

GOLDENSBIDGE

A Communist Kaddish

by Albi Gorn
9 Clinton Avenue
Hastings-on-Hudson, NY
10706
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CAST

Maury (75-80; also 21, 50)
Lilly (75-80; also 21)
Sam (75-80; also 21)
Harvey (16; 46)
Emma (16; 46)
Ivan (16; 46)
Yetta (80's)
Myra (40's)
A Scab (20's)
Morris and Midge (Offstage voices)

Settings:

The Goldin dining room, the Goldin vegetable garden, outside the Barn (a rec center), a bench by the Lake and a road; all in Goldensbridge, a community in Westchester;

A street in Manhattan;

Lilly's apartment;

Kittay, an old age residence in the Bronx;

A bus traveling from Washington to New York.

Time: 1991-1995; 1934, 1963, 1988.

(Labor Day; 1995. The Goldin vegetable garden. MAURY is inspecting it. HARVEY enters)

MAURY: (Singing) *Who says Jews cannot be farmers?* What's that from, Harvey?

HARVEY: Zhankoye (john-coy-ya). What are --

MAURY: That's it. *Hey Zhan, Hey Zhankoye. Who says Jews cannot be farmers* -- what's the next line?

HARVEY: *Spit in his eye who would so harm us.* Pop, they're --

MAURY: Spit in his eye who would so harm us? Doesn't particularly roll off the tongue, but I like the sentiment.

HARVEY: Pop, what are you doing?

MAURY: Look at this one, Harvey. Isn't she a beaut?

HARVEY: Pop, they're waiting for us at the Barn.

MAURY: Two years I haven't touched this garden and the tomatoes still grow. You put enough effort into something, you take care of it right, it lasts a long time.

HARVEY: Yeah. Look, Pop, everybody is waiting for us at the Barn.

MAURY: You think it's easy to grow tomatoes? You know what goes into it?

HARVEY: No, Pop. Can you tell me later?

MAURY: See the plastic down here? That's to keep the slugs away. They don't like plastic.

HARVEY: Environmentalists, like the rest of the Colony. Look, Pop, everybody is down at the Barn waiting for us.

MAURY: I'm trying to teach you something. Why is it so hard to teach you anything? I try to teach you about tomatoes, you don't learn. I try to teach you about keeping the house right, you don't learn.

HARVEY: Don't take it personally. My teachers had the same problem with me.

MAURY: Baseball players you knew everything about. Your tape machines and your guitar, that you know everything about. But practical things, important things, how to grow tomatoes, how to fix a leak, in one ear and out the other.

HARVEY: I learn the things I need to know, Pop.

MAURY: You don't need to know about your house, your garden?

HARVEY: Pop, this is your house and your garden.

MAURY: But why did I do this? Why did I put all this work into it if not for you? I'm going to die soon, I want to know I left you something.

HARVEY: You left me plenty, Pop. And speaking of leaving, can we go now?

MAURY: Why are you in such a rush? We're saying goodbye. You're always so quick to say goodbye. If you relax for a moment and listen, maybe you can learn something important.

HARVEY: I don't even eat tomatoes, Pop.

MAURY: Neither do I. That's not the point. You're growing something - look, that's not what I'm trying to say. (Beat) This was farmland when they bought it, you know.

HARVEY: A dairy farm.

MAURY: It's not like this was something new.

HARVEY: All they grew were cows.

MAURY: And workers from the city, communists all of them, looking for a place where they could build a community, live the way they thought, you understand? They bought this farm --

HARVEY: Pop, don't you think I know all this?

MAURY: You don't know everything, don't be a wise guy. I'm telling you how to grow tomatoes, that you don't know.

HARVEY: I have to know the history of Marxism in Westchester to grow tomatoes? These aren't even communist tomatoes, they're green, not red.

MAURY: They get red when they mature. Listen to what I'm telling you. They bought this place, they built their bungalows, they built the lake, they built a stage in the Barn not for you and your rock 'n' roll but for Paul Robeson and Pete Seeger and Edith Segal and Earl Robinson and they still found time to raise money for the Abraham Lincoln Brigade and Russian war relief and the Rosenberg kids and Goodman and Schwerner and Cheney and to send buses to Washington to protest for civil rights and against the war. And all the time they were living it, you hear what I'm saying, living it. A community. Not like the rest of America, where all you have to do with your neighbor is bitch about taxes and vote Republican, but a real community. I've seen the future, like Earl Browder said --

HARVEY: Lincoln Steffans.

MAURY: I saw the future up here, son, and it worked. It still works. If you have the people to water it and weed it, it still works.

HARVEY: (Beat) And that's how you grow tomatoes?

MAURY: That's how you grow tomatoes and anything else. And you should learn it. Even if you decide to sell the house and never come back here, you should learn it.

HARVEY: How can I sell the house? It's your house. You live here.

MAURY: I should leave you something. (MAURY looks at the tomatoes) Two years? Couldn't be. That good a farmer I'm not. People have been in here working. You see what I'm saying. Anywhere else they'd only come in to steal.

HARVEY: Anywhere else around here they'd have Brazilian gardeners and they'd be growing endive.

MAURY: But here... (Beat) This is all I have to leave you.

HARVEY: Pop, the Barn. They're all waiting.

MAURY: Wait, there's something else. You see that house?

(Lights fade on garden, up on road. It is the first weekend in July, 1963. It is night and pitch black. IVAN is pointing to the house)

IVAN: You see that house?

HARVEY: Huh?

IVAN: You see that house? That's Rosenstein. It's for sale. Ten, but my father says they'll sell for eight.

HARVEY: This is useless, Ivan. I see like a vague shape.

IVAN: Yep, that's Rosenstein. A vague shape even in daylight. Our house is the next house up the hill.

HARVEY: Uh-huh. Yeah, I think I can make that out.

IVAN: Uh, no, you can't see it from here. Come on, I'll show you the lake. (They walk) The best thing about summer is being barefoot on these roads.

HARVEY: You don't mind all these stones?

IVAN: Your feet get used to it. And this is the lake. Actually more of a pond.

HARVEY: It could be the Atlantic for all I can see. This is really a great tour. I can't see anything.

IVAN: Well, it's probably better that way. The camp comes down here every day, Monday through Friday, the younger kids at three and the rest of the camp at four.

HARVEY: What about when it rains?

IVAN: It's the summer. It only rains on the weekends. Yesterday they put out the rafts. Too bad you missed that. Always an impressive ceremony, getting people to stop the gossiping and volleyball and lift these things into the water.

HARVEY: Sounds like camp for everybody, not just the kids. Speaking of which, what was the story with that Julia? Is she the social director?

IVAN: We don't have a social director. Actually, we have dozens of them, but Julia's official title is head of the Camp Committee. Everything in Goldensbridge is done by committee. So she has the camp staff over the night before we start just to get acquainted.

HARVEY: See, that's what's confusing me. I'm not working in the camp. I didn't even know there was a camp. This is my first day here. And she invites me over and has a name tag for me --

IVAN: I think my father, or your mother maybe, told her about you and they need another counselor so -- **(IVAN starts picking up stones)** Bet I can hit the raft.

HARVEY: Hit it? You can't even see it.

IVAN: If I could see it, I probably couldn't hit it. Here, I have five stones. Bet I can hit the raft three out of five. I'll try for the big raft, bigger target but further away. **(IVAN throws the first stone. Sound of it hitting raft)**

HARVEY: (Beat) Wow. How did you do that?

IVAN: Sixteen summers of practice. **(IVAN throws s second stone. He hits the raft again)** Camp is fun. You should give it a try. Don't you like kids?

HARVEY: Sure. I was at sleepaway the last few years --

IVAN: Kinderland?

HARVEY: No, some place in the Poconos -- and I was a CIT last year. But this summer -- I don't know.

IVAN: You didn't want to come up here, huh?

HARVEY: No. I mean, no offense but I never even heard of this place. And I was looking forward to being in the City, going down to the Village, hanging at the Figaro, playing music. I met this girl there and --

IVAN: Invite her up here.

HARVEY: Right. I have enough trouble working up the courage to sit next to her when we're doing mailings for SNCC (pronounced snick). (Beat) I had my whole summer planned, playing on Sundays at the fountain, hanging out.

IVAN: And?

HARVEY: And my folks wanted me here. (Beat)

IVAN: Guitar, banjo?

HARVEY: Guitar.

IVAN: Great. We could use another guitar. We're a little overloaded with banjos.

HARVEY: You play?

IVAN: Sure. I have a Martin D-28 and a Vega longneck.

HARVEY: Gibson twelve.

IVAN: A twelve. Just like Pete. **(IVAN throws another stone. This hits the water)**
Do you know Abiyoyo?

HARVEY: Sure.

IVAN: Well, I was thinking of teaching that to the kids this year, and if you decided you did want to work in the camp, you could do the giant and we could sing and play it together. You really want to just lie around on the beach all day?

HARVEY: No. I want to be in the City. **(IVAN throws another stone and he hits the raft again)** That's really incredible. How big is this lake, anyway?

IVAN: Not too big but bigger than Washington Square Fountain. That's three with one to spare. Wanna give it a try? You can shoot for the small raft.

(EMMA enters)

EMMA: Better not. I think somebody is out there.

IVAN: That you Emma?

EMMA: Who else?

IVAN: Meet Harvey. Harvey, Emma.

EMMA: Hi.

HARVEY: Nice to meet you. if you can call this meeting.

IVAN: Believe me, you'd love to meet her. She's very pretty.

EMMA: That will be enough of that.

IVAN: Since Harvey can't see you, say something pretty.

EMMA: You're making me blush, can't you tell?

IVAN: Why weren't you at Julia's?

EMMA: My mother wouldn't let me go. She can't stand Julia. Something to do with the split after the Stalin purges. Either she was for it or against it, or my mother was for it or against it. I could never get it straight.

IVAN: Did you see the Social Committee schedule?

EMMA: Uh-huh. They really got Robbie Meerpol to speak at a Forum?

IVAN: That's what it said.

HARVEY: Really? I'll have to tell my Mom. She worked with Ethel Rosenberg, I think.

EMMA: Wait, shhh. Listen.

IVAN: There *is* somebody there.

EMMA: Sure. Can't you see, over there by the little raft?

HARVEY: I can't even see the little raft.

IVAN: Oh, yeah. Looks like my sister. And is that Henry?

EMMA: I can't tell.

HARVEY: I'm not sure I can even see the lake.

EMMA: Well, there's one sure way to find out.

IVAN: Sounds good to me. Join us?

HARVEY: You're going in?

IVAN: Sure.

HARVEY: I don't have a suit.

EMMA: Neither do I.

IVAN: I have one. But it's back at my house.

HARVEY: I guess I could roll up my pants and wade in --

EMMA: No good. No wading allowed in Goldensbridge. You have to dive right in.

HARVEY: Skinny dipping? Maybe some other time.

IVAN: You're not embarrassed, are you? You said yourself you can't see anything.

EMMA: Wait, "Harvey". It's catching up to me. You're renting by Kupferberg?

HARVEY: I think that's the name, a house on a hill.

EMMA: Shari told me about you. She likes your taste in music. She's Kupferberg's granddaughter. They live upstairs from you.

HARVEY: What? Oh, the Weavers album. Was I playing it too loud?

IVAN: The new one? Great album. I was at the Carnegie concert this year.

EMMA: So was I.

HARVEY: Really? Me too. I didn't see you there. But for that matter, I'm not seeing you here.

EMMA: Maybe you did see me there. How can you tell?

IVAN: Great concert.

HARVEY: They were better with Pete.

EMMA: I don't think so.

IVAN: Well, I'm going in. Coming, Emma?

EMMA: In a second.

IVAN: Think about what I said about camp. **(IVAN goes off towards the Lake)**

EMMA: What did he say about camp?

HARVEY: That I should be a counselor there.

EMMA: Oh. I thought you were. You should.

HARVEY: Are you a counselor?

EMMA: Yep. *(Beat)*

HARVEY: You really think the Weavers are better with Eric Darling than Pete Seeger?

EMMA: I don't know if they're better, but things change. They're less political but the music is better.

HARVEY: I really liked them the way they were.

EMMA: Don't get me wrong, I love Pete. Particularly when he plays the twelve-string.

HARVEY: Oh? I play twelve-string.

EMMA: Really? Do you have it with you?

HARVEY: It's back at the house.

EMMA: Go get it. I'd love to hear you play.

HARVEY: Now?

EMMA: Yeah. Now. I'm going swimming. **(EMMA starts towards the Lake, taking of her clothes. HARVEY watches her go off, then gets up and calls out)**

HARVEY: Ivan?

