

"Double Occupancy"

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ACT I

Scene 1

A motel room. Not the best, but not the worst. The bed is Center Stage. Two arms stretch up from the bed. They belong to Stanley Cohen. He slowly sits up in the bed, dressed in pajamas, wincing as if stiff. He slowly gets out of the bed obviously stiff and sore. He attempts to stretch a bit, does a few poorly executed exercises, then bends over to touch his toes, and can't get up. He finally does. A beat, looking exhausted, his eyes then open wide and he snaps his fingers as if he remembered something and hobbles into bathroom.

Another pair of arms stretch up from the bed. they belong to Helen Cooper. She slowly sits up in the bed, dressed in pajamas or nightgown, wincing as if stiff. She slowly gets out of the bed obviously stiff and sore. She attempts to stretch a bit, does a few poorly executed exercises, then bends over to touch her toes, and can't get up. She finally does. A beat, looking exhausted, her eyes then open wide and she snaps her fingers as if she remembered something. she turns toward the bathroom as Stanley emerges, still looking the way he did when he went in, holding a large tube of something. They spot each other. Looking flustered, they immediately stand up straight as if nothing is wrong with them. Stanley hides the tube behind his back.

HELEN

(lovingly)
Good morning, Stanley.

STANLEY

(lovingly)
Good morning, Helen.

HELEN

You're up early. After.....last night.....I thought you'd have trouble getting up this morning.

STANLEY

I'm up early every morning.

HELEN

Yes, but after last night..... I thought you'd have trouble waking up.

(CONTINUED)

STANLEY

Well, like I always tell you, Helen,
(patting his belly)
fit as a fiddle.

She looks away for a moment to grab her robe. Stanley falters, knees buckle, grabs his back in pain. She looks back at him and he straightens right up again.

HELEN

Good. I worried for nothing.

Helen moves to foot of the bed.

STANLEY

Yea.... actually, I was worried about you.

HELEN

Me?

STANLEY

Yea, I figured it would take a while. I mean, after last night, you must be exhausted.

Stanley turns away for a moment to grab his robe. Helen falters, knees buckle, grabs her back in pain.

HELEN

Me? Exhausted?
(wincing)

I'm in the best shape of my life.

He looks back at her and she straightens right up again. He comes over to her at the foot of the bed.

STANLEY

I don't know about on the inside, but on the outside, I think you have the best shape, too.

HELEN

Oh, Stanley.....

She waves him away, blushing. When she swings her arm to "swoosh" him away, she twists her back, grabbing it and wincing.

HELEN

Oooh my God....

Stanley reaches out to help her.

STANLEY

Helen, are you alrrrrrrrrrrraaaaaaaahhhhh!

*Stanley grabs his back, at the same time revealing
the Ben Gay in his hand.*

HELEN

Stanley! Is that Ben Gay in your hand?

STANLEY

No! Toothpaste!

HELEN

I saw the name on the tube.

(She grabs the tube from his hand)

Ben Gay! Since when does Ben Gay make toothpaste?

STANLEY

It's for sore gums.

HELEN

Stanley.....

STANLEY

Alright, so I'm not in the shape I thought I was in.

*He sits on the foot of the bed. She joins him,
laughing.*

HELEN

I guess I'm not either.

(looks at him lovingly)

But aches and pains or not, I have no regrets.

STANLEY

(looks at her lovingly)

Neither do I. Still, just because my prescription says
it can last up to four hours, doesn't mean we have to
keep going for four hours!

HELEN

Oh Stanley, it wasn't four hours.

STANLEY

Maybe not, but this morning it feels like it was. But,
aches and pains or not, I have no regrets either. It
was wonderful. You were wonderful.

HELEN

You were, too. But I am worn out. It's been a long
time, since, ahhhh...

*(He notices she's a bit embarrassed and
interrupts her)*

STANLEY

A long time for me, too, Helen. And it wore me out, too. When I finally closed my eyes, I slept like a rock.

HELEN

Me, too. I feel like I've slept for days, not just a few hours.

STANLEY

Yes, it certainly is one way of getting a good night's rest.

(gets up, winces while grabbing back,
goes and sits at table.)

I highly recommend it.

HELEN

You know,

(gets up to follow to table. Falters a
bit in her step, sits opposite Stanley)

we've been dating now, for what, about three months, I think. I'm surprised we waited this long until we....

