



Cock *E*yeD

(A play)

By

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Cock *E*ye*D*

Cast

RIVKA.....65 years old. Attractive, wealthy psychologist. Has been in love with JAKE for 35 years, but because of his striking resemblance to her deceased father, can't bring herself to say "I love you, Jake."

JAKE.....69 years old. Because of being *Cockeyed*, feels inadequate and has become a drunk. Owner of the Fenway movie theater. He has been love with RIVKA for 35 years, but, because he doesn't feel he is good enough for her or anyone, can't tell her how he feels. Lonely, talks to movie posters, who he feels are his only friends.

xxx

HOST (waiter).....50 years old.

Cock *E*yeD

ACT I

Scene 1

**Indian Summer.
Yesterday.**

Stage right is RIVKA'S beautiful, fastidious bedroom in her brownstone. She is drinking wine and cleaning what is already spotless. Stage left is JAKE'S basement apartment in his Fenway theater, which is filled with movie posters. Darkened, the theater box office is center stage.

RIVKA

Today is the last day of my beloved Fenway, Papa, the last day, but this girl ain't ready to say goodbye. No way Jose, I'll put on something really sexy, shake my little *'touches,'* that's some little *'touches,'* huh? Bring him over here, get him a little more tipsy than he usually is and get him to kiss me, touch me, make mad and passionate love to me. I'll get him to want me like he's never wanted another woman in his life. Why not, I've wanted him for as long as I can remember and I know he's wanted me just as much. He better. Isn't that something? All these years, they all wanted to take me to bed, but not my Jake. Maybe, because that cockeyed *'yold'* is such a gentleman. He wouldn't make love to me until we were married, and thank G-d tonight's the night, Papa. And I can't wait to say I do, do I do. Sam the lawyer, he was so hot for me, he used to shake, quiver 'til he couldn't breathe. Every time he saw me he brought me candy or a dozen roses. He knew how much I loved yellow roses. When he got down on his knees and asked me to marry him, I said no because his shaking used to make me nervous. And when Dr. Slimowitz asked me to marry him, let me tell you, that man was hot-to-trot. I mean he was a hunk. I turned him down, because I didn't want to spend the rest of my life fox trotting with him. He didn't know it, but this girl likes to rumba. There were so many that I can't remember how many wonderful, successful, I mean rich men asked me to marry them, but I turned them all down except Abie. Even a genius like me makes mistakes, *'nu?'* Who wouldn't want to marry a sexy lady like me? I couldn't marry all those other guys, because after that bastard I was determined to get my Jake. I could never figure out what it is? Jake's not the most handsome, Abie was the most handsome *'chorlehrya'* I ever met, another Paul Newman. Was he sexy and rich, *'oi,'* was he rich. Jake's not the smartest or the wisest, so, what is it? Before I fell for him, I had lots of men, gorgeous men that knew how to make a lady feel like a lady. In fact, one of them, a long time ago, I loved almost as much as Jake... I was 20 and he was my English professor

at Columbia... But while all those other guys were wining and dining me, trying to get me to sleep with them, all I thought about was Jake. He's worse than the G-d damn plague. I just can't get him out of my mind. They say love is the strongest emotion. Men have gone to war over it... Samson lost his locks over it... Thomas Jefferson had 11 black children with a woman he was madly in love with. You know what they say? You wait long enough and sooner or later. Well, it's getting later... I'm 65 years old and it looks like he's the only one that still wants me. Thank G-d he still wants me, and thank G-d we're finally getting married. You know, I'm surprised I haven't gone blind from all the movies I've seen in his *'fahschtunkeneh'* Fenway.

End of Scene 1

CockEYeD

ACT I

Scene 2

A moment later.

Jake is in the living room of his apartment in the Fenway movie theater, talking to a poster of Marlon Brando.

JAKE

(Toasts, drinks.)

'L' haim, to your health Mr. Brando, to your health... When I showed "On the Waterfront,"

(Ala Brando.)

and you said, *"I coulda been a contender, I coulda been a contender."* You were some contender, all right. Like Marciano, Graziano, Floyd Patterson, Sugar Ray, they were contenders too. But, you were my favorite contender. I'm telling you, movie stars, I love all of you... My best friends. It was raining-cats-and-dogs and they stood in line around the block to see you, *'nu?'* Six shows a day, a thousand people each show. I made a fortune Mr. Brando, thanks to you, I made a fortune... I didn't always drink, ya know. Who had time

(Drinks.)

to drink when I was so busy selling tickets. But, today's the last day of the Fenway, *'nu...?'* What, my drinking's gonna hurt somebody, Marlon? They're knocking down my Fenway and they're going to build another high-rise. The East side needs another high-rise like I need a *'luch n' kupp,* that's a hole in your head. So, I figured, why shouldn't I celebrate? What, I'm not entitled...? Forty Years, Mr. Brando. Jake's been selling tickets for 40 years. They think I don't know that they all called me crazy, but I know, I know plenty. "If you own the Fenway, why don't you hire someone to sell tickets, cheapskate?" I never hired anyone because, all right, I am cheap. And since when is being cheap a crime? Benny was cheaper than me. Ask anybody and who was more famous than Jack Benny? And George Burns? They were best friends you know. Who wouldn't want to be friends with G-d? But to tell you the truth, the reason why I wanted to sell tickets, is I always wanted to see the

(Rubs eye.)

look on their faces, I wanted to see them cringe when I gave them my evil eye. And you

(Drinks.)

know what? They made me a wealthy man... I didn't always drink, ya know... In the beginning I didn't drink as much. Maybe, because it didn't hurt so much. In the old days I guess I wasn't so lonely. You see I always knew that Rivka and I would eventually get married, and tonight we are... I've been crazy about Rivka for 35 years.... Like in that scene from "To Have and to Have Not," when Bacall, who was in love with Bogey, said

"You know how to whistle, don't you? You just put your lips together and blow..." I always knew that one day Rivka would become so in love with me, that when she stepped up to my box office, she'd look me right in my good 'eye' and say, "I love you Jake. I've always loved you. Always..." Some always, my luck she probably still loves

(Sings.)

Abie. My luck. *"I have dreamed that your arms are lovely..."*

(We hear musical continuation of song as scene ends.)

End of Scene 2

Cock **E**yeD

ACT I

Scene 3

A moment later .

RIVKA'S bedroom.

(Opens closet.)

I have to get ready, I have to get dressed... What should I wear, Papa? How's about my brown tweed suit, or my blue herringbone? Maybe I should run to Bloomies and buy something new for his closing? How can I face him wearing the same old '*schmates?*' I hope I don't cry... Should I buy him a wedding present, a Rolex, a ring? Jake, Jake, Jake, I'm sure you know how much you've meant to me all these years. I'm sure you know how much I've needed you, wanted to kiss you, touch you. How lonely my nights have been without you there to caress me. How empty my days have been without being your wife. But after tonight, things will be different. I will make you so happy, now that we'll

(Sings.)

finally be together. It's up to me to make it happen and I will. *"I'm gonna love you, like nobody's loved you, come rain or come shine."* The first time I saw him my heart skipped a beat. When I saw Jake's lazy eye, I knew the pain he was enduring. My father also had a lazy eye... What's that they say about birds of a feather...? When we were alone, my father would put me on his lap, '*cuhtchy*' me and he would cry. He'd tell me how disgusted he was that everyone looked at him with such pity and disdain. "I don't want pity," he'd cry, "Who needs it?" How alone, how useless and unfulfilled his life was. Like Jake, he never got married again. Like Jake, he was the most wonderful, the kindest and most sensitive man I ever met and he made me feel he loved me more than anyone. Came '*Rosh Hashanah, Yom Kippur, Hanukkah*' he'd take me to '*shul*,' walk up to the '*bema*' and announce to the entire congregation that he loved his little '*Rivkala*' his little sweetheart more than anybody in the world and then he'd throw me up in the air and say, "You see, you can fly my little '*fageleh*,' you can fly." Remember when you called me your little birdie, Papa? Remember...? You always danced and tickled me as we walked home. It was so much fun. I guess I loved you more than anybody else and when you died, I wanted to die with you. I just didn't want to go on. And then I met my darling Jake, and suddenly life became bearable, full of hope... I'm going down to the Fenway, I'm going to grab him by his '*batsim*,' then I'm going to take him home and since we're finally getting married, I'm going to give him a '*zetz*' like he's never had. That is if I remember how. They say once you ride a bicycle. I haven't ridden a bicycle since that bastard Abie... I've wasted my life waiting, hoping, praying, but I'm not waiting any more you *cockeyed bastard*. Not a second longer. I want you and when Rivka wants something, she gets it. So, I'm coming to get you, Jake. Do you hear? I'm

(Sings.)

coming to get you, 'cause "*We're getting married in the morning. Ding dong the bells are gonna chime.*"

(Musical continuation as scene ends.)

End of scene 3

Cock *E*yeD

ACT I

Scene 4

A moment later.

Talks to movie posters.

JAKE

It seems the older you get, the lonelier you get, especially when all your friends are gone. Just like that, they began deserting me. Even though they were stars, big stars, one-by-one,

(To poster of Gable.)

they all passed away. When you died, Clark, what did I do? I cried like a baby. I said goodbye by having a few drinks. And then I sat '*shiva*' for you. I mean, "*Gone With the*

(Ala Gable.)

Wind." "*Frankly my dear, I don't give a damn.*" You were so cool, Clark. I wish I could be that cool. People still say it's one of the greatest movies ever made and I showed the rerun right here in the Fenway. I started as an usher when I was 17, Mr. Cagney. I played your

(Ala Cagney, to poster.)

