

HAT TRICK

A Stage Play by Robert Gately

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AUTHOR'S NOTE:

The scenes are written with the understanding that there are many ways to set a stage. We suggest a stage partition whereby set changes can take place, presumably, without distraction while action is taking place at the opposite side/end of the stage. However, other more creative alternatives may exist, and will be driven by such things as cost and space concerns. Certainly a simple, single set utilizing just tables, stools and armchairs could be constructed instead of a partition.

Most changes of scenes are written with traditional 'BLACKOUT', 'LIGHT DIMS' or 'FADE-INS and OUTS'. The creation of some of the 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. Of course, nothing is to prevent the actors from performing the Full Monty if they want.

The car scene, the Hartley house, etc. can be set with simple tables and chairs. The car scenes (sets) can be created with just three stools against a painted plywood 4 X 8 wall. The TV announcers are written Off Stage (OS) as TV personalities. There is nothing prohibiting these actors from being stand-up/podium announcers. TV monitors could be used as the medium for their monologues, or the dialogue could even be prerecorded for that matter. Also, there is nothing preventing one actor from playing several minor roles. Of course, the three main characters should be limited to playing only their main roles.

HAT TRICK

ACT I

Scene 1

SETTING: RECREATION ROOM: several tables grace the center stage where the residents play cards, checkers and chess. An exercise machine, a phone on a stand, and a nurses station is at the perimeter of the stage.

AT RISE: LIGHTS FADE IN on Stage Left -- the Rec Room. Stage Right is dark.

Residents SANDRA, LESTER, TED, and BARBARA sit at a table playing cards. DENISE is at the nurse's help-station. RESIDENT ONE sits at another table, reading.

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

TED

*A little bit of Monica in my life.
A little bit of Erika by my side.
A little bit of Sandra ...*

SANDRA

Don't start, Theodore.

Jim and Walter walk over to the card game.

JIM

(to Ted)
What's trump?

TED

Hearts.

Resident One catches Jim's attention
and points to the checkerboard. He
walks over and sits and plays.

LESTER

(singing)

A little bit of Cleo ... at the door.

WALTER

Cleo at the door? What the hell is that, Lester? That doesn't
even rhyme. Why do you sing that song, anyway? It's stupid.

(looks at Lester's cards)

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

Lester covers his cards. Walter tries to
peek at Sandra's cards, but she holds them
close to her chest, hiding them.

WALTER (CONT'D)

I saw your hand, Sandra. What are you doing with all the
aces? You cheating, again?

He stares at Sandra's chest, then
gives a Groucho Marx eyebrow move.

SANDRA

Knock it off, Walter. Lester! Walter is looking at my chest.

LESTER

You have very nice chest, dear.

BARBARA

You guys are something else. How's Gloria doing, Walter?

WALTER

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

After they brood a couple of seconds,
Walter points to a card in Ted's hand
and Ted takes the helpful hint and
throws that card out on the table.

WALTER (CONT'D)

It's obvious you guys learned how to play Pinochle in an old folks home.

BARBARA

Very funny, Walter. This is an old folks home.

WALTER

This is a retirement home where you can come and go as you please. An old folks home is where you go to croak.

LESTER

Yeah, where they have security cameras and a nurse's station every twenty feet.

WALTER

Exactly!

DENISE leaves her nurses station and 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

I don't know. No telling what you ...

(inspects Denise)

... administrators know or don't know.

DENISE

I'm not an administrator. I'm a registered nurse.

Walter looks to his friends who have stopped playing cards and they all have expectant looks on their faces, as if Denise is their enemy and Walter is their spokesperson.

WALTER

A nurse, aye. Could've fooled me.

(eyes Denise)

Is that what you call yourself these days?

DENISE

Walter. Don't start. Tell Dustin the Pharmacy delivered his medication two days ago.

WALTER

Medication! Which one? The one that helps him to remember things or the one to help him piss or the one that ...

DENISE

Enough, Walter. Just tell him, please. You should thank your lucky stars you don't have his problems.

Denise leaves and Walter head-nods to Jim as if to say, "shall we go". Jim gets up and meets Walter across the room.

WALTER

A little bit of Denise without her chemise ...

(He and Jim exit.)

BARBARA

Walter! What would we do without him?

SANDRA

I don't know. He seems to be getting a little out of control without Gloria around to hold him in check.

LIGHTS DIM on stage left while
Walter and Jim walk downstage on
stage right to Jim's car.

LIGHTS FADE IN on SR -- he PARK.

Walter and Jim get out of the car and enter THE PARK at stage right where DUSTIN sits on a bench feeding the pigeons. There are cooing sounds.

WALTER

Damn you Dustin. It's a good thing you love pigeons.

DUSTIN

Oh, thank God you guys are here.

JIM

You lost track again, didn't ya?

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

You gotta stop reading the joke of the day in the newspaper. Except for today. That one was funny.

(Dustin nods.)

Denise was looking for you again. She has your medication.

DUSTIN

Which one?

WALTER

That's exactly what I asked, but she wouldn't tell me. Probably the one for your pissing problem.

JIM

Or for your Alzheimer's.

DUSTIN

I don't have that. 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. Listen, I'd love to chat with you guys, but, Walter, the big game is today and you want to see Gloria first, so ...

WALTER

(to Jim)

We got plenty of time.

(to Dustin)

You did good, Buddy. Whenever you get this way, you just think of pigeons.

DUSTIN

I love pigeons.

WALTER

I know. So don't worry about it. What you should worry about is Denise ... she's got an agenda.

JIM

Flash! Flash! The Navy football game's today.

WALTER

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

JIM

(after a brief pause; to Dustin)

I think Denise believes you should be in Bellevue.

DUSTIN

I'm not going to leave The Center and you guys.

WALTER

You may not have a choice in that decision, Buddy. You gotta stop wandering around by yourself. We can't protect you if we don't know where you are.

DUSTIN

You think I'm doing it on purpose? I can recite the periodic tables to a stranger while I don't remember where I live or where I'm going sometimes. You think I do that on purpose?

JIM

Let's goooooo?

WALTER

Jiminy Cricket, don't get so uptight, James.

(to Dustin)

We're just telling you Denise has it out for you. And you could, if you're not careful, wind up in Bellevue, where ...

DUSTIN

I know. I know. It's where ...

(mocking - he leaves with Walter and Jim.)

... people go to die, and if I ever wind up in there, you might as well kill me with a pillow just like that Indian did to Jack Nicolson in *One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest*.

WALTER

Yeah, well that's all I'm trying to say. Anyway, how the hell can a man who was an electrical engineer be such colossal ditzoid?

DUSTIN

And how the hell can a man who was a cop all his life be such a tight ass?

WALTER

Tight ass? Some of my best friends have tight asses.

(to Jim)

For example, Jim has a tight ass.

JIM

(to Walt, as they reach the car)

Will you shut up and get in the car.

(BLACKOUT)

Scene 2

LIGHTS FADE IN On Stage Left - AT BELLEVUE - Gloria's Room - GLORIA lies in bed with tubes and wires protruding from her body. A Glucose bag is bedside.

Walter goes right over to Gloria and fusses with her; fluffs up her pillow, rearranges the tubes, etc. He talks to her even though she's asleep - or unconscious.

WALTER

You gotta get better, my dear. Those guys are driving me crazy. Dustin's got the pissing and mental problems again. They seem to go together. And all Jim talks about is football and that fumble he made eons ago.

Jim and Dustin walk in.

JIM

We're going for coffee. You want anything?

Walter waves both of them on.

WALTER

You know, Gloria. The tragedy of life is not death. The real tragedy is when we let our passions and dreams die. What happened to mine? When did I lose mine, Gloria?

(Gloria awakens.)

Oh, thank God! Thank God. I thought you were ...

GLORIA

Walter? We've been through this before. It's time, dear.

WALTER

What are you talking about? You're awake. You're well. That's what counts. Never mind ... Let's talk about something else. That person you just heard was Jim, that nut.

(MORE)

WALTER (CONT'D)

He's wants to regain a glory he never had. Wants to challenge his grandson in football, and wants me and Dustin to block for him.

