

YOLA'S 90th BIRTHDAY PARTY - A deadly celebration.

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ACT 2, SCENE 1 (continuing)

Yola's party is now over as Yola and Elvira (the Morelli sisters) along with Mary (a lifelong friend who in her later years has developed a heart condition) start to cleanup. Gary and Joey, their nephews, are returning the borrowed chairs back to the community room. Yola and Elvira have just had an argument. Oh, and Brian is "still" dead in their bathtub.

ELVIRA storms off to the kitchen area.
We hear her banging dishes, pans, cups, etc.
Sound of water running to wash dishes.

YOLA

It's a sin the way she talks to me.

MARY

She's probably tired, Yola. You know, getting everything ready for your party.

YOLA

Oh, please. She did nothing. She's no help around here. You saw her this morning; she can't even boil my water with the teabag in it. If I were 20 or 30 years younger, I'd move away. Maybe all the way out to Hawaii.

MARY

Now what would you do in Hawaii when all your family and friends are right here in Rhode Island?

YOLA

It's not what would I do. It's what I wouldn't do. I wouldn't have the worry of Elvira. She would have to be on her own. Take care of herself. See how she likes it.

CD player is turned on in the kitchen.
Frank Sinatra "My Way" song plays.

MARY

Yola, you know you couldn't be without Elvira. Who else would you have to complain about?

YOLA

When have you ever heard me complain? I never complain.

MARY

What do you call it?

YOLA

Yes, I do correct her. I have to. I'm her older sister. That's what I have to do for her own good. (*calls off to ELVIRA*) Shut that blasted victrola off, we're trying to talk in here.

ELVIRA (*offstage, sarcastic*)

It's the cd player that Gary and Catherine gave us.

YOLA

I don't care. Shut it off. (*to Mary*) See the way she snaps at me? Besides, she always plays that damn Frank Sinatra. There are other singers like, like Perry Como.

A beat.

MARY

I've got to use your little girl's room before I go. I hate using the one in the community room in front of everybody.

YOLA (*nervously*)

Don't use it.

MARY

What?

YOLA

It's messy. I'm embarrassed.

MARY

Got to go. I'll keep my eyes closed. Promise.

YOLA goes to doorway leading to kitchen.

YOLA

Elvira, Mary's in the bathroom.

ELVIRA (*offstage*)

So.

ELVIRA enters.

(*ELVIRA realizes it / whispers*) Oh, my God, Yola. You don't think she'll look in the tub.

YOLA (*whispering*)

I told you to hide Brian in our room, under the bed. No one would ever look there.

ELVIRA (*whispering*)

I closed the shower curtain. I didn't think anyone would look in our bathtub.

YOLA (*whispering*)

You didn't think. That's the problem. You just don't think.

ELVIRA (*whispering*)

Please, please, please God. Don't let her peek in our tub.

YOLA (*whispering*)

Do you realize Mary's only sitting a couple of feet away from our going to prison?

ELVIRA (*whispering / a wreck*)

I'm claustrophobic, Yola. I'll die in prison.

YOLA (*whispering*)

Do you have any idea what they do to girls like us in prison? (*a beat*) I'm too old to be anyone's bitch, Elvira.

YOLA & ELVIRA quietly stand outside
bathroom door. **Mary takes a long time.**
Finally bathroom door opens, MARY enters.

MARY (*surprised to see YOLA & ELVIRA at the door*)

What? No applause?

ELVIRA (*nervously*)

We were just worried that, ah, ah...

YOLA (*nervously*)

The toilet handle wouldn't flush. We always have a problem with that flushing gizmo. Brian already knows about it. He'll fix it when he gets back from, ah, California.

MARY

No problem. It worked fine for me.

BRIAN staggeringly enters from bathroom.
Dried blood on side of face where ELVIRA
hit him with the paperweight.
YOLA, ELVIRA & MARY scream.
MARY falls to the floor with a heart attack

BRIAN *trying to get a pulse on MARY*)

Well, well, well. I guess I missed your party, Yola. Did you save me any cake, Elvira?

