

HAT TRICK

A Stage Play by Robert Gately

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AUTHOR'S NOTE:

There are many ways to set a stage. We suggest a virtual or physical stage partition whereby set changes for the next scene can take place without distraction. For example, a virtual partition could use a lighting technique where SR goes dark when action is at SL. More creative alternatives may exist, and will be driven by such things as cost and space concerns. A simple, single set utilizing just tables, stools and armchairs could be constructed instead of a physical partition. Painted sheets of 4X8 foot pieces of plywood could be put on a rotating stanchion and could depict such places as the bar, hospital, recreation room (etc.) and be turned when scenes transition.

Most changes of scenes are written with traditional 'BLACKOUT', 'LIGHT DIMS' or 'FADE-INS and OUTS'. Some scenes may require strobe lighting to create illusions, such as the football scene where the three-grumps, (DUSTIN, WALTER, JIM) run down the field naked. The strobe lighting in this case will allow the actors to perform this scene fully clothed with actions that can be construed as running, blocking etc. Of course, nothing is to prevent the actors from performing the *Full Monty* if they want.

All scenes are written with the understanding that we have, in addition to the three main actors, a minimum of three female and two male supporting actors. Consequently, no scenes are written that will require more than these five supporting actors in their gender makeups which will allow them to double, triple or quadruple-up (etc.) on supporting roles throughout the play.

The car scene, the Hartley house (etc.) can be set with simple tables and chairs. The Hartley's voices can be Off Stage (OS) and be prerecorded. The car scenes can be created with just three or four folding chairs. The TV announcers are written as VO (OS) as TV personalities. There is nothing prohibiting these actors from being stand-up/podium announcers. However, the scenes are written using imaginary TV monitors and it is assumed the announcers' monologues or dialogues are prerecorded, especially in those cases where all the supporting actors are busy in the scene. Other props such as a casket, Hartley's house and bedroom, can all be illusions and referenced by pointing or gesturing or just listening (looking) to the OS dialogue or pre-recordings.

HAT TRICK

ACT I

Scene 1

SETTING: RECREATION ROOM: at SL there is a table where four residents play cards. An administrative office is at the far end and SR four folding chairs pose as seats in a car.

AT RISE: LIGHTS FADE IN On SL, the Recreation Room. SR is dark.

Residents SANDRA, LESTER, TED, and BARBARA are playing cards at a table.

DENISE sits in the admin office.

JIM and WALTER enter while Ted sings his own version of Mambo Number 5.

WALTER

What's trump, Ted?

TED

Hearts have the duty.

WALTER

(looks at Lester's cards)

Get rid of your clubs. Save your spades for the end game.

BARBARA

How's Gloria doing, Walter?

WALTER

Same ... Worse, I guess. We're going to see her shortly.

(He winces as Barbara plays a card.)

Geeze! Where did you guys learn how to play Pinochle, at an old folks home? Oh, that's right. This is an old folks home.

As DENISE approaches--

DENISE

Walter, have you seen Dustin?

WALTER

No, Denise. Do you know where Dustin is?

DENISE

I wouldn't be asking you if I knew, now would I?

WALTER

No telling what you ... janitors know or don't know.

ENISE

I'm an administrator of a retirement complex, Walter.

The players all have expectant looks
on their faces, as if Denise is their
enemy & Walter is their spokesperson.

WALTER

Alright, down Rover. An administrator, huh?

DENISE

Walter. Don't start. Tell Dustin he has a delivery from CVS.
And tell him to start putting his cabin numbers on his mail.
I'm tired of collecting his personal mail.

JIM

He's got medication! Which one? The one that helps him to
remember or the one to help him piss?

DENISE

How the hell am I supposed to know. Just tell him, please.

Denise leaves and Walter head-nods to Jim as
if to say, "shall we go".

WALTER

A little bit of Denise without her chemise ...

Walter pauses for a visual on that one
and shivers. He and Jim exit.

SANDRA

He seems to be getting a little out of control without Gloria around to hold him in check.

LIGHTS DIM on SL while Walter and Jim cross to the SR folding chairs and each take their respective seat in the car. No effort is needed to open imaginary car doors or for Jim to mime driving the car.

LIGHTS FADE IN on SR - The PARK. A bench and the sound of pigeons.

Walter and Jim get out of the car and cross into THE PARK where DUSTIN sits on a bench feeding pigeons.

WALTER

Good thing you love pigeons, Dustin. How would we find you otherwise? You lost track again, didn't you?

DUSTIN

I don't know what's the matter with me. Sometimes my mind is so clear. And then other times, I just ... space it. I feel like a mosquito in a nudist colony. I sense I know what I want to do. I just don't know where to begin.

Walter and Jim sit down on the bench.

JIM

What was that? Today's joke in the newspaper?

(Dustin nods.)

Denise was looking for you again.

WALTER

She's got your medication. And start telling people what apartment you live in, will you. She's going to start opening your mail and you don't want that.

DUSTIN

Which medication does she have?

JIM

Probably for your Alzheimer's.

DUSTIN

I don't have Alzheimer's. I'm not that bad. I mean, it's not as if I lose my mind, totally. I know my name. I know ...

JIM

Yeah, yeah. We heard this a hundred times before. You can recite the periodic tables to a stranger ... big deal.

(Gets up.)

Listen, I'd love to chat with you guys, but Walter, Navy plays it's first game of the season today and you want to see Gloria first. So, come on. Let's hurry it up.

WALTER

(Gets up - to Jim)

We got plenty of time, James. Cool your jets.

(As they walk to the car - to Dustin)

Hey. You did good. When you get that way, just think pigeons. Got to be careful, though, because ... I think Denise believes you should be in Bellevue.

DUSTIN

I'm not going to leave my retirement home and you guys.

WALTER

You may not have a choice in that, Buddy. We can't protect you if we don't know where you are. If she reports you to the clinic, you could wind up in Bellevue where you go to die. You might as well kill yourself with a pillow just like that Indian did in *One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest*.

JIM

Will you all just shut up and get in the car.

BLACKOUT

Scene 2

LIGHTS FADE IN on Stage Left (SL) -
a room at the Woman's Ward at
BELLEVUE HOSPITAL.

Walter goes over to Gloria, who lies
in bed asleep and has wires protruding
from her body.

He fluffs-up her pillow, rearranges
the wires, etc.

WALTER

You gotta get better, dear. Those guys are driving me crazy.

Jim and Dustin walk in.

JIM

I can hear you. I'm right outside here. We're going for
coffee first. You want anything?

WALTER

(Shakes his head. They exit.)

Oh, Sweetie. Life is not worth living without you.

(Gloria awakens.)

Oh, thank God! Thank God. I thought you were out of it again.

GLORIA

(Walter takes her hand.)

Was that Jim and Dustin? How are they doing, handsome?

WALTER

Driving me nuts. Dustin's peeing and dementia problems are
back again. Lack of protein in his diet, maybe. Jim's back
talking about the fumble again. Now he wants to jump onto the
field during the the big game game and us plodding along side
of him. I won't do it. People will think I'm an old fool.

GLORIA

But you are an old fool. Do it. Help Jim. You've been friends
all your life, Walter. Went to Annapolis together.

(MORE)

GLORIA (CONT'D)

Played football together. Shared the same wins and losses.
Where's your spirit, Walter?

WALTER

He should've passed the ball to me. But no. He had to run it
in himself. He's got an ego the size of three people. He lost
that game all by himself. Let's talk about something else.
When are you coming home?

(Gloria points to a book on the night table.
Walter hands it to her. She opens it to a
marked page, and nods for him to read.)

WALTER (CONT'D)

Ah. The Teddy Roosevelt speech.

(Reading)

*It is not the critic who counts, not the man who points out
how the strong man stumbled. The credit belongs to the one
actually in the arena, blah, blah ... who strives valiantly
at a worthy cause, who ... if he fails, at least fails while
daring greatly so that his place shall never be with those
cold and timid souls who know neither victory nor defeat.
Timid soul! Reminds me of Dustin a little.*

GLORIA

But you were never a timid soul, my love.

WALTER

I'm not doing it. Ricky's a guard for Annapolis and 35 years
younger than me, for chrissakes.

GLORIA

I see you now my valiant knight. My warrior. Help Jim with
his last hurrah. It'll be fun if nothing else.

She moans loudly.

Walter bolts to the doorway SL just as
SILVIA, a nurse, walks by.

WALTER

My wife's in pain. Do something.

SILVIA

Oh, that's a normal response to the different medication.

WALTER

Listen, you bug. She's in agony. Now you give her ...

Jim bursts into the room with a coke
in hand distilling the situation.

JIM

Temper, Walter. Don't lose your temper.

WALTER

My wife's needs more pain medication.

SILVIA

Walter. Please, tend to your wife. I'll be right with you.

JIM

Cool your jets. I lost Dustin. I'm gonna look for him.

He exits and within seconds Silvia
saunters in with a chart and syringe.

SILVIA

There was a time we had more say over medication, Walter.
Fact is, years ago, we accidentally overdosed patients when
they were ... towards the end. So, the law changed.

