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SF PERUSALS

Greetings!

by Tom Dudzick

A Samuel French Acting Edition



SAMUEL FRENCH

FOUNDED 1830

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In addition the following credit *must* be given in all programs and publicity information distributed in association with this piece:

Originally Produced by the George Street Playhouse,
New Brunswick, New Jersey,
Gregory S. Hurst, Producing Director

GREETINGS! premiered at the George Street Playhouse in New Brunswick, New Jersey. The performance was directed by Gregory S. Hurst, with sets by Atkin Pace, costumes by Barbara Forbes, and lighting by Donald Holder. The Production Stage Manager was Thomas L. Clewell. The cast was as follows:

ANDY GORSKI . . . . . Mark Shannon
RANDI STEIN . . . . . Barbara Gulan
EMILY GORSKI . . . . . Beth Fowler
PHIL GORSKI . . . . . John Ramsey
MICKEY GORSKI . . . . . Patrick Kerr

GREETINGS! was subsequently produced by Arthur Cantor and Carol Ostrow at the John Houseman Theatre in New York City. The performance was directed by Dennis Začek, with costumes and sets by Bruce Goodrich, lighting by Deborah Constantine, and sound by One Dream. The Production Stage Manager was Thomas L. Clewell. The cast was as follows:

ANDY GORSKI . . . . . Gregg Edelman
RANDI STEIN . . . . . Toby Poser
EMILY GORSKI . . . . . Lenore Loveman
PHIL GORSKI . . . . . Darren McGavin
MICKEY GORSKI . . . . . Aaron Goodwin

CHARACTERS

ANDY GORSKI - 33 years old

RANDI STEIN - Andy's fiance, 29 years old

PHIL GORSKI - Andy's father, mid-60's

EMILY GORSKI - Andy's mother, mid-60's

MICKEY GORSKI - Andy's brother, 30 years old

SETTING

The play's action takes place in the Gorski household in Pittsburgh, PA. The year is 1990.

This play may be performed with or without an intermission. If an intermission is used, it would come at the end of Scene 2, after Emily faints.

DIRECTOR'S NOTE

Playwright Steve Carter was present at the New York opening of Tom Dudzick's *Greetings!* When I chatted with him after the show about his impression of the play, he told me that it reminded him of the profile of Dizzie Gillespie's horn. I thought this a wonderful comparison, as one of the most vital aspects of *Greetings!* (like the signature of Mr. Gillespie's horn) is its ability to surprise an audience. As spectators settle in for what seems to be an amusing and perhaps comfortably familiar situation, they are lifted into another area of reflection.

In the Russian language, there are two words that resemble each other. These words are "Tsirk" and "Tserkov" which translate into English as Circus and Church, and much of Russian theater is an effective blend of these two arenas. Occasionally, an American playwright emerges who creates a work that entertains while recognizing a spirituality in the midst of chaos. Tom Dudzick has accomplished just that. He has chosen to present us with a contemporary play in which miracles occur. The time of the event is the Christmas season, which seems an appropriate choice. At a time when people spend enormous amounts of time, energy and money celebrating the season, many seem to forget or simply ignore the soul and spirituality.

Greetings! is loaded with humor and it certainly has a happy ending. Consequently, it is perceived as a comedy; however, the work offers actors the possibility of exploring the emotional as well as the comedic. Mr. Dudzick is an actor turned playwright and he has created a work in which the dialogue and behavior of the characters is rooted in humanity. Tom Dudzick's message may seem out of place to the cynical and jaded, but it is a play brimming with good nature and positive outlook.

–Dennis Začek
Artistic Director
Victory Gardens Theater
Chicago, 1994



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Photo: Carol Rosegg

To Holly.

Scene 1

(The Gorski household, nestled in a working class neighborhood of Pittsburgh, PA. A modest dwelling; no rich people here. The dining room table is covered with a Christmas tablecloth from Woolworths and a poinsettia plant from the A&P. Next to the living room window stands a partially decorated Christmas tree. Colored lights are strung around all the windows, but they're not plugged in.)

(A man sits on the floor arranging the miniature figures of a manger scene. This is **MICKEY***, thirty years old and intellectually disabled; his mental age being about three years old. We'll come to find that his vocabulary is composed of only a small handful of words. Most of his communicating is done by cheerful grunts, noises and finger pointing. He is consistently good natured.)*

*(***EMILY GORSKI***, in her 60's, enters from the kitchen with a stack of dinner plates and goes to an open doorway which leads to the basement.)*

EMILY. *(Into the basement doorway.)* I don't think it would be very nice to be sitting down there when the kids show up. *(She goes to the dining room table.)*

MAN'S VOICE. *(From the basement.)* I'm not sitting down here.

EMILY. *(Not hearing him, she continues while setting the table.)* I'm sure *her* father wasn't drinking beer in the basement the first time Andy paid a call.

MAN'S VOICE. *(Still downstairs.)* I'm not drinking beer. Will you hold your horses?

EMILY. If you ask me, it doesn't make a very nice first impression.

MAN'S VOICE. I'm coming, I'm coming!

EMILY. *(To herself.)* 'Course no one ever asks me.

*(***EMILY** *goes to a small table lamp near the front door, turns it on and-WHOOPS! The whole house is plunged into darkness.)* Oops.

MAN'S VOICE. Jesus H. Christ!

EMILY. Sorry.

MAN'S VOICE. What'd you do?

EMILY. What?

MAN'S VOICE. What did you do?

EMILY. I turned on a lamp.

MAN'S VOICE. Which one? Where?

EMILY. What?

MAN'S VOICE. Which one?

EMILY. The pretty one.

MAN'S VOICE. Oh, the pretty one... Alright, wait a while, willya?

(The street lamp outside throws a little bit of light into the room.)

EMILY. Mama did it again, huh Mickey?

MICKEY. *(Noncommittally.)* Nnn.

EMILY. You're doing a nice job, hon'.

MICKEY. Nnn.

(In the near darkness she continues to set the table.)

EMILY. *(Calls out to the basement.)* That turkey in the fridge is going to spoil.

MAN'S VOICE. Wait a while, willya?

(The lights come on.)

EMILY. *(Calls out.)* They're on!

MAN'S VOICE. No kidding.

EMILY. *(Carefully studies Mickey at the manger scene.)* Doing the manger, huh Mickey?

MICKEY. Nnn.

EMILY. Looks nice. *(Moves to him.)* Real pretty, honey. *(Sits on nearby footstool.)* ...Mickey?

MICKEY. Nnn.

