

Living With the Savage

A One-Act Comedy

by Dawson Moore

PO Box 3505
Valdez AK 99686
907-255-5325
dawsonguy@juno.com

Living With the Savage

Cast

Martin Talon	25. Intelligent. Headstrong.
Angelica Talon	26. Intelligent. Cold.
Sophia Talon	The Matriarch. Very In Charge.
The Savage	Primal. Hairy.

Costumes

The Talons all dress affluently in muted tones. The Savage has more color on his loincloth, tribal mask, and spear.

Set

The entire play takes place in the Talons' parlor/patio area. Minimalism is suggested, but if produced with full set, everything should reek of class and money.

Time

Whenever.

Dialogue

The Savage is translated in parenthesis after his gibberish. This is not intended to be heard by an audience, simply to give the actor subtext.

PLAYWRIGHT'S NOTE: The Savage is best played by a large white fellow, to avoid any of the racist implications that other casting could create.

(MARTIN and ANGELICA sit opposite each other drinking martinis. They are mid-conversation.)

ANGELICA

It's not that I object to the class of women you see...

MARTIN

(pause)

Yes it is.

ANGELICA

No, it is not. The fact that you slum through coffee shops and Salvation Armies looking for rubies amidst the clutter... well, it is embarrassing, but it's your business.

MARTIN

Thank you.

ANGELICA

And the minutes you take off my life and Mother's life with introducing us... well, that's necessitated by family loyalty, and we accept that we must sacrifice those minutes to your happiness.

MARTIN

Big of you.

ANGELICA

But I want to make sure that you're not blind to what these women are after. Why they're with you. These hussies think of you as marriage material. They want to become part of the family. They want the wealth and they want the prestige.

MARTIN

They have as much control as I allow them.

ANGELICA

All boys think that.

MARTIN

What am I going to do, date you? Waiting for a woman that both you and Mother approve of could force me into monk's robes.

ANGELICA

I'm not suggesting that.

MARTIN

As if the collection of stable hands and coffee-jerks you're reputed to rut with were anything to boast about.

ANGELICA

My men at least want me for sex first, position second.

MARTIN

Well, you'd like to think so. Wait, which position do they want you in first?

ANGELICA

Hah. Brother, there are two differences in how we handle our affairs. First, I am in complete control. They get what I give them and are incredibly grateful. You actually let those bimbos get to know you as if they were your peers, your equals.

MARTIN

Please. Neither they nor I forget the underlying nature of our relationship. I wish we could forget it. Because I have to stop sleeping with them when I see the gold digger behind their smile. And I've yet to meet the woman who could ignore the family fortune.

ANGELICA

You're so eccentric. What are you trying to do, find true love? That's the saddest thing I've heard in days. The world's your oyster and you want to make it your cave, a place where you and the missus can hide away from the rest of life's possibilities.

MARTIN

I'm not a romantic! Love just sounds like it might be very pleasant, for a couple of months at any rate.

ANGELICA

Such a dreamer! Second difference: You're so public with your amours. We all have our dirty laundry, but yours never finds its way to the hamper.

MARTIN

Pure hogwash.

ANGELICA

Please! I could list twenty women you've pursued, where and when you first slept with them, what time you got home afterwards, and how many more hours later you decided it was over. You couldn't name one of my lovers with any certainty.

MARTIN

Mark Romanoff.

(pause)

Well?

ANGELICA

One of the reasons you'll never know for certain is that I have enough discretion to not play guessing games.

MARTIN

At least if there's a pregnancy involved in one of my affairs, I'll know who the father is.

*(They smile at each other, laugh softly, and clink glasses.
SOPHIA strides on stage.)*

SOPHIA

Daughter, Son, come here.

(They dutifully obey.)

MARTIN

Yes, Mother?

SOPHIA

You need to prepare yourselves for a little adjustment to our living situation.

ANGELICA

Adjustment, Mother?

SOPHIA

I've always worried that the lack of a father figure would set both of you back. Especially you, Son.

MARTIN

You needn't worry, Mother. I'm doing just fine.

