

# HELLO, I MUST BE GOING

by Albi Gorn

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

MAURY

HARVEY (His son)

EMMA (His daughter-in-law)

JULIE (His grandson)

MAGGIE (His granddaughter)

MAURY'S SPIRIT (His spirit)

Psychiatrist, judge, speech therapist, Harry

The play takes place in 1997 and 1998

*(In the womb)*

JULIE: What are you gonna do when you get out?

MAGGIE: No idea.

JULIE: It's a big world out there. Aren't you psyched to see it after being locked in here for so long?

MAGGIE: Not really.

JULIE: Man, I can't wait.

MAGGIE: Well, you're gonna have to.

JULIE: You are such a wus. Come on, where's your spirit of adventure? There must be some way we can get out.

MAGGIE: You get out too soon, they just put you back in some other place that's worse, I'm telling you.

JULIE: I can't believe I'm in here with you.

***(JULIE Kicks EMMA in stomach)***

EMMA: Ow.

*(EMMA looks at her stomach and smiles)*

JULIE: No spirit at all.

***(A hospital. MAURY is in a wheelchair)***

HARVEY: Pop? Pop, how are you doing? It's me, Pop. It's Harvey, your son? Do you know me, Pop? Do you know where you are? You're in the hospital, Pop. Do you know what happened? You had a stroke, Pop. Pop, can you hear me?

*(HARVEY continues to address MAURY and cannot hear his spirit)*

MAURY'S SPIRIT: Sure I can hear you. If you wouldn't mumble so much.

HARVEY: Pop, you had a stroke.

MAURY'S SPIRIT: Duh.

HARVEY: It looks like a bad one, Pop. I mean, you're not responding or anything, you're just staring at me.

MAURY'S SPIRIT: I pretty much exhausted looking at everything else waiting for you to show up.

HARVEY: Do you recognize this? *(sings) Hello, I must be going.* Good, at least now you're smiling.

MAURY'S SPIRIT: Well, if you could hear what you sound like...

HARVEY: Pop, it's Harvey. How are you doing? Oh, man, this is bad. Pop, look at me, look at me. This is Harvey, pop, do you — your eyes are blue?

MAURY'S SPIRIT: The work of some drunken Cossack taking liberties with one of our ancestors, no doubt.

HARVEY: How could I not know that? Incredible, I mean if somebody had asked me, I would have said brown, maybe hazel —

MAURY'S SPIRIT: No, they're definitely blue.

HARVEY: — but blue, and such a light blue. How could I not know that? Look, pop, you have to come back to me, do you hear me? You have grandchildren on the way. You got to hang in there. Shit. It's my fault, I made you wait too long. I'm sorry, Pop, but they're coming, twins. Think of it, Pop. Grandkids. You got to hang in there, you got to come back to me. What's happening here.

*(MAURY puts out a hand very tentatively, with his index finger sticking out)*

HARVEY: Yeah, Pop, it's me, it's Harvey. What? What do you want? Are you pointing at me? Are you pointing at something, what? You want water or something. Yeah, it's me, it's Harvey, Pop, is that what you're asking? It's me.

***(HARVEY and EMMA's home)***

EMMA: Ow!

HARVEY: What's up? Are they kicking again?

EMMA: Kicking and punching.

JULIE: Let us out of here.

***(JULIE punches EMMA's stomach)***

EMMA: Ow!

MAGGIE: Why are you in such a rush?

HARVEY: You okay?

EMMA: Never better.

JULIE: What, you want to stay in here forever?

MAGGIE: Do you know what it's like out there?

JULIE: No, and that's why I want to get out.

MAGGIE: Well, that's why I'm happy staying in.

EMMA: How's your dad?

HARVEY: Oh, man, honey, it's just so —

EMMA: *(Holding him)* I know.

MAGGIE: What's with pop?

JULIE: I can't make it out. Something happened to grandpa.

MAGGIE: What?

JULIE: I don't know, but it sounds terrible.

MAGGIE: See. I'm in absolutely no rush to get out of here.

EMMA: What did the doctors say?

HARVEY: I was in a hospital. Where was I gonna find a doctor?

EMMA: Did he know you?

HARVEY: Hmmph, nobody knew me better.

EMMA: You know what I mean.

HARVEY: Yeah. No, I don't think -- well, yeah, I think he did. I don't know what I think. I mean, he pointed at me, he must have known it was me. He knew me. The question is did I know him.

EMMA: Hmmmm.

HARVEY: What color are my father's eyes?

EMMA: Blue, light blue.

*(HARVEY just looks at her, somewhat deflated)*

**(1964. MAURY and HARVEY fishing)**

MAURY: You have to be patient.

HARVEY: The bobber hasn't moved for an hour, pop.

MAURY: It hasn't been an hour. That's an excellent spot. You just keep your eye on it.

HARVEY: *(Under his breath)* More than an hour.

MAURY: When it goes down, you —

HARVEY: I know, I know. *(Beat)* It's not gonna move.

MAURY: Patience. *(Pause)* I want you to come with me this afternoon to see grandpa.

HARVEY: Pop.

MAURY: You know how happy he is to see you.

HARVEY: Pop, he just sits in that wheelchair scowling. He doesn't care if I'm there or not. It makes me feel creepy. That guy that keeps going aaaah aaaah aaaah over and over again.

MAURY: Shh, you'll scare the fish.

HARVEY: That other guy that thinks I'm Michaelangelo. I hate going there.

MAURY: Grandpa does care if you're there, Harvey. It's just since the stroke he can't say everything like he did before, and he's a little angry at what happened to him.

HARVEY: I just keep thinking about grandpa before. It's like it's not even him anymore. *(Pause)* I'm reeling in, Pop. There's no fish out there.

MAURY: Patience. You can't see it, but underneath that water there's plenty of activity. Just leave your hook where it is. *(Beat)* Do it for your old man, then. It will make me feel good if you visit him. I don't know what else to do for him. Uh, you got a nibble.

*(They both watch expectantly. It stops)*

HARVEY: I think my worm must have fallen asleep by now.

MAURY: So what do you say; you'll come?

HARVEY: How long will we stay?

MAURY: Not long.

HARVEY: Okay.

MAURY: Then we can go out to eat.

HARVEY: Okay.

MAURY: You did your homework?

HARVEY: Pop.

MAURY: Okay. I'm glad you're going.

HARVEY: I'm reeling in, Pop.

MAURY: Patience.

**(HARVEY and EMMA's home)**

EMMA: Would you kids like to hear a story?

JULIE: Whoa, Maggie, storytime.

MAGGIE: Great.

EMMA: Now, what should it be?

JULIE: Goodnight Moon, Goodnight Moon.

MAGGIE: Anything by John Irving.

EMMA: How about a new story? I have it right here. It's called Princess Madeleine. That name's on our list, you know. How would you like it if we called one of you Madeleine?

MAGGIE: Nope, I'm good. You interested in Madeleine, Julie?

JULIE: I'll pass.

EMMA: *Once upon a time*

MAGGIE: Why are they always so vague?

EMMA: *In a far off land*

MAGGIE: I mean, that could be Samarkand, it could be Akron.

JULIE: Shhh. If I don't get the exposition, I'm lost.

EMMA: *There lived a young Princess named Madeleine*

JULIE: Is that supposed to rhyme?

EMMA: *Her robes were the richest, her frocks were the finest  
She insisted that everyone call her your highness*

*And over and over she took the position*

*That no one could leave her without her permission*

*The scullery maid who swept up the throne room*

*Till Madeleine said so couldn't go to her own room*

MAGGIE: The scullery maid has her own room?

JULIE: I wonder who cleans that?

EMMA: *A duke from the far distant land they called Cleve*

JULIE: Cleveland, that's near Akron.

EMMA: *Could not go back home till he'd said "by your leave"  
And even a fly who had flown down the flue*

*Just sat around idly with nothing to do*

*Till Madeleine said: Go, I'm finished with you*

JULIE: Is there a message here?

MAGGIE: What do you mean?

JULIE: That we can't leave here until we get permission?

MAGGIE: Could you just drop that getting out of here business. When the time comes, we get out.

**(JULIE kicks EMMA)**

JULIE: Is there a message here?

EMMA: Ow.

**(The hospital)**

HARVEY: I turn 50 in about two weeks, pop. Emma's due date is next Monday, my birthday is the following Friday. I'd love it if she could hold out 'til then. What do you think? And if you could hold out 'til then.

MAURY'S SPIRIT: I'm holding out. I'm holding on. I'm holding.

HARVEY: And if you could come back to me.

MAURY'S SPIRIT: 50 years old, Harvey. First having children at 50. You think 'cause you're having two you'll make up for making me wait so long?

HARVEY: I want them to be able to talk to you, pop, to know you.

MAURY'S SPIRIT: Talk to me? That's a lot of holding on. Know me? Harvey, nobody lives that long. (*Of MAURY in wheelchair*) Look at that, I could be years like that.

HARVEY: I want them to know your sense of humor.

MAURY'S SPIRIT: You'll have two little ones at home and you'll be schlepping over here day after day.

