

A Donnybrook
A Play in Two Acts by John Fisher

Characters

MAISIE, mid-forties

CAROLE, forty-six

JACK, eleven, CAROLE and PAUL's son

PAUL, forty-seven, CAROLE's husband, an attorney

TEMBY, eleven, MAISIE and JIM's daughter

JIM, forty-eight, MAISIE's husband, an antique dealer

Setting

A large country house in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, California side

Time

1974

A Donnybrook

Act One

Scene 1

(1974. A country house, which was once a stagecoach hotel, in the lower Sierra Nevada. We get a sense that it is surrounded by woods, with a lake nearby. It is not grand, but homey and convincingly decorated with period furniture. In fact, as we study it, we should come to love the pieces, they are all so right. It is also a place where a family spends its summers so there is plenty of evidence of habitation. We are in a large family room that connects to a kitchen, visible at the back of the room and separated from the main area by a bar. This kitchen is a rather large Sixties incursion into what was once the hotel's common area. The kitchen is modern with all the conveniences. The main room is dominated by a large sofa, easy chairs, a dinner table and chairs, plus a grand fireplace with fire irons. Stage right is the front door and stage left are the stairs to the second story, where the bedrooms are located.)

(At rise it is a Friday afternoon, the time when people arrive for the weekend. Door bell rings. MAISIE enters from the stairs. She is in her mid-forties, attractive and very well dressed for the country, Ralph Lauren. She spruces her hair. When she opens the door we see CAROLE and JACK. CAROLE is forty-six, pretty and well dressed. She carries a satchel. JACK is her son. He is eleven and small for his age. He has white blond hair.)

MAISIE
Hi!

CAROLE
Hi, Maisie!

(CAROLE and MAISIE hug and kiss.)

CAROLE
Don't you look fresh and special?

MAISIE
It's this summer air. Brings it right out of you. Hello, Jackie. How are you?

JACK
My name's not Jackie.

(MAISIE and CAROLE laugh.)

MAISIE

I just like to call you Jackie.

JACK

Well, it's not my name.

CAROLE

Jack, don't be such a sourpuss.

MAISIE

My name's not Maisie but everyone calls me that.

JACK

Maisie's a stupid name.

CAROLE

Jack!

MAISIE (Laughing)

That's all right.

CAROLE

I am so sorry. He's tired from the drive and all.

MAISIE

Of course he is. (To JACK) Why don't you run upstairs? Your room is at the top of the stairs. Temby will be home soon. You remember Temby.

JACK

Ok.

CAROLE

Jack, what do you say to Mrs. Waste?

JACK

I don't know.

CAROLE

He's not usually like this. I don't know what's gotten into him.

MAISIE

He's just tired.

JACK

Don't say that.

CAROLE

Jack, if we were at home I'd send you upstairs. You know you're misbehaving.

MAISIE

Well, he can go upstairs here, can't he?

(They laugh.)

MAISIE

Just up the stairs. First door on the right.

JACK

Ok.

(He starts to leave. He turns around.)

JACK

Thank you.

MAISIE

Of course. I'm happy you're here.

JACK

Thank you.

CAROLE

Jack, that was very nice.

(JACK smiles.)

MAISIE

What a sweet smile. He's adorable, Carole.

JACK

No, I'm not.

(They laugh.)

MAISIE

You are, Jack. You're cute.

JACK

I don't want to be cute.

(They laugh. JACK goes upstairs.)

MAISIE
Where's Paul?

CAROLE
Oh, coming up in his car after work.

MAISIE
Those guys.

CAROLE
Yeah, he feels like if he leaves before five the whole law firm will turn into an orgy.

MAISIE
It probably would. Jim doesn't leave the shop till late either.

CAROLE
Too bad. They could have come up together.

MAISIE
Oh, Jim probably won't make it till tomorrow. He doesn't like to come up late.

CAROLE
He must sell a lot of antiques on the weekend.

MAISIE
Actually, no, he doesn't. He just doesn't like to come up till Saturday.

CAROLE
Oh, well, it'll be just us then.

MAISIE
Glass of wine?

CAROLE
That sounds nice.

(During the following MAISIE is getting wine from refrigerator, pouring it and serving it.)

MAISIE
Does Jack want some Coke or something?

CAROLE
Let's ask. (Calling up the stairs) Jack? Jack?

JACK (Off)
What!!

CAROLE
Don't shout, Jack. Come to the head of the stairs.

(JACK appears at the top of the stairs.)

CAROLE
Do you want a Coke?

JACK
Yes.

CAROLE
Yes what?

JACK
Yes, please.

CAROLE
Well, come down and get it.

JACK
In a minute. (He exits.)

CAROLE (To MAISIE)
I'm sorry about this.

MAISIE
What?

CAROLE
Just... Oh, you know, his behavior.

MAISIE
It's all right. Somewhere around here I have a daughter who's much the same.

CAROLE
Temby? She's the sweetest thing. Always so polite.

MAISIE
Yes. She is. Around guests.

(They laugh. MAISIE hands CAROLE a glass of wine.)

MAISIE
Here you are.

CAROLE
Oh, thanks.

MAISIE
To...

CAROLE
Fallen Leaf Lake.

MAISIE
To Fallen Leaf Lake.

(They clink and then sip.)

CAROLE
Oh, here, before I forget.

(She gets wrapped package from her satchel and hands it to MAISIE.)

CAROLE
Here. For the house.

MAISIE
Oh, oh, thanks.

CAROLE
Now don't feel you have to put it up if you don't like it.

MAISIE
Oh, ok. (She opens it. It is a crochet wall hanging in a frame and under glass.) Oh, but what is it? Is it crochet?

CAROLE
Yes. Paul's mother made it. She makes them.

MAISIE
Oh, but it's beautiful. What a lovely thing. With the children dancing and the little birds. It's adorable. Is this a poem?

CAROLE
Yes.

MAISIE (Reading)

“Let the children run free, free of care,
To the hillsides, streams, all natural features.
Let them run in fields and breath Spring air,
And the birds and trees will be their teachers.”

CAROLE

It’s a little hippyish but I like the pictures.

MAISIE

Well, I think it’s fabulous. (Moving to the bar area) Here, we’ll put it over here. Right here above the bar. I think it’s charming.

CAROLE

Well, we hope you enjoy it. I asked her to make it. Just for you. Special.

MAISIE

It’s lovely.

CAROLE

Now where is Temby?

MAISIE

Oh, she goes into town as soon as she gets here. On her bike. I think there’s a boy there she likes. Sort of a... well, a townie. Nice boy but... well, he just lives up here, goes to the local school. I let her visit with him but it’s nothing serious.

CAROLE

That’s so cute.

MAISIE

Yes, you can worry about everything or you can just let them explore and guide them when they seem confused. I don’t think she takes him seriously, just likes him because he’s different.

CAROLE

How is he different?

MAISIE

Oh, you know. Not from the Bay Area. Not worried about SAT scores and college. Carefree.

CAROLE

But not husband material.

(They laugh.)

MAISIE

No, definitely not husband material. The locals are... well they're delightful and they seem so happy but... Well, I think she knows that they aren't going anywhere... Not anywhere interesting. I think she's got a good head on her shoulders. Still, you worry. And where's your oldest? Paul. Jr.

CAROLE

Oh, off on a summer college junket. You know, checking out all the schools. The way they do in the summer before they graduate. He's going to MIT and CalTech and, all over the place. It's exciting. He actually flew out this morning.

MAISIE

How thrilling.

CAROLE

Yes. I'm nervous. Don't like it when anyone gets on a plane.

MAISIE

Yes, they do tend to crash these days, don't they? Woops, wrong thing to say. Sorry.

CAROLE

It's ok. I get nervous on a chair lift.

MAISIE

Those crash too. Hmm, I should just shut up.

CAROLE

It's ok.

MAISIE

I mean they crash in movies. Planes do. And chairlifts.

CAROLE

No, they crash in real life as well.

MAISIE

Listen to us.

(They laugh.)

MAISIE

Paul Jr. is such a smart boy.

CAROLE

Yes, he gets that from Paul.

(They laugh. They realize JACK has been standing at the bottom of the stairs, listening. He does this.)

CAROLE
Jack!

MAISIE
Hello there, handsome.

JACK
I'm not handsome.

MAISIE
Well you are to me, so get used to it. Do you have a girl friend?

JACK
No.

MAISIE
Well, you'll have to beat them off with a stick by the look of you.

JACK
What does that mean?

MAISIE
You're a looker. Like your mom and dad, that's all. You want that Coke now?

JACK
Yes. Please.

(MAISIE gets up to get JACK a Coke and to refill their wine glasses. These she will bring back to the couch during the following.)

CAROLE
Come sit with me, Jack.

(JACK sits next to her on sofa and she puts his arm around him; he leans in towards her.)

MAISIE
Oh, look at you two.

CAROLE
Yes, he's a little lovebug when he wants to be.

MAISIE

Jack, you have the cutest dandelion doo, do you know that?

JACK

What's a dandelion doo?

MAISIE

All that blond hair sticking out from your head. You look like a dandelion.

(JACK buries his head in CAROLE's lap.)

CAROLE

Don't be shy, Jack. Mrs. Waste is just being nice. She likes you.

MAISIE

I heard you were a big hit in the school play.

CAROLE

Oh, he was just darling.

MAISIE

Did you sing a song or do a dance?

CAROLE

He played a rich man and he wore his blue suit and he was very funny.

MAISIE

Can you do it for us?

JACK

Do what?

MAISIE

Your rich man.

JACK

No.

CAROLE

Say one of your lines for Mrs. Waste.

JACK

No.

MAISIE

Oh, come on, Jackie.

JACK
My name's not Jackie.

CAROLE
Come on, Jack. Say your big line for us.

JACK
What big line?

CAROLE
The line you said and everyone laughed.

JACK
No.

MAISIE
Please. For me.

JACK
Ok.

(He stands in the middle of the floor. He gets ready to say his line. He realizes his fly is open and he zips it up. MAISIE and CAROLE look at one another and stifle a laugh. He is now ready to say his line, which he delivers loudly and with a big gesture.)

JACK
"The butler did it!"

(They laugh and laugh and clap. He looks embarrassed but happy.)

CAROLE
Do your dance for Mrs. Waste. The one you did in the play.

JACK
No.

MAISIE
You did a dance?

CAROLE
Yes, it was just darling. Go on.

JACK
No.

CAROLE
Oh, Jacko. Come on.

JACK
My name's not Jacko.

CAROLE (To MAISIE)
It's my name for him. Jacko.

MAISIE
That's fun.

CAROLE
Go on, sweetie. Do your dance.

JACK
No.

CAROLE
Jacko.

JACK
I don't want to.

MAISIE
What if I gave you a dollar?

CAROLE
Maisie.

MAISIE
Well, why not?

JACK
No.

MAISIE
Two dollars.

JACK
Ok.

(She digs two dollars out of her purse.)

MAISIE
Here. Oh no, I'll hold on to it until you do the dance.

CAROLE

Wowsee, wowsee, wow wow wow! Two dollars! How's that for a prize?

MAISIE

Would you like another glass?

CAROLE

Sure. Thanks.

(MAISIE refills their glasses.)

MAISIE

I had no idea I'd get a floorshow.

CAROLE

Oh, he's always been a little performer, around the house. Only last year did he take the stage. (To JACK) Do you remember how the tune goes?

JACK

Yes.

(She starts to hum the tune for him.)

JACK

I remember.

MAISIE (Handing her back her glass)

Here you are, Carole.

CAROLE

Thanks.

(MAISIE clears a spot for herself on the sofa, moving magazines to a coffee table.)

MAISIE

Oh, let me just get settled here. Move all these magazines. I swear I think the only reason I come up here is to catch up on my catalogues. Ok, here we are.

(CAROLE gives JACK a "go ahead" gesture.)

CAROLE

Ok.

(JACK sings and dances about like a Cockney in a music hall.)

JACK

*OH YOU NEVER KNOW JUST 'OOO YOU'RE GONNA MEET
WHEN YOU'RE WALKIN' DOWN A BUSY LONDON STREET.
MRS. ORCHID, MRS. BROWN.
ANY SUBJECT OF THE CROWN
OH, YOU NEVER KNOW JUST 'OOO YOU'RE GONNA MEET.*

(MAISIE and CAROLE clap enthusiastically, truly thrilled.)

MAISIE

Oh, my goodness!

CAROLE

Yay!

MAISIE

Fred Astaire, Gene Kelly and Donald O'Conner all rolled into one!

CAROLE

Whoopdoodlebug!

MAISIE

Bravo!

CAROLE

Oh, Jacko that was great.

