

Ever So Humble

A play by Tim Pinckney

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Contact:

Charles Kopelman

CPK Artists, LLC

11 Riverside Drive, #13UW

New York, NY 10023

Mobile: (917) 797-4011

charles@cpkartists.com

Ever So Humble

Cast (In order of appearance)

Nick
Holden
Bobby
Dana
Howard
Daisy
Carl

The time is now

The play is set in various locations around New York City

The play is performed in two acts

Ever So Humble
Scene breakdown

Act One

- Prologue** A very nice room in the Soho Grand Hotel
Scene one The Westway diner
Scene two An uninhabitable empty apartment in Hell's Kitchen
Scene three Carl & Howard's Upper East Side Apartment
Scene four Various locations around the city
Scene five Bottino, a Chelsea restaurant
Scene six Split scene: The Ozone Park sublet
 Carl & Howard's Upper East Side apartment

Act Two

- Scene one** Bottino, a Chelsea restaurant
Scene two The Westway diner
Scene three Howard's Brooklyn Brownstone
Scene four The Ozone Park sublet
Scene five Howard's Brooklyn Brownstone

Ever So Humble had its world premiere at the Hangar Theatre (Lisa Bushlow, Executive Director, Peter Flynn, Artistic Director) on July 14, 2011. It was directed by Peter Flynn; the set was designed by Ken Goldstein; costumes by Jennifer Caprio; lighting by Jeff Croiter; sound by Andrew Mark Wilhelm; original music by Brian Feinstein. Kerri J. Lynch was the production stage manager; Adam Zonder was the production manager. The cast was as follows:

Nick	Eric T. Miller
Holden	Jesse Bush
Bobby	Karl Gregory
Dana	Erica Steinhagen
Howard	Philip Hoffman
Daisy	Andréa Burns
Carl	Greg Bostwick

The play is dedicated to Fred Ebb
...and to Eddie, who always believes.

Prologue

It's early Sunday morning in a five star New York City hotel. A shower is heard offstage. Getting out of bed, NICK starts to look around. He checks out the amazing hotel amenities. He has never stayed anywhere like this before. He looks out the window at the amazing view of New York City.

Nick

(Staring out, then quietly to himself) I can literally see my house from here.

The water goes off in the bathroom. Nick dives back under the covers and pretends to sleep. HOLDEN enters in a towel.

Nick

Good Morning.

Holden

Jesus, you scared me.

Nick

Sorry. *(Holden continues to search for his clothes)* Did you sleep?

Holden

Umm...Yeah fine. You?

Nick

Oh my god yes. The thread count on these sheets must be like four thousand. *(Silence)* And I love a hotel – any hotel. Westin, Hampton Inn, Super 8 – I don't care. Plus I was pretty tired after last night – *(Nothing)* you've got some nerve looking that good in the morning.

Holden

(Fake laugh) Oh...I'm just... trying to find my clothes.

Nick

I think those are your pants over by the window and your shirt should be behind the chair. *(Pause)* That's you all over.

Holden

Thanks.

Nick

This room is amazing; really not necessary.

Holden

Well it's just easier than...you know. (*Exits to the bathroom*)

Nick

(*To himself*) Yeah this is much easier. (*Loudly to Holden*) So listen...You wanna grab some breakfast?

Holden (off)

No. Thanks though. I gotta go. I gotta get to work.

Nick

Who works on Sunday?

Holden

I do.

Nick

God, I am a priest magnet.

Holden

(*After another fake laugh, pointing to the table by the bed*) I'm sorry - Is that my watch?

Nick

Oh you mean this Rolex here, the one next to my Swatch? Excuse me for sounding like a cousin from the Ozarks but is that real?

Holden

It's just a watch. All it does is tell time.

Nick

Very nice. It would appear that your time is more valuable than mine. (*Hands it to him*)

Holden

Thanks. And thanks for last night.

Nick

Oh you're welcome. Anything for our boys overseas. Let me get dressed and I'll walk out with...

Holden

No. Listen, the room is paid for. I called down; they'll be up with croissants or something in a bit. Stay and enjoy it.

Nick

I think that might make me feel even more whore-y than I already do. I'll just get dressed and...

Holden

No really, stay. I just...I just have to go, but I did have a great time. Really. So stay.
(*Smiles*) Okay?

Nick

Okay.

Holden

Good. (*Grabbing his bag*) I'll see you around.

Nick

That's where I'll be – around.

Holden

Great. Take care. (*He exits*)

Nick

Nick! My name is Nick you asshole! (*The door opens and HOLDEN reappears*) Oh hello.

Holden

My glasses...

Nick

Bathroom sink.

Holden

Thanks. Sorry. (*He exits, returns wearing his glasses*) Take care.

Nick

Umm, you too.

Holden

(*Standing at the door*) And just for the record Nick, I knew your name.

Nick

No, I'm sure – listen, I was just...

Holden

Yeah I know. I'll see you. (*Exits*)

Nick

(*Angry at first, then*) Goddamnit.

HE lies in bed, grabs the chocolates off both

night tables and eats them. He turns on the TV. He turns off the TV. Then as he gets out of bed

I am totally taking the towels.

BLACKOUT

Act one, scene one

The Westway Diner. DANA and BOBBY are seated with the New York Times spread out on the table. They are both on texting, scrolling. They have empty coffee cups.

HOWARD is seated at the table next to them, doing the Sunday Crossword puzzle.

Bobby
How late were you up?

Dana
Late. Damn those Jersey Housewives.

Bobby
Oh my God, really?

Dana
There was a marathon. I couldn't stop. It's like crack.

Bobby
Crack might actually be better for you.

Dana
Did you hear from Nick?

Bobby
Nope. I texted him and told him we were here.

Dana
I am starving. (*Looking for the waitress*) What the hell happened to Mildred Pierce?
Could she move any slower?

Bobby
It's brunch. She's busy.

Dana
She's out front smoking a cigarette.

Bobby
Jesus Christ.

Bobby crosses to the coffee station, grabs a pot and refills both of their cups. He walks by Howard with the coffee

Bobby

Can I give you a warm up?

Howard

(Laughing) Why not? Our waitress seems otherwise engaged. *(Watching him pour)* Hey, you're good at this.

Bobby

Actor. Comes naturally.

Howard

I'll bet you're a good one. Thanks for the coffee.

Bobby

No problem. At the rate she's moving, I may be scrambling your eggs too.

Howard

Please make sure the bacon is crisp.

Bobby

You got it, Hun. *(Replaces the coffee pot and joins Dana)*

Dana

(Rifling through the paper) God damn it!

Bobby

What?

Dana

One of our neighbors is pilfering sections from my Sunday Times.

Bobby

What?

Dana

Look at this. I now have the Reader's Digest condensed version.

Bobby

What did they take?

Dana

The style section, the book section, the magazine, real estate, travel, arts and leisure - Everything I read.

Bobby

That's fucking crazy. Who does that?

Dana

I'll bet it's that queen in five B – with the hateful dog.

Bobby

Oh her. The one who takes your clothes out of the dryer and then piles them on top of the machine - while they're still wet.

Dana

I hate that. He does that to me all the time.

Bobby

I know - me too. But now when he does it, I open the dryer and take one of his socks.
(HOWARD, at the next table, smiles)

*Nick rushes in, carrying his
backpack.*

Nick

Hello there – sorry I'm late.

Dana

Hey Slutty. How was your night?

Nick

It was okay. Actually, up until a little while ago, I thought it was great. But I guess I was wrong. Is there a waitress?

Dana

Alice doesn't live here anymore. (To Bobby) Flo?

Bobby

Ooh my feet. Regular or decaf?

Nick

Regular please

Dana

I just have to ask you this...do you always have sex on the first date?

Nick

It's one of the advantages of dating me. You'd have liked him. He was rich.

Bobby
How rich?

Nick
BMW, Rolex, Prada slip-ons. Oh, and he had a room at The Soho Grand.

Bobby
Fancy pants.

Dana
What's he do?

Nick
I think he's a lawyer.

Dana
Name? (*Nick shrugs*) Nicky.

Nick
It got past the point of no return. I know it was something literary sounding.

Bobby
What difference does it make? You going to see Hemingway again?

Nick
Sadly no.

Bobby
So then who cares? Next...

Dana
Did you have a date last night?

Bobby
"Date" might be too big a word.

Dana
God, the gays exhaust me.

Nick
You are allowed to go out too you know.

Dana
It's so hard to choose among all the eligible straight men that I meet working in the theatre.

Bobby

Maybe you need a career change. Become a flight attendant.

Nick

Professional ice skater.

Dana

What I need is a job.

Nick

No auditions this week?

Bobby

It's been really slow.

Dana

And my unemployment is running out. I can't keep living like this.

Nick

Like what?

Dana

This. If my life isn't going to be fulfilling, it at least needs to be easier. I am over starving for my art. I need a change. No work, the bad dates, our sublet...

Bobby

What's wrong with the sublet? You don't like the apartment?

Dana

I love the apartment but it's not ours and I hate that crappy building. It's so dirty looking.

Bobby

It's a tenement. It has charm.

Dana

Oh please - it's a rat hole. Every time I walk up those filthy stairs I feel like Sally Bowles on my way to have an illegal abortion.

Bobby

You're in a rut.

Dana

I'm in a rut? You are so quaint. (*To Nick*) I'm in a rut. Who knew?

Bobby

Shut up. You think I love catering? Or that Nicky loves that wretched publishing job?

Dana

Have you been doing any writing?

Nick

I have a couple ideas for articles, but there just always seems to be something on TV.

Bobby

(Checking caller ID, holding up his phone) Ugh – it’s Charlie. Why is he calling? We venmoed the rent, right?

Dana

Yes.

Nick

Probably an acting update from the road. Maybe he’s going on for the lead again.

Dana

God help the ticket buying public.

Bobby

(Looking at his phone) I have one bar. AT and T sucks ass. I’ll be right back. *(BOBBY exits)*

Nick

Glad he didn’t call me. I hate talking to him. All he talks about is how much money he’s making on the road.

Dana

Over and over and over. He is so “I’m going to buy a house upstate now that I’ve paid off all my debt”. Great. Good for you – you’re still a tone-deaf asshole.

Nick

Listen, as long as we have the sublet, I hope he tours forever.

Dana

Oh I know. Jesus, I am so hungry. I have single-handedly finished this bread basket.

Nick

I’m going to start eating sugar packets soon. *(BOBBY returns)*. What’s the news?

Bobby

It’s not good. He just found out that his contract is not going to be renewed.

Dana

What? You’re kidding?

Bobby

No. They fired his ass. So he wants his apartment back. And he doesn't want roommates.

Nick

Shit. When?

Bobby

He's playing out his contract, so that gives us about six weeks.

Dana

That talent-free motherfucker.

Nick

Six weeks? Thanks for the notice.

Bobby

God I hate him. That fucking asshole.

Dana

Well, I said I wanted a change. Be careful what you wish for

Bobby

Homelessness will definitely be a change.

Nick

Jesus, we haven't had to look for a place for a long time.

Dana

We need to get on this like right now. We should start calling everyone we know (*Bobby groans*) and tell them we're looking for a place to live.

Nick

I don't want to move. I can't afford it.

Dana

Who can? We want to stay together, right?

Nick

Well yeah

Bobby

Absolutely.

Dana

We're gonna need real money boys. Like rent at least a 2-bedroom apartment in Manhattan money. And what do we have here? (*Pointing to Nick*) Freelance writer (*Points to herself*) Unemployed actor. (*Points to Bobby*) Unemployed actor Staten Island, here we come.

Bobby

Oh God no.

Dana's phone rings

Dana

(*Looking at her phone*) Oh perfect – It's my mother. The cherry on my Sunday. I'm going to step outside so I don't hyperventilate in front of everyone. If our waitress makes an appearance, I want pancakes with assorted pork products.

Bobby

(*Holding up his phone*) Charlie again. Fuck.

Dana

Tell him thanks for nothing and um, oh yeah, he's gonna need a new TV. (*She exits*)

Bobby

I'm going to see if I can get us more time. There is no way we can find a place and move in six weeks. Order me an egg white omelet with turkey bacon and a side of sliced tomatoes. No toast no home fries. Thanks – be right back. (*He exits*)

Nick

(*To himself*) I hate today.

Howard

(*Leaning in*) Excuse me?

Nick

Hi....what? The cream? Splenda?

Howard

No. I'm sorry – I don't know if you remember me...we met online and went for coffee at Joe's in the Village...? I'm sorry...

Nick

No no...I'm sorry. I'm just going to need a little more information. That date description narrows it down to about three hundred and fifty men.

Howard

Well, I believe you're a writer...

