

GORDON

I loved that town. **(Sits)** Walking around barefoot, orchards with fruit on the trees, fishing in the river. It was like a bit of heaven. I really miss it.

HANNAH

I loved it too. The Grand Ole Opry, walking on Main Street. It was such a delight.

GORDON

Yes, we took a lot of vacation trips there together, didn't we Hannah? Those were wonderful times. You know, my first real job was dealing '21', blackjack, on a riverboat. **(Stands and goes into his old routine)** Step right up folks and try your luck on the best little steamboat on the Cumberland River. How 'bout you son, are you old enough to play?

EDDIE

**(crossing over to the piano he puts his comb under his nose like a mustashe)** Why sure I am. Would I be here if I wasn't?

GORDON

I don't know . . . you look pretty young there whippersnapper!

BECKY

Ah, come on. Let him play. He's got a mustache and everything.

GORDON

Oh, that's a mustache? I thought your cat was shedding. Hee, hee. Well, if he's got the money in his paw, we'll see if he's got luck on the draw. **(He pantomimes dealing out the cards)** It's one down for the whippersnapper, it's one down for the dealer. And it's one down for the whippersnapper and it's one up for the dealer. Oooohhh look out now. The dealer's got a shinny new Queen showing. What are you going to do there whippersnapper?

EDDIE

**(Looks at his hand)** Well, I guess I'm just going to have to say **(And with a large flourish and smile, he throws over the cards)** BLCKJACK! - 21! That's the way I like it. Lets try it again!

GORDON

Not if I want to keep my job on this here boat! You're too good for me. Maybe next time son.

EDDIE

I'll just collect my winnings. **(He scoops his money off the piano then sits back down in puzzle chair)**

GORDON

It took me some time to learn how to handle the cards and the customers but I had a lot of fun doing it. **START MUSIC**

HANNAH

Do you have a song about Nashville, Grandpa?

GORDON

As a matter of fact Grandma, you know I do! Shall we?

GORDON and HANNAH sing #12: NASHVILLE  
(1:22)

GORDON

THE CARDS, THEY DEALT ME NASHVILLE  
AS THE DEALER, WITH A SMILE, OH YEAH

HANNAH

HE PULLED NASHVILLE FROM THE PILE  
THE LEGEND GROWS, AS NASHVILLE FLOWS

HANNAH

OUR HEARTS REJOICE, TO GIVE US VOICE

GORDON

OH YEAH

GORDON/HANNAH

OH NASHVILLE, MY NASHVILLE, YOU ALL  
MUSIC FLOWS THIS WAY, BLUES, SOUL AND POP,

GORDON

OH YEAH

BLUE-GRASS MAGIC NOTES, WITH THE STRUMMIN' BEAT  
HEARD OUT TO THE STREET, LET'S DO OUR DO,  
OH YEAH **FADE MUSIC**

HANNAH

**THIS** → WE COUNT EACH NOTE WITH EACH BAR WE WROTE  
DRINKS ALL AROUND AS MUSIC SURROUNDS

GORDON

**IS** THE SOUND IS OURS, JUST LIKE FLOWERS  
ADDS FLAVOR TOO, LET'S DO OUR DO, OH YEAH

GORDON/HANNAH

**ALL** OH NASHVILLE, MY NASHVILLE, YOU ALL  
MUSIC FLOWS THIS WAY, BLUES, SOUL AND POP

GORDON

**OUT** OH YEAH

GORDON (cont.)

**THIS** → BLUE-GRASS MAGIC NOTES, WITH THE STRUMMIN' BEAT  
HEARD OUT TO THE STREET, LET'S DO OUR DO,  
OH YEAH

GORDON/HANNAH

**IS** OH NASHVILLE, MY NASHVILLE, Y'ALL,

GORDON

**OUT** OH YEAH

SAM

Man, Gordon that was . . . really slow. **(he laughs)** I like the sentiment in the lyrics; I did but . . . holey smokes . . . Gordon! That song needs some life, some rhythm. It would take a lot of work but I bet I could make that into one great rock song. Of course, you know you'd almost have to start from scratch but...

GORDON

**(Crosses to Left of couch)** Shut up, Sam!

SAM

What?

GORDON

Just . . . shut up. How dare you. You come in here with your woe is me. . . a guest in my home. You criticize my music. You criticize me. It's one snide remark from you after another. Who the hell do you think you are?

SAM

I'm someone who knows crap when I hear it.

GORDON

At least this 'crap' is just for us. Just for the family. I'm not out there making people pay to listen to the kind of noise you make. Your music is way too loud, with too much beat and you cover up your lack of lyrical talent with over amplification and no melody. **(Cross down stage)**

JILL

Hey you two, stop this right now.

SAM

No, just a minute. **(Cross to GORDON)** Look old man, I didn't come over here to get any one's sympathy. I came here because Jill asked me to . . . for Eddie. And unlike my father who just bullied me around all the time, I want a better relationship with my son. Because you know what a bully is? He's really just a coward. And you have to stand up to cowards. Once I stood up to my dad, he never laid a hand on me again. And Gordon, just because you're old and Jill's dad, you're not entitled. Okay? You know there's a reason I haven't been around here for a while it's because you're a son of a . . .

JILL

SAM!

SAM

My god, Gordon . . . Hannah, I'm sorry. I don't know what's the matter with me? I have no right to criticize your music or anything about you. You've raised two wonderful children; you've been great parents to Jill. Our kids absolutely adore you . . . I should be able to control my anger better than that. I don't know . . . I'm sorry.

HANNAH

**(pause)** Gordon?

GORDON

Sam, me too. I apologize. I guess I'm just a little too sensitive in my old age. Look, just chalk it up to a crusty old man running off at the mouth. I blew it - and kids, I am man enough to admit it. And, your dad is a great guy. And that's all there is to it.

GORDON

Sam, I've made my share of mistakes in my life. I'm not perfect. And I really made a big one here. I'm sorry for pushing you. Please, Sam, **(He extends his hand)** accept my apology and let's move on.

SAM

You know thank God for your daughter - she has helped me so much. But, it still comes out.

GORDON

I know, son. I know. **(They hug)**

SAM

**(They separate)** You're right, though about one thing Gordon.

GORDON

What's that?