MAISIE

Do some more, do some more!

(He dances some more, humming the song. We hear a car horn - a little sports car, Porsche.)

MAISIE

Oh, oh, there's Paul!

CAROLE

Paul? So soon?

(CAROLE and MAISIE run to the window. JACK stops dancing.)

CAROLE

Yes, it's Paul.

MAISIE

What fun.

(They turn to look at JACK.)

CAROLE

Oh, Jacko. We're sorry, it's your father.

JACK

It's ok.

CAROLE

Go ahead, Jacko, Finish your dance.

JACK

No.

MAISIE

Oh, Jack.

(He runs up stairs.)

CAROLE

Oh, dear.

MAISIE

Artistic temperament.

CAROLE

No, he's always like that. Paul scares him.

MAISIE

Paul scares him?

CAROLE

Oh, they used to be buddies but... I don't know. No big deal.

MAISIE (Looking out the window)

There's that cute car of his. Oh, Carole, he's such a handsome man.

CAROLE

Paul?

MAISIE

Yes. In his suit.

CAROLE

You think of him as handsome?

MAISIE
Don't you?

CAROLE
Distinguished. Not handsome.

MAISIE
Oh, I think he's super. I wish Jim would wear a suit everyday. Paul looks so...
responsible.

(PAUL knocks and enters the open front door. He is forty-seven, tall, gray haired,
wearing a sober business suit and tie, distinguished.)

PAUL
Hey.

MAISIE
Paul. How are you?

PAUL
Terrif! How are you two?

(He hugs MAISIE and kisses CAROLE.)

CAROLE
Hi, honey.

MAISIE
We're great. Jackie was just showing us his dance.

PAUL
His dance?

CAROLE
You have a nice drive?

PAUL
Great.

MAISIE
He did some acting, and a song and a dance.

PAUL
Jack?

MAISIE

Oh, Paul look at you driving up here wearing a tie.

PAUL

Coming to see the babes.

CAROLE

The babes?

PAUL

The babies. The girls!

(They are all laughing.)

MAISIE (Flicking his tie)

Paul, take that tie off.

PAUL

Not while I'm wearing a suit, I'll look like a beatnik or something.

(They laugh.)

MAISIE

You find the place all right?

PAUL

Easy. Great directions. A dance? I can't get him to speak to me let alone sing and dance.

CAROLE

Oh, he speaks to you.

MAISIE

Come in. We were just having a glass of wine.

PAUL

I see.

MAISIE

You want something?

PAUL

No, I had martinis with lunch.

MAISIE

Oh, come on, that was lunch, this is the weekend.

PAUL
Ok, you convinced me. What are you having?

MAISIE
Chardonnay.

PAUL
Sounds great.

CAROLE (Sotto voce)
Paul.

PAUL (Same)
Oh, for Christ's sake, it's a glass of wine.

CAROLE
You hear from Paul Jr.?

PAUL
Yeah, he landed and he's all set up in the dorm.

CAROLE
Oh, good. I don't know why he didn't call me.

PAUL
Well, he called me, that's enough.

MAISE (Bringing the wine)
Is this your little science genius?

PAUL
Yeah. Smart kid. He might get a scholarship.

MAISIE
Wow, wouldn't that be something? Does he need a scholarship?

PAUL
Nope. But he wants one. He's very independent. (Raising his glass) Here's a toast. To Fallen Leaf Lake.

CAROLE
We already toasted that.

PAUL
Oh, well, then to two great mothers: Carole and Maisie.

MAISIE
Oh, Paul.

PAUL
No, now, you guys are terrific. And still turnin' heads.

MAISIE
Oh, Paul. You're so corny.

(They laugh and drink.)

PAUL
Wow, what a great place this is.

MAISIE
Thank you. It's an Old Inn. Stagecoach stopped here and travelers spent the night, before the big trip into Sacramento next morning.

CAROLE
How exciting.

MAISIE
Yes, my mother and father bought it for a song when we were kids. When she died it came to me.

PAUL
I knew Maritn.

MAISIE
Did you?

PAUL
Sure. From the Grove. Good guy. Great card player.

MAISIE
He knew how to play cards, that's for sure.

PAUL
But a good guy also. A real charmer. Reminds me a lot of Jim.

MAISIE
That's funny. I think that myself.

(PAUL has crossed to the window.)

PAUL
I just love the view. Lake's beautiful.

MAISIE
That's actually not the lake.

PAUL
It's not?

MAISIE
No. The lake's over there behind the trees.

PAUL
What's that?

MAISIE
It's, well, it's kind of just a very large puddle. It's not always there. It's like a swamp. Stay away from it. Mosquitoes.

PAUL
Well, it's pretty. Why don't we go take a look at the lake?

MAISIE
You want to see it?

PAUL
Sure.

MAISIE
Ok.

PAUL
Jack upstairs?

CAROLE
Yes but-

PAUL (Calling up the stairs)
Jack? Jacko?

MAISIE
Oh, maybe we shouldn't.

PAUL
Jack! (To MAISIE) Shouldn't what?

MAISIE
It's just that...

PAUL
Jack! (To CAROLE) Where the hell is he?

CAROLE
Paul. (She shakes her head as if to say, "Don't call for Jack.")

PAUL
Oh, ok. We'll just go ourselves.

MAISIE
Oh, well, it suddenly occurred to me.

PAUL
You want me to bring the wine?

MAISIE
Oh, that'd be fine.

CAROLE
Did you bring some?

PAUL
Oh, oh, yeah, but it's not cold.

CAROLE
We can drink it later.

PAUL
I'll go get it anyway,

CAROLE
Then we can go.

MAISIE
I just... it just occurred to me, now's not such a good time.

PAUL
For what?

MAISIE
Seeing the lake.

PAUL
Oh, ok.

MAISIE
It's just.

PAUL
What?

MAISIE
Well the neighbors use it. We have kind of a deal with them, they live on the other side of it. They use it in the mornings and late afternoons, for their own thing.

PAUL
What do they do? Skinny dip?

MAISIE
Actually yes. Exactly. They skinny dip.

PAUL
Oh, that sounds fun. Let's go.

CAROLE
Oh, Paul.

PAUL
No, seriously. We can be voyeurs.

CAROLE
Paul.

PAUL
And maybe be can join them. I forgot my bathing suit anyway.

(They are all laughing.)

PAUL
Come on.

CAROLE
Paul. No.

MAISIE
It's just. Oh, they smoke marijuana and they're such exhibitionists. It always sounds like fun to go look at them but it's quite embarrassing.

PAUL

Do they flirt with you, Maisie?

MAISIE

Well, actually yes. I think Duane, that's the man's name, I think he likes to show me his... his member.

PAUL

Ha ha. What's Duane's woman think of that?

MAISIE

Well, if you can believe it, she likes to flash for Temby. It's all rather... complicated.

PAUL

I bet Jim likes the show as well.

MAISIE

I don't think he knows about it, thank God.

(They laugh.)

PAUL

Well, let's take a peak.

MAISIE

Oh, no please. I always blush.

PAUL

Oh, ok. Well let's just look at the swamp then instead. We can enjoy the mosquitoes. I love fauna.

CAROLE

Oh, Paul.

PAUL

No, come on, while there's still sun.

MAISIE

Oh, ok.

CAROLE

Are there really mosquitoes?

MAISIE

Oh, yes, but we'll stay back. It is rather pretty in the setting sun. If you don't look at the mud.

PAUL

I'll bring our wine in later. (PAUL has produced a full gallon of Gallo from the refrigerator.) Is this what we're drinking?

MAISIE

Yes. But there's an open one.

(PAUL pulls out another one, half-full.)

PAUL

Half full. Oh, we'll take both. Just to be on the safe side.

MAISIE

Ok.

PAUL (Calling up the stairs)

Jack, we're going to look at the mosquitos. Jacko? You ok?

CAROLE

Paul. He's fine.

PAUL

Jack, if you hear the phone ring will you answer it? Jack?

JACK (Off)

Yes.

MAISIE

Are you expecting a call?

PAUL

Yes. Firm stuff.

CAROLE

Paul.

PAUL

Sorry, Maisie.

MAIEIE

Oh God. Anytime someone's on this phone other than Temby I consider it a miracle.

PAUL

Jack, you hear the phone you'll answer it and come tell me, ok? Jack?

JACK (Off)
Yeeeeeeeeees!

(CAROLE and MAISIE laugh.)

PAUL
Weirdest kid sometimes. He danced for you?

MAISIE
Oh, it was just the cutest thing. And he looks nothing like you, Paul.

PAUL
I know. Carole stepped out on me ten years ago. It was the saddest thing.

CAROLE (Laughing)
Oh, Paul.

PAUL
But I let her keep the child.

CAROLE
He's such a joker.

PAUL
I make him clean and do garden work, the little bastard.

(They are all laughing as they exit. When they are gone JACK comes downstairs slowly, looking around to make sure the coast is clear. When he is sure they are all gone he runs to the refrigerator and grabs a Coke. He is quickly exiting towards the stairs when he sees something: the two dollars MAISIE got out for him. He grabs them and runs upstairs.)

Scene 2

(Half an hour later. PAUL, MAISIE and CAROLE enter. With them is TEMBY, who is twelve and quite mature for her age. All are laughing when they enter except MAISIE who seems a little uptight, but only a little.)

CAROLE (To TEMBY)
You were like a little mermaid coming up out of the water like that.

MAISIE
Temby, honestly.

TEMBY
What?

MAISIE
I thought you were in town with the Higgins boy.

TEMBY
I was, then I came home to take a dip.

CAROLE (Laughing)
A skinny dip.

MAISIE
I can't believe you swim with those hippies.

TEMBY
They're nice, mom.

PAUL
One of them offered me a tike.

CAROLE
A tike?

PAUL
Yeah, a hit.

TEMBY
A toke.

PAUL
A toke! That's what he offered me.

MAISIE
Did you get high with them, Temby?

TEMBY
No, mom. Jeez.

PAUL
I smoked that stuff, in the navy.

TEMBY
You did?

PAUL
Sure.

CAROLE

Paul.

PAUL

Oh, Carole, that was thirty years ago.

TEMBY

See, mom, Mr. Atkins gets high.

MAISIE

Oh, for goodness sake.

TEMBY

I bet he skinny dips also.

PAUL

No, never skinny-dipped.

TEMBY

Oh, come on, Paul. Fess up.

MAISIE

Temby.

TEMBY

Yes?

MAISIE

Don't flirt with Mr. Atkins in front of us, it's very childish.

(They all laugh.)

TEMBY

Ok, I'll wait till you leave the room.

(They laugh.)

MAISIE

It's her new thing, flirting with adults.

TEMBY

It's not my new thing. I've done it for years. (To PAUL) Did you see me get out of the water naked?

MAISIE

Temby, just stop.

PAUL
Temby, I've known you since you were a baby.

TEMBY
Have I developed?

MAISIE
Ok, it was funny for a mo' but now you need to stop.

TEMBY
For a mo'?

MAISIE
For a moment.

TEMBY
For a mo'?

CAROLE
We skinny-dipped. On our honeymoon.

PAUL
Carole.

CAROLE
We did.

PAUL
Carole, we never skinny-dipped on our honeymoon. I had on a Speedo.

TEMBY
Oh, I'd like to see that.

MAISIE
Temby.

TEMBY
I would. Sincerely. I bet he looked hot.

MAISIE
All right, Temby, I can see where this is going. Upstairs.

TEMBY
I don't want to.

PAUL
She's fine.

MAISIE
No, she starts out naughty and then she gets crude.

TEMBY
Mom.

MAISIE
She does.

PAUL
She's fine.

MAISIE
No.

TEMBY
Mom.

MAISIE
Ok.

TEMBY
So Carole, tell me...

MAISIE (Correcting her)
Mrs. Atkins.

TEMBY
Tell me.

CAROLE
What?

TEMBY
Is Mr. Atkins well hung?

MAISIE
All right, Temby, upstairs. Right now.

(PAUL and CAROLE are laughing.)

TEMBY
Mom.

MAISIE

No, that's it. It's funny, very finny, everyone loves you but it's time to go upstairs, while we're still amused.

TEMBY

Ok. Don't take me seriously, Paul, I'm just a little whore.

MAISIE

Temby!

TEMBY

Bye.

(TEMBY goes upstairs, looking provocatively over her shoulder at PAUL making "call me" gestures. They laugh.)

MAISIE

I am so sorry.

CAROLE

She's delightful, Maisie.

PAUL

She's certainly alarming.

CAROLE

Oh, he loves it. Like one of his secretaries.

PAUL

What are you talking about?

CAROLE

Oh, I've been in that office. I see what goes on.

