch your name?

**HEWETT:**

It certainly is. I mean, no I don't think so! It's Hewett! Sorry – are you taking the subway?

**ELIZABETH:**

Funnier and funnier! *[She starts to go.]* Why, are you



heading home? I think I've seen your face around the ---  
*[she stops.]* It's you, I recognize you! Is it – Hewett?

**HEWETT:**

It certainly – can I walk you to the station? Are you used to the – I mean, you wouldn't have lamb chops on a daily basis, would you?

**ELIZABETH:**

What are you talking about? I've got places to, uh, to ... no, you can't escort me home, I hardly know you. But I do, well, your face. Lamb chops? What?

**HEWETT:**

Lunch, and supper, I mean, you know, a kind of – hey, have you seen my tie? I think I've lost it...

**ELIZABETH:**

Is that it, bunched up in your shirt pocket looking absolutely ridiculously stupid?

**HEWETT:**

Er – yes. *[He retrieves it.]* It certainly is. Uhhh, thanks. Hey,

are you sure you don't need?...

**ELIZABETH:**

Look, I hardly have any time these days. And especially not tonight. Apparently he's not dead and I've got a lump from fainting. Want to know any more? I don't think I'm as young as I feel, actually. The creams hardly work.

**HEWETT:**

Er, what?

**ELIZABETH:**

Goodbye now. *[She goes to exit stage left.]*

**HEWETT:**

No, wait! Wait! ... Do you know something? Do you wanna know, I'm, I've got a very friendly status with you-know-who? The big boss?

**ELIZABETH:**

Stop raving, what?

**HEWETT:**

I'm on excellent terms with Henry Roquemore.

**ELIZABETH**

*[after a stricken pause]:* Pardon me?

**HEWETT**

*[thinking she's impressed]:* That's right – the millionaire...  
Henry Roque–

**ELIZABETH**

*[mournfully]:* IT NEVER ENDS!

*[She exits stage left.]*

**HEWETT:**

You damn fool, it must have been the tie. Just as stupid as  
you look.

*[He stands up, fiddles indecisively, and then exits left.]*

*[End scene.]*

*[Scene 8. Elizabeth's drawing room. Chaddington is standing by the table at centre. Three women surround him, tittering. Something has been spilled.]*

**CHADDINGTON:**

And at that point I was thinking, "She ain't got a clue of what's going on."

**WOMAN 2:**

Oh my! Oh my!

**WOMAN 1**

*[simultaneously]:* Goodness!

**CHADDINGTON:**

And after all, women tend to underestimate me.

**WOMAN 1:**

As always, you handsome man!

**WOMAN 3**

*[quietly]:* Is that a word?

## **CHADDINGTON**

*[stunned briefly, but not deterred]:* Uh... in Croatia, when I was in Croatia, they used... oh, look! Someone's at the door! It's Elly! Come on in, Elly!

## **ELIZABETH**

*[entering stage left, looking flustered]:* A late night. And harrassed. Don't invite me into my own home. Look, sorry if I'm in a bad temper. [Drops purse on table, looks disgustedly at spill on floor.] I don't want to know what you were doing. Nothing good going on. I've got to get out of here. I just stopped to pick up that damned wine I bought earlier. Have any of you seen---

## **CHADDINGTON**

*[downing it from the bottle]:* Sorry, old girl, you know, it's... er...

## **WOMAN 1:**

It's good wine!

**ELIZABETH:**

You know what? Out of my house! *Come* – come on, don't tell me you can't .... you're not all that ... get out. One by one, now. And take your wine. I'm about to crack. I'm about to crack, you know that? Next time you see me, I'll either be rich or dead.

**WOMAN 2:**

Dead!

**ELIZABETH:**

Well, not dead. I always come out on top, out the door, that's the way. [*She urges them out; Chaddington's the first to go, chatting up Woman 1.*]

**WOMAN 3:**

Certainly you intend, then...

**ELIZABETH:**

Immediately. I've got to buy another bottle, then, and ... well, do you think the hairdresser?...

**WOMAN 3:**

This is your only chance: he's on his deathbed.

**ELIZABETH:**

You discouraged me so earlier.

**WOMAN 3:**

But then I discovered you dislike these parties as much as I do.

