



POKERFACES

And *Castanets*

(A play in Two Acts)

By
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POKERFACES

and *Castanets*

CAST

(In order of appearance)

- BUDDY**.....40ish. Good looking, playboy. Top-notch fashion photographer. Sexy, Charming, lives for the moment.
- SAL**.....50ish. Italian. Short. Very Outspoken, runs the "Family" Sanitation business. Lives in the shadow of his father.
- KILLER**.....40ish, Irish. Famous Wrestler. Tough and slow on the outside, sensitive Little boy on the inside.
- SCHWARTZ**.....40ish. Famous black entertainer. Hides behind his humor.
- T. K.**.....50ish. Waspy, high powered attorney/agent. Cold and calculating. Represents SCHWARTZ and Killer.
- EDDIE (Doc)**.....50ish. Overweight. Prominent heart Surgeon, Buddy's older brother. Loved And, respected by all, can do no wrong.



POKERFACES

And *Castanets*

ACT I

Scene 1

1984
8 P.M.

A photography studio. Lights, cameras, large photos of beautiful women and major products dramatically encompass studio. Eclectic in nature, there are props galore strewn about. A large oak table and six director chairs are center stage. BUDDY is sitting at table making lines of cocaine on mirror. SAL is drinking a beer and has castanets that HE will SAL Clicks throughout. KILLER is wearing a sweat suit and is smoking a joint. THEY will swap beer and joint. KILLER flexes muscles.

KILLER

Did you see me on closed circuit last night, Sal?

SAL

You know I hate wrestling. How many times do I have to tell you? Only my father thinks you're a big deal in the family.

KILLER

I pinned Mad-dog Yomada's ass in thirty-five seconds.

SAL

Big deal, and who the hell is Mad-dog Yomada? A lost kamikaze pilot? Don't you think someone should tell him the war is over?

KILLER

I WON THE BELT BACK, SAL. IT'S MINE. THE BELT IS MINE.

SAL

Instead of THE BELT, they should have given you the Academy Award, you phony bastard. And by the way, how long are they going to let you keep it this time? Holly Toledo.

(Casually picks up slip of paper.)

Hey Killer, you won't believe this.

KILLER

What's that?

SAL

According to this slip of paper, our dear friend Buddy has given a quarter of million dollars to the AIDS foundation this year.

KILLER

You know why, don'tcha? The way he screws around, he's probably afraid that he's gonna get it, if he don't have it already. Ya know what I mean, jelly bean?

SAL

I hope he don't have it, because where are we going to play and get the...

KILLER

I told you, we could play at my place. What's wrong wit Trump's Tower, Sally? I mean, lots of famous people live there.

BUDDY

You guys gonna bullshit all night, or do you want to do this toot before my big brother gets here? You better hurry, or you're gonna hear another sermon by our leading heart surgeon on how we are all killing ourselves again? Taking pictures, I've earned over seven figures for who knows how long, and he still has the 'chutzpah' to tell ME what to do. It's like he doesn't know that I make more bread than any other photographer in the world.

(SAL slaps KILLER five and goes to table as BUDDY snorts. BUDDY gives SAL straw and takes joint. SAL snorts, then gives straw to KILLER and sips on beer. This action repeats with SAL smoking joint and KILLER sipping beer.)

BUDDY

I hope you can't catch any of that shit going around by sharing a beer.

(SAL coughs and KILLER gags on beer. THEY quickly put joint and beer down. BUDDY goes to desk to get photos.)

SAL

Or maybe, like the Surgeon General says, you really only get it from taking it up the keesta, Killer.

KILLER

You're such a squirt.

(HE and SAL come face to face.)

SAL

Just because you became champion of Wrestle Mania, again, what is it, the forth time in the last six years? I still get nauseous from your breath, sweetie.

BUDDY

(From desk.)

Touchy, touchy, touchy.

SAL

Here we go again. I can't wait to see his latest "conquest," can you?

KILLER

I wouldn't mind conquestin' one of his "*conquests*" once in a while. Would you, Sal?

BUDDY

(Returns and points to photos.)

Hey hammerlock, see this chick that you and Sal were just drooling about? Well, we were on location in Greece for 10 days. Not only did I make 125-thou for the shoot, she was such a freak. Three o'clock in the morning, smacked out of our tits, we balled right in the Par-the-non.

KILLER

The what?

SAL

The Parthenon, the Parthenon!

KILLER

Oh, yeah.

(SAL Clicks. BUDDY thumbs through Polaroids as HE returns to table and gives one to KILLER.)

BUDDY

Eat your heart out; did you ever see such a beautiful pair of Parthenons in your life?

(KILLER regretfully nods no. BUDDY gives photo to SAL.)

SAL

The fact is I have always had this thing for chicks with big Parthenons and long blonde hair. And this one happens to look like Miss Universe...

BUDDY

...She is.

KILLER

You really mean it? Swear?

BUDDY

...How'd you like to go around the world with her sitting on your face this weekend, G man?

SAL

As you know, I am a very happily married man, and in order to remain happily married, I'm not answering on the grounds I might incriminate myself. So, I'm taking the fifth.

KILLER

Look at this. Don't tell me she's wearing handcuffs. And she's giving him a little head, no less.

(BUDDY dangles handcuffs.)

BUDDY

Want to borrow them? Maybe you'll get lucky, too?

KILLER

(Shies away.)

Are you kiddin', I hate those things.

(BUDDY dangles cuffs to KILLER, who after telephone rings feigns bumping into KILLER and clamps one handcuff on HIM. BUDDY continues to phone.)

KILLER

What an asshole. I just told him that I hate handcuffs and look what he did. Look at this. I'm gonna break his...

SAL

...Hey, Killer, I wonder why he thinks we're always interested in his sick, perverted sex life. I think it's disgusting.

KILLER

It don't seem that disgusting to me, Sally. In fact, sometimes I wouldn't mind takin' some of his pitures. Ya know what I mean, G man. Ya know what I mean?

SAL

Ya see all that toot he has?

KILLER

I only do it when we play cards. Buddy's doing it all the time, and if he doesn't watch-out, he's gonna get a heart attack one of these days. I mean he's gonna "kill him-self."

SAL

So, why don't you say something? You're supposed to be his friend, remember?

KILLER

Why don't you tell him, G-man? You got a big mouth.

SAL

I don't want to waste my time. He doesn't listen to Doc, what makes you think he'll listen to me?

KILLER

(Shakes handcuff.)

Shit, it's locked!

SAL

Forget it. If you don't make a big deal about it, I'm sure he'll get the key, sooner or later.

KILLER

Hey Sal, betcha you wouldn't have minded trading places with him...

SAL

The only thing I wouldn't mind trading places with is his pee-wee.

KILLER

No, I mean trading places with him in the...

SAL

The Par-the-non. The Par-the-non.

KILLER

(Picks up photo. dreamy.)

...Yeah, the Parni...

SAL

...But sooner or later I'd have to go home to my family.

KILLER

Not me, man. I would've stayed with this chick forever...

(HE can't remember Parthenon.)

...in the Parnithon. Yeah, the Parnithon.

SAL

Parnithon? Ya know Killer, lots of people ask me if I know you, and I tell them, no.

KILLER

Well, how come nobody ever asked me if I know you, Mr. G man? Maybe it's because you ain't famous like the Killer, Sal. You're nobody, just like Buddy, a nobody.

SAL

That man is out to screw the entire female population, and he may very well succeed. You better tell your mother to join a nunnery.

KILLER

You sound pretty jealous to me, G man.

SAL

Jealous? Me, jealous?

(BUDDY returns.)

BUDDY

(Sings.)

"Jea-lousy, why do you tor-ture me? I sometimes won-der, what's this spell that I'm un-der?"

(BUDDY slaps SAL and KILLER five.)

SAL

(Sarcastic, effeminate.)

I think this old Mick should ask his shrink why he loves to wrestle with all those big gorillas. Just what is he trying to prove?

KILLER

I love to wrestle because it makes me feel like a man. And those Armani suits and all that perfume you wear don't change a thing. You still smell like a garbage man, garbage man.

SAL

Me and my old man got 184 trucks, 911 employees, and you got the balls to call me a garbage man? And it's called cologne, and what do you know about clothes, anyway. Beneath your sequined sweat suit is the same smelly
(Sniffs twice.)

jockstrap. They're holding their noses in Coney Island.

KILLER

And how come you never told us why you're always playin' with those spic castanets, huh?

BUDDY

Castanets, hammerlocks, pictures, garbage, we all come from the same garden of Eden. It's the moo-la. The moo-la moo-la. The stuff that gets you what ever your weird little warped minds may desire.

SAL

Money's important, but there's more to my life than how
(SAL Clicks.)
many toys or blowskis I get. Ain't that right, Killer?

BUDDY

Yeah, we know. You got an M.B.A. from Columbia so you could count your father's garbage. And you love the smell of it, right? So, how much longer 'til your father is permanently retired, Sal, another year? But what happens if he lives to be as old as Methuselah?

SAL

Bite your tongue

BUDDY

Now, since I don't have a contract that guarantees I'm even going to wake up tomorrow morning, let alone next, year, I'm not waiting for anything.

SAL

That's because you're still six months old, and you never
(Feigns masturbating.)
matured past the age of instant gratification...

BUDDY

Maybe, that's why I "always" do it for love. Not the twenty-grand I get every time I SAL Clicks the shutter, I do it for love.

SAL

Yeah, you do it for love all right. Not only do you fill us in on the details, you got pictures to prove it. Now, I'm the only one that can honestly say HE does it for love. And in my book, that means my wife, my kids AND my father.

KILLER

Hey Sal, you mean to say you'd really "DO IT" for your old man?

SAL

Who'd you ever do it for Killer? And when the hell are we going to play?

BUDDY

In case anyone is interested, that phone call was Eddie.

KILLER

I knew it. Your brothers always late.

SAL

That's because, once a G. D. I., always a G. D. I.

KILLER

A what?

SAL

I told you. Don't you remember anything? It's a God Damn Independent. 30 years ago, Doc, T.K. and I, took an oath. Since "WE" were too God damn independent to join a fraternity, we didn't. "WE" just started our own; T.K. and I made Doc president of the G.D.I's. We called him God, of the God Damn Independents.

BUDDY

Well, God's just closed her up. He's leaving the hospital and he's grabbing a cab. He'll be here in a couple of minutes. Now shut up and let's do a couple of lines before he gets here or, do you want to hear our...

KILLER

...I'm asking you for the last time? Will you get this thing off my wrist, PLEASE?

BUDDY

You closed it?

KILLER

You closed it, DAMNIT!!

BUDDY

Well, I don't know where the key is. Maybe next week, when I get a chance, I'll look for it.

KILLER

Look for it, ya hear? I'm warning you. I don't want ta wear this Goddamn thing all night.

BUDDY

(Laughs.)

Then take it off, take it all off, big-boy.

(BUDDY, then SAL and KILLER snort two lines)

KILLER

(Sniffs.)

This is good shit, right?

BUDDY

(Lights a joint.)

And it's cheap. Can you believe it? Grass costs more than blow.

SAL

That's inflation for you.

BUDDY

(Lenny Bruce, Elmer Gantry.)

Inflation my ass. It's the government, man. I hear they're helping those Colombians bring it in on Air Force One, and why? Because G-d bless America, WE are fighting the evil empire, Com-mun-ism, that's why.

KILLER

Ain't that something? The government won't even let the Commies get high. Is that why they still don't legalize it?

BUDDY

If they legalized it '*schmuck*' what would they do with all those cops, and jails, and judges, and lawyers? Why half the fuckin' government would be working for the telephone company or your Department of Sanitation, right Sal? Didn't prohibition prove they couldn't stop what the people want? If they legalized it, they could control it and tax it like tobacco and booze? Not only would the American people be protected from doing bad shit, there'd be no deficit. All the money that your big Gipper borrowed would be paid off in two years. They'd make more money than all the taxes put together, but those DOPES won't admit to the American people, us man, that unfortunately DOPE, not oil, computers or medicine, but DOPE has become the biggest business in this country. Control it, and three-quarters of all crime would disappear. No Colombians, no murders, no mugging little old ladies. Just peace on earth and good will to man. Amen.

SAL

(Applauds.)

And can anyone tell me why it's "Legal" to place a bet at **(Puffs on joint and SAL Clicks.)** O.T.B., but not with your own family?

KILLER

Fuckin' A! Ya know, LaGuardia used to be a shrimp like you, Sal, and he became mayor of the city. Yeah, you should a been a politician; Secretary of the money, 'stead of a G-man, garbage man. So, why don't you try and do something about legalizing it? I hear your father's very tight with a couple of 'real honest' politicians.

SAL

Just because I let you spend Christmas with my family, doesn't give you the right to talk about my old man like that, has-been.

