

EMILY. And this is a lulu.

(Now MICKEY enters from the basement with a large box of electric trains. He sees ANDY.)

MICKEY. *(Joyously.)* Oh, no!!

ANDY. Oh, yes! There's Lulu now!

MICKEY. *(Quickly sets box down on floor.)* Oh, no!

ANDY. M'main bro'!

MICKEY. Hiya! *(With a big laugh he runs to ANDY and hugs him.)*

ANDY. Hiya! How are ya, pal? *(Suddenly.)* Whoa, Jesus! *(MICKEY doesn't know his own strength. He lets go.)* You're out of shape, Mick, that used to hurt.... Mickey, this is Randi.

(MICKEY runs to hug her. ANDY quickly intercepts.)

ANDY. A handshake, Mick.

(MICKEY extends his hand. RANDI takes it.)

RANDI. Hello, Mickey. Nice to meet you. Oh, I brought you something. *(Takes something from her pocket and hides it behind her back.)* I got this especially for you. Which hand?

MICKEY. Nnn.

RANDI. C'mon, which hand?

MICKEY. Nnn. ..

RANDI. *(To ANDY.)* Should I be doing this?

ANDY. Which hand, Mick?

MICKEY. Nnn.

ANDY. Okay, I guess he doesn't want it.

(MICKEY quickly points to one of her hands.)

ANDY. A-ha!

(RANDI gives MICKEY a small bag of peanuts.)

MICKEY. Oh boy!

EMILY. Oh boy!

ANDY. Airline peanuts, Mick!

EMILY. From an airplane, Mickey.

MICKEY. (*Examines it closely.*) He-e-ey!

EMILY. Not before dinner, honey. Thank you, Randi.

RANDI. (*Dismisses it*) Oh...

MICKEY. (*Suddenly remembers something.*) Oh-ohoh-oh...!
(*Pulls a folded piece of newspaper out of his shirt pocket and gives it to RANDI.*)

RANDI. (*Looks at it.*) Um... wrestling matches?

MICKEY. (*Shouts, startling RANDI.*) Oh boy!

ANDY. Dad's taking you to the wrestling matches?

MICKEY. Oh boy!

ANDY. Or are you *in* the wrestling matches?

MICKEY. Oh boy!

ANDY. That's what I thought. (*With an evil gleam in his eye, he begins to stalk MICKEY.*) Yes, ladies and gentlemen, tonight it's a tag team match between Fritz Von Erik, Haystack Calhoun, the Gallagher Brothers and a couple of midgets thrown in for laughs...

(*MICKEY runs around the room, hardly able to contain his glee. He knows what's coming. ANDY approaches stealthily.*)

ANDY. The mighty Fritz Von Erik approaches his opponent with a lust for blood in his eye. He's sizing him up now. The crowd is tense... Haystack, your shoe's untied!

(*MICKEY looks at his shoe and ANDY rushes him. Through this next he wrestles MICKEY to the ground; MICKEY shrieking with laughter.*)

ANDY. And Von Erik's got him in a half Nelson and an Ozzie Nelson, and a Ricky and a David! And now, can it be? Has he no mercy? Yes, folks, there it is-the paralyzer *claw*!

(*MICKEY goes wild as ANDY triumphantly raises a gnarly claw for all the arena to see.*)

ANDY. The crowd goes wild! Will he? Will he? *Yees!!*

(*And finally, ANDY plunges the horrible claw into*

MICKEY's stomach. *tickling him unmercifully.*)

(Now PHIL makes his appearance in the basement doorway, carrying a box of train equipment.)

PHIL. The winner and still champeen!

ANDY. *(Gets up.)* Hey, there he is. How are you, Dad? *(Goes to*

PHIL. *puts out his hand.)* Good to see you.

PHIL. *(Shakes his hand.)* Right-o. How are ya, good to see ya.

(A slightly uncomfortable pause.)

ANDY. I see you got out your ladder again. The lights look great.

PHIL. Yeah. But how many families do you think even bothered to put up lights? Guess.

EMILY. Phil.

PHIL. What!

ANDY. That ladder is in good shape, isn't it, Dad?

PHIL. Yeah, yeah, yeah, you sound like your mother. Here.

(Hands him the box.) Ghosts of Christmas past.

ANDY. Hey, the good old Lionel, Mick!

MICKEY. Oh boy!

(ANDY joins MICKEY on the floor and THEY examine the box's contents.)

PHIL. What did you pay for that cab?

ANDY. What? Oh, I don't know.

PHIL. What do you mean, you don't know? It wasn't free, was it?

ANDY. Well, I don't know ... twenty, twenty-two, something like that So, how are you doing?

PHIL. Jesus Christ! I coulda picked you up for nothing. What're you, goofy?

ANDY. No, it's no problem. I'm used to taking cabs, that's all. New Yorkers live in them.

PHIL. *(Reaches for wallet.)* Here, take twenty.

ANDY. No, don't be silly, it's fine.

PHIL. Take it and shut up, will ya?

ANDY. No, Dad, come on. I take cabs all the time.

EMILY. Phil.

PHIL. What! You want people to think I'm a bum?

EMILY. I won't tell a soul.

ANDY. (*Rises and heads for RANDI.*) We'll discuss the twenty after dinner, I promise, okay? Right now I'd like to introduce you to a friend of mine.

(*RANDI reacts to "friend."*)

ANDY. Dad, this is Randi.

PHIL. Hi, how are ya? I just don't want you to think I'm a bum, that's all.

RANDI. I'd never think such a thing. (*With a look to ANDY.*) What kind of "friend" would I be?

ANDY. Well no, I meant... y'know...

RANDI. It's nice to finally meet you, Mr. Gorski. I've heard so much about you.

PHIL. (*A look to ANDY.*) Oh?

EMILY. Come on, folks, sit, sit.

(*PHIL sits in his easy chair. On her way to sofa RANDI gives MICKEY his wrestling ad.*)

MICKEY. Oh boy! (*Puts it back in his pocket.*)

ANDY. (*Moving to couch, picks up shopping bag.*) Christmas presents, Mick.

MICKEY. Oh no! (*Runs to ANDY.*)

ANDY. Oh yes!

(*MICKEY takes presents to the tree and through this next quietly arranges them.*)

EMILY. (*Sitting.*) I hope you like meat loaf, Randi.

RANDI. Love it.

EMILY. And baked apples for dessert.

RANDI. Mmm!

EMILY. Then on Christmas we're having the Christmas turkey.

ANDY. Good planning.