

The Mistress of Memorabilia



John Donald O'Shea

***“Jack and the
Mistress of
Memorabilia”***

by John Donald O’Shea

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John Donald O’Shea

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“Jack and the Mistress of Memorabilia”

Synopsis

A wise man once said, “Don’t believe everything you read in the papers.”

Detective Garrett McFerrett, head of Hawaii Double O, and his aides William “Willy” Danno and Koma Kamikaze find that there is much wisdom in the “old saw.” When they execute a search warrant to “find the goose that laid the golden egg,” they come up empty, and find themselves up against a brilliant scam artist, attempting to create a new “can’t miss” “reality” TV show.

“Jack and the Mistress of Memorabilia”

(3 males, 4 females and 2 “eithers”)

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Detective Garret “McFerrett	A police investigator; Head of Hawaii Double 0.
William “Willy” Danno	McFerrett’s partner
Koma Kamikaze	Rookie cop in McFerrett’s unit
Pamela Paucity	A poor widow
Brunhilda “Hildy” Hogweed	An unscrupulous scammer
Ebenizer Whithercrop	A local farmer
Governor Pauline Jamieson	Garrett’s boss
“Jack” (Jacquie) Paucity	Pamela’s gullible teen age son.
Ronald (Donna) Frump	A fabulously wealthy TV producer

“Jack and the Mistress of Memorabilia”

PROPS LIST

Scene 1:	Complaint and Search Warrant Wretched potted plant
Scene 2:	Very much Oversized woman’s purse
Scene 3:	10 \$50 bills
Scene 5:	Flower pot Skull and bag for skull Certificate
Scene 7:	Spade Elvis certificate Mrs. Presley certificate
Scene 8:	Phone Contract
Scene 9:	Large picture (badge collections) 2 wallets with police badges Wyatt Earp’s badge 3 certificates
Scene 10:	Attaché case 3 wads of money Contract

“Jack and the Mistress of Memorabilia”

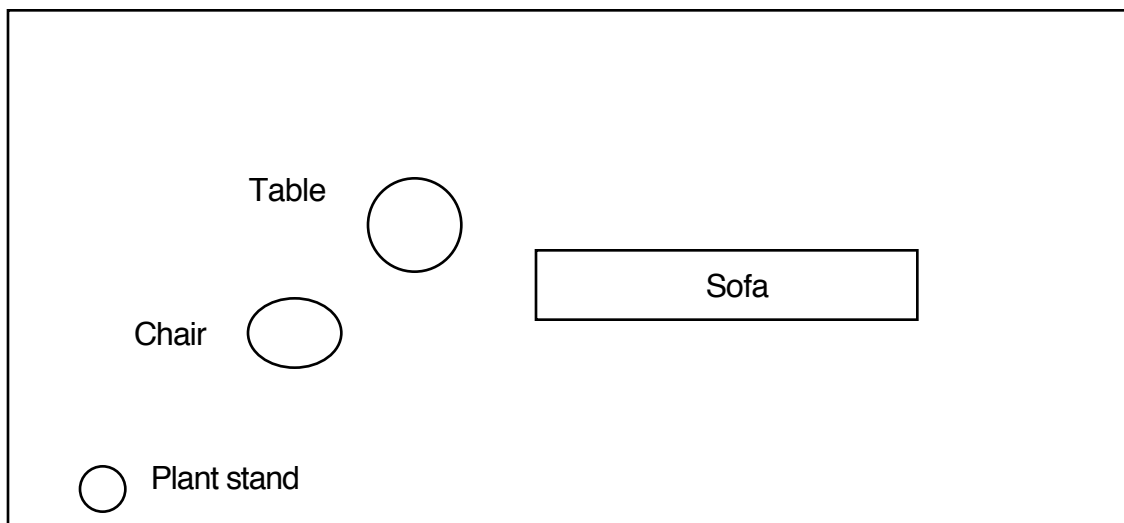
Author’s Note

The set is designed to be a “minimal set.”

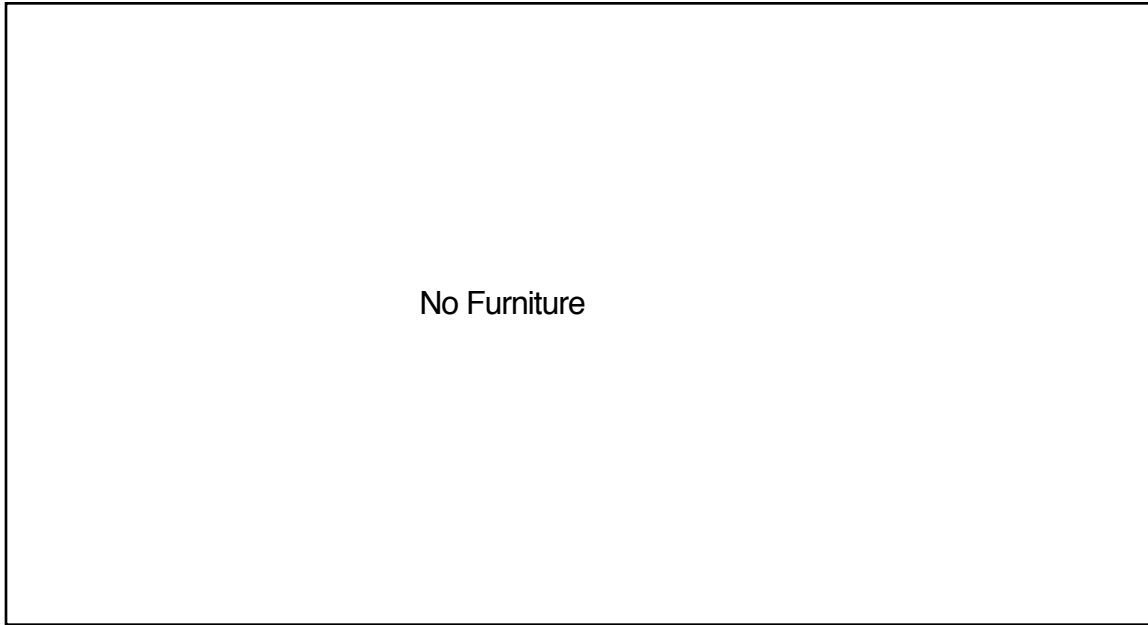
The “minimal set” allows to play to move from venue to venue, by simply moving a few pieces of furniture.

