

OPEN HOUSE AT THE FUNNY FARM

By

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OPEN HOUSE AT THE FUNNY FARM[©]

SETTING

ACT ONE

Dayroom Mother Maude's Funny Farm

ACT TWO

Same. One week later.

ACT THREE

Same. One hour later.

CAST OF CHARACTERS (In the order of their appearance)

12 men, 9 women and 2 extras (Prompters can be used)

SIGMUND FREUD	A PATIENT
AMELIA EARHART	A PATIENT
JUDGE ROY BEAN	A PATIENT
J. D. ROCKERFELLER	A PATIENT
ELI WHITNEY	A PATIENT
GENERAL CUSTER	A PATIENT
HORSIE	A PATIENT
CARRIE NATION	A PATIENT
MAUDE	THE HEAD NURSE

HOWARD BEBE
MR. BABCOCK
MRS. BABCOCK
HITCH
WEEPS
LESLIE RIGHTSER
ZENDA GRIST
FANNY DINKLE
AGNES ZILCH
PHOTOGRAPHER
SERGEANT WEINSTIEN
OFFICER BERNSTIEN

A PATIENT
AN INDUSTRIALIST
HIS WIFE
A CROOK
HIS ACCOMPLICE
A PROFESSIONAL STUDENT
A FLOWER CHILD
A SOCIAL WORKER
A SOCIAL WORKER
A PHOTOGRAPHER
A JEWISH COP
A JEWISH COP

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ACT ONE

Scene

The interior of a hospital day room. Furnished with a couch, two overstuffed chairs, a coffee table, a game table, a desk, and some straight backed chairs, also a bookcase and a handicraft table. There are two doors in the back, one leads to the closet, and the other, a double door leads to the wards. A door on the left leads to the offices and kitchen. On the right there is a door, which leads to the outside and a window.

AT RISE:

We find SIGMUND FREUD, a schizophrenic wide-eyed mustached little man from 35 to 45 dressed in a white surgeon's uniform and a little green eye shade cap, working on the handicraft table in left rear, with a fine chisel and a hammer, and making taps occasionally throughout the following scene.

AMELIA EARHART, a slightly schizophrenic young lady, about 25, healthy, athletic, wearing old time flying cap, goggles and slacks, is reading a newspaper while sitting on the couch. Three to five second pause.

JUDGE ROY BEAN: Schizophrenic, brawly, crude, loud, in frontier dress, enters from rear, with pistol in hand, firing several shots into the air.

BEAN

Nobody sleeps with Judge Roy Bean around!

AMELIA

(Looking up)

Amen.

BEAN

(Holstering gun and crossing to couch)

Howdy Miss Earhart. What's in the paper?

AMELIA

(Handing the paper to Roy and rising, moving toward rear door)

See for yourself, Roy.

SIG

(Slamming hammer down on table)
Doggone it: I've ruined another plate.
(Slapping down chisel and rising)
That does it; I'm giving up this darn engraving.

AMELIA

Now Sig, you know what Maude always says about a busy mind is a happy mind.

(Crossing to him)
Besides, it makes her feel useful.

SIG

(Removing green eyeshade)
That's about all these projects do, make the head nurse feel useful. Well, I'm going to find something else to keep my mind busy.

AMELIA

Well, if it'll make you feel any better, I'd say that's one of the best portraits of Hamilton I've ever seen.

SIG

Yeah, but I keep messing up on Douglas Dillon's signature. I've had it.
(Dumps engraving in waste basket)
Finished'.

BEAN

Did you see this paper, Freud?

SIG

(Crossing to Bean)
See what, Judge?

BEAN

This paper! Something has got to be done about this increase in crime. Look at this, robbery, rape, murder.
(Hands paper to Sig)

AMELIA

(Sitting in chair)

My, my. The way they carry on is a sin.

BEAN

(To Amelia)

Well, I think it's the youth of the nation. They're going to pot.

(Rising)

Do you know that they're producing more juvenile delinquents today than ever before?

AMELIA

No.

BEAN

(Crosses behind AMELIA)

Why?

AMELIA

Why I don't know?

BEAN

(Left center)

No! Why they're producing more juvenile delinquents?

AMELIA

Oh,---well they're producing more juveniles, I suppose.

SIG

(Putting down the paper)

It 's sex!

AMELIA

(BEAN sits on table)

Well of course. How else are you going to produce juveniles?

SIG

(Crossing to Amelia)

That's not what I meant, Amelia. I meant that the trouble with the country today is the over-emphasis on sex. Why, it's flaunted in front of you all day. Advertisements, television, videos, books, plays, everywhere. It has to be dirty or it doesn't sell.

AMELIA

You're obviously a low brow, Sig. The trend today is toward realism. People don't want fairy tale stuff; they want to see life as it is in the raw. Realism!

BEAN

(Back to Amelia)

Realism? But why does realism always have to be violent or dirty?

SIG

Yes, can't they enjoy happy smiley realism? Why, it's a well-known fact in the theater, that if you want to get a laugh and can't think of anything funny to say, just swear a lot. If you've got no talent, be dirty, nobody will know the difference.

(Crosses down right)

BEAN

(Crosses behind Amelia)

I think he's got a point, Amelia. Sex is pretty much exploited in everything today, and it's even pushed on the kids awful early.

SIG

(Crosses to Bean)

Early! Why do you know that any child can walk into the corner food store and right there, right out where they can see *them*---!!

BEAN

What??

SIG

Naked fruit!!

BEAN

No

SIG

Yes! Oranges with their navels exposed!

BEAN

Navels! No wonder!

(Whirling on Amelia)
See there Amelia.
What should we do Sig?

SIG

Well something ought to be done; we should nip this trouble in the bud.

AMELIA

Oh, hurrah for you, the Saviors of the world.
(Rising)
Why don't you start a crusade, a campaign?
(Crosses down left)

BEAN

That's it! A campaign. Clothe the Naval Orange!

SIG

Say, not bad. We could call it ACTNOW. The Associations to Clothe the Naval Orange.

AMELIA

(From table)
How about the W?

BEAN

Oh, Amelia, don't be so trite, nobody's perfect.
Sounds good Sig. We could hold demonstrations and sit ins and---

AMELIA

(Crosses to up center)
And where are you going to get people around here that will do that? We may be crazy, but we're not stupid.

SIG

(To Amelia)
Oh, that's no problem, Amelia, these kind of people are made not born.

AMELIA

I see.

SIG

Yes, it's simple, you just educate someone beyond his intelligence, and presto, a free thinker, nonconformist, activist or whatever you want to call them.

BEAN

(Sitting)

Yeah, that's right, Amelia, it takes about as much talent as sweating.

SIG

My psychological opinion is that, where-as it takes intelligence to solve a problem; these people can feel intelligent by blindly following the directions of the mass media. Sort of science by public opinion.

AMELIA

(Sits)

And my common opinion is that you still will have a problem getting support.

SIG

Nonsense, all we have to do is convince these people that our cause is important. We'll just print up several thousand circulars stressing the importance of our mission, ask for support, distribute them, and then just sit back and wait for results. Come on, Judge.

(Sig moves toward rear exit)

BEAN

(Rising and following)

Ah--but what about money, Sig. Aren't we going to need a little money?

(J. D. ROCKEFELLER enters unnoticed from right, a slightly schizophrenic man about 35 to 40, a wheeler-dealer, Madison Avenue, wears slacks and rich smoking jacket.)

SIG

(Pausing at door)

Yes, we will need some capital.

(Pause)

Maybe we can get Rockefeller to contribute some funds?

J. D.

Sorry, boys, my money is all tied up at the present.

BEAN

(Turning to J. D.)
Just a small loan, J. D.

J. D.

Sorry.

BEAN

(Back to Sig)
Maybe you threw that engraving of Hamilton away a little too soon, Sig.

SIG

Never mind. I've got a better way. We'll just advertise for money in the circulars.

(Assuming a dramatic pose)
Give to ACTNOW! How does that strike you?

BEAN

Great.

(Both exit rear)

J. D.

What's that all about?
(Crossing to Amelia)

AMELIA

(Rising)
They're off to clothe the navel orange.

J. D.

What?

AMELIA

They say that they pollute the minds of the youth.

J. D.

(Sitting on couch)
I don't know, I always thought that they were kind of cute.

AMELIA

Navels?

J. D.

Well, those too, but I was speaking of the youth.

AMELIA

Oh, please, don't tell me you're an expert on the problems of the youth, too.

J. D.

No I just think they're cute.

(Picking up paper)

Have you seen Eli?

AMELIA

Nope. As a matter of fact, I haven't seen him for a couple of days. Why?

J. D.

Oh, nothing, he just said he wanted to meet me here.

(Starts to read paper)

I suppose he'll be along in a minute.

AMELIA

Yes, I suppose so. If you'll excuse me, I've got to stop by the kitchen for some blue cheese, sour kraut, clams, pickles, and watermelon.

(Moves to left above chair)

J. D.

(Dropping paper)

Good Lord, Amelia, I didn't realize you were contemplating suicide.

AMELIA

Oh, don't be silly. It's just that Dr. Bouyantou became depressed last week because I didn't have any dreams for him to interpret well, this week things are going to be different.

ELI

(Running on from left, a man, slightly schizophrenic, about 24-26, rather naive, easily worked, honest believer in people, morally right, somewhat of the boy next door. Wears glasses with thick rims.)

We did it, J. D.! We did it!

AMELIA

Did what Eli?

ELI

Oh, I didn't see you, Amelia.

AMELIA

Well, don't keep us in suspense. Did What?

ELI

Well I--Ah--

(Looks at J. D. for help.)

J. D.

(Rising)

Amelia, can you keep a secret?

AMELIA

A secret? Say, what is this anyhow? You two got something going on? Well count me out. I don't want to get involved with any of your hare brained schemes.

(Starts to leave)

J. D.

Hare brained?

(Crossing to her)

What do you mean hare brained?

AMELIA

(Stopping and turning)

I mean, for instance, that electric yo-yo or those steam powered roller skates.

J. D.

Oh. --Well, those two were the only ones.

AMELIA

Oh yeah, what about---

J. D.

Never mind. They were all good ideas, Amelia; they just didn't have a market, that's all. That's the beauty of this one. Tremendous market.

AMELIA

(Turning and walking to left door)

No, thank you. I think I'll just tackle that blue cheese and whip up some dreams that'll put Dr. Bouyantou out of his ever lovin' blue eyed, dream-interpreting mind.

(Stopping at door)

Have fun children,

(Exits)

J. D.

Try a little sardine chili.

(Turning to Eli)

Did you really do it, Eli?

ELI

(Sitting in chair)

Yup accept for a few small adjustments.

J. D.

(Crossing and putting hand on Eli's shoulder)

Eli, my boy, do you realize what this means? If you get this perfected we'll be famous.

ELI

Yeah?

J. D.

Yeah. Why I can see your face on all the billboards, all over the country. With a bottle of our product alongside, and the slogan, "Drink Eli Whitney's Cotton Gin. The only gin made from 80% cottonseed oil. Polyunsaturated."

ELI

Wow J. D! Wow!

J. D.

When will you have it perfected?

ELI

(Rising and Crossing to desk)
Should be any day now, I am having a little pH trouble in the isocracking towers, but as soon as I adjust the titration system that should handle it. My big worry is Carrie. If she should get wise--

J. D.

(Crosses to Eli)
Look, Nation won't get wise. I'll handle her, after all, winning friends and influencing people is my job.

ELI

(Waving him off, moving to couch and sitting)
I think that was Dale Carnegie who did that J. D.

J. D.

He did? Hmm, that's too bad. I always kind of liked that. Maybe I could change over. Did Carnegie have more money than Rockefeller?

ELI

(Rising)
Never mind about that. I'm still worried about Carrie.

J. D.

(Crosses to Eli)
Well, you're right my boy, she is definitely a threat to our operation, but as long as we can keep her believing you're working on some sort of idiot machine to remove the seeds from cotton, and keep her out of your lab--by the way where is the lab?

ELI

I've been in the air conditioning room on the roof ever since September. And with all the coils, pipes, and filters up there I have had to use very little other equipment. That air conditioner makes a perfect still.

J. D.

O.K. Leave her to me. I'll keep he away from there somehow. When I turn on the charm, it's stupefying. Ah, my Carrie, come with me to the Kasbah!

