

HANK MORGAN: A DAY IN THE LIFE

By Alan Haehnel

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CHARACTERS

NOTE: This is a play within a play, so each character is someone else in real life. For example, KAREN is part of the play. She is later referred to as SUZANNE in real life.

AUNT LOUISA/STACY: 43

KAREN/SUZANNE: 40

MISS MORGAN: 74

THE REAL HANK MORGAN: 76

HANK/ANDY: 16

SARAH/LILLIAN: 14

CELIA: 23

USHER: 16

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(The lights come up to a set that looks as if it is a child's crayon drawing: almost everything is two dimensional and made of cardboard. A sun hangs in the corner. Two trees frame either side of the set. Stage left, a corner of a house is visible. Stage right, we see the front of an old-fashioned car. The only three-dimensional, practical parts of the set are two lawn chairs and a picnic table. On the picnic table are cardboard depictions of food and picnic baskets. We hear the sound of 1940's dance music in the background. The costumes of the characters are from that era as well. AUNT LOUISA enters, bringing on another picnic basket and a cardboard cake. Behind her comes HANK, carrying two more lawn chairs.)

AUNT LOUISA: Hank, will you set those chairs right over there and then go to the front of the house to see if there are some more? We've got an awful crowd coming. Heaven knows where we're going to put them all.

HANK: So long as there's food enough, everybody will be happy, Aunt Louisa, crowd or no crowd.

AUNT LOUISA: You're probably right about that, Hank; you're probably right. Do you think we have enough?

HANK: Looks to me like you've got food for an army and a half. Oh, who made that salad with the marshmallows? I love that pink stuff.

(HE tries to sample some.)

AUNT LOUISA: Hank, you get your fingers out of there!

HANK: Geez, Aunt Louisa. How soon are we going to eat, anyway?

BOY'S VOICE: **(offstage)** Coming your way, Hank!

(A football sails in, heading for AUNT LOUISA and the food. HANK intercepts it.)

AUNT LOUISA: Oh, my goodness!

HANK: **(throwing football offstage)** Watch your aim, George! You almost hit your mother!

AUNT LOUISA: **(looking off)** George, did you throw that? George!

HANK: He ran off.

AUNT LOUISA: I can see that. That boy.

HANK: I'll go get the rest of those chairs now, Aunt Louisa.

AUNT LOUISA: Thank you, Hank.

MISS MORGAN: **(speaking from a seat in the audience)** Hogwash.

(At this, HANK and AUNT LOUISA turn to look out briefly, shocked out of the world of the play.)

AUNT LOUISA: ***(slightly shaken, repeating the line)*** Thank you, Hank.
Don't doddle. I need those chairs.

HANK: I won't. ***(exits)***

AUNT LOUISA: ***(looking offstage)*** There's your mother. What does she think she's doing? Karen! What are you doing?

KAREN: ***(entering, carrying a very large fake turkey)*** Louisa, this is one awfully big bird. Where did you get it?

AUNT LOUISA: Never mind that—why are you carrying it?

KAREN: It looked done, Louisa. I thought you would want it out here.

AUNT LOUISA: Well, yes, but I was going to get a couple of the boys to help with that. You shouldn't have brought it out here by yourself. It's heavy, you goose.

KAREN: Then I guess I'm just the goose who carried the turkey.

(The two sisters, AUNT LOUISA and KAREN, laugh at this. MISS MORGAN speaks from the audience again.)

MISS MORGAN: Pure and utter hogwash. Ridiculous.

(KAREN and AUNT LOUISA look out toward the audience again.)

KAREN: Uh... um... then I guess I'm just the goose who carried the turkey.

(They laugh again and go to busying themselves at the table as HANK re-enters with the chairs. HE speaks to the audience.)

HANK: Hello. Those two there are my mother and my Aunt Louisa. They're sisters, in case you haven't guessed that already. They're always kidding with each other. My name is Hank, Hank Morgan. We've got a big event planned here today, a family reunion. Everybody's going to be here. The rest of my aunts and uncles, along with my cousins. We've certainly got a great day for it, just a perfect day.

MISS MORGAN: ***(still from audience)*** Ha! Now this is going beyond hogwash! This is downright insulting!

(The players onstage stop completely, staring out at the audience.)

USHER: ***(coming down the aisle)*** Ma'am, you have to be quiet.

MISS MORGAN: Is that so? Who are you?