Nick

I'm glad someone believes it.

Howard

You had just finished reading **The Forsyte Saga** – we talked about that.

Nick

Oh okay – I remember you. I had never met anyone else who had read that. We had a pretty good time, didn't we?

Howard

I thought so. I'm Howard Steinman.

Nick

Right. Nick Ferrante.

Howard

I remembered the Nick part.

Nick

That was over a year ago wasn't it?

Howard

Almost.

Nick

Well it's nice to see you...still have your boyfriend?

Howard

Oh sure...*that* you remember.

Nick

Sorry. So are you two still...?

Howard

Yes, but we're not really been getting along. At all. It's frustrating after all this time.

Nick

I'm sure. What was his (name)?

Howard

Carl. It's been...I had the idea that maybe if he had a new challenge, it might help things. So I suggested that he produce a small film. And he is.

Nick

I'll bet that keeps him very busy.

Howard

It's the lead actor is who is keeping him very busy, but we won't go into all of that.

Nick

Ouch. I'm sorry - really.

Howard

So now I have a new challenge. I was also the one who suggested this actor for the role.

Nick

You have all the good ideas.

Howard

So it would seem. I'm sorry. I've suddenly lost all sense of decorum. I shouldn't have spewed all that at you.

Nick

It's fine.

Howard

Thank you. So I couldn't help but overhear some of your conversation. I'm sorry about your apartment.

Nick

Oh thanks – me too. Are we that loud?

Howard

Not consistently. I had to really listen. (*Nick laughs*) So anyway, bad manners aside, my stepdaughter is a realtor and I think she's a pretty good one. Why don't I give you her numbers and you can give her a call.

Nick

Well thank you. I wish all eavesdroppers were as nice as you. (*Howard laughs*) You want to join us?

Howard

Oh no – I don't want to intrude.

Nick

Don't be silly – you'll hear better sitting at the table.

Howard

(*Laughing, he grabs his coffee*) Maybe just for a minute. Where did your friends go?

Nick

This happens all the time; whenever we go out, they get phone calls and leave me alone. They are always on the phone. Just once I wish my phone would ring.

Howard

Well I'll keep you company until they get back. So did this apartment news just come out of the blue?

Nick

We had no idea. We've been living there for almost seven years. I mean, we could not be more settled in that place, which was probably stupid – we were going to have to give it up sometime. Except, you know, sometimes you get to take over sublets. Apparently this isn't one of those times. And the timing of this is just – not that there's ever a good time to be kicked out of your apartment, but I mean Jesus, c'mon – This is not what I'm supposed to be thinking about at this point in my life. I'm going to be forty, I'm poor, single, unemployed and now homeless. I mean, why don't you just shoot me? Aren't you glad you came over here?

Howard

God, I wish my phone would ring. (*Nick laughs*) Look, hang in there; this will pass and who knows what's on the other side right?

Nick

Right. Thanks Howard. And thank you for volunteering your stepdaughter.

Howard

My pleasure. She was sort in a funk after college so I pushed her a bit to get her real estate license. She did and she loves it. She met her husband at a closing.

Nick

How romantic. Good for her. And hopefully for us.

Howard

It's worth a try. Oh and here (*He opens his New York Times*), take my Real Estate section.

Nick

Thank you, but Dana already has the paper.

Howard

Not all of it. Hey, you know I have an extra ticket – would you like to come to the theatre with me this afternoon?

Nick

Howard, I can't get involved in a situation like this ...

Howard (*Overlapping*)

No, no... I didn't mean to imply that. This would be strictly as friends.

Nick

Oh. Did I just overestimate my appeal?

Howard

(*Laughing*) Maybe just a tad.

Nick

It sounds great and I appreciate the offer, but my friends and I really have to start chasing down a place to live. We don't have much time and (*Looking off*) Hold on - Dana is waving to me. I think she needs to be rescued.

NICK starts to dig into his bag, pulling out books, gym clothes, and towels from the Soho Grand.

Howard

What are you looking for?

Nick

My phone. I need to call and get her away from her mother. Dammit, I hope I didn't leave it at the hotel...

Howard

Hotel?

Nick

Don't ask. Shit, it's got to be...got it! Oh god...She's going to kill... (*Pushes speed dial – into the phone*) Hey! Sorry, sorry - I couldn't find my phone. Yeah yeah – tell her your food just arrived. Of course not. Haven't even seen a waitress. (*Clicks off*) Oh man.

Howard

Crisis averted?

Nick

Temporarily. Her Mom is...a lot. Now if we could just get someone to take our order.

DANA re-enters

Dana

(*To NICK*) Thanks Speedy. (*To HOWARD*) Hello there.

Howard

Hi. I'm Howard. How's Mom?

Dana

Certifiable. Hi Howard, I'm Dana.

Howard

Well, I should get going and let you guys finish...

Dana

Finish what? Our breakfast?

Howard

Good point.

Nick

Did I mention that Howard has a stepdaughter who's a realtor and he's going to hook us up?

Dana

No you didn't. That's amazing Howard. Thank you.

Howard

It's my pleasure.

Dana

And it would be my pleasure to buy you a cheap, greasy breakfast.

Howard

Well, thank you. That's exactly what I wanted this morning.

Dana

Excellent. See how everything works out?

Nick

Let's grab Bobby and go someplace else.

Dana

Yes please.

Bobby returns

Bobby

I fucking hate him. The day we leave, we take everything, even the shit that's not ours. I'm talking about...(Seeing Howard) Oh Hello.

Howard

I'm Howard.

I'm Bobby.

Bobby

We're going someplace else.

Dana

Good.

Bobby

And we're buying Howard breakfast.

Dana

We are? That's nice of us.

Bobby

It's nice of him. His stepdaughter is in real estate.

Nick

Fantastic. I love that we are actually depending upon the kindness of strangers.

Bobby

Act one, scene two

*DAISY is showing NICK, DANA,
BOBBY and HOWARD an unlivable
empty apartment.*

Daisy

Okay, now I have to be honest - this neighborhood is not my usual turf so I'm a little out of my element. You tell me if I'm on the right track. I think this place has quite a lot of charm and the price is right. It's just waiting for some creative people to come in here and make it a home. I actually think it's kind of cute. Yeah. Do you like it?

Dana

(The place is hideous) It's wonderful.

Howard

Daisy generally works in Soho and Chelsea.

Bobby

Yeah, she showed us a couple of those places. Really, really nice...

Daisy

I thought that loft space off Spring we saw last week would have been perfect for you three.

Bobby

I thought so too. That's why my therapist upped my meds.

Nick

We really appreciate all the places you've shown us Daisy.

Dana

And I'm guessing that we might actually be in our price range today – I mean, judging from the number of occupied glue traps.

Daisy

You're kidding right?

Dana

Well, maybe half kidding. Don't go in there...

Nick

What's that smell?

Daisy

Is there a smell?

Bobby

Oh boy is there a smell.

Daisy

Well maybe they had cats – once you rip this carpet up, that'll be gone.

Bobby

Right. Is there another bedroom?

Daisy

Well not so much a bedroom, but in the hallway, there's sort of a loft bed. Really great utilization of a challenging space. And you could put a dresser or your desk underneath it. Like an office.

Nick

Okay – well, let's see the kitchen.

Dana

I think you're standing in it.

Daisy

No, she's kidding – it's just that the refrigerator is in the hall. There's a galley kitchen through the bedroom. I really think this place could be adorable. (*Silence*) Now there's another place opening up on the sixth floor. It's the B line so it's a different layout. Shall we go take a peek?

Bobby

Yeah, let's take a peek. Thanks Daisy.

Daisy

Oh great. Well then...let's climb those stairs and see what we find. (*Daisy exits*)

Nick

I'm going to stay here. I'm trying to see if I can put a desk anywhere other than in the hallway, under your loft bed.

Bobby

Funny. Dana – you coming? (*HE exits*)

Dana

Yeah – this kitchen really stinks.

Howard

Maybe it's the cat Daisy mentioned.

Nick

It would have to be a really big cat...

Dana

I don't think it's a cat. I think it's just good old fashion urine.

Nick

Check please.

Dana

I'm going upstairs. Really, Howard it's so sweet of her to try and help us. I'm just sorry we don't make a livable income.

Nick

We'll meet you out front.

Dana

Christ, I bet this is the Midtown Hilton for bedbugs. (*Howard laughs as Dana exits*)

Nick

There is not one level floor in this apartment. Everything is slanted.

Howard

It would be fine if you had one short leg.

Nick

In those four rooms, I counted one electrical outlet and eleven dead roaches.

Howard

Awful. You couldn't live here. This is awful.

Nick

The really sad thing is that I don't think we could afford this dump...with all due respect to Daisy.

Howard

She is so out of her element. God bless her for trying.

Nick

She must hate us. I would.

Howard

I doubt that. To be honest, this is just a hobby for her.

Nick

A hobby? Is she really rich?

Howard

Um, yeah.

Nick

Great. She must be thrilled to see how the other half lives. I'm so sick of looking at awful apartments. Thanks for coming with us again.

Howard

My pleasure. I'm sorry the apartment wasn't any good, but I still had a good time.

Nick

Well, you know, if we're going to be homeless, we might as well be entertaining. You've been great these past – what is it – almost five weeks?

Howard

That sounds about right.

Nick

You've really helped us stay focused and you have definitely stopped us from killing each other...or at least stopped Dana from killing Bobby.

Howard

There's no way to extend it?

Nick

What?

Howard

Your sublet. There's no way you can work this out?

Nick

No. We're just about out of time and now he's going to sell it for some insane amount of money. I know it's not ours, but it does feel like home.

Howard

That feeling is very rare. Especially in New York. You need to feel home. Have you looked in Brooklyn?

Nick

Yeah there's nothing, which is fine. Plus, it's so bougie. I'd hate it there.

Howard

I live in Brooklyn.

Nick

And I hear it's beautiful. Wait, I thought you guys were on the east side?

Howard

I have a brownstone in Carroll Gardens - apart from where I live with Carl.

Nick

You have a brownstone? A whole brownstone? I love that. Can I have it?

Howard

(*Smiles*) It belonged to my stepmother. She had no kids of her own so she left it to me. She was an amazing woman. It's a wonderful place – I've been spending most of my time there lately, what with things with Carl being so crazy. There's a garden in the back where I can dig in the dirt and grow flowers and this enormous old elm tree in the front. Under the tree, there's a bench and an ancient statue of Saint Anthony that's been there for as long as I can remember.

Nick

May I ask why Howard *Steinman* has a statue of Saint Anthony?

Howard

My stepmother was Catholic. He was her favorite so I keep him right there, surrounded by coleus and impatiens.

Nick

Don't you pray to Saint Anthony when you're looking for something?

Howard

Yes – he's the finder of lost articles; good for you. For throat ailments you pray to Saint Blaise, you pray to Saint Felicity if you want male children and Saint Joseph if you want to sell your house.

Nick

Who's in charge of homeless, unemployed writers?

Howard

Well maybe Paul the apostle or John the apostle or Saint Lucy...

Nick

There's a Saint Lucy? I hope that means there's a Saint Ethel?

Howard

Lucy has a lot on her plate. In addition to writers, her patronage also includes stained glass workers, people with eye problems, and oh yes, dysentery.

Nick

Why do you know all that?

Howard

I'm a bit obsessed with saints. There's something mystical and, I don't know, almost calming about the crazy specificity of them – no matter what you need or what is wrong, someone is on the job, looking out for you. I find that very reassuring. I have lots of books and statues at the house

Nick

That must be some house.

Howard

It is. It still has the feel of my stepmom – safe and comfortable. Two fireplaces and couches you can put your feet on. It's a real family house – like for thanksgiving or something. I have an office there and there's also an upstairs apartment that I rent.

Nick

It wouldn't happen to be available would it?

Howard

Actually Carl's son is living there while his place in town is being renovated.

Nick

Oh that's nice. Can you toss him out?

Howard

(*Smiles*) Sorry. He travels a lot, but he loves the house. Not Carl. Carl can't relax off the island of Manhattan - he begged me to sell when we got together, but I refused. It's mine and I love it. To be honest, I don't know what I would do without it. I think it's where I feel the most at home.

Nick

It sounds great. But right now, we just need a place to live.

Howard

You've had that. I think maybe it's time for a home.

Daisy enters with Dana and Bobby

Daisy

Well, you guys think about it, I have to run over to the office before my next appointment – Oh wait Nick, would you like to take a look? (*BOBBY gestures no*)

Nick

Um, you know, they'll fill me in.

Daisy

Great. You guys talk about it and let me know. Well. This was fun. Call me soon if you're interested. This place will not last. (*Her phone rings*) Howard, see you soon. (*Air kiss*) Love to Daddy. (*Answering her phone*) Hi, it's Daisy. How can I help? (*As she exits*) Taxi!