PAUL

What goes on?

CAROLE

Everything in that office is full of... what's the word?

MAISIE

Innuendo?

CAROLE

Yes. They all talk like that. Like Temby.

MAISIE

Maybe you can give her a job. She wants to work this summer.

PAUL

I am not hiring Temby. No way.

MAISIE

Why not?

PAUL

She'll just report back to you on my behavior. Then you'll tell Carole.

(They laugh.)

PAUL

But seriously, children should be open and comfortable around adults. That's a good thing.

MAISIE

She's more than open, she's saucy.

PAUL

I wish to God Paul Jr. was that relaxed.

CAROLE

Paul's fine. He's just a Mr. Know-it-all, that's all.

PAUL

That's plenty. I introduced him to Alexander Haig. Alexander Haig.

MAISIE

You know Alexander Haig?

CAROLE

He doesn't know Alexander Haig.

PAUL

Carole, I do. I do know Alexander Haig.

CAROLE

He doesn't know Alexander Haig.

PAUL

Bill Delbecky knows Alexander Haig and Paul and I ran into Bill and Alexander Haig at the club and we all shook hands.

CAROLE

That's hardly knowing him.

PAUL

Carole, for God's sake...

MAISIE

Anyway...

PAUL

Anyway... I introduced him to Alexander Haig and Paul asked him about missile deployment.

CAROLE

What's wrong with that? Alexander Haig probably loves talking about missile deployment.

PAUL

Yes. But when he was finished Paul Jr. said there should be a broader deployment against North Korea and India as they represented a greater potential threat, whereas Russia's threat is merely kinetic. His words exactly.

CAROLE

What's wrong with that?

PAUL

Carole, you don't tell Alexander Haig how to deploy missiles. He's a four-star general.

CAROLE

He can use advice now and then from the general public.

PAUL

Ok. But Haig didn't seem to understand what he was talking about.

CAROLE

Is that Paul's fault?

PAUL

Carole, you don't make the White House Chief of Staff feel stupid. That's not the way to win friends and influence people.

CAROLE

Well, I don't know about that. Was his hair combed?

PAUL
Alexander Haig's?

CAROLE
No, Paul Jr.'s. Was his hair combed and was he standing up straight?

PAUL
I don't know. I guess.

CAROLE
That's all I care about.

PAUL
Oh, for Christ's sake, Carole.

CAROLE
Paul.

PAUL
What?

CAROLE
Nothing.

(Awkward pause.)

MAISIE
Ok, well, I want to make sure everything is ok upstairs.

PAUL
Ok upstairs?

MAISIE
With the bunk arrangements. It's awfully quiet up there.

CAROLE
Oh Carole, you don't have to worry about Temby and Jacko.

MAISIE
Oh, I worry about Temby and any man, boy or male mammal.

PAUL
Listen to Carole, you don't have to worry about Jack around Temby.

CAROLE
Paul.

PAUL
Oh, never mind.

(Pause.)

MAISIE
I'll be right back.

(MAISE exits up the stairs.)

MAISIE
Temby! I'm coming upstairs! Here I come! I am now on the stairs! I will soon be at the top of the stairs!

(And MAISIE is gone.)

CAROLE
Paul, you're drunk and it's not even dinnertime.

PAUL
Oh, give me a fucking break.

CAROLE
No, you give me a break. You think Carole can't see that you're drunk.

PAUL
She's used to it. I can't think of the last time I saw Jim sober.

CAROLE
Paul.

PAUL
Get off my case.

CAROLE
Your case? What's your case?

PAUL
My back. I really need you off my back today.

CAROLE
Why today? Why is today any different from every other day you're drunk before six.

PAUL
Just forget about it.

CAROLE
No, I won't. What's wrong?

PAUL
Nothing.

CAROLE
What's wrong? Tell me.

PAUL
I didn't mean to bring it up. It's no big deal.

CAROLE
Paul.

PAUL (Headed for the front door)
I'm going to get-

CAROLE
Paul. It's about Paul Jr., isn't it?

PAUL
Carole.

CAROLE
Just tell me.

(Pause.)

PAUL
It's nothing.

CAROLE
Paul, if it's about Paul Jr. just tell me. Tell me now. I want to know. (Pause.) Paul, please.

PAUL
I didn't hear from him. He didn't call me.

CAROLE
Why did you say you did?

PAUL
I knew you'd ask.

CAROLE
He was supposed to call.

PAUL
I know.

CAROLE
So call the school.

PAUL
I did. They said the kids haven't checked in yet.

CAROLE
It's after nine back east.

PAUL
I know.

CAROLE
So where is he?

PAUL
I don't know.

CAROLE
So call someone.

PAUL
I have. I've called everyone. Everyone I could think of.

CAROLE
Paul, what's going on? Tell me.

PAUL
A plane went down. A United Flight. A charter from Chicago to Boston.

CAROLE
He wasn't on a charter.

PAUL
He might have been. Flights often get rerouted and he might have ended up on a charter.

CAROLE

Can't you check this with the airline?

PAUL

I tried. They're not giving out any information.

CAROLE

They're not... what?

PAUL

After the crash everything got rerouted and things are confused... they're overwhelmed with calls.

CAROLE

Crash?

PAUL

Yes.

CAROLE

Paul what the hell happened?

PAUL

The plane that went down, everyone was killed.

CAROLE

Oh, my God, Paul.

PAUL

It's not Paul. It's not. He's hung up in the air somewhere, circling, waiting to land. I know that's what happened.

CAROLE

How will he get ahold of us? We should be home.

PAUL

I left a message at the dorm that he should call here.

CAROLE

A message? He'll never get it.

PAUL

He will get it.

CAROLE

We should be at home. Near the phone. What if he's hurt or a doctor calls or... what the hell are we doing up here?

PAUL

Carole he's not hurt. He's in the air somewhere.

CAROLE

Unless he's on the ground dead.

PAUL

Carole.

CAROLE

This is ridiculous.

PAUL

Carole listen, just calm down.

CAROLE

Don't tell me to calm down.

PAUL

Carole. I left messages everywhere for people to call us here. Everyone's got this number, this is where they will call.

CAROLE

Except Paul. He doesn't have this number.

PAUL

He does. I told him before he left that we'd be up here.

CAROLE

We should be at home. Maisie will call us if he calls here.

PAUL

Carole, we're drunk. I shouldn't be driving you and Jack home right now.

CAROLE

When has it ever stopped you before? Oh, Christ, this is so like you, Paul. Coming up here when something like this happens. This is so... I can't believe we sat here criticizing our son when... Fuck! What is the airline?

PAUL

United.

CAROLE

And he's at MIT this week? In the dorms?

PAUL

Yes, I have the numbers.

CAROLE

Give them to me.

(PAUL is digging in his wallet for the numbers.)

CAROLE

You are such a fuck up, Paul.

PAUL

I am not a fuck up, Carole.

CAROLE

You are. You are a twenty-five year fuck up in my life.

PAUL

I don't have to listen to this, Carole.

CAROLE

You do, Paul. Right now you really do.

PAUL

You never loved him.

CAROLE

That is not true. How can you say that?

PAUL

You're always criticizing him.

CAROLE

I'm not.

PAUL

Calling him a slob.

CAROLE

He is a slob.

PAUL

Ok.

CAROLE

That's not criticism. It's an observation. He IS a slob.

PAUL

Well it sounds like criticism.

CAROLE

That doesn't mean I want him to die in an airplane crash.

PAUL

He hasn't died...

CAROLE

I want to go home. I want to get to my phone.

PAUL

We're much too drunk to drive. Sit down.

CAROLE

I can't believe you came up here instead of sitting by that goddam phone.

PAUL

This is our weekend away. When I left the city I wasn't as worried as I am now.

CAROLE

Paul, how long have we been married? You knew you should have stayed by that goddam phone. You knew it. (Handing him back the numbers) Well, call some one. Call someone right now.

PAUL

They're all long distance calls. I can't use their phone.

CAROLE

Call someone!

PAUL

Carole.

CAROLE

Call someone. Do something.

PAUL

Who can I call?

CAROLE
Alexander Fucking Haig, you're such good friends.

PAUL
Carole, you're drunk.

(CAROLE grabs back the numbers.)

CAROLE (Moving towards the phone)
Then I'll call someone. Whatever I've ever said about our son, he's my son. Mine.
Shame on you for putting me through this. Shame on you.

PAUL
I'm not putting you through anything.

CAROLE
Yes, you are, Paul. You put me through everything, Everything that happens you put me through. Shame on you.

(CAROLE is dialing. Blackout.)

Scene 3

(A few hours later. JACK is alone in the kitchen, drawing at the table. He is drawing war pictures. We know this because he makes explosion sounds and elaborate gestures as he draws. JIM enters through the front door. He is in his mid-forties, very fit, not handsome but a man of presence, obviously a swimmer and runner. JIM is dressed casually and holds a gym bag. He has obviously just arrived from the City. JACK looks up frightened.)

JACK
Hello.

JIM
Heya. How're you?

JACK
Ok.

(Pause.)

JIM
You come up with your brothers?

JACK
Huh?

JIM
What?

JACK
What did you say?

JIM
I asked if you came up with your brothers?

JACK
I only have one brother.

JIM
Yeah? I thought you had two.

JACK
No.

(PAUL comes down the stairs. His tie is loosened but he is still dressed.)

JIM
Hey, Paul.

PAUL
Hey, Jim. How're you?

JIM
Good. How's yourself?

PAUL
Good. Ok.

JIM
Where's your other one?

PAUL
Paul Jr.? He's back east. We're trying to find-

JIM
Carole here?

PAUL
Yeah, yeah, upstairs. On the phone right now. We're trying to locate Paul back...

JIM
Great. Good to have you all.

PAUL
Thanks.

(Awkward pause.)

PAUL (To JACK)
Did you tell Mr. Waste what a good time you're having?

JACK
No.

PAUL
Jack.

JIM
That's ok, Paul.

PAUL
He's a quiet one. Always has been.

JIM
I was like that.

PAUL
No you weren't.

JIM
No, I wasn't.

(They both laugh.)

JIM
Anyway, I'll see you two later. We have to get you out of that fucking suit.

PAUL
Oh, yeah, kind of forgot to take it off.

JIM
I'll scoot upstairs and get Mais. I brought a shit load of groceries. I'm the healthiest man I know and I can't lift the fucking groceries with my hernia.

PAUL
We'll get them.

JIM
Oh, ok, well, let me say hi to Mais.

PAUL
Thanks, Jim.

(JIM exits up the stairs.)

PAUL
What's wrong with you?

JACK
I don't know.

PAUL
Why aren't you polite to him? He's your host.

(JACK doesn't speak.)

PAUL
Well speak up. Answer my question.

JACK
I don't know.

PAUL
You kids... I bring you up here, Mr. and Mrs. Waste are kind enough to invite you up here for a fun weekend and all you do is mope around and complain.

(JACK starts to leave.)

PAUL
Don't walk away when I'm talking to you.

(JACK stops.)

PAUL
I want you to go and find Mr. Waste and thank him for inviting you up here and tell him what a good time you're having. Go on.

JACK
I don't want to.

PAUL
I don't care what you want to do. Go find him right now.

JACK
No.

PAUL
Come here. (He grabs JACKS's arm and starts to pull him up the stairs. JACK resists.)

JACK
Let me go.

(JACK whines and struggles.)

PAUL
Come here. Stop that, now stop that.

JACK
No. Let me go.

(PAUL won't let him go. JACK screams, high-pitched, very loud. PAUL releases him. JACK stops screaming. They just stare at one another. JACK runs up the stairs. PAUL stands for a minute. MAISIE comes down the stairs. She seems concerned about the screaming but also upset about something else.)

MAISIE
Hi.

PAUL
Maisie,... I'm just headed out to get groceries.

MAISIE
Everything all right?

PAUL
Kids. Jesus. Can I help you with something?

MAISIE
Jim says there're groceries.

PAUL
Here, I'll get them.

MAISIE
Now I can start dinner. Now Jim's here. It's so late.

PAUL
Maisie.

MAISIE
Yes, Paul.

PAUL
I'm sorry about that screaming,

MAISIE
Oh, that's ok.

PAUL
He's... he's very shy.

MAISIE
He's artistic.

PAUL
Yes.

MAISIE
Oh, that's fine. (Looking out the window) Though Ginger didn't like it much. I see she's gone up the tree.

PAUL
Sorry.

MAISIE
Well, he's not the first baby to scream in this house.

PAUL
He's eleven.

MAISIE
Oh, well he's lucky he's still got that high pitch. Is he in a choir?

PAUL
No.

