

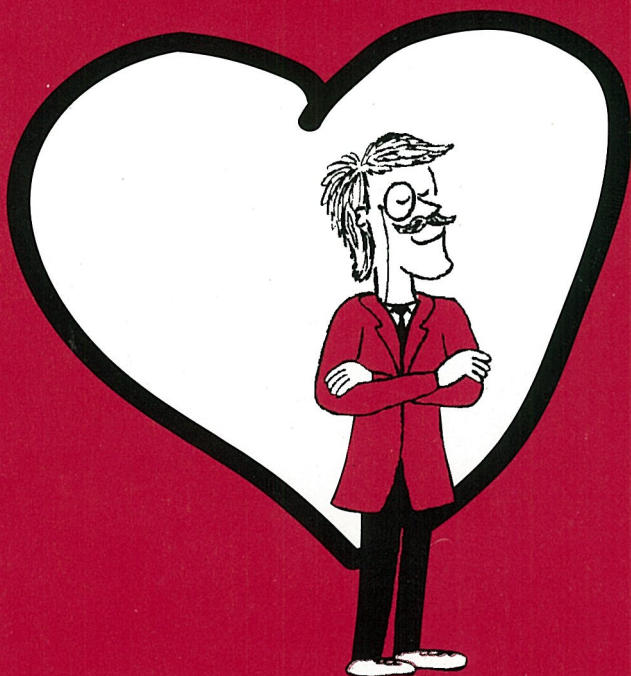
Sir Harry: The Number One International Chauvinist Of The Year

*A Psychological Drama
About the Complications of Love*

*And a Comical Secondary Theme of Narcissism/Self-Love:
The Campus Coronation of University President Assassino's
550 Foot Bronze and Gold Statue of Himself*

*And an Annoying Additional Secondary Theme of True Believer/Hero Worship Love:
President Assassino's Perfectly Obedient and Idolatrous Magazine Editor*

**By John H. Braccio, Ph.D.
Psychologist**



Sir Harry:
The Number One
International Chauvinist
Of The Year

And a Comical Secondary Theme of Narcissism/Self-Love:
The Campus Coronation of University President Assassino's
550-Foot Bronze and Gold Statue of Himself

And an Annoying Additional Secondary Theme of True Believer/Hero Worship Love:
President Assassino's Perfectly Obedient and Idolatrous Magazine Editor

By John H. Braccio, Ph.D.
Psychologist

Illustrations by John Leatherman

A Comedy / Romance / Satire / Farce / Fictional Drama
on Modern and traditional Female-Male Relationships

© 1994 by John H. Braccio, Ph.D. All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval systems, without permission in writing from the publisher, except in case of brief quotations embodied in articles and reviews.

All inquiries will be addressed to: John H. Braccio, Ph.D.
Director, Regional Psychological Services
1401 East Lansing Drive, Suite #111
East Lansing, MI 48823
Phone (517) 332-0153
Fax (517) 332-2960

Published 1994
Printed in the United States of America

ISBN 0-9637854-2-7
Publisher's Cataloguing in Publication Data
Braccio, John H.
SIR HARRY: THE NUMBER ONE INTERNATIONAL CHAUVINIST OF THE YEAR
First Edition
Library of Congress Card Number: 94-092071

Contents

Preface	5
List of Characters	9
Scene 1.....	11
Scene 2	23
Scene 3	43
Scene 4	67
Scene 5	77
Scene 6	83
Scene 7	93
Appendix A	109
List of Other Publications by John H. Braccio, Ph.D.....	111

A Preface to

Sir Harry: The Number One International Chauvinist of the Year

At a time when the battle of the sexes is often reduced to shrill male and female charges of sexual harassment and calling each other chauvinistic pigs and feminazis, I have decided to take a more lighthearted but satirical look at the current enactment of this perpetual battle. While I know many persons similar to most of the characters presented, they and the story are purely fictional and my creations. When appropriate, I have used this drama and characters in my clinical practice for a humorous approach to relationship problems and/ or to have the client see the character presented is in fact her or himself. As a result, the drama can be perceived as nose tweaking of traditional male and female stereotypes or using satire to see how sad and ineffective are the current versions of the feminazis and male chauvinists. With all that said and because I am an incurable romantic and believe marriage and good relationships can be terrific if people work hard at them, the drama has a double happy ending for a teenage and middle-aged set of lovers. ***A word to the wise is that good relationships are achieved through mutual respect, compromise and sensitivity to one another's needs in a noncompetitive and loving environment.***

A second and subtly related theme interwoven into the drama is the university coronation of the magnificently huge 550-foot bronze and gold Roman clothed statue of State University of America President, Colosso Michelangelo Assassino, and the post coronation celebration at the home of *Sir Harry*. For the perceptive, this second theme is obviously a self-love affair between Colosso and his "colossal" statue. Such selfish self-love is the love of the ultimate "chauvinist" and thus related to the primary theme of this drama. Such egocentric, narcissistic and chauvinistic self-love is best expressed by those who sadly find self-love is the only way they can express love. Oscar Wilde probably described narcissistic self-love best in the following quote: "To love oneself is the beginning of a life-long romance."

Skip Assassino Goon's idolatry for everything President Assassino does or says represents another type of love: that of the hero worshiper and "true believer" variety. His "love" of Colosso and his great deeds is limitless and what makes his little petty life meaningful. Even if not to the pathetic extreme of Skip, such persons sadly exist in all societies and at all times. They are the bored and frustrated misfits who seek meaning in life by membership in a mass movement and/or vicariously basking in the glory of the "great person".

When one lives near, works at and/or studies Michigan State University and has observed first hand the problems its bigger than life Presidents have had since President John Hannah left over twenty years ago, it is not hard to come up with a fictional "President Extraordinaire" character named Colosso Michelangelo Assassino. Of course, he is the same fictional egomaniacal President who nearly destroyed State University of America in his immoral and deliciously sociopathic "dirty war" for supreme dictatorial power over it in my drama, *"The Football Coach and the University President"* or *"Power Play at State University of America"*. With a more peaceful climate in 1994, my inspiration is that this Colosso be a more comical egomaniac rather than his dishonest, sociopathic, golden-tongued, serpent-like and dictatorial predecessor. As a statement away from all the fiction in this drama, fortunately for Michigan State University, it would appear the recently named President will behave and function as effectively as the three interim Presidents that MSU has had since legendary President John Hannah put down his baton. While various persons deserve credit for the selection of this President, there can be no doubt that the superior efforts and talents of one Trustee are leading to a more professional Governing Board of Trustees. As an observer from a distance, it appears he is using the high level management skills he finely honed in more than forty years as a major player on the MSU main stage to help an often Hamlet-like indecisive and self-destructive Board learn to function as a modern Governing Board of Trustees. This is done by setting policy and consistently choosing the type of CEO employee to implement it in a highly professional, noncontroversial and effective manner. The CEO must also be a person who will be able to work with all members of the Board and willingly accept objective evaluation of performance.

As I have done in dramas in the past, many fictional characters have been created who represent current pop psychology types, as well as

various clinical psychological disorders. I have written a nontechnical glossary incorporating various definitions in Appendix A. It will hopefully be both fun and a learning experience for you to determine who meets one or more of the definitions.

Annotations have been made liberally in the text to be helpful to the reader. When in doubt, an annotation is made rather than not.

The setting is again University Town, which contains State University of America. For those of you who read *"The Football Coach and the University President"* or *"Power Play at State University of America"*, and loved the fictional characters of Football Coach Tuffy Norkas, President "Extraordinaire" Colosso Michelangelo Assassino, Cuban Refugee Emilio Gomez, Photographer Mark Hill and requested their return, they are back. Sports Editor, Skip F. Goon, has been replaced by an astonishingly identical looking, thinking and behaving third cousin journalist named Skip Assassino Goon. During the time of this drama, Skip F. Goon is Sports Editor and Supreme Czarina of sports for the *"World Yellow Journalism Gazette"*. There is also an all new fictional group that includes the following:

Male chauvinist Sir Harry- Ultra tolerant and sensitive Mary-
Feminazis Brinka and Monica- Love stricken Glen - Rough and
tough Big Load - Highly spirited and beautiful Melinda - The
ultimate wimp, Punkey.

To me, satire is using exaggeration of an extreme variety to shock persons into seeing the distorted images presented are in fact themselves or someone or something they have strongly liked and supported. Satire is generally not effective with genuinely successful, despicably evil, sympathetic or humble persons of limited ability. While not limited to the following, it clearly finds its mark in fictional characters that represent one or more of the following:

Total arrogance- Satan-like pride- Misuse of
a public position for one's own aggrandizement- Pettiness to the
extreme - Poor judgment of self and others - Maximal unfairness to
others - The putrid combination of tiny ability and giant ego -
A judgmental "true believer" mentality while most willingly under
the emotional Gestapo-like spiked boot of an ideology and/ or
charismatic nonelected field commander demagogue.

This demagogue or ideology mentioned above has many names of which the following would be representative:

The Prince - The "Great Man" - 11 Duce - University President
"Extraordinaire" Colosso Michelangelo Assassino - Der Fuhrer -
Nuestro Comandante - El Caudillo - Communism - False Equality at
the Price of Liberty - Racism - Classism - Fascism - Castroism -
Elitism - Maoism.

As done in the past, I have chosen the drama format because it is the most natural medium for me to present concepts and characters; and it requires readers to come to their own conclusions about what is written. In that I am not a man of the theater, the dramas are written primarily to be read.

Much appreciation is given to the most talented John Leatherman for his superb illustrations. As with his contributions to three earlier dramas, they add a different dimension to the dialogue. John has a degree in computer engineering from Southern Methodist University. While John is a software engineer, he also devotes much time to his artistic career. He regularly illustrates children's books and has a monthly cartoon in *Odyssey Magazine*.

My long-time secretary and office manager, Linda Townsend, was typically efficient and patient in the tedious preparation of this document.

While all the ideas are mine, the following persons were most helpful to me in reading the drama and giving me invaluable insights: Sue Allen, Julie Benvenuto, Nena Braccio (my wife), Gay Cowels, Andre Friedlis, Greg Geibig, Dr. Pat Scheetz.

List of Characters

Glen - Sensitive nineteen year-old son of Sir Harry's faithful companion, Mary. He is in love with Melinda.

Melinda- Socially sophisticated and beautiful nineteen year-old daughter of distinguished Professor Enrique Mendez. She is in love with Glen. She is loved by Glen and Big Load.

Sir Harry Gordon- Unanimous Winner of the "Number One International Chauvinist Of The Year" award.

Mary Kennedy - Mother of Glen and faithful companion of Sir Harry.

Emilio Gomez- Cuban political refugee and Chief Custodian of President Assassino.

Big Load - Nineteen year-old rough and tough athlete in love with Melinda.

Tuffy "Big Guy" Norkas - Successful and powerful Head Football Coach at State University of America.

Monica Beals- Officer in the International Assembly of Women to Stamp Out Male Chauvinists (IAOWTSOMC).

Brinka Norms- President of IAOWTSOMC. Grandmother of Punkey and grandmother-in-law of Monica.

Punkey - Husband of Monica and grandson of Brinka.

President Colosso Michelangelo Assassino - President "Extraordinaire" of State University of America.

Skip "Skippy" Assassino Goon- Feature writer and editor for the President's monthly 2,000 page glossy university magazine, *The Monthly Golden Acts, Words and Thoughts of Your President*. He idolizes Colosso to the greatest level of idolatry in the history of the human race. (He is the third cousin of Skip F. Goon, in the drama by John H. Braccio, Ph.D., *"The Football Coach and the University President"* or *"Power Play at State University of America"*.)

Mark Hill- Photographer of President Assassino.

Dr. Enrique Mendez - Father of Melinda and internationally renowned Distinguished Professor at State University of America.

Harriet- Life-long friend of Sir Harry.

Scene 1

(It is 9:30a.m. and Sir Harry is coming into the house after a swim in his lake, Lago di Harry, or Harry's Lake. Unnoticed, he walks into his spacious living room and sees a very distraught nineteen year-old Glen¹ pleading with a haughty and beautiful nineteen year- old Melinda to not leave and professing his eternal love for her.)

Glen: *(Said with a pleading and half crying voice.)* I promise I love you more than anything! Please believe me.

Melinda: *(Standing up and getting ready to leave. Said with an enraged voice.)* Liar! Liar! Liar! I saw you looking at Mary. Admit it!

Glen: *(Said with a resigned voice.)* Okay. I did, but that had nothing to do with my love for you.

Melinda: Liar! Liar! It does and if it didn't, well, there's nothing in our relationship.

Glen: I love you! Everything is wonderful with you, without you, I can't go on... I feel like crap. *(With a wavering voice.)* Please forgive me.

Melinda: Liar! Liar! If you ask for forgiveness, then you admit you've been bad.

Glen: Oh, please! I can't win, you play with my feelings. Let love conquer!

Melinda: Words! Words! *(Said in a mocking voice.)* Let love conquer. How trite! You can't win because you lie. I hate you more than anything!

¹**Glen.** Two persons who edited the final draft noted Glen was very sensitive for someone his age. While that is probably true, I know such persons and hope to know more in coming years. He is an androgynous person in that his personality combines characteristics of strength, competitiveness and sensitivity.

Glen: I love you! *(He tries to hug her and she pushes him away.)*

Melinda: Don't assault me... how low can you get?

Glen: I wanted to hug you. I love you. I want you more than anything. Please! I love you. I love you.

Melinda: You love me! Ha! Ha! First you lie to me. Then you lie to get out of the lie and then you assault me. I hate you!

Glen: *(He roars in frustration and with a crying voice.)* I will do anything to get along with you. Don't you understand how much I love you? You're everything to me. Without you, there's nothing. Being with you makes me whole... without you... *(he tries to keep his composure)* I can't go on. *(On his knees.)* Please forgive me... or... or kill me!!

Melinda: *(With a laugh.)* Forgive you or kill you? Oh, my. How dramatic! *(With her hands on her hips, she laughs heartily.)* Ha! Ha! Ha!, etc.

Glen: Take your choice. Do with me as you desire.

Melinda: I won't forgive you and choose not to kill you. To let you live miserably is my choice... *(pointing at him and said with anger and mockery)* and you deserve it!



Sir Harry: (*Clapping his hands and walking from the corner of the room to an area near the two quarrelers.*) Bravo! Bravo! Such perjuries and oaths are made by young people in love. Bravo! Bravo!

Glen: (*Appearing and sounding very awkward.*) I apologize. We had no idea you were here.

Sir Harry: (*With a laugh.*) But why? You know it's my house. Why wouldn't I be here?

Melinda: He means we thought you were at your lake.

Sir Harry: I was, but thank God (*he looks to the sky*) that I heard you two. Glen, you were the furnace of rejected passion and you (*pointing to Melinda*) the mistreated ice princess.

Glen: (*Said with an imploring voice.*) Please...

Sir Harry: You worry I may offend her and make her madder at you. Never! That's not how the game is played. At my age, we let wind at each other to show displeasure. Your game is passion and fire! Keep it up... it changes to dull routine quick enough.

Melinda: (*Seeming awkward and said sheepishly.*) Pardon me, Sir Harry, but I'm leaving. You can stay (*pointing with her finger at Glen and said with obvious anger*) with that deceitful creature.

Glen: Please, Melinda...

Sir Harry: (*Looking and speaking philosophically.*) How you like the word "please". Strange indeed.

Glen: Please, Sir Harry.

Melinda: I apologize to you, but (*pointing at Glen and snapping her finger*) not to that.

Glen: Please...

Sir Harry: (*Said with a half-kidding and halfpleading voice.*) Melinda, por favor, estás matando el corazón del pobre. Ten piedad!²

Melinda: (*Said with great anger.*) Never! He deserves what he gets. (*She leaves and the door is slammed.*)

Glen: What did you say to her?

² Melinda, por favor, estás matando el corazón del pobre. Ten piedad! Please, Melinda, you are killing the heart of the poor fellow. Have pity!

Sir Harry: (*Looking and speaking philosophically as he ignores the question.*) Do you think if Adam had offered God an arm or a leg, rather than just a rib, that women might be different... or maybe better is the word?³

Glen: (*Said with an exasperated voice.*) Oh, Sir Harry. Please, what did you say to her? She seemed even madder when she left.

Sir Harry: Really nothing, I just said she was breaking your heart and to have pity on the poor bloke you are.

Glen: She'll give me none of that. You heard her. She wants me to live miserably without her.

Sir Harry: Maybe... and if so, lucky you are, my boy.

Glen: I'll die... I love her to... to... to... the absolute ends of my fingernails.

Sir Harry: Hmmm. (*Looking and speaking philosophically.*) The Spanish use that statement to idiomatically say one is absolutely head over heels in love... Esta enamorado hasta sus unas.

Glen: (*Said with an exasperated voice.*) How can you be thinking of words and what they mean when I'm dying? Sir Harry, I'm in love and she'll never forgive or talk to me again. Life's hopeless.

Sir Harry: (*Looking at Glen with a mischievous and all knowing look*) "Please", to use your full vocabulary when negotiating with Melinda, put your pride back on. It's badly battered after you gave it to her to trample on.

Glen: Please...

Sir Harry: Enough of that word. You'll do better playing your strengths like a winner. You're a man and we're meant to rule the world. After what Eve did to the noble Adam when she treacherously seduced him into defying God by eating the forbidden fruit,⁴ she and her descendants were to be mercifully rehabilitated by being loving companions to men...

³ Do you think if Adam had offered God an arm or a leg rather than just a rib, that women might be different... or maybe better is the word? In the Old Testament, God created Eve from Adam's rib. Sir Harry infers this was a choice of Adam to use his rib and he might have chosen something larger to possibly have made women "better" from his chauvinistic point of view. ⁴ After what Eve did to the noble Adam when she treacherously seduced him into defying God by eating the forbidden fruit. In the Old Testament, Eve convinced Adam to eat fruit from the tree that God forbade them to eat. They were then banished from the Garden of Eden. The human condition of suffering and death are the result.

not the ball crunching feminazis they have somehow mutated into this generation.

Glen: I don't want to rule the world. I want us to be equals and nothing more.

Sir Harry: (*Looking and speaking philosophically.*) Why do men give up fair play liberty that enhances our natural superiority and seek out a false equality that the feminazis always love to use to their gain and our destruction?

Glen: Oh, please. Just help me... I want Melinda more than anything.

(*In walks Mary,⁵ Glen's mother and Sir Harry's faithful companion of seven years.*)

Mary: What's going on?

Sir Harry: Nothing important... Poor Glen has been dealt the worst treatment by a woman since Cleopatra⁶ did in poor old Mark Anthony.⁷

Glen: It's much worse... This is now and that was then.

Sir Harry: To me, they're equal. But enough of this negative talk. This is a festive occasion. Mary, let us toast to Glen's misery, which is really his good fortune!

Mary: (*Hugging Glen.*) OhHarry, the boy'singreatpainandneeds understanding.

⁵ **Mary.** Questions were raised by reviewers of the final draft about her meekness and not verbally sparring with the chauvinist, Sir Harry. For explanation, Mary was a traditional wife of a now deceased professional psychologist. She is typical of many middle-aged women of the 1990s. She met her husband while getting her B.A. in the early 60s and worked while he continued his schooling. Mary worked as a teacher for two years and quit prior to having her first of three children. She stayed home to raise them and has not returned to work outside of the home. While being very close to their mother and visiting often, the older children no longer live at home and Glen recently completed his freshman year at State University of America. While Glen lived on campus, he was often home and is living at home during the summer. Mary has a good self-image because she has accepted and even cherished her role as a homemaker and primary child care giver. Such persons and their roles were generally well accepted during the years of her married life and this continues with Mary in the 1990s in her acceptable role as a nonworking widow. Her overall positive self-esteem has certainly been enhanced in a long term life role that society has readily accepted. Such a woman is well equipped to deal with the world's "Number One Chauvinist", Sir Harry. ⁶ **Cleopatra.** (69-30 B.C.) Egyptian queen whose love for Mark Anthony led to their deaths after Augustus Caesar defeated them at the battle of Actium in 31 B.C. ⁷ **Mark Anthony.** (83-30 B.C.) Roman soldier, orator and politician whose love for Cleopatra led to their deaths after Augustus Caesar defeated them at the battle of Actium in 31 B.C.

Glen: I think I'll die! Mom, she's everything to me. Everybody at school sees her as the perfect creation of God! She's perfect.

Sir Harry: But not very forgiving. Glen, women are like street signs, they're on every corner looking to entrap God's most noble creatures... men.

Mary: *(Looking imploringly at Sir Harry to stop.)* Oh please, Harry.

Sir Harry: *(Looking and speaking philosophically.)* Like Glen, you use "please" too much. Did you know psychologists say what we say is what we feel and eventually become?

