

The Bad Shepherd

Written by

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

(NOTE: Change any pronouns/honorifics as you need)

MAMA BEAR: Early 70s. Any ethnicity. Female. Mother of Petey, Gizmo, and Clarabelle. Mother-in-law to Leigh. Smokes a lot, farts a lot, grunts a lot.

LEIGH: 30s. Any ethnicity. Female. Married to Petey. Daughter-in-law to Mama Bear. Sister-in-law to Gizmo and Clarabelle. At a crossroads. Has spent more of her life in Wyoming than anticipated. Containing her rage has become more difficult in recent months.

GIZMO: 40s. Any ethnicity. Male or non-binary. Petey and Clarabelle's older sibling. Child of Mama Bear. Sibling-in-law to Leigh. Can offer anyone a wealth of information that they don't want.

CLARABELLE: Early 20s. Any ethnicity. Female or non-binary. Gizmo and Petey's younger sibling. Child of Mama Bear. Sibling-in-law to Leigh. Teaching herself to be a witch. Behold the barren field in which she plants her fucks.

PETEY: 37. Any ethnicity. Male. Married to Leigh. Son of Mama Bear. Brother of Gizmo and Clarabelle. Doing his best.

FATHER MONTY: 50s. Any ethnicity. Male. Priest at Our Lady of Sacred Arms. One of God's many children. Speaks with an Irish accent.

BELKOV: 30s/40s. Any ethnicity. Any gender. Pastoral associate. Speaks with an Eastern-European accent.

SETTING:

The living room of Petey and Leigh Shepard's apartment, somewhere around Cheyenne, Wyoming.

TIME:

4:30 AM.

*"Know well the condition of your flocks,
and give attention to your herds,
for riches do not last forever;
and does a crown endure to all generations?"*

-Proverbs 27:23-24

SCENE I

The living room of PETEY and LEIGH SHEPARD apartment somewhere around Cheyenne, Wyoming.

The place is modest enough, legitimately enough space for the two of them, but is definitely not where a contented relationship would want to spend the rest of their lives.

Off to one side, there is a kitchen area and doorway leading to a hallway off.

Off to the other, a closed door leading to the master bedroom.

And, of course, somewhere in the background, one closed door leading to the outside world.

Near it, there is a windowsill decorated lovingly with succulents, as well as one jar, sealed with wax and stuffed with various herbs and spices, perhaps some crystals.

We see through the window that it is still dark outside, because it is 4:30 in the morning. The sun won't rise for another two hours or so.

But MAMA BEAR, the only person in the room, is awake, sitting in the good chair. You know the one.

She's just sitting, staring off into space.

She yawns.

She does that gum smacking sound that old people and cows sometimes make.

She then obtains a cigarette, lights it, and proceeds to smoke, still staring into space.

The master bedroom door opens, and LEIGH enters, closing the door behind her quietly.

She also yawns.

LEIGH

Well. Clara is going to lay down. Try and get a little more shut-eye before...everything.

Would be nice if either of us had that luxury, but...

Mama?

Mama.

NOTE: MAMA BEAR prefers grunts as a primary form of communication. Usually just one, but more if needed. Everyone (more or less) has been around long enough to interpret most of them.

Since we haven't, these grunts are translated for us inside the parenthesis.

Any line that is NOT a grunt will not have parenthesis.

MAMA BEAR

(What?)

LEIGH

You know I don't like it when you smoke in the house.

MAMA BEAR

(House? Please, you live in an apartment.)

LEIGH

Yeah, I know.

Well, if you need anything, you know where it is. Leonard should be here soon. Hopefully.

MAMA BEAR

(I don't give a shit.)

LEIGH

Here.

LEIGH crosses to the windowsill and opens the window.

She stares out of it for a moment in contemplation.

LEIGH

I'll tell you, Mama, ten years ago? Even five, hell. I know it sounds cliché, but I would never have imagined being right here.

You think anybody ever plans to spend this much of their life in Wyoming?

MAMA BEAR

(I don't give a shit.)

LEIGH

Yeah. I don't have a good feeling about this either.

This is either gonna go really well or really poorly. And I am not sure which one I...

(The next word is "want," but
she can't say it out loud. She
stops the train of thought)

It has to go well. It has to.

If it doesn't, that means all of this has been a waste.

Don't get me wrong, I'm grateful for everything. I am. I love him. I do.

I don't want to start over again.

I won't.

MAMA BEAR

I don't give a shit.

Beat.

LEIGH

Good talk.

LEIGH breathes, shakes the jitters out.

Psyches herself up.

LEIGH

You can do this.

(Yawning)

Oh, I don't understand where he gets the energy for this.

It's so quiet outside, I want to fall over and die right here.

*GIZMO'S head pops into the window
frame, scaring the absolute shit of out
LEIGH.*

GIZMO

Hey, Leigh!

LEIGH

(Overlapping)

GODDAMN IT!

Don't blaspheme! MAMA BEAR

You okay? Sorry. GIZMO

God, Leonard! LEIGH

Don't call me Leonard. GIZMO

Don't blaspheme! MAMA BEAR
(Overlapping)

Sorry, Mama! LEIGH
(To GIZMO)

What?

Don't call me Leonard. Please. I've told you. I've told you a hundred times. GIZMO

I'm not calling you Gizmo, Leonard. LEIGH

I've been going by it for the last year, Leigh. GIZMO

It's stupid. LEIGH

It's not stupid! GIZMO

Gizmo? Like the Gremlin? LEIGH

Like a guy who tinkers. And works with gears and gizmos. GIZMO

But that's not what people think of first. LEIGH

I know. I'm taking it back. GIZMO

Whatever. Just come inside. LEIGH

I need help carrying stuff. GIZMO

LEIGH
What did you bring?

GIZMO
Coffee. It's 4:30!

LEIGH
We have coffee.

GIZMO
Yeah, but you don't have doughnuts and pastries and stuff. Just come on!

LEIGH
Fine.
(To MAMA BEAR)
Mama, you gonna be all right?

MAMA BEAR
(Uh-huh.)

GIZMO
Hey, mom!

MAMA BEAR says (grunts) nothing.

LEIGH
Where are you parked?

GIZMO
Down the street.

LEIGH
We have a driveway.

GIZMO
Yeah, but...aren't interventions supposed to, like, be a surprise? If he sees my car in the driveway he'll get suspicious.

LEIGH
It's gonna be a surprise whether he sees your car in the driveway or not. Also, it doesn't have to be a surprise, I've done my research.

GIZMO
What's the point of having an intervention if it's not going be a surprise?

LEIGH
The point of an intervention is to help the suffering person, Leonard!

GIZMO
Gizmo!

LEIGH contains her rage.

LEIGH

Let's go.

*LEIGH exits outside through the door as
GIZMO continues.*

GIZMO

Also, I don't want to antagonize, but I'm going to throw out the opinion that googling "Intervention Tips" isn't actually research.

LEIGH

I have done more than that, which is more than you've done. Which is nothing.

GIZMO

Hey, I brought food. Snacks. Fuel. Those are vital supplies.

They have faded away.

MAMA BEAR is alone.

She smokes.

*She does that gum smacking sound that
old people and cows sometimes make.*

She stares into space.

*After a not insignificant silence, she leans
over and lets out a fart.*

It dissipates and becomes one with the air.

*The master bedroom door opens and
CLARABELLE enters, wearing pajama
bottoms/shorts and a black graphic tee
with very NSFW text and/or picture.
Perhaps a sleep mask is still around her
head or neck.*

*She walks wordlessly to the fridge in the
kitchen.*

*She opens the fridge and selects a light
beer from inside.*

She pops open the beer and chugs it down.

All of it.

In one go.

*She crushes the can a little and wipes her
mouth.*

Perhaps a well-earned burp.

She looks at MAMA BEAR, who has watched at least the latter half of the chugging.

Beat.

CLARABELLE reaches into the fridge, grabs another beer, and tosses it to MAMA BEAR, who catches it.

(Thank you, dear.)

MAMA BEAR
(Popping it open)

How much time we got?

CLARABELLE

(I don't know.)

MAMA BEAR

Cool.

CLARABELLE

CLARABELLE grabs one last beer from the fridge and carries it with her back to the master bedroom.

She exits and closes the door, and MAMA BEAR is once again alone.

She drinks.

Smokes.

Lets out another fart.

We hear GIZMO and LEIGH returning, and eventually see them reappear outside the window, holding boxes, bags, and to-go carafes of coffee.

No. I am telling you no.

LEIGH

GIZMO
That's not what I'm saying! I'm just saying an intervention is usually for stuff like drugs or alcoholism. This is going to get a bit weird. We should prepare ourselves for that.

LEIGH
I agree. But that still doesn't mean I'm going to let you handcuff my husband to anything. We're gonna approach this rationally and with the maturity of adults past 30.

GIZMO

Okay. Sure, let's see how far that gets us. I'm just saying. I have them for when we need them.

LEIGH

Okay. That's great. Thank you.

LEIGH tries to open the door, but it is locked.

LEIGH

Oh, damn it.

GIZMO

What?

LEIGH

I don't have my keys. I locked the door.

GIZMO

You locked the door?

LEIGH

I didn't realize it. Force of habit.

GIZMO

Why would you lock the door?

LEIGH

I didn't do it on purpose! It was muscle memory.

GIZMO

Where's your hide-a-key?

LEIGH

We don't have a hide-a-key.

GIZMO

What? Everyone should have a hide-a-key.

LEIGH
(Calling into the house
through the window)

Mama?

GIZMO

Leigh, I could make you a hide-a-key like that. Easy.

LEIGH

Mama?!

MAMA BEAR

(What?!)

GIZMO

Could make it look like whatever you want. Potted plant. Rock. Lawn flamingo.

LEIGH

(Overlapping)

Could you unlock the door for us, please?

(To GIZMO)

Leonard! Shut up.

