

"East of Hoboken"

A Stage Play in 2 Acts

By

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WHERE

A Bar in the Bronx
A House in Scarsdale

WHEN

New Year's Eve

WHO

Sean McGowan (50's)
Bobby Thomas (35)
Michael Thomas (30)
Neil Dravis (30's)
Victoria Andrews (20's)
Lisa Thomas (20's)

SCENE

Two sets occupy the stage. On Stage Right, a BAR. Stage Left, a HOUSE. Neither sets are complete, there's just enough furniture and other recognizable decorations so that there is no mistaking what these places are.

There is also an "OPEN AREA" between the bar and the house, a world unto its own. The continuously low, ethereal lighting should suggest that this is a place of transition rather than just an empty space.

ACT ONE

As the curtain rises, it's around five p.m. on New Year's Eve. The HOUSE is dark, however....

DULL, WHITE LIGHTS FADE UP on your typical local BAR in the Bronx. It's the kinda place where no matter how clean you try to get it, the collective remnants of thirty years worth of spilled beer and stale cigarettes somehow manages to continuously seep from everywhere.

Posters and photos of Yankee immortals past and present dominate the New York sports-teams lined walls and serve as an appropriate framework for the remainder of the bar's standard character-traits:

traffic-worn linoleum tiling, neon beer signs, pool table, dart boards and jukebox.

The latest addition, however - chintzy, holiday ornaments which hang precariously and haphazardly around the bar as if inspired more out of consumer obligation than sincere holiday spirit.

And then...

LOUD KNOCKS on the DOOR echo through the calm.

BOBBY

(off-stage)

Sean! Yo, Sean-ayy!!

SEAN McGOWAN, the Bartender, mid-forties or something, slowly ENTERS from off-stage carrying a well-used broom. He's a large Irishman with the looks of someone capable of telling jokes as easily as he could beat the crap outta you.

Sean

Yeah, yeah. Hang on.

He sets the broom down against a wall and walks stiffly to the door. More knocks pound.

SEAN

I said hang on already, would ya'? And you best not be sellin' anything or I'll take the bat to ya'! *(he gets to the door)* Who is it?

BOBBY

(off-stage)

Land shark.

SEAN

Ah, for fuck's sake.

Sean unlocks the door. As soon as it's open just enough, BOBBY THOMAS, mid-thirties, sticks his head in.

Bobby

You open?

SEAN

No.

Sean starts to close the door but Bobby stops it.

BOBBY

Come on, man. It's cold out.

Sean

Chrissakes, Bobby. You sound like a friggen' tourist.

Sean walks back toward the bar leaving the door open for Bobby who walks in behind him.

BOBBY

What's the matter with you?

SEAN

Nuthin'!

BOBBY

Okay! Jeez, just askin'.

Wearing a black leather jacket over a denim jacket over a T-shirt, jeans and boots, Bobby walks with the remnants of a swagger. Here's a man whose most successful years were depleted back in High School. Although on some level Bobby knows this, he's never truly accepted it as fact.

Sean pours Bobby a pint and sets it down in front of him as Bobby pulls up a barstool.

BOBBY

Thanks.

SEAN

Yeah.

BOBBY

So, how's it goin'? You don't have to tell me if you don't want to. I'm just makin' conversation.

Sean

Well, if you really need to know...

BOBBY

Which I don't.

SEAN

So, why'd you go askin', then?

Bobby laughs.

BOBBY

I'm just messin with you, man. Yes, I really would like to know.

SEAN

Then shut up for fuck's sake! Chissakes, on top of my back killin' me now I have' a pain in my arse thanks to you!

BOBBY

What's with the back?

SEAN

Ah! I had ta' help unload the friggen' kegs off the truck again.

BOBBY

No kidden'. I didn't know he delivered today.

Sean

That's about all he did. I wanna tell ya' somethin' Bobby, the kids these days, don't know the meaning of putting in an honest days work anymore. 'Specially not that one.

BOBBY

Fuckin' kids. Hey, back me up with a shot of the good stuff, would ya'?

With a grunt, Sean grabs a bottle off the top-shelf, a glass off the lower and eventually pours a healthy sized-shot.

SEAN

It's a bloody shame, that's what it is. No appreciation for what he has. Not like his father, may he rest in peace. Now there was an honest man who knew how to put in a honest days work and never a once moaned about it. You wanna know somthin', Bobby? Jimmy Wallace started with nothing to his name but he ended up with the largest beer house in the Bronx. He made up his mind and didn't take no for an answer. Now that, my boy, is the mark of the truly blessed.

BOBBY

If you say so, Sean. If you say so.

Bobby notices that Sean only poured one shot.

BOBBY

What's the matter? You're not joinin' me?

SEAN

Ah, maybe later. I've still got some work t'do.

BOBBY

As do I.

Bobby wastes no time in lifting up the glass.

BOBBY

Slainté, Sean! Happy New Year!

Sean

Slainté, Bobby. Same to you.

Bobby downs the shot professionally. Sean smiles.

Sean

Little somethin' t' warm the chill up, eh?

BOBBY

Yeah, something like that.

Sean puts the bottle back.

Sean

Kinda' early. Even for you.

BOBBY

Ain't never too early. 'Specially 'round this time of the year.

Sean finally lets out a laugh.

Sean

Bless you, me boy! But I'll tell you what, enjoy it while it lasts. Once I turned forty, all it takes is three fuckin' pints and I'm singin' "Danny Boy" up the wall like a drunken sailor. I tell ya', I'm a disappointment to me lineage. Well, at least according to my brothers.

BOBBY

Don't listen to 'em.

SEAN

You never met my brothers. Bloody bastards they are.

BOBBY

Well, I'm tellin' you it's bullshit. You're a true renaissance man, Sean. A man of many talents and I for one appreciate you just the way you are. I mean that.

Sean smiles again, this time a little larger than before and he affectionately slaps Bobby's cheek.

Sean

You're a good kid, Bobby-boy.

BOBBY

Right back atcha', you fat old bastard.

And for the moment they each feel just a little bit better about themselves than they had before.

Sean begins to whistle "Beyond The Sea" as he finds a rag and starts to wipe down the bar.

Bobby picks up his pint and dives into his beer, which he continuously and quickly downs during the conversation.

BOBBY

Yeah, so Mikee's comin' by in a little while.

Sean

What, your brother Mike? I haven't seen that prick for years.

BOBBY

Me, neither. Three to be exact, give or take a bunch of months. Hadn't even talked with him 'till a little while ago.

SEAN

So, you never patched things up, did ya'?

BOBBY

Ancient history, my man.

SEAN

Ah, for fuck's sake, Bobby! What'r you waitin' for?

BOBBY

No good ever came from raising the dead, if you know what I mean.

SEAN

Maybe. Still, it's a bloody shame, I tell ya'.

BOBBY

Yeah, whatever. Anyways, he's over at the house visiting the old lady. About time if you ask me. Doin' the holiday tour, I 'spose. Figured I'd clear out, give 'em some time alone to spread their holiday bullshit.

Sean

She feelin' any better?

BOBBY

Yep, back to her usual. Ornery as a fuckin' mule.

SEAN

That she is. You're doin' a good thing there, Bobby. I'm sure she appreciates your bein' around again.

BOBBY

You'd never know it but hell, someone's gotta be, I suppose. But I'm telling you Sean, as soon as the gettin's good, I'm findin' myself that ace-in-the-hole-gig and I'm outta there. This time for good.

Sean

Sure you will. You'll find your way soon enough, Bobby. Just takes longer for some than for others. And take it from me, you don't want to rush into anything you may regret later.

BOBBY

Amen.

Pause.

SEAN

Well! That's good to hear about your mother. Tell you what, give her my best, will ya'?

BOBBY

I'd rather give her the back of your hand.

Sean

Hey! You be nice now, Bobby, you hear me? All in all she's done pretty good by you no matter what you say to the contrary. Even if you feel different, she's your mother for Chrissakes and that fact alone deserves your respect.

BOBBY

Whatever.

SEAN

'Sides I wouldn't be goin' and pointin' any fingers if I were you.

Bobby drinks his beer.

SEAN

You listenin' to me, Bobby? I'll smack you in the mouth I will!

BOBBY

Yes! I'm listening! You're starting to sound like my old man, for fuck's sake!

SEAN

As if that were a bad thing?

BOBBY

It is what it is.

Bobby finishes his beer and puts the empty down on the bar. After a moment, Sean picks it up, re-fills it and then sets it back down in front of Bobby.

bBOBBY

Thanks.

sSEAN

Yeah.

Pause.

Sean

So, what's this about Mike now? You say you talked to him?

BOBBY

Yeah, a couple of hours ago. Gotta call from him totally outta the blue. We talked about getting together so I told him to meet me here after he was done. It'd be good, I guess. You know, shoot the shit, reminisce a bit. Besides, I figured he might like to come to the ol' place.

Sean

I think that's a fine idea. How's he doin'?

BOBBY

Couldn't be better from the sounds of it. 'Coarse the Old Lady never stops talkin' about him. You know, Mikee's doin' this, Mikee's doin that.

Sean

That's nice.

BOBBY

Oh, yeah, it's great! It really is! He's worked hard makin' something of himself and I'm damn proud of him bustin' his hump the way he has.

SEAN

'Couse you are.

BOBBY

Yeah! *(pause)* Got himself a kid now.

SEAN

Is that right? And this is the first that you're mentioning it?

BOBBY

I could've sworn I had.

SEAN

Not to me! So, you're an uncle!

BOBBY

Yeah. How 'bout that?

Sean

Well, congratulations! You're next, Bobby-boy!

BOBBY

Whoa, now! Not me, man. Not for awhile, anyways. Got too much to get in line first, you know?

Sean

Chrissakes, that's what I used to think. But I tell ya, son, things never really get in line the way you think they're gonna. They just happen and then you deal best you can. Simple as that.

BOBBY

Damn, Sean. For an ol' beer slinger, you almost sound like you know what you're talking about.

Sean

I've known for some time. You're just finally catchin' up.

BOBBY

Then I have seen the light!

Sean

And about fuckin' time, too, if you ask me!

Bobby laughs and drinks again.

BOBBY

Shit. I'm beginning to feel like Ol' Pete over here, drinkin' by myself. Get yourself somethin' to drink already, would ya'? I'm buyin'!

SEAN

You're buyin'? What, did you find the combination to your wallet all of the sudden?

BOBBY

Let's just say your holiday spirits have inspired me. And I'm not talking about these decorations!

SEAN

Well, in that case, what the hell. A small one but mind you, only because it's the holidays.

BOBBY

Amen! To the holidays!

Sean takes a glass and sticks it under the tap.

Sean

So, how bout that? Mike Thomas. Not only a successful attorney but now he's got himself a wee one. Boy?

BOBBY

Girl.

Sean

Nice. Good lookin' kid, I bet.

BOBBY

Actually, she is kinda cute. At least from the photos Ma showed me.

Sean

Wait a minute. You haven't seen her?

Bobby finishes his beer, puts the empty on the bar and pushes it towards Sean.

BOBBY

Let's go again! One of each!

Sean

C'mere, look at me. You go see her.

BOBBY

I will.

SEAN

No matter what's happened between you and Mike, she's still your niece, after all.

BOBBY

Gimme a break, would ya', Sean?

SEAN

They're not babies for long.

BOBBY

Fine, you've made your point! I'll see her. Them. Whatever.

Sean

Okay, then.

Pause.

BOBBY

So, how 'bout that beer?

SEAN

Say please.

BOBBY

For fuck's sake, Sean!

SEAN

Relax, son. I'm just messin' with you now.

BOBBY

Pissin' me off is more like it.

SEAN

Aw, would you look at this? You can dish it our but you can't take it. You used to be more fun, Bobby-boy.

Sean grabs another glass and places it under the tap next to the one he just poured for himself.

Sean

Well! Sounds like he's done real good for himself.

BOBBY

Suppose he has at that.

Sean finishes pouring and sets the fresh beer down in front of Bobby.

BOBBY

Thanks.

SEAN

He owes a lot of that to you, you know.

Bobby smiles and raises his glass.

BOBBY

Here's to my brother! Lil' Mikee Thomas!

Sean raises his glass.

SEAN

To Mike Thomas!

BOBBY

The kid who could do no wrong.

They down their drinks just as MICHAEL THOMAS, 29, dressed in warm, fashionable Burbury winter-ware, ENTERS. He's not as good-looking as Bobby and something about him seems much older. Maybe it's the clothes or the thinning hairline and the somewhat stern and hardened face, but he carries in with him a certain maturity and self-confidence which, in just about every way, his older brother lacks.

