

Synopsis



A Comedy in 2 Acts
by John & Jenni Marsh

**2014 McLaren Comedy
Festival Winner**

**Cast size – 12 characters
(10 performers with doubling)**

Two dead cats— separated by 3,000 years— somehow get switched, creating a small part of the mayhem in this full-length comedy. In the tried-and-true fashion of a farce, laughs abound from start to finish with mistaken identities, outlandish scenarios, colorful characters, and loads of physical and verbal humor. The misadventures all take place in an old home, undergoing renovation, which is definitely *not* company ready—and not just because of the bat on the loose.

Frank and Diana Reynolds have two projects in the works— fixing up their house and fixing up Frank’s shy, awkward brother, Virgil. Unfortunately, their signals get crossed and poor Virgil ends up with 2 blind dates on the same evening— sweet and goofy Sarah, the veterinarian, and scheming real estate developer, Taylor.

However, that’s not all who shows up. Due to an unfortunate encounter on the way there between Virgil’s car and Fluffy the cat, Fluffy’s owners, Judge Reis-Johnson and his New Agey wife, Cassandra, show up at the house. The Judge wants Frank, who is an independent filmmaker, to do a documentary on his son’s taxidermy collection. In the midst of this first scene mayhem, Byron, an Egyptologist with an overwrought romantic streak, crashes the party with a marriage proposal, which goes ludicrously awry.

The action continues in Scene 2 with Taylor initially pursuing Virgil for mercenary reasons, then dumping him when new facts come to light. To Virgil’s great dismay and embarrassment, he next has an off-stage encounter with the bat in the bathroom, however Sarah catches it and “accidentally” puts it in Taylor’s sports car. Byron, regretting his recent romantic blunder, shows up desperately seeking funds for his next expedition, but Frank gets the idea that Byron is after his wife, and tosses him out into the poison ivy.

Act II is one uninterrupted romp which opens with the Reis-Johnsons showing up so Cassandra can perform a “spiritual cleansing” to deal with the negative energy she senses in the house. Taylor’s working a new scheme, and Virgil and Sarah try a little experiment, but find the chemistry lacking. However, when Byron, covered with blotches of white poison ivy crème, shows up with a mummified cat, romance is in the air again. Cassandra’s ethereal weirdness seems boundless as her New Age séance weaves throughout the act, sweeping up various hapless characters in the process.

Later, Frank and Virgil get stuck in furry animal costumes with bad zippers, and riotously chased around the set by a crazed old hippie who thinks they are giant skunks. Fortunately for the brothers, they are saved when the crate containing Fluffy gets screwed to the wall. Before it’s all over, Taylor has an accidental spiritual awakening, the judge gets a lucky break (and a black eye), and a green cop has to try to sort the whole mess out. But what about poor Virgil’s quest to find somebody to love? Well, there’s one more knock at the door...

Set Requirements

No set changes required as all the action takes place in the great room of an old home. A relatively simple set, on one level, with a back wall and some doors is all that is needed. However, the physical action definitely creates possibilities for more elaborate set pieces if technical and financial resources allow. The photos are the finished set with its “under construction” look.



Licensing

For information on licensing this play to perform, contact jsmarsh555@gmail. In most cases, royalties would be \$50 per performance.

Cast Of Characters

FRANK REYNOLDS	<i>An independent documentary & TV filmmaker, in his early 30s</i>
DIANA REYNOLDS	<i>Frank's wife, a self-employed graphic designer, in her early 30s</i>
VIRGIL REYNOLDS	<i>Frank's younger brother, a self-employed industrial software designer, in his late 20s to early 30s</i>
SARAH REIS-JOHNSON	<i>A veterinarian, in her late 20s to early 30s</i>
JUDGE LAWRENCE REIS-JOHNSON	<i>Sarah's father, a local judge, in his 60s</i>
CASSANDRA REIS-JOHNSON	<i>The Judge's wife and Sarah's stepmother, in her early 50s</i>
TAYLOR FOCHE	<i>An attractive, ambitious real estate developer, in her late 20s</i>
BYRON TEMPLETON	<i>An Egyptologist, in his 30s</i>
DELIVERY GIRL*	<i>An attractive woman, in her late 20s to early 30s</i>
POLICE OFFICER*	<i>A man or woman fresh out of police cadet school</i>
WALTER HIGGINBOTHAM*	<i>An old hippie who lives near Frank and Diana</i>
JASON GRIMES*	<i>Frank and Virgil's second cousin, in his early 20s</i>

**Doubling possibilities: Delivery Girl/Police Officer + Walter/Jason; or Police Officer/Walter/Jason*

Place

The setting is a medium-sized city in the Midwest. All the action takes place in the main living area of the home of Frank and Diana Reynolds. It is a large, older home which the Reynolds are remodeling themselves.

