Script

Any information or comments can be uploaded here！

<table>

<thead>

<tr>

<th>Color</th>

<th>Meaning</th>

</tr>

</thead>

<tbody>

<tr>

<td bgcolor=orange></td>

<td>Backstage moderator</td>

</tr>

<tr>

<td bgcolor=green></td>

<td>IT support</td>

</tr>

<tr>

<td bgcolor=grey></td>

<td>Tone / Acts / Mood of a specific line (sentence)</td>

</tr>

<tr>

<td bgcolor=black></td>

<td>Plain text</td>

</tr>

<tr>

<td bgcolor=skyblue></td>

<td>Note from playwrights</td>

</tr>

</tbody>

</table>

<font color=red>\*(Note: NO ONE should go off the stage before the act or the scene is finished, unless there are instructions on the script. )\*</font>

## 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 <font color=grey>\*(Two beanbags can be an alternative to this if you think a sofa is too heavy and inconvenient to transport)\*</font>

3. A chair opposite the sofa

---

<font color=orange>\*(Lights off,</font><font color=grey> O.M. and R.M sitting on the sofa on the stage already,<font color=orange>lights on on the right)\*</font>

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.

<font color=orange>\*(Lights on on the left,</font><font color=grey> Mr. G onto the stage, with the one-million-pound note on his hand)\*</font>

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

<font color=grey>\*(\*R.M and O.M. standing up\*)\*</font>

R.M.: <font color=grey>\*(\*very naturally answering\*)\*</font> 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. <font color=grey>\*(reading slowly and carefully)\*</font>I promise to pay the bearer on demand the sum of one million pounds.

<font color=orange>\*(Lights out,</font><font color=grey> Mr. G off the stage, R.M. and O.M. standing up, getting onto the balcony)\*</font>

<font color=blue>\*(switch the page)\*</font><font color=grey>

### Scene 2.

---

Stage Properties:

1. A letter

2. A sofa

3. A chair opposite the sofa

4. A cube-shaped box <font color=grey>\*(served as a safe)\*</font> (The letter is first put in it.)

---

<font color=blue>\*(switch the page)\*</font><font color=grey>

<font color=orange>\*(All lights on)\*</font><font color=grey> \*(H.A. onto the stage)\*</font>

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

H.A. : <font color=grey>\*(looking around, confused)\*</font> 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. <font color=grey>\*(M.b. with H.A. into Montpelier's room)\*</font>

O.M.: Thank you, James. That will be all. <font color=grey>\*(M.b. off the stage)\*</font> How do you do, Mr. er...

H.A. Adams. Henry Adams.

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

H.A. : <font color=grey>\*(sitting onto the chair)\*</font> 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.: <font color=grey>\*(considering)\*</font> 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. <font color=grey>\*(pause for a second, then eagerly)\*</font> 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.: <font color=grey>\*(very unhappily)\*</font> Well, to tell you the truth, my bank roll is ... zero.

O.M.: <font color=grey>\*(can't help cheering)\*</font> 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.: <font color=grey>\*(standing up, reaching from the safe)\*</font> I was about to say the same thing myself. <font color=grey>\*(taking out the letter from the safe, handing it to H.A.)\*</font> The letter.

<font color=green>\*(Creepy music)\*</font>

H.A.: For me? <font color=grey>\*(not understanding why, yet accepting it)\*</font>

R.M.:Yes. FOR YOU.

<font color=blue>\*(switch the page)\*</font><font color=grey>

H.A.: <font color=grey>\*(pause for a moment)\*</font> 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. <font color=grey>\*(pause for a while, then slowly and calmly)\*</font> Wish you good luck.

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

H.A.: <font color=grey>\*(with a dignified expression)\*</font> Thank you, sir. Goodbye.

<font color=grey>\*(H.A. and M.b. off the stage, </font><font color=orange>all lights out, R.M. and O.M. off the stage)\*</font>

<font color=blue>\*(switch the page)\*</font><font color=grey>

## 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

---

<font color=blue>\*(switch the page)\*</font><font color=grey>

<font color=orange>\*(All lights on.</font><font color=grey> H.A. with his one-million-pound note, C.S.S.1, C.S.S.M and C.S.S.2 onto the stage)\*</font>

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.

\*(<font color=grey> C.S.S.2 walking to the other side of the stage)\*</font>

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: <font color=grey>\*(whispering to C.S.S.1, but loud enough for the audience to hear)\*</font> 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: <font color=grey>\*(sarcastically)\*</font> Ha, I suppose a gentlman like you can only be expected to carry large change.

H.A.: 'Cause I've only got a bank note. One million pounds. <font color=grey>\*(very enigmatically showing C.S.S.2 the bank note)\*</font> YOU CAN CHARGE IT, can't you?