Michael walks in slowly and then stops, as if trying to gauge if anyone had seen him come in. Just as he's about to turn and quietly leave...

Sean

Well, now! Speak of the Devil! The Prodigal Son returns!

BOBBY

Yo, Mikee!

Michael turns back and waves slightly, a tight smile frozen on his face.

BOBBY

Get your ass over here, Counselor, or I'll sue it!

Sean laughs. Michael finally walks in. Bobby gets up and gives him a big hug.

BOBBY

Man, it is so good to see you! Look at you! You look great!

Michael

Thank you. So do you.

BOBBY

Yeah, well. I try, I try.

Michael

Hello, Sean. How are you?

SEAN

Well...

BOBBY

Over-worked and under-appreciated. Ain't that right, big guy?

Sean

Other than that, I can't complain. It's great to see you, Michael.

Sean enthusiastically shakes Michael's hand.

Michael

You, too. Been a long time.

SEAN

That it has. So, come on tell me! How's everything?

BOBBY

Yeah! How's everything going?

MIKE

Terrific. Always on the go but that's life on the corporate fast-track.

SEAN

I know whatcha' mean. I'm always on the go, too. Only mine's to the crapper 'cause I got the runs!

They all share a hearty laugh, although Michael has to force it.

Sean

Well, it's good to see ya'. What're ya' havin'?

Michael

Light beer, please.

BOBBY

Uh-oh! You better watch out, Sean! Things are about to get kinda crazy in here!

SEAN

(to Bobby) Leave him alone now! (then to Michael) One pint comin' up, Mike.

MICHAEL

Um, no. A bottle. Please.

Bobby snickers.

SEAN

Not a problem.

MICHAEL

Thank you. Bob? What are you having?

BOBBY

He knows. C'mon! Take off your coat and stay awhile!

Michael takes off his overcoat revealing an expensive suit underneath. He quickly looks for a place to hang it but then settles instead on simply folding the coat and placing it carefully on the empty barstool next to him.

BOBBY

Hey, those are some pretty fancy threads you got there, kid.

MICHAEL

Just one of the tools of the trade.

BOBBY

I bet. Sean! Set us up, would ya'? And yourself, if you wanna.

SEAN

I may just wanna.

Michael

Shots?

BOBBY

Sure! We gotta celebration here!

Michael

I don't know, Bob. There's a lot of snow on the roads. I think just the beer'll be fine.

BOBBY

C'mon, bro. It's the good stuff! The precious juice.

Michael

Blackbush.

SEAN

Nectar of the Gods, don't you know, son!

BOBBY

Amen! Nothing but the best for the Thomas Brothers! Whaddaya say? For old time's sake.

Pause.

Michael

Sure. Why not?

BOBBY

At'ta boy! Sean! Make 'em kinda fat, would ya?

Sean

Sure thing. Wanna glass for your beer, Mike?

Michael

Please.

Sean goes to the end of the bar and retrieves the beers, the booze and the tumblers.

Michael

It's just the roads.

BOBBY

One shot won't kill ya'. And I've never steered you wrong, have I?

Michael looks around.

Michael

Place hasn't changed a bit.

Sean

If it's not broke, you know.

BOBBY

Don't fuckin' fix it!

Sean brings the beers over first and then heads back for the rest of the order.

BOBBY

Thank you, my good man! Put those on my tab!

Sean

Don't be ridiculous. These are on the house.

BOBBY

Nah, it's all right. Put it on my tab.

Sean

Be appreciative, for fuck's sake! And don't go gettin' yourself used to it, neither!

BOBBY

(to Sean)

Okay, okay. You win.

(to Michael)

Angry Fat Bastard, ain't he?

Sean

One man's angry is another man's happy and I am happy, damn it! This is a very special occasion and because of it, I'm joinin' ya'! How 'bout that?

Sean returns with the same bottle from before and three fresh glasses. He pours three large shots.

SEAN

Slainté!

BOBBY

Slainté!

Michael

Slainté.

Bobby and Sean down the whole double-shot in one move and slam the empty glasses back on the bar with a loud "Ahhh!!"

Michael, however, has to work it. He takes two or three small, painful gulps before finally placing the rocks-glass gingerly on the bar. It's still not quite empty.

SEAN

Yep! Here we go! I'm feelin' the music wellin'-up within' me already! *(sings)* "Somewhere, beyond the sea... Somewhere, waitin' for me..." Hey! Put on the Bobby Darrin, Bobby Thomas!

BOBBY

What are you talkin' about? You're doin' great! *(to Michael)* See? Just like you left it, Mikee.

Bobby notices that Michael doesn't look so good.

BOBBY

You okay there, Sport?

Michael

Sure. I'm good.

BOBBY

You better take it easy. I wouldn't want ya' t'go losin' your cookies all over that expensive suit of yours.

Michael

Don't be ridiculous. I'm fine.

Sean

'Course he's grand! He's a Thomas after all!

Michael inhales and then exhales deeply as the shock of the alcohol fades.

Michael

Just been awhile. That's some good stuff there.

SEAN

The finest! See, Bobby? He hasn't been gone so long as to lose the appreciation for the finer things in life.

Bobby breaks into laughter and slaps him on the back.

BOBBY

Welcome home, Mikee! There's more where that came from! Sean!

SEAN

Yes!

Michael

No! Thank you. Maybe in a little bit.

BOBBY

Fair 'nuff. Later, then. 'Sides, it's still way early and we got the whole night ahead of us.

SEAN

I tell ya' it does me good to see you two back here together again. Just like old times, eh?

BOBBY

Sure is.

They all smile.

SEAN

Well! If you're all right here then...
Sean starts to walk off.

BOBBY

Where you goin'?

Sean

I'll let you two catch up. Besides, like I told ya', I've got some inventory to do in the back while I can still manage. But now listen t' me. Be sure t'give a yell if anyone else comes in. And don't let me catch either one of you behind the bar or I'll take the bat to ya'. I mean it, too.

BOBBY

(ala DeNiro)

"You talkin' to me? I said, are you talkin' to me?"

Sean

Keep an eye on DeNiro here for me, would ya', Mike?

Michael

I'll do my best.

Sean EXITS singing the opening lines from Van Morrison's "Moondance" which then turns to a whistle before fading out completely.

BoBBY

Great guy.

Michael

Always has been.

BOBBY

Yeah. Real salt of the earth. Knows where he stands and makes the most of it without bitching about it. I admire that.

Pause.

BOBBY

So! Happy New Year, Lil' Bro! Slainté!

MICHAEL

Slainté!

They clink and drink their beers, Bobby in gulps, Michael in sips, although it does seem to be going down easier now.

BOBBY

Man, It really is good to see you.

MICHAEL

You, too.

BOBBY

Light beer, huh? Watching your figure?

Michael

Since the baby was born, I must've gained fifteen pounds.

BOBBY

More like twenty.

Michael

Really?

BOBBY

Nah. I'm just kiddin'. Look at ya! Still Mr. Serious! You haven't changed a bit.

Michael smiles.

BOBBY

Well, here's to ya', Mikee! You're lookin' great!

Michael

Thanks. So do you.

BOBBY

Like Sean says, if it ain't broke. And let me tell you, I know broke!

He laughs but then quickly stops.

BOBBY

So, tell me! What's going on with you? Ma says you bought a house.

MICHAEL

Yep, sure did. English Tudor.

BOBBY

Is that right?

MICHAEL

You really should come by sometime.

BOBBY

Sure. That'd be great.

MICHAEL

In fact...

Michael reaches into his jacket and takes out his business card and a Monte Blanc.

MICHAEL

(writes)

Here's my address... home phone... cell... and e-mail.

BOBBY

That's a lot of numbers and shit. You must be very popular.

MICHAEL

No, just a lawyer.

He hands the card to Bobby.

BOBBY

That's great, Mike. Thanks.

Michael

You bet. So, how are you?

BOBBY

Great! I tell ya' Mikee, I've never been better. Everything's falling in line, you know? I gotta a number of prospects lined up, a few fires I'm stokin'. Yeah. Everything's looking real good.

MICHAEL

Sounds terrific. Very positive.

BOBBY

Very positive. Hey! How's the baby?

Michael

Erin.

BOBBY

Yeah, Erin. My niece!

Michael

Yes, well, she's absolutely amazing in every sense of the word.

BOBBY

Takes a lot of time, I bet.

Michael

Just makes getting to be partner by the time I'm thirty a bit more challenging.

BOBBY

That's what you get for being a good Catholic.

Michael

I suppose but I wouldn't change a lick of it.

BOBBY

Well, that's great.

MICHAEL

It really is. I tell you, it's the little things that make it all worth while. For instance, the first time I gave her a bath, of course I'm trying my damndest to keep a good hold her. But she's moving around, arms and legs everywhere, slipping and squirming all over the place. Bobby, it was like trying to bathe a flounder! So funny.

BOBBY

Yeah, that is pretty funny. So, you're spending a lot of time with her, are ya'?

Michael

Every chance I get. It can get rough though, with the eighty-hour weeks and the travelling, but you always have to make time for family.

BOBBY

Always. That's real important.

Michael

Especially when they're young. That's when it really makes a difference. There's a lot of scientific evidence to back that up, too. You'll know what I mean sooner or later.

BOBBY

Hey, as far as I'm concerned, been there done that. I'm in no rush to change everything around again.

Bobby drinks. So does Michael.

BOBBY

Well! Sounds like you've got yourself the perfect little family, bro. I'm proud of

you.

Michael

Thanks. So, how about you? What's going on?

BOBBY

Not much. Same old same old. No complaints here either. And even if I did, who'd listen, right? 'Cept maybe for my ol' pal Seanny, but then again he sort of has to.

Michael

Well, you look good.

BOBBY

Thanks! Yeah, I feel good. Been working out a bunch. Stopped smoking. Again. Figure maybe the seventh time's the charm.

Michael

That's great. Good for you.

BOBBY

Yeah. I thought I might even start running.

Michael

Absolutely. But you have to take it slow at first. Ease into it so you don't hurt yourself.

BOBBY

Ain't that the truth! One step at a time, right? Little play on words there.

Michael

That's right. One step at time, one day at a time. Slow and steady wins the race. Focus on that goal and make it happen. Visualize!

BOBBY

Visualize! Exactly what I'm saying!

MICHAEL

Exactly.

BOBBY

I couldn't agree with you more.

Beat. They drink to fill the lull. Finally...

Bobby and michael

So!

They laugh.

BOBBY

I'm sorry. Go ahead.

Michael

No, you. Please.

BOBBY

No, really. I insist.

Michael

Well, I was just going to ask... shoot, what was I going to say? Oh! If you were seeing anyone.

BOBBY

Oh, yeah, sure! A bunch but hey! You know me! Still sowing those wild oats!

MICHAEL

That's terrific. Although I had hoped you would have found that "someone special" by now.

BOBBY

Well, actually, now that you mention it, there is this one girl and let me tell you, she is smokin' and we're totally great together, you know? I'd say things are looking pretty good.

Michael

That's what I'm talking about.

BOBBY

No doubt. I mean she's beautiful, smart, got a rack on her like you wouldn't believe. Whole nine yards. Hell, ten if you count how great she is in the sack. Dude! First down!

Bobby puts his hand up in "High-Five" mode which Michael returns just because he has to.

Michael

That's great, Bob. I think it'd be good for you to settle down. I know Ma would love to see that.

BOBBY

Yeah! I bet!

Michael

Why not? It'd be better than spending all your time here.

BOBBY

Wait... wait a minute. First of all, I don't spend all my time here and even if I did what's the matter with this place?

Michael

Nothing. I'm just saying...

BOBBY

What?

MICHAEL

Nevermind.

Michael picks up his beer but then puts it down choosing to finish off the rest of the shot instead...

BOBBY

This place is a dump, isn't it?

Michael

Always has been.

... Then chases it with the beer.

BOBBY

Yeah. Maybe I should start hanging with you at those fancy supper clubs, drinkin' Martini's for lunch and smokin' kick-ass Cubans. What do you think?

Michael

Oh, sure. I suppose I could arrange that.

Bobby laughs and jabs Michael in the shoulder.

BOBBY

I'm just kiddin' with ya', bro! That's not my speed at all but damn, it's good to see you! Hey! How's the ol' ball and chain? Still got you whipped?

Michael

Lisa's great. She sends her love.

BOBBY

Oh, yeah? Send her mine, too, would ya'?

Michael

Sure. She keeps asking when you're coming over for dinner.

BOBBY

Yeah, well, you know. I've been meaning to call. As soon as the holidays are over, I promise. I've just been real busy.