ELI

Yeah, and she'll say Great! Wait tell I get my bat and well bust up a few

bars.

J. D.

Yeah, you're probably right.

(GENERAL CUSTER. Definitely schizophrenic, Southern Fried, a small man about 50, does everything with enthusiasm. Wears a mustache and beard, cavalry outfit with sword. Enters riding piggyback on HORSIE. Definitely schizophrenic, a skinny inferior, nervous, nondescript mousy pawn, age 25-30)

(HORSIE enters from rear at a full run with CUSTER on his back waving sword. They charge down left)

CUSTER

Charge! Charge! Look at all those heathens.

J. D.

General!

CUSTER

(Wheeling HORSIE in center of stage and slashing with sword. Then charges off to the right)

Look at all those savages.

J. D.

(Grabbing Custer's sword arm)

General Custer!

CUSTER

Whoa, whoa Horsie. Why what's the matter, son?

J. D.

Must you make all that noise?

CUSTER

But them savages son. You all ever try to lead a cavalry charge quietly?

J. D.

Well, no. You're probably right. I'm sorry.

CUSTER

Think nothing of it son.

(Raises sword and prepares to charge again)

ELI

(Moving quickly to stop the pandemonium)

Hold it! Hold it!

CUSTER

Well, hello Eli.

ELI

Hello, General. Say, why don't you sheath your sword, club down off your horsie, and set a spell?

(Custer does)

Now, why all the fuss?

CUSTER

Maude is calling a general pow-wow. She's got some big announcement to make. So I came a little early to protect the Indians.

HORSIE

(Wanders over to Eli, in a mousy voice)

Hi ya Eli.

ELI

(Ignoring Horsie completely)

Don't you mean settlers?

CUSTER

No. We got orders from Washington to protect the Indians. They're a minority group.

(Whips out sword)

So now we go around massacring the settlers.

(Makes a few parries and thrusts)

HORSIE

(Wanders over to J. D and stares in his ear)

Hi ya J. D.

J. D.

(Ignoring Horsie completely)
That doesn't make sense.

CUSTER

(Still thrusting)
Who cares, as long as I get to massacre somebody.

J. D.

(Crosses to desk)
But aren't you discriminating against the settlers?

HORSIE

(Wandering off down stage, looking blankly at the audience)
Nice day.

CUSTER

(Stops mock battle and sheathes sword)
Who ever heard of discriminating against a majority?

ELI

Remember, J. D., it's a free country. Minority rules. No, that didn't sound, right
(Sits center arm couch)

CUSTER

The laws of the country ought to be changed so that the man that gets the least votes is elected President.

J. D.

I think _____ (Local or national politician who recently lost an election)
would agree with you.

HORSIE

(Who has now wander back to Eli)
Think it's going to rain?
(Eli Still ignores him)

CUSTER

This country, built on freedom for all cannot thrive on injustice to some. It is morally wrong to discriminate and oppress minority groups. They are

people just like you and me. Remember they all have votes.

J. D.

Gentlemen, I'm afraid as long as you have people, you will have discrimination.

CUSTER

(Crosses to J. D.)

What do you mean? Why we're not discriminating against anyone. Just name a minority group that doesn't get its fair share

HORSIE

(Who has wandered down far left)

Well horsies for one. Nobody even talks to us.

AMELIA

(Enters rear, passes quickly in front of Eli without speaking down right and sits center couch)

ELI

Hi Amelia, how was the nap?

AMELIA

Lousy, I just got to sleep when they woke me up to come to this lousy meeting. Where is everybody? It's after 2:00.

J. D.

These meetings are usually late.

(SIG and CARRIE enter from rear)

SIG

(To Carrie)

His was a difficult case, but definitely traceable to harsh potty training. Ah, I see we are not the last ones here.

J. D.

No, our speaker hasn't arrived yet.

CARRIE

(CARRIE: Slightly schizophrenic, 24-28, pretty, good health, good figure, energetic, full of life, does everything with her whole being--the wild things she

does are more cute than crazy)
Who, Maude? She's right behind us.
(Carrie sits center chair, Sig sits end of couch)

AMELIA

Say, where's Bean? Isn't he coming'?

SIG

Oh, he's printing up some circulars that will change the course of the nation,
and--

AMELIA

Won't that take a lot of paper?

SIG

My dear girl, you are the eternal pessimist. If you must know, fate is on our
side. There happens to be, for no apparent reason, an abundance of paper on
hand, enough to make several thousand circulars--

(MAUDE: The head nurse of hospital, supposed to be normal, fuss-budget,
mother hen, nervous, giggly, overweight, 40-50, wears nurse outfit)

MAUDE

(Entering rear but stopping and turning just inside the door)
Goodness, hurry Howard, or you'll be late.

(BEBE: Definitely schizophrenic, can't tell much about his physical appearance
because he wears a diving suit with helmet throughout the play. He is a recluse
and this is his method of hiding from the world. He enters rear and crosses to sit
right end of couch MAUDE moves down left center)

Now let's get down to business. I'm so excited, my goodness, sit down
everyone.

(CUSTER sits desk, HORSIE sits rear left, and J. D. leans on desk)
I'm just fairly ready to burst. Are we ready everyone? Oh say, where's Roy?

SIG

Oh-ah-he's tied up for awhile. I'll pass on the information to him'.

MAUDE

Good, good. Oh Howard, your faceplate is closed.

BEBE

What?

MAUDE

Your faceplate is closed.

BEBE

What?

MAUDE

Never mind.

BEBE

What? I can't hear you. My faceplate is closed.

MAUDE

(Short frustrated laugh)

Well, open it dearie, you don't want to miss this fun announcement.

(Sigh)

Well, goodness, I've got such good news. It's so exciting, it's just wonderful. Do you folks know what next week is? Do you? Well, it's just national mental health week, that's all.

(Short laugh)

Isn't that something? Goodness, we're going to have so much fun. We're just going to have the best time. Now listen carefully everybody, this is the best part. We're going to have an Open House. Wow, isn't that wonderful, I means isn't that just snazzy. We are going to have an Open House right here at the booby hatch-I mean mental hospital, and we are going to invite everybody, and have displays and show our handicraft. And paintings and just so much fun. And all the people are going to come and stare--visit you here at the booby--mental hospital. I can tell you're all excited. Well now, we've all got to get busy, we've got so much to do. First we have to clean the whole building from tippy top to bitty bottom.

(Laugh)

And put up all the decorations and everything. Goodness, now I think I'll put Carrie Nation and Amelia Earhart in charge of the decorations. Is that OK girls?

CARRIE and AMELIA

Fine

MAUDE

Wonderful. Now, we have to invite the whole world to our little booby ah---
I mean mental hospital.

(Laugh)

Siggy, would you and Roy like to handle my publicity for me?

SIG

Will do.

MAUDE

Oh, goody, goody. I want you two to run off several thousand leaflets for an
airdrop I have arranged and--

(SIG chokes)

Why, what's the matter, Sig?

SIG

Ah, did you say several thousand leaflets?

MAUDE

Why yes Sig.

SIG

Ah, but do you think we have enough paper?

MAUDE

Oh my, yes, I just bought a whole bunch especially for this event.

SIG

Especially for this event--my, my.

MAUDE

You'll take care of that now Sig?

SIG

Oh, yes, you might say it's already done.

MAUDE

Wonderful. You're just a little miracle worker, Sig. Now I am going to post

this duty roster on the bulletin board, it assigns each of you your cleanup duties. Please consult it after the meeting and throughout the rest of the week, and we'll have this place shining. OK kids, have any questions? Okay, that's all I've got. Let's get busy and have a real bang-up event.
(MAUDE tacks up duty roster and exits rear)

AMELIA

Well, ho, ho, ho, little jolly green miracle worker. Now what are you going to do?

SIG

(Moving toward door)
Oh, shut up.
(SIG exits rear)

AMELIA

(Moving toward bulletin board with CARRIE)
I wonder what choice assignment we've landed?

CUSTER

(Who has just looked at the roster)
To the west wing, men!
(Spotting HORSIE across the room and running toward him)
C'mon Horsie!
(Leaps on his back and they charge out left)
Charge!

ELI

Well I think I'll get back to the lab.
(To J. D.)
You coming?

J. D.

No, you run along. I am going to start working on our major problem. I am going to put my tremendous personality to work and convince Carrie to give up bar busting.

ELI

Lots of luck
(Exits rear)

AMELIA

I suppose we could team up sort of pool our efforts.

(The two girls move toward the rear exit)

The work would probably---

J. D.

Oh, Carrie, could you spare a minute?

CARRIE

Sure, J. D. See you later Amelia.

(AMELIA exits, CARRIE crosses back towards J. D.)

J. D.

Say, that's a new bat isn't it?

CARRIE

I thought nobody ever noticed. It's some bat, too. Feel that grip.

(Extends the bat to J. D.)

That balance.

(He waves it off. She waggles the bat a couple of times and makes like she is throwing a ball to hit)

I bet I could knock a bottle of bourbon 300 feet.

(Swings)

Splat!

J. D.

I bet you could Carrie, but is that any kind of a life for a lady? Jumping through basement windows and smashing up bars?

CARRIE

Well it sure beats a P. T. A. meeting all hollow. It's exhilarating

(Goes into a demonstration)

First there's the hush as you move into position.

(Flattens herself out against an imaginary wall, looks both ways and tiptoes to another wall, again looks both ways)

Then there's the rush.

(She whirls around like she is busting through a window)

Yahooe--smash, you jump through the window, pow, whack, smasho, down with demon rum, smash, crash,

(She begins her attack on the bar)

People are yelling and diving for cover, "Look out it's Carrie Nation," and

I'm yelling things like, "Tools of the devil!" Whack, crash, tinkle tinkle. That's the part I like the best, the crash, tinkle tinkle. It's sort of musical, tinkle, tinkle

(She now gets back to business)

Then I head for the back bar.

J. D.

(Completely absorbed in the demonstration, wincing once or twice)

Carrie---! Not the back bar!

CARRIE

(Out of the demonstration)

That's funny, that's what the bartenders always say.

J. D.

(Crosses down left, glad to be relieved from the demonstration)

Carrie, honey, you're missing my point. What I am trying to say is--well, what would your mother say about all this?

CARRIE

Oh, I don't know. She's weird.

(Crosses to couch and sits)

J. D.

(Crosses to Carrie)

I see. But haven't you ever longed to settle down and take it easy?

CARRIE

Sometimes, but There's a certain zing when a bat meets a bottle of scotch that's just not there in the weekly bridge game.

J. D.

I know Carrie. But look at what it's doing to your health, your beauty.

(Takes her hand)

How many other women of your age have calluses on their hands from gripping a bat?

CARRIE

True, True.

J. D.

And when was the last time a man paid you a compliment in candlelight?

CARRIE

I can't remember.

J. D.

(Moves around couch behind her)

You've done your part, you ought to rest a spell, hang up your spikes.

(Over back of couch)

Let some other younger women catch the torch and carry it.

CARRIE

Maybe you're right.

J. D.

Of course I'm right. You ought to find some nice man and settle down.

CARRIE

(Rising moving down left)

All right I will. The next time I jump through a bar window, I'll look around for a man.

J. D.

(Crosses to Carrie)

Carrie! Is that any place to find a man? Why those men are winos and boozers.

CARRIE

Why, J. D., some of the best people I know wouldn't be drunks if they didn't drink so much. What'd I say?

J. D.

You said--never mind, the point is, the type of man you're looking for is not to be found in a bar.

CARRIE

Come on, there isn't any other type of man.

J. D.

(Crosses to desk)
Yes, there is, someone who is true blue, stout of heart, strong, handsome,
and intelligent. That's the type you're looking for.

CARRIE

I am?

J. D.

Certainly.

CARRIE

I don't know anybody like that.

J. D.

(Crosses to center)
Sure you do, Carrie, just look around you,

CARRIE

Gosh, there's only you, ---wait, wait,

J. D.

(Suddenly realizing where his conversation has been leading)
What!!?

CARRIE

Of course. I do know somebody who fits that description.

J. D.

Ah-now-ah-Carrie--

CARRIE

And I always kind of secretly admired him.

J. D.

(In complete Panic)
Wait, wait! You misunder---

CARRIE

He's so masterful,

J. D.

(Does a double take)
Well, that's true.

CARRIE

(Crosses down left)
You know, what I'm going to do? I'm going to marry him! I'm going to turn in my bat and marry him.

