

# SQUIRREL LAKE

A COMEDY IN TWO ACTS

By **Brian Mitchell**

Copyright © MMII

All Rights Reserved

Heuer Publishing LLC, Cedar Rapids, Iowa

ISBN: 978-1-61588-145-1

Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this work is subject to a royalty. Royalty must be paid every time a play is performed whether or not it is presented for profit and whether or not admission is charged. A play is performed any time it is acted before an audience. All rights to this work of any kind including but not limited to professional and amateur stage performing rights are controlled exclusively by Heuer Publishing LLC. Inquiries concerning rights should be addressed to Heuer Publishing LLC.

This work is fully protected by copyright. No part of this work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without permission of the publisher. Copying (by any means) or performing a copyrighted work without permission constitutes an infringement of copyright.

All organizations receiving permission to produce this work agree to give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production. The author(s) billing must appear below the title and be at least 50% as large as the title of the Work. All programs, advertisements, and other printed material distributed or published in connection with production of the work must include the following notice: **“Produced by special arrangement with Heuer Publishing LLC of Cedar Rapids, Iowa.”**

There shall be no deletions, alterations, or changes of any kind made to the work, including the changing of character gender, the cutting of dialogue, or the alteration of objectionable language unless directly authorized by the publisher or otherwise allowed in the work’s “Production Notes.” The title of the play shall not be altered.

The right of performance is not transferable and is strictly forbidden in cases where scripts are borrowed or purchased second-hand from a third party. All rights, including but not limited to professional and amateur stage performing, recitation, lecturing, public reading, television, radio, motion picture, video or sound taping, internet streaming or other forms of broadcast as technology progresses, and the rights of translation into foreign languages, are strictly reserved.

**COPYING OR REPRODUCING ALL OR ANY PART OF THIS BOOK IN ANY MANNER IS STRICTLY FORBIDDEN BY LAW.** One copy for each speaking role must be purchased for production purposes. Single copies of scripts are sold for personal reading or production consideration only.

***PUBLISHED BY***

**HEUER PUBLISHING LLC**

**P.O. BOX 248 • CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA 52406**

**TOLL FREE (800) 950-7529 • FAX (319) 368-8011**

**SQUIRREL LAKE**

**By Brian Mitchell**

**SYNOPSIS:** In a place called Squirrel Lake, you're bound to meet a nut or two! Phil, Sally, and Patrick gather at their family's summer home on the shores of Squirrel Lake, Wisconsin, to read their recently deceased mother's will. Through a series of unfortunate misunderstandings, they all become convinced that the neighbor claiming to be a nun is actually a prostitute. Meanwhile, Phil has accidentally helped his law firm swindle the nun's mother out of her house in Chicago, the nun's brother, Lance, is insane and seeking revenge, and Patrick has a stalker in the form of his boss's daughter, who also happens to be a psychic sent by the deceased mother to act as the vehicle of her will. Sally's husband, Bob, is a walking accident, and their children are completely out of control. When the family decides that the nun/prostitute is possibly carrying Bob's child, things get a little out of hand! In the end, *Squirrel Lake* proves that even the unlucky in life can find happiness and contentment if they simply look for the gifts given to them.

**CAST OF CHARACTERS**

*(4 MEN, 3 WOMEN)*

- PHILLIP OLSEN (m) ..... A forty-year-old Chicago lawyer. He is divorced with no children. *(220 lines)*
- PATRICK OLSEN (m) ..... Phillip's younger brother. He is single and works at Captain Happy's Burger Barge. *(207 lines)*
- SALLY OLSEN KING (f) ..... The middle sibling. Sally is a soccer mom to four kids. She is married to Bob. *(218 lines)*
- BOB KING (m) ..... A sports journalist for the Chicago Tribune, Bob is married to Sally. He lives and dies by the Chicago Cubs. *(145 lines)*

SISTER MARY ELIZABETH

CATHERINE THERESA (f).....A nun. She is a sister to Lance. (118 lines)

DETECTIVE LANCE HARDY (m) .....A Chicago police detective currently bordering on a nervous breakdown. (110 lines)

JOY (f).....Captain Happy's daughter. She has a serious crush on Patrick. (102 lines)

**PROPERTIES LIST**

**ACT ONE, SCENE 1:**

*Set:*

- Bar with liquor bottles (*Jack Daniels*)
- Glasses
- Telephone

*Phillip:*

- Suitcase
- Briefcase
- 2 Fishing Poles
- Tackle Box
- Fishing Hat
- Wristwatch
- Swimming trunks
- Towel
- Ace bandage

*Patrick:*

- Garbage bag of clothes
- 'Captain Happy's Burger Barge' t-shirt
- Set of keys
- Swimming trunks
- Towel
- Mini-crutches

*SQUIRREL LAKE*

*Bob:*

- 4 Suitcases
- Swimming trunks
- Towel

*Mary:*

- Bottle of lotion (*calamine*)

*Lance:*

- Gun

**ACT ONE, SCENE 2:**

*Set:*

- Gun

*Bob:*

- Mini-crutches

*Joy:*

- Backpack

*Sally:*

- Glass of lemonade
- 'Odd colored' glass of lemonade

*Phillip:*

- Frozen roast

**ACT ONE, SCENE 3:**

*Set:*

- 2 Glasses of lemonade
- Fishing hat
- Couch pillows

*Lance:*

- Glass of lemonade
- Pill bottle (*pill can be faked.*)

*Joy:*

- Glass of lemonade

*Phillip:*

- Briefcase
- Will in legal envelope

**ACT TWO, SCENE 1:**

*Set:*

- Fishing hat
- Liquor bottles
- Glasses

*Joy:*

- Pajamas

*Mary:*

- Pajamas
- Rosary Beads

*Lance:*

- Dress
- Camera

*Phillip:*

- 2 Sheets of legal paper (*Will and Release from Prosecution forms.*)

**ACT TWO, SCENE 2:**

*Set:*

- Fishing poles

## *SQUIRREL LAKE*

*Bob:*

- Bandages and gauze
- Burned shirt
- Cubs' cap

*Phillip:*

- Briefcase
- Pen
- Toilet plunger
- Suitcase

*Patrick:*

- Garbage bag of clothes

### **SETTING**

A wooden cabin in the wilds of Wisconsin set on the edges of Squirrel Lake, in the deep woods, well off the beaten path.

### **PRODUCTION HISTORY**

***SQUIRREL LAKE** premiered on February 6, 2004 at the Waterloo Community Playhouse in Waterloo, Iowa under the direction of Chuck Stilwell.*

**ACT ONE, SCENE 1**

*PHILLIP enters through front door. HE carries a suitcase, a briefcase, two fishing poles and a tackle box. HE wears a fishing hat with fishing lures set in it and typical 'deep woods' outfit. HE flips the light on and sighs loudly. PHILLIP is a man of 40; HE is rather short and beginning to become heavysset. HE is not used to roughing it anymore.*

*He sets tackle box on table and leans two fishing poles against wall. He sighs again, takes suitcase and briefcase to bedroom UL. Returns, checking HIS watch. He looks around at the old cabin, sees the bar sitting behind the couch, goes over and fixes himself a drink.*

*PHILLIP glances at the doorway leading into the kitchen. HE walks over to the doorframe and stands tall against it. HE uses HIS fingers to mark HIS height, and then turns around to see how much HE has grown.*

*The sound of a loud car engine, sputtering. The sound of a car door, with the engine still wheezing in what might be the death throes. PHILLIP takes HIS drink to the window and looks out.*

*PATRICK enters, the open door blocking HIS view of PHILLIP. PATRICK carries a garbage bag full of clothes and wears a 'Captain Happy Burger Barge' t-shirt with 'First Mate' written in bold black letters on the back and jean-shorts. Leaving the door open, PATRICK notices PHILLIP's fishing gear.*

**PATRICK:** Well, it appears *Mister Perfect* has arrived. (*PHILLIP shuts the door and coughs.*) Yep. Here I am. *Mister Perfect*. How's it going, Phil? Nice hat.

**PHILLIP:** (*PHILLIP takes off his hat and tosses it on couch cushion stage right.*) I'm doing well, thank you. Aren't you going to shut your engine off?

**PATRICK:** (*Holds up keys and shakes them.*) It'll die in a minute.

**PHILLIP:** (*Glancing out window.*) I thought all the Pintos blew up in the seventies.

**PATRICK:** They did. I own the last of an endangered breed. Of course, I'd be willing to sell my little collector's item for the right price, if you're interested?

*SQUIRREL LAKE*

**PHILLIP:** You keep it. If it blows up, I'll sue the company on behalf of your estate.

**PATRICK:** You're too kind, Phil.

**PHILLIP:** (*Points to garbage bag.*) Planning to abandon your garbage in the wilderness?

**PATRICK:** (*Sets garbage bag on floor.*) These are my clothes, thank you. Not all of us can afford Versace luggage.

**PHILLIP:** (*Indicating PATRICK's t-shirt.*) It's like something from the 'Grapes of Wrath.' And you're wearing a 'Captain Happy's Burger Barge T-shirt.' That's...that's just sad, really.

**PATRICK:** Yeah, I guess it's the same old story for me. You haven't changed a bit, though, Phil.

**PHILLIP:** (*PHILLIP rises slightly on HIS toes and pats HIS stomach; taking this for a compliment.*) I've been working out at the gym lately. You know, off and on. Gotta be kind to the old ticker.

**PATRICK:** Yeah? It looks like you traded in your six-pack for a keg.

**PHILLIP:** You look better than I expected. I thought that with all the grease you work with you'd be fat and covered in pimples.

**PATRICK:** I'm the First Ma- ...uh...the assistant manager now.

**PHILLIP:** No longer a fry-jockey? I told you college would pay off! Let's see, what was your major?

**PATRICK:** Give me a break, Phil.

**PHILLIP:** Right, but remind me again. I seem to recall telling you something - -

**PATRICK:** I have a B.A. in Theater. Are you happy?

**PHILLIP:** Embarrassed is more like it.

**PATRICK:** Stuff it!

**PHILLIP:** I seem to recall saying something about the difficulty finding a decent job with a theater degree. Do you recall that, Pat?

**PATRICK:** Yes, I remember.

**PHILLIP:** I tried to get you into pre-law or poli-sci, but no luck. I thought you wanted to be a lawyer like me?

**PATRICK:** No, not like you! Look, I'm an assistant manager now. I'm a paper-pusher, just like my big brother. That's really about as close to you as I can stand. So how about you? Make partner yet?

