

## A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS – SIR THOMAS MORE

*When the curtains rise, the set is in darkness but for a single spot which descends vertically upon the COMMON MAN, who stands in front of a big property basket.*

### **Common Man**

It is perverse! To start a play made up of Kings and Cardinals in speaking costumes and intellectuals with embroidered mouths, with me.

If a King, or a Cardinal, had done the prologue he'd have had the right materials. And an intellectual would have shown enough majestic meanings, coloured propositions, and closely woven liturgical stuff to dress the House of Lords! But this!

Is this a costume? Does this say anything? It barely covers one man's nakedness! A bit of black material to reduce Old Adam to the Common Man.

Oh, if they'd let me come on naked, I could have shown you something of my own. Which would have told you without words – !... Something I've forgotten... Old Adam's muffled up.

*(Backing towards basket).* Well, for a proposition of my own, I need a costume. *(Takes out and puts on the coat and hat of STEWARD).*

Matthew! The Household Steward of Sir Thomas More! *(Lights come up swiftly on set. He takes from the basket five silver goblets, one larger than the others, and a jug with a lid, with which he furnishes the table. A burst of conversational merriment off; he pauses and indicates head of stairs).* There's company to dinner. *(Finishes business at table).*