EMILY. *(Gently.)* Mickey, look at me.

*(***MICKEY** *turns to her.)*

EMILY. Greetings.

MICKEY. *(Noncommittally.)* Nnn.

EMILY. Greetings. *(She's trying to get him to say it.)* Greetings.

*(***MICKEY** *stares at her. She may as well be speaking Sanskrit.)*

EMILY. Come on, you can say it. Greetings.

*(***MICKEY** *giggles.)*

EMILY. Come on, hon.

PHIL. *(***PHIL GORSKI** *appears in the basement doorway, carrying a shopping bag of Christmas ornaments.)* Will you knock that off?

*(***PHIL** *is a big man in his 60's. Looks like he may have been an athlete at one time. Now, however, when he moves about it's with the aid of a cane, limping very noticeably.* **PHIL***'s hobby is griping to himself)*

EMILY. You hush. Mickey... greetings.

PHIL. You sound like a draft notice, cut it out.

EMILY. He said it once, he can do it again.

PHIL. Mick, take these here, willya?

MICKEY. Oh boy! *(Jumps up and goes to* **PHIL***.)*

PHIL. The last of the ornaments, put them by the tree.

MICKEY. *(Looks in the bag.)* Wow! *(A gale of laughter as he pulls out a string of garland.)*

PHIL. Yeah, wait a while, though; put it by the tree.

MICKEY. Wow! *(Chortling gleefully.* **MICKEY** *takes the bag and sits on the floor next to the tree.)*

PHIL. I'm going to call that electrician, Christmas or not, and he's going to come over and do the job right.

EMILY. *(Going back to dinner table.)* Then call the plumber while you're at it

PHIL. No, not the toilet.

(She nods.)

PHIL. Those bums. They can all take and rub rock salt.

EMILY. I better make a "jiggle the handle" sign before the kids get here.

PHIL. How many of their brats do we have to put through college before they do something right? *(Shutting basement door.)* I should've had my head examined, buying this house. Lousy wiring. And this steep stairway. I almost broke my neck just now. The guy was drunk who designed this house.

EMILY. *(Setting table.)* Well, nobody told you to move out of the old house. The old house was well made. You're the one who wanted to move; get out of that neighborhood. And if you don't like the basement, why do you spend so much time down there?

PHIL. *(To himself.)* Three guesses. *(He limps slowly over to the front door. On the way he stops to flex his leg. grimacing with pain.)* Mmph! ...What time they getting here?

EMILY. I want to ask Andy about Mickey's behavior.

PHIL. What behavior?

EMILY. He's sharp. He may be able to shed some light on it

PHLL. What behavior? He didn't do anything.

EMILY. He's acting strange.

PHIL. He's retarded, he's supposed to act strange.

EMILY. Don't say retarded, I told you that.

PHIL. *(Rolls his eyes and groans.)* Alright, what's the new one?

EMILY. "Intellectually…" Wait a minute, I wrote it down. *(Finds note on a shelf somewhere.)* "Intellectually disabled."

PHIL. It means the same thing.

EMILY. Well, people don't like the other one.

PHIL. What people?

EMILY. People with retarded kids, I don't know!

MICKEY. *(Discovering a new ornament in the bag.)* Oh boy!

PHIL. In a minute, Mick. What time they getting here?

EMILY. Anyway, I mean Mickey's acting strange for Mickey. And what about "greetings?"

PHLL. He never said that. You're bugs.

EMILY. Well, I don't think that's very nice.

PHLL. Mick, you're all right, aintcha?

MICKEY. Oh boy!

PHLL. I spend more time with him than you do, and he hasn't done anything strange.

EMILY. *(Exiting into kitchen.)* Fine, don't listen to me.

PHIL. *(Shouts.)* What time are Andy and what's-her-name getting here?

EMILY. *(Shouts back.)* I don't know, I don't know! I lost Andy's letter, alright?

PHLL. Lost his letter? Are you sure he's coming today? Not Arbor Day?

(She enters with more table stuff.)

PHIL. Why didn't he want me to pick him up at the airport?

EMILY. He said he wanted to take a taxi. He can afford them now.

PHIL. They'll rob him blind; they're all thieves. Probably wants to impress the girl.

EMILY. She has a name. It's Randi.

PHIL. Andy and Randi, how could I forget? Randi what?

EMILY. What?

PHIL. Randi what?

EMILY. I don't know Randi what?

PHIL. Well, did he tell you anything about her? Randi's a boy's name, are you sure he's not bringing home a boy?

EMILY. Just that he's very fond of her, that's all I know.

PHIL. Well, if two men step out of that cab I'm kicking them both down the stairs. *(Goes to front door, opens it and picks up electric cord from front step. Now he notices his*

street.) This is a disgrace. Y'know that, Mick?

MICKEY. Nnn.

PHIL. It's a disgrace. Look at that. One... two... three... and ours. Only four houses with lights in the windows. Are they atheists or what? Atheists, heathens, who knows anymore? They've lost the meaning of Christmas, that's all I know.... Hey, Mick! Here, plug this in.

MICKEY. Oh boy! *(Joins* **PHIL** *at the door and takes cord. He plugs it in and colored bulbs light up in every window.)* Wow!

PHIL. Wow is right!

EMILY. That's so pretty.

PHIL. Yeah, but how many families do you think bothered to put up lights on this street? Four. It's a disgrace. *(Shouts to street.)* It's a disgrace!

EMILY. Please, don't start on the neighbors. If they didn't feel like it, they didn't feel like it; what can you do?

PHIL... It's going to kill them to spend a couple bucks? Look at the Keatings. Nothing. Steve Sendecki, Joe Guzdeck. Not one lousy bulb, and you think they don't have money? Don't let them kid you.

EMILY. Please, I don't want to hear about the neighbors, not today. *(She exits into kitchen.)*

PHIL. *(To himself.)* Sure, you don't care, what do you care? Nobody cares anymore. *(Goes to his easy chair near the tree.)* Nobody cares about Christmas, Mick.

MICKEY. Nnn.

PHIL. Nobody cares about Christmas. *(He eases himself into his chair, a painful operation.)* Mmph! Gimme gimme gimme. That's all you hear. Everybody's out for themselves.

MICKEY. *(Holds up a bulb.)* Wow!

PHIL ...Okay, Mick, dump it right here. Come on.

MICKEY. Yay! *(Joyfully dumps out the ornaments onto the rug.)*

PHIL... Neat though, Mick, neat. Careful now.

