

IRISH LEFTOVERS

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Dedication

To Ron Glasman

A great friend throughout the years

And the inspiration for the Ron Glasser character in
this play!

Characters

5 males, 3 females, 1 male bit part

Kirby O'Rourke....a Dumb Irish thief

Burt O' Riley...His brainless partner

Mildred Malone....A Saintly Irish mother

Andy Malone....A 32 year old virgin guy

Ron Glasser.....his gay friend age 29

Phyllis Limerick....Andy's Housekeeper

Detective Brooks...a long suffering cop

Blanche Murphy....Andy's Greedy aunt

Patrolman Nance.....bit

Time

The present

Place

A sleepy little town in California called Riverton

The setting

A COMBINATION LIVING ROOM, DINING ROOM AND
KITCHEN

The song "Leftover Dreams" is an integral part of this play. A recording of this song sung that must be played before the first and second act curtain is included with the show's packaging.

No license to perform is issued without the use of this song as indicated,

ACT ONE
SCENE ONE

AT RISE:

1-1

As the curtain opens, We are in ANDY MALONE'S small town living room in Riverton, California in the present day, at about nine o' clock on a Saturday night. Riverton is a sleepy town in the San Gabriel Valley of Southern California. It's summer. Two crooks named KIRBY O' ROURKE and BURT O'REILY break open Andy's front door of his old fashioned, modestly furnished residence with a crowbar. They each hold a flashlight, and a big burlap loot bag, and as soon as they enter tfrom the front door entrance, they each start rummaging the house, going in opposite directions,. They gather up assorted loot throughout the living room. and place that loot into their own burlap sacks.

As they meet in the middle of the living room, they both approach a big Frigidaire brand vertical freezer, which sits painfully obvious in the middle of the living room.

KIRBY

(LOOKING OVER THE FREEZER) What the hell is this?

BURT

(DEADPAN & STUPIDLY) I would guess "Frigidaire".

KIRBY

(EXASPERATED) Not the **brand** name, you idiot!

BURT

(POINTING) It says **right** there, in big bold letters, plain as the nose on my face (A BEAT FOR EMPHASIS AND PERFORMING THE WORD)
"Frigidaire"

(CONTINUED)

KIRBY

Goody. (A BEAT) I don't care what brand it is, idiot!

BURT

Details are important.

KIRBY

Details are the things that I have to live with. You , Burt, are nothing but a detail, and nothing whatsoever important in my life.

BURT

You say that now.

KIRBY

I will say that always. I will say that after I'm dead, and with my luck, you'll still be annoying me.

BURT

Impossible.

KIRBY

If in a miracle, Jesus Christ, Himself, walked across your swimming pool, (A BEAT) you'd be the imbecile draining the water.

BURT

I was making a point here! "Frigidaire" always used to mean a higher class of people. With a higher class of people, that means a higher brand of frozen goods, And a higher brand of frozen goods means better "loot" elsewhere in the house.

KIRBY

You're an idiot. A pure one hundred percent, "Board Of Health" certified idiot. Why in the hell, would a crook care about the brand name of anything? Now if you were smart-- which you ain't, you'd find it a little "bonkers" that we both would find a full size vertical freezer sitting in the middle of a living room in a house we were about to rob!

BURT

Now that you mention it, you're right. That was a superior observation.

(CONTINUED)

KIRBY

A superior observation, huh? I swear, if you were a plate of spaghetti, you wouldn't observe six meatballs sitting on top of you! This freezer sits here for a reason.

BURT

Why does everything have to have a reason with you?

KIRBY

Because everything, you brainless idiot, points to something else.

BURT

(A LIGHT DAWNS) Ah, symbolism!

KIRBY

(RAISING HIS FIST TO BURT) Symbolize this, will you?

(KIRBY opens the freezer and goes through the contents.)

BURT

So whatcha find?

(KIRBY removes and holds up a huge leg of lamb.)

KIRBY (CONT'D)

Leg of lambs-- lots of them. Somebody must be Irish in this house. I don't like Irishmen. They always start fights. And I always lose those fights!

BURT

Well, I love Irish people and I love leg of lamb.

KIRBY

Well good for you! Maybe you are part sheep! If you're not part shamrock.

BURT

Irish people have kind hearts.

KIRBY

Just what a two bit crook like you needs-- a kind heart.

