

Pot Luck

By Tim Pullen

Cast

Stanley Haste: Fifty-eight, Retired sports writer, father of three, obsessive compulsive.

Ellen Haste: Fifty-six, Full time mother of her three grown sons and her husband, cat lover, and a good cook.

Mrs. Tinkles: 6 in human years, Ellen Haste's favorite child, the only girl, she happens to be a calico cat. (Her part is designed to be played by a fake cat, because no actual cat deserves the tortures of theatre.)

Bran Haste: Middle child twenty-three, Wants to be a comedian, but at the moment works as a retail clerk. He's bringing his girlfriend to Thanksgiving dinner to meet the family and propose.

Maggie Grant: Twenty- two, Bran's girlfriend, about to be fiancée. She's a veterinary technician.

Kyle Haste: Twenty, Youngest of the Haste boys, as far as the family knows he's in college with an undeclared major, and he works part time as a photographer. In reality, he's a spy with a top secret agency.

Drake Haste: Twenty-eight Eldest Haste son. Weatherman at local news station and Married to the most domineering insane and over religious woman ever created. He drinks far too much, mostly in his attempt to numb his matrimonial life.

Mary "Francis" Haste: Thirty The most domineering, insane and over religious woman ever created. She's one month pregnant, but hasn't told Drake yet.

Edith Banks: Seventy-three. The supposedly deaf, elderly mother of Ellen Haste. However she's actually in the high ranks of the spy ring that recruited Kyle.

Detective Alex Camerun: Thirty-four. Freshly promoted detective, that is investigating a ring of Jewel Thieves.

Donald Rodriguez Sanchez: Spanish leader of an international ring of Jewel thieves hired by Ranson to steal the Tiswell diamond.

Veronica Moscovy: Russian technical expert in Don Juan's ring.

Mingyu Fu: Chinese-American expert of karate and ninja arts in the jewel ring.

Prologue

(Spotlight center stage, on a glass case containing the valuable and large Tiswell diamond, a figure all in black repels down a rope that has just dropped from directly above the case, he sets down a device and activates it the room fills with fog and red beams of security lasers become visible. The person steals the diamond, apparently knowing exactly what they're doing, but after the diamond is securely in a bag, they look up to make sure no one is watching then deliberately passes a hand through a beam of light. Red lights and sirens go off everywhere and the person in black runs off stage, he takes off his mask after he's out of the building and we see that it is Kyle Haste, he talks into his watch)

Kyle: Operation Glitter-bug has been aborted, commencing operation Turkey-hunt. (Kyle pulls out a 1998-cell phone and dials as he running offstage, the light goes dim then out on Kyle. The Ringing of a home phone is heard in the darkness)

Act One Scene One

Thursday November 26th 1998

(The darkness is disturbed by the ringing of the phone. Dim light of dawn goes up from the windows of the Haste home as the phone rings. Ellen Haste is entering the room from an upstairs bedroom, she yawns and pulls a bathrobe closes as she hurries to answer the phone. A television, a main entrance, door to the kitchen, and a stair case or hallway that leads to a stair case upstairs, a large dining table is set close to the kitchen door. Along the wall by the kitchen is a small side table, used as a bar. One wall of the house is dedicated entirely to family pictures. In a corner of the room, you find a small desk, tidy, and well preserved with articles and pictures of sporting events framed around it. A typewriter sits in the middle of the desk as if on display at a museum. Ellen crosses the room and picks up the ringing phone.)

Ellen: Hello? Hello? -Kyle? Honey? -Happy Thanksgiving to you too. -Of course, honey, you're always welcome to dinner-- I wanted you here anyway, you know that. - Honey, is something wrong? Well - it's quarter to six in the morning. --No, I'm not usually up this early. - Are those sirens? - Okay, you're sure you're alright? -Okay, I'll see you later sweetheart. (She hangs up)

Stanley: (Entering the room from the door Ellen just entered in.) What was that about? It wasn't a telemarketer or a hang up was it? You know sometimes they use phone calls to scope out the house, and see if anyone's home. Especially during the holidays.

Ellen: No Stanley, it was Kyle.

Stanley: Our son Kyle?

Ellen: Yes, he's coming home for Thanksgiving dinner.

Stanley: He had to tell you this very instant?

Ellen: He thought I'd be up anyway, he just found out he didn't have to work.

Stanley: Good. Let's go back to sleep.

Ellen: I'm going to have to start cooking anyway, why don't you get the paper? Where's Ms. Tinkles?

Stanley: Left her on the bed.

Ellen: You disturbed her?

Stanley: I'm not a pillow.

Ellen: She lays on you because you're so soft and squishy. (She exits back to the bed room)

Stanley: You should put her in her room for the day.

Ellen: I know, I know, you don't have to remind me. She can at least have her breakfast first.

Mrs. Tinkles: (Re-entering with the cat in her arms like a baby) Meow.

Ellen: I love you too. Happy Thanksgiving. (Ellen and Mrs. Tinkles cross to the kitchen, You hear the sound of a can opener and meowing. Ellen returns to the dining table with two cups of coffee in hand. Meanwhile Stanley ties a robe tightly around him. Turning on the remaining lights, unlocking the front door and running back in with the newspaper)

Stanley: Baby it is cold outside. (He sits down with his coffee and hands her part of the paper taking only the sports page for himself)

Ellen: You went out without a coat? It's only supposed to be twenty degrees out there with the wind chill.

Stanley: Its ten tops, this is why people move to Florida, it seems to get colder every year. When I get old, I'm migrating south.

Ellen: When you get old?

Stanley: When I'm old-er, like your age.

Ellen: At least it isn't snowing.

Stanley: What are you talking about? Snow is the only good reason to have cold weather, it gives it a purpose. Cold without snow is like... It's like being naked and alone, there's just no point to it.

Ellen: I thought you were packing on that extra layer of bubbler to insulate yourself for the winter.

Stanley: My blubber is entirely your fault.

Ellen: What makes you say that?

Stanley: If you didn't cook so much I wouldn't eat it.

Ellen: How long was this house full? All my recipes feed four men and myself.

Stanley: You can't cut the dose?

Ellen: It's not a dose. It's a serving. And I have tried making less, several times.

Stanley: Really?

Ellen: Every time I do, I catch you at the refrigerator at one in the morning eating mozzarella out of the bag like some kind of junky.

Stanley: Can't help when I'm hungry. Maybe I should put a lock on the fridge just to-

Ellen: No. No more locks in this house Stanley. You're getting out of control, you know no one wants your socks, I noticed the pad lock on that drawer the other day. By the way, you're going to have to give me the combination or start folding your own socks.

Stanley: But maybe I could lose weight if-

Ellen: I could invite the boys to move back in.

Stanley: Never mind, I'll just be fat.

Ellen: This is going to be nice having all the boys home at once... Why would they need him at work on Thanksgiving day? I didn't know photo studios were open for Thanksgiving.

Stanley: I don't care, why would he call at six in the morning to tell us?

Ellen: How would he find out he didn't have to work at this hour?

Stanley: I'm still voting we go back to sleep.

Ellen: I could've sworn I heard sirens in the background.

Stanley: He lives in the city; there are always sirens in the back ground. I'm surprised you didn't hear gunshots (He stirs his coffee, dinging the sides loudly)

Ellen: Why do you do that?

Stanley: What?

Ellen: Stir your coffee like that, it reminds me of the Salvation Army. I swear one day I'm going to drop a quarter in your cup.

Stanley: Okay, I'll start stirring on a street corner.

Ellen: Gunshots. Is that supposed to make me feel better? You don't think that's code do you? You don't think he's being robbed and snuck one phone call to tip us off? He was in sort of a whisper, or like he was out of breath or something-

Stanley: Do we have to play this game?

Ellen: Stanley.

Stanley: Wouldn't it be smarter for him to call the police?

Ellen: I suppose so.

Stanley: Maybe he wasn't being robbed, maybe he was robbing somebody, got involved with some bank heist that went sour and had to bail, then called us for a place to crash, you know, lay low for a few days.

Ellen: Really? Stanley, do you really think that could be what happened?

Stanley: Ellen, Honey, if I thought he was robbing banks, would I still be paying his tuition?

Ellen: The sarcasm doesn't help. What part of what you just said, do you actually mean?

Stanley: The "can we go back to sleep?" part.

Ellen: You think he's okay?

Stanley: He's not playing twenty questions with a crazy woman at six in the morning; so he's better off than I am.

Ellen: Would you like cereal for breakfast?

Stanley: I guess.

Ellen: Do you think we were good parents? (She exits to the kitchen)

Stanley: Why do you have to worry yourself to death over everything?

Ellen: (from the kitchen) I'm not worrying, I'm simply asking your opinion.

Stanley: Why do you ask for my opinion? You never like it.

Ellen: (re-entering with cereal bowls and a container of milk) You think I screwed up the boys don't you?

Stanley: I think nothing of the sort.

Ellen: Bran is defiantly coming, right?

Stanley: He'll be here, he's all excited about introducing us to this girlfriend of his.

Ellen: I think he's serious about this one; He's never willingly introduced us to one of his girlfriends.

Stanley: I'm just glad it's a girl he's been living with-

Ellen: Just because he's an actor doesn't mean he's gay.

Stanley: Just because you're black doesn't mean you can play basket ball, but the odds are good. You do realize he's not an actor, he's a salesclerk.

Ellen: He performs in shows all the time.

Stanley: He makes his money as a salesclerk.

Ellen: It isn't how you make money that's important; it's your passion that makes you whole.

Stanley: I'm glad you didn't have to work for a living.

Ellen: Stanley Branson Haste.

Stanley: I hate it when you do that.

Ellen: I bared you three healthy boys, I had dinner on the table every night, breakfast on the table every morning, homework checked, house taken care of, how many times did you ever put on a dirty pair of pants or a wrinkled shirt? I-

Stanley: Okay, Okay! I give I'm sorry, without you I'd be nothing, I owe everything I ever was and ever will be to you.

Ellen: You're just saying that to shut me up.

Stanley: Yes, yes I am.

Ellen: I'm letting you off the hook then, for honesty.

Stanley: Damn. You mean all this time, I could've just used honesty?

Ellen: You're pathetic.

Stanley: I'm glad Bran's found a girl he's serious about; and I know he has fun in those plays of his. I just wish he'd get serious about a job.

Ellen: Leave the boy alone, he's young he'll figure it out. You pushed Drake, and look what happened to him.

Stanley: He's a weatherman. What's wrong with that? How can you have a better job? Doctors wouldn't get paid that well if every other guess was wrong.

Ellen: He's gotten conceited and shallow and he drinks far too much, and I'm sorry Stanley but that wife of his is a bitch. I always wanted a daughter, until I met her.

Stanley: She's your daughter-in-law you're not supposed to like her.

Ellen: That reminds me, Drake is co-hosting the Thanksgiving Day Parade today I need you to set the VCR to tape it at eleven.

Stanley: Yes dear.

Ellen: I've got to get the Turkey in the oven.

Stanley: Yes, sweetie.

Ellen: Then I'm going to strip naked and cover myself with Crisco.

Stanley: Okay.

Ellen: You're not listening to a word I'm saying are you?

Stanley: Not really hon.

Ellen: Stanley Branson Haste!

Stanley: What now?

Ellen: You're not listening to a word I'm saying!

Stanley: Why would you say I wasn't listening?

Ellen: You never agree so easily when you're actually paying attention to what I'm saying.

Stanley: Doesn't that tell you something?

Ellen: When did you stop listening?

Stanley: When you started boring me.

Ellen: Did you hear what you have to tape?

Stanley: TV?

Ellen: Yes, but what on TV?

Stanley: Drake?

Ellen: Very good, now why is Drake on television?

Stanley: Because he's a mildly decent looking meteorologist?

Ellen: Because he's hosting the Thanksgiving Day parade.

Stanley: The Macy's Parade!

Ellen: No, the Crestview county fire marshals Thanksgiving Day parade its on channel eight and twenty-two.

Stanley: And we have to tape it?

Ellen: We have to show him our support.

Stanley: We did that when he got married, and you're already regretting that.

Ellen: You were supposed to talk with him at the bachelor party.

Stanley: If I was allowed to hire the strippers I wanted to, I could've convinced him she wasn't that great.

Ellen: I can't say I'm a big supporter of strippers.

Stanley: I'm not saying any one of them could hold a candle to you, I'm simply saying that if Drake had seen another woman naked in his lifetime, he might have lost his infatuation with Francis.

Ellen: Now we raised a good boy that saved his virginity till he was married.

Stanley: You don't think he did that on purpose, do you?

Ellen: He's an attractive young man; he could've had any girl he wanted. But we should say something about his drinking, shouldn't we? Have some sort of Intervention.

Stanley: Not on Thanksgiving. That's more of a Christmas thing.

Ellen: He is such a handsome young man.

Stanley: He looks too much like me to criticize his looks, but Ellen, honey, face facts he was always such a dork.

Ellen: He's extremely intelligent, that's all.

Stanley: If he's so damn smart, why can't he predict the weather?

Ellen: I've got to get the turkey in the oven (She exits to the kitchen)

Stanley: I pin her down on something and she runs.

Ellen: (Poking her head back out) I'm not running, I simply have to start cooking if you want a Thanksgiving dinner. (She goes back into the kitchen)

Stanley: Whatever.

