

A Play In Two Acts - Tragicomedy - Act 1: 27 Scenes

Vanity. Key

Sub Heading: *Honi Soit Qui Mal Y Pense*

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Foreword:

"Life has no meaning the moment you loose the illusion of being eternal." Jean-Paul Sartre

Act 1

Stage Directions:

There are 3 main compartments: left, centre and right (Picture attached). Plus there is space in front of these compartments from the front edge of the stage (facing the audience) to these compartments divided by moveable walls. The left compartment is indicated by this symbol (§) at the title of the scene and means the scene is held in this part of the stage. (±) is the symbol used to indicate the centre compartment. (*) is the symbol used to indicate that the following scene is in the right compartment. And lastly, (^) is the symbol used to indicate the use of front edge of the stage, between the 3 compartments.

Left compartment therefore consists of simply apparatus to connote its status as David and his wife's home; such as a dining table, kitchen, sofa and chairs. The compartment has 3 walls, the front is open for the audience to see, and there is a door on the wall to the left of the audience. This door opens from the inside out.

The centre compartment consists of either a desk, to connote the lawyer's office with three chairs all positioned around this compartment for the audience to see each person. This compartment has a door on its right wall (facing the audience). Each compartment is lit when used, unlit when unused, plus the Left and Right compartment has sliding doors, so furniture can be carefully removed between scenes.

The Right's compartment alternates, sparingly between each scene; such as the important Church scene (scene 8), which can be connoted through set design changes. See *Appendix for increased detail, including set design, scene positioning and costume.

Characters:

David Junior: A man of 28 or 29 nine, handsome. Unless stated otherwise is casually dressed; Blue shirts and cream trousers

The wife: 27 or 28, beautiful

Gordon: 37 year old man, ugly. Simon: 34, a man - mildly handsome

Cecilia: 30, a short fiery looking woman (perhaps vixen).

The Lawyer: 68, old man.

The Receptionist: Young female - only opens the door and pops head through (thus, small role).

Elizabeth: 25, beautiful woman, Locksmith's daughter. Officer Martel: 40 year old male, black hair and slim. Locksmith, Smith: 50, white hair and worldly looking.

The priest: 55, old man (Either Irish or Upper Class English Accent). Rooschids: 40 year old man (Jewish looking).

The Poet (Yashua): 28, young man (Very Handsome). Ezekiel: 28, young man.

Junior: 28, young man (Flamboyant looking with moustache and strange hair style).

Next door neighbour: Old female in her 60's, (beady eyes, nose looking).

Scene 1: The Wills

Setting: (±) An office - the Lawyer's. Plain, tidy and very organised. A desk and enough space for three chairs all positioned as described in appendix 2.

The Secretary: (Smiling) Are you here for the Ishtikhara case?

David Jr: Yes. (Smiling back - goes to walk into the room)

The Secretary: Okay, the other parties are here and the lawyer is with them, go through those doors (Pointing to The Lawyers office).

[David walks through the door to see his two brothers, Simon and Gordon sitting opposite the Lawyer on the other side of the desk (Important to note this desk is modeled in a position for the audience to see each face, a bespoke desk, but one nonetheless)].

[Enter Gordon, David, the Secretary and the Lawyer into the center compartment (±) which is lit.]

Simon and Gordon both turn their heads to David walking through the doorway.

[Enter David].

Gordon: Fanciful to show up late (Sniggered, with a slight flaying of his left hand).

The Lawyer: Hi, please come in, we've just started, come and take a seat. David right? (Friendly, excited)

David: Yes, that's right. (Takes a seat and takes a look around)

The Lawyer: The youngest one. Well I am sad for your loss, it is never easy to lose a Father and especially a good man, such as yours.

David's: (Facial expression as if in a reverie)

Simon: We are about to get to the will however (Rubbing his hands seemingly in a rush).

The Lawyer: Yes, the will (Took out a piece of paper before peering at the three of them, from the edge of his glasses) So I know whom I am talking to, you are Simon the eldest and Gordon of course and David Jr the youngest?

(Simon sitting far right, Gordon in the centre and David Jr on the far left)

Simon, Gordon and David all nod in accordance in agreement with The Lawyer.

The Lawyer: Well, I knew your father as a great man. Here is the will as stipulated by him, written of his own free will and drawn up by me. (Picks up paper; The will) You're Father was rather resolute in his demands within the will and it reads as follows; (Takes a big breath, then reads, clearly, cheerily - starts reading) According to tradition my will is simple; my property consists of the house and all its contents. The eldest son has the right to the property on stipulation of his free will and death – if either of these actions are breached the house will be passed down to my second son and then third son alike. The property can't be sold but only lived in by one of my sons. The second son, by tradition within family rites, receives the cash remains of *10,000. For David, I have left a key; ownership of the key is conclusive only to death. It is my promise that this key can unlock riches far beyond wealth - although your choice is a prerequisite of its function. Do as you may. Yours truly, David Senior.... (Short pause) There you have it.

Simon: So, I get the property? (Surprised excitement, a high pitched tone)

Gordon: Well, Dad was a very traditional man, the money allocated to me was promised. (Matter of factly, snobbishly)

David: A key! (Dumbfounded)

The Lawyer: I can't and don't know why your father has left you with just a key. (Confused) It's rather an intrigue even here at the Law firm.

David: To open what? (Frustrated confusion, slowly becoming indignant)

The Lawyer: Well, I really don't know I just know what is written here. (Handing another the letter to David) That is the letter that he wrote, I just drew it up in legal terms.

David:(Takes the letter)

Simon: Is that all? (With a smile, seemingly in a delight to his lot)

The Lawyer: Well, yes, as for the key it's actually being brought by messenger so you'll have to come back tomorrow at around this time and we'll have that for you but here is the house key Simon. (Handed Simon a key to the house) 'and here's a cheque for the money. (Handed the cheque to Gordon, whom takes the cheque to smile before looking at David and then back at the cheque).

David: That is a huge sum of money (Glancing at the cheque).

Gordon: (Facial expression is rather smug - Raises his eyebrows in agreement; nonchalantly).

Simon: You're an artist, you don't need much (Condescendingly).

Gordon: (Gordon nodded along in agreement; Matter of fact type of way).

Gordon: Plus, you have the loveliest wife in town (Wafts his check). Perhaps that can keep you satisfied as you were.

David: Would it be possible for us to live in the house Simon? It is a rather large house, it has six bedrooms and there are only two of you, perhaps in the attached annex. (Pleadingly)

Simon: (Arched lip and lifted chin, proud)Well, the will has been stipulated and it seems this is what Father wanted. It's well within my rights to keep what is mine. Gordon has two properties, why don't you ask him?...

Gordon: er.....I can't give you a property when you have one yourself, regardless of how small your own is. (Quipped with a chuckle).

David: (Facial expression full of constipated anger. A Heavy sigh.)

Scene 2: (David's Home)

Setting: (§ is lit, ± and * are not) A small home, with an open plan kitchen and dining room plus living room, all in one (depending on space). Quite small (to connote lack of luxury - decent level of living, nothing luxurious). Paintings on the walls and paint apparatus are scattered.

David: Can you believe what has happened?

The wife: Well, calm down what do you need to worry about? Although our house is small, we are fine... We don't need any more money. Why don't you just take it easy? (Urging, touching David on the leg)

David: It just seems to be an injustice... Both Simon and Gordon hardly spent any time with our Father. (Arms crossed)

The wife: Well, spending time doesn't equate to love, does it?

David: Was my love not genuine, and so he is punishing me for that? (Takes a seat at the dining room table)

The wife: Can you measure a father's love? You can't... Your father loved you because you're smart and funny and I know from conversations with him that he loved your imagination.

David: Maybe so, but I'm not saying he should have loved me more but equally would have been adequate... He clearly is playing a joke on me that both Simon and Gordon are probably in fits of laughter at as we speak.

The wife: Well, your Father was always a traditional man, I knew that much myself, although the house could have been shared, as it is a rather huge house, it is well within your brother's right to maintain that the property should remain his. (Reasoning)

David: I would have shared it. (Exasperated)

The wife: I know, because you're a very fair man. (Bends down and cuddles David)

David: Maybe through this key, my Father's promises will be kept, he was always a man of his word. (As he hugs the wife).

The wife: Yes, you'll find out tomorrow what the key actually opens. Perhaps be optimistic and satisfied with what you have got. You have got me (Rubs David's knee lovingly).

David: What would I do without you? (Affectionately).

