

**PLEASE BE AWARE THAT  
THIS PLAY IS FULLY PROTECTED BY COPYRIGHT**

All plays, books, music and other materials published by Heartland Plays, Inc. are fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries which the United States has reciprocal relations including, but not limited to all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, The Universal Copyright Convention and the Berne Convention. All rights to the plays and materials on our website are strictly reserved including, and without limitation, professional and amateur performance rights; motion pictures; public reading; radio and television broadcasting; audio and video recording and reproduction of any type known or yet to be invented; information storage and retrieval systems of any type known or yet to be invented; and the rights of translation into any and all languages. No individual or organization whether amateur or stock may perform this or any play published by Heartland Plays, Inc. without first obtaining advance permission from Heartland Plays, Inc. and paying the appropriate fees including Royalties and Single-Use Copyright fees. Heartland Plays, Inc. collects royalties on behalf of the Playwrights whose plays it publishes. Unauthorized copying, transcribing or reproduction of this or any play or excerpt, or storage or transmittal in any form and by any means whether known or yet to be invented, is strictly forbidden except as provided by Agreement with Heartland Plays, Inc. Any unauthorized use is a violation of copyright laws and will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

**FIVE SIMPLE RULES TO REMEMBER**

1. DO take advantage of the free online perusal of our plays to help you make the best choice for your particular needs or production.
2. DO enjoy the convenience of our online purchase application for performance rights and single-use copyright.
3. DO understand that this play and all plays and materials on our website are controlled by Heartland Plays, Inc. and fully protected by copyright.
4. DO NOT attempt in any way to copy, transcribe or reproduce this play by any means or perform this play or use any play or material from our website without first receiving permission from Heartland Plays, Inc. Any attempt to use this or any other work without first obtaining permission is a violation of copyright and punishable by law.
5. DO NOT rob this Author or any of the Authors we represent of their right to be paid for the use of their property. **It is a crime and it is wrong!**

Product Code A0514-FC

*It's the End  
of the Beginning*

A New Comedy by Greg Freier

**ALL RIGHTS RESERVED  
REPRODUCTION WITHOUT SPECIFIC WRITTEN PERMISSION PROHIBITED**

**Performance Rights Available Exclusively through  
Heartland Plays, Inc. at [heartlandplays.com](http://heartlandplays.com)  
[playsnow@heartlandplays.com](mailto:playsnow@heartlandplays.com)  
customer service: 406-431-7680**

**Copyright © 2012 by Greg Freier**

# It's the End of the Beginning

by Greg Freier

## **CHARACTERS:**

RICHARD GEARY; *a man in his 60's*

MARSHA GEARY; *60's, his wife*

KEVIN GEARY; *late 30's, their son*

ELAINE GEARY; *late 20's, their daughter*

BABE CONCANNON; *late 20's*

## **SETTING:**

*A nice hotel room in New York City*

## It's the End of the Beginning

by Greg Freier

### Act One; Scene One

*(AT RISE: A nice hotel room in New York. There is a king size bed up center along with a large window on the wall directly behind it. Along the wall to the right is the door to the bathroom. The main entrance is upstage along the left wall. On each side of the bed is a night stand with an ornate lamp; a telephone sits on a small table right. Two dressers, a closet and a small kitchen table seating four complete the arrangements. The room has the look of a very upscale hotel. At present, the room is empty. After a few moments, RICHARD and MARSHA enter. Neither is carrying luggage. RICHARD is dressed in a nice suit with a trench coat draped over his shoulder. He is best described as an optimistic pessimist. MARSHA wears a nice dress and is obviously the opposite of RICHARD.)*

RICHARD

She promised it would be ready. She said no problem. Nothing to worry about. Just come she said. The apartment will be as good as done.

MARSHA

It's only going to be a couple more weeks she said.

RICHARD

She didn't say couple, she said three. You know how long three weeks is? That's twenty-one days. Twenty one days. Twenty-one days is like an eternity.

MARSHA

Quit being so dramatic. And besides, you said you didn't like the apartment all the much anyway.

RICHARD

It's still better than this. I hate hotels. You know that.

MARSHA

You'll be just fine. And besides, it's a nice room.

RICHARD

Nice room or not, you know how I hate strange toilets. I mean for all we know there could have been a bunch of trained seals using it before we got here.

MARSHA

Not at these prices.

RICHARD

And then where in the hell is our luggage? I mean how can they lose our luggage. We were only on one flight.

MARSHA

They said they'd find it, and it would be here before dinner. Quit worrying so much. Everything is going to fine.

RICHARD

How is everything going to be fine? We have no luggage, no stupid apartment for three weeks, and then if the luggage isn't bad enough all our furniture is in Chillicothe, Ohio. That's like eight hundred miles out of the way and I don't even know where Chillicothe, Ohio is.

MARSHA

According to the moving people they had to change trucks, and the nearest truck was in Chillicothe, Ohio.

RICHARD

What was wrong with the truck they had. The one that had all our furniture in it?

MARSHA

They said something about it not being a good idea if that particular truck came into the city.

RICHARD

What kind of movers did you get?

MARSHA

The exact ones you told me to get.

RICHARD

Well you should have told me to get references.

MARSHA

I did. You ignored me.

RICHARD

Then this is all your fault. You of all people should know better than to listen to me.

MARSHA

*(Shakes her head)* It is what it is at this point, so we're just going to have to make the best of it.

RICHARD

And what if I don't want to?

MARSHA

You don't have any choice; this is all we've got now.

RICHARD

Well I don't like it.

MARSHA

And need I remind you whose idea was this?

RICHARD

Just because moving here was my idea doesn't mean it was a good idea.

MARSHA

It was a great idea. So you're just going to have to learn to adjust.

RICHARD

I mean, what was I thinking.

MARSHA

You were thinking about how much you loved your children.

RICHARD

Yeah, but that was when they were little. Why in the hell you let me watch videos of them when they were kids is beyond me...especially when I've been drinking.

MARSHA

Because when you're drinking is the only time you ever watch them.

RICHARD

That's the only time I ever seem to like them.

MARSHA

We'll you'd better change your mind. Because we're here, and you're going to have to see them...even when you're not drinking.

RICHARD

*(With disgust) I've got to go to the bathroom. (Crosses towards bathroom)*

MARSHA

Watch out for the seals.

*(RICHARD laughs sarcastically and exits.)*

RICHARD, *(From OFF)*

What the hell?

MARSHA  
What's wrong?

RICHARD  
*(Enters)* There's no toilet in there.

MARSHA  
What do you mean there's no toilet in there?

RICHARD  
There's no toilet in there.

MARSHA  
How can there be no toilet in there?

RICHARD  
How in the hell would I know.

MARSHA  
*(Crosses; pushes RICHARD aside)* Let me look. *(From OFF)* There's no toilet in here.

RICHARD  
What, you think I'd make something like that up.

MARSHA  
*(Enters)* How can there be no toilet?

RICHARD  
Where's the phone?

MARSHA  
Nightstand.

*(RICHARD picks up the phone and dials.)*

RICHARD  
*(As dials)* I mean what kind of place doesn't have a toilet...even seals need... *(Into phone)*  
Hello...front desk...I'd like to make a complaint about the...what? What room number?  
*(To MARSHA)* What room number is this?

MARSHA  
714.

RICHARD

*(Into phone)* Room number 714...yeah that's right...what do you mean what's my complaint? There's no toilet in the room, that's my complaint...of course I mean the bathroom. If there was a toilet in the bedroom I'd be complaining about that too...you're aware of that...then why is there no toilet?...what do you mean an hour? What am I supposed to do in the mean time...the lobby? That's the stupidest thing I've ever heard...why would I want to go to the lobby? That's seven floors down...I don't care if it's only going to be an hour. I'm 63 years old. When I've got to go I've got to go...what kind of crack is that? *(To MARSHA)* They want to know how many times I have to go to that bathroom in an hour... *(Into phone)*...I have to go as many times as I have to go...look, you just get a toilet up here now before I have to come down there and take one of yours. *(Slams the phone down)* I don't believe this place.

MARSHA

*(Beat)* Well look at it this way. On the positive side, now you won't have to deal with a used toilet.

RICHARD

I want to go home.

MARSHA

I'd love to accommodate you but until the apartment is ready, this is your home. So smile and get a grip. You don't have any other choice.

RICHARD

God I hate my life.

MARSHA

And I'm sure God hates your life too, especially the part where you continually bitch about it.

RICHARD

Well then He might want to consider some ear plugs.

MARSHA

How about we just call room service then. You get some food in your stomach and everything will look different to you.

RICHARD

I'm not hungry.

MARSHA

Yes you are. All you did on the flight here was complain about how hungry you were. Quit being such a child.

RICHARD

I'm not being a child. I'm just not hungry anymore.

MARSHA

Well I am. So I'm going to eat.

RICHARD

Fine, I'll eat then. I mean for the love of dear God.

MARSHA

There's some stuff over there on the dresser by the bible. I'm sure one them has to be the menu.

RICHARD

*(Crosses to dresser)* Why do hotels always do that? I mean how bad do I have to pray for the food before I see it. *(Picks up menu; opens it)* What the hell? You've got to be kidding me. Fifteen dollars for a grilled cheese sandwich?

MARSHA

Don't worry about it. Kevin is the kitchen manager. He said he'd give us a nice discount on everything.

RICHARD

Like our son is smart enough to figure out a discount.

MARSHA

If he's smart enough to be kitchen manager, I'm sure he's smart enough to figure out a discount.

RICHARD

I mean how did he even become the manager? Did he have pictures of somebody or something?

MARSHA

He's a smart boy, just leave him alone.

RICHARD

If he's so smart, how come he didn't graduate college?

MARSHA

Because you refused to pay for it anymore when he started to live with that one girl.

