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Trog and Clay
(an imagined history of the electric chair)
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The Princeton Seventh

by James Vculek

3 Males, 2 Females

Synopsis: Two strangers start up a contentious conversation in a bar while they wait for a tribute to a dead poet. From that inauspicious beginning, the layers start to fall away and the twists start to pile up. When they are joined by a Nobel Prize winning author and his current trophy wife, the entanglements and revelations multiply. The play ends and then... it begins again. Or does it?

You May Go Now

by Bekah Brunstetter

2 Males, 2 Females

Synopsis: Dottie has trained young Betty to be the perfect 1950s housewife; to cook the perfect pot roast, to bake a gorgeous seven-layer cake, to remove any stain. And tonight, Betty's 18th birthday, it is time for Betty to go out into the world. Only Dottie has failed to mention that the year is 2007, that the world is a vast and complex place, and that there is a reason she cannot abide being called 'Mother'. Ghosts from the past haunt the women and shatter their idyllic, if odd, existence. When a mysterious traveler is stranded at their home, he brings a revelation that forces Betty to choose between the love of her 'mother' and her freedom and sanity. *YOU MAY GO NOW* is an adult fairy tale about a 'mother' and 'daughter' whose love is as real as it is destructive.

Trog and Clay
(an imagined history of
the electric chair)

By Michael Vukadinovich

Trog and Clay (an Imagined History of the Electric Chair) received its first professional reading as part of PlayFest - The Harriett Lake Festival of New Plays - at the Orlando Shakespeare Theater.

Trog and Clay (an Imagined History of the Electric Chair) received its world premier on April 22, 2010 by the Los Angeles Theatre Ensemble at the Powerhouse Theatre. Directed by Gary Gardner.

The cast was as follows:

Isaac Wade - Trog

Emma Fassler - Clay

Paige White - Marguerite

Ariel Goldberg - Kemmler

Mike Kindle - Westthinghouse

Matt Weedman - Edison

Andrew Crabtree – the Doctor

Brian Allman – the Judge

Scenic and Lighting Design by Cameron Mock

Sound Design by Adam Smith

Costume Design by Michelle Neumann

Puppet Design Lucas Lilieholm

Stage Management by Tamara Williams

Assistant Stage Management by Heather Kellogg

Produced by Tom Burmester and Priscilla Watson

Note: While put into the mouths of others or changed slightly, much of the dialogue in the courtroom scenes (and others), especially the more absurd and unsuitable, is taken directly from the court transcripts for the murder trial of William Kemmler. For instance, after the doctor on the stand responded positively to the lawyer's question, "Did you make the autopsy in the case of Matilda Ziegler, known as Matilda Hort?" the lawyer actually followed up with "Upon her body?" There is much fact in the fiction of this play, and it is usually in the stranger parts.

Characters:

CLAY, a woman, a fool, dressed like a boy, also plays LAWYER 1.

TROG, a man, a fool, also plays LAWYER 2 .

GEORGE WESTINGHOUSE, the famous inventor known for AC electricity. A desperate man.

MARGUERITE WESTINGHOUSE, his wife. An actress.

THOMAS EDISON, the famous inventor.

WILLIAM KEMMLER, the first person electrocuted. A drunk and hopeless romantic wife-killer.

A JUDGE, can be played by Westinghouse.

A DOCTOR, can be played by Kemmler.

TROG AND CLAY

(The courtroom. WESTINGHOUSE as the JUDGE.)

