

Milo

Frame Character

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The letter hadn't come as a surprise. *Milo*, it read, *come see me as soon as you can. We need to talk about my will. - Dad*

Dad was nearing 90 years old, and he had been disturbingly reclusive ever since Mom died. So thoughts of his eventual death weren't news to you and, as the one attorney in the family, you had been expecting to end up as the executor. You called your secretary and had her book you a flight out as soon as possible.

When you got to the old house, you found Dad in his study at the same old typewriter. Reams of paper were scattered about the room. "Well, what took you so long?" he snapped. Sigh. Same old Dad.

Dad explained to you that the papers were his life's work. He was writing, he explained, a unique and world-changing novel. And as his last wish, he wanted it to be published posthumously. He was going to finish it, and then he was going to die.

"But - " you started. "No buts!" said Dad. "This novel's going to get done, and then I'm going to die. And you and your brothers and sisters are going to see it gets published."

"Well, what's it about?" you asked. "No spoilers!" Dad shouted. "Read it after it's written. Now go! Get out of my house and leave me to my writing. Send me a will and I'll sign it. Do whatever you want with my money, just make sure it says my novel has to get published or nobody sees a dime."

Some things never change. Dad was as stubborn and intractable as ever. You went home the next day and did exactly as he had instructed. Dad was as good as his word: a week later, you got back a signed and dated copy.

It was scarcely a week after that that you got the phone call from the hospital. A stroke, the doctor said. You thanked him and hung up. The air around you felt heavy. After a while, the moment passed. You picked up the phone again and called the funeral parlor.

The memorial service passed you by with barely any effect. You just felt numb. Afterwards, you took the close family members into a side room. Here, you had placed two large packing crates, each with reams of typewritten paper. It was time for the reading of the will... and the reading of the novel.

NOTE: *Your function in this scene is to explain to your family the situation regarding the novel quickly. You can allow them a short time to react, but before long, you should ask them to split into three groups of 4 so they can begin reading through the novel. Players will split into groups according to their scene placement cards.*