

Script

Any information or comments can be uploaded here!

Act 1. Henry got the cheque by chance.

Actors: Narrator, Henry Adams, Oliver and Roderick Montpelier, Mr. Garrat, Montpelier's butler

Scene 1.

Stage Properties:

1. An A4 paper (the one-million-pound note)
 2. A sofa [Two beanbags can be an alternative to this if you think a sofa is too heavy and inconvenient to transport]
 3. A chair opposite the sofa
-

(Lights off, O.M. and R.M sitting on the sofa on the stage already)

N: Once upon time when Britain was very rich, deep in the vaults of the Bank of England, there was more gold than anywhere else in the world.

(Lights on, Mr. G onto the stage, with the one-million-pound note on his hand)

Mr. G: Here it is, Mr Montpelier. I'm sure you will not be disappointed with its prosaic design.

(R.M and O.M. standing up)

R.M.: *(very naturally answering)* Oh on the contrary it seems to me a thing of beauty. It looks good. It feels good. It is good.

O.M.: And there is only one other like it, issued in connection with a foreign loan.

R.M.: Yes, we've read about it. That's what gave us the idea.

Mr. G: The idea?

O.M.: I suppose it does seem a little curious that we should need such a large sum in the form of one note. It certainly IS an unusual request.

Mr. G: I imagine it's for business transaction, isn't it?

O.M.: *(burst out laughing)* Oh business transaction! Very important business, isn't it? Shall we tell Mr. Garrat, Roderick?

R.M.: You leave me no alternative. You see, Mr. Garrat, my brother and I require this pretty exquisite unique little scrap of paper..... for a bet.

Mr. G: A bet? Oh gentlemen, you astonish me. I am astonished at the purpose for which you require this note. I am astonished that you should call it..... a scrap of paper *(very confused)*. Allow me to draw your attention to the text. I promise to pay the bearer on demand the sum of one million pounds.

(Lights out, Mr. G off the stage, H.A. onto the stage, putting his hands in his pocket, and, R.M. and O.M. standing up, getting onto the balcony)

Scene 2.

Stage Properties:

1. A letter
 2. A sofa
 3. A chair opposite the sofa
 4. A cube-shaped box [served as a safe] (The letter is first put in it.)
-

(One light on, on H.A. H.A should be walking slowly on the stage, feeling down.)

N: Henry Adams is wandering on the street. He is quite upset and unsure about his future. But why is he so worried? You will see it right away.

(All lights on)

R.M. : Young man. Would you step inside for a moment, please?

H.A. : *(looking back and seeing the R.M. and O.M., frowning)* Who? Me, sir?

R.M.: Yes you.

O.M.: Through the front door, on your left.

H.A.: Thanks.

M.b.: Good morning, sir. Will you please come in? Permit me to lead the way, sir. *(M.b. with H.A. into Montpelier's room)*

O.M.: Thank you, James. That will be all. *(M.b. off the stage)* How do you do, Mr. er...

H.A. Adams. Henry Adams.

R.M.: Come and sit down, Mr. Adams.

H.A. : *(sitting onto the chair)* Thank you.

R.M.: You're an American, Mr. Adams?

H.A.: That's right. From New England.

R.M.: How well do you know London?

H.A. Well *(in affirmative tone)*, er..... I mean, I know nothing. It's my first trip here.

O.M.: I wonder, Mr. Adams, if you'd mind asking a few questions.

H.A. : Go ahead.

O.M.: May we ask what you are doing in this country and what your plans ...

R.M.:*(interrupting O.M., seriously)* One thing at a time, Oliver.

H.A.: Well, I can't say I have any plans. I'm hoping to find work. As a matter of fact I landed in Britain by accident.

O.M.: Oh, how is that possible?

H.A.: Er, you see, back home I have my own little cutter. She's just a fourteen footer but I get a lot of fun out of her. Well, four weeks ago last Saturday I was sailing out of the bay. Towards dusk I found myself in the thick of a westerly gale. I did the only thing I could and ran before it all night. Next morning I'd just about given myself up for being lost when I was spotted by a brig. I earned

my passage by working as an unpaid hand, which, er, accounts for my somewhat disreputable appearance.

R.M.: (*considering*) Hmm, it's a positive advantage.

O.M.: Tell us, Mr. Adams, what sort of work were you engaged in?

H.A.: I had a job with a shipbuilding firm. (*pause for a second, then eagerly*) Would you be right in thinking that you two might be able to offer me some kind of work?

O.M.: Patience, Mr. Adams. Patience!

R.M.: If it's not an indelicate question - have you any money?

H.A.: (*very unhappily*) Well, to tell you the truth, my bank roll is ... zero.

O.M.: (*can't help cheering*) Oh! Perperperperperfect! What a good luck we have, Roderick!

