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The Metamorphosis A Play

Adapted by E. Thomalen

Based on a Novella
by Franz Kafka

A SAMUEL FRENCH ACTING EDITION



**SAMUEL
FRENCH**
FOUNDED 1830

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DEDICATION

To Francine L. Trevens who graciously took on the difficult task of being the first to realize this work on stage and assembled, and directed, a very talented cast. She helped me better understand the play. This book is dedicated to her with great appreciation for her effort and her talent.

E. Thomalen

The Metamorphosis—A Play is a dramatic adaptation of Kafka's novella. The story, first published in 1915, is of a man who finds himself transformed one day into an insect. There is a tragicomic dimension to this surreal tale. In E. Thomalen's adaptation Gregor Samsa awakens *into* a dream. In this nightmare he can neither speak nor alter the conduct of those around him who see him as a bug. A musician communicates his emotions. All action takes place in the moment of the dream rather than in real time. Inviting the audience to view the experience as Gregor perceives it, the Stage Manager summons the play. Set in early 20th century Prague and written in verse, this new adaptation captures the surreal humor and pathos of the story. Is there anyone who has not been such an outsider?

Reviewer's comments of the 2003 Off Broadway production at the Jose Quintero Theatre in New York City include: *Off Off Broadway Review*: "highly recommended"; *Fli Drama*: "This adaptation makes one ponder socially significant issues, class struggles, inequities, treatment of someone different-i.e., Disabled or dysfunctional and the writing is forthright"; *Town and Village* wrote: "Thomalen has done the theater-going public a great service"; *Talkin Broadway*: "Franz Kafka's *The Metamorphosis* begins as the story's central figure, Gregor Samsa, becomes a giant insect. Stories seldom start in a more over-the-top, theatrical way...a rich subject...how would Gregor be represented? Thomalen's solution is both obvious and effective, having the actor portraying him (Kevin Whittinghill) never utter a single spoken line, with whatever insect-like speech he can muster portrayed by Klezmer-like violin sounds being produced by the Hasidic musician (David Kornhaber) who always accompanies Gregor...Whittinghill gives one of the most convincing performances in the play, his movements stylized, and his overall manner one of the way a cockroach might impersonate a human..."

OFF BROADWAY DEBUT
New York City January 9, 2003

Jose Quintero Theatre
StageRight Productions Inc.

Adapted by: E. Thomalen
Directed by: Francine Trevens

MRS. SAMSA.....Loretta Guerra Woodruff
MR. SAMSA Peter J. Coriaty
GRETE SAMSA.....Jessica Greenberg, Alexis Wickwire
GREGOR.....Kevin Whittinghill
STAGE MANAGER.....Marcalan Glassberg
OFFICE MANAGER.....David Lamberton
MAID.....Ozlem Turhal, Joanna Stavros
FIRST BOARDER.....David Lamberton
SECOND BOARDER.....Brandon DeSpain
THIRD BOARDER.....Marcalan Glassberg
CLEANING WOMAN.....Ozlem Turhal, Joanna Stavros
KLEZMER MUSICIAN.....David Kornhaber

Set and Costume Design: T. Silver,
Lighting Design: Sherrian Felix
Publicity: Judd Hollander, Brett Singer
Managing Producer: Maitely Weismann

ACTS

- I An Awakening from Disturbing Dreams
- II A Breaking Out
- III The Removal

CHARACTERS:

GREGOR SAMSA	late twenties; a dung beetle or believes self to be
GRETE SAMSA	late teens; Gregor's sister
MR. SAMSA	mid-fifties; Gregor's father
MRS. SAMSA	early fifties; Gregor's mother
OFFICE MANAGER	
FIRST MAID	
CLEANING WOMAN	
FIRST BOARDER	
SECOND BOARDER	
THIRD BOARDER	
STAGE MANAGER	
THE FIDDLER	

The play is written in a modified Cinquain verse form. If spoken with end-stopped lines, it approximates the cadence of middle European speech in American English even without accents.