**ELIZABETH:**

Oh, ahaha, well, go on out – go on out – I've got almost no time.

**EMILY**

*[once again entering from stage right]:* Oh, I do think this is the last one I'll attend. That Chad – that Chaddington...

**ELIZABETH:**

What are you doing here?

**EMILY:**

You hire me to do your cleaning afternoons?

**ELIZABETH:**

Oh! That's right – have a quarter. *[To Woman 3.]* I'll tell you about it tomorrow. Go on. *[To Emily.]* Well – I've got to rush. You've got the key?

**EMILY:**

I've got the key, yes.

**ELIZABETH:**

There's a spill on the floor. *[An awkward pause.]*  
Don't be here when I get back.

**EMILY:**

I won't. You can believe it. *[Elizabeth grabs her purse and exits.]*

*[Emily disappears and reappears with a mop. She stands by the spill.]*

**EMILY:**

They're never very careful.

*[Thinking.]*

It's hard on me. I know what she's going to do. I can see her for what she is. She's got no... I mean, she's my employer, and I called her a friend.



What can I say? But Henry is more my friend. Do you get me? I mean, you can insult things about a person, and then there's insulting a person themselves. You can't fix that. It's just the way it is. People never change.

*[She starts to mop unconvincingly.]*

This is stupid. I've got to say something. She'll get him drunk, and he'll be only too happy to sign it over to that big-breasted slut. There! I said it! You see what I mean? A normal person, I mean, they've all got bad things, that you don't say out loud, and good things. But if your best point can only be politely spoken in a whisper... Because it's so...

*[She stops.]*

IT'S SO WRONG! All so impossibly wrong! What did he deserve? He deserves a child, a prayer. I could never be, I just clean up. I don't even want to talk about Elizabeth anymore, I don't. So wrong, so sick, so twisted. Her whole life... no, I didn't mean to say that.

*[She starts again.]*

Henry, now he's a man if I ever saw one. Why didn't he take on a woman? But he did. He could have had as many as he wanted, all that money. But here he is, old, going blind, arthritic, and - suffering, tormented by the other players of the game. He suffers, oh, he doesn't show it, but he suffers. I can see it in his blind eyes. You know,

when I put that cat down, it had a look of dignity, too. I mean real dignity. It didn't just have something wrong with it. It was going in to die. What did I learn? It was a very old cat. Losing its sight. Oh, Emily! Not that train of thought! You're not a killer. That's twice.

*[She sighs and glances at the clock.]*

It wouldn't take much, he's frail. But is it right? What's even right in this world I couldn't say. I said it *was wrong*. I can't tell right, but I can tell wrong. One way to go right but a million ways to go wrong. Just so.

*[The spill is cleaned up, she lays the mop aside.]*

But you know you have to, girl. No one lives forever. What do you do with the old? They can't work, they can't think properly. But I can tell what he doesn't deserve. I know he doesn't deserve to be tormented, pestered, begged at. I know what she's doing is wrong and he's suffering for it. Probably for the rest of his life.

*[She pauses.]*

I've got to get back. How much do you think it takes? I could stop at the drugstore. Oh, that's it! Now you're thinking like a big girl! No. You're just --- it's like the cat. Maybe that's why he bonds with the thing so much. He has to be... he has to be put

down. Oh, yes, and I wasn't hired by accident. Oh no, oh no, no, no, please, God.... But here we are. And here I am and I can see through the rain. He's ... I'm going.

*[She drops everything and heads for the door.]*

## **EMILY**

*[right in front of the door]:* That's all. That's all there is to it. Simple as that. This is what he needed a child for, this is what you do with the old. I'm going.

*[She leaves stage left. **End scene.**]*

*[Scene 9. Henry's room. An empty table stage right. Nobody is in the room; the armchair is empty, and no fire is in the fireplace. A cupboard is stage left.]*

*[After fifteen seconds, with, as the director chooses, music or silence, Emily enters with a pot and sets it on the table, and then goes out again. Five seconds later she returns with two plates, two forks, two knives, and two glasses. She lifts up the pot lid, and looks up. She opens her mouth to speak, but says nothing, shaking her head. Then she takes a small bottle from her pocket and empties it into the pot.]*

**EMILY:**

That's it. I can't take his supper back now. No, there'll be no way out of it. *[She sits down.]* No! *[She stands up, and starts ladling the soup into the bowls.]*

*[Henry enters through stage right, humming.]*

**EMILY:**

Where have you been?

