

WALDGRAVE. (*With quiet fury.*) I presume someone here can explain why I have cottage cheese all over me.

RICK. (*Making a stab at it.*) Um, is it your way?

WALDGRAVE. You—don't you start again with me!

RICK. What's wrong, Tocky?

WALDGRAVE. What!

RICK. What's wrong, Tocky?

WALDGRAVE. All right, you say it right, goddammit! I've had a very bad day, and I'm going to hear you say it right just once. Say it!

RICK. What do you mean?

WALDGRAVE. "What's wrong, Ticky!"

RICK. Hunh?

WALDGRAVE. "What's wrong, Ticky!"

RICK. Notheen's wrong. (*Shrugs.*) Why are you calleen' me Ticky?

WALDGRAVE. Goddammit. Goddammit!

RICK. No, that's okay. Call me Ticky if it makes you feel good.

WALDGRAVE. It doesn't make me feel good!

RICK. Then I wouldn't.

WALDGRAVE. (*Hand in coat.*) Where are my pills?

RICK. No, maybe not, 'cause people might mix us up if you call me Ticky, 'cause that sounds kind of like your nickname of Tocky, y'know? You're right. Okay, so then you just call me whatever you want to, okay?

WALDGRAVE. Jesus.

WILLUM. Here—look—.

RICK. "Jesus"? That would make me sound like I was from the Bible.

WILLUM. Rick—.

RICK. Or—or on a baseball team, at least.

WILLUM. Rick—.

RICK. I don't know—"Jesus Steadman." That's —.

WILLUM. Rick, *please*.

RICK. No, but no, okay. So you want to call me Jesus, then, and I'll just keep calleen' you—uh, Tacky?

WALDGRAVE. Tocky!

TANSY. (*Gently correcting him.*) Ticky.

WALDGRAVE. Ticky. Goddammit.

WILLUM. (*Trying to calm things down.*) Mr. Waldgrave, let's just—first of all just tell me why you're here.

WALDGRAVE. Why am I—! I was supposed to come here for dinner!

WILLUM. For dinner?

WALDGRAVE. What are you—? Isn't this from you? (*He pulls a note from his pocket.*) My secretary gave me this—"Dinner Cubbert's tonight."

WILLUM. This—there's some mixup.

WALDGRAVE. I tried to call back, but all I could get was your damn machine. And instead of a message, you know what you got on there? Somebody singing a song about, "There's something in my pocket that belongs upon my face!" You listen all the way through and it turns out to be "a great big Brownie smile!" I mean, what the hell!

WILLUM. I don't know who called you, Mr. Waldgrave, but it wasn't me.

WALDGRAVE. Then who the hell *was* it?

RICK. Surprise!

WILLUM. *You?*

RICK. Me!

WILLUM. Oh, Rick.

WALDGRAVE. Oh, Jesus.

RICK. Whichever. (*To Willum.*) Yeah, you said it was a special dinner, so I called Tocky's secretary.

WALDGRAVE. (*To Willum.*) Dammit, I thought maybe you wanted to talk about the Regency, for once. You remember the Regency? The Regency Hotel?

RICK. (*To Waldgrave.*) Oh, *right!* What did you think of that chimney, hey?

WALDGRAVE. What chimney?

RICK. The one on the left.

WALDGRAVE. What?

RICK. Did he blow a cigarette through it for *you*?

WALDGRAVE. What?

RICK. Did he blow a cigarette through it for *you*?

WALDGRAVE. Did he blow a cigarette through *what* for me?

RICK. The chimney.

WALDGRAVE. What chimney?

RICK. The one on the left.

WALDGRAVE. Cubbert!

WILLUM. Rick.

WALDGRAVE. (*Bearing in on Willum.*) All right, look. *I* don't know what's going on here. I'm invited to dinner, I step out of my car and get pelted with cottage cheese; then I come up here, I find my architect jumping around, things on his head, acting like some cheerleader from Mars, or something. Well and good. I don't know from that; I don't want to know. What I know is, I now have a son who's afraid of closets; my wife, if my wife even *sees* a paper bag, she gets so nervous she has to break every dish in the house; and I have a hotel which is now one week behind *schedule*! I mean, *Jesus*—what am I supposed to *do*?

RICK. How should *I* know? (*Waldgrave glares at Rick, then returns to Willum.*)