"White Heat," for two weeks. "*Look ma, top of the world, top of the world.*" In that movie, Jimmy, you really loved your mother... I never knew my mother. Then you

(To poster of Bogart.)

died too... These things hurt and like a dope I cried. And when you, Bogey... To me you were always my best friend. For years, after all, how many "*Casablanças*" were there? And what about the "*Maltese Falcon*?" And my favorite, "*The African Queen.*" May you rest in peace, Mr. Orner. That's what Katie called you, Mr. Orner, '*Olev hasholem.*' You were some guy and your wife Lauren Bacall wasn't so bad either. I'll tell you the truth, I never told you, but I was crazy about your wife. I'm sure I'm not the only one... Tell me Humphrey, how did you get her? Did you buy her flowers, candy take her out to dinner? Rivka likes yellow roses. I just don't know what to do. But more than Dietrich, more than Monroe, Ava, to some people, your wife and Hepburn were the classiest of them all, but as far as I'm concerned, none of them came close to my Rivka. And tonight, my sweetheart, tonight will be a night we will always remember, because, I'm going to get you to runaway with me, far away.

End of scene 4

Cock **E**yeD

ACT I

Scene 5

30 YEARS AGO.

RIVKA IS AT THE HEAD OF THE LINE ABOUT TO ENTER THE FENWAY THEATRE. ON THE AFTERNOON. MARQUEE IT SAYS, "SOME LIKE IT HOT;" STARRING, MARILYN MONROE, TONY CURTIS AND JACK LEMMON." RIVKA SPEAKS TO JAKE.

RIVKA

I'd like 14 tickets please, handsome...

JAKE

(Loud and surprised.)

Princess, Sweetheart, how good to see you.

(COMES OUT OF BOXOFFICE, AND BOWS TO RIVKA, AS ALL SUPPOSEDLY ARE ANNOYED, FOR THEY ARE WAITING.)

JAKE cont'd)

(To supposed people standing on line. - Takes Rivka's arm.)

This is Princess Grace. How nice to see you, your highness. Come this way.

(To standees.)

I'll be back in a moment; I have to seat my favorite princess, don't I? *Nu*, lets go.

(WALKING, THEY ENTER LOBBY OF THEATRE.)

RIVKA

You know Jake, this princess business has to stop, I, mean it's embarrassing. I'm no princess, what kind of Princess?

JAKE

(Kisses Rivka on cheek.)

Embarrassing, *shmarassing*, to me, you will always be my Princess, Princess

RIVKA

Oh, Jake, I just don't know what I am going to do with you?

JAKE

(Ala Bogart.)

How's about a dinner tonight, lady? I mean if you got the time, I got the place, gorgeous.

RIVKA

Are you asking me for a date, mister?

JAKE

I've been dying to ask you for a date since I laid eyes on you, gorgeous, so, what do you say?

RIVKA

I'd love too, but what's the occasion, Jake?

JAKE

I hate to tell you this sweetheart, but today's our anniversary.

RIVKA

Anniversary?

JAKE

It's five years since I fell in...

RIVKA

...Go on, you were saying, since you fell in what? And don't tell me pigeon droppings.

(THEY both laugh.)

JAKE

What a sense of humor you have and your timing, not only are you more beautiful than Monroe, who is a knockout and a half in "*Some Like it Hot*," but your timing couldn't be better.

RIVKA

(Alluring.)

Mean while, back at the ranch, where do you want to take me for dinner tonight, mister?

JAKE

How about the *Four Seasons*?

RIVKA

(Ala Mae West.)

Not a bad choice, if I say so myself, and what time do you want me to be there, buster?

JAKE

The movie closes at 10, how about 10:30?

RIVKA

(Ala Mae West)

10:30 sounds great, and don't be late, 'cause I hate to wait, ya know what I mean jelly bean...

JAKE

And since we're celebrating our fifth anniversary, there's something I should have asked you long ago, that I'm going to ask you tonight.

RIVKA

Really?

JAKE

Something that I never thought I'd have the courage, the *chutzpah*, to ask you but...

RIVKA

Really, sounds exciting, and I can't wait.

JAKE

Yes, really and I'll make reservations under my name. There will be two bottles of the finest champagne, Piper Heidsieck waiting for your beautiful lips, my beloved *Princess*.

(THEY ENTER DARKENED THEATRE, JAKE WANTS TO REALLY KISS RIVKA, BUT JUST KISSES HER ON CHEEK.)

JAKE (cont'd)

(Whispers.)

I know you'll enjoy this movie, because I loved it. See you tonight, my *liebshen*.

LIGHTS FLICKER.

Jake, in his apartment in the theatre.

10: P.M.:

JAKE

(Thinking pours a large drink. - Drinks.)

I just have to have drink, because I just don't have the *chutzpah* to ask her to marry me unless I'm a little tipsy. Boy, I almost told her how much I love her today, and I should have, I finally should have, I mean it's been five years since I've fallen in love with her, five years, five, beautiful years and have I even stuck my tongue in her beautiful mouth.

(Pours another drink and drinks.)

I'll probably faint when I kiss her and when we finally hit the sack, I probably won't know what to do. How should I know what to do, did I ever do it, and who am I, Errol Flynn, Clark Gable?

OUTSIDE RESTAURANT.

HAVING WAITED FOR 15 MINUTES RIVKA DECIDES TO ENTER THE *FOUR SEASONS* AND IS GREETED BY HOST. WE SEE A CLOCK WHICH SAYS, 10:45.

HOST (waiter.)

Good evening madam, may I help you?

RIVKA

Yes, err; I believe you have reservations for two under the name of Jake?

HOST (waiter)

(Looks at list.)

Yes we do, and where may I ask is your Mr. Jake?

RIVKA

Oh, I'm sure he'll be here momentarily. Anyway, I came in because it was cold outside.

HOST (waiter.)

Yes, it is madam. Your table, in our private dining room is waiting, and I shall bring your Mr. Jake to you the moment he arrives. Please come this way.

(HOST SEATS RIVKA IN PRIVATE DINING ROOM AT LONE TABLE.)

HOST (cont'd)

I see your Mr. Jake has arranged for two bottles of our finest champagne. May I bring one now?

RIVKA

That would be fine, and two glasses if you would be so kind.

(THE HOST EXITS, AND AN APREHENSIVE RIVKA LOOKS AT HER WATCH. A MOMENT LATER THE HOST BRINGS THE CHAMPAGNE AND POURS TWO GLASSES, SMILES AND EXITS. AGAIN RIVKA LOOKS AT HER WATCH.)

RIVKA (cont'd)

Oh, what the hell, I'm sure he won't mind if I start without him. Knowing him, I'm sure he'll catch up in no time.

LIGHTS FLICKER. WE SEE JAKE TOTALLY DRUNK, LYING ON COUCH IN HIS APARTMENT:

LIGHTS FLICKER:

**TIME ELAPSES, IT'S NEARLY
11:30 AND WE SEE THAT RIVKA
HAS ALMOST FINISHED THE
ENTIRE BOTTLE OF
CHAMPAGNE. THE WAITER,
ALMOST APPOLOGETICALLY
APPROACHES RIVKA AND
LOOKS AT HER. SHE IS PRETTY
LOADED AND ANNOYED.**

RIVKA (cont'd)

(Slurs.)

And, what the hell are you looking at, can you tell me, can you tell me!?

(Lights.)

End of Scene 5

Cock **E**yeD

ACT I

Scene 6

JAKE in booth recalls.

JAKE

I remember that time I almost told her how I felt like it was yesterday.

(Lights go off and on, denoting going back into time. RIVKA appears and JAKE comes out of booth and bows.)

RIVKA

Por moi? Why that's not necessary monsieur, for I am certainly not a princess.

JAKE

Says who?

RIVKA

Oh Jake, you're such a flatterer.

JAKE

An alte cocker like me, are you kidding? And what do you say about this weather? Don't you just love the fall?

RIVKA

(Sings.)

"The leaves of brown came tumbling down, remember, that September, in the rain."

JAKE

I was at Bethesda fountain and the leaves were sure tumbling down, they were gorgeous.

RIVKA

Really, what time?

JAKE

Around three.

RIVKA

And never the twain the shall meet. I had lunch there with my girl friend Sonnie at about one, then we went to the Children's Zoo and left just as you got there, too bad.

JAKE

Yeah, too bad. Maybe we could meet there for lunch sometime?

RIVKA

Say when *Buhby*, just say when.

JAKE

I'll call you, this time I'll definitely call you.

RIVKA

You do that sweetheart, you do that.

JAKE

I will, I swear.

RIVKA

Promises, promises.

End of Scene 6

CockEyed

ACT I

Scene 7

RIVKA'S bedroom.
A moment later.

Music is playing and she is dancing.
She is wearing a different dress
and is pretty loaded.

RIVKA

(Sings.)

"Oh, how we danced on the night we were wed..." What a night to elope, huh Jake? The stars, full moon. Gorgeous, just gorgeous. What could be more romantic, sweetheart? We won't even take any luggage. We'll buy everything we need when we get there. How about Miami, pussy cat? You like the weather in Miami, don't you? My friend Trudy's got a beautiful place right on the ocean. We'll call a rabbi, and after the ceremony we'll drink champagne, eat caviar and dance 'til the swallows come home to Capistrano. Or we could go to the Riviera, if you want? Nice, Monaco. This time of the year it's beautiful. Oh,

(Sings)

Jake... *"I ain't ever been so happy I could cry."* Maybe I should put on my black shift. I think it fits so much better than this, or maybe my purple pants suit. I think he'll like the

(Sings.)

purple more than the black shift. *"Merlot, Merlot it's a hell of a wine."* Boy, I'd sure like to get loaded. What the hell, a dame doesn't get married every night, does she...? I don't know what it is, but I feel like drinking and I never drink. How could I drink? Guess I want to

(Sings.)

celebrate because I'm finally going to get my Jake. I guess I need a little courage that's all. *"I feel pretty, I feel pretty. I feel pretty and witty and gay..."* Papa, do you hear? Your 'Rivkala' is finally getting married. Can you believe it Papa? Can you believe it? And what about you, Ma? Still think I'm gonna die an old maid like you? Well do you? It looks like somebody's wrong, doesn't it...? Well, I guess you've been wrong more than once. And guess who I'm going to marry, Ma? Your *cockeyed* wonder. Do you remember when I introduced you to him... Do you remember what you said...? "He's cockeyed like your rotten father. Isn't one *cockeyed wonder* enough in this family?" I told you I loved him, didn't I? But you didn't give a damn. You never gave a damn about what anyone said or felt. I'll never forget what you said, *"Love, who the hell gives a damn or needs love. I wasn't in love when I got pregnant with you in Poland. Nobody ever married for love in Poland. Rome wasn't built on love. Nothing is. A beautiful, rich girl like you can fall in love everyday with*

