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The purpose of this thesis is to analyze the script, to produce the play, and to evaluate the production of William Hanley's Slow Dance on the Killing Ground.

The first chapter includes the following: (1) background analysis of the play and the playwright, (2) character analysis, (3) analysis of the setting, and (4) justification.

The second chapter consists of the prompt book for the production performed February 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5, 1978 in the Studio Theatre of the Raymond W. Taylor Communication and Theatre Building at the University of North Carolina at Greensboro. Notations included are: (1) movement, composition and picturization, (2) tempo, (3) stage business, (4) sound and lights. Four production photographs are included.

The third and concluding chapter is the director's critical evaluation of the production. The following aspects of the production are discussed in this chapter: (1) achievement of production interpretation, (2) actor-director relationships, (3) audience reaction and (4) conclusion and personal observations.

A production program and the complete texts of two critical reviews comprise the appendices.

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A PRODUCTION OF WILLIAM HANLEY'S SLOW DANCE
ON THE KILLING GROUND

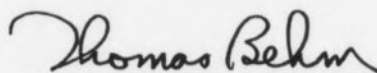
by

BETTY JEAN JONES

A Thesis Submitted to
the Faculty of the Graduate School at
The University of North Carolina at Greensboro
in Partial Fulfillment
of the Requirements for the Degree
Master of Fine Arts

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Approved by



Thesis Adviser

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APPROVAL PAGE

This thesis has been approved by the following committee of the Faculty of the Graduate School at the University of North Carolina at Greensboro.

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April 21, 1978
Date of Acceptance by Committee

February 8, 1978
Date of Final Oral Examination

DEDICATION

This thesis is dedicated to the following persons who contributed to building my creative philosophy of life, of which education is an integral part: Silas and Irene Jones, my parents; Ralph R. Speas; and Fred A. Eady, Ph.D.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The author acknowledges with much appreciation the help supplied by the following persons during the general course of graduate study and during the specific thesis process: Mr. Tom Behm, thesis adviser; Dr. Herman Middleton and Dr. Andreas Nomikos, committee members; Dr. David Batcheller; Dr. John Lee Jellicorse; and Mrs. Dottie Gordon. The cast and technicians of the production are gratefully acknowledged for their work in the production.

Special recognition is given to the playwright, Mr. William Hanley, who helped in the research process.

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CHAPTER I

ANALYSIS OF "SLOW DANCE ON THE KILLING GROUND"

Background Analysis

The Playwright: His Life, Philosophy and Other Works

William Hanley is alive and well at the time of this writing, but he no longer composes for the stage. "If I ever have a thought for a play, I lie down until it goes away," he says.¹ Many critics, directors, actors and other theatre practitioners (amateurs and professionals) agree that it is the good fortune of dramatic literature that Hanley did not stop writing before he penned Slow Dance on the Killing Ground in 1964. Slow Dance is Hanley's most successful play. The piece arrived on the Broadway scene both at the height and the end of Hanley's career as a playwright.

Hanley was born October 22, 1931 in Lorain, Ohio. His young adult years were spent at college (Cornell University for one year), in the army (two years), and working as a bank clerk, a mail clerk, factory worker, a book salesman, and other odd jobs. Hanley was convinced that acting was not his calling after one year at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York City. He began writing plays immediately after leaving the Academy in 1957.

¹Interview with William Hanley, playwright-novelist-screenwriter, Ridgefield, Connecticut (by telephone from Greensboro, North Carolina), 29 November 1977.

Five years of writing, with the aid of "a good ear for dialogue," produced Hanley's first two plays (one-acts) presented Off-Broadway at the Cherry Lane Theatre, October 1, 1962: Mrs. Dally Has A Lover and Whisper Into My Good Ear.² He was greeted by the New York critics as a talented new writer to watch. Harold Traubman's comments mirror, in many ways, the analysis of other critics:

His style is lean and laconic, shading almost shyly and unexpectedly into tenderness and poetry. His perception of character is fresh and individual. He knows a great deal about the art of creating mood and emotion in the theatre. . . . He has a tendency to let his dramatic structure hang slackly. . . . Although he lets the play (Mrs. Dally) drift into monosyllabic exchanges that are less meaningful than intended, Mr. Hanley never wavers in his grasp of character.³

Mrs. Dally is the portrait of a thirty-eight year old woman who feeds on The Love Poems of John Donne and dreams of a finer life than her present one with a taxi-driving, unrefined husband. Her young lover, Frankie, is a factory worker from a large Italian family in the same building. Mrs. Dally tries to save Frankie from a fate like her own by encouraging him to go out to museums, expand his mind, and "listen to the sweet music. . . and pass it on."⁴

Whisper Into My Good Ear is another character study about two old men who are past retirement and live in a flea-bag hotel. The play

²Ibid.

³Harold Traubman, "Theater: Debut of a Gifted Playwright," New York Times, 2 October 1962, p. 47.

⁴William Hanley, Mrs. Dally Has A Lover, in New Theatre in America, ed. Edward Parone (New York: Dell Publishing Co., 1965), p. 52.

takes place in a park where the men have met to carry out a suicide pact. One of the men (Max) confesses he is a homosexual and reminisces about his father who was hard-of-hearing in one ear. The other man (Charlie) is almost blind and bemoans the fate of his wife who is wasting away in a mental institution. The two finally persuade themselves against suicide--until another time.

Mrs. Dally and Whisper started Hanley on solid ground in a recognized difficult category of playwriting: characterization. Inevitably, Hanley's treatment of Max and Charlie in Whisper gleaned some comparison to the work of a famous contemporary:

It may be that this play (Whisper) owes something in approach and atmosphere to The Zoo Story. But if Mr. Hanley has been influenced directly or indirectly by Edward Albee, he remains his own man with his own vision of people and their world.⁵

Hanley was encouraged by the reception of his first two short plays. Whisper Into My Good Ear and Mrs. Dally Has a Lover won the Vernon Rice Award for Hanley in 1963. He went to work immediately and wrote Conversations in the Dark. The play was being primed for Broadway when it closed in Philadelphia at the Walnut Street Theatre, December, 1963, because of casting difficulties. Hanley characterized the experience as "pretty deadly."⁶

Slow Dance on the Killing Ground opened on Broadway on November 30, 1964. Hanley won the Outer Circle Award for Slow Dance in 1965. His career in playwriting had started, triumphed, failed and reached its height all in three short years.

⁵Traubman, "Debut of a Gifted Playwright," p. 47.

⁶Joanne Stang, "The Telephone Rings More Often for Mr. Hanley," New York Times, 13 December 1964, Se. 2, p. 5.

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Mrs. Dally opened for the first time on Broadway September 25, 1965 at the John Golden Theatre--this time in a revised edition with the second half entitled Today Is Independence Day. Mrs. Dally is one year older (thirty-nine) in the second half of the play and Independence Day is her birthday. Hanley included the husband, Sam--spoken of so harshly in Mrs. Dally--in Independence Day. The story is told again (as in Mrs. Dally) of the couple's only son's drowning at the age of three because of the husband's negligence. The husband and wife argue, fight and torment each other in the second half. Mrs. Dally was received with mixed reviews at its second-coming, but Hanley was warned about the play's "sentimentality" and the "happy ending (that) is dangerously close to pathos."⁷

Three years later Hanley turned to writing screenplays and novels. He wrote: Flesh and Blood, a play first produced on NBC television in January, 1968; Blue Dreams: Or the End of Romance and the Continued Pursuit of Happiness (novel), Doubleday Publishers, 1972; No Answer, a short play with no speaking parts, for one actor; and a screenplay "The Gypsy Moths." Hanley admits he took a deliberate turn away from writing for the stage:

I write differently now. I went off on a tangent seven years ago and I got into writing novels and screenplays. It was too painful to write for the theatre. There is too much emphasis on the fact that you could get killed in the profession over night. . . . I write what I feel. My novels are comic novels. . . . I like the work I'm doing now and my plays are still being produced, so I'm pleased in that respect as well.⁸

⁷Howard Traubman, "Mrs. Dally is First of Broadway Season," New York Times, 25 September 1965, p. 5.

⁸William Hanley, interview by telephone, 1977.

Historical Considerations of the Play

Slow Dance on the Killing Ground was first produced on Broadway at the Plymouth Theatre, November 30, 1964. The play was directed by Joseph Anthony. Clarence Williams III played Randall with George Rose as Glas and Carolan Daniels as Rosie. The play appeared at a time when the newspapers were filled with many of the societal "ills" with which Hanley deals: racial unrest, Nazi terrorism, capital punishment and abortion (then a more taboo subject than it is at this writing).

The play takes place on the night of June 1, 1962--the day the world was notified of the hanging in Ramle, Israel of Adolf Eichmann. Eichmann was the fifty-six year old German convicted of being responsible for the death of eleven million Jews during the Nazi reign. United States Civil unrest in the state of Mississippi also filled the papers during the time at which the play is set. James Meredith, a black man, made history when he integrated the University of Mississippi at Oxford, Mississippi on October 2, 1962. A total of 5,000 troops were sent by President John Kennedy to quell the violence brought about in reaction to Meredith's admission to Ole Miss.

The United States was experiencing the "hot '60's" and the rest of the world did not have it so cool on issues of human rights, old World War II scars, and economic upheaval. Hanley shows the marks of a good student of history and a comprehensive reader in Slow Dance. His historical time considerations work to enhance the interest in his talky character study about three troubled people who meet at a candy store in Brooklyn's warehouse district.

Hanley's attention to historical detail in his play was not met with applause by all his critics. The major magazines had much less

praise for the play (unlike the raves of the major New York daily newspapers--except Walter Kerr of the New York Herald Tribune).

Newsweek put it this way:

And the substance of it is that he is a shameless exploiter of contemporary pain and dilemma, a thoroughly unoriginal playwright who apes the manner and appropriates the matter of true dramatists, and who conducts raids on moral and social problems without bringing to them a trace of insight. His play is a model of spurious seriousness and cheaply won emotion.⁹

Hanley admits that some motivation for his characters was gleaned from readings on World War II (Glas), the archetypical '60's rebellious and naive co-ed with a saviour complex (Rosie), and the true case of a Hispanic youth convicted of the murder of another youth on the school grounds in New York City (Randall).¹⁰ Hanley knew he was writing about explosive subjects in a close setting at an historical time of unrest. He confesses that he originally intended Slow Dance for Off-Broadway settings and audiences only. "I had doubts about its appeal to mass audiences and the setting of large Broadway houses," he said.¹¹

Hanley was pleased at the play's success on Broadway. He felt, however, that his initial reaction to the play's appeal was confirmed when it played only eighty-eight performances on Broadway. He compares the Broadway run to the play's long life since at schools, colleges, in professional repertory and summer stock companies, and in more intimate

⁹"Theater: I've Got a Secret," Newsweek, December 14, 1964, pp. 84-86. See Also: "Goodbye, Cruel World," Time, December 11, 1964, p. 73; Harold Clurman, "Theatre," The Nation, December 28, 1964, pp. 223-224; Wilfrid Sheed, "The Stage," Commonweal, January 8, 1965, pp. 485-486; Henry Popkin, "Theatre," Vogue, January 15, 1965, p. 27.

¹⁰William Hanley, interview by telephone, 1977.

¹¹Ibid.

physical settings. One of his first questions in a telephone conversation with this director was: "Where are you going to produce the play?"¹²

Stylistic Considerations of the Play

Hanley sees his play as a realistic portrayal of "real people. What they finally represent to others may be something larger and that's all to the good."¹³ He paints a startling, realistic picture in the description of the small store. The first production of the play on Broadway followed the realistic lines in setting and acting. Hanley said once that the store in the play was inspired by "an actual one in Greenwich Village where he was employed during his 'struggling playwright' period."¹⁴

The style for this production of Slow Dance will be mixed. The acting will be realistic with the director striving for true-to-life characterizations. The setting will be minimal and suggestive in a form of arena staging. The setting will be done in a style of selective realism (emphasis on a particular motif or mode within a realistic framework) moving into theatricalism (application "of the theatre" as contrasted to "of life" as in realism; create theatre; use the medium).

The director will be careful to be continuously aware of the humor in the play, and will work to see that the production "lives" with the seriousness and the humor, rather than "dies" with the heaviness of the

¹²Ibid.

¹³Joanne Stang, "The Telephone Rings," p. 5.

¹⁴Ibid.

dilemmas portrayed and the extensive dialogue. The play is a serious drama with roots of tragedy.

Plot

A Negro boy of eighteen (running), a girl of nineteen (lost), and a German ex-Communist of sixty-five (guilty) meet by chance in the latter's candy store in Brooklyn's warehouse district on June 1, 1962. The Negro boy enters and proclaims the state of the world: "That is the killing ground out there."¹⁵ So begins the "dance" through three acts in which we discover the details of the situations that plague and sicken the three.

Hanley has labeled each act using dance and music terms: Act I, Pas de Deux or "Dance for Two"; Act II, Pas de Trois or "Dance for Three"; and Act III, Coda or "The Ending Passage." The characters progress through a series of encounters as they play-out their problems. Randall is running because he has just murdered his mother with an ice pick. Glas (pretending to be Jewish) is guilty of deserting his Jewish wife and child during the Nazi take-over of Germany. (The wife and child later died in a concentration camp). Rosie has lost her way trying to find the address of an abortionist. The drama is the ritualistic unveiling of life taking place in a candy store that is, itself, masquerading as a self-imposed concentration camp.

The two "dancers" in Act I are Randall and Glas. They approach and retreat several times as they get acquainted with much ado. Glas is

¹⁵William Hanley, Slow Dance on the Killing Ground (New York: Samuel French, Inc., acting edition, 1965), p. 13.

content to let the world go by. Randall has brought the world inside via his mysterious, schizophrenic way of gliding between a jive-talking juvenile and a young genius with perfect English and more-than-adequate wit.

The third "dancer" is added in the end of Act I, as Rosie enters and promptly faints! She is a catalyst for the other two. Glas and Randall turn their attentions to her in Act II, Scene 1 until she openly turns the attention back to them in her thorn-probing manner. Shortly after her entrance, Rosie tells of the less-than-sensual session of intercourse (her first time) that is responsible for her pregnancy. Act II, Scene 2 reveals the reason for Glas' melancholia as he tells his story, and the act ends.

Act III is Glas' make-believe trial--arranged by Randall with Rosie as a reluctant participant. This ritual is a therapeutic attempt to help Glas through his despair. Glas is found guilty. Randall shoots Glas with his own gun (empty). Glas thanks Rosie and Randall for their help. It is then time for Randall's story and he recounts his mother's murder in matter-of-fact, but unpleasant detail. The play ends as the three still ponder their individual fate. Randall is leaving but will give the police a run-for-their-money rather than give up; he would rather be shot than taken to prison. Glas feels better but not exonerated. Rosie is enlightened, but still undecided.

Character Analyses

Descriptions as to Role

Randall (eighteen years old) is a product of the ghetto, a broken home, a society that is in a vicious circle of apathy, and a

mind that works overtime in an effort to compensate. He feels he has missed the good things in life that are due to each individual: true friends, close family, and a sincere feeling of self-worth. He is not, by nature, a killer. He is a driven man. He tires quickly of his masquerade: top hat, cape, umbrella, and a programmed intellect on a sliding scale from illiterate to genius. He says of himself:

What I mean to say is that it requires a great deal of energy to be what one is not. For any extended length of time. You'd be surprised how much energy is required. Which cannot be sustained indefinitely. Also, it always bores me finally.¹⁶

Randall is looking for a way out, but accepts his impending "doom"--sealed by his own act of murder.

Glas (sixty-five years old) has aged beyond his years as a matter of penance for his terrible sins against his wife and son. He has carried the burden of his guilt for twenty-three years, but he still keeps up appearances. He is neat and methodical in work and dress. Part of his penance is the tattooed number on his arm signifying a person who was once in a Nazi concentration camp. He is not a Jew and instead of being a Nazi prisoner, he was one of the men who transported Jews to their death. Glas speaks of this weakness:

Most men, you know, most men can live all of their lives with the conviction that they have honor, and they can go to their graves with that conviction without ever having been put to the test of it. I envy them, the ones who escape the test. Not me.¹⁷

Glas' masquerade is self-defeating--by his own design. His encounter with Randall and Rosie only provides minuscule respite, but no cure. Part of Glas' penance is that there is no cure for him.

¹⁶Ibid., p. 26

¹⁷Ibid., p. 55

Rosie (nineteen years old) is what might be called a pseudo-intellectual rebel. She is young, bright, and still very naive about life. She has a serious "saviour complex"--a true child of the '60's. She is a college co-ed at "NYU, where else?"¹⁸ She has a low self-image--not at all unlike her evening's acquaintances. She has accepted her physical unattractiveness and has decided that writing the novel of the century will be her redemption and her life's fulfillment. She speaks of the most important thing she lacks:

A style is what you need in this life. You have to find a style and stick to it. That's my whole problem. I haven't been able to find a style yet. Well, at least I don't laugh at everyone's jokes, you know. Funny or not.¹⁹

A rude awakening is in store for Rosie, at best. She leaves the candy store a bit more enlightened, but still confused. She probably sorts it all out, eventually.

Descriptions as to Interplay

Hanley says this about his characters: "I had the three distinct characters in mind and I thought, 'What would happen if they all came together some place.' I thought of the characters first, then the setting."²⁰ The three characters interact under the circumstance that they have met "by chance." They find, as the evening winds onward, that perhaps there is something to be gained--or at least exercised--by this chance meeting.

¹⁸Ibid., p. 39

¹⁹Ibid., p. 43

²⁰William Hanley, interview by telephone, 1977.

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The bulk of the physical action of the play is past action, reported by each of the three characters. The present action consists mostly of direct confrontation of values, ideas, the scars of suffering and indecision, and dedication to causes. Much of the critical praise for Slow Dance centered around Hanley's playwriting skills that bring about interplay among the characters. An excerpt from the New York Times review reads:

In this new full-length play, Mr. Hanley writes with richness of imagination and with penetration into the heart. He brings humor, tenderness and understanding to the theater, lighting it up with the ardor of his vision. . . . The drama does not grow out of conflicts that develop among the three characters. Their differences are abrasions rather than confrontations.²¹

Setting Analysis

Physical and Philosophical Function

The characters in Slow Dance need an arena--a place to play-out the "dance," a place to tell the story of their troubled lives. The play is well suited for an intimate setting such as is provided by selected forms of arena staging. The play will be staged in an arena setting that will allow for maximum impact of the realistic acting and the needed emphasis of the selective-realistic set.

There will be a distinction and clear delineation of acting areas: the candy store, street entrance, the kitchen. The setting will be minimal and suggestive (bordering on theatricalism) rather than an exact picture of realism. There are important elements that should be

²¹Howard Traubman, "The Theater: Slow Dance on the Killing Ground," New York Times, 1 December 1964, p. 50.

included: the juke box, the telephone, the ladder, odds and ends for inventory, and the cash register.

The lighting should reinforce the style and spirit of the setting and acting. Special attention should be given to conventions of arena staging that would directly involve lighting and setting (e.g., no act curtain, time and scene changes, exits, entrances)--depending on elements finally incorporated in the setting. The seating arrangement for the audience is very important in order to achieve the desired impact of the dynamics of space in arena staging: a sense of height; seeing movement in relation to space covered on the floor.

Mood

The audience should enter the theatre and know right away that "stark realism" is not at all the style of the setting. The audience should be seated in such a way that they can look at the play as a "happening" to which they are in close proximity, but not close enough to feel intimidated or compelled to participate as in some forms of environmental theatre.

A feeling of realistic belief in their problems should exude from each character as they interact in this place at which they have met by chance. The audience should feel empathy with the characters, but only on levels chosen (not forced upon) by each audience member as each watches the "slow dance." The audience should also feel a sense of having been entertained by, as well as held privy to, personal qualities of three people involved in a serious drama of intriguing (though not unique) character studies.

Justification

Choice of Script

A rewarding dramatic experience for a director ought to be equally as rewarding to the actors and the technical and design personnel. Slow Dance on the Killing Ground by William Hanley serves director, actors and technicians well, in this director's view. Further interest and challenge is added to the technical production of the play by choosing to do it in arena rather than proscenium (for which the play is ideally suited). An added dimension of this director's interest in the play is the good fortune of doing a creatively stimulating play by a living playwright with whom the director has consulted.

Directorial Intent and Conclusion

This director has spoken to the playwright, William Hanley, and has carefully researched his work. It is her opinion that Mr. Hanley's own convictions about the play illustrate the theme of this director's intent:

The theme of responsibility seems to come and go through everything I've done. I think it will continue to do so, although I hope each play is drastically different from another. When I say responsibility I don't mean just responsibility to other people, but responsibility for one's own acts. I don't think there is anyone who isn't aware of the darkness. I'm talking about in Slow Dance. Most people have a tendency to turn away from it, and that is a negative act when the only constructive thing to do is to face it, and to see that there is a possibility of something better. If, in the final moments of the play, the audience has faced the darkness, and if, at least, the thought is planted that there might be something better, then that's what it's about.²²

²²Joanne Stang, "The Telephone Rings," p. 5.

Let it be clear that this director is not out to convert the audience. The intent is to create a "happening" that is both entertaining and enlightening.

CHAPTER II

Director's Note

Slow Dance on the Killing Ground was produced in a "corridor" arena setting with the audience seated on either side of the stage area on elevated platforms. A clear picture of the floor plan and audience seating is helpful in understanding the prompt book which follows.

Seating capacity for the production in the Studio Theatre of the Raymond W. Taylor Communication and Theatre Building was seventy-four per performance (see Figure 1). The candy store occupied the greatest portion of the set, with steps leading up to Glas' back bedroom on a higher elevation (see Figure 2). Directions given in the prompt book coincide with the clock dial (see Figure 2).

Key placements on the floor plan using the clock dial as a directive are as follows:

At twelve o'clock ----- pay telephone

At six o'clock ----- back bedroom area

At three o'clock ----- magazine rack and front entrance

At nine o'clock ----- hanging shelves and off to bathroom

All other placements on the floor plan "fill in" clockwise around the set (for example, since the pay telephone is at twelve o'clock, then the juke box is at one o'clock, the counter is at five o'clock, the gum ball machine is at ten o'clock, and so on).

FIGURE 1

SEATING PLAN

Scale: 1/8" = 1'0"
Seating Capacity = 74

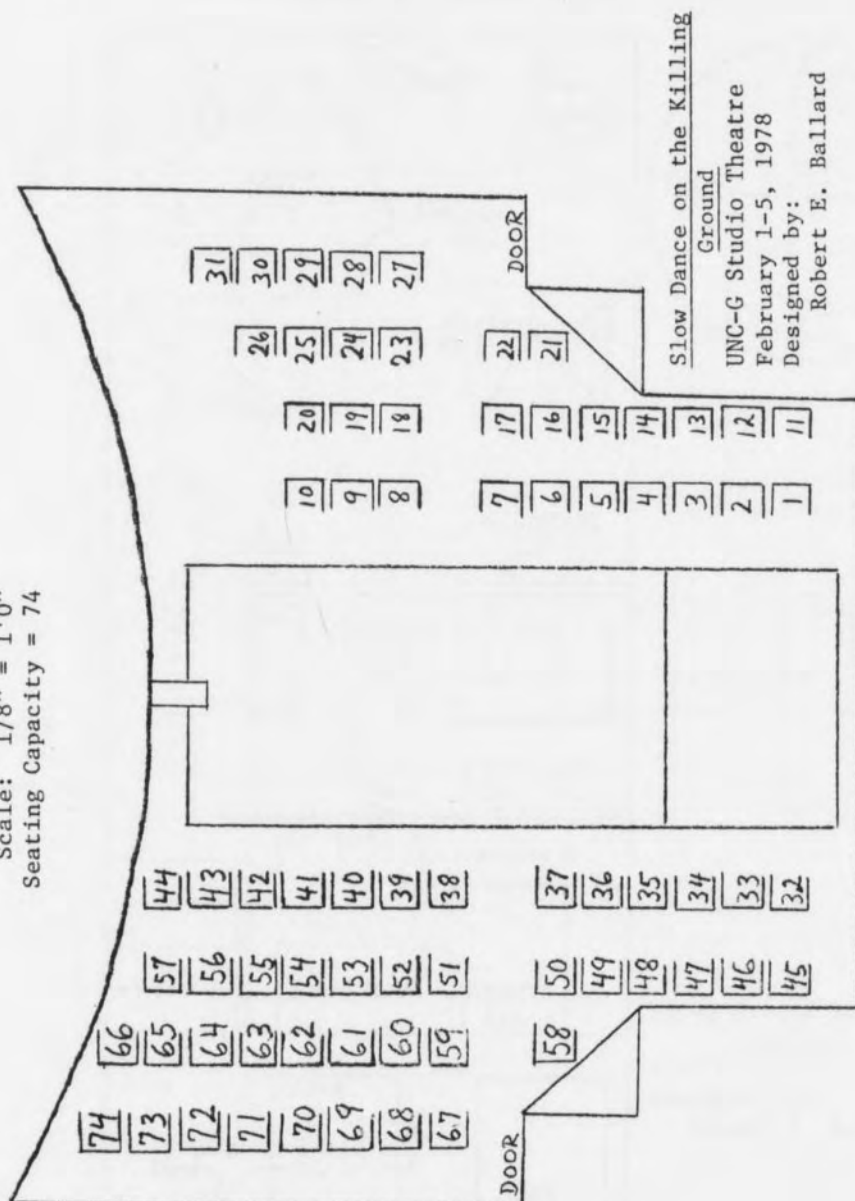
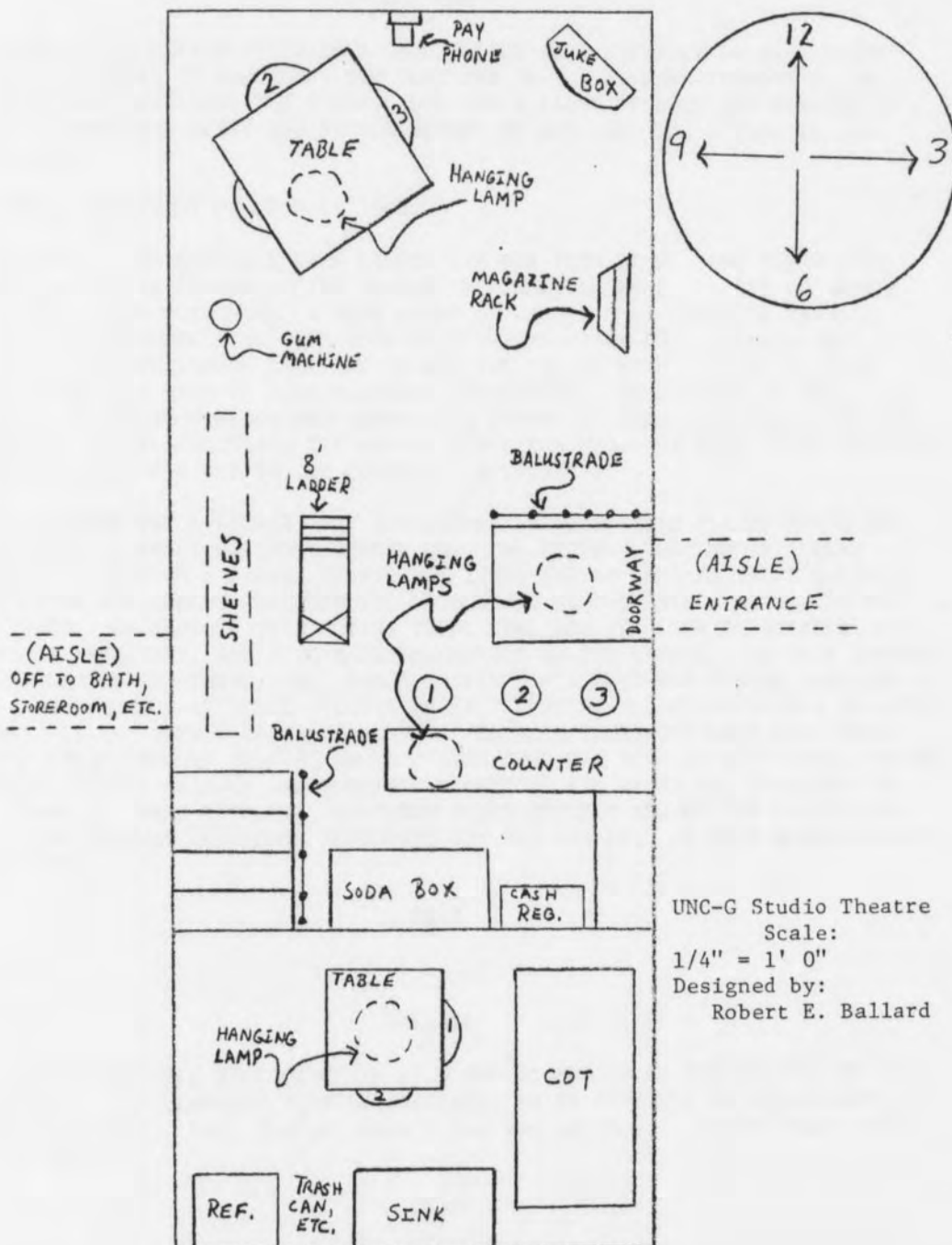


FIGURE 2

FLOOR PLAN
Slow Dance on the Killing Ground



PROMPT BOOK

ACT ONE

SCENE: THE PLAY HAPPENS IN A SMALL STORE IN A DISTRICT OF WAREHOUSES AND FACTORIES IN BROOKLYN, NEW YORK AND IN THE KITCHEN-BEDROOM OF THE APARTMENT ADJOINING THE STORE. BUT FOR A LAPSE OF SOME FEW MINUTES OR SO BETWEEN THE FIRST AND SECOND SCENES OF ACT TWO, THE ACTION IS CONTINUOUS.

TIME: THE NIGHT OF JUNE 1, 1962.