KILLER

Hey Buddy, what's that guy's name that was just indicted in the Bronx?

SAL

My old man has more class than, what the hell do you know about class anyway. Before you met T.K., you were just another dumb, Mick bouncer. Remember Studio 54? T.K.'s the one that made you what you are. Wrestle mania, the Garden, T.V., the dolls, the posters. My father made 50 times as much as you did, using something you never had,

(Clicks.)

brains.

KILLER

BRAINS? I GOT PLENTY BRAINS! Don't I, Buddy?

BUDDY

If you insist.

(Buzzer sounds.)

BUDDY (Cont'd)

That's T.K. and SCHWARTZ.

(BUDDY opens door and returns to table as T. K. and SCHWARTZ enter.)

BUDDY

Well, look who just came 'BY!'

SCHWARTZ

Did I hear 'BY?'

(Sings.)

"Bai mir bis du shain. Bai mir bis du shain..."

(Buddy joins in)

"Bai mir bis du shain" which means you're grand."

(BUDDY and SCHWARTZ slap each other five)

SAL

LET'S HEAR IT FOR THE SUPREMES, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. THE SUPREMES.

SCHWARTZ

Have no fear the SCHWARTZ is here, to spread good cheer.
Now give me a beer and the DRUGS...

(Picks up straw and makes it dangle from nose.)

Down periscope. *'Schnellen machen.'* Dive! Dive!

(Again HE snorts two lines and rises with straw protruding from nose and sings.)

'Oy, ' I get high with a little help from my friends...

(BUDDY joins in.)

...'Oy, ' gonna try with a little help from my friends.

BUDDY

...Yes! My main man, the SCHWARTZ has arrived!

(BUDDY slaps SCHWARTZ five, bump asses, and laugh.)

SAL

Was that supposed to be funny? What did I miss?

BUDDY

I'll tell you what you missed. SCHWARTZ had a party last week that was THE BEST; Well, almost.

SCHWARTZ

What do you mean almost? What other famous personality like me, lets you sing along with them all night? Mitch Miller?

BUDDY

What do you think I let you come here for, your looks? And I loved every minute.

SCHWARTZ

And the twins you didn't love, right?

BUDDY

(Sings.)

"Double your pleasure, double your fun, with Double Min..."

T.K.

...Even though it was I who taught him to think Jewish, christened him SCHWARTZ, made him one of the richest entertainers in the world, does "Rockefeller" ever invite "liddle ol' me to his "fabulous" parties?" Rarely if ever. And it hurts, it really does. ME, his brilliant agent and

all-knowing attorney, I, who has gotten this misbegotten more money than C.B.S., has ever paid anyone to do a sitcom. Not to mention the three marriages I've gotten him out of? The next time you get married, you're on your own darling. That is unless you invite me to your next party. Then, as far as I'm concerned, you can have ten wives, and ten little Indians.

SCHWARTZ

(Dances ala Indian.)

How, me Chief SCHWARTZbear...

(Sings and dances ala Indian.)

Woo, woo...

BUDDY

(Sings.)

...*Ten little, nine little, eight little Indians...*

(SCHWARTZ joins in.)

...*Seven little, six little, five little...*

(Killer joins in.)

...*Four little, three little, two little Indians...*

ALL

...*"One little Indian boy."*

KILLER

...Buddy, do me a favor and forget about your little Indian boys and look for the key. How am I gonna play all night with these cuffs on? Don't you understand how much I hate these things!

SAL

(To Buddy.)

I personally think the big Mick looks sorta cute, don't you? Really, why don't you take a picture of him with the cuffs on?

BUDDY

Not a bad idea. I bet Penthouse would go for it. We could shoot it at Sing Sing. Yeah, Killer hand cuffed to the cell. He faints as ten of the most gorgeous chicks, do him in.

KILLER

The hell with you both, man! You're not taking any pictures of me with this thing on. Understand? Now, get the key!

T.K.

May I remind you gentlemen, that I come to this den of inequity to get high.

BUDDY

Now that we understand each other, help yourself, counselor.

(T.K. makes lines on mirror.)

T.K.

I also came to inform Killer that our reigning King of Wrestle mania is on Carson, Larry King and Regis next month.

KILLER

Aw, do I have to?

T.K.

You always, have to.

BUDDY

Not unless you think radio...

SAL

Yeah, he'd look real good on radio.

T.K.

(Tries to mimic SCHWARTZ.)

Down periscope! *Schnellen machen...*

ALL

Dive! Dive!

(T.K. snorts.)

BUDDY

Did I tell you that I'm going down to Alaska to shoot Miss Universe for Playboy, again? The last time we worked together was in Hawaii, and let me tell you, between her legs, and that Hawaiian smoke, I thought I was going to choke to death.

KILLER

(Thinks he's witty - laughs.)
Betcha it was pretty dark 'DOWN THERE,' right, Buddy....

T.K.

(Sarcastic.)
Did I just hear you say that you were going "DOWN," Buddy? What a shame.

KILLER

Yeah, what a freakin' shame.

SAL

Pity, pity, poor Buddy's going down.

BUDDY

Sorry to disappoint you, gentlemen, but according to the latest Dow Jones report, I am on my way up.

(Ala Cagney.)

"Look ma, top of the world. I have all the money, all the toys, all the damsels in distress I want, see. Top of the world ma, top of the world."

KILLER

Hey, he didn't make that up. I saw that on T.V. a long time ago. It was in some famous movie. Yeah, *"Look ma, I'm on top of the world."*

(After a beat, ALL laugh.)**KILLER (cont'd)****(Trying to distract attention.)**

Hey Sal, play ya a quick hand of Casino for a thou.

SAL

Can you believe it? They let this big galoot win the belt back, again. Why?

BUDDY

They probably can't stand seeing his fat ass when his pants fall down anymore.

(THEY laugh as BUDDY tries to pull killers pants down and KILLER chases him.)

T.K.

Will someone please tell me, where's my old college roommate?

BUDDY

(Running.)

He's on his way, and what ever you do, don't ask him why
(Stops and feigns cutting throat.)
he's late.

T.K.

Oh no, not again? Don't tell me he just lost another patient.

KILLER

Yup, maybe he lost another one?

BUDDY

Not yet. Fortunately...

T.K.

I just don't know what to do for him... I called him yesterday and he was so depressed.

(SAL Clicks.)

BUDDY

He just told me, quadruple by-pass... Twelve hours on the table... She's in recovery. For my brother's sake, let's hope she makes it.

ALL

A-men.

T.K.

I hope she makes it.

SAL

I don't understand it. Throughout his illustrious career, I'm sure he's lost more than a few patients before, right? So, what the hell is he carrying on like this? Gimme a break.

KILLER

Maybe it's all catchin' up to him. I mean, since he saved so many people, maybe he started believin' people when they called him God. And now, maybe he thinks he ain't good enough to be God, anymore. 'magine Doc thinkin' he ain't

(Gets frightened.)

good enough? Or maybe he thinks God's gonna die.

(Trying to remember, he counts on one finger.)

Two, tree, four. I think that's the seventh one in the

(Feigns hanging.)

last eight months that's?

SAL

I'm impressed. I didn't know he could count past two.

(Buzzer sounds.)

BUDDY

That's Eddie. Put this shit away.

(SAL Clicks. SAL hurriedly gathers cocaine paraphernalia and puts it in HIS pocket. BUDDY goes to door.)

BUDDY (Cont'd)

Eddie?

(HE opens door. EDDIE enters. HE will sniff in response to WHOEVER sniffs.)

T.K.

It's about time you got here.

SAL

It's good to see you Doc. Seems those God damn independents are always late.

T.K.

So, how's my best friend? Better than yesterday I hope.

(T.K. embraces EDDIE, who sees SAL slip something in BUDDY'S pants pocket.)

EDDIE

(Despite his sadness, he will act overly elated.)

Sorry I'm late, girls. It seems I got a little delayed at the office again.

SAL

We heard that before. Anybody I know?

KILLER

How ya doin', Doc? You really look great.

EDDIE

Except for the dark circles under your eyes, you don't look so bad yourself. And Rachel told me you won the belt back. Congratulations.

KILLER

(Surprised that Doc knows about belt.)

Yeah... thanks... and... I didn't know your wife likes wrestlin'.

EDDIE

She doesn't. So, I'm sure my baby brother's been taking
(Removes jacket and sits.)
very good care of all of you?

BUDDY

I have a reputation to up hold, don't I dear brother?

T.K.

The usual I presume.

EDDIE

And make it snappy. Can't you see I'm very thirsty?

T.K.

One-double Bourbon on the rocks, coming up.

(T.K. goes to bar and makes drink.)

SCHWARTZ

(Jewish accent.)

So, how 'vy' you? Don't tell me A-merica's fav-or-ite heart 'stoigen is ah liddle toisty again?

EDDIE

You know SCHWARTZ, you're almost a 'Mensch.' But, unfortunately, unless you're playing horseshoes, 'almost' a 'Mensch' doesn't count. 'Almost' never counts.

SCHWARTZ

A 'Mensch!' A 'Mensch!' My kingdom for a 'Mensch!'

SAL

This shit could go on forever, dummy. Are we playing or what?

KILLER

Yeah, are we playin', or what?

SAL

Thank you, Sir Echo.

(T.K. places drink on table. THEY ALL note how quickly EDDIE downs drink. SAL Clicks.)

SCHWARTZ

'L' chaim.'

EDDIE

(EDDIE lifts empty glass.)

Oh yeah. To life.

ALL

TO LIFE!

SCHWARTZ

(Sings.)

"To life, to life, L'chaim'..."

(Buddy joins in.)

'L'chaim, L'chaim' to life..."

SAL

Enough with the singing, already. Please.

KILLER

(Shuffling cards.)

Let's go! Five card stud.

SAL

Wait a minute; hold your shellaighlie, shellaighlie. We need chips.

BUDDY

(Giving chips to ALL.)

Fifty-thou for Sal. Fifty G's for the counselor. Fifty extra large for the Killerman. And fifty thousand 'shekels' for SCHWARTZ. And another fifty for my favorite brother. And last but not least, fifty for me. Remember, whites are a thou. Reds are two thou and the blacks are five thousand simoleons.

(SCHWARTZ cuts cards.)

KILLER

Okay. Thou's the ante, thou to open, two thou on an open pair, and only tree bumps.

SAL

We know, we all know about the three bumps, Bumper.

(ALL ante and KILLER deals one card down and then one open.)

KILLER

Ten for Buddy, Jack to the G. man, T.K. gets a deuce, a nine for the doctor, king for SCHWARTZ, and an eight for me. King bets.

SCHWARTZ

Thou...

KILLER

...Call...

BUDDY

...Call...

SAL

...Call...

T.K.

...Call.

(EDDIE puts chip in pot.)

SAL

(To SCHWARTZ.)

So Go!

SCHWARTZ

GO?

(Sings.)

...*"Go, go, go your boat, gently down the stream...*

(BUDDY joins in.)

...*Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily, life is but a dream."*

(BUDDY slaps SCHWARTZ five and they bump asses again. Then SCHWARTZ bets.)

SAL

Are you both through?

SCHWARTZ and BUDDY

No!

(THEY stand as if to sing, then point finger at SAL.)

Gotcha!

SAL

That's sad, very sad. Two grown men acting like 'tootsoons.'

(SCHWARTZ and BUDDY sit.)

KILLER

(Dealing.)

Call. Pair of tens for Buddy. Another ten for Sal. Four to the two. Looks low to me. Pair of nines for Doc., a tree for the king, and a six for me. Tens bet.

BUDDY

Deuce.

SAL

Call.

T.K.

Call.

(EDDIE antes.)

SCHWARTZ

(Ala nasal telephone operator.)

You must dial a one or zero first. Please hang up and try

(Puts chip in.)

your 'CALL' again, shorty.

SAL

Nothing ever changes, does it? One day, one day it's just gonna be me and you.

SCHWARTZ

Thanks for the offer Sal, but you're just not my type...

KILLER

...I'm in.

BUDDY

I call

(BUDDY and SAL cover bet.)

KILLER

Pair of tens gets a four. An eight to the ten-jack. Possible straight for Sal. T.K. gets an ace. A five for Doc's nines. King gets a queen. And a five for me. Tens still bet.

BUDDY

Tens bet a deuce.

SAL

Call.

T.K.

Call.

(EDDIE puts in one chip.)

BUDDY

It's two thousand Eddie. You only put in one.

EDDIE

(Adds chip.)

What's a thousand dollars among friends? Sorry about that.

SCHWARTZ

What's the bet?

SAL

Will you please pay attention? It's your bet. Buddy made it a deuce. Man, every time we play, this guy does a floor show, and as far as I'm concerned, I can live without it.

