

**#1A**

**GEORGE WALTER** is a sympathetic 18 year old boy in love.

(Speaking sonnet to Louise.)

**GEORGE**

I see your backward turn, your fingers spread  
Your open palm as if you saw the world  
Of joy that was to come...Your coat of red,  
The gleaming flowers white, their petals curled  
In some symbolic gesture full of grace. *(Enter Michael Ashley  
stage left. He watches silently)*  
I saw you, heard you speak and heard your voice,  
Uncertain in the autumn air; your face  
Had captured me at once, I had no choice.  
Then suddenly you saw me too, your lips  
Were speaking to me, with a whispered word  
That lingered on -- I dreamed -- their very tips:  
Love, it was love...the word made you my lord.  
You, surpassing angels done by Titian,  
Or Botticelli even, my love, my vision.

**#1B**

**GEORGE WALTER** is a sympathetic 18 year old boy in love.

(George's awkward but endearing manner of conversation.)

**GEORGE**

But that's just what I like about the Pendleton Civil Service Reform! It forces the parties to rely on private enterprises for funding rather than simple patronage appointments, at least if Arthur and the Civil Service Commission regulate it all properly.

**ANGELA**

Yes George, what a pressing matter. (*Getting closer to him, more physical*). It must make you so tired dealing with such *stimulating* stuff.

**GEORGE**

(*Getting nervous, trying to maintain composure*) Well I don't know if it is... if it's *stimulating* stuff – I don't really work on it, either that's not what I, ah... well... (*finally getting some distance from her*) but apparently they give us all free bubblegum, too? (*nervous chuckle*)

**ANGELA**

(*annoyed*) George are you getting your information from Lazarus' newspaper?

**GEORGE**

Where else?

**ANGELA**

George, Lazarus is deranged. You'd do better to read *real* news.

**GEORGE**

Well then, I think I'll be able to live without the bubblegum.

**LOUISE**

*(Chiming in affectionately but embarrassedly)* I thought that was funny!

**ANGELA**

I don't know about funny, but you do have quite the political know-how George, I'll say.

**GEORGE**

*(getting annoyed himself)* Well, 'scuse me for saying so miss, but *I'll say that, at any rate, it doesn't matter. All this politics, these big important papers: What's the point anyhow? Give me some hard work, and someone I love, who loves me, and that would be enough. It's trite, I know, but trite and true, perhaps? I don't know. (becoming self-conscious, defensive)* It doesn't seem unreasonable to me, or to anyone at bottom I would hope. *(pauses)* I'm sorry, I'm rambling.

**#2A**

**SAMUEL DAWES** is a young, handsome, cowardly clerk.

(Samuel is drunk; his speech vacillates between rant and lamentation.)

**SAMUEL**

Who doubts a judge that is a drunk? Not I.  
He sees the tease of pleas that please his eye  
And calls them just that are least ver-ee-ly!  
Say, "verily, verily, unto thee,  
You do better a drunk than a clerk!"  
So say it, Goddamn, and say it again  
And give three cheers for you, my only friend!  
For you have seen my hungry soul, which lurks  
About those empty halls, and trembles like  
A scurrying mouse, scampering about  
With books, and writs, and notes, and nothing!  
Nothing at all! What have you got for it  
But loneliness, and the weak smiles of those  
Sickly people who are your parents and now...  
Now breathe and wince with pain and look at you...  
Wondering, I know, wondering, "why did you go?  
Was it for honor? Fortune? Fame?" No, no...  
I did it for them, and for me, to say,  
Securely, that I was something more than  
Nought, or... to never know want, or to escape  
Those savage words of shame that scare me so  
No failure, I, no failure, Samuel. You...  
"You are a success. Feel the warmth of pride."  
No, I'd rather feel the heat of warmth and wine!

*(reaching a point of drunken hysteria, he sobers himself)*

I've measured my life out with dead words, I've  
Made the mistake of living fearing fear.  
I fear not, anymore, but I want more, more  
Than merely to waste myself with passing  
Cares and fancies, fools and scoundrels, the like  
Of which no good man keeps as company.

No, no. (*looks up*) I'd rather meet that other heat  
Which warms the sun and other stars.  
Fair Love, if you are anywhere,  
Please show me where you are!

**#2B**

**SAMUEL DAWES** is a young, handsome, cowardly clerk.

(Swaggering in, addressing Audrey, his love interest.)

**SAMUEL**

Good day, my darling darling. How softly shines the silvery moon on your wan and pale-ish face!

**AUDREY B.**

(*turning to him*) Oh, is that you, Samuel? You didn't sound like yourself, are you alright?

**SAMUEL**

Better than ever, for, oh, I am not myself tonight. Do not call me Samuel anymore, my Audrey, call me, (*in a deeper, suaver tone*) Sammy.

**AUDREY B.**

I'm afraid I'll have to pass, Samuel. And I'm afraid you're about to pass out, too. You really have been drinking, haven't you?

**SAMUEL**

Drinking? Why, only drinking in the aroma of your love.

**AUDREY B.**

Samuel, I don't quite know how to tell you this -

**SAMUEL**

Then let me say it, for my tongue has been baptized by your name tonight, and wishes now to show its faith, singing in humble, humble fealty to you, my goddess!

**AUDREY B.**

(*Aside*) Well at least that one worked a little better.

**SAMUEL**

My dear, I understand, I do, I do. I understand your caution. You are shy. *(looking off into the distance)* I was shy once. I worked as a clerk –

**AUDREY B.**

*(Aside)* And now you're a jerk that lurks in the murk? It all sounds so familiar...

**SAMUEL**

But now! Now I work in your service, my lady! And as your lowly page – no, maybe not that low – as your lowly knight, my lady, I will not seek entry into thy fortress until thou hast put down thy gate!

**AUDREY**

I fear we are not on the same *page*, Samuel.

**SAMUEL**

No? Then I'll turn it, my love, from courtly romance to the coquettish parlor. I see how you like it. *(taking a more Victorian tone)* Do I love you, Audrey? Yes perhaps so, but perhaps not! Because who knows true love from the false, and who knows whether you love me like I love you, or vice to la versa? *(annoyed with himself)* Oh, I know that last part was bad, but can you see? Can you see?! Two can play at this game of cat and mouse, and I want to play, darling, I want to *play*. *(walking up to her boldly, turning away, then turning back dramatically to face her, very close to her face)* And so we shall. *(Exits)*