

## Method Acting

### 1.

The penultimate scene starts with a thick air of expectancy and dread. By now the audience has been left with little hope that events will end well; the previously tranquil air replaced with a deep-seated fear that retribution will be swift, and the resolution utterly tragic.

Ezekiel Matthews sits at a large oak dining table with his family, his Old Testament name alluding to a wrath of biblical proportions that is shortly to follow. He is dressed in a tatty three-piece suit with a plain white shirt, brown tie and bronze coloured pocket watch – a proud working-class man.

There are five seats around him but only three are taken. His eldest son, Sebastian, has been murdered, and next door in the kitchen he can hear his wife crying.

The audience are not aware of this death from the preceding act, and it takes them completely by surprise. They reel in shock and watch Ezekiel deal with the agonising blow first hand. A silence engulfs the auditorium. The father's eyes sink back in his head, shedding all emotion, seeming to fade to opaque.

For a while no one speaks. The audience looks back to the beginning, and in the confines of their minds say: *Oh my God. Everything he did to prevent this from happening has been in vain. All of his hopes have been desecrated.*

In time they notice the other characters around the table. The actress playing Isabella, Ezekiel's daughter is very attractive, certainly attractive enough to have caught the eye of Maurice, the villain of the piece. She feels the unjustified guilt at having been the catalyst in her brother's demise, and looks mortified. Her performance is compelling, but in no way comes close to that of her father's.

All eyes turn to Christopher, the second son. He clearly has something to say but seems reluctant to voice it. The audience waits in an excruciating pause; their thoughts shouting: *SPEAK...SPEAK!*

Finally it comes.

'I'm going to kill him.'

At first they think that Ezekiel cannot have heard him. His face remains lifeless and insular. As the vengeful words take root his eyes slowly re-animate, and his head turns.

'You're...going to...kill him?'

He can see that his son's eyes are filled with unquenchable rage, and knows now that he has lost control of his own destiny. Christopher meets his father's stare.

'Yes.'

The word is so faint that it takes on the guise of hidden menace.

'Yes?' Ezekiel echoes calmly. 'Yes? How easily you sign away another man's life.'

'Not easily,' Christopher hesitates, '...but with great certainty and desire.'

'Desire?'

'Yes, desire.'

'You will not think such things.'

'He killed your son, my brother.'

'You think I don't know that? It is over.'

'It is far from over.'

Christopher grows bolder whilst his father remains in shadow.

'I have already lost one son. I have no intention of losing another.'

'I have no intention of letting that abomination see another sunrise when Sebastian cannot.'

'If you chose this course of action you will follow him down into the darkness.'

'I am already in darkness.'

'Murder is against God's law.'

'God has abandoned us.'

‘Christopher...’

‘My mind is made up.’

‘Christopher,’ Ezekiel is rising from his chair.

‘It cannot be undone.’

‘CHRISTOPHER!’ Ezekiel shrieks, exhaling in a guttural howl. ‘THIS IS *NOT* – *WHAT* – *I* – *WANT!*’

He brings both fists down, and the table threatens to splinter under the force. Christopher and the audience gasp and claw backwards in horror...

## 2.

Andrew’s whole life had been building up to this moment, this sweet, pungent, wonderfully out-of-the-blue moment when Simon the casting director said, ‘*We’d like you to play the role of Ezekiel.*’

For three solid years ‘The Family’ had been the number one play on Broadway – far outstripping all other shows in both ticket sales and its reviews. Its success lay in an exceptionally clever plot-line that led the audience to believe they were watching a light-hearted comedy before violently pulling the rug out from under them and unmasking itself as a controversial, dark work that alternates between drama and horror.

The story centres on Ezekiel Matthews, a salt-of-the-earth, God-fearing New Yorker whose family is threatened by his daughter’s jilted boyfriend. Upon this foundation a tight intricate dialogue leads down into a gut-wrenching climax.

And Andrew was being asked to play Ezekiel!

Simon continued as if his words meant nothing. ‘Michael’s been in the role for three years and has decided enough is enough. Time to hang up the spurs and all that.’

‘What about the understudy?’ Andrew inquired.

‘*Tonsillitis.* Go figure!’

Andrew couldn’t believe it. It was simply the most amazing thing that had ever happened to him. Even in pure acting terms it was the most sought after role on the East Coast.