**PHILLIP:** No, not yet.

**PATRICK:** Too bad. What's the name of your firm, again? You know, in case I need a good, crooked lawyer.

**PHILLIP:** Cook, Cook, Cook, and Cook; attorneys at law.

**PATRICK:** I'm sure you'll make partner in no time. Planning on changing your name? *(Pause.)* Look, Phil, we parted last time not on the best of terms. To tell the truth, if I hadn't promised Mom on her deathbed I'd make it for the reading of the will, I wouldn't be here.

**PHILLIP:** I'll read the will tonight, after supper. I haven't really had a chance to look at it yet. It only came to the office yesterday, and I golf on Friday afternoons. So how long has it been since I saw you, Pat?

**PATRICK:** Christmas, four years ago. Remember? You convinced my girlfriend to break up with me and find someone 'more respectable, with better promise for the future.' She's married now. Her husband is unemployed...which is all right. She's pulling down two hundred grand a year as a model.

**PHILLIP:** You're better off, anyway, Pat. Marriage is a crapshoot.

**PATRICK:** Yeah, I narrowly escaped misery there, didn't I? Speaking of marriage, where's Jill?

**PHILLIP:** She...had to work this weekend. She said she might be up tomorrow...if she can get away...which I doubt. Hey, know what? I think we should measure you against the doorframe, like when we were kids. What do you think, huh? *(PHILLIP grabs PATRICK and steers HIM to the kitchen doorway, placing HIM against the frame and quickly measuring HIS height.)*

**PATRICK:** Why are you doing this, Phil? You were always very self-conscious about your height.

**PHILLIP:** But we're not measuring me, are we? *(PHILLIP moves PATRICK aside and examines the spot.)* Damn! You've grown seventeen inches!

**PATRICK:** Well, it has been over twenty years, Phil. I was only nine the last time I was measured. Remember?

**PHILLIP:** Right. I was fourteen. I couldn't have been full grown then, could I? Certainly not over-grown!

**PATRICK:** I really don't...What the hell are you talking about, Phil? *(Front door opens and BOB and SALLY enter. BOB carries four suitcases. SALLY is speaking as THEY enter.)*

*SQUIRREL LAKE*

**SALLY:** I told you I knew where I was going, Mister Smarty-pants. I came here every year as a kid, you know? I'm not stupid. *(Calls outside to HER kids. HER voice is quite mild, a reminder rather than a scolding.)* China! You be nice to your brothers! They're littler than you! ...What? ...Of course there are bugs! This is the woods! ...No, he *can't* eat one! Spain! Go play, honey. You don't want to eat the icky bugs ...I don't care *what* England ate, put the nasty thing down!

**BOB:** *(To PATRICK.)* Somebody's car is still running.

**PATRICK:** That's good, 'cause I can't afford a new one.

**BOB:** *(To SALLY.)* Where can I put the suitcases, dear?

**SALLY:** *(Still to kids.)* Malaysia! Malaysia! Put that down, dear, that's poop... That's right, it's animal poop! ...Yes! They poop right outside! ...No, England, you can't! Pull your pants back up!

**BOB:** Honey, these are really getting heavy, where can I put them down?

**SALLY:** Well, just look at this place. It's just like I remembered. Imagine, sitting here untouched by time after all of these years.

**PHILLIP:** Oh, come on, sis. Are you kidding? Untouched by time? It looks like 'time' took this place out back and beat the crap out of it!

*BOB drops the suitcases onto the floor.*

**PATRICK:** *(Picking up a pair of suitcases from the floor and leads BOB upstairs.)* Here, Bob, I'll help you upstairs.

**BOB:** Oh, great! Thanks, Pat.

*BOB and PATRICK exit.*

**PHILLIP:** *(PHILLIP looks over his sister's shoulder at the kids outside.)* Nice kids ya got there, sis. They're getting big! How old are they, now?

**SALLY:** *(Distractedly.)* China is ten, Malaysia is five, and Spain and England are three. They'll be four in August. *(SHE checks to make sure BOB is out of the room and then pats HER stomach.)* And one due in January.

**PHILLIP:** Mighty Catholic of you, sister dear.

**SALLY:** You're Catholic, too, Phillip Olsen. You just hide the fact to improve business. *(Slight pause.)* I haven't told Bob I'm pregnant yet. I want to wait until the Cubs are over .500 for the season.

**PHILLIP:** (*Laughs.*) He's a die-hard fan, all right. Do you have the country picked out yet?

**SALLY:** I don't know what you mean.

**PHILLIP:** Oh, come on! China, England, Spain, Malaysia... You always wanted to be a history teacher, naming your children for countries you've visited. You must be running out by now, you and Bob haven't taken a trip abroad since the twins were born. So what'll this one be? Greece? Paraguay? How about Uzbekistan?

**SALLY:** Very funny! And when will you and Jill have children? Of course, you'd have to grow up yourself first...

**PHILLIP:** Jill left me last year, Sally. The divorce was final in March.

**SALLY:** Oh, I'm...I'm sorry, Phil. I didn't know.

**PHILLIP:** Well, I didn't broadcast it to the family.

**SALLY:** So, what happened? You two seemed so happy.

**PHILLIP:** I was busy; she was bored. She had an affair with her psychologist. I found out about it and asked her to choose one of us. She walked out that same day. When the divorce papers came, I just signed and returned them.

**SALLY:** Did you know him?

**PHILLIP:** Who?

**SALLY:** The psychologist. What was his name?

**PHILLIP:** Julia.

**SALLY:** (*Suspiciously.*) Like Raul Julia, the actor?

**PHILLIP:** No, like Julia Haberkorn, the lesbian psychologist who stole my wife from me.

**SALLY:** Geez. That's gotta do something bad for a man's ego.

**PHILLIP:** Yes, Sally, Jill left me for another woman. My ego's been punctured. Ya happy now, sis? I ruined her for other men. Hardy-har-har.

**SALLY:** Sorry.

**PHILLIP:** Mom was sick then, and I knew you and Pat would have just jumped at the chance to tell her the horrible news. Pat would've probably made my life an even worse hell than it already was. I think I could have lived with that. I'm not sure about living with the look in Mom's eye, though. She would have been deeply disappointed.

**SALLY:** You were always Mom's favorite, Phil. Pat and I just never seemed to measure up. It was always Phillip this and Phillip that.

**PHILLIP:** (*Knowing HE is lying.*) That's not true, sis. She loved you and Patrick just as much.

*SQUIRREL LAKE*

**SALLY:** Come on, Phil. Do you remember how she always hated Pat's hair? How about the time she made me dress up as Raggedy Ann?

**PHILLIP:** That was Halloween, wasn't it? Seventh grade?

**SALLY:** No. It was senior prom! I guess I wouldn't have minded so much, if not for that picture in the yearbook. Anyway, we missed you at the funeral. Molly Anderson gave the nicest eulogy and the Burger Barge sent a beautiful bouquet of daisies.

**PHILLIP:** I thought Molly Anderson died about five years ago.

**SALLY:** She did. It was on videotape, but it was tastefully done, even if her makeup made her look a bit like a clown. Captain Happy even showed up...you know, for Patrick. I think Captain Happy's daughter has a thing for Patrick. She was clinging to him like a burr during the interment.

**PHILLIP:** Yeah, Pat always was the great romantic, probably offered her fries and a drink, and she just couldn't say no. Look, sis, I'm sorry I missed the funeral, but I was moving some real estate at the time. Couldn't get free. You understand, don't you?

**SALLY:** No, I really don't. I mean, if Captain Happy can leave his business for an employee's mother, I don't see why her own son couldn't take a couple of days off to set her to rest.

**PHILLIP:** Sally...

**SALLY:** So when're we reading the will?

**PHILLIP:** After dinner. It shouldn't take long, I don't think Mom had much socked away.

**SALLY:** Just as well. Bob hates the outdoors unless there's a baseball game going on. You know, you'd think a sports columnist would enjoy being outdoors at least a little. Not Bob, though. His idea of being outdoors is watching the Weather Channel before the game. The only time he doesn't complain is when the Cubs play. He'd walk on hot coals for a hotdog and a Cubs game.

*PATRICK and BOB return from upstairs. BOB is speaking of his obsession, the Chicago Cubs.*

**BOB:** ...and then Sosa smashes a ball, I mean he *killed* it! Cubbies win 5-3 in twelve innings.

**PATRICK:** (*Lacking conviction.*) Gee, that's great, Bob.

**BOB:** The next night, Friday, we flew to St. Louis to play the Cardinals -

**PATRICK:** Gee, Bob, don't waste all of our conversation at once! I'm still dizzy from the excitement of the first four games of the season.

**SALLY:** Is he telling Cubs stories again? You'd think he'd be sick of it by now! I mean it's his job and his life fifty-five hours a week. (To BOB.) You are supposed to be on vacation, dear.

*BOB shrugs, taking a seat on the couch.*

**PHILLIP:** Who'd like a drink?

**SALLY:** Drink is the work of the devil, Phil.

**PATRICK:** (Eagerly.) Only if the devil goes by the name 'Jack Daniels,' sis. I'm your man, Phil! (Aside to PHILLIP.) How many games have the Cubs played so far this season?

**PHILLIP:** Sixty-seven.

**PATRICK:** (Drinking quickly.) Oh, my God! Better set me up again. Make it a double, will you?

**BOB:** Don't we have a TV?

**SALLY:** If we did, we still couldn't get the Cubs' games without cable.

**BOB:** Oh...yeah, I guess you're right. I've got a radio in the car, though. Think it'll pick up Chicago stations? There's a double-header against the Giants tomorrow...

**SALLY:** (Aside to PATRICK.) Do something! He'll drain our battery and we'll be stranded in the wilds of Wisconsin. They'll have to identify us with dental records!

*SALLY pushes PATRICK toward BOB.*

**PATRICK:** Hey, Bob, how about...uh...swim to take your mind off it? The day's warm and the water's cool...

**BOB:** No, thanks, I don't swim.

**SALLY:** Or fish, but you're going to learn both this weekend! It's for the kids, Bob! They miss you when you're away from home so much.

**BOB:** They'll miss me more if I drown.

**SALLY:** It would even be more scarring if I had to kill you. Then you'd be dead and I'd be in prison. Who would the kids have then? They'd have to live with your brother and his mutant children. Is that what you want?

**BOB:** Oh, all right, I suppose I could swim for just a few minutes. Let me change into my trunks.

*SQUIRREL LAKE*

**PHILLIP:** Don't worry, Bob. Ol' Burgerboy there used to be a lifeguard, back in the day.

**BOB:** I'm not going in that far. I'll wet my feet and splash for the kids, but my knees will not be getting wet, I assure you.