IVAN: **(From off)** Yeah?

HARVEY: Abiyoyo in G, is that all right?

IVAN: G? You'll never hit those harmonies in G. You're crazy.

(Lights fade on the lake and up on a New York Street in 1934. SAM and MAURY stand in front of the entrance to Dejur Electric. Maury is holding a two by four behind his back)

SAM: You're crazy, Maury.

MAURY: Don't tell me I'm crazy. I'm just going to talk to him.

SAM: With a two by four? I don't think he speaks wood.

MAURY: If we want a union here we have to be persuasive.

SAM: With that kind of persuasion we'll have a union of dead people. We'll never collect the dues.

MAURY: But think how short the meetings would be.

SAM: You're out of your mind.

MAURY: Crazy and out of my mind? You're being redundant.

SAM: Upon hearing such dangerous and obviously fallacious thinking, the worst excesses of tautology would be excused. I may even hurl an invective before the night is out.

MAURY: What fallacious thinking?

SAM: That the meetings would run shorter if the members were dead. That would leave only us. You would probably go to a Dodgers game and not show up at all and that would leave only me. With no one to disagree with me, I would probably argue with myself. The result of such an evenly-matched debate of two such mental giants is too frightening to contemplate, but clearly it would rage well into the night. No, I can see no benefits to a dead rank and file.

MAURY: (Beat) Listen, Sam, you don't have to stay if --

SAM: No. Whatever mediative role I can play, you know, I'm glad to offer up.

MAURY: Here he comes. Let me do the talking.

SAM: Gladly. I'll do the listening.

(The SCAB enters)

MAURY: Hi.

SCAB: Hi. **(The SCAB tries to keep walking. MAURY stands in his way)**

MAURY: You work here?

SCAB: Trying to. **(The SCAB tries to walk by but MAURY continues to block him)**

MAURY: The workers in there are trying to --

SCAB: Can it. You're wasting your breath. They're paying me to solder wiring, not to listen to some commie mockey troublemaker.

MAURY: They're paying you to bust the union.

SCAB: Listen, Hymie, if you know what's good for you you'll mind your own business and move on.

MAURY: My name isn't Hymie.

SCAB: Sorry. I'm not good with names. **(The SCAB moves past MAURY)**

MAURY: **(MAURY goes after him)** Let me help you remember. **(MAURY clubs him with two by four. The SCAB lies unconscious)**

SAM: Maury, what did you do?

MAURY: We've got to fight back, Sam, we can't just --

SAM: Jesus, Maury. He's out cold. Let's get out of here, before the cops come. **(SAM pulls MAURY away)** I can't believe you really hit him.

MAURY: Where are you taking me? Sam, stop a second, where are we going?

SAM: To the Local.

MAURY: That's the first place they'll look. I'll go to Lilly's.

(SAM exits as MAURY goes to LILLY's apartment. LILLY is there)

LILLY: Maury, what a surprise.

MAURY: Lilly, you have to help me.

LILLY: What happened?

MAURY: I had a little trouble with that scab they sent down.
LILLY: What happened?
MAURY: I had to hit him...hard. With a two by four.
LILLY: Oh God, Maury, you didn't ...
MAURY: I don't know. I didn't know where to go. The police may be looking for me.
LILLY: You'll stay here.
MAURY: What about your parents?
LILLY: I don't think that will be a problem.
MAURY: My staying here? Us not being married?
LILLY: You want to get married, we'll get married. But unless you're prepared to have the 40th Precinct at the wedding, we should maybe wait awhile. Until then, you can hide out here.
MAURY: You're serious? You'd do that?
LILLY: No. First chance I get I'll turn you in for the reward. Of course I'm --
MAURY: I mean about marrying me.
LILLY: Yes, I'm serious. As long as you promise not to bring any two by fours into the house. Now just stay in my room while I see what I can find out. And if mom comes home, make like you're fixing something.
MAURY: Lilly...
LILLY: What?
MAURY: I love you.
LILLY: Maury -- **(MAURY and LILLY kiss; LILLY breaks away)** Not now.
MAURY: When?
LILLY: "When?" Comes the revolution, that's when.
MAURY: I can't wait that long.
LILLY: Then you'll have to make the revolution a little quicker.
MAURY: It's happening now. We're having an effect. And people just like us are getting together and making a difference. And we can build a society that the people control, where we govern ourselves, look out for one another, where everybody is --
LILLY: Hey, come down off that soapbox. Who are you preaching to? I'm already converted.
MAURY: But it will happen.
LILLY: I know. I believe that. *(They look at one another)* I have to go and see what damage you did. I'll be back, soon.
(LILLY exits. During the next speech we move from 1934 to 1991)
MAURY: Jeez, I hope that guy's alright. What am I saying, he got what he deserved. What's with this knob on the dresser? *Vays mere*, string. What's with these people. You have to screw it. I got my knife here. I wonder how the Local will feel. They're always telling us to stay away from violence. So they let a guy like this undo all the work we've done. If they don't like it, *A ver geharget*. The workers in that shop need a union.
(MAURY gets down on floor to check dresser) And no wedding, just a small ceremony. And our kid better learn the violin, then we can play trios. How am I going to earn a living? There's no future in clobbering scabs. I need a job where I can fix things with my hands. That's what I do best. I guess that's why I love this place. There's always things to fix.

(1991; the garden. MAURY is lying on his back. LILLY enters)

LILLY: Maury, Maury is that you? Where are you?

MAURY: Lilly.

LILLY: Maury, are you alright? Are you hurt?

MAURY: I'm fine. Just doing a little gardening.

LILLY: On your back? Did you fall? **(LILLY reaches down to try to help him up)** Oh, God, I can't lift you. Can't you stand up?

MAURY: I tried. There's something wrong with my legs. Call Ritchie.

LILLY: What's wrong with your legs? **(LILLY sees a car on the road)** There's Sam. Sam, Sam.

SAM: (From off) Lilly. Have you seen Maury, I --

LILLY: He's here, in the garden. He fell down. Help me get him up.

MAURY: Or bring me a book. Magic Mountain would be appropriate, in case it snows.

LILLY: Maury, please, you're not funny. Sam, hurry.

SAM: (Coming on) What happened? Is he alright?

LILLY: I don't know.

MAURY: I'm not dead...yet. You don't have to talk about me in the third person.

SAM: Are you alright?

MAURY: Of course I'm alright.

SAM: What are you doing on your back?

MAURY: Trying to see these tomatoes the way a slug would. "The only way to defeat the enemy is first to think like him." Earl Browder said that.

SAM: You're crazy, Maury, he never said anything of the sort.

LILLY: Should I call a doctor?

SAM: Is anything broken? How is your hip?

MAURY: It's fine. I'm fine. It's my legs. Just help me up. **(SAM and LILLY help MAURY up)**

SAM: What's all this about your legs?

LILLY: He's been having trouble lately. Lucky you were here, Sam. Maury, what would we have done if this had happened in the winter, when there was nobody around.

MAURY: What would I be doing in the garden in the winter? **(To SAM)** Are you sure Earl Browder never said that?

SAM: Positive. Can you walk?

MAURY: Walking is fine. It's just getting up from the ground that's hard.

LILLY: Maury, you have to listen to me.

MAURY: **(To SAM)** Did he say anything *like* that?

SAM: There isn't anything like that. No.

LILLY: Maury.

MAURY: Couldn't have been Lenin. He never ate tomatoes.

SAM: How do you know what Lenin ate?

LILLY: Maury, I'm serious. Listen to me. I'm afraid, Maury. I'm frightened. **(They look at each other)**

MAURY: Frightened of what? We'll see the doctor next week about my legs, look, I'm walking fine --

LILLY: That's not what I'm frightened of, Maury.

MAURY: What then? What are you frightened of?

LILLY: Of being old, of being isolated, of being alone.

MAURY: You've always been afraid of that.

SAM: Who hasn't?

MAURY: That's why we moved here.

LILLY: That was the Goldensbridge of '63, Maury. It's different now.

Our people are dead, or are renting out their houses to vice-presidents from IBM and living somewhere else.

MAURY: What are you talking about? The beach was packed today.

LILLY: That's the summer, Maury. I spend ten months each year waiting for the two months when something happens. You want to know what I'm frightened of, Maury? It's boredom. It's nothing to do, day after day, when the only breaks in the tedium are phone calls about who just died, or doctor's visits about the latest medical indignity. And I can't see to drive and now I'll spend my days worrying about what I'm going to do if I find you on the floor of the bathroom. Who am I going to phone? I don't think Earl Browder makes house calls.

MAURY: This is our home, woman. There's thirty years of us here. Maybe there aren't as many people, but we still run this place. The water and the Barn and the garbage and the roads and the shysters who don't pay their taxes and the developers and the Town Board and our house, for God's sake; these things don't take care of themselves. There's as much to do as there ever was.

LILLY: For you, Maury. But not for me. And soon maybe not for you either. We're not dreaming the same dream anymore, Maury, and I'm sorry. For me it's become a nightmare. We have to get out. (There is a silence. **LILLY leaves**)

MAURY: Sam, you remember that guy?

SAM: Vividly. I don't know who you're talking about but I'm certain I remember him vividly.

MAURY: The scab I clobbered at Dejur Electric.

SAM: Ah, yes. A man of infinite jest.

MAURY: I could have talked to him 'til I was blue in the face, wouldn't've made any difference.

SAM: Instead you hit him until *he* was blue in the face.

MAURY: That's my point, Sam. Growing tomatoes, clobbering scabs, tarring the roof, if it's something I can get my hands on, I can usually make it work, make a difference.

SAM: There's a big difference between growing tomatoes and hitting a man over the head. And it's hard to get your hands on growing old.

MAURY: (As he starts to walk off unsteadily) They never sent another scab down there and they had a union within the year. Maybe it's a crude way of getting things done, but I tell you Sam, God, that was great.

(Scene shifts to a bench outside the Barn, 1963. There is folkdance music playing. HARVEY and EMMA come out sweaty)

HARVEY: God, that was great.

EMMA: I can't believe you never folkdanced before.

HARVEY: What was that called?

EMMA: Hoo-ha.

HARVEY: Hoo-ha, of course. **(Under EMMA's next speech, HARVEY does some steps and accents the last two with a Hoo Ha)**

EMMA: (As HARVEY is doing steps) Its real name is Sestorka but we call it Hoo-ha because -

HARVEY: (As HARVEY is dancing he calls out:) Hoo Ha!

EMMA: That's why.

HARVEY: Pretty good for a first time, huh? How did I look?

EMMA: From the waist up like Gene Kelly. From the waist down you looked like Bambi on the ice.

HARVEY: (A little hurt) I did?

EMMA: No, no, you were fine. You'd just probably be better off if you were doing the same steps as everybody else.

HARVEY: Really? I always try to avoid that.

(A new dance starts)

EMMA: Ken Yuv Du. Great dance. Come on. **(EMMA starts in and tries to pull HARVEY with her)**

HARVEY: Wait, let me catch my breath. Can't we just sit here awhile, or better yet go down by the Lake? **(HARVEY leans in to kiss EMMA)**

EMMA: No. I don't want to miss folkdancing. Come on, don't you want to dance?

HARVEY: Later. (Sits on bench) Come sit with me awhile.

(EMMA reluctantly sits)

EMMA: Okay, I'm sitting.

HARVEY: **(HARVEY starts kissing EMMA)** Okay, I'm kissing.

EMMA: **(EMMA reciprocates for a while and then pulls away when it gets too intense)** I HATE THIS. Are we going to go through this every night?

HARVEY: Don't you want to?

EMMA: Want to what? I want to. I mean, I like you, I like kissing you. But then I get afraid.

HARVEY: What are you afraid of? **(HARVEY leans over to kiss EMMA again. She jumps up)**

EMMA: (Irritated, more at herself) I don't know. I'm sixteen years, old, how am I supposed to know what I'm afraid of. How am I supposed to know anything.

HARVEY: Uh-huh. (HARVEY looks at her a beat) Yeah, well, maybe sixteen is too young.

(There is a long beat, the music plays on from inside)

EMMA: That's it?

HARVEY: What's it?

EMMA: You're giving up?

HARVEY: Emma, you're driving me nuts. Do you want to or not?

EMMA: I don't know what I want, I told you.

HARVEY: Forget it.

EMMA: But I know what I don't want.

HARVEY: What don't you want?

EMMA: (Sitting down next to him) I don't want you to give up. **(HARVEY looks at her, exasperated. They stare at each other. HARVEY starts to kiss her again. EMMA responds and then pulls away)** Not like that.

