

Doc & Ryan

RYAN. Doc, it's me.

DOC. Yes. Yes. I can see that. *(Doc closes the door. Ryan rings the doorbell. Doc considers for a moment and opens the door.)*

RYAN. Aren't you going to ask me in?

DOC. *(Calmly.)* No.

RYAN. You said your door was always open.

DOC. Did I? Well, there's theory and then there's practice.

RYAN. I see.

DOC. Good. Goodbye. *(Doc closes the door as Delia comes downstairs.)*

DELIA. Who was it?

DOC. Just another religious fanatic. I think it's a Jehovah's witness.

DELIA. Where do they get the energy? They were just here last week. I gave them money.

DOC. What for?

DELIA. So I wouldn't have to talk to them. *(The doorbell rings. Delia moves towards the door but Doc stops her.)*

DOC. DELIA! I'll handle this. You have more important things to do. *(Delia exits into the kitchen. Doc yells at the door.)* DON'T RING THE DOORBELL AGAIN. GO AWAY. JUST GO AWAY! IN THE NAME OF GOD, GO AWAY! *(Pause. Delia enters from the kitchen.)*

DELIA. I'm going next door to the Hendersons' to pick up those ceremonial thingamajigs Suzanne made from pictures of that tribal wedding she found in the *National Geographic*.

DOC. Delia, they are fertility symbols.

DELIA. They are not. They're for good luck.

DOC. We could use a bit of that. *(Before Doc can stop her, Delia hurries out the front door. Doc rushes to the door looking out expectantly as Ryan calmly enters from the kitchen. Doc, seeing the danger has passed, calmly shuts the door.)*

RYAN. What's up, Doc?

DOC. Ryan, as much as I may find your cloying charm endearing, I haven't time for it today. So nice to see you. Goodbye. *(He opens the door.)*

RYAN. Goodbye?

DOC. As in leave.

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RYAN. Leave?

DOC. As in go.

RYAN. Go?

DOC. As in away.

RYAN. Away?

DOC. Now.

RYAN. Now?

DOC. NOW!

RYAN. Why?

DOC. You know why.

RYAN. I don't.

DOC. Yes you do.

RYAN. I really don't.

DOC. You want me to tell you?

RYAN. Please.

DOC. Well ... It's really very simple. Things happen. Relationships end. Time for you to move on.

RYAN. Gee, Doc.

DOC. Don't cry. Please don't cry.

RYAN. I thought you liked me.

DOC. I did yesterday. I will tomorrow. I can't today.

RYAN. What's today?

DOC. What's today? WHAT'S TODAY?!

RYAN. I guess I should have called.

DOC. It would have been nice. It's what people do.

RYAN. I just happened to be in the neighborhood.

DOC. Really? In the neighborhood. This is Cincinnati, Ohio, son. You live in New York, New York.

RYAN. Not anymore. *(Ryan moves a little further into the room.)* I call the road my home now.

DOC. So you've become a hobo, certainly an interesting lifestyle choice.

RYAN. And that's why I'm writing a new book.

DOC. And you must regale me about it at some other time.