GIZMO

I'm just saying, this is the exact kind of situation that hide-a-keys are supposed to prevent.

LEIGH

YES! Thank you so much! Can you make it right now?

GIZMO

Well, not *right* now, but--

LEIGH

Then stop helping!

(To MAMA BEAR)

Mama?

MAMA BEAR

(I don't want to fucking get up.)

LEIGH

Please, Mama?

MAMA BEAR

(Why the hell would you lock the door?)

LEIGH

It was muscle memory, Mama. I don't like that I did it either.

GIZMO

Gosh, I hope we're not, like, waking up any of your neighbors right now.

How many of them do you think have hide-a-keys?

LEIGH contains her rage.

CLARABELLE, beer in hand, enters from the master bedroom and crosses to the door.

GIZMO

I wonder what the ratio is these days. People who have hide-a-keys and people who don't. I wonder if there's an untapped market there. Like a small business might really flourish.

CLARABELLE unlocks the door and opens it.

LEIGH strides right in, dumps her cargo on the floor and beelines into the master bedroom, closing the door and exiting.

GIZMO enters, watching the tail end of this along with the others.

From off, the sound of LEIGH rage-screaming into a pillow.

Beat.

GIZMO
Oh, yeah, the neighbors are gonna get pissed.

MAMA BEAR
(I don't give a shit.)

GIZMO
Heya, Sis.

CLARABELLE
Giz.

What's all this?

GIZMO
Snacks. For the--you know.

You want any coffee?

CLARABELLE
No.

GIZMO
Can you help me put all this in the kitchen?

Beat.

CLARABELLE
No.

Beat.

LEIGH enters from the master bedroom.

LEIGH
All right. Sorry about that.

CLARABELLE turns and crosses back to the master bedroom.

LEIGH
(Passing CLARABELLE)

Thank you, Clara. Hey, don't fall asleep, all right? He should be here soon.

CLARABELLE maybe gives a thumbs up but wordlessly exits into the master bedroom and closes the door.

LEIGH
Don't worry. We'll finish setting up.

GIZMO
Nice to see she still doesn't help with jack shit.

LEIGH
Bigger problems, Leonard.

GIZMO
Gizmo! Please.

LEIGH picks her cargo back up from the floor.

Over the following, she and GIZMO unpack everything in the kitchen, setting up a neat and tidy DIY array of coffee and pastry selection for the impending "festivities."

LEIGH
This is a lot of stuff.

GIZMO
Yeah, it is. I take care of y'all.

LEIGH
I didn't realize the shop was open this early.

GIZMO
Oh. We're not. This is all from last night.

LEIGH
What?

GIZMO
Yeah, we're technically supposed to throw everything away at the end of the night? Cause, like, food hazards or whatever? But that's just wasteful. We should be giving this stuff to the homeless, it's still perfectly good.

LEIGH
(Pulling out one particularly
bad-looking pastry)

This one has mold on it.

GIZMO

Really?

LEIGH

What else is that?

GIZMO

Could be relish.

LEIGH

What? It's mold.

GIZMO

Okay, then we won't eat *that* one. Trust me, it's still perfectly good. A little mold never hurt anyone.

LEIGH

Right. I suppose this coffee isn't fresh, then, either.

GIZMO

We were going to throw it away! Now it's nourishing people! Corporate America just doesn't want you doing good deeds.

MAMA BEAR

(???)

Beat.

GIZMO

I didn't get that one, did you?

LEIGH

No.

GIZMO

Okay.

Ummmm, plates.

(Opening a cabinet, then
startling back in surprise
after seeing inside)

JESUS, GOD!

MAMA BEAR

Don't blaspheme!

GIZMO

What is Shitters doing in the cabinet?

LEIGH

Oh, yeah. Just leave him. He likes it in there.

GIZMO

He does?

MAMA BEAR

Don't mess with Shitters. He likes it in there.

GIZMO

Oh my god, he looks...dying.

MAMA BEAR

Don't blaspheme!

GIZMO

Is he dying? He looks like he's dying.

LEIGH

He just has pink eye.

GIZMO

Cats can't get pink eye.

LEIGH

Yes, they can.

GIZMO

Really?

LEIGH

Yes.

GIZMO

No, they can't.

MAMA BEAR

He has pink eye!

GIZMO

Can they give us pink eye?

LEIGH

No.

GIZMO

Are you sure?

LEIGH

Yes. It's different bacteria. It's fine. Just shut the door.

GIZMO

But we need plates. He's on the plates.

LEIGH

Then we'll use napkins, just shut the door. This is supposed to be the easy part.

GIZMO

Can he breathe in there? Like, does he have air?

LEIGH

(Closing the cabinet)

He's been fine so far. Bigger problems. You want coffee?

GIZMO

Yes. Thank you. Black.

LEIGH rolls her eyes a little bit and goes to pour GIZMO (and herself) some coffee.

GIZMO

Did you just roll your eyes?

LEIGH

No.

GIZMO

You totally did.

LEIGH

I totally didn't.

GIZMO

Sugar is addictive, Leigh. It is a problem. Black coffee? No sugar, the nutrients aren't diluted. It helps you poop.

LEIGH

All coffee helps you poop.

GIZMO

But is your poop healthy? What you do take, like, two creams and two sugars? That's too much.

LEIGH

Okay. Gizmo? I am your sister-in-law. I say this with love. And with no ill will in my heart.

Shut the fuck up.

GIZMO

I'm just saying.

LEIGH

(Handing him a cup of cold black coffee)

Here.

GIZMO

I'll get you. One day, you'll see what I'm talking about.

LEIGH

Mama? You want any cold coffee?

MAMA BEAR

(No.)

Beat.

LEIGH

Where'd you get that beer, Mom?

MAMA BEAR

(Fridge.)

LEIGH

You know you shouldn't be drinking that. With your heart the way it is.

MAMA BEAR

(I don't give a shit.)

GIZMO has pulled out a vape.

GIZMO

(Literally vaping)

No, she has a point, Mom.

You really shouldn't be smoking either, it's just gonna kill you faster.

MAMA BEAR

(I'll outlive you.)

LEIGH

(Overlapping, to GIZMO)

Uh-uh, no. Not in the house.

GIZMO

What?

LEIGH

First of all, if you're gonna smoke, smoke. Don't pussyfoot around it with that rectangle. Second, not in the house!

GIZMO

You let Mom do it!

LEIGH

Because I can't make her move! Go play lookout or something.

GIZMO

Lookout? Okay. All right. I see where you're going.

Should we come up with like a signal or something--

LEIGH

Just go.

GIZMO

Okay, well, I'll think of something.

GIZMO exits outside the main door and stands outside the window.

GIZMO

(Through the window)

I will say, though, with regard to vaping, it is scientifically proven that it is, in fact--

LEIGH shuts the window.

GIZMO is offended, but doesn't pursue the conversation.

LEIGH sits.

Drinks her cold coffee.

It is terrible.

She can't sit still.

She gets up and paces.

LEIGH

Is this a bad idea? I mean, am I making a huge mistake?

Or is doing nothing the huge mistake? We haven't even started. I already feel like...

It feels like the room is spinning and my mind is going along with it and my body is trying to dig into itself to stay stationary and it hurts.

MAMA BEAR

(You're just anxious.)

LEIGH

Am I having a panic attack?

MAMA BEAR

You're just anxious.

LEIGH

My chest hurts.

MAMA BEAR

Hey. Look at me.

It's just anxiety.

Breathe.

Don't close your eyes. Look at me.

Breathe.

In and out.

Beat.

For however long LEIGH needs.

It passes.

LEIGH

I'm okay.

MAMA BEAR

You're okay.

Drink water. Not coffee.

LEIGH

Good idea.

LEIGH crosses to the kitchen, pours a glass of water about halfway up, and drinks it.

LEIGH

Thank you.

MAMA BEAR

You wanna call it off?

LEIGH considers.

She really considers.

What would that mean?

*But before she verbalizes anything,
GIZMO starts knocking on the window.*

Quickly.

And consistently.

He does not stop.

LEIGH crosses and opens the window.

What?!
LEIGH

I couldn't think of a signal! He's here!
GIZMO

What?
LEIGH

He just pulled up. He's getting out of the car.
GIZMO

Gizmo?
PETEY (O.S.)

He's right here.
GIZMO

PETEY appears in the window, dressed in a work jumpsuit or some attire for a midnight excursion that involves moderate physical activity.

Leigh?
PETEY

Hey, baby.
LEIGH

What's--going on?
PETEY

Want some coffee?
GIZMO

No? Maybe? What's going on? Why are you here? Why are you awake?
PETEY

(Here we go.)
MAMA BEAR

Was that Mom?
PETEY

Why don't we all just come inside? Have some coffee.
LEIGH

Uh, this isn't what it looks like.
PETEY

Sure, baby. LEIGH

I'm...having an affair! PETEY

Yeah? LEIGH

...No. I don't why I said that. Haha. PETEY

What's going on? PETEY

Ohhhhhh god, this is a bad start. GIZMO

Don't blaspheme! MAMA BEAR

That was definitely Mom. Is everyone here? PETEY

Are you guys interventioning me?

Beat.

No. GIZMO

Beat.

Get him! GIZMO

GIZMO grabs PETEY, who struggles.

Chaos ensues.

What?! No! LEIGH

Get off of me! PETEY

I got him! GIZMO

No! Don't! Let him go! LEIGH

I won't let him go! GIZMO

No, LET him go!

LEIGH

Let me go, man!

PETEY

But he'll escape!

GIZMO

You're making everything worse!

LEIGH

Open the door!

GIZMO

Get off, Giz!

PETEY

Let's all just come inside!

LEIGH
(Opening the door)

*PETEY escapes GIZMO'S grasp and socks
him one.*

PETEY runs off.

Oh, shit, he's running!

GIZMO

GIZMO runs off after him.