AT RISE: THE AUDIENCE AREA LIGHTS DIM OUT FROM HALF. THE STORE AREA OF THE SET IS PRE-SET USING MAINLY THE HANGING LAMPS. AFTER THE HOUSE LIGHTS HAVE GONE DOWN, A SLOW COUNT OF THREE, GLAS COMES IN THROUGH THE NINE O'CLOCK AISLE ENTRANCE CARRYING AN EIGHT-FOOT LADDER. HE POSITIONS THE LADDER PARALLEL TO THE SHELVES AT NINE O'CLOCK TO THAT HE FACES SIX O'CLOCK WHEN CLIMBING THE LADDER. HE CROSSES TO THE AREA OF TWELVE O'CLOCK AND MOVES IN A CLOCKWISE DIRECTION SURVEYING THE STORE, BRIEFLY NOTICING THE WINDOW ABOVE THE MAGAZINE RACK, ONLY CASUALLY AS HE MAKES HIS WAY TO THE COUNTER. (FIGURE 3).

GLAS TAKES OUT A LEDGER, PEN AND CLIPBOARD FROM THEIR PLACES UNDER THE COUNTER IN FRONT OF STOOL NUMBER ONE. HE ASCENDS THE LADDER, TAKES DOWN A BOX FROM A SHELF, COUNTS THE ITEMS INSIDE, PLACES THE BOX NEATLY BACK ON THE SHELF, DESCENDS THE LADDER AND RECORDS HIS FINDINGS IN THE LEDGER. HE REPEATS THIS ACTION TWICE MORE AND HIS LIMP IS APPARENT AS HE DELIBERATELY, BUT WITH EASE, MANEUVERS ON THE LADDER. AS GLAS ASCENDS THE LADDER THE THIRD TIME, RANDALL STARTS HIS ENTRANCE COMING DOWN THE AISLE ENTRANCE AT THREE O'CLOCK AS IF SURVEYING THE STREETS IN A SLIGHTLY NERVOUS AND OVERLY CAUTIOUS MANNER. RANDALL TAKES ONE LAST LOOK DOWN THE STREET BEFORE TURNING AND BOUNDING INTO THE DOOR OF THE STORE, FACING NINE O'CLOCK BRIEFLY AND LOOKING QUICKLY TO HIS RIGHT AND NOTICING THE WINDOW AT THREE O'CLOCK. RANDALL STEPS QUICKLY AROUND THE BALUSTRADE IN THE DOORWAY AND LOOKS NERVOUSLY OUT THE WINDOW. AT THAT MOMENT, GLAS SPEAKS.

GLAS

So?

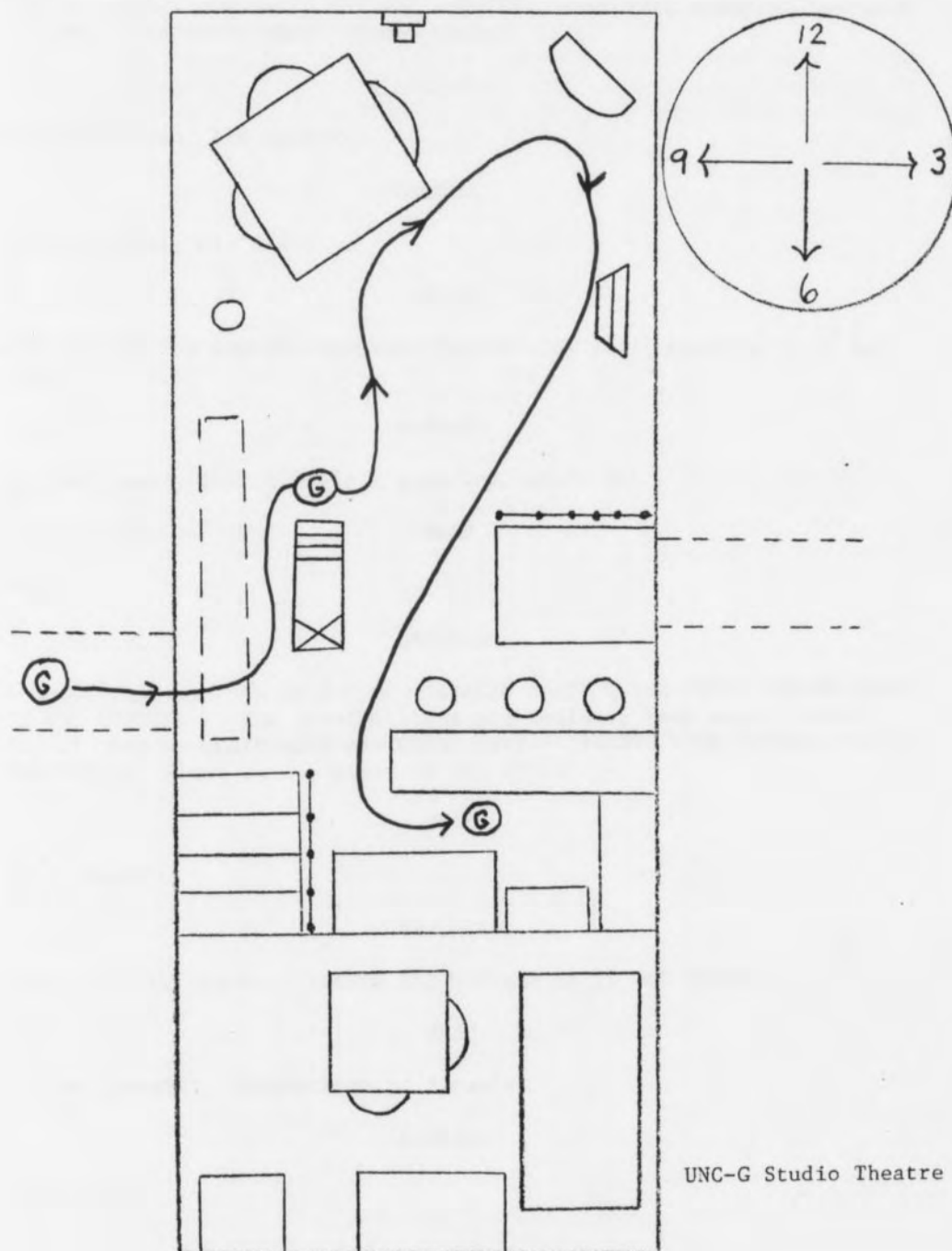
RANDALL

(TURNING QUICKLY TO LOOK UP AT GLAS WHO IS POISED AT THE TOP OF THE LADDER. HIS DEemeanOR CHANGES INSTANTLY TO AN ATTITUDE OF BREEZINESS, NEAR-GAIETY). Hey, Daddy! Didn't see you up there! Pretty neat, yes indeedy!

GLAS

Neat?

FIGURE 3
 Floor Plan: Slow Dance on the Killing Ground
 Scale: $1/4" = 1'0"$



RANDALL

I mean, you pretty much able to keep your eye on matters from up there, right? (MOVES TOWARD AREA OF TWELVE O'CLOCK STILL SURVEYING GLAS AND WITH AN ALMOST CONSTANT, BUT NOT ANNOYING, ENERGETIC BOUNCING-IN-PLACE MOTION.) Panoramic view. Pan-o-ramic! Neat.

GLAS

(CONFUSED.) No, I'm only--

RANDALL

Man! it's hot, ain't it!

GLAS

(DESCENDING THE LADDER. CROSSING BEHIND COUNTER.) What can I do for you?

RANDALL

Oh, well now! that there's a question, ain't it!

GLAS

What?

RANDALL

I mean, what can you do for me. (TAKES A FEW QUICK STEPS TOWARD GLAS AT THE COUNTER.) The possibilities are endless, know what I mean? Right? But we start with somethin' easy. (POINTS WITH UMBRELLA HE IS CARRYING,) Gimme a . . . gimme an egg cream.

GLAS

Chocolate?

RANDALL

That's a nice flavor. (MOVES ALL THE WAY UP TO THE COUNTER.)

GLAS

(HALTS ABRUPTLY, REMEMBERING.) I can't.

RANDALL

Can't what.

GLAS

Make an egg cream. My seltzer water, the tap's broken.

RANDALL

Now, ain't that the way? Ain't that always the way? You ask me what can you do for me, I give you somethin' real easy to start with an you got a busted tap on your seltzer water. Man, oh, man. How you fixed for a bottle of lemon-soda, say?

GLAS

Lemon soda I got.

RANDALL

Crazy. (SITS STOOL NUMBER TWO. WHILE GLAS TAKES THE SODA FROM THE SODA AND ICE CREAM BOX BEHIND THE COUNTER, REMOVES THE CAP AND GIVES THE BOTTLE TO RANDALL. RANDALL PUTS COIN ON COUNTER.) You open kinda late, aintcha?

GLAS

I don't know.

RANDALL

You don't know.

GLAS

What time is it? (TAKES THE MONEY FROM THE COUNTER.)

RANDALL

'Cordin' to my twenny-one jewel, Swiss movement chronometer calendar watch it now six minutes after ten o'clock PM June the first, nineteen sixty two. (TAKES A DRINK FROM THE SODA.)

GLAS

Yes.

RANDALL

Hmm?

LIBRARY

GLAS

(TURNS TO REGISTER, OPENS IT, PUTS COIN IN AND MAKES CHANGE. RANDALL SWIRLS AROUND ON STOOL TOWARD THREE O'CLOCK AND LOOKS TOWARD DOOR AND WINDOW. GLAS PUTS CHANGE ON COUNTER AND GOES TO LADDER.) Yes, I'm open late. (GLAS MOVES TO RESUME HIS INVENTORY AND IS CONSTANTLY ASCENDING AND DESCENDING THE LADDER THROUGHOUT WHAT FOLLOWS WHILE RANDALL, NERVOUS, PEERING OUT THE WINDOW AND THE DOOR, IS MOVING CONSTANTLY. RANDALL HUMS FOR A MOMENT THE SAME TUNE HE WILL HUM AT INTERVALS IN HIS SPEECH PATTERN.)

RANDALL

About what time you figurin' on closin' up? I mean, approximate? (PUTS CHANGE IN HIS POCKET.)

GLAS

Oh. . . sooner or later. No hurry.

RANDALL

Well, what I mean, you gotta go to sleep sometime, right?

GLAS

I don't sleep much.

RANDALL

Oh, that right?

GLAS

I don't like to sleep.

RANDALL

(GETS OFF STOOL WITH SODA IN HAND. CROSSES TO TABLE AT TWELVE O'CLOCK AS HE SURVEYS THE ROOM. PUTS SODA ON TABLE. GLAS IS ATOP LADDER WITH BACK TO RANDALL NOW. RANDALL NOTICES THE TELEPHONE, CHECKS COIN CHANGER AND RETRIEVES A COIN LEFT IN, UNNOTICED BY GLAS. RANDALL MOVES TO THE MAGAZINE RACK, CHECKING OUT THE WINDOW. PICKS UP A MAGAZINE AND CARELESSLY LEAFS THROUGH IT WHILE FACING THREE O'CLOCK.) You of European abstraction.

GLAS

I beg your pardon. (TURNING TO LOOK AT RANDALL.)

RANDALL

Your accent. Originally you speak another tongue, I mean you come from across the sea, right?

GLAS

Oh. Ex-traction.

RANDALL

(TURNS TO GLAS.) Sir?

GLAS

You said abstraction. The word is extraction. European extraction.

RANDALL

(TAKING A COUPLE OF STEPS TOWARD GLAS.) Oh. Yeah. . . well, I stand corrected, daddy.

GLAS

(DEFINITELY, PRESSING THE POINT.) Extraction.

RANDALL

You the precise type, I be sure to watch my step with you--linguistically speakin'. (DROPS MAGAZINE ON THE FLOOR AND CROSSES TO TABLE, GETS SODA, CROSSES TO DOOR, SINGING QUIETLY TO HIMSELF THE TUNE RECOGNIZABLE AS THE ONE HE HAS BEEN HUMMING, AN OLD NEGRO SPIRITUAL.) "I went to the rock to hide my face/, The rock cried out, no hiding place, no. . ." (GLAS AND RANDALL REACT TO STREET NOISES. RANDALL MOVES ONE STEP BEHIND THE BALUSTRADE ON THE SIDE NEAR THE WINDOW AT THE MAGAZINE RACK, FACING FIVE O'CLOCK. HE TENSES, BECOMES STILL. THIS IS SEEN BY GLAS BUT RANDALL IS UNAWARE OF BEING OBSERVED: THE FOOTSTEPS FADE. RANDALL CALMS. MOVES UP TO THE DOORWAY AND LOOKS OUT.) You know there ain't a single light out there atall? For about twenny blocks? I mean, the streetlights, daddy, they all out!

GLAS

(DESCENDS THE LADDER, WATCHING RANDALL AND NOTICING THE MAGAZINE RANDALL THREW ON THE FLOOR.) Repairing the power lines. (REPLACING THE MAGAZINE ON THE RACK, NEATLY.) They've been digging up the street for about two weeks now.

RANDALL

(CROSSES TO TABLE. PUTS DOWN SODA.) Well, dig they must, daddy, dig they must. This is a kinda kooky place for a store though, ain't it. (MOVING AROUND THE LADDER COUNTER-CLOCKWISE, TURNING BACK TOWARD TABLE.)

GLAS

(STILL STRAIGHTENING MAGAZINES ON RACK.) Why?

RANDALL

(CROSSES TO JUKEBOX.) Well, I mean, it is what you might say, off the beaten track, somewhat removed from the bustling lanes of commerce.

GLAS

(CROSSES TO CHAIR NUMBER ONE AT TABLE AT TWELVE O'CLOCK AND PICKS UP DISCARDED NAPKINS AND PAPER CUPS.) Only at night. In the daytime I do okay with the factory people. At night it's quiet. I like it that way.

RANDALL

You ain't afraid to go home this late at night?

GLAS

(CROSSES TO CHAIR NUMBER TWO END OF TABLE, PICKS UP DISCARDED NAPKINS, BOTTLES ON TABLE.) You ask a lot of questions, sonny.

RANDALL

(TURNS TO GLAS.) Well, it's just that I'm of the inquiren' type of mind. No offense intended, I hasten to assure you, sir. (A PAUSE DURING WHICH GLAS STUDIES RANDALL AND MISTAKENLY INTERPRETS HIS ANSWER TO BE SINCERE.)

GLAS

(TURNS AND TAKES A STEP TOWARD KITCHEN AREA AT SIX O'CLOCK.) This is home. (POINTING.) In the back.

RANDALL

(LOOKING IN THE DIRECTION WHICH GLAS POINTED.) Crazy.

GLAS

(STOPS. TURNS TO RANDALL.) What's crazy about it?

RANDALL

No, there do seem to be some misunderstandin' here this evenin'. Crazy: that means, uh. . . that's all right, that's good.

GLAS

(TOWARD RANDALL.) What's all right.?

LIBRARY

RANDALL

That you live here, daddy. I mean, it is an excellent i-dea!

GLAS

Ah. (CROSSES TO COUNTER AND PUTS SODA BOTTLES, NAPKINS, ETC. IN TRASH CAN BEHIND COUNTER. RANDALL CROSSES TOWARD TABLE AT TEN O'CLOCK, SITS CHAIR NUMBER THREE.)

RANDALL

(GLAS ASCENDS LADDER.) You'll see: pretty soon we be understandin' each other perfect. You mind if I ask you another little question? One which might prove to be to your definite benefit?

GLAS

Mm?

RANDALL

You climb up to the top of that there ladder, right? Then you count the stuff in one of them boxes, right? Then you--(GLAS DESCENDS THE LADDER.) climb down the ladder and write on that there paper, right?

GLAS

(CROSSES BEHIND COUNTER TO LEDGER.) Inventory, yeah.

RANDALL

Yeah, but it'd be a lot faster you took the paper up there on the ladder. (PAUSE.)

GLAS

(LOOKS AT THE LADDER.) What's the hurry.

RANDALL

Oh. Well, now you got a point there. Long as you ain't in no hurry.

GLAS

(CROSSES TOWARD TABLE, STUDYING RANDALL.) I don't see you around here before, sonny.

RANDALL

You like to do me a little favor?

LIBRARY

GLAS

What?

RANDALL

Don't call me sonny.

GLAS

What's your name?

RANDALL

(STANDS. CROSSES AROUND TABLE TO CHAIR NUMBER ONE.) Why.

GLAS

(CROSSES TO TABLE TO RETRIEVE PAPER FOLDED ACROSS THE BACK OF CHAIR NUMBER THREE.) You don't want me to call you sonny, what should I call you?

RANDALL

(LEANS ON CHAIR NUMBER ONE.) Winston.

GLAS

(TAKES NEWSPAPER FROM BACK OF CHAIR NUMBER THREE.) Winston. Okay.
(STARTS TOWARD COUNTER.)

RANDALL

Winston Churchill. (PAUSE.)

GLAS

(STOPPING.) This is a joke?

RANDALL

You don't think I look like my name could be Winson Churchill?

GLAS

It makes no difference to me one way or the other.

RANDALL

Tell you the truth, my name is Franz. . . Franz Kafka. (PAUSE.)

GLAS

(TURNS TO CONTINUE TO COUNTER.) You should be on the TV with your funny line of jokes--sonny. (THROWS NEWSPAPER IN TRASH BEHIND COUNTER, WIPES COUNTER WITH CLOTH.)

RANDALL

You know Franz Kafka? I don't mean, did you know him personally, I mean you know who he was. (CROSSES TO TELEPHONE. NO RESPONSE.) You know the story he write where this fella wake up one mornin and find out he turned into a bug? You know that story? That actually happen to me. (GLAS CROSSES TO TABLE AND WIPES IT.)

GLAS

(DRYLY.) Is that right.

RANDALL

(CROSSES TO COUNTER NEAR STOOL NUMBER ONE.) Yeah. One mornin' I wake up and I realize I'm actually a bug. I look the same, like always, you know, but actually I'm a bug.

GLAS

How is that.

RANDALL

(CONTINUES TO MOVE TO CORNER OF ROOM NEAR THE STEPS AT SEVEN O'CLOCK.) Oh well, it a little too complicated to explain just at the present moment. Some other time, maybe. (STILL DISPLAYING THAT ALMOST CONSTANT MOVEMENT.)

GLAS

Don't you ever stand still, boy?

RANDALL

(CROSSES AROUND LADDER COUNTER-CLOCKWISE TO CENTER OF STORE AND ADVANCES AWAY FROM GLAS: THEN TURNS, FACING GLAS WHO IS A FEW FEET AWAY BEHIND CHAIR NUMBER TWO AT THE TABLE.) Stand still! Baby, to get me to stand still they gonna have to nail my feet to the floor! To the floor! (HE HURLS HIS UMBRELLA, LIKE A SPEAR, AT THE FLOOR. THE STEM, APPARENTLY SHARPENED TO A POINT, PIERCES THE WOOD AND THE UMBRELLA STANDS OF ITSELF.) Know what I mean? (PAUSE.)

GLAS

That's dangerous. (POINTING TO THE WEAPON WEDGED IN THE FLOOR.)

RANDALL

(RETRIEVES THE UMBRELLA AND CLEANS THE POINT CARESSINGLY IN THE PALM OF HIS HAND.) Aint' it now? You know I got a IQ of a hundred and eighty seven. Fact. (STILL STANDING IN MIDDLE OF THE STORE.)

GLAS

(SMILING.) Oh, yeah?

RANDALL

Yeah, that the reaction that information usually get. It a true statement, nevertheless. Eighteen years old and a IQ of a hundred and eighty seven. (RANDALL CROSSES TO GUM MACHINE AT TEN O'CLOCK, NOTICING IT SLIGHTLY.) When I was a little kid they used to be always givin' me a lotta these here tests, you know? (GLAS CROSSES TO BEHIND COUNTER, PUTS RAG AWAY, CROSSES TO LADDER.) They take me up to Columbia University and all these cats be sittin' around puffin' on their pipes and askin' me a lotta questions, you know, tryin' to figure out how it could happen I be so smart. But that just the way it is: a genius is what I am. I got a photographic memory, you know? (GLAS MOVES LADDER A FEW INCHES AND ASCENDS. RANDALL CROSSES TO AREA AT THREE O'CLOCK IN FRONT OF MAGAZINE RACK.) Sometimes known as total recall. Like for instance, would you care to hear me quote some of the book War and Peace by Count Leo Tolstoy? I couldn't quote you nothin' past page one hundred and forty six, though, 'cause that's far as I got in that particular book, it a rather borin' book, if you know what I mean. (GLAS SMILES.) What's so amusin'? (LOOKING UP AT GLAS ATOP THE LADDER.) (SEE FIGURE 4.)

GLAS

(TURNING TO LOOK AT RANDALL.) It happens to be one of the greatest books.

RANDALL

Yeah, I heard that. Bored the shit outta me.

GLAS

When you get older you'll be able to appreciate it.

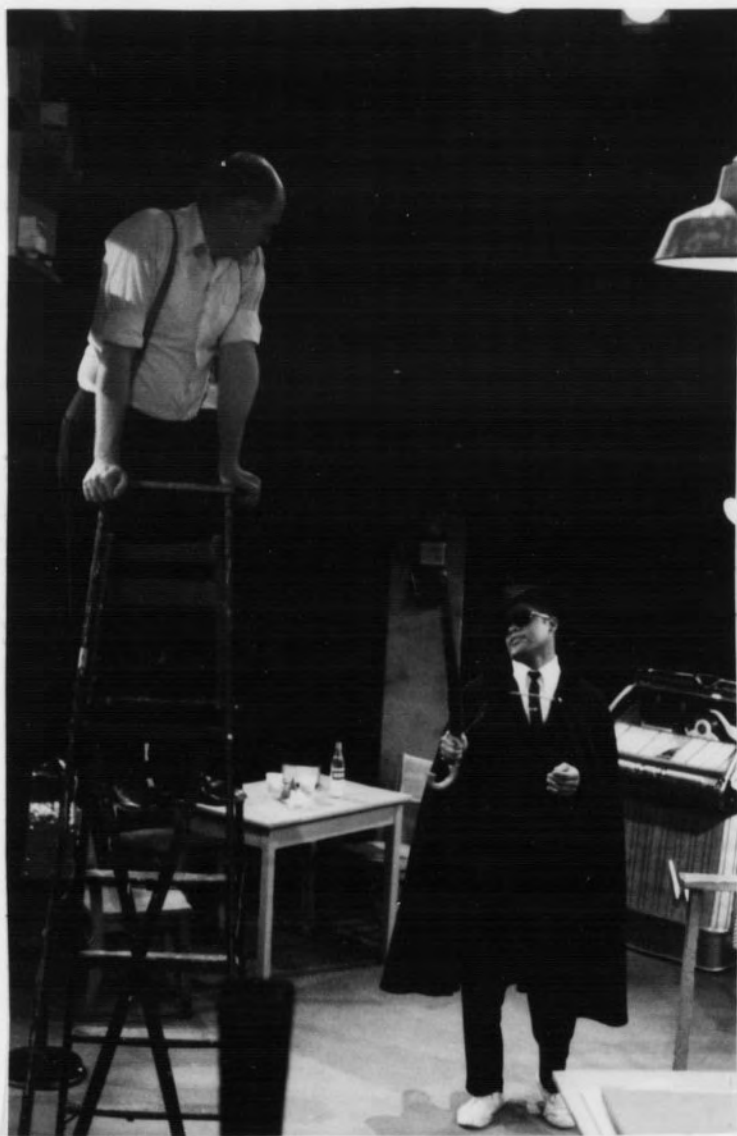
RANDALL

You think so, uh? (GLAS NODS.) You read that book, then, uh?

GLAS

(DESCENDS LADDER.) Mm.

FIGURE 4



RANDALL

(LEANS ON LADDER ON NINE O'CLOCK SIDE, LOOKING TOWARD THREE O'CLOCK.)
Mm. So anyway, here I am with this here fantastic IQ, (GLAS CROSSES
TO COUNTER IN FRONT BETWEEN STOOLS ONE AND TWO, TURNS LEDGER AROUND.)
you see what I mean? Of course, as is clear and apparent to the naked
eye, I am, withal, a young gentleman of some color--which limits my
horizons considerable in this here present society we got, notwith-
standin' IQ's and all. (RANDALL TURNS TO GLAS.)

GLAS

(TURNING TO RANDALL.) Not necessarily. If you're as smart as you
say, you could do great things.

RANDALL

For my race?

GLAS

What?

RANDALL

(CROSSES TO STOOL NUMBER THREE TOWARD FIVE O'CLOCK, SITS.) That's
what they used to be tellin' me all the time when I was on the inside.
With a mind like you got, Randall, you would be goin' great things for
your race. Unquote.

GLAS

(NOW NEAR END OF COUNTER BETWEEN COUNTER AND LADDER.) Inside where?

RANDALL

Oh you know: A reform school here, a co-rectional institution there,
a work farm for minor offenders upstate I was on for a while, that was
very nice, lotsa fresh air, you know? They was always sayin' that:
with a mind like you got, Randall, you could be doin' great things for
your race. It never occurred to them to say I could be doin' great
things for me.. Not that I got a mind to do that neither, but it woulda
been a nice change from all that jazz about great things for my race.
(GLAS TURNS AWAY AND MOVES TOWARD THE LADDER. RANDALL STANDS, STOPS
HIM.) My name is Randall. I mean, that my true name. 'Cause I don't
want you callin' me sonny or boy or nothin' like that. Okay? Randall.
Okay?

GLAS

Okay. (GLAS MOVES TO COUNTER TO CONSULT LEDGER.)

RANDALL

(TURNING TO LOOK AT GLAS.) What's yours?

GLAS

What?

RANDALL

Your name, I mean. (GLAS GAZES AT HIM FOR A MOMENT BEFORE ANSWERING.)

GLAS

(CROSSES TO LADDER.) Glas.

RANDALL

Glass?

GLAS

With one s.

RANDALL

What kinda name is that, Glas with one s?

GLAS

German for Glas with two esses. (GLAS ASCENDS THE LADDER.)

RANDALL

(MOVING TO AREA OF TWO O'CLOCK.) Oh, I dig. German. (POINTS TO THE WINDOW WITH UMBRELLA.) Glass with two esses. (POINTS TO GLAS.) Glas with one s. Neat. Short and sweet. (GLAS COUNTS THE CONTENTS OF A BOX.) Actually the point is already made by the time one gets to the first, so the other s just kinda dangle there doin' nothin. I like that. Glas with one s. (TAKES A FEW STEPS CLOSER TO WINDOW AND TRIES TO LOOK OUT.) And now that my attention been called to it, and you don't mind me sayin', but the glass with two esses here could use a little washin', I do believe.

GLAS

Why? (TURNS TO RANDALL.)

RANDALL

Why! Well, daddy, you can't hardly even see through it. It downright dirty, that glass with two esses.

GLAS

There's nothing out there I particularly want to see.

RANDALL

Is that right?

GLAS

That's right.

RANDALL

You don't like the nature of things out there particularly?

GLAS

Exactly. (DESCENDS THE LADDER.)

RANDALL

(MOVES TOWARD TABLE, COUNTER CLOCKWISE.) Well now, you see? I had a fellin', I just knew we was brothers under the skin, somehow. I hasten to repeat, (GLAS CROSSES TO LEDGER BETWEEN THE STOOLS.) under the skin, no offense intended, no indeed, sir. But I know exactly what you mean, exactly! I mean, it is grotesque out there, ain't it, now? It is. . . (RANDALL CROSSES TOWARD THE WINDOW, TURNS.) bizarre! You know what that is out there, daddy? You know? That is the killing ground out there.

GLAS

(TURNS TO RANDALL.) The what?

RANDALL

I mean that's No Mans Land out there, daddy! (POINTING WITH THE UMBRELLA TOWARD THE DOOR AND WINDOW.) That somebody elses turf, a regular mine field, you gotta step carefully, they kill you out there, know what I mean?

GLAS

(MOVING BEHIND COUNTER WITH LEDGER, WATCHING RANDALL.) Not exactly.

RANDALL

Butcher shop. It a regular butcher shop out there. You know what happened out there just last year alone?

GLAS

Do I know what happened?

RANDALL

Just last year alone.

GLAS

What happened?

RANDALL

(CROSSES TO CHAIR NUMBER TWO AT TABLE, PULLS IT OUT, IN FRONT OF THE WALL WHERE THE PAY PHONE HANGS, SITS FACING SIX O'CLOCK DIRECTLY.) What happened out there--and I quote--what happened out there was four hundred and eighty three homicides! (GLAS LEANS ON COUNTER AND WATCHES RANDALL WHO CLOSSES HIS EYES AND RECITES, FROM MEMORY WITH COMPLETE ACCURACY.) "Contrary to public impression, most homicides are spontaneous and are committed in the home; they are not the result of gangland reprisals but of family disputes. These facts about murder were revealed today by Police Commissioner Michael J. Murphy in releasing a report by his department's Statistical and Records Bureau in a dossier of such crimes during 1961. Out of four hundred and eighty-three homicides last year, an increase of ninety three over the preceding year, eighty seven and four tenths percent were solved or cleared by arrests. A study of them discloses the following: fifty three percent of the homicides occurred between seven p.m. and three a.m. Two hundred and thirty-nine were committed in Manhattan. One hundred and fifty were committed in Brooklyn. Sixty in the Bronx. Twenty nine in Queens. Five in Richmond. Fifteen husbands were slain by their wives. Eighteen wives were slain by their husbands. . . ten sons were slain by their mothers. . . two sons were slain by their fathers. . . six daughters were slain by their mothers. . . (GLAS MOVES TOWARD THE NINE O'CLOCK END OF THE COUNTER, WATCHING RANDALL.) . . . four daughters were slain by their fathers. . . one father was killed by his daughter. . . two mothers were killed by their sons. . . four stepfathers were killed by their stepsons. . . one stepfather was killed by his stepdaughter . . . two sisters killed their brothers. . . three brothers killed their brothers. . . one son-in-law killed his father-in-law. . . one father-in-law killed his son-in-law. . . one son-in-law killed his mother-in-law. . . one despondent mother drowned her three children in the East River. . . another despondent mother drowned here three children in the bathtub. . . one child was killed for bedwetting. . . ." (PAUSE.) Oh, man, man. . . (RANDALL SLUMPS ON TABLE. THERE IS A LONG SILENCE. GLAS APPEARS TO BE QUITE ABSORBED IN THE RECITATION. RANDALL SEEMS NOT TO BE PRESENT AT ALL. RANDALL BECOMES MOBILE AND TAKES A DRINK FROM HIS ALMOST-FORGOTTEN LEMON SODA STILL ON THE TABLE.)