MAISIE
He should be. Before his voice changes. Where's Carole?

PAUL
Tired. She lay down.

MAISIE
Is everything all right?

PAUL
Yes. Well...

MAISIE
Tell me.

PAUL
Maybe later. She's just worried... about something. Excuse me.

(PAUL exits front door. JIM comes down the stairs. MAISIE doesn't look up.)

JIM
What was all that screaming?

MAISIE
Atkins boy.

JIM
What a little weirdo. So are we going to talk about it or are you going to keep running away from me?

MAISIE
I never run away from you, Jim. Never. Can you get Ginger out of the tree? She ran up there when Jackie screamed.

JIM
Oh, for fuck's sake.

MAISIE
Jim. Please don't swear. There are children in the house.

JIM
Spend my entire weekend getting Ginger out of the tree.

MAISIE
No, you spend most of your weekend in town.

JIM
You want to talk about this?

MAISIE
No, I don't. I just asked you to please get Ginger down from the tree. She likes you. She trusts you. Though I don't know why.

JIM

Jesus, Carole. She's a cat.

MAISIE

A cat you've lived with for ten years. Do you mind?

JIM

No.

(He starts to leave, then stops.)

JIM

When I get back I want to talk to you.

MAISIE

Just help Ginger down, Jim.

JIM

I want to talk.

MAISIE

Fine. Get Ginger. She must be cold.

(JIM exits. MAISIE crosses to stairs and calls up them.)

MAISIE

Jack! Jackie! Little Jackie! Jackie Atkins!!!

(JACK appears at the top of the stairs.)

JACK

Yes?

MAISIE

How are you?

JACK

My name's not Jackie.

MAISIE

Oh, well, you want me to call you Jack?

JACK

John.

MAISIE
John?

JACK
Yeah.

MAISIE
Oh, ok, we'll call you John. Would you like to help me make cookies?

JACK
No.

(She has moved into the kitchen and is putting butter in a mixing bowl.)

MAISIE
Sure you would. What boy doesn't like to make cookies?

(She takes bowl, butter and spoon to kitchen table.)

MAISIE
Here, sit here. Now mash this butter till it's soft.

(JACK has joined her.)

JACK
Ok.

MAISIE
What were you doing upstairs?

JACK
Nothing.

MAISIE
Were you drawing something?

JACK
No.

MAISIE
Come on. What were you drawing?

(JACK, who has been struggling with the butter, puts the spoon down in frustration and shoves the bowl away.)

JACK

This is too hard. It doesn't work.

MAISIE

Here, I'll start it for you, then you can take over. (She mashes the butter to make it soft.) Were you drawing pictures of something?

JACK

Yeah, what else would I be drawing?

MAISIE (Seriously)

Please be nice to me, John. Please.

JACK

Ok.

MAISIE

Were you drawing Cars?

JACK

No.

MAISIE

What? Tell me.

JACK

War pictures.

MAISIE

Oh, war pictures. Wow. Like planes and things.

JACK

No.

MAISIE

Tanks?

JACK

Yeah.

MAISIE

Your Uncle Jim was in a tank. During the war. Did you know that?

JACK

No.

MAISIE

He was. Maybe if you ask he'll tell you about it.

(JIM enters with Ginger, a beautiful orange and white tabby.)

JIM

Ok, she's down. Can we-

MAISIE

Jackie came in to help me make cookies. (Handing bowl back to JACK) Here you go, it's softer now. You take over. (Taking Ginger from JIM and kissing her.) Oh, hello Ginger, how are you? Little Beauty.

(PAUL enters with groceries, three bags in one load.)

JIM

Jesus Paul, you'll pop a hernia right here in front of us.

PAUL

On the bar?

JIM

Yes, thank you, Paul.

(MAISIE pets Ginger and looks at JIM. CAROLE enters from stairs looking worn out, confused.)

JIM

Hi, Carole.

CAROLE

Oh, oh, hi, Jim.

MAISIE

Carole.

CAROLE

Hi.

MAISIE

What's the matter?

(She pats JACK's head, holds him.)

CAROLE

Nothing. Just tired.

MAISIE
Would you like something to drink?

CAROLE
No. I think I had too much.

(TEMBY comes bounding on from the stairs. She runs to JIM, who hugs her.)

TEMBY
Hey, Dad.

JIM
Hey, Gorgeous.

TEMBY
How're you?

JIM
Great. You look terrific.

TEMBY
Thanks, Dad.

MAISIE
Temby, why don't you help Jackie make cookies?

TEMBY
Cookies? Do you know how many calories are in a cookie?

CAROLE
Calories? Why are you worried about calories?

MAISIE
She gets that from Jim. He doesn't eat sugar.

JIM
Or salt. The two greatest evils in this world.

CAROLE
Salt?

JIM
It bloats.

TEMBY
Are you ok, Mrs. Atkins?

CAROLE
Yes, just tired.

TEMBY
Paul's been on the phone since he got here. Big case in court?

MAISIE
His name is Mr. Atkins, Temby.

(MAISIE returns Ginger to JIM and moves to kitchen to unpack groceries. TEMBY moves to JIM and hugs him.)

JIM
She can call him Paul. We're all friends, right?

MAISIE (More playful than angry)
Jim, don't contradict me in front of the child.

JIM
The child's a lady.

MAISIE
She'll be a lady next year, this year she's a child. Hug your mother so the Thomas's don't think you and your father have an inappropriate relationship.

TEMBY
But we do.

MAISIE
Yes, but we must keep up appearances.

(TEMBY crosses and gives MAISIE an exaggerated hug.)

TEMBY
I love you, mommy.

MAISIE
You're making fun of me but that's ok.

(CAROLE is crying, She runs upstairs.)

TEMBY
What's wrong with her?

MAISIE
Temby...

(JIM looks at MAISIE. She shrugs. PAUL smiles awkwardly.)

PAUL
Excuse me.

(He goes upstairs.)

MAISIE
Jackie, why don't you go upstairs and sit with your mother and father?

JACK
Ok.

(JIM is looking at the picture JACK drew.)

JIM
You draw this?

JACK
Uh-huh.

JIM
Tiger tank?

JACK
Yeah.

JIM
King Tiger?

JACK
Yeah.

MAISIE
Run upstairs, Jackie.

(JACK leaves.)

TEMBY
What's wrong with those guys?

MAISIE
I don't know.

TEMBY
Paul's been on the phone for three hours and she's been crying.

MAISIE
I don't know, Temby.

TEMBY
Well, I'm going out.

JIM
Are you going to go see that good for nothing, scrawny Tommy Higgins?

TEMBY
He's cute.

JIM
He's a Dweeb.

TEMBY
Dad, don't use words like Dweeb.

JIM
I get them from you.

TEMBY
But they sound corny when you say them.

JIM
That kid's not worthy of you.

TEMBY
He's just a boy toy. I'm going to squeeze some sex out of him this summer and then find a real husband when I get to college.

MAISIE
Temby. I wish you wouldn't talk like that.

TEMBY
I just do it to provoke you.

JIM
She just does it to provoke you.

(JIM and TEMBY laugh.)

MAISIE

Are you really going out with him tonight?

TEMBY

With him and a bunch of other people.

JIM

Well, be safe.

TEMBY

You know you're the only one for me.

JIM

I'm serious, Temby. They start drinking or acting like assholes, come home.

TEMBY

Ok.

JIM

Hug your mother.

(TEMBY crosses and hugs MAISIE.)

TEMBY

I love you, mommy.

MAISIE

I love you too.

(She hugs JIM.)

TEMBY

I love you, Jim.

JIM

Love you too, punkin.'

TEMBY (Holding Ginger)

Ginger, I used to love you but then you two-timed me with Dad so you can go to hell.

MAISIE

Temby, Ginger's a cat.

TEMBY

What's your point?

MAISIE

It's rough being a cat. Be nice to her.

TEMBY

Ginger's a slut, Mom. A fickle slut. (Giving her to JIM) Here, Jim. You're who she wants. Bye.

JIM/MAISIE

Good night.

(TEMBY exits front door. JIM sets Ginger down.)

MAISIE

Such a beautiful girl. I don't know how Temby can speak to her like that.

JIM

I want a divorce. Or at least a separation.

MAISIE

My goodness. Here we go.

JIM

Before you have another excuse. Like guests or your daughter or that fucking cat.

MAISIE

Ok. Why?

JIM

You know why.

MAISIE

Jim.

JIM

I'm serious. I'm not happy.

MAISIE

Ok. What will you live on? If we divorce?

JIM

The shop.

MAISIE

The shop?

(She laughs.)

JIM
That shop makes a lot of money.

MAISIE
Not that much money.

JIM
Enough.

MAISIE
Come on, Jim.

JIM
No, you come on. That shop is one of the most successful antique stores in the city.

MAISIE
Because my friends shop there. You think they'll shop there if we separate?

JIM
Why are you doing this to me?

MAISIE
I'm not doing anything, Jim. You're the father of your child. I expect you to act like an adult and not... push me too far on this.

JIM
Oh, come on, mother.

MAISIE
Don't talk to me like that. Don't you ever talk to me like that.

(Pause.)

MAISIE
When Temby goes off to college we can discuss this.

JIM
That's bullshit and you know it.

MAISIE
I'm very indulgent, Jim. Take it or leave it. You know the circumstances. I'm not any happier about it than you are but I'm not going to watch you mess up your life like you've messed up mine.

JIM
I haven't messed up your life.

MAISIE
Yes, you have, Jim. By not being nice to me. If you were just nice to me...

(They suddenly realize that JACK is on the stairs listening to them.)

JIM
What are you doing in here?

JACK
Nothing.

JIM (Moving towards him, angry)
Come here.

JACK
No,

JIM
Come here!

(JACK runs up the stairs. JIM starts after him.)

MAISIE
Oh, leave him alone.

JIM
Why do we have these people up here all the time?

MAISIE
Because I get lonely.

JIM
You think they'll get me up here. On the weekends.

MAISIE
Well, they do, don't they?

JIM (Looking up the stairs)
I hate that kid.

MAISIE
Oh, Jim. Temby loves you. She loves you, otherwise... How can my daughter and my cat love you so much and I can't stand you, how is that? If I let you go, they'd both

just hate me and never forgive me for not keeping you here. I know they would. So you have to stay. Because if I lost Temby, if she turned against me or said something like she had to live with you, I don't know...

JIM

She'd never say that.

MAISIE

She would.

JIM

She loves you.

MAISIE

She doesn't. She talks to me exactly the way I talked to my mother. Oh, I don't want to talk about it.

JIM

Let me open a store in New York.

MAISIE

No.

JIM

Why not?

MAISIE

I've told you, it's too much money.

JIM

What's the point of having money if you don't spend it?

MAISIE

You sound like my father.

JIM

The antique industry is in New York. I want to be a player.

MAISIE

You want to fool around in New York. Don't make it sound like a business proposition. I call you at the shop, you're never there. You don't care about that shop, you just want to play around.

JIM

I just want to play around because I'm bored here. That shop is boring.

MAISIE

Work is boring, Jim. That's why it's called work. Otherwise it would be called something else. Why is it the men in this family never get that?

JIM

I wouldn't be bored in New York,

MAISIE

No.

JIM

Why not?

MAISIE

I'd never see you.

JIM

You just said you can't stand me, why the fuck do you want to see me?

(She runs upstairs.)

MAISIE

Fuck!

(He smashes his fist down, angry. He pours himself a drink at the bar and sips it. PAUL comes downstairs, hands in pockets.)

PAUL

Hey, Jim.

JIM

Paul. Shit, man.

PAUL

Yeah.

JIM

Christ. All I do now at home is argue.

PAUL

Yeah. We went through that.

JIM

What's the solution?

PAUL
Don't speak.

(JIM laughs.)

PAUL
Seriously. The only time we speak is with other people.

JIM
Everything all right?

PAUL
Yeah, yeah, just work stuff.

JIM
Carole seems pretty upset.

PAUL
Yeah, well... let's not talk about it.

JIM
You sure? Can I mix you a drink?

PAUL
Sure.

JIM
What's your pleasure? Scotch? Gin?

PAUL
Whatever you're having.

JIM
Gin. I'll make some Gibsons.

PAUL
Sounds great. It's great up here, Jim. So peaceful.

JIM
The only reason I'm up here is you.

PAUL
Yeah?

JIM

Yeah, Maisie fills the house on the weekends. It's an obsession of hers. Her mother was like that. Always trying to drag the men out of town.

PAUL

You got something better up your sleeve?

JIM

You betcha.

PAUL (Sensing this will take a while)

I should get upstairs.

JIM

Paul, don't leave me right now, ok?

PAUL

Carole's pretty upset about...

