

The Diligent And Arduous Chronicling of Blinky And Madame  
Pacman

A Play In One Act

By

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## Cast of Characters

<u>Master of Ceremonies:</u>	A British academic presenting the investigation into Dr. Ira Longwell's last days of life.
<u>Dr. Ira Longwell:</u>	Neurotic, middle aged, depressive psychoanalyst with an unhealthy obsession with suicide.
<u>Gwyneth Wilde:</u>	Wide eyed, optimistic recent college graduate attempting to assimilate into her new life as a young professional.
<u>Emilee Fields:</u>	Dr. Ira Longwell's nonchalant office secretary.
<u>Stagehand 1:</u>	Male stagehand playing a variety of roles.
<u>Stagehand 2:</u>	Male stagehand playing a variety of roles.
<u>Stagehand 3:</u>	Female stagehand playing a variety of roles.
<u>Stagehand 4:</u>	Male stagehand playing a variety of roles.

ACT I

Scene 1

PODIUM LIGHT UP.

LIGHTS UP.

*The stage is bare with exception of a podium standing at far stage right.*

*MASTER OF CEREMONIES enters from stage left holding several papers in a file folder, crossing to the podium and placing his folder on the podium and opening it in preparation for an oration. MASTER OF CEREMONIES prepares himself, clearing his throat and placing his papers in order before speaking.*

MASTER OF CEREMONIES

(ruffling the papers)

Good evening.

(clearing throat, finishing with preparations)

Good evening, I am your Master of Ceremonies. This evening I will be escorting you through the documentary footage we've prepared for this evening, which will delve into several subjects, all of which revolve around our investigation of the final months of middle-aged psychoanalyst Dr. Ira Longwell.

*IRA enters from stage right, stopping at center stage to nervously greet the audience.*

IRA

(nervously)

Hi. Hello. Hi. How are you?

MASTER OF CEREMONIES

Before you now plays footage of Dr. Ira Longwell greeting a crowd of attendees of a Freudian penis envy seminar.

*IRA continues to silently greet an audience.*

MASTER OF CEREMONIES

Dr. Longwell lived, for the most, an incomplete, meager life. Fortunately, our prepared footage is not concerned with his life but rather the final days of said life. As such, there is little more need for *this* particular footage.

*IRA continue silently greeting an audience.*

(CONTINUED)

*MASTER OF CEREMONIES looks at IRA as if annoyed, clearing his throat several times in an attempt to dismiss IRA before finally speaking directly to IRA.*

MASTER OF CEREMONIES

'Ay. You go on now.. bugger off! Go on!

*IRA, continuing to silently greet an audience, crosses and exits stage right.*

MASTER OF CEREMONIES

(clearing his throat)

My apologies doctors. Moving... forward..

(clearing his throat)

Excuse me..

(clearing his throat)

Excuse me.

*MASTER OF CEREMONIES crosses and exits stage right for a moment before reentering from stage right holding a glass of water. He crosses upon his entering back to the podium, taking a small gulp before placing the glass atop the podium and continuing with the oration.*

*STAGEHAND 1 enters from stage left with a window installation, placing it on stage right. STAGEHAND 1 quickly exits stage left.*

*IRA enters stage right as if pacing the thin ledge of a 5th story building. As he paces, his hands are stretched out as if leaning back on a wall trying not to fall from the ledge. He slowly makes his way next to the window installation. Reaching the window installation, IRA looks down as if preparing to jump.*

*GWYNETH enters stage left wearing a dress, crossing to the window and beginning to undress directly behind it.*

MASTER OF CEREMONIES

Pardon me.

(beat)

Doctors, as you may be able to discern, the following footage chronicles Ira Longwell's final moments on the Earth. Fed up with his seemingly perpetual misfortune, Mr. Longwell has decided to jump off the fifth story of the Four Seasons, his favorite hotel in downtown Boston.

(CONTINUED)

*STAGEHAND 3 and STAGEHAND 2 enter from stage left dressed as pedestrians. STAGEHAND 3 stops quickly, suddenly pointing upward in awe.*

STAGEHAND 3

(pointing)

Oh my God! Look! Up there, Barry! That man is going to jump!

*STAGEHAND 2 looks up, suddenly shocked by what he sees.*

STAGEHAND 2

(shocked)

Oh my God!

MASTER OF CEREMONIES

Unfortunately, Dr. Longwell's suicide attempt was being upstaged at present by a beautiful woman undressing at her hotel room's fifth story window.

STAGEHAND 2

(pointing)

Oh my God! That beautiful woman is undressing at her hotel room's fifth story window!

STAGEHAND 3

(shocked)

Dear Lord! Is that the Victoria's Secret's spring catalog collection?

STAGEHAND 2

(to STAGEHAND 3)

No! I believe it's Chantal Thomas' summer lingerie collection!

STAGEHAND 3

(beat, in awe)

It is!

(awe)

You can see everything!

MASTER OF CEREMONIES

Cataclysmic as one's own death may be, it is clearly illogical to see one's death as the climax of one's own existence. Death is, after all, a resolution. This leads us into the subject we will be studying this evening as we delve further into the relative occurrences that bring us to the death of Dr. Ira Longwell. Please reserve your questions for the Q and A portion of our presentation, and please doctors, let's try and keep our diagnostic chattering at a minimum. Alright then? Thank you.

LIGHTS DOWN.

Scene 2

LIGHTS UP.

*The scene opens to IRA standing on a comfy chair with a noose around his neck attempting to hang himself, seemingly struggling to tie the rope to a non-existent roof at stage right.*

*STAGEHANDS 4 and 3 and STAGEHANDS 1 and 2 enter from stages right and left respectively carrying an office table and a therapy couch respectively, placing both stage left of IRA. The office desk is placed close to IRA while the therapy couch is placed several feet away. All STAGEHANDS exit from which stage wings they entered.*

MASTER OF CEREMONIES

Here we see Dr. Ira Longwell in a typical day at his office on the thirteenth floor his building in downtown Boston.

*STAGEHAND 4 enters from stage right holding a phone and intercom, placing both on the desk before exiting stage right.*

*SUDDENLY, the intercom BUZZES.*

EMILEE (O.S)

(through the intercom)  
Dr. Longwell.

*IRA ignores the intercom.*

MASTER OF CEREMONIES

Through the intercom we hear the voice of Emilee Fields, Dr. Longwell's middle-aged secretary.

*The intercom BUZZES, again.*

EMILEE (O.S)

(through the intercom)  
Dr. Longwell.

*IRA, frustrated with his struggle to tie the rope to the ceiling, gives up. Leaving the noose around his neck and allowing the excess rope to dangle from his neck, he mounts off the chair and presses the button on the intercom.*

(CONTINUED)

IRA

(annoyed)  
Yes Mrs. Fields.

*The intercom BUZZES.*

EMILEE (O.S)

(through the intercom)  
Dr. Longwell, your two o'clock is here.

*IRA checks his watch.*

IRA

Yes, well... it's only a quarter after two Mrs. Fields.

*The intercom BUZZES.*

EMILEE (O.S)

(through the intercom)  
I'm sorry, Dr. Longwell. Should I tell her to reschedule?

*The intercom BUZZES.*

IRA

(annoyed)  
No no no Mrs. Fields. I only ask that you make the patient aware of the proper time of her appointment.

*The intercom BUZZES.*

EMILEE (O.S)

(through the intercom)  
I see doctor. Are you busy at the moment?

IRA

(frustrated)  
No Mrs. Fields. It's just that simp-

EMILEE (O.S)

(through the intercom)  
Well then, I'm sorry doctor but honestly I don't understand why you can't see. She's a first time patient doct-

IRA

(frustrated)  
Just.. let her in please Mrs. Fields thank you!

EMILEE (O.S)

(through the intercom)  
No problem doctor.

(CONTINUED)

*IRA prepares himself for the meeting, brushing off and finding a pen and pad to write on.*

*STAGEHAND 3 enters stage right.*

*IRA, noose still tied around his neck, pretends to be pleased to see his new patient, making his way around the desk and crossing to shake her hand. IRA noticeably holds in his frustration.*

*STAGEHAND 3, pleased at first to make IRA'S acquaintance, crosses towards him to shake his hand, taking note of the noose around his neck.*

STAGEHAND 3

(shaking hands)

Hello doctor. I'm.. Christine Patterson.. Are you alright doctor?

