

GOOD PEOPLE

Holy Jesus. Margie Walsh.

MARGARET

Hi, Mike.

MIKE

From Prehistoric Times.

MARGARET

Just about.

(He's a little too amiable. She's a bit uncomfortable.)

MIKE

Sorry you had to wait out there, I was on the line with the caterer.

MARGARET

It's okay.

MIKE

My wife's throwing this party, so there are all these questions about / the menu.

MARGARET

I hope it's okay that I came in without an appointment or / anything.

MIKE

It's fine. I had some cancellations, which never happens / so—

MARGARET

Yeah, they said.

MIKE

You got lucky.

Scene 3

Lights up on Dr. Michael Dillon's office. Tastefully decorated. A couple of family photos on a shelf behind his desk. Mike, about fifty, handsome, is working at his desk. After a couple beats Margaret peeks in.

MARGARET

Mike?

MIKE

(Comes to the door) There you are!

MARGARET

How you doin'?

MIKE

Come on in!

(She comes in. He gives her a bug.)

DAVID LINDSAY-ABRAE

Is the party for you?

MARGARET

The party?

MIKE

You said your wife was / throwing a party.

MARGARET

Oh, yeah, it's my birthday this weekend—

MIKE

March 22nd.

MARGARET

(Beat) That's right. Anyway, she lives for that stuff. Any excuse to throw a party.

MIKE

That's nice.

MARGARET

I'm really sorry you had to wait.

MIKE

I wouldn't have come down, but I called a few times on Monday, and then again yesterday, but they wouldn't put me through.

MARGARET

They do that if I'm with patients.

MIKE

I didn't want to be a pest about it.

MARGARET

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It's totally fine. How you doin'?

MIKE

I'm okay.

MARGARET

Still in Southie?

MIKE

Yeah, down on Tudor Street.

MARGARET

The Lower End.

MIKE

Lower End.

MARGARET

Same as always.

MIKE

I guess.

MARGARET

This is crazy. Look at you.

MIKE

I'm fat.

MARGARET

You are not.

MIKE

Well, I'm not seventeen.

MARGARET

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MIKE
No, nobody's seventeen. How's Goble?

MARGARET
Oh, he's, uh, down in Virginia somewhere.

MIKE
Oh yeah?

MARGARET
Or Georgia, I guess. Somewhere down there. Last I heard.

MIKE
Well say hi to him from me.

MARGARET
Okay. We haven't heard from him in / a while.

MIKE
Did you ever marry him?

MARGARET
Oh god, no.

MIKE
You were together a while though.

MARGARET
Not really.

MIKE
Well tell him I say hello. *(Laughing)* I think he owes me a few bucks.

MARGARET
We don't really—He could be / dead for all I know.

MIKE
(Laughing) That deadbeat was always—What'd you say?

MARGARET
I said he could be dead for all I know.

MIKE
Oh.

MARGARET
We've lost touch.

MIKE
That's too bad.

MARGARET
Not really.

MIKE
Oh, okay.

(Silence.)

MARGARET
So Jeannie said she ran into you. At the luncheon thing.

MIKE
Yeah, she's the same, huh?

MARGARET
Yeah.

MIKE
Mouthy from Southie.

DAVID LINDSAY-ABBAIRE

(*Little chuckle*) Yeah.

MARGARET

I would've known her anywhere.

MIKE

MARGARET

I heard you were a doctor, but I didn't know if it was true or not.

MIKE

It's true.

MARGARET

That is awesome.

MIKE

Oh, thanks.

MARGARET

I never would've guessed that.

MIKE

No?

MARGARET

I mean, I knew you were smart. Everybody knew that, but I would never have pictured you delivering babies.

MIKE

I don't actually deliver the babies.

MARGARET

You don't?

MIKE

I mean, I *have* in the past but—I'm a reproductive endocrinologist.

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MARGARET

I don't know what you just said, but I just got a little excited.

MIKE

(*Chuckles*) Okay.

MARGARET

Was that even English?

MIKE

I do fertility stuff.

MARGARET

You should've just said that.

MIKE

And I help with high-risk pregnancies.

MARGARET

I only went to Southie High after all. You can't be using those five-dollar words on me.

MIKE

Sorry.

MARGARET

I'm just playin' with you.

MIKE

You asked what I did.

MARGARET

I know, I was kidding.

MIKE

Okay. I mean, I went to Southie High, too.