JIM

Paul, just... hang out for a minute, yeah?

PAUL

Sure. Sure, ok.

(PAUL will glance at his watch during the following. JIM hands PAUL a drink.)

JIM

Here.

PAUL

Thanks. So what are you missing tonight?

JIM

You ever go to Darby's, on a Friday night?

PAUL

Darby's? Jesus, Jim. You still going to those stag parties?

JIM

You ever been?

PAUL

No.

JIM

He does pretty well. I'm surprised he still has his law firm. He practically makes a living as a host.

PAUL

You mean as a pimp.

JIM

He's not a pimp, Paul. They're all working girls. You should come. You'd like it.

PAUL

No, thanks. But...

JIM

But what?

PAUL

What's it like?

JIM

Fun, Paul. It's not just sex. It's fun. There's music, refer, sometimes we just talk, it's like being back in the dorms. Everyone thinks it's about a bunch of middle-aged slobs getting it off. It's about letting down your hair. In every way.

PAUL (Sarcastic)

And there's no sex?

JIM

There's lots of sex. Don't get me wrong. Don't get me wrong, baby, there's sex. But there's also... talk with women that ain't about kids or fuckin' "Where the hell were you last night?"

PAUL

No, they wouldn't ask that, 'cause they know where you are, with them.

JIM

Huh?

PAUL

Nothing.

JIM

You're not enjoying life enough, Paul. Not by a long shot.

PAUL

I don't think I could afford it.

JIM

If you can afford Grove membership you can afford a Friday night at Darby's. Meet me at the club next Friday around six. We'll walk over together.

PAUL

The club's a business expense, Jim. You know that.

JIM

So make Darby's a business expense. You'll make a lot of contacts, Jim. Trust me.

PAUL

I meet Alexander Haig at the club, Jim.

JIM

You'll meet his boss at Darby's, Paul. Ok?

PAUL

Ok. Maybe.

JIM

Anyway, the reason I'm upset is not I'm missing Darby's, it's... You know, at the shop, I come in contact with a lot of Maisie's friends.

PAUL

Yeah.

JIM

So you know Darleen Saunders.

PAUL

Oh, man, Jim...

JIM

Yeah.

PAUL

Ted Saunders owns half of downtown.

JIM

Yeah, it's getting hot.

PAUL

He has security people, Jim, are you crazy?

JIM

I guess I am. And Darleen's gotten all clingy all of a sudden and... I've decided it's time to get out of Dodge, if you know what I mean. You keep looking at your watch.

PAUL

Can I use the phone?

JIM

It's eleven o'clock.

PAUL

Listen, Jim-

(JIM sees JACK in the bar area, listening. He has snuck here from the stairs during the previous dialogue. PAUL looks at him.)

PAUL

Hey.

JIM

Hiya. What the hell are you doing, kid?

JACK

I wanted a Coke.

JIM

A Coke?

(JACK makes a break for the stairs and trips over the fire irons and falls to the floor. PAUL jumps up and runs to him.)

JIM

What the hell!

PAUL

Jack!

(JACK is whimpering.)

PAUL

Jack, are you ok?

JIM

He's like a fucking spy, that kid.

PAUL
He's all right. Are you ok?

JIM
What the hell were you doing creeping around like that?

PAUL
Jack.

JIM
Jesus, Paul.

PAUL
Hang on. Are you ok?

(JACK holds him tight and whimpers.)

PAUL
You're ok. Yeah, you're fine.

JIM
Is he all right?

PAUL
Yeah.

JACK
I want to go upstairs.

PAUL
Well, hold on a second. Let's make sure you're all right?

JACK
I want to go upstairs.

PAUL
Ok. Let's check you out.

JACK
Daddy.

(PAUL tickles him. JACK laughs.)

PAUL
I thought you had a broken leg or something.

JACK
I want to go...

(PAUL tickles him some more. JACK whimpers, then laughs, then whimpers.)

PAUL
Are you laughing or crying. Huh?

(JACK laughs.)

JIM
You all right, fella?

JACK
Let me go, I want to go upstairs.

PAUL
Don't be afraid of Jim. He's your host.

JACK
I'm not.

JIM
Nothing to be afraid of over here, partner.

JACK
I'm not afraid.

JIM
You want a Coke? (He gets Coke from the refrigerator.) Here's a Coke.

PAUL
You want a Coke?

JACK
Ok.

PAUL
Come here and sit down.

(PAUL lifts up JACK and carries him to sofa. JIM joins them, bringing Coke.)

PAUL
My God, you're a big fella.

JIM
How old are you, Jack? Eight, nine?

PAUL
He's eleven.

JIM
Wow. Haven't hit your growing spurt yet.

PAUL
No, he'll grow soon. He has a tall brother.

JACK
Where's Paul?

PAUL
He's in Boston. You know that.

JACK
Is he all right?

PAUL
Of course.

JIM (Handing JACK a Coke)
Here you go.

JACK
Thank you. Can I go upstairs?

JIM
King Tiger, huh? You know this kid can draw a perfect King Tiger tank?

PAUL
Really?

JIM
Yeah. You into World War II?

PAUL
Oh, yeah, these two, him and his brother, the only thing they can agree on, the only time they don't fight is when they're talking about World War II.

(Pause.)

JIM

I was in the war.

(Pause. JACK looks interested.)

JIM

Sure. And not like your father. I was in combat.

PAUL

I was in combat. I spent World War II fighting with my mother.

(He tickles JACK and JACK laughs, then resists.)

PAUL

No, Jim was in combat. He was in a tank.

JIM

That's right. Spent three years in a tank division.

JACK

Really?

JIM

Oh, sure, now you're interested, aren't you?

PAUL

Tell him your war story, Jim.

JIM

Which one?

PAUL

Which one? The one you've been dining out on for twenty-five years. Which one?

JIM

Oh, that one. (To JACK) You ever seen a Sherman tank?

JACK

Uh-huh.

JIM

That's what I was in, a Sherman tank. Well, let's see... They landed us on Saipan, in the middle of the Pacific, in '44. Looked a little like California, from what I could see of it. Through my slit. You see I was the driver. I sat like this. (Demonstrating his driving posture.) Wheel here, clutch here, throttle there and my slit, my viewing slit here, this wide. That's the entire view I had of World War II, but it was enough,

believe me. It was plenty. I was seventeen years old and I didn't want to see any more. So we were assigned to take this village. The artillery would soften up the Japs and then we would go in and take the village by storm with the infantry in support. So we went in, and we're way out in front of all the other tanks in my platoon, and then all of a sudden we are alone. The Japs had counterattacked. Well we were on this road, like a causeway with drainage ditches on both sides, and suddenly I realized that we're going in one direction and all these Japs are going in the other direction. In other words we'd broken through but we were the only ones. There was nobody with us. We were behind enemy lines. So the Japs realized this at about the same moment and started firing at us. You never heard such a racket. Bullets bouncing off the armor, it was like being in a popcorn popper. They didn't have any large weapons, only small arms but they were shooting at us like at a target gallery. The sergeant said, "Batten all hatches!" and we did but we couldn't see anything. And then we heard this sound, like animals scratching all around us. They were on the tank, swarming over it like lizards, trying to figure out a way to get in. Banging on it, scraping at it. Sounded like a swarm of them out there. My friend Chet Henly opened his view slot to get a peak and they shoved a bayonet in it, a foot long, almost took his eye out. So we shut all the slots. And just sat. And then it got quiet and we got nervous. We kept waiting for them to put a grenade under us or something but nothing happened. I guess they didn't have any grenades. Everyone kept saying, "Let's move forward," "Let's move back" but we couldn't see out. Sarge said, "No, were sitting tight." Then it got hot in there. I mean really hot. At first we thought it was because we'd battened down all the hatches but then we saw the paint was frying on the hull. They'd built a fire underneath us, under the chassis. They we're trying to smoke us out. So Sarge said, "Move her forward." Chet revved the engine, I moved us forward twenty feet, just enough to get us off the fire. We hear all this scrambling out side, scratching. Then we stopped. Ten minutes passed. It started to get hot again. They'd rebuilt the fire.

JACK

Why didn't you just drive off?

JIM

We were blind. Irrigation ditches on both sides, we were afraid we'd fall in, get stuck.

JACK

What happened?

JIM

We tried everything. We kept revolving the turret to try to knock them off the outside. We tried spraying the machine guns blind to scare them off. We tried backing up suddenly hoping to crush a few. Nothing. We would move, they'd build another fire, we'd get too hot, then we'd move again.

PAUL

So tell him what happened. This is the best part.

JIM

They started pounding on the hull trying to drive us crazy with noise. So we had a fire below and noise above. I was going crazy.

JACK

Why didn't you surrender?

JIM

Can't surrender. They don't take prisoners.

JACK

Why not?

JIM

They were told that we didn't take prisoners, that we killed all the Japs that tried to surrender, so they wouldn't take prisoners.

JACK

Is that true?

JIM

No, of course not. So we were sitting in that tank getting hot and going crazy with noise and moving the thing every twenty minutes or so. Twenty feet forward, twenty feet back.

JACK

Why didn't you use your radio?

PAUL

First thing they did was break off our antennae. We couldn't get a signal out.

JACK

So what did you do?

JIM

Well, Chet Henley went crazy. And he grabbed the controls and said, "I can't take it Sarge, I can't take it! Were going forward or back, forward or back, you decide. But I'm getting us out of here!" Sarge said if he did that he'd shoot Chet. Chet said, "Then shoot me but we're going forward or back, you decide." Sarge didn't have the guts to shoot him so he said, "Back! Back! Go back!"

JACK

Why back?

JIM

That's where our boys were. So Chet swung the turret around, revved the motor, put her in gear and let her rip. Just as we started to move he throws open the slot so we could see, I pulled my head away in case another bayonet came through it. A machine gun mussel came through, lickety split, the second I threw it open. Well you know what that means: pump off a few rounds and the bullets would ricochet around the tank till they hit one of us. But nothing happened. All we heard was clicking. The Japs had no ammo. I kept taking quick glances out the slot to make sure we weren't falling off the road and we raced backwards. All the way to our own boys.

JACK

What happened to the Japs?

JIM

Don't know. Guess they jumped off when they saw we were headed for our lines. I kept that machine gun though, the one stuck in the slot.

JACK

You still have it?

JIM

No. Sold it. Got more for that than any antique I ever sold.

PAUL

There must be millions of those floating around.

JIM

Yeah but none of them have that story attached to them.

PAUL (To JACK)

He used to bring that gun up to the Grove, tell that story, and we'd pass it around. I can't believe you sold it.

JIM

The longer I hung onto it the more it was worth. Everything's got a price and a sell date. It was time to sell. You know what I learned from that? Never get too far out in front. You can fall behind but it doesn't do you any good to get too far out in front.

PAUL

Isn't that a great story?

JACK

Uh-huh. Tell another one.

(JIM and JACK laugh.)

JIM

Another one, huh? I don't have another one that good. (To PAUL) Tell your one about Bull Halsey.

PAUL

Oh, that's a stupid story. He won't like that.

JIM

No, go ahead. I love that story.

PAUL

Ok. (To JACK) You know who Bull Halsey is?

JACK

Admiral at the Battle of Leyte Gulf. Five star. Commander at Guadalcanal.

JIM

Paul, where'd you find this guy? He knows everything.

PAUL

He likes those books his brother brings home.

JIM

I didn't even know Halsey was in command at The Canal.

PAUL

Well, you remember your Grandma?

JACK

Uh-huh.

PAUL (To JIM)

He loved his Grandma. Used to make her the nicest Valentine's Day cards. Hand made.

JIM

Aren't you supposed to give those to your girl friend?

PAUL

He started giving them to her when my father died. She loved them. Didn't she? You knew how sad she was and those cards you made cheered her up, didn't they?

JACK

I guess. Tell the story.

PAUL

Ok. So your Grandma hated it that I'd take a cracker and dip it in butter. You know the butter paddies that are square? I used to take my Saltine and scrape the butter onto it with my cracker. Your Grandma always said, "Paul, use your knife. You're at the dinner table." So when the war ended they threw a big bash for the navy in Alameda and Grandpa got invited because he was an officer. And he took your Grandma and me. And there was Bull Halsey, guest of honor, with all his decorations, shaved head, everything, looked like a giant. He made a speech and afterward, in this huge reception hall, we all had dinner. And the Bull was sitting there eating and talking to his friends and he picked up a Saltine, stuck it his butter paddy and scraped the butter on it.

JIM

I love that story.

PAUL

So I said, "Look Mother, look at the Admiral."

JIM

And what did she say?