YOLA

Brian, dear. Thank goodness you're all right. Of course, we have plenty of cake for you. (*to BRIAN*) Is Mary going to be all right?

BRIAN

She's dead.

ELVIRA (*rushing over to MARY*)

Mary. Mary.

YOLA

Oh, my Sweet Jesus.

BRIAN

Looks like you've had quite a birthday, Yola. Two deaths in your apartment, the same day. Actually make that 1 and a half deaths since I managed to not die. Isn't that right, Elvira?

YOLA

She didn't mean to hit you with the paperweight, Brian.

BRIAN

It slipped out of your hand and landed on my head. That's how it happened, Elvira?

ELVIRA (*weakly*)

Yes.

BRIAN (*firmly, scaring ELVIRA*)

Liar.

YOLA

You know how Elvira gets, Brian. Sometimes she loses control, bad things happen just like that when she loses control.

BRIAN

This is going to cost you, Yola.

YOLA

Anything. You've got to help us, Brian.

BRIAN

Something to say to me, Elvira?

YOLA

(*A beat*) Elvira, apologize to Brian. (*A beat*) Did you hear me, Elvira? Apologize to Brian, right now.

ELVIRA (*insincere*)

I'm sorry, Brian. (*to YOLA*) Okay?

YOLA

Now, Brian, dear. What are we going to do with Mary's body?

BRIAN

I'll bring it to her apartment. Make it look like an accident or something.

ELVIRA

Just like Maggie Doyle?

YOLA

ELVIRA!!!

BRIAN

Don't go there, Elvira. I don't appreciate what you're insinuating. (*a beat/BRIAN starts to leave*)
You'll have to excuse me while I call the police to report your attempting to murder me. When they get here, sure hope they don't trip over Mary's dead body.

YOLA (*desperate*)

Brian, Brian, Brian. She's says things, Brian, that she doesn't mean. Tell him, Elvira. Tell Brian how you say things you don't mean. TELL HIM.

ELVIRA (*weakly*)

I was only saying what I heard from Mary.

BRIAN

What was it that you heard from Mary?

ELVIRA (*whimpering*)

She said how she met Maggie's son in the mailroom. And, and he told her that his mother must have taken a bad fall into the bathtub when she died with her robe on. That's all Mary said.

YOLA

That's the God's honest truth, Brian. Exactly what Mary told us, this morning, right here in this room.

BRIAN

And you believed her?

YOLA

Definitely.

A couple of beats.

BRIAN

Elvira, did you believe her?

ELVIRA

Mary's always told us the truth. Of course, I believed her.

BRIAN

Do you think I had anything to do with Maggie's death?

YOLA

Of course you didn't, dear.

BRIAN

Elvira?

ELVIRA

Why would you have anything to do with it? She fell in her tub, right?

BRIAN

That's exactly what the police said.

Pause.

YOLA

Now, Brian, Mary's body has to look like she died naturally.

BRIAN

Don't worry. I'll handle it.

BRIAN starts to pick up MARY.

Someone open the door.

YOLA

No, no, no. You can't take her out now. Everyone will see.

Knock on door.

JOEY (*offstage*)

Open up, it's us.

YOLA (*calls through door*)

In a second, boys.

BRIAN (*dragging MARY's body*)

Elvira, open that hall closet door.

BRIAN stuffs MARY's body in closet.

YOLA

You can't leave her in there.

BRIAN

I'll be back later tonight when the building's quiet. She'll be okay in there until then. Elvira, open the door.

ELVIRA opens door. GARY & JOEY enter.

GARY

About time. Hey, Brian.

BRIAN

Guys.

JOEY (*notices gash*)

What the hell happened to you?

BRIAN (*laughing*)

Your Aunt Elvira, bashed me on my head.

GARY

Jesus.

BRIAN

I'm kidding. I'm kidding. I was fixing the shower in 213. The pipe broke, whacked me pretty hard, huh?

GARY

You'd better get that taken care of.

JOEY

Maybe you need stitches.

BRIAN

Nah. It's nothing. Once I wash it off, throw on a couple of band aids, I'll be fine.

