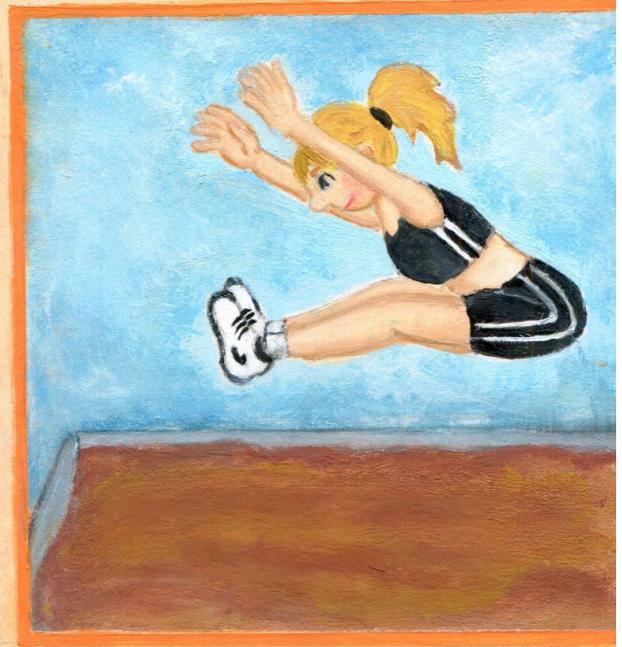
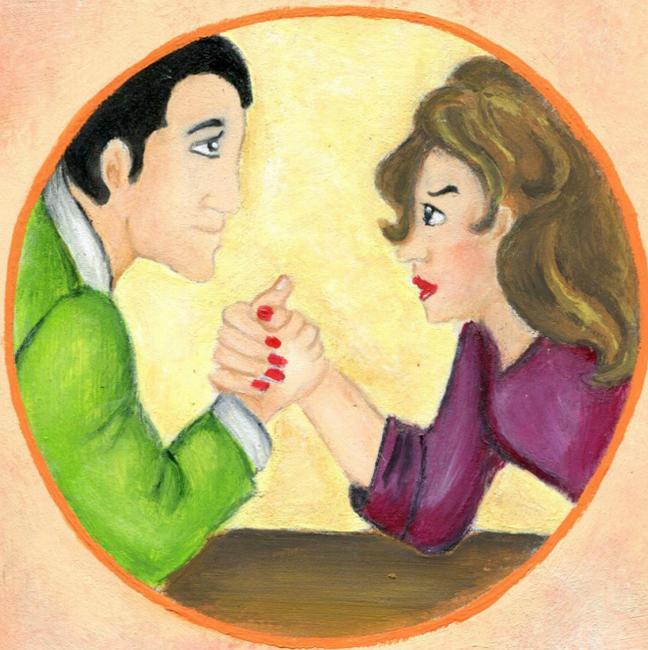


The inheritance



Marco Ciaramella

CAST:

Dr. Virgil Cooper: Notary

Dorinda: Granddaughter of the deceased

Rita: Granddaughter of the deceased

Seward: Grandson of the deceased

Alec Walker: Butler

Clitus: Referee of the competition

Vinnie: Stepbrother of the deceased

Nell: Secretary of the notary

FIRST ACT

The scene takes in a notary's office.

Dr. Virgil Cooper: First of all I want to inform you that you have been summoned today to this office to listen to the will of Mr. Bailey Lawrence. Your relative, in fact, a month before his death, drew up this document in his own hand, which he then entrusted to one of his collaborators, who in turn delivered it to me.

Dorinda: Why don't you tell us who gets the money without much preamble?

Virgil: Don't be in such a hurry! The content of this document is somewhat unusual, in fact nothing is established.

Seward: But didn't you just say you called us in to read the will?

Virgil: If you leave me the time to explain to you without interrupting with unnecessary questions...

Rita: *(Interrupting in turn)* Knowing who a part of inheritance will go to is by no means a useless question.

Virgil: So, I immediately inform you that there won't be a cent for you.

Dorinda: Do you want to make fun of us? Aren't we here to division grandfather's inheritance?

Virgil: Maybe.

Rita: Don't tell me that that old fool left everything to the Salesians ?!

Virgil: Not to them, but a mission in Angola.

Seward: God damn him!

Virgil: You wait to swear. *(Then, changing tone)* Unless...

Rita: Unless...?

Virgil: One of you does not prove that you deserve them.

Dorinda: How?

Virgil: It's simple: the best one takes everything.

Rita: So, for now, no Salesians?

Dorinda: If anything Angolans! Didn't you understand what the notary said earlier? You are really crock! You don't really deserve that much money.

Rita: You, on the other hand, are a big shit!

Virgil: Please moderate the language otherwise I will have to ask you to leave my studio.