Michael

Sure, give us a call after the holidays. Whenever you get a chance, that'd be great.

BOBBY

Absolutely! But you know how that goes. You mean to call and then you get busy so you don't, then you feel bad you didn't so you keep not calling. Goes round and round. Before you know it, the time's just flown right on by.

MICHAEL

Three years.

BOBBY

Is that how long it's been? Damn.

MICHAEL

Just one of the reasons I have an assistant.

BOBBY

I bet. Maybe I should get one, too.

MICHAEL

Couldn't hurt. I mean you and I are one thing, but it's been almost a year since your niece was born. You'd think we would have at least heard from you by now.

Everything stops.

BOBBY

I've been meaning to call. You know. Come by.

MICHAEL

Oh, yeah! Sure! I know!

Long awkward pause. Finally Bobby takes a long look at Michael and smiles.

bobby

Yo, Mikee. Remember that time I took you to Atlantic City for your birthday? I

still can't believe we ended up staying the whole weekend at Trump's. Cost a whole lot more than that free roll of quarters they gave us on the bus but it was worth every one of 'em.

Michael

I have never been that drunk.

BOBBY

We got trashed off our asses! Hey! Remember when I called-up that escort service?

Michael

Now that was not funny.

BOBBY

Like hell it wasn't! When that dude showed up? The look on your face was classic!

Michael

That was definitely not what I had in mind.

BOBBY

Hey, what's a big brother for? Besides, I thought you might be a fag.

Michael

Excuse me?

BOBBY

What, with all your studying all the time and never leaving the house unless I dragged your ass out. How was I to know? I thought I was doing you a favor.

Michael drinks his beer. Bobby laughs loud and hits him in the shoulder again.

BOBBY

Relax! I'm just messin' with you, little bro! I know you used to go through my hardcore.

Michael

All right, Bob. Enough.

BOBBY

C'mere, you little sinner!

Bobby throws his arm around Michael's neck, pulls him close into a headlock and gives him a "noogie" to the head.

MICHAEL

C'mon! Cut it out!

Michael pulls away. Immediately his hand goes up to his head where he tries his best to fix his now mussed-up hair.

MICHAEL

You know I always hated that.

BOBBY

That's what made it all the more fun.

Bobby laughs.

Michael

So, Ma says you been working.

BOBBY

Yeah, I stay busy. Keep some cash in my pocket.

Michael

What have you been doing?

BOBBY

About what?

Michael

For work?

BOBBY

What do you want, my resume? You looking to hook me up with some gainful employment?

Michael

I was just thinking that it might not be a bad idea if you went back to school.

BOBBY

Oh, for fuck's sake, Mike. We're havin' a good time here.

Michael

It couldn't hurt.

BOBBY

Shit. If I'd known Pop had come back from the grave, I would've at least put on a fucking tie. *(shouts off-stage)* Yo, Sean!

MICHAEL

Computer classes, paralegal...

BOBBY

I dunno. Maybe.

MICHAEL

You're smart, you can do...

BOBBY

Sure I can do that shit. You don't have to tell me, so do me a favor and don't. You hear me?

MICHAEL

I hear you.

BOBBY

Good. *(shouts off-stage again, this time louder)* Yo, Sean-ayy! Can I get another couple o' beers here or what?

Sean

(off-stage)

Jus' don't let anyone see you behind the bar! It'll be a free-for-all before long!

BOBBY

(shouts off-stage)

You're a saint! I love ya' like the older brother I never had!

SEAN

Don't you threaten me!

Bobby laughs as he slides off his stool and makes his way around the bar. He opens the cooler, pulls out a fresh glass and another bottle. Bobby twists the cap off the bottle, slides it down to Michael...

MICHAEL

Thank you.

... and then sets the pint under the tap which he opens and lets flow.

MICHAEL

So, considering everything, I think she looks good. A lot of energy in that woman.

Of course she sat me down to have one of those three-hour marathon talks.

BOBBY

I can only imagine what she talked about. Hey, check this out. *(shouts off-stage)*
Yo, Sean! The Guinness's run dry!

Bobby shuts the tap off and sips from his fresh beer.

Sean

(off-stage)

Jesus Christ, I'm gonna kill that kid! He said he fixed the line! This is the busiest night next to Saint Patty's!

BOBBY

(shouts off-stage)

Oh, hey! It's working! Sorry! My bad!

Bobby laughs.

Sean

(off-stage)

Why you son of a... "Bloody" Thomas is what they'll call you when I'm done with you, Bobby! Just you wait!

BOBBY

(back to Michael)

It's such a kick to get him riled up. I really dig that guy.

Michael

She loves you, Bob and she only wants the best for you. As do I.

BoBBY

Terrific. Drink your beer.

Pause. Michael laughs.

MICHAEL

You know, it's funny. When I was over at the apartment, Ma was saying how...

BOBBY

Look, I know what Ma says! Seems like my whole existence lately is subject to her non-stop yakking! And you wanna know who she yaks about most?

Michael

I'm just trying to look out for your best interests.

BOBBY

Who are you to assume to know what's best for me?

Michael

Sorry. I...

Bobby picks up the new bottle and slams it down again so that it foams over.

BOBBY

Shut up and drink your fucking beer already!

He stares Michael down until he finally does as he's told.

Pause.

BOBBY

Hey, Mikee. Hey, I'm sorry about that. Okay? You okay?

Pause. Michael smiles.

Michael

It's so ridiculous. Here I am, an attorney with a wife, a kid and an astronomical mortgage, and you have this incredible ability to make me feel like I'm twelve again.

BOBBY

Yeah, well. Fuckin' old habits, I guess, huh? Back then you needed me t'rough you up a bit sometimes, keep you on the straight and narrow. That's what Pop would've wanted, am I right? But now, look at you. You're all grown up. Don't need me to tell you what's what anymore.

Michael doesn't respond.

BOBBY

But anyways...

Bobby raises his bottle.

BOBBY

To Pop!

Michael also lifts his bottle, but just not nearly as high or as enthusiastically as Bobby.

Michael

Pop.

BOBBY

And to old habits which outlive their usefulness! May we all find something better to do with our time!

Bobby laughs, he shoves his glass into Michael's bottle and they drink.

MICHAEL

Well.

Michael gets up, picks up coat and puts his it on.

BOBBY

What're you doin'? You leavin' already?

Michael

It's getting late.

BOBBY

C'mon. Stick around for another half hour. I promise I'll be good.

MICHAEL

I'd love to but I've got some work to do.

BOBBY

It's New Years Eve, for fuck's sake.

Michael

Ah, yes. But Lady Justice is also blind to the fact that it's a holiday. That and I told Lisa I'd help her with Erin's bath.

BOBBY

Well, hey, that's cool. I got some plans to get to in a little while, anyways.

Michael nods. He reaches into the breast pocket of his suit, pulls out his wallet and tosses a couple of bills on the bar.

Bobby pushes the bills back over to Michael.

BOBBY

I got it.

MICHAEL

You sure?

BOBBY

My house, my rules.

MICHAEL

Thanks. Oh! I almost forgot.

Michael reaches into one of the jacket's large outer pockets and pulls out an obviously hastily wrapped little package.

Michael

Happy Birthday. Sorry about the wrapping. The store was closing and they were out of boxes and well... it was a completely spontaneous thought.

BOBBY

It's not a tiny, little male hooker is it?

MICHAEL

They were all out. This was my back-up.

BOBBY

You're a good, kid, Mikee. Thanks.

Michael

I hope you like it.

They look at each other across the bar.

Michael

Well.

BOBBY

Yeah.

Michael

Talk to you soon, all right?

BOBBY

You know it.

Finally, Michael turns and takes a couple of steps towards the door. Bobby calls after him.

BOBBY

Drive safe, all right? You been drinkin'.

Michael nods and then EXITS. Bobby watches as the door closes and then walks back around the bar and re-takes his barstool.

The lights in the bar fade down, leaving Bobby in a solitary, bright pool of light. He reaches up to his head

and rubs his temples as if trying to get rid of a bad headache.

As Michael crosses to CENTERSTAGE, the lights fade up just a bit so that he is now in SILHOUETTE.

He turns and faces Bobby.

Michael

I was going to invite you over tonight for a perfectly cooked, home-made dinner with my perfect family but I knew you would have passed. You'll have a much better time there at the bar with your friends. Have one for me. For old time's sake.

The light on Michael fades down. He exits just as the lights in the bar go back to the same levels they were before.

Bobby grabs for his beer.

BOBBY

Yeah, whatever, Mikee. Here's to you and your perfect fucking family.

As Bobby chugs his beer, SEAN RE-ENTERS with a case in his hands which he puts down on the bar.

Sean

What? Is Mike pukin' in the pisser already?

BOBBY

He left.

Sean

So soon?

Sean notices the present.

Sean

What's that for?

BOBBY

My birthday.

Sean

Shit. I can't believe I didn't remember. I tell ya', I'm gettin' old, Bobby.

BOBBY

F'get about it.

SEAN

I'm sorry, son. Well, Happy Birthday! Tell you what, your libations are on the house tonight. Just don't go buyin' rounds for everyone.

BOBBY

Not a problem. Thanks.

SEAN

So, what'd he get you?

BOBBY

I dunno.

SEAN

Well, open it up!

Bobby does. His jaw drops when he first sees the contents.

Sean takes a look.

Sean

Jimminy Christmas! A Rolex? That's a real nice one, too!

BOBBY

Yeah. It belonged to my Pop.

Sean puts the case down behind the bar.

As he stands back up, the lights on the bar change from "Normal" to "Party Colors."

HARD ROCK MUSIC now plays and there's also a small amount of CROWD NOISE.

NEIL DRAVIS, a guy about the same age as Bobby, ENTERS, but rather than walking all the way into the bar, instead he holds the door open, turns back to the "outside" and shouts off-stage.

NEIL

C'mon!

Sean

Neil! For fuck's sake! Close the door already, will ya'?

NEIL

Hang on a second. *(he shouts off-stage again)* You okay there or what?

Victoria
(off-stage)

I'm coming!

BOBBY

What're you doing?

NEIL

Just hold on a second!

*VICTORIA ANDREWS, young, hot and out of breath,
ENTERS.*

*She exudes a full spectrum of energy and sexuality
which comes with naiveté, youth and a girl who's gotten
way far on her looks.*

Victoria

Sorry.

*They go over to Bobby at the bar. Sean makes his way
over to them as well.*

BOBBY

What the hell was that about?

Neil

With all the snow I had to park four blocks away.

Victoria

And I left my I.D. in the car like a total dork.

NEIL

So she went back to get it since I knew the old man'd be carding.

(to Sean)

Sean, my brother! Good to see ya! Happy New Year!

Sean

You're grandmother, God rest her soul, would kick your arse if she knew what a poor excuse for a man you turned out to be.

BOBBY

He's got a point.

NEIL

What are you talking about? It's cold out there!

SEAN

Ah, bullocks. *(To Victoria)* Mister Chivalry here is right though, Lil' Miss. I'd card ya' for chewin' gum.

NEIL

See? What'd I say?

Victoria

It's so awesome to be able to show a real one for a change.

Sean looks at it and hands it back.

SEAN

You'll do. What're you havin'?

VICTORIA

Um, I'm not really sure yet.

Neil

Well, while the lady decides, how 'bout a couple of beers for me and the birthday boy?

BOBBY

Now you're talkin'!

Sean

Pints or are ya' still on the bottle?

NEIL

What, are you kiddin' me? Pints, of course! And start a tab.

SEAN

A new chapter's more like it.

NEIL

Very funny. *(to Victoria)* Great guy. Anyways, now that we're done with the preliminaries, Victoria, I'd like to re-introduce you to Bobby Thomas. Bobby... The lovely Miss Victoria Andrews.

BOBBY

Andrews?

NEIL

Kim's sister.

BOBBY

No, shit. I thought you looked familiar.

Victoria

Hi. Nice to see you again.

BOBBY

Nice to see you again, too.

They shakes hands.

BOBBY

So, how'd you hook-up with this guy?

VICTORIA

Neil's teaching my counter-culture class next quarter. We met, or I guess re-met at school right before the break.

NEIL

Turns out our Ms. Andrews here is an extremely proactive student and wanted to know what was on the syllabus ahead of time. Normally I wouldn't let that kind of information out, but since I have the distinct pleasure of being recently voted the most popular, part-time, nonaccredited teacher at YCC, I figured, what the hell? Just this once.

BOBBY

Well, how 'bout that?

VICTORIA

Yeah.

BOBBY

Well, you look great.

NEIL

(to Victoria)

Here we go! Watch out for this guy, Vicky. He's a real lady-killer.

Victoria

So, I've heard.