**HENRY:**

I walked outside, to see the stars. Expected that they'd be there.

**EMILY:**

They always are.

**HENRY:**

At night. *[He smiles.]*

**EMILY:**

You've had something to drink, I suppose...

**HENRY:**

Just a little, you know, I'm only a bit tipsy. *[He sings-] You are the moon, you are the stars, I worship you from afar ...*

**EMILY:**

Stop that. And eat quickly, tonight.

**HENRY:**

Ha! What's the matter? *[He starts eating.]*

**EMILY:**

Somebody dropped by earlier, from the office. Apparently the public has been complaining about a certain export.

**HENRY:**

As well they might.

**EMILY:**

I don't think you deserve any of the trouble you get, Mr. Roquemore. The people on the receiving end never understand the time and trouble.

**HENRY:**

Oh, to the contrary, my dear Emily, it's the other way around. Those who make it tell you every aspect of it are the ones at a loss. It's those who feel it that feel it most. Or else death by now would feel some remorse.

**EMILY:**

Of course, sir.

**HENRY:**

Nothing at all, no trouble. Good soup, but I think you've put too much garlic in it.

**EMILY**

*[her lip trembling]:* Too much garlic, I think so.  
Perhaps next night I'll... *[she starts to cry]*

**HENRY:**

Whatever's the matt-- [*he starts choking. He stands up, his chair falling down behind him, and clutches his chest. Emily stares at him in horror. Then he releases his chest, breathing heavily.*]

**EMILY:**

Henry!

**HENRY**

[*smiling broadly*]: Oh, now I see.

**EMILY:**

You don't... you can't possibly... oh, what've I done?

**HENRY:**

No, I do. [*He starts to laugh loudly.*] It's really been a long time coming. [*He chokes slightly more, and turns serious.*] Listen, Emily, child, if there's anything I ought to have done for you but didn't, forgive me now. I really should have taken care to it, but I didn't realize you were quite so clever as all this. [*He smiles again.*] Sell the company, tell Elizabeth she's out of a job. No, never mind, I've written it for her somewhere. Oh, and do something for Hewett.

**EMILY:**

I can't... I can't watch you...

**HENRY:**

I'm an old man. *[A fit of coughing takes him, and he falls to his hands and knees.]* But where's – oh, Emily, where's my cat? Where's Mozart?

*[As Emily looks on, Henry's eyes roll back and he lays down dead.]*

**EMILY:**

He's dead.

*[Silently, Emily goes to the cupboard stage left, after closing Henry's eyes. She opens a drawer and, after searching for a moment, retrieves a document of about three pages. The whole time she is repressing tears, but they eventually come as she can't control herself. She takes the document back to the table. Elizabeth walks in.]*

**ELIZABETH:**

What ...



*[Emily holds up a finger to stop her, and starts to read. She skims, and flips a page, and when she's on the second page she hovers there for a moment. Elizabeth looks around, obviously very anxious to look at it herself. Suddenly Emily bursts out laughing.]*

**EMILY:**

The old man! The old dog! Oh, this is rich! This is ... oh, it's – it's unbelievable! Oh, Elizabeth, *[she laughs]*, you're going to enjoy this!

**ELIZABETH:**

What! What! Let me see! You killed him! You killed him, I know it!

**EMILY:**

There's soup in both bowls, look, and he deserved to be put out of his torment. Oh, the old cad! What a story! What...  
*[She goes out, trailing off.]*

**ELIZABETH**

*[now alone with the corpse]:* His torment, oh, that's rich.  
*[She starts to read as Emily did.]* His torment. Well. His

torment! You think I haven't got enough? *[She skims to the bottom of the page.]* His torment, my torment! I've got torments for both of us! My whole life, this bleeding of time!

*[She flips to the second page and continues reading downwards.]*

His torment? Oh, that's rich! It's my torment, my torment, and I've got to suffer it! What for's he got to die, eh? He was an old man, content! His torment, oh, that's -- what've I got to...