HARVEY: Your love of music.

MAURY'S SPIRIT: This should be a time for joy, not worry. Although, knowing you, you'd worry anyway.

HARVEY: Just to be able to look into your eyes.

MAURY'S SPIRIT: Like you did?

HARVEY: Grandkids, pop. Did you ever think it would happen? You can't miss it, you got to hang in there and fight your way back to me, to them, pop.

MAURY'S SPIRIT: I admit I'd like to see them, but...

HARVEY: Try, pop. Try. Talk to me, come on, pop, talk to me.

(*MAURY points his finger as before*)

HARVEY: Yeah, pop, me. Talk to me. It's Harvey.

(*MAURY just points*)

**(HARVEY and EMMA's home)**

HARVEY: He just points at me.

EMMA: How about Max?

HARVEY: For a boy or girl?

EMMA: Doesn't matter.

HARVEY: Yes girl, no boy.

(*EMMA writes it down*)

HARVEY: I keep thinking he's asking me for something.

EMMA: Does he point at anyone else, the doctors, the nurses?

HARVEY: No.

EMMA: So he probably knows you, Harvey. Supposedly there's recovery up to six months after.

HARVEY: I just want him to be able to enjoy little Max and (*refers to list*) Jules -- Jules? When did we agree on Jules?

EMMA: Sorry. We need a boy J for my grandmother.

HARVEY: I just want him to be able to enjoy little whoever they are.

EMMA: Well, hopefully he'll be okay by then, but Harvey, maybe when you bring them to him that might be a trigger.

JULIE: More pressure. First we have to save this marriage —

MAGGIE: Where did you get that from?

JULIE: — now we have to revive a stroke victim.

MAGGIE: You're the one in such a rush to get out there.

EMMA: How about Jackson?

JULIE: Too much pressure.

**(JULIE hits EMMA)**

EMMA: Ow. Guess not.

HARVEY: It's just so devastating seeing him, the vibrancy gone, the tenacity of life gone, my father gone, just some sketch of him, frozen in time. I should have had kids years ago. I should have met you thirty years ago and had kids that he could have enjoyed.

EMMA: I was four years old thirty years ago.

HARVEY: Twenty years ago. Ten. Two even. Emma...

JULIE: Pop's crying again.

MAGGIE: Damn.

HARVEY: How could I do this to him?

EMMA: You didn't, Harvey. Whatever path you took to get you to me, and to get us to Abelard and Heloise (**JULIE hits her**) ow, just kidding — whatever path you took, I'm glad you're here.

JULIE: And so are we, pop. Stop crying.

EMMA: And your pop would be the first to understand about that.

HARVEY: I just wish I knew what to do to help him.

EMMA: (*Looking at her list of names*) Well, maybe we could come up with names that he'd like or would respond to or...(*HARVEY looks at her intently*) What? It's just a thought.

HARVEY: No, no, it's a possibility. What names would he — god, he named me Harvey, I can't imagine...

EMMA: Who were his heroes or favorite people?

HARVEY: You really want to name the kids Groucho and Harpo?

EMMA: It was just a thought.

**(The hospital)**

HARVEY: Julius and Maggie, after Groucho and Margaret Dumont. What do you think?

MAURY'S SPIRIT: Julius? He better have a good right hook.

HARVEY: Yeah, I knew you'd like it. Look, the nurse says you can walk around. Want to go for a stroll? Come on.

**(HARVEY carefully takes MAURY from wheelchair and walks him around)**

HARVEY: Just get your feet down.

MAURY'S SPIRIT: Remember to keep your feet moving.

HARVEY: We don't need the walker.

MAURY'S SPIRIT: I took the training wheels off, Harvey. It's time.

HARVEY: Get your balance.

MAURY'S SPIRIT: Feel the road.

HARVEY: I'm gonna let go, Pop.

MAURY'S SPIRIT: (*With above*) I'm gonna let go, Harvey.

(*MAURY'S SPIRIT and HARVEY both watch with obvious satisfaction*)

HARVEY: Yeah, Pop, you're doing fine.

MAURY'S SPIRIT: You got it, Harvey. You got it, son.

(*The womb*)

JULIE: Do you ever get scared, Maggie?

MAGGIE: Of what?

JULIE: First just do you ever get scared.

MAGGIE: Yeah, sometimes.

JULIE: Of what?

MAGGIE: Whoa, you can't do that.

JULIE: Do what?

MAGGIE: Turn it around like that. I asked you "of what" first.

JULIE: You don't want to tell me?

MAGGIE: It's not a matter of not wanting to tell you. I didn't bring this up, you did.

JULIE: So?

MAGGIE: So, maybe I don't want to talk about it. (*Beat*) I don't know what I get scared of, I just get scared.

JULIE: Right. Me too. (*Beat*) Scary, isn't it?

MAGGIE: You bet.

JULIE: That's what makes it fun.

(*The hospital*)

EMMA: Maury, it's Emma. Do you recognize me? Harvey says you're walking around and they can let you out tomorrow. I thought you might like to say hello to your grandchildren.

JULIE: Hi, grandpa.

MAGGIE: Yo.

(*MAURY looks at her stomach*)

MAURY: Ranits.

EMMA: What was that?

MAURY: (*Smiling at her*) Ranits.

JULIE: What did he say?

MAGGIE: Ranits. Ignatz Ranits. He was an obscure Silesian phenomenologist.

JULIE: Please.

MAURY: Ranits.

EMMA: Grandkids?

MAURY: (*Smiling*) Ranits, ranits.

EMMA: Right, Maury. Your grandchildren.

MAURY: Ranits.

EMMA: I just wanted you to meet them.

JULIE: Obscure Silesian phenomenologist, good grief.

MAURY: Muh tay lie fuh ranits.

EMMA: What was that?

MAURY: Muh tay lie fuh ranits.

EMMA: Must stay alive —

MAURY: — fuh ranits.

MAGGIE: Don't hang around on my account, grandpa.

JULIE: Shut up, Maggie. We got to get out of here. He's waiting for us, we could help.

EMMA: That's right, Maury. You must stay alive for your grandchildren, and for me, and mostly for Harvey. We'd all miss you if you weren't around.

MAURY: Fuh ranits.

JULIE: Don't you hear what he's saying?

MAGGIE: You thought Princess Madeleine was pressure? What about this? Suppose we pop out, he takes a look at us and says: That's what I waited for?

JULIE: Maggie, you're being a jerk.

MAGGIE: Things happen the way they happen.

JULIE: Things happen the way you make them happen. We gotta get out of here for grandpa.

EMMA: For Harvey, pop.

MAURY: Fuh ranits.

**(HARVEY and EMMA's home)**

HARVEY: He talked?

EMMA: Uh-huh.

HARVEY: And he said that?

EMMA: Yes.

HARVEY: (*Uncertainly*) Great.

EMMA: What's wrong?

HARVEY: Nothing. That's great.

EMMA: That's great? Don't audition for Tony the Tiger.

HARVEY: What?

EMMA: You don't sound very enthusiastic. He's talking.

HARVEY: To you. Why didn't he talk to me?

EMMA: He probably did and what difference does it make?

HARVEY: No, it doesn't, I'm just wondering — no, obviously I'm thrilled.

EMMA: Yeah, I can tell. I recognize it from the last time we made love.

HARVEY: What? I was worried about the babies.

EMMA: I'm just teasing you. He'll talk to you when you see him next.

HARVEY: Yeah. I'm psyched.

**(1974. MAURY and HARVEY driving)**

MAURY: So talk to me, son.

HARVEY: About what?

MAURY: How's your love life?

HARVEY: I'm doing all right. Is mom going to lose her hair?

MAURY: This is radiation, not chemo.

HARVEY: (*Of a turn off the road*) Is this it?

MAURY: No, no, not for awhile. *(Pause)* I like that Terry.  
HARVEY: Uh-huh. *(Pause)*  
MAURY: Can't make head nor tail of that thing she drew.  
HARVEY: It's abstract.  
MAURY: I'll say. *(Pause)* You're not seeing her this weekend?  
HARVEY: No. *(Pause)* So you're pretty confident that this isn't, you know —  
MAURY: Whatever. Face it, son, we won't be here forever.  
HARVEY: This is a great conversation.  
MAURY: Okay, so let's go back to Terry.  
HARVEY: *(Beat)* Radiation, huh?  
MAURY: You're welcome to bring her up for a weekend if you want.  
HARVEY: I'm not seeing her anymore, Pop.  
MAURY: No, I didn't think so. Why not?  
HARVEY: She was too much like her painting.  
MAURY: *(Pause)* You certainly get a lot of turnover. Your mother and I will be celebrating our 40th come May.  
HARVEY: Sorry, Pop.  
MAURY: Don't have to apologize. But, I wonder what we did wrong.  
HARVEY: You didn't do anything wrong. This is the way I want it.  
MAURY: It is?  
HARVEY: Yeah, I guess. I mean, I like the falling in love part; it's the being together part. It's just a lot of work and worry.  
MAURY: Uh-huh.  
HARVEY: I know it probably doesn't mean anything to you, but —  
MAURY: Sure it does. I remember watching you grow up and thinking how much I loved the baby part, but as you grew up, it did become a lot more work, and worry.  
HARVEY: Okay, well, so you understand. If I were married, I'd miss the falling in love part.  
MAURY: Right. Just like I miss the baby part.  
HARVEY: *(Beat)* Shit, was that the turn.  
MAURY: There's another one you can take coming up. There's plenty of ways to get there.