J. D.

MARRY HIM!! Marry him? Now Carrie, there's a certain mutual consent that has to be given.

CARRIE

What mutual consent, when Carrie Nation makes up her mind--

J. D.

(Sits like a doomed man)
Ohoooh noooo.

CARRIE

(Sits next to him)
Everybody likes me. You like me, don' you J. D.?

J. D.

Ah--well,
(Eyes the Bat)
Ah-yes, yes I ah-like, well yes, of course I like you Carrie, -- -

CARRIE

You See, now, I'll just go and find him.

J. D.

Now Carrie lets focus on like-- Find him? You said find him? Who?

CARRIE

Eli, of course.

J. D.

You mean it's not--oh, yeah.

(Nervous laugh)

Eli, of course.

(Sighs and relaxes back in chair)

(CARRIE exits rear)

J. D.

(Sits up bolt straight. Suddenly alert)

ELI? Oh no, Carrie".

(Exits in haste, rear)

BEAN

(Entering rear carrying a couple of boxes stacked to block his vision, almost knocked down by J. D. on the way out)

I thought Amelia wasn't supposed to fly that airplane indoors anymore.

SIG

(Entering right behind BEAN and steadying him)

That wasn't Amelia; that was Rockefeller.

(Guides BEAN toward table)

BEAN

I didn't know Rockefeller could fly?

(Sets boxes on floor)

Whew! Geez, Sig, I am awful sorry about using up all Maude's paper on these circulars, but how was I supposed to know--. And I am still not sure what you're going to do with these boxes of circulars we made for ACTNOW.

SIG

Shhs! There's Bebe!

(Indicates BEBE sitting in chair left facing in the other direction. SIG tiptoes up to him)

BEAN

(Tiptoeing behind SIG)

What's he doing?

SIG

He's sleeping.

BEAN

(Drawing his pistol and sticking the barrel in BEBE's air hose)
Well, I'll just wake him up and send him on his way.

SIG

(Grabbing his arm)
No! You idiot, what if Maude hears the shot?

BEAN

Geez, you're right. I never thought of that.

SIG

(Crosses to table)
Come on; let's get back to work.

BEAN

I'd be glad to; only I'm a little confused as to just what it is exactly that we're doing.

SIG

All right, I shall endeavor to explain it to you again. First I told you Maude is expecting to flood the area with thousands of circulars advertising the open house she's holding next week right

BEAN

Right

SIG

Okay. Second, you also know that you used up most of the reproduction paper making all these circulars for ACTNOW

BEAN

Yeah.

SIG

Your mental agility is staggering. Now then, since we cannot make another several thousand circulars, and do not wish to arouse her wrath, we shall let Maude flood the area with the only circulars which we happen to have available.

(Points to boxes on table)

BEAN

(Returning the point)
The ACTNOW Circulars. But what if she checks and sees that they are not her circulars?

SIG

(Walking to the telephone)
I've got that covered. That's why we made up those 50 Open house circulars.

BEAN

I still don't get it.

SIG

Look, if Maude looks at the bundles, she will only check the top few circulars on each bundle, right? Right! So we're going to place a few of those open house circulars on the top of each bundle. Simple.

(Thumbing through yellow pages)

BEAN

Well.--

(Strikes match on Bebe's helmet and re-lights his cigar)

I don't know Sig. It's kind of risky.

SIG

Well do you want to tell her that we used up all her paper on our circulars?

(Starts to dial phone)

BEAN

(Crossing to table and starts to adjust bundles)

Nope. She'd skin us alive.

SIG

Well, then, at least this way maybe we can save a little bit of our skin.

BEAN

Yes, the soles of our feet.

SIG

Hello, Acme Airlines? I'm calling about those circulars that Maude

Hendricks called earlier about. "Yes, those are the ones. Well they are ready; you can send a man over to pick them up. By the way, when is the flight scheduled? Sometime after six in the evening. Your pilot is a bus driver during the day. I see, sort of a fly by night airline.

(Laugh)

Oh, you heard that before. Same to you buddy.

(Hangs up phone)

Dumb smart Aleck

BEAN

Well is someone going to pick them up?

SIG

Yeah, sure,

(Crossing to BEAN)

Here, let me give you a hand.

ELI

(Entering rear with the intent of looking up some information in the library)

Hi Judge, hi Sig. What's in the boxes?"

SIG

Circulars.

(He and BEAN quickly close boxes)

ELI

For the Open House? Say, that was quick.

SIG

Ah, yes, we're efficient, that's all.

ELI

(Crosses to dig one out of the boxes)

Well let's see what you've done.

SIG

Oh, there's no need to get one out of the box. Here, look at this one.

(Hands him one from the table)

ELI

Not bad.

SIG

Well we've got to get these boxes out to the gate.

BEAN

Right.

(Bends down and picks up a couple of boxes)

SIG

Here Judge, let me help.

(Places last box on the top, blocking the JUDGE's eyes. The JUDGE hurries off on collision course with the sleeping BEBE. SIG takes circular from ELI)

We'll see you later, Eli.

ELI

Look out Judge!

(Too late BEAN catches BEBE with the corner of the boxes and knocks him over on the couch)

BEBE

Wup! Stand by! Man the pumps! Man the pumps! I've been swept off my feet,

(Faceplate is down on the couch)

Blazes it's dark down here.

ELI

You guys go on I'll straighten him out...

SIG

Okay.

(They exit right. BEBE has rolled around and got his feet on the floor, his face plate still down, but the weight of his helmet keeps him from standing upright),

BEBE

There, I've got my feet on the bottom. Ye Gods, I can't straighten up. I've got the bends. The dreaded bends. Lord help me!

ELI

Oh shut up. Here.

(Catching hold of BEBE's helmet and straightening him up)

BEBE

Oh, thank you Eli.

ELI

Why do you wear that thing if you can't stand up in it?

BEBE

Well, it protects me.

ELI

Against what?

BEBE

Against a lot of things. Against--ah--nuclear fallout.

(Pause)

mosquitoes,

(Pause)

kissing girls, a lot of things,

ELI

Um Hm. Look, Howard. Do you think you can make your way to the ward without any more accidents?

BEBE

I'll try. It's just those tricky crosscurrents.

(BEBE exits rear. Eli walks to bookcase, searches shelf for a minute, finds book he is looking for, pulls it out pages through it, finds what he wants, then crosses, to sit at table rear.)

CARRIE

(Entering from right quickly. Spots Eli at table. Composes herself)

Hello Eli.

ELI

(Looking up)

Oh, hi Carrie.

(Back to book)

CARRIE

(Walking to desk looking at him from side)

You' re looking great,

ELI

(Looking up again)
Oh yeah.

CARRIE

I've been thinking Eli; you need a girl.
(No answer)
What do you think?

ELI

(Without looking up)
Um huh.

CARRIE

Well good. I'm going to be your girl.

ELI

(Without looking up)
Um huh.
(Raising head slowly)
You're what?

CARRIE

I said I will be your girl.

ELI

(Rising)
That is what I thought you said. Say what else did I agree to in the last few minutes?

CARRIE

You said you needed a girl.

ELI

(Closing book and walking to couch)
Well, mother was right, reading is a dangerous thing. Carrie, I don't need a girl. What would I do with a girl?

CARRIE

What everybody else does with girls.

ELI

Hmm. I wonder if I could find it under girls in the encyclopedia.
(Crosses to bookcase)

CARRIE

(Stopping him midway)
Stand still and I'll show you.

ELI

What do you mean, you'll show me?
(Backs away from her. Suddenly realizing her intentions)
Get away from me.
(CARRIE advances, ELI retreats and jumps behind the couch)

CARRIE

Eli, you're being silly.

ELI

Who's being silly? I'm yellow that's all. Look, let's be sensible. Let's talk this out. I'm sure we can reach some reasonable solution. Okay? Okay!
Now come around here and sit down.
(ELI sits in center of couch and indicates seat next to him)

CARRIE

(CARRIE behind couch starts around one end)
All righteeee.

ELI

Now Carrie, you're a sweet, reasonable girl---

CARRIE

Oh, Eli, I knew you loved me.
(She leaps over end of couch at him)

ELI

(Rolling away with a near miss)
I can see I made a bad choice of words.

CARRIE

You know, this is as exciting as busting up bars.
(Rolls over and jumps off couch. Back after Eli)

ELI

(Back on the run again)
It appears that speaking, dear Mother is even more dangerous than reading.
I wonder if Dr. Bebe has another diving suit.

CARRIE

(Returning to the chase)
Eli, it's not going to do any good to run. I am going to get you in the end.

ELI

It's not the end I'm worried about, -- it's the beginning.

CARRIE

You know, Eli, you're cute when you're scared.

ELI

(Dodging)
Well, I ought to be a knockout now because I'm petrified.

CARRIE

Why should you be afraid of me? You probably just don't know me too well. I know. I'll just follow you around for a few days and we can get better acquainted.

(Backs Eli up to desk and leans him over backward)

ELI

(Phone rings)
Hello--oh it's for you.
(Hands phone to CARRIE and ducks under her arm).

CARRIE

(Latching onto his belt)
Sorry wrong number.
(Hangs up)
You sure are a hard one to talk to.

ELI

(Disengages)
Well I just talk better at a distance.
(Crosses to bookcase)
My ears are far sighted. Look, Carrie, you were kidding about following me around, weren't you?

CARRIE

(Crossing after him)
Of course not. How else are we going to get acquainted?

ELI

(Picks up book)
I'll ignore you.
(Sits at table and starts to read)

CARRIE

Ignore away.
(Pulls up chair beside him and reads over his shoulder)
What you reading?

ELI

Nothing with you talking to me. Quiet'.
(CARRIE Sits quietly peering closely over his shoulder)
Must you breathe so loudly?
(Slams book down paces off toward desk. CARRIE right behind him. He turns and she almost bumps him)
Go away!

CARRIE

Nope, you need me. I'll follow you everywhere.

ELI

EVERYWHERE??!!

CARRIE

Well, almost everywhere.

ELI

(Sighs and sinks into chair)
Looks like I'm going to spend a good deal of my time in the men's room.

(CURTAIN)

ACT TWO

SCENE: Same day room except there are paintings and handiwork displayed. AMELIA and CARRIE are struggling to hang a poster up (Welcome to the Funny Farm) over the rear door. AMELIA is standing precariously on a chair reaching over the bookcase and holding one end just about the limit of her reach. CARRIE is on a ladder on the other end and BEBE is steadying the ladder. SIG is sitting at the desk rifling through a stack of letters and packages, one package contains cookies and the other is a shoebox full of money.

CARRIE

(Climbing down off the ladder and backing off to look)
Your end is good Amelia, mine has to go up a little higher, hang on.
(Hurries back to ladder)

AMELIA

Please hurry:

CARRIE

(Pulls nail and raises banner)
How's that?

AMELIA

(Struggling to keep her balance)
Wonderful! Looks great.

CARRIE

Okay.
(Takes hammer to fasten but drops nail)
Oh, darn it. I dropped the nail.

AMELIA

Great. Maybe Bebe can get it.

CARRIE

Howard?
(No response)
Dr., Bebe!

AMELIA

Howard, you idiot!!

CARRIE

Beebeee!

AMELIA

It's no use; he's got his faceplate closed again.

(CARRIE looks at the hammer, then at BEBE's head plate, looks at AMELIA, AMELIA smiles, and CARRIE very deliberately bounces the hammer off BEBE's head)

BEBE

(Opening face plate)
You rang?

CARRIE

I knocked.

BEBE

That's odd. Why are my ears ringing then?

CARRIE

Never mind. I dropped the nail. See it there by your left foot? Could you pass it up? I need it.

BEBE

(Picking up nail)
Oh, is that all? Why didn't you say something?

CARRIE

Aaargh!

BEBE

Here.

CARRIE

(A short pause, then sweetly)
Howard?

BEBE

(Just as sweetly)
Yes Carrie?

CARRIE

(Shouting)
The hammer, you idiot!

BEBE

Oh, how did that get down here?

AMELIA

(Struggling to keep balance as CARRIE takes hammer and fastens her end)
Hurry Carrie. I don't think I can hold on much longer.
(CARRIE scrambles down ladder and hurriedly passes the hammer to AMELIA who pounds in her nail and then loses her balance. CARRIE rushes in to save her, grabs her legs, and AMELIA falls over CARRIE's back. They stagger around the room yelling for help and both men ignore them, finally they collapse in a heap)

SIG

Can't you girls be quieter; you know how Maude doesn't want you to play leapfrog in the house.