*anybody she wants. What dope wouldn't want to marry a millionaire like you, Rivka? I curse the day that your 'faschtunkeneh' father left you all his money and not me. Why 'Gott?' What did I do wrong? Didn't I deserve it? Your father got 'ME' pregnant," and then you had another drink, and another drink and another drink. And then you started screaming that you were going to kill yourself and it would be my fault, unless I promised that I would never go out with my cockeyed wonder. I couldn't let you kill yourself Mama, I just couldn't, so, I swore I would never go out with my Jake. No, you yelled like a 'vildeh chaiyeh, a wild animal,' "Swear on your father's grave, then maybe I'll believe you," so, I swore on my father's grave, Mama. What could I do? I swore on Papa's grave. But that didn't prevent me from falling in love with him, did it, Ma? Much to your disappointment, like you I didn't fall in love with anybody *else*, either. And, neither did you, Ma, 'neither' did you. Even though Papa didn't want to have anything to do with you, you always wanted him, didn't you? I saw how you used to look at him when he picked me up. Oh, you would never admit it to me. Think I had it any different? Did you ever give a damn about how anyone felt other than yourself? I think I just said that. Now that I no longer have to sit 'shiva' for you, I hope you rest in peace, because when you were alive you sure never gave me any... I've loved my Jake for 35 years and even though he never said he loves me, I know he does, I know he does. So, I'm waiting, and, if I have to wait for him 'til I'm 90, then, I'll wait for him 'til I'm 90. What's another 25 years...? 'Schluf gehzunte hait' Mama, rest in peace, wherever you are.*

End of Scene 7

CockEyed

ACT I

Scene 8

A moment later.

Talks to poster of Valentino.

JAKE

You know who turned me on to the movies, Mr. Valentino? My 'Zeyda,' my wonderful grandpa, may he rest in peace. It's funny how he loved the movies and what about movie stars? Did he love movie stars, especially you. And you know why, because he said you were a great lover. Maybe the greatest lover, but don't forget about me, mister. My father was a great lover too, and I'm his son, ain't I? I want you to know that Rivka's not the only woman that I've been in love with. Mae West, Tallulah, see, like you, I've loved a thousand women, maybe more. And even though my grandpa loved all the movie stars, he always made me feel that he loved me more. Always. I was his shining star. "*Twinkle, twinkle little star...*" Boy, did he love me... He didn't stop kissing and hugging me, because he said I looked exactly like his little girl, and what didn't he buy and do for me? Whenever I got depressed over my eye he'd remind me that G-d chose only very special people to give them an eye like I had, and that I was very lucky, because I was different. I was different all right. And when he kissed my lucky eye he said it was like kissing his daughter's eye, whom he would always love and miss. He sure knew how to make me feel good... When I was seven, every weekend he took me to the movies. Thanks to him I saw the first Jewish picture ever made; "*YIDDLE MITN FIDDLE.*" I think that's when I fell in love with the movies and with Molly Picon. Boy, she was really something. Then 'Zeyda' would take me to Ratner's for lunch and then we'd go back to the movies. To him, movies were a gift from G-d. I guess, if it wasn't for my 'Zeyda,' my beloved grandpa, I wouldn't know what the word love meant. When I was almost eight, he died. Maybe I love the movies almost as much as he

(To poster of Henry Fonda)

did... To tell you the truth, Mr. Fonda, even though you did "*The Grapes of Wrath*" and "*On Golden Pond*," I'm sorry to say, but to me Olivier, Brando, my best friend Bogey, were the best. You know who I really thought was the genius of all geniuses...? I think he was probably better than all of you '*chorlehrya's*' put together. Chaplin, what a sense of humor. Who was funnier than Chaplin? "*The Gold Rush*," "*Limelight*." In the beginning of that movie, even though he was drunk, he saved a girl from committing suicide. In the end she saved him. He was the greatest and I'm going to tell you something Henry, it's between me and you. Chaplin also drank like a fish. Bourbon. He liked bourbon. Me, I like vodka. Three fingers of Smirnoff, if you don't mind. My father, also drank Smirnoff. Morning, noon and night... In fact he gave me my first drink. They say drinking runs in the

(Drinks.)

family. 'Glaib mir,' believe me, does it run in the family... I didn't always drink, ya know? I remember it like it was yesterday. "Jake, because today you are going to become a man and since I can't go to 'shul' with you for your 'Bar Mitzvah,' you know how busy I am in the store, I think it's time we celebrated and had a drink together. What do you think, I like to drink by myself?" He put ice cubes in and filled my glass to the top and told me to drink it. When I tasted it, I didn't like it. "Drink it. what are you a sissy?" I showed him what a sissy I was and drank the entire glass. A miracle happened. I laughed for the first time since my 'Zeyda' died. Suddenly I didn't give a damn that my own father didn't like me. I didn't care about my eye anymore, that none of the kids, or anybody played with me. I asked him for more. Nothing bothered me. I laughed, oh how I laughed. It felt good, real good.

(Laughs.)

From that moment on I was determined to laugh forever. For the last 55 years, I can assure you that no one's been laughing more than me... They made a big deal about those baby boomers, just because they were born after the Second World War. What dopes. Did you ever hear them say one word about the poor kids that were born during the depression. I was a depression baby. A *cockeyed* depression baby. 1929, 'Nu?' Bad enough we were starving, I had to be cockeyed too. My mother died when she gave birth to me, and my father blamed me forever... Since the day I was born he never looked at me. He said he couldn't look at me, because he said my *eye* reminded him of my mother. He never went to school or met any of my teachers, never went any where with me. But, before he died I

(To poster of Chaplin.)

fixed him, believe me I fixed him good. What do you think you're the only one that used a

(Laughs.)

cane to get a laugh, Charlie? I got a sense of humor too. My father started using a wooden cane the last two or three years. Every few month I'd saw off exactly a quarter of an inch. By the time he died he was stooping and spitting like the hunchback of Notre Dame... He

(Laughs.)

never saw me laugh, but I laughed good, boy did I laugh... You see, I told you I had a sense-of-humor.

End Scene 8

Cock **E**yeD

ACT I

Scene 9

A moment later .

Bedroom.

RIVKA

Cockeyed, sweet and gentle, 'til this day he reminds me of my beloved *'Tateh,'* may he rest in peace. I've been a marriage counselor for 30 years and do you have any idea how many people I've helped? Jack and Mona. They were married for 25 years and they stopped talking. How could you not talk to someone you shared the same bed with. Out of frustration they came to me. and you know what? They started talking right there in the office. It was like a miracle. Bob and Sara, he was a pussycat and she was a tiger. They tried to have children for ten years. They came to me and just like that, another miracle. G-d blessed them and she got pregnant. I can't tell you how jealous this miracle worker felt. Bill and Marla Lapedas. Two of the most attractive people I've ever met. She was gorgeous and he was another Michael Douglas. He turned to drugs and alcohol, and she started fooling around. But speaking to them individually, they said that they loved each other madly. She didn't want to fool around and he said he really didn't want to get high, but he thought that was the only way he could deal with her. Cocaine and drinking, he said he spent a half a million dollars on drugs. Together, all they did was stare at me and put each other down. And the screaming, one yelled louder than the other. *'Gott n' himmel,'* I tried to get them to calm down. So, to prevent all that screaming, I started seeing them individually. I told him that Marla would stop cheating if he went to a rehab. I told her that, Bill would go to a rehab, if she stopped cheating, and it worked. I suggested she buy him something really special for his fiftieth birthday. She bought him a Porsche. When he got the car, he was so excited that he made me go for a ride with him. Driving, he started to cry. That's all he ever wanted, he said, was for Marla to love him. He told me how weak and immature he was for having turned to drugs. He told me his father died from alcoholism and he sure as hell didn't want to do a repeat performance, because too many people needed him. He couldn't thank me enough for making him see the light, and that he was going to go to a rehab, get straight and he did. Funny thing, they're still together and that was 15 years ago. Unfortunately, not all my cases work out, but I always try, I always try to bring people together, don't I Papa? I wanted to make sure that parents, who were unhappy, frustrated, didn't take it out and abuse their children, like somebody I know. I believed and still do that the majority of the problems society has with its children are a result of *'meschugeneh'* parents. Teenagers turn to drugs, violence, sex, because that's what they see. A drunken father beats the crap out of his son, so what does his son do when he grows up? He beats the

hell out of his kids. A daughter becomes pregnant at 14. She says, if my mother did it, why can't I? And how happy do you think I've been all my life. For as long as I can remember, you put me down, you blamed me for your miserable existence. That's right Ma, existence. You never lived, you existed in misery. Most people live, but you in your '*farbisseneh*' world, you hated my father and me, because you knew how much he loved me. You wanted him to love you, but he didn't. Was it my fault he loved me? Thank G-d I didn't become a drunk like you Ma, but the way I've been drinking today... who knows, '*ver vaist?*' And to tell you the truth, it's only a week, but I still can't believe you're not here to... I'm free Mama, I hate to tell you but I'm free to do whatever I want, with whoever I want and thank G-d I still want to.

End of Scene 9

CockEyed

ACT I

Scene 10

10 P.M.:

JAKE CLOSSES THEATRE AND RIVKA JOINS HIM FOR A WALK. IT'S A BEAUTIFUL SUMMER NIGHT, AND THEY WILL WALK THOROUGH CENTRAL PARK:

JAKE

So, it looks like you still like the “*Ten Commandments*,” doesn’t it?

RIVKA

Jake, Jake, Jake, if it wasn’t for you, do you think I would see any movie three times?

JAKE

You mean you came back to see it just for me all these times?

