

Class War

By Fonde Taylor

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Cast:

Christophe: a man in his 30s, long hair and short beard, tall

Bill: a man in his 50s, short hair, medium size

Mrs. McDermott: housewife, mid 30s, very attractive, well dressed (Parker Posey type)

Juanita: housekeeper, 20s, Hispanic, pregnant

SET/STAGE:

A doorway at center stage. At stage left is outside of the house. At stage right is inside of house with foyer furnished with large and elaborate antique furnishings like from a castle. Bill, the carpenter, is measuring the doorway. Tools, lumber, sawhorses and whatnot are here and there mostly outside of the house. A large castle like door is resting on a tree.

Scene 1

Lights up to reveal Bill the carpenter standing in a doorway measuring and jotting notes in a small pad.

Mrs. McDermott: *(enters from stage right with a Perrier, leans down to straighten a rug)* Be careful with my Persian rug!

She stands up, takes a sip and looks on as Bill continues measuring and jotting notes. She looks him up and down, staring at his feet.

Mrs. McDermott: Are your boots clean?

Don't you have those little bootie things?

Where's your dropcloth?

pause

Are you listening to me? *(moves quickly towards a large ornate chair)*

pause

OH MY GOD! What in THE HELL?

Bill: *(looking around in alarm)* What? What is it?

Mrs. McDermott: Look at this. What is this?
(she's picks up an old tool lying on the chair)

Bill: It's a 'brace n' bit'.

Mrs. McDermott: No! No! NO! Im asking you what in the hell is this doing on my chair? This is a family heirloom. Do you know what an heirloom is?

Bill: Somewhere to lay tools?

Mrs. McDermott: *(furious)* Get these greasy tools out of here right now.

Bill: *(moves to gather the tools and takes them outside. He is grumbling under his breath)* BITCH BITCH BITCH!....

Mrs. McDermott: *(yelling)* Juanita!

pause

Juanita! Undele!

(She waits, arms akimbo. Looks at chair. Turns to Bill and points at chair.)
This is a Louis the Fourteenth Chair!

Bill: Hmmm..... Isn't he the guy that got his head chopped off?

Mrs. McDermott: These chairs go for 200,000 dollars at Sothebys.

Bill: Looks kinda old and tired to me. I wouldn't give a plugged nickel for it.

Mrs. McDermott: What? How dare you?

Jaunita enters from stage right

Mrs. McDermott: Juanita. Look. (*points at chair*) Here. Look at this mess. Get the furniture polish and clean this up.

Juanita: Si, senora. (*exits right*)

Bill: (*returns to the door frame. He puts on a tool belt and gathers tools for it. He is grumbling under his breath.*): Louey Phooey! Priceless heirlooms. Seen better crap at the thrift store.

Mrs. McDermott: (*grumbling under her breath*) Stupid workmen. No respect for my furniture and things. Laying greasy tools everywhere, tracking in mud and dirt. Soda cans, coffee cups and trash out in the yard. I've had it with these idiots.

Bill: (*is groaning in pain as he tries to lift the door. He stops and leans over huffing and puffing. He tries again unsuccessfully. He gathers himself up and moves towards Mrs. McDermott*) Mrs. McDermott. I have to go get some help. I'll be back shortly.

Mrs. McDermott: What? What! You can't leave. You just got here. Where are you going?

Bill: To get some help.

Mrs. McDermott: What? At this late hour- Are you insane?

Bill: M'am, the door is too heavy, I nearly had a hernia trying to lift it.

Mrs. McDermott: I don't care about your hernia. You should have thought of this before you came here. For six weeks you've been telling me you'd install my door. You come here at one o'clock. You're here for one hour and you're leaving?

(Shaking her head and staring him down with fists clenched)

This is totally unacceptable!

Bill: *(calmly)* M'am, Im unable to move it alone. I wont be long.

Mrs. McDermott: And what if you can't find anyone.

Bill: Then I'll be back in the morning.