(A few moments pass and Ellen re-enters from the kitchen with the turkey and stuffing and begins to stuff the bird on the dining table)

Ellen: I think we raised three fine boys.

Stanley: What the hell are you doing?

Ellen: Stuffing the turkey.

Stanley: In the living room?

Ellen: It's the dining room.

Stanley: No wall separates our dining room from the living room, thusly making it one big room.

Ellen: I'm just showing you that I have no intention of running from our argument.

Stanley: I didn't know we were arguing.

Ellen: All right, debating.

Stanley: Ellen, I wasn't trying to get you all worked up.

Ellen: You're telling me I screwed up our children.

Stanley: Please Ellen. I'm sure any problems our kids have dealing with the world are completely my fault.

Ellen: Now why do you say that?

Stanley: I didn't spend enough time with them; I should've taken them along to more sports events. Instead, I let them stay here and get all coddled, and girly.

Ellen: Excuse me?

Stanley: Ellen, I wrote a sports column for thirty-two years. You don't think the guys at the office gave me any slack for my three sons? None of which were on the football team, or wrestling or-

Ellen: Kyle was in gymnastics for three years.

Stanley: That's one step away from ballet.

Ellen: It's a sport. A sport you never covered in the paper, you only showed up twice to see him. See you never supported them.

Stanley: I went to Bran's high school plays.

Ellen: How many?

Stanley: All three.

Ellen: There were three shows a year, so you missed nine.

Stanley: Then no one told me about them.

Ellen: He stopped telling you about them after he was in *twelfth night*.

Stanley: If I remember correctly, we even sat in the front row for that thing.

Ellen: Yes dear, you sat in the front row and fell asleep.

Stanley: Did I snore?

Ellen: Loudly.

Stanley: It's Shakespeare! What are you supposed to do? I'm surprised everyone in the audience didn't fall asleep.

Ellen: They couldn't you were snoring too loud.

Stanley: Well I'm sorry, you know I think you made them a little more cultured than men should be.

Ellen: Not too cultured for gentlemen.

Stanley: Maybe you made them a little too gentle and a little less man.

Ellen: You're sounding an awful lot like a conservative, what happened to living on love, world peace, the beauty all around us. That's the attitude you had when we were dating.

Stanley: I don't smoke the same stuff anymore. I guess I'm just getting bitter. I always thought I was open-minded, but when it's my son that's a little light in the loafers.

Ellen: Bran has a girlfriend. I thought you gave up that stupid theory.

Stanley: Kyle's the one I'm worried about.

Ellen: For years, you said it was Bran.

Stanley: Well he's a thespian, it through me off.

Ellen: I don't think Kyle's gay.

Stanley: He's practically disappeared for the past two years, what do we know about him?

Ellen: He's been in college.

Stanley: Two years of college and hasn't declared a major.

Ellen: Photography.

Stanley: He never brought a girl home in high school, I've never heard him talk about a girl.

Ellen: It's not like you pay attention anyway, Drake was on channel six before you knew he was going to be a weather man.

Stanley: Why should I spend my life keeping track of the boys? That's what I have you for.

Ellen: Stanley, quit. You're not your father, times change. Look at the dinosaurs, things changed they didn't evolve with the changes and poof, their all extinct.

Stanley: One day I'm going to go extinct too. What of it?

Ellen: That phone call was odd.

Stanley: Kyle is either gay, into drugs, or both. Maybe he's doing gay drugs.

Ellen: Oh, stop it! We've got three great boys Stanley; don't be so hard on them.

Stanley: Ellen, you're touching me.

Ellen: Yes, what's wrong with that? You're my husband.

Stanley: You just had those hands up a turkey's butt.

Ellen: You're going to shower anyway. Get the door for me. (He does, and she exits into the kitchen, the phone rings and Stanley goes to it)

Stanley: Please don't be the bailout call. (He answers) Haste's place, Happy Turkey Day! Yes, this is he. - Yes. (Ellen re-enters the room from the kitchen) Today? But it's Thanksgiving. No, I understand. - These things happen. -I'll be down there in about an hour. (Stanley is visibly depressed.)

Ellen: What's wrong?

Stanley: That was the nursing home.

Ellen: Oh my God! My mother!

Stanley: Yeah...She wants to spend Thanksgiving Day with us. I'm supposed to go pick her up.

Ellen: Stanley! You sounded so sad. I thought something devastating happened.

Stanley: Maybe you didn't hear me.

Ellen: My mother is the sweetest woman on the face of the earth she just doesn't like you.

Stanley: Well, she has every right to hate me. I took the most beautiful girl in the world away from her, and turned her into you.

Ellen: That was so close to being sweet.

Stanley: I'm getting in the shower; do you care to join me?

Ellen: Feeling romantic?

Stanley: You're the one that got turkey butt juice all over me; you should at least help scrub it off.

Ellen: We can scrub the juice off, the butt will remain.

Stanley: I wouldn't take this abuse from any other woman. You're lucky you still have a sexy ass.

Ellen: Stanley, you are my sexy ass.

Stanley: Let me lock the door first.

Ellen: It's Thanksgiving, we're home, can't you just leave it open.

Stanley: While we're upstairs-

Ellen: Do you have to be paranoid every day of the year?

Stanley: Just because I'm paranoid doesn't mean people aren't out to get me. No deadbolts, deal?

Ellen: Fine, (he locks it) now come on before the kids get here.

Stanley: We have hours before any of our kids wake up.

Ellen: Not Drake, he's at a parade. Shouldn't you set the VCR first? Before you forget.

Stanley: I won't forget, just let me get dressed first.

(They exit upstairs. The audience hears the shower running for a few moments, then stops, the sunlight through the curtain grows brighter.)

Act One Scene Two

(If there are any clocks on stage - I wouldn't suggest it- they should be moved up, it's now about ten in the morning. The front door rattles then doorbell rings, then a knock that turns into a pounding. After a short time, you hear the lock rattle again and Bran Haste and Maggie Grant enter)

Maggie: I didn't know you knew how to pick a lock.

Bran: Me either, I've never had to before. I know how to pick a woman.

Maggie: You know how to pick a nose.

Bran: Bet I can pick a woman's nose.

Maggie: Maybe we should've stayed outside, you realize this is breaking and entering.

Bran: It's cold out there, and this is my parent's house. Part of its mine when they're dead. I do have a key, it just doesn't work. Wow, that's a new couch.

Maggie: You're sure we're in the right house?

Bran: Look, my picture is on the wall. If i accidentally broke into the wrong house would my picture be on the wall? My dad randomly changes the locks sometimes, I just thought since he retired and was home all the time he would stop.

Maggie: Something smells delicious.

Bran: Doesn't matter what's on the menu, I brought my favorite dish. (he kisses her cheek)

Maggie: Shouldn't we find your parents?

Bran: I guess.

Maggie: Were they expecting us this early?

Bran: I told dad I'd be here first thing, have a seat. I'll find them.

(Maggie Sits down as Bran goes into the kitchen, she drops her purse and spills it's contents. She bends down from the seat to pick it up, as Stanley comes down in a bathrobe and towel with a baseball bat in hand and tip toes to the kitchen where he hears Bran making noise, Bran returns from the kitchen and is almost smashed in the head)

Stanley: Good God! Bran! What the hell are you doing here so early? I could've knocked your head off. You interrupted a rousing game of stuff the turkey.

Bran: The turkeys in the oven.

Stanley: A game of stuff the turkey- your mom plays the turkey-

Bran: Dad! Stop. Aside from the trauma it would cause me if you finished that sentence, we've got company. I'd like to introduce you to Maggie Grant.

Stanley: Maggie. Yeah, your girlfriend.

Maggie: It's nice meeting you sir.

Stanley: Please, call me Stan, or Stanley, call me dad, you can call me asshole but don't call me sir it just makes me feel old.

Bran: The fact that you're old makes you feel old; she was just pointing it out.

Stanley: I'm sorry we didn't expect Bran this early, let me go get my clothes and some wife. Er- my wife and some - you know what I mean.

Bran: I told you I'd be here first thing in the morning.

Stanley: I thought you meant your morning, around noon or so.

Bran: I get up earlier these days. Why doesn't my key work anymore? Did you change the locks again?

Stanley: It had been almost two years.

Bran: You change locks like other people change shoes.

Stanley: You never know who could be watching your house, waiting for that exact moment when your defenses are down. I heard about this one guy that went to have copies of his keys made at a hardware store, and the cashier took the address off the check, and copied the key. Watched to see his work pattern and then robbed him blind. Poor guy came home and everything was gone.

Bran: This is why old people need hobbies.

Stanley: Defending the perimeter of this house is my hobby.

Bran: I like the new couches.

Stanley: Yeah, aren't they nice?(He checks to make sure Ellen is not in ear shot) Actually, they're the same old couches. It was brilliance on my part. Your mom asked for new couches, and I said why buy new couches if you're just going to put a cover over them? So she said fine, I won't cover the new ones. So one day while she was out, I pulled the covers off the old ones. It had been so long since she'd seen them she thought they were brand new. See? Your old man can be pretty smart. Now excuse me, I'm going to go get dressed. (He exits upstairs)

Maggie: They say a man becomes his father.

Bran: You want run now?

Maggie: If you look that good in a bathrobe and towel in forty years, I'll be happy.

Bran: By that time you'll have cataracts, I'll probably look even better blurry. You see why I'm a little off?

Maggie: What's stuff the turkey?

Bran: I- well I can't say I really know, but I can imagine. If you can gobble I'll show you later. Part of my emotional problems stem from my parents being really open about sex and-

Maggie: -Maybe I don't want to know. This is a really nice house.

Bran: Yeah, they've fixed it up a bit. When we all lived here- it was always messy.

Maggie: It's bigger than I imagined from your stories.

Bran: Wait till my brothers get here, the place shrinks, like a man in cold water.

Maggie: You aren't kidding, when you say your dad is a little paranoid are you? How many deadbolts do you need?

Bran: I can tell you, if he didn't have to get the paper I couldn't have broken in. He vacuum seals this place. He used to have background checks run on our friends before they could sleep over.

Maggie: I thought he was a sports journalist?

Bran: He was, but he was the guy with all the friends. He had a friend in the police department, he had a friend at our high school, he had so many friends he just kept pictures in his rolodex, with the names and numbers, so he could remember who was who.

Maggie: Well-connected guy.

Bran: Socially, not mentally.

Maggie: I imagined it ran in the family.

Ellen: (Entering from the stairs) Insanity? Yes, it does run in the family, but it seems to stick to the Y chromosome.

Bran: Maggie, I'd like you to meet Ellen Haste. I rented a womb from her when I was very young.

Maggie: Pleasure to meet you.

Ellen: Oh, the pleasure's all mine dear, aren't you beautiful?

Stanley: (following behind) But the poor girl must be blind, no one that beautiful has ever hung out with the likes of him.

Bran: She's embarrassed enough, dad.

Stanley: Don't be ridiculous; if she can walk around in public with you, we can't embarrass her. (He's putting magazines on the coffee table)

Bran: You have always done a great job embarrassing me.

Maggie: I can tell I'm in the Haste home.

Ellen: As Stanley always says, a smart ass is better than a dumb one.

Maggie: Bran lives by that rule.

Bran: And a tight one is better than a smart one.

Ellen: See Stanley, you did help raise the boys. What are those?

Stanley: Magazines, haven't you ever seen magazines? In classy places, they have magazines on the tables to read.

Ellen: In doctor's offices maybe, what? What kind of doctors are you going to? You've got cosmopolitan, better homes and gardens, and a playboy? What's this doing here? I thought I threw these out years ago.

Stanley: I found a box of them up in the attic, I thought you changed your mind and spared them.

Ellen: I don't remember, I don't think I would've changed my mind on that. I've got to make the pie crust, when I get back those magazines had better be put away or I'm going to throw them away again.

Bran: You can't throw away a classic playboy this issue was the year go-go boots came out.

Stanley: Son! (He hugs him)

Bran: Mom! Something's wrong with dad.

Ellen: Sorry, he was like that when I got him. Why are you here so early Bran?

Bran: I thought maybe this year I'd come and help out.

Ellen: Isn't that sweet?

Stanley: Terrific! Bran go pick up your grandmother. Maggie you can vacuum the rugs.

Ellen: Stanley.

Stanley: What? I'm delegating.

Ellen: Those are your chores, you don't have many.

Maggie: I don't mind.

Ellen: Don't be silly you're our guest. You and Bran have been seeing each other for quite a while now haven't you?

Maggie: Almost a year.

Ellen: You met at that horrible Christmas Eve - (A ding from the kitchen)

Maggie: Really, it wasn't that bad-

Ellen: Tell me all about it in the kitchen honey, it's time to knead the dough (They exit into the kitchen)

Stanley: That's a nice-looking girl there.

Bran: Yeah, Maggie's not bad either.

Stanley: You want to trade?

Bran: Not if my life depended on it.

Stanley: Me either. But don't tell your mother, if she knew I liked her, I wouldn't hear the end of it.

Bran: Dad? Can I show you something?

Stanley: Sure.

Bran: (Showing off the diamond ring) Well? What do you think?

Stanley: I'm flattered son. But you should know I'm married.

Bran: I'm going to give it to her dad. If she says yes that is. That's why I needed you all to meet her.

Stanley: What if she says no?

Bran: I don't know how I'd live.

Stanley: That's good.

Bran: Good that my entire life and every bit of my happiness hangs in the balance of this one question?