(motions towards bed)

you know....

STANLEY

It's more like four and a half months, Helen. Not that I've been counting the days or anything. But it was worth the wait.

HELEN

I agree, although I have to admit, at first it was a bit awkward.

STANLEY

I know. I know. I think it helped that we were someplace other than our own homes.

HELEN

You mean, like, neutral territory?

STANLEY

Exactly. Waiting until we went on this bus trip together with the travel group from our retirement village was a good idea.

HELEN

I agree.

STANLEY

Just getting away from that retirement village was a good idea.

(CONTINUED)

HELEN

Why? What's wrong with our retirement village?

STANLEY

..... Nothing.

He gets up, center stage, looks away from her. She follows him.

HELEN

Stanley..... look at me.

(makes him look at her)

If there's something wrong, I want to know about it.

STANLEY

No, forget I said anything.

HELEN

Stanley.....

STANLEY

It's nothing, really.

HELEN

Stanley, come on, tell me what's wrong.

STANLEY

He sits at foot of the bed.

It would be easier to tell you what's right. I just don't think I'll ever get used to this retirement village life.

HELEN

She sits next to him.

All of a sudden you don't like our village? This is news to me.

STANLEY

No, not all of a sudden. I never liked it. I just never said so. The truth is, the only thing I do like about the retirement village is the fact that I have you there. But you're in your own home. I'm in mine. And when I'm alone, I don't like it. Not being alone, although that can get to you sometimes. No, it's the feeling that even though I am alone, I'm not alone.

HELEN

Stanley, you're talking in riddles. I don't get it.

(CONTINUED)

STANLEY

(He gets up, paces as he speaks)

There's always someone watching every move I make to make sure I don't break any of the rules. Don't park in the street, my garbage cans have to be a certain color, no lawn ornaments, you want me to go on?

HELEN

They're the rules, Stanley. They've got to have rules. They're for our own good. For the good of the community.

STANLEY

Aaaaah, phoey. All my life I had my own home, my own yard and did pretty much what I wanted with it. I can't do that now. Some days I feel like I'm living in a prison.

HELEN

Prison?

STANLEY

Yea, prison. Especially with the Security Patrol driving past my house every thirty minutes.

HELEN

(She gets up, grabs his arm to stop his pacing)

They're there for our own protection, Stanley. What's wrong with that?

STANLEY

There's a fine line between protection and invasion of privacy. I was living out in the country, where my nearest neighbor was a mile away. Close enough to visit, far enough away to have some privacy. Now I look out my window and my neighbor looks back through his window and waves. It's just not for me.

He sits back at table. She follows and sits.

HELEN

Oh come on, Stanley. We're safe, in a gated community, with our own security force, a club house, swimming pool, tennis courts and gymnasium. And the clubs and groups that meet there give people plenty to do. Look at us here. We're with the travel group on a wonderful four day trip together.

STANLEY

((lovingly, yet a blushing a bit))

A wonderful trip, where we spent our first night together.

(CONTINUED)

STANLEY (cont'd)

Yea, we wouldn't want to miss the bus and get stranded here..... all alone.

HELEN

It sounds good, but could you imagine if that happened? We'd have to call someone to come and get us. And explain why we're in the same room together.

STANLEY

Oh God, could you imagine calling Stephanie?

HELEN

She doesn't approve of me as it is.

STANLEY

She wouldn't approve of any woman for me. It's not you, it's her. No one could replace her mother.

HELEN

I'm not trying to replace her mother.

STANLEY

(He goes to her, puts his arm around her)

I know that, and you know that. Some day Stephanie will know that.

HELEN

I hope so, because I don't plan on letting go of you. Not for your daughter, or her husband, the rabbi.

STANLEY

Ha! Could you see her and her husband, Rabbi Jeffrey Finklestein, finding us here, shackled up and living in sin? It would be too much for them!

HELEN

(laughing)

Stanley, stop!

STANLEY

(laughing)

He'd have to tear his clothes and do that weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth thing, which is fitting; he's a big crybaby anyway.

HELEN

Oh, stop picking on him. He's not even here to defend himself.

STANLEY

Thank God.

HELEN

Come on, we better get dressed and get ready to go.

STANLEY

(heading into bathroom)

Okay, just give me five minutes in the bathroom, then you can have it for the next hour or so.