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DAVID LINDSAY-ABRAIRE

MARGARET
Yeah, and U-Penn, and wherever else.

MIKE
Right.

MARGARET
I didn't go to U-Penn.

MIKE
No, I know.

MARGARET
(Chuckles) I didn't go to U-Anywhere. *(Pause)* A doctor, though. I think that's awesome.

MIKE
Thank you.

MARGARET
You're the only doctor I know. In real life, I mean.

MIKE
Real life?

MARGARET
Not somebody I go to, in other words. You know what I mean.

MIKE
Yeah. Personally.

MARGARET
Personally. Exactly.

(Silence.)

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MIKE
So, are you pregnant, / or—

MARGARET
No. God. Am I / pregnant?

MIKE
I'm just pulling your leg.

MARGARET
Oh. I thought you were really / asking me.

MIKE
Although, we've had some older moms in here. You'd be surprised. Almost fifty, some of them.

MARGARET
I'm not pregnant.

MIKE
No, I know.

MARGARET
(Beats) So you got the messages then?

MIKE
Yeah, the receptionist played them for me.

MARGARET
Then you know why / I—

MIKE
Yes, I was just—

MARGARET
I didn't mean to bug you about it.

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MIKE
No, I should've called you back. This is the first slow day we've had.

MARGARET
It's just, my landlady's tapping her foot for the rent, / so—

MIKE
No, I know.

MARGARET
I wouldn't have come, but I didn't know if you were getting the messages.

MIKE
No, I got them.

MARGARET
So Jeannie said I should just come down here.

MIKE
The trouble is, Margie, I don't have anything open right now.

MARGARET
(Beat) No, I figured.

MIKE
And you saw, we don't have a lot of people out there.

MARGARET
No, I know.

MIKE
Just a couple girls answering the phones.

MARGARET
Right.

MIKE
Have you even worked one of those systems? You have to know / how to—

MARGARET
I wouldn't *have* to be answering the phones. I just mentioned the phones because I didn't know what you might have.

MIKE
I see.

MARGARET
I could do whatever. Janitorial stuff or—

MIKE
We have a service that does that. A cleaning service. They come at night.

MARGARET
Oh, I couldn't do nights I don't think. Not with my Joyce.

MIKE
(Beat) I have nothing to do with the cleaning folks anyway. They hire their own people.

MARGARET
That's okay, I couldn't do nights. I just didn't know what the jobs are in a doctor's office. I don't know if there's filing or whatever?

MIKE
That's what I'm saying. I don't have anything.

MARGARET
Right.

DAVID LINDSAY-ABRAIRE

GOOD PEOPLE

MIKE
I'm sorry. I should've called you back.

Yeah.

MIKE

MARGARET
I knew it was a long shot. I only came down because Jean said she ran into you. I told her it was stupid.

Can I see?

MARGARET

MIKE
Have you tried Gillette?

(*Slightest pause*) Sure.

MIKE

MARGARET
(*A wry chuckle*) Yeah.

MARGARET
You don't want to show me?

MARGARET

MIKE
Back in the day everybody worked down Gillette. Is that place still open?

(*Hands her the photo*) Of course. I don't care / if—

MIKE

MARGARET
Oh, yeah, they're open.

MARGARET
(*A little laugh*) I'm not gonna stalk them.

MARGARET

MIKE
I'm sorry, Margie.

MIKE
It's just an old photo, that's all. That's in D.C. We were there for a while, so . . .

MIKE

MARGARET
That's okay.

MARGARET
(*Pause as she takes in the photo*) Your wife is beautiful.

MARGARET

MIKE
If I hear about anything, I'll definitely call you. I have your number now.

Thank you.

MIKE

(*This is probably the time she should leave. But she doesn't.*)

And young.

MARGARET

MARGARET
(*Regarding a photo over his shoulder*) Is that your family?

MIKE
Oh. Not really. Like, I said it's an old picture.

MIKE

How old?

MARGARET

DAVID LINDSAY-ABRAE

MIKE
I don't know. Three years.

MARGARET
So, it's not *that* old. She's still young.

MIKE
Younger than me, yeah. A little bit.

MARGARET
(A little chuckle) "A little bit." Okay.

MIKE
I waited a while. To settle down.

MARGARET
Well she's beautiful. Your daughter, too.

MIKE
Thank you. She's six now.

MARGARET
Your wife?

MIKE
You're funny.

MARGARET
(Hands the photo back) She is beautiful though. They both are.
Everybody's beautiful.