RICHARD

You're darn right I refused. I was paying for an education, not one giant sex orgy.

MARSHA

She was a minister's daughter. They weren't living together in that kind of way.

RICHARD

And your father was a minister too, and I can still remember all the things you used to do to me.

MARSHA

How about we just order some food, okay. Everything will be fine after a nice meal.

RICHARD

Why do you always assume everything will be fine after we eat?

MARSHA

Can we please just order already?

RICHARD

*(Hands her the menu)* Here, just order whatever. I really don't care at this point.

MARSHA

And last I did that all you did was complain about what I ordered for you.

RICHARD

That's because you ordered something I didn't like.

MARSHA

*(Hands him back the menu)* Which is why you're going to tell me what you want.

RICHARD

You always have to make things so difficult.

MARSHA

This coming from a man who sends his salads back if they're not green enough.

RICHARD

That's because green means more chlorophyll. And one can never have too much chlorophyll. It's a scientific fact.

MARSHA

Just decide...and nothing green please. I'd like to get through the first meal without any complications.

RICHARD

Something with meat then. I'll have chlorophyll for dinner.

MARSHA

I'll just order a couple of burgers, but without the chlorophyll.

RICHARD

That's fine. Just make sure mine's medium rare. I'll be back in a minute. *(Crosses to door)*

MARSHA

I'll take it you're going to the bathroom.

RICHARD

According to my stomach I am.

MARSHA

Don't be too long.

RICHARD

I'll discuss it with my stomach on the way down. *(Exits)*

MARSHA

Hopefully he gets lost for a little while... *(Crosses; picks up phone)* Room service...this is room 714...I'd like to order two burgers medium rare...what do you mean what kind of meat...no, I just want two regular burgers...yes, I understand, but I just want two normal burgers...I don't know, cow meat, what other kind of meat is there...what do you mean you don't serve cow meat? What other meat is a regular burger...I don't want an ostrich burger, that's a bird burger, I want cow burgers...well, what's the closest thing you have to a cow burger...fine, make it two of those then...and I'll assume fries come with that...okay good...but I'm talking fries made from potatoes, not some kind of bird...what do you mean sweet potatoes? Why would I want fries from sweet potatoes...yes I know that they're still *potatoes*, but I want regular potatoes; like the kind normal people eat...you do realize my son is the kitchen manager...why are you laughing? What's so funny? *(KNOCK AT DOOR)* Okay, look, I've got someone at my door, just send up two burgers with fries to room 714...and make both orders as normal as possible. *(Hangs up; crosses towards door)* Just a minute. I'm coming.

*(MARSHA opens door and it is their son KEVIN. KEVIN is dressed in a nice suit and has the look of someone who thinks he is successful.)*

MARSHA, *Continuing*

Kevin. My god. Come in, come in. I wasn't expecting you until later this afternoon.

KEVIN

*(Enters)* I'm on a quick break so I thought I'd pop up and say hi. Where's dad?

MARSHA

He's down in the lobby going to the bathroom.

KEVIN

What's wrong with the bathroom up here?

MARSHA

There's no toilet at the moment.

KEVIN

How can there not be a toilet? This is a hotel.

MARSHA

Don't worry about it. They said they'd have one up here within the hour. Apparently there was some kind of problem with the last one.

KEVIN

I'll talk to someone at the front desk on my way down and get this all straightened out.

MARSHA

That would great. You know how your father gets.

KEVIN

So outside of no toilet, the rest of the room okay?

MARSHA

The room is beautiful. Thank you so much for booking it for us. Even your father loves the room.

KEVIN

Dad loves the room?

MARSHA

He didn't say so in so many words. But I know your father. He loves it; he just doesn't realize it yet...So how's your sister? Everything okay with her?

KEVIN

She's doing great.

MARSHA

Any big news in the way of shows?

KEVIN

I know she goes on a lot of auditions.

MARSHA

Maybe she's just got a big secret she's waiting to tell all of us.

*(RICHARD enters.)*

RICHARD

They were cleaning a room just down the hall and they let me use the toilet in there. Saved me all kinds of walking.

MARSHA

Enough with the toilets. Look who's here.

RICHARD

I'm not blind. I can see him.

KEVIN

Good to see you dad. You're looking well.

RICHARD

I wish I could say the same for your bathrooms here

KEVIN

Mom told me about the toilet. Sorry about that.

RICHARD

I would certainly think so. I mean what are you trying do? Kill me here?

MARSHA

Leave the poor boy alone. It's not his fault there's no toilet.

KEVIN

I wouldn't worry too much about it. I'm sure they'll get a new one put in here for you right away.

RICHARD

They'd better. Because I'm sure as hell not walking two miles every time I've got to go.

MARSHA

Will you just leave it alone and talk to your son.

RICHARD

What do you think I'm doing?

MARSHA

I know what you're doing. Just talk about something that's not toilets.

RICHARD

What difference does it make what we talk about? Talking is talking.

MARSHA

Change the subject. NOW.

RICHARD

*(With attitude)* Fine. I'll change the subject for the love of god...So how's your sister doing? She still alive?

MARSHA

What do you mean, how's your sister doing? Ask Kevin how he's doing first? He is right here in the room.

RICHARD

Once again I know he's in the room. I can see him. He looks alive. Elaine I can't see. So I'm asking to see if she's alive. What's the big deal?

MARSHA

The big deal is you should take interest in the child that's in the room. Not the one you can't see.

RICHARD

Alright. Whatever. I'll take interest in Kevin. I mean I just went to the bathroom, give me a minute to adjust.

KEVIN

Really, it's okay.

RICHARD

Of course it's okay, but according to your mother it's not okay. I have to take interest in you now. So whatever it is you're doing with yourself, don't tell us for too long, we supposedly have food coming.

MARSHA

You're impossible, you know that.

KEVIN

I'd love to stay and chat, but I've really got to get back to work.

RICHARD

You see, he doesn't have time to tell me how he is. So what's the point in starting a conversation we can't finish?

MARSHA

*(To KEVIN)* In spite of your father, you're coming back up for dinner, right?

KEVIN

Elaine said I should meet her here about seven. I think she mentioned something about an audition. But either way we shouldn't be any later than that.

RICHARD

See that you're not. I've got to take my pills at 8, and I can't take them without food. So don't be late.

KEVIN

We'll do the best we can.

RICHARD

You do better than that. You be here at seven. Because if I don't take my pills at 8 it screws up my schedule. And I don't like my schedule screwed up.

KEVIN

Seven o'clock. I promise.

RICHARD

You'd better. Because the last thing you want to do is see me in a bad mood.

KEVIN

*(Kisses MARSHA on the cheek)* See you at seven.

RICHARD

And by seven I mean right at seven.

KEVIN

I'll go see about the toilet. *(Exits)*

RICHARD

They're going to be late, I can already tell.

MARSHA

They will not be late. Just quit worrying about everything.

RICHARD

I mean if I don't take my pills by 8...

MARSHA

Why don't you just sit down and relax until the food comes.

RICHARD

How can I relax with all that racquet going on outside?

MARSHA

What racquet? I don't hear a thing.

RICHARD

That's because the windows are closed. But if they weren't...you'd hear nothing but one big racquet.

MARSHA

And what kind of racquet did you expect to hear? This is New York City.

RICHARD

As I said before, just because this was my idea...doesn't mean it was a good idea.

*(LIGHTS OUT.)*

### **End of Scene One**

## **Act One; Scene Two**

*(AT RISE: 6:45 that evening. Their newly found suitcases sit by the dresser. MARSHA is seated on the bed looking into a small hand-held mirror applying lipstick. After a moment, RICHARD comes out of the bathroom wearing boxers and a tee-shirt. He crosses over to his luggage.)*

MARSHA

*(Looks over to RICHARD)* And?

RICHARD

And what? It flushed. Just like a normal toilet.

MARSHA

Good. Now you'd better get ready. The kids will be here any minute.

RICHARD

They'd better be. Because if I don't take my pill at 8....

MARSHA

Yes, we know. We know. Now just get dressed, will you please. The last thing the kids need to see before eating is you in your underwear.

RICHARD

Whatever.

MARSHA

*(Checks make-up in wall mirror)* And try and behave yourself tonight. For the kids' sakes.

RICHARD

I'll be nothing but a giant peach.

MARSHA

*(Adjusting make-up)* See that you are.

RICHARD

*(Puts suitcase on dresser)* I mean I don't get this. We were on one flight. How difficult can it be to put the luggage on the plane, and then take it off the plane?

MARSHA

*(Still working on her makeup)* They found it. So could you please just get dressed already?

RICHARD

What is it you think I'm doing over here?

MARSHA

*(Combing hair)* And put on something nice.

RICHARD

What are you talking about? I always put on something nice.

MARSHA

*(Fixing hair)* Your definition of nice doesn't always mean it's nice.

RICHARD

You just don't understand style... *(Opens suitcase)* What the hell is this?

MARSHA

*(Pinning hair)* What's the problem now?

*(RICHARD pulls a clown suit out of his luggage.)*

RICHARD

They gave me the wrong luggage, that's what the problem is.

MARSHA

*(Not looking)* Are you sure?

RICHARD

*(Holds an extremely short clown suit in front of him in her mirror)* Does this look like mine?

MARSHA

*(Beat. Matter-of-factly)* It's no worse than some of the other things you've worn over the years.

RICHARD

This isn't funny. Now the only thing I've got to wear is what I was already wearing.

MARSHA

At least what you had on before looks nice. In the meantime, just call the airport and tell them what happened. I'm sure your luggage will turn up just fine.

RICHARD

If it was going to turn up just fine it would've turned up just fine by now.

MARSHA

I'm sure it's just a simple mistake.

RICHARD

It is not a simple mistake. A simple mistake would mean I'd have my luggage and yours would be the missing one.