*Off, the sound (and perhaps some ad-libs)
of GIZMO tackling PETEY.*

LEIGH contains her shame.

This is for your own good, little brother!

GIZMO (O.S.)

What the hell are you doing?

PETEY (O.S.)

YOU'RE GOING TO WAKE THE NEIGHBORS! JUST ACCEPT THIS!

GIZMO (O.S.)

Get off of me! OW!

PETEY (O.S.)

WHAT THE FUCK?!

Everything's going to be fine!

GIZMO (O.S.)

What the fuck did you just do?!
PETEY (O.S.)

After a moment, GIZMO returns in the window frame, pushing PETEY, who is now handcuffed behind his back, (GIZMO went WAY too hard).

Oh, my--
LEIGH

What the fuck, Gizmo? What is this?
PETEY

*GIZMO and PETEY enter the house.
LEIGH separates the two and slaps GIZMO.*

OW! What the hell?
GIZMO

"What the hell?" What the fuck?! I told you no! Uncuff him right now!
LEIGH

He'll run!
GIZMO

No. I won't.
PETEY

Oh, sure you won't. You just did!
GIZMO

NOW!
LEIGH

Okay! Jesus.
GIZMO

I said stop fucking blaspheming!
MAMA BEAR

Beat.

Sorry, Mom.
GIZMO

Right now, Leonard! You're lucky I don't beat the shit out of you.
LEIGH

Okay! Okay. I'm sorry.
GIZMO

GIZMO reaches into his pocket for the key.

He makes the wide-eyed, "oh, shit" face.

He checks another pocket.

Nope.

Uh-oh.

Leigh is not going to be happy about this.

LEIGH
(Having seen all this, murder
in her throat)

Don't you dare.

GIZMO

Uhhhm.

LEIGH

You son of a bitch.

GIZMO

Here's the thing.

LEIGH

Do you not have the key?

GIZMO

I do have the key. It is just...not on my person.

LEIGH

Where is it?

GIZMO

One of several possible places, actually. But I definitely know where it is.

LEIGH

Go get it.

GIZMO

Totally.

Are you sure you want me to do that right now? Because if we're about to--

LEIGH

GO GET IT!

GIZMO turns tail and exits, passing the window.

LEIGH contains her rage.

But neither her nor PETEY really know what to say.

After a couple failed attempts, LEIGH comes out with:

Coffee? LEIGH

Uh, sure. PETEY

LEIGH crosses to pour PETEY some coffee.

PETEY goes and sits.

Hey, Mom. PETEY

(Son.) MAMA BEAR

Usual? LEIGH

Yes. Please. PETEY

It's cold. I'm sorry. LEIGH

That's okay. PETEY

Sorry I ran just now.

That's okay. LEIGH

Sorry your brother...I told him not to.

That's okay. Well, no, it's not. PETEY

No, it's not. LEIGH

Any pastries?

No, thank you. PETEY

LEIGH crosses to PETEY and lets him drink from the coffee.

It is terrible.

Oh! PETEY

Yeah. LEIGH

LEIGH sits next to PETEY.

Beat.

LEIGH
Look, this wasn't how this was supposed to go. At all.

PETEY
How was it supposed to go?

LEIGH
Well. You were gonna make it inside before getting jumped and handcuffed.
You weren't supposed to get handcuffed at all.

PETEY
Right.

LEIGH
And I--didn't think you were gonna run.

PETEY
Yeah.

I think I just did that 'cause of Gizmo?

LEIGH
Yeah?

PETEY
Yeah.

LEIGH
I'd like to hope so.

Because if that's not the case, then that means...

It's even worse.

PETEY
Yeah.

I...

LEIGH
Have a problem.

PETEY
I can control it.

LEIGH
I don't think you can, baby. You keep doing it.

PETEY
It's just a hobby. We make some extra money selling it. It's like a second job. It's moonlighting.

LEIGH
Honey, no. It isn't.

PETEY
Where's the harm in it? That's all I'm asking.

LEIGH
Where's the harm? You're falling asleep at work. At dinner. At home. Baby, your quality of life is skyrocketing down. You're obsessed. And you're bringing all of us with you.

And you told me you had stopped.

PETEY
Okay, I did lie. About that. I am sorry. Truly.

But--

LEIGH
Peter. No. You gotta stop.

Beat.

PETEY
I don't--if I'm falling asleep, I can adjust my schedule. I could shift to part-time, I could--

LEIGH
That is not the solution here.

PETEY
I like it! It--sparks joy! For me. It feels nice. Where's the harm in it?

MAMA BEAR
Son. You're sneaking out in the middle of the night to shave sheep. That aren't yours. It's just weird. It's really weird.

If you wanna shave sheep so bad, just get your own.

LEIGH

Well, hang on, that may not--be the solution, either.

PETEY

We can't afford sheep. I've looked. They're cheap enough, but we'd have to move farther out. We don't have the land to raise them.

(To LEIGH)

And you wanted to stay near the city.

LEIGH

Are you saying this is my fault?

PETEY

No! Am I?

MAMA BEAR

(Sounds like it.)

PETEY

I don't think that's what I'm saying.

LEIGH

You're making it sound like it's my fault that we didn't get a place farther out. And that that's the reason you haven't bought sheep yourself. So you satisfy your need to shave sheep by justifying it's somehow normal to sneak out in the middle of the night to shave other people's sheep! And it's not normal, Peter! It's not weird, it's fucking weird! It's fucking weird enough you like shaving sheep! Much less shaving other people's sheep behind their back! I've tried to be okay with it and be gracious and understand it, but I don't! Is it a sexual thing? What is it? Because I can't take it anymore! I am losing my goddamn mind!

MAMA BEAR

Don't blaspheme!

LEIGH

(Overlapping)

I will goddamn fucking blaspheme, Mama! This is worth blasphemy!

I can't do this anymore, Peter. I can't be...

I can't be married to a man who is more obsessed with shaving sheep than his wife.

Beat.

PETEY is hurt.

LEIGH is hurting.

PETEY

I'm not--

...

...

It's not a sex thing.

(Genuinely)

It's not a sex thing.

Beat.

Off, inside the master bedroom, sounds of (rather intense) porn suddenly begin.

The sounds seep through the door.

Everyone is taken aback for a moment by the interruption.

The sounds continue.

PETEY

Is that--?

LEIGH

Yeah.

Clara's in our room.

PETEY

It sounds like she's--

LEIGH

Yeah.

On our bed.

Beat.

MAMA BEAR

She masturbating?

LEIGH stands and crosses to the master bedroom door.

She knocks on it.

LEIGH

Clara! We can hear you.

Beat.

The volume of the sounds increases.

LEIGH gives up.

Beat.

LEIGH

Okay!

Let's do a reset.

Let's do a reset. Does that sound good? Is that okay? A lot's happened in the past ten minutes. Let's just take a step back, breathe. We'll wait 'til Clara's done fucking herself. When Gizmo gets back, he'll let you out of the handcuffs. And we can all start over.

Does that sound good?

PETEY

Yeah.

Yeah, that sounds great.

LEIGH

Mom?

MAMA BEAR

I don't give a shit.

LEIGH

Great.

We're all in agreement.

Lights fade.

The porn sounds probably continue during the transition.

SCENE II

Eventually, the porn sounds (and CLARA?) finish.

Lights rise.

The scene is the same. Some time has passed. Maybe about twenty minutes or so. Not much, but perhaps more than everybody would have liked.

PETEY is still handcuffed.

MAMA BEAR is still in the good chair.

CLARABELLE is sitting on the kitchen counter with the pastries, drinking another beer.

LEIGH is pacing, speaking to GIZMO on her phone.

She has placed him on speakerphone.

LEIGH

I'm just asking for an estimate. That's all I want. A number.

GIZMO (V.O.)

It's a little complicated to give you just a number.

LEIGH

It shouldn't be.

GIZMO (V.O.)

Since it wasn't in the car or my dresser, I swore that Meadow still had it. So that would be only like ten minutes from her place. But I'm here now, and she says she doesn't have it, so it might be more than ten minutes.

LEIGH

So just say that.

GIZMO (V.O.)

(To MEADOW, presumably)

What's that?

LEIGH

I said just--

GIZMO (V.O.)

(To LEIGH)

No, sorry, Leigh. I was talking to Meadow.

(To MEADOW)

What's that?

(To LEIGH)

Yeah, she said she doesn't have it.

Wait, hang on.

(To MEADOW)

What?

Oh, shit. Really?

LEIGH

What?

GIZMO (V.O.)
(To LEIGH)

Uhhhh. Hang on.

Beat.

GIZMO (V.O.)

Okay. Uhhh.

LEIGH

What?

GIZMO (V.O.)

You're not gonna like this.

LEIGH

Just say it.

GIZMO (V.O.)

So, she did have the key. The reason she doesn't have it now is because she's 77% certain that Tyrone ate it.

LEIGH

Who the fuck is Tyrone?

GIZMO (V.O.)

Uh, yeah, that's--

Her iguana.

LEIGH is too perplexed and angry to form words.

GIZMO (V.O.)

Leigh?

Leigh, did you get that?

Leigh?

PETEY

Uh, hey, yeah. We got it, Giz.

Just, um--do what you can. As quick as you can.

GIZMO (V.O.)

Okay. Um. Yeah, it might take more than ten minutes because I'm not really sure how to get a key out of a--

LEIGH hangs up the phone.

Beat.

PETEY
You all right, honey?

LEIGH
I may murder your brother.

PETEY
That's understandable.

CLARABELLE
I can burn some sage if you'd like, Leigh.

LEIGH
Thank you, Clara. It's fine.

CLARABELLE
You seem a little stressed.

LEIGH
I'm fine.

Beat.

CLARABELLE
Okay, I did feel a little bit of subtext there. You don't really seem fine.