(responding to Gloria's blank stare)

Honey. Let's talk about something else. I miss you so ...

GLORIA

Where's your spirit, Sweetheart?

WALTER

I don't want to talk about it right now. We have so many other things to talk about.

GLORIA

(Points to the night table.)

Book ...

(Walter picks up the book.)

Index ...

Walter opens to the index and lifts
Gloria's hand so she can point.

WALTER

(He flips to that page and begins reading.)

It is not the critic who counts, not the man who points out how the strong man stumbled, or where the doer of deeds could have done better...

(Stops, but Gloria nods for him to continue)

The credit belongs to the man who is actually in the arena, whose face is marred by dust and sweat and blood, who strives valiantly, who errs and comes up short again and again ... who at best knows achievement and who at the worst, 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.

(Puts the book down and holds her hand.)

GLORIA

I thought of you and Jim when I first read that. You were never a timid soul, my love.

WALTER

People would see me as an old fool just like him.

GLORIA

But you are an old fool.

(smiles; closes her eyes)

I'm seeing you now. My valiant knight. My warrior.

(pause)

Help Jim with his last hurrah and make my dream come true.

WALTER

Okay. Okay. If you get better, I'll help Jim.

She moans loudly, and closes her eyes in pain. Walter becomes frantic and bolts to the doorway just as a MALE NURSE walks by. Walter pulls him in.

WALTER (CONT'D)

My wife's in pain. Do something.

MALE NURSE

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

WALTER

(Takes the nurse by his shirt.)

Listen, you bug. Before she went unconscious she was in a lot of pain. Now she's moaning through her unconsciousness. I don't know what that tells you, but it tells me she's in a lot of pain. Now, you give her ...

Jim bursts into the room with coke in one hand. He tries to release Walter's grip on the nurse with his other hand.

JIM

Come on, Walt. Let go.

(The Head Nurse, SILVIA, enters the fray.)

SILVIA

What's going on here, Walter?

WALTER

My wife's needs more morphine, Silvia.

MALE NURSE

We're not allowed to give her anything more until eleven.

SILVIA

(motions for the Male Nurse to leave.)

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

Jim exits to give Walter privacy.
Gloria moans. Walter strokes her hand
as Silvia saunters in with a chart and
a syringe.

SILVIA (CONT'D)

There was a time we had more say over medication. Fact is,
years ago, we accidentally overdosed patients when they were
... towards the end. So, the law changed. I know..I know.
What does it matter, if they're gonna die anyway? It's just
that the law says we can't make those choices anymore. 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 ...

WALTER

Yes. Yes. What are you waiting for?

(Silvia injects the glucose bag, then exits)

Thank you, Silvia.

Jim comes back unnoticed.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Go ahead and die, honey. It's over.

JIM

Don't say that! Don't you listen to your husband, Gloria.
He's talking like a fool.

WALTER

For Chrissakes, Jim. She can't hear you. You think she wants to be like this?

(Walter kisses Gloria.)

See you tomorrow, Sweetheart.

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

Where the hell's Dustin?

We hear commotions. An ORDERLY enters and
has Dustin by the arm.

ORDERLY

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

As he exits, Walter turns to Dustin--

WALTER

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

DUSTIN

Sorry. I got lost, is all. My God, you should've seen Mrs. Murphy's body! Not bad for ninety years old.

JIM

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

At the door exit at stage left.

WALTER

Let's go. What are you waiting for?

JIM

Don't forget, the Navy game is today.

WALTER

We know, James. That's all you've been talking about today.
(more silence)

What. What's with the look on your face? What? WHAT?

JIM

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

WALTER

(interrupting)

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

They exit SR, but continue the talk while they get into the car. We hear the SOUND of car doors opening and closing.

JIM (O.S.)

A man's gotta have goals in life.

WALTER (O.S.)

What kind of goals can you have when you're sixty-something years old. You should have simple goals at that age.

We hear the SOUND of Jim peeling out of the parking lot. Dustin and Walter both scream as more car sounds indicate a sharp turn has been made.

WALTER (CONT'D) (O.S.)

You want a goal? Get us to McGinty's in one piece.

DUSTIN (O.S.)

I have to pee again.

DIM OUT On Stage Right.

(BLACKOUT)

Scene 3

LIGHTS FADE IN On SL at MCGINTY'S BAR AND GRILLE. Several CUSTOMERS sit at the bar drinking. LIGHTS DIM OUT on the office space.

The overhead TV at the bar has the NFL Championship game on.

HARRY, the bartender, greets the three men as they walk in and belly-up to the bar. Harry sets them up with 'boiler makers'. Walt, Dustin, and Jim hold the shot glasses up in a starting position.

WALTER

Ready? One, two, three.

All three men chug down the whiskey and immediately take a swig of their beer. They all revel in the afterglow of their fix. Walter points to the other end of the bar.

WALTER (CONT'D)

What's with all the women at the end of the bar, Harry?

HARRY

I don't know. Some real lookers, though. huh?

TV ANNOUNCER PHIL

(V.O.)

That was some play, Brett. Longley had all the time in the world to throw. Navy's front line is the best in the nation. Especially, 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 your grandson's going to make all-pro this year?

(responding to Jim's look)

Sorry. I'm just trying to make polite conversation.

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

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

(with a flair)

Might I? He sounds so proper, doesn't he?

JIM

I have a right to be proud of my grandson.

HARRY

Yes, you do, Jim.

JIM

He's the football player I never became.

WALTER

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

Walter gets up and walks to the jukebox.

The phone rings and Harry picks it up.

JIM

If only I would've had him on the line during ...

Harry holds his hand up to everyone at the bar. He leans in, whispers something and the place falls silent.

Walter turns from the jukebox to see what the silence is about.

WALTER

What? What's with the sour looks?

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

HARRY

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

BLACKOUT

SCENE 4

Jim sings *Amazing Grace* over the casket while Walter, Jim, and Dustin stand together over Gloria's casket. The MINISTER and others stand by harmonizing. The song ends.

MINISTER

And so, Dear 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 Gloria rests in peace. Amen.

WALTER

Amen!

They begin to disperse while Walter, Jim and Dustin stay put. Lester pats Walter on the shoulder as he walks by.

Sandra and Barbara walk up and--

SANDRA

I'm going to miss her, Walter. So much. Hey, I thought *Amazing Grace* was a Christian song. I didn't know they played it at Jewish weddings.

WALTER

Thanks, Sandra. Yeah. Well, that was her favorite song.

Barbara hugs Walter then leaves with Sandra. When out of hearing range--

BARBARA

My God. Who's going to hold Walter in check now.

SANDRA

It's the three of them together we need to worry about. Barbara. Look at them. They stand there as if they're one.

Everyone exits except Walter, Dustin, and Jim who just stare over the casket.

WALTER

Come on. Let's go home.

As they start walking across the stage--

WALTER

And you know what's so sad besides her passing away? That now, you guys are my best friends.

DUSTIN

I have to pee.

WALTER

(All three turn to accommodate Dustin.)

I respected her opinion, you know?

JIM

I know you did.

WALTER

Gloria actually thought that your nudskie idea was funny.

They stop at a large headstone. Dustin goes to it while Walter and Jim stop and wait.

JIM

Gloria always had a keen understanding of genius.

WALTER

She wanted me to help you. But she was all pumped up with drugs. Not too rational, you know?

Walter makes a face at Dustin as if to say, 'what's your problem'.

DUSTIN

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

WALTER

(to Jim)

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

JIM

Naked?

WALTER

What is wrong with you? Why do you have to be so theatrical?

DUSTIN

We'll be the Three Musketeers.

(Dustin moans with pleasure as he pees. Then
he stops peeing)

Don't stop. You gotta run, gotta block. You gotta go ... go.

JIM

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

They'll see that you're an old schmuck. Anyway, 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. I think I'm done.

WALTER

Either you feel like peeing or you don't.

(Waits for an answer. Gets none)

Zip it up and let's go.

Dustin zippers up and they continue their walk across stage to Jim's car. After they walk a bit, Dustin shakes his leg.