ACT I- SCENE 1

*(This is a dreamscape scene. The stage is divided into two rooms. Stage left is Gregor's bedroom, stage right a turn of the century parlor with a small round dining table covered with a long, lace cloth and set with dishes for breakfast. At the table are Gregor's parents, **MR.** and **MRS. SAMSA**, and his sister **GRETE**. There is a grandfather clock in one corner, also two settees and a buffet with drawers. The furniture is all slightly askew. There is a door in the back wall. To the far left of the parlor, downstage, is a passage to the kitchen, upstage left a door to the bedroom of Mr. and Mrs. Sumsa. In Gregor's bedroom there is a bed, a desk, a chest of drawers, and beside his bed a hard wooden chair. The wall between the two rooms is suggested rather than real, so **GREGOR** can react to what he overhears from the Parlor.*

*The play opens with a spotlight on the **STAGE MANAGER** speaking his lines and only Gregor's room is fully illuminated. The cast freezes in place whenever **GREGOR** moves).*

STAGE MANAGER.

Gregor awoke
From disturbing dreams.
Gregor awoke
From shocking screams,
In his head,
Thought he was dead,
Transformed
Into an Insect,
For all to Inspect,
And Reject!

Left Derelict.
The prospect,
Of what to expect,
From the schemes
In his dreams,
Whether substance or smoke,
Is here performed
For our Gregor,
The Traveler
And Seller,
And you folk!

*(The clock ticks loudly. **GREGOR** tosses in bed under the covers. On the chair beside his bed sits the **FIDDLER** in Hasidic dress who plays Klezmer music, alternatingly wildly rapturous and poignantly sad. Finally, **GREGOR** tosses off the comforter and emerges on his back, wriggling arms and legs on top of his bed. He has a large painted tear under his upstage eye. The audience must be made more aware of the man in the bug, than of the bug in the man. The light in Gregor's room dims and that in the parlor comes up.)*

MR. SAMSA.

The eggs
were a little
over cooked this morning,
and not exactly to my taste,
please tell the maid,
And pass,
please, the coffee.
Grete, please pass the marmalade.

GRETE SAMSA.

Yes, yes
Father, I will.

MRS. SAMSA.

I shall
say something to
the maid about the eggs.
But don't you think that Gregor works
too hard?

MR. SAMSA.

He is
a good boy, they
take advantage of him.
His boss has a very hard heart,
like flint.
He gets up at
Four to catch the train at
Five o'clock and if a salesman
is not
on it by then
a person from the firm
reports it to the manager
and he
could be finished!

(GREGOR turns over onto his hands and knees and holds his head with both hands while the FIDDLER plays "groaning" music.)

Traveling salesmen of
other firms live like Harem girls,
up at
ten and having
breakfast when Gregor
is writing down his morning sales.
He has
told it to me,
That *very* thing, *himself*!

MRS. SAMSA.

I wish
he could leave that
wretched, oppressive firm.

GRETE SAMSA.

But, but...
Mother, have you
forgotten about my
grand lessons on the violin?
How could
we afford them?

MR. SAMSA

To say
nothing of *our*
loan to his firm. No, I
am afraid he must continue
there for
five or six years,
there really is nothing
that can be done about it now.
Besides,
it is useful
training for a young man.
Yes, and a recommendation
will not
be dismissed with
slight regard, *lightly*, by
Another firm. Certainly it
will be
given great weight.
He is building up his
contacts. That is the main idea
in sales.

(GREGOR nods "yes" and the FIDDLE again groans)

Put *thoughts*
of his leaving
out of your mind. It is
impossible!

MRS. SAMSA.

Of course
you are right, but ...

MR. SAMSA.

"But?" No
'but's' about it!

MRS. SAMSA.

But...but
you see it is
now after six-thirty ...

MR. SAMSA.

Of course
it is after
six-thirty, what of it?

MRS. SAMSA.

Gregor
hasn't left yet...

(**GREGOR** shakes his head)

GRETE SAMSA.

Not *left*?

MR. SAMSA.

Not left?
Not left *yet*! You
must be wrong...mistaken.

MRS. SAMSA.

I hear
him leave in the
mornings, usually, and I didn't

hear him
leave *this* morning.

GRETE SAMSA.

Mother,
maybe you just
slept through it. Couldn't that be?

MRS. SAMSA.

That has
never happened
before!

MR. SAMSA.

Of course!
That's it. This is
The first time. I always
sleep through it. When he comes home and
when he
leaves, it is not
As important to me. I know
that he
will be back and
that he will leave again.
That is the way it is. That's all.
Nothing
to make a fuss
about, nothing to lose
sleep for.

MRS. SAMSA.

I am
certain that he
has not left this building
today!

MR. SAMSA.

Well then,
knock on his door

and satisfy yourself
if you are so certain of that.