The director, of course, has the option of creating a more elaborate set.

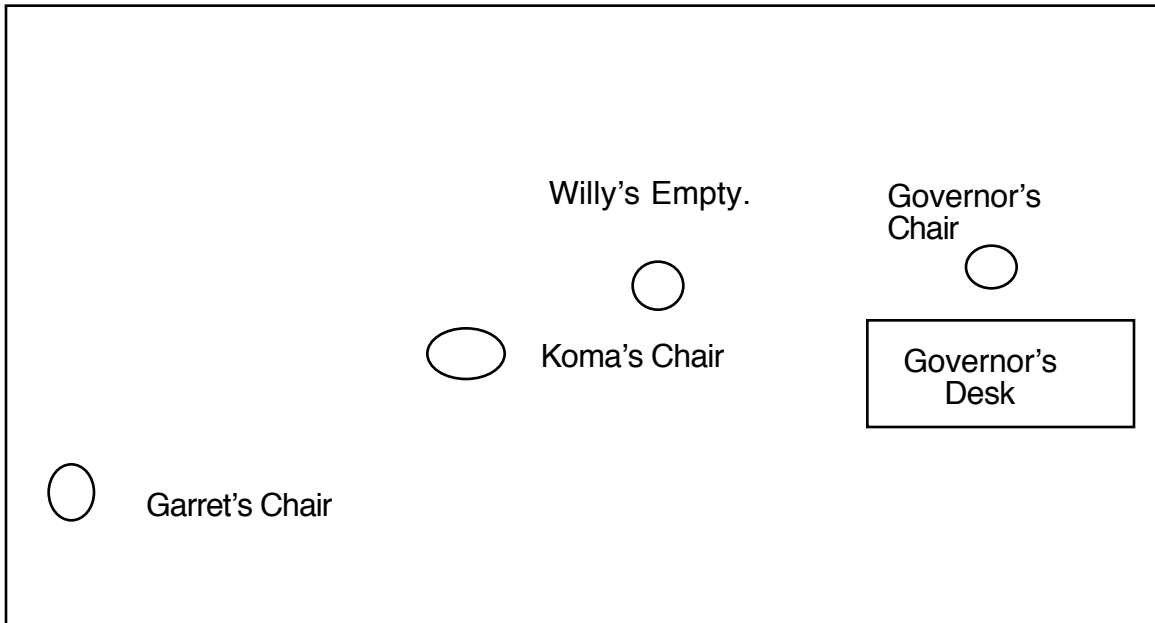
Set #1 --- The Paucity Living Room. Scenes 1, 6 & 10



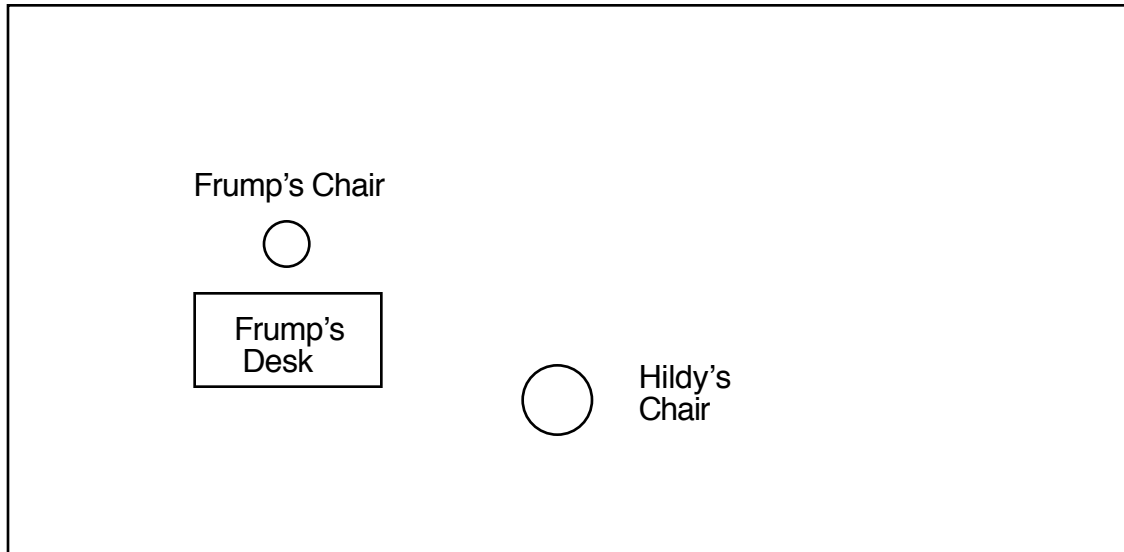
Set #2 -- Along the Road. Scenes 2, 3, 5 & 7