JIM

(pointing at Dustin)

He's not riding in my car anymore. He's beginning to smell.

(BLACKOUT)

SCENE 5

At MCGINTY'S BAR: CUSTOMERS sit at the bar while two WOMEN sit at a table at the other end of the bar; one WOMAN sits at another table alone.

Our three heroes walk in like the own the place. They sit at the bar.

The TV at the bar has s football game on.

The three men as they belly-up to the bar, and while Harry sets them up with 'boiler makers' --

JIM

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

(Harry lays down the drinks.)

One - two - three...

(They drink.)

DUSTIN

I gotta pee.

As Dustin exits to the MEN'S ROOM--

WALTER

What's with all the women, Harry?

HARRY

A cosmetic convention downtown.

The TV announces a Navy score (improvise). Jim raises his glass.

JIM

That's my boy. That's my grandson.

WALTER

Don't start, James.

JIM

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

HARRY

(egging Jim on)

What game would that be, Jim?

JIM

(perks up)

It was an Army-Navy game ... a long time ago. I was the Navy quarterback. Walter here was the Navy tailback. We were on the one-yard line. Two points down with seconds to play. I couldn't hear a thing the noise was so bad. I was to pass the ball to Walter but our guard, Wolfman Smith, missed his block and I tried to run and got creamed and fumbled the ball.

WALTER

Wolfman Smith! You gotta be joking. You add on to the story every time you tell it. And I was in the clear in the end zone. You should've mentioned that. You should've passed to me. But noooo. You had to try to take the ball in yourself. Instead of scoring a touchdown, you fumbled the damn ball and lost the game. Why do you like telling that story so much?

JIM

Because! If I would've scored that touchdown, my whole life would be different now. People would know me. I would be a celebrity, and I wouldn't have to hang around with degenerates like you.

Dustin comes back shaking his leg, and sits.

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 a retired cop. That's a somebody.

JIM

Just one yard to go. I fumbled the ball on the one-yard line.

WALTER

(to Harry)

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

CUSTOMER

(to Jim)

Were you ever a professional football player?

JIM

Yes, I was.

CUSTOMER

Were you any good?

JIM

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

HARRY

Damn. I blew the circuit breaker again. Dustin ... you're the electric genius around here. Why am I doing that.

DUSTIN

You have the refrigerator and the icemaker on the same outlet. You have to move the icemaker to another circuit.

Harry drafts up another beer for the boys.

JIM

(pointing 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

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, exactly.

(hugs Jim)

I'm sure they remember the fumble.

(laughs heartily - reconsiders)

We all have our misgivings, Jim.

JIM

(pouting)

Yeah. What's yours?

WALTER

Well, I would leave this world a Bellevue lot happier than I arrived if I could just get a boner again. I haven't had a boner in ...

A little tipsy, Walter thinks about what he just said, as if he should not have said it.

JIM

That's a goal? Hmm! Well, what good would that do anyway? Gloria is -- God bless her soul -- gone, and you're too shriveled up and old to hold the interest of another woman.

DUSTIN

You know what would put a smile on my face? If I could go to the bathroom without peeing down my leg.

WALTER

(to Jim; ignoring Dustin)

I'm baring my soul by telling you that I can't ... can't ... Shut up. Don't say it. I was just trying to make YOU feel better, you chump.

JIM

Hey Walter, how long you been impotent?

WALTER

SHHH. Keep your damn voice down. People will hear you.

DUSTIN

(to Walter)

Five years. You told me the other day it was five years.

WALTER

I said no such thing. That's how long I haven't had sex. Haven't had a boner in ... three years.

JIM

Why don't you take Viagra?

WALTER

I'm not taking that crap. I'm sure if I had the opportunity I'd be fine. Let's change the subject.

JIM

(to Dustin)

What did you say?

(Response to Dustin's confused look)

Before. You said something about your leg?

DUSTIN

Oh, I said that I would be able to die with a smile on my face if I could pee normally again.

WALTER

That's what would make you happy?

DUSTIN

Yes. It would make me very happy.

WALTER

It would make you VERY happy?

DUSTIN

Yes. You don't know how it is, Walter. Every time I go into the bathroom I sit on the toilet because I pee down my leg if I stand at the urinal. Do you know how embarrassing that is?

JIM

Not to mention the smell.

HARRY

Will you guys stop. You're embarrassing my other customers.
Never a dull moment with you guys.

JIM

(pointing to the TV)

That's my boy.

WALTER

(to anyone who will listen)

Well, let me see. I would be forever grateful if I could get
a good stiff one going. Dustin here wishes he could take a
healthy pee again. Seems to be a phallus theme going on,
don't you think so, Dustin?

TV ANNOUNCER BRETT

(V.O.)

Touchdown!! Navy scores.

JIM

(victory pose; yelling)

SCORE!!!

WALTER

Who gives a shit?

(pause)

So, what would you have to do to die with a smile on your
face, Jim-boy, besides making a jerk out of yourself?

Walter sees that Jim is deep in thought,
and he realizes what Jim is about to say.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Oh, no. No. No. No. I take back the question. You see, I
can't even have a conversation with you. Harry, nice weather,
isn't it. Give me another beer.

JIM

(theatrically - over the top)

I'd go to the next Army/Navy game and I'd climb on to the
field and, with a football tucked under my arm, I'd run from
one end zone to the other.

(MORE)

JIM (CONT'D)

And I'd score that damn touchdown I should've made thirty-two years ago. And you know what? I'd do it with just a jock strap on.

WALTER

(to Harry)

Oh, good grief! It's non-stop bullshit with him.

DUSTIN

(with hands above his head)

Touchdown!

JIM

Exactly.

DUSTIN

Don't forget he wants to do it naked.

WALTER

(to Harry)

This clown almost did it last year at one of the Navy games, except when he jumped on the field, he sprained his ankle. Everyone thought he fell over the banister by accident because he's an old fart.

(laughs)

You'll never get past the security guards.

JIM

There's no security guard that could stop me.

WALTER

No? Maybe not. But twenty security guards with billy-clubs sure could.

(beat)

I'll never go to another game with you again. That was embarrassing. You would be just like that nut-case that ran onto the baseball field last summer and mooned John Rucker? He's an idiot. People would perceive you as an idiot.

JIM

No they wouldn't. The man's a hero.

WALTER

Really? And what makes you think that?

JIM

Because he's been on TV talk shows all over the place. And because I'm going to run down the field without any clothes on. Well, except for maybe a jock strap. You need a jock strap. You don't want to get blue balls.

(Walter just shakes his head)

I was going to wait to surprise you. Ricky already promised me three tickets to this year's big game and I was going to take you and Dustin with me because I'm going to need some help. I can't do it alone. I'll need you guys to run interference for me.

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

(pointing)

You have as much chance of getting me to go on the football field, NAKED, as you have of getting one of those women over there on the couch in Harry's office. Alone. 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 big game with you and run down the field butt-naked.

JIM

Okay. You're on.

(to 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 couple of seconds.

Jim slowly meanders down the bar to the seating section. He stops by a table and tries to say something but can't speak. The WOMEN look up at a frozen and awkward man.

WOMAN TWO

Can we help you?

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

JIM

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

Walks back to the bar>

JIM (CONT'D)

You got such a suave way about you, Walter? Do you, huh? Twenty dollars says you can't do it either.

WALTER

You hold that twenty. I'll be back.

Walter walks to the seating area where WOMAN ONE rummages through her pocketbook.

WOMAN ONE

I only have a couple of bucks. I don't even have enough money to get my hair done.

(looks up at Walter)

WALTER

Ladies, this is your lucky day. I just made a bet with that gentleman at the bar ... that ugly dude over there. He says I can't successfully proposition one of you women. I would've punched him but, as you can see, he's much bigger than me.

He pauses for the women to get a better look at Jim. As they stare at him--

WALTER (CONT'D)

So, to teach him a lesson I took the bet. I'll give any of you ladies twenty dollars to go in the office in back and talk. No messin' around, mind you. Just make it appear we had something going on, you know what I mean?

(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.