***(HARVEY and EMMA's home)***

EMMA: *Diego, the royal Chihuahua from Spain*

*Was growing quite restless, I needn't explain*

JULIE: Yes, you need explain. ***(MAGGIE whispers in his ear)*** Oh.

EMMA: *And even old cook in the kitchen would shout*

*"When can the flame in the oven go out?"*

*Down in the courtyard the gardener said, "Please*

*It's autumn, the leaves must be leaving the trees"*

*The bats in the belfry, the fish in the net*

*And even the Sun which was waiting to set*

*All looking to Madeleine, who just said: Not yet*

**(The hospital)**

HARVEY: Pop, it's Harvey. It's me, Pop. Emma says you talked to her, that you're talking now. Can you talk now? It's Harvey, Pop, can you talk to me? Can you say something?

*(MAURY points his finger again)*

HARVEY: Put your finger down. The point is, you gotta hang in there. And more than that, you got to come back. I got some therapists coming in, they'll help you walk and go to the bathroom and talk. You'll get better, Pop, that's what happens after a stroke.

*(MAURY talks to his Spirit; HARVEY can't hear)*

MAURY: Sometimes.

MAURY'S SPIRIT: Right, sometimes.

MAURY: Will I be able to read?

MAURY'S SPIRIT: Uh, probably not.

MAURY: Will I be able to tell time?

MAURY'S SPIRIT: You may not want to.

MAURY: Will I ever be able to take care of myself, enjoy eating; will I be able to fish? Will I even be able to understand what's going on around me, understand my son — well, forget that, I never could understand him. What kind of life will I have?

HARVEY: And you'll have grandchildren. Isn't that worth working for?

MAURY'S SPIRIT: Oy, Harvey —

HARVEY: You got to hang in there, Pop, and work at coming back to what you were, so you can talk to them and play with them. I want them to know you.

MAURY: Werrarai?

HARVEY: Where are they? Is that what you said? You are talking. They're coming, Pop. They're coming soon.

MAURY: Elemanury.

HARVEY: I can't understand you, pop.

*(In the womb)*

JULIE: Did you hear that?

MAGGIE: Yeah.

JULIE: We have to hurry. (**Banging on EMMA**) We have to hurry.

**(HARVEY and EMMA's home)**

EMMA: Ow.

HARVEY: I don't think he's talking.

EMMA: I heard him, Harvey.

HARVEY: It's just sounds. I know you think he's talking 'cause you want him to talk. That's how I felt, I wanted him to be able to talk so I made his sounds mean something, but he's not talking.

EMMA: I heard him, Harvey. He's talking.

**(1964. A nursing home)**

HARVEY: I hate this place.

MAURY: Me too.

HARVEY: It's creepy. There's all these old people here. Grandpa doesn't belong here. Look at that guy; I mean, grandpa's not like that.

MAURY: Well, he is now.

HARVEY: Isn't his room down there?

MAURY: He's in the television room.

HARVEY: What's he doing in there? He never watched TV in his life.

MAURY: This isn't his life anymore. They wheel him in there. He can't do anything else, so he sits and watches.

HARVEY: Can't we get him a phonograph or something? I could read to him, I could read Mark Twain.

MAURY: Really, Harvey, would you do that? I think he'd like that.

HARVEY: Yeah, sure — I mean when I come I could do that.

MAURY: Right. When you come. (*See his father; sighs*) Okay, here goes. Pop, pop, it's Maury. Harvey's with me. How's it going today?

**(Grandpa is played by MAURY's SPIRIT. He just sits in his wheelchair, looking from HARVEY to MAURY, rubbing his thumb and his forefinger)**

HARVEY: Hi, grandpa.

MAURY: (*Pause*) Uh, what are you watching?

HARVEY: The Real McCoys? Good grief.

MAURY: Pop, did you get therapy today? They were supposed to — Harvey, stay here a second, I need to talk to that nurse, whatever she is.

HARVEY: Wait, I can —

MAURY: I'll just be a second. (**MAURY leaves**)

HARVEY: Hi, grandpa. It's Harvey. Do you know me? (*Pause*) I was telling pop that I could read to you. Would you like that? Mark Twain? Remember, you saw him speak? I could read Huckleberry Finn or Tom Sawyer or, god, what else did he write, Uncle Tom's Cabin, no. (*Pause*) How about some music? We could bring in a phonograph, or maybe mom could come down and play some piano and you could sing, maybe some Schubert lieder, like you used to do. What do you think? (*Pause*) Pop, where are you?

MAURY: (*Returning*) Okay, he's getting therapy, that's what she said.

HARVEY: Good.

MAURY: Pop, we can't stay long today, but we'll be back, right, Harvey?

HARVEY: Definitely.

MAURY: So hang in there, pop. Okay. We'll see you.

HARVEY: Right, bye.

MAURY: (*As they leave*) Promise me, Harvey, if I ever get like that you'll give me pills or shoot me or something. Promise me.

HARVEY: Pop, I —

MAURY'S SPIRIT: (**As grandpa, singing Schubert's Die Erlkönig**)

*Mein Vater, mein Vater, jetzt fasst er mich an!*

*Erlkönig hat mir ein Leids getan!*

(Trans: My father, my father, now he is taking hold of me  
The Erlking has hurt me)

**(HARVEY and EMMA's home)**

EMMA: *So Madeleine went on for day after day  
Ruling her kingdom in just this same way*

JULIE: Maggie, I've been meaning to tell you something. I know we haven't always seen eye to eye, but looks like we'll be shipping out pretty soon and, uh —

EMMA: *Every request was denied or ignored  
Till one day Princess Madeleine said: I am bored*

JULIE: But you should know, I'm glad you were here for me. This is, uh, scary business and it was great knowing you were there.

EMMA: *I'm bored of the food and I'm bored with my room  
And I'm bored of my garden where nothing's in bloom*

JULIE: So, I don't know if we'll be separated or anything, I guess eventually, but you should know that, uh, well, thanks for the company. *(Beat)* Maggie? *(Beat)* Maggie, do you hear me? *(Beat)* Ma, ma **(starts hitting EMMA)** Ma, there's something wrong with Maggie. *(Anguished)* Mommmmmmmmy.

EMMA: Harvey. *(Anxiety)* Harvey. *(Horror)* Harvey.

**(MAURY's apartment)**

HARVEY: *(Numb)* I didn't know whether to laugh or cry, pop. I mean, when I got to the hospital and she told me, I just wanted to tear the room apart. I couldn't take care of Emma, I couldn't think of anything but how could this happen to me. But in the delivery room, when Julie came out and I was holding him, it was a love I was afraid my whole life I wouldn't be able to feel, and I felt it, pop. So strong, so overwhelming, so eternal that I wondered if I had ever really loved anybody before. And when they delivered Maggie, and handed her to me, I had one crying baby in one hand and a dead one in the other. I didn't know whether to laugh or cry, pop. I didn't *know* anything. I just felt.

**(At the hospital)**

EMMA: *Yisa adonai panav aleicha, v'yachiem l'cha shalom.* May god smile upon you, and grant you peace.

JULIE: I can't believe it, Maggie. How could you do this to me?

**(MAURY's apartment. MAURY puts out his finger as before)**

HARVEY: Yeah, pop, just one survived. *(Beat)* Did you somehow know?

**(HARVEY and EMMA's house)**

EMMA: I wanted Maggie mentioned at the bris, but the mohel said something about if the child is never alive — I couldn't follow it. But I needed to say something. She was my child, she died, I needed to say something; I needed to try to understand it.

**(MAURY's apartment)**

HARVEY: It's incredible, pop; just looking at him, it's incredible.

MAURY: Inerible.

HARVEY: Did you feel that way about me, pop, when I was born?

MAURY: Inerible.

HARVEY: (*Sighs out of resignation that MAURY is still not talking*) Right. So, I'll be back with the baby and Emma in a few days, after they're released. You'll be seeing your grandson, pop. Sorry I made you wait so long. But I think we got in under the wire.

(*Beat*) Just looking at him, pop...

MAURY: Inerible.

HARVEY: (*Starts to leave*) Every time. It makes you afraid, what happens if that feeling goes away?

MAURY'S SPIRIT: It never does.

MAGGIE: Never?

MAURY'S SPIRIT: Never. Maybe it's not always the first thought in your mind, but it's always there.

MAGGIE: So I missed that.

MAURY'S SPIRIT: Not really. When they think of you, and they will think of you daily, it will always be the first thought, the first feeling, the only feeling they have.

MAGGIE: Oh. But what I meant was I missed being able to have that feeling about my own kid.

MAURY'S SPIRIT: Right. You missed that — and a whole lot more.