NEIL

And today's his birthday. Who knows what he's wished for?

Sean sets the beers down and then goes about some more bar business.

NEIL

Thank you, my main man! Listen, you two talk amongst yourselves. I gotta go

pinch a loaf.

BOBBY

You're such a charmer.

NEIL

Counter-culture, may man. It's all about goin' against the grain.

Neil leans into Bobby.

NEIL

(whispers)

Listen, be good while I'm gone, know what I mean? She just broke up with her boyfriend and I think she's really into me.

BOBBY

No problem.

NEIL

Hell no, you can't hold it for me! *(To Victoria)* Did I tell you he was gay?

Neil slaps Bobby's back and heads OFF-STAGE.

BOBBY

You'll have to excuse him. Me and his parents probably kicked him in the head a few too many times.

VICTORIA

He's funny.

BOBBY

Yeah. Looking!

Victoria laughs.

BOBBY

So, you wanna sit?

VICTORIA

Sure. Let me just hang my coat up first and I'll be right back.

BOBBY

I'll be here.

Sean comes back with the beers as Victoria heads over to the coat-rack. They both watch as she takes off her coat revealing a somewhat tacky albeit super-sexy outfit, the type that if you're young and hot, you can get away

with.

SeAN

Ah, yes! Just the thing to make a man feel young again eh, Bobby-boy? If you need any help with that one, you just give a holler. It's been awhile but I think I can manage.

BOBBY

Not for me, man. She's here with Neil.

SEAN

Neil? For fuck's sake, Bobby! I see the way she's looking at you.

Bobby looks back at Victoria who walks over to the jukebox.

SEAN

You've been off the horse too long, son, if you can't see that. My advise to you is to get back on while you still can.

Sean retreats as Victoria comes back and sits down next to Bobby.

VICTORIA

Lotta good songs.

BOBBY

Yeah. If it was like 1998.

She laughs. Bobby smiles at the fact that she laughed at a joke he's probably told a thousand times.

VICTORIA

I noticed the CD's are a bit dated.

BOBBY

If it were up to Sean, there'd be nothing but Irish folk-songs, Sinatra and Van Morrison. Not that there's anything wrong with that, mind you, but still it gets a little old after awhile. So, a few years back, me and some of the other guys chipped-in and got him a new juke.

VICTORIA

That was nice of you.

BOBBY

It was nothing. Besides it was really more for us than him but still, I think he

appreciated it.

VICTORIA

Maybe it's time to chip-in for some new CD's.

BOBBY

Maybe.

Pause. Bobby smiles, encouraged by the easy and obvious connection they've made.

BOBBY

You sure have grown up.

VICTORIA

Yeah. It just kinda happened. One day, Boom! Tits!

BOBBY

Yeah. Boom. Boom!

Victoria laughs. Bobby tries his damndest to keep his eyes off her.

BOBBY

So, you and Neil, huh?

Victoria

What? Oh, no! I mean he's cute and all, but we're just sorta friends. That and now he's my teacher. I couldn't go there.

BOBBY

Really? I figured you two were together.

Victoria

Not like that. But I do like him.

BOBBY

Yeah, me, too. Then again I've always been a sucker for hard-luck cases.

VICTORIA

You and me both. Go figure.

Victoria looks around.

Victoria

Wow. I sure haven't been here for awhile. A few years back, Kimmie snuck me

in here the night of my Junior Prom. I got hammered on Jaeger and kinda puked all over the pool table.

BOBBY

Holy shit! I remember that! That was you?

VICTORIA

Oh, my God! You were there?

BOBBY

'Fraid so. I wouldn't go reminding Sean about that if I were you. There's still a stain on the table.

Victoria

I'm so embarrassed. I was such a geek back then.

BOBBY

You're not anymore.

Victoria smiles.

BOBBY

So, what are you doing these days?

VICTORIA

Oh, not too much, really. I'll be graduating in June from YCC so, of course, I have no idea what to do next. Big surprise, right? I figure while I'm weighing my options I'd just enjoy myself for awhile. You know, hang out. Have some fun.

BOBBY

Sounds like a plan.

VICTORIA

Yeah.

BOBBY

So, would you care for that drink now?

VICTORIA

That'd be great. Thanks.

BOBBY

Yo, Sean? A moment of your time, please?

Sean comes over.

SEAN

What'll it be, kids?

BOBBY

(to Victoria)

What would you like?

Victoria

Anything but beer. Makes me have to pee too much.

SEAN

We got Champagne. Bein' it's New Years and all.

BOBBY

Hey, great idea. How 'bout a glass o' bubbly?

Victoria

I love champagne! It usually goes straight to my head but it's New Year's Eve, right? So, why not?

BOBBY

Okay, then! Sean! Two glasses of your best champagne!

Sean

I don't have "best." I have the cheap shite.

BOBBY

(to Victoria)

You like cheap?

Victoria

What's the diff? Bubbles are bubbles.

BOBBY

Exactly! Two glasses of your cheapest champagne, please!

Sean

That's all you're gettin'.

Victoria laughs. Sean takes off to fetch the order.

VICTORIA

He's so cute.

BOBBY

I always thought so but he's a little old for my taste.

VICTORIA

That's never bothered me. *(pause)* So, it's your birthday, huh? How old?

BOBBY

Thirty-five.

Victoria

No kidding. What's that like?

BOBBY

I'll let you know when I figure it out. If I can remember, that is, my memory's not what it used to be. In fact, who are you? Where's Neil? What'd you do with my buddy?

Victoria

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to be rude.

BOBBY

I'm just kiddin' with you. Don't worry about it.

Sean brings the drinks.

BOBBY

Thank you, Sean. Put that on my tab.

Sean

(winks)

You got it.

Sean smiles and walks off. Bobby and Victoria raise their plastic Champagne glasses for a toast.

BOBBY

Slainté. "To your health" and to a Happy New Year.

Victoria

Happy New Year to you, too. And Happy Birthday.

BOBBY

Thank you.

They "clink" and then drink. Victoria immediately giggles.

Victoria

The bubbles tickle my nose.

BOBBY

Oh, yeah! Me, too! I've just learned to hide it over my many, many years.

Victoria

(with a smile)

Jerk.

She hits him playfully on the shoulder. Bobby laughs at her cuteness.

Victoria

You know Kimmie got married, right?

BOBBY

Yeah, I heard.

VICTORIA

His name's Jack. A Fireman. Nice enough guy. Oh! And they have a baby now. A boy and he is just the cutest!

BOBBY

That's great. Good for her.

Victoria

Yeah. They seem real happy. They tried to hook me up with Jack's younger brother but he was like, way too immature for me.

Victoria takes another drink of Champagne.

VICTORIA

Kimmie used to talk about you a lot.

BOBBY

Yeah, I bet.

VICTORIA

No, really. I used to think it was kinda weird, being that you two had broken up and all, but now I think it was because in some ways she really missed you. Even with everything that happened.

BOBBY

That was a long time ago.

VICTORIA

Yeah. You know, I told her I was coming here tonight. She figured you'd

probably be here and she told me... well, never mind.

BOBBY

What?

VICTORIA

I'm sorry. I told you Champagne goes to my head. I always talk too much when I drink it.

BOBBY

No, seriously. What did she say?

Pause.

Victoria

Well... that I should sorta stay away from you.

NEIL RE-ENTERS but stops as he sees Bobby and Victoria stare into each other. The Bar lights fade down.

At the same time, the lights fade up on a perfectly decorated House. No IKEA here. All Z Gallery, Pottery Barn and Restoration Hardware. In fact the room looks like it was lifted right out of a catalog or a showroom.

Light, classical music plays.

MICHAEL ENTERS, sets his briefcase down and takes off his coat. His wife, LISA THOMAS, an attractive woman somewhere in her late twenties and as white-bread looking as you can possibly be, ENTERS holding a "BABY" wrapped in a blanket.

Lisa

Hey, honey. How'd it go?

She tries to kiss him. He deftly deflects with a quick peck.

Michael

Lousy snow and traffic everywhere. I knew I shouldn't have stayed so long.

He picks up his briefcase and walks past Lisa and the baby.

Michael

(to the baby)

How's my little Princess? Did you miss your Daddy?

LISA

Did you see Bobby?

Michael

Honestly, I don't know what the heck I was thinking and no, he's not coming over.

LISA

So, you did ask him over for dinner afterall?

MICHAEL

He already had some other plans he couldn't get out of.

LISA

That's too bad. Well, dinner's ready whenever you want. I didn't have a chance to do any shopping and the Chinese place was the only thing open. I hope you don't mind.

Michael

That's fine. I'll be in when I'm done.

LISA

Now, Honey? Do I need to remind you that it's New Year's Eve?

Michael

Lisa, please don't start, okay?

LISA

But you work every night. I thought at least tonight...

MICHAEL

I told you, I'll be in when I'm done. End of discussion.

LISA

End of discussion? What's that supposed to mean?

Michael EXITS.

LISA

What about Erin's bath? You said you'd help!

No response.

LISA

Michael?

Nothing.

LISA

Dammit.

Lisa EXITS.

The lights fade down on the House and fade back up on the Bar. It's now later that evening. The music has increased in volume to compete with the increase in crowd noise.

VICTORIA sits between BOBBY and NEIL. Her legs are crossed towards Bobby and she leans more than a little bit towards him.

All together, they down a shot and then quickly slam the glass back down on the bar with a loud "Ahhh" or a similar sound of triumph.

NEIL

'Nother one! All 'round! Whaddya say? Pitcher or Kamikazes? Tell you what? How 'bout a pitcher of Kamikazes?

Victoria

Cos-Mo's! Cos-Mo's!

BOBBY

Yeah! Cos-Mo's! Cos-Mo's!

NEIL

I can't order that! I gotta reputation here!

VICTORIA

Oh, come on!

BOBBY

Yeah, come on! You been doing real good so far!

NEIL

No way, Man! I say Cos-mo, I might as well be saying "Ho-Mo."

Bobby

Ho-Mo's! Ho-Mo's!

VICTORIA

Now wait just a second here! Don't tell me you're going to let the name of a *drink* of all things and its, like, like, random gender representation or something, dictate

how you perceive your sexual orientation. You know?

NEIL

What?

BOBBY

What she said. You go, drunk college girl!

Victoria giggles. Bobby laughs.

NEIL

No! I mean, yes! Wait a minute. What?

VICTORIA

I heard that on Oprah. Either that or the Intro to Sociology class I took last quarter. One of the two.

BOBBY

But it makes total sense. Check it out, man. She's not only beautiful, but she's smart, too!

VICTORIA

Thanks.

NEIL

(to Victoria)

You know what? Fine! I'll order the stupid drink! But since Oprah's not here, you're buyin'!

vICTORIA

Fine!

bOBBY

Fine!

NEIL

Fine! Yo, Sean?

Sean walks down the bar toward Neil. In the meantime, Bobby turns to Victoria. They share a laugh and soon they start to kiss.

Sean

Yeah?

NEIL

(whispers)

Can I get three Cosmo's?

Sean
You wanna what? Speak up! I can't hear ya'!

NEIL
(a little louder)
Cosmos. Three of 'em.

Sean
Cosmos? For real?

NEIL
It's not my idea, man.

Sean
Sure, it isn't. *(Mutters)* Nancy-boy.

NEIL
I'm so embarrassed.
(to Bobby)
Hey, you wanna...

Neil sees Bobby and Victoria kiss. He turns away.

Victoria breaks from the kiss with a dreamy smile on her face.

Victoria
I like you.

BOBBY
I like you, too. Whatta ya' say we get outta here?

Victoria
But I'm also getting real tipsy. I've heard all about how you operate, Bobby Thomas.

BOBBY
Don't worry about it. I promise we won't do anything you don't want to do.

Victoria
Yeah, right! You and those, big, gorgeous blue eyes and those real soft, yummy lips? Kimmy told me all about them... and maybe some other stuff.

Bobby
What would you rather do? Hear about everything from your sister, or experience it yourself first hand?

He leans back in...

BOBBY

Who knows? You might even discover you have something to tell her for a change.

Victoria

Do you miss her? Be honest.

BOBBY

Not a bit.

VICTORIA

But she's so beautiful and she's always had such a great body.

BOBBY

Forget about Kim. This is all about you and me. I couldn't possibly think about anyone else when I'm with you.

VICTORIA

Really?

He leans back in closer.

BOBBY

I am blinded by your beauty, Victoria. Cross my heart.

Victoria

You are so hot!

She slams her mouth onto his and they make out voraciously.

Sean brings the three glasses.

Sean

Here ya' go.

NEIL

Thanks.