HARVEY: I give up.

EMMA: Harvey! I just told you you can't give up.

HARVEY: Well, this is stupid if you don't know what you want. (**HARVEY gets up to go**)

EMMA: Waitwaitwaitwaitwait. I know what I want I know what I want.

HARVEY: (**HARVEY returns and sits down**) Okay. (Beat)

EMMA: I want...I want to get to know you better, and I want to listen to you play guitar and sing, and I want to go to Newport with you and hear Joan Baez and Bob Dylan, and I want to sit next to you on the bus to Washington next month -- you're going, right?

HARVEY: Sure.

EMMA: -- and I want to show you Treasure Island and the secret path and the Nursery Acre and all the places in Goldensbridge that I love, and steal apples with you, and, and

-

HARVEY: That all sounds good to me. (**HARVEY bends to kiss her**)

EMMA: And I want to dance with you.

(**IVAN comes out of the Barn. He is sweated up and a little out of breath**)

IVAN: God it's hot in there. And crowded. You couldn't squeeze another person in there.

EMMA: (A loud whisper) Vasha, I'm trying to get him in there to dance. You're not helping.

IVAN: (Without missing a beat) Maybe one person more. (**IVAN sits down and a Greek dance begins**) Wait, do I know this? I know this. Do I know this?

EMMA: You know it. It's Greek. (**EMMA gets up and does a few steps. IVAN gets up with her and joins in**) You know it. (**EMMA sits down**)

IVAN: (Excited) Right, right, right. (**IVAN sits down**. They look at him bemused) I don't like it.

EMMA: Tell him he should dance.

IVAN: You should dance.

HARVEY: I did dance.

IVAN: (To EMMA) He did dance.

EMMA: Great. Big help you are.

IVAN: You don't want to dance this dance anyway. Wait for Este Hendik.

HARVEY: What's Este Hendik?

IVAN: It's this great Turkish dance. (**IVAN jumps up and starts dancing**) You form a line and a couple of steps to the right -- the Turks never dance to the left -- then the left leg behind the right, a dip and on you go. (**IVAN sits down**) It doesn't go too good with this Greek music, feels more like an international incident than a dance.

HARVEY: And that's it?

IVAN: There's a couple of variations. That's the best part. When it's time for a new variation the leader waves a handkerchief and shouts "Ketch-ketch" and everybody changes steps.

HARVEY: Doesn't sound right for me. I'm not much for joining groups and following leaders.

EMMA: So you could be the leader.

IVAN: Yeah, something to aspire to. But you should probably learn the steps first.

HARVEY: Sounds too much like work. Worse yet, it sounds like school. The summer is for playing, not learning.

EMMA: I can't believe you. **(EMMA gets up and storms off into the Barn)** You have an answer for everything.

HARVEY: Emma...

IVAN: What got into her? A little lover's quarrel?

HARVEY: I guess. Why does she want me to dance so badly?

IVAN: Actually, I think she'd prefer it if you danced goodly.

HARVEY: Come on, Ivan. What's going on?

IVAN: I don't know, it's just a thing you do here. Everybody dances. From the time you're a kid you can't wait until you're thirteen and you can go to folkdancing. It's a big deal, a rite of passage, the Bolshevik Bar Mitzvah. And for new people who come to the Colony, like you, it's a sort of initiation. Sure, Emma wants to show off her new boyfriend. But I think what's really important to her is to feel you're committed to Goldensbridge, a part of whatever it is that's goes on here.

HARVEY: Why do I have to be a part of anything? Why isn't this just about me and her?

IVAN: Well, first of all, you and her is an anything that you are a part of.

HARVEY: You know what I mean.

IVAN: But do you know what I mean, or what she means, that's the question. You can't just go out with Emma. It doesn't work that way in GB.

(There is a silence. The music ends. EMMA comes back out)

EMMA: It's hot in there, and crowded. You couldn't squeeze another person in there.

IVAN: Yeah. I'm not going back in, I'm pooped. **(Ishte Hendik starts to play, IVAN jumps up and as he bolts inside, he takes out a handkerchief, waves it over his head and says:)** Ketch-ketch.

(EMMA sits next to HARVEY)

HARVEY: I thought this was the dance you were waiting for. Don't you want to go in?

EMMA: Trying to get rid of me?

HARVEY: Of course not. I'm just telling you I wouldn't be angry if you went in.

EMMA: What fun is that? **(Another silence as the music plays)** I'm ready to be kissed again.

HARVEY: Look, Emma, I'm sorry if I'm rushing things.

EMMA: That's okay. I'm sorry that I'm being such a jerk.

HARVEY: You're not being a jerk. It's me. I don't know why I'm making such a big deal about the dancing. I just don't want to get lost, do you know what I mean?

EMMA: No.

HARVEY: Doing what everybody else does --

EMMA: Don't explain. I don't want to know.

HARVEY: **(Beat)** I cannot begin to figure you out.

EMMA: Whew, that's a relief.

HARVEY: I thought you wanted to get to know me.

EMMA: Right, I did say that. It's just that -- Look, I'll make you a deal. Just try this dance, I'll teach you -- no, forget I said that, I'll do it and you can watch what I do, out here, we don't even have to go inside. Just this one dance. And then we can go down to the lake.

HARVEY: **(Smiles)** Okay. A deal.

(Under the following dialogue, EMMA dances, HARVEY begins to pick it up)

EMMA: No, the other leg. Right. Good. I knew you could do this. You must have Turkish blood.

HARVEY: More likely Turkish taffy.

EMMA: You could make a "unh" noise when you do the dip.

HARVEY: Unh!

EMMA: Wait for the dip, wait for the dip. Annnnnnd ...

HARVEY (with EMMA): Unh!

(They dance a little more. HARVEY takes out a handkerchief and waves it)

HARVEY: Ketch-ketch. **(EMMA laughs; HARVEY stops dancing and takes EMMA gently by the shoulders and bends to kiss her)**

(Lights crossfade to the dining table in the Goldin's house in Goldensbridge. It is winter, 1992. LILLY sits playing solitaire. She has no investment in winning or losing, she is just playing. MAURY is walking to the table with a scissors. He bends and kisses LILLY on the hair. She doesn't react. MAURY sits down and starts looking through coupons. La Traviata is playing)

MAURY: Here's a coupon for bagels. Do we need bagels?

LILLY: We already have five other coupons for bagels and the freezer is full of them.

MAURY: Full of coupons?

LILLY: Full of bagels. Don't be such a wise guy.

MAURY: How come? We used to go through two of these coupons a week.

LILLY: When do you ever eat a bagel? Friday night when the gang comes over. That's when we eat bagels.

MAURY: So? The gang still comes over every Friday.

LILLY: Maury, there used to be twice as many people, three times. That's when we used to go through two coupons a week. Nobody comes anymore.

MAURY: What are you talking about, woman? We have people every week.

LILLY: Maury, please, you're making me crazy. We had four people last Friday. How many bagels do you think four people can eat?

MAURY: It depends on the people. (Beat - LILLY plays cards) You're right. It's not the same old gang. (MAURY starts singing, back to his coupons) "Wedding bells are breaking up that old gang of mine."

LILLY: It's not wedding bells. It's funeral bells. So stop with the bagels already. We have enough to last us until we die. **(Phone rings)** Good, maybe that's Harvey. (As LILLY picks up phone) Maury, turn that thing down. How's anybody supposed to hear anything. Hello? One second. Maury, I can't hear.

MAURY: **(MAURY gets up to turn down tape)** She's going to die soon. A little respect, woman.

LILLY: Hello? Myra. How nice to hear-- yes, of course. (To MAURY) Maury, it's for you.

MAURY: Who is it? Richie?

LILLY: Myra Shopinsky. (MAURY makes an unpleasant face) I wonder what she wants.

MAURY: (Into phone) Yes, Myra.

LILLY: Probably wants to use the Barn for one of her "recitals."

MAURY: Have you called Seamus?

LILLY: Aha, her electricity is out.

MAURY: What about Gideon?

LILLY: Let her sit in the dark. Do her good.

MAURY: Alright, alright. I'll be right over. (MAURY hangs up)

LILLY: Nu? What is it?

MAURY: Her water is off. (MAURY starts to look for something) I'm going to take a look.

LILLY: Why doesn't she call Seamus?

MAURY: She can't find Seamus.

LILLY: What about Richie or Gideon?

MAURY: She can't find them either. Where's the flashlight?

LILLY: It's in the drawer. Why do they still call you? You haven't been on the Maintenance Committee for fifteen years and they still call you. When something is wrong, they still call you.

MAURY: It's not in this drawer.

LILLY: It's in there. Keep looking. The same people that kicked you off of the Board, as soon as something goes wrong they call you.

MAURY: Myra never kicked me off of the Board. It is not in here woman.

LILLY: Look in the back. Of course not. If she ever showed her face at a membership meeting, the whole community would faint. But she gets a leaky faucet --

MAURY: It's not a leaky faucet. There's something wrong with the line.

LILLY: She's on Colony water?

MAURY: Of course she is. Aha, got it. **(MAURY pulls out flashlight)**

LILLY: Maury, it's forty degrees outside. You're going to stand out there in forty degrees fooling around with the pump?

MAURY: She has no water. This doesn't work. Where's the other one?

LILLY: It's in the drawer, Maury, in the back. I keep telling you. (Beat) I can't believe you're going to do this for that woman. She has nothing to do with the Colony except to complain. She gives us nothing.

MAURY: And for that reason you want me to let her suffer?

LILLY: You have a better reason?

MAURY: Yes! Her father was a Trotskyite. For that reason she should suffer.

LILLY: Oh, Maury, please. You're not funny.

MAURY: Woman, I am completely serious. Where is the --

LILLY: **(LILLY gets up and goes to drawer. Produces flashlight)** You think she'll even thank you for this? You think anyone will? Nobody cares, Maury. Let her call a plumber. Nobody cares.

MAURY: I care. **(MAURY takes flashlight)** Thank you. (LILLY resumes solitaire as Maury gets coat) I'll be back as soon as I fix this. Golden Hands Goldin. **(MAURY leaves. LILLY continues to play solitaire. The phone rings, she answers)**

LILLY: Hello? Who? No, there's no one by that name here. You must have the wrong number. (She continues to play)

HARVEY: (From off) Ma?

LILLY: Harvey boy. Thank God.

HARVEY: (HARVEY enters, kissing her) Where was Pop off to? He drove right by me. I waved but I don't think he saw me.

LILLY: He went to Myra's, something's wrong with her water.

HARVEY: Oh. Where's Seamus?
LILLY: They couldn't find him. Why were you coming from that direction?
HARVEY: The mud is impossible down by the Barn.
LILLY: So, how's my boy?
HARVEY: Fine.
LILLY: I saw Martha at the A&P. Emma is up with the kids.
HARVEY: Uh-huh.
LILLY: Why don't you give her a call?
HARVEY: I came up to see you guys, see how you are.
LILLY: We're fine.
HARVEY: And Dad? Are his legs any better?
LILLY: He'll be all right.
HARVEY: I thought you were going to the doctor.
LILLY: It got a little better so he cancelled.
HARVEY: But it will get worse again, like it always does. This is a year already.
LILLY: Tell him, he's the one that's so stubborn.
HARVEY: But that's not like him. He's always taken such good care of himself.
LILLY: He takes care of himself. You grow old, these things happen. You can't go running off to the doctor for every little thing.
HARVEY: This isn't a little thing.
LILLY: Don't worry about it. So, how are you?
HARVEY: Fine.
LILLY: I ran into Martha at the A&P --
HARVEY: You just told me that.
LILLY: I did? Well, it was the big event of my week, so I guess it's on my mind.
HARVEY: Yeah. (Beat) Will Pop be long?
LILLY: Who knows?
HARVEY: I just can't understand why he won't see a doctor --
LILLY: (A bit of an outburst) He's afraid, Harvey. Alright? Does that answer you? He's afraid.
HARVEY: Afraid of what? What's wrong with him?
LILLY: He doesn't know. And he doesn't want to know.
HARVEY: That's just not like him. He's never been afraid of anything.
LILLY: No? You need to look at him, Harvey, not somebody you made up.
HARVEY: (Beat) What is he afraid of?
LILLY: Harvey, for the past year I've been trying to talk your father into leaving Goldensbridge and moving into the assisted care facility on Kingsbridge.
HARVEY: What? How could you even think of leaving --
LILLY: Hear me out. You don't live here, Harvey. We do. You made your own life that had nothing to do with Goldensbridge and except for the summers you're never here and that's fine. But you don't know what it's like for us, the isolation, the loneliness, the vulnerability. Your father isn't ready to go yet, but if there is something wrong with him, he'll have to. And he knows it. And that's what he's afraid of finding out.
HARVEY: I can't believe you'd leave.
LILLY: Why not? You did.
HARVEY: I didn't leave. I never lived here like you.