USHER: I'm an usher.

MISS MORGAN: And by whose authority are you an usher?

USHER: I... what do you... I... I'm just...

MISS MORGAN: Do you have a program?

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USHER: Yes.

MISS MORGAN: Do you have a number of programs?

USHER: Yes.

MISS MORGAN: Will you give me a program?

USHER: Yes, but...

MISS MORGAN: Good. Now I believe you are an usher.

USHER: Ma'am...

MISS MORGAN: Miss. I prefer Miss. Miss Morgan. I have been called that the majority of my 74 years.

USHER: Miss Morgan...

AUNT LOUISA: Miss Morgan? Hi! Remember me?

MISS MORGAN: Who is that?

AUNT LOUISA: Stacy Mercer, remember? I used to be Stacy Griegel when I had you in school.

MISS MORGAN: Griegel? You understudied for Ophelia one year—1988, I believe.

AUNT LOUISA: Yes, yes! In *Hamlet*. I went on that one time, too, when Casey Brown accidentally stabbed Corinne Savage during dress rehearsal?

MISS MORGAN: That is right. You did a commendable job, too, Stacy.

AUNT LOUISA: Thank you, Miss Morgan. I sure appreciate that.

HANK: Hey, like, you know, what's going on?

AUNT LOUISA: That's Miss Morgan.

HANK: Yah? So?

USHER: Miss Morgan, could you please keep the noise down?

MISS MORGAN: Why? Am I a danger? I am not yelling fire in a crowded theater. I am merely yelling hogwash in a sparsely populated theater.

USHER: You're disrupting the play.

MISS MORGAN: Is that what you are calling this? This is a play, Stacy?

AUNT LOUISA: Yes, Miss Morgan. My first one since... oh, it's been many years. I thought I'd give it a whirl again, now that my kids are older. I feel a bit rusty, but it's nice.

MISS MORGAN: Good for you. Well, continue.

USHER: You'll... you'll be... you won't keep...

MISS MORGAN: I will be quiet now. You did your job. You're an usher. Go ush.

AUNT LOUISA: **(to KAREN)** I learned so much from her. She was a very good teacher.

HANK: Hey, hey. I'm going to say my lines now.

AUNT LOUISA: Oh, go ahead. Sorry.

HANK: **(back in the play)** You know, I sometimes think that if God was going to put together a day when everything was just right, it would be one that looked like this. Of course, one thing is missing from the day's festivities. One person, that is. I just wish...

KAREN: Hank, you're not doddling, are you?

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HANK: No, Mother! Just setting up these chairs. **(to audience)** I've got to go. I'll tell you more later. **(to KAREN)** Mother, is Frankie coming today? Is he?

KAREN: The last I knew he was.

HANK: Awesome!

KAREN: Awesome or not, Hank, you and Frank need to stay out of trouble. No more going down to the fish pond alone.

HANK: Oh, but Mother...

AUNT LOUISA: You listen to your mother, Hank. You and that cousin of yours get into more mischief than anyone can keep track of and I can't afford any more broken windows like as to what happened last time.

MISS MORGAN: For mercy's sake, this has got to stop.

AUNT LOUISA: **(breaking character)** She said it! Did you hear that? Miss Morgan, you just took me right back to high school when you said that! "For mercy's sake" and "hogwash"—those were your two favorite sayings.

MISS MORGAN: And I am sorry I had to employ them tonight, Stacy. **(SHE rises.)** Where is that usher?

USHER: Miss Morgan, you can't keep...

MISS MORGAN: There you are. Good. Help me get up on that stage.

USHER: You can't... you can't...

MISS MORGAN: One of the duties of an usher, young lady, is to keep the audience safe at all costs. This audience is in danger, and unless you help me up on that stage, they could be badly damaged.

HANK: Damaged? What? Is there, like, asthmatics in the heat ducts or something?

KAREN: Asbestos, you mean?

HANK: Same difference. What's going on?

USHER: Miss Morgan, you're interrupting the play.

MISS MORGAN: **(shuffling her way down to the stage)** No, no, no... a play is a form of art. It has unity and purpose and worth. What I am interrupting is not—and having read the program, I am now absolutely certain of this—what I am interrupting is certainly not a play. Do not bother to help me, either; I can get up myself. Go tell the house manager you are a terrible usher and should be dismissed.

USHER: **(exiting out the back of the auditorium)** I'm not a terrible usher! You're just... you're just not very nice.