Time

The early 1990s

ACT I, Scene 1 — Early evening on a Friday in the summertime

ACT I, Scene 2 — Late afternoon the following Tuesday

ACT II — Afternoon the following Saturday

This selection is from Act II pages 71-85

TAYLOR

(Becoming even more agitated and defensive)

That's absolutely crazy! You're nuts! I am not possessed by evil spirits, or demons, or whatever. What makes you think it is me?

CASSANDRA

The signs are all there.

TAYLOR

What signs?

CASSANDRA

There have been many. The sconce. My husband's coughing fit. And then the boards.

TAYLOR

Those were accidents! Just coincidences.

CASSANDRA

Before that, there was the strife, your damaged aura, and the most clear sign of all, the bat which caused the direct attack on the Mother Goddess.

DIANA

The what?

TAYLOR

That was just a freak accident! It was another coincidence.

CASSANDRA

My dear, you just don't think logically. That's part of your problem. How could a bat suddenly appear in your car while it was still daylight?

(VIRGIL and DIANA both get a look of recognition and try to suppress sudden urge to laugh. CASSANDRA turns toward them.)

It is a very serious matter. An omen of evil, which I should've seen more clearly.

TAYLOR

It was no omen. What is this, the Middle Ages? It was a fluke. I don't know how the bat got in the car, but it did.

(VIRGIL and DIANA can't contain their laughter.)

CASSANDRA

It caused you to do great damage. And it could've injured you badly.

TAYLOR

Oh, c'mon! It just startled me. Who wouldn't get startled seeing a bat flying around in their car? That's why I drove off the road, and hit your stupid fairy statue.

(VIRGIL and DIANA burst with laughter.)

CASSANDRA

(Looking at VIRGIL and DIANA again)

Since there is nothing humorous about this, I must conclude that it is the work

(She turns back toward TAYLOR.)

of your evil spirit. It has been found out, and is trying to distract us.

(VIRGIL rushes to the bathroom, and closes the door behind him.)

TAYLOR

Look lady. You've gone way off the deep end! I mean, I thought you were bonkers before, but this is too much!

CASSANDRA

The good spirits have been trying to get us to see the danger you are in. If you continue to deny it, they will mark you in a way that is clear for all to see.

TAYLOR

I'm telling you, there's about as much chance of me being haunted as there is of... of a 6 foot raccoon walking in that door!

(TAYLOR points to the front door. Just then, the door opens and a 6 foot furry animal, with a white pointed face, and a black and white ringed tail hurries in the door. The three women let out startled exclamations. TAYLOR bolts up the stairs, and CASSANDRA goes after her. The animal reaches its paws up and removes its head. It is FRANK in the lemur costume.)

FRANK

(Great concern and urgency)

What is it? What's wrong?

DIANA

Frank! You're home!

(DIANA rushes into his arms.)

FRANK

Diana, what is it? What's going on?

DIANA

Honey, why are you in this suit?

FRANK

I got your message about there being an emergency at home, so I left immediately.

DIANA

I'm so glad. But what's with the suit?

FRANK

The guy who plays the lemur got drunk and didn't show, so I had to stand in for him. But I was told you had some kind of emergency or accident. Are you ok?

DIANA

I'm fine. Yes, I wanted you home right away. But I didn't tell whoever that was who answered the phone that there had been an accident. The Judge and his wife, and that Taylor chick are here. We forgot they were coming today. And I wasn't about to deal with it all on my own. Oh man, what a freak show it's been! Hey wait a minute, didn't you ride your motor scooter to work today?

FRANK

Yes I did.

DIANA

And you rode your scooter all the way back from downtown in that suit? Why did you have the head on? How could you see anything?

FRANK

I didn't ride with the head on! I was carrying it. I wasn't thinking when I left the studio. I just ran out with it. But when I got here, I couldn't work the front door with just one—

(Looks at his paw)

paw, and the stain on the porch is still too tacky to set something furry on it. So I just put the head on.

