

ture with it. Talkin' to it. Singin' to it. Used to hear him singing to it. He'd make up stories. He'd tell that kid all kinds a' stories. Even when he knew it couldn't understand him. Couldn't understand a word he was sayin'. Never would understand him. We couldn't let a thing like that continue. We couldn't allow that to grow up right in the middle of our lives. It made everything we'd accomplished look like it was nothin'. Everything was cancelled out by this one mistake. This one weakness.

SHELLY: So you killed him?

DODGE: I killed it. I drowned it. Just like the runt of a litter. Just drowned it.

HALIE moves toward BRADLEY.

HALIE: (to BRADLEY) Ansel would've stopped him! Ansel would've stopped him from telling these lies! He was a herol! A man! A whole man! What's happened to the men in this family! Where are the men!

Suddenly VINCE comes crashing through the screen porch door up left, tearing it off its hinges. Everyone but DODGE and BRADLEY back away from the porch and stare at VINCE who has landed on his stomach on the porch in a drunken stupor. He is singing loudly to himself and hauls himself slowly to his feet. He has a paper shopping bag full of empty booze bottles. He takes them out one at a time as he sings and smashes them at the opposite end of the porch, behind the solid interior door, stage right. SHELLY moves slowly toward stage right, holding wooden leg and watching VINCE.

VINCE: (singing loudly as he hurls bottles) "From the Halls of Montezuma to the Shores of Tripoli. We will fight our country's battles on the land and on the sea."

He punctuates the words "Montezuma", "Tripoli", "battles" and "sea" with a smashed bottle each. He stops throwing for a second, stares toward stage right of the porch, shades his eyes with his hand as though looking across to a battle field, then cups his hands around his mouth and yells across the space of the porch to an imaginary army. The others watch in terror and expectation.

VINCE: (to imagined Army) Have you had enough over there! 'Cause there's a lot more here where that came from! (pointing to paper bag full of bottles) A helluva lot more! We got enough over here to blow ya' from here to Kingdomcome!

He takes another bottle, makes high whistling sound of a bomb and throws it toward stage right porch. Sound of bottle smashing against wall. This should be the actual smashing of bottles and not tape sound. He keeps yelling and heaving bottles one after another. VINCE stops for a while, breathing heavily from exhaustion. Long silence as the others watch him. SHELLY approaches tentatively in VINCE's direction, still holding BRADLEY's wooden leg.

SHELLY: (after silence) Vince?

VINCE turns toward her. Peers through screen.

VINCE: Who? What? Vince who? Who's that in there?

VINCE pushes his face against the screen from the porch and stares in at everyone.

DODGE: Where's my goddamn bottle!

VINCE: (looking in at DODGE) What? Who is that?

DODGE: It's me! Your Grandfather! Don't play stupid with me! Where's my two bucks!

VINCE: Your two bucks?

HALIE moves away from DEWIS, upstage, peers out at VINCE, trying to recognize him.

HALIE: Vincent? Is that you, Vincent?

SHELLY stares at HALIE then looks out at VINCE.

VINCE: (from porch) Vincent who? What is this! Who are you people?

SHELLY: (to HALIE) Hey, wait a minute. Wait a minute! What's going on?

HALIE: (moving closer to porch screen) We thought you were a murderer or something. Barging in through the door like that.

VINCE: I am a murderer! Don't underestimate me for a minute! I'm the Midnight Strangler! I devour whole families in a single gulp!

VINCE grabs another bottle and smashes it on the porch. HALIE backs away.

SHELLY: (approaching HALIE) You mean you know who he is?

HALIE: Of course I know who he is! That's more than I can say for you.

BRADLEY: (sitting up on sofa) You get off our front porch you creep! What're you doing out there breaking bottles? Who are these foreigners anyway! Where did they come from?

VINCE: Maybe I should come in there and break them!