JUDGE: The grand jury of the County of Erie, by this indictment, accuse William Kemmler, otherwise called John Hort, of the crime of murder in the first degree, committed as follows, to wit: That the said William Kemmler, otherwise called John Hort, on the 29th day of March, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine, at the city of Buffalo, in the County of Erie, aforesaid, with force and arms in and upon one, Matilda Ziegler, otherwise called Matilda Hort, in the peace of the people of the State then and there being, willfully, feloniously and with a deliberate and premeditated design to effect the death of her, the said Matilda Ziegler, otherwise called Matilda Hort, did make an assault: and that the said William Kemmler, otherwise called John Hort, the said Matilda Ziegler, otherwise called Matilda Hort, with a certain hatchet axe and sharp instrument which he the said William Kemmler, otherwise called John Hort, in his hands, then and there had and held in and upon the head of her, the said Matilda Ziegler, otherwise called Matilda Hort, then and there willfully and feloniously and with a deliberate and premeditated design, to effect the death of her the said Matilda Ziegler, otherwise called Matilda Hort, did strike, beat, cut and wound giving unto her the said Matilda Ziegler, otherwise called Matilda Hort, several mortal wounds of which said mortal wounds she the said Matilda Ziegler, otherwise called Matilda Hort, did at the City of Buffalo, and the county of Erie, aforesaid, from the first day aforesaid, in the year aforesaid, until the thirtieth day of March, in the same year aforesaid, languish and languishing did live, and on the said thirtieth day of March, in the year aforesaid, the said Matilda Ziegler, otherwise called Matilda Hort, at the city of Buffalo, and county of Erie aforesaid, of the said mortal wounds did die. Aforesaid, aforesaid, aforesaid.

* * * *

(The courtroom. TROG is on the witness stand.)

LAWYER 1: Please state your name.

TROG: Trog.

LAWYER 1: Your full name.

TROG: Trog.

LAWYER 1: You have no other name than Trog?

TROG: My parents were frugal people.

LAWYER 1: Okay, Mr. Trog . . .

TROG: Just Trog.

LAWYER 1: Okay, Trog.

TROG: Yes.

LAWYER 1: Your profession?

TROG: Which one?

LAWYER 1: Your main line of work.

TROG: Philosopher.

LAWYER 1: Philosopher.

TROG: I also dabble in medicine, dog catching, and astronomy. I don't believe in medicine myself but it is a profitable market.

LAWYER 1: Philosopher is your main source of income?

TROG: Heavens no. I have never been paid.

LAWYER 1: How do you make money?

TROG: I don't believe in the monetary system, sir.

LAWYER 1: You don't believe in the monetary system?

TROG: I prefer a system of mutual favors, each favor being a different point value based on the time and complexity of said favor. For instance, giving a man a piece of bread might be worth four, while giving a man your kidney might be worth five or six.

LAWYER 1: How do you eat?

TROG: I rely on the goodness of strangers such as yourself.

LAWYER 1: Can you explain to the court how it is you are connected to Mr. Edison.

TROG: Thomas Edison?

LAWYER 1: Yes.

TROG: The inventor?

LAWYER 1: Do you know another?

TROG: It is a common name.

LAWYER 1: Tell the court your connection to Thomas Edison the inventor.

TROG: Thomas Edison the inventor had my best friend Clay killed.

LAWYER 1: Please explain.

TROG: My friend Clay and I were attempting to catch a dog for Mr. Edison.

LAWYER 1: He agreed to pay you for a dog?

TROG: No less than a quarter per beast.

LAWYER 1: And did he pay you for any dogs?

TROG: We had caught one but it got away due to Clay's lack of awareness. When we caught more Clay no longer wanted to sell Mr. Edison the mongrels when she learned what he was doing with them.

LAWYER 1: And what was he doing?

TROG: Experimenting on them.

LAWYER 1: With electricity?

TROG: Yes, sir. Killing them. I had no problem selling Mr. Edison the dogs, not believing in the canine soul, but Clay was sensitive. Also, Mr. Westinghouse was convinced Edison was trying to ruin him and offered to buy us lunch if we helped him save the dogs.

LAWYER 1: Ruin him?

TROG: Yes, sir.

LAWYER 1: How so?

TROG: He believed people would blame him for the dog's deaths but I assured him people would not mind.

LAWYER 1: Why is that?

TROG: Being that dogs do not have souls.

LAWYER 1: Did he buy you lunch?

TROG: No, sir. Thank you for asking. I was awfully hungry, not having scavenged anything for days. I was hoping for a plate of spaghetti myself . . .

