

THE FAMILY BUSINESS

Written and Directed by
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MRS.W:Act two, scene two: December. Annie and Angela the aide. (MRS.W. PUTS
ON ANGELA'S APRON)

ANNIE:Angela?! I want to know, Angela. How do I stand with you? Am I
senile? Am I semi-senile? Am I stupid? No, I'm all here.
Thank God, I'm still all here.

ANGELA:What did I do, Mrs. Kinsman? What did I do this time?

ANNIE:Did you start a seltzer bottle?

ANGELA:What?

ANNIE:And did you start another seltzer bottle?

ANGELA:But, Mrs. Kinsman...

ANNIE:Don't "but" me Angela honey, and then you started
another one - seltzer bottle number three, what kinda person starts three
seltzer bottles?
You think I don't know what you do! You think because I can't see you in the
kitchen I don't know what you're doing in my own kitchen, Angela?

If you start a seltzer bottle, you're supposed to finish it. Didn't I tell
you? A seltzer bottle could blow up in your face if you leave it
started and don't finish it for too long. How many times do I
have to tell you? Seltzer is dangerous. (PAUSE) So? Angela
honey? What? What do you have to say for yourself?

MRS.W: (DURING THIS SPEECH MRS.W. REMOVES ANGELA'S APRON, PUTS ON JACKET) Why is Annie Kinsman so angry about seltzer? What does she want? What did she ever want? Women were supposed to want to be wives and to want what their husbands wanted. No, women were supposed to want, for their husbands, what their husbands wanted. No, women were supposed to want for their husbands what their husbands were supposed to want. And husbands were supposed to want what "husbands" were supposed to want and when they became fathers -- not "if", "when" -- they were supposed to want what a "father" is supposed to want for his son. And a "son" is supposed to want what his father wants for him. For himself. He's supposed to want it. Do you understand? No? Okay. What does the son want? If he could choose anything what would it be? Generations of men who didn't do what they wanted to do with their lives all became plumbers. When Sol retired he didn't know what to do with himself. You know why? Because he was done doing what he was supposed to do. So he started doing what you do after you finally finish doing what you are supposed to do -- but he didn't know what that was...who knows what that is? None of the Sols know what that is. So they die.

(LIGHTS FADE UP ON OFFICE. PHIL ENTERS WITH BRIEFCASE. SHUFFLES THROUGH PAPERS ON DESK.

MRS.W. SPEAKS THROUGHOUT.)

And the way the process works is while they live they don't do what they want and then they retire and they don't know what they want and then

they start to die and they know it's all over and nothing happened and they get angry. (MRS.W STARTS TOWARD OFFICE) And the women get angry. But women are not supposed to get angry. So they bottle it. Paul's mother, Phyllis, got angry. She couldn't bottle it. She said "fuck you Phil" and left. (ENTERS OFFICE) Phil! Oh, Phil. I'm so glad you're back. Scene three: The office.

(MRS.W. REMOVES JACKET, HANGS IT UP, SPEAKS THROUGHOUT)

Sit down Phil. I'm so sorry I didn't know you'd be back this morning. I'd have put things more in order. I'd have got your coffee. How are you Phil? I'm so glad to see you. Paul will be so glad to see you. He'll be so glad you're back. You should know that Paul doesn't get to the office these days. In fact he doesn't get out at all anymore. Mrs. Kinsman has chewed up so much of him that it's just too hard for him to get around. He needs your help, Phil. He needs you to take over for a while. You need to deal with your aunt. Maybe you could try to get his body parts back. I know she has them. I help him all I can. I'm playing all the extra characters in a script he's working on. I was the aide this morning in a scene with your aunt. That's why I'm a little late for work.

Paul usually calls me the night before and lines up the next day's scenes and I try to get them done before I get to the office or during lunch. Oh, Phil. I'm so happy to see you. I'm so glad you're back. The phone rings. (PHONE RINGS) Phil and Son, Inc...Oh

Paul, (TO PHIL) it's Paul, Paul, guess who just walked in? Here.

