

**TERRIBLE INFANT**

by Chris Van Strander

chrisvanstrander@gmail.com  
Copyright ©2005  
All Rights Reserved.

## **CHARACTERS**

GERRY DUFFY	Sixties; actor-manager of a theater
EMMA DOWNS	Nineteen; ingénue in the theater's stock company
HENRY BROOKS	Fourteen; a prodigy
MAXIE BROOKS	Forty; his uncle

## **SETTING**

A small theater in Schenectady, New York.

May, 1842.

## SCENE ONE

(A theater in Schenectady, New York. Backstage is divided from onstage by an ancient discolored scene-drop: downstage of the drop is backstage, upstage is onstage. Footlights allow performers onstage to be seen in silhouette, but right now these are dimmed, so we just see the dingy wings: a sliver of mirror on a table, a chair, a stool. Entrance to the rest of the backstage rooms and pit passage, off. Onstage we hear Act V of *Hamlet* being performed. First Gravedigger: *Is she to be buried in Christian burial that willfully seeks her own salvation?* A few moments of this, then HENRY wanders in from the pit passage. He's tiny and delicate, dressed in a velvet pageboy suit with ruffled collar. He doesn't look a day over twelve. He glances around, goes to the wings, stares at the play a few moments, then moves to the chair. He sinks into it, undoes his collar, relaxes. His eyes blink shut; he dozes off. *Hamlet* continues. MAXIE, genteel, soberly dressed and aspiring to elegance, comes briskly in from the pit passage carrying a small suitcase and a carpetbag. He glances around, spots HENRY, goes over, sees he's asleep, quietly sets the bags down and stands over him a bit, watching him. He glances around again, rummages through the carpetbag, pulls out a brush and a bottle of hair oil and gingerly leans in.)

MAXIE  
Sweetheart?

(HENRY rouses, sees MAXIE, closes his eyes again.)

MAXIE  
(smiles) Come on, now. Just have to do this quick.

(HENRY gets to his feet, inclines his head; MAXIE sprinkles some oil into HENRY's hair, shoves the bottle back into the bag, starts brushing HENRY's hair through.)

HENRY  
What about our contract?

(MAXIE brushes.)

MAXIE  
We're low on Macassar oil; don't let me forget.

(MAXIE brushes.)

HENRY  
Where are we again? Skektady?

MAXIE  
*Schenectady*. Be good to get in couple more shows 'fore Albany—don'tcha think?

HENRY  
Why?

MAXIE  
You really think you're ready?

HENRY  
They clapped ten times today!

MAXIE  
I know! But... the Albanians are very savvy theatergoers, Henry. Gotta get every round there; that means

MAXIE & HENRY  
no less than twenty.

(MAXIE gives his own hair a quick brush.)

MAXIE  
Say: who let you back?

HENRY  
The orange girl.

MAXIE  
Yourself?

HENRY  
Recognized me from my picture—what about our contract?

(MAXIE does HENRY's collar back up, gives his jacket a couple firm tugs.)

HENRY  
That I can rest when I want to?

(MAXIE stands back, appraises HENRY.)

MAXIE  
Show me.

HENRY  
(very softly) You wrote it on my back.

MAXIE  
What?

HENRY

You wrote it on my back with your finger.

(They stare at each other. Onstage, First Gravedigger sings *In youth, when I did love, did love...* DUFFY, frail, gouty in one of his legs, limps offstage leaning on a shovel. He hunches over motionless in the wings.)

DUFFY

(coughs; quietly but chronically)

(MAXIE watches 'til he stops, then approaches.)

MAXIE

Forgive...

(DUFFY straightens up with a start.)

DUFFY

Sir!

MAXIE

I beg your pardon, but—

DUFFY

We don't permit gentlemen behind the scenes 'til after the performance.

MAXIE

Could you direct me to the manager?

DUFFY

You're starin' at him.

MAXIE

Mister Duffy?

DUFFY

Sir, I must insist you return—

(MAXIE steps aside; DUFFY sees HENRY. Beat.)

MAXIE

My son.

DUFFY

(transfixed; to HENRY) You're him—aren't you?

(HENRY steps forward.)

HENRY

(pitches his tone higher, into a child's unbroken voice) Yessir. Henry Brooks.

DUFFY

I—I didn't expect youse 'til morning!