Bobby

Now when she says this place won't last, I assume she's talking about its imminent collapse.

Nick

I take it upstairs was no good.

Bobby

It was a dump. (*To Dana*) What the hell were you thinking?

Dana

You know what...and please don't take this the wrong way – but you're an asshole.

Bobby (*Overlapping*)

Okay, I'm an asshole but that place was just three raccoons short of Grey Gardens.

Dana (*Overlapping*)

I'm just trying to find us a place to live. If you had really looked at it, you'd see that if you painted it, and if the ceiling got repaired, and if you ripped up all that contact paper that was everywhere...

Bobby

Yes?

Dana

And if you re-did the floors in the living room, bathroom and kitchen and got a new refrigerator, sink and stove...

Bobby

And if you swept up the mountain of mouse shit...it would still be a dump.

Dana

It would still be a dump. I'm sorry – really. I'm getting desperate. No - I am desperate.

Howard

You're just anxious to find something.

Bobby

Can we pretend we have money and go out to lunch?

Howard

Tell you what. Let's head out to my house in Brooklyn and barbeque something.

Bobby

Great! Wait. You have a house in Brooklyn?

Howard

Yes.

Bobby

Is it like an extra house?

Nick

I already asked.

Bobby

Shit.

Dana

Will there be alcohol?

Howard

The bar is fully stocked.

Dana

Lead the way.

Howard

You are so easy.

Dana

You have no idea.

Howard

Oh, I've heard talk.

Dana

What? Did you talk to Patrick?

Howard

Yes I did.

Bobby

Who's Patrick?

Dana

A friend of Howard's - he introduced us. Good first date. Great second date.

Howard

I'm so glad to hear it. I just had a feeling.

Dana

I have a feeling too. Saw him twice last week, tonight and then again this Tuesday.

Nick

Wow.

Dana

He's dreamy.

Bobby

And he's straight?

Dana

Yes. Asshole.

Bobby

C'mon Howard focus. Anyone that can find Dana a date can certainly find us an apartment.

Howard

You guys have really been looking. I can't believe you haven't had any luck.

Bobby

Well we've had some...

Dana

No we haven't.

Bobby

We found a six-month sublet. (*To Dana*) And we have to take it.

Howard

(*To Nick*) You didn't tell me this. (*NICK shrugs*) Well that's better than nothing – isn't it?

Dana

Well you'd think so but, sadly, no it isn't.

Nick

It's slightly better. It's in Queens.

Way way out in Queens.

Bobby

I can't even think about it.

Dana

Where is it?

Howard

Ozone Park.

Nick

Oh.

Howard

It's so far out in Queens you actually have to go through Brooklyn to get there.

Dana

After today, it's official - we have no choice. We have to take it. We're moving to Ozone Park. Charlie comes home next Monday.

Nick

Asshole.

Dana (With Bobby)

Motherfucker.

Bobby

Look, at least you're not homeless. You can keep looking and who knows - you might find you like the outer boroughs – God knows I do. So you go to Queens for a while. Nothing is forever. Relax, take the ride and see where you end up. It'll all work out.

Howard

Thank you Howard.

Nick

C'mon let's go fire up the grill.

Howard

They all start to exit.

Howard, you keep feeding us – all those lunches and now a barbeque. You really should just adopt us.

Bobby

Howard

No, you eat too much.

Dana

That'd be funnier if it weren't true.

Act one, scene three

*Carl and Howard's Upper East Side apartment.
Carl is on the phone at his desk. Howard walks in
with a couple of shopping bags.*

Carl

No. Absolutely not. Listen – I am tapped out. Well, you will have to make it work. No. No. That's fine – I'll agree to that. Okay call me back. You too. Okay. Me too.

Howard

Well, hello there. I didn't expect to find you home. *(Puts his bags down)* You sounded very Hollywood just now.

Carl

It never stops. *(Looking for a number)* Daisy is here.

Howard

She is? Good, I want to thank her. She's really been trying to help my friends. *(DAISY enters)* There she is.

Daisy

Howard – I am done with your friends. I can't find them anything. Not in the city. I tried, I really did but with their budget, I don't think I could get them into a studio in Weehawken.

Howard

I appreciate your efforts Daisy. It looks like they have found a temporary sublet.

Daisy

Really? Where?

Howard

Ozone Park.

Daisy

Okay, can I just say I have no idea where that is?

Howard

It's in Queens. Near JFK.

Daisy

Well, that sounds awful. But I wish them all the best. And don't take this the wrong way but I will not miss showing them apartments. For people with no money, they had an awful lot of rules.

Howard

Well they appreciated your help. And so do I.

Daisy

No problem Howard. Feel free to refer me again in the future, but I'm much better with people of some means, okay? I have to take off. Daddy, don't work so hard. I'll call you later. (*Exits*)

Howard

How's the movie going?

Carl

Tiring and expensive. We got some new script pages today – all junk.

Howard

Ah show business – everything about it is appealing.

Carl

We'll figure it out. So been out with your new pals - the not so juvenile, juvenile delinquents?

Howard

Yes. We had a great day. We walked through a street fair and then ended up cooking out at the house in Brooklyn. It was wonderful. Oh, and look at this.

HOWARD removes his shoes

Carl

What am I looking at?

Howard

My gorgeous toes. We got pedicures! It was extraordinary. Oh and I brought cupcakes from the Magnolia Bakery. Ever had one?

Carl

No.

Howard

Deadly. Try one.

Carl

No thank you.

Howard

Well just so you know, I'll be taking all my meals there from now on.

Carl

Cupcakes and a pedicure. There's always a surprise after you've been out with Nick.

Howard

He's a terrific guy. We have a good time.

Carl

I'm happy for you. I really am.

Howard

What's that supposed to mean?

Carl

It's not supposed to mean anything.

Howard

You know, there nothing going on between us if that's what you're hoping.

Carl

Why would I hope for that?

Howard

Because it would somewhat relieve your guilty conscience.

Carl

Oh I see. Look, when you have a moment – the messenger service dropped off the new wills. We need to initial the changes and send them back. It's primarily regarding the paintings we bought last year. And what about the Brooklyn house?

Howard

What about it? Didn't I leave everything to you?

Carl

Well, now might be a good time to revisit that. (*Silence*) You should consider leaving it to my kids.

Howard

Why?

Carl

You've been a big part of their lives. They care about you. Look how Daisy tried to help you. And my son is living in that house with you right now. The two of you have always gotten on just fine. Look, it's up to you; whatever you decide will be...

Howard

My house is very special to me...

Carl

Howard, it's just a house. Do whatever you want with it. Look, I'm running late.

Howard

You're always running late. Do you think the very important movie and the even more important movie star could wait this one time so we could actually finish a conversation?

Carl

Howard I can't have this discussion right now.

Howard

Well Carl, it's not high on my to-do list either, but c'mon – we can talk about this. It's awkward but after all these years, we ought to be able to...

Carl (*overlapping*)

I really need to get going. Please just look at those papers when you have a moment.

Howard

Fine.

Carl

Thank you. I have to fly out to the coast with Devon on Tuesday to meet with some more potential investors so I'm going to be difficult to reach for about a week.

Howard

You've been difficult to reach for about six months. (*Pause*)

Carl

Look I know you're angry and you have the right to be. I have not been available to you, I know, and things are changing. We'll talk when I get back. I promise.

Howard

(*Pause*) Wanna do something tomorrow night? A drink? Maybe dinner?

Carl

I have The Met tomorrow night. *Tosca*.

Howard

Oh. Well, enjoy. She dies in the end.

Carl

I've got to run. If you would just think about what you want to do and then that will be it for the wills – for now, okay?

Howard

I'll get to it tonight.

Carl

Thank you. I'll try to see you at some point before I leave.

And Carl exits. Howard stares at the papers. He reads through them, gets bored and puts them on the desk. He sits down and removes his shoes and happily wiggles his freshly manicured toes. He picks up his phone and sees that he has a voicemail from Nick.

Nick's voice

Hey Howard – it's Nick. Are you looking at your feet? I cannot stop looking at my feet. Thanks for dinner - your garden looks amazing. I love that you know all the flower names - you big fruit. So I heard Dana telling you all the details of her date. Dana doesn't share that stuff with just anyone you know. You are so family now. You're like the new fourth Marx Brother. Wait; there already was a fourth Marx brother wasn't there? Actually there was a fifth Marx Brother. Never mind. You get the point. So anyway, call me later. Do you wanna see that new play at The Vineyard next week? I hear mixed things about it but good actors. Pick a night; it'll only take me three weeks to come in from Queens. Call me.

Howard smiles as he listens. He grabs the papers that Carl left for him and a yellow legal pad. He starts to read, then grabs a pencil and starts writing.

Act one, scene four

Friends on phones

Nick

(On his cell phone) Hey Sweetie, it's me.

Dana

Hey You.

Nick

Hello. Listen Howard called. He says he's got a surprise for me and wants to meet us at Bottino – he's buying drinks and dinner.

Dana

Shit, I can't. I'm going to a movie with Patrick.

Nick

Again?

Dana

Yessss...

Nick

You haven't even slept in the new place yet.

Dana

Oh, I know. So wanton.

Nick

You're not dating him just to get out of the commute to Ozone Park are you?

Dana

No, but I would. Plus I'm kinda crazy about him, she said cautiously.

Nick

Wow.

Dana

Oh yeah. I'm totally going steady. Thank you Howard. So what's the surprise?

Nick

I don't know. It's a surprise. He just said he wanted to see me and that I'm supposed to bring you and Bobby. Shit *(looks at his phone)* It's Bobby. Hold please. *(Clicks over and Bobby appears stage right in a police uniform)* Hey

Bobby
Hey Girl. What's up?

Nick
I'm talking to Dana. What are you doing tonight?

Bobby
Get her on conference. I only have a minute.

Nick
What? Why? I just want to know if you...

Bobby
I have news.

Nick
So do I.

Bobby
Mine's bigger. Conference me in.

Nick
Ah shit. I always fuck this up.

Bobby
Focus Dr. Who. This isn't hard.

Nick
Shut it. Hold on.

Nick presses buttons on his phone.

Nick
Are you there?

Bobby
I'm here.

Dana
I'm here. Where'd you go?

Nick
Three way call. Hey Pals. Bobby, where are you?

I'm shooting a LAW AND ORDER.

Bobby

Shut up.

Dana/Nick

SVU bitches!

Bobby.

When did this happen?

Dana

This morning. Apparently Howard knows the casting agent and they called me last minute. I fucking love Howard. What's up with you guys?

Bobby

Howard called me and wanted me to round up you and Dana. He's got a surprise for me. He wants to buy us drinks and dinner at Bottino.

Nick

What's the surprise?

Bobby

I don't know – it's a surprise.

Nick

What time?

Bobby

Seven thirty.

Nick

I'm not sure I'll be done. It's already after 5 and I haven't shot my second scene yet.

Bobby

You have two scenes?

Dana

Oh yes...

Bobby

I smell a best supporting actor Emmy.

Nick

Bobby

It's in the bag. You should see me - I'm in total cop drag! And these pants make my ass look amazing. Dana, are you going to Bottino?

Dana

Can't. Movie with Patrick.

Bobby

Getting serious. What are you seeing?

Dana

I don't know. Something foreign. I'm already asleep. And late. Bye Y'all.

Bobby

Bye Sweetie.

Dana hangs up.

Bobby

So text me when you know something. I'll be in my trailer.

Nick

You have a trailer?

Bobby

Yes I have a trailer...that I share with eight other guys.

Nick

Show business is so glamorous. Congrats Pal.

Bobby

Thanks Boo. Talk to you soon.

They both hang up. Lights shift and music up.

Act one, scene five

Bottino, a Chelsea restaurant. NICK is sitting at the bar with a margarita. He is on his phone. HOLDEN sits with a beer, unnoticed, next to him.

Nick

(On his cell phone) No, he's still not here. I have no idea. I've called his cell like 5 times. I know, he's never late. I'm sure I'll hear something soon. How's the movie? Really? I thought you were seeing a foreign...nah I don't blame you – who wants to read? So what are you...? Really? Yeah, I know, I don't like her. All she does is cry. Shouldn't you be getting back in there? Oh that's right, I forgot why you called. Well you know me; I'm strictly a Junior Mints kind of guy. Absolutely not. I don't like anything that begins with the word "gummy". Now you're talking. Goobers never disappoint. Okay. Bye.

Holden

Twizzlers.

Nick

Excuse me?

Holden

Twizzlers. No fat, no mess, and very satisfying. Although borderline gummy.