(THERE IS A SOUND OUTSIDE OF A TRUCK APPROACHING THE CURB. GLAS AND RANDALL REACT AS IT BRINGS THEM OUT OF THEIR CONCENTRATION. GLAS NOTICES THE DOOR. KNOWS WHAT TIME IT IS. RANDALL BECOMES ALERT AGAIN, AN ACTION THAT DOES NOT GO UNNOTICED BY GLAS AS HE MOVES TOWARD THE DOOR. RANDALL STANDS, MOVES QUICKLY BEHIND THE BALUSTRADE NEAR THE WINDOW, POINTS UMBRELLA AT GLAS IN A SLIGHTLY THREATENING WAY. GLAS

STOPS, ACKNOWLEDGES RANDALL'S GESTURE SLIGHTLY, WAVES HIM AWAY AND GOES OUT THE DOOR. RANDALL CROUCHES DOWN WATCHING OUT WINDOW, ALMOST HOLDING HIS BREATH, TENSED, UNTIL HE HEARS THE TRUCK PULL AWAY AND GLAS RE-ENTERS CARRYING TWO BUNDLES OF TABLOID NEWSPAPERS TIED WITH HEAVY CORD.)

GLAS

(DROPS BUNDLES ON STOOLS TWO AND THREE, GOES BEHIND COUNTER TO GET SMALL KNIFE TO CUT BUNDLES.) I've been meaning to ask you something.

RANDALL

(IN DOORWAY. WATCHING THE DOOR AND GLAS.) Yeah?

GLAS

About your eyes. (CUTTING BUNDLES.)

RANDALL

What about 'em?

GLAS

(PUTTING ONE BUNDLE ON THE FLOOR NEAR THE MAGAZINE RACK AND THE JUKEBOX.) Is there something wrong with them?

RANDALL

Ain't nothin' wrong with my eyes.

GLAS

Oh. (GLAS PICKS UP THE TOP NEWSPAPER ON THE REMAINING BUNDLE ON THE STOOL AND PERUSES THE FRONT PAGE FOR A MOMENT--A HUGE HEADLINE--EMITS A GRUNT AND TOSSES THE PAPER ASIDE ON THE COUNTER TOP. THE REMAINING NEWSPAPERS HE BEGINS TO ARRANGE ON THE MAGAZINE RACK AND LEAVES A FEW ON THE NINE O'CLOCK END OF THE COUNTER.)

RANDALL

What makes you think there somethin' wrong with my eyes?

GLAS

I wondered why you wear sunglasses in the middle of the night.

RANDALL

Oh. Well, I like 'em. You know.

GLAS

(SITS STOOL NUMBER ONE LOOKING AT THE HEADLINE.) Ah.

RANDALL

Except maybe it's bacause I like the nightttime and sometimes it ain't nightttime enough . . . know what I mean?

GLAS

(AFTER A MOMENT.) Yes.

RANDALL

(CROSSES TO THE MAGAZINE RACK AND TAKES UP A NEWSPAPER. OFFHANDEDLY:) I see where they really hung his ass, hah? (NO RESPONSE FROM GLAS.) This here Nazi cat, I mean. Them Jews really hung his ass, after all. How you pronounce that name?

GLAS

(RETURNING TO RESUME HIS WORK AT THE COUNTER.) Eichmann.

RANDALL

(REPRODUCING THE SOUND WITH PRECISION.) Eichmann. Adolph Eichmann. Them German names gimme a lotta trouble. German and Russian, they very tough to pronounce. (MOVING TOWARD THE AREA OF THE STEPS AT SEVEN O'CLOCK.) I do very good with the French, though. Baudelaire. . . I guess you know he was one of them unhappy French poets. (WITH THE NEWSPAPER STILL IN HAND, TURNS TOWARD GLAS AT COUNTER.) Why you figure they done that anyway?

GLAS

(LOOKING AT HEADLINE.) What?

RANDALL

The Jews. Why you figure they hung this here Eichmann chap?

GLAS

Look, sonny--

RANDALL

Oh now, Mister Glas, sir, there you go again. (TAKES A STEP TO COUNTER. DROPS PAPER NEXT TO LEDGER.) Sonny. What is it, you don't like to get on first name basis with, uh--certain types, shall we say?

GLAS

What do you mean, certain types?

RANDALL

(UNDER THE SHELVES TOWARD NINE O'CLOCK SIDE OF THE LADDER.) You know what I mean. I mean me bein' a young gentleman of some color.

GLAS

(PICKING UP STRINGS AND GOING BEHIND COUNTER TO THROW THEM AWAY.) Sonny, I don't care if you'd be purple with orange stripes.

RANDALL

Oh, now that's a clashy combination. (MOVING ON AROUND LADDER TOWARD ELEVEN O'CLOCK.) Tha's all we'd need, things ain't tough enough.

GLAS

Yeah, sure.

RANDALL

I do perceive you ain't got much sympathy for some a the various and sundry dilemmas currently facin' mankind, then?

GLAS

I stay right here and I watch the world go by and I don't get in its way.

RANDALL

(NEAR GUM BALL MACHINE LOOKING AT GLAS.) Yeah, but you can't do that, daddy.

GLAS

Why not?

RANDALL

Because. . . well . . . because you can't.

GLAS

You're a genius, you can't think of a better reason than that?

MCC LIBRARY

RANDALL

Well, what I mean, because sooner or later it gonna come walkin' right in that door there. With a gun in its hand or somethin' maybe.

GLAS

What?

RANDALL

(TURNS TO GLAS.) Well, that just a figure of speech. What I mean, the whole world got a gun in its hand. Like what I was sayin' before. You see what I mean atall (TAKES A FEW STEPS TOWARD GLAS, LOOKING INTO HIS EYES.) Yeah, I see you see what I mean.

GLAS

In that case I got one too. (HE REACHES BENEATH THE COUNTER AT THE NINE O'CLOCK END AND COMES UP WITH A REVOLVER IN HIS HAND.) Hah?
(PAUSE.)

RANDALL

(QUIETLY. FROM WHERE HE STANDS.) Well now, well now. I thought you wasn't a member of the club, you been sayin'. You a member in good standin', dues all paid up.

GLAS

No.

RANDALL

Oh, come on now, daddy, I dig. You got yours, I got mine (RANDALL THROWS THE UMBRELLA INTO THE FLOOR AT SEVEN O'CLOCK, A FEW FEET AWAY FROM THE END OF THE COUNTER.) We prepared!

GLAS

No. (PUTS GUN AWAY. PAUSE.) What were you running away from.

RANDALL

Sir? (RETRIEVES UMBRELLA FROM THE FLOOR AND CAREFULLY CLEANS THE TIP.)

GLAS

When you came in here: what were you running away from?

RANDALL

Where'd you get an idea like that, baby? Where in the world?

GLAS

I'll give you some advice. (POINTING TOWARD RANDALL.)

RANDALL

Oh, boy. (CROSSES AWAY FROM GLAS TOWARD THE WINDOW.)

GLAS

You got trouble out there, don't bring it in here.

RANDALL

You barkin' up the incorrect ree, daddy.

GLAS

(CROSSES TO LADDER.) I got the right tree, all right.

RANDALL

Your mistake is in a definite misinterpretation of my (LOOKING AWAY.) basic approach. (GLAS ASCENDS THE LADDER.) You see? What I mean, that just the manner in which I happen to come on: like gangbusters.

GLAS

I don't know what you're talking about, the way you talk, I'm just telling you--

RANDALL

(TAKING A STEP TOWARD GLAS. LOOKING UP AT GLAS ATOP THE LADDER.) You don't understand?

GLAS

I'm just telling you--

RANDALL

Which part?

GLAS

What?

RANDALL

Which part? I mean, which portion of my previous statements there don't you understand? I be glad to explain it to you in more detail. (PAUSE.)

GLAS

(QUIETLY.) Maybe you better leave now, hah?

RANDALL

Leave? Leave?

GLAS

(DESCENDING THE LADDER.) Out.

RANDALL

(TAKES A STEP IN TOWARD GLAS.) What is it you got against me, anyway?

GLAS

(MOVES TOWARD TABLE AND REACHES FOR RANDALL'S ALMOST-EMPTY SODA BOTTLE, BUT RANDALL IS QUICK AND GRABS IT A SPLIT SECOND BEFORE GLAS CAN GET IT.) Out. (FIGURE 5.)

RANDALL

(A STEP TOWARD CENTER OF THE STORE.) You prejudiced, aintcha?

GLAS

(STARTING TOWARD COUNTER.) Out.

RANDALL

Actually, I seen it right the minute I come in the door. (TURNING AWAY FROM GLAS.) We can always tell, you know. Always tell.

GLAS

(STOPPING NEAR FOOT OF LADDER ON SIX O'CLOCK END. TURNS TOWARD RANDALL.) Tell what? (TESTILY.)

RANDALL

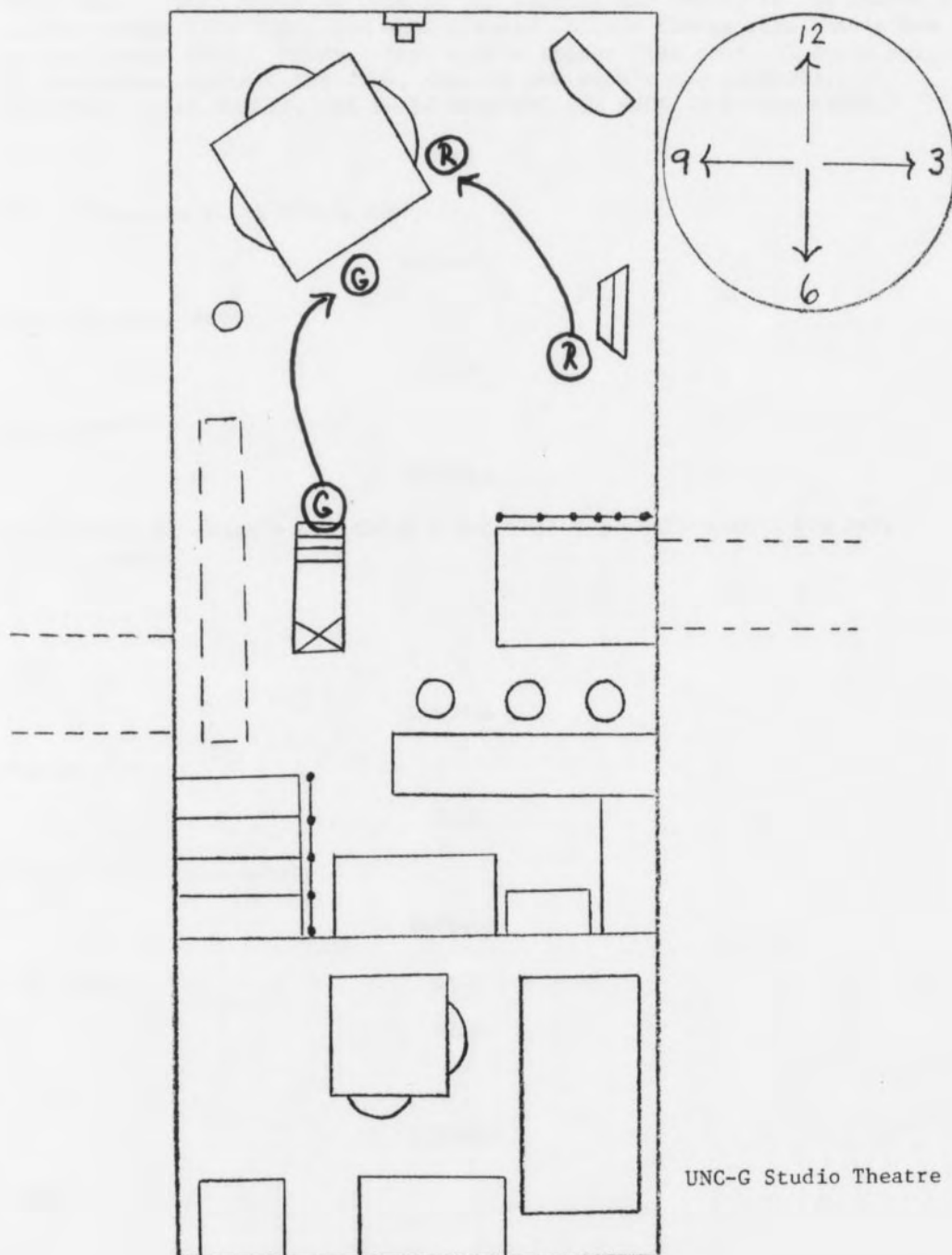
(SMILING, CONSPIRATORIAL.) You know.

GLAS

Now look, sonny, I already told--

FIGURE 5

Floor Plan: Slow Dance on the Killing Ground
 Scale: $1/4" = 1'0"$



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RANDALL

(TURNS BACK IN TOWARD GLAS.) Like that: see what I mean? You absolutely and categorically refuse to address me by my proper and true name. (GLAS MOVES ON OVER TO THE COUNTER AND WRITES IN THE LEDGER.) Little things like that, see what I mean? Little things like that's how we can always tell. Sonny. Boy. Little things like that. I guess you be prejudiced against the Jews, too, if you wasn't one yourself. (SILENCE. GLAS SMILES, THE SMILE BROADENS AND ENDS IN A SHORT LAUGH.)

GLAS

What makes you think I'm a Jew?

RANDALL

There's ways, daddy.

GLAS

What ways?

RANDALL

Well, man, if there's one thing I can tell right off when I see one, it's a Jew.

GLAS

Oh?

RANDALL

Sure.

GLAS

That's very interesting.

RANDALL

Oh, yeah.

GLAS

How?

RANDALL

Mmm?

GLAS

(MOVES FROM BEHIND COUNTER WITH LEDGER AND PEN IN HAND. TOWARD LADDER.)
How do you go about it?

RANDALL

Oh, well, man, it a little too subtle and complicated to go into just at the present moment.

GLAS

(PERSISTENT.) You said that before.

RANDALL

Said what?

GLAS

About something else you said it.

RANDALL

Oh, yeah?

GLAS

When you said you were a bug.

RANDALL

Oh. Yeah. Truly.

GLAS

Why did you say that?

RANDALL

That I'm a bug? (GLAS NODS.) Because I am. We are all bugs. You, me. Everybody!

GLAS

Bugs.

RANDALL

Just waitin' to be squashed

GLAS

By whom?

RANDALL

Bigger bugs. You see, baby, (MOVING TO FOOT OF LADDER NEAR GUM MACHINE.) what is euphemistically called life is actually--

GLAS

(WRITING ON CLIPBOARD AFTER LOOKING UP AT SHELVES.) Euphemistically. (ASCENDS LADDER PART WAY AND STANDS SIDEWAYS FACING TEN O'CLOCK.)

RANDALL

(MAKING HIS WAY TOWARD THE COUNTER, COUNTER CLOCKWISE PASSING NINE O'CLOCK SIDE OF LADDER, TO FOOT OF STEPS AND TO NINE O'CLOCK END OF COUNTER.) Euphemistically. Actually, you bein' very helpful to fillin' in the small gaps in my education. Yeah, (TAKES A QUICKLY LOOK BEHIND COUNTER FOR GUN.) so what is euphemistically called life is actually just one big bug-house and you either gotta grow up to be one a them big bugs or you gotta scurry. (GLAS GLANCES SLIGHTLY TOWARD RANDALL AND RANDALL QUICKLY DIVERTS HIS ATTENTION AWAY FROM THE COUNTER, MOMENTARILY.) Know what I mean? Scurry. You stand still and you find yourself bein' squashed. (MOVES IN FRONT OF COUNTER BETWEEN STOOL ONE AND TWO LEANING WITH HIS BACK TO COUNTER AND HIS LEFT HAND RESTING ON THE COUNTER SO THAT HE CAN ALSO WATCH GLAS, WHOSE BACK IS STILL TO RANDALL.) That one of my philosophies of life. What's one of yours? (RANDALL REACHES ACROSS COUNTER FOR GUN.)

GLAS

(SLIGHT MOVEMENT IN RANDALL'S DIRECTION, BUT STILL WORKING WITH INVENTORY.) What?

RANDALL

(PULLS HAND BACK.) Philosophies of life.

GLAS

(GLANCING TOWARD RANDALL.) I have none. (TURNS BACK TO INVENTORY.)

RANDALL

Sure you do, you already told me one. You said to me, you said, uh. . . you know, that you was gonna cool it right in here and you wasn't gettin' in nobody's way. (REACHES AGAIN. MISSES.) That's one philosophy of life, but I mean, what's another one of your favorites?

GLAS

(AMUSED.) I have to have more than one?

RANDALL

Oh, well, man certainly! (WHILE HE SPEAKS, RANDALL QUICKLY AND QUIETLY GROPE BEHIND THE COUNTER AND COMES UP WITH THE GUN IN HIS HAND, IT DISAPPEARS INTO A POCKET WITHIN THE CAPE AS HE TURNS TOWARD FOUR O'CLOCK.) I mean you got only one philosophy of life and then the situation changes, then where are you? Know what I mean? I mean, you gotta have several diverse philosophies to operate on, dependin' on the various situations that you find yourself meetin' up with. (PAUSE. GLAS DESCENDS LADDER. RANDALL SITS STOOL NUMBER THREE, HIS HAND STILL IN POCKET. GLAS APPROACHES HIM. RANDALL PULLS OUT HIS HAND. THERE IS AN APPLE IN IT, FROM WHICH RANDALL TAKES A BIG BITE.)

GLAS

(GOING BEHIND THE COUNTER.) Aren't you hot with all them clothes on?

RANDALL

What'd you have in mind I was runnin' away from?

GLAS

(WRITING ON CLIPBOARD.) How would I know? (ASCENDS THE LADDER AGAIN.)

RANDALL

True. 'Course there's a lotta possibilities. Lemme see, now. . . could be I knocked over my friendly neighborhood grocery store to get me an apple and a little loose change? . . . (STANDS AND MOVES TOWARD CENTER OF THE STORE.) Or perhaps I am a remnant of one of our local altercations commonly known as the gang rumble, in which several children have been left slain, slain on the field of battle? . . . That don't appeal to you, neither? (TOWARD STEPS AT SEVEN O'CLOCK.) Well, lemme see, now. . . could be I just recently committed a criminal assault on a white lady of middle age in the dark and deserted end of a subway station platform? (TURNS BACK TO GLAS.) . . . No? . . . Or perhaps, perhaps (MOVING TOWARD THE CENTER OF THE STORE AT TWO O'CLOCK.) --this is a good one--perhaps I just up and done away with my momma, stabbin' her numerous times about the breast and abdomen with an ice pick. (HE TURNS SLOWLY, FROM WITHIN THE CAPE, AN ICE PICK APPEARS IN HIS HAND. HE DRIVES IT INTO THE TABLE AT TWELVE O'CLOCK. PAUSE. TAKES A BITE OF APPLE. GLAS TURNS SLOWLY AND DESCENDS THE LADDER AND CROSSES TOWARD CHAIR NUMBER ONE END OF TABLE.)

GLAS

(POINTING TO ICE PICK.) You could be arrested for having a thing like that.

RANDALL

I could be arrested for jaywalkin'. It all relative, know what I mean?

GLAS

What are you doing with such a thing?

RANDALL

(CROSSING TOWARD COUNTER. TAKES ANOTHER BITE OF THE APPLE. TIRED OF IT. TOSSES IT ON THE COUNTER.) Well. . . you can't never tell when I'm gonna run into a block of ice. Like I was sayin' earlier on, I like to be prepared for all and sundry eventualities. Looked upon in a certain way, and dependin' on the use to which it is put, a ice pick is also a philosophy of life. Never fear, however, you can be certain if I committed one of them depredations just enumerated, you can be certain that sooner or later the sword of justice will pierce my heart. Sooner or later. (HE PICKS UP THE ICE PICK, CLEANS IT IN HIS HAND, RETURNS IT TO A POCKET WITHIN THE CAPE.) Actually, as a matter of fact, I am the possessor (GLAS CROSSES TO COUNTER AND SITS STOOL NUMBER ONE AND PUTS CLIPBOARD NEAR HIM ON COUNTER.) of a rather unique and original type of heart. (PAUSE.)

GLAS

What were you running away from? (PAUSE.)

RANDALL

(CROSSES BEHIND TABLE, NEAR CHAIRS ONE AND TWO AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK, STOPPING NEAR TELEPHONE.) You the persistent type, though, aint' you, daddy. Ain't always a good idea to be too persistent, though, you know?. . . I mean, (CROSSES BETWEEN JUKEBOX AND PHONE.). . . what is Truth, said Jestin' Pilate and would not stay for an answer. You know who said that? You know? (NO RESPONSE FROM GLAS.) Francis Bacon was the one who said that. Would you care for me to tell you about my unique and original type of heart. (PAUSE. PUTS FOOT UP ON CHAIR NUMBER THREE, TAKES A HANDFUL OF WOODEN KITCHEN MATCHES FROM HIS CAPE AND STRIKES ONE HOLDING IT UP BEFORE HIM, REGARDING THE FLAME.) Got a hole in it.

GLAS

A hole.

RANDALL

Born like that, a little old hole in my heart.

GLAS

(DRILY.) That certainly is a unique and original type of heart.

RANDALL

(BLOWS OUT MATCH.) m' I confusin' you?

GLAS

(CONFUSED. STANDS. MOVES TOWARD NINE O'CLOCK END OF COUNTER LOOKING AT RANDALL.) No. No.

RANDALL

You lookin' at me in a very puzzled tone of voice. You probably thinkin' it a lotta shit about me bein' born with a hole in my heart, right? (RANDALL LIGHTS ANOTHER MATCH. GLAS STARES.) Doubting Thomas. . . I'd let you stick your finger in my wound, 'cept it be somewhat difficult.

GLAS

What are you supposed to be, the Statue of Liberty, or what?
(CROSSES TOWARD RANDALL, STOPS FOOT OF LADDER NEAR TABLE.)

RANDALL

(WAVING THE MATCH IN GLAS' DIRECTION.) Fire, daddy, fire! Hot!

GLAS

(GESTURES TAKING IN THE STORE.) Look, sonny, it aint' much, but I like it. So stop with the matches!

RANDALL

(THROWS MATCH AT GLAS. A CARICATURE.) Yassah, boss, yassah! Tote that barge! Lift that bale! Get a little drunk and they hang you on a nail! If you're white, you're right! Shuffle, shuffle, shuffle!

GLAS

(TURNS TO RANDALL. POINTS.) I don't like that kind of talk!

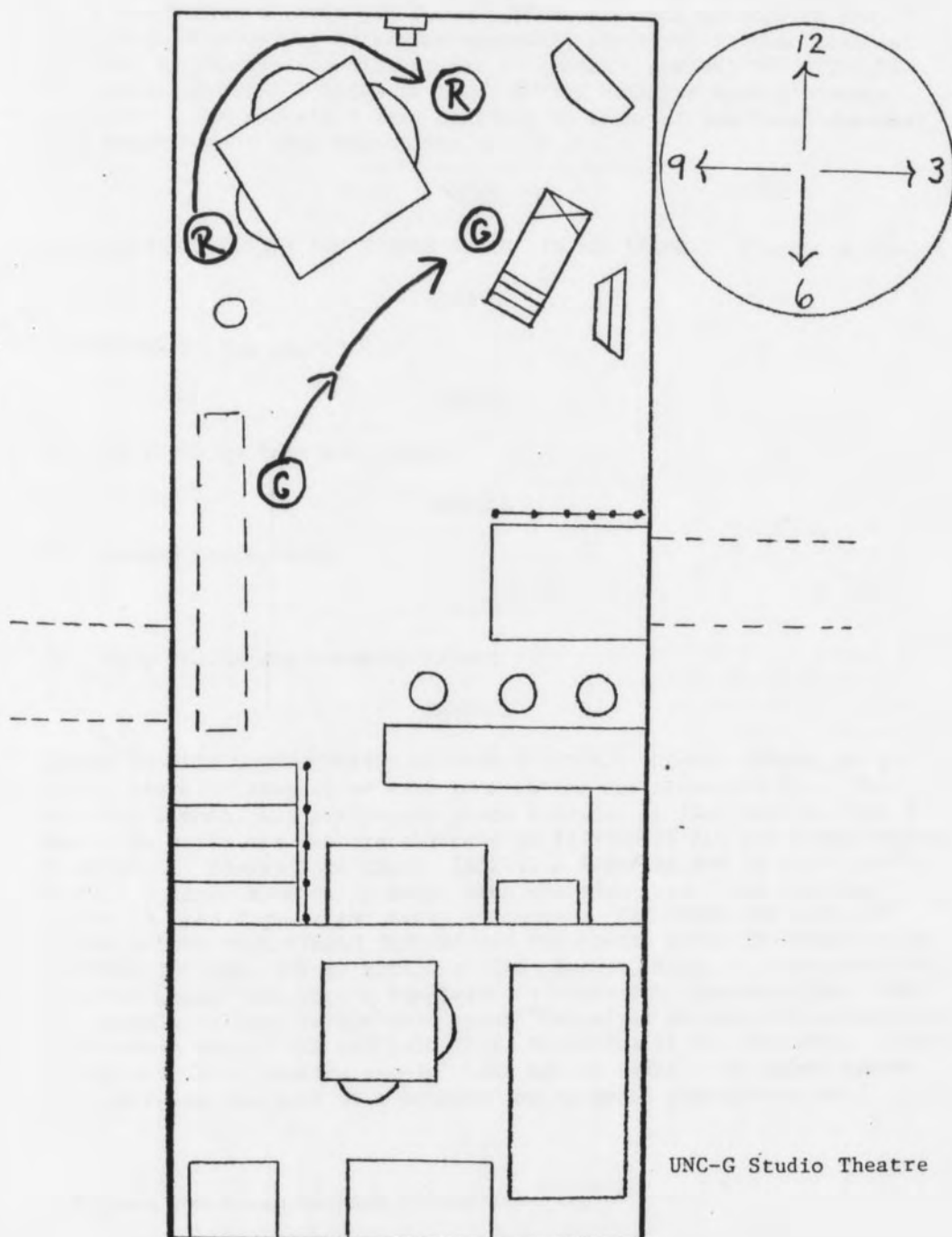
RANDALL

What kinda talk is that, daddy?

GLAS

And stop calling me daddy! (ABRUPTLY TURNS AND FOLDS LADDER ALMOST IN ONE MOTION AND MOVES IT TO STANDING POSITION BETWEEN TABLE AND MAGAZINE RACK.) (FIGURE 6)

FIGURE 6
 Floor Plan: Slow Dance on the Killing Ground
 Scale: $1/4" = 1'0"$



RANDALL

No offense intended, sir, I assure you, It is definitely not my intention to impugn the purity of your ancestral heritage, seein' as how I heard that a lotta you German (GLAS GOES BACK TO COUNTER AND WORKS WITH CLIPBOARD.) folks was unusually sensitive to that topic at one time in the not-too-distant past. (LEANING AGAINST THE STEPS OF THE LADDER AT THREE O'CLOCK IN FRONT OF THE MAGAZINE RACK.) Course, you bein' a Jew and all I been inclined to think of you bein' somewhat less sensitive in that there area.

GLAS

(GOES BEHIND COUNTER AND TOSSES APPLE IN THE TRASH.) I'm not a Jew.

RANDALL

(SURPRISED.) You ain't?

GLAS

Why don't you go home now, sonny.

RANDALL

I'm already there, baby.

GLAS

Oh? Your trunks are arriving later?

RANDALL

(MOVES TO AREA UNDER SHELVES AT NINE O'CLOCK.) Oh-oh. There you go again, slashin' away at me with your biting and satirical wit. No, but what I mean, any particular place I happen to find myself, that's home. My walls are the space around me (ACTING IT ALL OUT.) and heaven is my roof. Poetic like that. (MAKING A SWEEPING BOW IN GLAS' DIRECTION.) I live in my skin, baby, like everyone else. And anything I happen to need I got right here, of course. (HE OPENS HIS CAPE AND SWIRLS AROUND FULL CIRCLE SHOWING OFF THE LINING WHICH IS COVERED WITH ZIPPERED POCKETS, TOP TO BOTTOM.) You name it, I got it. No need for me to be borin' you with a complete and exhaustive inventory but like for example, I just earlier this evenin' acquired me this batter-operated tooth brush even. (HE DISPLAYS THIS, SWITCHING IT ONE AND OFF.) Cain't hardly wait till tomorra mornin', see how it works. It either gonna give my teeth one hell of a brushin' or it gonna electrocute me.

GLAS

I suppose you sleep walking around too, hah?

RANDALL

(RETURNS TOOTHBRUSH TO THE POCKET OF THE CAPE.) Oh, well, no, baby, I ain't quite perfected my organism to that level of development as yet. Of course, I got certain physical requirements that requires me to grab forty, fifty winks now and again. (MOVES OVER TO GUM MACHINE AND BUSIES HIMSELF WITH GETTING A PENNY FROM HIS COAT POCKET AND GETS A PIECE OF GUM DURING THE FOLLOWING.) But there's lottsa places for that if one is smart and uses the natural intelligence. For instance, I can always go down into the subway and get me the local to Pelham Bay Park and back again, which take about three days, sleepin' all the way. Then sometimes I spend the night in the Egyptian Room of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Very nice. Also, occasionally, the Cloisters. You know the Cloisters?

GLAS

The what?

RANDALL

The Cloisters. Uptown.

GLAS

No.

RANDALL

That's the best place. Absolutely. It's a place they built like where them monks used to live a long time ago, you know? A monastery. All stone and cool and quiet with a lotta old wooden statues of saints and Jesus Christ and people like that. That's the best place to sleep. (HE POPS THE PICE OF GUM IN HIS MOUTH, LOOKING DIRECTLY AT GLAS.)

GLAS

They don't catch you?

RANDALL

No, I hide pretty good. They ain't never caught me yet. . . Yeah, I sure woulda like to be one a them monks way back then. (STARTS AROUND TABLE ON TEN O'CLOCK SIDE.) You believe in reincarnation?

GLAS

Reincarnation?

RANDALL

Yeah.

GLAS

No.