LAWYER 1: We must get to the point . . .

TROG: Of course, I'm not one to speak around the point. The point is I never received my promised lunch. Is that why I'm here today?

LAWYER 1: We are here to discuss the future of William Kemmler.

TROG: A minor point.

LAWYER 1: He was found guilty of killing two women. His life is in the state's hands.

TROG: I know better than anyone the crimes of Kemmler. But I am innocent. An innocent man swindled out of his lunch. What has become of the law when the courts refuse to hear the complaints of an innocent man, a philosopher nonetheless? A lover of wisdom.

LAWYER 1: Do you not seek justice for your friend?

TROG: There is no justice in this world and I fear Clay's death will never be avenged. Getting my due lunch is the only possible recompense for me.

LAWYER 1: How can you talk about food at a time like this?

TROG: This is a court of law and I was robbed of my lunch. I see no better time.

LAWYER 1: If you would like to make an official complaint against Mr. Westinghouse . . .

TROG: Believe me I would. But the courts do not listen to people of my class.

LAWYER 1: And what exactly is your class?

TROG: Intellectual.

LAWYER 1: After you answer the questions I would be happy to help you file an official complaint.

TROG: Good, because I would sure like to get my lunch if it pleases the court. I should also be awarded Clay's lunch as I was her only friend. She would have wanted liver and onions. It was her favorite. Make that two orders of liver and onions. I do miss her. My only friend I ever had.

LAWYER 1: Yes, yes. Now, please explain to the court the manner in which your friend Clay died.

* * * *

(EDISON, in disguise, stands behind a table with a generator. Strapped to the table is a dog.)

EDISON: There is talk about how alternating current is superior to Edison's direct current. As an independent scientist I can say this simply is not so. Lies perpetrated by a greedy and unscrupulous business man named George Westinghouse. Alternating current is dangerous and uncontrollable. So much so that alternating current is currently being considered as a new means for execution. Alternating current electricity kills so fast and painlessly that it will be a wonderful substitution for hanging. It belongs in prisons, not in our homes or hanging over our cities. Proof lies in how such an idea even came to be. A dentist named Southwick saw a drunk man stumble into a live electric generator and die instantly. We have Westinghouse to thank for a more humane way of disposing of criminals, not for lighting our houses. A demonstration of AC's ability to kill. Imagine this dog is your child.

(He pulls the lever.)

* * * *

(TROG and CLAY are on a street. Several electrical wires, a new and still unsafe phenomenon, hang above their heads. TROG holds a long string attached to a box off-stage.)

CLAY: It won't . . .

TROG: It won't get hurt Clay, I told you.

CLAY: I don't want it to get hurt

TROG: The dog will be fine.

CLAY: Even if it's for a quarter.

TROG: Yes.

CLAY: I like dogs.

TROG: As do I.

CLAY: Except that one on Burgundy Street who always chases me. He bit me on the ass so I bit him on the ass. We respect each other now but I don't like him.

TROG: When a dog comes by he'll smell the meat and I'll pull the string . . .

CLAY: I'm hungry Trog.

TROG: . . . and the box will fall over his head.

CLAY: I can't recall the last time I ate.

TROG: And we got ourselves a quarter.

CLAY: Did we eat this morning?

TROG: I do love a good battle of the intellect.

CLAY: Or was it yesterday we ate?

TROG: Leave that meat alone. We won't be getting no dog if you eat the meat.

CLAY: I've always had a big appetite.

TROG: And if we don't get a dog Mr. Edison won't be giving us no quarter.

CLAY: I can't remember the last time we had a quarter.

TROG: Besides, that meat cost a dollar.

CLAY: It didn't cost anything for us. I feel bad about that. There used to be a lot of dogs around here. Dozens.

TROG: Neighborhood kids beating us to it. Now shut up.

CLAY: Maybe after we get our quarter we can use it to buy a dog.

TROG: What are you going to do with a dog?

CLAY: Companionship. You know I suffer from boredom.

