

Frank takes note but says nothing, placing one dust-covered log on the "fire" and then moves to the stove to pour himself a tall, straight scotch. He stands there and drinks.

PETE  
That you in there, Frank?

FRANK  
(Unenthusiastically)  
Yeah.

PETE  
(Approaching)  
What?

FRANK  
(Louder)  
Yes, it's me!

Frank's brother, PETE CONLEY, enters the doorway. He is wearing a sweatshirt and carrying a large duffel bag and a six pack of beer. He looks at the fallen door and then to Frank.

PETE  
You having open house?

FRANK  
No, I'm having an open bottle. Close the door, will you?

PETE  
What did you do, lose your key?

Seeing the key in the lock he removes it.

PETE (CONT'D)  
Oh, here it is. I guess you had a little trouble with the door, huh?

FRANK  
God, how I've missed these conversations.

PETE  
So, where's Wally?

FRANK  
Where's Wally? You haven't even said, "Hello, Frank," yet.

(CONTINUED)

PETE

Yeah, well you always show up last so I guessed Wally must be here someplace. Hey, what's eating you? Shall I leave and come in again?

FRANK

What's eating me? Well, for one thing the fact that I have to be here at all. I'm sick of these damned annual reunions.

PETE

You're not alone.

FRANK

I wish I was.

PETE

Then we agree on something. I wish you were, too.

FRANK

Then you start with that crap about me always being the last one to show up. Do you know what time it is?

Frank picks up the door and covers the open doorway with it, making no attempt to attach it to its frame.

PETE

Right now?

FRANK

(Sarcastically)

No, when Apollo 11 landed on the moon. Yes, right now! What time is it?

Pete looks at his watch.

PETE

A little after 11:30.

FRANK

Oh, very good! That's right, it's after 11:30 Friday night. It is now less than half an hour before Saturday!

PETE

Frank, calm down, okay?

FRANK

What happened? Did you have car trouble? Is that why you were so late getting here?

(CONTINUED)

PETE

No, I....

FRANK

Something came up at home? A family emergency, maybe? No, wait, I know...you're a doctor, you were called in to surgery just before you left home eight hours ago. An emergency tummy tuck, is that what happened?

PETE

No. Don't lecture me, Frank.

FRANK

No, of course not. You didn't have car trouble. You don't have any reason at all for almost blowing this thing for all of us. It's just you being your usual, irresponsible, inconsiderate self!

PETE

Frank, listen...

FRANK

You know the terms of the will as well as I do: all three of us have to be here by midnight Friday and nobody leaves until noon on Sunday!

PETE

I've read Dad's will, Frank.

FRANK

The will is ironclad. All three of us have to be here for the full thirty-six hours with Dad's remains. Any deviation from those terms and none of us gets a dime!

PETE

Finish your drink, Frank.

FRANK

I swear, if we do somehow get through this tenth and final weekend I am never, ever, going to see or talk with you or that moronic, deadbeat brother of yours again!

PETE

(To himself)

This is the only place in the world I can go camping and actually miss my wife.

FRANK

I tell you what, Peter, why don't we just put the best possible face on this whole weekend by not talking with each other?

(CONTINUED)

PETE

For the whole weekend? How are we going to manage that?

FRANK

We'll just do what we each do best. I'll drink and you sleep. And if Wally does show up he can do what he does best: nothing.

PETE

You've got a lot of brass jumping on me when your car is nearly as hot as you are, that fire isn't started yet and this room is as frigid as your wife.

FRANK

Don't exaggerate. It's not that cold.

PETE

You just got here yourself, didn't you? You barely beat me here, didn't you?

(He gets no response.)

And, why the hell are you getting on my case when Wally's not even here yet? Answer me that!

FRANK

(With exaggerated calmness)

We're not talking, remember?

PETE

Oh, sure. I remember you saying that back when we were still talking. So, I guess that means that when you're talking we're talking and when I'm talking we're not talking. Is that right?

(Pause. No reply.)

In other words, all I've got to do to keep you quiet all weekend is just talk to you, right? I talk and you don't?

(Pause)

Frank, I think you may have hit on something, here. I talk and you don't. What a change! What a refreshing change that will be!

FRANK

Shut up, <sup>mollon</sup>buttwipe.

PETE

Oh! Did you say something, Frank?

FRANK

Shut up! I said shut up!