RANDALL

(PICKS UP SODA FROM TABLE.) Ah. Well, I do. It can be a great comfort in this vale of tears, you be surprised. (MOVES ON AROUND TO AREA IN FRONT OF JUKEBOX.) I was a courtier in the court of Lorenzo de Medici one a my other times. Fifteenth century. . . yeah. . . (PAUSE. FOR A MOMENT RANDALL IS FAR AWAY, LOOKING OUT FACING THE JUKEBOX AT ONE O'CLOCK.) So, anyway, now I think I'm beginning' to understand. (TAKES A STEP TOWARD GLAS BETWEEN LADDER AND TABLE.) (FIGURE 7.)

GLAS

Hmm?

RANDALL

I mean, you not bein' a Jew and all. Here I been goin' on the false assumption that you was. Is. A Jewish man. That bein' the case, it been hard for me to reconcile the fact that you ain't been givin' a shit one way or the other about old Adolf here, (PICKS UP A NEWSPAPER FROM THE RACK.) swayin' gently to and fro, as they say, with a broken neck, ruptured larynx, deceased. But you not bein' a Jew, I now comprehend totally. Your indifference. (RANDALL MOVES TO TABLE AND SITS, PAPER IN HAND, CHAIR NUMBER TWO.)

GLAS

(CROSSES FROM BEHIND COUNTER, NEWSPAPER IN HAND, TOWARD RANDALL AT TABLE.) You think only Jews care?

RANDALL

They do seem to be the ones most upset and distraught by the matter, yeah. I mean, they 'as the ones who hung him. Seem to be somewhat bloodthirsty.

GLAS

What do you know about it?

RANDALL

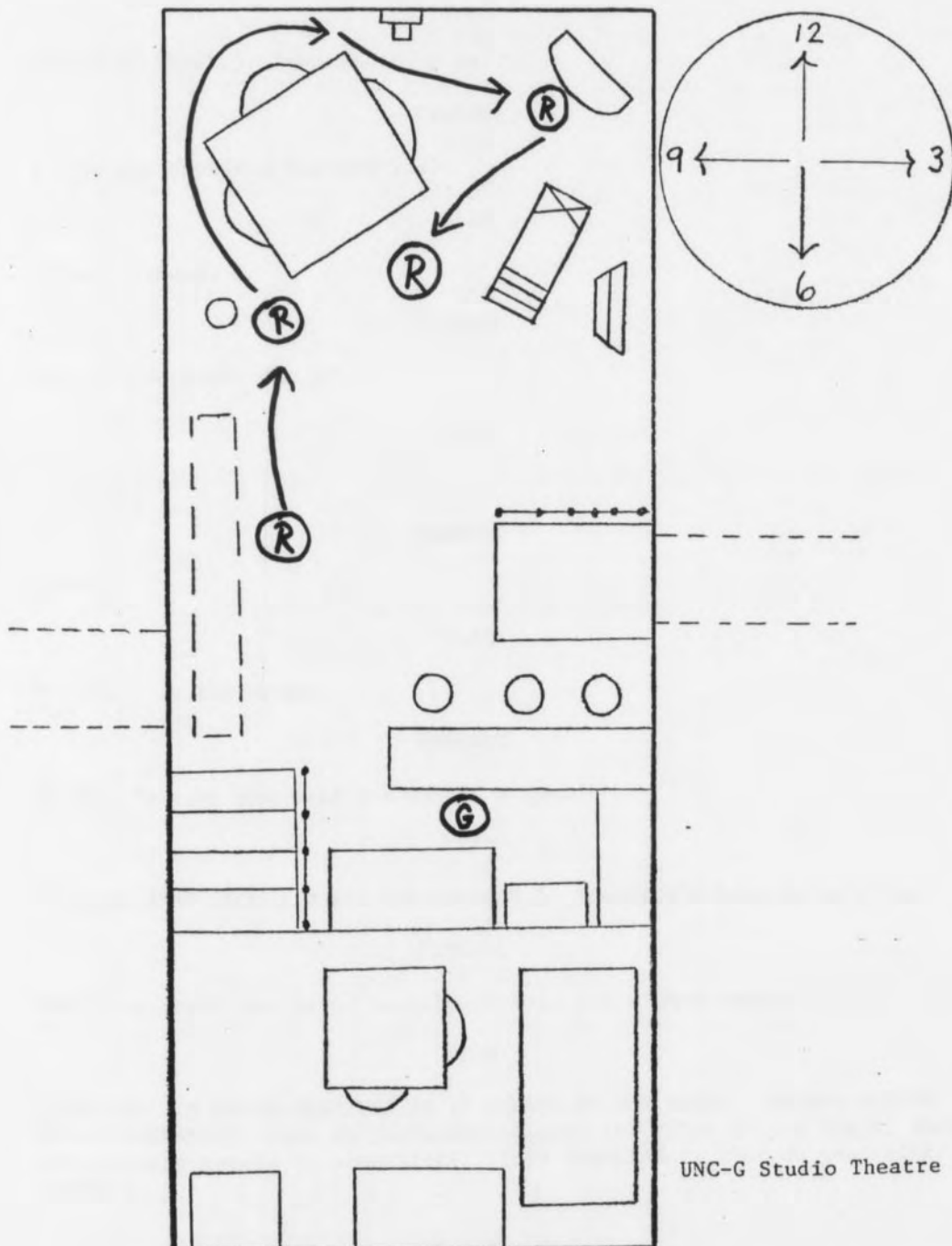
(WAVING NEWSPAPER.) What I read in the newspapers, baby.

GLAS

(DROPS PAPER ON TABLE, STANDING ACROSS FROM RANDALL.) There's more to know than what you read in the newspapers, believe me.

FIGURE 7

Floor Plan: Slow Dance on the Killing Ground
 Scale: $1/4" = 1'0"$



RANDALL

Why?

GLAS

(STILL AT TABLE.) Because there is.

RANDALL

I mean why should I believe you?

GLAS

Because I know.

RANDALL

What do you know, daddy?

GLAS

I was there.

RANDALL

Where?

GLAS

Germany. In the camps.

RANDALL

Mm-hm. Thought you said you wasn't a Jew.

GLAS

(WALKING AWAY FROM RANDALL TOWARD DOOR.) You didn't have to be a Jew.

RANDALL

What else could you be to be allowed into one of them camps?

GLAS

(STOPPING HIS CROSS ABRUPTLY AS IF STRUCK BY THE WORDS. WHIRLS AROUND TOWARD RANDALL.) What do you mean, allowed in? What do you think, they were private hotels or something? (THEN SHOUTING.) What do you think? (PAUSE.)

RANDALL

(STANDS. LEANS AGAINST TABLE, POINTING UMBRELLA AT GLAS.) Don't be hollerin' at me, Mister Glas, sir. One thing do get me all upset and nervous is for someone to be hollerin' at me. (GLAS WALKS AWAY TO STOOL NUMBER ONE, SITS LOOKING TOWARD SEVEN O'CLOCK.) I mean we gettin' along just fine, so long as we be nice to each other and don't go raisin' our voices in the heat of anger, know what I mean?

GLAS

(NOT APPEARING INTIMIDATED BY THE MENACE IN RANDALL'S TONE.) You're a real sensitive type, you are.

RANDALL

(PUTS UMBRELLA ON TABLE. MOVES TO LADDER AND LEANS AGAINST IT, FACING SIX O'CLOCK.) So what was you doin' in the concentration camp, then? If you wasn't a Jew? (PAUSE.)

GLAS

I was a political prisoner, a communist. (HE SPEAKS THIS VERY QUICKLY AND TURNS MORE IN THE DIRECTION OF THE COUNTER.)

RANDALL

Oh, man! That's worse! You was really a communist?

GLAS

That's right.

RANDALL

You still? A communist?

GLAS

No.

RANDALL

Uh, huh. So, what was it like, bein' in one a them concentration camps?

GLAS

(LOOKING AT RANDALL.) You don't know?

RANDALL

How would I know? I ain't never been in one. Been in one or two places bearin' a close resemblance to concentration camps, but I am otherwise

without firsthand knowledge of their true nature. So this here is a ideal opportunity for you to fill in one a them gaps in what might be referred to as my smorgasbord education (GLAS SMILES.) You got a real nice smile, Mister Glas, sir. You smiled more often you'd be winnin' friends and influencin' people all over the place.

GLAS

I'm not interested in--

BOTH

(UNISON.) Winning friends and influencing people.

RANDALL

(NODDING) I know, I know. So what was it like, then. (PAUSE.)

GLAS

(SPEAKS WITHOUT EMOTION, FACE A MASK, VOICE FLAT AND DULL. GRABS HIS KNEE.) They smashed my leg. In four places. Starting at the ankle and working their way up.

RANDALL

(MATTER-OF-FACTLY, SEEMINGLY UNMOVED.) Why'd they do that?

GLAS

Why?

RANDALL

(MOVING BEHIND BALUSTRADE AT THREE O'CLOCK NEAR WINDOW.) I mean, was it just a slow afternoon like and they had nothin' better to do, or what?

GLAS

(AFTER A PAUSE, AS THOUGH HE HAD NOT HEARD.) And there was a time we found out that one of the prisoners had acquired some parts of a dead body and given them to the cook in return for certain favors. The cook kept the regular meat ration for himself and put the human flesh in the stew, which the prisoners ate.

RANDALL

(QUIETLY.) Oh, man.

GLAS

When we found out, first we killed the cook. We stuffed his mouth with the meat, the human flesh, and pushed his head into the stewpot and held him under until he was dead. (GLAS STANDS AND CROSSES TO NINE O'CLOCK END OF COUNTER.) The next night we killed the other one, the prisoner. We picked him up, four of us, and threw him against the fence. (PAUSE.)

RANDALL

Yeah?

GLAS

Mm.

RANDALL

(MOVES TOWARD GUM MACHINE, LOOKING AT GLAS,) So?

GLAS

What?

RANDALL

What then? I mean, you threw him against the fence?

GLAS

(MOVES BEHIND COUNTER AND PULLS OUT A BOX OF CANDLES.) It was wired, the fence. He was electrocuted. (PAUSE.)

RANDALL

That's cool.

GLAS

(A CANDLE IN HIS HAND.) But you don't have to go back to those days and those places to find Nazis. It was Nazis put that there. (POINTING IN DIRECTION OF THREE O'CLOCK.)

RANDALL

Which?

GLAS

That. That monstrosity, (CROSSING FROM BEHIND COUNTER.) that noise box. (RANDALL CROSSES OVER TO JUKEBOX.) What do you think it's doing

here? One day two men come in and look around ask me how would I like a jukebox, give the place a little class? I say no, thanks just the same, I don't need no jukeboxes today. They say, sure I do, they can tell just by looking at me that I need a jukebox. I say no, still very polite. They say yes, only not so nice this time. I say no again, they say yes, I say definitely no. (POINTS TO WINDOW.) So the next night a brick through the window, glass flying all over the place, a cut on my head. So I have a jukebox. (TURNS, TAKES A STEP TOWARD STEPS TO BACK ROOM.) And those men, they wear white ties with their black shirts, but around the eyes--just like the Nazis. (GLAS IS NOW ON SECOND STEP OF THE STAIRS AT SEVEN O'CLOCK LOOKING AT RANDALL.)

RANDALL

You shoulda reported those gentlemen to your local law enforcement authorities.

GLAS

(COMING DOWN THE STEPS, GOING BEHIND COUNTER.) That's the first funny joke you made yet, sonny. (ABSENTLY. A CANDLE IN HIS HAND.) They light a candle.

RANDALL

(CROSSING TO TABLE NEAR GUM MACHINE.) Say again.

GLAS

A candle. Every year a bunch of Jewish people get together and light a fat candle for the six million Jews the Nazis killed. A candle. (PUTS CANDLE ON COUNTER.) For six million people you light the sun, maybe. But a candle?

RANDALL

(LOOKING AT GLAS.) Even a fat candle?

GLAS

(ANGRILY.) You even make a joke about that? (GLAS TURNS AWAY AT COUNTER.)

RANDALL

(RANDALL TURNS TOWARD TABLE AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK, REMOVES HIS GLASSES AND HIS HAT, PUTS THEM ON THE TABLE, PUTS THE GUM IN A TISSUE FROM HIS POCKET, PUTS IT ON THE TABLE. TURNS TO FACE GLAS. WHEN RANDALL SPEAKS NOW, THE DIALECT IS GONE, THERE IS NO TRACE OF THE DISTORTED SPEECH RHYTHM, THE FRENETIC DELIVERY AND THE LEVEL OF THE VOICE IS LOWER AND NORMAL.)

Perhaps a candle would do for the living, Mister Glas. (PAUSE.)

GLAS

(CLEARLY PUZZLED. TURNS TO RANDALL.) What?

RANDALL

What I mean to say is that if the dead require the sun, perhaps a mere candle would do for the living. Like you. Or me. Tell you what: the first chance I get, I'll light a candle for you. Place a small sign on it, perhaps: This candle for Mr. Glas, exclusively. (GLAS MOVES FROM BEHIND COUNTER TO AREA AT NINE O'CLOCK UNDER THE SHELVES.) One of the living. Don't be confused, Mister Glas, sir. It's just that sometimes. . . I run out of gas, so to speak.

GLAS

(LOOKING AROUND THE STORE, TAKING RANDALL'S REMARK LITERALLY.) Gas? What gas? Listen--

RANDALL

Well, what I mean, energy. What I mean to say is that it requires a great deal of energy to be what one is not. For any extended length of time. You'd be surprised how much energy is required. (GLAS APPROACHES RANDALL, MOVING BEHIND CHAIRS ONE AND TWO AT TABLE.) Which cannot be sustained indefinitely. Also, it always bores me finally.

GLAS

(AT TABLE.) You talk different.

RANDALL

True. True. Precisely.

GLAS

(INDICATING HAT, GLASSES AND UMBRELLA ON TABLE.) What are you, some kind of an actor or something?

RANDALL

(AT FOOT OF LADDER.) Not exactly, no.

GLAS

What do you mean, not exactly? What kind of funny business--?

RANDALL

I mean only to the extent that we all are. Do you know what I mean. (PAUSE.)

GLAS

(A STEP CLOSER TO THE WALL PHONE.) I don't know and I don't care.
 (POINTING ACROSS THE TABLE.) There's the door, sonny. You go out
 just the way you come in and we won't have any trouble around here, okay?

RANDALL

(IN DALECT AGAIN, TAKES A STEP AWAY FROM GLAS.) You gettin' me all
 wrong, daddy. Ain't gonna be no trouble, nohow. (PAUSE.)

GLAS

(QUICKLY MAKING HIS WAY TO THE PHONE, A BIT AWKWARD.) I think maybe
 I call the cops. (TOO LATE. RANDALL IS THERE, RIPS THE RECEIVER FROM
 THE BOX, RETURNS IT TO GLAS, THE CORD DANGLING.)

RANDALL

Say hello for me. (GLAS STARES FOR A MOMENT, THEN MOVES BACK AROUND
 THE TABLE COUNTER CLOCKWISE.) You can go and get them if you like,
 of course. The police. I won't stop you. (MOVES BETWEEN LADDER AND
 TABLE. AGAIN IN DIALECT.) 'Course they ain't no tellin' how far away
 they be. (TAKES A FEW STEPS TOWARD BALUSTRADE.) And there ain't no
 way of tellin' what this place look like by the time you get back.
 And they ain't absolutely no way of tellin' where I be by that time.
 (RANDALL WATCHES CLOSELY, SMILING, WAITING FOR GLAS TO MAKE THE NEXT
 MOVE AND KNOWING WHAT IT WILL BE.)

GLAS

(MOVES QUICKLY BEHIND COUNTER, GROPING. HE COMES UP IN A RAGE.) Where
 is it?

RANDALL

(LEANING ON THE LADDER.) What's that.

GLAS

(KNOWING ALREADY.) The gun, God damn it!

RANDALL

Oh, that. That's in my pocket (PATS HIS CAPE POCKET.), yes.

GLAS

Stupid

RANDALL

Me?

GLAS

(AFTER A PAUSE, GRINNING HUMORLESSLY.) No, not you. What do you want? Tell me what you want, you take it and you leave, hah? Just go away and leave me alone. I don't want any trouble.

RANDALL

(CROSSES TO STREET DOOR. LOOKS OUT.) If I were you I'd write a letter to the mayor or something about that. No street lights: very bad for business, no street lights. Who wants to walk down a dark street, anymore? (HE ADDS, IN DIALECT, MOVING OVER THE TABLE, PICKING UP HAT AND GLASSES MOMENTARILY.) 'Ceptin' maybe chaps like me. (PUTS HAT AND GLASSES BACK ON TABLE AND MOVES TO LOOK OUT THE WINDOW.) I mean, there is a certain fear and tension amongst the populace, you know what I mean? And a reluctance to venture down dark streets. (MOVES TO DOOR LOOKING OUT.) A reluctance to venture down dark streets. (MOVES BACK BEHIND BALUSTRADE AND LOOKS OUT WINDOW. HE BEGINS TO HUM AGAIN THE SAME TUNE.)

GLAS

(MOVES FROM BEHIND COUNTER TO STEPS AT SEVEN O'CLOCK AND SITS ON TOP-MOST STEP.) What's the idea with you, anyway? The funny talk and the phony stories. What's the idea with all that?

RANDALL

You do me wrong, Mister Glas, sir: I speak only the truth.

GLAS

All that about being a genius, that's the truth, hah? (RANDALL NODS INDIFFERENTLY.) I suppose you were born with a hole in your heart, too.

RANDALL

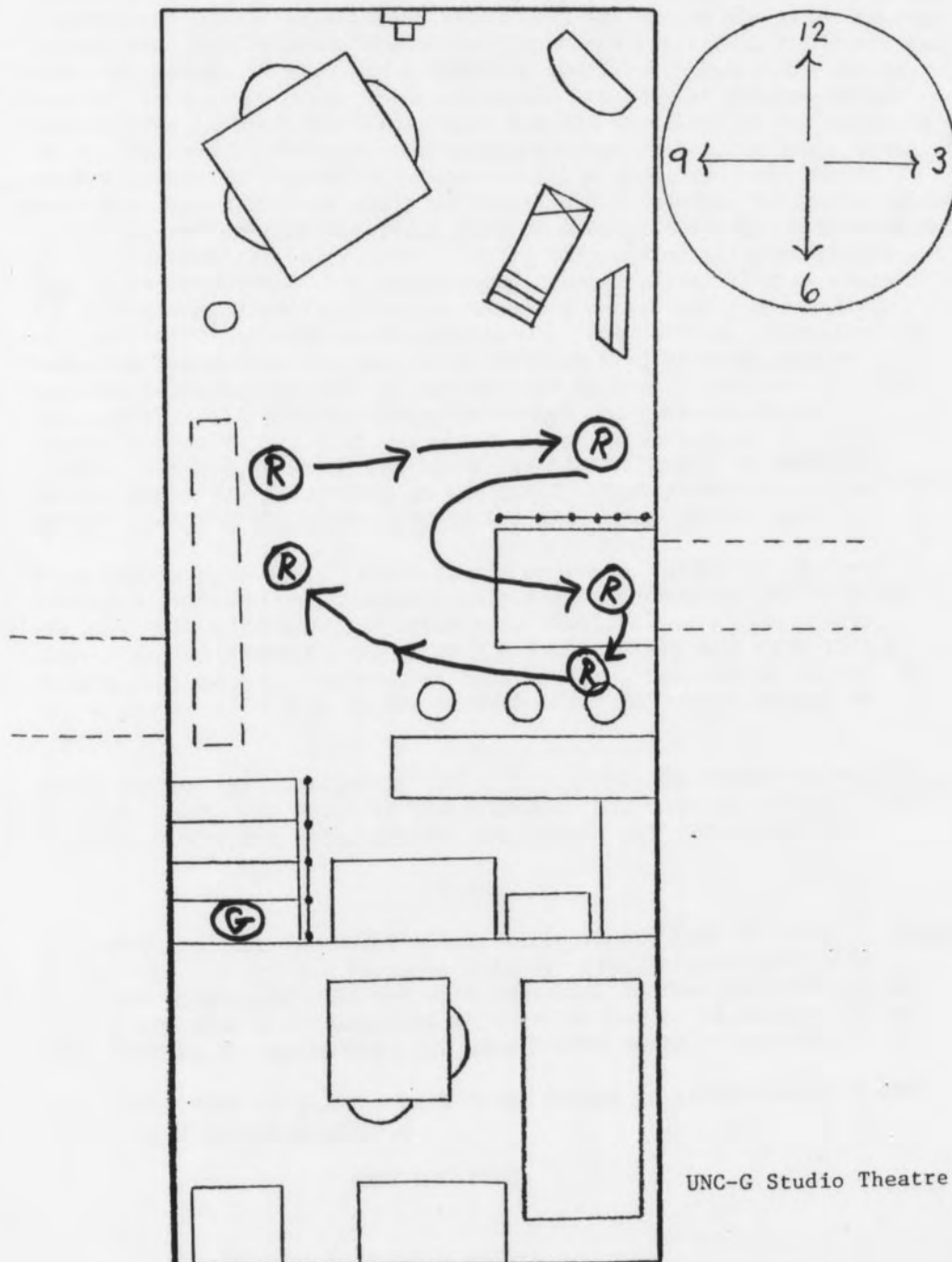
(TURNING FULL TO GLAS.) True, all true. Actually it's the only thing in my life for which I have an explanation, the hole in my heart. (TAKES A FEW STEPS INTO CENTER OF STORE.) Randall, you see, was conceived of a union between his mother and one of the numberless men she never saw again, his mother being a prostitute by profession. Conceived of lust and the natural hungers of the flesh, but without love. It was that absence of love that left the hole in Randall's heart, no mistake. (CROSSES OVER TO TABLE, TAKES OFF CAPE AND PLACES IT CAREFULLY ON TABLE.) I mean, picture if you will, Randall, at the age of approximately six months when his momma discovered that his heart hadn't healed up all the way, like it was supposed to, like everyone else's, while he was still in his momma's womb. (ALL IN AREA OF NINE O'CLOCK UNDER SHELVES AND CENTER OF STORE.) A comparatively rare occurrence, indeed. So they executed with skill and care a delicate operation and sewed up that nasty hole in Randall's wee heart. A colloquial expression, that, a hole in the

heart, but true. True. (AWAY, TOWARD WINDOW AREA.) She used it often, his momma did. It got so that Randall began to think if he heard that expression one more time (UP INTO DOORWAY.) he be about ready to cut somebody's throat, it being a toss-up whether it would be his own or his momma's. (STEPS DOWN FROM DOORWAY TOWARD STOOL NUMBER THREE, SITS AND BEGINS A SLOW ROCKING MOTION.) He was saved from the perpetration of that rash act, however, by the fact that about that time his momma was apprehended for offerin' her charms to a officer of the law. Funny thing is he didn't arrest her until after he'd accepted her offer. Know what I mean? Reason I know is, I was in the closet at the time, watchin', unbeknownst to momma and her gentleman visitor who proved subsequently to be an officer of the law. (STOPS ROCKING.) I was seven years old at the time, and fond of playin' in momma's closet. Poor momma. That old cop gettin' up offa her and pullin' up his pants and flashin' his shiny old badge, was she surprised. Mad too, of course, but mostly surprised, I remember that very clear. That was her third arrest for lewd and lascivious behavior and she got detained for ninety days in the Women's House of Detention. (MOVES BACK TO DOORWAY, HALF LOOKING OUT.) It was durin' that time of her detention that somebody or other took high offense at the fact of me striking one of my playmates lightly on the face without first taking the precaution of removing the beer can opener from my hand, an oversight which made for quite a little bit of a mess so far as the little chap's face was concerned. So, my momma bein' elsewhere occupied and me bein' otherwise kinless, they up and put me in a kinda home. (STEPS DOWN FROM DOORWAY TOWARD CENTER OF STORE THEN NEAR GUM MACHINE.) (FIGURE 8.)

That's where they first discovered about me bein' so smart and all 'cause at the time I was carryin' in my pocket a book of poems which I had acquired free of charge under somewhat surreptitious circumstances and which had been authored by someone whose name I couldn't pronounce and they said what was I doin' with a book like that, and I said readin' it. (CROSS TO UNDER THE SHELVES.) Then after a while, they let me go back to my momma who was free and swingin' again. Now you have a kinda montage effect (GESTURING WITH THE HANDS DIRECTLY TOWARD GLAS.) showin' mommma plyin' her trade and Randall gettin' the picture very gradual but very clear and this goes on for several years, Randall listenin' to the men clompin' up the stairs with his momma and down again alone, leavin' momma in the bedroom with the sound of running water. About that time was when she stopped usin' that expression. You know: about the hole in Randall's heart? She stopped usin' it and Randall started. Had a nice ring to it, that expression, and it explained a lotta things just right. Like for instance, the time Randall is in the process of fleein' the scene of a crime, as they say, when a thirty-eight caliber bullet fired from the gun bein' held steadily in the hand of one of New York's Finest, marksmen all, when that bullet entered his back just under the left shoulder blade (STUMBLES FORWARD POINTING TO THE SPOT ON HIS BACK AS IF BEING SHOT, LEANS AGAINST THE LADDER, FACING TWO O'CLOCK.) and lodged against the back side of a rib, the force of the blow propelling Randall some ten feet or so right into the gutter on his face. And there Randall lay with his mouth in a little river of rainwater, shot through the heart. (PAUSE. THEN TURNING TOWARD GLAS.)

FIGURE 8

Floor Plan: Slow Dance on the Killing Ground
 Scale: $1/4" = 1'0"$



Oh, you know what the doctors said, naturally they said that bullet had struck him just an inch below the heart but he knew better, Randall did. He knew goddamned well that little old bullet had passed through the hole in his heart and out the other side. (CROSSES TO TABLE AND SITS CHAIR NUMBER TWO.) Follows two years of restitution for Randall in a woodsy little correctional farm for Youthful Offenders in the upper reaches of New York State. And wouldn't you know that on attainin' his freedom, who should be standin' there to greet him at the train station but his dear little momma who wrote him three letters in two years and never did manage to make him a visit in the flesh. But there she is, standin' in a silky green dress and a white hat, sayin' welcome home, Randall, you lookin' just fine. And Randall just look at her right in the eye for about a minute or two and says real quiet, go away, momma. Which disturbs her no end, for some reason or other and sets her to screaming on a graduated scale of pitch and intensity, following Randall across the vastness of the Grand Central Station and all the folks lookin' on and listenin' to the flashy, colored lady makin' all that racket, they're so uninhibited and spontaneous, those people. Her screamin' I'm your momma, Randall, I'm your momma no matter what, and various and assorted other demands of endearment. And the last thing Randall hears was her screamin', you got no love in you, Randall, you're all mean and black inside and you got no love in you! Which was all too true, of course. Because that piece which had never grown into Randall's heart? . . . That was the place where love is. Of course. (PAUSE. THE LIGHTS WHICH HAD GRADUALLY DIMMED EXCEPT TO HIGHLIGHT RANDALL WHILE HE WAS SITTING AT THE TABLE, START A GRADUAL DIM BACK TO SETTING AT ACT'S BEGINNING. RANDALL RISES. PUTS ON HIS CAPE.)

Never make a long story short, that's my motto. (PAUSE.) Is your silence a profound one, Mister Glas? (RANDALL PICKS UP HIS GLASSES AND HAT, PUTS THEM ON WHILE SPEAKING.) Well, silence also speaks, daddy. (SINGS QUIETLY. PICKS UP HIS UMBRELLA AND GOES OVER TO THE JUKEBOX.) I went to the rock to hide my face, the rock cried out, no hiding place. . . (GLAS IS NOW STANDING ATOP THE STEPS LOOKING AT RANDALL.)

(ROSIE BEGINS HER ENTRANCE UP THE AISLE TOWARD THE DOORWAY WHEN RANDALL BEGINS HIS SONG AND CROSS TO THE JUKEBOX. SHE LOOKS AS IF LOST, THEN RELEIVED TO SEE THE STORE AHEAD. SHE STAMPS INTO THE DOORWAY)

ROSIE

(WITH MINGLED RAGE AND FRUSTRATION, IMPLORINGLY, NEAR TO TEARS.) Where the hell is the goddamn Brooklyn Bridge? (SHE FEELS HERSELF GOING, GRABS THE BALUSTRADE WITH ONE HAND, CRUMBLES TO THE FLOOR IN A FAINT. RANDALL AND GLAS REACT STARTLED FROM THEIR PLACES. A SECOND. GLAS MOVES QUICKLY TO THE DOORWAY AND KNEELS OVER ROSIE.) (FIGURE 9)

(THE LIGHTS FADE TO BLACK. SLOW COUNT OF SIX AS ACTORS LEAVE IN THE DARK. HOUSE LIGHTS FADE UP.)

(ACT ONE ENDS)

FIGURE 9



UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

ACT TWO

Scene One

SCENE: THE HOUSE LIGHTS DIM OUT TO BLACK FROM HALF. THE ACTORS TAKE THEIR PLACES IN BLACK. THE HOUSE LIGHTS COME UP AND ALL ARE AS BEFORE WITH GLAS BENDING OVER ROSIE, EXCEPT NOW RANDALL IS SILENTLY PERCHED ATOP THE LADDER, VERY STILL, SERVEYING THE SCENE BELOW WITH GLAS AND ROSIE.

GLAS

Miss? . . . Miss! (DISTRAUGHT, HE SLAPS HER FACE LIGHTLY, TENTATIVELY. HE LOOKS ABOUT FOR A MOMENT, DISORGANIZED. THEN HE GETS TO HIS FEET AND CROSSES UP THE STEPS AT SEVEN O'CLOCK INTO THE BACK ROOM, IGNORING RANDALL. HE PICKS UP A BOTTLE FROM THE FLOOR BETWEEN THE SINK AND THE REFRIGERATOR AND QUICKLY RETURNS TO ROSIE. HE NOTES RANDALL'S ABSENCE BRIEFLY BY LOOKING AROUND QUICKLY, BUT NOT UP, AND ASSUMES RANDALL IS GONE. HE STOOPS TO THE GIRL, REMOVES THE CAP FROM THE BOTTLE, PUTS THE CAP ON STOOL NUMBER THREE, LIFTS HER HEAD AND HOLDS THE BOTTLE UNDER HER NOSE, WAFTING IT. SHE COMES AWAKE CHOKING AND COUGHING.)