DIANA

I know you were rushing to get home, and that's sweet, but why didn't you at least take that suit off?

FRANK

I couldn't get it off! The stupid zipper's stuck, just like the other one. It went up all right, but we couldn't get it back down, so I just left.

DIANA

(Starts chuckling)

That must've been quite a sight. You riding through downtown and all the way out here in that costume. With your ringed tail whipping around behind you.

FRANK

(Chuckling too)

Yeah, I got some great looks. And I really got Whacked-Out Wally's attention. He actually chased after me this time, waving his fists and shouting.

DIANA

You've got briars in your fur.

(She plucks some off of him)

Doesn't your mate ever groom you?

FRANK

Yes, but I could always use more.

(They kiss.)

Actually, I had a little trouble negotiating the driveway, and I ended up in the bushes. I may have put a couple of new scratches on the scooter.

(DIANA rubs her temples.)

Are you sure you're okay?

DIANA

I think I'm getting a migraine.

FRANK

You better go take your medicine and lay down. You know how you need to get on top of those right away.

DIANA

I guess you're right. I'll go upstairs and do that. Can you take care of everything?

FRANK

Sure. Whenever there's a problem you can always "Lemur to Beaver."

DIANA

That just never gets old for you does it?

FRANK

No, it doesn't. Is everybody upstairs?

DIANA

The Judge is actually laying down in the kitchen with a black eye.

FRANK

What happened?

DIANA

It's a long story. I'll tell you later.

(She heads to the stairs.)

FRANK

Ok. Feel better. I'm going to get the scooter out of the bushes first.

(DIANA exits up the stairs, and FRANK exits through the front door. VIRGIL pokes his head out the bathroom door.)

VIRGIL

Diana?... Hello?... I need some help here... Diana? I knocked over an open can of that wallpaper paste and it landed in my pants and underwear. They're completely gooey. Look I can't pull them back up now, and there's really nothing else to put on in here, except for this...Diana? Anybody? Oh for the love of—

(He pulls his head back in and slams the door. The drill sound is heard again and a picture on the wall starts rapidly spinning around. When the drill sound stops, the picture stops. FRANK enters front door. He listens at the stairs a moment,

and hearing nothing he starts to cross to the kitchen. At that moment, the front door silently opens and WHACKED-OUT WALLY creeps in behind FRANK.)

WALLY

Ah ha!

FRANK

(Spins around)

What the—? Whacked-Out Wally?

WALLY

I got one now!

FRANK

What are you doing?

WALLY

It's one of them giant skunks, and I finally got one cornered!

(He slowly advances on FRANK, who unconsciously backs up a little.)

FRANK

You can't just barge in here!

WALLY

All them years. Giants skunks been tormentin' me. Running round the yard. Jumpin' the fence. And nobody believed me. Called me crazy.

FRANK

You are crazy. Get out of my house!

WALLY

It's talkin'. But critters can't talk. So it's just doin' it to torment me.

(He slowly picks up an extended paint roller pole. There is no roller on the end)

FRANK

Now see here.

WALLY

I tracked it to its lair, and when I bring back its skin, they'll have to believe me.

(He swings the pole, but FRANK manages to duck. He rears back and swings again and again, and FRANK just barely eludes being clobbered.)

FRANK

Wait! ... Stop that!... I'm not a skunk!

WALLY

Shut up Skunk! You can't talk!

FRANK

I'm a lemur!... I mean—I'm not an animal, I'm a person!

WALLY

Skunk! Skunk! I'll shut you up!

(He lunges at FRANK and stabs him, but the telescoping pole simply collapses.)

Arrgh!

(WALLY grabs a long 2 x 4, and FRANK comes up with a short 1 x 4. A brief sort of a sword fight ensues, until FRANK's board is shattered. A lively chase goes on in and around the boxes and tables around the room. During this time, the bathroom door opens, and VIRGIL, dressed in a beaver suit slowly squeezes out the door backwards. His large, overstuffed haunches just barely fit through the door. Just as VIRGIL turns to face the room, WALLY and FRANK spot him. WALLY utters an angry animal-like cry.)

WALLY

Another one! The varmints are breedin'!

VIRGIL

What the hell?!

FRANK

Virgil?!

WALLY

I'll get this one too!