Mary: I didn't and you might use the word "please" sometime!

Sir Harry: Never! Do I detect some Melinda in you? I'm mad at Melinda. *(He looks at Glen.)* She even has your mother picking at God's most noble creature! *(He smiles, puts his hands in the air and the impression is that he is God's most noble creature.)*

(In comes chief custodian, Emilio Gomez, from President Assassino's staff to prepare things for the post-coronation of the statue party at Sir Harry's house tomorrow to glorify Colosso's personally raising the funds to have a giant two-headed Roman clothed'550-foot tall gold and bronze statue made of himself One of the two heads overlooks and supervises the football stadium and the other triumphantly looks over the campus of State University of America and can be seen from anywhere on campus. Pierre Baldini-Seitz, of Switzerland, the world's foremost sculptor and architect, came out of retirement at Colosso's urging to complete what he called the greatest artistic opportunity since the Pyramids. Colosso calls the statue the greatest achievement since God created the universe.)

Emilio: Sir Harry, my message from Ms. Willingham was to just come in. I hope I'm not interfering.

Sir Harry: Absolutely not. Today, I'll take any interruptions. *(With a mischievous smile.)* I'm being roasted by Glen's mother as he's cooked to a well-done by the woman he loves more than life itself ... *(He uses both hands to mark out a well-shaped woman.)* The curvaceous and perfect Melinda Cortez.

Emilio: *(With a knowing look on his face.)* Beautiful she is... but I'll wisely not enter this conversation.

Sir Harry: Tu eres un hombre muy inteligente.⁸

Emilio: Ha! Ha! Las mujeres son maravillas demasiado complicadas para nosotros.⁹

Glen: What are you two saying?

Sir Harry: Only that women are too complicated for men. Now, let me compare women and men to animals. Women have the sensitivity of wild drunk boars and the fairness of foxes. On the other hand, men have the perfect loyalty of dogs as well as the aloof noble nonbothering nature of cats.

Mary: *(Said with exasperation in her voice.)* Oh, Harry! We'll be going.

Sir Harry: *(Said with a confident but questioning voice.)* Will you be back this afternoon *(spoken in a fun-like voice)* as we prepare for tomorrow's celebration of Colosso and his two-headed statue? *(Said to himself)* It will clearly be the most bizarre creation since Medusa.¹⁰

Mary: Of course. You know I will.

Sir Harry: *(He looks at Emilio and realizes he has not introduced Glen and Mary to him.)* I'm being slightly less than perfect. I'd like you and Glen to meet Emilio Gomez. He's the chief custodian for old Colosso. We sometimes chat in Spanish and drink café Cubano¹¹ at Colosso's mansion when we see him from a distance doing his great work. *(Said with a half-kidding and half-serious voice.)* To have survived living in Cuba with Castro¹² and working in a university with the God-like Colosso certainly shows a man of great talent, diplomacy and an ability to ignore arrogance at the extreme. *(Chuckling.)* To work for someone who in five days raised the money to erect a 550-foot tall gold and bronze Roman clothed statue of himself is astonishing. It even has the world's fastest elevator and two world-class restaurants... One in each of the two heads. *(Looking and talking philosophically.)* Can you imagine a 550-foot tall bronze and gold

⁸ **Tu eres un hombre muy inteligente.** You are a very intelligent man. ⁹ **Las mujeres son maravillas demasiado complicadas para nosotros.** Women are marvels too complicated for us (men). ¹⁰ **Medusa.** In Greek Mythology, one of the three Gorgon monsters. She was once beautiful but because she offended the Goddess Athena, her hair was turned into hideous serpents. She was made so ugly that persons who saw her head were turned to stone. ¹¹ **café Cubano.** Very strong coffee which is very popular among Cubans in Cuba and Miami. Known in other parts of the world as espresso. ¹² **Castro.** (1926-) Fidel Castro has been the absolute Communist dictator and tyrant of Cuba since 1959.

statue of Colosso, circled with two tons of twenty-four carat hand-carved artistic gold inlaid designs, clothed in noble Roman purple and with two fat heads?

Emilio: You're a master of words.

Glen & Mary: *(Said to Emilio as they notice Harry is lost in his thoughts.)* We're pleased to meet you. *(He nods to recognize their greeting.)*

Mary: *(Said with laughter in her voice.)* Listen Harry, he didn't say you're a person who sees things as they are... he said you're a master of words.

Sir Harry: *(Snapping back to attention.)* What he didn't say is the key, my dear. Do listen better. *(The inference is that Emilio did not challenge his description of Colosso.)* As for you Glen, I promise you the Goddess Melinda will tire of her petty brutality and eventually call you back and say how much she loves you in her most warm, feminine, cooing and perfect way. I pray it doesn't happen, but it will. Ask Emilio, he can tell you about sensuous Cuban women. He has the look of a man who knows and understands the unpredictable passion and treacherous traps that beautiful Cuban women create for noble men such as ourselves.

Emilio: Cuban women are passionate, but not petty and mean to a good man. They only make you suffer so the passion of love will be more exquisite.

Glen: Maybe I'm not a good man?

Emilio: Your question proves you are! Success with Melinda requires a tortured and sincere look in your eyes and the use of soft words of love and passion. They gently fall on the warm Cuban spirit and melt the hardest heart like a hot southern Florida sun melts a discarded piece of ice.

Sir Harry: *(Said to himself)* Love-talk brings out the foolish poet in even old farts like Emilio. Instinct is powerful indeed. *(Said out loud.)* To me, the question shows he's foolish and has excellent potential to end up in the locked trophy case of a modern feminazi.

Emilio: Harry, por favor!¹³

¹³ por favor! Please!

Sir Harry: Don't try to "por favor" me. Emilio, I think America ruins Cuban women! The passions of Cuban born and bred women I have known in Miami, London and Paris seem more sincere. The perfect Melinda seems much like her icy Anglo- Saxon women counterparts... but with much more volatile anger and pure fire. She's too volatile and tempting for most men... and for sure this is true for my young son-like friend... the always loyal Glen.

Emilio: Oh, Harry! We may be old, but let Glen enjoy the magical foolishness of young love. I have met Melinda and she's delightful and exciting. Beauty and love together are magical and equalize everything.

Sir Harry: (*Pointing at Glen.*) Look at him and see how "magical" and "equalize" translate into foolish pain. However, I must say Melinda's mega beauty gives Cupid¹⁴ a multiple thousand pound nuclear missile arrow to capture poor Glen's noble heart.

Emilio: (*Said with enthusiasm.*) Sir Harry, your heart is still alive!

Sir Harry: Nonsense! I simply acknowledge her beauty as a feminine weapon of mass emotional destruction... not something to be admired and sought after.

Glen: Words! Words! I'm dying and the philosophy and words of you two don't do a darn thing for the way I feel.

Emilio: Don't pay attention to negative thoughts. Enjoy your feelings of love... When you make up, the pleasure will be so much greater than if this argument hadn't occurred. It'll be like drinking cool sparkling mountain-fed spring water after spending hours hiking in a tropical mosquito-infested, hot and muggy forest like we had in Cuba in the Sierra Maestra.¹⁵

Glen: I hope so, but...

Sir Harry: No buts about it. In a weak moment, I say Emilio is right even though you're a young foolish romantic and (*pointing at Emilio*) he's a foolish old romantic.

Emilio: (*Bowing to Sir Harry.*) Thank you... I'm old but my heart remembers my youth and the excitement of the pains and pleasures of

¹⁴ **Cupid.** The God of love in Roman Mythology. ¹⁵ **Sierra Maestra.** Mountain range in Cuba that Fidel Castro used as a base in his guerrilla war against Fulgencio Batista.

young love. Was your youth so unhappy? Didn't you have at least one unforgettable experience in love during your youth?

Sir Harry: Emilio, I do believe you're some kind of a psychologist. And yes, I had such an experience during my younger days.

Emilio: And, was it wonderful?

Sir Harry: No. I married her and forever have a realistic view of women. It's not pretty, Emilio.

Mary: Oh, Harry!

Sir Harry: Now, I'm going to the water. Emilio can do as he will and Glen can go play the crying loverboy somewhere else. Mary, you can go to the lake with me and Glen can make his way home.

Mary: I'll have to go with Glen to look after him... even though I'd love to go with you.

Sir Harry: Oh, my. Always number two with you, but I'll survive.

Mary: *(Said with an imploring voice.)* Please, Harry. Glen needs me. Please! *(She puts her arms around him and looks into his eyes.)*

Sir Harry: That word again!... *(Looking uncomfortable.)* Mary, go with Glen... I'll see you later today.

Emilio: *(Looking at Sir Harry and speaking with an intense voice.)* Que defícil tu eres!¹⁶

Sir Harry: Me? Difficult? Never!

Mary: *(Looking at Emilio and smiling.)* Thank you, Emilio.

Emilio: The old boy loves you more than you know.

Sir Harry: "Old boy" is bad enough, but the love word is too much... why not care, cherish, look after?

Emilio: And those too.

Sir Harry: Ah, Emilio, a wise and interesting man you are. You're trying to have me concede half of the statement and then later try to prove your definition of "love" is the consequence of the other.

Emilio: I honestly hadn't thought that, but I agree.

Glen: Has Sir Harry met his verbal match?

¹⁶ **Que defícil tu eres!** You are very difficult.

Sir Harry: (*Looking at Glen.*) Never! My genius gave him a plausible interpretation and he liked it... wrong as he is!

Emilio: (*Said with a knowing voice.*) Of course.

Mary: Oh, Harry, we really must go. (*She gives Sir Harry a kiss.*) I'll be back later.

Glen: Sir Harry, I'll need your help later.

Sir Harry: (*Grabbing Glen's arm, taking him aside and speaking sincerely.*) I promise to help you... and most importantly, to help you do what's right. The chivalrous Sir Harry will do his duty. Because you're with me, you'll succeed as Mark Anthony, Romeo¹⁷ and Othello¹⁸ didn't. God's placing you in my time space and as my friend will give you success!

Glen: Thanks.

Mary: (*With a happy smile.*) Oh, Harry. (*She goes up and gives him another kiss as they both prepare to leave.*)

End of Scene

¹⁷ **Romeo.** The lover of Juliet in Shakespeare's play who kills himself when he believes his beloved Juliet has died. ¹⁸ **Othello.** The Moor in Shakespeare's play who kills himself after he realizes he wrongly killed his loyal wife, Desdemona, due to jealousy.

Scene 2

(It is now early afternoon. Sir Harry is relaxing in his living room and Big Load arrives. He had called shortly after Glen and Mary left and pleaded with Sir Harry to see him, and Sir Harry agreed.)

Big Load: Sir Harry, I'm here.

Sir Harry: I can certainly see that. Big you are. What can I do for you? You seemed in crisis when you requested to come and talk with me.

Big Load: I sure was... and still am. *(Sir Harry waits for him to speak.)* Thanks for letting me come over. I feel so stupid to bother you. You'll think it's stupid.

Sir Harry: Well, tell me what's on your mind. Let me see if I think it's stupid.

Big Load: I love Melinda.

Sir Harry: Hmm... Maybe that is stupid, but why did you come to see me about it?

Big Load: She said she was here this morning when she broke up with Glen. Because she respects you so much, I hope you'll help me win her.

Sir Harry: Hmm... A wise girl at least in that perceptive judgment about me... but why do you think she'd listen to me if I decided to help you be captured by such a temptress and heart jailer?

Big Load: *(Said with great sincerity.)* That's not Melinda, Sir Harry, she's perfect all over.

Sir Harry: *(Said to himself)* Oh no! I've heard all this dribble before. He didn't see the total emotional breakdown that this flawlessly beautiful

Goddess gleefully wrought upon poor Glen. (*Said out loud to Big Load.*) Big Load, do you want my advice?

Big Load: Oh, yes. Oh, yes.

Sir Harry: Then forget her and find a more simple and less volatile girl.

Big Load: But why?

Sir Harry: When such flawless beauty, charm and limitless energy to control a man are in a woman in such quantities as with the young Melinda, then noble men are no match in such a contest. She is a femme fatale¹ in the tradition of Marie Antoinette² and Lucrezia Borgia.³

Big Load: Ahh... (*Looking puzzled as he speaks.*) Is that some Italian thing?

Sir Harry: Hmm... Forget it. I simply mean she's impossible to control and will manage you through feigned weakness, matchless beauty and charm, guilt, false reasoning skills, withholding of her false love, or sheer terror by showing her true self as a Nemesis⁴-like modern feminazi. (*All of a sudden Sir Harry gets a strange knowing look and pauses before he speaks.*) Big Load, maybe you're right. Maybe the glorious and beautiful Melinda is just what you need... Oh, yes, just what you need... and even deserve.

Big Load: Really! Oh, thanks for agreeing.

Sir Harry: Ha! Ha! (*Said softly to himself*) Sir Harry, you're a genius... the likes of which God waited until my birth to make available to mankind.

Big Load: (*Having overheard him.*) Oh, yes. You're a genius.

Sir Harry: (*Harry puts his arm around Big Load from the side and talks to him as they walk together in the living room.*) I'll help you conquer this marvelous female creation that God Himself spent so much time on fine detailed work to make her so humanly perfect in the eyes of men that see her.

¹ **femme fatale.** A dangerous woman to a good man. ² **Marie Antoinette.** (1755-1793) Queen of France who was very unpopular and killed after the French Revolution.

³ **Lucrezia Borgia.** (1489-1519) Patron of learning and the arts whose name is often associated with an evil woman. ⁴ **Nemesis.** Greek Goddess who brought retribution on those not in her favor.

Big Load: Oh, yes! You're so right. She turns me on. I must have her. You're so right about her.

Sir Harry: Of course I am, my boy. Success will be yours and Melinda will be yours! *(Said softly to himself)* But seeing Medusa's head⁵ after a flogging would lead to a kinder end than attachment to "the perfect" Melinda.

Big Load: Oh, thank you! I was afraid you'd be upset because your friend's son has the hots for her too.

Sir Harry: Not true! I want true love to triumph! You deserve Melinda and she deserves you... *(with a mischievous look on his face and said in an all knowing voice)* Oh, do you deserve each other! My boy, her personality and your brain are extremes! No doubt about it.



Big Load: Uh! *(Not knowing for sure what that means, he speaks with a questioning voice.)* Do you mean it?

Sir Harry: On the integrity of my father's name and all that's true and sacred in the history of mankind, I do mean it.

Big Load: Can I win her?

⁵ **Medusa's head.** In Greek Mythology, the hideous head of this Gorgon turned humans to stone who looked at it.

Sir Harry: As the Italians say: O Cesare o niente.⁶

Big Load: Ah... what does that mean?

Sir Harry: You must be a man and not a mouse!

Big Load: So, I can win her.

Sir Harry: Of course you can. You're a man, aren't you? (*Big Load appears confused.*) Of course you are. Women, like destiny, are won by those fearless men who know what they want and go after it with relentless vigor!

Big Load: Yes, for sure. (*He still looks confused.*) But what exactly do you mean?

Sir Harry: You must win her over by being strong and smart! (*Said with a matter-of-fact voice.*) Of course, this is nothing more than being an average man.

Big Load: Can I read you a letter I wrote for her?

Sir Harry: For sure.

Big Load: (*He reads his letter.*)

"I'm tough and we both know it. Accept it and do what I say. Following my demands is what you want and will make you happy. As I'd win an arm wrestling match with you, I'd also win a test-of-wills match. Give in and don't worry. I love you and want you to do as I say and then you'll be happy. Wake up and Big Load will help you see your reality is following my lead and demands. Love, Big Load."

Sir Harry: Bravo! (*Sir Harry claps his hands.*) Beautiful! (*Said with a voice of false flattery.*) Such a poem is even rare in this illiterate age.

Big Load: Gosh! Ah... do you really think so?

Sir Harry: Absolutely.

Big Load: Do you think she'll be turned off when I tell her she needs a tough guy like me?

⁶ **O Cesare o niente.** Literally- Caesar or nothing. English equivalent- Be a man or a mouse.

Sir Harry: Absolutely not! Even though they fight it, they long to be under the masterful direction of a man. (*Sir Harry begins walking around the room and waving his hands in the air as he speaks.*) If God wanted women to rule the earth, he'd have made them like us: 1) big and strong; 2) logical and unemotional; 3) decisive and always helpful; 4) predictable and rock solid in all commitments and friendships; 5) reliable in crisis and day-to-day activities; 6) truthful in all endeavors; 7) and above all, God would have made them see love as the intellectual male heir producing enterprise it is... but they do not and the resulting turmoil between noble men and the irrational female species is the result. Our future high place in heaven is our reward for how well we adapt to them... that, my boy, is our test. God knows what He's doing. If He'd wanted equality, He certainly would have insisted on using more than just Adam's rib to make the treacherous and deceitful Eve. What do you think?

Big Load: Ah... I'm not sure I understand.

Sir Harry: That's not important. In a few words, we men are meant to rule... and as a man, you will!

Big Load: What do I do?

Sir Harry: Just give me your masterpiece. When I send some materials to the home office of Professor Mendez tomorrow morning, I'll put it on my computer and send it to this heart destroying Jezebel.⁷

Big Load: Oh, Melinda doesn't destroy hearts. Her beauty makes hearts know they're alive.

Sir Harry: (*Said to himself*) Quite poetic for the likes of him. (*Said out loud.*) Of course, my boy, I was just kidding to test your love for this radiant angel called Melinda!

Big Load: Did I pass the test?

Sir Harry: Oh, yes... Oh, yes...

Big Load: I hope you can make Melinda see me for what I am.

Sir Harry: Don't worry, my boy, I'll surely have her see you for what you are... One of God's chosen... a man. And a big one at that. (*Said to*

⁷ **Jezebel.** A woman who is considered evil and manipulative.

himself) But what a pathetic little brain and big body version of a man he is.

Big Load: Really! Do you mean it? Gosh! Then you're gonna help me.

Sir Harry: Of course... You can be as sure of my help as we know the Pope⁸ graciously accepts the Sunday collection and Adolph Hitler⁹ did not need assertiveness training. Leave it to me.

Big Load: What do I do now?

Sir Harry: You can call Melinda when you get home and just tell her how much you love her and how wonderful she is... Women like that rubbish.

Big Load: Really?

Sir Harry: Of course. The plan is simple. (*Said philosophically.*) I should teach a course to all men on how to deal with this perfidious race we call females. (*Looking at Big Load.*) After you talk a bit, then you tell her you'll call her tomorrow morning around 10:30 to talk. I know she'll not be at the coronation ceremony because of work she's doing for her father.

Big Load: Ah... but why do I call her tomorrow after 10:30?

Sir Harry: Every Saturday morning between 8:30 and 9:00, I send materials to Dr. Mendez, and Melinda sorts them for him as soon as they arrive.

Big Load: (*Looking confused.*) Ah...

Sir Harry: Big Load, your love is clouding your manly thinking. The beautiful Melinda will have read your poetic masterpiece by the time you call and will be overwhelmed by your poetic genius.

Big Load: Really!

Sir Harry: Absolutely! You can't fail.

Big Load: Gosh... Oh gee. Ah... then what?

Sir Harry: You then invite her out tomorrow afternoon. (*Walking around the room waving his hands and arms as he speaks.*) She'll say she must come here with her father after the morning coronation of President

⁸ **Pope.** The Bishop of Rome and earthly head of the Roman Catholic Church.

⁹ **Adolph Hitler.** (1889-1945) Absolute dictator of Nazi Germany during World War II.

Assassino's giant statue that he made in his own Image.

Big Load: Ah...

Sir Harry: What's wrong, my boy?

Big Load: Then she can't go out with me.

Sir Harry: Not true when a man of destiny like you is in charge.

Big Load: Uh...

Sir Harry: Have heart and listen to Sir Harry, the strategic genius of human relationships.

Big Load: *(Looking baffled.)* Uh...

Sir Harry: You let her know how much you want to come here for the celebration and see me because of your great respect for me. Let her know you, too, have this overwhelmingly great respect for me. It can be a bond between the two of you... and Big Load, she has an extra invitation you can use because her mother will be out of town and I know Dr. Mendez is not going to invite anyone.

Big Load: Then ... *(a look of great realization comes over him)* she could invite me.

Sir Harry: *(Said with a mocking but sincere sounding voice.)* Exactly! You're brilliant and most perceptive. *(Said to himself)* Big Load tests my belief that each and every man, regardless of how dull, deserves to be helped in a battle with a cunning and conniving female.

Big Load: Gosh! What a great plan. You're a genius.

Sir Harry: *(Said with great confidence in his voice.)* Could there be any doubt?