Rita: (*Turning to Dorinda*) I'd really rather get the money to go to Asians than to you!

Dorinda: But how ignorant you are! Those are in Africa not Asia.

Rita: This is not important. The essential thing is that you don't take a penny.

Dorinda: We'll see!

Seward: So, if I understand correctly, will we have to pass some sort of exam?

Virgil: Exactly!

Dorinda: (*Turning to Rita*) If it's a general culture test, I win easily. For you, I see it difficult!

Seward: (*Addressing the two women*) Stop interrupting the notary! I want to know more.

Virgil: Dear sirs, I do not deny that seeing you slaughter each other amuses me a lot, but I want to warn you that, once the deadline has passed, everything will go to Angola.

Seward: What are you talking about?

Virgil: If you won't let me explain everything within a time frame set out in the will... (*Pausing to increase the pathos*) everything will go to...

Seward: Angola. We got it! So how much time do we still have available?

Virgil: I have to tell everything within ten minutes from the start of the meeting with all the heirs.

Seward: But they have already passed!

Virgil: Fortunately for you, another potential beneficiary of the inheritance has not arrived yet and so until he is here, I will not be able to officially start reading the will. For the moment, I just gave you a little preview to see your reactions.

Rita: And who would be this person who has to arrive?

Virgil: Mr. Alec Walker.

Dorinda: But who, the butler? Why should we, the legitimate grandchildren, share money with someone who is not part of the family?

Rita: Because grandfather loved him.

Dorinda: That's just a person who took advantage of a poor old man.

Seward: How can you say this?

Rita: Since you never went to see him.

Dorinda: I have to study, I'm not a slacker like you.

Rita: So don't judge situations you don't know.

Dorinda: It is useless to talk to you! Your brain is unable to understand.

Seward: *(Interrupting the women abruptly)* That's enough! You look like two pots of beans on the fire.

Dorinda: *(Disgruntled, shrugging she hushes herself. Then, turning to the notary)* So is that why you haven't read our grandfather's will yet?

Virgil: Exactly! We await the arrival of Mr. Walker and then we begin. However, now I understand the reason for this unusual testament; If I had grandchildren like you, I too would think about allocating my assets to others. Long story short, I cheer for Angola.

Seward: But shouldn't you be super partes?

Virgil: My role requires me to be. But I can still have a personal opinion!

Someone knocks on the door.

Virgil: *(Turning to Seward)* If you could kindly go and open, I'd start the stopwatch.

Seward complies with the request and goes to open. Alec enters the scene.

Alec: Ah! Are you all here already?

Dorinda: You're the one who's late.

Alec: I was asked to come at exactly this time.

Virgil: It's true! I asked him.

Rita: For what reason?

Dorinda: Stop asking stupid questions! What do you care?

Rita: Don't tell me what to do!

Seward: *(Nervous)* Stupid hens you are, stop! Time is running out! If it expires...

Dorinda: Do you sue me for damages?

Rita: What do you want him to sue if you don't have a dime!

Virgil: I warn you that you have wasted two minutes.

Seward: And you stop playing the vulture on the back, you are making us anxious.

Virgil: I just note how much time you have left, that's all.

Seward: Okay, go ahead and talk!

Virgil: Mr. Notary.

Seward: As you wish, Mr. notary.

Virgil: Good! Mr. Walker, sit down too and then, calmly, I will explain everything.

Dorinda: Maybe, not too calmly.

Virgil: Of course! It will take exactly... *(Looking at the clock for over thirty seconds, while everyone present hope it will resume as soon as possible)* five minutes.

Dorinda: Thank god! Six are missing.

Rita: You're wrong, there are four missing.

Seward: *(Furious)* Four, six, five, make him speak, damn geese!

Rita: Before you called us hens, now geese, but do you have it with us?

Seward: *(Realizing that doing so would waste precious time, he calms down)* Okay, dear female cousins, please be quiet.

Rita: That's fine!

Virgil: The exam you will have to take to earn your inheritance will see you try hand at the following tests: arm wrestling, five pin billiards, bridge, table football and athletics.

Alec: I'm too old to make any effort.

Virgil: This is not my problem. If you want to take part to the division of the inheritance, you cannot back down.

Rita: I guess I won't a dime.

Dorinda: This is for sure! You are denied for those games.

Rita: *(Pretending not to have hears and turning to the notary)* What is meant by athletics?

Virgil: One hundred meters, three thousand hedges, long jump and finally shot put.

Alec: In some sports we men are definitely at an advantage.

Seward: But not in others, so it's an even game.

Virgil: There is one last detail: you will have to play in pairs. And in each test you will have to choose a different partner.

Dorinda: *(Pointing to Rita)* I don't want to mix with her!

