

ETHEL. Who said this one was Jewish?

NORMAN. He's a dentist, isn't he? Name me one dentist who isn't Jewish.

ETHEL. Your brother.

NORMAN. My brother is deceased. Name me one living dentist who isn't Jewish.

CHARLIE. Doctor Baylor.

NORMAN. Who is Doctor Baylor?

CHARLIE. My dentist.

NORMAN. He's in Maine, Charlie. There are no Jews in Maine.

CHARLIE. Sure there are. The Gittlemans over in Spruce Cove.

NORMAN. Those are tourists. Most tourists are Jewish.

CHARLIE. I know a Jewish guy who isn't a tourist. He runs a used car lot up in Augusta.

NORMAN. I'll bet he does. But, he's obviously an immigrant. From New York or somewhere. There are no native Jews in Maine. Just as there are no native Negroes here, or native Puerto Ricans.

ETHEL. I wouldn't think so.

NORMAN. I'm just pointing out to Charlie some of the charms of his habitat. Some of the reasons why we like it so well. *(To Charlie.)* We don't come here just for the bugs, you know. It's true you have your French Canadians, but at least they speak French. So, it's not quite as bad. Makes them sound intelligent.

ETHEL. *(To Norman.)* This particular dentist who's coming to celebrate your birthday is named Ray, and that doesn't sound Jewish.

NORMAN. It would depend on the last name, I'd say.

ETHEL. That is his last name.

NORMAN. His last name is Ray?

ETHEL. Yes. Bill Ray.

NORMAN. Bill Ray. That sounds rather flippant.

ETHEL. Well, shall we ask him not to come?

NORMAN. No. I think we should have representatives from all walks of life here for my last birthday party.

ETHEL. Oh, God. *(Then, to Charlie, brightly.)* I think this medicine should be put away from all this hot air. *(She carries it to the kitchen. Norman glowers after her, then turns his stare onto Charlie.)*

NORMAN. Why didn't you marry Chelsea?

CHARLIE. You wouldn't let me.

NORMAN. Oh. *(He thinks about it.)* You could have married someone else. I would have allowed that.

CHARLIE. I didn't want anyone else. I mean, I've come close. There's still time.

NORMAN. (*Going back to his paper.*) Oh, yes. You've got lots of time.

CHARLIE. How old will you be?

NORMAN. When?

CHARLIE. On your birthday.

NORMAN. One hundred and three.

CHARLIE. Really? (*He laughs.*) You're kidding. Miss Appley was ninety-seven in May. Isn't that amazing?

NORMAN. Yes. (*He turns to the classified ads.*)

CHARLIE. She died, you know.

NORMAN. No.

CHARLIE. Yup. Last Tuesday. We got a call. In case any mail came up.

NORMAN. They gave you a forwarding address for Miss Appley? (*Charlie laughs. Ethel comes back in.*)

ETHEL. Now what's going on here?

NORMAN. One of the lesbians expired. (*Charlie roars at this.*)

ETHEL. Oh, Norman. (*To Charlie.*) Which one?

CHARLIE. Miss Appley.

ETHEL. Oh, dear. Well, she had a good, full life.

NORMAN. Charlie says she was ninety-seven.

ETHEL. Really? How wonderful.

NORMAN. Puts us all to shame, doesn't it? There's something to be said for a deviant life style.

CHARLIE. I always liked those old ladies. But I sure used to wonder what the heck was going on in there. (*He winks at Norman, hoping for a response, but gets a disapproving look instead. Charlie stands, covering his embarrassment.*) Well, thanks for the coffee and the biscuits.

ETHEL. Any time, Charlie. You must come round when Chelsea's here.

CHARLIE. Oh, yuh. I haven't seen her for a long time. Must be ... well, let's see. It was the summer my father died, and I was thirty-six at the time. I'm forty-four now, so that's ... (*He figures in his head.*)

NORMAN. Eight years.

CHARLIE. Eight years. Holy Mackinoly. Well, see you tomorrow.

ETHEL. Okay, dear. (*They both look at Norman, who is engrossed in his paper.*) Norman, Charlie's leaving.