MRS. SAMSA.

I will.

(SHE goes over to his bedroom door and knocks softly)

Gregor, it is
a quarter to seven. Didn't
you want to catch the train today?

(GREGOR becomes more agitated on his knees on the bed, and pantomimes "Yes, yes...Mother, thank you." but does not speak while the FIDDLER plays agitated strains.)

MR. SAMSA. *(Going over to the door and knocking louder)*

Gregor,
Gregor, what is
this that is going on?

GRETE SAMSA.

Gregor?
What's the matter?
Can we get you something?
Is there something we could do, please?

MR. SAMSA.

Gregor!
Gregor could that
be you *still* there, just now?

(GREGOR moves agitatedly back and forth on the bed and the FIDDLER plays music which conveys his distress.)

GRETE SAMSA.

Could that
Be *our* Gregor,
not on his way to work,
Mother?

MR. SAMSA.

He has
just a sore throat,
an occupational
hazard with no known antidote
for a
salesman, of course.
And if he travels, well...
Gregor?
Gregor! Gregor!

MRS. SAMSA.

He is
awake, no need
to speak in such a shrill
manner to him. The offices
of the
firm open at
seven.

(The clock on the wall strikes 7 A.M.)

MR. SAMSA.

And when
the messenger
reports that Gregor has
not caught his train punctually...

GRETE SAMSA.

Then the
manager will
come here.

(*GREGOR covers his face*)

MR. SAMSA.

That man
believes that the
world is just divided
into two kinds of people, those
who are
well, and those who
don't *want to work*! The firm's
health insurance doctor never
argues
with him, *always*
goes along with him. Yes?

(*GREGOR nods "yes" and the FIDDLER plays very
angushed music*)

No question! Business, that is all
they have
interest in,
business, yes, and making
money.

GRETE SAMSA.

They have
no regard for
those who work for them. None!

MRS. SAMSA.

Gregor
lately has not
been doing so well. He
has told me not to worry; but,
I know
he has not been
able to write orders,

as many as he would like to,
as they
would like him to.
It has been a worry
for him.

(The doorbell rings)

GRETE SAMSA.

It is
someone from the
office.

(The MAID emerges from the kitchen)

MAID.

Shall I
get the door? Yes?

MR. SAMSA.

Yes, yes
Anna, please do!

MRS. SAMSA.

Gregor
will be in for
grief now.

(The OFFICE MANAGER enters wearing a coat, dressed in a business suit, squeaky patent leather shoes, and carrying a cane. Just as he enters the room, GREGOR extends himself head first over the edge of the bed and falls loudly to the floor.)

OFFICE MANAGER.

Something
fell in there, yes?

GRETE SAMSA. (*Moving close to Gregor's door—whispering*)

Gregor,
the manager
is here.

MR. SAMSA.

Gregor,
the manager
has come! He wants to know
why you didn't catch the early
train, please?
What should we say
to him.
Besides, he wants
to speak with you personally.
So please
open the door.
He will *certainly* be
so kind as to excuse any
likely
disorder of
your room.

OFFICE MANAGER.

Hello,
and Good *morning*
Mr. Samsa.

MRS. SAMSA.

There is
something wrong with
him, believe me, there is
a *something* the matter with him.
How else
would Gregor have
missed a train? That boy has
nothing on his mind but business.
It has

almost begun
to rile me that he does
not go out nights. He's been back here
in the
city for eight
days now, but every night
he's been *home*. He sits there 'till late
with us,
at the table,
quiet,
reading the paper or
studying, hard, the timetables.

(GREGOR frantically scurries back and forth not knowing what to do while the FIDDLER again plays agitated music.)

It is
a distraction
for him when he makes use
of his fretsaw. He used to be
a good
worker of wood.
Why, truly in the space
of two or three evenings he'd
carve a
small picture frame.
You would be amazed at
how pretty it is, it hangs in
his room.
You will see it,
right away, when Gregor
opens the door. You know I'm glad
that you
have come, sir. Yes!

We would never have got
Gregor to open the door or
come out
just by ourselves;
he's so stubborn! And there
is certainly something wrong with
him, though
he couldn't say so...
this morning...or what it was.

OFFICE MANAGER.

I have
not another
explanation myself.
I hope it is not serious.
But on
the other hand,
I must say we at the
firm are *businessmen*—that may be
either:
fortunate or,
perhaps, unfortunate;
whichever you prefer—very
often
we simply must
overcome any slight
"indisposition" for business
reasons.