(CONTINUED)

BURT

When he's got a shotgun being pointed at him-- maybe that wouldn't be so bad! I just give them my great "kind eyes look" and that would save me. (A BEAT) Maybe.

KIRBY

I repeat, but don't take this personally. You're an idiot!

BURT

My mother doesn't think so.

KIRBY

Your mother would think you're a saint. So does mine. And we both know just how far off that is!

BURT

Aren't their saints that used to be robbers?

KIRBY

No, stupid, they wouldn't have become saints, if they had been thieves like us.

BURT

I suppose you're right.

KIRBY

Of course, I'm always right.

BURT

Nobody is always right. We wouldn't have to be crooks if either one of us were always right. We could do one great big wonderful job, and then be able to retire for the rest of our lives.

KIRBY

Look, Burt, we don't rob banks, you and I. We're strictly small time.

BURT

Because we're in a small town?

KIRBY

No, dippy, because of a small mind-- yours. And don't forget, we have to walk to get anywhere nowadays: you crashed the only set of wheels we had.

(CONTINUED)

BURT

Wheels aren't everything, Kirby.

KIRBY

Especially the ones that are rolling in your head

BURT

Don't pick on me like that, Kirby. I'm sensitive.

KIRBY

Sensitive? You could step on a nail and you wouldn't feel a damn thing!

BURT

Someday, you'll be sorry for hurting my feelings.

KIRBY

Not in this lifetime.

(KIRBY looks hurt as BURT goes back to look in the freezer.)

KIRBY (CONT'D)

(OPENING THE FREEZER) Let's see here. Frozen Irish Stew. Frozen potatoes.

BURT

Corned beef and cabbage?

KIRBY

Yeah, idiot, they froze the cabbage to make crisp cole slaw.

BURT

So what do I know?

KIRBY

My sentiments exactly. Oh lookie, here! There's something else in this box-- what the hell? Oh, my dearest God.

BURT

You'll not find God in a "Frigidaire." He's strictly an "Amanna" kind of guy!

(CONTINUED)

KIRBY

Shut up, Burt. You know what's in that freezer, pea brain? It's a body. A dead body. For God's sake-- it's a woman's dead frozen body.

BURT

I say let's get the hell out of here.

(BURT and KIRBY hurry towards the front door, dropping their flashlights along the way. They pick them up, and again proceed for the door. As they open the front door, an Irish woman in her 70's is standing there like an banshee might, but not looking like one. This is the GHOST of MILDRED MALONE.

MILDRED

Going someplace, boys? I don't think so!

(BURT and KIRBY scream and go around in circles, and in their terror, they plow into one another, knocking each other out. MILDRED looks very satisfied and "floats" over their bodies, and then she goes over to the big Frigidaire vertical freezer and opens the lid. And now, she addresses her own corpse.

MILDRED (CONT'D)

So here's the reason I can't pass to the other side. I knew my son was Insecure, but this is ridiculous!

ANDY MALONE and his friend RON GLASSER enter the house, coming home from a movie. The two crooks wake and scramble out the open window.

ANDY

What the hell was that?

RON

Don't look now, my friend, you've just been robbed.

(CONTINUED)

ANDY

Robbed? Damn. Damn Damn!

*(From the other room in panic, comes
Andy's maid PHYLLIS LIMERICK)*

PHYLLIS

I'm so glad your home! I heard noises, but I was terrified, I was, to come out of my room.

ANDY

What do I have a cook and a maid for?

PHYLLIS

As a cook and a maid, Mr. Malone, not a German Shepherd.

RON

She's right about that one.

ANDY

(TO RON) Don't help. (TO PHYLLIS) Did you call the cops?

PHYLLIS

There's no telephone in my room, sir.

ANDY

How 'bout a cell phone, Phyllis? This is the twenty-first century.

PHYLLIS

(IN HER THICK IRISH ACCENT) And you know I just don't believe in those things. They're of the devil, they are! Along with all of those computers fast cars, close dancing and (A BEAT) Poker.

RON

Close dancing and Poker: god forbid!

ANDY

Why do I have this feeling that you're really a big conservative Baptist in disguise.

PHYLLIS

(SMUGLY) I have big news for you, Andy Malone, a Baptist doesn't have all the fun that I do.

(CONTINUED)

(PHYLLIS saunters away and ANDY stands there just shaking his head at what she has just said.)

ANDY

Fun? You?

(ANDY and RON together spot the open freezer. They are really concerned about the fact that the lid is actually still open. And as they rush over to it, there is a...

