

This Way Out of Brooklyn

A play by

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

Tony.....Older brother, Italian-American (44)
Mikey.....Younger brother, Italian-American (34)
Aphrodite.....Tony’s “Forbidden Fruit” girlfriend (20-ish)
Frankie.....Hired killer, Italian-American (in his 50s)

Time: 1999. Summer. 24-hour period from morning to the following morning.

Place: Tony and Aphrodite’s small rental house in Venice, California.

The Set: Breakaway set featuring small mid-century house. On the left is living room with sofa and chair. There’s a picture window with venetian blinds on the left wall. Next to window is the front door with peephole that opens into living room. A small bar with two stools is nestled in corner. There is a fake Persian rug in the middle of the floor. Then there is doorway to back bedroom and bathroom. The kitchen is to the right of the living room. There is tacky animal print décor scattered through out. A large photo of the Brooklyn Bridge hangs on the wall above the sofa.

Additional breakaway sets: Small bedroom comprised solely of queen-sized bed with canopy-style mosquito netting perched above like a spider’s web. Outside “schoolyard court” comprised simply of a freestanding chain-link fence area on pavement.

ACT I

- Scene 1: Tony's house; morning
- Scene 2: Living room; late morning
- Scene 3: Living room and kitchen; noon
- Scene 4: Kitchen; afternoon
- Scene 5: Bedroom; evening
- Scene 6: School yard basketball court; night
- Scene 7: Living room; 1 a.m.

Act II:

- Scene 1: Living room; 3 a.m.
- Scene 2: Living room, 4:30 a.m.
- Scene 3: Bedroom; later
- Scene 4: Bedroom; 5:30 a.m.
- Scene 5: Living room and kitchen; 7 a.m.
- Scene 6: Bedroom; later
- Scene 7: Kitchen; breakfast
- Scene 8: Bedroom; later
- Scene 9: Living room; morning
- Scene 10: Living room; late morning

Act I

SCENE 1

(The lights rise on TONY sitting on a bar stool reading a newspaper with his back to the room. He's wearing a Hawaiian shirt and shorts with flip-flops on his feet. Suddenly, MIKEY enters the house quietly. He's dressed in a suit and carries a metal briefcase in one hand, a six pack of beer in the other hand. An expensive leather duffle bag is swung over his shoulder.)

MIKEY

I buried our father yesterday.

(TONY looks up from the newspaper. His back is still to MIKEY.)

TONY

Jesus, Mikey, you almost scared me to death.

(TONY turns to face MIKEY.)

MIKEY

Mom was looking for you, Tony. She was wondering where her oldest son was on the day of his father's funeral.

TONY

Shit...what is it, like 2,500 miles away?

MIKEY

Tell me about it. I've just come from the airport; I caught the red eye out of JFK.

TONY

Y'know how it was between him and me.

MIKEY

Still, Tony.

TONY

Yeah, yeah, I know the drill.

MIKEY

We buried him in that old Catholic cemetery where we planted Grandpa. Saint somethin' or another. Remember?

TONY

Sure. Stuck in the middle of that rat's nest.

MIKEY

Not anymore. Now you can't afford the rent in that neighborhood.

(TONY rises, gestures with his hand.)

TONY

Come in, come in, you wanna beer, Coke?

MIKEY

I came prepared.

(MIKEY holds up the six-pack of beer while TONY awkwardly embraces him.)

TONY

Crack a deuce and sit your ass down.

(MIKEY places the briefcase and duffle bag on the floor, then follows TONY into the kitchen. (Briefcase will remain conspicuously in same spot through Scene 7.) MIKEY removes his suit jacket and drapes it on the back of the kitchen chair. He undoes his tie and sits down. MIKEY and TONY open their beers.)

MIKEY

Is it always this hot out here?

TONY

C'mon, it's the summer. It's hot everywhere. Less humid out here than Brooklyn for chrissakes.

MIKEY

I really can't believe this place.

TONY

(waves his arms around as he "presents" his surroundings)

It's not so bad; it has character.

MIKEY

I mean the city. Y'know, the fuckin' palm trees and all.

TONY

Whattaya mean the palm trees? What's wrong with palm trees? I like the fuckin' palm trees.

MIKEY

They're not even native here.

TONY

I don't give a fuck. Native? Nuthin' out here is native. Hell, when I think of Brooklyn I think of brown brick buildings and everything is...like, old --

-- it's called charmin' --

MIKEY

-- out here everything is more, y'know, new and colorful.

TONY

But don't you miss the seasons?

MIKEY

We have seasons out here, too - summer and not summer.

TONY

Yeah, yeah, yeah... I assume you got my voicemail... that I was comin' out and all... the change of plans. You should've picked up the phone. I didn't want to leave a message for obvious reasons.

MIKEY

Don't worry, I erased it.

TONY

(Long pause.)

Mom, she just doesn't understand, Tony.

MIKEY

(settles back in chair, sighing.)

(TONY shrugs, tossing back his beer, pacing anxiously.)

She doesn't seem to know what went down between you and the old man.

MIKEY (Cont'd.)

(TONY stops and peers intently at MIKEY.)

She knows very well what went down!

TONY

Tony, Tony, we're family here.

MIKEY

Family. *(beat)* Fuck that shit.

TONY

C'mon, you said you were going to be there.

MIKEY

Ah, I thought about it.

TONY

MIKEY
Yeah, and then what happened? We had a plan.

TONY
Well...it's just...I'm not very liquid right now.

(MIKEY waves a dismissive hand, shakes his head.)

MIKEY
What a piece of work.

TONY
Hey!

MIKEY
Okay, okay, what's your *scam du jour*?

TONY
It ain't no scam; it's legit.

MIKEY
Uh-huh.

TONY
(*righteous*)
I'm a businessman here.

MIKEY
Of course you are. Just like the old man was a businessman.

TONY
No, that prick was a loser!

MIKEY
Like I said.

TONY
Fuck you!

MIKEY
All the same...you should've showed up.

TONY
Enough already. I was there...in spirit.

MIKEY
In spirit? Ha! You didn't return any of my phone calls after it went down. What was I supposed to think, Tony?

TONY
I was...busy. Running the business and all. Y'know how it is.

MIKEY

Speaking of which, what is this new business of yours?

TONY

I'm...a...manager.

MIKEY

A manager? Whattaya mean? Like for a restaurant? A bar or some shit?

(beat)

TONY

Hmmmm...money.

MIKEY

(smiling)

A money manager? You're a money manager? Now I've heard everything.

TONY

Me and a couple, three other guys, eh - businessmen - are managin'...a mutual fund.

MIKEY

(laughs)

Ha! Are you serious?

TONY

(intensely)

Like a heart attack.

(Suddenly, the bathroom door opens and APHRODITE pads in holding a bath towel against her still wet, naked body. A knockout, she's obviously very immodest about showing off her assets -- her whole backside is exposed. She comes over to TONY to hug him as MIKEY stands, gives her the once over, and takes the whole scene in.)

MIKEY

(to APHRODITE)

Well, hello.

(to TONY)

Who's this?

APHRODITE

The *femme fatale*.

TONY

Mikey, this is Aphrodite. *(beat)* Aphrodite, this is my baby brother, Mikey, from Brooklyn.

MIKEY

Nice to meet you...Aphrodite.

APHRODITE

Nice to meet you, baby brother, Mikey, from Brooklyn. I don't see much of a resemblance except the olive complexion and bad disposition.

MIKEY

With dad we could never be sure if we shared the same mother.

APHRODITE

Your family seems so...charming.

MIKEY

Aphrodite...is that your real name or a stage name?

TONY

(annoyed)

Aphrodite is my assistant.

MIKEY

Does she get paid by the hour or the trick?

TONY

Don't go there, baby brother.

(APHRODITE comes closer to MIKEY, sizing him up.)

APHRODITE

Why, you're a regular Prince Charming, aren't you?

MIKEY

I've been told.

APHRODITE

You're the normal one. The married one. The one with the two-point-five kids, and the pretty wife, and the two Caddies and the brownstone in the Heights --

MIKEY

-- are you psychic or has my brother been talking about me? --

APHRODITE

-- the one who took over the family business. Whattaya call 'em -- pizza palaces?

MIKEY

Pizza parlors...pizzerias...Italian restaurants. All owned and operated by people of Italian extraction. Unlike the tofu pizza shitholes out here. We don't make pizza back home with ham and pineapple on it for heaven's sake. We make pizza with freshly grated mozzarella and parmesan cheeses, and a rich, tangy tomato gravy --

TONY

-- sauce --

MIKEY

-- it's gravy, not sauce!

TONY

I'm interpretin' here.

MIKEY

There's a difference.

(beat.)

Tomato gravy. All on a fine, thin, crispy crust that melts in your mouth. I'm not talkin' that deep-dish Chicago shit that looks like a pan of after-birth. I'm talkin' real pizza here.

APHRODITE

Why, I never knew pizza could bring out such passion in a man.

TONY

You don't know my family.

APHRODITE

I don't think I want to know your family.

(MIKEY sits down while APHRODITE slinks into the bedroom to get dressed. She doesn't bother to close the door. MIKEY has a front-row seat to her "Dresssing" performance.)

MIKEY

(eyes peeled on her)

Nice.

TONY

Hands off!

MIKEY

My hands aren't anywhere near her.

TONY

I mean your eyes, too.

(MIKEY watches her intently, oblivious to TONY.)

MIKEY

It's a lot like strippin', only backwards.

TONY

I said eyes off!

MIKEY

(facing his brother.)

What street corner did you find her on?

TONY

For your information, she has an MBA.

MIKEY
Yeah, I'll say - Major Bodily Assets.

TONY
I'm serious.

MIKEY
So am I.

TONY
Listen, she's helping me attract potential investors.

MIKEY
Hey, I'm all hot and bothered to invest.

TONY
This is a serious business venture.

MIKEY
Can I call my broker and invest in your business? By the way, what's the name of this mutual fund of yours? *(beat)* The Pyramid Fund?
(laughs)

TONY
Ha-ha. You crack me up. At least, I'm starting up my own business.

MIKEY
What kind of fund is it?

TONY
Huh?

MIKEY
Y'know -- conservative, moderate, aggressive?

TONY
I would have to say aggressive.

MIKEY
Uh-huh, high risk, I bet.

TONY
I know what you're trying to do.

MIKEY
What am I trying to do?

TONY
Keep me down. Your big brother, the one you supposed to look up to, all you ever did was try and knock me down in front of mom and dad. You are one fuckin' over-achiever who has to show me up any chance you get.