Scene 3: Courting The Key

Setting: (±) The lawyer's office. Italics and Bold passage set in (^)

David walks into office. Enter: Simon, Gordon and Cecelia.

David: What brings you here? (Shocked, surprised - Walking towards them)

(Cecelia and Simon gesticulating in a debate that is seemingly rather heated)

Gordon: Well... (Stuttering)

(Cecelia prompts Simon to speak with a head movement).

Simon: We think that the key could lead to property perhaps within the house allocated to me. We feel the key could then be ours to share.

David: (Indignant) Clearly it was your wife that put him up to this? As for Gordon psssh....

Simon: Look...(Ignoring).

Daivid: This is an outrage, our Father has already divvied the lot and given what he deemed fit. It is just not right to even desire this key also.

Gordon: Well, we see fit that we can bring our case to the lawyer and it be legally disputed.

David: Why have you made such a decision?

Cecelia: It is no secret that your Father favoured you, what is this key? (Quipped, as if she is not able to control herself)

David: The law is on my side, so let us talk to the Lawyer and sort this matter out. (David Walks further into the office).

[Gordon, Simon and Cecelia quickly follow him in and Gordon even enters ahead of David].

The Lawyer: Hello. (Confused furrow - watching to see Gordon, David, Simon & Cecelia surround the desk, all scattered around)

Gordon: Hello. (Rushing to the front of the desk) We have a legal query we would like to bring to your attention. (Moves his arm towards Simon to prompt him to speak)

Simon: Well, we think that the key could lead to property perhaps within the house given to me. So we feel the key could then be ours to share, as stipulated by the contract of the will.

The Lawyer: Okay...Yesterday you and your brother were happy and now you want this man's key?

Gordon: It's a question of legality. (Smarmy)

David: The key belongs to you because it may be on your property? (Now indignant) That is ridiculous! I won't go to court for such fallaciousness, is time not borrowed?

The Lawyer: I do have to admit that I am on David's side, this key was given to him. No one knows what the key opens and even in that, the property would belong to him. (Excited by the drama that was unfolding). But if the key were to open a door in your property Simon, admittedly there could be a case brought against you David.

Cecelia: See. (Shaking her head profusely).

Gordon: Can we agree that we will all go together with the key in the Lawyers hand to the house to find out if there is any door or safe that the key opens?

(Pause silence falls in the room - Short silence)

The Lawyer: Well, I have the key in this envelope here. I can agree that we can all go the property together and perhaps find a door that the key could unlock, whether David would

have to share the remains is another matter that could be taken up by the court. But, for the sake of argument and because me and your Father were close I will try and help this situation... (Looked at David in order to acknowledge whether what he had planned was fair?)

David: (Nods, reluctantly).

All stage goes black, momentarily.

Scene 4:

Setting: (*) Simon's living room, nicely decorated. All stage goes black, momentarily. Right compartment lit. Set positions allows for changes as a subsequent scenes staged elsewhere, therefore the scene ends the compartment 3 can be closed via the compartment sliding door.

Cecilia: We will look to see if there is a door or safe that they key could unlock, let's all keep look, I'll check upstairs in a moment (Looks around room for 10 seconds; frantic, and then leaves the stage through the door to the right of the room).

(David sits in the living room waiting, not participating much, Gordon [on his knees looking through a box marked: "Big J"] and Simon [at book shelf] are frantically trying to find anything, rather thoroughly for that matter in separate positions in the living room).

David: Look, an hour has passed.

[Enter Lawyer - walks into the living room, to stand with Gordon now behind him as if a vulture).

The Lawyer: Look I see no reason that this key is not David's, it's his property and he has a right to it (Handing David the key). We have found nothing.

David: (Takes the key and walks out of the house, all stage blacks, spot light is on him frozen at the edge of the stage).

David: (Stops walking out of the house, examines key) A red nose with a yellow trim against the seams, a diamond shape with writing in the middle (Pause) Nothing, why does it say Nothing? (Long pause, staring at the key) What does this mean (Spoken in a soliloquy)?

Whole stage blackens.

Scene 5: Key

(§) David's home, sitting at the Dinner table, Wife in the Kitchen area.

David: What an eventful day.

The wife: (Smiling) I've cooked you some food so just relax, eat (Pointing to the food). From what you've explained (Huffs) it's strange.

David: I've never known my father to lie to me. (Shakes his head and picks up letter - the will) Look, his letter said that: "the key unlocks riches far beyond wealth, true wealth", that exactly, so there must be something in this key. (Exasperated face).

The wife: Well, it's good to see you have a bit of vitality in your step. You haven't even been painting, even before your father died...

David: Perhaps (Short silence) but I hope that this key doesn't bring forth as much frustration it has caused in the last two days. Besides I'm still not sure what to do next.

The wife: Well, go and speak to the Lawyer tomorrow and ask him if he knows anything more....

David: Yes, you're right I haven't even been able to have a word with him about anything before proceedings were rudely interrupted by my brothers and Cecilia....I may pop over to the locksmith first though....

Stage goes black. Short break.

Scene 6:

Setting: (§) The Locksmith, behind the Counter is Elizabeth.

David: Hello, how are you today?

Elizabeth: (Cheerfully with a smile) You're looking extremely well today.

David: Hi, thank you. I'm fine. I was wondering if you could perhaps help me and tell me about this... (taking the key out of his pocket, to then hand the lady the key. Watching, the lady then examined the key closely in silence for a short time before handing it back to him).

Elizabeth: I've never seen anything like this key before, it's jagged and rather unlike any keys we have in this village I'd assume. It does look rather peculiar, particularly with the writing on it... (Shrugs shoulder) What's it for?

David: Basically I have the key from my father and it supposedly leads to somewhere, I'm not too sure but I'm just trying to find out where it is from and what exactly this is about.

(Elizabeth held her head with the fist of her hand and listened intently leaning on the counter).

Elizabeth: You're going to have to talk to my father. He knows everything about keys and locks, and it seems that you're in quite a conundrum, was your father the man that owned that knitting shop on the Groove Street?

David: Yes.

Elizabeth: Yes I'm certain I heard about his passing away, I think my Father knew your Father or at least spoke to him from time to time.

David: Is your father here today? (In hope)

Elizabeth: No, he's not in at the moment I think he'll be back in a few days I'm afraid, I wish I could be of more help. (She walked around the counter and stood right next to David). It seems that this key is quite an adventure.... I take it you have a girlfriend?

David: I'm married actually... but yes I do hope to get to the bottom of it soon.

Elizabeth: Okay, make sure you come back in a few days. There's not much to do in this place and your story is the highlight of my week. My father may still be able to help....(Short silence, David slowly walks towards the exit) And the name is Elizabeth, and you were?

David: My names David. (Before walking out)

Elizabeth: Okay, David make sure to come back in a few days.

Scene 7:

Setting: (±) The Lawyers Office. Compartment (*) or the Right has it's slide up. The centre compartment has no slide.

David Enters through the door.

The Receptionist: Hi, back again so soon? (Shuffling papers)

David: Well, yes I need to speak to the lawyer (Walking towards the lawyers desk).

The receptionist: You're in luck he doesn't have an appointment, perhaps wait, I'll get him (starts walking out to the door). He'll be happy to see you, the story of your key has excited him.

David: Good [waits a short while, plays with his shirt].

[Enter The Lawyer through the door]

The Lawyer: Hey David, how is the search for the key? (Excited) I'd hoped you'd come and see me.

David: Well, yes I'm still searching. Do you have something that could help me?

The Lawyer: Well not particularly, as you're the artist and one with the imagination, my guess is as good as yours....(locks his hands together) Although, I am partial to your case as your father was such a nice man. He had many nice words, especially for you. I handled his legal cases for years and he would often speak of you....(David nonchalantly smiles a frown)...I do know that your father was very close to the Priest Archibold. I suggest talking to him at the cathedral just near by....(Pause) But, I'll also ask my associates maybe they know something, you know everyone in this town talks quite a lot....

Stage goes black.

Scene 8: Priestly Endeavour

Setting: (* is lit, the other compartments are unlit) A church setting, dark. Cathedral. A Cleaner working about the place - sweeping. Enter David through the door on the right of backstage). There are a few chairs as if congregation and front has pulpit (candles, set design * appendix 3).

Priest Archibold: Is that David? (Standing on a chair, turns his head)

(David walks towards the pulpit. He turned and could see nobody, before he looked up and saw the priest taking down a candle from a high shelf)

Priest Archibold: Yes, up here...There was a vigil. I bumped into that Lawyer and he told me of you.