*BOB and PATRICK enter their respective bedrooms to change into swimming suits.*

**PHILLIP:** That husband of yours is just slit-your-wrist fun, isn't he, sis?

**SALLY:** (*Concerned.*) Stop it, Phil. You shouldn't talk that way to Pat, either. You've pestered and belittled him ever since we were kids. It's no wonder he's only a fast-food clerk. He has no self-confidence at all. And Bob is fun...in his own way.

**PHILLIP:** Didn't Pat tell you? He's a First Mate now at Captain Happy's Burger Barge. It's not just a job, after all, it's an adventure! Arrrgh, matey!

**SALLY:** Just like that; always making fun of him and everything he does.

**PHILLIP:** All right, sister dear, he's a big boy now. He can stand up for himself. Besides, he can't keep blaming me for all of his failures in life. He's got to take responsibility for himself.

**SALLY:** Fine, Phil. Just lay off for the weekend, all right?

**PHILLIP:** Okay, okay. Promise.

**SALLY:** And how's your work? Still killing yourself to become a partner?

**PHILLIP:** (*Evasively.*) Well, you know, same as always.

**SALLY:** What, Phil? Is something wrong? You know you could never lie to me.

**PHILLIP:** Not true! I always told you that you were smarter than me, but you proved me wrong by naming your kids after third-world countries and marrying a sports writer that doesn't realize the Cubs haven't won the World Series since the dawn of man.

**SALLY:** Bob is a great husband and father, and they are not third-world countries

**PHILLIP:** Close enough

**SALLY:** England?

**PHILLIP:** Seen the teeth?

**SALLY:** You're not going to change the subject. What's wrong, Phil?

*Pause.*

**PHILLIP:** Well, since we're sharing secrets, I seem to have stumbled across a...slightly...illegal real estate deal at the office.

**SALLY:** How 'slightly' are we talking, here?

**PHILLIP:** Twenty to thirty years in the pen slightly. Land fraud.

**SALLY:** My God! What are you going to do?

**PHILLIP:** Hey! I'm taking the weekend off, aren't I?

**SALLY:** Phillip Olsen!

**PHILLIP:** Truth is, I'm in a spot, Sal. If I turn my firm in, I can pretty much kiss my career goodbye. Other firms don't want someone like that on the payroll. If I don't, and the firm of Cook, Cook, Cook, and Cook gets caught...well, then I join them for a long time in striped pajamas. And another problem is...I helped them, Sal. I didn't know what I was doing at the time, but I helped them. What can I do? I'm too old to become the sex-toy of some demented serial killer.

**SALLY:** (*Patting his stomach.*) On the bright side, stripes can be very slimming.

*BOB and PATRICK reenter, dressed in swimming trunks and carrying towels over their shoulders. They can feel the tension in the room.*

**PATRICK:** What's wrong? What were you two talking about?

*SALLY and PHILLIP exchange glances.*

**SALLY:** Oh, uh...Phil was just telling me he might be in it for the long term with Cook, Cook, Cook, and Cook.

**PHILLIP:** Yes. And Sally was mentioning to me that there might be some interesting news from Uzbekistan... Once the Cubs reach .500.

*BOB shakes his head, confused.*

**PATRICK:** What!? (*Looks from SALLY to PHILLIP and back. Comprehension dawning.*) Oh! Congrats, Bob.

**BOB:** Huh? What are you talking about?

**SALLY:** Nothing, Bob. Why don't you two go swimming while I start some dinner? Bread and water all right with you, Phil?

**PHILLIP:** I think I'll join the men here for a swim. You two go ahead and I'll meet you down there.

**PATRICK:** Okay. Come on, Bob, I'll race ya!

*SQUIRREL LAKE*

*PATRICK and BOB exit through front door. PHILLIP exits to bedroom UR. SALLY watches PATRICK and BOB through front door.*

**SALLY:** Bob! Don't run through there! You'll slip in the ...

**BOB:** *(Offstage.)* Oof!

**SALLY:** *(Too late.)* ...poop.

*Phone rings.*

**SALLY:** *(Answering phone.)* Hello...yes, it is... No, Pat just left to go swimming. He should be back in an hour or so. Can I take a message? Uh-huh. Right. ...Joy? Joy who?... Oh! You're Captain Happy's girl! Your name is Joy Happy? ...No, of course not, it's just your father's nickname ...Yes, I remember you from the funeral... I'm sure he'd be happy – *(Chuckles.)* I mean overjoy – *(Pause.)* That is, he would be...um, *ecstatic*, if you came to visit... Do you need directions?... No? ...All right, we'll see you in a few hours. Bye.

*SALLY hangs up phone as PHILLIP enters from bedroom dressed in swimming suit.*

**PHILLIP:** Who was on the phone?

**SALLY:** Me.

**PHILLIP:** Yes, I rather thought you were. Who was on the other end of the line?

**SALLY:** Oh, Joy.

**PHILLIP:** I'm glad the question brings you pleasure. Now who were you talking to?

**SALLY:** Joy! I was talking to Joy. She's a friend of Pat's. Her name is Joy.

**PHILLIP:** What did she want?

**SALLY:** She's going to stop by and surprise Patrick. She doesn't want him to know she's coming, so you just keep your lips zipped. Now I'm going to the kitchen and start dinner.

*SALLY exits. BOB and PATRICK enter; BOB is limping badly and PATRICK is aiding him.*

**BOB:** Ow, ow, ow, ow....

**PATRICK:** Oh, stop it, you baby! I don't think it's broken, but still, what were you thinking?

**BOB:** It's your fault! I was just getting into the deep part of the lake -

**PATRICK:** Deep part? It wasn't even to your waist yet.

**BOB:** And then you screamed 'shark'!

**PATRICK:** Oh, come on! It was a joke. We're in Wisconsin, for crying out loud! There isn't a shark for two thousand miles!

**BOB:** *(Gives PATRICK a dirty look, and plops onto the couch. To PHILLIP.)* In my rush to escape the shark, I slipped and twisted my ankle up pretty bad. Lucky for me, I landed in some soft plants and not in the poop.

**PHILLIP:** Well, aren't you Mister Lucky!

**PATRICK:** *(To Bob.)* You're just mad because your kids were laughing so hard.

**BOB:** I...have to go to the bathroom.

**PATRICK:** I'll get you to the door, Bob, but then you're really on your own!

*PATRICK and PHILLIP help BOB to the bathroom door. BOB exits into bathroom. There is a knock on the front door. A crash is heard from the bathroom. BOB cries out in pain.*

**PHILLIP:** Careful of the tile in there, Bob. It gets slippery when your feet are wet. Oh, and the door sticks, so push hard.

**BOB:** *(From offstage.)* Yeah. I'm Mister Lucky, all right.

*PHILLIP opens the door. MARY enters. SHE is a pretty young lady in skirt and tank top, HER hair worn up in a bun.*

**MARY:** I'm sorry to bother you, but I heard a scream a short time ago, and saw you helping someone here. I have some training as a nurse. Is there anything I can do to help?

**PHILLIP:** Yes! Please come in. Bob will be out in a moment; he's in the bathroom. I'm Phillip Olsen. This is my brother, Pat. Bob is our brother-in-law, it was his scream you heard. He injured himself getting away from a shark in the lake.

**MARY:** Shark?

*SQUIRREL LAKE*

**BOB:** *(Offstage.)* Hey, Phillip! Mister Lucky's in pain! Oh! *That's* gonna leave a bruise!

**MARY:** *(Looking nervously toward bathroom.)* I'm Mary, pleased to meet you Phillip, Pat.

**PATRICK:** You're a nurse?

**MARY:** Well, I'm a nun, actually, with nurse training. Sister Mary Elizabeth Catherine Theresa Hardy. I'm staying at my family's cabin down the shoreline from here. When I heard the scream, I came running. You can call me Mary.

**PHILLIP:** *(Admiringly.)* You sure don't look like a nun.

**MARY:** We're not required to wear our habits all the time, you know.

**PHILLIP:** Thank God!

**MARY:** I do.

**BOB:** *(Rattling the door. MARY seems ready to jump and run; offstage.)* It's stuck! Can you pull it, Patrick?

**MARY:** *(To PHILLIP.)* Oh, dear, the poor man. It must be...very painful.

*BOB exits bathroom with the help of PATRICK; BOB stumbles over and sits on couch.*

**PATRICK:** Bob, this is Mary, she's going to take a look at your ankle.

**BOB:** Can she look at my butt while she's at it? That's what I landed on in the bathroom.

**PATRICK:** She's a nun, Bob.

**BOB:** Oh, sh...! I mean, oh, gosh! I'm really sorry! About the butt comment, I mean. I would never show my butt to a nun. You know, unless I was getting a shot or baptized or something.

**MARY:** It's all right. You didn't know. Besides you were distracted by...Mister Lucky.

**BOB:** What!? Oh, no! That was just a joke! Pat and Phil were kidding me that I was really lucky, and the name just kind of stuck!

**PHILLIP:** *(To BOB.)* Looks like you've got a nasty sunburn. It's on your back and face, too.

**PATRICK:** Let me see...

**BOB:** I wasn't out long enough for a sunburn. Was I?

**MARY:** Uh... Nope. That's poison ivy. Try not to scratch it, and I'll get some calamine lotion. *(Looks BOB over from head to toe.)* At least you had a swimming suit on, Mister Lucky.

MARY exits.

**BOB:** Uh... I think I've got it on my hands, too. (*BOB looks down to his swimming suit.*) It doesn't spread, though... Right? I mean, I was in the bathroom, and Patrick wouldn't help me, and...

*PHILLIP and PATRICK look at each other. They obviously have no clue.*

**PATRICK:** Uh... No. That's a direct contact thing only. You must've rolled in a patch of that stuff when you were running from the shark. I am *really* sorry about that, Bob.

**BOB:** Oh, great, first a sprained ankle, and now this...

**PHILLIP:** Hey, Pat, don't we have an old pair of crutches around here somewhere? Remember when we came and I broke my foot climbing that tree?

**PATRICK:** Yeah, I think they might still be in the shed out back. I'll get them.

*PATRICK exits through front door. MARY enters with a bottle of lotion.*

**MARY:** We'll put the lotion on first and then wrap that ankle. (*To PHILLIP.*) Do you have an ace bandage?

**PHILLIP:** I think so. There should be one in the bathroom. (*PHILLIP exits to bathroom.*)

**MARY:** This might be cold... (*Kneels down and begins to apply lotion. SALLY enters from kitchen and sees BOB from behind with a young woman between his legs. SALLY is confused.*)

**BOB:** Oh, that feels good! Up a little...yeah, right there. Good thing you stopped by or I'd have had to rely on Pat or Phil to do this for me.

