

THE FOLEYS

List of characters:

PUCK FOLEY, 23: an actor; the only son of Frank and Judy.

FRANK FOLEY, 56: the founder of a successful investment fund at which all four of his daughters, and Laurel's boyfriend Jason, work.

JUDY FOLEY, 52: Frank's wife and the mother of June, Laurel, Greer, Puck, and Paige.

JUNE FOLEY, 29: a relationship manager at the fund; marries David Feynman in Act I.

LAUREL FOLEY, 27: a relationship manager at the fund; longtime girlfriend of Jason Roget.

GREER FOLEY, 25: a relationship manager at the fund; marries Tomás Escobel in Act III.

PAIGE FOLEY, 21: a Yale student who starts working at the fund, not as a relationship manager, but as an analyst.

JOEL TRENTINI, 44: Frank's right-hand man at the fund.

DAVID FEYNMAN, 31: June's husband.

JASON ROGET, 29: Laurel's boyfriend, who works at the fund.

TOMÁS ESCOBEL, 27: Greer's husband.

ALICE, 24: an actress; Puck's date in Act I.

LISZA, 22: an escort; Puck's date in Act II.

RUTH, 22: a college student and barista; Puck's date in Act III.

ARIEL, 24: a prostitute.

MATTHIAS SCHULTZ, 29: an accountant at the fund.

VALENTINA, 57: a family friend of the Foleys and client of the fund.

STAN, 62: a family friend of the Foleys and client of the fund.

In Acts I and IV, eight wedding guests serve as a chorus, speaking directly to the audience:

GEORGE (70), GARY (60), JOE (57), DEB (55), SONIA (50), LORRAINE (46), PRESTON (26), and MCKENNA (20).

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ACT I Scene 1

The stage is dark; sounds of waves and seagulls.

PUCK Once, years ago, my grandma was taking the subway in Brooklyn.

Lights come up on PUCK FOLEY, 23, and ALICE, 24, on the foot of the stage, in front of the curtain. PUCK has handsome, expressive features, his suit jacket slung over his shoulder. ALICE

wears a floral dress, her hair loose and wild.

PUCK She had my father with her, he was just a baby at the time. She was sitting in a corner seat, looking out the window as the train starts to pull out of Bergen Street toward Grand Army Plaza. With me so far? So as the train starts to move, she sees an old man at the foot of the stairs. In that moment, she can't tell whether he's on his way down to the platform or up to the street. But she sees him stop and pick up something from the bottom step. It could've been an envelope, or it could've been a small, flat box. He might have been looking for it. Or he might've just stumbled across it. Okay? Okay. So. What did the old man find on the stairs?

ALICE What?

PUCK What was in the box? Or the envelope.

ALICE I don't know.

PUCK *laughs.*

PUCK You're not getting this game.

GREER

(offstage)

Puck!

PUCK Hey!

PUCK *waves.*

PUCK These are my sisters.

ALICE Which ones?

PUCK Second-oldest and the middle one.

GREER FOLEY, 25, and LAUREL FOLEY, 27, enter. LAUREL is tall, GREER petite, both of them blond and stunning in sea-blue bridesmaids dresses.

GREER What are you doing, sneaking in the back?

LAUREL He's avoiding us.

PUCK I was just giving her a briefing before we make the rounds. These are the ones I warned you about...

LAUREL *elbows him.*

PUCK ...Laurel and Greer. This is Alice.

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LAUREL *shakes ALICE'S hand.*

LAUREL Nice to meet you.

ALICE Are you the second-oldest or the middle one?

GREER "Middle one," is that my epithet?

LAUREL You would be getting off easy.

GREER

(to PUCK)

So what do you think?

PUCK 'Bout what?

GREER Rain.

PUCK What are you, crazy?

GREER Ma said. Four o'clock. Forty percent.

LAUREL It's been all day with this.

DAVID

(offstage)

When'd you sneak in?

DAVID FEYNMAN, 31, enters. *He wears suit pants and a dress shirt, an untied bowtie, and no jacket. He has gently receding brown hair and a good-humored expression.*

LAUREL David! Mazel tov.

LAUREL *kisses DAVID'S cheek.*

PUCK Congratulations, man.

DAVID Thank you, thank you.

GREER Does June want the extra tent put up?

DAVID I didn't ask.

GREER Then what were you in there for? It's bad luck for the groom to see the bride before the wedding.

PUCK Rain on a bride is good luck, though.

LAUREL They'll cancel out.

DAVID

(to GREER and LAUREL)

Actually. She wanted to see you two.

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Scene 2

Curtain rises on a bedroom that has been made over into a dressing room, the beds covered with dry-cleaning bags, dressers scattered with makeup. A door stands near the foot of the stage on the right. JUNE FOLEY, 29, stares out a window in her ivory wedding gown, dark hair gathered into a bun. JUDY FOLEY, 52, sits nearby, fiddling with her rings. GREER and LAUREL enter through the door at stage right.

GREER So, you come around about the veil?

JUNE No.

GREER Shame. What was L. L. Bean's name?

JUNE What?

GREER Our brother's date.