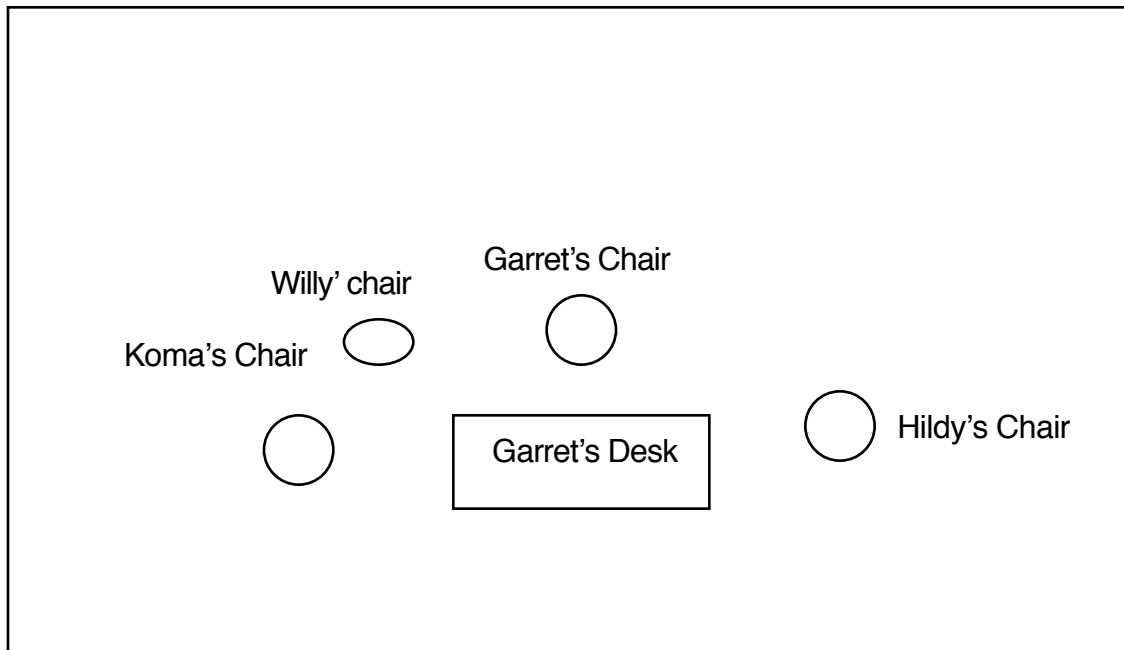
Set #3. Governor's Office. Scene 4



Set #4. Frump's Office. Scene 8



Set #5. Garret's Office. Scene 9



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Scene 1

(Spot on Announcer off. Spot comes up on Det. Garrett McFerrett, Officer William “Willy” Danno, and Officer Koma Kamikaze)

Officer William “Willy” Danno. Are you telling me we’re here on a lousy theft case?

Detective Garret McFerrett. The complaint attached to the warrant says the goods were stolen from one Brunhilda “Hildy” Hogweed by a teen age boy named Jack Paucity,

who came to the victim's curio shop, and conned her.

Willy I repeat. Are you telling me we're here on a lousy bunco case?

Garrett. I'm telling you we're here because that what Jamieson wants.

Officer Koma Kamikaze. But why?

Garrett. Because, as I understand it, "Hildy" Hogweed, the victim, is a friend of the Governor.

Koma. Since when does Hawaii Double 0 investigate rinky-dink scams?

Garrett. Whenever Patsy Jamieson tells us to investigate rinky-dink scams. We work for her. Remember?

Willy. It's humiliating! This is a job for ordinary cops. Flat feet. Call Honolulu PD.

Garrett. Zip it, Danno. We're the Governor's special unit. We do what she says.

Willy. When I took this job, you told me we'd be going after super-secret agents, stalking Mafia crime bosses, and hunting down ruthless international terrorists.

Koma. If I wanted to mess with juvenile delinquents, I have taken a jobs as a junior high assistant principal.

Garrett. Look! How do you think I feel?

Willy. Rotten. I suppose, for once, you're going to have to "play by the rules."

Koma. Jamieson would never back your use of "enhanced interrogation techniques" on a 10 year old kid.

Garrett. He' 12. But you're right. Furthermore, it isn't any fun water-boarding a 12 year old.

Willy. Cheer up. Maybe you'll be able to kick down the down in the course of executing the warrant!

(Garrett, Willy and Koma cross to a door, SL, and knock. A lady, Pamela Paucity, answers the door)

Pamela Paucity. *(Seeing three detectives)* Yes?

Garrett. I'm Detective Garrett McFerrett. Are you Mrs. Paucity?

Pamela. Yes. *(Looking at McFerrett's companions)* Who are you?

Willy. We're from Double 0, Ma'am. Hawaii Double 0.

Garrett. This is Officer William "Willy" Danno.

Koma. And I'm Officer Koma Kamikaze.

Garrett. We have a search warrant, Ma'am.

Pamela. I don't understand?

Willy. *(Repeating slowly)* We ... have ... a warrant, Ma'am.

Pamela. I understood what you said. I didn't understand what you meant. What's a search warrant?

Koma. It a court order for us to search your home. *(“Willy ” hands Pamela a copy of the warrant)*

Pamela. I still don't understand.

Garrett. The judge has ordered us to search your house for stolen property.

Koma. May we come in?

Pamela. Well, I don't know....

Willy. If you refuse, Ma'am, the warrant authorizes us to do a forced entry.

Pamela. *(More than a little annoyed)* So you mean to say that if I refuse, you'll huff and puff and blow my door down?

Garrett. No, Ma'am. You're thinking of the Big Bad Wolf.

Koma. We're cops.

Garrett. However, we have a battering ram in the trunk of our car.

Willy. *(Enthusiastically)* It's a GAMM ram. Real high quality steel.

Koma. Weighs about 30 pounds. It's ideal for breaking down front doors! *(Illustrating)*
It goes BMMM!

Pamela. You'd break down my door?

Willy. Yes, Ma'am.

Koma. Absolutely.

Garrett. It's good, clean fun.

Pamela. In that case, come in.

Koma. Thank you, Mrs. Paucity. Is your son home?

Pamela. No. What exactly are you looking for?

Garrett. It's all specified right there in the warrant, .

Pamela. (*Reading*) ... A small brown leather pouch containing gold coins....

Willy. That's right.

Pamela. (*Still reading*) ... A goose that lays golden eggs, together with an assortment of miscellaneous golden eggs....

Garrett. Do you want to tell us where they are?

Pamela. (*Still reading and utterly dumbfounded*) And a golden harp that accompanies itself in a rather nasally soprano voice, and is very fond of giants....