WALTER

What does it matter, if they're gonna die anyway?

SILVIA

But the law says we can't make those choices anymore. Only
doctors can. Can't go off schedule unless the doctors say so.

(looks at the chart)

But I see Gloria's chart doesn't have her last dose logged
in. Hmm. A small amount. Nothing harmful ...

She injects the bag.

As she leaves, Walter improvises his gratitude, then hovers over Gloria.

Jim comes back in.

JIM

I can't find Dustin.

WALTER

(Leans down and kisses Gloria.)

See you tomorrow, Sweetheart.

(As Walter and Jim walk out of Gloria's room and down the hall.)

Where the hell is he?

(Screams. Commotion. And then Dustin is escorted out of a BS door by Silvia.)

SILVIA

He walked into Mrs. Murphy's room while she was undressing.

DUSTIN

I had to pee. I made a left when I should have made a right.

WALTER

What do we have to do, put a rope on you like a child?

DUSTIN

Don't look at me like that. I got lost, is all. Hell! You should've seen her body! Not bad for ninety years old.

JIM

Oh, my God! You're making me sick.

As they stroll SL to Jim's car - that is, the folding chairs--

WALTER

Let's go. What are you waiting for?

JIM

Opening game is today.

WALTER

We know, James. That's all you've been talking about today.

(He stares at Jim's face)

I've seen that look on your face before? What? WHAT?

JIM

I'm thinking about ... Maybe, I should've gone to the game, today. This would've been a good opportunity to ...

WALTER

Jim! Don't say it. If we hear one more time that you want to waddle down the field like a shriveled-up, bumbling has-been ... to do what? Make up for a fumble that happened ages ago?

JIM

A man's gotta have goals in life.

They reach the car and get in.

WALTER

You're sixty-something years old. You should have simple goals for chrissakes ...

(Jim peels out of the parking lot.)

Want a goal? How about getting us to McGinty's in one piece.

DUSTIN

I have to pee.

DIM OUT On SR

BLACKOUT

Scene 3

LIGHTS FADE IN On SL at MCGINTY'S BAR. CUSTOMERS sit at the bar

An ugly picture hangs on the far wall, with a theoretic Harry's office space BS on the other side

The overhead TV at the bar has the Navy game on. The TV can be imaginary or real.

HARRY, the bartender, greets the three men with 'boiler makers' and they hold the shot glasses up and--

WALTER

Ready? One, two, three.

All three men guzzle down the whiskey and then chug their beers. They all revel in the afterglow of their fix.

Jim is glued to the TV football game.

TV ANNOUNCER PHIL (V.O.)

Wow! That was some play, Bret. Longley had all the time in the world in the pocket. Navy's front line is the best in the league led by Rick Greene. Did you see him on that last play?

JIM

Yes! That's my boy. That's my grandson.

WALTER

Yes, we know Jim.

HARRY

(to Jim)

You think he's going to make all-American this year?

(Responding to the look)

Just trying to make polite conversation is all.

WALTER

Harry, when you talk about Jim's grandson, you must bow your head or tap your chest three times with proper reverence.

(Dustin gets up to leave.)

Where are you going?

DUSTIN

To the bathroom. Might I go to the bathroom? Is it okay with you? Can't I take a pee in private? Might I ...

WALTER

Go. Go to the bathroom. Just don't wander off and get lost.

(with a flair)

Might I? He sounds so proper.

JIM

I have a right to be proud of my grandson. He's the football player I never became.

WALTER

Oh, please don't get him started, Harry.

The phone rings and Harry picks it up as Walter gets up to the jukebox.

Harry leans in and whispers and the place falls silent. Walter turns and--

WALTER

What? What's with the sour looks?

Dustin comes back, shaking his leg. He bellies up to the bar.

HARRY

The Center just called. It's Gloria. She passed away, Walt.

DIM OUT Stage Left (SL)

BLACKOUT

Scene 4

GRAVESITE: Jim sings Amazing Grace over the casket while the MINISTER, Barbara, Sandra, Ted, Walter, Dustin, are standing over Gloria's casket harmonizing. The song ends.

MINISTER

And so, Lord, please take Gloria and cherish and love her as those here cherished and loved her. And help Walter with his grief, and let him know that Gloria rests in peace. Amen.

WALTER

Amen!

Walter waves to the Retirement Center people as they leave.

Walter, Jim and Dustin walk in the opposite direction to Jim's car.

WALTER

She was my best friend, Jim. And you know what's so sad about all this, beside her passing away, I mean? That, now, you guys are my best friends.

DUSTIN

I have to pee.

Walter and Jim wait, as Dustin turns his back. He looks and sees Walter making a gesture to hurry up.

DUSTIN

Stop looking. I can't pee while you're looking.

WALTER

(turn away - to Jim)

Gloria wanted me to help you, but she was so pumped up with drugs, it was hard to tell how rational she was. So, I'll do it. I'll run down the damn field with just jock straps on?

Dustin finally pees. He moans with delight, but as soon as he stops--

DUSTIN

Oh, no. Don't stop now. You gotta run, gotta block. You gotta go ... go ... go.

JIM

(To Dustin)

I never heard of anyone talking to his penis like it's a football player? I don't understand him.

(Shakes his head. To Walter)

Anyway, if I'm not naked I'm just another schmuck jumping the fence for a little TV glory. But if I do it naked? Well, that's a horse of a different color.

WALTER

Well, are an old. Besides, I said I'll do it. So let's not beat it to death.

(to Dustin)

Are you quite finished?

DUSTIN

I don't know.

WALTER

What do you mean you don't know? Either you feel like peeing or you don't.

DUSTIN

I think I'm done.

WALTER

Good. Then zip it up and let's go.

(After a few seconds, Dustin shakes his leg like a dog and zippers-up.)

JIM

He's beginning to smell, Walter.

BLACKOUT

SCENE 5

AT MCGINTY'S BAR: 3 MONTHS LATER,
LIGHTS GO UP on CUSTOMERS sitting
at tables front stage. Two WOMEN
sit at a table; one has a bad
hairdo. Another WOMAN sits at
another table reading.

A CUSTOMER sits at the bar.

The overhead TV has a NAVY game on
as Jim, Walter and Dustin enter.
Harry greets them with drinks.

JIM

What I'm saying is, it's been over three months since Gloria
died, and you haven't even gone to one game with me.

They drink and then Dustin shakes his
leg and mumbles something.

WALTER

Don't say anything, Dustin. Just go.

As Dustin exits, Walter looks at the
woman at the other end of the bar.

WALTER

What's with all the women, Harry?

HARRY

A cosmetic convention downtown. Some real lookers, huh?

The TV announces the Navy score and
Jim raises his glass.

WALTER

Don't start, James.

JIM

All I'm saying is that if Ricky was a guard during that game.

HARRY

(egging Jim on)

What game would that be, Jim?

JIM

It was an Army/Navy game ... a long time ago.

(Walter puts his head on the bar.)

And I was the quarterback and Walter here was the tailback. Our team was down five points with seconds left to play. We were on the one yard line. I was going to pass to Walter here, but the right guard, Wolfman Smith, missed his block.

WALTER

Wolfman Smith! You gotta be kidding me. You add on to the story every time you tell it. Besides, you fumbled the freakin' ball and lost the damn game. You were the goat, not a hero. Why do you like telling that story?

JIM

If I would've scored that touchdown, my whole life would be different. People would know me. I would be a celebrity now.

WALTER

Well, you didn't score a touchdown. You fumbled the ball and you're a nobody, just like me. So, deal with it.

HARRY

You're retired cops. You're heroes in life, Walter.

WALTER

Yeah, yeah. Heroes. But we're not football heroes. Ooo!

JIM

I fumbled on the one-yard line. And you know what? I'm gonna make up for that during the current day Army/Navy game, because I'm gonna score that touchdown I should've scored a long time ago. And I'm gonna do it naked. No equipment. Just a jock strap. And you and Dustin can block for me.

WALTER

Are you happy, Harry? You got him started and now he's not going to stop.

CUSTOMER ONE

Were you a professional football player?

WALTER

(To Harry and pointing to the customer.)

Don't allow him to come in here anymore.

JIM

Yes, I was.

CUSTOMER ONE

Were you any good?

JIM

Well, yes, I was. I was very good, in fact. But I got hurt.

(Jim points to the TV)

You see. That's all I needed was to have someone like Ricky on the line. I cudda been a contender.

Dustin comes back, shakes his leg and
sits next to Walter and --

DUSTIN

He's talking about his screw-up again?

WALTER

Hasn't stopped since we got here!

(to Jim)

You were a professional football player at one time and that's saying something ...

JIM

Nobody remembers me, Walter.

WALTER

That's not true. I'm sure everyone remembers the fumble.

(laughs heartily - reconsiders)

We all have our misgivings, Jim. Suck it up.

JIM

Really? Okay, then what's yours? Misgivings, I mean.

WALTER

I haven't had a boner in ... who knows. In a while.

JIM

That's a goal? Hmm! Well, what good would that do anyway? Gloria is not here -- God bless her soul -- and you're too ugly and old to hold the interest of another woman.