Big Load: No! Besides the phone calls, do I gotta do anything else? **Sir**

Harry: Nothing. As you Americans say, leave the driving to me. **Big Load:** Ah... the driving? What do you-mean?

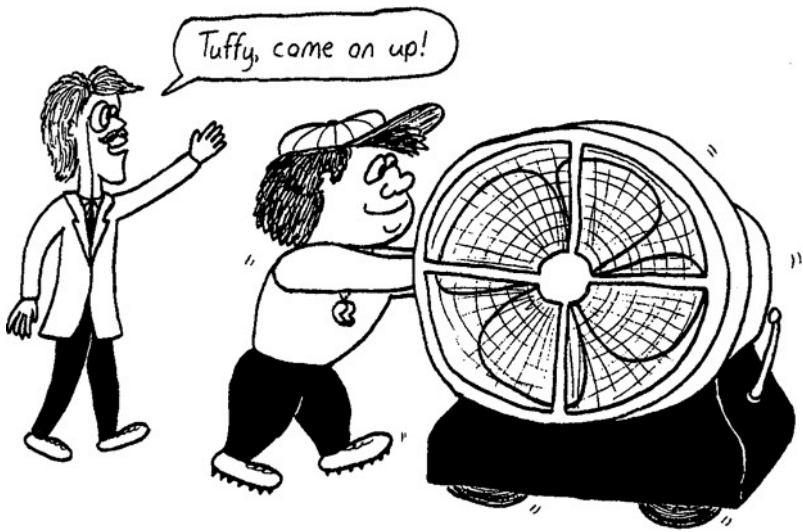
Sir Harry: Never mind, Big Load, it was just a saying. I'll take care of everything... *(rubbing his hands together.)* Oh, yes, you can be sure of that. You just go home and make the calls. Call me today or tomorrow if Melinda fails to behave as I'm predicting... unlikely, but possible with such unpredictable creatures.

Big Load: Okay... for sure. *(He runs off and leaves.)*

Sir Harry:*(Said out loud.)* The good lad Glen is safe. I'll ignore this trash of Big Load's and write a real love note to confuse and capture the heart of the ravishingly beautiful and dangerous Melinda for tiny-brained Big Load. She'll temporarily be blinded by her vanity... go with Big Load to the party... Glen will see them together and be free of this beautiful and evil temptress. A woman that would choose Big Load over Glen would be a pygmy brained charlatan of the lowest level of God's creatures... the female species... *(He thinks a moment and then speaks philosophically.)* To a true man such as myself, Melinda actually seems like a nice respectful girl. It's sad how she'll change when away from the splendid influence of her father... but then, her mother is very nice... *(He again thinks a moment and continues to speak philosophically.)* Look how fortunate she has been to be married to and under the influence of Enrique... a true man. *(He seems satisfied and speaks confidently.)* Yes, both are fortunate and I know the reason why they are domesticated and respectful when talking to me... it is their great male leader, Enrique!

(Sir Harry walks over to the window and looks out on his lake. Tufty Norkas, the powerful head football coach at State University of America, is seen wheeling in a large fan near the lake. Sir Harry calls him.)¹⁰

¹⁰ **Sir Harry calls him.** One of the reviewers asked why this section was in the drama because many readers may not have read my previous drama, *"The Football Coach and the University President"* or *"Power Play at State University of America"*. It is because it gives Sir Harry further opportunity to expound and defend his chauvinistic views on women and marriage. I also enjoy the personality of Tufty Norkas and his return was requested by various persons who read the above mentioned drama. It also gives background for the future cataclysmic confrontation between Coach Norkas and President Assassino in the other drama. I might add, as stated in the preface, the two dramas do not exactly fit together in terms of time and temperament. Times have changed and Colosso is more comical and in love with himself rather than the power hungry sociopathic human monster in the previous drama. In this drama on love, his role is one of extreme chauvinistic self-love.



Sir Harry: Tuffy, come on up. (*He waits and then Tuffy comes into the house. They come to each other and vigorously shake hands.*) Tuffy, even though I'm an Englishman, I greatly enjoyed your titanic victory over the University of America¹¹ this weekend. It was like a battle between Caesar¹² himself and hapless Skippy Goon.¹³ (*Tuffy and Sir Harry laugh.*)

Sir Harry & Tuffy: Ha! Ha! Ha!

Tuffy: I always end up laughing at "journalist" Skip when I would like to squash that Colosso butt-loving turd like the rodent-bug he is. What comes out of his butt is better than what comes off his pen or out of his mouth. Ha! Ha! That reminds me, did you read his

¹¹ **University of America.** The football rivalry between State University of America and the University of America is comparable to one of the following: Auburn/ Alabama, UCLA/USC, Miami/ Florida State, Michigan State University/the University of Michigan. ¹² **Caesar.** Gaius Julius Caesar. (100-44B.C.) Roman general, statesman, orator, historian and dictator of Rome. His name has become synonymous for power and an invincible General. ¹³ **Skippy Goon.** Skip Assassino Goon. Third cousin of Skip F. Goon from the drama by John H. Braccio, *"The Football Coach and the University President"* or *"Power Play at State University of America"*. He legally changed his middle name from Payaso to Assassino out of total respect for President Assassino and to represent a psychological brand of absolute obedience and allegiance to his great leader. He was brought to University Town by Colosso to be editor and do feature articles on him and his work in the glossy, monthly 2,000 page magazine Colosso created when he became President, *The Monthly Golden Acts, Words and Thoughts of Your President*. Due to his blindly doing whatever Colosso demands, as well as having a spineless and judgmental "true believer" personality, Skip is universally disdained and unknown to him, the butt of cruel and hilarious jokes by all who know him.

bizarre guest editorial in the *University Town Crier* saying rodents ought to rule the world because they don't destroy the environment like football cleats or exhaust from bourgeoisie¹⁴ owned cars. Colosso put him up to it mid really had him blast me and the team while letting him think his article was so important because of all that left wing bourgeoisie bullshit.

Sir Harry: (*Chuckling.*) My same conclusion when I read it. Colosso never lets him think for himself and gutless Skip would argue to his death to disprove this fact. I would love to know who replaced his picture with the mouse picture over his name. While a horribly ugly human, he actually makes a dainty but cute anal personality¹⁵ rodent.

Thffy: (*Chucklin as he speaks.*) Hell, I thought it was Skip without his Charlie Chaplin mustache and oily hippy beard. Ha! Ha! Ha! I swear someone will set that damn oily thing on fire some time. Ha! Ha! Ha! Harry, let's not knock rodents by comparing them to Skippy. Ha! Ha! Ha!

Sir Harry: Ha! Ha! Tuffy, the sad fact such a human could be born is a reason to end the societal institution¹⁶ that puts men into marital bondage to have children.

Thffy: You've got me on that one... but since there's only one tricky and sniveling Skippy, I still firmly believe in marriage... the odds are only one in 4 112 billion to have another Gooney Skip.

Sir Harry: For such a horrible possibility, the odds are not good at all... and maybe you're wrong on the odds.

Tuffy: What do you mean?

Sir Harry: As outrageous and impossible as it seems, I've heard Skip has a look-alike third cousin sports journalist that has the same name, and get this... the identical twisted and slanted thinking process.

Thffy: Hells bells! A caring God would not allow it!

Sir Harry: Or... maybe its a huge test for those who seek truth and the highest standards of journalism on the earth.

¹⁴ **bourgeoisie.** In Marxist theory, the social class that is opposed to the working class proletariat in the inevitable class struggle. ¹⁵ **anal personality.** Negative personality characterized by such traits as stinginess and compulsive behavior. ¹⁶ **societal institution.** Marriage.

Tuffy: Seems logical.

Sir Harry: But, let's not waste any more energy on the equally revolting topics of Skip and "trophy case imprisonment"¹⁷ On to something interesting and fun. You must be feeling really tip-top after your cake walk victory over the ballet-like marshmallows of the University of America.

Tuffy: Ha! Ha! What a way to put it.

Sir Harry: And why not? Now, admit it, you're feeling tip-top.

Tuffy: *(Said sincerely.)* I do at a personal level, but it satisfies me most that State University of America fans throughout the state and nation can really be happy. As much as I prove my commitment to academics with the success of my players in the classroom, friends spontaneously call each other from around the country after big victories in sports and not over some new building addition. I told everybody on my Sunday TV program to proudly wear their colors on Monday and enjoy the day at school, in the factory or in the office... and they sure as hell have.

Sir Harry: Well, my impression is that people will happily wear them for 365 days. Dave Genoa gave that same opinion on his top rated TV sports show.

Tuffy: Hopefully... *(said with humor)* ... but I certainly know that's not true with your old cruddy buddy, "Colosso the Greatest".

Sir Harry: Tuffy, I think he's so busy with his giant gold and bronze phallic-like edifice to himself that I doubt he has time to get involved in what's going on in football.

Tuffy: I don't think that's true, but for the sake of the university and the fans, I hope so. *(Changing the tone and speaking very frankly.)* Harry, let's cut the damn baloney... don't you know he's just an arrogant and pompous pain in the ass?

Sir Harry: Ha! Ha! That's like asking if the sun gives off light or Colosso behaves like the typical University of America fan.

Tuffy: Oh, Harry... you're on today.

Sir Harry: *(Said in a confident voice.)* Like always. *(Said in a sincere voice.)* Tuffy, I've always liked your earthy humor. I even

¹⁷ "trophy case imprisonment". Marriage.

like your wife, Norma... in spite of the confused and absurdly positive view of marriage she tries to give me at times in our verbal volleys.

Tuffy: Knowing what you think of women, it's amazing you'd pay her a compliment.

Sir Harry: (*Looking and speaking somewhat sheepishly.*) Ah... it's a partial compliment..

Tuffy: What do you mean?

Sir Harry: Tuffy, I give you all the credit in the world for her being intelligent, perceptive, refreshingly point-blank and so precise in her insightful judgments of people.

Tuffy: You can give me all the credit you want, but that caring and loyal gal has her smarts all on her own.

Sir Harry: I can't accept that because it's inconsistent with my accurate view of women.

Tuffy: Well, Harry, you can think whatever you please, but old Norma is pretty damn bright. (*Said with a twinkle in his eye.*) By the way, I think you need to consider tying the knot with Mary.

Sir Harry: Better a noose around my neck and be hung for five days in boiling oil rather than doing such a crazy thing.

Tuffy: Harry, you just don't realize how great a good marriage is. It's really security in an insecure jungle.

Sir Harry: It's bondage and being locked in a trophy case. It's beyond me why people give up the real freedom and equality of individual male liberty for a false general equality governed by the brutal and elite feminazis.

Tuffy: Regardless of what the hell that means, a good marriage is security with mutual love.

Sir Harry: (*Said in a soothing and convincing voice.*) Tuffy, Tuffy, my boy... it may seem like security, but it's most depressing and utterly destructive to the male psyche.

Tuffy: Oh, Harry, you're hopeless.

Sir Harry: Thank you.

Tuffy: When you're in my profession, you realize the importance of stability and security. Because Norma and I told that wild old Scotchman priest we were forever together for better or worse, I promise you there's no way either of us would ever break that vow. Even now, he would come down from heaven and preside over our being roasted to well-done in hell if we even thought of it... and lovable Rucky¹⁸ would be damn pissed and with him.

Sir Harry: Am I to believe that Tuffy "Big Guy" Norkas is a Christian at heart?

Tuffy: (*Said with great seriousness.*) When you come from a working class Lithuanian background and have been around the great Catholic guys I've been around all my life, being Roman Catholic makes you part of the team. The smell of the incense and the splash of the holy water on our faces burned a sense of being a Catholic into us. It was important in my day and still is. It merged us all... the Irish, Italians, Lithuanians, Polish and now the Hispanics into one. It's terrific and a continuing story that makes America what it is.

Sir Harry: I'm getting a whole new view of you, "Big Guy".

Tuffy: (*Said in a kidding manner.*) Hey, I'm just the old hard-headed Lithuanian football coach.

Sir Harry: That's a laugh ... and I believe Colosso and his "true believers"¹⁹ will learn this in the future if they continue to underestimate you. By the way, it seems somewhat outrageous you would have personally raised so much money to buy this NASA-developed fan that for its size is overwhelmingly the most powerful thing of its type in the world. Why do you really want it?

Tuffy: (*Said in obvious jest.*) So you can borrow it and blow boats across your lake.

Sir Harry: I know better than that. You obviously have something up your big sleeve. Tuffy, other people may underestimate you, but I don't ... even though your intense sense of loyalty and principle may someday cause you

¹⁸ **Rucky.** Deceased mentor of Tuffy for many years, as well as his previous head coach as a player and beginning assistant coach. ¹⁹ **"true believers"**. From the book by Eric Hoffer, *"The True Believer"*. They are persons who seek a cause to believe in and will continue to believe in it regardless of how wrong or inappropriate. Facts cannot dissuade such persons from their beliefs.

big trouble in the political quagmire that is State University of America.

Tuffy: Let me just put it this way... this fan is so powerful that if you throw a glass of water in front of it, the water will at fifteen hundred feet have the full force of a powerful fire hose at five feet.

Sir Harry: (*Said with humor.*) Sounds like a negative "fan" after a loss.

Tuffy: Oh, God!

Sir Harry: I couldn't resist it... but, I still can't figure what you're going to do.

Tuffy: Actually, it was Norma's idea.

Sir Harry: Then it must be clever... (*said to himself*) ... oh, did I say that?

Tuffy: It is. Think about it. Think of a situation where such a fan could be very useful.

Sir Harry: I just can't figure it out. Let me think about this a moment. It has to have something to do with our Caesar-like President and his fat head peering into the stadium. What could you be doing?

Tuffy: I just want you to think about it hard. I'll give you a clue... let's just imagine that football practice has just ended inside the stadium. Prior to my final talk to the team for the day, I have all hundred guys quickly drink a gallon of water. I then spend a half hour explaining in detail the upcoming game plan. We then all go and stand a few feet apart, facing each other on a slant in a line right below Colosso's butt-head that is looking into the stadium. With the fan going full blast in the background and on my command, the guys roar with laughter and do "you know what".²⁰ (*Sir Harry gets a knowing look and they both roar in laughter.*)

Sir Harry & Tuffy: Ha! Ha! Ha!, etc.

Sir Harry: I absolutely love it! In a weak moment, I must admit Norma has great ideas.

²⁰ "you know what". Urinate.

Tuffy: Can you imagine if this occurred when Colosso was having one of his expensive and famed \$100,000 per person "Most Important People to Joyfully Enrich Colosso Dinners" in his new restaurant.

Sir Harry: Tuffy, you're incredible... but you couldn't do that without losing your job.

Tuffy: Not true. In my one hundred-year contract, it was agreed that without my permission, there would be no unauthorized looking into the football stadium whenever I was in practice or doing any football related activities. Having Colosso's big ugly puss looking into the stadium is a clear violation of the agreement.

Sir Harry: Tuffy, you're a devil. .. but a damn smart one.

Tuffy: I'd rather be called a devil than a "big fat shit" like Norma does.

Sir Harry:Hal Hal And you want me to get "you know what"²¹ and be called names by a female who would revel in stealing my name and destroying my self-image.

Tuffy: Oh, please, Harry.

Sir Harry: Hal Hal Some years ago, an old foolish friend of mine gave a female the proverbial inch by marrying her and she became a powerful ruler to bash his brains out.

Tuffy: Oh, Harry! You're too much. I bet he's happy with a house of kids.

Sir Harry: Not at all. She first made him homicidal and he gleefully killed her. The whole neighborhood heard him hysterically laughing as he chopped her into a million pieces.

Tuffy: Oh, please, Harry.

Sir Harry: It's true.

Tuffy: *(Enjoying the conversation and encouraging him to continue.)*
Okay, then what happened to him?

Sir Harry: Feeling the guilt she created in him by bringing him to the point he felt he needed to kill her, he became suicidal and sadly

²¹ "you know what". To get married.

killed himself ... he left the world a whimper of the free and great spirit he was before he married her.

Tuffy: *(With a laugh.)* You're hopeless. Marriage to a good woman like Mary is what you need.

Sir Harry: Let's leave the "M" word out of our talk and not foolishly debate if there are good women once the man is hope- lessly chained in the trophy case. Now, what else are you up to?

Tuffy: *(Looking intently into the eyes of Sir Harry.)*I believe I can judge a man... aild Harry, I know I can trust you.

Sir Harry: Tuffy, Skip "true believer" Goon has proved just how cheap and shallow words can be... and with that said, you know the reverse is true with me and you can trust me.

Tuffy: Yes, I do.

Sir Harry: Good, then what's up?

Tuffy:I actually have a mole²² in the form of Mario, the barber of Skipless Gooney. Skippy is being his typically nonperceptive self by praising and confiding in his enemies and writing character assassination articles about potential friends and supporters who would gladly help him straighten out his misguided and flawed brain. Mario just plain detests Skip... and poor stupid Skip has been pouring out his heart to him. He says on the opening day of Colosso's "1,000 star" restaurant next week, he will be dressed as a sports clown and do a screaming hyena bungee jump out of the restaurant window. He is to represent me and the absurdity of sports in comparison to the glory of academics as represented by his "God", old knock-kneed Colosso. There will be academic and political dignitaries from all over the world. The windows will be opened in the restaurant and Colosso, dressed in royal purple and gold, will be standing on a platform outside the open window dressed as a combination of Caesar and God Himself.

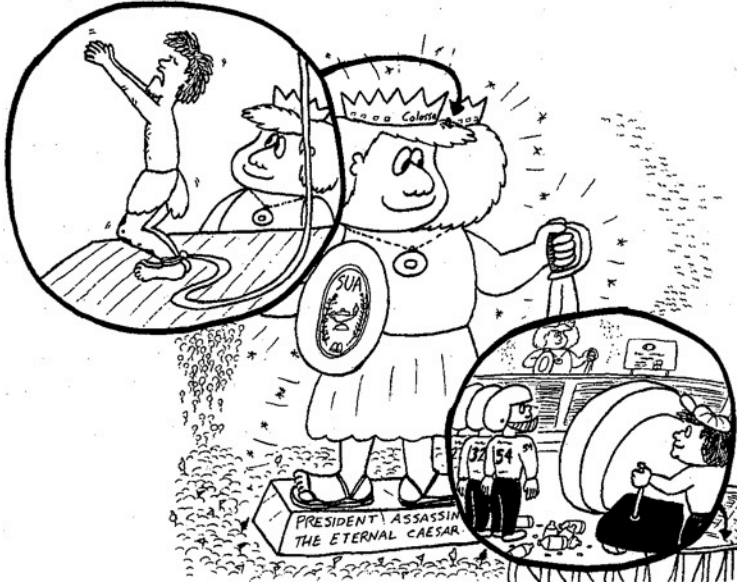
Sir Harry: *(With a laughing voice, he chuckles as he speaks.)* Oh, no... don't tell me, Tuffy.

Tuffy: *(With a playful and feigned sheepish voice.)* You really don't want to know?

²² mole. A spy or double agent who operates from within to gather information from persons unaware of his or her intentions.

Sir Harry: Nonsense! I absolutely do want to know!

Tuffy: When we see Skip begin the dive and hear him screaming with his whiny wailing voice professing undying loyalty to Colosso, I'll turn the fan on and the whole team will do "you know what"²³ to Skip, Colosso and the other "true believers" peering out the windows.



SirHarry: Ha! Ha! What a great idea Norma has.

Tuffy: Then you admit she's bright?

Sir Harry: In a weak moment, I must admit she's exceptional... whether she were a man or a woman. (*Said quickly.*) But I would deny I ever said that... in fact, did I say that?

Tuffy: Don't worry, I won't say anything... but I still believe there's hope you and Mary will eventually get married.

Sir Harry: Oh, no. (*He tries to ignore the statement of Tuffy.*) Will you drown poor Skip?

Tuffy: Not at all. The force of the liquid coming up on his thin wretched body will drench him in wee-wee and thrust him like a man shot out of a cannon up into the open arms of Colosso. With wee-wee pouring into the open windows onto everyone and

²³ "you know what". Urinate.

everything there, Skip and Colosso will explode into the restaurant and slide all the way up against the wall, leaving a liquid yellow trail. Ha! Ha! Ha!

Sir Harry: Ha! Ha! Ha! Tuffy, again I say you're a devil... and also a fat shit.

Tuffy: From you, as from Norma, that's a compliment. Ha! Ha! Listen, do you need anything more from me at this time?

Sir Harry: No, my friend.

Tuffy: Well, good, I've got to pick up something for Norma and get back to practice and begin planning for hopefully Skippykins' final bungee jump.

Sir Harry: Ha! Ha! If he were to drown, his jump would always be remembered as his most successful and significant lifetime career activity. Ha! Ha! Ha! Do you have any other surprises for me?

