

# Rudgar's Gold

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This is part of my  
Broken Stories Unfinished Dreams  
Series

I never did finish this play.  
And likely, I'm never going to.

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## Act I, Scene I – The Heart Attack

### Prop Summary

#### Attic

Pirate Coat Rack Empty

Girl Coat Rack full with dress and hat

Chest Closed

Window Empty

Nightstand = Book, Clock, Cane

Kitchen Counter = Glass, Vase with spoons, bowl, cookie sheet,

Bag Groceries, etc.

Table = Empty

### Actor Summary

No one on stage

Blue lights flash over center of stage.

Moments later a Siren sounds... but not too loud... you can talk over it easily, an old man in the back of the audience can still hear the actors talk

Gramps runs into bedroom, frantically turns off alarm clock.

Lights and Siren turn off.

Gramps: (to audience) Sorry about that I'm supposed to be in bed (to lightman) You have to wait until I'm in position (pulls down covers, fluffs pillow, climbs into bed, thinks better of it gets up, goes to kitchen, drinks glass of water, puts glass down on counter, returns to bed, fluffs pillow, lays down, goes to sleep.

Siren sounds

Gramps: (wakes up in a start, turns off alarm, sits up in bed, to audience) Of course, that's not how it really starts... See this is just a prop (grabs alarm pushes button, siren/lights turn on, pushes button again, nothing happens, tries again, pushes alarm, nothing happens, shakes alarm, hits on edge of table, pushes alarm, nothing happens, shows to lightman, holds high, pushes again, and again, walks to stage front and elaborately pushed button showing lightman) Push... I'm pushing the button. (alarm turns off, to lightman, sarcastically) thank you (to audience) Just be glad I got them to turn that damn siren down. It was too loud. Hurt my ears. (returns to bed, gets comfortable, sitting... thinks better of it and goes to kitchen and get the glass of water, returns to bed). For an actor this is a good gig. I get to stay in bed for... what? (looks at wrist) the next two hours. It's a cherry role and all I have to do is... (grabs alarm clock, pushed button... nothing... pushes again... nothing... looks to lightman... pushes... lights and sirens turn on... pushes again... they go off) And in theory anyhow all I have to do is snap my fingers and one of the other actors or stage hands will get right on it... but this isn't really where we start (motions audience in with hands) lets go back (points to attic) Pirate: (enters attic wearing coat and hat, telescope in hand, looks out attic window) Thar she blows! (looks to light man) Ahem, Thar she blows! (Waves arms) Thar she blows? (shields eyes, looks to lightman) Anybody up there?

Gramps: See that was the problem... She wasn't blowing. (eyes audience suspiciously, shrugs, takes sip of water from empty glass, holds glass upside down, to Pirate) Hey. I'm out again. Get me a glass of water.

Pirate: Get your own water.

Gramps: Don't make me come up there. Get me a glass of water.

Fine: Fine. (puts down telescope, leaves attic by front, crossing room boundary)

Gramps: Use the stairs.

Pirate: But I'm already here.

Gramps: Go back and do it right.

Pirate: Aren't I a ghost... I can go through walls (puts hands out twiddles fingers, makes scary sound) ooooo.

Gramps. (firmly) You're not a ghost. Now do it right and use the stairs.

Pirate: (turns to audience) Maybe we should just ask these nice people to see if they care. I don't think they'd make me go all the way across the stage, back up...

Gramps: Only I get to talk to the audience! Now! (Yells) Use! The! Stairs.

Pirate: Argh! (climbs back up laboriously onto attic stage, sighs, walks back into bedroom through door, eyes gramps, sighs, crosses room opens door to kitchen)

Gramps: (Shakes glass) You'll need this.

Pirate: Argh! (walks to get glass from Gramps)

Gramps: You already said that.

Pirate: (Glaring) Argh! (stomps off)

Gramps: (To audience) I get the feeling he'll be saying that a lot tonight... It's pretty much the only thing he said for the last three weeks all through rehearsal.