(CONTINUED)

PETE

You're unbelievable, you know that? We never talk on the phone, we never write, we only see each other this one weekend a year. So, why do you have to be such an asshole from the moment I walk through the door?

FRANK

It saves time. And if Wally doesn't get here soon I'll have to keep him up all night playing catch up. How's your scotch?

PETE

The whole point of the three of us getting together one weekend every year was that we might learn to get along and maybe even to like each other. That's what Dad wanted.

Frank moves to the fireplace to remove the dust cover from the picture over the mantle. It is a large, stern portrait of Dad.

FRANK

*Care:* Yeah, but doesn't it strike you as odd that Dad never seemed to ~~give a shit~~ if we liked each other when we all lived together? I think he enjoyed hearing us scream and beat on each other. It saved him the trouble. In fact, he probably wrote this provision into his will to guarantee that we'd be able to enjoy hating each other long after he was gone. Here's to Dad and his three stooges!

He toasts the picture and drinks. .

PETE

You're mean, Frank. You're a mean, hopelessly cynical man.

FRANK

Flattery will get you nowhere. I tell you what, let's put this crap on hold until Wally gets here. Dad wouldn't want him to miss his share of the abuse.

Frank resumes working with the fireplace.

PETE

I still want to know why you keep calling me a liar.

FRANK

You do, huh? Okay. How old are you, Peter?

PETE

I just told you, I'm forty-two.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

Yeah, that's what you told me. But, Petey...I was ~~ten~~ years old when you were born and I'm fifty-five now.

PETE

You are?

FRANK

Yeah. How do you account for that?

PETE

I...I guess I made a mistake.

FRANK

A mistake.

PETE

Yeah. I forgot how old you are.

FRANK

You forgot my age, so you can't remember your own?

PETE

Never mind! I just wish that for once we could get through an entire weekend without being at each other's throats. I go home with my stomach in knots.

FRANK

Oh, poor baby. So now you've decided to be peacemaker? You want us to get along and love each other, huh? Wasn't it you last year that beat a raw egg and slipped it into Wally's underpants after he passed out drunk?

PETE

I don't remember.

FRANK

Liar. Wally woke up the next morning convinced that he had miscarried his liver.

PETE

(Amused at the memory)

He deserved it.

FRANK

Oh, I see. Well, did he also deserve to have you make a little, tiny cut in the oil line of his motorcycle just before we all left on Sunday?

PETE

I did no such thing.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

Double liar! And then, after his bike broke down and just as the police arrived Wally found your scalpel wedged between the cargo trunk and the rear tire. The cops found him holding it and arrested Wally for intentionally polluting twenty miles of interstate.

PETE

(Smiling)

You never talk to Wally. How do you know all of this?

FRANK

(Smiling)

I was there.

PETE

What?

FRANK

(Laughing)

Yeah. I was driving home and saw Wally talking to the cops on the side of the road so I stopped.

PETE

(Amazed and laughing)

You stopped to help Wally?

FRANK

Hell, no. I stopped to identify him.

(He laughs)

AND his scalpel!

PETE

You told them it was his? Why?

FRANK

Because you weren't there.

(Laughing again)

They hauled Wally's ass off to jail and impounded his Harley. His wife told Kate that it took Wally six months and cost him eight thousand dollars in lawyer fees to get off the hook. He's vowing to get even with both of us, you know.

PETE

(Relaxed and laughing)

Yeah, well...like I said, he deserved it.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

Come on, Wally, what's the deal here?

PETE

I don't think he even hears us.

He waves a hand in front Wally's eyes.

PETE (CONT'D)

Or sees us.

FRANK

Wally, look at me. It's your big brother, Frank. How many fingers am I holding up?

~~He extends his middle finger in Wally's face.~~ Nothing.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I'll get him a drink.

PETE

Yeah, maybe that'll snap him out of it.

Pete takes Wally to the table and puts the ice chest on it.

PETE (CONT'D)

Wally, come on, relax okay? Frank's going to get you a nice, big, warm glass of scotch. Why don't you tell us what's wrong?

FRANK

If he's putting us on I'm going to finish this bottle on him as an enema.

PETE

(As if speaking to a very young child)

You hear that, Wally? Frank's worried about you. I'm worried about you, too.

FRANK

Liar.

PETE

Here, Wally. Here's a nice drink to help you relax.  
(MORE)

He passes the drink under Wally's nose. Wally blinks and looks up at him and finally takes the glass in both hands and sips.

(CONTINUED)

He begins to whine and snivel a bit.