MAXIE

Had to leave right after his matinee. Mob was forming.

DUFFY

Gracious.

MAXIE

(waves it off) Oh no, we're used to it. If there's a more convenient—

DUFFY

Not at all, not at all. (shaking MAXIE's hand) Mister Brooks, so good to finally meet you.

MAXIE

Likewise.

DUFFY

And Master Brooks. An honor.

(HENRY bows. DUFFY wipes off the stool, presents it to him.)

DUFFY

Here, son.

(HENRY looks at MAXIE; MAXIE nods; HENRY sits.)

DUFFY

(to HENRY) Troy was good to you then, I take it?

HENRY

Splendid.

(DUFFY wipes off the chair, presents it to MAXIE.)

DUFFY

Hope you'll find *our* fair city as much to your liking.

MAXIE

Mmm, we've heard such wonderful things about Schenectady—haven't we, Henry?

HENRY  
(nods) Mmm!

(MAXIE sits. DUFFY's staring at HENRY's suit.)

HENRY  
You like, Mister Duffy?

DUFFY  
Oh lord, am I staring?

HENRY  
Does it please you?

DUFFY  
Oh... very much. Quite handsome—isn't it? (fingers out; to HENRY) May I?

(HENRY stands, extends his arm. DUFFY feels the material on his suit.)

DUFFY  
(makes a sound of pleasure) You rarely see a piece like this up here. (beat; gazes at him) How do you get your hair to shine so?

HENRY  
Practice.

(DUFFY chuckles, keeps stroking the material. MAXIE intervenes.)

MAXIE  
Your, uh... your letter didn't mention you were *actor*-manager here, Mister Duffy.

DUFFY  
(expectant) You saw me tonight?

MAXIE  
Who were you again?

DUFFY  
Marcellus, Messenger, Ambassador, Third Player, First Sailor and Second Gravedigger.

MAXIE  
(apologetically) We only saw a very little bit.

DUFFY  
Oh. 'Course; no matter. (beat) I was Falstaff here for years.

HENRY  
Do a little!

DUFFY  
(waving him off) No, no... Well all right. (flash of the old brio) *For me, I am here a Windsor stag; and the fattest, I think, i' the forest!*

MAXIE & HENRY  
(clapping) Ahh!

DUFFY  
(dissolves into another coughing jag)

(HENRY gestures to the stool.)

HENRY  
Mister Duffy. Please.

DUFFY  
Thank you, son, thanks much.

(DUFFY sits, obviously relieved to do so. HENRY stands in front of them.)

DUFFY  
You could certainly teach Miss Downs a thing or two. (*about courtesy*) Our ingénue—  
didja see her? Ophelia?

MAXIE  
We saw her go mad!

HENRY  
She's frightening!

MAXIE  
Yes!

HENRY  
And lovely.

MAXIE  
Henry!

DUFFY  
(chuckles)

MAXIE

Little soon to be noticing that, don't you think?

DUFFY

*One man in his time plays many parts:  
First the schoolboy, with his shining morning face—*

HENRY

*Then the lover, with a woeful ballad  
Made to his mistress' eyebrow.*

MAXIE

Well sir, Henry is still very much a child.

DUFFY

Well, *youth's a stuff will not endure*, sir. Miss Downs wasn't much older'n him when she debuted—and started entertaining *marriage offers*.

MAXIE

That so.

DUFFY

She used to be our little orange girl, down in the pit. Then one season we closed up for summer, and when we reopened? 'Cross the lobby... see this girl in the springtime of her youth... her body just starting to bud...

MAXIE

Uh, sir?

DUFFY

...and I'm thinking my lord who's this woman, please god let her act. It was Em. My little girl, who I bounced on my knee a thousand times, now here I was, getting—

MAXIE

Sir.

DUFFY

What could I do? Tell you what I could do. I could put her onstage, so I did. And overnight she went from bein' our sweet little Em... to being Miss Downs, who men worship. (beat) First time she disrobed in front of me?

MAXIE

*Sir*. Mind your tongue. (leans in) Most improper, speaking of... instincts like that. (sotto) *Having* them, even.

DUFFY  
Oh, bosh.

MAXIE  
No, sir. They are indecent.

HENRY  
(cutting in) Will she be back soon? Miss Downs?