JUNE I don't know, Alison or something. Listen.

LAUREL I think it was Alice.

JUNE David just talked to Joel.

GREER Well, she looks like a Kimberley. Or—oh, God! A Jennifer.

JUNE It seems like there may have been—

JUDY One of your father's employees was stealing money from the fund. *Pause.*

GREER Motherfucker.

JUDY A nice way to treat someone. You're given a job, an opportunity to make something better for your family.

LAUREL Who was it?

JUDY I don't know, some accountant.

JUNE Matthias Schultz.

GREER How much?

JUNE I don't kn—

GREER What happened to him?

JUNE Nothing's happened, that's the whole *point*.

LAUREL What is?

JUNE He's here.

PAIGE FOLEY, 21, *bursts through the door in gym shorts and a Yale hoodie, carrying an overstuffed backpack and a garment bag. She is short, dark-haired, full-figured. Behind her, holding her duffel bag, is* JASON ROGET, 29, *an All-American quarterback in a suit.*

PAIGE Sorry! I'm sorry, the train. June! Oh, my God.

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JUNE Paigey, hi...

JUDY Sweetheart, finally.

JASON *lingers in the doorway.* LAUREL *catches his eye.*

GREER I'll have to do your hair while the girl does your makeup.

PAIGE I can do it myself.

GREER If you do your hair, it'll take twice as long and look half as good.

LAUREL *and JASON step through the door at stage right. The lights go out over the bedroom, leaving only the two of them illuminated on the foot of the stage.*

LAUREL Did you know about this?

JASON I just talked to Joel. What's your pop gonna do?

LAUREL He hasn't gotten in yet.

JASON ...I know there's a tendency not to report...

LAUREL Why would anyone invest in a fund that's just been cleaned from inside?

JASON Without a real investigation, how do you know he hasn't done worse? How do you know it doesn't go further than him?

LAUREL Dad'll figure it out. That's his job.

JASON If it comes out anyway that he was stealing, and that we covered it up...? That's so much worse. There's nothing to be afraid of if we have nothing to—

LAUREL You're not realistic.

JASON Talk to your father.

LAUREL No, you talk to him, if you've got something to say. I hate when you try and go through me. Just, give me this—

LAUREL *reaches for the duffel bag, but JASON refuses to put it on her shoulder, gently steamrolling past her to set it in the bedroom. He exits with a glance at her. LAUREL reenters the bedroom and the lights come back up. PAIGE is now partially hidden behind a partition, getting changed.*

JUDY People are greedy these days, that's why. Everything faster, everything now— JUNE Ma.

JUDY What?

JUNE What are we going to do?

PAIGE 'Bout what?

GREER Getting him the fuck out of our house seems ideal.

PAIGE Who?

JUNE Without making a scene?

LAUREL We should wait, not do anything dramatic today. Then, on Monday... report him.

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GREER Oh, for God's sake—

LAUREL If it's the only way to protect our name—

JUDY By telling the whole world a man who came to your sister's wedding, who ate dinner in this house, was a thief.

PAIGE *steps out from behind the partition, zipping up her bridesmaid's dress.*

PAIGE What are you guys talking about?

Lights go out; curtain drops.

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Scene 3

Lights come up on the foot of the stage; sounds of waves, seagulls, and chatter. On the foot of the stage, a few guests stand around sipping drinks, including PUCK and ALICE.

ALICE I don't get it.

PUCK Well, he knows the market. So people trust him to invest their money.

ALICE So it's a hedge fund.

PUCK Kind of.

ALICE And your sisters help him pick the investments?

PUCK *laughs.*

PUCK No. They sell the fund.

ALICE To?

PUCK You, if you're not careful.

FRANK FOLEY, 56, *enters and approaches them. He has a wide smile and full head of gray hair.* FRANK Puck!

PUCK *jumps and his face lights up.*

PUCK Pop!

They share a big bear hug.

PUCK How was the chopper?

FRANK Fine, fine.

PUCK This is—

FRANK Of course, of course! How are you.

ALICE Nice to meet you.

FRANK So. You're an actor, too, then?

ALICE Yes.

A CATERER *passes by.* FRANK *raises a finger and says,*

FRANK Glenlivet. Neat, please.

PUCK Same.

FRANK

(to ALICE)

Did you go to Julliard with—?

ALICE Tisch.

FRANK Oh! Lyle Oberman. Wonderful man.

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ALICE Yes, he is.

FRANK So you're from New York?

ALICE Sort of. I grew up between the city and a farm in Pennsylvania.

FRANK Oh, whereabouts?

ALICE Villanova.

FRANK Do you know the Ellmans?

ALICE We go to their cottage every summer.

FRANK Stop it! Small world. Wonderful people.

JOEL TRENTINI, 44, a slight man wearing a suit and a crucifix on a thin gold chain, steps into FRANK'S line of sight.

FRANK

(to PUCK)

I'm going to go see the girls.

(to ALICE)

Lovely to meet you.

FRANK *claps* PUCK on the arm and approaches JOEL, pausing for JOEL to say a word in his ear.

FRANK *exits*. JOEL *follows a step behind him*.

