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SF PERUSALS

# The Mnemonist of Dutchess County

Josh Koenigsberg

A Samuel French Acting Edition

SAMUEL FRENCH
FOUNDED 1830

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***THE MNEMONIST OF DUTCHESS COUNTY*** was first produced by THE ATTIC (Laura Braza, Artistic Director; Ted Caine, Executive Director) at Theatre Row in New York City in February and March of 2013. It was directed by Laura Savia; the set design was by Julia Noulin-Merat; the costume design was by Travis Chinick; the lighting design was by Dave Upton; the sound design was by Stowe Nelson; and the production stage manager was Katie Kavett. The cast was as follows:

**MILO MAZOWSKI** . . . . . Henry Vick
**G.H. HULIE** . . . . . Brit Whittle
**SAMANTHA RILEY** . . . . . Jessica Varley
**JOEY GIAMANI** . . . . . Malcolm Madera
**GINA GIAMANI** . . . . . Ava Eisenson
**TITO DAVIS** . . . . . Aaron Costa Ganis

## CHARACTERS

**MILO MAZOWSKI –** Recently fired Campus Security guard at Deans College. Has an unlimited memory. Literally. Also has a deep emotional well that he has no capacity to process without help. 30s, Male.

**DR. G.H. HULIE –** Head of the Psychology Department at Deans College. Easily excited by intellectual ideas. Extremely articulate. Tries his best not to be pretentious…doesn't always succeed. 40s/50s, Male.

**SAMANTHA RILEY –** Junior at Deans College. Super smart, grade obsessed, neurotically ambitious. Like Milo, her emotional development has taken a backseat to her other pursuits. Early 20s, Female.

**JOEY GIAMANI –** A Campus Security guard at Deans College. Milo's friend and protector. His toughness masks his vulnerability. 30s, Male.

**GINA GIAMANI –** Owner of the Blind Eagle—a local dive bar where the sports-obsessed working class and the scene-obsessed Deans College kids interact. Joey's sister. She's tough, like Joey, but way more in touch with her feelings. 30s, Female.

**TITO DAVIS –** Bouncer at the Blind Eagle. Brighter than he lets on. Very conniving, very enthusiastic, and, more often than not, very stoned. 30s/40s, Male.

## SETTING

The area in and surrounding Deans College, in Dutchess County (upstate New York). To be more specific, the Tivoli, Red Hook, and Rhinebeck area.

## TIME

November – March.

# ACT 1

## Scene 1

*(The office of* **G.H. HULIE** *– professor of psychology at Deans College in upstate New York.* **JOEY GIAMANI***, a tough looking guy in a parka stands staring at the famous "Old Woman/Young Woman" optical illusion on the wall. He scratches himself. He squints harder at it. The door bursts open as* **HULIE** *enters.* **SAMANTHA** *follows holding a test.)*

**HULIE**. I'm not asking about *children* – I'm asking what did Freud say about four-year-old girls.

**SAMANTHA**. That they're 'polymorphously perverse.'

**HULIE**. No.

**SAMANTHA**. Yes! Yes he did!

**HULIE**. No, Freud said *all* humans are 'polymorphously perverse.' What I'm asking is what did he say about four-year-old girls.

**SAMANTHA**. That their libido starts to be discharged through the genitals.

**HULIE**. The genitals, correct. And which genital in particular.

**SAMANTHA**. The clitoris.

**HULIE**. The clitoris, correct. And where does Freud say the sexual focus *shifts* as the female reaches – key phrase here – "sexual maturity," hmm?

**SAMANTHA**. The um, y'know the –

**HULIE**. The vagina, correct. So if your test asks, "which stage of psychosexual development might Feminists take issue with?" the correct answer is The Phallic Stage due to the fact that any woman who continues to have orgasms from clitoral stimulation could be said to have, in Freud's eyes, the sexual maturity of a four-year-old girl. *(To* **JOEY**.*)* Who are you.

**JOEY**. Joey Giamani. You the shrink?

**SAMANTHA**. But it's *not* The Phallic Stage – it's The Anal Stage!

**HULIE**. It's not the Anal Stage. I wrote an entire book on the Anal Stage called *The Anal Stage* and trust me, it's not the Anal Stage. *(To* **JOEY**.*)* I'm sorry who are you?

**JOEY**. Joey Giamani. You the shrink?

**HULIE**. No, I'm G.H. Hulie, head of psychology here at Deans College.

**JOEY**. Yeah that's what I meant. Hulie.

**SAMANTHA**. But look, what you wrote on the test is "which stage of psychosexual development *might* Feminists take issue with." Well they *might* take issue with any number of stages!

**HULIE**. Samantha your grade stays the same. *(To* **JOEY**.*)* I'm sorry, *what* did you want?

**JOEY**. I gotta talk to you about my buddy. He's all fucked up.

**HULIE**. I beg your pardon?

**SAMANTHA**. Look, in the Anal Stage the female is said to have a greater tendency –

**HULIE**. Samantha, are you serious? –

**SAMANTHA**. – a greater tendency to feel pleasure in the act of controlling the bowels – but that's like, *undeniably* sexist!

**HULIE**. Good, you're a very smart girl, with a very bright future, that I'm sure has many wonderful things in store for you, *but your grade stays the same.*

**JOEY**. So Doc, you gonna talk to my buddy or what? 'Cause I don't wanna tell him he got dragged all the way here for nothing.

*(The toilet flushes.)*

**HULIE**. Is someone using my bathroom?

**JOEY**. Yeah that's my buddy Milo. He's got an upset stomach. *(Lowers his voice.)* See, his mom passed away about a month ago, and it's only made things worse. I'm telling you he's got this really crazy thing going on that you never seen before. So you'll talk to him right?

