

# Sir Harry:

The Number One  
International Chauvinist  
Of The Year

*Revised Theatrical Version*

## A Play

By

**Roger Rochowiak**  
*Playwright*

**John H. Braccio, Ph.D.**  
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Illustrations by John Leatherman

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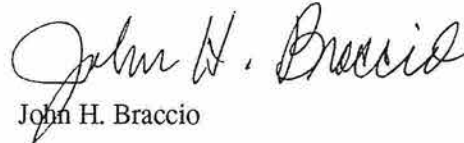
# *Preface*

We came together from totally different professions and merged our skills together to write this play. We had great fun and became friends along the way. Norma Brink and Ken Beachler are thanked for bringing us together.


We thank John Leatherman for his fine illustrations. Michele L. Peterson is thanked for excellent editing and graphic design work. Linda Townsend, Office Manager of Regional Psychological Services, is thanked for putting up with the two of us and being her typically efficient and patient self in the tedious preparation of this document.



Roger Rochowiak



John H. Braccio





# *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” 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 9:30 a.m. and Sir Harry is coming into the house after a swim in his lake. Unnoticed, he walks into his spacious living room and sees a very distraught nineteen year-old Glen and a haughty and beautiful nineteen year-old Melinda.)*

**Glen:** *(Pleading.)* I love you more than anything Melinda, please believe me. You're everything to me.

**Melinda:** *(Getting ready to leave.)* I told you, I saw how you were looking at Mary... I know what I saw.

**Glen:** What you saw had nothing to do with our relationship. With how I feel for you. The love...

**Melinda:** Well then, I guess I don't know how you really do feel about me.

**Glen:** I told you, I love you. You're the world to me. Please forgive me Melinda.

**Melinda:** If you're asking me to forgive you, then you are admitting you're wrong.

**Glen:** You really know how to play with my feelings, even after I tell you how much I really do love you.

**Melinda:** "Love". To you it's just a word. It's a word void of any feelings.

**Glen:** That's not true, I do love you. *(He tries to put his arm around her and she pushes him away.)*

**Melinda:** If you only did know the meaning of the word. 'Tis a pity.

**Glen:** Melinda, you mean more to me than anything.

**Melinda:** You say you love me. Words, words, words. First you lie to me, then you lie to me to get out of the lie that you're already in... and you're asking me to love you. How can I?

**Glen:** *(With emotion in his voice.)* I'm sorry.

**Melinda:** Empty words.

**Glen:** Please don't say that. I love you. You're everything to me. I can't... I wouldn't want to imagine life without you. You're everything that's important to me. I never meant to lie...

**Sir Harry:** *(Allowing the young couple to see him for the first time.)* Ah... all that we say and do in the name of love.





**Melinda:** Sir Harry!

**Glen:** We didn't know you were here.

**Sir Harry:** And shouldn't I be? I believe you're co-occupying my home, my space.

**Melinda:** We thought you were at your lake.

**Sir Harry:** I was and had I stayed longer, I would have missed this little love scene.

**Melinda:** I would hardly call it a love scene that you happened to walk in on.

**Glen:** She won't let me explain. She won't try and see things from my point of view.

**Sir Harry:** They never do when it comes to affairs of the heart. Women...

**Melinda:** That's right, stick together. Men always do when it comes to women. *(Starting to leave.)* All right, I know when I'm outnumbered.

**Glen:** Please don't leave.

**Sir Harry:** Never try to change a woman's mind. Whether they're right or wrong, their mind is set. *(Melinda stops and gives both men a dirty look and then exits.)*

**Glen:** Why did you have to say that Sir Harry? You've only upset Melinda even more.

**Sir Harry:** *(Ignoring Glen.)* Do you suppose 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 right word.

**Glen:** Oh Harry, I don't think I could ever live without her. Life would be of little value without Melinda.

**Sir Harry:** Put your pride back on my dear boy. Remember my saying, "The meek do not inherit the earth, they only get the taxes."

**Glen:** But Sir Harry...

**Sir Harry:** You're a man and we're meant to rule the world. After what Eve did to Adam when she seduced him into eating the forbidden fruit... from then, from that moment on, women have become that thorn in our side.

**Glen:** I don't want to rule the world. I want everyone to be equal in this world.

**Sir Harry:** "Equal". Nothing is ever equal, not when it comes to affairs of the heart. It is a constant "jocking" for position my dear boy.

**Mary:** *(Entering. She is Glen's mother and Sir Harry's companion of seven years.)* "Jocking"? What's this about Jocking?

**Sir Harry:** Nothing important.

**Glen:** How can you say that?

**Sir Harry:** *(To Mary.)* It seems Glen has fallen out of favor with Melinda. Ah... affairs of the heart.

**Mary:** *(To herself.)* Something I wish Mr. Sir Harry knew more about.

**Sir Harry:** *(To Mary.)* What's that, my dear?

**Glen:** *(To himself.)* I will never understand women. It's not possible. Not for us mortal men.

**Sir Harry:** Watch your thinking young man. Never put a man down.

**Glen:** *(Going to his mother.)* I think I'll die mom. Melinda is everything to me. She's perfect.

**Sir Harry:** But not very forgiving. Oh, a woman scorned.

**Mary:** Oh, please Harry. (*Looking at Glen.*) So you and Melinda had a misunderstanding?

**Emilio:** (*Entering. He is the chief custodian of President Assassino's staff. He has come to prepare things for the post coronation party at Sir Harry's house tomorrow to glorify how Colosso in two hours personally raised more than 600 million dollars to have a colossal two-headed Roman-clothed 550-foot tall gold and bronze statue made of himself. One of the two heads overlooks and majestically 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, excitedly came out of retirement at Colosso's urging to complete what he calls the greatest architectural opportunity since the pyramids. Colosso calls the statue the greatest achievement since God created the universe.*) Sir Harry, Ms. Willingham said to just come in. I hope I'm not interfering.

**Sir Harry:** Absolutely not. Mary and I were only listening to the woes of a young man in love.

**Emilio:** You must mean Glen and his Melinda. Melinda Cortez, I believe. (*Sir Harry shakes his head yes.*) She is beautiful. Mary, Glen, good to see you again.

**Sir Harry:** She is. Melinda is beautiful.

**Emilio:** When it comes to giving advice to another man about some woman, I avoid the conversation.

**Sir Harry:** Tu eres un hombre muy inteligente. (*You are a very intelligent man.*)

**Emilio:** Ha! Ha! Las mujeres son maravillas demasiado complicadas para nosotros. (*Women are marvels too complicated for us (men).*)

**Glen:** What are you saying?

**Sir Harry:** Only that women are too complicated for men. Now for instance, let's compare humans to animals.

**Mary:** (*To herself.*) I'm sure we can all do without this... I really have to rethink why I love him.

**Sir Harry:** 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:** (*Putting him on.*) And with such words of wisdom, I shall take my leave. (*As she is walking out.*) Remember gentlemen, a man may be the "head" of this world and the woman only the "neck", but please try to remember... it's the neck that turns the head. (*She exits.*)

**Glen:** (*All three men watch her exit.*) I'm not sure what my mother meant by that. I think I do, but I'm not sure.

**Emilio:** (*To Sir Harry.*) And I thought you were a master of words.

**Sir Harry:** (*Trying to fluff all this off.*) A woman is a woman, is a woman. As for you Glen, I promise you the Goddess Melinda will be yours one day.

**Glen:** One day?

**Sir Harry:** Soon. Soon my boy. And she will tell you how much she loves you in her most warm, feminine, cooing and perfect way.

**Glen:** If I was only sure.

**Sir Harry:** Ask Emilio. He knows about women. (*Looking at Emilio.*) Especially sensuous Cuban women. Right Emilio? (*He then laughs.*)

**Emilio:** Cuban women are passionate all right. They are 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:** Of course you are. I think she would like to see a tortured and sincere look in your eyes and the use of soft words of love and passion. What do you think, Sir Harry?

**Sir Harry:** Love talk brings out the foolish poet in us all. I think America ruins Cuban women. The passions of the Cuban born and bred women I have known in Miami, London and Paris are more sincere. *(To Glen.)* Actually my good man, Melinda seems somewhat of an icy Anglo-Saxon princess to me. There's too much anger on her behalf. You see my young son, you're really too good for her.

**Glen:** Oh no I'm not.

**Emilio:** Oh Harry, let Glen enjoy the magical foolishness of young love. I've met Melinda and she's a very nice girl... and I'd say this *(Looking at Glen and smiling.)* even if she were not Cuban.

**Sir Harry:** *(Putting them on. Pointing to Glen.)* But look at him. Look at the pain. Men are not meant to suffer so.

**Glen:** Pain!... Brokenhearted!

**Sir Harry:** They're one and the same.

**Emilio:** But that goes along with love. They're all a part of the thing we call love... Pain, brokenhearted, pleasure. Enjoy your feelings of love. When you make up, the pleasure will be so much greater than this argument that you had.

**Glen:** I hope so. *(To Emilio.)* Do you really think she will make up with me?

**Sir Harry:** In a weak moment I must agree with old lover boy Emilio. Though I still consider you a young foolish romantic.

**Emilio:** *(To Glen.)* I may seem old to you Glen, but my heart remembers my youth and the pain, and of course, the pleasure of young love. *(To Sir Harry.)* Sir Harry, you can't tell me you didn't experience such feelings when you were younger.

**Sir Harry:** Of course, what do you take me for?

**Emilio:** And it was wonderful.

**Sir Harry:** No, it wasn't. I married her and forever have a realistic view of women. I now see women for what they really are... And now, "love" is just a word... Gentlemen, I feel my lake is calling me back. Emilio, please feel free to do whatever you came to do.

**Glen:** And I must be on my way too.

**Sir Harry:** *(Starting to go and then stopping.)* Now, remember Glen, my dear boy, head up, chin out and straight forward ahead...

**Glen:** Oh, Sir Harry, if only I could. You, yes. Me, no. If only I could be more like you.

**Emilio:** In what way?

**Sir Harry:** Every way. *(Looking at Glen.)* Well, not to worry. I promise you, I will help you to do what is right. The chivalrous Sir Harry will do his duty. You will succeed where Mark Anthony, Romeo and Othello failed. God's placing you as my friend guarantees you will succeed... Adios, gentlemen. *(He exits.)*

**Glen:** What a man! To have so much self confidence and success. I mean look at this place. It's all his. The lake is even his. *(Said dreamily.)* Lago di Harry. *(Harry's Lake.)*

**Emilio:** But, is he happy?

**Glen:** *(Thinking.)* I think so. I suppose so. Don't you think so?

**Emilio:** I'm sure you know Mr. Sir Harry better than I do. That's why I'm asking you.

**Glen:** Mr. Sir Harry? Why do you call him that?

Scene 1

**Emilio:** *(Smiling.)* To give Sir Harry some warmth.

**Glen:** I don't understand.

**Emilio:** You know Glen, you are right in a materialistic sense. Sir Harry is a success with this house and all, but in his personal life?... Well, let's just say I worry about a man who thinks "love" is only a four letter word where women are concerned. *(Glen looks at Emilio as he smiles at Glen and starts to leave the room.)*

***End of Scene***

## Scene 2

*(It is now early afternoon. Sir Harry is relaxing in his living room. There is a knock at the door.)*

**Sir Harry:** *(Going to the door and opening it. There stands Big Load. He is nineteen years old and one tough athlete. He is in love with Melinda.)* Big Load, I was expecting you but not quite so soon.

**Big Load:** Thanks for seeing me, Sir Harry. When I telephoned you I didn't know what I was going to do with my life, with anything.

**Sir Harry:** Come on in, Big Load. *(Both men enter the room.)* Have a seat.

**Big Load:** *(Big Load sits down.)* Thank you.

**Sir Harry:** *(Looking at Big Load.)* All right, tell me. Tell me what's on your mind. On the telephone you sounded like your world was coming to an end.

**Big Load:** It's Melinda. I love her.

**Sir Harry:** *(To himself.)* There seems to be a lot of that going around these days. *(To Big Load.)* But why are you telling me this? Why not tell the object of your affection.

**Big Load:** I've tried to talk to her to tell her. When I talked to her this morning, she told me she had just broken up with Glen. Well, Sir Harry, my heart raced, it did Sir Harry, and I thought, now Big Load, now is the time to tell Melinda how you really feel about her... But I can't, I couldn't. The words wouldn't come out... Sir Harry, Melinda respects you. Won't you help me, tell me what to do to win her? Oh, Sir Harry, Melinda is the most perfect girl I know.

**Sir Harry:** *(To himself.)* Why does this sound all too familiar? Big Load, do you really want my excellent advice?

**Big Load:** Heck yes. I mean... sure.

**Sir Harry:** Forget her. Find some young thing with less perfection.

**Big Load:** Why?

**Sir Harry:** When there is such flawless beauty and controlling charm and limitless energy in such a woman as Melinda... well Big Load, she is still no match for the noble man. She is a femme fatale in the tradition of Marie Antoinette and Lucrezia Borgia.

**Big Load:** Ahhh... is that some Italian thing?

**Sir Harry:** I simply mean she's nearly impossible to control and will always try to manage you through her beauty and charm... Big Load, she will only lavish you with false love. *(All of a sudden, Sir Harry gets a strange knowing look.)* On the other hand, Big Load, maybe Melinda does deserve you, I mean maybe you're right. Maybe our beautiful Melinda is just what you need. *(Looking at Big Load and smiling.)* After all, doesn't she deserve everything you have to offer?

**Big Load:** Really? Do you think so? Ah, Sir Harry, do you really think I'm worthy of such a woman?





**Sir Harry:** *(Putting his arm around Big Load.)* I'll help you conquer this marvelous female. This love of your life. This perfect creature that God himself made just for you.

**Big Load:** Oh yes. I must have her. Sir Harry, she turns me on. You do know what I mean, don't you? You know what a...

**Sir Harry:** *(Putting him on.)* I think so.

**Big Load:** Good... you know, Sir Harry, earlier today I didn't know if I should phone you and ask for your help or not.

**Sir Harry:** And why's that, my good man.

**Big Load:** I was afraid you'd be upset cuz your friend's son has the hots for her.

**Sir Harry:** Not true! I want true love to triumph. You and Melinda deserve one another.

**Big Load:** 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:** Do you really think I can win her?

**Sir Harry:** If you are a man and not a mouse! Of course you can win her. You're a man, aren't you? 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:** Oh... *(Looking confused.)*

**Sir Harry:** A man must win a woman 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:** Sir Harry, can I read you a letter I wrote her?

**Sir Harry:** Go ahead.

**Big Load:** *(Standing up and pulling this piece of paper out of his pocket.)* I know it's here someplace. Oh, here it is. *(He unfolds the paper and starts to read.)*

*Dear Melinda,*

*I'm tough and the whole school knows it. And if you accept it and do what I say and are willing to follow my demands, I know I can make you happy. So please give in and don't worry. I love you and want to make you happy, and I can if you'll just wake up and forget about "him", and see that reality is following me. I mean, my lead and my demands. I love you.*

*Big Load*

*p.s. See you soon!*

**Sir Harry:** *(Rolling his eyes and shaking his head a little, then looking at Big Load.)* Bravo! *(Putting him on.)* Such a poem is even rare in this illiterate age. Words fail me to tell you what I think of your piece of writing.

**Big Load:** Oh, thank you Sir Harry. Thank you.

**Sir Harry:** *(Putting him on.)* No, it was my pleasure. Your writing is... is...

**Big Load:** So you don't think she'll be turned off by me telling her I think she needs a tough guy like me?

**Sir Harry:** Absolutely not. Even though women fight it, they love to be under the masterful direction of a man. *(Walking around the room.)* If God had wanted women to rule the earth... He would have made them more like us. Such as in the way of... **A.** Big and strong. **B.** Logical and unemotional. **C.** Predictable and solid as a rock in all their commitments and friendships, and... last but not least, **D.** Reliable in crisis and day-to-day activities... You see, Big Load, if God had made women view love as the intellectual man does, well then, the resulting turmoil between noble men and the irrational female species would not exist. But God knows what He's doing and if He had wanted equality, He would have used more than the rib from Adam to produce the deceitful Eve. *(Looking at Big Load.)* Do you understand what I'm saying?

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

**Sir Harry:** To put it in your words, I mean words you might understand.

**Big Load:** Sir Harry, I'm not dumb.

**Sir Harry:** *(Tossing it off.)* Of course you're not. *(Going back to his original thought.)* Men are meant to rule, and as a man, you will.

**Big Load:** I will? I mean, I will.

**Sir Harry:** Just give me *(holding out his hands)* your letter. Now... when I send some materials to the home office of Professor Mendez tomorrow morning, I'll put your letter on my computer and send it to this heart destroyer, Miss Melinda.

**Big Load:** Oh, Melinda isn't a heart destroyer. Her beauty makes hearts know they're alive. *(To himself.)* I didn't know I could do that.

**Sir Harry:** What's that?

**Big Load:** I made myself sound like a poet.

**Sir Harry:** Well... almost.

**Big Load:** Oh, Sir Harry, I hope you can do it. I hope you can make Melinda see me for what I am.

**Sir Harry:** Oh, to be sure. I'm sure that even Melinda will see you for what you are... I'll see to it.

**Big Load:** Gosh! This is great. Then you really are gonna help me. I don't know what to say... I'm speechless.

**Sir Harry:** Trust me. Words will come in time. But, of course you can count on my help. There are three things you may count on in life, Big Load... Death, taxes and Sir Harry.



**Big Load:** O.K. Sir Harry, now you tell me everything I should do... oh, and when to do it.

**Sir Harry:** Well, I should think that the first thing to do might be to telephone Melinda when you get home and just tell her how much you love her and how wonderful you think she is. Women love that nonsense.

**Big Load:** Heck, I do too. I mean I like to have people tell me how wonderful I am. I am, Sir Harry. I'm good. I'm really good on that football field.