Tuffy: *(Said quickly.)* None, other than I again wanna say you should marry Mary... she's a great gal... and Norma loves her also.

Sir Harry: *(Said in exasperation.)* You just had to throw that in again.

Tuffy: Absolutely. She's a great gal and marriage to a good woman makes a man complete.

Sir Harry: Enough of this nonsense and the "M" word... it gives me a headache.

Tuffy: Harry, when you fall, it'll be like a forest falling all at once.

Sir Harry: You'll see the Amazon fall in a minute before you see me sacrificed on the sacrilegious altar of marriage. Now, any other surprises other than this heart attack type talk?

Tuffy: Well, on to something else that's fun. We've found the place where all the self-contained electrical power and cables for Colosso's statue are. It's directly under the stadium and I've drilled a hole to it. You can imagine what we'll do sometime.

Sir Harry: Ha! Ha! Another idea of Norma's?

Tuffy: Absolutely!

Sir Harry: I love you as a brother, Tuffy. You've such a way of getting even with the self-important but insignificant gnats of the world that try to bother you.

Tuffy: *(Said with a kidding manner.)* Hey, I'm just the football coach.

Sir Harry: And what does the football coach suggest I do with my life besides implementing the horrible "M" word?

Tuffy: *(Said quickly and with a strong voice.)* That's it, marry Mary. She's great and would be terrific for you. It would be a holiday every day. Only she could tolerate an old fart like you.

Sir Harry: Oh, no. I walked into that... and remember most holidays celebrate persons that were assassinated. My plan is not to join Lincoln and King.

Tuffy: Hey, don't worry. Norma and I will always love you, regardless of what you do.

Sir Harry: *(With a big smile.)* And with good reason!

(Tuffy and Sir Harry are laughing as they walk outside together.)

Sir Harry & Tuffy: Hal Hal, etc.

End of Scene

Scene 3

(It is early the next morning and Sir Harry is looking over the lake named in his honor by the city, "Lago di Harry" or Harry's Lake. While he is enjoying the moment and leisurely thinking of the party that will be in his home this afternoon, Glen excitedly enters with today's newspaper in his hand.)

Glen: Sir Harry, have you seen today's paper?

Sir Harry: I haven't. *(Looking at his wristwatch.)* It's not even eight o'clock yet. A civilized man enjoys the early morning and does not bother himself with tiny minded editorials and a laundry list of human aberrations.

Glen: But Sir Harry, your picture is on the front page with a super negative article.

Sir Harry: What a relief! Stories about me are usually boring lies.

Glen: They also used your "Lord" title instead of preferred "Sir".

Sir Harry: That's fine. *(Said slowly and precisely.)* I am "THE" Lord Harry in most of the civilized world.

Glen: Look here at your picture and the story.

Sir Harry: I'm too content. Read it to me.

Glen: "The International Assembly of Women to Stamp Out Male Chauvinists has picked Lord Harry Gordon as the Number One International Chauvinist Of The Year. His feminist ex-wife has agreed to give the keynote speech at the conference. She claims to have hundreds of examples and anecdotes to prove why Lord Harry is the world's greatest chauvinist."

Sir Harry: Ha! Ha! Look at the success the keynote speaker had in changing me into her showpiece boob... absolutely none. For

sure, she's miserably unhappy without me, and I, uncontrollably happy without her. Her problem as well as that wacky group is an unwillingness to focus on the key word in the award... "greatest".

Glen: It then says, "American and English men, to name a few, liberated of their chauvinist views, are applauding the choice".

Sir Harry: Ha! Ha! "A few" are the key words. Glen, let me teach you something. These women are all ugly and their male worm followers are bumbling fools and surely would prove hypocrites if given the chance to do things to annoy their domineering other halves. (*Speaking philosophically.*) To get involved with one of them at an intimate level would be as sensible as putting a man hating venomous snake on your bare throat at feeding time.

Glen: Aren't you upset about the article?

Sir Harry: Me? Not at all.

Glen: (*Incredulous.*) I don't believe it. Why not? Man, I'd be.

Sir Harry: Only fools and neurotics allow the opinions of women to dictate their moods. I represent man at his zenith. A highly principled flawless hunter and lover who treats a woman like God wanted... With a perfect combination of strength and loving leadership. Any fool can always say "yes, dear" and be called a perfect husband. Remember, King Adam¹ was given a companion... not a person to nag his ear off and demand he say "thank you" as she ruins him emotionally and drives him into the poorhouse. The noble male hunter has been reduced to the check producing worker, house cleaner and server of all his wife's needs as he dies early of a heart attack from working too hard. She then lives magnificently on the insurance money and blasts his memory at every chance with her man-hating bridge widow clache. He's condemned for everything ranging from dying too young, not satisfying her sexually or emotionally, to giving her otherwise perfect daughter his buckteeth.

Glen: Gee, Sir Harry. Then you hate marriage and love being single?

Sir Harry: (*Walking around the room and waving his hands and arms as he speaks.*) Does a minister like tithing? Does a general like missiles, planes and tanks in a modern war? Does a doctor

¹ **King Adam.** According to Bible, Adam was the first human being created by God.

want the waiting room full of patients in need of expert services? Does the dedicated teacher want eager students working to their highest potential? Of course I hate marriage and love being single... as does any wise and logical man. And besides, Glen, why marry in a wild west country loaded with guns? (*Said dramatically and fast.*) A moment of bravery versus a lifetime at hard labor, diaper changing and being told how bad and inadequate you are by a fat and aging shrew whose tongue becomes a smelly flame thrower of inexhaustible energy and power to extinguish any residual pride or self-esteem that may miraculously have survived the first months of the marriage.

(*A most attractive woman enters in her mid-twenties with a note pad and pen in hand.*)

Monica: (*Said with obvious derision.*) Are you the one and only



Lord Harry?

Sir Harry: (*He looks at the young woman, raises his arms in the air and has a look of total confidence.*) In his glorious flesh to be seen... and I can verify his heroic spirit and maleness are buoyant and in golden form. I also use "Sir" and not "Lord" in the United States... because the "Sir" is respected as something I earned for great service to England and the whole English speaking world. The "Lord" was obtained by superior male bloodlines. And who might you be?

Monica: Oh, boy. To begin with, you are just plain Harry to me and I couldn't care less about the names "Sir" or "Lord". I'm Monica

Beals of IAOWTSOMC. You agreed to meet with me today to discuss your winning the award as "The Number One International Chauvinist of the Year".

Sir Harry: Ah, yes. And what an award it is!

Glen: *(He speaks softly to Sir Harry so only he can hear.)* Sir Harry, you said she'd be ugly.



Monica: *(Monica overhears what Glen said to Sir Harry.)* You did! Proving what is said about you is true and *(saying between clenched teeth)* how you deserve the award!

Sir Harry: *(Pointing at Monica.)* Right to you, *(now looking at Glen)* and Glen, my boy, an exception proves the point. *(Sir Harry then looks at Monica.)* Do you have photos of IAOWTSOMC members... or how do you say it?

Monica: IA-0-WTS-OMC.

Sir Harry: *(Scratching his head and thinking.)* Ah. Thank you. Now Monica *(with a mischievous look on his face)*, men like me are very busy making the world safe so that women like you can go about complaining about us and how we do it.

Monica: We actually create you by doting on such inadequate things as are men ... then you astonishingly believe you're as great as mothers and nannies foolishly want you to be. Your cuteness as babies belies your future treacherousness.

Sir Harry: Nonsense! We both know that's not the truth!

Monica: (*Said with sarcasm in her voice.*) Please, Sir Harry, tell me the truth according to the superman chauvinist you are.

Sir Harry: There's hope for you! Thank you for the recognition. In my belief, most women, if given the chance, use the love hooks of Cupid to destroy the noble male with Cleopatra and Delilah²-type behaviors. When they have maliciously injected the love virus directly into the heart and the male victims are infected, each becomes as logical as a man who has drunk a barrel of low class scotch whiskey in the past hour.

Monica: (*Tapping her notebook with her pencil while tapping her toe and looking up in the air with a most disgruntled look.*) Please spare me this chauvinistic dribble. We women end up caring for your giant stupid egos and weak stomachs.

Sir Harry: To not accept the truth is much worse than not having the ability or opportunity to understand it. But, enough of this. I ask you one key question... Will you repeat what I say exactly as I say it?

Monica: Oh, yes. Ha! Ha! I promise you that. In spades!

Sir Harry: (*Pointing his finger at her and said with an authoritative voice.*) Well then, girly, I will tell you the truth. Not that I hope to convert you from your erroneous ways, but rather to help the more open-minded readers of my statements who do not have your "distorted vision of truth" about males that results from a closed mind to rational thought.

Monica: (*Looking with her eyes in an upward tilt and said with an annoyed voice.*) Harry, I'm waiting... as is your public.

Sir Harry: (*Harry begins walking around as he speaks. His hands and arms flail in the air as he dramatically tries to make his point.*) Women feel inferior to men. They boast about being equal but demand preferential treatment. Men, even though foolish, become paternal when they feel guilt for their superior intellect and resulting life position. The end result is sad: it starts with preferential treatment for women; women then feel inferior for the need of preferential treatment; they then strongly doubt their ability; then

² **Delilah.** The mistress of Samson in the Old Testament whose betrayal of him led to his death.

they become obsessed with their position and need for help and become even more fiercely angry and demanding. The men giving the preferential treatment continue in superior fashion but are relieved of female created guilt by their foolish magnanimous preferential treatment of women at many levels. Such are the well meaning but foolish ways of man, God's most glorious and innovative creation!

Monica: Why that is absurd... what stupid talk... women feel inferior to you and your likes?

Sir Harry: You said it, not I. *(Said with a playful voice.)* For you to admit it is a strength.

Monica: *(Said with an angry voice.)* Don't pull that cute male chauvinistic bullshit on me... you know what I mean!

Sir Harry: Answering that statement as a question, yes, I do.

Monica: You're hopeless.

Sir Harry: *(Said humorously.)* You mean hopelessly wonderful. *(Said philosophically.)* By simply changing an adjective to an adverb and adding an adjective, I have fundamentally changed the meaning.

Monica: This is getting me nowhere. Back to the questions.

Sir Harry: By all means! As you said, you and my public are waiting.

Monica: Why does your ex-wife speak so harshly of you?

Sir Harry: *(Said thoughtfully.)* Because I am what she thinks.

Monica: *(Said enthusiastically.)* Now we're getting somewhere. You admit you mistreated her.

Sir Harry: I don't at all! I treated her with respect... but she wanted me to agree with her at all times, drop my friends, give my total attention to each neurotic need she developed and the resulting problems caused by it. Based on good mental health principles and a genuine caring for her, I didn't and she hates me for it. With the divorce, she not only became a wretched woman... but also a gleeful martyr... and me... *(raising his hands in the air and appearing very confident)* a happy and free man of integrity and very sought after bachelor.

Monica: Oh, boy... I'll ignore the last part of your statement. What happened in your marriage?

Sir Harry: As a bachelor, I was witty, exciting, daring and a challenge to all women. As a husband, I was demanded to behave as the obedient and "yes, dear" kind of husband by both my wife and the angry women who lost out in their battle to have me be their número uno³ trophy.

Monica: Oh, please! Do you admit you wanted to control her? **Sir Harry:** I do... and still know it's what she needed. Her father even agreed with me.

Monica: What a witness in your defense. If he were still alive, she said she would have placed him second on the ballot after you!

Sir Harry: And a great guy he was... (*said philosophically and with sadness*) before his wife and daughters gleefully killed him off with too much work, verbal brutality, incessant faultfinding and drink.

Monica: (*Said with derision.*) Oh, Harry, how you prove you deserve our award by your own defense of her inadequate father and your bizarre chauvinistic ideas.

Sir Harry: While not ready to die for them quite yet, I join men like Boethius,⁴ Abraham Lincoln⁵ and Martin Luther King⁶ who tried to live by their convictions and paid for it by their premature death.

Monica: Trying to identify with greatness will not help your case. **Sir Harry:** Agreed, it will not.

Monica: (*Said in feigned shock and putting her right hand on her chest.*) Harry, you agree. Miracle of miracles.

Sir Harry: Only because I don't need to try to identify with greatness. The word is synonymous with me. (*In walks Brinka, the grandmother-in-law of Monica with her mid-twenties grandson, Punkey, who is also Monica's husband. Even though he was trained as a computer programmer, he is a houseperson and the primary caretaker for their huge infant daughter, Tyranta.*)

3 **número uno.** Number one. ⁴ **Boethius.** (A.D. 480-524) A Roman Christian philosopher who was falsely accused of treason and killed. ⁵ **Abraham Lincoln.** (1809-1865) American Civil War President who was assassinated by John Wilkes Booth. ⁶ **Martin Luther King.** (1929-1968) American minister and Civil Rights leader who was assassinated in Memphis, Tennessee.

Brinka: *(With a rough voice and commanding manner of speaking.)* I see you started without me. I hope you're nearly done with the interview.

Monica: I'm nearly done.

Brinka: Have you shaped up this chauvinistic bully yet?

Monica: Not at all.

Sir Harry: And who... *(looking her up and down)* or what, might you be?

Brinka: *(Said briskly.)* I'm Brinka and that's all you need to know for now.

Sir Harry: *(Looking at the two persons who have entered and said to himself)* All the wackos are coming to my home today. *(Speaking out loud.)* ! assume the person with you was once a man.

Brinka: *(Pointing her finger at Sir Harry as she speaks.)* Don't you knock Punkey, Monica's respectful husband and my always helpful and grateful grandson. As for me... and by my choice to be more specific, I am Brinka S. Norms, the President of IAOWTSOMC. I'm here because I wanted to see you myself ... see what your puss looks like.



Sir Harry: Well, my dear lady, here I am in all my pure golden magnificence.

Brinka: Don't try to shock me. Men like you always say how ugly I am. *(Said with anger.)* The lying, slithering and disrespectful snakes.

Sir Harry: *(Said with mocking intent but a sincere voice.)* I promise you they don't do you justice!

Punkey: *(Said in his high pitched voice with a definite nasal tone.)* I don't think he meant that positively.

Sir Harry: *(Said in feigned shock and pointing at Punkey.)* It talks!.

Brinka: Punkey, don't pay any attention to Harry.

Punkey: Okay. Yes, ma-a-am.⁷ *(Said in a low voice so only Brinka can hear.)* Do we call him Lord Harry?

Monica: Heavens no! This is America.

Punkey: Yes, dear.⁸ I was just...

Brinka: *(Said sharply.)* That's enough Punkey! Just listen.

Punkey: Yes, Grandma.

Sir Harry: Now that you've made your grand entrance, what do you want of me?

Brinka: Honesty! Do you know the meaning of the word?

Sir Harry: Until I was born, the word had no meaning!

Brinka: Oh, please, Harry. Spare us the bullshit. You have the honesty of a toad. Admit it. You're like the men who don't wish to acknowledge my proud spirit and call me an ugly domineering dog.

Sir Harry: *(With mocking intent but a sincere voice.)* My dear Brinka, I again promise you they don't do you justice at all. Comparing you with a dog is outrageous.

Punkey: I challenge your sincerity, Harry.

Brinka: Keep quiet, Punkey!

Punkey: Yes, rna-a-am.

⁷ **Yes, ma-a-am.** Punkey was always told by his mother and grandmother to use these two words to respond to their demands or training. He rarely fails. ⁸ **Yes, dear.** Monica trained Punkey from the first days they dated to use these two words to respond to her constant demands and training. He rarely fails. With these words and "yes, ma'am" for Brinka and his mother, there is no confusion as to whom he is responding. Monica, in consultation with Brinka and Punkey's mother, Snakela, came up with the new words that Punkey would use with Monica. Even now, Punkey remembers their initial conversation. He had just given them after dinner drinks and was in the kitchen doing the dishes and cleaning up from the dinner he had made for all of them that evening.

Brinka: *(She is perplexed as she confuses the sarcasm of Sir Harry with a complement.)* Why Harry, did you pay me a compliment?

Sir Harry: *(He continues to delight in hiding his mocking sarcasm.)*
Why Brinka, I only try to give you your due.

Brinka: *(Even though in doubt, she goes back to her normal negative demeanor with Harry.)* I still refuse to accept any of your silly chauvinistic ideas. Having once been married to a controlling monster like you for awhile, I know first-hand that to be with a man like you is death by control!

Sir Harry: *(Said philosophically to himself)* Her being single is not a surprise. *(Said to her.)* You simply guarantee yourself to be a forever unhappy singleton shrew because of your closed mind. Open up your mind, my dear girl... your future can be happy with a thoroughbred male stallion like me.

Brinka: *(Said with sarcasm.)* Oh, spare me the bullshit.

Sir Harry: *(Ignoring her, pointing at Punkey and said with disdain.)*
I can only imagine what Punkey Senior is like.

Punkey: Don't you knock my daddy... inadequate and hateful as he is.

Brinka: Just ignore him... the man is hopeless... absolutely hopeless. *(Said to him in a lower voice.)* He and your father are cut from the same lying piece of driftwood.

Sir Harry: *(Looking at Punkey and speaking to him.)* Punkey, my boy, even the most insignificant of worms can hide his insignificance by keeping his mouth shut. You broke that rule. You fit an old Italian saying that a friend of mine from Tivoli, Italy, often uses: Chi bestia va a Roma, bestia ritorna.⁹

Punkey: What... *(said haltingly)* what does that mean?

Sir Harry: Let me say it in Spanish: Quien bestia va a Roma, bestia retorna.¹⁰ *(Speaking philosophically and to himself)* Italian and Spanish are so similar... it's remarkable.

Punkey: I still don't know what it means.

⁹ **Chi bestia va a Roma, bestia ritorna.** Literally- He who goes to Rome as a beast returns as a beast. English equivalent - Once a dunce, always a dunce. ¹⁰ **Quien bestia va a Roma, bestia retorna.** Literally- He who goes to Rome as a beast returns as a beast. English equivalent- Once a dunce, always a dunce.

Sir Harry: Let me just say you came into my house as a dunce and you'll leave as one.

Punkey: Not true! Not true! You were afraid to say it in English because of what I might do.

Sir Harry: What a joke you are... (*chuckling*) what you might do would be a bigger joke yet. Hal Hal Hal, etc.

Punkey: (*With his beady eyes squinted, his face all red, his porcelain-like fists clenched, he is the picture of exasperation.*) Uuu! Uuu!

(*Sir Harry has a mocking look of great fear on his face as he points with obvious revulsion at Punkey.*)

Monica: Honey, ignore him. (*Hugging Punkey and talking child-like to him.*) Picking on my adorable little Punkey. (*Looking at Harry and said with anger.*) Harry, how rude and crude you are!

Sir Harry: Thank you. But natural honesty is the way to say it. (*Looking at his watch.*) Girls, I'm actually becoming bored by this conversation.

Brinka: Too bad for you. It's already apparent why you won "The Number One International Chauvinist in the World" award.

Sir Harry: Eureka!¹¹ As if there were any doubt! It's the latest diamond in my golden crown... encrusted with thousands of priceless gems.

Punkey: (*He has been thinking to himself*) Did you ignore me when you said girls?

Sir Harry: Not at all. I included you with them... even if a feeble reflection of their meager but definite feminine strengths. While a lesser man doesn't fit into a true man's shoes, a man like you doesn't even fit into his grandmother's dress. Hal Hal

Punkey: (*Said with anger.*) Not true! I do!

Brinka: (*Monica hugs Punkey.*) Don't listen to him.

Monica: Ah! He has attacked my Punkey, a true man.

Sir Harry: Hal Hal If having no balls is being a true man in your definition, then your Punkeykins proves that man has many definitions... and at an aberration level, no less.

¹¹ **Eureka!** Expression to express triumph upon finding or discovering something.

Punkey: (*Appearing with crazed eyes and said with anger.*) I resent that... and very much!

Sir Harry: Oh, Punkey! Only one primitive male type creature, a local writer, is more pathetic and significantly more insignificant than you.

Monica: Honey, don't pay any attention to him. You're mine and that's all that matters... (*he does not respond quickly enough and she speaks very forcefully*) Right!?

Punkey: Ah... yes, dear, you're right.

Sir Harry: Yes, Punkey, and let me repeat the words that are your only key to great male/female conversation and legitimate resolution of problems... "Yes, dear, you're right". As I am the number one international chauvinist of the year, you clearly are the number one male clown of the human race. Ha! Ha!

Punkey: I resent that!

Monica: (*She hugs him and speaks to him in a soothing voice to calm him down.*) Punkey, dear. Shh! Shh!, etc. (*Looking at Sir Harry.*) Your sarcasm is going too far. (*Looking at Punkey.*) You have poor Harry on the ropes and he's lashing out at you because he's frustrated and feeling verbally inadequate.