PUCK ...He just got in from the city.

ALICE Are you close to your father?

Lights go out.

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Scene 4

The curtain rises but lights illuminate only the foot of the stage. FRANK knocks on the bedroom door at stage right.

FRANK Is the father of the bride allowed to see the dress before the wedding?

The door opens and lights come up on the stage. FRANK steps into the bedroom, where JUDY, JUNE, LAUREL, GREER, and PAIGE are gathered. PUCK enters through the door at stage right a few steps behind FRANK. FRANK greets JUNE last, kissing her forehead.

FRANK Congrats, sweet pea.

FRANK *takes a step back to look at her.*

FRANK Just gorgeous. You know you were always my favorite?

JUNE I know you say that to all your kids.

FRANK Nah.

PUCK Even your secret family in Queens?!

FRANK Especially not to them.

FRANK *settles into a chair.* PUCK *steps forward to air-kiss* JUNE *out of consideration for hair and makeup.*

PUCK I like the dress.

JUNE Thank you.

PUCK *sits on a bed.*

FRANK Why the long face, sweetheart? What'd David do? ...He doesn't have a Queens family, does he?

PUCK *laughs.* JUNE *hesitates.*

JUNE ...We know about Matthias Schultz.

FRANK *glances around disapprovingly.*

FRANK It's an unfortunate situation.

JUDY Are you going to the police?

FRANK Of course not. We'll handle it quietly.

Lights go out; curtain drops.

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Scene 5

While the curtain is still down, glass is heard crunching, followed by cheers, "Mazel tov!" and a swell of violins. Then the clapping and music fade. At the foot of the stage, the spotlight illuminates a series of guests who address the audience one at a time.

JOE Oh, I knew Frank Foley from way back. St. Joe's. To be honest, I was kind of surprised when they said he'd started making big money in the city. 'Cause I never remembered him being that great a student.

SONIA How Frank met Judy was, a friend of his had a practice in Jersey City who was going out with Judy's cousin at the time. First time they laid eyes on each other was Labor Day at a barbeque, and two months later, they were married. They just adored each other.

GARY I heard the tab for the wedding ran, I won't say, but six hundred thousand dollars. I believe it! When you think about the oysters and the open bar, filet mignons for how many people... I bet the bar tab was a hundred grand.

PRESTON It was something, to see them together. Three girls, hair all blowing, whipping around town in their Audi. When I was a freshman, Laurel was a sophomore. I had a friend who was a lifeguard at the club, and he would...

PRESTON *laughs*.

PRESTON Yeah, we knew those girls.

SONIA The boy did his college at Julliard. Julliard! I mean, it's no wonder. They're a very good-looking family.

LORRAINE When the kids were little, Judy would bring them around by the office. They were adorable, one after the other. It was just the sweetest thing, but Frank could get kind of tiffed, to be honest. "Don't touch that," or something about what Judy had them wearing. I didn't understand it, because she was always so put-together and pleasant, and he was just... Griping. Little comments. You know how some men seem out to spite their wives?

GARY He used to sell can openers door-to-door. Can openers! Electric mixers and shit. He worked all the old ladies in the neighborhood. I seen him a hundred times, going up and down the street in his little mobster fedora. He would give demonstrations.

GARY *mimes demo, laughs*.

MCKENNA They had a complicated marriage.

Spotlight goes out. The curtain rises on a lawn scattered with cocktail tables and crowded with guests. Music emanates from an invisible band. A bar is set up stage left, where MATTHIAS SCHULTZ, 29, stands, speaking to no one. Stage right, PUCK, PAIGE, and GREER stand talking. JOEL enters from stage right, crosses to MATTHIAS, smiling warmly, and claps him on the arm.

JOEL Matthias! How are you?

MATTHIAS *smiles nervously*.

MATTHIAS How are you?

JOEL Not too bad. Have a drink.

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MATTHIAS They got a great day for the wedding.

JOEL Just beautiful. Sit.

JOEL and MATTHIAS sit down at the bar. Meanwhile, TOMÁS ESCOBEL, 27, approaches GREER from behind; he speaks with a slight accent. As GREER and TOMÁS talk, JOEL can be seen saying something to MATTHIAS with his elbows on the table, face inscrutable. MATTHIAS is frozen.

TOMÁS

(softly, to GREER'S back)

Nos volvemos a ver, hermosa.

GREER

(swiveling around)

Oh! Tomás.

TOMÁS You remember me.

GREER I have a vague recollection. How are you?

TOMÁS Almost as good as you.

GREER This is my brother, Puck, and my little sister Paige. This is Tomás Escobel. TOMÁS I rescued her once from a train station in Barcelona at five o'clock in the morning. GREER Well, you had to. I wasn't about to sit in a waiting room.

TOMÁS I'm at Morgan these days.

PAIGE Oh, retail or investment?

TOMÁS Investment. You work for the family business, too?

PAIGE Yes. Soon as I graduate. For right now I'm an intern.

At stage left, JOEL has stopped talking. MATTHIAS nods stiffly, rises, and exits stage right. The lights dim and a spotlight illuminates guests in the crowd, who address the audience one at a time.