DUSTIN

You know what would put a smile on my face?

JIM

(Ignoring Dustin.)

No one would want to have sex with you, Walter.

WALTER

Shh! Not so loud.

DUSTIN

If I could go to the bathroom and pee normally.

JIM

(Still ignoring Dustin.)

How long you been impotent?

WALTER

Keep your damn voice down. Don't say that word in public.

DUSTIN

Three months. You told me the other day it was three months.

WALTER

And don't even ask me to take Viagra. I'm sure if I had the opportunity I'd be fine. Let's change the subject.

DUSTIN

(Has a goofy smile)

You know what would make me very happy? If I could pee normally again.

WALTER

That's what would make you very happy?

DUSTIN

Yes. You don't know how it is. When I go into the bathroom I don't know if I'm going to hit the target or if I'm going to pee down my leg. That's why I sit down when I pee, sometimes.

JIM

You forgot to mention the smell.

HARRY

(to anyone who will listen)

Well, let me see. Walter would be forever grateful if he could get a good stiff one going. Dustin here wishes he could take a healthy pee again. Jim wants to run around naked in front of twelve-year-olds with just a jock strap on.

(to Dustin)

Seems to be a phallus theme going on, don't you think?

ANNOUNCER BRET (V.O.)

Touchdown!! Navy scores.

JIM

(victory pose; yelling)

Navy is gonna win again.

CUSTOMER ONE

(To Jim)

So, now what does this all mean?

WALTER

(Sees Jim deep in thought.)

Please, Jim. Don't. We don't want to hear this again.

(to Harry)

Harry, nice weather, isn't it. Give me another beer.

JIM

(theatrically - over the top)

I'd go to Franklin Stadium and I'd climb on to the field and, with a football tucked under my arm ...

WALTER

(to Customer One)

I don't think I like you OR your mother.

JIM

I'd climb on to the field and I'd run from one end zone to the other. And I'd score that damn touchdown I should've made thirty-something years ago.

WALTER

(singing)

Old McDonald had a farm. Ee-yi-ee-yi-ooo ...

DUSTIN

(Raises his hands above his head)

Touchdown! Jim scores!

WALTER

And on this farm he had TWO schmucks. Ee-yi-ee-yi-ooo ...

JIM

Exactly. Thank you, Dustin.

WALTER

With a-- (farting sound) here and a-- (farting sound) there.

DUSTIN

Don't forget naked. You said you wanted to do this naked.

WALTER

You'll never get past the security guards, Jim.

JIM

There's no security guard today who could stop me.

WALTER

Two hundred security guards with billy-clubs sure could.

(beat)

Remember that nut case that ran onto the baseball field last summer. Well, you'd be just like him, Mr. Macho. An Idiot.

JIM

No, they wouldn't. The man's a hero. He's been on TV talk shows all over the place. And I'm going to run down the field without any clothes on. Well, except for maybe a jock strap. You don't want to get blue balls, you know?

(MORE)

JIM (CONT'D)

(beat)

I was going to wait to surprise you. But Ricky already promised me three tickets to the game and I was going to take you and Dustin with me. I can't do it alone, Walter. I'll need you guys with me to run interference.

DUSTIN

Yes. I'll do it. I'll run down the field naked with you.

JIM

Thank you, Dustin. At least I have one friend.

WALTER

I already told you I'd do it. So, will you stop. But I'm not taking my clothes off. You have as much chance of getting me naked on the football field as you have of getting one of those women over there on the couch in Harry's office. Alone.

Walter points to the far end of the stage where the women are sitting.

WALTER (CONT'D)

You go over there and if you can get one woman in the office ... hey, Harry, you still have that couch in the office?

(Harry nods)

You get one of those women in Harry's office and I'll go to the Army/Navy game with you and run down the field naked.

JIM

Okay. You're on. Hey, Harry, can I use your office for a bit?

(Harry nods again)

WALTER

This won't take long, Harry. A slap in the face doesn't take but a second.

Jim slowly meanders down the bar and stops by a table and tries to say something but can't speak. One woman, needs a hairdo, and the other woman looks up at a frozen and awkward man.

WOMAN TWO

Can we help you?

Jim stares at an ugly picture on the wall. He points and stammers.

WOMAN ONE

Are you okay, Mister?

JIM

Yes. I'm just admiring the picture. I love the pastels.

Jim walks back to the bar only to find Walter laughing hysterically.

WALTER

Hey, macho dude, you're really the suave one.

JIM

Mr. ERECTILE Dysfunction has a big mouth.

(A beat)

You're so suave, twenty bucks says you can't do it either.

Walter looks to Dustin and Harry who both are waiting for his response.

WALTER

You hold that twenty, James. I'll be back.

Walter walks to where Woman One who has the bad hairdo.

WALTER

Ladies, this is your lucky day. I just made a bet with that gentleman at the bar ... that ugly dude over there.

(points)

He says I can't successfully proposition one of you women.

(pause)

So, to teach him a lesson I took the bet. I'll give any of you the twenty dollars to go in the office in back and just talk. No messin' around, mind you. Just talk. But make it look like we had something going on.

(MORE)

WALTER (CONT'D)

(no takers)

Just go into the office with me to teach him a lesson. We'll talk for a few minutes and then we'll leave and, well, maybe you can untuck your shirt and mess up your hair a little and make it look like we did something. Okay?

Walter shuffles a couple of steps over to the Mystery Woman and starts to say something but she gets up, extends her hand, and they go into the office.

LIGHTS FADE IN at the office space
(SL) while LIGHTS DIM in the bar.

MYSTERY WOMAN

Okay, big boy. Now that you've strutted in here showing off to your friends, what do you want to do now?

WALTER

All I want is to just sit and talk.

(She tries to pull him down to the couch.)

This is not what I meant. I can't do this. You don't understand ... I'm still in love with my wife. The angels took her from me some months ago, and my heart went with her.

MYSTERY WOMAN

That's so sweet. Okay.

Then, as if auditioning for a Harry-Met-Sally part in a movie, the Mystery Woman messes up her hair and starts moaning without provocation.

While lights DIM on the office,
lights FADE IN On the bar section.

The Bar folks watch the TV while Harry washes glasses and once he slaps on the wall causes the ugly picture to fall, they all moan with varying degrees of shock (improvise).

LIGHTS FADE IN on SL (office) while
lights stay on in the bar section.

MYSTERY WOMAN

(Chuckles.)

Okay, cowboy. I believe you owe me twenty dollars.

Walter reaches into his pocket and hands
her the money.

They open the door and step out of the
office to center left to an APPLAUSE
that Walter is unlikely to forget.

The Mystery Woman kisses Walter gently
on the cheek, and then walks past the
woman with the bad hairdo and tosses
the twenty dollars on her table.

MYSTERY WOMAN

Here. Go get your hair done.

Walter struts over to the bar and
sits. He looks up at the TV.

ANNOUNCER BRET (V.O.)

So Navy has a winning season, Phil.

BLACKOUT

Scene 6

LIGHTS FADE IN On SR, the
Retirement Center's Recreation Room

Jim plays checkers with Dustin. Jim
cackles as he does a multiple jump.

Lester, Ted and the ladies are at another
table playing a card game.

Denise strolls up to Jim and Dustin with a
bottle of medicine in her hand.

DENISE

Here's some of your mail, Dustin. Will you please tell people
what cabin number you live in?

(She exits as Walter enters.)

WALTER

You owe me twenty dollars, Jim. For what happened at the bar.
I did it when you couldn't.

As Jim pulls out a twenty-dollar bill--

TED

Hey, what's the money for?

JIM

(yelling)

Walter got laid last night.

WALTER

Shut up. Ah, I don't want your money.

(Shakes his head to Sandra. To Jim)

Put it back in your wallet. And shut your mouth. Just shut
your mouth about it.

JIM

(Puts the money back in his wallet.)

You're delusional. Ricky's coming over any minute. He's got
the tickets to the big game. You want to go, you shut up.

DUSTIN

Are we still going to run butt naked down the field?

JIM

Absolutely!

WALTER

NO!

Jim spots Ricky and waves him over to the table. They embrace.

RICKY

(As he hands Jim the tickets)

I got 5 tickets. Gave Uncle Jason 2. You got the other 3.

JIM

Thanks, Ricky.

RICKY

Hi ya, boys.

Jim waves the tickets.

DUSTIN

Thank you, Mr. Greene ... Very much!

WALTER

Yes. Thank you, Ricky. That was very nice of you. But I have to apprise you of a situation. Your grandfather intends to run onto the football field during the big game this year.

RICKY

(Grabs the tickets back)

I don't believe you.

(to Walt)

Ever since I was a kid he talked about doing that.

JIM

(to Walt)

I don't believe you said that. What's the matter with you?

(to Ricky)

Ok. I'm not going to do it. May I have the tickets back?

RICKY

What's the matter with you? You think by running around like an jerk at the Army/Navy game is going to immortalize you?

DUSTIN

(Innocently)

And he's going to do it naked.

