

to ask—what has all this got to do with me marrying your son?

EMILY. Randi, it's just that we feel—

PHIL. No, I have to ask how you'd feel if everything you've ever believed in was suddenly tossed out with the Christmas left-overs.

ANDY. When did that happen? Nobody ever said there was anything wrong with your beliefs, or that you should stop believing what you do. I've altered my beliefs, that's all.

PHIL. So what does that say about mine?

ANDY. What? It says nothing.

PHIL. Nothing? Only that my beliefs are wrong.

ANDY. No way.

PHIL. No way? I believe one thing, you believe another. We can't both be right.

ANDY. Yes we can.

PHIL. We can? What planet have you been living on?

ANDY. It has nothing to do with right or wrong.

PHIL. I'll ask again, on what planet? You believe there's a God. She believes there is no God. Who's right?

(ANDY doesn't answer.)

There either is a God or there isn't. It can't be both ways. Who's right?

RANDI. *(Anything for peace, She raises her hand.)* How many hang out their flag on holidays?

(EMILY rises and goes to sideboard for the bowl of baked apples.)

PHIL. *(Continues to ANDY.)* You got an answer? Whose beliefs are right and whose are wrong?

ANDY. Randi's beliefs are right because they're right for her. Mine are right because they're right for me. Yours are right because—

PHIL. Bullshit! Look. See this? *(Reaches into the bowl that EMILY has just set down, and pulls out an apple.)* A

delicious baked apple, created with a mother's tender loving care. See it? (*Keeping his eye on ANDY he tosses the apple over his shoulder. It hits the floor with a splat.*)

EMILY. Phil!

PHIL. I say it's in my hand. You say it's on the floor.

EMILY. I say you get a kick right in the ass! (*Through this next, EMILY goes about cleaning it up.*)

PHIL. (*Still to ANDY.*) Who's right? Huh? I say it's in my hand. Am I right? Your girl friend says it's on the floor. Is she right?

ANDY. (*Getting to his feet.*) I know one thing. I was right when I said this was the wrong house to visit on Christmas.

PHIL. (*With a hurried effort he gets to his feet as well.*) You got an answer?

ANDY. Randi, I'm going to phone for a cab.

EMILY. Andy!

PHIL. Who's right, Andy?

EMILY. Phil, stop it!

PHIL. If she's right then I've been talking out of my ass for sixty-five years.

ANDY. (*To RANDI.*) The bags are on the upstairs landing. Could you get them, please? (*He goes for the phone.*)

EMILY. Andy, please, sit down. Phil, you shut up.

PHIL. (*Relentless.*) If she's right then I might as well slit my throat right now. I mean, if there's no God, what's the point of going on, right Andy? Who's right, Andy?

RANDI. (*Getting up.*) Look everyone, I'm really sorry about this. Can't we just—

ANDY. You have nothing to be sorry for. Just get the bags, please.

PHIL. Oh, I see, everybody's right. The apple's on the floor, and it's in my hand. There is no God and there is a God. It has nothing to do with right and wrong.

ANDY. (*Furiously flipping through the phone book.*) I can't talk to you. Everything has to be your way or nothing.

EMILY. (*To PHIL.*) Are you happy now, you big bully?

PHIL. I think he'd stick around if he had an answer for me.

ANDY. I could explain for a thousand years; you'd never understand.

PHIL. Oh, there it is. I'm stupid. I'm a stupid ballplayer. I don't live in New York and ride around in taxi cabs, so I wouldn't understand. Is that it, Andy? Is that it? Do you think I'm stupid, Andy?

(With frustration and rage, ANDY flings the phone book to the floor with an explosive "whump!")

PHIL. That doesn't answer my question, Andy.

ANDY. You want an answer?!

PHIL. I'd love one.

ANDY. You want an answer?!

PHIL. Let's hear it!

MICKEY. Greetings!

(Everyone freezes in astonished silence. For a moment the very air seems to be holding its breath. Now they slowly turn to find MICKEY, still at the dinner table, nonchalantly leaning on one elbow, and watching them all with a genial smile. Though in repose, there is an intelligence and alertness about him that we've never seen before.)

EMILY. M-Mickey?

MICKEY. Andrew, if you and your charming friend could see your way to staying, I may be able to shed some light on this right-or-wrong, God-or-no-God business. But first... a most magnificent aroma comes from yonder kitchen. Kind lady, may I trouble you for a cup of your coffee?

(Another frozen moment, then EMILY sinks to the floor in a dead faint.)

(Hardly able to take his eyes from MICKEY, ANDY goes to EMILY's aid as the lights fade to black.)