

THE ARCHWAY

A New Play

by

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THE ARCHWAY

Cast of Characters

- JEFFREY: AGE: 44 **THE HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL BROTHER:****
He is a wealthy and successful senior partner at an extremely prominent/extremely conservative law firm in Boston. The Board of Directors of the law firm is considering him for the Chairman of the Board position... an honor he desperately wants. He lives in the most impressive townhouse in the Beacon Hill section of Boston and speaks with a Boston accent.
- PHILLIP: AGE: 36 **THE HIGHLY UNSUCCESSFUL BROTHER:****
He is an uneducated, alcoholic with a history of bad behavior, crime and corruption. He has never been able to stay in a job or stay out of trouble. He is so much the antithesis of his brother it is hard to believe they grew up in the same household.
- ROKSANA: AGE: 19 **THE ILLEGAL IMMIGRANT GIRLFRIEND:****
A hard-edge, scrappy but sexy illegal immigrant from Crimea. She's tough. She has had a rough life. She speaks broken English with a thick Eastern European accent.

SCENE

Various locations around Boston, Massachusetts

TIME

The present.

THE ARCHWAY

SCENE ONE

SETTING:

JEFFREY'S BEACON HILL STUDY, BOSTON:

The dimly lit room is richly furnished and has an elegant, "old world" feel about it. Across the upstage-center wall are large heavily draped windows. The drapes are shut.

There is a fireplace which is nearly out. The remaining glowing embers provide some light to the dimly lit room.

There is also a well-stocked wet bar on one side of the room and an impressive executive desk and chair on the other side of the room.

A sofa, a wing chair and an end table are in the center of the room. On the table is a clock and a dimly lit Tiffany-style lamp which provides the only other light in the dimly lit room.

There are two doors. At one end is a door which leads to the other unseen rooms. At the other end is a metal door which leads to the cellar.

AT RISE:

JEFFREY, wearing a velvet bathrobe, silk pajamas and slippers, is slumped in the wing chair barely lit by the Tiffany-styled lamp, He is asleep and snoring. The book he was reading is about to fall from his lap.

TIME:

Around 3:30 a.m. in late November.

(The sound of a window being smashed is heard. JEFFREY doesn't stir. PHILLIP cautiously enters the dimly lit room from UPSTAGE RIGHT. We can only make out his shape, but it is too dark to see him clearly. HE stands and stares at his sleeping brother. After a few beats, JEFFREY'S book falls from his lap onto the floor which startles PHILLIP so much that he knocks over a large figurine which falls onto the carpet without breaking. This noise of the falling figurine wakes JEFFREY as PHILLIP ducks behind the drapes)

JEFFREY

What!?! Who's there!?! Who the fuck is there!?!?

(After a beat)

Speak, asshole! I've got a gun!

(PHILLIP comes out from behind the drapes but remains at the dark end of the room)

PHILLIP

Whoa! Easy there, cowboy! It's me! It's just me!

JEFFREY

Phillip?!? Jesus Christ!

PHILLIP

Damn Big Bro, you need to chill the fuck out!

JEFFREY

Phillip, you mindless, moronic, might-have-been! You scared the shit out of me!

PHILLIP

Ah, I love when you use alliteration to verbally abuse me.

JEFFREY

I could have had a fucking heart attack you worthless, wanking shit-wad!

PHILLIP

I'm sorry. I s'pose I coulda called first...

JEFFREY

And I s'pose I coulda shot you first and then had a fucking heart attack. Ugh! You really are such an asshole! Why are you here? And why are you skulking about like a...

PHILLIP

I wasn't skulking. I was *just* trying not to wake you...

JEFFREY

You didn't wake me! I was just resting my eyes.

PHILLIP

Oh, my mistake... I thought you were asleep when I heard you snoring like a God-damned buzz saw. And then when I knocked over the...the what? The knick-knack? The figurine?

(PHILLIP picks up the figurine, checks it for damage and puts it back on the table)

JEFFREY

The Meissen!?! You knocked over the Meissen!?!

PHILLIP

Don't worry... it didn't break. Do single, straight men really have figurines?

JEFFREY

It's an eighteenth-century Meissen porcelain...

PHILLIP

(Faking a British accent)

Oh, dear me... a Meissen?

JEFFREY

Which to anyone with any measure of taste or sensibility... is considered to be among the finest in the world. What the hell time is it anyway?

(JEFFREY reads the clock on the end table next to his wing chair)

JEFFREY (Continued)

Holy Christ! It's three-thirty-seven... in the morning!

PHILLIP

That can't be right...

JEFFREY

It is absolutely right! Why are you here at this hour?

PHILLIP

I just need to crash here for the night, Bro.

JEFFREY

Crash!?! What are we...sixteen-years-old?

(PHILLIP shrugs)

JEFFREY (Continued)

Jesus! I don't hear hide nor hair from you in two years, **Bro**, then suddenly you come rapaciously marauding into my home in the middle of the God-damned night...**Bro!**

PHILLIP

Well...I certainly don't think I marauded rapaciously...

JEFFREY

Why Phillip? Why are you here? Come on now! It can't be such an unexpected question. Surely, you must have anticipated that I would ask why...in the middle of the night... are you breaking into my home!

PHILLIP

I didn't *exactly* break in...

JEFFREY

No? What then *exactly*? How did you get in here *exactly*?

PHILLIP

Well...I smashed in the window on the back door.

JEFFREY

You what!?!

PHILLIP

Don't worry about it... I'll replace it... in the morning.

JEFFREY

It *is* the morning! Dammit! You're drunk again, aren't you?

PHILLIP

No! Of course not.

JEFFREY

Don't bullshit me, I can smell it on you!

PHILLIP

All right... maybe I had a couple. Maybe three. Four...tops.

JEFFREY

I told you never again to come into my house intoxicated!
Okay, let's just get to it! Why are you here? Are you ill?

PHILLIP

No, *man*...nothing like that.

JEFFREY

Well then what is it... *man*? Do you need money again?
Because as I've told you *man* ...while I may look like I'm
rich...it's not liquid. The money is all tied up in...

PHILLIP

Yeah, yeah, yeah. I remember... the money is all tied up in...
No. I don't need any money. Keep your lousy money!

JEFFREY

What then? No, let me guess. You're in trouble again.

PHILLIP

Oh, here we go. Why would you just assume that?

JEFFREY

Even in the dark, I can sense you're guilty of something.

PHILLIP

Guilty?

JEFFREY

As sin. So, what have you done? Have you stolen something?

PHILLIP

No! Of course not!

JEFFREY

Well, it wouldn't be the first time. Are you being chased by
the mob *again*?

PHILLIP

No!

JEFFREY

Have you gotten some under-age tramp pregnant *again*? Have you
been screwing the wrong guy's wife *again*?

PHILLIP

Damn! Is that what you think of me?

JEFFREY

Yes. Yes, that is exactly what I think of you.

PHILLIP

No dear brother. It's none of those.

(After a beat)

It's actually so much worse than any of those.

JEFFREY

Worse!?! So what? Have you committed a murder or something?

(PHILLIP breaks down in tears and falls to his knees)

PHILLIP

Oh my God! I'm so sorry. I am such a fucking loser.

JEFFREY

What!?! Wait! Are you crying? Cut that shit out, right now!

PHILLIP

I'm so sorry Jeffrey. I'm so sorry and I'm so afraid.

JEFFREY

You're sorry for what? C'mon, get up! Come here...into the light so I can see you...

(PHILLIP stands and moves closer. JEFFREY hands him the Kleenex box. PHILLIP wipes his eyes and nose)

JEFFREY (Continued)

Oh my God! What the hell? Is that blood on your forehead?

(JEFFREY turns on the light to reveal that PHILLIP'S face, hands and clothes are covered in dried blood)

JEFFREY (Continued)

Jesus, Phillip! You're covered in blood! What the fuck!?!

PHILLIP

Oh shit! I'm so sorry...

JEFFREY

Is that all your blood!?!

PHILLIP

I don't know...

JEFFREY

Is all of that blood yours? Phillip? Phillip!!!

PHILLIP

I don't know. I don't know. I don't know. Oh my God!

JEFFREY

Phillip, listen to me! Do you need to go to the hospital?

PHILLIP

No! No! It's true.

JEFFREY

What's true? What do you mean? This is your blood?

PHILLIP

No! It's true ... what you said... I killed a man.

JEFFREY

You what!?! No, that's not possible.

PHILLIP

I killed a man tonight.

JEFFREY

Oh my God! No, Phillip...you didn't... you couldn't have...

PHILLIP

This is his blood! What am I going to do??? I am so fucked!

JEFFREY

No! You're just drunk. You're talking nonsense... you've got to be wrong. Maybe you injured him...

PHILLIP

I know what I did. He's completely dead. Stone-cold dead...

JEFFREY

But if it *is* true, why the fuck would you come here?

PHILLIP

What!?!

JEFFREY

Why are you telling *me*? Why would you bring this shit into *my* home?

PHILLIP

What!?! You're my brother! Who else would I tell?

JEFFREY

Anybody but me!

PHILLIP

Where else would I go?

JEFFREY

Anywhere but here!

PHILLIP

But you're a lawyer... who better than you to...

JEFFREY

But that's just it! I am lawyer who just happens to be up for my law firm's chairmanship. I cannot be involved in this! You could fuck everything up!

PHILLIP

Oh Jesus! Uh! Okay, forget it! I'm sorry... I didn't realize... but now I understand.

JEFFREY

I could lose everything! Really! Phillip, please realize...

PHILLIP

Okay. I do realize! Really! I get it! I realize you don't give a shit about me!

JEFFREY

No, I do, but Phillip, what the hell can I do to help you? They are about to make me the head of one of the most prestigious and most conservative law firms in the country. And now, by you coming here and you telling me this... you've made me an accessory to a crime! I just cannot get involved! There is nothing I can do...

