

ACT II (partial)

Scene: Present day. Late October. Mid-morning. The thick drapes in the living room of Jack and Elvira Murphy are pulled shut. Upstage left, a large stone fireplace is catty-corner to the adjacent wall. It is not lit. The room is large enough to contain two sofas and a number of matching chairs. Each piece of furniture is covered with clear plastic slip covers. A number of floor lamps and end-table lamps are distributed throughout the room. Those lamps are not turned on and the shades still have their plastic coverings. Placed against the wall, downstage left, is a well worn sofa chair. It does not have a plastic slip cover. A floor lamp behind the chair is turned on. Its small bulb provides most of the room's artificial light. Upstage right, an old floor model television is turned on. Its blue glow slightly illuminates that corner of the room. The wall opposite the well worn sofa chair separates the living room from a narrow sun porch that stretches the full length of stage right. A number of rattan chairs are scattered throughout that room and a French door downstage right leads from the sunroom to an outside patio at the front of the house. Through a downstage archway which connects it to the sunroom, sunlight streams into the darkened living room in that corner of the room. To the right of the well worn sofa, downstage left, is a door which leads to the kitchen and dining room.

AT RISE:

JACK MURPHY, is slouched on the well worn chair, downstage left. He is watching a fishing program on the television. He occasionally sips from

a 50ml miniature bottle of vodka he holds in his right hand.

The sound of tires crunching on gravel comes from stage right. Then a car door slams.

Jack sits bolt upright, downs the last of the vodka, and then pushes the empty bottle down between the cushion and the arm of the chair.

The sound of footsteps come from outside on the patio, the sunroom door opens, and ELVIRA MURPHY steps inside.

ELVIRA

That damn, bloody priest, Father Flannigan, just who does he think he is!

JACK

Vi! Vi! That's God's representative here on earth you're blaspheming!

(ELVIRA walks into the living room from the sunporch.)

ELVIRA

I don't give a damn who he is! And, what are you doing with that light on, wasting money? Turn it off.

(Jack immediately reaches up and switches off the light.)

JACK

You don't want the drapes open. Fades the furniture and the carpet you say. And, I need a bit of light when I'm watching TV. I need to check the guide every once in awhile.

ELVIRA

That's easy to remedy.

(She walks to the back of the room and turns off the TV.)

Why are you watching TV in the middle of the day anyway? You can't find something to do around here?

JACK

I s'pose I could.

ELVIRA

(Mimicking JACK)

I s'pose I could! I s'pose I could! Well, you won't as long as your backside is glued to that ratty old chair.

JACK

What do you want me to do, Vi?

ELVIRA

For starters, you can go find that smarmy priest and give him a piece of my mind!

JACK

Vi! Don't say such things! What's got your panties in a knot, anyway?

(She gives him a look that
could kill.)

ELVIRA

I just been up to the churchyard to check on those two idiots. See if they were digging Daddy's grave alongside Mother's plot. They hadn't dug but a half dozen shovelfuls there. I found them outside the churchyard digging the hole behind the church in that piece of unconsecrated no man's land.

JACK

Did they say why?

ELVIRA

They said that Father Flannigan had told them to stop what they were doing and dig the grave out there.

JACK

That makes sense.

ELVIRA

What the hell are you talking about, Jack? Makes sense! Makes sense to who? To you, you old fool?

JACK

Well, you know everyone's saying your father committed suicide. I just said it made sense. I didn't say it was right.

ELVIRA

I don't fucking care if he committed suicide twice. He's being buried next to my mother.

JACK

I don't think your father would want that, Vi.

ELVIRA

Do you think I care what he wants? Do you? And, you'd know what he wants, wouldn't you?

JACK

Maybe I do.

ELVIRA

What's that supposed to mean? Uh?

JACK

Nothing, dear.

ELVIRA

He's going to spend eternity next to Mother even if I have to dig the hole myself. He might have left her on this earth, but, that ends now that he's dead. He's going to be laid to rest right next to her.

JACK

If you say so, dear.

ELVIRA

I do say so. And, I left word with that meddling priest's secretary at the manse that that was what was going to happen.

JACK

Oh, I just remembered now that you mentioned the secretary. She called just before you got here. Told me to tell you Father Flannigan was on his way over here to see you.

(She looks at JACK with murder
in her eyes, then glances
wildly around the room.)