PAUL

She said what she always said. "He's Bull Halsey. When you win the Battle of Leyte Gulf you can do what you want with your butter paddy. Until then, you're going to sit up straight and eat your dinner like a gentleman."

JIM

I love that story.

JACK (To JIM)

I liked yours better.

JIM

Ha-ha.

PAUL

Yeah, I knew I shouldn't tell that story.

JIM

Sorry, Paul.

PAUL

Butter paddies just don't compete with Sherman tanks.

JIM (To JACK)
You like playing war?

PAUL
Oh, he loves it. Spends the whole weekend outside shooting up the hillside.

JIM
You know there're some trenches out by the old irrigation bypass he might like. They're deep, like real World War I trenches. (To JACK) Would you like to go look at those tomorrow?

JACK
Tell me another story.

PAUL
You have him hooked, Jim.

JIM
Ok, we'll get up early, at dawn, and hike over there. It will be a mission. A mission behind enemy lines.

JACK
Please tell me another story, Mr. Waste.

JIM
Ok. Hey, Paul get us another round, would you?

PAUL
Sure.

JIM
Let's see. Ok, after Saipan they sent us to a tiny island called Lebu Bana and we were involved in the stupidest thing I've ever seen.

PAUL
Oh, I love this story.

(Lights fade on JIM telling the story, JACK listening rapt, and PAUL mixing drinks in kitchen.)

Scene 4

(300 AM. JACK lies in PAUL's arms, sleeping. JIM has also drifted off in an easy chair. CAROLE comes downstairs looking haggard. She sees PAUL and JACK. She smiles.)

CAROLE
Look at you.

PAUL
Yeah, everyone's passed out.

(This scene is played in a whisper. JIM and JACK sleep throughout, though they might twist and turn occasionally.)

CAROLE
Have you called?

PAUL
Twenty minutes ago.

CAROLE
What did they say?

PAUL
They haven't checked in yet. The airline said all the rerouted planes have landed but they're still not releasing names.

CAROLE
Why the hell aren't they telling us?

PAUL
Carole, shhh....

CAROLE
Do they have this number?

PAUL
Yes, everybody at United Airlines and MIT has this number, everybody. They will call.

CAROLE
And we just wait. Is that it?

PAUL
That's it.

(PAUL kisses JACK on the head.)

CAROLE
I'm sober enough to drive. Let's go. Let's go home.

PAUL

Carole. There's still ice on some of the roads. We should wait till morning.

CAROLE

I hate being here and not knowing.

PAUL

It's fine.

CAROLE

Why don't we tell Jim and Maisie, why is it a big secret?

PAUL

It's Jack. I don't want to tell him.

CAROLE

No, I don't want to tell Jack. God, what are we going to do about him?

PAUL

He's fine.

CAROLE

He doesn't... Oh, shit, Paul, what's wrong with our boys?

PAUL

There's nothing wrong with our boys.

CAROLE

Paul is... you're right. I've never gotten along with him. At least we used to fight, about his posture and his hair. Now he doesn't even speak to me.

PAUL

He's sixteen. It would be strange if he did.

CAROLE

And Jack. He just mopes around the house all the time. I don't think he has a single friend he can go visit.

PAUL

He's fine.

CAROLE

He just watches TV and picks his nose and... he's like an eleven year old shut in.

PAUL

He has baseball, soccer.

CAROLE

He stopped going to soccer. Just dropped out.

PAUL

He did?

CAROLE

Yeah, his coach called me. He hadn't been going for three weeks.

PAUL

What about the Boy Scouts?

CAROLE

He stopped going to that too. Thank God. They were so mean to him.

PAUL

They were?

CAROLE

The troop leader. Dan Wagner. God I hate him. He was like a drill sergeant.

PAUL

Well, Dan Wagner never liked us since we put in that pool. I can never figure out what the hell he has against pools.

CAROLE

They're Christian Scientists.

PAUL

What's that got to do with it?

CAROLE

Christian Scientists have something against pools. They hate chlorine or something. I don't know.

PAUL

Carole, listen...

CAROLE

What?

PAUL

I think Paul's ok. I really do.

CAROLE

I want to know, Paul. I want to know he's ok.

PAUL

Yes, but I'm almost positive.

CAROLE

Ok.

PAUL

When he gets back...

CAROLE

Yeah.

PAUL

Let's take them somewhere. Somewhere they want to go.

CAROLE

Paul, we don't even know where Paul Jr. is...

PAUL

I know. But I'm sure he's ok. And when he gets back from MIT. Let's go somewhere. With the boys.

CAROLE

Ok.

PAUL

Let's take them on a trip they want to go on.

CAROLE

Ok.

PAUL

I was thinking Europe.

CAROLE

Europe?

PAUL

Yeah, there are battlefields in Europe. They'd love that. We could take them to France and maybe even Germany. That would blow their minds.

CAROLE

Blow their minds?

PAUL

You know what I mean. And we could show them Paris and London. I think it would open them up, make them excited about things.

CAROLE

We can't afford that, Paul.

PAUL

We can, Carole.

CAROLE

We can't even afford a weekend getaway, that's why we're up here.

PAUL

Carole, we can afford it.

CAROLE

No, Paul.

PAUL

Then Virginia. We can take them back east.

CAROLE

Virginia?

PAUL

Yes, we can go to Gettysburg and Antietam-

CAROLE

Paul, do you know what it costs to plan a road trip?

PAUL

I don't care.

CAROLE

And Jack would be impossible in a car all that time-

PAUL

Carole...

CAROLE

Just call MIT again. Just do it, please.

PAUL

Yes I will, but listen... When we get ahold of Paul. When this is all settled. I want to plan a trip. I want to take these guys somewhere they want to go.

CAROLE

They don't know what they want to do, Paul, that's the problem. Jack is interested in nothing. Nothing.

PAUL

That's not true, Carole. He loves history, he loved Jim's story, loved it.

CAROLE

Really?

PAUL

That fucking counselor, I hated that...

CAROLE

Ok. let's not talk about this.

PAUL

I hated seeing her. All she talked about was our relationship, she didn't give a damn about the boys.

CAROLE

Ok.

PAUL

I hated her.

CAROLE

Fine.

PAUL

I did.

CAROLE

And I hated your girl friend.

PAUL

Fine, Carole. Fine. But let's do something positive, not for us and our marriage, for Christ's sake, for them. If Paul's... when we get ahold of Paul, let's tell him, let's just tell him when he gets back we're all going away together, on a big trip to see some battlefields.

CAROLE
Ok, Paul.

PAUL
Let's just do it.

CAROLE
It's like you're making some kind of deal, Paul.

PAUL
What are you talking about?

CAROLE
I don't know... It just feels...

PAUL
What?

CAROLE
Ok. Call, please. Just call.

(PAUL lifts JACK and carries him to the phone, where he dials.)

PAUL
He's such a big boy.

CAROLE
He's small. I think that's part of the problem. God, all these long distance calls.

PAUL (Into phone)
Hello. My name's Paul Atkins, I'm calling about- Yes. Ok. (He shakes his head.) Does the airline plan to- Ok, yes, thank you. (He hangs up.) They've heard nothing at MIT. The airline plans to-

CAROLE
Are we the only people calling to find out-

PAUL
No, he says he's been on the phone all night with parents. He doesn't know why the airline hasn't contacted them.

CAROLE
Call the airline.

PAUL
Carole, he said-

CAROLE

Call the airline. Call United.

(He dials. Lights fade to black. End of Act One.)

Act Two

Scene 1

(Next morning. Stage is empty. TEMBY comes down the stairs, looks at the room. It is messy from all the bodies which were on the couch and have now gone upstairs. She begins to straighten things out. JACK comes bounding down the stairs but suddenly stops when he sees her. He tries to run back up the stairs unnoticed.)

TEMBY
Come back here.

JACK
What?

TEMBY
You heard me. Don't try to sneak away.

JACK
I wasn't.

TEMBY
Yes, you were. Come back here.

(He takes a few steps down the stairs.)

TEMBY
Come on. Help me straighten up. Be a good guest and help me.

JACK
Ok.

TEMBY
We're the only ones awake. Everyone else is hung over and passed out.

JACK
Ok.

TEMBY
How old are you?

JACK
Eleven.

TEMBY
You act like you're about four.

JACK
No, I don't.

TEMBY
You do. Is it because you're such a shrimp?

JACK
No.

TEMBY
Then why?

(He starts to leave.)

TEMBY
Come back. I'm sorry. I was just being mean. Come here.

JACK
Ok.

TEMBY
You're just so shy and strange.

JACK
No, I'm not.

TEMBY
You're pretty strange. Come on. Admit it. (She tickles him.) Come on.

(She really tickles him hard. He falls down laughing and she continues to tickle him, on top of him.)

TEMBY
Tickle me back. Come on, tickle me back.

(He tickles her and she laughs and laughs and they roll about on the floor.)

TEMBY
Ok stop. Now stop. Stop! I'm serious!!!!

(Startled by her rancor he jumps back.)

TEMBY
That's enough.

(She catches her breath and sits on the couch.)

TEMBY
Come over here.

(He comes and sits beside her.)

TEMBY
Kiss me.

(He kisses her on the cheek.)

TEMBY
No, on the lips.

JACK
No.

TEMBY
Do it. Come on.

(He kisses her on the lips.)

TEMBY
Do it again.

JACK
He does it again.

TEMBY
Now relax. Relax when you kiss me.

(He relaxes and kisses her.)

TEMBY
Good. Remember to relax. In future.

JACK
Ok.

TEMBY
Do you want to take your pants off and show me your penis?

JACK
No.

TEMBY
Sure you do.

JACK
That's kind of gross.

TEMBY
No, it's not.

JACK
I don't want to.

TEMBY
Ok. You don't have to.

(Pause.)

JACK
Thank you.

TEMBY
You have nice hair.

JACK
Thanks.

TEMBY
Do you like mine?

JACK
No.

TEMBY
I don't either. I want to cut it really short. Like Mia Farrow in *Rosemary's Baby*. But my mother won't let me.

JACK
I have to get haircuts all the time. I hate them.

TEMBY
I like boys with long hair. It's pretty long now.

JACK
I have to get it cut on Monday, my mother said.

TEMBY

What do you want to be when you grow up?

JACK

I don't know.

TEMBY

Well, you should. Tell me. What do you want to be?

JACK

Teacher.

TEMBY

Everybody says that. That's stupid. They only say it because it's the only job they know, from watching their teachers in school.

JACK

What do you want to be?

TEMBY

Nuclear Physicist. They make a lot of money and get to go all over the world to labs and conferences and things. They also teach so you see, I'd get to be a teacher as well, in my spare time. Have you ever gotten naked with a girl?

JACK

No.

TEMBY

Would you like to get naked with me?

JACK

No.

JACK

Of course you would. You're just shy.

JACK

Ok.

TEMBY

Ok what? Ok, you're shy or ok you'd like to get naked with me?

JACK

Ok, I'm shy.

TEMBY
Are you gay?

JACK
What's that?

TEMBY
Something I saw on TV. You're not gay. Here's the thing. I'd like to get naked with you but I'm not sure you'd appreciate it.

JACK
What do you mean?

TEMBY
Well I mean, I'd like to show you my body but I'm not sure you'll say the right things. You have to be very complimentary if I take my clothes off.

JACK
Ok.

TEMBY
Like you have to say, "You have such beautiful skin" and "I like your breasts," that kind of thing.

JACK
Ok.

TEMBY
But you have to mean it.

JACK
Ok. Can I touch things?

TEMBY
No. Well, maybe. I don't know. Maybe. Probably not.

JACK
Ok.

TEMBY
And then you have to show me your body.

JACK
I don't want to.

TEMBY

I know you don't want to. You're pretty scrawny. But I want to see it. Like I want to see if you have pubic hair yet or not. Also what your belly button looks like, that kind of thing.

JACK

I don't want to.

TEMBY

Well you have to if you want to see mine. Mine's pretty good, so you'd be stupid to pass up the bargain.

JACK

Bargain?

TEMBY

My body's worth a lot more than yours so it's a bargain for you.

JACK

Ok.

TEMBY

So I'll stand here, you stay there and I'll undress. Slowly.

JACK

Like a stripper?

TEMBY

No, not like a stripper. I'm not a stripper. I'll just undress slowly so you can see things. If you want to say something you should. But don't say anything stupid.

JACK

Ok.

TEMBY

Ok, here we go.

(Blackout.)

Scene 2

(Later. They are dressing, pulling on their shirts, buttoning pants.)

TEMBY

I don't think you can be my boyfriend.

JACK
Ok.

TEMBY
Just in case you were thinking that's the direction we were headed.

JACK
Ok.