RICKY

(to Jim)

You're a piece of work, Grandpa. Let me tell you something. If you did try to do this, I would personally tackle you. I would bring you down, so hard, and I'm just the person to do it. You're not going to get these tickets back.

JIM

(to Ricky)

There's no college lineman playing today who could stop me.

RICKY

(at the exit, yelling)

Yeah. Well, I certainly could.

(to Walter and Dustin)

Sorry, boys.

(exits)

DUSTIN

I got to pee.

As Dustin leaves, Walter gets up from the table, covers a bit and--

WALTER

What? You should've told me this was a sore spot with your grandson. And you shouldn't've yell out I got laid last night so everyone could hear you. I'm going to see Gloria at the grave site. I'll take the bus.

(exits)

LIGHTS DIM on a brooding Jim.

BLACKOUT

Scene 7

LIGHTS FADE IN On SL - Ricky's House. Adjacent is Ricky's neighbor's house. Jim's car (chairs) is curbside.

Ricky exits the house (SL). He sees Jim who gets out of the car and--

RICKY

I'm waiting for my ride. And don't ask me for the tickets back, because I don't have them.

JIM

But I told you, Ricky, I'm not going to do it.

RICKY

I don't believe you, grandpa. You've been talking about doing that ever since I can remember.

(pause)

I love you very much, and I am where I am today largely because of you. So, don't think I'm not grateful. I am.

JIM

Then give me the tickets back.

RICKY

I told you. I don't have the tickets anymore.

Ricky's neighbor, MR. HARTLEY, appears in the background taking out the garbage. He waves and smiles.

MR. HARTLEY

Good luck this Sunday, Ricky. Thanks again for the tickets.

JIM

(To Ricky - with total disbelief.)

You gave the tickets to your neighbor?

RICKY

I was angry at you, Grandpa. I'm sorry.

JIM

I don't believe it.

RICKY

Listen, I don't want to talk about this.

JIM

Then I'll ask for the tickets back.

RICKY

No! You won't. Here's my ride. I gotta leave.

Ricky starts to leave as Walter exits
the car.

WALTER

Let him go, Jim.

RICKY

(to Walter in a sidebar -)

I love my grandfather a lot, Walter. And it's safe to say
that while growing up I really thought it was a cool idea
that an old fart like him wanted to run down the field. But I
grew up, and he didn't. Look at him.

Jim stands by his car, pouting.

WALTER

Don't worry about him. He'll get over it. Good luck, Ricky.

RICKY

Thanks. Tell him ... maybe next year. I gotta go.
(exits SR)

JIM

What are we going to do now, Walter?

WALTER

Come on. I gotta a plan.

The SOUND of 'tick-tock', or the fade out/in of lights create the illusion some time has passed.

It is the same setting except it's night, so the lighting has a nighttime quality to it. The lights at the Hartley's house are on.

Our three heroes sit in Jim's car.

WALTER

So. we park here and wait until the lights go out.

JIM

But what if he has the tickets in the bedroom?

WALTER

Then we're screwed. Hopefully, he has them downstairs in a study or a den or in a desk, or something.

Jim eyes Dustin.

WALTER

Don't worry about him. He's fine.

(to Dustin)

Don't forget. What are you supposed to be doing?

DUSTIN

I'm the driver in case we need a fast getaway.

(Jim moans.)

WALTER

What time is it?

DUSTIN

Eleven o'clock.

(The house lights go out downstairs. Seconds later the upstairs lights go on.)

WALTER

Ok. Lights just went on in the bedroom. It won't be long now.

DUSTIN

Shouldn't we be doing this when they are out of the house?

WALTER

Nah. A lot of house robberies are committed when the owners are home, asleep.

DUSTIN

How are you going to get in if the door is locked?

WALTER

(Pulls out lock-picks from his pocket.)

I got a set of lock-picks. Haven't used them in years, but I still got the touch. It's like riding a bicycle.

Walter blows on his fingers while the lights go out upstairs. The whole house is dark now except for a flickering light in a downstairs window at Stage Left (SL).

Finally. Upstairs lights are out.

DUSTIN

What's that flickering light downstairs?

WALTER

TV, I guess.

DUSTIN

Shouldn't we wait some?

WALTER

Yes, Dustin, we should wait some. Most people are asleep in twenty minutes. The tickets are probably in an envelope. We should be looking for an envelope. What else ... what else?

DUSTIN

Shouldn't you take the tickets and leave the envelope?

JIM

For crying out loud! What's with all the questions?

WALTER

No, that's an excellent question. I already thought about that, good buddy. I got three Mr. Donut coupons.

(pulls out 3 tickets from his wallet)

They made them just like last year's tickets. They're the same size and shape. See. I showed them to Jim already.

(Waves the tickets.)

JIM

They have a picture of a donut on it, for crying out loud.

WALTER

But the back is identical to last year's tickets. It's an advertising gimmick. It'll work. Trust me.

Walter puts the tickets in his shirt pocket.

JIM

How are you doing, Dustin? You have to pee?

DUSTIN

No. I don't have to pee. Do you have to pee?

The SOUND of 'tick-tock', or the fade out/in of lights create the illusion time has passed. The downstairs window still shows the flickering light.

WALTER

Okay. They probably left the TV on. It's time.

(nudges Dustin)

You stay in the car. Don't go anywhere. Understood?

DUSTIN

I'll be here in case you need a fast getaway.

Jim and Walter exit the car and walk toward the house.

WALTER

Dustin will be fine. Being the driver makes him feel like he's part of this operation.

JIM

(rolls his eyes)

"Operation". What do you think, we're breaking into Fort Knox? Anyway, Duston shouldn't've come. Pure and simple.

(They reach the house and Walter immediately starts to wiggle the pics in the lock. Jim turns the doorknob, and the door opens.

LIGHTS STAY ON SL while LIGHTS FADE
IN SR on HARTLEY'S HOUSE (TV Room,
den). The Hartleys left the TV on.
This set can be real or imagined.

JIM

You're a big 'operator' all right.

(sees the flickering light in the side room)

They did leave the TV on. Should I shut it off?

Walter waves him off and they continue down the hallway. Walter spots the den and they tiptoe in.

Meanwhile, Dustin exits the car and investigates the flickering light.

Meanwhile, Walter and Jim continue rummaging through the study.

Dustin sneaks up to the TV room window. He sees the TV on, so he walks into the house and into the TV room.)

In the den Jim opens a desk drawer and finds an envelope. He opens it.

JIM

Bingo!

Walter exchange the Army/Navy tickets with the donut tickets, and then puts the envelope back in the desk drawer.

WALTER

Good. Let's get outta here.

They leave and cross stage to the car.

JIM

You gotta be faster than that if you're gonna block for me.

Jim and Walter look into the car. They flip their attention toward the house.

WALTER AND JIM

Shit!

MRS. HARTLEY (O.S.)

Honey. I think I left the TV on downstairs.

SOUND: Dustin lets out with a burst of laughter. He slaps his knee.

MR. HARTLEY (O.S.)

Call the cops. I think someone broke into the house.

The entire STAGE goes dark. Red lights FLASH-sirens BLAST-a whistle BLOWS; the police have arrived.

LIGHTS FADE IN on HARTLEY'S KITCHEN

The Hartleys, Jim, Walt, Dustin and a POLICEMAN huddle SR in the kitchen.

WALTER

Really, Officer. It's that simple. Dustin gets confused sometimes. He wanders off non-compos mentis and we're the only ones who can find him.

COP

Something doesn't make sense to me, Mr. Grimm. Why did he wander here? It's after midnight. Why here?

JIM

Oh, that's simple. Dustin, Walter and myself were over here this morning visiting Ricky.

COP

That doesn't make any sense either, Mr. Greene.

MR. HARTLEY

I saw them officer. They were here this morning saying goodbye to Ricky. I did see them.

JIM

That's right. You see, I came here to wish my grandson luck.

COP

I still don't understand.

(sighs - gives up)

Mr. Hartley, has anything been stolen?

MR. HARTLEY

No ... Oh, wait.

While Mr. Hartley bolts to the desk,
Jim and Walter hold their breath.

Mr. Hartley opens the desk drawer and
picks up the envelope and does NOT
look inside. Everyone watches him for
a few breathless seconds. Mr. Hartley
puts the envelope back where it was
and closes the drawer.

MR. HARTLEY

No. I don't think anything is missing, Officer.

WALTER

It's like we said before. Dustin's a knucklehead. That's all.

DUSTIN

Yeah. I'm a knucklehead.

COP

(to Mr. Hartley)

Do you want to press charges?

MR. HARTLEY

Out of respect for Mr. Greene's grandson! No.

COP

Okay, you three. Let's go. Get into your car, and you follow me to the center.

(As the cop escorts them out -)

WALTER

They don't have to know about this, do they?

COP

I know Denise Thacker over there. She runs a tight ship and I'm sure she would want to know about this.

WALTER

Yeah. I'm sure she would.

(The cop exits the stage while the men huddle together in secret.)

We're screwed.

DUSTIN

Let's make a getaway now.

WALTER

You can't make a getaway once you're caught, you nincompoop.

JIM

(to Walt)

I told you this would happen.