*Ezekiel Matthew!*

*Ee-Zee-Kee-Al Maaaath-Yooooos!*

‘So, do you want the part or not?’ Simon asked.

‘*Are you kidding?*’

Andrew Jiminez was a method actor of some considerable renown. He hadn’t started out in the profession till well into his forties but had already racked up some impressive (if minor) roles in a host of plays and movies. He likened himself, somewhat immodestly, to Lawrence Olivier, Alec Guinness and John Gielgud, great men who had lived and breathed the characters they inhabited, both in and out of the theatre.

He was currently playing a cat burglar in ‘Steal’ down on 48<sup>th</sup> and 7<sup>th</sup>. In researching the role he had met with jailed thieves, and had even resorted to pilfering items from friends’ houses (putting them back afterwards, much to their annoyance). Since taking the role some of his close acquaintances had begun to notice changes in his personality. He would often give conflicting accounts of his whereabouts, make overly elaborate claims that he couldn’t substantiate, and generally inspire an aura of distrust – all in pursuit of honing his craft.

He lived out in Queens. His small apartment was a Mecca to all things method acting. Upon entering the hallway visitors were confronted with a large disturbing poster of Robert DeNiro pointing a gun to his own head and staring menacingly. Andrew’s life revolved around the man. He could often be heard regaling anyone who’d listen with stories of chameleon-like sacrifice.

*‘Did you know that DeNiro worked as a real taxi driver for several weeks before playing Travis Bickle? Have I mentioned that he spent some time in an actual steel mill whilst researching his role in The Deer Hunter? Can you*

*believe that he actually trained to become a professional boxer for Raging Bull, and then put on 60 pounds to play Jake La Motta in later years? Can you contemplate that level of dedication?’*

Other rooms in the house were similar shrines to Al Pacino, Meryl Streep, Orson Welles and Dennis Hopper, all seeming to concentrate on their most shocking performances; a *Scarface* here, a *Blue Velvet* there.

He simply loved and admired the way that a person could work at actually becoming someone else for a limited period of time. It intrigued him to think that he could temporarily lose the ways and mannerisms that made him Andrew Jiminez, and transform himself into an entirely separate entity.

Michael Chambers had given the theatre company one month’s notice. At fifty-six he had decided to take early retirement and end on a high note. In his three years playing the great man he had received every award and accolade going. His portrayal of Ezekiel had been near perfect.

But Andrew would be better.

He *knew* it.

Simon handed him the script and advised that there would be a meeting with some of the cast the following morning. Andrew shook his hand and left the office on a cloud. He floated into Times Square with every intention of going home, but on arrival the sea of flashing lights sent his already buzzing mind into a frenzy. He caught a cab down to Greenwich Village, found a quiet bar, bought a beer, and sat down with the script.

Andrew envied the life that he saw laid out in the pages of that first act, the richness of family life, the interplay of characters. He wallowed in the depth of love between Ezekiel and his wife Claudia, the way in which they finished each other’s sentences, the words spoken with a look. He shook with excitement at the vitality of their four children: Sebastian, Christopher, Isabella and ‘Little David,’ and took a sense of pride at having raised them so well.

Isabella had a habit of playing with her hair when she laughed. Ezekiel was always teasing that it meant she was in love. Sebastian was very handsome and had a new girlfriend every week. Christopher was very musical and played seven instruments. Little David was only thirteen, cocky and self-assured.

Andrew had no children, and had been divorced for eight years. He couldn’t relate to the satisfaction of a life-long love, or the joys and woes of raising a child, but he felt certain that it could be captured within the lines and verses. All he had to do was look hard enough.

### 3.

The next morning Andrew felt so good that he almost left the ground. He had gone to bed a childless, single man, but overnight he’d started to put on the skin of Ezekiel Matthews – a respected citizen with a doting wife and four amazing kids. He made a cup of tea with a broad smile on his face, got changed and went out to the meeting.

‘This is Margot Mackenzie,’ Simon introduced. ‘She plays the role of Claudia.’

Andrew shook her hand. *My beautiful wife.* ‘Lovely to meet you.’

Margot returned his look of affection. ‘It’s going to be strange having a new man in my life,’ she giggled.

‘I hope you’ll find me up to scratch.’

‘I’m sure I will.’