Mrs. McDermott: What? You've got to be kidding! *(walking back and forth through the doorway)* So you're walking off and leaving this gaping hole here. Please tell me you're insane.

pause

Bill: M'am--

Mrs. McDermott: *(interrupting)* ...Mosquitos, gnats, blowflies swarming in.

Bill: Mrs. Mc--

Mrs. McDermott: *(interrupting)* Rats, mice, snakes, squirrels, rabies, hantavirus, dengue fever....all this shit coming into my house?

pause

You really are insane. You know that. Did your mother drop you on your head?

Bill: M'am, I can put in a temporary plywood door.

Mrs. McDermott: What? No! Absolutely not! No sir! *(voice raising)*
No SUCH THING! You go find someone right now! Not one of those filthy bums either. Find some help. Today! Now! Do you hear me? Im not waiting any longer! I want my FUCKING door. I want it NOW!

Bill: *(holding hands up)* Jesus Christ lady! Calm down.

Mrs. McDermott: *(shaking in fury)*

Bill: *(removing tool belt and laying it down)* I can't work miracles.

Mrs. McDermott: *(raises her fists and screams)*

Bill: Allright, allright. *(exiting stage left and grumbling)* I'll hang your Goddamned door!

LIGHTS

Scene 2

Bill: *(comes back in looking around)* Keys, keys, where in the hell?... Spend half my goddamn time looking for things.....

(he gets down on his knees to look under a bench. He's kneeling and then)

Aha! Come here little buggers. *(retrieves the keys)*

(He gets up and there before him is a man in his 30s, dressed plainly with a satchel over his shoulder)

Bill: *(startled, jumping back)* Jesus Christ man! You scared the hell out of me.

PAUSE....The man says nothing. They look at each other.

Uh, you lookin for the ol' harpie? Delivery or something?

Christophe: No

Bill: *(hesitant)* No? Well, what are you doing? I mean what do you want?

Christophe: Do you need some help here?

Bill: Huh?

Christophe: Im looking for work. Do you need a helper?

Bill: What?..... Really?

Pause

Christophe: Do you need help?

Bill: I sure as hell do.

Christophe: I'm here.

Bill: Do you know anything about carpentry?

Christophe: A little.

Bill: Framing?

Christophe: Framing, yes.

Bill: Hmmm. *(shaking head)* Talk about answered prayers.

Pause

Well listen, I definitely need your help but Im not gonna sandbag you. I mean I can't pay much. This lady has chiseled me down pretty hard.

Christophe: Pay what you feel is fair.

Bill: Wow...Really? Man you're hired. I'll pay you the best I can.
(extends hand). Im Bill.

they shake hands

Christophe: my name is Christophe.

Bill: Damn glad to know you friend.

Christophe removes his satchel and lays it on the ground. He takes out his tools – a hand planer, a tri-square, an old hammer and a hand full of square headed nails. He takes his tool belt out and is putting it on.

Bill: Holy cow man, where'd you get these tools? They look like they came over on the Mayflower. *(hits a knee, picks up the planer, turning it over and over, feeling it)* Beautiful.

Pause

Bill: *(standing, hands on hips, looking at the doorway)*
Hmmm,,, well allright now. Here's what we're doing....
(voice goes down and he gestures to the doorway, pointing out things here and there)

*LIGHT GOES DOWN ON BILL AND CHRISTOPHE AND LIGHTS GO UP STAGE
RIGHT AT A BEDROOM*

Mrs. McDermott is sitting on a bed. She takes off her shoes and goes behind a screen. Changes into tennis outfit. She comes around the screen and sits down at a vanity, brushing her hair with one hand and speed dialing her husband on cell with the other.

Computer Voice: PLEASE LEAVE A MESSAGE AFTER THE TONE!

Mrs. McDermott: Hey honey. Im still at the house dealing with this idiot carpenter. Going to the club to play tennis and grab a lunch. I might stop by Lord & Taylor after. Juanita will have dinner ready when you get home. Love you!