Sean

My pleasure, Sweetheart.

NEIL

See what I mean?

They don't. Neil picks up his glass.

NEIL

A toast!

Bobby's not paying attention so Neil hits him on the shoulder.

BOBBY

What?! I'm busy here!

NEIL

And I'm making a toast here! Here's to you, you moron! My best friend! Although I'm not really sure why, sometimes.

BOBBY

Now what'd I do?

NEIL

Nevermind. But anyways, it's New Year's Eve, It's Bobby's B-day, and we're here drinking amongst friends. But it's more than just friends, you know? It's more like a family minus most of the bullshit that comes with it. And speaking of bullshit, here's to lil' fuckin' Mikee for not hangin' just 'cause he had to get back to his huge-ass mansion in Riverdale.

BOBBY

Scarsdale.

NEIL

Oooh, Scarsdale! Well, lah-de-freakin'-dah!

Victoria

I'd love to live in Scarsdale.

bobby

No, you don't.

Neil

He's right. You don't. But, you know what, Bobby? Lil' Mikee'd be nowhere if it weren't for you. And I mean that.

BOBBY

Damn right!

NEIL

Damn right, I'm right! I mean, who needs a four-bedroom house and some gas-suckin', air-pollutin' SUV anyways? Why? Just so you can take junior to his soccer games and be the poster family for the so-called "American Dream"? I don't think so.

VICTORIA

I used to take ballet.

NEIL

And that, my dear, would explain your magnificent ass.

BOBBY

Down boy.

NEIL

What? It's true.

BOBBY

I know but still. C'mon. That's just rude.

NEIL

Okay, okay. I apologize. But Bobby! My point is when it comes down to it, what's he got that you ain't got?

BOBBY

He don't got my Pop's Rolex anymore!

Bobby proudly displays the watch which is now on his wrist.

NEIL

I mean besides that.

BOBBY

Well then, fuckin' nuthin'!

NEIL

Fuckin A! So, slainté!

BOBBY and Victoria

Slainté!

They drink.

VICTORIA

Sounds like your brother's doing pretty good for himself.

BOBBY

Oh, yeah. I'm really proud of him.

The lights fade up on the House so that MICHAEL, LISA

and the BABY are in SILHOUETTE. They face Bobby.

Once again, all light around Bobby in the Bar fades so that there is just a single light on him.

MICHAEL

She's right, Bob. I am doing pretty good for myself. Better than that, in fact.

LISA

We're so happy. The perfect little family.

MICHAEL

I love you.

LISA

And I love you.

Michael and Lisa kiss passionately. Bobby turns toward them. Michael finally breaks from the kiss and looks back at Bobby.

MICHAEL

Something the matter, Bob?

Michael smiles, Lisa laughs. And as the SILHOUETTE fades down on the House, all lights fade back up to full on the Bar.

VICTORIA

That would be so nice, wouldn't it? To have a house and a family. Wouldn't you like that someday?

BOBBY

So, what do you say? You wanna get outta here for awhile or what? I promise I'll be good. My roommate's home and I don't know any cheap motels.

VICTORIA

Where are we going to go?

BOBBY

It's a surprise.

Victoria

Well... okay, I guess.

BOBBY

All right! Neil! We'll be back!

NEIL

Hey! What about the foo-foo drinks she's buyin'?

BOBBY

I'll get the next round.

NEIL

You always say that.

BOBBY

And I pretty much always mean it.

NEIL

Wait a minute!

Bobby moves to leave but Neil grabs his jacket and reels him back in.

Neil

What're you doin', man?

BOBBY

What do you mean?

NEIL

I mean you and her.

BOBBY

Sit down, son. I think it's time you and I had a little talk. I was going to let your mother do it, but...

NEIL

Shut up, will ya'? I'm serious. I thought she was into me.

BOBBY

Yeah, as friend. I thought you already knew that.

NEIL

Well, it became pretty fucking clear after I saw you two swapping spit the first couple a' dozen times!

Bobby realizes he's serious.

BOBBY

Sorry, man. I didn't realize she meant that much to you.

NEIL

Just forget it.

BOBBY

I'm tellin' you, I'll back off. Not a problem.

NEIL

It's just that you've never done this before is all.

BOBBY

Neil, I'm sorry. Really. She's all yours, okay? It'll be like I never even met her.

NEIL

Look, I said forget it so just get outta here, okay?

BOBBY

You sure?

NEIL

Sure, I'm sure. I'm getting too trashed to be charming anyways.

Bobby laughs and he pats Neil on the back.

BOBBY

We'll be back soon. And hey! Eddie and Dave said they were going to stop by. You'll still be here later, right?

NEIL

Nah. Guiliani invited me out to his house in the Hamptons. I'm very popular, you know. You should consider yourself lucky to know me.

BOBBY

Give Rudy my love. Later, Gents!

SEAN

Be safe now, Bobby! You been drinkin'.

*Bobby puts his arm around Victoria's waist and they both
EXIT the bar.*

NEIL

Dick.

VICTORIA

So, where're we going?

BOBBY

(sings)

"Well, it's a marvelous night for a Moondance, with the stars up above in your eyes... A fantabulous night to make romance, 'neath the cover of October skies..."

Victoria cuddles up to him and laughs as they EXIT.

ALL LIGHTS FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

LIGHTS UP on the HOUSE as BOBBY and VICTORIA walk towards it.

Bobby checks the card Michael gave him against the numbers on the porch.

BOBBY

Yeah, this is it. Fuckin' Scarsdale. You think with all the money around here they could afford a few more street signs.

Victoria

Wow! Your brother lives here? Wouldn't you just love to have a house like this?

BOBBY

I've seen better. You got your ring?

VICTORIA

Yep! Sure do!

Bobby knocks on the door.

LISA

(off-stage)

Michael? I think someone's at the door!

Michael

(off-stage)

I'm busy!

LISA
(off-stage)

So am I!

Victoria

Maybe no one's home.

Bobby knocks again. Victoria giggles.

MICHAEL finally ENTERS from off-stage carrying a yellow legal pad. He goes to the "window" to see who's knocking.

Bobby waves.

MICHAEL

I don't believe it.

BOBBY

Hey! It's me!

(to Victoria)

Now remember what we talked about.

Victoria

You're the birthday boy.

Michael opens the door. He's dressed pretty much the way he was back in the bar, although now instead of a suit jacket, he wears a cardigan.

Michael

Bobby?

Bobby raises up his hand in greeting, Michael's card prominently displayed.

BOBBY

Top o' the evenin' to ya, Mikee me boy!

Michael

What are you doing here?

BOBby

Well, as you well know, plans can change when you least expect 'em to. Just figured we drop in, see the ol' extended family way out here in the 'burbs!

Bobby laughs. Michael nods.

BOBBY

Aren't you going to invite us in, Lil' Bro?

Michael

Oh! Of course! Sorry. Please, come in. It's just, well I didn't expect you is all.

All three enter the house.

Michael

(shouts off-stage)

Um, honey? Bob's here!

LISA

(off-stage)

Bob who?

Michael

Bobby! My brother!

LISA

(off-stage)

Really? That's great! We'll be right out!

Michael

We were just giving my daughter a bath.

BOBBY

You taking notes?

Michael

Excuse me?

Bobby points to the yellow legal-pad which Michael still carries.

MICHAEL

Um, No. I was just doing some...

Michael quickly puts down the pad and turns his attention to Victoria. He sticks out his hand which she takes.

Michael

Hello.

BOBBY

Mikee, this is Victoria Andrews, the girl I was telling you about. Victoria, my little brother, Mikee.

MICHAEL

Michael Thomas. Nice to meet you, Victoria.

Victoria

Nice to meet you, too.

BOBBY

Michael, huh?

Michael

(to Bobby)

Michael.

(back to Victoria)

So, Andrews? Any relation to...

BOBBY

Yeah, so Mikee's... excuse me... *Michael's* a big-shot attorney if you couldn't already guess. Better watch your step around this guy.

MICHAEL

Look who's talking.

Victoria

I bet that must keep you pretty busy.

Michael

It certainly does.

BOBBY

Well, hey! If this is a bad time, we can take off.

MICHAEL

No, no that's fine. Lisa?

LISA

(off-stage)

Coming!

Pause.

MICHAEL

Can I take your coats?

VICTORIA

Thank you.

BOBBY

I'm good.

Victoria sheds her coat and hands it to Michael who hangs it up.

LISA ENTERS holding a "BABY."

LISA

Bobby!

BOBBY

Lisa! Hey! How you doin'? Happy New Year!

LISA

Happy New Year to you, too! And Happy Birthday! It's been so long!

BOBBY

That it has.

VICTORIA

Oh! Look at the baby!

BOBBY

Yeah. She's great, isn't she? Victoria, this is my sister-in-law, Lisa. Lisa, Victoria.

LISA

Hello. So nice to meet you.

Victoria

Nice to meet you, too. I love your house.

LISA

Thank you.

BOBBY

Forget the house. Now you look marvelous!

LISA

Please, I'm a mess. But you look great. As always.

BOBBY

Flattery will get you everywhere. Except in my pants!

Bobby laughs, as does Victoria.

BOBBY

We've been out partying a little.

MICHAEL

Just a little?

LISA

Well, why not? It is the holidays, after all. I'm glad someone gets to go out.

MICHAEL

We went to Florida, didn't we?

LISA

Only because I practically dragged you.

MICHAEL

You didn't drag me.

BOBBY

Kids, please. Not in front of the impressionable child.

VICTORIA

And speaking of children, who is this adorable little bundle?

LISA

This...

Michael suddenly reaches out and takes the baby from Lisa and holds her a bit awkwardly.

Michael

Is our daughter Erin.

Victoria

She's so beautiful.

BOBBY

She sure is. Who's the father?

MICHAEL

Hey, now!

LISA

(to Bobby)

You're so bad.

Victoria bends down to the baby.

Victoria

Hey, there little cutie. Oh! And she smells really good, too.

LISA

Strawberry.

BOBBY

I love strawberry!

LISA

It seems to be her favorite.

MICHAEL

Strawberry Mist, actually. Top of the line in baby soap. It won't sting her eyes.

BOBBY

Cool. Hey, Bro, what was the name of that cereal you liked? You know with the strawberries?

Michael

I don't remember.

VICTORIA

She is so great.

LISA

(to the baby)

And clean. That's cause I just finished giving you your bath, isn't that right, Sweetie?

(back to the adults)

As you can tell, I got a bit of a bath as well.

BOBBY

(to Michael)

How come you're not wet?

MICHAEL

Well, Lisa is much better at bathing Erin than I am.

LISA

Only because I get more practice.

BOBBY

Uh-oh. Sounds like someone's not doing their share of the baby-chores around here.

LISA

Michael's been very busy at work lately but he does plenty. In fact, he picked up the soap.

MICHAEL

Sure did!

BOBBY

Good job there, Mikee.

MICHAEL

Thank you.

They laugh which is then followed by another awkward pause.

Michael

So, how are you enjoying your first visit with Erin, Bob?

Victoria

Bobby! Shame on you! I would have been here from the moment she was born.

BOBBY

I'm here now and that's what counts.

LISA

That's right. And now that you are here, I'm sure we'll be seeing a lot more of you.

Michael

Well, that settles it then. Lisa has spoken so I hereby grant you a full reprieve.

BOBBY

Thanks, Mike. But this is bugging the crap outta me. What the hell was the name of that cereal? You know the one I'm talking about, the one with the little red sugar balls that tasted like strawberries?

LISA

Wasn't "Boo Berries" the one with the fake blueberries?

BOBBY

Yeah.

Michael

I really don't remember.

Lisa

Actually, come to think of it, I think they were more like little barrels. Personally, I was more of a "Count Chocula" fan.

BOBBY

Oh, yeah! Count Chocula was definitely the best! And Captain Crunch! I never really cared for the blueberry one.

Victoria

You guys crack me up.

MICHAEL

So, would you like to hold your niece, Bob?

BOBBY

Me? Uh, sure! 'Course!

Michael hands Erin off to Bobby who holds her awkwardly. The "baby" starts to cry.

VICTORIA

Oh, Bobby, you're not holding her right.

LISA

That's okay. He's doing just fine.

BOBBY

Thank you, Lisa. Because if there's one thing I know, it's how to hold a woman. *(to Victoria)* You of all people should know that, kitten.

MICHAEL

Well, I'm afraid this kind of woman takes a little more getting used to.

VICTORIA

(to Michael and Lisa)

May I?

LISA

Sure.

Victoria takes the "baby" from Bobby. Immediately she stops crying.

VICTORIA

See?

LISA

Nice job, Victoria.

MICHAEL

I'm impressed.