Simon left them alone to get better acquainted. They talked about the play, about its success and about what made it so great. Margot spoke of her own life, her real-life children, her husband John, and her previous life as a concert pianist. Andrew said nothing of his own past.

‘Every now and again Michael and I go out for a meal as *husband and wife* just to get a break from the script. It might be an idea for us to do the same, to ease ourselves into it?’

Andrew had severe reservations about being seen to follow in Michael’s footsteps, but graciously accepted and set a date for the following evening.

As a single man whose job involved working nights Andrew rarely cooked, and often ate out. The first thing he did after saying goodbye to Margot was to find a steak-house and order a rack of ribs. As he sat waiting for his food a thought struck him:

*If I were Ezekiel I couldn't afford to live like this. I'd earn half as much money, and have five dependants to worry about.*

The thought made him feel awful at the frivolity in which he needlessly squandered his income. He went up to the nearest waiter, cancelled his order, apologised, and left.

The day was spent in Central Park reading Act One over and over and over, savouring every phrase. That night he gave notice on 'Steal,' and his career as a cat burglar began to come to a close.

Next morning he was making tea when he remembered that Ezekiel had a strong preference for coffee. He poured the drink away and made a fresh one.

Andrew wasn't a great coffee connoisseur, and found the brew a little too earthy for his tastes.

*I am not yet in touch with who Ezekiel is.*

He forced himself to finish the drink and made himself another cup.

*What do I like about this?*

*The aroma. The aroma is wonderful.*

In New York the smell of *cwo-fee* was an ever-present backdrop, and it was easy to become blasé about such things, but no, now that he took the time to mull it over, the smell *really* was wholly satisfying.

He imagined his hands as Ezekiel's, ready to pick up and enjoy his favourite beverage. It felt electrifying seeing the mundane pleasures through his eyes. He placed the cup to his lips and drank deeply.

It tasted so good.

He poured another, then another, then another.

That evening he played the cat burglar more sporadically than usual – wired on caffeine, his eyelids nailed to the back of his head. Afterwards when he met up with Margot she asked if he was OK.

'Never better,' he grinned like a maniac.

Weeks later he realised it was in that moment that he had fallen for Margot in a big way. It was a fall so deep he never reached the bottom. He knew (at first) that she was married, and that their partnership only existed on-stage, but it felt so right and natural to let himself be enslaved and enraptured. There was simply no choice in the matter.

Andrew ordered the cheapest thing on the menu (a starter) and refused any alcohol (Ezekiel was teetotal). Margot showed supreme grace in not calling attention to his oddities. He asked her what it had been like being married to the great man all these years. She responded that it had been 'indescribably enthralling.'

'Have you met the kids yet?' she asked.

'The kids?'

'Yeah, you know – Sebastian, Christopher?'

'Oh! No,' Andrew replied. 'Simon's breaking me in gently.'

'You're in for a real treat. They're such a joy.'

'Making it all the more tragic when *we* lose them.'

'Y-es,' Margot replied, a little unsure of his tone.

'How do they feel about what happens to them?' he asked.

'They're actors,' she answered. 'They feel what their character feels.'

Next day was a Wednesday. Andrew hunted round the second-hand clothes stores and bought himself a tatty three-piece suit just as he envisaged Ezekiel's. He got a haircut and parted it in a different way. It took him most of the afternoon searching jewellers and bric-a-brac shops but eventually he found a rusty old pocket watch on a gold chain. He placed it in his waistcoat and walked majestically around Manhattan like a king for the remainder of the day.

That evening his performance as the cat burglar was a little strange. Not massively so, but enough for the cast to notice. Andrew's heart was no longer in it. His poise was supposed to be light and nimble, but instead he slouched and moved sombrely.

'Everything all right?' the director asked after a lack-lustre encore.

'Great,' he replied with a euphoric chuckle.

On Thursday he awoke at four in the morning and was unable to get back to sleep. He was anxious about meeting the children, and was genuinely concerned that he might crush them in his first overprotective embrace. There was a picture in his mind of what they looked like and he was scared of the illusion shattering; equally scared that it might be confirmed as true.

The meeting wasn't until three. He found a coffee-house on route and settled down to mull over Act Two. He quickly became lost in the jokes and anecdotes between the family members. Looking up from his notes sometime later he realised he was late.

The children didn't seem to mind. They greeted him warmly as Simon introduced them in turn.