Koma. Why don't you tell us where they are Ma'am. It will save us rummaging through your place.

Garrett. If you could just hand over the stuff?

Willy. We don't want to mess your place up.

Koma. Our mothers wouldn't like that.

Pamela. What sort of nut issued this warrant, Mr. McFerrett?

Koma. What do you mean, Ma'am?

Pamela. Who ever heard of a goose that lays golden eggs?

Willy. Apparently the lady who made the complaint.

Pamela. Or a golden harp that plays itself while simultaneously singing soprano?

Koma. The same lady.

Pamela. Have any of you idiots ever met a real live goose that lays golden eggs?

Garrett. Not that I recall, Mrs. Paucity.

Willy. Not recently.

Pamela. Or a golden harp that sings soprano - and has an affinity for random giants?

Koma. I'm afraid not, Ma'am.

Willy. Not that I recall.

Pamela. *(On the counterattack)* And neither has your idiot judge!

Garrett. I don't think you should refer to Judge Judy as an idiot.

Koma. Even if it might be true.

Garrett. *(To Koma)* Koma, you start with the kitchen drawers. I'll get the ones in the bathroom. Willy, you take the basement.

Pamela. Hold on a second! Just how big is this "golden harp?"

Garrett. *(Checking the complaint)* The complaint describes it as about four feet tall.

Pamela. And your "golden goose?"

Koma. You've seen one goose, Ma'am, you've seen them all.

Pamela. Just how would you expect me to hide either one of those things in my kitchen drawers?

Garrett. It's been my experience, Ma'am, that women are very good at folding things.

Pamela. Whoever heard of someone folding a goose?

Garrett. You're forgetting the harp, Ma'am.

Pamela. Have any of you ever tried to fold a piano?

Willy. No. Just a cello.

Pamela. And?

Willy. It folded fine.

Pamela. Uh-huh

Willy. It was the unfolding that was the problem.

Koma. And there's still the matter of the bag of gold coins Ma'am.

Pamela. Okay. The three of you go search. I'll be back in a minute.

Garrett. You can't leave Ma'am.

Pamela. I wasn't planning to.

Willy. Then where are you going, Ma'am.

Pamela. To get my son's baseball bat.

Koma. What do you need a baseball bat for, Ma'am?

Pamela. I plan to use it as a "battering ram" in that any of you morons messes up my house.

(Lights Down. End of Scene)

Scene 2

(Along a road)

Farmer Ebenizer Whithercrop. Hey, you, Hildy. Mrs. Hogweed.

Brunhilda "Hildy" Hogweed. Good morning, Ebenizer. How're your pineapples doing?

Whithercrop. I've got a bone to pick with you.

Hildy. What's wrong? Are you unhappy with "ole" Hank?

Whithercrop. He ain't "ole Hank" anymore. He's "dead Hank." The darn mule died the day after you sold him to me.

Hildy. I hope you didn't over feed him.

Whithercrop. I didn't feed him at all.

Hildy. Well, if you didn't feed him, I can understand why he died. Poor thing probably starved to death. You really should treat your animals better, Mr. Whithercrop.

Whithercrop. He didn't starve to death; he just plain died!

Hildy. Then maybe you should bury him. Before he starts to smell.

Whithercrop. He can't smell, you darn fool. He's dead.

Hildy. I hope your not contending that there was something in our agreement requiring me to provide a funeral service in the event of Hank's untimely demise.

Whithercrop. I ain't asking you for no darn mule funeral. I want my money back.

Hildy. Fair enough. I'll stop by the bank and get the money. Meet me at my place in about 45 minutes.

Whithercrop. You're darn tooting, I will.

Hildy. By they way, when you come, don't forget to bring Hank.

Whithercrop. What in tarnation are you going to do with a dead mule?

Hildy. I thought I just might raffle him off!

(End of Scene - Sights down)

Scene 3

(Brunhilda's place. 45 minutes latter. Whithercrop drags on a dead mule - or at least a semblance thereof)

Whithercrop. Done brought your mule back, Mrs. Hogweed. Where's my \$500.

Hildy. *(Handing him ten \$50 bills)* Here you go, Eb. Always a pleasure doing business with you.

Whithercrop. You ain't upset?

Hildy. Certainly not. Fair is fair.

Whithercrop. Saw your sign as I came in. You ain't wasting any time.

Hildy. Don't want old Hank to start decomposing. Want to buy a raffle ticket, Eb? Only \$2!

Whithercrop. Your sign don't mention that ole Hank is dead.

Hildy. Nope.

Whithercrop. Why not? Wouldn't that be the honest thing to do?

Hildy. Suppose it would. *(A pregnant pause)* Felt it might hold down ticket sales.

Whithercrop. What happens if you sell five hundred tickets?

Hildy. Guess I'll make \$1000.

Whithercrop. I meant, what happens when you give the winner a dead mule.

Hildy. About the same as happened when I sold him to you. Probably have to give him back his two dollars.

(Lights Down. End of Scene)

Scene 4

(McFerrett, Koma and Willy are waiting for the Governor at the Governor's Office)

Willy. Why are we here?

Garrett. Because our boss told us to be here first thing in the morning. That's why.

Koma. I'd rather be surfing.

Willy. How are we supposed to insure the safety of the islands from international drug smugglers sitting here? We're wasting time.

Governor Patsy Jamieson. *(Entering and overhearing Danno, she addresses Danno)*
Nobody forced you to take this job. If you don't like it, go back to the mainland where you came from. They'll keep you busy writing parking tickets. *(To McFerrett)*
Any luck?

Garrett. Nothing. We came up empty

Willy. No harp, no goose. No nada.

Koma. Not even a coin.

Governor. Did you give the joint a through going over?

Willy. We searched every nook and cranny.

Garrett. Koma, here, even checked the toilets.

Governor. What?

Garrett. Koma, here, even checked the toilets.

Governor. Who would hide a harp in a toilet?