She gives him that phony annoyed look at that last line. Stanley goes into bathroom. Helen is picking out what she will wear from the suitcase.

STANLEY

(from bathroom)

What time are we supposed to meet the group for breakfast in the dining room?

HELEN

8:15.

STANLEY

And what time is the bus leaving?

HELEN

9:00

STANLEY

And what time is it now?

HELEN

9:15.

The sound of a bus is heard driving away. Stanley comes running out of bathroom with shaving cream on his face.

STANLEY

What time is it?!?

HELEN

Ooooooh noooooo!!

They both run down center stage as if looking out the window.

STANLEY

There goes our bus!

HELEN

Without us!

BOTH

Oh my God.....

*They're both in a panic, facing each other,
holding on to each others shoulders.*

STANLEY

How did this happen?!?

HELEN

We overslept! We wore ourselves out last night with your Viagra overdose, and overslept! I thought you set the alarm clock!

STANLEY

I did! I set it for 7:30.

Helen goes and checks the alarm clock.

HELEN

Oh, Stanley, you set it for 7:30 PM, not AM!

STANLEY

What are we going to do?

Helen comes back to him, center stage.

HELEN

I don't know. This is terrible. We certainly can't call your daughter.

STANLEY

No! I'd rather stay here forever. Wait! Why are we worrying? They'll get a few miles and realize we're not on the bus.

HELEN

If they were worrying about that, they would have checked before they ever left.

STANLEY

Well sooner or later our group leader is going to have to realize we're not there!!

HELEN

Don't count on it. Our group leader? *(Insert real group leader's name)* They're on their way to the casino. All she's thinking about is getting that Wheel of Fortune machine before anyone else. Oh, Stanley, what are we going to do?

(CONTINUED)

HELEN

Stanley!

STANLEY

What!

HELEN

(lovingly)

Are you forgetting something? Your Viagra.....

STANLEY

Helen, last night was wonderful, but we really don't have time for that now.

HELEN

I meant don't forget to pack it, silly. I assume you'll need it again before this trip is over.

She tosses them to him.

STANLEY

I certainly hope so. Besides, I guess it could be dangerous leaving this stuff laying around here on the nightstand.

HELEN

Dangerous? How?

STANLEY

Well, think about it. The next guy sleeping in this room could get up in the middle of the night with a headache, see the bottle, and mistake it for aspirin. It could be disastrous if he accidentally took two or three of those at one time.

HELEN

You mean it could kill him?

STANLEY

I don't know about that. But he would certainly wake up inside a tent!

HELEN

Oh Stanley, quit kidding around. We have to get out of here.

They begin packing some more. A voice is heard from outside. It's a police officer talking in a bullhorn.

VOICE OVER

Attention. Attention, this is the Police!

(CONTINUED)

HELEN

Stanley!

(She wraps her arms around him in a
panic.)

They found out we're not married!

STANLEY

Oh Helen, Shhhh....listen!

VOICE OVER

There has been an attempted robbery at the First
National Bank. The suspect has escaped and is hiding
somewhere in the neighborhood.

HELEN

Oh my God, do you think he's armed?

VOICE OVER

Suspect may be armed and should be considered extremely
dangerous.

STANLEY

There's your answer.

HELEN

What should we do now?

VOICE OVER

Here's what you should do now. Remain indoors. Lock
all doors and windows. Stay where you are until we
notify you it is safe to come out. Stay alert for
further announcements. And don't forget, tickets are
still available for the Policeman's Ball. That is all.

HELEN

Oh Stanley, now what? We're never going to get out of
here!

STANLEY

Remain calm, Helen. We better do as the police
say. It's better to just stay put and live to tell the
story.

HELEN

Stanley, I'm scared.

STANLEY

Don't be. I'm sure that bank robber is miles away from
here by now.

HELEN

Do you really think so?

(CONTINUED)

STANLEY

Sure. He probably had a getaway car waiting for him right outside the bank. That's how it is in the movies anyway.

HELEN

This isn't a movie. This is the real thing. Funny though, in your arms, I'm not quite as scared as I was a minute ago.

STANLEY

There's nothing to worry about, Helen. Look at it this way, we'll certainly have stories to tell our grand kids.

HELEN

And being stranded here in the middle of all this is certainly more exciting than being on the bus and playing (Insert a group leader's name)'s bingo game.