LORRAINE Later, when I found out about Frank... It was my son who called me up, and I—I just didn't believe it.

GARY I was coming back from a visit to my daughter and grandkids, I was in a Red Robin at the airport, and they have TVs everywhere, you know. And I saw it on the news.

PRESTON The lawsuits are still going on.

SONIA The same week it happened, my sister's dermatologist saw one of the girls at the Whole Foods on 33rd. Looking like hell, of course. Obviously.

DEB That's what I'm talking about. Innocent people paying the price. When that boy died...

DEB *shakes her head.*

DEB It was a shame.

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The lights over the stage go out. The faint music that has been playing in the background turns into a rock song, which slowly builds as a spotlight illuminates PUCK standing in sunglasses on the foot of the stage. He pulls a pill bottle out of his pocket, taps some pills into his palm, and holds his hand out to his side. A woman's hand enters the spotlight's beam, selects a pill; then the spotlight widens to show GREER at his side. The two of them swallow their pills, him with champagne, her dry. Dim lights come back up over the rest of the stage. As the music plays and crowd swarms, the spotlight hits LAUREL beelining through the crowd, saying hellos; then FRANK and JOEL, who stand deep in conversation until FRANK'S face lights up at someone passing by and he pulls them into a hug; PUCK bending over backwards, balancing his champagne glass on his forehead for ALICE'S amusement; Judy nodding sympathetically at a very OLD MAN; JUNE talking to one group of well-wishers, then twisting over her shoulder to greet someone behind her; and PAIGE, marooned with a GREAT-AUNT, casting her eyes around the scene and taking a gulp of her drink. The music slows. The spotlight follows FRANK to the

foot of the stage. His smile drops and he pulls out a cigarette, tilts his head back, and sighs. Finally, the spotlight hits LAUREL, looking a little forlorn as she watches the dancers. Music ends; curtain drops.

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Scene 6

Curtain rises on the lawn, where dinner is being served. A small bar is set up stage left and a long table dominates the stage. From left to right are JASON, LAUREL, ALICE, PUCK, JUNE, DAVID, GREER, PAIGE, JUDY, and an empty chair. Dessert plates lie in front of them.

GREER I'm just saying. Grandma would roll in her grave if she knew you got married by some Protestant-Lite woman minister.

ALICE Why?

JUNE Christine is a justice of the peace.

LAUREL Yeah, *I'll* roll in my grave next time I see you in a church, Greer.

PUCK

(to ALICE)

She was Catholic. We're half-Catholic, half-Jewish.

PAIGE And not really either.

JUNE Oh, we all got kitchen-sink-baptized by Grandma. You too. PUCK
Really? ...So I've got that going for me...

DAVID "Kitchen-sink-baptized"...?

JUNE But Jewish on the side that counts.

DAVID Convenient, to have all your bases covered.

JUDY

(to JUNE)

Honey, Irene was wanting to ask about putting her foundation with Dad.

GREER What foundation?

LAUREL You know. The kids' leukemia thing.

JUNE Well, Dad always finds room for a charity.

GREER Is that the foundation with half her kids on salary?

JUDY And?

PUCK You should talk. Aren't you Dad's highest-paid employees?

GREER Well, we should be. We're his highest-earning employees. PUCK
Really?

GREER *raises her eyebrows.*

PUCK ...Who's in first?

GREER

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(grudgingly)

June. She got to the trough first, first dibs on all the old biddies. I'm going to pass her up within the year, though. I left Laurel behind last March.

JUDY Greer.

GREER What? I have a goal. And then I'm going to take a vacation.

PUCK You're always on vacation.

GREER I haven't taken a vacation in two years.

PUCK So your work trips don't count?

GREER No. Those are work trips.

PUCK Mm-hm. Nothing but drudgery at that spa in Switzerland. Or out on a yacht with the lobbyist's son.

ALICE

(to PUCK)

People can do real work in social settings, though.

(to GREER)

I'm sure it takes a very specific skillset to work in marketing.

GREER I'm *so* glad Puck brought you. Do you know what his name is?

ALICE What?

GREER "Puck," do you know what it's short for? I mean what his real name is.

ALICE ...Patrick.

GREER Good guess! His name is Roman. And when he was a baby, he used to follow June around just like a little duck. We called him that, Ducky, Duck, Duck. Till one day he gets *that* exact look on his little face and says—

GREER, JUNE & LAUREL

(together)

"I am *not* a Puck!"

Table laughs, in the midst of which FRANK enters. JUDY turns to look at him as he takes his seat. JUDY Where were you?

FRANK I had to do my back exercises.

DAVID I got a chiropractor you gotta go see.

FRANK Is he gonna try sticking me full of pins?

DAVID She just might.

FRANK That's a hard pass, then. Two things you'll never convince me could be good ideas: acupuncture and sushi.

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DAVID No! Wait, what about sashimi?

LAUREL Even at Nobu. Won't touch it.

FRANK If it's still raw fish...! Listen, this place I go, they serve this appetizer, this little triangles-of-raw-tuna thing. This is a nice place, mind, 27 bucks for a plate of this stuff. And *all* the time, somebody's getting sick from it! Throwing up for two days! Then they come back and order some more.