LEIGH
I'm as fine as I can be under the circumstances. I'm trying to keep this family together. You're talking about waving around yet more smoke through the room? How is that going to help?

CLARABELLE
Burning sage cleanses a room. Relaxes the sources of stress. Takes away any negative energies.

LEIGH
I already let you put your jar on the windowsill. Doesn't seem to be working.

CLARABELLE
So, again, that's actually a protection jar. It's not a stress relief, it's meant to protect the home from outside forces or evil intent.

LEIGH
Right. Remind me how long you've been doing the witch thing?

CLARABELLE
About three months.

LEIGH
And you would consider yourself an expert?

I never said that.

CLARABELLE

I would consider you an asshole.

Likewise.

LEIGH

Hey, let's relax. It's no--

PETEY

Shut up, Petey.

CLARABELLE/LEIGH

Okay.

PETEY

Beat.

I was just offering.

CLARABELLE

Thank you, Clara. No.

LEIGH

Suit yourself.

CLARABELLE

So what is the plan, then?

Beat.

Baby, if you're okay moving forward...in handcuffs, I have prepared a letter that I would like to share with you. We all have.

LEIGH

Yeah. That's fine.

PETEY

All right.

LEIGH

(Taking out a folded piece of
paper from her pocket,
reading)

"Peter.

You know that I love you. You are my world. You light the fire that warms my soul. Which is why it breaks me to see your...enjoyment of shaving sheep becoming such an obsession. It's taking over your every thought. It's--

A knock at the door interrupts LEIGH.

Beat.

There's no way that's him. LEIGH

No. PETEY

No. CLARABELLE

*LEIGH crosses and opens the door,
revealing FATHER MONTY and BELKOV
in the doorway.*

Hello, Leigh. FATHER MONTY

Father? What a surprise. What are you doing here? LEIGH

I'm here to help with Peter's intervention. FATHER MONTY

You are? PETEY

You are? LEIGH

Yes, I--? I'm sorry, it is this morning, right? The 14th? FATHER MONTY

Yes. No, um, I'm sorry, we just weren't expecting you. LEIGH

You weren't? FATHER MONTY

I see. My apologies, Mrs. Shepard extended the invitation and asked for me to attend. It seems she did not share that information. With anyone else.

(Didn't feel like it.) MAMA BEAR

I can leave if you would like. I don't wish to intrude if I wasn't expected. I understand. FATHER MONTY

No, that's--that's fine. LEIGH

(To the room)
Is that okay with everyone else?

No one objects.

LEIGH

Please come in, Father. We could actually probably use your help, we got off to a bit of a rocky start.

FATHER MONTY

Well, worry not. I brought my handcuffs.

What?

That was just a joke.

(Finally noticing PETEY off
the energy in the room)

Good gracious, you're not supposed to actually handcuff anyone!

LEIGH

Yeah, it's a bit of a long story.

FATHER MONTY

Let him out!

LEIGH

We don't have the key.

Beat.

FATHER MONTY

What on earth has been going on here?

LEIGH

I didn't mean for this to happen. Leonard took it upon--

FATHER MONTY

Leonard? Say no more.

(To BELKOV)

Belkov, fetch the bolt cutters from the back of the truck.

BELKOV nods and exits.

FATHER MONTY

You sit tight, Peter, we'll be having you out in a moment.

PETEY

Uh, thank you, Father.

LEIGH

Yes, thank you.

FATHER MONTY

Perhaps it is a good thing I'm here.

(To MAMA BEAR)

Mrs. Shepard.

(Welcome, Father.) MAMA BEAR

Clarabelle. FATHER MONTY

Father. CLARABELLE

We've missed seeing you at Mass. FATHER MONTY

Yep. CLARABELLE

Beat.

BELKOV re-enters with a pair of bolt cutters and crosses to PETEY.

FATHER MONTY
You all remember Belkov, my associate.

Hello. BELKOV

I don't know if we've met, actually. LEIGH

I am pastoral associate. BELKOV

I am new.

Right. LEIGH

BELKOV cuts the chain of PETEY'S handcuffs, freeing his arms.

PETEY
Ah! Thank you, Belkov. That's much better.

BELKOV
You are welcome, Peter.

BELKOV thunks the bolt cutters down on some counter or table or piece of furniture.

Beat.

LEIGH

Father would you or--Belkov like any coffee? Or pastries?

FATHER MONTY

That would be lovely, thank you. You stay there, I can take care of us. Kitchen?

LEIGH

Yes.

*FATHER MONTY crosses to the kitchen to
prepare desired coffee and snacks.
CLARABELLE moves out of his way.*

Or maybe she doesn't.

FATHER MONTY

Catch me up to speed, what have we missed? Aside from Leonard making everything worse, I presume.

LEIGH

Yes, um...we were just sharing some personal letters.

FATHER MONTY

Wonderful. I think that's a much better start. Please, don't let me stop you.

LEIGH

Right. Um...

(Reading again from her paper)

"Peter.

You know that I love you. You are my world. You light the fire that warms my soul. Which is why it breaks me to see your enjoyment of shaving sheep becoming such an obsession. It's taking over your every thought. It's--

*FATHER MONTY opens the cabinet with
Shitters inside and screams.*

Everybody stops and looks.

*FATHER MONTY clutches his heart,
unable to really speak.*

Beat.

BELKOV

Why is there cat in cabinet?

LEIGH

Oh, Shitters.

BELKOV

Shitters?

LEIGH

Sorry, Father Monty, just leave him, he likes it in there.

Are you all right?

FATHER MONTY

Fine.

I'm fine, yes. Just a shock to the system. Not a place you would ever expect to suddenly be finding a cat.

PETEY

Yeah, he's always been a little oddball.

Perhaps meowing from the cabinet.

CLARABELLE

Always has liked it in there.

FATHER MONTY

Are you sure he's all right?

LEIGH

He's fine.

FATHER MONTY

He does not look well.

CLARABELLE

He just has pink eye.

FATHER MONTY

Cats can't get pink eye.

BELKOV

Yes, they can.

LEIGH

Just leave him. He'll be fine.

FATHER MONTY acquiesces.

FATHER MONTY

All right. Sorry to interrupt. Please continue, Leigh.

FATHER MONTY hands BELKOV a coffee, and they both take a sip as LEIGH begins to read from her paper for a third time.

It is terrible.

The coffee, at least.

LEIGH

(Reading yet again)

Peter. You know that I love you. You are my world. You light the fire that warms my soul. Which is why it breaks me to see your enjoyment of shaving sheep becoming such an obsession. It's taking over your every thought. It's--

LEIGH stops.

Beat.

LEIGH

I can't do this.

I'm sorry. I can't do this.

She turns and exits into the master bedroom.

Beat.

PETEY

Well, that's probably not good.

BELKOV

Neither is coffee.

Beat.

The door suddenly opens and LEIGH re-enters, mid-thought.

LEIGH

I mean, just think about it for a second. Right? Any young girl fantasizing about her future husband, what part of this enters her head? At any point? Who pictures one day being awake at 5:30 in the morning surrounded by the entire immediate family and members of the church because the man she chose to give her love to can't stop shaving sheep?! No girl grows up thinking that sheep will one day be this big of a problem in her life!

I love you, Peter. I do. I love you so goddamn much. And I am terrified that I have been lying to myself for years because I am too scared to be on my own.

I put up with your mother. I put up with your brother. I think Clara and I literally hate each other.

CLARABELLE

"Hate" is a strong word, but it's definitely in that realm.

LEIGH

Thank you, Clara!

But family's weird! I get it! I push on. There are cats in the cabinets? Whatever! That's no biggie. Clara's decided she's a witch? Okay! Leonard brought pot brownies to the

school bake sale? It's amazing that only happened once! LIFE IS NOT SUPPOSED TO BE THIS GODDAMN WEIRD!

I can't move forward like this anymore.

I don't want to be alone. I don't want to leave you. But Peter, this sheep shit is bringing me to that precipice. And I hate you for it and I hate me for not doing enough to stop it.

I mean, am I the asshole here? Have I driven you to this? Have I--?

LEIGH is spent, out of words.

Beat.

FATHER MONTY

There's a verse that brings me comfort in times of trials.

LEIGH

Oh, fuck off, Father.

LEIGH exits into the master bedroom.

Beat.

PETEY does the "should I go after her?" dance.

"I'm not sure."

"No, I should."

PETEY exits into the master bedroom.

Silence.

BELKOV

This is the worst coffee I have had in life.

Truly terrible.

CLARABELLE

Want a beer?

BELKOV

Thank you, no. I prefer vodka.

CLARABELLE

What about weed?

FATHER MONTY clears his throat.

CLARABELLE

Oh, sorry, did you want some, too, Father?

FATHER MONTY

I think it, perhaps, might be best if we leave Peter and Leigh alone for a moment. Let them have a little privacy for a few minutes.

CLARABELLE

I didn't hear a yes or no.

FATHER MONTY

No, I think it would not be the best idea to use any mind-altering substances or any that might cloud our judgment while our friends or family are in need.

CLARABELLE

Suit yourself.

Beat.

CLARABELLE

Belkov, right?

BELKOV

Da.

CLARABELLE

You said you're new?

BELKOV

Da. Yes.

CLARABELLE

Where are you from?

Beat.

BELKOV

Portland.

CLARABELLE

Right on.

Beat.

BELKOV

Please excuse me. I must shit.

Where is shit room?

CLARABELLE

(Pointing)

It's down the hall there. Second door on the left.

BELKOV

Thank you.

The Bad Shepherd, Daniel Prillaman, 41.

BELKOV exits down the hall.

Beat.

FATHER MONTY

His parents lived in Belarus. Before moving to America. You know accents. Sometimes they just never go away.

CLARABELLE

I didn't say anything.

Beat.

CLARABELLE gets up and exits down the hall.

FATHER MONTY is alone with MAMA BEAR, who has really not actually moved in a while.

