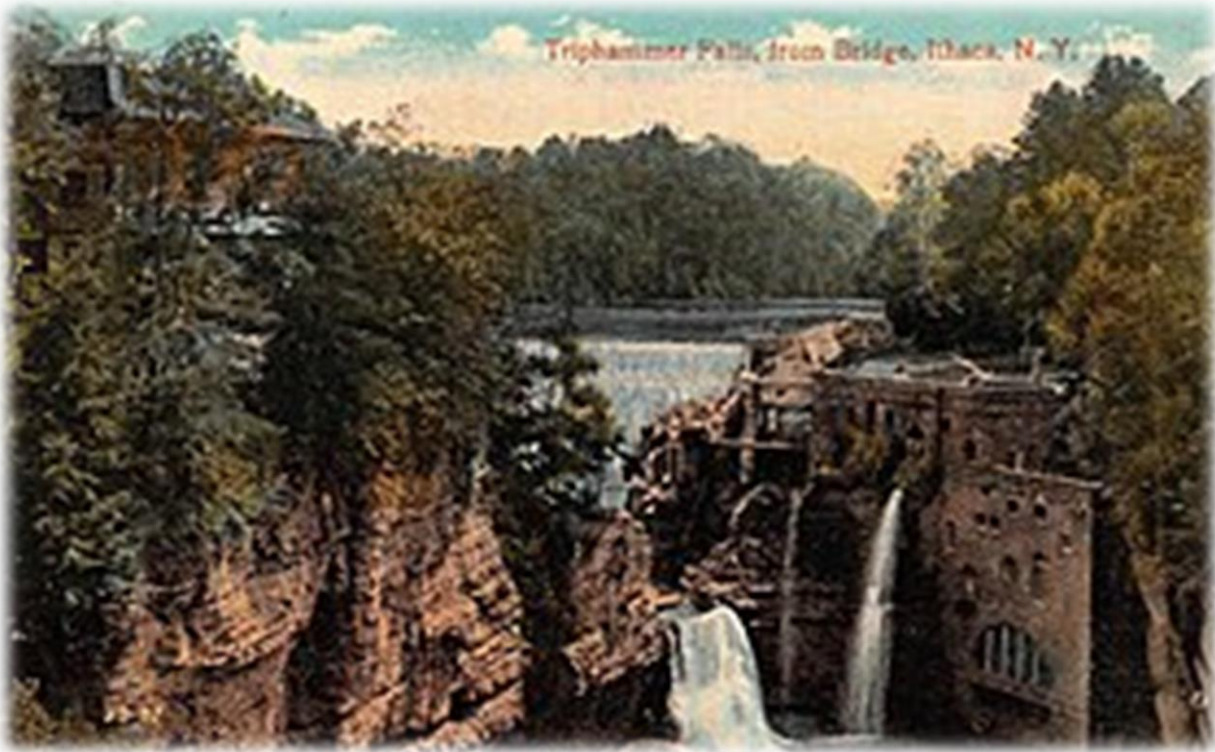


THE RESTORATION OF TROY

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THE RESTORATION OF TROY



[https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Triphammer Falls 1910s postcard.jpg](https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Triphammer_Falls_1910s_postcard.jpg)

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Troy, 35, a Marine suffering from war injury and stress. Katherine's husband (missing now for over 5 years). Dressed as a beggar in beaten-up cammies.

Katherine, 35, Troy's wife, waiting, ever faithfully. Dressed in white.

David, their 14-year-old son. Wearing jeans, etc.

Atticus ("Uncle Atticus"), 35, a Marine. Troy's best friend and member of Troy's same Marine company. In a wheelchair.

Anthony, Lanagan, and Yuri, three disreputable suitors of Katherine.

... in the dialogue indicates a thoughtful break.

Synopsis:

Troy lost his face in the War, and his will to live. After five homeless years wandering, he has returned to Ithaca, unobserved, to have one final look from afar at his wife, Katherine, and son, David, before he ends it (off Suicide Bridge down Ithaca Falls).

Katherine is defending her loyalty and chastity against sinister proposals of marriage by three gangster suitors.

David is out, searching for the truth about his missing father.

Unanticipated actions reunite the three in a snapshot with alchemic force.

The physical ugliness of Troy is an apt metaphor for the emotional ugliness of PTSD brought back by wounded warriors, which is ample reason for there being no writer's animus toward this particular Odyssean wanderer. Implicit is the question (asked and answered): How can you be in love with a person whose face turns children's sleep to nightmares and young lovers' amorous expectations to celibacy?