ELVIRA

Jesus, Mary, and Joseph! You, you ... You stupid ninny! Why didn't you tell me he was on his way?

JACK

I forgot.

ELVIRA

You forgot! That TV has addled your brain!

(She rushes toward the sofas
and starts pulling the
plastic slip covers off, and
turning on all the lights.)

Quick! Come here and help me get these covers off. And,
turn on the lights!

(JACK gets up, slowly walks to
one of the chairs, and starts
to take off the slipcover.)

JACK

Why don't we just leave 'em on? Is his behind better than mine?

ELVIRA

You won't even have a behind if you don't hurry.

(There is a knock at the
sunroom door.)

My God! He's here already!

(She grabs up all the slip
covers she has removed and
stuffs them behind one of the
sofas.)

Jack, get the rest of them off and throw them back here
while I get the door.

JACK

Yes, dear.

(She walks to the sunroom and
opens the door to the
outside.)

ELVIRA

Oh, Father Flannigan. How nice of you to ...

(She stops when she realizes
it is not FATHER FLANNIGAN at
the door.)

Billy Toope! You got my message. Step inside.

(BILLY TOOPE, an old gentleman
in his eighties, with baggy
pants, a plaid shirt, and
long unkempt grey hair enters
the sun room. He holds his
salt-and-pepper cap in front
of him with both hands.)

BILLY TOOPE

Mrs. Murphy, your brother Rufus said you wanted to talk
with me?

(He looks over ELVIRA'S
shoulder at JACK who has
returned to his sofa chair
and waves to him.)

Hello, Jack.

JACK

Hello, Billy.

ELVIRA

Look, you old coot, why are you going around town telling
everyone my father committed suicide?

BILLY TOOPE

I didn't say that Mrs. Murphy. I only said what I told the
police. Your father drove off the wharf.

ELVIRA

You stupid old fool! Don't you think that's the same thing?

BILLY TOOPE

Maybe. Maybe not. Doc was sitting in his car having his
lunch on the wharf. Like I've seen him do hundreds of
times. I was talking to him. Like I always do if I'm down
there. He finished his lunch. Said he had to go. So, I
turned around and started to walk back to the seat they
have down there for us old folk. I heard your father start
his car. Then I heard a God awful splash. When I looked
back, there was no car to be seen. He had gone over the
wharf. I'm real sorry, Mrs. Murphy.

ELVIRA

He didn't commit suicide. You hear me!

BILLY TOOPE

I never said he did, Mrs. Murphy. Doc was a good man. A real good man. A kind man, too.

ELVIRA

Well, you keep your trap shut around town. You don't say anything. If people think my father committed suicide, he won't be allowed to be buried in the churchyard next to my mother. So, you keep quiet and mind your own business! You hear me?

BILLY TOOPE

Yes, Mrs. Murphy.

ELVIRA

If you go spreading any more stories about my father committing suicide, you just might find yourself over that wharf. You hear me?

BILLY TOOPE

Yes, Mrs. Murphy.

ELVIRA

Now get!

(She opens the sunroom door,
pushes the old man outside,
and slams the door behind
him.)

JACK

That's not nice, Vi. He's an old man.

ELVIRA

What he is, is a meddling old fool. If he causes my father to not be buried where I want him to be buried, I'll strangle him with my bare hands.

(She walks back into the
living room and sits down on
one of the sofas. JACK looks
at her and smiles.)

JACK

Feels better than that plastic on your backside, doesn't it, Vi?

ELVIRA

Turn off some of those lights!

(There is another knock on the
sunroom door.)

Never mind! Leave them be!

(She gets up, walks to the
door and opens it.)

Father Flannigan! How nice of you to come over! Come in!
Come in!

(She holds the door open, and
the priest, FATHER FLANNIGAN,
steps inside. He is middle
aged, tall and thin.)

Come into the living room and sit down. Rest your weary
bones.

(She leads the way into the
room and they both sit down.)

JACK

Morning, Father.

FATHER FLANNIGAN

Morning, Jack.

ELVIRA

Can I get you a sherry? Or, a port, Father.

FATHER FLANNIGAN

No thank you, Elvira. I won't be stopping long.

JACK

I'll have a small port, Vi.

(ELVIRA ignores her husband.)

ELVIRA

(To FATHER FLANNIGAN)

It's not true what they are saying about my father, you
know. He didn't commit suicide.

