

NICK: You don't expect me to . . .
 PATRICIA: I'll be right back.
 NICK: I shouldn't be the one who . . .
 PATRICIA: Please, Nick. Please.
 NICK: Wait for him to get here.
 PATRICIA: Nick . . .
 NICK: No, take him with you. Show him the town. He'll be here any time.
 PATRICIA: The butcher will be closed.
 NICK: I'll go to the butcher, you stay.
 PATRICIA: You won't know what to get.
 NICK: A lamb roast, you said. Let me go. You can be here when he arrives. He's your friend.
 PATRICIA: You're mad about the bed.
 NICK: I am not mad about the bloody bed!
 PATRICIA (*Over "the bloody bed"*): If you don't want him to have our bed, tell me! Tell me you don't want him to!

Pause.

NICK (*Simply*): He has it already.

Pause.

PATRICIA: Why didn't you tell me not to invite him?
 NICK: Me? Tell you? What do you mean?
 PATRICIA (*Over "What do you mean"*): Why didn't you forbid me from seeing him again?
 NICK: Forbid you? How, Patricia? How could I forbid you? Why would I? I wouldn't presume to forbid you to do anything.
 PATRICIA: Why. Why wouldn't you.

They look at one another. Pause. She starts to exit.

NICK (*He calls*): Patricia.

She stops and turns. Pause.

Come home soon?

Scene Four

Fifteen years earlier. Spring. Late afternoon. Blinds drawn. Jonathan's bedroom in his parents' house in Brooklyn, complete with the artifacts of a lower-middle-class boyhood, the notable exception being a sewing machine. Wearing a vest, suit trousers and socks, Jonathan is curled up on a bed. His hair is long. There is a tentative knock. Patricia enters. A beat.

PATRICIA (*Whispers*): Jonathan? (She waits, whispers again) Jonny?

She looks around the room, gravitates toward the bookshelf and begins scanning the titles. After a while, he sits up and sees her looking at a paperback.

I love your little-boy handwriting. So round. The loopy J in "Jonathan," the o, the a's. "This book belongs to Jonathan Waxman." (*Laughs, shows him the book*) *The Man from U.N.C.L.E.* I wish I knew you then, Jonny. (*She returns the book to the shelf and continues looking*)

JONATHAN: What are you doing?

PATRICIA: I love looking at people's books.

JONATHAN (*Still awaiting a response*): Patty . . . ?

PATRICIA: It's like looking into their brain or something. Everything they ever knew. Everything they ever touched. It's like archeology. Lets you into all the secret places.

JONATHAN: Patty, what are you doing here?

PATRICIA: Only took me two years to get in the front door. Hey, not bad. — Why isn't *Framy and Zoney* at your place?

JONATHAN: It is. I have doubles.

PATRICIA: Oh.

Pause. They look at one another.

PATRICIA: You look handsome in your suit.

JONATHAN (*He begins to put on his shoes*): Thanks.

PATRICIA: I don't think I've ever seen you in a suit. Have I? I

must have. Did you wear a suit at graduation? No, you wore a cap and gown. What did you wear underneath it? Anything?

JONATHAN: What time is it?

PATRICIA: I don't know. (*A beat*) Your dad kissed me. When did he come in? He kissed me. On the lips. He's very sweet, your dad. Said he was glad to see me, he was glad I came. See? He was upset to see me. I told you you were overreacting. He's always kind of had a crush on me I think. *You* know the Waxman me and their shikas. They're legend.

JONATHAN (*Fixing his shirt*): I should go back down.

PATRICIA: No. Why? Stay.

She tries to touch his hair, he moves away.

(*On his rebuff*) So this is where you and Bobby grew up. (*Sits on a bed*)

JONATHAN: That's right . . .

PATRICIA: Funny, it's just how I pictured it. Like one of the Smithsonian recreations? *You* know: those roped-off rooms. "Jonathan Waxman's Bedroom in Brooklyn, Circa 1970." The desk upon which he toiled over algebra." "The bed in which he had his first wet dream . . ."

JONATHAN: That one, actually.

PATRICIA (*She smiles; a beat*): I loved the oil-painting barter portraits of you and Bobby over the sofa by the way.

JONATHAN: What can I tell ya?

PATRICIA: Oh, they're great. (*A beat: she sees the incongruous sewing machine*) Sewing machine?

JONATHAN: She moved it in when I moved out.

PATRICIA: Ah.

JONATHAN: The only woman on record to die of employment syndrome.

PATRICIA (*She goes to him and hugs him*): Oh, Jonny, I'm so

JONATHAN (*Trying to free himself*): Yeah. You know, I should go back down. My father . . .

