

JUDGE GAFFNEY & MYRTLE MAE

Side #1

MYRTLE: (*Calling.*) That's right. The stairs at the end of the hall. It goes to the third floor. Go right up. I'll be with you in a minute. (*Crosses to chair left. JUDGE GAFFNEY enters. HE looks displeased.*)

JUDGE: (*Entering and looking around.*) Where is she?

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

JUDGE: I mean your mother. Where's Veta Louise?

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

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

MYRTLE: Mother carrying on! What about?

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

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

JUDGE: Who? Found what? What are you talking about?

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

JUDGE: I'm not a quiz kid.

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

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

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

JUDGE: Where is your mother? Where is Veta Louise?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MYRTLE: I can't believe it.

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

MYRTLE: I don't doubt that.

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

JUDGE GAFFNEY & WILSON & MYRTLE & CHUMLEY

Side #2

JUDGE: I want to see Dr. Chumley. (*Enter **JUDGE** and **MYRTLE**.*)

WILSON: Hiya, Myrtle.

MYRTLE: Hello.

JUDGE: Chumley, we've got to talk to you. This thing is serious.

MYRTLE: It certainly is.

JUDGE: More serious than you suspect. Where can we go to talk? (*Moves to **CHUMLEY's** office.*)

CHUMLEY: (*Blocking door.*) Not in there.

WILSON: The Doctor doesn't want you in his office.

CHUMLEY: No, sir.

JUDGE: Then sit down, Dr. Chumley. Sit down, Myrtle Mae.

CHUMLEY: (*Dazed.*) Sit down, Chumley. Sit down, Myrtle Mae. Don't go, Wilson. Don't leave me.

JUDGE: Now, Chumley, here are my notes – the facts. Can anybody hear me?

WILSON: Yeah, we can all hear you. Is that good?

JUDGE: (*Gives **WILSON** a look of reproof.*) Now, Chumley, has it ever occurred to you that possibly there might be something like this rabbit Harvey?

MYRTLE: Of course there isn't. And anybody who thinks so is crazy. (***CHUMLEY** stares at her.*) Well, don't look at me like that. There's nothing funny about me. I'm like my father's family – they're all dead.

JUDGE: Now, then, my client, the plaintiff, Mrs. Veta Louise Simmons, under oath, swears that on the morning of November 2nd while standing in the kitchen of her home,

hearing her name called, she turned and saw this great white rabbit, Harvey. He was staring at her. Resenting the intrusion, the plaintiff made certain remarks and drove the creature from the room. He went.

CHUMLEY: What did she say to him?

JUDGE: She was emphatic. The remarks are not important.

CHUMLEY: I want to know how she got this creature out of her sanitarium – I mean – her home.

MYRTLE: I hate to have you tell him, Judge. It isn't a bit like Mother.

WILSON: Quit stalling. Let's have it.

JUDGE: She looked him straight in the eye and exclaimed in the heat of anger – "To hell with you!"

CHUMLEY: (*Looking at door.*) "To hell with you!" He left?

JUDGE: Yes, he left. But that's beside the point. The point is - is it perjury or is it something we can cope with? I ask for your opinion.