MR. SAMSA.

So, can
the manager
come in now, please, Gregor?

(He knocks again on the door. GREGOR pantomimes "yes" and "no". GRETE begins to weep. During the OFFICE MANAGER's speech GREGOR moves

*toward the door and tries to stand up and open it,
alternating with listening to the speech.)*

OFFICE MANAGER.

Mister
Samsa, what's the
matter? You barricade
yourself into your room, answer
only,
well... nothing, and
cause your family some
serious, *unnecessary*
worry,
and you neglect
—I mention this only
in passing—your duties to the...
well the...
company in
a really shocking way.
I am speaking here in the name
of your
parents and your
employer and ask you
in all *seriousness!* for a
clear and
immediate
explanation. I am
amazed. *Shocked!* I thought I knew you
to be
a calm, quiet,
reasonable person,
and now you suddenly seem to
begin
strutting about,
even flaunting strange whims!

The head of the firm did suggest
to me
this morning an
explanation for your
tardiness—it concerned the cash
payments
recently, that
were entrusted to you;
—but, well, I practically gave
my word,
pledged my honor,
that this explanation
could *not* be right! But now, seeing
your strange
obstinacy,
incomprehensible,
I am about to lose even
the least
desire to stand
up for you in any
way at all. And your job is not
the most
secure, I need
not add! I intended
to tell you all this in private,
but since
you make me waste
my time here for *nothing*,
I don't see why your parents should
not hear
it too. Of *late*
your performance has been
very unsatisfactory;
I know
it is not the

best season for selling,
we all recognize that; but a
season
for not doing
any business at all,
there is no such thing! No, Mister
Samsa,
a thing like that
Cannot be, *will not be*, condoned
by our good directors.

MRS. SAMSA.

Sir, *please*,
I ask you to
be patient, calm yourself.
Whatever has happened to him,
indeed,
could happen to...
anyone, even you!
I am sure it is just a slight,
very
slight, or maybe
not, "indisposition".
He spoke of a forewarning of
illness
last night. He didn't
look healthy but how could
I tell in the light of a lamp?
He should
have reported
it immediately
to the office. But one always
thinks: 'I
can get over
a sickness without my
staying home.' I am sure that there

is *no*
basis for the
head of the firms accusation
about
the cash payments
and I saw him working
on orders last night to send in.
These few
extra hours
of rest have done him some
good, I'm sure of it, and he will
be on
the road with the
eight o'clock train. Don't let
us keep you Sir, and please give our
respects
to the head of
the firm!

OFFICE MANAGER.

I should
like to hear it
from Mister Samsa's lips.

*(The **FIDDLER** plays wildly while **GREGOR** buries
his head.)*

Did you
discern a word?
Is he not attempting
to make fools of us here, perhaps?

MRS. SAMSA.

My God,
maybe he is
seriously ill and
we are torturing him. Grete.

Grete!
GRETE SAMSA.
Mother?

(The violin screeches)

MRS. SAMSA.
Go to
the doctor's *now*,
immediately! For
Gregor is sick. Hurry, get the
doctor.
Did you just *hear*
Gregor?

OFFICE MANAGER.
That was
the sound of an
animal...yes?

MR. SAMSA.
Anna!

(Clapping his hands)

Anna! Get a
locksmith quickly! Run! Run!

*(The **GIRLS** run out leaving the door open, then speaking
to the **OFFICE MANAGER**)*

You sec, sir, we are *certainly*
doing
all that *we* can
to get help for him here!

(GREGOR now standing upright, tries to open the door, but cannot find a way to do it. He beats silently on it. Finally he reaches into his pocket and finds a hand lever which he places onto the imaginary door.)

OFFICE MANAGER.

*Listen,
he turns the
handle.*

*(GREGOR continues to dance around, trying to get the door lever to open the door. He presses against the door with his whole weight. Suddenly there is a click as the latch gives way and he slowly pulls the door back towards himself. When it is "opened", seeking to remain upright, he slowly works his way around the door into view but then falls onto his hands and knees before the **OFFICE MANAGER**.)*

Oh my...

*(The **OFFICE MANAGER** puts his hand over his mouth and backs slowly away, toward the front door and the outside landing.)*

*I must go now...
To the office... I shall
give an exact account of things.*

(HE continues to back slowly away.)