'Andrew, this is Greg. He plays Sebastian.'

Andrew couldn't help but gasp. He was exactly as envisaged - tall, dark, scruffy hair, strong jaw line, a definite presence about him. 'Pleased to meet you.'

'Likewise.'

'This is Jason, who plays Christopher.'

Fair-haired, slightly shorter than his brother, kinder features, complimenting and contrasting with Sebastian.

'Megan, who plays Isabella.'

'My word' he thought. '*Exquisite beauty.*' Hair in loose ringlets, amazing eyes, long eyelashes, sculpted cheekbones. He took her hand, speechless.

'And last but not least Ronan, who plays 'Little David.'

Cocky looking, inquisitive expression, air of condescension, perfect.

They had lunch together in a café along Madison. Andrew got the bill (just as he deemed a father should). He revelled in their company and tried desperately to blot out what he knew was coming.

'Julian's tied up till Monday,' Simon explained. 'How's ten o'clock suit you?'

Andrew could barely force the words through his teeth. 'Ten o'clock is fine.'

Julian Holmes played the role of Maurice, the son of a lone shark who takes a shine to Isabella. During Act Two they go on several dates (for which Isabella is teased incessantly by her family). Isabella finds him charming, but with no spark of romance she calls it off. Everything seems fine, and life carries on as normal for a while. But then in Act Three...

'No,' Andrew whispered.

The prospect of meeting Julian filled him with dread. He knew from having seen the play many times that the most intense scenes were between these two men, Maurice and Ezekiel. There were verbal exchanges of such vehement malice as to shake the foundations of even the sturdiest viewer – bad blood, violent oaths and sworn promises. Ultimately each destroyed the other.

*Monday at ten.* Andrew had the entire weekend to stew in his own apprehension. At every idle moment a nemesis entered his mind, taunting him with his impending words and actions. He sat on the floor of his apartment with the script, going over Act Two and all the happiness that it portrayed – the humour, the sarcasm, the respect, the sense of being alive. At the end of the act he would always turn to the beginning and start again. There was never any thought of going on to Act Three.

4.

'Pleased to meet you Julian.'

5.

Andrew was surprised at how easily the words left his mouth. They felt so calm and pleasant, nothing like the venomous uttering he'd practised all Sunday in front of the mirror.

Julian was sickeningly handsome, just the right blend of suave and sophistication to appeal to Isabella's personality. Andrew wanted to throttle him.

'How are you feeling about playing the main man?' Julian asked, adjusting his finely groomed black hair.

'A little nervous,' Andrew replied and cursed himself for sounding so welcoming.

'That's only to be expected. It's a big role, but I'm sure you're up to it. Hey, I saw you in *'The Mouth of Madness'* last year. Damn you were good.'

'Thank you.' Julian's friendliness had thrown him. He had expected a cold reception, like cat and mouse, or obsessive cop versus master criminal. He was even more bemused when he discovered that Julian had been seeing Isabella's Megan romantically for the past six months.

'True life sure is stranger than fiction!' Julian quipped.

'I guess.'

'We're going out tonight for a few beers. Would you like to come?'

Andrew's first thought was to warn his daughter away. He composed himself. 'Thanks, but I'm busy this evening.'

'OK, some other time then.'

'Look forward to it.'

Andrew made it to the fire escape before throwing up. He was overcome with so many conflicting emotions. One minute he was about to burst into tears and the next he was laughing hysterically.

*I have become Ezekiel! I know how he feels.*

When Julian had outstretched his hand to say goodbye Andrew had looked round for a sharp implement with which to stab him; so deep was his hatred and instinct to protect the family.

Andrew went to the nearest bar and got very drunk, caught a tube home and read Act Three.

The rape scene comes out of nowhere and leaves the audience numb and unable to breathe. The subject of rape is abhorrent in *any* circumstance, but with *The Family* it is also the last thing they expect. The first two acts have convinced them that this *light* little play will end happily on a punch line. The first ten seconds of Act Three change all that.

Andrew was six lines in before he threw the script against the wall. He was glad that he'd met Julian before reading the description on that page. He knew now that had it been the other way round he would have done something he'd regret.

He was trembling uncontrollably, scratching at his arms, and trying to hold back the floodgates.

*Pick it up. You have to read this.*

His hands wouldn't move.

