

20/20

(it's not that I don't love you, it's
that I'm going to kill you)

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Cast of Characters

Shane, mid-twenties. Kind of a neurotic loser. Patty's nephew and Carla's cousin (by marriage)- but having a "thing" with both of them.

Lance, mid-twenties, works at Jiffy Lube. A nice guy for a murderer.

Carla, nineteen, Shane's cousin. A college student and kind of a smart-aleck -she gets it from her mother.

Patty, Carla's mother, sometime between forty and Botox. Has a mouth on her.

Frank, Patty's husband. Kind of mean but lovable for someone that everyone wants to murder.

Setting

Patty's and Frank's living room and kitchen. The present.

SYNOPSIS

For some reason, Frank's daughter and wife want to kill him, Separately they enlist the help of their nephew/cousin (by marriage) who's also having an affair with each of them and has his own reason for wanting to kill Frank. Even though he enlists the help of an acquaintance from Jiffy Lube and they shoot Frank in the head, well... Frank's just one of those stubborn old buzzards who refuses to die.

AT RISE:

(A rather garish living room. Everything looks valuable but nothing really is. Lance and Shane run into the room from the hallway. They are out of breath.)

LANCE

I don't think he's dead.

SHANE

What do you mean? You shot him in the head.

LANCE

Yeah, but...

SHANE

But what?

LANCE

But I don't think he's dead.

SHANE

You don't think he's dead, then go in there and shoot him again.

LANCE

You shoot him I shot him once.

SHANE

In the head?

LANCE

This way we both shoot him.

SHANE

All right, all right I'll shoot him.
(Carla enters.)

CARLA

Shoot who, shoot who, Lance, what's... who...

SHANE

What are you doing here?

CARLA

What am I doing here? What are you doing? And shoot who?
Where's mom?

(Lance picks up a bowl.)

SHANE

In bed asleep. No one's shooting.

CARLA
What are you doing? Put that down.

LANCE
I was looking at it.

CARLA
That's my mother's bowl.

LANCE
I was looking at it.
(Carla starts to exit.)

SHANE
Don't go there.

CARLA
Let go of me.

SHANE
No.

CARLA
Oh god.

SHANE
Listen...

CARLA
Oh god, I'm going to be sick.

SHANE
Look I came over to talk to him-

CARLA
Where is he? Dad!

SHANE
Shut up, you'll wake your mother. Now calm down. I did- Lance here-

CARLA
Shane!

SHANE
It was an accident. What are you doing here?

CARLA
I came home from school. I come home from school, we have to call someone-

SHANE
Who are we going to call, the police?

CARLA

An ambulance!

SHANE

He's dead, Carla. Lance and I shot him in the head.

CARLA

Oh, my god-

SHANE

Sit down, sit down right here and listen. We were going to make it look like a burglary.

CARLA

Where's mom?

SHANE

Asleep. I called earlier and Uncle Frank said she took a sleeping pill like always and if you just keep your voice down we can get through this. Lance, Lance get her a drink of water

CARLA

I don't want a drink of water.

SHANE

There's some whiskey next to the sink, get a glass.
(Lance goes in the kitchen.)

CARLA

You said when we talked about this-

LANCE

Look, I don't think he's dead. I don't think he's dead, he's not dead in there.

SHANE

You shot him in the head.

CARLA

You shot him in the head and he's not dead?

LANCE

I don't want to shoot him again.

SHANE

Just shoot him.

(Lance returns with a glass of
whiskey.)

LANCE

I can't.

SHANE

Why the hell not?

LANCE

Cause that would be murder man, his eyes are open.

SHANE

Well, he's probably dead by now.

CARLA

Why did you have to do it this weekend? My mother's birthday is next week. Now for the rest of her life she's going to remember that he's dead this week.

SHANE

I thought you were coming home next weekend and I wanted to have it done.

CARLA

Oh my god.

SHANE

Here drink this.

CARLA

I don't want it.

LANCE

I'll drink it.

He does.

CARLA

This is so messed up. Mom is going to wake up in the morning and how is she going to explain that she didn't hear the burglar?