VICTORIA

Thanks. I have a large family so I've held a few in my time.

BOBBY

Besides that, as they say, only a woman knows what another woman really wants.

lisa

Very funny.

(to Victoria)

Is he always like this?

VICTORIA

Oh, yeah. Always.

Michael

(r.e. the baby)

Watch out, Bob. You may be getting a glimpse of your future right here.

Victoria

I love babies. Don't you, Bobby?

BOBBY

Absolutely! Especially when they're roasted with onions, peppers.

Victoria

That's a terrible thing to say!

BOBBY

I'm just messin' around.

LISA

I'm sure you'd make a terrific father, Bobby. You did a real good job with Michael. Didn't he, Sweetie?

Michael

Yep. Sure did.

Victoria

She's such a good baby.

LISA

Yes, she is. But she can be incredibly stubborn when she wants to be.

Michael

Once a woman, always a woman.

BOBBY

Ain't that the truth!

LISA

Yes, it is!

Michael

And don't I know it!

They laugh and then another awkward pause.

Victoria

(to the baby)

Well, I guess I'll give you back to your poppa now.

LISA

That's fine. I'll take her.

Victoria hands Erin back to Lisa. Michael puts his arm around Lisa and kisses her. The picture-perfect couple.

VICTORIA

You're such a beautiful family.

LISA

Thank you. That's so sweet.

BOBBY

"Frankenberries!" That's what it was!

LISA

Oh, yeah! I loved them!

MICHAEL

Right. Frankenberries. It was on the tip of my tongue.

VICTORIA

I've never heard of them.

Michael

I'm not surprised. So, shall we head into the living room and get comfortable?

BOBBY

Sure!

Victoria

Thank you.

They walk into the "Living Room." Each couple sits on a

couch facing the other.

BOBBY

Nice place you got here.

LISA

Thank you, Bobby. Now, can I get you two something to eat or drink?

BOBBY

Nah, we're good. We're on our way over to Victoria's parent's house in....

VICTORIA

White Plains.

BOBBY

Yeah! White Plains.

LISA

That's nice.

VICTORIA

Yeah. It is really nice. Not as nice as this, but nice. You know?

Smiles all around

Michael

So...

BOBBY

Yeah, so by the way, me and Victoria just got engaged.

Michael

What?!

LISA

Well, that's wonderful!

VICTORIA

Yeah!

BOBBY

Show them your ring, honey.

Victoria sticks her hand out so all can see.

LISA

Victoria, that is such a beautiful ring. It's so retro.

VICTORIA

It's my high-school graduation ring, actually. But we're going to put diamonds in it for, you know, the dot over the "i's" in my name.

BOBBY

How 'bout that?

MICHAEL

Yes, how 'bout that?

LISA

So romantic! Well, congratulations you two.

MICHAEL

Have you set a date yet?

VICTORIA

Well...

BOBBY

No, not yet. So many things to think about, you know?

LISA

Take it from me, you absolutely have to get on all of it as soon as possible. If you want, I'm sure I can find all the names and numbers of the places to get the invitations, the caterer, DJ's...

MICHAEL

Honey, I'm sure they have it all taken care of.

BOBBY

Yeah, we're definitely on it. But thanks, Lisa. We'll call you if we have any questions or whatever.

Lisa

Please do. I'd love to help.

BOBBY

Well, how 'bout giving Victoria the grand tour? She's been dying to see the house.

VICTORIA

Oh, yeah! That'd be great!

LISA

It would be my pleasure.

Lisa gets up, followed by Victoria.

LISA

Bobby, would you like to come along as well?

BOBBY

In a bit, thanks. I'd like to hang here with Mike. You know, guy talk.

LISA

I think that sounds like a terrific idea. Then come on, Victoria! It's just you and me!

With her free hand, Lisa takes Victoria by the hand and leads her towards the door.

LISA

Besides, I need to put her down anyway and this'll give us a chance to do some girl talk. I feel like it's been ages since I've had the chance to dish. Help yourself to some food, boys! There's plenty!

MICHAEL

Thanks, honey.

BOBBY

See you later, Swee' Pea. I love ya'!

Lisa

So, tell me everything.

Victoria looks to Bobby as she and Lisa EXIT.

MICHAEL

Well! How about that?

BOBBY

Yep. She's a keeper, that one.

MICHAEL

So, she must be the one you were talking about before.

BOBBY

Oh, yeah! That's her all right. What do you think? Hot, isn't she?

Michael begins to laugh.

BOBBY

What's up with you?

Michael

That was really pretty funny, Bob. You almost had me convinced there for a minute.

Bobby

Did I miss something?

MicHAEL

What you said. About getting engaged.

BOBBY

What, you don't think I'm serious?

Michael

Heck, no! You? Engaged to that kid? I mean, she's cute but really, Bob! What is she? Eighteen?

Michael laughs. Bobby doesn't. He stares at Michael whose laughter quickly dissolves into uncertainty and confusion.

mICHAEL

Holy crap. You are serious.

Bobby continues to stare.

Michael

Well, congratulations, Bob! That's really, really great!

bOBBY

Thanks.

MICHAEL

So, when's the date?

BOBBY

I'll let you know.

Michael

Sure. That's fine. Well, listen, tell you what. If you need any help, any help at all, just give me a call. I know a number of people who can get you some great deals. Although, probably not nearly as good as the deals I made for them, if you know what I mean.

BOBBY

Okay.

Michael

Not a problem.

Smiles all around.

Michael

Well! This calls for a celebration!

Michael rises from the couch and crosses to the bar.

Michael

It's not everyday you get to celebrate New Year's, your brother's birthday and his engagement.

BOBBY

You're right about that! Whatta ya got?

Michael takes a bottle out of the wine rack. He cradles it delicately in his hands and smiles lovingly.

Michael

Chateau Mouton, '85.

BOBBY

You know, a beer'd be just fine, thanks.

Michael retrieves a corkscrew and gets to work on uncorking the bottle.

Michael

Trust me, Bob. You will love this. At a hundred a bottle, you better.

BOBBY

You mean dollars?

MICHAEL

Never underestimate the power of a fancy label, Bobby. Not only do my colleagues love it but it impresses the heck out of our clients, especially the ones we're gunning for. Display it proudly, announce the words with just the right inflection, pour a couple of glasses and before they know it, I've got the retainer docs in front of them and a pen in their hand.

BOBBY

So much for saving the rainforests, huh, Mike?

Michael

Idealism doesn't pay the bills like pomp and circumstance can.

Michael laughs a little as he pours two glasses. He hands one of the glasses to Bobby who still sits on the couch. Michael, however, remains standing and swirls his glass as he talks.

MICHAEL

Now this is a Shiraz, very limited vintage and...

Bobby starts to laugh.

mICHAEL

What's so funny? Is my zipper down?

BOBBY

No. I dunno. You just suddenly remind me of a thin, mick Orson Wells. (*imitates Orson Wells*) "We will swirl no wine, before its time." I'm sorry, Mikee. (*with a similar Orson Wellsian/"high-brow" affectation*) Please. Do go on.

Michael also sort of laughs.

MICHAEL

Believe it or not this actually works to help release the bouquet.

BOBBY

I'm so sure.

MICHAEL

And then there's what they call, the "legs" of the wine and... anyway, I don't want to bore you with all that. The point that I was trying to make, is that it's a very limited vintage, pressed and barrelled at a mom and pop vineyard I just happened to stumble upon a few miles south of Versailles.

BOBBY

Ah, yes! Le Boone's Farm! I've been there a number of times myself.

Michael

That's pretty funny. But seriously, it's a light wine combining a sweet oaky flavor with just a hint of peach and assorted botanicals. The slower you drink it, the more your palate will be able to appreciate the distinct flavors. It's getting hard to find so I bought five cases.

BOBBY

Five cases, huh? That's a lot of special occasions. Glad I rated up there with your colleagues and clients.

Michael

Well, I assure you that this is, by far, the most special of occasions. So now, a toast! Drum roll please. To my big brother! May you one day experience all the happiness and success that I have. Slainté!

Bobby doesn't return the toast. There's a pause.

BOBBY

You saying I'm not happy or successful?

MICHAEL

What? No, no you misunderstood. I didn't mean it like that at all.

BOBBY

Then how did you mean it?

MICHAEL

I just meant that I wish you the very best of everything.

BOBBY

Which is what you have.

MICHAEL

Well, yes...

BOBBY

And which I obviously do not have, at least in your terms, or you wouldn't have said it.

Pause.

MICHAEL

Look, I'm sorry. I really didn't mean it like that. Can we just drink the wine now?

BOBBY

Absofuckinglutely.

Bobby jabs his glass into Michael's and they both drink. Or rather, Michael sips and watches in silent horror as Bobby chugs-down the whole glass, finishing it off with another satisfied "Ahhh!"

BOBBY

Damn! You're right! Those are some of the tastiest botanicals I have ever had! It's like there's a party in my mouth!

Bobby looks to Michael.

BOBBY

Oh, man, I am so sorry. I was supposed to drink it slow, right?

Michael

No, no, it's fine. I just hope you enjoyed it.

BOBBY

Oh, I did. But I promise I'll do better and enjoy it even more with the next glass.

Bobby holds the glass out.

Michael

Aren't you driving?

BOBBY

Hell, no! I learned my lesson! Victoria's got the keys tonight. She takes real good care of me. I tell ya', it's nice for a change.

Bobby shakes his now-empty glass. Michael reluctantly fills it, but only about half as much as the last time.

Michael

So, when did you say you had to be in White Plains?

BOBBY

There's no rush. I mean is there? All you gotta do is say the word if you need to get back to work or something.

Michael

I'm just thinking about your safety, that's all. The news was saying that the roads are a mess.

BOBBY

We're good. Thanks for your concern.

Bobby stretches his arm out along the back of the couch.

BOBBY

Yeah. Real nice place you have here, Mikee.

Michael

It suits us.

BOBBY

Yeah. You know, I never really thought about it before but I could really get used to something like this. Maybe not as showroom perfect, a little more lived-in, you know? But still, holiday parties with our families, Bar-B-Q's in the summer,

sittin' in the jacuzzi, drinkin' a beer, watching Yankee games off the dish. Be pretty sweet, don'cha think?

Michael

We don't get to entertain as much as we'd like. Lisa would love to but there just doesn't seem to be that much time these days.

BOBBY

How much did all this set you back, anyways? If you don't mind me asking.

Michael

Well, I don't really like to talk about it, but twenty percent.

BOBBY

Twenty? Good for you! Things going' pretty good at the firm, huh?

Michael

Not bad. Especially given the current economic climate.

BOBBY

Especially. Never a shortage of work when it comes to finding loopholes for corporate sleazebags, is there? In fact, given the current economic climate you've probably never had it so good.

Bobby laughs. Michael says nothing.

BOBBY

Oh, hey, I'm just kiddin', Mike. Seriously, I'm sure you're doing a hellova job. So anyways, what kinda interest rate you get? About ten or something?

Michael

We got it at six and a quarter but now we're down to just under five. We refinanced.

BOBBY

So you refinanced, huh? Well, bully for you, kid. Taking advantage of Mister Greenberg's generosity, lowering rates and shit. That's what I would have done.

Michael

I think you mean Greenspan.

BOBBY

What's that?

Michael

Alan Greenspan. The head of the Federal Reserve. He's the one who...

BOBBY

Oh, sure! *Alan Greenspan!* I don't know why I said Greenberg. You know what it must have been? I was just talking to a friend of mine before whose last name is Greenberg so that must've been it.

Michael

I wouldn't have thought those kind of things would interest you.

BOBBY

Oh, yeah, sure! I read lots! The Times, the Journal from time to time. Just to keep track of stuff. Don't you?

Michael

Yes, but I have to. I'm impressed, Bobby. Good for you.

Pause.

BOBBY

You know what, Mike? As hard as you try, you just can't help but sound pretentious.

Michael

I was just trying to pay you a compliment.

BOBBY

Oh, right. You're a lawyer. I forgot. The attitude must come standard with your Beemer.

Michael

I'm going to let you slide on that because I know all too well how you can get when you're drunk.

BOBBY

I'm not drunk.

Michael

Then you're just acting like an asshole.

Bobby laughs.

BOBBY

You know what, Mikee? When you're right, you're right and right now you are right! Maybe I am acting like a dick and you know what? If I am, I apologize. Fair enough?

MICHAEL

Fine.

Pause. Bobby gets up and motions for Michael to give

him his glass which is also now empty.

BOBBY

C'mon! Let's drink and make up. What do you say I get us a refill of that special sauce of yours?

MICHAEL

I'm okay.