SCHWARTZ

Ya know, for a little guy that gets his rocks off playing with castanets, you got an awfully big mouth...

(Back to Jewish - puts chips in.)

And by the 'vay,' it's my raise, Sally.

KILLER

I'm in.

BUDDY

Me too.

SAL

In.

T.K.

But of course.

EDDIE

Me too.

KILLER

Is everybody ready?

SAL

We're ready, we're ready. How many times do I have to tell you we're ready! We're ready!

SCHWARTZ

I bet Helen's Ready.

BUDDY

You may deal the cards, Killer. I think we're ready.

KILLER

(Deals.)

...Buddy gets Schwartzie's Queen.

SCHWARTZ

Sominabitch.

KILLER

Seven for the eight-ten jack. All he needs is a nine. Too bad Doc has nines, Sal. Pair of twos for T.K. and a possible red flush. No help for the doctor, a six. Pair of trees for Schwartz and a big ace for me. It's still your bet, Buddy.

BUDDY

Deuce.

SAL

I fold.

T.K.

My bet gentlemen. Quatro.

EDDIE

By me.

(SCHWARTZ throws cards in.)

KILLER

(Laughs and throws cards in.)

Can I raise?

SAL

What a nummy!

BUDDY

It looks like I'm still high, my bet.

T.K.

(Sort of sings - covers bet.)

"One more time. I wish I could make it one more."

(EDDIE goes to bar and drinks.)

KILLER

T.K.'s got three deuces. I can tell. When he sings, he got three deuces.

SAL

And when he has a full house, I hope he doesn't fart...

BUDDY

(Opens cards.)

...Two pair, tens and fours.

T.K.

How does three deuces sound?

BUDDY

Like three deuces, T.K. You win.

T.K.

Don't I always win?

KILLER

I told you he had three deuces; didn't I?

SAL

(Ala Killer.)

Didn't I?

(THEY throw cards in as EDDIE returns.)

SCHWARTZ

(Ala Jewish Bugs Bunny.)

'Nu, what's up Doc?

(Sings from Fiddler on the Roof.)

"If I was a soigeon? Yububbubububum. All day long I'd cut 'em open wide. Then I'd be a weal-thy man- hey!"

(EDDIE sits. BUDDY rises.)

KILLER

Where ya going, it's your deal!

BUDDY

Pee time.

SCHWARTZ

Well, why didn't you say so in the first place? I knew I had to go!

(THEY both exit.)

EDDIE

Isn't it amazing? For the last ten years, after the first hand, everybody always has to urinate, but me. What's wrong with my kidneys?

KILLER

There's nothin' wrong with your kidneys, Doc. Sometimes **(Looks anxiously to bathroom. Rises.)** you just gotta go... ...And I gotta go.

EDDIE

What does he have in there, a bakery? Does he also give out numbers for rolls?

KILLER

Yeah, and I'm number one champ, Doc. Number one champ.

SAL

You're number one, alright. Number one chump!

KILLER

That means your jealous, Sal. All midgets are jealous, and it's not because they're so short, either. It's because they all got little peckers. Hee, hee. Ain't you glad we ain't midgets, Doc? I'll be right back. I gotta take a **(Exits.)**

leak.

SAL

Don't fall in. If he had half-a-brain, his ass would be lopsided.

T.K.

Come on Sal, you're always on his case. He's harmless.

SAL

He's stupid, that's what he is. A big, stupid '*stu-nahd.*'

(Looks back and forth to bathroom.)

Don't go anywhere. I'll be right back. I gotta take a

(Exits.)

wee.

EDDIE

(Shakes head in disgust at Sal's departure.)

Monkey see, monkey do...

(To T.K.)

Are you trying to prove your best friend wrong? After the first hand, everyone, including you, always goes to the bathroom. So, what are you waiting for?

T.K.

I'm not waiting for anything, Doc. I don't have to go.

EDDIE

Really?

T.K.

Not yet.

EDDIE

In due time.

T.K.

You can count on it.

(THEY SAL Clicks glasses.)

EDDIE

That makes me very happy.

T.K.

I'm happy you're happy.

EDDIE

HAPPY? And why shouldn't I be happy? As far as I'm concerned, I couldn't be happier...

T.K.

You mean it. You really mean it. I knew you'd come to your senses...

EDDIE

(Sniffs.)

Must be contagious.

T.K.

(T.K. inadvertently sniffs in return.)

What?

EDDIE

It seems everybody has a cold around here. I suppose you're sniffing because you have a cold, right?

T.K.

I don't have a cold. I do it too. Not as much as your... but I indulge occasionally. Does that make me the bad guy?

EDDIE

To me, you could never be a bad guy, you G.D.I. Never.

T.K.

(Uses finger as gun.)

Well then, stick-'em-up and give me all your scalpels doctor.

EDDIE

So, tell me, is it finally over between you and Carol? I'm sure I wasn't the only one that saw you and "Pa-tricia" in People magazine last week. You look better in pictures.

T.K.

Tell you the truth, these last six months; I've just been too busy with Patty to call her.

EDDIE

You looked like you were having so much fun.

T.K.

(Sort of dances.)

Best time of my life.

EDDIE

I don't understand it. How can you stay married to Carol and do everything, and go everywhere, with "Pa-tricia?" Before her, it was Susan. And before Susan, Barbra. And before Barbra it was...

T.K.

...As you know, I would have divorced Carol years ago, but who wants to throw away fifty million hard earned dollars, besides, she knows all about my stash... Can you imagine me having over a hundred million, Doc? Thanks to my father, may he rest where ever he is; I was a piss-poor kid growing up in the slums of Chicago. When he wasn't drunk, he was a butcher in my uncle's store. One time, he was so polluted that he cut off his pinky. The sonofabitch didn't even feel it. When my uncle brought him home, he said, as he hoisted another one away, "Who the hell needs pinkies anyway?" As a kid I swore that I would never be a butcher, that I would never be a sot and that I would never be

(Sings - shows hands.)

poor. "Whoa look at me now." I still have all my fingers, don't I?

EDDIE

You certainly do, and you certainly aren't piss-poor, sweetheart.

T.K.

(Nods yes.)

Shhh, don't tell anybody. Far as I'm concerned, as you well know, I'm perfectly content with the status quo. And the rest of my time I use to merchandise my merchandise; Namely SCHWARTZ and Killer. And it's made me a very successful man. But, of all the people I know, 'YOU' are the richest. 'YOU' have the most to be grateful for. A wonderful wife, and two of the greatest, the warmest children I ever met. I wish I had children. At least I would have something to show for these past 22 years of marital piss. And...

EDDIE

...And not to mention friends that I adore...

T.K.

...And not to mention, friends, that adore you. Prestige. Money. You love your career. You helped perfect the quadruple by-pass...

EDDIE

...And don't forget, making the cover of TIME...

T.K.

Despite it all, doctor, try as you may, you will never be God. So, do yourself a favor, stop trying.

EDDIE

How can I stop trying?

T.K.

Unfortunately, neither you nor sister Theresa can save all the children. What about you for a change?

EDDIE

What about me for a change?

T.K.

For a change.

EDDIE

You know how I've been threatening to take Rachel to China all these years? Sail the South Seas and forget about everything. And have a blast. A real old fashioned blast. Remember?

T.K.

Do I? It seems I've heard you tell that story every other month for the last six or seven years.

EDDIE

(Beeper sounds. HE looks at it.)

Oh, no. I thought she was going to make it.

T.K.

She is Doc. I know she did. You always get beeped, don't you?

(EDDIE trudges to phone and dials.)

BUDDY, KILLER, SAL, SCHWARTZ

(High, ALL return frolicking and singing.)

"We are high, on Bali. Bali hi are we. Bali Hi, Bali Hi, Bali Hi, are we."

(Hearing that his patient has died, EDDIE returns)

EDDIE

I'M SURE WE ARE ALL BALI NOW! Aren't we?

SCHWARTZ

(Sings.)

"Enjoy yourself; it's later than you think."

(Buddy joins in.)

"Enjoy yourself, while you're still in the pink."

BUDDY

"Enjoy yourself, enjoy yourself, it's la-ter than you think."

EDDIE

YOU, have no idea how late it is.

BUDDY

Uh oh, here comes the lecture...

EDDIE

(Sarcastic.)

...So, where are the rolls? Not even a danish before you go? I thought you guys went to the bakery.

KILLER

Rolls, danish? I'm not hungry. You feel like eatin'? I don't feel like eatin'.

SAL

So, don't eat, ROMEO!

KILLER

(To Buddy.)

You deal Romeo. Yeah, "Romeo, Romeo, where for art, eh...

SAL

...THOU! Where for art THOU Romeo! '*SCHMUCK...!*'

BUDDY

Now hear this. Thou's not dealing until everybody antes.

SCHWARTZ

(English accent- points to Buddy.)

As far as the Andes are concerned, Him-a-layas more broads

(Rubs Eddie's head.)

than you got hair on your head, doctor.

BUDDY

Let's cut the bullshit, '*schmuck.*' Five card stud.

(THEY ante. BUDDY deals one card down and then opens one.)

BUDDY (cont'd)

Jack to Sal. Our beloved attorney gets a seven. Ace for my little brother. SCHWARTZ gets a lady...

SCHWARTZ

(Sings.)

... "Lady of Spain I adore you. Right from the moment I first saw you."

SAL

Adore you? Adore you? You must be dreaming...

SCHWARTZ

(Sings.)

... "Of a white Christmas. Just like the one I used to know. Where the tree..."

BUDDY

...Killer gets a deuce and a five for me. You're high Eddie.

(EDDIE tosses in chips.)

SCHWARTZ

He ain't high, he's loaded. We're High. Hee hee. My raise.

KILLER

I think it's the first time I got a chance to raise?

SAL

So, what are you going to do?

KILLER

Err... I'm gonna call. I call.

SAL

What a dingleberry you are...

BUDDY

...I raise six dingleberries.

(ALL toss in chips.)

BUDDY (cont'd)

Sal gets a ten of spades for his jack of spades. Nothing personal SCHWARTZie. Money goes to money. Pair of sevens for T. K. Eddie gets an eight. No help for the Queen and Killer gets a pair of deuces.

SCHWARTZ

(Ala Killer.)

Hey Killer, feed those deuces a banana everyday and maybe they'll grow up to be trees, or fours and maybe even fives. Give me five, Killer.

KILLER

Fuck you...!

BUDDY

...And a pair of fives for me.

T. K.

Sevens bet, baby.

(T. K. bets and EDDIE covers.)

SCHWARTZ

(Sings.)

"Come on baby light my fire..."

(Antes as Buddy joins in singing.)

Come on Baby light my fire..."

KILLER

(Sings awkwardly.)

"Try to set the night on fi-re."

(After a beat, ALL laugh and slap KILLER five.)

SCHWARTZ

I pray for those that ain't got no rhythm.

(Holds Killers hands and sings in exaggerated black voice.)

"But God bless the child that got his own..."

(ALL join in. SCHWARTZ kisses Killer's cheek)

...That got his own."

SAL

I now pronounce you man and wife... Now, are we playing?
It's your bet T. K.

KILLER

No, there's one more raise and I go.

SAL

So, go already!

KILLER

Err... I'm gonna pass. Yeah, I pass.

SAL

I take that back Killer. You're not a dingleberry.

KILLER

Gee thanks G man. Thanks a lot.

SAL

You're autistic. I swear to Christ, you are autistic!

KILLER

Fuckin' apt, I'm autistic. I know all about Michelangelo. I
seen his David when I was in...

ALL

FLORENCE!

KILLER

Yeah, Florence, that's right.

(ALL laugh and call.)

BUDDY

Mussolini gets a pair of jacks.

T. K.

Mussolini? As far as I'm concerned, Sal reminds me more of a
Napoleon...

KILLER

(Thinks he's witty.)

...Wit whipped cream. I ate Napoleons wit whipped cream when
I was in "Florence." Hee, hee...

BUDDY

...A four for T. K.'s sevens. A six. No help for my big brother. A big pair of nines for SCHWARTZie. THREE DEUCES for Killer and a rotten three for me.

KILLER

Tree bananas bet.

BUDDY

By me.

SAL

Me too.

SCHWARTZ

Me tree.

T. K.

I'm out.

(ALL throw cards in. KILLER gathers chips. EDDIE sways as HE goes to bathroom.)

EDDIE

I'm going to the John for a Danish. Tennis anyone?

KILLER

This is my night! You deal G man. Play the same game.

(SAL shuffles cars.)

SAL

I think you better talk to your brother, Buddy. He's really getting loaded.

BUDDY

What do you want me to say? He's been drinking like this for months.

T. K.

Eight to be exact. He thinks he's lost his touch.