Pirate: (At sink filling glass with water) Argh! (Stomps back into bedroom) Argh!

Gramps: (to audience) See... it's already repetitive

Together: Argh!

Gramps: You can break out of the role... there not going to fire you...

Pirate: (shrugs) It's a good line (to audience) most folks don't realize the breadth of meaning Argh has if you say it right.

Gramps: I'm the only one who gets to talk to the audience!

Pirate: (winks to audience, makes OK sign, hands gramps glass)

Gramps: (looks at glass, sniffs it) Don't we have anything bottled?

Pirate: (Looks to audience, smiles, nods head, grabs glass, turns away, fakes pissing in glass... takes his time) There you go.

Gramps: No thanks.

Pirate: (Happily, puts glass down on nightstand) I'll leave it right there for you... You know in case you get thirsty or something during the next scene...

Gramps: I don't see that happening.

Pirate: Never know (picks up book from nightstand) Let's see (flips through) Gramps sips water... (flip) Gramps takes a drink (flip) Gramps wets his whistle... I'm thinking you'll forget...

Aren't you getting senile or something?

Gramps: My mind's plenty sharp. It was a heart attack...

Pirate: Oh, that reminds me (puts down book on nightstand and slyly pockets alarm clock in same overly obvious deceptive motion, exits to kitchen, where he picks up phone)

Gramps: (to audience) I want to point out that I had nothing to do with this. I was in bed...

Pirate: (to receiver) Argh!

Gramps: Where I stay the entire play...

Pirate: (to receiver) Argh!

Gramps: I'm just a helpless...

Pirate: (faking heart attack... very dramatically...) Argh!

Gramps: Old man!

Pirate: (into receiver, very loud) ARGH! (drops phone, looks to audience, bounces eyes, opens cabinet, pushes button on alarm clock, and closes cabinet door, exits kitchen to back stage)

Gramps: (lies down in bed, barely audible over siren, raises arm, having heart attack) Oh, this isn't good. This isn't good at all.

## Act 1, Scene 2 – Melanie & Victoria's Arrival

### Prop Summary

Clock = Kitchen Cabinet

Book = Nightstand

Telescope = Attic

Pirate Clothes = On Pirate

Siren and Lights = On

Glass = Piss = Nightstand

### Actor Summary

Gramps in bed having heart attack

Everyone else off screen

Gramps: (sits up in bed, to light man) OK. You can turn it off now.

Pirate: (enters from backstage door) No he can't. (Crosses room to night stand)

Gramps: (to lightman) Just turn it off. It's giving me a headache. (shakes head) I need a glass of water.

Pirate: (offers him glass)

Gramps: I'll get my own. Thank you. (exists for kitchen... looks for glass)

Pirate: (puts down glass, grabs book, and slyly makes his way to the attic... belligerently goes around front breaking wall... thumbs his nose.)

Gramps: (finds clock, turns it off, siren turns off, puts clock on counter... rests on counter... continues looking for water)

Pirate: (tosses book on chest, takes off hat, tosses on chest, shakes head about, rubbing greasy hair about... blows nose, whatever)

Gramps: (finds a bottle of water... makes knowing sign to audience... leans against counter not a care in the world)

Mom and Victoria: (come through aisle from seating rear towards beach stage)

Victoria: (excitedly) There's the beach!

Melanie (Mom): We're almost there.

Gramps: (runs to front of stage, looks at M&V and looks to Pirate in attic, pushes up with palm as if to say come on)

Pirate: (shrugs and points)

Gramps: (rolls hands, and, your line)

Pirate: Oh right (with all of the professionalism you would expect from a pirate, lazily walks back to the attic window)

Gramps: (frantically waiting for the Pirate's call)

Pirate: (takes out telescope, looks through window, cleans scope, it must be dirty)

Gramps: (out of his mind)

Melanie & Victoria: (enter beach stage from audience stairs)

Melanie: It's just like I remember.

Victoria: Can we go swimming?