**HULIE**. I'm sorry, *who* are you?

**JOEY**. Christ Doc – it's Joey Giamani! How many times I gotta say it!

*(***MILO MAZOWSKI***, a tall, thin man child comes out of the bathroom wearing a parka that matches* **JOEY***'s and reading an enormous Psychology textbook that he presumably took from one of the shelves.)*

**MILO**. *(His head in the book.)* Hey Joey, you ever heard of this word: "polymorphous."

**JOEY**. See Doc, he looks like a regular guy, but I'm telling you he's got this really crazy thing going on!

**HULIE**. Sir, I'm not sure how you got in here –

**JOEY**. The broad outside. What's her face.

**MILO**. Ida.

**JOEY**. Yeah Ida. Your secretary or whatever. She let us in.

**HULIE**. Well she's supposed to have you wait outside.

*(***SAMANTHA** *grabs the book from* **MILO**.*)*

**SAMANTHA**. Can I see that for a sec? See it's right here in "Three Essays on the Theory of Sexuality!"

**HULIE**. Samantha *enough.*

**SAMANTHA**. Okay but just look at it for a second!

*(She shows him the book.)*

**MILO**. Who's she?

**JOEY**. Not important. Doc?

**HULIE**. All right, I see what you're referring to, it's a valid point, and we'll discuss it later okay?

**SAMANTHA**. And you might change my grade right?

*(The* **INTERCOM** *buzzes.)*

**INTERCOM**. Professor?

**HULIE**. Good Lord! *(To the* **INTERCOM**.*)* What is it Ida?

**INTERCOM**. I forgot to mention, there are two men waiting for you in your office.

**HULIE**. Yes I see that. You're supposed to have them wait outside, Ida.

**INTERCOM**. I know sir and I apologize. But that tall one's got a really crazy thing going on.

**JOEY**. See, I told you Doc.

**HULIE**. Sir – if you and your "*buddy*" would like to inquire about my services, you can schedule an appointment with my secretary.

**MILO**. You mean with Ida.

**HULIE**. Yes with Ida. But right now I need everyone in this room to kindly get out because I am expecting a very important phone call from my editor in…less than five minutes.

**SAMANTHA**. But the deadline for the Rosenhaas Fellowship is in two weeks!

**HULIE**. Well the deadline for my book proposal is today, so I win.

**JOEY**. No kidding, you writing a new book, Doc? What about.

**HULIE**. Gentlemen, I won't say it again. Please leave or I'll call Campus Security.

**JOEY**. Oh – we are Campus Security.

*(***JOEY** *unzips his jacket revealing a campus security uniform.* **MILO** *does the same.)*

Thing is, we mostly work the weekends. And they just asked Milo not to come in this weekend.

**MILO**. Yeah I got "laid off." Whatever that means.

**JOEY**. It means you're fired, dipshit. See that's why we came to you, Doc. You gotta help him with his crazy thing, 'cause it's ruining his fucking life! Pardon me, sweetheart.

**SAMANTHA**. Dr. Hulie will you just at least consider changing it from an A- to an A.

**HULIE**. Samantha I'm about to change it from an A- to a B-.

**SAMANTHA**. No, please! It's just that I need a four-oh for the Rosenhaas Fellowship and if I get another A- it drops me down to a three-nine and I can't apply!

**HULIE**. Then you can't apply now SHUT UP AND LEAVE!

*(***SAMANTHA***'s face contorts and she starts crying.)*

**JOEY**. Well you didn't have to yell at her, Doc.

**HULIE**. All right Samantha please, I didn't mean to – please don't cry. I'm sorry. I've been stressed for personal reasons and – and I took it out on you.

**SAMANTHA**. *(Crying.)* You were short with me.

**HULIE**. I *was* short with you. I was. I shouldn't have been so…short.

**SAMANTHA**. *(Through tears.)* It's just that my parents met doing the Rosenhaas Fellowship and then my Dad died and it's like every time my Mom talks about him, she's like "You should have seen him when he did the Rosenhaas Fellowship, he wasn't even *bald* yet" and it's like this *thing* in my family, they even talk about Norman Rosenhaas who it's named after and who's like still alive even though he's 90 and senile and drools but he like told my mom at some fundraiser that I should apply, and so I've been working *really* hard –

**HULIE**. I know you have, you're a *very* good student.

**SAMANTHA**. I'm your *best* student! Except for Bushra, but she's like a genius.

**HULIE**. All right, well why don't we discuss this first thing Monday morning okay?

**SAMANTHA**. *(Fighting through tears.)* It's just…

**HULIE**. Yes?

**SAMANTHA**. It's just that… *(She wipes away the tears.)* It's just that Freud said in Three Essays on the Theory of Sexuality and I quote: "perverted feelings in females during The Anal Stage have increased the number of persons who can be added to the list of perverts."

**HULIE**. All right give me the goddamn test.

**SAMANTHA**. Thank you Dr. Hulie! Thank you *so* much!

**MILO**. Hey wait a minute, that's…no that's not right.

*(They all look at* **MILO**.*)*

**SAMANTHA**. Uh, I think I would know what Freud said about Female Sexuality better than you would.

**MILO**. Mmmm, I don't know – I was just reading that book.

**SAMANTHA**. Yeah you mean in Dr. Hulie's bathroom? It says it Dr. Hulie you can check.

**MILO**. Mmmm, say it again?

**SAMANTHA**. What?

**MILO**. Say what you just said? I wanna double check.

**SAMANTHA**. Dr. Hulie, weren't you gonna like, escort these guys out?

**HULIE**. Actually I wasn't really paying close attention. Would you mind repeating it?

**SAMANTHA**. *(Scoffs.)* What, word for word?

**MILO**. Well yeah, how else?

**SAMANTHA**. *(Glaring at* **MILO**.*)* Fine. What Freud says in Three Essays on the Theory of Sexuality, is "females have perverted feelings during The Anal Stage, which increases the number of persons who can be called perverts." Okay?

**MILO**. Well no, 'cause you just changed a couple of words from what you said before and also that's definitely not what it said.

**SAMANTHA**. Okay then smart guy – what did it say.

**MILO**. Well the part that I *think* you're talking about on page 225 said, "By demonstrating the perverted

feelings as symptomatic formations in psycho-neurotics, we have enormously increased the number of persons who can be added to the perverts. This is not only because neurotics represent a very large proportion of humanity, but we must consider also that neuroses in all their gradations run in an uninterrupted series to the normal state." So yeah, it doesn't mention the word "female" there, but it does on page 223 and then on 230, and it doesn't mention the words "anal stage" in the essay at all actually – not until later in the book, on page 292. So I guess you were quoting from another essay in a different book that I didn't read? But I don't know, 'cause the truth is I read it kind of quickly and also I'm pretty hungry and when my stomach starts rumbling I get this green, hazy feeling in my eyes, so some of the passages were a little blurry, but if you want I think I could tell you what the rest of it said.

*(The phone rings. And rings.* **HULIE** *stands dumbstruck.)*

**HULIE**. Are you saying you can recite verbatim the entire rest of that essay?

**MILO**. Well actually I meant the rest of the book. But I guess that might take awhile, huh?

**JOEY**. So Doc, you gonna help my buddy out or what?

*(Lights out.)*

## Scene 2

*(The Blind Eagle – a dive bar in Tivoli, NY right near Deans College.* **GINA***, the owner, leans on the counter on a portable telephone. She looks like she's been there for a while.)*

**GINA**. No, I appreciate that Officer. And really, sincerely, it will never happen again – I *guarantee* you. *(Beat.)* What *else* can I guarantee you? *(She chuckles.)* Okay how about 10 percent on the weekends. Well 20's a little high sweetheart – how's 15? C'mon Officer, it's my birthday. No I'm *not* shitting you – November 15th. You're not supposed to ask a woman that! *(Beat.)* Thirty-five. Yup. Halfway through thirty. Is that so? Well I guess me and your daughter have the same birthday then. The birthstone? Oh uh, Topaz I think. *(Beat.)* T-O-P-A-Z, Topaz. Yeah, not that I got any…tell you what: how's 15 percent for Friday, Saturday and 20 for Thursday.