H.A.: (a bit angry now) It may seem lucky to you gentlemen, but it's not very lucky to me! Now, if you excuse me, I'll be on my way. (*getting up, wanting to leave*)

R.M.: Oh, please don't go, Mr. Adams. You mustn't think we're insensitive. I'm sorry for my brother's tactlessness. Oliver, give him the letter.

O.M.: (*standing up, reaching from the safe*) I was about to say the same thing myself. (*taking out the letter from the safe, handing it to H.A.*) The letter.

(*Creepy music*)

H.A.: For me? (*not understanding why, yet accepting it*)

R.M.:Yes. FOR YOU.

O.M.: And please keep in mind that you may open it at ... er, let's say... two o'clock. Not a moment before.

H.A.: That is ridiculous.

O.M.: It is NOT ridiculous. There's money in it.

H.A. (*very resolutely*) Oh, listen, gentlemen. I don't need your charity. All I want is an honest job of work. If you...

R.M.: (*interrupting H.A.*) We appreciate your honesty, Mr. Adams. That's why we've given you the letter. James, show Mr. Adams out. Wish you good luck.

(*M.b. onto the stage, seeing M.b. into the room, H.A. standing up*)

H.A.: Wait. Why don't you explain what this is all about?

(*O.M. and R.M. standing up too*)

R.M.: You will soon know. (*with a mysterious smile*)

O.M.: Not until two o'clock, Mr. Adams! Promise?

H.A.: (*slightly sighing*) Promise. Goodbye.

(*H.A. and M.b. off the stage, all lights out*)

(*BGM music:suspicion, creating an atmosphere of conspiracy*)

R.M.: (*slowly and seemingly wickedly*) Ah! Honest, intelligent, a stranger to London...

O.M. (*slowly and seemingly wickedly*) And not a penny with which to bless himself.

R.M. & O.M.: *(together, slowly and seemingly wickedly)* Perfect...

(R.M. and O.M. off the stage)

[Stage reset]

Withdrawal: All the stage properties except the chair

Resetting: The table and the counter

Act 2. Henry had lunch at a small restaurant.

Actors: Narrator, Henry Adams, Restaurant Owner, Restaurant Manager, Restaurant Waiter

Stage Properties:

1. A table
 2. A chair
 3. A counter [A larger table can be the substitute for this.]
 4. Some plates (Do you think it's necessary to put some food on the plates?)
 5. The letter with the one-million-pound note sealed in it
 6. Dining equipment [Maybe this item is not that necessary]
-

(Res.O. and Res.M onto the stage, standing at the counter, pretending to be busy with restaurant business. Henry Adams with the letter in his pocket, onto the stage, heading for the chair and sitting down, with Res.W followed. One light on, ONLY following Henry Adams.)

N: Henry Adams is very hungry. He steps into a restaurant and orders some ham and eggs, and a nice big juicy steak, with ALL the trimmings, and made EXTRA thick, and a long cool tankard of ale.

Res. W: Ham, eggs, steak, potatoes, beans carrots twice. Trifle. Cheese. Coffee. Two quarts of ale. Three and ten pence.

H.A.: Thank you. *(a little embarrassed)* Er... Would you mind waiting just a few minutes?

Res.W: What's there to wait for?

(Res.M coming to the table)

Res.M: All right, Horace. *(To H.A., meaningfully. Res.O off the stage)* That was a wonderful meal.

H.A.: You know, it's amazing how much pleasure you get out of the simple things ... If you've had to get along without them for a while.

Res.M: Very interesting. And now perhaps if you'd pay the bill, I could attend to the other customers.

H.A.: *(very seriously and righteously)* Sir, Uruguay has 3.457 million people, while Australia has 47 million kangaroos. If kangaroos decide to invade Uruguay, then every Uruguayan will shoot 14 kangaroos. You don't know, you don't care, you only care about whether I paid the stupid three and ten pence! You only care about yourself!

Res.M: *(angrily)* OH SHIT! What kind of nonsense is that! *(trying to be calm)* Now, I don't wish to be unpleasant, but would you please settle the bill?

H.A.: Yeah I want to, but ...

Res.M: *(interrupt impatiently, with louder voice)* The bill, please.

H.A.: Well, I don't suppose a couple of minutes will make any difference. *(opening the letter and taking out the one-million-pound note, then Res.M and H.A. opening their eyes and mouths wide, apparently shocked)*

H.A.: *(embarrassed)* Er... I'm awfully sorry, but I don't have anything smaller.

Res.M: *(so shocked that becomes inarticulate in speech)* Well. Well. Er... Er.... Just one moment. *(taking the one-million-pound note, urgently walking to Res.O, urgently speaking)* Mr. Clements. Mr. Clements! What is it? Would you mind just looking at this? Do you think it's genuine?