MAGGIE: A shame.

MAURY'S SPIRIT: Yeah, a shame.

**(HARVEY and EMMA's house)**

HARVEY: (*Looking at JULIE*) Yeah, this is daddy. Can you say daddy?

EMMA: (*Slight exasperation*) Harvey.

HARVEY: You never know. He looks so intent.

EMMA: He probably can't even see yet.

HARVEY: Daddy, I'm your daddy. (***Poking his finger towards JULIE***) If you can't see me, can you feel me? This is daddy's fing — (***JULIE takes HARVEY's finger in his fist***) oh, look, Emma he's grabbing my finger. Yes, yes, that's what daddy feels like. (***He moves his finger gently up and down***) Yeah, you got it.

EMMA: What are we going to say, Harvey?

HARVEY: What?

EMMA: At the bris.

HARVEY: I don't know, some Hebrew stuff, they got it written out. You don't have to say anything, I don't think.

EMMA: About Maggie.

HARVEY: Oh.

EMMA: The mohel says we can't name Maggie because she was never alive.

HARVEY: A lot he knows.

EMMA: So we have to say something. We have to tell everyone her name and say something.

HARVEY: Like what?

EMMA: I don't know. That's why I'm asking you. We have to make some sense of this.

HARVEY: There is no sense.

EMMA: I can't live with that, Harvey. The people there, they're not going to know whether to be happy for us or sad.

HARVEY: I don't know what to be either.

EMMA: They're going to be afraid. We have to make sense of this for them, for ourselves, and someday, for Julie.

HARVEY: You want me to think of some way to make sense of this by next week?

EMMA: We have to, Harvey.

**(MAURY's apartment)**

MAURY: Garifle.

HARVEY: His name is Julie, pop. Julie, this is grandpa.

MAURY: Enh.

JULIE: Hi. You're nothing like I pictured you.

HARVEY: You wanna hold him? Are you afraid? That right hand is probably still too weak. But here he is.

MAURY'S SPIRIT: Okay, I saw him. Can I die now?

HARVEY: Got my eyes, don't you think? I mean, they're blue, but they're supposed to change.

JULIE: They are?

HARVEY: But we go on, pop. Your genes.

JULIE: If it's his genes why are my eyes going to change? I like blue.

*(MAURY smiles at JULIE)*

HARVEY: Yeah, pop, we go on.

*(MAURY frowns at HARVEY)*

**(HARVEY and EMMA's house)**

EMMA: **(Emma is looking at an urn of ashes)** I know we said goodbye at the hospital, but I have more to say.

MAGGIE: Me too.

EMMA: First, thanks for helping Julie into the world. He's wonderful, he's all I ever hoped for — well, not all, I guess —

MAGGIE: I know what you mean.

EMMA: But he's wonderful and healthy and I know he had to lean on you —

MAGGIE: So to speak.

EMMA: — to get here. So thanks. And second, I think he's going to remember you —

MAGGIE: He better.

EMMA: — in some way. So maybe a part of you lives on in him.

MAGGIE: You bet. I'm relying on him not to embarrass me out there.

EMMA: And finally — *(beat)* and finally, I'm sorry. I'm so, so sorry.

MAGGIE: Me too, ma.

**(MAGGIE reaches her arms to EMMA, but cannot touch her. EMMA softly kisses the urn)**

**(HARVEY and EMMA's house)**

HARVEY: (*Looking at JULIE*) Honey...

EMMA: Yeah.

HARVEY: I'm stuck.

EMMA: What?

HARVEY: I'm stuck. In reality.

EMMA: What are you talking about — Harvey, did you wash your hands?

HARVEY: No.

EMMA: Then don't stick your fingers in his mouth.

HARVEY: He likes sucking on them. I'm stuck, Emma. Used to be I would look back at all the dumb things I've done, all the mistakes I made, the opportunities I missed and just fantasize myself into some other path, some other life. But now, any life that doesn't include Julie is just unacceptable. I'm here and I've lost my fantasies.

EMMA: Well, now you have new dreams, dreams of what's to come.

HARVEY: I know. Still, you gain something, you lose something, you gain the future, you lose the past. What do you think?

EMMA: I think you should have washed your hands in the past and that you should wash them in the future.

HARVEY: Postpartum depression rears its ugly head again.

**(Nowhere)**

MAURY'S SPIRIT: Ever go fishing?

MAGGIE: Uh, when would I have had a chance —

MAURY'S SPIRIT: It's fun.

MAGGIE: Not for the fish.

MAURY'S SPIRIT: Maybe even the fish, you don't know.

MAGGIE: How could it be fun for the fish?

MAURY'S SPIRIT: They go out fighting; never underestimate how important that is.

MAGGIE: Hmm.

MAURY'S SPIRIT: But it can also be frustrating.

MAGGIE: For the fish?

MAURY'S SPIRIT: Not for the fish. Fish don't get frustrated; it's not in their nature. It's frustrating for the fisherman.

MAGGIE: Like someone put a gun to their head.

MAURY'S SPIRIT: You sit and wait and wait and wait —

MAGGIE: Struck by a spiritual epiphany.

MAURY'S SPIRIT: — and wait and wait —

MAGGIE: "If you fish they will come."

MAURY'S SPIRIT: — and wait. Never underestimate how frustrating that is.

MAGGIE: Hmm.

MAURY'S SPIRIT: Or how boring.

MAGGIE: Hmm.

MAURY: You bet.

**(HARVEY and EMMA's house)**

EMMA: Thanks for coming today to help us celebrate — is that right, celebrate? — whatever, celebrate the bris of Julius. But I — we felt that our other child, Margaret, should also be part of this ceremony. So, here goes. A story: A group of rabbis were so outraged by the senselessness of death that they petitioned God to put an end to it. God agreed, but said he would do so with one proviso: that birth, too, would be ended. To this the rabbis could not agree, and so they petitioned God no more. Julie entered this world amidst our greatest sorrow, just as Maggie left it amidst our greatest joy. Both our children have now entered into covenants with God. We cannot understand this in any other way. (*Beat*) Well, maybe we can, but we don't want to. So, umm, thanks for listening and — Harvey, what else?

HARVEY: Don't forget the bagels.

EMMA: Oh, right, the bagels are the kitchen.

**(MAURY's apartment; HARVEY is there with JULIE)**

HARVEY: Did I have a bris, pop? Or was I just circumcised?

MAURY: Erembs.

MAURY'S SPIRIT: Who remembers?

HARVEY: So much history I never asked you. So much about how you raised me I never knew or wanted to know, until now. But that's why I want you to hang in there, so I can see you with Julie, so you can teach me what to do. What do I do, what do I avoid doing?

MAURY'S SPIRIT: Avoid having a stroke, for starters.

HARVEY: Do you want to hold him?

MAURY: Unnnh.

JULIE: Whoa.

HARVEY: You do? Great. Julie, do you want to go to grandpa?

JULIE: No.

MAURY: Unnh.

HARVEY: Great. Come on, here we go. (**HARVEY gives JULIE to MAURY. They look at each other**)

JULIE: Now what?

MAURY'S SPIRIT: Beats me.

HARVEY: That's it, pop, you're doing fine.

MAURY'S SPIRIT: You could maybe do something entertaining, you know, some cute baby thing.

JULIE: Like what? If you wait long enough, I might pee. If you got a spare tit lying around, I could nurse. Maybe, if the mood hits me, I might cry a bit. That's about it for the repertoire.

HARVEY: Your grandson, pop. How does it feel, holding your genes?

MAURY: Skahi.

HARVEY: Your future, pop.

MAURY'S SPIRIT: Good, if he'll take care of my future, I'll just be saying goodbye y'all.

JULIE: Hold on here. I got my own future.

HARVEY: Talk to him, pop.

MAURY: Wazzay.

JULIE: Wazzay. (*Beat*) Blue eyes. That would be radical.

HARVEY: Yeah, pop. We did it. Thanks for hanging in.

JULIE: Yeah, thanks.

MAURY: Bellum.

MAURY'S SPIRIT: I never have the camera when I need it.

JULIE: (*To MAURY*) Dadadadada.

(*MAURY smiles broadly*)

**(HARVEY and EMMA's house)**

HARVEY: Aaaaaboooooooo (*As HARVEY says this he rapidly shakes his head with his eyes closed and his tongue wagging. JULIE just stares at him*)

EMMA: You're scaring him.

HARVEY: He doesn't look scared.

EMMA: What is he, then?

HARVEY: He's wondering how he got such a doofus for a father. Or he's thinking of an effective repartee. Aaaaaboooooooo.

EMMA: You're scaring him.

HARVEY: How do you know?

EMMA: How do I know? I'm looking at him, that's how I know.

HARVEY: How do you know what he's feeling just by looking at him? I could understand if he was laughing or crying. But look at him; how can you tell anything from that?

EMMA: Because I'm the mommy, that's why. And because I was a baby once.

HARVEY: So was I.

EMMA: 50 years ago. Babies have changed since then.

JULIE: (*Julie checks his diaper*) Speaking of which.