IRA

(shaking hands)

Why yes, I'm quite fine. I'm Dr. Ira Longwell. Please, take a seat.

*STAGEHAND 3 appears skeptical about the noose, thinking for a moment before laying on the therapy couch.*

*IRA crosses toward his comfy chair, dragging it along toward the therapy couch, stopping near the couch before speaking.*

IRA

So. What seems to be the problem?

*The intercom BUZZES.*

EMILEE (O.S)

(through the intercom)

Dr. Longwell.

*IRA appears further frustrated, crossing to his desk and pressing the intercom before he speaks.*

IRA

(annoyed)

I'm in a session Mrs. Fields.

(beat)

*Silence comes from the intercom. IRA, pleased by the silence, makes his way back to the comfy chair. As he sits, the intercom BUZZES again, causing IRA to cringe in his chair.*

(CONTINUED)



EMILEE (O.S)

(through the intercom)  
The noose sir.

*IRA, slightly stunned by the remark, looks down quickly to examine himself remembering the noose tied around his neck. In a panic, IRA stands quickly crossing toward his desk as he removes the noose with difficulty in sheer embarrassment.*

IRA

(crossing, removing)  
Oh dear God.. I'm.. I'm so sorry Mrs. Patterson.

*STAGEHAND 3 sits up.*

STAGEHAND 3

Miss Patterson.

IRA

(crossing, failing to remove the noose)  
Ms. Patterson. I'm so sorry. It's... a religious decoration..a gift! A gift from a friend! A gag gift, really!

*IRA finally removes the noose, throwing it under his desk and crossing quickly back to the comfy chair, taking a seat and catching his breath as he speaks.*

IRA

Anyway.. Ms. Patterson.

STAGEHAND 3

You can call me Christine.

IRA

(finally catching his breath)  
Christine. How have you been?

STAGEHAND 3

(leaning back on the therapy couch)  
Are you sure everything is alright doctor?

IRA

(slightly nervous, slightly panting)  
Of course.  
(nervously faking a chuckle)  
I *am* the doctor. But please, tell me about...

*IRA and STAGEHAND 3 pantomime a conversation while MASTER OF CEREMONIES speaks above them.*

(CONTINUED)

## MASTER OF CEREMONIES

As you may observe, Dr. Longwell struggled with high anxiety disorder as well as severe physical disconnect from reality.

*As MASTER OF CEREMONIES speaks, IRA and STAGEHAND 3 appear to switch roles in the pantomime as IRA begins to weep openly from his comfy chair and STAGEHAND 3 leans forward from the therapy couch to console him.*

## MASTER OF CEREMONIES

His ability to fool others into believing him to be a happy, balanced and successful person was often touted as the evidence of bipolar disorder. This footage, once discovered, was used to refute the argument rendering it, ultimately, invalid.

LIGHTS DOWN.

Scene 3

## MASTER OF CEREMONIES

During the investigation into the accidental suicide of Dr. Ira Longwell, authorities found continuing footage of an alleged love interest of Dr. Longwell's. The footage produced by the investigation has led authorities to believe her name to be Gwyneth Wilde.

LIGHTS UP.

*The scene opens to an emphatic GWYNETH and STAGEHAND 1 seated at stage left dressed in graduation attire. A small box labeled "SOAP BOX" sits several feet in front of them.*

## MASTER OF CEREMONIES

The following footage is believed to be from Gwyneth Wilde's university graduation ceremony only months before the accidental suicide of Dr. Longwell. The ceremony is believed to have taken place at Harvard Yard, though no definitive location has been confirmed.

*STAGEHAND 4 enters from stage left dressed in a master's gown. STAGEHAND 4 crosses to the SOAP BOX, standing on the box before he speaks. GWYNETH and STAGEHAND 1 receive STAGEHAND 4 with great applause.*

## STAGEHAND 4

(proclaiming in a British accent)

New graduates. I've been paid a small lump sum to stand before you today. Otherwise, I'd probably still be here

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

## STAGEHAND 4 (cont'd)

speaking to you because I'm otherwise unemployed and have nothing else to do. The current state of affairs is quite simple, and it is this I've come to speak to you about. The state of affairs, ladies and gentlemen, is dire. Unfortunately, you'll now be joining the rest of us here in the world, and you'll slowly realize three truths about contemporary life: first, nothing you do will ever matter, you are just another nomadic organism tumbling perpetually upon the Earth exclusively to consume your greedy, overambitious fucking faces off. Secondly, there is no truth, justice, sincerity, heaven or hell, God, ethical code, personal philosophy, and so on. You'll succeed or fail, smile or cry, live or die.. and the universe will continue its revolving path toward eventual self destruction in a quaint and undisturbed fashion. And finally, there is no such thing as a fucking job market. This in mind, I've traveled hundreds of miles to tell you quite simply that if you wish to obtain one of these so called *jobs*, you're in an ugly predicament. Ladies and gentlemen, you are graduates of the school of Arts and Sciences. That is to say, you are the products of a once dynamic, fruitful system which has died and left an empty shell of it's former self in it's place. And now, you attempt entering the work force, wide eyed and dreaming, only to be taught the previously stated lessons by the diligent, ever-evolving downward trajectory that is our contemporary state of affairs. And so, my advice to you is simple: be weary of any job you may receive, because I will slit your fucking throat if it means I can take it from you, and so will every other pair of hands out in that cold cruel world. Some of you will start fast. You'll make connections, or already have connections, and get a nice paying, comfortable job doing something you care very much about. To those who find even a meager success, I leave you with this: watch you're fucking back 'cause I'm coming after you and your fucking corner office, and so is everyone the fuck else! To the rest of you, if there is indeed one, I'll see you in Hell when we die. Thank you.

*STAGEHAND 4 politely bows and steps off the SOAP BOX, exiting from which he came.*

*GWYNETH and STAGEHAND 1, shocked by the remarks, applaud slowly and unenthusiastically.*

LIGHTS DOWN.

(CONTINUED)

## MASTER OF CEREMONIES

Despite the warnings of their graduation speaker, our dear Gwyneth Wilde was able to use family ties to attain employment right out of college as a copy editor for one *Masshole Advertising*, one of the biggest advertising firms in Boston. Unfortunately, as the following footage will display, she was unable to retain said employment for very long.

LIGHTS UP.

*The scene opens to STAGEHAND 2 standing center stage dressed in a uniform labeled "Red Cross Fund Raiser" and holding a large blue binder.*

*STAGEHAND 3 enters from stage left dressed as a college student with a book bag on her back. STAGEHAND 3 crosses across the stage, being momentarily stopped by STAGEHAND 2.*

STAGEHAND 2

Excuse me, madame. Do you have a few minutes for the environment?

STAGEHAND 3

(in a rush)  
I'm sorry, I have class.

*STAGEHAND 3 begins to walk away, still looking at STAGEHAND 2 who attempts unsuccessfully to persuade her to stay.*

STAGEHAND 2

It's just one moment ma'am, I'm looking for donations for...

*STAGEHAND 3 exits stage right.*

*STAGEHAND 4 enters stage right dressed in professional attire, holding a suitcase and looking at his watch while he quickly crosses across the stage.*

STAGEHAND 2

(following STAGEHAND 4 as he quickly crosses)  
Excuse me, sir. Do you have a few minutes for the environment?

STAGEHAND 4

(quickly crossing, checking his watch)  
Get a real job kid, I'm late for a meeting.

(CONTINUED)

*STAGEHAND 4 ignores STAGEHAND 2's pleading and quickly exits stage left.*

*GWYNETH enters stage right dressed in professional attire, holding a suitcase.*

STAGEHAND 2

Excuse me, ma'am. Do you have a moment for the environment?

*GWYNETH politely stops to speak with STAGEHAND 2.*

GWYNETH

Oh, I'm so sorry. Usually I would, but I start my new job today!