LILLY: You left. You had your summer fling and you left.

HARVEY: Emma was not a summer fling, Ma.

LILLY: Who's talking about Emma? I'm talking about Goldensbridge. You came up here, fell in love with the place, got what you wanted and lost interest. As soon as the fun turned to work --

HARVEY: It's not like that at all. Goldensbridge just wasn't for me. I had to find my own life.

LILLY: A life should be a choice you make, not a place you hide in. All the time in that dark factory --

HARVEY: It's a loft.

LILLY: -- with your tape machines and your songs. Who hears those songs you write? You don't even play them for us anymore.

HARVEY: You wouldn't like them.

LILLY: You have a stage here in the Barn, and people who want to hear you --

HARVEY: Why are we talking about this now? What does this have to do with Dad?

LILLY: It has to do with Goldensbridge, Harvey. (Beat; they just stare at each other) I'm angry with myself, Harvey, for having to take him away from here. I don't mean to take it out on you. You have a right to your own life. What do you want to eat? (Getting up to kitchen)

HARVEY: Nothing, Ma. I ate before I came.

LILLY: Brisket okay?

HARVEY: Brisket's fine. (HARVEY sits alone. **Guitar music plays, the song *Little Boy, Little Girl*. The lights fade down on the Goldin dining room and come up on Harvey in a mid-summer day, 1963, sitting on the bench by the Lake, singing and playing**)

HARVEY:

"Little Boy, Little Girl

"Building castles in the sand

"Little Boy, Little Girl..."

(HARVEY hums to music. He stops. He is writing this song and he is trying to think of a next line)

EMMA: (EMMA comes up from behind him) What are you singing?

HARVEY: *The Internationale*.

EMMA: There's no "little boy, little girl" in the *Internationale*. Must be a new translation.

HARVEY: What are you talking about? Look at your brother and Rachel down there making sand castles, covered in mud. Talk about the wretched of the earth.

EMMA: (EMMA looks to where HARVEY is pointing) Josh, mommy's bringing lunch. (In answer to something Josh says) I have the ice cream money. (Josh says something) You don't need that much. (Josh says something) You're not having two. (Josh says something) Rachel's mother can pay for her ice cream. (Back to Harvey) Did you hear him trying to chisel an extra ice cream? What a goniff.

HARVEY: I love him. He's really great. I wish he was in my group.

EMMA: If you take the 10 year olds next year, you'll have him.

HARVEY: Will they let me? I'd love that age group.

EMMA: They'll let you have anything you want. You're the best thing to happen to day camp since the day Pete visited. You're really great with the kids.

HARVEY: The kids are great, that's why. I really like working with them.

EMMA: Yeah, you like kids?

HARVEY: Of course I do.

EMMA: **(EMMA picks up HARVEY's notebook as if to make an entry)** Likes kids. That goes in the plus column.

HARVEY: **(HARVEY pulls notebook away from her)** Uh-uh, private stuff.

EMMA: Sorry. **(Beat. HARVEY looks at what he's written, EMMA tries to peek, a bit obviously)**

HARVEY: Emma.

EMMA: What are you writing? Is it about me?

HARVEY: No. **(Beat)** It's a song.

EMMA: I didn't know you wrote songs.

HARVEY: This is my first one.

EMMA: Wow. I'm like a witness to history. "July 28, 1963. Harvey Goldin writes his first song and You Are There." What made you want to write a song?

HARVEY: I don't know. I was just sitting here, playing, watching your brother and Rachel down there and it just came to me.

EMMA: Let me hear what you have so far...pleasepleasepleasepleaseplease.

HARVEY: **(After an internal struggle)** Okay. It's only three lines. **(HARVEY starts to play and stops)** I mean I just wrote this, I don't know if it's any good. **(HARVEY plays and sings, finding the new lyric as he goes)**

"Little Boy, Little Girl,

"Building castles in the sand,

"Little Boy, Little Girl,

"You have the future in your hands.

"Beneath the seagulls' scattered cries

"You stand and watch the waters rise

"The sea again with threatening haste

"Comes back to claim its sandy waste

"But in your hearts no hope has died

"You know you can hold back the tide

"Little Boy, Little Girl

"You will succeed youth cannot fail."

EMMA: **(Blown away)** Wow. That's great. I thought you said you only wrote three lines.

HARVEY: **(Amazed at himself)** I did. The rest just came out. This is incredible.

(HARVEY grabs notebook and starts writing)

EMMA: Of course, it's not the sea and we don't have any seagulls. **(HARVEY keeps writing)** You're incredible. I love you, Harvey. **(HARVEY pays no attention to her and just keeps writing)**

(Lights fade down on bench and back up on Goldin's dining room)

LILLY: **(From kitchen)** I love you, Harvey. I want you to be happy. I was just hoping - never mind.

HARVEY: What? I'm sorry, Ma, what were you saying?

LILLY: (Coming back to him) Harvey, you know your father. When he realizes it's time to leave here he's going to sell the house and say goodbye to Goldensbridge.

HARVEY: Yeah, probably.

LILLY: For me it's no big deal. There will be new people and a new life. For him, it's a very big deal. It's giving up most of what he's worked and lived for. But if you –

HARVEY: Ma, I can't live here.

LILLY: You don't have to. Just tell him someday maybe you might --

HARVEY: Oh, Ma, he's going to see through that. No matter how old he gets he still knows me like a book.

LILLY: He'll believe you because he'll want to believe you. Because he wants to pass this onto you. Because really, in his heart, he wants to hold onto this. This house keeps him alive, Harvey.

HARVEY: But I won't move up here, Ma. Then what?

LILLY: I'll get him to come back up on weekends, to check up on things. Maybe we'll rent out downstairs. I'll work things out. We just need to get over this hump.

HARVEY: (Long beat) He's at Myra's?

LILLY: He'll be back. This can wait.

HARVEY: But I can't.

(HARVEY leaves the dining room and walks to where MAURY is struggling with the valve)

HARVEY: Pop?

MAURY: How goes it, Prince? What are you doing here?

HARVEY: Mom and I were worried about you. Need help?

MAURY: It's my damn legs. I can't bend over for more than a minute without losing my balance.

HARVEY: Let me. What am I supposed to do?

MAURY: Give it a turn.

HARVEY: Which way is it supposed to go?

MAURY: What are you asking? To the right. Always to the right to turn water on. No mechanical aptitude at all. The genes that carry these golden hands completely missed you.

HARVEY: Maybe they're recessive.

MAURY: There's never been a single recessive gene in the history of the Goldin family. Leave it to you to start something new.

HARVEY: I can't budge it. Are you sure --

MAURY: Of course I'm sure. The valve is stuck; just spray some more of his goop on it (giving him can) but you have to get it in the -- do you see? (Shining flashlight)

HARVEY: Yeah. Give me the light. (HARVEY works on valve)

MAURY: You have to let it sit for a few minutes.

HARVEY: God, it's so muddy here.

MAURY: Your friends, called me a babykiller because I wanted to pave these roads. Wait until they reach my age, just wait.

HARVEY: We're rapidly closing in. Where's Myra?

MAURY: She poked her head out just long enough to scream at me. How could you have ever gone out with her?

HARVEY: I never went out with her. I briefly went out with her sister.

MAURY: No? I thought you did. You mean there was a pretty girl in Goldensbridge you missed? Maybe you could marry *her*.

HARVEY: Right. Then I could yell at you when the water goes out. How did this happen?

MAURY: When they were cleaning out the culvert here they must have turned off this valve and forgot to turn it back on, but don't tell her that.

HARVEY: Then how did it get stuck?

MAURY: I don't know. If I could bend down, I could see it. But with these legs, I keep losing my balance.

HARVEY: Yeah. Mom says you refuse to see a doctor about --

MAURY: I saw a doctor.

HARVEY: You did?

MAURY: I didn't tell your mother. She worries too much.

HARVEY: Yeah. She's worried that you don't go to the doctor.

MAURY: Better she should worry about things she shouldn't worry about than worrying about things she should worry about.

HARVEY: (Beat) What shouldn't she worry about that she should worry about?

MAURY: What?

HARVEY: What did the doctor say, Pop?

MAURY: I got a condition.

HARVEY: (Beat) Not --

MAURY: No. It's called polymyositis. A degenerative disease of the muscles. I have it in my legs.

HARVEY: Can they treat it?

MAURY: Not really. Maybe they can slow it down. We'll see.

HARVEY: I'm sorry, Pop. What can I do?

MAURY: Help me with this valve.

HARVEY: (Beat. **HARVEY bends down to the valve**) Mom should know.

MAURY: Of course, of course. Is it coming?

HARVEY: Not yet.

MAURY: Alright, don't force it. Let it sit.

HARVEY: Pop, I don't know a tactful way of saying this, but if your legs are going to be affected, and Mom depends on you for so much --

MAURY: Harvey, I don't hear so good any more but I hear well enough to hear your mother when she tells me all this. You don't have to repeat it. I keep telling myself: Feinstein lived here until she was 93; Lipman was 90 when he died. I'm not even 80 yet. But they lived alone. When you live with someone you can't always just do what you want. You have to make compromises. That was the hardest part of being married, you know, the compromises. That's what always scared you, I know.

HARVEY: Partly.

MAURY: It's not impossible. You learn.

HARVEY: You have to tell her, Pop.

MAURY: I will. When the time comes, I will. Then we'll have to move down to that home and that will be that for Goldensbridge.

HARVEY: See, that's a mistake. You're talking about the Bronx, 45 minutes from here. You'll have it for the summers, maybe some weekends.

MAURY: You can't leave a house empty. You have to tend it. I'll be spending all my time worrying about the pipes freezing and the ceilings leaking and --

HARVEY: Get a tenant.

MAURY: *Vays mere*, something else to worry about.

HARVEY: Let me handle it. I'll get the tenant and check up on the house. I'll worry about it.

MAURY: You wouldn't know what to worry about.

HARVEY: Why are you being so stubborn? What's the sense of cutting off your nose to spite your face? I thought you loved it here.

MAURY: I do love it here.

HARVEY: Then why do you have to leave?

MAURY: Ask your mother.

HARVEY: You know what I'm saying. Why does everything have to be so irrevocable with you?

MAURY: Because it is irrevocable. Growing old is irrevocable. Saying goodbye is irrevocable. When you leave, you leave and there's no looking back.

HARVEY: Jesus, Pop, you sound like Ma Joad.

MAURY: (Beat) You see all this mud. Twenty years ago I sent around a petition to have these roads paved. You probably don't remember this --

HARVEY: Of course I remember.

MAURY: -- but there was such an uproar they had a special meeting. The Town came in and begged us, they begged us to pave the roads. We had plenty of support from the people who lived here. But your friends, Ivan, Roger and that wife of his, Rhoda Solomon, they stacked the meeting.

HARVEY: Dad, this was twenty years ago.

MAURY: I'm making a point, just listen so you'll understand. There were people at that meeting who came up only in the summer, who never saw the ice in the winter or the mud in the spring. There were people at that meeting who rented out their houses all year long, people I hadn't seen in years, all brought up to vote against paving. If the Colony was going to vote against paving, so be it. You go on. But to pull all these Chaim Yankels up from the City, that was unfair. But that's not the point. The point is I won't be like them, somebody who comes up just to vote, who isn't a part of the living and breathing of the Colony. (Beat) Did you spray the back part? Here, try it again.

(HARVEY works on valve a little more)

HARVEY: Still no good. Maybe if I turned it the other way --

MAURY: What are you doing? You'll just make it tighter. It goes to the right. Now let it just sit. (Pause)

MYRA: **(MYRA comes on)** There's still no water.

MAURY: We're working on it.

MYRA: I can't cook, I can't take a shower --

MAURY: These are the classic symptoms of not having water.

MYRA: I don't understand this place. You're supposed to make sure I have water. Hello, Harvey.

HARVEY: Hi.

MAURY: That's why I'm here.

MYRA: My daughter tells me they were working here the other day. Why wasn't I told?