HARVEY: So that's it? You're going to be the final word on this?

EMMA: What are you talking about?

HARVEY: When he can't communicate something, you're the translator?

EMMA: Well —

HARVEY: I'm going to have nothing to bond with. He's going to be all bonded up with you.

JULIE: We'll always have football.

HARVEY: Aaaaabooooo!

JULIE: You're scaring me.

EMMA: You're scaring me, Harvey.

**(HARVEY's fantasy)**

MAURY'S SPIRIT: (*As a psychiatrist*) So what brings you to me, Julie?

JULIE: Well, I just separated from my wife.

MAURY'S SPIRIT: I see. How long were you married?

JULIE: To this wife?

MAURY'S SPIRIT: You've been married before?

JULIE: This is my eighth.

MAURY'S SPIRIT: Eight marriages. Hmmmm.

JULIE: I have trouble trusting, I think that's the real problem.

MAURY'S SPIRIT: Trouble trusting, hmmmmm.

JULIE: Yeah. I think it's because when I was very young my father used to scare me all the time. I mean, if you can't trust your father...

MAURY'S SPIRIT: Hmmmmm.

**(HARVEY and EMMA's apartment)**

EMMA: Harvey, what are you doing?

HARVEY: What? Oh, just thinking.

EMMA: Could you change him?

HARVEY: (*Defensively*) What do you mean?

EMMA: Change his diaper?

HARVEY: Oh, yeah, sure. Hmmmmm.

**(Nowhere)**

MAGGIE: I wonder how my brother is doing. I'm worried about him.

MAURY'S SPIRIT: Why?

MAGGIE: I don't think he was really ready to come out. Now, 'cause of me, he's out there.

MAURY'S SPIRIT: He can hack it.

MAGGIE: I'm not so sure. I guess the support team is all right.

MAURY'S SPIRIT: Excellent.

MAGGIE: I know ma is right on top of things. Pop, I don't know. He worries too much.

MAURY'S SPIRIT: It runs in the family.

MAGGIE: What do you mean it runs in the family?

MAURY'S SPIRIT: Look at you.

MAGGIE: Oh, I get your point. Anyway, I miss Julie. There must be some way to talk to him.

MAURY'S SPIRIT: What do you want to tell him?

MAGGIE: Well, that I miss him and — I don't know. Just to find out how he's doing, how it feels to be alive, you know. Yeah, I guess you know.

MAURY'S SPIRIT: (*Looking at MAURY*) Yes. Yes, I do.

MAGGIE: Hmmmm.

MAURY'S SPIRIT: Runs in the family.

MAGGIE: Yeah, I guess it does.

**(JULIE's room)**

EMMA: *I'm bored of my meals and I'm bored of my toys  
And when I hear music I'm bored of the noise*

JULIE: I'm getting bored of you, Madeleine. Get a life.

EMMA: *Can no one do something to brighten my days  
To which her prime minister said: There are ways*

JULIE: About time. Let her have it, PM. Man, Maggie, you're missing the moral.

EMMA: *Although it seems odd and although it seems strange*

*Sometimes your life has to be re-arranged*

*And things that existed for years must be changed*

JULIE: *(Beat)* Hmm.

**(1980. MAURY's house)**

MAURY: Hold this wire down.

HARVEY: You're gonna solder my finger.

MAURY: You got plenty of fingers.

HARVEY: I need 'em all.

MAURY: Stop jiggling. *(Beat)* So, how goes it, prince?

HARVEY: Fine. *(Silence)*

MAURY: Wait, slow down, let me take notes for your mother.

HARVEY: Fine, what do you want me to say.

MAURY: Nothing. Fine is fine.

HARVEY: *(Beat)* We broke up.

MAURY: Fine. I'm not asking.

HARVEY: She wanted to get married.

MAURY: To you?

HARVEY: Of course to me. What kind of question is that?

MAURY: It's a better question than "fine" is an answer, I'll tell you that.

HARVEY: She wasn't right for me, pop.

MAURY: This is Wendy?

HARVEY: Lucy. Who's Wendy?

MAURY: I thought her name was Wendy. Give me the pliers — no, the needle nose.

HARVEY: Needle nose? That's this?

MAURY: That's a wire cutter. You don't know what a needle nose is? Everything I taught you, pffft, gone. God forbid you should ever have to turn on a light. Don't look for work as a shabbos goy.

HARVEY: How could you not remember her name? Two years I've been seeing her. She's been here a half dozen times.

MAURY: *(Disdainfully)* Two years. Do you know how long your mother and I have been together? Two years. Everything I taught you, pffft.

HARVEY: *(Long beat)* That's the wrong lead.

MAURY: What? *(Looks at what he's working on)* Oh, yeah, taka. Wrong one.

HARVEY: You can't be relying on me for grandchildren, pop. You have to understand that.

MAURY: I do.

HARVEY: I'm sorry.

MAURY: It's all right. It's disappointing, but it's all right.

HARVEY: I'm sorry I give you such a hard time.

MAURY: It's not such a hard time. I wanted a son, I got a son. I wanted to be able to talk to him, and we're talking.

HARVEY: Yeah.

MAURY: So long as we can talk.

**(MAURY's apartment)**

MAURY: Ello.

MAURY'S SPIRIT: *(As a speech therapist)* Hello, Mr. Goldin, my name is Eric. I'm your speech therapist. I'm here to help you speak again. Let's start with a simple word. Can you say ball? Mr. Goldin, say the word ball. *(Holding up a ball)* Can you tell me what this is?

MAURY: Uh-uh-uh-ughyoo.

MAURY'S SPIRIT: Hmm. No, listen to me. Ball, can you say ball? Ball.

MAURY: *(Struggling)* Uh-uh-uh-ughyoo.

MAURY'S SPIRIT: You have to listen more carefully. Ball. Well, let's start with something easier. Just a sound, a consonant sound. Do you know what a consonant is? *(Beat)* All right, we need to work on your lip teeth coordination. Put your lower lip on your upper teeth and blow out, just blow out.

MAURY: *(Throaty)* Uhhhhhhhh.

MAURY'S SPIRIT: No. You're not bringing the lip up. Watch me. Lip up. I touch the upper teeth. And fffffff.

MAURY: Fffffff.

MAURY'S SPIRIT: Yes, yes, good boy. You got it. Fffff.

MAURY: Fffffughyoo.

**(JULIE's room; JULIE is looking up at a mobile)**

EMMA: That's Snoopy. It's actually a lot of Snoopies with Woodstock in the middle. Should I turn them?

JULIE: Please, they're really boring just sitting there.

EMMA: Yes, I should turn them? Okay. *(She turns the mobile)* Yeah, you like that, don't you? You like that, don't you?

JULIE: I heard you the first time. I was working on a cute answer.

EMMA: *(Beat)* Do you think Maggie would have liked Snoopy? Maybe she would have been more a Winnie-the-Pooh type.

JULIE: Try Eeyore.

EMMA: I think sometimes when I talk to you I'm also talking to her. Am I, Julie?

JULIE: I don't know, ma, I...

EMMA: I know I already said goodbye, but I don't feel like she's gone. When I look at you, I think she's right there, in your smile.

JULIE: *(In an explosion)* Gaaa.

EMMA: Right, gaaa. You like the Snoopies, don't you, don't you? They go round and round, they never end, the Snoopies. Do you think Maggie would have liked them too? Huh, do you? Do you? I guess we'll never know, will we? Will we...*(she is struggling)*.

JULIE: Gudje, gudje.

EMMA: *(Fighting her tears)* Gudje, gudje. That's right, Julie, gudje, gudje.

**(MAURY's apartment)**

HARVEY: Okay, pop, since the speech therapist refuses to come back, I'm going to have to do this. *(He looks through some papers)*

JULIE: Abooo.

HARVEY: *(Thinking it was his father)* Wait, not yet.

MAURY: Hooey.

HARVEY: What?

MAURY: Hooey. *(Points to JULIE)*

HARVEY: Right, hooey. Okay. Let's start with ball.

MAGGIE: Ten to one my brother gets it before you do.

MAURY'S SPIRIT: You're on.

HARVEY: Say ball.

MAURY: Hooey!

JULIE: Abooo.

MAGGIE: We get round one.

MAURY'S SPIRIT: Abooo isn't ball.

MAGGIE: It's closer than hooey.

HARVEY: Can you say ball?

MAURY'S SPIRIT: This isn't horseshoes, either you get it or you don't.

HARVEY: Buh-ah-ulll —

MAURY: — shht.

MAURY'S SPIRIT: Ha, we get round two.

HARVEY: Pop, can you understand what I'm doing here? Can you? *(Big sigh)* Oh God.

JULIE: Gaaa.

HARVEY: Ball, pop, try to say ball. *(Beat)* All right, let's try my name. Can you say my name, pop? Can you say Harvey?

MAURY: Erv.

JULIE: Dadadadada.

MAGGIE: Dada, we get that.

MAURY'S SPIRIT: No way. First of all, he asked for Harvey by name, not who he is. And second, Harvey actually looks like somebody I once knew named Irving — or maybe it was Irwin.