MARSHA

Just put on some pants and call the airlines. I'm sure they've already got it figured out. I mean the clown's going to need his stuff as well.

RICHARD

*(Looks at the name tag on suitcase)* Plus the name on the luggage isn't even close to mine. I mean how hard can it be to read a name.

MARSHA

Will you just put on some pants please? They're in second drawer on the left side...And once you've got them on, call the airlines. I'm sure your clothes will be here within the hour.

RICHARD

*(Removes pants from drawer)* I highly doubt that. I mean how they manage to get a plane in the air is nothing short of an act of God.

MARSHA

Just put the damn pants on.

RICHARD

What else do you think I'm going to do with them?

*(RICHARD puts on the pants,)*

MARSHA

I'd tell you but we don't have time.

RICHARD

My shirt ever come back from the cleaners yet?

MARSHA

Oh crap. I forgot about the shirt.

RICHARD

How could you forget about the shirt? It was totally covered in ketchup by the time I was done with that lunch. It was disgusting.

MARSHA

Well you shouldn't have used so much ketchup.

RICHARD

How could I not. That was the driest burger I ever had in my life...also the worst.

MARSHA

It was a little different, that was all.

RICHARD

Different my ass. It was yak. Who in the hell eats a yak burger.

MARSHA

It's more gourmet here, what can I say.

RICHARD

I mean the only time you should even hear the word yak is when you're either talking about a cat and say, "Would you look at what that stupid cat just yakked up," or better yet, "Hey everyone look at me, I'm hung like a —"

MARSHA

*(Quickly cuts him off)* Will you shut up already?

RICHARD

I'd love to, but I'm too disgusted.

MARSHA

See if there's anything in the clown's suitcase you can wear for a shirt. There's got to be something in there.

RICHARD

This clown is about three feet tall. I seriously doubt I'm going to find anything.

MARSHA

Well then call down to the front desk and see if they can send one up.

RICHARD

Yeah, and I'm sure if they can it will be made out of yak.

MARSHA

Will you just call?

*(KNOCK AT DOOR.)*

RICHARD

There, that must be my yak now.

MARSHA

Well if it is, let him in, I'm sure it would be better company than you.

RICHARD

I love you too.

*(A SECOND KNOCK.)*

MARSHA

Open the door and let kids in, so we can get to 8 and you can take your pills.

RICHARD

I don't think my pills are going to do me any good at this point.

*(RICHARD opens the door. KEVIN and ELAINE enter dressed in their "Sunday go to meeting" best)*

RICHARD

*(Without feeling to MARSHA)* The kids are here.

KEVIN

I wouldn't have worn a shirt if I knew it was going to be so casual.

MARSHA

The airline sent over the wrong luggage...at least for your father.

RICHARD

*(To KEVIN)* And this place is no better. I sent my shirt down to be cleaned over six hours ago, and it's still not back...and the food here stinks by the way.

ELAINE

*(To RICHARD)* Hello to you too.

MARSHA

*(Crosses to ELAINE)* My god, you look gorgeous. *(To RICHARD)* Doesn't she look gorgeous Richard?

RICHARD

Of course she looks gorgeous. She's our daughter, what else am I going to say.

MARSHA

(*To RICHARD*) What did I tell you about being nice?

RICHARD

It's hard to be nice when your upper half is still in its underwear.

KEVIN

I can call down and have them send up a shirt if you want? Might be a little pricey though.

RICHARD

Just like those stupid burgers that weren't even real burgers.

MARSHA

There was absolutely nothing wrong with those burgers.

KEVIN

I suppose I should have warned you about the menu.

RICHARD

You think?

KEVIN

It's just that we cater to a different clientele here.

MARSHA

The menu's fine. The problem is your father.

RICHARD

(*To KEVIN with attitude*) Your father ate yak for lunch. I don't even know what a yak is.

KEVIN

That's one of the big selling points of the restaurant.

RICHARD

Yak is a selling point?

KEVIN

Not just yak, but all our meats. Everything we sell is exotic.

RICHARD

Here's an idea then. Why not get an exotic cow? That way if someone wants an exotic burger it can be a normal burger.

ELAINE

(*Beat*) We're not having yak for dinner I hope.

MARSHA

No yak. I ordered the Pasta Alfredo, and a nice salad. No meat on anything. I double checked.

ELAINE

Good, because I'm with dad. I had one of those yak burgers once, and had to smother it in ketchup to give it any flavor. Ruined one of my good blouses.

RICHARD

(*To MARSHA*) You see. What did I tell you? Driest burger in the world.

MARSHA

(*To KEVIN*) And I have to apologize for your father calling down to the kitchen and complaining about it. I tried to stop him but he wouldn't listen.

KEVIN

You called down to the kitchen? How come I didn't hear about this? I'm the one that's supposed to take those calls.

RICHARD

That's because I went over your head. I didn't see the point in complaining to my own son.

KEVIN

What do you mean, you went over my head? You can't do that.

RICHARD

Sure I can. It was easy.

KEVIN

You know how much trouble that's going to cause me?

RICHARD

Couldn't be helped. That was the most awful thing I ever put in my mouth.

KEVIN

There is nothing wrong with food here.

MARSHA

Of course there's not. And why don't I call down later and make sure they know that. Maybe that will ease some of the problems that your father tends to cause.

RICHARD

I do not cause them, I solve them. There's a big difference.

MARSHA

And the difference is there's never a problem until you try and solve it.

ELAINE

How about we just change the subject. Let's try and act like some other family for once.

MARSHA

Elaine's right. What's done is done at this point. Let's just change the subject and move on.

KEVIN

That's easy for you to say. You're not the one that's going to have to listen to their boss scream in their ear...and all thanks to their father.

RICHARD

What do you want me to say, I'm sorry? I'm sorry then. Just grow a pair and get over it.

MARSHA

*(To RICHARD)* That's enough out of you. It is time to change the subject, do you hear me?

RICHARD

Of course I hear you. I'm not the one that didn't drop it. *(Points at KEVIN)* It was him. He's the one that kept going on.

KEVIN

Of course I'm going to keep going on. You know how much trouble you've no doubt caused me?

RICHARD

It's not my fault the food here isn't any good.

KEVIN

*(With attitude)* There is nothing wrong with the food here. It's a four star restaurant.

RICHARD

And because of the yak you're missing a star.

MARSHA

Okay, both of you, that's enough.

ELAINE

Mom's right. You're starting to give me a headache.

RICHARD

*(Beat)* Okay, fine you win. I'm stopping. I promise. We'll change the subject.

KEVIN

I mean how could you go over my head?

RICHARD

*(To MARSHA)* See, it's not me. He's the one not changing the subject.

MARSHA

Kevin, we are dropping that subject this instant. Do you understand me?

KEVIN

*(With attitude)* Fine. I'll drop it. I'll drop it.

RICHARD

*(To MARSHA, with sarcasm)* There, now everything will fine. Just like you always dreamt it would be.

*(MARSHA shoots RICHARD the look of death.)*

RICHARD

What did I do now?

MARSHA

I'm going to talk to our daughter now. You go sit on the bed and shut up.

RICHARD

*(Points to KEVIN)* How come he doesn't have to sit on the bed?

MARSHA

*(Loudly)* SIT.

*(RICHARD sits on bed.)*

KEVIN

*(With disgust)* I've got to use the bathroom.

RICHARD

Then you're in luck. We have a toilet now...not only a toilet, but it flushes too.

KEVIN

If you'll excuse me.

*(KEVIN exits to the bathroom.)*

ELAINE

Maybe we should try this again tomorrow night.

MARSHA

Nonsense, everything will be fine. So how are things going with you?

ELAINE

Okay, I guess...I mean all things considered.

MARSHA

And the auditions?

ELAINE

I'm making the rounds.

RICHARD

So what you're actually saying is you're getting nowhere.

MARSHA

That's not what she's saying at all. She's making the rounds. How else is she going to get somewhere if she doesn't make the rounds?

RICHARD

*(To MARSHA)* You have no idea what she's talking about do you?

MARSHA

Of course I know what she's talking about. I'm not an idiot.

ELAINE

Rounds are auditions dad.

RICHARD

I know what rounds are.

ELAINE

And speaking of auditions, I did get a call back last week for a revival of Company

MARSHA

And?

ELAINE

*(Beat)* It would've gone great I'm sure...but my agent sent me to the wrong theatre.

RICHARD

How in the hell could he send you to the wrong theatre?

ELAINE

*(Beat)* He's not exactly a real agent.

RICHARD

Obviously.

MARSHA

Then what kind of agent is he if you don't mind me asking?

ELAINE

*(Beat)* He's sort of a friend of a friend, whose sister's uncle is an agent. So I mean he has the connections, it's just that sometimes he gets the information a tad mixed up.

MARSHA

Like sending you to the wrong theatre.

ELAINE

That or the wrong audition.

RICHARD

*(With sarcasm)* Sounds like a career on the move to me.

MARSHA

Will you shut up?

ELAINE

It's not that bad. Most of the time I end up in the right place.

MARSHA

Why don't you just get a real agent?

ELAINE

I'd love to, but since I haven't really done anything, it's not that easy.

RICHARD

How about you just take over Kevin's job and put real eating meat on the menu. That would be easy.

MARSHA

What part of shut up don't you get?

*(KEVIN rushes out of the bathroom.)*

KEVIN

Call down for a plunger. Quick.

*(He rushes back into the bathroom.)*

RICHARD

*(To KEVIN)* We'll just call down for some yak instead. *(To himself)* That would certainly be a better place for it than where it goes now.

*(LIGHTS OUT.)*

**End of Scene Two**

**Act One; Scene Three**

*(AT RISE: 9:30 P.M. the same night. The dining room table is cluttered with empty plates with a few wine bottles tossed in for good measure. KEVIN and MARSHA are seated at the table.)*

MARSHA

Your father's certainly been gone a long time.