JASON It's all the sitting that's killing your back, Frank. You gotta get one of these standing desks.

FRANK I know, I know. I see you, standing there all day. I'm exhausted at the thought...

ALICE

(to Jason)

You work for the company, too?

JASON Guilty as charged.

ALICE Do you do the same thing as Laurel?

JASON Yep.

ALICE Which, what is that, exactly?

JASON I'm a salesman for Frank here, basically.

ALICE Did you two meet at the office?

JASON Right there. In the lobby.

JUNE Come on, tell the story.

FRANK It's such a good story.

JASON

(to ALICE)

Well, I was still in college when Frank was good enough to take on an intern from Tuscaloosa who thought a "credit spread" meant when you're living on credit and you're spread real thin...

Table laughs.

JASON So I show up on my first day, first thing in the morning. Nervous as hell in a three-piece suit. I've been up for hours. I go to the desk and give my name, and the lady tells me that the guy's supposed to be training me might show up in two, three hours. So...I just sit myself down in the lobby, trying and look important for an hour and 45 minutes, till this girl. Comes breezing in with a smile for everyone. She goes into the office, and when she comes back out an hour

later, she sees me still in the same spot. She took pity on me, and we talked for a little. I don't even know what about. Then my boss shows, and she takes off, and first thing I ask him is *who* was that *girl*. And he says, "That's our boss's 19-year-old daughter."

Table laughs.

JUNE There are all kinds of perks of working for Foley Capital Management.

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PUCK That's right, Paige. Get ready.

PAIGE Please, spare me.

PUCK What, Wall Street types not your type?

PAIGE No one in the research department, that's for sure.

FRANK *laughs.*

FRANK Artie is not a research department. We don't have a research department.

PAIGE Well, that's what I've been saying. We need one. It's a global investment fund, you can't keep running it like a private shop—

JUDY Paigey.

PAIGE What?

FRANK You don't want to sit crunching numbers with Artie all day, believe me.

PAIGE What do I want, then?

FRANK Well. I think you should work with your sisters a year—

PAIGE Jesus Christ.

FRANK —a couple years. Get to know the business.

PAIGE I'm not going to be a relationship manager.

FRANK What's so wrong with that?

PAIGE I didn't major in marketing.

GREER None of us did.

JUNE Laurel did.

FRANK

(to LAUREL)

I thought you majored in communications.

LAUREL *shrugs her wineglass as if to say, "Same thing."*

FRANK Puck was the smart one. Art. Only escape from this shit.

PUCK Yeah. Nice little vacation, all these plays about nihilism, narcissism, suicide. Weird mother stuff...

JASON I have tickets to go and see what now?

PUCK Three plays by Anton Chekov.

GREER How does that work, the same cast for three plays? How's there the right number of parts?

PUCK Well, some people are only in one or two.

GREER That must rankle.

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ALICE The spare hands manage all the sets and sound and everything. It's collaborative theatre. We work as a team.

GREER Bet the rest of the team would probably rather have three parts, though.

FRANK So does anyone else have a lead in all three?

PUCK Depends what you call a lead.

FRANK So that's a no, then. Right, Alice?

ALICE Correct.

FRANK Well, I'm not surprised. Y'know, in one year, he was Willy in *Death of a Salesman* and Brutus in *Julius Caesar*.

PUCK In high school.

FRANK So? What's that got to do with it?

PUCK *rolls his eyes. Then he and FRANK pick up their wine glasses with their right hands while draping the left over the shoulders of ALICE and JUDY, respectively. JUDY laughs.*

JUDY They even drink the same.

ALICE They look very alike.

JUDY You think so? I don't. Their faces aren't all that similar. But I tell you, I have a picture of Frank in the first bank where he worked, and the way he's smiling, it could be Puck in a pinstripe suit.

FRANK Well, I'm flattered.

PUCK Maybe I'll play you in the movie.

FRANK Eh, let's see how you do in the Chekov thing first.

DAVID When do you leave on tour?

PUCK Wednesday morning.

JUNE I just can't imagine how you do it. I mean, they're *made-up* characters. And it's like you read their minds.

PUCK Will you be my publicist?

FRANK Not a chance. You think I didn't make them sign non-competes?

PUCK Savvy.

FRANK Not my first rodeo.

DAVID Speaking of which. Any plans for the big anniversary?

FRANK *bats his hand.*

JASON

(to ALICE)

Twenty-five years this man's been in business.

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FRANK That's right. I'm an old, old man.

PUCK Still not too old to quit your job and be an actor.

FRANK You joke, but...

PUCK No, I'm serious. You should take improv classes.

FRANK Maybe I will.

ALICE My friend Maria teaches improv in Manhattan.

FRANK I'm only kidding. I'm too old for new tricks.

PUCK Maybe after you retire.

FRANK Retire, what retire? You'll have to drag me out of the game.

ALICE So you enjoy what you do?

FRANK Yes.

ALICE It seems a lot of work.

FRANK It never ends!

ALICE So, what happened with Matthias Schultz?

