

swings her around as they struggle, and when she is upstage, slaps her. She collapses onto table.

**JOANN**, crying: Goddam you . . . you son of a bitch . . . goddam you.

## MOONY'S KID DON'T CRY

by Tennessee Williams

The scene takes place in the kitchen of a cheap three-room flat in the industrial section of a large American city. The room is unkempt. There are diapers and work shirts hung on a clothesline. There is a small artificial Christmas tree and a brand new hobbyhorse. This is the apartment of Moony, a laborer who dreams of a better life, his wife Jane, who has given up all dreaming, and their sickly infant. The play begins with the sounds of creaking bedsprings and voices from the offstage bedroom.

**JANE**, offstage: Quit that floppin' around. It keeps me awake.

**MOONY**: Think I'm gettin' any sleep, do you?!

*Sound: more rattling.*

**JANE**: Quiet! You'll wake the kid up.

**MOONY**: The kid, the kid! What's more important, him sleeping or me? Who brings home the paycheck, me or the kid?  
*Pause.*

**JANE**: I'll get up an' fix you a cup of hot milk. That'll quiet you down maybe.

*Moony grumbles incoherently. Jane pads softly onstage, into the kitchen. She is amazingly slight, like a tiny mandarin, enveloped*

*in the ruins of a once gorgeously flowered Japanese silk kimono. As she prepares the hot milk for Moony, she pads about the kitchen in a pair of men's felt bedroom slippers which she has a hard time keeping on her small feet. She squeezes the kimono tight about her chest, and shivers. Coughs once or twice. Glances irritably at the alarm clock on windowsill, which says nearly four o'clock in the morning. Jane is still young, but her pretty, small-featured face has a yellowish, unhealthy look. Her temples and nostrils are greased with Vick's Vap-o-Rub and her dark hair is tousled.*

**JANE**, strident whisper: What for? I'll bring yer milk in. *Sound: scraping of furniture and heavy footsteps.* That's it, be sure you wake the kid up—clumsy ox! *Moony appears in the doorway, a strongly built young workingman about twenty-five years old. He blinks his eyes and scowls irritably as he draws on his flannel shirt and stuffs it under the belt of his corduroy pants. It's that beer-drinkin'. Makes gas on yer stomach an' keeps yuh from sleepin'.*

**MOONY**: Aw, I had two glasses right after dinner.

**JANE**: Two a them twenty-six ounces!—Quit that trampin' around, for Christ's sake! Can't you set still a minute?

**MOONY**: Naw, I feel like I got to be moving.

**JANE**: Maybe you got high blood pressure.

**MOONY**: Naw, I got a wild hair. This place's give me the jitters. You know it's too damn close in here. Can't take more'n six steps in any direction without coming smack up against another wall. *Half grinning:* I'd like to pick up my ax and swing into this wall—Bet I could smash clean through it in a couple of licks!

**JANE**: Moony! Why didn't I marry an ape an' go live in the zoo?

**MOONY**: I don't know. *Jane pours the steaming milk into a blue cup.*

**JANE**: Set down an' drink that. Know what time it is? Four o'clock in the morning!

**MOONY**: Four o'clock, huh? *He continues to move restlessly about.* Yeah. Soon ole fact'ry whistle be blowin'. Come on, you sonovaguns! Git to work!—Old Dutchman be standin' there with his hands on his little potbelly, watchin' 'em punch in their

cards. "Hi, dere, Moony," he says. "Late agin, huh? Vot you tink dis iss maybe, an afdernoon tea?" That's his joke. You know a Dutchman always has one joke that he keeps pluggin' at. An' that's his. Ev'ry morning the same damn thing—

JANE: Yeah? Well—

MOONY: "Ha, ha, Moony," he says, "you been out star-gazin' las' night! How many vas dere, Moony? How man stars vas dere out las' night? Ha, ha, ha!"— (*strides over to the window—flings it up*)

JANE: Put that back down! I ain't got a stitch a clothes on under this.

MOONY: I'll say to him, "Sure, I seen 'em las' night. But not like they was in Ontario, not by a long shot, Mister." Grease-bubbles! That's what they look most like from here. Why, up in the North Woods at night—

JANE, *impatiently*: The North Woods! Put that thing down!

MOONY: Okay. *Obeys*.

JANE: Here. Drink yer milk. You act like a crazy man, honest to Jesus you do!

MOONY: Okay. Would that give the Dutchman a laugh!

JANE: What would? You better be careful.

MOONY: He'll go all over the plant—tell the boys what Moony said this morning—said he'd seen the stars las' night but not like they was in Ontario when he was choppin down the big timber.

JANE: Yes, you'll give him a swell impression with talk of that kind. I'm dog-tired. *Pours herself some of the steaming milk.*

MOONY: Ever seen the St. Lawrence River?

JANE: Naw, I've seen wet diapers, that's all, for so long that—

MOONY: That's what I'll ask the Dutchman. I'll ask him if he's ever seen the St. Lawrence River.

JANE, *glancing at him suspiciously*: What would you ask him that for?

MOONY: She's big. See? She's nearly as big and blue as the sky is, an' the way she flows is straight north. You ever heard of that, Jane? A river that flowed straight north?

JANE, *indifferently, as she sips her hot milk*: No.

MOONY: Only river I ever know of that flowed north!

JANE: Emma says a drop of paregoric would keep his bowels from runnin' off like that. I think I'll try it next time.

MOONY: We was talkin' about it one day an' Spook says it's because the earth is curved down that way toward the Arctic Circle! *Grins.*

JANE: What?

MOONY: He said that's why she flows north—

JANE: Who cares?

MOONY: Naw, the Dutchman don't, neither. That's why I tell him. Makes it funny, see? I'll tell him she's big, damn big, an' they call her the Lake of a Thousand Islands!

JANE: He'll say you're crazy. He'll tell you to go an' jump in it!

MOONY: Sure he will. That's what makes it funny. I'll tell him she's big an' blue as the sky is, with firs an' pines an' tamaracks on both sides of her fillin' the whole God-beautiful air with—the smell of— Hot milk, huh? Wouldn't that give the Dutchman a laugh!—Hot milk at four o'clock in the morning!—He'd go all over the plant an' tell the boys that Moony must have his liddle hot milk at night when he goes bye-bye with the Sandman.

JANE: Louise Krause's husband commenced sayin' such things an' they called out the ambulance squad. Right now he's in a straitjacket in the psychopathic ward an' when Louise went up to see him he didn't remember who she was even! Demen-shuh pre-cox they called it! *Moony seizes cup and dashes milk to floor.* Moony!—What d'yuh think yuh're doin', yuh big lug? Sloppin' good milk on the floor!

MOONY: Hot milk, huh?

JANE: Oh, dear Christ! You an' your kid, what a mess you both are! No wonder they all make fun of you down at the plant. The way that you act there's only one word for it—crazy! *Moony snorts indignantly.* Yes, crazy! Crazy is the only word for your actions!

MOONY: Crazy, huh? Sure them apes think I'm nuts. I'll tell you why; it's because I got some original ideas about some things.

JANE: Original, yeah, you're so stinkin' original it ain't even funny! Believe me If I'd a-known—

MOONY: I look at things diff'runt— (*struggling for self-justification*) —that's all. Other guys—you know how it is—they don't care. They eat, they drink, they sleep with their women. What the hell do they care? The sun keeps rising and Saturday

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, Janel *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.