

Script

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

(Note: NO ONE should go off the stage before the act or the scene is finished, unless there are instructions on the script.)

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, lights on on the right)

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 on the left, 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.: Well, 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, I am astonished at your purpose, and that you should call it..... a scrap of paper. Allow me to draw your attention to the text. *(reading slowly and carefully)* I promise to pay the bearer on demand the sum of one million pounds.

(Lights out, Mr. G off the stage, R.M. and O.M. standing up, getting onto the balcony)

(switch the page)

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.)

(switch the page)

(All lights on) (H.A. onto the stage)

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

H.A. : *(looking around, confused)* Who? Me, sir?

R.M.: Yes you.

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

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.: 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, four weeks ago I was sailing out of the bay. Towards dusk I found myself in the middle of a gale. I'd just about given myself up 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!

R.M.: Oh, Mr. Adams. You mustn't think we're insensitive. I'm terribly 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.

(switch the page)

H.A.: *(pause for a moment)* Well, 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. *(pause for a while, then slowly and calmly)* Wish you good luck.

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

H.A.: *(with a dignified expression)* Thank you, sir. Goodbye.

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

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. Some pieces of clothes

(switch the page)

(All 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)

N: Now that Henry has no choice but accept the fact that he IS a millionaire, he steps into a clothes shop. As you see, he really needs a decent suit.

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.: Well, 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: *(sarcastically)* 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 showing C.S.S.2 the bank note)* 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: *(pause for a while, 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)

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 VERY 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.

(switch the page)

(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.: That's fine. For the time being I only need a proper suit.

C.S.M: Well, may I ask for 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. 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)

(switch the page)

Act 3. Henry was introduced to the upper class.

Actors: Duchess of Cromarty, Portia, Duke of Cromarty, Henry Adams, Guests, Narrator

Stage Properties:

1. Some tables, guests talking casually all around
2. Something like a couch used for seating P.L. (from beginning to end) and H.A. (later)

(switch the page)

(All lights on)

N.: Henry Adams soon rose to fame at Bumbles. He was then introduced to a party at Hampshire house, the Duchess' s residence.

(BGM: some noise or music of a party,lasts until lights off)

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

(Seeing Henry Adams coming, Duke.C. and Duchess.C. making a gesture indicating 'Sorry for leave' to the guest, and walking towards Henry.)

Duchess.C.: *(With a smile)*How good of you to come, Mr. Adams. This is my husband.

Duke.C.: How do you do? *(Shaking hands with Henry)*

H.A.: How do you do?

Duke.C.: Now I fear I must drag Mr. Adams away. We have a relation who will make my life quite intolerable unless she meets him. *(leading Henry away)* This way, Mr. Adams.

(Following Duke.C., Henry Adams walking towards Portia. Duke.C. off the stage.)

P.L.: I'm really excited, Mr. Adams, meeting you like this. A millionaire!

H.A.: But I'm not one.

P.L.: But of course you are.

H.A.: You're wrong.

P.L.: I don't understand.

H.A.: You will! You will, that is, if you allow me to see you tomorrow.

P.L.: *(as though smiling)* Well, Mr. Adams— I will give the invitation serious thought.

H.A.: Tomorrow is going to be a sunny day, just right for a picnic in the country. Yes?

P.L.: Yes.

H.A.: I'll tell you the whole story then.

P.L.: Do you think you should?

H.A.: Certainly! After all, we're going to be married.

P.L.: *(amazed)* We—we're—going to—marry!

H.A.: Absolutely! I'll call for you at noon. Do you like me?

P.L.: Yes. *(fading)* You're a very unusual young man, even if you are a millionaire, and even if you claim you aren't. By the way, have you heard of the Cromarty Home for Motherless Babies?

H.A.: The what?

P.L.: The Cromarty Home for Motherless Babies. 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.: *(Seriously)* 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.

P.L.: Oh, my poor, poor lamb.

H.A.: No, I'm serious.

P.L.: *(suspiciously)* So you' re living in the Bridal suite at Bumbles free of charge?

H.A.: That' s right.