LIGHTS DOWN AT STAGE LEFT AND RIGHT

Scene 3

Sounds of hammering and drilling as lights come up on Bill and Christoph finishing up the doorway and putting hinges on the door. Christophe is putting the hinges on. He finishes and looks on as Bill runs a hand over the frame and lays a level here and there to check it.

Bill: Ok lets see how she fits.

Bill is moving towards the door. Christophe reaches over and picks up the door and turns with it towards the doorway.

Bill: *(gaping in disbelief)* Jesus man! How'd you do that?

Christophe: The faith of an ant can move a mountain.

Bill: Yeah and he's probably on steroids too... Here, hang on hang on!
(moving tools and things out of the way)
Let me get all this shit outta the way. Ok easy now. Here. Over this way. Wait, let me give you a hand.

Christophe: Its ok. Its easier if I do it alone.

Bill: Allright then,,,, *(moves alongside him holding his hands out to spot Christoph)* Man oh man, please be careful. I don't have workman's comp.

Christophe: Shims?

Bill: What? Oh yeah. Hang on. *(searching frantically for the shims)*
Fucking hell! Shims shims where the hell are the shims ???

Christophe: Near the lumber.

Bill: Ok ok. Yeah, here they are.

Bill retrieves 5-6 shims and lays them along the threshold. Christoph gently rests the door on the shims. Bill adjust the shims and adds a couple until the door is level. Bill marks the doorframe for the mortises scoring it above and below the hinges.

Bill: We're good. Take it back.

Christoph removes the door and props it to the side.

Bill: *(looking over the doorway)* Looks good!

pause

Lets take a break.

Christophe removes his tool belt and lays it on a sawhorse. Bill pulls up a couple of buckets and turns them over for seats. He brings the sawhorses close and lays a couple of boards on them for a table.

Bill: Have a seat friend.
(retrieving a thermos)
Do you have a cup?

Christophe: Yes.

Christophe retrieves a speckled camp cup from his satchel and sets it on the makeshift table. Bill pours coffee for the two of them.

Bill: Do you have lunch?

Christophe: No.

Bill: No worries, I'll cut my sandwich in half.
Im not overly hungry myself. The ol' nag ruined my appetite.
(breaking sandwich in two and lays half in front of Christophe with a napkin. Cuts an apple in half and lays one half before Christophe.)

Pause

Both men close their eyes and bow their heads in silence. After a moment, they look up and begin eating. Its quiet for a minute or two.

Bill: Look at this place. Fuckin castle, huh? And there's one on every corner over here. Lots and lots of money here. I have no clue what the hell they do for it. Can't be that many Doctors and Lawyers.

Pause

Hmmm,,,Ill tell you man, there's some crazy women over here. They raise hell with me but they like my work you know, so I stay pretty busy.

Pause

Never see the husbands.

Pause

Now these women,,,,....

Pause

Man I don't understand 'em. Hell I guess I don't understand women period. But especially these over here. See here's the thing, ok, they're all very educated. Daddies sent 'em to college, dropped 100 grand or more on their education. And what do they do with it? They immediately get married, have kids, join country clubs.....

(abruptly changing, chuckling)

Wait, now there's a funny. COUNTRY clubs, huh? Ever seen one in the country? Huh? Hell no! They're all in the suburbs.

Well anyway, so these ladies got their country clubs,,,, tennis, spas, shopping with friends, mint juleps, fine dining and decorating and renovating and spend spend spend. And when they're not doing all that, they're barking orders at me and all the other poor working bastards of the world.

Pause

Christophe: *(saying nothing. Looking at Bill.)*

Bill: *(sipping his coffee)* I tell you what. It's a power thing. See they don't have power over their husbands so they'll have it over me and the other tradesmen. And they do. And they know they do.

Pause

Listen I've gotten into fistfights with guys twice my size but none of em can wail on you like these ladies. Five two and a hundred and ten pounds of ass kickin ball breakin woman. And they've been breakin mine goin on 20 years.