**Sir Harry:** *(Just looking at him.)* Of course... now, the plan is quite simple actually. *(To himself.)* I really should teach a course in how the male should relate to the female. *(To Big Load.)* Now Big Load, about this telephone call to Melinda.

**Big Load:** I know her phone number.

**Sir Harry:** Yes. *(Looking at him and taking a big breath.)* Now, after you have talked to Melinda for a bit, then you must tell her you will telephone her tomorrow morning around 10:30 to talk. I know she'll not be at the coronation ceremony because of work she is doing for her father.

**Big Load:** Now tell me why I should call her at 10:00 tomorrow?

**Sir Harry:** 10:30... 10:30.

**Big Load:** Right. 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! Think! The beautiful Melinda will have read your poetic piece by the time you call and will be overwhelmed with romantic feelings for you. Just for you.

**Big Load:** Really? Ah... what then? I mean, what's gonna happen?

**Sir Harry:** You then invite her out tomorrow afternoon. As Caesar said, "You must strike while the iron is hot." She will say that she must come here with her father after the morning coronation of President Assassino's giant statue.

**Big Load:** Statue?

**Sir Harry:** Yes, the statue our dear President has made in his own image.

**Big Load:** *(Thinking.)* But if Melinda comes here, she can't go out with me.

**Sir Harry:** Not true, not true my dear boy... You must let her know how much you want to come here for the celebration... and see me...

**Big Load:** See you?

**Sir Harry:** *(Looking at him.)* Yes, see me Big Load.

**Big Load:** Why?

**Sir Harry:** Because you have great respect for me.

**Big Load:** I do! I do!

**Sir Harry:** It can be a bond between the two of you. Big Load, Melinda 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 else.

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

**Sir Harry:** Exactly. You're most perceptive.

**Big Load:** Gosh! What a great plan.

**Sir Harry:** My belief is that each and every man, regardless of how dull or dim-witted, deserves to be helped in the battle with a cunning and conniving female.

**Big Load:** O.K. Now, besides the telephone call, do I gotta do anything else?

**Sir Harry:** I'll take care of everything else. *(Rubbing his hands together.)* Oh yes, you can be sure of that. You just go home and make the call. Call me if Melinda fails to respond in the way I am predicting. Not likely, but it is a possibility with such unpredictable creatures... Now I shall show you out. *(Starting for the door.)*

**Big Load:** *(Hurrying to the door.)* Ah, you don't have to do that. I know where the door is. *(Sir Harry just stops and looks at him.)*

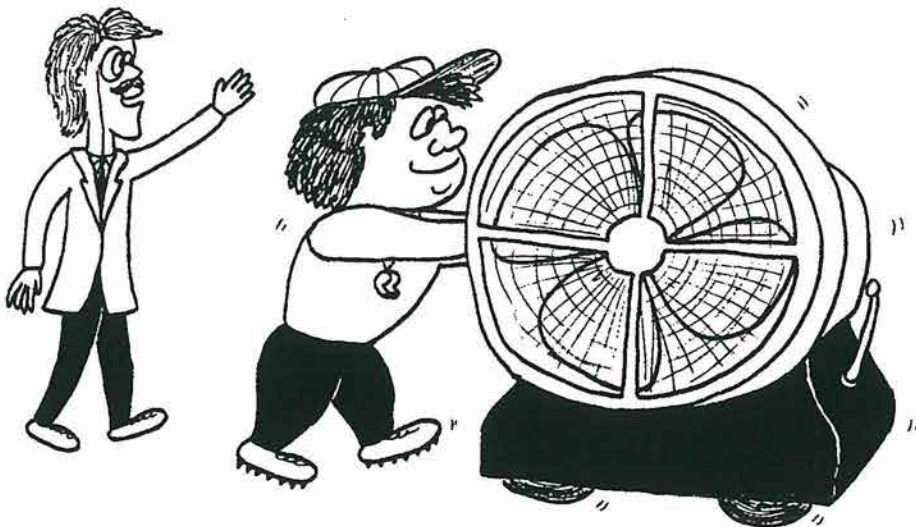
**Sir Harry:** Good.

**Big Load:** *(Opening the door.)* I'll do everything just like you told me, Sir Harry.

**Sir Harry:** I'll be waiting for your call.

**Big Load:** O.K. See ya. *(He exits and closes the door.)*

**Sir Harry:** *(To himself.)* Glen is safe. I'll ignore this trash of Big Load's and write a real love note. *(Smiling.)* That ought to really confuse and capture the heart of Melinda. She'll be temporarily blinded by her vanity and go with Big Load to the party. Glen will then see them and see Melinda for what she really is. Any woman that would choose Big Load over Glen would be a pygmy-brained charlatan of the lowest level. In other words, Melinda doesn't really deserve Glen. Even with her beauty and a great father... Glen deserves better. *(Sir Harry walks over to the window and looks out at his lake. Tuffy Norkas, the powerful head football coach at State University of America, is seen wheeling in a large fan near the lake. Sir Harry calls to him.)* Mr. Tuffy, Tuffy Norkas, come



here. *(Tuffy comes into the house. The men shake hands.)* Tuffy, ol' chap.

**Tuffy:** Good to see you, Sir Harry.

**Sir Harry:** I trust I'm standing before a man who is enjoying his victory over the University of America. I'm sure anytime the trophy comes home to State University of America... well, that has to be a real sense of accomplishment... Right Tuffy, you ol' winner?

**Tuffy:** As the head football coach of a fine university, this has been a fine weekend... By the way Harry, did you see what Colosso, our favorite President, put our favorite journalist, Skip, up to?

**Sir Harry:** I certainly did.



**Tuffy:** I mean, come on now. To say that rodents ought to rule the world because they don't destroy the environment like football cleats or exhaust from the lower middle-class cars do... Well... Colosso put him up to this, you know that... Ah, it's just some more of that left wing bourgeoisie bullshit. You know that, Harry. Shit, Skip isn't smart enough to think of it on his own.

**Sir Harry:** I couldn't agree more. What I'd like to know is who replaced his picture with the mouse picture over his name? It's right there for all to see.

**Tuffy:** Hell, I thought it was Skip without his Charlie Chaplin mustache on.

**Sir Harry:** How wonderful... comparing Skip to a rodent... Tuffy, the sad fact that such a human could be born is a reason to end the societal institution that puts men into marital bondage to have children.

**Tuffy:** But since there's only one tricky pain-in-the-ass, Skippy, I still believe in the institution of marriage.

**Sir Harry:** *(Trying to change the subject away from marriage.)* Oh, let's not waste any more energy on this topic of "Skip", who is he or what is he. On to something more fun and interesting... Well, "we" must be feeling very tip-top after our cake walk victory over the ballet-like marshmallows of the University of America. Right?

**Tuffy:** I couldn't have put it better. *(Having fun with Sir Harry.)* But what's this "we" shit. I and I alone have made that football team what it is... damn good.

**Sir Harry:** And you're feeling tip-top.

**Tuffy:** Why shouldn't I?... Ah, what the hell. You know what makes me the happiest, really Harry? *(Harry just looks at him.)* The fans. Making the fans happy, really pleases the shit out of me. No, don't get me wrong. I mean, hell, I love to win and who doesn't in life? But I also care about those players' academic lives too. I mean when *Ds* start showing up in their grades, I chew their asses off... Damn, but I love football.

**Sir Harry:** And who doesn't around this sports area? Excellent school spirit I'd say.

**Tuffy:** Colosso, that's who.

**Sir Harry:** I think he's so busy with his giant gold and bronze phallic-like edifice to himself, that I doubt he has time for anything as mundane as football. *(Thinking to himself.)* "Mundane"? "Football"? I never thought of using those two words in the same sentence before.

**Tuffy:** Ah, the only trouble with Colosso is, he's just an arrogant and pompous pain-in-the-ass.

**Sir Harry:** You know something Tuffy, I've always liked your earthly humor. You tell it like it is. I like you, Tuffy ol' boy... I even like your wife, Norma. Even if I don't agree with her positive view on marriage that she tries to give me from time to time.

**Tuffy:** Knowing your views on women and marriage, I accept that as a real compliment.

**Sir Harry:** You do Tuffy? Well, you have a good wife for you. But what works for one person doesn't necessarily work for another.

**Tuffy:** Truer words were never spoken. But you know what, Harry? Damn, you ought to think about tying the knot with Mary.

**Sir Harry:** I told you Tuffy, what works...

**Tuffy:** Yeah, yeah, I know. It's just that marriage can be so damn good and Mary is so...

**Sir Harry:** I know. Trust me, I know.

**Tuffy:** It's security in that jungle out there.

**Sir Harry:** It's bondage. It's like being locked in a trophy case. You would understand that. It's beyond me why anyone would want to give up their freedom, the wonderful sense of being an individual. "Male Liberty"... I'm all for it.



**Tuffy:** A good marriage is security with mutual love.

**Sir Harry:** The bottom line Tuffy... Marriage is destructive to the male paycheck.

**Tuffy:** Harry, you're hopeless. But for me a good marriage is like a good football team. If you pull together and give it the best that you got... go that extra distance, give it 101%... You're gonna come out a winner. And you've got to admit it Harry, I do know something about winning. It doesn't matter if I'm on the football field or in the bedroom, *(With a smile.)* I'm a winner.

**Sir Harry:** *(To himself.)* And I think I have confidence.

**Tuffy:** It's true. Tuffy "Big Guy" Norkas is a successful Christian man at heart.

**Sir Harry:** Now there's a word I haven't heard.

**Tuffy:** What?

**Sir Harry:** Christian.

**Tuffy:** It works for me. *(Getting serious.)* When you come from a working class Lithuanian background and have lived around the great Catholic guys I've been around all my life, well let's just say that being Roman Catholic makes you part of the team. You do know what I mean. The smell of that incense and the splash of the holy nectar on your face burned a sense of being a Catholic into us... into me. It merged us all... Irish, Italian, Lithuanian, Polish and now the Hispanics all into one... It's what America is all about. It's really great.

**Sir Harry:** I'm getting a whole new view of you, Reverend Norkas.

**Tuffy:** *(In a kidding mood.)* "Reverend"... Hell I like it. It might sound good on the football field.

**Sir Harry:** Not to change the subject Tuffy, but I must ask you something.

**Tuffy:** Ask away.

**Sir Harry:** Why did you personally raise so much money to buy this NASA developed fan that for its size is overwhelmingly the most powerful thing of its type? Why do you really want it?

**Tuffy:** *(In a kidding voice.)* 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. Other people may underestimate you, but I don't.

**Tuffy:** Let me just put it to you 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:** All right. I'm impressed... but, I still can't figure what you're going to do with it.

**Tuffy:** Actually, it was my wife's idea.

**Sir Harry:** *(Just looking at him.)* All right.

**Tuffy:** Think about it.

**Sir Harry:** *(Thinking.)* I'm afraid you've got me on this one.

**Tuffy:** 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 our "Dearly beloved" President Colosso's butt-head that is looking into the stadium.

**Sir Harry:** I think I'm getting the picture. Tuffy, you football players are a breed.

**Tuffy:** (*Smiling.*) All right then, with the fan going full blast in the background and on my command, the guys roar with laughter and do “you know what”.

**Sir Harry:** (*Both men laugh.*) Tuffy, that is absolutely disgusting.

**Tuffy:** I’d love to see this happen when our friend Prez Colosso is having one of his expensive \$100,000 per person “Most Important and Loyal People to Joyfully Enrich Colosso Dinners.”

**Sir Harry:** Tuffy, you’re incredible, but shouldn’t you be worrying about losing your job? Maybe you should think twice.

**Tuffy:** No way. Not with my hundred-year contract. It says right in that contract that there is to be no unauthorized persons looking into the football stadium whenever I am in practice or doing any football related activities. And that includes the Prez himself.

**Sir Harry:** I like your thinking, Tuffy.

**Tuffy:** So you see, Harry, I have it all... A great home life and a great business life. That’s if you can call coaching football a business. Some days, it seems more like play to me. (*Said with great emotion.*) Damn, those boys mean a lot to me.

**Sir Harry:** And that’s why you produce a winning team. You’re a winner yourself.

**Tuffy:** And you... Harry, are you a winner?

**Sir Harry:** How do you view me, Tuffy?

**Tuffy:** Well, you’re a smart man. You answer a question with a question.

**Sir Harry:** But do you see me as a winner?

**Tuffy:** Well. (*Pause.*) I suppose...

**Sir Harry:** Oh, oh. There’s that pause.

**Tuffy:** What do you mean?

**Sir Harry:** When one has to pause before they answer the question that has just been presented to them, it gives the asker of the question cause to wonder how truthful the answer is going to be.

**Tuffy:** No, Harry that’s not it. I’d always be truthful with you. It’s just that... it’s just that. Oh, what the hell, sure I think you’re a winner, you’re one hell of a nice guy, it’s just that when it comes to Mary, I think you’re making one hell of a big mistake in not marrying her.

**Sir Harry:** Let’s please leave the “M” word out of this conversation, particularly where I am concerned. I am not about to end up in any female trophy case.

**Tuffy:** (*Shaking his head.*) You’re impossible.

**Sir Harry:** Maybe so.

**Tuffy:** (*Looking intently into Sir Harry’s eyes.*) Harry, can I trust you?

**Sir Harry:** Oh, so serious. Of course you may trust me... but trust me with what?

**Tuffy:** I have a mole. You know... a...

**Sir Harry:** I see. A mole.

**Tuffy:** A spy, a double agent.

**Sir Harry:** (*Looking at him.*) Yes.



**Tuffy:** His name is Mario, he's Skip's barber. It seems Skip... 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 tiny brain. Mario just plain detests Skip... and poor ol' Skippy has been pouring out his heart to him. He told Mario that next week on the opening day of Colosso's "1,000 Star" restaurants that he's gonna be dressed as a sports clown and do a screaming bungee jump out of the restaurant window.

**Sir Harry:** Why? So he's the feature writer and editor of the President's monthly magazine. So he idolizes Colosso, that hardly gives him the right to act in such an insipid manner. A fool and his ways.

**Tuffy:** He says it's to represent me and the absurdity of sports in comparison to the glory of academics as represented by his "God", Colosso. There's gonna be academic and political dignitaries from all over the world.

**Sir Harry:** Word has it that Colosso himself is to be dressed in royal Roman purple and gold that day. I should think that would make him look like Caesar himself.

**Tuffy:** You're getting the picture... but now picture this. When we see Skip begin his dive and hear him screaming with his whining, wailing voice professing his undying loyalty to Colosso, I'll turn the fan on and the whole team will do "you know what" to Skip.



**Sir Harry:** *(Making a face.)* I almost feel sorry for Skip. Not quite, but almost.

**Tuffy:** And to think this was actually my wife's idea. And she doesn't even play football. *(Both laugh.)*

**Sir Harry:** I must admit, Norma's exceptional... whether she were a man or a woman... But I would deny I ever said that... In fact, did I say that?

**Tuffy:** *(Looking at Sir Harry and smiling.)* You and women. Women and you.

**Sir Harry:** *(Smiling back.)* Not to be used in the same sentence.

**Tuffy:** Listen, good friend, do you need anything more from me... cuz if not...

**Sir Harry:** No, my friend.

**Tuffy:** All right then, it's off to the field and some more practice... and I think it's just about the right time to start planning for Skippy's fine bungee jump.

Scene 2

**Sir Harry:** (*Laughing.*) Even I can't believe you're actually going to do this. Tell me coach, do you have any more surprises up that sleeve of yours?

**Tuffy:** No, but I sure do wish you had one for me.

**Sir Harry:** Meaning?

**Tuffy:** Mary.

**Sir Harry:** What about Mary?

**Tuffy:** That you haven't really given up on marriage and that marriage really might be on the back burner for you and Mary. You know, Norma really does love her.

**Sir Harry:** You just had to throw that in again, didn't you?

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

**Sir Harry:** For some reason that "M" word gives me a headache.

**Tuffy:** Harry, when you fall, it's gonna be like a giant forest falling all at once.

**Sir Harry:** Uh... the whole Amazon will fall before you see me standing as a sacrificial lamb before an altar saying, "I do". Now, are there any more surprises you have in store for me?... or anyone else?

**Tuffy:** Well...

**Sir Harry:** I knew it coach. You're one of a kind, Mr. Tuffy. Out with it.

**Tuffy:** Harry, would you believe that we've found the place where all the self-contained electrical power and cables for Colosso's statue are?

**Sir Harry:** (*Shaking his head.*) Where are they?

**Tuffy:** Directly under the stadium. Right in my own territory. I've drilled a hole to them. I'm sure you can imagine what we'll do sometime.

**Sir Harry:** I love you as a brother, Tuffy. You do have a way of getting even with those you don't like. Please be sure and tell me if I ever get on your "shit list."

**Tuffy:** Say Sir Harry. Such talk coming from you. "Shit list". Now, that is locker room talk. Hey, are you sure you haven't been hanging out with my boys? (*Both men laugh.*) You're sounding more like 'em all the time.

**Sir Harry:** (*Still smiling.*) I like to surprise people, it keeps them guessing. Predictable is boring.

**Tuffy:** Then marry Mary... That wouldn't be predictable. It would surprise the hell out of everyone.

**Sir Harry:** I walked into that one, didn't I. (*Thinking.*) You know Tuffy, I just might consider the "M" word with Mary if you really could give me just one good reason why I should. Now mind you, I did say "consider", not "would". I haven't lost my head completely.