SAL

And did you hear the way he laughed? He's putting on an act and we all know it. He started drinking so much since his patients started kicking the bucket on him without saying goodbye... He's the best and he always does his best, but that's not good enough for him. I call that Jewish guilt.

SCHWARTZ

When did you become such a '*maven*' on Jewish guilt?

SAL

What the hell do you know? Jews, Guineas, we're all alike. The only difference is, they got a mother that busts their *Guillones* and we got a fa... Believe me, there's no difference. And somebody ought to tell him that all heart specialists lose a few once in a while. For Christ sake, I mean, isn't he a little too old to be going through a mid-life crisis?

KILLER

Yeah, maybe that's what's bothering him.

BUDDY

Well, I got a surprise for him. You'll see. Even though he calls me his low-life brother, before this night's over, you'll see.

SCHWARTZ

Talking about low-lives, did you hear the story about Abie and Jake?

KILLER

Abie and Jake? No.

SCHWARTZ

Well. they opened this Kosher delicatessen in an all Irish neighborhood and after six months, not a customer. So, in desperation, Abie says to Jake; "*Jakeleh*, let's go to a priest. Maybe he can help us. After all, he's a man from
(Irish accent.)

G-d. They go to the church and the priest tells them, "*The only ways I can see you boys making any money is to convert.*" Frightened, they both go outside to talk it over. "*You go first,*" Abie says, and if it doesn't hurt, I'll go and we'll make a fortune. Jake goes back in and Abie waits outside,

certain he was going to have a heart attack. After two hours, when Jake finally comes out, Abie screams, "Nu Jake, nu?" and Jake answers...

SAL and SCHWARTZ

"Are you talking to me you Jew bastard?"

SAL

Milton Berle, the Concord, 1951. That joke is older than your underwear.

(EDDIE reels as HE returns.)

T. K.

Now hear this, now hear this. Doc is finally going to do it. He's going on vacation.

SCHWARTZ

(Jewish accent.)

Hey Doc, I just 'hoid' dhe good news. You're finally 'go ink' on vacation? So, 'vhen' are you 'goink?'

SAL

Yeah, when are you going, you G. D. I.?

EDDIE

I guess, soon as I put things in order.

BUDDY

Well, how does next week sound?

EDDIE

Next week? Impossible.

BUDDY

That's what you think, 'boichic.' YOU are going to sail the South Seas for one month. First class. These are the

(Gives tickets to Eddie.)

tickets and next week it's bon voyage.

SAL

Right on for the bon voyage.

T. K.

YES, for the bon voyage!!

KILLER

Go get 'em Doc.

SCHWARTZ

(Sings.)

"So long for awhile..."

BUDDY

And for your information, Rachel has transferred your patients to some of your favorite colleagues for the next five weeks.

EDDIE

For me? I can't believe it; I can't believe you actually got me tickets... And you planned it all behind my back. With my own wife, no less. Were all of you in on this?

T. K.

I had no idea.

SAL

Me too, but it sure sounds like great timing, Doc.

EDDIE

I am actually going to sail the South Seas... Buddy, I can't tell you what this means to me.

BUDDY

Why don't you try?

T. K.

Doc, sailing the South Seas, first class. As far as I'm concerned, nothing could be more apropos.

SAL

Right on for the apropos, counselor.

(SAL slaps T. K. five.)

KILLER

(Even though he's not sure what apropos means, he holds his hand out for five. After a beat T. K. slaps him five.)

I think what ever T. K. said is probably... Thanks T. K., that was really A-PRO-PO of you.

BUDDY

And what about "*Apropos*" for me?

(SAL and d KILLER slap BUDDY five. T. K. turns away from BUDDY)

EDDIE

Since my baby brother just gave me the tickets, I think it's apropos that I start spending a little more time with the people I love most. Don't you?

SCHWARTZ

Right on for the "Don't you," Doc.

BUDDY

(Euphoric.)

YESSS! My big brother, Dr. Edward is finally going on vacation and I did it, man. "I" planned the whole thing. Every step of the way. Me, little old me. Can you believe it? Eddie is finally going to Pago. I swear, I swear on my life. I am so happy.

KILLER

Slow down, Buddy, you're gonna blow a gut. You're too high.

T. K.

Speech!

ALL

(ALL except Buddy.)

SPEECH! SPEECH! SPEECH!

EDDIE

I just don't know what to say. I guess I could say that I am a very lucky man, having you as my brother, Rachel and my two wonderful children. Am I lucky? Boy am I lucky. Ya know, without being a father, I would only have been half the man I am, and this man is going to take, never mind five weeks, I'm going to take a year off and sail the South Seas with none other than my Rachel.

T. K.

Now that you got the tickets, there can be no stopping you, Doc.

KILLER

There's no stopping you, Doc.

SAL

Perfect timing Buddy. Perfect.

KILLER

Yeah, perfect timing, Buddy. Perfect.

(ALL look at KILLER and almost laugh.)

EDDIE

I'll ask the kids, who knows, maybe they'll come along. And don't worry; you don't have to pay for them. Not unless you want too. And then we'll have a blast... A real old fashioned blast... Like we used too.

T. K.

(Dances with Eddie.)

And at night, under all those stars, you'll just close your eyes and forget about everything.

EDDIE

I think I love you.

T. K.

You mean you're still not sure?

SAL

Okay, now that everybody's in love, who deals?

KILLER

You do. Buddy gave me those tree bananas, remember? And if it's "Apt" with you, play the same game. Maybe I'll get four cherries this time, G man.

(SAL shuffles cards.)

SAL

(Deals five cards down.)

Jacks or better, trips to close. 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1.

SAL

2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2,

SCHWARTZ

2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2,

SAL

3,3,3,3,3,3,

SCHWARTZ

4, 4, 4, 4, 4, 4,

KILLER

3, 3, 3, 3, 3,3,

SAL **SCHWARTZ** **KILLER** **BUDDY**
 4,4,4,4,4,4, 5,5,5,5,5,5 6,6,6,6,6,6, 9,9,9,9,9,9,

SAL **SCHWARTZ** **KILLER** **BUDD** **T.K.**
 5,5,5,5,5,5, 7,7,7,7,7,7, 4,4,4,4,4,4, 8,8,8,8,8,8, 1,1,1,1,1,1,

SAL

WILL YOU SHUT THE FUCK UP!!!

(ALL look at cards.)

T. K.

Pass.

BUDDY

It's your bet Eddie. Can you open?

EDDIE

Can "I" open? Today I opened Annie Epps and tonight...

KILLER

What happened tonight, Doc?

EDDIE

Tonight I lost her.

SCHWARTZ

Did you try the lost and found?

KILLER

Who's Annie Pepps?

SAL

That's Epps and it must be his ex-patient, dummy!

EDDIE

It was only two months ago that I took Rachel to see her new show in one of those galleries on Madison Avenue. Rachel immediately fell in love with two of her magnificent paintings and I bought them for her. She was so excited meeting Rachel. She was a great artist that had everything to live for... Annie Epps was only 32... And now, now it's Boo Hoo.

(SAL Clicks. After a beat.)

SAL

Soon as you go on vacation Doc, you're gonna feel a whole lot
(To SCHWARTZ.)

better. You'll see. And "*Did you try the lost and found?*"
You know, one day, if you're lucky, somebody is going to do
you a favor and cut your black fuckin' tongue out.

SCHWARTZ

What the hell are you gettin' so ticked off about? I wasn't
talkin' to you, squirt.

SAL

(Rises menacingly.)

You shouldn't talk to me like that, because you don't know
how funny you'd look walkin' around on two busted knees.

EDDIE

You don't have to defend me, Sal. I can still take care of
myself, thank you.

KILLER

We all know that Doc. Why don't you forget it?

SAL

It's your bet Kasabooboo. Can you open?

(SCHWARTZ nods no.)

KILLER

I'm sorry to say it Doc, but I open.

(ALL cover bet and discard cards. SAL deals.)

T. K.

Three cards please.

EDDIE

One.

SCHWARTZ

(Holds up three fingers.)

Eight.

KILLER

(Holds up three fingers and smiles.)

Gim'me two.

BUDDY

(Shows two fingers and nods to Killer.)

Gim'me tree.

(Receiving cards, ALL look at them.)

KILLER

Now, I'm askin' you for the last time, Buddy. You better get that fuckin' key, or else!

BUDDY

Nag, nag, nag. I told you it's around here, somewhere. If somebody asks about your bracelet, tell 'em that you're Wonder Woman. I fold.

SAL

My bet.

T. K.

By me gentlemen... Eddie, it's your bet.

EDDIE

(Drunkish.)

I raise ten thousand.

T. K.

You can only make it two, Eddie.

EDDIE

I RAISE TEN THOUSAND!

SCHWARTZ

(Yiddish voice.)

Ten thou's the bet and now it's up to me. And since I got, you should excuse the expression 'dreck,' I'm gone!

EDDIE

(Sort of laughing ironically.)

"Gone?" You know what my father used to say? "Here today, "Gone" tomorrow. So don't wait 'til it's too late...

EDDIE and BUDDY

...For if you do, Boo Hoo.

BUDDY

End of quote, end of quote. Remember when it was almost Boo Hoo for me and you saved my ass.

EDDIE

In case you forgot, I always saved your ass.

BUDDY

I guess some things you never forget. When I wore that Yankee jacket that papa had gotten me for my first day at Taft High School.

EDDIE

Was I jealous, because I loved that jacket...

BUDDY

There was this big black kid that must have weighed 250 pounds. Ugly as sin that had just moved from Brooklyn to the Bronx. Most of my friends avoided him because they heard he ate Jewish kids for lunch.

EDDIE

He looked like King Kong, must have been seven feet tall.

BUDDY

At least and his name was something, Bell. Anyway he followed me home from school that day and said he would kick-my-ass if I didn't give him my jacket.

EDDIE

And where was I? Standing outside our apartment, waiting for you.

BUDDY

Thank G-d. You calmly walked over and told him that you heard all about how tough he was and that you sure as heck didn't want him to get into any trouble with the cops, because they were even tougher.

EDDIE

If I remember correctly, I advised him he would be better off if he bought a Yankee jacket with his own money.

BUDDY

You *soitenly* did. Remember what he said? "Where the hell am I supposed to get the money? I don't have a job!" "Well, get one," you said. He said there weren't any jobs for black kids. "How about working in my father's candy store? 50 cents an hour and all the milk shakes you want," you smiled. Funny thing is, thanks to you, Michael and I became friends.

(EDDIE rises unsteadily.)

BUDDY

Sit down Eddie.

(EDDIE shows empty glass and sits heavily.)

EDDIE

For if you do, Boo Hoo. Remember Boo Hoo, Buddy?

T. K.

May I, doctor?

(T. K. goes to bar.)

BUDDY

Don't you think you should wait a while?

SAL

Yeah, why don't you wait a while?

EDDIE

Never mind me waiting awhile, why don't you ask him to wait a while? All he's worried about is how many blow jobs he can get and how much cocaine he can stick up his nose.

BUDDY

Anything else before I go? You coming SCHWARTZ? Killer?

(BUDDY and SCHWARTZ exit to bathroom.)

KILLER

(Exits.)

Don't worry Doc, we'll finish the game in a little while.

SAL

(To T. K.)

I don't think you need another drink, Doc. Hey T. K., don't do it. Make coffee.

EDDIE

I'm glad you're my friend Sal, because you're one hell-of-a nice guy.

SAL

You're not so bad yourself chubby, and you have to get away. You better get away. Trying to save all those people is...

T. K.

...Are you sure you want this Eddie?

EDDIE

(Drinks.)

Do I.

(SAL Clicks.)

SAL

(Seething.)

Didn't I just tell you to make coffee?! Friends or no friends, I've heard just about all the shit I'm going to listen to. This is the last time I'm playing, counselor. If you didn't want him to drink any more, why'd you get it? You're such a hypocrite.

T. K.

Look who's calling who a hypocrite...

(BUDDY, KILLER and SCHWARTZ return.)

BUDDY

...Sure, you do all my drugs, and behind my back you call me a hypocrite? What an ungrateful jackass you are, T. K.

SAL

He wasn't calling you a hypocrite Buddy. The jackass was calling me one.

EDDIE

You're all hypocrites, including you, my low-life baby brother, who thinks everyone is his best friend but me. My low-life baby brother, who at times I love more than I care

(Laughs.)

to admit... Remember when you use to say your big brother was faster than Mickey Mantle.

BUDDY

Don't start getting nostalgic on me. I sorta got used to "*I'm killing myself.*"

EDDIE

And SCHWARTZ, the son of a Baptist preacher, still managed to have three white wives. I think he's afraid to admit to himself that he's really black... you're really black!

T. K.

That's enough Doc.

SCHWARTZ

More than enough.