PHILLIP

Okay. I'm sorry. Okay. You know what? I'll just give myself up. I'll just go to the police... It's what I should have done in the first place.

(JEFFREY thinks about that option and quickly realizes that might even be worse)

JEFFREY

No...wait...hold on. I'm sorry. Let's think this out.

PHILLIP

Yes?

JEFFREY

Yes. Tell me what happened. Calmly... slowly. The who. The what. The where and the why.

PHILLIP

Okay. Okay...

JEFFREY

And be specific. Start with the when.

PHILLIP

The when...

JEFFREY

Yes. When did this happen?

PHILLIP

Last night.

JEFFREY

Okay, last night...

PHILLIP

Or early this morning.

JEFFREY

Well which is it?

PHILLIP

Just after midnight.

JEFFREY

Just after midnight. You're sure?

PHILLIP

Yes...it was just after midnight.

JEFFREY

I need to get a drink.

(Frustrated, PHILLIP pauses)

JEFFREY (Continued)

But keep going. Tell me what happened.

(JEFFREY moves to the bar and pours two glasses of scotch. PHILLIP paces)

PHILLIP

Okay. So... there's this girl...

JEFFREY

Wow! There's a surprise!

(JEFFREY hands the scotch to PHILLIP who chugs it)

PHILLIP

Do you want to hear this, or do you want to lecture me?

JEFFREY

Okay, go on. There's this girl...

PHILLIP

Roksana is her name. Roksana with a "K".

JEFFREY

Roxana with a "K"???

PHILLIP

Yes! Roksana with a "K"!

(Aggravated)

R...O...**K**... sanna! Roksana. It's Crimean. She's from Crimea. She's here illegally.

JEFFREY

Oh good.

(JEFFREY moves to the bar, pours two more scotches and hands one to PHILLIP. PHILLIP chugs the drink again)

PHILLIP

She's got nobody. She came over here with her father when she was eleven... but he died...and she's been alone ever since. She's nineteen now.

JEFFREY

Great. So, this lonely, illegal teenaged alien is nineteen and you are thirty-six. It just keeps getting better.

PHILLIP

Before I met her, she lived in this shitty boarding house in Southie. She cleaned the johns down at the bus station over on Atlantic Ave to support herself. And this creep... the bastard I killed tonight... last night...he was living in the same shitty boarding house. He said he'd marry her so she could get her papers...

(PHILLIP moves to the bar, refills his glass offering JEFFREY one who gives him the "I'll pass" signal)

JEFFREY

It's not that easy anymore...

PHILLIP

It doesn't matter. She believed him...but he insisted that she sleep with him first. He wasn't buyin' before tryin'.

JEFFREY

Nice.

PHILLIP

So, she moved in with him...and months went by...

JEFFREY

Did she ever marry him?

PHILLIP

No. And before long, he got tired of her. He ditched her. But now she's knocked up. She's got a baby on the way.

JEFFREY

Yeah, I know what "knocked up" means.

PHILLIP

Do you want to hear this or not?

(JEFFREY shrugs)

PHILLIP (Continued)

Then stop interrupting.

JEFFREY

Okay, but one question... You're sure she didn't marry him? There's no marriage license that is going to show up... no insurance policies...anything like that? No wedding pictures..

PHILLIP

No, I'm positive. They'll be no license, wedding pictures or anything else showing up..

JEFFREY

Did they have any mutual friends? People that knew them both of them.

PHILLIP

No.

JEFFREY

Did they socialize with any of the neighbors?

PHILLIP

No Jeffrey! This isn't a goddamned Hallmark Channel movie!

JEFFREY

I'm just trying to get the facts...

PHILLIP

The facts are...he came home each night...fucked her... beat her...and went to bed. They didn't know nobody.

JEFFREY

Anybody. Okay, okay.

PHILLIP

So, he leaves her. Oh, and did I mention she is very pretty?

JEFFREY

No, but I assumed she was...

PHILLIP

So, the prick leaves her... she's nearly starving... she's too sick to work...and the landlord throws her out into the streets. In the middle of winter. And she loses the baby.

JEFFREY

Well, that may have been for the best.

PHILLIP

What?!? Damn! You really are a cold bastard.

JEFFREY

I'm just sayin'... that is no kind of a life to be bringing a baby into. So, go on. She lost the baby and she is nearly freezing... and starving... and let me guess. She meets you?

(JEFFREY takes PHILLIP'S glass and moves to the bar pouring another scotch for his brother)

PHILLIP

Yes...but before things begin between us, he comes back and asks for her forgiveness. So, she moves back in with him... but he beats her again...so, to make a long story short..

JEFFREY

Too late for that...

PHILLIP

It again didn't work out with him ... so yeah... eventually... I convinced her to move in with me.

(JEFFREY hands PHILLIP the scotch)

JEFFREY

Why would you do that? She sounds like a nightmare...

PHILLIP

No, I'm telling you, I never met such a girl.

JEFFREY

Yes, I'm sure she is America's sweetheart.

PHILLIP

Fuck you!

JEFFREY

Yeah, yeah. So, go on...what happened?

PHILLIP

The monster found out she was with me...and last night he came after me. He smashed in our door...

JEFFREY

So...forcible entry...

PHILLIP

Yeah, I guess so. He kicked down the door like a crazy man... and he had a knife... and he was jabbing at me.

JEFFREY

So, he was armed?

PHILLIP

So, I grabbed a butcher knife that was lying on the counter and I grabbed him from behind and I slit his ugly throat...

JEFFREY

You what???

PHILLIP

And for a few seconds, he still struggled... even with his throat slashed. But then... I finally let go of him and he hit the floor...

JEFFREY

Yes...and then what?

PHILLIP

Well, he was dead of course. If your throat's been slashed, soon you're gonna be dead.

JEFFREY

Did you call the police?

PHILLIP

No! Of course not!

JEFFREY

But if he broke in...and he had a knife... they'd have to believe it was self-defense.

PHILLIP

It don't matter. With my record...who's gonna to believe me?

JEFFREY

Ugh. Okay. So, then what?

PHILLIP

Roksana and I just sat there staring at it...at him... for what felt like a very long time. The blood kept gushing... oozing from the gash until there was no more. The red goo flowed down the drain in the kitchen floor.

JEFFREY

And then...

PHILLIP

And then... I carried it...him..

JEFFREY

You carried him? You carried him where?

PHILLIP

I carried him on my back down the street, like four blocks. Maybe six. I know I went around a corner and into an alley. I'm not exactly sure where I was. It was an alley under an archway. I threw him into a dumpster and covered him with the garbage. I threw the knife in the dumpster too.

JEFFREY

Holy shit! Did anyone see you?

PHILLIP

No.

JEFFREY

No one saw you carrying the body of a grown man... six blocks down the street and into an alley? How is that possible?

PHILLIP

No one! The streets were deserted. It was after midnight.

JEFFREY

Okay, and then what?

PHILLIP

That's it. I dumped the body and... and I came here.

JEFFREY

So...after you took the creep to the dumpster under the archway, you came directly here? And no one saw you?

PHILLIP

Yes, I took the T to Tremont Street and then I walked.

JEFFREY

And no one saw you?

PHILLIP

No. The T was deserted. Tremont Street was deserted...it was like a ghost town. No one saw me.

JEFFREY

And where's the girl?

PHILLIP

She's back at the apartment.

JEFFREY

Does she know you're here? Does she know where I live?

PHILLIP

No. I'm not sure she even knows I have a brother.

JEFFREY

Nice.

PHILLIP

I just came here. We hadn't planned it. I didn't want her to see all his blood all over me.

JEFFREY

Okay. I understand. Did you take anything from the body? From the dead guy, I mean. His wallet? Anything?

(PHILLIP pulls out a piece of paper)

PHILLIP

This dropped out of his pocket while we were struggling. It's got my address on it. Thank God it dropped out. Can you imagine if the police had found this in his pocket?

JEFFREY

You didn't check to see if he had any other incriminating shit on him before you threw his bloody carcass into the... ?

PHILLIP

No. No, I didn't. Shit! I'm such an idiot!

JEFFREY

Okay, give me that paper. I will dispose of it.

(PHILLIP hands JEFFREY the paper)

JEFFREY (Continued)

I hope you realize...you can never go back there.

PHILLIP

To the alley?

JEFFREY

To the alley...to the archway... to the apartment.

PHILLIP

What!?! What about Roksana?

JEFFREY

You need to forget about her.

PHILLIP

No, I can't.

JEFFREY

You've got no choice. You can't risk it...

(JEFFREY moves to the bar and pours another scotch. Without PHILLIP seeing, HE takes a bottle of sleeping pills out of his robe pocket. HE looks at the bottle for a moment. HE then takes a few of the pills...and then a few more... crushes them, putting the powdered pills into PHILLIP's scotch)

PHILLIP

But I gotta tell her I'm all right. She doesn't know if I've been arrested... or even if I'm alive.

JEFFREY

I'll make sure she knows. I'll make sure she's okay. You gotta trust me. I know what I'm doing.

(JEFFREY hands the tainted scotch to PHILLIP)

PHILLIP

Jeffrey, I'm sorry I made such a mess... but for Roksana's sake, I'm glad the bastard is dead. I love the girl so much.

JEFFREY

I understand... but let's stay focused here. Just a couple of more questions...just to make sure I got it all straight...

PHILLIP

Okay...go on.

JEFFREY

What if the cops go and question Roksana with a "K"?

PHILLIP

But how would they...

JEFFREY

I don't know. But what if they do?

PHILLIP

She won't say nothin'...

JEFFREY

But what if they really come down hard on her? What if they threatened her...?

PHILLIP

It wouldn't matter... How would they threaten...?

JEFFREY

Threaten to deport her...

PHILLIP

Even so. It wouldn't matter...