BLACKOUT.

END OF THE
SCENE

Perusal
Only FOR
NOT FOR
PRODUCTION

ACT ONE
SCENE TWO

1-2
AT RISE:

(In the big unit set, we find ourselves in ANDY MALONE'S kitchen the very next morning about eight o'clock. RON is there at the kitchen table, drinking his coffee and having a Danish that ANDY has served him on a IRISH design plate. The cups and saucers match the design of the plate.)

ANDY

I can't believe it. I just can't believe that somebody would actually try to rob us. Especially in dear old Riverton, California.

RON

(DEADPAN) There's no exclusive in stupid crime circles, my friend. A crook don't analyze your zip code, or your potential to provide him what he wants based on just where you live.

ANDY

This is terrible.

RON

Nothing's missing is there?

ANDY

No, Not really.

RON

Well, then, consider yourself lucky!

ANDY

Do you think these crooks saw the body?

RON

Fifty fifty chance, and you ain't the lucky type.

(CONTINUED)

ANDY

If I offer not to press any charges: that would shut them up.

RON

Oh sure. Let somebody go free, and all of a sudden they have no other motivation to go for the reward or the fame for fingering you! (A BEAT)
You've gotta bury that corpse, Andy. Tomorrow, if possible.

ANDY

And then all of my mother's relatives would come out of the closet.

RON

I'm the only one who came out of the closet.

ANDY

And you're still hanging there.

RON

But only on a wooden coat hanger.

ANDY

Goody! Joan Crawford will be thrilled.

RON

As I said: tomorrow. Don't change the subject.

ANDY

I can't do this. I just can't. There's no will. No security for me.

RON

You're still looking for security?

ANDY

You're sleeping with security.

RON

Only on weekends.

ANDY

Oh, I forgot that your man sleeps with one foot on the floor.

RON

Leave my personal life out of this.

(CONTINUED)

ANDY

Then why are you butting into mine? This is really tough for me, Ron
You have no idea how greedy my mother's relatives are.

RON

Sure I do. I've been your best friend since we were kids. Your family is
Crazier than "Meshuganah Soup."

ANDY

You get a thrill being Jewish, don't you?

RON

A thrill?

ANDY

Sure, you've never recovered from that first snip.

RON

Let's get back to what you need to do here.

ANDY

Nothing.

RON

Nothing?

ANDY

Who's going to believe a couple of dumb crooks?

RON

A couple of curious detectives?

ANDY

They've got better things to do. Besides small time crooks like those
guys don't have the brains to pursue anything!

RON

In a big city, maybe. In a small town like little Riverton? - - they got lots
of thinking time between jobs!

ANDY

I can't let her go.

(CONTINUED)

RON

Your mother is dead. Gone. Finito. I think it's time you let go! She couldn't walk into church, if she tried.

ANDY

Oh yeah? (A BEAT) My mother? (A BEAT) She'd try. Trust me. (A BEAT) If nothing else to scare the hell out of Father O' Callahan.

RON

You're only going to make this worse.

ANDY

That's what you say. If I go through all of this burial routine, I will be defending myself forever. My mother didn't leave a will. Aunt Blanche alone will come through this house like Attila The Hun.

RON

And Attila the Hun was brought down by a nose bleed.

ANDY

Okay, you punch her in the nose and we'll wait for good old Irish luck to kick in.

RON

You're crazy.

ANDY

No crazier than you, buster.

RON

What do your brothers say?

ANDY

They don't know.

RON

I see. (A BEAT) And just how long do you think you're going to hold on to that little secret?

ANDY

They don't come around here. Tommy has problems you wouldn't believe, and Phil is the biggest jerk in the history of men.

(CONTINUED)

RON

That's a long history. And I can see, that arguing with you is going nowhere. (A BEAT) Hey, I gotta run to work. I'll see you tonight for dinner.

ANDY

You still do that courier gig?

RON

Yeah, its puts the Irish Stew on the table.

ANDY

You don't eat Irish Stew.

RON

Well, if there was "Jewish Stew" it would put that on the table too. So while I'm at work, don't do anything stupid, will you?

ANDY

Oh I promise. I promise!

(RON finishes up his coffee, and gets up to leave. After he does, Andy brings both coffee cups and saucers to the sink and rinses them both clean. He then puts each cup and saucer and the two teaspoons into the dish rack. In back of him, MILDRED MALONE appears looking a little more solid this time. She addresses him loudly)

MILDRED

Want me to dry?