(BLACKOUT)

Scene 8

LIGHTS FADE IN On SL - The Center.

Walter reads a magazine while Jim performs sit-ups.

JIM

I told you so. I told you we shouldn't've brought Dustin.

WALTER

Shut up. Nothing happened, so quit whining.

JIM

Do you think Denise will report us?

WALTER

To the Board? Who cares if she does? This is a private retirement center and Sandra and Lester are on the Board. They'll never kick us out of here.

(Jim continues doing sit-ups.)

What do you think, that working out for a couple of days is going to get you into shape?

JIM

I'm in better shape than most forty-year-olds.

(Ted enters and plops down the box.)

TED

Got these from David Jones at the YMCA. These were left behind over the years. Why do you want them, anyway?

Walter peeks in and pulls a jock strap out as if it had not been washed.

WALTER

Thanks, Ted. We're going to take ballet lessons.

TED

Yeah. Right. You guys ...

(Exits.)

JIM

How many jock straps are in there?

WALTER

Ten thousand. Why do we have to wear jocks anyway? They're uncomfortable as hell.

JIM

Have you ever run around naked without them? If you have, you know how painful it can be. You don't want your gazuntas banging in the breeze. Very painful.

WALTER

Gazuntas? I never heard them called that. Testicles, maybe. Balls, nuts, rocks, ballocks, bag of nuts, family jewels ...

JIM

Alright, alright. Gees. What's the matter with you?

WALTER

Nothing. What's the matter with you?

(pause)

You know, I swear. I hope this is worth it for you, cause I don't see you getting past the ten yard line. The security guards are going to nail your gazuntas to the turf. Mine too.

(While Jim looks into the box ...)

What size do you take?

JIM

Large!

(A deadpan stare from Walter)

What's your problem?

WALTER

If you take large then that means I must take extra large.

JIM

Oh, please!!!

WALTER

You've seen me in the men's shower at the rec center?

JIM

Walter!

(sighs)

It's not as if you're going to get an erection, you know. They're suppose to hold you tight, not loose. That's how they protect you.

(reaches in the box)

Here. Take this. You're a medium. Don't flatter yourself.

WALTER

We need to get one for Dustin.

(They both look in the box, then at each other.)

WALTER AND JIM

Small.

As Jim grabs a size small from the box Denise enters and goes to her station.

Walter and Denise exchange 'looks'

WALTER

(to Jim)

We have to find Dustin. Come on. Let's go to the park.

JIM

Maybe he got hit by a cement truck?

DENISE

Walter, will you come here, please.

WALTER

(To Jim)

I'll be right back. Let me see what the wicked witch from my recent nightmare wants.

(He crosses over to Denise and--)

DENISE

I just wanted to let you know that Dustin is at Bellevue.

LIGHTS FLICKER a bit when the word
'Bellevue' is spoken.

WALTER

What the ... You had no right to send him there.

DENISE

Breaking into a house was the last straw, Walter. We can't
have our residents wandering around and walking into private
homes in the dead of night. We have rules.

(pause)

You know in your heart that Mr. Fisk belongs in Bellevue.
Besides, he signed the papers willingly. He'll get help for
some of his problems at Bellevue.

WALTER

Still, you should've told us.

DENISE

Oh, you're the next of kin, are you?

WALTER

Dustin has no next of kin.

DENISE

Exactly.

WALTER

Yes, exactly. Which means we are his next of kin, you ...
gargoyle. He'll die in that place.

DENISE

We all have to die sometime.

(beat)

I didn't mean to say that. Listen, Walter, I don't want to
argue with you. Dustin has some issues he needs to take care
of. If he doesn't, he going to end up hurting himself ... or
someone else.

WALTER

How can someone like Dustin hurt anyone? The worst thing that
happens to him on any given day is that he pees down his leg.

DENISE

Like I said, at Bellevue, he'll get help for that.

WALTER

You're a pismire! And in case you're wondering, a pismire is any animal that has an anal opening bigger than its mouth.

DENISE

Get out of here, Walter. Before I do something rash.

Walter quivers, a mocked shiver, then waves for Jim to come over.

DENISE (CONT'D)

Wait. Do you remember the accident Dustin was in last year when he wandered off and got hit by a car, remember?

WALTER

He was fine. Had a tiny bruise on his leg. Big deal.

DENISE

Yeah. But did you know that the driver was so emotionally distraught she had to be taken to the hospital with Dustin?

WALTER

Yeah. We know that. She was a little shook up, that's all.

DENISE

Two weeks later she had a heart attack and died. We never told you guys that because we didn't want to burden Dustin.

Jim arrives, and as they leave --

JWALTER

They sent him to Bellevue.

LIGHTS FLICKER again.

JIM

(Ponders that info a second then--)

That's too bad. Well, I guess it's just me and you.

WALTER

I told you before; I'm not going to the game without Dustin.
And don't give me that 'I told you so look'.

JIM

But I did tell you so. We shouldn't've taken him with us.

WALTER

Come on.

JIM

Where are we going?

WALTER

Bellevue.

Another FLICKER.

BLACKOUT

Scene 9

LIGHTS FADE IN On SR - BELLEVUE:
The Men's Ward: similar stage setting as the first Bellevue scene.

Walter and Jim are crossing stage to the nurse's station.

JIM

Aren't they going to recognize you here?

WALTER

Nah. The male residents are in a totally different wing. Different nurses.

They approach the nurse's station.
Female NURSE ONE is busy at the desk.
Walter coughs to get her attention.

NURSE ONE

Can I help you?

WALTER

Yes. Did you just admit Dustin Fisk?

NURSE ONE

Yes. Why do you want to know?

WALTER

We're here to make sure that we can pick him up on Sunday because we're going to the Army/Navy game.

NURSE ONE

Oh, no. You can't do that.

WALTER

Why not?

NURSE ONE

Who are you?

WALTER

We're his family.

NURSE ONE

I was told he doesn't have family.

WALTER

Yeah. Well, you were told wrong. We're like brothers to him.

NURSE ONE

Oh. I see. Well Mister ...

WALTER

Grimm.

(The nurse looks sternly at Jim.)

JIM

Greene. Jim Greene.

NURSE ONE

Well, gentlemen, if that's what you're called, he's getting a physical right now, and until he gets a psychological work up by Doctor Almquist, he's not going anywhere.

WALTER

What are you talking about?

NURSE ONE

Our patients ... excuse me ...

(with an attitude)

... our res-a-dents ... need to be approved by Doctor Almquist as fit to leave with minimal supervision. Furthermore, since you're not family, you need to be approved as well, and judging from what I can see, that might be a difficult trick.

WALTER

Oh, really.

(ponders)

Okay. Then let's see the Doctor.

(to Jim)

He'll straighten everything out.

NURSE ONE

Wrong again cowboy. I'm afraid Doctor Almquist only comes here on Mondays and Wednesdays.

WALTER

(to Jim)

What's today?

JIM

Friday?

WALTER

(getting angry)

But the game is the day after tomorrow.

NURSE ONE

So sorry. Now if you don't mind, I have work to do.

JIM

(As he whisks Walter away,)

Okay, we tried. The fight's over.

WALTER

What are you, kidding? We haven't even begun to fight.

(They exit SL.)

BLACKOUT

Scene 10

LIGHTS UP on SL - The Center;

Jim and Walter walk up to the house phone where a telephone book lies open on the table.

JIM

This is not going to work. She'll recognize your voice.

WALTER

No, she won't. I met Dr. Almquist. He's got a little accent. German, maybe. Who knows. I'm playing his assistant, anyway. Hey, I was undercover for awhile in my career. I know how to disguise myself. Some bushy eyebrows, a little wig.

(changes his voice)

Put a little sand in the voice.

(back to normal voice)

I know what I'm doing. Shut up.

JIM

This is not gonna work. Bushy eyebrows and wigs don't work on the phone.

WALTER

But a little sand in the voice will. Watch me, and learn, if that's possible.

(Picks up the phone, pages through the phone book and dials. After a couple of seconds--

INTERCUT Nurse and Walter who disguises his voice.

WALTER

Hello. Is this the nurse's station for the men?

NURSE ONE

Yes it is.

WALTER

Well, hello, this is Doctor Neuberger. I'm Doctor Almquist's assistant and I just saw two gentlemen who want to take a new patient to an Army/Navy game this Sunday.

NURSE ONE

Yes, doctor. They were here earlier.

WALTER

Well, I think these two fine gentlemen are psychologically fit to take out Mr. Fisk.

NURSE ONE

What did you say your name was, Doctor?

WALTER

Doctor Neuberger.

NURSE ONE

Why isn't Doctor Almquist making this phone call, Doctor?

WALTER

Oh, that's easy to answer. He isn't here.

(Jim shakes his head and sits down)

He went on a long weekend vacation.

NURSE ONE

Where to?

WALTER

Well, if you must know, he went upstate, somewhere.

NURSE ONE

Well, Doctor, we have rules on new residents. You have to examine Mr. Fisk and sign the proper forms.