JEFFREY

So, you are positive she won't give you away? I mean... even if she doesn't mean to... maybe out of hysteria?

PHILLIP

No. Never!

JEFFREY

Okay. And finally, who knows of your relations with her?

(PHILLIPS shakes his head as he chugs the scotch)

PHILLIP

No one. Absolutely no one! We lived in the shadows. We couldn't risk him finding us.

JEFFREY

Okay, just one more thing and I want no argument about this.

PHILLIP

What?

JEFFREY

You need to give me your apartment keys.

PHILLIP

What? No. Why do you...?

JEFFREY

No argument! Just give them to me!

(PHILLIP hands his keys to JEFFREY)

PHILLIP

Jeffrey, I can't be cut off from her! I love her.

JEFFREY

Okay, come on. I'll show you where the shower is and get you some clean clothes.

(PHILLIP rises and feels dizzy)

PHILLIP

Thank you, Jeffrey. Thank you for everything. Whoa!

JEFFREY

You okay?

PHILLIP

Damn! I think now I am drunk. Wow! What a buzz I have!

JEFFREY

That's probably a good thing..

(JEFFREY leads him to a door and opens it)

PHILLIP

I'm actually a little dizzy. What's this then? It looks like a cellar.

JEFFREY

Just go down there...the shower is down there. Hold onto the railing.

PHILLIP

Yeah...the steps are kinda steep...

JEFFREY

Yes...and kind of uneven...

PHILLIP

Geez...it seems kind of spooky down there...

JEFFREY

It's okay...I'm right behind you...

PHILLIP

I would have thought the shower and the bedrooms would be upstairs. You know...?

(PHILLIP exits through the door, JEFFREY follows him. Suddenly we hear a thug and then we hear chains rattling and what sounds like a body being dragged across a floor. Finally, JEFFREY re-enters)

JEFFREY

Sleep tight *Bro*.

(JEFFREY slams shuts and locks the metal cellar door).

(Blackout)

(END OF SCENE ONE)

THE ARCHWAY**SCENE TWO****SETTING: A BASEMENT APARTMENT, MISSION HILL**

A dimly lit, one-room basement apartment in a rundown building.

A metal door leads to the outside hall. An open bathroom door reveals a toilet and a bare, lit lightbulb which hangs from a cord in the ceiling.

High up across the upstage center are two oblong windows with metal grates. They are at the street level, six to seven feet up from the basement apartment's floor. One can see the feet and lower legs of passersby from these windows.

There is a sink, an old refrigerator and a metal table holding a hotplate. On the floor is a bare, well-worn mattress and an ashtray filled with cigarette butts.

AT RISE: *ROKSANA, barefoot and wearing a t-shirt and underpants, sits on the mattress smoking. SHE stares out, nervously.*

TIME: A couple of hours later.

(ROKSANA puts out one cigarette and lights another. SHE sees SOMEONE, from the knees down, walk past the windows. SHE freezes)

(After a beat, SHE then sees another stranger. HE stops, perhaps to light a cigarette. SHE rises, turns off the bathroom light and moves to the window, careful not to be seen. The room is now lit only by the light coming in through the windows. After a beat the MAN exits)

(After another beat, there is a knocking at the door. ROKSANA freezes. The sound of a key in the locked door is heard. The door opens and JEFFREY, (who ROKSANA thinks is PHILLIP) enters the darkened room)

(ROKSANA jumps up and wraps her arms around JEFFREY, hugging him)

ROKSANA

Oh, thanks to God! Phillip! I was worried till I am sick. Where have you been...?

(Realizing HE is not PHILLIP, SHE pushes him away)

ROKSANA (Continued)

But you are not Phillip!

JEFFREY

No, I am not.

ROKSANA

(Loudly, getting really angry/frightened)

Who are you then!?! Tell me! Who in fuck are you!?!

JEFFREY

Shhh! There's no need for screaming. Calm down Rosana...

ROKSANA

What did you call me?

JEFFREY

Oh, I'm sorry. I meant Roksana. Roksana ...with a "k". That's right, isn't it?

ROKSANA

How you know my name!?!

JEFFREY

Shhh! It's okay.

ROKSANA

Do not shush me! It is not okay. Tell me who you are!

JEFFREY

I'm a friend of Phillip's.

ROKSANA

Bullshit! You are liar! Phillip has no friends! What you want?

JEFFREY

Okay, let me explain... I just need to talk to you...

ROKSANA

I no have money.

JEFFREY

I am not here for money.

ROKSANA

I cannot be in sex with you.

JEFFREY

What!?!

ROKSANA

I have S.T.D.

JEFFREY

I'm not here for sex. I've come about Phillip. Don't be afraid.

(JEFFREY finds switch and turns on the light)

ROKSANA

Yes! I am afraid! I do not know you!

JEFFREY

I know but...

(HE pauses noticing how beautiful SHE is)

JEFFREY (Continued)

Wow... look at you! He said you were beautiful, and he was...

ROKSANA

Cut bullshit! I don't want your bullshit on how I look like. I just want to know why the fuck you here!

JEFFREY

If you would just calm down...

ROKSANA

Calm down!?! I never before seen you... is that right? You come into here...into my living place... you break in...

JEFFREY

I didn't break in...I have a key!

ROKSANA

How do you have key?

JEFFREY

Phillip's key. And please...I have not come to hurt you.
I've come to help...

ROKSANA

How can I know this? Why should I trust you?

JEFFREY

Why would I hurt you? Think about it. If Phillip and I were not friends... why would he have given me his keys?

ROKSANA

Okay, I thought about it. I still no trust you. Just tell me who you are! And do not tell me you are Phillip's friend. I know that this is not truth.

JEFFREY

Okay, I'm Phillip's brother.

ROKSANA

Ha! His brother? Ha! Oh! So now you are his brother! Ha! This is the best story I never heard! He has never talked of brother. He has never said he has brother.

JEFFREY

I'm not a bit surprised...

ROKSANA

Why should I believe you?

JEFFREY

Why would I lie?

ROKSANA

You have already lied when you say you were friend. Now you must *proof* to me that you are brother?

JEFFREY

Prove.

ROKSANA

What?

JEFFREY

I must *prove* to you... you said, "proof"... Wait! I do have proof. I can proof to you...

(HE pulls out his driver's license from his wallet)

JEFFREY (Continued)

See...we have the same last name.

ROKSANA

So what!?! This means nothing! Many people have same name.

JEFFREY

Okay...wait. I do have something.

(HE finds an old small photograph in his wallet)

ROKSANA

What is it?

JEFFREY

It's a picture...a photograph...hopefully you can see...

ROKSANA

This is photo of children... wait one minute...I know this picture.

JEFFREY

Yes. Phillip carries it in his wallet too. It's from Phillip's tenth birthday party. Our mother, may she rest in peace, asked that Phillip and I always carry it with us...to remind us of happier days. I know we hardly look the same today... but I hope you can see the scar above his left eye and the bump on the bridge of my nose. You can see it...right?

(SHE studies photo, studies his nose and then sinks onto the couch relieved)

ROKSANA

Oh, thank God! You had me so much scared...

JEFFREY

I'm so sorry...

ROKSANA

Is okay. Is not my first time scared.

(SHE coyly and calmly proceeds to ask questions, not knowing if JEFFREY knows about the murder)

ROKSANA (Continued)

So, you have seen Phillip?

JEFFREY

Yes...he came to my place...

ROKSANA

When was this?

JEFFREY

Just a couple of hours ago.

ROKSANA

Yes?

JEFFREY

Yes.

ROKSANA

And how he was?

JEFFREY

Well... he was terrible of course...!

ROKSANA

Terrible!?!

JEFFREY

Or rather...he was terrified... much like you...

ROKSANA

Terrified? I am not terrified.

JEFFREY

Okay, whatever...

ROKSANA

No! Not whatever!

JEFFREY

It's semantics.

ROKSANA

It's crazy talk. Terrified. I told you, you made me scared. I was scared when you came in... but of course anyone would be... especially woman. Anyone would be afraid ...

JEFFREY

He told me everything...about the whole awful business.

ROKSANA

What business? What are you talking about?

JEFFREY

You know exactly what business. Roksana, please...

ROKSANA

I do not know! Stop this riddle talk!

JEFFREY

You do know. The events that took place here tonight.

ROKSANA

I do not know! Maybe you should go now.

JEFFREY

I'm really so glad to see you are being so discreet...

ROKSANA

I not even know what this word means. Am I discreet?

JEFFREY

Yes, and you should be. But I do know what happened here tonight. I know about that monster... breaking in here and threatening you. I know that he cut Phillip and I know that Phillip took the butcher's knife from the table and slashed the bastard's throat.

ROKSANA

Oh, my God...

JEFFREY

I know of the whole, awful business.

ROKSANA

(Now in tears)

Okay. Yes, it was awful. It was more worser than awful.

JEFFREY

I know.

(HE holds HER)

JEFFREY (Continued)

I'm so sorry...

(SHE moves away from HIM)

ROKSANA

I can still see him...his swollen eyes staring out... wide opened. I could feel his pain... I could see it on his disgusting face. His neck leaking blood as he screeched like pig being slaughtered... and then nothing.

JEFFREY

It must have been horrifying...

ROKSANA

He made no more sounds...except for the squishing sound as his bloody body hit floor. Right here. It took me almost three hours to clean up mess on the floor. Now, I don't remember even doing it. Cleaning it up. I just know it is done and it must have been me...

JEFFREY

You were probably in shock. You just automatically did what had to be done...but without thinking about it. This often happens...

ROKSANA

I guess this is so.

JEFFREY

You are so young...and from what Phillip tells me, you have been through so much already.

ROKSANA

But nothing like this before...

JEFFREY

No, I suppose not. I really am sorry, Roksana. Am I pronouncing that right? Roksana?

(HE tries to hug her again. SHE moves away)

ROKSANA

Yes, is right. Roksana. So where is Phillip now?