SHANE

Lance is going to tie her up.

CARLA

He's what?

SHANE

When we get all done he's going to tie her up. That way it won't be too traumatic. I figured we'd quietly take stuff, tie her up and then make an anonymous call.

CARLA

An anonymous call?

SHANE

Yeah so the neighbors or someone could find her.

CARLA
Where did you meet this idiot?

LANCE
Hey!

CARLA
Whose scheme is this anyway?

LANCE
I've got a gun.

SHANE
Shut up Lance.

LANCE
You're a sorry bitch, letting us murder your parents.

SHANE
Lance, I said shut up. You're going to wake up my aunt

LANCE
Okay, so when do I get paid.

SHANE
When he's dead, so get in there and-

LANCE
There's a car pulling up.

SHANE
Crap-

CARLA
It's mom! I thought you said she was in bed?

SHANE
She took a pill and she went to bed.

CARLA
Oh my god.

LANCE
Look I'm out of this, I'm totally out.

SHANE
Carla, go back downstairs.

CARLA
What are you going to do?

SHANE
Just talk. Lance, can you go downstairs now?
(Carla and Lance start to exit.
)

CARLA
Don't touch me!

LANCE
Whatever.
(Patty enters.)

PATTY
You're still here?

SHANE
Yeah.

PATTY
You said you'd be done.

SHANE
I am done. I was done. You were supposed to stay in your room.

PATTY
I couldn't stay, how the hell could I stay?

SHANE
How the hell could you leave?

PATTY
He's an asshole, but I didn't want to hear him get shot.

SHANE
You took a pill.

PATTY
I took a pill, they don't always work. Is he...

SHANE
I think so.

PATTY
You think so?

SHANE
Lance says he isn't.

PATTY
Isn't what?

SHANE
Isn't dead.

He isn't dead? PATTY

He's got to be dead. SHANE

Did he shoot him? PATTY

In the head. SHANE

So that's it. PATTY

That's what? SHANE

You don't survive getting shot in the head. PATTY

I don't know, I think this was a bad idea. SHANE

I'll go check. PATTY
(Shane waits. Patty returns.)

He's dead. PATTY

You sure? SHANE

I'm sure he's laid out there, oh... PATTY
(Patty gets weepy.)

Please, don't cry. SHANE

I can't help it, he's dead. PATTY

He was an asshole. SHANE

I know he deserved it. Come here... PATTY
(She waggles her finger.)

Not now. SHANE

PATTY

I want to kiss you, can't I at least...

SHANE

All right.

(They kiss.)

PATTY

That was exciting.

SHANE

Sorry, I'm not exactly in the mood.

PATTY

I heard about this. Two lovers get someone out of the way and then the passion is gone.

SHANE

There's passion, I just don't feel like-
(She makes another pass at him,
he pulls away, shocked.)

SHANE

For God's sake, Frank is in there, Carla is down there-

PATTY

What do you mean, Carla is down there?

SHANE

She came home. She came home. I don't know, she's in her pajamas-

PATTY

Did you see here?

SHANE

Of course I saw her, she's in her pajamas, she came upstairs.
(Lance enters.)

PATTY

You scared me!

LANCE

I've got to go to the bathroom.
(Lance exits to bathroom.)

SHANE

Why don't you...

PATTY

What?

SHANE

Just go to bed. We can still do this. Just stay in there,
we'll rough up the place.

PATTY

I don't want it roughed up.

SHANE

Just break a few things.

PATTY

Like what?

SHANE

I don't know, burglars always break things, they go through
things, they open drawers.

PATTY

You didn't say anything about breaking things. Do you know
how hard I worked on this place?

SHANE

So the insurance will pay for more stuff. You're getting half
a million dollars.

PATTY

I'll get some things from the attic that you can break.
(Lance enters.)

LANCE

There's no toilet paper. I didn't need any but the next
person might.

PATTY

Yeah thanks.

SHANE

Patty's going to bed.

LANCE

Oh good night.

PATTY

Good night.

SHANE

Don't come out again and take another pill.
(Patty kisses Lance and exits.)