SAL

Let's play, G-ddamnit! Let's play and stop screwing around!

EDDIE

Screwing around? Screwing around? Buddy shows and tells who he's '*schtupping*' and all of you get your rocks off.

KILLER

Hey Doc, you think I got my rocks off lookin' at that beautiful chick he was screwin' in the, in the... Uh... I didn't. I swear, I, I don't give two shits about his pitures.

SAL

And you know I'm true-blue. I don't screw around.

SCHWARTZ

(Sarcastic.)

That's because your father wouldn't like that, right Sal?

(SAL Clicks.)

T. K.

It's not important Doc. What's the difference?

EDDIE

The only difference between Sal and his father is instead of
(Raises Sal's hand.)

a gun he uses castanets, and all of you are the definitive, the amalgam of America's definition of success; Women, expensive toys and how much dope you can stick up your nose. Congratulations.

BUDDY

Will you please knock it off with your congratulations and let's play! Even God took a break on the seventh day.

EDDIE

And when are you going to take a break my baby brother? When your beloved cocaine destroys you too? "*Not me, not me, not me,*" you say. No one is immune. Thousands of people that were smarter than even you, and men that were more handsome than even you and '*schtupted*' more woman than even you are gone... Gone forever. Promise me, promise me you'll give it up before it kills you.

BUDDY

(Having just given Doc the tickets, Buddy is hurt and outraged.)

Kills me, kills me? What the hell did I ever do to you? Why do you always pick on me and not your G.D.I friends? They do it. Behind your back they do it too, G-ddamnit! They do it too! DID THEY BUY YOU THE TICKETS OR DID I? YOU MAKE ME CRAZY!

EDDIE

(Throws tickets on table.)

Don't go crazy on account of me. I only do it because... OH... OH NO...! NO!

(EDDIE keels over on table. ALL rush to him and try to revive him while screaming DOC!)

ALL

DOC! DOC! WHAT'S THE MATTER DOC? DOC! DOC! SOMEBODY CALL AN AMBULANCE!

BUDDY

(Holds Eddie's head in anguish. Haunting scream.)

ED-DIE!!!! ED-DIE!!!

(To black.)

End of Act I



POKERFACES

And Castanets

ONE MONTH LATER:

BUDDY'S STUDIO THERE IS A LARGE DRAPED PHOTO OF DOC HANGING. THERE ARE NOW ONLY THREE CHAIRS AROUND TABLE, THE OTHERS ARE SCATTERED. HAVING OVER-INDULGED SINCE DOC'S DEATH, BUDDY LOOKS RUNDOWN, KILLER IS LOOKING AT POLAROIDS AND DRINKING A BEER, SAL IS SMOKING A JOINT.

BUDDY

(Offers straw to Sal.)

Wait until you taste this. It's the best toot I've seen in a long time.

SAL

No thanks friend, I had enough the last time.

(BUDDY GIVES STRAW TO KILLER.)

KILLER

Not me man.

BUDDY

Well good for you.

SAL

(Pointing to draped photo.)

Ya know, since the day I met your brother and that's gotta be more than 30 years ago, I always thought he was one hell of a friend. The only guy I really ever trusted... This past month, I've thought about him every second.

KILLER

It's weird man, I mean he used ta be roommates wit you guys, no less. And wasn't he considered the greatest heart- man? It's scary man, real fuckin' scary. Remember that pome he said just before he passed...?

BUDDY

"Here today gone tomorrow... So, don't wait 'til it's too late, for if you do..."

SAL, KILLER, BUDDY

"...Boo hoo."

(SADDENED, BUDDY LOOKS DOWN. AFTER A BEAT, KILLER AND SAL EMBRACE BUDDY, AS SCHWARTZ ENTERS FROM BATHROOM.)

SCHWARTZ

(Laughs effeminately.)

How sweet it is girls. Maybe it's better Doc ain't here to see all of you come out of the closet fellahs.

SAL

Will, you PLEASE shut up.

(KILLER AND SAL STARE AT SCHWARTZ, WHO SMILES.)

SCHWARTZ

What the hell's the matter with you guys? What are you gettin' so serious about? I was only kiddin', as usual!

(AFTER A BEAT.)

SCHWARTZ (cont'd)

Buddy, I'm sorry I couldn't make Doc's funeral. I got hung-up at Trump's. Home Box
(Back to Jewish accent)
was shootin' it...Part of my special, "*SCHWARTZ and Beans.*"

SAL

You'll never learn, never and your accent is getting worse.

SCHWARTZ

(Ala Spanish, Mexican voice.)

Hey Sally, I always wanted to play with your castanets. Let me hold 'em, *por favor senior.*

SAL

Blow it out of your ass. Hey Buddy, can we please look at the picture of Doc?

KILLER

Yeah, I wanna see the picture of Doc too.

SAL

...Let me pay my respects and then let me get the hell out of here.

**(KILLER PASSES JOINT TO SAL, WHO NODS THANK YOU AND
TAKES IT.)**

KILLER

Where you running to Sal?

SAL

I just decided, I'm going on vacation with the 'family.'

SCHWARTZ

No shit, where's your big daddy taking you to, Switzerland, to visit his '*gelt?*'

(Sings *Buddy joins in singing.***)**

"The best things in life are free... ...But you can give 'em to the birds and bees, he wants his money, that's what he wants."

SAL

Don't you think Doc deserves a little more respect?

(KILLER SLAPS SAL FIVE.)

KILLER

If any of us deserve respect, it's Doc.

(BUZZER RINGS.)

BUDDY

(Goes to door.)

That's gotta be T.K... T. K.?

(BUDDY OPENS DOOR, UNSHAVEN, T.K. ENTERS, AS SAL CLICKS.)

SCHWARTZ

Holy shit, what the hell happened to you counselor and where have you been?

T.K.

Around.

SCHWARTZ

All I've been getting for the last month, is your secretary.

SAL

Okay Buddy, T.K.'s here, so let's get on with it.

(AFTER A BEAT, BUDDY NEARS PHOTO OF DOC, REMOVES CLOTH AND ALL STARE AT PHOTO.)

BUDDY

I give you my brother... Don't *ALL* speak at one time.

KILLER

I can't believe it.

T.K.

Wonderful, what a wonderful, picture.

SAL

What a shame, what a waste.

KILLER

It's amazing how it looks exactly like Doc, don't it?

(ALL LOOK AT KILLER. AFTER A BEAT.)

T.K.

You could trust him with your life.

SAL

I did.

SCHWARTZ

When I go, instead of a drink in my hand like Doc, *grant me*
(**Jewish accent.** **Slaps Buddy five.**)
My last vish and testicle. Take me directly to THE PARTHENON!

SAL

Are you stupid or what?

(BUDDY SNORTS.)

KILLER

Remember how Doc bitched about Buddy doin' too much toot.

SAL

Now, it looks like your doing even more of that shit Buddy.

KILLER

He thought you were killing yourself and look what happened to good old Doc.

T.K.

Instead of Cain, Abel dies.

BUDDY

Thanks a lot, thank you very much, T.K. I hope that doesn't mean that you guys are going to start lecturing me?

KILLER

Yeah, I always liked grass better, anyway.

(SAL PUFFS ON JOINT AND GIVES IT TO KILLER.)

SAL

Me too. I'm nervous enough without it. I don't know why I started doin' that shit in the first place...

T.K.

...He was my best friend... I loved him like the brother I never had. I was so sure I had finally convinced him that playing G-d was killing him. He said it was time that he lived... Didn't we all hear him say that he was going to sail the South Seas and have a blast... a good old fashioned blast. And when Buddy gave him the tickets, I was certain he was going.

BUDDY

He was going all right, that's why you can't even wait 'til next week man, because, we don't
(Snaps fingers.)
have a signed contract. Ya gotta live and fast. Ya see, before you blink an eye, it's all over.

**(SCHWARTZ SNORTS TWO LINES QUICKLY AND RISES WITH
STRAW PROTRUDING FROM NOSE.)**

SCHWARTZ

How's that, fast enough?

(BUDDY SNORTS, SAL CLICKS.)

SAL

What an idiot, I gotta run.

KILLER

Come on Sal, stay a couple of minutes.

SAL

For what?

T.K.

For Eddie.

(SAL CLICKS.)

KILLER

Yeah, once you're gone, you're... it's fuckin' scary man...

ALL

"Fuckin' scary..."

KILLER

...Buddy says we ain't got a contract and I swear to Jesus Christ I ain't gonna let it happen to me... I ain't gonna get my head broken so that people can get their rocks off, anymore. I'm *tru* playin' a dumb piece of meat.

SAL

I'd say that's impossible.

KILLER

You'll see I got more important things to do. I'm, I ain't gonna wrestle no more, never!

T.K.

Really, what do you have in mind?

SAL

He's gonna start swinging through the jungle like Tarzan?

SCHWARTZ

(Ala Tarzan's call to the apes.)

AH, AHAHAH...!

KILLER

...Soon as I get a little bread I can get my hands on, I'm gonna hang up my jock-strap and become a vet.

SAL

We got enough soldiers already Killer.

KILLER

No, I mean a *veteginarian*.

SAL

Vetegenarian? Vetegenarian? Will you please tell me what a vetegenarian is?!

BUDDY

Hey T.K., would you be so kind and tell Sal what a veteginarian is?

T.K.

(Clutches crotch and laughs.)

Vet-e-gin-ar-i-an: I believe it has something to do with... being meatless.

SCHWARTZ

(British accent.)

I say old man, I believe that means he doesn't have a penis, my good man...

KILLER

...Ya know, the guy that fixes little animals 'cause he loves 'em. I got a little kitty last week, it's the first little pussy I ever had.

SCHWARTZ

A little pussy couldn't hurt.

BUDDY

Not only couldn't it hurt, it might even help.

(ALL LAUGH.)

SAL

I think he wants to become a veterinarian, *gabeesch?!!!*

KILLER

...Since I was a little kid, I always wanted a little kitty.

SAL

So, who stopped you dummy?

KILLER

MY OLD MAN! When I was about five, maybe six years old, I asked him if I could have a little kitty, and ya know what he did? He handcuffed me to my bed, then he beat the shit out of me and screamed, "Boys that play with pussycats turn out to be sissies," and he don't want no one on the block sayin' that, "He raised a faggot." Then he'd beat me and my mother to a pulp every time he got drunk... He was always drunk.

SCHWARTZ

(Hiccups then sings.)

"How dry I am, how dry I am."

SAL

Ya know what I'll all ways remember about that night Buckwheat? How you busted Doc's balls.

SCHWARTZ

Are you saying it's my fault that Doc died?

KILLER

It's, not your fault SCHWARTZ, it's nobody's fault, shit happens.

SCHWARTZ

And right on for being a vegetarian man. I really think most pussies are beautiful. Now, if they only didn't smell...

KILLER

They're the greatest man. You should see it. It's white and
(Spread hands.)
gray, and it's so-o soft. It's this big and it slept on my chest the whole night. *Meow, meow*, you should hear it. It's so and ya know what I call it, Doc, I call it Doc.

BUDDY

That's nice Killer, Eddie would've liked that, real thoughtful.

KILLER

“...*For if you do?...*”

SAL, KILLER, SCHWARTZ, T.K.

“...*Boo hoo.*”

(BUDDY SNORTS IN REACTION.)

KILLER

That's why I have ta become a vegetinarian or whatever the fuck you call it before it's boo hoo for me.

BUDDY

Talk is cheap, your father's dead, he can't beat the shit out of you anymore, so, what's stopping you? Why don't you go to school and become a vegetarian? Because you're full of shit, that's why! I'm the only one of you bastards that's got the balls to really live and you know it!

KILLER

I'm gonna do it Buddy, swear to G-d I'm gonna build the biggest animal hospital and I'm gonna become the best vet there ever was. Kitties, puppies, ya feed and pet 'em, and belt or no belt, no matter what, they're always there for you. And you're right Buddy, fuck my old man where he breathes, it's my life and I'm gonna spend the rest of it taking care of... my little babies.

T.K.

Ya know Killer, how long have I known you... and you know what? I *en-vy* you,

(Means it.)

I truly envy you.

KILLER

Are you puttin' me on T.K.? How could a guy as smart as you, envy me?

T.K.

At least you've found something else, something worthwhile, something wonderful that you want to do with the rest of your life. There's so little time and here I am, trapped in an empty void surrounded by nothing. After, all these years, I have nothing, absolutely nothing.

BUDDY

What do you mean you have nothing? Representing people like SCHWARTZ and Killer ain't bananas and sour cream '*boichic*' and who's more famous at what they do than you, Swifty Lazar? You're the best. Guys like us we made it. Why every poor '*schnook*' in the world would give his right nut to be in our shoes. The power the affirmation, they made us into G-ds, didn't they, idols, golden idols.