*(***TITO***, the bouncer saunters in, carrying a gym bag.)*

**TITO**. Wassup?

*(He sits at one of the stools and offers* **GINA** *a fist-pound. She ignores him.)*

**GINA**. *(On phone.)* Course, honey – obviously. We'll take real good care of you anytime you're in here. *And* your friends, okay? Okay you too Officer. Buh bye.

*(She hangs up.* **TITO***'s fist is still out.)*

**TITO**. Yo, you leaving me hanging. *(She hits his hand with the phone.)* OW! What's that for? You *know* I got sensitive paws.

**GINA**. That was just the cops Tito.

**TITO**. The cops? What'd they want?

**GINA**. Oh, just to shut down this bar and arrest everyone who works here.

**TITO**. What for? Yo, I told you, I ain't dealing in here no more.

**GINA**. For serving alcohol to underage college kids – which apparently is what I did last night.

**TITO**. Well what'd you do that for? *(She slaps him upside the head.)* Ow!

**GINA**. 'Cause you let them in here you jackass! What'd I tell you about checking ID's, huh?

**TITO**. I do check 'em! It's just everyone's got fakes these days.

**GINA**. So you check 'em against the book Tito. If it's not in the book, you know it's a fake. You didn't even have the book last night!

**TITO**. Well I didn't want to scare them.

**GINA**. Yes, you *do* want to scare them! That's the whole point! You want to scare them so they don't try to give you a fake ID.

**TITO**. Nah but see if I scare them, I can't catch them in the act when they give me a fake one.

**GINA**. And how are you gonna know if it's a fake one or not?

**TITO**. 'Cause I'll check it against the book.

*(***GINA** *just looks at him. He snaps his fingers realizing the error of his logic.)*

See – that's the problem with that book.

**GINA**. No that's the problem with your brain! Give me one good reason why I shouldn't fire you right now?

**TITO**. 'Cause we're sleeping together?

**GINA**. *(Glares at him.)* Get out.

**TITO**. What, what'd I say?

**GINA**. Get out you're fired.

**TITO**. C'mon, I thought you were my girl.

**GINA**. Well I'm not. I'm your boss. And I'm not even that anymore.

**TITO**. Gina please – I need this job. Yo, my mom's in the hospital.

**GINA**. Oh, don't bring that up!

**TITO**. What, it's true! Look I screwed up okay? But when else have I ever screwed up like this?

**GINA**. Well let's see – couple months back, you broke that kid's wrist.

**TITO**. Yeah 'cause he was high on Ecstasy.

**GINA**. Which you sold to him.

**TITO**. Not in here I didn't.

**GINA**. You know what? I should've done this a long time ago. And you had to screw up today of all days!

**TITO**. Why what's today?

**GINA**. *(Imitating him.)* "Oh I thought you were my girl."

**TITO**. *(Not getting it.)* What?

**GINA**. Here get your shit out of here.

*(She picks up his gym bag.)*

**TITO**. Yo don't touch that!

**GINA**. *(Suspiciously.)* Are there drugs in here?

**TITO**. What? No!

**GINA**. Jesus Tito, there are! I can feel 'em – I can feel the little dime baggies in here!

**TITO**. Nah that's just – c'mon give it back.

*(She unzips the bag.)*

**GINA**. You lying little…

*(She pulls out a jewelry case. She opens it up, revealing a necklace with gemstones.)*

*(Beat.)* Are these um…

**TITO**. They're your birthstone. Topazes.

**GINA**. *(Gently correcting.)* Topaz.

**TITO**. Topaz.

**GINA**. How'd you afford this?

**TITO**. Don't worry about it. Not from selling drugs if that's what you're thinking! *(Beat.)* And yo, I got you some flowers too.

*(***GINA** *pulls out some crumbled flowers.)*

**GINA**. *(Gently.)* Tito, you can't keep flowers in a gym bag.

**TITO**. *(Chuckling.)* I didn't wanna ruin the surprise.

**GINA**. Didn't want me to "catch you in the act," huh?

**TITO**. That's right.

**GINA**. Aw Tito, now I'm supposed to kick back 15 percent to the cops like every night.

**TITO**. So take it out of my wages. And let me take you to dinner tomorrow. Someplace fancy.

**GINA**. What about your mom.

**TITO**. Nah, let's just keep it you and me.

*(***GINA** *smiles despite herself.)*

**GINA**. You're cute, but you're dumb.

**TITO**. I'm cute *'cause* I'm dumb.

**GINA**. *Really* dumb.

**TITO**. Ignorance is bliss baby.

**GINA**. C'mere stupid.

*(They kiss. And start making out.* **MILO** *enters carrying a bouquet of flowers. He sees them and freezes awkwardly. He turns right around and bumps into* **JOEY** *entering.)*

**JOEY**. Where you going. *(Sees them making out.)* Hey c'mon, knock it off!

*(***GINA** *stops embarrassed at being caught.)*

**TITO**. Hey what up, Joey.

**JOEY**. My friends call me Joey. You can call me Joe. Happy birthday sis. Hey I got you a gift.

**GINA**. *(Excited.)* Oh yeah?

**JOEY**. Yeah, close your eyes, hold out your hands. *(***JOEY** *licks his finger and puts it in her ear.)* Wet willy!

**GINA**. Aw c'mon! *(Wiping her ear.)* Ugh, you always use way too much spit.

**JOEY**. That's what she said.

*(They laugh.)*

**GINA**. Shut up!

**JOEY**. Nah, I'm just kidding. Your day off's tomorrow right? I'm taking you out to dinner.

**GINA**. Oh um, Tito's actually taking me to dinner tomorrow.

**TITO**. *(Nodding.)* Wassup.

**JOEY**. Where you taking her.

**GINA**.
Oh we didn't decide yet.

**TITO**.
Chipotle. *(Beat.)* Nah, I mean, we didn't decide yet.

**JOEY**. Well when you figure it out, let me know. But right now we're all taking shots.

**GINA**. No, Joey, I gotta open.

**JOEY**. Don't care. It's your birthday. And also we got a celebratory announcement. Right Milo?

**GINA**. Oh hey Milo! I didn't even see you there.

**MILO**. *(Chuckling.)* Yeah – you usually say that even though I'm really tall.

**GINA**. *(Baby voice.)* I know, so tall and handsome.

*(***GINA** *points to the flowers* **MILO** *holds.)*

Hey, those for me?