ROSIE

Jesus! (SHE SITS UP, GRASPS THE BOTTLE, LOOKING AT THE LABEL, PUSHES IT AWAY.) Ammonia! Jesus!

GLAS

Are you all right?

ROSIE

(SITTING UP NOW, GROGGY.) I fainted.

GLAS

Yes. Are you all right?

ROSIE

I know it sounds corny as hell but where am I?

GLAS

(PUTS AMMONIA BOTTLE ON STOOL NUMBER THREE.) My name is Glas. This is my place, my store.

ROSIE

I am in Brooklyn, though, right?

GLAS

Oh, yes.

ROSIE

I got lost. Goddamned BMT.

GLAS

You're looking for the Brooklyn Bridge?

ROSIE

Yeah. At this point I'm strongly considering jumping off it.

GLAS

I beg your pardon?

ROSIE

I think I can get up now. (SHE IMMEDIATELY STARTS UP. GLAS ASSISTS HER TO HER FEET. HE MOTIONS TOWARD THE TABLE AND CHAIRS, BUT ROSIE NODS NO AND PUSHES TOWARD THE COUNTER.)

GLAS

Maybe you better sit for a little bit, hah? (ROSIE LEANS FIRST ON THE COUNTER BETWEEN STOOLS ONE AND TWO, THEN SLUMPS DOWN ON STOOL.)

ROSIE

(PICKS UP THE NEWSPAPER, GLANCES AT THE HEADLINE.) Oh, they hung the bastard, huh? Good. (SHE DROPS THE PAPER.)

GLAS

(PICKS UP AMMONIA BOTTLE AND CAP.) I should call a doctor for you maybe, hah?

ROSIE

No, no, that won't be necessary. But listen, I'll tell you something that would help out a lot.

GLAS

Yeah?

ROSIE

Is there a bathroom around?

GLAS

You're going to be sick?

ROSIE

Well no. It's just I've been walking all over Brooklyn for hours and I have to go to the bathroom pretty bad.

GLAS

Oh, I see. (CROSSES FROM BEHIND COUNTER.) Oh. . . well, yes I got a bathroom sure. Straight back through there, the second door on the left hand side of the hallway. (HE POINTS OFF DOWN AISLE IN DIRECTION OF NINE O'CLOCK WITH ONE HAND AND REACHES TO ASSIST ROSIE WITH THE OTHER.)

ROSIE

Thank you very much. (SHE STARTS OUT, STILL A BIT GROGGY, ASSISTED TO THE EDGE OF THE STORE BY GLAS. SHE GOES OFF.)

GLAS

(WATCHES ROSIE FOR A MOMENT, THEN HIS ATTENTION IS CAUGHT BY RANDALL'S EMPTY SODA BOTTLE ON TABLE. HE CROSSES OVER, PICKS UP THE BOTTLE AND CROSSES IMMEDIATELY TOWARD THE DOOR TO LOOK OUT INTO THE STREET. BEFORE HE REACHES THE DOOR, RANDALL CLEARS HIS THROAT. GLAS WHIRLS AROUND AND DISCOVERS RANDALL ATOP THE LADDER. AFTER A PAUSE, HE SPEAKS.) I don't know what to do about you. (TAKES A FEW STEPS TOWARD THE LADDER.) What do you want here?

RANDALL

(IN DIALECT.) What is it make you think I gotta be wantin' somethin'? I asked you for anything yet? Nothin'. So what so difficult to understand about that? (GLAS MOVES BACK BEHIND THE COUNTER AND PUTS THE AMMONIA BOTTLE AWAY UNDER THE COUNTER.) I merely come trippin' merrily into here, real casual-like, to pass the time of the evenin' and right away you figurin' me to cut you up and rob you, or somethin'! You been watchin' too much of the TV, that the problem with you, I think, and lettin' your imagination run riot, as they say.

GLAS

I don't have a TV.

RANDALL

Whooeee, you a difficult man, indeed.

GLAS

In the first place, you didn't come in here casual, you came in here running. I saw you.

RANDALL

We already decided that to be a matter of opinion, I been thinkin'--the truth not always bein' found in the eye of the beholder. What about in the second place?

GLAS

(COMING FROM BEHIND THE COUNTER TO AREA UNDER THE SHELVES NEAR THE TABLE) In the second place, someone who destroys my property and steals my pistol which I had to apply for a special permit at the Police Department, (MOVES TO THE TABLE ON THE TEN O'CLOCK SIDE, PICKS UP THE RECEIVER FROM THE TABLE AND REPLACES IT ON THE WALL PHONE.) otherwise it's against the law-- (MOVING ON AROUND THE TABLE TO FOOT OF LADDER, LOOKING UP AT RANDALL.) (FIGURE 10) Not to mention the fact of all this funny talk when you can speak as good as me. That's in the third place. Why do you talk like that if you can talk properly?

RANDALL

A matter of self-induced schizophrenia, purely. (GLAS MOVES TO COUNTER.) You lookin' at the Doctor Jekyll and Mister Hyde of the Negro race, daddy.

GLAS

(SITS STOOL NUMBER ONE, FACING TWELVE O'CLOCK.) You mock yourself.

RANDALL

(NATURALLY.) Perhaps not myself. (PAUSE. DIALECT.) So whatta you figure she wants, then? . . . The little chick with the orange hair currently occupyin' your bathroom.

GLAS

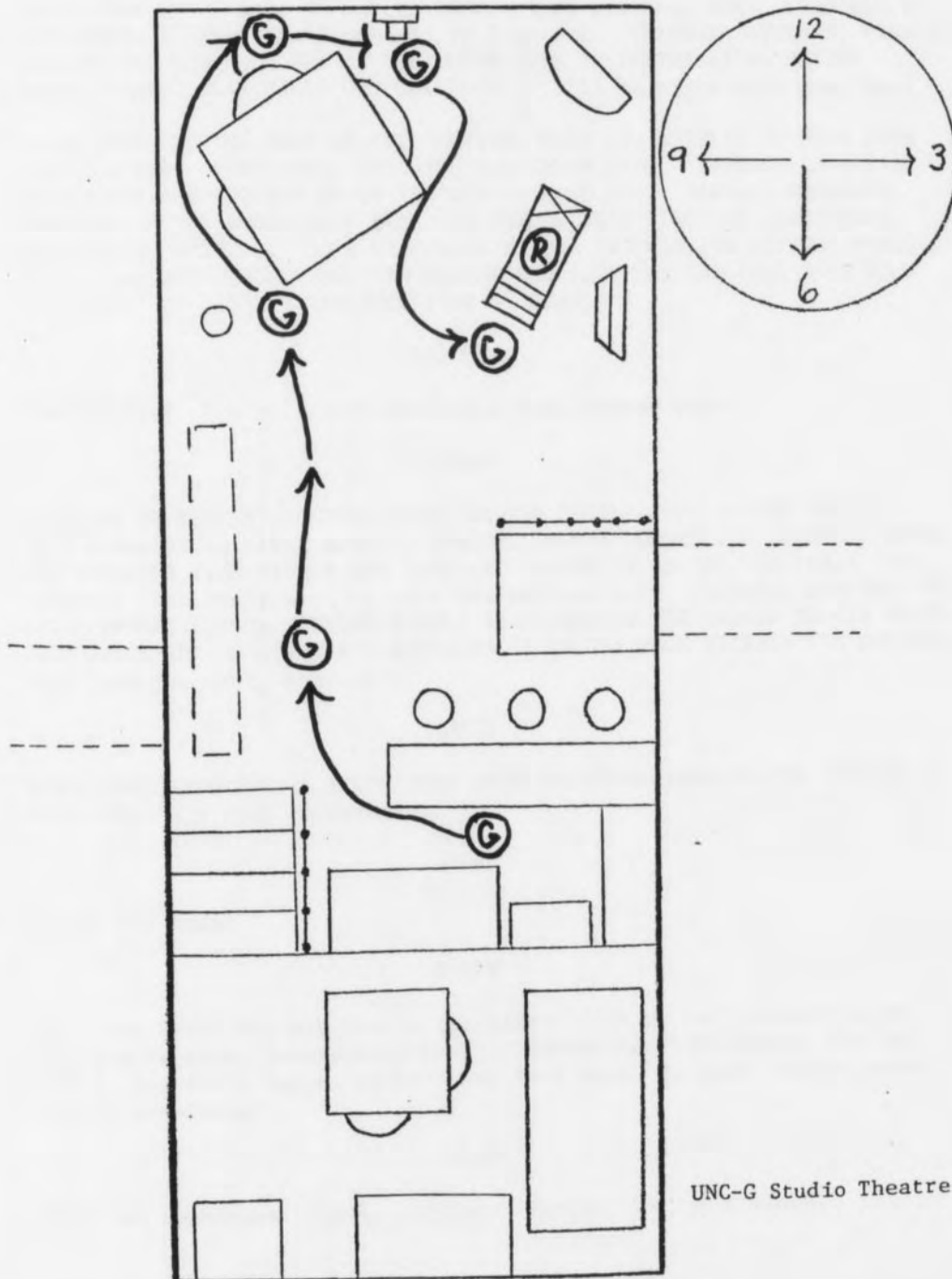
How do I know what she wants? The Brooklyn Bridge, she says.

RANDALL

Which sound to me suspicious in the extreme. Don't it hit you somewhat suspicious? (BEFORE GLAS CAN REPLY, A BRIEF GROAN OF A SIREN IS HEARD. RANDALL REACTS IMMEDIATELY AND STARTS QUICKLY DOWN THE LADDER MOVING TO THE WINDOW.) I do believe that be the cops.

FIGURE 10

Floor Plan: Slow Dance on the Killing Ground
 Scale: $1/4" = 1'0"$



GLAS

(GLAS MOVES TOWARD THE DOOR. RANDALL, AT THE WINDOW, STEPS QUICKLY UP TO THE BALUSTRADE AND THROWS HIS UMBRELLA OVER THE BALUSTRADE AND IT IS WEDGED IN THE DOORWAY DANGEROUSLY NEAR GLAS WHO STOPS AND REGARDS RANDALL AND THE UMBRELLA.) They won't come in if I go out. (SILENCE.) They come every night--for a bottle of soda and an ice cream pop. They don't come in, I take it out to them. Curb service, hah? (RANDALL IS NOT AMUSED.) They won't come in if I go out. (RANDALL RELENTS, FINALLY, PULLING THE UMBRELLA OUT OF THE FLOOR WITH AN INTIMIDATING MOTION TOWARD GLAS. GLAS CALLS OUT THE DOOR.) I'll be right with you, hah?

(GLAS MOVES TO THE REAR OF THE COUNTER, GETS TWO BOTTLES OF SODA FROM THE SODA BOX, OPENS THEM; GETS TWO ICE CREAM POPS. GATHERS IT ALL IN BOTH HANDS AND CROSSES UP TO THE DOORWAY AND OUT. RANDALL CROUCHES DOWN BEHIND THE BALUSTRADE NEAR THE WINDOW, WATCHING OUT CAUTIOUSLY, MOTIONLESS, WAITING. GLAS REAPPEARS IN THE DOORWAY AND RETURNS RANDALL'S GAZE. RANDALL WATCHES OUT THE WINDOW AND SEES THE CAR PULL AWAY FROM THE CURB. HE RETURNS HIS ATTENTION TO GLAS.)

RANDALL

(NATURALLY.) You're a very confusing man, Mister Glas.

GLAS

(CROSSES TO BEHIND COUNTER, THROWING THE BOTTLE CAPS IN THE TRASH.) It's a confusing life, sonny. (RANDALL MOVES TOWARD THE COUNTER, TAKES THE REVOLVER FROM WITHIN THE CAPE AND PLACES IT ON THE COUNTER.) The bullets? You don't want to take the bullets out? (RANDALL REGARDS THE GUN A MOMENT BEFORE TURNING SLOWLY RE-ASCENDING THE LADDER TO HIS PERCH. GLAS TAKES THE REVOLVER AND REPLACES IT ON ITS HOOK BENEATH THE COUNTER.) What have you done, Randall?

ROSIE

(ENTERING, REFRESHED. STEPS JUST INTO THE STORE BENEATH THE SHELVES.) Well, that's a vast improvement.

GLAS

How do you feel?

ROSIE

Well, the truth is, all that's the matter with me is I haven't eaten anything in about twenty-four hours. (MOVES TO STOOL NUMBER ONE AND SITS.) You don't happen to have any food here, do you? Like a sandwich or something?

GLAS

Candy and ice-cream. Soda. Coffee. Pastry--but it's stale.

ROSIE

Is there anyplace around here I could get something to eat?

GLAS

Not this time of night. You really haven't eaten anything in all that time?

ROSIE

No. What time is it, anyway?

RANDALL

(IMMEDIATELY.) 'Cordin' to my twenny-one jewel, Swiss movement chronometer (ROSIE TURNS TO LOOK UP AT RANDALL, STARTLED.) watch it is now seventeen and a half minutes past eleven o'clock in the evenin' of June the first, nineteen hundred and sixty two.

ROSIE

Who's he.

RANDALL

Randall.

GLAS

This week. (THE PRIVATE JOKE IS ACKNOWLEDGED BETWEEN RANDALL AND GLAS, LEAVING ROSIE SOMEWHAT CONFUSED, BUT SHE LETS IT PASS.) Don't pay any attention to him.

ROSIE

It's a little hard not to pay any attention to a guy with an umbrella and sunglasses sitting on top of a ladder in a candy store, but I'll try if you think it's the best thing. Randall, was it?

RANDALL

Hidi, little chick!

ROSIE

Rosie.

RANDALL

Rosie. Welcome back to the realm of the conscious, Rosie.

ROSIE

Thank you very much.

GLAS

(CROSSING FROM BEHIND COUNTER TO CENTER OF STORE TOWARD LADDER.) All right, stop that talk will you, goddamnit! (TURNING TO ROSIE.) He doesn't really talk that way.

ROSIE

I beg your pardon?

GLAS

He doesn't really talk that way. (BANGS ON LADDER.) Come down off the goddamn ladder now! (PAUSE. GLAS IS GLARING AT RANDALL. RANDALL IS WIPING THE LENSES OF HIS GLASSES WITH A HANDKERCHIEF--WITHOUT REMOVING THEM FROM HIS EYES. ROSIE LOOKS FROM ONE TO THE OTHER, AND WANTS NO PART OF EITHER OF THEM.)

ROSIE

(GETTING DOWN FROM THE STOOL.) Well, I guess I'll be going, then, okay?

GLAS

(TURNING TO ROSIE.) No, wait. I think you should rest maybe for--

ROSIE

Look, I don't know what kind of a nuthouse I fell into here, but I'm just not really in the mood for it tonight. (GLAS CROSSES TO DOORWAY.) Any other night, okay, it might prove to be interesting, but tonight, no, definitely no. (SHE TAKES TWO STEPS AND FEELS FAINT AGAIN.) Oh boy. (SHE REACHES BACK FOR STOOL AS GLAS RUSHES TO ASSIST HER.)

GLAS

You're not well, miss.

ROSIE

It's all right. I'll be okay in no time at all. What time did you say it was? (TURNING TO LOOK AT RANDALL.) Just the hour, I know what year it is. (GLAS RETURNS TO BEHIND COUNTER.)

RANDALL

'leven thirty.

ROSIE

Well, it's too late now even if I could find it. (SHE TAKES OUT A SLIP OF CRUMPLED PAPER FROM HER PURSE, HANDS IT TO GLAS.) You know where that is, that address?

GLAS

(TAKING THE PAPER AND LOOKING AT IT.) Never heard of that street.

RANDALL

(COMES DOWN FROM THE LADDER OVER TO ROSIE NEAR STEPS AT SEVEN O'CLOCK.) Lemme see there. Oh, yeah, yeah. That right near by to the Brooklyn Bridge. (GIVES PAPER BACK TO ROSIE.) You a long way from the Brooklyn Bridge, little chick, a long way.

ROSIE

(PUTS PAPER BACK IN BAG.) I already figured that out, thanks.

RANDALL

(CROSSES BACK TO CENTER OF STORE.) Ain't surprised you couldn't find that there place, though, it one a them funny streets, maybe two, three blocks long, you know? Also a pretty wild neighborhood for a little chick like yourself to be lookin' for in the middle of a night. A unsavory locale, you might say.

ROSIE

Yeah, well it's too late now, I was supposed to be there three hours ago. I should have known better than to have ever set my foot in Brooklyn. (RANDALL MOVES TO TABLE AND PULLS OUT CHAIR ONE. HE PUTS HIS FOOT IN IT, FACING TEN O'CLOCK, STILL LOOKING AT ROSIE.)

GLAS

Where are you from, miss?

ROSIE

A million miles away--the Bronx. Riverdale, actually. You know Riverdale?

GLAS

No.

ROSIE

Don't bother. If I don't get something to eat pretty soon I'm going to faint dead away on your floor again. (SEARCHING IN HER PURSE FOR CHANGE.) I'll have a couple of candy bars, at least, and maybe a bottle of soda.

RANDALL

I recommend the lemon.

GLAS

No, I'll fix you something decent to eat. (MOVES FROM BEHIND COUNTER TOWARD STEPS AT SEVEN O'CLOCK.) Come on.

ROSIE

(STANDS. LOOKING AT GLAS.) Where?

GLAS

(MOTIONING.) In back.

ROSIE

(INSTANTLY SUSPICIOUS, OF COURSE.) What's in back?

GLAS

(CROSSES UP STEPS TO KITCHEN AREA. LIGHTS COME UP IN KITCHEN-BEDROOM. HE SURVEYS THE ROOM TO MAKE SURE IT IS PASSABLE FOR VISITORS.) My house. My kitchen.

ROSIE

(CALLING UP TO GLAS.) Oh. Well, listen, you don't have to go to all that---

GLAS

(RE-ENTERING THE STORE AND GETTING PLATES, ETC. FROM BEHIND COUNTER.) You haven't eaten in twenty-four hours?

ROSIE

Something like that, but---

GLAS

You take a sandwich and a glass of milk.

ROSIE

Well, if it's not too much trouble.

GLAS

No trouble. Then you go back to Riverside and get a good night's sleep.

ROSIE

Yeah. Riverdale.

GLAS

Riverdale. (HE WAITS.) So?

ROSIE

Okay. Thanks very much. (GLAS MOTIONS HER TO GO UP BEFORE HIM. SHE ACKNOWLEDGES HIS KINDNESS AND STARTS UP THE STEPS, CAUTIOUS, STILL.)

GLAS

(STARTING UP THE STEPS DISREGARDING RANDALL WHO CLEARS HIS THROAT AND TAPS ON THE FLOOR FOR ATTENTION. GLAS GAZES AT RANDALL FOR A MOMENT.) All right, come on. (RANDALL PERKS UP AND FOLLOWS GLAS INTO THE KITCHEN, LINGERING NEAR THE DOORWAY AT THE TOP OF THE STEPS AS GLAS HOLDS OUT CHAIR NUMBER TWO FOR ROSIE AND SPEAKS TO HER.) Sit.

(THE LIGHTS HAVE BY NOW DIMMED OUT SLOWLY ON THE STORE WITH ALL LIGHT FOCUSED NOW ON THE KITCHEN SCENE.)

ROSIE

(PUTS BAG ON FLOOR BESIDE HER.) Where'd you get that outfit, Randall? Barney's Boys Town? (GLAS IS BUSY GOING FROM REFRIGERATOR TO TABLE GETTING THE FIXINGS FOR ROSIE'S SANDWICH AND THE MILK.)

RANDALL

You very sharp, you know it, little chick?

ROSIE

I know. Like my stepfather says, sharp as a tack and just as flat-headed. He's full of terribly clever remarks like that.

RANDALL

(MOVING NOW TO THE REFRIGERATOR. TAKES OFF HIS CAPE, FOLDS IT NEATLY AND PUTS IT ON TOP OF THE REFRIGERATOR. TAKES OFF HIS HAT AND PUTS IT CAREFULLY ON TOP OF THE CAPE, ALL DURING THE FOLLOWING EXCHANGE.) I didn't say nothin' about the shape of your head, I only said you was very sharp, which is true.

ROSIE

Yeah, well, for once he was right.

RANDALL

Hm?

ROSIE

My stepfather.

RANDALL

Ah.

ROSIE

I certainly appreciate this. (TO GLAS WHO IS NOW SEATED IN CHAIR NUMBER ONE WATCHING ROSIE AS SHE MAKES HER SANDWICH. GLAS POURS MILK FOR HER INTO HER GLASS.)

GLAS

What's the idea of going such a long time without eating, hah?

ROSIE

Well, the doctor told me I wasn't supposed to eat anything for eight hours, at least, so, true to my fashion, I overdid it--like everything else.

GLAS

(AS RANDALL WATCHES ALL, LEANING AGAINST THE REFRIGERATOR.) What doctor?

ROSIE

The doctor I had the appointment with tonight who lives on the street nobody every heard of. (STARTING TO EAT HER SANDWICH NOW AND DRINK HER MILK THROUGHOUT.)

GLAS

A Doctor tells you not to eat? What kind of a doctor is that?

ROSIE

Well, he's an abortionist, as a matter of fact. He probably engages in a number of other unsavory medical practices but my particular business with him is in his capacity as an abortionist.

RANDALL

(TAKING A STEP INTO ROSIE.) It would appear, then, that you stubbed your toe, so to speak, while makin' your way along life's highway?

ROSIE

Very well put.

GLAS

You're, uh. . . you're going to a doctor?

ROSIE

(STILL EATING.) It's either that or get myself a knitting needle and have a go at it myself, which I'm told is an ill-advised solution. . .

GLAS

But, what I mean. . . you don't want the child?

ROSIE

Hell, no.

RANDALL

You a pretty outspoken type, ain't you, little chick?

ROSIE

Am I shocking you? (TURNS TO GLAS WITHOUT WAITING FOR AN ANSWER FROM RANDALL.) It happens every day, you know. And I have no patience with all the whispered-behind-the-hand hypocrisy about the facts of life, however sordid they may sometimes be. Right out in the open, that's my motto. Right out in the open. What camp were you in Mister Glas?

GLAS

Mmm?

ROSIE

In Germany. What concentration camp were you in?

GLAS

How did you know I was in a camp?

ROSIE

The tattoo. (GLAS GLANCES BRIEFLY AT THE NUMBER TATTOOED ON THE INSIDE OF HIS LEFT FOREARM.)

RANDALL

(MOVING IN, STANDING BETWEEN GLAS AND ROSIE, LOOKING OVER AT GLAS' ARM ON THE TABLE.) Oh, man, is that what that is? Here I been thinkin' maybe it been his Social Security number, or somethin'. (CROSSES BACK TO HIS POSTION NEAR THE REFRIGERATOR.)

ROSIE

(TO RANDALL.) Oh, that's funny, that's really funny. You're a regular three-act-comedy.

GLAS

He isn't as stupid as he would like you to think. Pay no attention to him (RANDALL TURNS AWAY ANGRILY, FACING SEVEN O'CLOCK.)

ROSIE

A lot of my grandfather's family were in the camps. But they didn't make it out. Their name was Kasner. Ever run across them? (GLAS SHAKES HIS HEAD "NO.") You're not Jewish, are you?

GLAS

No.

ROSIE

Political then, huh?

RANDALL

(STILL LOOKING AWAY.) He a commonist, Mister Glas is.

ROSIE

Are you?

GLAS

I was at the time.

RANDALL

(TURNING IN TO THE TWO AT THE TABLE.) Once a commonist, always a commonist.

ROSIE

(TO RANDALL.) That's an interesting political philosophy. (TO GLAS.) I'm doing a thesis on the camps.

GLAS

Humm?

ROSIE

A thesis. You know, a college term paper, Modern History.

GLAS

Ah.

ROSIE

Maybe you'd like to contribute.

GLAS

Contribute?

ROSIE

Well, I've been interviewing some survivors, you know? Getting some fantastic stores, actually. (GLAS GETS UP FROM THE TABLE, TAKING A USED KNIFE WITH HIM AND TURNS TO THE SINK, BUSY.) I mean, it's one thing to read about the kinds of things that went on in the camps, you know, but to hear it, to watch someone's lips speaking the words, to see the eyes. (SHE GRIMACES WHILE STILL STUFFING HER MOUTH AND TRYING TO TALK.) (FIGURE 11) The worst thing I've heard about was the cannibalism. Only one man that I've interviewed so far, but even one. He said it seemed more terrible in retrospect than it did at the time. I can see how that might be true. An interesting thing about that particular man, though: he doesn't eat pork. It occurred to me, so I asked him. You know what I mean? He ate human flesh once, but he won't eat pork because it's against his religion, of course. Anyway, maybe you could answer a few questions about your experience. I've been getting mostly Jews, very few political prisoners.

GLAS

(TO ROSIE.) No, no questions.

ROSIE

Oh. . . may I ask why?

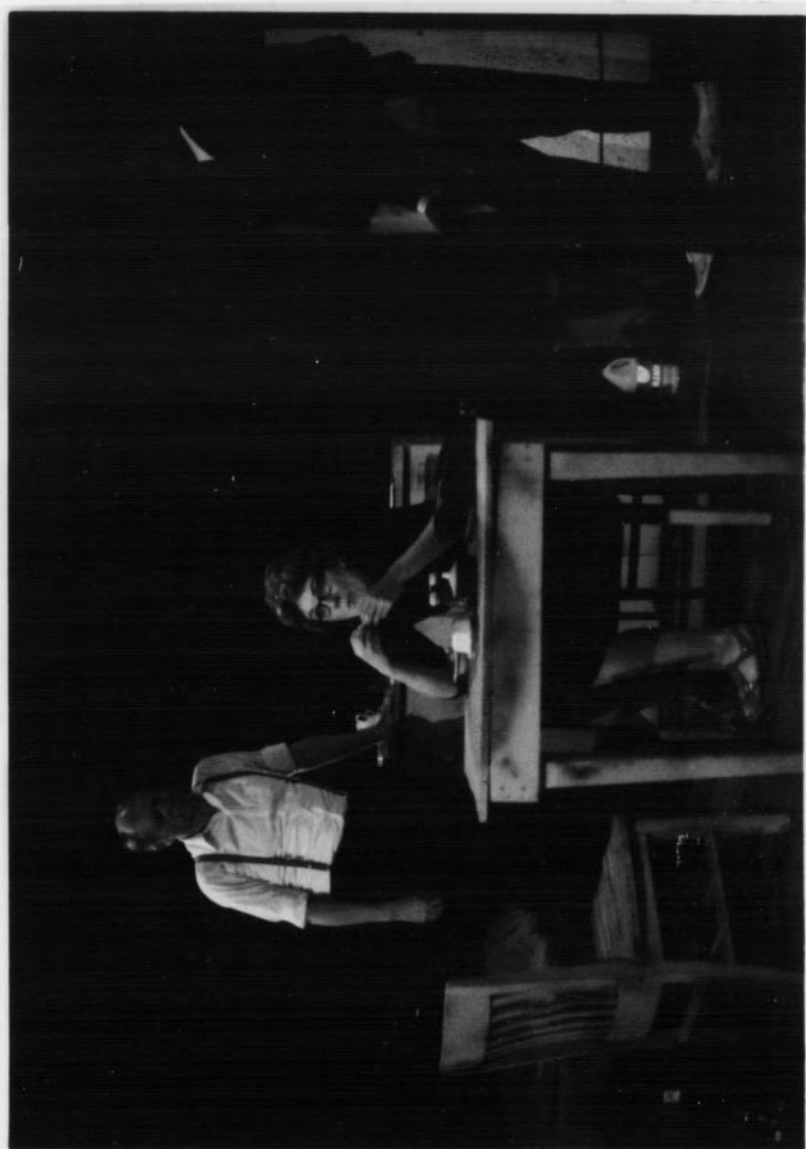
GLAS

I got no answers.

ROSIE

Oh. Well, I understand. (GLAS GAZES AT HER. RANDALL STILL LISTENS.)

FIGURE 11



RANDALL

"Please do not understand me too quickly." Andre Gide said that.
(ROSIE IS MILDLY IMPRESSED AT THIS.) Where you in attendance at college, little chick?

ROSIE

NYU. Where else? He wanted to send me to Vassar, old stepdaddy, but I wasn't having any of that, thankyouverymuch. All those trees, all that ivy, it would've driven me right out of my skull. I'm strictly a city girl. New York, New York where the natives talk like machine guns, that's for me.

GLAS

(SITS ON THE COT, MIDWAY, LEANING OVER TOWARD ROSIE.) Listen, uh-- Rosie. About this other business. I mean, this--doctor, the. . .

ROSIE

The abortion, you mean.

GLAS

Yes, abortion.

ROSIE

You don't like the word.

GLAS

It's an ugly word.

ROSIE

There are no ugly words, Mister Glas. It's a perfectly good word. Abortion. See? The roof didn't fall in. What about it?

GLAS

It's not a good thing.

ROSIE

Good, bad. It's necessary. You know?

GLAS

Why?

ROSIE

Why?! Well, I'm not married for one thing.

GLAS

You couldn't get married?

ROSIE

Oh boy! Who'd marry me?

RANDALL

I'd marry you, little chick.

ROSIE

(TO RANDALL.) Thanks anyway, we both have enough problems.

GLAS

What do you mean, who would marry you? Why not?

ROSIE

Take a good look at me, Mister Glas. Homely is homely no matter how you slice it; I'm nobody's dream girl.

RANDALL

Everybody is somebody's dream girl, little chick.

ROSIE

(PUSHES CHAIR BACK AND STANDS UP. TO RANDALL.) Look--uh, Randall: be anything you like but don't be naive, okay? Naivete is a bore. You know how in the movies this girl with glasses takes them off and suddenly everybody in the room falls down at the sheer beauty of her?

RANDALL

I seen that picture, yeah.

ROSIE

Look. (SHE TAKES OFF HER EYEGLASSES. THEN TURNS TO GLAS, THEN BACK TO RANDALL. PAUSE.)

RANDALL

I see what you mean, yeah. (HE TURNS AWAY TOWARD SEVEN O'CLOCK.
ROSIE REPLACES THE EYEGLASSES AND SITS DOWN AGAIN.)

GLAS

What about the young man?

ROSIE

The responsible party?

GLAS

Yes.

ROSIE

As a way out, my way is better. Believe me.

GLAS

You couldn't be married to him?