Virgil: Then sign here and you will no longer have any obligations.

Dorinda: What do you mean?

Virgil: You will not participate in the division of the inheritance, that's all.

Dorinda: But I want to participate.

Virgil: Than you have to stick to the established regulation.

Dorinda: How will athletics competitions be evaluated?

Virgil: A score will be assigned based on the times reported on the various distances and on the measurements of the jumps and throws made by the various couples. Whoever gets the highest total score will be the overall winner.

Seward: And the others?

Virgil: As my grandfather would have said: they will suck the finger.

Rita: It is actually exciting.

Dorinda: For me, however, it sucks. I don't like being forced to play with each of you! But I will try to exploit you anyway.

Rita: Paired with you I would be able to deliberately lose.

Seward: Do it, I would be delighted!

Virgil: I am afraid that tis cannot be done. In fact, I have summoned a referee who will check the regular progress of the competition. Anyone who plays unfairly will be disqualified.

Dorinda: So, will he be the one who keeps the score?

Virgil: Exactly! Now I call him so he will explain all the details to you. *(Then he picks up the receiver)* Clitus, come here.

Clitus enters the scene.

Clitus: Goodmorning everyone!

Virgil: Clitus sit down in my place and explain the rest! In the meantime I'm going to have a coffee. *(He leaves the room and Clitus takes a seat at the notary's desk)*

Clitus: So, now we will start playing.

Dorinda: We can't wait to get started! *(Then turning to Clitus)* Before we begin, though, I'd like to ask you if it's really mandatory for me to interact with this one?

Rita: What do you have to do with me? Whatever it is, don't even think about it!

Clitus: I would say that you are not starting on the right foot!

Dorinda: Be careful what you say! And, please, don't use metaphors, because she takes everything literally. *(E, pointing to Rita who has her head down)* As you can see, she is looking at her foot.

Rita: Listen, smart woman, you pissed me off!

Seward: To me, you are both pain in the ass. I propose to exclude them the competition.

Dorinda: Would you like it?!

Clitus: Since you are finally silent, I ask you all to leave this room. I will soon join you to explain how the games will play out.

Alec: Can't you do it here?

Clitus: You may not have noticed it, but this is a notary's office and is used to carry out other matters. So if you could kindly sit in the adjoining room, I'll tell you what you still need to know.

Rita: What else do you have to tell us? We know the games that the notary told us well.

Clitus: In theory yes, but in practice they are variations.

Seward: Variations of what kind?

Clitus: I see that you are very curious, so go to the room that you will find on your right. I'll join you as soon as I'm done.

Rita: Why don't you come right away too? What do you have to do?

Clitus: This does not concern you, just do what I just told you and you will see that you will not regret it.

Rita: Oh my God, how touchy you are! Okay, I'll do as you say.

Dorinda: *(As she's standing up)* You never miss a chance to shut up.

Rita: Keep it up and you'll see if you don't get a good punch in the end! *(Approaching Dorinda threateningly)*

Seward: *(He takes Rita by the arm and drags her out)* Don't listen to her! Can't you see she's trying to provoke you? If you react you will do her game.

Rita: Why? Have we started playing yet?

Seward: *(Looking at her in shock)* Holy gods! Come out is better, so I'll explain how things are.

Clitus remains seated at the desk while the grandchildren of the deceased leave the room. Then the door opposite the one from which the potential heirs came out opens and a man enters.

Vinnie: Hi Clitus! So how are things going?

Clitus: For the moment everything is going as planned.

Vinnie: Do you think they suspect something?

Clitus: I think not.

Vinnie: Very well! Everything seems to be going according to plan. Lawrence, my stepbrother, always told me he would leave all his possessions to me and he kept his promise.

Clitus: What I don't understand is why he kept the grandchildren of your existence in the dark.

Vinnie: Because he wanted all this to happen at his death.

Clitus: Between me and you, it just seems badness to me.

Vinnie: But this was his will.

Clitus: But if we didn't anything, who would notice? The dead could hardly claim.

Vinnie: I, however, would not be at peace with my conscience.

Clitus: Then do we continue?

Vinnie: Yes.

Clitus: In your opinion, in the end, what will happen?

Vinnie: They certainly won't be happy about it, however we will explain to them that this was Lawrence's will.

Clitus: I don't think they will care!

Vinnie: But, in this way, we will come out clean.

Clitus: Don't you think will be repercussions on us?

Vinnie: At most they'll send us to fuck off.

Clitus: The mockery suffered could trigger uncontrolled reactions.

Vinnie: I repeat, we will say that we have only carried out Lawrence's last wills.