FATHER MONTY

Well, Mrs. Shepard, I can't imagine this morning has been easy for anyone. I do thank you again for inviting me here. It is good to be abreast of the situation. However it winds up proceeding.

I, for one, think that this is just a small bump in the road. All marriages have trials. Like all businesses. And what do they do? They make us stronger. Why does the Lord allow adversity? Because without anything to overcome, it renders our faith inert. How are we supposed to grow and cultivate our relationship with the Almighty Father if not for times of strife? Truly, is that not the purpose of faith? James 1:3 "For you know that the testing of your faith produces steadfastness." James 1:4 "And let steadfastness have its full effect, that you may be perfect and complete, lacking in nothing."

Yes.

This is just a little hiccup in the road, is all.

This coffee really is terrible.

Mrs. Shepard, on the off chance that Leigh does leave him, what impact do you anticipate on your son's mental stability?

MAMA BEAR doesn't answer.

FATHER MONTY

Mrs. Shepard?

MAMA BEAR doesn't answer.

She hasn't moved in ages.

FATHER MONTY

Mrs. Shepard?

The Bad Shepherd, Daniel Prillaman, 42.

MAMA BEAR doesn't budge.

Is...

Is she...?

Beat.

FATHER MONTY
(Moving closer)

Francine?

Still nothing.

FATHER MONTY gets closer.

Is she dead?

No.

Noooooo.

But she's not moving.

FATHER MONTY
(Perhaps a whisper)

Mrs. Shepard?

Still nothing.

*FATHER MONTY stares at MAMA BEAR,
mouth agape in horror.*

Silence.

*Then, from MAMA BEAR, the loudest
fucking snore in recorded existence.*

*FATHER MONTY lets out his tension,
basically having a heart attack of relief.*

He lets her sleep.

*But is now at a bit of a loss for what to
do.*

*He looks at the door to the master
bedroom.*

Intently.

*He looks around the room and his eyes
land on the bolt cutters.*

He crosses to pick them up.

He does so, then crosses to open the door.

*He opens the door, and is met by GIZMO,
holding another pair of bolt cutters.*

GIZMO/FATHER MONTY
(Startled by each other)

Oh!

GIZMO

Father Monty?

FATHER MONTY

Leonard.

GIZMO

Uh, Gizmo. Remember?

FATHER MONTY

If you don't mind, I'd prefer using the name your parents gave you.

GIZMO

But I don't like it? And I'd rather be called Gizmo?

FATHER MONTY

Like the Gremlin?

GIZMO

Like a guy who tinkers! And works with gears and gizmos.

FATHER MONTY

But you don't do that.

GIZMO

I could one day.

What are you doing here, anyway?

FATHER MONTY

Your mother invited me to help with the intervention.

GIZMO

She did, huh? She didn't tell me.

FATHER MONTY

She didn't tell anyone, apparently.

GIZMO

Okay, yeah, that tracks actually.

Where is everyone? I don't have the key yet, but I--

(Seeing FATHER MONTY'S
bolt cutters)

Why do you have bolt cutters?

FATHER MONTY

Well, it seems that some party took it upon themselves to handcuff Peter in a misguided attempt to begin a civil discussion.

GIZMO

Okay, in my defense, he was running.

FATHER MONTY

Was he?

GIZMO

Yes!

FATHER MONTY

Interesting.

GIZMO

So he's out of the handcuffs now?

FATHER MONTY

Well, they're still on his wrists. We don't have the key.

But no, he is no longer bound.

GIZMO

Okay. We're working on the key. Meadow is giving Tyrone a warm bath to help him poop.

FATHER MONTY

I do not have the context for that. And I do not want it.

GIZMO

That's fair.

FATHER MONTY

Excuse me just a moment.

FATHER MONTY exits out the main door, carrying the bolt cutters, while GIZMO enters the house, carrying his bolt cutters.

He thunks them down on some counter or table or piece of furniture.

GIZMO

Hey, Mom.

Still asleep, MAMA BEAR says nothing.

You asleep?

GIZMO

Still asleep, MAMA BEAR says nothing.

Cool.

GIZMO

Another fart from MAMA BEAR.

This one's rank.

GIZMO chokes a little.

He exits down the hall.

MAMA BEAR is alone.

Asleep.

Silence.

Oh! Oh, shit! Okay.

GIZMO (O.S.)

Silence.

GIZMO returns from the hall, wide-eyed and a bit shell-shocked.

FATHER MONTY, sans bolt cutters, re-enters from outside.

Their eyes meet.

What?

FATHER MONTY

GIZMO

Clara's making out with some dude in the bathroom.

FATHER MONTY

Ah.

That would be my associate. Belkov.

GIZMO

Belkov?

Beat.

FATHER MONTY

He's new.

Huh. GIZMO

Should we do anything about it?

Did it seem consensual? FATHER MONTY

More or less. GIZMO

What does that mean? FATHER MONTY

GIZMO
Her tongue, was like, really far down his throat? Like, he was struggling a little bit. We made eye contact and I saw, like, not exactly "help me" eyes, but, like, "woah, this was reasonably unexpected."

FATHER MONTY
I'm sure it's fine. They're both consenting adults in the eyes of the Lord, let's leave it between Him and them.

GIZMO
It's like...woah, what happened while I was gone, right?

Off, inside the master bedroom, the sounds of LEIGH and PETEY having sex suddenly begin.

The sounds seep through the door.

Everyone awake is taken aback for a moment by the interruption.

The sounds continue.

Huh. And now... FATHER MONTY

I guess things are going better.

GIZMO
Oh, no way, Father. That's rage sex if I've ever heard it.

I've heard a lot of rage sex.

I've had a lot rage sex.

FATHER MONTY
What are you trying to prove to me?

GIZMO

...

I guess we just wait until...

Everyone's finished.

Mmmhmm.

FATHER MONTY

Beat.

Another fart from MAMA BEAR.

GIZMO

You want any coffee?

FATHER MONTY

No, thank you.

Lights fade.

The sounds of intercourse continue during the transition.

SCENE III

Lights rise.

The scene is the same. Some time has passed. Maybe about ten minutes or so. Not much, but perhaps more than everybody would have liked.

Because LEIGH and PETEY are still having sex.

And the sounds are still seeping through the door.

BELKOV, CLARABELLE, FATHER MONTY, and GIZMO all do their best to wait it out as respectfully as they can.

MAMA BEAR is still in the good chair.

And she's still asleep.

Beat.

GIZMO

You know, I really got to give them props, I thought the health of their sex life was significantly less vigorous.

CLARABELLE

If they're still going in five minutes, I'm leaving.

GIZMO

You can't leave! We're in the middle of a family crisis.

CLARABELLE

It doesn't sound much like they're having a crisis in there.

BELKOV

This is true.

GIZMO

Yeah, but sex doesn't mean that, like, you're functioning well as a human. You can use it to cover things up. Numb your problems.

BELKOV

This is also true.

GIZMO

Thank you, Belkov.

BELKOV

If I may, however, I have observance. The sounds of passion coming from bedroom, it does not feel hollow. It sounds whole, like the release of thousand caged doves into air. Something magical is happening before us now. You see, marriage is like coat rack. You--

FATHER MONTY

I'm going to stop you there, Belkov. Everyone's a little bit right here, but I don't think the subtextual nature of their intercourse matters to us when we're out here waiting on them.

CLARABELLE

I mean, I ain't gonna tell them to stop.

GIZMO

Me neither, I've already walked in on people once this morning.

CLARABELLE

Who?

GIZMO

Y--You.

CLARABELLE

Oh, really?

BELKOV

You did not notice.

FATHER MONTY

Again, we can stop talking about sex as a whole. We will be fine.

CLARABELLE

What's the matter, Father? You getting a little hot and bothered underneath that collar?

FATHER MONTY

As a matter of fact, yes! If I wanted to listen to this shite I would have stayed home and watched porn!

Beat.

GIZMO

Are priests allowed to do that?

FATHER MONTY

Would you prefer I molest kids?

BELKOV/CLARABELLE/GIZMO

[Ad-libbed "woah's" and responses to that leap].

GIZMO

Nobody said that! Jesus fucking Christ.

MAMA BEAR grunts awake.

MAMA BEAR

Leonard! Don't blaspheme!

GIZMO

Are you kidding me? You hear that and not the--

MAMA BEAR

Come pumice my feet.

GIZMO

Oh, mom.

MAMA BEAR

Pumice my feet!

GIZMO

Make Clara do it.

MAMA BEAR

(No!) She pinches too hard!

CLARABELLE

I can't do it, anyway. I'm, like, all the way over here.

MAMA BEAR

Get over here, Leonard.

Oh my god.
GIZMO

(Ah!)
MAMA BEAR

I'm coming!
GIZMO

Don't think I didn't hear that one.
MAMA BEAR

I'm coming!
GIZMO

LEIGH (O.S.)
I'M CUMMING!!! OH MY GOD, I'M CUMMING!!!

BELKOV
You are all very unique family. Do you know this?

*GIZMO wallows over to MAMA BEAR,
grabs a pumice stone from a nearby basket
and begins to pumice her feet.*

MAMA BEAR
Make sure you get in between the toes.

GIZMO
Yes, Mother.

CLARABELLE
(Getting up/moving to leave)
Well. Everyone, this has been just a blast, but I'm going to go home and fall asleep on my bed because that is where I would rather be at this point in time. Peace.

FATHER MONTY
(Getting in her way a little)
Just a moment, Clarabelle.

CLARABELLE
What, Father?

FATHER MONTY
Don't you think we should find out if Peter and Leigh are all right first?

CLARABELLE
Again. They sound fine.

*CLARABELLE moves to get past FATHER
MONTY, who blocks her again.*

Just a moment. FATHER MONTY

Beat.