KEVIN

*(Beat)* I can't believe this is happening.

MARSHA

It's not your fault. I mean what are the odds? Two toilets in one day.

KEVIN

How can something like that be possible? Those kinds of things never happen here.

MARSHA

Don't worry about it. Your father will get over it...plus at least he took his pills on time.

KEVIN

Yeah, but none of them were cyanide. He's going to come back in here and blame it all on me.

MARSHA

*(Beat)* How about we talk about something else? Something cheery. Your father not being here—that should be easy.

KEVIN

But he's still going to come back.

MARSHA

Enough about your father.

KEVIN

I'd love to, but he doesn't make that possible.

MARSHA

Then pretend he doesn't exist for a moment like I always do. So tell me... any grandkids on the horizon? You at least seeing somebody?

KEVIN

*(Beat)* That's the cheery subject you wanted to change to?

MARSHA

What's not cheery about that?

KEVIN

For one, I'm in the process of getting a divorce.

MARSHA

What does that have to do with anything? I thought the reason you were getting a divorce is because you were seeing someone behind your wife's back.

KEVIN

That's only because she started seeing someone behind my back first.

MARSHA

So you were just trying to keep up with the Jones's. Happens all the time. Granted not usually with sex.

KEVIN

*(Beat)* I don't want to talk about it, okay?

MARSHA

Fine...but are you at least seeing someone?

KEVIN

I just said I don't want to talk about it.

MARSHA

And the divorce we won't. I just want to know if you're seeing someone.

KEVIN

What difference does it make?

MARSHA

It makes a big difference. I want to see grandkids before I'm dead.

KEVIN

*(Beat)* Okay, fine. I'm seeing someone. Happy now?

MARSHA

It's not the one you were cheating with I hope.

KEVIN

What difference would that make?

MARSHA

I don't know. I'd just hate for my grandkids to come out of the "other" woman. Seems kind of...I don't know...wrong.

KEVIN

Can we change the subject again? I really don't want to talk about this.

MARSHA

What's her name at least? Can you give me that?

KEVIN

*(Beat)* If I do that, will you drop it?

MARSHA

I can certainly try.

KEVIN

*(Pause)* Candy Heart. Her name is Candy Heart. Okay? Now you know.

MARSHA

*(Beat)* And that's her real name?

KEVIN

Of course it's her real name.

MARSHA

*(Beat)* Might I ask what this "Candy Heart" does for a living?

KEVIN

It's just a name mom. It's not indicative of what she does.

MARSHA

Then what is it she does?

KEVIN

*(Pause)* She directs art films.

MARSHA

*(With suspicion)* Art films?

KEVIN

I'm talking legitimate ones here.

MARSHA

*(Beat)* Does your father know?

KEVIN

What's to know? It's just a name and a job like anything else. I don't see what the big deal is.

MARSHA

*(Beat)* Is she the other woman?

KEVIN

Of course not... *(Slowly)* ...she's the other woman's sister.

MARSHA

Her sister?

KEVIN

*(With attitude)* Yes mom, her sister.

MARSHA

*(Beat)* What was wrong with the other woman?

KEVIN

*(With embarrassment)* She was the one in that starred in the art films.

MARSHA

Sounds like quite the family.

KEVIN

Can we please just drop it already?

MARSHA

We can drop it fine. But what are you going to do when your father finds out?

KEVIN

I'm a grown man. What difference does it make if dad finds out?

MARSHA

Well then you can tell him when he gets back.

KEVIN

What's there to tell? I'm getting a divorce and dating someone who makes porn films. Okay. I mean what kind of family doesn't have someone like that.

*(ELAINE enters through the front door.)*

ELAINE

I'm going to kill him. I swear to god I'm going to kill him.

MARSHA

Where's your father.

ELAINE

*(With attitude)* Unfortunately he's right behind me.

MARSHA

What happened? You two have been gone almost an hour.

RICHARD

*(Enters; still in his tee-shirt)* I'll tell you what happened. We've been stuck in the stupid elevator for the last forty-five minutes.

KEVIN

I was in here the entire time. It's not my fault.

ELAINE

It was dad's fault.

RICHARD

How in the hell was it my fault?

ELAINE

Because of all the complaining you were doing downstairs.

RICHARD

Of course all I did was complain. What else is there to do? I mean come on. We got no toilet. I ate yak. On top of that, I still don't have my shirt back. And then there was that dinner that was so bad I was praying for some yak.

ELAINE

And that's exactly why they stopped the elevator between floors.

MARSHA

*(To KEVIN)* They can't do that. Can they?

KEVIN

*(Beat)* They can, but they're not supposed to.

ELAINE

That's exactly why they were laughing at us when we left the front desk.

RICHARD

They weren't laughing at us. They were giggling with fear. Especially after I told them I was suing them for gross incompetence.

KEVIN

*(To himself)* Oh this is just great.

MARSHA

You are not suing anyone. We're going to get through these few days...

RICHARD

Three weeks is not a few days.

MARSHA

*(Through her teeth)* Then we're going to get through these three weeks, and move on. Do you understand me?

RICHARD

Of course I don't understand you. This place is stupid and I hate stupid.

ELAINE

And I'm sure they loved it when you told them that at the front desk.

KEVIN

You do realize you're going to get me fired.

RICHARD

You should thank me if I do. You could certainly find a better place to work than this dump.

KEVIN

This dump is one of the nicest hotels in the city.

RICHARD

Then I'd hate to see the other ones.

KEVIN

Outside of the toilet situation, there is absolutely nothing wrong with this dump.

RICHARD

Then why are you calling it a dump if it's so nice?

MARSHA

Will you just leave to the poor boy alone?

ELAINE

Mom's right. I mean the only thing wrong with this place, is that you're in it.

RICHARD

And what exactly is that supposed to mean?

ELAINE

You're the one causing all the problems.

RICHARD

Oh, so the no toilet is my problem.

KEVIN

Okay, fine. I'll give you the toilet one.

RICHARD

And what about my shirt? I mean how long does it take to clean a shirt?

KEVIN

And the shirt....

RICHARD

And then there was the yak.

KEVIN

There is nothing wrong with the yak.

ELAINE

I've got to agree with dad on the yak.

MARSHA

The yak was fine...just a bit dry is all.

RICHARD

Which in turn caused me to ruin my shirt.

KEVIN

So there's been a few minor glitches. These kinds of things happen everywhere.

RICHARD

If they happened everywhere, everyone would've killed everyone by now.

MARSHA

Will you just calm down already. I mean there is nothing going on here that can't be fixed.

RICHARD

Tell that to the toilets.

KEVIN

How about I see if I can move you to another room then? Would that make you happy?

MARSHA

The room is fine. The problem is your father. And I'm sure by morning the third toilet will be more than working.

RICHARD

It damn well better be...because if it's not...I'm including you in the law suit.

MARSHA

Will you shut up already?

ELAINE

*(Beat)* I think I'm going to go down the bar and have a drink.

KEVIN

Why don't I join you?

RICHARD

That's the first sensible thing out of anyone's mouth this evening. *(Crosses to door)* And let me tell you...there'd better be real drinks down there. Nothing stupid like the food. God I hate this place.

*(RICHARD exits.)*

KEVIN

*(To ELAINE)* What do you think?

ELAINE

Drinks with dad in the bar...at this point I'd rather eat yak.

*(LIGHTS OUT.)*

**End of Scene Three**

## **Act One; Scene Four**

*(AT RISE: The next morning. MARSHA is seated on the bed combing her hair. She is dressed for the day. After a moment ELAINE enters through the front door with two bottles of water.)*

ELAINE

The soda machine had nothing diet, so I got water. Hope that's okay?

MARSHA

Water's fine.

ELAINE

*(Beat)* So you think they killed each other yet?

MARSHA

They would've called.

ELAINE

*(Beat)* At least dad's luggage showed up. He'll be happy to hear that.

MARSHA

And at least it's his luggage. I made sure to check the tag when they brought it up this time.

ELAINE

*(Beat)* So what exactly is he wearing then? Looked like his pants took quite a beating down at the bar last night.

MARSHA

I don't know. They were gone after I got out of the shower.

ELAINE

*(Beat)* I would have loved to have seen his face when the toilet down there exploded all over him.

MARSHA

If it was anything like his pants, it's probably a good thing we didn't.

ELAINE

So I'll take it his pants are with his shirt now.

MARSHA

No, the shirt finally showed up. What he's doing for pants though...I have no clue.

ELAINE

Apparently they must have figured something out.

MARSHA

That or they did try and kill each other and they're both in jail now.

ELAINE

*(Beat)* You sure moving here is such a great idea?

MARSHA

It doesn't really matter at this point. The idea was all your father's.

ELAINE

And you don't think he'll change his mind?

MARSHA

He already has. He'd just rather complain about it than do something.

ELAINE

Even when he knows that everyone knows that what he's doing is stupid?

MARSHA

What are you kidding me? That's when your father shines.

ELAINE

Don't get me wrong, I love dad...but living this close....

MARSHA

I'm sure once he gets settled in, things will calm down...at least by his standards.

ELAINE

That's the part that worries me. I know what his standards are.

MARSHA

*(Beat)* How about we talk about you for a while. I'm getting sick of talking about your father.

ELAINE

There's not much to talk about really.

MARSHA

What about this person you've been seeing...this....

ELAINE

Babe...Babe Concannon.

MARSHA

Right, this Babe Concannon.

ELAINE

He's nice.

MARSHA

Nice is a start.

ELAINE

*(Beat)* I don't know what else to tell you. He's just a regular guy for the most part.

MARSHA

So what does he do?