JEFFREY

He is safe. He is sleeping. He was exhausted.

ROKSANA

Yes, I'm sure he was...my poor Phillip.

JEFFREY

(After a beat)

Roksana, I have to ask you...do you love him? Do you love my brother?

ROKSANA

Yes, of course! How could you even ask that...?

JEFFREY

I just need to be sure...

ROKSANA

You cannot see it? Yes, I love him. I love him more than my words can say. I would die for him!

(Pause as HE stares at HER)

JEFFREY

And so, you want to help him. You want to protect him?

ROKSANA

Yes! Yes, of course I do.

JEFFREY

I want to help him too. He's been in trouble before but not like this. I want to help him in any way that I can.

ROKSANA

Yes. Sure. You are brother. So, what can we do? What I can do? I will do whatever. Just tell me what to do.

JEFFREY

First, I need to get the facts straight. I think in all that's happened, Phillip may have gotten some of the facts wrong. Not on purpose, but in all of the excitement...by mistake.

ROKSANA

Okay. What is it you want to know?

JEFFREY

The man who is dead...your ex-husband...before he came here last night...

ROKSANA

(Adamantly)

He is *not* my husband!

JEFFREY

Oh, but I thought...

ROKSANA

No! I never marry that son-of-bitch.

JEFFREY

Oh, well see...there's one thing I got wrong.

ROKSANA

(Disgusted by the thought of it)

Ugh! Never!

JEFFREY

Okay. So then, how long had it been since you last saw him?

ROKSANA

Eighteen month. Almost two years.

JEFFREY

Are there people in this building who would remember him?

ROKSANA

No.

JEFFREY

People who maybe thought you were married?

ROKSANA

No.

JEFFREY

But you must have friends in the building?

ROKSANA

No.

JEFFREY

Or even acquaintances. Maybe people in the laundry room?

ROKSANA

There is no laundry room. I have no friends. I have no acquaintances. I speak to no one.

(SHE lights a cigarette)

ROKSANA (Continued)

I came here...to America... for better life but it turns out to be worse life. I know nobody. Nobody knows me. I am alone. I have always been...except when I am with Phillip.

JEFFREY

The police have discovered who he was...

ROKSANA

Who who was?

JEFFREY

Your old boyfriend. They found his body in a dumpster.

ROKSANA

A bin for the garbage?

JEFFREY

Yes. Did you know that? Did you know they found him?

ROKSANA

How could I know this? I have not left here. How could I...

JEFFREY

Well, they have found him in the dumpster and they have identified him.

ROKSANA

Where this dumpster?

JEFFREY

In an alley. Under an archway. Not far from here.

ROKSANA

But how could they know who he is? I take his wallet when he was dead on floor. How could they know who he is?

JEFFREY

It doesn't take long now...and with the DNA testing and all the technology they have now. And now the police are searching for anyone connected with him. They are trying to find out who killed him.

ROKSANA

The police? I cannot believe this...

JEFFREY

That's why if people thought... if he had told his buddies at work...or down at the bar that he was married to you...

ROKSANA

He didn't work. And he too had no friends...no buddies.

JEFFREY

But there must have people that...

ROKSANA

He would never let people think I was married to him. The scumbag was embarrassed by me...

JEFFREY

But Phillip told me you were going to marry this scumbag...

ROKSANA

We were supposed to be married...once. We even went to government office and signed our names...but that was long time ago and he was evil, wicked man. When we came home from paper signing, he beat me again. And soon after...he was gone. We never married.

JEFFREY

Had Phillip ever met him? I mean before tonight. Before he murdered him?

ROKSANA

Never! And it was not murder. He had no choice. The *scumbag* went for Phillip first. Phillip would not hurt nobody...and now he is in danger because of me. I am so afraid for him.

JEFFREY

Roksana...look at me. I know you love him.

ROKSANA

I do. I love him so much.

JEFFREY

I do too. And because we do love him, we cannot risk that the police trace this monster back to you.

ROKSANA

What you mean?

JEFFREY

We cannot risk that they trap you into giving Phillip away.

ROKSANA

I would never.

JEFFREY

I know you would never mean to...

ROKSANA

No! You saw how I did when you came. No, I never would...

JEFFREY

One more question. And please do not take this the wrong way...

ROKSANA

Go on...What is it?

JEFFREY

Do the police know you...I mean...because of your life... the kind of life you lead?

ROKSANA

(Insulted)

What!?!

JEFFREY

I'm sorry to have to ask it...

ROKSANA

No. I know what you might think of me, but I'm good person.

JEFFREY

No, I didn't mean to imply...

ROKSANA

I am poor...but I'm good person. I'm just good person who has bad things happen to her.

JEFFREY

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to imply...

ROKSANA

Now, please, take me to Phillip?

JEFFREY

No! Absolutely not! I thought you understood you can never see him again.

ROKSANA

What!?! No! This is not possible...!

JEFFREY

He can never see you again.

ROKSANA

No! Oh my God! This cannot be! No! Please! Please! I will be so careful! I will not do anything to hurt him. But if I cannot see him...I will die.

JEFFREY

Roksana...listen to me...

ROKSANA

No! Please! Please! I will be so careful! I will not do anything to hurt him. But if I cannot see him...I will die.

JEFFREY

I know this seems impossible now... but believe me as someone who has been around... in time you will forget all about him.

ROKSANA

Never! It is not possible. I love him! I will always love him. And Phillip will always love me. He would never let such...

JEFFREY

It was Phillip's idea.

ROKSANA

What!?! What are you saying!?! No, that cannot be true!

JEFFREY

It is why he gave me the keys. He asked me to come here to tell you...it's over between the two of you.

ROKSANA

I do not believe you.

JEFFREY

It's true. He left last night.

ROKSANA

He left? Left what? What are you talking about?

JEFFREY

I gave him my car and I gave him a lot of money. He is driving all night long.

ROKSANA

Oh my God! Driving to where?

JEFFREY

Tomorrow he will go to an airport. Maybe in D.C. Maybe in Philly. And by tomorrow night he will be thousands of miles from here. He needs to disappear.

ROKSANA

(Crying uncontrollably)

Where is he to go? Oh no. This cannot be... I cannot believe he would do this to me.

JEFFREY

He had no choice.

ROKSANA

But he could have taken me with him...

JEFFREY

If he had taken you along, he would have been in much greater danger. He has a chance now.

ROKSANA

No!!! You do not understand! He is my life!

JEFFREY

Roksana, I'm sorry... but surely you must have known...a man like Phillip was never going to stick around. He is the last man on earth to stick to anything! Believe me...I know my brother!

ROKSANA

No, no, you do not. I know him.

JEFFREY

It's over. His ties to you are his ties to a murder. Now you must go. You can't risk the police finding you...

ROKSANA

What!?!?

(HE hands her an envelope of money)

JEFFREY

Take this money. Pack your things. I'll drive you to the train station. You need to go. You need to disappear.

ROKSANA

But where will I go?

JEFFREY

Anywhere...

ROKSANA

How will Phillip find me? No! I cannot. He will need to find me...

JEFFREY

Listen to me! This is what he wants.

ROKSANA

This is what he wants?

JEFFREY

Yes! This is why he sent me here...

ROKSANA

(Sobbing)

This is what he wants? Okay then! I will disappear...but it will be at bottom of ocean where no one can be cruel to me. No one can torture me...

JEFFREY

No! Listen to me! In a few months in a new town...far from here, you'll forget you ever met Phillip.

ROKSANA

No, it is finished. It's okay. I don't care anymore.

JEFFREY

Don't even talk that way...

ROKSANA

No, it is fine. I'm tired of this life anyway.

JEFFREY

But you don't have to have this life. Take the money. Start a new life. I don't want you to go back to this life.

ROKSANA

(Angrily)

You don't want? You don't want! You do not care what is to happen to me. And why should you? I am nothing to you! I tell you what...I will go if Phillip tells me to go. But I must hear it from his mouth.

JEFFREY

But that is ridiculous. In fact, it's impossible.

ROKSANA

It is not impossible.

(SHE rises and gets her cell phone)

ROKSANA

If he's driving...I can call his cell phone. Then he can tell me he wants me to go away forever.

(SHE dials a number on her cell phone and a cell phone in JEFFREY'S pocket rings. HE shows it to her)

JEFFREY

I told you...it is impossible.

ROKSANA

He gave you keys and cell phone? Why would he do that?

JEFFREY

The police can track him through it. It wasn't safe.

ROKSANA

But the police will never know it is him. There is no danger for him to keep cell phone...

JEFFREY

Roksana, listen to me. He is gone. He is starting a new life...far from here. He left everything behind. The cell phone is his past. The people listed in those contacts are people he will never see again.

ROKSANA

Including me. Is that what you mean? So, he is just like all the rest. He never gave shit about me!

JEFFREY

No, that is not true. He asked me to give you the money so you could get out of here before the police discover the truth. He did care. But now it is over.

ROKSANA

No! What am I thinking? I know he loves me. No, you must be lying. He would never leave me. He told me that!

(Now hysterical, SHE starts punching HIM)

ROKSANA (Continued)

Why are you lying to me!?! Where is Phillip!?!?

JEFFREY

I'm so sorry. Now please, pack your things. It's just a matter of time before the police arrive.

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE 2)

THE ARCHWAY**SCENE THREE**

SETTING: **JEFFREY'S BASEMENT WINE CELLAR.** The ancient, vaulted ceiling and rough stone walls give the cellar a dungeon-like look. The racks along the perimeter walls house an impressive collection of wine. In the center of the room is an old stone tasting table with a bench on each side. Hanging above the table is an ancient candle chandelier that has been electrified. Two large Roman statues, each holding bunches of grapes, flank the doorway leading to the upstairs.

