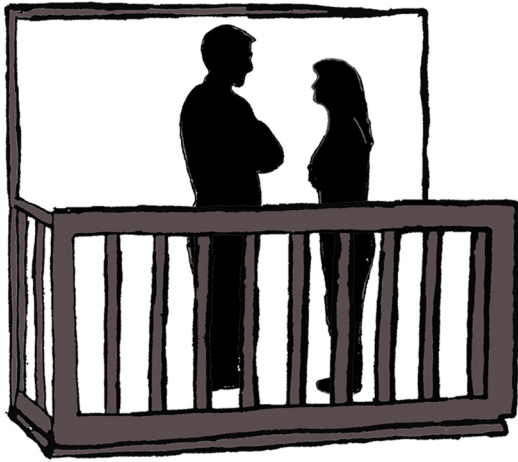


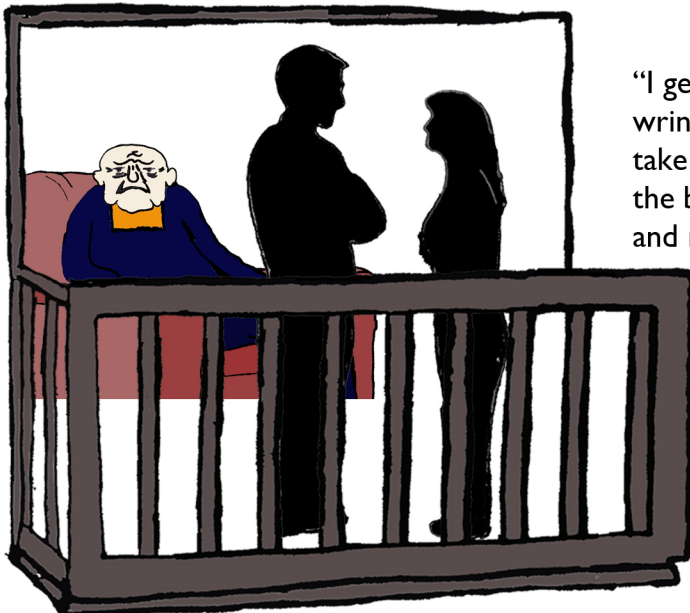
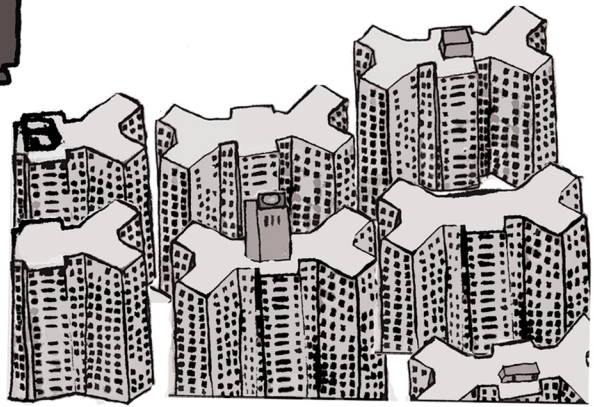
# Tomorrow, and Tomorrow, and Tomorrow (1953)

Interpreted by Allison Brightman

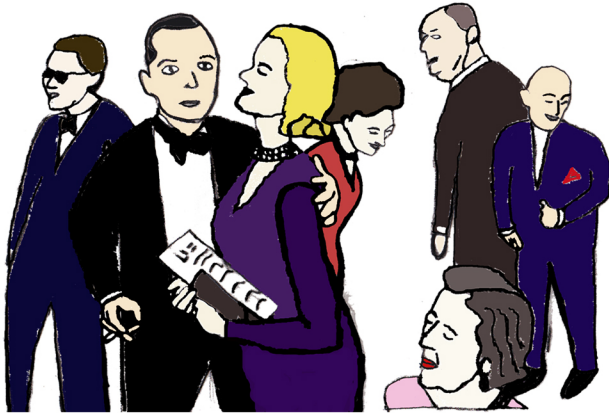


The year was 2158 A.D. Lou and Emerald Schwartz were whispering on the balcony.

It was on the seventy-sixth floor of Building 257, a New York housing development that covered what had once been known as Southern Connecticut.