RIVKA

Not you, I came back to see it because of the mad Russian, not you.

(THEY BOTH SORT OF LAUGH.)

JAKE

The mad Russian, now that’s funny.

RIVKA

So, listen Jake, how would like to go to the museum of Modern Art with me? They’re having a Tschilishew exhibited, and they’re going show his “*Tree of Life*,” which is one of my favorite paintings.

JAKE

That’s the painting with that tree and all those children, right?

RIVKA

It was the last time I saw it...

JAKE

Now, he was a mad Russian, that *meshugehneh*, wasn't he?

RIVKA

He *soitenly* was.

(JAKE RUBS HIS EYE.)

RIVKA (cont'd)

Does your eye hurt, Jake?

JAKE

It only hurts when people make fun of it and me...

RIVKA

(Thinking.)

Where did I hear that?

LIGHTS FLICKER.

**WE GO BACK IN TIME, WHEN
RIVKA WAS A LITTLE GIRL AND
ONCE AGAIN RECALLS:**

RIVKA

***I remember when my father used to say, "IT ONLY HURTS WHEN PEOPLE
MAKE FUN OF IT AND ME."***

JAKE

So, when do you want to go to the museum?

RIVKA

When's good for you?

JAKE

I just hired this kid named Lenny, so I could get away just to see you, isn't that lucky?
How about tomorrow at noon, Sweetheart?

RIVKA

That's a date.

(JAKE TAKES HER HAND AND SWINGS IT HAPPILY AS THEY WALK THROUGH CENTRAL PARK.)

(Lights flicker.)

**The following day.
12:15.**

Jake is pacing nervously and checks his watch outside of the Museum of Modern Art.

JAKE

So, where the hell is she? It's 12:15.

**LIGHTS FLICKER.
RIVKA'S LIVING ROOM.**

DEJECTED, SHE IS PACING AND SPEAKING TO HERSELF:

RIVKA

What a damn fool I am, deluding myself that I could get past my manifestation, my lunatic obsession that he's not my father. How can I *schtup* him, if I keep thinking he's my father? He's not my father, he's not my father. I've been seeing a shrink for who knows how long, and did she help? Better yet, will she ever help? I doubt it, because, yesterday when he rubbed that *fachcockte cockeye* of his, like my father always did, for a second I thought I was looking at my father again, may he rest in peace. And when he said, "*It only hurts when people make fun of it and me,*" I wanted to die. I shouldn't have told him that I'll meet at the museum, when I knew I wouldn't go. I can't keep

(Cries.)

torturing myself like this, I just can't, I just can't.

End of Scene 10

Cock *E*yeD

ACT I

Scene 11

A moment later.

To poster of James Dean.

JAKE

James, I can't wait to tell Rivka about the time I met you, a real movie star... I remember meeting you like it was yesterday. Tell you the truth if you would have lived a little longer, you could have been another, Brando, another Bogey... I'll never forget how we met: I was showing your movie, "*Giant*," yeah "*Giant*," and there was a line, you wouldn't believe. You wouldn't believe all the people that were waiting to get in. Anyway, someone asks me for a ticket, and it was you. You said, "*I'd like a ticket please and I used to have an eye just like yours.*" "*What do you mean, you used to? Once you got it, you got it mister,*" I said amazed. You were so handsome, that I almost '*platzed*,' fainted. "*You're the Giant,*" I said, surprised that you, the great James Dean wanted to

(Rubs eye.)

go to my Fenway. What I was more surprised at is, you said you used to be *cockeyed*. What baloney. Your eyes were blue, straight as an arrow and gorgeous, I mean, two beauties. "*Ya know it's curable,*" you said laughing. I can't tell you how hurt I was: You were laughing at me-and-my-cockeye. "*No ticket,*" I said. "*Go laugh at somebody else. I'm sick and tired of people laughing and pointing at me.*" "*I'm not laughing at you mister, in fact I really understand you.*" "*You do?*" I asked, wiping the tears from my eyes. "*I sure do mister, I sure do. Now, would you please sell me a ticket, so I can see what a rotten job I did.*" "*Are you kidding? You were wonderful, it's a great performance, you gave a great performance,*" I said. "*Thanks mister, but I know when I give a great performance and this wasn't one of them. By-the-way, I know a great doctor that can fix your eyes. You want his number?*" "*Never mind about my rotten eyes, Mr. Giant, they can't be fixed,*" and then you asked me, "*What's your name?*" "*Jake,*" I says. "*Jake, now that we're friends, call me James,*" you said smiling. Boy, did you have a smile and what teeth. Can you imagine that? You said, I could call you James. "*Listen James I won't sell you a ticket, but I'll give you one, on one condition; you have dinner with me after I close up. I have a beautiful apartment in the basement and you have no idea how happy it would make me.*" Oh, how I wish Rivka could have seen me with you, James. "*What are we having 'se□nor'?*" you said laughing. "*Never mind 'se□nor' and I'll order in. They have one of the best Chinese restaurants around the corner on 72nd and Lex. I'll call up and order.*" "*The Blue Moon?*" you said, "*I eat there whenever I'm in the city. A little General Tso's chicken, some egg drop soup, well done ribs, plenty of duck sauce, mustard and lots of noodles. I love noodles.*" "*Tell you*

what, the movie closes at ten, come back, we'll eat, we'll drink and you and me will have a private screening." You won't believe it, but just as I was closing up, guess who comes by? "*How's about we pick up the Chinese food together and I'm treating, Jake.*" Can you imagine that? You Mr. Giant, the 'groise knocker,' the big shot was going to treat me. It was the most exciting day of my life. Can you believe it, Cockeyed Jake, walking up 72nd Street with the great James Dean. "*Hi ya Guido, nice night, isn't it?*" I said to Guido, who was closing up his grocery store. "*Is that?*" he gulped, "*Is that really...?*" "*Yup,*" I said, "*That's Frank Sinatra.*" You started laughing and so did I. It was the first time in my life that I actually laughed with real, live movie star and it felt great. We were still laughing as we picked up the Chinese food. Mr. Wu recognized you immediately, because you had been to his restaurant many times. He bowed, called his wife and ten children who also bowed. "*Mr. Wu,*" I said, "I brought one of my best friends, Henry Fonda, who came all the way from L.A. for your delicious food, he heard all about your spare ribs." You looked at me and I looked at you and for some reason we both said, "*No ticky, no washy, no ticky, no washy,*" and we both started laughing hysterically. Son-of-a-gun, I found out later why you laughed so much. As we walked out we heard Mr. Wu say, "*Wan ban don, he no Henry Fonda, that James Dean.*" I took you to my apartment where no one had ever been.. "*Wow, this is gorgeous,*" you marveled. "*From Buster Keaton to my idol, Montgomery Cliff. I never saw so many movie posters in my life.*" We ate like two little 'chazers,' pigs. Then I took you into the theater, brought a bottle of Smirnoff, two glasses and some ice. Then you sat right next to me and we watched your magnificent movie. Was I excited. By the time it was over, we were both 'knaitched,' loaded, but not because of the vodka. That's when I found out why you were laughing so much. We were watching your movie when suddenly you took out this funny, skinny, little cigarette and started smoking it. I didn't know what it was, but did it smell. "*What's that you're smoking, se□nor?*" I said. "*G-d's gift to man,*" you answered and stuck it in my mouth. "*Shut up and just start smoking.*" Who am I to tell a big movie star like you what to do, so I started smoking. The funny thing is, even though it smelled awful, it tasted good. After a few puffs, suddenly, for no reason, I'm telling you, I started to laugh. The more I laughed, the more you laughed.. I never laughed so hard, or felt so wonderful in my life. It was like magic, I mean it. Seeing me 'pish,' pee in my pants made us both laugh even more, remember? And like two little boys we laughed until maybe two in the morning, and we got so hungry we went out and had a 'nosh'. "*You know the only reason "Giant" became such a smash hit,*" you said munching on your cinnamon Danish, "*is because Elizabeth Taylor and Rock Hudson are in it. She's got to be the most beautiful woman I ever saw.*" "*What about Natalie Wood?*" I said, "*She's bad?*" "*Hey, she's a real looker, and Sal Mineo is one of my best friends. Now that guy's gonna be a great actor.* And then you got real quiet as we watched the rest of your movie... You promised you would send me some of those cigarettes... You told me you were going to help me get my eye fixed... So, what happened? I'll tell you what happened. Two weeks later you died... 'Nehboch.' Boy, did I cry... I never told anybody that I met you, not even Rivka. Who would have believed me? And you know what else? I don't think you were really cockeyed. I think you just wanted to make me feel good...

End of Scene 11

CockEyed

ACT I

Scene 12

A moment later.