MRS. SAMSA. (*She takes two steps towards GREGOR and sinks in the midst of her skirts, her head down. She turns toward the OFFICE MANAGER.*)

Please don't
make things harder
for him than they *already* are.
Stick up
for him...there... please.
Traveling salesmen are not liked

(*agitated music*)

at the office,
I know.
But still a man,
any man, might find for
a time that he was unable
to work,
but that's just the
right time to remember
his past accomplishments and to
keep in
mind that later,
when the obstacle has
been removed, he's bound to work the
harder
and even more
effectively, for sure.
You sir, have a better viewpoint,
just, sir,
between us two,
than the
head of the firm,
himself, who as an
owner

can far, *far* too
easily let his own
judgment be swayed against someone
working
for him there. You,
I know, are aware that
the traveling salesman who is
out of
the office for
practically the whole
year around, can *too* easily
become
the victim of
gossip, coincidences, and
even
unfounded and
unfair accusations!
Against which he is *completely*
helpless!
Unable to
defend himself! Sir, do
not go away without a word
from you
to reassure
me that you think I could
be, *at least partly*, correct. *Please!*

(**GREGOR** begins to crawl in the direction of the
MANAGER, making supplicating gestures.)

OFFICE MANAGER.

Goodbye.

(*Quickly turns and leaves*)

MRS. SAMSA. *(Leaning forward she stares in GREGOR's direction not seeing him. Then suddenly focusing on him.)*

Help! Help!
for God's sake help!

(With her head tilted forward, SHE leaps backward and bumps the table with the breakfast dishes on them and knocks some of the dishes over, including the coffee pot which drips coffee on the floor. GREGOR snaps his jaws at the sight of the spilling coffee. Seeing this MRS. SAMSA flees to MR. SAMSA and falls into his arms.)

OFFICE MANAGER.

Aagh Aagh

(His voice is heard reverberating down the whole staircase. MRS. SAMSA releases herself from MR. SAMSA and goes over to a window to open it and bring in some fresh air.

MR. SAMSA grabs the manager's cane that he left in his hasty departure and takes a folded newspaper from the table, and rolling it up, he steps in front of GREGOR, holding both objects out and stamps his foot forcing GREGOR backwards.)

MR. SAMSA.

Back! Back!

(GREGOR pantomimes "No! No!" He tries to back up but has difficulty, then slowly turns around, throwing apprehensive glances at his father. In order to negotiate himself through the doorway it is necessary for GREGOR to raise one side of his body, but in spite of that he still gets stuck. His FATHER comes up and with his foot, gives

*him a hard shove into the room, injuring **GREGOR** on the doorjamb. After **GREGOR**, bleeding, is in his room, **MR. SAMSA** slams the door behind him and all is quiet.)*

ACT II-SCENE 1

*(The scene opens with **GREGOR** cowering under his bed, a small bowl of milk is on the floor inside the door. The **FIDDLER**, still seated next to **GREGOR**'s bed, plays a very melancholy tune. At the table are **MR.** and **MRS. SAMSA** and **GRETE** for the mid day meal. The **MAID** enters and serves the food, she turns suddenly to **MRS. SAMSA**.)*

MAID.

Mistress
Samsa please, I
beg you!

MRS. SAMSA.

What?...Why
Anna, my dear...

*(**GREGOR** stirs himself, listening)*

MAID.

Please! Please!
You have been so good
to me, both of you, all of you...

MR. SAMSA.

Yes, Yes!
What *is* it please
dear girl?

MAID.

I beg
you to release
me... *now!*

MRS. SAMSA.

A strange
request! Why you
told me only the other day
how pleased
you were to work
for us.

MAID.

I did,
its just...it seems...
Well things have changed. That's it
you see!

MRS. SAMSA.

What will
you do? Have you
secured another position?

MAID.

No. But..
I shall find one...
just as soon as I can.

MRS. SAMSA.

Really?
If you *must* leave
you must,
but you may continue
with us as long as you like or...
until

you can find a
situation to your
liking.

MAID.

No!

MRS. SAMSA.

No?

MAID.

Please, I
beg you, dismiss
me ...now, right away. Please!

(SHE falls to her knees, her hands pressed together)

MRS. SAMSA.

Dear girl,
please, have something
to eat before you go.

MAID.

No! Please...

MRS. SAMSA.

Well, if
it is your wish
I give you your release,
as of this moment. You are free
to leave!

MAID.