MIKEY
That's not true. I can't help being who I am.

TONY

The better son. The more successful son. The son who stuck it out with them regardless. The son who gave them their friggin' grandkids.

MIKEY

My, you sound bitter. You had the same opportunities I did. We just went our separate ways.

(APHRODITE returns wearing a skimpy bikini. TONY eyes her disapprovingly.)

TONY

What's this? You call that dressed?

APHRODITE
(*cranky*)

What? It's too hot to wear clothes.

TONY

Put on a pair of shorts or somethin'. We have company, for chrissakes.

(With a huff, APHRODITE turns and wiggles her ass at them before stomping off to the bedroom, slamming the door.)

TONY

Sometimes she's a handful.

MIKEY

I have to admit, your new business venture has great assets!

LIGHTS DOWN.

SCENE 2

(Lights up on the living room. TONY is sitting on the sofa while MIKEY sits on a stool by the bar. There's a boom box stereo on the bar blasting electronic rave dance music. APHRODITE, now dressed in an animal print top and a leather miniskirt is dancing to the beat, oblivious to the two men watching her. There are empty beer cans scattered around the room. Mikey's briefcase and duffle bag still sit on the floor where he left them in Scene 1.)

MIKEY

She's truly talented.

TONY

Fuck me.

MIKEY

I'm being sincere here.

TONY

Don't forget you're happily married.

MIKEY

That only means I'm dead from the head up...not the waist down.

TONY

Speaking of which, how is your better half?

MIKEY

Her name is Marlene. My children's names are Michael and Anthony.

TONY

I know, I know. You named your kids after us. Only this time the eldest is Michael and the youngest is Anthony.

MIKEY

I wanted to make it right this time.

TONY

Fuck you very much.

MIKEY

Is that the extent of your vocabulary?

TONY

Yeah, I didn't go to city college like you did. You're the smart one; I'm the dumb one.

MIKEY

Lighten up. You and her...is this serious?

TONY

Huh?

MIKEY

You and the hooker?

TONY

She's no hooker.

MIKEY

Oh, excuse me, the exotic dancer then.

TONY

She's no dancer.

MIKEY

I dare to disagree.

TONY

She has an MBA I told you. She's educated.

MIKEY
Then what is she doin' with you?

TONY
Jeezus, you never let up, do you? Just like the old man -- always zinging 'em.

(Long pause.)

MIKEY
You should've paid your last respects.

TONY
Oh, here we go again!

MIKEY
He was your father...regardless.

TONY
I was his punchin' bag!

MIKEY
We were both his punchin' bag.

TONY
Naw, by the time you came around...hell, ten years later...he was out of steam and too drunk to tear into you.

MIKEY
So, tell me already...what happened the last time you two were together?

(TONY eyes MIKEY intently. Then he picks up an empty beer can and squeezes it above his mouth like he was squeezing a piece of fruit, crushing it.)

TONY
Need more fuel.
(to APRHODITE.)
Honey, we need more beer and something to eat.

(APHRODITE ignores him)

TONY (Cont'd)
Turn off that shit!
(APHRODITE glares at TONY but she ignores him and raises the volume on the boom box. In a rage, TONY storms over to the stereo box, picks it up, raises it above his head, and smashes it onto the floor.)

TONY (Cont'd)
I told you I don't like that kind of music!

APHRODITE
You're a sick fuck!

TONY

Put on some decent clothes and get us some food! We have a guest here!

(APHRODITE eyes MIKEY who playfully waves to her, reminding her of his presence.)

APHRODITE

Who the fuck do you think I am? I'm not your mother, and I'm certainly not your fucking wife. So go get your own food, asshole! *(beat)* And you're paying for that stereo!

(TONY pulls back his fist but APHRODITE stands defiantly before him. TONY looks from her to MIKEY, calming down, embarrassed.)

MIKEY

It's okay, we could eat out somewhere or order something in. *(beat)* Anything but pizza.

TONY

I'm sorry. The noise gets to me sometimes. I'll go and pick up some sandwiches. That okay, Mikey?

MIKEY

Yeah, but, y'know, don't go to any trouble on my account.

TONY

You're my guest, I have to feed you. I'll go get some stuff from the deli.

MIKEY

An Italian deli?

TONY

Mikey...this is L.A. How many times do I have to remind you? There's like no fuckin' descent Italian anything out here like home. There's chinks and Thai and Mexican. And all the restaurants out here are run by the same people. They all look the same and speak anything but American.

MIKEY

A turkey sandwich sounds good.

TONY

I think that they can do. But I have to warn you, out here they put mustard and mayo on everything.

MIKEY

You gotta be kiddin' me.

TONY

No, it's some unwritten law or something. One time, they even put mayo on my fried egg sandwich. I kid you not.

MIKEY

These people don't know the first thing about eating proper.

TONY

What can I say, they don't have refined palates like us.

MIKEY

Just do your best -- you know what I like.

(TONY looks from MIKEY to APHRODITE.)

TONY

You comin' with me?

APHRODITE

Surely, you jest.

TONY

(*to MIKEY*)

What about you?

(MIKEY stretches with a yawn.)

MIKEY

I'm kinda bushed -- jet lag and all.

TONY

Yeah, I can never sleep on planes neither.

MIKEY

Why don't you stop by Dunkin' Donuts and pick up a dozen for breakfast?

(TONY stops in the doorway and looks back at MIKEY.)

TONY

Sorry, pal, but we don't have any Dunkin' Donuts out here. We have somethin' called Winchell's instead.

(MIKEY is dumbstruck.)

TONY

And don't even get me started on the bagels out here....

LIGHTS DOWN.

SCENE 3

(Lights up on APHRODITE standing behind the bar with MIKEY on one of the stools.)

I see you brought a bag. APHRODITE

My one-nighter. MIKEY

Is that how long you'll be staying? APHRODITE

Perhaps. MIKEY

And you're planning to spend the night here? APHRODITE

Unless you have a problem with that. MIKEY

Why are you here? APHRODITE

To see my grieving brother. I buried our father yesterday. MIKEY

Correct me if I'm wrong, but wouldn't your father's death bring Tony to Brooklyn for the funeral. APHRODITE

You would think so. But we're talking' about Tony here. *(beat)* Tell me, does he have many temper tantrums like that? I mean you must go through a shitload of electronics and furniture. MIKEY

No, I never saw him act like that until you showed up. APHRODITE

Know him long, do you? MIKEY

Not very. APHRODITE

Then stock up on your stereos 'cause you ain't seen nuthin' yet. He takes after Dad when it comes to his temper. MIKEY

Really? APHRODITE

MIKEY
He knew I was coming, I left a voicemail.

APHRODITE
He never mentioned it to me.

MIKEY
I guess he doesn't tell you everything.

APHRODITE
(*annoyed*)
Why are you here again?

MIKEY
To make sure my brother's cool.

APHRODITE
How considerate of you. He's fine, so why don't you go home now.

MIKEY
Y'know, I love your eyes...
(APHRODITE nods, not falling for it.)

MIKEY (Cont'd)
...I could look into those beautiful eyes of yours for the rest of my life.

APHRODITE
Is that what you tell your wife?

MIKEY
(*shrugs*)
Once upon a time.

APHRODITE
Oh, trouble in paradise?

MIKEY
(*ignoring her*)
Ever been back east?

APHRODITE
Nope. I'm a proud native. Never stepped out of the state of California.

MIKEY
That's nuthin' to boast about, sweetheart.

APHRODITE
You're a real snob, pizza boy.

MIKEY
I have class, I admit. (*beat*) What exactly do you see in my older brother?

APHRODITE

I like his honesty. He doesn't pretend he's somebody else.

MIKEY

No, he's a loser and he knows it. Can't get any more honest than that.

APHRODITE

You know you're very cruel.

MIKEY

Thank you. I work real hard at it. And you...you're very nice, I suppose. Tell me, what do you do for a living?

APHRODITE

I'm in business.

MIKEY

And Tony says he's in business. What kind of business? The Ponzi scheme business?

APHRODITE

(sharply)

Don't even go there.

MIKEY

Excuse me?

APHRODITE

The family business...remember?

MIKEY

Just how much has Tony boy told you?

APHRODITE

Just enough to get the picture.

MIKEY

Y'know, I could lay you down on this table right here and now and eat you out until your head explodes. Wanna give it a try?

APHRODITE

Are you coming on to me, Mr. Class?

MIKEY

Am I that transparent?

APHRODITE

Do you always fuck your brother's girlfriends?

MIKEY

Only the ones worth fuckin'.

APHRODITE

Why would I give it up to you?

MIKEY
So you can say you had both of us.

APHRODITE
Wow, what a thrill.

MIKEY
C'mon, I'll pay your usual rate.

APHRODITE
I only fuck men I like. And, frankly, I don't like you.

MIKEY
But you like Tony, the loser.

APHRODITE
That's right.

MIKEY
No way, I don't believe that for a second.

APHRODITE
That's your problem.

MIKEY
I do like women who play hard to get.

APHRODITE
I don't think you like women at all.

MIKEY
That's not true. I love women.

APHRODITE
I doubt that.

MIKEY
It's true. I admire that they can tap into their feelings easier than men.

(MIKEY looks down at the countertop for a long pause.)

MIKEY
(sincere)
Me...I just wanna...I wanna...feel again.

APHRODITE
Is this yet another tactic to get into my pants?

(MIKEY goes over to the window to peer out.)

MIKEY
Jesus, where did he go?

APHRODITE

So, tell me your version of Brooklyn.

(MIKEY turns to look at her.)

MIKEY

It's old. Brown and old. Like Tony said.

APHRODITE

Then why are you still living there? At least, Tony got out.

MIKEY

(shaking his head)

No, he didn't. You can never leave Brooklyn. Not really. I mean, you can physically leave...but...you really don't leave. Y'know what I mean?

APHRODITE

Not a clue.

MIKEY

(softly, to himself)

He's no loser when it comes to you. I'll give him that much.

APHRODITE

(straining to hear)

What was that?

MIKEY

What do they say...Brooklyn is not just a place; it's a state of mind.

APHRODITE

It must be...that's all Tony ever talks about. But a lot of the talk is bad memories...it sounded pretty awful.

MIKEY

He only remembers the bad stuff. That's Tony.

APHRODITE

And what about Mikey?

MIKEY

You ever hurt so much you can't think straight anymore?

APHRODITE

(sarcastic)

In a lot of pain, are we?

MIKEY

I need someone like you.

(MIKEY walks over to her, the bar between them. He leans over to get closer to her.)

MIKEY (Cont'd)

I'll do anything just to feel somethin'.