Nick

Duly noted. Hey I know you. We met at some party, went out and had a really great meal and ended up having a pretty romantic night in the Soho Grand and then the sun came up and you left me alone like a ten-dollar whore remember?

Holden

How could I forget? You took the towels.

Nick

(Yes he did) I did not.

Holden

Anyway, it's sweet of you to remember. If it makes you feel any better, I think I've been stood up.

Nick

I doubt that. I'm sure he'll be here.

Holden

He's ninety minutes late.

Nick

You've been stood up.

Holden

Oh well. Guess I'll be heading out to the Hamptons a little earlier than I thought.

Nick

That doesn't sound so bad.

Holden

You go to the Hamptons?

Nick

Oh yeah sure – you know, if I'm invited. And if I don't have to pay for anything. And if someone drives me out there.

Holden

Ever been?

Nick

No.

Holden

Nick right?

Nick

Very good.

Holden

Holden.

Nick

I knew that.

Holden

Sure you did. Drink?

Nick

Oh no thanks. (*Holds up his glass*) Have one.

Holden

Are you being stood up too?

Nick

No. I'm just meeting a friend. So Holden – like Caulfield?

Holden

Just like. Mom loved Salinger. Could have been worse...I could have been Zooey or Seymour.

Nick

Could have been much worse. Mom could have loved Dostoyevsky. You could have been Raskolnikov or Myshkin.

Holden

(Laughing) Wow, okay. Where did those names come from?

Nick

English major.

Holden

So you're a big reader.

Nick

"A big reader"? Yeah sort of. You?

Holden

Um...actually no. I'm not. I was going to lie but since we just sort of re-met....

Nick

Very considerate. Re-met?

Holden

Shut up. *(Nick laughs)* Hey are you hungry?

Nick

I'm always hungry. Why?

Holden

Wanna split calamari or something? I promise I'll take off when your friend gets here.

Nick

Um, sure. Why not?

Holden

Great. So how are you doing? What's going on with you?

Nick

I'm doing okay – Just moved into a new sublet that I'm not too happy about.

Holden

Sublets are the worst. You should just buy something.

Nick

Yes. Yes I should.

Holden

Sorry – didn't mean to sound insensitive.

Nick

You didn't – you just sounded financially secure.

Holden

So where are you now?

Nick

Queens. Way way out in Queens.

Holden

Oh. Well I'm sure it'll be fine. It could be worse.

Nick

How? New Jersey?

Holden

Just seemed like the thing to say. I take it back. It sounds awful.

Nick

Thank you. It is. We'll keep looking. Six months goes fast.

Holden

Yes it does. In the meantime, another drink?

Nick

I shouldn't...Casamigos Margarita on the rocks with salt.

*An hour later. NICK and HOLDEN
are both drinking margaritas and
picking at the calamari*

Nick

So anyway – Judy's in the chorus, you know a Ziegfeld girl, and she wants a chance to audition for a specialty spot in the follies. Judy's father – Charles Winninger – who is an old vaudevillian - coaches her for her audition and he's got her really clobbering the song – you know selling it to the back row – And the song is "I'm Always Chasing Rainbows" so you know that no good is going to come from this. So Judy goes in for her audition and the whole company is there, on stage watching her, of course, and her father is going to accompany her, of course. So Judy starts to sing the song – just like her Dad taught

Nick (cont'd)

her because she loves him so much and she wants to do him proud, but she totally knows that this is the wrong way to sing this song. The director stops her and says, "Honey, no one beats a song to death like that anymore – thanks but no thanks". So then, as Judy starts to slink away, Lana Turner steps in and tells the guy to give her one more chance.

Holden

This is my new favorite movie.

Nick

So then Lana goes to the orchestra leader and says "C'mon boys, you know this song" and Judy gets up and sings the song exactly the way you want Judy to sing it –slowly, with meaning, and a full orchestra. She puts her hands on her Dad's shoulders and you know that she knows that this is the way she should be singing the song, but she also knows she's breaking her Dad's vaudevillian heart – because he knows he was wrong and it's finally clear to him that vaudeville is dead, stone cold dead, so where does he fit in, and now, of course, Judy's imminent success is a direct result of the death of what her father does best and it's just all too much for me.

Holden

Wow. You are so gay.

Nick

I love an MGM musical. You have to see it.

Holden

I totally have to see it.

Nick

I have the DVD.

Holden

You have a DVD? Such cutting edge technology.

Nick

Shut up. I'll let you borrow it.

Holden

Or we could watch it together.

Nick

(Caught off guard) Yeah we could do that. *(NICK, blushing, takes out his cell phone and hits speed dial)* I'm sorry – this is rude, but I should check on my friend again *(Watching him eat)* You eat the ones with the legs?

Holden

Oh sure.

Nick

I can't believe we've had two orders of calamari.

Holden

You still hungry?

Nick

Ravenous – I could eat heaps.

Holden

Wanna try the duck quesadilla?

Nick

I can't...if I'm ever going to move out of Queens, I kind of have to watch my money so I think...

Holden

No, this is on me. I dragged you into this feeding frenzy.

Nick

You really don't have to...he's still not picking up his phone. I wonder what happened.

Holden

Do you think everything is all right?

Nick

I hope so. He said he had a big surprise for me – I have no idea what it is...

Holden

That's because it's...

Holden/Nick

...A surprise. *(They laugh. And then quiet)*

Holden

It's funny, running into each other. You should know that when we last met or hooked up or whatever you want to call it, I had a really good time. But I was in the middle of a horrible break up, and I was just feeling, you know, really fragile...

Nick

Sure I understand. Not too fragile for sex though...

Holden

Well, I'm not made of glass for Christ's sake.

Nick

(Laughing) Good to know.

Holden

So listen, you want to get a table and have dinner? Unless you think...

Nick

Yeah, let's do it. I mean, he's clearly not coming...

Holden

Sorry. So no surprise...

Nick

Well...just not the one I expected...

Holden

Personally, I like my surprises unexpected. Let's eat.

*As the lights go down, we see Dana
in a spot talking on her cell phone.*

Dana

So I don't have a message from you. What's the buzz; tell me what's a-happenin'. Did you see Howard? What's the surprise? Did he buy you a car? Are you going to Europe? More importantly, am I going to Europe? Details please. Anyway, the movie's over and I'm waiting for Patrick – he's in the bathroom. So do you miss me like crazy? I know I've been staying at Pat's place every night – please don't think it's because I don't love you and Ozone Park. Oh, and in case I don't see you, I'm heading out to New Jersey to visit my sister Clytemnestra for a couple days. I'll be back Saturday morning. And by the way, you can totes miss this movie. If you've seen the preview, you've seen the movie. You cry a lot and of course the kid dies. Talk to you tomorrow.

Act one, scene six

A split scene between the sublet in Ozone Park and Carl and Howard's Upper East Side apartment.

Bobby

I'm back.

Nick (Offstage)

You were gone awhile. Are you okay?

Bobby

Yeah fine. Just looking around our new neighborhood. Lots of kids with baseball bats. No hats, no gloves, no baseballs – just bats. Should that make me nervous?

Nick (Offstage)

Did you get us some breakfast?

Bobby

Yeah I did. Wait until you see what passes for a bagel around here.

A plane roars overhead

Nick (*Entering*)

I wonder if it's possible to overstate the joy that comes from living so close to Kennedy Airport.

Bobby

Dana's not back yet?

Nick

Any minute. She left Jersey this morning. You know Patrick came out to her sister's for dinner.

Bobby

I know. I think it's getting serious.

Nick

Oh, it's serious. She's getting all girly. He took her out dancing.

Bobby

Dancing? Jesus, that makes me all girly.

The lights come up on Carl and Howard's apartment.

Carl

Sweetheart, can you join me in here please?

Daisy

Coming Daddy – I’m just getting a glass of this wine. (*DAISY enters*) I know it’s a little early but I couldn’t resist. I had no idea that Howard was such a wine connoisseur. Would you like some?

Carl

No thank you dear.

Daisy

God, this is a really outstanding Shiraz. (*She settles into the couch*) There is this plummy, peppery taste with some subtle notes of licorice and bitter chocolate. Amazing. Can I take the rest of the case?

Carl

Yes of course Daisy.

Daisy

Thank you Daddy. So the prodigal son is here?

Carl

Yes. He’s on the phone.

Daisy

I can’t believe you got him to come. Did he know I was going to be here?

HOLDEN enters.

Holden

Sorry I had to take that. (*Looks at Daisy*) Oh. How are you Daisy?

Daisy

Fine. I’m fine.

Holden

Good. Good.

Daisy

How’s your new place?

Holden

I’m not in the new place yet. I’m staying in Howard’s Brooklyn apartment while they finish the renovations on my place.

Daisy

Why? Weren't you at the Soho Grand?

Holden

Yeah, but the work was going to take a lot longer than I thought. Howard offered, I accepted.

Daisy

Great. How nice for you.

Holden

Yes. Very nice.

Daisy

You look well.

Holden

Thank you. So do you.

Daisy

Thank you.

Holden

You're welcome.

Silence

Daisy

(Standing) I think I'll just top this off. *(Exits to kitchen)*

Lights cross fade back to Ozone Park

Nick

So when's your LAW AND ORDER going to be on?

Bobby

Not sure. I sent a note and a fruit basket to the casting guy. Was that okay?

Nick

Absolutely. *(Starts eating his bagel)*

Bobby

You sure? *(Nick nods)* Not too bon voyage? *(Nick shakes his head)* Good. Have we heard from Howard yet?

Nick

No and it's been three days. I left a bunch of messages and texts – two this morning.

Bobby

Did you call the house in Brooklyn?

Nick

I get the machine. Howard has an answering machine.

Bobby

Of course he does.

Nick

I have the number for his landline at the apartment but I didn't want to get Carl. "Hi this is Nick, have you heard from Howard? You know...your partner?"

Bobby

They're probably just at their other house – you know, the third one, in Amagansett.

Nick

I don't know, maybe. Is he a missing person? Do we call the police?

Bobby

Don't ask me, I just play one on television.

Nick

I think if I don't hear from him today, I gotta call Carl.

Bobby

I think you're right. Have you heard from that guy from the other night?

Nick

No. I left a message and sent a text.

Bobby

That's all you can do. The ball is in his court.

Nick

Now, do you have any idea what that expression means?

Bobby

I do not.

*A key in the door and Dana enters.
Her bag stuffed with the New York
Times, the New Yorker, and a large
Entenmanns's. She has been crying.*

Bobby

Welcome home – hey what's wrong? What happened?

A plane roars overhead

Dana

These fucking planes. Hi – sorry - I just...oh shit.

Nick

What Sweetie? Here, give me that. *(He takes her bag)*

Dana

This is so...Oh god - did you read The Times yesterday?

Nick

Just the weekend section. Why?

Dana

I read this on the subway home... *(She pulls the Times out of her bag)*

Nick

What is it?

Dana

Look. Right here...

Nick

In the obituaries? What? Oh shit. Oh my god. *(Starts to read)*

Bobby

What?

Dana

Howard. *(Starts to cry again)*

Bobby

What? No.

Dana

He had a heart attack.

Nick

The day I was waiting for him. No oh Jesus.

Bobby

How could he just have...it's definitely the right guy? Our Howard?

Dana

Read the obit. "Howard Steinman leaves behind his beloved companion Carl Hennessey. He had no other living family"

Nick

Fuck you – he had us.

Lights cross fade back to the East Side

Holden

How are you doing with all of this, Dad?

Carl

I'm fine, thank you. It's quite an adjustment. I know that you were pretty much grown by the time Howard came on the scene, but you were both important to him.

Holden

I know.

Daisy

I'm really going to miss him. Howard was the one that got me into real estate.

Carl

And I think you'd agree that Howard was more than generous to you in his will.

Daisy

I had no idea Howard had so much money. Plus that house in Brooklyn, which is yours now right Daddy?

Carl

That's what I want to talk to you both about - the house. Howard, very recently, wanted to make some changes in his will that were never finalized.

Daisy

Changes? (*To HOLDEN*) You were his lawyer – did you know about changes?

Holden

(*Shaking his head*) Howard and I hadn't talked for a while. I've been traveling.

Carl

In any case, Howard and I had been quarreling quite a bit toward the end. My situation with Devon was intensifying and, well, I found this clipped to the copy of the will he was going to return to you Holden. *(He holds out a piece of yellow legal paper. Holden reaches for it, Daisy gets it first)*

Daisy

(Reading) “Call Holden. After my death, I would like to leave my house in Brooklyn to Nick Ferrante”.

Holden

Nick Ferrante?

Carl

Do you know him?

Holden

No, the name’s just...trying to think if I ever heard Howard mention him.