Garrett. Geese like water.

Koma. And there was water in the toilet. Real water.

Willy. We just thought...

Governor. (*Cutting them off*) Was the kid there?

Garrett. Just his mother.

Willy. Nice lady -

Garrett. - except for the baseball bat.

Governor. Baseball bat?

Garrett. She stood behind us.

Willy. To make sure we put stuff away.

Koma. She's a bit of a neatness freak. .

Governor. Okay, why don't bring the kid in for questioning?.

Garrett. On what charge?

Governor. You're a cop. Why ask me?

Willy. How about if I ask you, why we're even messing with this case?

Governor. You messing with it, because I want it messed with. Clear?

Willy. Clear. But why do you want it messed with?

Governor. Because Brunhilda Hogweed is a friend of mine. A good friend of mine, and she needs help.

Koma. Brunhilda?

Willy. She must be a real good friend.

Governor. One of my best. She contributed \$25,000 two years ago to get me elected.

Koma. (*Naive and shocked*) So this is a political pay back?

Governor. What's the point of getting to the "top of the greasy pole" if you can't help your

friends once you get there?

Koma. But we're a major crimes unit!

Governor. When one of my friends is the victim, it *is* a major crime. Now get out there, and get to the bottom of this thing.

(Lights Down. End of Scene)

Scene 5

(Brunhilda is again discovered on the road. She is carrying a bag, large enough to hold two bowling balls. She is approached by Jack Paucity)

Jack. *(Approaching)* I want my mother's cow back, Mrs. Hogwood.

Hildy. My name is Hogweed.

Jack. You flimflammed me.

Hildy. Why, Jack. What a terrible thing to say!

Jack. You told me those beans were "magic." I want our cow back.

Hildy. I'm sorry, I have already sold "Milky White." I got \$500.

Jack. Then give me the money you got.

Hildy. I sorry, Jack, but I can't.

Jack. Why not?

Hildy. Because I've already spent it.

Jack. Where? On what?

Hildy. I went to the Antique Road Show, and bought inventory for my business.

Jack. I don't believe you. What did you buy?

Hildy. Let me show you. *(She reaches into her bag, and pulls out a skull)*

Jack. What's that?

Hildy. It's a skull. A very valuable skull.

Jack. Who's?

Hildy. *(Very secretively)* Elvis Presley's.

Jack. I don't believe you.

Hildy. It comes with a certificate of authenticity.

Jack. What's that?

Hildy. A sworn affidavit from Elvis himself - that the skull is his.

Jack. Where did you say you got it?

Hildy. At the antique show.

Jack. How much did you pay for it?

Hildy. I got it for \$300 and a smaller one for \$200. But it's worth \$500.

Jack. I'll tell you what. Let me have it, and we'll call things even.

Hildy. *(Playing Coy)* I don't know.....

Jack. It will square me with my mom.

Hildy *(Giving in)* Very well, I like satisfied customers. *(She hands him the skull)*

Jack. Thanks, Mrs. Hogwart.

Hildy. It's Mrs. Hogweed, Jack. Oh, don't forget your certificate. *(She gives him the certificate)*

Jack. Bye Mrs. Hogwood. *(He exits)*

Hildy. *(Withdrawing the other skull from the bag)* And now to see if I can find a good home for the other one. *(She pulls the second skull from her bag).* I think I'll see if I can bring old Eb together with "young Elvis, here!"

(Lights Down. End of Scene)

Scene 6

(At the Paucity Home)

Jack. *(Entering)* Mom, I'm home!

Pamela. *(Entering)* Did you get "Milky White" back?

Jack. Nope. Hildy already sold her for \$500.

Pamela. Then did you get the \$500?

Jack. No. She already spent it.

Pamela. *(Utterly shocked)* You mean to say you didn't get anything?

Jack. *(Proudly)* Of course not. You must think I'm stupid. I got something even better!

Pamela. Better than five "magic" beans? *(Indicating a wretched plant)* Look at that thing!

The only thing "magic" about it is that it's lived this long!

Jack. Don't worry, Mom. What I got from Hildy this time is really neat. And it's already dead!

Pamela. What good is something dead?

Jack. It's a collector's item, Mom. Look! *(He pulls it out and displays it)*

Pamela. That's not a collector's item. It's a skull!

Jack. I know. Ain't it great. It's the genuine certified skull of Elvis Presley!

Pamela. Jack, darling, you've been scammed again!

Jack. You're wrong, mom! Read the certificate. *(He hands it to her)*

Pamela. I, Elvis Presley, being of sound mind and body, hereby certify that the skull that you have just bought is my genuine skull. Signed, Elvis Presley.
May 17, 2009.

Jack. See!

Pamela. Jack, Elvis died on August 16, 1977.

Jack. I don't understand.

Pamela. If Elvis died 32 years ago, he couldn't have written this last year!

Jack. You mean she did it again?

(There a knock on the door)

Pamela. *(Answering door, and seeing Garrett, Koma and "Willy")* Not you , again?

Garrett. I'm afraid so, Ma'am.

Koma. Sorry to bother you again.

Garrett. We've got a lady who says your son stole her property.

Koma. We'd just like to clear things up.

Garrett. So we can handle the fun stuff, like espionage, sabotage and terrorism.

Willy. *(Seeing Jack)* We'd like to ask you son a few questions, Ma'am.

Pamela. While you're here, I want to make a complaint. My son was defrauded.

Garrett. One thing at a time, Ma'am. We'll get to your complaint next.

Koma. If we tried to handle two cases at the same time, things tend to get all mixed up.

Pamela. *(Sarcastically)* I'm sorry. I wouldn't want to overload your logic boards...

Willy. *(To Jack)* Are you Jack Paucity?

Jack. Yes, Sir.

Garrett. Do you know a lady named Brunhilda Hogweed?

Koma. She goes by the name of "Hildy." Hildy Hogwash.

Pamela. *(Interrupting)* Of course he knows her. That's who we want to complaint about.