LANCE

That's messed up.

SHANE

What, we're not related.

SHANE

I'll tell her she didn't see me. I was hiding. I'll tell her I was hiding.

LANCE

Hiding where?
(Shane points behind the couch.)

SHANE

Over there.

LANCE

I can see you over there. You ever watch those cop shows with the idiots who commit crimes? that's just the kind of knuckleheaded crap they would say.

SHANE

So where was I hiding?

LANCE

I'd say you weren't hiding. I'd say we have to off her.

SHANE

Off her?

LANCE

Yeah or Carla. One of them has to go.

SHANE

I'm- we're not offing anybody!

LANCE

Explain to Carla how her mother came home, sees you and then in the morning finds her husband dead. If she doesn't finger you then clearly she was in on it, how is that going to go over?

SHANE

I could have been in the bathroom.
(The sound of a toilet flushes.)

LANCE

She's going to have to go.

SHANE

Who?

LANCE

I don't know, one of them. Which one loves you more?

SHANE

I'm not-

LANCE
Which one, you want me to choose?

SHANE
Crap!

LANCE
I think it's got to be Carla, she's a bitch anyway.

SHANE
No!

LANCE
If we kill Patty then Carla gets the insurance money. How do you know she's going to share it with you?

SHANE
Because she's in on it, numbskull!

LANCE
She thought it was next weekend!

SHANE
Aiding and abetting, either way I'm not killing either one of them.
(Carla enters.)

CARLA
Psst!

SHANE
What?

CARLA
Where is she?

SHANE
In bed, she's in the bedroom. She's asleep.

CARLA
What did she say?

SHANE
Nothing, she's out of it. I think she was sleep walking or something.

CARLA
What do you mean sleep walking, she was driving.

SHANE
I know, I know, it was weird. She came in, I stood over there, she never looked at me. She kind of floated in.

CARLA

Floated.

SHANE

Yeah, floated. What does she take, what's the name of those pills?

CARLA

Ambien.

SHANE

Ambien. I saw a show on TV. It said they give you amnesia if you drink with them and I'll bet that's what was going on. She'll never even remember she was up, what do you bet?

CARLA

I don't know.

LANCE

I know! I know! The cops will think she did it because she was out driving. That's kind of crazy, isn't it, her husband gets offed and she's driving around in the car.

CARLA

We're going to have to kill her.

SHANE

What?

CARLA

Yeah, we are we're going to have to kill her/ She doesn't have amnesia.

(Frank enters. He's a bit dazed.)

LANCE

Why me?

SHANE

Oh wow.

CARLA

Hi Daddy!

FRANK

Aah...

CARLA

Daddy, do you want something? Do you want a drink or something?

FRANK

It's late.

CARLA
You should be in bed.

FRANK
I need some aspirin.

CARLA
Here, I'll get it for you.
(Carla runs in the kitchen.
Frank sits on the couch.)

FRANK
What are you looking at?

LANCE
Nothing.

FRANK
Who is this jerk?

SHANE
A friend, Uncle Frank.

FRANK
Nobody has a job?

LANCE
Not true, I work at Jiffy Lube.

FRANK
What do you do there?

LANCE
I'm a mechanic.

FRANK
Bullcrap. You change oil. You sell those filters, stick it to
customers. Sixty nine dollars for an oil change. Patty came
home the other day, she spent sixty nine dollars.
(Carla enters with the
aspirin.)

CARLA
Here you go, Daddy.

FRANK
Where are my cigarettes?

CARLA
You quit smoking.

FRANK
What?

CARLA

You did, two years ago.

FRANK

Get off it and get my cigarettes.

LANCE

She's telling the truth, you don't smoke.

FRANK

How the hell do you know?

LANCE

Shane told me. He said not to smoke in the house because it bothers you. I thought that was kind of funny-

FRANK

That's because you're a retard.
(Frank gets up.)

SHANE

Where are you going, Uncle Frank?

FRANK

To get some cigarettes, if it's okay with you.
(Shane and Lance stand up.)

SHANE

I wouldn't.

LANCE

I wouldn't either.