**Tuffy:** Oh, that's easy. I can give you a damn good reason why you should marry Mary.

**Sir Harry:** What's that?

**Tuffy:** She's the only woman I know that could tolerate an old fart like you.

**Sir Harry:** Touché!

*End of Scene*



## Scene 3

*(It is early the next morning and Sir Harry is sitting in his favorite chair in his study. He is trying to read the morning paper but his thoughts keep going to the party that will be at his home this afternoon in honor of the coronation of President Assassino's giant statue. Suddenly there is a buzz at the door. Harry goes to the door. There stands Mary.)*

**Sir Harry:** Mary. Good to see you, but so early.

**Mary:** May I come in?

**Sir Harry:** *(Letting her in.)* But of course.

**Mary:** *(Entering.)* Thank you, Harry.

**Sir Harry:** Mary you know you're welcome at my house anytime. Come in. How about some coffee, huh?

**Mary:** *(Shaking her head no.)* Thank you I'm fine.

**Sir Harry:** Let's go into the study, it's my favorite room. *(They both enter the study.)* Please sit down.

**Mary:** *(Sitting.)* Harry, I really am sorry it's so early, but I needed to talk to you and I know you're going to be very busy this afternoon with the party and all.

**Sir Harry:** I'll be fine. One should only do "cater given" parties. There really is nothing for the host to do but greet his guests.

**Mary:** Thank you for being so understanding, but I really do need...

**Sir Harry:** *(Still in his own thoughts.)* By the way Mary, you still are planning on standing alongside of me today as my hostess, aren't you?

**Mary:** *(Shaking her head.)* Yes, of course... Harry, it's Glen. He's hurting. Very badly.

**Sir Harry:** My word Mary, why didn't you tell me sooner. How did he do it? Is he in the hospital? How did it happen? An accident? Oh, no!

**Mary:** *(Shaking her head.)* No, Harry, physically Glen's fine. It's emotionally. It's Melinda. She won't even receive his telephone calls now.

**Sir Harry:** *(Sitting down.)* Oh, is that all?

**Mary:** He's crushed. As far as Glen is concerned, his life is over. *(Harry smiles and shakes his head.)* At least as far as his love life is concerned.

**Sir Harry:** "Love life." I'm afraid most people could afford to give that up, and still feel like they live a full life... a great life!

**Mary:** I beg your pardon.

**Sir Harry:** I just said that one's love life could be given up and you could still feel that you have lived a full and happy life. I know I do.

**Mary:** *(Standing up.)* Not today, Harry!

**Sir Harry:** *(Standing.)* I don't understand.

**Mary:** Harry, just because a person doesn't think or feel as you do... that doesn't make them wrong. They are not automatically wrong.

**Sir Harry:** Mary, I've never seen you act like this or talk like this. What's wrong?

**Mary:** I won't apologize.

**Sir Harry:** I didn't ask you to...

**Mary:** Maybe it's because I didn't sleep well last night. I mean, how could I with Glen on my mind?

**Sir Harry:** And now you're going to take it out on me?

**Mary:** I'm sorry. *(To herself.)* There I go and I said I wasn't going to apologize.

**Sir Harry:** So Mary, what do you want from me?

**Mary:** You know how Glen respects you, he looks up to you. Harry, there are times when I know he thinks of you as his father.

**Sir Harry:** And I think of him as the son I never had... All right Mary, will it make you feel any better if I tell you as we speak I am working on a little plan to get Glen and Melinda back together?

**Mary:** *(Smiling at Harry.)* Thank you, Harry.

**Sir Harry:** So you see, Sir Harry isn't such a bad guy after all, is he?

**Mary:** *(She goes over to him and tries to put her arms around him. He stands there quite wooden.)* I love you, Harry. *(He just looks at her. She looks at him.)* Yes.

**Sir Harry:** *(Pausing.)* Yes, what?

**Mary:** That's something you find very difficult to say, isn't it?

**Sir Harry:** *(Breaking away and trying to be funny.)* My, we can certainly tell when you haven't had a good night's sleep.

**Mary:** Oh, I don't think it's just a lack of sleep. Maybe I just want to bring something to a head... to the surface.

**Sir Harry:** Don't press... *(Pausing and looking at her.)* All right.

**Mary:** All right what?

**Sir Harry:** Let's just get it over with. *(Sitting.)* What's on your mind? Where is this conversation going?

**Mary:** Us...

**Sir Harry:** See, if you were a man, or at least thought like a man, this conversation would not be needed.

**Mary:** *(Not really listening to him.)* You and me. You know Harry, every now and then it's good for a person to take stock of their life, to see where they're going. I like to think of it as taking inventory of our life.

**Sir Harry:** And this so called inventory, have you taken it of your life?

**Mary:** As a matter of fact, I have.

**Sir Harry:** And?

**Mary:** It made me think... no, it made me realize where our relationship isn't going.

**Sir Harry:** I see. "Isn't going." Interesting.

**Mary:** I was talking with Janet the other day.

**Sir Harry:** Janet?



**Mary:** You know you've met her. She moved into that green house two doors from mine. Anyway, Janet and I were having coffee the other day.

**Sir Harry:** Two women having coffee. Now I am in big trouble.

**Mary:** *(Not really hearing him.)* And we were talking about relationships, and Janet told me she had just ended a five-year relationship with her boyfriend because she discovered one day that relationship was "taking" more than it was "giving".

**Sir Harry:** *(Getting up.)* I see.

**Mary:** Do you? Do you really see?

**Sir Harry:** You're saying that you, or maybe I should say that Janet made you see or feel that our relationship is "taking" more than it is "giving" to you. Is that it? Am I right?

**Mary:** It did make me take inventory of our relationship.

**Sir Harry:** And what did you find out? What did that inventory tell you?

**Mary:** On the negative side, it told me, yes. Yes my relationship with my Sir Harry is taking more than it is giving. *(Harry gets a pained look on his face.)* Harry, you have never once confessed your love for me. You have never taken me in your arms and showered me with hugs and kisses. And heaven forbid that we should ever use that marriage word. *(Harry shutters a bit at the use of that word. Mary notices his shuttering.)* See, just the mention of that word...

**Sir Harry:** So you're saying you want to end our relationship. Mary, we've been together for...

**Mary:** But on the plus side Harry, I do love you. *(Going to him.)* And I think if you would only allow yourself, you could really love me back.

**Sir Harry:** But I had a marriage. I had a very bad marriage. It was the biggest failure of my life. My wife was without a doubt the worst...

**Mary:** *(Standing right in front of him.)* Am I to blame for that marriage? Am I to be the victim? Harry, I love you. I love you unconditionally. I can only believe that with me and Glen in your life... we love you. We love you for what you are and who you are. Oh yes, I see those faults of yours. You may not think you have them, but trust me Sir Harry, you have them. *(We can see that there is a softness starting to come across Harry.)* Many times you have hurt me, you destroy me with your sharp tongue... your callous ways. I don't know. I just don't know.

**Sir Harry:** Don't know what?

**Mary:** How much longer I will be able to have enough love for the two of us. To keep the bond, to keep what we have alive. "Love" is not a "thing", Harry. It's not a stone that just sits there. It's alive, Harry. Love is a living thing. And anything that is living is either growing or dying... Which is ours? What is our love doing? Is it growing or is it dying?... Is it growing or is it dying?... Is it growing or is...

**Sir Harry:** *(Taking her in his arms.)* It's growing, Mary. Our love is growing! God, I love you Mary. *(He starts to kiss her.)* I can't live without... *(suddenly Sir Harry wakes himself up by saying out loud)* I can't live without you Mary. I love you. *(Harry tries to pull himself together. He looks around the room. There is no Mary. He looks down and sees that he is sitting in his favorite chair and he had fallen asleep trying to read the newspaper. Harry gets a look of relief on his face when he realizes that everything that has just happened was a dream. There is a buzz at the door. Trying to get himself emotionally under control. There is another buzz at the door.)* I'm coming. *(He goes to the door and opens it. There stands Glen.)* Oh, it's you Glen, come on in.

**Glen:** *(Entering.)* Sir Harry.

**Sir Harry:** *(Still trying to shake off the dream.)* I was just taking a little catnap. I guess having the worst dream. Let's go into the study. *(Suddenly, he remembers his recent experience in there.)* No, on second thought, let's go into the living room.

**Glen:** (*Following Sir Harry into the living room.*) Have you seen today's paper yet?

**Sir Harry:** I just started looking at it when I fell asleep. (*To himself.*) I must not have slept as well last night as I thought I had.

**Glen:** Sir Harry, your picture is on the front page of the newspaper 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 "Sir".

**Sir Harry:** That's fine. I am "The Lord Harry" in most of the civilized world.

**Glen:** (*Going to him.*) Look here at your picture and the story.

**Sir Harry:** (*Sitting down.*) Read it to me.

**Glen:** All right. (*Reading.*) "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 she knows Lord Harry is the world's greatest chauvinist.

**Sir Harry:** (*Getting up and walking away a little.*) And do you know what I say to that, Glen?

**Glen:** What's that sir?

**Sir Harry:** The time to worry is when the world no longer talks about you. For then it means you have become very boring.

**Glen:** (*Reading from the paper.*) It then says, "American and English men, to name a few, liberated of their chauvinistic views, are applauding the choice."

**Sir Harry:** "A few", now that's the key word. Glen, my fine young man, let me teach you something. I'm sure all these women are ugly and their male followers are babbling fools with no minds of their own. (*Speaking philosophically.*) To get involved with one of them at an intimate level would be as reasonable as putting a man-hating venomous snake on your bare throat at feeding time.

**Glen:** That bad, huh?

**Sir Harry:** That bad.

**Glen:** Aren't you really upset about the article? I'd be.

**Sir Harry:** Only fools and neurotics allow the capriciousness of women to dictate their moods. (*To himself.*) That really was a bad dream I was having. I don't believe I ever have had such a nightmare.

**Glen:** What's that, Sir Harry?

**Sir Harry:** Ah... nothing. Now, where was I?... Oh, yes...

**Glen:** Something about "dictating moods".

**Sir Harry:** You see Glen, I represent man at his zenith. I treat women the way God intended, with a perfect combination of strength and loving. I'm afraid the fearless male hunter has been reduced to the check producing worker, house cleaner and server of all his wife's capricious needs as he dies early of a heart attack from working too hard. Then she lives magnificently on the insurance money and blasts his memory at every chance she gets with her man-hating, widowers' bridge group.

**Glen:** Gosh!

**Sir Harry:** The poor deceased husband is condemned for everything from dying too young to not sexually satisfying the wife he left behind.



Scene 3

**Glen:** Boy, you must love being single.

**Sir Harry:** Does a minister love to see a congregation tithing? Of course I love being single, being my own person. Glen, let me put it to you this way. Why get married in a wild west country full of guns? A moment of bravery versus a lifetime at hard labor. *(There is a buzz at the front door.)* Excuse me Glen. I can't imagine who that can be. *(Going to the door.)* Maybe it's the... *(Opening the front door. There stands Monica. She is an officer in the International Assembly of Women to Stamp out Male Chauvinists – IAOWTSOMC.)* May I help you?



**Monica:** *(Said with obvious disdain.)* Are you the one and the only Harry?

**Sir Harry:** Sir Harry, and who might you be?

**Monica:** 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. Please come in, won't you. *(Monica enters. Taking her into the living room.)* I have someone here I would like you to meet. *(They enter the living room.)* Glen, I would like you to meet Monica. Monica, this is Glen.

**Monica:** Hello.

**Glen:** Nice to meet you. *(In a low voice to Sir Harry.)* You said she would be ugly. I think she's pretty.



**Monica:** *(Overhearing what Glen just said to Sir Harry.)* You did! Well it certainly seems what is being said about you is true. You do deserve this award. But I'm sure all women are ugly to you.

**Sir Harry:** By any chance might you have a photo of any of your IAOWTSOMC members?... I am sorry if I am not pronouncing that word correctly.

**Monica:** IA-O-WTS-OMC.

**Sir Harry:** Ah. Thank you. *(With a mischievous look on his face.)* You see Monica, 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:** The tragedy of men like you is that you do actually believe that you are as great as your mother or your nannies foolishly wanted you to be and told you you are. We actually create you by doting on such inadequate things as are men. Your cuteness as babies belies your future treacherousness.

**Sir Harry:** *(To Glen.)* I think she must have read Shakespeare's "The Taming Of The Shrew."

**Monica:** Sir Harry, if we are to get along and I hope we do, please tell me the truth according to the superman chauvinist you are.

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

**Monica:** And then it's we women who end up caring for your giant egos and weak stomachs.

**Sir Harry:** To not accept the truth is much worse than not having the ability or opportunity to understand it. Not that I hope to correct you from your erroneous ways...

**Monica:** *(Coldly.)* Thank you.

**Sir Harry:** Or to help your readers become more open-minded about my statements or to help them with their "distorted vision of the truth" that results from a closed mind to rational thought.

**Monica:** And should I say, "Your public awaits you ol' great one."

**Sir Harry:** Women feel inferior to men. It's simple as that. They do.

**Glen:** *(To himself.)* Oh, I wish I believed that. If that were only true.

**Sir Harry:** Women boast about being equal but demand preferential treatment. Men, even though foolish, become paternal when they feel guilt for their superior intellect and resulting superior life position. The end result is sad... It starts with men giving preferential treatment to women, which then makes women strongly doubt their own ability... Then these women... these women become obsessed with their position and need for help and become even more firmly angry and demanding. The poor men giving them 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 men.

**Glen:** I'm not sure I know what you just said, but I'm impressed. It sounded good to me.

**Monica:** And I'm not impressed, cuz if you think women feel inferior to you and your likes...

**Sir Harry:** You said it, not I. *(With a playful voice.)* But for you to admit it is a strength.

**Monica:** You know what I mean. *(Pause.)* Why does your ex-wife speak so harshly of you?

**Sir Harry:** Because I am what she thinks.

**Monica:** Now we're getting somewhere. You do admit you mistreated her.



**Sir Harry:** I don't at all. I treated her with respect... but she wanted me to always agree with her, drop all my friends, give my total attention to each neurotic need she developed and the resulting problems caused by it. Based on good mental health, 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... (*appearing very confident*) a happy and true man of integrity and very sought after bachelor.

**Glen:** I know my mom sure does like him. (*To Monica.*) They've been going together for a few years now.

**Monica:** (*Ignoring Glen.*) What actually did happen to 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.

**Monica:** Would you admit you wanted to control her?

**Sir Harry:** (*Shaking his head.*) I do... and I still know it's what she needed. Her father even agreed with me.

**Monica:** What a witness in your defense. I'm sure he's every bit the chauvinist you are. Right?

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

**Monica:** Harry, you really do deserve our award. If I had any second thoughts before I arrived, you have certainly put them all to rest now.

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

**Monica:** Lincoln, King... my, you do like to put yourself with greatness.

**Sir Harry:** I need not try to identify with greatness. The word is synonymous with me. (*There is a buzz at the front door.*) If you will excuse me. (*He goes to the front door and opens it. There stands Brinka, the grandmother-in-law of Monica, with her grandson, Punkey, who is Monica's husband. He is a house person and the primary caretaker of their huge infant daughter, Tyranta.*) May I help you?

**Brinka:** (*As she walks right in followed by Punkey.*) I'm Monica's grandmother-in-law and this is her husband, Punkey. My name is Brinka!

**Sir Harry:** (*Following them into the living room.*) I see. And I'm Sir Harry.

**Brinka:** (*Spotting Monica.*) I see you started without me. I assumed you were here.

**Sir Harry:** This young man is Glen.

**Glen:** Hi. (*They all just look at him.*)

**Sir Harry:** (*To himself.*) Why do I feel this woman is going to give the word "aggressiveness" a whole new meaning?

**Monica:** I'm nearly done.

**Brinka:** Have you shaped up this chauvinistic bully yet?

**Monica:** One can only do one's best.

**Brinka:** (*Going right up to Sir Harry.*) I am Brinka S. Norms, the President of IAOWTSOMC. (*Looking at Monica.*) I'm sure my granddaughter-in-law has told you what that stands for.

**Sir Harry:** Oh, to be sure.

**Brinka:** I am here because I wanted to see you for myself.

**Sir Harry:** I'm very flattered.

**Brinka:** Don't be.

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

**Brinka:** *(Really looking at Sir Harry.)* I'm not impressed.

**Punkey:** *(To Sir Harry.)* My grandmother does not impress easily. I mean other people don't impress her easily. I mean men don't impress my grandmother easily.

**Sir Harry:** *(Pointing his finger at Punkey and said with mockery.)* It talks.

**Brinka:** *(To Punkey.)* Don't pay any attention to him. God forbid any of him should rub off on you. I have the feeling that one Sir Harry is enough for this world.



**Monica:** I would say more than enough.

**Sir Harry:** *(To Brinka.)* Now that you've made your grand entrance, what do you really want from me?

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

**Sir Harry:** I like to think that until I was born, the word had no meaning.

**Brinka:** Oh please, spare us. I'm sure you have the honesty of a toad and I'm also sure that you're turned off by any woman with spirit... and I'm sure right this minute you are viewing me as an ugly domineering dog.

**Sir Harry:** My dear Brinka, I promise you, comparing you to a dog is outrageous. Why they're man's best friend.

**Punkey:** I challenge your sincerity, Harry.

**Brinka:** Keep quiet, Punkey.

**Punkey:** Yes ma'am.

**Brinka:** Why Harry, did you give me a compliment? Not to view me as a dog... well...

**Sir Harry:** I call 'em as I see 'em.

**Brinka:** *(Even though in doubt, she goes back to her old self.)* Harry, I think there is something you should know about me, from where I'm coming.

**Sir Harry:** All right.

**Brinka:** Having once been married to a controlling person like you, I know firsthand that to be with a man like you is death by control.



**Sir Harry:** You simply choose to be a forever unhappy singleton shrew because of your closed mind, don't you? Well, my dear woman, open up that mind of yours. Your future could be happy with a thoroughbred male stallion like me.

**Brinka:** *(With sarcasm.)* I don't think so.

**Sir Harry:** I can only imagine what Punkey Senior is like.

**Punkey:** Inadequate and hateful. But I still love him.

**Brinka:** Ah, he's just like his father, he'd marry anything.

**Sir Harry:** Punkey, my boy, even the most insignificant of worms can hide their insignificance by keeping their mouth shut. You fit an old Italian saying, "Chi bestia va a Roma, bestia ritorna." *(Literally - One who goes to Rome as a beast returns as a beast.)*

**Punkey:** What does that mean?

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

**Punkey:** Oh, I don't think that's true... at least I hope it's not true.

**Monica:** It's not, Punkey.

**Punkey:** *(To Monica.)* Thank you.

**Monica:** *(To Sir Harry.)* Picking on my adorable little Punkey. *(Said with anger.)* Now I can add rude and crude to my list of things that I really don't like about you.