AMELIA

(Still on floor, to CARRIE)
How's a nice double murder sound to you.

SIG

(Ignoring her, but noticing the poster)
Say, that poster you were hanging. One corner's lower than the other.

CARRIE

(Still on the floor, to AMELIA)
If I could only think of some appropriate slow horrible death.

SIG

(Rising and crossing to girls)
Here, let me help you up.

AMELIA

How gallant. What's so darn important about that mail anyhow Sig?

CARRIE

(Crossing to BEBE, opening his face plate, and yelling inside)
You can take the ladder back now.
(Slams it shut again. BEBE picks up ladder and exits rear)

SIG

(Walking back to desk)
This mail Amelia is answers to those circulars we distributed.

AMELIA

Oh yeah?
(Crosses to desk}
What do they say?

SIG

Most of them are sympathetic; here's one from a lady who's the head of the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Vegetables." She says to cloth them is all right, but not to try canning them, because that is cruel. Also she is sending a picture of her pet cauliflower.

AMELIA

(Picking up picture off of desk)
Here it is. Look it's dressed in a little sweater.

CARRIE

(Glancing at the Picture)
Boy, I wonder who does her hair?

SIG

And here is a box of cookies from a lady in Rochester. She says she likes to d things for our boys in the service, and to please send her the address of the Army oranges.

CARRIE

She must be some sort of a nut. Well that finishes the decorating.

SIG

So it does,
(Picking up the mail)

Well lend a hand girls, let's take these down to the office and answer them.
(ALL move toward door left)

(BABCOCK: Normal, mildly successful businessman, made his money on his physical strength, and shoddy, ruthless deals. Loud, braggy, jumps to conclusions, the original ugly American. The Villain of the play. Wears a slightly outdated dark suit.)

(Enters with MRS. BABCOCK: A normal woman, fortyish, her husband married her for her money, she is polite, nice, dressed neat but out of fashion)

BABCOCK

(Enter from right and striding into room)
Hiya Doc, this is some place you got here.

SIG

Doc?

BABCOCK

Babcock's the name.

(Pumps SIG's hand)

And this is my old lady Gladys. I manufacture Ball Bearings. Maybe you've heard of them, Babcock's Ball Bearings. Business is really rolling. Ha, ha, get?

(Slaps SIG on the back)

It's a joke son. Say you're all right. Ain't he, Gladys, yes sir. Say where's all the nuts?

SIG

Nuts?

BABCOCK

Yeah, yeah, nuts, kooks, screw looses, boobies. This is a nut house isn't it?

MRS. BABCOCK

Now Harry.

BABCOCK

Say, I hope we aren't wasting our time. We came all the way over here to see some honest to goodness nuts, and we don't want to be disappointed.

Gladys and I are on a vacation you know, first vacation in over fifteen years. Took a week off to see the country. Can't waste time.

SIG

(Buttonholed and can't get away)
Oh, definitely not.

AMELIA

(Who along with CARRIE has been edging toward the door)
I think I'll go answer a few of these letters. C'mon Carrie.
(They exit left)

BABCOCK

No wait Gladys; this is the right place, look at that sign. Well, where are they?

SIG

Well, you're a little early--

BABCOCK

Oh, I get it; you got them locked up now. Probably for their before-lunch nap. How often you let them loose?

SIG

Well- -

BABCOCK

Not too Often, I would imagine. Who wants a bunch of screwballs running loose? C'mon Gladys, we'll just nose around until they let them loose. Be sure and call us, Doc, we don't want to miss anything.

SIG

Yes, I know, you only have a week to see the country.

BABCOCK

Yeah, that's right. Say you're all right, Doc.
(Slaps SIG on the back)

Come on Gladys.

(They move toward the rear exit. Enter J. D. rear)
Hi there, they're not loose yet.

(BABCOCKS Exit)

J. D.

Who's that, a new Candidate?

SIG

No he's one of the guests.

J. D.

(Moving to couch and looking on coffee table)

How can you tell?

SIG

By the color of his nametag.

J. D.

(Moves over and looks on desk)

They've started to arrive already?

SIG

I suppose someone ought to tell Maude, so if you--

J. D.

(Moving to table rear)

Say, where's today's paper?

SIG

I think Roy had it.

J. D.

Doggone it; I wanted to check some market reports--

ELI

(Entering left)

J. D., you'd better get that woman off my back.

J. D.

Why, Eli, what's the matter boy?

ELI

Carrie, that's what's the matter. Ever since you used your powers of

persuasion, she's been trailing me all over the place.

SIG

Well, I guess I'm not needed.

ELI

No need to run off Sig.

SIG

Someone's got to tell Maude about the visitors.

(Exits left)

ELI

Now you rat.

J. D.

(Backs to desk)

Now Eli my boy, it's only an unfortunate set of circumstances. I tried to change her interest from bars to men. How was I to know she'd choose you? I am sure I can rectify it very shortly.

ELI

(Crosses left)

You'd better; I haven't been able to get to the lab in two days. In fact, I've only been there three times since you fixed things. And then I had to crawl out the men's room window.

J. D.

Men's room window?

ELI

Yeah, that's the only place she'll let me go by myself, but now she only lets me use the one on the second floor.

J. D.

I suppose that curtailed the gin making.

ELI

(Moving to desk)

Yes it has. But fortunately, I got it perfected before I got the shadow. Now

all that has to be done is to bottle it.

AMELIA

(Off)
Sig? Sig?

ELI

Aacck. It' s her:
(Dives under the desk)

AMELIA

(Entering from rear)
Oh, J. D.! Where's Sig? Look at this! This shoebox, it's full of money!
150 thou!

J. D.

(Thumbing bills, low whistle)
150,000 clams. But what for?

AMELIA

It's for ACTNOW. To help with the betterment of our youth.

J. D.

But how? Who?

AMELIA

Some rich nut who doesn't believe in banks sent it to us. Say what's Eli
doing under the desk?

J. D.

Huh, oh, ah I don't know? What are you doing under the desk, Eli?

ELI

Oh just changing the film in my camera.

J. D.

Changing the film in his camera.

AMELIA

(Looks at ELI. Looks at J. D., J. D. shrugs)

Oh.---Well, I've got to find Sig and tell him the good news.

(Moves rear, stops by rear desk)

Oh, I forgot to bring down my model airplane collection. I'd better hurry.

(Exits)

J. D.

Got the film changed yet?

ELI

(Climbing out)

You can laugh. But you see how nervous that woman has got me.

J. D.

You've got to calm down my boy, there's no need to get this upset.

ELI

No need. Look, Pandora, you lifted the lid off this little box; you put it back on.

J. D.

Patience, it will all blow over in time. What is more important is the gin. Now that success is in our hands at last--why do you know Eli, I've never tasted the product. I wonder if it would be possible for you to smuggle some down here for a taste test?

ELI

Oh I suppose so. Give me some time; say about an hour and a half. I'll meet you here at 11:30.

(Moves toward left door)

J. D.

Good enough. Say when did you say you were in the lab last?

ELI

(Stopping)

A couple of days ago. Why?

J. D.

(Crossing Left)

Well, isn't that a little dangerous, all that equipment ticking away by itself?

ELI

I should say so. One of those boilers run out of water, and Blueeee.

(Gestures wildly)

This whole hospital would be leveled.

J. D.

L-Leveled you say--m-maybe you'd better get right up---

BEAN

(BEAN Enters from rear, pistol ablaze. J. D. and ELI with their backs toward BEAN start and clutch one another)

Yahooee! Wow! Say you gents see this paper?

J. D.

Roy, you and that damn pistol.

BEAN

Lookie here boys. Lookie here! Right on the front page. \$150,000 donated to ACTNOW. That's us!

J. D.

We know. Amelia was already by here with the cash. Let me see that paper.

(Takes paper and reads while walking toward couch. ELI reads over his shoulder)

BEAN

You mean the money' s here already. Boy, I wonder what Sig will do with it first?

J. D.

I don't know, but the way this paper advertises it, I think I'd find a nice safe place to hide it.

BEAN

(Crossing to J. D.)

What do you mean J. D.?

J. D.

(Gives paper to ELI who walks behind couch and sits right end of couch)

Well 150,000 dollars draws more than interest, you know, thieves.

BEAN

Crooks? Hah, I just like to see them try with Judge Roy Bean around. Don't they know, I am the law west of the Pecos?

(Fast draws his shooting iron. J. D. jumps and grabs BEAN's arm)

J. D.

That may be the case, but I still suggest you find Sig and Amelia, and tell them to hide that money.

ELI

(Rising)

That's not all. You'd better tell them this. "National Award to be presented to ACTNOW. ACTNOW, a local organization set up to fight moral decay has been selected by the national council for social betterment to receive its annual award for outstanding work in this field. ACTNOW, which leapt into the news only in the last week, has rocketed to national prominence. A Dr. Fured"--hey, they misspelled Sig's name, he isn't going to like that.

BEAN

Never mind about that, what else does it say?

ELI

A bunch of other garbage about what a good job you're doing protecting the minds of the youth, and something about a couple of ladies coming over here today to give you an award.

BEAN

No!

ELI

Yes!

BEAN

Let me see that.

(Takes paper and paces)

"Mrs. Fanny Dinkle, the state head of the Society and her assistant Agnes Zilch, will present the award in a short ceremony at 2:00 this afternoon at the offices of Dr. Fured." Oh, Oh, bandits I can handle, but broads? What'll we do, J. D.?

J. D.

What do you mean WE white man? I guess you will have to fake it, Roy babe, fake it. It'll take some planning through, and planning I'm good at. So let's go find Sig and get it laid out.

BEAN

Right. Coming Eli?

ELI

No I've got an errand to run.

BEAN

Okay, kid.

(Exits rear with J. D. ELI picks up paper where BEAN left it on couch and folds it, puts it on the desk. AMELIA enters rear, behind him carrying several model airplanes)

AMELIA

Hello, Eli.

ELI

ARCK!

(Physically shaken, turning)

Oh, it's only you Amelia.

AMELIA

Well I take exception to the only, but it is me.

(Walks to bookcase table)

ELI

No offense meant Amelia. Just a little jumpy lately.

AMELIA

Oh really, I hadn't noticed.

(Places airplanes on table for display)

ELI

(After a short pause.)

Amelia, you're a girl.

(Walks to couch)

AMELIA

(Eyeing him quizzically)
By clinical test.

ELI

I wonder if you might help me. Give me some advice from the woman's side.

AMELIA

I'll try, Eli.
(Crosses to Eli)

ELI

I've got girl troubles.
(Sits on couch)

AMELIA

I see.

ELI

How can I get a girl to stop thinking she's in love with me without hurting her feelings?

AMELIA

Ahh. Not such an easy trick.
(Sits in chair center)
Carrie?

ELI

(Slowly with resignation)
Umm hmm.

AMELIA

It might be easier, maybe even enjoyable to swim along with the current.

ELI

But I'm not ready for any settling down.

AMELIA

She's very pretty.

ELI

Oh. You think so?

(It never occurred to him, he rises. Pauses while he re-thinks this new data. Confused now, he paces a bit, but finally continues his defense)
Well, she's just not my type! I mean-- is she?

AMELIA

Ah! You have your type already picked out?

ELI

Well, like every good scientist, I've made a rational analysis.

AMELIA

Go on, I'm interested in seeing how it looks in a test tube.

ELI

All right. First, she ought to be strong. Good health is important. Energetic, active, lighthearted, intelligent, bubbly--

AMELIA

Bubblier? That's not a very scientific term.

ELI

(Gives her a look and continues)
A mind of her own, but an open mind willing to except other opinions, and of course I suppose she must be in love with me.

AMELIA

Well it doesn't sound too bad, or too scientific.

ELI

I suppose it isn't really, but at least, I've done some thinking about it.
(Sits on left end of couch)

AMELIA

How will you know when the right one comes along?

ELI

Aren't you supposed to just know, or something?

AMELIA

Don't be too sure, that may take a little thinking too.

ELI

This is all very enlightening, but it isn't helping me get rid of Carrie. Isn't there some way I can get her to dislike me?

AMELIA

(Rising)

Sure, punch her in the solar plexus.

ELI

Be serious Amelia. She's a nice girl; I don't want to hurt her.

