

ANDREW'S MOTHER

Well, if you see a nun today, be sure not to cross her path, or you'll be cursed with a barren life dependent on charity.

JEREMY'S MOTHER

Marry in the month of May, you'll surely rue the day.

ANDREW'S MOTHER

Marry when the year is new, always loving, always true.

JEREMY'S MOTHER

They who in July do wed, must labor always for their bread.

EMILY'S MOTHER

Marry in September's shine, your living will be rich and—

EMILY

Fine. I'm fine. Excuse me for a minute, please.

EMILY'S MOTHER

Well, I still need some cake. Let's go girls.

*The mothers go.*

*Andrew and Jeremy are alone in the foreground of the space.*

*A moment passes between them. Jeremy raises a glass, or his hand in the shape of a glass.*

JEREMY **START**

Mazel Tov.

ANDREW

Mazel Tov.

JEREMY

It just goes one way.

ANDREW

Oh. Sorry.

JEREMY

In this case, it only goes one way.

ANDREW

I didn't know. Sorry.

JEREMY

It's okay. You didn't know.

ANDREW

I'll learn. I signed up for a class.

JEREMY

You'll convert?

ANDREW

Sure! It doesn't really matter to me either way.

JEREMY

It doesn't matter to you either way?

ANDREW

If it's easier for her— I'll be a Jew.

I'll be a socialist. I'll be a giraffe. I'll be a wool sweater. Whatever she wants, you know?

JEREMY

You don't have principles?

ANDREW

I'm sure I do.

JEREMY

What kind of principles?

ANDREW

They're my principles.

JEREMY

Name some of your principles.

ANDREW

Actually, maybe I don't have principles.

Maybe I'm flexible about everything. But, I think that's a virtue.

JEREMY

I think it's important to have principles.

ANDREW

I think it's important to be good at what you do.

I'm a good physical therapist. I'm a good runner. I'm a good cook. I'm a good driver. I'm good with money. I'm good with kids. I'm funny.

JEREMY

I don't think you're funny.

ANDREW

No, I'm funny.

JEREMY

How are you funny?

ANDREW

Explaining how something is funny doesn't explain it. It's just funny.

JEREMY

What do you believe in?

ANDREW

I believe in the value of learning to play an instrument.

JEREMY

What candidates do you vote for?

ANDREW

I don't vote for candidates because I don't vote.

JEREMY

Are you not a citizen?

ANDREW

One person doesn't have a chance of affecting an outcome. Ask any economist.

JEREMY

You're a physical therapist.

ANDREW

The only value of voting is social— being seen at your polling place.

And maybe getting a sticker. But I never saw anyone I knew at my polling place.

And I'm not the kind of person who walks around all day with a sticker on my chest.

I'm not the kind of person who would advertise that I voted or gave blood or finished a race. So, people don't expect that from me.

JEREMY

You don't vote?

ANDREW

The probability of voter decisiveness is astronomically low, but, if you can make a better argument, I'll reconsider. Because I'm flexible. And a little drunk.

JEREMY

Okay. Great. Mazel Tov.

ANDREW

Mazel Tov. Oops. I forgot.

Seems like this is over. Seems like we should go.

*Moving on.*

ANDREW

So. This isn't working.

JEREMY

You're right.

ANDREW

We'd like you to go.

JEREMY

I understand.

ANDREW

We really like it here. We can't find another place near here for this price.

JEREMY

I understand.

ANDREW

It's convenient to my work. It's safe. There are great restaurants.

JEREMY

There weren't ten years ago.

ANDREW

It just doesn't seem appropriate for all of us to be here together. Anymore.

JEREMY

Yeah. I understand.

ANDREW

Thank you.

JEREMY

Okay. I understand. I'll go.

*Moving on.*

JEREMY

I changed my mind. It doesn't really seem fair. Maybe you two should go.

ANDREW

Rock-paper-scissor?

JEREMY

That sounds fair.

*The first time they play, it's a draw.*

ANDREW

Best out of three.

*Andrew wins. He celebrates too much.*

JEREMY

That's a little excessive.

ANDREW

The more you celebrate your life, the more there is in life to celebrate.

JEREMY

Thanks, Buddha.

ANDREW

It's Oprah, actually.

JEREMY

Okay. I'll go.

ANDREW

Thanks. I really appreciate that.

JEREMY

Sure.

ANDREW

Toda raba.

JEREMY

Okay.

ANDREW

Shabbat Shalom.

JEREMY

Shabbat Shalom. Glad you're enjoying those classes.

*Moving on.*

ANDREW

We had an understanding.

JEREMY

It was really a game of rock-paper-scissor.

ANDREW

Which symbolized our understanding.

JEREMY

You're right.

ANDREW

I know I'm right.

JEREMY

The problem is that I own the unit.

