

night they get paid!—Okay, okay, okay! Some day they kick off. What of it? They got kids to grow up an' take their places. Work in the plant. Eat, drink, sleep with their women—an' get paid Saturday night!—But me—*(he laughs bitterly)* My God, Jane, I want something more than just that!

JANE: What more do you want, you poor fool? There ain't nothing more than just that—Of course if you was rich and could afford a big house and a couple of limoazines—

MOONY, *disgustedly*: Aw, you—you don't even get what I'm aimin' at, Jane! *He sinks wearily down on checkered linoleum and winds arms about his knees.* You never could get it. It's something that ain't contagious.

JANE: Well, I'm glad for that. I'd rather have smallpox.

MOONY: I found a guy once that did. An old duck up on the river. He got his back hurt, couldn't work, was waiting to be shipped home—We got drunk one night an' I spilled how I felt about things. He said, "Sure. You ain't satisfied. Me neither. We want something more than what life ever gives to us, kid."

JANE: It gives you what you can get.

MOONY: Oh, I dunno. I look at my hands sometimes, I look an' I look at 'em. God, but they look so damn funny!

JANE: You look at your hands! Such crap!

MOONY: They're so kind of empty an' useless! You get what I mean! I feel like I oughta be doin' something with these two han's of mine besides what I'm doin' now—runnin' bolts through an everlastin' chain!

JANE: Here's something. *Flings him a dish rag.* Try holdin' this for a change in them wonderful hands—Mop that milk up off the floor!

MOONY, *idly twisting the cloth*: An' then sometimes I think it ain't my han's that're empty. It's something else inside me that is.

JANE: Yeh, it's probably yer brain. Will you get that milk swabbed up?

MOONY: It's already swabbed! *Rises and stretches.* Moony's a free agent. He don't give a damn what anyone thinks. Live an' die, says Moony, that's all there is to it! *He tosses the wet rag back to the sink.*

JANE, *straightening things in a lifeless, ineffectual way*: Believe me, if I'd a-known you was gonna turn out this way, I'd a-kept

my old job. I'd a-said to Mr. O'Connor, "Sure thing! Go ahead an' get me that chinchilla coat."

MOONY: Sure you would. I know it, sweetheart.

6 RMS RIV VU

by Bob Randall

ACT I, SCENE I

The setting is a vacant six-room apartment on Riverside Drive. Two strangers, Paul Friedman and Anne Miller, have come to see this desirable New York residence. Both are young, attractive, married to other people, and have become a little bored with the present state of their lives. While they are investigating a back room, Eddie, the superintendent, inadvertently locks them in. They soon discover that they cannot leave. The following events alternate between fear and amusement, efforts to get out and to get better acquainted.

As the scene begins, Anne is alone in the apartment. She is pacing out the size of the rooms and singing "Don't Fence Me In." Paul enters while she is in the dining room (offstage). She reenters singing.

PAUL: Sing it, baby.

ANNE: Excuse me.

PAUL: I'm sorry. I was just kidding. *She exits into bedrooms.* Three, six, nine, twelve . . .

ANNE, *Reenters*: It's twenty by twenty-three.

PAUL: Thanks.

ANNE: Look, I'm not one of your West Side schizophrenics.

PAUL: I didn't think you were.

ANNE: The apartment's so big, it got to me. I didn't know anybody else was in here.

PAUL: You don't have to explain.

ANNE: Ohh . . . did Schneider/Steinbrunner send you?

PAUL: Yeah.

ANNE, *upset*: God! They told me they wouldn't send anybody else over today.

PAUL: Yeah, that's what they told me! Can you believe those two? *Pause*. We've been looking for a bigger place for over a year.

ANNE: Next month is my second anniversary.

PAUL: We have a three and a half.

ANNE: We have one bedroom and an alcove.

PAUL: Any kids?

ANNE: Two.

PAUL: Relax. I'm only the envoy. My wife has the final say.

ANNE: Is she out of town, I hope? Go look at the dining room. *Paul goes into the dining area, Anne into the bedroom. Eddie enters and exits with the trash basket, leaving the front door open. Paul and Anne enter separately and examine the window again.*

PAUL: Tell me, where's the river?

ANNE: If you lean out the second bathroom, it's to the left.

PAUL, *looking around*: Well, anyway, it's big.

ANNE: Yeah.

PAUL: And a nice room, huh?

ANNE: I hate to admit it in front of you, but yes, it is. You put a couch over there and a few big overstuffed chairs here, by the window, facing in . . .

PAUL: My wife and I are more the caning and spindly-legs type.

ANNE: How eighteenth century of you.

PAUL: I like club chairs, but Janet doesn't. Do you have any club chairs at home?

ANNE: No, we have leather and chrome. My husband likes to sit up straight. *She is peering into the closet by now.*

PAUL: Not straighter than my wife. Hey, would you do me a favor? The second bedroom has no closet. I guess I could build one. Would you give me your opinion?

ANNE: Sure. My God, a strange man is inviting me into a bedroom. At last, something to tell the checker at the Daitch. *They exit. Eddie enters, eating a butter cookie, and removes the door-*

knob and exits, slamming the door. Anne and Paul reenter. I never knew you could just build a closet. I thought it took an architect.