AMELIA

I see, looking for the painless way?

ELI

Yes.

AMELIA

(Crosses to behind Eli)

Tell me Eli; have you ever searched for the philosopher's stone?

ELI

Amelia, you know as well as I that it's impossible to change base metals into gold chemically. What's your point?

AMELIA

My point is, that what you're searching for here is also impossible. I am afraid any way will cause her pain.

ELI

(Rising)

But suppose she were to just fall out of love with me.

AMELIA

Oh, I suppose she could always do that, but she would have to find out

something about you that she didn't know before. Something important enough to change her whole image of you.

ELI

Darn it, that's the trouble with being so perfect--say wait a minute. If she found out I was makin----Nah J. D would kill me. But then it was his fault and it's the only way. I'm going to talk to him about it anyway. But first, I had better get those samples—Ah, excuse me Amelia.

(Starts to leave)

Oh, and thank you.

(Exits left)

AMELIA

(To an empty stage)

You're welcome.

(Shrugs, checks the airplanes on display once more, and exits rear. Enter right two crooks, HITCH and WEEPS, They stop just inside the door)

(HITCH: A standard Damon Runyon crook, about 30, wears a suit with a sport shirt. He has a habit of hitching up his pants with the inside of his forearms, and has a twitch in his neck)

HITCH

Some joint, eh Weeps?

(WEEPS: A Sidekick of Hitch, a mousy hood, with a wrinkled brow and eyes ready to cry, always whining, talks out of the side of his mouth. Dressed similar. Acts like he expects someone to hit him in the back of the head)

WEEPS

Ya, sure. Say you sure we are in de right place?

HITCH

Sure, I'm sure. Do I look like some sort of an idiot? It says right here in dis paper.

WEEPS

But it looks like some sort of hospital ta me Hitch.

HITCH

(Hitch moves a few steps onto the stage. Weeps dogs his footsteps. When HITCH stops WEEPS bumps him. HITCH makes like he is going to strike WEEPS)

Sure it's a hospital, ya jerk, da guy what's in charge of dis racket is a Doc.

WEEPS

(WEEPS Cowers)

Well even if you're right, how we going ta get da loot?

HITCH

Weeps, sometime I wonder about youse.

(Nods to corner with head, they move down left to front left corner of stage behind table)

Foist we case da joint, see sort of blend into da woodwork, see. Den we find out de score, see, den--

(Smashes fist into hand)

We act.

(LESLIE RIGHTSER: A grad student Cum Laude, about 24, bookish, impressed with her own intelligence. Carries a brief case.)

(Enters from right)

(ZENDA GRIST: A left over flower child. A follower of LESLIE about 20-22)

(Also enters from right)

ZENDA

Like hollow man, there's no where's on the scene. Wow!

HITCH

(To WEEPS)

Let me do the talkin'.

LESLIE

No, I do believe you're wrong, Zenda that looks like a couple of inmates over there.

HITCH

Inmates!??

(To WEEPS)

Quick, is she on da parole board?

WEEPS

Believe me lady, it was a bad rap.

HITCH

Shut up Weeps,

LESLIE

Could either of you gentlemen tell me where I could find the resident psychologist in charge of this hospital?

HITCH

Pray tell I was jest goin' ta ask you da same.

LESLIE

(Aside to ZENDA)

Definitely a pair of psychotic paranoia. Precisely the type came to gather data on for my doctoral thesis.

ZENDA

(Aside to LESLIE)

Like real crazy. Wow, a couple of real live wire wheels. I mean crazy

HITCH

(Aside to WEEPS)

This must be some sort of a looney bin, neither of dem dames makes no sense.

WEEPS

(To HITCH)

They look like a couple of nuts all right. Oh, I hope dey don't get violent.

LESLIE

(Still in huddle with ZENDA)

They're a couple of such quality, I think I'll interview them now and then obtain the resident's permission later.

(Opens her briefcase and retrieves a notebook and pen)

ZENDA

Whoa man, I hope they don't, like make, violence or nothing man.

HITCH

(Still to WEEPS)

Humor dem. let us pretends dat we too is nuts. It will be a churce way to gather info without arousin' suspicion. Tink of a famous poison Weeps.

LESLIE

(Coming forward to center of stage)
Good afternoon, allow me to introduce my associate and myself, I am Leslie Rightser, eminent student of psychotic schizophrenia, perhaps you've read some of my articles?

WEEPS

I don't know lady, you ever write for de police gazette?

HITCH

Shad up!

LESLIE

And this is my assistant Zenda Grist.

HITCH

(Coming to center followed close behind by WEEPS)
How nice fer ya. I'm Luther Burbank, and dis is my friend--ah er
(Elbows WEEPS)

WEEPS

J. Edgar Hover.

HITCH

HOOVER?!

(Pulling WEEPS aside with his tie)
You idiot, what did you pick him fer?
(Gives a couple of jerks on the tie)
If he hears about dis, he might get sore. I don't want no trouble with de FBI.

WEEPS

Ah gee Hitch, it's de only famous poison dat I know anything about, and besides he's dead.

HITCH

Ya sure. All right, all right, but jest in case say his name softly will ya,

LESLIE

Notice how they seem to change personalities instantly, a textbook example.

Talk to them Zenda.

ZENDA

Me?

LESLIE

Go on, I'll sit here and take notes.
(Sits chair center)

ZENDA

Ah, like Mr. Hoover man.
(Crossing to WEEPS)

HITCH

(Flinching)
Quietly kid, not so loud.

ZENDA

(To Hitch)
Sorry dad, piercing I didn't mean to be.

WEEPS

Yes Miss Grist.

ZENDA

You must have put the gas to a lot of criminals.

WEEPS

(Suddenly alarmed)
GAS!??

ZENDA

Yeah, like caught man.

WEEPS

(Relieved and getting into the lie)
Oh. Oh my yes.

ZENDA

Even some dangerous ones?

WEEPS

Oh my yes, lots of dangerous ones. Fierce, tough, mean, dangerous ones. They didn't bother me though, the tougher and the more dangerous the better.

ZENDA

Name some. Like what kind of dangerous?

WEEPS

Like--ah--

ZENDA

Gangsters, and murderers?

WEEPS

Gangsters and murders? Ooh they're dangerous.

ZENDA

Well man, then like what do you specialize in?

(Enters HORSIE from rear who goes about looking at everyone closely and expectantly throughout this exchange however he is ignored as usual)

WEEPS

Petty larceny.

ZENDA

Crazy man.

(Turning to HITCH)

And how is the flower business Louie?

HITCH

Business is bloomin'.

(Laughs)

ZENDA

I may, like, vomit. But, hey, tell me Lou babe, what is your craziest flower?

HITCH

Lettuce.

HORSIE

(To LESLIE)
Hi.

HITCH

Yeah I'm working on a head now with 150,000 leaves.

HORSIE

(Still to LESLIE)
You like horsies?

LESLIE

Go away.

HITCH

And in order to finish the job, I need to get wit a Dr. Fured. Do eider of you ladies know where I might find him?

LESLIE

No, I don't know any Dr. Fured.

HORSIE

I know a Dr. Freud.

HITCH

You do?

(To WEEPS)
Dis might be our man. I am going to pump dis guy. You entertain de ladies.

WEEPS

(To HITCH)
Righto.

(Then to the girls)
Say Zenda and Miss Leslie, how would you two ladies like to take a walk around de grounds for some fresh air and I'll tell you how I broke up a national ring of hubcap thieves?

ZENDA

Peachie.

LESLIE

Well, I don't know Zenda, I hate to leave Burbank.

ZENDA

Well, like I mean we can only communicate with like one at a time man either how.

LESLIE

(Rising)

Yes, I suppose you're correct. Very well, let's go Mr. Hoover.

HITCH

There you go again. Watch that, will you?

(They exit right)

HORSIE

You like horsies?

HITCH

Huh, oh, yeah. Sure I like horsies kid.

(Puts his arm around HORSIE)

HORSIE

Not many people like horsies. Nobody talks to you. It's tough being a horsie, everybody discriminating against you. We just can't blend in like the Irish and the Italians you know.

HITCH

(They Move Down Stage)

I sympathize wit youse my friend. Tell me how long have youse been living here?

HORSIE

Oh, a long time, but hardly anybody talks to me.

HITCH

Yeah I know, dat's a crying shame chum, a real crime. And I should know. Say dis Freud youse mentioned I heard a' him, do youse know him well?

HORSIE

Oh yeah. We're friends, he even talked to me once.

HITCH

No you don't say. Ya know, I'd sure like to make his acquaintance, would youse do the honors?

HORSIE

Sure I can, right now if you want to.

HITCH

Okay, let' go.

(They turn and start to leave)

HORSIE

Horsies aren't really such bad people you know.

HITCH

Yeah kid sure.

(HITCH and HORSIE exit rear)

ELI

(Sticks his head in from left, sees that the Stage is empty. Enters carrying a tray with 2 glasses and a water pitcher. He crosses to desk and places it on the desk, fusses with it then crosses and sits on couch, folds his arms, taps foot, looks at watch, makes other nervous moves and then starts to speak, at first barely audible then gradually rising to full volume.)

Now look J. D., it was your idea anyway, that's what I'll tell him, and you were the one who convinced Carrie to take up men. Weren't you? Sure you were. That's what I'll say. And she isn't following you around and she's going to find the still sooner or later anyhow. Then it's settled. OK.

(Folds arms, looks at watch, then starts to fidget again)

J. D.

(Entering from rear)

Hi Eli. Been waiting long?

ELI

(Rising)

Oh hi.

(Nervous Laugh)
Ah--no.

J. D.

Good. Well, where's the gin kid?

ELI

It's over there in that pitcher on the desk.

(J. D. crosses to desk)

Now look J. D.---

J. D.

It's got a good color Eli. Want some kid?

ELI

No thanks.

(Pause)

There is something I've got to discuss with you J. D.

J. D.

(At desk, turns from pouring)

Sure kid. What's on your mind?

ELI

Well--Carrie--You see---Maybe I will have that drink after all.

J. D.

Atta boy.

(Turns back to pour drinks. ELI crosses over to desk. BABCOCK enters quietly from rear)

Here's to the success of Eli !Whitney's Gin, the only gin made from cottonseeds.

(They drink with exuberance)

Ahh. You did it Eli, it's great. Gin from cottonseeds.

ELI

(Picks up J. D.'s excitement)

Not bad if I do say so myself. And only one calorie.

(BABCOCK is obviously interested)

J. D.

And now what was it you wanted to discuss with me.

ELI

Oh---

(Back to reality)

Oh--yes--well---you know how Carrie--

MAUDE

(Off stage)

Right this way folks, this is the day room.

(BABCOCK ducks out left. ELI and J. D. in complete panic. Too late. ELI gulps last of his drink begins coughing, they dive for couch, trying to look nonchalant while trying to shut ELI's coughing off. MAUDE entering rear)

This is the day room.

(Enters LESLIE, ZENDA, MRS. BABCOCK, and a couple of extras)

This is were the patients spend

(BABCOCK re enters from left during this speech)

many happy hours at recreation, painting, and other arts and crafts like making baskets.

BABCOCK

And booze.

MAUDE

What was that Mr. Babcock?

BABCOCK

I said, that's news.

MAUDE

Yes, isn't it. Around you are some examples of their work. They do all this with their clever little hands. Goodness. Well, that's about all there is here. Now we'll be back this afternoon for a short ceremony. One of the nuts--ah inmates, is getting some sort of an award for something, goodness.

Anyhow, we'll be back. Now let's all take a look at the kitchen facilities.

Right this way.

(MAUDE exits left)

Notice the statue--

(Exit the rest)

J. D.

(Rises and follows them to the door, watches them out of sight)
Okay, you can finish that cough and let's get rid of this-
(Crosses to desk)

ELI

(With a deep breath)
I'm going to tell Carrie.

J. D.

That's nice.
(Stops, turns, and forgets about pitcher)
You're What?

ELI

(Rising)
I'm going to tell Carrie about the still, the gin, the whole mess.

J. D.

(Crosses to ELI)
But why Eli? This is a heck of a time to go prohibition.

ELI

I'm not going dry. It's the only way to end my girl problems.

J. D.

It also ends our gin business.
(Sits in chair, head in hands)

ELI

Sorry J. D.

J. D.

You're sorry. Look, Eli, isn't there some easier way, like murder or something.

