

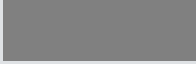



Script

Any information or comments can be uploaded here !

Color	Meaning
	Backstage moderator
	IT support
	Tone / Acts / Mood of a specific line (sentence)
	Plain text

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.)
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(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 ...

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.

H.A.: (*looking at O.M. and R.M. with great suspicion and reading*)The enclosed Bank Note is lent to you 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... Oh, excuse me, sir. I suppose there must be something wrong. It's a one-million-pound note. That is ridiculous.

O.M.: It is NOT ridiculous. 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. But why...?

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

R.M.: Mr. Adams! (*pause for a while, then with a smile*) Wish you good luck.

H.A.: (*slightly sighing*) Thank you, sir. Goodbye.

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

Act 2. 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. H.A. with his one-million-pound note, C.S.S.1, 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.

(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.2: *(very enigmatically and with utter disdain)* Ha, I suppose a gentleman like you can only be expected to carry large change.

H.A.: 'Cause I've only got a bank note. One million pounds. *(very enigmatically)* YOU CAN CHARGE IT, can't you?

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

C.S.S.1: *(very embarrassing)* Er... I'm sorry, sir. Allow me to go get our manager over.

(C.S.S.1 moving to the other side of the stage, then C.S.S.1 and C.S.M going back)

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 3. H.A. got to know L. and they became good friends.

Hotel receptionist leads H.A. into the lobby, while L. is signing his name at the counter, with hotel manager standing beside him.

Stage Properties: A desk, with pen and paper on it, on one side of the stage (representing the reception desk of the hotel lobby), and a table, with food and drinks (if possible), on the opposite side (representing the restaurant).

Actors: H.A., R.Bum, M.Bum, L., N.

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

L.: *(Frowns, glares at Manager aggressively)*

R.bum: *(Leads L. away)*

L.: *(Knocks receptionist down)*

H.A.: Just a minute. I don't think we need the police. I'd like to have a talk with this gentleman.
(Walks towards L.)

L.: *(Points at his throat)*

H.A.: You can't talk?

L.: *(Nods)*

H.A.: Well, that doesn't affect your drinking habits, does it?

L.: *(Smiles)*

H.A.: *(Pats L. on the shoulder, leading him to a table)* *(To manager)* Then perhaps you'll be kind enough to lead the way for us.

N.: Adams learns that the dumb man works in a circus, and invites him to have a meal. He then talks about the million-pound bank note he received from the brothers, and their promise to grant him any job he requests.

H.A.: 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.

H.A.: And that's where you could come in! Are you very busy these days?

L.: *(Shakes his head)*

H.A.: Well, that's great! Then why don't you stay with me for the next four weeks? Help me to keep the bank note intact?

L.: *(Holds out his hand)*

H.A.: *(Shakes hands with L.)* *(To L., proudly)* For the next month, I'm H.A., the American Millionaire.

Act 4. Henry was introduced to the upper class.

Scene 1. Henry was invited to a party.

Stage Properties: A table on one side of the stage, guests 1-3 standing on the other side chatting, P.L. and her uncle sitting at the rear of the stage, Duchess standing at the front

Actors: Duch (Duchess of Cromarty) (the host of the party), P.L., Duke (Duke of Cromarty, who is also P.L.'s uncle), H.A., Guests 1-4 (Guests 1-2 are females, Guests 3-4 are males), N.

N.: Henry Adams is introduced to a party at Hampshire house, the Duchess's residence.

(In the background, reading the name aloud) Mr. Henry Adams!

Duch: How good of you to come, Mr. Adams. This is my husband.

Duke: How do you do? *(Shakes hands with Henry)*

Duch: *(Kindly)* Now this is a very informal occasion. I do hope you're going to enjoy yourself. *(Off the stage)*

(Guest 4 onto the stage, walking over to Henry.)

Guest 4: If you really wish to understand the British, I suggest a visit to the House of Lords. Would you care to come with me?

H.A.: Well, yes indeed. As a matter of fact...

(Guest 4 off the stage)

Duch: *(Onto the stage, approaches Henry)* Mr. Adams, I am most anxious to introduce you to Mr. Hooker Orr.

(H.A. follows the Duchess and walks pass P.L., when she and Henry look at each other, and both of them start smiling involuntarily)

(Duchess leaves.)

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?

H.A.: Oh yes, indeed.

Guest 3: Now, Mr. Adams, I want you to make the acquaintance of Sir William Collins...

(H.A. and Guest 3 off the stage)

Guest 1: A man of character!

Guest 2: We must invite him to lunch!

(All the actors off the stage.)

Scene 2. P.L. and her uncle (Duke of Cromarty) sit by a table talking.

Stage Properties: Henry and Duchess standing on one side of the stage, P.L. and her uncle sitting around a table on the other side.

Actors: H.A., P.L., Duke (P.L.'s uncle), Duch, N.

P.L.: Uncle?

Duke: What is it, my dear?

P.L.: Mr. Henry Adams. I'd like to meet him.

Duke: Have you succumbed too?

P.L.: 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.

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

(P.L.'s uncle walks towards H.A.)

Duch: *(To H.A.)* Now you see how hard it is to be a host...

Duke: 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. *(Leads Henry away)* This way, Mr. Adams.

(Following P.L.'s uncle, H.A. walks towards P.L.. P.L.'s uncle off the stage.)

P.L.: Won't you sit down?

H.A.: Thank you. *(Sits down.)*

P.L.: 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?

H.A.: Well, nothing very serious. But - when we get back in, won't there be any gossip?

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

H.A.: The what?

P.L.: The Cromarty Home for Motherless Babies.

H.A.: Oh, they won't be satisfied with that.

P.L.: 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?

H.A.: Well, yes, I-I do, but...