SOPHIA

Nevertheless, this has been a concern of mine for a number of years, ever since your father—

ANGELICA & MARTIN

Yes, yes.

SOPHIA

Today I've taken a step to alleviate the pressure his absence has placed on you both.

MARTIN

Mother, what are you saying?

ANGELICA

You've taken a lover?

SOPHIA

I have someone I'd like you to meet.
(calling off)

Come!

(The SAVAGE enters.)

Children, this is my Savage. He's going to be staying with us. Savage, these are my children.

(They all stare at each other.)

ANGELICA

Um... hello... Savage

(She moves toward him with an extended hand.)

SAVAGE

Rrrraarrggghhhh!!! [You are a very attractive young woman.]

ANGELICA

Oh!

(He raises his spear and there is a lot of screaming back and forth.)

MARTIN

Now just hold on—

SAVAGE

Arganaweeeeeee! [What's your problem?]

(The SAVAGE begins chasing MARTIN with his spear.)

SOPHIA

Oh now, Savage... Savage... SAVAGE, heel!

(He scurries to her side.)

SAVAGE

Sorrrr-reeeee!!

SOPHIA

Isn't that adorable? It's his only word of English!

MARTIN

What a Savage!

SOPHIA

Isn't he wonderful? So authentic. I love his big bear chest, the way he wields his spear.

(She proffers her hand to the SAVAGE. He begins smelling her arm.)

ANGELICA

Don't be vulgar, Mother. You've had your laugh, now let's get him out of here before he breaks something.

SOPHIA

Daughter, he's not going anywhere.

MARTIN

What are you talking about?

SOPHIA

He's my lover.

MARTIN

(simultaneous)

What... what are you saying?!?

ANGELICA

(simultaneous)

Oh, disgusting! He's so dirty!

SOPHIA

Now, Children, I knew you'd be resistant—

MARTIN

Resistant!

SOPHIA

And having him here living with us will be a big change for you.

ANGELICA

Here with us? He'll soil the linen!

SOPHIA

He bathes, Daughter.

ANGELICA

One could never tell!

SOPHIA

He likes it when I bathe him, at any rate.

ANGELICA

When did you bathe him?

SOPHIA

At the custom's office, they have this little room—

MARTIN

May I say that this whole unseemly topic is making me ill?

SOPHIA

No, you may not!

(The SAVAGE moves his smelling up her arm to her neck.)

MARTIN

Sorry, Mother. But... can't you at least make him take off his mask? He's inside, and I don't like that I can't see his eyes.

ANGELICA

He can't stay here.

MARTIN

Uh-oh.

(SOPHIA glares at her, then approaches menacingly.)

SOPHIA

That's not really your decision, now is it, Daughter? You are still living under my roof. There is no "we" in the running of this home. I am still Mother, and you are still Daughter and Son. Do I make myself clear?

ANGELICA

Yes, Mother.

SOPHIA

(pause)

Martin?

MARTIN

Weren't you watching just now? He tried to impale me!

SOPHIA
You provoked him.

MARTIN
I didn't!

SAVAGE
Grrrr pappabar? [You're a little punk, aren't you?]

SOPHIA
Have a little compassion, Son... his ways and customs are much different than ours. He was just saying hello to Angelica and you came at him suddenly. You need to appreciate the life he comes from.

MARTIN
The life he needs to go back to.

ANGELICA
Mother, he won't be happy here.

(The SAVAGE is smelling SOPHIA all over.)

SOPHIA
Oh! Well... I think he'll be very happy here.

MARTIN
Mother!

SOPHIA
We'll continue this conversation later.

(She and the SAVAGE carnally make their way offstage as the children moan distastefully.)

ANGELICA
Oh my God.

MARTIN
I'm going to be sick.

ANGELICA
What are we going to do?

MARTIN
Be sick!

ANGELICA

No, little brother, think actively... what are we going to do ABOUT this?

MARTIN

I'm hoping my physical illness will show Mother that this is unacceptable.

ANGELICA

Seems unlikely after that display.