**Sir Harry:** *(Looking at his watch.)* Girls. Ladies. I hate to tell you this, but I'm actually becoming quite bored by this conversation.

**Monica:** *(To Brinka.)* As far as I'm concerned, there is no doubt in my mind whatsoever that we picked the right man this year for the award.

**Brinka:** Eureka! As if there were any doubt. The only thing I feel sorry about is we should have voted him the winner last year.

**Sir Harry:** You could give me the award again next year and I could be your first-time two-year winner in a row.

**Punkey:** *(As if a light bulb just came on in his head. To Brinka.)* And then you would have something else you could call him. Sir Harry, I mean.

**Brinka:** What's that?

**Punkey:** A two-timer. *(He laughs. Everyone just looks at him.)*

**Brinka:** Punkey!

**Punkey:** Get it? You could call Sir Harry a "two-timer".

**Sir Harry:** *(To himself.)* I should care less that he's deserted to the enemy. *(To Punkey.)* You know Punkey, I only know of one other primitive male-type creature, a local writer, Skip, who is more pathetic and insignificant than you seem to be.

**Monica:** Honey, don't pay any attention to him. You're mine and that's all that matters. *(Punkey doesn't respond fast enough, so she speaks very forcefully to him.)* Right!

**Punkey:** Huh... ah... yes dear, you're right.

**Sir Harry:** *(Repeating Punkey's words.)* "Ah, yes dear, you're right!" Now it's words such as those that makes me want to wear... no, I take that back. That makes me happy to wear... makes it an honor to wear the crown as the "Number One International Male Chauvinist of the Year."

**Punkey:** Don't forget, "International".

**Brinka:** Punkey... I really do think we should let up on this man.

**Punkey:** What do you mean?

**Brinka:** I get the distinct feeling that Sir Harry here suddenly feels that he must define his title.

**Punkey:** Really? Oh yes, I must of missed that.

**Monica:** *(To Punkey.)* Honey, I think it's time we should be leaving.

**Brinka:** I couldn't agree more.

**Sir Harry:** *( To Glen.)* Did you notice how poor Punkey can be in the same room with these two women and it's as if he doesn't exist? Let me have the Punkeys of this world for one month. No, one week and we men would surely rule the world the way it was meant to be.

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

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

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

**Brinka:** He's beginning to think he really is...

**Sir Harry:** I see that all three of you can call me by the name I deserve. How astute of you. Even poor Punkeykins himself. Now he says "Ah yes, dear, you're right, dear" to you ladies and then addresses me as "God". Oh, Punkey, I'm almost proud of you.

**Punkey:** Thank you... I think.

**Brinka:** *(Looking at Monica.)* Now we are leaving.

**Sir Harry:** You women never let me down. Cartoons, drunken fiestas and discussions with macho women 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. *(There is a buzz at the front door.)*

**Punkey:** *(To Monica.)* Did you understand that?

**Sir Harry:** *(Going to the door.)* Excuse me for a minute.

**Monica:** *(To Punkey.)* Shut up.

**Punkey:** Yes, dear.

**Sir Harry:** *(Opening the door. Mary is standing there. Still not quite over his dream, he gets a surprised look on his face.)* Mary.

**Mary:** Hi, Harry.

**Sir Harry:** Come in. *(Mary enters and closes the door after her.)* Let's go into the living room. *(They go into the living room.)*

**Mary:** *(Seeing all the people.)* What's going on here, Harry?

**Sir Harry:** Simply a team of experts interviewing me for yet another new award. Mary, this is Brinka, Monica and her husband, Punkey. And of course you know Glen.

**Glen:** Hi, mom.

**Mary:** Hello everyone.



Scene 3

**Brinka:** By any chance you couldn't be Mary Kennedy, could you?

**Mary:** I am.

**Brinka:** Correct me if I'm wrong, but I believe you've been having a relationship with this man for the past few years.

**Mary:** *(Smiling at Sir Harry.)* I have.

**Brinka:** Why? I mean why do you persist in a relationship with this intolerable man?

**Mary:** Maybe I don't find him so intolerable and because life would be pretty boring without my "Sir Harry".

**Sir Harry:** *(Going over to her and they both put their arms around each other.)* And because she has good taste. *(Mary and Sir Harry laugh and so does Glen, but no one else does.)*

**Brinka:** And why do you call him, Sir Harry? Why not just Harry?

**Mary:** *(Smiling at Sir Harry.)* Because there is only one Sir Harry.

**Sir Harry:** This female is kind and understanding and has the rarest quality of the female species, I can count on her almost completely.

**Punkey:** "Almost." Are you afraid she'll find out what a chauvinist you really are?

**Mary:** I think I can answer that. It's true, Sir Harry is...

**Brinka:** *(Monica.)* It's just like fingernails on a blackboard when I hear her refer to him as "Sir Harry".

**Mary:** *(Not paying any attention to Brinka.)* ...a bit of a chauvinist.

**Brinka:** A bit!

**Mary:** But I accept people for who they are and what they are.

**Monica:** *(To Brinka.)* She's too good for him.

**Mary:** Sir Harry is kind and caring to me in his own way.

**Sir Harry:** *(To everyone.)* Isn't she the best? And you know what they say, "Birds of a feather flock together."

**Brinka:** *(To Monica.)* He is so self-centered.

**Sir Harry:** And above all, she's loyal. And even Punkeykins can understand the value in that I'm sure.

**Punkey:** Oh, yes.

**Monica:** Just ignore him, honey.

**Brinka:** Say what you want about your lady friend, but the woman has got to be pathetically blind. You have not come by your new honor easily. You had to earn it... "International Chauvinist of the Year."

**Sir Harry:** I accept the honor, the title, but not your description of Mary. For whatever her flaws, and she has them, she most certainly is not blind. Loyal and kind are the adjectives to use.

**Punkey:** Stupid is the word, I'm sure.

**Sir Harry:** *(Looking at Punkey.)* I do so dislike anyone with a limited vocabulary.

**Mary:** I can't help but believe that all of you are just prisoners of your own beliefs. Why is it wrong for me to be with Sir Harry if he makes me happy?

**Monica:** We just want you to see him for what he really is.

**Sir Harry:** Oh, here we go again. It's that old, "If you don't like things my way or do things my way, you're wrong." Is that it?

**Brinka:** *(To Mary.)* All I can say is, if I were married... even involved with a man such as you are, I'd buy a pistol and shoot him. My dear, you deserve much better.

**Sir Harry:** *(To Brinka.)* 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 his statement.)* Monica, do you have enough information?

**Monica:** *(Looking at Harry.)* More than enough.

**Sir Harry:** I hope I lived up to your expectations.

**Monica:** I think the award is going to the right person this year.

**Sir Harry:** Good... You can't imagine how my day would have been ruined if you had been disappointed. But then, Sir Harry never disappoints.

**Brinka:** Harry, I have...

**Sir Harry:** "Sir Harry."

**Brinka:** *(Just looking at him.)* All right, Sir Harry. Sir Harry, I have one additional question to ask you. To ask good old Sir Harry.

**Sir Harry:** "Old Sir Harry"? I don't think so. "Exciting Sir Harry", "Clever", "Brilliant", "Handsome", even "Chauvinistic Sir Harry", but never, oh, never, "Old Sir Harry". Never! Never!

**Punkey:** *(To Brinka.)* I think he just told you off.

**Brinka:** Shut up.

**Punkey:** O.K.

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

**Sir Harry:** *(To Punkey.)* Your wife is right. Monica does think your grandmother can handle a man. She compares them to you.

**Punkey:** What?

**Glen:** I think what Sir Harry is saying is that your grandmother's definition of a man is you.

**Punkey:** *(Excited.)* Oh, really?

**Brinka:** Cool it Punkey. I think you were just insulted.

**Punkey:** Oh.

**Sir Harry:** Poor Punkey. 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:** Don't pay any attention to him.

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

**Brinka:** I am finished with this place. The stench of male arrogance is too much for me.

**Sir Harry:** You know Punkey, if there is one thing you really must work out with that unique character of yours, it's your tolerance for serpent-tongued male-bashers.

**Punkey:** What?



**Brinka:** *(With a commanding voice.)* Come on honey, we're leaving. We need to get ready for the coronation. *(To Punkey.)* He really is hopeless.

**Punkey:** You're right.

**Sir Harry:** You keep saying you're leaving, but you really must have a fear of leaving a male God's presence. Well Ms. Brinka, the door is gathering dust as you fill the air with your insignificant words and rancid breath. Be gone! My patience with inferior creatures like you 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!

**Monica:** Not soon enough big shot. *(Going up to Sir Harry.)* And you are one. You think you're one big shot.

**Sir Harry:** *(Coming down on her.)* And just try to understand and interpret everything that I have said and done today correctly. You, you, female.

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



**Brinka & Monica:** Punkey!

**Brinka:** Get yourself up.

**Monica:** Punkey! Do what Grandmother says. *(Glen helps Punkey get up.)*

**Glen:** *(To Punkey.)* Are you all right?

**Brinka:** He's fine.

**Sir Harry:** *(Going to the front door and speaking sarcastically.)* And now I think all good things must come to an end. *(Opening the front door and pointing his finger.)* This party is over.

**Punkey:** *(Going to the door, with Brinka and Monica feeling his head.)* I think I've got a knot on my noggin.

**Sir Harry:** Punkey, you are a knot on the face of life. *(They exit and Harry shuts the door with a slam.)*

**Glen:** *(Both Glen and Mary clap their hands.)* Bravo to you, Sir Harry.

**Mary:** Harry, you were spectacular. They were here to make you look bad and think like them.

**Sir Harry:** I stood up to them, didn't I?

**Mary:** (*Going up to Sir Harry and giving him a little kiss on his cheek.*) You certainly did... Well men, I am going to leave you now so the two of you can do some of that male bonding or whatever it is that you men do. (*Going to the front door.*) Please don't see me out.

**Sir Harry:** (*Smiling.*) We won't. (*Mary laughs and exits.*)

**Glen:** I have a great mom.

**Sir Harry:** Maybe that's what your mother and I have the most in common.

**Glen:** What's that?

**Sir Harry:** Our greatness.

**Glen:** (*Changing the subject.*) I feel sorry for them, Sir Harry. I feel sorry for Monica and Brinka. It's too bad they can't be more like Melinda.

**Sir Harry:** Glen...

**Glen:** What?

**Sir Harry:** Can I try to change your mind about her?

**Glen:** Why? I love her. Oh, Sir Harry, I don't know what I'd do without her... Sir Harry... may I ask a favor of you?

**Sir Harry:** (*Pausing.*) Glen, my son, ask and it'll be done.

**Glen:** I've written a letter, a poem, to Melinda that pours out my love for her... Will you give it to her for me? I know you and her father communicate by computer.

**Sir Harry:** (*To himself.*) The races these young men make me run... (*To Glen.*) All right. I'll see to it that it'll be delivered at the speed of light.

**Glen:** Oh, thank you... Sir Harry, may I read the letter, the poem to you?

**Sir Harry:** (*To himself.*) Does God approve of men that do their best to make the world a better place for good wives, children and mankind in general? (*To Glen.*) Absolutely!

**Glen:** Will you think I'm silly?

**Sir Harry:** Never. I would be proud to hear of the love that is coming directly out of your soul. (*To himself.*) Love is insanity, and this poor lad is as insane as one gets.

**Glen:** (*Reaching in his pocket.*) I have it in my pocket. (*Pulling a piece of paper out.*) Here it is. (*Clearing his throat.*) Here goes. (*Sir Harry smiles at him. Glen starts to read.*)

*"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. To touch you engages every warm emotion that I have ever known. To have these emotions fulfilled, lets me fully understand the agony of lost love that poets have written about since the beginning of time. Please forgive me as my pain is unbearable. I may be many things, but the most I am is in love with you. Please give me another chance and I promise you I will never fail you again. You may see it as a weakness, but I am totally defenseless without you. Please open your heart, let this stupid but loving person back into your life".*

*With love forever,  
Glen*

*p.s. With total love, please let me back into your life. With you... all is good, and light... all is spring and all is happiness... I love you!! Please!!*

*Love you forever,  
Glen*

(*Pausing.*) Well... what do you think?



**Sir Harry:** Well, I think...

**Glen:** You hate it.

**Sir Harry:** Glen, my boy, silence! It's so much from the heart, I'm... just overwhelmed.

**Glen:** Really?

**Sir Harry:** *(To himself.)* What adolescence nonsense. *(To Glen.)* Now Glen, maybe... just maybe you might just have one too many "pleases" in it. And I think... well Glen, be the man you can be and demand that she drop her foolish ways if she wants to be a part of your life again.

**Glen:** Oh, I can't do that. I'll happily be her trophy. I love her more than anything. With her, I am complete. Without her, I am nothing and never will be. Please help me. Please make sure she gets my letter, my poem.

**Sir Harry:** *(To himself.)* Wait until those delicate satin-like hands are as fat as cows and she shakes them in front of his face and clobbers him when the poor little man doesn't see things as his "Little Misses" thinks he should. *(To Glen.)* Of course, I will see to it. I shall be sending some materials within the hour to Dr. Mendez, and will include your letter of great passion.

**Glen:** Sir Harry, do you think she will give me another chance?

**Sir Harry:** 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. *(Looking at Glen.)* I'm sad to report that Melinda will be here this afternoon in all her beauty and we'll see Glen, let us see how she treats you.

**Glen:** I'm so worried about Big Load. He's in love with her too. Did you know that? Gee, and he's such a good athlete.

**Sir Harry:** Glen, did you hear me? Melinda will be coming here, to my house later today for the coronation party. I think she's coming with her father and heaven knows who else. As you know, Melinda never wants for a date.

**Glen:** *(In a down mood.)* I know.

**Sir Harry:** And with Colosso having sent her father three gold plated invitations and her mother being in Miami for some big Cuban festival, well... not using an invitation from Colosso would be like not going through St. Peter's pearly gates when one is given the one opportunity.

**Glen:** *(Thinking.)* Oh, no! She could invite Big Load!

**Sir Harry:** Oh, she wouldn't do that to you... would she? Well, all I can say is if she does show up with Big Load... well, it would certainly show her true colors.

**Glen:** *(Not hearing Sir Harry.)* The thought of Melinda with Big Load makes me feel horrible. Just the idea of him touching her satin-like hands really turns me off... Oh, I never could stand to see that big lug stroking her hair or even breathing the perfumed air she creates wherever she is. Big Load never could measure up to her. He's not in her league and never will be. Big Load is an overweight wimp.

**Sir Harry:** Glen, my boy, have heart. Have you not said I'm like a father to you?

**Glen:** Yes.

**Sir Harry:** Well, you're like a good son to me. And as a father, may I give my son some advice? Will you try to accept it?

**Glen:** I'll try, but...

**Sir Harry:** No buts... just listen to me. Now Glen, if Melinda does come with Big Load, that will show you what kind of a woman she really is... vengeful and treacherous... and shallow. I mean how could she read your poetry and not succumb? If she chooses Big Load...

**Glen:** But, what do I do if she is with him?

**Sir Harry:** Ignore her! Punish her. You must let her know you are a man. You must not let silly love and passion rule you. It'll weaken you as a man... Glen my confused son, it's important that you do as I say.

**Glen:** I just don't know if I can pull it off. What if I lose my cool?

**Sir Harry:** Of course you can pull it off. You're the boss. If she wants to be in your life, then she plays by your rules. Life is full of rules and you must set them for your mate. Or in your case, your girlfriend.

**Glen:** Sir Harry, 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 for as long as you want her. But we men are human, so you must set reasonable standards for her.

**Glen:** It'll kill me if it's Big Load she wants.

**Sir Harry:** Nonsense. If it's Big Load she wants, then it only means she wants a toughy with a little brain. If she rejects the golden opportunity to have you, then we'll celebrate.

**Glen:** What? Celebrate. No way, Sir Harry.

**Sir Harry:** If she rejects you for Big Load, the dimwit that he is, it will show you... it will show us that she knew you could not be controlled and put in her trophy case and be handled only by her as her prized possession.

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

**Sir Harry:** You must be tough and you might have a chance. And if your letter does fail...

**Glen:** Oh, do you think it will?

**Sir Harry:** I said, "if". And if it does, at least go out like a man, and just make sure when you do leave that you take along all your private parts with you. *(Sir Harry laughs.)*

**Glen:** Leave?

**Sir Harry:** *(Not paying any attention to Glen.)* Think of this afternoon as a test for Melinda, and if she fails, well... you will be free of her... Now you are to relax and come back later for the battle of your life. Now be off.

**Glen:** I'll do my best. *(He goes and gives Sir Harry a hug.)*

**Sir Harry:** Of course you will. Now have heart.

**Glen:** *(Starting for the door.)* And you'll send my letter, the poem... won't you?

**Sir Harry:** Immediately.

**Glen:** *(Opening the door, he turns around and looks at Harry.)* I have so much faith in you, Sir Harry. Thank you.

**Sir Harry:** And you have every good reason to. *(Both men look at each other with big smiles on their face. Glen then goes out the door and closes it after himself.)*

*End of Scene*



## 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 dear friend, you look “all wise” in that royal purple Roman toga that you chose to adorn your body with today... and the gold, you truly are the envy of all pirates, living or dead. Blackbeard himself must be rolling over in his grave as we speak.

**Colosso:** Harry, you do have a way with words, you know that. And your witty perceptiveness has always been a source of joy for me.

**Sir Harry:** Well Sir, we English did invent the language and you Americans have yet to conquer it. *(Colosso has a look of disapproval on his face. In a playful voice.)* Well... maybe one or two of you show some promise.