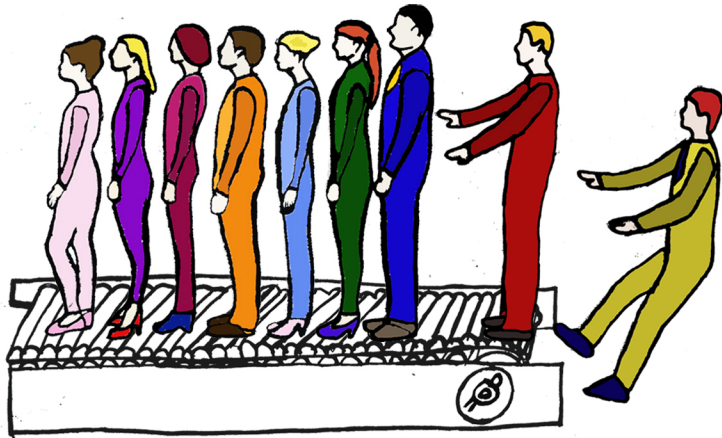


"I get so sick of seeing his wrinkled old face, watching him take the only private room and the best chair and the best food, and running everybody's life by changing his will all the time," Em said to her husband, Lou.



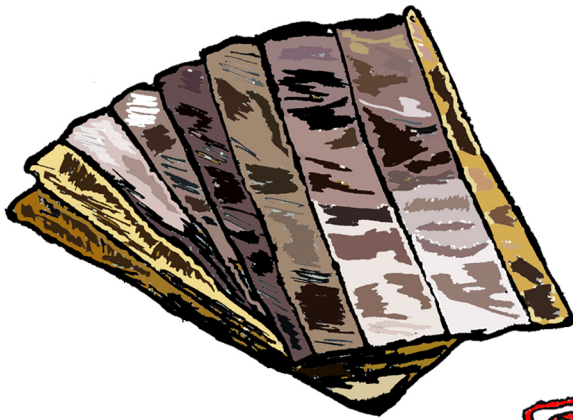
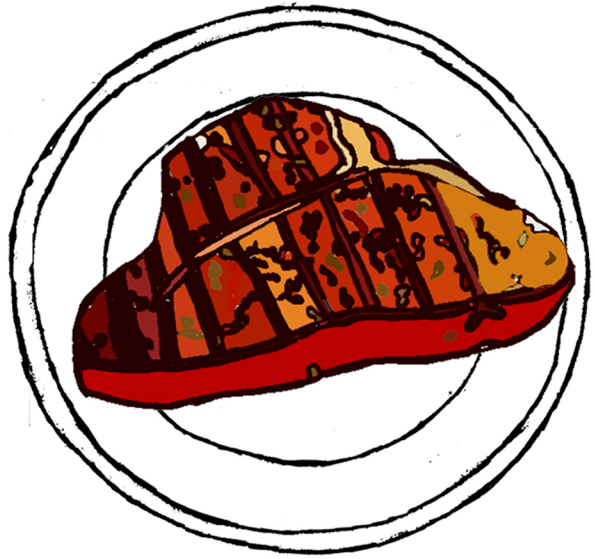
Lou said to Em, "What can I do? I work hard and make good money, but the whole thing, practically, is taxed away for defense and old age pensions. Gramps and the rest of his generation won't leave and let somebody else take over."

"I wish the anti-gerasone was made out of something expensive and hard-to-get instead of mud and dandelions. Sometimes I wish folks died regular as clockwork without anything to say about it instead of deciding themselves how long they're going to stay around," said Em.



"If we just had a car, like in the old days," said Em. "We could go for a drive and get away from people for a little while. Gee-if those weren't the days!"

“And when we got hungry,” said Em, “we’d find ourselves a restaurant and walk in and say, ‘I’ll have a steak and french-fries, I believe,’ or, ‘How are the pork chops today?’”



“If anybody’d offered us processed seaweed in the old days, we would have spit right in his eye, huh, Em?”

**SALE**

**Special Offer!**

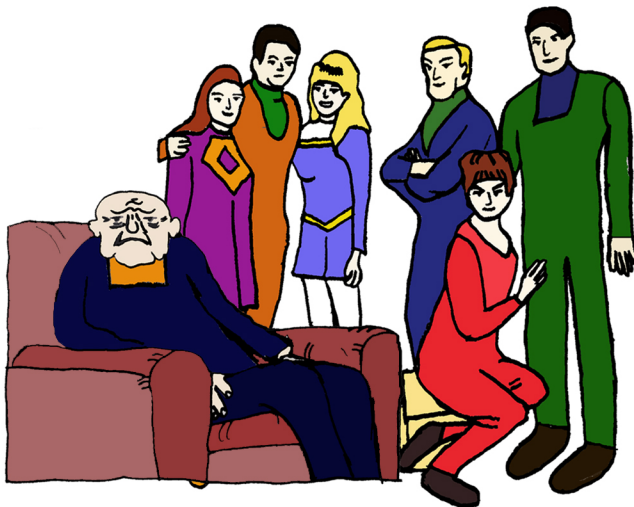
“Remember how the stores used to fight to get folks to buy something Lou? You didn’t have to wait for somebody to die to get a bed or chairs or a stove or anything like that. Just went in and bought whatever you wanted.”