They both laugh.

STANLEY

Still, we better do what the police said. We better lock the door.

As they turn and look at the door, the knob begins to turn, door shakes as if someone trying to force it open.

HELEN

Stanley, someone is trying the door!

STANLEY

It's probably that nutty maid. I think. I hope.

HELEN

I'm scared!

STANLEY

Be brave, Helen. And prepare to defend yourself.

They each grab a suitcase and hold it as a weapon. They take position, each on one side of the door, ready to swing the suitcases at the intruder.

HELEN

Oh Stanley.....

STANLEY

Shhh.... We need the element of surprise on our side.

The door slowly opens and in walks a man, slowly, backwards, not revealing his face or the front of his body. His body movements look suspicious. He's wearing a black suit. As he gets in, he closes the door. He leans against the door, face forward, in a posture of relief.

STANLEY

Now, Helen! Swing!

They raise their suitcases to swing. The intruder spins around, pins himself against the door, terrified.

ALL

Aaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!!!!!

Stanley and Helen stop short their swings when they see the intruder has a priest's collar and holding a Bible.

HELEN

A priest?

FATHER MIKE

Don't hit me! I'm a priest! My name is Father Mike!

STANLEY

They're collecting the offering door to door now? Priest or no priest, what are you doing barging in our room like this?

FATHER MIKE

Ahhhh... your room? I ahhhhh.... I am so sorry. I thought this was my room. What room is this?

Father Mike begins to relax a bit but Stanley raises his suitcase again which causes Father Mike to pin himself against the door again.

HELEN

This is room 112.

FATHER MIKE

Oh my God, I am so sorry. I'm in room 212. I must be on the wrong floor. In a panic I didn't realize, and when I tried your door and it was unlocked, I just came in. I am sorry.

STANLEY

Why were you in a panic?

STANLEY

I don't think that's any of your business. Since when does a chamber maid question the guests?

HELEN

Now is not the time, Stanley. Look, Carmelita, we need our privacy right now. So if you could leave us alone...

CARMELITA

So, Padre, is nice to meet you. What brings you to the neighborhood?

FATHER MIKE

Ah..I'm here to counsel these two.

CARMELITA

Counsel?

FATHER MIKE

Ah yea,

(looking at Stanley and Helen with a smirk on his face)

This is "The Sins of Pre-Marital Sex" session.

Stanley and Helen look at each other wide-eyed and embarrassed.

CARMELITA

Pre-marital sex?!?!?

FATHER MIKE

Yes, I'm here to counsel them for marriage.

STANLEY & HELEN

Yes, marriage.

CARMELITA

Marriage?!?

Carmelita goes right up to Stanley, enraged. As she approaches him she begins to take off parts of her disguise and drops the phony accent.

CARMELITA

You're going to marry this woman? A Catholic? Are you nuts?

STANLEY

Stephanie?

HELEN

Stephanie?

FATHER MIKE

(leaps out of chair shouting, but
concealing the gun)

Stephanie? Wait, who the hell is Stephanie?

STANLEY & HELEN

My/his daughter.

FATHER MIKE

(sinks back into chair, head in hand on
table)

Aye Carumba! I don't believe this.

STEPHANIE

You don't believe this? Wait until my husband, the
Rabbi, hears about this! I need to take pictures of
this. My husband is going to flip out!

Carmelita starts snapping pictures of Father Mike.

FATHER MIKE

Here, you'll want to get a good close-up of the gun.

He holds the gun up in full view.

STEPHANIE

Oh yea, I'll need a good shot of that, too. Can you
turn it a little to the....A gun?!?

FATHER MIKE

I'll take the camera. You just made a big mistake,
sister.

STANLEY

A priest and a sister. I guess that makes you the
Mother Superior, Helen.

FATHER MIKE

Shut up! Alright, you, (Stanley) sit down at the table
with me. You two, (Helen and Stephanie) sit down on the
bed. Everybody relax. As long as there's no trouble
from any of you, no one gets hurt, got it?

They all nod.

FATHER MIKE

Good. So, looks like the cops ain't going no where for
awhile. We might as well get acquainted.

(CONTINUED)

STEPHANIE

Do I have to sit next to her?

STANLEY

Stephanie, what are you doing here?

STEPHANIE

Following you. Making sure you didn't make any big mistakes. And it looks like I got here just in time!