(MIKEY goes around the bar and stands just inches from her.)

MIKEY (Cont'd)

I haven't felt a thing in years. I've been on auto pilot. The work...the wife...the kids...the whole thing. It's all meaningless to me.

APHRODITE

I knew you were hurting the first time I set eyes on you. All that venom had to come from somewhere.

(MIKEY embraces her passionately. They break apart when they hear TONY at the door. MIKEY hurries into the bathroom, closing the door quietly. TONY enters the living room holding two bags. APHRODITE remains standing at the bar leafing through a magazine.)

TONY

Did I miss anything?

(TONY goes into the kitchen and places the smaller bag on the table. He walks over to the bar with the shopping bag. He pulls out a box to reveal a new portable stereo.)

APHRODITE
(playfully)

You bastard.

(TONY leans over the bar to kiss her quickly on the lips.)

TONY

Y'know I didn't mean anything before.

(TONY returns to the kitchen table and takes out several sub sandwiches.)

TONY

Hey, babe, where's my brother?

APHRODITE

In the john.

(TONY walks over to the bathroom door and starts knocking on it.)

TONY
Hello? Hello? Is anyone in there? Are you stinkin' up the place?

MIKEY
(*O.S.*)
I'll be right out.

TONY
The food's on the table! Muncha!

LIGHTS DOWN.

SCENE 4

(Lights up on TONY, APHRODITE, and MIKEY sitting around the kitchen table eating their sandwiches.)

MIKEY
This hero isn't so bad...except for the bread.

TONY
They call 'em subs out here not heros. (*beat*) They can't bake good bread out here for some reason.

APHRODITE
It's the water or something.

TONY
Not enough humidity in the air.

MIKEY
(*making a face*)
This bread is absolutely spongy.

TONY
I know, I know, no crispy crust. It's like chewing on a paper towel.

(Long pause while they eat their sandwiches.)

TONY
(*licking his fingers*)
So...what kinda box did you send the old man out in?

MIKEY

Solid mahogany with gold hardware and a pure silk lining.

TONY

Too good for that fucker!

(pause.)

How did mom...y'know...how did she handle it?

MIKEY

She held up pretty well considerin'. No hysterics or anything. Y'know how she is...

TONY

I wonder...is that good or bad?

MIKEY

Who knows -- maybe she hated that bastard as much as we did.

TONY

After all those years, it becomes a companionship thing, I guess. That's what they say anyway.

APHRODITE

Did she know about the other women?

(TONY and MIKEY stop chewing and eye each other.)

TONY

Whattaya talkin' about?

APHRODITE

Earlier you two applied he was a bit of a womanizer.

MIKEY

(looks to TONY)

Did we say that?

APHRODITE

The different mother *shtick* -- remember?

TONY

Oh, yeah.

MIKEY

We were only...y'know, bullshittin'.

APHRODITE

Did I hit a nerve?

TONY

He's dead, who cares?

May he rest in pieces. MIKEY
(TONY and MIKEY break out in laughter.)

How did he die? APHRODITE

Appropriately. MIKEY

(TONY guffaws, spitting out his beer.)

Am I missing something here? APHRODITE

Sorry...we're being rude. MIKEY

I'll tell you later, dear. TONY

I think you guys had too much to drink! APHRODITE

(APHRODITE stands up and goes into the bedroom. The two men follow her with their eyes.)

I envy you, big brother. MIKEY

How's that, baby brother? TONY

She's the hostess with the mostess. MIKEY

(TONY and MIKEY cackle.)

But it did go down okay, right? TONY
(*soberly*)

You would've known if you were there. MIKEY

Y'know I can't face mom...not in this situation. TONY

She needed you to be there. MIKEY

TONY
She had you, her precious baby. Who's with her now?

MIKEY
Marlene is there with her...and the kids.

TONY
How's Marlene doin'?

MIKEY
Great...I guess.

TONY
You two...y'know...doing okay?

MIKEY
(knocking on table.)
Knock wood...twelve good years.

TONY
That's a fuckin' record these days. That's longer than both my two marriages combined.

MIKEY
What about this one?

TONY
Aphrodite? I don't know her that long, but she seems different than the others. She doesn't expect all that much out of me. And she's not out to change me.

MIKEY
She, eh, in on your scam?

TONY
It ain't a scam, I told you! It's legitimate!

MIKEY
Don't bullshit a bullshitter. Y'know what I mean. Is she trustworthy?

TONY
Sure...I think so anyway.

MIKEY
How much does she know about the family?

TONY
I haven't told her much, but she's not stupid.

MIKEY
What's her background?

TONY

Rich kid...her old man has money. Banker type in pinstripe armor. She's rebelling and wants to make it on her own or somethin'.

MIKEY

(taken aback.)

But she's never been out of the state of California.

TONY

Did she tell you that? She's travelled the world.

MIKEY

If she's rich --

TONY

-- what's she doing with me? I said her dad's rich. I guess, he wants her to earn it the hard way.

MIKEY

Tell me, is this rich dude one of your potential investors?

TONY

I know what you're thinkin', I'm not bonin' her to get to her old man!

MIKEY

Well, it wouldn't be the first time.

TONY

Don't remind me, okay?

MIKEY

Who's to say she's not connin' you.

TONY

Whattaya mean?

MIKEY

Maybe she's playin' you. Telling me the truth and lying to you.

TONY

No way. I oughta know who I'm sleeping' with, for chrissakes.

MIKEY

Yeah, I guess you're right. I sure wish I had somethin' like that back in Brooklyn.

TONY

Believe me, they don't grow 'em like that in Brooklyn.

MIKEY

What's that? *(cupping his ear)* Am I hearin' wedding bells or what?

TONY

Fuck no!

MIKEY
That mean you don't love her?

TONY
I didn't say that.

(suspiciously)
Hey, where are you goin' with this?

MIKEY
Just shootin' the breeze, tryin' to find out if my big brother's happy or not.

TONY
Right now, I'm very happy, thank you very much.

MIKEY
What's her take on you?

TONY
Can we change the subject? Your heightened interest in my girlfriend concerns me.

MIKEY
I don't mean anythin' by it.

TONY
(sarcastic)
Oh, I'm sure you don't.

MIKEY
What's the matter -- worried I might snatch her away?

TONY
Not at all. You're not her type. She sees right through people like you.

MIKEY
People like me?

TONY
Y'know what I mean...an asshole.

MIKEY
Ha! I can wear her down.

TONY
Don't tell me I'm threatenin' you for a change.

MIKEY
Tell me more about your new business venture.

TONY
(smiling triumphantly)
Changin' the subject, I see.

MIKEY

Tell me, are you picking' stock the same way you used to pick the ponies when you were a bookie? What was that secret Tony formula again? Oh yeah, throwing darts at the pinned up racin' forms, yeah that was it...am I right?

TONY

Hey, it worked.

MIKEY

Oh, don't tell me you're usin' the same old Tony formula again.

TONY

Others have done it with stocks, too.

MIKEY

Uh-huh. Can I read your prospectus?

TONY

My what?

MIKEY

You gotta learn the lingo, Tony. Your business plan.

TONY

Aphrodite's workin' on it.

MIKEY

I bet she is.

TONY

I told you, this is totally legit, Mikey.

MIKEY

As you keep remindin' me.

TONY

Since when do you care so much what I do with my life?

MIKEY

We're brothers, for chrissakes.

TONY

That never meant much before.

MIKEY

Hey, we're partners in this little scheme of ours. Speakin' of which, how much does she know about that?

TONY

Listen, she doesn't know anything' about it. And I would like to keep it that way.

MIKEY

How're you gonna manage that --

(APHRODITE comes out of the bedroom and goes to the table to get her beer. Their conversation stops upon her appearance.)

MIKEY (Cont'd)

Where've you been?

APHRODITE

I figured I'll give you enough time to talk about me.

MIKEY

How perceptive of you, Aphrodite...or how self-absorbed.

APHRODITE

Careful...your fangs are showing, Mikey.

TONY

Play nice, you two.

MIKEY

So Tony tells me that you've travelled the world.

APHRODITE

Have I?

TONY

Never been to Brooklyn though.

APHRODITE

Doesn't Manhattan count?

MIKEY

An island onto itself.

TONY

Mikey here has a great view of it from his place in the Heights.

APHRODITE

Ever think about leaving Brooklyn?

MIKEY

Y'know my feelings on that.

(TONY looks from Aphrodite to Mikey, picking up vibes he doesn't like.)

TONY

How would she know your feelings on that?

MIKEY

We spoke before...when you went to the store.

Oh...that's right...I forgot.

TONY
(APHRODITE kisses Tony on the top of his head while she gives Mikey a sharp glare.)

I better piss out some of this beer.

MIKEY
(MIKEY rises and goes into the living room to get his duffle bag. He leaves the briefcase exactly where it is. He carries the duffle bag towards the back rooms.)

You need your duffle bag to take a piss?

TONY

I'm puttin' it away.

MIKEY

There's a closet in the bedroom.

TONY

Got it.

MIKEY
(to APHRODITE)

Now you can talk about me to Tony.

(APHRODITE makes a face at MIKEY. He exits into the back rooms. APHRODITE slaps the back of TONY'S head.)

What's with this brother of yours?

APHRODITE

Piece of work, ain't he?

TONY
(laughs)

You didn't tell me he was coming.

APHRODITE

I thought I mentioned it.

TONY

You know very well you didn't.

APHRODITE

My bad.

TONY

(MIKEY returns to the kitchen. He sits down in his chair.)

MIKEY

Did I give you enough time to talk about me?

APHRODITE
(*ignoring him*)

I'm ready to ht the sack -- you coming?

(MIKEY scans his watch then looks up at TONY anxiously.)

TONY

In a little while, babe.

(APHRODITE slinks into the bedroom, closing the door behind her. TONY waits for her to leave before leaning towards MIKEY with concern.)

TONY (Cont'd)
(*hushed*)

Where the fuck is this guy! You sure he's comin'? Tonight? Not next week like we originally planned?

MIKEY

Chill...I took care of it.

TONY

Okay, I'll be back. Give me a few minutes to say goodnight.

MIKEY

Take your time.

(TONY rises, looking nervous, and makes his way into the bedroom, closing the door behind him. MIKEY smiles after him.)

LIGHTS DOWN.

SCENE 5

(Lights up on TONY as he finds APHRODITE standing against the wall in the dimly lit bedroom waiting for him. He joins her, nudging her affectionately.)

APHRODITE

What's going down?

TONY

The only thing going down should be you, babe.