Res.O: *(calmly)* Two notes of this denomination have been issued, but in any case it's hardly likely to be a forgery. I can only assume he's an eccentric millionaire.

Res.M: *(feeling unbelievable)* An eccentric millionaire!

Res.O: And you put him at the back of the room. Go and attend to him at once!

Res.M: *(going back to H.A., handing the one-million-pound-note back to H.A.)* I'm sorry sir, but I cannot change the note.

H.A.: *(standing up)* Oh, but it's all I have on me.

Res.M: *(very very very adulatorily, therefore speaking somehow faster)* Oh, please don't worry, sir. It's of no consequence. No consequence at all. *(with a fawning smile on his face)* We are most gratified that you should so much as step foot inside our little establishment. Indeed, sir. I trust you will come here whenever you are seeking peace and quiet. You must come WHENEVER you want and have WHATEVER you like. The mere hour of your presence is a reward in itself...

H.A.: *(interrupting him)* I may not be passing this way for quite a while.

(H.A. and Res.M slowly walking to the door of the restaurant)

Res.M: *(very very very adulatorily)* It would be a very poor thing, if I couldn't trust a gentleman as rich as yourself, even if you do play larks ... upon the public in the matter of dress. As for the bill, sir, please forget it. It's of no consequence. And I do thank you, sir, from the bottom of my heart.

(All lights out. Everyone off the stage.)

[Stage Reset]

Withdrawal: Everything on the stage

Resetting: Clothes rows

Act 3. Henry knew the truth of the cheque.

Actors: Montpelier's butler, Henry Adams

Stage Properties:

1. A letter
-

(The light on the side stage on. M.b. carrying the letter, H.A. onto the stage, standing in the light.)

M.b.: Did you want something, sir?

H.A.: Do you remember me?

M.b.: Yes, sir.

H.A.: Well, I've got to see your employers again immediately.

M.b.: They've gone abroad.

H.A.: But... but they were here just an hour ago.

M.b.: They'll be back in a month.

H.A.: But I can't believe that...

M.b.: Read this letter, sir.

H.A.: *(reading)* The enclosed Bank Note is lent to your for one month. If you return it intact at the end of that time, you shall have any job that is within our power to give you. It may interest you to know that we have a bet on you...

M.b.: Wish you good luck. *(off the stage)*

H.A.: Wait, what's *(sighing, off the stage)*

(Light out)

Act 4. Henry bought decent clothes and was introduced to a hotel.

Actors: Henry Adams, Clothes Shop Salesman 1, Clothes Shop Salesman 2, Clothes Shop Manager, Narrator

Stage Properties:

1. Clothes rows
 2. The one-million-pound note
 3. H.A.'s 2nd costume
-

N: Now our lucky dog Henry, who has no choice but accept the fact that he IS a millionaire, steps into a clothes shop. As you see, his clothes isn't very decent, and he really needs ready-made suits.

(Lights on one side of the stage on. H.A. with his one-million-pound note, and C.S.S.1 onto the stage)

H.A. : I thought you might have something that is made up for another customer and not collected.

C.S.S.1: Oh, we don't go in for that sort of thing, sir. *(H.A. and C.S.S.1 stopping at one of the clothes row)* Oh, here we are, the very thing.

(Lights on this side of the stage out. Lights on the other side of the stage on. C.S.S.M and C.S.S.2 onto the stage.)

C.S.M: Tell Tod to serve him quickly and get him out of the side door.

C.S.S.2: Yes, sir.

(All lights on. C.S.S.2 walking to the other side of the stage)

H.A.: Is this the sort of thing that's worn in England?

C.S.S.1: Oh yes, sir. It's all the fashion. Try the trousers.

C.S.S.2: *(whispering to C.S.S.1, but loud enough for the audience to hear)* Mr. Reid says you've got to get him out of the side entrance and be quick.

C.S.S.1: I know what I'm doing. I've got eyes, haven't I?

H.A.: *(interrupting)* Er... excuse me, sir. I'm so sorry to remind you that you are all wearing microphones, so not only I but also all the students in the auditorium can hear what you say...

(C.S.S.1 & C.S.S.2 slowly turning around to look at each other, very nervous and not knowing what to do next. BGM: very very embarrassed)

(pause for two seconds)

C.S.S.2: Er... *(whispering to C.S.S.1, but still loud enough for the audience to hear)* Tod, do you remember what we were talking about? I forgot my script! Our playwrights write so many lines for me!

C.S.S.1: Ah. We were talking about the suit. You said this gentleman is a little difficult for size.

H.A.: Well, it'll do for the time being. I'll take it. Oh, er... If you don't mind I'd.... I'd like to open an account and settle with you in a month. You see, I, er..., don't happen to have any small change.

C.S.S.1: Ha, here we go!