MIKE
Thank you. *(Beat)* How's your little girl?

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GOOD PEOPLE

MARGARET
Little girl. Now who's funny? My little girl's older than your wife.

MIKE
Not quite.

MARGARET
Well she's not a little girl.

MIKE
No, I know. *(Beat)* You know, my sister-in-law had a premature baby. Not as premature as . . .

MARGARET
Joyce.

MIKE
Joyce, right, but she had some troubles, too. She's doing better though.

MARGARET
That's good. Mine's not.

MIKE
Sorry. And Gobie doesn't help out?

MARGARET
No.

MIKE
That surprises me. He always seemed like a stand-up guy.

MARGARET
Well he's not. Honestly, though? It's better he's not around. Or it *would* be, if I had a job.

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MIKE
I'm sorry, Margie. I wish I had something. *(Puts on his doctor's coat)*

MARGARET
I know. Nobody does. I went up and down Broadway, and put applications in *everywhere*. Nobody's calling me though. I even went online. Up at the library. You can apply for jobs online now.

MIKE
Oh yeah?

MARGARET
I *think* I did it right, but I don't know. I'm always so stupid when it comes to computers. And those librarians won't help. They're *supposed* to but— Anyway, I think I did it right. Nobody's calling though.

MIKE
You gotta give it time. Just keep putting yourself out / there.

MARGARET
You know it doesn't have to be full-time, right? I could fill in, like if somebody gets sick or whatever. Or if you need somebody to work weekends?

MIKE
That's not how we do it, Margie.

MARGARET
Okay. I figured. That's fine.

MIKE
I swear, I'm not holding out on you.

MARGARET
No, I know. *(Beat)* I wouldn't fit in here anyway.

MIKE
What do you mean?

MARGARET
In the office. It's . . . you know.

MIKE
Formal?

MARGARET
Formal, yeah. That's a good word for it.

MIKE
It's just a doctor's office.

MARGARET
No, I know. I don't think I'd be comfortable, is all. And that Spanish girl at the desk was pretty cunny to me.

MIKE
(Chuckles) Yikes.

MARGARET
Pardon my French. But she was giving me some attitude.

MIKE
Denise was?

MARGARET
You obviously hired her for her looks, and not her friendly demeanor.

MIKE
I didn't hire her because of her looks.

MARGARET
No? Because she's very pretty. And she's got a whole lot of boobs goin' on.

MIKE
She's also very good at her job.

MARGARET
I guess. If her job means being rude to people. She was all suspicious, asking me these questions.

MIKE
Well, when you walk in off the street / like that—

MARGARET
I told her we were friends though.

MIKE
I know.

MARGARET
What I wanted to say is, "Mind your business, bitch."

MIKE
It's probably good you didn't.

MARGARET
She really didn't want me coming back here.

MIKE
Well, you got back here anyway. It was / good to see you.

MARGARET
Anyway, that's what I meant. She and I wouldn't have gotten along, I don't think, so it's probably for the best you don't have a job for me. I'm not fancy enough for this office. You're all lace-curtain Irish now.

MIKE
(Beat) What?

MARGARET
You *are*, it's great. I'm happy for you.

MIKE
What do you mean, "lace-curtain."

MARGARET
What do *you* call it? "My wife is throwing me a party."

MIKE
What, you don't throw parties?

MARGARET
Not really. Not *catered*.

MIKE
It's a special—It's not like we do it all the time.

MARGARET
You don't have to get defensive. I was just saying. You're not...

MIKE
What.

MARGARET
Southie at all.

MIKE
Ouch.

MARGARET
You wouldn't know that that's where you're from, I'm saying.

MIKE
So I've lost my street cred.

DAVID LINDSAY-ABAIRE

MARGARET
No, I think it's awesome.

MIKE
Yeah, you keep saying that, but I'm starting to not believe you.

MARGARET
I *do* think it's awesome. You're like someone on a TV show.

MIKE
Uh-huh.

MARGARET
You *are*. You know what I mean. Professional.

MIKE
All right, professional I don't mind, but lace-curtain . . .

MARGARET
It just means you did good.

MIKE
No it doesn't. I haven't been in the neighborhood for a while, but I remember what lace-curtain means.

MARGARET
It's a good thing, Mike.

MIKE
No it isn't. It means I think I'm better than other people.

MARGARET
That's not what it means.

MIKE
Yes it does.

