

Scene 2

Band  
purse  
guitar case

(A city street. ROBBIE, SAMMY and GEORGE enter. JULIA moves off)

SAMMY: So there's a "Battle of the Bands" in Paramus on the 18<sup>th</sup>. First prize is you get to make a demo with the guy who produces all Bon Jovi's albums. I signed us up.

ROBBIE: We have the Schwartz wedding that night.

Jimmy

SAMMY: So what?

GEORGE: "So what?"

ROBBIE: We're just supposed to not show up on the most important night of someone's life?

SAMMY: What about our lives? Are you forgetting why we formed this band: "Money for nothing, chicks for free?" This is a business; we have to start thinking of it like a business: getting our music out there, advertising, exploiting our contacts.

GEORGE: Contacts? The only famous guy we know is that weatherman from Channel 2 who made a pass at you at Arbys.

SAMMY: I'm not calling him. (Pause) Not again. (Pause) Look, we'll figure something out. But right now, it's time for Robbie Hart's last night out as a free man.

Jimmy

ROBBIE: I appreciate the offer, guys, but I've gotta finish writing this song for my wedding tomorrow.

SAMMY: Oh, come on! We got a whole evening planned.

GEORGE: I made quiche!

SAMMY: George made quiche!

ROBBIE: I'm sorry, guys. This song is real important.

SAMMY: Your loss, bro. (Turns to GEORGE) Come on, George! Since Robbie's not coming, I'll buy you a lap dance, instead.

Jimmy

drink

GEORGE: You and I really need to have a talk. (They're gone. The payphone rings. JULIA runs on and answers it)

JULIA: Glen? Oh, sorry, I thought you were my boyfriend. No, this is the "Touch of Class," not the "Touch of..." what you said. (She hangs up. Sees ROBBIE) Oh. Hi. (Notices him strumming his guitar, scribbling on a napkin) What are you doing?

ROBBIE: (Sits as they leave & writes on a napkin) Just... you know, writing a song for my fiancé, Linda.

JULIA: That's so sweet! She's a lucky girl.