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

H.A.: Uh ... would you be there?

P.L.: Of course.

H.A.: I'd be there.

(Henry and P.L. off the stage.)

N.: 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 is urged by the audience to donate five thousand pounds.

Act 5. Henry got tired and wanted to leave.

**Stage Properties: H.A. lying on a bed (a sofa is ok).
(Also need a way to show lights being turned on and off. If controlling the lights is too complicated, you can use a clicking sound.)**

Actors: H.A., L.

H.A.: *(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!

L.: *(Entering Henry's room, turning on the lights hurriedly)*

H.A.: I can't go on with this, Locke. Not for another day!

L.: *(Walking towards Henry, worried)*

H.A.: 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?

L.: *(Signals "none" to Henry)*

H.A.: All gone? The charities?

L.: *(Nods his head)*

H.A.: *(Covering face with hands)* *(Resignedly)* It costs money to be a millionaire. 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.

L.: *(Walks away, perplexed)*

H.A.: *(Lying down, relieved)* Oh, that's a load off my mind. From now on the masquerade is over.

L.: *(Turns the lights off, off the stage)*

(The next morning. L. and Henry wake up and stand by the window) (Sound of birds singing)

H.A.: *(With surprise)* Locke, look. Listen. Smell.

(L. onto the stage, standing beside Henry)

H.A.: *(Cheerfully)* Locke! We're not going. *(Tapping L. 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 and L. off the stage.)

Act 6. Henry's fame started to influence the stockings of the gold mine.

Stage Properties: H.A. and L.H. sitting on 2 chairs side by side on one side of the stage (as two seats on the carriage) and a table with drinks and 2 cups on it, and two chairs on the other side of the stage

Actors: H.A., L.H., N.

N.: Henry has just professed his love to Portia at Hampshire House. Now a friend of Henry's, Lloyd, comes to visit him, and they are on the way to Bumble Hotel.

L.H.: 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.

H.A.: (*Daydreaming*) (*Contentedly*) Oh, what an unforgettable night I had with her. I won the heart of the dearest girl in this world! When I told her - I did, indeed - told her I loved her, she - well, she blushed till her hair turned red, but she liked it; she said she did. And she's the only person I could be perfectly honest and square with. I told her I hadn't a cent in the world but just the million-pound note, and it didn't belong to me. I told her the whole story. She couldn't believe it at first - but then she just laughed. She didn't seem to mind it at all...

(Note that this should be addressed to the audience)

N.: Henry Adams is daydreaming about the time he had with Portia, not listening to Lloyd.

(*Background, as the driver reminding the passengers*) Bumble, sir. We're here, sir.

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

(*H.A. and L.H. enter the hotel and sit down in their room (represented with a table)*)

L.H.: Dear me! It's a palace - it's just a palace! Henry Adams, it doesn't merely make me realize how rich you are; it makes me realize, to the bone, to the marrow, how poor I am! Henry Adams, the mere unconsidered drippings of your daily income would -

H.A.: Oh, my daily income! Here, down with this hot Scotch, and cheer up your soul. Here's with you! (*Pours Scotch*) Now, then, Lloyd, unreel your story.

L.H.: Unreel it? Once more? I've already told you about it, Henry Adams. I've sunk everything I have into that mine. But there isn't one capitalist who'll take a chance. (*Jumping up*) (*Desperately*) Henry Adams, you can save me! You can save me, and you're the only man in the universe that can. Will you do it? Won't you do it?

H.A.: Tell me how. Speak out, my boy.

L.H.: Give me a million for the marketing rights of the mine! (*Nervously*) Don't, don't refuse!

H.A.: (*Worriedly, for he knows himself that not a penny of the million pounds belongs to himself*) But- (*Trying to be calm*) I will save you, Lloyd-

L.H.: Then I'm already saved! God be merciful to you forever! If ever I-

H.A.: (*In a commercial manner*) Let me finish, Lloyd. I will save you, but not in that way; for that would not be fair to you, after your hard work, and the risks you've run. I don't need to buy mines; I can keep my capital moving, in a commercial center like London. Here's what I'll do. I know all about that mine, of course; I know its immense value, and can swear to it if anybody wishes it. You shall sell it within two weeks, for three millions cash. Use my name freely, and we'll divide the profits.

L.H.: *(Excitedly)* I may use your name! Your name - think of it! Man, they'll flock in droves, these rich Londoners; they'll fight for that stock! I'm a made man, I'm a made man forever, and I'll never forget you as long as I live!

(L.H. and H.A. off the stage.)

Act 7. 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.

Narrator: Henry has earned huge sums of money from the gold mine deal, and on hearing that, Portia decides to leave him.

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 Frogmal 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.

considering of adding another narration here

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 8. 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. The cheque was eventually found in a twist 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 Frognal: 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 Frognal: 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 Frognal 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 Frognal: What's all right?

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

Duke of Frognal: *(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 Frognal, 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 Frognal: The note! The blasted note!

Henry: Where was it?

Duke of Frognal: Under the carpet, my instructions.

Henry: Why on earth did you do that?

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

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

something needs to be added here

(Portia was escorted into the hall)

Portia: Henry! Oh, Henry.

(Without further words, the two hugged and kissed)

(Stage Reset)

Act 9. 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.

(music starts but faint at first, such as "Can't Buy Me Love", etc., but has to be oldstyle)

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, or the pursuit of power and personal interests, can stimulate one's potentials. But in a society where mammonism is the common belief, absurdity will be the ultimate trap. Adulation for the rich, despise of the poor, together with relentlessly amplified avarice, 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, such as kindness and love.

sth more needs to be added in the narration, such as moral education of Portia & Henry's love

(music becomes louder)

(Lights on. Everyone onto the stage.)