DUFFY  
Couple minutes—we're doin' her funeral.

(HENRY smiles.)

MAXIE  
So. Your letter said you've read all his reviews.

(MAXIE pulls a thick scrapbook from the carpetbag.)

DUFFY  
(to HENRY) They really rioted in Boston?

MAXIE  
Ten nights! And he would've done ten more but the mayor forbade it! People were getting trampled!

DUFFY  
Oh how terrible. Only the ten.

MAXIE  
(opens book, reads) *Boston Herald*: "Having been duped a thousand times by talentless novelty acts, we are instantly suspicious whenever someone's heralded as 'the discovery of the season.' So when it was announced Henry Brooks, barely twelve years of age, would be giving his Hamlet, we attended with great skepticism. We were rewarded with the most beautiful Shakespeare we have ever seen. The image of him at play's end, laid out, damp shirt clinging to his delicate little torso; gaslight bathing his flawless rose petal lips... will burn in our mind forever."

DUFFY  
(beat; turns to HENRY) Where else're you booked?

MAXIE  
Albany... then summer seasons in New Jersey... then the Park.

DUFFY  
Park Theatre? New York City?

MAXIE  
He debuts first thing next season.

DUFFY  
(to HENRY) Oh son.

MAXIE  
Sheer providence, this hole in his schedule.

DUFFY  
Amen. Perhaps... we should talk fee.

MAXIE  
Sure. Sixty.

DUFFY  
Sixty for the week sounds equitable.

MAXIE  
No, sir. Sixty a night.

DUFFY  
A night?

MAXIE  
And that's a pittance.

(MAXIE pulls some receipts from the scrapbook, hands them to DUFFY.)

MAXIE  
His Troy receipts.

(DUFFY looks them over, obviously impressed.)

MAXIE  
Draw you five thousand heads easy.

DUFFY  
(turns to HENRY) How do you keep all those lines in your head?

HENRY  
Divine intervention.

(DUFFY scrutinizes HENRY's dimensions.)

DUFFY

And... all those scenes you got with Ophelia... the duel...

MAXIE

Yes?

DUFFY

Well, no one ever finds 'em the least bit...?

MAXIE

Mister Duffy, God's hand touches those of *all* ages. Mozart spent his whole boyhood composing.

HENRY

(a little edge) No, he spent it on tour.

MAXIE

(to HENRY) 'Scuse me?

DUFFY

(beat; to HENRY) Recite please.

MAXIE

(offering scrapbook) Sir, we've got fifty reviews here.

DUFFY

(waves it off) Oh come sir. Reviews.

MAXIE

(beat) Forgive me. (stands) I was under the impression you were offering an engagement, not holding auditions. (turns) Henry.

DUFFY

Sir! It's just... earlier this season a supposed "star performer," won't mention any names—a Mister Faucet, John Faucet—sent me a pile of clippings this thick extolling him as "the greatest Romeo ever." He turned out to be a deaf cripple with a lisp! Audience stoned him. Literally. They were prying up cobbles from the street and hurling them at the stage.

HENRY

Damn!

MAXIE

Language.

DUFFY

Had to run him from town. It's the only thing stopped 'em from burning us. Frankly, sir, I'm not sure they've ever forgiven us for that night.

MAXIE

If you engage Henry... they will.

(MAXIE glances at HENRY. Behind DUFFY's back, HENRY goes into the suitcase and dons his resplendent little Hamlet cape.)

MAXIE

You're right. People are sometimes skeptical at first. Took me three days to convince one manager to let Henry appear. Even then, he only engaged him 'cause he needed a novelty. But his first night they lined up in droves. Couldn't even hear the first scene over the clamor. Then Scene Two: Henry enters.

(HENRY appears in front of DUFFY.)

DUFFY

Oh...!

MAXIE

But instead of applause, 'stead of cheers... instead of even civil silence... what's he met with? Hecklers! Yet he stands his ground. *But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son—*

HENRY

*A little more than kin, and less than kind.*

MAXIE

Laughter! Yet he presses on with complete concentration. Then the cast leaves the stage; he's alone.

HENRY

*O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,  
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew;  
Or that the Everlasting had not fixed  
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter.*

MAXIE

His fellow actors watch offstage, amazed to find themselves schooled by a child.

