

SOMEONE ELSE'S THINGS

by Robert Simms

KING Conquering king, a man between 30-60

MAN Man or woman between 25-55

The scene is building where a fantastically rich and powerful man has set up his seat of authority, having conquered a country.

The characters may be played in black, or any unremarkable clothing, except that the king may have a crown, or a cape, or some other single distinguishing article. He is also on a small rise or platform, perhaps a step or two up from the man as he approaches. A third character could be included who could stand by the throne and hand the king papers identifying the man.)

KING: Come forward and tell me your decision.

MAN: *(Comes to the foot of the king)* Uh, sir, uh, my Lord...

KING: Don't be afraid. You have come because of my offer?

MAN: Yes, sire. Is it "sire," or "sir"?

KING: *(Smiling)* That doesn't matter much. As you said, "My Lord" will do.

MAN: My Lord. Uh, yes, I have come about your offer.

KING: You understand the terms? That I have conquered your country, and that all of it, and everyone in it, is now mine?

MAN: *(Humbly)* Yes, I understand.

KING: And do you understand that you may stay in my country if you acknowledge that you and everything you own are mine, and you voluntarily surrender it all to me today.

MAN: Y ... yes.

KING: And you have decided what?

MAN: To accept your offer, sir — uh, my Lord.

KING: Good. Good! What possessions do you declare?

MAN: I have two acres of land, a house, a car.

KING: The agreement is *all* your possessions.

MAN: Yes, sir. Here are the keys to everything. *(Holds up a large key ring full of keys)*

KING: What else do you bring?

MAN: There are the contents of the house, my furniture, my books, my stereo, my television, my computer, my tools, my appliances ...

KING: *(Gently)* Not yours anymore. They are now mine.

MAN: *(Looking suddenly a bit shocked)* I'll have to close out all my bank accounts just to replace it all!

KING: *(Acting only slightly as if he didn't know, and again, gently...)* You have bank accounts? How much?

MAN: Well, I suppose about \$30,000 all together.

KING: Good. *(Without any hint of greed and matter-of-factly)* It is now my money. Anything else?

MAN: I have some insurance policies, here. *(Takes folded policies from a pocket)*

KING: I'll take them. *(Reaches out for them. The man hands them to him.)*

MAN: *(Looking incredulous)* How will I provide for my family?

KING: Your family? Ah, yes. *(Smiling in a friendly way)* They, as well as you, now belong to me.

MAN: *(Exasperated but respectfully)* I have nothing left!

KING: That was the agreement, sign this paper turning it all over to me.

The man approaches the small table, looks at the paper, glances up at the King, and arriving at a sense of acceptance, nods agreement, and then signs the paper. The King takes the paper, folds it, and puts it in his pocket. Then he continues:

KING: Now, here are the keys, the deeds, the accounts and the policies *(He hands the papers and keys back to the Man, who takes them with surprise).* You may continue to live in the house and use the things inside it. I don't need these things in my house. I grant you use of them. You are to use them to make of yourself a worthy citizen of my country, in every way. If I ever tell you I want something returned to me, there is to be no questioning it. And if I ask you to do something for me with something you have, you must obey immediately and gladly. Understood?

MAN: Yes.

KING: Good. *(With a genuine smile)* Then enjoy the things I have given you, remember whose they are, and whose you are. *(Now gently but solemnly)* You serve me, with everything you are and everything you have.

MAN: Yes, my Lord. *(Looks at the things in his hands)* Thank you, my Lord. Thank you.

Lights quickly to black.

END