C.S.S.2: *(very enigmatically)* I suppose a gentleman like you can only be expected to carry large change.

H.A.: Now look here, sonny, were I you I wouldn't judge strangers by the clothes they wear. I just don't want to embarrass you with a large note.

C.S.S.1: *(a little bit arrogantly)* Well, I meant no offence, but while rebukes are in the air, what makes you think we can't change a large note? As a matter of fact, we can.

H.A.: In that case there's no problem. *(showing the one-million-pound note to C.S.S.1, C.S.S.1 shocked, speechless)*

C.S.S.2: *(still sarcastically)* Well, come, come. *(going to C.S.S.1)* Give him his change. *(seeing the one-million-pound note, voice getting weaker and weaker)* Get going...

(H.A., C.S.S.1 and C.S.S.2 moving to the other side of the stage, C.S.S.1 studying the one-million-pound note when walking)

N: Tod reports the situation to the manager.

C.S.M: *(as if seeing a piece of gold)* Would it be the one I saw in the papers on Wednesday or was it Thursday? Oh, I remember thinking that never would I be blessed with the feel of such a note as this. *(suddenly loudly and angrily, to C.S.S.1)* You idiot, Tod! A born idiot! Bring the gentleman into this part of the shop! *(very adulatorily and politely)* You'd think we never had dealing with millionaires. Oh! Take off this jacket, sir, it only fit for the dustbin *(H.A. taking off his jacket)*. *(suddenly loudly and angrily to C.S.S.1)* Hey you stupid donkey! Get Jack, Arthur and William. Be quick! *(C.S.S.1 running off the stage, suddenly very very sycophantly and politely)* Allow me sir. Er... this way, sir.

(C.S.S.2 showing Henry his second costume in this play, which he will put on later)

C.S.M: Yes. Yes. *(obsequiously)* First thing in the morning, we shall start to make for you. You'll be needing a morning suit, a dress suit, something for opera. You'll never get through the season without them. Thirty suits is the very minimum. Now what about a cycling suit, Mr. Adams? Cycling is all the rage nowadays. Then of course...

H.A.: No, no, no. I don't need so many suits. And I can't give you all those orders 'cause you'd have to wait indefinitely for payment.

C.S.M: (*acting surprise*) Indefinitely! A weak word. Eternally, Mr. Adams! It's our pride and glory to see a man of your eminence properly attired for the season. To skimp it would be inconvenient to you and harmful to me. Ah! Your suit will be ready for you in the morning...

H.A.: That's fine. I'll just get back into these now.

C.S.M: (*very horrified*) No! Oh dear, oh dear, the humiliation!

H.A.: Still, I suppose there's no alternative.

C.S.M: Your address, Mr. Adams?

H.A.: Oh, I don't have an address. I'm changing quarters.

C.S.M: Take my advice and stay at Bumbles.

H.A.: Bumbles?

C.S.M: The very place, quiet, modest and discretion itself. (*with a very very sycophantic smile*) Luckily for you I have a relative on the management. Leave it to me.

(All lights out, everyone off the stage)

[Stage Reset]

Withdrawal: Everything on the stage

Resetting: idk

Act 5. Henry got to know Locke and they became good friends.

Receptionist B: Welcome to Bumbles. The manager is expecting you.

Receptionist B: (*To manager*) This is Mr. Henry Adams.

Manager: Adams? Did you say Adams!

Henry Adams: That's right.

Manager: (*Awkwardly*) Oh, Mr. Adams, I am awfully sorry. There's been the most unfortunate misunderstanding. Sign your name on the register, please.

Henry Adams: What's going on?

Narrator: The hotel staff has mistaken Locke, a dumb man with shocking strength, for Adams. Locke was reluctant to leave, and the hotel staff decides to call the police.

Locke: (*Frowns, glares at Manager aggressively*)

Receptionist A: (*Leads Locke away*)

Locke: (*Knocks receptionists down*)

(The crowd screaming)

Henry Adams: Just a minute. I don't think we need the police. I'd like to have a talk with this gentleman.

Henry Adams: You can't talk?

Locke: (*Nods*)

Henry Adams: Then you won't have trouble drinking wine anyway?

Locke: *(Smiles)*

Henry Adams: *(Pats Locke on the shoulder, leading him to a table)*

Narrator: Adams approaches the dumb man, learns that he works in a circus, and invites him to have a meal, introducing to him the million-pound bank note he's received from the brothers, and their promise to grant him any job he requests.

Henry Adams: All I was doing was walking around looking for a job, and now look what's happening. I didn't ask for this - But now that I'm in it, I may as well enjoy it.

Henry Adams: And that's where you could come in! Are you very busy these days?

Locke: *(Shakes his head)*

Henry Adams: Well, that's great!

