

SIDE 1

NAN: Well, well, well...

JULIUS: It's you.

NAN: Julius.

JULIUS: Nan.

NAN: Nice day.

JULIUS: Perfect day.

NAN: End of the world.

JULIUS: So they say.

(A tense pause.)

NAN: You're not getting my bench.

JULIUS: Your bench?

NAN: My bench. With the good pond view. I'm here five days a week, weather permitting. The only reason I'm not here seven is because I volunteer the other two days.

JULIUS: Well, I'm here six days a week. I golf the other day, weather permitting. Keeps me active. Agile.

NAN: Well, you're early. This is my time, and you know it.

JULIUS: There isn't going to be my time apparently.

NAN: That's not my problem.

JULIUS: You know, there wouldn't even be a bench here if it weren't for me.

NAN: Oh, don't start with that again.

JULIUS: Go-carts.

NAN: I don't need to hear this now.

JULIUS: They wanted to turn this place into a go-cart, and, and mini golf place. But I put a stop to it.

I said let's make it a park. Trees. Grass. Playground for the kids... Benches. A pond.

NAN: Yeah, yeah, you fought off the big corporation single-handed and planted every tree yourself. Some even say you dug the hole for the pond in one day... with a wooden spoon.

JULIUS: Your sarcasm is not appreciated. Now, I never said I did it all alone, I just said I was a part of it. An important part.

NAN: It was your brother-in-law who did it. He was the one on the town council with the vote. You are just a loud old man.

JULIUS: Who do you think convinced Eddie to vote how he did? It was me. I swayed him.

You

should've heard him before I got to him. The go-cart boys had him eating out of their hands, but I set him straight.

NAN: I've heard enough. I want to sit down on my bench. And I want to spend my last few minutes in peace.

JULIUS: Stop calling it your bench.

NAN: Well, it does have my name on it.

JULIUS: What are you talking about? (*NAN points to the metal plate on the top of the bench. JULIUS leans in closer, his eyes aren't so good.*) What the...? How did you...?

NAN: You're slipping, old man.