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Product Code A0814-SP

# The Misery of Happiness

A One Act Play in Two Scenes

by

*Greg Freier*

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# The Misery of Happiness

by Greg Freier

## CHARACTERS

3W / 4M

DR. ROBERT HOLIDAY: *Late 50's*

TIM BOXLEY: *30's*

ELISE BOXLEY: *30's*

MEL EASTMAN: *40's*

SHARON EASTMAN: *40's*

WYATT MAXWELL: *45*

LINDA MAXWELL: *40's*

## SETTING

*A large, tastefully furnished summer cottage someplace in New England*

## ETC.

WARNING: *This play contains multiple gunshots*

## The Misery of Happiness

by Greg Freier

### SCENE ONE

*SETTING: A large, tastefully furnished summer cottage someplace in New England. An entrance doorway at upstage right leads into the living area, with a staircase just along that back wall. On far stage right are two large windows that are adorned in fashionable and very expensive curtains. The living room consists of a couch center stage, with matching chairs on each side. A nice, dark wood, coffee table sits directly in front of the grouping. Upstage left is a well stocked bar, which in front of sits a dining room table that seats 8. The table is immaculately set; with large candelabra placed in the center. Next to the bar on the back wall is a closet door. Far stage left is the door to the kitchen. A large banner that says, Happy Birthday WYATT, is hanging from the back wall.*

*AT RISE: The stage is devoid of people, music is playing quietly in the background. Voices can be heard off stage as the lights come up.*

*ELISE, Offstage*

I don't care what you say we still should have brought a present.

*TIM, Offstage*

The invitations specifically stated not to bring a present.

*ELISE, Offstage*

That still doesn't mean you don't bring a present.

*TIM, Offstage*

Of course it does. Why else would they put it in writing if they didn't want you to bring a present?

*ELISE, Offstage*

They put it there so you don't feel obligated to bring one.

*TIM, Offstage*

Then why don't they just say bring a present if you want to? How difficult is that?

*ELISE, Offstage*

You know what your problem is, you're too literal. Now ring the bell.

*TIM, Offstage*

What's wrong with being too literal? It's how humans understand things.

*(SFX: DOORBELL; in response, onstage, knocking is also heard.)*

ELISE, *Offstage*

Well then next time a human invites us to a party that says not to bring a present show me the invitation ahead of time so we can bring a present.

TIM, *Offstage*

If there's any type of God, there won't be a next time.

ELISE, *Offstage*

Ring the bell again, I don't think anyone heard.

*(SFX: DOORBELL; once again, knocking is heard onstage.)*

TIM, *Offstage*

Maybe they're all out back.

ELISE, *Offstage*

If they were all out back they would have told us to come out back. Try the door.

TIM, *Offstage*

I'm not going to try the door. I'll ring the bell again.

ELISE, *Offstage*

Just try the door.

TIM, *Offstage*

I'm not going to try the door.

ELISE, *Offstage*

Try the door.

TIM, *Offstage*

Fine I'll try the door.

*(The handle turns on the unlocked door and TIM and ELISE enter. TIM is dressed in khaki's, white shirt, and blue blazer; preppy, but not too over the top. ELISE wears a nice summer dress with just enough jewelry not to be too pretentious. Both would be described as rather good looking.)*

ELISE

See, the door opened, now how hard was that?

TIM

That's not the point... the point is that what we just....

*(From somewhere onstage, knocking is heard again.)*

TIM

Did you hear that?

ELISE

By that I'll assume you mean the knocking?

TIM

Of course I meant the knocking.

ELISE

Well it's not the front door, we haven't closed it yet.

*(The knocking continues.)*

TIM

*(Points towards the closet)* It's coming from over there.

ELISE

*(Beat)* Do you think we should call someone?

TIM

To what, open a closet door?

ELISE

What if it's someone who shouldn't be in there?

TIM

Of course it's someone who shouldn't be in there.

ELISE

Don't be such an ass...you know exactly what I meant.

TIM

Of course I know what you meant...but think about it...if you were someone that wasn't supposed to be in there you wouldn't be knocking now would you?

ELISE

*(Beat)* I suppose not.

*(The knocking resumes, this time more violently.)*

TIM

*(Beat)* Do you think I should open it?

ELISE

Well if you don't we're going to have to call someone.

