

## **JUDGE and MYRTLE MAE**

**MYRTLE.** (*Calling.*) That's right. The stairs at the end of the hall. It goes to the third floor. Go right up. I'll be with you in a minute. (*Crosses to chair L. of table.* **JUDGE OMAR GAFFNEY enters R., an elderly white-haired man. He looks displeased.)**

**JUDGE.** (*Entering and looking around.*) Well, where is she?

**MYRTLE.** Where is who? Whom do you mean, Judge Gaffney? Sit down, won't you?

**JUDGE.** I mean your mother. Where's Veta Louise? (*Crosses in front of chair.*)

**MYRTLE.** Why Judge Gaffney! You know where she is. She took Uncle Elwood out to the sanitorium.

**JUDGE.** I know that. But why was I called at the club with a lot of hysteria? Couldn't even get what she was talking about. Carrying on something fierce. (*Sits chair R. of table.*)

**MYRTLE.** Mother carrying on! What about? (*Crosses down to chair L. of table R.*)

**JUDGE.** I don't know. She was hysterical.

**MYRTLE.** That's strange! She took Uncle Elwood out to the sanitorium. All she had to do was put him in. (*Goes back R., opens door and looks through, calling.*) Did you find it? I'll be right up. (*Waits. Turns to him.*) they found it.

**JUDGE.** Who? Found what? What are you talking about?

**MYRTLE.** When Mother left the house with Uncle Elwood I went over to the real estate office to put the house on the market. And what do you think I found there? (*She sits.*)

**JUDGE.** I'm not a quiz kid.

**MYRTLE.** Well, I found a man there who was looking for an old house just like this to cut up into buffet apartments. He's going through it now.

**JUDGE.** Now see here, Myrtle Mae. This house doesn't belong to you. It belongs to your Uncle Elwood.

**MYRTLE.** But now that Elwood is locked up, Mother controls the property, doesn't she?

**JUDGE.** Where is your mother? Where is Veta Louise?

**MYRTLE.** Judge, she went out to Chumley's Rest to tell them about Harvey and put Uncle Elwood in.

**JUDGE.** Why did she call me at the club when I was in the middle of a game, and scream at me to meet her here about something important?

**MYRTLE.** I don't know. I simply don't know. Have you got the deed to the house?

**JUDGE.** Certainly, it's in my safe. Myrtle, I feel pretty bad about this thing of locking Elwood up.

**MYRTLE.** Mother and I will be able to take a long trip now—out to Pasadena.

**JUDGE.** I always liked that boy. He could have done anything—been anything—made a place for himself in this community.

**MYRTLE.** And all he did was get a big rabbit.

**JUDGE.** He had everything. Brains, personality, friends. Men liked him. Women liked him. I liked him.

**MYRTLE.** Are you telling me that once Uncle Elwood was like other men—that women actually liked him—I mean in that way?

**JUDGE and MYRTLE MAE**

**JUDGE.** Oh, not since he started running around with this big rabbit. But they did once. Once that mail-box of your grandmother's was full of those little blue-scented envelopes for Elwood.

**MYRTLE.** I can't believe it.

**JUDGE.** Of course there was always something different about Elwood.

**MYRTLE.** I don't doubt that.

**JUDGE.** Yes—he was always so calm about any sudden change in plans. I used to admire it. I should have been suspicious. Take your average man looking up and seeing a big white rabbit. He'd do something about it. But not Elwood. He took that calmly, too. And look where it got him!

**MYRTLE.** You don't dream how far overboard he's gone on this rabbit.

**JUDGE.** Oh, yes I do. He's had that rabbit in my office many a time. I'm old but I don't miss much.