**MILO**. Hmm? Oh yeah since today is November 15th, which is your birthday, I got these for you for your birthday.

**GINA**. Well thank you, that's very sweet of you. *(She smells them.)* Mmm, Chrysanthemums. Just like *you* got me Tito.

**TITO**. Huh? Oh yeah right, Chry uh, yeah.

*(***JOEY** *finishes pouring the shots.)*

**MILO**. Yeah my day planner said it's the flower of November so that's why I got it for you. And I got you something else that my day planner suggested too –

**JOEY**. Milo shut up. Everyone grab a shot. A year older but still does yoga. And to my good buddy Milo. Milo – tell 'em the celebratory announcement.

**MILO**. Right, well, I got "laid off" today, which means I got fired.

**JOEY**. Not that. The other thing. Y'know – afterwards?

**MILO**. Hmm? Oh yeah, then I went to see a shrink.

**JOEY**. *(Sighs.)* And what did the shrink say.

**MILO**. That he's going to write a book about me.

**GINA**. Wait, what?

**JOEY**. That's right. I brought Milo in to talk to that shrink guy over at Deans? They ended up chit-chatting for like two hours. Then he says he wants to do a 'case-study' on Milo 'cause of his trick and help him be more normal.

**TITO**. What trick?

**MILO**. It's pretty easy. You say stuff to me and I say stuff back to you.

**TITO**. That ain't a trick. That's called talking.

**MILO**. Yeah that's what I said, but Joey said no it's a trick. And this shrink guy agreed with him.

**GINA**. He can remember anything Tito.

**TITO**. What do you mean anything?

**GINA**. Like *anything*.

**JOEY**. *(To* **TITO**.*)* What's the longest thing you have memorized.

**TITO**. *(Laughing.)* What? I don't know man. A poem I had to recite in grade school.

**JOEY**. Oh yeah? Go ahead and recite it.

**TITO**. *(Snorts.)* Fine. "The Angel that presided o'er my birth. Said 'Little Creature, formed of Joy and Mirth. Go love without the help of anything on earth.'"

**GINA**. That's beautiful. Who is that?

**TITO**. That right there is some William Blake.

*(***GINA** *nods, impressed.)*

**JOEY**. Milo. Recite it backwards.

**MILO**. *(Quickly.)* Earth on anything of help the without love go. Mirth and Joy of formed creature little said. Birth my o'er presided that angel the.

*(***TITO** *stares at him awestruck.)*

**TITO**. Jesus, you're a fucking freak man!

**JOEY**. What'd you say?

**TITO**. Nah nah, I meant it as a complement. Y'know like a 'Super-Freak.' I'm just saying.

**GINA**. Do you know any other poems Milo?

**MILO**. Well right now I mostly know the 'Campus Security Safety And Awareness Handbook.' But if you give me a book of poems, I would be really excited to learn them for you.

**TITO**. Yeah, but do you know what they mean?

**MILO**. Hmm?

**TITO**. I mean like the metaphors and stuff. You know what the symbolism means and all that?

**JOEY**. Who cares? Can *you* recite an entire book right after reading it?

**TITO**. Well what good's reciting it, if you don't know what any of it means?

**JOEY**. He knows what it means!

**TITO**. Okay, so "The Angel that presided o'er my birth" – what's that mean?

**JOEY**. *(Softly.)* 'O'er' means 'over' Milo.

**TITO**. Yo, don't help him!

*(There's a knock in the back.)*

**GINA**. Shit, that's my beer delivery. Joey broey, give me a hand.

**JOEY**. Me? *(Points to* **TITO**.*)* Why not him?

**GINA**. *(Baby voice.)* 'Cause you're so strong. *(To* **TITO**.*)* And 'cause you gotta check ID's, right?

*(***TITO** *grabs the book and holds it up.* **JOEY** *exits out the back.)*

Hey, I wanna hear more about this book deal Mr. Milo, so don't go anywhere.

*(***MILO** *sees the necklace in her hand.)*

**MILO**. Hey, what's that.

**GINA**. What this? It's a birthday gift from Tito.

*(***GINA** *exits out the back.* **MILO** *sits there thinking.)*

**TITO**. So hey – you say you got fired?

**MILO**. Yeah, "laid off."

*(***TITO** *pours himself a shot.)*

**TITO**. Shit that sucks. What for?

**MILO**. Mmm, not really sure. We had our weekly meeting today and Ken Lugar our boss started listing all the noise complaints made on campus in the past week and he said that we "weren't working hard enough 'cause Thanksgiving was coming up" and he saw that I wasn't taking notes and he got really angry and he said "how come you're not writing any of this down Milo" and I said "I never write anything you say down, I don't know why other people do" and he said that this was "the straw that broke the camel's back" with me, and Joey tried to reason with him, but he told me not to come in anymore.

**TITO**. Damn. So what you gonna do now?

**MILO**. Yeah it's a good question. I really need money. I got some when my mom died last month. But I was hoping to save it. So Joey says that when I see this shrink guy for our first "session" next week, I should talk to him about *(Air quotes.)* "compensation."

**TITO**. Yeah man, don't let this guy make a quick buck off you. Shit's expensive these days.

**MILO**. Yeah. *(Thinks for a moment.)* Hmm, that's odd.

**TITO**. What.

**MILO**. Well Gina's necklace present from you had sixteen pieces of Topaz on it.

**TITO**. Pretty nice, right? *(Conspiratorially.)* Yo, you wanna know where I got it?

**MILO**. Sure but it's just odd because my day planner said Topaz was the birthstone for November so I bought her a necklace that also had sixteen pieces of Topaz on it and went to her house this morning to give it to her before work, but nobody answered and through the window it looked like she was still asleep, even though I could see someone was making a fruit smoothie in her kitchen while running in place with headphones on, like they were about to go jogging, so I just left the jewelry case by the door with a couple of those flowers I got alongside it, 'cause I didn't want to wake her, and I figured she'd see it when she opened the door, but I was really tired at the time so my eyes were all green and tingly and maybe I even left it at the wrong house. So where'd you get yours from?