TIM

*(Beat)* So I should open it?

ELISE

Unless you feel the need to call someone.

TIM

*(Beat)* I'll open it then...you might want to stand by front door... *(Picks up a cordless phone off the coffee table)*...and here's a phone in case something goes awry....

ELISE

Who should I call if it does?

TIM

The police...who else would you possibly call?

ELISE

I don't know...I've never done this before.

*(The knocking continues.)*

TIM

And put your index finger on 9 just in case...and then remember the 1, 1 after it.

ELISE

Are you sure you still want to do this?

*(Dr. ROBERT Holiday enters through the open front door. He's a very distinguished gentleman, impeccably dressed in summer wear. He has a nicely wrapped present under his arm.)*

ROBERT

Are you sure he still wants to do what?

*(ROBERT's entrance takes ELISE off guard. She screams mildly.)*

ELISE

You startled me.

ROBERT

I'm sorry. I thought you heard me come in.

*(The knocking continues.)*

ROBERT

Where's that knocking coming from?

ELISE

That closet...we think someone's in there.

TIM

We're just not sure if we should let them out or not.

ROBERT

Nonsense, if they didn't want to be let out they wouldn't be knocking like that.

ELISE

But what if it's someone in there that we shouldn't let out?

ROBERT

Then my guess is they wouldn't be knocking. Last thing you'd want to do is attract attention to yourself if you're someplace you're not supposed to be.

TIM

So you think I should open it?

ROBERT

This is ridiculous... *(Hands ELISE the gift)* here, hold this. *(Crosses to closet)* I'll open the door...you stand over by your wife...

TIM

You think I should grab something to hit them with just in case?

ROBERT

*(Beat)* That might not be a bad idea...we don't know what kind of idiot we're dealing with yet.

TIM

*(Looks around)* What should I get?

*(The knocking continues.)*

ELISE

How about a lamp?

TIM

Linda would make us pay for it if it broke.

ROBERT

Grab one of the dining room chairs...

TIM

They look kind of heavy.

ROBERT

*(Mimes holding chair over his head)* ...and then hold it like this.

TIM

What if I drop it on my head?

ROBERT

Then we'll have one less idiot to deal with.

*(TIM lifts the chair over his head with some difficulty.)*

ROBERT

Everyone ready?

*(TIM and ELISE nod.)*

ROBERT

On three...one...two...three....

*(ROBERT opens the door. WYATT steps out. He is a very fit man, dressed in a tennis shirt, boxers, white socks and sneakers.)*

TIM and ELISE

*(With surprise)* Wyatt?

ROBERT

What in God's name are you doing in there?

WYATT

That damn bitch locked me in here...again... *(Immediately crosses to stairs)*...I tell you one of these days...one of these days she's going to push me too far...and when she does... something bad...something I can get away with...something violently legal....

*(WYATT exits up stairs clutching his fists.)*

ROBERT

*(Claps his hands)* Well at least the parties off to a great start.

ELISE

No worse than the last one I suppose.

TIM

*(Crosses to bar)* I don't know about you two, but I think I need a drink.

ROBERT

Might as well...make mine bourbon.

TIM

Elise?

ELISE

*(Puts the present on the coffee table)* Anything white I guess.

TIM

*(Looks through the bottles)* Chardonnay or Pinot?

ELISE

With one do I usually have?

TIM

Merlot.

ELISE

*(Beat)* Why don't we start with a Pinot then and see how that goes.

*(LINDA Maxwell enters from the front door. She is striking woman, but has that look that says, don't ever mess with me. She is casually dressed in shorts and a blouse. Upon entering, she immediately notices the closet door is open.)*

LINDA

*(With attitude)* Who in the hell opened the closet door.

ELISE

*(Surprised)* Linda...we didn't hear you come in.

TIM

*(Begins mixing drinks in a cocktail shaker)* Funny thing about the closet...I'll bet you'll never guess who was in there.

ROBERT

*(To TIM)* Twenty bucks says she does.

LINDA

*(With anger)* Where is he?

TIM

I'll assume you mean Wyatt?

ELISE

*(Quickly)* He's upstairs.

LINDA

*(Beat)* Alone?

TIM

He was the only one in the closet if that's what you mean.

ROBERT

He wasn't wearing any pants if that helps.