(A rhythmic thumping begins, shaking the walls.)

MARTIN

What... what is that?

ANGELICA

Oh Mother!

MARTIN

God!

(He hands her his drink and exits, retching just offstage as ANGELICA stares at the shaking wall.)

ANGELICA

I don't ever remember Mother having sex before, do you? I suppose she and father must have, though I'd always hoped we were the product of artificial insemination.

(MARTIN reenters, wiping his mouth. She passes him back his martini.)

MARTIN

We've got to get him out of here!

ANGELICA

Of course. The question is how.

MARTIN

(Rinsing and gargling)

A trail of raw beef leading to a pit should work.

ANGELICA

Be serious.

MARTIN

I am.

ANGELICA

I have trouble envisioning you digging a pit.

MARTIN

I'd hire someone.

ANGELICA

We have to think practically.

MARTIN

(focusing on the thumping)

He's like a jackhammer.

ANGELICA

Focus, Martin.

MARTIN

We need to get an elephant rifle!

ANGELICA

Murder is not a viable option. Use your head!

(The rate of the bed thumping doubles.)

MARTIN

We have to do something... where the hell is his spear?

ANGELICA

Get a hold of yourself!

(She slaps him.)

MARTIN

Ow! That hurt!

ANGELICA

Listen to me, Brother... Our objective is to get him out of here while neither going to prison nor being disinherited. Clear?

MARTIN

We've got to convince Mother to cast him out!

(The thumping increases to an impossible pace.)

ANGELICA

I don't think that'll be happening. I think she likes it savage.

MARTIN

Oh! Oh! Oh!

ANGELICA

I'll just have to civilize him!

MARTIN

What?

(The thumping crescendos with ANGELICA's following speech in final, earthshaking impacts.)

ANGELICA

That's it... I'll train the beast right out of him... get his elbows off the table, comb his hair, put him in pants... I'll teach him the value of money! Then she'll lose her taste for him! I'm a genius.

MARTIN

You're deluded. It could take a million years to teach him to use toilet paper. I'll get him out of here on my own. Mother has to understand the folly of what she's doing. He's savage, we're civilized... He has to go!

(Silence ensues as MARTIN stomps off.)

ANGELICA

(softly)

Go your own way, Martin, I'll go mine.

(She leaves. Baroque underscoring begins. MARTIN storms on stage... a spot hits him and he glares at the audience, plotting. SOPHIA returns, now wearing a slinky nightie, and smirks at the audience. ANGELICA enters carrying a book on manners and etiquette, finds her spot and slips the book in her purse. A final spot comes up on the SAVAGE, who is sharpening his spear. The spots disappear and come up on SOPHIA brushing her hair. MARTIN also remains, holding his martini.)

MARTIN

So, Mother... where did you find such an interesting fellow?

SOPHIA

I ordered him.

MARTIN

What?

SOPHIA

It was an advertisement I saw in Travel & Leisure magazine. I thought they were joking, but when the ad crossed my mind a week later, I knew I had to know. It wasn't easy to work out... it's all very hush hush. I mean, of course the Savages want to come to America... who doesn't? But there are very strict laws about slave-trafficking.

MARTIN

He's a slave?

SOPHIA

Not literally, but he is completely dependent on me, so in many ways... the bribes for the customs officials are built into the fees. I had to sign a five-year contract.

MARTIN

Oh that's... why?

SOPHIA

They don't want people buying them and then changing their minds. A Savage is a commitment, and I am committed.

MARTIN

Or should be committed, at any rate.

SOPHIA

(pause)

What was that?

MARTIN

A savage, Mother. You brought a loincloth-wearing, spear-carrying savage into our home. Really, what were you thinking? You're too young to be senile, Mother, but this looks like an early warning sign to me.

SOPHIA

Watch yourself, Martin. Do watch yourself.

(They stare at each other. ANGELICA enters from the other side of the room. MARTIN exits.)

ANGELICA

Mother, there's something I must speak with you about.

SOPHIA

What is it, Daughter, as if I couldn't guess.