(HANDS PHONE TO PHIL) Talk to your son.

(EXITS TO ANNIE'S APARTMENT)

PHIL:Paul, why didn't you tell me? (LISTENS) I know you said she was eating you alive. I thought it was a joke.

MRS.W:Scene four: Annie and Barbara the aide. (PUTS ON BARBARA'S APRON)

ANNIE:Barbara?! I want to know, Barbara. How do I stand with you? Am I senile? Am I semi-senile? Am I stupid? No, I'm all here. Thank God, I'm still all here.

BARBARA:What did I do, Mrs. Kinsman? What did I do this time?

ANNIE:The roach motel, Barbara. You put a roach motel in the foyer. You think because I can't see you in the foyer I don't know what's going on in my own foyer, Barbara?

BARBARA:But Mrs. Kinsman, I was only trying to...

ANNIE:Don't "but" me Barbara honey. It's not that I'm a tyrant. Ask anybody, I am not a tyrant, I'm a nice woman. But I gotta say what I think. If I feel it here (TOUCHES HEART) or here (TOUCHES HEAD) it comes out here. (POINTS TO MOUTH)

I don't want you to feel you have to ask me about everything, but Barbara, honey, this is my home and you have to ask me. About everything. You have to say, Mrs. Kinsman, I'm going to put a roach motel out. I will say, sure Barbara honey. Where did you find it? Where are you putting it? And where's the one that was there before?

MRS.W: (REMOVES BARBARA'S APRON) Annie Kinsman always did what she was supposed to do. She made a new life after Manny died. Without any help she became an entirely independent woman. She guarded her privacy. (PUTS ON CANDACE'S APRON) Scene five: Annie and Candace the aide. What did I do, Mrs. Kinsman? What did I do this time?

ANNIE:My electric carpet sweeper.

CANDACE:I didn't do anything. I just used it.

ANNIE:You busted it. I have that sweeper for fifty years. My husband, he should rest in peace, bought me that sweeper.

CANDACE:You must miss him.

ANNIE:You're some cookie.

MRS.W: (REMOVES CANDACE'S APRON) So Annie lived alone until she fell down, got dragged off to a hospital, lost her independence and came home with strangers to run her life. (EXITS, PHIL ENTERS)

ANNIE:I hate them. (TO PHIL) You I love. (TO OFFSTAGE) Candace, honey, the aluminum pot needs to be scoured. (TO PHIL) I have my aluminum pots for fifty years. I have to tell them everything.

So, anyway, my sister, your mother, she should rest in peace, comes home and she says she met the man she wants to marry and we ask who, what, what is he? She says a plumber. That's not bad. Is he in the union? She says he has his own business. His name is Sol. We say wonderful. Wonderful. They get married. One, two, three, they have a son. It's you. You grow up. You think you're some kind of song writer. Sol, he should rest in peace, used to say

"Irving Berlin you're not Phil."

(MRS. W. ENTERS WITH FLASHBACK CURTAIN RACK.)

MRS.W:Scene six: Phil's entire life. (TO AUDIENCE) Paul wants you to hear everything that ever happened to his father in two and a half pages.

PHIL:What do I do?

MRS.W:Play yourself and your father while I play your mother and your ex-wife. Don't look at me. He's your son.

(SHE PULLS FLASHBACK CURTAIN. PHIL PLAYS SOL, MRS. W. PLAYS MA AND PHYLLIS, USES HATS, MUSIC STANDS, SCRIPTS.) Scene six: I'm Phil's mother.

PHIL:I'm Phil's father Sol.

MA:I feel faint.

SOL:What? You're pregnant?

MA:I'm in labor.

SOL:Oh my God.

MA:It's a boy.

SOL:He looks just like me.

MA:Call him Phil.

SOL:Get him circumcised.