Narrator: Henry Adams invites Locke to stay with him at the hotel, and Locke agrees to take care of Adams.

Henry Adams: *(To Locke) (Proudly)* For the next month, I'm Henry Adams, the American Millionaire.

(At the American Consulate)

Henry Adams walks in, with Locke following.

Ambassador: But for these newspapers I wouldn't have known your arrival. Well, how long are you staying?

Henry Adams: Well, that depends er ... indefinitely.

Ambassador: *(Handing a cigar over to Adams)* You're in time for the season. Who do you know, Mr. Adams?

Henry Adams: I don't know anyone except er... two brothers in Belgrave Square - Oliver and Roderick something or other.

Henry Adams: You see ... This note of mine ...

Ambassador: Say no more, Mr. Adams. Would a hundred pounds tide you over?

Henry Adams: Well, that's awfully good of you, but...

Ambassador: *(On the phone)* Bring in a hundred pounds immediately for Mr. Henry Adams, in five-pound notes.

Henry Adams: Oh, thank you very much.

Ambassador: I'm here to help our nationals. Now to get down to more serious matters. I must open a few doors for you.

Act 6. Henry was introduced to the upper class.

[Background] Mr. Henry Adams!

Duchess: How good of you to come, Mr. Adams. Now this is a very informal occasion. I do hope you're going to enjoy yourself. And if I see you in difficulties with any of my more tiresome friends, I will fly over and rescue you at once.

Ambassador: If you really wish to understand the British, I suggest a visit to the House of Lords. Would you care to come with me?

Henry Adams: Well, yes indeed. As a matter of fact...

Duchess: Mr. Adams, I am most anxious to introduce you to Mr. Hooker Orr.

[Henry Adams follows and sees Portia.]

Guest 1: Doris likes to play lawn-tennis, Mr. Adams. We just can't keep her away from the Wimbledon Club.

Guest 2: Do the ladies play lawn-tennis in your country, Mr. Adams?

Henry Adams: Oh yes, indeed.

Now, Mr. Adams, I want you to make the acquaintance of Sir William Collins.

Guest 1: A man of character!

Guest 2: We must invite him to lunch!

-

Portia: Uncle?

Uncle: What is it, my dear?

Portia: Mr. Henry Adams. I'd like to meet him. On the balcony, alone.

Uncle: Have you succumbed too?

Portia: I merely thought it might be useful to get him interested in Aunt Grace's charity. A millionaire behind us is just what we need.

Uncle: Oh, if that's your intention, my dear, I'm with you. I'll do my best.

-

Host: Now you see how hard it is to be a host...

Uncle: Now I fear I must drag Mr. Adams away from you. We have a relation who will make my life quite intolerable unless she meets him.

Uncle: [Walking towards the garden] Ah, here you are.

Portia: Won't you sit down?

Henry Adams: Thank you.

Portia: Poor uncle, he hates my aunt's parties almost as much as I do. Nothing but talk, talk, talk. And nobody says anything, do they?

Henry Adams: Well, nothing very serious.

Portia: Now, come this way.

Henry Adams: When we get back in, won't there be some gossip?

Portia: I'll tell you what we do. We'll say we were discussing the Cromarty Home for Motherless Babies.

Henry Adams: The what?

Portia: The Cromarty Home for Motherless Babies.

Henry Adams: Oh, they won't be satisfied with that.

Portia: Oh, they would. It's my aunt's pet charity. And you're a millionaire, after all. They'd expect you to take an interest in charity. You do, don't you?

Henry Adams: Well, yes, I-I do, but-but...

Portia: And to prove it, you could say you're coming to the opening of our new premises. It's next Wednesday.

Henry Adams: Uh ... would you be there?

Portia: Of course.

Henry Adams: I'd be there.

Narrator: Henry is invited to the Home for Motherless Babies. After taking a look at the babies, he is taken to a charity auction. He doesn't want to donate much, but was urged by the audience to donate five thousand pounds.

Act 7. Henry got tired and wanted to leave.

At night, in Henry Adam's Hotel room, Henry in bed.

Henry Adams: [Talking in his dream] Leave me alone. Leave me alone. Can't pay. Can't pay. Oh, can't pay...

[Waking up with a start] Locke?

[Sitting up, yelling] Locke! Locke!