ELAINE

He's in the import business.

MARSHA

So he doesn't make porn movies like your brother's girlfriend. That's a start in the right direction.

ELAINE

He owns his own business actually.

MARSHA

So he has his own store? That's impressive.

ELAINE

I wouldn't call it exactly a store.

MARSHA

How does one have an import business without a store?

ELAINE

It's more like he works out of his apartment.

MARSHA

What kind of import business is this?

ELAINE

The same as the regular kind, just with a lower overhead.

*(KNOCK AT DOOR.)*

MARSHA

He doesn't by chance have a white van for the weekend sales?

ELAINE

It's not that kind of business.

MARSHA

*(Rises; crosses to door)* We'll discuss this more after breakfast.

ELAINE

There's nothing wrong with his business mom. I'm not that stupid.

*(MARSHA opens the door; KEVIN enters.)*

KEVIN

Is dad ready?

MARSHA

What do you mean, is dad ready? I thought he was with you.

KEVIN

Why would he be with me?

MARSHA

Because he's not here, that's why.

KEVIN

Well then where is he? I told him I couldn't pick him up until ten.

MARSHA

He was gone when I got up, and that was hours ago.

ELAINE

He couldn't have gotten far; all he had to wear was a shirt.

MARSHA

He didn't even have that. The shirt came back after he was gone.

KEVIN

Then where in the heck did he go?

ELAINE

*(To MARSHA)* Call his cell. He's got to be around here somewhere.

MARSHA

Your father doesn't have a cell, he thinks they're stupid.

KEVIN

Where could he be then? He doesn't have any clothes on.

ELAINE

He's got to have something on. Even dad isn't stupid enough to leave here in his underwear...is he?

MARSHA

God I hope not.

KEVIN

*(Beat)* Isn't that dad's suitcase over there?

MARSHA

Yeah, but that didn't come until after the shirt.

ELAINE

So where is he then?

KEVIN

*(Beat)* Did you check the bathroom? He could be in there enjoying the new toilet.

MARSHA

*(With disgust)* There is no new toilet.

KEVIN

Well then maybe he's down in the lobby bathroom.

MARSHA

For three hours?

ELAINE

Plus he has no clothes. This doesn't make any sense.

KEVIN

*(Crosses to phone)* Why don't I call down to the lobby? Certainly someone would have noticed a man walking around down there in his underwear.

MARSHA

I don't know...your father can be pretty sneaky that way.

KEVIN

I'm sure there's a logical explanation. *(Picks up phone and dials)* Josh, this is Kevin Geary...no, this has nothing to do with him...because if it did, I'd be telling him now wouldn't I...Josh I'm the kitchen manager...I don't care about those things that's why...okay, fine...Josh, could you please just listen for a minute...yes, I know I'm not your boss...I'm aware of that...yes...yes...of course not...just listen...thank you...now this is going to seem like an odd question...okay, not as odd as that...Josh, could you just let me ask the question?...Thank you...okay...for the last time Josh, this has nothing to do with him. Will you please just listen?... *(Puts his hand over the mouth piece)*...for the love of God... *(Back to phone)* ...now Josh, this morning, probably a few hours back, was there by chance an older man walking around down there in his underwear?...what do you mean, what kind of underwear? How many older men do you see down there walking around in their underwear?...I see...but none this morning...are you sure...positive...okay...well if you see someone like that, call up to the room...no Josh, I'm not interested in that...I'm sure...yes, you have a nice day as well. *(Hangs up phone)*

MARSHA

Nothing?

Afraid not. KEVIN

Then where is he? ELAINE

He's got to be wandering around here someplace KEVIN

I mean he couldn't have just disappeared. ELAINE

Especially as loud as he is. KEVIN

And you would think if someone took him they would have given him back by now. ELAINE

Or at the very least shot him. KEVIN

And even then that wouldn't have stopped dad. ELAINE

(*Beat*) Oh no, he couldn't have. MARSHA

He couldn't have what? ELAINE

Been as a big an idiot as I think he was MARSHA

(*MARSHA crosses to closet.*)

(*To ELAINE*) What is she talking about? KEVIN

(*ELAINE shrugs.*)

(*Looks in closet*) His trench coat is gone. MARSHA

You don't mean? KEVIN

ELAINE

So he's out there in there with nothing more than a trench coat, black socks and dress shoes?

MARSHA

That's exactly what I mean.

*(PHONE RINGS.)*

KEVIN

I'll get it. That might be Josh with some news about dad. *(Picks up phone)* Hello... *(With surprise)* ...Dad?...where are you?...quit screaming, I can't understand a word your saying...what do you mean you got arrested?...for what?...you've got to be kidding me...yes I know you wouldn't do that...yes of course you wouldn't...Dad...Dad...Dad, just please stop screaming and tell me where you are?...you're at the ninth, okay, we'll be right down...  
*(Hangs up)*

MARSHA

Your father's arrested?

KEVIN

I'm afraid so.

ELAINE

For what?

KEVIN

*(Beat; breaks into a big grin)* For being a pervert.

*(BLACKOUT.)*

## **End of Act One**

### **Act Two; Scene One**

*(AT RISE: Early the same afternoon. After a moment, RICHARD, dressed in his trench coat, black socks and dress shoes, enters through the front door with MARSHA and ELAINE following.*

MARSHA

I don't care how many times you tell me the reason; it was completely stupid what you did.

RICHARD

No it was not.

ELAINE

I've got to go with mom on this one.

RICHARD

It was not stupid. It was common sense. I mean, come on.

MARSHA

Just because there's a clothing store across the street doesn't make it common sense to walk over there in a trench coat and your underwear.

RICHARD

What, are you kidding me? You see what people are dressed like out there.

ELAINE

Even still, a trench coat and no pants is just asking for cops.

RICHARD

Oh, but the guys in the dresses out there aren't.

ELAINE

That's different; they're not wearing trench coats.

RICHARD

I mean this whole thing is ridiculous. All I wanted to do was buy some clothes. That's all they had to do over there. Just sell me some damn clothes. But no, they got to call the cops the minute I walk in the door.

MARSHA

Can you blame them? I mean, come on. Look at yourself.

RICHARD

There is nothing wrong with the way I look.

ELAINE

Dad, be real. You look like the poster child for, "Perverts Anonymous."

RICHARD

What I look like, is a guy who needs clothes. It's not rocket science here.

MARSHA

There's your suitcase over there, go find some clothes and put something on.

KEVIN

*(Entering through front door)* Good news, fines are paid, and that's the end of it. After explaining everything they decided it would be cheaper just to end it all there.

RICHARD

I hope you got a receipt so I can sue the clothes store for gross incompetence.

MARSHA

For the last time you are not suing anyone.

RICHARD

Watch me.

MARSHA

You can't sue someone every time you don't your way.

RICHARD

Of course I can, this is America.

MARSHA

Just put some clothes on, and we'll go get some lunch.

RICHARD

I'm not hungry. I had lunch in jail.

KEVIN

How about I take us all out to lunch? Someplace with no yak. Would that make you happy?

RICHARD

I told you, I already ate.

ELAINE

Well I haven't. So if you want to take us out. I'm in.

MARSHA

Just put some clothes on. You can come along and just have something to drink then. Quit making things so difficult.

RICHARD

I'm not the one making things so difficult. It's everyone else around here.

KEVIN

*(To RICHARD)* You can even pick the place to eat. Come on, it'll be fun.

RICHARD

Fun? Since when is anything around here fun?

ELAINE

It was fun around here two days ago.

RICHARD

(To MARSHA) You going to let her talk to me like that?

MARSHA

(To ELAINE, with sarcasm)

Your father's right...don't ever tell him the truth...he doesn't like to hear that.

RICHARD

You know what...it's a good thing I'm not hungry...because even if I was...I don't want to lunch with you people.

KEVIN

Even if that meant we were going out for a cow burger?

RICHARD

(Beat; with disgust) Fine. Sit down. I'll get dressed.

MARSHA

And please do it in the bathroom. The children don't need to see anymore of you than they already have.

RICHARD

Where's my suitcase?

MARSHA

(Points to corner by front door) It's over there in the corner. It's the one that looks like yours.

RICHARD

(Crossing to bag) Did you check the name tag?

MARSHA

I not only checked the name, but the contents as well. All the underwear had your name on them.

RICHARD

They'd better... (Picks up suitcase) ...and there better all twelve pairs in here... (Crosses towards bathroom) ...because if there's not...I'm suing the airline again.... (Exits to bathroom)

ELAINE

Once again, you sure moving here was such a great idea?

MARSHA

Take it up with your father.

KEVIN

So “normal” burgers are okay with everyone?

ELAINE

I love “normal” burgers.

MARSHA

Burger’s fine, but before I forget, how much do we owe you for your father’s fine?

KEVIN

Nothing.

MARSHA

No seriously. I want to pay you back.

KEVIN

No really. There’s nothing to pay back. There wasn’t actually a fine. I just said that for dad’s benefit.

MARSHA

If there wasn’t a fine, how did you manage to get him out?

KEVIN

I just told them that dad was in the process of moving here and hadn’t found a new doctor yet.

MARSHA

And they let him off because of that?

KEVIN

No...it was more due to the fact I told them his meds were all out of whack.

ELAINE

So they thought he was a nut job?

KEVIN

Pretty much. And he didn’t do much to prove otherwise once they arrested him.

MARSHA

Going to sue the city I take it.

KEVIN

Along with the Statue of Liberty. Although I never got a straight answer as to why.

ELAINE

Did you ever think maybe dad does need to go on some medication?

MARSHA

Every day since I've known him.

KEVIN

*(Beat)* After all this, you sure you still want to do dinner tonight?

MARSHA

Might as well. Can't get much worse one would think.

ELAINE

Babe can't make it by the way. He had some kind of business meeting pop up at the last moment.

