

JOE. I said, "Have a drink." This is a special occasion... You and I are going to communicate with each other for the first time in our lives.

DAVID. (*Goes to the bar, picks up a decanter, then puts it down without pouring it.*) I can't do it.

JOE. Why not?

DAVID. It's only fun when you don't like it.

JOE. Ohhh, David! David David David David David David David David David David David David David David David David!

DAVID. Are you talking to me, Dad?

JOE. Yes...but *who* are you? Who *are* you, David? Do you know? Because I don't. I don't know who you are. Do *you* know who you are, David?

DAVID. Just casually. I've seen me around the house.

JOE. *That's* who you are... Quick with a flippant answer. Fresh, disrespectful, unambitious, lazy, no interests, no principles, no beliefs, no scruples, a drunkard, a gambler, a playboy, a lover, a bum, a television watcher and a lousy guitar player, that's who you are.

DAVID. (*Smiles.*) Ah, gee, Dad...you remembered!

JOE. Last week I tried to make a list of all the things you do that make me proud... I didn't even take the top off the fountain pen. In high school, remember the Father and Son Picnic? I went alone. And what makes it so painful to me is that you're the smartest one in the family. You're the smartest one in *anybody's* family. Three college degrees, finished first in your class, and you didn't even show up for your senior year. So why do you throw it all away, David? Why do you drink so much?

DAVID. To overcome this terrible condition I have.

JOE. (*Concerned.*) What condition?

DAVID. Soberness! I get it a lot in the mornings. It's terrible – the room stands still, I can see everything clearly, I get single vision. And then I see the most frightening

things in this house... Money, money, money, money, money, money, money, money...

(This breaks DAVID up.)

JOE. Then why do you stay? Why don't you pack your bottles and leave this house?

DAVID. I have tried on six separate occasions. But it's such a goddamn long driveway, I never could make it to the gate... Sorry about the God reference.

JOE. So you resent all this, is that it? You resent this house, my business, your mother's jewelry, our paintings, the furniture, the swimming pools, is that what you resent?

DAVID. Don't forget our own Baskin-Robbins in the playhouse.

JOE. Your sister likes ice cream – is that a crime? Is it a crime to be rich? Is it a sin to want only the best for your family?

DAVID. I think a man is entitled to whatever he earns in this life. I do, however, think ninety-seven flavors is unnecessary.

JOE. This house could go up in smoke tomorrow, I wouldn't blink an eye. I'll tell you something... There was a time in my life when the holes in my socks were so big, you could put them on from either end... I grew up in a tenement in New York. My mother, my father and eleven kids in one and a half rooms. We had two beds and a cot, you had to take a number off the wall to go to sleep... My father was five foot three, weighed a hundred and twenty-seven pounds. He had a bad heart, bad lungs, bad liver and bad kidneys. He was a piano mover. He died at the age of thirty-two from an acute attack of everything... My mother had to take a job in a sweatshop working six days a week, fourteen hours a day. At night she washed floors at Madison Square Garden, and on Sundays she sold hot sweet potatoes on the corner of Fourteenth Street and Broadway. What she didn't sell was dinner for the rest of the week. Sweet potatoes every night. On Thanksgiving