T.K.

(Ties shoes and tosses them on table.)

Really...? So how come I, the omnipotent, *ME*, your golden idol feels like an old battered tin can?

KILLER

It's because you miss doc, T.K., we all miss Doc.

T.K.

I remember when he got married. That son-of-a-bitch wanted me to go on his honeymoon. Whatever I needed, no matter what time or when, he was always there for me...

SAL

...And me. It happened about a month after the three of us started rooming together... I asked Doc to get something out of my trunk and he found a gun that my old man had stashed 9in it without even telling me. Some guys were after him and he thought it might come in handy. When Doc finally met my father, he assured him that I would be perfectly safe at Columbia.... And be it Doc was so afraid of guns, in order for him to be able to sleep and study, no guns would be most desirable in our room. Needless to say my father the '*Humanitarian*' that he was, made certain that Eddie slept like a bump on a log for the next four years. That's not all... If, it wasn't for Doc they probably would have sent me to the chair. Ya see, at school I fell madly in love with this girl. She was the most beautiful girl I ever saw. She had this long, blonde hair and her name was Margo, Margo Carson. She loved me and I loved her, even more. She had me crazy, so crazy that I was about to ask my father if I could marry her? Then I see one of his messengers slip Margo an envelope full of cash in the cafeteria. Can you imagine not only does he buy me fancy cars and handmade clothes; he even tried to buy me my love. I can't take it anymore. I'm going to kill my old man, once and for all. I'm going to pay him back for everything. Fortunately, Doc was with me and somehow, he talked me out of pulling the trigger.

(ALL WILL FIND WHAT SCHWARTZ SAYS FUNNY AND REACT ACCORDINGLY.)

SCHWARTZ

(Ala Brando in the G-dfather.)

Because of the oath of allegiance he took to the family and despite his amazing ability to control every moment of his life, I personally believe that Sal's father used undue

(Points finger and pulls imaginary trigger.)

influence on him, ya know what I mean? Gotcha!

(ALL EYES TURN TO SAL, WHO STICKS HAND IN POCKET AND PULLS OUT GUN, THUS HE HAS GUN IN ONE HAND AND CASTANETS IN OTHER. ALL PANIC.)

SAL

I gotcha-all-right you cocksucker! Nobody talks about my old man like that and lives to talk about it.

SCHWARTZ

(Frightened)

Are you crazy? Put
That thing away... Please, Sal, I'm
begging you... Put the
Gun down. I was only
kiddin. I didn't mean
anything by it...
I'll never do it again.
You know I've always
respected your father,
everybody does. Sal,
We're friend.

BUDDY

Sal, put the gun down.

BUDDY

Sal, control yourself.

T.K.

Don't do anything you'll regret.

KILLER

Don't do nuttin' stupid.

BUDDY

Put that thing away you
Crazy bastard!

SAL

We're friends all right.
You're a fuckin liar!

KILLER

Is it really loaded?

SAL

It's loaded all right and I'm gonna blow this wiseass pickaninnies head off!

SCHWARTZ

In the name of Jesus Christ, put the gun down.

SAL

I'll give you Jesus all right! Right between the eyes!

SCHWARTZ

(Hysterical)

Don't point that thing at me show.
Anymore. Please, not at me.
I'll do anything
you want, anything.

SAL

You've done your last,
Open your mouth,
(Kicks SCHWARTZ)
I'm gonna put you
out of your misery!

SCHWARTZ

Oh, no, it can't be.
Save me papa.
Papaaaa...
Help me papa.
...Help meeeee..

T. K.

Sal, I advise you to put
the gun down, right now!
you're not your father,
Now put it down, SAL!

(SAL LOOKS AT GUN AND CASTANETS AND HAS A REVELATION: HE WILL NOT BE LIKE HIS FATHER. HE UNCOCKS GUN AND TOSSES IT ON TABLE.)

SAL

Adios pop, it was nice knowing you and your garbage. I think I'm taking my family and we're moving to Hawaii. We're gonna eat some pineapple, lots of pineapple and who knows; I might even learn to do the hula.

(SAL DANCES AWAY AND SAL CLICKSS. ALL CLAP AND STOMP THEIR FEET ENTUSIASTICALLY.)

KILLER

Go get'm Sal...

SCHWARTZ

...I hear you papa,

T.K

...Ole, ole!...

SCHWARTZ

Yes I understand

KILLER

...Apt on, ole, ole!...

SCHWARTZ

...Soon papa, soon...

T.K.

...Encore, encore!...

SCHWARTZ

I promise Papa. I swear.

KILLER

Encore for me too!

SAL**(Stops dancing.)**

I'm sure you all know how I've always wanted to tell my old man, *THE BIG DON*, what I *REALLY* thought of him, his smelly garbage, all his big, dumb *goombas* and their "equipment." Since I was a kid, a little kid, we lived in the biggest house in Sheep's Head Bay, 12 bedrooms, it was a freakin' mansion and I always got what I wanted, even what didn't want. I swear I didn't want it, nothing, never, because I knew where the bread was coming from and that's why I didn't want to have anything to do with him, it, I was ashamed. I swear to Christ, I always lived in shame, because I knew all the kids whispered behind my back about my 'beloved' father, the Big Don in the Mafia. See, all I ever wanted was to be like my friends, normal. They had to beg and scheme to get a new bike, a basketball, a baseball glove, but no, I had to have everything, everything you could imagine. You know, when you have everything, you really have nothing and thanks to my old man, that's what I became, one big nothing, 'nada,' zippo. I guess you could say, I never had 'Guillones,' until now because I was one big nothing.

SCHWARTZ

I guess some nothings do, and some nothings don't. Alabama, the fifties wasn't the easiest to
(TAKES OFF SHOES AND TOSSES THEM ON TABLE, HIS BLACKNESS WILL SURFACE FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE AND HE WILL REVEL IN ITS GLORY.)

live, but my Papa, he always tried to see the good in everything. He was the Preacher man and I WAS HIS SON! Sometimes, on the way home from his church, he'd tell these wonderful stories about my Mama. Seems I sure missed growin' up with her and he missed her too, even though he never said it. But he came to me, tonight my Papa was standing right here and he spoke to me. "Praised be the Lord for I have seen the light, hallelujah I have seen the light!"

BUDDY**(Goes down on one knee and feigns praying.)**

Bless me father for I have Sinned 44,357 times. Hang on,

(Ala Groucho.)

this confession may take awhile. Did Simon write this script, for you guys? Okay, who's got the next line, Killer?

T.K.

There's no question about it, the toot has finally gotten to your head. What else could it be?

KILLER

I haven't done any since Doc passed a...

SAL

Me too.

KILLER

Yeah, only people that wanna kill themselves do that shit, right BUDDY?

BUDDY

Up yours you *vegetinarian!*

SAL

That's right, coke is absolutely the worst shit in the world for you.

KILLER

It ain't gonna be before it's too late for me, no way.

SCHWARTZ

(Sings and points to coke.)

"Lead me not, into temp-ta-tion, but de-liver us from E-vil..."

(SAL and KILLER join in.)

...For thine is the kingdom and the pow-er, and the glor-ry..."

(BUDDY SNORTS AND LOOKS AT THEM IN DISBELIEF.)

ALL (except BUDDY)

"...For-ev-ev-er. A-men."

BUDDY

You guys rehearsed this whole bit right? Fantastic. When T.K. said *'he'* envies Killer, for a second, I almost bought it, but soon as SCHWARTZ started playing preacher man, I knew you guys were putting me on, right?

SCHWARTZ

(Drops to knees.)

Yes, I too have sinned I too have worshipped the *"Golden Calf"* and I HAVE LUSTED!

BUDDY

Lusting a golden calf? Don't get me wrong I'm not putting it down I just think lusting a golden calf is pretty freaky, that's all. And Sal doing the hula and putting a gun to Schwartz's head. Come on, what do you say, toot time?

(BUDDY AGAIN OFFERS STRAW TO SCHWARTZ, WHO BACKS OFF.)

SCHWARTZ

(Points at coke and puts hand over eyes.)

"Yea, though I walk through the valley in the shadow of Death I will see no evil."

BUDDY

(Offers straw to Killer.)

Will you please give me a break, Killer?

KILLER

For if you do, Boo Hoo.

SAL

(Convincing Himself.)

No question about it, it's time I got a way.

BUDDY

(Offers straw to T.K.)

T.K.?

T.K.

It's going to happen soon enough, I don't need any help thank you.

(SAL CLICKS.)

SAL

Definitely got to get away. Why did I ever wait so long?

SCHWARTZ

We must all repent before it's too late!

BUDDY

Good, that means more toot for me, right?

SCHWARTZ

Soon as I can get my hands on enough money, I'm gonna travel all over this glorious land of ours and I am going to spread the word.

BUDDY

You sure that's all you're gonna spread? Why, you're just like all the rest of those phony preachers, money, money, money. What do you mean soon as you get enough money? You got more money than Donald Trump.

T.K.

Almost, But give us time.

SCHWARTZ

Thanks to T.K., it can't be touched for the next five years. It's all invested in real estate, casinos, banks, you name it, every cent I have.

KILLER

He has all my millions tied up, too!

BUDDY

All your millions, what a joke, the only reason you're a zillionaire is, thank G-d the whole world still loves a freak.

KILLER

FREAK?! You're the pervert remember?!!

BUDDY

For a second you almost had me. Now, I know why I haven't seen you guys since... you've
(Sings.)
been rehearsing. You guys almost had me... *"Goin' to Chicago."*

T.K.

We're all going, but not to Chicago.

BUDDY

Look how remorseful we all are...

SAL

(Dances and sings euphorically.)

"Remorseful! Yeah, Look how remorseful I am. I am, I am Remorseful!"

(SAL Clicks.)

SCHWARTZ

(Laughs devilishly.)

Have you ever seen our Salvatore look so remorseful?

BUDDY

...Listen, I know it's a bit, so let's cut the shit, because I know you guys a long time, remember? I think this whole bit is really funny, but enough is enough, okay?

T.K.

Do you ever have enough?!!!

(Lifts mirror and blows coke into Buddy's face.)

BUDDY

(Wipes coke on hands and licks them feverishly.)

Never! For some mysterious reason I wasn't thinking about dying when I was balling the new centerfold of Playboy.

KILLER

All you ever think of is your dick, what about your big brother?

SAL

Even though you gave Doc the tickets, you really never gave two shits about your brother, right?

BUDDY

Where the hell do you get off telling me about *MY* brother? All I ever got from him was his holier than thou shit. *HE* was determined to prove that *HE* was a better husband, that *HE* was a better father and most of all that *HE* was a better son. As kids, my mother used to call him Dr. Edward and me Dr. Morris...

SAL

(Laughs.)
...Morris?

KILLER

(Laughs.)
Like Morris the cat?

T.K.

Like Morris the 'putz!'

KILLER

I don't believe it, what a dumb name.

BUDDY

...When I told her that I wanted to be a singer and I wasn't going to medical school after college like Eddie, she still called me doctor. Then I went to California to get discovered. Three years later I found myself taking pictures and Dr. Morris was dead, just like my brother is now. Believe me, when I get my rocks off, that's when I am livin' my life to its fullest "*po-ten-tial*."

T.K.

Some men climb the highest mountains, while their brothers sink to the lowest slime. I give you "*po-ten- tail*" at its very best.

BUDDY

The feeling is mutual I'm sure. You're all full of shit, all of you!

T.K.

Gentlemen, I believe Dr. Morris doubts our sincerity.

BUDDY

Doubt your sincerity? All of a sudden Killer says that he's through wrestling and he's gonna become a *vegetarian*? C'mon, and SCHWARTZ, who has put down organized religion, the Post Office, Grandma Moses, even girl scout cookies, done more screwing and drugs than anybody I know, is gonna give it all up to spread the word? Rots-a-ruck Charley!

SCHWARTZ

The Lord giveth and the Lord...

BUDDY

...Taketh, I heard all about it remember, I was there.

(SAL CLICKS.)

BUDDY (cont'd)

(To Sal.)

And you, no way I'm gonna believe that you've been Carmen Miranda in drag all these years. Now, why don't you all cut the shit? "*Cut the shi-t, cut the shi-it.*"

(SCHWARTZ CROSSES HIMSELF AND PRAYS, KILLER PICKS UP STUFFED CAT AND EXAMINES IT.)

BUDDY

T. K., what the heck is going on here? All you have to say is you're getting divorced and the picture will be *fini*.

T. K.

There's nothing more *fini* than Boo Hoo, is there?

KILLER

He's right; Boo Hoo means it's all over. Just think of what happened to good ol' Doc.