Locke: [Entering Henry's room, turning on the lights hurriedly]
Henry Adams: I can't go on with this, Locke. Not for another day!
Locke: [Walking towards Henry, worried]
Henry Adams: We're overloaded with debt and we're getting deeper every minute. It's like walking on sand. How much of the Ambassador's money do we have left?
Locke: [Signals to Henry]
Henry Adams: All gone? The charities?
Locke: [Nods his head]
Henry Adams: [Covering face with hands] [Resignedly] It costs money to be a millionaire.
Henry Adams: Well, we've got to clear out of here somehow. [Firmly] We'll go into hiding until the end of the month. We have to go somewhere, I don't care where, just so we go. You fix it.
Locke: [Walks away, perplexed]
Henry Adams: [Lying down, relieved] Oh, that's a load off my mind. From now on the masquerade is over.
Locke: [Turning the lights off]
[The next morning, Locke together with Henry, by the window] [Sound of birds]
Henry Adams: [With surprise] Locke, look. Listen. Smell.
Henry Adams: [Clapping his hands] [Cheefully] Locke! We're not going.
Henry Adams: [Tapping Locke on the shoulder] Things always look bad at night. But in the morning the sun is shining and the birds are singing. We can't throw in the cards like this when the game is only halfway through.
--(

**Henry Adams: [Opening envelope, reading aloud]
Hampshire house. Portia. Tonight, Locke, I'm going to tell her the truth. That I don't even own the shirt on my back.)--**

[In the evening, at the Duchess's house]
Narrator: Henry professed his love to Portia. Now a friend of Henry's, Lloyd Hastings, comes to visit him.

Lloyd: Now, Henry, you've got to help me. I'm in trouble, and you'll be able to get me out quite easily. I've made a large investment in a gold mine, the Good Hope Gold Mine. It's a sound project in every way but I need more capital.

Henry: [Daydreaming, reliving the time he had with Portia]

Narrator: Henry is not listening, reliving the time he had with Portia.

Wagoner: Bumble, sir. We're here, sir.

Henry: Well, we're here. Home already. Come on in and have a drink.

Act 8. Henry's fame started to influence the stock of the gold mine.

[At Bumble hotel]
Henry: Now unroll your story.

Lloyd: Unroll it? Again? I've already told you about it, Henry. I've sunk everything I have into that mine. And I can't hold out. All my own money. If the shares go much lower, I'm out. But there isn't one capitalist who'll take a chance.

Henry: I can understand that. We capitalists won't get our money tied up.

Lloyd: Henry, I'm not asking you for money. Have you ever any reason to mistrust me?

Henry: I do trust you, Lloyd.

Lloyd: Then all I ask for, Henry, is the use of your name for one week.

Henry: Well, use it by all means. Only what's my name got to do with your gold mine?

Lloyd: It's a millionaire's name! It'll save my life. And you'll get a benefit too, Henry, mark my words.

Lloyd: Oh! I'm on the rise again. And I'll take you with me...

[On a boat]

Henry: I've finally won your heart.

Portia: Yes, Henry.

Henry: So you've got to listen to me.

Portia: Yes, Henry.

Henry: Listen, Portia. I'm not a millionaire. The banknote doesn't belong to me. In fact, I don't have a single possession I can call my own.

Portia: Oh, my poor, poor lamb.

Henry: No, I'm serious.

Portia: So you're living in the Bridal suite at Bumbles free of charge?

Henry: That's right.

Portia: And it costs you nothing to eat or drink?

Henry: That's right.

Portia: You really expect me to believe you?

Henry: Well, when you hear how the whole thing happened you will. You see...

Portia: Now I think it's time to stop teasing.

Henry: I'm not teasing. I'm not rich. I have no money. I'm not a millionaire.

Portia: Aren't you carrying this joke a little far?

Henry: It's not a joke. It's true.

Portia: You can take me home.

Henry: But don't you want to hear how it happened?

Portia: I've heard quite enough. Take me home.

Portia: And if you're trying to get out of the five thousand pounds you promised my aunt, you may as well know that I shall never marry a man who isn't charitable. [Climbs out from the boat.]

Henry: [Chasing Portia] But wait...

Narrator: Henry then tells Portia the whole story, and Portia is satisfied again.

Act 9. The waitress of the hotel played a joke on Henry by concealing his cheque, which resulted in doubts and rumors and affected Henry's life.

Scene 1 (hotel counter): Duke of Frognal and Lloyd had a bicker over Henry's occupancy of the suite.

Duke of Frognal: *(pounding bank notes onto the counter)* 490, 495, 500 pounds.

Lloyd: Thank you, your grace.

Duke of Frognal: Not at all. *(with a sharp change in tone)* Now what I require is a definitive explanation of this yankee american's occupying my suite for such a long time while I've been dishonorably catered for in the small cabin downstairs!

Lloyd: Well, we could accommodate you in the Marborough Suite, which is equally luxurious and enjoyable.

Duke of Frognal: No, I want my old suite back. It's a question of principle.

Lloyd: He's a public figure, your grace, of considerable standing.

Duke of Frognal: Stuff and nonsense! *(irritated, angrily leaves the counter without even picking up the bank notes)*

Scene 2 (cloakroom): Duke of Frognal convinced Renie, the maid into hiding the cheque.