**RIVKA is talking to the picture
of her mother.**

RIVKA

Papa told me why he ran away from you, why he didn't marry you, Ma. When your father threatened to have Papa killed unless he married you, when the whole town, including the head Rabbi threatened to have him banished, he did the only thing he could do. He came to New York, America, the '*Goldeneh land*.' Within three years he became one of the most successful furriers. He told me he was called the cockeyed furrier of New York City. You think he cared? As long as he was making money he didn't care what anybody called him. And all that time you tried to track him down and you did, Ma. I have to give you credit, you did. He told me what happened. How you embarrassed him. Because of his cockeye he was used to being embarrassed, but what you did was the '*piece de resistance*.' He was busy fitting the mayor's wife with a Russian sable coat when you barged in with me, ranting and raving. I was three years old. He hadn't seen you in over three-and-a-half years and couldn't believe that you actually found him. "*Do you know who this is?*" you screamed, throwing me at him. He picked me up and smiled. "*Hello little girl,*" he said. I liked the sound of his voice. It was so soothing. He was very handsome, but when I saw his cockeye, I was frightened and started to cry. "*That's your daughter, you cockeyed bastard! That's your daughter!*" "So, this is my '*shayna tokhter*.' What's your name, sweetheart?" he said. "*Her name's Rivka and what do you care?*" you yelled at the top of your voice. The mayor's wife excused herself and left. "*So, you are my 'Rivkala.'* How are you sweetheart?" he said, kissing me. I remember I loved when he kissed me. I loved how he smelled, but I was scared of his eye. "Don't be afraid of my eye," he said. "Does it hurt?" I asked, hoping it didn't. "*It doesn't hurt, 'mamaleh.'* It hurts only when people make fun of it." "I'll never make fun of your eye," I promised. "*Because I don't want to hurt you. I like you, I really do.*" "I'm glad you like me, 'Rivkala,' because I am your 'Tateh,' your father." "'Nu, tateh,' I 'shlepped' your daughter, your daughter' three thousand miles to finally meet her father. You're some father. Is her father going to make an honest woman of her mother? I demand that you marry me, Mendel! I had to leave my 'shtetl', because my parents refused to talk or have anything to do with me. You hear?! They told me I had to get out! Look at you. So successful and I have nothing. I demand that you marry me, you bastard! You 'oivsvorf'!" "I should marry you? Never! I don't love you? "When you got me pregnant, then you loved me, didn't you?" "We were both young, we were drunk, and we were filled with lust. I

didn't love you then and I sure as hell don't love you now." "So what do you expect me to do here? How am I going to take care of 'your' daughter?" "I will support my 'Rivkala' forever and I will help support you too, but on two conditions. I get to spend every weekend with my sweetheart, and you never call me, never, unless my 'buhbaleh' needs something. 'Fashtaist,' understand?" "You'll find me a nice apartment in a good neighborhood?" "The best," he promised. "And you'll give me enough money to live on like a 'mensch'?" "More than you'll ever need..." Why you blamed me I'll never understand. Was it my fault that you got pregnant? Was anything ever my fault? You were always so 'farbissen,' so angry? Is that why you never had two kind words to say about my Jake. Is it because he was cockeyed like Papa? They were two different people, Ma. Two different

(Sings.)

people. "Two different worlds. We live in two different worlds."

(Musical continuation of song as scene ends)

End of Scene 12

CockEyed

ACT II

Scene 1

A moment later.

To poster of Cary Grant.

JAKE

Ya know why I never had any friends, Cary? Who wanted friends if all they did was make fun of my eye... Maybe that's why I've always been alone... My '*Bar Mitzvah*' was 55 years ago, can you believe it and I remember it like it was yesterday. No papa, no friends, no candy. Even on my '*Bar Mitzvah*' I

(Looks up.)

was alone. I was always alone... You hear Rivka? Without you, I've always been alone... The only people I knew at my '*Bar Mitzvah*' was Rabbi Klopman and the '*Shames*.' I forgot his name... I remember everything, but his name, '*nu*.' My father had a used furniture store on Bathgate Avenue in the Bronx. That's where I grew up. Abie's second hand furniture. During the depression, people couldn't afford to buy new furniture, that's why my father became so rich. You see, he was really a '*ganef*,' that means a thief, but he called himself a used furniture man... It seems everyone in the neighborhood hated my father, because they knew he was taking them for a ride, but what could they do. He was the only one at that time who would give them any credit... The funny thing about my cockeye, is that I thought I was the only one in the world that had it. When I was about 35 Cary, I met the love of my life, Rivka Finkel. She was buying a ticket, to see your movie, "To Catch a Thief," when she asked me how long had I had my lazy eye? That was the first time I heard someone call it a lazy eye. That was the kindest thing I ever heard. I told her I was born with it. She said her friend, Sylvia once had a lazy eye, she called it strabismus and said she had it operated on at Mount Sinai. She said I could have it corrected if I wanted to. I said, you don't look like a doctor. She smiled and said she was a psychologist. The following week she took me to meet, Martin Goldfarb, her friend's doctor. He examined my eyes and just like that he said he could correct my vision. You think I believed him? They're all a bunch of money hungry bastards. All of them... I couldn't fix my eye. It was the only thing I ever got... A gift from my mother... Too bad my father isn't alive, because, I'd really give it to him, Cary.

(Laughs.)

Guilt, guilt can kill you. It ain't easy growing up without a mother. It's even worse when your father hates your guts. Boy, did he hate my guts... Listen, because you're so handsome and so charming, I know you've had a lot of beautiful women in your life. So, maybe you can help me? You see, I've been in love with my Rivka, for as long as I can remember, but I just don't have the nerve to... If I had your '*punim*,' your face and talked

the way you do, maybe I'd finally ask her to marry me... Ya know, I never told anybody, because I'm embarrassed, but I'm 69 years old, and I'm still a virgin. Can you believe it? Me, a virgin? You think I should write her a letter? Forget about letters, I'll just have a few drinks and figure out a way... Tonight Rivka, after the movie closes for the last time, it's me and you sweetheart, me and you, forever.

End of Scene 1

CockEyed**ACT II****Scene 2****A moment later.****RIVKA picks up photo of her mother.****RIVKA**

What did I do to you, Ma? I hated when you didn't talk to me. I felt so alone. I hated being alone... Even now. Thank God I had my papa. My hero, my one and only, my one and only. Even though he didn't raise me, he said he would love me forever. You never loved

(Puts photo down.)

me. You were mean and vindictive and that's an understatement. When I was 13 and became '*Bat Mitzvahed?*', she didn't give a damn, but my Papa couldn't be more proud, so he gave me my all-time favorite present. A parakeet. I loved that parakeet. I'd pick it up and it used to kiss me. I called it Callam. I used to run home from school and what did I do? I used to play with my Callam. And what did you do Ma? As a present you opened the window and let my little Callam fly away... I never forgave you, Ma. You didn't come to the hospital when I had my appendix taken out either, Papa did. "Don't worry '*Rivkala*'" he said, "God will take care of everything." And you never forgave him. I guess he sure fixed

(Sarcastic.)

you, didn't he...? He left me all his money...I would have been a good mother. Just like you, Ma... You said I gave you heartburn, I was always your heartburn, wasn't I? When I graduated high school you didn't even say congratulations. I went to Columbia and got a degree in psychology, you didn't even come to my graduation. By 22, 23, I wanted to run away from you... You know what? I'm still running... '*Eggnog*,' enough, because I didn't commit murder: If we forgave the Germans and the Japanese, I better forgive you... It doesn't matter, Ma. After all these years nothing matters. Absolutely '*nada*.' The only thing that helps me get through the day, is knowing that Jake will finally be mine... I think I'll

(Sings.)

have another little drink before I go see the love of my life. This one's for you, Ma. "This one's for you wherever you are."

(Music of song continues.)**End of Scene 2**

CockEyed

ACT II

Scene 3

A moment later.

To poster of Richard Burton.

JAKE

The reason why I admired my father so much was, he was a great businessman. "Honesty's the best policy." He said that's why he made so much money because he was so honest. "Yes sir, honesty is the best policy." When my father died he left me a fortune. I bought this movie theater, because movie stars like you, Mr. Burton, never said a word about my evil eye. Even though you and Liz played two drunks that constantly argued in "*Virginia Wolf*," when you danced, you looked like you were so in love. The two of you could never say you loved each other. You think it's any different between me-and-my Rivka? Liz is so beautiful and so is my Rivka... You think in real life, if you're a drunk, you can be in

(To poster of Warren Beatty.)

love...? And what about you, Mr. Beatty? You were a great lover, because I bet a million women were in love with that gorgeous '*punim*' of yours. I remember that movie you did about the Communists, "*REDS*." So, you'll understand exactly what I'm going to tell you. You remember when "HE" came and destroyed everything, and they all hated his guts. Especially directors and writers. Boy, how they hated him. You remember how many lives he ruined and how many innocent, desperate people committed suicide because of that '*umglick*,' bastard. Of course, I'm talking about Senator Joseph McCarthy and his House on Senate Un-American Activities Committee. For Hollywood it was bad, worse than Hitler's '*Krystallnacht*' and don't forget Stalin who was just as bad, maybe worse. McCarthy, and Richard Nixon, not to mention Elia Kazan, who was a brilliant director and Ronald Reagan, who wasn't so brilliant, using political pressure, hounded, intimidated, forced studio bosses to ruin the careers of screenwriters, directors and great actors. In 1960 Dalton Trumbo, who was blacklisted for a decade finally received screenwriting credit for "Exodus." Can you imagine, nobody knew he wrote it. According to that bastard Hoover, "Communists were idealists whose sympathies were shaped by our depression at home and fascism abroad. The communists were just like Liberals only a little more progressive." He said it, he said it, Warren. Trust me, he said it! Ring Lardner Jr. and Dalton Trumbo were marked men for life and went to prison for refusing to cooperate with 'the committee.' '*Nu?*' Hundreds of witnesses testified and informed on colleagues, even their own brothers to prove their loyalty. The first break came when Otto Preminger announced he was hiring Trumbo to write, "Spartacus." In 1961, Ring Lardner Jr. who had been blacklisted since 1947, was finally given credit for writing "The Cincinnati Kid." Remember when he won an Oscar for "MASH?" That was some movie, wasn't it, Warren?

End of scene 3

Cock***E*****yeD****ACT II****Scene 4**

Rivka is looking at dresses in closet and comes across one that she picks up, and pauses as she recalls.

RIVKA

When I bought you at Bloomies, I thought I would get him for sure and for a second...

(Puts dress on, looks in mirror and is impressed, as she shakes sexily.)

Still fits, and not bad, not bad at all for an old broad, if I say so myself.

(Lights go off and on and we are back in times.)

**11:P.M.
1985**

**RIVKA watches as JAKE closes Fenway.
JAKE turns to RIVKA.**

JAKE

I'm so glad you came, Rivka. So, what do think of the movie?

RIVKA

Who's better than Hoffman, and don't say Pacino and DeNiro. I mean they're great, but Dustin was brilliant and he should win an Academy Award, not that he needs it.

JAKE

If it were up to me I'd give them all awards. Ya know, I never thought there'd be anyone as good as my friend Bogey, Spencer Tracy, Cagney, but you see, even a genius like me is wrong once-in- a-while, and I don't think I've ever seen you look more beautiful, with your hair and that dress, you look better than Ava ever did. Want to let me in on a secret and tell me, what's the occasion?