Lights fade back to Ozone Park

Bobby

I don’t understand how he could...I mean, we just saw him. He looked great.

Dana

I know.

Bobby

Goddamnit. When’s the wake and funeral?

Dana

It was this morning.

Bobby

What? That’s so fast. It’s only Saturday.

Dana

Howard was Jewish.

Nick

I feel terrible. I should have called Carl. Fuck.

Dana

I’m so sorry sweetie.

Back to the East Side

Daisy

Wait. I met him. I was helping him and his friends find an apartment.

Carl

So you found him a place?

Daisy

Me? No. But I know he did find something; in a nice part of Queens I think. You weren't honestly thinking of paying any attention to this were you? You and Howard shared your lives. That house belongs in our family, not to some stranger.

Carl

He wasn't a stranger to Howard. They had been spending a lot of time together. He was a new friend.

Daisy

Oh a new "friend".

Holden

What are you implying?

Daisy

Nothing.

Holden

Not everyone sleeps with a new friend.

Daisy

Oh please.

Carl

I think Howard just enjoyed Nick's company. I don't really think anything improper was going on, and if there were, God knows I am certainly in no position to judge.

Holden

So what are you going to do Dad? I doubt if you're under any legal obligation to honor this but having said that, I think...

Daisy

Well please, he wrote it in pencil. Pencil never counts.

Carl

It seems to me that this change was somewhat reactionary on Howard's part. So for the present time, I'm going to hang on to the house. Holden, you can stay for as long as necessary. When you're ready to move out, we'll sell it.

Back to Ozone Park

Bobby

Jesus I just can't wrap my mind around this. I wish someone had called.

Nick

Like who? Who would call?

A plane roars overhead

Nick (cont'd)

Jesus Christ, I hate this place.

Dana

I know. I do too. We all do. It's just for now. Like Howard said – nothing is forever.
(*She puts her arm around him and they are all quiet for a moment*)

Bobby

I'll bet Howard would know the saint in charge when someone you love dies suddenly.

Nick

I think it's Saint Christopher.

Bobby

Can't be. Didn't he get fired?

Nick

He's back in. He's kind of a catch-all saint. He's the patron saint of all sorts of stuff – travelers, bachelors, sailors, sudden death, pestilence, Germany...

Bobby

Why do you know that?

Nick

Howard. All his saint talk gave me an idea for an article that I've been researching. So now I know my saints.

Dana

You and Howard.

Nick

Yeah...me and Howard.

The East Side

Holden

Dad with all due respect, I'm not sure it honors Howard's memory to just sell the house. If Howard wanted this Nick person to have it, I mean, you said yourself we don't need it.

Daisy

Oh Christ! You're kidding right? Sure let's just give the house to Nick the stranger?

Holden

Howard grew up there. That place meant a lot to him. And I mean, Howard wrote this. His wishes are clear.

Daisy

(She takes the paper) Does anyone else know about this? *(Starts to fold the paper)*

Carl

I don't believe so.

Daisy

Okay then. We shouldn't be paying any attention to this. If you are under no obligation to acknowledge it, I think it'll be easier on you if we don't. *(She grabs the paper, crumpling it up to throw it out.)*

Holden

(Grabbing the paper) What the hell are you doing?

Daisy

I'm trying to do what's best for Daddy.

Holden

By being irresponsible and stupid?

Daisy

Why are you complicating this? Daddy made up his mind. That's the end of it.

Holden

Dad, I'm going to keep this with all the rest of Howard's papers. Do what you think is right. It's your decision. *(He gets up and exits)*

Carl

Holden... *(He's gone)*

Daisy

He certainly never misses an opportunity for drama does he?

Carl

I wish he didn't leave like that.

Daisy

I know. I really could have used his help getting that case of wine out to my car. Oh well – I guess it's you and me Daddy.

Back in Brooklyn.

Bobby

Can I say something kind of awful?

Dana

You're asking permission?

Bobby

It's just that when you came in with the news about Howard, my first thought was, you know, "oh my god, this is terrible - I love Howard..."

Dana

That's not awful.

Bobby

My second thought was what happens to that amazing house in Brooklyn?

Dana

I thought that too.

Nick

Me too.

Bobby

Feels kind of disrespectful.

Dana

We're New Yorkers. It's what we do. It's our version of the circle of life.

A plane roars overhead

Nick

There is no place like home.

END OF ACT ONE

Act two, scene one

Bottino, two weeks later. NICK and BOBBY are seated at the bar.

Bobby

Please tell me you're kidding.

Nick

Nope.

Bobby

What's his name again?

Nick

Saint Genesius. The patron saint of actors.

Bobby

So actors are supposed to pray to him for help? He probably never stops laughing.

Nick

Well, he was an actor who was hired to be in some play that made fun of Christian Baptism. In the middle of the performance, he suddenly received a word from God, and immediately converted to Christianity...on stage.

Bobby

Something very similar happened when I did **Oliver!** at Surfflight summer theatre.

Nick

Then when he refused to reject his new faith, even at the emperor's orders, they beheaded him.

Bobby

Sounds like a non-union gig. I love that you know all this shit now. Howard would be over the moon. *(Nick smiles. They drink)* So, my agent called. My LAW & ORDER is going to be on next month.

Nick

Great.

Bobby

Very exciting. I just wish I could line up some more work. I am so broke. *(They drink)* I need to contact that fucking saint. So, heard from Holden?

Nick

Nope.

Bobby
Sorry.

Nick
He'll call. It's only been two weeks.

Bobby
Only two weeks? My little cockeyed optimist.

Nick
What?

Bobby
Nick, if you haven't heard from him by now, I don't think you're going to.

Nick
Holy shit - look. No don't look. No, okay look, but – shit.

Bobby
Okay slow down there crazy. What?

Nick
Holden.

Bobby
Omigod where?

Nick
By the entrance. Drinking a Stella. Shit. How do I look?

Bobby
Desperate and needy. You're fine. He is kay-ute.

HOLDEN enters

Holden
Hey Nick (*Awkwardly embraces him*) It's great to see you.

Nick
Hey you – This is my friend Bobby.

Holden
Hey Bobby, Holden. I've heard a lot about you.

Bobby
Hi. I've heard a lot about you too.

Holden

Uh oh.

Nick

So how are you?

Holden

Okay. Better. I'm sorry I haven't been in touch but there was a death in my family. I wanted to...

Nick (overlapping)

Omigod. I'm sorry. Who... I mean was it someone you were close to? What am I saying? You said it was in the family. I'm sorry. How are you holding up?

Holden

I'm doing okay. It was my father's partner Howard ...

Bobby

Howard? Not Howard Steinman?

Holden

Yes. Did you...

Nick

Yes! Howard was a friend. Omigod. He was a really close friend. We were spending like all our time with Howard.

Bobby

Oh man – this is a little creepy. You didn't know this?

Nick

No. How did we not make this connection?

Holden

Well, I don't talk about my family much. This is...

Nick

I know - We felt awful because we didn't know anything about what had happened. By the time we saw it in the Times, the service was over.

Holden

I'm sorry about that. If I had known, I would have...

Nick

No, I know.

Bobby
This is really fucking weird isn't it?

Holden
Yeah it really is. I wanted to...

Nick
In fact, I was waiting for Howard the night we met here.

Holden
Are you kidding? Jesus.

Bobby
Wait – So then Carl is your father?

Holden
That's right. Did you know him too?

Bobby
No. Howard just talked about him a lot.

Nick
He called me.

Bobby
Who?

Nick
Carl.

Bobby
Shut up.

Holden
My father called you?

Nick
I didn't speak to him; he just left a message on my cell. He found my number in Howard's phone. So I called back, left a message. Then he called me back – we played phone tag for two days – we still haven't spoken but he said he wanted to give me something of Howard's.

Bobby
That was nice.

Nick

Yeah I thought so too. So I called back, left my address and the package came today.

Bobby

What was it?

Nick

Cuff links. Remember those antique silver ones he used to wear?

Bobby

Sure. I loved those. I loved that Howard wore cufflinks.

Nick

I know - me too. Anyway I thought that was really sweet of your Dad, he didn't have to do that.

Holden

Yeah, that was sweet. I really don't know what else to say. I can't believe my father called you.

Nick

Nice, right?

Holden

Yeah nice. So listen, how's life in Queens?

Bobby

How kind of you to ask.

Nick

Well the commute is taking a little getting used to but you know what - it's a big place, it's clean. It's fine.

Bobby

We hate it.

Nick

Hate it.

Holden

It can't be that bad. Isn't that where they keep the airports?

Nick

It certainly is. God I wish we could all just move into Howard's house.

Holden

Oh – well, there’s a lot of legal stuff that my family is in the process of, you know, sorting through so...

Nick

I’m teasing, I’m teasing. Actually I think what I am, is demented.

Bobby

So listen – we were gonna eat. You want to join us?

Holden

I don’t want to intrude...

Bobby

Oh please – we’re practically related.

Holden

Well okay.

Nick

I am really glad to see you.

Holden

Yeah? Me too. Really, I’m sorry I didn’t call...

Nick

No listen it’s fine. Don’t worry about it.

Holden

You look great.

Nick

I do?

Holden

Yeah you do.

Nick

Well thanks. So do you.

Holden

I do?

Bobby

Okay I’m feeling a little “de trop” here. Do you two want to be alone?

Holden

No no – I’m sorry. I’m just really glad to...so listen, Nicky told me you were on LAW AND ORDER?

Bobby

Yeah, I shot one a few weeks ago.

Holden

Great. Do you do a lot of TV?

Bobby

Um, no.

Holden

I have a good friend in development at HBO and I know they’re casting two new series. You should call him.

Bobby

Ummm – okay...

Holden

Do you have an agent?

Bobby

I’m freelancing with Cunningham and Dietz.

Holden

Good agency – stick with them. Wait hold on a minute (*Pulls out his cell phone – hits speed dial*) let’s see if...hey Becca, it’s Holden. Good sweetie, how are you? Why are you still at work? Oh I know. So is the TV executive in his office? Thanks Toots. You too. And go home. Hey Clarkson, how’s it going? (*Pause*) Yeesh, sorry I asked.

Bobby

(*To NICK*) What is he doing?

Nick

Beats me, but I love that he said “yeesh”.

Holden

(*Into the phone*) Okay enough – are you still casting? Great. You’re going to get a call from Cunningham and Dietz about this guy Bobby...

Bobby/Nick

Trainer

Holden

Bobby Trainer and he's *(pause)* no I didn't. He's a friend of a friend and he *(pause)* Yes. Very. Would you shut up? He just did a role on an upcoming LAW AND ORDER and has done tons of theatre and several films - he's terrific. Yeah. Excellent - thanks Clarkson. Yeah we're on for tomorrow lunch. I'll come get you. Talk to you. *(Hangs up)* Ta dah.

Bobby

Holy shit – That was amazing. *(To NICK)* You have my permission to marry him.

Nick

Who was that?

Bobby

Daniel Clarkson at HBO right? *(HOLDEN nods)* Thank you so much. You don't even know me.

Holden

Nick was very detailed in his description.

Bobby

Omigod. Really Holden thank you.

Holden

My pleasure. Just a phone call. I'm starving. This is the good calamari place right?

Bobby digs out his phone

Nick

Oh yeah. I can't get over that I was waiting for Howard the last time we met here.

Bobby

It's a sign.

Nick

A sign?

Bobby

Yeah. So, pay attention. I gotta call my agent right now. Order me a burger medium rare, mozzarella cheese, no roll, side of mustard, salad instead of fries and a diet Coke. *(Exits)*

Nick

They don't serve burgers here do they?

Holden

No.

Nick

That was a very nice thing you did. Thank you.

Holden

Well it's nothing definite, but at least he'll get seen. And if we're going to be seeing each other, I want your friends to like me.

Nick

Historically, buying their affection has always been the best way. (*Laughter. Then a pause as gears shift*) So, are we, you know, seeing each other?

Holden

I don't know. Kind of. Aren't we?

Nick

I guess.

Holden

I mean, it's fine with me.

Nick

It's fine with me too.

Holden

Oh good. Then I guess everything is fine.

Nick

I guess it is. Well I'm glad we got that settled.

Holden

We should celebrate.

Nick

Agreed. What were you thinking? Another Soho Grand night?

Holden

Actually I was just thinking of ordering calamari, but your idea works too. (*Nick is briefly mortified. Holden laughs*) It's really good to see you.

Nick

I'm glad you walked in.

Holden

I'm glad I did too.

Holden puts his hand over Nick's

Act two, scene two

Three months later. The Westway Diner on Ninth Avenue.

Dana

I know I know. I am so sorry I'm late.