**TITO**. Uh, jewelry store. Yup. *(Beat.)*

*(***MILO** *nods, still thinking. Lights out.)*

## Scene 3

*(***HULIE***'s office.* **SAMANTHA** *sits using* **HULIE***'s computer. She keeps looking up as if afraid someone might walk in. She hears a noise.)*

**SAMANTHA**. Hello? *(She waits.)* Dr. Hulie?

*(She waits a moment then resumes typing.* **MILO** *comes out of the bathroom.)*

**MILO**. Hi there.

**SAMANTHA**. Ah! Jesus, you almost gave me a heart attack. Have you been in there this whole time?

**MILO**. Yeah. Where's Dr. Hulie?

**SAMANTHA**. He's coming, he's in a psych department meeting. *(Quietly to herself.)* Probably discussing the orgasms of four-year-old girls.

**MILO**. He discusses things like that?

**SAMANTHA**. What? Yes it arouses him.

*(***MILO** *stares at her.)*

I'm being sarcastic. Forget it, he'll be here soon.

**MILO**. Oh great. Hey, y'know who wasn't out by her desk? Ida.

**SAMANTHA**. Yeah, she's out to lunch.

**MILO**. Oh right. My lunch didn't "sit well" with me.

**SAMANTHA**. That's great. So Dr. Hulie picked me as his research assistant for this whole book project thing, so that's why I'm here in case you're wondering. I'll be here like every session.

**MILO**. Oh great. Were you writing an essay about "Freud" just now?

**SAMANTHA**. What? No, I was just writing an email.

*(***MILO** *nods. Awkward silence.)*

**MILO**. Did you see the sun today?

**SAMANTHA**. Did I see the sun? Yes I *did* the see the sun today.

**MILO**. It was particularly juicy this morning, don't you think? Even though it's almost Thanksgiving.

(**SAMANTHA** *starts texting.)*

Looks like you're texting someone.

**SAMANTHA**. Uh I am, I'm texting my mom.

**MILO**. Ah, the one who met your dad doing the Rosenhaas Fellowship. Oh did you get into that?

**SAMANTHA**. Uh nope, I wasn't able to apply, remember?

*(She keeps texting.)*

**MILO**. Oh right 'cause of what I said. *(Clears his throat.)* Are you texting her about Thanksgiving?

**SAMANTHA**. Uh, nope.

**MILO**. Are you texting her about the sun?

**SAMANTHA**. No, I'm not.

**MILO**. Are you texting her about –

(**HULIE** *enters, happily.)*

**HULIE**. Ah hello there. Sorry to keep you guys waiting – I couldn't get off this conference call with my editor and my publisher. It appears there's a lot of buzz about this book already. Let's just say it could be the basis for something bigger.

**SAMANTHA**. Whoa – like a movie about his life?

**HULIE**. *(Coyly.)* Or perhaps a segment on *This American Life*. Sorry. Temper expectations. Milo, good to see you. You remember Samantha. She'll be joining us as my assistant.

**MILO**. "That's what she said!" *(He chuckles.)* It's a joke. My friend Joey says it a lot. It usually makes people laugh.

**SAMANTHA**. Right, except that is literally what I said.

**MILO**. Yeah exactly.

**HULIE**. *(Clears his throat.)* So how was your weekend Milo?

**MILO**. Pretty good. It was my favorite friend Gina's birthday. She runs that bar The Blind Eagle in Tivoli.

*(***HULIE** *takes of his sweater. He's wearing a very colorful tie.)*

**HULIE**. Ah, fantastic. And do you have any plans for Thanksgiving? Family coming in?

**MILO**. *(Squinting.)* Mmm, no, my mom…my mom just died, so…that's a, that's a loud tie.

**HULIE**. What's that?

**MILO**. Your tie. It's really loud.

**HULIE**. Oh, uh, yes it was an anniversary gift from my wife. Some gift, huh?

*(***MILO** *puts his hands over his ears.)*

Are you all right?

**MILO**. It's just a little too loud for me. *(Loudly.)* CAN YOU TAKE IT OFF?

**HULIE**. *(Confused.)* Uhhhh…sure…

*(***HULIE** *starts taking the tie off.)*

**SAMANTHA**. Hey wait a minute, maybe he's a seh-nes, um, sehnes-themo?

**HULIE**. A synesthete?

**SAMANTHA**. Yeah a synesthete! I mean that would explain why he can remember stuff so well, right?

**HULIE**. Yes, yes it would. That's – why didn't *I* think of that?

**SAMANTHA**. Well I only thought of it 'cause of that lecture you gave.

**HULIE**. That's true, teamwork.

**MILO**. Wait, I'm a what?

**HULIE**. Your reaction to my tie Milo, and the way things make you, uh, see colors – those are symptoms of a condition called "*Synesthesia.*"

**MILO**. That's a funny looking word.

**HULIE**. Yes exactly! You *see* it don't you? The word I mean.

**MILO**. Well yeah, you can't really miss it with its slimy face and prickly smile: "*Synesthesia.*"

**HULIE**. Right well Synesthesia is where one sensation sort of *spills* over into another. So you literally hear smells. Taste images. Even have physical reactions to strong emotions. *Itchiness* for instance is often linked with feeling awkward or uncomfortable.

**MILO**. *(Chuckling.)* Really? Itchiness. That's weird.

**HULIE**. *(Chuckles.)* Yes, well, I'm no neurologist but…the *strength* of your synesthesia coupled with the *speed* at which your brain intuits information – it would almost suggest that your sense memory has no limits. I mean… you could literally be unable to forget. Sorry, I know this is a lot to take in. Does this make sense?

**MILO**. Yeah. Itchiness. Unable to forget. Got it. Can I ask a quick question though?

**HULIE**. Of course.

**MILO**. It's a little *(Air quote.)* "awkward."

**HULIE**. That's okay.

**MILO**. How much money do I get for all this?

**HULIE**. *(Beat.)* Beg your pardon?

*(***MILO** *starts scratching himself.)*

**MILO**. *(Scratching.)* Well my friend Joey, who you met, said since you're a pretty well-known guy, you must get a pretty big 'advance,' whatever that means, and so, wow it's itchy in here, I thought I should ask you: How much money do I get?

**HULIE**. Ah. Yes. Well, uh… *(Chuckles.)* Now I'm itchy too.

**MILO**. *(Chuckling.)* We're both so itchy!

*(They chuckle awkwardly.)*

**SAMANTHA**. Um, should I leave?

**HULIE**. No, no, that's all right. Uh, look Milo: what people usually do when I offer them my services, that is to say when I analyze their psychological makeup and give my expertise, is *they* pay *me*. This along with teaching and book writing is how I earn my livelihood. Now obviously you're a special case. So special in fact that in exchange

for allowing me to write a case-study on you, I'm willing to waive my fee to analyze *your* makeup.