BOBBY

Suit yourself.

Bobby heads for the bar.

MICHAEL

No, wait!

Michael finally moves, intercepts him and gets to the bottle first.

MICHAEL

I'll get it. I am the host after all.

BOBBY

Whatever, man. Your house.

As Michael pours some more, Bobby peruses the numerous framed photos which line the furniture. He stops at one and picks it up for a closer look.

BOBBY

Disney World, huh?

Michael

Lisa's parents live in Boca during the winter. I thought Erin was too young to go but Lisa and her folks thought different so, of course, off we went. Listen, we gotta lot of food left over that we'll never get to. You like Chinese, don't you?

bobby

Nice picture.

Bobby puts the photo down.

MICHAEL

So, tell me! When did all this happen?

BOBBY

By "all this," you mean my engagement?

Michael

I don't remember you mentioning anything about it before.

BOBBY

Well, that's me! Mr. Spontaneity! Victoria's always going off on what a hopeless romantic I am so I figured New Years would be a good day to pop the question.

Michael

Isn't Andrews your ex's last name?

BOBBY

Used to be. Victoria's Kim's little sister. Been awhile since I've had the pleasure of swimmin' in the same gene pool.

Michael

You think that's smart?

BOBBY

I don't see why not? Everything worked out with the Donato twins. Well, eventually, anyways.

MICHAEL

Be serious for a second.

BOBBY

I dunno, Mike. Maybe, maybe not. Not everyone gets to be as smart as you.

Michael

You know what, Bob? You were giving me a hard time back at the bar but I didn't say anything. Now I am. So please, just cut it out. Okay?

BOBBY

Look, man, what I'm saying is that me and Kim didn't work out because I wasn't ready, all right? I was too young and I made some mistakes. Okay, maybe a whole lot of mistakes. But now's different. Lemme at it, you know? Marriage, kids, the whole kit and caboodle.

Michael

Man, oh, man! You think you got it all figured out, don't you? Once again you really don't have any idea what you're talking about.

BOBBY

What's there to know? We're happy. We're in love. Just like you and Lisa.

Michael

Look, Bobby, all I'm saying is that Kim was the only relationship you've really ever had. Why not take it slow? One step at a time, remember?

BOBBY

What about you? How much experience could you have possibly had?

MICHAEL

Not a whole lot.

BOBBY

You probably hadn't even had your cherry popped by the time you got hitched.

MICHAEL

That has absolutely no relevance in my opinion. But yes, I do admit that I've been extremely fortunate.

BOBBY

Well, so have I so don't you worry about me. I'll work it out just fine.

Michael

There's an interesting choice of words.

BOBBY

What the fuck's that supposed to mean?

Michael

Nothing. And please keep your voice down.

BOBBY

What the fuck's that supposed to mean?!

MICHAEL

It means, how the hell are you going to pay for it all?

BOBBY

What are you talking about?

MICHAEL

Oh, come on, Bob. Ma's been telling me what you're doing, which doesn't add up to a whole lot of anything, really.

BOBBY

Hey! What did I tell you before, Mikee? I said drop it, didn't I?

Michael

Why? Just because you say so?

BOBBY

As a matter of fact, yes!

Michael

I don't have to anymore! I'm not the little kid I used to be, you can't just push me around anymore!

BOBBY

I never pushed you around. Remember that time when you and me...

MICHAEL

Stop changing the subject! You always do that! You always go off on a "remember back in the good ol' days" tangent when you don't know what else to say.

BOBBY

I do not.

MICHAEL

Yes, you do! Look, Bob I'm trying to help you here so let's bottom-line it, shall we? You're thirty-five-years old now, right? You only work when you feel like it and then you spend the rest of the time at Sean's.

BOBBY

Is that what she told you? Because that, my dear little brother, is an absurd falsity told by an ungrateful, mean old bitch.

Michael

Watch your mouth! That's our mother you're talking about, not just your latest meal ticket!

BOBBY

That ticket comes at a mighty steep price, Mike. At least I've been around to collect it. What's your story?

LISA and VICTORIA RE-ENTER.

Lisa

What is going on in here?

bobby and michael

Nothing!

LISA

Well, Erin's finally asleep so I would appreciate it if you would please keep your nothing down to a minimum. *(to Bobby)* How 'bout I get you and Victoria

something to eat? I think maybe we could all use a little something.

Victoria

Maybe that would be good.

BOBBY

You know what? Screw this. I'm outta here.

Michael

(to Bobby)

I expected more from you.

BOBBY

Don't you dare patronize me!

Michael

Don't you dare raise your voice to me in my house!

BOBBY

Hey, I'm the big brother here! I'm the one who tells you shit not the other way around! So you better show me some respect!

Michael

After what you did to me? To us? You've still never apologized!

BOBBY

Here we go!

LISA

I don't believe this. What did I just say?

Victoria

C'mon, Bobby. You're going to wake the baby.

BOBBY

(to Victoria)

This has nothing to do with you! So, please! Just back the hell off already!

She does.

Michael

I'm done here. Do what you want, Bob. Happy Birthday, Happy New Year and congratulations. I wish you both the best of luck. You're gonna need it.

Michael walks towards the door.

BOBBY

Hey! Don't you walk away from me! You got something you wanna say, say it!

MICHAEL

Oh, grow up already.

bobby

I grew up a long time ago, Mikee. I had to when I was put in charge of raising your porcelain ass.

Michael stops and turns.

MICHAEL

Nobody ever put you in charge!

LISA

What the hell's the matter with you two? You haven't seen each other for three years and you're picking up right where you left off!

Michael

(to Lisa)

Don't get involved!

Lisa's taken aback by Michael's sudden and uncharacteristic intensity.

The Baby starts to cry.

MICHAEL

I'll get her.

LISA

No! I don't want you around her right now.

Lisa walks hurriedly towards the door.

BOBBY

(to Lisa)

If I were you I'd tighten the leash around this mad dog of yours.

LISA

Stop it, Bobby. You're as much to blame as he is. Maybe even more so.

Lisa Exits. Victoria slinks back and sits in one of the chairs, trying to stay as much out of harms way as possible.

BOBBY

So? Are we done here or is there something else you wanna get off your chest

now that your master's gone?

mICHAEL

I'm done.

BOBBY

C'mon, big man! You know you wanna. Gimme your best shot. I double dare ya'.

MICHAEL

You say you're ready to take on these huge responsibilities. But look at you, Bob. The way you act...

BOBBY

What's wrong with the way I act?

Michael

You've never had a steady job...

BOBBY

Again with the job. What do you call what I'm doing now?

Michael

And you probably still spend all your time drinking with Neil, Eddie and Dave. The "Intoxicated Avengers."

BOBBY

Oh, I see. I have a couple of beers with my buddies and that makes me an irresponsible delinquent. Let me ask you something, Counselor. When was the last time you went out and had some fun? Probably with me. Sounds to me like you're jealous.

Michael

Of what? Of not pretending that I'm still eighteen?

The Baby stops crying.

bOBBY

So now you're saying you're more mature than me.

MICHAEL

As a matter of fact I do. And here's something else- I don't respect you, Bob. Not anymore.

BOBBY

You can say that to me? After everything I've done for you, you can say that shit to me?

MICHAEL

You were supposed to be my best man! You never even showed up!

VICTORIA

(to Bobby)

You blew off their wedding?

BOBBY

(To Victoria) Butt out! *(To Michael)* Let me tell you a thing or two about being mature, little brother. Mature was having to raise you when I was still a kid myself.

MICHAEL

Break out the violins.

BOBBY

Fuck you! And if you think Ma was any help, then you got that version all wrong. It was pretty much all me, all the time. If she was around, most of the time she wasn't much good to anyone other than the guy who owned the liquor store. But I guess you don't remember that part too well, do ya' Mikee?

MICHAEL

Michael! My name is Michael! Not Mikee or Lil' Bro! You got that? And yes, I do remember a lot of it! But the point is how many more years am I going to have to feel obligated to you for something I never asked you for? You think I had it so good? First with Pop and then you? The two of you were always up my ass, always making sure I did all the right things all the time and getting all over me if I didn't!

BOBBY

Yeah, it must have really sucked having people who cared about you. But at least you had that.

MICHAEL

But unlike you I worked my tail off, as I still do twenty-four-seven. And obviously I'm still not as lucky as you are.

BOBBY

Oh, I've got it real good.

Lisa comes back.

MICHAEL

But you do! Living off the fat the land. No real responsibilities. I'd love to sit around all day long drinking beers with my friends, no worries, shacking-up with

whatever sugar-mama or slut you stick your dick into and then dumping them as soon as you get bored.

LISA

Michael!

Victoria steps back into the melee.

VICTORIA

Wait a minute. What?

MICHAEL

Or is it that they're the one's who take off after they finally get fed-up with your constant bullshit?

BOBBY

Is that what you think?

LISA

(to Michael)

I've never heard you talk like this!

Victoria

(to Michael)

What did you say about Bobby?

Michael

(to Victoria)

You heard me.

LISA

(to Victoria)

I'm sure it's not true, honey.

Victoria

(to Michael)

I am not a slut.

(then to Bobby)

I'm not!

BOBBY

I never said you were!

MICHAEL

That's always been his M.O., Sweetheart. What makes you think you're so special? Because he told you you were?

BOBBY

Don't listen to him! He's full of shit!

MICHAEL

Because he says he wants to get married?

BOBBY

We are getting married!

Victoria

No, we're not!

Pause.

MICHAEL

Excuse me?

BOBBY

(to Victoria)

Shut up.

VICTORIA

(to Bobby)

No! I've had it with this!

(to Michael and Lisa)

He made this whole thing up and I just went along with it because it's his birthday and he said it'd be fun!

BOBBY

I said shut up!

Lisa

Is that true, Bobby?

MICHAEL

Why would you do that?

Bobby pauses aware that all eyes are now on him.

BOBBY

Let's go, Victoria.

Bobby starts to leave but Michael stops him with a hand to his chest.

MICHAEL

Why are you here?

BOBBY

Don't you fucking touch me!

The legal-wheels in Michael's head begin to spin with precision and he zeros in on Bobby.

Michael

You're checking up on me.

Bobby

Get outta my way.

MICHAEL

Your curiosity finally got the best of you and you needed to see for yourself how the other half's living. The house, the career, the family. Everything you don't have and you can't handle that. Admit it, you've been jealous of me for years.

BOBBY

That's not true! I always wanted the best for you!

Michael

When? Back in the good old days you keep talking about when you were the big-shot and I had to do whatever you said?

BOBBY

You had choices. I didn't.

MICHAEL

That's bullshit! I never had any choices either! I was going to be exactly what Pop and then you wanted me to be. So here I am! You created me! What do you think of your work?

Bobby

No, that's not it.

MICHAEL

Then what is it then? You're obviously not here to apologize for the wedding.

Lisa

It's all forgotten.

MICHAEL

No, it is *not* forgotten! And neither are all those other times when you ruined what were supposed to be a happy days for me! You were drunk for my College graduation and then so wasted for my law school graduation that no one could shut you up! You remember that little spontaneous speech you made? The one

about how I always had it so good and how much Pop loved me more than you?

BOBBY

But it's true! He did!

MICHAEL

I was so embarrassed, so ashamed of you, of me, of...

BOBBY

You were always the Golden Child and I was shit!

Michael

That wasn't my fault! How does that give you the license to deliberately humiliate me?

BOBBY

I don't need this.

MICHAEL

What do you want me to say, Bob? That I'm sorry I turned out to be everything you and Pop wanted me to be? That I feel guilty because I've made it and you haven't? I used to, you know. I felt bad for you. But not anymore. I've worked damn hard to get here so don't lay your shit on me. You've got to earn it only you don't know that because you've never earned anything in your life.

BOBBY

Never did anything? Are you serious? I followed that son-of-a-bitches orders to the letter.

MICHAEL

That wasn't my fault.

BOBBY

To the letter! I promised! I looked out for you! And what do I get for that? Minimum wage! Telemarketing and customer service! Where's my 401k and golden fucking parachute?

MICHAEL

You're so good with the excuses and the rationalizations. That's not my fault!

BOBBY

Where the fuck you been, Mike? I'm right back where I started because someone had to be and you were just too busy being glorious to be bothered.

Michael slowly shakes his head in a condescending manner.

MICHAEL

You relied on your looks and your bad-boy charm for too long and look where it's gotten you. You're bitter and your allure's turned dull.

Pause. Bobby' silent. Michael knows he's gotten to him to Bobby and on a some level, he's really enjoying the power he now wields.

MICHAEL

Are the girls who used to stare at you now staring through you instead?