P.L.: And it costs you nothing to eat or drink?

H.A.: *(very embarrassed)* Well you see, here I am, mixed up in a bet between two eccentric old men, and for all they care I might well be in jail.

P.L.: *(Silent for a while, Irritated and puzzled. But then bursts out laughing)* Sorry, but it is both funny and pathetic. But you say that one of the men is going to offer you a position?

H.A.: If I win the bet.

P.L.: What kind of a position is that?

H.A.: I don't know. But I have one solution. If I win, I get the position. Now, I've kept very careful track of every cent I either owe or have borrowed, and I'm going to pay it back from my salary. If the position pays me six hundred pounds a year.

P.L.: You'll what?

H.A.: I'll — To date I owe exactly six hundred pounds, my whole year's salary.

P.L.: And the month isn't ended.

H.A.: If I'm careful, my second year's salary may carry me through. Oh, dear, that is going to make it difficult for us to get married immediately, isn't it?

P.L.: *(dreamily)* Yes, it is. *(suddenly)* Henry, what are you talking about? Marriage! You don't know me.

H.A.: I know your name, your nationality, your age, and most important, I know that I love you. I also know that you love me.

P.L.: Please be sensible.

H.A.: I can't. I'm in love.

P.L.: All this sounds like a play.

H.A.: It is — a wonderful one. I'll admit my owing my first two years' pay is going to pose a problem insofar as our getting married is concerned. *(suddenly)* I have it! The day I confront those two old gentlemen, I'll take you with me.

P.L.: Oh, no. It wouldn't be proper.

H.A.: But so much depends upon that meeting. With you there, I can get the old boys to raise my salary — say, to a thousand pounds a year. Perhaps fifteen hundred. Say you'll go with me.

P.L.: I'll go.

H.A.: In that case, I'll demand two thousand a year, so we can get married immediately.

P.L.: Henry.

H.A.: Yes?

P.L.: Keep your expenses down for the balance of the month. Don't dip into your third year's salary.

(All lights out)

(switch the page)

Act 4. Henry's fame started to influence the stockings of the gold mine.

Actors: Henry Adams, Lloyd Hastings

Stage Properties:

1. 2 chairs used for seating Henry and Lloyd
2. a table with drinks and 2 cups on it

(switch the page)

(All lights on)

L.H.: Dear me! It's a palace - it's just a palace! Henry, 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, the mere unconsidered drippings of your daily income would -

H.A.: Oh, rich or poor! Here, down with this hot Scotch, and cheer up your soul. Now, Lloyd, unreel your story.

L.H.: Unreel it? Once more? I've already told you about it, Henry. I've sunk everything I have into that mine. But there isn't one capitalist who'll take a chance. *(Jumping up)* *(Desperately)* Henry, 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.: 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. I don't need to buy mines; 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, under my endorsement. 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!

(Lloyd and Henry off the stage.)

(All lights out)

(switch the page)

Act 5. Henry's cheque was missing.

Scene 1 (hotel counter): Duke of Frognal wanted his suite back.

Stage Properties:

1. a table which will be used as a counter
2. some bank notes
3. a broom in Renie's hands

(switch the page)

(Lights on on the right)

D.F. *(pounding bank notes onto the counter)* 490, 495, 500 pounds.

L.bum: Thank you, your grace.

D.F. Not at all. *(becoming more and more angry, but still speaking in a calm tone)* 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! Now, I want my old suite back. If we don't stand up to these Yankee upstarts, they'll be treading all over us. It's a question of principle.

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

D.F. Stuff and nonsense! How do you know he is a millionaire! Nothing but hearsay! Well, if you don't get him out of that suite, Lloyd, I will do it by myself. *(irritated, angrily leaving the counter, walking into the cloakroom)*

(switch the page)

(Lights on on the left, while lights out on the right)

D.F.: *(whispering to Renie, but still loud enough to be perceived by the audience)* I'd like you to play a joke on Henry Adams. Conceal his bank note when you are doing the cleanup.

Renie: *(very surprised on hearing that, and showing a little reluctance)* I..... I couldn't, sir. What if I were caught?