FATHER FLANNIGAN

I'm sorry for your loss, Elvira. Doctor O'Bannon was a good man. But, I guess it'll be up to the police to decide what happened. By the way, I just met old Billy Toope outside here on the street. Half on the cry. Said you threatened to push him off the wharf. Said you wanted your father to be buried in the churchyard. He said he did, too.

ELVIRA

(flustered)

I said no such thing. He's senile. He doesn't know what he hears. Or, what he says. But, he's got one thing right. I want my father buried in that churchyard next to my mother. But, you told those two gravediggers to dig the grave outside the churchyard.

FATHER FLANNIGAN

Yes, I did do that.

ELVIRA

My father didn't commit suicide.

FATHER FLANNIGAN

Like I said, that's for the police to decide. But, the Church considers suicide a mortal sin. The life that we have has been given to us by God, and we are expected to use it and be fruitful. But, that life belongs to God and it is not up to us to decide when it ends. If we do, we violate God's sovereignty over that life. That is definitely wrong, Mrs. Murphy. We have an obligation to preserve our life. That's not something that is discretionary. We can't choose to do it or not do it.

ELVIRA

You're refusing to bury him?

FATHER FLANNIGAN

No. Not at all.

ELVIRA

But, just not in the churchyard. (beat) Where I want him buried. (beat) Because he may have committed suicide.

FATHER FLANNIGAN

I didn't say that either.

ELVIRA

Well, what are you saying?

FATHER FLANNIGAN

I'm saying we don't know whether he did or not until the police are finished with their investigation. But, if he did, that would be my feelings. Yes. You can appeal to the Bishop, of course. And, without extenuating circumstances, he would in all likelihood agree with you.

ELVIRA

With us?

FATHER FLANNIGAN

Yes.

ELVIRA

Well, his body will be staying above ground until we do appeal, then. You can count on that!

FATHER FLANNIGAN

I don't think you heard what I said, Mrs. Murphy. I said that would be the case if there weren't extenuating circumstances.

ELVIRA

Extenuating circumstances?

FATHER FLANNIGAN

Yes. And in your father's case there are such circumstances. So, you can appeal, but you won't get anywhere.

ELVIRA

What are you talking about?

FATHER FLANNIGAN

Your father divorced your mother. Correct?

ELVIRA

Yes. In 1975. The miserable bas ... so and so!

FATHER FLANNIGAN

He married again, correct?

ELVIRA

Yes he did. A little over a year after the divorce, but the woman died six months later. She had a brain aneurism. Served him right for deserting Momma!

FATHER FLANNIGAN

Well, he didn't seek an annulment from his first marriage and so the second one got him excommunicated from the Church. And, that, Mrs Murphy, is why he will not be laid to rest next to your mother.

JACK

The Church don't excommunicate people for divorce and remarriage without annulment now, do they father? I thought I read that somewhere. Or, I heard someone say.

FATHER FLANNIGAN

You're right Jack. No they don't. Not since 1977, when the National Conference of Catholic Bishops in Chicago voted to end it. And, Elvira's father could have done things to get the excommunication nullified. (beat) But, he didn't. So, there's nothing that can be done.

ELVIRA

We'll see.

FATHER FLANNIGAN

Was it your father's wish to be buried next to your mother?

ELVIRA

No.

FATHER FLANNIGAN

Well, if he divorced her and it wasn't his wish, why do you want it?

JACK

That's what I've been saying to her.

ELVIRA

Jack, be quiet! (beat) Because, it's what I want! And, one way or another, I'm going to get it.

FATHER FLANNIGAN

Well, I have to be on my way.

(He stands up. JACK and ELVIRA
start to get up, too.)

No. No. Don't get up. I'll let my own self out.

(He shakes hands with JACK,
nods to ELVIRA, walks to the

sunroom door, stage right,
opens it, and leaves.)

ELVIRA

Who does he think he is? What an attitude! Well, he'll find out what's what!

JACK

Umm.

ELVIRA

(She points her finger at
JACK.)

And, don't you contradict me in front of anyone like that again, either. If you know what's good for you.

JACK

No dear. Do you want me to put the slip overs back on for you?

ELVIRA

No. I'm going to leave them off now. Russell and Carmen will be here any minute with Andrew and Noah. I heard the ferry blow its whistle when that old reprobate was here talking.

JACK

You're surely going to go to hell, Vi. That's the priest you're talking about like that.

(ELVIRA gives him another of
her withering looks.)