MISS MORGAN: Not the most creative insult I've ever had hurled at me.

AUNT LOUISA: I cannot believe we are on the same stage again, Miss Morgan. This is such a flashback. I feel so young.

MISS MORGAN: Yes, well, your feeling so young is getting a bit old right now, my dear, and, at my age, I cannot afford that sort of thing. So, please, stand aside and let me make my point.

AUNT LOUISA: Yes, Miss Morgan. **(to KAREN)** She was always crabby like that, but we respected her so much.

HANK: Is this going to take long?

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MISS MORGAN: Why? Do you have an appointment with your agent?

HANK: My what?

MISS MORGAN: Never mind.

HANK: 'Cause if it's going to take long, I'm going back to the waiting room and playing PlayStation.

MISS MORGAN: Green room. Waiting rooms are in dentists' offices. Green rooms are in theatres.

HANK: It's not green. It's got, like, this brownish wallpaper.

MISS MORGAN: (*after staring at him for a long moment*) Though this will not take long, I would feel better if you went to the brownish wallpaper room and played PlayStation.

HANK: Cool. Call me when you get things going again.

MISS MORGAN: Certainly. (*to audience*) Now, I did not wish to alarm anyone about the safety of this theater. You are not in physical danger, but you are in psychological and spiritual danger, so to speak. It is my firm belief that when you expose yourself to such tripe as this, such—does the word insipid have a noun form? Insipidity? If it does not, it should, because that is precisely the word for what is being presented here: Insipidity. Shallowness. The opposite of profundity. Regardless, when you expose yourselves to this, I believe that you actually destroy brain cells and decrease your ability to enjoy that which is genuinely worthwhile. Such events as this are like scalding coffee on the taste buds of your sensibilities. For a long while after the damage has been inflicted, no sensations register. So, I suggest...

USHER: (*coming from the back of the auditorium*) That's her, right up there.

CELIA: Fine. I'll take care of this. (*to MISS MORGAN as she comes up onstage*) Hello, there.

USHER: She's really mean.

CELIA: (*to the USHER*) It's okay. (*back to MISS MORGAN*) Hello. I'm Celia May, the director.

MISS MORGAN: Ah! The director. To what do we owe this privilege?

AUNT LOUISA: Celia, this is my old high school drama teacher, Miss Morgan. Miss Morgan, this is Celia May, the director of this play. Or, this... event.

MISS MORGAN: Thank you, Stacy. I cannot imagine having been able to make those introductions on our own.

AUNT LOUISA: You're welcome. (*to KAREN*) Very sarcastic sometimes, but we respected her so much.

CELIA: Now, Miss Morgan, I understand you have a problem with our production.

MISS MORGAN: Actually, no.

CELIA: No?

MISS MORGAN: I had a problem with your production, but I do not anymore. I have solved it.

CELIA: You have? How?

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MISS MORGAN: I have interrupted it and do not intend to let it continue.

CELIA: Oh.

MISS MORGAN: But you know, this is not your fault. Ladies and gentlemen...

AUNT LOUISA: Would you like to sit down, Miss Morgan?

MISS MORGAN: Thank you, Stacy; I would.

(STACY brings MISS MORGAN a chair. MISS MORGAN sits.)

KAREN: Celia, I'm feeling very uncomfortable with this. This is sort of feeling like some of that improv stuff you had us do and you know how that really made me uncomfortable. I need a script. And you know, even then it's hard for me. And I... I'm just not feeling very comfortable with this. Right now. Out here. Like this.

CELIA: I know, Suzanne. We'll be back on track very soon, I think.

MISS MORGAN: **(to KAREN)** Of course, you could go play PlayStation with the child prodigy.

CELIA: How can we help you, Miss Morgan?

MISS MORGAN: **(adopting the same condescending tone as CELIA has)** I don't know. How can you?

USHER: **(from the back)** I told you she's mean.

CELIA: **(calling back to the USHER)** Would you go inventory the programs for me, please?

USHER: I already did!

CELIA and MISS MORGAN: Count them again.

(They laugh slightly.)

CELIA: It seems we have a lot in common.

MISS MORGAN: Less than you think, I am sure.

AUNT LOUISA: Here's a chair for you, too, Celia.

CELIA: I'll just stand, Stacy, thank you. We're going to be continuing with the play very soon.

AUNT LOUISA: Well, just in case we don't, there's a chair for you.