*(***MICKEY** *is giggling gleefully.* **PHIL** *points to a bulb with*

his cane.)

PHIL. Here, this one.

*(***MICKEY** *picks one up.)*

PHIL. No, that's broken.

MICKEY. Ah, phooey.

PHIL. See, you broke one.

MICKEY. Ah, phooey.

PHIL.... Ah, phooey, that's right. Here, this one.

*(***MICKEY** *carefully takes it, and with the utmost care he hangs it on a vacant branch.)*

PHIL. Attaboy.

*(***MICKEY** *lets out a blast of laughter.* **PHIL** *can't help but laugh along.)*

PHIL. Here, this one now.

*(***MICKEY** *repeats the process.)*

PHIL. You sure get a kick out of Christmas, don'tcha Mick? God bless ya. I did, too. And we didn't have nothin'. Back then we had nothin', Mick.

MICKEY. Nnn.

PHIL. I'd be happy with a set of Lincoln Logs on Christmas. Which I never got anyway. *(Pushes an ornament to* **MICKEY** *with his cane.)* Not like these kids today. Gimme this, gimme that. Not us. The Depression, Mick.

MICKEY. Nnn.

PHIL. We used to take out the garbage, then bring it back into the house and eat it again.... Mick, "how are ya?"

MICKEY. Nnn.

PHIL. Can you say that, Mick? How are ya?

MICKEY. Hiya.

PHIL. No, Mick, how are ya?

MICKEY. Hiya.

PHIL. *(Checks over his shoulder to make sure* **EMILY***'s not around.)* Mickey ... greetings.

MICKEY. Nnn.

PHIL. Can you say that, Mick? Greetings.

MICKEY. Nnn.

PHIL. Greetings.

MICKEY. Nnn.

PHIL. She's bugs.

EMILY. *(Enters and sees the tree.)* Oh, that's real pretty, Mickey. Nice, hon. *(Sees the manger scene.)* Oh, Mickey, you've got the animals wrong. *(Gets down on her knees and fiddles with the animals.)* Here, Mickey, see? You've got to turn the cows this way. They were breathing on the Baby Jesus. See? They kept him warm with their breath.

PHIL. You were there?

EMILY. Yes, I was there. I saw the whole thing.

PHIL. Ever have a cow breathe on you?

EMILY. I have, as a matter of fact. And it was very warm.

PHIL. Y'got your miniature cow flops in there?

(No response from **EMILY**. *She gets up from her work.)*

PHIL. Jeez, at least laugh at my jokes.

EMILY. That wasn't funny. *(she heads for the kitchen and exits.)*

PHIL. Mick, I give up.

MICKEY. Nnn.

PHIL. She used to laugh at my jokes.

EMILY. *(***EMILY** *sticks her head back in.)* Are you going to get the electric trains? Andy likes to set them up.

PHIL. If Andy wants them he can get them. I'm tired.

*(***EMILY** *shrugs and exits.)*

PHIL. He'll have plenty of strength after that relaxing cab ride. *(A long silence. Then* **PHIL** *leans on his cane and pulis himself to his feet.)* Let's go get the trains, Mick.

MICKEY. Oh boy! *(***MICKEY** *jumps up, runs to the basement door and opens it.)*

PHIL. Whoa, whoa, whoa, hold your horses, willya?

*(***MICKEY** *laughs.)*

PHIL. Turn the light on first. Take it slow on them stairs.

*(***MICKEY** *turns on the basement light and disappears down the stairs.* **PHIL** *follows him down.)*

PHIL. Guy goes out on a five day drunk, then designs this house. Oughta have my head examined. *(And he's gone.)*

(A moment goes by, then **EMILY** *enters with some more stuff for the dinner table. She sees the open basement door and goes to it.)*

EMILY. *(Into the basement.)* You said no more beer.

PHIL'S VOICE. *(Shouts.)* I'm getting the trains!

EMILY. Oh. *(Goes to the table and busies herself.)*

(Now the front door is opened by **ANDY***, 33, and* **RANDI***, 30, dressed for winter and carrying luggage. They enter quietly and set down their bags.* **ANDY** *gestures that* **RANDI** *be silent.)*

(With her back to them, **EMILY** *hears nothing. They stand and watch as* **EMILY** *fusses at the table. Finally,* **EMILY** *exits into the kitchen.)*

ANDY. Mrs. Clause. Pittsburgh's answer to June Cleaver.

RANDI. She's so cute! And a little hard of hearing?

ANDY. Uh-huh. So, it's not too late, we could still turn around and go back to New York.

RANDI. Stop that.

ANDY. *(Takes a deep breath for courage.)* Okay... ready if you are. *(He opens the front door, slams it as if they've just arrived, and noisily drops his bag.)* Well, well, well!

*(***EMILY** *comes out of the kitchen and goes to them, all smiles.)*

EMILY. Well, well, well!

ANDY. *(Arms open.)* Mama! Merry Christmas!

EMILY. *(Hugging and kissing.)* Merry Christmas!

ANDY. You look wonderful!

EMILY. Oh, sure I do!

ANDY. You do! Now, Mom... this is Randi.

RANDI. Nice to meet you, Mrs. Gorski.

ANDY. Louder.

RANDI. Nice to meet you, Mrs. Gorski.

EMILY. *(Slaps* **ANDY***'s arm.)* I heard her the first time; what'dya tell her, I was deaf?

ANDY. No, I just thought-

EMILY. You thought, you thought. Nice to meet you, too, Randi. I can hear when I pay attention; don't listen to him

RANDI. I won't.

EMILY. Take off your things, stay awhile.

(Through this next there is business of removing coats and boots and hanging them in the closet.)

ANDY. Mom, why is he- *(Checks around for* **PHIL***.)* why is he still putting up those stupid lights?! He's gonna kill himself!

EMILY. Try and talk sense to your father.

RANDI. You have a really pretty home, Mrs. Gorski.

EMILY. What?

RANDI. *(Louder.)* You have a really pretty home.

EMILY. Oh, thank you.

RANDI. It's so nice to get out of a cramped apartment for a while.

EMILY. I'll bet.

ANDY. Where's Dad?

EMILY. In the basement.

ANDY. How is he?

EMILY. Oh, y'know. The same.

RANDI. *(Quietly.)* What does that mean, the same?

ANDY. It means Christmas is cancelled.

EMILY. Now Andy, before I can get interrupted, let me tell you about Mickey.

ANDY. What about Mickey?

EMILY. And this is a lulu.