MAGGIE: Well, he looks like somebody we knew named dadadadada.

**(MAURY puts out his finger as before)**

HARVEY: Pop, not now. Try to concentrate. ***(HARVEY gently pushes MAURY's hand down. JULIE now sticks up his finger in the same way) (To JULIE) Now what are you doing? (Pushes JULIE's hand down, MAURY's comes back up. HARVEY pushes his back down, JULIE's comes up. HARVEY pushes his back down and it ends up in front of JULIE's face. He starts wiggling his finger up and down on his lips making a bib-bib-bib noise)***

JULIE: Bib-bib-bib-bib-bib-bib.

MAURY: Uhl.

MAURY'S SPIRIT: This is a toss-up.

JULIE: Bib-bib-bib-bib-bib-bib.

MAURY: Uhl.

**(HARVEY and EMMA's house)**

HARVEY: My father's favorite joke. A Jewish man gets caught in a downpour and the only place open is a church. He runs into the church for shelter and a priest sees him and asks him angrily: What are you doing here? I just came out of the rain, says the Jew. The priest looks skeptical, but says: All right, but don't let me catch you praying.

EMMA: So what are you saying? You don't want me to pray for Maggie?

HARVEY: No, no, not at all. That's fine. Just the opposite. All my life I never believed in it, you know, but I find myself praying now, one prayer, over and over.

EMMA: What?

HARVEY: God, please let me die before my son.

MAURY'S SPIRIT: If you absolutely, positively have to pray, that's not a bad one.

EMMA: But see, it's too late for that for Maggie.

HARVEY: I know, but —

EMMA: That's why I pray for her, that she'll find peace.

HARVEY: That *she'll* find peace.

EMMA: Yeah. I know you think it's stupid —

HARVEY: No, I don't. I guess I've just been so focused on Julie —

EMMA: And your pop.

HARVEY: And my pop that I don't think about Maggie so much.

EMMA: Melissa says that she talks to Evan all day long, Jen does the same with Jake, Cathy and Maddy; and I talk to Julie all day.

HARVEY: Right.

EMMA: And I also talk to Maggie.

HARVEY: Hmmm.

EMMA: I carried her for nine months. She's our child too. We do everything we can for Julie, we should do everything we can for Maggie. That's why I pray for her. That's why I talk to her.

HARVEY: (*Beat*) Emma, she's gone. We have to say goodbye.

EMMA: I'm not ready yet. And I can't imagine I ever will be.

JULIE: (*From off*) Waaaaaaa!

EMMA: Okay, sweetheart. (*To HARVEY*) He wants his juice; could you get it?

HARVEY: You know he wants his juice from waaaaa?

EMMA: You talk to somebody all day long you learn a lot about them.

(*HARVEY just looks at her troubled*)

EMMA: The juice is in the refrigerator.

HARVEY: Right. (*Keeps looking at her*)

EMMA: The refrigerator is in the kitchen.

HARVEY: Right. (*As he exits*) I saw it there last night.

JULIE: Waaaaaaa!

**(MAURY's apartment)**

HARVEY: We're making good progress with this speech therapy, pop. You got to keep plugging away.

MAURY: Eye.

HARVEY: Keep working.

MAURY: Eye.

HARVEY: And help me through this. (*Starts to refer to papers, then puts them down*)

Every night when I lay down to sleep, I am totally exhausted. But I don't get to sleep right away because all I can think of is SIDS and leukemia and that thing where they age prematurely and every book and every movie where a kid dies and everyone I ever met who lost a child and the six o'clock news and I just lie there trying to imagine the grief and then trying not to, until finally, sometime after midnight, my body just gives up and I get to sleep. And then at around four o'clock I hear Julie crying and I can barely open my eyes and drag myself out of bed to go to him. But somewhere, somehow I realized what the cry is really saying. He's saying: I'm alive, I survived another night. And something incredibly essential in me is reassured.

JULIE: I'm alive.

MAURY: Malie.

MAURY'S SPIRIT: I'm alive.

MAGGIE: I'm not. Whether or not I ever was is not a subject I want to take a position on.

MAURY'S SPIRIT: Oh, come on.

MAGGIE: No, really. I mean, I can see both sides of this one and —

MAURY'S SPIRIT: Just like your father.

MAGGIE: Well, it's all dependent on how you define life, see, and that's —

MAURY'S SPIRIT: How do you define life?

MAGGIE: Well, that's what I don't want —

MAURY'S SPIRIT: I'm not going to hold you to it. Just what does it mean to you?

**(JULIE's room)**

EMMA: This would have been your room.

JULIE: Whoa, you talking to me?

EMMA: This is your crib over here.

JULIE: Oh, you're talking to Maggie. I thought that was the day bed.

MAURY'S SPIRIT: She thinks you were alive.

MAGGIE: Yeah, I know she does.

MAURY'S SPIRIT: So?

EMMA: Grandma got you this Pooh rattle.

JULIE: I can't make head nor tail out of what she got me; it's like a barnyard abacus.

EMMA: Shake, shake, shake. Shake, shake, shake.

MAURY'S SPIRIT: If she thinks you were alive, weren't you alive?

MAGGIE: I don't know.

MAURY'S SPIRIT: If she's talking to you, praying for you, loving you, aren't you still alive?

MAGGIE: I told you, I don't want to take a position on this.

MAURY'S SPIRIT: Too controversial.

MAGGIE: Too painful.

EMMA: Shake, shake, shake.

**(HARVEY and EMMA's living room)**

HARVEY: Open the door, close the door. Open the door, close the door.

EMMA: What are you doing in there, Harvey?

HARVEY: Julie's at the stereo cabinet. Open the door, close the door.

EMMA: I don't like him doing that.

HARVEY: Why? He loves it. Open the door, close the door.

EMMA: He'll get his fingers caught or break the glass.

HARVEY: I'm watching him. Close the door.

**(HARVEY's fantasy)**

MAURY'S SPIRIT: *(As a judge)* Julie Goldin, you stand before me for sentence, having been convicted of eight serial killings.

JULIE: Nine. You gotta count the aerobics guy. He would have never had that heart attack if I hadn't —

MAURY'S SPIRIT: What do you have to say in mitigation of this behavior?

JULIE: Well, your Honor, as best as I can make out, I got addicted to dangerous activity when I was still a baby. My pop was always letting me play with electric outlets and chew on carcinogenic things. Seems like I could never be satisfied after that unless there was an edge, you know what I'm saying.

**(The living room)**

EMMA: If he catches his finger in there —

HARVEY: What?

EMMA: I said, if he catches his —

HARVEY: No, no, I heard you. *(Beat)* Emma.

EMMA: What?

HARVEY: How do I know what to do?

EMMA: What are you talking about, Harvey?

HARVEY: With Julie. How do I know what to let him do, what not, what to say to him, what I shouldn't say.

EMMA: Oh, Harvey, are you starting in again? Just be yourself.

HARVEY: *(To himself)* Be myself. Hmm. Well, back to therapy.

**(1986. MAURY's house, they are watching the World Series)**

MAURY: Therapy? You might as well throw your money out the window.

HARVEY: Right, pop.

MAURY: You need to talk, you can come to me.

HARVEY: Uh-huh.

MAURY: Who's up next?

HARVEY: Mookie.

MAURY: *(As a chant)* Moo-kie. Remember Cooo-kie?

HARVEY: Before my time.

MAURY: Probably before your time. Cookie Lavagetto. The fans would always go Coooo-kie.

HARVEY: You told me.

MAURY: What do you talk about?  
HARVEY: At therapy? Stuff.  
MAURY: Oh.  
HARVEY: You're worried I talk about you?  
MAURY: I'm worried you don't. *(About game on TV)* What a bum, a dribbler —  
HARVEY: *(Excited)* He missed it.  
MAURY: What happened? He missed it.  
*(There is some physical contact between them)*  
HARVEY: Yeah. Whoo.  
MAURY: Right through his legs, what do you think of that. That Mookie's all right. So what, that makes it —  
HARVEY: All even, three games apiece. Winner take all tomorrow.  
MAURY: Can you come by to watch?  
HARVEY: Well, pop, I'm not sure. It's supposed to rain tomorrow anyway and —  
MAURY: Don't matter. Whatever.  
HARVEY: Right. *(Beat)* I do.  
MAURY: You do what?  
HARVEY: I do talk about you in therapy.  
MAURY: *(Beat)* Oy, I don't think I needed to hear that. Good or bad?  
*(HARVEY just smiles nervously)*  
MAURY: Don't answer that. Keep going 'til it's good.  
HARVEY: I will, pop.  
MAURY: *(Back at TV, watching a replay)* Right through his legs, what do you think of that.

