

SCENE TWO

LIGHTS UP AS GEORGE ENTERS.

GEORGE

Hello? Honey? You here?

Where the hell are you?

WALKS TO DOOR, OPENS IT

Nana?

(Whistles. NANA, a large shaggy DOG enters)

Nana.

(Kisses Nana)

You want a drink?

(GEORGE pulls out a bottle of scotch, a glass and a saucer. Pours drinks for himself and dog. Raises glass to Nana.)

GEORGE

Skol.

GEORGE

They want to make an example of me. Flush me out of the system like some kind of sewage—

Well, believe me, I'm not going down easy.

Screw them all.

Who do they think they're dealing with? I mean, hey, I employ eighteen hundred people. Is that sanctimonious son of a bitch thinking about them? No way. All he's thinking about is re-election.

I mean, sure, I did some stuff. You got to push the envelope a little, that's how you make it happen! There's nothing I did that anybody else in my

position wouldn't do!

GEORGE (takes a gulp)

The money, the money. That's all they wanna talk about. They just don't get it—money's what happens when you're making art.

(Sings to Nana)

All my hopes and schemes!
All my hopes and schemes!

See, you steal because—

But I didn't steal! I simply took advantage of an opportunity that was uniquely mine! And those prosecutors, those pissants, they just don't understand. Those lackies, with their badges and their fort-three thou a year, they don't know what it takes to be a master of the universe.

I turned around more companies than you chewed up slippers. And when I sold, and how I sold, hey, I got friends. I play golf. I play squash. You hear things. You got instincts.

You'd think they'd have something better to do. The world is not a safe place and what are they doing? They got teams of accountants, working like termites, going through my stuff. Everything. Jesus.

God, you've heard it all. My one true friend. If you could talk, I'd have to put you in the shredder. Hey, just kidding. Have another.

(HE kisses NANA affectionately.)

GEORGE (cont'd)

There would be no love in this house if it wasn't for you.
So where is the love of my life? (Looks at watch)
Out with the orphans.

And she didn't even ask me what I did. Unbelievable.

(Swigs)

But you know--she still gets to me. She's under my skin, like ringworm. It's amazing. After all this time, I just want to tie her up with her Gucci scarves and bang the hell out of her.

But maybe wanting her's just another bad habit, you tell me. Not talking?
You're one smart puppy.

(GEORGE Kisses NANA)

Hey, I know she's tough to live with.

But, God, she can be so tender--

When I first met her, she was this radiant girl, I was afraid to touch her. And she knew things. Like... how to eat an artichoke.

Special. She made me feel special. Everything I wanted in one package and I thought we'd make beautiful babies together, and nothing else mattered.

What happened?

The girl who was my sweetheart, she's long gone.

I mean she she's still here, but where's the girl I fell in love with? The girl with the elusive smile?

She's shopping.

(Whispering to NANA)

All gone, all the love. See, you steal because you got nothing left.

(Taking a swig he walks over to the intercom)
Banging sounds. GEORGE shoos NANA out.
Turns out lights and sits down. MRS DARLING comes blasting into the dimly lit room with balletic grace, twirling, whirling, falling into a chair. SHE is singing "What if God Was One of Us". Falls from chair, gets up, flips on lights. GEORGE sits very still.