Bobby

What the hell happened to you? I have things to do.

Dana

You are so lucky to be moving to LA. It is insane trying to get around this city. Nick's not here? Oh, so, I'm not the...

Bobby

He's in the bathroom.

Dana

Shit. You have to understand that I left to meet you the second I hung up the phone – and look what time I got here! (*NICK enters*)

Nick

Nice you could make it.

Dana

I'm sorry.

Bobby

You were just downtown. We came in from fucking Queens!

Dana

Why did you want to meet in Midtown – on matinee day? I was stampeded in front of the Olive Garden by a bus tour of high schoolers rushing to see *Wicked*.

Nick

Every noun in that sentence terrifies me.

Dana

Did you order?

Nick

Not yet. (*Looking at the menu*) What are you having?

Bobby

It's a diner. You have eggs or a burger. (*Taking out his new iPhone*) Okay, where's my list? I have a lot that has to get done today.

Dana
Is that a new iPhone?

Bobby
Yes it is. Thank you for noticing.

Dana
When did you get that?

Bobby
About ten minutes after I booked the pilot. Also a laptop. And a new iPad. Oh and three pairs of Cole Haan shoes. I love TV. (*Scrolling through his phone*) Okay, here we go - first I need the key to our storage unit and then I need to know where our storage unit is...

Nick
I can't believe you're asking about this...

Bobby
Hello, I'm moving.

Nick
No it's just that this was supposed to be a surprise - we no longer have a storage unit. Our stuff is now at Howard's house in Brooklyn.

Bobby
What?

Dana
You're kidding.

Nick
Holden is still living in the upstairs apartment and since there's so much room in the house, Holden told me that we should move our stuff in there until we get a new place. So I did. It's done. Surprise.

Dana
That was nice of him. What does that save us - like two hundred a month?

Nick
Just about.

Dana
Wow. I hate that my furniture has a nicer place to live than I do.

Nick

I know.

Bobby

So then I guess I need to head out to Howard's house at some point.

Nick

Anytime. Just let me know. I have a key.

Bobby

Oh you have a key? Your own key?

Nick

Yes...

Bobby

Things seem to be going very well with the rich boyfriend.

Nick

Yeah they are. It's great. He's great.

Dana

So is he really rich? Like crazy rich?

Nick

Well he's a lawyer. Apparently a good one. And then there's the trust fund. His mother was loaded. Her family invented fire or something. And his mom didn't respond too well to Carl's coming out saga. So when she died, Carl got an allowance and her two kids got a fortune.

Dana

Is it hard - the money thing, I mean? He has so much and you have...well...

Nick

It's hard for me sometimes but he never makes me feel self conscious or destitute. Which is remarkable since I'm both.

Bobby

So do you think this is it? I mean, Holden - he's it? You're done?

Nick

Maybe.

Bobby

Good. You should move in with him.

Nick

It's only been like a few months. It's too soon.

Bobby

You think? Well, maybe. I mean it's not like lesbian too soon.

Dana

God I'd move in with Patrick just for the apartment. Plus I kinda love him.

Bobby

Really?

Nick

You do?

Dana

Well yeah. Don't you?

Nick

I think he's great.

Bobby

So do I.

Dana

Yeah, me too. So unexpected, you know? (*Looking at the menu*) Cheeseburger deluxe I guess. (*Grabbing Bobby's hand*) God, I can't believe you're moving to LA!

Bobby

I know.

Nick

You have a TV show. On HBO.

Bobby

I have a pilot. On HBO. (*Closing menu*) Cheeseburger deluxe.

Nick

Me too.

Dana

Did you finish your article? The one about the saints?

Nick

Yeah I did. They loved it and they want more, so I guess I'm going to busy – which is great. I actually pitched a book to a couple of publishers.

Bobby

Excellent. I'll be in the movie version.

Nick/Dana

On HBO.

Bobby

Exactly. (*To Dana*) When do you leave for Vegas?

Nick

Vegas? What? I didn't know...

Dana

Yeah, no big deal - I'm doing an industrial in Las Vegas for 6 weeks.

Nick

They still do industrials?

Dana

Who knew? It just happened - totally came out of the blue and the money is really good. It's just, you know...Las Vegas. It'll be fine. Patrick's coming out for about two weeks.

Nick

Oh good. I want to come too. I've never been to Las Vegas.

Bobby

We should all meet there.

Dana

Omigod yes. Please come. We can go to Paris, then Venice then New York City all in one afternoon, then see a volcano erupt.

Bobby

We are all so busy all of a sudden.

Nick

I know - so much is happening. Howard would have loved this.

Dana

Well it's all because of Howard. He's the common denominator.

Bobby

That's exactly what I was thinking. Well I wasn't thinking "common denominator".

Nick

I love that we're here since this is the restaurant where it all began.

Dana

Omigod that's right.

Nick

And what's particularly fitting is – we still can't get waited on.

Dana

Bobby get us coffee.

Bobby

What?

Dana

Make it your last humble gesture before international stardom kicks in. (*HE stands up slowly*) Atta boy.

Bobby

As God as my witness, I will never ask "You want fries with that?" again.

Act two, scene three

Howard's house in Brooklyn. Holden is reading The Catcher in the Rye. Nick is editing an article.

Nick

(After a moment) How's the book?

Holden

Really good. I haven't read it since high school. I'm glad you sort of bullied me into re-reading it...

Nick

Not sort of...

Holden

I'll bet my sister has never read *The Great Gatsby*.

Nick

Is she named after Daisy Buchanan? *(Holden nods)* Well that explains a lot... Do you have a thesaurus?

Holden

On my computer...

Nick

No, like a real one. A book. I like books.

Holden

Maybe? Check in one of those boxes.

Nick

(Nick stares at him) I'm going to need a little more direction than that.

Holden

Check all the boxes marked "books".

Nick

Doesn't really thin the herd... *(Nick starts going through books)*

Holden

Can I just say I love this?

Nick

What? Me unpacking everything you've packed?

Holden

No smartass - this. You and me – on the couch. You're writing and I'm just reading, right here with you. Just being here together. I love this.

Nick

Yeah? Me too. I usually can't work with anyone around but I have no trouble with you.

Holden

That's good to hear. So what do think? Are we ready for this?

Nick

What do you mean – "this"? Oh...this? You mean like...you know, this? Being together, kinda of all the time in the same space? That this? Is that what you mean when you say "this"?

Holden

Only a writer could have put it so articulately. Yes. That's what I mean. My place in town will be done in a couple weeks. It's all new inside, so it's not like you'd be moving into some place I've been living in for a long time – or a space that I've already made my own. You know what I mean?

Nick

Yeah I do.

Holden

So what do you think?

Nick

It's exciting. And you know, scary.

Holden

What are you scared of?

Nick

I don't know. I'm scared it's too soon. I'm scared you'll change your mind. I'm scared of the look on your decorator's face when she sees my Ikea couch.

Holden

I think we can work through all of those things. And I love that couch. Just think about it. No pressure.

Nick

I've been thinking about it.

Holden

Really?

Nick

Well yeah. This is the happiest I've been for a long time. I feel settled and I mean that in a really good way. But can I tell you – I'm sure your new place is great, but I'll miss being here.

Holden

Really? In Brooklyn?

Nick

Don't you love this house? God I do. Being here with you, Saint Anthony out in front...

Holden

Who's out in front?

Nick

The statue of Saint Anthony. Under the elm tree.

Holden

I've never...which is the elm tree?

Nick

You are unbelievable. Anyway, I don't know, I guess it all just reminds me of Howard which is, you know, comforting.

Holden

I know. I think you'll really like the new place.

Nick

You gonna be there?

Holden

Sure.

Nick

Then I'll love it.

Holden

(Walks over and kisses his head) Are you hungry? I am.

Nick

I could eat.

Holden

Do you wanna go out or order in?

Nick

Order in. Chinese?

Holden

(As he exits) Sure. General Tso's chicken, brown rice and an egg roll?

Nick

You know my order by heart.

Holden

Well sure.

Nick

All I know about yours is that I don't like any of it.

Holden

All evidence to the contrary.

Nick

(Settles into Holden's desk chair) Are all these boxes going to the new place?

Holden

A lot of that stuff will go to my office.

Nick

(To himself) Good.

Nick opens one of the boxes and starts pulling out files

Nick (cont'd)

I don't think you have a thesaurus.

Holden

I used to. It should be in there.

Nick

(Pulling out more folders) Hey, were you Howard's lawyer?

Holden

I sure was.

Nick

God I miss him. I think he would have been very happy about this.

Holden

Well I think his hand has been in it from the beginning, don't you?

Nick pulls out another folder. He finds the crumpled sheet of yellow legal paper and reads it

Nick

What?

Holden

I said, I think Howard's hand has been in this since...what are you doing? Snooping through my stuff?

Nick

Yeah I guess I am...

Holden

It's all pretty boring.

Nick

(Holding up the paper) Not all of it.

Holden

What did you find? *(Nick hands him the paper. Holden freezes)*

Nick

This is Howard's handwriting. You want to tell me about this.

Holden

Oh god...That is not something that I...I mean, I wouldn't want you to think...

Nick

What is this?

Holden

My father found it a couple of days after Howard died. It was clipped to his will.

Nick

Howard wanted me to have his house? Oh Jesus Howard...

Holden

Let me try to explain what happened.

Nick

Okay.

Holden

When I found out about this, you and I had just had our first date not even a week before. My father had never met you, Daisy assumed you were some trick of Howard's, and I gotta tell you, I had no idea what to say. Even if I said I knew you, I couldn't really say much about you other than you seem like a nice guy, because that's all I knew. I didn't know we were going to get together. The house meant nothing to me, so I honestly didn't see why my father shouldn't just do what Howard asked. But Dad felt that Howard had made the decision out of anger, without really thinking it through or discussing it with him. He had no legal obligation to pay any attention to Howard's request, so he didn't.

Nick

Well. That's a lot.

Holden

I didn't know what to do or how to tell you. This has been eating me up inside.

Nick

So the whole time we've been seeing each other, you've known about this.

Holden

Yeah, I have. I didn't know what to do.

Nick (*overlapping*)

How about telling me the truth? I think I would have at least started there.

Holden (*overlapping*)

It wasn't that easy.

Nick

Well Holden I'll tell you, it gets easier the more you do it. Why didn't you tell me any of this? What did you think I would do?

Holden

Look, don't get mad...

Nick

Don't get mad?

Holden

Look the timing was bad. I knew you needed a place to live and I just thought...

Nick

...You just thought I had some crazy undue influence over Howard and had weaseled his house away from your family

Holden

No, I never thought that.

Nick

So then what? I get that your family knew nothing about me and that you were just getting to know me.

Holden

That's right.

Nick

But you've known me for quite some time now. You know my PIN and all my passwords. You just asked me to move in with you, for Christ's sake. Don't you think you could have...

Holden (*overlapping*)

Look I know this is upsetting for you but if you think about it rationally, I don't think my father was wrong to not just hand you the house – I'm sorry, but I don't.

Nick

You know what Holden? I don't think he was wrong either.

Holden

You don't?

Nick

No I don't. But I do think you were wrong not to tell me about it and to essentially lie to me.

Holden

I didn't lie...

Nick

Yes you did. And clearly none of your earlier fears about my potentially unscrupulous ways have been, in the least bit, assuaged. Jesus who are you?

Holden

Can we keep the drama down to a minimum? You're not even trying to see my position in all this...

Nick

You're right. I'm not.

Holden

Look it's different now. You'll meet my Dad and...

Nick

This isn't about your Dad Holden. And it's not about Howard's house. It's about you not trusting me.

Holden

That's not true.

Nick

Of course it's true. You just don't want to be the bad guy here. But, guess what? You kind of are. How can we possibly be a couple when you're holding on to this huge lie instead of even trying to trust me?

Holden

I'm not sure how to respond to that.

Nick

Then don't. I'm taking off.

Holden

Don't leave. Nick c'mon. Let's talk about this

Nick

Now you want to talk about it?

Holden

Look I know I fucked up.

Nick

You're too easy on yourself. I'll see you around. Give my best to The Little Foxes.

Act two, scene four

BOBBY is in LA, on his cell phone. He is dressed in surgical scrubs.

Bobby

Hey it's me. I was hoping to hear your voice. Everything's fine. LA is totally my bitch But I hate this driving everywhere thing. I drove over an hour to a commercial audition that took two minutes. But the nice thing is, right after that, I went to the beach. So we started shooting on Monday. I think it's going to be good. The writing is so smart. You should see me. Doctor Nigel Martin, pediatrics. Everyone is really nice but I miss you guys so much. I got no playmates out here. Although I did meet this actor that I'm sort of seeing. The magic of Grindr. He's very sweet, he's shooting some indy film and he's dating an older guy who happens to be the producer. I'm the affair. Whatever. I can't wait to see you both in Vegas this weekend. Call me anytime. I'm always in my dressing room. I love saying that. Have you talked to Holden? Love you.