***(JULIE's room)***

EMMA: *For instance, the Minister said with great pleasance*  
JULIE: *Pleasance?*  
EMMA: *The rule about nobody leaving your presence.*  
JULIE: *Pleasance? Anyone have a dictionary?*  
EMMA: *The castle has tried to comply with it, but  
I fear we have all become stuck in a rut  
The boredom you feel, we all feel that, it's true  
Because we would all like to meet someone new  
But under your edict the fact is it's been  
Too crowded to let any new folks come in  
Would your majesty care to review this again?*

***(MAURY's apartment)***

HARVEY: Okay, Pop. We've been getting real close. Let's give it another try, all right.  
MAURY: Hogue.  
HARVEY: How about just hello? Can you say hello?  
MAURY: *(There is a long pause. MAURY composes himself and says very slowly and with great effort)* I - want - to - die.

HARVEY: (*Beat*) That's it? We work for six months to get you to talk and that's what you have to say?

MAURY: Awry. (*Smiles*) Hel - lo.

HARVEY: That's better. Hello.

MAURY: I - want - to - die.

HARVEY: Pop. I know this is frustrating for you, but you've been hanging in so well and I think you've been getting better. And with Julie growing and changing every day, there's so much to live for.

**(MAURY doesn't answer, but his eyes have misted over. He puts out his finger as before, pointing at HARVEY)**

HARVEY: For you to live for too, Pop.

(MAURY shakes his head slowly)

HARVEY: Yes, Pop. Hang in there.

**(Nowhere)**

MAURY'S SPIRIT: There was nothing I wouldn't do for your father, you know.

MAGGIE: Really.

MAURY'S SPIRIT: Really. Within reason, of course. No, not reason, reason has nothing to do with it. And actually, thinking back, there was a lot he asked for I didn't do.

MAGGIE: I'm having trouble following this.

MAURY'S SPIRIT: It's simple, there was nothing I wouldn't have done for him, if...

MAGGIE: If what?

MAURY'S SPIRIT: It's hard to explain. He asks for something, I think to myself, it will make him happy, I'll do it. But sometimes you think, later on he'll regret it, so you don't do it, but still you would have. The point is, it's all about him, it's not about me.

MAGGIE: Uh-huh.

MAURY'S SPIRIT: So I should say, there's nothing I wouldn't do for your father because of me.

MAGGIE: How about grandma?

MAURY'S SPIRIT: No. If grandma says don't do it, I didn't do it. That was another case, but even then it wasn't about her, it was about him.

MAGGIE: Okay, it's just getting worse, but you have a point here, I know it.

MAURY'S SPIRIT: Right. And the point is, when he got to the age where what happened to me mattered to him, the whole system went kaplooeey.

MAGGIE: Alphonse/Gaston.

MAURY'S SPIRIT: Exactly. So now we're back to square one.

MAGGIE: With the positions reversed.

MAURY'S SPIRIT: Exactly. There's nothing I wouldn't do for him; there's nothing he wouldn't do for me, so basically...

MAGGIE: Yes?

MAURY'S SPIRIT: Basically nothing gets done.

MAGGIE: Which is good or bad?

MAURY'S SPIRIT: I have no idea. We better ask grandma.

**(HARVEY and EMMA's bedroom)**

JULIE: (From JULIE's bedroom) Waaaaaaa!

(Pause)

JULIE: Waaaaaaa!

EMMA: (*In bed*) What time is it?

HARVEY: 2:30. Should I go?

EMMA: No. See if he cries himself back to sleep.

JULIE: Waaaaaaa!

HARVEY: That doesn't sound like crying himself back to sleep crying.

EMMA: We can't go in every time he cries, Harvey, you know that.

JULIE: Waaaaaaa!

HARVEY: That sounds like crying for the next three hours crying to me.

EMMA: Harvey.

JULIE: Waaaaaaa!

HARVEY: What do you think's wrong?

EMMA: Maybe something startled him, I don't know.

HARVEY: (*Pause*) Maybe he's just lonely.

JULIE: Waaaaaaa!

EMMA: (*With some animation*) Why did you say that?

HARVEY: What? What did I do?

EMMA: About his being lonely.

HARVEY: (*Thinking*) I don't know. It's 2:30 in the morning, don't ask me to explain anything.

EMMA: But I think he is lonely. He spent so much of his life with Maggie next to him, he wakes up and he misses her.

HARVEY: (*Tentative*) Uh-huh.

EMMA: You don't buy it.

HARVEY: No, I guess it's possible. I mean, he's six months already, that's a long time —

EMMA: I think he misses his sister.

HARVEY: Yeah.

EMMA: I know I do.

HARVEY: I know you do. I do too, but —

EMMA: But what?

HARVEY: Nothing, forget the but, there is no but. I think he went back to sleep. Shows how much I know.

JULIE: Waaaaaaa!

EMMA: Poor baby.

HARVEY: I'll go in. (**Goes to JULIE's room**)

JULIE: Waaaaa!

HARVEY: Hey, it's pop. What's happening?

JULIE: (*Softer*) Waaaaaaa!

HARVEY: Huh? What's going on, you get spooked?

**(JULIE puts his hands up in front of his eyes and takes them away)**

HARVEY: Peekaboo. You playing peekaboo?

(*JULIE does it again*)

HARVEY: Peekaboo. Peekaboo. I see you. (**To the tune of S'wonderful, S'marvelous**) Peekaboo/I see you — (*Spoken*) ICU? (*Returns to singing, squeezing in the words*) Intensive care unit/that's me.

EMMA: Harvey, sing the right words. How is he going to learn to talk if you confuse him?

HARVEY: You think S'wonderful, S'marvelous isn't going to confuse him? (*Back to JULIE*) Hey, that's better, isn't it. Look, I have a special treat for you. Let's go over to daddy's computer, okay. (**Sitting down with JULIE on his lap by computer**) Look at the picture. Isn't this fun. Here, you — (**JULIE starts hitting the keyboard**) What are you doing? Oh, this is priceless. Honey, Julie is typing on the computer. You have to see this.

EMMA: What is he typing?

HARVEY: Okay, so far it's 33333dnfjjjjjaaaaaaaaa. Not exactly Thomas Pynchon, but maybe a little more accessible. WwwwEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEElllllll. He spelled "well", this is just so cute.

JULIE: (*Typing*) To: MargaretGoldin@Afterlife.com. Com? That couldn't be right. Dot org, that's probably better. Dear Maggie. How's it going? Miss you a bunch, that's for sure. And I'm a little pissed at you for not getting in touch with me. I need to know how you are. Things here are pretty spectacular. Food's great, there are some awesome toys and mostly, Mags, you just don't know, one day to the next, what's going to happen. That's the great part, and the scary part too. Mom's prettier than we thought and pop looks just like you said he would. But you were way off on our older sister, Mehitabel, with the funny voice. She's a cat, and as far as I can make out, not related at all. I think I'm doing pretty good. Mom and pop surely think so. I got peekaboo down, I'm crawling great and I can clap. Talking will take awhile. They speak one language to me and another one to each other. And when they try to talk baby to me, the accents are so bad I make out like maybe one word out of ten, and that word is usually "no." And what is the story with all the Mozart? What happened to that Cheryl Crow album we kept hearing when we were inside. On the down side, besides missing you, I cry a lot. But still, it's great to be alive — sorry. I know I'm gonna do great out here, but I find myself thinking a lot if you had made it through, together we could have really kicked ass. Find some way to get in touch with me. Love, Julie. PS, mom's reading the end of Madeleine tonight so this would be a great time for you to drop by.

**(1952. HARVEY's room, he is playing with clay)**

MAURY: How goes it, prince.

HARVEY: (*Six years old*) Hello.

MAURY: Is that the way to welcome your father home from work?

HARVEY: Hello.

MAURY: What are you doing?

HARVEY: Making stuff with clay.

MAURY: Oh.

HARVEY: It's not really clay.

MAURY: It isn't?

HARVEY: It's Plastilena.

MAURY: That's the same thing.

HARVEY: It's the same thing.  
MAURY: What are you making?  
HARVEY: A brontosaurus.  
MAURY: A brontosaurus?  
HARVEY: It's a dinosaur.  
MAURY: You're going to need more clay.  
HARVEY: It's a small one. They're extinct.  
MAURY: They are? What does that mean?  
HARVEY: They died.  
MAURY: Uh-huh.  
HARVEY: Why did they die?  
MAURY: Ummmm, I don't think they know. Maybe it's because mammals, like us, took over.  
HARVEY: Oh.  
MAURY: You're doing a great job.  
HARVEY: I'm making it for Laura. It's her birthday.  
MAURY: Who?  
HARVEY: Laura.  
MAURY: Who's Laura?  
HARVEY: My sister.  
MAURY: Oh. How do you know about Laura?  
HARVEY: Mommie told me. She said it was her 10<sup>th</sup> birthday.  
MAURY: Ten? Really.  
HARVEY: She was looking at the death.  
MAURY: The what?  
HARVEY: The death.  
MAURY: The death certificate?  
HARVEY: Yeah. We were looking at it because it's her birthday.  
MAURY: Oh.  
HARVEY: Laura's extinct too.  
MAURY: Uh, I guess.  
HARVEY: Did she die so I could take over?  
MAURY: Oh, no. You weren't born yet. She was only, what was it, one, two weeks.  
HARVEY: 38 days.  
MAURY: 38 days? No, couldn't —  
HARVEY: That's what the death says. She died of heart.  
MAURY: Congenital heart failure, I remember, that's what the doctor wrote. But they don't know why she died. Mommie just went in to give her a bottle and she was just lying in the crib.  
HARVEY: I don't use a crib anymore.  
MAURY: No, you don't.  
HARVEY: She's extinct. (***Smooshes brontosaurus into a ball***)  
MAURY: What are you doing? It was looking great.  
HARVEY: I want to make something else.  
MAURY: A stegosaurus? See how your pop knows about dinosaurs.  
EMMA: (**From off - 1997**) Harvey?