MA:Boil his diapers.

SOL: Get him shoes.

MA:Comb his hair.

SOL:Fix his teeth.

MA:Send him to school.

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SOL:Send him to Yeshiva.

MA:Buy him a suit.

SOL:Get him Bar Mitzvahed.

MA:Give him a watch.

SOL:Get him a razor.

MA:Send him to college.

SOL:Buy him a car.

MA:Now I'll worry.

SOL:Put him to work.

MA:In the family business.

SOL:Good. He's finished.

MRS.W:(TO AUDIENCE) That took care of the first twenty years.

PHIL:What next?

MA:Get him a wife.

SOL:I'm no matchmaker.

MA:Phil, meet - (AS MRS.W) who did your mother want?

PHIL:Chavah Birnbaum.

MRS.W:But you brought home?

PHIL:Phyllis the shiksa, ma, meet Phyllis.

PHYLLIS:I'm Phyllis. Good afternoon.

PHIL:Ma, did you like her?

MA:Phil, is she Jewish?

SOL:When's the wedding?

MA:Where's the wedding?

SOL:How many couples?

MA:Chicken or roast beef?

SOL:Mazel tov.

MA:Make me a grandma.

SOL:Make me a grandpa.

PHYLLIS:They're your parents, Phil.

PHIL:Ma, not so fast.

PHYLLIS:Phil, I feel faint

PHIL:Are you pregnant?

PHYLLIS:I'm in labor.

PHIL:Oh, my God.

PHYLLIS:It's a boy.

PHIL:He looks just like me.

PHYLLIS:Name him Paul.

SOL:He looks just like me.

MA:Very nice.

SOL:Google, google.

MA:Shanah kint.

SOL:Hebrew school?

PHYLLIS>Your parents, Phil.

PHIL:Pop, not so fast.

MA:So, a dinette set.

SOL:A living room set.

MA:A bedroom set.

SOL:Another child. A bigger house.

MA:A new dinette set.

SOL:A new living...

PHYLLIS:Phil! Your parents!

PHIL:Ma, not so fast.

MA:Better than what I had.

PHIL:I thought you were happy.

MA:I'll be happy if you're happy.

PHIL:I'm happy.

MA:I'll be more happy if you're more happy than I ever was.

PHIL:Okay Ma.

PHYLLIS:Fuck you Phil. I'm getting out of here. (AS MRS.W) That takes care
of another ten years.

PHIL:Twelve.

MRS.W:Anyway, time passes.

PHIL:So where are we?

MA:Phil, are you coming to Passover?

PHIL:Ohhh.

MA:I'm making everything you like.

SOL:Phil, would you bring the wine? We need three bottles. Tell them
Malaga. Taste it first. I'm paying.

MA:Phil, the Passover dishes need to be unpacked...I don't want your father
to do it this year. You could help?

SOL:Phil, would you bring that wine. Not so much this year. Tell me what I
owe you.

MA:Phil, we're not making Passover this year. Your father isn't up to it.

SOL:Phil, your mother won't feed me what I like. Talk to her.

MA:Phil, we can't get your father's oxygen delivered. Call them.

SOL:Phil, your mother is yelling at me. Stop her.

MA:Phil, your father won't eat. Do something.

SOL:Phil, I'm sick, don't tell your mother.

MA:Phil, the doctor says your father is dying. Don't tell him.

PHIL:Ma?

MA:Oh Phil. I went to your father's grave yesterday...I don't feel so good.

(MRS. W. REMOVES FLASHBACK RACK)

PHIL:That's it?

MRS.W:It's a flashback synopsis Phil.

PHIL:Where's what I thought about? These things didn't just happen. (TO AUDIENCE) Listen, I got married because getting married was what I was supposed to do. But I married Phyllis. She wasn't like my family. She did not like my family. She said I was like my family. She left me.

MRS.W:(TO AUDIENCE) I was married for two weeks when I was eighteen. That was a mistake.

