

## Joanne

*Joanne is out having quite a few drinks with Bobby and her husband Larry who is currently whooping it on the nightclub dance floor.*

Big show off! It really shocks me to see a grown man dance like that! I am shocked, you hear, shocked! Where was I? Oh - my first husband. He is so difficult to remember. Even when you're with him. We got married here in New York. I was just out of college. See. He was here on some business deal, but he owned a big meat-packing company in Chicago.

Attractive? Well, we lived in New York for almost a year and then one day he had to go back to Chicago. And you know, he was actually surprised when I told him I would just wait here for him. I mean, I still really don't know quite where Chicago is. It's over there somewhere.

*(Points)*

He said he didn't really plan to come back... so I knew we were in a tiny dilemma – or at least he was. I was still too young. But I was old enough to know where I was living, and I had no intention of leaving New York. I have never left New York. Never have, never will. And least of all would I ever want to go to a place where they actually feel honored being called “hog butchers to the world”. They're proud of that! I said, “Kiss off, Rodney”, but I said it nicer. Well, we got a divorce. A divorce. Huh – ! One word means all of that.

# Larry

*Larry is talking to Bobby after Joanne's latest bout of drunken meanness.*

See, everyday Joanne tests me to see if I'll go away. Twice a year my wife here packs up to leave so I'll ask her to stay. My mother was a very difficult woman... and my old man left her... and he regretted it until the day he died. Now me, hey, I married this wildly conceited broad with no self-esteem. I got a wife who still has this hard time believing that she found a guy she daily fascinates. And, unlike my father, I'm a very happy man. She doesn't act like this when you're not around, Bobby. I hope you get to meet Joanne sometime. She's really a terrific lady. In fact, you ever decide to get married, Bobby, make sure you find someone just like Joanne.

# Jenny

*Jenny and David are smoking marijuana pot with Bobby in their kids' playroom.*

I just don't feel anything. Here, David, I don't care for any more. It's too small. That's too small. It probably just doesn't work on me. Do you feel anything, David? Do you, honey? Because I don't. When will I feel it? I mean, we've had two for heaven's sake. I think maybe it depends on the person's constitution. Don't you Dave? Well, listen, it's always good to try everything once.

*(Pause)*

Maybe I'm just too dumb or square, but I honestly don't feel anything. Do you, Dave? Because I don't. Absolutely nothing. Honestly, not a thing. I mean, I wish I did. I just don't. Maybe they gave you real grass, right off the front lawn. I knew I wouldn't feel anything, though. I don't have that kind of constitution. Why am I talking so much? Am I stoned? Am I? I am not. Are you? You are not. I'm so dry! Is that part of it?

# Marta

*Talking to Bobby on a date.*

Jews, Hispanics, gays, Arabs, street people, all my closest, my best friends. Listen, I don't pass people on the street, I stop and I know them. In this city every son of a bitch I meet is my new best friend. Oh, I go uptown, like to the dentist or something, and I swear, suddenly I want to cry because I think, "oh my God, I'm uptown." And Fourteenth Street. Well, I don't know why anybody talks about anyplace else, because that is the center of the universe. That's humanity, Fourteenth Street. That's everything. And if you don't like it there they got every subway you can name to take ya where you like it better. This city - I kiss the ground of it. Someday you know what I want to do? I want to get all dressed up in black - black dress, black shoes, hat, everything black, and go sit in some bar, at the end of the counter, and drink and cry. That is my idea of honest-to-God sophistication. I mean, that's New York.

You know what this city is? Where a person can feel it? It's in a person's ass. If you're really part of this city, relaxed, cool and in the whole flow of it, your ass is like this.

*(Makes a large round circle with her forefinger and thumb)*

If you're just living here, runnin' around uptight, not really part of this city, your ass is like this.

*(Tightens the circle to nothing, making a fist)*

# April

*Speaking to Bobby at an intimate moment.*

Right after I became a flight attendant, a friend of mine who had a garden apartment gave me a cocoon for my bedroom. He collects things like that, insects and caterpillars and all that... It was attached to a twig and he said one morning I'd wake up to a beautiful butterfly in my bedroom - when it hatched. He told me that when they come out they're soaking wet and there is a drop of blood there, too - isn't that fascinating - but within an hour they dry off and then they begin to fly. Well, I told him I had a cat. I had a cat then, but he said just put the cocoon somewhere where the cat couldn't get at it... which is impossible, but what can you do? So I put it up high on a ledge where the cat never went, and the next morning it was still there, at least so it seemed safe to leave it. Well, anyway, almost a week later very, very early this one morning the guy calls me, and he said, "April, do you have a butterfly this morning?" I told him to hold on and managed to get up and look and there on that ledge I saw this wet spot and a little speck of blood but no butterfly, and I thought "Oh dear God in heaven, the cat got it." I picked up the phone to tell this guy and just then suddenly I spotted it under the dressing table, it was moving one wing. The cat had got at it, but it was still alive. So I told the guy and he got so upset and he said "Oh no - oh, God, no — don't you see that's a life - a living thing?" Well, I got dressed and took it to the park and put it on a rose, it was summer then, and it looked like it was going to be all right - I think, anyway. But that man - I really felt damaged by him - awful - that was just cruel. I got home and I called him back and said, "Listen, I'm a living thing too, you shithead!" I never saw him again.

# Amy

*Talking to her fiancée and Bobby during her pre wedding breakdown.*

Don't talk, please! Why don't the two of you sit down and talk to each other? I can't think with the two of you following me - every place I go - from the bedroom to the bathroom to the kitchen... I feel like I'm leading a parade. Paul, stop staring! I feel it - like bullets - right through my back. No, Paul, please! I'm so crazy I left the refrigerator door open last night, so the orange juice is hot. Here.

*(Hands them glasses of orange juice)*

Don't talk, please.

Oh, Paul. I apologize. Oh, Paul, you say whatever you wanna say. Whatever you like. Who am I telling you what to do? Oh, Paul. This is the most neurotic... insane... it is... so crazy having this enormous wedding and everything after we've been living together all these years! It's embarrassing, Paul. People will think I'm pregnant. What am I doing? I'm thirty-one. It's just incredible. Two years with a psychiatrist... and look where it leads. I am just so glad we're not having a Catholic wedding because next year when I get the divorce I won't be a sinner. Whoever would have thought I'd marry someone Jewish? Jewish! I mean I didn't even know anybody who was Jewish. See, Robert. That was probably my main attraction. Look what a little Catholic rebellion will lead to! The very first moment I met Paul, I said to myself, "That's what I really like... that Jew!" Oh, he was so beautiful... inside and out beautiful. Paul would kiss me and I would think, "Oh, I got my very own Jew!"

# Bobby

*Reacting to his “surprise” birthday party.*

My birthday. It's my birthday. Do you know you had me scared to death? I was just about to run out of this place like nobody's business. I was. I mean, I didn't know – I mean, what kind of friends would surprise you on your thirty-fifth birthday?

*(Pause)*

Mine. Then again, how many times do you get to be thirty-five? Eleven?

*(Pause)*

Okay, come on. Say it and get it over with. It's embarrassing. Quick. I can't stand it.

*(Guests give a lifeless “Happy Birthday Robert”)*

I stood it. Thank you for including me in your thoughts, your lives, your families. Yes, thank you for remembering. Thank you.