PUCK *closes his eyes.* GREER *stares daggers at him.* FRANK *smiles wryly, studying his wineglass, in the uncomfortable silence that follows. Finally,*

FRANK That's what happens when you rush. People who rush never really get anywhere.

DAVID Hear, hear.

JUNE Now no more shop talk, now, please.

FRANK We could play a game.

JUNE I change my mind...

FRANK C'mon. What did the old man find on the stairs?

JUNE *sighs, thinks for a moment.*

JUNE A piece of paper that said, "See the instructions at the top of the stairs."

FRANK Did he find them?

JUNE Mm-hmm.

FRANK And what'd it say?

JUNE “See the instructions at the foot of the stairs.”

Table laughs, then breaks into several conversations. JOEL enters and approaches FRANK, holding out a phone. Without a word, FRANK rises, takes the phone, and exits, JOEL on his heels. ALICE turns to PUCK.

ALICE I got the feeling I shouldn’t have said anything about Matthias Schultz. PUCK *hesitates, then roughly kisses the top of her head.*

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PUCK You’re adorable.

Flourish of music, then the DJ speaks from offstage.

DJ And now, the very special moment has arrived for the first father-daughter dance of Mr. Frank Foley and Mrs. June Feynman. Give it up, folks!

Guests cheer; JUNE looks stricken. LAUREL and JUDY glance helplessly between JUNE and FRANK’S empty chair. A painful silence stretches on as the guests continue to clap. Then PUCK stands abruptly, buttoning his jacket with one hand as he holds the other out to his sister.

PUCK Actually. Can I cut in?

Guests laugh as JUNE takes his hand.

DJ And he’s looking younger every day...

PUCK leads JUNE downstage, where they start to dance. The family rises from the table. As JUNE and PUCK dance, melting into the crowd, PAIGE is revealed standing at the bar on stage left. JOEL stands nearby, nursing a drink. VALENTINA, 57, clattering with jewelry, approaches JOEL.

VALENTINA

(to various guests)

Hello, love! Yes, yes, later, later. Here you are, Joel. And— No. Could this be little Paige Foley?

PAIGE Hi, Valentina.

VALENTINA Who’d have thought! Such a gorgeous young lady.

BARTENDER *hands PAIGE a vodka soda.*

VALENTINA Are you even old enough to drink? No, don’t answer that. I was on my second husband by the time you were born. We don’t want to know, do we, Joel?

JOEL No.

VALENTINA So you’re in school?

PAIGE Graduating from Yale next year. In December, I hope, but it depends on—

VALENTINA Oh my goodness, wonderful. And you’re going to work with your sisters?

PAIGE Yes. Well, no. I’m going to work for the fund. But I’ll be in— VALENTINA

(to someone in the crowd)

Howard! Doll!

PAIGE —I'll be in the research department.

VALENTINA *disappears into the crowd.*

JOEL ...Did that get decided for sure?

PAIGE Yes.

JOEL 'Cause you know your dad could get you in anywhere.

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PAIGE I could get in wherever I wanted. I want to work for my family's firm.

JOEL I'm just saying, it's a wide world. You could go to Merrill, you could go to UBS.

PAIGE Are you threatened by me because I'm a woman or because I'm so much younger and better educated than you?

JOEL No, I'm not threatened by women.

GREER *enters and walks up to PAIGE, her back to JOEL.*

GREER Paige! There you are. Listen, if you want to make yourself useful, go and say hello to Ellen.

PAIGE No!

GREER She's one of our oldest clients.

PAIGE You do it, then.

GREER Hello, I'm busy.

PAIGE She's a nightmare.

GREER You don't have to act so superior to people. It's not an attractive quality.

PAIGE Jesus Christ, fine, I'll say hi. Just let me finish my drink.

GREER Good. Remember, she and Louis split up.

PAIGE I know.

GREER And for your own sake, don't get her started on Bush.

GREER, *who has been scanning the crowd, finally looks at PAIGE properly.*

GREER Have you lost weight?

PAIGE No.

GREER Hm. Your hair looks nice.

PAIGE *drinks.*

GREER You should be talking to people, anyway. Why are you just standing here? JOEL Hello, Greer.

GREER *turns and, seeing JOEL, says coldly,*

GREER Hello, Joel.

(to PAIGE)

Ellen.

GREER *walks off into the crowd.*

PAIGE ...Sorry about her.

JOEL That's okay. She's just playing her part.

PAIGE Doing her part?

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JOEL No.

PAIGE Wha—

JOEL June's the little mother hen, Laurel's homecoming queen, Greer's the housecat with a temper, Puck is the spoiled, charming, much-mythologized only son.

PAIGE ...And?

JOEL *chuckles.*

JOEL "And," you're the tough little pip who works twice as hard for her keep. *Pause.*

PAIGE I'm not little.

JOEL You're wasting away.

PUCK *enters from stage left, crossing to center stage, where GREER appears at his elbow.* GREER Looks like you lost your date.

PUCK Who had a name.

GREER Yeah, Addison or something.

PUCK Renée.

GREER Really?

PUCK No.

Pause...then GREER laughs.