Jim laughs loud enough for everyone to hear.

Walter looks to a "mystery woman" whose back is to Walter. He shuffles a couple of steps over in her direction to get in better hearing range.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Just a couple of minutes. Twenty dollars. We just talk. Make it look like ...

The Mystery Woman gets up. She extends her hand and they disappear into the office.

LIGHTS FADE IN at the office space (far left) while LIGHTS DIM in the bar section.

MYSTERY WOMAN

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

WALTER

All I want is to just sit and talk. Maybe we can talk about the weather. Nice weather, isn't it. No. No. I can't do this.
(thinking)

I'm still in love with my wife. The angels took her from me about four months ago, and my heart went with her.

MYSTERY WOMAN

That's so sweet. Okay. If you still want to make your buddies think you're a hero, then it's gonna cost you twenty dollars.

As if auditioning for a movie, the Mystery Woman

messes up her hair and sensually runs her hands down her body, and moans softly and ends up as a 'Harry-Met-Sally' fake orgasm skit.

The LIGHTS DIM OUT On Stage far left (office) while LIGHTS FADE IN On Stage Center Left (bar section)

While Jim and Dustin watch the TV, Harry washes some glasses while everyone else at the bar listens and reacts to the moans and groans of the Mystery Woman in the darkened office.

Slaps on the wall cause the picture to fall.

MYSTERY WOMAN

I believe you owe me twenty dollars.

Walter reaches into his pocket and hands her the money. Walter and the Mystery Woman open the door and step out of the office to center Left.

Everyone at the bar - APPLAUSE

The Mystery Woman kisses Walter gently on the cheek, and as she walks past the woman with money problems she tosses the twenty dollars on their table.

MYSTERY WOMAN

Here. Go get your hair done.

Walter struts over to the bar and sits. He looks back and he and the Mystery Woman share a glance. They have their moment.

Harry leans into Walter and

HARRY

Way to go Walter.

WALTER

Nothing happened, Harry. She just faked it. Pretty good, wasn't she?

PHARRY

Now, that would be something if you three got your wishes. You know, Dustin wants to piss like a racehorse again. And it'd be nice if Jim scored one for the Gipper, and you could get it on with a woman again, That would be a Hat Trick I'd love to see.

(BLACKOUT)

Scene 5

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

Jim is playing checkers with Dustin. He cackles as he does a multiple jump. Walter looks on.

Lester and Ted and the ladies are off to the side sitting 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 your medicine, Dustin. Where were you this morning?

DUSTIN

Thank you. At the park.

DENISE

Again? You spend a lot of time there, don't you?

(She leaves and Jim leans in and whispers,)

JIM

You watch it with her. She bites.

WALTER

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

JIM

Ricky's coming over any minute. He's got the tickets to the Army/Navy game. That should be worth twenty dollars.

DUSTIN

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

JIM
Absolutely!

WALTER
NO!

LESTER
(from afar; loudly)
What's the money for?

JIM
Walter got laid last night.

WALTER
(whispering)
Shut up. That was private.

LESTER
(to Jim)
What? I didn't hear you.

JIM
(yelling)
Walter got laid last night!

WALTER
No, I didn't. Shut Up.

JIM
I'm sorry, but you did get laid, didn't you?

WALTER
Why did you have to say that?
(to the ladies)
No ... Jim was kidding. I didn't do anything...

Just as Walter says this, Ricky enters
the recreation room.

Jim bolts across the room to greet
Ricky with open arms. They embrace and
sit at an unoccupied table.

After a few seconds Ricky hands Jim
three tickets.

RICKY

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

JIM

Thanks, Ricky.

Jim looks at the tickets as if they're made of gold. Walter and Dustin come over and sit down at their table.

RICKY

Hi ya, boys.

JIM

(Waves the tickets at the boys.)

Look what I got!

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 here intends to run onto the football field during the Army/Navy game this season.

RICKY

I don't believe you, Grandpa.

(grabs the tickets back. To Walt)

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

JIM

(to Walt)

Thanks a lot.

(to Ricky)

Okay. I'm not going to run onto the field. May I have the tickets back?

RICKY

No! What's the matter with you, Grandpa?

JIM

I want to score that touchdown that I should've scored a while ago.

RICKY

And this will immortalize you?

DUSTIN

And he's going to do it naked.

RICKY

(to Jim)

And if you did try to do this, Grandpa, I would personally tackle you. Got that? I would bring you down and I'm just the person to do it. You're not going to get these tickets back.

JIM

(as Ricky leaves)

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

RICKY

(at the exit, yelling)

You're a foolish man, Grandpa.

(to Walter and Dustin)

Sorry, boys.

DUSTIN

I got to pee.

(He goes off stage)

WALTER

What? You should've told me this was a sore spot with your grandson.

LIGHTS DIM on a brooding Jim.

(BLACKOUT)

Scene 6

LIGHTS FADE IN On Stage Left -
Ricky's House (Driveway). Adjacent
is Ricky's neighbor's (Mr. Hartley)
house. Jim's car is curbside.

Ricky exits the front door with a
suitcase in hand. Jim walks behind him
trying to talk to him as they walk.

Walter and Dustin wait by Jim's car.

JIM

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

RICKY

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

(Points to Walter)

And you Walter, you can save you breath.

(Throws the suitcase in the car trunk.)

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

JIM

Then give me the tickets back.

RICKY

I don't have the tickets anymore.

JIM

What do you mean?

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

MR. HARTLEY

Hi, Ricky. Good luck Saturday. Thanks again for the tickets.

JIM

You gave the tickets to your neighbor.

RICKY

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

JIM

I don't believe it.

RICKY

Go talk to Uncle Jason. He might give them to you except ...

JIM

Except what?

RICKY

They're in a lousy section. Your three tickets ...

(moans)

They were good seats. Close to the end zone.

JIM

That's supposed to make me feel better?

RICKY

And don't ask my neighbor for the tickets back. Now let me leave. I need to focus.

(Walter pulls Jim to the car)

WALTER

Let him go.

RICKY

(he calls Walter over for a sidebar)

I love my grandfather a lot. And if it is any consolation, 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.

(They both look at Jim who just stands there like a dejected child. Pouting.)

WALTER

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

RICKY

Thanks. Tell him ... maybe next year.
(exits)

JIM

(shouting to the sky)
He gave the tickets to his neighbor!

WALTER

Come on, you self-centered schmuck. At least you could've wished him good luck.

JIM

But what are we going to do now?

WALTER

Come on. I got a plan.

LIGHTS DIM on SL. After a beat,
light FADES IN on stage LEFT again.
It is the same setting except It's
night, so the lighting has an
nighttime quality to it. The lights
at the Hartley's house are on.

(Jim, Walt, and Dustin sit in Jim's car.)

WALTER

So we park here and wait.

JIM

Until when?

WALTER

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)

How are you doing?

DUSTIN

I'm fine.

JIM

You feel up to this?

WALTER

Don't worry. He's fine.

(to Dustin)

You remember now. You drive in case we need a fast getaway.

DUSTIN

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

WALTER

What time is it?

DUSTIN

Eleven o'clock.

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

WALTER

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 a set of lock-picks from his pocket.

WALTER

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

Walter blows on his fingers while Jim holds his head appearing to have a headache.

The lights go out upstairs and the whole house is dark now except for a flickering light in a downstairs window.

DUSTIN

What's that flickering light?

WALTER

TV, I guess.

DUSTIN

Shouldn't we wait some?

WALTER

Yes, Dustin. We should wait. At least a half-hour. Most people are asleep in twenty minutes.

(to Jim)

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.

Walter and pulls out three donut coupons and waves them.

WALTER

They made them just like last year's tickets. They're the same size and shape. See.

JIM

Are you crazy? They have a picture of a donut on it.

WALTER

Yeah, 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

(to Dustin)

How are you doing? You have to pee?

DUSTIN

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

The stage lights DIM and come UP again. And the SOUND of 'tick-tock' creates the illusions some minutes have passed. The downstairs window still shows the flickering light.

WALTER

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

(nudges Dustin)

Stay in the car.