A pause as Bill looks over at Christophe hoping for some affirmation. Christophe staring ahead, takes a bite of sandwich and then looks up at the sky.

SILENCE

Bill: *(lowering voice. Calmly)* Sorry for ranting, friend. Guess Im just kinda burned out.

Christophe: *(nods)*

Pause....They both sit quietly eating their sandwich halves and sipping coffee. Bill finishes his, licks his fingers and pulls out a tobacco pouch and rolling papers. Rolls one.

Bill: *(offers cigarette)* Smoke?

Christophe: No, thank you.

Bill: *(lights up and leans back)* Yeah, you're probably wondering why I keep doing this. Bitchin and moanin about it so much. Gripin about the customers and all. Do something else, right?

Pause

But this is all I know see. You do something for 33 years and that's all you know. Its you. It becomes you. You become it. It feels natural and theres nothing else for you to do.

Pause

Its allright though. I'll get back to likin' it. And I'll keep on but not forever. No sir, not forever.

pause

I got a plan. Yessir, I got a plan. Do you wanta hear it?

Christophe: *(nods)*

Bill: Yes? Ok so here it is: I've been saving up and when I have enough, Im getting the hell outta here. Im packin my shit up and drivin to the other end of the country, all the way to California. Northern California up in the Sierra Nevadas. Im gonna find a little patch of land by a river. Im gonna get me an Airstream and park my ass back in there where nobody can find me and nobody can fuck with me. Just me, the mountains, the blue skies and all the peace and quiet in the world. I'll build a little workshop. Make furniture and maybe even carve some sculptures. They pay high dollar for that stuff out there.

Pause

Bill: *(taking a big drag and blowing smoke rings)* Yessir, that's where Im going. Gonna settle down and enjoy life. Maybe get a dog.

Hell I may even get a woman. *(pause)* Hmm,,, well maybe not. Haven't had much luck in that department.

First one ran off with my best friend.
... Second one said I worked too much.
... And the last one said I talked too much!

Pause

(chuckling) A woman tellin' a man he talks too much... Can you believe that?

Christophe: *(nodding yes)*

Bill: Well anyways, that's my plan. I'm close too. Been saving up. Got 20 thousand. Figure I need about 5 more and I'm gone.

*Bill stands, stretches and walks around.
He stops and looks off in the distance.*

Bill: Well lookey there. There goes a covey now. All taking a little afternoon jog. All dolled up and skintight. Uh hunhhh!
Oh, and look here. There's the nannies pushing strollers down there.
(shaking his head, walking back and sitting on the bucket)
They don't do anything ya know? They pay somebody to do it for 'em—nannies, cooks, maids, butlers, tradesmen....

Pause

I believe it was some old philosopher said: Its man's job to make the money and woman's job to spend it. Yeah, well they're doin a damn good job of it over here.

Silence for a minute or two...

Bill: *(looking around, lowering his voice)* It's a strange place over here, friend. I know. I've seen it. Seen more than I wanted to.

(looking around) I'll tell you a little story, ok? And its True Blue. There was this one customer I had. She lived in this neighborhood closer to the school. She calls me and wants me to quote a big cabinet job for her. So I get to the house, the maid lets me in and I follow her down a hall to some stairs. We go up the stairs to another hallway. Its all dark and damp and kinda dreary in this place. Felt like sadness ya know?

And so I follow the maid to a door at the end of the hall. A TV was blasting at full volume from inside the room. The maid knocks and bangs hell outta the door to get over the TV racket and yells out, 'Ms Lovelady? You up?' The TV turns down and a voice sounds like its 100 years old comes croaking out from the room, 'Yes Mabel, what is it?' And the maid says, 'Workman's here about the cabinet work.' And then it was quiet for a minute. I looked at the maid and shrugged kinda like asking her what do I do? Do I go in? Maid says, 'You can talk to her through the door. You can't go in. Its locked.'