TROG: What do you need a companion for? You've got me. Now shut up.

CLAY: Then I'll teach it to fight and make us some money.

TROG: You don't have enough money to keep a dog. Now shut up.

CLAY: I suppose not.

TROG: Besides, I thought you were hungry.

CLAY: Thanks for reminding me.

TROG: You must try harder to remember things.

CLAY: I wish I had a girl.

TROG: You stay away from the girls or you'll get us kicked out of town again.

CLAY: Wasn't my fault.

TROG: No?

CLAY: No. Why do you think Mr. Edison wants so many dogs for?

TROG: I don't care as long as we get our quarter.

CLAY: Maybe he's gonna sell them.

TROG: He's already got a lot of money, why would he start selling dogs?

CLAY: Hard times I guess. You got any whiskey?

TROG: You drank it all last night.

CLAY: I don't remember that.

TROG: That's because you were drunk.

CLAY: Drunk?

TROG: You drank all my whiskey.

CLAY: I don't remember that.

TROG: I said you were drunk.

CLAY: Last night?

TROG: Last night.

CLAY: Why is it I can no longer remember anything? I haven't remembered a thing in I don't know how long.

TROG: Drunk.

CLAY: Was I happy?

TROG: What kind of question is that?

CLAY: Was I angry or happy?

TROG: Happy I suppose. Chasing women around.

CLAY: That's nice. I prefer the happy times of life.

TROG: Almost got us arrested.

CLAY: It isn't easy being a sexual deviant.

TROG: I suppose it isn't.

CLAY: And to top it off, no whiskey. Hard times when you don't have any whiskey.

TROG: I had some whiskey but you drank it all.

CLAY: It's a vice I'm trying to rid myself of.

TROG: Drinking all my whiskey?

CLAY: Yours and others.

TROG: You don't know anybody else.

CLAY: Fr. O'Neil gives me whiskey.

TROG: You should be staying away from Fr. O'Neil.

CLAY: This isn't easy for me, being persecuted like this.

TROG: I'm the one losing my whiskey.

CLAY: I don't point out your vices.

TROG: I don't have any vices.

CLAY: We all got vices. I like women and alcohol too much.

TROG: Not me. I live a perfectly balanced life without lack or excess.

CLAY: You whistle when you sleep. Like this.

TROG: That's not a vice.

CLAY: Sure is.

TROG: A habit at worst.

CLAY: The difference?

TROG: A habit is something you do that's annoying.

CLAY: I steal your whiskey and you get annoyed.

TROG: I don't mean to whistle but you mean to steal my whiskey and get drunk.

CLAY: So when Kemmler got drunk and stabbed his wife that was a vice and not a habit.

TROG: That's a tough one. Depends if he was awake or asleep.

CLAY: He was drunk.

TROG: He does have a fondness for alcohol.

CLAY: A thirst for whiskey.

TROG: A penchant for rum.

CLAY: A proclivity for gin.

TROG: If he was really drunk, so much that he was out of his mind, then I suppose it was a habit.

CLAY: It's not a very nice thing to be doing, stabbing your wife in the neck with a hatchet.

TROG: He'll be hanging from the neck. They say she was still alive when the police arrived hours later.

CLAY: A terrible habit, cutting up your loved ones.

TROG: A horrible vice to have.

CLAY: I heard he was sober when he did the stabbing.

TROG: Some days he would keep sober by drinking beer.

CLAY: Surely he won't get off for alcoholic madness if he was sober.

TROG: Perhaps it was the absence of alcohol.

CLAY: Not because he was drunk but because he needed a drink.

TROG: Exactly. He did run to the saloon after the gruesome deed.

CLAY: It must be sad to lose a wife.

TROG: Doubtless. One would need a drink.

CLAY: Even if you did the chopping.

TROG: Even then.

CLAY: I wish I had a wife. You ever have a wife?

TROG: Never a wife, only a mother.

CLAY: She died?

TROG: The saddest day of my life. And I didn't even have to chop her up.

CLAY: My mother abandoned me on a doorstep.