(WALLY charges toward VIRGIL, and takes a wild swing at him. VIRGIL barely manages to duck.)

VIRGIL

Holy crap!

FRANK

What in the world are you doing in the beaver suit?!

VIRGIL

What are you doing in a raccoon suit?

(While VIRGIL and FRANK banter, the lively chase and battle goes on. It involves mops, buckets, ladders, boxes, and other items. WALLY also throws construction supplies at them, and VIRGIL and FRANK use metal paint trays as shields. The tails on the two costumes wildly swing around creating additional comic mischief.)

FRANK

I'm a lemur!

WALLY

Die skunks! Die!

VIRGIL

That clears it up!...Why is he trying to kill us?

FRANK

He thinks we're some sort of hallucination.

VIRGIL

I assume you tried reasoning with him.

FRANK

No use.

(VIRGIL eventually gets knocked over onto his back. But he can't get back up, even though he is desperately rocking back and forth on his overstuffed behind. WALLY gets ready to deliver a blow to VIRGIL's head, but FRANK parries it. Then he finds he is able to spin VIRGIL back and forth on his bottom to keep WALLY from hitting him. VIRGIL helps by using his flappy feet to fend off WALLY. However, FRANK ends up getting knocked onto his back, and both of them have to spin back and forth, and use their feet in defense. WALLY grabs the Fluffy crate off the table, and with an animalistic, triumphant cry, he raises it above his head to bring it crashing down on the hapless brothers. WALLY's back is to the back wall, and when he raises the crate above his head, it contacts the wall. While he holds it there, and is cackling in a moment of impending victory, the drill sound is heard twice. WALLY brings his arms down quickly to deliver the blow, but they come down empty, as the crate stays firmly screwed high up on the wall. WALLY slowly looks back and forth at his two empty hands in disbelief. Then he slowly looks behind him and up at the crate on the wall. He utters a cry of horror, and races to the front door and exits.)

VIRGIL

Well that's another fine mess you've gotten me into!

(The brothers go back to trying to rock themselves to their feet.)

FRANK

You're a real nutcase, you know it? No wonder the guidance counselor said you'd never amount to anything.

VIRGIL

At least I don't have briars in my fur. And guidance counselors used to say that to every kid.

FRANK

Say weren't you supposed to be on a date with Sarah?

VIRGIL

I was, but it fizzled out.

FRANK

I can't imagine why. You look so dashing dressed as a small woodland creature. Hey! you're laying on my tail. No wonder I can't get up.

(VIRGIL obligingly rocks to one side, and FRANK is finally able to struggle to his feet, since his costume doesn't have quite as much bulky lower padding.)

VIRGIL

And I thought you were supposed to be directing a shoot.

(FRANK sticks out a paw, VIRGIL grabs it, and is pulled to his feet.)

FRANK

I was.

VIRGIL

And do you find you get more respect from the cast and crew when you dress as a marmot?

FRANK

I'm a lemur. And I can't wait to hear your explanation for why you're dressed in the beaver suit.

VIRGIL

Likewise.

(By now they are both staring up at the crate screwed to the wall.)

FRANK

Looks like Jason's using way too long of screws to put up that paneling.

VIRGIL

Thank heavens he has no idea what he's doing. It saved me from a very ignominious and ironic death.

FRANK

Ironic?

VIRGIL

Yep. Or maybe I should've said karmic. In that crate is none other than my old nemesis, Fluffy the cat, stuffed and mounted, and ready to impress you. I could've been killed by the stuffed body of the cat I killed with the car.

FRANK

That's really weird... Let's go in and have a talk with Jason, and we can also see if he's got some pliers.

VIRGIL

Why do we need pliers?

(They walk toward the den.)

FRANK

Because we're going to need something to get these zippers back down.

VIRGIL

Really? Frank, before we take these off, I need to borrow some pants and boxer shorts from you.

FRANK

You mean you're not wearing—Oh gross—On second thought, I don't think I want to know why you're dressed in that suit.

(They exit to the den. CASSANDRA enters from the stairs and crosses the stage to exit to the kitchen. SARAH and BYRON enter the front door. BYRON is carrying the crate of the mummified cat.)

SARAH

Hello? ... Diana? Virgil? We're back.

(She turns to BYRON)

They must still be all upstairs doing the ghost busting.