Ozone Park. Nick looks at his phone, picks it up and answers it.

Nick

Hello?

DANA appears

Dana

Hey you. Miss me like crazy?

Nick

Oh man. Hi. Yes I do miss you like crazy.

Dana

Are you okay? What are you doing?

Nick

Finishing a story.

Dana

Good boy. Have you noticed that you've become a busy writer?

Nick

Yes I have. And I'm very grateful believe me. It's really helped me stop thinking about everything that's come down over the past few weeks.

Dana

Good.

Nick

And of course I'm coming to see you this weekend!

Dana

Yay!

Nick

I am so glad to hear from you. I needed a break. Your timing is perfect.

Dana

Actually no it's not, which is one of the reasons I'm calling. I'm pregnant.

Nick

Excuse me?

Dana

Yeah.

Nick

Wow. Well. Are we excited?

Dana

You know, I think we are. Patrick is thrilled and I'm very close.

Nick

Oh Sweetie that's great. Congratulations.

Dana

Thanks. It's so, I don't know, strange.

Nick

I'll bet. How're you feeling?

Dana

Okay. It's a lot of puking but that could just be Las Vegas.

Nick

Did you tell Bobby?

Dana

Yes I called him first, don't be mad.

Nick

I don't care.

Dana

I had to tell him first because there's something else I had to tell him before I could tell you.

Nick

Are we ever not going to sound like fifth graders? What?

Dana

Patrick went apartment shopping last week. You know, baby makes three.

Nick

Right, right. You getting hitched?

Dana

Probably. Anyway, let me get to the bigger news.

Nick

Bigger than having a baby and getting married news?

Dana

Yeah yeah yeah. So anyway - guess whose house Patrick looked at just for fun last week?

Nick

You're kidding.

Dana

Nope. Howard's place is officially on the market.

Nick

Wow.

Dana

You upset?

Nick

I'm sitting alone in my sublet in Queens. Why should I be upset?

Dana

Patrick said the sister was there. He said she was kind of cunty.

Nick

He didn't use that word.

Dana

I'm paraphrasing.

How much?

Nick

Don't ask.

Dana

That much?

Nick

More.

Dana

Wow.

Nick

Yeah. Are you obsessed with the fact that Howard wanted you to have his house?

Dana

I'm trying not to be. This might sound sappy, but I was just so moved that Howard wanted me to have it.

Nick

No, I know. He was amazing.

Dana

He sure was.

Nick

Those motherfuckers! That is your fucking house!

Dana

Yeah well.

Nick

Just needed to get that out. Have you heard from Holden?

Dana

It's been almost three weeks. I asked him to stop calling.

Nick

How do you feel about that?

Dana

I'm sitting alone in my sublet in Queens. How do you think I feel?

Dana
Miss him?

Nick
Yeah – a lot. But c'mon. That was a huge lie.

Dana
I know.

Nick
Did I do the right thing?

Dana
I know my lines here, but I have to say - people have been forgiven for a lot worse.

Nick
But this is my boyfriend; he should be able to share his fears and confusion with me, right?

Dana
Yes. On paper that sounds great. But this was pretty layered you know? So many players...

Nick
I guess. I really miss Howard.

Dana
Yeah me too. He'd be very proud of you.

Nick
Aw thanks. Just trying to stay focused on work although I do have to go out to Howard's house and clear out our stuff.

Dana
Ugh. Sorry.

Nick
It's fine. Holden won't be there. So – you want a baby shower?

Dana
Oh please - at least one. Let me ask you something. Can I be a mother?

Nick
Sure, you'll be great.

Dana

Really?

Nick

Listen, it can't be that hard or no one would do it.

Dana

That's true.

Nick

Have you thought about names yet?

Dana

It's all we talk about. If it's a boy, I'd really like to name him Howard but I live in fear of a child called Howie.

Nick

Understandable.

Dana

What was Howard's middle name?

Nick

Ira.

Dana

Howie it is. Go back to work.

Nick

Thanks for calling me. I'll see you this Saturday.

Dana

You're coming to Vegas! I'll save you a place at the nickel slots.

Act two, scene five

DAISY and CARL are in HOWARD'S house in Brooklyn.

Daisy

Well it is a magnificent house. Well to be frank, I wouldn't wait too long. There's been so much interest in it. Yes. I know. But it's so worth it, look where you'll be. So that would be your final offer? I really couldn't say. I'll submit it and let see what happens. I'll keep mine crossed too. I'll call you as soon as I hear anything. *(Hangs up)* Okay this is fabulous. They just made a higher offer. I knew that they really wanted this place. You are going to make a killing on this sale. Isn't that great Daddy?

Carl

(Underwhelmed) Yes, that's wonderful.

Daisy

C'mon Daddy, this is great news. What's that matter?

Carl

I'm sorry Daisy. I'm just a little distracted.

Daisy

Is this about your friend Devon? Have you heard anything?

Carl

No and I don't really expect to. He's back in LA.

Daisy

Well, I'm sure he'll be in touch.

Carl

I don't think so. He's found a new younger friend.

Daisy

Jesus, what it is with men? They have something good and they go looking for something better. Good riddance – who needs him?

Carl

Thank you dear. *(Looking around)* So we've got a buyer. I guess this is it. Howard would never sell this place. I could never understand why he wanted to keep it.

Daisy

Well you don't have to think about it anymore. I think we can make this all happen very quickly. They really want the house.

Carl

You've done a great job dear. Thank you for all your help.

Daisy

My pleasure Daddy. Larry and I really want you to come out to the beach house and spend time with us and the kids.

Carl

That sounds lovely.

Daisy

Good. After the sale, okay? Hey when is this awful furniture going?

Carl

I don't know. I'll check with Holden.

Daisy

It would be nice if brother dearest took some responsibility for the mess he made...

Carl

He just got back in town. He took off by himself for about ten days.

Daisy

Of course he did. It's not like there's anything to do around here. (*Watching her father*)
Are you okay Daddy?

Carl

I'm just missing Howard. I guess I'm just remembering what was good.

Daisy

Well sure. That's understandable. Especially now with your friend Devon running off with that younger man – I mean, that's a lot. It's only natural that you're feeling like, you know, the cheese stands alone.

Carl

Thank you dear.

Daisy

So listen, the buyer wants to come by tonight. We should bake some bread in here so that the house smells all homey.

Carl

That makes sense. Or maybe an apple pie.

Daisy

Excellent idea Daddy. That would smell very homey.

Carl

Okay then. Is that something you could do?

Daisy

Oh God no.

Carl

Actually, I found something upstairs that might help with the sale.

CARL pulls a small plastic statue out of his pocket.

Daisy

What – who is that?

Carl

It belonged to Howard. It's a statue of Saint Joseph. You bury him in the front yard.

Daisy

You do what?

Carl

(Smiling) You bury him near the front entrance, facing the house and upside down, I think, and he makes your house sell. *(Daisy stares at her father)* You didn't know about this? Your grandmother sold our house in less than a week. Everyone uses Saint Joseph.

Daisy

As opposed to a real estate professional?

Carl

In addition to. Howard was so funny; you know, he knew all the saints – you should see his collection. For some reason he was so interested in them...well his stepmother was Catholic and she probably...

Daisy

I'm going to run next door to the deli and see if I can get a frozen pie or something that's ready to bake. I'll be right back. Want anything?

Carl

No thanks dear.

She exits. Carl puts Saint Joseph on the mantle and starts to look around. He is a stranger here. He looks at the real estate information on the table, then puts it down.

Carl

Don't be mad at me Howard.

*HOWARD enters through the kitchen door.
It is 15 years earlier.*

Howard

I'm not mad. Just a little disappointed. You're seeing my house for the first time and now you want to leave?

Carl

We'll stay here next time, I promise.

Howard

Did you even see the front yard?

Carl

Of course I did. When I walked in. It looks great, really. You've done a great job.

Howard

Did you see Saint Anthony?

Carl

Um, yes. Yes I did. Stunning. The best Saint Anthony I've ever seen,

Howard

Shut up. And hello? The hydrangeas? Have you ever seen anything that color?

Carl

No. Never. What's a hydrangea?

Howard

You are hopeless. Adorable, but hopeless.

Carl

I'm sorry. You'll teach me. Show me on the way out. Come on let's get going. I told the cab to wait.

Howard

Tell him to leave and let's stay in.

Carl

Howard...

Howard

C'mon I'll cook for you. I have all the...

Carl

Next time. I really want to try that new place in Tribeca.

Howard

Every place is a new place in Tribeca.

Carl

New York Magazine gave it a rave. Next week we won't be able to get near it.

Howard

Imagine that.

Carl

C'mon Babe...please? I want to go there with you.

Howard

Why, you gonna show me off?

Carl

You betcha. Like a piece of jewelry.

Howard

Well, when you put it like that... Let me grab my coat.

Carl

Great.

Howard

You just called me Babe.

Carl

I did, didn't I?

Howard

I kinda liked it.

Carl

Oh yeah?

Howard

Yeah.

Carl starts to sing "Babe" by Styx

Howard

(Laughing) Oh god. Taxi!

They both laugh. HOWARD exits. CARL stands and looks around. There is a knock and NICK appears in the doorway.

Nick

Knock Knock. Excuse me.

Carl

Yes?

Nick

Are you okay?

Carl

Yes, I'm...fine. I'm sorry...do I...?

Nick

(Offers his hand) Hi I'm Nick Ferrante. I left Holden a message saying that I wanted to come by today –

Carl

Nick Ferr...Howard's Nick?

Nick

Yes. You must be Carl.

Carl

Yes. Well it's very nice to meet you Nick.

Nick

You too Carl.

Carl

So then you're also Holden's friend?

Nick

Um...Yes...I am...was. I didn't hear from him so I took a chance that it was okay. Is he here?

Carl

You know I'm not sure – he may have gone out, but I can check...

Nick

Oh no that's okay. Is this a bad time? I'll come back later. Would tonight be better?

Carl

I think that would be better. I'm going to the opera so I'll be out of your way.

Nick

Okay great. (*Showing Carl*) Thank you again for the cufflinks. I really love having them. I had to buy all new shirts.

Carl

You're quite welcome. I know how much Howard cared about you.

Nick

Thanks - I know how much too. So I understand you're selling the place.

Carl

Yes, we have a buyer. They're coming by later to look at it again.

Nick

Oh great - good for you. (*HE picks up St. Joseph off the mantle*) Hey Saint Joseph. This would be the only logical way to sell Howard's house.

Carl

I was just saying that. Now do you bury him upside down? I wasn't sure.

Nick

Oh yes. And you're also supposed to dig him up after the house sells and display him prominently in your new home.

Carl

How do you know so much about Saint Joseph?

Nick

Please I was Howard's friend. I know about Saint Ignatius of Antioch. (*CARL Laughs*) It's funny - I actually just landed a book deal because of an article I wrote about patron saints - Howard's idea. It's so crazy.

Carl

That's wonderful. Congratulations.

Nick

Thanks. Thank you Howard.

Carl

You know your timing is remarkable. I was just explaining to my daughter about Howard's interest in saints.

Nick

Interest? I think you mean obsession.

Carl

(Laughing) I think you're right. I could never understand...

DAISY enters

Daisy

I got all the way there and realized that I had forgotten my...oh hello.

Carl

Daisy, this is...

Daisy

I know who it is. How've you been?

Nick

I'm fine thank you. I stopped by to organize some of this stuff so I can get it out of your way ASAP, but I guess...

Daisy

We would appreciate that as the house is being sold. And the buyer is dropping by tonight.

Nick

Tonight? Oh...I'm not sure I could get everything out of here by...

Daisy

Tomorrow will be fine - before five o'clock please. As you can imagine we're anxious to proceed with the sale and it would be a big help to us if anything extraneous were....

Nick

Got it. I'll be here first thing tomorrow.

Daisy

Thank you. *(Looking at her phone)* That's Larry – my husband. Excuse me. *(SHE exits)*

Nick

Well I'll be on my way. Carl, I'm glad to have finally met you. I've heard so much about you.

Carl

Nothing very flattering I'm afraid.

Nick

You're wrong about that.

Carl

I'm sorry you're not going to see Holden.

Nick

I'll call him...or something... I'm sorry I can't get all this out of here before tonight.

Carl

Don't worry, we'll be fine.

Nick

Okay – well it's nice to meet you. Enjoy the opera tonight. What are you seeing?