BUDDY

Since everybody thinks they're dying around here, to avoid the June rush may I suggest I make your funeral arrangements immediately I'll get a group plan and you'll save a fortune. The only reason you're all thinking of dying is none of you ever lived G-DDAMNIT, NEVER!

T. K.

And I suppose you have.

BUDDY

You better believe it.

T. K.

The penis has spoken.

SAL

And where did it get you? Don't you think there's more to life than getting laid, besides killing yourself?

KILLER

(Pets stuffed cat.)

There's a whole lot more, I know.

T. K.

There has to be, there just has to be.

BUDDY

(Sings.)

"Di-vorce di-vorce, it's a hell of a town. The Bronx is up and the Battery's down." Ya know, there are guys that talk about what they're going to do and then there are guys that don't talk about it at all, they just do it.

T. K.

And you are the primary example of doing it all right.

SCHWARTZ

Don't do it brother, let go and let Jesus do it for you let Jesus show you the way.

BUDDY

Show me the way show me the way? What makes you so sure that all of a sudden Jesus is the way?

SCHWARTZ

You did. Remember when you said that every guy in the world would give his right nut to be in our shoes and when T. K. took his shoes off and put them on the table? A chill ran down my spine... No matter how I tried, I had to admit to myself that I didn't like the way my shoes fit either and when my brother Killer opened his heart, he was so real and I was so ashamed that I wanted to run away. I lied to you guys, I have lied my entire life to everybody, including me. I almost forgot that I was the preacher man's son until, what can I say, thanks to you Sal, when you stuck that gun in my face I found the Lord, my salvation, my savior, Jesus Christ.

BUDDY

So, now you're going to dedicate your life to J. C. and you're gonna become another one of those 'gonnif' T.V. evangelists like those Bakkers... Yeah, I think it just might work. When they hear you lay it on how you have sinned, you'll probably make more bread than all those fakers put together. I got to hand it to you SCHWARTZ, you got a *Yiddish kupp*, or was it another one of T. K.'s brainstorm?

T.K.

(Raises hands above head.)

I know, maybe I could hang glide?

(T. K. SCOOTs AROUND, FEIGNING HANG-GLIDING, SAL CLICKS, KILLERS EXAMINES STUFFED CAT AND SCHWARTZ CROSSES SELF.)

T. K. (cont'd)

I always wanted to try something dangerous like skydiving. Patti says that I should, I mean, what the hell do I have to lose? I guess for one reason or another I've always talked myself out of it, but you see, I don't care in fact, I don't give a damn, because I'm not afraid Anymore... Can't you see,

(Scoots around.)

I'm not afraid anymore?

BUDDY

(Sarcastic, sort of sings.)

It looks like T. K.'s lost his fear of fly-ing and I guess the game is o-ver. He's found what he wants to do-o and he's really gonna do-it." Hold it! Time out. "I" just got a brilliant idea and I'm a 100% sure that my big brother would have okayed it with open arms. I swear, Eddie would have gone for it himself and you know how he always played it safe. It has something to do with, "Before it's to la-ate, before it's too la-ate."

KILLER

Fuckin' A man. "Don't wait 'til it's too late, for if you do, Boo Hoo."

BUDDY

I guess that means that you're definitely becoming a full- fledged *vegetarian*, right?

KILLER

Soon as T. K. gets me some of my bread back, you can count on it Buddy, you can count on it.

BUDDY**(Shuffles cards.)**

Since it appears that we are in total accord; you're all gonna kick-the-bucket any minute, why don't we have a game? Raise the stakes enough so that Killer can immediately become a *vegetarian* and save all the pussies in the world... And SCHWARTZ, you won't have to wait more than a few minutes to get your hands on enough bread to "*Start spreading the news SCHWARTZ'S leaving today*" and my man Sal, give me five, Sal.

(Sal begrudgingly gives Buddy five.)

You won't have to kiss your father's *touches* any more.

(Sings.)

You can, "*Dance bal-er-ina dance*," or you can just get away. Isn't that what you've always wanted to do, get away to Hawaii? Away from the garbage, maybe? Do yourself and the

(Sings, Beatles; "Lonely People.")

Mrs. a favor and think about all those lonely Pineapples, "*Where do they all come from? All those lonely.*" Well, are we playing?

KILLER

What kind of game are you talking about big mouth?

BUDDY**(To Killer and Sal.)**

The game is life, your life Killer and your life Sal,

(To SCHWARTZ) (To T. K.)

And your life and who knows, maybe even your life? A game, where someone wins enough to beat Boo Hoo.

SAL

Nobody beats Boo Hoo.

(SADDENED, BUDDY LOOKS AT PHOTO OF EDDIE.)**BUDDY**

Not even the man who would be G-d.

(KILLER PETS STUFFED CAT AND SCHWARTZ CROSSES SELF.)**T. K.**

He'll always be my best friend... Always.

(BUDDY SHOWS THE TWO TICKETS.)

BUDDY

I bought your best friend these tickets to sail the South Seas and where did it get him? And now... And now it's too late. Life is for the living man, for us, and we're all too wise, we got too much bread, we couldn't get where we are if we didn't know, "*All the kings' horses' man and all the kings' men couldn't put Humpty Dumpty back together again.*" Don't you understand, this is your chance, how much time do you think you have left?

SAL

Okay Buddy, what's the score?

BUDDY

If you guys are sincere as you pretend to be and don't say I'm a "*Callous Bastard*," because I don't believe any of you phonies, including you T. K. Put your ass where your mouth is, 'cause talk is cheap baby and we all know what makes the flowers grow.

KILLER

(Didn't understand callous.)

I ain't afraid to play you. Name the stakes you "*Careless Bastard*."

SAL

You don't have to play him to prove anything Killer, I believe you, I really do.

SCHWARTZ

I do too. The only reason I ever doubted you brother was, I doubted myself... I always doubted myself.

KILLER

Forget it, will ya? And stop doubtin' yourself. What do you need it for?

BUDDY

What a script!

T. K.

At times the truth doth sound stranger than fiction.

BUDDY

Fiction? I'm talking about a game where's there's no wrestling, no Sitcoms, no garbage and not only can you skydive all you want, divorce is yours for the asking. The winner gets what he says he's got to have, what he's got to do. Anybody interested? The winner gets a cool five million dollars, on me, tax free, but on one little condition. The poor boy "*HAS*" to give up the career "*HE SAYS*" he no longer wa-ants and he instantly becomes free to pursue "*His*" so-called dream, before it's too late.

KILLER

Are you sayin' that you'd give me five million if I win and give up wrestlin'? Gim'me the money and fuck the game.

SCHWARTZ

What an idea, five million of your sinful dollars to help me fight the devil. "*Amen!*"

BUDDY

As long as we understand each other, no more Saturday Night Live, no more *ménage a trios*, just preachin' preacher man. "*Comprende vu?*" And as far as Sally is concerned,

(Sings.)

"*Gar-bage a-weigh my boy, gar-bage a-weigh.*" And what about T. K.? All you have to do is get divorce, understood?!

T. K.

And what do you have to give up '*boichic?*'

BUDDY

You name it.

T. K.

Your dope understood? No more "*toot sweet,*" got it?

SAL

Even though you give all that bread to N.A. and all those other charities, it's really killing you man, it is.

KILLER

It does it to ev'rybody, I swear.

BUDDY

All right, all right. Stop '*hocking*' me; I'll give it up. If I win, I'll stop doing it tomorrow, okay? Are you satisfied? I'll go to Betty Ford. Now are we playing?

T. K.

For five million of "*your*" dollars, I can't wait; I can't wait to wipe that ugly grin off your face, once and for all, because I feel lucky.

KILLER

(Sings.)

You think you're lucky, huh? "*Oh boy I'm lucky. This is my lucky day.*" Count me in Mr. Photographer; I can't wait to spend your money on my little animals.

BUDDY

Hast thou forgotten Jesus already Schwartzie? That's funny, I always thought he wanted to be Jewish like J C.

SCHWARTZ

I never wanted to be Jewish, only rich and famous.

SAL

That is Jewish.

SCHWARTZ

My papa wanted me to spread the word and with five million of Buddy's dollars, that's just what I'm going to do, spend all-your money brother, on my people?

SAL

This guy's out of his tits. You really believe he's gonna come up with five very big ones?

BUDDY

The first one that wins two hands, not only gets all my bread, "*He*" is guaranteed to live. Live, maybe for the first time in his life. You know when they say, "Thy cup SKY runneth over?" Do it man, do it! PUSSYCATS! PINEAPPLES!

(Sings.)

DIVING! HALLELUJAH! "*And now, the time is near... There's no to-morrow, there's just to-night.*"

KILLER

Are you playin' T. K.?

T. K.

You know what? I can't think of anything at the moment that would make me quite as happy as taking five million dollars from this low-life. This time, I think you bit off more than you can chew Morris.

BUDDY

Just remember, divorce '*buhby*,' divorce and personally, I think you came up with one hell-of-an-idea. You, give up at least fifty mil to Carol so, that you win my five very big ones. It

(To Killer.)

makes sense. *Soitenly* does. And are you ready to give it all up? And that means no more belts and no more mad dogs and Englishman too. '*Nu*,' what are you waiting for Labor Day?

KILLER

I ain't waitin' for nothin'. My little kitties need me! I'm playin', I'm playin', who deals?

(ALL TURN TO SAL.)

SAL

Don't look at me man, five even ten mil, I can't play. I got my old man's business to take care of, remember? I'm not playing.

BUDDY

That's because, it's not in the script, right fellas?

KILLER

Do it Sal, do it for Doc!

ALL (except Buddy.)

DO IT FOR DOC, DO IT FOR DOC, DO IT FOR DOC!

SAL

Okay, okay. Not only am I in for Doc, I'm in for the five million bucks, you sonofabitch! I want your money.

KILLER

That's showin' him. Now let's see who's full of shit.

BUDDY

This whole evening is hysterical. What a mistake, I should have videoed the whole thing. Ya know what it sort of reminds me of? Remember that flick that Cassavettes did with Falk and Gazarra? It took place in a bar...?

SAL

It looks like it's your move Paly.

(SAL CLICKS.)

BUDDY

Hey man, what are you crazy? I ain't playing any game for five million bucks, especially my five million bucks. You know how long it takes me to make all that money?

KILLER

(In disbelief)

He's chickenin' out! Now who's the pussy, pussy?! You said we're full of shit. YOU'RE FULL OF SHIT, YOU SHIT!

SAL

(Angry.)

Game of life, game of life? Your brother died, doesn't that mean anything to you?

BUDDY

Sure, it means something to me '*SCHMUCK!*' He was my big brother and... I loved him.

T. K.

Some people have a funny way of showing their love.

BUDDY

I know how to show my love all right.

KILLER

What happened to your game of life Buddy?

SAL

Will the "*real full of shit,*" please sign in.

SCHWARTZ

BUDDY!!!

BUDDY

All right, I'll play, but if I win, each one of you has to give me a mil, make that a mil-and-a-quarter. What's fair's fair. Agreed?

(ALL LOOK AT EACHOTHER. AFTER A BEAT.)

ALL

AGREED!!!

BUDDY

Hey T. K., take out those blank checks you always carry and why don't you give everybody one? Then we'll see who's full of shit around here.

**(AFTER A BEAT ALL SIGN CHECKS AND PUT THEM IN T. K.'S SHOE.
BUDDY SHUFFLES CARDS.)**

BUDDY (cont'd)

Mind if I deal?

T. K.

It's your idea, be our guest.

BUDDY

Remember, two legs, five-card stud, cut.

(KILLER CUTS AND BUDDY DEALS.)

BUDDY(cont'd)

T. K. gets a ten, our father gets a deuce, Carmen gets a big king, a big ace for the pussy man and a nine for me... A jack for the ten, pair of deuces for the padre...

SCHWARTZ

...'AMEN' for the deuces...

BUDDY

...Seven for the king, pair of aces for Killer!

KILLER

I'm gonna win, 'cause aces never loses, never...

BUDDY

...And a six for me, aces are high.

KILLER

Can I bet?

SAL

You already have, one very big one, remember?!

KILLER

You'll see, I'm gonna be the best vet there ever was...

BUDDY

...A queen to the ten-jack, possible straight for T. K., the preacher gets a five for his deuces, Sal gets an eight, three aces for the vegetarian, shit! And a five, that gives me a possible straight too.

KILLER

(Barks.)

"*Too*" all you want, I got *tree* Big ones man and they ain't lemons. Five million dollars, deal!

BUDDY

I need a drink, I really do.

KILLER

DRINK, you don't drink, you're just stallin', 'cause I got *tree* aces! Deal the cards damnit! You're doin' it 'cause you know I'm gonna win. Let's go! You deal Buddy.

(T. K. GOES TO BAR AND RETURNS WITH DRINKS FOR ALL.)