She ... *(Pamela is cut off)*

Garrett. Mrs. Hogweed says you stopped by her curio shop about a week ago.

Jack. That's right.

Willy. She claims that shortly after you came in that you mentioned that you were hungry.

Koma. And that out of the goodness of her heart she got you cookies and milk.

Jack. That's correct.

Garrett. And while she was out of the room, that you purloined a pouch full of gold coins that her husband had left on the desk, and that you stole them.

Jack. That's not true. That's a lie.

Koma. She also claims you came back the next day.

Jack. That much is true.

Willy. And that this time, she got you a piece of cherry pie ...

Pamela. Why would she do that if he had just stolen her husband's gold coins?

Garrett. And that while her back was turned, you grabbed a large golden goose that laid golden eggs that belonged to her husband, Mr. Hezekiah Hogweed, and stole that, too.

Jack. Who ever heard of a goose that lays golden eggs?

Willy. Don't get overly technical. Did you steal any of her geese?

Garrett. Maybe you thought it laid platinum eggs?

Koma. Or just plain silver?

Jack. I didn't steal any geese. I mean, geese. I'm not a goose napper. I've never stolen anything in my life.

Garrett. She also claims you stole her husband's golden harp.

Pamela. Hildy Hogweed doesn't even have a husband.

Koma. How do you know that?

Pamela. They publish divorce notices in the newspaper. I read it five years ago!

Koma. How do you know she didn't remarry?

Pamela. How do you know she has husband who even had a golden harp?

Willy. Because she told us.

Pamela. And she also told my son that that (*alluding to the alleged Presley skull*) is the genuine skull of Elvis Presley.

Willy. It looks like a genuine skull to me.

Garrett. How do you know it isn't?

Pamela. Where would she get Elvis's skull?

Koma. Off his body? (*A pause, in which she recognizes the stupidity of what she just said*)
Oh, I see your point.

Garrett. You're not suggesting that Mrs. Hogweed is a swindler?

Pamela. I'm not suggesting it. I'm coming right out and saying it!

Willy. That's a serious allegation, Ma'am.

Jack. Not nearly as serious as accusing me of stealing her husband's gold.

Koma. Exactly, what are you saying Ma'am?

Pamela. A week ago, we were out of money. We needed money desperately. I sent Jack to town to sell our cow.

Willy. Was it a golden cow Ma'am?

Jack. It was an ordinary stinking milk cow.

Pamela. On the way, he met Mrs. Hogwood. When she offered to sell her "Milky White"
...

Garrett. (*Interrupting*) "Milky White" who, Ma'am?

Pamela. She was our cow.

Koma. Strange name for a cow, Ma'am. I thought all cows were called "Bossy?"

Pamela (*Ignoring her idiotic question*) When Jack offered to sell her "Milky White," she offered him five beans.

Willy. Five beans for a cow doesn't seem like a very good bargain, Ma'am.

Jack. She said they were "magic."

Willy. I guess that would be different.

Garrett. Were they, Ma'am?

Pamela. (*Showing him the miserable bean plant*) What do you think?

Garrett. They don't look very "magic" to me, Ma'am.

Koma. Did you water them?

Pamela. Of course, I watered them!

Garrett. Joe, do you suppose Mrs. Hogweed has been guilty of fraud?

Willy. Looks more like bunco, Garrett. Text book bunco.

Pamela. But wait. That's not all.

Jack. When I tracked her down, and demanded our cow back, she said she had already sold it.

Pamela. Then when Jack asked her for the cash she got from the sale, she told him she had used it to purchase two skulls.

Jack. She told me (*alluding to the skull*) that *that* was the genuine skull of Elvis Presley, and that it was worth \$500.

Pamela. Then to give credence to her lie ...

Garrett. (*Garrett cuts her off*) How do you know she was lying, Ma'am?

Pamela. Where would she get head the held of Elvis Presley?

Koma. How about on Ebay, Ma'am?.

Willy. Or, off his body. (*Pause*) Wait a minute. Didn't we just cover this?

Pamela. Officer, Elvis Presley is buried on the grounds of his mansion at Graceland - in the garden that lies next to his pool.

Garrett. I thought he was buried buried in a Memphis cemetery.

Pamela. He was originally.

Koma. But his body was moved after grave robbers tried to steal it.

Jack. And look at this. (*Showing Garrett and Joe the certificate*)

Willy. This is a very official looking certificate, Ma'am.

Garrett. I'm afraid, Mrs. Paucity, that this tends to disprove your allegations. Elvis says right here that the skull was his.

Pamela. Aaargh!. How could Elvis sign a certificate thirty years after he died?

Garrett, Koma and Willy. *(Dumb struck)* Maybe we should talk to Mrs. Hogweed!

(End of Scene. Lights Down)

Scene 7

(On the Road)

Hildy. Top o' the morning to you, Eb.

Whithercrop. Don't have time to talk to you, Ma'am.

Hildy. Sure ya do, Eb. *(Showing her bag)* Let me show you what I got in my bag.

Whithercrop. I don't want no more dead mules from you, Mrs. Hogweed.

Hildy. Surely you don't think I've got a big ole dead mule is this little bitty bag

Whithercrop. I wouldn't put it past you.

Hildy. Now, Eb. When the mule died, didn't I give your back your money?

Whithercrop. Yup. But I still don't trust you

Hildy. Let me try and make it up to you.

Whithercrop. It can't be done.

Hildy. Not even if I let you have a true "collector's item" real cheap?

Whithercrop. Not even then.

Hildy. But I thought Elvis Presley was your favorite singer ever.

Whithercrop. What does Elvis got to do with all of this?

Hildy. That's what I'm trying to tell you, you old fool.

Whithercrop. *(Now getting interested)* Have you got Elvis memorabilia in that there bag?

Hildy. Better than that, Eb. I got his genuine skull from when he was a young boy.

(Displaying it)

Whithercrop. I don't believe you.

