

MAN. PDA! That's right . . . no, you go ahead!

JAMIE. So, how are we doing? Earning our money?

MAN. You're doing great, just great. You know, it's so nice to be in this place again after all these years. Not that different than I remember it.

JAMIE. What do you do?

MAN. I'm pretty much retired now. Rattle around the house, annoy my wife, you know, standard "geezer" stuff.

ABBY. What did you do?

MAN. *(Pause.)* Oh, for many years I was a teacher. High school music, band, jazz band, like that.

JAMIE. That's how you know about Miles Davis!

MAN. Yeah, I even got to say hello to Davis once, after a concert.

JAMIE. Wow, what's he like?

MAN. No idea. I said hello to him. He didn't say hello to me.

JAMIE. Sorry.

MAN. Yeah, but really, who was I to him? This nobody old music teacher, fawning all over him . . . Not like I . . . you know . . .

ABBY. So, you're retired? Have any kids?

MAN. Boy and a girl. My daughter, Annie, married, lives in Seattle. Got twins! I'm a grandpa now! Cute kids! Call me Pop-pop.

JAMIE. To Pop-pop! Congrats!

ABBY. Congratulations!

*(Everybody toasts and sips.)*

So, that's your daughter. What about your—? *(son)*

MAN. *(Riding over her, to JAMIE.)* You ever think about teaching?

JAMIE. Me? No! I think I'd be a terrible teacher.

MAN. Ha!

ABBY. You'd be a great teacher!

JAMIE. I don't know. I mean, what level of hell is it to be teaching some kid to play "Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star" all day? I think I'd kill myself or drink too much or something.

MAN. It's not that bad.

**JAMIE.** I'm sorry, look, teaching is . . . it's so important, the most important job there is. I just think you have to be the right person for it and I am not that guy.

**ABBY.** I think you'd be great. You care so much about music and you really like people. You'd be great.

**MAN.** I think she's right. You'd be a great teacher. Maybe some of your students would become professionals. Wouldn't that be good?

**JAMIE.** I . . . I can't see it.

**MAN.** (*Beat.*) Can I get another one of these?

**JAMIE.** Sure.

(*JAMIE gets up and then pounds on the bar.*)

Wait! Let's do some shots! You in, hon?

**ABBY.** Sure! I'm off tomorrow!

**JAMIE.** Kamikazes!

**MAN.** Kamikazes?! Sure, why not? Let's do ka-mi-kazes!

(*JAMIE jumps back behind the bar and quickly mixes up a shaker of kamikazes.*)

**JAMIE.** People love my kamikazes! My kamikazes can heal a troubled world!

**MAN.** Why it's like drinking from the spring at Lourdes!

**JAMIE.** Exactly!

**MAN.** What's your kamikaze secret?

**JAMIE.** I-can't-tell-you-no-I-can't-all-right-you-forced-me-I'll-tell-you. I use Cointreau instead of Triple Sec and real lime juice, which we're out of now. But most importantly, I make them with love. Love, do you hear?! (*As he's over-pouring the vodka part:*) Lots and lotsssss of love! Everybody ready?

**ABBY.** Bring it on!

**MAN.** Look out, kamikazes!

(*JAMIE grabs shot glasses and brings everything over to the table. He pours and they hold up their shots.*)

**ABBY.** What are we drinking to?

**MAN.** To dreams coming true!

**JAMIE.** Cliché alert! Warning, warning! Danger, Will Robinson!

**MAN.** OK, you pick, what are we drinking to?