DUSTIN

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

Jim and Walter get out of the car and while across stage to the house--

JIM

Dustin shouldn't've come.

WALTER

No. This operation needs a fast getaway. Dustin will be fine.

JIM

(rolls his eyes)

"Operation". What do you think, we're breaking into Fort Knox or something?

As they reach the house, Walter takes the lock-picks from his pocket starts to wiggle the picks in the lock. While doing this, Jim turns the doorknob and it opens.

LIGHTS STAY ON Stage Left while
LIGHTS FADE IN On Stage Right which
is the Hartley's House (foyer, TV
Room, den, kitchen). The Hartley's
have left the TV on.

JIM

You're a big 'operator' all right.

The two men tiptoe inside and scope the inside of the house. Jim hears a NOISE and notices a flickering light in a side room. He peeks inside.

They continue and Walter spots the den and waves Jim on. As they sneak into the den, Dustin notices the flickering light in the windows. He exits the car to investigate.

IN THE DEN: Walter and Jim continue rummaging through the study. Walter discovers a mini-bar.

WALTER

Hmm. Brandy.

Dustin has arrived at the outside window of the house. He sees the TV on, so he walks to the front door and into the house - STAGE RIGHT - and into the TV room.

BACK IN THE DEN: Jim opens a desk drawer and finds an envelope. He opens it.

JIM

Bingo!

Walter grabs the envelope from Jim, and replaces the real tickets with the 'Kingdom' 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 reaches the car first and looks inside. Walter brings up the rear jubilantly and looks in the car. In unison, they flip their attention toward the house and see the flickering light in the TV room window.

WALTER AND JIM

Shit!

THE HARTLEY'S BEDROOM WINDOW: The lights go on.

MRS. HARTLEY (O. S.)

Honey. I think I left the TV on downstairs.

SOUND: Dustin lets out with a burst of laughter.

MR. HARTLEY (O. S.)

Call the cops.

THE ENTIRE STAGE (LEFT AND RIGHT)
GOES DARK

TICK-TOCK, red lights FLASH (police car) - sirens BLAST - a whistle BLOWS; the police have arrived.

LIGHTS FADE IN on Stage Right on HARTLEY'S KITCHEN

Mr. & Mrs. Hartley, Jim, Walt, Dustin, and a POLICEMAN huddle at the kitchen table.

JIM

(to the cop)

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

COP

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

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. 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 ... wait.

While Mr. Hartley bolts to the desk, Walter appears to want to say something to the policeman as if the gig is up and he's ready to confess. Jim senses this and digs the heel of his shoe onto Walter's foot.

WALTER

(in pain)

Schmuuuuuuck!!!!

Mr. Hartley walks to the desk, opens the desk drawer, takes out the envelope and gives a cursory peak inside, then puts the envelope back where it was.

MR. HARTLEY

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

COP

Did you want to add something, Mr. Grimm?

WALTER

Well, I ... It's just that when Dustin wanders off non compos mentis like this, he goes to the last place he's been. That's all. It's not complicated. Dustin's a knucklehead.

DUSTIN

Yeah. I'm a knucklehead.

COP

(to Mr. Hartley)

Do you want to press charges?

MR. HARTLEY

Out of respect for his grandson, no. Of course not.

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

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

COP

I know Denise Thacker over there, and I'm sure she would want to know about this.

WALTER

Yeah. I'm sure she would.

(The cop exits the stage and 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 knucklehead.

JIM

(to Walt)

I told you this would happen.

(BLACKOUT)

Scene 7

LIGHTS FADE IN On Stage Left - to
the RECREATION ROOM At The Center.

Walter is reading a magazine while Jim
counts while doing sit-ups.

Lester casually peddles the bicycle
exercising machine.

JIM

(stops the sit-ups)

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

WALTER

Shut up. Nothing happened, so quit whining.

(Jim continues doing sit-ups.)

Whaddya 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 are the jocks
that have been left behind over the years.

Walter peeks in and pulls a jock strap out
with his index finger and thumb, treating
them as if they have just been worn.

TED (CONT'D)

They've been washed. What do ya guys want with these, anyway?

WALTER

We're going to take ballet lessons.

TED

Yeah. Right. You guys ...

Ted walks over to Lester. They talk for a second, then Lester gets off the bicycle and they sit at a table and play cards.

JIM

How many jock straps are in there?

WALTER

(looks in box)

Plenty. Why do we have to wear jocks anyway? They're uncomfortable.

JIM

Have you ever run around naked?

WALTER

I've only done two things while naked. Taking a shower, and the other thing I haven't done in a few years. Can't say I remember wearing a jock strap in either one of those events.

JIM

Well. You're gonna need a jock strap while doing this. 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, basket of nuts ...

JIM

Alright, alright. Geeze. 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.

(MORE)

WALTER (CONT'D)

(While Jim looks into the box ...)

What size do you take?

JIM

Large!

(A deadpan stare from Walter)

What's your problem?

WALTER

Well, if you take large then that means I take an extra large.

JIM

Oh, please!!!

WALTER

I'm very well hung. You've seen me in the men's shower.

JIM

Walter! It's not as if you're going to get an erection, you know. They're suppose to hold you tight, not loose.

(reaches in the box)

Here. Take this. You're a medium. Don't flatter yourself. Besides, you don't want to get blue balls, do you?

WALTER

We need to get one for Dustin.

WALTER AND JIM

Small.

Jim grabs a size small from the box and then Walter pushes the box aside.

WALTER

Thanks, Ted.

Denise walks to her station and Walter exchange 'looks' with her.

WALTER (CONT'D)

(to Jim)

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

(As they walk out,)

DENISE

(to Walt: loudly)

You're not going to find Dustin at the park.

WALTER

Oh, no. Then where is he?

(Denise doesn't answer.)

JIM

Maybe he got hit by a cement truck?

WALTER

(to Jim)

Let me do this alone.

(Walter crosses to Denise while Jim walks over to Ted and Lester.)

LIGHTS ON: Jim, Ted, and Lester.

LIGHTS DIM on Walter and Denise.

JIM

Well, boys. Where are the ladies today?

TED

They went shopping to take advantage of the holiday sales.

LESTER

Always a gimmick. We're going broke because Sandra finds all these 'specials'. Spends a thousand to save fifty.

TED

They mark up the price a hundred percent to begin with. And then they have a thirty percent off gimmick.

LESTER

Right! And then we have a let's-say-goodbye-to-our-social-security-check party.

JIM

STOP. Let me rephrase my question. How are you guys doing?

TED

I'm fine.

LESTER

I'm okay.

WALTER

(Yelling)

You had no right.

LIGHTS DIM On Jim and Friends:
LIGHTS FADE IN on Walt and Denise:

DENISE

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

(pause)

You know in your heart that Mr. Fisk belongs in Bellevue.

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

WALTER

You should've told us you admitted him.

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 ...

(under his breath)

... you gargoyle.

DENISE

I have work to do. You're not worth my time.
(goes back to her desk duties)

WALTER

He'll die in that place.

DENISE

Well, we all have to die sometime.
(beat)

I didn't mean to say that. Listen, Walter, if Dustin stays here he will end up hurting either himself or somebody else.

WALTER

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

DENISE

Well, where he is now, he'll get help for that.

WALTER

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

LIGHT ON All Stage Left.

DENISE

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

Walter quivers, a mocked shiver, then heads for the exit and waves Jim to come over.

DENISE (CONT'D)

Do you remember the car accident Dustin was in last year?

WALTER

(stops; turns)

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.

Walter and Denise stare at each other
for a second. Jim arrives.

JIM

Did you find out where Dustin is?

WALTER

They sent him to Bellevue.

LIGHTS FLICKER again.

JIM

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

WALTER

I told you before; I'm not going to the Army/Navy 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.

(CURTAIN FALLS)

INTERMISSION

ACT II

Scene 1

LIGHTS FADE IN On Stage Right -
BELLEVUE: Similar, if not exactly,
the stage set of 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

I don't think so. The male residents are in a totally
different wing. Different nurses. Different process.

They approach the nurse's station. 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 football game.