(ANDY looks wide-eyed frightened. He knows that VOICE.)

ANDY

(NOT TURNING AROUND) This is just my imagination. (A BEAT) Don't panic! (A BEAT) This is just my amazing imagination!

MILDRED

The hell it is.

(CONTINUED)

ANDY

(STILL NOT TURNING AROUND) Say it isn't so.

MILDRED

I'd love to say that, buster, but it would just be a lie!

ANDY

It can't be you.

MILDRED

Sure it is. I would have been here before, but I was over at church, first. You were right, but I didn't get the chance to scare any of the priests.

(ANDY turns around and sees his deceased mother standing there with her white apron with pockets that she wore so often. She is smiling, but she is also very ready to bawl him out over this crazy mess.)

ANDY

Oh, my God.

MILDRED

He said to say "Hello". And Jesus said "he'd better go back to Confession."

ANDY

Back to Confession, huh? (A BEAT) When pigs fly.

MILDRED

Or the devil rings the doorbell, buster.

ANDY

As what? The Fuller Brush Man? I knew it. I just knew it! (A BEAT) So, tel me, ma, how are the saints and apostles these days?

MILDRED

Stop with the smart mouth, mister.

ANDY

I still have your dentures. I could put them down the garbage disposal.

(CONTINUED)

MILDRED

(SMILING) I don't need dentures any more, hot shot!

ANDY

The dentists in heaven have nothing to do?

MILDRED

You have nothing to do down here. (A BEAT) You still unemployed?

ANDY

Isn't everybody?

MILDRED

There's always McDonald's, mister.

ANDY

Why does everyone over fifty always say that to the chronically unemployed (A BEAT) Go get a job! (A BEAT) There's always McDonald's. I have a Masters Degree, in clinical psychology, and you'd like me to apply my educational wisdom to the flipping of a cockamamie hamburger.

MILDRED

It beats doing nothing.

ANDY

No, ma. It doesn't work that way.

MILDRED

Your friend, Michael is working at Disneyland.

ANDY

Have you seen the outfit they've got him walking around in these days? Leotards and Rainbows? Oh, don't worry, nobody will see him, and laugh because "It's a small world, after all. "

MILDRED

So what are you doing with yourself?

ANDY

There's a great big yard. A garage full of history-- yours. Not to mention a house that hasn't had a coat of color since Michelangelo gave up painting.

(CONTINUED)

MILDRED

Well, I'm here now.

ANDY

You're dangerous with a paint brush. Hell, your dangerous with a cheese grater.

MILDRED

You never starved.

ANDY

Oh yeah, yummy Lamb Shanks. Liver and Lima beans (A BEAT) Casserole. If Betty Crocker had been real, I think she would have bribed you to never open her cookbooks, upon pain of death. (A BEAT) Oh, God, this can't be. This just can't be you. It's impossible.

MILDRED

Try again; it's me. It's really me! Without the aches and pains, and the bad feet, but it's still me!

ANDY

Oh, ma. Say it isn't so.

MILDRED

It is, honey boy, face the facts.

ANDY

Why would you want to be here? What about heaven?

MILDRED

What about it?

ANDY

Why aren't you there?

MILDRED

Maybe this is my Purgatory.

ANDY

And maybe, I'm just going nuts.

(CONTINUED)

MILDRED

You were going "screwy Saint Louie" long before I thought of kicking the bucket!

ANDY

This is a bad hangover or I must be dreaming.

MILDRED

You only drink on your birthday and New Years Eve. So you're not drunk. That's one down. What happens if you're not dreaming?

ANDY

Then when I wake up, and realize I'm not, I'm going to do myself in, and jump out the window.

MILDRED

Better go to confession, first.

ANDY

I don't trust priests in the dark-- especially in this day and age.

MILDRED

You don't trust a girl in the dark, so that evens the score.

ANDY

This can't be happening. I saw you die. You died in the same outfit you're wearing now.

MILDRED

Yeah, I ironed it the first chance I got when I arrived. You had given everything else away to the poor.

ANDY

(EXCITED) I wasn't expecting that you'd be needing it anymore! I had to move on.

MILDRED

By moving me out?

ANDY

But you're dead.

(CONTINUED)

MILDRED

Not according to you.

ANDY

You're dead, you're just not buried (A BEAT) Yet.