APHRODITE

Yeah, right. After that little temper tantrum? Huh? What was that all about? I never saw you act like that before. I don't think I like this little brother of yours...he brings out all your demons.

TONY

I'm under a lot of pressure here. You gotta bear with me, babe.

APHRODITE

I don't get it. There's more to this than you're telling me obviously. Am I right?

(TONY looks away, avoiding her gaze.)

APHRODITE (Cont'd)

What is this, Tony? You always tell me everything. What's going on?

TONY

(annoyed)

You'll know everything soon enough.

(TONY cups her breast through her blouse and squeezes it affectionately.)

TONY (Cont'd)

You drive me crazy.

(They kiss passionately, TONY'S hands are all over her as he pins her against the wall.)

APHRODITE

(clears her throat; pushes away)

Your brother's in the next room.

TONY

Let him get his own pussy.

(TONY slips his hand into the front of her skirt.)

APHRODITE

Tony.

TONY

You got me all worked up, baby.

(APHRODITE unzips TONY'S pants and begins to masturbate him in the darkness. He takes a pull from his beer bottle from time to time during the action.)

APHRODITE

How's my big boy doing? He's all worked up and has nowhere to go...

TONY

Talk dirty to me some more...

APHRODITE

I wish you could slip that Sicilian sausage...into my oven. It's all hot...and juicy...and waiting for you. I can smell the bread baking from here...Can you smell it?

TONY

Yes!

APHRODITE

I need you deep inside me...I'm your pizza topping...Spicy and --

TONY

(in ecstasy)

-- yes! Yes! Yessss!

(TONY sprays his beer out of his mouth when he comes, the foam running down his chin. He collapses on the edge of the bed, spent.)

APHRODITE

(wiping her hand with a tissue)

Gee, that was fast.

TONY

I think I blew a gasket...

(Pause.)

APHRODITE

I know you haven't told me everything.

TONY

Let me have a moment of peace...anyways...trust me, you don't wanna know everything'.

APHRODITE

(sing-song)

I don't like surprises, Tony.

TONY

Sure you do, babe, that's what turns you on.

(TONY struggles to get up, tipsy from booze and fatigue, he kisses her.)

You get some rest...
TONY (Cont'd)

LIGHTS DOWN.

SCENE 6

(Lights up on school yard basketball court near the house. TONY and MIKEY both sit against a chain-link fence. TONY cradles a basketball. Mikey is stripped down to his t-shirt. Both are sweaty and out of breath.)

Shhh...do you hear that?
TONY

What, what?
MIKEY

You can hear the ocean.
TONY

Naw, that's the traffic over on Lincoln.
MIKEY

It's the fuckin' ocean!
TONY

Tony, we gotta be at least a mile from the water.
MIKEY

I'm telling' you it's the ocean.
TONY

Okay, it's the ocean. You live in a beachfront home. There, does that make you feel better now?
MIKEY

(Both MIKEY and TONY take a swig of their beers.)

Speakin' of crazy, y'know, Mom's not doin' so good.
MIKEY (Cont'd)

TONY

Yeah, she just lost her husband.

MIKEY

No, even before that. She's losing it...her memory and all...she's not all there anymore... sometimes she's like not even in the room.

TONY

Jesus, she ain't that old. Seventy something, I think, early seventy somethin'.

MIKEY

She's that old?

TONY

At least.

MIKEY

Are you sure? Wasn't the old man like ten years older than she was, and he was seventy eight.

TONY

I think I should know how old my fuckin' mother is, for chrissakes.

MIKEY

Whatever. I guess she's old enough to be losin' it.

TONY

Maybe that's better with what's been goin' down.

MIKEY

You mean with the old man and all?

TONY

Yeah...maybe it won't sink in.

MIKEY

One day he's here; the next day he's gone. *(beat)* I think she oughta notice.

TONY

Not if she ain't right in the head. Nonna had that, too.

MIKEY

Alzheimer's.

TONY

Yeah, whatever they call it.

MIKEY

Probably a blessing to go out that way. You don't know what the fuck's goin' on.

(Long pause as they drink their beers.)

TONY

So, how did he look? Did the mortician do a good job?

MIKEY

Obviously, it was a closed coffin. That fat fuck Chaz said Dad looked like the fuckin' Frankenstein monster after they stitched 'em back together again.

TONY

I didn't think I could handle it...thanks for taking care of that.

MIKEY

Is that why you didn't show up? You never did like to take care of the messy details.

TONY

Me, I make the mess, I don't like cleanin' it up. That's where you always came in. Mister Meticulous.

(MIKEY scans his watch.)

MIKEY

This guy's way late. Maybe we shouldn't be away from the house.

TONY

If he wants his dough, he'll show up and wait for it. And y'know he wants his dough.

MIKEY

I just hate this waiting' around shit.

TONY

Tell me about it. It's the story of my fuckin' life.

(MIKEY takes a swig of beer. He looks over at TONY who is staring off into space.)

MIKEY

You miss the old neighborhood?

(TONY waves a dismissive hand.)

MIKEY (Cont'd)

Not even a little bit?

TONY

The old neighborhood ain't the old neighborhood anymore...what was then is no more. What is now, I don't even recognize.

MIKEY

Hell, nuthin' stays the same.

TONY

Exactly my point. So what am I missin' if I miss the old neighborhood? I miss my youth, is that what you're askin'? Do I miss my childhood? My teenage years? My years at home? Is that what you're askin' when you ask me if I miss the old neighborhood?

MIKEY

I...guess...so.

TONY

Well, then I'll have to say no...no I don't miss my childhood or the old neighborhood that doesn't fuckin' exist anymore.

MIKEY

I was just askin'.

TONY

Just be more precise in what you're askin'.

MIKEY

I will next time...sorry.

(Long pause.)

TONY

(smiling at the thought.)

Is whatshername still around?

MIKEY

Mona -- the one with the hooters.

TONY

Bazookas -- out to here. Best friggin' head bar none in my entire fuckin' degenerate life.

MIKEY

No shit.

TONY

Like a fuckin' Hoover. No teeth, tongue like a snake. And she swallowed without gaggin'.

MIKEY

They don't make 'em like that anymore.

TONY

And this was high school. She sucked dick like it was a prerequisite to college or somethin'. I mean, Jesus, I come in my pants just thinkin' about her.

MIKEY

You should see her now.

TONY

(enticed)

Nice?

MIKEY

She's gained a lot of weight...her ass looks like the back of the Avenue U bus now.

TONY

Too bad...Mona sure was a moaner.

MIKEY

It's a shame when that happens...

TONY

Married...kids...that's what it does to you.

MIKEY

She probably can still hum though.

TONY

With your eyes closed it don't make much difference.

(They both laugh.)

MIKEY

We probably should head back.

(They help each other to their feet and lean against the fence.)

TONY

(laughing)

Hey, remember Rusty?

MIKEY

(joining the laughter)

The shopkeeper from hell.

TONY

And some scumbag decides to hold him up at high noon.

MIKEY

Like how much money could that poor bastard possibly pull down at any given day?

TONY

Chump change.

MIKEY

And that whack-job Rusty resists.

TONY

And so the scumbag drills him with his Saturday Night Special.

MIKEY

Like three slugs they dug out of old Rusty.

TONY

Yeah, and Rusty chases after the shooter like a mile through the streets.

MIKEY

Remember how we retraced his bloodstains all over the fuckin' neighborhood?

TONY

Rusty probably would've lived if he hadn't run after him and bled to death.

MIKEY

That poor bastard had one mean temper.

TONY

Yeah, ol' Rusty was a pistol. Jeezus, you were just a baby when it went down.

MIKEY

Old enough to still remember.

TONY

How is it we always remember the bad things...never the good things?

MIKEY

Because there weren't many good things, I guess.

TONY

Not for me, there wasn't...

LIGHTS DOWN.

SCENE 7

(Lights up on TONY and MIKEY at the bar. They are disheveled and obviously tired from too much drinking.)

MIKEY

Since we have time to kill, why don't you tell me more about this new scheme of yours.

TONY

Oh, here we go again. It ain't a scheme!

MIKEY

Yeah, you and your big business schemes. You're right up there with the best of 'em -- Ralph Kramden and Fred Flintstone.

TONY

Look at you, so threatened by my dreams.

MIKEY

That's bullshit.

TONY

It's all because you don't have any dreams of your own.

Of course I have dreams. MIKEY

Naw...I'm the dreamer, you...you...I don't even know who the hell you are! TONY

Now you're hurtin' my feelings. MIKEY

(A knocking is heard coming from the front door. TONY and MIKEY exchange anxious glances.)

He's here. TONY

What should we do? MIKEY

Open the fuckin' door...whattaya mean what should we do? TONY

(MIKEY goes to the door and peers through the peephole.)

It's him. MIKEY
(frantically)

No shit. Open the door! TONY

(MIKEY looks back at TONY once more before opening the door. Middle-aged FRANKIE enters the house dressed in black jeans and a leather jacket. He wears a gold chain around his neck. MIKEY and FRANKIE shake hands.)

Hey, Mikey, how's it hangin'? FRANKIE

(FRANKIE nods at TONY who remains seated on bar stool.)

Don't bother getting' up when your company arrives, *goombah*. Just keep your fat ass planted. FRANKIE (Cont'd)

(FRANKIE meets the rising TONY and they embrace.)

FRANKIE (Cont'd)

Man-oh-man, it's been a long time since I saw your sorry face in Brooklyn.

TONY

You're lookin' good for an old asshole. You still livin' with the family?

FRANKIE

Somebody's gotta take care of mom.

TONY

She ever figure out what you do for a livin' yet?

FRANKIE

I just tell her that I take care of business.

MIKEY

And you're real good at it!

FRANKIE

That I am. I did okay for myself, considering. Unlike Mister College here who bested us all from the old neighborhood. Drivin' around in his shiny new Caddy Escalade.

TONY

Ah, Mister City College here is still running' a pizza parlor like his old man before him.

FRANKIE

A fuckin' pizza parlor chain.

TONY

Whatever. *(beat)* Sit your ass down and have a drink.

(TONY walks around the bar while FRANKIE sits on a stool. MIKEY stands to the side of him.)

TONY

You still tossin' back that single malt?

FRANKIE

(delighted)

You remembered...

(TONY serves FRANKIE a single malt scotch.)

FRANKIE (Cont'd)

The pizza they make out here, Mikey, is like no pizza I've ever tasted.

MIKEY

That's because it's not made by Italians. And the ingredients they use. It's just garbage. Back home most of the pizza joints are run by Italians. The cheese, dough, spices all distributed by the same supplier.