TROG: An orphanage?

CLAY: A pet store. Lived there for days before some lady finally took me home. Too poor to buy a cat I suppose.

TROG: Hard times.

CLAY: Only a boy of seventeen.

TROG: Girl.

CLAY: Only a girl of seventeen.

TROG: What happened to the lady?

CLAY: There was an incident with her daughter.

TROG: Pretty?

CLAY: Not enough to mention. She was slow. Made conversation difficult.

TROG: Slowness is off-putting. (*silence, reflection*) Quiet, here comes a dog. Wait. That a boy. Eat the meat.

CLAY: Now! (*He pulls the string.*) You missed.

TROG: Why did you yell?

CLAY: I got excited.

TROG: He got away with our meat. Now what are we going to do?

CLAY: You should have pulled the string earlier. Preemptive like.

TROG: You shouldn't have yelled.

CLAY: Anyway, that was the dog from Burgundy street. Only dog I don't like. Respect him, but don't like him. He feels the same about me.

TROG: Now we're out a dollar's worth of meat and have no chance at making a quarter. We need a plan.

CLAY: Yes, a plan.

TROG: A good plan.

CLAY: An idea.

TROG: A course.

CLAY: A clear path.

TROG: Results.

CLAY: A stepping stone.

TROG: To something greater.

CLAY: Success.

TROG: Fame.

CLAY: Wealth.

TROG: Parties.

CLAY: Women.

TROG: Children.

CLAY: Contentment.

TROG: Old age.

CLAY: Retirement.

TROG: Decline.

CLAY: Death.

TROG: Burial. (*A long silence.*) There are two types of people in this world.

CLAY: The crippled and the fit?

TROG: No.

CLAY: Children and adults?

TROG: No.

CLAY: Philistines and us?

TROG: Those who make things happen and those who go along with the people who make things happen. We need to make things happen. We must ask ourselves, are we here to watch life or to live life. If we want to make things happen and get ahead, we need to live life and therefore we need a plan.

CLAY: Yes, a plan.

TROG: A good plan.

CLAY: An idea.

TROG: A course.

CLAY: Little Sarah Jones has a poodle.

TROG: You want to steal little Sarah Jones' poodle?

CLAY: I'm not a common criminal.

TROG: Then what do you suggest we do?

CLAY: We beat her over the head with a stick and take the dog, leaving in its place a lesser animal. A tortoise or snail.

TROG: It's the violence that bothers me.

CLAY: We could ask little Sarah Jones for a piece of meat.

TROG: Now where's a little crippled girl going to get a piece of meat from?

CLAY: Cripple girls have to eat just like you and I.

TROG: I'm not arguing that crippled girls don't have to eat.

CLAY: Then?

TROG: I'm saying, it would be easier for two adults to get a piece of meat than a little crippled girl.

CLAY: I see your point. Maybe we could buy blind Jack Fellow's dog. He's a beautiful pooch. Surely Edison would give us more than a quarter for him.

TROG: Blind Jack Fellows is blind and couldn't afford to lose his dog.

CLAY: He's blind?

TROG: Blind Jack?

CLAY: Yes.

TROG: Blind as a bat.

CLAY: I never knew that.

TROG: Why you think they call him Blind Jack for?

CLAY: I thought his mother gave him that name.

TROG: What kind of name is that to be giving a child? Blind Jack?

CLAY: I suppose it does explain the lack of eye contact in conversation. Does make more sense.

TROG: Of course it makes more sense him being blind. He's called Blind Jack. Wouldn't make sense if he could see and everyone called him blind.

CLAY: Perhaps blind in the spiritual sense.

TROG: Perhaps in the spiritual sense.

CLAY: Yes, losing your sight and your dog is much too much to lose in one life.

TROG: Hard times.

CLAY: Indeed. Of course, it would be easy to take the dog from him, him not having the ability of sight.

TROG: An easy solution to our problems.

CLAY: But it would be wrong.

TROG: A sin.

CLAY: A transgression.