(Priest then gets down from the chair and then walks towards David stood at the pulpit).

Priest Archibold: I heard about your Fathers passing, it's a shame....but what can I do for you?

David: Well, you knew my Father right?... (Looking at the priests face to see him nod). He has left me with an inheritance of a key and I wanted to find out if you knew anything about the matter.

Priest Archibold: Okay...(Squints, seems to be thinking)

David: Well...I have this key that I received from my Father, oddly enough this was given to me in his will. I need to know what this could mean.

Priest Archibold: I did know him very well but I am unsure I would be speaking in just....(Pausing, stuttering. Walking towards a him. David follows and sits next to him at the altar facing the audience.)

David: Please, go ahead I have a promise to keep all that you say discreet.

Priest Archibold: Well, ok.... From my point of view, although your Father was a rich man, he was quite unhappy. In the final part of his life he slowly began to hate money. (Sighs) He, on a few occasions spoke to me about the perils of money and seemed rather conflicted about a matter I was never sure about you see? (Pause) ...But, he told me a story once that stuck me from the moment I heard it... It was a story your Father seemed to love to tell.

David: Really?

Priest Archibold: It goes as this: A handsome man had no children, wife nor money to his name. He would sleep homeless on the floor. Where he slept a wealthy man lived in close proximity. It had been rumoured amongst those that lived in the area that the wealthy man was very powerful. The wealthy man would often leave his window open and the homeless man took notice that he would leave money on the window seal, that only he knew was there. He often saw this man leaving and arriving, until one day the homeless man went to knock on the door.

David: Ok.

Priest Archibold: So the homeless man proceeded to tell the wealthy man that for the last month he has left his window open and that somebody could steal his money. The wealthy man was confused and said to the man (Scrunches face animatedly retelling), 'You clearly have no food, wife nor money, even

clean clothes - as I have seen you around. But now you're telling me that you have known that my money could have been stolen for one month and you did nothing? Yes, I am a simple man, said the homeless man. This man must be mad, anyone that is not controlled by a vice, material or non material is a cancer to an abiding state, this is a man I fear, thought the wealthy and powerful man. The wealthy man was instantly so amazed, astonished and fearful that he had the homeless man killed.....

David: (Confused Face expression).

Priest Archibold: Well, That is the story as he told me.

David: Perhaps the homeless man should have known that the man was dangerously powerful...?

Priest Archibold: Well, I'm not sure. There have been a few different responses to this story.

David: Or perhaps if you look at it from the point of view of the words: a cancer to an abiding state, it could be said that the wealthy man was in fear of his own perspective on life and that fear drove him to commit such an atrocity, he was powerful enough to get away with?

Priest Archibold: Hmmmm... Well, if you look at it from this perspective of a question of ignorance, is it necessary to sometimes guard your wealth?

David: In regards to the wealthy man? (Confused, raises his head and seems so).

Priest Archibold: Maybe, that should have been told to the homeless man?

David: You could consider that the homeless man had nothing but good will and had a lot of integrity...(Speaking off the top of his head, seemingly). But clearly his lack of understanding served him no good in the end perhaps? (Facial expression: As if realising in his mind an epiphany)

Priest Archibold: Exactly....It is of importance to understand what you have and why...(A short pause) Are you not a believer?

David: Well, Priest Archibold can I be honest?

Priest Archibold: Please, this is the house of the lord... (Gently)

David: I would have to say that I believe in karma and I leave it at that. (Pause) Any religion is a calling that has yet to arrive.

Priest Archibold: Well, a man of such obvious intellect and charm would be completely welcomed in the Church...(Hands David a bible from beside him on the bench). Reaping and sowing is biblical. What makes you so certain that this is not your calling? I would say that I have a feeling that perhaps someday you will be called.

David: (Fidgets and stands up).

Priest Archibold: But, in relation to your Father I think one can assume that there is a reason for this key that you mentioned. I would advise that you speak to a man named Rooschids (Pause) but I'm not sure where he lives, these rich people live fanciful lives. (Stands) But in the weird moods I would often find your Father in, he made mention of him.....

(David starts to walk towards the Church exit).

Priest Archibold: But, before you go...(walks with David)

(David turns slightly around, facing the priest)

Priest Archibold: Jesus loves you. Look at all the mysteries of life; is that not the best thing about life? To me God is mystery and accepting such can bring you much peace. Try and come back to the Church, please.

David: Thank you, I need to head off now... I'll think about your words. (Shakes Priest's hand, yurns and leaves)

Scene 9: The Concept of Consumption

Setting: (\$)David's home. Living room. David is sat near the door and window, painting.
(Paint apparatus set up in kitchen area facing the audience).

The wife: Okay, I'm going out. But it's been a day you need to concentrate on your Art work for that Dante guy, the bills won't pay themselves. (Walking out of the door) You can't go round looking for this Roos---chids (Stuttering).

Exits The Wife. Door closing.

David: Okay, I'm painting, but I'll see you later.

(A short time passes, David paints what the audience can see is a half

God's & The Devils - Riding
finished picture of Kofi Boamah's painting entitled:

Coattails... And through the window David sees that Cecilia is walking towards his house illustrated via looking).

[Knock, Knock at the door on the stage's left hand side (to audience).]

David: Hello (Puts paintbrush down, starts opening the front door to let Cecelia into the house).

[Enter Cecelia]

Cecelia: People are talking much about your key. It has been said that the locksmith may help you find a treasure...(Walking into the house, looking around) It has also been said that Rooschids has something to do with the key. The Rooschids Adonai is particularly wealthy. (Abruptly speaking)

David: You have a handsome husband and a large house. What do you want with my key? (Closes the front door) Lady, are you not satisfied?

Cecelia: You were your Father's favourite son. It's unquestionable that he would not give you this key for a reason. (Flaying her small arms)

David: What makes you so sure that I was his favoured son? (Sits down at his seat)

Cecelia: David that is obvious, you are as handsome as Simon and much more kind than both put together, you're a talented artist and you are always satisfied with life. Regardless of how little you have. He knew you. I dream of having a man like you. (Throws herself at David and straddles him on his lap).

David: (In disgust) Get off me, you are my brother's wife and I am married, this is completely inappropriate. (Pushing her off his lap and standing up, incensed).

Cecelia: (Now stood up with her mouth wide open in disbelief) I am offering myself to you and you just refuse. What type of man are you? A saint! Surely that key is of much value knowing how much your father must have loved you!

David: Look (breathing in and folding his arms) ...Cecelia, I need you to leave! You are clearly a witch of a woman.... If I inherited the whole world with this key, (Opens the door) you and your greedy husband would receive none!

[Exit: Cecelia storms out of the house leaving David alone.]

David: (Gets back to painting) Huff. (Shakes head. Paints).

A few more hours pass David is still painting - [signified by the light on the left window becoming dark.

Knock. Knock at the front door.

David: At this time of evening? (Puts paint brush down, stands up and opens the door)

[Enter Simon]

Simon: (Flustered and angry looking with a heavy knock and a frowned face. David allows Simon into his house).

Simon: What have you said to my wife? (Angry, gesticulating animatedly, now inside the house)

David: I have said nothing. You should ask her (Dismissive, closes door).

Simon: She is at home crying with much upset about this key; she is completely obsessed with you and this key... I've not heard silence since it was brought into our lives.... Speaking of Rooschids and treasures.

David: So, look here, you have come to tell me I am somehow at fault? O, please tell me how I am at fault? (Rhetorical) I've tried to be cordial.

Simon: Well, this key is causing much furore. (Scratches his head). More than I ever anticipated. I can't walk around town without hearing talk of it. What can I give you for this stupid key?

David: Nothing! (A short pause)

Simon: What if I allowed you and your wife to live in the annex as you mentioned?

David: No, the first thing I tried to do when the will was divvied was try and reason with you. (Puffs chest) You're clearly not a good brother to me. There is nothing, neither you nor Gordon can give me for this key. Especially since the investigation to finding its means has

only just begun. I won't begin to tell you how much of a witch your wife is. But birds of a feather I say!

Simon: How dare you! (Pointing finger at him in anger).

David: (Opens door) Did you know that your wife tried to seduce me.

Simon: (Squinting his eyes) You're clearly telling lies. Why would she want you? You have no wealth and I am just as good looking. It is an absolute disgrace for you to lie! (Steps back in disgust).

David: You're clearly unaware of the type of person your wife is. Her words were: I dream to have a man like you!