Punkey: Really! Oh, yes. I missed that. **Sir Harry:** Ha! Ha! So did everyone else! **Monica:** Honey, it's time to leave.

Punkey: (*Holding her hand tightly and looking her firmly in the eyes, he speaks.*) Yes, dear, you're right.

Sir Harry: Glen, listen to the extensive vocabulary they've allowed Punkey to develop. Ha! Ha!

Brinka: Oh, God, it's clearly time to leave this crazy place.

Sir Harry: At least you're beginning to address me appropriately.

Punkey, Brinka, Monica: (*They speak in unison.*) Oh, God!

Sir Harry: Bravo! All three of you call me by my right name again and even poor Punkeykins himself has new words to address me. After he says "yes, dear" and "you're right" to the girls, he says "Oh, God" to me. Even if there's little potential in you, dear Punkeykins, you've shown some growth! Ha! Ha!

Punkey: Oh! Oh! Oh! *(He hits the floor with his right foot, clenches his doll-like little fists, closes his eyes and says "oh" over and over again.)* Oh!, etc.

Monica: Oh honey, don't get so upset with Harry.

Punkey: Yes, dear.

Monica & Brinka: We're leaving!

Sir Harry: So be it and thank you for some idle and nonintellectual discussion. *(Said dramatically and fast.)* You women never let me down! Cartoons, drunken fiestas and discussions with macho girls and lobotomized males are what I like when I think intellectual endeavors on this spinning globe are irrelevant or need to be put to rest for brief periods.

Punkey: *(In the ear of Monica.)* Did you understand that? **Monica:** *(Said with anger and between clenched teeth.)* Shut up! **Punkey:** *(Looking at the floor.)* Yes, dear.

Mary: What's going on here, Harry?

Sir Harry: Simply a team of experts interviewing me for yet another new award.

Brinka: Are you Mary Kennedy?

Mary: Yes.

Brinka: Why do you persist in your relationship with this intolerable man?

Mary: *(With a broad smile on her face.)* Because life would be boring without my Sir Harry.

Monica: Oh, please! Begin by dropping the title... lest you appear a sap.

Mary: *(Looking lovingly into the eyes of Harry.)* He's my Sir Harry... and hopefully forever.

Sir Harry: This female is kind, understanding and has the rarest quality of the female species *(holding her hands)*, I can count on her almost completely. *(Speaking philosophically.)* Only a dog is completely loyal.

Punkey: *(Said in a childish whiney tone.)* Why the almost qualifier? Afraid she'll find you out sometime for the chauvinist you are?

Mary: I can answer that. He's a chauvinist and I accept him with all his many flaws. My feelings are unconditional... and Sir Harry is kind and caring to me in his own way.

Sir Harry: Flaws of divine-like kindness and genuine caring...
(*He looks up with his arms extended upward.*) Yes, I'm guilty.

Monica: (*Said sarcastically.*) Good job, Harry. You couldn't have created her better yourself.

Sir Harry: Who says I didn't? And above all, she's loyal. (*He looks at Punkey.*) Though childlike and misguided, even Punkeykins understands the value of loyalty. (*Punkey clenches his sweaty little fists, appears agitated and stares at Sir Harry.*)

Monica: Just ignore him, honey.

Punkey: Yes, dear.

Brinka: Harry, you've made poor Mary your servant. She's pathetically blind and browbeaten by you... (*Said with great sarcasm.*) "The Great Harry".

Sir Harry: I accept the title but not your description of Mary. For whatever her flaws, she's neither blind nor browbeaten. Loyal and kind are the adjectives to use.

Brinka, Melinda, Punkey: Stupid is the word.

Mary: (*Said with a rare flash of anger.*) That isn't true and I resent it. You're all prisoners of your beliefs. If I'm foolish to be with Sir Harry, at least I'm happy and it's my choice. He's caring and loving in his own way.

Monica: (*Said with a sincere voice.*) I'm not calling you names, but rather trying to help you see the truth.

Sir Harry: Hal Hal And you have the truth? What a scary thought. Under your controlled thinking, the human race would die out in one generation. Even little old Punkey will some day stand up to you two.

Monica & Brinka: Never.

Punkey: Yes, dears. You're right again... never.

Brinka: (*Said with exasperation.*) Oh, Harry, if I were married to you, I'd buy a pistol and shoot you!

Sir Harry: (*Said with gleeful mockery.*) My lady, if I were married to you, I'd gleefully lunge forward to meet the bullet between my eyes to put me out of my total marital misery.

Brinka: *(Ignoring Harry, she speaks to Monica.)* Monica, do you have enough information?

Monica: More than enough.

Sir Harry: Did I live up to your expectations?

Monica: Without a doubt.

Sir Harry: You can imagine how my day would have been ruined if you were disappointed. But then, I never disappoint.

Brinka: Hold on just a minute. I wasn't going to, but I have an additional question for old Harry.

Sir Harry: *(In deep thought and said philosophically.)* Old Harry... what a way to put it. Exciting Harry, clever Harry, brilliant Harry, handsome Harry, even chauvinistic Harry... but never, oh never, old Harry.

Brinka: Hal I'll call you what I like... Old Harry... What do you think of that?

Sir Harry: *(Said with obvious anger and sarcasm.)* As much as I do of you.

Brinka: Aren't you cute!

Sir Harry: *(Said to himself)* That's her question? **Punkey:** He's not cute! I think he's insulting you. **Monica:** *(Said with indignation.)* Silence, Punkey!

Punkey: Yes, dear.

Monica: Your grandmother can handle Harry. He's only a man!

Sir Harry: Punkey, for once you were right. However, Monica confuses you by using the word man. Such a concept is only in your mind at a primal wet dream level. And as for you Brinka, I'm more than cute, I'm super cute and even more tolerant.

Brinka: *(Looking at Punkey, who seems very upset and near tears.)* Punkey, you seem so upset. In a world of no good men, you're as good as a man gets.

Punkey: *(He looks at Brinka with the look of a person who just won a \$100 million lottery.)* Oh, thank you... and I'll keep trying so hard to do better.

Monica: (*Hugging Punkey and patting the back of his head.*) Sure you will.

Sir Harry: Poor Punkey. You missed granny's all important initial qualifier on men. Be aware, if you live as long as the universe, you'll never be good enough. You will in their depraved minds only be a man.

Punkey: What do you mean?

Brinka & Monica: Don't pay him any attention.

Sir Harry: One more time, Punkey. Because of how they view men as inherently inferior, you can chase them, but you can't catch them.

Punkey: I still don't get it.

Sir Harry: (*Looking sadly at Punkey.*) And you probably never will.

Brinka: Let's get out of this place. The stench of male arrogance is too much for me.

Sir Harry: It's a three syllable word, but it's not arrogance.

Punkey: Then...

Monica: Don't pay him any attention.

Punkey: But...

Brinka: Keep quiet.

Punkey: Yes, ma'am. But...

Monica: (*Said with great firmness, hands at her side and tap ping her toe.*) That's enough Punkey! Grandma has spoken and you know what that means!

Punkey: Yes, dear.

Brinka: Harry, for curiosity and to see how low you can go, what were you going to say?

Sir Harry: (*Said to himself in a cheerful voice.*) Is this her question? (*Said to Brinka.*) The true three syllable word is not arrogance, it's tolerance... tolerance for two intolerant male bashers!

Punkey: That's not true!

Brinka & Monica: (*Said with a strong commanding voice.*) Come on honey, we're leaving. It's nearly nine o'clock and we need to get ready for the coronation. This is hopeless!

Punkey: Yes, dears. This is hopeless and we're leaving. (Looking away from the women and at Sir Harry.) And there's nothing you can do about it!

Sir Harry: True! You keep saying you're leaving, but you must have a fear of leaving a male God's presence.

Brinka: (Said with great command.) We are leaving and I will not ask the question I was going to ask!

Sir Harry: Good. The door is gathering dust as you fill the air with your insignificant words and rancid breath. (Pointing to the door, he speaks dramatically and fast.) Be gone! My patience with inferior creatures is over. To see two flawed women trying to behave like men and a wretched male-like creature behaving like a female at her worst is too much! Now, be gone!

Brinka, Monica, Punkey: And not soon enough!

Sir Harry: We finally all agree.

Monica: And I'll quote you exactly.

Sir Harry: Perfect! Just repeat what I've said. To try to understand or interpret me is beyond your little warped mind.

Punkey: (With his tiny fists clenched, his eyes glazed with rage and wailing in his little whiny voice.) I've had it. (He runs at Sir Harry, trips, falls down, hits his head and begins moaning.) Oh, I've hurt myself...



Brinka & Monica: *(Said with indignation.)* Punkey!

Brinka: Get up and let's go.

Monica: Hurry up! Don't make more of a fool of yourself than you have.

Sir Harry: *(Touching his beard and said philosophically.)* Maybe a good knot on the noggin will help the poor, confused boy.

Monica: Such patronizing malarkey.

Brinka: Harry, you're a scoundrel.

Sir Harry: Thank you. *(Pointing to the door.)* Now again, be gone!
(The three begin to leave, yelling at Sir Harry.)

Brinka, Monica, Punkey: Not soon enough.

Sir Harry: Prove it! Get out. *(Pointing to the door, he spells out the word "out".)* 0 - U - T! *(They indignantly rush out.)*

Glen: Bravo to you, Sir Harry!

Sir Harry: *(As if searching for more explanation on the obvious compliment.)* Well... what do you mean?

Glen: Sir Harry, you were spectacular! They were here to make you look bad and think like them!

Sir Harry: If so, you can see the impossibility of such a task. It would have been like convincing Adolph Hitler to be a full-time choirboy at the height of his power or St. Augustine¹² joining up as a follower of Satan¹³ right after his conversion. *(Appearing very cocky, with his hands raised in the air and his eyes squinting.)* Just another day in the life of the personification of noble manhood... me... Sir Harry.

Glen: *(Said excitement.)* Agreed! *(There is then a pause as Glen becomes melancholy.)* If only Brinka and Monica could be like Melinda.

Sir Harry: Hmm. Can I try to change your mind about her? *(Said to himself)* Triplets was what I was thinking.

¹² **St. Augustine.** (A.D. 354-430) Early Roman Catholic church father and philosopher. In his "Confessions", he movingly speaks of his famous conversion to Christianity in Milan. ¹³ **Satan.** The leader of evil forces in Christian theology who was punished by God for his pride. He is often called the "Prince of Darkness".

Glen: No... *(Said dreamily.)* I love Melinda and... *(said imploringly)* need your help to do something for me. Will you?

Sir Harry: Glen, my son, ask and it'll be done.

Glen: I've written a letter/ poem to Melinda that pours my love out from the deepest depths of my soul.

Sir Harry: Glen, that's quite a dramatic statement in itself. *(Said to himself)* This all seems sadly familiar.

Glen: Will you give it to her for me?... I know you and her father communicate by computer.

Sir Harry: It'll be delivered at the speed of light... or at least megabite!

Glen: Oh, thank you so much... Ah...

Sir Harry: Spit it out, my boy! What do you want to say?

Glen: May I read the letter/poem to you?

Sir Harry: Does God approve of men that do their best to make the world better for good wives, children and mankind in general? Absolutely!

Glen: Will you think I'm silly?

Sir Harry: Never! I'd be honored to hear the love being poured out from the deepest depths of your soul. *(Said to himself)* Love is insanity, and this poor lad is as insane as one gets... sad... sad indeed.

(Glen gets out his wallet, looks through it and pulls out the poem.)

Glen: Sir Harry, I have it here. I'm going to read it... ah... sure it's okay?

Sir Harry: By all means! Go to it, boy.

Glen: "My heart burns with the passion that only true love knows. I love everything about you, from your silk-like hair to your perfectly manicured delicate satin-like hands. When I am with you, I am so happy I cannot trust myself to speak. What makes me a person is excited to fire when I see you. To touch you engages every warm emotion that God gave human beings to their absolute highest level of development. To have

these emotions not fulfilled lets me fully understand the agony of lost love that poets have written about since time immemorial. Please forgive me as my pain is unbearable... just plain unbearable. Your existence fills my mind with wild imaginings. I may be many things, but the most I am is in love with you. Please forgive me for my stupidity. Give me another chance and I will never fail you again. Our love can be as limitless as the universe and could ignite long dead barren stars back to brilliant life with just mere traces of it. While you are perfect in all ways, I am not and beg you to kindly overlook my many flaws and let me again into your life. You may see it as weakness, but I am happily defenseless with you, your beauty and your kindness. Open your heart and let this stupid, but loving person back into your life. Please ... With Love Forever, Glen. P.S. With total love, I beg you to let me back into your life. With you, all is good ... all is light... all is spring... all is happiness... Please let me back into your life. I beg you. Love forever, Glen."

Well, what do you think of it?

Sir Harry: Well, how can I say it?

Glen: (*Looking distraught and said in a defeated voice.*) You hate it and think it's foolish. I apologize and am sorry I read it to you.

Sir Harry: (*Said to himself and looking away from Glen.*) I can change the name, make a few changes and throw out a poem you know I wrote for someone else. (*Said to Glen.*) Glen, my boy, silence! It's so much from the heart, I'm ... well, just overwhelmed.

Glen: Really?

Sir Harry: (*Said to himself*) What adolescent nonsense. (*Said to Glen.*) Now Glen, you have too many pleases in it and you're giving her total sovereignty over you. I don't think this will work out for you. Be the man you can be, and demand she drop her foolish ways before you let her back into your life.

Glen: I can't do that. I'll happily be her trophy. I love her more than anything. With her, I'm complete and everything... without her, I'm nothing and never will be. Please help me... please make sure she gets my letter/poem.

Sir Harry: (*Said to himself*) Wait until those delicate satin-like hands are as fat as cows and clobber him every time he says or does the slightest thing that she disapproves. (*Said out loud to Glen.*) I promise you on my integrity she will get the letter/poem. I'll be sending some other materials to Dr. Mendez within the hour and will include your letter/poem of such great passion.

Glen: What will she do? Will she give me another chance?

Sir Harry: I hope not, but maybe so. Women in general are dangerous to men of good heart... and nothing good can ever come from a woman of great beauty who lacks kindness and understanding... but I'm wasting my time. (*Said to himself*) Cupid's fierce and relentless arrows have driven deeply into the poor boy's noble but now love ravaged heart. (*Looking at and said to Glen.*) I'm sad to report she'll be here this afternoon in all her beautiful glory and we'll see.

Glen: (*He is oblivious to what Sir Harry has been saying to him and suddenly begins talking.*) I'm so worried about Big Load. He's also hopelessly in love with her. Oh, God, she's so perfect and...

Sir Harry: Yes... Yes... I know all about her sublime glories. But Glen, you didn't hear me... she'll be coming here later today for the coronation party... she'll come with her father and (*said with emphasis*) maybe someone else.

Glen: What!

Sir Harry: I don't know this for sure, but her mother is in Miami for some big Cuban festival and Colosso sent her father a gold plated invitation for three. To many, not using an invitation from Colosso would be like not going through St. Peter's pearly gates when given the one opportunity.

Glen: Oh, God! Sir Harry, she could invite Big Load!

Sir Harry: That rather distasteful ruffian. If she came with him, wouldn't that prove to you once and for all what a heart destroying fiendish creature she is?

Glen: (*Walking and speaking as if what Harry said had not registered.*) Oh, no! The thought makes me feel horrible... Big Load here with her... listening to her feminine voice... touching her satin-like hands which are always so wonderfully manicured... stroking her dew kissed silk-like hair that never has a strand out of place... breathing the perfumed air she creates wherever she is... watching the air surrounding her excitedly caressing her every curve. I cannot stand these thoughts. I love her so...

why won't she give me another chance?

Sir Harry: (*Said to himself*) What could be worse than a heart- broken whiny adolescent poet? (*Said to Glen.*) Glen, my boy, have heart! Have you not said I'm like a father to you?

Glen: Well, yes. Why?

Sir Harry: You're like a good son to me. I want to give you some good fatherly advice. Will you try to accept it?

Glen: I can try, but...

Sir Harry: No buts about it. Just listen. If she's with Big Load, that will show you what kind of woman she is... fabulously beautiful, but vengeful and treacherous. How could she read your heart produced poetry and not succumb? If she chooses Big Load, that will prove it! Do I make sense?

Glen: You do, but what will I do if she's with him?

Sir Harry: (*Said dramatically and fast as he walks around the room with his hands flailing in the air.*) You're to ignore her! Punish her, let her know you're a man! Even the name sounds so wonderful... man! Because I'm immune to their dirty tricks and traitorous nature, I give advice based on reality and not silly love and passion. (*Said as he is putting his hands on Glen's shoulders and looking him intently in the eyes.*) Glen, my confused but good son, you must do exactly as I say.

Glen: I'll try... but I don't know if I can pull it off.

Sir Harry: Of course you can! Let her know you're the boss! The leader! The champion! If she wants to be in your life, then you make the rules. Women, like fate, must be controlled by purposeful male strength.

Glen: Oh, boy... (*Speaking hesitantly.*) Have you ever been in love for real?

Sir Harry: Of course, but the love you're talking about only hurts. If she accepts you as the leader, then she's in your game as long as she's respectful and obedient! You must set reasonable standards! If not, let her have Big Load and good riddance.

Glen: It'll kill me.

Sir Harry: Nonsense! And remember, if she's with Big Load, it means she wants a toughy with a little brain. You have strength, character and

intelligence... and you are my friend. If she rejects the golden opportunity to have you, then celebrate your great victory!... In fact, we'll co-celebrate it!

Glen: Ah... what do you mean?

Sir Harry: If she rejects you for Big Load, dimwit pugilist that he is, then that shows she knew you could not be controlled and put in chains in her trophy case to be geeked at and ridiculed like King Kong by all her female friends.

Glen: But I want Melinda. I love her completely. What can I do?

Sir Harry: Be tough and you have a chance! Your letter/ poem of total heart and filled with sentimentality will fail in my opinion. At least if you lose, do it "wearing you know what"¹⁴... and where. Ha! Ha!

Glen: I'll try. Oh, I hope she comes alone.

Sir Harry: *(Said with the enthusiasm of a person who has made a wager and strongly believes he will win.)* Not me! It'll be a test for her. And I think she'll fail and you'll be freed. *(With his hands, he holds Glen's shoulders, looks him intently in the eyes and speaks slowly.)* You are to relax and come back later for the battle of your life. Now, be off with you.

Glen: I'll do my best.

Sir Harry: Of course you will! Have heart!

Glen: Will you send the letter/ poem now?

Sir Harry: *(Holding it in his hand.)* When you leave, it'll be sent immediately. As you Americans say, leave the driving to me.

Glen: I'll try. I have so much faith in you.

Sir Harry: And you have so much reason to have confidence. *(Pointing to the door and said with enthusiasm.)* Now, be off!

(Glen grabs a hug from Harry, runs off and leaves the house.)

End of Scene

¹⁴ "wearing you know what". Figuratively means for a man to take charge of his own life or a particular situation. Literally means wear your testicles (balls).

Scene 4

(President Colosso Michelangelo Assassino of State University of America strides into the living room of Sir Harry with a triumphant look.)

Sir Harry: Colosso, my boy, you look "all wise" in that royal purple Roman toga. Ha! Ha! And watch yourself because you must have enough gold on you to bring out the pirate in anyone... living or dead.

Colosso: *(Looking very pleased.)* Good to see you, Harry. You have a certain witty perceptiveness that I enjoy and a definitely unique way with words.

Sir Harry: You know we invented English and you Americans have never conquered it... *(Seeing a look of disapproval on the face of Colosso, he speaks in a playful voice.)* Except maybe for you, Colosso.

Colosso: Very astute, but drop the maybe! Harry, I know you don't mind my coming over early to better command the preparations for my party.

Sir Harry: Tu estas en tu casa!¹

Colosso: Of course. Have you been over to closely observe the flawless bronze and gold statue of me?

Sir Harry: I laid myself before your image. Since I have never seen God, you at least let me better comprehend the concept.

Colosso: Ha! Ha! I do enjoy you! Did you like it?

Sir Harry: Awe is the word to participate in the homage to a 550- foot tall gold and bronze statue of anyone, let alone you. It's really overwhelming to mere members of the human race. The huge gold

¹ **Tu estas en tu casa.** You are in your house. It is a common Spanish expression to make a visitor feel comfortable visiting your home.

inlaid sandals and belt give it a real touch of class. To hear the larger than Big Ben² bells go off every hour in perfect synchronization with your voice to give the time is... well, just plain inspiring.

Colosso: It stands guard over the campus! My campus! It was developed to last forever and to need essentially no upkeep. It will be 16,000 to 20,000 years before it may even need a minor overhaul.