PETE (CONT'D)

(To Frank)

I think we're making progress.

FRANK

Crying and drinking my scotch is not progress. Wally, where's the urn?

Wally looks at Frank for the first time but doesn't speak. He takes another drink.

PETE

Wally...

Turning Wally's head to look at him.

PETE (CONT'D)

Wally, did you bring the remains?

No answer, except for quiet whimpering.

PETE (CONT'D)

Dad...where's Dad?

Wally begins to sob softly...and, finally..to speak:

WALLY

Dead.

Wally takes a long, shaky breath.

WALLY (CONT'D)

He's dead!

FRANK

No shit, Sherlock. What was your first clue?

PETE

Frank...

WALLY

Pete?

PETE

Yes, Wally?

FRANK

Wally!

(CONTINUED)

WALLY  
Frank?

FRANK  
Swell. Now we've taken roll call.

Wally begins to break down and cry.

WALLY  
Dead! He's dead, Peter!

FRANK  
Oh, hell.

PETE  
I know, Wally, I know. But where is he?

WALLY  
He's dead and it's all my fault!

His sobbing now takes on a life of its own.

FRANK  
*God*  
Holy ~~shit~~, he's crackers.

Frank pours more scotch for himself and without looking he takes a couple of pieces of ice from Wally's ice chest.

PETE  
Come on Wally, sit down on the couch and take it easy. Finish your drink and then we'll get you another one.

FRANK  
If you're treating him to my booze you're paying bar prices. And, "happy hour" is almost over.

WALLY  
I killed him, Pete. I did it. It's my fault!

PETE  
What? No, Wally. It's not your fault.

WALLY  
He's dead, Peter, and I did it!

PETE  
Wally, that's crazy. You can't take the blame.

WALLY  
Yes. Yes, I can!

(CONTINUED)

PETE

No, you can't!

WALLY

Yes, I can!

PETE

No, you can't!

FRANK

(Mockingly sung to the  
tune of, "Anything You  
Can Do, I Can Do Better")

"Yes I can, yes I can, yes I caaaaannnn!" Wally, you're  
an idiot.

PETE

Wally, drink your drink and listen to me, okay? He was  
old; he had a bad heart. It had nothing to do with you.

WALLY

(Still upset but coherent)

He wasn't that old.

FRANK

I don't believe this.

PETE

Wally, it was a long time ago!

WALLY

It seems like it was only ten minutes ago.

PETE

No, no. Years, Wally. It was ten years ago.

FRANK

Moron.

Frank heads back to the bottle for a top-  
off but never gets it poured.

PETE

Frank, help me out. Say something.

FRANK

Where's the urn, moron?

WALLY

I tied him down real good and tight. I don't know how it  
happened!

(CONTINUED)

Frank rushes to the back of the sofa.

FRANK  
What?! What happened? What?!

WALLY  
I hit that pothole in the road and he just bounced off the back of the Harley!

FRANK  
Oh, ~~shit~~, I knew it!

PETE  
Frank, relax.

FRANK  
I knew it, I knew it, I knew it! ~~Shit~~!!

PETE  
Wally, it was an accident.

WALLY  
I never thought it would happen! I used brand new bungee cords and everything!

FRANK  
You strapped him onto the back of your motorcycle with bungee cords? You flaming idiot!

PETE  
It wasn't his fault, Frank.

WALLY  
(Beginning to snivel)  
I miss him so much!

FRANK  
(To Pete)  
Whose is it?

WALLY  
(To himself)  
He's dead. I can't believe it!

Wally begins to cry softly.

FRANK  
(To Pete)  
Whose fault is it, ~~butt~~wipe?

(CONTINUED)

PETE

The dog. Rusty.

WALLY

Where?

He snaps his head to look for Rusty and suddenly grabs it in pain.

WALLY (CONT'D)

Oh!

PETE

Wally, sit down. I'm going to fix us some breakfast. You'll feel better then, you'll see.

Pete goes to re-tape the door closed.

PETE (CONT'D)

I guess you couldn't find Rusty, huh?

~~He doesn't expect a response and isn't surprised by one.~~

PETE (CONT'D)

(Sympathetically)

Well, he's got to be buried in the snow somewhere. I heard Frank throwing him outside in the middle of the night after he woke up and found himself french-kissing Rusty's ear. I'll help you look later. You need to eat first. We all do. And, you need to sleep off the gallon of scotch you drank last night. Now...where's the food you were supposed to bring?