Stanley: If those aren't the odds, then it's not worth placing the bet.

Bran: I didn't know you could be so deep, with sentiment anyway.

Stanley: It's kind of -I don't know -how should I put this, un-big isn't it?

Bran: Size doesn't matter to Maggie, she sleeps with me.

Stanley: I guess it's an impressive ring for a sales clerk.

Bran: My job is not as bad as you think.

Stanley: Oh, they give you sick leave now? How about benefits, a retirement plan?

Bran: Dad. My health care is a box of Band-Aids they keep in the back room but this is a temporary job. You're going to feel pretty stupid when I'm a famous actor.

Stanley: Okay I'll stop. So why don't you propose to Maagie on the way to pick up your grandmother?

Bran: I'd really rather vacuum. The last time I picked grandma up; I didn't get that old person smell out of my car for a week.

Stanley: Tell me about. There's something about that mix of Ben-gay and mothballs.

Bran: In a couple of years, you might find it a turn on.

Stanley: Branson! Don't mention the words turn on while I'm thinking of your grandmother.

Bran: What's with the playboy

Stanley: I'm worried about your brother.

Bran: Which one?

Stanley: The lazy one that won't get a job.

Bran: I thought that was me.

Stanley: No, you have a job. A dead end lousy job, but you have a job.

Bran: Kyle works at that portrait place.

Stanley: That's an internship.

Bran: So yet again, Drake is the only perfect son.

Stanley: Oh no, not anymore. The ranking has changed dramatically, he's the alcoholic son, that's married to a bitch. I had to convince your mom not to have his intervention today.

Bran: About the alcoholism or the bitch?

Stanley: The alcoholism, I can't make any promises on the other. Kyle called us at five-something this morning and you're mom heard sirens in the background. He's starting a life of crime. Wow, son, if this girl marries you that puts you in as the new favorite.

Bran: Even if Drake makes more money than me?

Stanley: Sure, why not. As long as you don't rob banks or become a drunk. Although if you're good at it bank robbing might pay well, but the benefits would be lousy.

Bran: Kyle robbed a bank?

Stanley: It's a hypothetical story, I'll tell you about it later. You hang out with actors, do you know if there's such a thing as gay drugs?

Bran: I don't think so. Do you mean drugs that only homosexuals do? Or drugs that make you gay?

Stanley: Either.

Bran: Ecstasy, I've heard of, the name sounds gay but I don't think it makes you that way.

Ellen: (Ellen is still mixing something as the two ladies return from the kitchen, Maggie is holding and petting Ms. Tinkles) And this is our wall of fame which has every family portrait since Drake was five.

Bran: I see you've meet Ms. Tinkles.

Ellen: And Ms. Tinkles likes her, you didn't tell me she works with animals. She's a vet tech Stanley.

Bran: I didn't think her occupation mattered.

Stanley: So she makes good money then?

Maggie: Pretty good, the benefits are great, Is that the Eiffel tower?

Stanley: Maybe I've underestimated you son. That first place ranking is looking good.

Maggie: Impressive vacations, why does everyone look so... What's the word for it?

Ellen: Stoned?

Maggie: I wouldn't say that.

Ellen: Why not?

Maggie: To be polite. The pictures I have of Bran look different, he's not so spacey.

Ellen: You'll have to bring me a copy I'll add it to my collection. We may be stoned. The weird part is, I have these pictures on the wall but I don't remember half of them being taken.

Maggie: Is this Kyle?

Ellen: No, that's thirteen year old Bran. This one's Kyle.

Maggie: He's not in many of the family shots.

Ellen: No, not many. Here he is at twelve, he was always the one taking pictures. My dad gave him a camera for his fifteenth birthday, and I've never seen him go anywhere without it.

Maggie: (the cat meows) She wants down, does she have free roam of the house?

Ellen: Normally, yes. But "Francis" (she says the name with particular distane) is allergic to cat hair, so she's got to spend the day in solitary. (She sets the bowl down and takes the cat) Come with mommy, would you like to see her little kitty playground? Francis is my son Drake's wife, she's an interesting character, I don't like her at all-(She takes the cat and leads Maggie down the hall)

Stanley: You do know that cat has four legs, she doesn't have to be carried.

Ellen: (speaking from the hall) She's being sent to her room, she deserves the royal treatment

Stanley: When I die I hope I come back as a house cat.

Bran: Ms. Tinkles has her own room now?

Stanley: Drake's old room. By the way, I'm fairly certain your mom plans to put cat hair in the mashed potatoes. She was talking about it and I don't think she was kidding.

Bran: Why would she do that?

Stanley: To see if Francis really is deathly allergic to cat hair. (Maggie and Ellen Re-enter)

Maggie: Ms. Tinkles has her own room, it's adorable.

Bran: I heard.

Ellen: Stanley, do you notice my mother's not here?

Stanley: Yes. (He smiles)

Ellen: You told them you'd be there, so be there.

Stanley: Fine.

Bran: Let me move my car, I've got you blocked in.

Stanley: I'll do it son, you stay in here with Maggie. (He takes his keys) It's cold out there.

Ellen: You be careful with my mother.

Stanley: Be back in a minute! (He exits: front door)

Maggie: So you ate butter right out of the tub I hear.

Bran: What kind of stories are you telling her?

Ellen: (looking out the window) Bran, do you realize your father has just driven off with your car?

Bran: Yep, I guessed that. I was almost out of gas.

Maggie: Is that why you wouldn't stop?

Bran: He's psychotic really, but reliable, why else would I hand him the keys.

Ellen: That man can't look at a gas gauge if it's not on full, he used to keep spare tanks in the garage so he could top it off every morning before he went to work.

Maggie: I thought all those obsessive compulsive father jokes were made up.

Bran: No, he's really nuts.

Maggie: Does he really take three hours to lock the front door?

Ellen: No, he takes five minutes to lock it.

Bran: Then two hours and fifty five minutes checking to make sure it's still locked.

Ellen: The funny thing is he'll obsess over stupid things like that, but he can't refill the toilet paper if he takes the last sheet.

Maggie: I think that's just a guy thing.

Ellen: (a bell dings) Oh, excuse me (she exits to the kitchen)

Bran: Thanks, for being brave enough to go in there with her.

Maggie: She's such a sweet woman, Why didn't you tell me Ms. Tinkles was a calico?

Bran: You didn't ask.

Maggie: I grew up with a calico cat named Jack.

Bran: I'll be certain to keep you informed of all breed information in the future.

Maggie: Can I tell her about our cats?

Bran: No! That's how I lost Ms. Tinkles. My mother still has two empty rooms.

Maggie: You're being silly, but okay. I should see if I can give her a hand now.

Bran: You don't have to play it up that much.

Maggie: Bran, I really do like her. Don't you?

Bran: Well Of Course I do but I have to, genetic obligation.

Maggie: Genetic obligation?

Bran: It's the unwritten code in the DNA strand; you have to love your parents. That's what keeps therapists in business.

Maggie: You're just being silly.

Bran: All silliness aside. Can I ask you a question?

Maggie: Sure.

Bran: I love you so much.

Maggie: Is that a question?

Bran: No, that's a prelude to a question. Did you know I've never brought any girl here before?

Maggie: We'll you've also never lived with someone before. You had to bring me or make me sit at home alone today. So I'm glad you brought me.

Bran: Well, I wanted you to meet everyone. (Kyle Haste enters through the front door, with a duffle bag or suitcase dressed all in black) And here's someone to meet right now. Maggie Grant, this is Kyle Haste my little brother. Kyle this is Maggie Grant, the woman of my dreams.

Kyle: Whoa, Do you mind if dream about her too? It's nice to meet you, is your vision impaired?

Maggie: No.

Kyle: Then why are you with him?

Bran: She's got good taste.

Kyle: I'm sure she does.

Bran: Watch it buddy, this one's mine. Are you still lugging around that old camera? Maybe I could get you a new one for Christmas.(Camera in Kyle's possession is a Alpha reflex 1944/with flash disk)

Kyle: It's a classic, just because something's older doesn't mean you should get rid of it. If that was the case Maggie here should dump you for me now.

Maggie: No thanks, he's a classic.

Kyle: Have it your way. Why are you here so early?

Bran: Because we wanted to help out. I heard you called at daybreak. It looks like you've had a rough night, what happened?

Kyle: I'd tell you, but then I'd have to kill you. Excuse me please, It's nice meeting you, but I've got to go powder my nose (he exits upstairs)

Maggie: Wow, he's a lot like you. A younger you, but like you.

Bran: Did you want to trade me in for the later model?

Maggie: No, I've spent far too much time training you to start over with a new one.

Bran: Thanks. I taught Kyle everything he knows.

Maggie: So he's single?

Bran: Yeah, I think so. Maybe some day a girl will be forced to deal with him long enough to give him a chance.

Maggie: Is that what happened to us?

Bran: Would I have ever had a shot at you any other way?

Maggie: I don't think so. Fate saved me from my own stupidity.

Bran: Fate brought me a beautiful intelligent woman that deserves so much better than me.

Maggie: I deserve better?

Bran: Much, but I want to keep you anyway. I want to keep you to myself for an eternity. (he reaches for the ring, but it's stuck in his back pocket) Excuse me a moment.

Maggie: Is that a typewriter? Is this the one your dad wrote his sports column with?

Bran: Yeah, that's Gloria. She's older than I am. When he started working for the paper, he typed on that thing. He's got a book deal now, I wonder if he's still using Gloria.

Maggie: A book deal?

Bran: He retired early, because some publisher wanted the great memoirs of a famous sports writer no one ever heard of Stanley B. Haste.

Maggie: He doesn't look old enough to use this typewriter, how old is he?

Bran: I don't know. Sixty- something?

Maggie: You don't know how old your dad is?

Bran: Well I wasn't there when he was born.- Can I- Could you come over to the couch?

Maggie: When did your parents have you?

Bran: After they had Drake.

Maggie: Okay how old were they when they had Drake?

Bran: Who cares? Why are we talking about Drake?

Maggie: To figure out how old your parents are. Why so snippy?

Bran: I'm sorry, it's just,- it's Drake. We never liked each other much.

Maggie: Why not?

Bran: Mainly because I hate him and he hates me.

Maggie: Why do you hate him?

Bran: It's not really him that I hate, but the idea of him.

Maggie: The Idea of your older brother?

Bran: My Dad, he kind of used Drake to set the standards for the rest of us. Drake was potty trained at ten months; Drake wrote in complete sentences at the age of three. Drake got straight A's all through high school.

Maggie: All of the stuff you didn't do?

Bran: How'd you know?

Maggie: Just a guess from the bitterness in your voice, and really I never pictured you as the straight A type. What about Kyle?

Bran: By the time Kyle came along, Drake's greatness was overshadowed by my failures, so everything Kyle did was at least an improvement.

Maggie: But you don't hate Kyle?

Bran: No, Kyle-wyly is my little brother. He's always idolized me, how could I hate him? By the time Kyle was in junior high, I was in High school and Drake was away at college. So the evil brother had very little influence on him.

Maggie: Okay.

Bran: I've been trying to ask you-

Ellen: Yelling out from the kitchen) Bran, why don't you show Maggie the family albums? I'm sure she'd love to see them.

Bran: (Yelling back) Okay mom!

Maggie: I would like to see them, I could find out what I'm in for.

Bran: Speaking of that, you getting into this family that is- This is the question I was trying to ask you. But I keep getting side tracked.

Maggie: I'm sorry did I side track you?

Bran: No, you didn't, but now you are.

Maggie: Sorry.

Bran: Don't be sorry, be quiet.

Maggie: All right.

Bran: That wasn't meant as a mean thing.

Maggie: I know just spit it out.

Bran: Maggie, do you smell smoke?

Maggie: That's the question?

(A smoke detector blares from the kitchen and smoke starts spilling in from the door)

Bran: Mom! (he rushes into the kitchen, the smoke billows out of the kitchen)

Maggie: Get her out of there!

Ellen: (being pulled out from the kitchen) My drapes!

Bran: I've got them!

Ellen: The extinguisher's in the pantry!

Maggie: Are you all right?

Ellen: I burnt the yams, I don't know how it happened I put them in the microwave to soften them and the thing spit fire! I tried to put the fire out with the dishcloth. It must've had grease on it! Then the dishcloth was on fire I panicked and I tried to slap it out then the next thing I know the drapes are on fire, and alarms are going off!

Maggie: But you're physically okay.

Ellen: Yes, I'll be fine.

Kyle: (running into the room) What happened?

Ellen: When did you get here?

Kyle: A little while ago. Are you all right?

Maggie: She's okay. There's a fire in the kitchen.

Ellen: You look nice.

Kyle: Thanks mom. (He goes for the kitchen)

Bran: Fires out. Mom, did you know you're not supposed to put metal in the microwave?

Ellen: Did I leave the spoon in? I'm such an idiot!

Maggie: Now don't say that, it's an honest mistake.

Bran: Will the fire extinguisher stuff hurt the piecrust?

Ellen: You got it on the piecrusts?

Bran: Did you want the curtains, or not?

Ellen: I've ruined Thanksgiving.

Bran: No, you've ruined the curtains and microwave. I ruined the piecrusts.

Maggie: And we can go in there and fix it all. There's plenty of time, and you've got three more cooks.

Bran: I once applied for a job as a short order cook, but I was too tall.

Maggie: You can work on the microwave.

Bran: I don't know how to fix a microwave. The inside is black.