Hildy. Look here. *(She pulls out a certificate from her bag)* Read this.

Whithercrop. *(Reading from certificate)* I, Elvis Presley, king of rock and roll, *(interjecting)*
he sure was that... *(resumes reading)* hereby certify that the skull marked EAP#1,
is my genuine boyhood skull, so help me God. Signed, Elvis Aaron Presley

Hildy. Note that it's even under oath.

Whithercrop. I don't know. Something don't seem quite right. I want more proof

Hildy. Well, Eb, this is your lucky day. *(Reaching in her bag)* I just happen to have an
affidavit from his mother. *(She hands it to him).*

Whithercrop. From Gladys?

Hildy. From Gladys Love Smith Presley, herself.

Whithercrop. I, Gladys Love Smith Presley, myself, hereby certify that I am the mother
of Elvis Aaron Presley, a/k/a the "King of Rock and Roll" and that the skull which
Brunhilda Hogweed is in the process of selling to Ebenizer Whithercrop is the
true and genuine skull of my son Elvis, at age eleven. Signed, Gladys Love Smith
Presley, May 15, 1965.

Hildy. You get the skull, the certificate and the affidavit -- all for the unheard of price of
\$500.

Whithercrop. Mrs. Hogweed, you've got a deal. It's a pleasure doing business with
a fine lady like yourself. *(Exiting)* Just wait to Mrs. Whithercrop sees this!
(Displaying the skull)

Hildy. *(Looking at the money)* Easy come, easy go, easy come again. Gad, I love being
an entrepreneur! And now, with airfare in hand, I'm off to the "Big Apple."

(Lights Down. End of Scene)

Scene 8

(In the office of the fabulously wealthy Ronald Frump)

Ronald Frump. *(Hildy Hogweed enters Frump's office)* Come in, Mrs. Hogwallow.

Hildy. It's Hogweed, sir.

Ronald. *(Annoyed that he was interrupted.)* Whatever. My apprentice, Gloria, tells me that you have an absolutely brilliant concept for a new television "reality show." May I call you Brunhilda for short?

Hildy. Certainly, Mr. Frump. Thank you for taking time to see me.

Ronald. Forget the Mister. Call me Ronald.

Hildy. And you may call me "Hildy," sir. Your office is beautiful. It must be wonderful to have a 26th floor office overlooking the city.

Ronald. It is. Now let's get on with it. I have a whole bunch people to fire this morning.

Hildy. I presume your apprentice has briefed you on my concept.

Ronald. Gloria has merely told me told me you have a brilliant concept. I rely on her judgment implicitly. If I find she's let me down, I'll fire her.

Hildy. How many apprentices have you had this week, sir.

Ronald. Counting Gloria, 28.

Hildy. And you've fired 27?

Ronald. 26. I beheaded #23. Now let's hear your idea. - in 100 words or less. I'm a busy man.

Hildy. A boy sells his mother's cow for five "magic" beans. Not believing the beans are magic, his mother throws them out the window. Over night a beanstalk grows up into the clouds. The boy climbs the stalk and arrives in a magic land. He explores the strange land, and eventually comes across the house of a giant. After entering, he finds the giant owns gold coins, a goose that lays golden eggs, and a golden

harp. He steals all three. He races back to and down the vine. The giant pursues him.
He cuts down the vine as the giant descends and the giant falls to his death.

Ronald. 108 words. But I like it.

Hildy. You do?

Ronald. No, I love it! It's got magic. It's got adventure. It's got travel to exotic lands.
It's got passion. It's got greed. It's got murder

Hildy. They you'll buy it?

Ronald. Of course I'll buy it! It's wonderful.

Hildy. You're gonna produce it?

Ronald. Why else would I buy it, you idiot?

Hildy. Will it be a hit?

Ronald. The greatest hit since "*American Idol.*" (*Picks up phone*) Gloria, bring me a
contract. (*He listens*) It's already on my desk? Terrific. (*Handing up phone, and
finding contract*) Here you are, Hildy. Sign it.

Hildy. Might I have a moment to read it?

Ronald. Don't you trust me?

Hildy. (*Reading*) You're only paying me \$100,000? I expected at least a million.

Ronald. Take it or leave it, Hildy.

Hildy. But Ronald, to do this right, I've had to involve two innocent people -- the boy and
his mother. I had to name them in false affidavits and criminal complaints . I'll need at
least a half a million to square it with them, plus a few hundred thousand to hire an
attorney. Then of course, I'd like to come out of this with a million or two for myself.

Ronald. (*Shocked, or at least feigning to be*) You've brought *false* charges against two
innocent people?

Hildy. The Republicans and Democrats do it all the time. What's the big deal?

Ronald. How dare you seek to entangle me in your vile illegalities. I am a honest - albeit

utterly ruthless - entrepreneur. You're fired!

Hildy. But Ronald...

Ronald. *(Cutting her off)* To you, it's Mr. Frump. Now, be gone before I have to fire you again!

Hildy. Don't do this, Mr. Frump.

Ronald. *(On his phone)* Gloria, my interview with Mrs. Hogwash is at an end. Come in here, and thrown her out the window.

(Lights Down. End of Scene)

Scene 9

(Lieutenant McFerrett's Office. McFerrett is behind desk. Willy and Koma enter)

Garrett. Were you able to stop by Hildy Hogweed's place, like I asked.

Willy. We did, but wasn't there.

Koma. Danno called her on her cell phone and she was cooperative.

Willy. She said she'd be in to see us first thing this morning.

Koma. Let's hope she keeps her word.

(Phone rings)

Garrett. *(On phone)* Thanks, Gertrude. Send her in. *(To Joe)* Brunhilda Hogweed's here.

Willy. Well, if she's a con-artist, at least she's a punctual con-artist.

Koma. This ought to be interesting.

Hildy. Good morning. I was supposed to see Dec. McFerrett.