Clitus: As you want! Then let's move on. But now it's better that I join them, I wouldn't want them to get suspicious. *(Then they both leave the scene, from the respective doors through which they entered)*

Virgil: *(Entering the scene)* The office is finally empty. But how hateful those grandchildren are!
(Someone knocks on the door)

Enter the scene Nell

Nell: May I?

Virgil: Sure.

Nell: The postman brought a package for you.

Virgil: Go in and put it on the desk.

Nell: It must be very important, your colleague who sent it, whose name, however, I don't remember, phoned to find out if it had already been delivered.

Virgil: And you, what did you answer him?

Nell: That we had not yet received it.

Virgil: Good! But now I don't have the time to devote myself to this matter, I will look at what is later.

Nell: Sorry...

Virgil: *(He has just picked up a dossier and answers absently)* What else is there?

Nell: In the other room there is a great confusion.

Virgil: *(Without taking his eyes off the dossier he is analyzing)* Yes, I know, don't mind.

Nell: In the corridor there are two women pulling their hair and it doesn't seem like a very decent sight for a notary's office!

Virgil: *(Phlegmatic)* In fact it wouldn't be, but it was predictable that it would happen.

Nell: And can't we do anything?

Virgil: For what reason? They are just playing.

Nell: Strange way of doing it! Anyway if that's okay for you.

Virgil: Nell you must know that, even if it doesn't seem like it, everything that is happening here, for us, is work.

Nell: Wouldn't it be more appropriate for them to play outside this office?

Virgil: *(Smiling)* They sure will, as soon as the athletics competitions start.

Nell: Athletics competitions?

Virgil: To access the inheritance they will have to test themselves in those too.

Nell: So this is a dispute to grab an inheritance?

Virgil: Maybe.

Nell: Excuse me, but I don't follow you. Who wins inherits or not?

Virgil: Yes, but the funny thing is, it's not about inheriting money but an object.

Nell: *(Intrigued)* That is?

Virgil: *(More and more amused)* When the delivery takes place I will call you, so you will also witness the scene. You will see that it will be fun!

Nell: Then I will wait for you to call me.

Virgil: It's a real shame that I don't have time to go and take a look at the athletics tests, I would have had a laugh.

Nell: For me, athletics is pretty boring, so I don't see what should make me laugh.

Virgil: Seeing people running in shoes as heavy as lead, don't you think it would be a pretty hilarious sight? *(Laughing beyond measure)* Imagine then in the high jump and in the long one what would happen! Not to mention the shot put. For men we have prepared very light weights, while for women very heavy.

Nell: But in this way everything will be distorted.

Virgil: But it's not over here. We have rigged everything: the billiard balls are not round but oval *(Laughing harder and harder)*, those of the table football are magnetized and enter only one door. And with the cards, look, I say this with pride, I can only imagine what Clitus may have thought, since he was once a magician!

Nell: I wonder why you are doing all this.

Virgil: Even if it doesn't seem like it, ours is a serious office and when we make a commitment we carry it to the end. I'm just carrying out the will of a deceased.

Nell: Now everything is clear, or almost! Even if there is something in this matter that does not convince me. So be careful!

Virgil: Don't worry, everything is under control!

Nell: If you say so!

Someone knocks on the door. Nell goes to open the door and Clitus enters.

Nell: I'm going back to work. *(Maliciously)* Surely you will be busy.

Virgil: Wait a moment! If that colleague of mine calls again, this time write down his name.

Nell: For that just look at the sender written on the package. *(And leaves the scene)*

Clitus: Come and see! It's more fun than going to the theater. Then now another sport has also been added.

Virgil: And what would it be?

Clitus: Boxing. *(Then, hearing the noises coming from the other room)* It will be better if I join them, it is not advisable to leave them alone for too long, I would not want them to include Karate too.

Virgil: Go ahead, before they destroy everything.

Clitus: I run, see you later! *(And leaves the scene)*

Vinnie enters the scene (from the opposite door from which Clitus came out).

Vinnie: Good morning! I wanted to know if everything is going according to plan.

Virgil: In fact it is going even better than expected.

Vinnie: So, they have no suspicions?

Virgil: Why should they have any?

Vinnie: The absurdity of the games could be a good reason.

Virgil: When it comes to money, people don't see beyond their noses. Then, the fact that your stepbrother was a little weird worked out in your favor. Such a will would not have been so unlikely. But now I'm sorry but I have some back dossiers to take care of.

Vinnie: Excuse me for wasting your precious time.

Virgil: Anyway, before you leave, I just want to make a small recommendation: be careful how you spend all that money. There is a big difference between living on a law enforcement salary and being a millionaire.

Vinnie: I believe that many people would like to have this problem.

Virgil: It's true. However, those who are not used to having so much money sometimes waste it easily.

Vinnie: Four lives wouldn't be enough for me to spend all that money!