MAURY: Maybe if you showed up at a membership meeting once in a while you'd --
MYRA: I'm too busy for that nonsense --
MAURY: Nonsense?
MYRA: A bunch of old communists screaming at one another like rabbis over the Talmud. And next to nothing ever gets done and what does get done gets done wrong.
MAURY: Nothing gets done? Those old communists built this water system and get rid of your garbage and --
MYRA: I have no time for this. If I don't have my water on in the next half hour, the Board is going to hear about it.
MAURY: Please don't do that. They'll fire me. Where am I going to find a good job like this at my age.
MYRA: You can joke all you want, Maury, but you better get that water running.
(MYRA storms off)
HARVEY: I can't believe her.
MAURY: Forget it.
HARVEY: Maybe you're right. Maybe you are better off leaving.
MAURY: **(MAURY bends down to valve)** I never said anything about better off.
(MAURY begins to lose his balance. HARVEY catches him)
HARVEY: Watch it. I'll do that for you, Pop.
MAURY: Don't do it for me, Harvey. You have to do it for Myra. That's the trick.
HARVEY: (Beat. HARVEY works on valve) It's a little looser, I think.
MAURY: Supposed to wait fifteen minutes. Is it fifteen minutes yet?
HARVEY: I don't think so.
MAURY: Then wait. (Beat)
HARVEY: Well, better off or not, you shouldn't sell the house.
MAURY: Why not?
HARVEY: Because *my* life isn't so irrevocable. I'm in my forties now and I've been doing a lot of rethinking of things and, I mean there's nothing in the hopper now but the idea of having a family is becoming more of a possibility and if I did, maybe I would want to live here, you know. This is the place to raise kids.
MAURY: (Long beat as **MAURY stares at HARVEY**)
HARVEY: What?
MAURY: I don't know whether to believe you or not.
HARVEY: There's always the chance I might be telling the truth. And there's always the chance it might be true even if I'm lying, but I just don't know it yet.
MAURY: Is that more of your psychiatrist mumbo jumbo?
HARVEY: Yeah. What are you gonna do about it?
MAURY: I'll think about it. (Beat) Try it again.
HARVEY: There's always the chance I might be telling --
MAURY: I meant the valve. Stop being such a wise guy.
HARVEY: **(HARVEY tries to turn valve)** Jesus. Are you sure it goes to the right? I mean, this *is* Goldensbridge. Let me --
MAURY: What are you doing? You'll --
HARVEY: Stop being so stubborn. Ha. Got it. It goes to the left.
MAURY: (Long beat) What do you think of that. (MAURY stares at valve)
HARVEY: Come, let's go back to the house.

MAURY: To the left, taka. (Long beat as MAURY stares at the valve in disbelief) It's time to go, Harvey.

(MAURY and HARVEY walk off)

End of act

ACT II

(1992. The Goldin apartment in Kittay, an old age facility in the Bronx)

SAM: (From the darkness) You're crazy, Maury.

(Lights up on the apartment. MAURY and SAM sit around a small dining table)

MAURY: It's not dead. It's not even dying. I may be dying but communism is not.

SAM: It's dead. They're reading Das Capital over the grave even as we speak. Vanessa Redgrave is wearing black. In Eastern Europe they're dividing up the estate. If you listen you can hear the Red Requiem. It's over, kaput. Historical inevitability. A victim of its own internal contradictions.

MAURY: Never. There are no contradictions.

SAM: Not any more.

MAURY: There never were. The Soviet Union fell after a century long siege, encircled by a hostile capitalist world dedicated to its eradication. And communism will survive this onslaught and rise again. The people --

SAM: The people? Maury, wake up. There are no people anymore.

MAURY: There's got to be people. There are always people.

SAM: There are people but not "people." People today are different. The last thing they're going to care about is a dead philosophy.

MAURY: You're wrong, Sam. You don't know what you're talking about. The Soviet Union may be dead, but not communism. It's a way of living, not life itself. It can't die and the people are still the people. Look at Goldensbridge.

SAM: Maury, there's a difference between communism and being a good neighbor.

MAURY: You're wrong. I may not be right, but I know you're wrong.

(LILLY enters the apartment)

LILLY: You're still sitting there? That's just how I left you an hour ago.

SAM: You can hardly expect us to shift our positions after all these years. Actually, I was resting up after my tour of the apartment.

LILLY: Very funny. Come on, Sam, I want to show you the rest of the building.

MAURY: What are you going to show him? Old people? He's seen old people.

LILLY: What do you know? You haven't even been around the place yet. (To SAM) A whole week we've been here and he just sits and reads.

SAM: Hardly a pursuit to be discouraged.

LILLY: He's reading *Joseph and His Brothers*, which he's already read I don't know how many times.

MAURY: Can you name a better book? The doctor said I can die any moment and I want to make sure I --

LILLY: Maury, you're not funny. He didn't say any moment.

MAURY: What did he say? "Any moment" he said.

LILLY: He said it could be two years or ten. You want to live longer, get up and do something.

MAURY: What? What is there to do?

LILLY: There's a lecture series, look. (**LILLY turns on TV**) You'll like this, Sam.

MAURY: There's a lecture series on TV? We could have seen that in Goldensbridge on cable, which, for your information, we can't get here in the Bronx.

LILLY: No, this is the channel for the building. Haven't you seen this? See, Sam, it tells you what's going on. "Southern Short Stories; A workshop on works by Faulkner, Cather, Flannery O'Connor, etc."

SAM: "Etc.?" Doesn't sound like a southern name.

LILLY: Very funny. Tuesdays. Well, this isn't Tuesday. This is Thursday. Let's see. Oy, their spelling isn't so good. Thursdays -- there, "Jews and Arabs; The Next Fifty Years." Doesn't that sound interesting?

MAURY: Fifty years? I'll never make it. I'm better off with the short stories.

SAM: Speaking of which, you'll pardon me if this visit is a short story but I must go.

MAURY: You just got here. What's your hurry?

SAM: Actually, I'm on my way up to the house. We inadvertently left the cat's bowl up there and she has embarked on a hunger strike. So I go to retrieve it, as much as it irks me to so readily capitulate to terrorist threats.

MAURY: Don't do it. Let 'em eat mice.

SAM: Ah, were it so easy to act one's conscience in today's increasingly pragmatic world.

LILLY: You're sure I can't get you anything to eat -- what am I saying. I don't cook anymore, thank God.

SAM: How is the food here? Not without interest, I trust.

LILLY: It's wonderful. Anything is wonderful if I don't have to cook it. Why don't you stay a little longer, Sam? Let me show you around the place.

SAM: Perhaps some other time. I really must go.

LILLY: (As they go to the door) Well, come back and visit us again. We're the same people, just a different locale.

SAM: Of course, of course. Keep the faith, Maury.

MAURY: It has nothing to do with faith.

SAM: Then I'll keep it, if you insist. But don't you come running to me to borrow some in your dire hour of need.

LILLY: Maury? Are you kidding? He would never borrow anything if he could go out and buy the newest hi-tech version.

MAURY: That's right. Where do they sell faith?

SAM: I don't know. Hope you can, of course, pick up anywhere. I can even get you a good deal on charity, in bulk, if you're running low. But faith, that may need to be cultivated.

MAURY: Well, I don't have a garden anymore so that's that. Speaking of which, if you drive by my house, see what that kid is doing to my tomatoes.

SAM: Your renter? He has a green thumb?

MAURY: I don't know about his thumb but he has a dog. You don't know the aggravation of --

LILLY: Stop, Maury. He's a very nice boy.

MAURY: The sooner we sell that house, the better. Want to buy a house?

SAM: Where would I put it? Well, I'm off. I'll check on your garden and beware of the dog in the process.

LILLY: Come back soon so we can show you around, and bring Laura.

SAM: Of course, of course. Bye. **(SAM leaves)**

MAURY: Why do you do that?

LILLY: Do what?

MAURY: Why would he come back here? What's the point? This is like the elephant's burial ground, you only come back to die.

LILLY: Maury, stop it already. If you would only give it a chance. Honestly, you can be so stubborn.

MAURY: Uh-oh, here it comes, here it comes.

(Lights go down on Kittay and up on Goldin living room in Goldensbridge, 1988.)

SAM plays violin, MAURY the cello and LILLY is at the piano)

MAURY: Here it comes; here it comes.

(MAURY starts making mistakes. He stops. They all stop)

SAM: It's a C#, not a C.

MAURY: That's not my problem.

SAM: It may not be yours but it's rapidly becoming mine. If I wanted dissonance I would have stayed home and discussed Israel with my wife.

MAURY: Besides, it is a C. Why would we have a C# in G?

SAM: G? You think we're in G?

MAURY: I don't think, I know we're in G.

SAM: You're crazy, Maury.

MAURY: Don't tell me I'm crazy. We're in G. Lilly, tell him we're in G.

LILLY: We're in D. Two sharps. Look at the music, for God's sake.

MAURY: Never. Not if it kills me.

LILLY: Sam, tell him to look at the music.

SAM: Actually, I'm beginning to admire his pigheadedness. After all, any schmuck can look at the music. Bravo. Beethoven would be the first to rush to your defense.

MAURY: Beethoven? Isn't this Haydn?

LILLY: Please, Maury, look at the music.

SAM: No, actually what troubles me in your behavior is that I have always regarded you as a man of the people. In fact, all of Goldensbridge views you this way. Some of our newer residents think the place was named after you. And for a man of the people to insist on playing his own music in his own key --

MAURY: **(MAURY peers over at SAM's music)** Are you sure this isn't Haydn?

LILLY: **(LILLY brings music over to MAURY)** Look, Maury. Beethoven, key of D. That's what we're playing.

MAURY: **(Looking at music)** Taka. All right, let's try it again.

SAM: **(As LILLY resumes her seat at piano)** Good. Now that we have established the party line, we can proceed. Con brio.

MAURY: It kills me to have to look at the music.

LILLY: So stubborn.

MAURY: Do you know how long we've been playing this piece?

SAM: We premiered it, I believe.

MAURY: Fifty years. Fifty years and now I can't even remember who wrote it. Don't grow old, Sam.

SAM: I have no intention to.

(They start to play. MAURY is struggling)

LILLY: (Over playing) We're in D, Maury.

MAURY: That's not the problem.

LILLY: What?

MAURY: **(MAURY stops; they stop)** That's not the problem. It's my fingers. Who would have thought these golden hands...

SAM: You're just having a bad day.

MAURY: We said that last time and the time before. Let's face it, kids, there comes a time. **(MAURY gets up and goes to phone)**

SAM: We can play it slower. We can play it with slower brio.

LILLY: Maury, what are you doing?

MAURY: **(On phone)** I'd like to place an ad. No, I want to sell something.

LILLY: Maury, put down that phone.

SAM: Maury, really.

MAURY: Would you please be quiet, woman? **(To phone)** Sorry. This is a musical instrument, a cello.

LILLY: **(LILLY comes over and disconnects call)** Maury, you put --

MAURY: Woman, what are you doing? I was talking to somebody.

LILLY: What has got into you?

MAURY: I can't play anymore, Lilly. I can't. I've grown too old.

LILLY: Sam.

SAM: This would seem a bit precipitous, Maury. Give it more of a chance.

MAURY: I can't. If I know anything, I know these hands. I can't, and I don't want to have to walk by this cello every day and be reminded that I can't.

LILLY: Oh, god, Maury.

SAM: You're breaking up the group? What will we do?

MAURY: Play sonatas. **(MAURY has dialed the phone again)** Yes, are you who I was just talking to? That's right, a cello.

SAM: Maury, I don't understand you.

(Lights down on the Goldin living room and back up on Kittay in 1992, a continuation of the previous scene)

LILLY: Maury, I don't understand you.

MAURY: **(MAURY is still watching the TV)** And this is it? The same thing, over and over?

LILLY: There's a room downstairs with some computer thing that you type in these messages. They've already asked me to help do that. I'll be on TV. If you would walk around I would show you that and everything else.

MAURY: But this is it? Just these messages all day long?

(Doorbell rings)

LILLY: I wonder who that could be. **(LILLY opens the door)** Hello.

YETTA: You're Lilly Goldin?

LILLY: Yes. Come in.

YETTA: Thank you. Rosa downstairs told me you moved in a few days ago. I've seen you down in the dining room.

LILLY: And this is my husband Maury.

YETTA: Hello. Welcome to Kittay.

LILLY: Thanks. Have a seat. (They both sit) What can I do for you?

YETTA: I'm here to ask you that. I'm the Welcoming Committee.

MAURY: You're the whole committee?

YETTA: At present. How are you finding it here?

LILLY: It's wonderful, really.

YETTA: I see you've found our channel.

MAURY: Too many reruns.