AT RISE: *A dripping sound is heard. JEFFREY holds a clipboard as he takes an inventory of the wine. PHILLIP is slumped over the table. The chains attaching his arms and legs to the table are not visible. HIS head is down on the table. HE faces upstage. HE seems to be dead.*

TIME: Two nights later. 8 PM

JEFFREY

(Counting wine bottles)

Seven, eight, nine...

(JEFFREY makes an entry onto the paper on his clipboard. PHILLIP remains still)

JEFFREY (Continued)

Nine Nonino Alberto Della Vite... mio vino preferito but...

(JEFFREY rechecks one of the bottles for spelling)

JEFFREY (Continued)

I can never remember if Nonino is spelled with three "n's" or four "n's".

(Sounding it out as he writes on his clipboard)

JEFFREY (Continued)

No-noon-no. I don't suppose you know, Bro?

(JEFFREY glances at PHILLIP who remains motionless)

JEFFREY (Continued)

No? I didn't think so.

(JEFFREY moves to the next section of shelves)

JEFFREY (Continued)

Anyway...where was I? Oh yes. So, I thought to myself... "Jeffrey, old man...you've just spent seven point six million dead presidents buying this most incredible, historic townhouse on the most prestigious street in Beacon Hill.

(HE notices rat dung on some bottles. HE gets a terry cloth rag from another shelf to wipe them off. HE holds up the cloth to show the unconscious PHILLIP)

JEFFREY (Continued)

Ugh! Fucking rat shit. It happens. No matter what, there's no getting rid of them. Not in a damp cellar. Not this close to the sewer system.

(HE throws the rag onto the table)

So, after one makes such an investment on digs as astonishing as these, why on earth would one now skimp when it comes to building one's wine cellar?" I mean that would be silly...right?

(HE waits a moment for an answer)

JEFFREY (Continued)

Of course, it would! And of course, it had to be a showstopper! After all, as you must realize dear brother of mine, wine is the one passion in my life that I am... well... most passionate about! La mia prima passione!

(PHILLIP stirs but remains silent. JEFFREY gets a step ladder from the corner to reach a top shelf. HE counts the wine on the top shelf)

JEFFREY (Continued)

Two, four, six, eight... an even dozen.

(HE moves to the next shelf)

JEFFREY (Continued)

Ahhh...Armand de Brignac... The Ace of Spades. I paid a pretty price for that Jesus Juice...like five-hundred C-notes a piece! That's what...six grand...and guess what? I haven't touched a drop of it. Anyway, it's a Brut Rosé... the Brignac... who drinks that shit? I bought it fill to out the collection.

(HE makes another notation. HE then looks at PHILLIP who remains motionless. HE moves to another section and continues to count and enter notations)

JEFFREY (Continued)

But back to my passions... so, in order of importance... my passion for fine wine is right up there with my desire to finally receive my pending appointment to Chairmanship of one of the most prestigious law firms in the land. After that...well, there is nothing after that! The wine and the title... nothing else and no one else really matter to me at all.

(PHILLIP struggles to raise his head, but it quickly falls back onto the table. JEFFREY continues to count)

JEFFREY (Continued)

Sei, sette, otto. Hmm, I was sure I had at least a ten of the Barolo Falletto left. So obviously, the wine cellar had to be perfect.

(JEFFREY makes another entry onto on his clipboard). HE sits for a moment and reviews the clipboard as he continues to babble. Suddenly he spots a dead rat)

JEFFREY (Continued)

What's this then? Poor bastard probably starved to death.

(HE pokes at the rat with his pen and then wraps the rat in a cloth so he can pick it up without touching it and throws it in a garbage can near the table where PHILLIP is chained down)

JEFFREY (Continued)

Well it's one less rat to worry about.

(HE wipes his hands on a fresh towel)

JEFFREY (Continued)

Anyways...I had a buddy whose passion was swimming. He didn't just build a swimming pool in his basement. No, that would be far too pedestrian for the likes of him! No! He imported an ancient bathhouse from a small town, just north of Rome! Terni...that was the town...Terni...near the Nera River. Ha! Near the Nera!

(PHILLIP stirs again. JEFFREY pauses to glance at HIM, but then continues his rant)

JEFFREY (Continued)

Anyway, the bathhouse was incredible. Straight out of Caligula! And...right at the entrance of his Roman bath house-slash-swimming pool, he had these two huge bronze sphinxes installed...you know, statues. They were spectacular... but they didn't have Sphinx faces! Instead, they both had Helen Mirren faces. Do you know what I mean?

(JEFFREY looks at PHILLIP who remains motionless)

Well, I mean that they looked like Helen Mirren! But the nineteen-seventies Helen Mirren...the Caligula Helen Mirren...not the old Harry Potter Helen Mirren!

(PHILLIP moans softly but doesn't move)

PHILLIP

Maggie.

JEFFREY

I beg your pardon. Phillip, did you just croak something?

PHILLIP

(Slightly more audible)

Maggie. Maggie Smith.

JEFFREY

Right, right, right...it *was* Maggie Smith in the Potter films! Well, anyway, that's where I got the idea to have my two statues of Bacchus, the guys over there holding the bunches of grapes...look like me. Twenty-two, twenty-three, venti-quattro...

(JEFFREY makes another entry onto the clipboard)

JEFFREY (Continued)

And so, I flew to Provence...spent a fortnight touring a number of old estates that were either abandoned or down to their last surviving occupant. Finally, just about the time I was ready to abandon all hope of ever discovering what it was I was really searching for... I found this vaulted stone wine cellar in a neglected, timeworn, primitive, private estate in Carcassonne, just South of Toulouse.

(HE counts the next section of bottles as PHILLIP softly moans again, raises his head slightly and then goes back to sleep)

JEFFREY (Continued)

Two, four, six...seven, eight, nine.

(JEFFREY makes another entry onto on his clipboard)

JEFFREY (Continued)

So, I made the old widow, who looked like she didn't have a friend in the world or a pot à pisser in...I made her an absurd, low-ball offer. It was so low I was certain she'd hurl her crook-handled walking stick at me, but instead, she accepted it immediately. It appeared the sad old thing had sold most of her other furnishings. I suppose she would have taken any offer.

(PHILLIP moans and raises his head a little higher than the last time and stares at his brother)

JEFFREY (Continued)

So, I got the entire cellar, including that tasting table and two benches, for twelve thousand clams. Unfortunately, it cost me nearly three-hundred-thousand more to have it removed from her house, shipped across the ocean and installed down here.

(He counts the next section of bottles)

JEFFREY (Continued)

Fifteen, sixteen... Della Valpolicella Classico... sixty-nine.... an incredible vintage. Less than one hundred and twenty bottles left in the world.

(He makes another entry onto his clipboard)

JEFFREY (Continued)

Then, once it was installed, I had to be certain all of the elements were exactly right. The temperature...it must remain at ten degrees Celsius... or fifty degrees Fahrenheit. I also reinforced the walls to ensure it was absolutely soundproof. Any excessive noise can aggravate them... particularly the red wines. After a time, you'd end up with something that would be best poured down the drain. Unfortunately, I couldn't solve the dampness issue. It is a cellar...it's damp. They warn you...not only will damp rot the labels, it can also cause even a top-quality cork to get a mold... or "mould" as the French say.

(PHILLIP moans without moving)

This "mould" can work its way into the wine and make it undrinkable. So that's it...the Bordeaux's and the Burgundies ...all done. I'll finish the sparklings tomorrow.

(JEFFREY puts the clipboard and pen on a shelf and wipes his hands on a towel)

JEFFREY (Continued)

So, Phillip? What do you think of it? My wine cellar...?

(PHILLIP raises his arm to give JEFFREY "the finger". We now see that his arm is chained to the heavy stone table. When we hear PHILLIP speak, we can tell he has also been drugged)

PHILLIP

Go fuck yourself!

JEFFREY

Ah, what a lovely sentiment. Charming really.

PHILLIP

Eat shit and die, you scum-faced pig fucker!

JEFFREY

Ah, yes! You've rejoined the world of the living at last.

PHILLIP

Go fuck yourself!

JEFFREY

Oh, but now you're just repeating yourself. Nonetheless, it is good to have you back and as articulate as ever. And I am sorry if I overdid the sedative. I just assumed a man of your size would need a bit more...

PHILLIP

Wait! What!?! You drugged me? You drugged your own brother?

JEFFREY

Well, of course I did. Who else was going to do it? Did you think I was plying you with all that scotch just to be hospitable?

PHILLIP

No, you're right there! I should have known. But why did I need to be drugged at all?

JEFFREY

How else was I going to get you down here?

PHILLIP

Down here? Down where?

JEFFREY

Really? The racks of bottles aren't giving you a hint?

PHILLIP

Where the fuck are we!?!

JEFFREY

In my wine cellar, Bro. Haven't you been listening? In the wine cellar I had shipped over from the South of France...

PHILLIP

So, you drugged me and then you dragged me down here. How did you manage to get me down here? I'm twice your size.

JEFFREY

Fortunately, you came down here fairly willingly. You were groggy...but you could walk.

PHILLIP

Then you chained me up?

JEFFREY

Then I chained you up...

PHILLIP

How long have I been out?

JEFFREY

Nearly two days. You must be starving...

PHILLIP

Two days!?!? Oh my God! What are you doing, Jeffrey?

JEFFREY

I'm taking inventory of course. I keep precise records...

PHILLIP

Jeffrey...what the fuck are you doing?!? Why am I chained to this God-damned table? Why are we down here?

JEFFREY

I would have thought that would be obvious.

PHILLIP

And why do I feel like my fucking head is going to explode?

JEFFREY

Hold on! One question at a time big guy.

PHILLIP

I haven't eaten in two days!?!

JEFFREY

Nearly three. And even so, you managed to excrete a massive amount of... well, never mind. I hosed you down as needed. And even that didn't wake you. Let's leave it at that.

PHILLIP

I could have died without food, you bastard!