STAGEHAND 2

Oh, congratulations! It'll only take a moment of your time though, I'm with the Red Cross and we're looking for donations today-

GWYNETH

I'm sorry.. I have to go.

*GWYNETH begins to cross only to be stopped by STAGEHAND 2 who grabs her arm sternly, slightly hurting GWYNETH in the process.*

STAGEHAND 2

Miss please. Everyone's been shoving me off all day, I just need a minute of your-

GWYNETH

(taking her arm back, slightly bruised)  
I'm sorry! I have to go! I don't have a minute for the environment right now.

*GWYNETH begins crossing toward stage left.*

*STAGEHAND 2 reaches in his pants and pulls out a large gun.*

*GWYNETH crosses to stage left, stopped SUDDENLY by STAGEHAND 2 screaming. The screaming prompts GWYNETH to turn around to face STAGEHAND 2 in great fear.*

STAGEHAND 2

(screaming ferociously)  
Well let's find you a minute for the environment then, bitch!

*GWYNETH puts her hands in the air, scared for her life.*

(CONTINUED)

GWYNETH

(fearfully)

Ok ok alright! Alright! Please-

STAGEHAND 2

(waving the gun in his hand as he  
speaks, screaming)Oh! You found it? You found a minute? So now all of a  
sudden, you *found* a minute for the environment? Do I  
look crazy to you fool!

LIGHTS DOWN.

MASTER OF CEREMONIES

Investigations into the event revealed the Red Cross fund raiser to be Robinson Montgomery, a paroled convict serving thirty years for armed robbery and assault with a deadly weapon. Gwyneth arrived four hours late for her first day of work after being held hostage by Mr. Montgomery, eventually paying her way out of the hostage situation with a thousand dollar donation to the Red Cross. Gwyneth also did not report the incident out of fear, due to the fact that the convict had her home address and her phone number as well as the best hours to contact her. This lack of paperwork left her new employer with no evidence to corroborate her story, leading to her being terminated soon thereafter. Unfortunately, this would not be the only armed robbery she would experience. The following footage chronicles Ms. Gwyneth Wilde's initial chance introduction to our subject, Dr. Ira Longwell at a bank in Cambridge.

*A cellular phone rings, then is quickly silenced.*

MASTER OF CEREMONIES

(authoritatively, annoyed)

Please doctors, remember to turn your phones off during the presentation.

(beat)

Thank you. Roll the footage!

Scene 4

LIGHTS UP.

*The scene opens to IRA and GWYNETH standing in line at center stage in front of STAGEHAND 1 who stands at a small desk dressed as a bank teller at stage left. STAGEHAND 1 is tending to STAGEHAND 3 at the moment.*

(CONTINUED)

*SUDDENLY, STAGEHANDS 2 and 4 enter from stage right dressed as bank robbers and holding large automatic guns and speaking in strong Boston accents.*

STAGEHAND 4

Alright everybody, put your Goddamn hands in the air!

*IRA quickly throws himself on the ground fearfully. GWYNETH, observing IRA'S antics puts her hands in the air along with STAGEHANDS 1 and 3.*

STAGEHAND 2

(to IRA, pointing with his gun)

You!

*IRA looks up in fear.*

STAGEHAND 2

(waving his gun)

Yeah you, on the floor! Get up!

*IRA nervously gets up.*

*STAGEHAND 2 crosses to IRA, looking at him threateningly for a moment before proceeding to dust him off.*

STAGEHAND 4

Is he ok?

STAGEHAND 2

Yeah, he seems alright.

(to IRA)

You alright guy?

*IRA nervously nods.*

*STAGEHAND 4 crosses towards IRA.*

STAGEHAND 4

Relax, we're not here to rob you. We're here to rob the bank.

*STAGEHAND 4 crosses toward the bank teller.*

STAGEHAND 4

(to STAGEHAND 1)

Stay where I can see you.

(pointing behind STAGEHAND 1)

Go back there and get me a bag with all the money you could fit in it. I'm watching you, so I need you to follow directions as well as you can. Can you do that?

(CONTINUED)

STAGEHAND 1

(nervously, hands in the air)  
I.. I think so.

STAGEHAND 4

Well, we can't ask for any more than your best. Go for it.

*STAGEHAND 1 quickly and nervously exits stage left.*

STAGEHAND 2

(to IRA)  
This your girlfriend?

*IRA appears too nervous to speak.*

STAGEHAND 2

Calm down fella. I'm not going to hurt you, I'm here to rob this multimillion dollar institution.

*IRA nervously smiles and nods.*

GWYNETH

(hands in the air)  
But...

*IRA quickly turns to face GWYNETH, nervously shaking his head.*

STAGEHAND 2

Ok.  
(to STAGEHAND 4)  
This doesn't seem to be working.

STAGEHAND 4

(nicely)  
Everybody needs to just calm down a little bit. Explain it to them Nathaniel, I'm tied up over here.

STAGEHAND 2

No problem. Everybody put your hands down.

*EVERYBODY puts their hands down.*

*STAGEHAND 2 reaches in his pocket pulling out a piece of chocolate.*

STAGEHAND 2

We're not here to terrorize anybody. We just need to get some money to pay for social services in our community.

(CONTINUED)



GWYNETH

(reluctantly)  
Where do you live?

STAGEHAND 2

Charlestown.

STAGEHAND 3

I hear that place is rough.

STAGEHAND 2

It's not horrible. It's full of decent, hard working people who just can't get help, while these bastards make millions of dollars off of manipulation, government subsidies and such.

*STAGEHAND 2 crosses toward STAGEHAND 3 as he speaks.*

STAGEHAND 2

You know the financial meltdown? The mortgage crisis in '08?

STAGEHAND 3

Who doesn't?

STAGEHAND 2

That whole situation was caused by these banker CEOs. They traded dividends and sub prime mortgages signed by people they themselves convinced to sign despite knowing they would default on their mortgage payments, just so they could trade it off and make a buck!

STAGEHAND 3

(argumentatively)  
But what of the irresponsible public that took the loans?

STAGEHAND 2

You can't expect the general public to know as much about contractual obligations as knowledgeable, mischievous bankers and traders, can you?

STAGEHAND 3

Well, they should have the contracts over. Capitalism is a dog eat dog world ordained by God!

STAGEHAND 2

And when the system came crashing down, where was capitalism then? When the system came crashing down on them, they came to us, the people they screwed and continue to screw, to bail 'em out. Ever heard of TARP? Yeah, that's a tarp for rich bankers and traders who

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

STAGEHAND 2 (cont'd)

need to stay rich, not middle class jokers like you or me or that nice bank teller over there..

(waving to STAGEHAND 1)

How ya' doin' over there?

STAGEHAND 1 (O.S.)

(nervously)

I'm alright.

STAGEHAND 2

(to STAGEHAND 1)

You thirsty or something?

STAGEHAND 1 (O.S.)

(nervously)

I.. I guess.. yeah.

STAGEHAND 2

Hey Ben, talk to these guys while I go get that guy some water, will ya'?

STAGEHAND 4

Yeah, no problem.

*STAGEHAND 2 crosses and exits stage left.*

GWYNETH

(to STAGEHAND 4, skeptical)

So, let me understand this correctly. You guys are robbing this bank, and you're going to give the money to people in your neighborhood?

*STAGEHAND 4 crosses toward GWYNETH as he speaks.*

STAGEHAND 4

We give all the money to local social welfare organizations. Obama's 2010 budget cut funding for social welfare organizations which service the lower socioeconomic rungs of society. So a lot of people who used to get help doing things like paying their gas bill or buying groceries aren't getting the kind of money they used to, and so no one in low income neighborhoods can get a leg up. The problem is made exponentially worse by already existing socioeconomic structures like broken educational systems, military and prison industrial complexes and so on which induce a sense of hopelessness and captivity in low income sectors of the America where people are never forgiven for anything and constantly forgotten by the higher socioeconomic rungs of society. If you're interested, Dr. Cornel West has a great book on the subject titled "Democracy Matters". I'd pick it up.

(CONTINUED)

(to IRA)  
Would you do me a favor please?