Virgil: You don't know how many millionaires I have seen go broke!

Vinnie: Thank you for the advice, but I'm not taking this risk. Now I leave you to your dossiers.

Virgil: As soon as it's all over, I'll get in touch with you.

Vinnie: My respect! *(And leaves the scene)*

SECOND ACT

Same scenography as the first act.

Dorinda, Rita, Seward are on stage with plasters and bandages applied to various parts of the body.

Rita: Ohi, ohi! How bad this ankle!

Dorinda: It fits you well! If you didn't give me that kick it wouldn't have happened to you.

Rita: I didn't give you anything. And anyway even if I did, that's not why I got this sprain, it was because of these damn shoes.

Dorinda: However, you could at least have gotten yourself a nice fracture!

Rita: In that case, then I would have knocked you out permanently by kicking you with the leg in a cast.

Seward: You just can't manage to stay more than five minutes without getting into a fight!

Alec: Not even after fifteen rounds of boxing have they calmed down.

Rita: Of course! That never stops taking the piss out of me.

Dorinda: *(Sarcastically)* I ... I would never do that!

Seward: Instead of continuing to tease yourselves each other, did one of you understand the scores assigned by the judge?

Dorinda: *(Pointing to Rita)* Her, certainly not.

Rita: *(After making horns to her)* Take these, witch!

Alec: Stop fighting you two! We have important topics to talk about.

Seward: What are you referring to?

Alec: For example, to the need to find an agreement.

Dorinda: Explain yourself better! Otherwise someone doesn't understand. *(Alluding to Rita)*

Seward: (*Locking Rita in the chair ready to lash out at her rival*) Go ahead Alec!

Alec: Think about it: if, instead of slaughtering each other, in a competition to the death, we agreed.

Seward: Are you referring to the possibility of dividing the inheritance equally, regardless of who will be the winner?

Alec: Exactly!

Dorinda: (*Pointing to Rita*) I'll never give her my money, not even dead!

Alec: Think carefully before deciding, because she could be the one to win and, in that case, not give you a cent.

Dorinda: In athletics competitions I was superior.

Seward: But she won at bridge.

Dorinda: Of course! With that ass (*Making a very eloquent gesture*) that she has!

Rita: But won't it be because I'm not as stupid as you think?

Seward: Nobody thinks you are!

Dorinda: I, on the other hand, yes.

Rita: Did you hear her? That's enough! If I win, I don't give anyone anything

Seward: But I have always supported you.

Rita: But if you called me goose and hen!

Seward: Just because you couldn't shut up.

Alec: Let's stop with these useless speeches. Soon the judge will be here to give us the rankings, so let's decide now. I am willing, even if I were the winner, to divide into four equal parts, you?

Seward: Me too.

Alec: Then it is decided: we men, regardless of which of the two the winner is, divide equally.

Rita: And I?

Seward: If you are not part of the deal ...

Rita: But I want to be part of the deal, I don't want her to be part of it! (*Pointing to Dorinda*)

Dorinda: Don't worry! I want all or nothing.

Alec: So you don't want to be part of the deal?

Dorinda: Are you deaf? I said no.

Rita: Just what I wanted! Come on guys, I'm sure at least one of us will win.

Seward: But in the one hundred meters she was very fast and she didn't do badly in the three thousand hedges race either.

Rita: Only because her shoes were much lighter than mine.

Alec: This is irrelevant, it is the end result that is important.

Rita: If she were to win, I would get hemorrhoids out of anger!

Dorinda: Then get ready to stock up on anti-inflammatory drugs and don't forget to take sitz baths.

Seward: Before you ask what they are, I'll tell you right away that they're hot water and baking soda comics.

Rita: Ah, I understand! They are inhalations.

Seward: Not to do with the mouth or nose, but with another orifice.

Rita: I don't know if I have it, at most I'll buy one.

Dorinda: This time I refrain from mortifying her, it would be like shooting the Red Cross!

Alec: We will explain it to you later, however it is easier than you think. However you will not have to buy anything, I assure you!

Rita: Thank god! For a moment I thought I should do them with my butt.

Clitus enters the scene.

Clitus: So, are you ready?

Rita: Why? Should we play another game?

Clitus: None of this.

Rita: You know, it's not because I don't want to keep playing, after all it was also fun, but I have a lot of pain in my feet.

Clitus: I can imagine! Anyway, don't worry, we're at the final squeeze.

Seward: But before you give the verdict, we wanted to let you know that some of us would have found a private agreement.

Clitus: This does not interest me, I just have to tell you the name of the winner. *(Then he takes a paper)* So are you ready? ... The winner of the games is Miss Dorinda.

Dorinda: *(Starting to jump for joy and giggle)* Ah, ah, bunch of wimp, I knew I outclassed you.