So I called out to the lady and she called back and we talked back and forth for a little while and I got the job. And that was how it went for four or five weeks during that job---me and the lady talking back and forth through the door. I never saw her, not once. She'd push a deposit or draw check under the door but I never saw her face. I could hear a TV going all the time but that was it.

Very strange, huh? Well hold on. It gets stranger.

So anyways, the first day Im on the job, its getting on to about 3 or 3:30 and the maid sets out a glass of milk and a plate full of fresh baked chocolate chip cookies on this little table in the kitchen. Smelled so good I can still smell 'em now. So Im thinking to myself, 'Well now, that's nice of her to make me some cookies.' It gave me that ol' down home feeling ya know? I start taking off my tool belt and just as Im laying it on the counter, this kid comes crashing into the kitchen with his book bag and the maid catches him up in her arms and gives him a big kiss and a hug and they're both just busting out in joy and happiness. And he sits down and they start jabbering away about school and teachers and playmates and things. And when they finished, Mabel—the maid—says, 'Ok honey, now run along, go up and say hello to your Mama

before you go out and play.’ And then little Jimmy or Johnny or whatever his name is runs up the stairs and I hear him call out ‘Mom, Im home’ and I hear the 100 year old voice croaking something back. And I nearly shit in my pants when I heard that...cause when this kid had come in, I thought he must be a grandkid or something but no--he belongs to the lady in the room upstairs, the lady who sounds like she’s 100 years old.

Pause

Ok, so little Johnny goes out and plays with his buddies and around dark, the maid calls out for him and he comes running in and she gives him a big hug and some instructions like: ‘Now mind you do your homework before TV. And look here, look here now honey, (--and she opens the oven --) I left you a plate of your favorite- some good ol’ fried chicken and mashed potatoes and gravy and green beans and cornbread. Ok now hurry come and give your ol’ Mabel a kiss and a hug cause I gotta run catch the bus.’

Pause

And so this was pretty much how it went every day. It kinda creeped me out. Its nothing racial. I mean what was creepin me was the whole scene there--- the little kid with the old lady for a Mom, and then the maid-black or white doesn’t matter- the maid and the kid goin on and on like mother and child. I didn’t really know what to think. I felt sorry for the kid at first. But after a few days I got to thinking on it and I decided well maybe this is a good thing.

You see I got to know the maid a little better – we ate lunch together and we’d talk and visit, and I learned that she was unable to have children and her husband had left her for another woman. And so it all added up you know? See little Johnny was like her own little baby boy and Johnny’s mama couldn’t be much of a mama to him so the maid kinda became his mama.

Pause

It’s a good thing. Yessir it’s a damn good thing that boy has Mabel in his life. Cause we all need someone to love. And we need someone to love us.

Christophe: *(nods)*

Bill: Its not money, cars, houses, boats, power, sex, fame, fortune. That's all crap when you get down to what is really real. Its only one thing that anyone really wants in this crazy fucked up world. We just want to love and be loved.

Christophe: *(nods)*

LIGHTS

Scene 4

Lights come up. Bill is cleaning up from lunch. He finishes and rolls a cigarette and lights up. Blows some smoke rings and leans back against a tree. He looks over at Christophe.

Silence

Bill: Man, you don't talk much, do you?

Christophe: I prefer silence.

Bill: Huh?

Christophe: I prefer peace and quiet.

Bill: Hmmm. Yeah well that's ok. I guess I've done enough talking for both of us.

Pause

Christophe: People want to fill a space. If there is an empty room, they will fill it with objects. An empty wall, they fill it with pictures.

Bill: Huh?

Christophe: If there is an empty space between two people, they will fill it with talking.

Pause

Or some other form of noise.

Bill: You mean TVs and radios?