BYRON

Okay, so like you said, it wouldn't make the right impression to rush them. I'll just wait till your father is available.

(As he crosses to the table outside the kitchen door, he looks up in disbelief at the crate screwed to the wall. He sets the crate down.)

SARAH

Yeah, sorry about that.

BYRON

Oh no. Don't be sorry. That just means I'll get to spend more time with you. I have really enjoyed being with you—you know, except for the part where I upset you so. I feel just terrible about that.

SARAH

I said don't worry about it. That was an accident. You explained it all. I... I've really had a great time too.

BYRON

You know there was one thing that I wasn't wrong about that day I burst in here to make a fool of myself.

(He stands close to her and looks into her eyes earnestly.)

SARAH

What's that?

BYRON

I said you were quite lovely.

SARAH

Yes, you did.

BYRON

And you are. You're beautiful. And you're intelligent, and funny, and forgiving.

(He gestures to the crate on the table.)

And, of all screwy things, you're even interested in my 3,000 -year-old dead Egyptians...

(He moves his face close to hers, and she puts her hands on his face and kisses him.)

SARAH

That line about dead Egyptians was just too much for a girl to resist.

(BYRON takes her in his arms and kisses her passionately, although they have to maneuver a bit to try to avoid his white patchy areas. There is a loud knock at the door, and the moment is broken. BYRON goes over, followed by SARAH and answers the front door. A POLICE OFFICER steps into the room. SARAH discovers some white cream on her face and begins wiping it off)

POLICE OFFICER

I'm sorry to have to do this sir, but we are investigating a possible crime. Do you mind if I ask you a few questions?

BYRON

(Suddenly very nervous)

What? No. No. I did not steal that mummy! I know there was no one there in the collections department, but I was in a hurry. I filled out a loan form on my own. I just forgot to turn it in. It's in my car. I can show it to you.

POLICE OFFICER

A stolen mummy?

BYRON

No, that's what I'm saying. I didn't steal it, I just borrowed it.

POLICE OFFICER

Okay... I'm going to write your statement down,

(Starts writing in his notebook)

even though it doesn't seem particularly relevant to an assault, because they said in cadet school to write everything down.

BYRON

I didn't assault anybody! I told you! There was no one there at the Museum!

POLICE OFFICER

I didn't say you assaulted anybody, Mr. Reynolds.

BYRON

My name's not Reynolds.

POLICE OFFICER

Oh I get it. You're in disguise or costume or something. Are you supposed to be a mime? 'Cause you missed some spots with your makeup there. And I don't think you're supposed talk.

BYRON

I'm not a mime. I hate mimes, and I'm not Reynolds. I'm Dr. Byron Templeton

POLICE OFFICER

Isn't this the Reynolds residence?

BYRON

Yes, it is.

POLICE OFFICER

(Slaps himself in the forehead, and speaks in a way clearly suggesting he is quoting regulations to himself.)

"First, always positively identify the person you are speaking to." Sorry about that. I just assumed you were Frank Reynolds, Dr....

BYRON

Byron Templeton. Look, here's the mummy over here.

(BYRON leads the POLICE OFFICER, who is writing in his notebook, over to the table by the kitchen door.)

POLICE OFFICER

Byron...Templeton.

(Looks down into the crate.)

Hmm. Appears to be New Kingdom, I'd say about 18th or 19th dynasty.

BYRON

(Totally shocked)

Why, yes, actually it is 18th dynasty, but how could you possibly—

POLICE OFFICER

(Turns to SARAH.)

What about you ma'am? What did you see?

SARAH

Um, I saw my dead cat first.

POLICE OFFICER

Did somebody kill your cat?

SARAH

Yes, but I don't think—

POLICE OFFICER

We might be looking at an animal cruelty charge.

(Writes more in his notebook, as he does throughout the scene.)

Did you see the person who killed your cat?

SARAH

Yes, I have seen him, but it was an accident. He hit him with the car.

POLICE OFFICER

Hmm, that's strange, because we apprehended the alleged assailant on foot. There is no report of him driving a car.

SARAH

Excuse me officer, but exactly what crime are you investigating?

POLICE OFFICER

Oh, I'm sorry.

(To himself again)

“Always clearly explain your purpose.”