RIVKA

I'm glad you noticed and I had my hair done and bought this dress to celebrate my birthday.

JAKE

It's your birthday again? *Oy*, how could I forget it's your birthday again?

RIVKA

It's not the most important thing and if I remember correctly, it's not the first time you forgot and besides, you have more important things on your mind.

JAKE

You are so wrong, there's nothing more important to me than your birthday, sweetheart.

RIVKA

JAKE, please don't start that again. Not if you don't mean it, please, not tonight.

JAKE

And if I'm not being too personal, how old?

RIVKA

Must I?

JAKE

I won't tell Dustin, I promise...

RIVKA

The big one Jake, 50... I guess I'm not a little girl anymore.

JAKE

(Laughs.)

Are you kidding, you don't look a day over 48.

RIVKA

Thanks for the compliment, mister.

JAKE

Rivka, since it's your birthday, would you allow me to take you to Manny's for a drink? I'll buy a bottle of Dom Perignon and we'll drink to your health and the next 100 years, may we spend them together.

RIVKA

Oh, I'd love to, but I can't.

JAKE

(Sort of sings.)

Please, why can't you? I'll get us a bottle of champagne, 1074, "*It was a very good year.*"

RIVKA

I can't.

JAKE

And why can't you?

RIVKA

It's a long story, and...

JAKE

...And what, and what? I've been dying to ask you out for as long as I can remember, and I finally get the courage and you say no...? How can you say no and break an *alte cockers* heart? Who knows how long it will take me to ask you again? Please Rivka, sweetheart, it's your birthday.

RIVKA

That's exactly the reason why I can't.

JAKE

You can't or you don't want to? I probably said something wrong again, what I don't know, but when I'm around you... So, er, would you er, would you let me take you out to dinner next week, or the week after. Anytime, I mean it, anytime.

RIVKA

I'd love to Jake, I really would, but next week, I'm afraid I can't.

JAKE

All right, maybe some other time, Rivka, maybe some other time?

RIVKA

Yes, maybe some other time.

End of Scene 4

Cock***E****yeD***ACT II****Scene 5****A moment later.****HOME.****RIVKA**

No matter how I tried, I'm just like her. She loved you, my father and could never have you, and is it any different for me...? Am I deluding myself, Papa? I keep saying tonight's the night, and you know what? It is, it has to be, it just has to... If the Fenway no longer exists, how will I be able to see my Jake? And the reason I finally have to take him home tonight is, you should excuse the expression, I have needs Papa. Like every woman, your daughter has needs and Jake, Jake is what I need, desperately. If I don't love him tonight, when will I Papa, when will I? I always wanted to kiss him and touch him and have his children, but how can you sleep with someone that looks like your father. But, I can't get him out of my mind. I'm still hoping, praying waiting for the day he holds my hand. I bet he has the softest, most tender hands imaginable. I can't wait until he puts those gorgeous hands of his all over me. And that time, that one time, he asked me out to dinner and I said no. How could I say no? *'Meshugeh.*' I was crazy all right? Remember when I married Abie, Papa? That big-shot, Broadway producer. How long did it last, two years and was I ever happy? I never told you why I divorced him. I never told anyone except the judge and my lawyer. I had been away to Miami and I came home unexpectedly. When I walked into my bedroom, there he was *'schtupping'* one of his new starlets in my bed. Then I was crazy, deluding myself that I could stop loving my Jake. I felt so betrayed, so betrayed that I got this brownstone and five million and became a marriage counselor. You see Papa the only reason I married Abie was because I thought, maybe I would forget Jake, I could never

(Sings.)

forget my beloved Jake. That's why *"Tonight, tonight, won't be like any night."*

(Music continues as lights fade.)**End of Scene 5**

CockEyed

ACT II

Scene 6

A moment later.

To poster of Zero Mostel.

JAKE

Remember when they didn't leave Lucy Ball and you alone Zero? That's because you were

(Laughs.)

blacklisted Desi they left alone, 'nu?' Those bastards were so relentless that even Sam Jaffe, a sweetheart, pussy cat, who wasn't even a communist, was reduced to teaching high school and living with his sisters until he finally got a job on the old "Ben Casey" show. Larry Parks, you remember Larry Parks. He did two Jolson movies. Parks was banned for his brief membership in the Communist party. And not only you, Charlie Chaplin, the most famous face in the world at that time, had no choice and even though he loved America, remained a British citizen, because of that miserable bastard. Although he had never been a communist, Chaplin was not allowed to reenter the U.S. He didn't come back until 1972 when Hollywood finally woke up and honored him with a lifetime achievement award. All this time, Ronald Reagan, the head of the Screen Actors Guild kept in touch with that 'fageleh' bastard, Hoover, informing him about disloyal actors. Talk about being disloyal. How Reagan became President I'll never know. I never voted for him, because I knew, boy did I know. Clifford Odets stopped writing and a lot of people think that John Garfield's death was because of McCarthy. I'm sure you remember how many brilliant writers barely managed to survive, Zero... They had to use aliases. Even though Hoover is six feet under, the conservatives are stronger than ever. Now, 'siz nuch ehrger,' it's much worse. So, where are they? Tell me Zero, where are all those communists that were going to destroy our wonderful country? Like the Berlin Wall, they're 'kaput,' in 'drehrd,' in hell, where they belong. But wait, I'm sure some other right-wing bastard will come up with another enemy. How can America live without another enemy? Impossible, because we need a reason to buy guns, build bombs and pay all those war hungry generals, instead of fighting cancer and AIDS, building hospitals and schools? I bought the Fenway in 1958 and had this one bedroom apartment built in the basement. And I played all your friend's movies. They were my best friends too, Zero. Did I need real friends...? From that day on it was me and the silver screen. My silver screen. Believe me, I don't remember when I had an

(Ala Kaye.)

argument. Who am I going to argue with, Danny Kaye? "Oh, I've got a lovely bunch of

(To poster of De Niro.)

cocomuts..." Peter Sellers, "Being There." That was a hell-of-a movie, wasn't it, Bobby? And your performance in "Raging Bull," wasn't too bad, either, and I really liked you in

“The Godfather.” I bet the women didn’t leave you alone. Rivka was there opening night. She was there every opening night. And dressed so beautiful. She still is... Since I never had a girl friend, in fact I never had a friend, my father used to ask me if I was a *'fageleh,'* *that's* sissy. Oh, he didn't ask me to my face, because he never looked at me, remember? He'd ask the wall and expect me to answer. All I did was cry. He seemed to get his rocks off when I cried, so he made sure I cried all the time. The funny thing is, he never heard when I cried the most, which was when he wasn't around. I never knew my mother, but I

(Looks up.)

sure wish I did... I wonder why she married him....? Thank, G-d I have you Rivka, thank G-d I have you. I have you? Who am I kidding? I don't have you. Since when did I have you? I haven't so much as kissed you, or even told you how I really feel about you. The reason why I never told you was, because maybe I was in such pain. I was just trying to get through the day, the hour, the moment. That's why I drank; anything to get through the moment. You see, since I can remember, I never felt good enough. I always felt so uncomfortable. Everyone was always better than me. To feel equal, I started to lie. I lied about everything. 'Til this day, and now, I can't even tell you, how much I love you, because, maybe I am not good enough... I'm just not good enough.

End of Scene 6

CockEyed

ACT II

Scene 7

A moment later.

RIVKA

(Sings, emotional.)

"Oh, my Papa, to me you were so..." I can't tell you how much I miss you, Papa. I've been so alone. Sure I have Jake and I love him, but he's not the only one. I never told you who my first love was did I? I couldn't, because I knew it was wrong, and I knew how hurt you'd be. You'd say it was a '*shanda*' a shame and it was, it was...It all started right after I became a junior at Columbia. If you didn't pay my tuition, I couldn't have gone. I was young and innocent and he had this long gray hair, he smoked a pipe that smelled wonderful. His name was Bruno Bank, My English professor. He was gorgeous, intelligent and so sexy. At first I used to stay after class and we'd neck. At 20, I thought it was so exciting necking with my English professor. I wasn't the only girl that had a crush on Bruno, all the girls did, but I didn't tell them. I didn't tell anyone, because *he* was my secret. I remember it like it was yesterday. He had invited me to come back after class to work on Shakespeare's, "King Lear." I was surprised when he offered me a glass of the most delicious wine. Until that moment, the only wine I drank was a little Mogan David at '*Pesach*,' so I got a little '*fahuzzed*,' *stoned* right away. Suddenly he kissed me. And like a fool I responded by kissing him back, passionately. He slipped my blouse off and before I knew it he seduced me, right in his classroom. I thought I was in heaven. It was the first time Papa, the first time. I knew it was right, because I thought I was madly in love with him. One night, when we were having dinner in this little Italian restaurant, both a little high on wine, he told me he was married, but he said he was so in love with me that he would eventually leave his wife and I believed him. And then I became pregnant. 20 years old and I was pregnant. I panicked. What was I going to do? I desperately wanted to get my degree. I would just make up some cockamamie story that I was too busy and wouldn't see you or Mama, so you wouldn't see me pregnant. I know it's not genetic, but in some respects I'm just like her. I threatened him just like Mama threatened you. "You better marry me, or I'm going to expose you. And you'll lose your tenure. You'll never get another teaching job, I promise. He gave me this cock-and-bull story that he couldn't leave his wife because she was crazy and if he left her, she would commit suicide. He told me to get an abortion. I told him to forget it. Finally he convinced me that the best thing for all concerned was to give up the baby for adoption. He paid for everything. Remember that trip I took? I told you, I was going to California to do research... Some research. Bruno told me he had a friend in Philadelphia that would take care of the whole thing and that my baby, she was a little girl, would be placed with a good family. I knew I couldn't tell you Papa.

You would have been a wonderful Grandpa... About 20 years ago, I tried to find her. I went to the adoption agency, but they refused to tell me a thing. I wonder if she knows she's adopted. Who's her real mother? I would give anything, if I could see her face one time. How she turned out. Is she happy, is she married, does she have children? I would have been a good mother, I just know it... You know Papa, I'd drink a bottle of wine with Jake if I thought he would get me pregnant. Two bottles, six bottles, whatever.