FRANKIE

Yeah, the *Costa Nostra*.

(They all laugh.)

MIKEY

That's why most of the pizza joints in New York taste the same -- that's what's missin' out here.

TONY

(intrigued)

Hey, I think you're on to somethin' there, baby brother --

MIKEY

-- don't get any fresh ideas --

TONY

-- maybe we need to change the way the pizza business is handled out here. Make it right.

FRANKIE

It's the same thing with egg creams. I leave New York on business, and it's like nobody knows from nobody what an egg cream is never mind how to make one.

MIKEY

They all think there's an egg in it or somethin'.

TONY

Man, I don't understand...they don't get pizza, they don't get egg creams. They don't get good food period.

FRANKIE

The worst offenders are out here. I fuckin' hate comin' to L.A. on business. Do you know they put mustard and mayo on everything out here? I'm talkin' both condiments here. They have no right to be together.

TONY

Y'know, they take credit for inventin' the cheeseburger out here.

MIKEY

The burger?

TONY

No, just the cheese that goes on the burger.

FRANKIE

I think some kraut invented the burger. That's why it's called what it is.

MIKEY

No shit.

TONY

And they invented the French Dip out here. Some joint downtown that used to be a whorehouse.

MIKEY
So how did this condiment fuck up happen?

FRANKIE
They're always tryin' to do things differently out here.
(He looks around the house.)
This your place, Tony?

TONY
Yeah, whattaya think?

FRANKIE
Not bad...a little rustic for my taste. Small like a bungelow, right?

TONY
Something like that.

FRANKIE
Felt one of those earthquakes yet?

TONY
Yeah, there's been a few rock and rollers since I've been out here.

FRANKIE
I don't think I can handle that.

TONY
Fuck, you live right next to the el. Your place rattles all day and night long.

FRANKIE
(shrugs)
Ah, you get used to the subway trains. But you can never get used to earthquakes.

TONY
Why's that?

FRANKIE
Because they strike without warning.

(TONY and MIKEY exchange glances while FRANKIE finishes his drink.)

FRANKIE (Cont'd)
Ah, that hit the spot.

TONY
You want another one?

FRANKIE

Naw, I'm bushed. I just came for my bread. I'm at a motel by LAX. Takin' an early flight back to civilization.

(TONY nods to MIKEY. He picks up his briefcase and places it on the bar before FRANKIE.)

FRANKIE (Cont'd)

This all of it?

TONY

Thanks for doin' such a professional job.

FRANKIE

I usually prefer a nice, clean hit, but you guys asked for the fancy trimmings.

(MIKEY stands behind FRANKIE.)

MIKEY

(slaps FRANKIE on the back.)

You did just what we asked for -- that's why you're the best.

FRANKIE

It sure was a mess! I had to wear a hazmat suit. Blood everywhere. Not my kind of job. Too hardcore. *(beat)* But I did what you paid me to do.

(FRANKIE opens the briefcase and peers into it. He reaches in and pulls out MIKEY'S underwear.)

FRANKIE

Hey, you guys wouldn't be playin' me, would yah?

(MIKEY pins FRANKIE to the stool while TONY lurches at him with his fists. At one point in the struggle, TONY picks up a loaf of Italian bread and hits Frankie over the head with it -- it bends in half instantly.)

TONY

Fuckin' soft crust!

(FRANKIE tries to reach into his jacket for his gun, but MIKEY restrains him.)

TONY

Don't even think about it, you fuck!

(TONY pulls out a kitchen knife from beneath the bar and begins to stab FRANKIE again and again in his stomach. FRANKIE cries out in agony before falling forward into the open briefcase on the table. MIKEY and TONY hover around the body, their adrenaline still pumping, breathless.)

MIKEY looks down at Frankie's lifeless body in disbelief. APHRODITE emerges from the bedroom. She looks from TONY to MIKEY then at the body.)

APHRODITE
(*hand on hip*)

I hope you don't expect me to clean up this fucking mess!

TONY

Babe.

APHRODITE

Don't babe me! What the fuck are you guys doing out here? What is this poor bastard's head doing in a briefcase?

TONY

We're just takin' care of some unfinished business.

(APHRODITE joins them at the bar. She warily inspects FRANKIE'S body then confronts TONY.)

APHRODITE

What did you do, Tony?!

TONY

Babe?

APHRODITE

He's dead, isn't he? You killed him!

(APHRODITE looks down at TONY'S hand holding the bloody knife.)

APHRODITE (Cont'd)

You murdered him with one of my knives I ordered from the fucking food channel!

(APHRODITE starts to slap him, again and again.)

APHRODITE (Cont'd)

Didn't you! Didn't you!

(APHRODITE turns to address MIKEY.)

APHRODITE (Cont'd)

And you're the one who got him mixed up in all this!

(MIKEY holds up his hands to defend himself.)

APHRODITE (Cont'd)

You just had to bring Brooklyn to L.A., didn't you?!

(APHRODITE raises her hand but MIKEY flinches and ducks out of the way.)

APHRODITE (Cont'd)
(calming down)

Now what?

TONY

We get rid of the body and clean up. No one will ever know.

APHRODITE
(anger building again)

Are you for real? Are both of you out of your fucking minds? You just murdered this friend of yours from...where...Brooklyn? Could someone here tell me why?

(TONY and MIKEY exchange glances and stammer.)

APHRODITE

This has something to do with your father's death -- doesn't it?

TONY

A bit.

MIKEY

Yeah...I guess.

APHRODITE

You didn't have the balls to ice your dad, so you hired this poor bastard to do it for you.

TONY

He made it look like a drug cartel mob hit...

MIKEY

A slice n' dice job.

APHRODITE

And instead of paying this poor bastard for services rendered, you two greedy lowlifes decided to whack him, is that it?

MIKEY

Just to cut the connection between us. With him out of the way, they can't trace the murder to us.

APHRODITE

This is all about money, I imagine.

(beat)

How did I do?

TONY

I always said you had smarts.

APHRODITE

Even a deaf and blind person could figure this one out. No wonder you didn't show up for the funeral, you were too guilt-ridden!

TONY

Frankly, I don't feel nuthin' either way.

(APHRODITE stares down MIKEY.)

APHRODITE

This had to be your idea! The business-smart prince of darkness! But Tony had to do the actual killing because you're not man enough to follow through.

MIKEY
(*sheepishly*)

Hey, I helped out.

APHRODITE

You guys are amazing. Now I'm part of this madness! Did you ever think about me, Tony, how now I'm an accessory to a premeditated murder?

TONY
(*nonchalantly*)

Babe, we dispose of the body -- it's like it never happened.

APHRODITE

Yeah, right, the police and whatever mob he's connected to are as dumb as you two are. They'll never trace him here. If you guys really wanted to pull this off professionally, why didn't you talk to me first?

MIKEY

You're a professional killer?

APHRODITE

I have an MBA!

MIKEY

What...what the fuck does that mean? You know about business...not how to take someone out!

APHRODITE

Gee, you're pretty naive when it comes to business, aren't you?

MIKEY

What is she sayin', Tony?

TONY

Never mind, we have a cleanup job to do.

APHRODITE

Have fun.

(APHRODITE turns to leave.)

TONY

Where do you think you're goin'?

APHRODITE

You don't really expect me to help you out of this mess, do you?

(TONY nods his head, beaming brightly.)

APHRODITE (Cont'd)

No fuckin' way!

TONY
(*dead serious.*)

You wanna join 'em?

MIKEY

Jesus, Tony.

APHRODITE

That's real nice. I'm seeing a side of you I've never seen before.

TONY

Does it turn you on?

(TONY and APHRODITE stare at each other for a few beats.)

MIKEY

What do we do first?

TONY

We roll him up in the rug. I always hated that fake Persian anyways. We mop the place down. Then we carry the stiff to my pickup, and we take him out to Playa Del Rey and bury him in the swamp.

MIKEY

Swamp?

APHRODITE

The wetlands.

MIKEY

(*looking down at his bloody clothes.*)

We're goin' to go out looking like this?

TONY

This is L.A., baby brother. They don't stop three white people in a car with blood all over their clothes. (*beat*) However, if we were three blacks dressed in tuxedos, now that would be a different story. (*beat*) Yeah, you can actually get away with murder in this town...

LIGHTS DOWN.

END OF ACT I

Act II

SCENE 1

(Lights up on TONY stretched out on the sofa in the living room while MIKEY sits on a bar stool nursing a bottle of scotch. Both are totally wasted. The fake Persian rug is missing from the living room floor.)

TONY
(*groggy*)

Is this night over yet?

MIKEY

Go to sleep already...it's over.

TONY

I think we did good, baby brother.

MIKEY

Yeah, but what about Aphrodite?

TONY
(*sigh*)

What about her?

MIKEY

She knows everythin'.

TONY

Yeah, she knows, so?

MIKEY

We didn't want any loose ends, remember?

(TONY sits up.)

TONY

Whattaya suggestin'?

MIKEY

Can we really trust her?

TONY

Of course we can trust her -- what choice do we have?

MIKEY

Okay, how much is it goin' to cost us?

(TONY lays back down.)

TONY
Now that's my problem.

MIKEY
Good. As long as we both agree her cut comes out of your end.

(TONY sits up again.)

TONY
I didn't say that.

MIKEY
Yes, you did.

TONY
When did I say that?

MIKEY
You just said a second ago -- "that's my problem."

TONY
Yeah, I didn't mention anythin' about her cut comin' from my end though.

MIKEY
Then what did you mean?

TONY
I mean...oh, I'm too tired to deal with this now!

(TONY lays down again. MIKEY takes a sip of his scotch.)

MIKEY
I hope you don't expect me to pay her anythin' out of my end. The whole point of knockin' off Frankie was so we could split the old man's money two ways, not three. And here we are back to three again.

TONY
(groggy)
We'll talk about it tomorrow...

MIKEY
It is tomorrow.

TONY
After I get some sleep, Mikey, give me a break here!

(TONY rolls over facing the rear of the sofa, his back to the room.)

LIGHTS DOWN.

SCENE 2

(Lights up on MIKEY sleeping at the bar, his head resting on his arms on the countertop. TONY is in a deep slumber on the couch, his back to the room. MIKEY stirs away, knocking over his empty glass on the bar. He stretches and rises. He walks over to his sleeping brother and stands there for a few beats. He turns and eyes the bedroom door that is slightly ajar. He looks back at his sleeping brother then back at the door. He pads softly to the bedroom door and pushes it open, looking back at his brother once more.)

LIGHTS DOWN.