ELI

I don't want to hurt her. I've tried everything, this is my last hope.

J. D.

Your mind is made up?
(ELI nods)

All right, if you have to, go ahead.

ELI

Thanks J. D.

(Exits rear)

BABCOCK

(Enters from left, watches ELI exit, crosses to desk, takes a taste of gin, nods approvingly, approaches J. D. who has his head in his hands again)

You say that stuff is made out of cottonseeds?

J. D.

Huh!. What? How did you find--oh, I guess it doesn't make any difference anymore.

(Head in hands again)

Yeah, sure.

BABCOCK

Yeah?

(Rubbing hands together)

Think of all those big piles of waste cottonseed you could get real cheap.

J. D.

(Unconcerned, but still from habit)

Polyunsaturated too. Only one calorie per serving.

BABCOCK

(Rubbing hands together again)

Diet gin. This is better than the drinking man's diet. What are you two nuts going to do with it.

J. D.

Nothing.

BABCOCK

Is that so. Tell you what I'm going to do for you. Because I like you, and if you tell me how you make that stuff, I'll give you ten whole dollars.

J. D.

(Still without much attention)

It ain't for sale.

BABCOCK

All right. A thousand.

J. D.

(Getting slightly irritated)

Look in about half an hour it will all be rubble.

BABCOCK

Ten thousand.

J. D.

(Standing)

Will you leave me alone? You're talking to the wrong man anyhow. Talk to Eli.

(Exits rear)

BABCOCK

(Calling after him)

The other guy that was here?

MRS. BABCOCK

(Entering from left)

Harry, what are you yelling about? Are you coming for the rest of the tour?

BABCOCK

(Turning)

No, Gladys.

MRS. BABCOCK

But you said we don't have much time to waste on this vacation.

BABCOCK

I know what I said Gladys. Vacation be hanged. These nuts have come up with a sensational product. Low calorie gin. Once more it's made from waste cottonseeds, as good a gin as you can get anywhere.

(Begins to pace)

MRS. BABCOCK

But you promised me this vacation for 15 years.

BABCOCK

I've broken my promises to you before, and this process is worth millions, and I'm going to get it. And the real beauty of it is that I'm going to get it for practically nothing.

(Evil laugh)

MRS. BABCOCK

But Harry, how can you do that?

BABCOCK

(Stops)

Oh, Gladys, your stupidity amazes me. Sometimes wonder if I really needed your father's money that bad. If I can cheat the best brains in the business world, I can surely outsmart a bunch of nuts. Now, shove off, I've got to find a looney named Eli. Well don't just stand there, why don't you go back to the party.

MRS. BABCOCK

All right, I guess I will.

(Exits left)

BABCOCK

Fine, do anything except get in my way

(Exits rear)

HITCH

(Entering from right with WEEPS)

Da little Doc wit da mustache has got da dough in a shoebox. All we got to do is find him alone, now you look in der, I'll look out here.

(WEEPS exits left, HITCH exits rear)

BEAN

(Entering from right with SIG)

Now look Sig, those two new patients are really crooks. I'm gonna round 'em up. You hide the money somewhere in here just in case.

SIG

(BEAN exits right leaving SIG standing in middle of room alone. Looks around, spots telephone. Crosses dials phone)

This is Dr. Freud at the mental hospital. Could you send a squad car over here we have reason to believe we may be in danger of robbery. Thank you.

(Hangs up and moves up center)

(The next scene is played entirely in pantomime, like a Keystone Cops chase. It must be done to music, and choreographed like a dance. The actions must fit the music. It was originally done to parts of the William Tell Overture.)

SIG

(Center of stage looking around.)

WEEPS

(Enters left, spots SIG and advances, slowly menacingly towards him.)

SIG

(Moves slowly right in pace with WEEPS.)

HITCH

(Enters right.)

SIG

(Stops. Looks from one to the other as they advance toward him. Bolts into Action, hurried exits rear)

WEEPS

(Exits rear right after him)

HITCH

(Exits rear close behind)

SIG

(Enters full speed from left)

WEEPS

(Enters left behind him, also full bore)

SIG

(Exits right)

HITCH

(Enters left)

WEEPS

(Exits right)

SIG

(Enters right--eludes HITCH and exits rear)

HITCH

(Exits rear)

WEEPS

(Enters right)

SIG

(Enters left, runs by WEEPS, loops around him and exits left)

WEEPS

(Loops around SIG and exits left)

HITCH

(Skids in from rear, looks around)

SIG

(Skids in behind him)

HITCH

(Tiptoes to exit right)

SIG

(Falls in right behind him. Exits right. Re enters full bore from right)

HITCH

(Enters from right hot on his trail)

SIG

(Exits rear)

WEEPS

(Enters left joins chase behind HITCH)

HITCH

(Exits rear)

WEEPS

(Exits rear)

SIG

(Enters Left)

HITCH

(Enters left)

SIG

(Exits rear)

WEEPS

(Enters left)

HITCH

(Exits rear)

WEEPS

(Exits Rear)

SIG

(Enters left. Exits rear)

HITCH

(Enters Left)

WEEPS

(Enters Left)

HITCH

(Stops half way to rear door to tie his shoe)

WEEPS

(Stops behind him, looks over, sees what he is doing, looks impatient)

SIG

(Enters from left. Skids to a stop behind WEEPS. Looks over his shoulder at door behind him worriedly, then looks ahead to see what the blockage is, looks back again getting nervous, taps his foot, sighs, looks ahead then back, then taps .WEEPS on shoulder, points to himself then back as he explains silently that he is being chased and could he get by.)

WEEPS

(understands and graciously steps aside)

SIG

(Steps up to .HITCH, explains similarly)

HITCH

(Likewise lets him through)

SIG

(Takes a couple steps past them. Then everybody realizes what has gone on. SIG Smiles, then waves and exits rear)

HITCH

(Exits rear)

WEEPS

(Exits rear)

SIG

(Enters rear skids to a stop then dives into the closet)

WEEPS and HITCH

(Enter rear, skid to stop)

HITCH

(Looks around then motions . WEEPS to a post by the left door)

WEEPS

(Moves to the left door ready to pounce on anybody that comes in. HITCH position himself similar by the rear door. Nobody does, slowly they get the idea that he is in the closet)

HITCH

(Moves to the closet)

WEEPS

(Moves to the closet)

HITCH

(Opens the door. Nothing there except a large cardboard box. They shrug and walk off. The box starts to move, it moves to center stage. HITCH and WEEPS spot it, and dive on it. The side rips out and out runs SIG)

SIG

(Exits Left)

WEEPS

(Jumps up first and exits left after him)

SIG

(Enters left, runs past HITCH who is just getting up)

HITCH

(Grabs box from SIG runs left)

WEEPS

(Enters left and grabs box from HITCH, and runs right)

SIG

(By this time has turned around and is running left, grabs the box from WEEPS and chases HITCH off left)

WEEPS

(Exits right)

HITCH

(Exits left)

SIG

(Exits Left)

HITCH

(Enters rear)

SIG

(Enters rear chasing him)

HITCH

(Makes for right but skids to a stop just before exiting, turns on SIG)

SIG

(Skids to a stop right behind him, smiles, then shrugs and heads for the closet)

HITCH

(Right behind him)

SIG

(Stops in front of closet, turns and holds up his hand)

HITCH

(Stops)

SIG

(Gallantly opens door and allows HITCH to enter first)

HITCH

(Enters closet)

SIG

(Slams door and exits rear)

WEEPS

(Enters from right, skids to a stop. Closet door slowly swings open)

HITCH

(Steps out)

WEEPS

(Looks at him and then into the closet. Sees a bat. Picks it up and they nod to one another)

SIG

(Enters from left, skids to a stop in front of them, surveys them both)

WEEPS

(Advances threatening with the bat)

SIG

(Just as WEEPS is going to hit him he pass the box to HITCH)

WEEPS

(Unable to switch focus, obligingly belts HITCH)

HITCH

(Crumples to the floor unconscious)

SIG

(Shakes WEEPS' hand and congratulates him)

WEEPS

(Shyly accepts the congratulations then ceremoniously hands the bat to SIG and bends down to retrieve the box.)

SIG

(Looks at the bat, then a WEEPS, shrugs and belts WEEPS)

WEEPS

(Slumps to the floor)

SIG

(Picks up the box, steps over the two fallen foe and exits casually rear as the music fades)

CURTAIN

ACT Three

SCENE: Same about an hour later)

(AT RISE: Stage is empty)

CARRIE

(Off)

Eli?

(Entering from rear)

Oh, he's not here either.

(Sits disgustedly)

I am afraid my campaign has not been too successful. Maybe I have approached him too strongly.

(Rising)

I don't suppose getting a man is anything like breaking up a bar. Although the thrill is similar. Ah, but we are tallying about method, not emotion. Speaking of emotion, maybe something a little more off the shoulder. Do you suppose that would stimulate him to action? I wonder if chemists have emotions? They've probably got them, hardly been used, but there. I would imagine the effect would numb him. That would hardly be fair, it wouldn't be ethical. I hate women who have to catch men that way. I refuse to use it.

(Walks up left. Turns)

Unless of course I have to.

(Moves to bookcase)

I could take up chemistry, and be his lab assistant. Doctors marry nurses, but on the other hand, baseball pitchers never marry catchers.

(Moves down center)

Companions he can find in a bar. What a man needs is affection, love and warmth from someone who is interested in him alone. Ah, that's the power of a woman. I shall become sweet, soft, feminine, and very passively interested in him. But what will he think of the sudden change? There is a hidden benefit, confusion, men are so logical, while he is trying to figure out just what is going on, and why; it will be done. I am so clever--

ELI

(off)

Carrie, are you in the day room?

CARRIE

Ah, he comes willingly to his doom.
(Quickly sits and composes herself)

ELI

(Entering from rear)
Carrie, you are in here. How come you didn't answer me?

CARRIE

(Looking up)
Oh, it 's just you Eli.

ELI

Carrie--- what?
(Pauses as he registers surprise, suspicion and then with less confidence, moving down center).
I've been looking all over for you.

CARRIE

(Now CARRIE is caught off guard)
You have?
(Quickly recovers, rises and moves toward him)
What on earth for?

ELI

(Begins to agree with AMELIA on CARRIES beauty)
I---I'm not quite sure.
(Regains his concentration and walks by her down right)
Oh yeah, it's about this following me all about.

CARRIE

But Eli, you came looking for me.

ELI

(Shaken again)
I did? That's right, I did. That's odd--no it isn't---

CARRIE

I don't think it's odd either, I like it.

ELI

Like What?

CARRIE

You following me.

ELI

(Shouting)

I'm not following you.

CARRIE

Stop your shouting. But you just said you were.

ELI

I did not and I'm not shouting. I said that you were following me.

CARRIE

Nonsense, why should I follow you? And you were shouting.

ELI

OK I was shouting. I don't want to argue about shouting. I want to argue about following. Will you just stop it.

CARRIE

Stop what? Honestly, Eli you're not making sense.

ELI

(Shouting)

I'm not making sense. I'm not making sense.

(Calming down a little)

All right. All right. Let's calm down.

(Sits next to her on couch. Takes a deep breath)

Now look Carrie, we've got this little misunderstanding, and we have got to approach it like rational people.

CARRIE

Right you are Eli. How do we start?

ELI

(Feeling at last things are going his way, stands and walks away)

That's better, now first let's take a close look at ourselves.

(Pauses for effect and turns and comes back to CARRIE)

There is quite a difference between you and I Carrie. Here stand up, and I'll show you.

(She does)

You see--

(She doesn't but he does. And he likes what he sees, turns and walks away uncomfortable)

Never mind, sit down again. Let's try another angle.

(He stops, turns toward her, starts to speak, changes his mind, looks away and moves around her further. He stops for another try, fails again, and repeats the same action. CARRIE just sits following him with her head and eyes)

CARRIE

Is there anything I can do to help?

ELI

Yes, you can stop looking so damn cute.

(Drops into a chair and looks hard at her)

This was going to be so easy.

CARRIE

(Concerned)

Eli, what's the matter? You're acting so strange, and you look so uncomfortable.

(Rising and going to the desk)

You look like you need a drink of water.

ELI

(Sitting purposely not trying to look at her)

What! No! No thank you, I'm--ah--I'm not thirsty.

CARRIE

Suit yourself, I think I'll have one.