ELVIRA

You're getting pretty smart-ass here this afternoon. Have you been drinking?

JACK

What would I be drinking? You keep that bit of sherry and port under lock and key. And, God only knows where you keep the key. I certainly don't.

ELVIRA

Well, you better watch it, mister! Mind your mouth!

JACK

Will those boys be staying here with us? Noah and Andrew?

ELVIRA

Where else would they be staying?

JACK

With Russell or Rufus? Maybe at Beryl's?

ELVIRA

Carmen and Russell will have Miranda home with her friend.
And, Rufus will have Jacki and her wife.

JACK

Wife!

ELVIRA

Don't start, Jack Murphy! And, don't you say anything when
they're here.

JACK

Are they coming here, too. All of them?

ELVIRA

They're coming for supper. I asked them all. I told them I
wanted them here for the funeral, too.

(JACK mumbles under his
breath.)

And God help them if they don't listen.

ELVIRA

What did you say?

(There are footsteps on the
patio outside.)

JACK

Nothing dear. Nothing. Here they are now.

(The sunroom door opens and
RUSSELL O'BANNON, CARMEN
O'BANNON, MIRANDA O'BANNON,
NOAH KAVANAUGH, ANDREW
KAVANAUGH, and BERYL BUCKLEY
step inside and walk into the

living room. ELVIRA hugs her
nephews and niece. JACK
shakes hands with ANDREW and
NOAH, and hugs MIRANDA.)

ELVIRA

Where's your friend, Miranda? Didn't she come?

(JACK opens his mouth to say
something, then changes his
mind.)

MIRANDA

She'll be here tomorrow. Or, the next day. Depending on
when the funeral is.

JACK

She might have a long wait.

CARMEN

Russell, open those drapes. It's like a dungeon in here.

(RUSSELL looks at ELVIRA,
seeking her approval, but she
says nothing.)

ANDREW

I'll get it Aunt Carmen.

(He jumps up and pulls the
drapes wide open. The room is
instantly filled with light.)

JACK

My God! My eyes! My eyes!

(Everyone laughs. Everyone
except ELVIRA. She scowls and
glares at JACK.)

NOAH

Aunt Elvira, Mom and Dad will be at the funeral, won't
they? Andrew and I don't want to be sitting anywhere near
them. Do we Andrew?

ANDREW

No. We certainly don't.

ELVIRA

You won't have to, sweetie. I promise you that. They may not even be there, anyway.

NOAH

Why not?

ELVIRA

No one has called them.

(RUSSELL tentatively holds up his hand and waves it a little to get ELVIRA'S attention.)

RUSSELL

That's not quite true, Elvira.

(RUSSELL looks at JACK. JACK says nothing. He just looks at the floor.)

ELVIRA

(shouting at JACK)

What?! What have you done now? Did you call my bitch of a sister?

BERYL

And, that asshole of a husband of hers?

JACK

Hush, Beryl. That's no way to speak of the boys' father.

ANDREW

That's ok, Aunt Beryl. He is an asshole.

ELVIRA

Jack?

JACK

Just after we found out Jim went off the edge of the wharf, I called Russell. Told him he should call Rachel. He wouldn't do it. I called Rufus. Told him the same. He wouldn't do it either. I knew Beryl wouldn't do it. Or you. So, I told Rufus I was going to do it. I guess he told Russell. And, now, Russell had to blab it to you. Thanks a lot, Russell.

ELVIRA

And, did you? Did you call her?

JACK

Yes, Vi. I did. It's her father. She had a right to know.

ELVIRA

You son-of-a-bitch, Jack! You backstabbing son-of-a-bitch. You've been sitting here all this time and didn't tell me. You weren't planning on telling me at all, were you?

(JACK doesn't answer.)

Get up!

JACK

What?

ELVIRA

You heard me. Get up!

(JACK stands up. Tentatively.
Not knowing what to expect.)

Now, get over there out of my sight.

(She points to the sunroom.)

Russell. Andrew. Noah. Come grab this chair. I want it tossed outside!

JACK

No, Vi! That's my chair. Please don't do that.

ELVIRA

Do it!

(RUSSELL and ANDREW take the
front of the chair, NOAH
takes the back.)

NOAH

It's heavy.

(As they tip it up, there is
the sound of glass knocking
together.)

ANDREW

What was that?

ELVIRA

Put it down! Put it down. (beat) Turn it upside down.