**Colosso:** *(Having some fun.)* What do you mean, “maybe”!... Harry, I hope you don’t mind my coming over early to oversee the preparations for my party.

**Sir Harry:** My home is your home.

**Colosso:** And have you had the pleasure of feasting your eyes upon me? I mean upon the statue of me? Such gold and bronze!



**Sir Harry:** Not only my eyes, but my body as well. I laid myself before your image.

**Colosso:** *(Laughing.)* I do enjoy you.

**Sir Harry:** Words fail me to tell you of the emotions I experienced when I cast my eyes on those huge, gold inlaid sandals and belt. And to hear the larger than Big Ben bells go off every hour with your magnificent voice giving the time... Well, what can I say? It’s just awe inspiring.

**Colosso:** It stands guard over the campus. My campus.

**Sir Harry:** That it does! The double head is very unique and so impressive. One overseeing the campus and the other ruling over the football stadium. It certainly lets everyone know who the power is around here.

**Colosso:** Totally true... but would you believe that damn football coach, what's his name? Oh, Tuffy, Tuffy Norkas doesn't like it. But that's O.K. I've never accused him of having good taste... I like it and that's all that matters. No damn football coach will ever stand in my way of making State University of America the greatest university in the world. Not even Tuffy what's his name.

**Sir Harry:** And a truly great president you are. I feel honored to have my home used for the post coronation party in your honor. Today will be a day that mighty Caesar himself would be jealous of. *(There is a loud knock on the front door.)*

**Colosso:** Do you think so? *(There's another loud knock.)* Caesar himself, huh?

**Sir Harry:** If you'll excuse me, Sir. *(He goes to the front door and opens it. There stands Skip Goon absurdly dressed in a skin-tight, bright orange, purple and chartreuse polka dot suit and skull cap. Skip runs into the house.)* Hello...

**Skip:** Where is he? *(Seeing Colosso.)* Oh, there you are. *(Skip is panting and sweating profusely. He runs to Colosso, staring as if awestruck into the eyes of Colosso.)* Mr. President, am I late?



**Sir Harry:** *(Coming back into the room.)* And hello to you too, Skip.

**Colosso:** I wanted you to be here on time to see the guests arrive. *(Looking at him and shaking his head.)* You've made the grade.

**Skip:** *(To himself.)* Where do you want me to stand?

**Sir Harry:** *(To himself.)* Where is a good outhouse when you need one?

**Colosso:** *(To Skip.)* I don't believe you said hello to Sir Harry yet. He is our host.

**Skip:** *(Without looking at Sir Harry.)* Hello. *(To Colosso.)* So, Mr. President, where do I stand?

**Sir Harry:** *(To himself.)* Far, far down in the human race.

**Colosso:** Skip, my good lad, I want you to always be right behind me, always looking over my shoulder. I want you to observe everything that I do. Say little and write the most memorable events of today. I will review what you write and offer constructive criticism as I will approve the final version.

**Skip:** *(Said with great emotion.)* Mr. President, I can't tell you how proud I am to be here. This has got to be one of the best days of my life. No, I lied. This is the best day of my life. I'm only sorry that more men can't be a part of this day.



**Sir Harry:** You said men. Why not include women? *(To himself. I can't believe I actually said that to him.)*

**Skip:** I said men meaning everybody. Both men and women. Mankind.

**Sir Harry:** *(To himself.)* The clown said "mankind"... I didn't even know he could pronounce the word let alone know the meaning of it. *(Now said so Skip can hear him.)* And to think that there are those who perceive Skip Goon as nothing more than a misplaced hippy disciple of Timothy O'Leary. A man who represented the worst of the sixties.

**Skip:** *(To Sir Harry.)* Hey, I'm not deaf. I heard you. And you're wrong. People love me. Both men and women. Even little kids.

**Sir Harry:** *(In a mocking voice.)* It's because they relate to you. Oh come on Skip...

**Colosso:** Skip!

**Skip:** *(Coming to attention and saluting.)* Sir!

**Colosso:** Show your manners.

**Skip:** Yes sir.

**Sir Harry:** *(Not letting up on Skip.)* Let's be honest, Skip. It's a known fact that you equally dislike any man or woman that doesn't agree with your tiny little, politically correct views. Am I right?

**Skip:** What? What do you mean?

**Colosso:** *(Looking very bored.)* Skip, will you just tell Harry that you meant both men and women, that you love both mankind and womankind. *(To himself.)* Womankind? I don't think there's such a word. Well, if not, there is now!

**Skip:** *(To Colosso.)* I said I meant both men and women.

**Colosso:** Skippy!

**Skip:** Yes, sir. *(To Sir Harry.)* President Assassino told me to tell you that I meant both men and women.

**Colosso:** *(Just looking at Skip.)* Thank you. Skip, I'm sure God has a purpose for your life. You might even say he has colossal plans for your life.

**Sir Harry:** *(To Colosso.)* Mr. President, I would say that God has given Skip the privilege, no... the honor to have the opportunity to observe first-hand, the workings of the great President Colosso Michelangelo Assassino. *(Colosso smiles.)*

**Skip:** *(Looking at Colosso.)* And I will not let you down. Otherwise my life will be meaningless. *(There's a buzz at the front door.)*

**Colosso:** I can see that this is going to be a very busy place today.

**Sir Harry:** Excuse me. *(He goes to the door.)*

**Skip:** *(To Colosso.)* It's going to be an exciting day, huh sir? I mean Prez, I mean President Colosso, ah President Assassino.

**Sir Harry:** *(Opening the door. There stands Mark Hill, the photographer for President Colosso Assassino. As always, he appears very nervous in the presence of Colosso.)* Hello.

**Mark:** Is... is President Assassino here?

**Sir Harry:** *(Shaking his head yes.)* Yes. Step in.

**Mark:** *(Entering.)* I'm Mark Hill, President Assassino is expecting me.

**Sir Harry:** I see... Follow me young man.

**Mark:** I will. *(They go into the living room. Seeing Colosso.)* I'm here, President Assassino.

**Colosso:** And so you are. *(Said forcefully.)* Get the camera ready, today's the day!

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

**Colosso:** *(Just looking at him and then saying to himself.)* Why I keep him around I'll never know.

**Skip:** *(Overhearing Colosso.)* I'd fire him in a minute. It's a measure of your mercy why you keep him around.

**Sir Harry:** Skippy, to be put down by you has got to be the ultimate in "put downs".

**Skip:** Sir Harry, I only said what I did because of the way I saw our great President react to his arrival.

**Mark:** *(To Colosso.)* Is that true, Mr. President? Do I upset you?

**Colosso:** Upset? No, because I'm aware of your multiple imperfections 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:** *(To Mark.)* I think he just told you to shape up.

**Skip:** Mark, just think of yourself as a mouse and our great President as a mighty lion.

**Colosso:** *(Turning to Skip.)* I'm impressed. *(To himself.)* That's a first.

**Mark:** *(Looking at Colosso and said in a pleading voice.)* I'll try to do my best, Mr. President. I know I always fail but please, give me another chance. Even as a little boy my father used to tell me that a man was meant to climb mountains, but he said where I was concerned, I always stayed in the valley.

**Colosso:** *(To Mark.)* A word of warning, the tiniest thing to make me mad and you're out of here.

**Skip:** *(With a glowing look to Mark.)* Yea!

**Mark:** *(To Colosso.)* Just tell me what to do. I'm yours.

**Sir Harry:** *(To himself.)* There's a scary thought.

**Colosso:** *(To Mark and pointing his finger.)* You are to be everywhere and bother no one. You are to seek the perfect picture of me and go for it.

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

**Skip:** *(Trying to be funny and acting smart, he plays up to Colosso.)* Now you are in trouble, President.

**Mark:** *(Looking at Skip.)* I said I'd do my best.

**Colosso:** And you better, or that "valley" that you're in is even going to get deeper.

**Skip:** *(Laughing.)* You told him.





**Sir Harry:** Skippy, you're one mean spirited man, ah, person today.

**Skip:** No, I'm not. I only demand that our President receive the very best from his photographer. Isn't that right, my President?

**Colosso:** I can handle Mark. Your job here today is to cover the continuing celebration of the coronation of my identical look-alike statue. I want people centuries from now to read of this day and sing your praises. You will be like Pliny the Younger, who left a personal recollection of the destruction of Pompeii by Mt. Vesuvius over two thousand years ago. What a legacy you'll leave to your future namesakes.

**Skip:** Oh, yes, yes, you're right.

**Colosso:** (*Snapping his fingers and pointing in the direction of the entrance.*) I think it's time to take our post. Go for it, Skip.

**Skip:** Ah... yes. You're right.

**Mark:** (*To himself.*) Is that all he can say? "Yes" and "You're right."

**Skip:** (*Getting ready to leave the room.*) I'm going to go and greet the people who come.

**Colosso:** Good idea. And while you're at it, check the pulse of the community's leadership... (*To Mark.*) Destiny continues to beckon that boy to greatness.

**Skip:** (*Leaving the room.*) I'll do my best to meet my fate.

**Sir Harry:** Skip reminds me of a terrified field mouse with a mighty eagle in pursuit whenever he leaves a room. Have you noticed that, Colosso?

**Colosso:** You are mean-spirited today... but be kind, the boy tries to fulfill any need I desire... any need!

**Sir Harry:** Oh, I don't think I'm mean-spirited at all. For me, being kind to Skip would be like Israel making Hitler her symbol for human kindness, tolerance and commitment to help the Jewish nation. You know, I'm sure, if Skippy were even a little bit brighter or there were more than one of him, I'm certain the Roman Catholic Church would for a brief time mercifully reinstate the Inquisition.

**Colosso:** When you put it that way, it's impossible to argue with you.

**Mark:** (*As if he understands what is being said.*) Yea. (*Both men just look at him.*)

**Colosso:** However, he does try to be helpful and I do pity him. After all, his tiny insignificant life can have some meaning when I assign him to a task that is important, such as this party today.

**Sir Harry:** (*In a playful voice.*) You know, there always has been one thing that I thought Skippy Goon would be perfect for.

**Colosso:** And should I ask what that might be?

**Sir Harry:** Of course. Ask away.

**Colosso:** (*Pausing and looking at Sir Harry.*) All right... I give up.

**Sir Harry:** Skippy could always be used in a prisoner exchange.

**Colosso:** Prisoner exchange?

**Sir Harry:** Think about it. If you had to get rid of... or give up one person, besides Mark of course... think about it.

**Colosso:** (*Thinking.*) Hah... as the English would say, "By Jove, I think you're right!" Prisoner exchange, you say. (*Both men start laughing.*)

**Sir Harry:** (*Trying to stop laughing.*) But enough about poor old "Skippy the Colossal Goon". This is too great of a day to waste a thought on him.



**Colosso:** Agreed... *(Thinking to himself.)* Prisoner exchange. *(Chuckles to himself while shaking his head.)* You know, Sir Harry, I really do love being with you.

**Sir Harry:** And I with you.

**Colosso:** Do you know what we really must do? We must go to the soon to be opened “1,000 Star Universe Class” restaurants in the heads of my look-alike statue.

**Sir Harry:** And what will you name them?

**Colosso:** The word comes to me, not only from around here but from around the world as well, that the restaurants should be named after me.

**Sir Harry:** *(Thinking.)* All right.

**Colosso:** What do you think of “El Gran Colosso I” and “El Gran Colosso II”? *(Without giving Sir Harry a chance to answer.)* The greatest living chef, Pierre La Ford, of France, is coming to be my executive chef. You do understand that money is not the issue here? These restaurants are to excite the palate of human beings to a level never before experienced.

**Sir Harry:** How easily you accept God-ordained greatness and human deference to your magnanimity and majesty. You will give some humans a taste of what heaven will be like.

**Colosso:** Oh, you do have a way with your surgically accurate thoughts and words.

**Sir Harry:** *(Not really hearing Colosso and going right on.)* In a country like England, where greatness and bloodlines are acknowledged, you would be a King... if not a God to outrival Zeus on Olympus.

**Colosso:** Ho! Ho! Oh, I do like your words and your thoughts. But I must confess, Sir Harry, I just try and do my best for the people.

**Sir Harry:** And that you do... and now, let's have a drink to it.

**Colosso:** Excellent idea.

**Sir Harry:** And it must be brandy from the best stock of Napoleon himself. *(Preparing their drinks.)* I last used some with the King of Spain, when he gave me an award for my work with the Real Academia Española de la Lengua.

**Colosso:** It seems like the most appropriate use of a brandy to me. As a matter of fact, some of the French scholars on campus told me today that my statue has a definite “Napoleonic presence” to it.

**Sir Harry:** Hmm... but I think you should correct them and say that the best of Napoleon has an “Assassinoesque” presence.

**Colosso:** Oh, I like that. I shall use that truism if ever I hear such a stupid statement again. Harry, have I ever told you that you do have a way with the English language? *(To himself.)* Of course I have.

**Sir Harry:** *(Handing Colosso his drink.)* But, I am no match with you, my good friend. Words become you. *(To himself.)* Whatever that means.

**Colosso:** *(Saying out loud to himself.)* I do have a way with words, don't I?

**Sir Harry:** *(He gives the toast.)* When all living creatures are dust, as well as those born in the coming countless 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 care to add anything, oh superior being?

**Colosso:** *(Holding up his glass.)* What more need I say to that... Salute! *(They hit their glasses and drink.)*

*End of Scene*

## 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. 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. People 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, Mr. President, how did I do?

**Colosso:** You did fine. I'm proud of you Skip. Your commitment is stupendous.

**Sir Harry:** *(Said in a humorous tone.)* Skip is committed to an institution. Why does that seem as it should be?

**Skip:** *(To himself.)* I wonder what he means by that? Sir Harry, should I be insulted?

**Sir Harry:** Skippy, my boy, how sensitive you are to a mere funny play on words. Why who in this world would think you looked silly as a painted savage in a loin cloth, bungee jumping from that wonderful statue of President Assassino? *(Really putting him on.)* And who could possibly say anything against you for yelling undying loyalty to Colosso and saying you only demonstrated how inferior we mere human beings are to President Assassino?

**Skip:** *(With a look of satisfied agreement.)* Ah... I guess you're right. *(Thinking.)* Of course you're right. I think I'm just too sensitive about my friends and enemies lying about me all the time. Right?

**Sir Harry:** *(To himself.)* Talk about a persecution complex.

**Colosso:** *(To Skip.)* Of course you are, my boy, but your eminent place in today's events is well-known by all who were there. So come now, don't be so sensitive and let's get ready to greet the guests and prepare your report.

**Skip:** *(Inspired and jumping to attention.)* Yes, sir! Oh sir, have I let you down by being too sensitive?... Now I really do feel horrible.

**Colosso:** *(Holding Skip's hands and looking deeply into his emotion-loaded, little rodent-like eyes.)* Skippy, my good boy, I'm not disappointed with you. I only want you to feel positive and to do your important work today... and not worry... Now, *(snapping his fingers and pointing to the door.)* I think the saying is, "Move it or lose it." The time is at hand.

**Skip:** *(Repeating to himself.)* "Move it or lose it." Yes. Yes, Sir! I'll do it. I'll get right to the door and greet the guests. The time is at hand.

**Colosso:** That's my good and loyal Skip.

**Sir Harry:** *(To himself.)* I think Colosso thinks Skip is a dog.

**Skip:** *(With the idiotic look of the "True Believer", Skip runs off.)* "Move it or lose it." President, Sir, I won't let you down.



**Sir Harry:** (*Speaking to himself as Colosso looks at Mark.*) It lives and I can't figure out why.

**Colosso:** Now, Sir Harry, maybe you are being too hard on the boy. After all, your one major failing always has been in measuring everyone else up to yourself. And why? With one notable exception, they always come up short. But Skippy... the poor boy doesn't have a chance. He's not even in your league.

**Sir Harry:** The boy is a waste... why if St. Francis of Assisi had spent time with him, he would have been known as Murdering Francis of Assisi. (*Speaking philosophically to himself.*) Now, there is this thin line between being a saint or a colossal bore... no, a colossal sinner.

**Colosso:** (*Colosso has been overhearing the last part of what Sir Harry has been saying to himself. To Sir Harry.*) As I've said in the past, what I see in Skippy, Skip, is a man... a boy of complete loyalty and someone who tries to understand my legitimate needs... that, Sir Harry, is what I guess must allow me to tolerate such a loathsome creature.

**Sir Harry:** I must hand it to you. You really do see something in that abominable creature that the rest of the world doesn't.

**Colosso:** At least Sir Harry doesn't.

**Sir Harry:** At least Sir Harry doesn't. And I'm sure I could give you the names of countless others who would be in absolute agreement with me.

**Colosso:** (*Looking across the room.*) Oh, look, here comes our friend, the Distinguished Professor, Enrique Mendez, and his beautiful daughter, Melinda. (*With a look of disdain on his face.*) Who... what is that jock-looking thing with her?

**Sir Harry:** I think you summed it up pretty good.

**Enrique:** (*Said to obviously flatter.*) Colosso, you were magnificent today. (*Standing back and looking at him.*) And your manner of dress. Why you look even grander in your noble Roman purple. You look the perfect combination of the genius of Virgil and of Caesar.

**Colosso:** (*He is greatly flattered and is purring like a well fed kitten.*) Such words... and such company you put me in! And my dear friend, it means all the more to me, for I know you speak it from the heart and with great insight.

**Enrique:** And how are you, Sir Harry?

**Sir Harry:** I could not be better as we bask in the glory of Colosso's great day.

**Enrique:** Ah, yes, a most appropriate way to put it... Gentlemen, you both know my daughter, Melinda... Colosso, I would like to introduce to you, (*with a frown on his face*) a friend of Melinda's. Big Load, this is President Assassino. (*Big Load just stands there looking at Melinda and not really noticing anyone else.*)

**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. (*Looking at Big Load.*) As for you, I can only hope that you have a brain to match that body of yours.