(Duke of Frognal whispered to Renie)

Renie: I couldn't sir. What if I were caught?

Duke of Frognal: Come on, be a sport. It's only a bit of fun. You can say it was my orders.

(Renie grinned seductively towards Duke of Frognal)

Narrator: *(Renie acts correspondingly)* And so Renie gracefully strode into Henry's suite with the subterfuge of a cleanup. Smartly lurking behind Henry's views, she adeptly took the cheque out of Henry's clothes in the wardrobe and hid it right beneath the carpet - just like a skillful prowler. Poor Locke didn't even took notice of Renie's presence.

(Renie returned to Duke of Frognal who feigned a praise and left)

Scene 3 (Portia's mansion): Soon rumor arose about the millionaire's authenticity.

Narrator: In the evening, Duke of Frognal spread the rumors of Henry being a fake millionaire to the guests present. At first, the act was a self-consolation per se, but soon the news spread by word of mouth and the next morning, an article titled *million pound mystery* was published on front page of the most eminent newspaper in London.

Portia's aunt: ... that London Society has freely opened its doors to this notorious American visitor. An impostor! Who would have thought it! It just shows how naive we are. From now on our doors are closed to Mr. Henry Adams.

(Portia ran out of the dining room)

Portia's aunt: What extraordinary creatures women are! She told me she wasn't speaking to Henry Adams, and if we're going to avoid a scandal, she mustn't.

Narrator: Having been deeply captivated by the unsophisticated but sincere young man, Portia has been struggling to let go of the millionaire coat of Henry. The vitriolic words of his aunt made her even more resolute to discard her family's snobbish tradition. She is now determined to see Henry again.

(Portia's aunt enters Portia's room)

Portia: *(childishly but rebelliously)* I'm going straight to Bumbles.

Portia's aunt: No, my dear. If you were an ordinary girl it wouldn't matter. But, alas, we are not an ordinary family.

(Aunt locks the door, with Portia desperately pounding from inside)

Portia: Let me out!

Scene 4 (Henry's suite): Henry was pushed for payment.

Lloyd: I don't wish to press you, Mr. Adams, but if you could see your way to settling the account it will enable us to bring our books up-to-date.

Henry: I thought you said there was no hurry.

Lloyd: But it is customary to settle weekly at Bumbles. But naturally, in your case, we were happy to enlengthen it to three weeks. If you'll kindly settle the bill, Mr. Adams, we'll detain you no longer.

Henry: *(pensive, but then delighted when he reminisced of Hastings' shares)* I'll settle my accounts in full this afternoon. It so happens that my real fortune is tied up in mining ... gold mining. Well, good morning, gentlemen. You're a fascinating species. Sometime you must take a good look at yourselves *(hurry out the doorway)* ... under a microscope.

Scene 5 (Stock Exchange):

Hastings: Have you found the note?

Henry: I want to sell those shares of mine.

Hastings: Sell? Why, nobody would accept those shares as a gift. You've ruined me, my boy. I'm finished.

Henry: What are you talking about? You told me yourself that they were worth twenty thousand pounds.

Hastings: That was yesterday. The note, Henry, where is it? You did have one, didn't you?

Henry: Well, of course, I had one. *(stress)* Isn't there any sanity left around here? Where does all this *up and down* business go on?

Hastings: Thromorton Street - the Stock Exchange.

Henry: That's where I'm going.

Hastings: Wait! You can't go there! You'll be ...

(Henry rushed out the doorway, leaving Hastings pounding his chest, crying.)

Act 10. Henry wanted to tell people to focus on money, but they just cared about whether he was a millionaire and was very angry towards him.

TOGETHER WITH

Act 11. The cheque was eventually found and people got crazy again.

Narrator: Henry returned to the Bumbles, literally in rags. Shortly before he was thrown out of the Stock Exchange by a group of angry investors. Once again, he saw numerous *gentlemen* screaming and bustling in the central hall. Henry has been used to this sharp rise and fall in fame, just like in the stock market, but nevertheless, he still felt an element of despair and doubt - why have those who once complimented him with indisputable sincerity turned into such ugly creatures?

Henry: Ladies and gentlemen (*interrupted, shouting "that's him, the imposter!"*) ... Ladies and gentlemen. I understand that you've all come here for me and your money in the Good Hope Gold Mine ... (*interrupted, shouting "yeah!"*) I can sympathize with your feelings ... (*interrupted, shouting "What about the note?"*) Ladies and gentlemen, if you'll just listen to me for a minute, you'll see that far from need for panic, you've all made what will turn out to be a very sound investment. (/ THIS IS WHERE ^ BEGINS /) *turn into murmurs (pantomime)*

^ (concurrent with the previous line, at the front gate of Bumbles')

Duke of Frogmal: What the devil is going on?