**MILO**. But I'm not wearing any makeup.

**HULIE**. Makeup can also mean "composition" or "structure" Milo.

**MILO**. How can one word mean three different things?

**HULIE**. We'll get to that. But first, let me ask you a question: have you ever felt left out of a conversation? Or been unable to make new friends and unsure why? Heard people laughing about something, but you can't quite figure out why it's so funny?

**MILO**. Yeah that last one happens a lot actually.

**HULIE**. Well, what I'm prepared to do Milo, is help you figure out why these people are laughing and how to become more socially comfortable, so that you can make new friends. And have better relationships with the ones you *do* have like, uh, Joey or –

**MILO**. *(Perks up.)* Or Gina?

**HULIE**. Well, yes or your friend Gina for that matter.

**MILO**. Mmm…so you're saying no money. But you'll teach me how to make Gina laugh.

**HULIE**. Well it's not a joke class per se, but how to be in a better position to understand why she laughs and relate to her more, yes.

**MILO**. Hmmm. *(He thinks for a moment.)* Okay it's a deal.

**HULIE**. Okay. Wonderful. Well, Ida will draw up some papers for you to sign. But while you're here, let's get started.

**MILO**. Okay.

**HULIE**. What I want to do is have you memorize something – and just have you tell me which color the thing I read to you makes you feel, all right? Samantha, what's on my bookshelf?

**SAMANTHA**. *(Looking.)* Let's see… Ericksson, Jung…a cookbook…a book of poetry –

**MILO**. *(Perks up.)* Poetry. I'll take the poetry book.

**HULIE**. *(Sees the book.)* Ah yes. Some wonderful compositions in here.

**MILO**. *(With a sly grin.)* You mean some wonderful *"make up."*

*(***MILO** *looks to* **HULIE** *for approval.)*

**HULIE**. Not quite. But we'll get there.

*(Lights out.)*

## Scene 4

*(The Blind Eagle. Thanksgiving night. A couple of tacky Turkey decorations are up.* **TITO** *stands behind the bar, eating Chipotle, watching TV.)*

**TITO**. Tackle him. Tackle him. *Tackle HIM!*

*(Nobody gets tackled.* **JOEY** *walks in wearing his campus security uniform.* **TITO** *quickly grabs the remote and changes the channel.)*

Joey – what up.

**JOEY**. *(Warming his hands up.)* Hey. Gettin' cold out.

**TITO**. Word. Yo, you worked today?

**JOEY**. Yeah can you believe that shit? Not a single person's on campus. Anyway Merry Thanksgiving or what have you. Where's Gina?

**TITO**. In the back with some peeps.

**JOEY**. Huh?

**TITO**. Peeps. People. High rollers actually – bought a shit ton of rounds.

**JOEY**. Oh yeah? Guess a little holiday business never hurt anyone. What are you watching?

**TITO**. Oh uh, *(He looks.)* QVC – the home shopping channel. Y'know it was already on, so.

**JOEY**. Oh well put the game on.

**TITO**. *(Lying.)* Nah, I'm kinda into this.

**JOEY**. You just said you weren't even watching. Put the game on.

*(***TITO** *picks up the remote and changes it to the game.* **JOEY** *looks at the score.)*

Yeah, baby! Boom! Y'know I got big money riding on this game. *(***TITO** *starts to move away discreetly.)* Hey wait a minute. I got money on this game with *you.*

**TITO**. Huh? With me?

**JOEY**. Yeah what the fuck am I saying? *You're* the one I bet on this game with.

**TITO**. Nah, we talked about it, but I don't think we bet.

**JOEY**. Aw shut the fuck up – it was two hundred bucks to the winner!

**TITO**. Nah, it was two hundred bucks for the *spread*.

**JOEY**. Oh so *now* you remember! Well whatever – the spread was a touchdown.

**TITO**. You sure? I thought it was two touchdowns.

*(***MILO** *comes in from the back room.)*

**JOEY**. Hey Milo – you were here last Friday, right buddy?

**TITO**. Yo, don't bring him into this.

**JOEY**. Did I or did I not make a bet with Tito.

**MILO**. Mmm, yes Tito said "Detroit's defensive line can stop a truck" and you said "Not a truck named the Texans" and Tito said, "care to make a wager?" and you said, "you're on."

**JOEY**. And did we or did we not say the spread would be a touchdown.

**TITO**. Aw c'mon, now you're just influencing him.

**JOEY**. He's a human computer, he doesn't get influenced. What'd we say the spread was?

**MILO**. *(Quietly.)* I'm not a human computer.

**JOEY**. Huh?

**MILO**. I said I'm not a human computer. I'm a human being with human emotions.

**JOEY**. Yeah, I know buddy. Y'know it's just a figure of speech. It means like "genius."

**MILO**. Oh. Well I'm having a hard time with these "figures of speech" things. Anyway, you said "I'll give you a two touchdown spread –

**TITO**. See!

**MILO**. And then Tito said "I don't need no charity, make it one –

**TITO**. What?! That didn't happen!

**MILO**. And then you said, "one it is" and you two shook hands.

**TITO**. Yeah well it ain't over til it's over.

*(They stare at the TV for about ten seconds.)*

**JOEY**. And it's over. Two hundred big ones baby.

**TITO**. Yeah yeah.

*(***JOEY** *stares at* **TITO** *expectantly.)*

What, *now*?

**JOEY**. Well when else?

**TITO**. Yo I don't got it on me – when Gina's done with those peeps, she'll spot me.

**MILO**. Those what?

**TITO**. Peeps. People. What's wrong with y'all?

**JOEY**. I don't want my sister giving me money that *you* owe!

**MILO**. Here I have some money.

*(***MILO** *pulls a wad of hundred dollar bills.)*

**JOEY**. Jesus Milo, where'd you get all that?!

**MILO**. Mmm, back there. *(He points to the back room.)* From the peeps.

**TITO**. The high rollers gave you that?

**MILO**. Yeah they're from the City. They didn't believe I could remember things, so they kept making these bets with me and asking me trivia questions and I guess I kept winning.

**TITO**. You "*guess*" you kept winning? How much you got there?

**MILO**. Five hundred bucks. Oh no wait. Six hundred. Anyway, here's some money Tito.

**JOEY**. Whoa – you're not giving him shit Milo. And also what'd I tell you about that stuff?

**MILO**. What stuff? Trivia?

**JOEY**. Spouting stuff for people. *(Points to his head.)* Indulging that part of your what-have-you.

**MILO**. But you just asked me to remember what your bet was.

**JOEY**. It's different – you weren't performing for me like some monkey! I thought that shrink guy was trying to help you be more normal.