IRA  
(confused)  
Sure.

STAGEHAND 4  
(pointing with his gun)  
Could you lock that door over there? Wouldn't want a cop walking into a robbery now would you?

IRA  
(nervous)  
I guess not.

*IRA crosses and exits stage right, quickly reentering as STAGEHAND 4 speaks.*

STAGEHAND 3  
(to STAGEHAND 4, argumentatively)  
Well, that sounds like Robin Hood, but where do you stand on wealth distribution? Should bankers give up their properly attained profits to help lazy poor people? And what about the people's money you're taking from the till there? That's my money too!

STAGEHAND 4  
As far as the refutation to alleged unethical dimensions of social welfare, I'd point you to Cornel West's 'The Ethical Dimensions of Marxist Thought' or any of Noam Chomsky's writings and interviews on class warfare in a capitalist society to point out the downward trajectory of standard of living as it concerns the lower socioeconomic rungs of our society. As for the bank, the bank *needs* poor people's money to make loans and trade with other banks. They protect their money with insurance policies. So they just call in their insurance policies to pay for the missing cash. You'll be alright, good question though.

*STAGEHAND 4 crosses toward STAGEHAND 1, reaching in his pocket and pulling out a card.*

STAGEHAND 4  
If you get any trouble just call this guy. He's a lawyer in Cambridge who handles bank claims.

*STAGEHAND 4 hands the card over to STAGEHAND 3. STAGEHAND 3 pulls a pen from his pocket, preparing to write on the card.*

STAGEHAND 3

Wow. Thanks. Noam Chomsky eh?

STAGEHAND 4

Yeah. That's spelled "C", "H", "O", "M", "S", "K", "Y".

*STAGEHAND 3 writes it down on the card.*

STAGEHAND 3

Thank you.

STAGEHAND 4

My pleasure. You all seem like nice people. I've wanted to move into Cambridge for a while, but.. you know.. don't shit where ya' eat right?

*EVERYBODY nods their heads.*

*STAGEHANDS 2 and 1 enter from stage left, STAGEHAND 2's arm around the shoulder of STAGEHAND 1. STAGEHAND 1 holds a large bag with a money sign on it full of money.*

STAGEHAND 2

I think you're being a bit paranoid Cecil. I'm sure she's not with anybody while you're here. Why don't you go home tonight with a big ol' bouquet of roses for your lady. Give her a nice massage and make a nice dinner, you know, a little candle light, make it romantic.

STAGEHAND 1

Yeah. I hear ya'. Thanks.

STAGEHAND 2

(pointing to the bag of money with his gun)

I'll be needing that now.

STAGEHAND 1

Oh. Of course.

*STAGEHAND 1 hands STAGEHAND 2 the bag of money.*

*STAGEHAND 2 crosses toward STAGEHAND 4 holding the money.*

STAGEHAND 4

Ready to go?

STAGEHAND 2

Yep.

(to EVERYBODY)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

STAGEHAND 2 (cont'd)

Thanks for making this so pleasant, everybody. Take it easy.

STAGEHAND 1

(nicely)  
Get home safe!

STAGEHAND 4

We'll try. Have a good day folks, it's been fun.

*STAGEHANDS 2 and 4 cross stage right as if exiting.*

STAGEHAND 1

Thanks for coming in!

STAGEHAND 2

No problem!

*STAGEHANDS 2 and 4 exit stage right.*

STAGEHAND 1

(to STAGEHAND 3)  
Smart bank robbers, eh? So, where were we?

LIGHTS DOWN.

Scene 5

MASTER OF CEREMONIES

Further inquiries into this event showed that Dr. Longwell was in fact physically attracted to Ms. Wilde at this moment in time. Unfortunately, due to the cordial nature of the armed robbery, the two did not make their formal acquaintance in this chronicled instant. Instead, Dr. Ira Longwell made his way from the bank home to his wife, whom he had married the year before in order for the government to grant her American citizenship... she was from the Dominican Republic. Soon after the day of the bank robbery she disappeared. Though nothing is known now, or during the time of the investigation into Dr. Longwell, of her whereabouts, footage of her initial date of departure was found during the later stages of the investigation, revealing her name to be Consuela Longwell-Gomez. We've prepared to present said footage for you this evening. Lights please.

LIGHTS UP.

*The scene opens to STAGEHAND 3 standing with several suitcases around her at center stage.*

(CONTINUED)

*IRA enters stage left.*

IRA

Hey honey. You wouldn't believe the day I've had. A bank robber lectured everyone at a bank on the ethical dimensions of American capitalism.

*IRA crosses to STAGEHAND 3, kissing her in the cheek, and continuing to cross across the stage, exiting stage left.*

*IRA slowly reenters from stage left.*

IRA

(confused, slowly)  
Umm..Honey? What's all this?

STAGEHAND 3

(broken English)  
I'm leafing shu, Ira.

IRA

(quickly crossing to STAGEHAND 3 as if  
in great worry)  
But... where will you go? Why?

*STAGEHAND 3 places her hand on IRA'S cheek as if  
consoling him.*

STAGEHAND 3

(broken English)  
Is no me baby. Honestly, I tink shu need son help.  
Everytime I call shur office, de lady tell me shur  
crying, or trying to hang shurself. Honestly, first I  
felt bad, but Ira, shur no better at home!

IRA

(deeply troubled)  
What do you mean? Consuela, I love you!

*STAGEHAND 3 takes a step back, beginning to yell  
and flail her hands in a stereotypical "Latina"  
style.*

STAGEHAND 3

(yelling, broken English)  
Well den why shu no get son fucking couches or a rug or  
something for the Goddamn house, Ira! What, shu son big  
shot therapista  
(Spanish)  
Y no puede por un cono comprarle una maldita television  
a su mujer, buen poco hombre!

(CONTINUED)

IRA

(sad, confused)

You want a television? I don't speak Spanish!

STAGEHAND 3

Look

(Spanish/broken English)

sin berguensa, I come to this country and try to make life but shu no wan nothing wis shur life, Y yo tengo que buscarme la mia cono, no me estoy poniendo mas joven aguantandote a ti tu vaina, asi que me voy a largar de aqui y me voy pa Nueva York a buscame uno desos Yankee que tan ma bueno que'l diablo todito cono.

*STAGEHAND 3 picks up her bags.*

IRA

(chasing after STAGEHAND 3)

You want to go to New York!? We can do it! We can go on vacation and see the Yankees!

*STAGEHAND 3 stops and turns back to face IRA.*

STAGEHAND 3

(Spanish)

Mire compadre, Olvidate de esa vaina.

(broken English)

I'm going to Nueva York a buscamela. Don' come for me, Ira. Is over.

*STAGEHAND 3 turns back around and crosses, exiting stage left.*

IRA

(yelling in the distance to the wings)

But they'll deport you!

STAGEHAND 3 (O.S.)

(Spanish)

Que me deporten cono!

LIGHTS DOWN.

MASTER OF CEREMONIES

Footage analysis teams developed the theory that Dr. Longwell had no idea that his wife had left him. In fact, the popular theory is that he expected his wife would return promptly within the week. Investigations into Dr. Longwell's finances support this theory as his bank statements show him to have purchased two plane tickets to New York for the following week, as well as a flat screen television for his home and two tickets to see the New York Yankees play against the Texas

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

## MASTER OF CEREMONIES (cont'd)

Rangers. Unfortunately for Ms. Gwyneth Wilde, things were also not looking so well. Due to the troubled job market, she was forced to pick up employment with National Public Radio as a fund raiser. Though little footage was found of this turn of events, this quick sequence of Miss Wilde fund raising for NPR outside of a thrift store turned up late in the investigation.

LIGHTS UP.

*The scene opens to GWYNETH and STAGEHAND 2 standing center stage. GWYNETH, dressed in a Santa costume holding a red bucket, stands next to STAGEHAND 2 who plays fast paced jazz on an upright bass.*

## GWYNETH

Donations for National Public Radio! Donations! For National Public Radio! Donations for Nati-

*STAGEHAND 1, dressed as a pedestrian, enters from stage left. STAGEHAND 1 crosses across the stage ignoring GWYNETH.*

## GWYNETH

Sir! Sir, would you like to support our National Public Radio! Sir!