End of scene 7

Cock *E*yeD

ACT II

Scene 8

A moment later.

To poster of Rita Marino.

JAKE

I have to tell you, Miss Morino, your performance in *"West Side Story,"* touched my heart and I've been in love with you ever since... This is my story. When I was about seven or eight, just old enough to understand, I was told by Geraldine, she was the black housekeeper at the time that my father, when my mother died, even though he wasn't religious, stayed home for a week. She meant he sat *'shiva'* and then it was like my mother never existed. I remember he whored around like it was going out of style... For a man that was so Jewish, I never understood why all the women he fooled around with were *'Shiksese,'* that's Gentiles. It seemed every other week he brought a new one home and he'd get annoyed if they paid any attention to me. "What do you want from him? What are you talking to him for? Can't you see he's cockeyed? His evil eye killed my sweetheart, my Anna. Leave him alone, Goddamnit!" I'd run into my room and start to cry. I knew it would make him happy, but I

(Drinks.)

couldn't help it... I didn't always drink ya know, Rita. It was a week before my *'Bar Mitzvah,'* I was busy studying my *'Haftorah,'* while he was busy fooling around with this gorgeous, you know, you're not the first Puerto Rican woman I fell in love with. Her name was Graciella, Graciella. She had long black hair that she wore in a braid, a beautiful smile and some figure. For some reason, even though I was cockeyed, she seemed to like me. Like my father, she used to drink a lot and one day when he was at his store and she was really loaded, she came into my room and started talking to me. Then she put my head on her lap and started to run her fingers through my hair. *"You like when Graciella plays with your hair, Jakey?"* I smiled and nodded yes, because it was the first time anyone ever played with my hair. *"Graciella likes you. Do you like Graciella?"* I nodded yes, Chita, I nodded yes. *"Would you like Graciella to kiss you, sweetheart?"* Now close your eyes, even the evil one and Graciella will kiss you all over." I closed my eyes immediately and I felt her warm body on mine as she stuck her tongue in my mouth. I liked how it felt so I stuck my tongue in her mouth. We played tonguesy until I felt her hand touch me... *"You have a hard one, Jakey. Graciella likes hard ones,"* she said. *"You do?"* I gulped. She zipped down my fly and the greatest, most thrilling sensation that I could ever imagine happened. In two seconds flat, you should excuse the expression, I arrived. *"The next time, think of the Yankees, then you won't come so fast sweetheart,"* she said. For the next two months, every

time I saw her, all I thought about was Joe Di Maggio, Phil Rizzuto and the whole damn Yankee team and it worked, for about two minutes, which I was certain was some sort of record. Cockeye and all I knew I was the only 13-year old kid in the Bronx that got 'it'. Boy, did I get it. I didn't get laid, but I got 'IT'... When my father stopped seeing Graciella, I was so broken hearted. Can you blame me? She was the only one that seemed to care. She meant so much to me. About a week later, when my father was really drunk, looking at the wall he asked me if I missed Graciella? Before I could answer he passed out. There he was, sprawled out on the couch, grinning like he knew something I didn't... I always had a sneaking suspicion, that he got Graciella to do it, but why would he do that? He didn't even like me, Rita...

End of Scene 8

Cock***E****yeD*

ACT II

Scene 9

**Both sides of stage are lit.
A moment later.**

**JAKE and RIVKA will speak,
almost as if they are having a
conversation, but they are not.**

RIVKA

What's going to happen to us, Jake? I'll tell you what. Now that the Fenway's closing, you are mine,

(Sings.)

all mine, and, *"I'm gonna love you, like nobody's loved you, come rain or come shine."*

JAKE

Boy, am I bugged. If she doesn't come here anymore, how will I see her? I hope she knows how I feel about her. What is she a mind reader? How could she know? I never told her. What's wrong with me? Why didn't I tell her?

RIVKA

No more Fenway Jake. No more Fenway. I don't know what I'm going to do? How long have I been coming to your *'facockte'* theater?

JAKE

I think she's been coming since Sabu. Yeah Sabu. Got to be 35, 40 years. I'll tell you the truth, I never met any one who liked Jungle pictures so much. Maybe it was the elephants.

RIVKA

I think the first picture I saw was with that midget, Sabu and did I hate it. I think I hated it almost as much as Tarzan and his monkey.

JAKE

I remember she said she hated jungle pictures. So, why did she come to every one? Who made her?

RIVKA

I came to every one of his openings, because I wanted him to see that I cared about him.

JAKE

She came to every opening. Why?

RIVKA

To me openings were exciting and he was there. Thank God he was there.

JAKE

She saw the "*Ten Commandments*," "*Spartacus*," "*The Godfather*," "*Easy Rider*." I don't think she missed one opening. She always seemed so excited.

RIVKA

Sometimes I was so bored I wanted to scream, but I couldn't help it. I had to see him, so I'd get '*farpootzed*,' really dressed and all he did was smile. I love when he smiles.

JAKE

When I saw how beautiful she looked, I'd smile, I even called her sweetheart once. Sweetheart...

RIVKA

He called me sweetheart once. What wouldn't I have given to be his sweetheart? Knowing him, he probably said it to all the girls. I could never figure him out. He never tried to kiss me. He never tried to make a move on me. Such a gentleman, he always bows when he sees me. Makes people wait at the box office and walks me to my seat.

JAKE

Didn't she understand why I walked her to her seat? So why didn't she make a move?

RIVKA

30 years ago he asked me out to dinner and like a fool I said no. With his cockeye, the sound of his voice and way he smiled, he was the spitting image of my father. I wanted to love him, but what could I do? I've gone to therapy for years trying to work it out? But now, I have to work it out. There just isn't any more time.

JAKE

I bet she doesn't even remember when I asked her out to dinner that time, and she said no. I was so disappointed, I was, I really was. She doesn't know that she broke my heart... It's still broken.

RIVKA

He was always so gracious, so kind, the perfect gentleman. So why didn't he ask me out again? I would have said yes. I guess it was up to me... Why '*Gott*,' why is it always up to me?

JAKE

Tonight, I'm going to get her. That's right. You see, I think it's time that I told her exactly how I feel. I love her more than anything and I'm going to devour her with kisses. To some,

(Looks at watch - deep breath)

Rita Hayworth, Ava Gardner and Liz Taylor were the most beautiful, but not to me sweetheart. It's almost time to open... Just to make sure I won't chicken out and lose my

(Sings.)

nerve, I'll have another drink, and then you'll see, you'll see. *"Tonight, tonight, won't be just any night."*

RIVKA

(Looks at her watch.)

I think it's time to go... You may think tonight's our last night, but as far as I'm concerned,

(Sings.)

it's just the beginning, pussycat. *"Gimme a little kiss, will ya huh? What are you gonna*

(Exits.)

miss, will ya huh?" Tonight's the night.

JAKE

I got her flowers; yellow roses with a real mushy card. She once told me she loves yellow roses. Here's what I'm going to write; *"Somebody loves Rivka with all his heart. Guess who."*

End 9

Cock***E*****yeD**

ACT II

Scene 10

This scene is JAKE dreaming. Thus, it will appear as such, with flickering strobe lighting. The sound of violins playing “*I Have Dreamed.*” In the box office, HE peers out and looks around.

JAKE

So, where is she, Bogey? She always shows up.

(RIVKA, dressed beautifully, enters.)

RIVKA

Why fancy meeting you here, stranger.

JAKE

(Looks up.)

Rivka, I knew you would come.

RIVKA

I had to see you Jake.

JAKE

I'm so glad you did, good looking.

RIVKA

I'm good looking?

JAKE

Good looking? You have the most beautiful face I ever saw.

RIVKA

Compliments will get you everywhere, big boy.

JAKE

I mean it. To me you're more beautiful than Ava, Liz, even Marilyn.

RIVKA

You're only saying that 'cause you like me.

JAKE

Like you? I love everything about you. Your sense of humor, the way you dress, your hair. For 35 years, you're the only person that I seated personally. No matter how many people were on line, didn't I make them wait and bring you to your favorite seat? You're the only one I did that for and it was my pleasure, because you've always been like a princess to me. My princess.

RIVKA

Like Grace Kelly?

JAKE

Even better.

RIVKA

You've made feel so special. Coming to the Fenway, seeing you has always been the best part of my life. And I never missed a movie, did I? Rain, shine, or ten below.

JAKE

Rain, shine, or ten below, I was always happy to see you, Rivka.

RIVKA

(Looks into Jake's eyes.)

It made me happy too... I'm going to miss the Fenway, Jake.

JAKE

All these years... It breaks my heart.

RIVKA

I know Jake. I feel the same way.

JAKE

Me too, me too... You know, since I'm a free man, I was thinking about maybe going on an extended vacation?

RIVKA

Funny, I was just thinking about going on a vacation myself.

JAKE

Maybe we could go on vacation together? Rivka, would you do me the honor of joining me on a trip to somewhere?

RIVKA

Where did you have in mind, handsome?

JAKE

I always wanted to see the Holy Land.

RIVKA

Me too, I always dreamed about going to Israel with someone very special...

JAKE

...We'll go to Jerusalem. First class, and of course we'll stay at the Hilton.

RIVKA

First class, like you Jake. Just like you.

JAKE

We'll stay in the honeymoon suite. We'll eat caviar and drink champagne for breakfast, because we deserve it.

RIVKA

The honeymoon suite...? Isn't that reserved for couples that are married?

(THEY look at each other. After a beat.)

JAKE (Cont'd)

Rivka, I never saw you look so beautiful.

RIVKA

Thank you, Jake.

JAKE

To me, you look and smell better than a rare, delicate, orchid.

RIVKA

I hate to tell you this, but orchids don't smell.

(THEY both laugh as JAKE comes out of booth and gives RIVKA flowers.)