JEFFREY

Nonsense! A human being...which, despite every indication to the contrary, is what I still believe you to be...can go for more than three weeks without food.

PHILLIP

You are a monster!

JEFFREY

Gandhi survived for twenty-one days of complete starvation.

PHILLIP

Who?

JEFFREY

But water, of course...now that is a different story. You can only go like three... maybe four days tops...

(PHILLIP moves and we see that his hands and legs are chained to the stone table)

PHILLIP

Holy shit! You've got my legs chained too!?!

JEFFREY

So, back to your questions. Number one... why are we down here? We are down here because you have murdered someone.

PHILLIP

What!!?

JEFFREY

Surely, you remember that?

PHILLIP

Well yes...I mean no... I didn't...

JEFFREY

Oh, come on baby brother! Even a burnt-out, brainless bumberclot like you would surely remember snuffing someone!

PHILLIP

I remember killing that motherfucker who came after me with a knife...

JEFFREY

Well, I would hope so dear brother.

PHILLIP

I killed him but I am not a murderer!

JEFFREY

Killer...murderer...same thing.

PHILLIP

No, they are not at all the same thing!

JEFFREY

Tomato. To-mah-to.

PHILLIP

I killed him in self-defense. You would have done the same.

JEFFREY

Highly unlikely.

PHILLIP

Anyone would have.

JEFFREY

Probably not...but regardless...we can't risk the world thinking that you could commit such a vulgar, violent act, even in self-defense.

PHILLIP

Like you give a shit what anyone thinks of me!

JEFFREY

Here, drink this.

*(JEFFREY holds a water bottle with a straw.
PHILLIP sucks it down)*

JEFFREY

Well, of course I give a shit...

PHILLIP

Ha! You!?!? You, who scuttles around the ruins of Western Europe... squandering hundreds of thousands of clams or cabbages or bones...or whatever the fuck you call them... plundering and pilfering dusty old dungeons from desperate octogenarians while I'm trying to find a way to pay for this month's rent?

JEFFREY

Awww Phillip! You were listening!

PHILLIP

You... who has never given a good God-damn about me or anybody else!?!

JEFFREY

Well...I wouldn't say never...

PHILLIP

And you have certainly never done a thing to help me... even in my most desperate hours.

JEFFREY

Well, that seems a bit harsh... Help you? Help you what?

PHILLIP

So why now, Jeffrey? Why now are you suddenly concerned what people may think?

(JEFFREY pauses to collect his thoughts)

JEFFREY

Ah, I see where the confusion lies. Here... let me clarify! You are absolutely right. I don't give a shit about you or your rancid, wretched, worthless life. My concern now...the sole reason I do not want you to get pinned for this heinous murder...guilty or not...is because if you do...my dear brother... if you do get tangled up in such a mess, it will reflect badly on me...thereby fucking up all chances of me getting the appointment to my firm's chairmanship...an appointment that I so richly deserve.

PHILLIP

Okay. Thank you for being honest.

(He pours a glass of wine for himself and moves closer to PHILLIP...but remains far enough away to ensure PHILLIP cannot grab him)

JEFFREY

My pleasure. I would have thought all of that would have been obvious, but whatever.

PHILLIP

But why the chains? And why are we down here in this damp dungeon... and why am I chained to this fucking table?

JEFFREY

Are these real questions?

PHILLIP

Yes, these are real questions! I have no idea why you are acting like such a fucking lunatic! Please enlighten me.

JEFFREY

You are down here because it is soundproof. I cannot risk you screaming for help.

PHILLIP

Screaming for help? What would I need to scream for...

JEFFREY

I cannot risk some nosy neighbor discovering you.

PHILLIP

Oh, come on. I'm not going to scream.

JEFFREY

Maybe not when I'm here. But some of us on this planet actually have jobs. Some of us actually have to go to work. I cannot risk that when I am out earning my daily bread, you won't be screaming for help.

PHILLIP

So, you are what? You are going to keep me chained up like a rabid dog?

JEFFREY

If the collar fits. Phillip, you must understand, no one can know you are here. You must understand... you cannot leave the house. You must understand the impact your unholy deed may have on my career! And even if you say you understand these things, I know the minute I turn my back you will sneak out of here and head over to see her.

PHILLIP

So, what if I do?

JEFFREY

You can't!

PHILLIP

I just want to see her.

JEFFREY

Impossible!

PHILLIP

But I am so worried about her. What must she be thinking? Did he get caught? Did he get killed? Did he run away...did he leave me here?

JEFFREY

I told you...I would take care of her.

PHILLIP

So now what?

JEFFREY

What do you mean?

PHILLIP

How long do you expect to keep me here?

JEFFREY

I don't know. I haven't gotten that far.

PHILLIP

Oh, come on. Unchain me!

(JEFFREY brings over a pizza box from a nearby table)

JEFFREY

It's getting late. I gotta get to bed. Here's some pizza. It's not hot...but I can't imagine that will matter at this point. 'Night, night baby bro.

PHILLIP

But Jeffrey! Jeffrey!

(JEFFREY exits and we hear him climb the stone steps. Then we hear a heavy metal door slam shut and lock)

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE THREE)

THE ARCHWAY**SCENE 4**

SETTING: **JEFFREY'S BEACON HILL STUDY.** As in Scene 1, the heavy drapes are closed and the glowing embers in the fireplace are nearly out.

AT RISE: JEFFREY sits in his chair, reading, smoking a pipe and listening to classical music.

TIME: Two weeks later. 9 PM

(The doorbell chimes. JEFFREY checks the time on the clock which sits on the table next to his chair)

JEFFREY

Who the devil...?

(HE rises and moves to the stereo to shut off the music. The doorbell chimes again)

JEFFREY (Continued)

Hold your horses!

(HE moves to the door)

JEFFREY (Continued)

Who is it?

ROKSANA

Jeffrey, it is me.

JEFFREY

Who?

ROKSANA

It is Roksana.

(JEFFREY opens the door. ROKSANA enters)

JEFFREY

Roksana!?!

ROKSANA

Hello Jeffrey.

JEFFREY

What the fuck are you doing here?

ROKSANA

It is nice to see you too.

JEFFREY

Why are you here!?!?

(ROKSANA looks around the room in amazement)

ROKSANA

Oh my God! Wow! This place seems to be like a palace...for a king, no?

JEFFREY

Roksana, why are you here!?!?

ROKSANA

So many beautiful things! Holy shit!

JEFFREY

Why are you still in Boston?!?

ROKSANA

Did you get all these rich things by defending the bad guys?

JEFFREY

I'm not that kind of lawyer.

ROKSANA

I know. I was making joke.

JEFFREY

Ha. Ha. Why are you still in Massachusetts?!?

ROKSANA

I will explain...

JEFFREY

How did you find me?

ROKSANA

It was not so hard...

JEFFREY

But how did you know where I lived?

ROKSANA

Oh, come on... Mr. Big Shot... a big, famous lawyer like you...

JEFFREY

But I never told you I was a lawyer.

ROKSANA

You told me your name.

JEFFREY

But even so...

ROKSANA

It did not take rocket scientist. You are all over internet.

JEFFREY

Yes, maybe you could find out that I was a lawyer on the internet...but not my address. How did you know which Jeffrey Lewis I was?

ROKSANA

The Jeffrey Lewis on the Beacon Hill...

JEFFREY

But how did you know I lived on Beacon Hill?

ROKSANA

Just a lucky guess.

JEFFREY

No, really...tell me.

ROKSANA

What does it matter how I find out? I am here.

JEFFREY

Okay...fine. But why are you still here?

ROKSANA

I just arrived!

JEFFREY

No damn it! Why are you still in Boston?

ROKSANA

I must talk to you. I'm here because I did not leave...

JEFFREY

But I gave you money.

ROKSANA

Yes, I know...

JEFFREY

I drove you to the station...

ROKSANA

The policemen have found murderer.

JEFFREY

What??!

ROKSANA

All of Southie is talking about it.

JEFFREY

Come in. Sit down.

(THEY both sit)

ROKSANA

The policemen found a dead man...a homeless man...near the archway.

JEFFREY

And...?

ROKSANA

And they think this homeless man killed Stanley.

JEFFREY

Stanley?

ROKSANA

Stanley. That was scumbag's name.

JEFFREY

They think a homeless...

ROKSANA

So, I don't need to leave now.

JEFFREY

No! You still have to...

ROKSANA

And Phillip can come back too. The case is closed.

JEFFREY

Wait! I'm sorry...I am not following..

ROKSANA

What is so hard to understand? The policemen think homeless man killed my scumbag old boyfriend..

JEFFREY

No. But why would the policemen assume this guy killed..

ROKSANA

He had a knife..

JEFFREY

Who did!?!

ROKSANA

Homeless man...

JEFFREY

I thought you said he was dead?

ROKSANA

Yes, he was dead too. But he had a knife in his dead hand.

JEFFREY

But even so..

ROKSANA

The knife had scumbag's blood on it... DNA you know.

JEFFREY

But why...

ROKSANA

I don't know the why's...or how's...or what's. All I know is cops think dead homeless man was killer and now I don't need to go away and Phillip can now come back.

JEFFREY

No!

ROKSANA

Yes! Case is closed.

JEFFREY

We can't know that for sure.

ROKSANA

Yes, whole neighborhood is talking about it!

JEFFREY

That is just neighborhood gossip!

ROKSANA

Is more than gossip.

JEFFREY

Even so, you should still leave Boston. You shouldn't risk..

ROKSANA

No! Why would I now...?

JEFFREY

The police are going to realize they have the wrong killer.

ROKSANA

No! No, they will not!

JEFFREY

Yes! This is just a delay.

ROKSANA

But why you think this???

JEFFREY

And I gave you that money.

ROKSANA

The money...so what with the money!

JEFFREY

You really should go.

ROKSANA

I will go when I can go where Phillip is.