*STAGEHAND 1 exits stage right.*

LIGHTS DOWN.

Scene 6

## MASTER OF CEREMONIES

Needless to say, things for both Dr. Ira Longwell and Miss Gwyneth Wilde were not going well. It is at this point in the investigation into the accidental suicide of Dr. Longwell that the infinitely limited influence of fate proved to take it's unexpected course. As every one of you doctors know, the concept of fate is not a subject science is prepared to tackle. As such, the following footage, once it was found, was quite difficult to analyze scientifically, psychologically, or otherwise. And so our presentation here takes a turn into the very real realm of chance.

LIGHTS UP.

(CONTINUED)



*The scene opens to IRA sitting on his desk in his office. The therapy chair, as it was, sits several feet away. IRA holds a gun in his hand, looking at it for several moments as MASTER OF CEREMONIES speaks.*

MASTER OF CEREMONIES

As infinitely limited as fate is, especially to us in the scientific community, science is indeed forced to acknowledge fate much in the same way our investigators were forced to acknowledge it. To all intents and purposes, science hasn't any need for chance, for fate. There is no such evidence of it's existence. There is no chronicled experience of fate, outside of our natural inclination to believe the grandiosity of consequence. And yet, it is the universal fall back plan of all man. How else would we explain the total of causality?

*IRA, severely distraught, places the barrel of the gun in his mouth. He lets out a loud scream before pulling the trigger.*

*The gun misfires.*

*IRA appears stunned and confused by the misfire.*

MASTER OF CEREMONIES

For our purposes here, we are forced to ask: "How else would we explain the appointment?"

*The intercom BUZZES.*

EMILEE (O.S)

(through the intercom)

Doctor.

*IRA ignores the intercom, busily examining the gun.*

*The intercom BUZZES.*

EMILEE (O.S)

(through the intercom)

Doctor?

*IRA appears to come to, placing the gun under the desk before pressing the intercom to speak.*

IRA

Yes Mrs. Fields?

*The intercom BUZZES.*

(CONTINUED)

EMILEE (O.S)

(through the intercom)

There's... a man here for you. Says his name is Boris.

IRA

(happily)

Oh, yes! Boris! Let him through please, Mrs. Fields.

(beat)

*The intercom BUZZES.*

EMILEE (O.S)

(through the intercom)

Are you sure, doctor? He doesn't have an appointment...  
and he's quite under-dressed.

IRA

(annoyed)

Let him *in* please Mrs. Fields.*The intercom BUZZES.*

EMILEE (O.S)

Yes doctor.

*IRA happily makes his way around his desk,  
reaching under it for the gun.**STAGEHAND 1 enters from stage left dressed as  
Joseph Stalin, appearing drunk, angered, and  
speaking in a strong Russian accent.*

IRA

(from his desk, happily)

Boris!

*Boris crosses toward IRA. IRA meets him center  
stage. The two shake hands.*

IRA

(happily)

How have you been?

STAGEHAND 1

(drunken)

Let's get this over with.

*IRA escorts STAGEHAND 1 to the therapy couch.*

IRA

(happily)

Yes, of course. Did you bring a gun with you? Mine  
doesn't seem to be working.

(CONTINUED)

STAGEHAND 1

(drunken, reaching into his pants and pulling a revolver from his pants)

Yes.

*IRA seats STAGEHAND 1 on the therapy couch, crossing back to get his seat and bringing his seat toward the therapy couch.*

*IRA takes a seat and waits emphatically as STAGEHAND 1 reaches in his pocket and puts a single bullet into the revolver.*

STAGEHAND 1

(drunkenly displaying the bullet)

One bullet.

IRA

(happily)

Sounds great.

*STAGEHAND 1 rolls the revolver chamber.*

STAGEHAND 1

(drunk)

I go first?

IRA

(happily)

No please, allow me.

*IRA quickly snatches the gun, putting the barrel to his temple and pulling the trigger quickly.*

*The gun does not fire.*

IRA

(happily)

Your turn.

*IRA hands the gun to STAGEHAND 1. STAGEHAND 1, looking at the gun drunkenly as if severely depressed, slowly brings the gun barrel to his temple.*

*STAGEHAND 1 lets out a loud scream as he pulls the trigger.*

*The gun does not fire.*

*IRA quickly snatches the gun from STAGEHAND 1.*

STAGEHAND 1

(happily)

Again!

*IRA quickly puts the gun barrel to his temple and pulls the trigger.*

*The gun does not fire.*

*STAGEHAND 1 looks drunkenly scared at IRA. IRA hands him the gun.*

*STAGEHAND 1 stares at the gun in drunken sadness for several moments before slowly putting the barrel to his temple.*

*STAGEHAND 1 lets out a loud scream as he prepares to pull the trigger. His trigger pulling is SUDDENLY interrupted by the BUZZING of the intercom.*

EMILEE (O.S)

(through the intercom)

Doctor?

*IRA, appearing heavily annoyed, excuses himself from the Russian roulette game, crossing to the intercom and pressing the button, speaking into it.*

IRA

(annoyed)

I'm in a session with Boris Mrs. Fields.

*The intercom BUZZES.*

EMILEE (O.S)

(through the intercom)

I'm sorry sir, but your new four o'clock is here.

IRA

(annoyed)

Tell her to wait please, Mrs. Fields!

*IRA quickly crosses toward his comfy chair. His cross is interrupted by the BUZZING of the intercom.*

EMILEE (O.S)

(through the intercom, sternly)

It's four fifteen. She has an appointment, doctor.

*IRA, appearing severely annoyed, crosses toward STAGEHAND 1 who has been examining the gun.*

(CONTINUED)

IRA

(annoyed, disappointed)  
I'm sorry, Boris. We'll need to finish this up another time... I have a new patient.

*STAGEHAND 1 drunkenly stands in protest.*

STAGEHAND 1

(drunken)  
Boris will do this right now!

*STAGEHAND 1 places the barrel of the gun to his temple. IRA quickly pulls his arm away from STAGEHAND 1'S head.*

*As IRA does so, the gun fires with a loud BANG.*

*STAGEHAND 1 appears drunkenly unaffected by the loud BANG.*

IRA

(pulling STAGEHAND 1'S arm)  
Not yet! It's not fair, Boris!

*IRA takes the revolver from STAGEHAND 1's hand, tossing it on the therapy couch and beginning to escort STAGEHAND 1 toward stage left.*

IRA

(escorting)  
Please, Boris. Come back on Monday and we'll finish up.

*STAGEHAND 1 drunkenly grumbles in protest, unable to stop IRA'S escorting him.*

IRA

Go on now. I'll see you on Monday, alright?

*STAGEHAND 1 drunkenly grumbles.*

IRA

Sounds great. I'll see you then.

*STAGEHAND 1 exits stage left.*

*IRA brushes himself off for a moment before crossing toward the intercom, pressing it to speak.*

IRA

Please allow the patient in, Mrs. Fields.

*The intercom BUZZES.*

(CONTINUED)

EMILEE (O.S)  
(through the intercom)  
Ok doctor.

IRA  
Thank you Mrs. Fields.  
(beat)

*GWYNETH enters from stage left.*

Scene 7

GWYNETH  
(shyly)  
Hello doctor.

*IRA crosses toward GWYNETH, shaking her hand as he speaks.*

IRA  
(shaking hands)  
Hello miss...?

GWYNETH  
(shaking hands)  
Wilde. Gwyneth.

IRA  
(shaking hands)  
That's interesting. Alright miss Gwyneth.

GWYNETH  
(shaking hands, quickly)  
Wilde.

IRA  
(shaking hands)  
It's good to be on first name basis Wilde.

GWYNETH  
(shaking hands)  
My first name is Gwyneth.. My name is Gwyneth Wilde.

IRA  
(shaking hands)  
Oh! Well then hello miss Wilde.

GWYNETH  
(shaking hands)  
You can call me Gwyneth.