HELEN

What are you talking about?

STEPHANIE

I'm talking about you, that's what I'm talking about. Daddy, I cannot stand by any longer and watch you throw away the rest of your life with this, this...floozie!

STANLEY

Now watch it, you're going to far.

STEPHANIE

I'm just getting started. Floozie is being kind.

HELEN

(pointing finger)

Now just a minute...

STEPHANIE

Don't point your finger at me, Jail Bird.

FATHER MIKE

This is getting good....

STANLEY

Jail Bird? What are you talking about?

STEPHANIE

Daddy, didn't you see the front page of the Peaceful Acres monthly newsletter?

STANLEY

Yea, I saw it.

STEPHANIE

Didn't you see Helen's picture on the front page?

STANLEY

Yea, I saw it.

HELEN

That was a great picture. I had it blown up. It's hanging in my den.

STEPHANIE

I don't believe what I'm hearing! If my husband, the Rabbi, were here, he'd hit the ceiling!

FATHER MIKE

What picture?

STEPHANIE

Oh Father, forgive them, for they have sinned... What am I saying?

STANLEY

Stephanie, you don't understand....

STEPHANIE

Oh, understand, alright. A lonely old man being taken advantage of by a.....

HELEN

Now hold on!

STEPHANIE

...hooker! A senior hooker! I have the proof right here. Right here on the front page of the Peaceful Acres newsletter.

She takes out a newspaper holding it up for all on stage to see.

STEPHANIE

Here. Right here. Front page. Look at this headline. "Happy Hooker Arrested!" And below it a photo of Helen, the Happy Hooker, in handcuffs being taken away by the security patrol. And with a big smile on her face!

HELEN

It wasn't for long. All the Happy Hookers in Peaceful Acres paid my bail and I was out in no time.

STEPHANIE

All the Happy Hookers?

STANLEY

Oh yea, this retirement village you forced me move into is filled with retired prostitutes. In the summer, every Saturday they lie naked on the lawn and have a yard sale.

HELEN

Stanley....

HELEN

Not the ones you gave me for the trunk of my car!

STANLEY

The same.

STEPHANIE

Dad, you bought stolen goods off the internet?

STANLEY

How was I supposed to know it was stolen goods?!?

HELEN

Not so loud! The police are outside somewhere.

STANLEY

Look around you, Helen. Stolen jumper cables are the least of our problems at the moment. So obviously you're out of business. What happened?

FATHER MIKE

My inventory was getting a bit low, so it was time to "restock" the shelves.

STANLEY

Yea...

FATHER MIKE

So one night, around midnight, I paid a little visit to this auto body shop. I climb up on a dumpster just outside a window, break the glass, and drop myself down into the garage.

HELEN

That wasn't very smart. You could have cut yourself.

STANLEY

Helen...

HELEN

Sorry....

FATHER MIKE

So, I start looking around the joint and I find the tool boxes. Loaded with good stuff. I start stuffing my pillow cases with the tools when I suddenly hear a low growl behind me.

STEPHANIE

A growl?

FATHER MIKE

Yea, dogs! Two German Shepherds staring at me, teeth showing, growling....

HELEN

They had you trapped.

FATHER MIKE

Yea. The office was right there. I slowly start walking backward towards the office door. They slowly follow me, still growling, teeth showing, drooling, ready to attack any second. I made it to the office door. I put one foot inside the office. I put my other foot in the office. They realized what was going on. They leaped at me! I managed to close the door just in time!

STANLEY

Lucky you.....

FATHER MIKE

Only it wasn't over. They both started clawing at the door. One of those flimsy hollow doors. Within a half hour, one paw broke through. It wouldn't be long before they got through and I've have no place to run. I had no choice.

STEPHANIE

What do you mean, you had no choice?

FATHER MIKE

.....I called 911.

STANLEY

What? You called 911?

FATHER MIKE

I had no choice!

STANLEY

So let me get this straight. The burglar had to call 911 to be rescued from his own burglary attempt? Ha, ha, ha....

(Stanley is cracking up laughing. The women are chuckling)

What an idiot!!

FATHER MIKE

Just remember, the idiot is the one holding the gun!

They all instantly stop laughing.

FATHER MIKE

That's better.

HELEN

So, what happened after that?