Are you blocking me from leaving? CLARABELLE

I'm just saying let's make sure they're all right. FATHER MONTY

Please get out of my way. CLARABELLE

FATHER MONTY doesn't.

(Let her go). MAMA BEAR

What? FATHER MONTY

She said get the fuck out of my way. CLARABELLE

Did she? FATHER MONTY

Let her go. MAMA BEAR

I'll fill her in later.

Beat.

Get home safely, Clara. FATHER MONTY
(Moving aside)

Get fucked, Father. CLARABELLE
(Moving past him)

CLARABELLE exits outside.

She pauses outside the window and looks back in, but then moves on.

Beat.

What the hell was all that? GIZMO

MAMA BEAR

Don't worry your pretty head, Leonard. Just keep pumicing.

GIZMO

No, seriously, is there something going on that I don't know about?

MAMA BEAR

Isn't there always?

GIZMO

Oh, come on, Mom. That's hurtful.

PETEY casually enters from the master bedroom, post-coitally dressed for company.

PETEY

Hey, everyone. Really sorry to keep you all waiting. Leigh and I were just having a long, deep talk.

GIZMO

Oh, we heard. Really deep.

PETEY

You...

What do you mean?

LEIGH (O.S.)
(Shouting from the next room)

We have thin walls, baby!

PETEY

You mean you heard everything?

GIZMO

Just the sex.

FATHER MONTY

In vivid detail.

PETEY

Oh my god.

MAMA BEAR

How many times do I have to tell you kids?

PETEY

Oh man oh god oh man.

FATHER MONTY

It's fine, let's just move on.

PETEY

But it's going to be so awkward now!

FATHER MONTY

And it wasn't before?

Beat.

PETEY

Okay, that's fair. Um.

That's fair.

Um, I guess I'll just cut to the chase. Leigh and I had a really good talk. And some sex. That was also good. And we came to an understanding.

Beat.

FATHER MONTY

Are you going to elaborate on that?

PETEY

I can't get over how awkward this is. I mean, you guys listened to the whole thing?

GIZMO

Pretty much.

BELKOV

Da.

MAMA BEAR

(I tune it out).

PETEY

Oh man.

BELKOV

Peter. Listen to me. Do not feel shame for this. The sounds we make during the healing of marriage, these are good sounds. Full of positivity. I was enraptured by the keening, animal wailing of your lovemaking. You see, a marriage is like coat rack. It--

FATHER MONTY

Again, let's stay on topic. Peter. Forget the fact we all heard you bone your wife. It's fine. God loves it. He's a fan. What kind of understanding?

PETEY

Right, uh.

I am going to get help.

I am going to continue my interests, but I am going to stop shaving other people's sheep. In the middle of the night. And period. That is too much. I see that. I see that now. And I see the strain it is causing on the people that I love.

Right on, bro.

GIZMO

Fuckin' Christ.

FATHER MONTY

Beat.

At least some of the room was not expecting that reaction.

FATHER MONTY sighs and pulls out a gun.

[Ad-libbed "woah's, oh shit!, fuck!" and other responses to that leap].

GIZMO/PETEY

Calm down. Calm down!

FATHER MONTY

Is that real?!

GIZMO

What's going on?!

PETEY

EVERYONE OF YOUSE CALM THE FUCK DOWN RIGHT NOW!

FATHER MONTY

Everybody does.

Concerned by the yelling, LEIGH enters from the master bedroom, also post-coitally dressed for company.

You guys, what the hell is all the yell--?

LEIGH

LEIGH stops as she sees the gun, because FATHER MONTY has pointed it at her.

Father?

LEIGH

Leigh.

FATHER MONTY

Father?

PETEY

Yes, Peter?

FATHER MONTY

PETEY

Will you please stop pointing that gun at my wife?

FATHER MONTY
(Turning it on PETEY)

Certainly.

PETEY

And me?

FATHER MONTY

I can't do that, Peter.

PETEY

I don't understand. I said I was going to get help. We don't need to do this.

GIZMO

Yeah, Father, a gun? That's too much for an intervention.

FATHER MONTY

I know you don't understand, Peter. We need to do this because you said that.

PETEY

What?

LEIGH

What?

GIZMO

Okay, no. I'm lost.

FATHER MONTY

Remind us all, what is it you do with the wool that you shave?

PETEY

I sell it. I have a wool guy.

FATHER MONTY

That's right. And who do you think your wool guy sells to?

LEIGH

What?

PETEY

You mean, you buy the wool I--

FATHER MONTY

It's not just me. There's an entire market, Peter. That runs deep through the roots of this state. If you are to suddenly cut off some of that supply, costs would suffer. People would suffer.

You have no idea how important you are, actually.

The fact of the matter is...you can't stop shaving other people's sheep, Peter. Because other people depend on you.

Beat.

GIZMO

Sorry to interrupt, just a quick clarification question, here. You're saying there's, like, an entire black market wool trade going on? In Wyoming?

FATHER MONTY

Leonard, if you speak again, I will shoot you in the face.

GIZMO goes to speak again.

FATHER MONTY

No. Do you think I'm fucking around?

I will shoot you in the face.

GIZMO doesn't say anything.

FATHER MONTY

Belkov, take him into the bathroom.

(Taking a pair of handcuffs
out of his frock)

Cuff him to something.

BELKOV

(Taking the handcuffs and
turning to GIZMO)

I am sorry, my friend.

GIZMO

Et tu, Belkov?

BELKOV doesn't move.

FATHER MONTY

What are you waiting for? Take him into the bathroom.

BELKOV

He spoke. You said if he spoke again, you would shoot him.

GIZMO

Okay, please don't shoot me, but you did say that.

BELKOV

I do not want his face blood on my clothes.

FATHER MONTY

TAKE HIM INTO THE FUCKING BATHROOM!

BELKOV

All right. But in future, if you make threat, you really must deliver on it. Otherwise, people will think you won't ever shoot them.

FATHER MONTY

I WILL SHOOT YOU!

BELKOV

Will you? Also, that would be counter-productive.

FATHER MONTY cocks the hammer.

BELKOV

All right. We are going. We go.
(To GIZMO)
Come, my Gremlin friend.

BELKOV takes GIZMO and exits down the hall.

Beat.

FATHER MONTY

All right. So here's what's going to happen.

Nothing.

Absolutely nothing. This morning never happened. We're all going to go on with our lives. Exactly the same as before. Peter, you are going to shave all the sheep you can get your hands on. And I'm going to keep buying it. In fact, let's cut out the middleman. From now on, you report to me.

And Leigh? You are going to get on board. I don't care what you have to tell yourself. I don't care what you have to do to be fine with it. But you're going to be fine with it. You're going to be more than fine. You're going to be happier than a clam at high tide. You're going to support your husband like a proper wife. And set him up for success.

Until I say we're done.

Any questions?

Beat.

LEIGH

And when is that?

FATHER MONTY

What?

LEIGH

When do you say we're done?

When I say. FATHER MONTY

Beat.

Father. LEIGH

We're not going to tell anyone.

Please, we can't possibly be so essential to you you need us.

FATHER MONTY
You know, at first, that's what I thought, too? But you'd be surprised.

Our beloved young Peter, here, is a prodigy. His skill with the razor, that's not something you can teach. He has a gift. One that should be nourished.

Stop. PETEY

I'll do whatever you want.

Peter. LEIGH

Just don't hurt her. PETEY

Don't hurt my family.

FATHER MONTY
You play your cards right, nobody will be getting hurt. Quite the opposite. The Lord will bless you.

BELKOV returns from the bathroom.

I have secured the Gremlin. BELKOV

Good. FATHER MONTY

(To PETEY)
How much wool is in your truck right now?

53 pounds. PETEY

Fuck! LEIGH

Give or take. PETEY

FATHER MONTY

That's good. That's very good, Peter. Where are your keys?

Beat.

PETEY reaches into his pocket and takes out the keys to his truck.

FATHER MONTY

(Taking the keys)

I'll be making a little delivery now, I think.

I'll be back. Belkov. Make sure they don't go anywhere.

BELKOV

Da.

LEIGH

You can't expect to get away with this.

FATHER MONTY

Leigh. Love. We've been getting away with it for years.

FATHER MONTY opens the door to exit.

The sun is starting to rise.

FATHER MONTY

Ah. And would you look at that? It's a brand new day.

FATHER MONTY closes the door and exits.

Beat.

LEIGH

Belkov, are you going to shoot me if I start yelling?

BELKOV

I will not. I have no firearm.

LEIGH

Great.

Mom, WHAT THE FUCK?

MAMA BEAR

(What?)

LEIGH

Don't you goddamn play dumb with me.

Don't blaspheme.

MAMA BEAR

LEIGH
(Overlapping)
Fuck you, Francine. Are really gonna sit there on your ass and tell me you didn't know about this?

MAMA BEAR

(Maybe.)

LEIGH
You invited him!

PETEY
Mom, did you know?

LEIGH
Of course she fucking knew.

PETEY
Mom.

MAMA BEAR
(Yeah.)

Beat.

PETEY
I didn't get that one.

MAMA BEAR/LEIGH
Of course I/she fucking knew!

PETEY
What?

MAMA BEAR
Honey, you're 37. You still live in an apartment.

PETEY
In this economy, that's not that unusual.

LEIGH
Oh my god.

BELKOV
This is true.

MAMA BEAR
Don't yell at your mother for providing opportunities for you.

Are you insane?
LEIGH

(???)
MAMA BEAR

Why the fuck can't you just give him money like a normal person?
LEIGH

I've tried! Bitch wouldn't take it.
MAMA BEAR

Hey.
PETEY

WHAT?!
LEIGH
(Turning on PETEY)

Woah, hey!
PETEY

She offered you money and you didn't take it?
LEIGH

No! I mean, yes. No, I didn't.
PETEY

Why not?
LEIGH

...
PETEY

'Cause I'm supposed to be the provider.
LEIGH

Oh, do not give me that Fundamentalist shit! We are partners. We are a team. I want to get out of this apartment, Peter! I don't care where the money comes from.

