

## **The Vagrants Under the Canopy**

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Characters:

George Carter: a poor vagrant with a brown cape.

Jim Morris: the owner of a bakery with a moustache.

Claire Morris: Jim's wife whose face is chubby.

Dennis Johnson: a little vagrant with a shabby hat.

Bill Forster: a kind and old customer walking with a cane

Scene One—

Mr. Morris: Mr., please don't stand in front of my store, I have to run my business.

Please go away with your son.

Mr. Carter: He is not my son.

Mr. Morris: All right, please go away with this KID. (Impatiently.)

Dennis: It is raining now, and your store is the only one nearby which has a canopy.

Mr. Carter: He is not my son, but he is right.

Mr. Morris: Fine! (Angrily.)

(Mr. Morris gets into his bakery angrily.)

Mrs. Morris: Are they still there? (Putting the butter on the bread.)

Mr. Morris: Yes, they said it's raining now, and they have no place to go.

Mrs. Morris: They have stood in front of our store for a whole week. Does everyday rain?

Mr. Morris: I say they are not just standing in front of our store. They live there.

Mrs. Morris: All right, forget about it. We run out of our butter. Can you go to the *Butter King* to get some butter?

(Mr. Morris puts on his rain coat and goes out. He takes a look at the two poor vagrants.)

Mr. Morris: Now you are very comfortable and I am the one to be wet.

(Light off and then on again.)

(Morris gets the butter and arrives at his bakery. It's about seven o'clock at night.

The tow vagrants are gone.)

Mrs. Morris: Oh, honey, you are back. (She is cleaning the baking tray.)

Mr. Morris: They are gone. (Excited.)

Mrs. Morris: What are gone?

Mr. Morris: The two Poor vagrants.

Mrs. Morris: Really? It's really good news.

Mr. Morris: I can't stand it anymore. While I am making the bread, I couldn't help thinking about the two annoying vagrants standing outside. I can't concentrate on anything.

Mrs. Morris: Oh, honey, it's really terrible.

(Mrs. Morris finishes her chores and Mr. Morris prepares to take a hot shower.)

(While Mr. Morris is taking a shower)

Mrs. Morris: Honey, how about we go on a vacation?

Mr. Morris: What? I can't hear you. Louder please.

Mrs. Morris: I said let's go on vacation. (Yelling.)

(Mr. Morris turns off the shower nozzle.)

Mr. Morris: Go on a vacation, sounds great. After we come back from the vacation, we may figure out something to do with the vagrants outside of our bakery.

(Outside of the bakery.)

Mr. Carter: Don't follow me, kid. Leave me alone.

Dennis: I am not following you, I just walk back here. I will stay here tonight.

(Takes off his hat.)

Mr. Carter: But it's my home. I have lived here for a week. Where you stand is my bed. (Points out the bed position.)

Dennis: This is not your home. It's a bakery. It's a public place that every one can come over to have a stay. I will sleep just in your bed, good night. (Dennis sits down and pretends to sleep. Mr. Carter doesn't say anything, and he sleeps at the opposite side of Dennis.)

(Light off and then on again.)

(It is in the morning. Mr. Morris and Mrs. Morris are prepared to go on a vacation.

They leave a note on the door of the bakery.)

Mrs. Morris: No vagrant is there.

Mr. Morris: Because it isn't raining today.

Mrs. Morris: Oh, honey, take it easy. We are going on a vacation, cheer up.

Mr. Morris: Sorry, honey. (Morris couple leave arm in arm.)

(The two vagrants are sleeping in the lane next to the bakery. The Morris couple didn't see them. In the early morning, they wake up because of the sunshine.

So they move to the lane.)

Mr. Carter: Wake up, kid. You are sleeping on my leg. (Pushes the kid's hand.)

Dennis: What time is it?

Mr. Carter: You can go to the bakery and look at the clock yourself. (Dennis looks at the clock in the bakery through the glass windows.)

Dennis: Wow, it's already nine o'clock.

Mr. Carter: Yeah, I am waiting for my breakfast. I wonder why they don't start to bake the bread. I haven't smelled my favorite butter bread.

Dennis: Look, they are on a vacation. (They look at a note on the door.)

Mr. Carter: Oh, No. I can't have my breakfast today. (Dennis pushes the door incautiously and it opens.)

Dennis: Hey, they forgot to lock their door up.

Mr. Carter: How careless they are.

Dennis: Wow, it is full of the flavor of bread. I am hungry. (Dennis walks inside.)

Mr. Carter: How can you just walk inside without any permission?

Dennis: See, there are many kinds of bread. I remember those doughnuts. I watched them through the glass windows whole day long yesterday.

Mr. Carter: Yeah, my favorite butter bread is over there. (Dennis picks one doughnut and starts to eat.)

Mr. Carter: How can you start eating without any permission?

