

blank sheet music for Robbie to write song. What I was doing was writing a little something to thank him for the top of each page. It's nothing really, just a little something to thank him for helping me with all of the wedding planning.

ROSIE

I'm sure he'll love it. But I don't know exactly when he'll be back. Sammy and George stopped by earlier looking for him, too. I didn't have the heart to tell them that Robbie was quitting the band.

JULIA

~~It's nothing; I can't believe that.~~

ROSIE

He went down to Wall Street to get a real job. Well, now, it's completely understandable, isn't it? He wants to move out of my basement. Live someplace where he doesn't have to listen to the water heater or the floorboards creak when grandpa and I are having our special time.

(ROBBIE walks on in a suit and tie.)

JULIA

But Robbie's a musician! What's he going to do in New York with all those cut-throat MBAs?

ROBBIE

I eat MBAs for lunch, lady.

JULIA

What?

ROBBIE

I went to see your fiancé. He hooked me up. So far I'm just sorting mail, but if I keep my eye on the prize...

JULIA

Wait, you went to work for Glen?

ROBBIE

Correctamundo.

(To ROSIE)

Oh, by the way, grandpa, I know you're anniversary party is coming up, but I am just swamped. I think I'm going to have to take a rain check on finishing that tune for your poem.