ROSIE

No.

GLAS

He won't, hah?

ROSIE

What, marry me? (GLAS NODS.) I don't know, I haven't asked him.

RANDALL

'Cordin' to my understandin' of the usual procedure, it supposed to be the other way around.

ROSIE

I don't think either of you are quite grasping the picture here. In the first place, the guy doesn't even know about it, that I'm pregnant. In the second place I haven't seen him since the afternoon of our Grand Passion. In the third place I wouldn't tell him I was pregnant if I did see him. Besides which, I have no intention of getting married. Even if he were to make the offer, which I doubt. And I certainly have no intention of having a kid, since I have other plans, career-wise.

GLAS

Ah.

ROSIE

I'm going to be a writer, you see, and--

RANDALL

(TO ROSIE.) That a fact?

ROSIE

And obviously a child at this time could not possible be on the agenda.

RANDALL

What kinda books you gonna write, little chick?

ROSIE

Good ones.

GLAS

Listen, Rosie. . . how about you tell this young man about. . . your condition, hah?

GLAS

Mister Glas, I appreciate your interest and concern, but there's no point in pursuing these hypothetical conjectures, there really isn't. I know what I'm doing.

GLAS

Listen, Rosie, you got to think, in the long run--

ROSIE

(RISING AS IF SHOT-UP FROM HER SEAT, SLAMMING THE CHAIR ON THE FLOOR.)
Oh, the long run, the long run! That's all I ever hear! The long run this, the long run that! What about the short run! I mean what do you know about it? I'm the one with this, this thing floating blissfully around in my womb, (TO BOTH GLAS AND RANDALL AS SHE RAVES A BIT.) feeding off me, draining me of all the juices of my life, ruining all my plans! Don't talk to me about long runs! (AN ABRUPT SILENCE, ALL ARE STILL. ROSIE PULLS HERSELF TOGETHER. SITS DOWN QUIETLY.) I'm sorry.

GLAS

(RISES. GOES TO TABLE AND PATS ROSIE'S HAND.) That's all right. . . it's all right. (GETS HIS GLASS FROM THE TABLE AND TURNS TO THE SINK. ROSIE REMOVES HER HAIR WHICH PROVES TO BE A WIG. RANDALL IS SILENT, BUT FASCINATED. GLAS, HIS BACK TO ROSIE, DOES NOT IMMEDIATELY SEE. ROSIE TAKES A COMB FROM HER PURSE AND PROCEEDS TO COMB THE WIG. GLAS TURNS BACK TO THE TABLE AND IS BROUGHT UP SHORT, IN HIS SURPRISE, DROPS THE GLASS--IT IS PLASTIC--PICKS IT UP AWKWARDLY, STILL STARING AT ROSIE.)

ROSIE

(REACTING TO GLAS' SURPRISE.) One of my attempts at glamor. I like to think it helps, but I guess not; one has to remember the line about silk purses out of sow's ears. Face it, I'm a sow's ear of the first water. (GLAS TAKES THE GLASS TO THE TABLE NOW AND POURS HIMSELF SOME MILK AND SITS AGAIN ON THE COT.)

RANDALL

You know what they say about beauty, little chick.

ROSIE

(WITHOUT LOOKING AT RANDALL.) You tell me beauty is only skin-deep Randall, and I'll belt you right in the mouth. . . Can you imagine me wearing this thing tonight? Of all nights? (PUTS COMB AWAY.) I mean, I only wear it on special occasions, you know? Some special occasion. (DROPS WIG ON TABLE.) At first, earlier this evening, I got all dressed up, my best dress, with matching shoes, pearl earrings, the works. There I was, looking myself over in the full-length mirror, seeing how I looked and then I realized where I was going. Getting all dressed up to go to an abortion . . . what a stupid life. What a stupid life.

GLAS

(PUTTING HIS GLASS, EMPTY, BACK ON THE TABLE WITHOUT GETTING UP.) Have some more milk.

ROSIE

What do you think, Mister Glas? Stupid?

GLAS

I have no opinion.

RANDALL

Mister Glas a pretty difficult man to pin down, you find. Matter of fact, it been startlin' to me these here past few minutes that he been

devotin' any attention atall to your present predicament. (GLAS PICKS UP A PLATE AND MOVES TO THE SINK. TO GLAS.) Here I been thinkin' you to be merely a watcher of the go-bye world, Mister Glas, sir, lackin' the inclination or desire to be, uh--involved.

GLAS

(ANGRILY.) You stay of this, hah! (RANDALL OBLIGES BACKING A STEP AWAY, THEN TURNING AWAY. GLAS TURNS AND SITS ON COT CLOSE TO SIX O'CLOCK.)

ROSIE

(GOING ON.) If you knew me better, you'd see that this is exactly the kind of thing that's likely to happen to me. (SHE RESUMES COMBING THE WIG.) Getting knocked up, I mean. The point is it was my first time, I was a virgin before that. Wouldn't you know it, I'd get caught? Aside from everything else, I'm not lucky either. You see, if I was lucky, Harold and I could've succumbed to our silly little passion and that would've been that, the end of it. And New Rochelle, of all places. At least if it'd been in some nice apartment in the Village, say, with the sounds coming through the window of traffic and people, the breeze blowing the curtain over the bed, like in the movies. But, no. I lost my virginity in the attic of an old house in New Rochelle. Harold's grandmother's house. On a rainy day in spring on the floor of the attic in his grandmother's house, listening to the rain on the roof, breathing the dust of old things. . . . (ROSIE STANDS AND PLAYS WHAT FOLLOWS IN THE AREA BETWEEN THE COT AND THE REFRIGERATOR.) And what comes next but his grandmother who was supposed to be in the city for the day. But instead she's suddenly standing in the door to the attic, attracted there, no doubt, by the scuffling sounds of the imminent consummation. So she's standing there, screaming: (ROSIE BANGS ON THE SIDEBORD OF THE SINK.) "Stop that! Stop that this instant!" (GLAS TURNS AWAY.) Needless to say, it was out of the question. Stopping. At the particular moment. I mean, sex is like a flight over the sea, one reaches the point of no return. . . . I guess it sounds funny now, but, you know, at the time. . . it was pretty rotten. Sordid, I mean. . . it wasn't at all the way it's supposed to be. (RANDALL MOVES IN PLACE AT THE REFRIGERATOR.) And Harold of all people. (ROSIE HOISTS HERSELF UP ONTO THE DRAINBOARD OF THE SINK AND SITS.) A girl finds herself in this predicament, this condition, she'd at least like to be able to think of the cause of it as being some clever, handsome guy with charm and experience, just returned from spending a year in Rome, say on a Guggenheim fellowship. But Harold, . . Harold is six foot two, about a hundred and twenty five pounds, tops, an Economics major at CCNY. . . That's about the best I'll ever be able to do, I know it. Ever since I found out I was pregnant I've been walking around with a face down to here and my mother kept saying, "What's the matter with you, anyway, I just don't know what's gotten into you lately." So, finally, I told her: a kid named Harold, as a matter of fact. . . . (SHE HOPS DOWN FROM THE SINK. GOES TO THE TABLE AND PICKS UP BAG. TAKES OUT COMPACT. WIPES HER MOUTH, STANDING BEHIND CHAIR TWO.) Oh, well, I just keep telling myself: "Remember Rosie, like in the song. . . someday my prince will come. . . Snow White. . . ." (PAUSE.)

RANDALL

(TAKES A STEP TOWARD ROSIE.) Don't worry, little chick: someday your prince'll come.

ROSIE

Sure, sure. (SITS AGAIN.)

GLAS

(TURNING TO ROSIE.) You say your mama knows? About this?

ROSIE

(PUTS AWAY COMPACT.) Oh, yeah.

GLAS

She knows what you're going to do and she doesn't. . . she doesn't care?

ROSIE

Oh, sure. She cares. Certainly. But she's realistic. I'll say that much for her.

GLAS

And your father, too?

ROSIE

Not my father. My stepfather, My real father is dead, you see.

GLAS

Ah, I'm sorry to hear.

ROSIE

Thank you, yeah, some island out in the middle of the Pacific Ocean.
(WRYLY.) Remember that war they had?

GLAS

I remember several.

ROSIE

Yeah. So Harvey Kasner, age nineteen, gets killed on a stupid sunny day on some stupid island out in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, nineteen forty three. I would like to've known Harvey Kasner, my mother says

he was a pretty nice kid. He never even knew I existed. The letter my mother wrote to tell him she was going to have me came back. He was dead before it got there, it came back unopened with the rest of his stuff, personal effects.

GLAS

Mm.

ROSIE

And for what? After all the noise dies down and the dead are buried, the politicians come out from under the rocks and split the take, am I right?

RANDALL

(TO GLAS.) She somethin' else, ain't she?

ROSIE

(TURNING TO RANDALL.) What does that mean, I'm something else?

RANDALL

Well, you know. . . . Style, Rosie! You got style!

ROSIE

(CONTEMPTUOUSLY. RISING OUT OF THE CHAIR. TO RANDALL.) Style! This isn't style! This is front! All front! (TO RANDALL AND GLAS.) But you hit it right on the head. A style is what you need in this life. You have to find a style and stick to it. That's my whole problem: I haven't been able to find a style yet. (A BRIEF PAUSE. SHE SIGHS.) Well, at least I don't laugh at everyone's jokes anymore. I used to laugh at everyone's jokes, you know. Funny or not. (SITS.)

GLAS

Why?

ROSIE

So they'd like me.

GLAS

(INTERESTED.) Really?

ROSIE

It's nice to be liked.

GLAS

Did it work?

ROSIE

What?

GLAS

Laughing at everybody's jokes. Did it work? Did they like you? (PAUSE.)

ROSIE

(THOUGHTFULLY.) I don't know. They didn't say. (PAUSE.)

GLAS

If I was to make a joke and you didn't laugh that would be okay. I like you anyway.

RANDALL

(CROSSING TO BETWEEN ROSIE AND GLAS.) You have captured Mister Glas's heart, little pussycat. Which is no mean trick, I can assure you, indeed. Like I been tryin' all my life.

ROSIE

You know each other a long time, huh?

GLAS

I know him about an hour.

ROSIE

Oh. (CONFUSED SHE LOOKS TO RANDALL.)

RANDALL

(MOVING BACK TO HIS PLACE.) Skip it, Rosie. That were merely a private little joke, understood only by me, the significance of which would be somewhat obscure to others, I admit. He's right. He knows me about a hour. Howsomever--(TIPPING UMBRELLA TO GLAS.) "I do desire we may be better strangers." (TO ROSIE.) You know who said that?

ROSIE

(SHAKES HER HEAD. TURNING IN CHAIR FULL TO RANDALL.) You seem to be unusually well-read. (PAUSE.)

RANDALL

(WITH A SUDDEN EDGE.) You mean, for uh--someone like me?

ROSIE

What?

RANDALL

You know: unusual, you mean, for a young chap of my color and station in life?

ROSIE

Your color! Who said anything about your color? Listen, buster, you could be yellow-polka-dots for all I care one way or another. All I said was---

RANDALL

(TURNS TO ROSIE.) We do seem to be comin' up with some unusual alternate color schemes this evenin'.

ROSIE

I don't know what that's supposed to mean, all I said was--

RANDALL

(TURNING TOWARD GLAS.) Mister Glas's color scheme was, I think, uh--purple with orange stripes, which also has its points.

ROSIE

(TO GLAS.) What's he talking about, do you know?

GLAS

(STILL SEATED.) Don't pay any attention to him.

RANDALL

(TAKES A STEP IN TOWARD GLAS. POINTS UMBRELLA AT GLAS. VIOLENTLY.) Now you knock that off, you hear! Knock that off about not payin' any attention! Knock it off! And you! (HE WHEELS ON ROSIE.) Don't you be askin' him what I'm talkin' about! You ask me what I'm talkin' about! Hear? I be glad to explain it to you, but you ask me!

ROSIE

(UNINTIMIDATED.) What are you getting so excited about? All I said---

GLAS

(STANDING.) All right, wait a minute, wait a minute! (SILENCE. ALL ARE STILL.) Everybody relax! No trouble!

RANDALL

(CROSSES BACK TO HIS PLACE. QUIETLY.) Mister Glas, sir, you got a absolutely morbid fear of trouble, aintcha. (TO ROSIE.) I don't need nobody doin' any explainin' for me, little chick. I don't need nobody doin' nothin' for me. You dig? (NO RESPONSE FROM ROSIE. SHE ONLY RETURNS HIS GAZE STEADILY. RANDALL LEANS OVER CLOSE TO HER FACE POINTING THE UMBRELLA CLOSE.) You dig?

GLAS

(LEANS IN TO ROSIE'S OTHER SIDE AT FIVE O'CLOCK AND ALMOST WHISPERS.) Tell him all right, Rosie. (ROSIE LOOKS AT GLAS, THEN BACK AT RANDALL.)

ROSIE

(FINALLY.) All right, Randall. (RANDALL MOVES TO REFRIGERATOR AND GETS CAPE AND BEGINS TO PUT IT ON. HE RELENTS AND THE TENSION LEAVES HIM.) I didn't mean to insult you or anything like that, Randall. It might have sounded patronizing but I didn't mean it that way, honestly.

RANDALL

(PUTTING ON HIS HAT. TURNING TO ROSIE WITH AN UNSINCERE SMILE.) Tha's okay, little chick. Tha's okay. We jus' drop the whole matter, right? (PAUSE. ROSIE GAZES AT HIM.)

ROSIE

(PUSHES CHAIR OUT. STANDS UP. FURIOUS. SLAMS CHAIR UNDER TABLE.) Listen, you nervy bastard, who do you think you are?

RANDALL

Say again?

ROSIE

Giving me that Uncle Tom shuffle-and-smile routine?

GLAS

(APPREHENSIVE.) Rosie. . . (RANDALL'S SMILE FADES TO ONE OF MORE NATURAL PROPORTIONS.)

ROSIE

(MOVES IN A STEP TO RANDALL.) Talk about insulting! I just apologize for sounding patronizing and you come right back and patronize me? Who do you think you are!

GLAS

(A STEP TO ROSIE TOUCHING HER ON HER RIGHT SHOULDER. ROSIE TURNS QUICKLY TO GLAS.) Listen, Rosie. . .

RANDALL

(TURNING AWAY NOW. TAKES OFF GLASSES. HIS VOICE NORMAL.) Well, if the truth be told, Rosie, I haven't quite decided yet.

ROSIE

(TURNS BACK TO RANDALL. OPENS HER MOUTH TO SPEAK, BUT CLOSES IT AGAIN. PAUSE.) What did you say?

RANDALL

I said, (TURNING NOW TO ROSIE.) I haven't quite decided yet. I am, however, working on it constantly.

ROSIE

(NODS. PAUSE.) What's the idea, Randall?

RANDALL

Would you care to explain it to her, Mister Glas? (LEANING NOW ON REFRIGERATOR.)

GLAS

(PAUSE. SLAMS HIS OPEN PALM AGAINST CABINET DOOR BENEATH SINK.) Sometimes he runs out of gas.

ROSIE

(WAITS FOR AN EXPLANATION OF THAT CRYPTIC REMARK. NONE COMING.) As an explanation that leaves a lot to be desired. (TURNING TO RANDALL.) What's with you, you get your kicks going around putting people on?

RANDALL

If I disguise my voice to speak the truth, Rosie, it is no less the truth.

ROSIE

(DRILY.) Who said that? (RANDALL TAKES A STEP FORWARD, TURNS TO ROSIE, TWIRLS HIS UMBRELLA OVER HIS HEAD AS HE HALF BOWS, TURNS AND STARTS DOWN

THE STEPS BACK INTO THE STORE. AS HE DOES, THE LIGHTS IN THE STORE AREA BEGIN A SLOW DIM UP. ROSIE LOOKS AFTER HIM IN SILENCE FOR A MOMENT, THEN TURNS TO GLAS.) What's the idea with him?

(THE LIGHTS FADE DOWN TO VERY LOW ON THE KITCHEN SCENE AS ROSIE HELPS GLAS CLEAR THE TABLE, ETC. RANDALL MOVES TO THE FRONT DOORWAY AT THREE O'CLOCK, LOOKING OUT, SINGING A FULL TWO VERSES OF "NO HIDING PLACE." AS HE TRAILS OFF THE LAST PART OF THE SECOND VERSE, ROSIE PICKS UP HER BAG AND WIG AND STARTS DOWN THE STEPS AT SEVEN O'CLOCK. GLAS IS LEFT AT THE SINK, WASHING DISHES.)

Scene Two

SCENE: SOME MINUTES HAVE PASSED. RANDALL IS AT THE DOOR. ROSIE HAS COME DOWN THE STEPS FROM THE KITCHEN AND IS STANDING AT THE NINE O'CLOCK CORNER OF THE COUNTER, PLACING WIG AND BAG ON COUNTER. RANDALL FEELS HER PRESENCE, TURNS, TRAILS HUMMING OFF, SPEAKS.

RANDALL

Where is our good samaritan? (THROUGHOUT NOW, EXCEPT WHERE OTHERWISE INDICATED, RANDALL'S VOICE AND ACTIONS ARE NATURAL, THE PARODY IS GONE.)

ROSIE

(WITH A VAGUE GESTURE TOWARD THE KITCHEN.) Washing the dishes.

RANDALL

Fastidious.

ROSIE

Yeah. He's been telling me about you.

RANDALL

He knows little.

ROSIE

Very interesting, though. I mean, do you really have an IQ of a hundred and eighty-seven? (SITS STOOL NUMBER ONE, LOOKING AT RANDALL AT DOOR.)

RANDALL

So they tell me (IN THE KITCHEN, GLAS MOVES DOWN TO TABLE, SITS CHAIR NUMBER ONE, FACING SEVEN O'CLOCK, ABSORBED IN THOUGHT.)

ROSIE

That's some fantastic IQ.

RANDALL

(MOVES TO TABLE NEAR GUM MACHINE, TAKES OFF HAT, GLASSES AND CAPE DURING THE FOLLOWING AND PLACES THEM CAREFULLY ON THE TABLE.) You're envious, Rosie?

ROSIE

Well, not envious exactly. I wouldn't mind having a mind like that, though. I mean, with a mind like that one could do anything. You. You could do great things.

RANDALL

(STILL FIXING CAPE, ETC. FACING TEN O'CLOCK.) For whom?

ROSIE

Well. . . for anyone. For your race, for one thing. Certainly for your race. (RANDALL SMILES, HAVING GOTTEN THE ANSWER.) You agree?

RANDALL

(TO MAGAZINE RACK, HIS BACK TO ROSIE.) You're a splendid girl, Rosie. A little on the square side, but a splendid girl. (TAKES BOOK FROM RACK.)

ROSIE

Why? What's so square about that?

RANDALL

I'm a freak, Rosie. (TURNING TO ROSIE.) You've heard the expression: in the country of the blind the one-eyed man is king? (HE SHAKES HIS HEAD.) In the country of the blind the one-eyed man is a freak.

ROSIE

Depends on how you look at it.

RANDALL

(LEANING NOW ON LADDER AT FOOT OF LADDER STEPS.) Through my single, freak's eye. What else did he tell you

ROSIE

Oh. . . that you don't have any place to live and that you've been in trouble with the police and that you have some kind of heart condition and about your mother being a . . . well, about your mother.

RANDALL

Prostitute.

ROSIE

Yes.

RANDALL

I thought you were unafraid of the right words, Rosie. What else?

ROSIE

What?

RANDALL

What else did he tell you?

ROSIE

Well. . . that you're probably in trouble right now. (RANDALL SMILES.)
That you were running away from something when you came in here tonight.
Are you in some kind of trouble? (PAUSE.)

RANDALL

(PUTS BOOK BACK ON RACK, CARELESSLY. TURNS TO LOOK OUT WINDOW.) When
are you going to start writing your books, Rosie? (PAUSE.)

ROSIE

I've already started.

RANDALL

(BACK STILL TO ROSIE.) Ah.

ROSIE

I've begun my first novel.

RANDALL

Well, now. What's it about?

ROSIE

I don't know yet.

RANDALL

(TURNING TO ROSIE.) You've already begun it and you don't know what it's about?

ROSIE

I'll find out as I move along.

RANDALL

(CROSSES TO AREA UNDER THE SHELVES NEAR NINE O'CLOCK.) Well, I'll be sure to keep my eyes open for a book written by Rosie Kasner.

ROSIE

Rosalind.

RANDALL

Hm?

ROSIE

My full name is Rosalind.

RANDALL

(FACING HER MORE.) Oh. That's a nice name, Rosalind. Rosie's a nice name, but Rosalind is nicer. Beautiful, acutally. You ought to call yourself Rosalind.

ROSIE

(SNORTS.) Open your eyes, Randall: (STANDING.) do I look like a Rosalind?

RANDALL

What does a Rosalind look like? (PAUSE. FINALLY, HER EYES LEAVE HIM. SHE SHRUGS AND TURNS SLIGHTLY AWAY TOWARD FIVE O'CLOCK.) I wish I were beautiful to match my beautiful name. (HE CROSSES QUICKLY TO COUNTER BEHIND ROSIE. TAKES THE WIG AND PUTS IT ON HIS HEAD AND POSTURES. HE MOVES OUT TO AREA NEAR GUM MACHINE, STRUTTING--AN ATTEMPT TO DISTRACT HER FROM UNPLEASANT THOUGHTS.) Hey! Do I look like a Rosalind? (FIGURE 12)

ROSIE

(DRILY.) You look like a colored queen.

RANDALL

(TO COUNTER, REMOVING WIG, AND IN DIALECT, PUTTING WIG ON COUNTER.)
Least I don't have that problem. Gotta be thankful for small favors,
like they say. (THEN, NATURALLY. MOVES TO CHAIR NUMBER ONE AT TABLE,
PULLS IT OUT TO FACE COUNTER, SITS.) Do you want to know a secret, as
a matter of fact?

ROSIE

(PICKING UP HER BAG AT COUNTER.) About what?

RANDALL

About me.

ROSIE

What?

RANDALL

I'm a virgin, as a matter of fact? (PAUSE.)

ROSIE

Oh? (TURNING AWAY A BIT.)

RANDALL

(NODS.) I've been saving it all up.

ROSIE

(APPREHENSIVELY.) I beg your pardon?

RANDALL

I've been saving it all up.

ROSIE

Saving what all up?

RANDALL

My passion.

ROSIE

(MOVING TOWARD FOUR O'CLOCK END OF COUNTER, BAG IN HAND.) Oh. . . really?
Well. . . that's very interesting, isn't it?

RANDALL

Why?

ROSIE

Well, because. . . I don't know. . . it's. . . well, I guess it's not all that interesting, I just mean (TURNS TOWARD COUNTER AND LEANS ON IT, AWAY FROM RANDALL NEAR STOOL NUMBER THREE.) . . . well, Jesus, I don't know! What do you mean, why! What are you telling me for?

RANDALL

(AFTER A BRIEF PAUSE.) I thought it would be interesting. In the meantime, I had been studying up on it.

ROSIE

(TURNS TO RANDALL.) Studying up?

RANDALL

Many books on that subject now. And when the time were to come, what a truly cataclysmic explosion of Love it would be! But it looks as though the matter will end this way.

ROSIE

What way?

RANDALL

That I will end a stranger to the ways and uses of the flesh, Rosie.
(GLAS STANDS IN KITCHEN, STARTS OUT TO STEPS INTO STORE.)

ROSIE

Why?

RANDALL

No hiding place, Rosie.

ROSIE

What?

RANDALL

My soul is corrupt, Rosie, but oh, my flesh is pure.

ROSIE

What are you talking about, Randall? (GLAS CROSSES TO BEHIND COUNTER.)

RANDALL

I'm still here, Mister Glas.

GLAS

(REPLACING PLATES, ETC. BENEATH COUNTER.) So I see.

RANDALL

I'll go if you want me to go.

GLAS

Yeah, sure.

RANDALL

Truly.

GLAS

(REGARDS RANDALL FOR A MOMENT. PAUSE.) Go, stay, it makes no difference to me.

RANDALL

Actually, I find myself suddenly very tired and would very much like to sit quietly for a bit. What are your immediate plans, Rosie?

GLAS

You finally decided to talk right and stop with the funny stuff, hah?

ROSIE

(MOVES TOWARD CENTER OF STORE. TO RANDALL.) Yeah, why do you do that, Randall?

RANDALL

I don't know.

ROSIE

(IMPATIENTLY.) Well, you must know.

RANDALL

Why?

ROSIE

(ANNOYED.) Oh, come on.

RANDALL

(IN THE DIALECT.) You a college-educated person, little Rosie, why not you tell me? You could write us a watchamacallit, a thesis on it even. (PAUSE.)

ROSIE

(TURNS AWAY.) You win. (GOES TO NINE O'CLOCK END OF COUNTER.)

GLAS

He always wins. (GLAS CROSSES TO MAGAZINE RACK, BEGINS TO STRAIGHTEN THE BOOKS AND COUNT THEM. BACK TO RANDALL.)

RANDALL

Do you really want to know? (TO ROSIE.) It is my what you might call insulation against the fire of life. (HE SMILES.) Mister Glas spells his name with one s, did you know that? German for the glass with two esses.

ROSIE

That's an exciting bit of information.

RANDALL

Well, I only wanted to be sure you spelled it right in your thesis on camp survivors.

GLAS

(BECOMES ALERT AT THIS. TURNS TO RANDALL.) What?

ROSIE

No, I'm not--

RANDALL

(TO GLAS.) I said I wanted to be sure she spelled your name correctly in her thesis.

GLAS

(A STEP OUT FROM MAGAZINE RACK.) Wait a minute, no name, you don't use my name, you know.

ROSIE

(GOING QUICKLY TO GLAS.) Of course not. (THEN OVER TO RANDALL.) What are you getting everybody excited for? (BACK TO GLAS.) I don't use anyone's name, Mister Glas. Of course not. (OVER TO RANDALL.) What are you trying to do, make trouble or something?

RANDALL

(STANDS.) Why don't you want her to use your name, Mister Glas?

ROSIE

I don't use names. Will you stop? (STORMS OVER TO NINE O'CLOCK END OF COUNTER. CLUTCHING BAG.)

RANDALL

(A STEP TOWARD CENTER OF STORE.) What is your story, Mister Glas?

GLAS

(HIS BACK TO RANDALL REPLACING MAGAZINES ON RACK.) I thought you said you were very tired and wanted to sit quiet for a while? So why don't you sit quiet for a while?

RANDALL

There are many people in this world, Rosie, with a Do Not Disturb sign hung around their necks. Invisible, but present. Mister Glas is one of those. "Among wolves one must howl a little," Mister Glas. (HE TURNS TO ROSIE AT COUNTER.) Have you ever heard that, Rosie? (SHE NODS. GLAS MOVES TO THE DOORWAY AND LOOKS OUT.) Mister Glas has never learned to howl. You see? He has no talent for it, you see? The wolves are howling their heads off out there and Mister Glas is in here keeping his trap strickly shut. True, Mister Glas? (GLAS TURNS AND STARES AT HIM.) Why?

GLAS

I told you why already once.

RANDALL

To watch the world go by and keep out of its way? That's no answer Mister Glas. Survival. That's why.

ROSIE

(MOVES BETWEEN STOOLS NUMBER ONE AND TWO. GLAS CROSSES BEHIND COUNTER.)
I don't follow this at all.

RANDALL

Survival, Mister Glas? True?

GLAS

(TO RANDALL FROM BEHIND COUNTER, POINTING.) You said yourself, they
kill you out there.

RANDALL

But survival is possible for a time even out there. Behold Randall:
(TURNING AROUND FULL CIRCLE.) I survive.

GLAS

With an ice-pick? With a gun?

ROSIE

What ice-pick?

RANDALL

One chooses ones means, Mister Glas.

ROSIE

What gun?

RANDALL

We're all going to fall on the killing ground one day, or another,
Mister Glas. (MOVES TO AREA UNDER SHELVES AT NINE O'CLOCK.) At least
I'll die in action. (TURNS.) And it's you who has the gun, remember?
You're in no position to look with contempt upon those of us who choose
to defend ourselves: it's you who has the gun. (GLAS REACHES BELOW
THE COUNTER, COMES UP WITH THE REVOLVER IN HIS HAND AND PLACES IT WITH
CONTEMPT ON THE COUNTER. ROSIE IS STARTLED, TURNS HER BACK TO THE
COUNTER MOVING TO BETWEEN STOOLS TWO AND THREE, CLUTCHING THE COUNTER
WITH ONE HAND AND HER BAG WITH THE OTHER.)

GLAS

(PAUSE.) Empty.

RANDALL

Empty?

GLAS

To frighten someone who means me harm, maybe, yes. To kill with, never.

ROSIE

What the hell is this? (FROZEN.)

RANDALL

(A STEP TOWARD COUNTER.) Before--when you asked me to empty the gun--
what was that?

GLAS

A little joke on you.

ROSIE

Listen. . .

RANDALL

You fascinate me, Mister Glas. From the start here tonight, you've
fascinated me.

GLAS

I got a fascinating personality.

RANDALL

You also confuse me, of course.

GLAS

(PUTTING THE GUN AWAY.) So you said.

ROSIE

Would someone explain to be what exactly is going on here? (PAUSE.)

RANDALL

(GAZING AT ROSIE. THEN MOVES TO LADDER AND LOOKS TOWARD THREE O'CLOCK.)
Rosie, If I were dying right now would you save my life? (A SHORT PAUSE.)

ROSIE

I don't know. Maybe, If I could. Why?

RANDALL

How far would you go? To what extent?

ROSIE

How far would I have to go?

RANDALL

Would you die for me? Would you go that far? (PAUSE.)

ROSIE

(MOVING AWAY TO AREA OF GUM MACHINE AT TEN O'CLOCK.) No.

RANDALL

(TURNS TO HER.) Why not?

GLAS

There was only one Jesus Christ, sonny.

RANDALL

(TURNS TO GLAS.) And they don't make them like that any more, Mister Glas, sir. (TO ROSIE.) But you'd try, then, hm?

ROSIE

Try what?

RANDALL

To save my life. If I were dying.

GLAS

Don't play with her, Randall.

ROSIE

(CAUTIOUSLY.) Yes, I'd try.