LINDA

*(Crosses to stairs)* That's because I shredded them...but you three just enjoy yourselves...and if you hear any screaming...ignore it until the party starts....

*(LINDA exits.)*

ELISE

I don't know about you two, but I've got a feeling this is going to be a complete disaster.

ROBERT

Professionally speaking, I'd have to agree...personally though...I'm staying...I have a feeling this is going to get good....

TIM

I'm sure it'll all be fine...I mean it's not like it's never been a disaster over here before.

ELISE

Yes, but she locked him in the closet...and on his birthday.

ROBERT

I'm sure she's locked him in worse places.

TIM

What I'd like to know is how she got him in the closet...again.

ELISE

*(With some jealousy)* With that body, she probably just asked.

TIM

True...I could see me falling for that one.

ELISE

Have you ever heard the phrase, "There are some things that are best left unsaid?"

TIM

Hey, it's not my fault she looks like that.

ROBERT

*(To TIM)* That would have been one of those things.

ELISE

Ignore him, he's an idiot, it can't be helped.

ROBERT

*(To TIM)* In that case, you want to hurry it up over there...I've got a bourbon with my name on it that's overdue.

TIM

*(Pours his drink)* One second...a perfect martini is a skill all its own.

ELISE

*(With disgust)* And one that he's more than perfected.

TIM

*(To ROBERT)* She's just jealous; the only skill she has she can't perform in public.

ELISE

*(To ROBERT)* Actually I do, it's how I get my spending money.

TIM

*(Pours, then hands ROBERT his drink)* There you go; bourbon, no rocks, poured to perfection, just like you asked.

ROBERT

Thanks.

WYATT

*(Enters from stairs, completely dressed)* Sorry about all that...but you know how she's gets sometimes.

ELISE

Is everything okay?

WYATT

Never better. Linda's locked herself in the bedroom with her priceless vase collection and said to start without her... *(Notices they have drinks)*...which I see you already have...

ELISE

Don't you think it might be best if we rescheduled this for another night?

WYATT

Why because Linda locked me in the closet and threatened to disembowel me ...nonsense... this kind of thing happens all the time...she's insane, what can I say.

TIM

*(To WYATT)* So what's it this time?

WYATT

We think I'm having an affair.

ELISE

And who exactly are we having this affair with?

WYATT

We're not sure as of yet.

TIM

What seems to be the hold up?

WYATT

I'm not actually having one so she hasn't been able to figure out who it is I'm not having it with.

ROBERT

That's got to be kind of tough on her.

WYATT

You have no idea. She spends half her day threatening, calling me a liar, and then other half trying to lock me into places.

TIM

*(Points to the closet)* You might want to give some thought to putting a chair and maybe some books in there. That would at least give you something to do when it happens again.

ROBERT

*(Looks in closet)* Probably need a lamp in here of some type though...lighting's not too good...would be quite the strain on the eyes.

ELISE

*(Matter-of-factly)* Or you could just not get locked in there anymore.

WYATT

That would be the best option, but you know how she gets.

TIM

Honestly, I don't see why you put up with it.

WYATT

Easy...everything I've got is hers.

ROBERT

Her family is worth billions from what I've read.

WYATT

Twice that actually... and an eighth of which is all hers.

ELISE

You're kidding me?

WYATT

*(Nods)* Even misery gets a standard of living.

TIM

*(Points to ELISE with his drink)* That's why we're lucky...we don't have a standard of living.

WYATT

*(To TIM)* Pour me something on ice over there, will you?

TIM

Anything specific?

WYATT

Whatever causes me to blackout the fastest.

TIM

That would be Gin.

WYATT

Fine...Gin...tall glass...but put a little tonic in there for safeties sake.

ELISE

*(To WYATT)* You're sure you don't want us to come back another Time?

WYATT

Of course not, it'll be fine...plus it's not like I don't black out most nights anyway.

TIM

In your shoes, who wouldn't?

ELISE

*(To TIM)* Why don't you just shut up?

TIM

What for? I'm just trying to keep the conversation flowing.

ELISE

Well don't. You stink at it.

ROBERT

So what's the plan of attack when Linda enters the fray?

WYATT

Personally...I was leaning towards shooting her.

TIM

If we're going to do that, then it might be best if we all drank until blackout mode. One would think that would get us off on some legal technicality.