MARSHA

What about Candy? She still coming?

KEVIN

*(Nods)* And I already warned her about dad.

ELAINE

And after Candy breaks him in, I'll bring BABE by later in the week. Maybe just for a quick lunch. That might be easier on his schedule. He tends to do a lot of his business at night.

MARSHA

Whenever is fine. Just give us a heads up so I can prepare your father.

KEVIN

Speaking of which, how long does it take to get dressed?

MARSHA

*(Loudly to RICHARD)* You about ready in there?

RICHARD

*(From Off)* Hold your horses, I'm still counting my underwear in here.

MARSHA

Well hurry it up. Some of us are getting hungry out here.

RICHARD

*(From Off)* Just give me five more minutes. I'm still haven't counted my socks and sweater vests.

MARSHA

You might as well make yourselves comfortable. When your father counts his clothes five minutes is never enough.

*(KEVIN and ELAINE sit.)*

ELAINE

*(Beat)* So any chance of getting into the new apartment sooner than they think?

MARSHA

Not from what I gather. Still no kitchen, no flooring, and most importantly, no toilets.

KEVIN

Maybe you'll luck out and they'll get the toilets in early. That's all dad cares about anyway.

MARSHA

I wouldn't count on it, but in the meantime, I'll do my best to keep him off the phone while we're here.

KEVIN

That would be great. Got quite the earful from my boss after his last call from jail.

ELAINE

Why did dad call him from jail? He certainly wasn't going to help him.

KEVIN

He wanted to know the manufacturer of the toilet company we used so he could add them to his lawsuit.

MARSHA

It's a good thing the cops let him have a second call then, or he'd still be in there.

KEVIN

Apparently after dad threatened to sue them for infringing on his imaginary rights to unlimited phone calls, they just locked him in a room with a phone and let him loose.

ELAINE

I can only imagine who else he might have called?

*(PHONE RINGS.)*

ELAINE

Probably one dad's new friends right there.

*(PHONE STOPS RINGING.)*

KEVIN

That was a short friendship.

RICHARD

*(From Off)* Who was on the phone?

MARSHA

They hung up.

RICHARD

*(From Off)* Good. That means they're all beginning to fear me.

ELAINE

*(Beat)* You don't think dad's going insane, do you?

MARSHA

Hard to say. He's been like this for so long.

KEVIN

*(To RICHARD)* You about ready in there. I've only got about another hour until I have to get back to work.

RICHARD

*(From Off)* Two more minutes. I'm almost done counting the buttons on my shirts.

ELAINE

*(Beat)* Are we sure he's not going insane?

MARSHA

Oh even if he is at this point, what does it matter? All that counts at the moment is that he's not threatening to sue anybody.

KEVIN

That's true, but I'm sure that's just contingent on all his buttons being there.

RICHARD

*(From Off)* One more shirt and I'm done.

KEVIN

What more can one say. He's insane and efficient.

MARSHA

*(To RICHARD)* Well hurry it up in there. They're slaughtering your cow as we speak.

ELAINE

I just hope we can make it through lunch without a massive scene.

MARSHA

I wouldn't hold your breath if I were you.

KEVIN

Don't worry. The place we're going has a five pound burger. Biggest one in the city. Dad will have so much cow on his plate, he won't have time to think about anything else.

ELAINE

Unless of course there's other people involved, at which point the SWAT Team will probably show up.

*(RICHARD enters, fully dressed—and rather nicely.)*

RICHARD

Outside of one bent sock, everything was where it was supposed to be.

KEVIN

How does a sock get bent?

RICHARD

*(To MARSHA)* What is he stupid or something?

MARSHA

Let's just go eat. Okay? We can discuss bent socks later. *(To KEVIN and ELAINE)* Come on you two, let's go before your father has another quirk of some kind.

*(KEVIN and ELAINE stand. They all move towards front door.)*

RICHARD

What are you talking about, quirk? I don't have any quirks.

MARSHA

*(Pats him on the shoulder)* Of course you don't dear. It's just what we like to call your personality.

RICHARD

Personality my ass... *(MARSHA, KEVIN and ELAINE exit)* I mean dear God, what else do you expect from a...Ow!... *(Stops; grabs his left ankle)*...What the hell... *(Lifts his cuff and looks at his sock)* ...Oh that was real bright...of all of your socks, you've got to put on the bent one.

*(LIGHTS FADE OUT.)*

**End of Scene One**

## Act Two; Scene Two

*(AT RISE: The next afternoon; KEVIN and MARSHA are seated at the table.)*

KEVIN

He's going to kill me when he gets here.

MARSHA

Your father is not going to kill you.

KEVIN

Of course he is. He spent the night in the hospital because of me.

MARSHA

For the last time it is not your fault he got food poisoning.

KEVIN

Yeah, but he's not going to see it that way.

MARSHA

It doesn't matter how he sees it. The reality is you had nothing to do with it.

KEVIN

I took him there, so it's going to my fault regardless.

MARSHA

If it's anybody's fault it's your father's. He's the one that kept going on about the cow burgers.

KEVIN

But I'm the one who talked him into ordering the five pound one. If he just had a normal burger like the rest of us he'd be fine.

MARSHA

No one forced your father to eat that much cow.

KEVIN

But you saw his face...I mean when was the last time he looked that happy?

MARSHA

That was probably just the e-coli starting to hit his system. I'm sure it had nothing to do with your father.

KEVIN

*(Beat)* He's still going to kill me.

MARSHA

Just don't worry about it. If he says anything, I'll take care of him.

KEVIN

Well just please do it before he wraps his hands around my neck, okay.

MARSHA

How about a nice glass of wine, that'll calm you down.

KEVIN

I'm still working. I can't drink wine.

MARSHA

Then why don't you go and work. That'll keep your mind off your father.

*(ELAINE and RICHARD approach and the front door opens.)*

KEVIN

Oh dear God, they're back.

MARSHA

Just take a deep breath before you wet yourself.

*(ELAINE and RICHARD enter. RICHARD looks like death warmed over.)*

RICHARD

Out of my way, I need to use the toilet. *(Exits to bathroom)*

ELAINE

We would have been here about an hour ago, but he had to use pretty much every toilet we came across.

KEVIN

*(Beat)* He's blaming this all on me, isn't he?

ELAINE

Pretty much.

KEVIN

*(Matter-of-factly)* He's going to kill me.

MARSHA

Enough is enough with you already.

ELAINE

Plus I seriously doubt dad has the strength to kill you at this point.

KEVIN

*(Beat)* I think it might be a good idea if I left...especially with dad in the toilet and all.

MARSHA

Will you quit worrying about your father and just go back to work.

ELAINE

Although he did say on the way back during one of his dying spells that he wants the mayor of New York to do his eulogy.

MARSHA

And if it would get your father out of the city, I'm sure he'd be more than happy to.

KEVIN

*(Beat)* Oh this isn't going to end well.

MARSHA

*(With disgust)* Your father is going to be fine. Just go back to work and come back in a few hours. Everything will be fine by then. Your father just needs to get over himself.

ELAINE

And if he doesn't, maybe the mayor of New York can do your eulogy.

MARSHA

Okay, that's enough you two. Let's just drop the entire thing. Your father's going to live, end of story.

KEVIN

*(Beat)* Okay, you're right. Fine. I'll go back to work. I mean dad hasn't actually killed me before. What can be any different this time?

*(The sound of RICHARD throwing up is heard.)*

KEVIN, *Continuing*

Never mind. I'll be back in a few months. *(Exits)*

ELAINE

*(Referring to KEVIN)* We might want to consider putting him on meds as well.

MARSHA

He just needs to grow a pair is all.

ELAINE

*(Beat)* So what do you think dad's going to do after this fiasco?

MARSHA

The usual I would imagine. Scream. Yell. Threaten to sue everyone. Pretty much same thing he did before we moved here.

ELAINE

Why does he bother? I mean in the end, all he does is aggravate himself.

MARSHA

It's just your father's way of coping.

*(RICHARD, looking terrible, enters and crosses to bed and sits.)*

MARSHA

I'll take it you're finally empty?

RICHARD

Only until I sue those bastards for everything they've got.

MARSHA

*(Beat)* So how are you feeling?

RICHARD

What do you mean how am I feeling? Read the autopsy reports. I'm dead. That's how I'm feeling.

MARSHA

Well luckily for you it's only a temporary death. The doctor's said you'd be fine in a day or so.

ELAINE

They also told you to lay off the cow burgers before your arteries get anymore clogged.

RICHARD

Who cares what the doctor's say? The only thing they know anymore is what the insurance companies tell them.

ELAINE

*(Beat)* I think I'm going to go down the hall and get a bottle of water. Anyone want anything?

RICHARD

*(With attitude)* An attorney and your brother.

ELAINE

I think I'll just stick with the water. *(Exits)*

RICHARD

Just so you know I think my colon is now a permanent fixture over on 6<sup>th</sup> avenue.

MARSHA

I'm sure it is. Why don't you just rest? That's about the only thing you can do with yourself at this point.

RICHARD

Not when there're people to sue... (*Looks around the room*) Get me a pen and paper... before I forget anyone. The list in my head is getting too long to remember.

MARSHA

For the last time, you are not going to sue anyone...even the restaurant. They said they'd take care of all the hospital bills, so drop the whole thing.

RICHARD

Why would I drop it? The stupid place poisoned me. I could've died.

MARSHA

Well you didn't. And according to the doctor's there not even sure it was the burger. They said it could have been something else you had that day. I mean you did eat in jail after all.

RICHARD

Which is why I need to make a list, so I can sue the jail as well.

MARSHA

That would be nothing but stupid. You're just lucky they let you out of there.

RICHARD

Luck had nothing to do with it. They were scared of me. That's why they let me out.