(Now **MICKEY** *enters from the basement with a large box of electric trains. He sees* **ANDY**.*)*

MICKEY. *(Joyously.)* Oh, no!!

ANDY. Oh, yes! There's Lulu now!

MICKEY. *(Quickly sets box down on floor.)* Oh, no!

ANDY. M'main bro'!

MICKEY. Hiya! *(With a big laugh he runs to* **ANDY** *and hugs him.)*

ANDY. Hiya! How are ya, pal? *(Suddenly.)* Whoa, Jesus! *(***MICKEY** *doesn't know his own strength. He lets go.)* You're out of shape, Mick, that used to hurt.... Mickey, this is Randi.

*(***MICKEY** *runs to hug her.* **ANDY** *quickly intercepts.)*

ANDY. A handshake, Mick.

*(***MICKEY** *extends his hand.* **RANDI** *takes it.)*

RANDI. Hello, Mickey. Nice to meet you. Oh, I brought you something. *(Takes something from her pocket and hides it behind her back.)* I got this especially for you. Which hand?

MICKEY. Nnn.

RANDI. C'mon, which hand?

MICKEY. Nnn. ..

RANDI. *(To* **ANDY**.*)* Should I be doing this?

ANDY. Which hand, Mick?

MICKEY. Nnn.

ANDY. Okay, I guess he doesn't want it.

*(***MICKEY** *quickly points to one of her hands.)*

ANDY. A-ha!

*(***RANDI** *gives* **MICKEY** *a small bag of peanuts.)*

MICKEY. Oh boy!

EMILY. Oh boy!

ANDY. Airline peanuts, Mick!

EMILY. From an airplane, Mickey.

MICKEY. *(Examines it closely.)* He-e-ey!

EMILY. Not before dinner, honey. Thank you, Randi.

RANDI. *(Dismisses it)* Oh...

MICKEY. *(Suddenly remembers something.)* Oh-ohoh-oh...! *(Pulls a folded piece of newspaper out of his shirt pocket and gives it to* **RANDI**.*)*

RANDI. *(Looks at it.)* Um... wrestling matches?

MICKEY. *(Shouts, startling* **RANDI**.*)* Oh boy!

ANDY. Dad's taking you to the wrestling matches?

MICKEY. Oh boy!

ANDY. Or are you *in* the wrestling matches?

MICKEY. Oh boy!

ANDY. That's what I thought. *(With an evil gleam in his eye, he begins to stalk* **MICKEY**.*)* Yes, ladies and gentlemen, tonight it's a tag team match between Fritz Von Erik, Haystack Calhoun, the Gallagher Brothers and a couple of midgets thrown in for laughs...

*(***MICKEY** *runs around the room, hardly able to contain his glee. He knows what's coming.* **ANDY** *approaches stealthily.}*

ANDY. The mighty Fritz Von Erik approaches his opponent with a lust for blood in his eye. He's sizing him up now. The crowd is tense... Haystack, your shoe's untied!

*(***MICKEY** *looks at his shoe and* **ANDY** *rushes him. Through this next he wrestles* **MICKEY** *to the ground;* **MICKEY** *shrieking with laughter.)*

ANDY. And Von Erik's got him in a half Nelson and an Ozzie Nelson, and a Ricky and a David! And now, can it be? Has he no mercy? Yes, folks,there it is-the paralyzer *claw!*

*(***MICKEY** *goes wild as* **ANDY** *triumphantly raises a gnarly claw for all the arena to see.)*

ANDY. The crowd goes wild! Will he? Will he? *Yeees!!*

(And finally, **ANDY** *plunges the horrible claw into*

MICKEY*'s stomach. tickling him unmercifully.)*

(Now **PHIL** *makes his appearance in the basement doorway, carrying a box of train equipment.)*

PHIL. The winner and still champeen!

ANDY. *(Gets up.)* Hey, there he is. How are you, Dad? *(Goes to* **PHIL***. puts out his hand.)* Good to see you.

PHIL. *(Shakes his hand.)* Right-o. How are ya, good to see ya.

(A slightly uncomfortable pause.)

ANDY. I see you got out your ladder again. The lights look great.

PHIL. Yeah. But how many families do you think even bothered to put up lights? Guess.

EMILY. Phil.

PHIL. What!

ANDY. That ladder is in good shape, isn't it, Dad?

PHIL. Yeah, yeah, yeah, you sound like your mother. Here. *(Hands him the box.)* Ghosts of Christmas past.

ANDY. Hey, the good old Lionel, Mick!

MICKEY. Oh boy!

*(***ANDY** *joins* **MICKEY** *on the floor and* **THEY** *examine the box's contents.)*

PHIL. What did you pay for that cab?

ANDY. What? Oh,l don't know.

PHIL. What do you mean, you don't know? It wasn't free, was it?

ANDY. Well, I don't know ... twenty, twenty-two, something like that So, how are you doing?

PHIL. Jesus Christ! I coulda picked you up for nothing. What're you, goofy?

ANDY. No, it's no problem. I'm used to taking cabs, that's all. New Yorkers live in them.

PHIL. *(Reaches for wallet.)* Here, take twenty.

ANDY. No, don't be silly, it's fine.

PHIL. Take it and shut up, willya?

ANDY. No, Dad, come on. I take cabs all the time.

EMILY. Phil.

PHIL. What! You want people to think I'm a bum?

EMILY. I won't tell a soul.

ANDY. *(Rises and heads for* **RANDI**.*)* We'll discuss the twenty after dinner, I promise, okay? Right now I'd like to introduce you to a friend of mine.

*(***RANDI** *reacts to "friend.")*

ANDY. Dad, this is Randi.

PHIL. Hi, how are ya? I just don't want you to think I'm a bum, that's all.

RANDI. I'd never think such a thing. *(With a look to* **ANDY**.*)* What kind of "friend" would I be?

ANDY. Well no, I meant... y'know...

RANDI. It's nice to finally meet you, Mr. Gorski. I've heard so much about you.

PHIL. *(A look to* **ANDY**.*)* Oh?

EMILY. Come on, folks, sit, sit.

*(***PHIL** *sits in his easy chair. On her way to sofa* **RANDI** *gives* **MICKEY** *his wrestling ad.)*

MICKEY. Oh boy! *(Puts it back in his pocket.)*

ANDY. *(Moving to couch, picks up shopping bag.)* Christmas presents, Mick.

MICKEY. Oh no! *(Runs to* **ANDY**.*)*

ANDY. Oh yes!

*(***MICKEY** *takes presents to the tree and through this next quietly arranges them.)*

EMILY. *(Sitting.)* I hope you like meat loaf, Randi.

