

THE DELPHINIUM MANSION

TEN MINUTE PLAY

By Libby Leonard

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PUBLISHED BY

HEUER PUBLISHING LLC

P.O. BOX 248 • CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA 52406

TOLL FREE (800) 950-7529 • FAX (319) 368-8011

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SYNOPSIS: Two men on the way to pay their final respects to a friend find out that the deceased had a few more surprises left up his dead sleeves.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(2 males)

MURRAY (m)A tightly wound, Scotsman. *(39 lines)*

BARCLAY (m).....An easy-going, lovable Scotsman. *(39 lines)*

SETTING

Scotland. A grassy field in the middle of nowhere. A dilapidated house at night

PRODUCTION HISTORY

Winner: Audience Favorite, Honorable Mention: Best Play at the 15 Minute Play Festival, American Globe Theatre, New York, NY. May 2009.

Acme Theatre New Works Festival, Maynard, MA. January 2010.

Ides of March New Works Festival, Second Stage, New York, NY. March 2010.

Samuel French OOB Festival, Lion Theatre New York, NY. July 2010.

AT RISE: *MURRAY* sits on the steps holding an urn. His face is awash with sadness, frustration and anger. There are two large hiking backpacks next to him. *BARCLAY* walks out of the house holding a mug of coffee and a flashlight. He seems to be in a pretty jovial mood. He takes a large gulp of the air.

BARCLAY: I rather enjoy it out here. Don't you Murray? I sometimes forget how great the country is for things like silence. Opens up parts of the brain that ya didn't even know existed anymore. *(Beat.)* Makes me realize I'm gettin' sick of the city life, ya know? I could really get used to a place like this. Silence. Nature. *(He sees a spider and with childlike wonder.)* Ooo! A wee spider. *(He stomps on it.)* Show'd him whose boss eh, Murray. *(Beat.)* Hello?

MURRAY: Can you please just SHUT UP!

BARCLAY: Well, Jesus Christ Murray, I'm just trying to make the best of a less than fortunate situation. Maybe you should try it too.

MURRAY: Forgive me Barclay, if I'm not in the mood to do a series of cartwheels after hiking 60 miles to a place that doesn't really exist.

BARCLAY: We have to hand it to the bastard. It was pretty clever. Can I see the fake brochure again?

MURRAY digs in his pocket and hands it to him.

Situated in nearby Altnaharra, The Delphinium Mansion was once home to Nobel Prize-winning writer Reid Ogilvy and where he penned his most famous novel *The House of Moon and Glass*. Only accessible on foot, this great property boasts....

MURRAY: Please stop.

BARCLAY: I wonder where he got it printed up. Douglas always did talk about that Reid Ogilvy. Do you think he's even a real writer?

MURRAY: Probably not. Just another one of his stupid jokes.

BARCLAY: Are we still going to spread his ashes here anyway?

MURRAY: Aye, I'm not carryin' this feckin' thing all the way back with me. *(He notices BARCLAY'S mug.)* What the hell are you drinkin'?

BARCLAY: Coffee! Can you believe it? There was barely anythin' inside that hovel, but there was a coffee maker and some coffee. Whoever was here last put the grinds in little baggies marked "special blends" in black magic marker on the front. Special blends. Real mysterious you know?

MURRAY: You shouldn't be drinkin' nobody's mysterious special blends, Barclay. You don't know how long those bags have been lyin' there for anyway. Could be poisonous by now.

BARCLAY: I don't think coffee goes bad. Either way, with my penchant for it, couldn't help meself. Do you want some?

MURRAY: No, I don't want some.

Pause. MURRAY throws his boot at the house.

BARCLAY: You shouldn't really go throwin' your shoes at the house. It didn't do anything to ya.

MURRAY: I got fired from my job to come here. I told my boss that a close personal friend of mine passed on and asked me specifically to spread his ashes at the grounds of his favorite writer's house and that I needed to take off immediately. And he didn't wanna hear it. Didn't believe me. He said, ya take off now, ya don't come back. So I said "fine." Those bastards never understand personal loss. Never can it get in the way of the cash register. Little did I know, I could have dumped the ashes in me front yard and pissed on them for good measure and it wouldn't have made a difference. (Beat.) This is the first time I've gone this far outta town. And for what?

BARCLAY: Sorry to hear about your job, Murray. You'll find another.

MURRAY: Where!

BARCLAY: I dunno. You didn't need that stupid job anyway, though, I'll tell ya that. No, find a new job. A real job this time...one that—

MURRAY: I had a real job.

BARCLAY: I'm sorry, but I have to be honest, when you're nearin' forty-five years old, workin' at a sports store at Buchanan's, where you're required to wear a nametag with a gorilla face on it, isn't a

real job. Not unless you own the store and the last time I looked, you didn't own the store, that choob that fired ya did.

MURRAY: Big words comin' from someone who still lives with his ma.

BARCLAY: Excuse me, but I've been assigned to be her special caretaker thank you very much, otherwise I'd still be doin' me own thing. But bringin' it back to the matter at hand, I think Douglas did ya a favor.

MURRAY: Oh feck off Barclay.

BARCLAY: We were actually talkin' about it that last time I saw him at Rudnick's.

MURRAY: Ya were plannin' to get me fired!

BARCLAY: No! We were just sayin' ya been at it long enough. Ten years is a long time ya know. It's not like ya were exactly happy there.

MURRAY: It doesn't matter. And why wasn't I at this clandestine meetin' of yers? When was it?

BARCLAY: Last Monday. You were workin'

MURRAY: Why didn't you wait until I got offa work? Or would ya just rather stay and talk behind me back about me career choices.

BARCLAY: We were just concerned is all.

MURRAY: Well you should just stay concerned with yerselves. (Beat.) And where does he get off? What's so great about accountin'?

BARCLAY: Now, now. Ya know out of the three of us, he did the best. No need to begrudge him that truth. And he did just want what's best for ya.

Long pause.

MURRAY: (To the sky.) DAMN YOU DOUGLAS!I should've seen this comin'.

BARCLAY: You're right.

MURRAY shoots him a dirty look.

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