**Big Load:** Thank you, Sir... I think.

**Sir Harry:** (*To Colosso.*) I'm afraid Colosso, with him it's, "What you see is what you get."

**Big Load:** What do you mean?

**Colosso:** Oh no, that is real sad.

**Big Load:** (*To Colosso.*) What do you mean?

**Sir Harry:** (*To Big Load.*) I mean... would you understand if I said, I'm sure what we see, what you really look like is what you really are like? Do you understand? Huh, Big Load?



**Big Load:** I think so.

**Sir Harry:** Good... all right you two lovebirds, I'm sure you have better things to do than to just stand around with these mature gentlemen that you must find very boring. I'm sure you would rather be...

**Melinda:** Oh, we don't find you boring. Do we Big Load?

**Big Load:** Ah... not if you say so.

**Sir Harry:** Well, be that as it may, you might find it a bit more fun, maybe not quite as stimulating, but more fun if you were to go somewhere else to whisper sweet nothings into each other's ears while we men talk business.

**Big Load:** Sounds good to me.

**Melinda:** All right. Big Load, let's go.

**Big Load:** Oh, no, here comes Glen.

**Melinda:** What's he doing here? I don't want him here!

**Enrique:** Melinda, what a rude thing to say.

**Melinda:** You don't understand, Father.

**Enrique:** He seems like a very fine young man to me.

**Big Load:** Well, he's not.

**Sir Harry:** Big Load, I would hate to think what you base that statement on.

**Enrique:** Well, I can tell you one thing, that he comes from a very fine stock. His mother is a gem of a lady and his father was a brilliant psychologist.

**Melinda:** (*Appearing agitated.*) Well, it's too bad some of that stock didn't rub off on him.

**Big Load:** Yea! (*Everyone just looks at Big Load.*)

**Melinda:** Glen has no idea on how to treat a lady, I mean a girlfriend.

**Big Load:** Yea!

**Sir Harry:** (*To himself.*) One more "yea!" from Big Load and we'll all be going to a funeral. I'll personally see to it.

**Enrique:** Melinda, I can't believe we're talking about the same person.

**Melinda:** Well, we are.

**Enrique:** Then don't leave me in the dark.

**Big Load:** Yea, don't leave your dad in the dark.

**Melinda:** (*To her father.*) Do you really want to know?

**Sir Harry:** (*Moving in quickly to have Melinda and Big Load leave the area and end the conversation. For Sir Harry, all had been going well with his plans. Trying to change the subject.*) Excuse me, Melinda, but I think the time has come for all of us to enjoy our great President's moment of glorious destiny... I feel now is not the time to try and handle the complaints of young lovers.

**Melinda:** But they are legitimate complaints. I hate Glen!

**Enrique:** Por favor! Pórtate con dignidad. Tu me representas! (*Please! Behave with dignity. You represent me.*)

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

**Sir Harry:** Apology accepted... and you speak Spanish very beautifully. It is a good second language when one is feeling romantic or angry.

**Enrique:** *(Looking very annoyed at Melinda.)* I'm not so sure about that.

**Sir Harry:** *(Wanting greatly to change the tone of the conversation.)* Just a thought.

**Big Load:** And thoughts are good, aren't they Sir Harry. I have 'em a lot myself.

**Sir Harry:** *(Once again trying to change the subject.)* Gentlemen, I feel the time has come...

**Big Load:** *(To Melinda.)* When he said, "Gentlemen," he meant you too.

**Sir Harry:** *(Just looking at Big Load and then continuing on.)* The time has come for us to join the others who are coming in. This is Colosso's grand day and in the years to come, man will realize that this is truly the greatest day in the history of education and engineering marvels!

**Big Load:** *(To Melinda.)* And take my word for it, not only will man think this, but women will too.

**Colosso:** *(No one has paid any attention to what Big Load has said except Melinda.)* And with that, Sir Harry, I say what those Romans of yesteryears used to say, "Let the partying begin!"

*End of Scene*

## Scene 6

*(The party has been going on for some hours and the time for it to end is drawing near. Sir Harry decides to take this 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 everyone's attention.)*

**Sir Harry:** Ladies and Gentlemen. May I have your attention please. *(Looking at Colosso.)* As good friends of our beloved President, I would appreciate it if you could direct your attention toward me... thank you. *(He waits for all the talking to stop.)* I would like to take this opportunity to ask President Colosso Assassino to speak to us on his day of days. 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 gifted human being. I believe I can say that 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 happened?

**Glen:** Skip fainted.

**Sir Harry:** *(Going over to Skip, he bends down beside him and slaps his face.)* Skip! Skip! Are you all right? Huh, boy.



**Skip:** Ah... Ah... *(Starting to come around.)* Yea. Yes. I think I'm O.K. *(Sitting up and shaking his head.)* It's just that...

**Glen:** Just what Skip?

**Skip:** I was so overwhelmed by what Sir Harry was saying about our President. I mean...

**Big Load:** *(To Melinda.)* I just wish I understood what Sir Harry was saying about our President.

**Skip:** I mean, I am so lucky to know a man like our President... and to think that I get to live in his lifetime. Wow!

**Sir Harry:** *(He is now standing and speaks to the group again.)* Skip, your from the heart statement of your feelings for our President is the perfect introduction. So now let us hear some words from the greatest university president in human history... *(Enunciating every syllable.)* Dr. Colosso Michelangelo Assassino.

**Skip:** *(Standing up and clapping with everyone else.)* Yea! Yea!

**Sir Harry:** I present to you, the one the only, the world's premier leader in education and the model for us all on how to live most effectively... *(Said very slowly.)* President Colosso Michelangelo Assassino. *(Once again everyone applauds and cheers louder.)* The eighth wonder of the world! *(All applaud as Colosso dramatically comes forward to speak.)*



**Colosso:** (*Halfheartedly motioning the people to stop applauding. He waits awhile and again halfheartedly asks them to stop applauding. He then strongly motions for them to stop their applause when it is beginning to lessen in strength. As the applause comes to an end, he begins to speak.*) Loyal friends... one and all... your applause is most heartwarming and stirring to my great soul. And I believe it must be the longest applause I have ever heard.



**Skip:** (*Shouting.*) I agree.

**Big Load:** (*Giving Skip a dirty look.*) Cool it Skip, this is President Assassino's speech. Give it a rest!

**Colosso:** (*Pays no attention to Skip or Big Load.*) First of all, I would like to commend all of you, each and every one of you, for being so totally committed to my many projects for making this world a better place for all human beings. And you are a glorious component of the triumphant realization today of the coronation of the great bronze and gold statue in my identical image. And while this statue reflects my total image and shows the very best human traits that God has given to mankind, we must remember, dear friends, that this is only a three dimensional snapshot of me... and I plan on being available in person to all of you as I use your funds and your support to make your greatest dreams come true. (*Pointing towards the lake.*) Near the water, I have set up some art souvenirs that I will be marketing worldwide pertaining to my statue... Now let us leave here and observe them. (*Looking at Skip.*) Skippy, can you help? Are you up to it?

**Skip:** (*Raising his two slender and crooked thumbs up and shaking them vigorously.*) You bet! Yes sir!

**Colosso:** Good. This means my loyal little helper, Skip Goon, will take any orders from those of you who just cannot wait until the official market time begins tomorrow. And as an added incentive, you will have my personal autograph on everything sold today... and please remember, no check is too large and I do have change for any bill as large as ten thousand... So, now let us journey to the lake, (*to himself*) and part with some of your money. (*To everyone.*) Now, if all of you will follow me. (*Colosso starts for the door like the Pied Piper and everyone else follows him. There is a great conversation between everyone as they leave. Everyone is now gone with Colosso except for Glen. Glen is feeling horrible because Big Load is with Melinda and she has not even acknowledged that he is alive. He sinks into a chair and is totally depressed. All of a sudden, a radiant Melinda comes back into the room to look for her purse. She sees Glen in his forlorn state.*)

**Glen:** (*Seeing Melinda, he jumps to his feet but immediately falls back down into the chair in a very self-conscious manner. They both look at one another. There is a pause.*) I know you must hate me and will do anything you can to hurt me... well if it pleases you, you have. (*Turning his face away a little.*) All I can say is, I'm sorry. I'm sorry for any unhappiness I have brought into your life.

**Melinda:** (*Just looking at him for a minute. Suddenly, a sense of sadness comes over Melinda. For the first time, there is another side to Melinda, a soft and tender side.*) Do you mean it, Glen?

**Glen:** *(He is overwhelmed with emotion with her speaking so 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:** *(Pulling himself out of the chair and walking away a little.)* I'm afraid to say what I'm thinking.

**Melinda:** *(With hurt and frustration in her voice.)* Glen, after that terrible note you sent me, I'm surprised I'm even talking to you. That is not a note one sends to...

**Glen:** *(Shaking his head.)* I know.

**Melinda:** Then why did you send it to me?

**Glen:** I guess I was just being stupid. I guess I just wanted you to know what was in my heart.

**Melinda:** Heart?

**Glen:** *(With emotion.)* You know Melinda, a wise man once told me that the only person who makes a mistake is a person that does something... well, I did something. I did something and I made a mistake. I was wrong how I went about it. *(With growing emotion.)* But I love you. I love you very much.

**Melinda:** *(Feeling very touched.)* Glen.

**Glen:** Melinda, I love you more than all the beautiful spring days, ocean sunsets, and wonderful dew drenched summer mornings. I love you that much... and more.

**Melinda:** *(With a little smile on her face.)* You do have a way with words, even if they aren't always the right ones.

**Glen:** *(Going on.)* With you, I would be a King... you would give me my Kingdom. Oh Melinda, the six months I spent with you taught me the true meaning of love. Doors of feeling and passion were opened to me for the first time and I was so happy... and now, without you... I'm nothing. *(He tries to hold back a tear.)*

**Melinda:** Do you mean it, Glen?

**Glen:** More than I ever meant anything in my life. A year of love with you would be better than a lifetime without you. No, a trillion lifetimes, Melinda.

**Melinda:** Yes.

**Glen:** *(His voice cracks with emotion.)* Please forgive me. Can't... can't we have the love that we once had? Why can't everything go back to the way it was before? *(In a pleading voice.)* I'll do anything... anything... just please say that you'll forgive me and that you love me.

**Melinda:** I want to. I want to more than anything, but...

**Glen:** But what? What's stopping you? Please... please just say it. Please say the words that I want to hear, or long to hear so desperately.

**Melinda:** ...but why did you write me such a note?

**Glen:** I was pouring out my heart.

**Melinda:** "Pouring"? Glen, that was the most macho note I ever read in my entire life.

**Glen:** "Macho?" "Macho?" Is that how you interpreted it? No, Melinda, it was a note, a poem of love... of feelings... I told Sir Harry you'd hate it.

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

**Glen:** I read it to him and we discussed it. He really liked it.

**Melinda:** He liked it! You actually discussed this macho note with him and he approved of it?

**Glen:** Please don't keep calling it a macho note. It was meant to be a love poem... a letter.



**Melinda:** You may be interested in knowing that Sir Harry also sent me a note from Big Load. I received both of them this morning. Big Load's timing was perfect. He phoned me right after I received his note and asked if he could escort me today.

**Glen:** *(With disbelief.)* What?

**Melinda:** *(She sees her purse and goes over to it.)* It's true. *(Looking through her purse, she pulls out a piece of paper and hands it to him. He begins to read it to himself, he stops and looks at her with a look of shock on his face.)*

**Glen:** It has my name on it, but I didn't send this note to you. I mean I didn't write this note. It's... it's... it's nothing more than a bunch of bullshit! I'm sorry, I have no right to talk like this in front of you. Forgive me. *(She hands him another piece of paper and speaking with a warm voice and expression.)* Except for some changes, this is mine. Every word was written from the heart. I swear to you.

**Melinda:** But I don't understand. Why would Sir Harry change notes?

**Glen:** I don't know. I would say it was a mistake but the notes have been altered... and yet...

**Melinda:** Yes.

**Glen:** I know Sir Harry thinks of me as a son.

**Melinda:** *(Going up to Glen.)* Sometimes people do what they think is best for the ones they love when in truth it really isn't in their loved one's best interest.

**Glen:** *(Putting his hand on her shoulders.)* Not only is she beautiful, but such intelligence!

**Melinda:** It's true, Glen. What we had, have, our relationship, the love we share for one another... that may be something Sir Harry will never experience in his whole life. He may not be capable of it.

**Glen:** *(In Spanish and with great emotion.)* 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.)*

**Melinda:** Oh Glen, I do love you also. I was only with Big Load because I was angry with you and I wanted to hurt you like you hurt me.

**Glen:** *(Taking her in his arms.)* I've suffered so much, but now what hurts me even more is to think of all the suffering you yourself must have had. Well, Sir Harry is going to have to answer for this one.

**Melinda:** *(Putting her finger up to his lip.)* Shh... Shh... No more talk of Sir Harry. For this moment, there is only you and me.





**Glen:** *(With a tear in his eye.)* I am so happy. This makes the hurt all worth it... please tell me that you will always love me.

**Melinda:** Hasta el final del mundo. *(Until the end of the world.)*

**Glen:** What does that mean?

**Melinda:** I'll love you until the end of the world. It means, "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. I have been practicing certain phrases over and over again, countless thousands of times. All for you, just for you.

**Melinda:** You are such a dear. And I do appreciate it. You even had a Cuban accent. See, I noticed. *(They both laugh for a minute. Then they stop and look at each other very seriously. Glen then pulls Melinda into his arms very closely and very tenderly kisses her. The look of ecstasy is on their faces.)*

**Sir Harry:** *(Sir Harry has strolled into the room unnoticed and has been watching Glen and Melinda for the past few minutes.)* Horray for another victory of instinct over reason. *(Both Glen and Melinda get a surprised look on their faces and break away from one another.)* Enjoy your love and praise your Sir Harry!

**Glen:** Sir Harry, we need to talk.

**Melinda:** You bet we do.

**Sir Harry:** *(Not paying any attention to the two of them.)* The switching of the two letters was a stroke of genius. I was testing Melinda's love and intuition and she met the test.

**Melinda:** How dare you test me!

**Sir Harry:** *(Still not paying any attention to the two of them.)* It reminds me of the story of the princess and the pea... remind me to tell you that story someday.

**Melinda:** Sir Harry, we have to have a talk.

**Glen:** About those letters.

**Sir Harry:** I told you, I switched them.

**Melinda:** But why?

**Sir Harry:** *(To himself.)* Why is it the youth of today will never listen to their elders. *(To Melinda.)* It was a test.

**Melinda:** So you said and I resent being tested.

**Sir Harry:** What else was I to do?

**Melinda:** I don't understand.

**Glen:** Neither do I.

**Sir Harry:** Glen, Melinda. You see, Glen here is the closest thing I will ever have to a son. Why Glen, my good man, you are a son to me. So being the doting and perfect father that I am, I had to make sure that my son's intended was good enough for him. That she deserved him.

**Glen:** "Deserved"! It's me that should question that.

**Melinda:** What!

**Glen:** Oh no, my dear, I meant, it's me, it's me. I need to question myself to see if I deserve you.

**Melinda:** *(Smiling.)* Oh.

**Sir Harry:** And I'll answer that. As the third party here, I can be more objective.

**Melinda:** *(Pausing.)* Well?

**Sir Harry:** *(Looking at both of them.)* Yes! Yes you do. You two shall do very nicely together.

**Mary:** *(Unknown by Glen, Sir Harry and Melinda, Mary has been watching and listening with amusement. As she begins to speak, they all look at her with a surprised look on their faces.)* And this is why I love my Sir Harry as I do.

**Glen:** Mom!

**Melinda:** I didn't know you were there.

**Sir Harry:** Mary, I didn't know you were here.

**Mary:** From the bits and pieces that I seem to be gathering, there seems to be a man in this room who has gone from villain to hero.

**Sir Harry:** Why Mary, whatever do you mean?

**Mary:** *(Having fun with him.)* Lord Sir Harry, if there is one person on this or any other earth that truly understands you, it's me.

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

**Melinda:** *(To Mary.)* You are right.

**Mary:** About what?

**Melinda:** Sir Harry after all is our hero. *(Sir Harry gets a pompous smile on his face.)*

**Glen:** What do you mean, Melinda? Our love could of...

**Sir Harry:** Listen to Melinda, Glen. She is as a black swan who sings words with the clarity and beauty of a Mario Lanza.

**Glen:** Melinda.

**Melinda:** Glen, think about it, really think about it. Isn't our love and happiness greater because of the switching of the signatures?

**Glen:** But...

**Melinda:** The value of something is never totally appreciated until that thing is lost.

**Glen:** *(Smiling at Melinda.)* Or almost lost.

**Mary:** Such wisdom from two so young.

**Sir Harry:** One gains such wisdom when they have been around me long enough.

**Melinda:** *(Going over and hugging Sir Harry.)* Actually, I do want to thank you for the test.

**Sir Harry:** Clever test.

**Melinda:** Yes, clever test. And it's true, knowing and watching you over the years gave me the model to find the truth. *(Letting go of Sir Harry.)*

**Sir Harry:** You are such an angel, my dear.

**Mary:** I never thought I would live to see this day. Harry is actually praising Melinda.

**Glen:** *(Laughing.)* It's true. Sir Harry is praising my Melinda.



**Mary:** You know Harry, we really do love you in spite of all the things that you say and do.

**Melinda:** I once said to my father that I thought Sir Harry's actions spoke louder than his words.

**Sir Harry:** *(Everyone laughs but Harry. To himself and putting everyone else on.)* What do you suppose she means by that?

**Mary:** *(Going over to Sir Harry and giving him a little kiss on the cheek.)* Let's just say, "All's well that ends well."