CELIA: Thank you. Now, Miss Morgan...

AUNT LOUISA: And, if nobody minds, I'm just going to pull up a seat right here next to you two. Just like this. There.

MISS MORGAN: **(after AUNT LOUISA has seated herself)** Are you entirely comfortable now, Stacy?

AUNT LOUISA: All set, thank you.

MISS MORGAN: We couldn't be happier for you.

AUNT LOUISA: Hogwash. **(SHE laughs uproariously at her own joke.)**

I'm sorry. I always wanted to say that to you, but, of course, I never could in school. **(seeing the withering looks from both MISS MORGAN and CELIA)** But never mind. Continue your conversation.

CELIA: Good. Now, Miss Morgan.

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MISS MORGAN: Now, Celia.

CELIA: I am at a bit of a loss here.

MISS MORGAN: As director of this event, I am not surprised to hear you say that.

CELIA: No, that is not why I say I'm at a loss. I am at a loss as to what to do with you.

MISS MORGAN: How so?

CELIA: Well, this project is very important to me.

MISS MORGAN: Project?

CELIA: Yes. This play.

MISS MORGAN: Play?

CELIA: Yes. This is part of my master's thesis, actually.

MISS MORGAN: Ah!

CELIA: Yes.

MISS MORGAN: Your Master's in...?

CELIA: Theater.

MISS MORGAN: Theater, yes.

CELIA: Yes.

AUNT LOUISA: (*whispering to CELIA*) She's setting you up, Celia.

CELIA: What?

AUNT LOUISA: She's setting you up. I remember how she used to do this to us when we were students. We always knew that when she started repeating what we said in short little sentences like that, she was just gathering ammunition to blast us. It was kind of a nasty habit, but we respected her a great deal.

MISS MORGAN: Stacy, what are you doing?

AUNT LOUISA: I'm just telling Celia something.

MISS MORGAN: And do you think I do not hear you?

AUNT LOUISA: Oh, well, you know, I didn't know you were listening.

MISS MORGAN: Perhaps you thought you were making an aside to Celia, a stage convention that allows a character to speak loudly enough so that only the audience and selected characters can hear, yet those characters not designated to hear are magically left out. Is that what you were doing?

AUNT LOUISA: Sort of. Yes!

MISS MORGAN: Stacy.

AUNT LOUISA: Yes?

MISS MORGAN: That does not work in real life.

AUNT LOUISA: See, that was a miniature set-up. When she said my name like that—when she said “Stacy”—I knew a zinger was coming.

CELIA: Thank you, Stacy. I think I can manage.

KAREN: (*desperately nervous, working herself to tears*) Celia, I'm... I don't know what to do right now. Before, when all the lines and everything were more familiar, when they were in the script, you told me to come here and prepare the food. Well, I mean, the food isn't really food. It isn't real; it's paper, but you wanted me to pantomime preparing

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the food until the next scripted line. Now, now, now, you see, now, I don't recognize anything that's being said by you people. And so I, I don't know what I should be doing. Should I keep, should I keep preparing the, the paper or... I shredded these deviled eggs already. I didn't mean to, but I shredded them into tiny pieces because, because I just... I didn't know what to do!

CELIA: (**crossing to KAREN**) Suzanne, it's all right. Go ahead back into the green room.

MISS MORGAN: With the brownish wallpaper.

CELIA: Go into the green room and we'll come get you when we're ready to go again. Things will be familiar at that point, okay?

KAREN: Okay. Okay. (**exiting**) Sorry about the eggs.

CELIA: It's fine. You'll be just fine.

AUNT LOUISA: (**to MISS MORGAN**) She gets very nervous.

MISS MORGAN: I had not noticed.

AUNT LOUISA: I practice the breathing technique you taught us for overcoming nerves. In through the nose, out through the mouth.

(**SHE demonstrates, very loudly.**)

MISS MORGAN: I taught the technique, but you must take full responsibility for that delivery.

CELIA: Miss Morgan...

MISS MORGAN: Celia, I would like to cut to the chase.

CELIA: Please. That would be good.

MISS MORGAN: Where is my brother?

CELIA: Your... who is your brother? (**suddenly realizing**) Wait a minute! Oh! Of course, Miss Morgan. You're...

MISS MORGAN: The less said the better, if you please. Where is Hank? I assume he is in the audience somewhere? Hank, if you are out there, if you are out there and cognizant in any way, stand up.

