



SARAH

My first job was with a phone bank. Trying to get strangers to sign up for auto insurance.

INSPECTOR WOLF

Ma'am. We are getting off track.

SARAH

I've dealt with phone banks and polling companies ever since. Gallup, CBS. The big boys. But that first job? I hated every second—and pretty soon I hated the people I called, too. They were either inexcusably rude—to me, to me personally—or they were suckers.

INSPECTOR WOLF

I'm sure this is very important, at least to you—

SARAH

—You want to know the worst part? After a month or so—and that was really all it took—I started hating myself. Is that how it is for you, Inspector, given the work you do? Are you at the point where you don't hate us so much as you hate yourself?

INSPECTOR WOLF

(Retrieving an officious little notebook) I am officially listing you, ma'am, as Uncooperative.

SARAH

Go right ahead. I've been listed before. You, too. All of us. The people who control us have more lists than we can even dream of. I've seen them. I've helped make them. I've—. I need to lie down.

She exits into the kitchen, holding her abdomen.

TOM

Sarah, hang on...

Tom starts to exit, following Sarah, but then he spots the Maalox. He spins around and puts his back to it.

SUMMER

(Not spotting Tom's predicament) Inspector, you're sure you don't want coffee?

START

INSPECTOR WOLF

~~No, thank you, and please stop asking.~~ Now, which of you are official residents of this domicile?

TOM

I am. And my wife, whom you just met. Summer, would you mind putting on some hot water? Maybe the inspector would like tea.

Summer, confused, exits to the kitchen.

JESSE

We're not residents, Summer and me. I mean, I grew up here, but we live a few blocks over.

INSPECTOR WOLF

(To Pru) And you, ma'am? Is this your official home?

TOM

Oh, Aunt Pru's been here for ages.

JESSE

Like the furniture.

INSPECTOR WOLF

So you are...a relative.

TOM

Of course she is.

PRU

Some say I came with the house.

INSPECTOR WOLF

Is this or is this not your official residence?

PRU

I came here maybe twenty, thirty years ago. For a party, some kind of open house. I got here, I sat down, I stayed.

INSPECTOR WOLF

You never left.

PRU

That door is a lot farther away than it looks.

Summer re-enters, and hovers near the kitchen entry.

JESSE

Wait. So you're not actually my aunt?

PRU

Jesse, sweetheart. Do we look even vaguely related?

JESSE

But you're "Aunt Pru."

PRU

Inspector, the minute I sat down in this chair, I knew I had nowhere better to go. Hell, let's face it: nobody likes me. I'm unlikeable. But these people, these decent and kind of congenitally stupid people, they accepted me—and even if that was only because they were too polite to tell me to take a hike, or because they don't like making a scene, here I am, just like Jesse said: part of the furniture.

INSPECTOR WOLF

So, their kind hearts, their better natures...you took advantage.

PRU

Please. That's what people like me do—and it's what people like them were made for.

TOM

Lies, lies, lies. Pru is my wife's sister by marriage, on her father's side.

INSPECTOR WOLF

Then the question becomes, which of you is choosing to lie—to lie to a Medical Malfeasance Inspector?

PRU

You're an idiot.

INSPECTOR WOLF

Excuse me?

PRU

I actually meant Tom, but you're an idiot, too. You think stories are the same thing as lies.

INSPECTOR WOLF

Madam, since you admit to not being an official resident of this house, I will thank you to keep quiet.

PRU

What stories do *you* tell? The ones that stop you from slitting your precious little throat?

INSPECTOR WOLF

I am officially listing this entire address as "Uncooperative."

TOM

But we're making you tea.

END

INSPECTOR WOLF

Which I specifically said I did not want. ~~Now then. I see this baby has a rash.~~