IRA

(shaking hands)  
Alright. Gwyneth. Hello Gwyneth.

GWYNETH

(shaking hands)  
Hello doctor...?

IRA

(shaking hands)  
Longwell. Dr. Ira Longwell. You can call me Ira.

GWYNETH

(shaking hands)  
Hello Ira.

*The couple continues shaking hands and smiling nicely.*

GWYNETH

(shaking hands)  
Ira?

IRA

(shaking hands)  
Yes Gwyneth?

GWYNETH

(shaking hands)  
I can't feel my arm...

*IRA, slightly embarrassed, stops shaking GWYNETH'S hand.*

IRA

(embarrassed)  
Sorry.  
(beat)

*IRA points with an open hand toward the therapy couch.*

IRA

Please, take a seat.

*IRA crosses toward his desk, grabbing a pen and pad and crossing back to his comfy chair.*

*GWYNETH takes a seat on the therapy couch, accidentally sitting on the forgotten gun. Confused, she pulls the gun from under her, examining it for a moment before displaying it for IRA.*

(CONTINUED)

GWYNETH

(embarrassed)

Is this yours?

*IRA quickly snatches the gun in embarrassment, quickly crossing toward his desk and throwing it under his desk carelessly.*

*The gun fires with a loud BANG as it hits the ground. IRA and GWYNETH both cringe at the loud sound.*

*IRA quickly crosses in embarrassment to his comfy chair, taking a seat.*

(beat)

IRA

(embarrassed)

Sorry.

(beat)

GWYNETH

It's alright.

IRA

So. Tell me about yourself.

*GWYNETH lays on the therapy couch to speak.*

*As GWYNETH speaks, STAGEHANDS 2, 3, and 4 enter from stage right grabbing the table, gun, and intercom and exiting stage right with the items, clearing the right side of the stage.*

GWYNETH

Well, I graduated college just a little while ago.

IRA

Oh, that sounds quite nice.

GWYNETH

Yeah. It was nice at first. I had a job but I lost it because I was held for ransom.

IRA

(writing notes)

Mmmhmmmmmm.

GWYNETH

And then I got an angry letter from my graduation speaker about another job I got. And then I got a job working for NPR.

(CONTINUED)



IRA

Well, that sounds like an improvement.

GWYNETH

I was wearing a Santa costume outside of a thrift store.

IRA

Oh. I see.

GWYNETH

And then I was caught in the midst of a bank robbery!

*The remark catches the attention of IRA.*

*STAGEHAND 4 enters from stage right, placing the SOAP BOX in the place of IRA'S desk before quickly exiting stage right.*

GWYNETH

Things are just getting worse and worse, doctor. I mean.. Ira.

IRA

(intrigued)

Well... tell me about this bank robbery.

GWYNETH

It was terrible!... kind of.

*STAGEHANDS 2,3, and 4 enter from stage right.*

*STAGEHANDS 2 and 3 dressed as IRA and GWYNETH respectively. STAGEHAND 4 dressed as a college professor holding a book and a large gun. The STAGEHANDS pantomime GWYNETH'S account of the robbery by having STAGEHANDS 2 and 3 sit Indian style on the ground and having STAGEHAND 4 stands atop the SOAP BOX read out of the book to them while waving the gun in the air.*

*As GWYNETH speaks, IRA finds himself increasingly intrigued and shocked by what he's hearing.*

GWYNETH

A man came into the bank and kept talking about how horrible rich people and politicians and bankers are, while he robbed the bank! Can you believe that! A bank robber lecturing a room full of people about ethics!

IRA

Was it.. one man, or two men?

(CONTINUED)

*STAGEHAND 1 enters dressed as JOSEPH STALIN, looking around as if confused and worried as if he missed a cue. IRA notes STAGEHAND 1'S entrance and worry.*

GWYNETH

It was two men...

*IRA and STAGEHAND 1 look at each other in a slight confusion and worry.*

GWYNETH

But there's only one stagehand available.

*IRA physically reacts as if understanding, shooing off STAGEHAND 1. STAGEHAND 1 exits stage left in relief.*

*As IRA speaks, STAGEHANDS 2,3 and 4 exit with their props stage right.*

IRA

You know, I don't mean to interrupt you Gwyneth, but...  
I was in that bank!

*GWYNETH quickly rises, sitting up and looking at IRA as if stunned.*

GWYNETH

You were?

IRA

(entertained)

Yeah. I was the guy. The guy that locked the door?  
Remember

GWYNETH

(remembering, entertained)

Oh my God! You were! The guy! The guy who locked the door!

IRA

(proud)

That was me.

GWYNETH

(as if meeting a celebrity)

Oh God!

*GWYNETH signals with her hand towards IRA as if asking permission to borrow his pen and pad in order to get his autograph.*

(CONTINUED)

GWYNETH

(asking for the pen and pad, as if  
meeting a celebrity)  
Would you... would you mind?

IRA

(having a rock star moment)  
No. Not at all.

*IRA hands the pen and pad to GWYNETH who returns  
it immediately for him to autograph.*

IRA

Who should I make it out to?

GWYNETH

Umm.. Gwyneth Wilde.

IRA

Alright!  
(signing the autograph)  
Hey Gwyneth... keep your doors locked. Love, Dr. Ira  
Longwell.

*IRA hands the pen and pad back to GWYNETH who rips  
the paper off the pad, giving the pen and pad back  
to IRA and keeping the autograph for herself.*

GWYNETH

(emphatic)  
Thank you! Thank you so much!

IRA

No problem.  
(continuing to write on the pad)  
So tell me, how have you been feeling since the  
robbery.

GWYNETH

(worried)  
Not so well...

*GWYNETH leans back, laying again on the therapy  
couch, alibbiing about her sad life as the lights  
go down.*

LIGHTS DOWN.

Scene 8

MASTER OF CEREMONIES

It had become evident that Gwyneth Wilde had found an outlet in Dr. Ira Longwell. Their mutual disdain for their living arrangements, separate personal relationships, and the general trajectory their lives had been and continued to take fueled their increasingly meaningful relationship. Eventually, after several appointments, Dr. Longwell and Miss Wilde began to see each other outside of the clinical environment. Their first encounters were... a bit out of the ordinary.

LIGHTS UP.

*The scene opens to a bare stage. As MASTER OF CEREMONIES speaks, GWYNETH enters from stage left holding a chair, placing the chair center stage and taking a seat, looking forward into the AUDIENCE as if depressed and nostalgic.*

MASTER OF CEREMONIES

Though barely any footage survives of the informal courtship period of their relationship, a private interview with myself and miss Gwyneth Wilde was documented during the beginning stages of the formal investigation into the accidental suicide of Dr. Ira Longwell. The following short footage was documented several days after Dr. Longwell's death. The interview is unedited and set in our *investigative headquarters in East Boston.*

*A moment of silence passes.*

*MASTER OF CEREMONIES looks forward into the AUDIENCE as he speaks as he were standing in front of GWYNETH. GWYNETH looks forward into the AUDIENCE as she speaks, as she were sitting in front of MASTER OF CEREMONIES.*

MASTER OF CEREMONIES

Can you tell me your name please?

*GWYNETH appears depressive and reluctant, speaking despondently.*

GWYNETH

Gwyneth Christine Wilde.

MASTER OF CEREMONIES

You've agreed to let me film our conversation. Do you understand the full extent of this agreement?

(CONTINUED)

GWYNETH  
Yes.

MASTER OF CEREMONIES  
What was your relationship with Dr. Ira Longwell?

*GWYNETH pauses, appearing reluctant.*

GWYNETH  
We were friends.

MASTER OF CEREMONIES  
Are you aware of the existing footage which suggests a romantic affair between Dr. Ira Longwell and yourself?

GWYNETH  
Yes.

MASTER OF CEREMONIES  
Is there any footage other than the one we've discovered?

*GWYNETH pauses reluctantly.*

MASTER OF CEREMONIES  
Do you understand the question?

GWYNETH  
Yes.