*Pick it up.*

## 5.

Andrew woke up on the floor with the finished manuscript lying next to him. He stood up purposefully and placed the document on the bed. As he moved silently from the bedroom to the kitchen his mind mulled over what he had gone through the previous evening. He chose from a vast array of coffee beans and poured several heaped spoonfuls into a newly acquired percolator.

He then sat down at the breakfast table and pondered Ezekiel's world.

*I have lost two sons.*

*My daughter will never be happy again.*

*I...*

His mind stumbled over the last revelation.

*I have killed a man.*

He could see as Ezekiel saw, feel as Ezekiel felt. There was the all-consuming need to seek redemption, to fall down on his knees and plead for forgiveness, the foolish hope to turn back time, and the cyclical frustration of being unable to do so.

Act Three took forty minutes to read, and charted three days of descent into pandemonium. Andrew tapped at his head and twitched. Three days ago he'd been sitting having lunch with his sons. Now they were dead and never coming back. Little David was with his mother, hidden away from the man she had loved and now feared. Isabella was in hospital. Maurice was...

He stood up suddenly, upturned the table and screamed till his lungs were empty.

*How could it have come to this?*

It was a few minutes before the first knock at the door. 'Everything all right Mr. Jiminez?'

For a moment Andrew had to think whose name they were calling.

'Yes...er...bad dream...sorry for the noise.'

'As long as you're OK?'

'Fine...thank you.'

The apartment felt like an oven. He had to get out or he would suffocate. He necked the fresh coffee in seconds; badly scolding his throat - socks, shoes, wallet, keys, front door, Robert DeNiro left guarding the entrance.

'Where am I?' he asked grief-stricken, walking around Queens as if the streets were new to him. 'I've got to...'

*What? What have you got to do?*

'...Do something...find somebody.'

St. Theresa's hospital loomed up on his right. He staggered into casualty and up to the reception desk.

'Has my daughter been brought in?'

'Sir?'

'I'm looking for my daughter. Has she been brought in here?'

'What's her name?'

'Isabella.'

'Isabella...what?'

'...Matthews...Isabella Matthews.'

The nurse checked her admittance list. 'No sir, I'm afraid no one of that name has been brought here in the last twenty-four hours.'

Ezekiel couldn't understand it. 'But she must be here. She was badly injured...she...'

'Are you sure you have the right hospital sir?'

'Yes I...It looked just like...I...'

The nurse lifted a hatch and came around from behind the reception desk. 'Would you like to sit down for a minute Mr...'

'Matthews...yes, thank you.'

'Can I get you a cup of tea?'

'Yes, that would be...NO coffee please.'

'OK coffee. I'll be right back.'

The nurse left him sitting in a molded plastic chair while she went to fetch the drink. Alone once more, Andrew wasn't entirely sure why he had come here.

'I don't feel ill.'

He took the pocket watch from his waistcoat. 10:37.

*Where am I supposed to be?*

The nurse returned with his coffee. 'Here you are Mr. Matthews.'

Andrew gave her a quizzical look. 'Thanks but you have the wrong person. My name is Andrew Jiminez.'

'You told me your name was Matthews.'

'You must be mistaken.'

'Is this a joke?'

'I'm sorry?'

'You were looking for your daughter.'

'Daughter? I don't have a daughter.'

'You said her name was Isabella.'

Andrew felt a shock-wave surge through his body. Somewhere at the back of his mind their conversation felt strangely familiar, a little like *déjà-vu*, but more so. He remembered the script, Act Three.

'I'm sorry to have taken up your time,' he mumbled rising from his chair. 'Forgive me, I must be going.'

That night he was booed during the encore. The director took him aside afterwards. 'What's on your mind Andy?'

'Nothing.'

'Look, you still have another fifteen performances before your contract is fulfilled and I expect you to be professional to the last.'

Andrew was taken aback. 'What are you talking about? I'm playing it the same as I always have.'

'Hardly, you're screwing up the comedy and getting laughs where you shouldn't be.'

'I don't know what to say.'

'Say you're going to buck up your ideas.'

'OK, OK, whatever you say.'

Andrew woke up feeling strange. His diary told him that today he was scheduled for a script run-through with his kids (who were dead) and later that week with Maurice (whose father he had murdered). His mind juggled the precariously stacked contradictions while he showered and dressed.

Madness mingled with the mundane.