HENRY

*O God, God,  
How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable  
Seem to me all the uses of this world!*

MAXIE

I look out... and see tears in the eyes of an audience stunned into silence.

HENRY

*Fie on't, ah, fie, 'tis an unweeded garden  
That grows to seed.*

MAXIE

A thousand former skeptics whisper: "He *is* Hamlet!"

HENRY

*Things rank and gross in nature  
Possess it merely. That it should come to this!*

MAXIE

He comes off at the end of the act weeping; everyone throngs. "What's wrong?" we ask. "My father," he cries. "My father is dead."

(MAXIE takes DUFFY aside.)

MAXIE

It could just be the fancy of a child, but...I don't think Henry truly understands Hamlet's just a creation of the stage, he becomes him so completely. (beat) Are you religious, Mister Duffy?

DUFFY

Oh yessir. Very much sometimes.

MAXIE

Then I'll be frank. I never say it in front of him... but I believe my son descended straight from Heaven, with God and the Bard alone as his instructors.

(Beat. DUFFY looks at HENRY.)

DUFFY

You're engaged.

MAXIE

Splendid.

DUFFY

I'll have Miss Downs announce him in the epilogue.

MAXIE

Very good.

DUFFY

Draft the contract soon we're done here? (*the performance*)

HENRY

I should like to sleep.

MAXIE

We'll be down straight away.

(HENRY turns and takes off his Hamlet cape.)

DUFFY

Impressive reading of his cue, by the way. You're an actor yourself.

MAXIE

(chuckles) No, no...

DUFFY

Come, I can smell it for miles.

MAXIE

Well... maybe a couple amateur recitations.

DUFFY

Thought as much.

MAXIE

In my youth.

DUFFY

So, have you found lodgings?

MAXIE

Actually... might you know someone who might open their home to us? Just for this evening. (quieter) His admirers. In Troy a certain gentleman found our hotel, snuck into our room and hid inside our closet for an hour watching Henry.

DUFFY

Goodness.

MAXIE

Thank God I was there.

DUFFY

Hope you thrashed him.

MAXIE

(beat; shakes head) No, sir. The man was... sick. Worthy only of pity. Told him so and sent him on his way.

DUFFY

I'da thrashed him.

MAXIE

At any rate, we'll find a nice, nondescript lodging house in the morning, but for tonight...?

DUFFY

(offers a key) Take my flat. Upstairs.

MAXIE

And turn you out of your own home?

DUFFY

Oh come, don't be so dramatic. I flop down here half the time anyway.

MAXIE

(taking it) We'll pay what we'd've paid for the best room in town.

DUFFY

Won't accept it! Is there anything else?

MAXIE

Just one thing, sir: the girl.

DUFFY

Miss Downs? Ahh, they're gonna look perfect together.

MAXIE

I just couldn't help but notice during her mad scene... her playing's a bit...

DUFFY

Strident?

MAXIE

Good word.

DUFFY

You should see her die.

MAXIE

And *given* that... it's just we've had incidents—I just trust there won't be any problems with her...

DUFFY

Stepping on his focus?

MAXIE

Exactly.

HENRY

Papa?

DUFFY

She won't be a problem.

MAXIE

Thank you.

(HENRY sinks down onto the stool.)

DUFFY

Son? You all right?

(DUFFY goes to HENRY.)

MAXIE

What is it, Henry?

(MAXIE goes to HENRY; DUFFY starts to undo his collar.)

DUFFY

Here son, let's—

MAXIE

It's all right Mister Duffy, don't touch—

DUFFY

It's just the heat, sir, just trying to help—

MAXIE

*Please.*

(DUFFY stops.)

MAXIE

Here, sweetheart.

(MAXIE undoes HENRY's collar and gently helps him lean forward with his head down.)

MAXIE

(to DUFFY) 'Fraid we're both just a little bit tired. (to HENRY) In't that right, Henry? (to DUFFY) So much traveling lately. (to HENRY) All better?

(HENRY lifts his head, nods.)

MAXIE

(to DUFFY) Forgive me. Guess recent incidents've made me a bit...

DUFFY

Certainly, certainly.

MAXIE

Protective.

(MAXIE helps HENRY up.)

MAXIE

Well. We'll be down. (little bow) Mister Duffy.

DUFFY

Gentlemen.