WALTER

Of course. Of course. I know that. That's why I ... um, that's why I'm calling. I'll come over there to examine Mr. Fisk myself, if you don't mind. The game is this Sunday.

(Waits for an answer)

NURSE ONE

I didn't know Doctor Almquist had an assistant.

WALTER

Yes, indeed. I guess you don't know everything young lady, do you? I've been his assistant for about a month now.

NURSE ONE

Well, I didn't mean ... I mean, I never implied I didn't believe you.

WALTER

I'm a highly competent doctor. Over twenty-five years experience with brain sicknesses. I was originally a foot doctor, but that was sort of boring. Ten little piggies and all. The brain is much more interesting, don't you think? Anyway, I'll be over shortly.

NURSE ONE

We're close to a tour change here, so I'll tell the incoming shift to expect you. Have a good weekend, Doctor Neuberger.

WALTER

Thank you, Nurse.

(Walter hangs up.)

LIGHTS DIM Stage Left.

WALTER

And that's how it's done, James. The party's back on. We're going to bust him out.

JIM

I don't know. I got a bad feeling about this.

WALTER

Wait'll you see my disguise. Then you'll think differently.

(pause)

This is Dustin's last hurrah too, you know?

BLACKOUT

Scene 11

FADE IN On SL: the men's Nurses Station at Bellevue. One side of the station is Dr. Almquist's room - two chairs, a desk and books. The other side is where the NURSE'S station is.

Two female NURSES work the station. Walter enters as Doctor Neuberger disguised with a wig, mustache, and black glasses. Actually, he looks years younger; a great disguise. Looks surreal - a caricature of himself.

NURSE TWO takes a long look at Walter and Walter takes a long look at Nurse Two. Walter disguises his voice.

WALTER

Hello. I'm Doctor Neuberger. I'm here to evaluate Mr. Fisk.

Nurse Two hands Walter forms and then ushers him into Dr. Almquist's room.

NURSE TWO

We've been expecting you. Please wait here, Doctor.

While waiting, he saunters around the room and sees medical books on mental health. Walter opens section of a book that has Rorschach image.

He puts the book face up on the desk, then notices a folder in the desk and begins reading it with interest then walks over to the window, looks out, waves, and --

WALTER

Jim. Jim over here. What are you doing?

JIM (O.S.)

I'm waiting for you. What are you doing?

WALTER

Nothing ... They're bringing Dustin in. I'm going to see if he recognizes me. Oops, here they come.

Walter rushes back to his seat at the desk just as Dustin is escorted in. The Nurse leaves and Dustin sits down.

Dustin does NOT recognize Walter.

WALTER

(disguising his voice)

Well, Mr. Fisk. Tell me, do you like it here?

DUSTIN

It's all right. I liked it better where I live.

WALTER

Hmm. Do you bop the bonzo?

(Dustin's face is full of confusion.)

You know. Choke the bald guy ... Do the pork sword jiggle, the five knuckle shuffle on the ole piss pump. Bop the bonzo. Fondle the pig. Pet the lizard.

(pause)

Do you masturbate, numbnuts?

(Dustin belts out with a nervous chuckle.)

What's so funny?

DUSTIN

That's a strange question to ask for a doctor. Besides, I can't even pee right, let alone do what you just said.

WALTER

Masturbate. Got trouble with that word too, Mr. Fisk?

DUSTIN

Hey, listen, my problems aren't like that. I just told the other doctor if he can get me to pee normal, I'd be very grateful.

WALTER

Don't worry about it. Everybody has peeing problems.

DUSTIN

(sits up straight)

Really? Like what?

WALTER

Sure. Most men have peeing problems. Why do you think men wear dark pants? Maybe they shake their peckers a little too vigorously, or too soon, maybe. A couple of drops get on their pants. Women notice that, you know? That's why most men wear dark pants so they can hide their ... embarrassments.

DUSTIN

Really? Wow! I didn't know that.

WALTER

Well, now you know. You check it out the next time you're in the men's room. So, don't feel so bad.

DUSTIN

Well, my condition is a little worse than that, Doc. I feel like I have to go all the time, and I ...

WALTER

Listen, we haven't got time to talk about your peeing problems. We have to discuss some psychological things. I need to certify you if you want to go to the big game. You do want to go to the Army/Navy game, don't you?

(responding to Dustin's nod)

Good! Good!

(pushes the book over to Dustin)

This is an Inkblot test. I want you to study it and tell me what it looks like to you? Take your time and hurry up.

DUSTIN

(looks at the INKBLOT with interest)

It looks like a man peeing in a stream.

WALTER

(Takes a LONG look at the inkblot.)

What the hell's the matter with you? It looks like a butterfly. Why can't you just say it's a butterfly. Normal people would say it's a butterfly.

DUSTIN

Well, I'm not normal.

WALTER

You can say that again.

(While writing on the form.)

B-U-T-T-E-R-F-L-Y

(Reads the form and fills it out.)

No ... DNA ... DNA ... No

DUSTIN

What does my DNA have to do with anything?

WALTER

It's 'does not apply', knucklehead. You don't have a menstrual cycle, do you? Reached menopause yet? Good. Then shut up. It's DNA.

DUSTIN

Hey, what kind of doctor are you? That's no way to talk to a patient. I got a problem with my kidneys or bladder or something ... nobody seems to understand that. I'd rather be dead than have to live another day like this.

WALTER

Ok. Ok. Put a pillow over your face and end your misery.

(Reaches for the folder and opens it.)

Hey, do you know this guy Charlie Petzinger?

DUSTIN

No. I'm new here, remember?

WALTER

Says here that he gets an erection every night when he goes to bed and half the time he has ... you know. Sex dreams.

DUSTIN

You shouldn't be telling me that about another patient. What kind of doctor are you?

WALTER

I'm not a doctor, you ninny. It's me. Walter.

Walter takes off his wig temporarily.
Dustin looks confused so Walter
escorts him to the window.

JIM (O.S.)

Hi, Dustin. Will you guys hurry up?

WALTER

(Pulls Dustin away from the window.)

Okay. We gotta end this. I had to do this, buddy. They weren't going to let you go to the the big game with us unless the voo-doo doctor saw you ...

(taps Dustin on the head)

... and signed the papers saying your noggin has blood pumping through it. The real shrink wouldn't be able to see you until Wednesday. So, I took his place. Cool caper, huh?

(Ushers Dustin to the door.)

Now go. Don't talk to any of the nurses about this.

(as Dustin exits, Walter yells--)

You're a fine specimen, Mr. Fisk.

(To Nurse Two.)

He's a strapping young man, don't you think, Nurse? You better go get him before he gets too far.

Nurse Two takes her time getting
Dustin. Walter walks back to the room
and starts filling out the forms.

LIGHTS STAY On Dustin: DIM On Walter.

Dustin opens a door. A scream bellows
out, so he closes the door, waits a
beat and opens the door again. Another
scream. Nurse Two and Three rush to
Dustin and hauls him off stage.

LIGHTS Back On Walter

Walter has finished filling out the forms and walks to the nurses station.

WALTER

(To Nurse Three)

Charlie Petzinger's room. What number is it?

NURSE THREE

Four-oh-one.

Walter hands Nurse Three the forms, then heads SR for room 401.

LIGHTS DIM SL as LIGHTS ON full on SR, ROOM 401; has a clock radio and a tape player on a night table.

Walter enters and sees CHARLES PETZINGER in bed snoozing and moaning as if he's having a pleasant dream.

WALTER

Wake up. I'm Doctor Neuberger. I need to know something.

(pause)

Don't give me that groggy look. I was looking in your folder and I noticed that you have sex dreams most nights.

CHARLES

Who are you?

WALTER

What are you, deaf? I just told you, I'm Doctor Neuberger.

CHARLES

What do you want?

WALTER

Listen. I just asked you a question. I haven't got time for this crap. Now, if you don't tell me what I want to know, then I'm going to beat it out of you, you old prick. Why do you have wet dreams all the time?

CHARLES

God Bless America.

WALTER

Listen you runt, tell me straight or I'll ...

CHARLES

I just told you. Every night before I go to bed I listen to Kate Smith sing, God Bless America.

WALTER

You mean to tell me, a song does it for you?

(Charles pulls the covers up to his nose and slowly nods.)

Well, I'll be. You pervert.

(Walter pats Charles arm.)

I'm sorry that I scared you, old man.

(pause)

You get an erection every night?

(Charles nods.)

You taking anything? Viagra?

(Charles shakes his head.)

Go back to sleep, old man. If I were you, I'd put the head set on, hit the repeat button, and sleep all damn day.

(Walter leaves Petzinger's room and breezes by the Nurses Station. Nurse Three bolts from behind the station.)

Gotta go. Gotta go.

NURSE THREE

Wait. Doctor ...

(chases Walt)

There's questions here. I can't process this until you...

WALTER

(stops)

What?

NURSE THREE

It asks if Dustin has any psychosis and you answered, 'He has normal psychosis'. What does that mean?

WALTER

It means he's as healthy or as sick as any one else here.

NURSE THREE

Well, then you should've answered, 'No'.