ANGELICA

Am I that transparent?

Oh no, not at all. SOPHIA

Well? ANGELICA

Yes? SOPHIA

Aren't you going to guess? ANGELICA

I didn't say I WANTED to guess, just that I could. SOPHIA

I need some walk-around money for tonight. ANGELICA

Oh. Is that all. Why didn't you just say so. SOPHIA

(She retrieves a wad of bills from her bag.)

I'm taking Arnie out tonight. ANGELICA

Can't you just use the card? SOPHIA

The places he likes prefer cash. ANGELICA

Is this the Hamptons' boy we're talking about? SOPHIA

No, this is Texaco's boy. He pumped my gas last week and is awfully sweet. ANGELICA

Texaco? SOPHIA

You're not going to judge THAT, are you? ANGELICA

SOPHIA

(pause)

No, I wouldn't be in a position to do that, would I?

(SOPHIA hands ANGELICA the money, though it takes ANGELICA a little prying to get it from her. ANGELICA exits, then MARTIN reenters.)

MARTIN

He's just using you, Mother.

SOPHIA

Dearest baby, that's why I love him so. He's not civilized enough to be using me for anything other than his base instincts.

MARTIN

Don't you think it's unseemly of you to be involved with someone so filthy?

SOPHIA

He's not that dirty. His body hair just makes him appear darker, especially when it's matted.

MARTIN

Matted body hair! For God's sake, Mother, are you listening to yourself?

SOPHIA

You're having trouble accepting this.

MARTIN

There's no trouble. Neither Sister nor I is going to accept this unsuitable suitor.

SOPHIA

I'm not just a mother, Son... I'm a woman.

MARTIN

Oh, ick.

SOPHIA

And just because you've never seen me meeting my womanly needs doesn't mean I don't have them.

MARTIN

Think gigolo, Mother. They're discreet, skilled professionals.

SOPHIA

It's not all physical. You and Angelica are growing up, soon you'll be moving out, and where does that leave me?

MARTIN

Nobody's leaving you.

SOPHIA

That's true. Unfortunately.

MARTIN

What?

SOPHIA

Don't take this the wrong way, but I'd always pictured you as out of the nest by this point in my life. Both of you.

MARTIN

Oh, I see! You don't want us here! You're using this, this dangerous THING to drive your children away from you!

SOPHIA

He's not dangerous.

MARTIN

That's what everybody thinks: "I can have a boa constrictor for a pet. He's just hugging me." Next thing you know, they're jelly!

SOPHIA

He's not going to crush me.

MARTIN

He's too stupid to know his own strength.

SOPHIA

And you're too irrational to know your own impertinence.

MARTIN

I'm irrational? Most people in a mid-life crisis just get a too-small car that gets bad gas mileage. You get a too large lover who emits bad gas!

SOPHIA

Just leave then.

MARTIN

What?

SOPHIA

You don't need me. You don't need anyone. Make your own way in the world.

MARTIN

Now, Mother—

SOPHIA

The matriarchal lion releases you. Go into the cruel dark world. Go, with the clothes on your back and the brains in your head, the muscle in your arms and the swagger in your walk. Go alone, or better yet raise two children without a partner, and when your little darlings say "Daddy, don't fuck that woman, we don't like her," tell them to go to hell.

MARTIN

Mother—

SOPHIA

Go to hell, Martin. But for now, get out of my room.

(He stares at her, then leaves. ANGELICA reenters.)

ANGELICA

Why, Mother?

SOPHIA

I'm giving you the money because you are my daughter and I love you.

ANGELICA

No, why the Savage?

SOPHIA

Have we changed topics?

ANGELICA

He's an odd choice, and that's speaking very kindly.

SOPHIA

And Texaco-Arnie's a sterling potential mate?

ANGELICA

Yes, but he's your fault. I'm just a victim of my heredity.

SOPHIA

Ah yes, it is ALWAYS the parents' fault, isn't it?

ANGELICA

Of course.