JACK

No. Don't do that.

(But, they do as she tells them. She takes hold of the black cloth covering the bottom and rips it with her bare hands.)

Ahh ... come on, Vi. Please don't do that.

ELVIRA

Now, tip it upright again.

(Again, they do as she asks. Hundreds of miniature vodka bottles CRASH out on the floor.)

You scheming bastard, Jack! Get over here and clean up this mess. Toss those bottles back in the chair and then you three chuck it outside.

CARMEN

Russell!

RUSSELL

Yes, my sweet?

CARMEN

Help Jack get those bottles picked up.

(They dump the bottles back in the bottom of the chair and then carry it out through the sunroom door to the patio outside.)

BERYL

You can't trust a man, Vi! He's always going to be up to no good behind your back.

(RUSSELL, ANDREW, and NOAH return to the living room. JACK comes in from the sunroom, finds a seat, and sits down, too.)

JACK

Now, my ass is gonna' have to get used to sitting on plastic for the rest of its life.

ELVIRA

Not another word out of you for the rest of this day, Jack Murphy.

(There is an awkward
silence.)

RUSSELL

When are we eating, Vi? I'm starving. Carmen said you asked us to dinner.

CARMEN

Russell, mind your manners and wait. You're always thinking about your stomach. It's disgusting!

RUSSELL

I'm hungry, is all.

ELVIRA

I've got cold meats and salads for dinner. I cooked a turkey and a roast. Elaine brought us over a ham she cooked. I've made five different salads. But, we're waiting for Rufus. (beat) And, his new girlfriend.

RUSSELL

Well, Amber won't be here.

BERYL

Why? Did he break up with her? He should have if he didn't. Robbing the cradle like that!

MIRANDA

He's not going to break up with her, Aunt Beryl. You know he got her pregnant.

RUSSELL

Not any more, she isn't.

(Everyone looks at RUSSELL
expectantly. He doesn't say
anything.)

ELVIRA

Did she lose the baby?

BERYL

Did she have a miscarriage?

RUSSELL

I don't think it's right to say you've lost something if it's gone and you never wanted it in the first place. So, no, not exactly. She didn't lose the baby.

CARMEN

Russell, what the hell are you trying to put through you? Stop talking in riddles. Beryl asked you if she had a miscarriage.

RUSSELL

No. She didn't have any miscarriage. She got rid of it. Had an abortion. Rufus was supposed to have dropped her off at nine o'clock this morning.

(He checks his watch.)

So, I guess the deed is done by now.

(There is complete silence.)

CARMEN

How do you know this?

RUSSELL

How do you think I know it? Rufus told me.

CARMEN

Then, why didn't you tell me? Why are you keeping things from me?

(She gives RUSSELL a menacing look.)

BERYL

You ought to know by now that men are going to stick together, Carmen. You're not going to find out anything until it's too late. Just think back to when Donny was screwing around on me.

CARMEN

Give it a break, Beryl! Is that all you ever think about, Donny fucking around on you? That's all we ever hear. I'm asking my husband a question. That's got nothing to do with why Donny left you.

BERYL

He didn't leave me.

CARMEN

Well, I sure as hell don't see him here by your side.

BERYL

For your information, I kicked him out.

CARMEN

Yeah, after you treated him like a doormat for so long and he couldn't take it anymore and he found someone else.

BERYL

You'd know about doormats, wouldn't you?

CARMEN

What's that supposed to mean?

BERYL

Well, Russell, has WELCOME on his back in big white letters and he's covered in mud from your shoes. That's what Vi always says. And, it's right.

ELVIRA

Beryl! Shut up! I didn't say any such thing!

BERYL

You know you did!

JACK

(Sotto voce)

Catfight!

(Jack has a big smirk on his face.)

ELVIRA

I heard that Jack Murphy! If you say one more word this morning, I'm going to cut your tongue out! So help me God!

JACK

Sorry.

MIRANDA

Didn't Uncle Rufus have a say in it, Uncle Russell? The baby, I mean.

RUSSELL

Say? Of course he had a say, Miranda. He's the one who convinced Amber to have it.

MIRANDA

Oh.

RUSSELL

You're surprised? Don't be. Rufus is a horndog.

ELVIRA

Russell, is that any way to talk about your brother? You almost seem proud of it.

RUSSELL

You didn't actually hear me say that I was proud of it. Did you? The only thing I said was he's a horndog.