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

Renie: *(very hesitantly)* Oh ... I shouldn't, really.

D.F.: Come on, Renie. You like jokes, don't you? Just do it for me!

Renie: *(with a solemn expression)* It's a bit of lark, sir, isn't it?

(D.F. smiling, nodding his head)

Renie: *(with a solemn expression)* All right, sir.

(All lights out)

(switch the page)

Scene 2 (Portia's mansion): Soon rumor arose about the millionaire's authenticity.

Stage Properties:

1. a piece of newspaper (You can even print the news if you like.)
2. a sofa
3. a door

(switch the page)

(Lights on on the left)

Duke.C.: *(reading the newspaper)* Following a rumor that Henry Adam no longer possesses the much-talked-of million pound note, *(on hearing this, Duchess.C. can no longer sit comfortably)* our reporter sought a special interview with him last night. On being asked to produce the note, Henry Adams was reluctant and when pressed, unable to do so...

Duchess.C.: *(interrupting Duke.C. very angrily)* 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.

(Lights on on the right)

(BGM: The sound of the door being opened by key)

(Duchess.C. entering Portia's room)

P.L. *(childishly but rebelliously)* Nothing will stop me! I'm going straight to Bumbles.

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

(BGM: The sound of the door being locked, and being pounded from inside)

P.L.: Let me out!

Duchess.C.: What extraordinary creatures women are! She told me she wasn't speaking to Henry Adams, and, *(slowly but very very resolutely)* and if we're going to avoid a scandal, she MUSTN'T.

(All lights out)

(switch the page)

Scene 3: Henry regained his cheque.

Stage Properties:

1. a table and some chairs in the office
2. stairs

(switch the page)

(All lights on)

(BGM: noise at a stock exchange, the same as the noise of act3, but louder)

(L.H. and H.A. in the office.)

L.H.: *(eagerly and desperately)* Nice of you to turn up! Have you found the note?

H.A.: I want to sell those shares of mine.

L.H.: Sell? Why, nobody would accept those shares as a gift. *(extremely desperately)* You've ruined me, my boy. I'm finished.

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

L.H.: *(helplessly)* That was yesterday. *(stress)* The note, Henry, where is it? You did have one, didn't you?

H.A.: Well, of course, I had one. Isn't there any sanity left around here? Where does all this up-and-down business go on?

L.H.: Thromorton Street - the Stock Exchange.

H.A.: That's where I'm going.

L.H.: Wait! Don't go, Henry! You'll be thrown out!

(BGM: commotion in the crowd)

H.A.: *(Henry rushing out the doorway, Lloyd following Henry walking into the hall)* 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. *(screaming and shouting, 'Where is the note!')* Mr. Lloyd Hastings has such faith in your gold mine shares ...

(Cheerful music, such as reveille)

D.F. The note! The blasted note!

Crowd: *(pause for a moment, then cheerfully)* He has the note! *(The crowd off the stage)*

H.A.: Where was it?

D.F. Under the carpet, my instructions.

H.A.: Why on earth did you do that?

D.F. I don't like those upstarts like you and what you do with the money either. But somehow I've gone too far. A lark's one thing, but when a fellow's expected to pay his tailor's bill, it's no joke. It's time I apologize to you, sincerely. You're entitled to throw down the glove.

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

D.F. You're the most charitable Yankees I've ever seen. I'm beginning to like you. Young man, you'll make the grade in the future.

(D.F. off the stage, while P.L. into the hall)

P.L. Henry! Oh, Henry.

(All lights out)

(switch the page)

Act 6. Henry returned the cheque and refused what the two brothers offered.

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

Stage Properties:

1. a sofa (which can be replaced by beanbags)
2. chairs/beanbags (to seat P.L. and H.A.)

(switch the page)

(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 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. *(very happily and proudly)* 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. 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, a little bit emotional)* How do you know? They might have been fated to meet.

O.M.: *(without pause, getting more and more emotional)* 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, even more emotional)* Precisely, and the note came between them.

(All lights out.)

(switch the page)

(switch the page)

(Lights on. Everyone onto the stage.)