Kyle: I bet I can fix it.

Ellen: You don't have to; your father's got a spare in the basement.

Maggie: A spare microwave?

Ellen: At least two of every major appliance. He's been buying them since he retired. Every time there's a sale.

Bran: It's more useful than collecting coins.

Ellen: That's what he said.

Maggie: Kyle, could you get the microwave?

Kyle: Sure (he exits through the basement door)

Maggie: Bran you can run to the store and get whatever she needs? I'll help you cook. Let's take a look and make a list for him.

Ellen: Oh, it's good to have another woman in this house dear, thank-you.

Kyle: (Coming back in with the Microwave) You weren't kidding, it looks like a department store down there.

Ellen: Did you notice the new couch?

Bran: Yeah, dad pointed it out.

Ellen: Then he probably told you he tricked me and took the covers off the old one.

Maggie: You knew?

Ellen: Oh yes dear, I bought the new couch and covered it with old covers two weeks before I asked him for a new couch.

Maggie: I love your mom.

Kyle: As long as she's on your side she's great to have around.

Maggie: Let's get that shopping list together.

Bran: How can I go to the store? Dad stole my car.

Ellen: You'll just have to steal his.

(Lights out)

Act One Scene Three

(The same home, now just past twelve in the afternoon, the front door opens and Stanley bellows, Edith Banks enters who is being pushed in a wheelchair by Stanley, but they are having troubles getting up the stairs)

Stanley: Bran! Come help me push your grandma!

Bran: (entering from the kitchen chewing on something) Off what?

Kyle: (Following Bran) Don't give him any ideas, just help.

Edith: I can walk Stanley! Just stop this thing and I'll climb the stairs.

Stanley: I could do it myself if you weren't so damn fat.

Edith: What about my hat?

Stanley: I like it, it frames your face well.

Edith: Smell? What smell?

Stanley: I can't smell anything but moth balls and dust, you must've broken wind.

Bran: Dad, quit being so mean to grandma. One time she's gonna hear you. (Kyle has one side of the chair, Bran has the other)

Edith: You're such good boys.

Stanley: Hello there Kyle. You're already here?

Kyle: Good to see you too.

Stanley: She's never gonna hear me. I can't even hear anything over the feed back from that hearing aid.

Edith: When did you get a maid?

Stanley: That was the worst experience in my life. Who was driving my car?

Bran: What makes you think anyone drove your car?

Stanley: The back isn't centered in the garage windows, it's too far to the right.

Bran: Damn, you're so crazy.

Kyle: There was a small fire.

Stanley: A fire? Anything expensive damaged?

Kyle: You know most people would ask if anyone was hurt.

Stanley: I did. Have you been to an emergency room lately?

Edith: What? What Happened?

Bran: A fire! In the kitchen.

Edith: You should try some ointment for itching.

Ellen: There you are. Finally Stanley. What took you so long?(enters with Maggie behind her)

Stanley: You don't want to get me started.

Ellen: Mom! You look so good.

Edith: What?

Ellen: You look good!

Edith: What?

Ellen: You look good!!

Edith: Are you blind? I look in the mirror every day and wonder what the hell happened to me. Thank god for my cataracts, I can't see my whole face at once. Are you going to introduce me to your girlfriend Kyle?

Bran: This is my girlfriend, not Kyle's. I'd like you to meet Maggie Grant.

Edith: I thought you said Bran was gay?

Ellen: I said no such thing! I said he was an actor!

Edith: Is there a difference?

Bran: I like girls.

Edith: Thank-you, this is a perm (She fluffs her curls)

Maggie: I'm with him (she stands next to Bran and takes his hand) It's nice to meet you, what should I call you?

Stanley: I call her old bitch, but it doesn't matter, she can't hear anything you say anyway.

Ellen: Stanley.

Bran: We always called her Mam-mal. I don't really know why, I'm sure Drake said it wrong and it stuck. This is Edith Banks the mother of my mother.

Stanley: What about this fire?

Kyle: It was no big deal. A spoon in the microwave, the drapes, then Bran destroyed the pie crusts.

Bran: And the vegetable casserole.

Kyle: You knocked that off the counter while we were setting up the new microwave, it had nothing to do with the fire.

Bran: If there was no fire we wouldn't have been setting up a new microwave.

Stanley: Boys, shut-up. How does any of this get my car moved?

Bran: I had to go shopping. Here's the receipt.

Stanley: I'll give you the money.

Bran: No, don't worry about it. I'm just proving where I went.

Stanley: You're gonna pay for food?

Bran: Why not? I'm eating it.

Stanley: I think you better pinch me. Two of our boys are up before noon, and Bran is paying for food.

Ellen: Your father is saying he's proud of you.

Stanley: Don't translate Ellen, I'm not speaking French (reading the receipt) You got canned asparagus? Why would you get canned?

Bran: They didn't have any fresh.

Ellen: You know it's hard to find, it's not in season. Used to be you only ate canned.

Edith: Sure, I'll lend a hand.

Kyle: Canned! Canned Asparagus!

Edith: Watch your mouth Kyle, they're ladies present.

Stanley: I ate canned because I never had fresh, once you try fresh canned is so, canned. It's the difference between having sex and masturbating, once you've had the real thing you don't want to go back.

Bran: Dad! I hate hearing you say that word.

Stanley: What? Canned? I'll stop.

Ellen: So that means you stopped masturbating after you had sex?

Stanley: I didn't say to throw the cans out, it'll do in a pinch. I'd just prefer the good stuff.

Bran: I'm so sorry you were here for this conversation. I'm kinda sorry I was here for it.

Maggie: You say crude disgusting things all the time. That was actually an interesting comparison.

Ellen: I didn't realize you were such an asparagus snob.

Stanley: When you're married to the best chief in the world it's hard not to be picky. Now, how did a spoon in the microwave set the drapes on fire? How did this fire start?

Edith: I did not! Was it you?

Kyle: What?

Ellen: It doesn't matter it's all under control now, thanks to Maggie.

Maggie: You're the chief, I'm just the help.

Ellen: (putting her arms around Maggie) The level head I needed in a time of crisis.

Edith: She's a darling girl Bran, do you sleep with her?

Bran: As often as she'll let me.

Maggie: Bran!

Bran: What? Everyone thinks I'm gay.

Maggie: I don't, isn't that enough?

Bran: As long as you're willing to testify.

Stanley: I am never going back to that nursing home again. Bran you can take grandma back tonight, that place is awful. We were in a hall, and I was happily pushing her to the elevator and we get stuck behind this woman in a walker. Her ass was too wide to pass, and she was farting the whole way down the hall. It's like someone put whoopee cushions in her orthopedic shoes, I mean every slow step. (he mimics the walk) I would've sworn it was faked if the hall didn't smell like rotting prunes.

Bran: I'll take her back, I gotta use that in my act.

Kyle: Are you still doing improve at that club?

Maggie: Every Tuesday night.

Stanley: You do an act at a club?

Bran: Don't get excited, it's not paid.

Edith: What the hell is everybody talking about? We know you get laid.

Ellen: Come on mom, I need you to taste these yams and tell me if it's right.

Edith: You and Stanley had a fight?

Ellen: If it's right!

Edith: When tonight?

Ellen: Bran, could you bring her in here?

Bran: Yes ma'am. (Bran pushes Maggie Holds the door to the kitchen open)

Stanley: Good, I'm missing the pre-games (he sits in front of the TV)

Ellen: I'm almost done in here, why don't you cue up the parade? We can come out and watch it after dinner. (Maggie, Ellen, Edith, and Bran exit)

Stanley: The parade.

Kyle: The Macy's parade?

Stanley: No, some stupid local fire marshal thing your brother was hosting.

Kyle: Drake?

Stanley: Yeah, (picks up the phone and dials 0) they like to pretend the local weatherman is a celebrity. (Speaking into phone) Channel twenty-two please, public access.

Kyle: You forgot to tape it?

Stanley: It's okay, I know a guy. -(back to phone) Yes please.- So have you seen Bran's comedy act?

Kyle: Yeah, its fun. You wouldn't like it, he picks on you a lot. Why do you have a collectable playboy tossed on the table like this? This thing should be in a museum or framed on a wall.

Stanley: I didn't screw you up! (he hugs Kyle with the phone still in his ear) I love you son. (Maggie and Bran re-enter from the kitchen)

Bran: You said something about the playboy.

Kyle: Yeah. It's the one I saved from the trash once as a kid.

Maggie: Why's that so exciting?

Bran: Dad has always been convinced one of his sons are gay because none of us were interested in sports. Drake was the science freak, I was into drama, and Kyle took photography. I really think it's because the only thing he ever talked about was sports, we were sick of the subject by the time we were old enough to play anything.

Kyle: Plus he always coached everything.

Bran: No, over coached is more like it. I remember the potty training pep talks. Anyway, it's been driving him crazy for years that one of us liked boys.

Maggie: Don't you know the gene for homosexuality rides on the y chromosome? The only way one of you could be gay is if he had, you know, tendencies.

Stanley: Well, then, I don't have to worry about that at all.

Kyle: (quietly to Maggie)That's not true, is it?

Maggie: No, but I don't think he knows that.

Bran: Consider this case closed.

Kyle: My, god you are the perfect woman. Now I'm jealous Bran.

Stanley: (into the phone) Yes, could I speak to Roger? You know Roger, the guy with big belly and the plaid shirts? I'm really good friends with him, we're on a first name basis. -Well of course not, that means I don't know his last name.- How many Rogers can there be?- Thank-you.

Bran: Did he forget to tape the parade?

Kyle: Yep, but I don't know what Roger is going to do about it.

Stanley: Hey, Roger! This is Stanley, -you remember Stanley Haste.- Yeah, the sports guy. (his conversation coniuues, simultaneously but much lower than Maggie, Bran and Kyle. Those three continue on here) Of course -I knew you'd remember me. Listen, I gotta ask a little favor.- Thanks, I hope you can. That fire marshal's parade this morning, yeah he's related that's my son. Well yes he's my eldest. Look I was supposed to tape it, but I forgot all about it, I know, my wifes going to tan my hide, yeah. Do you think you could re-play that for me? Really?

Kyle: I think he's trying to get the station to replay the parade.

Bran: If anyone can do it he can.

Kyle: He's got friends in all the right places.

Maggie: He can control television programming?

Bran: It's public access, I'm sure I could get my own show.

Maggie: Where's this photo album I've been told to look at?

Bran: Right over here.

Kyle: Don't show any pictures of me. Especially the Bath tub ones.

Maggie: Come on those are always cute.

Bran: No man wants to be referred to as cute while he's naked. Keep in mind that tub was cold, and I was two.

Stanley: Come on like anyone's watching that. How about for a fifty dollar pledge right now?

Kyle: That book of his must be doing well.

Stanley: How about one hundred?

Bran: I thought he was cheap.

Stanley: What are you talking about? Bribing a public what? You work at a tv station no one watches. Look how about two hundred?(knocking at the door)

Bran: (opening the door) The prodigal son, and his blushing bride. Hello Drake, Francis, please come in.

Francis: Thank-you brother Branson. (Drake is carrying a bouquet of flowers and a VHS tape, Francis takes the flowers as she enters, as if she has brought them)

Bran: Sister Francis, this is girlfriend Maggie. And Maggie this is Sister-in-law Francis and Drake, he's my brother.

Maggie: Nice to meet you both.

Drake: Pleasure, I'm sure.

Francis: You're the woman living in sin with Drake's younger brother?

Maggie: Er- Yes, you could say that.

Drake: Francis, you promised. (Stanley's cue)

Francis: It is God that girdeth me with strength, and maketh my way perfect- Psalm 18:32.

Stanley: Report it to who? What branch of law enforcement gives a crap about you being bribed Roger?

Drake: (Holding a tape up) Do you need a copy of the parade?

Stanley: From this morning? (Drake nods) Hey, Roger, if you're that damned important why are you working on Thanksgiving Day? (he hangs up) Thank-you son.

Francis: Drake just knew you would want a copy. (She sets down the flowers, she takes off her coat, gloves and hat off and hands them to Kyle. Then she picks the flower bouquet up)

Francis: Thank you brother Kyle. Where is dear Mother Haste?

Kyle: In the kitchen.

Francis: May I? I shall go not empty unto my mother-in-law.

Kyle: Please. (She exits to the kitchen, He dumps her clothes on Drake, Drake dumps them in a closet, then hangs his coat up)

Stanley: How much?

Drake: Fifty bucks. I assumed mom would want it taped and you'd forget to do it.

Stanley: Fair deal (he passes a bill and grabs the tape)

Bran: Could've gotten more.

Stanley: You don't think that guy would come after me do you?

Drake: He works for public television, if he was devious he'd be with a national network.

Kyle: Why does Francis insist on calling me Brother Kyle?

Bran: Yeah, does she know we're not monks.

Drake: (walks to the bar to pour a drink) Just the way she was raised, trust me that's the least of her issues. So you're Maggie right?

Maggie: Yes. Bran and I watch you on TV every night.

Drake: Good to know someone does.

Stanley: Wait a minute, you're pouring my good scotch, that stuff isn't free you know.

Drake: Fifty bucks?

Stanley: You know it.

Drake: It's worth it. (Hands back the bill)

Stanley: Per glass.

Drake: Start a tab.

Stanley: Thanks Drake, you saved me. Games on.

Maggie: Which game do you watch?

