

ACT II**JOE AND MATTY**

SETTING: 1967 - The love seat or couch is replaced by a table with two chairs. A paint easel is up right. There are posters of rock and roll icons on the walls. The lace curtains on the window in-scene one are now beads or tie dye material of the period. A telephone of the period hangs on the wall.

At Rise: MATTY MCCOY, 20- something, is at work finishing a painting. She wears clothing of the late sixties as the counter culture movement is just coming into vogue. She walks to wooden angel coat rack and takes cleaning cloth from it. Wipes a smudge from the painting and replaces the cloth.

MATTY (to angel on wall): Hold that cupid.

JOE (enters dressed in a business suit): Hey sexy, want to fool around?

MATTY: My husband might object. Oh, you are my husband. Forget it.

JOE: How's the painting coming?

MATTY: I think I'm just about there.

She goes to paint his nose but he pulls away.

And why are you so late?

JOE: I'm sorry, we were working on a case... Hey, listen to this one. A guy walks into the local barber shop, gets in an argument with another customer. He pushes the man down into a chair, and now I've got to prosecute the guy for second degree assault. I mean, I've been in worse bar fights in my day and we never went to court. We settled it the old fashioned way. You took your lumps and went on with your business. You tie the courts up with trivial stuff like pushing a guy into a chair and you'll never adjudicate the serious crimes.

MATTY: I guess until you get more experience they start you with the small stuff.

JOE: I didn't go to law school for barbershop hi-jinx. I want to prosecute real criminals. Drug dealers, murderers...

MATTY: You'll get your chance Joe, just be patient. One day the newspaper headline is going to read, "Joe McCoy, Attorney General of New York, puts away top honcho of organized crime at the same time uncovering scandal in local corrupt price fixing scheme."

JOE: Wow, you've been watching those late night B-movies again. The problem is I don't have patience.

MATTY: I know, you're a loose cannon sometimes. But we can work on that.

JOE: Work on it? Ah ha, I knew it, married only six months and already she's trying to change me. Matty McCoy, artist, musician, actress and construction engineer.

**JOE
AND
MATTY**

MATTY: Construction engineer?

JOE: Trying to rebuild her husband.

MATTY: I wouldn't dream of it. Besides, it's in your genetic makeup. Let's see your grandfather was a leitenant, your father was a commissioner, and you're an up and coming prosecutor.

JOE: You know what that means don't you? Our son has to be mayor.

MATTY: Why not governor?

JOE (*in agreement*): Why not? ...Now remember, stick to the game plan, stay on my wavelength, and soon we'll move out of this turn of the century relic of an apartment and move into one of those new developments on Long Island.

MATTY: Leave Neponset, why?

JOE: Neponset? We're getting pretty fancy aren't we? You can call it Paris, France. It's still next to Rockaway Beach.

MATTY: But I love this place Joe. The woodwork and craftsmanship. We've got our very own angel watching over us. You can't find a home like this in the suburbs. Besides, we both grew up in this neighborhood. I love the beach.

JOE: There are beaches on Long Island.

MATTY: Not Rockaway Beach. You were a lifeguard here. The boardwalk, Playland Amusement Park, your family at Breezy Point. I love that little beach bungalow. Best investment your father ever made.

JOE: Can you believe he plunked down ten thousand dollars for that shack?

MATTY: Times change. British invasion. World's Fair comes to New York. The price of houses goes up.

JOE: Oh yeah! That's why we're renting my grandmothers place.

MATTY: It's a wonderful apartment inside a beautiful Victorian mansion. How was your grandfather able to own this place on a policeman's salary?

JOE: He won the Irish Sweepstakes.

MATTY: Anyway this apartment is the perfect environment for me to do my painting.

JOE: I'm just glad to see you sitting down.

MATTY: What do you mean?

JOE: What I mean is that whenever I came to that loft you were living in Greenwich Village, I'd find you standing on your head. Or chanting or doing other weird hippie stuff that you beatniks do.