Walter takes the clipboard, grabs a pencil from the nurse, and writes 'NO', then hands the clipboard and pencil back to the nurse.

NURSE THREE

Wait. You answered most of the questions as "Does Not Apply". What does that even mean.

WALTER

Dustin doesn't have any obsessive behaviors. He's not crazy or depressed, not morbidly self-centered, or overweight, and he doesn't play with his genitals every night before going to sleep like some people we know, right?

NURSE THREE

But he can't control his bladder. Doctor Malano says ...

WALTER

I don't care what Doctor Malano says. If anything, Dustin has penis neglect.

NURSE THREE

(chuckles)

Oh, I see. That was a joke.

WALTER

(As he exits.)

Maybe one of you cute nurses can help him out every once and a while.

BLACKOUT

Scene 12

STAGE REMAINS DARK. Franklin Stadium. The Announcers speak OS. MONA is visible but her observations are improvisational.

ANNOUNCER BRET (O.S.)

Hello, everyone. I'm Bret Thompson and welcome to the Army-Navy game on this sunny, seventy-two degree day. Mona Crespo is down on the field. Mona, what's going on down there?

COMMENTATOR MONA

Well, Bret, it's very quiet down here. But that's going to change shortly. It's only a an hour to game time.

LIGHTS FADE IN on a PORTION of SL which is a PORTION of the lot.

Walt, Dustin, and Jim get their things out of the car including their jock straps with an anchor drawn on it.

DUSTIN

Why can't I run with my clothes on?

JIM

Fine. Run with your clothes on then.

DUSTIN

I can't run a hundred yards. I can't even walk a hundred yards. I'll trip and fall on myself, I know it.

JIM

If you didn't want to do this, you should've told me before. This is no time to back out.

They walk with their raincoats on and look more like private investigators than sports fans.

WALTER

He'll be fine. He's got pre-game jitters is all.

LIGHTS ON entire Stage Left (SL).

The crowd NOISE emanates from the stage speakers alluding that our heroes are surrounded by fans.

DUSTIN

Why do so many people paint their faces.

JIM

Because they're fans. Judging from the looks of things, we're surrounded mostly by Navy fans.

While they walk along the parking lot, we hear the crowd noise; fans arguing; vendors soliciting. One voice rises above the rest.

MONA continues to walk about. The voices of these assumed fans are OS.

MONA

I'm tailgating with both Army and Navy fans, Bret.
(sniffs)
Smells wonderful down here. What's that, mister.

FAN ONE (O.S.)

Barbecued alligator. Have some?

FAN TWO (O.S.)

For crying out loud, have a Coney Island. It's a Nathan's.

While our heroes short-step their way on the ticket line, the speakers continue to portray the festivities.

Jim pulls a football from inside his raincoat and tucks it under his arm.

They reach the attendant who takes the tickets from Jim, rips the tops off, and hands the stubs back.

SL DIMS and LIGHTS FADE IN On SR - the Stadium.

As they enter SR, Jim soaks in a view of the entire stadium all at once. He takes a deep breath and appears to be lost in the excitement of the moment.

DUSTIN

I need to sit. My legs are tired.

Jim looks around as if he is in heaven. Walter must guide his two friends to their seats.

NOTE: The following pre-game and game activities are part of a montage of choreographed stage light and sound effects. These SOUNDS and VISUALS help make our heroes activities believable and take the action through to the second half of the football game.

- A) The music blares from the stadium speakers, then,
- B) The national anthem plays while,
- B) Fire works explode in the end zones while,
- C) The cheerleaders dance at each corner of the stadium
- D) The teams are introduced
- E) The game begins. Heads bang, players grunt, tackles are made. The Announcers (OS) broadcast the game (e.g., Ricky Greene makes a great blocks.

G) The half-time extravaganza begins.
the halftime show ends with fireworks.

JIM

It's time.

(The three men short step their way up the ramp and turn into the men's room and exit SL. The stadium sounds blare and after a few seconds Jim comes out with just a raincoat and sneakers on and a football tucked under his arm and his street clothes rolled up and tucked under his other arm.

Walter comes out next wearing just a raincoat and sneakers and his clothes are bundled up as well.

Dustin comes out with a raincoat and dress shoes.

DUSTIN

I forgot my sneakers.

WALTER

You look fine.

All three fill a plastic garbage bag with their street clothes and tuck it away behind a closed popcorn stand. While they walk back to their seats -

ANNOUNCER BRET (O.S.)

If Army doesn't get their act together pretty soon, Bret, this game is going to be one of the worst Army/Navy game run-a-ways ever. Navy's front line is just too powerful.

WALTER

Hey, Dustin. Keep up.

JIM

Leave him. We haven't got time. We have to stay focused.

(He walks right to the rail.)

Well, Walter. This is it.

Jim jumps the barrier and drags Walter over the rail with him. They are both on the sideline and start to sneak over to one of the end zones. Dustin lags far behind.

ANNOUNCER BRET (O.S.)

Looks like there's a couple of characters wanting to get into the game, Mona.

MONA

The way Army is playing today, they could use the help.

ANNOUNCER BRET (O.S.)

There's a little excitement down on the field. Mona, can you tell us what is going on down there?

MONA

I can, Bret. These two men have wandered onto the field. Guards have surrounded them. Oh, my God! Look at that.

(Jim and Walter take off their raincoats and they stand center stage, naked.)

The men just took off their raincoats, Bret. Oh, my God! They are naked. They seem to be wearing ...OH, MY GOD!!!!

NOTE: Leotards are enough to create the illusion the men are naked.

WALTER

(Looks to the heavens)

Well, Honey. I'm your knight but without the shining armor.

JIM

Let's go, Walter.

NOTE: STROBE LIGHTS FLASH
throughout the remainder of this
scene, which help create the
illusion of images being described
by Mona and Bret.

MONA

They're running down the field, Bret. One has a football
tucked under his arm. The other is blocking. Oh, my God, they
have to be in their sixties.

ANNOUNCER BRET (O.S.)

I see a security guard running up from behind, Mona. The old
man better watch out. Holy cow! The old man stiff-arms the
guard and he goes down hard. I haven't seen a stiff arm like
that for twenty years. That had to hurt.

The noise of the fans pick up.

Ricky steps forward - a PINLIGHT
accents his position. A defensive
player steps up with him.

RICKY

(to himself)

You had to do it, grandpa.

DEFENSIVE PLAYER

Look at that asshole! What a jerk!

RICKY

(pushes the defensive player)

A jerk? I'd like to see you tackle him.

DEFENSIVE PLAYER

Okay, I will.

MONA

Bret. What's on their ... jock straps?

ANNOUNCER PHIL (O.S.)

Well, I'm looking through my binoculars and I can't believe what I see. It looks like they're Navy fans, Mona.

(Noise temporarily increase.)

Holy cow, look at that old man go. He's on the fifty. Forty-five. Wait ... a security guard is taking aim at him. But his naked partner ... he throws his body in front of the guard. Ow! What a block that was! Unbelievable. And the old man is still going. He's on the 40.

MONA

Looks like his partner is trying to get back up. He's on his hands and knees struggling to his feet, Bret.

ANNOUNCER BRET (O.S)

The old man is at the 35. He's slowing down. There's got to be twenty security guards coming out of the end zone to haul him in. I don't know if he's going to make it, Mona.

MONA

And that guard he stiff-armed is coming from behind. Oh, boy.

ANNOUNCER BRET

Wait. Who's this? There's another old man running onto the field. Do you see him, Mona.

Dustin comes running onto the field.

MONA

Yes. But it looks more like a waddle, Bret.

DUSTIN

Watch out, Jim. Behind you. Behind you.

Dustin runs towards this unseen guard.

ANNOUNCER BRET (O.S.)

There he goes. That little guy is taking aim on the guard whose twice his size. He dives ... Wow! Ouch! Did you see that, Mona. That little guy comes out of nowhere and just sacrificed his body. That had to hurt. Holy smokes.

(MORE)

ANNOUNCER BRET (O.S.)

These old men are tough.

Dustin, on the ground groaning from the collision, looks up and sees Jim running down the field.

Walter continues past Dustin and follows Jim from behind.

WALTER

(as he passes Dustin)

How are you doing, Buddy? Stay down. I'll take it from here.

ANNOUNCER BRET (O.S.)

There's two dozen security guards who have just formed a line in the end zone, Mona. And they're moving forward. I don't know if the old man's going to make it.

Jim stops, and takes aim at Ricky is ready to tackle Jim, like he promised.

The defensive player from Army is right behind him in case Ricky fails.

MONA

Wait a second, Bret. There's Ricky Greene. It looks like he going to tackle the old man. But wait ... Sampson from Army is stepping forward as well ... Holy cow. What's this.

Instead of tackling Jim, Ricky turns and blocks Sampson, then takes aim at the assumed guards, blocking for Jim.

ANNOUNCER PHIL (O.S.)

Ricky Greene blocks for the old man, Brett. He's Sampson from Army to the ground. I'm watching this with my own eyes, and I still don't believe it.

ANNOUNCER BRET(O.S.)