Melanie: It's getting late. We should see Gramps first.

Gramps: (shaking head, whispering) No! No! Stall!

Victoria: (begging) Come on mom. Please.

Melanie: (bites lip... wants to go swimming herself) Maybe we could just take off our shoes and go wading.

Gramps: (Nods head vigorously up and down, give thumbs up)

Good. Good. Go with that.

Melanie & Victoria: (oblivious to Gramps, Pirate, and audience, enter beach stage, look around, enjoy ocean, run in and out with surf, stall, build sandcastle, play, whatever, until they hear, that she blows, then grab shoes, etc, and exit beach backstage, up path to house)

Gramps: (breaks attic wall to look at Pirate, under breath) Say your line.

Pirate: (turns from window to Gramps viewing through telescope, looks at Gramps through telescope as he crosses the stage and stands next to him, view him through telescope at arms length)

What?

Gramps: (Grits teeth) Say your line. (points to Melanie and Victoria at waist height, clandestinely as if no one would notice but the Pirate)

Pirate: (Raise telescope to eye and Looks through telescope at pair, whistles) Hubba, Hubba.

Gramps: (rolling hands, come on) And?

Pirate: (looks at gramps looks at M&V again through stage) I guess I'll take the little one

Gramps: (hits Pirate's foot with fist) That's my granddaughter.

Pirate: Ow! (grabs toe, jumps around, settles down, uncomprehendingly, shrugs) OK. Fine. You take the little one. I'll take the big one.

Gramps: (goes to hit Pirate)

Pirate: (Jumps back) Make up your mind. Just tell me which one you want and I'll take the other.

Gramps: (Hisses at him) Just say your line.

Pirate: (bites at him) Argh!

Gramps: (throws another fake jab)

Pirate: (jumps backwards toward attic window, looks out window with telescope, puts down scope, turns looks at audience, shrugs), looks back out window looks to Gramps who is helplessly looking on, as he says conversationally) Don't you have something you should be doing?

Gramps: Oh crap! (rushes over to bag of groceries on counter)

Pirate: (happy, snickering, bellows loudly) Thar she blows! (to audience with a lurid gleam) Argh! It be a twisted story of childhood lost, coming of age, and an aging pirate's lonely quest for love (grandly with hand) and a life worth living (OK, enough of that) Argh! (and then looking out through the window again) Thar she blows matee, thar she blows!

Act 1, Scene 3 – Cat Food

Props Summary

Coat Racks : Lady Full, Men empty

Chest = Book, hat

Table = Empty

Kitchen Counter: Bowl, spoons, bottled water, Grocery bag

Nightstand: Glass Piss

Lights and Siren = Off

Actor Summary:

Pirate: In attic looking through window

Gramps: At kitchen counter working on bag

Gramps: (in a frantic rush, grabs can – tuna - out of bag, goes to table, rushes back to counter, looks around, frantically, gets another can – cat food, takes label off one, puts on other, to audience, calming down) I should have done this before... but you know how things are. I got the dog chow from the Widow Thompson.

Pirate: (as Gramps prepares Cat/Tuna gag, Pirate is in foreground of attic, lying on ground, playing with army men, making low cannon sounds, knocking pieces over, etc, he does this throughout the scene... Ships and Pirate like toys would be best, pretend toys, or simple army men are OK. To some extent Pirate should be distracting to those in audience around him... When Gramps mentions the Widow Thompson, Pirate pulls out of his play to ask) There's a Widow Thompson?

Gramps: (to audience) There's always a Widow Thompson

Pirate: (OK, Sure, points and nudges towards the Lady Costume on rack)

Gramps: (finished with label change rushes to sits down at table, shows audience can that says CAT FOOD, whispers, hand over mouth) It's really tuna fish

Melanie: (opens door)

Victoria: (rushes in past mom, happy) Grandpa (hugs)

Melanie: Hi dad (hugs from behind, takes hold of can) I see you're eating supper

Grandpa: Just a snack (sad) It's all I can afford

Victoria: You're eating cat food? (surprised)



Grandpa: (still sad, offering to Victoria) Do you want some?