Simon: Storms out of the house, with his chin in the air, a frown and heavy footsteps.

Exit Simon.

David: (Upset puts his painting apparatus in position out of the kitchen. Then sits down at the dining table flustered).

The stage darkens, momentarily.

Setting: (Stage goes black momentarily: Signifies A short time passes - the stage going dark alludes to this). (§) David is sitting at the dining table with his wife.

The wife: I can't believe what you just told me. Cecelia, Simon. I can't believe what I'm hearing.

David: It's ridiculous.

The wife: Leave him, I don't like to see you so angry.

David: The man is clearly warped by greed (Sighs) Besides Cecelia's temper is legendary and she is as warped as him. Their relationship is like a fire in a desert...

The wife: But, Simon does highlight a point; if money can't sway you. (Eyes peering up in thought) Nor can your personal integrity because you have been a shadow of the man I love – you've been obsessive since the key - then why is this key of so much importance? Maybe it leads to no where? (Pause)

David: (Small frown).

The wife: If you're not looking for any wealth, as Simon has just offered you at least the annex, what more is the key going to bring you?

David: I've lived thirty three years; I've enjoyed my time as an artist and enjoy much about its qualities. I adore you and the life we lead. But, my father holds a place in my heart that can't allow me to think that this key is nothing. Am I nothing? It would be a great shame to think this.

The wife: Would it not be a great shame to allow such an affirmation to haunt your life? (A short pause) They are still your brothers.

David: I will go speak to the Locksmith and then hopefully this Rooschids...

[Set darkens].

Scene 10: Warp, Woman & Wives

Setting. David's Home. The bedroom (±, centre stage has been arranged as if a bedroom). David restlessly sleeps; tosses and turns. Alone, David. hen wakes up to go into the (\$) Left part of the stage to the the dining room and then fixes himself some all ready made porridge in a pot, spooning it into a bowl already on the table

Knock at the door.

David: (Opens the door).

[Enter: (Next door neighbour; old female in her 60's, beady eyes. After knock at the door.)

David: How is it? (Walks and opens the door)

Next door neighbour: Hi, David.

David: Oh hi how are you? (Stood near the doorway)

Next door neighbour: I'm fine...I saw your wife head out. (Nosily peering around David's house)

David: Ok....

Next door neighbour: Well I wanted to tell you that the Locksmith is in.

David: Oh thanks.

Next door neighbour: Well...no problem it was rather unfortunate what had happened...

David: Well...thanks...(A short pause as if awkward: what the hell are you looking for type of look)

Next door neighbour: I'll let you get back to your porridge...(Realises she has overstayed welcome).

David: Sure. Thanks for letting me know....(Opens and Closes the door after Next door Neighbour walks out)

Exit: The Next Door Neighbour.

David: (Eyebrows raise) Gossiping (Sniggered).

(David finishes making breakfast and sits at the dining table eating).

[Knock, Knock]

David: Someone else, argh. (Stands to walk to the door).

Officer Martel: It's the police. (Voice behind door).

David: (Confused) Wait! I'm coming. (Speeds up and opens the door) Officer Martel. What brings you hear?

[Enter Officer Martel].

Officer Martel: Well...unfortunately there has been a tragic incident (A short pause) Mrs Cecelia Ishtikhara has been killed last night and that the neighbours heard much arguing about a key

David: (Squints eyes)

Officer Martel: Before the incident came to a heed and screams were heard... You're brother Simon is in Jail now as it seems that he may have killed his wife, evidence has been found in his home. I'm heading to the jail if you would like to join me.

Compartment 1 become unlit and is changed awaiting Scene 13.

Scene 11:

Setting: (^) to signify Police station a bench. Outside jail waiting room which is in compartment 3, David stands near the doorway of the Jail room where Simon is sitting, frozen looking.

David: (Sitting and waits a time on a bench.)

[Enters: Gordon walking in (hurriedly)]

Gordon: He had been arguing about this key. Has our father not cursed us with an empty key? (Obnoxiously)

David: (Standing up) Is a person's desires not one's own responsibility? (In a whisper so as not to be heard by the police officers standing around, watching) Besides, Murder! How is this not the fault of anyone but Simon?

Gordon: Murder! (Whispering)

David: There is some sort of evidence but he says he does not know where the body is.

Enter into the stage is an officer wearing the uniform.

Officer 1: He'll see you now.

David: (Walked into room with Officer Martel leading him into compartment 3 and takes a seat)

Scene 12:

Setting: A very dark room with just a bench - Jail.

Enters David and area (^) is darkened.

Simon: (Sitting opposite, morbid looking) It was the key. The key is clearly to blame. (Shakes head, rocking) (A short silence)

David: It's like you're in a trance. (Muttering) If only you and your wife could accept your lot, perhaps you would not be here? (Simon has wandering eyes and his body is rocking)
Huh...(Short pause)

Simon: It was the key. (Body gently rocking, eyes fixated on the wall behind David)

[A short silence]

[The whole room darkens and a spot light is turned to just David. He begins a soliloquy]

David: It's an open secret that Simon and Cecelia's relationship has been infamously volatile and fiery. It is clear that Simon is no more a free man, in a trance it is apparent that he is going to jail for a long time. The courts will see to that....

Scene: 13: Humanity Continuous

Setting: The Locksmith. Elizabeth behind the counter.

[Enters David from the left side of the stage]

David: Hello, Elizabeth how are you?

Elizabeth: I'm fine now that you're here. (Smiling) I heard about your brother. It's the talk of the village, how sad? I hear they were arguing about your key. (Turned her head towards to the right, near the door) Daddy, the man I told you about is here, the guy with the key!

[Enters Smith Smith (through door on right), a bearded man with a white moustache and a sleeveless shirt that looks unkempt]

Smith: So you're the man, I've heard much about. (Half smile) Well, I am Smith. I do think I've seen you around but I definitely know your Dad. Good man he was. So let me see it. (Holds out hand)

David hands the key to Smith who examines it closely with squinted eyes and a silence.

Smith: This key must be of the Emyrean... It must be.

David: Yes, okay.... the Emyrean? (Confused)

Smith: The Emyrean is as much a difficult debate as there could be. It is rumoured to be impossible to reach... But to get to the Emyrean it takes some sort of sacrifice. My Grandfather once told me that a key with this writing could belong to an area called that. But, it seems only the elite know of its whereabouts apparently. It's somewhat a myth...(Handed the key back)

David: A Priest told me of a man.... Do you know this Rooschids I keep hearing about?

Smith: An elite such as Rooschids. (Stroking moustache) I don't know myself but I suggest you ask around and find him.

David: I've been trying to find him for the last few days... Do you know where he stays?

Smith: Well, try Valdens Street, the big house next to that food store. But, I think he has security, so I'm not sure if you'll just be able to get to him just like that, but if your Father knew him. (Shrugged)

David: Well thank you. (Leaves the locksmith) Goodbye.

Elizabeth: Goodbye. (Excitedly)

Smith: Take care....

Scene 14:

Setting: A Martket, a street. David is walking. On the front area, the scene is set by entering vendor (1 or 2 positioned on the right of (^) of the stage.

[Enter Gordon walking]

[David and Gordon stop]

David: Hello my brother (Cynically).

Gordon: I'm good, how is the key treating you? Surely you have given up (Short pause)
Maybe Father was a prankster after all. (Flippant tone)

David: (Frowned mouth) Well, I'm going to speak to a man named Rooschids, it is been said that this key maybe of a placed called, The Emyrean, so...

Gordon: The man is so rich I dare say he would be interested in your stupid key... He is a businessman. I doubt you will even meet him.

David: Who knows? Anything is possible. (A short pause)

Gordon: (Frowning) Must your imagination be so disrespectful? The Emyrean is a renowned place only dreams are made of. There must be a mistake, your key is useless! For all the uproar about your key I think it's just a measure of the person you are that you received such an empty gesture.

David: The person I am!. (Aggrieved) I've been a better person than you and you curse me with such words! (Angry)

Gordon: Is it not childish to think that the world consists of good and bad people? Your own brother is sitting in jail for murder!

David: Is that the fault of me? (Taking a sighed breath)

Gordon: Why did you just not share the key? Arrogant! Maybe that is why Father punished you, you're clearly arrogant.

David: What makes you speak such words, you are my brother? You must be unhappy with your lot.

Gordon: Do I not have more than you? You're admittedly of a more handsome variety, which is why you have such a beautiful wife but you have so little. The Emyrean! It's not even real.