SOPHIA

They didn't love you enough so you're needy, or they didn't give you enough things so you're possessive, or they gave you too many things so you're spoiled. It's never just that the children plopped out of the womb rotten and the parents had to put up with their selfish crap until the day they died.

ANGELICA

Nature or nurture, yes, Mother, you are to blame. And I want to know: why this Savage?

SOPHIA

Because he's so alive, Daughter. Because he's real. He may be wild and animalistic, but at least I know he means it. The other men I've seen since your father... well, they all had his eyes. The betrayal that he kept hidden, I've seen it in all of them since. Not the Savage.

ANGELICA

Doesn't he have a name?

SOPHIA

I can't pronounce it, and he doesn't seem to mind that I don't use it. He's like a cat that way.

(pause)

Will you at least try, Angelica? Try to see what I see in him?

(She turns and exits. Baroque underscoring returns as ANGELICA thinks. The SAVAGE enters and they are startled by each other. He starts to leave.)

SAVAGE

Urrrrr. [I really like your mom.]

ANGELICA

No, don't go... come here.

(She sits, summoning him as if he were a cat.)

Don't be afraid, come here.

SAVAGE

Mmmarrrrmmaaa... ugba. [In my culture what you're suggesting is a sin.]

(He sits on the floor.)

ANGELICA*(cooing)*

Oh no no no. Not on the floor. Here we sit in chairs. Ch-aaaiirr-sss.

(She pushes one toward him and demonstrates its use, exaggerating greatly the pleasure of sitting.)

Oh so good! Now you... come on...

*(pats the chair)*SAVAGE

Bah-urrrr... [Well, I really like your mother] Frana parrabana [But that does look like a very comfortable chair.]

*(He sits.)*ANGELICA

There you go!

SAVAGE

Gnaaaaaah. [It's not that great.]

(They sit opposite each other. She pulls out the stack of dollar bills and a banana from her bag.)

ANGELICA

Let's see if we can't learn something here today. Savage, this is money, the most important thing in the world.

(She hands it to him. He takes it.)

Money is power. This banana is a thing. Money is used to get things.

(She offers it to him. He reaches for it and she pulls it away.)

SAVAGE

Graannnaaa. [Hey, that's rude.]

ANGELICA

No no no. Give me the money. Give me the money, and I'll give you the banana... come on.

(She tries to initiate the exchange. He gets frustrated and takes a big bite out of the bills.)

SAVAGE

Burjjarree. [This tastes like crap.]

ANGELICA

It's not for eating... it's for getting things to eat. Come on now... trade me.

(He throws the money at her and grabs the banana. He eats the banana, peel and all.)

This is going to be more difficult than I thought. Perhaps we need to try something more basic... Savage, when you meet someone, no matter whether you like them or not or think they're morons, you extend your hand...

(She does this. He apes her.)

...join them together...

(They do.)

SAVAGE

Rrrraawwn. [You are one aggressive lady.]

ANGELICA

And say "how are you." Now you: How are you. How...

SAVAGE

Hauuww.

ANGELICA

Are.

SAVAGE

Rrrrrrr.

ANGELICA

You.

SAVAGE

Yuuuu.

ANGELICA

Now all at once: "How are you?"

SAVAGE

Hauuww rrrrrr yuuuu?

ANGELICA

Rough, but good. Whenever you meet someone, you do that. Now let's talk about your hair and that mask.

(She slowly moves in on him. He's on guard, but allows her to remove his mask. She sets it to the side.)

Very good. Now come with me and learn the wonder of combs.

(She entices him offstage. The stage is empty for a moment, then MARTIN enters. He is alone with the mask. He looks about, then picks it up. More furtive glances, then he tries it on. He dances an awkwardly savage dance then pulls the mask off again.)

MARTIN

Ridiculous.

(Even more nervous glancing about, then he hacks a loogie into the mask.)

That'll show him.

(Just as MARTIN sets the mask down, SOPHIA enters carrying a scrapbook.)

SOPHIA

Martin!

MARTIN

What, I wasn't doing anything!

SOPHIA

(holding out the book)

Explain this!

MARTIN

It... looks like someone's photo album.