GREER Will you fuck off?

PUCK Okay.

GREER Where did you find her, anyway?

PUCK She's actually a really nice person.

GREER Okay.

PUCK And smart. She reads books.

GREER I read books.

PUCK Okay.

GREER You could do better than a girl who reads books and needs fitting for proper undergarments, that's all.

PUCK The fuck—

GREER Have you met Alessia Delmaro?

PUCK Okay, I'm leaving.

PUCK *starts to walk away.*

GREER Puck.

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PUCK Yeah?

GREER Thank you.

PUCK For what?

GREER For dancing with June.

PUCK Oh, no, I...

PUCK *looks down, embarrassed.*

GREER ...The DJ should've seen that he had stepped out.

PUCK Right! Like, you had one job.

GREER Literally.

PUCK Right.

Pause.

PUCK Anyway. I'm going to go look for Renée. No! Addison. No! Jameson... PUCK *exits. Lights go out; curtain drops.*

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Scene 7

Sound of waves. The lights come up on LAUREL and JUNE standing on the foot of the stage. JUNE has changed from her wedding gown into a pale blue dress. Each of them holds her shoes in one hand; with the other, they clink champagne.

LAUREL Let it go down in the history books. Wedding of the century.

JUNE And what about your wedding?

LAUREL I said century.

JUNE Please. Jason's dying to make an honest woman out of you.

LAUREL Maybe. But still.

JUNE But what?

LAUREL ...He won't let Dad pay for the wedding.

JUNE That's tradition, though.

LAUREL He feels like he already owes him.

JUNE For?

LAUREL The job. His family's account.

JUNE He should know Dad better than to think he keeps score.

LAUREL They had to do a discretionary waive of the capital requirement. Know how many peoples' money that is? ...Forty-two.

JUNE *looks away.*

LAUREL What he doesn't get is it's the same for us. Uncle Mike, Aunt Shosh, Grandma. Little Paul. They get an exception. Because they're family.

JUNE Dad even paid for ours, some.

LAUREL That's different.

JUNE How?

LAUREL David works with Dad. Not for him.

Pause. LAUREL *stares into the distance.*

LAUREL We could keep things small. Have it here at the house. Just champagne and oysters.

Pause.

LAUREL And a cake.

They catch each other's eyes, laugh. ALICE *enters, wandering down the beach, holding her shoes in one hand and the hem of her dress in the other.*

JUNE Oh, hello.

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ALICE Hello.

LAUREL Where's Puck?

ALICE I'm not sure.

LAUREL Oh, God. He's always disappearing.

JUNE I'm sorry. We all must seem crazy.

ALICE Don't apologize. I'm having a very nice time.

Awkward silence.

ALICE It seemed like an interesting thought experiment your family has. The old man on the subway? I was sorry I didn't get to see a round through.

JUNE Oh, there's no end to that game.

ALICE We're very different.

JUNE You and Puck?

ALICE I meant me and your family. But him too, of course.

LAUREL *and JUNE trade a glance.*

LAUREL Sometimes that's what works, though. Yin and yang.

ALICE Oh, we won't be together for long. He's interested in me because I react differently from most people, or more slowly. Anyway, it's more of a challenge for him.

JUNE Are you going to break up with him?

ALICE Why would I? He's very charming. And he's a remarkable actor. Have you seen him?

LAUREL Of course we've seen him.

ALICE Not if you haven't seen him in the last six months. It's incredible, how he's grown.

Pause.

LAUREL Well. Shall we?

JUNE Mm. It's chilly out here on the water.

ALICE I think I'm going to walk on the beach. Thank you, if I don't see you again. It was a very nice wedding.

ALICE *exits. Lights go out.*

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Scene 8

Curtain rises on the lawn, almost empty now. JUDY, GREER, and PAIGE stand together amid the last stragglers.

WOMAN

(offstage)

Bye-bye, sweetheart! We got to get going...

JUDY Oh, let me come say goodbye!

(to PAIGE and GREER, in an undertone,)

Leave it to men to get out of this.

JUDY *exits. GREER stands on one stilettoed foot at a time, slowly rotating each ankle behind her.*

GREER Where did they get to? I haven't seen David. Or Dad.

PAIGE I saw David going to smoke a cigar with your friend. The Spanish guy.

GREER He *speaks* Spanish, doesn't make him Spanish.

PAIGE You said you met him in Barcelona.

GREER While he was studying abroad from Oxford. The Escobels own a third of Venezuela.

PAIGE Well, that's nice.

GREER I'd imagine. Now, that man over there is a Kennedy, and I'm going to go have a drink with him. Someone in this family ought to marry a Kennedy. They, at least the good ones, do Greek tragedy so well.

PAIGE Is that sexy?

GREER Only to people with taste.

GREER *stands on both feet and smooths her dress.*

GREER Are you coming?

PAIGE *laughs.*

PAIGE I... I've got to get up early.

GREER No one will be at the office tomorrow.

PAIGE No, I'm auditing a summer course at Columbia on trading in Asia-Pacific economies.

GREER *laughs quietly.*

GREER You still don't get it.

PAIGE What?