ELVIRA

It wasn't what you said. It was how you said it.

CARMEN

Leave him alone, Vi.

(ELVIRA glares at CARMEN,
opens her mouth to say
something, then closes it
again.)

RUSSELL

Let's see, now. Rufus knocked up a girl when he was only seventeen. Refused to marry her. Her mother took the girl away, she had the baby, and put it up for adoption. So, old Rufus has a kid out there somewhere. God knows where. Then, he met another girl, and got her in trouble. But he convinced her to have an abortion, too. Then, strange as it might sound, he married her later and they had Jacki. But, it didn't last. She ran off with another man and divorced Rufus. He's been screwing around ever since. Now he knocks

up this nineteen year old kid Amber and convinces her to have an abortion, too. I rest my case. Horndog!

ELVIRA

That's enough, Russell. You don't need to be airing dirty laundry in front of Noah and Andrew.

RUSSELL

Why not? They're practically calling you their mother now that they don't have anything to do with their own parents. So, what's the harm in telling them the truth about everything?

ELVIRA

I just don't want you doing it, is all. So, that's enough, Russell!

JACK

Instead of murdering another child, why'd Rufus not just get Amber to have it and then give it to Jacki and her 'wife' to bring up? If he didn't want to bring it up himself. Then, they could have let young Peter bring up his own son. (beat) Or, at least let him visit him.

BERYL

Vi?

ELVIRA

Jack, what did I tell you? Shut up!

BERYL

No body murdered anybody, anyway.

JACK

What do you call it then? You're a Catholic. Haven't been inside a church door in years. But, you are a Catholic.

BERYL

I don't call it murder.

RUSSELL

Besides, Jack, can you see Rufus bringing up a kid now at his age. He's forty-five years old, for fuck sake! You see him taking the kid trick or treating? Going to parent teacher meetings when he's in his sixties?

JACK

Matter of fact, I could.

CARMEN

Well, it's all water under the bridge. It's not going to happen, so just stop talking about it.

(The sound of tires crunching on gravel comes from stage right. A car door slams, and footsteps sound on the patio outside.)

RUSSELL

Speak of the devil, unless I miss my guess, that'll be the old horndog, now.

(The sunroom door opens and RUFUS O'BANNON steps inside. He is middle aged, but looks like he works out. He has a shock of unruly red hair. He walks into the living room and looks around.)

RUFUS

Hello, everybody. Hope I'm not late. Had a little something I had to take care of. I need a drink. You got anything, Vi?

JACK

Good luck with that.

RUFUS

Is that your chair there, outside on the patio, Jack? What happened to it? You getting so heavy, you broke the springs or something?

NOAH

Aunt Elvira wanted it tossed outside, Uncle Rufus.

RUFUS

Oh, I see. (beat) You been a bad boy, Jack. That right? Want me to help you lug it back?

(JACK starts to get up)

ELVIRA

That chair stays where it is, Rufus. Sit down, Jack!

(JACK sits back down.)

RUFUS

Sorry, Jack.

(He laughs. A snickering
laugh)

Elvira's the boss. Gotta' listen to her. Now, don't we?

ELVIRA

That's right. Don't forget it, either.

RUFUS

Well, I've got some news. I was just talking to Conrad
Moore, the old man's lawyer.

(There is a loud,
authoritative knock on the
sunroom door.)

ELVIRA

Who's that now?

RUFUS

I'm up. I'll get it, Vi.

(He walks to the sunroom door
and opens it.)

VOICE (OFF STAGE)

Good morning. I'm Officer Shaw. I wonder if Mrs. Elvira
Murphy is in? I'd like a word with her please.

RUFUS

Vi! You're wanted. Step inside officer.

(As ELVIRA walks to the door,
OFFICER SHAW steps inside.

He is in his early thirties
and in full uniform. He
carries a brown manila file
folder.)

(RUFUS returns to the living
room.)

(RUFUS laughs. In a low voice,
to JACK)

Here's your chance, Jack. Report her for spousal abuse.

ELVIRA

(To OFFICER SHAW)

Yes? What can I do for you?

OFFICER SHAW

(He looks over ELVIRA'S
shoulder at the others seated
in the living room.)

I wonder if I could have a word with you in private, Mrs.
Murphy.

ELVIRA

We're all family. We have no secrets here. What do you
want?

END OF EXCERPT