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, the fact is that 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? We have tickets.

NURSE ONE

Our patients ... excuse me ...

(with an attitude)

... our res-a-dents ... need to be approved by Dr. 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, 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.

(As Jim whisks Walter away,)

JIM

Okay, we tried. The fight's over.

WALTER

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

(BLACKOUT)

Scene 2

CURTAIN RISES On Stage left -
Recreation Room At The Center;

Jim and Walter huddle by the house phone.
Other residents are occupied with playful
activities.

Walter sits and practices his disguised
voice for a phone call (improvise) which he
is about to make. A telephone book is 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 an undercover cop for years. I know how to
disguise myself. Some bushy eyebrows, a little wig, maybe.

(changes his voice)

Put a little sand in the voice.

(back to normal voice)

I know what I'm doing. Shut up. Watch me, and learn, if
that's possible.

Walter picks up the phone, reads the
numbers from the telephone book, and
dials. He disguises his voice.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Is this the nurse's station for the men?

NOTE: INTERCUT this conversation with
the Nurse(SR) and Walter. Lights are
on her and Walter only.

NURSE ONE

Yes, it is.

WALTER

Well, hello, this is Doctor Neuberger. I'm Doctor Almquist's assistant.

NURSE ONE

Yes, Doctor?

WALTER

I just saw two gentlemen who want to take a new patient to a Army/Navy game this weekend.

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 Neuberger?

WALTER

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

(Jim smacks his forehead with his hand)

He went on a long weekend vacation to 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.

(Walter waits - looks into the receiver.)

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 never implied I didn't believe you.

WALTER

I'm a highly competent doctor. Over twenty-five years experience with mental illness. So, I'll be there shortly.

NURSE ONE

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

After she leaves, he looks in the drawers and then saunters around the room and takes a book back to the desk.

Walter opens a book to a Rorschach blotch. He puts the book face down on the desk.

He walks over to the window and looks out and ...

WALTER

Jim. What are you doing?

JIM (O.S.)

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

WALTER

They're bringing Dustin in. I'm going to see if he recognizes me. Oops, here they come.

Walter rushes back to the desk and
sits just as Dustin is escorted in.

The Nurse leaves and Dustin sits down.

Walter and Dustin size each other up.
Dustin doesn't recognize Walter.

WALTER (CONT'D)

(Disguises his voice)

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

DUSTIN

It's all right. I liked it better at The Center.

WALTER

Hmm. Why is that? Do you bop the bonzo, there?

(Dustin's face is full of confusion.)

You know, choking the bald guy until he pukes. Doing the pork
sword jiggle...the five knuckle shuffle on the ole piss pump.

(full of himself)

Bop the bonzo. Fondling the pig. Petting the lizard.

(pause)

Do you masturbate?

(Dustin belts out with a nervous chuckle.)

What's so funny?

DUSTIN

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

WALTER

Ejaculate. Do you have trouble with that word too, Mr. Fisk?

DUSTIN

Yeah. I mean, no. Hey, listen, my problems aren't like that.
I just told the other doctor, that if he can get me to pee
normal, I'd be very grateful.

WALTER

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

DUSTIN

(sits up straight)

Really?

WALTER

Sure. A lot of men have peeing problems. Why do you think men wear dark pants? Maybe they shake their peckers while they're still peeing, or maybe they don't shake it enough. Hmmm? In any event, a couple of drops get on their pants. You know what I mean? A drop here, drop there. Women notice that, you know. That's why they look at us down there, peculiar-like, when we come out of the bathroom. And, that's why most men wear dark pants so they can hide their ... embarrassments.

DUSTIN

Really? Wow! I didn't know that.

WALTER

Sure. 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 problem. We have to discuss some psychological things.

DUSTIN

Like what?

WALTER

Like your mental condition.

(pause)

I need to certify you if you want to go to the Army/Navy game. You do want to go to the big game, don't you?

Dustin nods as Walter shows Dustin an
INKBLOT from the book.

WALTER

What does this look like to you?

DUSTIN

(looks at the INKBLOT with interest)

Wow! It looks like a man peeing in a stream.

WALTER

What the hell's the matter with you? It looks like a butterfly. Is that all you think about is pissing? You're a freakin' weirdo, you know that?

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

Okay. Okay. Cool your jets.

DUSTIN

All this talk about pee ... I have to go to the bathroom now.

WALTER

Okay. Go. Hurry back. I can't stay here all day. I got a hot blonde nurse waiting for me back at the office.

Dustin exits and heads for the urinal.

Walter pulls out some folders from the drawers and reads while waiting.

LIGHTS ON: Dustin in the men's room

At the urinal, Dustin has his back to the audience and looks down at his midsection.

DUSTIN

Come on, baby. You can do it. Mamma wants ya to do it.

Nurse Two enters the men's room
wearing light khaki pants.

He puts his clipboard on the sink and
stands at the urinal next to Dustin.

While the nurse finishes and zippers
up his pants, Dustin strains to take a
look at his crotch.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)

Hey. You dribbled.

NURSE TWO

What?

DUSTIN

(nods to nurse's groin area.)

You dribbled on your pants.

NURSE TWO

(Looks down at his crotch.)

Oh, damn! Thanks.

DUSTIN

Don't mention it.

The nurse picks up his clipboard and
leaves the men's room with the
clipboard in front of his groin area
hiding the drip marks.

Dustin heads back to the office where
he finds Walter who has his head
buried in the folder.

WALTER

Do you know this guy Charlie Oswald?

DUSTIN

No. I'm new here, remember?

WALTER

It says here that he gets an erection every night when he goes to bed and half the time he has wet 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 knucklehead. It's me. Walter.

Dustin can't believe his eyes. Still,
he looks a little confused.

Walter escorts him to the window and points
to Jim, and Dustin waves.

JIM (O.S.)

Hi, Dustin. Will you guys hurry up? Please!

Walter looks at his watch. Pulls Dustin
away from the window.

WALTER

Okay. We gotta end this. I had to do this, buddy. They weren't going to let you go to the game with us unless a head 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 Monday. 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 they leave the room. Dustin wanders
off; walks to the edge of the stage.

WALTER (CONT'D)

You're a fine specimen, Mr. Fisk.

(to Nurse Two)

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

Nurse Two takes his time and allows Dustin to wander while Walter walks back to the room and starts filling out the forms.

LIGHTS STAY On Dustin: DIM On Walter.

Dustin opens a door and a scream bellows out of the room. He closes the door, thinks, appears to like what he just saw, and opens the door again. Another scream.

Two nurses rush to haul Dustin off stage.

LIGHTS Back On Walter

Walt has finishes filling out the forms. He gets up and walks to the nurses station.

WALTER (CONT'D)

(to Nurse Three)

Charlie Ozwald's room. What number is it?

NURSE THREE

Four-oh-one.

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

LIGHTS DIM On Stage Left as LIGHTS FADE IN on Stage Right on ROOM 401, which has a clock, radio and a tape player on a night table.

Walter enters and sees CHARLES OZWALD snoozing in bed while, seemingly, playing with his genitals under the covers.

WALTER

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

(MORE)

WALTER (CONT'D)

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

CHARLES

Who are you?

WALTER

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

CHARLES

What do you want?

WALTER

I just told you. I haven't got time for this. 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, I'll shove my fist down your throat if you don't tell me straight.

CHARLES

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

WALTER

You're kidding me?

(Charles, still petrified, shakes his head.)

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

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

WALTER (CONT'D)

Well, I'll be. I'm sorry that I scared you, old man.

(pause)

You get an erection every night?

(Charles nods.)

You taking anything? Viagra?

(MORE)

WALTER (CONT'D)

(Charles shakes his head.)

Ok. 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 Ozwald's room and as he breezes by the Nurses Station--

WALTER

Gotta go. Gotta go.

NURSE THREE

Wait. Doctor ...

(chases Walt)

There's a question here I don't understand.

WALTER

No time. Gotta go.

NURSE THREE

I can't process this until you answer me...

(Walter stops)

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 from the nurse, and writes 'NO'.