*[She stops reading where Emily did.]* His torment! *[Her eyes go wide and she stops talking. Her jaw drops, and she looks straight forward. Then she lets out a horrific cry, and falls to her knees, bawling and sobbing.]*

*[The lights go down; **end scene.**]*



# Act Four

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*[Scene 10. The funeral; all that stands there is the closed casket in the very centre, and the Lawyer behind it, looking down at it, hands folded. Lights slowly come up.]*

**LAWYER:**

The older the dead, the longer it takes for people to come. I'm always first to a viewing for a client, and I've had many clients die on me. It's kind of what I do, I guess. This fellow was really past his prime. The viewing started fifteen minutes ago and I'm still the only one here. *[He smiles.]* I've been told that the truest friendship is bought. But I disagree. The one thing power can't do is force love. Especially to itself.

*[Emily enters slowly from stage right, in black.]*

**EMILY**

*[shakily]:* Oh... who are you?

**LAWYER:**

I'm Philip Hastings, Mr. Roquemore's personal lawyer. I was in regular contact with the deceased. You're his caretaker, right? Emily, was it?

**EMILY:**

That's me.

**LAWYER:**

I heard you were one of two to read the will. You know that's illegal. But in this case I hardly think it matters. You saw to whom it all goes?

**EMILY:**

I think I might find it hard to be here, actually, if I felt I'd been rewarded for... for...

**LAWYER:**

I have a document in my keeping that states that regardless of his death, no charges would be pressed. As Mr. Roquemore was an old friend of mine, he officially died simply of old age.

**EMILY:**

That was essentially it, anyhow.

**LAWYER:**

I'm a lawyer. Don't bother.

**EMILY:**

May I see him?

**LAWYER:**

Usually, the casket is opened when the relatives of the deceased arrive. Would you recognize them?

**EMILY:**

You're playing games ... you knew him ... he had none.

**LAWYER**

*[startled]*: Then you don't know that -- ? A child with no history appears on the doorstep of William Young? Didn't he tell you?

**EMILY:**

What are you talking about?

**LAWYER:**

Nevermind – somebody's coming.

*[Hewett enters.]*

**EMILY:**

Oh, it's you.

**HEWETT:**

I thought it was fitting ... did you hear what's happening to the company?

**EMILY:**

Of course. You're out of a job.

**HEWETT:**

I'm not, actually. Hundreds of layoffs but I seem to have been given a special mention.

**EMILY:**

Fancy that, fancy that.

**LAWYER:**

Are you the abandoned child put up for adoption?  
It was always a successful business over family for him.

**HEWETT:**

Oh, not you too!



**LAWYER:**

I'm just playing games. *[He smiles.]*

**EMILY:**

You --

**LAWYER:**

How long have you known him, son?

**HEWETT:**

Uhm... two days. Three days. Although I had a job... I mean... I'm employed by his business.

**LAWYER:**

Of course.

**EMILY:**

Does this mean that the casket will be opened?

**LAWYER:**

Is it 'Hewett'?

**HEWETT:**

It certainly is.

**LAWYER:**

Would you like to do the honours?

**HEWETT:**

No, I, I couldn't. Er. It wouldn't be right.

**LAWYER:**

There's no one else.

**EMILY:**

I would like to see him once more.

**HEWETT:**

But surely...

*[Elizabeth enters.]*

**ELIZABETH**

*[approaching the casket]:* To the -- all of it to the --  
do you know who I am?

**LAWYER:**

Calm down, miss. Madame.

**ELIZABETH:**

I was his secretary, I was his best friend. I mean I was – for goodness' sake! All of it to that CREATURE!

**HEWETT:**

What?

**ELIZABETH:**

Oh, you didn't know? Yep. He signed every penny to the cat. Every penny!

**HEWETT:**

Mozart?

**ELIZABETH:**

What?

**HEWETT:**

I think he mentioned its name was...

**ELIZABETH:**

How the hell should I know? Anyhow, this is patently ridiculous. What will happen to it?

**LAWYER:**

To the money, the estate, you mean.

**ELIZABETH:**

Well, it clearly can't go to the cat! Isn't there a law...?

**LAWYER:**

Actually it can. [*A stunned silence.*]

**EMILY:**

However...

**LAWYER:**

Except, of course, that the cat is dead, and has in fact been stone dead for a month.