**MILO**. He *is* trying. I'm trying.

**JOEY**. All right, well try a little harder then! Look buddy, it's just… I don't like it when people treat you like a freak, y'know? So uh what kind of questions they ask you back there.

**MILO**. Mmm, sports questions mostly. They're big Knicks fans.

**JOEY**. Oh yeah? Well shit, I wanna see what these High Rollers know. Maybe I can win some dough too. How drunk are they?

**MILO**. *(Chuckles.)* Pretty drunk. One guy meant to hand me a ten, but he handed me a hundred.

**JOEY**. *(To* **TITO**.*)* Y'know I stumped this guy once right? Go on, tell him Milo.

**MILO**. *(Giggles.)* Yeah.

**TITO**. Bullshit. What'd he get you with?

**JOEY**. Who's the only pitcher in major league history who won over 300 games, had over 2,000 strikeouts, a career ERA under three, and never *once* won a CY Young Award?

**TITO**. *(Thinks for a minute.)* I give up. Who.

**JOEY**. Cy Young. Boom!

*(***JOEY** *exits to the back.)*

**TITO**. *(Quietly.)* Asshole.

*(***MILO** *looks at him.)*

Nah, I mean…so hey how's the job hunt going?

**MILO**. Mmm, not very good. I applied to that Chinese restaurant Millhouse Panda in Rhinebeck? But the music there is awful.

**TITO**. What do you mean? The Chinese music?

**MILO**. Yeah, it makes everything taste like soap. I told them they should just play the oldies station 'cause oldies

make everything taste good, but that made them upset. Also all the menus are filthy, which makes the food taste dirty. I don't know how people eat there.

**TITO**. *(Beat.)* So no job yet.

**MILO**. Nope. I wish I could just answer trivia for a living.

**TITO**. Yeah right. *(Beat.)* Yo, that's not a bad idea actually.

**MILO**. Hmm?

**TITO**. *(Thinking.)* Holy shit. Yo, wait a minute. We could do that.

**MILO**. Do what.

**TITO**. Fucking make a show out of it. You answering trivia, doing math problems *(He snaps his fingers.)* memorizing and reciting entire passages from like famous books and movies, doing memory tricks – that kind of thing.

**MILO**. You mean like performing for people?

**TITO**. Yeah man – we could go around this entire area. Do a whole fucking college tour!

**MILO**. Are you stoned?

**TITO**. No! *(Beat.)* I mean yes a little, but yo I'm serious about this! Think about it: a college like Deans? They got these fucking rich prep kids everywhere, looking for fun shit to do. I went to a show at the Campus Center like a month ago? It was a slam poetry show.

**MILO**. What's slam poetry?

**TITO**. It's like poetry but with people shouting.

**MILO**. That sounds awful.

**TITO**. Yo, when it's bad, it's *bad* – but they were charging 20 bucks a pop for that shit. And there's no reason why we can't do that too! Except we make it 25, *30* bucks a pop. Fill an auditorium that seats a hundred and fifty people? That's like uh… *(He thinks.)*

**MILO**. 3,750 or 4,500 dollars a show depending on if we charge 25 or 30.

**TITO**. That's what I'm saying! *(Beat.)* How'd you do that so fast?

**MILO**. Well twenty-five's a fluffy number, which if you think of it in cotton balls –

**TITO**. Y'know what, never mind. The point is, all we need? Is a mic and you. That's it.

**MILO**. Yeah, but I don't have a mic.

**TITO**. I got a mic.

**MILO**. Oh wow. But I get nervous when I'm put on the spot. And also what if Joey's right and doing this stuff makes me worse? 'Cause y'know Dr. Hulie said I might never be able to forget anything. What if my brain explodes? I don't know…

**TITO**. Milo you need a job right? Well what if I told you your job could be memorizing shit – the one thing you're good at! No offense. But even Joey showed your '*trick*' off to me the first time we met. And I mean shit, you see the way Gina looked at you?

**MILO**. What? When? No. How?

**TITO**. When you recited that poem – she was in awe of you man! And yo, we're talking big bucks here. Not just at Deans. There's mad money in *all* those schools nearby. I'm talking Vassar, Marist, SUNY New Paltz, the fucking Culinary Institute of America son!

**MILO**. Wow, you know a lot of schools around here.

**TITO**. Well, a lot of those kids buy weed from me. Or y'know, used to. My point is, I know this whole area. And all we gotta do is promote the hell out of it at Deans first – then let word of mouth do the rest. Yo, I even know what we'll call it! We'll put up flyers all around campus that say: "Come And Try To Stump… The Meh-nemonist of Dutchess County!"

**MILO**. The what?

**TITO**. Oh "Meh-nemonist." That's the term for people like you. I googled it. It means like a guy with a limitless memory.

**MILO**. Hm. *(Realizing.)* Oh, you mean *Mnemonist.*

**TITO**. Nah, I'm pretty sure it's Meh-nemonist.

**MILO**. Oh. I guess Dr. Hulie's been saying it wrong then.

**TITO**. Tell you what: you let me worry about all the publicity and promotional stuff and meanwhile you just start memorizing shit. Trivial pursuit cards, Shakespeare plays, whatever. We do this right? We could have our first show before Christmas break.

**MILO**. Gina really looked at me in awe? 'Cause I do like the sound of that. And I *could* use a job.

**TITO**. Hey – two birds with one stone.

**MILO**. *(Nodding.)* Two birds and a stone!

**TITO**. That's right – so shake my hand partner! *(They shake hands.)* Sixty, forty.

**MILO**. Sixty, forty! *(Beat.)* What's sixty, forty?

**TITO**. The money we split. Sixty for me for organizing and forty for you.

**MILO**. Oh right. Is that standard?

**TITO**. Y'know. Basically. *(***GINA** *enters.* **TITO** *sees her.)* But hey let's keep this on the down-low for now. Y'know, too many cooks in the kitchen sort of thing. *(To* **GINA**.*)* Hey baby what's up. *(He kisses her on the cheek.)* Yo, you smell like wine.

**GINA**. *(Embarrassed.)* What? No I don't. Hey Milo.

**MILO**. Hey. Hi Gina.

**TITO**. I gotta take a mean piss, I'll be right back.

*(***TITO** *exits to the back.* **GINA** *goes behind the counter and starts adding up receipts.)*

**MILO**. So Tito says you hired some new cooks in the kitchen.

**GINA**. Uh…nope. No new cooks.

**MILO**. Huh. Wonder why he said that. *(Awkward silence.)* Hey, you wanna hear a joke?

**GINA**. Uh…sure.

*(***MILO** *clears his throat.)*

**MILO**. *(Quickly.)* So a piece of string walks into a bar and says "I'll have a beer please" but the bartender says

"sorry pal, we don't serve string." So the string walks outside, sees a woman, and says, "excuse me miss, but would you fray my ends a little?" She goes sure, frays his ends, the string walks back inside, says "I'll have a beer please." The bartender says, "I just told you we don't serve string." So the string walks outside, sees a guy, says "excuse me sir, but would you tie me in a knot." The guy goes sure, ties him in a knot, the string comes back inside, says "I'll have a beer please." The bartender says "Hey aren't you that string?" And the string says "I'm a Frayed Knot."