I was twenty-two when I got this job, and Phil was twenty-four and for a minute I had the romantic idea that I would marry the boss' son, but he married Phyllis. She was his little rebellion.

PHIL:(TO AUDIENCE) I had to choose: my family or my wife. I didn't choose. I didn't know how. Forty people over here saying, "Phil, sit down and eat something", one person over here saying "Phil, let's get out of here." I sat and ate, so did Paul. Phyllis wouldn't take

him.

MRS.W:By the time I was thirty I wasn't at all sure I wanted to marry again.

I was self sufficient. I was certainly less romantic. Then Phil got divorced. I admit, I considered life with Phil again but he never thought of me that way. I was part of his family's business.

PHIL:My family bossed me around. Bossing is yelling. Bossing is also loving.

So loving is yelling. If you don't yell who knows you're alive? Who knows you care? My duty was to let my family yell and boss. And to yell and boss my son. So I did. I yelled a lot. But I never learned to be the boss of my own life.

MRS.W:I enjoyed my work. I made myself indispensable.

PHIL:I got tired of responsibility. I disappeared.

MRS.W:He disappeared. Figuratively, then literally.

PHIL:I didn't make the choice to stay away but I didn't come back when I was supposed to.

MRS.W:Phil finally did something he wasn't supposed to do. (PAUSE) It wasn't good for business, or for me, and it will take a while to patch things up with Paul, but Phil finally did something he wasn't supposed to do.

Scene seven: the office. (PHONES PAUL) Hello, Paul. It's Pearl Wonder. I got the new pages. No, I just gave your father his own scenes. No, he didn't ask for anything else, but Paul, he's very busy with Annie. No, I decided to do all the womens' parts myself

which reminds me, what about all this "the phone rings" stuff Paul? It does seem rather redundant, don't you think? What? (PAUSE) Well - they can hear it. Yes, I understand concept, but what about how much time it takes? Good! Thank you. Goodbye. (PHONE RINGS) Hello. Phil and Son Inc....

PHIL: (ENTERS) Say Paul.

MRS.W: Phil and Paul, Inc., Yes, he's here, hold on. It's your aunt, she sounds hysterical.

PHIL: Hello...what? Uh huh...uh huh..stop shouting. Uh huh... I'm coming over now. Uh huh...you have to hang up so I can come...hang up!

(PHIL AND MRS. W. GO TO ANNIE'S APARTMENT)

MRS.W: Scene eight: Annie and Denise the aide. (AS DENISE) Nobody ever talked to me this way. Annie, what happened? What's wrong? (DIALOGUE OVERLAPS) Oh, my God, what did I do?

ANNIE: Don't listen to her. She's a liar. Get her out of here. Get that bitch out of my house.

PHIL: Okay, hold it. Hold it.

DENISE: Oh, I don't know what happened. Annie, what happened? You know I love you. She knows I love her. Oh, my God, what did I do?

ANNIE: Don't listen to her. Stop with the bullshit. Don't listen to her bullshit. Get that bitch out of my house.

PHIL: (TO ANNIE) Stop, stop now. You called me over to deal with this. I'm dealing with it. Stop yelling. (TO DENISE WHO STILL YELLS "MY GOD, OH MY GOD.") Stop yelling, you have to stop yelling too. Everybody has to be quiet. (SILENCE) Okay, what happened?

ANNIE:Is this my house?! I'm asking you a question and I want an answer.

PHIL:You don't need me to answer that question.

ANNIE:I want you to answer it in front of her.

PHIL:Yes it's your house.

ANNIE:So, if I want two towels, if I want two of my own goddamn towels when she washes me..if I have to stand naked with my walker in front of the sink while she goes to get the towels and if I have to stand naked and wet and I wait and I wait and I wait and who knows what she's doing in the other room where I can't see her and I have to stand there till she decides to come back with one towel and I want two of my own goddamn towels to dry me. Who can say otherwise? Nobody! But this bitch tells me one towel is enough. She says I'll be dry with one towel. Fuck her, I want two towels. I want twenty towels. I want a hundred towels. Am I wrong Phil? Am I wrong? Tell me I'm wrong.