**Sir Harry:** Exactly! So there you are.

**Melinda:** *(To Glen.)* Glen, I think we should be going, don't you?

**Sir Harry:** *(To himself.)* Now the training begins.

**Glen:** Yes, dear.

**Melinda:** Let's not wait for everyone to come back.

**Glen:** I agree. *(To Sir Harry.)* We're going to go now, Sir Harry. *(Looking at his mother and said with a voice of tender happiness.)* Mom, will you please tell Big Load that I left with Melinda and that I am the happiest and luckiest man in this whole wide world?

**Melinda:** And you may tell him for me that I wanted to go with Glen... *(looking up at him)*... for he is the love of my life. *(Glen smiles at Melinda and puts his arms around her and gives her a kiss on the cheek.)*

**Sir Harry:** *(Coming over to Glen and Melinda.)* No. No. I will handle this. I have brought you together and now I shall finish the task. *(Looking up with his fingers placed together.)* It is as if this lovely present has just been wrapped in beautiful foil paper and now it is time to put the bow on the package.

**Mary:** *(Just looking at Sir Harry.)* And you see Big Load as the bow? *(Everyone laughs.)* Well, all I can say is, you have a better imagination than I do.

**Sir Harry:** *(Not paying any attention to Mary. To Melinda and Glen.)* All right you two, now just leave everything to me. You two are not to worry your little heads about a thing. When Sir Harry is in charge, what can go wrong?

**Mary:** *(To herself.)* I would love to answer that but I think it might be best if I left it alone.

**Melinda:** *(Going over to him.)* Oh, Sir Harry, we love you. *(She gives him a little kiss on the cheek.)*

**Mary:** *(Looking over at Sir Harry with a big smile.)* You know Harry, I really like the sound of that word coming out of your mouth.

**Sir Harry:** What word?

**Mary:** L-O-V-E... it has a nice ring when you say it.

**Sir Harry:** *(Getting a little frustrated.)* Love! Ring! You're making me very nervous Mary... ah... ah... I think we should be getting back to our guests. *(He starts for the front door in a hurry talking to himself.)* The next thing I know she'll be using that, "M" word.

**Mary:** *(Calling to Sir Harry.)* I heard that! *(She starts to follow Sir Harry out as she, Glen and Melinda all laugh.)*

*End of Scene*



## Scene 7

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

**Sir Harry:** What a day! What a day! I pulled it off. I really did, Mary. *(She just sits there looking at him and letting him "sound off".)* I made two young people very happy today. *(He stops making his drink and pauses to reflect.)* I decided their future today. Glen and Melinda will be together for life now... All that is left for them is to decide on their careers and how many children they should have. And that I will let them decide for themselves... on second thought... maybe they will need my input. *(Mary just rolls her eyes and shakes her head to herself. Sir Harry goes back to fixing himself his drink.)* Mary, are you sure you won't join me in a drink?

**Mary:** I'm fine.

**Sir Harry:** *(Looking over at her and smiling.)* You are. *(She smiles back at him.)* Let's see, where was I... oh yes, Glen and Melinda. Well that certainly turned out wonderfully. Now, I'll get Big Load taken care of and all will be well. *(Looking up for a minute.)* I must think of some clever plan for Big Load's life. Hum... that might take a little more work. But, oh well, I shall come up with something quite wonderful. *(Putting the finishing touches on his drink.)* And Colosso. What can you say about Mr. Colosso? He had his day all right. What an egotistical bastard... but, he is so very entertaining. *(Laughing.)* That poor ol' smuck is in love with his own statue. What the hell, the thing is as cold as he is. *(He has finished making his drink and he walks over to where Mary is sitting. As he is walking over.)* You know Mary, it has suddenly occurred to me...

**Mary:** What has?

**Sir Harry:** If something should happen to me... the quality of a lot of people's lives would go down. *(He gives a big laugh. Mary looks at him and smiles.)*

**Mary:** *(Putting him on.)* Harry, I just wish you had more self-confidence.

**Sir Harry:** *(Sitting by her and still laughing.)* Well, it's true... I enrich other people's lives. What can be said?

**Mary:** You are a colorful man, Harry.

**Sir Harry:** *(Taking a sip of his drink.)* "Vivid". Never "pastel". Pastels are for other people.

**Mary:** I beg your pardon.

**Sir Harry:** The colors of my life are vivid.

**Mary:** And what color are you, Harry?

**Sir Harry:** Color? *(Thinking.)* I don't know. Oh, I should think you would not find me just one color. No, Sir Harry is a combination of many colors. All the colors of the rainbow... no, all the colors of the universe.

**Mary:** But rainbows are pastels Harry. The colors of the rainbow are pastel.

**Sir Harry:** Not my rainbow, Mary. My rainbow has always been very vivid in color. Yes, I would say Sir Harry is the color of a vivid rainbow. Even on a very bright sunny day, my rainbow would be brighter than anything else... Brighter even than the mighty sun himself.

**Mary:** *(Laughing at him.)* Oh Harry, I do love being around you. And it's true.

**Sir Harry:** What is?

**Mary:** You really are a vivid rainbow. And yes... *(looking lovingly at him)* you do outshine the sun. At least for me you do.

**Sir Harry:** (*Pausing and looking at her.*) Thank you, Mary.

**Mary:** Harry...

**Sir Harry:** Yes.

**Mary:** (*Pausing.*) There's something I've been wanting to talk to you about.

**Sir Harry:** You seem so serious.

**Mary:** But there always seems to be so many people around. It just seems that there's so little time when there's just the two of us together, alone.

**Sir Harry:** Mary, are you all right? Is there something wrong? It's your health, isn't it?

**Mary:** No, I'm fine. At least physically I am.

**Sir Harry:** I don't understand.

**Mary:** It's emotionally.

**Sir Harry:** Emotionally? Mary, you're one of the most stable people I've ever known. And that is a true compliment coming from me... with you being a woman.

**Mary:** (*Looking at him and getting up and moving away a little.*) See, that's just what I mean.

**Sir Harry:** (*Standing up.*) See? No, I don't see. I don't understand.

**Mary:** Just when I think I understand you. When I think I have you figured out, I don't.

**Sir Harry:** And that's so bad?

**Mary:** Yes. Yes, it is. When it comes to a relationship, it is.

**Sir Harry:** Then I guess you will just have to forgive me. For Mary, I really don't know what you are talking about.

**Mary:** You, me... us.

**Sir Harry:** (*Just looking at her.*) All right.

**Mary:** Harry, one minute you are giving me this compliment on how I am one of the most stable people you have ever met in your life...

**Sir Harry:** It's true.

**Mary:** ...and then the very next minute you feel you have to clarify it by saying (*trying to sound like Harry*), "Well, for a woman you are."

**Sir Harry:** But, that's how I feel.

**Mary:** (*Looking him straight in the eyes.*) And how do you really feel about me? And our relationship, Harry?

**Sir Harry:** (*To himself.*) Why do I feel that what is about to come is all too familiar? Why do I feel that this is going to remind me of a dream that I just had?

**Mary:** What are you saying?...

**Sir Harry:** (*Coming back to reality.*) Oh... Oh, nothing. It's not important.

**Mary:** Harry, I need to ask you, I need to know. Where are we in our relationship?

**Sir Harry:** Where are we?



**Mary:** Where are we going with it?

**Sir Harry:** Where are we going?

**Mary:** (*A little stern.*) Must you answer every question with a question? All right, I will come right out and ask it... Harry, do you love me? Do you really love me?

**Sir Harry:** (*Trying to be funny.*) Oh, no, there's that "L" word again.

**Mary:** (*Being just a little stern.*) I don't appreciate your humor.

**Sir Harry:** (*Looking at her.*) All right, Mary... if love is being dutiful, caring and helping you whenever I can, then yes... Yes, I love you.

**Mary:** See Harry, once again you proved my point.

**Sir Harry:** In what way?

**Mary:** As a woman having a relationship with you, it is wonderful to hear you use words such as helping and caring, but...

**Sir Harry:** Oh, there's that famous, "but".

**Mary:** (*Continuing on.*) "Dutiful". It makes me feel as if I am in the military rather than in a personal relationship.

**Sir Harry:** Women like words and men like deeds. Men build buildings while women like to talk of love.

**Mary:** And what is so wrong with that, my dear Sir Harry?

**Sir Harry:** But it is those words that women so often use that destroy the soul and the will for men to fight.

**Mary:** Then, what is the answer?

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

**Mary:** You are the intellectual. Or to put it properly, as the world sees you, the chauvinist intellectual.

**Sir Harry:** Thank you. At Oxford, that would be considered a compliment.

**Mary:** But, we're not at Oxford. We are not talking about some formal educational institution. We are talking about a man and a woman, a relationship. And that relationship should possess such wonderful warm words as being told how beautiful you are and it should involve the senses...

**Sir Harry:** Senses?

**Mary:** Yes. Such as the sense of touch as in caressing.

**Sir Harry:** Mary, I'm not sure what's come over you.

**Mary:** And passion.

**Sir Harry:** Passion... I see.

**Mary:** Oh Harry, nothing's come over me. Maybe what I'm saying now I should have said to you sooner... a long time ago.

**Sir Harry:** No. You could have waited... You could have waited even longer.

**Mary:** (*Mary actually finds this funny what he has just said.*) But why Harry, why won't you do and say these things to me?

**Sir Harry:** It's not so much that I won't do them, it's just that I don't do them. But you do have to admit, I did catch you when you almost fell yesterday. And as for me telling you how beautiful you are, my dear, you already



know that, and furthermore, you must know that if I didn't think you were beautiful, there would be no relationship... As far as the sense of touch is concerned, have I not given you many warm hugs? So, you see you really do speak such nonsense. I love you, I do...

**Mary:** (*As if there sure is hope.*) Yes...

**Sir Harry:** You surely can see that I love you in the most important ways. Any lying scoundrel can tell a woman that he loves her and she'll foolishly believe him as he steals her love and fortune. But a loyal and wonderful man like myself is brutally badgered and quizzed about his love for his lady fair.

**Mary:** You say you love me, but it is as if you love me from the mind rather than from the heart.

**Sir Harry:** But my mind is bigger and much more developed than that of a false-hearted clown who uses just words to blind you to his innumerable flaws.

**Mary:** Sometimes Harry, I don't know.

**Sir Harry:** What is it you don't know?

**Mary:** I do know I love you, but there are those times such as now, this moment, that I have such misgivings about our relationship. Will it grow? Is this the very best that it is going to be?

**Sir Harry:** (*To himself.*) My God, it is the dream! (*To Mary.*) Why do I stand such a condemned man in front of you? You make me feel like loving you is a crime and I've committed it. Mary, I've chosen you out of all the women in the world. You should be happy and proud. You're the winner!

**Mary:** Harry, please stop. You make yourself sound like a trophy.

**Sir Harry:** (*Very proud.*) I am. You won me and all the other two and a half billion women in this world lost. They lost me. Your victory is complete and I'm with you. (*Clapping his hands.*) Olé! Olé!

**Mary:** (*Shaking her head.*) There are times when you can really be quite impossible. (*Glen enters the room unnoticed.*) And yet I have such love for this man.

**Sir Harry:** And allow me to return the compliment. Knowing that you have the capability of truly loving me and still recognizing me as being charmingly impossible makes me love you even more. I do love you Mary. See, I can say the "L" word.

**Glen:** Did I hear the cynical and forever free bachelor, Sir Harry, speaking of love to my mother?

**Sir Harry:** (*Surprised.*) Glen, my good man.

**Mary:** I did not see you arrive.

**Glen:** Ah, Sir Harry. I am so proud of you for telling my mother how much you love her. Or as Sir Harry would say... (*Trying to sound like him.*) "Declaring my love for her." (*Mary smiles.*)

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

**Glen:** And that is?...

**Sir Harry:** 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:** "Out of a jam?" Not I. Mary knows she is charming, classy and beautiful. Why say the obvious? I simply see all women as impossible. I have just chosen the least of these impossible creatures.

**Glen:** Then, I would say you two deserve one another. Something I've always known.

**Mary:** *(Smiling.)* I'm beginning to think you're right.

**Glen:** You both see the other as being impossible.

**Sir Harry:** *(Looking at Glen.)* I'm charmingly impossible, it's true and your mother accepts me for that...

**Mary:** A better wording might be, "In spite of it."

**Sir Harry:** *(Continuing on.)*...and loves it in me. And I in turn love her by being there when she needs me by taking care of the little problems that overwhelm her. *(Emilio enters the room.)* I am the indisputable "numero uno" top flight partner for her.

**Emilio:** Do I hear the voice of "el niño lindo," I mean, "The good guy", talking about his great strengths?

**Sir Harry:** Emilio.

**Emilio:** And who are you the top flight partner to?

**Sir Harry:** Mary, of course.

**Glen:** *(Putting Sir Harry on. To Emilio.)* We are having a talk on love. Can you believe it, Emilio. Talking to Sir Harry about his love life?

**Sir Harry:** I would hardly call it that.

**Mary:** Glen, I'm afraid you're embarrassing Sir Harry.

**Sir Harry:** I do have a reputation to consider.

**Emilio:** Damn the reputation! You love Mary. Admit it. *(Pausing and looking at Sir Harry.)* Well?



**Sir Harry:** *(Pausing.)* Of course I love Mary, but then of course I love everyone else in this room.

**Emilio:** *(Kidding him.)* Oh, stop it. Quit putting us on! We're all intelligent adults here.

**Sir Harry:** I admit it. *(Pausing.)* Yes, I love Mary.

**Glen:** But only on his terms.

**Mary:** *(With annoyance.)* Glen.

**Glen:** It's true Mother. I love both you and Sir Harry, but it's true.



**Sir Harry:** *(Trying to change the subject.)* Emilio, what are you actually doing here?

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

**Sir Harry:** I see.

**Glen:** *(To Emilio.)* And your timing was very good.

**Emilio:** Yes?

**Glen:** Yes. To hear Sir Harry declaring his love for my mother is not something you're going to hear in this house every day. But I've been telling others that I know Sir Harry is truly in love with my mother!

**Sir Harry:** Oh, no! Not that topic again! Why must the pure of spirit suffer so on this planet? *(There is a buzz at the front door.)* I have no idea who that can be. *(To everyone.)* If you'll excuse me. *(He goes to the door and opens it. There stands Sir Harry's life long friend Harriet, who has just come from England.)* Harriet, how good to see you. Come in.

**Harriet:** *(Entering and giving Sir Harry a big hug.)* Harry.

**Sir Harry:** *(Taking her by the hand.)* Come, there are some people I want you to meet. *(Entering with Harriet.)* Everyone, I want you to meet my good friend, Harriet... Mary, Glen, Emilio.

**Mary:** Hello Harriet.

**Glen:** Hi.

**Emilio:** Hello.

**Harriet:** Hello.

**Sir Harry:** *(To Harriet.)* I heard that you were on your way over to cover the coronation of Colosso.

**Harriet:** "Coronation". One doesn't usually think of a person coming from England to the United States for a coronation. *(Turning to Mary.)* Harry has told me many nice things about you.

**Emilio:** Sir Harry and Mary have a wonderful relationship. *(Putting Sir Harry on.)* As a matter of fact, Sir Harry here was just telling us about his love for his Mary.

**Sir Harry:** Emilio, it is an art to know when not to speak.

**Harriet:** What's this? Harry confessing his love for Mary. Never! *(To Sir Harry.)* You're too selfish, right Harry?

**Emilio:** Then it seems we have a changed man here.

**Sir Harry:** I don't think so. The "Number One International Chauvinist" still resides.

**Glen:** But weakening.

**Harriet:** To believe it, I must hear it with my own ears.

**Mary:** Oh, please stop. You're talking about a relationship. *Our relationship.* I do have feelings.

**Harriet:** I'm sorry. Of course you have.

**Mary:** I love Harry even if he is impossible and arrogant and yes... even chauvinistic, not to mention insensitive.

**Sir Harry:** Now here is the only really reasonable person here... besides myself of course. *(With a caring look, he extends his hand to her.)* Please.

**Glen:** *(To Emilio.)* Did he say, "Please?" *(There is a buzz at the front door.)*

**Sir Harry:** *(Taking a big breath and putting his hand down.)* Excuse me. *(Going to the door.)* You talk about bad



timing. *(He opens the door and there stands Brinka, Monica and Punkey.)* And may I ask why I have the pleasure of seeing you again so soon?

**Brinka:** *(Just walking right in followed by Monica and Punkey.)* To see if the rumor is true. *(Spotting the others, she goes to meet them followed by the other three.)* Ah, *(looking at Mary)* there you are.

**Mary:** I beg your pardon.

**Brinka:** *(To Mary.)* Is the rumor true?

**Mary:** What rumor?

**Brinka:** Punkey, tell them.

**Punkey:** Yes, sir. I mean ma'am. Well, today at the party, I was talking to Glen and he told me how down he was on love cuz his Melinda was at Sir Harry's party with Big Load, and I said, "Oh, that's O.K. to be down on love, cuz love relationships aren't all that great"...

**Brinka & Monica:** Punkey!

**Punkey:** What I mean is...

**Brinka:** Never mind what you mean, you're in enough hot water already. Just go on with your story.

**Punkey:** Yes, ma'am. So Glen said that the only real love relationship that he knew was the one his mother and Sir Harry had, but the only problem was, Sir Harry wasn't aware of how much he and Mary really did love each other.

**Mary:** *(Very warmly to Glen.)* Did you really say that?

**Glen:** I did.

**Brinka:** So, it's true, huh? *(To Mary.)* You really do love this old... this old... this old fart. This old chauvinist fart!

**Sir Harry:** It was bad enough to have Colosso invite you to his party... but to still have you here, even tests my Job-like patience.

**Monica:** *(To Sir Harry.)* Then you do admit that you are going around telling people how much you love Mary.

**Sir Harry:** Not that I need to admit anything to you, nor do I think that it is any of your business, but I do... I do admit Mary's a wonderful girl and I treat her like a queen.

**Brinka:** Ha! A queen! With just the brief encounter that I've had with you... I can promise everyone in this room that you treat this poor woman *(looking at Mary)* more like a mere vassal because of your perverted sense of perceived greatness, than a queen. You'll never marry her.

