

Three Wishes By Monica Chang (張雅億)

List of Characters

Morris—an eighteen-year-old young man who is negligent and sometimes a little absent-minded. He works for Mr. Gilbertson, and is fond of his daughter Pearl. Somehow he is not very content with his life.

Mr. Gilbertson—Morris' boss. He is a stingy 55-year-old man who owns a shoe store. He likes money very much.

Pearl—Mr. Gilbertson's daughter. She is a beautiful but superficial girl who is very proud of her look. She only likes handsome and rich men. She despises Morris for he is only a clerk in her father's store.

Old man—a mysterious old man who wears dirty clothes and carries a teapot with him. He gives Morris the magic teapot.

Scene one

(Mr. Gilbertson's shoe store. There are two entrances. One at the right is the entrance of the shoe store. The other at the left leads to Mr. Gilbertson's work room. In the center of the shoe store is a small couch for customers to sit and try on their shoes. To the left of the couch is a small tea table. On the back are two shelves on which various shoes are displayed. On the left of the stage is an accountant's desk. Behind the desk is a tall stool.)

(At rise, Mr. Gilbertson is sitting at the desk, being busy keeping account of yesterday's income. Suddenly, Morris rushes in the store.)

Mr. Gilbertson: *(Loudly, but still busy keeping account without lifting his head up)* Morris! You're late, As usual!

Morris: *(Nervously)* I'm sorry, Mr. Gilbertson. It won't happen again.

Mr. Gilbertson: *(Still keeping account)* I've heard you saying that for over a thousand times, Morris. So, what's your excuse this time? Suddenly lost your memory and couldn't find the way to work?

Morris: Uh...no. But I met an old lady on my way here, and she asked me to help her find Rosalind, which I did. And that's why I'm late...

Mr. Gilbertson: *(He signs. Then he closes his account book and looks at Morris.)* So, who is this Rosalind anyway?

Morris: Her oriole, sir.

Mr. Gilbertson: *(He stands up and walks towards Morris.)* Morris, I must say that you really have a rich imagination. But, if you have the time to make up such an absurd story, why not use your time to do something more important? Such as, *(loudly)* wiping all the shoes in the store until you can see your face clearly reflected on them!

Morris: Y...Yes, sir. *(He hurriedly goes to the back and starts to clean the shoes.)*

Mr. Gilbertson: *(He takes up a notebook from his desk and opens it.)* By the way, Morris, every time when you are late, I deduct 10 bulks from your salary. And since you have been late for...how many times?

(He checks the notebook.) You have been late for work for the whole month, which means that not only will you not get your salary this month, but you have to pay me back 50 dollars instead.

Morris: *(Nervously)* Mr. Gilbertson, please...don't do this to me...I promise I'll never be late again...

Mr. Gilbertson: *(He interrupts Morris.)* However, I believe that people all deserve a second chance. So, I won't charge you for those 50 bulks.

Morris: Thank you, sir. Thank you...

Mr. Gilbertson: But you still won't get any money this month. *(Loudly)* Now, back to work! Customers will come in anytime! *(He goes inside the workroom.)*

Morris: *(He watches Mr. Gilbertson leave. Then, He imitates Mr. Gilbertson.)* "I believe that people all deserve a second chance"...that old mean bastard! I can't believe that he won't give me any money this month! How am I going to tell my mom? *(Worried)* She would definitely be angry at me!
(Pearl comes in the store.)

Morris: *(He acts nervously and shyly.)* Oh, hello, Pearl...I mean, Miss Gilbertson.

Pearl: *(She looks around without paying attention to Morris.)* Hello, Murphy.

Morris: It's Morris.

Pearl: Did you see my dad, Moses?

Morris: Mr. Gilbertson is in the work room. And it's Morris, not Moses...

Pearl: *(She looks at him and pauses, with no facial expression.)*...Whatever.
(Then she begins looking at the shoes, ignoring Morris.)

Morris: *(Being fascinated by Pearl)* Miss Gilbertson, you look special today. Are you having some kind of date tonight?

Pearl: No. But I'm going to the prom tonight. That's why I come here. My dad has promised me that I can pick any shoes I like in the store.

Morris: I can show you some really nice shoes here. *(He picks up some shoes. And they went to the couch for Pearl to sit there and try them on.)* So, Miss Gilbertson, *(hesitatively)* have you...have you got any date already?