PHIL:No, Annie. You're not wrong.

ANNIE:Is it still my house? Am I right?

PHIL:Yes...you're right. (PHONE RINGS)

MRS.W:(MOVES TO OFFICE) Scene nine: Phil and Paul, Inc. Oh, Phil it's Mrs. Kinsman's aide, Evelyn.

PHIL:Hello. (TO MRS.W) She says my aunt is having some kind of a fit.

MRS.W:You'd better go.

PHIL:(TO PHONE) I'm on my way.

MRS.W:Scene ten: the ambulance. (AMBULANCE SOUND)

Scene eleven: the emergency room.

ANNIE:Phiddle don't leave me alone.

PHIL:Phiddle is what she called me when I was a boy. Are you okay?

ANNIE:Oh, I'm wonderful. I wouldn't wish it on my enemies I'm so wonderful.

NURSE:(ENTERS) What's her name?

PHIL:Annie Kinsman.

ANNIE:I hope you didn't tip those ambulance bastards.

PHIL:I wrote a check. You signed it.

ANNIE:It should bounce. Leave them whistle.

NURSE:Date of birth?

PHIL:When were you born?

ANNIE:1913. How long are we here?

PHIL:Nurse, we've been here for five hours.

ANNIE:What is this, a hallway? I'm laying in a hallway.

NURSE:The emergency room is under construction. This is the temporary
emergency room.

PHIL:This is a hallway.

NURSE:This isn't a hallway.

ANNIE: A hallway goes to a room. There's no room.

PHIL:Literally, nurse, there isn't any room.

NURSE:Sign this.

PHIL:What is it?

ANNIE:When I was in Beekman emergency with the breathing? At least there was
some space there...

NURSE:It's a D.N.R.

PHIL:What's a D.N.R.?

ANNIE:But they didn't have curtains. Anybody could see you but in Beth
Israel emergency...

NURSE:Do not resuscitate. Who's next of kin?

ANNIE:Phil, I have to pish.

PHIL:I'm next of kin, I need a bedpan.

NURSE:(EXITS) Orderly!

ANNIE:Phil, I can't hold it.

PHIL:They're getting one.

NURSE:(ENTERS) Sign this.

PHIL:(TO ANNIE) Can you lift your hip? (TO NURSE) What am I signing?

ANNIE:Okay, I finished.

PHIL:She finished.

NURSE:(EXITS) Orderly! Pre-existing conditions?

PHIL:Diabetes.

ANNIE:In Beth Israel with my gall bladder...

PHIL:Gall bladder.

ANNIE:They at least have curtains. You know the best?

PHIL:Angina.

ANNIE:N.Y.U. Emergency

NURSE:(ENTERS) What medications?

ANNIE:They got curtains and they gave me a shopping bag.

PHIL:Wait, I have a piece of paper. It's on a piece of paper.

ANNIE:Phil! I have to pish.

NURSE:(EXITS) Orderly, a bedpan.

PHIL:Can you hold it?

ANNIE:I can't hold it.

NURSE:(ENTERS) Sign this.

PHIL:Lift, Annie. Sign where?

ANNIE:Okay, I finished. I still have that shopping bag.

NURSE:Tell me what happened.

ANNIE:Where is that shopping bag?

PHIL:Let me show you. (SHOWS SEIZURE)

NURSE:Okay, shaking with sucked in cheeks and head thrown back. Are your
eyes rolling up?

PHIL:Yes, look. I'm showing you. (NURSE EXITS)

ANNIE:Phil, what are you doing?

PHIL:This is what you did.

ANNIE:Don't scare me. Phil, you're scaring me.

NURSE:(ENTERS) I need her telephone number.

