NICK. (To audience.) Sure I saw some bad things go down
when I was a kid – who didn’t? I saw Nino Gallata
push his brother off a balcony when they were moving furniture.
Palmer Di Fonzo – I cut off his eyebrow accidentally with
a pen knife – his mother came after me with a gun.
Hercules Sorgini, smallest kid on the block, broke his neck in a sled
accident, it was like this – (leans head on right shoulder.) For a year
they called him, “Ten After Six.” And Wee Wee Scomo had a
heart attack right on the dance floor in junior high. Doing
the Twist. He jumped up, did some splits, never got up again.
Best dancer at Holy Savior. What are you gonna do? You gonna
tell a kid, “Wee Wee – don’t dance”? Besides – (glances offstage.)
If his mother had worried about violent television and the crap
they still put in the school lunches – would it have saved him from
the twist? (Yells offstage). THAT’S WHY I DON’T WORRY! (To audience.)
And that’s why I’ve always been a happy guy. Like when I go to
the bank. I don’t think, “Oh shit – (A la Miranda.) “What if the guy
on the other side of the cash machine’s got a drug problem?” I don’t
even cup my hand over the keypad when I punch in my pin, which
happens to be “Jude” by the way, after the patron saint of lost
causes – and not on my worst days – not even on the day my
wife left me on Columbus Avenue would I have had a problem
telling you that – ‘cause, hey, if you wanted to go out later,
and use my favorite saint’s name to steal my money –
(Yells offstage.) I JUST WASN’T GONNA WORRY ABOUT IT!
Besides... (Pause; remembers.) I didn’t have any money. I
spent my last fifty bucks on paint for the baby’s room.