ROBERT

Why don't we just try being nice to her. It might confuse her for a change.

ELISE

I still think we should do this whole thing another night.

TIM

What, the shooting or the party?

ELISE

*(Matter-of-factly)* You're going to be an ass all night, aren't you?

TIM

It can't be helped; it's all part of my puckish charm.

WYATT

Why don't we all just pretend she's not here for the moment and try and have a nice time?

ROBERT

And if that doesn't work, we can always revisit the shooting.

TIM

We can make that part of Wyatt's birthday present. Nothing says surprise more than an unplanned shooting.

*(ELISE gets her wine glass from the bar.)*

ELISE

*(To WYATT)* Happy birthday by the way.

WYATT

Thanks...to all of you.

TIM

*(Hands WYATT a large gin)* A toast...to Wyatt. May happiness follow without a life sentence.

ELISE and ROBERT, *Together*  
(*With glasses raised*) To Wyatt.

(*They ALL drink.*)

ROBERT  
(*Staring at his glass*) I forgot just how much I miss bourbon.

WYATT  
Been awhile, has it?

ROBERT  
(*Shakes his head*) Last Saturday...it's just one can never tire of something this good.

TIM  
(*Beat*) So what time do you think she's going to come down?

WYATT  
I suppose it just depends on how much she hates me today.

ELISE  
And which way does that usually go?

WYATT  
If it's a lot, she'll be right down...if it's only total disgust...maybe ten more minutes.

TIM  
So either way we're screwed.

WYATT  
Pretty much.

(*A door is heard slamming upstairs.*)

WYATT  
I think the Belle of the ball is on her way.

ROBERT  
Everyone put on their happy faces.

TIM  
That and I suggest chugging where applicable.

(*WYATT, ROBERT and TIM down their drinks.*)

WYATT

*(Hands TIM his glass)* Refill...quick.

TIM

Doc?

ROBERT

*(Looks at this empty glass)* Oh why not...it is a party after all.

*(LINDA enters from the stairs. She is wearing a black cocktail dress, stiletto heels, and looks about as stunning as a woman could.)*

WYATT

*(With sweeping gestures)* Ladies and gentlemen...the Belle who owns my balls.

LINDA

*(Grabs the present on the coffee table)* I thought we said no presents.

WYATT

No, you said no presents, I never said anything.

TIM

*(With pompous pride)* Elise and I didn't bring any presents. We read the invitation.

LINDA

That's nice, but I don't remember inviting you.

ROBERT

I don't know about you people, but I can certainly feel the love.

TIM

Almost makes you want to break out in song.

*(SFX: DOORBELL.)*

WYATT

I'm guessing that'll be the Eastmans.

LINDA

The Eastmans...I don't recall seeing their name on the list.

WYATT

You're the one who sent out the invitations.

LINDA

But you're the one that addressed them.

WYATT

*(Beat)* Then I guess I invited the Eastmans.

LINDA

But I hate the Eastmans.

WYATT

*(Crosses to front door with a big smile)* I know...that's why I invited them.

ROBERT

*(To TIM)* It almost makes you wonder who's going to get shot first.

WYATT

*(To LINDA with sarcasm)* And try to be nice...it is my birthday after all.

LINDA

*(With disgust and a look of death)* I'll be in the kitchen...supervising dinner.

WYATT

*(With sarcasm)* Good idea...nothing Cook loves more than unwanted people in the kitchen.

*(LINDA exits to kitchen.)*

WYATT

*(Loudly)* And while you're at it, why don't you see if he can make some room in the oven and find a nice place to stick you...it'd be the best present I ever got...

*(WYATT opens front door. MEL and SHARON quickly enter. THEY are wearing over-the-top yachting clothing. MEL is a tad on the verbose side.)*

MEL

I've never had worse directions in my life...four hours...four hours to get here...and to top things off I got a ticket for going the wrong way on a one way street.

SHARON

*(To OTHERS)* The street was clearly marked, it said one way.

MEL

But it didn't say which way. I'm not a mind reader.

ROBERT

Normally you just follow the arrow on the sign.

MEL

I did, but apparently it was backwards. (*To WYATT*) Happy birthday by the way, we would have brought a present but the invite said not to. Plus what I've got to pay for this stupid ticket more than makes up for what I didn't have to spend on you.