CARLA

It's late, Daddy, it's almost four.

FRANK

What?

CARLA

Four in the morning.

FRANK

Four in the morning, are you kidding me?

CARLA

No, look outside, it's dark.

FRANK

You're right. It's dark. You know, I don't feel so good.

LANCE

Headache, Mr. Levitt?

FRANK

Yeah, headach.

(Frank stretches out on the couch and appears to fall asleep.)

SHANE

Uncle Frank... Uncle Frank...

CARLA

Don't you want to go back to bed, Daddy?

LANCE

I think he's dead.

SHANE

Well, I don't give a crap what you think.

LANCE

Pardon me.

SHANE

He's getting blood on the couch.

LANCE

Oh that's not good.

CARLA

Are you sure he's dead?

LANCE

Don't look at me.

SHANE

You're going to have to shoot him.

LANCE

I'm not shooting him.

SHANE

Just shoot him.

LANCE

Screw you and both your girlfriends, I'm not shooting him.

CARLA

What girlfriends?

SHANE

Nothing, he's just being an jerk.

CARLA

What girlfriends?

LANCE

I don't know, in my family you don't pork your cousin or your aunt.

SHANE

Would you can it?

CARLA

What's he talking about?

SHANE

Nothing.

(Franks starts to sit up. Patty enters.)

FRANK

What the hell are you going on about?

PATTY

Oh my god, Frank-

FRANK

(to Lance)

Who the hell are you?

LANCE

Father Murphy, here to give you last rites.

FRANK

This guy is a retard.

SHANE

I was just stopping by. Haven't seen you in a while.

FRANK

Where's Patty?

PATTY

Here.

FRANK

What the hell have you done to your hair?

PATTY

You need to go back to bed right now.

CARLA

It's late, Daddy, you have to go to work in the morning.

FRANK

I do?

LANCE
Tomorrow's Sunday, just saying.
(Lance goes to the kitchen.)

FRANK
Your hair. You're scaring the hell out of me.

PATTY
It's nothing, Frank, I've done nothing.

FRANK
Jeez you look like an old man.

PATTY
Thank you.

CARLA
How do you feel, Daddy?

FRANK
I feel fine, how do you feel?

CARLA
How's your head?

FRANK
My head's fine. I've got eyes in the back, don't kid yourself. So everybody sit down.

SHANE
We are sitting down.

FRANK
Who's that?

PATTY
That the murderer. He came in here and shot you.

FRANK
Shot me?

SHANE
In the head.

FRANK
You're full of crap.

SHANE
Swear to god. He shot you in the head.

FRANK
How come I'm not dead then, you useless piece of crap.

SHANE
Well, the night's not over.

PATTY
Shane!

SHANE
You're a wife beater and a sadist!

FRANK
I am? Patty did you hear what he called me?

SHANE
She's got bruises, I've seen them.

FRANK
Where?

CARLA
I can't stand you two. I'm going to bed.

PATTY
Go to bed, honey.

CARLA
Good night, Daddy.

SHANE
You been tanning?

CARLA
Yeah.

SHANE
Since when?

CARLA
Since when what?

SHANE
Since when you been tanning?

CARLA
I get sunburned easy and I'm thinking if I go to the beach
this winter I should have a base built up.

(to everyone)
Don't stay up too late,
(Carla exits. Lance enters with
a beer.)

LANCE
Anyone want a beer?

FRANK

I'll have one.

PATTY

You can't drink a beer, you've been shot in the head.

FRANK

I think someone shot you in the head.

SHANE

Now don't start.

FRANK

Doesn't anyone have a job around here? Give me a beer.

Lance gives him a beer.

LANCE

I'm going to have to head out soon. I actually do have a job.

PATTY

Isn't there something you need to do first?

LANCE

Let a man drink his beer.

(Frank slumps on the couch.)

PATTY

Frank... Frank...

(They stare at him a while.)

SHANE

He's dead this time.

PATTY

Frank!

LANCE

Look we just drag him back into bed.

(to Shane)

You put another bullet in his head.

SHANE

I'm not shooting my uncle.

LANCE

He's dead, isn't he? So just shoot him.