JEFFREY

That's not possible.

ROKSANA

Without Phillip, I no go.

JEFFREY

Roksana, please listen to me.

ROKSANA

No! I am done listening!

JEFFREY

But I know how these things work.

ROKSANA

There is nothing to know.

JEFFREY

Roksana, no. Listen to me.

ROKSANA

The police think they have killer...

JEFFREY

I do this for a living! You must get out of here. When they fully investigate this case...this murder...when they put the final details to it, they will find out the truth.

ROKSANA

The truth? The truth is the policemen don't care about a filthy, dead, loser scumbag bum laying in dumpster.

JEFFREY

A murder is a murder...

ROKSANA

They don't care about dead scumbag or dead, drunken homeless man with or without a knife. These are not people worth caring about.

JEFFREY

No, you are wrong...

ROKSANA

These are not your rich and important neighbors living on the Beacon Hill. These are not people worth investigating. They are poor and not important people. Not even people. Dogs.

JEFFREY

No, listen to me...the police always find the truth. All lives matter...

ROKSANA

No, you are wrong! I live in that filthy neighborhood. I know what I see and I know what the cops see when they look at us.

JEFFREY

Okay, clearly there is no talking to you.

ROKSANA

I'm done talking. I want Phillip! Now tell me where he is!

JEFFREY

I don't know.

ROKSANA

Then you must help me find him!

JEFFREY

I cannot help you. I've already done as much for you as I can. You took my money, but you didn't take my advice.

ROKSANA

Please...just tell me where he is!

JEFFREY

I'm done here. Please leave now.

ROKSANA

No, please...

JEFFREY

I don't know why the fuck you would have come here anyway..

ROKSANA

I want to know where Phillip is.

JEFFREY

I haven't a clue...

ROKSANA

You must! By now he must have called you.

JEFFREY

I don't! He didn't.

ROKSANA

No, please tell me!

JEFFREY

I am telling you...I do not know!

(SHE breaks down in tears and falls to her knees begging HIM)

ROKSANA

You have to know. Please tell me!

JEFFREY

Jesus Christ, Roksana! Get ahold of yourself!

ROKSANA

I cannot go on without him. Please, please...just tell me!

JEFFREY

Okay, Roksana.

ROKSANA

Okay?

JEFFREY

I do know where he is...

ROKSANA

I knew it! I knew you would...!

JEFFREY

But you are not going to want to hear this.

ROKSANA

No! Tell me! You know where he is? You must tell me!

JEFFREY

The minute I saw you walk through that door, I struggled trying to decide if I should tell you or not.

ROKSANA

But why? Of course, you should...

JEFFREY

Trying to decide if I even *could* tell you.

ROKSANA

You are not making no sense to me. What could be so bad...?

JEFFREY

Roksana, Phillip is no longer with us.

ROKSANA

What? What does this mean?

JEFFREY

He took his own life.

ROKSANA

I don't understand..

JEFFREY

He killed himself.

ROKSANA

What!?! No! You are lying!

JEFFREY

No, I'm sorry but...

(SHE starts to pound on his chest)

ROKSANA

How could you say such an awful thing!

JEFFREY

I know how painful...

ROKSANA

Why you tell me such nasty lie?

JEFFREY

Jesus Christ! Stop it!

(SHE cries, nearly collapsing. HE takes her in his arms to hold her up)

JEFFREY (Continued)

Roksana, please!

ROKSANA

Oh my God! Oh my God!

JEFFREY

I'm sorry Roksana. I'm so sorry.

ROKSANA

Why? Why would he do such a terrible thing?

JEFFREY

He couldn't live with his guilt.

ROKSANA

Guilt of what? He was just trying to protect me.

JEFFREY

He couldn't live with the memory of your old lover, lying on the floor...his throat slashed.

ROKSANA

But that was self-defense...

JEFFREY

He could not get the memory out of his head... holding the butcher knife that had taken the life of that scumbag.

ROKSANA

Oh my God... but how did...

JEFFREY

He took the pistol I keep in my desk drawer.

ROKSANA

Oh no...

JEFFREY

He went into the garage and he blew his brains out.

ROKSANA

But when you came to my place...you told me he had left town...

JEFFREY

Yes, that's right...

ROKSANA

You told me you didn't know where he was...

JEFFREY

And that was true...at the time. But he came back one night. It was nearly three in the morning. He smashed the window in the back door, and he came in. You can still see how the glass doesn't exactly match.

ROKSANA

And so...what then?

JEFFREY

He went into my study...he took the gun from my desk...and then he went into the garage.

ROKSANA

Oh my God.

JEFFREY

Now Roksana, you must listen to me. You need to leave.

ROKSANA

Okay.

JEFFREY

Take the money I gave you and get out of town.

ROKSANA

Okay.

JEFFREY

You have nothing here.

ROKSANA

Nothing.

JEFFREY

You don't need any more trouble. And you need to go before the police discover the real story. The fingerprints alone will implicate you both.

ROKSANA

I will. I understand.

JEFFREY

Once they know...they will come after you.

ROKSANA

Okay. Okay, Jeffrey. I will go.

JEFFREY

Do you still have the money? Here take this.

(HE gives her a wad of bills)

ROKSANA

No, I am fine.

JEFFREY

Just take it.

ROKSANA

Okay. Thank you, Jeffrey. And thank you for telling me truth.

JEFFREY

Okay.

ROKSANA

Phillip was lucky to have you. You are good brother.

(A crashing sound is heard coming from the basement)

Oh my! What was that noise.

JEFFREY

What noise?

ROKSANA

It was crashing sound...it sound like it was underneath us...

JEFFREY

Oh, probably rats in the cellar. I've called the exterminator.

ROKSANA

Even a place this fancy has rats?

JEFFREY

Yes. Sometimes they are unavoidable.

ROKSANA

Okay, I should go. Good night Jeffrey.

JEFFREY

Goodbye Roksana.

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE FOUR)

THE ARCHWAY**SCENE FIVE****SETTING: JEFFREY'S BASEMENT WINE CELLAR.**

It is as it was in ACT TWO/Scene 1 except there is now a new, partially built brick wall across one of the corners of the room that had held a rack of shelves of wine in the last wine cellar scene. The brick wall is only a couple of feet high. There are piles of loose bricks in another corner along with a wheelbarrow and there is a huge bucket of a pasty cement-like substance nearby.

AT RISE: *A dripping sound is heard. JEFFREY is adding bricks and cement to the partially built brick wall. PHILLIP, looking much weaker than the last time we saw him, appears to be asleep or dead. HE is still chained to the table.*

TIME: Several nights later. 8 PM

(JEFFREY rises, wipes his brow, sighs from exhaustion and then moves to the wheelbarrow which HE fills with more bricks. HE then rolls them back to the wall that he is building. PHILLIP groggily regains consciousness and looks at JEFFREY)

PHILLIP

(Very weakly)
Jeffrey?

JEFFREY

Ah! It lives!

PHILLIP

Jeffrey, help me.

JEFFREY

I'm afraid it's far too late for that...

PHILLIP

Please...

JEFFREY

Please what little brother?

PHILLIP

Please... I'm so hungry.

JEFFREY

I'm sure you are. But you need to learn a lesson. You need to be punish for destroying an entire section of wines.

(JEFFREY continues to build the wall)

PHILLIP

I'm starving... please... give me something to eat.

JEFFREY

That would sort of defeat the purpose...no?

PHILLIP

What purpose?

JEFFREY

Besides, can't you see I'm busy?

PHILLIP

What are you doing?

JEFFREY

I'm building a brick wall. And then once the wall is up, I need to rebuild the shelves that you destroyed. I'll put the shelves up against my new brick wall and no one will even notice that I've built a new brick wall.

PHILLIP

But why? There already is a brick wall there.

JEFFREY

How very astute of you... even in your starving, slightly medicated state. You are correct, but you see the wall I am building will leave a two-foot gap from the old wall. It will be a place where I can store things. Things that I never want found.

PHILLIP

Jeffrey, I think I'm going to die if I don't eat something.

JEFFREY

Yes, well... probably so...

PHILLIP

Why won't you feed me?

JEFFREY

So, what do you think of the wall so far? I'm also thinking of adding an archway...in honor of where you dumped the body. You know...under the archway.

PHILLIP

What has happened to you?

JEFFREY

You! You are what's happened to me!

PHILLIP

Why are you building a brick wall?

JEFFREY

So many questions.

PHILLIP

Please Jeffrey.

JEFFREY

Well, brother dear, I really wanted it to be a surprise...but since you've asked... I not just building a wall...I'm actually building a tomb. Your tomb.

PHILLIP

What!?! What do you mean...a tomb? My tomb?

JEFFREY

You heard me. You do know what a tomb is?

PHILLIP

So you are planning on killing me. Jeffrey, why would you want to do that?

JEFFREY

Well, you see, dear brother of mine... I've had a visit from your callow, shallow goomah.

PHILLIP

My what?

JEFFREY

Roksana "with a K". Surely you haven't forgotten about your Crimean cuddle-muffin???

PHILLIP

You did!?! Roksana was here?

JEFFREY

Yes. I thought you knew.

PHILLIP

How could I know?

JEFFREY

Well, I just assumed you did when you knocked over the entire section of shelving containing the Montrachets, Corton-Charlemagnes and the Meursaults, that you were trying to get her attention. You do remember doing that...right?

PHILLIP

Yes...I remember...

JEFFREY

That was a very nasty move on your part.

PHILLIP

I'm sorry. I thought you had maybe forgotten about me... about me being down here...

JEFFREY

Well, it made such a loud crashing noise...so you certainly got my attention.

PHILLIP

That's all I was going for.

JEFFREY

Unfortunately, it also caught the attention of Roksana with a K.

PHILLIP

It did? She heard the noise?

JEFFREY

She did indeed. That's why I thought you maybe somehow knew that she was here.