CELIA: This has suddenly become very interesting.

MISS MORGAN: For you, perhaps. I imagine your audience would beg to differ.

CELIA: You're Lillian.

MISS MORGAN: Yes. Now that the introductions have been entirely completed...

AUNT LOUISA: Lillian? Lillian. Isn't that something? You know, it never even occurred to me that you had a first name, Miss Morgan. I mean, with certain teachers, you sort of sensed that they had a first name. I think Mr. McShinsky's first name was Peter. But he looked like a Peter. He looked like he would have a Peter. (**realizing her gaff**) I mean, a first name. Oh, I am completely embarrassed. I had no idea...

REAL HANK: (**entering**) Lillian, what are you doing here?

MISS MORGAN: Hank.

REAL HANK: What are you doing here, Lillian?

MISS MORGAN: (**looking at his costume**) Why are you dressed like that?
Why are you wearing makeup?

Real HANK: So I'll be ready for my entrance, Lillian.

MISS MORGAN: Your entrance. Now that is... quaint.

Real HANK: Yes. I have a scheduled entrance, Lillian. You don't. What are you doing here?

AUNT LOUISA: Could I interject something here?

MISS MORGAN and CELIA: No.

AUNT LOUISA: Well, that was fairly clear. (**crossing up to the table**) How badly did she shred those eggs?

CELIA: Hank, this is fascinating. I couldn't be happier.

REAL HANK: Oh, I could.

MISS MORGAN: What is the matter, Hank? Afraid I am going to spoil your little empire? Afraid I am going to burst your theatrical bubble? Bring down the Hindenburg called your ego?

HANK: (**entering**) I'm here, I'm here!

MISS MORGAN: Congratulations.

HANK: What part are we on?

MISS MORGAN: The part where the young man enters for no good reason.

HANK: But somebody called for me. I heard somebody call for Hank.

CELIA: We were looking for the other Hank. The real Hank. He's here.

HANK: (**indicating REAL HANK**) Oh, you mean him.

CELIA: Yes.

HANK: Not me.

CELIA: No.

HANK: So I can go back to my PlayStation. I finally figured out Level 5 of Megapain. I just needed to jump-kick my way past the third troll to get into the Cave of Fear. After that, I picked up 3 Gorgon tokens, no sweat.

MISS MORGAN: Delightful.

HANK: So call me if you need me.

(exits)

AUNT LOUISA: You know, I can easily see how he got confused. Maybe the next time we want him to come out, or, well, we didn't want him that time, but, when, or if, we ever do want him to come out, we shouldn't ask for him by his character name, but by his actual name. We should say, "Andy, stop playing PlayStation; we're ready for you onstage." Because his real name is Andy, actually, not Hank.

CELIA: Good idea, Stacy. Why don't you tell Andy that.

AUNT LOUISA: I think he'll get it on his own. Don't you think he will, Miss Morgan?

MISS MORGAN: (**to REAL HANK**) Hank, your pathetic need for attention has taken you to a new low.

AUNT LOUISA: (**to CELIA**) She ignored me just then, I know, but I'm sure she heard me. I'm going to work on those deviled eggs some more.

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REAL HANK: Lillian, go home.

MISS MORGAN: I will do that, Hank, but not until I am certain this travesty is over and this audience has been compensated for its loss.

CELIA: Compensated?

MISS MORGAN: They should get their money back. In truth, they should get their money back not only for the tickets, but also for their time wasted. They look like an intelligent, capable collection of people; a modest hourly rate for their time would be \$10.00. We've been here 20 minutes, so you owe each of them \$3.00 plus the admittance fee. The ticket price you should refund, Celia; the rest should come from Hank.

REAL HANK: Very funny, Lillian.

MISS MORGAN: However, ladies and gentlemen, given Hank's prior history with finance and reliability, I am afraid you will not want to count on that money.

REAL HANK: Lillian, why are you here?

(as close to shouting as SHE will come)

MISS MORGAN: Hank, I am here to shut you down.

AUNT LOUISA: Do we have any tape? *(after getting no response)* Guess not.

CELIA: Lillian...

MISS MORGAN: From someone your age, Celia, I prefer being called Miss Morgan.

CELIA: Miss Morgan, why are you so intent on not letting this show happen?

MISS MORGAN: Besides the reasons I previously stated, there is one more: *Hank Morgan: A Day in the Life* is a lie.