Pearl: *(Smiling)* Of course I have! His name is Jason Hughes. He is the cutest and most popular guy in school, and he has three Jaguars and a BMW. Isn't that amazing?

(By hearing that, Morris feels disappointed.)

Pearl: Anyway, he's the kind of guy that is good enough for me. Men without money and nice look are nothing but losers. Oops! Sorry, no offense!

Morris: So, Miss Gilbertson, have you decided on which shoes?

Pearl: Uh...I think these would be nice. Please pack them up for me, Morgan.

Morris: *(He signs.)* Yes, Miss Gilbertson. *(He packs the shoes up.)*

Pearl: I think I'll just take the shoes and leave. Would you please tell my dad that I won't be home tonight?

Morris: *(He hands the shoes to Pearl.)* Sure.

(Pearl leaves the store.)

Morris: *(He watches her leave.)* Bye, Miss Gilbertson. Have a nice day.

(After Pearl leaves, Mr. Gilbertson goes out from the work room.)

Mr. Gilbertson: Did someone come?

Morris: Oh, yes, Mr. Gilbertson. It's your daughter. She came to pick up her shoes for the prom. Oh! She asked me to tell you that she won't come home tonight.

Mr. Gilbertson: (*Loudly and angrily*) What? Did she tell you where she's going to stay? Sooner or later I'll die of heart attack because of her! (*Suddenly he pauses. Then he looks at the shelves and seems to notice something.*)...

Morris, where are those white shoes on the top of the shelf?

Morris: Oh, Miss Gilbertson took them home.

Mr. Gilbertson: Oh, for Christ's sake! Didn't I tell you that Mrs. Anderson is going to pick them up this afternoon?

Morris: ...Did you?

Mr. Gilbertson: (*Angrily*) Yes! I remembered I told you that before! Mrs. Anderson ordered those shoes, and they are very expensive shoes! How could you forget everything—not only forgot to work, but also forgot the words that I've just told you?

Morris: I'm very sorry, sir...

Mr. Gilbertson: Now, get your lazy bones out of here and chase Pearl back! Mrs. Anderson will be here in two hours!

Morris: Y...Yes, sir!

(*Morris hurriedly rushes out the store.*)

(*The curtain falls.*)

Scene two

(*The park near the shoe store. There are two entrances. One at the left is the entrance of the park. The other at the right is the exit of the park. On the center of the stage is a bench. Behind the bench are trees and flowers. On the upper left of the stage are two rocking horses. On the upper right of the stage is a statue of a naked man. A stick is placed on the floor in front of the statue.*)

(*At rise, Morris rushes in the park.*)

Morris: (*He keeps panting.*) Where did she go?

(*He sees the bench. Then he walks towards it and sits on it.*)

Morris: (*He signs.*) Today is really a disaster of my life! First I couldn't get any salary from that mean bastard this month; then, I couldn't find Pearl and bring back those shoes... (*He looks at his watch.*) Oh, no! (*Nervously*) Two hours have passed! Mr. Gilbertson will definitely kill me!

(*An old man carrying a teapot comes in the park. He notices Morris. Then he walks towards him.*)

Old man: (*He sits down on the bench, and keeps moving towards Morris until they can't sit closer anymore. Then he smiles to Morris cunningly.*) Young man, you seem troubled. Is something bothering you?

Morris: Nothing. I'm just...having a really bad day...

Old man: Well, if you are in some kind of trouble, I might be able to help you.

Morris: (*He turns to look at him, and then turns back.*)... I don't think you can help me, but thanks anyway.

Old man: Young man, don't be fooled by what you see. I might seem like a messy, dirty old man to you, but in fact... *(He leans to Morris and whispers.)* I am not!

Morris: *(He signs.)* Alright, then, what are you?

Old man: *(Mysteriously)* I... am... a... powerful... wizard! I know all kinds of tricks and magic that can help you solve your problems!

Morris: *(He faces the audience and whispers.)* Great! Now I'm sitting with a lunatic!

Old man: *(He didn't hear Morris' words and keeps talking.)*...Today is your lucky day, young man! The fate has brought us here—which you cannot deny it. So, I decide to show you something special, something that is very useful for you now... *(He rises up his teapot and shows it to Morris.)*

Morris: *(He stands up and speaks loudly.)* A teapot? You're giving me a Teapot? What do I need it for?