Dennis: Do you always need the permission to do everything?

Mr. Carter: Yes, I do.

Dennis: Ok, I say you can eat the butter bread and now you have the permission.

Mr. Carter: All right, it sounds like permission. (They start to eat the bread.)

(After they eat the bread)

Dennis: Wow, this house is so big. I have never lived in such a big house. (Dennis runs upstairs.)

Mr. Carter: What are you doing, kid? This is not your house. If this is your home, you can go upstairs without any permission. But it is... (Dennis interrupts him.)

Dennis: How about we live here for a few days? Since they didn't lock the door, we can help them look after their house. And the best thing of it is that we can have our own bed. (Dennis is excited.)

(Mr. Carter is silent.)

Dennis: Come on, please. We have lived outside of this house for a week. It is no difference to live inside.

Mr. Carter: It makes sense, but... (Dennis interrupts him again.)

Dennis: No more but. Let's take a hot shower first. How long haven't you taken a shower? (Dennis pulls Mr. Carter forward the bathroom.)

(The curtain falls and sounds of showers in.)

(The curtain rises up again.)

(The next morning.) (Mr. Carter and Dennis sit at the counter and talk with each other.)

(Someone is knocking the door.)

Mr. Forster: Is anyone here?

Mr. Carter: Hide behind the counter, kid. Someone is knocking the door.

(Dennis looks at the outside through the glass windows.)

Dennis: That is not the Morris couple. Don't worry.

Mr. Carter: No, we can't be seen. (Hides behind the counter.)

Dennis: No, Remember, now we are the host of the bakery. I will go to answer the door. (Dennis opens the door.)

Dennis: Can I help you, sir?

Mr. Forster: Yes, I am sorry to bother you. I see the note on your door. I know you are on vacation now. But I see you through the windows.

Dennis: In fact, we are ready to go. (A little panic.)

Mr. Forest: Please help me. I have something urgent. I want to order a cake. My granddaughter's birthday is on Friday. Can you help me?

(Dennis thinks for a while.)

Dennis: Yes, sir. We can make a cake for you.

Mr. Forster: Oh, thank you very much. You really help me a lot.

Dennis: You're welcome. What kind of cake you want?

Mr. Forster: I want a butter cake with some doughnuts. Can you make this for me specially? My granddaughter likes butter and doughnuts very much. (A little embarrassed to say.)

Dennis: A butter cake with some doughnuts? It is a little unusual but special. I like it.

Mr. Forster: Thank you. When can I get it?

Dennis: Today is ...

Mr. Forster: Today is Wednesday.

Dennis: You can come over in Friday morning.

(Dennis goes back to the counter. Mr. Carter is shaking his head.)

Mr. Carter: You are really an arrogant kid. Do you know how to make a cake?

Dennis: No, I don't.

Mr. Carter: How do you dare? If you can't make a cake for this old gentleman, he will be very sad.

Dennis: Don't worry. I see there is a recipe on the oven. We can see how to make a cake.

Mr. Carter: You really have the confidence in yourself. (With a reluctant face.)

Scene Two (In the kitchen)

(Mr. Carter and Dennis are busy making the cake in the kitchen.)

Dennis: How about we go to buy a cake for the gentleman?

Mr. Carter: No, we can't find a place which sells a butter cake with doughnuts, and we don't have money, either.

Dennis: Do you think we can make it?

Mr. Carter: Oh, you finally have the self-consciousness. We don't have chance to regret. Hurry up! Stir the paste!

(Finally they make a butter cake with doughnuts.)

Dennis: How do you think of it?

Mr. Carter: Maybe its appearance is a little ugly, but it must tastes good.

Dennis: How do you know it tastes good?

Mr. Carter: I just know it.

(That night)

After Dennis is asleep, Mr. Carter writes a letter to him.

It says that: Appearance doesn't matter; what really matters is the heart. I am happy to meet you. See you. (Mr. Carter leaves the bakery.)

(Next morning)

Dennis: Wake up! You are sleeping on my leg. (He finds nobody sleeping next to him and he finds the letter, too.)

Dennis: How could you leave me alone? (The door bell rings.)

Mr. Forster: Is anyone here? I am taking my cake.

Dennis: Coming, wait for a minute. (Dennis opens the door.)

Dennis: Sir, this is your cake.

Mr. Forster: Oh, thank you very much. You really do a big favor for me.

Dennis: You are welcome. (Dennis is sad because of Mr. Carter's leaving.)

Dennis: Where are you, Mr. Carter?

Mr. Carter: I am here. (Mr. Carter stands outside of the bakery.) This is the right place we belong to.

Dennis: You are a really nice guy. (Dennis smiles and walks out of the bakery.)

Mr. Carter: Remember to lock the door up.

(These two vagrants walk away together.)

The End