THE RESTORATION OF TROY

TIME, PLACE AND RISE

21st century. Ithaca, New York. Near sunset. The stage is divided into four parts:

Stage right is the combined living room/dinette area of Katherine's house. Her small dinette table is set with plates, glasses, and silverware for two.

Downstage center is open space with a hedge.

Stage left is the living room of Atticus's house. The upstage front door leads directly into the room.

Upstage center is a bridge. **At the rise a body is seen jumping off the bridge.**

STAGE RIGHT

KATHERINE is seated at the table. Near her (not apparent) is Troy's .44 Magnum. Also on the table is a wrapped bouquet of cut flowers. Standing, across, in her living room are ANTHONY, LANAGAN, and YURI. As they speak TROY walks inconspicuously, from upstage to downstage center, and behind the hedge.

ANTHONY

Dammit, Kay. Don't go stewing a Greek tragedy from this. Your husband Troy is dead. Your son is now fourteen. Your choice is limited: The time has come to wed.

LANAGAN

It makes just common sense, to choose someone tonight. Things won't be getting better.

YURI

Because, 10 minutes hence, her ass won't be this tight, right? Pinches won't forget her.

STAGE LEFT

A knock at the door. ATTICUS wheels his chair and opens it, to DAVID.

DAVID

Hello....

ATTICUS

O David! Christ! Hello for Heaven's sake!
Come in. Come in. I've been expecting you.

DAVID enters.

DAVID

Ahh, Uncle Atticus ?...

ATTICUS

I know. I know. You needn't say another word. Here. Have a seat.

DAVID sits.

DAVID

I'm fourteen, now.

ATTICUS

I know. And Happy Birthday, Son! And I told you

DAVID

That when I turned fourteen you'd tell me everything, what happened to my Dad.

ATTICUS

And that's exactly what I'll do.

DAVID

[*beat*] Well, what? Will I see him again?

STAGE RIGHT

KATHERINE

You've said enough and rudely have abused my hospitality.

ANTHONY

I thought a night tonight with me might stimulate your sexuality.

KATHERINE

The answers, Anthony, are no and no. I'm married and I love my husband, Troy.

YURI

She's married and she loves her husband, Troy, Sir.
Though sexual frustration *does* annoy her.

**YURI makes a lewd pelvic gesture, and
KATHERINE stands and throws a plate at him.**

LANAGAN

No need for throwing plates, Sweetheart. We're here for safety, yours and sonny boy's.

KATHERINE

Gods choose their heroes. Mice like you destroy.

ANTHONY

Pick one of us. Now.

YURI

Or three. The only pick she cannot pick is none. Right?
Since we're the one protection for her son. Right?

**YURI takes a step toward her. KATHERINE
grabs the .44 Magnum and aims it at him.**

KATHERINE

One closer step, and it will be your last.

LANAGAN

O Katherine! Please! That Magnum we all know your husband's hand alone can use.
Don't make us bruise those lovely lips and pinch that pretty face until you choose.

KATHERINE

GET OUT. GET OUT OF HERE!!

STAGE LEFT

ATTICUS

Your father was the bravest man I've known, and risked his life to save the rest of us.
That's when his face got blown away. And where's a man's identity without a face, I ask?

DAVID

You're in a wheelchair.

ATTICUS

That's different.

DAVID

My father's different. I love him with all my heart.

ATTICUS

What would *you* do, with piles of dog shit for a face?

DAVID

You think I know? You think I care?

ATTICUS

Well, after his discharge your father barely stomached anyone to look at him. Some think he killed himself. I don't. He promised confidentially that he'd be back, in secret on your 14th birthday. And the promises he made were debts unpaid.

DAVID

What can I do? I need him, Uncle Atticus, and more, with everything you say.

ATTICUS

I don't know what to tell you, Son. But if you get the chance, give purpose to the man. Give some purpose to the man.

A hawk swoops down outside, captures a white dove in its talons, and flies off.

ATTICUS

Run. Quickly, David! Your mother needs you, *now*!

DAVID races out of Atticus's house.

DOWNSTAGE CENTER

TROY (re-emerges)

The beast that I am, unwanted, alone, has stars for his family, a bed and a home. A leper by day for sun to reveal makes friends with the night and its gods to conceal. One glimpse of my wife and son in their walls, and I shall jump free off Ithaca Falls.