RANDALL

(TURNS AWAY TOWARD WINDOW.) Take a good look at me, Rosie. (HE WAITS.)
Are you looking?

ROSIE

Of course I'm looking.

RANDALL

All right, I'm dying. Save me. (PAUSE.)

ROSIE

(MOVES TOWARD STEPS AT SEVEN O'CLOCK.) I don't understand.

GLAS

Leave her alone, Randall. (A STEP TOWARD ROSIE.) Randall has done some terrible thing tonight, Rosie.

ROSIE

(ALARMED.) What has he done?

GLAS

I don't know. Some terrible thing.

ROSIE

(A STEP FURTHER INTO STORE.) Randall? What have you done? (NO RESPONSE FROM RANDALL.)

GLAS

The police are after him, perhaps. Or someone else. But, whoever it is will kill him for what he has done.

ROSIE

(TAKES A FEW STEPS TOWARD RANDALL WHO IS STILL AT WINDOW.) Kill him?

RANDALL

(TURNS TO GLAS.) I've known from the very first instant, Mister Glas, that we--understood. Each other.

GLAS

I can't save you. A little bit, maybe, like before with the cops. But finally--no. (GLAS MOVES MORE BEHIND COUNTER TOWARD FIVE O'CLOCK.)

RANDALL

(IN THE DIALECT.) 'Course you can't.

ROSIE

(TO RANDALL.) What is it you've done, Randall?

RANDALL

(TURNS TO ROSIE.) How do you feel about death, Rosie?

ROSIE

(DRILY.) I'm against it.

RANDALL

(CROSSING OVER TO HER.) I want to know, Rosie! (GLAS TURNS HIS BACK TO THEM, BUSY AT THE COUNTER.)

ROSIE

Well. . . I can't conceive of death. Death is not-feeling, I can't conceive of not-feeling. Those people who donate their bodies to science after they're dead? I could never do that. They'd come at my body with a knife and I'd feel it, I know I would.

RANDALL

(OVER TO TABLE. PICKS UP UMBRELLA, TURNS AWAY FROM ROSIE.) Dead is dead, Rosie, and only then the knife holds no pain.

ROSIE

(OVER TO HIM.) What is it you've done, Randall?

RANDALL

(TURNING TO HER. IN DIALECT.) Sweetie, I'm what the psychologists call a "unreachable youth." You tryin' to reach me?

GLAS

(TURNING.) Don't tease her, Randall.

ROSIE

It's all right, I'm used to it. (TO RANDALL.) You don't want to pursue this, then, right?

RANDALL

(REPLACES UMBRELLA ON THE TABLE.) No.

ROSIE

Just don't forget I offered. (SHE TURNS AWAY TO AREA NEAR STEPS AT SEVEN O'CLOCK.)

RANDALL

There's nothing you could do for him, Rosie. And he knows it.

ROSIE

(TURNING TO GLAS.) How do you know there's nothing I could do for him? (TURNING TO RANDALL.) How do you know?

RANDALL

(TURNS TO ROSIE.) What could you do, Rosie? Give me a for instance.

ROSIE

Well. . . well, I don't know! I could give you an alibi! I could do that!

RANDALL

An alibi for what?

ROSIE

For whatever it is you've done, goddamit. What do you think for what?

RANDALL

How do you know I've done anything?

ROSIE

You just said you did!

RANDALL

That gentleman there said I did.

ROSIE

You agreed with him!

RANDALL

Mister Glas, did I agree with you?

GLAS

Leave her alone, Randall. (EXPLODING. BANGING ON THE COUNTER.) Leave her alone now!

ROSIE

(CROSSES TO STEPS AT SEVEN O'CLOCK AND GOES UP ON STEP.) Oh, forget it.

GLAS

(TURNING, VIOLENTLY. TAKES A FEW STEPS UP TO ROSIE.) Is that the kind of books you're going to write, Rosie! Books about how people save each other's lives? Don't you believe it, Rosie! Nobody saves nobody! (TO RANDALL.) Right, Randall?

RANDALL

(MOVES OVER TO TABLE AND SITS CHAIR NUMBER TWO.) An indisputable truth.

ROSIE

(TURNING TO RANDALL, STEPS DOWN FROM THE STEP.) That's one hell of an attitude! (TO GLAS.) Just because you don't care?

GLAS

(TURNS BACK TO ROSIE.) You want to save somebody, Rosie? (POINTING DIRECTLY TO HER ABDOMEN.) Save that life, then! Save what you can save!

ROSIE

(TURNING AWAY TOWARD EIGHT O'CLOCK.) Shut up about that! We're not talking about that!

GLAS

No?

ROSIE

(BACK TO GLAS.) What do you know about it! (TURNS AWAY AGAIN QUICKLY, HOLDING HERSELF, PROTECTING HERSELF.)

GLAS

(TURNING BACK IN TOWARD COUNTER.) I know! I know!

RANDALL

(QUIETLY.) What do you know, Mister Glas, sir?

GLAS

(AFTER A PAUSE. QUIETLY.) I know.

RANDALL

Of course you do, we know that. But what, exactly? (HE GRINS.) Your turn to speak, Mister Glas. . . our turn to listen. (A LONG PAUSE. RANDALL WAITS, WATCHING GLAS. GLAS RETURNS HIS GAZE, THEN LOOKS TO ROSIE. HE LOOKS AGAIN TO RANDALL. FINALLY, HIS GAZE SHIFTS AWAY. GLAS MOVES FROM BEHIND THE COUNTER IN FRONT OF STOOL ONE AND PICKS UP THE NEWSPAPER, READS AGAIN THE HEADLINE, FACING SIX O'CLOCK.)

GLAS

This man. . . do you know what they say? They say that when they arrested him he appeared to be relieved. Not frightened. Not angry. Not defiant. They say he appeared to be--relieved!. . . Do you know why? I'll tell you why. (SITS STOOL NUMBER TWO.) Because all these years he knew, you see. He waited, and he knew that sooner or later it would happen: the discovery that would mean his judgment and his death. And the anticipation of a blow is always, somehow, more terrible than the blow itself when it finally comes. So, one can understand his relief. When the blow finally came.

ROSIE

(TURNING, SWINGING HER ARMS TO HER SIDE. HOSTILE.) He doesn't deserve so comforting as relief. He deserves what he got. (SHE MOVES UP STEPS AT SEVEN O'CLOCK TO MIDDLE STEP AND SITS.)

RANDALL

(QUIETLY, HIS EYES ON GLAS.) Bloodthirsty, Rosie.

ROSIE

(UP AGAIN, DOWN STEPS TOWARD RANDALL.) When it comes to the Eichmanns of this world I get very Jewish. (TO GLAS.) I should think you'd feel the same.

RANDALL

Mister Glas isn't a Jew. (ROSIE RETURNS TO THIRD STEP AND SITS.)

GLAS

(PUTS PAPER ON COUNTER, MOVES TO DOORWAY, LOOKING OUT.) But I had a wife who was a Jew. And a son who was a Jew--for his mother's sake. Ten years old he was then. Nineteen thirty eight. To be married to a Jew in Germany in nineteen thirty eight, Rosie, a man might as well have been a Jew himself: (TURNING OUT TOWARD NINE O'CLOCK.) the Nazis made no distinctions. And, of course, to have been a Jew then was to

wait for the day they opened your door and took you away. They opened so many doors. . . (TURNS TOWARD DOOR.) so many doors. . . and came out with Jews in their fists. . . (TURNS TO RANDALL.) Most men, you know, most men can live all their lives with the conviction that they have honor, and they can go to their graves with that conviction without ever having been put to the test of it. I envy them, the ones who escape the test. Not me. In the summer of nineteen thirty eight I had my test, my choice to make: to wait until I was taken to a concentration camp with my Jewish wife and my Jewish son. . . or to live as a Communist and fight for my country, my Germany, against the Nazis. (TO ROSIE.) Sure, you can say: where is the choice there, where is the choice to make against loyalty to your wife, to your son? Easy to say. Even for me, easy to say now. But not then. Because, you see, the Party, belief in the Party was above all. Of course, this is impossible to believe, I know, for anyone was was not of it. But it was true: the Party was God, the defeat of Nazism our Paradise to be attained on earth, our German earth. And, to save my life for that fight, I abandoned them, my wife and my child, in the middle of a night, without a word. I went to another city, I took another name. (TURNS TOWARD BALUSTRADE AND LEANS ON IT WITH ONE HAND, FACING TWELVE O'CLOCK.) I was a railroad engineer, in those days, and the war was coming, and the trains were rolling day and night in Germany, then, day and night. For nearly a year I carried freight between Hamburg and Cologne: chemicals, machinery, armaments. From time to time, I would get news of home, from comrades, that my wife and son were well, were safe yet. (TURNS TOWARD ROSIE.) . . . And then I was transferred to a place called Mauthausen, and the freight was people. . . Three trips I made in two months and I carried hundred and hundreds of people. Jews, to the concentration camp at Mauthausen. . . Until August, Nineteen thirty nine, and Stalin made his pact with Hitler. (FACING NINE O'CLOCK.) Communism embraced Nazism, my god kissed Satan and called him friend. In that moment there was a new truth: that I abandoned my wife and my son to the wolves and saved myself for nothing. For nothing! My life, without them, had been without meaning. And their death without me, when it came, would be equally without meaning. Unless. . . unless, it was not too late, hah? Of course! I could go back! With what dignity and honor there was left to me! I could go back to my wife--whether she would forgive me or not, whether she would have me or not. (TOWARD RANDALL.) I would live with her again, and with my son, as the husband of a Jew, as the father of a Jew and wait for them to open our door and take us! Together!. . . (TURNS TO DOOR.) And I went back. . . And in the house the windows were smashed. . . and the door was open. . . and they were gone. (PAUSE. HE STEPS DOWN FROM DOORWAY TO STOOL NUMBER THREE, SITS FACING NINE O'CLOCK.) I left Germany then. (LEANING ON COUNTER TOWARD ROSIE.) Save what you can save, Rosie. I know.

ROSIE

(PERHAPS NOT HEARING GLAS' LAST STATEMENT. QUIETLY.) You were never in a concentration camp. (SILENCE FROM GLAS. HE TURNS AWAY TOWARD TWELVE O'CLOCK.) Your arm, the number.

GLAS

A tatoo fellow did it for me. Here in Brooklyn.

ROSIE

But why?

GLAS

(TURNS TO ROSIE.) I don't know. . . it was supposed to be there, it should have happened. . . Do you understand?

RANDALL

(WITHOUT LOOKING AT GLAS. STANDS AND MOVES AROUND TABLE, COUNTER-CLOCKWISE TO JUKE BOX.) The leg, Mister Glas? That they were supposed to have broken up?

GLAS

(TO RANDALL.) A railroad accident.

RANDALL

(FACING JUKE BOX.) And the stories about the camp you were supposed to have been in?

GLAS

Everyone knows those stories. They are all true. Not my truth. . .but the truth.

ROSIE

Jesus.

GLAS

(TAPPING NEWSPAPER ON COUNTER.) For this man. . . the waiting is over. He committed a crime for which a punishment has been named, you see. But me. Who will judge me? Who will condemn me, and by what law? (HE MOVES UP TO THE DOORWAY, FACING THE DOOR. STOPS.) The first time I told my truth in twenty-three years. (HE GOES OUT THE DOOR.)

RANDALL

(CROSSING FROM THE JUKE BOX BETWEEN THE TABLE AND THE LADDER. WITH IRONY.) And the truth shall make him free. (ROSIE MOVES QUICKLY TO THE DOOR AND LOOKS OUT. RANDALL MOVES TO AREA UNDER THE SHELVES AT NINE O'CLOCK.) What is he doing?

ROSIE

Sitting on the curb.

RANDALL

Mm.

ROSIE

(STILL LOOKING OUT DOOR.) Randall?

RANDALL

Mmm?

ROSIE

I think he's crying.

RANDALL

Mm, hm.

ROSIE

Yes, he is, He's crying. (RANDALL MOVES TO THE COUNTER AND PICKS UP THE WIG.) Shouldn't we do something?

RANDALL

(HIS ATTENTION ON THE WIG.) You amaze me, Rosie, you truly do. (HE PUTS THE WIG ON. FACING THREE O'CLOCK.) You always think there's something to be done.

ROSIE

(STILL LOOKING OUT DOOR.) Jesus.

RANDALL

Mourn not, little Rosie, mourn not. (HE CROSSES TO JUKE BOX, INSERTS A COIN IN THE SLOT, THE MACHINE COMES ALIVE. HE PROCEEDS TO MAKE THREE SELECTIONS.) Maybe we'll think of something, Rosie.

ROSIE

What?

RANDALL

I said: maybe we'll think of something. To be done. (THE RECORD BEGINS. IT IS THE VOICE OF FRANK SINATRA SINGING "YOU GO TO MY HEAD." THE LIGHTS BEGIN TO DIM OUT SLOWLY IN THE STORE WITH ONLY SPECIALS LEFT ON ROSIE AT THE DOORWAY AND RANDALL AT THE JUKE BOX. A SLOW COUNT OF THREE, THE SPECIALS THEN DIM OUT AS THE SONG CONTINUES. THE ACTORS LEAVE IN BLACK. THE HOUSE LIGHTS COME UP. THE SONG CONTINUES.)

(ACT TWO ENDS)

ACT THREE

SCENE: DURING THE INTERMISSION, THE FIRST SONG PLAYED THROUGH ONCE, THE SECOND SONG--DIFFERENT--PLAYED THROUGH. AT THE END OF THE INTERMISSION, THE HOUSE LIGHTS FADE OUT TO BLACK, THE ACTORS COME ON IN BLACK AND TAKE THEIR PLACES. AS THE LIGHTS FADE UP ON THE STORE, THE FIRST SONG MUSIC FADES IN, THE RECORD IS ENDING. SOME MINUTES HAVE PASSED. GLAS IS STILL OUTSIDE THE STORE. ROSIE IS STILL STANDING IN THE DOORWAY LOOKING OUT. RANDALL IS NOW SEATED ON STOOL NUMBER ONE, IN DEEP THOUGHT, STILL WEARING THE WIG.

ROSIE

(MOVING DESPONDENTLY, TURNS TO RANDALL.) You look ridiculous.

RANDALL

(ABSENTLY.) HMMMMMMMM?

ROSIE

Will you take the wig off, this is hardly the time for jokes. (RANDALL IS STILL ABSORBED. PAUSE. ROSIE MOVES A FEW STEPS TOWARD THE END OF THE DOORWAY PLATFORM.) I feel very sorry for him, Randall.

RANDALL

(TURNS TO ROSIE.) You do seem to be missing the point, sweet Rosie. He doesn't want you to feel sorry for him, he doesn't want your pity. Save your pity for those who want it, Rosie, don't piddle it away on those who don't.

ROSIE

(LOOKING OUT TOWARD THE DOOR AGAIN.) Well, what are you supposed to do, a man dumps a story like that right in your lap? (PAUSE.)

RANDALL

Stand up. (RANDALL STANDS, LOOKS AROUND.)

ROSIE

Haven't you any compassion at all? (SHE MOVES DOWN TO AREA OF WINDOW, LOOKS OUT.)

RANDALL

(WITH MOCK INTEREST.) What is that: compassion. (RANDALL TAKES OF HIS JACKET LAYS IT ACROSS THE FIVE O'CLOCK END OF THE COUNTER.) I mean, that compassion, that's okay up to a point, little Rosie, that's what you do until the doctor comes, (LOOKS AT NEWSPAPER ON COUNTER.) but it doesn't do much good, you know, finally.

ROSIE

I suppose not.

RANDALL

(LOOKS AT LADDER.) So I suppose it's time we did something, then.

ROSIE

About what?

RANDALL

(DURING THE FOLLOWING EXCHANGE, RANDALL MOVES THE LADDER TO NEW POSITION BETWEEN THE TABLE AND THE MAGAZINE RACK. HE LINES THE STEPS OF THE LADDER POINTING DIRECTLY AT SIX O'CLOCK WITH THE BACK SUPPORT ARMS OF THE LADDER POINTING DIRECTLY AT TWELVE O'CLOCK.) He still there.

ROSIE

(LOOKS OUT.) Yes. Now what. (RANDALL MOVES STOOL NUMBER TWO UP TO THE DOORWAY ALMOST BLOCKING THE ENTRANCE, BUT NOT QUITE.)

RANDALL

(CROSSES TO TABLE TO GET CAPE.) You said what could we do, Rosie, and I said perhaps we'll think of something.

ROSIE

So?

RANDALL

So, I've thought of something and we'll do it, then. (PUTS ON CAPE.)

ROSIE

What.

RANDALL

(PROCEEDING TO CHECK BEHIND COUNTER, A QUICK LOOK UP THE STEPS AT SEVEN O'CLOCK, MAKING READY. THE LIGHTS IN THE STORE DIM DURING THIS PROCESS, GRADUALLY.) Mister Glas is a victim of every man's unfortunate need to be judged, Rosie.

ROSIE

Oh, yeah?

RANDALL

So, we'll do that little thing, Rosie.

ROSIE

What little thing?

RANDALL

(CROSSES FROM COUNTER AREA--EVERYTHING IS READY, ALMOST--TO ROSIE AT WINDOW. OFFERS HIS HAND TO HER.) Be seated, Rosie, be seated.

ROSIE

What?

RANDALL

(PULLS HER OVER TO THE COUNTER AND LIFTS HER IMMEDIATELY UP ON TO THE COUNTER AND SEATS HER NEAR NINE O'CLOCK END OF COUNTER FACING TWELVE O'CLOCK.) Sit. Here.

ROSIE

(PROTESTING.) What the hell for? What are you doing, anyway? Now listen, Randall---

RANDALL

Ssh!

ROSIE

What exactly is this game called?

RANDALL

(MOVES TO BEHIND COUNTER. GETS HIS SUNGLASSES FROM HIS JACKET POCKET AND POSITIONS THEM ON TOP OF HIS JACKET--MORE PREPARATION.) It has no name, I just invented it. (RANDALL CROSSES TO THE LADDER AND ASCENDS TO TOPMOST SEAT. SITS.) It's the game without a name.

ROSIE

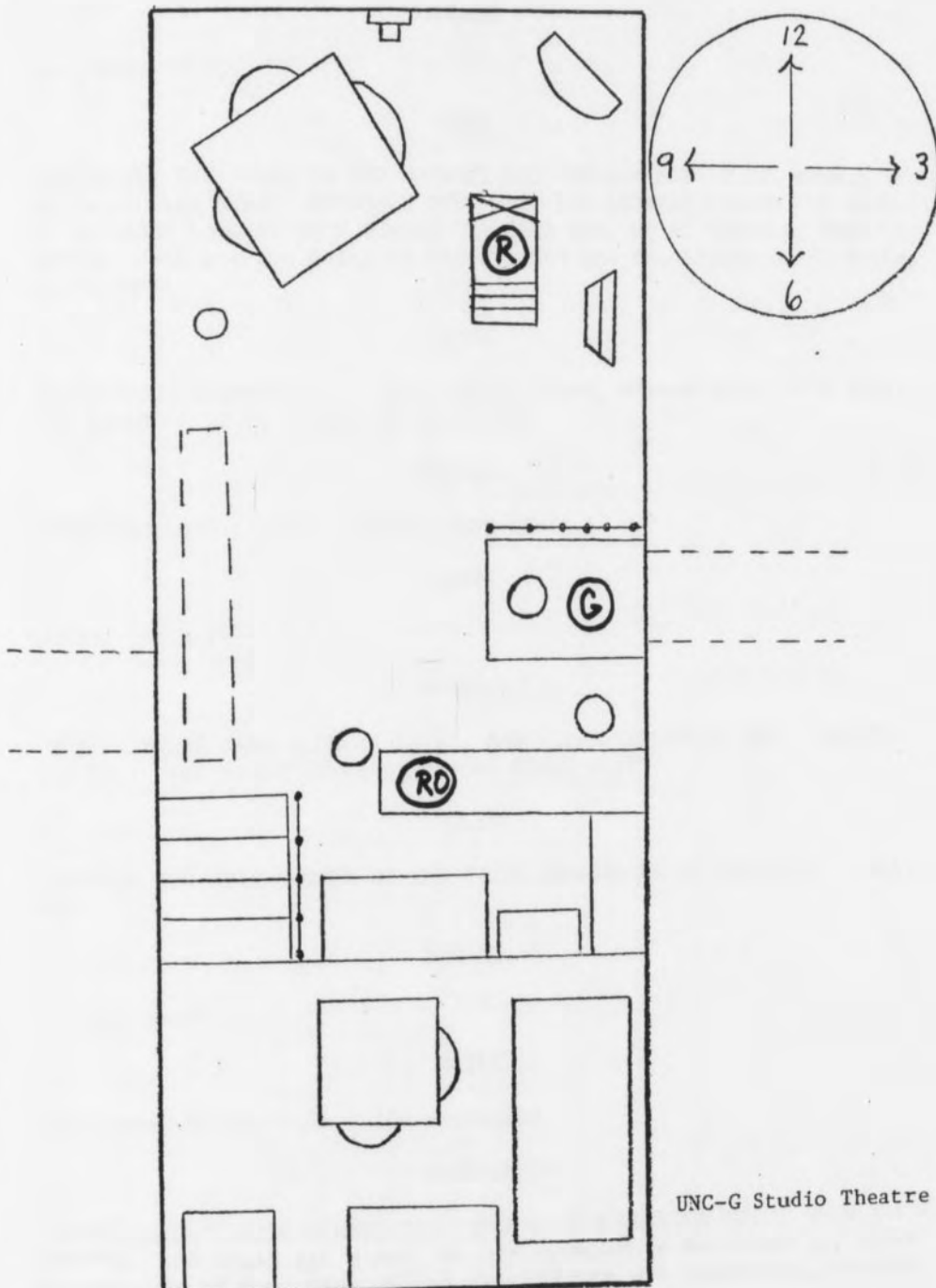
Okay, I'll bite. What now?

RANDALL

We wait. For the principal party in these proceedings. (GLAS BEGINS HIS ENTRANCE UP THE AISLE--DEJECTED AND BROKEN IN STATURE. HEAD DOWN, HE ENTERS THE STORE, ALMOST BUMPING INTO THE STOOL IN THE DOORWAY.)
(FIGURE 13)

FIGURE 13

Floor Plan: Slow Dance on the Killing Ground
Scale: $1/4" = 1'0"$



GLAS

(STOPPING SHORT. ATTENTIVE.) What's going on?

RANDALL

Short wait.

GLAS

(INDICATING THE STOOL IN THE DOORWAY AND THE DIMNESS OF THE ROOM.)
What's all this here. (CROSSES DOWN FROM THE DOORWAY TOWARD THE AREA
OF THE TABLE LOOKING BACK TOWARD THE JUKE BOX, UP AT RANDALL, THEN TO
ROSIE.) What are you doing up there? Why are the lights out? Rosie,
what's this?

ROSIE

(EMBARRASSED SUDDENLY.) I don't really know, Mister Glas. I'm sorry.
(SHE MOVES AS IF TO LEAVE THE COUNTER.)

RANDALL

(DEMANDING, LOUD.) Sit, Rosie! (SHE STAYS.)

ROSIE

Listen, you nut---

RANDALL

(USING ICEPICK FROM CAPE AS GAVEL, BANGS ONCE ON LADDER TOP. IN THE
DIALECT.) You stand accused, Mister Glas, sir!

GLAS

(STANDING NOW NEAR CENTER OF THE STORE LOOKING UP AT RANDALL.) What,
what?

RANDALL

Accused, yes!

ROSIE

He's crazy, Mister Glas. I'm convinced.

RANDALL

(BANGS "GAVEL" THREE TIMES, HIS VOICE LIKE A MACHINE-GUN.) Hear ye!
Hear Ye! God bless all here! We are gathered to determine the guilt
or innocence of one, Glas, first name unknown and immaterial, brought

forward here and now before this here qualified tri-bunal--that's me--with the view in mind to settin' his heretofore troubled conscience to rest concernin' a certain matter, to wit: his need to be judged. (GLAS TURNS AWAY TOWARD ROSIE AT COUNTER.) The jury--that's you, Rosie--may consider itself duly sworn to deliver at the requisite time the proper various verdicts which are demanded by the laws previously set down by this here society regardin' the execution of justice in all its forms. (BANGS "GAVEL" ONCE.)

ROSIE

(TURNS AWAY.) Jeeesus.

RANDALL

(POINTING DOWN TO ROSIE.) The jury is pushin' for a charge of contempt by this here court unless it be more circumspect and reserved it is reactions to the procedure herein bein' carried out. Be warned, jury. (RETURNING TO GLAS.) The first charge to be considered before this tri-bunal here convened is that of, uh--abandonment. Specifically, the, the abandonment aforethought of the family of the accused, specifically, one wife and one son, aged, uh--ten? (GLAS NODS.) Yeah, ten years of age. How do you plead? (GLAS FOLDS HIS HANDS IN FRONT OF HIM.) Guilty or not guilty?

ROSIE

(PAUSE.) Should I call a cop, Mister Glas? (SHE MOVES TO DESCEND FROM THE COUNTER, WHEN GLAS SPEAKS, STOPPING HER.)

GLAS

Guilty. (HE CROSSES UP TO THE DOORWAY AND STANDS BETWEEN THE STOOL PLACED THERE AND THE DOOR, FACING NINE O'CLOCK. NOW ON THE STAND.)

ROSIE

(SITS BACK.) Mister Glas. . . ?

RANDALL

How say the jury? (SILENCE. ROSIE IS GAZING AT GLAS WHO WAITS, MOTIONLESS.) How says the jury!

ROSIE

(TO RANDALL.) If I had a mind to, I could point out a very basic flaw in this whole farce, you know? The fact is, he already said he was guilty, so you don't need any opinion from the jury or whatever it is I'm supposed to be. That's if I had a mind to. (LOOKS AT GLAS.) Which I haven't.

RANDALL

The accused's own opinion and hearsay evidence is naturally prejudiced and inadmissible for the purposes of this tri-bunal. Guilty or not guilty, jury? Of the charge of abandonment?

GLAS

(TURNS TO ROSIE.) Say, Rosie! (PAUSE. SHE GAZES AT GLAS.)

ROSIE

You too?

GLAS

(MORE QUIETLY.) Say, Rosie. (SHE LOOKS AT RANDALL, AT GLAS AGAIN.)

ROSIE

You already said you were guilty. (TO RANDALL.) He already said---

RANDALL

The jury do seem to be losin' sight and grasp of the main issue at hand here. Certainly he said it. Nobody else said it, however. Yet. That the issue at hand which we takin' care of now in this here tri-bunal.

GLAS

(STILL MORE QUIETLY, INSISTENT.) Say, Rosie. (PAUSE.)

ROSIE

(QUIETLY.) Guilty, yes. Mister Glas. . . ?

GLAS

Ssh, Rosie. (TURNS FORWARD TOWARD NINE O'CLOCK AGAIN. BOWS HIS HEAD.)

RANDALL

We can now proceed to the more difficult and complex matters been laid before this tri-bunal, to wit: is this here defendant guilty of a certain what might be called moral deformity currently to be found present in certain types of individuals now resident within the context of this, uh--society that we got goin' for us at the moment! You will recall, if you will, the defendant's testimonial that some time after the abandonment of his family, he found himself present in another somewhat tricky situation, to wit: employment as the uh--driver of a train that were engaged in the transport of certain parties, namely the Jews, to the place called. . . uh. . . uh. . .

ROSIE

Mauthausen.

RANDALL

Correct. Mauthausen. Now. Did the defendant know--I mean, know--whether or not these here parties, namely the Jews, were maybe criminal types convicted by the laws of that time and place? The answer is clear here: no. Definitely. It bein' a matter of record accordin' to the accused's own testimonial that he knew them people to be Jews merely and no criminal types convicted of crimes against the state by due process of law. Correct? (GLAS NODS.) Correct. Furthermore, did the accused here before us know that the parties were bein' transported to the place of their ultimate and inescapable death? The answer, in the very words of the accused, is yes. Definitely. How do the accused plead? Guilty or not guilty?

GLAS

(RAISES HIS HEAD.) Guilty.

RANDALL

How do the jury find? (SILENCE.) How do the--

ROSIE

(LOWERS HER HEAD.) Guilty, yes.

RANDALL

We movin' nicely right along here now. (BANGS THE "GAVEL.") This bring us to the very brink of a most ticklish aspect of this case, to wit: the subsequent disposition of the defendant's Self by hisself. Did the accused, upon learnin' of its true nature, refuse the employment which tended to incriminate him as a direct accomplice in the unspeakable deaths inflicted upon many hundreds of innocent persons, namely the Jews? Did he refuse? He did not. Definitely. On the contrary, jury, on the contrary. What he did was, he donned his overalls and chugged his choo-choo right on into that place, Mauthausen, keepin' his mouth strictly shut, as we have discovered to be his habit and approach to life. And, subsequent to that, havin' discovered the folly of his havin' deserted his wife and his child for the sake of a Cause, to wit: the Communists, the folly of aiding and abetting in the act of murder for the sake of that Cause, when it turn right around, somewhat confusingly, and kiss and make up with is up-till-then sworn enemy, the other Cause, to wit: the Nazis. True, we gotta reserve a little bit of sympathy for the accused at this point 'cause we gotta admit there ain't nothin' quite so upsettin' as discoverin' you been believin' in the wrong Cause. Which brings us back to the original matter under consideration, to wit: the disposition of the defendant's

Self by hisself upon discoverin' the Folly of his Ways. Did he, in expiation, for his crimes, throw hisself beneath (GLAS WHIRLS AROUND TO THE CORNER OF THE BALUSTRADE, LOOKING DIRECTLY UP AT RANDALL.) the wheels of that very same choo-choo that he'd been runnin' back and forth to the place called Mauthausen? He did not. As is plain to see. Au contraire, jury, au contraire. He es-caped, is what he did. He withdrew from the field of battle. He lived. (GLAS TURNS AND SINKS FORWARD, HANDS ON THE STOOL.)

ROSIE

He tried to go back to his family first.

RANDALL

A gesture which we must be constrained to look upon with caution, jury, if not with outright suspicion. A somewhat tardy gesture, if you will. (A CRACK OF THE "GAVEL.") Therefore. The defendant stands accused of the charge of continuing. Continuing to maintain himself in a aura of public innocence. Continuing not to seek out punishment for his crimes. Continuing, in short, to live. How do you plead?