**ELIZABETH:**

So what happens to it!

**LAWYER:**

Well, as he officially has no relatives or heirs, the government will absorb it.

**EMILY:**

That's fair.

**ELIZABETH:**

No it isn't! *[She wails.]* No it isn't!

**LAWYER:**

If you would just calm down a moment.

**ELIZABETH:**

Calm down! Oh, I'll show you! I'll spit in his face! *[She goes to the casket's head.]* I'll spit in his face! *[She opens it and spits, then slams it shut and runs. She stops at the entrance.]* This is insane. It's illegal. Moreover it's... it's... you can't do this... my ... oh, I've been bleeding, as from a wound...

**LAWYER:**

Madame! Show some respect. It was his last wish, I  
for one am damned regretful the cat is dead. Damned  
sad. It's a crying shame.

**ELIZABETH:**

The whole world is insane!

**EMILY:**

Get out of here, he never wanted you! He told me  
himself!

*[Elizabeth makes as if to turn and run at Emily, but the  
Lawyer steps over and stands between them. After  
three seconds, Elizabeth falters, and flees offstage.]*

**EMILY:**

I don't even know what to do.

**HEWETT:**

Me neither... I... I will have to go back... I mean, I'll  
be helpless again.

**EMILY:**

I spent so much time. And it's over like that.

**HEWETT:**

Like that.

**EMILY:**

I'm real shaken up about this. I need a ... need a hammer.  
Drive the nails in, the uh... the guilt. No. You know what I  
need? I need a coffee. What I really need is, it's a coffee.

**HEWETT:**

From where?

**EMILY:**

There's a place near here. Goffrey's. Come on, let's both get  
something. And a donut...

**HEWETT:**

Of course... here, I'll pay for it...

*[They go offstage, but first Emily glances back at the casket.  
Then so does Hewett. Then they glance at each other, and  
he takes her hand. Then they leave.]*

## LAWYER

*[after a pause]:* And that, my good friends, is that. Really, I don't know what people would do without death. Go on living, I guess, until they were nothing. I've got not much to say on the matter; I'm only an ambassador of the law into all this.

*[He checks his watch.]*

Although that's not fully true, either. It's no mistake my last five clients were aged people on the brink of dying, and mostly wealthy. But what do I care for money? I've got a summer home, I've got a wife. It really doesn't affect me. I've got what I need. Now, these old people, maybe that's what I see in them. They're the same. They're too old for desires. They're content. Henry, here, he was a good man. A real good man. I was proud to know him, and work for him, as, I notice, everyone who bothered to show up did. They all worked for him, and at him. For some of his money. They don't realize as much as they wanted his possessions, he didn't want or need them.

*[Checks his watch again; looks skyward.]*

That's, I guess, the difference. They've all got their own lives, and even so do I. But nobody's got the right to prey on the content. To put it simply,



they see what they want, and they go get it. A baby doesn't understand what it wants and as it grows older it matures. Develops selflessness. But they all think it ends with a middle-aged mentality that will feed them so long as they do right. That's not goodness. That's math.

It doesn't stop, and they're just too damn blind to see it keep progressing. The old, as they see it, atrophy. But they don't know what they're missing. The final stage is altruism, a needing of nothing, and that's that. It's not enough for these scavengers and eaters of carrion for a man to be near dead. They've got to ride him to his death, and that's how Henry here died.

*[Slicks his hair back, then checks his watch.]*

I don't know what's so appealing about watching the process. It's fascinating. I can't get enough of it. Change.

But here, what did he look like in his last moments, I wonder, before they dolled him up? *[He leans forward and opens the casket lid. Suddenly he jumps back, with a shocked look on his face.]* What the hell?--  
*[He looks again, then, in wonder, looks up.]* A cat?

*[Dim lights. **End scene.**]*



**This is the first edition of the play.  
No prior production of the play  
influenced the text as it stands,  
and stage directions, as any good  
director will tell you, are guidelines  
and not laws. Variations on the stage,  
props, blocking, and set, if  
made by an experienced director or  
producer, are likely to be equal to or  
better than the given ones in terms of  
production value.**

**Thank you for reading this script by  
Luke Sawczak written June–July 2008  
originally for the production by  
Toronto District Christian High.**