SHANE

You shoot him.

LANCE

I already shot him. I'm not shooting a dead man.

SHANE

Then why am I shooting?

LANCE

So he don't come back to life. Look, I've got to be at work in two hours. I've got to get some sleep.

PATTY

Would you get him out of here? He's creeping me out.
(Shane and Lance try to pick him up. It's not easy.)

PATTY

Don't knock that over!
(But they do. A loud crash. As Shane and Lance drag him out of the living room-)

LANCE

It'll look like part of the robbery.
(They disappear and after a moment Carla returns.)

CARLA

What's going on?

PATTY

They're putting daddy to bed.

CARLA

Oh, he all right?

PATTY

We think he's dead.

CARLA

Oh. Oh crap.

PATTY

What's the matter?

CARLA

I don't know, he was so just kind of sweet there for a minute.

PATTY

He could be sweet sometimes.

CARLA

Go, this reminds me of last Thanksgiving.
(Shane and Lance return.)

PATTY

How is he?

SHANE
Dead.

LANCE
This time he's dead.

PATTY
Did you shoot him again?

LANCE
Didn't have to, he crapped the bed.

PATTY
What do you mean, he crapped the bed?

LANCE
I mean, he really did. That's what happens when you die, you crap the bed. That's why they say, crapped the bed.

SHANE
All right, so let's figure this out. Carla, does anyone know you're home from school?

CARLA
You know.

SHANE
I mean, besides me... us.

CARLA
I don't know. I might have said something to my roommate.

SHANE
But like what? You took the bus?

CARLA
Somebody drove me.

SHANE
Somebody drove you?

PATTY
Who drove you, honey?

CARLA
Stevie and Holly.

SHANE
Who are Stevie and Holly?

CARLA
Friends from school. They live over in Lancaster.

SHANE

So all right, let's say you're here.

CARLA

I am here.

SHANE

Let's say you're here and you hear something upstairs.

PATTY

Do I hear anything upstairs?

SHANE

We went over that, you took a sleeping pill.

PATTY

Now I've had two.

SHANE

Would you just listen for a minute? You took two sleeping pills and never heard anything until-
(He looks at the big broken piece in the living room.)

SHANE

Until you heard a crash.

CARLA

Do I hear the crash?

SHANE

I don't know, did you hear the crash?

CARLA

It would wake the dead.

SHANE

Okay, so you hear this crash and you both run out. You run out and you run up and you see this black guy-

CARLA

I'm not going to say black guy, that's a stereotype. I have a lot of black friends at school.

PATTY

You do, honey?

CARLA

Stevie's black.

SHANE

Who's Stevie?

LANCE

Make him Puerto Rican.

CARLA

Aren't you Puerto Rican?

LANCE

I'm from Venezuela.

SHANE

Would you all just listen? You hear a crash, you run up the hall and see this fat guy. Make him fat, that will be believable. Fat guy and he yells something like "motherhumper" and then he's out the door.

LANCE

Motherhumper?

PATTY

When do we do this?

SHANE

As soon as we leave, but soon. They can tell how long its been since someone got shot.

PATTY

How long has it been?

SHANE

I don't know, twenty minutes.

LANCE

We're already screwed.

SHANE

Now what?

LANCE

He drank some beer. They'll do an autopsy and see he had beer after he was shot. Don't you watch Twenty/Twenty?

PATTY

I know! We'll put the beer next to his bed and maybe after he got shot he took a sip. Maybe he was disoriented.

SHANE

(to Lance)

Would you get rid of the beer? Look, this is not that hard. You don't sleep in the same room. You saw the burglar and didn't want to wake him up because he's such an jerk. Maybe he slapped you around last night and he hates to get woken up, that sort of stuff.

PATTY

Look, just go.

LANCE

We going?

SHANE

We're going. You got the gun?

LANCE

The gun- it's on the night stand.
(Lance exits.)

PATTY

Where did you get this guy?

SHANE

Jiffy Lube. You know, you're both a little dark.

PATTY

I'm dark?

SHANE

Yeah you been tanning?