MARSHA

They let you out because they thought you were nuts. It had nothing to do with fear.

RICHARD

That's where you're wrong. It's all in the eyes. They can sense it.

MARSHA

The only thing they were sensing was that you need medication.

RICHARD

Horse hockey. It's all about intimidation. That's what this city is built on.

MARSHA

(*Beat*) How about you just take a nap. I think the city needs a rest at this point.

RICHARD

*(Short pause)* I'm hungry.

MARSHA

No you're not. Just take a nap and be done with it for a while.

RICHARD

*(Beat)* Get me a drink of water then?

MARSHA

The only thing water will do will send you back to the bathroom again.

RICHARD

Like another time in there is going to make a difference.

MARSHA

*(With frustration)* Will you just please take a nap for a while...For me.

RICHARD

A naps not going to do any good. All it's going to make me do is dream about suing people. And then before you know it, it's morning and I'm hungry again.

MARSHA

Will you shut up about food and suing. You're acting like a four year old.

RICHARD

If I was acting like a four year old I'd take the nap.

*(ELAINE enters with a full bottle of water.)*

ELAINE

You're not in the bathroom again. I'm impressed.

RICHARD

Give me the water before you drink it all.

ELAINE

I thought you said you didn't want one?

RICHARD

I didn't. I was wrong. Now give me the bottle.

MARSHA

I already told you. No water. Your system needs to calm itself down for a while.

RICHARD

If my system was anymore calm it would be dead. Now give me the water.

MARSHA

You are not getting the water.

ELAINE

Mom's right. The last thing you need is for more of your insides to come out.

RICHARD

My insides are fine. Just give me the water.

MARSHA

*(Beat)* Fine. You want the water. *(Takes the bottle)* Here's the water.

RICHARD

Now how hard was that?

MARSHA

And when you're back in the bathroom, you'll have no one to blame but yourself.

RICHARD

Nothing is going to happen.

*(RICHARD opens bottle and chugs half of it.)*

ELAINE

I think it might be best if I got going. I don't want to see what's going to happen next.

MARSHA

Nobody does. But it's all part of your father's charm.

ELAINE

I'll take it dinners off for tonight?

MARSHA

Yeah, let's do it tomorrow night instead. You think Babe will be fine to make it then?

ELAINE

If he can't I'll let you know.

RICHARD

See. Fine. Nothing happened.

MARSHA

Just wait a few minutes. Especially when the gurgling starts up again.

RICHARD

There's nothing left in there to gurgle. I'm fine.

ELAINE

*(Kisses MARSHA on the cheek)* I'll talk to you tomorrow. *(Crosses to door and stops)*  
And if dad explodes... give me a call. *(Exits)*

MARSHA

*(To herself)* Five. Four. Three. Two. One.

RICHARD

Oh crap.

*(RICHARD runs to bathroom. BLACKOUT.)*

## End of Scene Two

## Act Two; Scene Three

*(AT RISE: The next night, sometime around ten o'clock. BABE, an extremely diminutive man, is searching through the room. After a moment the door opens. BABE grabs a gun from the back of his pants and freezes. RICHARD, MARSHA and KEVIN enter; they don't close the door completely.)*

RICHARD

At least that food was edible...although not by much.

MARSHA

*(Notices BABE)* Oh dear God.

KEVIN

*(To BABE)* What the hell are you doing here?

MARSHA

You know this man?

KEVIN

That's Babe—Elaine's boyfriend.

BABE

These are your parents?

RICHARD

Great first impression I might add.

MARSHA

*(To BABE)* Does Elaine know about this?

RICHARD

*(Starts to cross to phone)* It doesn't matter if she knows or not, I'm calling the police.

BABE

*(Points gun at RICHARD)* You're not calling anybody. Get back over there before something bad happens.

KEVIN

What are you doing Babe, just put the gun away. You can leave and that will be the end of it.

RICHARD

What are you talking about, the end of it? I'm going to sue this man for everything he's got.

MARSHA

I'm guessing everything he's got is someone else's.

BABE

Okay that's it. Everyone shut up for a minute. I need to think here.

RICHARD

What you need to do is put down the gun and go stand in the corner so I can call the cops.

BABE

*(With attitude)* I thought I just told you to shut up.

RICHARD

Like I care what you have to say.

KEVIN

Okay, let's all calm down here before someone does something stupid.

RICHARD

Too late. The idiot with the gun already ruined that.

MARSHA

How about we all take a deep breath and be rational adults here. I mean for one, he is dating our daughter.

RICHARD

Not after all this he isn't. She's grounded.

KEVIN

*(With disgust)* It's a good thing she's at an audition so she doesn't have to see this.

RICHARD

That's only if she's lucky with that stupid agent of hers.

MARSHA

What are you talking about? We dropped her off right in front of the theatre.

RICHARD

How do we know that was the right theatre?

KEVIN

Because it was the one she had written down. She even showed me the paper.

RICHARD

Yeah, but if it was written down by her agent, god only knows what she's walking into.

BABE

*(Calmly)* He's right. Her agent once sent her on an audition, and when she got there she saw all these people on stage so she walked right out. It wasn't until she was halfway out there that she noticed the audience...that and she was the only one not dressed like a cat. I always got a laugh out of that one.

RICHARD

See what I mean. She could be getting robbed just like us.

KEVIN

She'll be fine. They had a big audition sign in the window. Something called, "Lord Byron's Couch."

MARSHA

Sounds more like a title Candy Heart should be making rather than something our daughter should be auditioning for.

RICHARD

Who in the heck is Candy Heart?

MARSHA

Your son's porn producing girlfriend.

BABE

She doesn't make porn. They're art films.

RICHARD

*(Points at BABE)* Why is he talking?

MARSHA

*(Calmly)* Probably because he has a gun.

KEVIN

Come on Babe, why don't you just put down the gun and let's be done with this. I mean what are you going to accomplish at this point?

MARSHA

And besides, all our good stuff is still in Chillicothe, Ohio.

RICHARD

Not all of it. I've got all the financial stuff with me. I certainly wasn't stupid enough to put that on the truck.

KEVIN

*(With sarcasm)* Oh good one dad.

RICHARD

It's locked down stairs in the safe you idiot.

MARSHA

See, so even if you want to rob us you'll have to go down stairs to the safe.

BABE

*(Starts pacing)* I can't believe this is happening to me. I mean how many room number 714's are there in this city and I've got to pick this one.

RICHARD

*(With surprise to KEVIN)* Your girlfriend makes porn movies?

BABE

*(Stops pacing; with attitude)* They are not porn films. They're art films.

RICHARD

Like there's a difference.

KEVIN

Oh who you kidding Babe. They're porn and you know it.

BABE

My sister does not make porn.

KEVIN

*(With surprise)* Candy's your sister?

BABE

Of course she is. How stupid are you?

RICHARD

He's extremely stupid. How stupid are you then to not to notice he's stupid.

MARSHA

Will you leave the poor boy alone?

KEVIN

That would mean Ruth is your sister too.

BABE

Obviously.

RICHARD

*(Beat)* Wait a minute here. You're parents named you Babe...and then your sister Ruth?

BABE

*(Nods)* That's why I only rob room number 714. That was the amount of homeruns he hit.

RICHARD

Then where the heck does the name Candy come from. They should have just named her George Herman.

MARSHA

Why would they name her George Herman?

RICHARD

Because that was Babe Ruth's real name.

BABE

*(With embarrassment)* They named her Candy because they thought Baby Ruth candy bars were named after him.

RICHARD

No wonder you're so screwed up. Your parents were idiots.

MARSHA

Don't insult him. He's got a gun.

RICHARD

Oh like he's going to shoot us. I mean come on, look at him. Could you imagine what they'd do to him in prison? They'd break him in half just by breathing on him.

KEVIN

He's right Babe. You ever thought about what's going to happen to you when you get caught?

RICHARD

I'll tell you what's going to happen when you get caught. The big men are going to be loving you like its Christmas morning every day.

MARSHA

I really don't think it's a good idea for you to antagonize someone with a gun.

BABE

*(Beat; begins to break down)* But he's right. I mean look at me...what the hell am I doing with my life...I mean I'm nothing but a crook...and I'm not even a good one at that.

RICHARD

*(To MARSHA)* He's right. He's not. You know who he reminds me of? Your uncle Phil. The one everyone called Captain Milque Toast.

BABE

*(Starts to cry; sits on bed)* Oh god.

MARSHA

Look what you did. You made him cry.

RICHARD

The idiot was trying to rob us...and with a gun I might add.

MARSHA

That's still no reason to make him cry. He is a human being after all.

RICHARD

Yeah, and a pathetic one at that.

*(ELAINE enters through door.)*

ELAINE

I'm back, and you didn't close the door all the way. You might want to watch that in this city.

RICHARD

You see. A non-pathetic robber would have been smart enough to close the door behind us.

ELAINE

*(With surprise)* Robber? *(Notices BABE)* Oh my god, BABE. *(Hurries over to him and sits)* Why are you crying? What did they do to you? *(To OTHERS)* Quick call an ambulance, he needs help.

RICHARD

*(With attitude)* He needs help all right.

KEVIN

Babe is the robber.

MARSHA

When we got back from dinner. Babe was in the room.

RICHARD

And with a gun I might add. For all we know he could have shot us all in the face. He seems stupid enough to have done something like that.

ELAINE

*(To BABE)* What are they talking about? You're supposed to be at a suppliers meeting.

RICHARD

Apparently we're the suppliers. Catch up with the program here.

ELAINE

*(Stands in shock)* I don't believe this. You're a crook?

BABE

*(Through tears)* Yes.

*(ELAINE slaps him. BABE completely breaks down crying.)*

RICHARD

Now why didn't we think of that?

MARSHA

What do you think we should do with him?