*SALLY mouths "Oh, my God!" SHE looks down at HER own stomach, rubbing little Uzbekistan.*

**MARY:** Does it hurt when I do this? I can stop.

**BOB:** No! Don't stop. It feels good.

**MARY:** I'm gonna want to do your whole body.

**BOB:** Yes. Do it! The itch is killing me!

**MARY:** Control yourself, or Mister Lucky can do this on his own!

*SQUIRREL LAKE*

*SALLY flees into kitchen, crying.*

**MARY:** *(Cont'd.)* How's the itch, now?

**BOB:** Feels a little better, thanks.

*PHILLIP enters with ace bandage as PATRICK enters carrying a pair of crutches that are much too short for BOB.*

**MARY:** Good thing you had shorts on, Bob.

**BOB:** Yeah, I'm Mister Lucky.

**MARY:** I guess you are Mister Lucky, aren't you?

**PATRICK:** Yeah. He oughtta play the lottery.

**PHILLIP:** Here, this'll help. *(HE holds up ace bandage.)*

**MARY:** Great! Here, why don't you put the lotion on his back while I put the bandage on his ankle?

**PHILLIP:** No problem.

**PATRICK:** *(To BOB.)* Here, you can use these to get around. I warned your kids about the poison ivy, Bob. I don't think they've been in it yet. The twins seem to be having fun skipping stones on the lake. Don't worry, though, I told them not to go in the water.

**BOB:** I can't believe they listened to you on that one! They love to swim.

**PATRICK:** I know. I told them... *(Realizes what HE is about to say.)*  
...there were sharks in the water.

*BOB glares at PATRICK.*

**PHILLIP:** *(Trying not to laugh.)* There! You're done. *(Closes bottle of calamine, returns it to MARY.)*

**MARY:** Thank you. Now stay off that foot as much as possible. *(MARY grabs the mini-crutches.)* Use these when you have to walk, all right?

**BOB:** All right. Thanks so much for your help. *(Points to PHILLIP and PATRICK.)* If I was left with these two, they'd surely be the death of me!

**MARY:** *(Laughs.)* They would have done fine without me, I'm sure.

**PHILLIP:** Don't be so sure. We may have decided to feed him to the shark. Or worse, abandon him in the Wisconsin wilds.

**PATRICK:** *(Chuckles. Sings to Gilligan's Island theme.)* No phone, no lights, no motorcar. Not a single Cubbies game...

**MARY:** Oh, are you a Cubs fan, too, Bob?

**BOB:** From way back!

**MARY:** Me, too! How do you think they'll do this year?

**BOB:** (*Confidentially.*) I think this is it! I think this is the year that they take the pennant from the Braves and trounce the Yanks in the series.

**MARY:** That's just what Robert King with the Trib says. That's the Chicago Tribune; I'm from Chicago. You know, you look a little like him. I mean I've never met him, but you look like the little picture that runs above his column. He.... What's your last name, Bob?

**BOB:** (*False modesty.*) King. And may I say that it's obvious that you have great taste in journalists, Mary.

**MARY:** Wow! You're *that* Bob King?

**BOB:** The very same.

**MARY:** I'm a *huge* fan! I remember when you predicted a division title for the Cubs...three years ago. They should've won it, too, except for the injuries. (*Shakes HER head sadly.*)

**MARY/BOB:** Curse of the Cubbies...

**BOB:** It was close, though. Fifteen games back in the Central, and it coulda gone either way if they had just gotten a few calls! Curse of the Cubbies...

**PHILLIP:** Sounds like a movie I saw on the Late, Late Show the other night. 'Hide your children! Renew your insurance! Keep your hands and feet inside the ride at all times...but you'll never escape from...The Curse of the Cubbies!'

*PATRICK laughs heartily. BOB and MARY just stare threateningly.*

**PHILLIP:** (*Cont'd.*) It was a joke. Just a joke! (*To PATRICK.*) Cubbies fans have no sense of humor!

**MARY:** (*Ignoring PHILLIP. To BOB.*) Well, since you're doing a bit better, I think I'll take my leave. My brother really shouldn't be left alone so long...

*The door flies open and LANCE HARDY springs into the room, HIS gun drawn. LANCE is a big, muscled man with a maniacal gleam in HIS eye. HE is dressed in red tennis shoes, khaki shorts and a Hawaiian shirt. HE rolls behind the couch, popping HIS head over the back to speak to MARY. HIS hair is askew and sticking up at odd angles. The gun is pointed at the ceiling.*

SQUIRREL LAKE

**LANCE:** You all right, Mary? Who're these guys? Are they *realtors*?! They look like *realtors*!

**MARY:** (*Soothingly.*) Lance, these are friends of mine. Bob, Phil and Patrick. (*To the OTHERS.*) This is my brother, Lance. (*To LANCE.*) Lance, you know you should be at the cabin. The doctor says you need complete rest. And you know you should have left that gun in Chicago! You could hurt someone. (*MARY takes gun from LANCE.*)

**LANCE:** They're *realtors*, Mary! I can smell 'em! (*Looms over PHILLIP.*) You a *realtor*?

**PHILLIP:** Huh-uh, no way am I a realtor. In fact, I'm about as far from a realtor as I can be, aren't I, Patrick?

**MARY:** They're not realtors, Lance. Bob is a sports writer and...

**PATRICK:** Phillip is a crooked lawyer and I'm -

**PHILLIP:** First Mate at Captain Happy's.

**LANCE:** Captain Happy's? On the Pier?

**PATRICK:** (*Reluctantly.*) Yeah.

**LANCE:** (*Standing at attention.*) Damn fine food, sir. I usually get a Captain Happy Pork Plank Platter with double onions and a strawberry shake. Seven twenty-nine, with tax.

**PATRICK:** Oh, I recognize that order. You haven't been around for a couple weeks. Happy was asking where...uh ...

**LANCE:** Where what?

**PATRICK:** Where the...uh...where the...doofus detective with the 'breath of death' had gone. Uhh, but then...after that...he asked about you, too! He wanted to know where the...the tall, athletic, handsome, and, uh...*absolutely sane* policeman was.

**LANCE:** (*Sadly.*) On paid leave, you can tell him. Overworked. Stressed. Ever since Mom lost the house in the city and all her money.

**MARY:** I told you it wasn't your fault, Lance.

**LANCE:** It's not that. She moved in with *me*! Now all I hear is 'Lance! Where's my Epson salt?' 'Lance! Where's my hair net?' 'Lance! Where're my Depends?' Now tell me, does that sound relaxing to you?

**MARY:** She was taken in by professional con men, Lance! You need to understand what she's going through, too.

**LANCE:** Still, if I ever get a hold of Cook, Cook, Cook, or...uh...oh, I forget the last one's name... But if I ever get a hold of 'em, I'll kill 'em! (*Mimes choking a lawyer.*)

**PATRICK:** Cook, Cook, Cook, and Cook? That's not a realty agency, it's a - -

**PHILLIP:** (*Yelling over PATRICK.*) ...damn shame about your mother! Ya sure can't trust realtors these days, can ya? Well, hey! Thanks for stopping by... Lance, wasn't it? You just swing by anytime, the door's always open. Anytime at all...after July...cause we'll be really busy here...that is, we'll be leaving here...soon...until August...won't we, Patrick?

**PATRICK:** August? What are you talking about, Phil? We're not going to be here... (*PHILLIP slaps PATRICK in the back of the head.*) ...very much at all until August, are we? Right. Leaving right away. Sorry you can't stay.

*PHILLIP and PATRICK back LANCE through front door. THEY glance briefly at each other, then at LANCE*

**PHILLIP/PATRICK:** Bye!

*PHILLIP slams the door in LANCE's face.*

**PHILLIP:** (*To closed door.*) Come back soon now. Been a pleasure.

**MARY:** Is everything all right? I know he's a bit...tense...these days. (*Absently tosses the revolver onto the chair.*) He's really very gentle...except for that episode with the chef from Henri's. But Doctor Morris said he should be out of traction in four to six weeks. Of course, his hat was a total loss.

**PATRICK:** His hat?

**MARY:** Yes, the chef's hat. You know, the big, poofy one that you see on TV all the time? It got caught in his colon, lucky for him. There could have been some *permanent* damage!

*BOB is beginning to notice the itch in HIS shorts, but is trying to hide it from the others. PHILLIP has gone to the window to see that LANCE leaves.*

**BOB:** (*Rising, using the crutches to walk.*) I think I'm feeling better, now. I'm going to change into some real clothes.

**MARY:** (*To PHILLIP.*) Is Lance making it back all right?

*SQUIRREL LAKE*

- PHILLIP:** *(Turning from the window and returning to couch.)* I think so. Bob! Your kids are covering themselves with mud and dead leaves. I think I saw England with a long, sharp stick.
- PATRICK:** Maybe he's trying to dig his way to China.
- PHILLIP:** No, she's right there.
- BOB:** *(As HE goes upstairs.)* They'll be okay. China's a good little babysitter. *(Scratches HIMSELF furiously as HE passes from sight.)*
- PHILLIP:** *(Calls to BOB.)* All right, suit yourself. *(To PATRICK.)* Starting to look like a scene from 'Lord of the Flies' out there, though...
- MARY:** Well, I should go, too. Lance needs to take his medicine.
- PHILLIP:** Oh? What kind of medicine does he take?
- MARY:** Industrial tranquilizers. You can't get them from a normal pharmacy.
- PATRICK:** Where do you get them, then?
- MARY:** They're usually used on horses, cows, llamas, that sort of thing. You know, the big animals. We get ours at the veterinarian's.
- PHILLIP:** Isn't that dangerous?
- MARY:** Not at all, he's a friend of the family. He put our dog down six years ago.
- PHILLIP:** I mean Lance taking such a strong tranquilizer.
- MARY:** Well...it does knock Lance from the world of reality for an hour or two. But he doesn't hurt anyone... Well, I should get back and help Lance with Mom. It's been a pleasure to meet you two.
- PATRICK:** The pleasure is ours, Sister.
- MARY:** Just Mary, please. It seems to make people uncomfortable to know that I'm a nun, for some reason.
- PATRICK:** Mary, then.
- MARY:** Perhaps I'll see you in August?
- PATRICK:** What? Oh, August. Yes, I'll see you in August...if I can get off work.
- MARY exits.*
- PHILLIP:** Nice girl.
- PATRICK:** Seems like it. But then again, most nuns are pretty nice. It's in their job description. Crazy brother, though.
- PHILLIP:** Well, when you're staying at a place called Squirrel Lake, you've gotta expect a few nuts.