MILDRED

What are you waiting for? (A BEAT) Grant to come back to his tomb?

ANDY

Everything comes to those who wait.

MILDRED

And where did we borrow that line from?

ANDY

From the front page of your bible.

MILDRED

Yeah, I knew it sounded familiar!. (A BEAT) Look, Andy, this is one hundred percent certified nuts.

ANDY

It's something that I have to do.

MILDRED

Keeping me cramped between the corn beef and the frozen potatoes? Is that what you have to do, Andy?

ANDY

You didn't leave a will.

MILDRED

I'm not much on legal mumbo-jumbo.

ANDY

But like filing your tax return, it's something you have to do.

MILDRED

I can't remember the last time I filled out a cockamamie tax return. I think "Tricky Dick" was screwing the country back then.

ANDY

So what brings you...(A BEAT) back?

(CONTINUED)

MILDRED

Back? I have big news for you, hot shot. If you don't get buried in the Catholic Church ,you don't get in. That means, technically: you've never left!

ANDY

Back up. Back up. You don't get in to where?

MILDRED

Heaven, dear boy. Past the Pearly Gates and Saint Peter! Of course, they're not so pearly any more, with all the hell bound losers, who go clamoring up the spikes of the poor thing. Wannabees. Poor desperate, losers.

ANDY

Wait a minute. Why would that prevent you from....?

MILDRED

A Christian burial is required admission for a Christian woman to get in to Paradise. You feel asleep in catechism ,and missed all of that.

ANDY

Well, maybe I did.

MILDRED

There's no maybe about it!

ANDY

I just can't bury you right now.

MILDRED

Why?

ANDY

Try Aunt Blanche. Afghanistan in a dress. Then there's "Auntie Florence", Cousin Maude and oh yes, let's not forget: Uncle Greedy.

MILDRED

Gregory.

ANDY

Six of one, and half a dozen of another!

(CONTINUED)

MILDRED

But you can't keep me in that freezer forever. That's cold and heartless.

ANDY

Cold? I'll put a big sweater over the damn thing!

MILDRED

You're trying my patience,. (A BEAT) And I'm dead, and should have lots!

ANDY

The weary outside world is a lot colder than that stupid freezer! Besides, I won't live forever. (SINGS) "How do I know, the Bible tells me so." (A BEAT) Somebody will find the body then.

MILDRED

Smart mouth! Thirty- two years old, still a virgin and your selfishness leaves me stuck here on Earth with you?

ANDY

Stuck on Earth with me? Isn't it a little late to start complaining about that now? I was your constant companion, while you lived.

MILDRED

I was your constant companion, because you couldn't find work. No, I take that back. Work couldn't find you, because you were hiding in your bed, sleeping until two o'clock in the afternoon.

ANDY

I was a challenged child.

MILDRED

And returned the favor every day of your life!

ANDY

You're still a pain-in-the-ass.

MILDRED

And now, with no need to sleep. I can even guest star in your dreams!

ANDY

Oh my dearest God. (A BEAT) Don't you have some Purgatory to do?

(CONTINUED)

MILDRED

Purgatory? Me? I confessed so often, in my lifetime, every time I opened the door in that church, every priest in every confessional would open their confessional door and yell out: "Hi, ya, Mildred, what little do we have to report today? "

ANDY

I forgot. You were a saint.

MILDRED

Not according to your father. He doubted everything.

ANDY

If my father could have really walked on water, in the middle of a lake, he'd jump, before he bought the fact that he was really walking on water in the middle of a lake.

MILDRED

That's why he's where he's at.

ANDY

Hasn't he gone to hell yet?

MILDRED

You've blocked the fact, that he got together with a sexy flight attendant two weeks ago. I wasn't even dead yet, and he was "Staying Alive," playing dead with her. She was so damn grateful that he didn't die in her arms, that she was his slave until he was forced to show up for the rosary! (A BEAT) Mine!

ANDY

How do you know?

MILDRED

I've been dead a week, and what I saw from heaven's door would blow you away.

ANDY

How 'bout you go haunt my brothers, instead?

MILDRED

I don't want to haunt anybody. (A BEAT) Listen up, Andy, just bury me, and you'll get rid of me.

(CONTINUED)

ANDY

And what will happen to me, when your dear sister throws me out of here?

MILDRED

And why would she be doing that now?

ANDY

No will. Grab what you can, while you can!

MILDRED

You exaggerate. (A BEAT) Again.