T. K.

I brought everyone Bourbon, and now, a toast to the best friend a guy ever had.

(THEY RAISE GLASSES AND BUDDY RAISES A STRAW TO PHOTO OFF EDDIE. ALL MOUTHE BOO HOO. THEY WILL START TO APPEAR INEBRIATED THROUGHOUT.)

BUDDY

(Sardonic.)

Yeah, before it's too late.

KILLER

Okay, let's go, I got tree aces, so deal!

(Deals.)

Ten, jack, queen, king, a very possible straight for T. K.

T. K.

Very possible indeed.

BUDDY

(Deals.)

No help for the padre, no help for the ex-G-man, *tree* aces gets a four and I get shit, shit.

(KILLER QUICKLY OPENS BOTTOM CARD.)

KILLER

I got a full house, aces over fours. I won! I won!

(Sings enthusiastically.)

"Hel-lo my baby, hel-lo my hon-ey, hel-lo my rag time ba-and."

(ALL THROW IN CARDS.)

BUDDY

That's only one.

SAL

That's right, you have to win two, Mr. Veterinarian, 'Gabeesch?'

S Goldberg

Pokerfaces and Castanets

1-1-81

KILLER

So deal, deal!

SAL

T. K. deals!

(STONED, T. K. SHUFFLES CARDS AND DEALS FIVE CARDS SLOWLY. ALL ARE HIGH.)

T. K.

Jacks or better.

KILLER

I hate "*Jacks or better.*"

SCHWARTZ

Is it because you like queens better Killer?

KILLER

UP YOURS!

BUDDY

And Sally likes pineapple better, don'tcha Sal?

SAL

Why don't you do a little more dope dopey?

BUDDY

(Snorts.)

If you insist, Carmen.

(ALL LOOK AT CARDS.)

T. K.

SCHWARTZ?

SCHWARTZ

By me.

SAL

Me too.

KILLER

(Excited)

(Barks)

I open, I open! One more and its all mine, Buddy. Meow, meow, arf, arf, I'm gonna get lots of puppies too.

T. K.

Cards?

(T. K. WILL DEAL CARDS REQUESTED.)

SCHWARTZ

Three.

SAL

Gim'me one good one, right in the 'labanz.'

KILLER

I'll take two, but I don't need 'em, I got it already.

SAL

It was inevitable...

BUDDY

...Three please.

T. K.

And the dealer takes two.

(ALL LOOK AT CARDS.)

KILLER

Okay, what do you got?

SAL

You opened you opened!

KILLER

(Opens cards.)

Read 'em and weep, *tree-ee* men!

(DISGUSTED, BUDDY, SCHWARTZ AND T. K. THROW CARDS IN.)

SAL

Tree kings are good...

KILLER

...I won, I won! I told you I'd win.

SAL

...But not good enough. I got a little straight, *tree*, four, five, six, seven. You read 'em and
(Picks up check, smiles and looks at it.)
weep. I can taste those pineapples already, Buddy.

(SCHWARTZ LIFTS EMPTY GLASS.)

SCHWARTZ

Nectar, I believe this G-d needs nectar.

T. K.

While you're at it Father, would you fix me a double?

SCHWARTZ

Bourbon?

T. K.

Always.

KILLER

Make mine Dewars.

SAL

Not too much ice in mine Preacher man.

**(WHEN SCHWARTZ GOES TO FIX DRINKS, SAL DANCES AND SAL
CLICKS, KILLER EXAMINES CAT'S MOUTH AND T.K. PICKS UP
GOLF CLUB AND PUTTS IMAGINARY BALL.)**

T. K.

(Having just discovered the possibilities of golf.)

Yeah, maybe I should try putting. Why not, I always thought I looked a little like Player.
How do I look?

BUDDY

Like a '*schmuck*.'

SAL

(Dancing by.)

And me?

BUDDY

(Snorts then lights joint.)
A little '*schmuck.*'

KILLER

Gim'me a toke Buddy.

(BUDDY GIVES KILLER JOINT.)

SAL

(To T. K.)
The ball's got to be between your legs.

KILLER

Forget about his balls, let's play!

T. K.

(To SCHWARTZ.)
Father father, what is taking thou so long? Thy brethren, with parched mouths await thine presence.

SCHWARTZ

Presence my "*Asp,*" I'm not a bartender; I am the Preacher man's son.

T. K.

Well, fill'er up Preacher man's son, fill'er up.

(BUDDY SNORTS AND OFFERS STRAW TO T. K.)

BUDDY

Counselor...?

T. K.

(Sticks straw in nose, but can't remember routine.)
What the hell, you only live once, right? Down something... *Schnelenmacher!*

ALL (except SAL)

DIVE! DIVE! DIVE!

(T. K. SINKS TO MIRROR AND SNORTS.)

BUDDY

Now, that's more like it. Tennis anyone?

(T. K. GIVES STRAW TO KILLER. SAL CLICKS.)

KILLER

What are you gonna do, here today and gone tomorrow and I only do it once in a while, right T. K.?

T. K.

We all only do it once in a while.

(KILLER SNORTS AS SCHWARTZ RETURNS WITH DRINKS. ALL RAISE GLASSES.)

BUDDY

To the game of life!

(ALL DRINK.)

KILLER

So deal! Who deals?

SCHWARTZ

(Shuffles cards and deals two down.)

Seven card, but no low. Killer gets an ace...

KILLER

...YES...!

SCHWARTZ

...King for my almost favorite picture man, T. K. gets a nine, Sal gets a jack and I don't believe it, pair of aces for the *vegetarian*... and I get a little *tree*.

KILLER

Aces never loses, remember? I can hear all my pussies, meow, meow, meow. Five million Buddy, five million...

SCHWARTZ

...Queen for Buddy's king and T. K. gets a pair of nines...

T. K.

...Nines have always been quite lucky for me...

BUDDY

Uh-oh, your pussies might just have to wait a lick Killer, he might have "tree" nines...

SCHWARTZ

...And a deuce for me. Did I ever tell you the story about the little deuce that was lost for nine weeks?

KILLER

No, no I never heard the story about the lost deuce.

SAL

Do me a favor and forget about the lost deuce and deal G-ddamnit!

SCHWARTZ

Sal gets a nine for his eight-jack, possible straight Sal.

SAL

Who asked you...?

SCHWARTZ

...Aces get a four, Buddy gets your ace Killer...

KILLER

...Shit...

SCHWARTZ

...A ten for T. K.'s nines and I finally get a pair of "*trees*."

KILLER

(Sarcastic.

-

Laughs.)

If ya feed those "*trees*" some watermelon everyday, they might grow up to be fours.

SAL

I'm gonna build a house on the side of a mountain, facing the ocean of course, and as I swing in my hammock, sipping pina coladas, I'm gonna think of you guys once a month and I shall call it my period.

BUDDY

I'm sorry Killer, but the way Sal's smiling, I think he got his straight already.

SAL

I cannot tell a lie...

SCHWARTZ

...A ten for Sal's eight-nine-jack. If that's not a straight then I...

KILLER

...He don't have it yet, he don't have it. I can tell, right Sal? You don't have it...

SCHWARTZ

...THREE ACES FOR KILLER! I don't believe it. Five million dollars ladies and gentlemen, five million dollars. I think I'm going to cry.

BUDDY

Me too...

(SCHWARTZ, THEN BUDDY, CRY AS KILLER BARKS AND MEOWS.)

SCHWARTZ

...Buddy finally gets a pair of Queens. Don't look too good ladies and gentlemen, because Sal still needs a Queen.

SAL

So deal...!

SCHWARTZ

...T. K. gets a pair of tens for his nines. Too bad two pair don't beat "*Tree*" aces, T. K. And I still have a pair of "Trees." Save me Lord, save my pair of "trees" from Killer and his "tree" aces.

SAL

Forget about his "tree" aces. *Tree* aces don't beat a straight, remember?

KILLER

Shit, that's right. G-man had a straight before and won...

SCHWARTZ

...Last card and since it's down and dirty, maybe we should all wash our hands.

T. K.

(Having looked at the last card.)

As a matter of fact, since my hands do feel a little sticky, wash my hands, is exactly what I am going to do, thus I fold to Killer's three aces.

(T. K. REMOVES CHECKS FROM SHOES AND PUTS THEM ON, HE THEN SNORTS AND SCOOTs AROUND AS IF SKY DIVING. KILLER ALSO SNORTS, PICKS UP STUFFED CAT AND BECOMES ENGROSSED IN IT.)

SCHWARTZ

You guys are crazy. That coke is going to kill you. Turn to Jesus, Jesus is the answer, not drugs, Jesus, my sweet Lord.

BUDDY

(Turns to Sal, devilishly.)

Fuck SCHWARTZ and his Jesus. You go Sal.

SAL

DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? NEVER, I'LL NEVER DO THAT SHIT AGAIN!

(Laughs and dances away. Laughs sardonically.)

NEVER!!! Be careful, that *'shit'* can kill ya. Don'tcha get it...?

(Snorts, laughs then opens T. K's cards in disbelief.)

That 'shit' can kill ya... T. K.! You have a full house, three nines and a pair of tens. What are you crazy? Five very big ones... A full house beats three aces and a straight,

(Exaggerated Jewish accent.)

so vhat are you vaiting for, vy don'cho finish deh game? Are you afraid you're goink to lose a million dahlas, or are you ready to admit, it was all a joke book? Come on, tell me Deh emis.

(SCHWARTZ, DIPS HIS THUMB IN ASHTRAY AND WILL WALK AROUND AND LAUGH DEVILISHLY, AS HE PUTS HIS THUMBPRINT ON THEIR FOREHEADS.)

BUDDY (cont'd)

Okay girls, it's time to come back to reality. Hey Killer, ten minutes ago you couldn't wait

(Sings, mimicking Killer.)

to win. Don'tcha remember...? *"Hel-lo my honey, hel-lo my baby, hel-lo my rag time band..."* What about no more wrestling Killer? Thought you said you're tired of being a dumb piece of meat... What happened to you, you big vegetarian. Think of all those poor pussies and puppies and don't forget, not that you ever will, your father's handcuffs. Don'tcha understand you only need one more hand to beat Boo Hoo.

(Pulls Killer's wig off in disgust and kicks it.)

KILLER

(Snorts.)

I only do it when we play, right, Buddy? What's that, once a month? Big deal.

(ALL LOST IN THEIR OWN WORLDS WILL NOT RESPOND. T. K SKY DIVES, KILLERS SNORTS THEN RIPS OPEN STUFFED CAT, SCHWARTZ CONTINUES TO PUT THUMB-PRINT ON THEM WHILE MAKING SIGN OF THE CROSS.)

BUDDY

Come on, I thought you guys said you were serious. What's going on here, what happened to spreading the word SCHWARTZ? The good Lord awaits thee! Jesus doth beckon! And let us not forget T. K. and his sky diving, poor *'buhby.'*

T. K.

(To self, snorts.)

I rarely if ever indulge. I'm much too smart, everyone knows that, especially my associates.

BUDDY

You're gonna die a rich sonofabitch T. K., a rich and unhappy sonofabitch.

T. K.

(To self.)

I assure you, only when I play cards.

(SAL GOES TO GET COAT.)

BUDDY

Oh, my G-d, I almost forgot about Sally. This is your big opportunity to get away, Carmen. Can't you just taste all those pineapples? Well, don'tcha want to tell your father about that slow boat to Hawaii you're gonna take G-man? It's what you always wanted, isn't it?

SAL

If you're trying to say it's time I told my father that I'm leaving him and *"HIS EMPIRE,"* well so do I, so do I. Ya see, I just figured out from all the horse shit I've been hearing around here tonight, I don't need your five mil or any other excuse to say goodbye to him or to you, all I ever needed was me, sonny boy, me. See ya around and thanks for reminding

(Exits.)

me about those pineapples.

BUDDY

Why don't you join him SCHWARTZ? Who the fuck needs you and your Jesus. Go on, get the hell out of here, ass-hole!

(SCHWARTZ EXITS.)

BUDDY (cont'd)

And Eddie, my dear beloved brother... Did I ever thank you for saving my Yankee jacket...? Thank you... You were always there for everybody... everybody but me. My dear beloved brother, who at times I loved more than I care to admit, Mama loved you Eddie,

(Chokes up.)

Mama always loved you... More than me, everybody loved you more than me. Even now...

(Regains fervor.)

(Sort of sings)

Always. I knew it, I knew it, you guys are "*Full of sh-it, full of sh- it.*"

(Thinking He's wasted his life, HE laughs nervously.)

What about your brother you said to me. Well, what about my brother, and what about

(Laughing nervously, tears checks and tosses them into air.)

Boo Hoo, what about Boo Hoo?

THE END