Old man: *(He stands up, too.)* Don't be fooled by what you see. This is not an ordinary teapot... *(He comes near to the young man and whispers.)* It's a magic...teapot!

(Morris feels impatient and tries to ignore him.)

Old man: Listen! Just tell the magic teapot what your wishes are; then, your wishes will come true. But remember! You can only have three wishes!

Morris: Alright! Just...cut off the crap! I'll take it, o.k.?

(He reaches out for the teapot, but the old man doesn't give it to him.)

Old man: Wait! I said that I want to show you this, but I didn't say that I'm going to give you this! If you want to have the magic teapot, you will need to give me something in exchange. *(He makes a gesture which shows that he wants money.)*

Morris: Money? No way! You think I will give you money for this?... I don't even believe that it has any magic at all! If you want my money, then just prove to me that it really has magic!

Old man: Sure... Surely I can prove it to you... I'll show you how powerful it is! *(He keeps wiping the teapot. Then he seems to lose his confidence gradually.)*

Alright! I...I lied. It's not a magic teapot. The whole thing's just a stupid lie... But, *(miserably)* but I am just a poor, old man who hasn't eaten anything for two days... I really need some money to buy some food...

Morris: Alright... I think I've still got some money that I can give to you. Let's see... *(He reaches his hand into his pocket and pulls a bank note up.)* Oh, I've got 100 dollars. But that's the only money I have for the month...

Old man: *(He interrupts Morris and grabs the money.)* Thanks, young man. Now the teapot is yours! *(Immediately he runs out of the park.)*

Morris: Hey! Wait! *(He screams and chases the old man.)* That's my money! Hey! *(Then he trips over the stick in front of the statue.)*

Morris: Oh, shit! *(He watches the old man run away. Then he stands up and walks haltingly back the bench.)*

Morris: *(He sits down.)* Now I've lost all my money! *(He feels very upset. Then he sees the teapot. He walks to it and picks it up.)*

Morris: *(He looks at the teapot.)* I can't believe that I even talked to that old man. *(He pauses for a while.)*... But what if it is really a magic teapot? *(He starts to fantasize. But soon he stops it.)* No...what am I thinking? It is just an ordinary teapot... *(He is hesitating. Then suddenly he seems to think of some idea.)* Maybe I should just try and see if it really has power... *(Then he takes its lid up and talks to it.)* Uh...I haven't eaten anything since the morning, so, bring me...bring me a banana!

(Suddenly there is a big explosion. Morris is frightened by the sound and squats down. After a while, he stands up.)

Morris: *(He looks around.)* Wow! Where did that come from?

(Suddenly a banana is thrown into the stage and hits Morris' head.)

Morris: Ouch! *(Then he notices the banana on the ground and picks it up.)* Oh, my god! *Joyfully* It's true! It's really a magic teapot! Oh, Yes! Now, what should I do with it? *(He tries to calm down.)* I've already used up my first wish, so this time I need to be very careful of what I wish for... *(He starts to contemplate.)* Think, Morris, think... *(Excitedly)* Oh! I got it!... Pearl said that men without money are just losers, so, maybe I should wish for a better job, such as, working as a manager in a really big company, so that Pearl would like me better, and that I could also get away from Mr. Gilbertson and my lousy job! *(He takes its lid up and talks to it.)* Dear magic teapot, let me be a manager who works in a big company and makes a lot of money!

(There is a big explosion after he speaks.)

(The curtain falls.)

Scene three

(A stylish office. There is only one entrance at the right; that is, the entrance of the office. In the center of the office is a couch. On the back of the stage are shelves on which there are various books. On the left of the stage is a big desk. On the upper right is a potted plant.)

(At rise. Morris wears a formal suit and sits at the desk. He holds the teapot with his eyes closed. Then he opens his eyes slowly and cautiously. After realizing where he is, he feels surprised and excited.)

Morris: *(He stands up and looks around.)* I can't believe this! Wow! *(He walks around in the office. Then he looks at his suit, feeling satisfied.)* I'm the manager now! Cool... And I don't have to work in Mr. Gilbertson's shoe store anymore! *(He laughs.)*

(Suddenly Mr. Gilbertson comes in the office.)