Garrett. That's me, Mrs. Hogweed. Good morning. It's good of you to come down.

Hildy. *(Noting that on the wall that Garrett has a collection of police star badges)* That quite

a collection. How long have you been collecting police badges?

Garrett. Ever since I was a little boy, but I really got going after I joined the force.

Hildy. As a collector of memorabilia, I'm impressed. I presume you know that in these parts I'm known as "The Mistress of Memorabilia."

Willy. He's always on the lookout for more.

Hildy. But I presume you've recovered the stolen items, and that you've called me down here to identify them.

Koma. Not exactly Ma'am.

Willy. In fact, we searched, but came up empty.

Hildy. Well, perhaps you searched the wrong house. Are you sure you went to Jack's place?

Garrett. We went to Jack's place, Ma'am.

Hildy. How can you be sure?

Joe. His mother let us in.

Hildy. Are you sure she wasn't visiting a neighbor next door, or two doors down the block at the time?

Willy. Quite sure, Ma'am.

Hildy. Then you should have found my husband's property. Did you search thoroughly?

Koma. Very thoroughly, Mrs. Hogweed.

Hildy. Did you check the closets?

Garrett. All of them.

Hildy. Under the beds?

Willy. First thing, Ma'am.

Hildy. In the garbage disposal?

Garrett. No.

Hildy. Why not?

Garrett. I like my fingers, Ma'am.

Koma. And, we didn't think either the harp or goose would fit.

Hildy (*Blithely*) Well, we can't always be right

Garrett. It's a serious offense to make false accusations, Mrs. Hogweed.

Hildy. I didn't make any false accusations.

Willy. Didn't you complain that Jack Paucity stole your husband's coins, goose and harp?

Hildy. No. I only told you that he had been to my house three times, and that in my opinion he was the only one that could have. I was merely giving you my opinion. My best guess. When the assistant state's attorney suggested a search warrant, I relied on his judgment.

Koma. His judgment?

Hildy. He was the one who added two and two and got five. Not me. (*A pause*) Now that you two have admitted the mistake, may I go?

Garrett. Not yet, Ma'am. There's a further matter that we need to discuss with you.

Hildy. Very well.

Garrett. Jack Paucity claims that you bought his cow and paid him with five beans that you said were "magic."

Hildy. That's correct.

Willy. "Magic," Ma'am?

Hildy. Well, weren't they?

Koma. We don't know, Mrs. Hogweed. Were they?

Hildy. I don't see what difference it makes, either way. When Jack felt the beans weren't fair value, we renegotiated.

Joe. And you gave him a skull that you claimed belonged to Elvis Presley.

Hildy. Oh, for heaven's sake! Don't tell me he's unhappy with that, too?

Koma. Yes, Ma'am.

Hildy. Well that just goes to show that there are some people that you just can't please.

What's wrong this time?

Willy. His mother says the skull didn't belong to Elvis.

Hildy. Why of course it did. It came with Elvis's own certificate of genuineness.

Willy. Pamela Paucity said Elvis couldn't have made that certificate.

Garrett. Ya see, Ma'am, that certificate purports to have been made by Elvis in 2009.

Koma. We've checked it out.

Garrett. Elvis died in 1977.

Hildy. *(Feigning shock)* Are you saying that I was defrauded?

Willy. No, Ma'am. We're suggesting that you're the one who committed the fraud.

Hildy. But I bought it in good faith, ... at the Antique Road Show ... from a man who was supposed to be a reputable dealer. I paid \$250 for it. I have a receipt.

Koma. Receipts can be bogus, Ma'am.

Hildy. The next thing I'll discover is that the three of you are phonies.

Garrett. You're at the police station, Mrs. Hogweed.

Hildy. Nevertheless, I'd like to see your badge.

Garrett. All right. *(He shows her his badge in his wallet)* Here it is, Ma'am. Are you satisfied.

Hildy. That's a lovely badge. High quality brass, fine detailing. *(A slight pause)*. Have you ever seen Wyatt Earp's badge?

Garrett and Joe. *(Excited, like an avid collector)* Wyatt Earp's?

Hildy. I bought it last weekend at the Antique Road Show. Paid \$5000.

Garrett. I don't believe you.

Hildy. *(Gets badge from her purse)* It's the very one Wyatt wore on October 26, 1881 during the "Gun Fight at the O. K. Corral."

Garrett. *(Skeptical)* At is, huh? . Let me see it.

Hildy. Here you go. *(Handing it to him)*

Garrett. This is nothing but cheap plastic.

Hildy. That's what makes it so valuable. It's the first U. S. Deputy Marshall badge ever cast in plastic!

Koma. *(Entirely skeptical)* And I supposed you have a certificate from Wyatt himself that it was his?

Hildy. I got something even better.

Willy. What?

Hildy. Certificates from Billy Clanton, Tom McLaury, and Frank McLaury.

Garrett. Weren't those the three guys that were killed in the gun fight?

Hildy. If they were, they must have made their affidavits just before the were shot.

(A slight pause) Mr. McFerrett, I can let you have it for \$7500.

Garrett. Get out of here, Ma'am, before I lock you up.

Hildy. Whatever you say. *(She is out the door instantly. As soon as she's out, Garrett's phone rings)*

Garrett. McFerrett, here. *(He listens to voice on the other end)* Send him in.

Whithercrop. *(Enters)* I need to speak to a policeman! I want to file a complaint!

Garrett. How can I help you, sir?

Whithercrop. I think I've been flimflammed.

Willy. How so?

Whithercrop. *(Pulling "Young Elvis" from his bag)* I bought this from Hildy Hogweed. She warranted to me that it was the skull of "Young Elvis."

Garrett. And what makes you think it isn't?

Whithercrop. I just bumped into Jack Paucity, and he told me he bought the skull of old Elvis.

Koma. And you don't think Elvis could have had two skulls?

Whithercrop. I don't know about that. I just think it's highly unlikely that one woman could be lucky enough to come into possession of both of them!