Stanley: All of them, wherever there isn't a commercial. (he turns on the tv, we hear game noises)

Kyle: Did you want the veggie tray?

Stanley: Cheese ball please, and the crackers. (Kyle grabs the appetizers, and sits next to his father, Drake grabs the bottle of Scotch and joins them. Bran pulls Maggie aside and kisses her gently)

Maggie: Aren't you watching?

Bran: Football isn't my thing. Those two just amuse him. I'd bet Drake doesn't even know who's playing.

Maggie: No wonder they all think you're gay. I'm glad, I won't have to pretend to like it.

Bran: There's something I've been trying to ask you all day-

Stanley: Get it! Get it!

Drake: Which team are we voting for? Hey, that guy has an old camera like yours.

Kyle: I'm sure it's not like mine, do you know how much those photographers get paid?

Stanley: Aw, come on!!

Drake: As much as me?

Stanley: Catch the damn thing!

Kyle: More than you.

Stanley: Go! Go! Go! Go!

Bran: And now is not the time.

Lights out
Intermission

Act Two Scene One

(Same home, now just past five. The men are all gathered around the TV, with the exception of Bran, who is setting the table with Maggie. Kyle has fallen asleep, Drake looks confused as he's trying to follow the game, Stanley sits on the edge of the seat, running in place about to jump up. Ellen enters from the Kitchen pushing her mother, everything is set on the table, Francis follows in with a casserole dish, then Stanley leaps up, waking Kyle)

Stanley: Yes! Yes! Yes! Touchdown!

Drake: Was that our guy?

Stanley: Weren't you watching? How did you miss that?

Drake: Pass the pretzels.

Ellen: Don't you dare fill up on junk, dinner's almost ready.

Bran: What do you do with the soup spoon if you don't have soup?

Maggie: Leave it in the box.

Bran: Who declared the need for a soup specific spoon? Like the salad fork, you know it works just as well on Mac and cheese.

Maggie: Edict was made up by the makers of fine utensils, and every woman on earth including me likes it.

Ellen: What a beautiful table setting, thank-you Maggie.

Francis: Yes very lovely, but I do believe the knives are supposed to run parallel to the plate. Technically speaking of course.

Maggie: Yes. Of course.

Edith: I'd like to powder my nose before dinner (she goes to stand)

Ellen: Did you want me to take you?

Edith: No, you don't have to make me.

Ellen: Should I take you?!

Edith: I can walk.

Francis: Please allow me to accompany you grand-ma –ma.

Edith: You coming with me?

Francis: I need to wash my hands as well.

Edith: Who smells?

Francis: I need to wash my hands!

Edith: Where does the bird land?

Francis: Wash my hands!

Edith: Well wash 'em after I'm done in there, I've gotta pee, I was just being polite. (She exits towards the rest room, under cane power.) Can't remember if I put my depends on this morning or not.

Ellen: There you are Drake.

Drake: Hi mom.

Francis: Is that anyway to greet your mother?

Ellen: (she walks over and turns off the TV) It's a wonderful greeting. Stanley, could you bring the bird out?

Stanley: Yeah. I'll give you the bird.

Ellen: Take Kyle to help you, it's a big bird.

Bran: I noticed it barley fit in the oven, you got the chestiest turkey I've ever seen.

Stanley: That's how I choose everything son. (He smiles at Ellen)

Ellen: Stop. (Back to Drake) It's so good to see you, you look a little thin.

Drake: I haven't lost any weight mom, don't worry.

Bran: She was talking about your hair.

(Kyle and Stanley re-enter setting the turkey in the middle of the head of the table)

Stanley: I could've handled that myself.

Kyle: You're welcome.

Ellen: Don't listen to him dear. I must admit, it felt so strange not having Drake here for Easter dinner, I'm glad you can join us for our traditions.

Drake: Yeah mom, Easter wasn't the same.

Francis: Mother Ellen, I'm delighted to say you'll have your son back for Easter again.

Drake: She'll be here too. (He points to Francis with complete lack of enthusiasm.)

Ellen: Well, now dear that's not at all fair. I'm sure your family has a few traditions they don't want to let go of. I'd hate to take away a mother's daughter.

Francis: I do need to share a few things with you. Could you please sit down?

Ellen: Why of course.

Francis: I think it's fairly safe to consider you all trusted family. Except of course for you, you'll have to leave the room.

Maggie: Me?

Francis: Are you a Haste?

Maggie: No.

Francis: Then please go elsewhere.

Maggie: I'll go check on the rolls, they should be ready to butter.

Bran: I'll join you.

Francis: That's not necessary brother Branson, you may be privy to this information, you are my brother-in-law.

Bran: That's only because Drake never listens to me, I'll stay with Maggie. thank-you. (he and Maggie exit)

Drake: Now, you see? You have to offend someone.

Francis: It can't be helped, one's dirty laundry should not be aired in public.

Stanley: This sounds juicy, what's the scoop?

Francis: I assure you father Haste, there is nothing juicy about my scoop.

Drake: I'm glad Bran left the room before she said that.

Kyle: But I know what he would've said. (the two men start giggling)

Francis: My mother passed away. (the giggling stops)

Ellen: I'm so sorry to hear that.

Stanley: That's a shock, she seemed so healthy and vibrant at the wedding reception.

Drake: That's not the shock Dad, wait for it.

Francis: She passed away three years ago.

Ellen: She, but? I met her at your wedding last March.

Francis: I'm afraid not, that was Colleen. She's an actress I hired to portray my mother. She does look similar.

Stanley: You lied to us about your mother being alive?

Francis: I'm not a liar, Father Stanley. My lips shall not speak wickedness, nor my tongue utter deceit. It wasn't really a lie, more of a façade, to keep my family secrets, well - secret.

Drake: I wasn't told any of this till the honeymoon.

Ellen: There's no shame in death, why keep that secret?

Francis: My mother hung herself in her shower at the Bidwell institute. That's a mental institution in the southern part of the state.

Drake: Would you share with them why she was in a mental institution?

Francis: Oh yes, for killing my father.

Ellen: I thought your father passed of heart problems.

Francis: He did, my mother put a Knitting needle through it.

Ellen: Oh dear. I'm so sorry, I didn't know.

Francis: You weren't supposed to. Don't feel too bad over it, he was deserving from his sins. He was having an extra marital affair. Thou shall not commit adultery.

Drake: They think, he was having an affair.

Francis: It's true, I must honor my father's memory with that fact. They never found evidence, but my mother could tell, I have to believe her, my faith in my mother shall not falter.

Drake: He called her honey instead of darling.

Stanley: He called her honey and got a knitting needle through the heart?

Ellen: Why a knitting needle?

Francis: It's what she had in her hand when he called her honey. My mother and father chose specific pet names for each other, honey was obviously his pet name for the mistress.

Drake: I chose dear.

Francis: She could see a pattern.

Stanley: Your mother killed your father for calling her honey.

Francis: He that is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone.

Stanley: It's just a name.

Ellen: Why didn't she just ask for a divorce?

Francis: The wife is bound by the law as long as her husband liveth. Corinthians 7 line 39. A divorce is simply out of the question in our beliefs.

Stanley: Kyle, help me take these knives back in the kitchen please, they look dirty. The forks too.

Kyle: How will we eat the turkey?

Stanley: I've got some plastic utensils, come on. (Under his breath) Warn Bran, and keep all sharp objects away from this woman. (Kyle nods and exits)

Drake: That was all we talked about the whole honeymoon. Her family and the truth. Did you know her first name is really Mary?

Francis: I've always gone by my middle name. He was so touched by my honesty, he cried for almost two days. We that seeketh the lord, findeth peace.

Stanley: I think I would cry too.

Francis: Because the emotion, and honest bonding. It was just too much for him to bear.

Stanley: I was thinking because it killed the mood, you know, for what you're supposed to be doing on a honeymoon.

Francis: Please, don't speak of sins of the flesh in such a nonchalant manor. We shared far more important things that night than barbaric sexual intercourse, and prepared each other to share our lives together.

Stanley: What's wrong with sex? There isn't any sin when you're married. Sex is the only part of life I like that's not fattening.

Ellen: That's because you're a man, I gained a lot of weight thanks to sex, let's change the subject.

Drake: Please.

Edith: (re-entering) Is it time to eat yet?

Drake: I'm hungry.

Stanley: I've heard more than I care to know.

Ellen: Kyle! Bran! Maggie! Come on out here. (The three of them re-enter the room, all steering clear of Francis now.)

Bran: I'm starved.

Kyle: Are these the utensils you wanted?

Stanley: Yes.

Francis: Plastic utensils? You just had fine silver plated dining ware out.

Stanley: It was tarnished, horrible, disgraceful to eat with.

Francis: More disgraceful than plastic?

Maggie: It all smells so wonderful.

Stanley: Pumpkin butt.

Ellen: Stanley? You haven't said that in years.

Kyle: What?

Stanley: I was thinking of pet names. When your mother and I were first married I always called her pumpkin butt.

Maggie: Not sure I'd take that as a complement.

Kyle: Was her butt orange?

Drake: Because she's sweet like pumpkin pie.

Edith: When do you think I'm going to die?

Bran: Her ass should only be displayed on Halloween.

Ellen: Branson!

Stanley: Kyle was close, of course so was Drake. She had this bright orange bikini that she wore on our honeymoon-

Ellen: Really Stanley? Do we have to talk about this now?

Edith: It's a turkey, not a cow.

Stanley: I'll carve the bird. (He picks up the large knife, just as he's about to carve Francis grabs his hand, he quickly moves the knife to the other hand away from her.)

Francis: Aren't you going to say Grace before carving.

Stanley: Sure, Bran, would you do the honors?

Bran: Grace.

Stanley: Thanks.

Francis: That's hardly appropriate.

Ellen: She's right Stanley, mother always said Grace at our house on Thanksgiving. Mom? Would you say grace?

Edith: What's on my face?

Ellen: Could you say grace?!

Edith: Yeah, this is my place. I'm sitting here whether you like it or not.

Ellen: Maybe I should, if I could remember it.

Francis: What denomination are you?

Stanley: Protestant **Ellen:** Methodist.

Stanley: What she said, Methodist.

Bran: I've never been very religious, I don't even know what the H stands for in Jesus H. Christ. (Francis's jaw drops open)

Maggie: He's joking, he's not really that dumb. His jokes are, but he's not.

Kyle: I like her Bran.

Bran: Me too,

Francis: Why Father Stanley, have you forgotten your denomination?

Stanley: No, I was raised protestant. It's not like we go to church anyway, I'll be whatever she wants.

Drake: Oh, dad, don't-

Francis: You never attended church as a family?

Stanley: I don't know, did you ever take the kids to church hon?

Francis: You don't know?

Stanley: Football, golf, baseball- I worked every Sunday.

Ellen: There was that one Easter service, God, they hated it.

Francis: Did you just take the lord's name in vain while speaking of church?

Ellen: I don't think so, I'm really not a vain person.

Francis: Nor religious I gather.

Drake: Oh shit.

Francis: Drake, why haven't you ever told me the dire straights this family was in? They need to be saved, they need to be born again, into new life.

Bran: Isn't one birth messy and painful enough?

Francis: I said unto the fools, deal not foolishly and to the wicked, lift not up your horn on high, speak not with a stiff neck-

Bran: Is that from the bible? Or is she making that up?

Drake: Francis, please. This really isn't the type of thing we discuss.

Bran: I didn't know they had horny stiff anything in the bible, I'll have to read that thing.

Francis: Blasphemy!

Bran: I was kidding.

Francis: I did not find your joke funny.

Maggie: No one finds his jokes funny. Why don't you lead us in the prayer Francis, then we can all enjoy the meal properly.

Ellen: What a good idea, Maggie you're such a diplomat.

Francis: Yes, that sounds like a wise thing to do, then after dinner we can work on a conversation with Christ.

Stanley: Sounds like buckets of fun.

Francis: What's wrong Father Stanley, are you afraid of the lord? Are you that ashamed of your sins?

Stanley: Not at all, I keep Ellen good and religious. The only time she ever screams oh God, it's because of me.

Francis: And it is no marvel, as Satan himself is transformed into an angle of light. Don't you want your soul saved? Don't you want to go to heaven?

Stanley: Did she just call me Satan?

Drake: It's a passage from the bible.

Stanley: Are you going to be in heaven?

Francis: Of course.

Stanley: Then I'm fine as I am, thanks. (Francis very nearly faints)

Drake: Dad!

Ellen: Francis, dear. It's not that we don't believe in God, please excuse them. Bran and Stanley just have an odd sense of humor, they enjoy mocking things people find sacred and for Drake's sake they need to stop it. We do have bibles,

Kyle: Where?

Ellen: We celebrate Christmas, we just never found the right church atmosphere for us.

Maggie: Christmas is actually a pagan holiday, the Christians plastered over it because they had trouble getting converts-

Bran: Maggie, do you want to add to this?-

Francis: As a matter of fact I was well aware of that. That is why in my family's church we had no celebrations of false idols. They also took the spring solictace, a pagan time of fertility and fornication and transformed it into Easter, to save the heathens from that barbaric practice.

Bran: You mean we've been dying eggs and eating chocolate when we could be- (Maggie puts her hand over his mouth)

Maggie: You're right, let's not add.

Francis: My family was very different. My late father and brother were ministers.