So what's your problem with the sheep then?
MAMA BEAR

I don't care if it comes from a normal avenue! Not fucking black market wool trades!
LEIGH

This Wyoming. Is truly unique place.
BELKOV

LEIGH

Sweet God Jesus fuck, Peter.

(Before MAMA BEAR can
comment:)

Shut the fuck up, Francine.

PETEY

...

LEIGH

I--I--I think--I am broken I am literally broken right now.

I have no idea what the fuck is going on.

PETEY

I'm so sorry, Leigh.

This is all my fault.

LEIGH

Only sort of. Maybe?

Beat.

BELKOV

If I may make observation.

Beat.

*During and over the following monologue:
CLARABELLE appears in the window,
enters the apartment through the door,
grabs GIZMO'S bolt cutters, and exits into
the hallway towards the bathroom.*

Nobody else sees her at all.

BELKOV

The emotions of this family...understandably, they run high. Leigh. Peter. I see your strong passion for one another. What matters is where you place such passion.

You see, marriage is like coat rack. What you do place upon coat rack? Coat. Scarf. Hat. Think of these clothes as the passions of your life.

This one coat? Is family. Friends. This scarf? Your hobbies. Hat, maybe just a hat. Maybe more. Maybe dreams. Ambitions. And coat rack holds these things, for that is what coat rack does. Is coat rack.

But...every coat rack has maximum weight limit. You place heavy objects, many objects...coat rack will buckle. You place things not meant for coat rack on coat rack? Disaster. Destruction. Chernobyl. But smaller.

You must keep track what you place on coat rack.

Beat.

The others take that in.

That doesn't help at all.
LEIGH

You'll get it.
BELKOV

I don't understand, are the coats made of wool?
PETEY

(Oh boy).
MAMA BEAR

Peter, it's a metaphor. It just doesn't help.
LEIGH

On contrary, it is most relevant.
BELKOV

*CLARABELLE enters, followed by GIZMO,
his handcuffs broken and around his
wrists.*

I'm telling you, he has a gun! You can't just waltz into the oh wait he's gone.
GIZMO

Clara?
LEIGH

'Sup?
CLARABELLE

You came back?
PETEY

Never left. I could tell something was up.
CLARABELLE

But when did you...?
LEIGH

During the coat rack bit.
CLARABELLE

Oh, hey, you finished it?
GIZMO

I did.
BELKOV

CLARABELLE

I heard everything. I think it's a little fucked up. That's my vote.

GIZMO

I didn't hear everything, what are we voting on?

LEIGH

We're not voting on anything. Father pulled a gun on us and threatened us to make sure Peter keeps shaving sheep.

GIZMO

Right.

Really kind of puts an unexpected damper on the intervention.

PETEY

Why don't we vote?

Beat.

LEIGH

What?

PETEY

We should vote.

This is bigger than me. I realize that. Really, now, I realize that.

But now it's bigger than this family. Which means everyone in this family should have a say.

(He gets it)

Oh my god, I get it! Our marriage *is* the coat rack!

BELKOV

YES! Da!

PETEY

That makes so much sense! Oh man that's a good analogy.

BELKOV

Metaphor.

GIZMO

Actually, it'd be a simile, cause you said "like" earlier, right?

LEIGH

Quiet! But what are we actually talking about voting on, here? The coat of, "Whether or not to be a part of the Wyoming criminal wool trade?"

PETEY

...

Yeah.

Beat.

GIZMO

I mean, I think there are several immediate ethical implications to consider. First--

PETEY

No. Yes or no?

GIZMO

(Really having to work to not
say more)

...I lean no.

PETEY

Good. Clara?

CLARABELLE

Obviously still a no.

PETEY

Leigh?

What do you want to do?

LEIGH

...

...

I want you to take what money your mother offers you and buy us a house with a big kitchen and a big backyard.

PETEY

...

PETEY and LEIGH embrace and kiss.

All heads slowly turn to MAMA BEAR.

Beat.

PETEY

Mom?

MAMA BEAR

...

I don't give a shit.

Everyone celebrates the victory.

GIZMO

Uh, not to buzzkill the situation, but, um, Father Monty's probably not going to feel the same way? And he still has the gun? And the henchman?

(To BELKOV)

No offense.

BELKOV

I take none. Accurate.

PETEY

Right.

LEIGH

We can think of something. We can totally think of something.

GIZMO

What?

Beat.

CLARABELLE

Do you have cayenne?

LEIGH

What?

CLARABELLE

Cayenne pepper? If you have any cayenne I could probably scrape together a minor hex.

LEIGH

Okay.

Does anyone have a better idea?

GIZMO immediately raises his hand.

Beat.

LEIGH

Anyone at all?

GIZMO continues to keep his hand raised.

LEIGH

No idea is too stupid.

GIZMO urgently continues to keep his hand raised.

LEIGH is eventually forced to acknowledge him and make eye contact.

Beat.

Okay, Clara, walk us through this.

LEIGH

What the fuck?

GIZMO

Blackout.

SCENE IV

Except for the light of the sun. It finishes rising as time passes (perhaps about thirty minutes or so) and the family moves throughout the apartment to CLARABELLE'S direction. BELKOV just watches all this, completely undisturbed.

Eventually, the family hides or exits, leaving nothing but MAMA BEAR alone in the good chair, and BELKOV.

I must say. This has been most entertaining to watch. Most of the time, there is much more frightened screaming. And pleading.

BELKOV

(I don't care.)

MAMA BEAR

(Hey, get me a beer).

BELKOV

What?

MAMA BEAR

Get me a beer!

BELKOV

Oh. Certainly.

BELKOV crosses to the fridge, opens it, and grabs a beer.

May I partake?

BELKOV

(Beer!)

MAMA BEAR

Spasiba.

BELKOV

BELKOV grabs another beer, then crosses to MAMA BEAR.

They crack the beer and raise a toast.

BELKOV

May we suffer as much sorrow as the drops we shall leave in our cups.

They both drink.

BELKOV

It sounds nicer in Russian.

MAMA BEAR

What's your name? Belkov?

BELKOV

Da.

MAMA BEAR

You got kids?

BELKOV

I have one daughter. She was taken from me at the age of 9. Trained to be an assassin. Highly skilled.

When I am old, and gray clouds my hair and my eyes, we shall meet one another again in the snowfields. And I will be her final target.

Beat.

MAMA BEAR

Yeah, it's just the 3 for me.

It's funny. She's a cunt, but the in-law's my favorite.

BELKOV

Life is most amusing when it does this.

MAMA BEAR

(Yeah.)

BELKOV

I must say. This plan of yours. I do not believe it has any chance of succeeding.

MAMA BEAR

(Yeah.)

Well, you know what they say.

Beat.

No?
BELKOV

That was it? Okay.

FATHER MONTY appears outside the window, holding boxes, bags, and to-go carafes of coffee.

Belkov!
FATHER MONTY

Da!
BELKOV

Come help me with these.
FATHER MONTY

Da.
BELKOV

BELKOV crosses to the door to assist FATHER MONTY with his cargo.

Why are all the lights off?
FATHER MONTY

MAMA BEAR
(To everyone hiding)
Hey, he's back. Just say when. When you feel like it.

What was that?
FATHER MONTY

They are planning to hex you.
BELKOV

What?
FATHER MONTY

BELKOV
They are planning to hex you. What is the meaning of these boxes?

FATHER MONTY
I did figure to offer the company some fresher pastries and warmer coffee, as a show of goodwill and faith.

What is this about a hex?

CLARABELLE
(Bursting into the room from
somewhere, holding a slip of
paper with FATHER
MONTY'S name writ upon it)

NOW!

*The others burst into the room (LEIGH
holds a Bible, GIZMO holds a sealable
freezer bag) as MAMA BEAR stamps her
foot on the ground three times.*

MAMA BEAR
(Peter, Rock of Christ, open the gate.)

CLARABELLE
Mom, enunciate!

MAMA BEAR
(Fuck you.)

CLARABELLE/GIZMO/LEIGH/PETEY
Mom!

MAMA BEAR
Peter! Rock of Christ. Open the gate.

CLARABELLE
Again!

*MAMA BEAR stamps three times once
again.*

MAMA BEAR
Peter Rock of Christ open the gate.

CLARABELLE
"Thirsty spirits! Lost in Purgatory!
Bear witness as I bind and confound
Father Monty Murphy!"

FATHER MONTY
What in God's fucking kingdom in this?

CLARABELLE
Now, Leigh!

LEIGH
(Reading from a Bible)
"Deliver me, O Lord, from the evil man; preserve me from the violent man;
Which imagine mischiefs in their heart; continually are they gathered together for war.

They have sharpened their tongues like a serpent; adders' poison is under their lips.
Selah."

PETEY

(Reading by LEIGH'S side)

"Keep me, O Lord, from the hands of the wicked; preserve me from the violent man; who have purposed to overthrow my goings.

FATHER MONTY

(Overlapping)

This is a long Psalm. Are you going to read the whole thing?

PETEY

(Reading)

The proud have hid a snare for me, and cords; they have spread a net by the wayside; they have set gins for me. Selah."

FATHER MONTY

Right.

FATHER MONTY casually crosses to the kitchen and sets down the coffee/pastries as the family continues the hexing.

LEIGH

(Reading)

"I said unto the Lords, Thou art my God: hear the voice of my supplications, O Lord.

O God the Lord, the strength of my salvation, thou hast covered my head in the day of battle.

Grant not, O Lord, the desires of the wicked: further not his wicked device; lest they exalt themselves. Selah."

As PETEY reads the following verses, with a pen, CLARABELLE draws a line through FATHER MONTY'S name on the paper.

PETEY

(Reading)

"As for the head of those that compass me about, let the mischief of their own lips cover them.