TEMBY
You're pretty passive. I need a take-charge kind of guy.

JACK
Ok.

TEMBY
I liked undressing for you. I could tell you were in awe. Were you?

JACK
What's awe?

TEMBY
Like you thought I looked amazing.

JACK
Oh.

TEMBY
Did you?

JACK
Yeah.

TEMBY
Ok, that's good. But you didn't do anything. That was pretty lame.

JACK
You said I couldn't.

TEMBY
I said maybe. Maybe pretty much means: "Yes, you should do something."

JACK
Oh, ok.

TEMBY

And your body's pretty good. Kind of scrawny.

JACK

Sorry.

TEMBY

Don't be sorry. You should work out.

(Pause. Phone rings.)

TEMBY

Excuse me. (Answering the phone) Hello, Waste residence. Temby Waste speaking. Whom may I say is calling? All right, I'll get him. Please hold the line. (She sets the phone down.) It's for your father. Sit down and act nonchalant.

JACK

What's that mean?

TEMBY

Act like you weren't naked with me two minutes ago.

JACK

Ok.

(JACK sits. TEMBY crosses to the stairs.)

TEMBY

Paul! Paul Atkins!

PAUL (Off)

Yes.

TEMBY

Telephone call. Ben Languth from MIT.

PAUL

Ok, here I come.

(She crosses back to the phone.)

TEMBY (Into phone)

He's coming. You're welcome.

(She sits and throws a magazine to JACK. She picks up another magazine and pretends to read it. JACK does the same. PAUL comes downstairs hurriedly

buttoning his pants. CAROLE is right behind him. He is headed to the phone but when he sees TEMBY and JACK he stops.)

PAUL

Would you two please excuse us?

TEMBY

Of course. Take your time.

PAUL

I mean, would you please... it's an important phone call, would you please go outside for a second?

TEMBY

Oh, of course...

(She rises to leave.)

TEMBY

Come on, Jack.

JACK

Ok.

(JACK hops up holding the magazine.)

TEMBY

Leave the magazine please.

JACK

Oh, yes, sorry.

(He sets the magazine down.)

TEMBY

Come on.

JACK

Yes.

(They leave. PAUL looks at CAROLE. He goes to the phone and picks it up.)

PAUL

Hello, this is Paul Atkins. (He listens. He almost collapses with relief. His eyes are full of tears. CAROLE, misunderstanding, gasps. He looks at her and smiles, waving his

hand. To CAROLE) He's fine. He's there. He's all right. (Into the phone.) No, I was talking to my wife.

(She slumps in a chair.)

PAUL

Thank you. When did you know? When? It's 8 AM. You knew at 400 and you didn't call? You didn't want to wake us? What the hell were you thinking? We've been worried sick. My wife is actually sick.

CAROLE

Paul.

PAUL

I think that's the most ridiculous thing I've ever heard. Your policy?

CAROLE

Paul.

PAUL

Ok. Well, we're dissatisfied customers. (He hangs up.)

CAROLE

He's ok.

PAUL

He's fine.

CAROLE

Why hasn't he called?

PAUL

He's asleep. He's dead asleep. There was snow on all the roads, they were in a snow drift for hours... Can you imagine those assholes not calling-

CAROLE

Oh, never mind. I want to talk to him.

PAUL

He's asleep.

CAROLE

Call back.

(MAISIE comes down the stairs dressed for the day.)

MAISIE
Good morning.

CAROLE
Good morning.

MAISIE
Well, you two seem chipper and bright.

PAUL
We are. Good news.

MAISIE
What's that?

PAUL
Paul's ok in Boston.

MAISIE
Oh, you two. You worry so much about everything.

(MAISE crosses to kitchen and opens a cabinet.)

CAROLE
No, we were scared... last night Paul heard a flight went...

MAISIE
Oh, shoot... I left my biscuit tin at home. Sorry. You were saying.

CAROLE
No, no, it's all right.

MAISIE
I just love to make biscuits up here. Sorry. Paul is well. Good, I'm glad to hear it.

(Pause.)

CAROLE
I want to talk to him.

PAUL
Ok, well...

MAISIE
My goodness, do you two want to use the phone again?

PAUL

No, no, we'll take it upstairs.

CAROLE

We'll reimburse you for all these calls, Maisie. We're vey sorry.

MAISIE

They've all been to Boston?

CAROLE

Yes.

MAISIE

I thought they were to the City. My goodness. You must have spent hundreds of dollars.

CAROLE

It's fine, Maisie, we'll...

MAISIE

No, it's just... were you really that worried?

CAROLE

Paul.

PAUL

We'll just go upstairs and make one more call. Sorry for the inconvenience, Maisie.

MAISIE

No, it's just...

CAROLE

Excuse us.

MAISIE

Of course, of course.

(CAROLE and PAUL hurry upstairs. MAISIE looks around the room, straightens a bit, then sits and thinks. JIM comes down the stairs, dressed for the day.)

JIM

Morning.

MAISIE

Good morning.

JIM

I have your biscuit tin in the car. Brought it up.

MAISIE

Oh, oh, thank you.

JIM

I know how you like to have it on the weekends.

MAISIE

Oh, yes, thanks... Were you aware that Paul and Carole thought Paul Jr. was in trouble all night?

JIM

What? Paul Jr.?

MAISIE

They've spent the entire night calling Boston.

JIM

Can we talk?

MAISIE

What... Oh, yes... about what?

JIM

Can we just talk? Before they get down here and everything starts again.

MAISIE

They've already been down here.

JIM

Maisie.

MAISIE

Oh, yes, of course. Talk. Oh, my biscuit tin. Thank you, Jim, that's sweet.

JIM

Maise.

MAISIE

Well I can bake while we talk.

JIM

Maisie.

MAISIE

Oh, my God, yes, let's talk.

(She sits with exaggerated mock obedience.)

JIM

I've talked to Jed Ferris in New York. He's willing to take me on, as a broker.

MAISIE

Jed Ferris?

JIM

Yeah, he thinks it's a good fit.

MAISIE

Jed Ferris? He's just looking for capitol. He's not paying you.

JIM

He is.

MAISIE

Oh, Jim. It's like renting a barber's chair, he won't pay you.

JIM

He will.

MAISIE

You know no one in Manhattan.

JIM

That's nonsense. I know tons of people.

MAISIE

Socialites?

JIM

Yes, from the club.

MAISIE

They won't give you anything, Jim.

JIM

They will. I know how to get things.

MAISIE

Antiques?

JIM
Yes.

MAISIE
Jim.

JIM
I've filled that store. For years.

MAISIE
Jim. Sit down.

JIM
Maisie.

MAISIE
Sit.

(JIM sits.)

MAISIE
People give you things because I ask them to. The store is... well, it's a vanity project, Jim. It is. No one would give you anything if I didn't ask them to give it to you. They give you stuff to sell and I buy things from other dealers. It's all through me, Jim. The store is my store. I won't do that for you in New York. I couldn't. I don't know anyone there.

JIM
That's nonsense.

MAISIE
Did Jed really offer you a salary? Did he?

JIM
Why don't you just assume he did? Why do you even ask that?

MAISIE
I need to know.

JIM
He did.

MAISIE
What kind of a salary?

JIM

None of your business.

MAISIE

If Jed Ferris offered you a salary, a salary you can live on then I don't object.

JIM

You don't object? Who are you to object if he did offer me a salary? Who the fuck are you to object? If he offered me a salary I'd just go. I wouldn't ask you.

MAISIE

So he didn't.

JIM

He did.

MAISIE

Ok, then go.

JIM

Why do you treat me this way?

MAISIE

I don't treat you any way.

JIM

You do. You don't support me, you've never supported me.

MAISIE

I do nothing but support you, Jim.

JIM

You tie me down.

MAISIE

You're a grown man, Jim. You're a well-educated, classy guy. You are. If you're not happy you should go off and do something that will make you happy. I'm just not going to pay for it.

JIM

Why not?

MAISIE

Why should I support my divorced husband? Explain that to me.

JIM
We can stay married. It's fine.

MAISIE
That would be embarrassing, Jim.

JIM
Our life now is embarrassing.

MAISIE
I'm sorry.

JIM
Your mother did that, supported your father. Sent him round the world on his travels, his explorations.

MAISIE
Is that why you married me? Because you thought you were getting my mother?

JIM
She was a kind woman, understanding, patient.

MAISIE
So am I, Jim.

JIM
Your father was free, free to explore, to be someone.

MAISIE
Yes. And he slept with everything he could get his hands on, everything.

JIM
And he wrote poetry and he painted – beautiful pictures - and people laughed at his jokes, everyone loved your father.

MAISIE
Yes. Ok. We've tried all that. I've tried to live like them. I have, you know I have. It's not for me. It doesn't feel right on me.

JIM
It feels right on me.

MAISIE
Jesus, Jim, you need my advise? You need your wife to tell you to go off and be the man you want to be? Ok, I've done it. I've said, "Go off, do it." All I've said is I won't pay for it. There's a limit, Jim. Not to what I can take. I can take a lot. I think... I know

I've proved I can take a lot. A heck of a lot. No, there's a limit... To the money, Jim. Don't you get it? Do you really not get it? Ok, here it is, I'll explain it to you. I'll be the money person. My mother had money, a lot of it, she inherited it and her stocks went through the roof. They did. And when she died there was less. A lot less. Because Daddy, who I loved, you're right, who I adored-

JIM
So did I.

MAISIE
He spent it. He spent all of it. Caviar and Veuve-Cliquot and a lot of sex with women who cost a lot of money. He spent it. Almost all of it.

JIM
He didn't sleep with prostitutes, Maisie. Come on.

MAISIE
No, Jim, I didn't say that. I'm trying... I'm trying not to be judgmental. I'm trying. He slept with women who cost money, who wanted to be taken out, shown the town. And why shouldn't they? And why shouldn't he? I get that. I got it. My mom didn't even have to explain it to me. I got that Dad was a great charmer and a great poet and a guy everyone wanted to know because he had wit and grace and money, Jim. He had money. He had access to money. And he spent it. He spent all of it. There was this much (she makes a thick gesture with her fingers) and now there's this much (she makes a much smaller one.) Ok?

JIM
You're saying you can't afford me.

MAISIE
I can just afford you, Jim. Just barely. I can't afford you in Manhattan. I can't afford setting you up. Again. I cannot.

JIM
If there was money you would?

MAISIE
I would? I do. I spend principal on you, Jim. I do afford you even though I can't afford you. Do you know what we're leaving Temby? Do you? Do you know why I didn't want to have another kid? You wanted to have another kid. You wanted to have a son. You begged me. Do you know why I kept saying no? Because there will be nothing to leave that kid. There is nothing for Temby, there would be less for him. Not even enough to get him through college, Jim.

JIM
That's nonsense. You have money. You have gobs of it.

MAISIE

I don't, Jim. It's gone. Ok, it's not gone... but it's going. It is. Jim, listen to me. If you want to go, go. It's actually not a bad idea. That shop... I don't know how much longer we can keep it going. I really don't.

JIM

You're pulling my leg.

MAISIE

I'm not, Jim.

(He just stares at her. He doesn't know what to say.)

MAISIE

Temby's independent. I like her that way. She's a little aggressive but she's independent. I'm happy about that. She knows that when she gets out of college she's on her own. She gets that.

JIM

How do you know?

MAISIE

I've as much as told her. We talk about these things. I have to talk about them with someone.

JIM

You talk to her about money?

MAISIE

Not in so many words but... well yes, in so many words. Anyway, she gets it. I wish she wasn't trying to take on the world so much right now but... when she's twenty I know she won't come to me for help. Or she might, but I know she won't be devastated when I say there is none.

JIM

What about this place, the house in Orinda?

MAISIE

We own them, Jim. For now. Thank God.

JIM

The Shop?

MAISIE

Jim... Enjoy the Shop, just enjoy it, ok? That would make me happy. Seeing you grateful for that shop. That would make it all worthwhile.

(Pause.)

JIM

I know you think this is about panty raids and getting laid...

MAISIE

Jim.

JIM

I know you do. But it's not. It's about talent. I have talent. I've put everything in this house. Look at it. I could decorate films, stage scenery. I'm a genreist, that's what they call it now, genre decorating.

MAISIE

Your work is wonderful, Jim. Wonderful. I've always said that.

JIM

Jesus, Maise, I went to art school, for Christ's sake. Why am I running an antique store my wife fronts? Tell me that.

MAISIE

You've had people approach you about decorating their homes. Dozens of people.

JIM

Decorating homes? Is that all I'm good for.

MAISIE

It's a gold mine, Jim.

JIM

Women decorate homes.