(MAXIE gathers their bags; he and HENRY leave. Onstage: *Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech...* DUFFY, moving with more pain than he let on in his scene with MAXIE and HENRY, turns a valve on the wall. The lights dim; a harpsichord out front plays an interlude. In the dark, EMMA, baby-faced and voluptuous, has come offstage. She's dressed as the dead Ophelia—white shift, pale makeup. She limps to the chair, sits, hunches over a few moments then slowly straightens up, pulls off her shift and sits there in her underclothes, breathing and sweating. DUFFY raises the lights again and *Hamlet* continues into Act V, Scene Two. DUFFY pulls a pitcher and basin from underneath the table, sets it on the stool, starts to pour in some water, stops.)

DUFFY

(dissolves into another coughing jag)

(EMMA takes the pitcher from DUFFY, waits 'til he's done coughing.)

EMMA

(quietly) You're worse.

DUFFY  
I'm not.

(DUFFY sits. EMMA finishes pouring, kneels, pulls off one of DUFFY's boots, rolls up his breeches, pulls off his stocking, massages his foot. She finishes; DUFFY dips the cloth in the water and starts washing the makeup off EMMA's arms.)

EMMA  
Juliet tomorrow?

(DUFFY nods.)

EMMA  
Who's Romeo?

DUFFY  
(tries to remember) Uh... that one from Poughkeepsie.

EMMA  
(makes a disgusted sound)

DUFFY  
What's wrong with him?

EMMA  
He's fifty and he shows me his erections.

DUFFY  
Oh, and you're singing between.

EMMA  
I sang *Wednes*—

DUFFY  
The interlude cancelled.

EMMA  
The dancing dogs?

DUFFY  
The singing cats.

EMMA  
(sighs)

DUFFY

Oh, and Sunday we got rehearsal.

EMMA

I can't. I'm indisposed.

DUFFY

Doing?

EMMA

Being indisposed.

DUFFY

Remind me when we're done here to reminisce with you 'bout some clauses in your contract. (beat) And you're not wearing this no more either.

EMMA

It's makeup.

DUFFY

Death makeup.

EMMA

She's dead.

DUFFY

Well you're stealing focus. Mad scene, too: cut the weeping.

EMMA

(beat) Who is it? (no response) You've made an engagement, who is it?

DUFFY

(beat) ...But we're not discussing it. Master Brooks.

EMMA

*Baby Hamlet?! You engaged Baby Hamlet?!*

DUFFY

Em...

EMMA

Who's next season? Midget Macbeth?!

DUFFY

Lower your voice.

EMMA

(raising her voice) I'm not gonna act with an infant!

DUFFY

He's twelve.

EMMA

I bet he's not even a he. They do this everywhere, you know: dress girls up as boys? Bet you she's not even twelve. Bet they got clippings from three years ago that say she's twelve and they're still saying it.

DUFFY

Em...

EMMA

They're gonna riot!

DUFFY

They're not gonna riot...

EMMA

(points to a scar on her leg) How'd I get this? Huh? I'm not gonna be the one out there when they're screaming for somebody's head! Cancel it!

DUFFY

Or what?!

EMMA

I'll leave!

DUFFY

Where?

EMMA

West!

DUFFY

Oh well, west.

EMMA

The territories!

DUFFY

(beat) Go.

(Beat; EMMA's face falls.)

DUFFY

Sure. You'll be the darling of the mining camps.

EMMA

Who'd replace me?

DUFFY

You know how many girls would get down on their knees in front of me to be his Ophelia? I send one letter; next coach'll be filled.

(Onstage, a roll of drums.)

DUFFY

Let's go; they're 'bout to kill each other.

(The sounds of the duel filter in from onstage. DUFFY finishes washing EMMA.)

EMMA

Duffy?

DUFFY

Hmmm?

EMMA

How'm I looking?

DUFFY

Ripe as ever.

(EMMA shows him her face.)

EMMA

These lines though. They weren't here.

(DUFFY wipes off and inspects EMMA's face.)

EMMA

It's starting.

DUFFY

What.

EMMA

I'm aging.

DUFFY  
Aging. You're still *growing*.

EMMA  
Older.

DUFFY  
(waves her off) I played the lovers well into my forties.

EMMA  
(beat; sweetly) Duffy?