PHILLIP

So, what did you tell her?

JEFFREY

I told her you'd done yourself in...

PHILLIP

You told her what!?!

JEFFREY

But I don't think she bought that story.

PHILLIP

Oh my God!

JEFFREY

Yes, I told her that you had swallowed a bullet in the garage... well in the mouth...in the garage.

PHILLIP

So, she thinks I'm dead?

JEFFREY

Well, that was the goal...which got me thinking...

PHILLIP

Why would you tell her that?!?

JEFFREY

I had to get her to move on... to get her to understand that the two of you were never again going to be...

PHILLIP

What did she say?

JEFFREY

You should be more concerned about what it got me thinking...

PHILLIP

I don't give a shit about what you may or may not be thinking, you insane motherfucker!

JEFFREY

Yes, it's just that kind of anger...combined with your destructive behavior... the crashing Meursaults...that has convinced me that I must what I must do.

PHILLIP

And that is?

JEFFREY

I must let you die. Thus, the tomb.

PHILLIP

Jeffrey...no.

JEFFREY

Phillip...yes.

PHILLIP

Please. You can't be serious...

JEFFREY

Oh no, dear brother... I am totally serious.

PHILLIP

Okay, we need to stop this.

JEFFREY

Stop what?

PHILLIP

I have to tell you something.

JEFFREY

You cannot talk me out of this...

PHILLIP

But this whole thing... it was just a hoax...a con game...

JEFFREY

What are you talking about?

PHILLIP

The murder...the stabbing...the alley...the archway...

JEFFREY

What are you saying? What about the archway? The alley...?

PHILLIP

None of it ever happened.

JEFFREY

What?

PHILLIP

It was a scam.

JEFFREY

Oh please!

PHILLIP

Roksana and I just did this whole thing to get money from you.

JEFFREY

What!?!

PHILLIP

We just wanted to get your money so we could get out of here...out of Boston...out of the country.

JEFFREY

You're lying!

PHILLIP

We wanted to get your money so we could move to some island somewhere... somewhere we could start over.

JEFFREY

Bullshit!

PHILLIP

No. I read about the pending chairmanship at your law firm. I knew you couldn't get involved in anything like this.

JEFFREY

So...this whole thing...

PHILLIP

It was a con. I knew you'd give us money to get us out of the way.

JEFFREY

So, there was no murder?

PHILLIP

No. It was all a pack of lies.

JEFFREY

But the blood... you were covered in blood that night...

PHILLIP

Chicken blood. I got it out of the dumpster behind the butcher shop on Cornwall.

JEFFREY

But Roksana...when I went to see her...she was terrified.

PHILLIP

She was probably afraid...maybe even terrified... because you came into her apartment when she was expecting me...along with a wad of money that you were to have given me.

JEFFREY

Jesus Christ!

PHILLIP

I'm so sorry Jeffrey.

JEFFREY

Why didn't you just ask me if you needed money?

PHILLIP

Oh, come on. We both know that that would have been a waste of both of our time.

JEFFREY

So instead you scam me!?!

PHILLIP

You have never given me a dime but...I knew your chairmanship was worth a great deal.

JEFFREY

You did huh?

PHILLIP

I knew you'd have to pay in order...

JEFFREY

Son of a bitch!

(PHILLIP suddenly realizes his legs have gone numb)

PHILLIP

Oh my God. What's happening?

JEFFREY

I was wondering when that was...

PHILLIP

My legs...I can't feel my legs.

JEFFREY

That was the plan...

PHILLIP

Oh, my God...what have you done. I cannot move my arms.

JEFFREY

Ah good...that means the Thalidomide has finally kicked in.

PHILLIP

What have you done? Jeffrey!?!

JEFFREY

The warning on the bottle said as the nerves become numb...

PHILLIP

Oh my God!

(JEFFREY unchains PHILLIP and pulls him off his chair)

JEFFREY

Some individuals feel sensations of tingling.

(JEFFREY drags PHILLIP towards the brick wall)

PHILLIP

Jeffrey, please...stop this. I can't feel anything..

JEFFREY

That's because the affected nerves and muscles are no longer functioning properly.

PHILLIP

But why? Why would you do this to me.

JEFFREY

I needed to get you behind the brick wall before I seal it up. I knew it would be so much easier if you were unable to resist. Here...drink this.

(JEFFREY hands PHILLIP a glass of some kind of liquid)

PHILLIP

No. I won't. What is it? You need to stop now. I told you...it was just a hoax.

(JEFFREY forces him to drink it)

JEFFREY

Go on.

PHILLIP

No! Stop this insanity!

JEFFREY

Drink it. It will all be over before you know it.

PHILLIP

No...please...no Jeffrey.

(JEFFREY drags PHILLIP behind the brick wall)

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE 5)

THE ARCHWAY**SCENE 6**

SETTING: JEFFREY'S BEACON HILL STUDY.

AT RISE: JEFFREY sits in his chair, reading, smoking a pipe and listening to classical music.

TIME: A few nights later. 9 PM

(The doorbell chimes. JEFFREY looks at the clock on the table)

JEFFREY

Right on time.

(HE rises and moves to the stereo to shut off the music. The doorbell chimes again)

JEFFREY (Continued)

Hold your horses!

(HE moves to the door)

JEFFREY (Continued)

Who is it?

ROKSANA

Jeffrey, it is me.

JEFFREY

Oh...Miss Crimea...

(HE moves to the door. HE opens the door)

ROKSANA

Ah, Jeffrey...thank you for seeing me.

JEFFREY

I'm having a major déjà vu.

ROKSANA

What does this mean?

JEFFREY

Didn't we already play the scene where you reappear...after I've given you money and you agreed to leave town.

ROKSANA

Yes, but as I said on phone...I need to talk with you.

JEFFREY

Okay, please. Come in.

ROKSANA

Thank you.

JEFFREY

Can I get you a drink?

ROKSANA

No, I just want to talk and then I want to leave.

JEFFREY

Does anyone know that you are here?

ROKSANA

No! No one! Who would I tell? I know no one.

JEFFREY

Okay, okay, what is it?

ROKSANA

I need to tell you something...something that is not so easy for me to say.

JEFFREY

Okay. This sounds like I may need a drink...

(HE moves to the bar)

JEFFREY (Continued)

Are you sure you won't have something? I've got Stoli...

ROKSANA

No, please just let me say what I have come to say!

JEFFREY

Alright! Jesus! Sit at least.

(THEY both sit)

ROKSANA

Jeffrey, I'm sorry, but Phillip and I have played trick on you and it has fired back on us. It was all one big fat lie.

JEFFREY

I'm not following. What was?

ROKSANA

There was no murder.

JEFFREY

I don't understand???

ROKSANA

There was no scumbag from my past?

JEFFREY

But of course, there was.

ROKSANA

No!

JEFFREY

But you told me all of the gory details...and Phillip was covered in blood...

ROKSANA

No, it was blood of chicken...to fool you. There was no murder.

JEFFREY

But why then...?

ROKSANA

We did it to get your money.

JEFFREY

I don't understand.

ROKSANA

It was a game of con.

JEFFREY

So, it never happened?

ROKSANA

No. It did not.

JEFFREY

The murder? Phillip didn't commit murder then?

ROKSANA

No, of course not. Phillip could not hurt nothing.

JEFFREY

But why are you telling me this now?

ROKSANA

Because things is not adding up. Things is not making sense to me.

JEFFREY

What things?

ROKSANA

Why should Phillip kill himself out of guilt if he did nothing to feel guilt about? There was not murder.

JEFFREY

Maybe he was guilty over trying to pull a con on me...his one and only brother.

ROKSANA

No, I don't think so. Phillip did not like you...

JEFFREY

Thank you for pointing that out!

ROKSANA

I mean does not like you enough to kill himself over you.

JEFFREY

Well, then it is a mystery.

ROKSANA

No. I know you know truth. And I also know you must know where he really is.

JEFFREY

What if I do?

ROKSANA

Take me to him.

JEFFREY

Why should I after what you two tried to do to me?

ROKSANA

Please. I love him. I'm sorry about what we did to you...it was a terrible thing.

JEFFREY

Yes! Yes it was!

ROKSANA

But I need him. Take me to him!

JEFFREY

Okay, okay.

ROKSANA

Okay?

JEFFREY

Yes, but I'm only doing it because you two deserve each other. But fine. If you insist... he is down there.

(JEFFREY rises and moves to the cellar door. HE opens it and looks down the unseen staircase)

ROKSANA

Down where. What is this place?

JEFFREY

It is the wine cellar. Go on down. You will find him there.

(ROKSANA moves to staircase and looks down)

ROKSANA

Why? Why is he down there? Is he all right?

JEFFREY

He's never been better. Go down. See for yourself.

(ROKSANA exits down the unseen staircase. After a beat JEFFREY takes a pistol and shoots HER. We hear her body fall down the stairs. HE gazes down and then slams the cellar door)

(BLACKOUT)

END OF SCENE 6

THE ARCHWAY**SCENE SEVEN**

SETTING: The stage is bare except for a podium and microphone at center. The stage is dimly lit.

AT RISE: **JEFFREY enters and walks to the microphone.** *After a beat...we hear the sound of applause coming from off-stage. Suddenly a bright spotlight hits JEFFREY.*

JEFFREY

Thank you. Thank you all very much. I want to express my appreciation very briefly. I am deeply honored by your vote of confidence. You had a difficult choice to make in deciding on who should become the next Chairman of this fine firm. I was just one person on a list that included some of the leading figures in this law firm. These are my colleagues, and I look forward to working with them in our shared determination to ensure that this firm remains the finest in the nation. This is a moment of personal honor for me, but also one of deep personal responsibility. I do not take this lightly. Thank you all again.

(The sound of applause is heard. Music up and out)

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE SEVEN)

(END OF PLAY)