JAKE

But, these yellow roses smell almost as good as you, *my 'liebshen.*' Here, I brought them just for you.

RIVKA

Why, how thoughtful, Jake, they smell wonderful and they're so lovely.

JAKE

Not as lovely as you, nothing could be as lovely as you.

RIVKA

And why yellow roses?

JAKE

Because I know how much you love yellow roses, '*Cheri je t'aime.*'

RIVKA

'*Cheri je t'aime.*' I never thought I'd hear you call me '*cheri.*'

JAKE

Shhh. I never told anyone, but you've been my secret sweetheart, since the day I met you.

RIVKA

Jake, why didn't you ever tell me?

JAKE

To tell you the truth, I didn't think I was good enough for you, Rivka.

RIVKA

Good enough, you hear, he didn't think he was good enough for me? I don't believe it.

JAKE

I wasn't good enough for anyone, especially you, '*Je t'aime mon amore*'...

RIVKA

'*Je t'aime mon amore,*' I like how it sounds, Jake. It's *so romantic.*

JAKE

I don't know how to tell you this Rivka, but, but I've always been...

RIVKA

Yes...

JAKE

...In love with you, I've always been in love with you, but I was afraid to tell you. Afraid you'd turn me away. Afraid you couldn't love me.

RIVKA

Oh, Jake, I can't tell you how happy I am. I'm ecstatic because, because I've always been in love with you too.

JAKE

(Excited.)

You've been in love with me, with me? Oh, thank you G-d, thank you.

RIVKA

Madly, for 35 years, but who's counting?

JAKE

So, why didn't you tell me?

RIVKA

I couldn't tell you because, I also was afraid.

JAKE

Afraid of me?

RIVKA

Not of you. I was afraid of who you reminded me of, but that's all in the past. We're
(Sings.)
together now, and we have the rest of our lives to finally get to know each other. "*I have
dreamed that your arms are lovely.*"

(RIVKA and JAKE dance as THEY sing together.)

JAKE and RIVKA

"I have dreamed what a joy you'd be."

JAKE

I've waited all my life to put my arms around you because I've dreamed about you, only
you, '*Mein gelibteh,*' my beloved. I've wanted to kiss you every night, every night, every
night.

RIVKA

Only at night?

JAKE

Are you trying to seduce me, Mrs. Robinson?

RIVKA

For years.

JAKE

For years, huh? Well, let me tell you, I want to touch you and kiss you. Oh, how I want to
kiss you.

RIVKA

So, what are you waiting for?

(THEY kiss passionately.)

JAKE

Ever think about getting married?

RIVKA

All the time... You know, I have this beautiful home that could sure use a man's touch.

(JAKE touches RIVKA'S face)

How's that?

JAKE

Need I say?

RIVKA

Your place, or mine?

JAKE

Yours, it's much closer.

RIVKA

(THEY both walk off together as lights flicker.)

End of Scene 10

Cock *E*yeD

ACT II

Scene 11

We are back to reality.

JAKE is in box office, HE peers out.

JAKE

So, where is she Bogey? She always shows up.

(RIVKA, dressed beautifully, enters.)

RIVKA

Why fancy meeting you here, stranger

JAKE

(Looks up.)

Rivka, I knew you would come.

RIVKA

Good or bad, no matter what's playing, don't I always show up for every opening, every special occasion? 'Nu?'

JAKE

And that meant a lot to me, Rivka. You're the only person I counted on. Is that a new dress?

RIVKA

(Points to Fenway - Touches dress.)

It '*soitenly*' is. I figured, in honor of the Fenway closing, something old, something new.

JAKE

Well, you certainly look beautiful.

RIVKA

(Slips out)

So, do you.

JAKE

You're the first person who ever said I look beautiful. Should I say thank you?

(THEY both laugh.)

RIVKA

Do you have any idea how long I've been coming here?

JAKE

How long...?

RIVKA

Since Sabu, since Sabu the Jungle Boy.

JAKE

That's right. I can see it, as if it were yesterday. You were on line. All bundled up. Fur coat, fur hat, galoshes, scarf, ear muffs, gloves.

RIVKA

And I think you said I reminded you of Nanook...?

JAKE

(Laughs and howls.)

...Yeah, just like Nanook, remember, just like Nanook.

(SHE playfully hits HIM on arm.)

RIVKA

And he agrees with me no less, *nu?*

JAKE

Only cuter, much cuter.

RIVKA

Feels like a million years ago, doesn't it?

JAKE

Two million to be exact, what times they were. The Fenway was a regular toast-of-the-town. They all came. The rich and famous, even the not so rich, and the not so famous, Rockefeller, Lindsay, movies stars, ingénues, wannabes, everybody. The lines stretched around the block and then some. They all came and I had to turn them away, because there were so many people...

RIVKA

I remember Jake, do I remember.

(A long pause.)

JAKE

Look at that, I almost forgot.

(JAKE comes out of booth.)

JAKE (cont'd)

I bought these flowers for you.

(JAKE gives RIVKA flowers.)

RIVKA

Why how thoughtful Jake. They smell wonderful, and they're so lovely.

JAKE

Not as lovely as you Rivka.

RIVKA

Oh, Jake... What made you bring me yellow roses?

JAKE

It's because of your father.

RIVKA

My father, why my father?

JAKE

You once told me that your father used to bring you yellow roses and who could
(Touches heart, a pause)
love you as much as your father, sweetheart...?

RIVKA

My father... my father. What a memory you have.

(Big pause.)

RIVKA (cont'd)

(Looks at watch.)

Well, I guess the movie is about to start.

**(RIVKA reaches into her purse and pulls out some bills and starts to
them to JAKE.)**

JAKE

Put it away, tonight's on me.

RIVKA

Why thank you, Jake, that's very generous.

JAKE

Don't mention it.

RIVKA

Is it really that good?

JAKE

One of my favorite all-time foreign films; "*Life is Beautiful*." That *Roberto Begnini* is some genius. Reminds me of another genius, my old friend, Charlie Chaplin

RIVKA

Jake...

JAKE

(Turns around.)
Yes, Rivka?

RIVKA

Oh, it's just... it's just...

JAKE

(Sad laugh.)

What is it? And don't say I look beautiful, because I'll...

RIVKA

(Sniffs flowers.)

It's... It's nothing. They're really beautiful. Say did these flowers come with a card?

JAKE

Ya know, I could have sworn there was a card around here somewhere.

RIVKA

It's the thought that counts.

JAKE

I know sweetheart.

RIVKA

(Starts to become overwhelmed with her fear.)

Jake, my father used to call me sweetheart, and when you just said it...

JAKE

I know how much you loved your father, Rivka. Do I remind you of him sweetheart, do I?

RIVKA

(Almost cries, very emotional.)

YES, YES, YES... And I can't take it I just can't take. Why don't you walk me to my seat and we'll watch the movie together?

JAKE

Would you allow this old fool to take you to your seat?

RIVKA

For the last time.

JAKE

For the last time. Shall we?

RIVKA

Thank you, Jake.

JAKE

(Bows to HER.)

As always, it's my pleasure Princess, forever.

JAKE

(Bows to HER.)

As always, it's my pleasure Sweetheart, it's always my pleasure.

(Sad because HE doesn't want to say goodbye, JAKE takes RIVKA'S arm and kisses her hand.)

JAKE (Cont'd)

Sweetheart, I don't want to say goodbye to you, I can't, you mean more to me than anyone and I, I... Rivka, don't make say goodbye.

RIVKA

(Almost crying.)

And I don't want to say goodbye to you, I don't I don't.

JAKE

And why don't you want to say goodbye to a cockeyed *shicker*, an old drunk like me?

RIVKA

Because my father was also cockeyed, in the same eye Jake, the same eye and like you, he was the kindest and sweetest man I ever loved and then I met you, I met you, you cockeyed wonder and he also drank, not as much as you, and maybe, who knows why I love you so much, I don't, I don't.

JAKE

Rivka, sweetheart, did you just say you actually love a *fashicked*, drunken, cockeyed freak like me? You love me, you really love me?

RIVKA

More than you'll ever know, sweetheart, more than you'll ever know.

JAKE

Oh Rivka, sweetheart, I don't think I've ever felt so happy, or so grateful to be alive in my life, YOU HEAR THAT? RIVKA SAYS SHE LOVES COCKEYED JAKE, AND YOU KNOW WHAT? I LOVE HER EVEN MORE, MUCH MORE AND EVEN THOUGH SHE'S NOT COCKEYED, YOU HEAR, I LOVE HER MORE EVEN THOUGH SHE'S

(Laughs, jumps and dances for joy.)

NOT COCKEYED! Oh my darling, my sweetheart, I never thought I would ever be so happy and I am, because you, because you love me, YOU HEAR, RIVKA LOVES ME, COCKEYED JAKE.

(RIVKA kisses JAKE and it is the most heart felt moment in their lives:)

RIVKA

Well, what the hell took you so long, mister? I almost forgot how and what it felt like to be a woman to be needed, to be kissed. Oh, how I've wanted to kiss you Jake, how I wanted you to kiss me.

JAKE

If that's the case, get over here baby!

(JAKE romantically kisses RIVKA and then gets down on one knee.

JAKE

At my age, it's not so easy going down, lady.

JAKE

I'll go down, for you I'll go down all you want...

(JAKES kisses RIVKA again.)

Sweetheart, I've wanted to ask you this since the day I saw your beautiful face. That's the day I fell in love with you. It was love at first sight, love at first sight.

RIVKA

According to my calculations, that was 35 years ago.

JAKE

Yes it was.

RIVKA

Why I oughta...

JAKE

You oughta what, lady?

RIVKA

Throw you down on this carpet and make mad and passionate love to you in your *facockte* Fenway. You made me wait long enough, didn't?

JAKE

Can we wait 'til we go home?

RIVKA

But not a second longer, you hear, not a second longer, because this old broad needs and wants action! And what Lola wants, Lola gets.

(WE hear the sound of the projector and the theme of “LIFE IS

BEAUTIFUL,” as THEY turn and arm-arm rush out of the theatre:)

THE END