ANDY

Ma, we're talking about the cheapest woman in the universe. She makes Scrooge look like Mary Poppins.

MILDRED

She wouldn't throw blood out the window.

ANDY

First she'd toss the blood, and then she'd drain the water and dispose of that too. (A BEAT) Out the same window as the blood, because she's too cockamamie lazy to walk over to a window that had flowers under it.

MILDRED

That's ridiculous!

ANDY

Without a will stating otherwise, she can "bloody well" do anything she wants. If there was a baby in with the bath water, she'd toss the baby out, and then convince the baby, he should be paying cockamamie rent!

MILDRED

You're the King of Blarney, my son.

ANDY

And she's the Queen of Deceit.

MILDRED

This is your aunt, we're talking about, here.

(CONTINUED)

ANDY

I haven't begun to talk about her like I should.

MILDRED

No respect. You never did.

ANDY

Ma, you forget, you died rich. There's a Rembrandt under your bed, a Van Gogh in the attic, and a Picasso in the closet.

MILDRED

The Picasso's behind the dresser. Ron Glasser's in the closet.

ANDY

He came out.

MILDRED

Did he now? Good for him.

ANDY

Ma, I want you to think long and hard about a word that begins with "G", and ends with "Y". And it's not "goody". It's greedy, and the very root of it grows right in there with your sisters boobs.

MILDRED

Give her a chance.

ANDY

And what if you're wrong?

MILDRED

Allow me to repeat what I've said before. And I usually don't.

ANDY

You, ma, are a synonym for the words "nag," "argue," and "repeat!"

MILDRED

Those three magic words.

ANDY

There's no magic left. The rabbit died twenty minutes before you did.

MILDRED

Get a job?

(CONTINUED)

ANDY

In this economy?

MILDRED

Make that three more words: "Get A Life."

ANDY

Not now. And, that's final.

MILDRED

(MIFFED)

Okay, you asked for it, brother. As long as your running my eternity, I'm gonna be running your life.

ANDY

Is that so?

MILDRED

Guaranteed.

ANDY

Guaranteed, huh?

MILDRED

You could bet the shamrock on it!

ANDY

Not the shamrock, ma.

MILDRED

And the "shillelagh"

ANDY

Oh my, God. Anything but that!

BLACKOUT .END
OF THE SCENE

1-3

ACT ONE

SCENE THREE

AT RISE:

(We are in ANDY'S formal dining room. in the unit set. ANDY has invited FATHER O' CALLOHAN , the pastor of the church to dinner. RON is there also enjoying dinner as well THE TABLE IS SET FOR DINNER VERY FORMALLY set.. O' Callohan is seated enjoying a glass of wine there. On the table are salads on a plate and Ron is enjoying his first big bite of it. MONSIGNOR and ANDY are in discussion and MILDRED who is invisible and looks "ghost like lurks in one corner, and she is really enjoying where this conversation is going.

O'CALLOHAN

It was very sweet of you, Andrew to invite me to dinner. I haven't seen you in church for a long, long time.

ANDY

There's a reason for that.

RON

And I'll bet he's just dying to know what that is.

(ANDY shoots RON a look. If looks could kill, RON would be very, very dead here.)

ANDY

(TO O' CALLOHAN) The Jewish kid doesn't understand the delicacies of our religion.

O' CALLOHAN

I'm not so sure that I understand them, myself. It can be real hell when you take all three vows, me boy.

(CONTINUED)

ANDY

That's cute, father.

RON

That happens a lot with him, Father.

O' CALLOHAN

I'm curious that after the rosary at church, that you had your mother's funeral at a pretty odd cemetery.

ANDY

Odd?

O' CALLOHAN

And as her honorary pallbearer, I want to be telling you that I found that she was terribly light.

RON

Light?

O' CALLOHAN

Like there was no one in there at all

RON

(GULPS) At all?

(MILDRED appears and has a great ghostly laugh here over this one.)

ANDY

Well, you know, she was so sick at the end, that she wasted away to skin and bone.

RON

Bone and skin. Sad.

O' CALLOHAN

And there were none of her sisters in attendance. Aunt Blanche. Auntie Florence.

RON

The disaster twins.

(CONTINUED)

ANDY

No, Ron, they aren't as bad as all of that.

O' CALLOHAN

Definitely not saints.

ANDY

Damn few of us are!

RON

You can say that again.