FATHER MIKE

At first, they didn't believe me. That thought it was a prank. I finally held the phone close to the door and when they heard the dogs viciously attacking, they decided to come investigate. Just in the nick of time, too.

HELEN

And so, you went to prison.

FATHER MIKE

Yea.

STEPHANIE

How long?

FATHER MIKE

I got 3 to 7 years, paroled in 4 for good behavior. I just got out about a month ago.

HELEN

Your good behavior didn't last very long.

FATHER MIKE

I had to make a living.

STANLEY

And a real job never crossed your mind?

FATHER MIKE

I chose a career in bank robbery.

STEPHANIE

Great choice. It looks like that career is over, too.

FATHER MIKE

Why? I admit, things didn't go as planned on my first attempt. But you learn from your mistakes. The next time will go better.

STANLEY

That's if you don't get caught.

FATHER MIKE

I won't get caught. I had a ski mask on and a scarf covering my white collar. No one at the bank knows what I really look like, and they'll never suspect a priest

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FATHER MIKE (cont'd)

did it. They'll eventually give up looking around here and I'll be on my way.

HELEN

And we can catch up with our group.

STEPHANIE

And I can get back to my husband.

STANLEY

...the Rabbi.

FATHER MIKE

Ahhh..... afraid not.

STEPHANIE

What do you mean?

FATHER MIKE

No one out there knows what I look like, but you three do.

STANLEY

What are you getting at?

FATHER MIKE

I'm sorry. I was just getting to like you folks, too. But you can identify me.

A look of fear and panic begins to come over all three.

HELEN

Stanley!

STEPHANIE

We won't tell anyone, we promise!

FATHER MIKE

I can't take that chance. I'm done with prison cells, prison food, and prison psychiatrists. Sorry, sister...

STANLEY

She's not your sister. And he's not killing anyone. He would have done it by now.

FATHER MIKE

The only reason you're still breathing, pops, is because I might need you yet.

HELEN

For what?

FATHER MIKE

Human shields, in case I have to shoot my way out of here. You three will be good protection.

HELEN

Oh Stanley, I can't believe this is happening. All because of a wrong alarm clock..

STANLEY

And a bottle of Viagra.

STEPHANIE

Viagra?

STANLEY & HELEN

Never mind...

FATHER MIKE

Alright, look, enough of this. You two ladies, sit on the bed. You, back at the table with me. And we're all just going to wait this out together.

They all sit, including Father Mike

FATHER MIKE

Now, let's all calm down and relax.

HELEN

And maybe you'll change your mind?

FATHER MIKE

No, I just want to relax.

STANLEY

Yea, relax, Helen. He's not going to shoot us. Not right now.

FATHER MIKE

Oh yea? Why not?

STANLEY

Because you fire that gun and the police out there will hear it. They'll come running. You'll be trapped, with no human shields to protect you anymore.

FATHER MIKE

.....You're right. But that doesn't mean I won't shoot if I have to. So no funny business. Just do what you're told.

(CONTINUED)

POLICEMAN

Okay, Ma'am. Sorry for the intrusion.
(back over to the women near the front
door, rubbing his nose as if irritated)
You might want to tell her to turn the fan on in there.

HELEN

Yes, well thank you for all your concern, Officer. And
good luck with your search.

POLICEMAN

Right. Say, can I interest you ladies in some tickets
to the Policeman's Ball?

HELEN

I'm afraid we won't be around for that.

POLICEMAN

Too bad. Well, good day, ladies.

*As the officer is exiting the door, Stephanie
finally succeeds in lifting the nightstick from
his belt.*

STEPHANIE

(loud stage whisper, showing the
nightstick to Helen)
Look! I got us a weapon!

*Mike and Stanley come out of the bathroom. Stanley
first, Mike behind him holding the gun.*

FATHER MIKE

Well done, ladies. You played it smart. Well done.

VOICE OVER

Attention, attention, this is the police. We concluded
our search of the area. The bank robber is not in the
vicinity. It is safe to come out of your homes and
businesses. Sorry for the inconvenience. See you all
at the Policeman's Ball. That is all.

FATHER MIKE

Well, well, well, things are looking up. Soon they'll
be gone. They'll start searching some other
neighborhood. I can walk right out of here and no one
will ever know I was here. That is, after I take care
of the three of you. Heh, heh, heh.....

STANLEY

No! I won't let you. Not without a fight!