**PATRICK:** (*Looking out door.*) Hey, Phil?

**PHILLIP:** What?

**PATRICK:** I think we should check on the kids. I think they've cornered a badger.

**PHILLIP:** Yeah, we better save the poor little thing.

*PATRICK and PHILLIP exit.*

*Lights fade.*

DO NOT COPY

*SQUIRREL LAKE*

**ACT ONE, SCENE 2**

*As scene opens, SALLY is sitting on couch, crying. BOB entering from bedroom with crutches. HE has changed out of HIS swimming suit.*

**BOB:** How's supper coming?

**SALLY:** What do you care?

**BOB:** I'm hungry. What's wrong, Sally?

**SALLY:** Oh, don't pretend with me! I saw that young girl in here!

**BOB:** *(Looks around.)* Where?

**SALLY:** In here. Earlier. With you.

**BOB:** Oh, that was Mary. Sweet girl. She was a lifesaver.

**SALLY:** *(Hurt.)* Oh, really? Did she...fix your...your...itch?

**BOB:** Oh, yeah, she knew what she was doing, all right.

**SALLY:** I can't believe you!

**BOB:** What do you mean? The world needs more girls like that!

**SALLY:** Does she...know what you like?

**BOB:** Yeah! In fact, she's a big fan of mine. She really likes my work.

**SALLY:** Well, aren't you impressed with yourself! What about me? Did you ever think that maybe I'd want to...to scratch the itch for you?

**BOB:** Well...you were making dinner...and you're not supposed to scratch it, anyway.

**SALLY:** And just why not? I've been taking care of your itches for fifteen years! Was she...better at it than me?

**BOB:** Well, she's had special training. She does it for a living. It's a calling, I guess, or so I've heard.

**SALLY:** What!?

**BOB:** I mean she knew what she was doing...you know? You'd have just scratched the itch, but she used lotion and - -

**SALLY:** I can't believe you're telling me this!

**BOB:** Look, it's not a big deal! Next time I have an itch, I'll come to you, I promise.

**SALLY:** Oh, don't do me any favors! Mister Lucky can sleep in the car tonight! And if you think I'm making you dinner, you're sadly mistaken! *(SALLY exits to kitchen.)*

**BOB:** All this fresh air is just terrible for some people. She's never this tense at home. *(Turns away from the audience and scratches furiously at his front. Turns and sits.)* This is bad! I think I've got some poison ivy...down there. Wish I had some calamine.

As BOB is talking, the front door opens quietly and LANCE sneaks in. LANCE looks about for HIS gun, trying not to be seen. LANCE walks to the bedroom door UL, but doesn't enter yet. Listening to BOB.

**BOB:** (Continued.) You hang on down there, little guy. When we see Mary again, we'll get you all fixed up, okay?

LANCE holds out HIS arms as if to strangle BOB, approaching silently from behind.

**BOB:** (Cont'd.) We'll have to catch her alone, though. That brother of hers is certifiable! Mister Lucky wouldn't be very lucky, then, would he?

**PHILLIP:** (Offstage.) No, kids, don't poke at the green car with sticks! It'll blow up!

LANCE hears the voice and hides in bedroom UL.

**PHILLIP:** (Cont'd.) China, what do you have there? ...A pet? ...No, dear, just because a snake hugs you, it doesn't mean it likes you. (Enters through front door. To BOB.) Hey, Bob, how's it going? Did you know there's a twelve-foot python living near the water? China is trying to lure it into your car and keep it as a pet. Someone must've let it loose when it got too big, huh?

**BOB:** Not doing very well, I'm afraid. Sally is in a real snit about Mary handling my poison ivy. I guess she wanted to do it herself. She's making me sleep in the car tonight.

**PHILLIP:** Well, you'll have to overlook her moodiness for a while, Bob. She's under some real pressure just now, what with the Cubs on a nine-game losing streak.

**BOB:** Oh, she could care less about the Cubs.

**PHILLIP:** I wouldn't be so sure about that. Did I mention the python?

**BOB:** And I've got poison ivy all over my...my you know what. Did you say python?

**PHILLIP:** Yep. Big sucker, too.

**BOB:** (Rises and rushes to front door on mini-crutches.) China! I'm coming, honey. ...No! He's not kissing you. He's *tasting* you!

*SQUIRREL LAKE*

*BOB exits, hobbling.*

**PHILLIP:** *(As PHILLIP talks, LANCE comes out of bedroom, unseen and begins to search near window.)* She isn't going to be able to keep the secret forever. Bob's going to find out that she's pregnant, sooner or later! And sister or not, she shouldn't try to hide it from him.

**LANCE:** *(LANCE looks startled, thinking PHILLIP is talking of MARY.)* She's pregnant!?

**PHILLIP:** *(Startled and frightened.)* Where did you come from? I thought you'd be home, you know, with your medicine...mother!

**LANCE:** She's pregnant!?

**PHILLIP:** Now, don't take it personally! I'm sure she would have checked with you first... if she'd have known you cared so much!

**LANCE:** She's pregnant!?

**PHILLIP:** I think your brain's stuck just a bit there, Lance. Now, this is supposed to be a secret, you can't let anyone know you found this out from me. I'd be in big trouble, if you know what I mean. And...and it's...it's just what the realtors want you to do! They're everywhere! If they found this out...well, it'd be big trouble for England, Spain, China and Malaysia. You don't want the weight of four small countries on your head, do you?

**LANCE:** I hate realtors!

**PHILLIP:** *(Confidentially.)* Oh, they're sly, all right! So you really have to keep this secret...or they'll...uh...take over the world!

**LANCE:** I'll kill 'em! I'll rip 'em up! *(He growls.)*

**PHILLIP:** Down boy! Down! No, we'll stick to the plan!

**LANCE:** Plan?

**PHILLIP:** You know. The plan! We keep quiet about everything: the pregnancy, the realtors, the countries on the brink. We act perfectly normal, right?

**LANCE:** Perfectly normal, got it! *(Growls again.)*

**PHILLIP:** Stop that. That isn't normal!

**LANCE:** Sorry. Normal.

**PHILLIP:** Right. Now you stay here, while I...check on Bob.

*PHILLIP rises and swiftly exits through front door.*

**LANCE:** I'm perfectly normal. Perfectly normal. Nothing wrong with me! No, sir! I don't hate realtors! Scum-sucking, bottom-dwelling steal-money-from-your-homeless-mother bastards that they are! No! They're my friends! Ha! I'm not going to maim them, nope, because I'm perfectly normal.

**SALLY:** *(Entering from kitchen.)* Oh, hello! I don't think we've met. I'm Sally. And you are?

**LANCE:** Perfectly normal.

**SALLY:** *(Chuckles.)* Yes, but what's your name?

**LANCE:** *(Stands, shakes hands.)* Detective Lance Hardy, Chicago P.D.

**SALLY:** Oh, dear. You're not here for Phil, are you?

**LANCE:** Phil? No.

**SALLY:** Who then?

**LANCE:** Bob.

**SALLY:** Bob? What did he do?

**LANCE:** *(Crying.)* He ...

**SALLY:** He...?

**LANCE:** He...he...

**SALLY:** He, what?! Spit it out! I mean... It's... It's okay. You can tell me.

**LANCE:** He got my sister pregnant.

**SALLY:** Oh, my God!

**LANCE/SALLY:** I'll kill 'im!

**LANCE:** She'll get kicked out of the convent for sure, now!

**SALLY:** She's a nun?! *(LANCE nods.)* That's terrible! The randy little bugger! Well, he's making it with the sinners *and* the saints, isn't he?

**LANCE:** What do you mean?

**SALLY:** The slug had a hoo...a hook...a prostitute over just this afternoon!

**LANCE:** *(Cries out.)* The bastard!

**LANCE/SALLY:** I'll kill him!

**SALLY:** No, you won't. I have dibs on that! I'll make him sorry he ever thought of cheating on me! Just think of what this will do to China, England, Spain, and Malaysia!

**LANCE:** Boy, Europe must be really in trouble, huh? I don't know anything about international relations. *(LANCE rocks back and forth.)* You know, I'm perfectly normal, nothing for the realtors to worry about. They're my friends!

*SQUIRREL LAKE*

**SALLY:** *(Not listening.)* I think I saw some rat poison out back in the shed. I wonder if it would still work after all these years?

**LANCE:** *(Spots his gun on the chair, picks it up.)* My gun! Now let's see what those realtor bast - uh... *(To HIMSELF.)* I'm perfectly normal.

**SALLY:** Oh, I think a gun might be a bit too obvious, don't you? Shouldn't we make it look like an accident?

**LANCE:** *(Extremely casual.)* Yes. That sounds fine, Miss Sally. I should be getting back to my sister and mother. It's almost time for Mom's sponge bath.

**SALLY:** *(Distracted.)* Okay. That sounds fine.

**LANCE:** Maybe to you. To me it's more than a little disturbing.

**SALLY:** Duty isn't always pretty, Lance.

*PHILLIP and BOB enter from outside.*

**PHILLIP:** Are you all right, Bob? How bad is it?

**BOB:** There had to be three hundred wasps! How do you think I am?

**PHILLIP:** You shouldn't have thrown that stick at the hive.

**BOB:** I was aiming for the snake!

**PHILLIP:** Besides, I think they must have been bees. Wasps don't leave their stingers in; that's why bees die when they sting and wasps don't.

**BOB:** Ordinarily I'd say you were right, but I landed on the wasp when I fell out of the tree.

**PHILLIP:** I guess that explains it. I thought that when you bounced it would have come loose.

*LANCE rises and walks to the door.*

**LANCE:** Enjoy your dinner, Bob. *(LANCE exits.)*

**BOB:** He's very strange, isn't he?

**PHILLIP:** Come on, Bob, let's get you into the bathroom. There's a tweezers in there and I can try to get the stingers out, at least.

*BOB and PHILLIP exit to bathroom. There is a knock on the front door. SALLY rises and answers it. JOY stands outside. SHE is young and shy, wearing a pretty dress and backpack. HER hair and make-up are done up to impress PATRICK.*

**SALLY:** Oh, Joy. I wasn't expecting you for some time! You must have really driven fast to get here so quickly from Chicago.

