

# Tom Todoroff

S T U D I O

## DRINKING IN AMERICA by *Eric Bogosian*

Vinnic, Vinnie, Vinnic, Vinnic... When you gonna get married, huh? When you gonna settle down ... You come in here every Monday morning with that bum friend of yours . . . what's-hisname the alcoholic there, what's-his ... Tommy. ... Tommy the, what's-hisnamethe alcoholic there, what's-his ... Tommy ... Tommy the alcoholic! You come in here every Monday morning, you been banging this chick, you been banging that chick ... you been drinking, you been wasting ya paycheck...

Hey, hey, Vinnic, ya twenty-eight years old, you're a bum ... You understand me? Uh? You're a bum and that friend a yours, Tommy, he's a bum too... and my kid Tony, he's a bum too. You're all bums. Bunch a bums. No sense a responsibility, nothin'. My kid Tony, seventeen and a half years old. I le's got whatever he wants to have. Upstairs his own bedroom, his own cable-TV, Space Invasion ... seventeen and a half years old he's playing with toys ...

For his birthday he wants, he wants a 'lectric guitar, so we buy him a 'lectric guitar... He's down in the basement till two o'clock in the morning playing the goddamn thing. Driving everybody crazy. Dog's barkin', everybody's awake.

You see my LTD out here? Who put the dent in my LTD Who put the dent in that? Mr. Punk Rock. "You got insurance, Dad," he says to me, "you got insurance"!... I come home the other day from work, four-thirty in the afternoon... he's lying on the couch like some kind of old man. I says to him, "Tony, what are you doin' lying on the couch? Go do your chores!" He says to me, "I did my chores, Dad." I says, "What chores, what chores you do around this house? Tell me, I want to know..."

He says to me, "I fed the dog, Dad." I fed the dog!? I give a shit that dog starves to death! He fed the dog! What is that? He's got no responsibility!

When I was his age, Vinnie, when I was his age, every day after school I had to go down to da Big Bear market and load boxes fa a buck an hour, a buck an hour. That was my responsibility ... My mother was sick, my brothers was no good. Every day.

And when I got outta high school I got drafted and I went to Korea. You know what Korea was? ... A war, smart-ass ...

I went to Korea and I served my country. That was my responsibility ...

And when I come back, everybody I knew was getting married...eh! I got married,

too... I didn't know what the hell I was doin'... but I'll tell you something, Vinnie, it was the best thing I ever did in my life. The best thing. And you wanna know why? I'll tell you why...

'Cause a Christmas. 'Cause a Christmas morning...

Christmas morning, ya get up nice and early in the morning, ya know, with ya wife? And ya come downstairs and ya put the presents under the tree, ya know? And ya got the tree all lit up with the little bulbs and the tinsels and the lights dere? I like dose Christmas trees, gifts underneath all nice and shiny. And you have a nice cup a coffee and you have ya bathrobe on, and ya just sittin' dere nice and quiet on da couch with the wife ... the oil burner's on ... And dose kids come runnin' down da stairs all happy and laughin' and da dog's barkin' and everybody's tearin' up dere presents and everybody's happy. And dose kids look up at you and dey love you. Dey love you, Vinnie ...

And den and den dere's Christmas dinner and everybody comes over da house. Ya mother and ya brothers and ya sisters and the kids, and everybody's sitting around eatin' whatever they want to eat ...

And I sit there at that table, Vinnie, and I look at my family and I think to myself: All this belongs to me. This is my house, this is my family, this is my food on the table, my goddamned dog on the floor ... It's all mine, it all belongs to me, Vinnie ...

And it makes me feel good inside, you know. It makes me warin.

And it makes me feel good inside, you know. It makes me warm.

That's why you gotta get married, Vinnie. You don't get married you're never gonna have a Christmas tree. Single guys, they don't got Christmas trees ...