*I could murder a coffee.*

*Time to go or I'll be late.*

*Look after the house for me Robert.*

He asked the cab driver to stop at 33<sup>rd</sup> street, and walked the remaining fifteen blocks to the rehearsal studios. A mild wind was blowing. It was the closest he had ever come to having an out of body experience. His hands felt soaked in blood, and yet he was ecstatic about seeing the children again (having risen from the grave).

'Andrew! Fancy seeing you here!'

A stranger stood in his path outstretching a hand.

Ezekiel side stepped him and kept walking.

'Andrew?'

The voice behind him was growing faint. He laughed. Manhattan bred some of the world's craziest people!

He hid his mania well during their first run-through, and blew them away with the realism in which he brought a father's joy to the scene. Claudia (Margot) looked stunning. Ezekiel said so.

She blushed.

Two nights later he was at home when the phone rang.

'Hello.'

'Andrew, where the hell have you been? I've been calling you since Monday. If you miss another show I'll have no choice but to terminate your contract.'

Ezekiel frowned. 'I'm sorry, you have the wrong number.'

*Click.*

Free from the constraints of playing a cat burglar he grew both in stature and charisma. The children loved him, and Maurice was in a cold-hearted awe of him. Over the next three weeks he lost his two eldest sons over and over again, the first in attempting to avenge his sister's abuse, the second in an act of blind rage. Again and again Margot (and the others) marveled and cowered in genuine fear as events pushed him closer and closer to breaking point, finally exploding in a venting of remorseless brutality.

He often forgot to eat, lost ten pounds in a fortnight, sometimes found himself unable to recall how he'd got where he was, but always made it to rehearsals, always lived the lines like they were an integral part of him, and day by day his opening performance approached.

## 6.

Ezekiel's emaciated face was shrouded in darkness as he crossed the stage at such pace that the audience barely had time to take in his shocking condition before he was upon the man.

*'Where is Maurice?'*

His voice had lost all warmth, and now rung hollow and vacuous. He grabbed at the Loan shark's throat with his powerful hands.

*'Where is he?'*

The lights on stage had begun to rise slowly, and the audience could see the bodies of two nameless henchmen lying in pools of blood. The loan shark, who had been such an imposing character throughout, seemed diminished. He stumbled backwards but Ezekiel held him.

**'WHERE IS HE?'**

His hands moved fast, striking the man about the face, his shoulders, stomach, thighs; hands that three acts previous had held Little David, caressed his wife's face, patted Sebastian's back.

**'WHERE IS HE?'**

He seemed uninterested in a response, reigning blow after blow down on his prey, giving him no chance to speak. Carefully concealed blood packs revealed the full horror of his actions. Some people in the circle rose up in their seats. It was clear now that he had completely lost control and was not going to relent. They were drawn to prevent this great man from taking a life and damning himself. Several women shouted, **'STOP, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE EZEKIEL STOP.'**

At that same moment he thrust the loan shark away from him, and it seemed for a split second as if he had heeded their warning. The man collapsed back onto an oak desk, coughing and spluttering.

*'Do you think,' he choked, 'that a father would give up his son?'*

At this Ezekiel's face changed into such a picture of torment that it was burned into the hearts of all those present.

*'You took the words right out of my mouth,'* he spoke as deadened as his black ball eyes. He crossed the short distance between them, and as the theatre went pitch black a single deafening gunshot rang out.

There was nothing. The lights didn't come back on. A minute passed, then two, then three.

That was it, the end.

But that couldn't be the end? Ezekiel had destroyed himself without getting the revenge upon Maurice that would have made his demise so wholly satisfying and understandable. And yet it *was* over. It had left itself so wondrously unfulfilled and unresolved.

It was a masterpiece.

Somewhere in the darkness someone began to clap. They were joined by another, then another. Within seconds the entire theatre was on its feet, applauding and trembling, crying and hugging one another.

The lights finally came on and there he was, standing with the loan shark, both men unharmed and staring straight ahead.

It was simply the most stunning performance anyone had ever witnessed. So...

*Flawless.*

The rest of the cast came onstage and proudly raised their hands in praise of a man who had exceeded every hope and expectation.

Andrew couldn't hear the applause. As he stood there in the limelight there was only one thought that filled his mind.

*Maurice was out there somewhere...and someday soon he would find him.*