He hands the clipboard and pencil back and starts to walk away but the Nurse holds him in place.

NURSE THREE (CONT'D)

You answered most of the questions as 'Does Not Apply'.

WALTER

Dustin doesn't have any obsessive behaviors. He's not crazy or depressed, not morbidly self-centered, 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. Got that?

(As he exits.)

Maybe one of the cute nurses can help him every now and then.

(BLACKOUT)

Scene 3

LIGHTS FADE IN On Stage Right - AT
MCGINTY'S BAR

Walter is drawing on a jock strap on the bar with a magic marker. Two more jock straps sit on a stool next to him. Jim sits next to Walt, and Harry is tending bar.

Walter eyes the woman sitting at a table at the other end of the room while drawing.

HARRY

What are you doing there, Walter?

WALTER

Drawing an anchor.

HARRY

Don't sprawl it out on the bar like that, Walt. You're embarrassing me.

(pause)

So, you guys are going to do it, huh?

WALTER

Looks that way.

He continues to eye the woman. She is reading a book and sipping wine. Her back is to him and he can't see her face.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Remember that woman ... you know. Is that her down there?

JIM

I don't know. Could be.

Walter finishes marking one jock strap and switches it with another from his seat. He starts to draw on it, but looks at Harry and reconsiders.

Walter leaves the jock strap sprawled on the bar and gets up and meanders down the bar.

Jim takes the Jock strap off the bar and places it on Walter's stool.

Walter gets closer to the woman.

WOMAN

Can I help you?

WALTER

No. I'm ... sorry. I thought you were ... I mean, I'm just admiring the picture here.

Walter spends a second or two admiring the ugly picture and goes back to his seat.

(BLACKOUT)

Scene 4

STAGE goes DARK except for the overhead TV.

ANNOUNCER BRETT (O.S.)

Hello, everyone. I'm Brett Thompson and welcome to the Army/Navy football weekend. Mona Crespo is down on the field. Mona, what's going on down there?

COMMENTATOR MONA (O.S.)

Well, Brett, it's very quiet down here. But that's going to change shortly. We have so much to show the fans out there and it's only six hours to game time.

LIGHTS FADE IN on a PORTION of STAGE LEFT which is a PORTION of the parking lot

As Walt, Dustin, and Jim are getting their things out of the car--

DUSTIN

So what am I supposed to do?

JIM

You're gonna strip and wear the raincoat over your ugly ass.

DUSTIN

We're gonna block and make sure you don't get tackled.

WALTER

I'm gonna die is what I'm gonna do.

(pause)

I don't know about the naked part.

DUSTIN

I don't know about the running part. I can't even walk a hundred yards without tripping on myself.

JIM

For crying out loud, are you punking out? If you guys didn't want to do this, you should've told me before. This is no time to back out. Tuck your catheter in your pants, Dustin.

Jim slams the car door, Dustin tucks the catheter in his pants, and they walk through the parking lot. They have raincoats on and look more like PI's than sports fans.

WALTER

We've got pre-game jitters is all.

LIGHTS ON ENTIRE STAGE LEFT

Allude to the fact that FANS begin walking on stage. Some Army fans are mixing with the Navy fans. They have painted faces and bodies. The ticket line is far left.

Mona is center left and is broadcasting pre-game festivities.

FANS

Army is going down: Navy sucks (improvise)

MONA

I'm tailgating with both Army fans and Navy fans, Brett.
(sniffs)

Smells wonderful down here. What's that, mister.

NAVY FAN

Barbecued alligator. Have some?

ARMY FAN

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

Walter, Jim, and Dustin are on line at the ticket booth.

WOMAN TWO

Programs! Get your programs here.

MAN ONE

Move it. Move it old man. Cumin' thru.

MAN TWO

Souvenirs. Souvenirs here.

MAN ONE

Cumin' thru.

WOMAN TWO

Programs! Get you're all-important programs.

MAN TWO

Souvenirs, here.

WOMAN THREE

Anyone seen Billy. Billy ...

WOMAN TWO

Programs ... get your programs.

WOMAN THREE

Anyone seen Billy. Billy ... my Billy.

WOMAN FOUR

Hot dogs here.

As the men short-step their way on line, Jim takes a football from his raincoat and tucks it under his arm.

Walter sees Mr. Hartley on another line talking to two people, presumably friends he invited from the three tickets* Ricky gave him.

Their eyes meet. Walter gives a salute then immediately nudges Jim and head-nods Hartley's way.

When Hartley sees Walter he stops talking. His face slowly builds to a look of anxiety.

Hartley leisurely reaches into his pocket, fakes a smile to his buddies, and pulls out the envelope. He opens it and his face says it all.

Walter pushes Jim to the attendant who takes the tickets from Jim, rips the tops off, and hands the stubs back.

As they head into the stadium Stage Right, Walter looks behind him and sees Hartley waving his hands as he's talking to his friends.

STAGE LEFT DIMS and LIGHTS FADE IN
On Stage Right - the Stadium.

As they enter Stage Right, Jim soaks in a view of the entire stadium all at once. He 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 activities happen in the combination of a montage of choreographed stage and TV images, and sound effects. These are the suggested festivities (i.e., SOUNDS, VISUAL effects):

- A) The music blares from the stadium speakers. A band plays.
- B) Fire works explode in the end zones.
- C) The cheerleaders dance at each corner of the stadium.
- D) The teams are introduced
- E) The national anthem
- F) The game begins. Kick-off. Heads bang, players grunt, tackle. Fans perform the wave whenever they can. Ricky Greene blocks and before the half is done, Navy leads 14 to 0.
- G) The half-time extravaganza begins. Famous people perform. Before we know it, the halftime show ends with magnificent fireworks, and then the Blue Angels fly overhead. The teams take the field.

JIM

It's time.

The three men go up the ramp and turn into the men's room and exit STAGE LEFT while the festivities continue.

Jim comes out first with just a raincoat and sneakers on and a football tucked under his arm. He has his street clothes rolled up and tucked under his other arm as well.

Walter comes out next wearing just a raincoat and sneakers. 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, the Announcers come on the TV sets or we hear them as Off Stage voices. To keep it simple, we'll use Off Stage voices for the Announcers.

ANNOUNCER BRETT (O.S.)

If the Giants don't get their act together pretty soon, Phil, this game is going to be one of the worst run-a-ways ever.

ANNOUNCER PHIL (O.S.)

That's right, Brett. But Navy's front line is just too powerful.

WALTER

(to Dustin)

Hey - Keep up.

JIM

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

(Walks right to the rail.)

Well, Walter. This is it.

Jim jumps the barrier and drags Walter over the rail with him.

On the sideline, they both sneak over to one of the end zones. Dustin, meanwhile, lags far, far behind.

ANNOUNCER BRETT (O.S.)

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

ANNOUNCER PHIL (O.S.)

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

ANNOUNCER BRETT (O.S.)

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

MONA (O.S.)

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

Jim and Walter their raincoats off and they stand center (left) stage, naked, except they have their jock straps on.

MONA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

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

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 creating the illusion of images being described by the announcers.

MONA (O.S.)

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

ANNOUNCER BRETT (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 security guard and he goes down hard.

(MORE)

ANNOUNCER BRETT (O.S.)

I haven't seen a stiff arm like that for twenty years. That had to hurt.

The fans, all this time, are going absolutely wild. They're cheering Jim on as if he is the hero of the game. But Jim's not a hero to RICKY.

Ricky, standing next to a defensive player on the field, watches his grandfather running toward him.

RICKY

(to himself)

You had to do it.

DEFENSIVE PLAYER

Look at that asshole! What a jerk!

RICKY

(pushes the defensive player)

He's not a jerk. He's my grandfather.

MONA (O.S.)

Brett. 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.

ANNOUNCER BRETT (O.S.)

That's right, Phil. They have anchors on their jocks. 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. He's still going. He's on the 40.

MONA (TV)

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

ANNOUNCER BRETT (O.S)

The old man is at the 35. He's slowing down big time.

MONA (O.S)

Brett, there's about twenty security guards coming out of the end zone to haul him in. And there's another guard coming from behind. Oh, boy. Doesn't look good. But wait. Who's this? There's another old man running onto the field.

