

ARLENE  
And he still has all that time to sell candles.

BUTCH, 55, enters, with medical forms.

BUTCH  
Idiots.

ARLENE  
What now, Butch?

BUTCH  
The taxi driver's uninsured.

ARLENE  
Oh, for Pete sake.

BUTCH  
No green card either.

ARLENE  
Would you leave that poor man alone? He's traumatized enough as it is.

BUTCH  
Who lets these jackasses across the border, that's what I want to know. He didn't just go through the red light. He ran right up on the sidewalk.

ARLENE  
It was an accident.

BUTCH  
And how come it takes an ambulance fifteen minutes to go ten blocks? That's just inexcusable.

ARLENE  
Don't pay attention to him, you all. He hasn't been here an hour, and he's already tried to have two interns and a security guard fired.

BUTCH  
Well, they were dumb, too.

ARLENE  
It's called a Napoleon complex.

BUTCH  
Napoleon was short.

ARLENE  
We ought to see if we can't get you a shot for that while we're here, hon.

BUTCH  
I'm keeping a list. That's what I'm gonna do.

ARLENE

Oh that's helpful, Butch. That's real constructive.

BUTCH

I'll sue the whole damn city if I have to.

ARLENE

Would you hush?!

BUTCH sits, frustrated.

BUTCH

Knuckleheads.

ARLENE

Have you called Lynn yet?

BUTCH

I can't deal with Lynn right now.

ARLENE

Well, neither can I, and I'm the one she keeps speed dialing.

BUTCH

I told you not to give her your damn cell phone number.

ARLENE

(to Holly)

Luke's stepmom.

HOLLY

Oh. I thought you were his...

ARLENE

Oh, no, hon. Lynn did a lot of the rearing, but I'm the real deal. Poor thing had a brow lift and a tummy tuck yesterday, can you imagine? And then this happens? She's been calling every half hour in a complete Vicodin haze, bless her heart. Can't understand a word she's saying.

(to Butch)

Of course, she's got the housekeeper and the personal trainer five times a week, so I can't feel too bad for her.

BUTCH

You coulda had that if you'd behaved yourself.

ARLENE

How about Ben? Have you reached Ben yet?

BUTCH

My phone's not getting any service.

ARLENE

Well, here, try mine.

ARLENE fishes a cell phone out of her

coat pocket and hands it over.

ARLENE

Luke's brother. He's a sophomore at Georgia Tech.

BUTCH

An engineering major.

ARLENE

He's pledging a fraternity today.

BUTCH

Nuclear engineering. Got a 3.9 last semester.

ARLENE

Sweet kid.

BUTCH

He's gonna work for NASA someday. (into the phone) Ben, it's your dad again. Give me a call as soon as you get this, son. It's important.

He hands the phone back, the reality of the situation hitting them all for a moment. ARLENE sticks it in her coat pocket, and switches gears.

ARLENE

That anesthesiologist seems nice, Holly. The one with the hook-nose and the beanie. And cute, too. Are you single?

HOLLY

Yes?

ARLENE

I'll introduce you later on. After Luke wakes up. So glad they brought him to a Jewish hospital.

BUTCH

Arlene...

ARLENE

What, we're lucky, that's all. They make great doctors. Accountants, too.

BUTCH

Christ on a Christmas tree.

ARLENE

If you clip those curly-Q things off the side of his head, he'd look just like George Clooney, wouldn't he, Holly?

BUTCH

Arlene, why don't you be still and muzzle it for a while.

ADAM, 45, enters, wet and exhausted.

HOLLY