SOPHIA

Sarcasm will get you nowhere.

MARTIN

Look, Mother, that is personal. That is private!

Not in my household, it isn't. SOPHIA

You dug under my laundry— MARTIN

Martin. SOPHIA

—Past my porn— MARTIN

This is beside the point. SOPHIA

—to dig up my only remembrances of my father! Could you be more vulgar, more crass? MARTIN

This is the real pornography under your laundry, Son, right here! SOPHIA

(She throws the book to the ground. MARTIN dives to the ground and clasps the book to his chest.)

Don't! MARTIN

Son? Are you all right? SOPHIA

How dare you?! MARTIN

OH DON'T BE MELODRAMATIC! You can't even remember him. SOPHIA

Shut up! MARTIN

Martin! SOPHIA

I've lived with his absence my whole life, Mother. I think that counts as remembering him. MARTIN

(He sobs. She puts her arm on his shoulder and guides him to a seat on the patio.)

SOPHIA

Oh, Son... You must understand... Your father doesn't love you. He only thought he wanted you when I was carrying you, because he knew Angelica held no interest for him already. He thought that it was just that he wanted a son. Then you were here, and he realized he had no interest in a wife, children, or family of any sort. Don't take it personally, but he's a horrible person. He went in to politics, Son. Politics. Who does that? Competitive egomaniacs. I never heard him discuss a single "issue" until I saw his ads on the television. All three of us were just mistakes he tried to erase from his life. So if you must fixate on an older male, pick someone worthwhile: Ghandi, Ronald Reagan... anyone but your biological father! He stinks.

MARTIN

(pause)

Well, at least you got him before pre-nups became standard practice.

SOPHIA

That's right. Give me a hug.

(They hug formally. The SAVAGE and ANGELICA enter. She's combed his hair down flat and he now wears ill-fitting checkered pants. They are enjoying each other's company. He gets very agitated when he sees SOPHIA and MARTIN.)

SAVAGE

Hoch na waaaa! Rarara. [You people don't respect any laws of nature, do you?]

ANGELICA

No, no, that's not what's going on.

SOPHIA

Hello, Savage. Don't be upset now.

SAVAGE

Grarrrrr. Annnaawarrrr. [You people are savages!]

MARTIN

Is he jealous? Is that what's going on? Christ.

(to SAVAGE, with big explanatory hand gestures)

Nothing was happening here, Savage. She's my mother. We don't do that here. Okay?

SAVAGE

Nag rarr... [You're actually talking to me.]

MARTIN

I want to make peace with you, Savage. This conflict is needless. It's your affair, not mine. What do I have to do?

ANGELICA

Offer him your hand. Slowly.

MARTIN

(extends hand)

Learned to shake, has he? All right, Savage. Put'er there.

(The SAVAGE pauses, then extends his hand. They shake.)

SAVAGE

Hauuww rrrrrr yuuuu?

SOPHIA

Thank you, Son.

MARTIN

(turning back to her)

Not a problem. I don't have to like him or approve of him. I merely have to keep peace. I can do that.

ANGELICA

Good, Brother. He's actually very fun when you get used to him.

SOPHIA

And Daughter, the clothes...

ANGELICA

Those used to belong to our gardener. I just can't get over how much more sophisticated he looks... Don't worry, we'll shop for a full wardrobe for him tomorrow.

SOPHIA

Well, I don't know if—

SAVAGE

Pppaaaa! [What the hell!]

(He begins charging about the room, holding the mask away from his body in revulsion. He stops and turns ominously to MARTIN.)

Hauuww rrrrrr yuuuu?
SAVAGE

What? I'm fine... is something the matter?
MARTIN

SAVAGE
(holds out the mask)
 Grrraaaaahhh! [Would you like to explain this?]

MARTIN
 Oh... Oh! Right. Can't I just say sorry and we let bygones be bygones.

SAVAGE
 Grarr zaggaaarr! [Sorry, but I'm going to have to sacrifice you.]

(Tribal music starts and the chase begins. It covers the entire stage as the music builds throughout. The two women watch with concern and make faint attempts to stop them.)