SHARON

(*Kisses WYATT on cheek*) Happy birthday.

WYATT

Thanks...come in, please...make yourself comfortable...Tim why don't you make Mel and Sharon something to drink.

MEL

Vodka rocks....light on the rocks.

SHARON

Chardonnay if you've got one.

WYATT

So how did you manage to get lost, you've been up here I don't know how many times.

MEL

I used the GPS this time, screwed up the whole trip.

SHARON

He could never figure out if left meant his left or the car's left.

ROBERT

They're both the same.

MEL

But not if you're in front of the car looking at it...then the car's left is right, so then what do you do.

ROBERT

Turn off the GPS and come the way you normally do.

ELISE

(*With sarcasm*) That would defeat the entire purpose of technology I would imagine.

MEL

Exactly...oh yeah, and before I forget, you got a couple of dead deer in your driveway.

SHARON

Actually they're off to the side, and I think only one was dead.

ROBERT

That would have been the one I hit coming in.

ELISE

The other one's probably just there for moral support.

SHARON

Where's Linda by the way.

WYATT

*(Matter-of-factly)* In the oven if we're all lucky.

TIM

*(Crosses from bar with the drinks)* One vodka, light on the rocks...

MEL

Thanks.

TIM

...And one chardonnay in a nice expensive glass.

SHARON

I'll try not to drop it.

MEL

*(Beat)* I hate to be rude here, but I'm getting kind of hungry...any idea what it is we're having for dinner?

SHARON

Knowing Linda, it's no doubt something gourmet.

WYATT

Gourmet and ridiculously expensive.

TIM

*(With sarcasm)* Or it could just be some of that fresh venison from out front...you know lightly seasoned, sautéed in spite, basted in the juice from what's left of Wyatt's soul.

WYATT

Unless of course we got lucky and cook found a way to stick Linda in the oven.

SHARON

*(To ELISE)* Why don't you and I go into the kitchen and see if we can be of any help.

ELISE

Let me grab the bottle of wine first...it's about the only way I'm going to get through another one of these.

*(ELISE grabs the bottle from the bar and they BOTH exit.)*

MEL

I've never eaten anything basted in one's soul before.

TIM

It's amazing, takes moist to an entirely new level.

*(SFX: DISTANT GUNSHOT.)*

MEL

Was that gun?

WYATT

*(Nods)* Afraid so, but nothing to worry about...just my next door neighbor...he likes to shoot skeet after he's had a few.

MEL

Isn't that kind of dangerous?

TIM

I would imagine only if he hits someone.

WYATT

He's shooting towards the ocean, and since we're not in a boat...drink and forget about it. You'll get used to it after awhile. Always do.

LINDA

*(Enters from kitchen)* Would you go tell that idiot next door to quit shooting before I call the police?

WYATT

I'd love too, but he's the chief of them if you remember.

LINDA

Well then tell him I'll call my father. He owns the police around here.

WYATT

Why don't you go and tell him. You have a much scarier voice than I do.

TIM

He's right. You do.

LINDA

Screw all of you.

*(LINDA exits back to kitchen.)*

MEL

*(To WYATT)* She got any sisters? I've got a few single friends I hate that I'd love to set them up with.

WYATT

I'm afraid not. Her father declared her perfect then became a eunuch.

TIM

Smart man.

MEL

*(To WYATT)* I'd love to meet him sometime. You'll have to invite him to the next round of festivities then.

*(SFX: GUNSHOT.)*

WYATT

*(Smiles)* I will...I'll have him come in by boat.

ELISE

*(She enters)* Dinner's about done, so why don't you finish up your drinks and find your place at the table...same seating as always Linda said.

TIM

Which means birthday boy here gets to sit by his beautiful wife.

ROBERT

It'll be like a dream come true.

TIM

Minus all the happy parts.

WYATT

*(Claps his hands)* Then on that note...if anyone needs me...I'll be at the children's table...

*(WYATT crosses to the closet and gets in. LIGHTS OUT.)*

**END SCENE**

## SCENE TWO

*SETTING: Same; two hours later after dinner.*

*AT RISE: SHARON, ELISE and LINDA in various places on stage, ALL drinking wine.*

SHARON

Dinner was delicious by the way.