Sir Harry: Incredible! The double head is unique and so impressive. One is overseeing the campus and the other, ruling over the football program as it faces into the stadium! Real class! The personification of pure legitimate power!



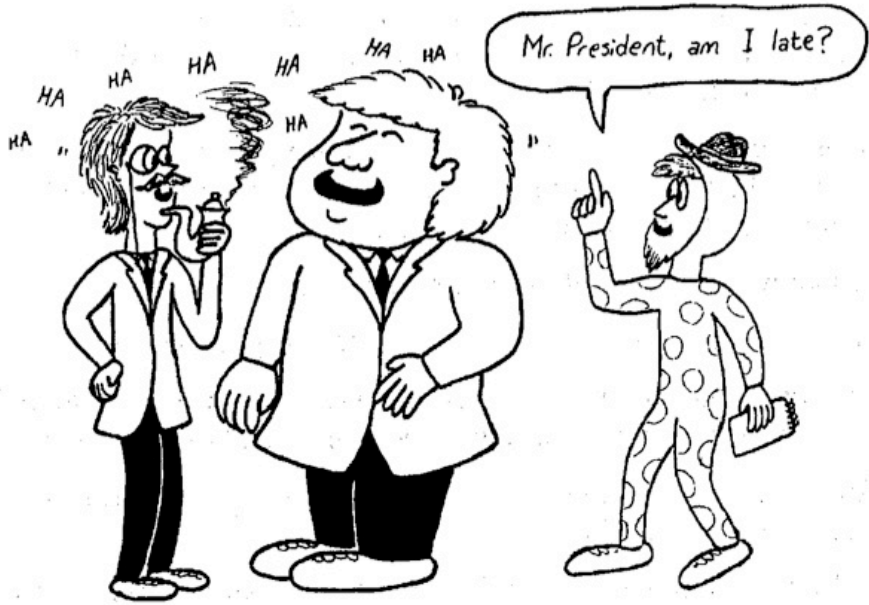
Colosso: Totally true on all points! Tuffy Norkas³ ... that damnable football coach doesn't like it, but who cares... Certainly not me! (*Said strongly and with emphasis on the "!"*.) I am the President. I like it, therefore it is and will continue as long as I desire... and that is forever... No damn football coach will ever intimidate or distract me from my holy mission to make State University of America the greatest university in the world. I and State merge into one colossal entity of unrivaled greatness!

² **Big Ben.** Famous clock with chimes in London. ³ **Tuffy Norkus.** The football coach . in the drama of John H. Braccio, "*The Football Coach and the University President*" or "*Power Play at State University of America*".

Sir Harry: Absolutely! And, what a glorious and incomparable president you are! I feel honored to have my home take on, even if only briefly, your glory by having the post-celebration party here of the coronation of your Roman clothed bronze and gold look- alike. The great Caesar himself would indeed be jealous of his more majestic and successful than himself cousin, President Colosso Michaelangelo Assassino... however, even he would happily and humbly bow to your obvious superiority.

Colosso: *(He is chuckling and apparently very pleased.)* Ho! Ho! You're right, you know! Since I consider all the English pirates, you're a special pirate who only speaks the truth in a high-minded and fair manner.

Skip Goon: *(Dressed in a skin tight bright orange, purple and chartreuse polka-dot suit and skull cap, Skip runs into the house and finds Colosso. While panting and sweating profusely, his eyes are twitching as he nervously is*



staring into the eyes of Colosso, as if awestruck.) Mr. President, am I late?

Sir Harry: *(Skip ignores Sir Harry and reverently just waits for a response from his colossal hero.)* Hello to you also, Skip.

Colosso: I wanted you here early to see the guests enter... and you've made the grade... *(looking at his \$150,000.00 artisan crafted watch made*

from Roman era gold and diamonds) even if you might have been here a little earlier.

Sir Harry: *(Said louder.)* Hello to you, Skip. *(Skip ignores him.)*

Skip: *(Said with solemn sincerity.)* I promise to come earlier next time. Where do I stand?

Sir Harry: *(Speaking to himself.)* Hopefully, in the outhouse.

Colosso: *(Looking at Skip and extending his arm in the direction of Sir Harry.)* Skippy, Sir Harry has said hello to you.

Skip: *(Not even looking away from Colosso, Skip speaks.)* Oh, hello. *(He looks intently at Colosso and speaks with reverence.)* Mr. President, where do I stand?

Sir Harry: *(Said to himself)* Skippy, my tiny toad, you certainly have no standing in the human race.

Colosso: Skip, my good lad, I want you always in the corners of this *(looking around the house)*, my post-coronation celebration home. Observe, say little and write the memorable events of today vigorously and truthfully. I will review what you write... and of course, give you helpful suggestions on what must be done to get my approval... as I always do.

Skip: *(Said with great emotion.)* I'm so proud to be here! All the combined emotions of all men that have lived cannot touch the level of emotions I feel by supporting you,

Sir Harry: And what about the rib species?⁴

Skip: *(Looking bewildered.)* Ah... What do you mean?

Sir Harry: You said men... why not include women? Or would their emotions in conjunction with men be more than how you feel?

Skip: *(Said with exasperation.)* Oh, please, Sir Harry. I said men in the sense of all mankind.

Sir Harry: *(Said to himself)* The hippy clown said mankind. *(Said so Skip can hear.)* Is this the same Skip Goon that I know is perceived by many as a misplaced hippy disciple of Timothy O'Leary⁵... and who represents the worst of the sixties and demands politically correct diction be used at all times?

⁴ **rib species.** In the Old Testament, God made Eve from Adam's Rib. ⁵ **Timothy O'Leary.** 1960s leader of the hippy drug culture.

Skip: *(Said with anger.)* You'll not trick me! I'm too smart for you. *(Skip stammers in exasperation as his eyes are squinting.)* You... you ...

Sir Harry: Hal Ha! If that be true, then cats rule the world and you're a God! *(In a tone that could be perceived as mocking or playful.)* We also know you equally hate men and women that don't agree with your tiny little politically correct views.

Skip: *(Looking and sounding confused.)* What?... What?..; What do you mean?

Colosso: *(Looking very bored and annoyed.)* Skippy, just tell Harry you meant men and women.

Skip: *(Looking at Colosso.)* Yes, sir. *(Looking at Sir Harry.)* I meant men and women: You can't fool me! No, by cracky. *(He looks to Colosso for approval.)*

Colosso: There's certainly a purpose for your life. God has colossal plans for you.

Sir Harry: Skippy, it appears God has given you the honor to observe firsthand the glory of Colosso. He does great deeds and you record them. *(Colosso smiles in the background with the glow of agreement.)*

Skip: I pray what you say is true. Otherwise, my life is meaningless.

Sir Uarry: I'm sure Colosso will answer that and you'll know what he says is the truth.

Skip: Absolutely.

(In comes Mark Hill, the photographer of President Assassino. As always, he appears very nervous in the presence of Colosso.)

Mark Hill: Mr. President, I'm here.

Colosso: *(Said indignantly.)* And so is my shoe! Get the cameras ready!

Mark Hill: *(Saluting as if in the service.)* Yes, sir!

Colosso: A pool of stagnant poisoned drinking water is more useful to mankind than you! Why I put up with you is beyond me.

Skip: *(Skip has the look of a vulture going for the meal that Colosso killed for him.)* I'd fire such an incompetent in a minute. It's simply a measure of your mercy you keep him around.

Sir Harry: Skippy, your statement makes me swear you're a real piece of work! Uniquely you... and in fairness, that was a state- ment that made the point.

Skip: Only if my President thinks so. Do you sir?

Colosso: I do... I do... Oh, yes, I do.

Mark: Are you upset, Mr. President?

Colosso: Upset? No, because I'm aware of your multiple imper- fections of character and skill. But, I demand better than your best and will extract it or you will be gone and delivered into a life of pathetic nothingness.

Sir Harry: *(With a voice that could be sincere or subtly humorous.)* Shape up, Mark, or I believe you'll be as a withered mouse trying to withstand the attack of an enraged mighty lion.

Colosso: Quite an analogy!

Skip: Agreed! Colosso always notices everything!

Mark: *(Looking at Colosso and said in a pleading voice.)* I'll try to do my best. I know I always fail but please let me have another try... please!

Colosso: *(Looking at Mark.)* A try you have... but do not even do the tiniest of things to make me mad and get into a firing mood.

Mark: *(Standing at attention and trembling with nervousness.)* Just tell me what to do!

Colosso: You're to be everywhere and bother no one. You're to seek the perfect picture of me and go for it! Your goal in life is to take the perfect picture of me... The President of State University of America.

Mark: Oh, I promise I'll try my best.

Skip: *(He laughs and by slightly altering his nasal childlike high pitched voice, he uses a bizarre mocking tone to maliciously attack Mark.)* Ha! And that can be bad indeed.



Mark: (*Looking at Colosso.*) Don't listen to him, I'll do my best.

Colosso: Indeed, you must or painful oblivion will be your little fate.

Skip: Hal Hal Exactly.

Sir Harry: Skippy, you seem mean-spirited today.

Skip: I'm not! I only demand our President receive the best from his photographer. Isn't that right, my President?

Colosso: Of course, but let me handle Mark. Your job here today is to cover the continuing celebration of the coronation of my identical look-alike statue. Your report will be a great deed and brilliant journalism for an important journalist like yourself. Centuries from now, people will read of this day and note you wrote about it. You will be like Pliny the Younger,⁶ who left a personal recollection of the destruction of Pompeii⁷ by Mt. Vesuvius⁸ over two thousand years ago. What a legacy you'll leave to your future namesakes over the world.

Skip: Oh, yes... oh, yes... indeed. Oh, yes... oh, yes... oh, my... oh, my, etc.

Colosso: (*Snapping his fingers and pointing in the direction of the entrance.*) Go to it, Skip!

Skip: (*Skip's eyes blink, he comes to sloppy attention and quickly gets ready to leave the room.*) I'll go greet the people who come.

⁶ **Pliny the Younger.** (A.D. 62?- 113?) Roman consul and writer. He wrote famous letters, including an eye witness description of the eruption of Mt. Vesuvius when it destroyed Pompeii. ⁷ **Pompeii.** City in ancient Rome that was destroyed in 79 A.D. by a volcano eruption of Mt. Vesuvius. ⁸ Mt. Vesuvius. Still active volcano in southern Italy.

Colosso: Very good idea. You can check the pulse of the community's leadership and way beyond. Destiny continues to beckon you to greatness!

Skip: Oh, yes... Oh, yes. I'll do my best to meet my fate. *(He scampers off with the look and enthusiasm of a terrified field mouse with a mighty eagle in pursuit.)*

Sir Harry: *(Said after being obviously very annoyed at Skip.)* How you can tolerate that vomit masquerading as a human being is beyond me.

Colosso: And who's mean-spirited?

Sir Harry: To be one hundred percent accurate is not being mean-spirited. Being kind to him would be like Israel making Hitler her symbol for human kindness, tolerance and commitment to help the Jewish nation. If he were even a little bit brighter or there were more than one of him, I'm sure the Roman Catholic Church would for a brief time mercifully reinstitute the Inquisition.⁹

Colosso: When you put it that way, it's impossible to argue with you. However, he tries to be helpful and I pity him. His tiny insignificant life has some meaning when I assign him to tasks at important parties like this one here today:

Sir Harry: *(Said in a playful voice.)* Using him as fertilizer poison to kill venomous rats in the field would be more appropriate, but let us enjoy your great day and not drag it down to Hades¹⁰ by talking about the ultimate goon... Skippy "Little Rooster" Goon.

Colosso: Ha!Ha! Agreed. We also will go sometime to both of the soon to be opened "1,000 star universe class" restaurants in the heads of my statue.

Sir Harry: What will you name them?

Colosso: The people in the state and around the world sent countless personal letters to me and demanded the restaurants be named after me. I fought it, but have accepted the verdict of my people. They are *El Gran Colosso I* and *El Gran Colosso II*. The world's greatest chef, Pierre LaFord, is coming from France to be the executive chef. The support from the people is limitless as are the funds for Pierre and the restaurants.

⁹ **Inquisition.** A tribunal formerly held in the Roman Catholic Church to seek out and punish heretics.

¹⁰ **Hades.** Hell in Greek Mythology.

Sir Harry: How easily you accept God ordained greatness and human deference to your magnanimity and majesty. In a country like England, where greatness and bloodlines are acknowledged, you would be a King, if not a God to out-rival Zeus¹¹ on Olympus.¹²

Colosso: Ho! Ho! I must hand it to you, you do say some most appropriate and perceptive truths. I just do my best for the people.

Sir Harry: And that you do... let's have a drink to that.

Colosso: Great idea.

Sir Harry: But I plead with you... allow it to be a brandy from the best stock of Napoleon¹³ himself. I last used some with the King of Spain, when he gave me an award for my work with the Real Academia Espaiiola de la Lengua.¹⁴

Colosso: Seems like the most appropriate use of the brandy to me. In fact, some of the French scholars on campus told me today my statue has a definite Napoleonic presence to it.

Sir Harry: Hmm... of course, you need to correct them and say the best of Napoleon has an "Assassinoesque" presence.

Colosso: Very good point. I will use that truism if ever I hear such a stupid statement again. Harry, you do have a way with words.

Sir Harry: But limited in comparison with you.

Colosso: True, but a way with words when leaving me out of the comparison.

Sir Harry: (*Sir Harry prepares the drinks and says the toast.*) When all living creatures are dust, as well as those born in the coming thousands of years, your identical look-alike statue will stand as a symbol to mere human beings of what can happen when God joins his strengths with those of a man such as you! Would you like to add something Colosso?

Colosso: What more need I say other than "amen"? Salute!

(*They hit their glasses and drink.*)

End of Scene

¹¹ **Zeus.** King of the Gods in Greek Mythology. His name was Jupiter in Roman Mythology.

¹² **Olympus.** The highest point in Greece and where Zeus and the other dieties of Greek Mythology lived.

¹³ **Napoleon.** Napoleon Bonaparte. (1769-1821) Brilliant general and Emperor of the French.

¹⁴ **Real Academia Espanola de la Lengua.** The Royal Academy of the Spanish Language.

Scene 5

(The setting is the living room of Sir Harry's home. The occasion is the most select post-party celebrating the earlier in the day coronation of the 550-foot tall statue of President Assassino on campus. People from all over the academic and artistic world were in attendance at the event of worldwide interest and significance. To match the occasion, President Assassino is wearing the world's largest and most expensive diamond ring, as well as a priceless finely engraved pure gold crown and sword. To make the crown and sword even more magnificent, they are encrusted with the highest quality diamonds and rubies. He is dressed in a magnificent Roman toga to exactly duplicate the statue. Skip Goon electrified the crowd by jumping off the top of the statue in an exciting bungee jump. As he dove, he screamed out in his loud, childlike whiny voice that he was jumping to be a symbol of the freedom and glory President Assassino brings to State University of America with his massive intellect and enormous worldwide prestige. Skip was symbolically dressed as a savage. He had his body painted in many bright colors and only wore a primitive handmade loin cloth. He wanted to show how inferior all other human intellects were in contrast to that of the urbane, magnificently dressed and limitlessly brilliant President Assassino. To many, Skip certainly proved his inferiority to probably all other human beings. Persons are beginning to enter the house. Skip, Mark, Colosso and Sir Harry are together.)

Skip: *(Said as he looks at Colosso with the awestruck look of the "True Believer".)* Mr. President, how did I do?

Colosso: You did fine. People loved it. Your commitment is stupendous.

Sir Harry: *(Said in a humorous tone.)* Commitment to an institution is the right use of the word.

Skip: What do you mean? Is that tone negative?

Sir Harry: Skippy my boy, how sensitive you are to a mere funny play on words. Who could think you looked silly playing a painted savage in a loin cloth jumping from the statue of Colosso on a bungee... yelling undying loyalty to him and saying you only demonstrated how inferior were mere human beings to President Assassino?

Skip: *(With a look of satisfied agreement.)* Ah... I guess you're right. I'm just sensitive to the absurd lie about me that I can't distinguish between friends and enemies.



Colosso: Of course you are. Your eminent place in today's events is well-known by all who were there for the awe inspiring coronation. Don't be so sensitive and get ready to greet the guests and prepare your report.

Skip: *(Colosso has him inspired and spellbound. He jumps to attention and speaks with great enthusiasm.)* Yes, sir! Have I let you down by being too sensitive? I feel horrible.

Colosso: *(Holding Skip's hands and looking deeply into his emotion loaded little beady eyes.)* Skippy, my good boy, I'm not disappointed with you mid only want you to feel positive and do your important work today and not worry... Now, *(snapping his fingers and pointing to the door)* let's get to it with gusto!

Skip: Yes, sir! I'll get right to the door and greet the guests.

Colosso: That's my loyal and always effective Skip.

Skip: (*With' the idiotic look of the "True Believer" Skip runs off looking into the eyes of Colosso and repeatedly saying he'll not let his President down.*) My President, I'll not let you down, etc.

Sir Harry: (*Speaking to himself as Colosso looks at Mark.*) It lives andc! an't figure out why. Until I smelled the stink of his breath, I really thought it was a spectacularly effective therapy tool in which people could work out pent up aggression on something so revolting that it would bring out rage in even the most docile of God's creatures. If St. Francis of Assisil had spent time with him, he would now be known as Murdering Francis of Assisi. (*Speaking philosophically and more for himself*) How thin is the line. between being a saint or a colossal sinner.

Colosso: (*Colosso has been overhearing the statements of Sir Harry.*) As I've said in the past, it's simply his loyalty to me and his perceptiveness to mylegitimateneds that endear me to such a loathsome creature.

Sir Harry: He is then analogous to the idiot savant² who, while having minimal skills in all other areas, can multiply nine digit numbers with ease.

Colosso: An excellent analogy. Oh look, here comes our friend, Distinguished Professor Enrique Mendez and his beautiful daughter, Melinda. (*With a look of disdain on his face.*) Who... or maybe what is that jock-looking fellow with her?

Sir Harry: Just what you said... nothing more and nothing less.

Enrique: (*Said to obviously flatter.*) Colosso, you were magnificent today and you look even greater in your noble Roman purple. You look a perfect combination of the genius of VirgiP and Caesar.

Colosso: (*Colosso is greatly flattered and is purring like a well-fed rested kitten.*) I know. you speak from the heart and with great insight.

¹ **St. Francis of Assisi.** (1182-1226) Roman Catholic saint who was famous for gentleness. ² **idiot savant.** A mentally retarded person who demonstrates isolated genius in such highly specialized areas as music or math. ³ **Virgil.** (B.C. 70-19) Publius Vergilius Maro. Greatest poet of Ancient Rome who wrote its national Epic: *The Aeneid.*

Enrique: And how are you, Sir Harry?

Sir Harry: I'm fine as we bask in the glory of Colosso's great day.

Enrique: A most appropriate way to put it. You both know my daughter, Melinda... and Colosso, I introduce to you *(with a frown on his face)* a friend of hers, Big Load.

Colosso: *(Kissing her hand.)* Melinda, your youthful and priceless beauty make glorious sunrises on Pacific islands seem dull and irrelevant as examples of beauty on earth. As for you, *(looking at Big Load)* I hope your brain is as big as your body.

Big Load: *(Scratching his head and looking bewildered.)* Gee, that would be impossible.

Sir Harry: Don't worry, it was simply an idiomatic expression that you needn't take literally.

Big Load: Uh... Uh... Yes, for sure. *(Scratching his head and looking confused.)* Gosh, is that good?

Sir Harry: For sure. And now, you two lovebirds go somewhere else to chirp while we talk business.

Melinda & Big Load: Good idea. **Big Load:** Oh, no, here comes Glen.

Melinda: Oh, no, is right!

Enrique: Why? What do you mean?... He's a fine young man. His mother's a gem and his deceased father was a brilliant psychologist.

Melinda: *(Appearing agitated.)* You'd never understand. He's a brute.

Enrique: Melinda, are we talking about the same person?

Melinda: Absolutely.

Enrique: But please tell me why?

Melinda: Do you really want to know?

Sir Harry: *(Sir Harry moves in quickly to have Melinda and Big Load leave the area to end the conversation. For his plans, all had been going well.)* Let us enjoy Colosso's great moment of glorious destiny and not deal with the complaints of young lovers.

Melinda: And legitimate complaints they are. I hate Glen!

Enrique: Por favor! Pórtate con dignidad. Tu me representas!⁴

Melinda: (*Feeling very guilty.*) Perdóname, Papa.⁵ I apologize to all of you for being rude. I know we're here to celebrate President Assassino's big day.

Sir Harry: Well said! (*Speaking philosophically.*) Spanish may not be Italian, but it's a good second choice to use when feeling romantic or angry.