*(He looks at her. She smiles and nods.)*

"I'm a Frayed Knot." If you spell it out it makes sense because –

**GINA**. No, no, I get it. It's funny.

**MILO**. Oh. Good. *(He starts scratching his arm.)* Well, merry thanksgiving or what have you…

**GINA**. Y'know I think that might be the first joke I've ever heard you tell.

**MILO**. *(Sitting back down.)* Well I know 4 more. Dr. Hulie taught them to me.

**GINA**. Who? Oh right, the book guy – I totally forgot. How's that going?

**MILO**. Pretty good. He's teaching me to be more "social."

**GINA**. *(Smiling.)* You *do* seem more social.

**MILO**. *(Proudly.)* Yeah.

**GINA**. God, I can't believe someone's writing a book about you. So when does it come out?

**MILO**. Oh I don't know. I guess he's gotta finish it first. Probably around springtime.

**GINA**. Oh no, that's so far. Well you'll have to send me a copy.

**MILO**. Yeah. *(Beat.)* But can't I just give you one?

**GINA**. Right. Well I don't want to jinx it, but um, it looks like I might be leaving or something.

**MILO**. Might be?

**GINA**. Am. Am leaving.

**MILO**. Oh. Like on vacation.

**GINA**. Um. Moving actually.

**MILO**. What? Why? Where?

**GINA**. Well it looks like there might be some people interested in buying the bar. Those guys back there from The City? We've been talking for a couple of weeks. Technically I'm not supposed to say anything yet – but they just walked right in here the other day and made me an offer. I mean I guess every other place around here near the Hudson is getting bought and refurbished. Anyway I just want to take my money and get out of this dump.

**MILO**. You don't like it here?

**GINA**. No it's just… I've been here too long, y'know? It's like you begin to notice things like how the only clear radio station plays the same 9 oldie songs over and over again and how the only people around here are either college kids or trust-fund hippies, or sports-obsessed meatheads. *(Beat.)* And I don't like the nights here, so…

**MILO**. The nights?

**GINA**. Um, no nevermind.

**MILO**. No, what do you mean.

**GINA**. Well it's like, growing up around here I was always scared of the wind at night, y'know? There's such a particular howl it has. And it used to remind me of like ghosts and werewolves and, I don't know, just horror movie stuff. But then as I grew up, it started reminding me of other things. Much scarier things. Like…growing old I guess. And being alone. Just totally completely alone where you go out during the day and shop for groceries just so you can eat them by yourself at night while you watch these TV shows that are filled with images of a world you don't even belong to. But that you convince yourself you *do*. And you keep trying to remember what it was like to be there, 'cause you

can't face the fact that you're totally isolated. Alienated from everything and just completely alone. And you just keep on passing the time, passively passing time. Until you're old. And your bones won't move. And then that's it, there's nothing left. There's just – and you never even… *(She gets choked up. She takes a deep breath.)* Sorry.

Maybe I'm crazy. I just don't want to hear that howl anymore y'know? I wanna go someplace warm, where the sun sets late, and there are lots of people around and I don't have to drive all the time and I just never want to hear that howl again.

**MILO**. Here's a Chipotle napkin.

**GINA**. Thanks. Thank you. *(She dabs her eyes.)* Anyway, I gotta go meet the fam for Thanksgiving dinner at the Rhinecliff Motel.

**MILO**. Oh really? I don't like that place. It smells too much like oysters.

**GINA**. It does right! Like cheap oysters!

**MILO**. Yeah, it reminds me of that T.S. Eliot poem actually: "Let us go, through certain half-deserted streets. The muttering retreats. Of restless nights in one-night cheap hotels. And sawdust restaurants with oyster-shells."

**GINA**. *(Impressed.)* That's "The Song of J. Alfred Prufrock" right?

**MILO**. Actually it's called "The *Love* Song of J. Alfred Prufrock."

**GINA**. *(Smiles.)* Right. "I grow old, I grow old, I shall wear the bottoms of my trousers rolled."

**MILO**. Yeah that's right. Isn't it great? It's one of my favorite poems.

**GINA**. *(Smiles.)* Me too.

**MILO**. Really? Or are you just saying that 'cause I said it.

**GINA**. Shut up! *(She hits him playfully.)* Hey, I need a drink – you wanna have a drink with me?

**MILO**. *(Dismissively.)* Nah, that stuff's too red for me. *(It occurs to him what he just said.)* Whaaat? I mean, yes, let's have a drink.

**GINA**. You sure?

**MILO**. Yeah it's Thanksgiving! *(***GINA** *pours two glasses. They drink.)* Whoa, that stuff's great! What is that?

**GINA**. Yeah, it's called Armagnac.

**MILO**. Well I *love* Armagnac!

*(***GINA** *laughs.)*

**GINA**. Hey what are you doing tonight anyway? I mean, I know this is the first Thanksgiving your mom's not around for.

**MILO**. Yeah, I was just gonna go home and memorize all the trivial pursuit cards.

*(She laughs, then sees he isn't joking.)*

**GINA**. Uh…well do you want to come and have dinner with us instead?

**MILO**. Oh, I would but Joey said before that he was just gonna keep it family tonight.

**GINA**. Milo, at this point? You're practically family.

*(She gives him a big kiss on the cheek.)*

**MILO**. Oh. Well great.

*(***JOEY** *comes out from the back.)*

**JOEY**. Hey, you ready to roll?

**GINA**. Yeah. So hey, Milo's gonna join us for some Turkey.

**JOEY**. Oh. I uh thought it was just gonna be family.

**GINA**. Well I already invited Tito.

**JOEY**. Tito?! Milo, you're coming.

**GINA**. Where *is* Tito? He's been in the bathroom forever.

**JOEY**. Yeah if by "in the bathroom" you mean "doing coke in the back with a couple of patrons," then yeah he's been doing that for a real long time.

**GINA**. Fuck 'im, let's leave.

*(She exits to the kitchen.* **JOEY** *stops* **MILO**.*)*

**JOEY**. Hey buddy – can I borrow a hundred bucks? Those assholes from the City know a lot of trivia.

*(Lights out.)*

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