SCENE 3

(Lights up on MIKEY as he makes his way into the dimly lit bedroom. APHRODITE lays in the bed on her stomach. He stands above her for a few beats. Aphrodite stirs in her sleep, rolling onto her back, her eyes blinking awake. Mikey shifts his weight from one foot to the other. They speak in hushed voices throughout the scene.)

MIKEY
(softly)

You're...so...incredible.

(APHRODITE sits up, startled.)

APHRODITE

Jesus...how long have you been there?

MIKEY

All my life.

APHRODITE

What do you want?

MIKEY

You.

(APHRODITE lays back down, her knees up.)

APHRODITE

Where's Tony?

MIKEY

Passed out.

APHRODITE

You don't care that I'm your brother's girlfriend?

MIKEY

If it doesn't bother you that I'm his brother.

APHRODITE

You're one sick puppy, you know that?

MIKEY

No, I just appreciate beautiful things. And you, Aphrodite, you're beautiful.

APHRODITE

What are you looking for?

MIKEY

Someone like you.

APHRODITE

I'm just a woman like any other woman.

MIKEY

You are that and more.

APHRODITE

I can't save you, baby. Is that what you're looking for -- salvation? Or just a piece of ass?

MIKEY

It will be as close as I will ever get to spiritual salvation.

APHRODITE

(giggles)

Oh, brother...what is this about?

MIKEY

This is about lust. This is about feelin' somethin' I haven't felt in years...

APHRODITE

You should get out more.

MIKEY

I envy my brother for leavin' Brooklyn. I wondered how he's handled it. He obviously found comfort in you.

APHRODITE

Oh, so that's it...

MIKEY

I need someone to show me the way.

(APHRODITE spreads her knees apart as she pulls up her night shirt.)

APHRODITE

This way out of Brooklyn.

(MIKEY climbs on the bed and crawls towards her, he showers her with kisses, working his way up her body.)

MIKEY

I would like to make you my house special pizza. You would be made of only choice ingredients...all imported from Italy. And I would squeeze out your essence and sprinkle it over the rich cheeses and thick, tangy tomato gravy. I would name it after you... Aphrodite...the perfect pizza.

(They kiss passionately and begin to make love.)

LIGHTS DOWN.

SCENE 4

(Lights up on APHRODITE and MIKEY asleep in the bed, their bodies entangled. TONY steps into the light as he stands at the foot of the bed, his face showing his pain and despair.)

LIGHTS DOWN.

SCENE 5:

(Lights up on MIKEY tiptoeing out of the bedroom door while putting his clothes on. He checks on his still sleeping brother and then goes into the kitchen to start making coffee. TONY rises and hurries into the bedroom before Mikey can see him. Mikey turns and sees the empty sofa.)

MIKEY
(softly)

Tony?

LIGHTS DOWN.

SCENE 6:

(Lights up on the bedroom. TONY slips into the bed next to the dozing Aphrodite and in the same position his brother had been in. He stares up at the ceiling and waits. APHRODITE stirs, turning, placing her arm across Tony's chest. Tony's eyes remain fixed on the ceiling.)

APHRODITE
(groggy)

Hey, baby...

TONY

Mornin'.

(APHRODITE quickly pulls her arm away and sits up, her eyes wide open.)

TONY

Somethin' wrong?

APHRODITE

No.

TONY

You seem...surprised to see me.

APHRODITE

Well, I thought...you know...I was alone.

TONY

Uh-huh.

APHRODITE

Besides I'm still mad at you.

TONY

Mad at me?

APHRODITE

Yes, why didn't you tell me about offing your father?

TONY

The less you knew, the less chance of this thing goin' sideways.

APHRODITE

Don't you trust me?

TONY
(few beats)

Baby, this is about murder.

APHRODITE

Why your father?

TONY

He still controlled the purse strings. Sure, Mikey ran the company, but he wasn't the boss. He was like a gofer for the old man.

APHRODITE

Couldn't you just have waited for the old geezer to kick the bucket? You had to hire a contract killer to chop him up?

TONY

(angry)

We tried waiting him out, but that old fuck would never die! We hired Frankie because he was cheap and a fuckin' maniac who would make the job look like a drug cartel mob hit. Choppin' a body up is what these animals do today.

APHRODITE

Well, it seems like overkill to me.

TONY

Don't you dare shed any tears for my old man.

APHRODITE

What the hell did he ever do to you?

(TONY sits up, his back to her. She sits up to lean against his shoulder.)

TONY

When I think of my old man, I think of the old Steeplechase Park in Coney Island.

APHRODITE

Steeplechase Park?

TONY

They closed it back in '64. It was pretty run down toward the end when I went there as a kid. Hell, Mikey wasn't even born yet. You used to enter it on Stillwell Avenue...you had to make your way through this huge revolving barrel...you would be trippin' all over the place in that thing...and then you get to the other side and you'd be greeted by this dude in clown-face who would prod your ass with an electric stinger...*(beat)* And you would be overwhelmed by all the noise. The screeching horses riding the rails on the steeplechase ride...that metal-on-metal shrill piercin' your ears. Like raking a finger across a blackboard...*(beat)* And they had this enormous slide where you would slide down on carpet remnants but if your arms or legs hit the metal slide along the way...you would get burned.

APHRODITE

This was an amusement park?

TONY

It wasn't Disneyland that's for sure. Everyone seemed to be having a great time...except me. I was fuckin' terrorized. I never forgot that place. Later, I would flash on it from time to time...I learned that life, at least for me, is a lot like Steeplechase Park.

APHRODITE

So what does this have to do with your father?

TONY

The clown with the electric prod. Every time my old man came down on me, I saw the clown's face. That toothy, sardonic smile he wore while he tore into me. That was my old man...that was my father.

APHRODITE

I'm so sorry.

TONY
(cheerful)

But he's dead now. Dead and buried.

APHRODITE
(taps his forehead)

Not in here he isn't.

(TONY faces her.)

TONY

Now that you're in on it, we have more cleanup work to do.

APHRODITE

What do you mean?

TONY

Mikey.

APHRODITE

What about him?

(Pause.)

APHRODITE (Cont'd)

You can't mean?

TONY

He's the last link.

APHRODITE

No, I'm the last link. Are you going to kill us all, you homicidal maniac?

(TONY grins. APHRODITE shoves him playfully)

APHRODITE (Cont'd)

Stop fucking with me!

(TONY pulls away and stands up.)

APHRODITE (Cont'd)

Hey, where are you going?

TONY

To go kill my brother...

LIGHTS DOWN.

SCENE 7

(Lights on TONY and MIKEY sitting at the kitchen table in silence. They are each reading a different section of the newspaper while nursing their coffees.)

MIKEY

A Dunkin' donut would be real tasty right about now.

TONY

Did you sleep okay?

MIKEY

(looking up from the newspaper.)

Huh?

TONY

Sleep. Did you sleep okay?

MIKEY

Yeah...I guess...considerin'.

TONY

Considerin' what?

MIKEY

Conciderin' you took the sofa and Aphrodite had the bed.

TONY

So where did you sleep?

MIKEY

At the bar.

TONY

At the bar? On a stool?

MIKEY

I slept on a fuckin' stool with my head on the bar.

TONY

Why didn't you say somethin'?

MIKEY

You were sound asleep on the couch.

Not sound asleep. TONY

Okay, you were snoring. MIKEY

Really? TONY

Like Dad used to snore, remember? MIKEY

Did I shake the rafters? TONY

It sucked and kept me up most of the night. MIKEY

Oh, I bet you were up all night long. TONY

What's that supposed to mean? MIKEY

Your whole life revolves around you being up. TONY

What? What is this all about...exactly? MIKEY

Where's the money? TONY

The money? This is about the money -- MIKEY

-- no, that wasn't about the money, but this... this is about the money. TONY

The money -- MIKEY

-- the money you withdrew to pay off Frankie. The briefcase of cash that you were supposed to bring out here with you from Brooklyn. The briefcase of cash that you were goin' to show Frankie before we took him out. Instead, you brought a briefcase of your fuckin' underwear. So where's the fifty thou? TONY

So you remember the agreed amount? MIKEY

I was countin' on it. TONY

MIKEY

Seed money for your little business enterprise as I recall.

TONY

And a lot more where that came from after the estate business is taken care of. Fifty-fifty split as agreed.

MIKEY

Well, most of the assets are tied up in the pizza parlors.

TONY

Yeah, so what's that to me?

MIKEY

So, I'm not about to sell the business.

TONY

I'm not askin' you to. You just have to give me my share in cash.

MIKEY

And where's that cash coming from? I don't have anything' like that liquid. It's all tied up in the business.

TONY

So you take out a loan using the business and storefronts as collateral, big fuckin' deal.

MIKEY

And I suppose I pick up the interest tab on it?

TONY

Or you can sell off a restaurant or two and pay me outright. Hey, I thought you had this all worked out before the hit?

MIKEY

I thought you were goin' to be a little more reasonable.

TONY

Hey, Mikey, I have an upstart business here.

MIKEY

Oh, give me a break.

TONY

Oh, I'll give you a break...so where's this briefcase with the fifty grand? And don't fuckin' tell me you didn't bring it out here, or I'll plant you right next to the old man, capeesh?

MIKEY

(sarcastic)

Gee, Tony, I'm really disappointed in you. I thought as a legit businessman you would understand how business operates --

TONY
(slamming his fist on the table)

-- where's the money?!

MIKEY
It's here. I just played a little switcheroo with my bags. Don't worry...your precious fifty grand is here.

TONY
Let me see it!

MIKEY
(holding his hands up)
Not so fast. We obviously have more things to iron out.

TONY
We agreed up front, that I was entitled to that fifty grand. And eventually the other half of the pie.

MIKEY
Minus the upfront money.

TONY
Minus the fifty grand, I know.

MIKEY
I had planned on doling out the money on a monthly basis. Skim the top off my profits and pay you off legitimately as a "consultation fee."

TONY
What, this is supposed to be legit what we just did? We murdered two people and now you want to go legit when it's time to pay me?

(APHRODITE enters the kitchen. MIKEY notices her first, he nods, then shoots a worried glance at Tony. TONY turns around in his chair to face Aphrodite.)

TONY
Rise and shine, babe.

MIKEY
I made some coffee.

TONY
Not too bad either. He must be in the restaurant business!

(MIKEY smiles uneasily. APHRDITE, wearing her sleep shirt, makes her way to the fridge. She opens the fridge door and bends over to retrieve a yogurt container, revealing her bare bottom. TONY catches Mikey looking at her. Mikey, embarrassed, looks down at his paper. Tony just smiles.)