*GWYNETH pauses a second time.*

MASTER OF CEREMONIES  
Miss Wilde, would you like me to-

GWYNETH  
(interrupting, remaining despondent)  
I understand the question. The answer is yes.  
(beat)  
There were tapes of us on dates, having dinner, drinks, having breakfast...  
(beat)  
making love...

MASTER OF CEREMONIES  
(quickly)  
And where is this footage?

*GWYNETH pauses.*

GWYNETH  
I burned it.  
(beat)  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GWYNETH (cont'd)

I burned it the night after he died. I couldn't stand knowing the tapes existed. I knew I wouldn't be able to stop myself from watching them constantly, over and over, until I drove myself mad. The world is a cruel place, don't you think doctor? Chance puts murderers on parole and children through windshields. It doesn't seem fair at all. Ira wasn't a bad man, doctor.

MASTER OF CEREMONIES

Would one be wrong in saying the two of you were.. lovers?

GWYNETH

No, they would not.

MASTER OF CEREMONIES

Are you aware of the only footage we've acquired of your relationship?

GWYNETH

Yes. Another doctor told me it was a tape of our sex play. He said it seemed to have been documented towards the end of Ira's life.. I suppose it's around the time things started going badly.

MASTER OF CEREMONIES

Were you in love Dr. Longwell, miss Wilde?

GWYNETH

Yes. Very much so.

MASTER OF CEREMONIES

If I may ask what did you love about Dr. Longwell?

*GWYNETH'S despondency is temporarily lifted by the flood of positive thought of IRA.*

GWYNETH

I loved his humor. You couldn't walk anywhere without him attempting to kick your feet from under you. Oh, and the way he would make fun of everybody around him. He had little interest it seemed for making friends. He was terrifically modern in his thinking. Whereas anybody else is driven to exhaustion with the mundane, harsh realities of life, Ira was driven to suicide, though not in the way teenagers and nuns are driven to suicide. He saw it as an interesting way to end a life... an adequate response to life's difficult attitude.. "the resolution", he called it.

*GWYNETH'S despondency suddenly returns by means of flooding negative thoughts about IRA.*

(CONTINUED)

## GWYNETH

He wasn't perfect though. He had many flaws.. like California. He couldn't take off his shirt without counting to seventy-eight first. Isn't that odd? Who counts all the way to seventy-eight? He also had little use for common house appliances, like a stove or a microwave oven. He was scared of the radiation, he would say. When I told him stoves don't emit radiation, he called me crazy and said if we ever got pregnant, he would sell the stove and buy a grass hut with the money in New Jersey. That's when I noticed things were getting serious... When he said "we". I'd never been a "we" before, not in English anyway. He was surprisingly casual about the entire situation. My family didn't like him because he was "too old for me". My father kept saying he was a pervert, but he didn't know Ira the way I did. No one knew Ira the way I did. It's not his age, or his height, or his slight prejudice against pole-ish people... He didn't like poles. It was his inconsequential habits that made him who he was.. to me at least. I loved him very much... even after things began to go horribly wrong.

(beat)

That night we were...

LIGHTS DOWN.

## MASTER OF CEREMONIES

The only surviving footage of Dr. Longwell and miss Wilde's romantic was a sequence documented during a particularly sour sexcapades. Before the act of love making, Dr. Longwell and miss Wilde would role play as their favorite characters in a game of foreplay they called amongst the two of them "The Diligent and Arduous Chronicling of Binky and Madame Pacman." The game consisted of Dr. Longwell dressing up as the character "Binky" from the popular 1980's video game "Pacman" and chasing miss Wilde through the house as she dressed up herself in a large costume she referred to as "Madame Pacman". Following the trajectory of the popular 1980's game, the two would run around chasing each other, depending of course on whether they one had yelled either "red ghost" or "blue ghost" during the game. Despite the usually sexual nature commonly reported by this manner of foreplay, this *particular* moment documented in the footage appears to chronicle another event entirely.

LIGHTS UP.

*The scene opens to a bare stage.*

(CONTINUED)

*SUDDENLY, GWYNETH dressed as MADAME PACMAN quickly enters from stage left crossing quickly across the stage being chased by IRA dressed as BINKY. The two emphatically run across the stage quickly exiting stage right.*

*(beat)*

GWYNETH (O.S.)  
Blue ghost!

*SUDDENLY, IRA dressed as BINKY enters stage right quickly crossing the stage and being chased by GWYNETH dressed as MADAME PACMAN. The two emphatically run across the stage exiting in turn stage left.*

IRA (O.S)  
*(quickly)*  
Red ghost! Red ghost Red ghost!

*SUDDENLY, GWYNETH dressed as MADAME PACMAN quickly enters stage left and runs across the stage. IRA dressed as BINKY enters stage left, quickly quitting his chasing GWYNETH as he watches her lovingly run across the stage giggling emphatically, eventually exiting stage right.*

*Realizing while offstage that she is not being chased, GWYNETH reenters stage right, crossing towards IRA and appearing concerned as IRA looks at her lovingly.*

GWYNETH  
*(crossing)*  
Ira! What happened? Are you tired or something?

IRA  
*(happily)*  
No not at all.

GWYNETH  
*(slightly rambling, resembling Diane Keaton in "SLEEPER")*  
Well then, what's wrong? Is it your ulcer? Did I leave the stove on again? I always do that when I make tea in the big pot, never the small pot though, have you noticed? I need to stop doing that all the ti-

IRA  
*(happily, interrupting)*  
Gwyneth?

(CONTINUED)



GWYNETH

(confused)

Yes Ira.

IRA

(happily)

I'm happy.

GWYNETH

Well I'd hope you'd be seeing as I put on the costume and everything.

IRA

(happily, interrupting)

No no, I mean.. I'm happy. I've never been happy before. Even the other times we dressed up. I've never felt... happy.. until right now.

GWYNETH

(pleased, surprised)

Well Ira, I'm glad you're-

IRA

(interrupting)

I want you to marry me.

GWYNETH

(surprised)

Oh, Ira. I.. I just don't know.

*IRA appears surprised, confused and slightly distraught.*

IRA

(stumbling wit his words)

Well.. well.. don't you love me?

GWYNETH

Of course I love you! It's just that.. well.. I'm twenty-two years old Ira. I just graduated college, I don't know where my life is going yet.

IRA

(distraught)

Well then we can figure it out together. I can pay for a nice place and we can start a family.. you know, have children, buy a narcissistic cat, the works!

GWYNETH

Oh Ira, but.. my father. My family. You know they wouldn't want that. You're twenty-three years older than me!

(CONTINUED)

IRA

(quickly)  
Twenty-two and five-eighths!

*GWYNETH appears unable to find the words.*

*IRA gets on one knee.*

IRA

C'mon Gwyneth, I'm begging ya' please. Marry me. I love you.

*GWYNETH appears speechless.*

LIGHTS DOWN.

MASTER OF CEREMONIES

Miss Wilde was unable to accept Dr. Longwell's proposal. As the two separated, Miss Wilde went about herself attempting to forget about Dr. Ira Longwell any way she could. She was unsuccessful in this endeavor. Dr. Longwell himself sunk into a deepening depression. He lost all of his patients and was forced due to monetary strain to fire his long time assistant Mrs. Fields and give up the clinical office space he had been leasing for more than twenty years. As the weeks passed, he found no single drug, no happy game of Russian roulette, no hooker, call girl, comfort woman, commercial pleasure worker, courtesan, escort, Fille de joie, full-body masseuse, lady of negotiable affections, night worker, one night wife, professional street walker, working girl, harlot, mime player or ancient Greek nymph that could fill the void left by his seeming solitary love Gwyneth Wilde.

LIGHTS UP.

*The scene opens to GWYNETH dressed in professional attire sitting across a desk from STAGEHAND 4 also dressed in professional attire set at center stage. The scene displays a job interview going perfectly well.*

MASTER OF CEREMONIES

Several weeks after the untimely break up, Gwyneth was interviewed and chosen for a job overseas as an investigative reporter for the Associated Press, "the dream job", her father would soon call it.