Now let's talk about this!
MARTIN

Watch out, Martin!
SOPHIA

SAVAGE
 Grrraaarr!!! [When I get my hands on you...]

ANGELICA
 Savage, calm down!

SOPHIA
 Savage, heel! Heel!

(MARTIN trips and takes a nasty fall.)

SOPHIA & ANGELICA
 Ouch.

(MARTIN is cornered and the SAVAGE stands above him waving his spear.)

MARTIN
 Aaaaahhh!

SAVAGE

Brraaann! [Say your prayers, heathen.]

SOPHIA

(simultaneous)

Savage, no!

ANGELICA

(simultaneous)

Damn it, Martin!

(They pull the SAVAGE away and MARTIN crawls away to the edge of the stage.)

SAVAGE

Hauuww rrrrrr yuuuu?

SOPHIA

Bad Savage! You're just untrainable, aren't you?! Contract be damned, you're going back where you came from.

ANGELICA

I'm sure it was Martin's fault, Mother.

SOPHIA

What?

ANGELICA

Savage was obviously very upset about something. Let me see your mask, Savage

SAVAGE

Rana bana ree. [Pardon me, but I really do need to sacrifice him.]

SOPHIA

But, darling, I'm fairly certain he was intending to do Martin in.

ANGELICA

Martin's just not making an effort to understand him.

MARTIN

Angelica!

ANGELICA

Well you're not!

(MARTIN kneels at SOPHIA's feet, pleading.)

MARTIN

Your Savage was going to kill me, Mother. You saw it! He can't be trusted, and you have to get him out of here. I tried, Mother, you saw me. Now come to your senses and remove this homicidal Savage from our home.

SAVAGE

Cachineee baroooo. [I wish I understood your language, this all sounds very interesting.]

ANGELICA

Look at this!

(holds up the mask)

Martin, I take it this is your mucus?

SOPHIA

Oh, Martin, you didn't.

ANGELICA

All I can't figure out is, who's the real Savage here.

SOPHIA

Completely deplorable, Martin.

MARTIN

Mother! What is wrong with the two of you?

ANGELICA

We've learned to look a little deeper inside the Savage to find the heart of gold. You just won't open your eyes and take a look.

SOPHIA

You just need to exert a little effort, Martin.

MARTIN

God, he's won you both over. It's insane.

ANGELICA

He can be tamed.

MARTIN

More like you can be turned savage. I can't believe this, he just attempted to kill me, and you're taking his side!

SOPHIA

Calm down, Son.

MARTIN

I'm not your son anymore, Sophia. And I'm not your brother, Angelica. And you, Savage, are my mortal enemy.

SAVAGE

Haarrrrrrr apanarrr... [Wait till the ladies aren't around...]

MARTIN

(mimicking him)

Har rar rar rar rar!

SOPHIA

Martin—

MARTIN

No. Don't try to make things right. Don't try to ameliorate. You've both made your choice, and that choice excludes me. I don't need you... I don't need anyone! My father was right. Who needs this family?

(He storms offstage. Soft Baroque music plays as the lights narrow on the remaining three, who contemplate MARTIN's exodus. The SAVAGE breaks the silence.)

SAVAGE

Gaaannnkraaa? [So what's happening now?]

ANGELICA

I love that I have no idea what he's saying... it somehow makes our conversations much more intrinsically honest.

SOPHIA

I'm sorry that Martin couldn't have come around...

ANGELICA

Let the baby have his cry. All he's done since he graduated Dartmouth is sit at his computer day-trading... this is just the push he needs.

SOPHIA

I wish it could have been a softer push...

ANGELICA

(moving next to the SAVAGE)

Think of it as a trade-in, and who wouldn't find this charming Savage more interesting than that spoiled brat?

SOPHIA

(moving to his other side)

That's true...

SAVAGE

Hanar hanar... branjaranee. [Ladies, ladies... don't worry, there's enough to go around.]

(The three of them form an odd family tableau as the lights fade out. End of play.)