**JOY:** I wasn't in Chicago when I called. I was staying in Woodruff, 'bout eighteen miles. It's not too far.

**SALLY:** Please, come in and make yourself at home.

**JOY:** Thanks! (*JOY enters and puts backpack down.*) Nice place!

**SALLY:** Have a seat. Would you like something to drink?

**JOY:** Sure, anything's fine, thanks. It's very romantic here.

**SALLY:** My husband sure thinks so.

**JOY:** Let's see, Pat told me about him. Bob, right? Where is he?

**SALLY:** (*Points to bathroom door.*) He's in the bathroom with Phillip.

*SALLY exits to kitchen. JOY rises, curious, and walks over to the bathroom door.*

**BOB:** (*Offstage.*) Come on, Phillip! My ass hurts and I can hardly walk, now! Let's get this over with!

**PHILLIP:** Hey, do you want me to do this or not?

**BOB:** Fine, fine, just do it! How can something so small hurt so much?

**PHILLIP:** If you don't like the pain, you shouldn't be messing around with Mother Nature!

*SALLY enters, sees that JOY is eavesdropping and coughs. JOY, in shock, sits numbly on the chair stage left. SALLY hands JOY a glass of lemonade.*

**JOY:** Thank you.

**BOB:** (*Screams offstage.*) Ahhhh!

**PHILLIP:** It's coming! It's coming! Hold still! You're acting like a woman!

**JOY:** I guess so!

**SALLY:** Excuse me?

**JOY:** I guess... So, I guess...you...come here every year, huh?

**SALLY:** We used to. It was hard talking Bob into coming here these past few years.

**JOY:** (*Glancing to bathroom door.*) I'll bet!

**BOB:** (*Offstage.*) Pull it out!

**PHILLIP:** I'm trying! Hold still or you'll break it off in there! I think I need more room.

*SQUIRREL LAKE*

*The bathroom door rattles. It is stuck again. SALLY sits on sofa.*

**JOY:** They certainly are...uh...loud.

**SALLY:** Oh, yes. Bob had a run-in with a wasp.

**JOY:** I thought Pat's brother was Catholic?

*Bathroom doors flies open and BOB and PHILLIP stumble out.*

**BOB:** (*Chagrined.*) It was stuck there, for a minute.

**JOY:** (*Shielding HER eyes.*) Oh, my Lord!

**PHILLIP:** Come here, I'll just finish up out here.

**JOY:** (*Rising.*) Please don't!

**BOB:** I'm in a great deal of pain, here.

**SALLY:** Good!

**BOB:** (*Goes to window and looks out.*) You're still mad at me, aren't you?

**SALLY:** You're damn right I am!

**JOY:** Can you blame her?

**BOB:** Mary was just trying to help. Honest! It was a one-time thing, Sally, okay? I'll never let another woman take care of my itch, all right? May God himself strike me down if I'm lying!

*BOB starts to return to the couch when the door opens, hitting HIM full in the face. HE falls, slumping to the floor. PATRICK enters through front door.*

**PATRICK:** Hello all! ...Joy, what the hell are you doing here?

**JOY:** I came to surprise you. Are you surprised?

*BOB crawls from behind door, dragging HIS crutches. HE climbs into chair stage left.*

**PATRICK:** (*Lacking enthusiasm.*) Oh, I'm absolutely stunned. Uh, this is Sally, my sister, and her husband, Bob. That's Phil.

**SALLY:** Pleased to meet you.

**JOY:** Thanks! Pat has told me so much about you, it's almost as though we're already family.

**PATRICK:** (*To SALLY and BOB.*) We're not that close, really.

**JOY:** (*Dancing to PATRICK, glancing about the room.*) It's wonderful here. Like a honeymoon cottage!

**PHILLIP:** I'll get some ice for Bob. (*PHILLIP exits to kitchen.*)

**JOY:** Does he need ice? Oh, for his face. Of course.

**PATRICK:** Hey, Sally...have you seen the kids lately? I heard some sort of a war chant out there, and I'm kinda worried about them.

**BOB:** (*Holding nose with head back to stop the bleeding.*) China's with them, they'll be fine. She watches Survivor every week, ya know?

*JOY rises and tries to lead PATRICK to the couch beside HER.*

**JOY:** I missed you!

**PATRICK:** Since this morning?

**JOY:** It's been hours!

**PATRICK:** Yet, strangely, not long enough. How did you find this place, anyway? I didn't tell Happy where I was going this weekend.

**JOY:** I've got a little confession to make. I followed you.

**PATRICK:** From Chicago?

**JOY:** How else would I find this place? Come on, it's not as if your car is that fast, Pat. I just followed the trail of smoke. It brought me right to the front door. (*JOY locks arms with PATRICK. To the OTHERS.*) When we get married, Patrick will be the manager of Captain Happy's Burger Barge!

**PATRICK:** Whoa! Slow down, there. We are *not* getting married. We are not dating. We never dated. We never will date. I am not your boyfriend. I don't want to be your boyfriend. I thought I made all this clear already.

**JOY:** We are meant to be together, Patrick. I'm not going to let a little thing like you not liking me stop what was meant to be.

**PATRICK:** Don't I have a say in this?

**BOB:** I think you make a cute couple. Sally, can I have a drink? Maybe some aspirin? I hurt all over!

**SALLY:** Nobody cares about *you*!

**PATRICK:** Let me get you some aspirin. Are they in the bathroom, Sally?

**SALLY:** Don't waste aspirin on him!

**PATRICK:** We can't just let him suffer, can we?

**SALLY:** Why not?

**JOY:** I missed you, Pat.

*SQUIRREL LAKE*

**PATRICK:** Stop saying that! Joy, you can't stay here! I don't want you here.

**JOY:** I have to! Your mom asked me to come.

**PATRICK:** That does sound like something she'd do. Probably afraid I might have some fun now that she's gone.

*BOB reaches for JOY's lemonade.*

**SALLY:** Oh, don't you take Joy's lemonade, you swine! I'll fix you up with something *special!*

*SALLY exits to kitchen, passing PHILLIP, who is returning with a frozen roast.*

**JOY:** She seems nice. You must have a very loving relationship. You can just hear the depth of emotion in her voice!

**PHILLIP:** We didn't have any ice ready, but I found this rump roast in the freezer. It should keep the swelling down. *(BOB, eyes closed, leans forward to take it, just as PHILLIP thrusts it forward to put it on BOB's face. BOB's head snaps back with a moan.)* Oh! Sorry about that!

**BOB:** It's all right. I can't really feel anything above my ankle right now, anyway.

*There is a knock at the front door. PHILLIP answers. MARY and LANCE enter.*

**MARY:** Hello, again. I found Lance out wandering around. He hasn't been here bothering you, has he?

**PHILLIP:** Well...no, not that I know of at any rate.

*PHILLIP looks at the others for confirmation.*

**PATRICK:** I haven't been here.

**BOB:** I've been here, but he hasn't been around.

**JOY:** *(To MARY.)* I'm Joy. Pat here is apparently quite rude, and doesn't introduce people. *(To LANCE, proudly.)* We're getting married.

**LANCE:** I don't even know you. I'm not ready for marriage.

**JOY:** *(Giggles.)* No silly. Pat and I are getting married.

**PATRICK:** No, we are *not*!

**JOY:** Of course, we are.

**PATRICK:** Look, I can't marry you.

**JOY:** Why not?

**PATRICK:** Because...I'm already engaged, that's why.

**JOY:** (*Snorts.*) To whom? I watch you very carefully, you know. You don't have another girl.

**PATRICK:** (*Frantic.*) I do! We meet in secret. Right, Mary?

*As JOY turns to question MARY, PATRICK pleads with MARY silently to go along with HIS lie.*

**JOY:** Is that true? Are you two engaged?

**MARY:** Uh...Patrick and I, we...uh...we...haven't finalized any plans, yet.

**JOY:** (*Crushed and jealous.*) I...see. I thought you were with the gorilla there. (*Points to LANCE.*)

**MARY:** No, he's my brother.

**JOY:** Is he married?

**MARY:** No.

**JOY:** Girlfriend?

**MARY:** Not that I know of.

**JOY:** (*Speculative.*) Really?

**LANCE:** (*Uncomfortably.*) I'm too busy with work for a relationship. I'm a detective. In Chicago.

**JOY:** I recognize your voice. You're a customer of the Burger Barge, aren't you?

**LANCE:** Yes, I usually get - -

**JOY:** I know! Don't tell me. Captain Happy Pork Plank Platter, double onions and a strawberry shake, right?

**LANCE:** Yes. That's very good. How do you remember that? I mean, I'm sure you've seen your share of pork planks.

**JOY:** It's just a gift, I guess.

*BOB has gotten the roast from PHILLIP and placed it over HIS eye.*

**PATRICK:** Hey, Mary, why don't you and Lance stay for dinner? It looks like Lance and Joy have a lot to catch up on.

**MARY:** Well... We should really - -

*SQUIRREL LAKE*

**LANCE:** We'd love to!

*SALLY comes from kitchen carrying a glass of odd colored lemonade. SHE is holding it as if it is about to explode. SHE places it in front of BOB.*

**SALLY:** Here you are, *sweetums*, something special for my husband of fifteen years. (*SALLY sees MARY.*) Oh, my God! She's back!

**MARY:** Have we met? I'm Mary.

*MARY holds out HER hand, to shake.*

**SALLY:** No we haven't met. Bob's mentioned you, though. I'm Sally. Would you like some lemonade? I just made a special batch...

**MARY:** No, thank you. Don't go to any trouble.

**PHILLIP:** Is dinner ready? Pat invited Mary and Lance to stay and eat with us.

**SALLY:** You did what!? I mean, yes, it is. Why don't we all go in and eat?

*Everyone exits to kitchen except SALLY, who holds LANCE back. PHILLIP helps BOB, who leaves the toxic lemonade on the table, next to JOY's lemonade. BOB carries the roast with HIM.*

**SALLY:** (*To MARY and JOY.*) Why don't you two go and find a seat? I need to talk to Lance for just a moment.

*MARY, JOY, PHILLIP, and BOB exit.*

**SALLY:** What are you doing here with the hoo...the hook...the prostitute?

**LANCE:** Joy is a prostitute? I thought I was doing awfully well, but I never suspected. I mean, she knew about my pork plank and everything...

**SALLY:** Not Joy! Mary. Mary's the hoo...the lady of the evening!

**LANCE:** No, she's not! Mary's my sister!

**SALLY:** Bob told me she was a...a you-know-what. He said it was her job!

**LANCE:** She's no more a prostitute than anyone else at the convent...

**SALLY:** Convent?

**LANCE:** Oh, my God! It isn't a convent, is it? It's a... (*Whispers.*)  
brothel! She couldn't tell me. I'm a cop!

**SALLY:** Men have some really weird fantasies, Lance. There are some  
real wackos out there.

**LANCE:** But my sister isn't a nun! She's a hoo...a hoo...a *professional!*  
The whole convent is full of... Oh, my God!