REAL HANK: Oh, is that so, Lillian?

MISS MORGAN: Yes, that is so, Hank. And I see that your retorts are just as clever as they ever were. Did you have to dig deep to come up with "Is that so?" or was that on a low shelf in your mental storeroom?

REAL HANK: I don't have to listen to this.

MISS MORGAN: Oh, another barb thrown with such deadly aim. But you are absolutely right. You do not have to listen to this. Leave. Let us all leave.

REAL HANK: Lillian, you're out of your mind, coming here like this. What are you trying to do?

MISS MORGAN: Have you been listening, Hank? I gave you my justification.

REAL HANK: Celia, you should call the police. She has no right to be here.

CELIA: Actually, Hank, I would love to see how you work through this. It's fascinating.

REAL HANK: I didn't sign up to come out here for an argument with my sister.

CELIA: It's a part of the story, though, Hank. An unexpected part, but I would like to hear it.

MISS MORGAN: If you could read between the lines, Hank, I think your director, here, is saying that what you were originally presenting was boring. I am bringing some life to the whole affair. You should thank me.

REAL HANK: Well, I'm not going to thank you. And Celia wasn't calling my play boring, were you?

CELIA: Oh, no, no. It was, it was, it has been...

MISS MORGAN: Tedious.

CELIA: No, really, I...

MISS MORGAN: Insufferably shallow.

CELIA: Miss Morgan, I...

MISS MORGAN: To coin a phrase, Celia, I feel your pain. How did he do it?

CELIA: Excuse me?

MISS MORGAN: How did my brother weasel his way into your project?

REAL HANK: I didn't weasel!

MISS MORGAN: Weasels weasel, Hank. That is who you are, that is what you do. You don't have a choice in the matter.

AUNT LOUISA: Glue, maybe? I've got most of the deviled egg pieces close together again. *(pause)* She's still ignoring me. But I'm all right. I can just... do my thing. Be here. I'm fine.

MISS MORGAN: Did he respond to an advertisement in the newspaper? That is how he found his third wife, you know.

REAL HANK: That is not true! I met Lucy at a reunion, Lillian.

MISS MORGAN: Hank, Lucy was your second wife.

REAL HANK: She most certainly was no... oh, that's right. Who was my third?

(LOUISA raises her hand. No one is paying attention to her. SHE shakes her hand in the air a bit, trying to be called on. Eventually, SHE comes from behind the picnic table and works her way downstage to get MISS MORGAN's attention.)

MISS MORGAN: I am not going to answer that question, Hank, but I am going to use it against you, if you do not mind. It is too perfect an example of exactly why this entire affair is a travesty and why we should all be released from it as quickly as possible.

CELIA: "Released from it." What do you mean, Miss Morgan?

MISS MORGAN: I say released because you all have been ensnared in an ugly little trap prepared and sprung by one Henry Chase Morgan, otherwise known as Hank.

REAL HANK: Oh, for crying out loud! A trap?

MISS MORGAN: Now, I don't mean to imply that... ***(noticing AUNT LOUISA, who is now standing by MISS MORGAN's side with her hand raised)*** Stacy, why are you standing there like that?

AUNT LOUISA: I have my hand raised, Miss Morgan.

MISS MORGAN: Clearly. Desist from doing that immediately.

AUNT LOUISA: In school, you really used to like people to raise their hands when they had something to say.

MISS MORGAN: That is true. There is, however, one major difference between then and now.

AUNT LOUISA: What?

MISS MORGAN: Twenty years.

AUNT LOUISA: Well, yes, but...

CELIA: Stacy, what do you want to say?

AUNT LOUISA: I want to say: Too many questions.

CELIA: What?

AUNT LOUISA: As I was standing back there trying to get the deviled eggs back to looking like deviled eggs—which they do, now, but they're not held together by much—I was counting the questions that were popping up and, wouldn't you know it, I thought about another thing Miss Morgan used to say.

MISS MORGAN: I never thought my career would haunt me in this way.

AUNT LOUISA: She used to say, "Suspense is one thing, but too many unanswered questions will leave an audience frustrated." We have a lot of them out there right now. Miss Morgan, you asked your brother why he was dressed this way and why he was wearing makeup. He never answered. We would like to know. Your brother asked you why you were here, and you sort of answered, but not completely. We would like to know. You asked Celia how Hank weaseled his way into her project. Celia never answered. We would...

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