David: You have no one that loves you. Not because of your looks. You're terrible.

Gordon: (Taking a step back) I could get married if I wanted.

David: To a lady that loves you? I doubt that. (Short pause) Anyway, I can't speak with you any longer. You're intolerable. I know my key is still of much interest to you. Your words are too strong for there to be no feeling.

Gordon: [Storms off through the market leaving Gordon standing where he was]

Exit Gordon.

[The stage blackens for a break].

Scene 15:

Setting: (*) A nice place, and there is a door on the compartment slide. The door is ajar with Yashua at the foot of the doorway and David stood in the adjacent (^) area. Yashua is wearing a red and yellow scarf. Dandyish. After David knocks on the door and waits.

Yashua: What brings you here? (Sharply, with door ajar)

David: Okay...I need to speak with Rooschids.

Yashua: Don't we all? (Dismissive head movement; rolling of eyes) Well, what is it that you want? If I allowed every person to just enter and speak to

Rooschids, for one I would not be doing my job and, two I would be walking up and down these stairs all day.

David: Well, I need to know something in relation to a key, as it has been said that it is of the Emphyrean. (Short silence) I've heard that Rooschids knew my father and will know something of this.

Yashua: (Opening the door wider) The Emphyrean! And a key? (looks David up and down as if to judge him slyly) Well, I have to ask, what's this key?

David: I was given it by my father.

Yashua: What is it worth for me to let you in? (Bargaining, stuttering)

David: A bribe? (Angry).

Yashua: I'm a struggling poet myself.... I work here and Rooschids has not helped me in anyway, what makes me want to help you? I am sure there are secrets that these rich and powerful people are aware of. I would love to find out about this Emphyrean myself. It's an undiscovered myth that even haunts my poetry.

David: Money? You're a poet and you're taking bribes? I have nothing to give I am an Artist myself.

Yashua: Well, it's the mundane taste of poverty...(Short silence) Besides, give me an action that you don't receive the pay and I'll show you where thieves stay...

David: (After a short silence he then went into his trouser pockets and handed the poet all the money that he had, which is some coins) This is all I have.

Yashua: Not, much. (Looking at the money from the end of his nose, that he has taken).

David: Please, what more can I give? (Pleadingly).

Yashua: Well, I may actually let you up but you would still need to give me something more....(Pause) I too want to find out of this Emyrean and is a reason I am wasting my life away as a lowly man, working security for a man that doesn't even give me the time of day.

David: I promise that if I find out more about this Emyrean I will tell you, I assure you of this!

Yashua: (Looked at David) I'll be back wait in here. (Opens the door).

David: (Walks in through door).

Yashua: (Closes the door).

[The stage goes all black. And then the slide is slid back to reveal this setting]. (*).

David: (Waits, taps his foot for a short while)

Yashua: He will see you now.

Setting: A room with a desk, a persian rug in the centre. Luxury. Very fancy. Chandelier. (*).

Exit: Yashua.

(Rooschids is hunched over the desk with his back towards the audience, David walks to see him. He has a bald patch covered with a yarmulke and greyish hair to either side with horn rimmed glasses).

David: (Walking further into the room to stand) The security man didn't make it easy for me. (Sighed)

Rooschids: If I didn't have procedures for people to enter, would everyone not come to me? I told him to make sure anyone that wants to see me has good reason. (Back turned to audience) I'm rather a wealthy man But, you're here now.

David: (Ironic) Well, he is doing a good job....

Rooschids: Yes, that is good... So you're David?

David: Yes, you knew my Father?

Rooschids: Take a seat. (Still with his back towards David) How can I help you?

David: Yes, well it has something to do with a key. (Walks to hand Rooschids the key) My Father left me this key and I have heard much about you. It has been said that you knew my Father and that you would know about this key. Something about it being of a place in the Empyrean. (Rooschids turns around and takes the key with no expression)

Rooschids: (Stares at the key motionless) Well, I am a busy man. I can't just tell everybody that asks me about something like this.

David: Please, is it just possible to tell me how to get to this Empyrean? And I

will take it from there...

Rooschids: Well, I did know your father but still, what is this information worth to you?

David: I have no money to give, just a wife and my art.

Rooschids: (Fully turns his head to look at David's face) I personally can't tell you exactly where the Empyrean lies. That is a secret held only by few. I am not at liberty to give you that information. Others will corroborate this. But, what intrigues me is that you have this key. It is not even possible for me tell you whether this key is of the Empyrean without you speaking to the mystic, only then can I trust that I can give you such information.

David: The mystic?

Rooschids: Yes, on Purpled Avenue, as you have this key and it seems for a reason. (Short pause) I will tell you one secret, but even that is a secret that I have only told you because I did like your Father. (Peers at David more intently, over his glasses) If you tell anyone one that I have told you I will lie and dispute it till my death bed. It is not spoken of once a person has been through, only acknowledged amongst those that have been through it but it is never definite that another has been through it. Somewhat of a riddle you'll need to accept. It is accepted that it must be kept secret between you and the heavens. That is to say that this key and The Empyrean may or may not be mutually exclusive. However, I could tell you more about this key and the Empyrean but...

David: But, what? I want to know. It is of much importance to me that I find out exactly what this key means.

Rooschids: But, in order for me to tell you all of this you will have to go through what is known as the Fata Morgana. As you have this key you may be able to go through the Fata Morgana. If you speak to the mystic and take this key with you she can take you through the Fata Morgana. Only once you have been through the Fata Morgana will I tell you about the

Empyrean, whether it exists or not. Although, I can't promise that you will survive the Fata Morgana.

David: What is the Fata Morgana and how do you know about it? (Steps forward)

Rooschids: There is an element of trust involved. It is a secret that just can't be known by everyone but only by those that have gone through it, but as I said earlier whether I or anyone else has, is not to be spoken of.

David: What about my father?

Rooschids: Including your father.

David: Why would my father put me in danger?

Rooschids: You're father was a wise man perhaps he was trying to teach you something. But, I don't recommend going through the Fata Morgana based on your father. Although, the reward could be much there is much I can't tell you without you speaking to the mystic and going through the Fata Morgana. The consequences could not be blamed on him as I tell you that the Fata Morgana can also have disastrous affect's. Even death and disease. (A short silence)

David: (Shocked) Death! Is there no other method for you to tell me about this key and the Empyrean? Has my father not cursed me? Surely, there is another way?

Rooschids: I have already told you that this is the only method I know. Perhaps there is another way but I am not at liberty to tell you because I don't know it. (Short pause) Just take what I have told you and decide for yourself I'm a business man and very busy too. I can't give you much of my time. (Turns around)

(Short silence)

David: (Walking to the door to leave)

Rooschids: Do let me tell you one final thing...

David: (Stops walking, turns back around)

Rooschids: Another man came to me with a key, I won't tell you who and how he came to have this key, but he was in a similar situation as you and he choose not to do anything with this key and now he is a successful business man, self made actually... I'll let you mull over what I have said and I'll let you go as I have errands to run.

[The stage blackens.]

Scene 16: The Fata Morgana

Setting: (\$) David's home, sat on the dining room table.

The wife: Fata Morgana! Arrrrgghh....This key has brought you nothing but duress. Why don't you just forget about the key?

David: I can't, my perspective on my father is important.

The wife: I know it is important. But, maybe just have patience; the answer may come later as opposed to now. It's just a key. What about the priest you said you went to speak to him. Look what said.

David: Well I know but....

The wife: Well what? That could be a cautionary tale to tell you that you should know true wealth. Why do you even want to get to the bottom of this key? Your brother is in prison and your step sister is dead. Your other brother is estranged and if you keep obsessing about this key. I'll be estranged too if this continues!

David: All those things can't be blamed on this key! It said that there would be a reward once I got the key.

The wife: But, Simon already offered you part of the house and you said no. So it's not anything material, then what are you looking for exactly? Would you have preferred your father gave you the house?

David: Please, it's not about the house...

The wife: Then what reward could you possibly be looking for because it shouldn't be affirmation.

David: I can't live and believe that this key means nothing. It can't be possible. I just can't believe that.

The wife: Look, you have only had the key for a short while. Perhaps you will find out sooner or later, but to risk your life going through this Fata Morgana is completely meaningless. Has your life got no meaning? I am your wife. You eat, you sleep and everything else is borrowed what more is there that this key could possibly unlock? (Narrow eyes and touches her forehead).

David: Therein lies the mystery. I am an artist I can't believe that to be true.