ANNIE:Phil, I have to pish.

NURSE:Her medicare number, her social security number.

ANNIE:Phil, I can't hold it.

NURSE:Her blue cross blue shield number...

PHIL:She needs a bed pan.

NURSE:(EXITS) Orderly!

ANNIE:Phil, I can't hold it.

NURSE:And she has to sign each page (ENTERS) twice.

PHIL:Lift up Annie. Tell your numbers.

ANNIE:I'm finished. Somebody wants my numbers?

NURSE:She knows her numbers?

PHIL:By heart.

ANNIE:777...3079G...(RECITES NUMBERS WHILE PAUL SPEAKS)

NURSE:You can leave. (EXITS)

PHIL:Number one I am not leaving. Number two I am not leaving my seventy-eight year old aunt in a hallway. Number three I am not leaving my seventy-eight year old aunt in a hallway without a name tag. Do you know who the hell she is? If she drops dead do you know who the hell she is? (ANNIE FINISHES LIST OF NUMBERS. PHONE RINGS,

TV GOES ON, SCENE IS ASSEMBLED.)

MRS.W:Scene twelve: Phil at home watching T.V.

(HANDS PHIL RINGING PHONE)

PHIL:Hello.

MRS.W:What happened?

PHIL:Who is this?

MRS.W:It's Pearl Wonder. What happened?

PHIL:They're not saying it but they went to bed last night and he left a letter. In the next scene she'll find out she's pregnant.

MRS.W:Phil, Annie, what happened to Annie?

PHIL:I don't want to talk about it. It took twenty phone calls to the Bronx - did you know that all ambulances originate in the Bronx? Don't they have some in somebody's neighborhood? When we get old do we all have to move to the Bronx?

MRS.W:(PAUSE) Phil.

PHIL:What? It took two hours for the ambulance to come. Two hours is not an

emergency response.

MRS.W:So, what happened?

PHIL:The ambulance guys insisted Annie lay on a stretcher.

MRS.W:What's wrong with that?

PHIL:There's not enough room for a woman and a stretcher side by side in that
stupid apartment.

MRS.W:Listen, I'm coming right over. Okay?

PHIL:Okay. You have my keys?

MRS.W:Yes.

PHIL:Okay.

MRS.W:(ENTERS) Phil, did you get her into the hospital?

PHIL:Into the hospital? It took half an hour to get her in the elevator! The
stretcher wouldn't fit in the elevator. She lives in a building
filled with dying old people who can never leave by the elevator.
I don't wanna talk about it...this heroine is going to have an
abortion, which I never saw in a 1930's movie except they don't
actually say abortion...actually they don't actually say baby or
pregnant. She walks meaningfully out of a doctor's office and she
goes for a rest cure in Mexico...except she looks very sad...like
she committed a sin. (PHONE RINGS)

Hello. What? A what? Who is? Me? I decide? (PAUSE) Is it dangerous?

(PAUSE) Does she want it? (PAUSE) Well, what's my choice?

(PAUSE) Okay, yes, okay. Thanks, goodbye.

MRS.W:What happened?

PHIL:Her heart. They want to give her a temporary pacemaker tonight and a

real one tomorrow. (PHONE RINGS) Hello.

ANNIE:(FROM HOSPITAL) Phiddle, it's you? You talked to the doctor. So I'm getting a pacesetter. I'm on my way to the operating room but I made them stop and get me a phone. I told them I had to talk to you, you shouldn't worry. I'm fine, and I'll see you in the morning, we should live and be well, but, Phiddle, you should sleep. You hear me? I'm still your aunt. I love you. Goodbye.

PHIL:I love you too. (HANGS UP)

That was Annie. She wants me not to worry.

They're sticking a machine in her to stop her heart from stopping and she wants them to wait a minute so she can tell me she'll see me in the morning.

MRS.W:I'm going home. Turn off the TV, you better get some sleep.