Bran: (to Maggie) Can we do Easter the right way at our house? (She places her hand back over his mouth and shakes her head)

Ellen: But you had Easter dinner at-

Drake: At a graveyard, Mom. Waiting for her father's resurrection. (There is a pause as they all absorb just how insane Francis is.)

Kyle: So, you have a brother?

Francis: Had a brother, yes. He died at twenty-three in a bar fight, attempting to save a few lost souls. We were raised in a pious environment, we gave thanks to the lord for every meal we ever sat down to, just as Drake and I do today.

Ellen: You're a Baptist if I remember correctly, aren't you Francis?

Francis: No, actually not really, we were married by a southern Baptist minister only because that was as close to my religion as I could get any more. My father began his crusade as a southern Baptist minister, but found that the church was becoming too liberal, and veering off

the path of Christ. He then went to the witnesses, which is how the lord lead him to my mother, then to the seventh day evangelists, but through study and prayer he combined the best tenets of all three religions and was lead to begin his own church, The Church of the Divine. Divine of course was our last name. But that was the way he saw best to worship Christ.

Stanley: Jesus Christ.

Francis: Amen, my father had a huge tent that went from town to town up and down the Mississippi delta, huge following, but my father then my brother were the only ministers capable to care for the flock, and so after the tragedies, well, I'm all that's left of my religion. And now Drake of course, I taught him the tenants and Baptized him.

Drake: Her father was a faith healer. Made good money with it.

Francis: Perhaps one day, one of our offspring will take to the pulpit and help the Church of the Divine rise again.

Bran: Like the south?

Francis: I imagine so. Now after dinner we can discuss all the joys that Christ and I can bring to you.

Ellen: You wouldn't be the first to seek saving our souls.

Francis: I seek salvation not for myself, but for those who are lost. I shall seek not my own profit but the profit of many.

Bran: What if we like being lost?

Drake: As far as I can tell its a point system.

Stanley: The more heathens you convert, the nicer room you get in heaven?

Ellen: I thought all the rooms in heaven were the same.

Drake: Oh no, they've got a special place for her, and her family.

Francis: My father was promised by our lord.

Bran: Padded with extra clouds on the walls?

Edith: What? You forgot to cut off the turkey's balls? Some people put them in the stuffing.

Drake: Bran, please.

Maggie: So Stanley, how do you like retirement?

Kyle: Are you telling me you go on lunch at the station and sit down and say Grace before you eat?

Drake: Yes. Yes I do.

Bran: I'd like to see this, Drake why don't you do the honors?

Stanley: That's an idea! As the only saved member of the Haste clan, represent our thanks to our lord so we can eat, I'm starving here, and it's getting cold so thank fast.

Francis: That sounds like a splendid idea! I always say grace at home, I never have the opportunity to hear you say Grace.(She sneezes) Excuse me.

Ellen: Bless you? Is that what we say?

Francis: (sneezes again) Is there a cat in here?

Ellen: Yes Francis, I have a cat, but she's been locked up all day and Kyle Vacuumed.

Francis: (Sneezing, then the potatoes are moved away) I'm sorry, I don't normally do this unless cat hair is nearby. I, I feel better.

Drake: Is it the mashed potatoes? (Puts the mashed potatoes back towards her and she sneezes again)

Stanley: Told you she wouldn't fake it.

Drake: Mom, you put cat hair in the potatoes?

Ellen: Not on purpose, I must've picked up that bowl after petting Ms. Tinkles, I've got fresh out in the pot. Excuse me (she gets up to switch the bowl, hitting Stanley on the head as she exits)

Stanley: Now, what about Grace? I wanna eat. Let's cut this bird.

Drake: Great. Okay, we can't say it without mom (he goes to the side table and grabs another drink) Let me just wet my vocal cords here. (he gets up to pour another drink)

Bran: Did you want me to do it? Our mother thou art in kitchen, Ellen be thy name-

Maggie: Stop. (Ellen re-enters with new mashed potatoes)

Ellen: Drake, honey. Do you always drink so much?

Stanley: Bring me one would ya son? I got a feeling I'm gonna need it.

Drake: Sure.

Francis: Your mother is right, you have been drinking an awful lot.

Drake: I appreciate the concern ladies, but I know my limit.

Bran: Do you drink while you're predicting the weather? Do all meteorologists? That would explain a lot.

Drake: No, I do not. I drink at home, and of course here. There's nothing in the bible against drinking. Jesus turned water into wine if I recall.

Francis: Still, a vice. A vice that could be avoided, if religion had been instilled in you as a child.

Ellen: Is she blaming me?

Stanley: I should've asked for a double.

Francis: Train up a child in the way he should and when he is old he will not depart from it. Proverbs 22: 6. The apple doth not fall far from thy tree, father Stanley.

Edith: Who has to pee?

Kyle: Please pass the yams.

Edith: Just turkey, we don't have ham honey. Are you slicing that bird Stanley or is it rented?

Stanley: As soon as someone says Grace!

Edith: Did he just tell me to shut my face?

Stanley: Hey, I think she did understand me.

Francis: Shall we bow our heads?

Edith: Why is everyone sleeping? It's time to eat. This is just like the damn nursing home.

Ellen: Are you really blaming me for my son's drinking?

Francis: Who but a mother could save her son?

Stanley: Let it go pumpkin butt.

Ellen: Maybe he drinks because he found out a little too late that he was marrying a sociopath that hired an actress to play her dead homicidal mother!

Bran: Oh lord hath mercy on us all. Just eat what you can now.

Maggie: Thank-you. (Everyone except Francis and Ellen begin eating whatever they can)

Francis: This coming from a woman that just attempted to kill her daughter-in-law with cat-fur laced mashed potatoes!

Kyle: Amen.

Ellen: Would that kill you? Really? I'll bring out my pillow to smother you! The cat sleeps there!

Edith: Who needs new underwear?

Stanley: Could you pass the stuffing son?

Francis: Here! Have some mashed potatoes! (Francis tosses a scoop of mashed potatoes at Ellen)

Bran: We all will soon grandma.

Edith: Don't you usually eat off of plates? (Ellen fires back with yams)

Bran: Not the yams! I love the yams! Don't get any Francis on them. (Francis launches food at Bran) Oh, you're on! (Bran returns fire)

Maggie: Bran! Don't- (She's cut off by Drakes shot to defend his wife from Bran. They all begin fighting except for Edith who is calmly putting her plate out to catch the food she desires.

Stanley: I wanted to eat that!

(There is a knock at the door, no one notices, then the doorbell rings and everyone freezes in position, ashamed of being caught in what they're doing. The doorbell rings again)

Drake: I'll get it.

Francis: I'm so ashamed, what good can come from anger. Let he who is without sin-

Bran: Cast the first potato?

Ellen: I don't know what came over me. I lost my temper a little too Francis, I am sorry.

(As Drake walks to the door everyone else attempts to clean themselves up. Drake answers the door to reveal a well dressed Hispanic gentleman: Donald Rodriguez Sanchez with a white suit and fedora, an Asian woman: Mingyu Fu strikingly beautiful and a Russian woman: Veronica Muscovy, also model consistency from her race, all dressed as if they were in route to a very important occasion.

Don: Mr. Haste please.

Kyle, Bran, Drake, Stanley: Yes?

Don: Mr. Kyle Haste.

Kyle: Professor! (He runs to the door to explain) Please come in professors. These are teachers at my school. This is professor Sanchez, Professor Mingyu Fu, and Veronica Muscovy.

Drake: Whoa, my professors never looked like that.

Stanley: I should've gone to college.

Mingyu: What are you?-

Kyle: They're here to collect a project that I couldn't turn in on time.

Don: Yes, yes we're very interested in seeing how that project turned out.

Kyle: Thank you for coming out on the holiday, to make sure I get credit for it. I was looking forward to meeting professor Ransen myself, I thought he'd stop by, being such an important project and all.

Don: Yes, very expensive. Extensive. Took very long hours of research, but Doctor Ransen is a very busy man, we were sent to make sure the job, or project was complete.

Kyle: Give me just one moment, I'll bring it right down. (he exits upstairs)

Mingyu: This means they live?

Don: For now my dear.

Ellen: Please, professors make yourselves at home. Would you care to join us?

Don: No thank-you.

Veronica: I just had this dress dry cleaned.

Don: We must be getting back to campus soon.

Stanley: Now I see why Kyle chose this school. I hope they pay you overtime for this, with what I pay in tuition I know they can afford to.

Drake: Mingyu Fu, that's such an intriguing name. Is it spelled F O O?

Mingyu: No, F U.

Francis: Are you coveting your brother's professor?

Drake: No, no of course not dear, you know I don't covet.

Edith: Who the hell are these people?

Ellen: Kyle's teachers!

Edith: Who's preachers? Are they saying grace so we can cut the damn turkey?

Ellen: Kyle's teachers!

Edith: Arthur Treacher's? Why do we need fish? We've still got a bird?

Francis: Excuse me please, I've got to freshen up a bit (She exits to the bathroom)

Bran: Maybe you'd like to hear a joke? A Russian, a Spaniard a Chinese woman walk into-

Maggie: Shut-up! Please.

Don: He can go on. I have a very good sense of humor.

Maggie: He doesn't.

Stanley: Please professors, have a seat. I realize you caught us at an awkward time.

Ellen: We're Greek, you know, smashing the plates for celebrations.

Don: Don't Greeks usually eat the food first?

Bran: We're un-orthodoxed greeks. We were just so excited, we got anxious.

Veronica: Thank-you, what a lovely (she pauses) home you have (as she sits, the others follow)

Drake: Can I offer any of you a drink?

Stanley: (through a gritted smile) It's my liquor, Mister Generous.

Don: I would love a scotch, if that's what you're offering.

Veronica: Vodka on rocks, please.

Mingyu: Cold beer?

Stanley: Of course, Drake could you help me? If I didn't care about Kyle's grades I would be kicking your ass right now. (Drake and Stanley begin making the drinks)

Ellen: Drake, I'm very sorry I upset Francis.

Stanley: If you need help, I know a good divorce attorney.

Ellen: Do you?

Stanley: He used to bowl with me, remember Greg Myers?

Ellen: Oh, yes.

Edith: Who's leg?

Bran: No one's talking to you grandma!

Edith: Why? What'd I do?

Drake: That's not the issue Dad.

Stanley: I could help pay, if you need the money.

Drake: She's my wife! I do love her, she can't help it that she's sick. If I married her and found out she had cancer you wouldn't expect me to leave her.

Stanley: Cancer wouldn't make her get up in the middle of the night and slaughter you in your sleep! She's psychotic.

Drake: She's just a little over zealous with her religion, there's nothing wrong with a healthy dose of the bible.

Bran: I think she's past the healthy dose.

Drake: I will admit, that gets a little annoying, she never did it when we were dating.

Ellen: She's driven you to drinking.

Drake: I don't drink that much, it's like a little communion every day, you know, the blood of Christ and all.

Maggie: That's supposed to be wine, not whiskey.

Bran: She's southern, it's a southern Christ, I see the translation. (Francis enters but stands behind Stanley)

Stanley: I don't give a rat's ass about his drinking, I'll buy you drinks to get away from that woman.

Drake: Dad, I love her. (Stanley takes the first round of drinks around)

Don: Thank-you, Have we interrupted a family quarrel?

Stanley: No, everything's fine. Kyle! Your teachers are waiting!

Francis: Everything's fine? Didn't I just hear you persuade my husband to leave his wife?

Stanley: No.

Francis: What exactly did you mean then by get away from that woman?

Stanley: He was standing too close to that chick, I knew you wouldn't like it. Coveting and all.

Drake: My family doesn't quite understand all the hardships you've been through.

Francis: What hardships?

Maggie: (to the woman) What lovely dresses.

Mingyu: Very expensive, I'm sure you couldn't afford it.

Veronica: Yes, I'm glad you people stopped tossing pies.

Don: Please, ladies. Excuse their manners, the language barrier has made the transition to America very bumpy.

Francis: What hardships do you think I've been through?

Drake: The con-artist father, the murderous mother.

Francis: My father? A con artist?

(Doorbell rings, Bran goes to open it.)

Drake: Come on, he was a faith healer.

Francis: You doubt my father's abilities?

Ellen: This is an awful lot of visitors for a holiday.

Maggie: Grand central station.

Stanley: Without a train to get on.

Bran: (As he heads to the door the bell rings once more) Or push anyone in front of, I'll get it.

(As he opens the door he reveals Detective Alex Camerun, who flashes his badge as he speaks. He is dressed in a trench coat and trying his best to look like a "detective" should. We should be able to see how hard he's trying.)

Alex: Mr. Haste?

Bran, Stanley, Drake: Yes?

Alex: Kyle Haste?

Bran: Popular today. He just ran upstairs to get a project, might have snuck out the back he's been gone so long. Please Come in.

Veronica: He snuck out!

Bran: There's no back door on the second floor, I was kidding.

Stanley: These teachers are strict.

Drake: And hot.

Francis: What do you mean by that? (Camerun can take his cue here)

Drake: They're wearing coats, we're inside, the furnace is on, it's just logical.

Alex: I'm Detective Alex Camerun, with Crestview P.D. I just need to speak with Mr. Haste about his whereabouts last night.

(Juan, Mingyu and Veronica sit up. They are aware of the detective even though Alex has no clue this is the Jewelry thief ring he has been perusing for the past six weeks)

Ellen: Stanley.

Stanley: Bran, watch this knife like a hawk.