PATTY

Just once. I went with Carla last time.

SHANE

Uh huh. Seems funny. I never knew you to tan before. EWhere
the hell is Lance?

(yelling)

Lance! Lance!

(Lance enters.)

LANCE

Relax I was combing my hair.

SHANE

Let's go. So you know what to do we leave. You call the
police, show them... I know, I know, don't even go in there
to wake Uncle Frank. Just call the police and then when they
arrive-

CARLA

That's pretty stupid.

SHANE

All right, go wake him now, what do I care?

CARLA

He's dead.

SHANE

Crap. I'll call you. No, you call me. Call me with the news.
Actually, call me and leave me a message crying and all that-
(Frank enters with a gun.)

LANCE

Now what?

(Frank shoots Lance. He goes
down. Frank hands the gun to
Shane.)

CARLA

Oh my god... oh my god...

SHANE

Crap!

PATTY

Frank! Frank, what are you doing? Put that down!

FRANK

Crap!

(Shane puts the gun down.)

PATTY

Frank would you sit down?

FRANK

All right, all right, keep your panties on.

CARLA

Daddy, you shot him!

FRANK

Shot who?

CARLA

This guy... this... oh my god...

FRANK

What the hell have you done to your hair?

PATTY

Would you shut up about my hair already?

FRANK

What's your mother up to?

CARLA

Daddy, you shouldn't have gotten out of bed.

FRANK

Doesn't anybody have a job around here?

PATTY

He did.

SHANE

His car is parked three blocks down.

PATTY

Parked where?

SHANE

On Maple.

PATTY

On Maple, that's in front of Joe's Quik stop.

SHANE

Yeah.

PATTY

So they have cameras there.

SHANE

I'm not parked in front of a camera, for Christ's sake do you think I'm stupid?

CARLA

It's okay. He's the burglar. He shot daddy and daddy shot him-

FRANK

He's a burglar-

CARLA

He was burglaring us when you shot him.

FRANK

What'd he take?

PATTY

He broke my lamp.

FRANK

Son of a bitch he broke that!

SHANE

And you shot him.

FRANK

I shot him?

SHANE

Just now.

FRANK

I'll be a son of a bitch.

CARLA

Daddy, you have to go back to bed. We're calling the cops.

FRANK

For what?

PATTY

Because you shot this burglar!

SHANE

And I'm not here.

FRANK

Who are you?

SHANE

Nobody.

FRANK

Patty, who is this guy?

PATTY

There's no one here Frank just us

FRANK

Bill, is that you?

PATTY

Bill's dead. Frank, he died when you were twenty.

FRANK

I'm seeing ghosts. how are you, Bill?

SHANE

I'm fine.

PATTY

Don't answer him.

SHANE

Look, I'm going. Call me later with the message.

CARLA

You're just going to leave the car?

PATTY

What about Frank?

SHANE

I don't know.

PATTY

You don't know? What is this all about then if you don't know?

I'm not-

SHANE

Carla, go to bed.

PATTY

What are you going to do?

CARLA

Nothing, just go to bed. I'll wake you when we call the cops.

PATTY

I think I'm going to be sick.
(Carla runs to the bathroom.)

CARLA

Frank, Bill here is going to put you to bed.

PATTY

I thought he was a ghost.

FRANK

He's still going to do it and-
(Patty gestures to Shane that he should finish him off.)

PATTY

Who's that?

FRANK

That's the guy you shot.

PATTY

Oh, I'm going to bed.
(He takes his gun and stumbles down the hall.)

FRANK

Why do I have so many problems?

PATTY

Look, just get the hell out of here. I'll fix it.

SHANE

You'll fix what?

PATTY

It!

SHANE

Okay!
(Carla enters; she is crying.)

CARLA

Oh my god... oh my god...

SHANE

Look, just we were sleeping we heard the crash-

PATTY

We're all dressed.

SHANE

We got dressed after the shot-

LANCE

Oh god...

SHANE

Crap!

LANCE

Wow what time is it?

CARLA

It's almost five.

LANCE

I've got to stop drinking.

SHANE

Lance, you broke in here.