The wife: Look, your Father was perhaps an old man. Maybe he was rather senile in his old age? (Grabs the key from David's hand and throws it against the wall) I forbid you to risk your life!

David: How can you forbid my freedom?

The wife: Please don't do anything stupid. (Pleading) Look, perhaps your best friends will agree with me on this matter and it's meaningless! We will have some drinks and food tonight and invite Ezekiel and Junior and we can tell them about all that has happened. So please make sure you explain every detail carefully.

[Stage blackens]

Scene 17: Amity. A few hours later

Setting: (\$) David's home. Dining table. David next to his wife. Junior and Ezekiel on either side. The table has moved positions to the middle of the room.

Characters: David: Casually dressed.

The wife: Dressed casually.

Ezekiel: Dressed ordinarily.

Junior: Dressed flamboyantly. Wearing a moustache and yellow shirt.

Junior: That was delicious (Finishes his plate and is touching his belly).

The wife: Thanks. It's David's favourite.

Ezekiel: I really like that fish too. Really nice. Do you remember that time at Rogers?
(Directed to Junior)

Junior: I do remember that was....-

The wife: (Interrupting) - But I wanted to speak about this whole situation, David just explained. Sorry to interrupt. I'm worried.

Junior: Well, we've heard the story...(Puffing cheeks out).

Ezekiel: Well, it seems that this situation is rather unfortunate. (Pensively nodding his head) It could be possible that your Father has put much stress on your life with this key, I say respectfully that your Father's key should just be ignored. Particularly as you have what you want in life; a wife, a home. What reward could this key bring?

Junior: I don't see it that way Ezekiel. As a fellow artist I would say that his freedom to choose is as important and if so more important than the key itself. 'Of course there is a need to believe that there is more to life. I think it's powerful that David has little fear. All that would be left is the fear of not having a fear. It's as if he can conquer death.

The wife: Please don't make this about being an Artist, with such lofty and excited notions. Just because Ezekiel is an Engineer and I am a housewife doesn't mean that we should accept nonsense.

Ezekiel: She makes a good point, I even think that the parable that your Father told the priest is a cautionary tale. Admiral is David's lack of fear for the unknown, but the point is simple, we know that there could be a few consequences of going through this Fata Morgana, disease, death or a reward. So you what reward are you looking for?

David: It is not the reward that I am looking for, rather the definitive answer that I need.

The wife: And what definitive answer could that be?

David: For one, that my brothers are wrong and that I am right.

Junior: I agree with David, I think that it is his right to decide whether he can live without knowing something so crucial.

The wife: Knowing what? Affirmation? He is a grown man. Maybe his Father was a bit senile. He doesn't need the affirmation of his father.

Junior: Yes, you maybe right. But, and this is a big but, his freedom to establish his own peace of mind is in question here, surely.

Ezekiel: Look, you said your brother offered you part of his house and you didn't take it. You're admirably a man of much integrity. But that integrity should enable you to accept that you're a good person and that your Father liked you and that one day you will find out what this key is for. Go through a Fata Morgana, to find out more about a key that leads to another unknown. The amount of unknowns make this rather absurd and just a wild goose

chase. Yes, I think as a friend I would say that if you can't find another method of getting to the Emyrean than you should just leave the matter be.

[The stage blackens shortly].

Scene 18:

Setting: (§) David's home. Dining room. The wife stirring pot on dining table.

David: (Looks around like he has lost something) I can't find the key. (Flustered)

The wife: (Stirring a pot on dining table) A few days have passed since Junior came... You have talked to countless business men about this key, with no answer. (Ranting).

David: So you don't know where the key is? (Walking back around her).

The wife: The moment you mentioned that it was gone I knew that you would accuse me. Am I now a liar? (Scolded) I did not take your key! I'm already sick of how much that thing means to you. It's brought nothing good into our lives. Perhaps your art is getting more buyers but we have always been able to pay the bills. (Flays arms).

(Short silence)

David: Okay, I just asked and you have given another speech about how unnecessary the key is. You protest too much.

The wife: Tut! I don't know. just look harder for it, if you must. (Turns around and continues to peel apples) You're like a dog attached to a lead, chasing gold on its own tail!

David: (Carries on looking for a short while)

The wife: I'm going out. I need to get something for this apple pie. (Takes off apron and leaves the house).

Exit The Wife.

David: (Carries on looking) Maybe it was Gordon (Speaking to himself). [Walks to the door]

[Exits David - Stage blackens]

Antagony. You Only Can Have What You've Got

Scene 19:

Setting: Gordon's front door. (^) David is stood in the (*) area.

David: Okay Gordon. Let's see if he's in. (Knocks x6)

(No answer at the door)

David: (Knocks x6) Maybe he has been seen around town (Mumbles).

[Enter Elizabeth Walking onto the stage]

Elizabeth: Hi!

David: Hi Elizabeth. I'm looking for my brother. Do you know the one?

Elizabeth: I saw him shop, I think near at the mystic, I think he is upset with me though (Pulls face).

David: Why?

Elizabeth: I thought he was interested in the key and as I was speaking about you he tried to ask me to go to dinner with him, I politely said no and he stormed off. That was a few days ago, he seemed a little upset.

David: Thank you. (Sighs) Sorry about that. (Walking off the stage) The mystic (Mutters to himself).

[Exit's Elizabeth and David]

Scene 21:

Setting: (^) . Potions all round. The mystic behind a counter. Compartment 3.

David: Hello. You are the mystic right?

The Mystic: How can I help you?

David: Well, yes my name is David and I have a key.

The Mystic: There was another David with a key earlier..

David: Gordon! Dare I say he went through this Fata Morgana?

The Mystic: I cannot speak on this matter...

David: Please... I must know, because this is my key, not his!

The Mystic: Well, I will say this; if the key is not his, having gone through with the Fata Morgana it would most probably lead him to grave danger.

[Exit The Mystic and David]

[Stage blackens]

[Stage blackens for a short audience break].

Break over:

There is a knock at the door as the stage is dark.

David is speaking these words: Gordon, I know you're inside the house I saw something move. (Yelling) If you don't open this door I will call the police and tell them that you have stolen my key. I have witnesses; I've just been at the mystics!

6 x knocks.

Scene 22: (^) David is at Gordon's, whose house is positioned in compartment 3. Nice room, Exterior signs of wealth.

[Lights come on] David is positioned in the room with Gordon further back cowering to an extent.

David: What is wrong with you? Stealing the key.

Gordon: Look, if you came for an apology I am already apologetic to myself. This key has brought me much pain and suffering. (Puts his arm out to show leprosy or gangrene - Cosmetics).

David: What happened? (Takes a step back and starts wincing at the sight of Gordon's sickly arm).

Gordon: It seems that this Fata Morgana is a farce that has brought me leprosy and that it should surely take my life. (Groaning)

David: Why did you take the key? It serves you right that you took it and now you have this disease.

Gordon: There was much talk of this Emyrean. I had always dreamed of becoming part of these elite. A part of an elite I had heard knew this secret I have never been privy to. To think that you would come from no where and gain entry is a notion that I could not stomach. I could not stomach it. You have clearly been blessed with so much. Even after Father's death he has left you with his favour,' ranted Gordon. 'Tell me is it fair that a father favour just one child? Although I dismiss this key to your face it is hurtful and evidently so. I'm a complete mess.

David: Yes, look what that has driven you to do! (Angry) The key was clearly mine. Although I am empathetic to the woes your own mistakes have brought you, just like Simon, it is of your own doing. I am not able to help you be jealous and envious. This key is clearly not for you and this disease is evidence for that. You should ask yourself did you really love our father?

Gordon: Does the love of a father not come unconditionally? If the reward is given and you do arrive to the Emyrean, and it is not just a fable, it is unfair. And I am convinced of this, I really am David Junior, pffft! Even at inception.

David: What do I owe you? You have given me nothing.

Gordon: What if I offer you the house and all its content, contractually, will you give me just ten percent of the reward from the key?

David: With this disease you can't even be sure you'll live and you're making me offers. I refuse! ...Now give me back the key!

(Gordon walks into his kitchen to pick up the key and hands it to him, with David being careful to not touch his hand).

Gordon: My offer is concrete and my reason for our distance in brotherhood is now open and clear. If that is your reaction I hope this key leads to as much suffering as it has caused me!

David: You are a greedy man. (Walking to the door).