YETTA: (**YETTA takes out her glasses which she has to hold next to her eyes**) Let's see. Oh, yes, if you need to go to the bank, that's today. And --

MAURY: What's wrong with your glasses?

YETTA: Oh, it's broken, the frame, you see? Such a nuisance. And that lecture series is really interesting. Such a nice woman from City College, so smart. So you have it all there and you don't need my help.

LILLY: I'm sure we do.

MAURY: Is this all they ever show on this channel?

YETTA: Well, of course they change the messages every week.

MAURY: But it's just these announcements?

YETTA: Yes, why?

MAURY: Just curious. (Beat)

LILLY: I noticed a piano in that big room downstairs. I was wondering --

YETTA: Do you play?

LILLY: Yes. But of course we couldn't fit a piano in here and I was hoping to get a chance --

YETTA: Of course. That's wonderful. We've been missing having a pianist here. We used to have nice singalongs, and Mr. Krauss has such a lovely voice, I know he's been missing having an accompanist and -- I'm sorry. I get carried away. I don't mean to impose --

LILLY: No, don't be silly. I'd love to. That's why we came here.

YETTA: Up to last week we had Karla. Such a fine touch.

LILLY: She died?

YETTA: One of the drawbacks of living here. Each afternoon when you go down to lunch, you look around for the empty chairs. Before, when you asked about the welcoming committee? Last month there were three of us. Today...

LILLY: I can imagine.

MAURY: How can you live with that?

LILLY: Maury, please.

YETTA: No, no, no. He's right. It is very hard. (A beat; to LILLY) You were born here?

LILLY: Yes. You mean in America? Yes.

YETTA: Ah. I was born in Munich. My father came here, not because of Hitler, it was before then, just after World War I. He was afraid of the economy.

MAURY: He was right.

YETTA: We lived in Boston. Very nice. I was excited to come but also sad. I left my best friend in Germany, Sarah Gruenfeld. And my father said: Write to her. Every month. And someday she will visit us here, or we will visit her there, and you will not be strangers. Make sure you write to her, every month. And so I did, every month. And every month my father would ask me: Did you write to Sarah? Good, good. And even when I married and moved out of the house and moved to Manhattan and he would call he would always ask: Did you write to Sarah? Good, good. And then things got very bad in Europe. And I wrote her one day and there was no reply. And I waited and waited. When my father called and asked if I had written to Sarah, I told him she was not answering my letters and I was just waiting for the terrible news. And he said: No. You don't wait, you write, you write to her. If you want to keep her alive, you write to her, and she will be alive. So I did, I kept writing. Even when my father died, I still kept writing.

MAURY: Did she ever answer?

YETTA: No. I later found out Buchenwald. My letters, obviously, didn't keep her alive. But my father, I think, was more concerned with keeping something alive in me. (Beat) So, why I am so morbid today, I don't know. This is hardly a welcome at all.

LILLY: Don't be silly.

YETTA: I guess I was trying to making a point about waiting.

LILLY: It was a very interesting story, and very moving.

YETTA: Well, you hear many interesting stories in this place, I can tell you.

LILLY: Somebody should collect them, write them down so everybody could share them, so they wouldn't get lost.

YETTA: We always say that, but to say is one thing, to do is another.

LILLY: You need to have somebody to write it all down.

MAURY: What are you talking, write it down. You film it, put it on tape.

LILLY: That's a good idea. You think that some of the residents might be willing to do that?

YETTA: Oh, I think so. People love to talk.

MAURY: You could even play them over this channel instead of these messages over and over again.

YETTA: Oh, I don't know about that. They like to have those messages on.

MAURY: Who does?

YETTA: You know, the people that run the place.

MAURY: (Feisty) Whose place is this? It's ours. We live here, not them. We should say what goes on that channel, not them.

LILLY: So what do you think, Maury?

MAURY: What?

LILLY: You have that camera that Harvey gave you. You never use it, here's your chance. You can interview some of the --

MAURY: Well, I don't know.

LILLY: And you talk to them downstairs, you know, the way you can, and get them to let you use that channel.

YETTA: That would be something. They're so rigid here.
LILLY: You don't know Maury. (To MAURY) Nu, so what do you think?
MAURY: Well, I'll think about it.
LILLY: Sure. I think it's a good idea.
YETTA: (**YETTA fumbles with her glasses as she looks at her watch**) I must be going.

MAURY: You have an appointment?
YETTA: I have a letter to write. (YETTA starts to leave)
LILLY: Thank you. We feel very welcomed.
YETTA: My pleasure. I'll see you downstairs at dinner.
MAURY: Uh, if you want to leave those glasses, I can fix them for you.
YETTA: Really. Such a talented husband you have, Lilly.
LILLY: You haven't seen the half of it. But you will.

(Lights down on Kittay and up on the back of a bus headed to New York from Washington, August 28, 1963. HARVEY, EMMA and IVAN are on the back seat. The voices of the others are heard but they are not seen. HARVEY is leading the singing)

ALL (Singing:) *Someday*
HARVEY: (Lining out the lyric) Deep in my heart.
ALL: *Deep in my heart*
HARVEY: I do believe.
ALL: *I do believe*
HARVEY: We shall overcome...

ALL: *We shall overcome some day.*

(Noises of approval, some clapping and whistling and a few cries of "I have a dream.")

MORRIS: (Calling from another part of the bus) Speaking of dreams, how about Last Night I Had The Strangest Dream.

EMMA: We sang that already, Morris.

MORRIS: (from off) Where was I?

IVAN: Sleeping, probably.

MORRIS: (from off) Then how about Freiheit?

EMMA: Did it.

MORRIS: (from off) Peat Bog Soldiers?

EMMA & IVAN: Did it.

MORRIS: (from off) Venga Jaleo?

EMMA & IVAN: Did it.

IVAN: We did all of the Spanish Civil War songs.

MORRIS: (from off) I slept through the entire Spanish Civil War?

MIDGE: (Morris's wife; from off) Just like when it actually happened.

HARVEY: Sleeping isn't a bad idea, actually. (**HARVEY hands guitar to IVAN**)
Your turn.

IVAN: I'll pass. I think we sang everything there is to be sung.

EMMA: Not Harvey's songs. Do *Little Boy, Little Girl*.

HARVEY: Not right now.

EMMA: PleasePleasePlease. I really want to hear it.

HARVEY: I don't feel comfortable singing my songs here.
EMMA: Why not? You just sang all those other songs.
HARVEY: This isn't the place, Emma.
EMMA: What's wrong with this place? It's all your friends. You sang it at the Talent Show a couple of weeks ago in front of the same people. Everybody loved it.
HARVEY: When I sing my songs I like it to be in a quiet setting, where I won't get interrupted and where there aren't people talking and not paying attention.
EMMA: You mean you want to perform them instead of sing them.
HARVEY: What does that mean?
EMMA: It means doing something for yourself instead of sharing.
HARVEY: It has nothing to do with that. It's not like everybody is going to sing along, that's the point.
EMMA: Maybe if you sang them more, people would sing along.
HARVEY: Maybe I don't want that.
IVAN: I'll just be sleeping here if you need me to break up a fight or anything.
HARVEY: This isn't a fight.
EMMA: It isn't?
IVAN: Great. Now you're going to fight about whether you're fighting. Wake me if the revolution comes. **(IVAN scrunches up in corner to go to sleep)**
EMMA: Why isn't it a fight?
HARVEY: It's stupid to fight about this.
EMMA: Every time we start to have a fight you say it's stupid to fight about this. What isn't it stupid to fight about?
HARVEY: Like what we saw today, banning the bomb and civil rights. That's what you fight about.
EMMA: Is that what you fight about? You sure didn't look like it today.
HARVEY: What are you talking about?
EMMA: You didn't cheer, you didn't clap, you didn't chant. You kept making sarcastic remarks about the speakers --
HARVEY: Those weren't sarcastic remarks --
EMMA: You didn't even sing.
HARVEY: What are you talking about? I've been singing for two hours.
EMMA: Here, in the bus, when you could be the leader. "I'm not much for joining groups and following orders." You said that, you remember, that night outside the Barn.
HARVEY: Well, I'm not. Jeez, you got a mind like a steel trap.
EMMA: I remembered it because it bothered me. It still bothers me. I mean I like that you're independent but, I don't know, I mean if everybody was independent you wouldn't have days like today, you wouldn't have marches.
HARVEY: Well, I came, didn't I? (Beat) That's the problem with you people --
EMMA: "You people?"
HARVEY: -- you have all these expectations, all these rules. You think these marches are going to change anything?
EMMA: Of course they will. Things are changing already. The marches are growing and they'll keep growing. And someday we'll ban the bomb and someday Negroes will have equal rights. If enough people speak up it will change. (Beat) I can't believe you can write such beautiful songs and not even believe what you're writing about.

HARVEY: Emma, I believe what I write about. I believe in all these things, I do. I just feel I have to do it my own way. When something is right for me I can feel the passion. Today, on that field, I felt nothing. But here in the bus, singing with everybody, I felt it. You can understand that, can't you?

EMMA: Yeah, it's just -- I don't know. I don't like being part of "you people."

HARVEY: (Softening) I didn't mean you. (Beat) I said before I felt nothing on that field. That's not true. I felt something. I felt alone. All those people and I felt alone.

EMMA: I was there.

HARVEY: I know you were. **(HARVEY and EMMA look into one another's eyes and kiss)**

MAURY: **(MAURY approaches up the aisle)** Hey, time out you two. I have a special request.

HARVEY: Forget it. Nobody kisses her but me.

MAURY: Don't be a wise guy, that's not my request. Play *Joe Hill* for your mother.

HARVEY: I don't know if this is --

(EMMA has gotten out the guitar and handed it to HARVEY)

HARVEY: Alright. **(HARVEY starts to play)**

IVAN: **(IVAN, though still apparently sleeping, starts singing on cue)**

"I dreamed I saw Joe Hill last night

"Alive as you and me

"Says I, 'but Joe, you're ten years dead'

"I never died,' says he

HARVEY, EMMA, MAURY: (and others joining in)

"I never died,' says he."

MAURY: (Over singing) You listening, Lil?

LILLY: **(Lights down on bus and up on Kittay, the fall, 1992. LILLY enters)** I'm listening, I'm listening. I just have to find the picture. Wait until you see, so adorable.

HARVEY: It's a legitimate offer. I just don't know what to do about Dad -- you're not listening.

LILLY: Ah, here it is. **(LILLY produces a photograph)** Look, Harvey. Her name is Rosita.

HARVEY: (Taking photo) How old is she?

LILLY: How old is she, I think ten. And that's the way she dresses when she comes here, all fancy. And she's very polite.

HARVEY: And you tutor her?

LILLY: Tutor? We read together. Is that tutoring, I don't know. But it helps her English, suppose to.

HARVEY: That's great. (Looking at watch) Ma, we have to decide what to do before he comes back. There's somebody that wants to buy the house.

LILLY: Who?

HARVEY: I just told you. His name is Kleinbaum. He's in real estate.

LILLY: Another one? Another developer.

HARVEY: Ma, what should I do?

LILLY: Your father will be back soon. He's up taping our neighbor, Mel, used to be a weatherman. You can ask him.

HARVEY: You want me to ask him whether or not I should tell him that somebody wants to buy the house?

LILLY: Oh, is that what you want to know? That's a horse of a different color.

HARVEY: So what do you think?

LILLY: That depends on what you think, Harvey. I thought you wanted to keep the house.

HARVEY: Ma, that was just something we made up, remember.

LILLY: What did we make up?

HARVEY: I told Dad I might move up some day so Dad wouldn't sell the house.

LILLY: Right, right. (Beat) I don't think he believed you.

HARVEY: I know, Ma. But it put some doubt in his mind.

LILLY: Harvey, this is your father you're talking about. He may have been wrong in his life, but he was never in doubt. That's just something *you* made up.

HARVEY: You told me to convince him to hold onto it. You told me it would help keep him alive.

LILLY: I said that? I don't remember saying that. Why would I say that? The house doesn't keep him alive. People keep him alive, people needing him, people relying on him. That's what makes him unique.

HARVEY: Being needed? Everybody needs to be needed.

LILLY: But not everybody thrives on it. Some people are frightened by it.

HARVEY: Look, there's a guy who wants to buy the house. It makes all the sense in the world to sell it, but I'm worried about Dad, what selling the house might do to him. I just want to know what you think.

(Lights down on Kittay and up on the Lake. It is the early morning of August 29, 1963, after the Washington Rally)

EMMA: About what?

HARVEY: You know about what.

EMMA: Harvey. (Beat) I'm not ready yet.