LANCE

Who the hell are you?

SHANE

Shane, I told you about my uncle's place, his coin collection and you came in to steal it.

LANCE

Where is it?

SHANE

In his bedroom and you shot him.

LANCE

I shot him?

SHANE

But he didn't die right away.

CARLA

He's still not dead. He's brushing his teeth.

PATTY

Would somebody just kill him?

SHANE

Look I'm... I'm leaving. Give me ten minutes and then call the police.

(The sound of a toilet flushes.)

PATTY

You can't leave here until you do it.

SHANE

Look, just forget it. It was stupid anyway. Just... we've got Lance here. Jeez, it's getting light.

CARLA

Daddy's going to have to finish him off. He's going to have to shoot him again. He'll talk.

PATTY

I don't think he's going to make it.

CARLA

(yelling)

Daddy, Daddy come back out here.

FRANK (O.S.)

What?

CARLA

Daddy bring your gun.

FRANK (O.S.)

Why?

CARLA

Cause there's a burglar here!

LANCE

This is messed up, man.

(Frank returns with hair combed.)

FRANK

I think someone shot me look.

He shows them his head.

PATTY

I think it's a bug bite.

FRANK

The hell it is. Hey, ain't that the guy from Jiffy Lube?

CARLA

He came here to kill you, Daddy.

FRANK

What?

CARLA

He came to kill you and rape us.

FRANK

Why, that son of a gun.
(Frank shoots him. Click.)

CARLA

I wish I hadn't come home.

PATTY

I know where the bullets are.
(Patty runs off.)

LANCE

Would somebody help me up here?

FRANK

Oh, for Christ's sake.
(Frank helps him up. They both
fall on the couch. Lance looks
at the ceiling.)

LANCE

You've got some water damage.

FRANK

What?

LANCE

There in the corner. How old is your roof?

FRANK

Twenty years.

LANCE

Yeah, it's coming in. You might file a claim. My brother-in-law is in the business. He can probably get you a grand.

FRANK

A grand?

LANCE

You've got damage there. It won't pay for the roof itself but the sheetrock damage, the paint. There could be mold.

FRANK

Black mold?

LANCE

He sees it all the time.

FRANK

All I have are problems. I'm going to bed.

LANCE

Yeah, I think I will too.

SHANE

The hell with this.

CARLA

What are you saying?

SHANE

I'm going home. He's too mean to die. You're too mean to die,
you son of a bitch!

FRANK

Who is that guy?

SHANE

Nobody. Good night.

(Shane exits. Lance tries to
stand and falls to the floor.)

LANCE

He's screwing your wife.

CARLA

Who's screwing?

LANCE

That guy. He told me.

FRANK

Yeah well, he's not the only one. Give me your hand.

(Frank pulls Lance to his
feet. They struggle down the
hall together. Patty enters.)

PATTY

Where's Shane?

CARLA

He left.

PATTY

Where's-

CARLA

They went to bed.

PATTY

You're joking.

CARLA

Nope.

(Patty sits down with Carla.)

PATTY

This isn't funny.

CARLA

Nope.

(But they laugh.)

PATTY

What time is the appointment?

CARLA

Four o'clock this afternoon. I figured we'd be done with the police by then.

PATTY

I'm thinking, I'll do an all over tan.

CARLA

No bathing suit?

PATTY

What do you think?

CARLA

You've still got the bod.

PATTY

He likes fat women, did you know that?

CARLA

Daddy?

PATTY

I work out three times a week and he likes big butts.

CARLA

You married him.

PATTY

Hindsight.

(They hear a loud crash from the bedroom. Patty loads the gun with bullets.)

PATTY

What are you thinking?

CARLA

I don't know.

PATTY
Probably should check on him.

CARLA
Probably. You want to do it?

PATTY
I'd rather not.

CARLA
Maybe we should just wait.

PATTY
You really want to do that?

CARLA
Well...

PATTY
Want to flip a coin?

CARLA
I don't care.

PATTY
Call it.
(Patty flips a coin.)

CARLA
Heads.
(They look at the coin. Lights
down. The end.)