PAUL: Nothing to it. Do you like club chairs?

ANNE: Yes, I do.

PAUL: That's very significant. A woman who likes club chairs likes men.

ANNE: Erich Fromm?

PAUL: It's a man's chair. My father had a club chair.

ANNE: Everybody's did.

PAUL: What's a Morris chair?

ANNE: Search me. Look, I think I'd better get down to the agent's and wrestle with Eva Braun.

PAUL: Mrs. Schneider or Mrs. Steinbrunner?

ANNE: Schneider.

PAUL, *in a Nazi accent*: Und tell me, Madame, why do you wish to rent this apartment? Speak. Ve haff vays of making you talk.

ANNE: Notice their initials are S.S.?

PAUL: Right. It's always nice to meet a fellow bigot. My name's Paul Friedman.

ANNE: Anne Miller.

PAUL: Really?

ANNE: You want to call Ripley?

PAUL: Didn't your parents go to the movies?

ANNE: They named me Delaney. The Miller was my husband's idea.

PAUL: My God, I just met Ann Miller. Hey, I'll ride down in the elevator with you. *He reaches for the doorknob. What happened here?*

ANNE: Where's the doorknob?

PAUL, *after trying to open the door*: No use.

ANNE, *banging on door*: Hello out there. We're stuck!

PAUL, *looking out peephole*: There's nobody there. *Calls*: Hello? Hello? This is 4B calling 4A. *Beat*: They must be out.

ANNE: Hello, there's a young mother of two in distress in here!

PAUL: Is that how you see yourself? A young mother?

ANNE: When I want sympathy. *Calls again*: Hello, there's a college-educated person locked in here! Better?

PAUL: Which college?

ANNE: Barnard.

PAUL: Did you know Beverly Strauss?

ANNE: Not well.

PAUL: Maybe they're walking the dog.

ANNE, *calling into hole*: And I'm a dog lover! *Beat*: You want to play Simon Says?

PAUL: Shall we try the window?

ANNE: Why not? I've always loved shrieking.

PAUL: Hey, ma, throw me a nickel. *He tries to open the window. It is stuck. Would you lend me a hand?*

ANNE: Sure.

PAUL: When I count three?

ANNE: On the three or four?

PAUL: What?

ANNE: One-two tug or one-two-three tug?

PAUL: Care for the extra count for preparation?

ANNE: Whatever you say.

PAUL: One-two-three tug.

ANNE: Roger. *They tug. Nothing happens. Continues.*

PAUL: Once more. One-two-three tug! *Again nothing. Wait a minute. He takes off his jacket, gets on his knees on the radiator and tries mightily to open it. Meanwhile, Anne goes to the other window and opens it easily. It's coming. It's coming. He opens it about an inch. Then he sees the other window: Why didn't you tell me?*

ANNE: I thought it might be a matter of machismo.

PAUL, *good-naturedly*: You're a crazy lady. *Indicating the open window*: Shall I?

ANNE: Please.

PAUL: Hello! Hello! There's a woman in the kitchen downstairs. Hello!

ANNE: Hello, miss! Madam!

PAUL: You! The lady in the half-slip! Damn, she ran out of the room.

ANNE: People of New York! There's a nice young couple trapped in apartment 4B, six rooms, still rent-controlled, three twenty-five a month! Get us out and we'll give you the agent's name! *Beat*: Do you think we'll come to hate each other after a few months?

PAUL: Permit a master. *Calls out window*: Ladies and gentlemen, I see a parking space!

DIRTY HANDS

by Jean-Paul Sartre,
translated by Lionel Abel

ACT III

The play is set during World War II in the fictitious European country of Illyria. The German army is in occupation. They are opposed by an underground proletarian party (as well as by the Russians). Within the party, an assassination is planned against one of its own members, Hoederer. Hugo, the central character in the play, is a young party member. He is an intellectual from a wealthy family; an ineffectual idealist. He yearns for an assignment in which he can prove his dedication. He insists on being allowed to carry out the mission to kill Hoederer. It is arranged for him to become Hoederer's secretary so that he may gain his confidence and get past his bodyguards.

In the following scene Hugo and his wife, Jessica, are at Hoederer's quarters, a summerhouse in the country. They have recently arrived and are arranging their room and unpacking. Jessica has opened a suitcase that she was not supposed to open. In it, she found a revolver.

JESSICA: What's that revolver doing here?

HUGO: I always have one with me.

JESSICA: That's not so. You never had one before we came here. And you never had that suitcase either. You bought them both at the same time. Why did you get a revolver?

HUGO: Do you really want to know?

JESSICA: Yes, and be serious. You have no right to keep things like this from me.

HUGO: You won't tell anybody?

JESSICA: I won't tell a soul.

HUGO: It's to kill Hoederer.

JESSICA: Don't tease me, Hugo. I tell you I'm not playing now.

HUGO, *he laughs*: Am I playing? Or am I being serious? There's a mystery for you. Jessica, you are going to be the wife of an assassin!