Gatekeeper: Fine old hullabaloo, sir. The hunt's up. Mark you, he's given them a run for their money.

Duke of Frogmal: Don't talk in riddles, man. Make yourself clear.

Gatekeeper: Henry Adams, sir, and the cheque!

Narrator: A sophisticated englishman as he is, Duke of Frogmal had really not expected things to go this far. He realized that his vindictive acts may soon end up in chaos. He mumbled about Renie's errant behavior, and went straight into the hall, neglecting the gatekeeper's concerns.

(in the hallway)

Renie: Sir, sir, it's all right.

Duke of Frogmal: What's all right?

Renie: The Bridal Suite. You're getting it back.

Duke of Frogmal: (*shouting toward the maids and servants*) How dare you! Dashed impertinence. Take them back at once. Who do you think you are? (*to Renie*) This has gone too far! A lark's one thing, but when a fellow's expected to pay his tailor's bill, it's no joke. Come with me.

Narrator: To Duke of Frogmal, there's been a great deal of hysteria over what is, after all, nothing more than a plain scrap of paper.

Henry: Mr. Lloyd Hastings has such faith in your gold mine shares that ... (*a man gives Henry a blow on the head, Henry fell to the ground*)

Crowd: No fighting!

(Cheerful music, such as reveille)

Duke of Frogmal: The note! The blasted note!

Henry: Where was it?

Duke of Frogmal: Under the carpet, my instructions.

Henry: Why on earth did you do that?

Duke of Frogmal: I don't like Yankees and what you do with the money either. But somehow we've gone too far. You're entitled to throw down the glove.

Henry: Well, since I haven't got a glove, I'll have to accept your apology.

Duke of Frogmal: You're a sportsman. I'm beginning to like you.

Crowd: Good heavens! The man's all right. *(rush out the Bumbles)*

(Portia was escorted into the hall)

Portia: Henry! Oh, Henry.

(Without further words, the two hugged and kissed)

[Stage Reset]

Act 12. Henry returned the cheque and refused what the two brothers offered.

Actors: Henry Adams, Oliver Montpelier, Roderick Montpelier, Portia Langham, Narrator

Stage Properties:

1 - a sofa (which can be replaced by beanbags)

2 - chairs/beanbags (to seat P.L. and H.A.)

(O.M. and R.M. sitting on the sofa, P.L. and H.A. sitting on the chairs. All lights on.)

O.M.: One month to the day. In fact to the very hour. A little the worse for wear. But still intact. Congratulations, Mr. Adams.

H.A.: Well, now that I've, er... carried out my side of the bargain to your satisfaction. What was the bet. ?

O.M.: Well, you see, I maintained that such is people's attitude to the symbol of wealth that by just having that little scrap of paper in your possession without ever cashing it, you could have everything you wanted.

R.M.: Whereas, I maintained that as you were denied the right to cash it, it would be quite useless to you. But I only have to look at you, Mr. Adams, to realize I was mistaken.

O.M.: Never have I won a bet more conclusive. I tell you, Roderick, that note can do anything. It even made him 20,000 pounds in the Stock Exchange!

P.L.: May I say something?

R.M.: By all means, my dear.

P.L.: I agree that the note is extremely powerful, but it isn't quite true to say that it can do anything. You see, I love Henry because he is Henry.

H.A.: THE FACT IS THAT SHE LEFT ME WHEN SHE THOUGHT I WAS RICH, AND CAME BACK TO ME ONLY WHEN SHE DISCOVERED THAT I WAS REALLY POOR. The fact is that she left me when she thought I was rich, and came back to me only when she discovered that I was really poor. If anything, the note only came between us.

R.M.: Oh. Oh! Did you hear that Oliver?

(R.M. and O.M. start quarreling.)

O.M.: Come, come, Mr. Adams. But for the note you'd never have met.

R.M.: (without pause) How do you know? They might have been fated to meet.

O.M.: (without pause) We are not discussing what might have been. We're only concerned with the facts. You can't get out of it, Roderick, Mr. Adams returned the note intact and now has

everything he wants. The mere fact that they had a lover's tiff has nothing to do with it...

R.M.:(without pause) Precisely, and the note came between them. It(All lights out.)

N: Shakespeare tells us, money can turn black into white, ugly into beautiful, cowards into warriors. Of course, mammonism indicates the pursuit of power and personal interests. But what this story wants to convey, is that in a society where mammonism is the common belief, interpersonal relationships become so ridiculous. Adulation for the rich, disdain for the poor, and constant aspiration for the favor of influential people, make all the people disgustingly hypocritical. Unfortunately, we can't go without money. Yet still, we need to keep in mind: After all, money is not superior to everything, and from the bottom of your heart, there is always something that is more worthy of your pursuit, than money.

(Lights on. Everyone onto the stage.)