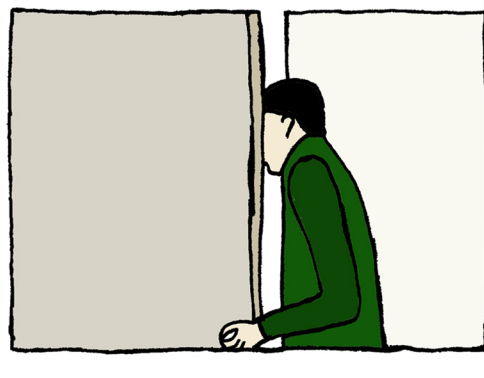
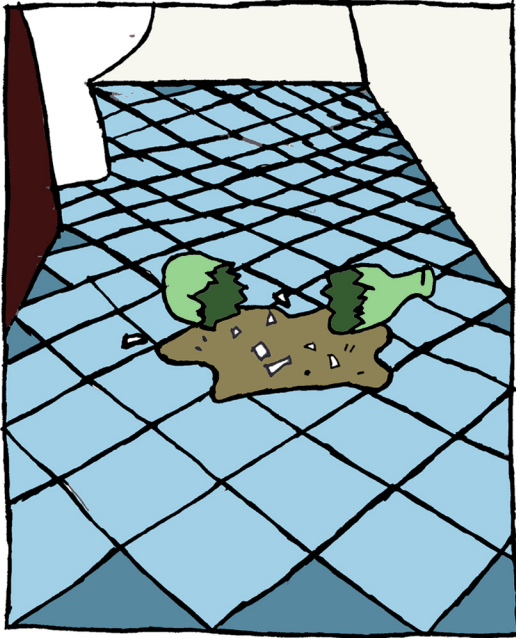
Later the family tried to find a place to sit in the cramped room to watch the news. The reporter said, "In Chicago tonight, a special celebration is taking place in the Chicago Lying-in Hospital. The guest of honor is Lowell W. Hitz, age zero. Hitz, born this morning, is the twenty five-millionth child to be born in the hospital."

Lou spoke during the newscast upsetting Gramps and causing Gramps to demand someone for someone to grab his will. On Gramp's bureau was his "last" will, smeared, dog-eared, perforated, and blotched with hundreds of additions, deletions, accusations, conditions, warnings,



"I have had many heartbreaks ere leaving this vale of tears for a better land," Gramps said, "but the deepest hurt of all has been dealt me by-" He looked around the group, trying to remember who the malefactor was. Gramps nodded, remembering, and completed the sentence, "my grandson, Louis J. Schwartz." Gramp's new will now made Lou and Em Gramp's lowest ranked members of the family causing them to receive the worst of everything.

After Gramps changed his will, Lou saw his great grandnephew, Mortimer, diluting Gramp's anti-gerasone. Stealthily Lou went into the bathroom, locked the door, and began to pour the contents of Gramp's bottle down the drain. He was going to refill it with full-strength anti-gerasone.



Desperately, he shook the big bottle trying to speed up the flow. His palms slipped, and the heavy bottle smashed on the floor. The door sprung open, and Gramps, dumfounded, stared at the mess. "Well, boy," said Gramps at last, "looks like you've got a little tidying up to do."

Later Gramps returned to his will saying, "I, Harold D. Schwartz . . . do hereby make, publish and declare this to be my last Will and Testament, hereby revoking any and all former wills and codicils by me at any time heretofore made. I do stipulate that all of my property, of whatsoever kind and nature, not be divided, but do devise and bequeath it to be held in common by my issue, without regard for generation, equally, share and share alike."



After two hours of struggle over the will among the family, the cops broke in. For the next half-hour, patrol wagons and ambulances hauled away Schwartzes, and then the apartment was still and spacious. An hour later, films of the last stages of the riot were being televised to 500,000,000 delighted viewers.



Gramps then moved the daybed before the television screen so that he could watch from a reclining position. It was something he'd dreamed of doing for years. His face had changed remarkably. His facial muscles seemed to have relaxed, revealing kindness and equanimity under what had been taut, bad-tempered lines. Life was good. He could hardly wait to see what was going to happen next.