<font color=grey>\*(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. <font color=green>BGM: very very embarrassed</font>)\*</font>

C.S.S.1: <font color=grey>\*(pause for a while, very embarrassing)\*</font> Er... I'm sorry, sir. Allow me to go get our manager over.

<font color=grey>\*(C.S.S.1 moving to the other side of the stage, then C.S.S.1 and C.S.M going back)\*</font>

C.S.M: <font color=grey>\*(as if seeing a piece of gold)\*</font> 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. <font color=grey>\*(suddenly VERY loudly and angrily, to C.S.S.1)\*</font> You idiot, Tod! A born idiot! Bring the gentleman into this part of the shop! <font color=grey>\*(very adulatorily and politely)\*</font> You'd think we never had dealing with millionaires. Oh! Take off this jacket, sir, it only fit for the dustbin <font color=grey>\*(H.A. taking off his jacket)\*</font>. <font color=grey>\*(suddenly loudly and angrily to C.S.S.1)\*</font> Hey you stupid donkey! Get Jack, Arthur and William. Be quick! <font color=grey>\*(C.S.S.1 running off the stage, suddenly very very sycophantly and politely)\*</font> Allow me sir. Er... this way, sir.

<font color=blue>\*(switch the page)\*</font><font color=grey>

<font color=grey>\*(C.S.S.2 showing Henry his second costume in this play, which he will put on later)\*</font>

C.S.M: Yes. Yes. <font color=grey>\*(obsequiously)\*</font> 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. <font color=grey>\*(with a very very sycophantic smile)\*</font> Luckily for you I have a relative on the management. Leave it to me.

<font color=orange>\*(All lights out, everyone off the stage)\*</font>

<font color=blue>\*(switch the page)\*</font><font color=grey>

## 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)

---

<font color=blue>\*(switch the page)\*</font><font color=grey>

<font color=orange>\*(All lights on )\*</font>

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

<font color=green>\*(BGM: some noise or music of a party,lasts until lights off)\*</font>

<font color=grey>\*(In the background, reading the name aloud)\*</font> Mr. Henry Adams!

<font color=grey>\*(Seeing Henry Adams coming, Duke.C. and Duchess.C. making a gesture indicating 'Sorry for leave' to the guest, and walking towards Henry.)\*</font>

Duchess.C.: <font color=grey>\*(With a smile)\*</font>How good of you to come, Mr. Adams. This is my husband.

Duke.C.: How do you do? <font color=grey>\*(Shaking hands with Henry)\*</font>

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. <font color=grey>\*(leading Henry away)\*</font> This way, Mr. Adams.

<font color=grey>\*(Following Duke.C., Henry Adams walking towards Portia. Duke.C. off the stage.)\*</font>

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.:<font color=grey>\*(as though smiling)\*</font> 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.: <font color=grey>\*(amazed)\*</font> We—we're—going to—marry!

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

P.L.: Yes. <font color=grey>\*(fading)\*</font> 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.: <font color=grey>\*(Seriously)\*</font> 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.: <font color=grey>\*(suspiciously)\*</font> 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.: <font color=grey>\*(very embarrassed)\*</font> 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.: <font color=grey>\*(Silent for a while, Irritated and puzzled. But then bursts out laughing)\*</font> 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.: <font color=grey>\*(dreamily)\*</font> Yes, it is. <font color=grey>\*(suddenly)\*</font> 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. <font color=grey>\*(suddenly)\*</font> 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.

<font color=orange>\*(All lights out )\*</font>

<font color=blue>\*(switch the page)\*</font><font color=grey>

## 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

---

<font color=blue>\*(switch the page)\*</font><font color=grey>

<font color=orange>\*(All lights on )\*</font>

---

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. <font color=grey>\*(Jumping up)\*</font> <font color=grey>\*(Desperately)\*</font> 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! <font color=grey>\*(Nervously)\*</font> 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.: <font color=grey>\*(In a commercial manner)\*</font> 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.: <font color=grey>\*(Excitedly)\*</font> 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!

<font color=grey>\*(Lloyd and Henry off the stage.)\*</font>

<font color=orange>\*(All lights out )\*</font>

<font color=blue>\*(switch the page)\*</font><font color=grey>

## 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

---

<font color=blue>\*(switch the page)\*</font><font color=grey>

<font color = orange>\*(Lights on on the right)\*</font>

D.F. <font color=grey>\*(pounding bank notes onto the counter)\*</font> 490, 495, 500 pounds.

L.bum: Thank you, your grace.

D.F. Not at all. <font color=grey>\*(becoming more and more angry, but still speaking in a calm tone)\*</font> 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.<font color=grey>\*(irritated, angrily leaving the counter, walking into the cloakroom)\*</font>

<font color=blue>\*(switch the page)\*</font><font color=grey>

<font color=orange>\*(Lights on on the left, while lights out on the right)\*</font>

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

Renie: <font color=grey>\*(very surprised on hearing that, and showing a little reluctance)\*</font> 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: <font color=grey>\*(very hesitantly)\*</font> Oh ... I shouldn't, really.