Bran: Yes sir. (He begins to look at the knife while flapping his arms)

Maggie: (While she is amused she tries not to show it) Stop.

Stanley: I'm the boy's father, is he in some kind of trouble?

Alex: Please don't be alarmed, could be a situation of being in the wrong place at the wrong time. His car was parked in a suspicious location last night. Could very well have been he was at any of three nearby dance clubs entertaining a young lady. As a matter of fact that seems to be the case for most of the vehicles identified in the vicinity.

Ellen: That's a relief, I received such a strange phone call from him this morning-

Stanley: Honey, it isn't that strange to call your parents before coming over to see if they need anything. Please have a seat.

Francis: My father was no con artist.

Drake: Let's talk about this later. Can I pour you a drink officer?

Alex: It's detective, detective Camerun. I was promoted two months ago.

Ellen: Congratulations.

Drake: Can I get you a drink?

Stanley: Stop Drake.

Drake: Now you think I'm drinking too much?

Stanley: No, I think you're sharing too much.

Alex: Thank-you, but no. I'm on duty.

Francis: What's the difference between a detective and an officer? If you don't mind my asking.

Bran: Officers wear uniforms detectives wear trench coats.

Maggie: I'm sure there's more to it than that.

Bran: Quality of pastries?

Alex: Investigative projects, and of course pay grade. I have been assigned to a ring of jewel thieves that have come into our area. As you may know the Tiswell Diamond went missing last night, from the Crestview museum of art and science.

Maggie: Really?

Stanley: I hadn't heard any news today.

Ellen: That's a big diamond, isn't it like a million dollars or something.

Don: Ten million, or so I've heard. You must be a very clever detective to be put in charge of that case.

Alex: Very lucky, is more like it. I was the only detective in the precinct that wasn't away for the holiday weekend, but if I get some leads on it, that just may prove I'm worth my raise.

Veronica: International jewel thieves must be very dangerous, aren't you nervous?

Alex: Me? No ma'am, nerves of steel. You know they believe it's the work of Bonita Deablas

Don: Ah, The beautiful devils.

Mingyu: They're supposed to be a very dangerous group, right?

Alex: So dangerous no one has ever met the members face to face and lived to tell about it, and there's a rumor they were brought here by Crestview's very own notorious crime boss, Michael Ranson. He's so dangerous no one knows what he looks like either.

Bran: So you're chasing a down bunch of people that no one's ever seen?

Alex: No one has ever seen, and lived to tell about it.

Bran: What if they just don't exist?

Maggie: They exist, I've heard stories. You look familiar detective, have you done work with the k-nine unit?

Alex: No, dogs hate me.

Bran: I've heard stories about the tooth fairy, does that mean-

Stanley: Bran! Shut-up, you'll offend Francis.

Don: So do you have any leads in this case yet?

Francis: You're not comparing Jesus to the tooth fairy, are you?

Bran: Does Jeuses leave anything under your pillow?

Alex: A few leads, but very vague, That's what brings me here today.

Ellen: I'm sure Kyle isn't involved in any thing like this.

Stanley: What is taking Kyle so long? Kyle? Is your project actually done, or are you doing it now?

Kyle: Yeah dad! (Entering the room) Just dotting all my (he sees the situation) Oh shit.

Ellen: Something wrong dear?

Stanley: There's a detective here that would like to speak with you about where you parked last night.

Don: You look so pale Kyle, please. If you double parked in the wrong alley that won't affect your grade any.

Kyle: It won't?

Bran: What if he's hiding the ten million dollar diamond?

Kyle: What do you mean? Why would you say that?

Bran: A joke Kyle, just a joke.

Don: I guess if he's willing to share his diamond with us, I'd give him an A.

Stanley: Fine, but I'm not making any more tuition payments.

Kyle: Ha. Ha, ha, you're all such a bunch of kidders. Please officer-

Alex: Detective.

Kyle: Detective Camerun, may I just have a few moments with my professors here? I'll be glad to answer your questions right after I present my project.

Don: Oh, no please answer his questions first. We've just been served refreshments.

Veronica: Da, then after the detective is out of the way, we can see your work.

Alex: I haven't introduced myself, how do you know my name?

Kyle: Me? You're Detective Alex Camerun, just promoted what eight weeks ago? Your picture was in the paper, they had a great little story on how it took you longer than any other officer in your district to get a promotion.

Alex: Yes. I read that.

Kyle: It was a very good picture.

Alex: Thank-you, please, if I could just ask you a few questions. Should we go someplace more private?

Don: I don't think that would be necessary. Do you Kyle?

Kyle: Nah, not at all.

Alex: I just thought maybe with your mother and grandmother in the room, if you were out with a girl, you may not want to-

Ellen: No, no I want to know.

Stanley: And grandma is deaf as a screwdriver. Hey Edith! This the police, you're under arrest for being too old!

Edith: Yes the turkey's getting cold.

Alex: Very well, where were you last night, between the hours of ten PM and five am this morning?

Kyle: At Ten I was grabbing a pizza, out by my dorm.

Bran: Then why didn't you stop by the club and see my act?

Kyle: What?

Bran: Tuesday nights remember? When you're free we go out and grab a pizza at Bartolo's after. I knew you didn't like the act.

Kyle: It's a funny show, I've just been busy.

Alex: Busy with what?

Kyle: School projects, like the one I'm handing in today.

Don: Yes, it weighs very heavily on his final grade.

Ellen: Which class?

Veronica: Health **Kyle:** History.

Kyle: The history of health.

Don: If you're not careful you will be history.

Alex: Are you his professors?

Ellen: Oh, how rude of me. Where are my manners?

Francis: I assumed you didn't have any.

Drake: Francis, please.

Kyle: Mom, no-

Ellen: These are professors Sanchez, Muscovy, and Fu? Is that correct?

Mingyu: Yes, that is.

Ellen: This is my eldest son Drake, his wife the crazy bitch Francis

Francis: How dare you-

Ellen: My middle son Bran and his lovely girlfriend-

Alex: Excuse me please, Professor Fu? Is that FO or-

Mingyu: F U

Alex: Does you're first name happen to be Mingyu?

Mingyu: Who's asking?

Alex: I don't mean to be forward, but it's the Crestview county police department that's asking.

Kyle: I think-

Mingyu: Yes, yes that is my name.

Alex: That's amazing. Those are the same three names that keep popping up in my investigation.

Kyle: Small, world isn't it?

Don: Yes, it is.

Kyle: Now where was I, after I got my pizza back to the dorm-

Alex: About what time did you arrive at the pizzeria?

Kyle: I guess about ten fifteen.

Alex: Do you have any witnesses to collaborate that story?

Bran: That's impossible! I would've seen you there. We left at half past eleven and-

Kyle: I didn't go to Bartolos.

Bran: That's your favorite pizza place.

Kyle: Not any more!

Maggie: We weren't there last night Bran, that was Tuesday night.

Bran: Oh, yeah. Sorry, the holidays always through me off.

Alex: Which pizza parlor did you purchase the pizza from?

Kyle: What pizza?

Alex: The one you had last night.

Bran: I don't believe you don't like Bartolo's anymore.

Kyle: Bran would you shut-up.

Maggie: You're interfering with his testimony.

Alex: Excuse me, professor? Your first name wouldn't happen to be Donald would it? Maybe you'd go by Don?

Don: I don't know what would lead you to that conclusion.

Alex: Well, I would if I were you. Working with two incredibly beautiful ladies. It's just so odd, that three professors from an accredited university would be working for any of their students on a national holiday.

Veronica: None of us are natural born citizens of America, we do not celebrate this holiday.

Alex: Yes, that's true, and I admire that dedication to teaching, still I think I would be lax if I didn't ask to see some form of identification.

Kyle: I don't think all that's necessary-

Alex: Please, I insist.

Don: If you insist sir, (He pulls out a gun, from his coat pocket) Is this ample identification?

Kyle: Oh shit.

Stanley: What the hell is all this about?

Francis: Do you see the language your family tosses around?

Alex: This is them! Bonita Deablas! You're under arrest! You have the right to remain- (He pulls his gun, for a moment)

(The girls fling into action. Mingyu attacks Alex turning his own weapon against him, Don puts his gun to Kyle and Veronica pulls out a weapon on Ellen, to keep the others at Bay.

Edith: I knew I should've stayed at the home. Are these Stanley's drunken friends? Why don't they just go to the bowling alley?

Kyle: Wait! (he pulls out his gun and puts it to Don)

Don: We are capable of killing you all, at this very moment.

Kyle: Then you won't find the diamond.

Don: I'm sure it's on your person, I can dig through a corpses pocket.

Kyle: I'll save you the trouble, it's right here! (He pulls out the large diamond and places it at the tip of his gun, still holding on Don) I'll shot him through the diamond!

Don: Stop! You wouldn't.

Kyle: What have I got to lose?

Ellen: My sons jewel thief?

Stanley: And I'm still paying for college?

Bran: Can you shoot a diamond? I thought it was the hardest stone there was.

Drake: Stones shatter. The harder they are, the more they shatter. If he pulled the trigger now, that diamond would be nothing but shards and dust. Imbedded in this guys abdomen of course.

Veronica: You're lying.

Don: No, my dear he's not. I'm afraid he's right, your work would be pointless, and I would be dead.

Francis: He is my refuge and my fortress surely he shall deliver us from this snare. He delivereth me from mine enemies (This line goes un-noticed by the others)

Kyle: Take the gun off my mother, and I'll take his life out of the equation. The diamond will be my bargaining chip.

Veronica: Fine.

Mingyu: What is it you want?

Kyle: Just our lives, you can have the jewel.

Don: That's an awfully hard promise to make, you all know who we are now.

Veronica: Our faces have never been seen.

Drake: Who the hell would look at your faces?

Francis: Drake!

Stanley: They have faces?

Ellen: Stanley!

Kyle: Look, all I want is to give you the diamond, and get you out of this house with no one getting hurt.

Mingyu: And all I want is world peace. That's what I said when I took the crown for Miss Hawaii.

Alex: I thought you were Chinese, not Hawaiian.

Mingyu: I said I took the crown, I didn't say I was in the damn contest.

Kyle: I'm not jewel thief Mom. I'm a secret agent, working under cover to trap Ransen, I'm not after you people. I'm after Ransen, he hired you, right?

Don: Si, we are under contract with senior Ransen.

Alex: Are you with the FBI? I was in contact with-

Kyle: I'm not FBI. I'm with an agency that's higher security. The FBI doesn't know we exist.

Alex: These people are wanted by seven different countries.

Kyle: Not by me, or my agency. Ransen is connected with murder and extortion, right here in Crestview. I was expecting him to show up last night, but I was sure he'd take it personal when a ten million dollar diamond went missing. Really the Tiswell diamond is the only jewel in the city worth the efforts of a group like this, here it is. Trust me my concern is local, you're not my problem.

Don: I'd like to believe that Mr. Haste. I'd even help you in your plight, but even we have not seen the face of our illusive employer.

Veronica: We always kill all the witnesses.

Mingyu: That's how we make sure there are no witnesses, it's our thing.

Kyle: Then you have to hand Mr. Ransen the shattered remains of a ten million dollar diamond, and I know damn well you've already spent his money.

Don: Okay! Okay, let's not be Hasty here.

Stanley: (laughs) That's our last name, Haste.

Bran: I got it.

Veronica: You've already spent what money?

Don: A small, deposit fee.

Mingyu: How much?

Don: A million

Kyle: My sources say two.

Don: Two, okay, give or take.

Mingyu: I'll give or take your balls!

Francis: How vulgar.

Veronica: I say we kill all of them, including Don, then take the diamond for ourselves.

Don: Those dresses in Milan! The private jet that got us here. That money was spent on you ladies.

Veronica: You didn't tell us there was a deposit.

Mingyu: How can we trust a word you say?

Don: What have we got, if we haven't got each other?

Veronica: A ten million dollar diamond.

Kyle: You let my family live and you've got a ten million dollar diamond, no one will follow you.

Alex: I will.

Kyle: Would you shut up!

Don: We get the cop.

Alex: Detective.

Don: Please excuse me, we get to kill the detective.

Kyle: Can I let you do that?

Don: That was my question.

Ellen: If you're a good spy you can't let them kill a cop.

Stanley: If he's a good son he can't let them kill us.

Francis: But a good soul puts faith above-

Mingyu: I say we kill them all, I can shoot faster than he can pull that trigger.

Bran: Maggie! I love you more than life itself (he gets down on one knee) Whether we live for the next two minutes or the next hundred years I wanna spent every second of my life loving you. (He takes out the ring) I know it's not much, I've been waiting all day for the right time to ask, but it might not be coming. If these crazy hot chicks kill us, you need to know I wanted you to be my wife, I want to belong to you forever.

Mingyu: How sweet.

Bran: I know the diamond isn't worth your time. Maggie?

Mingyu: Oh, no that's still worth prying off her cold dead finger before we leave.

Bran: Thanks, I didn't think it was bad- for my salary.

Mingyu: You must work in retail.

Bran: Maggie? Are you going to answer?

Maggie: Of course I'll marry you. (She kisses him and takes the ring in an emotional moment, then pulls herself back together to address Mingyu. She swallows the ring. Not really, but I'm assuming you know that.)

Bran: It's not candy!

Maggie: It will come back out, I'll sterilize it. But if she wants my ring, she's gonna have to work for it.

Stanley: Please consider sparing our children.