Alec: Nothing to say, honor to the winner.

Seward: (*Irritated*) I would like to say something, but I'd better shut up! (*And he gets up to go out*)

Clitus: Don't you wait to know what the inheritance consists of?

Seward: I prefer to do without it. For me she can swallow all of her money!

Dorinda: I will do it very willingly.

Rita: I wish you the money goes sideways to you.

Clitus: Sit down Seward, you've waited a long time now, what do you want it to be one more minute?

Seward: (*Resuming his seat*) But please hurry.

Clitus: So your inheritance, Miss Dorinda, consists of this casket.

Dorinda: What joke is this?!

Clitus: No joke, I assure you this is your inheritance.

Dorinda: How is it possible? My grandfather was very rich!

Clitus: Unfortunately, however, he left you only this.

Dorinda: (*Raising the voice*) Didn't I pass the test?

Clitus: In fact you inherit this, while the others nothing.

Dorinda: What do you want me to do with that ugly object?

Clitus: Certainly not my problem.

Dorinda: Where is the notary? I want to talk to him.

Clitus: As you like! I'm going to call him straight away. (*And he leaves the room*)

Dorinda: (*He gets up, goes to the desk, picks up the casket and begins to open the various drawers which, however, are all empty*) There is nothing in here.

Seward: (*Chuckling*) Do you need help taking away all those valuables?

Rita: She will need a wheelbarrow, alone she will never make it!

Dorinda: Accursed cousins, may the devil take you away!

Seward: Don't get mad at us that's the way life is!

Rita: Perhaps there is a map inside to find a treasure.

Dorinda: There is nothing in here.

Alec: *(He stands up and approaches her)* Sorry, can I see?

Dorinda: Take it, I'll give it to you.

Alec: Maybe it's antique and worth a fortune.

Seward: Do you know how many of those casket you buy at the market with little change?

Alec: But it's very strange, why would your grandfather play this nasty trick on you?

Rita: Because he wanted to leave everything to the Salesians.

Dorinda: He was a joker, but I don't think he did this just for fun, in my opinion there is something behind it.

Seward: Perhaps he did not consider us worthy of his inheritance.

Rita: Or he knew that we would never find an agreement, indeed that we would get into a fight and he preferred to leave everything to the friars.

Dorinda: We have no certainty that he left everything to them.

Rita: Don't you remember that the notary mentioned a mission in Africa?

Alec: There is something that does not convince me. I, who was next to your grandfather until the last, never had the feeling that he had any hostility towards you, much less mine.

Seward: What do you mean?

Alec: He had made me understand that something was going to leave me.

Dorinda: But if you don't even belong to the family!

Rita: You mustn't forget that he was close to him until the end.

Seward: In fact, he has looked after him for many years.

Dorinda: Let me understand: to him, who is a butler, he would have made him understand that he would have inherited something, instead to us who are his grandchildren he never mentioned anything, do you think it is logical?

Alec: He probably never talked about it with you, because he didn't think he was about to die.

Dorinda: So why did he do it with you?

Seward: Because she lived with him. Having daily contact, the opportunity was more likely to present itself.

Rita: You tell me that I don't grasp the concepts quickly but you also don't seem so smart.

Seward: I'm leaving, my presence here is useless now.

Dorinda: Aren't you waiting for the notary to arrive?

Seward: You are the heiress, then you wait for him!

Dorinda: Don't you want to know more?

Seward: I will investigate otherwise.

Dorinda: Why don't we all do it together? By joining forces we could assert our rights.

Seward: Do you really say this?

Rita: When you were sure you could inherit everything, you didn't think so.

Dorinda: I beg your pardon, I acted like a selfish fool earlier.

Rita: Now it's late! Solve the matter yourself!

Alec: It is never too late to reunite the family.

Seward: So dear female cousins, are we a team again like when we were kids?

Rita: Yes.

Dorinda: Of course! The opposite would be silly.

Seward: Very well! We are now even stronger than then.

Rita: Why?

Seward: Because now we also have a butler. However, this implies one thing.

Rita: What thing?

Dorinda: Whatever we manage to recover, we divide it into four equal parts.

Seward: So what will the first move be?

Alec: We must find a way to verify the authenticity of that will. My feeling is that your grandfather's intention was to leave something to each of you.

Seward: But who would have had an interest in falsifying his grandfather's will?

Rita: The Salesians.

Alec: It is very unlikely... a few days before his death, your grandfather had me mail a dossier...

The notary enters the scene.

Virgil: Anyone wanted to talk to me?

Dorinda: Yes, me.

Virgil: Tell me, what do you want to know?

Dorinda: The truth, or are you having trouble doing it?

Virgil: I always tell the truth and always act by following the rules.

