

ANDY: Couldn't you try Ma. I mean you're never going to meet a man like that. Dad died when I was eight years old. You've never been on one date since then, right?

JOYCE: You know what it comes down to? It comes down to M and Ms in bed. Yeah because in those years when I was with your father you know, I would hide them under my pillow until he fell asleep so I could eat them without being criticized. And I will never hide my M and Ms again.

ANDY: That really makes a lot of sense when you put it like that.

JOYCE: It does.

ANDY: That's a good reason to give up on men altogether because of candy.

JOYCE: Listen, you know what, you're the one to give advice honey? I mean why aren't you with someone.

ANDY: You know what it is Ma?

JOYCE: What?

ANDY: I just haven't found a girl that will let me eat M and Ms in bed at night.

JOYCE: Oh stop it.

ANDY: I mean but seriously. Why is that a legitimate excuse for you and not for me. You said the same thing.

JOYCE: No because I've had my marriage. I've had my family. I've been to the dance and now I am tired. You are skipping the dance altogether. Maybe you need therapy. Yeah. It helps me.

ANDY: I don't need therapy and since when do you go to therapy?

JOYCE: Anita and I meet once a week for coffee.

ANDY: Well unless you two are meeting a therapist for coffee then you're not going to therapy because Anita is a librarian.

JOYCE: I tell you what we mostly talk about.

ANDY: Yeah...

JOYCE: ...is why I blame myself for your deep seated problems with women.

ANDY: Oh good. You talk to Anita about my deep seated problems with women.

JOYCE: I do.

ANDY:that you've imagined. Yeah.

JOYCE: Sometimes I feel like I ruined it for you.

ANDY: You know what, I know you do...you know why? Because you set the bar so high for all other women that no other woman lives up to my mom.

JOYCE: No, it's not that honey.

ANDY: I'm going to sleep Ma, okay?

JOYCE: No... Anita says I should tell you about the boy I fell in love with in Florida.

ANDY: What?

JOYCE: It's time you know this about me Andy.

ANDY: Know what?

JOYCE: Well there was this incident in my life that I really never told you about. I went to Florida on vacation and I was very young...nineteen...twenty...something like that.

ANDY: Ok...good...

JOYCE: And I met a boy and fell in love with him.

ANDY: Yeah...

JOYCE: Honestly Andy. I fell in love with him kind of instantly. .

ANDY: Ok...

JOYCE: He lived in Manhattan too and so we came back and we started seeing each other. He didn't want anything serious but I was just caught up with this ...oh...the passion of it all..

ANDY: Oh...

JOYCE: Oh Andy we were so passionate...

ANDY: Feel free to kind of skim over those details as much as you want.

JOYCE: yeah, I don't want to gross you out.

ANDY: Yeah...that's cool.

JOYCE: He didn't want to be serious really at the time but I wanted a famiy. I wanted a baby. That's all I ever really wanted. And so eventually your father came along.

ANDY: What about the guy from Florida?

JOYCE: Well, he became boyfriend number one and your dad became boyfriend number two.

ANDY: Ahhh...

JOYCE: Honey...

ANDY: That's nasty.

JOYCE: it was a trampy year for Mommy.

ANDY: Ohhhh...

JOYCE: Please...anyway...

ANDY: Why are you telling me this.

JOYCE: Your father proposed within like a month I think.

ANDY: Uh-huh...

JOYCE: So I went to the boy and I said you know I met somebody and he wants to marry me hoping that he would say Joyce you cannot do that. You know, You cannot marry this guy but he didn't say that. You know what he actually said? He said, you're great but he told me to marry your father. Ohh, oh god. I was so devastated. I was so devastated that I couldn't even see him again.

ANDY: Well, what happened?

JOYCE: Well, what happened? I married your father, we moved, I got pregnant and when we found out it was a boy, you know, we started going through names as people do and you want your child to remind you of someone you loved and so I named you Andy after the boy from Florida. You want more ice cream.

ANDY: Holy shit.

JOYCE: Andy, please enough with the language, okay?

ANDY: Did dad know about this?

JOYCE: That is not something that you share with your husband.

ANDY: Holy shit.

JOYCE: What is wrong with you. That's enough with the street talk, okay?

ANDY: Mom..I need you to be honest with me, okay?

JOYCE: Yes, I will.

ANDY: Is he my father?

JOYCE: No...honey...he's not your father.

ANDY: (Exhales loudly)

JOYCE: No it was two years later when I had you. His last name is Margolis. Andy Margolis.

From J and R Advertising. Isn't that funny how I remember that?

ANDY: Yeah

JOYCE: Yeah.