Gordon: David, material or immaterial, does everyone not have a vice? Desires and wants? You're arrogance is intolerable, intoxicated by your arrogance and your lofty thoughts and assertions. Our Father was depraved to even think about favouring you!

David: My tears would be of a crocodile. You're greed has put you in this desperate position and you have the audacity to accuse me?

Gordon: You speak ill of me and my acceptance that yes I do strive to gain. And you don't? Is there any action not driven by self? Especially the prerogative nature of you. The Artist's needs for freedom and loftiness that you so fervently defend. Is it not arrogant to think that one is so pure? Arrogance! I hope the key kills you!

David: (Turns back on Gordon walks, the stage darkens).

[The stage blackens - (^) the right compartment is then changed back into that of the mystics.]

Exit Gordon.

Scene 23:

Setting: (\$) David's home. The dining room. Compartment 3 is lit after being unlit. David is sitting at the dining table.

Characters:

The wife - Wearing yellow summer dress.

David - Dressed casually.

[Enter The Wife]

The wife: Oh my goodness. (Sitting down at the dining table. Hand on chest). Gordon has some sort of incurable disease.

David: Well (Sighs)

The wife: Sigh! This is a tragedy. One brother is in prison, a woman has died and now your other brother, driven by jealousy and greed is cast a spell that brings him leprosy! Please, this key is the bane of all existence! (Puffing her cheeks) Your father has played a sick and twisted joke that no one is privy to. Even though I myself now want to know what this key actually unlocks, after all this, but my desire to find any conclusive answer is just at its wits end! Being an artist are you not able to live with this little bit of intangibility? Besides, has life not got enough meaning?

David: Is my freedom not in question? This is rather a question of whether I choose to dance or die. Not literally.

The wife: Literally, it has caused death, so you're wrong to what's the word...? Metaphorically, yes, assert anything other than reality.

David: There's nothing fantastical about any of this.

The wife: But you condemn Gordon, but he is right, what are you driven by if not for self? Any other way of living is just fantastical forget this and remember it's Cecelia's funeral in a few days.

[Exit The Wife and David]

[Stage blackens].

Scene 22: Heaven Within or Without?

Setting: David's home. There has been a costume change into funeral clothes.

Characters: David - dressed in a black suit.

The wife: dressed in a black suit

[Reentering David's home: The wife and David walking in. The Wife closes the door behind her.]

The wife: Cecelia died so young. So sad. (Puts handbag on dining table).

David: (Sits at the dining table) It is very sad...(Distracted looking towards the living room.

The wife: What? (Notices David's distraction and then Sighs heavy sigh) Look you said you went to see the mayor, this Artist Kandinsky, and he said what?

David: He assumed that I was another jealous Artist was trying to gain an advantage. He said: Look, my muse is my muse, as an Artist you know we can only allude, confirmation is for the mathematicians. It's hopeless. (Exasperated)

The wife: You even asked that banker about this God forsaken Fata Morgana. I have had enough. Haven't you?

David: Every elite person I ask is keeping quiet, I can barely even mention any such thing before they get offended or think that I'm jealously courting what they've got....

The wife: Gosh, I need to go and see my sister. I'll be back (Walking out of the door).

Exits The Wife.

Stage blackens.

Scene 23: Need A Light. My Voice or Yours? 15.22.

Setting: David's home. Dimly lit. David sitting in the dining room alone, drinking a bottle of alcohol. He looks drunk.

[Reenters The Wife]

David: (Scratching his head) Huff..Pffftt. (Slumped over on the chair, in silence for a while).

The wife: Why you sitting here in the dark? (Turns on the light) What's wrong with you? I can't take this anymore!

David: What? (Playing dumb)

The wife: You know what, it's like you're here but gone. (Yelling) Just do something, say a prayer, meditate, because you're just depressing me now....You're absolutely losing all reality on this minuet, silly issue. Arrrggghh! I'm going back to my sisters...(Turns around and storms back out of the house)

[Exits The Wife]

(David's alone).

David: (Heavy sigh, drinking wine from glass) Maybe I should say a prayer. (Drinks all the wine in the big glass and then puts the glass down and closes eyes, drops to his knees, and faces the audience to pray).

To be frank I would look to you more often, this voice or God, but it seems that I'm too busy moving bowels or such and such (slurring)... I'm at my wits end (lays on the floor).

Ga---(Drunk slurring) I'm praying.... I hope my father is hearing this, I hope! (sits up half way with audience able to see his face) but I'm not sure there is any other voice in my head other than my own! (Shakes head) (A groan). If you're in here to, I would feel inclined to apologise for its messiness....(Looks to the ceiling) But, in order for me to really appreciate that you're in here I would need to at least know how you're in here and if you are the God than would I need to ask forgiveness? (Looks at the audience - long pause) Do you not know me? Is this some sort of punishment? I'm suffering! (Angry) Stupid as it may be but if through my own choice I decided (Slurring) my existence then who gave me that choice in the first place!? (Shaking head) But if you knew all my choices when you made me, then didn't you make all my choices? Sigh....If you are out there please help me gain peace of mind, this key

has brought me much woe and I would appreciate a sign! Anything, if anything is any such thing! (Big groan) Amen..(Slurs) (Stands up and pours himself another glass of wine from the bottle - both of which are on the dining room table) Maybe this will wash away a bit of the headache.....(mumbling as he pours, talking to self). (Turns around to audience)

[Directed to audience whilst holding drink: (A soliloquy) Rooschids is not interested (Sips) The mystery of this key is the mystery of where wealth lies itself. (Drinks a big swig) What does that mean?! Huh! Perhaps I can find out more about the Fatamoazarna (is drunker now, and getting words wrong) I have never been in a Fatajaakaa armana - at least te key give me option (very drunk) if I take! (as if an accomplishment) I only have Rooooschids's words, I hate Roooschids! Gordon's suffering! Ha! But, it has a reward and the closure to a frustrating topic.] All bold writing connotes this as a soliloquy.

The stage blackens. Exits David.

Scene 24: (^) An Ode To The Sprits: If you have not got (it) then you do not need to know

Setting: The Mystics. In Compartment 2, which has been moved back around to host the scene.

Characters:

The Mystic

David: (Dressed casually. Wearing a shirt with a question mark on the front).

[Enter The Mystic].

The Mystic is standing behind the counter of Compartment 2, busying herself in with moving potions and such for a short while.

[Enter David]

[Renter David from the door on the right of compartment 2]

David: Hello, hi ummm do you remember me? (Walks in towards the counter)

The Mystic: Well, yes of course, the village has spoken much about your family. So much tragedy, I do give my condolences.

David: Well, I wanted to know more about this Fata Morgana.

The Mystic: Well, this is matter of spirits. Are you just indecisive?

David: I'm not sure.....(Touches counter's potions, as if without thinking)

The Mystic: (Snatches potions away) Well, are you a believer? (Moving a few potions around the counter)

David: (Scratching his neck) Well, to an extent, I believe there are known unknowns and unknowns that are unknowable...

The Mystic: Perhaps, but obviously you have seen the result, your brothers leprosy has been much gossiped about,' warned the mystic. 'These spirits are not to be toyed with. I would advise you that with all your agnosticism that you believe that much.

David: Well, could you tell me if anyone else has been in this Fata Morgana. What of Rooschids? (Scratching his head).

The Mystic: I'm not able to tell you anymore than what I've already done - (Full of attitude, gives the impression she does not budge) These successful businessmen get asked every day, questions pertaining to secrets and how they made their riches, I only know what I know as a mystic. (Pause) Besides, what has he told you?

David: He told me that I should not go through the Fata Morgana unless I have good reason (Scratches his head).

The Mystic: (Puts finger over mouth in thinking pose) And what is your reason, if I may ask? (Now taking a high chaired seat and fidgeting to make herself more comfortable.)

David: I have no reason other than to know why my Father left me the key. Okay...(Flaying hands out as if to be understood)

The Mystic: (Scratching of her chin) Money?

David: No, not for money, but just to conclusively know what this key unlocks....

The Mystic: Maybe, but if that is your only reason there still will remain a reason behind that. As the spirits are true in this, they don't want to be

bothered for something that is ill advised. So whether we can call ill advised 'no good reason' in this instance I'm not too sure as they were not my words but I can assure you that Rooschids was right in that sense. The choice and the risks are yours as well the reward or consequence. I would usually just suggest you pay for my services and allow me to take you through the Fata Morgana as you have the key but the spirits will not allow me to tell you why, and I can't tell you more than that. Rooschids and company are privy to that. But, I do think you should know why and have definitive reason as to why you want to go through with the Fata Morgana. (Picking up some nuts from the counter and eating them) Perhaps you're fearful?