Mistress
thank you, thank you!
And you, also, Mister
Samsa, and Miss Samsa, thank you.
I do
not know how I
can show my gratitude enough.
I will

not *breathe* a word
of anything outside
of this house. You can *count* on me.
Not *one*
single word, I
promise! What others don't
know, they shall not find out from *me*.
Not a
syllable to
a soul.
You can trust me.
You will have no cause to
regret giving me my release.
Banish
any doubt... I
am in your debt, you have
done me a great *favor*, a *great*
favor!
You can rely
on me to do my part.
Thank you.

(*Kisses MRS. SAMSA's hand*)

I am
all packed, good bye.

(*SHE goes into the kitchen, picks up a bag and leaves*)

MRS. SAMSA.

What are
we to do now?

GRETE SAMSA.

We must
try to be brave.

MRS. SAMSA.

Do you
think that we will
be able to find *anyone*
who would ...
work for us ... now?

(**GREGOR** drops his head down, sadly.)

MR. SAMSA.

She was
simply much too
sensitive, fastidious; and
very
emotional.
Her temperament was
not suitable. I knew it from
the start.
I humored her, but
I knew it *all along*.
I knew it would come to this, yes...
over
one thing or else
another. Yes, of course
we will find someone, someone who
will not
be like Anna
so... particular. Now,
please, do not let this good food go
to waste.
Grete, you have
hardly eaten a bite!

GRETE SAMSA.

Thank you,
Father, but I
have had enough today.

MRS. SAMSA. (*to MR. SAMSA*)

You have
scarcely touched anything.

MR. SAMSA.

I have
no appetite.

GRETE SAMSA.

Father,
wouldn't you like
a beer
here with your meal?

MRS. SAMSA.

Yes, yes
Grete, you are
right, a beer is just the
thing to encourage your Father's
hunger.
We must keep up
our strength.

GRETE SAMSA.

Father,
please say 'yes', that
you will have a beer. You
have always liked that in the past.
I will
gladly go out
and bring a bottle home.
It would only take a minute.
If you
don't want me to
then I'll ask the janitor's wife.

She is
always pleased to
run a little errand for us.

MR. SAMSA.

No. No!
Thank you but no.

MRS. SAMSA.

What will
become of us?

GRETE SAMSA.

How shall
we all manage?

MR. SAMSA.

I have
been thinking hard
about that, very hard.

MRS. SAMSA.

Gregor
is certainly
unable to go back
to the firm in his present state.

GRETE SAMSA.

No. He
must not!

MRS. SAMSA.

This is
all so... sudden,
so...well...*unexpected!*

GRETE SAMSA.

Maybe
Gregor will be
like this for the rest of
his life.

MRS. SAMSA.

My poor
dear boy. I am
certain that it is just
temporary. We must try to
survive
until he is
restored.
Father will have a
plan. Yes?

GRETE SAMSA.

Without
the commissions
that Gregor made off his
work as a salesman we will have
nothing
more to live on.

MR. SAMSA.

Let me
get out my strong
lock box.

*(Goes over to the buffet and opens a cabinet in it and pulls
out a small box, **GREGOR** is quite interested)*

This has
all our records
in it.

MRS. SAMSA.

What good
are old records
right now?

MR. SAMSA.

What good
indeed? Now let

me see ...

(Pulls out several keys and unlocks two different locks on the box. When the box is open HE pulls out several small note books)

Ah, here it is

(HE removes a thick sheaf of bills).

MRS. SAMSA.

That is
wonderful, yes,
wonderful! We are not
so poor!

(SHE clasps her hands together)

MR. SAMSA.

When my
business failed
five years ago I took
some cash out of the company
and put
it away here.

GRETE SAMSA.

Did the
firm know? Gregor's
firm, did they know of it?

MR. SAMSA.

No! Of
course not. They don't
know anything about it! "Rien"!

GRETE SAMSA.

Gregor,
did he know of
it? Anything at all?

MR. SAMSA.

No. What
was the point in
telling him? Besides, he
never
asked, his only
thought was to go to work
for the firm to help us out. Why
should I
burden him about this?

GRETE SAMSA.

Poor boy,
he should have been
informed. He might have felt
easier that he could have left
the firm
before all this.

MR. SAMSA.

Why should
he want to quit?
Besides, if this money
had gone to reduce the debt to
that firm
we would not have
it now.

MRS. SAMSA.

Yes, your
Father is right!

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