TROG: We must view the situation as Spinoza might. Everything that happens occurs through the operation of necessity, therefore being blind . . .

CLAY: I'm bored Trog.

TROG: You must train your mind. You lack ethics.

(Enter MARGUERITE, upset, with WESTINGHOUSE following.)

WESTINGHOUSE: Marguerite, wait.

MARGUERITE: I don't want to hear anymore.

WESTINGHOUSE: Lies. Edison . . . You have to hear me out.

MARGUERITE: Yes, I know, Edison set you up.

WESTINGHOUSE: He did!

MARGUERITE: You lying, dirty mule!

WESTINGHOUSE: He's spreading lies because he knows my product is superior.

MARGUERITE: Thomas Edison is a good man.

WESTINGHOUSE: How do you know that?

CLAY: A woman. Talk to her.

TROG: *(to Westinghouse)* Excuse me.

MARGUERITE: Everyone knows that. He's a genius. And you're a fool with delusions of grandeur.

WESTINGHOUSE: Stop overacting.

MARGUERITE: There are people who like my acting.

WESTINGHOUSE: He's trying to ruin me. I'll be out of business and we'll be poor.

TROG: Excuse me.

MARGUERITE: I'm sick of hearing it. Why would he want to destroy you? You should be careful what you say or he'll never give you a job.

WESTINGHOUSE: I don't want a job from him!

MARGUERITE: Because you're a fool.

WESTINGHOUSE: I'm telling you, Marguerite, this is going to change how people live. Thomas Edison is envious. You should be proud.

MARGUERITE: Ha! You're just jealous of a better man.

TROG: Excuse me.

WESTINGHOUSE: What is it?! Here, I'll give you a quarter, just leave me alone.

TROG: *(offended)* I could never take your money.

WESTINGHOUSE: Then what in the world is it?

TROG: As I was saying, my partner, Clay, . . .

CLAY: Pleased to meet you.

TROG: My partner, Clay, and I, were wondering if you had a piece of meat on you that by chance we might have.

WESTINGHOUSE: There's a work house around the corner. I suggest you try there.

(CLAY moves closer to MARGUERITE.)

TROG: I'm not a common beggar.

WESTINGHOUSE: Then what is it?

TROG: You see, my partner Clay . . .

CLAY: Pleased to meet you.

MARGUERITE: (*to CLAY*) Get away from me.

TROG: . . . and I, are attempting to catch stray mutts for Mr. Edison who has promised to take them for a quarter each.

MARGUERITE: I told you he's a good man, hiring idiots on the street, giving stray dogs a home.

TROG: I assure you, we're no idiots.

MARGUERITE: You could learn something from him but instead you blacken his character. You're always dreaming and never working. You said we'd be rich by now with your telephone machine and your telegraph machine but you're always second. And now you're second again and I'm tired of it! I will not go to the poorhouse with you!

(*She storms off.*)

WESTINGHOUSE: Marguerite! Wait!

CLAY: It happens.

TROG: Take solace in the fact that she wasn't very attractive.

WESTINGHOUSE: She's my wife.

TROG: A different matter all together then. As I was saying, we need a piece of meat in order to catch a dog.

CLAY: I like dogs. All but one on Burgundy Street.

WESTINGHOUSE: She's right, I'll be second again. No one remembers second.

TROG: I've found women come around more often than not.

CLAY: Come round with time.

TROG: Time and alcohol.

WESTINGHOUSE: Do you know who Dr. Guillotine is?

TROG: French no doubt. I'm quite the Balzac enthusiast myself although I'm not sure of Flaubert's worth. Is he a novelist?

WESTINGHOUSE: He invented the guillotine.

CLAY: How could he have invented the guillotine when his name is Guillotine?

TROG: A riddle then.

WESTINGHOUSE: It isn't a riddle!

CLAY: I'm bored.

WESTINGHOUSE: The guillotine is a device which chops the heads off of criminals and kings.

CLAY: I want one!

WESTINGHOUSE: Guillotine is the inventor.