They kiss, again and again; he's bothered as her kisses more fervent.

JONATHAN (*Protesting*): Patty . . . Patricia . . .

She tries to undo his belt.

JONATHAN: Hey! What's the matter with you?

PATRICIA: Lie down.

JONATHAN: Patricia, my father is sitting shiva in the living room!

PATRICIA: Come on, Jonny . . .

JONATHAN: NO, I SAID! Are you crazy?! What the fuck is the matter with you?!

PATRICIA: You won't let me *do* anything for you.

JONATHAN: Is this supposed to cheer me up?!

PATRICIA: I want to *do* something.

JONATHAN: I don't want sex, Patricia.

PATRICIA: I've never known anyone who *died* before; tell me what I should do.

JONATHAN: This isn't *about* you. Do you understand that? This is *my* problem. *my* . . . loss, *mine*.

PATRICIA: But I'm your friend. Aren't I? I'm your lover, for God's sake. Two years, Jonathan . . .

JONATHAN (*Over "for God's sake . . ."*): I thought we went *through* this . . .

PATRICIA: I want to be with you. I want to help you.

JONATHAN: You can't help me, Patty. I'm beyond help.

PATRICIA: Don't say that.

JONATHAN: It's true. I am beyond help right now. You can't help me. Your *blow* jobs can't help me.

PATRICIA: You don't know how I felt not being at the funeral.

JONATHAN: I'm sorry.

PATRICIA: No you're not. I was in agony. Really. I couldn't concentrate on anything all day. Knowing what you must've been going through? What kind of person do you think I am? I wanted to be with you so much.

JONATHAN: So you came over.

PATRICIA: You didn't say I couldn't. You said the funeral. I came over *after*.

JONATHAN: I meant the whole thing.
 PATRICIA: What whole thing.
 JONATHAN: The funeral, shiva.
 PATRICIA: You mean I was supposed to keep away from you during all *this*, like for a *week*?—isn't shiva like a week?
 JONATHAN: Patty . . .
 PATRICIA: Do you know how *ridiculous* this is? Don't you think you're taking this guilt thing a little too far? I mean, your mother is dead—I'm really really sorry, Jonny, really I am—and, okay, we know she wasn't exactly crazy about me . . .
 JONATHAN: I'm so burnt out, Patty. . . My head is . . .
 PATRICIA (*Continuous*): Not that I ever did anything to *offend* the woman personally or anything. I just happened to be *born* with a certain persuasion, a certain incompatible persuasion, even though I'm an atheist and I don't give a damn *what* religion somebody happens to believe in. But did she even bother to know me, even a little bit?
 JONATHAN: Oh, Patty, this is—
 PATRICIA: It's like I was invisible. Do you know how it feels invisible?
 JONATHAN: What do you think?, my mother's dying wish—keep that shiksa away from my funeral?! Come on, Patty. Grow up! Not everything is about *you*. I know that, my mother, I know that, but not everything in the world is about *you*.
 PATRICIA (*Over "in the world"*): Oh, great.
 JONATHAN (*A beat*): Let's face it, Patricia, things haven't really been good between us for months.
 PATRICIA: What do you mean? Your mother's been dead for months. How can you make a statement like that?
 JONATHAN: What, this is a surprise to you what I'm saying?
 PATRICIA: Hasn't your mother been dying for months?
 JONATHAN: I don't really have the strength for this right now.
 PATRICIA: Hasn't she? So how can you judge how thin she's been between us? Her dying has been weighing over both of us, for so long, it's colored so much . . .

JONATHAN (*Over "it's colored so much"*): Look . . . if you *must* know—
 PATRICIA: What.
 JONATHAN: If you *must* know . . . (*A beat*) I was the one who didn't want you there. It wasn't out of respect to my mother or my father or my grandmother, it was me. I didn't want to see you. I didn't want you there, Patty. I didn't want to have to hold *your* hand and comfort *you* because of how cruel my mother was to you, I didn't want that. . . . I didn't want to have to deal with your display of—
 PATRICIA: *Display?*
 JONATHAN: Your display of love for me. Your concern. It was all about *you* whenever I thought about how it would be if you were with me! I didn't want you there, Patty. I'm sorry. (*A beat*) I guess when something catastrophic like this happens . . . you get to thinking.
 PATRICIA: Yes? Well?
Pause.
 JONATHAN: I don't love you, Patty.
 He smiles lamely and reaches for her as if to soothe her as she goes to get her bag. She groans, lashes out at his arm with a single punch, and goes. He stands alone for a long time before moving slowly over to the sewing machine. He clutches a pillow and gently rocks himself. As he begins to cry, the lights fade to black.