MAISIE

No, they don't. Come on, Jim. There's work out there, work you would love. I'll help you.

JIM

With connections?

MAISIE

No, with organization, with support. You don't need to go to New York to feel important. You can do that right here, Jim. Like you did in this house. Show people this house, they'd hire you in a minute.

(Pause.)

JIM

Not if they saw this crochet thing. (He is referring to CAROLE's gift.) Where did this come from?

(MAISIE laughs. JIM also laughs.)

JIM

Well? This is the shittiest thing I've ever seen. What is it?

(They are laughing.)

MAISIE

Carole gave it to us. For the house.

JIM

Looks like some old woman made it.

(He puts it face down on the counter. They laugh. He sits with her.)

JIM

I need to go to Manhattan. I'm going to take Jed up on his offer.

MAISIE

You need to?

JIM

I'm not going to go into why I need to but I-

MAISIE

Oh, Jim, have you gotten into some kind of trouble-

JIM

I'm going to Manhattan.

MAISIE

I can help you here, Jim. I can't help you there.

JIM

Then I'll do it on my own.

MAISIE
Ok.

JIM
You'll be all right.

MAISIE
Of course.

(Pause. MAISIE can't face him any longer. She crosses to the window and looks out, sees something.)

MAISIE
Can you get Ginger down?

JIM
Fuck...

MAISIE
Come on, Jim. Ginger goes up there so you can get her down. Just humor her. She's a good cat.

(He leaves. MAISIE wipes her eyes and then goes back to making breakfast. CAROLE comes down the stairs. She looks tired but relieved, happy.)

CAROLE
How are you this morning?

MAISIE
Good. Thank you.

CAROLE (Sensing her mood)
Is everything all right?

MAISIE
Oh... It's all right. I'm just... Sorry. I'm out of sorts this morning. Is everything all right? With Paul, Jr.?

CAROLE
Now it is.

MAISIE
Was something wrong?

CAROLE
Well...

MAISIE (Exiting quickly up the stairs, near tears)
I'm sorry, excuse me.

CAROLE
Oh... yes.

(PAUL, coming down the stairs, passes MAISIE going up.)

PAUL
Hey, hey, where're... (To CAROLE) What's wrong?

CAROLE
I don't know. She was cooking, then she was crying... I don't know. Do you know?

PAUL
Did you tell her what happened?

CAROLE
No. I didn't... She just seems so on edge. I didn't want to burden her.

PAUL
Ok, well, I guess we've been on the phone a lot.

CAROLE
We should have told them.

PAUL
I guess.

(CAROLE sees the framed crochet face down. She flips it over, looks at it, then puts it back face down.)

CAROLE
Paul will be back on the eighth.

PAUL
Great. Good. That's the day he was coming back, right?

CAROLE
Yes, nothing changed.

PAUL
Ok, great

CAROLE
So....

PAUL
So what?

CAROLE
I thought we could leave the next week. Take two weeks in August.

PAUL
For what?

CAROLE
The road trip? Back east. Gettysburg. Antietam.

PAUL
Oh.

CAROLE
I should start planning. It will take time to set up.

PAUL
Oh, well... August is going to be busy at the firm – it picks up again in August.

CAROLE
I thought you wanted to reconnect with the boys.

PAUL
Reconnect with the boys?

CAROLE
Take them on a trip they would enjoy.

PAUL
You said Jack would be impossible. Your words.

CAROLE
Paul, I think it's a good idea. For all of us.

PAUL
Shit, you sound like that therapist again.

CAROLE
No I don't.

PAUL
You do. "A good idea." "Reconnect."

CAROLE
I'm talking about them, not us.

PAUL
They're fine. Leave it alone.

CAROLE
Don't snap at me.

PAUL
I'm tired. I am exhausted. I've been up all night, ALL NIGHT because of your paranoia about Paul. This was supposed to be my weekend off, my weekend away, and, once again, you turned it into freak out about the kids week. I'm sick of it. I need a morning off, ok?

(She just stares at him. JIM enters holding Ginger.)

JIM
Well, look at this old whore, scrambling up a tree every chance she gets. What a tease, huh?

CAROLE
Why do you talk that way, Jim?

JIM
Huh?

CAROLE
Why do you always have to talk that way?

JIM
What's up your butt?

PAUL
Hey, hey, hey.

JIM
Sorry, but who needs that shit at 830 in the morning?

CAROLE
I'm sorry. I guess I'll go upstairs. That's where the wives go, right?

PAUL
Carole, give it a rest.

CAROLE
Go to hell. Paul.

(She exits up the stairs.)

JIM (As she goes)
Woo-hoo. We are off and running at Bay Meadows! Who put the salt in the bitches' feedbag this morning?

PAUL
Jim, sometimes...

JIM
Yeah?

PAUL
Sometimes it's a little much.

JIM
You know Ginger lives here, she can say shit like that to me but not you.

PAUL
You want us to leave?

JIM
Whoah-ho, everyone to their corner! Ding! Where's the ref?

PAUL
Sorry. We just had... we just had some drama with Paul.

JIM
Oh, yeah, well kids are like that.

PAUL
But it worked out.

JIM
I'm glad. I am.

PAUL
Ok.

JIM

And sorry about...

PAUL

No, forget it, we haven't been ideal-

JIM

No, forget it. Here Ginger, go slut around outside a bit. Love you.

(JIM gives Ginger a big kiss, sets her down, and she runs out the door.)

JIM

Listen, who do you know in Manhattan?

PAUL

Manhattan?

JIM

Yeah.

PAUL

No one.

JIM

No one. Come on.

PAUL

Well... (He laughs.) My brother.

JIM

Your brother? I didn't know you had a brother in Manhattan.

PAUL

Well...

JIM

Can you put me in touch with him?

PAUL

Sure. Why?

JIM

We're making a move. The Shop. We're opening a branch in Manhattan. I want to hit the ground running.

PAUL
Oh, well... he's a school teacher.

JIM
Oh.

PAUL
Seventh grade. But let me think about it.

JIM
What about your old partner, Samson, Sallen, what was his name?

PAUL
Maloney?

JIM
Maloney, right.

PAUL
He was indicted.

JIM
Oh.

PAUL
And convicted. Watergate actually.

JIM
Oh, well, then he must be well connected.

PAUL
He's in jail.

JIM
Oh.

PAUL
Contempt of court.

JIM
Oh.

PAUL
But I'll give you his number. He does know people. He knows everyone.

JIM
Great.

PUAL
Too bad Jed Ferris is so sick. He'd help you out for sure.

JIM
Yeah, well....

PAUL
I mean, I'm sure he'd help you out if he wasn't actually dying.

JIM
Yes. He will. He's not dead yet.

PAUL
Pretty much. I mean, he can't help you on life support, can he?

JIM
No. Probably not. Anyway, this is something Maisie and I are trying to do on our own. We don't need Jed Ferris butting in and taking all the credit.

PAUL
No danger of that now.

JIM
No.

PAUL
When are you going?

JIM
End of the month. Soon as I can set it all up.

PAUL
Oh, ok.

JIM
We had a date. Darby's.

PAUL
Oh, yeah.

JIM
Listen, I'll hook you up...

PAUL

No, no, actually, I don't think it's right for me. Maybe when you're back in town.

JIM

Yeah, sometime when I'm home for the weekend.

PAUL

Yeah.

JIM

Whatever happened to that little number who worked in your office. Jayleen?
Jaybee?

PAUL

Diane?

JIM

Yeah. She was a sweet one.

PAUL

I put a stop to that.

JIM

What are you crazy? She was nice.

PAUL

It had run its course.

JIM

That's a course I'd like to run.

PAUL

Yeah, well... Girl friends.

JIM

Yeah. Almost become like wives, right?

PAUL

Actually... that's not what I meant.

JIM

Oh, well... We'll go to Darby's. No strings at Darby's.

PAUL

No, no, that's fine... I think... It's fine.

JIM
You ok?

PAUL
Sure. Never better.

(JACK has come in the front door.)

JIM
Hey, Tiger. What's cooking?

PAUL
Hey, Jack. How are you?

JACK
Ok.

(Pause.)

JIM
I want to get a swim in before I head back to town.

PAUL
You're going back?

JIM
Yeah, something came up. See you two.

(JIM leaves, PAUL looks at JACK. JACK comes into the room and picks up the magazine he was holding before. He looks at it.)

PAUL
You wanted to go see those ditches, huh?

JACK
No.

PAUL
I bet we could find them, you and I.

JACK
That's ok.

PAUL
You're just going to sit around here all day?

JACK
Maybe.

PAUL
Come on. I'll ask Jim to give us directions before he goes.

JACK
It's ok. Leave me alone.

PAUL
Jesus, Jack, what the hell's the matter with you?

JACK
Nothing. What's the matter with you?

PAUL
Don't you talk to me like that.

JACK
Leave me alone.

PAUL
I said-

(He grabs JACK by the shoulder. JACK breaks free and runs towards the front door.
PAUL chases him.)

PAUL
Come here!

(JACK can't get to the door open fast enough so he runs for the stairs.)

PAUL
Boy, oh boy, when I get my hands on you-

(JACK runs up the stairs past CAROLE who is coming down them.)

CAROLE
Paul.

PAUL
What?

CAROLE
Leave him alone.

PAUL
That kid's got a sassy mouth.

CAROLE
Just don't talk to him. When he wants to be left alone just leave him alone.

PAUL
Christ!

CAROLE
Jack, you're being horribly loud. Keep your voice down.

(MAISIE comes down the stairs. She is mock cheery.)

MAISIE
Well, Jim's going back to the city already and you two are fighting. I guess we should start the drinking.

(She heads for the refrigerator.)

CAROLE
Oh, no Maisie, it's only 1000 AM.

MAISIE
I was joking.

PAUL
Why don't we go for a hike? Jim was telling us about some irrigation ditches he thought Jack might like.

MAISIE
Irrigation ditches?

PAUL
He said they were very deep.

MAISIE
Oh, those were filled in months ago. My God, is that the last time he was up here?

PAUL
Why don't we go for a hike anyway?

MAISIE
Well there is a nice walk up to Crystal Spring. Where you can see the mountains. It really is quite spectacular.

PAUL
Let's do that.

MAISIE
We can make sandwiches.

CAROLE
That would be nice.

PAUL
Yes, I think I need some fresh air.

MAISIE
Ok, I'll pack sandwiches.

CAROLE
And I'll help.

MAISIE
No, you two just sit. Oh, my goodness, why no one's eaten breakfast yet. Well we should do that first. Everyone sit down, we'll eat breakfast, I'll make French Toast. Did that station wagon ever get unpacked completely?

PAUL (Rising)
No, I'll...

MAISIE
There must be rotting food in there by now. (She picks up crochet.) Oh, what happened here? Let's get this back where it belongs. (She hangs crochet up again.)

(TEMBY enters the front door, closes it behind her and flops on the sofa – it's all one move.)

TEMBY
Hey.

PAUL
Hi.

TEMBY
Well, Dad's flirting with the naked neighbor again. Man, this place gets depressing on the weekends.

MAISIE
What are you talking about, Temby?

TEMBY

He's out there by the lake with his hand on her naked ass. Talk about mermaids. She's more like a whore maid. And I thought she was a lesbian.

MAISIE

Temby!

TEMBY

Sorry, mom. But it's a little depressing to be going through adolescence and realize it lasts till your forty-five.

(Silence.)

MAISIE

Temby. You really shouldn't tell stories.

TEMBY

It's not a story Mom. Jim's out there massaging her labia right now.

CAROLE (Quietly)

Temby. (She shakes her head at her.)

MAISE

Well, you shouldn't... You know what I mean. It's hurtful.

TEMBY

I'm upset.

MAISIE

I'm sorry you're upset Temby. Why don't we all just enjoy a nice breakfast.

CAROLE

I'll help you, Maisie.

MAISIE

No, I'm fine.

TEMBY

Where's Jack?

PAUL

Upstairs.

(TEMBY gets up and crosses to the stairs.)

TEMBY
I'll be in my room.

(And she is gone.)

MAISIE
I'm sorry about her.

PAUL
It's fine.

CAROLE
Did you want to talk?

MAISIE
Yes, let's talk. Let's talk about something. (Changing the subject) What are your plans for the rest of the summer?

CAROLE
Well that's funny. (Looking at PAUL) We were just talking about that this morning.

MAISIE
You planning a big trip?

PAUL
Maybe. We'll see. I was excited to hear about the New York shop.

MAISIE
The New York shop?

PAUL
The one you're planning to open.

MAISIE
Oh, yes, that. Yes, big things are happening around here. Very big.

(Blackout. End of Act Two. End of Play.)