WALLY

I forgot.

PETE

You forgot where you put the food?

WALLY

No. I forgot to bring it. I don't feel good.

PETE

You didn't bring any food at all? Nothing?

WALLY

(Sick, not caring)

I brought some Skippy.

(CONTINUED)

PETE

You just brought peanut butter?

WALLY

Dog food. Skippy dog food. It is chunky, though. I really feel awful, Pete. I think I'm going to throw up again. I gotta sleep.

Wally starts to lie down on the sofa but Pete grabs him and pulls him up.

PETE

No, you don't! Not until you tell me what the hell I'm supposed to eat for breakfast!

WALLY

I don't know. I forgot it. I'm sorry.

He starts to lie down again but, again, Pete won't allow it.

PETE

Wally, sit up. Pay attention. This is serious! We have no food and we're snowed in. If you go to sleep now you may never wake up and I will slowly starve to death. Or, we'll be forced to have a Donner party.

WALLY

I'm sorry. Really, I am.

PETE

I believe you but that doesn't help, does it? Look, I had much less to drink last night than you and Frank did and my blood sugar is seriously out of balance. You're barely conscious and I'm afraid Frank may have slipped into a coma. My God, the last words he spoke were, "What can you do for my head?" And I answered him by slamming a two-by-six into his face. We have a life and death problem here, Wally.

WALLY

Wow. Let me know how it turns out.

He lies on the sofa, covers himself with a blanket and is immediately unconscious. After a couple of beats he snores loudly, once. Pete is angry, hungry and getting desperate. After watching Wally tumble into sleep he races through all the cupboards and drawers in the kitchen looking for anything at all to eat.

(CONTINUED)

Finding nothing he goes through his own duffel bag and discovers something! It's another six-pack of beer, which he puts aside in disgust. Moving quickly he begins taking things out of Wally's duffel bag: some underwear and socks and three cans of Skippy dog food, which he considers briefly before dismissing entirely. He then walks away in failure and sits at the table with miserable resignation. After a brief moment he walks back to the dog food and inspects the label.

PETE

(Reading the label)

Chicken...soy...beef by-products.....liver tubules!

Disgusted, he puts the dog food can in the sink. He's not ready to eat that. Moving to the sink counter he finds Frank's paper sack and empties it: another bottle of scotch, several packs of cigarettes, one roll of toilet paper...

PETE (CONT'D)

(Re: toilet paper)

I guess we won't be needing this.

...a large pistol, which Pete very gingerly sets aside, and a girlie magazine. And...a candy bar! He can't believe his luck! He has discovered one Almond Joy bar, which he cradles in his hands reverently and carries to the table.

PETE (CONT'D)

Wally, I found something!...Wally!

Wally snores in response. Pete walks to the sofa where he is sleeping and places one hand on Wally's mouth and with the other hand, pinches his nose shut. Wally sputters to life.

PETE (CONT'D)

Wally, wake up!

WALLY

(Gasping for air)

Don't do that! What's the matter with you?

(CONTINUED)

PETE

I found food!

WALLY

Really? Where? What is it?

PETE

An Almond Joy! I found it in Frank's stuff. An Almond Joy, Wally! Delicious mounds of coconut crowned with toasted almonds and drenched in pure milk chocolate!

Showing him the candy wrapper:

PETE (CONT'D)

"Indescribably delicious!"

(Chortling and singing the  
jingle, out front:)

"Sometimes I feel like a nut!"

WALLY

(Exhausted)

Sometimes I don't. That's your idea of breakfast?

PETE

It's all we have.

WALLY

You think half a candy bar each is going to fill us up?

PETE

No, but it might give us the strength to come up with something better.

Pete starts to unwrap the candy bar.

WALLY

Wait a minute. What about Frank? What's he going to eat?

PETE

Oh, yeah. I didn't think of that. I forgot about Frank. I guess he should have something to eat, too, huh?

WALLY

Offhand I'd say yes, but let's explore the alternatives. Maybe we'll come up with a decent argument for saying, "screw him."

PETE

I've got it!

(MORE)

He crosses to the sink.

(CONTINUED)

PETE (CONT'D)

As soon as you and I eat that candy bar I'll heat up some nice beef stew for Frank.

WALLY

Beef stew? Where are you going to get...

He stops when he sees Pete holding the can of Skippy.