RANDI. Love it.

EMILY. And baked apples for dessert.

RANDI. Mmm!

EMILY. Then on Christmas we're having the Christmas turkey.

ANDY. Good planning.

EMILY. Can I get you anything right now? A drink?

RANDI. No, thank you. I had a drink on the plane.

PHIL. How much did they charge you?

RANDI. Nothing. It was complimentary.

EMILY. Andy, a drink?

ANDY. No thanks, Mom.

PHIL. Andy, y'might as well plug in the tree, we've been saving that for you.

ANDY. I'd be honored.

PHIL. Mickey's been working on it all day.

ANDY. You decorate a mean tree, Fritz.

*(***MICKEY** *laughs.* **ANDY** *plugs in the tree. The lights flash on for a split second, sparks fly out of the wall socket,* **ANDY** *yelps, and the tree goes* **DARK,** *)*

PHIL. Jesus H. Christ! ...Unplug it, unplug it.

EMILY. Careful, Andy!

ANDY. I know, I know. *(He carefully unplugs the tree. To* **RANDI**.*)* At midnight we blow up the train. *(He heads back to the couch.)*

EMILY. When are you going to try a different electrician?

PHIL. He is going to do the job right! Now let's drop it.

EMILY. Fine.

ANDY. ...Merry Christmas. *(Sits.)*

PHIL. Randi.

RANDI. Yes.

PHIL. How'd you end up with a boy's name?

RANDI. It's a girl's name, too. Randi with an i.

PHIL. I never heard it.

EMILY. I like it. *(Sing-song.)* Andy and Randi, Andy and Randi.

ANDY. *(Nicely.)* Don't do that.

PHIL. What's your last name?

ANDY. Gorski.

PHIL. Not yours. I know yours.

RANDI. Stein.

PHIL. Huh?

RANDI. Stein.

EMILY. How was your flight?

ANDY. *(Grateful for the change of subject.)* Fine. Real good. No delays. Just fine. Good peanuts... Honey roasted.

RANDI. *(To* **PHIL.***)* I'm Jewish.

PHIL. Huh? Yeah, well I figured. Stein, that's a Jewish name.

EMILY. You're sure I can't get you a drink?

RANDI. No, I'm fine.

ANDY. We're fine, Mom.

PHIL. You don't have Christmas, huh?

RANDI. Nope.

ANDY. She has New Year's.

PHIL. No kidding.... You have Chanukah, right?

RANDI. No, actually I don't have much of anything, holiday-wise.

PHIL. No holidays? Come on, you're loaded with holidays. Even I know that. Bernie Fine, remember Bernie Fine, Emily?

EMILY. Sure.

PHIL. Used to come into the store, always celebrating something or other. Young Kipper, y'got that, dont'cha?

RANDI. I don't celebrate it.

ANDY. It's "Yom Kippur."

PHIL. Gee, excuse me.... You don't celebrate that?

RANDI. No.

PHIL. Mm-hmm. *(To* **EMILY.***)* What else did Bernie used to celebrate? I forget.

EMILY. I don't know, but whenever anyone in his family died he used to sit and shiver and I never knew why.

ANDY. *(More to himself.)* ...Yep ...Honey roasted

PHIL. *(To* **RANDI.***)* So, no kiddin', Chanukah's out?

RANDI. Chanukah's out.

PHIL. I don't get it; how come? That's twelve presents, right? They got it from the twelve days of Christmas.

ANDY. It's eight presents.

RANDI. Mr. Gorski, to me Chanukah is eight days like any other.

EMILY. *(The light begins to dawn.)* We have white wine, red wine, beer, Dr. Pepper ...

*(***ANDY** *gestures "no thanks.")*

(A pause.)

PHIL. Rosha somethin' ... Shogun.

*(***RANDI** *gestures no.)*

ANDY. Dad, Randi's an atheist.

PHIL. Oh, oh! ...Oh. *(That last "oh" speaks volumes.)*

(There is a lo-o-ng silence.)

EMILY. *(Finally.)* Andy, how's the job?

ANDY. Oh... same... How's housework?

EMILY. Oh, 'bout the same.

ANDY. Dad, how's retirement?

PHIL. Stinko.

EMILY. *(Suddenly.)* Oh, Andy, I almost called you on the phone, I was so excited! Your new commercial!

ANDY. New commercial?

EMILY. I never saw anything like it! That sunset and those running horses on the beach, and the orchestra playing. It was... inspirational!

ANDY. For the laxative.

EMILY. For the laxative.

ANDY. *(Ahem.)* No, Steve Smith did that.

EMILY. Oh.

ANDY. I didn't get that.

EMILY. Oh.

PHIL. What do you do for a living?

ANDY. *(Jovially; anything to stall.)* I write ad copy.

PHIL. *Not you!* ...Jesus, how many complimentary drinks did you have on that plane?

ANDY. Sorry.

RANDI. I'm an actress.

(This hangs in the air for a while.)

EMILY. *(Finally.)* Interesting!

RANDI. *(A little doubtful.)* I thought so.

ANDY. She's a wonderful actress.

EMILY. I'm sure she is! An actress, Phil, you hear that?

PHIL. Am I sitting here? *(To* **RANDI**.*)* Makin' any dough?

EMILY. Phil!

PHIL. What?

EMILY. Honestly!

ANDY. Well, it's a tough field.

EMILY. Of course it is.

RANDI. I did a commercial.

EMILY. TV?

RANDI. Just extra work.

ANDY. But a big client. Milk of Magnesia.

EMILY. Well, okay, that's right up our alley!

PHIL. Emily!

RANDI. But I'm afraid I didn't really answer your question. For an actual living... I waitress.

EMILY. ....Oh.

PHIL. *(Throwing in the towel.)* See if the paper's here, Mick.

*(***MICKEY** *gets up and goes to the front door. Through this next he will get the newspaper from the porch, then quietly sit on the staircase and leaf through it. looking at the pictures.)*

EMILY. Where are you from, Randi?

RANDI. You mean what planet?

EMILY. *(Confused.)* What?

RANDI. I'm from Rome.

PHIL & EMILY. Rome?

ANDY. Rome, New York.

PHIL & EMIL Y. Oh.

EMILY. And what do your folks do?

RANDI. *(Hesitantly.)* I don't know.

PHIL. You don't know?

RANDI. I mean I'm not sure what they do now. My father's retired, so I guess he putters. And my mother... well, she used to like to join clubs, so... I guess she's still joining.