(To SARAH and BYRON)

We just apprehended a Walter Higginbotham for criminal trespass a few doors down from here. A neighbor said he was fighting their clothes line and chasing and shouting at their St. Bernard. Upon questioning, Mr. Higginbotham seemed to indicate he had entered this house, and that he may have assaulted someone. Were either of you assaulted?

SARAH

No.

BYRON

No.

POLICE OFFICER

Did you see the alleged assailant?

BYRON

We did see a man leaving the house in a rush. We were walking on the far side of the yard.

POLICE OFFICER

Can you give me a description?

SARAH

I couldn't see his face or anything, but he had white hair sticking up all over and a long scraggly beard. Hey! I didn't think about it at the time, but I think he might've been that guy from down the road who stands out in his yard and shouts at cars.

POLICE OFFICER

That fits the description all right. Is there anyone else in the house?

(VIRGIL and FRANK enter from the den. They do not see the others on the opposite side of the room, who stare at them in utter disbelief.)

FRANK

So bend over a little. I can't get at it when your fur is all bunched up.

(FRANK nudges VIRGIL in the back, who bends over slightly, putting his hands on a tall box in front of him.)

VIRGIL

(Turns his head back toward FRANK)

Okay, but go slowly. Remember I'm not wearing any pants under this thing.

(FRANK gets behind VIRGIL and puts his paws up high on VIRGIL's back. He has a small pair of pliers in one paw.)

FRANK

Quit squirming around, I can't get a good hold of you.

(VIRGIL happens to look over to the other side of the room. He sees the others staring at them and stands up so quickly the pliers hit FRANK in the face.)

VIRGIL

Whoa!

FRANK

(Holding his face)

Ow! That hurt!

VIRGIL

Uh, Frank...

FRANK

What?!

SARAH

Virgil, what in the world are you doing?

FRANK

(Finally brings his paws down and looks at the others.)

Uhhh... Oh boy.

VIRGIL

We were... It's hard to explain...see I was...

POLICE OFFICER

(Excited by sudden realization)

I read about this in my deviant behavior class! People who get their kicks by dressing up in furry animal costumes and then they— But you think, oh that's just too weird, I'll never see that, and then here on my second week on the job... wow.

(He starts writing furiously in his notebook.)

FRANK

This looks really strange I know, but there's a perfectly logical explanation for all of it. Really. But, I'd kind of like to know first why there is a police officer in my house.

POLICE OFFICER

(Brought back to the task at hand)

Right. Um. Is either of you Mr. Reynolds?

FRANK

Yes.

VIRGIL

Yes.

POLICE OFFICER

Good. Which one?

FRANK

We both are.

POLICE OFFICER

Very funny. But I caution you, sir. This is a criminal investigation.

FRANK

I'm Frank Reynolds, and this is my brother, Virgil Reynolds.

POLICE OFFICER (Writing)

Oh. So, the raccoon, you are Mr. Frank Reynolds, and the, uh...

(VIRGIL turns slightly and waves his big flat tail toward the POLICE OFFICER.)

beaver, you are Mr. Virgil Reynolds.

FRANK

I'm a lemur.

POLICE OFFICER

A llama?

FRANK

A lemur! It's a member of the primate family.

POLICE OFFICER (Writing)

Primate family. Doesn't seem particularly relevant, but they taught us to... Okay, we're investigating a possible assault by one Walter Higginbotham. Were either of you assaulted?

FRANK

Yes, we both were. First I was, and then Virgil came out of the bathroom, and Wally attacked him too.

POLICE OFFICER

What did he assault you with?

FRANK

First it was a pole for a paint roller. Then a 2 x 4.

VIRGIL

A bucket.

FRANK

A tape measure.

VIRGIL

Mop.

FRANK

Box of screws.

VIRGIL

Clamps.

FRANK

Spool of wire.

VIRGIL

Another box of screws

FRANK

A square.

VIRGIL

And a wooden crate containing Fluffy.

POLICE OFFICER

A fluffy what?

VIRGIL

Not fluffy what. Fluffy the dead cat.

POLICE OFFICER

Cat?

(Turns to SARAH.)

Is that your murdered cat? Did you see it?

SARAH

Yes, it's my—it wasn't murdered! It was an accident. And yes, I did see it.

(Turns to BYRON.)

He showed it to me.

POLICE OFFICER

The alleged mummy thief?

BYRON

I tell you I didn't—

POLICE OFFICER

Was he trying to inflict emotional distress? Because we have charges for that too.