ANDY

Look, Father, bottom line, my aunts didn't want to contribute to the funeral expenses, and I decided that if they didn't: they weren't welcome!

O CALLOHAN

Forgiveness is a virtue, Andrew.

ANDY

I can't afford virtue. (A BEAT) Even if I've never had any.

O' CALLOHAN

You know that mausoleum was in a very strange place. I've near heard of Saint Titanic.

RON

Saint who?

ANDY

The patron saint of ice.

RON

Ice?

ANDY

I meant disasters.

RON

Sure you did

(CONTINUED)

ANDY

Well you know with the church dumping all of these saints over the years: left and right, right and left (A BEAT) Up and down. Look what they did to Valentine and Saint Christopher.

O' CALLOHAN

I think they put them both on medals.

ANDY

Did they, now?

(At this point, RON wants to die, and MILDRED can hardly contain herself-- which is tough going for a ghost.)

O' CALLOHAN

There were no outside plots?

ANDY

It was what I could afford.

O' CALLOHAN

I see. Even though an outside plot is usually less expensive.

ANDY

But something's bothering me.

RON

When all else fails, we must yield to our conscience.

ANDY

I suppose we do.

O' CALLOHAN

Conscience has nothing to do with it. My question is that burial place...

ANDY

Saint Titanic.

O' CALLOHAN

That's the one. It's not a Christian burial place.

(CONTINUED)

ANDY

Never would have guessed that one. So many statues of angels.'

O' CALLOHAN

Those were cupids.

RON

(TO ANDY) With little slings and arrows aimed at you!

(There is another look from ANDY to RON.

ANDY

I do have a question, Father,

O' CALLOHAN

And what might that be, my boy?

ANDY

Will a saintly mother go to heaven if she's buried at a non...

O' CALLOHAN

No. Baptized Catholics must have a Christian burial.

RON

And if they're saints?

O' CALLOHAN

Purgatory.

ANDY

My mother was the Plenary Indulgence Queen.

O' CALLOHAN

Well, then, maybe she'll come around and haunt you, until you're not so cheap to bury your mother where she should be interred.

ANDY

I'm not cheap.

RON

Just frugal.

(CONTINUED)

ANDY

Ron, please.

O' CALLOHAN

The word is cheap, my boy. Why mince words?

ANDY

Then, I'm just as cheap as the Cardinal.

O' CALLOHAN

Not his excellency.

ANDY

He's not cheap?

O' CALLOHAN

Oh he is, my boy. He's the only cardinal that has all the money he ever earned at his confirmation. (A BEAT) And his first Holy Communion. (A BEAT) And his baptism.

ANDY

Really? I thought all religious were poor.

O' CALLOHAN

I think you're confusing "poor in spirit" with poor in pocketbook.

RON

Andy is poor in both areas. Except when he drinks: then he makes up for both.

O' CALLOHAN

Maybe not. I do a little drinking myself. You'd be amazed at what it doesn't improve.

ANDY

You don't say there, Father O' Callohan!

O' CALLOHAN

I can be blunt honest, when I need to be.

RON

You can say that again.

(CONTINUED)

ANDY

That's pretty blunt.

O' CALLOHAN

No beating around the four leaf clover, dear boy! (A BEAT) But whatever's for dinner smells absolutely wonderful.

ANDY

I'm sure it is.

O' CALLOHAN

I used to watch my waist line, but all that ever happened, was my waist line started watching back.

RON

That's my problem. Only with me, it not only watches back, it laughs like hell, as it does.

(PHYLLIS enters with a tray of LEG OF LAMB and sets it down, RON starts helping himself and passes the tray of food down to the good monsignor.)

ANDY

Ah, Phyllis, what are we having for dinner?

PHYLLIS

Leg of lamb with Irish Stew

(ANDY turns blue. What the hell did she say?)

ANDY

Leg of lamb with what?

PHYLLIS

Irish stew. I was about to clean out that old freezer, when the doorbell rang, and the freezer slammed shut, as I went to answer.

ANDY

It slammed shut?

(CONTINUED)

PHYLLIS

And I never got back to cleaning it out!

ANDY

You didn't?

PHYLLIS

Not at all.

RON

That calls for going back to church.

ANDY

Thanks, Ron.

PHYLLIS

But tomorrow, I'm gonna clear out that great big ugly rump roast that's taking up most of the room in there.

RON

Rump roast?

O' CALLOHAN

Might be a grand idea. Shouldn't keep things too long in a freezer, me boy!