TONY (Cont'd)

She's got a great ass, my honey. Doesn't mind showin' it off, too. Even sharin' it.

(MIKEY looks up as APHRODITE closes the fridge and tosses a glance from Tony to Mikey and back again.)

APHRODITE
(*eating her yogurt*)

It's too early for this, Tony.

TONY

Early? It's never too early for this.

MIKEY

I wish you two would keep your domestic business behind closed doors.

TONY

This isn't domestic business anymore, this has become family business now.

MIKEY

What are you goin' on about?

(TONY stares intently at his brother. MIKEY breaks off from the gaze and looks down at the newspaper. APHRODITE joins them at the table.)

APHRODITE

Tony, why don't you stop being Tony for a little while.

TONY

Who would you like me to be -- Mikey here?

(MIKEY exchanges glances with APHRODITE.)

TONY (Cont'd)

Is that what you would like, honey buns?

APHRODITE

Grow up, Tony.

TONY

I'm the oldest one here.

APHRODITE

In years, maybe.

TONY

You always said you loved my youthful spirit.

APHRODITE

This is not your youthful spirit talking right now, this is your asshole talking.

(TONY laughs, shaking his head.)

TONY

(softly)

My baby here has a way with words.

(turns angry and ugly)

Shut up you ungrateful, two-timing' tramp!

APHRODITE

Don't you ever talk to me like that!

TONY

I'll talk to you, in my home, *(beats his chest)* any fuckin' way I want to!

APHRODITE

Is this Tony or Daddy speaking now; I'm confused.

(TONY backhands her across the face. APHRODITE rises and exits into the bedroom, slamming the door behind her. MIKEY stands up and bangs the table with his fist.)

MIKEY

What is wrong with you!

TONY

(through clenched teeth)

Gimme that fuckin' money or I'll kill you!

MIKEY

You had no right to hit her like that!

(TONY reaches across the table and grabs MIKEY violently by his shirt and pulls him across the table.)

TONY

Don't you ever tell me how to treat my girlfriend!

MIKEY

Get your fuckin' hands off of me!

TONY

I want my money now or I'm goin' to rip your little fuckin' heart out with my bare hands!

(TONY releases his grip and MIKEY falls on top of the table, spilling the dishes. MIKEY backs away from his irate brother.)

MIKEY

What in hell is this all about?

TONY

It's always been about the same thing, baby brother. M-O-N-E-Y. It's what everythin' is about. The whole world... my whole world revolves around money!

MIKEY
Don't worry...you'll get your fuckin' money!

(MIKEY heads towards the bedroom door.)

TONY
Where are you goin'?!

MIKEY
To check on Aphrodite!

(TONY cackles.)

LIGHTS DOWN.

SCENE 8

(Lights up on the bedroom where APHRODITE is stretched out on the bed, face down, sobbing. MIKEY enters the room and sits on the edge of the bed and comforts her.)

MIKEY
Are you okay? I don't know what the hell's gotten into him.

(APHRODITE sits up and faces MIKEY.)

APHRODITE
Don't you get it? He knows.

MIKEY
He knows...? He knows what?

APHRODITE
About us, genius.

MIKEY
How would he know?

APHRODITE
He must've seen us. I knew it was a stupid thing to do. I wish you had stayed in Brooklyn.

MIKEY
So he knows...that's okay. We don't have to hide it anymore.

APHRODITE
No wonder he was talking that way before.

MIKEY
Talkin' what way?

APHRODITE
About offing you...I thought he was kidding.

MIKEY
What?!

APHRODITE
He said that you were the last link in his perfect murder.

MIKEY
His perfect murder? Hey, this little masterwork was my doin', sweetheart. You think that high school dropout could come up with a brilliant scheme like this?

APHRODITE
What are you talking about? Didn't I see this on some TV show about a dozen times?

MIKEY
Oh, I see. Well, this would've been perfect if it wasn't for you. I wasn't countin' on you. Tony didn't say anything' about you bein' here!

APHRODITE
You didn't seem to mind before...

MIKEY
That's different.

APHRODITE
You wanted me to show you the way out of Brooklyn, remember?

MIKEY
Stop it. I have to think.
(MIKEY begins pacing the room.)

APHRODITE
(laughs)
Oh, boy...

MIKEY
I have to strike before he does...

APHRODITE
Are you serious?

MIKEY
My life depends on it.

APHRODITE
But you're brothers...the same flesh and blood.

MIKEY
So was our father.

APHRODITE
You grew up together, played together, conspired together, even killed together.

MIKEY
You're defendin' him after what he just did to you?

APHRODITE
He loves me and I hurt him.

MIKEY
I don't get it...how could you love him?

APHRODITE
He wasn't like this until you entered the picture.

MIKEY
Yeah, I bring the worst out in him. More likely, I bring the real Tony out.

APHRODITE
Quite frankly, I think you're both pretty sick.

MIKEY
Thanks for the diagnosis, doc. So why did you bed down with the both of us?
(*pause*)
You're sick, too, then...is that it?

APHRODITE
Seems like it.

MIKEY
Three sick fucks!

APHRODITE
You're not really going to do anything stupid are you?

(MIKEY stops pacing.)

MIKEY
Have I done anything smart so far?

APHRODITE
No.

MIKEY
So why should I start now?

APHRODITE
Why are you telling me this?

MIKEY
Why not? At this point you know everything' else, for chrissakes.

APHRODITE
You have to remember...I'm Tony's woman.

MIKEY

When there's no Tony, you will no longer be Tony's woman. You'll be Mikey's woman.

APHRODITE

What about Marlene and the kids?

MIKEY

Who?

(beat, grinning)

You bring out the horns on me, baby.

(MIKEY embraces and kisses her. TONY enters the room and stops by the foot of the bed, staring down at them. TONY clears his throat and the couple break apart.)

TONY

Hi, remember me?

MIKEY

Tony.

TONY

Mikey.

APHRODITE

Tony.

TONY

Aphrodite.

(beat)

Now that we've all been properly introduced.

MIKEY

This isn't what it seems.

TONY

You're not really kissin' my girlfriend?

MIKEY

Well, yes, but it wasn't that kind of kiss.

TONY

No tongues?

MIKEY

No tongues.

(APHRODITE shakes her head.)

TONY

It was just one of those friendly, innocent kisses you give, say... to your sister-in-law?

MIKEY

Ah, yeah.

TONY

Do you two think I'm that stupid or that insignificant that you don't care about my feelings?

APHRODITE

Tony, it was innocent.

TONY

Swappin' bodily fluids last night -- was that innocent, too?

APHRODITE
(to Mikey)

I told you.

MIKEY

You told me what?

APHRODITE

That he knew.

MIKEY

Well, if he didn't know for sure, he certainly does now. Thank you, sweetheart.

TONY

Don't sweat it, babe. I knew you were loose when I picked you up on the strand.

APHRODITE

Fuck you!

TONY

In fact, it was that sleazy, easy quality about you that turned me on in the first place. Mikey can tell you how I like tramps. He oughta know, he always had to dip into my women after I was through with them.

(APHRODITE glares at MIKEY.)

TONY (Cont'd)

You see, Mikey here has a history of always soilin' my women. He won't allow me to have my own girl so he sprays them with his own spunk. You had almost every chick I banged in Brooklyn -- isn't that right, baby brother? I used to call 'em "hand-me-downs."

APHRODITE

If there has ever been any doubt in the past, I can assure you now that you're both cut from the same fucked up cloth!

TONY
(grinning)

Ouch.

MIKEY
Was that meant to hurt?

TONY
Fuck you, Mikey.

MIKEY
I think it's pretty apparent what's goin' down.

TONY
Oh, yeah, what's goin' down?

MIKEY
Aphrodite and me.

TONY
Aphrodite's goin' down on you again?

MIKEY
Y'know what I mean.

TONY
(glaring at her)
You can have her. I'm through with her. Consider her one of my "hand-me-downs," baby brother.

APHRODITE
I don't want either one of you!

(APHRODITE rises to get dressed. MIKEY, hurt and concerned, swings her around to face him.)

MIKEY
Hey, I think we got a good thing goin' here. You showed me the way out, now I want to go the distance.

TONY
Don't you get it? She got what she wanted out of this. It's over.

(MIKEY tosses a glaring look at his brother then focuses on the dressing APHRODITE, pleading with her with his eyes.)

MIKEY
I don't get it. I'm missin' somethin' here. I thought we had somethin'.

APHRODITE
Go home to your wife and kids...your pizza palaces --

MIKEY
-- pizza parlors!

APHRODITE

Go make your precious, perfect pizza!

MIKEY

I can't...I need your essence, remember?

TONY

Oh, brother!

APHRODITE

You both deserve one another. You both deserve Brooklyn. You two can't get it out of your systems...you can't cut it loose!

TONY

I did...I cut it loose...I left.

APHRODITE

(shaking her head)

Physically maybe.

MIKEY

I was talking' about me...us...not him!

APHRODITE

You're interchangeable. Tony, Mikey...that's why I slept with both of you. Both of you still don't measure up to one good man.

(MIKEY slaps her face. TONY steps forward but decides to try a different tactic.)

TONY

Y'know, Mikey, I don't even like your pizza no more. I like the pizza they make out here better.

MIKEY

(irate, turns and faces his brother)

What?!

TONY

Yeah, my favorite is barbecued chicken pizza.

MIKEY

You gotta be kiddin' me.

TONY

Nope. Barbecued chicken pizza, invented right here in the City of Angels, is kick-ass pizza. It's so good, it makes that Brooklyn-made stuff borin'. Dull. Tasteless. Y'know what I mean?

(MIKEY goes for Tony's throat.)

MIKEY

You fuckin' traitor!

(The two brothers wrestle while APHRODITE shakes her head in disapproval. She finishes dressing and begins to pack a suitcase. All the while the two brothers are fighting ruthlessly. MIKEY notices what's she doing and stops pounding Tony's head against the floor.)

Hey, babe, whattaya doin'?

MIKEY (Cont'd)

What does it look like I'm doing?

APHRODITE

(MIKEY walks towards her but TONY, on the floor, grabs hold of Mikey's leg and trips him. TONY crawls on top of him, pummeling him with his fists, while MIKEY protects himself.)

C'mon, let's talk about this!

TONY

There's nothing to talk about!

APHRODITE

(APHRODITE stands in the doorway. TONY and MIKEY stop struggling for a few seconds to look at her leaving. It's obvious that both are madly in love with her.)

Please, Aphrodite!

MIKEY

We can work this out!

TONY

Yeah.

MIKEY

Not with you!

