

SCENE THREE

(ROBBIE's basement apartment. It is morning. ROSIE is busy making a large bed. ROBBIE calls from offstage.)

ROBBIE

(Offstage.)

Hey, Grandma, can I come down yet?

ROSIE

Just a second!

ROBBIE

We better get moving. I don't want to be late for my own wedding...

ROSIE

O.K., come on down!

(ROBBIE enters in his tux.)

Surprise! It's your wedding present!

ROBBIE

(Hops on the bed.)

Wow! A queen size bed! Thanks, grandma!

ROSIE

Oh, not just any queen size bed! Gotta quarter?

(ROBBIE hands her a quarter. She puts it in a slot next to the headboard and the bed begins to vibrate. Her voice vibrates with the bed.)

I bought it off of the Hackensack Motel Six! Don't worry, it's been disinfected.

(The bed stops vibrating. She sighs.)

Whoo, that takes me back. You and Linda are gonna have some wedding night on this thing! And then, maybe you can finish writing the song for my anniversary party...I came up with some words, maybe you could set them to music? After you get back from your honeymoon, of course.

(She hands him a piece of folded up paper. He takes it.)

ROBBIE

Sure thing. I hope fifty years from now Linda and I will be as happy as you and Grandpa are.

ROSIE

Of course you will be, sweetheart. You're a born romantic, just like your father was. And I know your parents, God rest their souls, will be looking down on you today as you start your new life.

(Pause.)

So...tell me, Robbie...are you nervous?

ROBBIE

A little, but I'll be fine. I'm around weddings all the time.

ROSIE

Not about the wedding. About the wedding night. Will this be your first time with the sexual intercourse?

ROBBIE

Hey, let's not talk about this.