(Picks up pitcher)

ELI

(Jumping up)

Oh --- ah --- Carrie --- ah --- Wait!

CARRIE

(Hesitating)

Wait? Wait what?

(Starts to pour again)

ELI

But Carrie---!.

CARRIE

(Stops again)
Yes. Really Eli. What's the matter with you?
(She starts to pour again)

ELI

Carrie!
(Moves in behind her)
Carrie, I ---Ah -- Carrie, I love you.

CARRIE

(That did it, she sets the pitcher down and turns)
Oh Eli.
(Throws herself into his arms)

ELI

(Over her shoulder)
I'm not sure that's what I intended to say.
(She kisses him)
Wow! I like that.

CARRIE

(Stepping back)
Oh, Eli, I shall love you and stand by you forever, come what may.

ELI

Are you sure of that Carrie

CARRIE

Positive! I'd cross a burning desert---

ELI

You always did like things dry.

CARRIE

Barefoot.

ELI

Carrie, honey, I hope you remember those words.

CARRIE

Oh, I will, forever. Come on.

(Leading Eli to the couch)

Tell me about yourself, there is so much I would like to know.

ELI

Like what Carrie?

CARRIE

Well, like did we solve that problem of yours?

ELI

(Sitting)

Ah -- well--no, we sort of exchanged it.

CARRIE

(Sitting)

Oh, what do you mean?

ELI

Forget about it Carrie, I'll--

BABCOCK

(Entering Left)

Say aren't you the fellow they call Eli?

ELI

Yes sir.

BABCOCK

Good. I want to buy the formula for that gin you are making.

ELI

(Sickly)

Gin?

CARRIE

(Standing)
What gin?

ELI

(Weakly)
Ah--ha ha--What gin?

BABCOCK

Come on boy. Don't play games with me.

CARRIE

Yes Eli don't play games.

ELI

(Standing)
Now Carrie, let me explain. I can explain.

BABCOCK

Look chum, I like you, and because I like you, I'm going to give you five hundred dollars of your very own for that formula. Now isn't that nice?

CARRIE

(Turning on BABCOCK)
No, that isn't nice. Maybe you can explain to me what that formula is about.

ELI

Now, Carrie honey, I'm sure there is some mistake, just run along, I'll---

CARRIE

(Whirling on Eli)
Don't you talk to me you worm.
(Back to BABCOCK)
Now, are you going to tell me or do I have to--

BABCOCK

(In flight)
You mean you didn't know, that he was making gin from cottonseeds?

ELI

(Mimicking)
You mean you didn't--

CARRIE

Eli, is this true?

ELI

(In flight)
Now, Carrie, remember, "Come what may."

CARRIE

It is true! You--you, let me--oohh--

ELI

"Burning hot sands of the desert?" Remember.

CARRIE

(The last shred of control is gone)
Ooh, wait till I get my hands on my bat, I'll make a desert out of you and that still.
(Exits rear in a rage)

ELI

(Taking a few steps after her)
Carrie, come back. Listen. Oh she didn't even let me get to the barefoot part.
(Sits)

BABCOCK

Whew, would you say she has a temper? Never mind her boy. I'll give you a whole five hundred dollars for that formula.

ELI

(Head in hands)
You may not believe this, but half an hour ago, I came in here primarily to see her walk away from me. And now that she's done it, I'm miserable.

BABCOCK

She and gin don't mix, eh?

ELI

Amen!

BABCOCK

Well look, I'm not the sort of a man to stand around when cupid needs a hand. I'll take that process off your hands, and then you can truthfully say that you don't have anything to do with it anymore.

ELI

Yeah, maybe that would help.

BABCOCK

Sure it would my boy, and I'll tell you what, I'll throw in five hundred dollars, just in case it doesn't. That way at least you'll have the money.

ELI

Gee Babcock, you're all right. Isn't there some sort of paper work?
(Standing)

BABCOCK

Funny, I just happen to have it right here with me.
(Steering ELI to the desk)

ELI

Gosh, what luck.

BABCOCK

Yes, isn't it. Sign here boy.

J. D.

(Entering from rear)
Well I see you told Carrie.

ELI

(Taking pen from BABCOCK's hand)
No I didn't J. D.. Babcock did.

J. D.

Babcock? That figures.

ELI

(Sitting)
Now where was I supposed to sign?

J. D.

Sign what Eli?

ELI

Oh, I'm selling the process to Babcock

J. D.

Oh?

(Crosses to desk)

BABCOCK

Right here. Hurry, I ain't got all day.

ELI

Okay. He offered to take it off of my hands for five hundred dollars.

J. D.

(Moves quickly to stop ELI)
Hold it Eli. Give me that paper.
(Takes paper and turns on BABCOCK)
So, five hundred dollars?

BABCOCK

(Nervous laugh)

J. D.

Babcock, you loudmouth cheat. This process is worth millions and you know it.

BABCOCK

Now look here you, my business is with the boy.

J. D.

Not anymore it isn't. I'm his agent.

BABCOCK

Is that true?

ELI

Yeah, I guess so.

BABCOCK

Very well. I'll give you ten thousand dollars.

ELI

(Choking)
We'll take it.
(Rising)

J. D.

(Shoves him down)
No we won't

ELI

We won't?

J. D.

Five hundred thousand dollars

BABCOCK

Are you out of your mind?

ELI

Yes he is.
(Rising again)

J. D.

(Shoves him down again)
Shut up. --well?

BABCOCK

One hundred thousand, and not a penny more.

J. D.

One hundred thousand, ridiculous! I'll tear up this contract first.

ELI

(Gets up again)

J. D. that's--

BABCOCK

(Shoves Eli down)

Shut up. All right, so you know the real value of the process. I'll give you one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for it, and that's my final offer. If you don't like it, go ahead and tear up that contract. But! Just try to market it, who's going to buy gin or anything from a couple of nuts?

J. D.

And you wouldn't waste any time telling everyone.

(BABCOCK smiles)

I'm afraid he's got us beat kid.

ELI

At least we're getting some money for it.

J. D.

That's not the point. He's stealing it. It's our process.

BABCOCK

Yeah, but you can't market it, you're stuck.

J. D.

Okay, Babcock, you've won the first round. Sign it Eli.

BABCOCK

(Waiting until ELI finishes, then whisking paper out and tucking it away in his inside coat pocket)

Thank you, now that I'm the sole owner of--

J. D.

Not so fast, a little matter of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

BABCOCK

Oh, yes, how clumsy of me. I forgot.

(Laughs, takes out checkbook, signs one, ears it off and hands it to ELI)

There you are boys, everything legal, well, it's been a pleasure doing

business with you. Now if I might have those notes and the formula.

ELI

They're up in my lab. Come on, I'll go get them.

BABCOCK

Splendid.

(They exit rear)

MAUDE

(Entering left with FANNY DINKLE, AGNES ZILCH and the photographer from Life)

Well now, here we are Mrs. Dinkle.

(FANNY: Typical socialite fuss-budget social worker, looking for her picture on the society page. Not too bright, about 45 to 50, over dressed)

(AGNES: Another social worker like FANNY, but not with as much money or social position. Smarter, younger)

FANNY

Oh please, call me Fanny.

(Smiles, and the photographer snaps a picture in her face)

Oh my, taking pictures already.

(PHOTOGRAPHER: No particular age, a little too obsessed with her work)

PHOTOGRAPHER

Yes ma'am, I need background shots, I want to cover the whole story.

FANNY

Very good dear, take all you want. Now Agnes, I think this room will do fine don't you?

AGNES

(From behind couch)

No. I think we ought to do it in the cafeteria. There is more room there.

FANNY

No one's asking you to think Agnes. I'm chairperson of this organization, I make the decisions.

(PHOTOGRAPHER pops bulb in her face, she staggers and blinks)

AGNES

All right, if this is going to be the place, then let's move these chairs over, and we'll use this table for a podium

FANNY

Good idea--Agnes. I'm chairperson--let's bring those chairs over here and we'll use this table as a podium.

(They move chairs and AGNES spots water pitcher, and brings it over and sits it on down stage end of table)

Oh. my, it's getting late, it's almost 2:00.

MAUDE

Goodness yes, the people will start arriving any minute now.

FANNY

Dear me I---

(Flash bulb pops in her face, she stops while she tries to focus)

J. D., ELI, SIG AMELIA enter rear. ELI sits desk, J. D. right end of couch, AMELIA center couch)

More background, dearie?

PHOTOGRAPHER

Yes ma'am.

FANNY

Now where was I,--oh yes,--my speech--

(Goes through her pockets)

Where's my speech?

(Enter BABCOCK, sits rear)

AGNES

(Producing it from her purse)

Here.

FANNY

What are you doing with it Agnes, I'm chairperson. Now, where's the award?

(AGNES produces it too. They exchange dirty looks)

MAUDE

Oh goodness, I'm so excited. I've never had anything like this happen to me before.

(Enter ZENDA, LESLIE and MRS. BABCOCK from left. LESLIE sits couch left, ZENDA on arm of chair, MRS. BABCOCK chair center.)

What'll I do?

FANNY

You just call it to order, and introduce me, I'll take it from there.

(SIG flanked by two policemen enter from rear)

AGNES

I wonder what brings the two policemen here?

MAUDE

Oh that's Sig, yoo hoo, there you are Sig. Come on up here sweetie, goodness, Sig, police escort and everything, aren't you the celebrity. Come on, that's a boy, sit right over there dearie, on the end of the table. That's the seat for the guest of honor. I guess we're ready to start girls.

(AGNES sits down stage in front of the pitcher, then FANNY, then MAUDE and on the upstage end of the table sits SIG)

Ahem, ladies and gentlemen, guests and patients, we are gathered here today to honor one of our favorite people, Sigmund Freud.

(Applause)

Thank you, now let me introduce a very notable person in this state.

(AGNES takes her first drink out of the pitcher. Registers surprise, then pleasure, looks around, then takes another sip. smiles and settles back to enjoy herself)

A famous figure in the field of social reform. A person we all know and love. A lady that needs no introduction. A woman whose name is on all our lips, Mrs.--ah, Mrs.--er, what is your name again dearie?

FANNY

(Stage whisper)

Fanny Dinkle.

MAUDE

Fanny Tinkle

FANNY

Dinkle.

(Nervous laugh. MAUDE sits, applause, FANNY rises)

Thank you, and good afternoon folks. It's a pleasure to be here today, to honor such a fine young man as Dr. Sigmund Freud.

(AGNES pours number two)

A brilliant young man who through his energy, and determination has struck a blow, for social betterment, not only in this area, but throughout the nation, his clarion cry for moral reform has been heard. Awake, arise, ACTNOW, gird your loins, join the crusade, all this in the twinkling of an eye, a mere week. Truly then this man is a genius. A genius? You say, isn't that a little strong? Nay. Even though, we know very little about him, I say, nay.

(AGNES pours number three, a little shaky)

He is a genius, and deserved to go down in history with the rest of the famous and gifted people who have received this award. Like Cal Dugard, who did such a wonderful treatise on crab grass, Bernice Bently, and her three-year study on doggie halitosis. And who could forget, our own

(AGNES loses her elbow)

Walton Gord, and his drive to stamp out---ah what ever it was he was trying to stamp out.

(AGNES giggles, FANNY glares)

And certainly when this award is mentioned it always brings to mind that noteworthy person, the late, great, Emmy Blotz.

AGNES

Hear. Hear.

FANNY

(Gives AGNES a look designed to turn her to stone)

She has done so much for each and every person in the world today, by making it a better place to live in, by dying and leaving us five million

dollars.

(AGNES goes for number four, rather clumsily)

We now today then, add to this glorious list and others too numerous to mention who are recipients of this award, the name of Dr. Sigmund Freud.

(Scattered applause)

AGNES

Ole!

FANNY

Thank you and now---

(AGNES spills her drink)

AGNES

Oopsie.

(Giggles)

FANNY

(Still struggling to maintain control)

And now speaking for an organization that's stood for moral discipline, and moderation in all things, and squarely against any and all kinds of moral decay. It gives me great pleasure, Dr. Freud to present you with this award.

(SIG stands and PHOTOGRAPHER takes picture of presentation)

And now, my associate Agnes Zilch will say a few words. Agnes--

AGNES

(Stands with great difficulty, raises her arm over head and blurts out)

I'm smashed.