Seward: Then tell us who delivered that absurd will to you.

Virgil: The person to whom it was entrusted. But what does it matter to you? You were entitled to the casket and you have had it, so what else do you want?

Seward: What kind of notary are you? You lent yourself to a real farce. The games were piloted.

Virgil: But these were Mr. Bailey's will.

Seward: So, who will inherit the grandfather's assets? It is our right to know.

Dorinda: Come on, talk!

Virgil: I can assure you that a lot of money will go to Angola.

Dorinda: And you rejoice?

Virgil: Even if it's not very professional, I can assure you that I didn't find you very nice right from the start, so I've always cheered for Angola.

Dorinda: You knew from the beginning that it would end like this.

Virgil: The funny thing was you just didn't know.

Dorinda: You are a sadist!

Seward: I would use some other adjective, but I abstain, otherwise I could be accused of insulting a public official. However I assure you that this story does not end here!

Virgil: This is where you are wrong, this story just ended here.

THIRD ACT

Same scenography of the two previous acts.

On stage there is the notary dealing with some papers. Someone knocks on the door.

Virgil: Come on in!

Nell enters the scene.

Nell: *(Approaching the desk)* You haven't opened this package yet.

Virgil: Holy shit! I just can't finish this practice. *(Someone knocks again, but this time on the other door)* Come on!

Upon seeing Vinnie enter, Nell heads for the exit, but Virgil gestures for her to stay.

Vinnie: So when will I have the money?

Virgil: All I have to do is send the copy of the minutes concerning the publication of the will to the court clerk, after which you can take possession of the inheritance.

Vinnie: Good! Then I will await your news.

Virgil: All right!

Vinnie: Goodbye and thanks.

Virgil: Don't mention it.

Nell: Luckily this matter has been finished.

Virgil: I'm sorry it's over, I had a lot of fun. But we know that nothing is eternal.

Nell: But don't you feel that there is finally peace in this office?

Virgil: That, I think won't last long, those guys won't give up so easily.

Nell: So would that gentleman who just came out the main heir to Mr. Bailey's assets?

Virgil: Yes.

Nell: And his grandchildren were not aware of this possibility?

Virgil: No, they don't even know that he exists.

Nell: Don't you think it's a bit strange?

Virgil: Not so much. He is the step-brother of the deceased who none of them had ever known.

Nell: For what reason?

Virgil: What can I say? That is a particular family!

Nell: Ah that's for sure! Now you better go back to my desk, but first I remind you that you haven't opened your mail yet.

Virgil: It's better if you open it. I have too much to do.

Nell: *(After opening the package)* What does this mean?

Virgil: *(Seeing the woman continue reading without saying a word)* Do you want to explain me or is it a state secret?

Nell: Sorry. It says here that someone named Alec Walker should retrieve a letter to deliver to you.

Virgil: If I'm not mistaken, Mr. Bailey's butler is called just that.

Nell: The letter will have to look for it in a cellar. To find it, he will have to drink a bottle of Brunello from 2008. By doing so he will find the hiding place where it is hidden.

Virgil: So let's call him now!

Nell: I run!

Virgil: But where should the cellar in question be located?

Nell: This is not written here. Maybe your colleague who sent you this packet could give you some indication.

Virgil: I'll call him right now, meanwhile call Mr. Walker.

Nell: I do immediately. *(After which she leaves the scene)*

Virgil: *(After dialing the phone number)* Hello? Turner notary firm? Is the notary there? I need information on a package sent to the Cooper studio.... How do you say? You don't know anything? Have you been asked to give it to us, but not having opened it you don't know what it is? As unspoken and sorry for the trouble. But what mystery is this?!

Someone knocks on the door.

Clitus: Nell told me that there are some news regarding the inheritance of Mr. Bailey.

Virgil: I just told her to look for Alec and it's already become a national case.

Clitus: She just gave me this little confidence.

Virgil: That woman is a gossip!

Clitus: However, in my opinion, the key to the mystery is in that cellar.

Virgil: I don't think she just gave you a little confidence, she basically told you everything. Anyway, in your opinion, what should we do?

Clitus: We just have to wait for Alec to bring the letter back.

Virgil: Is this all the help you can give me?

Someone knocks on the door. Nell enters the scene.

Nell: Mr. Walker has just arrived.

Virgil: Get him in.

Clitus: What do you say if I go over there to eavesdrop? With some additional information I could give you some more suggestions.

Virgil: Ok, Nell would update you anyway. This way we save her time.

Clitus: Then I leave the door ajar. *(Then he goes into hiding and Alec enters immediately afterwards)*

Virgil: Please, come in and read this letter.

Alec: *(After doing it)* I don't understand!

Virgil: I was hoping that at least you...