Mr. Gilbertson: *(Loudly)* Morris!

Morris: *(Shocked)* Mr. Gilbertson? What... what are you doing here?

Mr. Gilbertson: What do you mean what am I doing here? I'm your boss! Did you contact with Mrs. Anderson and make sure that the orders are all correct?

Morris: *(He is dumbfounded for a while.)* ...You are still my boss?

Mr. Gilbertson: What's wrong with you? Are you having a nervous break-down or something? Anyway, call Mrs. Anderson! I want to make sure that everything is in control! *(He turns and prepares to leave. But when he comes to the door, he turns back again.)* *(Loudly)* Morris!

Morris: Y...Yes, Mr. Gilbertson.

Mr. Gilbertson: I've got to tell you, I'm very unsatisfied with you. Very, very unsatisfied! However, people all deserve a second chance. So you keep working hard. And I'll be watching! *(He leaves the office.)*

(Morris becomes speechless. He walks to the couch and sits down.)

Morris: How could this happen? *(He starts to talk to the teapot.)* How could you do this to me? How could you...

(Pearl comes in the office and interrupts Morris' talking.)

Pearl: *(She looks at Morris and pauses for a while.)* Are you talking to a teapot?

Morris: *(Nervously)* *(He stands up.)* Pearl! I mean, Miss Gilbertson. What brings you here?

Pearl: *(Laughing)* Miss Gilbertson? You're acting strangely today, Morris. I come to see you. Don't you miss me? *(She comes near Morris and kisses him on his cheek.)*

Morris: *(Shocked)* What? What's that?

Pearl: *(Bewildered)* Morris, what's wrong with you? Are you sick?

(She tries to touch Morris' forehead, but he dodges.)

(She feels bewildered, but soon she doesn't seem to care about it. She walks to the couch and sits down.)

Pearl: Have you decided on what to wear tomorrow?

Morris: Tomorrow?

Pearl: Tomorrow, our engagement party! You forgot all about this?

Morris: *(Shocked and speechless)* Well...Uh...

Pearl: *(She signs.)* Never mind. I'll buy something for you to wear. Oh, by the way, these are for you! *(She takes out some papers from her purse and gives them to Morris.)*

Morris: What? *(He looks at them and then screams.)* Bills? These are all bills?

Pearl: I've bought some clothes lately, but I suppose you can afford them.

Morris: Wow! These are really expensive clothes!

Pearl: And I've also bought a car.

Morris: A car!

Pearl: I figure that if I have a car, then you won't need to drive me everywhere.

Morris: A 100-million-dollar car? *(Nervously)* Is it possible to return it?

Pearl: *(Laughing)* Morris, don't be silly! *(She looks at her watch.)* Oh, I've got to go now. Vicky and I are going to the spa center. *(She comes near to Morris and kisses him on the cheek.)* Bye! *(She leaves the office.)*

Morris: That woman is really a spender! A 100-million-dollar car? That's so crazy! *(But then he seems to think of something and smiles.)*... But at least she remembers my name now... *(Suddenly he stops fantasizing.)* No! I can't have this kind of life! I know I won't be happy! Although Pearl is pretty, I don't think that she's the right person for me. And although I have money now, I still don't see any difference in my life. Maybe these are not really what I'm looking for. I want to be happy, and I want to feel free. But money can't buy me these! Maybe the only way to find one's own happiness is trying to experience one's own life and facing the problems encountered. *(Happily)* Now I've finally realized it! *(He takes out the teapot. Then he takes its lid up*

and makes a wish.) Dear magic teapot, my third and my last wish is that I want to get back to my own life!

(There is a big explosion after he speaks.)

(The curtain falls.)

Scene four

(Back to the park. The setting is the same as scene two.)

(At rise, Morris holds the teapot and sits on the bench, with his eyes close. He wears the original clothes.)

Morris: *(He opens his eyes. Then he looks around and feels satisfied. He talks to the teapot.)* I don't need you anymore. *(He puts it on the bench.)* Oh! I've got to get back to the store now! *(He stands up and leaves the park.)*

(After he leaves, the old man comes back to the park sneakily and picks up the teapot on the bench.)

Old man: *(He faces the audience.)* Do you want to exchange for the magic teapot?

(The curtain falls.)

(The end)