**Punkey:** *(To Monica.)* What did he say?

**Monica:** Quiet. Brinka will tell you later.

**Sir Harry:** You're questioning my love?

**Harriet:** *(To Brinka.)* You really don't understand "our" Harry, do you?

**Brinka:** I think I do.

**Harriet:** Please. Let me finish.

**Brinka:** *(Jumping right in.)* All right, but just let me say one thing first. Regardless what any of you think, I'm here to tell you right now that it is not possible for any chauvinist, be it Sir Harry or anyone else, to have the capability of loving someone else. They are first in their life and will always be.

**Harriet:** No! Wrong! Brinka, Harry obviously loves Mary or why is he fighting so hard to prove the contrary... but marry? Harry 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:** I couldn't have put it better myself.

**Harriet:** But Brinka, on one point we do agree. Mary can thank God that Harry will never marry her.

**Sir Harry:** 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. You see, it's not so much if I do or don't marry Mary... it's how I view marriage.

**Harriet:** Since our early days in London, I have always loved you because of your brilliant arrogance, but you're wrong. Love, or maybe more appropriately, the lack of such is what causes the hurt... certainly not the marriage itself.

**Sir Harry:** *(To Emilio.)* Emilio, ayúdame... 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:** *(Speaking in a condescending voice.)* And who might you be?

**Sir Harry:** *(Sir Harry answers Harriet.)* A wise fellow, even if a hopeless romantic. *(To Emilio.)* And a good friend.

**Brinka:** *(To Monica.)* Of course, he's a man.

**Emilio:** *(Not paying any attention to Brinka.)* Please let me say that Sir Harry is in love and with being so, that's what can hurt a man who is so "orguloso", or in English, proud of his not falling in love and being the very symbol of the great bachelor. But Sir Harry is in love... and both confused and happy about it.

**Mary:** You know it really amazes me how all of you talk about me as if I were not even in the room. And as if I had no choice in the matter.

**Monica:** Choice? As far as I'm concerned, there is no choice. To stay with this man would be a very foolish choice. *(There is a buzz at the front door.)*

**Punkey:** Yea!

**Sir Harry:** *(Starting for the front door. To himself.)* I just wish they would all leave me and Mary alone.

**Mary:** For whatever flaws of vanity and insensitivity Sir Harry has...

**Sir Harry:** *(Opening the front door.)* Hello Melinda.

**Mary:** ...I know he loves me...

**Melinda:** I'm looking for Glen.

**Mary:** ...and I love him.

**Sir Harry:** He's here... come in. *(They both go back into the room with the others. Melinda goes over to Glen.)*

**Melinda:** Hi, Glen.

**Glen:** Hi!

**Mary:** *(Looking at Brinka and Monica.)* To spend a week with Sir Harry would equal a lifetime with such a person as... as... a Pukey.



**Monica:** *(Very cool.)* The name is Punkey. *(Everyone laughs.)*

**Punkey:** That's not funny. I'm a man!

**Harriet:** *(Trying to stop laughing.)* Sorry Punkey, but you really are quite funny.

**Punkey:** In what way?

**Monica:** *(To Punkey.)* Shut up.

**Brinka:** *(To Punkey.)* Don't press your luck.

**Harriet:** Anyway Punkey, to let you off the hook, you're not the center of our attention right now...

**Punkey:** What is? I mean who is?

**Harriet:** The love Mary and Sir Harry share.

**Punkey:** Oh. You mean Sir Harry and Mary are the ones you are talking about. Right?

**Harriet:** *(Shaking her head yes.)* Yes, they are the center of our attention for right now. *(Sir Harry and Harriet just roll their eyes at one another.)*

**Brinka:** *(Sounding as nice as Brinka can sound.)* Mary, with no offense to you, I just see Sir Harry as a heartless monster who could never possibly love anyone. You have been hoodwinked by a scandalous English blueblood. That's all there is to it.

**Punkey:** Yea!

**Brinka:** And Sir Harry looks down on you as a commoner and is only seeing you as a plaything.

**Glen:** That's enough. You've gone too far. Sir Harry may be arrogant, but he cares for my mother. You know, just because the relationship that my mother has with Sir Harry doesn't conform with what you think a relationship should be doesn't automatically make it wrong. A relationship between two people is highly personal.

**Melinda:** *(Looking at Glen and smiling.)* I agree. If it works for these two people, that's all that matters. Glen and my relationship is just between the two of us.

**Monica:** *(Glaring at Melinda.)* She's young.

**Punkey:** Yea.

**Monica:** *(Looking at Melinda and Glen.)* Well, you two can say whatever you want to, but I agree with Brinka when it comes to Sir Harry. *(To Melinda.)* At least Glen isn't a chauvinist.

**Punkey:** *(To Glen.)* Are you? *(Glen ignores him.)*

**Monica:** But where Sir Harry is concerned, it is a fact that God herself did improve on men when she made women... but as far as I'm concerned, Harry is a man at the lowest possible level of development. The lowest.

**Brinka:** The girl has learned a lot... I couldn't have said it better.

**Harriet:** *(To herself.)* She's one tough lady... Poor Punkey, he's outclassed badly. *(Looking at Sir Harry in a thinking mode and then at Brinka and Monica.)* You two really are going too far now, not that he doesn't deserve this role reversal, but the immobilization of Sir Harry's caustic tongue makes me think that something strange must be going on inside of him... and I really don't know what it is.

**Emilio:** Friends, I have been staying quiet and just listening...

**Punkey:** *(To Brinka.)* He called us his friends.

**Brinka:** Don't talk, listen!



**Emilio:** ...for quite a while(*To Sir Harry with a friendly but forceful voice*), but Harry, why don't you just admit it?

**Punkey:** (*To Brinka.*) He didn't call him "Sir" first. (*Brinka just gives Punkey a dirty look.*)

**Emilio:** You're in love with Mary and have lost control of yourself. Admit it.

**Sir Harry:** (*Said with great strength.*) Never will I admit such a thing. (*He looks at Mary and can tell she is suffering. He speaks with a sensitive voice.*) Mary, I feel very badly with what you are having to put up with right now and were you involved with any other man, this would never be. But it seems as if I must defend my new found title of "Sir Harry: The Number One International Chauvinist of the Year."

**Brinka:** (*To herself.*) That you do.

**Sir Harry:** (*Going to Mary, he puts his arm around her.*) Even a chauvinist can love...

**Brinka:** I don't think so... well at least no one else but himself.

**Sir Harry:** (*Still to Mary.*)... to put up with all that has been said today and still defend me and love me has me overwhelmed. Not one of you is willing to see it, but Mary is not only beautiful, but courageous and extremely intelligent.

**Mary:** (*Looking up at him with an adoring smile.*) Oh, Harry.

**Brinka:** I wouldn't fall for that line, sister. The sophisticated con man is trying to do business as usual.

**Punkey:** Yea!

**Monica:** Quiet Punkey. When Brinka has the floor, let her have it.

**Punkey:** Yes, dear.

**Brinka:** (*Looking directly at Sir Harry and speaking with authority.*) Admit it, we're right about you and what you are! (*He says nothing and appears confused.*)

**Harriet:** (*To Sir Harry.*) My heart does go out to you.

**Melinda:** I don't know about the rest of you, but I'm very proud of Sir Harry! Hold your ground, Sir Harry.

**Emilio:** It's a very serious matter here. And I know what's wrong. Tu sabes que yo tengo razón. (*You know I'm right.*)

**Sir Harry:** (*Ignoring everyone else and speaking philosophically and with obvious emotion.*) 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. (*I love her more than anything. In reality, she is a woman very fragile and too good for this world. She deserves better than me, but I cannot tell her I love her in front of everyone.*)

**Brinka:** This is America! Will you two quit talking French. I bet you're saying, we're right, we've caught you and Mary will throw you out now. Right?

**Emilio:** You speak foolishly.

**Brinka:** Please watch your tone with me! I am a Daughter of the American Revolution! And don't you ever forget it.

**Sir Harry:** (*Going to Brinka and said very forcefully.*) When a person is a friend in my house, they may say and do anything they want. They have my approval.

**Emilio:** Thank you Harry.

**Punkey:** Well, I'm not gonna stand here and let anyone insult my grandmother.

**Sir Harry:** (*To Punkey.*) And to think that you and I share the same sex.

**Punkey:** *(To Sir Harry.)* What?

**Sir Harry:** *(Looking at Punkey.)* Male, female, think about it.

**Punkey:** Look... I'm not as dumb as I look! I know we're both male... Jeez.

**Sir Harry:** *(To Punkey.)* You're about as helpful to society as a crazed arsonist alone with a blowtorch in the Sistine Chapel.

**Harriet:** Oh, I like that Harry.

**Punkey:** *(Scratching his head.)* What does that mean?

**Brinka:** *(Grabbing him by the arm and speaking as a mother would to a child through clenched teeth.)* Will you just keep your mouth shut. When you open it, all you do is to remove all doubt.

**Punkey:** I'm sorry.

**Brinka:** *(Looking at Punkey with great distress.)* What a waste.

**Monica:** *(To Punkey.)* Just listen to your grandmother. *(To Brinka.)* The tragedy is he means well.

**Punkey:** I do!

**Harriet:** *(Trying to change the subject.)* Emilio, how you and Glen have escaped the wrath of these women I'll never know.

**Glen:** *(Jokingly.)* Maybe it is best if we do keep our mouths shut, huh Emilio?... *(Emilio smiles at him.)*

**Harriet:** But it is my dear old friend, Sir Harry, that I'm the most concerned about. Harry is speaking with a sensitivity that I've never heard before... and I must say I generally find boring in most men. Right, old boy?

**Sir Harry:** Please no more, "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.)* As far as what Emilio and I were speaking, it was Spanish. *(Speaking to himself.)* Americans can be rude and illiterate when it comes to English or any other language... a perceptual state of arrested development at the early adolescent level.

**Brinka:** I hate it when people talk to themselves loud enough for everyone else to hear. So... is there anything else you would like to hear yourself say?

**Sir Harry:** Actually to the likes of you, nothing... but I choose to speak to everyone else of Mary and me... and we really are one. In spite of all the things I have said to Mary over the years, she has stood by me.

**Mary:** *(Trying to tell him he doesn't have to say any more.)* Harry... that's all right.

**Sir Harry:** *(Not really paying any attention to her and going right on.)* I've told Mary I would never marry her... that I really hated women for the most part... and I guess until today, I thought it was impossible for me to love. I thought all women were viperous slippery-tongued creatures of greed, deception, arrogance and stupidity. And that to date me, let alone love me, was very foolish and would give her nothing in return.

**Mary:** That's not true.

**Glen:** Harry, you don't have to say all these things if you don't want to.

**Emilio:** Confession can be very good for the soul.

**Sir Harry:** *(Going on as if he had not heard anything else that has been said.)* I have warned Mary that I could tire of her at any time, throw her out and never talk to her again. Or if she were lucky enough for me to stay with her, I would probably throw her out as she began to age or did something as simple as putting on some weight... or saying something I didn't like.

**Monica:** *(To Brinka.)* And she stayed with him?



**Punkey:** They say love is blind. *(Monica and Brinka just look at him.)*

**Sir Harry:** And last but not least, I had the audacity to threaten Mary that if she ever used that “M” word with me, she’d be banished from my life forever.

**Brinka:** *(To herself.)* Hell, if she had her smarts about her, she would have used that “M” word the first day she met him.

**Punkey:** What “M” word? *(Everyone ignores him.)*

**Sir Harry:** *(A real softness comes over him now. Nothing like he or anyone else has ever seen before.)* I now feel very foolish and even cruel for saying all these outrageous things to someone as kind and as tender as Mary. But one can’t take back words that have been said, no matter how much he desires it. So now... with all that’s been said, I ask my wonderful Mary to forgive me. *(Everyone looks on in shock and totally speechless. Sir Harry holds out his hand to her. She looks at him for a moment. She then goes over to Sir Harry and takes his hand. He then kisses her hand.)*

**Mary:** I do... yes... I do. *(Looking into his eyes.)* I have waited and I have wanted you to say this to me for many years. *(Looking at the others.)* Oh, yes, there were times when I was hurt, when Harry hurt me... *(turning back to Harry)* but that’s over now. The pain is gone.

**Brinka:** But not forgotten, I hope.

**Sir Harry:** *(To Mary.)* And now it is I who feels the pain.

**Mary:** *(Looking lovingly at him.)* Say no more. *(She kisses him on the cheek.)*

**Punkey:** I think this is just a lot of baloney.

**Monica:** *(Softly but firmly.)* Shut up.

**Punkey:** I will.

**Monica:** *(To Brinka.)* This is fascinating. To me... the fall of Sir Harry is as shocking as the fall of the Roman Empire must have been.

**Brinka:** *(In a low voice to Monica.)* And unlike Rome, we know he deserves to have his pride destroyed by a woman.

**Sir Harry:** 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. Our love is not some “crush” that the youth of today often mistake for real love... our love has been growing... no, Mary, our love has been maturing and now that beautiful blossom we share is about to come into full bloom. *(His voice becomes overwhelmed with emotion.)*





**Mary:** Oh, Harry, you make this day the happiest day of my life. To hear you say you love me the way you have is more than I could ever have hoped for.

**Brinka:** *(To Monica.)* He does have a way with words.

**Monica:** It makes you wonder if that's all they are, words.

**Sir Harry:** *(He looks at everyone in the room.)* And there's still more... I would like all of you in this room to hear what I am about to say to my Mary... Mary, if the answer is yes, I shall be the happiest and most fortunate man that ever walked this earth... but if you say no to me, I shall be cursed the rest of my life for losing a jewel more valuable and beautiful than anything else God has ever considered creating... but whatever the outcome, Mary, you must know this, you have graced my life for the past seven years by allowing me to be a full person.

**Mary:** *(Looking into his eyes with great affection.)* And you mine.

**Sir Harry:** *(To himself.)* If only I could sing my feelings with the ease of Mario Lanza.

**Monica:** *(Said with a chuckle in a low voice to Brinka.)* We almost have him securely in the trophy case that he loves to talk about.

**Sir Harry:** *(Pausing. And then as if he and Mary were the only two people in the room.)* Mary, will you marry me?

*(Everyone is very quiet for a moment.)*

**Mary:** *(Looking deeply into Harry's eyes.)* Yes... Yes... Yes I will. *(For the first time in their relationship Sir Harry really takes Mary in his arms. All barriers are down as if they were the only two people in the room. He kisses her with all the passion that he has had stored up inside of himself for a lifetime. Everyone is speechless in the room. The quietness of the room is almost loud.)*

**Brinka:** *(As if trying to bring herself back into reality, she says in a low voice to Monica.)* It seems we need to be going... We have work to do.

**Monica:** I don't understand.

**Brinka:** We have just lost our "International Chauvinist of the Year". But not to worry, there are countless other scoundrels out there. *(With that said, she very quietly starts for the front door. Monica and Punkey follow her. Seeing them leaving, Harriet looks at Emilio and without saying a word, they too start to leave. Seeing all this happening, Glen takes Melinda's hand, kisses it and then starts for the front door with her. As they get to the front door, Melinda stops.)*

**Melinda:** *(Turning around and looking back into the room where Sir Harry and Mary are, she speaks in a soft voice.)* We love you. *(With that Glen and Melinda exit.)*

**Sir Harry:** *(Everyone has left the house without Harry or Mary noticing.)* Mary, you have made me the happiest man on the face of this earth today.

**Mary:** *(She gently pulls away from him a little.)* I will marry you on two conditions.

**Sir Harry:** And they are?

**Mary:** It'll be forever.

**Sir Harry:** Without question. *(With a puzzled look.)* And the other?

**Mary:** *(Still not realizing everyone is gone.)* That everyone who is here... all these people who witnessed our confession of love for one another be a part of our special day. The day that Sir Harry and Mary stand before their fellowman and God and pledge their love for one another... not only in words but in the act of making this commitment legal in the sight of the law.

**Sir Harry:** (*Getting caught up in the moment.*) And we will have this piece of paper that will say to the world, "Once where two hearts beating separately, there is now only one..." Oh, Mary. (*Taking her in his arms and hugging her.*) I am so happy. (*Suddenly realizing everyone is gone.*) What? (*He turns around.*) Where?

**Mary:** What's wrong, Harry?

**Sir Harry:** Where did everyone go? (*Mary looks around and then with a big smile on her face, she says.*) Do you mean there was somebody here? (*They both laugh.*)

**Sir Harry:** Oh, Mary, you do enrich my life.

**Mary:** (*Going to Sir Harry and putting her arms around his waist and having some fun with him.*) You know, Sir Harry, there's only one thing that worries me about marrying you.

**Sir Harry:** What could that be my dear?

**Mary:** Well... when you get that piece of paper that says I'm legally yours... I just hope I don't suddenly feel like I was put in that trophy case of yours. (*With that said, both of them laugh.*)

**Sir Harry:** Why do I suddenly feel like I've met my match? (*With that said, Mary reaches up to Sir Harry and the two of them passionately kiss as we hear coming from the distance, Mario Lanza singing, "Be My Love".*)

*The End*



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Roger Rochowiak is a produced playwright who has had his plays produced both here in the United States and in Canada. His plays have been performed in Educational Theatre, Community Theatre, Summer Stock and Off Broadway.

His play, "Eunice and Arnie", opened at the Actors Outlet Theatre in New York and received excellent reviews. Roger has also had staged readings of his plays in New York. His play, "Dear Sisters", won first place in the Civic Theatre Association of Michigan Playwriting Contest (CTAM). Roger's play, "That Awkward Age", also earned him second place in the CTAM Playwriting Contest. Roger has also won the Grand Valley Playwright Contest.

All in all, Roger has written over twenty-three plays and musicals.



Career psychologist, author, and lecturer, 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 seventeen years. In a professional career of more than twenty-eight 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. While Dr. Braccio has published various works in the drama format, this is his first written specifically for the stage.

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