Let burning coals fall upon them: let them be cast into the fire; into deep pits, that they rise not up again.

Let not an evil speaker be established in the earth: evil shall hunt the violent man to overthrow him."

CLARABELLE

Gizmo! Bag!

GIZMO

Right!

GIZMO holds open the bag and CLARABELLE drops the piece of paper inside.

FATHER MONTY

Look, this is cute and all. But can we stop? For a minute?

She takes the bag and fills it with water from the tap as LEIGH and PETEY finish reading together.

LEIGH/PETEY

"I know that the Lord will maintain the cause of the afflicted, and the right of the poor."

LEIGH/PETEY/FATHER MONTY

"Surely the righteous shall give thanks unto thy name: the upright shall dwell in thy presence."

FATHER MONTY

All right, you've gotten it out of your system. Can we breathe?

CLARABELLE

PEPPER!!

GIZMO tosses CLARABELLE some cayenne pepper, and she unloads the fucker into the bag.

FATHER MONTY

Fucking Jesus Christ on a candy cane.

CLARABELLE

(So into it)

YEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGHHH!

BELKOV

I am having the most fun watching this.

CLARABELLE seals the bag and then begins to shake it. She shakes the motherfucker with all her might and gusto.

CLARABELLE

FATHER MONTY! I BIND AND CONFOUND YOU!

FATHER MONTY

Aye! You have!

CLARABELLE

EVERYBODY!!

CLARABELLE/GIZMO/LEIGH/PETEY

Father Monty! I bind and confound you!
Father Monty! I bind and confound you!

BELKOV/CLARABELLE/GIZMO/LEIGH/PETEY

(Joining in)

Father Monty! I bind and confound you!
Father Monty! I bind and confound you!

*FATHER MONTY pulls out his gun and
shoots CLARABELLE in the leg.*

Everyone stops/gasps/screams...

...except for CLARABELLE.

CLARABELLE

YEAHHHHHHHHH BABYYYYYYYYYYY! HOOAGH!

*CLARABELLE crosses to the fridge, opens
the freezer, and tosses the bag inside.*

She closes the freezer.

She is victorious.

CLARABELLE

THAT IS HOW YOU DO THAT!

THAT IS HOW YOU DO THAT!

THAT--

She falls over (and out of sight).

Beat.

FATHER MONTY goes to speak, but:

CLARABELLE

(From the floor)

Thank you, spirits. You are dismissed. St. Peter, please close the gate.

Beat.

*Perhaps another false start from FATHER
MONTY.*

Is she somehow going to interrupt again?

FATHER MONTY

What the absolute shitted fucking hell is wrong with this family?

The sheep shite is practically normal! The animal was created to be sheared. To provide fabric for mankind.

But you are just having to top yourselves every fucking time, aren't ya? You shear the poor lambs in the dead of night and get all weird about it! Leonard exists.

GIZMO

Hey.

FATHER MONTY
(Referencing CLARABELLE)

This one takes refuge in bags of pepper water!

Your mother communicates by farts.

MAMA BEAR

Hey.

Toot it out.

FATHER MONTY

Does no one here appreciate the opportunity I am offering you all?!

Peter is a small fry in this game. You want him to get to the next level? Make the big money?

(To PETEY)

You want to provide for your family, I have the knowledge and connections to guide you.

Yea, though you delve into the valley of the shadowy wool you shall fear no evil.

PETEY

But we are the evil.

FATHER MONTY

NO WE ARE NOT! It is the world, Peter, that is evil and cruel! That refuses to house its own citizens without homes! That ignores the poor amongst themselves! That attacks a family just trying to survive. The Lord has seen it all. And He has provided a path for us so we may provide in turn.

We're just shaving some of the Lord's sheep.

And selling the wool for lots of money.

LEIGH

Illegally.

FATHER MONTY

Illegally schmillegally.

(Crossing to the kitchen)

Look, tired, I am, of repeating myself. So I'll walk youse through it all one last time. Either everyone here gets on board. Or, if I must, I am prepared to kill each and every one of youse for the Lord.

So what's it going to be?

Beat.

FATHER MONTY

Good.

So. Why don't we have some pastries? Some actual coffee. And we can discuss some finer details? All right?

FATHER MONTY opens the cabinet with Shitters inside and screams.

FATHER MONTY

OHHH!

OH, THIS GODDAMNED CAT!

FATHER MONTY stops yelling, something wrong.

He can't seem to catch his breath all of a sudden.

FATHER MONTY

Ah.

He clutches his chest.

He still can't seem to get a breath.

Everyone is watching, except maybe MAMA BEAR.

FATHER MONTY

Phone.

Phone!

LEIGH

Oh my god.

PETEY

Is he--?

BELKOV

He is having heart attack.

FATHER MONTY

Ye--

Wait. GIZMO

It could just be a panic attack.

...! FATHER MONTY

No. It is heart attack. BELKOV

They have a lot of the same symptoms. GIZMO

The man has no history of anxiety. BELKOV

In this economy? Really? GIZMO

IT'S A GODDAMN HEART-- FATHER MONTY

...

FATHER MONTY falls over.

We gotta call an ambulance! PETEY

... LEIGH
(Stopping him)

Don't.

Don't? PETEY

Don't. LEIGH

Don't?! GIZMO

Don't. LEIGH

Just don't.

Beat.

MAMA BEAR

This is some pretty dark shit, even for me.

LEIGH and PETEY look at one another.

LEIGH

Call it a Deus ex Machina?

GIZMO

More like Shitters ex Machina.

MAMA BEAR

He has always liked it in there.

PETEY

...

He did say he was going to kill us.

LEIGH

He did.

*Everyone, except maybe MAMA BEAR,
looks to BELKOV.*

BELKOV

...

Oh! Um...you know, not really my favorite boss. I have experienced resume, will not be difficult to obtain new employment.

GIZMO

Wow.

So we're really doing this, then?

Fuck me, I guess the hex worked.

CLARABELLE

(From the floor)

Damn right, it did, babyyyyy.

Maybe call an ambulance for me, though? In like 5-10 minutes?

When the fuck did I get shot?

Lights fade.

SCENE V

Lights rise.

The scene is the same. Some time has passed. About 5 to 10 minutes.

LEIGH and GIZMO speak with BELKOV, who holds a glass of water.

CLARABELLE is seated, bandages or paper towels or napkins or something similar over her gunshot wound.

PETEY talks to her.

CLARABELLE
It went right through! I can drive myself.

PETEY
I'll drive you.

CLARABELLE
Petey.

PETEY
I will drive you. Okay?

LEIGH
Are you sure about this?

BELKOV
Of course. It is the least I can do.

GIZMO
And he'll just--disappear?

BELKOV
Yes. He will never be found. Black Sheep Market has its ways. Would you like to know?

LEIGH
No.

BELKOV
This is good.

It is haunting.

I will take my leave now.

GIZMO
Goodbye, Belkov.

BELKOV
Goodbye. My strange, little Gremlin man.

Beat.

BELKOV throws the glass of water in GIZMO'S face.

Woah!

LEIGH

Ah! What the hell?!

GIZMO

I just had to see.

BELKOV

Da.

Farewell. Shepard Family.

BELKOV crosses and picks up FATHER MONTY'S body.

He drags the body to the front door (which can take the time it takes) and exits.

Beat.

Well.

GIZMO

Now what?

I can drive myself.

CLARABELLE

Clara!

PETEY

Mom, tell her she shouldn't.

(I don't give a shit.)

MAMA BEAR

Clara, you really shouldn't.

LEIGH

I'll drive her.

GIZMO

That way, I can stop by Meadow's and see if Tyrone pooped out the handcuff key.

LEIGH

Right. Yeah. Good idea.

That is still something that is happening.

GIZMO helps CLARABELLE up.

CLARABELLE

Fucking hold my weight.

GIZMO

I am. Stop going limp.

CLARABELLE

I'm not! Fucking hold my weight, Giz.

They cross to the front door.

CLARABELLE

Wait, stop. Stop.

Turn me around.

GIZMO

What?

CLARABELLE

Do it.

The two turn around.

CLARABELLE

Leigh, you're gonna have to take the pepper bag out of the freezer. Wear gloves to touch it, you can't throw it in the trash. Wrap it in newspaper or an old towel and chuck it in a bin or dumpster at least five miles away. Time is a factor.

(To GIZMO)

Let's go.

The two open the door and leave.

GIZMO

Okay, well, see you later, guys! Hell of a intervention! Can't wait to do it again!

CLARABELLE

What the fuck? The point is to do them once.

GIZMO

Yeah, but relapses are a thing.

Possible ad-libs as their voices fade.

Beat.

LEIGH and PETEY take each other in.

Thank you. PETEY

I mean it.

I love you so much.

I love you too. LEIGH

They get closer.

They lean in to kiss.

And MAMA BEAR lets out a dramatically loud fart.

Beat.

Sorry. MAMA BEAR

Bedroom? PETEY

Bedroom. LEIGH

Mom, you can see yourself out.

(Yep.) MAMA BEAR

(???) (NOTE: this one's a long one)

Did you get that one? LEIGH

No. PETEY

MAMA BEAR
I said, I'll say it. I can't believe no one in this fucking apartment complex called a noise complaint on any of this shit.

Oh. PETEY

Haha. LEIGH

Honestly? Yeah.

Haha. PETEY

A loud, firm knock at the door.

(Ah!) MAMA BEAR

There it is.

END OF PLAY.

APPENDIX - THE HEX:

The hex used by the Shepards at the climax of the play is, in fact, based on a real DIY recipe obtained from the blog at Rune Soup:

runesoup.com/2010/03/a-simple-vooodoo-hex-using-common-household-items

Just to be safe, for the sake of everyone in the performing space, don't recreate it using the exact elements.

(Recipe used with permission, all rights reserved.)