Francis: And tho shall we walk through the valley of the shadow of death, we shall fear no evil.

Drake: Oh can it honey.

Francis: Honey?

Drake: Oh for Christ's sake! It's a stupid pet name! your mother was a whack job!

Francis: I can't believe you said -

Drake: You're father was a flim-flam artist, that whole crack pot religion he made up was to bulk people out of money!

Kyle: The nut job isn't bargaining with you, I am.- (Kyle's line continues over or around Francis)

Francis: I feel like Hanna in the book of Samuel, my lips are moving, but my voice is not heard.

Kyle: You take Camerun to your car, I'll toss the diamond to him, then you drive away. What happens after that is not of my business, sound fair?

Veronica: Then we leave witnesses alive? We'll be on wanted posters! I'll have to get plastic surgery! I just got this body the way I like it!

Francis: You shouldn't be bargaining with these people! Lower yourself to Satan, and secure your place at his side.

Don: What do you propose we do?

Francis: I say you stop this madness and beg for forgiveness. The lord can lead you back to the path of the righteous once again. Repent now, before it's too late to save your souls.

Kyle: Souls. What about saving our souls? You're all innocents. I may be involved in this, but every other soul is in jeopardy here. Even the most innocent of us, the most unwitting bystander. Even, Ms. Tinkles.

Ellen: Ms. Tinkles! Whatever happens to us, could I just take Ms. Tinkles over to the neighbors?

Don: Ms. Tinkles?

Kyle: Her cat.

Ellen: I swear I won't try anything funny, please just spare her, she's an innocent.

Francis: It's a cat.

Kyle: Ms. Tinkles is a Haste, her soul needs saved too.

Francis: You can't tell me that you believe a cat has a soul.

Bran: Oh God.

Ellen: I can tell you that my cat happens love and think and feel just as much as any one of my human children.

Francis: That maybe true, but I assure you that's limited to your children, except of course for Drake, I am doing my best at saving him.

Ellen: Don't you dare.

Francis: You don't want your son to be lifted to the kingdom of heaven?

Ellen: No! all my children are going to burn in hell with the rest of the family!

Kyle: The family that burns together.

Bran: Remember to bury me with a bag of marshmallows, just in case.

Maggie: Of course.

Ellen: My family's souls are staying with me. Including Ms. Tinkles!

Francis: Cats are soulless beasts, that are put on earth to serve man.

Ellen: That's it bitch! You wanna talk religion? Get ready to meet God!

Kyle: Now's our chance! (Ellen lunges for Francis's throat. As they tumble across each other they knock Mingyu down. Kyle punches Don, and tosses a gun to Alex. All of the men fight to either hold down a bad guy or pull Ellen off of Francis really the director has room to play with this. I picture Drake sitting on Mingyu...Just to touch a woman.)

Veronica: (Jumps out of the fight and straight to Maggie puts her gun on her. Grandma is behind her.) Now you will be listening to me! Or the pretty bride to be will be splattered all over her fiancé!

Bran: No!

Kyle: I'm not bargaining with you Veronica, your shot at redemption is over.

Francis: I shall fear no evil...

Bran: Let her go, I'll help you get the diamond! Don't hurt her.

Francis: Thy rod and thy staff...

Edith: Take comfort from my staff. (standing up from her wheel chair, and using her cane like a baseball bat) Don't worry Bran. No one's going to hurt the future Mrs. Haste.

Veronica: What is the old lady- (Veronica turns around to get whacked in the face, and knocked out cold by Edith)

Ellen: Mom?

Bran: Mam mal?

Edith: Just because these teeth come out at night, doesn't mean they've lost their bite. Yes dear. I'm actually quite agile for my age.

Kyle: And her hearing is perfect.

Stanley: Great. I'm in trouble.

Edith: Allow me to introduce myself, agent Seven. I joined very early on in the agency.

Kyle: I'm agent Twenty-eight.

Don: You're both secret agents?

Alex: Who gets jurisdiction on this bust?

Kyle: I would be grateful if you did the honors. My agency doesn't take jurisdiction, it doesn't exist.

Bran: You lied about being a secret agent?

Maggie: He means it doesn't exist in the secret sense of the word.

Edith: It doesn't exist, but it protects the fate of humanity on a daily basis.

Stanley: Are you going to shoot me now?

Edith: No Stanley, you're a good husband for my daughter, You've saved her life more times than I can count, believe it or not I like you.

Drake: So, I really don't have the coolest job then, do I?

Bran: If my little brother is a secret agent, why'd you let me get involved in that Christmas mess, a hold up, and the parking tickets-

Kyle: Bran, we can't control everything. I had to choose one time between saving you and Canada.

Bran: You chose Canada over me?

Kyle: What would we be without Canada? You can handle almost any situation yourself. You don't remember it but you were the one that stopped the nuclear destruction of France.

Bran: How do I not remember that?

Kyle: The neutralizer. (he holds up his camera)

Ellen: Grandpa's old camera?

Edith: You never got to know your father as a brilliant inventor. He used to design weapons for the O.S.S. until Senator Macarthur. The Neutralization disorienting light pattern generated by the flash of this camera, wipes out and confuses every thought and action in your head. Up to eighty hours of your memory can, and in your cases, has been erased.

Kyle: We've got to do it again today.

Stanley: Really? Is this going to cause alzheimers or anything?

Edith: It's been proven safe for that. It does probably cause cancer, but what the hell doesn't?

Kyle: Detective, I'm going to ask you where you thought you'd catch these guys, then I'll arrange to have you believe that's how it happened.

Mingyu: What about us?

Kyle: You're memories will be wiped out from the past several days. No witnesses remember?

Alex: Really, I'm not very good at-

Kyle: I'll have my men make sure the transition goes smoothly, but I do need you to destroy any notes of my involvement that you may have.

Alex: I can do that.

Ellen: You mean we won't remember anything that happened today?

Edith: Do you want to know your youngest son risks his life on a daily basis to save humanity?

Ellen: No, no I don't think I do.

Kyle: You always say that.

Bran: I saved France?

Drake: How many times have we been part of these little schemes?

Maggie: It's every family picture, Isn't it? France, the grand Canyon, Niagara Falls, whatever beach that is.

Ellen: That's Nags head, see the sign-

Maggie: That sign says "Nags Heed" I don't think they'd misspell the name.

Kyle: Really? (He looks) She's right.

Edith: Clever girl.

Kyle: That was actually Egypt, but we couldn't get a good cover story, Dad didn't cover any sporting events in Egypt, so we had to convince them we had spent two weeks at nags head, we added the water and the put-put course. I thought I was being clever, leaving in the real sphinx as a put putt statue.

Edith: Not clever enough to spell Nags head.

Francis: I refuse to have my memory erased! I'm not allowing you to tamper with my (she gets up to exit, Edith puts the tip of her cane to her and pushes a button) mind! These thoughts and memories are mine to- (As Edith touches her with the cane she convulses and collapses to the floor)

Edith: She's always so difficult at this part.

Maggie: How did you-

Edith: Taser gun in the back of the cane.

Bran: Then why didn't you use that on her? (He points to Veronica)

Edith: Thought it'd be more fun to beat the shit out of her.

Drake: You've erased my wife's mind too?

Kyle: Mom pushed her off a balcony at your wedding. Did you want her to remember that?

Ellen: Me?-

Edith: Yes, darling, you really should stop trying to kill your daughter-in-law.

(Men in uniforms enter, and take The Bonita Deablas and Alex Camerun out and away)

Don: What of the diamond? Can we at least keep the diamond?

Kyle: At least your fued is dependable, all I have to do is get Francis to say something about Ms. Tinkles not having a soul and you lung for her throat. Really that saved us this time.

Ellen: Cats are not soulless.

Kyle: I know mom, Francis is mentality ill.

Alex: Who are you people.

Agent 42: We don't exist sir, please come with me, you've got a jewel ring to arrest. You're going to be a hero.

Alex: Wow, I'm going to be a hero.

Agent42: Yes, but you won't remember a thing. (They exit)

Alex: That's normal for me.

Kyle: Forty-two.

Agent42: Yes sir?

Kyle: Could you make sure someone does a sweep of the neighbors? Make sure they didn't see anything.

Agent42: Yes sir.

Kyle: Thanks.

Stanley: Can, we erase his marriage?

Drake: No dad!

Kyle: I've given him that option twice now, I'm afraid he's been with her too long.

Ellen: You can't try it? Just take his picture a couple of times.

Edith: Trying to wipe away too many memories leads to brain damage.

Ellen: More than he's going to do to himself with the drinking?

Drake: I do love this nut-job.

Kyle: Yes mom, sorry. Plus she's pregnant with your grandchild.

Drake: You're kidding! How do you know?

Kyle: The agency keeps tabs on all of you.

Stanley: So I'm not paranoid! I am being followed!

Edith: Yes Stanley, you are being watched, but you're also paranoid.

Stanley: How can you be a secret agent when you live in a retirement home?

Edith: The entrance to one of our biggest bases is in the Alzheimer's wing.

Kyle: You'd be surprised how safe it is, we don't even need this thing. Surrounded by witnesses and no one remembers a thing.

Edith: When they do remember no one believes them.

Bran: But I want to remember today. I Proposed to Maggie today.

Kyle: I'll only be wiping your mind of the last twenty-minutes.

Ellen: Can we make it forty? I'd like to forget the food fight.

Kyle: Of course mom.(Talking into watch) Can we get the food cleaned up in here? And fresh mashed potatoes please. (Agents come in and begin cleaning the mess, someone enters with a new bowl of mashed potatoes)

Edith: Fine dear, I'll say grace this time and save you the trouble.

Bran: The ring! How do we.

Maggie: I've got it right here. (she hands the ring to Bran) You can propose to me again.

Bran: Are you a secret agent too?

Maggie: No, I was just bluffing her, I'm not going to put a potential foreign body in my mouth. I really don't want to wear a ring that I fish out of the toilet for the rest of my life.

Bran: What if you don't say yes next time?

Maggie: Honey, I know what you've been wanting to ask all day. You're really very predictable. I've been planning on saying yes.

Bran: Does that mean you're calling me honey?

Maggie: Honey, Bran, Dumb ass, assume I mean you.

Bran: Oh, Maggs. (he hugs and kisses her)

Francis: Are you people mocking my deceased mother?

Bran: Just a little.

Edith: Your grandpa says hi, and he really likes Maggie, Bran.

Ellen: Dad's been dead for two years.

Kyle: Yeah Mom, that is the story. No time to explain. Okay everybody, take your positions on the couch. (they begin to lift Francis) Here are some smelling salts for Francis, I need her eyes open (he hands Drake a small vile)

Drake: So she won't remember anything I said about her dad?

Edith: Not a thing.

Francis: What's going on?

Ellen: Wait, can I?

Kyle: No time mom, sorry.

Ellen: Why isn't there time?

Edith: Every moment that goes by is more erasing we'll have to do.

Bran: We can't even know about grandpa?

Kyle: I've explained it all before.

Drake: But we can't remember any of it.

Edith: That my dears, is the point.

Kyle: Everyone on the couch.

Drake: Family picture pumpkin butt.

Francis: What did you call-

(They do, He gets in front with the camera, Edith puts on a pair of cool spy glasses, then covers them with a pair of lame senior citizen plastic glasses that go over glasses)

Kyle: Everybody say cold turkey!

(They do and a flash illumines the stage as bright as possible then blackout)

Epilogue

(Lights up slowly. A porch swing, and perhaps the windows out side the Haste home, the light is coming from the inner lights, and the porch light. It's dark outside, Maggie and Bran are bundled up as they enter the scene from off stage, we hear the front door close)

Maggie: It's so cold out here.

Bran: Not when I'm standing next to you.

Maggie: Really.

Bran: You're just that hot. (he embraces her) I Love you.

Maggie: I love you too, but it's cold out here. You know after a big meal like that, all the blood goes to your stomach, making it seem even colder than it is.

Bran: That's not where my blood is going. (He kisses her neck)

Maggie: We're at you're parents, and I'm freezing.

Bran: The little nip in the air is worth having you to myself for five minutes.

Maggie: You get me to yourself every night, we live together remember?

Bran: Yeah, that's what I wanted to talk with you about. I love you.

Maggie: I've heard that rumor.

Bran: How would you feel about my having you to myself every night, for the rest of our lives? (He gets down on one knee) Maggie, I want to share my life with you. I want to start a whole new chapter to this family, by building my own- our own. Would you grow old with me? Would you be the mother of my children? Would you trick me into buying new couches and let me love you for the rest of my life?

Maggie: In that order?

Bran: No particular order, I was winging this. Should I start over?

Maggie: No, you should kiss me and put that ring on my finger. I liked that proposal much better.

Bran: Much better than what?

Maggie: Just, anything I ever imagined.

Bran: Does that mean your answer is yes?

Maggie: Yes, it's yes.

Bran: Should we go tell the others?

Maggie: Yes, but Francis is forbidden to pick the church.

Bran: Deal. Are you going to be happy with your new family?

Maggie: I hope they'll be as happy with me.

Bran: I'm pretty sure mom likes you more than she likes me. You know you're a member of the club, Kyle put you in this year's Thanksgiving Day picture.

Maggie: I know, I was honored, but it's probably going to be a horrible picture.

Bran: There are no bad pictures of you.

Maggie: I don't know, I always blink at the flash.

(Lights out)

Anyone for pie?
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