DAVID runs up, but TROY is looking the other way. As David's footsteps approach, TROY turns, and instinctively covers his face.

DAVID

Dad?

TROY

Who are you? How do you know me?

DAVID

I'd know that body anywhere, that once threw me high upon your shoulders high.
That swam in freezing waters nude, and ran with me through hemlock wood.

TROY

You lie. No one can recognize a Gorgon by its shoulders in this light.

DAVID

He could, if he's afraid.

TROY

Afraid of what?

DAVID

Afraid my mother is about to be attacked.

TROY

Your mother?

DAVID

My mother. Your wife. Katherine. And no time for

TROY

David?

DAVID

[*exasperated*] Yes, but let's go. Don't stand there like a stone under water.
As hard they say for sons to know their fathers, I know you, and love you,
and have missed you, terribly. But there's no time for that right now.
We have to save my mother. *Both* of us. The rest will wait.

DAVID exits, running. TROY follows him, running. They reenter, running, stage right, where they rush into the house. ANTHONY, YURI, and LANAGAN have KATHERINE cornered, ANTHONY ripping, pulling her clothes off while the other two hold drawn knives. Katherine's face is cut and bleeding.

DAVID attacks ANTHONY, who sends the boy flying to the floor with a single, vicious blow to the face.

KATHERINE breaks free, runs across the room, and pulls herself somewhat together.

TROY spies his Magnum on the floor, picks it up, and fires six rounds.

ANTHONY, LANAGAN, and YURI fall dead in their blood.

TROY continues holding the Magnum as DAVID gets to his feet, rubbing his jaw.

KATHERINE

Who. Are. You?

DAVID

Mother, it's Father.

KATHERINE

Who??

DAVID

Father. He's come home. I'm fourteen.

KATHERINE

I don't believe it.

DAVID

Mom, it's Dad. Who else could fire his Magnum?

KATHERINE

[tentatively] Troy?

TROY

I never wanted you to look on me again, Kay, honestly. I'm sorry.
But all what's happened, I forgot myself.... How can you bear to stare at me?

KATHERINE

I've been stuck in five years of joyless, merciless suspension. Waiting.
No protection. Never knowing how you disappeared. Not a single word.
Men menacing disfigurement and rape. Threats being made to David's life.
And you ask me, how can I bear to look at you? Are you insane?
If it is truly you, Goddammit, Troy, tell me. Do not torment me more tonight.

TROY

'Tis I. Troy. Five years wandering, without a face, without a word,
without a name. Except for *yours*. Tattooed here, out of sight.

KATHERINE

O! No! I can't believe it! Troy, I thought that you were lost forever!

**KATHERINE, bleeding, runs to TROY, throws
her arms around his neck, and kisses him.**

TROY

How can you kiss this ugly face of mine?

DAVID

Well, *if you asked me*, which you wouldn't, of course, being only fourteen,
I'd have to say that I can't focus in the way you do.
I see the courage of a father I feared was dead.
How often did I wish that I'd give anything to bring you back alive? Anything.
And *ugly*? What ugliness? Saving our lives?
Like we can't love a man as much as a dog can?

KATHERINE

Don't make me say it. Just know it. Just know I feel for what you've suffered. And I?
I would have died a doe by wolves pursued, their jaws not barred but by the two of you.

DAVID

[*beat*] Uhhhhh.... And about these bodies?

TROY

Get me 9-1-1.

DAVID does so, handing his father the phone.

TROY

[*into the phone*] I'm veteran Lieutenant Emanon. Troy Emanon.
Reporting home invasion.
At sixty-one seventy-four Ulysses Boulevard, Ithaca.
Three fatalities in self-defense.... Over.

**KATHERINE bloodies herself further
examining each of the bodies for life. DAVID
puts his arm around TROY. From the phone:
"Are they dead? Are you certain?"**

TROY

[*into the phone*] Three criminals shot through the chest at nearly point blank range. A Magnum .44. They're tits up, I'm sure. But otherwise, we're good. We're good. Over and out.

TROY disconnects and puts the phone down. KATHERINE (bloodied) comes over to them and puts an arm around DAVID, DAVID, around her. He looks at his parents, from one to the other. All fades to dark, except for the three of them. A light like a flashbulb flashes.

DAVID

Why do these eyes so idolize my father *and* my mother so? It's so intense, these many years, since once I feared my life got written for a lesser audience.

To total darkness.

END