MATTY: I'm not a beatnik. I'm artsy.

JOE: I think you're a little mental. Just my luck, I had to fall in love with a mental hippie chick.

MATTY: You love me a little mental.

JOE: I know, why is that?

MATTY: I think Freud would say it has something to do with your childhood.

JOE: Freud huh, next you'll have me analyzing ink blots.

MATTY (*indicating easel where picture is*): Maybe, but to start, what do you see in this picture?

JOE (*looking at picture*): Why isn't it perfectly obvious? That's a hungry husband who just came home from work starving to death because there's apparently no dinner waiting.

MATTY: I'll tell you what. Let's arm wrestle to see who makes dinner.

JOE: Forget it. Don't you remember what happened last time? All those doctor bills... I didn't get that cast off my wrist for a month.

MATTY: I promise, I'll be more gentle this time.

JOE: No arm wrestling.

MATTY: Draw high card from a marked deck?

JOE: Nope.

MATTY: Flip a coin?

JOE (*reaches into his pocket*): Call it in the air.

He flips a silver coat button.

MATTY: Heads.

JOE: Nope.

MATTY: Tails?

JOE: Uh-uh.

MATTY: It's got to be one or the other.

JOE: No it doesn't. I just flipped a loose button from my jacket.

MATTY: And you call me names. I may be mental, but you're crazy.

JOE slowly crosses to her she backs away.

JOE: Crazy am I?

MATTY: Now Joe, you've got that look in your eye.

Singing as he chases her around the table.

JOE: Crazy, crazy, crazy. I'm crazy mad for you.

MATTY: Joey, if you don't cut it out I'm going to have you prosecuted.

JOE: Crazy, crazy, crazy, I'm crazy mad for you.

He finally catches her and kisses her.

MATTY: Wow.

JOE: Now that we had dessert. What do we do about dinner?

MATTY: I already called and ordered in from Sam's deli on a hundred and sixteenth street.

JOE: Sam's is delivering again. I thought the kid quit.

MATTY: He just hired a new boy.

JOE: I hope he's wearing a bulletproof vest. You see. That's what I mean about this neighborhood, Matty. It's really changing. I should know. I see the cases all the time. Drug pushers are coming in. That amusement park area is turning into a sewer. It's not a safe place to raise a family anymore. Not like when we were kids.

MATTY: But I need to stay in the city limits to go on auditions.

JOE: Are you kidding? We're in a two fare zone out here. The Long Island Railroad would get you into the city much faster.

MATTY: Well we're not moving today. We can't afford it. We'll talk about it some other time.

JOE: Maybe I should have gone into private practice. I could make a lot more money on house closings and ambulance chasing than I can on an Assistant D.A.'s salary.

MATTY: You could. But then you'd be miserable, you'd sulk around, I'd be miserable watching you. I'd have to divorce you and resume my acting career in L.A. Where, if you recall, I was on my way to when you waylaid me and conned me into marriage. Let's face it Joe, you're a natural crusader.

JOE: Know me like a book, don't you?

MATTY: Like a book.

JOE: You know I would never hold you back Matty. If you wanted to go to Hollywood and give acting a shot I'd be right there behind you.

MATTY: You'd give up your career for me?

JOE: Hey, there's a lot of crime in L.A. I'm sure they could use my services there.

MATTY: And they need good actresses in New York as much as they do in Hollywood.

JOE: Wavelength?

MATTY: Wavelength!

JOE (*he starts singing*): We're on the same wavelength, we're on the same wavelength...

MATTY: Here he goes again. I'm supposed to be the flighty one in this relationship.

JOE: Oh you are.

He starts chasing her and singing.

I'm just trying to stay on your wavelength, you're wavelength you're wavelength.

MATTY: Enough already, put your libido away for a moment.

JOE: But you don't understand, I love *possible* sex.