TONY

(TONY shoves MIKEY.)

She's mine now, you gave her to me, remember?

MIKEY

You're such an asshole. You'll never let me have my own woman!

TONY

(MIKEY and TONY start fighting again.)

LIGHTS DOWN.

SCENE 9

(Lights up on living room as APHRODITE puts down her suitcase, looks at TONY and MIKEY fighting in the bedroom O.S. for a few beats. Then she picks up the suitcase and exits the house. The two brothers come flying out of the bedroom door and into the living room fighting along the way.)

Aphrodite!
MIKEY

She's mine!
TONY

(TONY puts MIKEY in a head-lock.)

I hate you! I hate you!
TONY (Cont'd)

(MIKEY manages to get out of Tony's grip by kneeling him in the groin. While TONY moans on the floor clutching his groin, MIKEY hurries to the front door, opening it, and poking his head outside.)

Aphrodite!
MIKEY
(calling)

(TONY yanks MIKEY back into the house and slams the door on Mikey's head, again and again. MIKEY gets up and pokes his fingers into Tony's eyes, Three Stooges-style.)

AAAHHHHHH! My eyes!
TONY

I'm gonna kill you!
MIKEY

(TONY punches MIKEY in the stomach and he collapses to his knees holding his belly which suspends the fight.)

TONY
She was the best thing that ever happened to me. A lover and a business partner, and you had to fuck it up for me!

MIKEY

(holding his stomach, straining)

I can't help it if she liked me better.

TONY

Why couldn't you have stayed in fuckin' Brooklyn where you belong?

MIKEY

Who's fault is that? I was forced to come out here thanks to you.

TONY

You probably came out here too soon, asshole. You don't think anyone is watchin' us? Did it ever occur to you, Mister Smartass, that some people would find it suspicious that you flew out here with a suitcase full of money on the day of your father's fuckin' funeral? Huh?

MIKEY

You knew the original plan. We discussed it...you agreed. But then you didn't bother showing up. You didn't return any of my phone calls after the hit. What am I supposed to think? I told Frankie to meet us out here to pick up his money, and I flew out here as fast as I could.

TONY

Too fast after the funeral. Y'know, a week...a month...some decent time after the funeral...not literally right after the burial...I mean, what kind of shithead are you?

MIKEY

You wouldn't have waited that long for your precious money.

(beat)

You really think someone is watching' us?

TONY

The feds are always watchin' us. We're Italian. We live in Brooklyn. We own restaurants. Are you kiddin' me?

MIKEY

But we're not exactly in the mob.

TONY

You buy mob ingredients and equipment.

MIKEY

Of course, otherwise --

TONY

-- you pay for protection. You pay for sanitation --

MIKEY

-- it's not like I have a choice --

TONY

-- you hired a mob contract killer --

MIKEY

-- no, we hired Frankie...together.

TONY

And we killed a mob contract killer. They're gonna be looking' for him at some point. They might know he flew out here. They now know you're out here.

MIKEY

You live here. I'm just visiting' my brother, no biggie.

TONY

Shit, we're both dead.

MIKEY

Why didn't you think of that when you planned this whole thing out?

TONY

Hey, you planned this, mastermind!

MIKEY

Calm down...I think we're blowin' this way out of proportion. This is really about Aphrodite leavin' us.

(Silence falls between them as TONY thinks that over.)

TONY

You son-of-a-bitch!

(TONY jumps on MIKEY and they begin to fight again.)

LIGHTS DOWN.

SCENE 10

(Lights up on TONY and MIKEY sitting back-to-back on the floor, bruised and weary. It is morning. TONY inhales Aphrodite's panty like it was an oxygen mask. He passes it to MIKEY who does the same. They will pass the Panty between each other during the scene.)

TONY

(exhausted)

Is it tomorrow yet?

MIKEY

I just can't believe she would up and leave us like that.

TONY

Well, believe it.

MIKEY
What do we do now?

TONY
You can say things haven't exactly gone as planned.

MIKEY
And who's to blame for that?

TONY
Hey, it was your plan!

MIKEY
Hey, you're the one who didn't show up in Brooklyn.

TONY
Hey, you're the asshole who led them right to me.

MIKEY
Who's them?

TONY
Them...the ones who are onto us.

MIKEY
Who's onto us?

TONY
The ones watchin' us.

MIKEY
The feds?

TONY
Or the mob.

MIKEY
I think you're paranoid. I truly think you have lost your mind...or your nerve.

TONY
What's that last crack about?

MIKEY
I think Aphrodite hit it on the head -- you were too guilt-ridden to show up for dad's funeral...or too chicken shit. You not showin' up almost blew the whole caper.

TONY
No, you showin' up here with a briefcase of money on the day of the funeral will blow the whole fuckin' thing!

MIKEY
You're not gonna hit me again, are you?

TONY
I should...you deserve it for bein' an asshole.

MIKEY
You're the asshole.

(*beat*)
I wonder if anyone really is onto us...The N.Y.P.D. were sniffin' around. But the whole cartel mob hit routine threw them off.

TONY
I need a fuckin' drink.
(TONY struggles to his feet and holds out a helping hand to MIKEY to get off the floor. Both go to the bar where TONY pours two drinks.)

TONY (Cont'd)
They probably won't know Frankie's missin' yet. Unless...

MIKEY
Unless what?

TONY
Unless he came out here with a buddy.

MIKEY
Oh, shit, I didn't even think about that. (*pause*) Was he made?

TONY
Who? Frankie? He may be old school, but he's not a made man.

MIKEY
If he was --

TONY
-- don't worry, he wasn't --

MIKEY
-- y'know that for a fact?

TONY
C'mon, this is Frankie we're talking' about.

MIKEY
He did run with Marty's crew.

TONY
Yeah, so?

MIKEY
I think we might've fucked up here.

TONY
They won't ever know what happened to him.

MIKEY

Unless he came out here with someone. Or if they find the body, they'll identify him from dental records. Maybe he mentioned our deal to someone. They put two and two together and we're --

(slaps his hands together loudly)

TONY

I wonder who will do our contract? Probably someone from Marty's crew.

MIKEY

A friend then. We know everybody on Marty's crew. Hell, what are we gonna do?

TONY

We could go on the lam...

MIKEY

On fifty grand?

TONY

That's better than the alternative...

MIKEY

But I have my business to run in Brooklyn. Mom. My family.

TONY

You didn't think about your family when you screwed Aphrodite.

MIKEY

Okay, so I'm no angel. I never said I was. I'm just a guy.

TONY

If you say so.

MIKEY

Besides, I had true feelings for Aphrodite.

TONY

Yeah, she certainly got a rise out of you.

MIKEY

It wasn't just about that.

TONY

No, of course not. It was her mind you wanted to fuck.

MIKEY

Up yours.

TONY

Well, it doesn't matter anymore cause she's gone.

MIKEY

Y'never know, she might come back.

TONY
Yeah, and the check's in the mail...

MIKEY
Y'think we're just bein' paranoid here?

TONY
Probably.

MIKEY
This has been one weird twenty-four hours.

TONY
Tell me about it.

MIKEY
I really should get back home.

TONY
(sighing)
Brooklyn.

MIKEY
It's really not so bad. You wouldn't recognize it anymore. It's become a hip place. The new Manhattan. Will you ever come back?

TONY
In a pine box someday. Any more room in the family plot? Just my luck I end up gettin' buried in Brooklyn after spendin' my whole life trying' to get out.
(beat)
Hey, tell me, is that parachute jump tower still standin' there in Coney Island?

MIKEY
Sure, it's a landmark.

TONY
I remember when they still rode on that thing. You could hear the screams right before the poof of the chutes openin'...

MIKEY
Did you ever ride it?

TONY
Naw, I was too young...too chicken shit to ride it. It was scary that ride...all those rides...the roller coasters and things like that..I never liked 'em. Still don't.

MIKEY
What's the real reason you left Brooklyn so suddenly? It had to do with you and dad, I know that much.

(TONY gulps down his scotch.)

TONY
Me and dad?

MIKEY

The last time you saw one another. I know somethin' went down. I noticed mom started actin' really strange after that.

TONY

He came clean...told me somethin' I probably already knew, but didn't really want to know.

MIKEY

What was it?

TONY

It's me, baby brother. I'm the bastard child. The old man married mom out of pity or some shit. Y'see, she was knocked up already and Dad hadn't laid a hand on her, yet. Get the picture? I took all that shit from him and all along he ain't really my father. Don't that beat all? That's why he lined you up to take over the family business and not me...cause you were his real son...his own flesh and blood.

MIKEY

Gee, Tony, the old man did the right thing for a change. He married mom and raised you like his own son. He did that so you wouldn't be a bastard.

TONY

After that last time, I never wanted to lay eyes on him ever again. It was like...the way he broke the news to me...y'know him...so callous...ice water runnin' through his veins. I think he expected me to be grateful to him...like I owed him somethin'. Mom...she wouldn't even look me in the eye, she was so ashamed.

(beat)

So that's why I left Brooklyn...forever.

MIKEY

(sympathetic)

But we still had the same mother, Tony. We share the same flesh and blood.

TONY

Technically, we're half-brothers, I guess.

MIKEY

You will always be my big brother, Tony. Hell, together we managed to pull off our scheme. That took balls, didn't it?

TONY

(nodding)

If not smarts. And we still have the fifty grand.

MIKEY

Yep...comin' right up.

(MIKEY exits as he goes into bedroom. TONY pours himself another scotch.)

TONY

(cheerful)

Now I can set things in motion...I've been waitin' a long time for this.

(MIKEY returns with his duffle bag looking stunned. TONY smiles at him, holds his hands out. MIKEY tosses the bag to him from across the room. TONY catches it and places it on bar counter. He unzips it and peers inside. He pulls out paperback books.)

TONY

What the fuck...?

MIKEY

That's where I kept it. I took it out of the briefcase and put it in the duffle bag.

(TONY glares at him, doubting him.)

MIKEY (Cont'd)

I swear to you, Tony, on dad's grave, that's where it was.

(TONY sorts through the paperback books (mostly mysteries and thrillers) in deep thought.)

TONY

These...these are Aphrodite's books. She's always...readin'...

(In unison TONY and MIKEY look up at each other when it dawns on them.)

TONY
APHRODITE!!!

MIKEY
APHRODITE!!!

(TONY and MIKEY both scramble towards the front door, pushing and struggling, each trying to beat the other to the door. Finally, TONY gets there first and swings open the door. Their mouths drop open in unison to what they see O.S..)

TONY
(softly)

Uh...fuck...me.

LIGHTS DOWN.

THE END