*GWYNETH and STAGEHAND 4 both stand, shaking hands happily. GWYNETH, attempting to smile happily, appears a tad mentally preoccupied.*

(CONTINUED)

## MASTER OF CEREMONIES

Despite her happiness for the amazing opportunity, Gwyneth Wilde could not for the life of her take her mind off Ira Longwell. He plagued her thoughts as she worried for him constantly.

LIGHTS DOWN.

## MASTER OF CEREMONIES

The job required that Gwyneth make her way overseas within the week of her interview. She was, for the purposes of her living arrangements, put up at the Four Seasons hotel in downtown Boston, the hotel where Dr. Longwell and herself had enjoyed many evenings together on account of her apartment being too mall and his not having any furniture or amenities.

LIGHTS UP.

*The scene opens to GWYNETH sitting on stage right staring out into the AUDIENCE.*

## MASTER OF CEREMONIES

She would spend her final week in Boston in her fifth floor hotel room staring out through the window into downtown Boston's Public Garden, thinking of only Ira and the time they had spent together.

*IRA enters stage left pacing back and forth as if thinking heavily.*

## MASTER OF CEREMONIES

Dr. Ira Longwell found himself in a similar mental state as he spent the same week tending to his thoughts thoroughly until finally....

*IRA stops and points upwards as if suddenly struck by the Eureka effect.*

## MASTER OF CEREMONIES

It came to him.

LIGHTS DOWN.

## MASTER OF CEREMONIES

Dr. Ira Longwell knew quite well how to handle his doleful predicament. He had thought about it so many times before, he felt it must have been the fatigue of repetition that had kept it from his mind for so long. And so on Friday, June 20th, Dr. Ira Longwell took two trains and walked fifteen minutes until he reached his favorite hotel, the Four Seasons overlooking downtown Boston. Unfortunately, there had been a famous rap

(MORE)

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## MASTER OF CEREMONIES (cont'd)

music artist staying at the hotel for the weekend whom insisted on checking into every room on every floor in the hotel. As is hotel policy, the hotel reserved it's fifth floor for other guests and rented every single available room not on the fifth floor to famous rap artist whom for legal purposes can not be named in our presentation here today. It was by the infinitely limited yet ubiquitously acknowledged influence of chance, that Miss Gwyneth Wilde did not see Dr. Ira Longwell in the hall as he made his way into room 516 and she exited room 517 in search of an ice machine. And so the final juncture was again brought to our attention as our investigation ended precisely where it began. As they stood, the final moments of the final days of Dr. Ira Longwell, were diligently and arduously chronicled in the following footage.

Scene 9

LIGHTS UP.

*The scene opens to a bare stage.*

*STAGEHAND 1 enters from stage left with a window installation, placing it on stage right. STAGEHAND 1 quickly exits stage left.*

*IRA enters stage right as if pacing the thin ledge of a 5th story building. As he paces, his hands are stretched out as if leaning back on a wall trying not to fall from the ledge. He slowly makes his way next to the window installation. Reaching the window installation, IRA looks down as if preparing to jump.*

*GWYNETH enters stage left wearing a dress, crossing to the window and beginning to undress directly behind it.*

STAGEHAND 3 and STAGEHAND 2 enter from stage left dressed as pedestrians. STAGEHAND 3 stops quickly, suddenly pointing upward in awe.

STAGEHAND 3

(pointing)

Oh my God! Look! Up there, Barry! That man is going to jump!

*STAGEHAND 2 looks up, suddenly shocked by what he sees.*

(CONTINUED)

STAGEHAND 2

(shocked)  
Oh my God!

STAGEHAND 2

(pointing)  
Oh my God! That beautiful woman is undressing at her  
hotel room's fifth story window!

STAGEHAND 3

(shocked)  
Dear Lord! Is that the Victoria's Secret's spring  
catalog collection?

STAGEHAND 2

(to STAGEHAND 3)  
No! I believe it's Chantal Thomas" summer lingerie  
collection!

STAGEHAND 3

(beat, in awe)  
It is!  
(awe)  
You can see everything!

*STAGEHANDS 2 and 3 continue looking and pointing  
upwards, pantomiming their own conversation  
whenever not speaking outwardly.*

*IRA continues to look down, gazing at the distance  
between himself and the ground. GWYNETH, noticing  
the open window, crosses to close it. As she moves  
to close it, GWYNETH notices IRA standing outside  
her window at the ledge.*

*In sheer shock, she covers her mouth in order to  
avoid frightening IRA into falling. GWYNETH slowly  
leans into the window until she can fully see IRA  
standing at the ledge looking down.*

GWYNETH

(very softly)  
Ira.

*IRA does not respond as he stares fearfully  
downward.*

STAGEHAND 2

She's leaning out the window! Think she's trying to  
talk that bloke down from that ledge, eh?

(CONTINUED)

## STAGEHAND 3

She's much too attractive for that mess. Probably just askin' him to piss off.

GWYNETH

(softly, a bit louder than before)

Ira.

*IRA is SUDDENLY caught off guard by the unexpected sight of GWYNETH leaning out of her window. The unexpected fright causes IRA to lose balance for several short moments, regaining it as to avoid falling.*

*IRA and GWYNETH must speak loudly in order to hear themselves over the wind.*

IRA

(nervous, frightened)

What are you doing here?

GWYNETH

I'm staying here for one more night! I got a job working for AP!

IRA

What's AP?

GWYNETH

The Associated Press! They're sending me overseas tomorrow!

IRA

Oh! Good for you! I've been staying busy too! I have this new patient and she's a tad-

GWYNETH

(interrupting)

Ira! I need to tell you something!

IRA

Can it wait? I'm a bit tied up at the moment!

GWYNETH

Ira, I haven't been able to stop thinking about you since I left! I think we need to talk!

IRA

I think we've done enough talking! I think it's time to just.. accept what things are and respond accordingly!

(CONTINUED)

GWYNETH

No! Please Ira! Come into my window! We'll talk it through, we can fix things!

IRA

It's too late, Gwyneth! You're leaving tomorrow anyway! There's nothing you can say that-

GWYNETH

(interrupting)

I love you!

*IRA looks at GWYNETH as if surprised.*

IRA

What?

GWYNETH

I said I love you! I won't go if you don't want me to! Ira, what you said about being happy, I felt it too! I love you and I want to be with you! I want to have a house with you and do everything with you!

(beat)

IRA

Did you keep the suit?

GWYNETH

Of course I kept the suit! Did you keep your suit!

IRA

I loaned it to Boris! He's having marital issues, but he said he would have it back by next week!

GWYNETH

Ira!

IRA

Yes!

GWYNETH

Stop this nonsense already and get in here!

*GWYNETH smiles lovingly at IRA who returns the loving stare.*

IRA

Ok!

*IRA takes several baby steps toward the window.*

*GWYNETH, still staring lovingly at IRA, pulls her arm out towards him. IRA takes her arm, pulling himself further toward the window.*

(CONTINUED)

*The two reach over to softly kiss each other through the window. As their lips touch, IRA SUDDENLY appears to lose his balance as he scrambles desperately to take hold of the window.*

BLACKOUT.

MASTER OF CEREMONIES

I see. I understand after that dreadful evening at the hotel you came close to reconciliation with Dr. Longwell. Did you ever achieve reconciliation?

GWYNETH (V.O.)

(reluctant, despondent)

Yes and no.

MASTER OF CEREMONIES

How so?

LIGHTS UP.

*The scene opens to GWYNETH sitting center stage facing the AUDIENCE.*

GWYNETH

Well, when he fell he knew he had a tape in his hand. A kind of... suicide letter. I went downstairs in a panic when it all happened and.. well.. I took the tape from his hand when the police got there. I had to see it for myself.

MASTER OF CEREMONIES

Where is the tape now?

GWYNETH

I burned it with the others.

MASTER OF CEREMONIES

And what did he say?

*GWYNETH gives a long, despondent pause.*

GWYNETH

(seriously)

I'm very sorry if I landed on anybody.

BLACKOUT.

MASTER OF CEREMONIES

Doctors, thank you and have a good evening.

*MASTER OF CEREMONIES gathers his things quickly and exits stage left behind him.*

(CONTINUED)



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47.

PODIUM LIGHT DOWN.

THE END.