HARVEY: You've been saying that all summer.

EMMA: I'm scared.

HARVEY: Of what?

EMMA: I don't know. (Beat) Please don't be angry with me.

HARVEY: I'm not angry.

EMMA: You're not?

HARVEY: No.

EMMA: (Beat) How come you're not angry with me?

HARVEY: Emma, I guess I just feel like there's something missing between us. I don't think I can ever really know you until we make love.

EMMA: Sure you can. There's not that much to know, really. You probably know it all already.

HARVEY: Stop kidding around. This is important to me.

EMMA: It's important to me too. But if I get too serious I'm going to start to cry.

HARVEY: I don't know what it is but -- it's like when I write a song. I don't know if it's any good until people hear it. But when they applaud I know it's good, it's special.

EMMA: I love your songs.

HARVEY: I know you do. And when you listen I can tell you do, and that's the only way I can really believe that the songs are good. And when I think about myself, it's the same thing. I need to be shown that I'm good, that I'm special. I need a special kind of applause.

EMMA: What are you talking about? Everybody thinks you're terrific.

HARVEY: I don't care about them. I only care about you. You're the only one who can make me feel special in the way I really need to feel special. That's why it's so important to me.

(HARVEY is looking away. EMMA is staring at him. Finally she takes his head in her hands and kisses him deeply)

EMMA: You're the most special person I ever knew, or ever will know.

HARVEY: Then show me how you feel. I really need to know how you feel.

(Lights down on the Lake and back up on Kittay 1992, the previous scene)

LILLY: How I feel? Maury, believe me, you don't want to --

HARVEY: Harvey.

LILLY: Huh?

HARVEY: You called me Maury, Ma.

LILLY: I did? My mind -- Harvey, why don't you tell me how *you* feel.

HARVEY: About selling the house? I just told you, I --

LILLY: Not about selling the house. About Dad.

HARVEY: About Dad? I love Dad.

LILLY: Uh-huh.

HARVEY: And I -- do you really want to hear this?

LILLY: Tell me how you feel.

HARVEY: Alright. Every time I come down here and I see them all on their walkers, hunched over, mumbling to themselves, I think what are my parents doing here? This is for old people. And I don't understand why you're here. And I -- I resent that you forced Dad to come down here. Look, I understand why you did it and it probably was the smart thing to do, but I hate seeing you here, I hate seeing Dad here. And no matter what you say, I think that the moment I sell the house, Dad is going turn into one of these old people. The moment I sell the house, some essential part of his life will be gone.

LILLY: Good. Don't sell it then. See how easy it is. (Back to picture) You know, one day this little Rosita, she comes in with her cat, can you imagine. So I --

HARVEY: Ma, about what I just said --

LILLY: The only problem with what you just said, Harvey, is that you said it to the wrong person.

HARVEY: I should have said it to him?

LILLY: No, not him.

HARVEY: Who then?

LILLY: (Beat as LILLY just smiles at HARVEY) We *are* old people, Harvey, no matter how you see us. But we've found a very rewarding life here. (Beat) There's only one thing about Goldensbridge that I miss.

HARVEY: What's that?

LILLY: The spring. There is no spring here. No sense of rebirth or renewal; no metaphors for immortality. **(LILLY looks at the picture)** But if you look hard enough, you can always find something eternal. It makes a difference, Harvey.

(Lights down on Kittay and up on Lake, Goldensbridge, Banquet night 1963)

IVAN: It makes a difference, Harvey.

HARVEY: I have nothing to say to her.

IVAN: You could say that.

HARVEY: That I have nothing to say?

IVAN: Right. And maybe she'll say she has nothing to say -- fat chance knowing Emma -- and before you know it you got a conversation going.

HARVEY: Forget it.

IVAN: I can understand if you don't want to tell me what happened --

HARVEY: Nothing happened.

IVAN: -- all I know is she looks miserable and you look miserable and --

HARVEY: I'm not miserable.

IVAN: Right. (Beat) I got it. You get her up here, I'll hide behind the bush and whisper to you what to say.

HARVEY: Your nose is too small. (Beat) Ivan, can I ask you something? Are you still a virgin?

IVAN: No. As of last June. I thought that might be it.

HARVEY: What was it like?

IVAN: Scary, fun -- I don't know. Isadora Davis, do you know her? She was a senior. She's graduated now. It was on Harris Field, across from the school. She'd come to sing with us sometimes. She looked a little like Buffy St. Marie. I liked her right away because she could harmonize. And one day it was getting later and later, kids were leaving, I had a flute lesson but for some reason I said to myself I wasn't going to leave until she did. And she didn't. And finally it was just me and Isadora. And she asked me for my guitar and she started playing Dona Dona. And then we talked. And then we, you know, started to kiss. I had made out before, of course, but this was different. She kept talking to me, telling me what to do, what she wanted. And I just did it -- we just did it. It felt good.

HARVEY: And afterwards, did anything change?

IVAN: You mean like did my complexion clear up?

HARVEY: No. I mean your feelings for her, did they change?

IVAN: Umm, I don't think so. I liked her the same, you know. We stayed there until eleven. Then we walked to the subway station, and spent an hour there, talking, not talking. I mean, it's not like I was leaving to go work in Mississippi or anything. We were going to see each other the next day.

HARVEY: You didn't want to leave her.

IVAN: I didn't want to be left.

HARVEY: Oh.

IVAN: Harve, did you and Emma...

HARVEY: Yeah. The night of the march.

IVAN: And your feelings changed, is that what you're saying; or in your case not saying?

HARVEY: All summer I would see her and want her. Then we did it and then I didn't want her anymore. Just like that. I don't know what happened. (Beat) Do you know?

IVAN: Nope. Not a clue. Maybe she knows.

HARVEY: How would she know?

IVAN: How would I know what she knows, but it's worth a shot.

HARVEY: I should tell her I don't want her anymore?

IVAN: Well, I think by not talking to her for a week you've already done that.

HARVEY: Ivan, I can't just look her in the face and tell her that. It would hurt her too much.

IVAN: My guess Harve is that whatever you tell her won't hurt nearly so much as what she's making up. And who knows, maybe talking with her you'll remember what it is about her that you liked all summer. What do you think?

HARVEY: (A long, troubled sigh) I don't know. **(HARVEY picks up his guitar and starts playing)**

IVAN: See how it goes. (Beat) That was a great song you sang at the banquet show tonight. They should let you write the whole show next year.

HARVEY: No thank you. I think I'll just quit while I'm ahead.

EMMA: **(EMMA enters)** Are you a head? I was thinking of you as another part of the body entirely.

IVAN: Whoops. I think I hear the peasants storming the Winter Palace. I should join them. See you guys tomorrow.

HARVEY: You don't have to leave, Ivan.

EMMA: Yes you do. Thanks, Vasha.

IVAN: Toodles. **(IVAN leaves)**

(There is a silence. **HARVEY plays for awhile**)

EMMA: New song? (HARVEY nods) Can I hear it?

HARVEY: I'm not finished yet. I mean I almost am, but not completely.

EMMA: Play me what you have, maybe the rest will come to you like with *Little Boy, Little Girl*. Maybe I'm like your muse. Didn't you say you found me amusing?

HARVEY: (Smiles a bit. Sighs) All right, here goes:

"It seems like ages since we strolled over these stones

"Along the dusty roads that roam around my home

"Since we opened up as lovers to discover one another

"Seems funny now to walk here all alone, all alone"

(HARVEY stops)

EMMA: How come you're writing about that?

HARVEY: Why? I should write only about peace and brotherhood?

EMMA: That's not what I mean. Look, I don't think I want to hear the end of that song, if you don't mind.

HARVEY: There is no end, I just told you that.

EMMA: Not yet, in any event. (Beat) Boy, was that dumb. I hate this. Look, I came to say I'm sorry.

HARVEY: What are you sorry about?

EMMA: I came to say that too. Obviously you were very -- very disappointed when we made love last week -- on this very spot -- and I can understand that because I guess I wasn't very good or anything because it was my first time and all and I was kinda scared -- make that petrified -- and I wasn't trying all that hard, I mean I was trying but it was like we were both trying but we were trying different things and so if you want to try

again I'm willing to try to do the same things you do...at the same time you do them. I think I can be -- it could be better. (Beat) That's what I came to say. And now I said it. And now I really feel dumb

HARVEY: Emma, it's not that.

EMMA: It's not? Uh-oh, I was afraid of that. (Beat) If it's not that, what is it?
(There is a long silence)

HARVEY: I don't know. It's me.

EMMA: Oh. (Beat) Is there something I can do?

HARVEY: No.

EMMA: Oh. (Beat) I guess you can finish your song now. **(EMMA starts to go, stops)** And Harve?

HARVEY: Yeah.

EMMA: Don't believe what they say. On the whole 'tis better never to have loved at all. **(EMMA leaves. HARVEY starts to play and sing. As he does, the scene changes to Labor Day 1993, a few hours after the beginning scene of the play. As he does so, EMMA of 1993 comes on unseen by HARVEY)**

HARVEY:

"Letting go

"It's the hardest thing I know

"When memory and fantasy can

"Comfort me so

"She is gone

"And yet on and on I go

"Lost in sweet illusion though I know

"I'm holding on to this feeling of

"Letting go."

EMMA: (EMMA comes down to him) The wonderful thing about your songs is that they change meaning every time I hear them. I used to think that song was about us.

HARVEY: Yeah. Takes on a new meaning today.

EMMA: (EMMA sits) That was really beautiful, what you said about your Mom.

HARVEY: Thanks. It was nothing like what I thought I was going to say I had a speech all prepared, but looking out at the Barn, all those memories -- I didn't feel I was eulogizing her so much as I was tapping into her still moving ripples. Listen to me, will you. What's the Party line on Zen?

EMMA: I don't think you have to worry about the Soviet Party line anymore. And as far as China, I once heard Maoism described as Zen and the art of anarcho-syndicalism, so you're golden.

HARVEY: Golden Hands Goldin, golden in Goldensbridge.

EMMA: How golden are you?

HARVEY: I 'm fine.

EMMA: That why you're sitting here alone by the lake singing songs from thirty years ago?

HARVEY: Emma, I'm fine. I can handle these things. I understand about grief and --

EMMA: (EMMA waves her hand) Ketch-ketch.

HARVEY: (HARVEY smiles) I'm sad, Emma. What else can I say? (HARVEY plays a bit) I used to hear a funny echo on this lake. When I was writing a song, I could sing a

line and the lake would echo back the next line. (Beat) Where are the kids? It was great that you brought them.

EMMA: They went to Mr. Pizza with Mark. It's his weekend anyway.

HARVEY: How are things between you?

EMMA: It's bad, but it's nothing that talking out couldn't make a lot worse.

HARVEY: No chance of your going back to him?

EMMA: I don't want to go back to him. I don't want to go back, period.

HARVEY: And how are the kids surviving?

EMMA: Randy will be fine. Jason, I don't know.

HARVEY: He blames you?

EMMA: He blames whoever he's with. But he did that even before we separated. That's really just speculation on my part, since he never talks to me. If he did ever say anything, it would probably be something I don't want to hear anyway. The latest thing is he wants to drop out of college and play guitar. Want to give him lessons?

HARVEY: On how to drop out of college or how to play guitar?

EMMA: On how to survive me.

HARVEY: What makes you think I know how to do that? (They exchange a look) There was an Egyptian alchemist who wrote that the first step to enlightenment is letting go of what is familiar and experiencing the chaos that ensues.

EMMA: "No dinner tonight, kids. I'm experiencing chaos." (Beat) Sorry.

HARVEY: Don't be. Today that's my job. (Beat) (**HARVEY plays. EMMA sings**)

EMMA:

"Letting go, it's the hardest thing I know."

HARVEY: (HARVEY stops playing) You know why it's so hard?

EMMA: Why?

HARVEY: My mother's gone, my father has however many years left, and then: what am I? I mean, I'm not feeling sorry for myself, it's just what's the point? There should be a point.

EMMA: Life is like volleyball. Sometimes there is no point. Sometimes it's just side out. (Beat) Sorry. That was harsh. I don't know why I'm so angry with you today.

HARVEY: You're probably just angry with Mark and taking it out on me.

EMMA: Ha! After twenty years of taking my anger at you out on him? Not likely.

(Beat) I know I can't blame you for this, I know this is something I just made up, but I could never look at Goldensbridge the same after that summer.

HARVEY: If it's any consolation, neither could I.

EMMA: (Considers it) Nope, no consolation at all.