BOBBY

Why'd you give me the watch?

MICHAEL

The watch?

BOBBY

Yes, the fucking watch! It should have been mine in the first place, you know that! Why did you give it me?

MICHAEL

Is that what this is all about?

Pause.

BOBBY

Damn you, tell me! Or I swear to God, I'll rip your fucking heart out!

Pause.

MICHAEL

(calmly. firmly.)

No.

Bobby yells and then charges for Michael who catches Bobby with a hard right hook to the jaw.

Bobby immediately hits the ground.

LISA

Stop!

Victoria runs over to Bobby.

VICTORIA

Bobby? Are you all right?

Bobby says nothing. He just lies there.

NEIL

Yo, Bob-ayy!

The lights fade up on NEIL who sits on his barstool in the Bar in SILHOUETTE and faces Bobby.

At the same time, all the lights in the House fade down except for one on BOBBY.

NEIL

For fuck's sake, Bobby! See what happens when you go where you don't belong? Quit wasting everyone's time and get your ass back over here, would ya? The pool table's open and I got quarters up!

The lights fade back down on the Bar and back up on the House. Bobby slowly picks himself up off the floor and leaves without saying a word.

Victoria watches him, then after a few moments, she turns back to Michael and Lisa.

Victoria

Um... nice to meet you...

As Victoria hurriedly exits, the lights fade down on Michael and Lisa...

... And fade up on Bobby and Victoria as they slowly cross the stage towards the bar.

Victoria

You haven't said a word since we left your brother's you know. You okay? Your jaw still hurt?

Bobby stops just before the door of the bar, his head down.

VICTORIA

What are you doing? C'mon, it's cold. Let's go in.

No response.

Victoria

Hey! I'm talking to you!

No response.

Victoria

Whatever. Asshole.

Just as Victoria's about to go into the bar...

BOBBY

See what happens when you go where you don't belong?

VICTORIA

What did you say?

Pause.

BOBBY

I didn't mean to put you in the middle of all that.

Victoria

Is it true? What he said about you? I'd really like to know.

Bobby turns and looks back at the house.

BOBBY

Man, back in high school, it was like there was nothing I couldn't do. People knew me, they looked-up to me. Guys, girls. It all came so easy. But somewhere in the middle the tables got turned. Nothing's worked out the way it used to for a long time. Fuckin' Mikee's the only thing that's happened the way it was supposed to. I should be happy for him. Instead I hate his guts.

VICTORIA

So, why did you go back?

BOBBY

The truth wasn't exactly something that was encouraged in my family. There was always too much shame or guilt or something to hide.

VICTORIA

Like what?

BOBBY

Everything. A long time ago our folks spilt-up for awhile, for about a year or so as the story goes. A few months after they got back together, I came along so I guess it was pretty obvious what had happened in the meantime. And then, even after Mike was born, my mother would get this look in her eye and she would leave. Just like that, she'd pack her bags and take off. She always came home when she ran out of money or missed us or whatever.

VICTORIA

But your father took her back?

BOBBY

Each and every time. Even after all the shit she put him through he still loved her. Can you imagine that? To love someone that much? I don't know if it's romantic or pathetic but either way, lemme tell ya', that's a real tough act to follow.

Bobby pauses.

bOBBY

I kinda get stuck in my head sometimes, you know? Most times I don't listen. This time I did. Probably would've been better for everyone if I had just stayed where I belonged.

Compassion replaces anger. Victoria walks up to him.

Victoria

Maybe I can do something to make you feel better. It's still your Birthday, after all. And besides, even with everything, I think I really do like you. A sucker for hard-luck cases, right?

She leans into Bobby and kisses him gently. He lets her at first but then pushes her away.

Victoria

What's the matter, baby?

BOBBY

Get outta here.

Victoria

What? Why?

BOBBY

Because maybe... you, me...

VICTORIA

What?

Bobby slowly, sadly shakes his head.

BOBBY

Beat it.

She doesn't move.

bOBBY (cont'd)

Go on. Get outta here.

VICTORIA

No.

Bobby

I said get the fuck outta here, bitch!

She slaps him hard across the face and storms into the bar.

After a moment, Bobby heads in also.

LIGHTS UP FULL on the BAR. Raucous HARD ROCK plays and now there's LOTS OF CROWD NOISE.

NEIL

Bobby! What the hell did you do? She's really pissed.

BOBBY

Where's Eddie and Dave?

NEIL

Never showed. But I swear, if you did anything to hurt her.

BOBBY

Would you just shut up already?

NEIL

I'm serious man, if you hurt her, I'll...

BOBBY

I didn't fucking hurt her, all right? So get off it!

Neil

Fine! But you know what, man? You're getting to be almost as much fun as Ol' Pete. And let me tell ya', he ain't all that much fun.

If Neil had someone else to talk to, he would. But since he doesn't, he focuses instead on the end of the bar and chuckles a little to himself.

NEIL

Fuckin' Pete. He still cracks me up. Check him out, man. Still sitting on the same bar-stool he's been livin' on for the last twenty years. You know, he could have a heart attack and die and you'd never know it until closing time, if then. He'd be like a robot or some shit like that. Like in "Blade Runner" when Rutger Hauer just shut down. Yep, that'll be Ol' Pete. One day just shutting down, beer

in his hand, completely upright. It'd be funny if it weren't so pathetic. God bless him, that poor slob. By the way, these are on you, loverboy.

Neil downs his beer and scans the bar. In the silence which follows, Bobby looks at his watch.

BOBBY

It's broken.

NEIL

What's broken?

BOBBY

The watch.

NEIL

Fuck the watch, we got important business here. Nine o'clock. The bitch in red.

Bobby slowly turns and looks in the direction Neil indicates and then turns back to the watch.

Neil

How 'bout you go work your voodoo with that one and hook me up. It's the very least you can do for me after scamming on my squeeze.

Bobby thinks for a moment and then gets up. But instead of going towards the "girl," he heads for the door and EXITS.

NEIL

Hey. Where are you going? Hey! Listen, I'll talk to Vicky for you! Okay, buddy?

The lights fade down on the Bar and fade up full on the House as Bobby walks slowly up to the window and looks in. There, Michael and Lisa sit on opposite ends of the couch. As usual she holds the baby, he works on his legal pad.

Bobby just stands there and watches.

BOBBY

Tell me how to do it, Mike. Tell me what I gotta do 'cause I don't know anymore.

Michael eventually notices that someone or something is at the window. He gets up and goes over to it.

LISA

What's the matter?

MicHAEL

I thought I saw someone.

He looks out the window.

Michael

You've got to be kidding me. It's Bob.

LISA

Again? It's almost midnight.

As Michael goes to the door, Lisa quietly follows but stays back a ways.

LISA

Don't hurt him.

Michael throws the door open.

Michael

Now what?

BOBBY

Just lookin', that's all.

MicHAEL

Yeah, right. Here it comes! Round two! Ding-Ding!

BOBBY

I'm not here to fight.

MICHAEL

Then what?

Bobby shrugs.

BOBBY

Maybe I did do some good after all.

MICHAEL

Yes, you did good. Now go home.

BOBBY

I love ya'.

MICHAEL

What?

BOBBY

You heard me. I've just been too caught up in my own bullshit to tell you. So, now I'm telling you. That's it. That's all I came back here to say. You can do whatever you want with it.

Michael's taken back a little. Bobby takes the watch off his wrist and gives it to Michael.

BOBBY

Here.

MICHAEL

No. I gave it to you.

BOBBY

Just take it. Ma wanted you to have this not me so I guess that means Pop did also. I'm okay with it. Besides the crystal's broken and it stopped. I must have fallen on it after you hit me so technically it's your fault. You pay to get it fixed 'cause I'm broke.

Michael takes the watch and gives it a good look.

BOBBY

It's nice to see you still listen to me sometimes.

MICHAEL

You used to remind me of him, you know. I miss that. Guess I thought that this would somehow make everything right again, the way it used to be. Tell you the truth I never understood why she gave it to me, either.

BOBBY

Yeah, well. Have a Happy New Year, Mike.

Bobby starts to take off back towards the Bar. Michael watches and then, inspired by Bobby's honesty and perhaps feeling like he'll never have another chance...

MICHAEL

(blurts out)

I work all the time, you know!

Bobby stops and turns back.

MICHAEL

Twelve-hour days, six sometimes seven days a week. I keep telling myself it's for them. I've been a terrible husband, an even worse father. We're in debt up to

our asses. And Lisa... I don't know what I would do without her. (*pause*) Truth is I'm afraid.

BOBBY

Of what?

MICHAEL

That Erin is going to grow up hating me because I was never there for her. Like you were for me.

LISA, who's been listening to this conversation the entire time, finally turns sits back down on the couch.

As BOBBY and MICHAEL look at each other, the years of anger, frustration and resentment melt away in the silence. The change is obvious in Michael's body language and especially in his now softened tones and inflection. He even seems to be bordering on crying.

Even though the same is going on within Bobby, he manages to contain it.

Bobby reaches out towards Michael as if he means to hug him. But ultimately he doesn't, and instead just kinda hits him on the shoulder.

BOBBY

Hey, c'mon. It's going to be okay. I mean you still got your health, right? At least until either Lisa or Erin kicks your ass. Although that was some right hook you caught me with.

MICHAEL

It ought to be. You're the one who taught me how to throw it.

Pause. They smile.

BOBBY

You're a good man, Michael.

Michael shakes his head slowly and sadly.

MICHAEL

I hated her Bob, for everything that she did to us. When she needed help all I did was write a check. Any more than that...

Michael shakes his head.

mICHAEL

But you did.

BOBBY

Only 'cause I had to.

MICHAEL

No, you didn't. And no matter what your reasons were, that says a lot.

Pause.

BOBBY

Well, none of that matters now. It's your family that's important now and I know you'll do the right thing. And if you don't, I promise you I *will* kick your ass. That's what a big brother's for, ya' know. I just better get back to the gym first.

MICHAEL

Yeah.

BOBBY

Yeah? Whaddaya' mean, yeah?

They laugh. Then after the laughter has faded and another silent moment has passed...

BOBBY

Ah, for fuck's sake...

Bobby throws his arms around Michael and hugs him with everything he's got. Michael returns it with equal force.

Michael

I've always hated when you called me Mikee.

BOBBY

I know.

The lights fade up on Neil and Victoria in the Bar. They're in silhouette and they face Bobby.

Neil

Yo, Bobby! The wet T-shirt contest's gonna start! Good times just like the old times!

Victoria

Come on back, Bobby! I wanna dance with you! A nice, slow dance where I can

wrap my arms around you and hold you tight. Wouldn't you like that?

This time the Silhouettes do not fade back down to black.

Bobby breaks from the embrace.

BOBBY

I gotta go. There's this wet T-shirt contest thing I gotta go do...

Michael

You don't have to. I mean, you can stay. You know, if you want.

BOBBY

One step at a time, right? Visualize!

They share a smile.

BOBBY

Give Erin and Lisa a kiss for me, will ya'?

MICHAEL

Sure. Happy New Year, Bob.

BOBBY

Yeah. Happy New Year, Mike.

Bobby moves off slowly towards the Bar. Michael calls after him.

Michael

Hey! I think I gotta coupla' beers in the fridge! Why not come in and spend the rest of your Birthday with us for fuck's sake?

This time Bobby doesn't stop until he reaches Centerstage. He can't help himself but turn and look back at Michael.

BOBBY

Good times just like the old times. Right, Mike?

NEIL

Yo, Bob-ayy! Good times just like the old times!

Bobby turns to Neil in the Bar...

MICHAEL

We'd really like that. If you came back.

... then back towards Michael.

Victoria
Bahh-beeee! C'mon back, baby.

... then towards Victoria...

Michael
I'd really like that.

... and then finally back towards Michael.

Neil
Hey! Good times just like the old times!

Victoria
Bah-bee baby.

Michael
You can stay, you know.

Neil
Bobby!

Victoria
Bahhh-beeeee!

Michael
Bob?

The voices repeat over and over. Finally, Bobby puts his hands severely to his head and over his ears.

The voices stop.

Silence. Stillness.

Then, at the BAR, Neil and Victoria sit back down. There's an empty stool between them. He looks at her, she looks off somewhere else.

At the HOUSE, Michael sits back down on the couch. He picks up the yellow legal pad, begins to work but then sees Lisa and the baby. He puts the pad down.

And then... ALL BAR AND HOUSE LIGHTS FADE TO BLACK.

Now Bobby's the only one who's lit. His hands drop slowly back to his side and he stares out into the audience where he remains until his light finally and suddenly goes black.

Old Lang Syne plays.

End of act two

THE END