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GOOD PEOPLE

MARGARET
Well, that's not how I mean it.

MIKE
The old-timers called the Kennedys' lace-curtain: "Aw, they don't care about us. They're all lace-curtain now."

MARGARET
Well, I don't know anything about that.

MIKE
Or when a union boss or whoever moved out to Wellesley.

MARGARET
Where do *you* live?

MIKE
(*Beat*) Not Wellesley.

MARGARET
Brookline?

(*No response.*)

Weston?

MIKE
(*Beat*) Chestnut Hill.

MARGARET
(*Laughs*) You're not lace-curtain though. Kid grows up in the Old Harbor Projects—

Okay.

MIKE

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DAVID LINDSAY-ABRAIRE

—moves to Chestnut Hill.

MARGARET

Okay.

MIKE

Chestnut Hill!

MARGARET

I'm still a Southie kid at heart though.

MIKE

Are ya?

MARGARET

Yes.

MIKE

MARGARET
Chestnut Hill. That's nice. Not that I've ever been there. But it
sounds nice. *Chestnut Hill*. Big house?

MARGARET

It's all right.

MIKE

MARGARET
Humble. I bet it's awesome. That's all I ever wanted—a big house
somewhere. You got trees?

MARGARET

A couple.

MIKE

MARGARET
Sounds nice. Ya got a guest room?

MARGARET

GOOD PEOPLE

(*They sort of laugh.*)

MIKEY DILLON. You're rich!

MIKE

Take it easy.

You *are!* You're rich!

MARGARET

I'm not rich.

MIKE

MARGARET
Well what would *you* call it?

MARGARET

I don't know.

MIKE

Wealthy?

MARGARET

We're just . . . comfortable.

MIKE

MARGARET
Oh, comfortable.

MARGARET

Yeah.

MIKE

MARGARET
You're comfortable. Okay. I guess that makes me *un*-comfortable
then. Is that what you call us lowly folk? *Un*-comfortable?

MARGARET

MIKE
Nope.

MARGARET
Huh. Well they're still there.

MARGARET
You're comfortable. I like that. It's nicer than rich. And you *look* comfortable.

MIKE
I've been doing some work with the Boys and Girls Clubs though. I'm on the board, so . . .

MIKE
Funny, I don't feel comfortable at this particular moment.

MARGARET
(*A little laugh*) You're on the board.

MARGARET
I'm sorry. It's not polite to talk money, is it. Us Southie kids forget that sometimes.

MIKE
And I still have cousins in Southie.

MIKE
Right.

MARGARET
The Feeney's?

MARGARET
(*Beat*) You ever get back there at all? Walk the Sugar Bowl? Grab a clam roll at Sully's?

MIKE
Yeah.

MIKE
Not really.

MARGARET
(*Knowing*) Close to them, are ya?

MARGARET
How come?

MIKE
Well . . .

MIKE
(*Beat*) My parents moved to Florida, so there was never a reason to . . .

MARGARET
They gonna be at your party?

MARGARET
Go back?

MIKE
(*Chuckles*) You know I was never tight with the Feeney's. But that's my father's fault.

MIKE
I don't know. I should though. I miss those clam rolls.

MARGARET
You still have ties though. You're still Mikey Dee from Old Harbor.

MIKE
If I was close to the Feeneys they would come to the party.

MARGARET
Oh, yeah? You'd let the Southie rats in?

MIKE
What are you doing? Do you think I'm lying about the job?

MARGARET
No.

MIKE
Then why are you being so passive-aggressive?

MARGARET
Okay, Big Words.

MIKE
I think you're deliberately needling me.

MARGARET
What I say?

MIKE
Did you get mean, Margie?

MARGARET
(Beat) No.

MIKE
Southie girls could be so mean. I remember how hard they were.
Your friend Jeannie? Forget it. She could beat the shit out of me.

MARGARET
Still could.

MIKE
You were never like that though. I hope you're still nice, Margie.

MARGARET
You think I'm not? Because I called you lace-curtain?

MIKE
I can't tell.

MARGARET
Because I asked if you invited the Feeneys?

MIKE
If the Feeneys wanna come, they can come.

MARGARET
I'll let 'em know. (Beat) Can I come, too?

MIKE
(A nervous laugh) Ha.

MARGARET
Is that a yes?

MIKE
You don't wanna come to *this* party, believe me. You'd be bored
out of your mind. Bunch of stuffy doctors and their stuffy wives.