RICHARD

We should call the cops, that's what we should do with him.

MARSHA

Elaine?

ELAINE

I just can't believe I trusted him. I mean how could I be so stupid? Works out of his apartment...low overhead...

KEVIN

It wasn't just you. I believed him too.

RICHARD

*(To KEVIN)* Yeah, but you believe everything. I mean, come on, you were fourteen before you stopped believing in the Easter Bunny.

MARSHA

Will you leave Kevin alone? This has nothing to do with him at this point.

ELAINE

*(Grabs BABE by the shirt)* So what else have you been lying to me about?

*(BABE looks up, then starts crying all the more.)*

MARSHA

*(Calmly)*

Why don't we just leave him alone for a minute? He seems to be having a breakdown of some kind.

*(ELAINE lets go of BABE.)*

RICHARD

Kevin, go get his gun before he stops crying.

KEVIN

You get the gun. I hate guns.

RICHARD

I don't care what you hate. Go get the damn gun.

ELAINE

*(Takes the gun and hands it to RICHARD)* Here, take the stupid gun.

RICHARD

Be careful with that thing it could go off and shoot me in the face.

MARSHA

And before you do shoot yourself in the face, go put it somewhere safe so no one gets hurt.

RICHARD

*(Points to BABE)* How about I shoot him first...accidentally of course.

MARSHA

Go put the gun away.

KEVIN

You might want to take out the clip first, to be on the safe side.

RICHARD

*(Looks at the gun)* What the hell is the clip?

ELAINE

*(Takes the gun back)* Here give me the damn thing. *(Looks at gun)* You've got to be kidding me. This isn't even a real gun. It's a pellet gun.

RICHARD

See I told you he was pathetic.

ELAINE

*(To BABE)* You've been robbing people with a pellet gun? Do have any idea how dangerous that is? Anyone with a real gun would have shot you in the face.

*(BABE looks at her, and cries even harder.)*

RICHARD

Can't we do something about him? He's starting to get on my nerves.

ELAINE

*(With disgust)* He's starting to get on everyone's nerves.

RICHARD

I mean we've got to do something with him, we can't just let him sit there and cry like an idiot all night. For one, I'd like to go to bed here soon.

MARSHA

Just give him a few more minutes. He's been through a lot tonight.

RICHARD

What, and we haven't?

ELAINE

Will you please shut up?

RICHARD

*(To MARSHA)* You going to let her talk to me like that?

MARSHA

I don't see why not. She is your daughter after all.

ELAINE

(*To BABE*) All right, that's enough. Either you stop crying or I'm going to call the police. Have I made myself clear?

BABE

(*Through tears*) Yes.

ELAINE

Now go into the bathroom and get yourself cleaned up.

BABE

(*Through tears*) Oh god...

(*BABE exits to the bathroom.*)

RICHARD

What an idiot.

MARSHA

Will you just leave it alone for a change?

KEVIN

(*To ELAINE*) So what are you going to do with him now?

RICHARD

If we're lucky the toilet will explode while he's in there. That would certainly solve everything.

ELAINE

(*Beat; starts to cry*) Oh daddy. (*Hugs RICHARD*)

RICHARD

(*Stands there with his arms by his side*) What?...I mean come on...what are you crying for...the guy is a moron...there's no need to cry...so you picked a loser...what do you expect?

MARSHA

You're not really helping here.

RICHARD

Of course I'm not helping. I'm not any good at this. You should know that... (*MARSHA shoots him a look.*) Okay, fine...whatever... (*Puts his arms around ELAINE*)...okay come on...give your father a break here...just calm down, okay...it's not like this is the end of the world...because if it was we'd both be dead and then you wouldn't be crying...

ELAINE

*(Still crying)* But I loved him...

RICHARD

What can I say...we all make mistakes...and besides, you're a beautiful girl, you can do tons better...

ELAINE

*(Slowly breaks free and wipes her eyes)* I'm beautiful?

RICHARD

Of course you are...you look like your mother.

KEVIN

*(Beat; with shock)* Oh my god...you said something nice.

RICHARD

*(To MARSHA)* Will you tell him to shut up?

MARSHA

*(Starts to choke up)* I can't...you just told me I'm beautiful.

RICHARD

*(To ELAINE)* Oh great...you see what you did...you've ruined me... *(Crosses to bathroom)* ...If anyone needs me...I'll be in the toilet with the idiot.

*(LIGHTS FADE OUT.)*

### **End of Scene Three**

## **Act Two; Scene Four**

*(AT RISE: The next morning; MARSHA and ELAINE seated around the table. It is obvious breakfast has just finished.)*

MARSHA

So do you really think he'll turn himself in?

ELAINE

At this point, I really don't give a damn what he does. I just can't believe I was that stupid...and for that long.

MARSHA

Stupid men can do that to you once in a while. Just look at your father.

*(KEVIN storms in through the front door.)*

KEVIN

All right, where is he?

MARSHA

If you mean your father, he's in the bathroom getting sick from breakfast.

ELAINE

What did he do this time?

KEVIN

He got me fired, that's what he did. His last complaint about breakfast finally did me in.

MARSHA

*(Points to the bathroom)* He's in there throwing up his Eggs Benedict if that makes you feel any better.

ELAINE

*(Calmly)* We just had toast, so we're fine.

KEVIN

I mean I told him what was going to happen if he kept on complaining.

MARSHA

I tried, but you know your father.

KEVIN

I mean how could I have been such an idiot? I knew he was like this. There's like eight million hotels in this city. Why couldn't I have put him in one of those?

MARSHA

Because you're a good son, that's why. The world's just a funny place sometimes. Things just happen.

KEVIN

But one of those things isn't usually your father getting you fired.

ELAINE

Didn't he get you fired from your last job as well?

MARSHA

No, that was your grandmother. Your father was just with her.

KEVIN

Why can't he ever leave well enough alone? It can't be that hard for him, can it?

ELAINE

When have you ever known dad to leave anything alone?

MARSHA

You have to understand your father, when he does all these things, he means well...the problem is you just can't tell by his actions.

KEVIN

Then why can't he just stay out of things that affect other people?

MARSHA

Because they affect him first. He doesn't tend to see the chain of disaster that follows.

KEVIN

*(Beat)* I mean what am I going to do now? I've got nothing.

ELAINE

Join the club.

MARSHA

Oh come on you two, it's not that bad.

ELAINE

*(Beat)* I hate to say it, but I think in hindsight moving here was the stupidest thing I ever did.

MARSHA

I thought you loved it here?

ELAINE

That's what I've tried to convince myself, too.

KEVIN

I don't even know why I'm here.

MARSHA

So what is it you two are saying here?

KEVIN

*(Beat)*  
The only thing to say... We're going back home.

MARSHA

Home, home?

ELAINE and KEVIN

*(Both nod)* Home, home.

MARSHA

You do realize of course we sold home, home?

ELAINE

We know.

MARSHA

And that the only reason your father made us move here is to be close to you?

KEVIN

And look how that's turned out.

MARSHA

*(Beat)* What about Candy? I thought things were going well there?

KEVIN

She dumped me when she found out about Babe. Apparently he was the one financing all her movies.

MARSHA

So he actually turned himself in?

KEVIN

Of course not. They caught him after he left here at the Algonquin.

MARSHA

You do realize what your father's going to do when he hears this?

KEVIN

What does it matter at this point? He's already ruined what little life I had. I mean how much worse can it get?

*(RICHARD enters from bathroom.)*

RICHARD

I swear if I even hear the words Eggs Benedict come out of someone's mouth again, I'm going to kill that person.

MARSHA

Did you at least clean it up in there this time?

RICHARD

*(With sarcasm)* I'm feeling much better. Thank you for asking. *(To KEVIN)* And you, tell them I'm suing this place for everything they've got.

KEVIN

Like I care at this point.

RICHARD

Well you'd better care, because by the time I'm done with these people there's going to be nothing left but doom and misery.

KEVIN

Be my guest. Whatever makes you happy at this point.

MARSHA

Kevin doesn't work here anymore.

RICHARD

What do you mean he doesn't work here anymore? What did he do, quit?

KEVIN

Of course I didn't quit. I got fired. And all thanks to you.

RICHARD

*(To MARSHA)* What is he talking about?

MARSHA

He's talking about all that complaining you did.

RICHARD

Of course I complained. This place is like hell on Earth.

KEVIN

And thanks to that, they fired me.

RICHARD

Then you should be thanking me. I mean who in their right mind would want to work this hell hole anyway.

KEVIN

Me. That's who. This was the best job I've ever had. And thanks to you I don't have it anymore.

RICHARD

Oh quit being such a baby.

ELAINE

*(Beat)* You know what? Enough is enough. I'm heading back home today. I can't take this anymore.

RICHARD

You can't take what? Me? The truth? What?

ELAINE

All of it. That's the problem. You just don't get it. I mean every time you open your mouth something bad ends up happening.

RICHARD

No it does not. What happens is things get solved. That's the part you don't understand.

ELAINE

And what gets solved ends up hurting a lot of other people.

KEVIN

Most of which happen to be your family.

RICHARD

That's complete nonsense. You losing your job had nothing to do with me. It had to do with incompetence. *(To ELAINE)* And what do you mean you're heading back home? There's no home to head back to.

ELAINE

At this point, who cares? We'll worry about that when we get there.

RICHARD

What do you mean "we"? *(To KEVIN)* You're going too?

KEVIN

Of course I'm going. Why wouldn't I go? You've ruined everything for me here.

RICHARD

Oh bull monkey. I haven't ruined anything. Everything was already ruined before I even got here. All I did was point the ruined things out.

ELAINE

And that's the excuse you always use. You never once take responsibility for any mess you cause.

RICHARD

*(To MARSHA)* You going to help me here or what?

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