Christophe: Yes

Bill: You're dead on with that, friend! Fact is, I was thinking on that very thing last night when I went into one of these stupid sports bars. It was a long day and all I wanted was a little peace and quiet and a couple of beers and a grease burger. But there's all these goddamned TVs in the place. They're turned up full blast and these idiots on the TVs are non-stop jibbering and jabbering about nothing. And while the TV people are making their racket, all the people in this place are jabbering too. It was just so goddamn loud and obnoxious in there. 'Why do people do this?' I said to myself. 'And they pay money for it too'. ...And while Im sitting in a booth thinking on all this, a waitress brings me a glass of water and a menu and tells me she'll be back in a minute to take my order. I took a look around. All I can see is a buncha sad and lonely faces. 'Hell No!' I says to myself. 'This shit aint for me.' And then I picked up the glass of water, drank it down in one sip, left a 2 dollar tip under the glass, got up and walked out.

Christophe: *(nodding)* Too much noise and chaos.

Bill: And loneliness. That damn bar full of people felt like the loneliest place on earth.

Christophe: *(nods)*

Silence for a minute

Christophe: *(holding his hands up and out)* Listen!

Pause

Bill: What? What is it? *(looking around and looking at Christophe)*

Christophe: *(smiles)*

Bill: I don't hear anything.

Christophe: The silence.

Pause

Bill: Hmm.

Christophe: It is good. Quiet is good. *(pause)* If we are in quiet meditation, we are listening to God.

Bill: Hmm,, never thought on it like that.

pause for a minute

Christophe: *(turning to Bill)* Don't hate what you do friend. Do your work with love and your reward will be greater than money.

Bill: I like my work. Its just the people I have to work for.... Some of them anyway.

Christophe: Don't hate. These women you speak so unkindly of. These are the hands that feed you. You don't know what's in their hearts. They have sorrows and struggles like anyone else.

Pause

Bill: Yeah, I guess I have been a little hard on 'em.

Christophe: And you say they don't do anything. But they do. Their's is the most difficult and selfless work since the beginning of time. The work of giving life to a child, and then loving and caring for the child and showing the child the way through youth and into adulthood. This is the most difficult and important work that ever was.

Bill: Hmmmm,, Maybe so.

Pause

Christophe: Go not with hate. I hated a fig tree once because it was barren and then overnight, the tree withered and died because of my hate and my heart was heavy to see what I had done.

Bill: Well I wouldn't worry over it too much. Im sure there are lots of fig trees in the world.

Christophe: Let go of anger. I knew a man who was so filled with anger he considered the whole world was against him and so he was against the whole world. And then he was alone. Cause there was no one left to hate but himself. And then he discovered that was where it began, the loathing.

Pause

And then a voice spoke to him in a dream and the voice said, "Love yourself and then you can love others." And when the man awoke, he prayed for love. And..

Bill: *(restless, cuts in)* Hmm, uh ok, well that's nice. Uh,, well look man, I don't mean to cut you off. I like your stories and all but we better get moving here. We need progress before the lady gets back. See it won't be enough for her to break my balls. She'll see fresh meat and she'll start in on you too.

Christophe: *(standing)* Very well.

*They both turn to the task of the door.
After a few minutes as they're placing
the door, Bill turns to Christophe.*

Bill: Say, uh, you're not from these parts are you?

Christophe: I come from a little village by the sea.

Bill: I knew it. You're from California, aren't you?

Christophe: *(Says nothing. Continues working)*

Scene 5

Mrs. McDermott drives up, brakes screeching. Car door slams and we can hear her voice as she storms into the house.

Mrs. McDermott: *(as she's coming into the house, we hear her voice. Its agitated and angry.)* Stupid bastard! Better have my goddamned door done!,,, Sick and tired of his bullshit....

She enters foyer as Bill and Christophe are gathering tools and cleaning up. Christophe's back is turned to her

Mrs. McDermott: *(bellowing)* Who the hell is this?

Bill jumps in surprise and Christophe calmly turns towards her. As he is facing her Mrs. McDermott gasps and puts a hand to her mouth

Bill: His name is Christophe.

