

I was ... setting up. For the meeting.  
 MARLINO. Are we meeting under the desk?  
 ANNE. No! No!  
 MARLINO. You know, I gotta wonder what were you doing under there.  
 ANNE. Well, uh, ... Mr. Tattums — well, A.C. — you know A.C., of course.  
 MARLINO. Yes. He's a good man.  
 ANNE. I agree! He's a good man.  
 MARLINO. Why do you bring up A.C.?  
 ANNE. Well, uh ... he was here. He ... uh ... he told me this drawer was stuck. And it was. And I loosened it for you. It works fine now. See? *(She pulls the door out of its tracks.)* You Couldn't be any smoother than that. *(Replacing the drawer.)* You might want to take it easy when you open and close.... Well, it works now. Anything else you need fixed?  
 MARLINO. I'll let you know. *(Barry and A.C. enter and sit in front of the desk. Martino sits in Zukasky's old chair. Anne is still standing, shell-shocked. All eyes fall on Anne, waiting for her to sit so they can start the meeting.)* Ms. Desmond?  
 ANNE. Sorry. *(She runs for a chair.)*  
 MARLINO. Thank you. *(Everyone is silent and reverent for awhile. Martino picks up Zukasky's name plate and gazes at it fondly.)* I'm going to miss this guy. *(Martino throws the name plate in the wastebasket.)* You know, last night I went to see the Chinese Acrobats. I was particularly struck by this one act they did. There was a platform, maybe four feet high, and one of the Chinamen is standing on that platform. Then another Chinaman brings him a chair and four champagne bottles. So he takes the chair, puts it on top of the champagne bottles and then he does a handstand on top of the chair which is on top of the bottles which is on top of the platform. A handstand! *(Everyone tries to murmur "impressed" sounds.)* So okay, it doesn't sound like much so far. I couldn't do it, but still, I shelled out ~~two~~ <sup>two</sup> fifty and I need to see a little better than that. But this little Chinaguy is just getting started. Because they bring him a second chair. And he sets that second chair on top of the first chair — upside down, you under-

stand, so the legs are pointing up at the ceiling — and pulls himself up into a handstand again. Are you picturing this?  
 BARRY. Uh ...  
 MARLINO. He's doing a handstand on top of a chair which is on top of a chair which is on top of four champagne bottles which are on top of a platform which is already four feet off the ground. And I think, pretty good. I don't know that it's worth ~~two~~ <sup>two</sup> fifty, but it's pretty damn good anyway. I figured that was it. And then they bring him *another* chair. Three chairs. They got three chairs stacked on top of each other — balanced on champagne bottles — and on the top they got a Chinaman doing a handstand. Now that's amazing. That's goddamned amazing, don't you think?

BARRY. Uh ...  
 MARLINO. But then they bring him *another* chair. And I'm thinking, it's impossible. No way is this guy making four chairs. But he keeps going. He makes four chairs. And five chairs. Five chairs! *(Barry whistles.)* He's almost touching the ceiling. They can't reach him from the ground anymore — they're handing him chairs on the ends of poles. And this crazy Chinaman ends up stacking *six goddamned chairs on top of four champagne bottles on top of a four foot platform and he's on the top doing a handstand!* I can't figure how he's doing it. Looks like he ought to fall, but he doesn't. And then — *then* — he takes the top chair and tips it on an angle so that only the back two legs are touching the seat of the chair beneath it and *then* he kicks up into a handstand again. *Then he goes up on one hand!*

BARRY. One hand!  
 MARLINO. *Every time I think he's done as much as he can do, he does something more! (Martino pauses and makes sure everyone is listening, which they are. Then he repeats, quietly, but with emphasis ...)* Every time I think he's done as much as he can do, he does something more.  
 ANNE. Yes sir. I see your point.  
 MARLINO. What?  
 ANNE. I said, I see your point.  
 MARLINO. You see my point?