

**WALLACE STOCKARD** is a former football captain & Harvard man.

#1 (Wallace shares why he has a long-held grudge against Michael.)

**WALLACE**

That is exactly what he thinks. He has never cared about another person in his entire life.

(*turns to everyone*) Do you see this fool? This weakling, this coward? Let me tell you a story about him:

That summer day I will not soon forget,  
When, years ago, I went to Scollay square,  
Myself, a couple friends, and that dear girl.  
I hoped to love her, and I even hoped  
That she might go so far as loving me.  
We took a carriage into town to see  
A show, to dine, to walk along the harbor.  
I bought a flower in the street for her  
To press and dry and keep inside a book.  
The streets were full of saw-dust and of sounds,  
Of petals, top-hats, carriages, and fish.  
The summer sun that day has pressed and dried  
It like a flower in the volume of  
My memory. We came to Scollay Square.  
We were in high spirits, when suddenly  
I spotted Michael Ashley in the street  
I hailed him as my friend and schoolmate.  
He looked at me, and quickly looked away.  
I called again. He turned his frigid gaze on me,  
And said no word. From that day on I was  
The laughing stock of all these friends, who once  
Had only mocked me sometimes and in jest.  
To think! If he had greeted me, that girl  
Would certainly have married me! As is,  
I ran to meet him, slipped upon a peel,  
Fell headfirst in a passing wedding-cake,  
Then stumbled out and pitched into a vat  
Of Molasses. And now I am the joke,

And not by choice, but worst of luck, and *him*.

#2 (Wallace is impatiently waiting for an old friend to arrive at the train station.)

**WALLACE STOCKARD**

You are a real louse, you know that? I've been waiting here half an hour for you to get in from...

**SAMUEL DAWES**

From Chicago, Wally, you knew that. I was actually trying to find a job there.

**WALLACE STOCKARD**

Oh yeah! You were fishing to take notes for the judge. Well, remember what my father always told me: 'If you're doing it right, then they'll be coming to you.' Remember that, Sam, don't wear yourself out.

**SAMUEL**

I would never—that would be against my constitution!

**WALLACE**

*(laughing)*

You are so damn noble Sam, you know that? You're the noblest guy I've ever known.

**SAMUEL**

I appreciate that, Wally. It means a lot coming from a straight-shooter like you.

**WALLACE**

Oh, quit buttering me up, you ole' brownnoser!

*(Rubs Samuel's head vigorously, muttering various affectionate diminutives, moving into a headlock. Samuel laughs, protests. Wallace whispers to Samuel in the headlock, gradually getting louder, Samuel making exasperated sounds of affirmation as he speaks)*

You see, Sam, I've become enamored recently with noble folk, the real high-up types, those totally "noblesse oblige" cats. They are so damn admirable. They say that in any given hour, you can't find one gentleman in Harvard Yard—but that's because there are a hundred right fine gentleman strewn about the place, if you ask me. What we are missing are those real noble types. There isn't a noble man in Boston, let alone Harvard, and it's a crying shame.

*(Wallace releases Samuel from the headlock)*

**SAMUEL**

*(recovering)*

Well you've always been plenty noble, Wally.

**WALLACE**

Sure, sure, sure, I know that, alright.

*(puffing up:)*

I'm talking about somebody grand, a smart, collected, eloquent guy. He greets everybody with a smile, shakes their hand. Business stretching from here to the Midwest, calls from every major city, but he's not stressed. Beautiful wife, kids who love him, respect him. Honest work, too, all above-board. Where's that titan, huh? I want to see somebody who's higher than high! Everybody calls the good great now, but could you show me a great soul? The Greeks had their Achilles, the Romans had a few Caesars... heck, we even had our Washingtons, our Lincolns! Where do you find a towering man like them nowadays?

**SAMUEL**

I dunno, Wally, where?

**WALLACE**

Certainly not here, I'll tell you that. Spineless bastards crawling all over this train station, and the streets are no better, lemme' tell you.