Dustin comes running onto the field.

ANNOUNCER PHIL (O.S.)

Looks more like a waddle, Mona.

DUSTIN

Watch out, Jim. Behind you. Behind you.

This other guard looks like he might catch up to Jim, but Jim runs toward Dustin and, at the last second, the guard and Dustin collide.

ANNOUNCER BRETT (O.S.)

Ouch! That had to hurt. These old men are tough, Phil.

Dustin falls to the ground from the collision. But he looks up and he sees Jim running down the field. He looks to the rear and sees Walter coming. He fiddles with the catheter and pints it in Walter's direction.

WALTER

(as he passes Dustin)

Don't even think about it.

ANNOUNCER BRETT (O.S.)

There's two dozen security guards who have just formed a line in the end zone, Mona. I don't know if he's going to make it.

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

MONA (O.S.)

Brett, looks like Greene is going to tackle ... wait, no ...

Instead of tackling Jim, Ricky turns
and blocks the guards.

MONA (O.S.)

Ricky Greene is blocking for the old man. I'm watching this
with my own eyes and I still don't believe it.

ANNOUNCER BRETT(O.S.)

He's at the 15 ... the 10 ... a guard is on the old man's
back ... two guards ... three guards. He's not going to make
it, but wait

Walter passes by him and waves for Jim
to pass the ball, which Jim does just
as he goes down.

Walter catches the ball and slams it
to the ground. Touchdown

ANNOUJNCER PHIL (O.S.)

(shouting)

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

Walter meanders into the end zone and
helps Jim up. They both jump up with
their bodies protruding forward.

A PHOTOGRAPHER snaps a picture from
the end zone capturing Walter and Jim
in mid-air bumping chests, and in the
lower part of the picture, Dustin is
on the ground on the 25 yard line with
his arm raised up in victory.

(BLACKOUT)

Scene 5

LIGHTS FADE IN On Stage Left -
Dustin's Bedroom At Bellevue.

Dustin lies in bed with his face completely covered with a pillow. A rustling noise can be heard outside the window. Walter and Jim appear in the window. They peek in. Jim opens the window and sees that Dustin has the pillow over his face.

JIM

(whispering to Walt)

I think he killed himself.

(Dustin removes the pillow.)

WALTER

(to Dustin)

Come on. Let's go, knucklehead. 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

(to Walter)

I haven't gotten the hang of this yet ... changing the night bag to the leg bag, I mean.

WALTER

Just bring the night bag with you.

DUSTIN

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

WALTER

So, we'll hook it on your belt.

Dustin seems okay with that solution. He takes a Styrofoam head from the closet shelf which has a wig on it, and places the wig and the head at the top of the bed on his pillow.

He then takes a spare blanket from the closet, rolls it up, and places it under the bed covers. He removes a spare urine bag from the night table and hooks it to the medical stand. The hose dangles from the bag. He tucks the other end under the blanket leaving the impression he is well and comfortably sleeping.

Dustin saunters to the window, holds onto Walter's windbreaker, and climbs out. They both go crashing to the ground.

DUSTIN

Watch out for the bag. It's going to burst.

JIM

Get up you clowns.

They get up and start walking to Jim's car. As they walk, Dustin fiddles with the night bag, which is half-filled with urine.

DUSTIN

It's supposed to be lower than my bladder.

WALTER

Here. Put it here.

(Walter puts the hook on Dustin's belt so
the bag drapes down over his thigh.)

There. Now it's below your bladder.

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. You can drink as much as you
want and never have to 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 Urethral Meatotomy. And the doctor says on Tuesday
I'll be able to piss like a race horse.

JIM

(To Dustin)

Maybe we should leave you here and come back on Tuesday.

(They reach to the car and get it.)

Get in and stop complaining.

(Walter sits next to Dustin like usual.)

(MORE)

JIM (CONT'D)

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

DUSTIN

Why? Is it making you thirsty.

(laughs)

Jim makes a sharp 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 if you're not careful.

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

(yelling)

Shut up! Shut up! SHUT UP!

WALTER

(a beat)

It looked like you were trying to kill yourself back there, Dustin. How many times do I have to tell you? You can't do it with a pillow by yourself.

DUSTIN

Actually, I was experimenting. I mean, I have no family. And they won't let me associate with you guys anymore because of ... you know, on account of what we did.

(beat)

So, I've been experimenting at night to see if I could kill myself with the pillow, but it's next to impossible to do it by yourself. It's like you said. You can't do it yourself. You need somebody to sit on your face.

Jim makes another right turn pushing
Walter into Dustin again.

DUSTIN

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

WALTER

That's it. Give me that thing.

Walter takes the hook from Dustin's
pocket and Dustin's hips moves with
Walter's movement.

DUSTIN

What are you doing? Ouch. My penis.

Walter unwraps the hose, takes the
clip off, points it out the window and
squeezes the bag.

Jim looks in the rearview mirror.

JIM

(looks into the rearview mirror - laughs)
You got the car behind us. They have their wipers on.
(looks to the right side in back - angry)
Hey. You're pissing on my car, damn it.

WALTER

(to Jim)
Technically, Dustin is pissing on your car.
(After the bag is empty, Walter brings the
hose back into the car, wraps it around the
bag and hooks it back onto Dustin's belt.)
There. Next time empty the bag before you leave your room.

(BLACKOUT)

Scene 6

LIGHTS FADE IN On Stage Right -
MCGINTY'S BAR

Our boys walk into McGinty's bar like
they own the place.

The TV is playing a Sunday night 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.

JIM

(to Dustin)

You're very perceptive.

They sit at the bar with other
customers.

Harry serves them boiler makers.

The Mystery Woman sits a table at the
end of in the bar.

A MAN walks in with a two-foot by
three-foot picture that is wrapped in
brown protective paper and, slaps it
on the bar and leaves.

HARRY

Good. I've been waiting for this picture for months. Just put it here. Jim ... I got Navy on.

ANNOUNCER BRET (V.O.)

Phil, Ricky Greene is in mid-season form.

JIM

(Jumps to his feet.)

Yes, siree. That's my grandson.

Jim smiles at Dustin, and--

JIM

How are you doin', buddy?

DUSTIN

Fine. How are you doin'?

Jim reaches into his pocket and pulls out a string.

JIM

I came prepared today. Come here.

While attaching the string to Dustin, Walter gets up and walks over to the jukebox, deposits money into it and plays a song.

Walter walks down the bar to the Mystery Woman.

A CUSTOMER spots the urine bag attached to Dustin and makes a face.

JIM

There. You're going nowhere tonight.

Kate Smith begins singing *God Bless America* as Walter reaches the Mystery woman.

NOTE: The song PLAYS for the rest of the play. The curtain will fall after the song ends.

WALTER

Would you like to dance?

The woman nods and gets up to dance.

HARRY

(leans into Jim)

I suppose a dance is just as good as anything. To the Hat Trick.

Jim takes a swig, then goes back to watching the TV.

Harry then turns his attention to a customer nearby. He leans into him.

HARRY

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

CUSTOMER

I don't know why you let them in here in the first place. They're a menace. One guy has a pee-bag, the other guy's loud and obnoxious ...

HARRY

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

The customer appears stunned.

HARRY

(moves the drink close to the customer.)

You heard me. Drink up.

The customer quickly drinks up and exits in a huff.

Harry unwraps picture on the bar and takes it to the downstage wall where the ugly picture once hung.

He hangs the new picture where the ugly picture once hung and he steps back and studies it.

The PICTURE rotates on a puppet string for the audience view.

While "God Bless America" finishes, the audience sees an enlargement of a photo taken at the Army/Navy game of Walter and Jim in mid-air, naked, bumping chests with Dustin 25 yards down the field waving in victory.

With the Mystery Woman and Walter dancing, and with Harry facing downstage, the lights dim except for a single light on Harry.

All we can see on stage is Harry's face which is still looking at the picture. He glows with great pride.

MUSIC ENDS

CURTAIN FALLS

- THE END -