RON

No, not at all.

PHYLLIS

If you'd like, Father, you can come by tomorrow morning, and we can donate what we don't need to the poor!

RON

The poor?

O' CALLOHAN

Oh, grand, grand.

RON

Oh my God!

(CONTINUED)

ANDY

The contents of our freezer to the poor?

(MILDRED really enjoys this one!)

O' CALLOHAN

Your mother would be absolutely delighted that we helped the poor with excess food.

RON

Yeah, she just hated extra poundage around.

(There is another exchange of looks)

ANDY

I really don't think that's a good idea.

O' CALLOHAN

Why not, My son?

ANDY

I'm sure it has mortal sin, just like me.

RON

Mortal Sin?

O' CALLOHAN

You don't say?

ANDY

I do.

RON

If this gets any thicker, we may not have to serve the stew.

O' CALLOHAN

You can't deny the poor, me boy.

RON

It isn't the poor he's worried about!

(MILDRED is really laughing now)

(CONTINUED)

I think I may be sick

ANDY

I wonder why.

RON

(TO RON) Thank you.

ANDY

You're welcome.

RON

Your mother was a true saint.

O' CALLOHAN

Who didn't provide for her kids at the end.

ANDY

And why would you be saying that, me boy?

O' CALLOHAN

She didn't leave a will.

ANDY

That might be a problem.

O' CALLOHAN

Might?

ANDY

But with God's help...

O' CALLOHAN

God has never come across the likes of Blanche Malone.

ANDY

Your mother's sister.

O' CALLOHAN

My mother's thundercloud. (RAISING HIS VOICE) Big, ominous and ready for the mother of all storms. The weather service has never named a hurricane using the name "Blanche".

ANDY

(CONTINUED)

RON

They wouldn't dare.

ANDY

Thank you.

RON

You're welcome, again.

O' CALLOHAN

And you're afraid of her, I take it.

RON

You would be afraid of her, Father.

O' CALLOHAN

I'm not afraid of anyone.

ANDY

The devil in a dress? Oh, yes, you would.

O' CALLOHAN

I think Satan has a bit more things upon his priority list, than to be assuming the identity of a stout Irish woman.

ANDY

That's where he fools you.

O' CALLOHAN

Really?

RON

If the devil were subtle, Father, he wouldn't have been the snake in the Garden of Eden.

O' CALLOHAN

And what, mind you, dear boy, could he have been?

ANDY

A well endowed Roman god.

O' CALLOHAN

There were no Romans then.

(CONTINUED)

ANDY

Yeah, but Italian foreplay was right up his alley.

O' CALLOHAN

(GETTING UP FROM HIS CHAIR) And upon that cheery image, I think I will take my leave,

ANDY

And miss dessert, Father?

O' CALLOHAN

Now, I not be needing any temptation that you might be supplying.

ANDY

You might change your mind,

O' CALLOHAN

I seriously doubt it.

ANDY

Irish bread pudding and a glass of the finest Irish Whiskey?

(This stops the good Monsignor dead in his tracks.)

O' CALLOHAN

That's what your dear mother used to get me with.

ANDY

You've been tempted by my own mother?

O' CALLOHAN

Not in ways your imagination would like to put me.

RON

Because imagination is a wonderful thing.

O' CALLOHAN

Don't help, Mister Ron, I beg of you.

RON

Anything you say, Father.

(CONTINUED)

ANDY

Can I serve you some?

O' CALLOHAN

It wouldn't be the same, as when your mother was alive.

ANDY

And why might that be, good Monsignor.

RON

This I have to hear.

ANDY

Me too.

RON

Why wouldn't it be the same?

O' CALLOHAN

She always gave me another bottle of it, to take home, when we were finished.

ANDY

No wonder she was your favorite parishioner.

O' CALLOHAN

Indeed, she was.

ANDY

She left a case of Irish Whiskey for you. That's the main reason I invited you here, tonight.

O' CALLOHAN

She did?

ANDY

I found it this morning in the basement. A big note written in bright green ink.

O' CALLOHAN

Green ink.?

(CONTINUED)

ANDY

Give this case to the good Monsignor.

O' CALLOHAN

A whole case? (A BEAT) God Bless the Mother Irish.

RON

Let's drink to it.

O' CALLOHAN

As soon as possible.

BLACKOUT.
END OF THE
SCENE

Perusal
Only
NOT FOR
PRODUCTION