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

Renie: <font color=grey>\*(with a solemn expression)\*</font>It's a bit of lark, sir, isn't it?

<font color=grey>\*(D.F. smiling, nodding his head)\*</font>

Renie: <font color=grey>\*(with a solemn expression)\*</font>All right, sir.

<font color=orange>\*(All lights out )\*</font>

<font color=blue>\*(switch the page)\*</font><font color=grey>

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

---

Stage Properties:

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

2. a sofa

3. a door

<font color=blue>\*(switch the page)\*</font><font color=grey>

<font color=orange>\*(Lights on on the left)\*</font>

Duke.C.: <font color=grey>\*(reading the newspaper)\*</font> Following a rumor that Henry Adam no longer possesses the much-talked-of million pound note, <font color=grey>\*(on hearing this, Duchess.C. can no longer sit comfortably)\*</font> 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.: <font color=grey>\*(interrupting Duke.C. very angrily)\*</font>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.

<font color=orange>\*(Lights on on the right\*</font>

<font color=green>\*(BGM: The sound of the door being opened by key)\*</font>

<font color=grey>\*(Duchess.C. entering Portia's room)\*</font>

P.L. <font color=grey>\*(childishly but rebelliously)\*</font> 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.

<font color=green>\*(BGM: The sound of the door being locked, and being pounded from inside)\*</font>

P.L.: Let me out!

Duchess.C.: What extraodinary creatures women are! She told me she wasn't speaking to Henry Adams, and, <font color=grey>\*(slowly but very very resolutely)\*</font> and if we're going to avoid a scandal, she MUSTN'T.

<font color=orange>\*(All lights out )\*</font>

<font color=blue>\*(switch the page)\*</font><font color=grey>

### Scene 3: Henry regained his cheque.

---

Stage Properties:

1. a table and some chairs in the office

2. stairs

---

<font color=blue>\*(switch the page)\*</font><font color=grey>

<font color=orange>\*(All lights on )\*</font>

<font color=green>\*(BGM: noise at a stock exchange, the same as the noise of act3, but louder)\*</font>

<font color=grey>\*(L.H. and H.A. in the office.)\*</font>

L.H.: <font color=grey>\*(eagerly and desperately)\*</font> 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. <font color=grey>\*(extremely desperately)\*</font>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.: <font color="grey">\*(helplessly)\*</font> That was yesterday. <font color=grey>\*(stress)\*</font> 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!

<font color=green>\*(BGM: commotion in the crowd)\*</font>

H.A.: <font color=grey>\*(Henry rushing out the doorway, Lloyd following Henry walking into the hall)\*</font> Ladies and gentlemen <font color=grey>\*(interrupted, shouting "that's him, the imposter!")\*</font> ... Ladies and gentlemen. I understand that you've all come here for me and your money in the Good Hope Gold Mine ... <font color=grey>\*(interrupted, shouting "yeah!")\*</font> I can sympathize with your feelings ... <font color=grey>\*(interrupted, shouting "What about the note?")\*</font> 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. <font color=grey>\*(screaming and shouting, 'Where is the note!')\*</font>Mr. Lloyd Hastings has such faith in your gold mine shares ...

<font color=green>\*(Cheerful music, such as reveille)\*</font>

D.F. The note! The blasted note!

Crowd: <font color=grey>\*(pause for a moment, then cheerfully)\*</font> He has the note!<font color=grey>\*(The crowd off the stage)\*</font>

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.

<font color=grey>\*(D.F. off the stage, while P.L. into the hall)\*</font>

P.L. Henry! Oh, Henry.

<font color=orange>\*(All lights out )\*</font>

<font color=blue>\*(switch the page)\*</font><font color=grey>

## 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.)

<font color=blue>\*(switch the page)\*</font><font color=grey>

<font color=grey>\*(O.M. and R.M. sitting on the sofa, P.L. and H.A. sitting on the chairs.)\*</font>

<font color=orange>\*(All lights on )\*</font>

---

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 possesion 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. <font color=grey>\*(very happily and proudly)\*</font>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?

<font color=grey>\*(R.M. and O.M. start quarreling.)\*</font>

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

R.M.: <font color=grey>\*(without pause, a little bit emotional)\*</font> How do you know? They might have been fated to meet.

O.M.: <font color=grey>\*(without pause, getting more and more emotional)\*</font> 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.: <font color=grey>\*(without pause, even more emotional)\*</font> Precisely, and the note came between them.

<font color=orange>\*(All lights out.)\*</font>

<font color=blue>\*(switch the page)\*</font><font color=grey>

<font color=blue>\*(switch the page)\*</font><font color=grey>

<font color=orange>\*(Lights on. Everyone onto the stage.)\*</font>