PHIL:I just want to see the end.

MRS.W:Phil, you know the end. (EXITS)

Scene thirteen: the hospital. (ENTERS AS NURSE)

ANNIE:What is that you're giving me? The pink one. The pink one I'm not supposed to have. Who told you to give that one to me? Look at my feet. You see my feet honey? The pink one makes my feet fat and they took me off it.

NURSE:But Mrs. Kinsman, this is dextramillamannagram and it says on your chart..

ANNIE:Don't but me honey, I know what's on my chart. They stopped the dextramillamannagram and now I take multimannadellatoid and I don't take it until after lunch. It's the yellow one like a

little football. Do you know it?

NURSE:I'll have to check. (EXITS) Dr. Vulture? (AS MRS. W) Scene thirteen B:

Annie's apartment and the hospital. (APARTMENT)

What are we doing, Phil?

PHIL:She can't live like this. We need to get rid of everything, but keep an
eye out for Paul's parts.

MRS.W:Phil, come here. This box has Paul's name on it.

HOSPITAL:

ANNIE:What happened to you?

PHIL:We have to talk.

ANNIE:I don't want to talk. Whenever we talk, you talk and I listen.

PHIL:Auntie Annie, what's in this box?

ANNIE:You know.

PHIL:I want you to tell me.

ANNIE:It's the things Paul is missing.

PHIL:Auntie Annie, why?

ANNIE:I didn't want him to go away. I can't hold on to any damn thing any
more. You're always busy. It's not your fault, I don't blame
you. It's your business. But it's lonely. Your mother and your
father were my best friends. They were my rocks. I loved them.
Who knew they would go before me? We talked every day. Now I
forget how to talk. I lose words. I don't remember who I was.
When Manny went it was like I wasn't even a woman anymore. You
know, all Manny wanted at the end was a piece-a-cake. "Honey,
give me a nice piece-a-cake." "Waddaya crazy? Cake'll kill ya."

I think about that. Sometimes, now, I want a frankfurter with relish. I shoulda given him that damn piece-a-cake. (PAUSE)
You'll bring Paul the box. Make sure you close it up good. And don't lose anything. And don't drop it. And be careful. And bring back that box to my house, I need it.

MRS.W:Scene fourteen: (ON PHONE) Paul, this is not a scene, it's background. We just need to say that Annie is home from the hospital and you and your parts are going off to a special clinic in Switzerland.
Fine. No, it's fine. Scene fourteen: Paul and his parts to Switzerland, Annie's home. Scene fifteen: Annie and Florence the aide.

ANNIE:Florence, I am not a rich woman. Paper towel does not grow on trees.
Do you hear me, Florence?

MRS.W:Scene sixteen: Annie and Gertrude the aid.

ANNIE:(SHOUTS) G-e-r-t-r-u-d-e!

MRS.W:Scene seventeen: Phil listens to his messages. Click, click,
hmmmmmmmm., click.

ANNIE:(GASPS) Phil? Phil? (GASPS) An ambulance is coming.

MRS.W:Beeeeep. Scene eighteen: The hospital.

ANNIE:Tell them I wanna go home. I can't take no more, Phiddle. No more. No more.

PHIL:Come on, Annie,let's talk. You and me. Two adults, right?

ANNIE:You're my child.

PHIL:But now we're going to talk like two grown adults. Almost two old people. You realize I'm almost old.

ANNIE:What are you talking about?

PHIL:Me. I'm almost sixty.

ANNIE:So what? I'm almost eighty.

PHIL:Before you know it, Paul will be sixty.

ANNIE:What I wouldn't give to be sixty.

PHIL:I'd take forty-five in a minute.

ANNIE:I'll take thirty-nine.

PHIL:Thirty-six.

ANNIE:Thirty-three.

PHIL:Paul says he wants to be twenty-six.

ANNIE:Four years?! What kind of dreaming is four years? That's like me
wishing I was seventy-four again. (PAUSE) I wanna go home.