GARY

You need some anti-bacterial so it won't get infected.

BRIAN

There's a first aid kit in the maintenance room with all that stuff. I just wanted to stop by and explain to Yola why I missed her party. And, to get an official piece of Yola's 90th Birthday Party cake.

YOLA

Elvira, cut Brian a big chunk of my cake.

ELVIRA exits to kitchen.

GARY

Where's Mary?

YOLA (*little nervous*)

Mary. Ah, she's, she's not here.

BRIAN

Said she wasn't feeling well. Slight chest pains. Wanted to get back to her place to take some nitro.

GARY

Hope she's okay. Shouldn't we call 911?

BRIAN

We wanted to but she wouldn't let us.

JOEY

Old people are stubborn, right Aunt Yola?

YOLA (*coldly*)

I wouldn't know.

BRIAN

Mary probably got flustered with all the excitement of your aunt's birthday party. Don't worry, it looks like a late night for me, I'll check up on her before I leave.

JOEY

We finally met Miss Stoop and Squeeze.

BRIAN

Who did you meet? Miss Stoop and what?

JOEY

It's a long story, Brian. We'll tell you another time.

ELVIRA comes out of kitchen and hands
BRIAN a plate with cake on it.

YOLA

For goodness sakes, where's your etiquette, Elvira? Get him a fork and napkin.

GARY (*leaving*)

No. I'm good. Got utensils in the maintenance room. See you later, Yola, Elvira. Bye guys.

YOLA

Bye, dear.

JOEY

Take it easy.

GARY

See ya, Brian.

GARY

If you're going to the sing-a-long, you'd better get going. They're almost ready to start.

ELVIRA

Your aunt's tired. We're not going.

YOLA

We most certainly are. Sorry it seems like we're throwing you boys out. But we have to go, I hate walking in late.

ELVIRA

Yola, you said we weren't going.

YOLA

No, I said we were going. You misunderstood me, Elvira.

JOEY

Cousin Thelma accidentally knocked an end table over with cake on it. Let me get those crumbs before I go. Vacuum in here? (*JOEY heads to hall closet*)

ELVIRA (*forgetting Mary's body is in closet*)

Yes.

YOLA (*blocks JOEY from going to closet*)

NO. I mean, we've got to go. We'll take care of that later, Joey. You boys have done so much for us today. Go home. Get rest.

JOEY

It's no trouble.

GARY

It'll take 2 seconds.

YOLA

Absolutely not. Now go. Both of you.

ELVIRA

We'll take care of it after the sing-a-long.

GARY

Okay, if you insist. Bye, Aunt Elvira.

GARY kisses ELVIRA on cheek.

YOLA
I insist.

ELVIRA
Bye, Gary.

GARY

Bye Aunt Yola. Hope you enjoyed your party.

YOLA

It's been a day I'll never forget.

JOEY (*kisses YOLA on the cheek*)

Bye. (*kisses ELVIRA on cheek*) Bye, auntie.

ELVIRA

Bye, Joey.

GARY & JOEY exit.

YOLA (*a beat*)

What, pray tell, did you learn, as a lesson from all of this, Elvira?

ELVIRA

If only I hit the son-of-a-bitch harder with that paperweight we wouldn't be having this discussion.

YOLA

I'm just wasting my words talking to you. Get that vacuumed up before those crumbs settle in.

ELVIRA goes to hall closet.

ELVIRA

I can't get the vacuum out, Yola. Mary's in the way.

YOLA

For the love of God, just push her to the side.

YOLA exits to kitchen.

With a great deal of effort, ELVIRA tries to push MARY to one side but MARY falls halfway (upper body) into the hall.

ELVIRA (*talking to MARY's body*)

Sorry about that, Mary. I've got to get the vacuum.

ELVIRA lifts vacuum out of closet, over MARY.

YOLA (*offstage/in kitchen*)

I hope you're happy, Elvira. My 90th birthday was the worse one ever. Brian almost dying. Mary really dying. What would people say about us if this got out?

ACT 2, SCENE 1 – Continues...