PHIL. You guess?

RANDI. I don't get home much.

(Another awkward pause.)

ANDY. *(To the rescue.)* Dad! Randi's father used to watch you play ball!

PHIL. You're kiddin'.

RANDI. No! He spent one summer in Pittsburgh before he married my mom, and he used to go to the ball games. Especially the minors, 'cause he loved to watch Georgie Thurman.

PHIL. Ho! Who didn't?

RANDI. But that's where he saw you pitch.

PHIL. *(To* **EMILY***.)* Boy, Georgie Thurman. Great catcher! There's a guy who took off.... So, you're old man was a fan, huh?

RANDI. A fanatic. Thurman, Gonzales and Gorski–he never stopped talking about that minor league team. He said you were great

PHIL. ....Yeah. 'Course we were all just a bunch of bums in those days. Not like today with your superstars and your billion dollar contracts and your cocaine addicts. No, we only had one addiction back then. Baseball. *(Calls out.)* Mick, the paper!

*(***MICKEY** *gets up.)*

RANDI. How long did you play ball?

PHIL. Oh, gee, I dunno...

ANDY. Dad had to stop when he broke his hip.

PHIL. Yeah, I broke my hip.

RANDI. Oh, that's too bad. How did that happen?

PHIL. Got hit by a car.

EMILY. Hit by a car.

ANDY. Hit by a car.

RANDI. Oh...

*(***MICKEY** *comes in and hands paper to* **PHIL**. *He sits on floor.)*

EMILY. Oh! Now let me tell you! *(To* **PHIL**.*)* And you hush up. This is my story. *(To* **ANDY**.*)* Guess who looked me straight in the eye and said the word "greetings."

PHIL. He did not.

EMILY. Now shut up! I'm telling this. *(To* **ANDY**.*)* Take a guess.

ANDY. *(A long blank look.)* The mailman.

EMILY. Oh, Andy, come on.

ANDY. Well, he's so morose.

RANDI. *(Taking a guess.)* Mickey.

ANDY. No, not Mickey.

EMILY. Yes!

ANDY. What?!

*(***PHIL** *gets up with a disapproving grunt.)*

EMILY. *(A warning to* **PHIL**.*)* Hey...!

*(***PHIL** *continues to sideboard and makes himself a drink.)*

ANDY. Mickey said "greetings"?

EMILY. As clear as a bell.

*(***ANDY** *looks at* **MICKEY** *in wonder.)*

ANDY. *(To* **EMILY**.*)* Greetings?

EMILY. Greetings.

ANDY. *(At a loss. He turns to* **RANDI**.*)* Greetings.

RANDI. I take it this is unusual.

ANDY. "Oh boy" and "wow." That has been it.

EMILY. *(A look to* **PHIL**.*)* Now, if I can tell this without interruption… Your brother's been acting strange these last couple weeks. He sits and stares into space for ten, fifteen minutes at a time. No rocking, just sitting perfectly still.

*(***ANDY** *watches as* **MICKEY** *gently rocks back and forth; something he does while sitting quietly.)*

EMILY. Then I'd call him or touch him, and he'd snap right out of it. So I didn't worry about it. Daydreaming, I figured. Well, then, the day before yesterday I was out there cleaning the oven, and Mickey's sitting at the kitchen table watching me. I wasn't paying any attention to him, I had my head in the oven. Well, finally I pulled my head out and I said, "Help me up, Mickey." And I'll be damned if he isn't there in that trance again. So I said, "Hey, buster." And suddenly, I think I'm seeing things; his face becomes real... *(Searches for word.)* ...intelligent And that's when he comes out with it. "Greetings!" Well, boom, down I went on my fanny. Now that was two days ago and nothing's happened since.... So, what do you think?

*(***ANDY** *is dumbfounded by the story. He gets up and playfully looks* **MICKEY** *in the eye.)*

MICKEY. *(With the claw.)* Rrr!

ANDY. *(Finally.)* I don't know what to think!

EMILY. *(Gestures to* **PHIL**.*)* And this one won't believe me. Thinks I'm bugs.

ANDY. Why don't you believe her, Dad?

PHIL. She had her head in the oven; she was goofy from the fumes.

EMILY. It's an electric oven.

PHIL. The cleaning fumes! Don't you think I know it's an electric oven? The cleaning fluid fumes. Breathe enough of those and you'll be having conversations with the garbage disposal, if it was working.

ANDY. Mom—

EMILY. *(To* **PHIL**.*)* I know when I'm hearing right and I was hearing right.

ANDY. Mom, I don't know. I wouldn't make too much of it.

EMILY. Why not?

ANDY. I think he just got lucky.

EMILY. Lucky?

ANDY. That's the only thing that makes sense. He hears the word on TV or someplace and then, boomph, out it comes.

EMILY. *(Shaking her head.)* Andy, you had to see his face. He was another person.

PHIL. *(Moves to cellar door.)* Mick, watch out they don't start sticking pins in you.

EMILY. Where are you going?

PHIL. What do you mean, where am I going?

EMILY. Where are you going?

PHIL. I'll tell you when I get there.

EMILY. Phil, don't.

PHIL. What!

EMILY. Just don't. All right? Don't. Dinner's going to be ready soon.

PHIL. So call me, I'll come up.

EMILY. Sure, you'll come up, all right.

PHIL. What's that mean?

EMILY. For God's sake, Phil, it's Christmas.

PHIL. Oh, that's right, it's Christmas. Do you know where I can get some cows to breathe on me? It gets cold down there. Your mother was there, you know, at the first Noel. She knows the Blessed Mother personally. That's how she got to be so perfect; she took lessons from

Mary. Ask her about it.

EMILY. Phil...

PHIL. Saint Emily. They canonized her; we had a party out in the garage.

EMILY. You should hear yourself. You're ridiculous.

PHIL. I'm ridiculous?

ANDY. *(Getting to his feet.)* Um... folks, could we not do this? I know, I know, I usually don't interfere in these little sessions. But, well, it's Christmas, and... And, um... And...

PHIL. And what?

ANDY. And I asked Randi to marry me!

EMILY. What?!

PHIL. Huh?!

ANDY. I asked Randi to marry me. And not just because our names rhyme. So, uh... surprise. Heh, I realize you don't know her very well. Or at all. But, well… I love her. Not because she's beautiful, which she is. Or because she makes me laugh. Or because she makes me feel like I actually have a shot at happiness. I don't love Randi because anything. I just love her.... And I worry that if she gets the idea that we're not exactly a loving and tender and perfect family, she might change her mind about accepting my hand.