IVAN: (**IVAN enters**) There you are. I was looking all over for you. I was at your house. Your father says to come back.

HARVEY: Okay, thanks. And thanks for singing with me this morning. And thanks for loaning me your guitar. I can't believe I forgot mine.

IVAN: After all the music Lilly made in the Barn, that was the least we could do for her. Your Pop looked like he was handling it pretty well.

HARVEY: Yeah.

EMMA: What's he going to do now?

HARVEY: What do you mean?

EMMA: He's not going to stay in that home now, is he?

HARVEY: Of course not. He moved down there for her. That would be the one good thing that comes out of all this, that he gets to live out whatever years he's got left in his house. (There is a silence; **HARVEY plays a bit on the guitar**)

IVAN: Listening for echoes?

HARVEY: You remember that? (Smiles) Yeah, but not new echoes. Echoes of old songs. And you know what I realize. All my songs are about the same thing. Loneliness -- no, not loneliness. Being alone. Some of them are funny, some angry, some sad, but always the same theme.

EMMA: How come you just realized that now? Stupid question. I'm such a jerk.

HARVEY: That's alright. I'm the jerk. Sixteen years old, sitting on this bench, writing songs. Thirty years later, I finally realize what I was writing about. (Gets up) I better get back to my dad. Thanks, both of you, for everything.

EMMA: Call me.

HARVEY: I will.

EMMA: In the winter, in the City.

IVAN: (Ala Lovin' Spoonful, with guitar) "*In the winter, in the City.*"

HARVEY: I will. (**HARVEY starts to leave, turns; to IVAN**) Why were you, you know, looking for me?

IVAN: Oh, just to, you know, let you know --

HARVEY: Thanks. I know.

IVAN: I know you know but --

EMMA: (In mock irritation) Nobody say "you know" anymore. You're driving me nuts. We all know everything.

IVAN: I knew you were going to say that.

(**HARVEY leaves**)

EMMA: Vasha?

IVAN: Yeah.

EMMA: You know the biggest problem of growing up a communist?

IVAN: How would I know that?

EMMA: You're not a communist?

IVAN: I never grew up.

EMMA: (Smiles) Life was too pragmatic. Everything had its place. Even my separation from Mark is along Party lines. I miss the romance.

IVAN: Funny, for me the Left was nothing but romance.

EMMA: Do you think your kids will have your politics?

IVAN: My politics? It's a long time since I thought I had any. But whatever I believe, eventually I think they will too. Not because of me. Living here something happens. When Nicky goes out our front door, he's not leaving our house, he's entering someplace else. And when he tries to understand his feelings of community in political terms, those will be his politics, and mine. Marx and Engels wrote from dusty garrets that might as well have been ivory towers. If they had grown up in some Goldensbridge somewhere things might have been a lot different. (Long beat)

EMMA: You're right.

IVAN: Huh?

EMMA: There is still some romance left.

IVAN: You're crazy, Emma.

(Lights down on Lake and up on Goldin living room in Goldensbridge. SAM and YETTA sit around table)

SAM: You're crazy, Maury.

YETTA: He can't hear you, Sam. In fact, at our age it's getting so none of us can hear any of us. "None of us can hear any of us", is that right?

SAM: If you are asking is it factually correct, I could hardly agree with it without disproving it, the doing of which, while maybe not the height, is very likely the width of indiscretion, particularly to a lady. If you are asking about the syntax, I say: Be bold, forge new ground. Safire be damned. He used to be a Red, you know.

YETTA: No, I didn't know. In any event, I don't think Maury can hear you up there in the attic.

SAM: But you see, Yetta, the exercise has nothing to do with being heard. I disseminate my perceptions to the wind; they hover as notions, are seeded by a brilliant insight, and precipitate into ideas which form the philosophical showers of tomorrow.

YETTA: Well, that's the best forecast we've had for quite a while. (Beat) What's he doing up there?

SAM: This is information we may be better off without. He has his workshop up in that attic. A number of years ago at a yard sale he bought a collection of bases and shades and started making lamps which I can only describe as being evocative of the worst excesses of the WPA.

YETTA: Well, did they work?

SAM: Of course. Anything he touches does. But it was a mixed blessing. Having light meant you were able to see the lamp.

YETTA: So you think he's up there making a lamp?

SAM: I doubt it. He's become more of a darkness curser. But perhaps I should go up prepared to intercede. In any event, whatever it is he is doing should make tasty fodder for some future conversation. **(SAM starts off towards attic)** I warn you, Maury, I come in the spirit of the Luddites. **(SAM exits)**

(YETTA sits alone for a beat and then starts to hum Joe Hill. HARVEY enters)

HARVEY: Hi. Where's my pop?

YETTA: Upstairs in the attic with Sam. They're plotting the next revolution.

HARVEY: He's really up there? What's he doing?

YETTA: He just excused himself and went up. Well, he didn't excuse himself, you know your pop. He just went up. And after awhile, Sam went up to check on him.

HARVEY: Hmm. Well, I guess he'll be down soon. Thanks so much for coming up. It means a lot to my dad, and me.

YETTA: I wouldn't have missed it for the world. That was a lovely -- should I call it a service?

HARVEY: I guess.

YETTA: It was a lovely whatever it was. I've been to a lot of these over the last few years, as you can imagine. This was certainly different. So many people having something to say --

HARVEY: That's a hallowed tradition here.

YETTA: -- but not talking about what Lilly meant to them personally, only what she meant to Goldensbridge.

HARVEY: A communist kaddish.

YETTA: (Smiles) My father always said that the reason so many Jews took to communism was because it spoke to the oppressed in terms of faith and hope, just like their religion.

HARVEY: It was my parents' religion. It still is.

YETTA: And like the Torah, you don't need to be in a temple to practice it. You practice it wherever you go. I think that's what the people were saying today in your Barn. In any event, that's what your parents have brought to Kittay. That's what will be missed.

HARVEY: Yeah. (Beat) Do you need a lift back to the Bronx?

YETTA: Sam will drive me. Thank you anyway. This would be a good time for you and your father to spend together alone.

SAM: (**SAM comes down from attic**) You know, maybe he isn't crazy. Harvey, fine speech.

HARVEY: Thanks. I was just following the Biblical adjuration: *Honor thy father and mother.*

SAM: Ah, but the Commandment goes on: *Honor thy father and mother and you shall inherit the land.*

(HARVEY is affected by this)

SAM: Whatever its inspiration, it had its desired effect on me. I laughed, I cried, and I remembered.

HARVEY: I'm glad.

SAM: It was a life. Perhaps better than most, perhaps not. Only she would know. But from my perspective, I would say one thing is certain.

HARVEY: And that is?

SAM: It was not without interest. Yetta, should we go?

YETTA: Is Maury alright?

SAM: He seemed so.

HARVEY: What's he doing up there?

SAM: It is in the nature of a surprise, I suppose, so I'll let him show you himself. But his spirits seem fine. Yetta.

YETTA: Coming. Say goodbye to your dad for me.

HARVEY: Sure. And Yetta, please come back up and visit him.

YETTA: I'll visit him. I promise. (**YETTA and SAM exit**)

MAURY: (**MAURY comes down from the attic**) Sam, look at it now.

HARVEY: He just left, Pop. What are you doing?

MAURY: He left? Oh. Yetta too?

HARVEY: Yeah. They said goodbye.

MAURY: Oh.

HARVEY: What were you doing up there?

MAURY: (**MAURY smiles broadly and hands HARVEY a small rectangular wooden plaque**) What do you think?

HARVEY: Very nice. Doesn't Lilly have two L's though?

MAURY: (MAURY reaches for plaque) What did I --

HARVEY: I'm kidding you. It's great, Pop. Where did you want to put it?

MAURY: On the piano in the Barn.

HARVEY: Yeah. Perfect.

MAURY: Come on, let's go.

HARVEY: Now? Do you still have a key?

MAURY: I have a key but I think they changed the lock since then. I'll call Gideon.

HARVEY: Pop, I'm sure it will be all right but you really have to talk to the Board before you do something like that.

MAURY: Taka, you're right.

HARVEY: Never mind. How are you doing?

MAURY: Stop asking me that. You want me to talk about it, about how I miss her? I'll start to cry.

HARVEY: Well, maybe that would be good for you.

MAURY: Where did you learn that? From your psychiatrist? I cried. I'll cry some more. I don't feel like crying now, I feel like putting this plaque on the piano. Call Pauline, see if you can get her okay.

HARVEY: What's your rush, Pop? The Barn, the piano, Goldensbridge, they're not going anywhere.

MAURY: But I am. I'm going back to the Bronx.

HARVEY: I've been meaning to talk to you about that. I can help you move this week, but Monday --

MAURY: Move where?

HARVEY: Move your stuff up here from the Bronx.

MAURY: Who says I'm moving up here?

HARVEY: Pop, what are you talking about? You moved down there because of Mom. You don't have to stay there now.

MAURY: I don't have to. I want to. (Beat) You know, everywhere I've ever gone I became a big macha. Because I'm smarter than everyone? Nah. Because I didn't know any better. I mean that. When I'm living with people, working with them, whatever, I keep thinking, there must be a way I can make this better. All right, sometimes they didn't want it better, or they didn't think what I thought was better was better. But I can't help that. I just did what I thought should be done. And they let me. Everywhere I ever went they let me. And sometimes things got better.

HARVEY: A lot of the time.

MAURY: I'm not so sure. But it doesn't matter. Things are always changing. The point is, down at Kittay you got a lot of old people. You think your mother and I are old? We're the youngsters there. And for these people, getting cancer or having a wife or a husband or sometimes a child die, that's what they live with every day. The easiest thing would be to hide away in their rooms.. And so your mother and I, we tried to give them things, tried to make it better, you understand? Mother conducting singalongs and leading book-reading groups, me with the cable, playing their histories. Do you know, we have this retired weatherman living there? I tape nightly reports and play them on the building channel. Little things, wouldn't mean much to anybody, but something that was theirs, that they could share. If we have to live in an old age home, we make it our home, you understand. And if I leave them now, they'll think I was defeated by the very thing I work so hard to get them to fight. How can I do that? Alright, it's not Goldensbridge, they don't know Gus Hall from Carnegie Hall, but it is people. And your mother, she knew once I got down there I would have a chance to do

the one thing in life I loved the most. Make waves. And that's why I'm staying there. Do you understand?

HARVEY: Sure.

MAURY: I hope so. If I can't leave you anything else, at least I can teach you that.

HARVEY: You've left me plenty, Pop.

MAURY: Like what?

HARVEY: Music, a culture, an insatiable mind...a house.

MAURY: Well, the house. You want to sell it, now you can, you know.

HARVEY: Sell it? I don't think so. I may want to live in it one day. Be a good place to raise a family.

MAURY: Stop already, Harvey. You don't have to do this anymore.

HARVEY: This time I'm serious, pop. You see, over the last year or so I've realized something about myself that --

MAURY: Don't start explaining. You want to have a family, terrific. You'll make an old man very happy. If you start with one of your long explanations, you'll probably end up talking yourself out of it. Now, who do we know that you can marry?

HARVEY: Well, I have some ideas about that too.

MAURY: Emma?

(Lights stay up on the Goldin living room but now come up on Lake bench where IVAN and EMMA are still sitting, looking out at the water. IVAN starts playing Joe Hill)

HARVEY: How did you know?

MAURY: Your mother told me.

HARVEY: She did? Before she died?

MAURY: Of course before she died. You think I hear voices?

HARVEY: You know what I mean. Recently?

MAURY: Nah ,a couple of years ago, whenever it was that they divorced. She said: You watch, Harvey and Emma, they'll get together yet. Some things take time. But she was always right. That can be hard to live with, you know.

HARVEY: What do you think?

MAURY: Whatever makes you happy, son, you know that. It would be nice to have grandchildren.

HARVEY: Wouldn't be our genes.

MAURY: No. But if you're a good father to them, they'll have our ideas. That's what's important.

HARVEY: You're alright, Pop. Hang in there as long as you can. I'm gonna miss you. I sure miss Mom.

MAURY: Me too. Sing that song again, Harvey. Now I feel like crying.

(To IVAN's playing, HARVEY starts to sing, eventually joined by MAURY)

HARVEY

"Joe Hill ain't dead, he says to me

"Joe Hill ain't never died

"Where working men go out on strike

"Joe Hill is at their side

"Joe Hill is at their side."

HARVEY and MAURY (joining in)

*"I dreamed I saw Joe Hill last night
"Alive as you and me
"Says I: But Joe, you're ten years dead
"I never died, says he
"I never died, says he."*

End of play