Enrique: (*Looking somewhat annoyed.*) Well, I'm not so sure of that. Sir

Harry: (*Wanting greatly to change the tone of the conversation.*) Just a thought... they're both beautiful.

Enrique: Agreed!

Sir Harry: Let's join the people coming in and not let young persons with their arguments disturb us. This is Colosso's grand day ... indubitably the greatest day in the history of education and engineering marvels!

Colosso: Exactly! The party is why we're here and let's begin in earnest!

End of scene

⁴ Por favor! Pórtate con dignidad. Tu me representas. Please! Behave with dignity. You represent me! ⁵ Perdóname, Papa. Father, forgive me.

Scene 6

(The party has been going for some hours and the time for it to end is near, so Sir Harry decides to take the opportunity to speak and ask Colosso to say some words about his great day and how he feels about what has occurred. He goes to the front of the room, raises his hand and asks in a loud voice for their attention.)

Sir Harry: Silence, please. Friends of Colosso! *(Looking at Colosso.)* Let us take a moment and ask him to speak on his great day... a day when the reality of his human magnificence was acknowledged by a human race which is generally jealous and slow to recognize greatness in such a spectacularly gifted human being. I believe we can say his genuine humility and overwhelming human genius are such that the rest of us are both in awe and proud that God joined forces with him to make the world a better place for all of us. *(All of a sudden a person loudly falls.)* What's happened?

Glen: *(Said in a surprised voice.)* Skip's fainted. He's coming to now.

Sir Harry: *(Sir Harry walks to him, bends down, grabs his neck, pulls him toward him, slaps his face as he speaks and drops his head on the ground.)* Skip, are you better?



Skip: Ah! Ah! (*Skip lifts his head and has a look as if he had seen God.*) Yes, I was just overwhelmed with emotion about the glory of Colosso and how lucky I am to know him and live in his lifetime.

Sir Harry: (*He stands up and again speaks to the group.*) Skip, your from-the-heart statement of your feelings about Colosso is the perfect introduction for us to hear some words from the greatest university president in human history... Dr. Colosso Michelangelo Assassino. (*Everyone claps with enthusiasm.*) And now, I present to you, the one and only, the world's premier leader in education and the model for us on how to live most effectively... (*said very slowly and articulating each syllable*) President Colosso Michelangelo Assassino... (*Everyone applauds and cheers louder.*) A person many call the eighth wonder¹ of the universe and the greatest of the group! (*All applaud even more loudly as Colosso triumphantly comes forward to speak in his most distinctive and magnificent Roman toga.*)



Colosso: (*He halfheartedly motions with his hands to have the group stop applauding. He waits awhile and again halfheartedly*

¹ eighth wonder. The ancient world was famous for the "Seven Wonders of the World".

asks them to stop applauding. As the applause begins to weaken, he strongly motions to them to stop their applause and begins speaking after the last applause ends.) Loyal friends... one and all... to have you keep applauding would eventually hurt your helping hands, and that is not our purpose for being here today. Because you are the most helpful, influential and committed to my many projects for making the world better for all human beings, you are a glorious component of the triumphant realization today of the coronation of the great bronze and gold statue in my identical image. While it is made in my image and reflects the total refinement of the best human traits that God gave to mankind, it only is a large three dimensional snapshot of me... and I plan on being available in person to such men and women as yourselves as I use your funds and support to make your greatest dreams come true. *(Pointing in the direction of the lake.)* Near the water, I have set up art souvenirs that I will be marketing worldwide pertaining to my statue. We will leave here now and observe them. *(Looking at Skip.)* Skippy, can you help? Are you up to it?

Skip: *(Raising his thumbs and jerking them in the air repeatedly, he yells out "Yes" two times.)* Yes! Yes!

Colosso: Good. This means my loyal helper, Skip Goon, will take any orders for those of you who cannot wait until the official market time begins tomorrow. For a mere tripling of the regular price, you will have my personal autograph on everything sold today. May God be good to each and every one of you as he has in making available to the world the statue you wanted to be created. No check is too big and I have change for many bills as large as ten thousand.

(Everyone but Glen has gone with Colosso to the lake to look at the art souvenirs that Colosso will be selling and distributing world-wide. He feels horrible because Big Load is with Melinda and she will not even acknowledge he is alive. He is sunk in a chair and totally depressed. All of a sudden, a radiant Melinda comes back from the lake to look for her purse and sees Glen in his forlorn state.)

Glen: *(He jumps to his feet in shock and immediately falls back in the chair in a very self-conscious manner.)* For all the things I've done to you, I apologize and deserve your hatred.

Melinda: *(Feeling sorry for Glen in his obvious forlorn state.)* Do you mean it?

Glen: *(Obviously overwhelmed with emotion with her speaking kindly to him.)* I do and... *(he stops speaking as if in fear.)*

Melinda: *(Seeing the fear in Glen and wanting to hear what he has to say.)* Glen, tell me what you were going to say.

Glen: I'm afraid to say what I'm thinking.

Melinda: *(With hurt and frustration in her voice.)* After your terrible note about control and power, I'm surprised I'm even talking to you.

Glen: I'm sorry... I'm hopeless.

Melinda: You are..

Glen: *(Said with great emotion.)* I just love you more than how beautiful God makes morning dew, spring days and ocean sunsets. I was a king because you gave me my kingdom. The six months I spent with you taught me the meaning of true love. Doors of feeling and passion were opened for the first time and I was so happy. Now I'm nothing and so miserable... from a king to a bum. *(He tries hard to hold back the tears.)*

Melinda: Do you mean it?

Glen: *(Said with great passion.)* More than I ever meant anything. A year of love with you would be better than a lifetime without you... 1... no, a trillion lifetimes...

Melinda: What's wrong Glen?

Glen: *(His voice cracks with emotion and he nearly cries.)* Please forgive me. Please love me again as you did. *(He clenches his fists and raises them to the sky. His eyes are closed and he is obviously in horrible emotional pain.)* I'll do anything... anything... please forgive me and love me.

Melinda: I want to... but why did you write me that burned brain macho note?

Glen: I'm sorry... I told Sir Harry you'd hate it.

Melinda: Besides sending it, what does Sir Harry have to do with this?

Glen: We discussed it and he really liked it.

Melinda: (*Obviously surprised.*) He actually discussed such a crazy macho note and approved of it? ·

Glen: Yes. You seem surprised.

Melinda:(*With a knowing look on her face.*) He also sent me a note from Big Load. I received both of them this morning and shortly before Big Load called me about his.

Glen: What!

Melinda:(*Looking through her purse, she pulls out a piece of paper and hands it to him. He begins to read it to himself, stops and looks at her with a look of shock on his face.*) Dearest Melinda, it has my name on it, but I didn't send this atrocious... atrocious... (*he angrily rips it and throws it on the ground*) disgusting macho bullshit.

Melinda: (*She hands him another piece of paper and speaks with a warm voice and expression.*) Is this yours?

Glen:(*He begins reading it to himself and tears come to his eyes. He speaks with a wavering voice filled with emotion.*) Except for some changes, this is mine and I mean every word. (*He speaks in Spanish*) Te quiero con todo mi corazón. Contigo, soy todo... sin ti, soy nada... absolutamente nada. Como te quiero.²

Melinda: (*Said with great emotion.*) Oh Glen, I do love you also! You're wonderful. I've only been with Big Load because I was angry with you and wanted to hurt you like you had hurt me. (*She goes to him and hugs him deeply and speaks in a warm angelic-like voice that would turn the raging anger of General George Patton³ into the innocent love of a Raphael⁴ Cherub.* ⁵ *Glen goes to her, hugs her and breaks into compulsive crying.*) Everything will be okay. Shhh... don't cry. I love you... Everything will be okay.

² **Te quiero con todo mi corazón. Contigo, soy todo... sin ti, soy nada... absolutamente nada. Como te quiero.** I love you with my whole heart. With you, I am complete... without you I am nothing... absolutely nothing. How I love you. ³ **General George Patton.** (1885-1945) American general in WWII who was noted for his brashness and fits of anger. ⁴ **Raphael.** (1483-1520) Italian painter of the High Renaissance. ⁵ **Cherub.** A young winged angel.



Glen: I've
and I've deserved it.

suffered so much...

Melinda: Nonsense. You're a wonderful sensitive man in a world of macho brutes.

Glen: (*Crying.*) Oh, how happy I am. This makes the hurt worth it. Tell me you'll always love me.

Melinda: Hasta el final del mundo!⁶

Glen: What does that mean?

Melinda: Oh, silly you. I'll love you until the end of the world... and you trying to talk of your love for me in Spanish.

Glen: I wanted to talk to you in the language of your family. (*Said with great emotion.*) Between tears and crying spells, I have practiced those phrases countless thousands of times.

Melinda: You did great... I appreciate them so much and love you so. You big teddy bear you. You even had a Cuban accent... you were so cute.

⁶ **Hasta el final del mundo!** Until the end of the world.

(Sir Harry has been watching for the past few minutes.)

Sir Harry: Every time I find you two love birds, you're in great passion... but now, the always tantalizing passion of adolescent love is shared. Hooray for another victory of instinct over reason! Enjoy your love and praise your Sir Harry! The switching of the letters was like the pea that bruised the princess under the many mattresses.⁷ I tested Melinda's love and intuition and she met the test!

Melinda: *(Said haltingly and really questioning if that were the intent of Sir Harry.)* Sir Harry, have we got you?

Sir Harry: Absolutely not! You've succeeded beyond my dreams. Your beauty, intelligence and commitment to the gallant youth I consider my only son are as rare as a Venus⁸-bred black swan.⁹

Melinda & Glen: *(Said sharply.)* Sir Harry!

(Unknown by Glen, Sir Harry and Melinda, Mary has been watching and listening with amusement. She begins speaking and they all look at her with surprised looks.)

Mary: This is why I love my Sir Harry. First he's foiled in his plan to save Glen from Melinda... and he's now seeking credit for their being together.

Sir Harry: Assaulted also by my greatest defender! The knife goes no dyeper, but the pain is so much greater.

Melinda: *(Said with a melodiously warm and caring voice.)* Sir Harry, you're the hero.

Sir Harry: A black swan who sings words with the strength, beauty and clarity of Mario Lanza!

Glen: Melinda, what do you mean?

Melinda: Isn't our love and happiness greater because of the switching of the signatures?

Glen: But...

⁷ **the pea that bruised the princess under the many mattresses.** From the fairy tale where the princess proved her royalty when she was bruised by a pea that was placed below many mattresses upon which she slept. ⁸ **Venus.** The Roman Goddess of beauty and love. ⁹ **black swan.** Signifies something very rare.

Melinda: Glen!

Glen: Yes, dear.

Sir Harry: (*Said to himself*) Oh, no. The training now begins.

Melinda: (*She hugs Sir Harry and gives him a kiss on the cheek.*) Thank you very much for your clever test. Knowing and watching you over the years gave me the model to find the truth.

Sir Harry: (*Sir Harry is very flattered by the socially sophisticated Melinda.*) She's an angel!

Glen: (*Laughing.*) This is incredible. Sir Harry is praising my Melinda.

Mary: Sir Harry, we all love you in spite of things you say and do.

Sir Harry: (*Ignoring the obvious intent of her words.*) And that is your great strength. In spite of the pain that correction gives, it's necessary.

Mary: Oh, Harry! (*She hugs him, winks to Glen and Melinda.*) As the saying goes, let's just say "all's well that ends well".

Sir Harry: Exactly!

Glen: We're leaving now. (*Looking at his mother and said with a voice of tender happiness.*) Can you tell Big Load my glorious Melinda is leaving with me and I'm the happiest and luckiest man that will ever live?

Sir Harry: (*Sir Harry moves forward, faces Glen and speaks firmly.*) No! I'll handle this. I brought you together and I'll make sure that muscle-bound Bozo doesn't bother either of you. I also know a girl who idolizes muscles and will find much that she and Big Load can idolize together. Leave it to me!

Glen & Melinda: (*Said with joy.*) We will... and Sir Harry, we love you. (*Melinda goes and kisses Sir Harry on the cheek.*)

Sir Harry: You two love each other... (*said with warmth and humor*) but of course, you can love me too. (*They leave.*)

Mary: (*She hugs Sir Harry and gets ready for a kiss.*) Speaking of love, I love you, too. Give me a kiss.

Sir Harry: Oh, no. The "L" word again... Mary...

Mary: Oh, shut up! *(She gives him a long kiss.)*

End of Scene

Scene 7

(Mary is sitting and Sir Harry is making a fancy drink at his bar. The time is after the party for Colosso has ended and Sir Harry believes all the guests have gone.)

Sir Harry: What a day! Poor Glen is ecstatic as he placed himself into the merciless satin-like hands of Melinda. Ha! Ha!... and old Colosso had a great day! What an egotistical bastard... but so very entertaining. Ha! Ha! That bastard's in love with his own statue. Ha! Ha!

Mary: Honey, do you love me?

Sir Harry: "Honey", what a disarming word... and the "L" word again.

Mary: Well, do you or not?

Sir Harry: That Emilio started this!

Mary: Not true. Tell me, please.

Sir Harry: Ha! Ha! Very funny. If love is being dutiful, caring and helping you whenever I can, then I love you.

Mary: You know what I mean.

Sir Harry: I do not. Women like words and men like deeds. Men build buildings and literally kill themselves making the world better for the women who loathe them for it. Women use words to destroy the soul and will of men to fight.

Mary: What's the answer, Harry?

Sir Harry: I love you not by what I say, but what I do.

Mary: Oh Harry, you're so boring and intellectual.

Sir Harry: Thank you! At Oxford, that was a compliment.

Mary: But Harry, we're not at Oxford. A woman wants to be looked at with passion, touched and told how beautiful she is. Why don't you say and do these things?

Sir Harry: I caught you when you almost fell yesterday and you know you're beautiful! You see, I dutifully hugged you and secured your person when you would have fallen. You speak such nonsense! Why do you persist in your questions? I love you in the most important ways and that is that. Any lying scoundrel can tell a woman he loves her and she foolishly believes him as he steals her love and fortune... and a loyal and wonderful man like me is brutally badgered and quizzed about love! I could easily satisfy fifty women, but have chosen you and still you complain. Even a God would lose patience... but I do not... *(said with humor in his voice)* because I'm Sir Harry.

Mary: *(Crying.)* I so want you to love me with your whole heart.

Sir Harry: *(Speaking in exasperation.)* My whole heart! I promise you my mind is bigger, more developed and much better for you than a big false-hearted clown who uses just words to blind you to his flaws. And besides, crying without purpose is not an efficient use of your emotions.

Mary: Oh Harry! Please.

Sir Harry: What in God's universe have I done? Loving you is a crime and I've committed it. I remember the Blitz over London fondly in comparison to your relentless attacks! Is your incessant blitzing harassment of me the penalty? You'll not seduce me into succumbing to some belief construct you have about what love is. You're with me... I've chosen you out of all the women in the world. Be happy and proud! You're the winner. The manipulators, the false damsels in distress, the feminazis, the bozos, bimbos, bimbettes, and all the rest lost and you won. You need to crack out the champagne and applaud yourself for winning me in competition with nearly two and a half billion women. Think of the odds and how special you must be... and think of my kindness to spend so much time with a member of the female species. *(Speaking dramatically.)* Your victory is complete and I'm with you! *(Clapping his hands.)* Ole! Ole!

Mary: Oh, Harry. I'm happy and proud. I really do love you, in spite of how impossible you are. Even your calling me a member of the female species and not your love is understood.

Sir Harry: Spoken like a reasonable woman who has risen to her highest level of development through her love of me. Being charmingly impossible is the key to you loving me. I knew it, you win.

(Unnoticed, Glen has been enjoying the conversation.)

Glen: Did I hear the cynical and forever free bachelor, Sir Harry, speaking of love to my mother? The same Sir Harry who has said men in love are fools that do not realize that women are like street signs and on every corner!

Sir Harry: Glen, my love stricken and confused boy, you missed the point.

Mary: Don't hurt me, Harry.

Sir Harry: Both of you are childlike. *(Looking at Glen.)* I said to be charmingly impossible is the key to a man being loved by a woman of your mother's lofty caliber.

Glen: A wordsmith adding words and trying to get out of a jam.

Sir Harry: Never! Mary knows she's charming, classy and beautiful. Why say the obvious? I'd certainly not be with a lesser creature. All women are impossible. I've simply chosen the least impossible of the slippery-tongued vagabond crew we call women.

Mary: Oh, Harry!

Sir Harry: *(Looking at Glen.)* I'm charmingly impossible. Your mother accepts that and loves it in me. I love her by being there when she needs me and by taking care of the little problems that overwhelm her. I'm the indisputable “*número uno*” top flight partner for her.

Emilio: *(Emilio enters, looks at Sir Harry and speaks.)* Do I hear the voice of “*el niño lindo*” or “*the good guy*” talking about his great strengths?

Sir Harry: Exactly! I'm the constant hero of my truthful stories.

Emilio: You love Mary. Why not just admit it! Que cabezón tu eres.¹

Sir Harry: Another one? I admit it!

Glen: But on your terms.

Sir Harry: (*Said with a firm voice.*) Absolutely. (*Looking at Emilio.*) What do you need?

Emilio: Just picking up electrical supplies left from the party.

Sir Harry: Y donde está Don Perfecto, El Gran Presidente?²

Emilio: (*Said in a playful voice.*) You don't mean our President?

Sir Harry: Again saying a lot to me about your feelings. You know who I mean and you know what he is. I have often seen you looking intently at him with a knowing look.

Emilio: I don't know what you mean.

Sir Harry: Of course you do. You have the weathered look of the experienced warrior³ and not that of the janitor.

Glen: Let's get back to your love for my mother.

Sir Harry: Oh, no! That topic again? How the pure of spirit suffer on this planet!

Harriet: (*In comes Sir Harry's lifelong friend who came from London to cover the coronation of Colosso's statue.*) What's this? Harry in love with anyone besides his beloved self? Never. Just too selfish. Isn't that right, Harry?

Sir Harry: Oh, no. While the source of the infernal racket coming from that gossipy forked tongue is a constant lifelong annoyance, the message is true!

Emilio: (*Looking at Harriet and speaking.*) It seems he's admitted he loves her.

¹ **Que cabezon tu eres.** Literally-What a big head you are. English equivalent-You are so hard headed or bull headed. ² **Y donde está Don Perfecto, El Gran Presidente?** And where is Mr. Perfect, the great President. ³ **You have the weathered look of the experienced warrior.** Harry does not know how right he is in his analysis of Emilio. For those who read the drama of John H. Braccio, "*The Football Coach and the University President*" or "*Power Play at State University of America*". Emilio was a longtime supporter and comrade of Dictator Fidel Castro. When he finally saw him for the tyrant he was, he left Cuba and quietly moved to University Town.

Harriet: *(Laughing.)* I must hear it with my own ears and see both the spiritual and bodily wounds that Harry would have if he loved anyone else.

Mary: *(Very upset and hurt.)* Oh, please, stop all this. You're talking to Harry about his love for me as if I were invisible. Don't I count? I love Sir Harry... as impossible, arrogant, chauvinistic and insensitive as he can be.

Sir Harry: The only reasonable person here... besides myself of course. *(With a caring look in his eyes, he extends his arms and motions to her with his hands.)* Please, come here to me.

Glen: Did you say, "please"?

Sir Harry: I did. *(Still motioning for Mary to come to him.)*
Come, please. Let's speak a bit.

Harriet: Does she have a choice?

Sir Harry: No, but please listen.

(Unknown to Sir Harry, Brinka, Monica and Punkey have been listening for some time. They had been to Colosso 's party and were relaxing down near the lake after Colosso's demonstration of the mementos of himself he is going to sell. They had returned and were ready to leave when they overheard Sir Harry speaking of love or a better way to say it, trying to not admit his true love for Mary. They barge in and Brinka speaks in a gruff voice.)

Brinka: I've heard enough of this rubbish. Mary, you need to get rid of this old fart... once and for all!

Sir Harry: What are you two venomous creatures of the night *(pointing at Punkey)* and that thing doing here? It was bad enough Colosso invited you to his party... but to still have you here even tests my Job-like patience.⁴

Punkey: We decided to relax near the lake and then came up here. *(Looking very excited and looking to Monica and Brinka for approval.)* So what about that?

Monica: *(Grabbing his arm sharply and speaking softly to him.)*
Stop it, honey. Grandma and I can handle this.

⁴ **Job-like patience.** Biblical character famous for patience.

Sir Harry: If I did not know my responsibility under the thin skull analogy in English common law,⁵ I would let wind at it and crash it on the wall... I would then watch it slowly die of asphyxiation... Ha! Ha!