MARGARET
Sounds like you need me to liven things up.

MIKE
You'd certainly do that.

MARGARET
Any of these people hiring, ya think?

MIKE
Aw, and here I thought you wanted to celebrate my birthday.

MARGARET
Well that, too.

MIKE
I'm just a *Job Fair* to you.

MARGARET
You know I'm not fussy, Mikey. I'll clean their pools if that's what they got. No shame in an honest job.

MIKE
I don't think I know anybody with a pool.

MARGARET
You just don't want me minglin' with your buddies. You afraid I might embarrass you?

MIKE
Is that who you think I am?

MARGARET
I don't know.

MIKE
You're actually starting to offend me a little bit with all this lace-curtain stuff.

MARGARET
Come on, I'm just playing.

MIKE
You wouldn't embarrass me.

MARGARET
No, I know. You're a good guy, Mikey. I'm just bustin' balls. You're good people. I always said that about you. *(Beat)* You *are* good people, right?

MIKE
I like to think so.

MARGARET
Of course you are. Helping these babies in here. The nervous parents. Volunteering at the Boys Club, or whatever it is you do. Donate money?

MIKE
(Beat) A little bit.

MARGARET
See, that's a good guy. Giving money to these kids who you don't even *know*. That's good people. I know you'd help me if you could. I know you would.

MIKE
(Beat) You know you're welcome to come, Margie. If the party's *that* interesting / to you—

MARGARET
Oh, now I get to come.

MIKE
I never said you couldn't come.

MARGARET
What I do, bruise your pride?

MIKE
Yeah, actually, but I'm gonna overlook that and invite you anyway.

MARGARET
No, not if I have to guilt you into it.

MIKE
You're not. I'll tell Denise to give you directions right now.

MARGARET
The Spanish girl with the boobies?

MIKE
She's Dominican, but yeah.

MARGARET
Nah, that's okay. I'll let ya off the hook.

MIKE
(Beat. Realizes) I see what this is.

MARGARET
What.

MIKE
You don't actually want to come. You just want me to feel bad.

MARGARET
Why would I want that?

MIKE
I don't know. But it's weird how you suddenly don't want to come to the party after all. I know Chestnut Hill's a scary place—

MARGARET
You got that right. All that money in one town?

MIKE
Suddenly you don't want to hang out with my boring friends.

MARGARET
I'll hang out, I don't care. So long as they wanna gimme a job. They gonna gimme a job?

MIKE
Somebody might. A couple of those guys have done stupider things. But you don't wanna come now.

MARGARET
You think I won't?

MIKE
No, I think you'll say you will, then call the next day, and leave a message saying your kid got sick or something.

MARGARET
Hey, I just wanted a job, Mikey. But if you wanna play a game a chicken that's fine, too.

MIKE
I'm not playing anything.

MARGARET
Stop fucking with me.

MIKE
I'm not.

MARGARET
'Cause you're very close to hurting my feelings.

MIKE
Hurting *your* feelings? Seriously, Margie, if you want to come you should come, but stop trying to make me out to be this jackass who's forgotten where he's come from.

MARGARET

(Beat) When is it?

MIKE

Saturday night.

MARGARET

I happen to be free Saturday night.

MIKE

I'm not surprised.

MARGARET

Now why don't you buzz your girl and tell her I'd like directions.

MIKE

(Slightest pause) You're not gonna come.

MARGARET

I am now.

MIKE

Okay.

(He reaches for the phone and dials Denise's extension.)

MARGARET

You don't want me to.

MIKE

I just invited you, didn't I? *(Into phone)* Hey Denise, could you print out directions to my house for Miss Walsh? She'll be coming to the party on Saturday. *(Denise says something funny, he chuckles)* No, you cannot.

MARGARET

I'll be taking the T.

MIKE

(Into the phone) T directions . . . yeah. Thank you. *(Hangs up)*
Hope you like salmon.

MARGARET

Never had it.

MIKE

Well, you're gonna.

MARGARET

(Moves to go) All right. This was fun, Mike. Thanks for letting me in.

MIKE

I like I had a choice.

MARGARET

(Laughs) Yeah.

(She beads for the door, then turns back.)

If you hear of anything in the meantime, call me though, okay?
About work? I'll do whatever.

MIKE

Okay.

MARGARET

See you Saturday.

MIKE

Will I?

MARGARET

Oh yeah. You're in deep now, Doctor.

(Margaret goes. Mike is left alone.)
Lights out.