**SALLY:** What's wrong?

**LANCE:** Father McKenzie asked me just last week to join him in the  
confessional!

**SALLY:** That's disgusting!

**LANCE:** It's just a good thing I was late in giving Mom her foot massage!

**SALLY:** You got lucky there, Lance. Come on in and get some dinner.  
You'll feel better after a good meal.

**LANCE:** Okay. You know; it's bad enough that my sister is a...a you-  
know-what. And to be a failed nun is one thing, but to be carrying  
your husband's child as well...it's just sad, isn't it?

**SALLY:** That she didn't feel she could tell you the truth?

**LANCE:** No.

**SALLY:** That the baby will be fatherless soon?

**LANCE:** No.

**SALLY:** (*Losing patience.*) Okay, Lance. I give up. You're going to  
have to throw me a bone here. What's so sad?

**LANCE:** (*Crying.*) If a blue-collar like your husband could afford her, she  
must not have been a very good hooker, either! She's a failure at  
everything!

**SALLY:** The good news, here, Lance, is that Bob only cheated on me  
with *one* other woman. I mean, he's still a dead man, but at least it  
makes me feel a little better.

*SALLY and LANCE exit.*

ACT ONE, SCENE 3

*PATRICK sits in chair stage left, speaking to SALLY, who sits on couch stage left.*

**PATRICK:** What? She can't be.

**SALLY:** She is!

**PATRICK:** You must be mistaken!

**SALLY:** Her own brother said the whole convent is a brothel! He's a policeman!

**PATRICK:** A high priced hooker, then. Cheap hookers never live in such elaborate set-ups.

**SALLY:** How do you know that?

**PATRICK:** Hey, I have cable TV and no girlfriend. You do the math.

**SALLY:** Patrick, you shouldn't be watching those shows!

**PATRICK:** Don't ask the question if you can't handle the answer, sis. No wonder she went along with the lie. She's probably going to bill me for *that* later. What am I going to do? I can't afford to pay a prostitute.

**SALLY:** Of course not!

**PATRICK:** But the sad fact is; it would be worth it if I could get rid of Joy. I need Mary and her psycho brother hanging around until Joy decides Lance is her new love.

**SALLY:** Joy doesn't seem so bad. She's rather nice, I think.

**PATRICK:** You don't know her like I do. She follows me. She uses binoculars and spies on me in my own home. She put an engagement announcement in the newspaper. Twice! She even picks up my dry cleaning.

**SALLY:** Picking up your dry cleaning doesn't sound so bad.

**PATRICK:** And it wouldn't be, if she didn't break into my house to take the clothes that she takes to the dry cleaners so that she can later pick them up from the dry cleaners and bring them home.

**SALLY:** I'm sure she's just trying to be helpful.

**PATRICK:** Besides that, Sal, I don't *own* anything that needs dry cleaning. T-shirts and jeans are pretty much wash and wear, ya know?

**SALLY:** I'm sure she means well, Pat.

**PATRICK:** And then the dry cleaners bill me for the work!

**SALLY:** *She* doesn't pay for it?

**PATRICK:** No.

**SALLY:** Okay, so maybe she's a little eccentric.

**PATRICK:** You say tomato, I say friggin' *nutcase!* And lately she's been calling the Psychics' Network. You know, from TV?

**SALLY:** Let me guess. She wants to know when you'll be getting married.

**PATRICK:** No, she wants to know how she can get a job there. She thinks she's a psychic. I mean, if she were a psychic, wouldn't she just *know* how to get a job there?

**SALLY:** Look, I should go upstairs and check on the kids.

**PATRICK:** Are they all right?

**SALLY:** Yes. Malaysia misses her snake, but I think she'll recover. Bob is giving the kids their baths. The dirty little bas—

**PATRICK:** Well, hey, they're just kids, right? Bob's a good father, isn't he?

**SALLY:** Yeah, the kids will miss him when he's gone.

**PATRICK:** Yeah, I suppose it's back on the road for him on Monday, huh? Where do the Cubs play this week?

**SALLY:** (*SALLY goes to the stairway.*) Cubs? Oh, the Cubs. Philadelphia, I think. I'm going to check on the kids.

**PATRICK:** Okay, don't be gone too long. Phil will be reading Mom's will in just a bit.

**SALLY:** He can wait. Mom isn't going to change her will at this point, is she?

**PATRICK:** I guess not.

*SALLY exits. JOY enters from outside.*

**JOY:** There you are! I've wanted to get you alone since I got here!

**PATRICK:** Why?

**JOY:** We have to decide on the colors for the wedding, silly.

**PATRICK:** Go away, Joy, I'm not in the mood for it right now.

**JOY:** Is somebody a grumpy lumpy today?

**PATRICK:** Joy, I deal with you at work every day. I don't have to do it in my own home.

**JOY:** Should I wait to talk to you at work, then? I can wait until Monday if you want.

*SQUIRREL LAKE*

**PATRICK:** I can't do this anymore, Joy. I'm done at Captain Happy's. I'm done serving greasy burgers to fat middle-aged women who order three burgers and a small Diet Coke. I'm not going to wear the stupid eye patch again or the hook. I might save the pirate hat for parties, though, if that's okay with your dad. I just need to try something new.

**JOY:** I think you're just sulking because Lance said I'm beautiful.

**PATRICK:** He said that?

**JOY:** Well, not in so many words...

**PATRICK:** Maybe you should go over colors for your wedding with him, then.

**JOY:** *(Walking to front door.)* I can see that maybe this isn't the best time for this. I'll talk to you at work on Monday, all right?

**PATRICK:** No! I don't want to talk about this. Ever.

*JOY exits, blowing PATRICK a kiss as BOB enters from stairway, still using crutches.*

**BOB:** Boy, she's in a bad mood.

**PATRICK:** Joy?

**BOB:** No, Sally. I was giving a bath to the twins, trying to get the pine tar off of them, and she came up behind and stuck my head under the water.

**PATRICK:** Maybe she was just having fun.

**BOB:** Maybe. She didn't let me up, though, until she slipped on the wet floor.

**PATRICK:** Did she mention anything about Mary?

**BOB:** Not just now. But she seemed fixated on her earlier. Why?

**PATRICK:** Well, maybe I shouldn't be telling you this, but Mary isn't a nun after all.

**BOB:** Not a nun? What is she? A nurse?

**PATRICK:** According to Lance, she's a hooker.

**BOB:** A hooker?

**PATRICK:** Well, more like a high-priced call girl.

**BOB:** Lance said that?

**PATRICK:** According to Sally. Lance told her the whole nunnery is little more than a front for a huge prostitution ring.

**BOB:** No wonder Sally's been acting so strangely. But if Lance knows about it, why hasn't he busted them? He's a cop, isn't he?

**PATRICK:** Well, he says he is. I don't know, maybe he's on the take.

**BOB:** "Maybe he's on the take?" Where did you learn to talk like that, L.A. Law? NYPD Blue?

**PATRICK:** If it matters, I watch reruns of Matlock. Look, the important thing here is that we don't know what's going on with Lance.

**BOB:** Maybe he just *thinks* he's a cop.

**PATRICK:** What do you mean?

**BOB:** I mean, he's not exactly sane, is he? He's paranoid at the minimum and most likely schizophrenic to boot! Where is our little mental case?

**PATRICK:** He's helping Phil, Mary, and Joy clean up dinner. Look, let's just keep this quiet until we know what and who we're dealing with, okay? The two of them might be dangerous if they think we know the truth.

**BOB:** You think so?

**PATRICK:** I'm sure not going to take any chances! And you have a wife and children to consider. The best thing we can do is just pretend to know nothing until we can get out of here tomorrow.

**BOB:** We should tell Phil, shouldn't we?

**PATRICK:** No! The less he knows, the better off he'll be. Remember, everything is perfectly normal!

**BOB:** Perfectly normal, got it. Perfectly normal.

**MARY:** (*Entering from kitchen.*) I think they're nearly done in there. Joy and Lance seem to have hit it off, and Phil is busy with dishes.

**PATRICK:** (*Sees two glasses of lemonade left behind.*) Oh, I better get these to him before he drains the water. (*PATRICK eyes MARY. To BOB.*) Will you be all right out here, Bob?

**BOB:** (*BOB eyes MARY.*) Yeah. I think so. Everything is perfectly normal, right?

**PATRICK:** Right.

*PATRICK exits to kitchen. MARY sits in chair stage right.*

**MARY:** Has your itch improved?

**BOB:** (*Thinking of it causes the itch in HIS pants to return. HE tries to scratch HIMSELF without being noticed.*) Mostly.

**MARY:** (*Unaware of what HE is trying to do.*) If you need any help, just let me know!

**BOB:** No! I'm fine, just fine. If you happen to have some extra lotion, though...

*SQUIRREL LAKE*

**MARY:** Oh, sure! I think I have some in my purse. It's in the kitchen.  
Back in a sec!

*MARY exits to kitchen; BOB follows her to the kitchen door. Once SHE is through HE scratches furiously behind the couch, HIS back to the audience. As MARY returns with the lotion, BOB jumps over the back of the couch, landing squarely on PHILLIP's fishing hat.*

**BOB:** Ow!

**MARY:** *(Smiling.)* Be brave, I haven't even put it on yet.

**BOB:** It's not that! I sat on Phil's fishing hat! I think I've been hooked!

**MARY:** Let me take a look!

**BOB:** No! It's fine!

**MARY:** I've seen men's bottoms before, you know?

**BOB:** I know! I mean I don't know...I didn't know. How would I know?

**MARY:** Don't be a baby! Let me see.

**BOB:** I can't! I'm married!

**MARY:** It's not like this is a long-term commitment. Get up and let me see your butt.

*BOB rises quickly and backs away from MARY, toward the kitchen door, the hat still stuck on HIS rear. As HE approaches the door, it swings in, slapping the hat even more firmly onto BOB's bottom. LANCE and JOY enter, each carrying a glass of lemonade. BOB turns around, now facing LANCE and JOY so that they cannot see the hat.*

**BOB:** Ouch! Oh! That hurts!

**MARY:** Look, I've been trying to get it off, but you won't let me! Now drop your pants and let me see what I'm working with!