TROG: A trick question then.

WESTINGHOUSE: And now his name will forever be associated with execution. That's what Thomas Edison is trying to do with my name. From now on people will be Westinghoused when they are killed with electricity.

CLAY: Who is Westinghouse?

WESTINGHOUSE: Me!

TROG: Ah, you're an inventor then.

WESTINGHOUSE: You are insufferable.

CLAY: We were just trying to catch a dog for Mr. Edison but the mongrel took the meat right from under our trap and now we don't have a quarter, or dinner.

TROG: You must look on the up side of the situation. As Plato wrote the words of Socrates, fulfilling the desires of the body only keeps our souls grounded to the earth longer. I'm an Aristotelian myself.

WESTINGHOUSE: You mustn't give him dogs. He's going to use them against me.

TROG: Such a thought!

CLAY: I am so bored.

TROG: Then stop being boring.

CLAY: Find me another girl.

WESTINGHOUSE: You must listen to me. Edison is going to kill the dogs.

TROG: Thomas Edison?

WESTINGHOUSE: Yes.

TROG: Impossible.

WESTINGHOUSE: I assure you.

TROG: Putting a dog on the guillotine. What would be the point?

WESTINGHOUSE: Not on the guillotine!

CLAY: A dog!

(CLAY runs offstage, and then back and forth in the background.)

TROG: It is a complicated matter, that of capital punishment. If one is guilty and aware of their guilt, that is, they had intent to commit the crime, it is a murky matter at best. One can point to old texts or one can point to new texts and in both cases one will be supported. Both texts together and we see a contradiction. Yes, a murky matter. But when the accused is unaware of their crime, or of crime itself, that is to say the accused is a dog, a mongrel, a mutt, a pooch, then the matter is completely different. A dog is no more aware of good and evil than an asparagus is aware of Shakespeare, who, with the Church of England, I am not a fan of. Therefore, the punishment doesn't seem apt. Indeed, the accused must have a notion of death for the punishment to have merit. Secondly, dogs do not have souls. We have proven this by comparing teeth samples. Thirdly, an execution should be a serious and glum event and the image of a dog on a guillotine is a funny one which would no doubt cause snickering among the viewers. Fourthly, we would have to allow other dogs to witness in order to fulfill its purpose as a deterrent, as is a main value of such a punishment. This brings about its own set of complications, namely that of soiled shoes, which would not be proper at an execution. Fifthly, . . .

WESTINGHOUSE: I'm afraid you misunderstand me.

TROG: Nevertheless.

(CLAY runs across the stage.)

CLAY: He's chasing me!

(She exits.)

WESTINGHOUSE: Your friend . . . she's a . . .

TROG: Deviant.

WESTINGHOUSE: Oh.

TROG: I hold an advanced degree in medieval medicine. I tried to cure her but I'm afraid I only made things worse.

WESTINGHOUSE: Please try and listen to me. Edison is using the dogs to perform experiments.

TROG: To improve the lives of countless no doubt.

WESTINGHOUSE: He's making a chair to kill criminals by pumping electricity into their brains and hearts.

TROG: A scientific advancement. And the dogs?

WESTINGHOUSE: He's advocating my generators to do the killing.

TROG: What an honor.

WESTINGHOUSE: No!

TROG: No?

WESTINGHOUSE: Edison is my competitor!

TROG: Then why is he using your product? That's poor business. You might send him a copy of Bentham's works. I find their value great.

WESTINGHOUSE: He wants people to think my electricity is dangerous so people will use his DC. But it's not dangerous, it's an improvement that will change the world. I've done the tests over and over. The proof is there. But all he cares about is making loads of money.

TROG: And the dogs?

WESTINGHOUSE: He's going to kill them publicly with my electricity!

TROG: Innocent dogs?

WESTINGHOUSE: He doesn't even believe in capital punishment. He just wants my name to be associated with death. When it gets out that dogs and men are dying because of me, my career will be over. You have to help me.

TROG: It is quite the conundrum if it is as you say it is.