Carl

La Traviata.

Nick

Oh. Well enjoy. She dies in the end. *(They laugh)* See you soon.

Nick exits. Carl picks up Saint Joseph, replaces him and sits on the couch. Daisy re-appears.

Daisy

Well, that was unexpected.

Carl

He called Holden to see if he should come by today. I guess he never heard back...

Daisy

... so he thought no one would be here.

Carl

Apparently. He also knew all about Saint Joseph.

Daisy

Great. He also has his own key. We should call a locksmith. Another expense...thank you Holden.

Holden enters from upstairs

Holden

Thank you for what?

Daisy

Oh just for the pleasure of this goodwill furniture.

Holden

There is nothing wrong with this furniture. And I love that chair. Try it.

Daisy

There isn't enough Scotch Guard in the world.

Carl

It does sort of look like it fits here.

Daisy

Have you been here all this time?

Holden

I'm just packing the last of my stuff. My place is ready. Who were you talking to?

Daisy

Dad was talking with Nick.

Holden

Nick? Nick was here?

Daisy

You just missed him.

Carl

I wasn't sure if you were home...

Holden

Shit. I'm going to grab my phone and see if I can catch him.

He runs back upstairs

Carl

Do you know if there is anything to eat in this house?

Daisy

I don't know. Why? Are you're hungry?

Carl

I could eat.

Daisy

So what do you want? Should I order something? It's a little early for dinner.

Carl

No no – I'm fine. Are you still going run to the deli next door?

Daisy

Um, sure. You want to walk over with me?

Carl

No I think I'll stay here. Just pick me up something quick. A coffee maybe and an Entenmann's anything.

Daisy

An Entenmann's? Okay. I'll be right back.

Daisy starts to exit. She passes Holden.

Daisy

I'm going to the store. Do you want anything?

Holden

No thanks. Thanks for asking.

Daisy exits

Carl

My children acting civil. You could knock me over with a feather.

Holden

Every now and then. We don't want to spoil you.

Carl

I'm sorry you missed Nick. He said that he had left you a message that he was coming. Didn't you get it?

Holden

My phone was turned off. I just tried to call him. I got voicemail.

Carl

I think he was under the impression that no one was going to be here. He's coming back tomorrow morning. Are you okay?

Holden

Yeah fine...just sorry I missed him.

Carl
Is it too early for a drink?

Holden
God no.

Carl
(He crosses to the bar area) Howard always kept a well stocked bar...as I suspected.
What can I get you?

Holden
How about a glass of wine?

Carl
How about a dirty martini?

Holden
How about one?

Carl
Excellent. Sit down Holden. *(Carl starts to mix drinks. Holden watches his father and smiles)*

Holden
I don't think I've ever seen you drink a martini...

Carl
Really? There was a time when this was all I would drink.

Holden
I'm happy to know that. You going to miss this house?

Carl
No. I miss Howard but my memories of him aren't here. I wish things had been better toward the end – that I had been, well, certainly kinder and definitely more honest.
(Hands him a drink. HOLDEN tastes it)

Holden
Wow.

Carl
Smooth, right?

Holden

Like paint thinner. *(Picks up Saint Joseph off the mantle)* Is this how you're selling the house?

Carl

How do you know about that?

Holden

Have you been in that apartment? The last tenant could have been Mother Cabrini.

Carl

So funny. *(Lifts his glass)* To Howard.

Holden

To Howard.

They clink glasses as Daisy enters through the front door, with a small grocery bag.

Daisy

I got you pound cake.

Carl

Perfect. Drink?

Daisy

No thank you. *(She puts her bag down)* Are you drinking martinis?

Carl

Dirty martinis. They're lovely. Have one.

Daisy

I can't. I had a massage this morning.

Carl

And...?

Daisy

Toxins.

Carl

Ah. Well there must be something you can have. A club soda? Diet Coke? I could make you a Shirley Temple. Remember how you used to love a Shirley Temple?

Daisy

No I don't.

Carl

You loved them. You ordered them whenever we went out for dinner and you'd sit there and hold it like a five year old Bette Davis. It was hilarious.

Daisy

Really? Are you sure it was me? Sounds more like my brother.

Holden

Thank you Daisy.

Carl

No it was you. (*Holds up his glass*) Last chance.

Daisy

Really. I'm fine Daddy. Thanks. (*Pulling papers out of her bag*) Now have you told Holden about the sale?

Carl

(*Sipping*) Well I don't know very much.

Daisy

Well, I'll bring you up to speed.

Holden

Good. We need to talk about this.

Daisy

Well there's really nothing to talk about. We got a great offer. We're taking it. It's done.

Holden

You know what I'm talking about...

Daisy

Oh no. We are so not going there.

Holden

You can't just bulldoze over this.

Daisy

We have a buyer. We are taking the offer.

Holden
I just want Dad to...

Daisy
Is that why Nick was here...?

Holden
What?

Daisy
Did you plan to have him...?

Holden
No. I didn't even know he was...

Daisy
Get his stuff out of here and get that key back. I don't want him here anymore. That's it - stop complicating things.

Holden
That's not what I'm doing. You need to look at the ...

Daisy
No I don't. That issue is dead. Over.

Holden
Goddamit Daisy!

Daisy
Save it Holden! No more Nick. He is out of this house!

NICK knocks and enters

Nick
Hello? Oh I'm sorry to bother you again, but I think I dropped my cell phone when I was here before and – oh god, the gang's all here. I'll come back.

Holden
No, Nicky come in.

Daisy
I actually don't think this is the best time. We're in the middle of some family business.

Nick
Oh well then I'll definitely come back...

Holden
No Nick wait – please stay.

Nick
Look, I don't want to...

Carl
It's fine. Martini?

Nick
Um, no. No thank you. *(Pause - Nick looks at everyone. They look at him.)* So...umm, it's an iPhone, an older one...

Daisy
Jesus. *(Gets up)* Would you excuse me please? *(She exits)*

Carl
I hope you'll excuse us. Things are a bit out of sorts today.

Nick
This is a really bad time isn't it?

Holden
No it's fine. How are you doing?

Nick
(SO awkward) I'm okay. Busy.

Holden
Great. Still in Queens?

Nick
Not for much longer. I've got a good sublet possibility that is...

Holden *(Overlapping)*
Good for you. Great.

Nick
Yeah, great.

Holden
It's really good to see you.

Nick
Thanks.

Holden
Did you meet my father?

Nick
Yes. I did. Yes. I'm going to go now.

As NICK stands up, DAISY bursts in

Daisy
It's done. I just accepted the offer. The house is sold. *(She hugs Carl)*

Carl
Oh. Well done Daisy.

Daisy
Thank you Daddy.

Nick
Congratulations.

Holden
Dad, sell me the house.

Daisy
What?

Carl
Holden...

Holden
No, really, I mean it. I want this house.

Nick
And on that note...best of luck to you all. *(He stands to leave)*

Holden
Nick wait. Please. Dad – if you have to sell it, sell it to me.

Carl
You don't want this house.

Daisy
You will not mess this up. We have a wonderful opportunity here.

Holden
If it's about money – I have it. Just sell me the house.

Carl

Holden, this makes no sense. You have never mentioned wanting this house. Why now?

Holden

Because Dad, with all due respect, I don't think it's yours to sell. But if you insist on selling it, sell it to me.

Daisy

You have a brand new place. What the hell would you do with this house?

Holden

I would give it to Nick.

Daisy/Nick

What?

Carl

Holden...

Nick

No.

Daisy

You are unbelievable. You would buy this house and give it away?

Holden

That's right.

Daisy

That's ridiculous. Why would you give this house to Nick?

Holden

Because it belongs to him.

Silence

Holden (cont'd)

Howard was not irrational and his wishes were clear. He wanted Nick to have this house.

Daisy

Daddy for god's sake – do not get sucked into his melodramatics. This is a real estate deal. That's all. It's not Howard. It's just his house.

Holden

No. It was his home. And that should count for something.

Carl

Holden, it seems to me that if you want Nick to have it, you don't have to...

Daisy

Daddy!

Carl

Sweetheart, this house means nothing to me. It never did. I don't like Brooklyn. But I do have some idea what it meant to Howard. It should have never gotten to this point. This was Howards's wish. It's what we should do.

Holden

Thanks Dad. *(Holden moves to embrace Carl, who is clearly surprised and very pleased)*

Daisy

Okay I am so out of this. I am not the villain here. Everything I was doing was just good business – plain and simple and I refuse to feel bad about that.

Carl

You shouldn't feel bad. You did a great job Daisy.

Daisy

Thank you Daddy. *(She hugs him)* You're not really going to just, you know, give him the house...are you?

Carl

Yes I am.

Daisy

Oh God.

Carl

All right then. We'll transfer the deed and everything else into Nick's name and he will own it absolutely. You can move in next month.

Holden

Is that okay with you Nicky?

Nick

No. Wait a minute. Jesus, the way you people do business is unbelievable. I...I don't need this. I have a new sublet. I'm doing just fine.

Daisy

Jesus, he's nuts too.

Nick

(*To Holden*) Look I appreciate what you're trying to do but you can't fix everything with this insane grand gesture...

Holden

No. This has nothing to do with us. This is just what's right. It's what Howard wanted. Nicky it's your house.

Nick

I don't see how I can just...

Carl

Nick, you make your own decision but the choice seems clear. I handled this very badly. Howard wanted you here. You have his way of walking around the house.

Nick

I don't know what to say.

Daisy

Oh please. Pass go, collect two hundred dollars and advance to Boardwalk.

Carl

Daisy.

Daisy

I'm sorry, but I don't even sort of understand this.

Holden

Just say yes.

Nick

Yes.

Carl

Well this all feels like something of a relief to me. And just to be clear, when I die, the two of you will get my apartment as well as the house in the Hamptons and my entire estate.

Holden

Whatever you want Dad. We don't have to talk about it now.

Daisy

Although, after this, I don't hate hearing it...

Carl

Are you all right with this Daisy?

Daisy

Well, apparently I have to be.

Carl

Good. Let's go get you something to eat.

Daisy

I'm not hungry.

Carl

Don't be silly. *(HE holds the door for her)* I'll drive you into the city and we'll go someplace wonderful and fill you full of toxins.

Daisy

Wait. *(She takes a business card out of her purse, hands it to Nick)* If you ever sell...*(She starts to exit, returns, grabs the Entenmann's and exits)*

Carl

Holden, I'll see you soon. And thank you.

Holden

Thank you Dad.

Carl

Welcome home Nick. *(He exits – there is an amazing silence)*

Nick

Oh. My. God. What the hell just happened here? Holden this is enormously irrational.

Holden

Not really. It just seems big because it was overdue.

Nick

I can't even begin to wrap my mind around this.

Holden

You will. It's your house. Nicky, I'm really sorry for the way I handled things.

Nick

I know. I know. Thank you.

Holden

And there is no expectation on my part attached to anything that just happened. I mean, I know what I hope is going to happen but we'll play that by ear and see where we end up. Okay?

Nick

Okay.

Holden

Let me get out of your way. You probably want to make some phone calls and walk around and touch your things.

Nick

And my things are actually here. Dana and Bobby are going to freak out. I mean, we could all live here.

Holden

Yeah I think you'll fit. Call Dana and Bobby. I'm just going to grab my coat upstairs and I'll get out of here. Give you a little time.

Nick

Okay. *(Holden starts to exit, Nick calls him back)* Holden. Thank you *(Holden smiles and leaves. Nick starts to look around. Then to himself.)* I can't believe this house!

HOWARD comes through the kitchen door.

Howard

I'm so glad you like it.

Nick

I love it.

Howard

I had a feeling it would appeal to you. Bobby and Dana are getting the grill started.

Nick

I hope you have fire insurance. Howard this is amazing. That yard is breathtaking.

Howard

You need to come by some morning. The morning is when my house is most beautiful.

Nick

I'd love to. St Anthony looks wonderful under that tree.

Howard

I think he likes it there.

Nick

And can we talk about the bird feeders?

Howard

I'm the birdman of Carroll Gardens.

Nick

And your hydrangeas are gorgeous! Thanks for bringing us out here.

Howard

Oh please the pleasure is mine. I love having you here.

Nick

I can't get over this place. It really feels like a home, you know?

Howard

That's the nicest thing you could have said.

Nick

It's just true. You are all over this place.

Howard

Thank you sir. I'll be right back. Make yourself at home.

HOWARD exits. Nick looks around and touches a few things. He takes off his cufflinks, puts them on mantle next to Saint Joseph. Suddenly his phone rings. It is in his back pocket. He sees who is calling.

Nick

Hey. Guess where I am.

The curtain falls.

END OF PLAY