Alec: If I were certain that this letter had been written in his own hand by Mr. Lawrence, I would think that the cellar referred to is that of his house.

Virgil: Could you also find a bottle of Brunello from 2008 there?

Alec: It was Mr. Lawrence's favorite wine, so I think so. But hasn't the inheritance already been assigned to others?

Virgil: Not yet, nor will we assign it if the will delivered to me is a forgery.

Alec: The news will ignite new hope in his grandchildren.

Virgil: For the moment it is better not to mention it to anyone and try to understand more.

Alec: All right! So now I immediately run home to check!

Virgil: Perfect! And please: if you can find that letter, bring it here right away.

After Alec leaves the scene, Clitus returns.

Clitus: If, as I suspect, that letter contained Mr. Lawrence's real will, it would mean that it was delivered to you a forgery.

Virgil: Not only that, it would also mean that Mr. Bailey had a suspicion that someone would try to manipulate the situation. Given how things stand, I also begin to think that that his death did not occur from natural causes.

Clitus: So it was going to be the stepbrother who did it all?

Virgil: He is the only one who may have been interested in it. Probably, after knowing he was excluded from the will, he must have thought of a way to change things.

Clitus: Then the heirs ...

Virgil: They will be the grandchildren. And the staging of the games to denigrate and ridicule them must have been just a diversion, to make them think that Mr. Bailey didn't want to leave them anything.

Clitus: A very clever misdirection move.

Virgil: Due to the absurdity of the situation, we never doubted that it could all be a hoax.

Clitus: And now?

Virgil: We wait for Alec and verify that we have not made a mistake, then we will do what we must.

Someone knocks on the door.

Clitus: If it's Vinnie it's better not to be seen.

Virgil: *(Softly)* Yes, you better go over there. *(Then raising his voice)* Come in!

Vinnie: I would like to know when will I be able to dispose of my inheritance? Did he do what he had to do?

Virgil: Not yet, but I don't understand why it is so urgent.

Vinnie: I have to leave. I have a plane to take in two hours, so do what you have to do now without wasting any more time!

Virgil: I still need an hour.

Vinnie: Very well, I'll wait.

Virgil: Please come in the waiting room, as soon as I'm ready I'll call you.

Vinnie: I prefer to stay here.

Virgil: As you like! *(Then he picks up the phone)* Nell, is our man back? How... what man? Pass me Clitus, move! So... as we said... so now what do I do? ... I better get out of here, okay. Meanwhile, let him in and then call whoever you know. *(After which he gets up to go out)*

Vinnie: Where are you going?

Virgil: I'm going to the bathroom. Do you want to come with me and pass me the toilet paper to speed things up?

Vinnie: But Hurry up! The plane does not wait.

Virgil: Don't worry, I'll do it in a moment.

As he leaves the room, Alec enters. Vinnie is distracted and doesn't notice.

Alec: Look who's there!

Vinnie: *(Turning abruptly)* What are you doing here?

Alec: I'm playing, don't you remember I had to?

Vinnie: By now you should have finished. So don't get smart and tell me what are you up to?

Alec: I just came to tell you they'll be arresting you soon.

Vinnie: You know that if I ended up in jail, you would follow me.

Alec: Are you really sure?

Vinnie: If you have something to say just say it! I don't like this push and pull!

Alec: I found the real will, the one in favor of the boys and I made sure, with a ruse, that it was delivered to this studio.

Vinnie: You are stupid! If you break our pact, you won't take a penny.

Alec: You are wrong! I secured a very large portion of the inheritance anyway.

Vinnie: You know that if you went to jail, you would be accused of complicity.

Alec: I don't think so, I have a little insurance against you.

Vinnie: Which?

Alec: When you killed Lawrence, you were caught on the surveillance camera. If you showed that tape, in addition to being accused of attempted fraud, you would also be accused of murder. So you better keep your mouth shut. From that video I was able to extrapolate some photos that I saved on a USB stick and which I hid in the drawer of a casket. And do not get any strange ideas, because, if something were to happen to me, a person I trust would send a letter to the owner of the casket revealing the secret and telling her to turn it over to the police.

Vinnie: Which casket are you talking about?

Alec: When you told me to write the false testament, using my ability to imitate Lawrence's handwriting and invent games for the boys, I had the flash of genius to hide it all inside the trophy that would have won the winner.

Vinnie: You are a real bastard!

Alec: But I'm not a killer.

Vinnie: When we came up with the plan, it didn't seem like you had so many scruples.

Alec: The plan, however, was to be put into practice only if Lawrence died of natural causes. The murder was not expected..

Vinnie: I hate anyone who changes their mind.

Alec: And I who changes the cards on the table!

The police burst into the room and take Vinnie away who, while glaring at Alec, doesn't say a word.

THE END