He's at the 15, the 10, the 5 ... a guard is on the old man's back. Now there's two guards ... but wait, the other old man is in the end zone waving his hands.

Jim is pounced on by a third guard,
but before he falls, on the one yard
line, just like thirty years ago, he
passes the ball and then falls down.

Walter this time catches the ball and--

ANNOUNCER BRETT

He scores. The old man scores ... The old man scores ... The
old man scores ...

Walter throws the football skyward, then
meanders over to Jim and helps him to his feet.

As they both jump high as they can, their bodies
protrude forward, and they bump their chests. As
they did this, a bright flash illuminates the
stage; that is, a PHOTOGRAPHER snaps a picture
from the end zone capturing our heroes doing a
power bump.

In the lower corner of this image, down field,
Dustin lies on the ground with his arm raised up
in victory. A photo for a newspaper. A photo for
posterity.

(BLACKOUT)

Scene 13

LIGHTS OUT On SL - Dustin's Bedroom
at Bellevue.

A rustling noise can be heard outside
the window (OS). After a couple of
seconds, Walter and Jim appear in the
window. They peek in.

LIGHTS UP on Dustin's bedroom. A
pillow covers Dustin's face.

WALTER

(to Dustin)

Come on. Let's go, knucklehead. Take the pillow down. You
can't kill yourself.. Come on. It's play time.

We see a urine night bag hooked very
low on a medical drip-stand, which is
positioned by Dustin's bed. The bag
has a tube hooked to it that runs
underneath the blankets.

Dustin throws the blankets down to one
side of the bed and we see that the
other end of the tube is inserted in
his pajamas. Dustin gets out of bed,
mumbling his discontent.

DUSTIN

I can't wait till Monday for the operation so I can get rid
of this crap. I can't get the hang of this ... changing the
night bag to the leg bag. It drives me nuts.

WALTER

Just bring the night bag with you for chrissakes.

DUSTIN

Where am I going to put it. It's gotta be below my bladder.

WALTER

So, we'll hook it on your belt.

(Dustin walks to his closet. He takes the Styrofoam head with a wig on it and places it on top of the pillow and raises the blanket half-way on top of the head. He removes a spare urine bag from the night table and hooks it to the medical stand. Then tucks the end of the hose under the blanket leaving the impression he is sleeping.

Dustin saunters to the window, and Walter helps him climb out.

DUSTIN

Don't put pressure on the bag, Walter. The other end of that tube is in me.

As they walk to Jim's car, Dustin hooks the half-filled bag to his belt so the bag drapes down by his thigh.

DUSTIN

I'm going into the bar with this on my thigh?

Walter takes off his wind breaker and ties it around Dustin's waist hiding the bag.

JIM

You're a lucky son-of-a-bitch.

(Response to the silence)

You can drink as much as you want and never take a pee.

DUSTIN

Yeah, well, you have a catheter shoved up your penis and see how lucky you feel.

WALTER

Poor boy. You're falling apart.

DUSTIN

I got a Urinary Stricture, that's all. This is only temporary until they do an operation on Monday.

JIM

What's that, a brain operation.

DUSTIN

No. It's a ... a ... ureka meteme, or something like that.

WALTER

It's a Urethral Meatotomy, bladderhead.

They reach the car. Dustin get in first, then Walter. Jim drives.

JIM

Why is it every time we're with you we have a conversation about piss? Can we stop talking about it ... Pleeeeease?

DUSTIN

(to Walter)

Hey. You're putting pressure on the bag.

Walter moves over, but Jim makes a right turn pushing Walter into Dustin.

DUSTIN

Hey, man! You're putting pressure on the bag. You're gonna back up the urine to my bladder.

WALTER

Will you lighten up, for crying out loud. You should be happy. You got what you wanted in life ... to be able to take a healthy pee.

DUSTIN

I am happy. Just stop putting pressure on the bag.

JIM

Shut up! Shut up! SHUT UP!

WALTER

(to Dustin)

You see. Now you got Jim ticked off.

(pause)

Hey, Dustin, it looked like you were trying to kill yourself back there with the pillow.

DUSTIN

Actually, I was experimenting. It's like you said a thousand times. If you ever had to go to Bellevue you wanted one of us to put a pillow over your face and sit on it.

WALTER

Yeah, but you're just there temporary until you get the operation. I was talking about if I couldn't go to the bathroom myself or go to McGinty's. Stuff like that.

DUSTIN

Yeah, I know. I was just experimenting to see if I could kill myself with the pillow. But it's next to impossible to do it by yourself.

WALTER

You can't do it yourself, knucklehead. You need somebody to sit on the pillow and hold your hands, like they did in the *Cuckoos Next*.

JIM

(To Dustin)

I'll sit on the pillow if you want.

Jim makes another right turn pushing Walter into Dustin again.

DUSTIN

Damn, Walter. Will you quit putting pressure ...

WALTER

That's it. Stop complaining. Give me that damn thing.

Walter pulls the bag off of Dustin's belt and unravels the tube.

DUSTIN

What are you doing? Ooooch. My penis.

JIM

What are you doing with that thing, Walter. Watch where you point that thing.

Walter takes the clip off the end,
points it out of the window and
squeezes the bag.

The wind catches the urine and soaks
the side of Jim's car, streaking the
side window, and sprays the car behind
them.

JIM

(looks into the rearview mirror - laughs)
Holy crap! The car behind us just turned on their wipers.
(looks to the right and becomes agitate.)
Hey. Stop it! You're pissing on my car.

Walter pulls the hose back in, coils
it back up, and hooks it and the bag
back on Dustin's belt.

Walter and Jim exchange hard looks.

WALTER

What?

JIM

You just pissed on my car.

WALTER

That's not true. Technically, Dustin pissed on your car.
(To Dustin.)
Next time empty the bag before you leave your room.

(BLACKOUT)

Scene 14

LIGHTS FADE IN SR - MCGINTY'S BAR.

Harry and CUSTOMER TWO are at the bar. The Mystery Women sits at a table far right.

The TV plays a college pre-season football game on ESPN.

JIM

(to Dustin)

You know, every time I'm with you, I get this agitated feeling in the pit of my stomach.

WALTER

Oh, stop it, Jim.

(to Dustin)

He's just kidding.

DUSTIN

I don't think he's kidding, Walter.

HARRY

Hello, boys.

As he makes the boys their usual, a MAN walks in with a large picture that is wrapped in brown protective paper. He places it on the bar and leaves.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Good. I've been waiting for this for weeks.

ANNOUNCER BRET (V.O.)

Mona, this is Navy's first preseason game and Ricky Greene seems to be in mid-season form.

Jim

Yes, siree. That's my grandson.

Walter walks to the jukebox to get a better look at the women sitting at their tables at the end of the room. He notices Mystery Woman.

Jim reaches into his pocket, pulls out a string and while he attaches one end of the string to Dustin's belt, CUSTOMER TWO sees the urine bag and appears disgusted.

Jim attaches the other end of the string to his belt. He tugs on the string.

JIM

There. You're going nowhere tonight.

Walter puts coins in the jukebox and after a beat we hear Kate Smith singing "God Bless America". The song will play for the rest of the scene and will end as the curtain falls.

Walter takes a slow walk to the Mystery Woman.

WALTER

Would you like to dance?

(She look up, nods, and gets up to dance.)

Jim alternately watches the TV and glances over to Walter as he dances.

He tugs on the string without looking at Dustin. It's tight. Jim glances over to Dustin who appears content munching on pretzels and watching TV.

As Harry serves Customer Two, Dustin removes the string from his belt and ties it to the stool and exits OS.

Jim and Harry look back at Walter dancing with the Mystery woman.

Harry smiles, holds up a glass - a toast with Jim.

HARRY

You know, a dance is just as good.

(Harry and Jim have their moment together.)

To the Hat Trick.

(They clink glasses.)

After a few seconds, a car SCREECHING emanates from outside.

DUSTIN (O.S.)

Hey, watch where you're going. I'm walking here.

JIM

(Tugs on the string. It's tight.)

For a second I thought ...

Jim sees the end of the string tied to an empty stool. With a fluster of moves, Jim breaks the string and hurries off stage to find Dustin.

HARRY

I don't know what I'm going to do with these guys.

CUSTOMER TWO

I don't know why you let them in here in the first place. They're obnoxious. One guy talks about peeing all the time, the other guy's loud and annoying ...

HARRY

Hey, Mister. Why don't you just drink up and call it a night.

CUSTOMER TWO

What?

HARRY

(He moves the drink close to the customer.)
You heard me. Drink up.

The customer finishes his drink and
exits in a huff.

Harry unwraps the picture he just
received and takes it to the downstage
wall where the ugly picture hangs.

He removes the ugly painting and puts
the new picture in its place.

He steps back and studies the picture,
all the while smiling.

LIGHTS UP on the picture and the
audience sees an enlargement of a
photo taken at the Army/Navy game
of Walter and Jim in mid-air
bumping chests with Dustin 25 yards
down the field waving his hand.

A pinlight light on Harry's shows
him glowing with pride as he looks
at the picture.

MUSIC ENDS

CURTAIN FALLS

- THE END -