ELISE

I have to agree. That was unbelievable.

SHARON

And was that bird ever moist. I don't think I've ever had anything that moist before.

ELISE

Especially for a Cornish game hen...the few times I've had them...nothing but dry.

SHARON

Same here; that cook of yours is amazing.

LINDA

*(Matter-of-factly)* Daddy bought him for me for Christmas.

SHARON

I've got to give your father credit then; he has impeccable taste in gifts.

ELISE

You'll get no argument from me, because nothing says Christmas more than getting a human being under the tree.

*(The front door opens. WYATT, TIM and MEL enter. THEY are carrying on a conversation. ALL hold drinks.)*

WYATT

I think I got him to stop shooting for the night, but that just depends on if he remembers or not.

MEL

He's slightly intoxicated to put it mildly.

LINDA

*(With attitude)* I should have just called my father.

WYATT

Quit worrying about it. We handled it. It's done and over with.

LINDA

I seriously doubt you handled anything...you never do.

MEL

Wyatt's right, I'm sure he'll be passed out in no time.

TIM

And if he's not...I'll go over and drink with him.

ELISE

Why don't you be proactive and go drink with him now?

TIM

Because I might miss something over here...plus that live deer, the Robert didn't kill, is roaming around out there.

MEL

He looks kind of pissed too.

TIM

You could see it in his eyes.

MEL

*(To WYATT)* Bathroom...does it matter which one?

WYATT

Use the one through the kitchen, less blood in there.

MEL

*(Hands TIM his glass)* I'll take another vodka rocks; light on the rocks, if you don't mind.

TIM

Why don't I make it a martini this time...nothing screams vodka like a great martini. *(Crosses to bar)*

MEL

Martini it is then. *(To WYATT)* Through the kitchen and to the left, right?

WYATT

No left, go right.

MEL

That's right, upstairs is left.

WYATT

Downstairs is left, upstairs is straight ahead.

MEL

I thought upstairs was around the corner.

WYATT

No, that's the guest house that's around the corner.

MEL

*(Beat)* Screw it, I'll just find a tree in the backyard.

SHARON

*(To ELISE)* Now you know why we only have one bathroom at our place.

MEL

*(As starts to exit kitchen)* And have that perfect martini ready when I get back....those last three regular vodka's are starting to wear off.

TIM

Then you're in for a treat. Just go and handle yourself, and when you come back prepare to enter happy land.

*(MEL exits.)*

SHARON

Just don't make him too happy. The last time he went there was at my parent's 40<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary. And I'd still like to kill him for that one.

ELISE

Wasn't that the one where he kept calling your mother his white Jamaican Mama?

SHARON

That would be the one.

LINDA

God was he a horse's ass that night.

SHARON

Horse's ass would have been a step up.

TIM

So should I gather from all this insightfulness that I should pass on creating his perfection?

SHARON

Just give him some water with a little vermouth...and then toss in one of those little cocktail onions...he'll never know the difference.

TIM

*(Mixes drink)* How about I just make it a straight vodka with extra ice...easier that way.

SHARON

*(Matter-of-factly)* Water, vermouth, onion, or I'll stab you with an ice pick...

TIM

*(Smiles)* A little attitude, I like that in a woman.

SHARON

*(To WYATT)* And I hate to ask, but how did Mel handle himself next door?

WYATT

He was fine for the most part...

TIM

...With the exception of his massively animated anti gun tirade.

WYATT

Which I got to say, caught me rather off guard.

TIM

Although it was kind of funny the way he was waving his arms around to make a point.  
*(WYATT gives him a dirty look.)* Well it was...made me giggle.

SHARON

*(Gives TIM a dirty look as well)* Mel's not a big fan of guns anymore.

WYATT

He made that rather obvious.

SHARON

*(Beat)* I probably shouldn't say anything, but a few years back...Mel's father accidentally shot his face off.

ELISE

*(With surprise)* He shot his face off?

SHARON

Not completely...just parts of the left side...but enough to trigger Mel's disdain for guns.

WYATT

I'm surprised he never mentioned that before. That's not the kind of thing Mel usually keeps to himself.

SHARON

I think he's more embarrassed about it than anything.

TIM

What for? With half a face his old man would be a real hit answering the door on Halloween. He could scare the crap out of the little kids without even trying.