WALLY (CONT'D)

Great idea! We can have the Almond Joy and Frank can eat the Skippy! Hey, I'll bet if you mush it up and fry it, it will look just like corned beef hash!

They both laugh.

PETE

Yeah! And in his condition he'll never know the difference!

Suddenly, a loud voice is heard from behind the sofa:

FRANK

The hell I won't!

Frank's head emerges from behind the sofa.

FRANK (CONT'D)

You <sup>Idiot</sup> ~~assholes~~ aren't feeding me dog food.

WALLY

(Broadly, pleasantly)

Hey....Frank! Good morning, big brother! I trust you slept well?

Frank slowly pulls himself to his feet.

FRANK

Yes, thank you. I spent the night on the floor with an arctic wind whistling up my ass, playing tonsil hockey with a dead dog. It was a lovely, restful night.

Putting a hand to his splitting head...

FRANK (CONT'D)

Oh, hell. Who brought the aspirin?

PETE

The same one that brought the groceries: nobody.

(CONTINUED)

WALLY (CONT'D)

Salvation has arrived, gentlemen! Lunch is served!

Wally puts the pizza boxes on the table in front of Frank and Pete. They each take a slice and start to eat immediately.

PETE

I have never been so hungry in my life!

FRANK

I may cry!

THE RANGER

Here, don't forget your hot garlic bread sticks!

Frank grabs one of the smaller boxes and tears into it.

FRANK

(To Wally)

Garlic! You said bread sticks but you didn't say garlic!

WALLY

I thought you liked garlic.

FRANK

I love garlic!

Frank shoves a bread stick into his mouth and begins squirming and giggling with ecstasy. He is in heaven.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Oh, God that's good! Mmm! Thank you, God! Thank you, too, Mr. Ranger, sir!

THE RANGER

(Smiling)

You can call me Jack. Jack Davis. And, don't mention it, it's all in a day's work.

PETE

You'll have to excuse my brothers, Jack. They're pigs. Would you care to join us?

THE RANGER

No, thanks. I've got to get back to the station.

(CONTINUED)

WALLY

So, you're a forest ranger and you deliver pizza on the side?

THE RANGER

(Still smiling)

Not usually. I was coming out to check on you, to see if you were okay or needed anything. We thought you might be snowed in. I met the pizza truck at the main road and told the guy I'd make the delivery.

PETE

Well, thanks a lot! How'd you know we were here?

THE RANGER

(Warmly)

Not much escapes our attention around here. One of my partners saw your lights from the road last night.

PETE

And you were concerned about us? Gee, that's nice.

THE RANGER

Well, for one thing we wondered why there was no smoke coming from your fireplace during the snowfall.

FRANK

We've been wondering the same thing.

THE RANGER

And, we heard a bunch of gunshots a little while ago.

PETE

Oh, that. We..uh, we were target shooting.

WALLY

Yeah. Pete hit the bulls eye!

FRANK

Dog's ass, actually.

THE RANGER

We'll I'm glad everything's okay. I'll leave you three alone and get back to work. A highway crew should come by and clear your road within a few hours.

(MORE)

He starts to exit but stops at the doorway and turns back.

(CONTINUED)

THE RANGER (CONT'D)

Oh, I almost forgot!  
(Smiling)  
You owe me for the pizza.

WALLY

I'll get it. I'm the one who forgot to bring the food.  
How much?

Wally pulls out an impressive roll of bills  
as the ranger takes a receipt from his  
pocket.

THE RANGER

Uh...fifty-four dollars and eighty-eight cents. Oh, and I  
tipped the driver five bucks. Hope you don't mind.

WALLY

Not at all! Here's sixty dollars. And, forget the twelve  
cents change. You earned it!

Wally chuckles at his own joke.

THE RANGER

Okay, thanks. Enjoy your stay. If you need anything,  
give us a call.

He hands Wally a business card, waves and  
exits.

PETE

What a nice guy. It's good to know that people like him  
are up here for people like us.

FRANK

It's good to know that people like him were not up here  
when you were playing Dirty Harry.

There is a knock at the door, Pete opens  
it. It's The Ranger again. He steps inside.

THE RANGER

Sorry, but I almost forgot the main reason I was coming up  
here. We received a registered letter at the forest station  
for delivery here to..."Mr. Franklin Conley, Mr. Peter  
Conley and Mr. Walter Conley, the third." And, I need for  
one of you to sign for it.

He hands the letter to Pete.

(CONTINUED)