

Scene 3

(Lights up on ROSIE'S front stoop. She is busy working out. JULIA approaches)

JULIA: (Tries to get her attention) Um, Rosie . . . Rosie?

ROSIE: (Turns off her Walkman) Oh, sorry, dear. I didn't see you there. Would you like to join me in "Sweating to the Oldies?"

JULIA: <sup>We got for you home</sup> I just stopped by to drop off a little present for Robbie.

ROSIE: Oh, what is it, dear?

JULIA: Blank sheet music for Robbie to write songs with. I wrote his name all fancy-like on the top of each page. It's nothing really, just a little something to thank him for helping me with all the wedding planning.

ROSIE: I'm sure he'll love it. but I don't know exactly when he'll be back. Sammy and George dropped by earlier looking for him, too. I didn't have the heart to tell them that Robbie was quitting the band.

JULIA: He's quitting? I can't believe that.

ROSIE: He went down to Wall Street to get a real job. Well, now, it's completely understandable, isn't it? He wants to move out of my basement. Live someplace where he doesn't have to listen to the water heater or his grandma wailing along with Madonna. (ROBBIE walks on in a suit and tie)

JULIA: But Robbie's a musician! What's he going to do in New York with all those cutthroat MBAs?

ROBBIE: I eat MBAs for lunch, lady.

JULIA: What?

ROBBIE: I went to see your fiancé. He hooked me up. So far I'm just sorting mail, but if I keep my eye on the prize . . .

JULIA: Wait, you went to work for Glen?

ROBBIE: Correctamundo. (To ROSIE) Oh, by the way, grandma, I know your anniversary party is coming up, but I am just swamped. I think I'm going to have to take a rain check on finishing that tune for your poem.

ROSIE: (Putting on a good face) Oh, well, that's all right, dear. (She exits)

JULIA: What's going on with you, Robbie? Is it true you quit the band?

ROBBIE: Let's face it, the band was a waste of time. I'm never gonna get anywhere in life writing songs about hearts and flowers. It's time to start looking out for number one.

JULIA: I thought you were above all that material bull.

ROBBIE: Well, we're living in a material world and I am a material girl . . . guy.

JULIA: What?

ROBBIE: You know what I'm talking about. You're into "material bull."

JULIA: Me? I'm a waitress and I live with my mom.

ROBBIE: Exactly. And that's why you're marrying Glen. Because he's got money.

JULIA: *(Stung, she throws the sheet music at ROBBIE. It flies everywhere)* You're an ass.  
*(She storms off. ROBBIE bends down to pick it up. He reads the music)*

ROBBIE: "Words and music by Robert J. Hart . . ." *(A light picks up on RICKY, the bartender. Music starts under. A bar rolls on, and the stoop goes out. A BUM sits passed out at the end of the bar, and a few other PATRONS nurse their drinks)*

RICKY: Can I get you anything, Robbie?

ROBBIE: I am an ass.

RICKY: I don't know that one. Is that a vodka drink?

ROBBIE: I don't know what to do . . .

BUM: Hey! You drinking or not?

ROBBIE: That's the idea, man.

*(RICKY pours him a drink. SAMMY and GEORGE enter. SAMMY heads over to ROBBIE)*

SAMMY: Hey, man, how come you're not at your new Wall Street job?

ROBBIE: I called in sick.

~~SAMMY:~~ *Jimmy* On your second day?

ROBBIE: Quit nagging me! ~~Either start drinking or get out!~~

SAMMY: *(Turns to GEORGE)* I just don't know who that guy is anymore. Missed the last two rehearsals, makes out with my ex-girlfriend. Guys like us should have a pact. We should never make out with each other's chicks.

GEORGE: You got a deal, pumpkin. *(To the BARTENDER)* Ricky, I'll have a Pink Squirrel.

SAMMY: *(To ROBBIE)* Look, you've gotta snap out of this. If something good doesn't happen soon with the band, they're gonna make me manager at the Orange Julius. Then I'll never get out.

ROBBIE: You know what I learned about women? Just have fun with them. Cause you get emotionally involved and they . . . they . . . *(To the BUM)* What do they do?

BUM: They rip your heart out of your ass. *total*