**LANCE:** Mary! Control yourself!

**MARY:** He'll thank me when it's over!

**LANCE:** He's a married man!

**MARY:** I'm not planning on marrying him, Lance.

**LANCE:** *(Crying again.)* I know! Marriage isn't popular in your profession!

*JOY leads LANCE to the couch. THEY sit, placing the lemonades on the coffee table. BOB has backed HIS way to the stairs. SALLY comes down the stairs, and seeing the hat stuck to BOB's bottom, swiftly rips off.*

**BOB:** *(Grabs HIS bottom.)* Ahhh!

**SALLY:** I bet that hurt a lot, didn't it, Bob?

**BOB:** *(Crying.)* I was coming to let you help me! I wasn't going to let Mary fix me again! I swear.

*BOB flees, limping, to chair, stage left.*

**SALLY:** Oh, I'll fix you, all right!

*As SALLY marches down the stairs, SHE throws the hat behind the sofa. JOY and LANCE raise THEIR glasses to drink. SALLY, seeing this and believing that LANCE's glass is the poisoned one, tries to prevent HIM from drinking. BOB, thinking SHE is going after HIM, cringes in HIS chair.*

**SALLY:** *(To LANCE.)* Let me have that!

**LANCE:** Uh, sure. Here.

*LANCE hands HER the glass. BOB reaches cautiously out to take the glass, but SALLY ignores HIM. SALLY, carrying the glass like an explosive, makes HER way into the kitchen. The OTHERS stare in puzzlement.*

**JOY:** What was that all about?

**LANCE:** No idea. Oh! I should take my medicine while I'm thinking about it. Do you mind if I take a drink of your lemonade to help it down?

**JOY:** Not at all. I'm not very thirsty. Go ahead and finish it.

**LANCE:** Thanks. *(LANCE takes a large pill, HE winces as HE drinks the lemonade.)* Too sweet!

**JOY:** *(Giggles.)* Thank you! I think you're sweet, too!

*SQUIRREL LAKE*

*SALLY returns from kitchen. MARY uses this opportunity to check on BOB, who has curled up into a fetal position on the chair, sucking HIS thumb.*

**SALLY:** *(To MARY.)* You just don't stop, do you? Why don't you pick Phil or Pat? They're single.

**MARY:** Single?

**SALLY:** Yes! They aren't married. They're single.

**MARY:** But they don't need me! Bob does! *I don't care whether a man's married or not.*

**SALLY:** Oh, yeah? *(SALLY goes to BOB and drags HIM to the stairs.)*  
He's not gonna need ya long, sweetheart. *I'm gonna scratch this itch!*

**BOB:** Please don't *hurt* me!

**SALLY:** Shut up, Bob! You'll wake the kids!

**MARY:** Do you want some lotion?

**SALLY:** Lady, real women don't need lotion!

**BOB:** Please slow down, Sally. I'm limping!

**SALLY:** You think you're limping now...?

*SALLY drags BOB up the stairs and offstage.*

**MARY:** They're a very odd couple, aren't they?

**PHILLIP:** *(Entering from kitchen with PATRICK.)* Dishes are done.

**PATRICK:** *(To MARY.)* What have you done with Bob?

**MARY:** Sally dragged him upstairs to help him with his poison ivy.

**PHILLIP:** Will they be long? I was going to read the will now.

**PATRICK:** We've waited this long, a few minutes longer won't hurt us.  
Besides, we still have company.

**PHILLIP:** Oh, right. Sorry. Well...I guess this gives us some time to get to know each other.

*THEY all sit down and look at each OTHER uncomfortably. The medicine is starting to work on LANCE, and HE is flopping HIS head back and forth trying to focus HIS eyesight. There is a moment of silence.*

**PATRICK:** *(Smiles, breaking the silence.)* Boy, those kids sure are something, aren't they?

**JOY:** I like kids!

**PATRICK:** Not me! I was just going to say what horrible little beasts they are. (*PATRICK moves to sit next to MARY.*)

**JOY:** I didn't finish! I like kids...at a distance. When they're someone else's. Not for me! No, sir! Not for me at all!

**PHILLIP:** So, Joy. Sally tells me you were at Mom's funeral with your dad. That was very nice of you two to attend.

**LANCE:** (*Giggles.*) He said Tutu!

**JOY:** I met your mother more than once. We were friends. She was nice.

**PATRICK:** (*Suspiciously.*) When?

**PHILLIP:** Pat!

**PATRICK:** I meant when did Joy meet her, not when was Mom nice.

**JOY:** Usually after you left for work. She and I would talk for an hour or two and then she'd have me take your clothes to the dry-cleaners for her. You know, I tried to explain that jeans and t-shirts could just be washed, but she insisted.

**PATRICK:** You talked for hours? What about?

**JOY:** Oh...this and that.

**PATRICK:** About me?

**JOY:** Sure. Sally and Phil came up on occasion, too. We were friends.

**PHILLIP:** So that would explain why you were invited to the reading of the will.

**JOY:** At least partly - -

**LANCE:** (*To JOY.*) That's a nice dress! Mom had a dress like that when I was a kid. (*Confidentially.*) Mom got fat and hairy since then. (*Looks around, speaking quite loudly.*) She looks like a bison now! (*Suddenly quiet and secretive.*) Shhhh! Don't tell anyone else I said that, okay?

**MARY:** (*Embarrassed.*) Don't mind Lance. Mom has a glandular problem that causes her to grow extra facial hair. And she hasn't gained much weight; it's just that the goiter makes her look heavy.

**LANCE:** It's like a tire tube around her neck! A black, hairy, tractor-tire inner tube. A big, giant, overgrown, ugly, *smelly* - -

**MARY:** Mom has some issues with baths. She'll only take sponge baths for some reason.

**LANCE:** 'Cause she got stuck last time she was in a tub. We had to break her out with sledgehammers, remember? (*To JOY.*) She looked like something Godzilla would fight!

**MARY:** Let's change the subject, shall we?

*SQUIRREL LAKE*

**LANCE:** Don't you remember? She was complaining and swearing so loudly that the neighbors called Father McKenzie to come and do an exorcism. Of course, we now know why *that* didn't work!

**MARY:** She does have some...minor...weight issues.

**LANCE:** She's got a bay-door into her bedroom. What does that tell ya? She closed down the all-you-can-eat restaurant down the street!

**MARY:** It was closed by the Department of Health, Lance.

**LANCE:** Says you! I talked to the owner. Poor bastard!

**MARY:** Can't we please change the subject?

*LANCE has fallen asleep, the lemonade glass in HIS hand. HE snores loudly for a few moments as PHILLIP and PATRICK try to quiet HIM by placing couch-pillows and finally a cushion over HIS face. When that doesn't work, PHILLIP slaps him soundly, knocking HIM to the floor and causing the snoring to cease. JOY sits beside HIM on the floor, working HIS head onto HER shoulder.*

**PHILLIP:** He's out!

**JOY:** Of course he's out. He's medicated, you know? Did you have to hit him when he was defenseless?

**PHILLIP:** I'm a lawyer. It's what we do.

*BOB descends the stairs, walking like Rudolph Valentino. HE is relaxed and happy.*

**BOB:** Good day, all! Wonderful evening, isn't it?

**MARY:** Did she fix your itch, Bob?

**BOB:** What itch? Oh, no. No, she didn't fix it. But she did scratch it quite a bit.

**MARY:** That's very bad for it, Bob.

**BOB:** I'll take my chances, thank you. (*BOB glances out window.*) It's starting to rain. I'd better check the windows in the van, make sure we rolled them up. I'll be back in a minute.

*BOB exits through front door. SALLY descends, victorious over the competition. SHE is scratching the palm of HER hand.*

**SALLY:** Oh, were you waiting for me?

**PATRICK:** (*Laughing.*) We weren't waiting long.

**PHILLIP:** Well, then, let's get started. Uh...I guess we'll just get this over with. (*PHILLIP retrieves HIS briefcase, opens it and removes a legal sized envelope. HE opens the sealed envelope, removing his mother's will.*) Now, here we are. (*Pauses to read the short document.*) Hmmm. Very odd.

**PATRICK:** What's that, Phil?

**PHILLIP:** Apparently Joy has indeed been invited to the reading of the will. In fact, according to Mom's bequest, she *is* the will.

**PATRICK:** What does that mean?

**PHILLIP:** This document says that Mom left everything to Joy. Everything. It says that Joy should...um...

**SALLY:** Should what, for heaven's sake?

**PHILLIP:** Joy should hold a séance to contact Mom, and she would then let us know her final wishes.

**JOY:** She asked me if I could. I said I'd try. She was never sure what she wanted to leave to whom. She thought of leaving it all to Phillip and having him divide it all up.

**PHILLIP:** Why didn't she do that?

**JOY:** You're a lawyer. She needed someone she could trust!

**PHILLIP:** But I'm her son! She couldn't trust me?

**SALLY:** Come on, Phil! You forget, we *know* you!

**PATRICK:** Well, whatever. Are we really going to do this? I mean, is it legal?

**PHILLIP:** Apparently we have little choice. She left everything to Joy to distribute according to her...ability to contact Mom's spirit.

**SALLY:** You're kidding.

**PATRICK:** What difference does it make? Mom and Dad were hard-working, but not exactly rich, right?

**PHILLIP:** Well, the estate has some stock and this cabin and of course, the house in Chicago... Two point three million dollars, give or take.

**PATRICK:** Two point three - -

**SALLY:** And Mom left it all to Joy to divide? You've got to be kidding.

**PHILLIP:** No. I wish I were. Okay, so let's do this! Joy, what do you need us to do? Light some candles? Mood music? Sacrifice a rooster?

**JOY:** This isn't a movie, Mister Olsen. I just need you all to link hands with me and think of your mother. Mary, you can join us as well, if you would?

*SQUIRREL LAKE*

*THEY join hands. LANCE is still unconscious, but JOY and MARY manage to hold HIS hand, joining HIM in the circle.*

**PATRICK:** What now?

**JOY:** Silence. Just silence and thought.

*JOY makes a series of odd humming noises and short screams.*

**PHILLIP:** Dare I ask what you're doing?

**JOY:** I'm getting the attention of the spirits.

**PATRICK:** Are they deaf?

**JOY:** Shhh. I think I feel a presence. Mrs. Olsen? Is it you?

**PATRICK:** This is silly, there's nothing happening. We're just wasting our ti... *(A loud bang and the lights go out. In darkness.)* Oh, that ain't good!

*Thank you for reading this free excerpt from SQUIRREL LAKE by Brian Mitchell. For performance rights and/or a complete copy of the script, please contact us at:*

**Heuer Publishing LLC**

**P.O. Box 248 • Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52406**

**Toll Free: 1-800-950-7529 • Fax (319) 368-8011**

**HITPLAYS.COM**