LINDA

You're a dick. You know that Tim?

TIM

*(Matter-of-factly)* Yeah, but at least I don't have an extra hole in my face.

MEL

*(Enters)* You were right...it was to the right...

SHARON

You asked the cook, didn't you?

MEL

Of course I asked the cook. I sure as hell wasn't going to pee on a tree.

LINDA

Our gardener would have killed you if you had.

WYATT

He would have too. I saw him disembowel a bunny once after it peed in the yard.

MEL

*(To TIM)* So what's up with my drink? Is it perfect or not?

TIM

*(Hands him drink)* About as perfect as I was allowed.

MEL

And that's all one can ask for. *(Holds up glass)* Cheers. *(Takes a long sip)* Certainly smooth, I'll give you that.

SHARON

And for a change I'll let you have a few more.

MEL

*(Studies his drink)* Its water, isn't it?

TIM

*(Unconvincingly)* Of course not, why would I make you a water drink?

MEL

*(Looks directly at SHARON)* Because I was starting to have fun...and every time I start to have fun...the more sober I seem to get with each drink...

TIM

Which when you think about it, is an alcoholics wet dream.

LINDA

You're still a dick, you know that.

ELISE

*(To LINDA)* I wouldn't waste your breath if I were you. He is what he is.

TIM

And besides, if you're trying to hurt my feelings...you're going to have to do a lot better than the totally obvious.

MEL

He's right, even his mother thinks he's a dick.

TIM

*(Smiles)* And she loves me.

LINDA

*(Stands)* I'm going for a walk.

*(LINDA quickly exits through the front door with a nice slam to announce her leaving.)*

WYATT

*(With sarcasm)* How I'm going to miss her.

TIM

Of course you will. We all will.

ELISE

*(Shakes her head in disgust)* Linda had it half right, you're both a bunch of dicks...I need another drink.

*(ELISE crosses to the bar.)*

SHARON

*(Beat)* Where's Robert by the way? I thought he went over there with you.

MEL

He did. But once that chief guy found out he was a doctor with the last name Holiday, he forced him to look at his antique gun collection.

TIM

One of the great disadvantages of being Doc Holiday I would imagine.

*(SFX: GUNSHOT.)*

WYATT

Apparently our little talk with the chief didn't take.

TIM

Unless it was just the Doc shooting him.

LINDA

*(Enters in a rage; crosses to kitchen as she speaks)* I told you, you couldn't handle that idiot...I'm calling my father and having him killed...and if he won't do it...I'll do it myself.... *(Exits)*

TIM

*(Beat)* Do you think her father will do it?

WYATT

Doubtful...the chief's his illegitimate son...that's why Linda hates him so much.

TIM

So her father's only an implied eunuch?

MEL

I wondered how he could afford a place like that on a cop's salary.

WYATT

Bought and paid for, one hundred percent.

SHARON

Just like the chief apparently.

*(SFX: GUNSHOT.)*

MEL

The chief hasn't actually ever shot anyone—has he?

WYATT

Not outside of work as far as I know.

TIM

So no one recreationally is what you're saying.

*(LINDA enters.)*

LINDA

*(Irate)* He's in Switzerland...can you believe that...Switzerland...that's not even in this country...and if that's not bad enough...I got his voicemail...he wouldn't even take my call...

TIM

I wouldn't fret over something as trivial as that. He's probably just off buying some cheese...or possibly the Alps.

LINDA

*(Beat)* I need to kill you too.

WYATT

No one's going to kill anybody. I'm sure that last shot was the end of it.

*(SFX: GUNSHOT CLOSER.)*

ELISE

You're sure he's still shooting towards the ocean, because that one seemed closer than the other ones?

WYATT

I'm positive. The louder is all just in your imagination.

ELISE

It'd better be, because getting shot wasn't on my agenda today.

WYATT

Just everyone quit worrying about it. This happens every few weeks. Let's just all settle down and go back to the miserable time we were all having.

MEL

Well if I'm going to stay miserable I want a real drink... *(To SHARON)* ...and I don't care what you say. Because if there's a chance I'm going to get shot, I'm going to get shot being happy. And by happy I mean real drinking happy.

SHARON

*(With anger)* Fine, you want to be happy. Then get as happy as you want. But if you do...I'm leaving...and this time for good.