(CONTINUED)

Stanley lunges at Mike. They both have their hands on the gun. They're going round and round, each trying to gain control of the gun.

While this is going on, Stephanie lifts the nightstick and attempts to hit Mike in the head. She's having trouble because they're not still. She swings a couple of times and misses.

Stephanie finally connects the nightstick with a head, only it's Stanley's. She's accidentally hit her father instead of Mike.

Stanley lets go of the gun and stands there with the dumbfounded look on his face, staggers a bit towards the bed.

STANLEY

(to Helen)

Good night, Helen.

Stanley falls unconscious on the bed.

HELEN

Oh, Stanley!

STEPHANIE

Daddy! I'm sorry!

FATHER MIKE

(laughing hysterically)

What a bunch of idiots!

Mike is laughing hard and puts his hands on his legs, bent over in laughter. This causes the gun to go off, shooting himself in the foot. He goes from laughing to yelling in pain.

FATHER MIKE

My foot! My foot! I shot myself in the foot!

HELEN

(taking the nightstick from Stephanie.)

Now who's the idiot?!?

Helen hits Mike over the head with the nightstick. He stops jumping up and down and grabs his head, staggers in front of one of the chairs, then gets that dumbfounded look.

FATHER MIKE

Good night, Helen.

(CONTINUED)

Mike collapses in the chair. He's out cold.

HELEN

What have I done? Oh my God, what have I done? I've killed him. I've killed him!

(Helen drops to her knees next to Mike)

Forgive me, Father, for I have sinned. I just killed you.

Stephanie checks his pulse.

STEPHANIE

Helen, stop, you didn't kill him. He's just out cold. But he could come to again any second.

Helen gets up.

HELEN

What should we do?

STEPHANIE

We need to tie him up!

HELEN

Of course! Just like they do in the movies!

STEPHANIE

Okay, give me some rope.

HELEN

I don't have rope. I'm on vacation.

STEPHANIE

Well what do you have to tie him up with?

HELEN

My suitcase!

They go and get Helen's suitcase. They open it. Helen lifts up a pair of nylon stockings.

HELEN

I've got these!

STEPHANIE

Even if we tie them together I don't think it will be long enough.

(looking in the suitcase)

Wait!

(reaching in to the suitcase not revealing what she's talking about)

I'll tie one stocking on this end, you tie the other onto the other end.

(CONTINUED)

They act as if they're rigging something up in the suitcase. They're finally done.

STEPHANIE

Perfect!

HELEN

Do you think it will work?

STEPHANIE

It has to!

Stephanie and Helen both lift out what now is a bra with a stocking tied to each end of the bra straps.

STEPHANIE

Come on, before he wakes up!

They go in front of Mike. They each are on one side. They each go in opposite direction around Mike, leaving the bra where it would normally be on a person and the nylons completing the tie-up. They take the gun out of his hand and move it out of his reach.

HELEN

We did it!

STEPHANIE

Yes we did!

Mike begins to come to. He's a bit groggy at first, then becomes alert and agitated.

FATHER MIKE

Where am I? What a headache. Like a hangover without the booze.... Say, what is this? How'd I end up like this.

As he struggles he glances down and sees himself in the bra.

FATHER MIKE

When I get loose I'm going to murder you. I'm going to....going to... Oh my God....

Mike sees the bra and passes out again.

As he's passing out, Stanley is coming to on the bed.

STANLEY

Ohhhhh...where am I?

Helen and Stephanie go to Stanley.

HELEN

You're right here with us, Stanley. Everything is going to be alright.

STEPHANIE

Oh Daddy, I am so sorry. I am so sorry.....

Helen cuts Stephanie short.

HELEN

.....sorry you tripped over my suitcase!

STANLEY

(sitting up)

What?

HELEN

(laying it on thick)

Oh Stanley, you were so brave, wrestling that gun away from the bank robber, clobbering him over the head with it knocking him out.

STANLEY

I did?

STEPHANIE

He did?

HELEN

Yes, he did.

STANLEY

Then why does my head feel like it was run over by a bulldozer?

HELEN

Well....after you subdued the vicious criminal, you ahhhhh... stepped back and tripped over my suitcase which I foolishly left out in the open... and ahhhh...banged your head on the nightstand.

STANLEY

I did?

STEPHANIE

He did?