Victoria: Eww (scrunches face)

Melanie: He's just playing (not fooled for a second) It's probably tuna fish.

Gramps: (annoyed, holds up can, shows Victoria again while saying) It's cat food. (can't you read)

Melanie: (spies unlabelled can on counter and tuna fish label, wraps Tuna fish label on can)

Gramps: (continuing, wistfully) I only wish I had some tuna fish.

Melanie: (Smiling) Today's your lucky day dad (returning to table with can reading TUNA and can opener) I got some right here.

(opens can for him and puts it in front of him)

Gramps: (looking around at counter worriedly)

Melanie: (nods head) You had some tuna right over there dad. I don't know why you're eating cat food when you have perfectly good tuna right here. (smells) Mmmm. Here you go dad.

Gramps: (smells grimaces)

Melanie: (putting can down) Me and Victoria already ate lunch.

Victoria: We had hamburgers.

Melanie: So knock yourself out (sniffs again, smiles wickedly) Sure smells good.

Gramps: I think I've had enough.

Melanie: Oh, that's right. You just got out of the hospital (rolls eyes to audience, sure) What was it a heart attack?

Victoria: Are you going to be all right grandpa? (hugs Gramps again).

Gramps: Now that you're here, I will be.

Melanie: (pulls Victoria off gramps) We've got to let him eat honey, so he can regain his strength. (pushes Tuna towards Gramps)

Gramps: (reaches for Cat food)

Melanie: (takes CAT food can away)

Gramps: (goes after CAT food as Melanie takes away)

Melanie: This one is the tuna dad. (showing him can on table in front of him) See, it says right here on the label.

Victoria: (sniffs) It smells funny.

Gramps: (agrees) Probably a bad can. Well, I've got to be... (tries to get up but is restrained by Melanie)

Melanie: (sniffs at can as she holds Gramps down) There nothing wrong with this can of (reads label) tuna, (to audience) it smells exactly like I remember tuna smelling... here... maybe I should spoon feed you

Gramps: (yawn) Suddenly I'm wiped out... Help me to bed  
Victoria.

Melanie: (holds down) Not until you fess up... Or do you want some tuna.

Gramps: (looks down, shifty eyes) Fine. I changed the labels.

Victoria: Why would you do that?

Melanie: Because he's a deceitful old man.

Pirate: (perking up from where he is playing) She's got your number. (resumes play, quietly) No! No! Boom. Ahh!

Gramps: (to pirate, softly growling) Argh!

Melanie: How's that dad.

Gramps: I should lay down...

Pirate: (happily, sing song) You know, recoup, retreat, a tactical withdrawal, run away with your tail between your legs...

Gramps: (to Pirate) Argh!

Melanie: (concerned) that's a nasty cough you've got there.

Gramps: (to Victoria) Give an old man a hand.

(Gramps departs leaning heavily on Victoria into bedroom)

Melanie: I'll make us some supper (clears table, looks at cans in paper bag that read dog food, holds to audience, to self) I guess I'm making beef stew.

## Act 1, Scene 4 - The Scrapbook, Key to the Past

### Props Summary

Coat Racks : Lady Full, Men empty

Chest = Book, hat

Table = Empty

Kitchen Counter: Bowl, spoons, bottled water

Nightstand: Glass Piss

Lights and Siren = Off

Actor Summary:

Pirate: In attic foreground, playing pirate, army men

Melanie: At Kitchen, sorting cans of Dog Food, checking out kitchen

Gramps: Getting into Bed

Victoria: Hopping on Bed with Gramps

Door to kitchen and bedroom is open so mom can talk through.

*{In a very short summary, if I recall correctly, the daughter was going to move back, take care of her father, while the granddaughter would become friends with the child version of Rutgar, and his gold, I do believe it's the setting sun, and simple joys in life.}*