PHIL:What happens the next time you can't breathe or your chest hurts or you
get dizzy? What happens when you're home alone and you get
frightened?

ANNIE:I won't call the doctor. I'll die.

PHIL:What if it's the middle of the night?

ANNIE:I'll stay home. I'll die, Phiddle.

PHIL:Sweetheart, that's what you said before, and then you got frightened.

ANNIE:I wasn't frightened. But I don't pay a doctor so I should sit with
pain so I called him.

PHIL:What did you want him to do?

ANNIE:I don't know. I don't want the surgery, Phil. I don't want it. I
don't want no more.

PHIL:Look Annie, the doctors job is to do whatever he has to do to keep you

alive. You don't want him to do it and you don't want him not to do it. What do you want?

ANNIE:Phil, If I let them cut me again it'll help?

PHIL:Okay. You want to go home. And then?

ANNIE:We'll take it one day at a time.

PHIL:No. It can't be that way.

ANNIE:I can't think. One day at a time, Phil.

PHIL:No, Auntie Annie. Okay, suppose you go home tomorrow.

ANNIE:Then I'll be happy. So, arrange it.

PHIL:(LAUGHS) Arrange what?!

ANNIE:You're laughing? I'm your funny aunt.

PHIL:Listen my love, getting you home is the easy part. What happens afterward?

ANNIE:Phiddle, you are the child of my heart but suppose you are really my child and you have the responsibility. What would you do?

PHIL:I don't know what I'm supposed to do, Auntie Annie. I wish Annie would die. Or I wish I would die. I wish we would have one lovely day in which things don't hurt and she isn't scared and I'm not scared for her and she gets to eat whatever the hell she wants and I go buy it for her and serve it to her and watch her enjoy it and we can have a conversation in which she doesn't hate everybody and she remembers how to listen and she can talk about something besides herself and if she can't I forgive her, and I remember how to listen, and I give her a hug and I tell her I love her and I put her to bed and I turn the light off and I lock

the door and she dies. Or I die.

MRS.W:Scene nineteen: Annie and Henrietta the aide. (PUTS ON HENRIETTA'S APRON) So, Mrs. Kinsman...

ANNIE:I told you call me Annie. Why do you have to call me Mrs. Kinsman?

Don't I call you Henry?

HEN:Okay, okay, I'll call you Annie. But you know, you never know. Some of my people like first names and some of them don't. I go to one old fella, he wants me to use his first name but he won't give me a key to his door. He can't even hear me when I come. Tell the truth, sometimes he's not all there - in the head - you know. I have to make all the decisions. What to buy. What to eat. He goes in his bed and I have to wipe him. I dress him, like a doll, you know. Nobody knows what I do in that house. His children never even call. They just send checks. It's a crying shame. My husband, he doesn't even like me going there. (PHONE RINGS, SHE PLUGS IN VACUUM CLEANER) He wants me to stay home. But we need the money. (ANSWERS PHONE) Mrs. Kinsman's residence. Annie, it's your nephew. (HANDS OVER PHONE. ANNIE IS IMPATIENT FOR HER TO MOVE. HENRIETTA FINALLY STANDS ASIDE, HUMS SOFTLY)

ANNIE>Hello, Phil? Ohhh, she talks and she talks and she talks. No, you give her a chance. You'll call me later? Okay. (TO HENRIETTA) Here, Henry, hang it up.

HEN:(HANGS UP) Isn't that nice? Your family calls you every day. I hope I'm that lucky when I'm as old as you. Now, I'm going to finish

vacuuming (TURNS ON MACHINE) and empty the commode and after that

I'll warm up the meatloaf we made yesterday.

(UNNOTICED BY AIDE, ANNIE DIES)

I never made a meatloaf with canned vegetable soup before. I learn new

things from you every day. Are you getting hungry for lunch?

Annie? Mrs. Kinsman?