RANDI. *(Takes his hand.)* Not a chance.

(A long moment.)

PHIL. Married. Well... good luck. *(And he disappears into the basement.)*

EMILY. Well... isn't this exciting! I guess we'll have lots to talk about… Oh, my meat loaf! *(She quickly exits into the kitchen.)*

*(***ANDY** *and* **RANDI** *are left looking at each other. They kiss.)*

MICKEY. Wow... !

(The lights fade to black.)

Scene 2

(It's an hour later. The luggage is out of sight and Everyone is seated at the dinner table. **PHIL** *and* **EMILY** *eat mechanically, deep into their own thoughts.)*

ANDY. *(Between bites.)* We actually know someone who got married underwater.

RANDI. In scuba gear.

ANDY. Seriously. I guess they had sponge cake.

RANDI. And the sky divers...

ANDY. The sky divers, right, got married in mid-air. We know a lot of weird people. But my favorite—I read about this—one couple got married while bungee-jumping. I think one of their wedding gifts was flubber… Luckily, Randi and I are a little more traditional.

RANDI. A lot more traditional.

ANDY. Yeah. We've decided to have the ceremony performed by a justice of the peace. We'd like to have you all come up for it. Y'know, meet Randi's parents. And we'll all go out to dinner afterwards. At the Plaza or someplace. You can stay over, and the next night we'll catch a Broadway show. Make a whole weekend out of it. *(Waits for a response; gets none.)* Huh, Mick?

MICKEY. Oh boy!

PHIL. Sounds expensive.

ANDY. Well, we could discuss a loan. *(The humor is lost on* **PHIL**. *Now, after an uncomfortable pause.)* Randi... tell them about your Christmas records.

RANDI. Oh, Andy, come on.

ANDY. Please?

RANDI. Andy...

ANDY. See, on the plane I was telling Randi that what I missed the most about Christmas was that delicious sense of mystery there was about the whole thing. Like, where did the presents really come from? And if Santa has elves, why does it say "Mattel"? And then

Randi told me about her Christmas Albums.

RANDI. Well, I was just saying that I had these Christmas albums when I was little. Jewish or not, I loved my Christmas albums. Nat King Cole was my favorite. But for years I thought Santa Claus was an alcoholic, on account of my Nat King Cole record. See, it had a skip in it. It would go-*(Sings.)* "They know that Santa's on his way. He's loaded (click)-He's loaded (click)-He's loaded (click)—"

*(***ANDY** *grins, waiting for his folks' reaction.)*

EMILY. *(Finally.)* The thing about atheists... it's always puzzled me, how you could believe that all the beauty in this world could have just happened by accident.

PHIL. Yeah, who do you think created all the beauty in the world?

(Needless to say, it's an awkward moment.)

ANDY. Did we just enter a time warp?

PHIL. What's the matter, I can't ask a question?

ANDY. No, hey, ask away.

EMILY. Andy...

ANDY. Yes?

EMILY. Will you consider yourself married in the eyes of God?

ANDY. Um... well... sure. I think God will be there in the judge's chambers.

EMILY. You do.

ANDY. Yeah. I don't think God cares whether we're in a church or in a judge's office or in a Dairy Queen, as long as we're sincere about what we're doing.

EMILY. Mmm... Randi, what do you think?

RANDI. I think Andy's entitled to his own beliefs.

EMILY. But you, personally. don't believe God will be there in the judge's chambers.

ANDY. Mom...

EMILY. I'm asking a question.

ANDY. Couldn't we discuss politics?

RANDI. Mrs. Gorski, I know this is unsettling for you. Are you sure you want to pursue it?

EMILY. I want to understand.

RANDI. *(A pause.)* No, I don't believe a God will be at our marriage ceremony.

PHIL. *(Rises.)* That's all. I've lost my appetite.

ANDY. Dad, come on.

PHIL. Come on what? This is blasphemous.

ANDY. It's no such thing. She has a belief and she's entitled to it.

PHIL. You go along with this?

ANDY. What do you mean, go along with this? What does that mean?

PHIL. It's not the way you were raised.

ANDY. All right, but I got over it.

PHIL. Now what does that mean?

EMILY. All right, enough you two.

PHIL. You were raised to believe in the Commandments. What's happened to that?

EMILY. Enough.

PHIL. When was the last time you took Holy Communion, tell me that.

ANDY. What does that have to do with anything?

PHIL. Are you an atheist, too, now?

ANDY. Didn't I just say I wasn't?

EMILY. Will you both cut it out? Andy's right, we're not exactly being fair to Randi.

PHIL. Oh, God forbid!—you'll pardon the expression... *(Sits.)* All right, you want me to be fair? Fine, I'll be fair. Go ahead, miss, you have the floor. Is there a God or isn't there?

RANDI. *(Calmly.)* Mr. Gorski, my beliefs aren't the issue here.

PHIL. Oh, they're not? And how's that?

RANDI. Because I don't have a problem with my beliefs. And Andy doesn't have a problem with my beliefs.

PHIL. Yes, but I do.

RANDI. That's the issue.

PHIL. What do you suggest I do about it?

ANDY. *(Amiably.)* Find a way to deal with it?

(A tense moment.)

EMILY. "White Christmas" is on tonight. Remember, Andy? *(To* **RANDI**.*)* I'd be Vera Ellen and he'd be Rosemary Clooney, and we'd sing, "Sisters... sisters..."

PHIL. Well, y'know... I feel sorry for you, miss.

ANDY. Dad.

PHIL. Because the day you die you're going to get the surprise of your life.

ANDY. Dad, come on.

RANDI. Mr. and Mrs. Gorski, if it'll help you to understand... *(A sympathetic look to* **ANDY**.*)* I'm sorry, I promised I wasn't going to start this...

PHIL. Well, we're really not that interested.

EMILY. *(Snaps.)* Can you stop for five seconds?!

RANDI. *(To* **EMILY**, *almost tenderly.)* This wasn't just a whim, my "non-belief." I didn't choose it last Spring to be fashionable. It began long ago. On my eleventh birthday. We were having a party outdoors and I watched a car jump a curb in front of my house and kill my baby sister. In my heart I couldn't justify how a God who created everything and watches over everything could permit this to happen. *(Gently to* **PHIL**.*)* You asked me who I think created all the beauty in this world. I haven't the faintest idea. But it is an odd question. Because I don't think you find the world very beautiful. I think you find it pretty stinko. Am I right?

PHIL. That's as good a word as any.