MEL

*(To TIM with attitude)* Fill me up.

*(SFX: GUNSHOT CLOSER.)*

ELISE

I don't care what you say, those shots are getting closer.

WYATT

I promise you, they're not. It's just when the tide changes, the sound changes with it. He's still as far away as he was before.

ROBERT

*(Enters front door somewhat panicked)* If you're not already armed you might want to think about it—that guy's totally insane.

LINDA

See, what did I tell you? He needs to be killed, and he needs to be killed right now.

WYATT

No one needs to be killed. For the last time he's shooting at the ocean. Everyone will be just fine.

ROBERT

I hate to tell you this, but he quit shooting at the ocean about five minutes ago...that one deer charged him and he started shooting at it.

LINDA

Oh that's just great... *(To WYATT)* I'm so glad you handled it like usual...

WYATT

Why don't you shut the hell up for a change?

LINDA

Don't you talk to me like that?

WYATT

Or what, you're going to call your father who won't take your calls.

LINDA

I hate you.

WYATT

*(Emphatically)* I hate you too.

*(TIM and MEL applaud. LINDA gives them a look of death.)*

TIM

Sorry...just got caught up in the moment.

*(SFX: NEARBY GUNSHOT.)*

MEL

I'll be drinking behind the bar if anyone needs me.

*(MEL joins TIM behind the bar.)*

SHARON

*(Quickly crosses over to MEL)* I've changed my mind; drink all you want...and make some room for me back there.

*(MEL and SHARON duck behind the bar.)*

ROBERT

What are we going to do? There's got to be somebody close by we can call.

WYATT

We could call the locals but they don't like to get near the chief on Saturday night's either.

ROBERT

What about the state?

WYATT

That would take too long.

ELISE

Certainly you've got some guns around here some place.

WYATT

*(With disgust)* Afraid not; Linda doesn't think it would be safe to have guns in the house.

LINDA

Oh, so now this is all my fault?

ROBERT

At this point it doesn't matter whose fault it is, we've just got to figure something out before that idiot gets any closer and starts shooting this way.

*(SFX: CLOSE RANGE GUNSHOT/GLASS BREAKING; an upstairs window shot out.)*

TIM

Too late.

ELISE

That sounded like an upstairs window.

LINDA

Oh dear god...my vase collection.

*(LINDA races upstairs.)*

ROBERT

Anyone kept track of the number of shots so far?

TIM

*(In all seriousness)* I've had at least four.

ROBERT

Gunshots you idiot.

TIM

Oh...right...sorry...

WYATT

He keeps an extra clip on him so it wouldn't matter if we had.

ELISE

What are we so worried? I mean it's not like he's going to storm the place and start shooting us—is he?

WYATT

I wouldn't think so. He's harmless for the most part...It's just that his aim isn't all the great.

*(SFX: CLOSE RANGE GUNSHOT.)*

TIM

At least that one didn't hit the house.

*(TIM exits from behind bar. MEL stands up from behind the bar; his hair is a mess.)*

MEL

You're almost out of vodka back here, you got anymore?

SHARON

*(From behind the bar out of sight)* Forget it Mel...I found one behind a bucket of golf balls.

MEL

*(Looks down, smiles, and then at WYATT)* Great party by the way. *(Ducks back behind bar)*

LINDA, *Offstage*

*(Screaming)* My vases...he shot my beautiful vases...oh my God...even the crappy ones...there are pieces everywhere...I'm going to kill him...kill him and then I'm going to kill again...that miserable bastard...

*(LINDA continues with her ranting but it grows quieter as she seethes.)*

WYATT

*(Smiling)* Well at least something good's come out of all this.

ELISE

I think I'd better go check on Linda. *(Crosses to stairs)*

WYATT

I'd knock first and then stay on the outside. My guess is she finally snapped.

*(ELISE exits.)*

*(SFX: GUNSHOT followed by LOUD EXPLOSION.)*

TIM

That can't be good.

ROBERT

I know that sound...that was a car....

WYATT

*(Rushes to front door and opens it)* Holy crap, you are right. There's car everywhere.

TIM

Whose car?

WYATT

Looks like Mel's.

**This is Not the End of the Play**  
**Ending Intentionally Omitted for Security Purposes**