David: Look this whole mystic thing I don't know. I personally think that the mind is a powerful tool. And its sheer power can make things occur, even paranormally. I for one have never seen a Ghost, and I would argue that it is as much psychological as anything else (Scratching his head). As for the case of Gordon and the leprosy maybe there was some deep underlining guilt that has caused him to suddenly to send chemicals in his brain to cause him this disease. But, for the leprosy to be due to a few choice words, potions and witch tales is just something I am not sure of the power of (Very flippantly).

The Mystic: Well, I am a mystic so I believe that life consists of spirits also. If you're so sure of your safety, based on what you're saying, why have you not gone through the Fata Morgana? What are you scared of? (Defensive high pitched tone and rolling of her eyes)

[Stage blackens]

Exit David and The Mystic.

Scene 25: Fear of Fear. The Only Thing Left is The Fear of Not Having A Fear?

Setting: Compartment 1 (§) David's home. Sat at the dining table. David and The wife eating dinner.

David: (Stops eating) I know you have had enough of this key.

The wife: (Kisses teeth - chews some food)

David: But I actually went to see the mystic today (Putting his knife and fork down)

The wife: I do not want to hear anything about any of what I already know you want to say (Sullen smile). I spoke to him myself and even Gordon has a point. What right has your Father to do this? And what are you searching for? Even if the key were the world, is it fair that you're Father would give it to one son? (Ranting) No wonder your brothers dislike you. And as for your Father I don't want to say anything disparaging but this could be senility because this key and its every detail is crazy! The repetition of these same subject matters are not going to help you. But, even in saying that the letter even highlights that it is your choice. And right now you're choosing to allow this issue to continually fester. You have been impossible to live with of late, impossible.

David: You won't at least listen to my woes?

The wife: Go on just speak. (Stands up and picks up her plate as she gestured with a throw of her free arm).

David: If there is nothing to fear, what is stopping me? (Looking up at her, pulling his chair back slightly)

The wife: Nothing to fear! (Angry) Me losing my sanity should be your fear.....And have you not seen your own brother? Leprosy for God's sake (Slams plate on table).

David: Huhhh! I am tormented, and you have nothing but harsh words for me (Sighed).

The wife: Free thinking is one thing but I'm a believer, and so must you be. If you had no fear you would not be sitting here, you would have done it.

David: How will I get rest without some sort of closure? What's life without a little crazy? (Following his head around at The wife)

The wife: (Moving to the bin and back to her position as she speaks) Round and round. The chicken or the egg? I'm tired (Moved to pick up his dish from the table). Regardless of

whether your Father played a sick joke on his deathbed or whether this Empyrean does lead to all the riches of the world, it still leads to the same question.

David: Huh?

The wife: David, what are you looking for? What could you possibly be looking for. (Walks and places the dishes in the sink and back)

David: Nothing.

The wife: (Puffing her cheeks) If you ultimately don't want anything, why don't you just be happy here with me, the woman you love, your art and even your lack of fear of the unknown, which is rather inspiring in its self. (Short silence) In the end is that not life? (Gets on her knees to look at David in the eyes fixated on him) HUUUHHH?

Long Pause.

David (Says nothing, just stares back at his wife).

The wife: Arrrrrrgh! Hopeless (Stands up from kneeling down and and picks up a glass) Just go. Because I fear that if you don't find an answer you may be corpse like. This seems to have gone much further than just a key to a door in a place no one knows. (Puts glass at the back and walks back to a position in front of David who is still sat down and looks at him).

Short pause.

David: (Smiles a coy smile) Well -

The wife: -Follow your own intuition. Maybe things will be fine, but it is as if my words are just falling on deaf ears. (Walks towards the exit to the bedroom on the right of compartment 1 and stops before turning the door knob, to turn around). I'm tired. I'm going up stairs, I want to lay down. No, I need to lay down, you and your key, that you treat better than me (shakes head). (Turns around and leaving the room).

David: I'll join you in a little while,

The wife: (Stops at the doorway and turns back around).

David: I'm going to just think about a few things.

The wife: Don't hurt yourself... (Quipped in a slight murmur).

Exit The wife.

David: (Heavy breathe) Huhhh. (Stood up, picks up wine and walks to perch on a stool at the front window whilst he drinks his wine) Look at the birds, how lucky are they....

[Stage blackens]

David Enters Compartment 2.

Scene 26: Our Dreams Reign Out The Seams of Our Unconscious Minds

Setting: David's bedroom. David laying down. (±)

David awakes in a loud gasp that wake his wife up.

The wife: (Alarmed) What's happened! (Sits up in the bed) Look you're sweating. You had a nightmare didn't you?

David: Yes...(Stuttered)

The wife: If you even say you had a nightmare about what I think you did, I will scream..(Short silence)

David: Okay, okay.... let's just try and go back to bed...

The wife: Eurgh! Jesus Chris!' (Yells and then throws her head back onto the pillow)

Scene 27: Life is a Mystery. Energy Never Dies, Then How Do We?

Setting: Market leading to the Mystics and then the Mystics shop. (^) and then (*).
Compartment 3.

David is dressed casually - Wearing the same shirt the day before, which has a question mark stitched on it and the question mark is Blue.

[Enter The Mystic] - Compartment 3 is lit and has The mystic organising the counter she is positioned behind.

The audience hears the words: there has got to be more to the story....(voiced by David)

[Enters David]

[The lights come on].

David is in the Mystics positioned facing the audience opposite The mystic.

Setting: The Mystic's.

The Mystic: Back again so soon? (Looks at audience with rolling eyes, but this look is only in this direction, not for the audience per se, but in nonchalance - continues organising potions on counter]

David: Yes, I have the key and want to go through the Fata Morgana (Walks further into The Mystics, closer to her and stops at a point before the counter) Well.....I didn't mean to offend you yesterday. Our conversation got rather personal.

The Mystic: Maybe the old adage: avoid politics and religion and you're golden, sometimes rings true...ah?

David: (Nods in somewhat agreement with a smilier mouth expression)

The Mystic: Let me get what I need. Please come on through to over here. (Here is position to the right of the stage with a shelf of apparatus* mentioned in appendix 4)

David: (Walks behind her and looks at the shelf) David stops.

The Mystic: Turns around and notices David has stopped)

The Mystic: Are you having second thoughts?

David: Well, no I just was wondering about all these books, dark matter (Squints as if he is reading those on the shelf) I don't know about this anymore (takes a step back, looks at his shoulder and brushes a feather off his shoulder)

The Mystic: Don't worry about this dark matter book (turing back around). I need that for the Fata Morgana (Shuffling apparatus) A bit of darkness is no bother.

David: (Breathes in and walks further towards her and next to the mystic).

The Mystic: (Picks up a syringe and starts turning around) Okay, so I will do the spell and then I'll need to take a bit of blood with this. (Flicks syringe, concentrating on this as opposed to David's fear).

David: Blood! (Shocked, steps back)

The Mystic: Well, yes I will say the words to bring the spirits and then prick your finger with this sharp knife.

David: (Coyly walks forward again)

The Mystic: Only the small finger and that will be it (Holds out left arm).

David: (Holds out his left arm with an Unsure facial expression)Go ahead.

The Mystic: (Takes hold of David's arm) Spiritus amet portans tenebris...

David: Huh?

The Mystic: Roll up your shirt. It's only a prick....

David: (Puts his arm free arm on his shoulder as if to roll up his sleeve, but stops).

The Mystic: Do you accept the spirits? (Carefully moves syringe towards David's arm [a part of his flesh his sleeve is still covering as if still apprehensive to her question])

David: (Pulls up his sleeve to reveal bare skin).

The Mystic: (Pricks him to withdraw blood).

David: (Pulls his hand away, puts his hand on his chest and then falls on the floor breathless). (Short Pause). Is my father not the Devil! (Gasping on the floor like they are his last words) I didn't even wear my best shirt...

[Curtains slowly close with all in scene standing or laying completely still, for 10 seconds - after the final word - before the curtains calls].

Afterwords:

“But “nowhere” does not mean nothing; rather, region in general lies therein, and disclosedness of the world in general for essentially spatial being-in. Therefore, what is threatening cannot come closer from a definite direction within nearness, it is already “there” – and yet nowhere. It is so near that it is oppressive and takes one’s breath – and yet it is nowhere.”

-----Martin Heidegger, Being and Time