DUFFY  
Hmmm?

EMMA  
You think I could have a night off next week?

DUFFY  
Sure.

EMMA  
Really?

DUFFY  
Matter of fact, take the week. I've been dying to play Ophelia.

EMMA  
I—I can't keep on

EMMA & DUFFY  
doing 'em like I used to.

EMMA  
I can't! I'm not

EMMA & DUFFY  
as strong as last year.

EMMA  
I'm not though. It's—

DUFFY  
*No*. Look at me. What I done to myself in their service. My hands looked like yours when I started.

(EMMA and DUFFY look at their hands, then DUFFY at his body.)

DUFFY

*Much Ado About Nothing*: impaled. *Love's Labors*: my nose hit with bricks. *Henry V*: both arms broken, reset, rebroken. *Shrew* my jaw, *Merry Wives* my back. Five fires. My leg. But do I call off? Hear me planning retirement? (shakes head) You get your clothes on and do your show. (beat) I told you what Kean said to me, yeah?

EMMA

You worked with Kean?

DUFFY

Charleston. He came through doing Richard, I was Buckingham there. I did good. Too good. After the show Kean says, "Dear boy, is this show called *The Tragedy of Buckingham*?" "Course not, sir, it's *Richard the Third*." "Exactly. So stop stealing my thunder!" And I go on and on, "Oh sir, I learned so much from you tonight," and he says, "Good—remember that. Just as I remember learning from George Frederick Cooke... who learned from Garrick, who learned from Betterton, who learned from Burbage, who was taught

EMMA

by Shakespeare

DUFFY

himself. And now someday," Kean says, "the next one will remember *you*, and forever and forever." (beat) Can you imagine, Em? People like you and me? Being that close to him? So close they can speak about us in the same breath? That's what we got here that no one else like us gets, Em. We're part of a lineage.

EMMA

I don't wanna be part of a lineage.

DUFFY

Well y'are. So get used to it. You got thirty more years as Ophelia. Desdemona, Juliet—you're gonna die a lady here 'cause of those women. *And by the faith of man, I know your price; you are worth no worse a place.*

(DUFFY waits for her response.)

DUFFY

"Well thank you for providing for me!" Where you rather be? Back working the floor? The factories? (beat) You think we're in an honorable profession? You can just, what?, act and act, 'til you're tired, then turn up somewhere, "Yes, I'm such and such age, I've never done nothing 'cept play and serve oranges, but, yes, now, please, I'd like to enter polite society"?

EMMA

I been to their houses.

DUFFY

And what do you do there?

EMMA

(beat; quietly) Recite.

DUFFY

You're not one of them, Emmie. You're just something they bring there to look at.

EMMA

What if I wanna get married?

DUFFY

You'll marry me.

EMMA

That's not what—

DUFFY

(sincere) Will you marry me? (pause) Em... you get married... he's gonna make you... share his bed.

EMMA

I don't have a problem with that.

DUFFY

You share a bed you're gonna have a child; you have a child you'll be off a whole season, they'll forget you, you come back, they won't want you. No.

EMMA

That's—

DUFFY

*NO!*

(From onstage, we hear Hamlet: *O, I die, Horatio!* DUFFY takes a grease pencil, jots a few lines on the palm of his hand.)

DUFFY

Here: you're doing his epilogue.

(DUFFY shows her his hand; EMMA glances over it once, mouthing it and committing it to memory, then puts on her dressing gown. DUFFY sets himself by the valve. Staring

in the mirror, EMMA brushes her hair, dabs on some powder and rouge and practices a joyous smile. A dead march onstage; EMMA moves to the drop. DUFFY brings the lights down then up again. Sparse applause. EMMA goes onstage—the footlights brighten; we see her silhouette. She curtsies.)

EMMA

*The curtain falls upon yon play.  
Our art has once more pleased, we pray.  
Come Monday we've engaged a star!  
The brightest we have shown thus far—  
As Hamlet: Master Henry Brooks,  
The infant tragedian, wondrous of looks!  
So when we once more assay this stage  
I humbly beg your patronage.*

(Sparse applause. EMMA curtsies. Lights fade.)

**To read the rest of this play, please contact me at:  
[chrisvanstrander@gmail.com](mailto:chrisvanstrander@gmail.com).**