GREER There's nothing hard about this job, if you're doing it right.

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PAIGE What was all that to Puck?

GREER *throws her a look.*

PAIGE Well, I don't have your job, anyway. I'm not in marketing.

GREER That's not true.

PAIGE Do you think selling the fund is all there is to it? Where do you think the money *comes* from, Greer?

GREER Do *you* think the market's really based on what goes across all those computer screens?

GREER *shakes her head.*

GREER We sell the easiest thing in the world to sell: money. And the all-too-sordid truth is, people would still buy it even if we were dull, ugly men. We do all *this*...because it's so much more fun.

Lights go out; curtain drops.

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Scene 9

Sound of waves. Lights come up on the foot of the stage. A clump of reeds stands stage left; FRANK and JOEL stand talking stage right. FRANK lights a cigarette.

JOEL So you don't want me to talk to Al.

FRANK No. I'll see what Valentina can do for us.

JOEL I could have someone else be the one to approach...

FRANK It's not time for that.

JOEL And you're not afraid of a liquidity situation?

FRANK I don't see the point in being *afraid* of the worst-case—

A small rustling noise makes them glance around.

FRANK Puck!

PUCK *steps into view through the tall beach reeds.*

PUCK Hey, Pop.

FRANK What are you doing out here?

PUCK I was looking for Alice.

FRANK We saw her head in. A while ago.

(with a laugh,)

You haven't been drinking too much, have you, son?

PUCK Nah, nah. I probably should hit the sack, though.

FRANK All right. G'night, son.

FRANK *hugs* PUCK.

PUCK G'night.

PUCK *starts to exit. Then he stops, turns, and abruptly hugs his father again, hard, without looking at him. FRANK laughs and pats him on the back. PUCK exits. The lights go out.*

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Scene 11

The curtain rises on the emptying lawn. DAVID, JASON, and TOMÁS stand smoking cigars as two guests exit. DAVID waves at one of them, ERIC, a man in his thirties.

DAVID Eric! It was so good seeing you!

ERIC *waves back.*

ERIC Hey! Yeah. Mazel tov!

DAVID Thank you.

ERIC *exits.*

TOMÁS You know him?

DAVID I'm squeezing him for collateral on the ABX. He doesn't answer my calls anymore. Why, you know him?

TOMÁS Last time I saw him, he was being frog marched out of boarding school for taking a shit on the math teacher's desk.

JASON *and* DAVID *burst out laughing.*

DAVID He's a skeezy little fuck.

TOMÁS Like Matthias Schultz.

JASON *and* DAVID *trade a glance.*

DAVID That, I can't even believe. Literally the last guy I'd've picked.

JASON I'm almost impressed. To show his face at this wedding...takes more balls than I thought he had.

TOMÁS All credit to June, though. She didn't even blink.

DAVID Takes more than that to rattle her.

TOMÁS I get the feeling that's all the girls.

JASON True.

TOMÁS They must get it from their father.

DAVID Mm, Judy's a pretty cool customer.

PUCK *enters from stage left, walking robotically, drink in hand.*

JASON Puck!

DAVID Hey!

PUCK *looks up, hesitates, but comes over to join them.*

DAVID Have a smoke?

It takes PUCK *a second too long to react.*

PUCK Nah.

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JASON *gives him a once-over.*

JASON What's good, man?

PUCK *shrugs.*

PUCK Paige says Greer's gonna fuck that Kennedy.

TOMÁS No, she isn't. Not tonight.

TOMÁS *puffs on his cigar. The lights go out; then a spotlight reveals four guests in turn on the*

foot of the stage.

GEORGE He wasn't supposed to be taking new investors. I heard he turned Phil Iovetta down, told him, "The fund's all subscribed." But when my sister lost her husband, I ran into Frank at the wake. He asked how Maureen was going to manage, then he stopped me and said, "Just have her call. I'll take care of it." Well, I was blown away, 'cause I hadn't expected that, and I tried to thank him. But he wouldn't let me thank him.

PRESTON Like what happened with Matthias Shultz. There were different stories. Some people tried to say there was some personal thing with his wife. But that's never the real reason. He just one day didn't work for Frank anymore. I don't even remember how I heard. It's funny. Like one of those things nobody talks about and everyone knows?

MCKENNA The other night I had a dream I was at June Foley's wedding. I was going to steal the gold candlesticks from my table. But this big Irish priest, with a red face and the collar, he saw me putting them in my bag and made me put them back. Then he told me to give him all the money in my purse. I tried to tell him only the candlesticks were stolen. But he insisted. So I gave it to him. Then he said, "Your bracelet." And I didn't want to, but he said, "You owe me." So I gave it to him. Then he said, "Your dress." And I said, "My *dress*?" And he looks at me, completely sincere, and says, "You promised me."

JOE I hope I'm not naïve, y'know. I'm sure there are some people who are evil like that. *Enjoy* knowing that they're hurting someone, revel in it, do everything they can to... But I think people, most people, just to get through the day, they have to believe it's not wrong. Y'know? It's not really stealing if no one finds out. It's not rape if we were just fooling around.

Lights go out.