HARVEY: I'm going to make Laura.  
MAURY: Oh. That's a good idea.

**(The present)**

EMMA: Harvey?

**(The extra room; the brontosaurus HARVEY was holding is now MAGGIE's urn)**

HARVEY: What.

EMMA: Where are you?

HARVEY: In the extra room. In Maggie's room.

EMMA: What are you doing?

HARVEY: Emma?

EMMA: What?

HARVEY: Do you think we could have a small plaque made up, or maybe do some etching on Maggie's urn?

EMMA: (*Entering*) What are you doing?

HARVEY: I was looking at the box we took home from the hospital, and the urn, and —

EMMA: I didn't know you ever looked at that.

HARVEY: I never have, until today. And it's good to see this stuff, but nothing has her name on it. Even the documents are just Baby Goldin. So I'm thinking maybe we could have it etched into the urn, you know, just Maggie. It would be nice to be able to see her name, don't you think?

EMMA: Yeah. Yeah, I do. It would be very nice.

**(JULIE's room)**

MAGGIE: (*Singing*) *Hello, I must be —*

JULIE: Maggie! I knew you'd come.

MAGGIE: Hey, you can't keep a good man down, or out, or wherever I was.

JULIE: That's a good question. So, nu, tell me.

MAGGIE: What?

JULIE: What's it like?

MAGGIE: Sorry. To get to come here I had to sign a nondisclosure agreement. Plus...

JULIE: I wouldn't want to know.

MAGGIE: You wouldn't want to know.

JULIE: Okay. I miss you, Mags.

MAGGIE: Ditto. How are you doing?

JULIE: I think I'm all right. But Maggie, this is complicated stuff. There's so much I want to do, so many questions I need answers to. I want to talk, I want to master doorknobs, I hate the diaper thing.

MAGGIE: Whoa, slow down. You hit the ground running and you never stopped, did you?

JULIE: There's so much.

MAGGIE: Look, I know you didn't want me to come here to give you advice —

JULIE: No, go ahead. You probably have a unique overview, so to speak.

MAGGIE: The one thing about not being alive that I really miss? The spontaneity. That's the best that life can offer you. Don't lose track of the moment. Once you do, you find yourself counting the minutes and before you know it it's midnight and you have to go home.

JULIE: Easy to say.

MAGGIE: Do the best you can. I'll help.

JULIE: You will? You mean you'll be able to come visit?

MAGGIE: Not really. But if you can stay in the moment, I'll be here.

JULIE: I don't get that. Maybe I should be writing this down. Which is another thing —

MAGGIE: You'll remember. That's number two on the list after spontaneity, memory.

JULIE: I'll remember. It's good to see you, little sister.

MAGGIE: It's good to be seen.

JULIE: Can you stay for the Madeleine finale?

MAGGIE: Uh, no, I can't be around for that.

JULIE: Too bad. (*Beat*) Uh, Maggie, is there any way you could talk to Mom? She misses you something —

MAGGIE: I talk to her all the time.

JULIE: Oh. She just looks so sad, sometimes.

MAGGIE: "Sometimes sad" is all right.

JULIE: Easy to say.

MAGGIE: Look, I know I left you with a bit of a mess.

JULIE: You sure did. Lot of people need taking care of out here. I still get angry with you sometimes for deserting me.

MAGGIE: Sometimes angry is all right too.

JULIE: You're so New Age. What isn't all right?

MAGGIE: Sometimes bored. And sometimes numb. Life can make you feel a lot of different things. It's always better if you can stay in touch. You stay in touch and I'll stay in touch.

JULIE: It's a promise.

**(HARVEY and EMMA's bedroom)**

HARVEY: Just listen to him babbling away in there.

EMMA: Yeah.

HARVEY: I never heard him talk so much. Who could he be talking to?

**(EMMA smiles)**

MAGGIE: I love you, bro.

JULIE: Ditto.

**(MAURY's apartment)**

MAURY'S SPIRIT: I have one word for you, young man.

MAURY: Plastics?

MAURY'S SPIRIT: No. Spontaneity.

MAURY: Ha!

MAURY'S SPIRIT: What are you doing?

MAURY: Thinking, if you can call this thinking.

MAURY'S SPIRIT: About what?

MAURY: Fishing lures.

MAURY'S SPIRIT: Fishing lures?

MAURY: Yeah, some of the fishing lures I had.

MAURY'S SPIRIT: Fishing lures? At least you could think about fish you caught.

MAURY: Whoever caught a fish?

MAURY'S SPIRIT: True.

MAURY: I think back and I can't remember a single fish I ever caught.

MAURY'S SPIRIT: Hmm.

MAURY: Explain that to me.

MAURY'S SPIRIT: Well, it's not like you eat fish.

MAURY: Hate fish.

MAURY'S SPIRIT: So that explains it.

MAURY: It does?

MAURY'S SPIRIT: Why did you fish, anyway, if you didn't eat them? Or the tomatoes that you grew, you don't eat tomatoes either.

MAURY: Makes my teeth itch.

MAURY'S SPIRIT: So why? You want to think about something, think about that.

MAURY: (*Beat*) I think it's that your hands need to be in contact with something alive. That's the best I can do.

MAURY'S SPIRIT: Hmmmm.

MAURY: That's the best I can come up with.

MAURY'S SPIRIT: Fishing lures, huh?

MAURY: There was a black and white Daredevil. I don't remember catching any fish, but that was definitely the lure that I didn't catch the most fish with.

MAURY'S SPIRIT: Maybe thinking about lures is a sign.

MAURY: Of what? (*Beat*) Nah. Harvey wouldn't like it.

MAURY'S SPIRIT: When they say we live for our kids, I don't think they mean it that way.

MAURY: Whatever. Your only son, you don't want to cause him pain.

MAURY'S SPIRIT: So you're going to hang in.

MAURY: A little longer. (*Beat*) I forgot about the tomatoes. I can spend several days thinking about them.

(*There is a long silence*)

MAURY'S SPIRIT: How about turning on the TV?

MAURY: Hmmph! I can't begin to think of how to do that. It's that thing on the table, but forget it, it's way beyond me. "Golden Hands" Goldin, can't even turn on a TV. I once made a TV.

MAURY'S SPIRIT: I remember.

MAURY: Heathkit. Took me two weeks. Didn't help, the programs were still lousy.

(***JULIE's room***)

EMMA: *And then something happened that was a surprise*

JULIE: Good.

EMMA: *Tear after tear came to Madeleine's eyes*

JULIE: Not good.

EMMA: *I fear if I do as you tell me, that then*

JULIE: Uh-oh, I see where this is headed. Don't go there, ma.

EMMA: *They'll leave me and —*

JULIE: That's enough reading, ma.

EMMA: *I'll never...*

JULIE: It's a stupid story anyway, ma, forget it.

EMMA: *I'll never... (takes a breath)*

*They'll leave me and I'll never see them again*

*The Minister nodded and said: This is so*

*You never can tell when folks come or they go*

JULIE: No, you can't.

EMMA: *But rather than worrying they'll disappear*

*Just try to enjoy them as long as they're here*

*So from that day forward she issued decrees*

*People could just come and go as they please*

*She never withheld her permission again*

*And this is the way we remember the reign*

*Of the wonderful princess called Madeleine.*

**(MAURY's apartment)**

HARVEY: Did you ever read to me, pop? (*MAURY shrugs*) That's where I met Emma, you know, at a reading series. Walked her home and we talked about the book, about each other, about what we weren't talking about, and then we stopped talking and just sat on her stoop, cold April night, work the next morning, getting late, but neither one of us wanting to be the one to say goodnight and end that special evening. In some ways I guess that night never did end. Anyway, I came over tonight to tell you something. This is the hardest thing I ever had to say, but I've come to believe I owe it to you to say it. Pop, if you really have had enough, if you want to die, pop, I just want you to know that I understand and, uh, well, you have my permission.

MAURY: (*After a long pause and some effort*) Anks — thanks.

**(JULIE's room)**

EMMA: Did you like that story, honey?

JULIE: It was sad.

EMMA: I think it was a good story for us. I hope you liked it too, Maggie.

MAGGIE: I'm alive.

**(MAURY's apartment)**

**(MAURY sticks his finger out, like before. HARVEY looks at it awhile, and then slowly and gently closes his fist around it. MAURY smiles and moves his fist-enclosed finger up and down)**

JULIE: Waaaaaaa!

MAURY'S SPIRIT: I'm alive.

**- End of play -**