RANDI. Well, so do I sometimes. My escape is laughter. Maybe yours is God, and I think that's fine. But I have

to ask–what has all this got to do with me marrying your son?

EMILY. Randi, it's just that we feel—

PHIL. No, I have to ask how you'd feel if everything you've ever believed in was suddenly tossed out with the Christmas left-overs.

ANDY. When did that happen? Nobody ever said there was anything wrong with your beliefs, or that you should stop believing what you do. I've altered my beliefs, that's all.

PHIL. So what does that say about mine?

ANDY. What? It says nothing.

PHIL. Nothing? Only that my beliefs are wrong.

ANDY. No way.

PHIL. No way? I believe one thing, you believe another. We can't both be right.

ANDY. Yes we can.

PHIL. We can? What planet have you been living on?

ANDY. It has nothing to do with right or wrong.

PHIL. I'll ask again, on what planet? You believe there's a God. She believes there is no God. Who's right?

*(***ANDY** *doesn't answer.)*

There either is a God or there isn't. It can't be both ways. Who's right?

RANDI. *(Anything for peace, She raises her hand.)* How many hang out their flag on holidays?

*(***EMILY** *rises and goes to sideboard for the bowl of baked apples.)*

PHIL. *(Continues to* **ANDY**.*)* You got an answer? Whose beliefs are right and whose are wrong?

ANDY. Randi's beliefs are right because they're right for her. Mine are right because they're right for me. Yours are right because—

PHIL. Bullshit! Look. See this? *(Reaches into the bowl that* **EMILY** *has just set down, and pulls out an apple.)* A

delicious baked apple, created with a mother's tender loving care. See it? *(Keeping his eye on* **ANDY** *he tosses the apple over his shoulder. It hits the floor with a splat.)*

EMILY. Phil!

PHIL. I say it's in my hand. You say it's on the floor.

EMILY. I say you get a kick right in the ass! *(Through this next,* **EMILY** *goes about cleaning it up.)*

PHIL. *(Still to* **ANDY**.*)* Who's right? Huh? I say it's in my hand. Am I right? Your girl friend says it's on the floor. Is she right?

ANDY. *(Getting to his feet.)* I know one thing. I was right when I said this was the wrong house to visit on Christmas.

PHIL. *(With a hurried effort he gets to his feet as well.)* You got an answer?

ANDY. Randi, I'm going to phone for a cab.

EMILY. Andy!

PHIL. Who's right, Andy?

EMILY. Phil, stop it!

PHIL. If she's right then I've been talking out of my ass for sixty-five years.

ANDY. *(To* **RANDI**.*)* The bags are on the upstairs landing. Could you get them, please? *(He goes for the phone.)*

EMILY. Andy, please, sit down. Phil, you shut up.

PHIL. *(Relentless.)* If she's right then I might as well slit my throat right now. I mean, if there's no God, what's the point of going on, right Andy? Who's right, Andy?

RANDI. *(Getting up.)* Look everyone, I'm really sorry about this. Can't we just—

ANDY. You have nothing to be sorry for. Just get the bags, please.

PHIL. Oh, I see, everybody's right. The apple's on the floor, and it's in my hand. There is no God and there is a God. It has nothing to do with right and wrong.

ANDY. *(Furiously flipping through the phone book.)* I can't talk to you. Everything has to be your way or nothing.

EMILY. *(To* **PHIL**.*)* Are you happy now, you big bully?

PHIL. I think he'd stick around if he had an answer for me.

ANDY. I could explain for a thousand years; you'd never understand.

PHIL. Oh, there it is. I'm stupid. I'm a stupid ballplayer. I don't live in New York and ride around in taxi cabs, so I wouldn't understand. Is that it, Andy? Is that it? Do you think I'm stupid, Andy?

(With frustration and rage, **ANDY** *flings the phone book to the floor with an explosive "whump!")*

PHIL. That doesn't answer my question, Andy.

ANDY. You want an answer?!

PHIL. I'd love one.

ANDY. You want an answer?!

PHIL. Let's hear it!

MICKEY. Greetings!

(Everyone freezes in astonished silence. For a moment the very air seems to be holding its breath. Now they slowly turn to find **MICKEY***, still at the dinner table, nonchalantly leaning on one elbow, and watching them all with a genial smile. Though in repose, there is an intelligence and alertness about him that we've never seen before.)*

EMILY. M-Mickey?

MICKEY. Andrew, if you and your charming friend could see your way to staying, I may be able to shed some light on this right-or-wrong, God-or-no-God business. But first… a most magnificent aroma comes from yonder kitchen. Kind lady, may I trouble you for a cup of your coffee?

(Another frozen moment, then **EMILY** *sinks to the floor in a dead faint.)*

(Hardly able to take his eyes from **MICKEY**, **ANDY** *goes to* **EMILY***'s aid as the lights fade to black.)*

Scene 3

(A couple minutes later. **EMILY** *is seated in Phil's easy chair, just starting to regain consciousness.* **ANDY** *kneels next to her with a glass of water, rubbing her hand. While administering to his mother, however, he can't take his eyes off* **MICKEY**.*)*

(Nor can anyone else. **PHIL** *and* **RANDI** *are rooted to the spot where we saw them last; blank. utterly astonished and very shaken.)*

*(***MICKEY***, the man of the moment, is still at the table. but seemingly back to his old self. He is complacently eating his meatloaf)*

ANDY. Mom, are you all right? Here. *(Gives her a sip of water.)*

EMILY. Thank you... I haven't done that since I was a little girl. Picking string beans in the hot sun. *(She comes fully awake and looks around. She sees* **MICKEY** *and remembers. Gasp!)* Did it really happen?

ANDY. The jury's still out

(Now **MICKEY** *puts his fork and knife neatly on his plate. He gets up and carries the plate carefully toward the kitchen. Before reaching the door he notices everyone on the other side of the room, watching his every move. He stops and looks back at them.)*

MICKEY. *(A big smile.)* Hiya! *(And he exits into the kitchen.)*

(Another moment. and everyone starts to breathe again. **PHIL** *slowly gets down on one knee, makes the sign of the cross and bows his head in silent and intense prayer.)*

RANDI. *(With a sudden laugh.)* This is an elaborate practical joke on me, right? He's been talking all his life.

*(***ANDY** *and* **EMILY** *turn and stare blankly at* **RANDI** *as her smile slowly fades.)*

ANDY. *(Valiantly fighting off panic.)* I think the best thing that we can all do right now is admit that it happened. If

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