ANDREW

You own the unit?

JEREMY

Martina Molina left it to me.

ANDREW

Who is Martina Molina?

JEREMY

She was the star of a 1964 spaghetti ad.

And she was a hat maker.

And she was very proud of her homemade holiday candy.  
She was also a model who slept with James Dean, Gore Vidal and an ex-president whose name she took to her grave. And she owned this unit. And she left it to me.

ANDREW

And you just FORGOT?

JEREMY

The transfer of property was just finalized.

ANDREW

It's not so easy to transfer property to someone!

JEREMY

You're telling me. It took years. I won't even get into it about the taxes.

ANDREW

You're a smug sack of shit.

JEREMY

The more you celebrate the more you— something. Right?

ANDREW

I've been very patient. And kind. And sensitive.

I don't know why you haven't treated me with the same respect.

JEREMY

I took your wife's virginity.

*Jeremy gets a little giddy.*

ANDREW

Is that a biblical reference?

JEREMY

I carried your wife on my back for a week in the snow.

ANDREW

I don't know the symbolism you are referencing.

This is not funny. I am very close to fighting you.

*(A pause for extra clarification.)* With  
my hands.

JEREMY

Okay. Let's fight.

*They approach each other to fight. It's clear neither of them has ever been in a fight. They crouch and circle. They don't know how to start.*

ANDREW

How are we doing this?

JEREMY

What do you mean?

ANDREW

What kind of fight is this?

JEREMY

Whatever kind of fight you want it to be.

ANDREW

But— what style?

JEREMY

How about...preppy casual?

ANDREW Forget

it.

*They crouch again, circling each other slowly.  
Jeremy takes a small pocket knife out of his sock.*

ANDREW

WHAT THE FUCK IS THAT?

JEREMY

It's a knife.

ANDREW

WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH A KNIFE?

JEREMY

Sorry. I guess it's not that kind of fight.

I'll go put it back.

*Moving on.*

EMILY

I HATE EVERYTHING!

JEREMY  
What happened?

ANDREW  
What happened?

EMILY  
I had a bad day.  
I was supposed to have four patients but they gave me five.  
Number four had a white cell count that was out of control *high*.  
*And* an abnormal heart rhythm, completely unrelated to the Leukemia.  
So, we're doing potassium, oral chemo and the bone marrow biopsy to confirm the diagnosis—  
*Yeab, they hadn't even confirmed the diagnosis.*  
And she's 40. So— it's *devastating*.  
I'm on the phone with the IV team. The blood bank. The surgeon. The x-ray guys. The resident.  
And the fellow—who is an idiot.  
I'm taking the only bite of my muffin I've had all day—  
And the husband marches in, screaming at me that the pump was making it hard for her to pee. I  
barely saw one two and three. Five had a heart attack at five... and then he died.

ANDREW  
Poor thing.

*She sobs. Andrew comforts her.*

EMILY  
I'm burning out.

ANDREW  
You're not burning out.

EMILY  
I got burned.

ANDREW  
You didn't get burned.

EMILY  
No, I did. On the coffee maker. I don't want to go back there.

ANDREW  
Maybe there's something in that holistic department—

EMILY  
I don't think I can take care of very sick people anymore.

ANDREW

What do you *want* to do?

EMILY

Do you think I could tap dance?

ANDREW

Of course.

EMILY

Do you think if I worked really hard, I could tap dance— professionally?

ANDREW

Um. No.

EMILY

Okay. I feel sad.

ANDREW

You're going to quit and then we'll figure something out.

EMILY

I'm not a quitter.

ANDREW

Quitting doesn't make you a quitter.

EMILY

What does make you a quitter if it isn't quitting?

ANDREW

It's brave to quit something that doesn't work for you anymore.

EMILY

Okay. Yes! Good-bye scrubs! Good-bye gloves!

ANDREW

I'll work Saturdays and you'll take some time and you'll figure out what you want to do next.

EMILY

I love you.

ANDREW

I love you too.

JEREMY **STOP**  
Mazel Tov.

*Moving on. With a baby crying off-stage.*

ANDREW  
Do you want me to go?

JEREMY  
I can go.

EMILY  
Breathe and count to ten.

*The crying stops.*

EMILY  
This isn't working.

JEREMY  
It seems like it worked.

EMILY  
I mean— the three of us. I mean— the four of us.

JEREMY  
Oh.

EMILY  
I'm going to be honest. And vulnerable. And lay all my cards out on the table.  
Here I go. I quit my job because it was killing me. Andrew stopped working Saturdays—

ANDREW  
Because that was killing me.

EMILY  
And if we were to move— and Andrew was to keep his job—  
We'd live in an area where the schools aren't very good like they are here.  
And maybe Andrew could find a different job—  
But he likes where he works and the people he works with.

ANDREW  
I do.