Punkey: I don't understand that, but I don't think I like it.

Monica: Just ignore him.

Harriet: (*Said to herself as she looks at Punkey.*) What a bizarre little creature... It seems a cross between a hairless ostrich and a fat weasel. He must be related to that Skip Goon creature. One wonders why a benevolent God would make two such creatures to test the world's patience.

Monica: Harry, we heard you say you loved Mary. Admit it.

Sir Harry: She's a wonderful girl and I treat her like a queen.

Brinka: Ha! You treat her like a mere vassal because of your perverted sense of perceived greatness. She's not a full person and you'll never marry her to prove your loyalty... and she can thank God for that.

Sir Harry: Speaking of perversion, (*said with rage*) animale bestia!⁶ You question my love... and then come up with the "M" word.

Harriet: I like you Brinka, but you don't know old Harry. He obviously loves the girl because he's fighting too hard to prove the contrary... but marry? He has always felt an unmarried man is a great hunter as free as the breeze... while a married man is a caged trophy.

Sir Harry: Exactly on the last two points. (*Said with an incredulous look on his face.*) Marry, indeed!

Harriet: And Brinka is right that Mary can thank God Harry will not marry her.

Sir Harry: That's certainly not true and both of you have conveniently missed the key point. The challenge to a man is to stay free of marital entanglements. Unlike friendship, marriage can hurt and destroy the two persons.

⁵ **English common law.** The body of English law that is valid due to tradition.

⁶ **animale bestia!** An expletive to call someone a beast of an animal.

Harriet: Since our early days in London, I've always loved you because of your brilliant arrogance, but you're wrong. Love or maybe more appropriately in most cases, a lack of such is what causes the hurt... certainly not the marriage.

Sir Harry: (*Sir Harry does not seem to be doing that well. He speaks to Emilio.*) Emilio, ayúdame⁷••• The great male hunter is under attack by a pack of salivating female jackals.

Emilio: I've been listening. They don't understand you.

Harriet: (*She looks at him with a frown and speaks in a condescending voice.*) And who might you be?

Sir Harry: (*Sir Harry answers Harriet.*) A wise fellow, even if a hopeless romantic. (*Sir Harry speaks to Emilio.*) Go ahead with your beliefs... everyone else is.

Emilio: Sir Harry's in love and that's what can hurt a man who is so "orgullosa"... or in English, proud of his not falling in love and being the very symbol of the great bachelor. He's in love and both confused and happy about it.

Mary: It's amazing to me how all of you continue to talk of me as an object of Harry and a person who has no choices.

Monica: What a foolish choice to be with him...

(*Melinda enters and joins Glen.*)

Mary: For whatever flaws of vanity and insensitivity Sir Harry has, I know he loves me and I love him. A week with such a man would equal... (*looking at Monica and Brinka*) and no offense to either of you, a lifetime with such a person as Pukey.

Monica: (*Very cool and measured tone.*) The name is Punkey... and not Pukey.

Mary: Oh, my. I'm sorry.

Emilio, Glen, Harriet, Sir Harry, Melinda: Ha! Ha! Ha!

Punkey: You all shut up. What do you know? I'm a man.

Harriet: (*Said with laughter and biting derision in her voice.*) Let's not let little Miss Pukey... or excuse me, Punkey get us off the

⁷ ayúdame. Help me.

point here. *(Said with a more normal voice.)* Sir Harry and Mary are in love.

Brinka: With no offense to Mary, I just see Sir Harry as a heartless monster who could never love anyone. Poor Mary has been hoodwinked by a scandalous English blue blood.⁸

Punkey: Exactly.

Brinka: Mary, please try to see that Sir Harry looks down on you as a commoner and is only using you as a plaything or even worse.

Glen: That's enough. You've gone too far. Sir Harry may be arrogant *(he gets a shocked look as he realizes what he said)*, but he cares for my mother. *(Mary has tears in her eyes as she looks at Sir Harry. Looking at her, Sir Harry is silent as if dumbfounded.)*

Monica: Brinka's right. While God Himself improved on men when She made women, Harry's a man at the lowest possible level of development... or maybe an earlier version of the weak and blaming Adam... a male animal who's out to use Mary and who's verbose English quicksilver tongue and presented greatness have her willing to put up with a shameless existence with him!

Brinka: *(Said to herself)* The girl has learned a lot... I couldn't have said it better.

Harriet: Hal Hal Definitely a tough lady... and she gave a female manifesto to old Harry.

Punkey: *(Raising his tiny fist in the air.)* Yes!

Harriet: *(Said to herself)* Poor Punkey... outclassed badly.

Brinka: *(Said to Punkey in an annoyed voice.)* She's doing fine... shut your little trap!

Punkey: Yes, Grandma.

Harriet: *(Looking at Harry in a thinking mode and tone.)* You two are going too far, not that he doesn't deserve this role reversal, but the immobilization of Sir Harry's caustic tongue makes me think something strange is going on inside of him... and I really don't know what it is.

⁸ **English blue blood.** English Royal family member.

Emilio: *(Said to Harry with a friendly but forceful voice.)* Admitelo... que tu estás enamorado y has perdido control de ti mismo. Admitelo!⁹



Sir Harry: *(Said with great strength.)* Never will I admit such things... *(he looks at Mary, can tell she is suffering and speaks with a sensitive voice)* but I feel very badly for Mary. She's the kindest of human beings. *(He goes to her and hugs her in a show of tender emotion.)* To put up with all that has been said today and still defend me and her love for me really has me just overwhelmed. None of you want to see it, but she's courageous and extremely intelligent.

Mary: Oh, Harry. *(She looks at him with a glow through her moist eyes and strongly squeezes his hands.)*

Brinka: Don't fall for that bullshit. The sophisticated con man is trying to do business as usual.

Punkey: *(Raising his hand in a fist as he speaks.)* Yeah! Monica: Quiet, Punkey!

⁹ Admitelo... que tu estás euamorado y has perdido control de ti mismo. Admitelo! Admit it... that you are in love with her and have lost control of yourself. Admit it!

Punkey: Yes, dear.

Brinka: (*Looking directly at Sir Harry and speaking with authority.*) Admit Monica's right about you and what you are! (*Sir Harry says nothing and appears confused.*)

Harriet: Old Harry isn't doing well... he doesn't even get mad when I call him "old Harry".

Emilio: It's a very serious matter here. And I know what's wrong. Tu sabes que yo tengo razon.¹⁰

Sir Harry: (*Ignoring everyone else and speaking philosophically.*) Emilio, you do know... la quiero mas que nada. En realidad, es una mujer muy fragil y demasiado buena para este mundo. Ella marece mejor que yo. Pero no puedo decirla que la quiero enfrente de todos.¹¹

Brinka: I've had it with you two. This is America! Will you two quit talking French.¹² I bet you're saying we're right... we've caught you and Mary will throw you out.

Emilio: You speak foolishly.

Brinka: No foreign accentedjanitorwill insult me! I'm a daughter of the American Revolution!

Sir Harry: (*Looking at Brinka and said about Emilio very forcefully.*) When a person is my friend in my house, he can do and say anything he wants.

Punkey: No Frog¹³ is gonna insult my grandmother!

Sir Harry: (*Said with annoyance in his voice.*) Oh shut up, Punkey. I've a mind to slowly make you an additional hole where the sun doesn't shine.

Punkey: (*Snatching his head.*) Ah... what does that mean?

Sir Harry: You're as helpful to society as a crazed arsonist alone with a blowtorch in the Sistine Chapel¹⁴

¹⁰To sabes que yo tengo razon. You know I'm right. ¹¹ la quiero mas que nada. En realidad, es una mujer muy fragil y demasiado buena para este mundo. Ella marece mejor que yo. Pero no puedo decirla que la quiero enfrente de todos. In reality, she is a woman too fragile and good for this world. She deserves better than me, but I cannot tell her I love her in front of everyone. ¹² French. In fact, they are speaking in Spanish. ¹³ Frog. This is a derogatory term used in Canada for the French-Canadians. ¹⁴ Sistine Chapel. In the Vatican and famous for painting of Michelangelo.

Harriet: That's a good line... what do you think of it, Punkey?

Punkey: Ah... what does that mean?

Brinka: *(She grabs him by the ear hard and talks to him through clenched teeth.)* Will you keep your stupid mouth shut. This is a rerun of the years I spent with both your asshole father and grandfather.

Punkey: Ouch! That hurts... I'm sorry.

Brinka: Just shut up and be a good boy... or I'll teach you what the word hurt means!

Punkey: Ah... *(He looks very confused.)*

Monica: *(Looking at Punkey with a stern look and said in a no nonsense voice.)* Punkey! Did you hear your grandmother? Will you obey her?

Punkey: Yes, dear. *(He goes over and hugs her. She is looking into the air with a disgusted frown and will not look at him.)*

Harriet: I want to get back to the talk of Sir Harry and... *(snapping her fingers and pointing at him)* what's your name?

Emilio: Emilio.

Harriet: Yes. I believe they were talking about love.... and Sir Harry was speaking with a sensitivity that I've never heard in him... and I must say I generally hate and find boring in most men when I hear it. Am I right, Sir Harry, old boy?

Sir Harry: First of all, let's cut out the "old boy". Youth is reserved for those with a passion to live. I have that in abundance and will always be young. *(Looking at Brinka with a look that would stop herds of uncontrollable animals in their tracks.)* And as far as what we were speaking *(looking at Brinka)*, we were speaking Spanish. *(Speaking to himself)* These Americans are rude and illiterate in English and any other language... a perpetual state of arrested development at the early adolescent level.

Brinka: Well, good for you. And what else do you have to say?

Sir Harry: To the likes of you, I need to say nothing... but I choose to speak to everyone of Mary and me... and we really are one. In spite of the horrible things I have said to her, she has stood by me

in everything. I've told her I'll never marry; that I hate women; that I can't love; that all women are viperous slippery-tongued creatures of greed, deception, arrogance, stupidity and insolence; that to date me, let alone love me, was infinitely foolish and would end in nothing for her in the long run; that I might tire of her at any time, throw her out and never again talk to her; that if she were lucky enough for me to stay with her, I would most probably throw her out as she got old looking or did something as simple as putting on some weight or saying something I didn't like; and that if ever she used the "M" word with me, she'd be banished from my life forever. (*Holding Mary's hands and looking into her eyes.*) I now feel foolish and even cruel for saying all these outrageous things to someone as kind and tender as you... but one can't take back words one has used, no matter how much he desires. With all of that said, I ask my wondrous Mary to forgive me. (*Everyone looks on in shock and totally speechless.*)

Mary: (*Speaking with great emotion and her eyes filled with tears.*) I do... Oh, I do... (*Kissing Sir Harry.*) I've wanted you to say this for years. You don't know how much you hurt me... but now that's over.

Sir Harry: And I feel so bad.

Mary: Say no more. (*She gives him another kiss.*)

Punkey: What baloney!

Monica: Shhh! (*Said softly, but firmly.*) Shut up.

Punkey: Yes, I'm sorry.

Monica: (*Said to Brinka.*) This is fascinating. To me, the fall of Sir Harry is as shocking as the fall of the thousand year-old Roman Empire must have been to people of that period.

Brinka: (*Said softly to Monica.*) Hal Hal ... and unlike Rome, we know he deserves to have his pride destroyed by a woman. Hal Hal I'll call it psychological castration.

Sir Harry: And Mary, I love you... Yes, I said it. I love you more than all the feelings poets and lovers have poured into their loving words and actions since the Garden of Eden. The ecstasy of my feelings are only matched in the even greater ecstasy we share when our bodies join in pure love. I... (*He is overwhelmed with emotion as his voice cracks.*)



Mary: My beloved Sir Harry, I love you so much and to hear you say you love me the way you're saying it is what I've wanted so badly. I've wanted little, but now I have more than I could've dreamed.

Harriet: (*Speaking to herself*) Oh my! I can't believe it. Sir Harry at confession and trying to cleanse his soul to Mary as does a new convert to Billy Graham.¹⁵ It's wonderful... (*with a sudden frown*) Did I say that?

Sir Harry: And there's still more... (*He looks at all the persons in his house triumphantly*) and may all of you hear it. If the answer is yes, I'll be the happiest and most fortunate man that ever walked the earth. (*Looking at Mary.*) If not, and if you say no and walk away, I'll deserve it, be cursed the rest of my life for losing a jewel more valuable and beautiful than anything else God has ever considered creating... but most happy you've graced my life for the past seven years. Mary...

Mary: (*Looking him intently in his eyes with great affection.*) Yes, my Sir Harry.

Sir Harry: Ah... Ah...

¹⁵ **Billy Graham.** (1918-) Famous American evangelist.

Emilio: (*Said with great strength.*) Digala! Digala, ahora! Todos experamos!¹⁶

Sir Harry: If only I could sing these feelings with the ease of a Mario Lanza... Mary, Mary, oh Mary!

Brinka: Say it! Even I hope the old ball-less turd can say it.

Monica: *(Said with a chuckle and in a low voice to Brinka.)* We almost have him in the trophy case he loves to talk about.

Punkey: What?

Monica & Brinka: *(Said firmly.)* Shut up!

Punkey: Yes, dears. I'm sorry.

Sir Harry: Okay. *(There is total silence.)* Mary, will you marry me?

Harriet: *(Said to herself)* Did I hear old Harry use the never to be mentioned "M" word?

(There is a hush as no one speaks and everyone is intently listening.)

Mary: *(Said with a coy voice.)* On two conditions.

Sir Harry: Name them.

Mary: It'll be forever.

Sir Harry: For sure... *(Speaking in a questioning tone and with a puzzling look.)* The other?

Mary: *(Looking around at everyone there and using her arm to acknowledge each one.)* And that everyone here be invited.

Everyone: Yes! Yes!

Melinda: *(Said softly to Glen.)* I'm so excited and happy. *(Glen nods in agreement.)*

Sir Harry: What? Even pathetic little Punkey and the two feminazis?

Mary: *(With a big smile.)* Even them... give me the answer.

Sir Harry: But why?

Mary: They were here today to hear your kind words, see your hidden from others sentimental personality and share in the

¹⁶ **Todos experamos.** We are all waiting.

excitement of your proposal... They also inadvertently were very helpful to us.

Harriet: Harry, old boy, already the compromises of marriage begin... that's why I won't do it again.

Sir Harry: (*Ignoring Harriet, he seems in deep thought and has a look of disgust on his face as he looks at Brinka, Monica and Punkey.*) With reservations (*looking at Mary and spoken with enthusiasm*), but willing to show my true love, agreed. So be it!

(Everyone cheers and hugs each other in a very festive atmosphere as Sir Harry and Mary hug and tremble with happy emotion as they passionately kiss. Melinda and Glen have put on the disc of Mario Lanza singing, "Be My Love"; as the happy scene continues.)



The End

Appendix A

This glossary relates to this drama and is not meant to be highly technical or extensive. For example, there are many books written exclusively on character disorders or neuroses. My intent is to give "pop psychology" types of descriptions that will be useful and not complicated in describing some of the fictional characters in this drama.

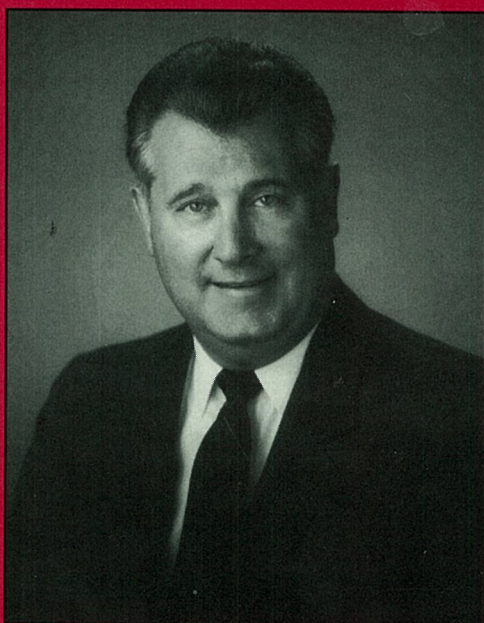
1. ***"aging hippie of the 60s"***. A hippie is a person who in the 60s advocated extreme liberalism on political and social views. While this may be acceptable in some persons, the unacceptable hippies were and are those who are judgmental, shallow and incapable of seeing any view but their own. Many of these unacceptable hippies are also "true believers" in a "great leader" or a "politically correct ideology". In this fictional drama, a hippie in the 90s, Skip Assassino Goon, would personify the worst traits of a hippie in any age.
2. ***"aging Latin warrior"***. This is Emilio Gomez in this drama. As explained in my drama, *"The Football Coach and the University President"* or *"Power Play at State University of America"*, he was for many years a comrade in arms with Cuban Dictator Fidel Castro. He eventually quit being a "True Believer" of Tyrant Castro and escaped after failing himself in an aborted attempt to kill him.
3. ***Androgynous***. Literally, a person who has both male and female characteristics. In psychology, a person who can be both sensitive as in the female stereotype and strong as in the male stereotype. The androgynous person is seen as mentally healthy because he or she can simultaneously be sensitive, competent and strong of character. Glen and Melinda would be perceived as androgynous persons.
4. ***Character Disorder***. A person who blames others for all of his/her problems or bad choices in life. Sadly, these persons often end up with neurotics who absorb guilt and blame for their failures and inappropriate actions. To one degree or another, many of the characters in this drama have a character disorder.
5. ***Feminazis***. Women who believe in the obvious superiority of women over men and aggressively advance this view whenever possible. Monica and Brinka are obvious feminazis.
6. ***Male Chauvinist***. A man who believes in the obvious superiority of men over women and aggressively advances this view whenever possible. Sir Harry is an obvious chauvinist.

7. ***Narcissistic***. Self-love to the extreme. It is an early stage in human development characterized by exaggerated interest in the physical and/or emotional self and a lack of such for any other person. President "Extraordinaire" Colosso Michelangelo Assassino is a pure and perfect narcissist.
8. ***Neurotic***. A person prone to worry and anxiety. An absorber of guilt who is often immobilized by the "blamers" or persons with character disorders of the world. Photographer Mark Hill is an obvious neurotic.
9. ***"the true believer"***. A type of person made famous in the 1951 book of the same name by Eric Hoffer. In the book, "the autonomous man" is a person of confidence engaged in the present and nurtured in a free society. "The true believer", on the other hand, is a person who due to frustration, guilt, failure and self-disgust, loses his or her own identity in the greatness of what I would call the "great person" or "idealized ideology". Among others, Hoffer spoke of Communism and Nazism as idealized ideologies and Stalin and Hitler as "great persons". Petty, pathetic and judgmental, Skip Assassino Goon is the embodiment of "the true believer", along with other distasteful personality characteristics.
10. ***"the ultimate wimp"***. While sometimes used with a woman, a wimp is generally a man who is perceived as pathetically weak and ineffective. In this drama, only Punkey could be called "the Ultimate Wimp".
11. ***"tiny brained adolescent jock"***. This person is the stereotypic athlete who is big and powerful but not very bright. In this drama, Big Load meets the definition.

***Regional Psychological Services presents
selected tapes and books
by Psychologist John H. Braccio, Ph.D.***

Year	Description	Item Type	Price
1994	<i>Attention Deficit Disorders</i>	Audio Tape	\$9.95
1994	<i>Self-Motivation: Using Psychology</i>	AudioTape	\$9.95
1994	<i>Stress: What it is and How You Can Use it to Your Advantage to Reach Your Potential</i>	Audio Tape	\$9.95
1994	<i>Basic Relaxation Tape (Revised)</i>	Audio Tape	\$6.95
1993	<i>Outrageous & Scandalous Satire, "The Football Coach and the University President" or "Power Play at State University of America" plus two additional unrelated dramas.</i>	Book	\$10.00
1992	<i>Trance Hypnosis Tape to Help in Weight Control- Northern Lake Michigan Setting at Glen Arbor</i>	AudioTape	\$9.95
1991	<i>Trance Hypnosis Tape to Help in Weight Control- Northern Florida Ocean Setting</i>	Audio Tape	\$9.95
1987	<i>Trance Hypnosis Tape to Reduce Stress & Anxiety - Southern California Ocean Setting</i>	AudioTape	\$9.95

If you have any questions, please call Office Media Manager of Regional Psychological Services, Linda Townsend at (517) 332-0153. FAX (517) 332-2960.



Dr. John H. Braccio received his Ph.D. from Michigan State University in 1971. He has been a practicing psychologist in East Lansing and Southfield, Michigan for the past sixteen years. In a professional career of more than twenty-seven years, Dr. Braccio has taught in Michigan and California schools, has been a consultant and manager with the Michigan State Department of Education, has taught numerous graduate classes at Michigan State University and has done consulting at the local, state and federal levels.

\$5.95