(And passes out with a smile across the table. The PHOTOGRAPHER gets a picture of the fall)

FANNY

(Scream)

She's been poisoned. Dr. Freud; do something.

(Everyone stands and makes sounds of concern. The two cops step forward, the officer goes to look at AGNES and the sergeant steps in front of the people)

SGT. WEINSTIEN

(SERGEANT WEINSTIEN: A Jewish cop.)

Take it easy everybody. Please sit down and remain quiet.

FANNY

Do something doctor.

SIG

I'm sorry ma'am, I'm not a real doctor.

MAUDE

Oh my goodness no, Fanny, he's a nut.

FANNY

What!

MAUDE

An inmate here, sweetie, a mental patient.

FANNY

A nut! You mean, I've given the annual award to a lunatic.

(Sits)

Oargh.

OFFICER BERNSTIEN

(A Jewish Cop)

Hits hokay sarge, she's just drunk.

FANNY

(Reeling on another blow)

Oh no! Now Agnes my assistant drunk. Oh my god, I'm ruined.

(Rises)

How could this happen?

(Flash bulb)

Where did that alcohol come from?

OFFICER

It was in the water pitcher lady.

FANNY

But how?

BABCOCK

I heard a rumor about a still on the roof.

MAUDE

Preposterous!

(Flash bulb)

SGT.

Veil in hany case ved better check it out. Bernie take a couple of the inmates and go look already.

BERNIE

So all right, you two there come with me.

(BERSTIEN, ELI, and J. D. exit rear. WEEPS slips in right, sits desk)

MAUDE

Amelia, would you help me get Miss Zilch to the ward and I'll see if I just can make her comfortable.

(AMELIA and MAUDE pick up AGNES and drag her off rear)

FANNY

(Sitting at the table with her head in her hands sobbing)

Oh no. I'm ruined, all this in front of the press, I'll be laughed out of the league. Out of the state.

SIG

Mrs. Binkle.

FANNY

Dinkle.

SIG

Sorry about that, in fact, I'm sorry about everything. And wish you wouldn't cry. I think that those people maybe won't laugh at you if you bring back a donation.

FANNY

(Still in despair)

They get donations every day.

SIG

Of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars?

FANNY

(Looking up)
What?

SIG

That's right Fanny.
(Standing)

I seem to be stuck with one hundred fifty thousand dollars and an organization that's defunct. I don't think they'll let a man in my condition keep the money, and we don't know who donated it, so if you would take it, it would still be going to a charity for social betterment, and it would solve both of our problems.

FANNY

(Rising)
I don' t know what to say.

SIG

How about yes.

FANNY

Well, okay, .yes.

SIG

Good.
(Crosses to bookcase, removes book and takes out shoebox)
Frankly I'll be kind of glad to get rid of this.

WEEPS

Well then, let me be of some assistance.
(Draws gun)
Please officer, don't make me shoot ya. Loud noises upset me. Now everybody, over against the wall.
(Moves to center stage. Everybody moves to the left side of the stage)
Oh and Dr. Freud, just put the box on the table.
(He does)

SGT.

You von't get away, wit dis.

WEEPS

Save your bread copper. I hope you're not going to try any cheap heroics.

(WEEPS moves to the table and picks up box)

Ah, beautiful, Hitch will be so proud of me, da way I pulled dis caper off all by myself.

(Laughs. Enter OFFICER BERSTIEN, ELI and J. D.)

Well, it's been such a jolly party I sort of hate to leave--

BERNIE

(Pistol drawn)

Then by all means stick around. Drop that gun. The party is just beginning.

SGT.

Bernie. Such a nice time you picked to drop by.

BERNIE

It's all part of the service, Sergeant, for such a small fee you should get such a deal.

SIG

I'll take that money back, thank you.

SGT.

Don't worry, my friend, you'll still get your social betterment. In a big resort area up de river.

SIG

Here you are Miss Dinkle.

FANNY

Binkle. Oh my no, you're right. Thank you.

SIG

Oh, by the way officer, be on the alert for the other--

HITCH

(Entering)

One. Drop the heater, officer.

WEEPS

Hitch, am I glad to see ya. I tried but I guess I bungled again. Ya ain't mad are ya?

(Retrieves gun. Picks up cops' guns and sticks them in his belt)

HITCH

Nah, ferget it, everythin' turned out all right, we is back in control. Now if I might have de box lady.

FANNY

No this is for charity.

HITCH

I hope dis charity will give you a nice free funeral.

SGT.

Give him the money Fanny, he won't get far.

HITCH

Yeah!

FANNY

Oh, all right.

(Gives him the money)

HITCH

(Laugh)

Remember justice always triumphs.

BEAN

(Entering from rear)

Hold it you varmints.

(Fires a couple of shots)

You forgot to reckon with Judge Roy Bean.

(HITCH and WEEPS dive for the protection of the sofa, they start firing at BEAN, who jumps behind the door by the bookcase. The rest of the people scamper for cover. The PHOTOGRAPHER gets behind the table, between the two cops, and every now and then pops up and snaps a picture at random)

CARRIE

(Crashing through window)

Down with demon rum!

(Jumps on HITCH and dispatches him with her bat)

WEEPS

(Panics, gets up and makes a break for the door left)

CUSTER

(Entering from right on HORSIE)

Charge the blaggards.

(Runs him down, and CUSTER jumps off HORSIE's back and drags WEEPS down and sits on him. The PHOTOGRAPHER runs over and takes a picture. The policemen come forward to take charge, and the rest of the people move in to look. FANNY is standing by CARRIE)

SGT.

The boys at the station will never believe this.

(The PHOTOGRAPHER pops a bulb in his face. FANNY loses patience and grabs CARRIE's bat and bops the PHOTOGRAPHER on the back of the head. The PHOTOGRAPHER falls on the couch)

Thank you ma'am.

FANNY

My pleasure.

SIG

(Who has picked the box of money up from HITCH)

Here Fanny, with our regrets for any trouble caused you.

FANNY

Oh, I'm the one who should be sorry, causing all that trouble about that still. Sergeant, I'd like to retract my charges if I may.

BERNIE

I'm afraid that it's too late ma'am, there, is a still up there all right, Sarge.

SGT.

(Sighs)

Hokay Bernie, I'll look into the details, you haul those two out to the wagon.

BERNIE

OK Sarge. Give me a hand here.

(CUSTER and HORSIE help hustle crooks out right)

Oh, and by da vay Sarge, those two claim to be making the gin from

cottonseeds.
(Exits)

SGT.

Cottonseeds?

LESLIE

Making gin from cottonseeds? How interesting.

BABCOCK

That's right polyunsaturated, and I own the process.
(Laugh)
I'll make a fortune.

LESLIE

I'd like to taste it. Do you mind if I take a glass of this into the kitchen, and mix myself a drink

BABCOCK

No, go right ahead, but I warn you, it might become habit forming.
(Laughs)

LESLIE

Thank you. Come Zenda.
(Takes pitcher. Exits Left)

SGT.

So you own the process eh?

BABCOCK

Yeah, that's right. Bought it from them for peanuts.

J. D.

That's right, officer.

FANNY

Well arrest him officer, it's his still.

BABCOCK

He can't, because I didn't make the gin, nor do I own the still. I just own the

process.

SGT.

I am afraid he's right Mrs. Dinkle.

FANNY

Oh, I feel so terrible stirring up all this trouble.

MRS. BABCOCK

It wasn't only you Mrs., Dinkle. It was my blabbermouth husband.

BABCOCK

Don't blame me, if they want to go around breaking laws, that's not my fault.

SGT.

Well, I'm afraid I'm going to have to run somebody in.

ELI

I'm ready to go officer, it was my idea, my handiwork, and I alone am responsible.

J. D.

Oh no you don't kid, I'm the promoter, and without my backing--

ELI

Nonsense J. D. I won't hear of it, you had nothing to do with it. I'm the one.

BABCOCK

(Laughing)

Compromise, take them both officer.

LESLIE

(Entering from left followed by ZENDA)

On the contrary, sergeant, take no one.

SGT.

What do you mean?

LESLIE

I remember just enough of my three years of college chemistry, I was going to be an organic chemist at one time, that was about ten years ago--

SGT.

Get to the point.

LESLIE

Very well, the point is that there isn't any gin at all.

BABCOCK

What? She's lying. I tasted it myself.

LESLIE

Yes, it's quite simple actually. These two fellows have been taking antifreeze out of the air conditioners cooling system, and mistaking it for gin.

BABCOCK

What? No! Antifreeze?

LESLIE

That's right, my dear Mr. Babcock. The major ingredient of that pitcher is antifreeze.

BABCOCK

What? This can't be--you said--all my money—antifreeze -- oh no, oh-ah-he-he-ha-ha-

(Exits rear screaming from the room)

J. D.

(Pause)

I'm sorry Mrs. Babcock but it looks like your husband has popped his wozzel.

MRS. BABCOCK

Yes, I'm afraid one of his crooked deals finally caught up with him.

J. D.

What do you intend to do now?

MRS. BABCOCK

I'd like to finish my vacation but considering the financial situation, I think I'd better just go home to father.

SIG

What did you say?

MRS. BABCOCK

(A little taken back at his tone of urgency)
I'd thought that I would go home to father.

SIG

That's what I thought you said.
(Leaps into action, takes her pulse)
Stick out your tongue. Now say linoleum.

MRS. BABCOCK

(She tries)

SIG

Aha! I thought so.

ELI

Definitely.

SIG

Just as I thought.
(Pauses)
You, my dear woman, are on the verge, mind you, I said verge, of a very dangerous psychosis and we must act quickly.
(Short Pause)
Uhum, a vacation, I prescribe a long vacation.

MRS. BABCOCK

But I don't have any money.

SIG

My dear woman, when Doctor Freud prescribed a cure, don't argue, take it. Now here is the prescription.
(Holds out his hand towards ELI. ELI slaps check in his palm and SIG slams it into MRS. BABCOCK's hand)

There. Now hurry down to your neighborhood bank and fill it.
(Chase her out right)

MRS. BABCOCK

(Poking her head back in door)
Don't you mean drug store?

SIG

Go!
(She Exits)

J. D.

Well, we're broke again.

MRS. BABCOCK

(Coming back in)
I forgot, I can't drive.

LESLIE

Zenda and I will drop you off downtown, Mrs. Babcock
(Rises to exit right)

SGT.

And I'll give you a police escort.
(Exits right behind them)

PHOTOGRAPHER

(Coming to)
Ooh, What happened? Where is everybody? Oh my head. What happened?

FANNY

Easy now dearie. Come on, we'll find Maude and see if there is anything she can do for you.

PHOTOGRAPHER

(Moving toward rear exit)
I must have passed out or something.

FANNY

Yes, or something.

(They exit rear)

CARRIE

Eli?

ELI

Yes Carrie.

CARRIE

(Crossing to him)

I'm sorry Eli, for getting mad at you. After all, you weren't really making gin. And I promise to never lose faith in you again.

ELI

Even if I decide to make rum?

CARRIE

(Pause)

Don't push it.

ELI

All right it's a deal. Put'er there.

(Extends his hand to shake)

CARRIE

(Takes his hand, pretends disgust)

Oh Eli, give me a break.

(Pulls him to her and kisses him)

ALL

(Applause)

HORSIE

(Entering from right, obviously a new man, head erect, confident, he strides into the room)

My, but you're a noisy group.

CARRIE

Oh, hello --Horsie?

HORSIE

Say Carrie, that was some entrance you made. Glass flying, everything,
Wow.

CARRIE

You liked that, huh, that's what I call my flying cross over.

(Moves toward window)

Like to see it again?

ELI

Carrie!

CARRIE

(She stops, shrugs and return to Eli's side)

HORSIE

And you Judge, a magnificent display of courage.

BEAN

How about yourself, you did all right--say something's changed you're
different Horsie.

HORSIE

No real difference, Judge, I just realized that acceptance comes from within.

J. D.

Well, welcome to the bunch, Horsie

(Shakes his hand)

ELI

Hey, we can't call him Horsie anymore.

CARRIE

No.

HORSIE

You can call me by my first name.

J. D.

All right, what's that?

HORSIE

Charlie.

BEAN

Oh that's bad. Say, what's Custer going to do without your support?

HORSIE

Oh, He'll manage.

CUSTER

(Enter from rear, riding on BABCOCK)

Charge, look out for all those Indians, charge the cannons!

CURTAIN