Mrs. McDermott: *(whispering)* My God, he's beautiful.

Pause

Hello. (she steps forward and holds out her hand. Christophe extends his and holds her hand with both of his hands for a moment.)

Sheila McDermott.

Christophe: I am Christophe.

(they release hands. She continues gazing at him lost in a kind of daze.)

Bill: (interrupting the silence) We are all done here, m'am. The painter can finish up.

Mrs. McDermott: (quiet. still in a trance)

Bill: (moving closer to her) M'am...

Mrs. McDermott: (startled) Yes, yes? What?

Bill: The door. Its finished.

Mrs. McDermott: Oh. Oh, the door. Yes of course. (she turns to look over the door. Walks to it, opens and closes it and admires. Her voice becomes calm.) It's beautiful.

Bill: Here's the invoice.
(hands it to her)

Mrs. McDermott: Ok. Just a moment. Let me get my checkbook.
(She is backing up looking at the door and then looking at Christophe. She stops and stares. Their eyes meet. She blushes and turns away quickly.)

Bill: Looks like she's taken a liking to you friend.
(reaches in his wallet and pulls out three 20s)

Bill: Man you don't know how much I appreciate your help.
Hope this is fair enough.

Christophe: *(taking the money)* Yes, it is good.

Bill: *(reaches out to shake hands)* Thank you friend.

Christophe: Your work is done here?

Bill: Yes.

Christophe: It is good.

*Lights dim all over stage except on Christophe.
A dim light comes up at stage right where
Juanita is peering around a corner.*

Juanita: *(steps in to the foyer, drops to her knees and crosses herself)*
(in Spanish)... Jesus! Jesus! Mother Maria!

*Lights up and Christophe goes to her and pulls
her up. He holds her close. After a moment,
he releases her and turns to Bill.*

Christophe: I have a gift for you.
(Hands a small pouch to Bill)
But you must not open it until I'm gone.

Bill nods and takes the pouch. He holds the pouch and is looking down at it as Christophe exits stage left. He looks up and Christophe is gone. He turns the pouch over and over in his hands. Juanita comes close. Bill looks at her and opens the pouch. It's wrapped in several layers. Finally, the wraps come loose and dozens of gold coins fall out. He looks at them and glances in the direction that Christophe has gone. He runs over there.

Bill: Christophe! Christophe! Hey! Come back.

(He runs off stage left. We hear his voice calling out.)

Christophe! Come back.

(Bill comes back after a minute, out of breath, leaning over in front of Jaunita)

He's gone. Its like....like he just vanished.

(Looking down and gathering up the coins.)

My God.... Look at this. Must be thousands of dollars worth of gold here,,,maybe 10s of thousands.

Bill looks at Juanita and down at the coins. He splits the pile and gathers them into 2 piles. He picks up one pile and gives it to Juanita. She puts them in her apron pockets and is sobbing. He gathers the other pile up and puts it back in the pouch.

Mrs. McDermott: *(enters and hands check to Bill. Looking around, she walks towards stage left.)* Where is he?... Your helper.

Bill: He's gone. *(Looks at check in his hands and tears it in half mindful that Mrs. McDermott won't see. He hands the pieces to Juanita)*

Mrs. McDermott: *(coming back)* I wanted to say good bye.

Bill: Why?...You didn't know him.

Mrs. McDermott: I felt like I did. Like I've seen him before.
(looking off in direction that Christophe has gone)

Bill: Well I tried to find him a minute ago and he was nowhere.

Pause

But thanks to him, the door frame is done and the door is hung. I hope you're happy with it.

Mrs. McDermott: *(distracted—lost in clouds)* Huh?

Bill: The door, m'am. I hope you are pleased.

Mrs. McDermott: Oh yes, yes! Very pleased.

*Bill gathers his tools and exits stage left.
Mrs. McDermott runs her hand over the door and the frame. Opens the door and walks into the house.*

LIGHTS DOWN