GLAS

Guilty.

RANDALL

Jury? Guilty or not guilty?

ROSIE

(LOOKS UP.) Of what?

RANDALL

Of continuing, jury. To live. (PAUSE.)

ROSIE

(LOWERS HER HEAD.) Guilty.

RANDALL

(RAPS "GAVEL" ONCE.) The jury having voiced no dissent with, (RANDALL DESCENDS THE LADDER, CROSSES BEHIND CHAIR TWO AT THE TABLE. LEANS OVER ON TO TABLE TOWARD THE DIRECTION OF THE DOORWAY AND GLAS.) the judgment of the defendant--and also, I might add, with the privately-held and hitherto undivulged opinions of this court, namely me--all that bein' the case, this court find the defendant guilty on all counts here before it this evenin' and, havin' no alternative, do sentence the defendant to death in the first degree. (BANGS "GAVEL" ON TABLE ONCE.)

MOVES ON AROUND TABLE CLOCK-WISE, BETWEEN TABLE AND LADDER TO THE AREA OF THE WINDOW AND LEANS ON THE BALUSTRADE BETWEEN GLAS AND HIMSELF.) Done. Done, then! (FIGURE 14)

(RANDALL MOVES IMMEDIATELY BEHIND THE COUNTER. TAKES THE WIG OFF AND PLACES IT ON THE COUNTER NEXT TO ROSIE. HE DRIVES THE ICE PICK IN THE COUNTER TOP NEAR THE CASH REGISTER. HE PUTS ON HIS SUNGLASSES AND TAKES THE GUN FROM ITS PLACE, LAYING IT GENTLY ON THE COUNTERTOP.)

ROSIE

(UPON SEEING THE GUN.) Randall!! (SHE HOPS DOWN FROM THE COUNTER AND BACKS AWAY TOWARD THE STEPS AT SEVEN O'CLOCK.) Randall!!

RANDALL

Ssh. (RANDALL LEAPS IN A SLOW, GRACEFUL HANDSPRING, OVER THE COUNTER, COMING TO REST JUST TO THE LEFT OF GLAS ON THE FLOOR AREA OF THE STORE. HE PUTS THE MUZZLE OF THE GUN TO THE BASE OF GLAS'S SKULL. ROSIE IS WIDE-EYED, TRANSFIXED. GLAS IS MOTIONLESS. RANDALL PULLS THE TRIGGER AND THE HAMMER FALLS, AUDIBLE, ON THE EMPTY CHAMBER. SILENCE.) Done, then. . . . (RANDALL MOVES OVER TO ROSIE AT SEVEN O'CLOCK. SHE BACKS UP THE STEPS TO THE VERY TOP STEP. PAUSE. MOTIONLESS. HE POINTS THE GUN AT HER BREAST AND PULLS THE TRIGGER: ANOTHER CLICK.) You got a short span of memory, little chick. It empty, you recall? You recall now? (HE PLACES THE MUZZLE AT HIS OWN TEMPLE, PULLS THE TRIGGER. THEN AGAIN, ANOTHER CLICK. HE MOVES BACK OVER TO GLAS, THIS TIME STANDING JUST TO THE RIGHT SIDE OF GLAS IN FRONT. HE POINTS THE GUN AT GLAS AGAIN BUT THIS TIME NOT TOUCHING HIS HEAD AND AGAIN PULLS THE TRIGGER. ANOTHER CLICK. GLAS DROPS HIS HEAD AND HIS HANDS TO HIS SIDE. RANDALL CROSSES TO THE TABLE AND PLACES THE GUN FIRMLY DOWN ON THE NINE O'CLOCK END OF THE COUNTER.) It's done, Rosie. (BY NOW THE LIGHTS IN THE STORE HAVE COME UP, GRADUALLY. RANDALL CROSSES TO THE TABLE. ROSIE IS BADLY SHAKEN.)

ROSIE

(STILL ON STEPS.) What's done?

RANDALL

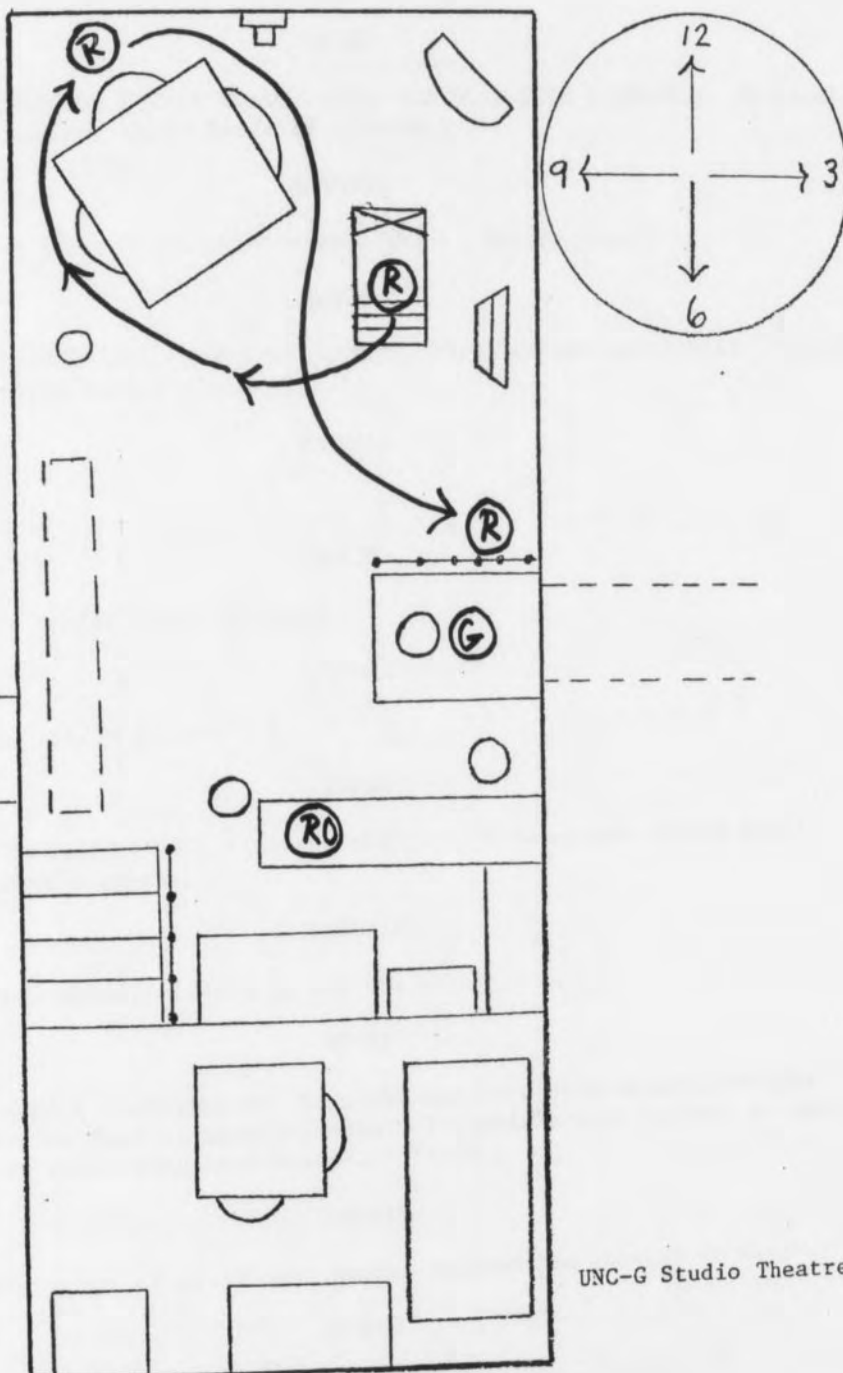
(SITS CHAIR TWO AT TABLE. WITH A SHRUG.) Something. (GLAS CROSSES TO THE LADDER AND LEANS ON THE STEPS.) You know: the something you spoke of? (TAKES OFF GLASSES PUTS THEM ON TABLE. TAKES OFF CAPE AND DRAPES IT ON BACK OF CHAIR.)

ROSIE

(COMING DOWN THE STEPS OUT INTO THE STORE NEAR END OF COUNTER.) You almost scared me to death, you bastard, you nut!

FIGURE 14

Floor Plan: Slow Dance on the Killing Ground
 Scale: $1/4" = 1'0"$



RANDALL

Well, it make as much sense as some trials I could mention. (GLAS SPEAKS WITHOUT LOOKING AT RANDALL.)

GLAS

(CROSSES TO STOOL NUMBER THREE, SITS, FACING TWELVE O'CLOCK.) It should have been loaded, hah? Randall? (PAUSE.)

RANDALL

No sword of justice will pierce your heart, Mister Glas.

ROSIE

(DISTURBED, PUZZLED. MOVES TO COUNTER, PICKS UP GUN CAUTIOUSLY, HOLDING IT IN HER OPEN HAND.) Randall. . . .

RANDALL

Hmmm?

ROSIE

You didn't really know, did you?

RANDALL

Know what, little Rosie?

ROSIE

(TURNING TOWARD RANDALL.) About the gun. I mean, you didn't really know it wasn't loaded.

RANDALL

Sure I did, Rosie. Didn't he say so.

ROSIE

But you didn't really know. He might not have been telling you the truth when he said it wasn't loaded. You didn't look to see, or anything. It could have been loaded. (PAUSE.)

RANDALL

You asking a lot of questions, Rosie, without the answers to match.

ROSIE

(A FEW STEPS TOWARD RANDALL AT TABLE.) It's true, isn't it?

RANDALL

Wha's true?

ROSIE

That you didn't really know. Suppose it had been? (CROSSES OVER TO TABLE STANDING OPPOSITE HIM AND PUSHES HAND WITH GUN IN IT CLOSE TO RANDALL'S FACE.) Suppose it had been loaded?

RANDALL

Well, then, that woulda been another contingency which we woulda---

ROSIE

(HOLDING HER GROUND.) Suppose it had been loaded, Randall! (PAUSE. ROSIE IS TERRIFIED AT THE POSSIBILITIES, THE IMPLICATIONS. HER EYES WELL WITH TEARS, SHE BACKS UP TOWARD THE COUNTER.) I don't understand.

RANDALL

Well, it's a clock shop, little Rosie, we're all telling a different time. (TURNS TO GLAS.) Isn't that right, Mister Glas?

GLAS

That's right, Randall.

ROSIE

(TURNS TO GLAS AT COUNTER. PLACES GUN CAREFULLY ON COUNTER, WIPES HER HAND ON HER SKIRT.) But, Mister Glas! (HYSTERICALLY.) He didn't know it wasn't loaded. He could've killed you! You could be dead! Don't you understand!

GLAS

(CALMLY.) Of course, I understand, Rosie.

ROSIE

Well, I don't. I really don't. (SHE WEEPS.)

GLAS

I knew it wasn't loaded, Rosie.

ROSIE

(CROSSES OVER TO LADDER AND GRABS IT FACING TWELVE O'CLOCK.) But, he didn't, goddamnit! He didn't know! Why won't you listen! He could've been killing you, for all he knew!

GLAS

(RISES. GOES OVER TO ROSIE.) He was, Rosie, he was. Sshh. Don't cry. (SHE IS UNCONSOLOABLE.) Randall, tell her you knew it wasn't loaded.

RANDALL

(READILY.) I knew it wasn't loaded.

ROSIE

(MOVES AWAY FROM GLAS TOWARD AREA UNDER THE SHELVES AT NINE O'CLOCK.) You're lying! You're lying!

GLAS

(TURNS TO ROSIE.) Sshh. It doesn't matter, Rosie, it doesn't matter.

ROSIE

Of course, it matters! Jesus Christ!

GLAS

(TAKES A STEP TOWARD ROSIE.) Not to me, Rosie. Not to Randall.

ROSIE

(SCREAMING.) It matters to me!

RANDALL

Why, Rosie. (STANDS.)

ROSIE

(CROSSES TO END OF COUNTER, PULLS STOOL NUMBER ONE BACK IN ITS PLACE AND SITS.) I don't know (PAUSE.)

GLAS

(CROSSES BEHIND COUNTER. PICKS UP GUN AND RETURNS IT UNDER THE COUNTER.) Won't they be missing you at home at this late hour, Rosie.

ROSIE

No.

RANDALL

(MOVES TO LADDER. FOLDS IT. PUTS IT AGAINST THE WALL AT TWELVE O'CLOCK BETWEEN THE WALL PHONE AND THE JUKE BOX.) I should think they'd be missing you at home at his late hour, Rosie.

ROSIE

I'm supposed to be staying with a friend tonight. (GLAS CROSSES TO TABLE CARRYING AN ASHTRAY WHICH BELONGS THERE. HE SITS CHAIR NUMBER ONE, IN THOUGHT.)

RANDALL

Ah.

ROSIE

(ROSIE IS DESPONDENT NOW, HER "FRONT" IS GONE.) I didn't want to go home--after the doctor. So I told them I'd be staying at a friend's. Now I'll have to make the arrangements and everything, all over again.

RANDALL

(STANDING NEAR THE MAGAZINE RACK.) You're really going to do that thing, then, hah, Rosie?

ROSIE

Of course I'm going to do it. Why not?

RANDALL

(CROSSES TO DOORWAY, PICKS UP STOOL AND REPLACES IT IN ITS PLACE AT COUNTER NEXT TO ROSIE.) Well, it'll be a new experience for you, Rosie (CROSSES OUT INTO STORE TO NINE O'CLOCK UNDER SHELVES.), you'll be able to put it in one of those books you're going to write.

ROSIE

That's not funny.

RANDALL

(HIS ATTITUDE CHANGES SUDDENLY TO ONE OF QUIET INTENSITY. MOVES OVER TO ROSIE AND STANDS NEAR STOOL NUMBER TWO.) Rosie. . . don't do it, Rosie.

ROSIE

What? (PAUSE.) What do you mean, don't do it? What's it to you, anyway?

RANDALL

(IN THE DIALECT.) Ain't nothin' ta me, (BACKS AWAY TOWARD DOORWAY.) little chick, nothin' atall.

ROSIE

It's easy for you to say, isn't it. Don't do it. Just like that, don't do it.

RANDALL

(UP IN DOORWAY, LOOKING OUT.) We don't have to pursue the matter, Rosie, if you don't care to. (PAUSE. SHE STUDIES HIM.)

ROSIE

You're judging me now, aren't you. Like him (SHE POINTS AT GLAS WHO IS SILENT, MOTIONLESS AT THE TABLE.)

RANDALL

Not all all, Rosie.

ROSIE

(RISING, HOLDING HER BAG.) You think I want to do it?

RANDALL

(TURNS TO ROSIE.) That's a very tricky question, Rosie, I decline to answer. I'm told we do what we most want to do. (TURNS AWAY.)

ROSIE

(CROSSES A FEW STEPS TOWARD RANDALL.) Well, of course, I want to. But I don't really want to. I have no choice.

RANDALL

Of course.

ROSIE

I don't!

RANDALL

(WHIRLS AROUND TOWARD HER.) You do!

ROSIE

(TURNS AWAY TOWARD EIGHT O'CLOCK.) But not one that I care to take.

RANDALL

Ah. Ah, yes. Yes, yes, yes. Did you hear, Mister Glas?

GLAS

Yes.

ROSIE

I have to do it. (TURNING TO RANDALL. TAKES A STEP TOWARD HIM.) You understand, don't you, Randall (RANDALL TURNS AWAY. SHE TURNS TO GLAS, A STEP TOWARD HIM.) Mister Glas? (GLAS TURNS AWAY.)

RANDALL

What does it matter whether or not we understand, Rosie? (PAUSE.)

ROSIE

(WITH ALL THE "FRONT" AT HER COMMAND AND FOR WHAT IS PROBABLY THE LAST TIME IN HER LIFE.) That's right! What does it matter! It happens every day, right? (LEANS BACK AGAINST COUNTER.) And I have no patience with all the whispered-behind-the-hand hypocrisy about the facts of life, however sordid. . . (THEN, QUIETLY, QUICKLY.) they may sometimes be. (ROSIE TURNS TO FACE COUNTER. HER HEAD IN HER HANDS. PAUSE.)

RANDALL

(OVER TO ROSIE.) You angry with me, Rosie? (PAUSE.)

ROSIE

(STANDS ERECT, LOOKS AT HIM.) No, I'm not angry with you. A little frightened of you, maybe.

RANDALL

Why frightened, Rosie? (GOES BACK UP INTO DOORWAY.)

ROSIE

Because you confuse me. I have to know who people are or else I become confused and I tend to be frightened by things that confuse me. (TURNS TO RANDALL.) I don't think you even know who you are, Randall. I don't think you even think you know who you are.

RANDALL

(TURNING TO FACE ROSIE.) Think, Rosie? Think. I know not think. You know that saying: "I think, therefore I am"? It's a bunch of bosh, baby. (LEANS TO ROSIE.) I feel, therefore I am; that's the truth.

ROSIE

What do you feel, Randall?

RANDALL

Oh, many things.

ROSIE

Easy answer, Randall. What things?

RANDALL

(CROSSES TO AREA UNDER SHELVES AT NINE O'CLOCK.) Private things.

ROSIE

Phony.

RANDALL

(TURNS TO ROSIE.) Hm?

ROSIE

You. "Private things." Bullshit, Randall. Phony.

RANDALL

(CROSSES OVER TO HER. SEIZING HER HE PULLS HER AROUND OUT FROM COUNTER.) Not phony! Not! Not! You want to know what I feel? (GLAS RISES AND CROSSES AROUND TABLE CLOCK-WISE TO LADDER AND LEANS INTO THE LADDER, FACING THE WALL.) You want to know? There is a passion loose in the world, little chick! (RELEASING HER.) A passion for the sounds of violence, for the sight of pain! A passion for death and disaster! (DURING THIS, MOVING TOWARD AND AWAY FROM ROSIE MAKING HIS POINT.) We're up to our eyeballs in blood, little chick: you gotta swim in it or drown in it, one or the other. Listen! (LOOKING AROUND AS IF STRUCK BY AN UNSEEN FORCE.) You hear that? You hear that long, faint, faraway roar out there? (ROSIE LOOKS AROUND, LISTENING.) You gotta listen good and you'll hear it. (TAKES HOLD OF ONE OF HER ARMS.) Listen! Hear it? You know what that is? That's the Yahoos screaming for blood out there! Isn't that right, Mister Glas?

GLAS

(WITHOUT TURNING AROUND, LOUD.) That's right, Randall.

RANDALL

(PULLS ROSIE FORCEFULLY UP TO THE DOORWAY, POINTING OUT,) It's a butcher shop, little Rosie! Where's your cleaver! (RELEASES HER.)

ROSIE

(BACKING AWAY DOWN FROM THE DOORWAY, TOWARD NINE O'CLOCK.) I'll never take up a cleaver.

RANDALL

Then you gotta be fast on your feet, little chick! Fast, fast on your feet! (THEN, MORE QUIETLY.) Unless you want to be like Mister Glas and bury yourself in a hole and wait for someone to come along and execute you with an imaginary bullet in the brain. That's also a way. But, ever which way, it all comes to the same thing in the end, Rosie: no hiding place.

ROSIE

(TAKES A STEP TOWARD RANDALL.) From what, Randall?

RANDALL

From what?

GLAS

(TURNING TO LOOK AT RANDALL.) Tell us, Randall. It's time.

RANDALL

(GOING ALONG.) Is it? Is it that time already?

GLAS

You owe it to us, Randall.

RANDALL

Do I. (TURNS TO ROSIE. GLAS NODS.) Yes, I suppose I do, all things considered, mm, hm. (PAUSE.) HE BEGINS VERY MATTER-OF-FACTLY, ALMOST IN A DREAM-LIKE STATE, RECOUNTING.)

ROSIE

(CROSSES OVER TO NINE O'CLOCK END OF COUNTER.) Go on, Randall. (PAUSE.)

RANDALL

(LOOKING OUT TOWARD NINE O'CLOCK.) Up the stairs, first. One flight, two flights, three flights, four. Through the door. Into the room. Dark. Sit. Wait. Noises in the bedroom, familiar noises in the bedroom. Creak, moan. Creak, moan. Creak, moan. Momma moaning, giving value for money. Wait. Quiet. Dark. (TURNS TOWARD COUNTER AT FIVE O'CLOCK.) Clock, tickticktick, clock, tickticktick. Fire engine. Clock, tickticktick. He comes out of the bedroom, head down, faceless man, (LOOKING OUT TOWARD CENTER OF STORE.) buttoning, shoelaces clicking on the linoleum. Out the door. (TURNS QUICKLY TO DOOR.) Slam. Quiet. Wait. Bedspring creaks. Match strikes in bedroom. Exhalation. Don't smoke in bed, momma: everybody says. Randall stands up. Into the bedroom. Mama on the bed, black on white. (TURNS TO BALUSTRADE, PUTS ONE HAND ON IT, FACING TWELVE O'CLOCK.) Screams. Covers up. No words.

(GLAS TURNS AWAY TO THE WALL. ROSIE BACKS UP TOWARD STEPS AT SEVEN O'CLOCK.) Screams when the knife comes down. Screams when the knife comes down. Many times. Knife breaks. (TURNS QUICKLY TOWARD COUNTER.) Ice-pick. Small round holes in the white sheet pumping blood. No screams. . . no screams no more. . . no momma no more, no momma no more. . . (PAUSE.)

ROSIE

(HAND TO HER MOUTH.) Ohmygod. . . ohmygod. . . Mister Glas, he. . .

GLAS

(CUTTING HER OFF. LOUD.) I heard Rosie. (SHE WEEPS.)

RANDALL

(COMING BACK NOW. MOVES TO THE FIVE O'CLOCK END OF THE COUNTER. REACHING OVER TO RETRIEVE HIS ICE-PICK, NEAR THE CASH REGISTER.) Do you know the Cloisters, Rosie?

ROSIE

(A STEP TOWARD RANDALL.) They'll catch you, Randall, they'll kill you.

RANDALL

(STILL AT COUNTER, PUTTING JACKET ON. PLACES ICE-PICK IN JACKET POCKET.) That's a quiet place, the Cloisters, like where them monks used to live long ago. I sure woulda like to be one a them monks. Maybe next time.

ROSIE

Oh, Randall, Randall, there won't be a next time! They'll kill you for what you've done!

RANDALL

(LOOKS AT ROSIE.) Of course, but I mean after that. (BUSIES HIMSELF WITH JACKET. IN DEEP THOUGHT, SURE.) The next time I come back. I neglected to tell you, Rosie, you see, I believe in the Resurrection and the Life--in the truest sense. Surely, this isn't the only crack we get at it? (BUTTONS HIS JACKET.) Surely not. How absurd that would be. So, I figure maybe next time I be a monk. . . and live in a quiet place. . .

ROSIE

(DESPERATELY. TURNS TO RANDALL.) Maybe they won't catch you, Randall! That's right! How will they know it was you!

RANDALL

Well, a couple of people saw me, you know? Who know me. Also, the knife, that's still there, my fingerprints firmly impressed upon the handle.

ROSIE

(HER BODY CONVULSED WITH A SHUDDER.) God, God. . . . (BACKS UP TO MIDDLE STEP, SINKS DOWN. SITS.)

RANDALL

(TO ROSIE. STEPS TOWARD HER.) The one thing worries me a bit is that I might go to Hell. Of course, you must understand, Rosie, my conception of Hell is not that of others, the Eternal Flames and all. There are no flames involved, in Hell. What Hell really is is the denial of rebirth. (TO GLAS.) The soul is a ghost, adrift. Adrift and aware of life looking for a new body to inhabit, a new flesh, looking for a way back into the world, into life. And being denied it. (TO ROSIE.) That's Hell, little chick. No flames involved. No flames at all.

GLAS

(CROSSING TO MIDDLE OF STORE. TO RANDALL.) Randall. Which way I flee is Hell; myself am Hell.

RANDALL

Very good, Mister Glas, Sir! Who said that?

GLAS

(SHRUGS. CROSSES TO BEHIND COUNTER.) Someone.

RANDALL

(CROSSES OVER TO TABLE TO BEHIND CHAIR NUMBER TWO.) Ah. And heaven, Rosie--Heaven is that first filling of the lungs with that first breath of a new life. (PULLS CHAIR OUT. SITS.)

ROSIE

(STANDING.) Mister Glas! Can't we do something?

RANDALL

(GRINNING.) There you go again, Rosie.

GLAS

(CLOSING LEDGER.) Why don't you see, Rosie. . . he must die, in violence, because of what he is and because of what he has done.

Just as I must live, without violence, because of what I am and what I have done. . . . Just as you, Rosie (CROSSES OVER TO HER.) . . . just as you will go to your doctor up that dark street, and afterward . . . write books, maybe. . . about how people should save each other. . . . We choose, Rosie. (AWAY, TOWARD THREE O'CLOCK.) We choose the dark streets up which we walk. We choose them (TURNS TO RANDALL.) And if we are guilty of the denial of life. . . who is there to save us from that. . . but ourselves? (PAUSE. ROSIE LOOKS AT GLAS, AT RANDALL. SHE CROSSES DOWN FROM THE STEPS, TO STOOL NUMBER ONE, FORCEFULLY PULLS THE STOOL BACK, SLAMS IT AGAINST THE FLOOR, SITS.)

ROSIE

God damn it! (SHE TURNS TOWARD THE COUNTER AND BANGS HER FIST ON IT.)

RANDALL

(STANDS. BEGINS TO PUT ON HIS CAPE.) A splendid chick, don't you think, Mister Glas? (PUTS ON HIS HAT. PICKS UP HIS UMBRELLA.)

GLAS

Are you going to make them look for you, Randall?

RANDALL

(CROSSES BETWEEN GUM MACHINE AND TABLE.) Yeah, I think I'll give 'em a little bit of a run for their money. You know me.

GLAS

Yes.

RANDALL

(SITTING ON EDGE OF TABLE NEAR GUM MACHINE.) Of course, when they catch up with me, though, that'll have to be the end of the story, I'll have to make sure of that. The other alternatives are--unthinkable.

ROSIE

(TURNS TO RANDALL.) Don't talk like that, Randall!

RANDALL

(STANDS.) So this'll have to be the end of this particular time around. (PUTS ON GLASSES.)

GLAS

That will be the best way, yes.

RANDALL

(CROSSES TO DOORWAY.) So I guess I better get crackin'. (ROSIE LOOKS UP AT HIM. SHE MOVES OVER TO THE AREA AT TEN O'CLOCK NEAR THE GUM MACHINE, BACK TO RANDALL AND GLAS NOW.)

GLAS

Good luck, then, hah, Randall? (GLAS REACHES UNDER THE COUNTER AND GETS A CANDLE AND A MATCH.)

RANDALL

(LOOKING OUT THE DOOR.) Man! Man! I sure don't like it out there.

GLAS

(HOLDS THE CANDLE IN HIS HAND A MOMENT, STRIKES THE MATCH AND LIGHTS THE CANDLE, DROPS A BIT OF MELTED WAX ON THE COUNTER-TOP AND FASTENS THE CANDLE TO IT, WHILE SPEAKING.) Randall. . . maybe next time. . . maybe next time, a quiet place. (SILENCE. RANDALL IS NOW LOOKING AT GLAS AND THE CANDLE. THE LIGHTS IN THE STORE BEGIN A SLOW FADE DOWN. GLAS GAZES INTO THE FLAME, THEN TURNS AWAY TOWARD STEPS AT SEVEN O'CLOCK.) (FIGURE 15)

(RANDALL LOOKS OUT THE DOOR AGAIN, THEN TURNS SLOWLY AND TAKES IN THE ENTIRE STORE FOR THE LAST TIME. HE BOLTS THROUGH THE DOOR AND IS GONE INTO THE DARKNESS. GLAS AND ROSIE ARE MOTIONLESS. ALL LIGHTS GO OUT EXCEPT THE HANGING LAMPS AT A GLOW. THE HANGING LAMPS FADE OUT. ONLY THE CANDLE BURNS. A PAUSE. GLAS TURNS, SNUFFS THE CANDLE OUT.)

(THE PLAY ENDS)

FIGURE 15



CHAPTER III

CRITICAL EVALUATION

This third and final chapter covers the following four areas:

(1) achievement of production interpretation, (2) actor-director relationships, (3) audience reaction, and (4) conclusion and personal observations.

Achievement of Production Interpretation

This director's production of Slow Dance on the Killing Ground reflected an achievement of the interpretation set out in Chapter I of this thesis. The play was presented in the Studio Theatre of the W. Raymond Taylor Communication and Theatre Building on February 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5, 1978.

The acting was true to the intended realism with strong characterization, high energy levels and well developed interplay--all in keeping with the author's portrayal of real people with real problems. The setting was minimal and suggestive in the style of "corridor arena" with the audience seated on either side of the rectangular-oriented floor plan (as noted in Figure 1, page 17). The setting created an interesting and artistically supportive environment for the production with Glas' bedroom elevated at one end, and the store occupying the major portion of the setting space--all in full view of the audience from the time they entered the Studio Theatre. Doors, windows and walls

were not part of the setting structure and were not mimed, but were established through dialogue and the actors' relating to the setting.

When considering the question, "What would she change about the production if she did it again," this director noted, without hesitation the following two things: the lighting and the audience's seating arrangement. It should be noted at this point that this production of Slow Dance did not "suffer" from poor lighting or audience seating, as both points supported the production well. It was evident, however, that of all the production elements that fit the concept so successfully, the lighting was the one element that did not fit as well. The desire to change the seating arrangement was merely a fine point of perfection on this director's part: to have the audience seated a little higher in order to obtain a stronger impact from the dynamics of arena staging; seeing the movement in relation to space covered on the floor.

The production intent for the lighting was one of theatrical proportions--in line with the mixed production style of realism in acting and selective realism for the setting and lighting. The lighting did achieve theatrical elements, but the effect did not fit as well aesthetically with other aspects of the production concept. The final lighting plot was too stark (with reds and blues) and concentrated (dimming levels) at moments in the play, although this director worked successfully before opening night to attenuate some of the over-concentration. Specific points where the lighting posed the most difficulty--though not enough to detract from the play's tempo or destroy meaning--were in the following scenes: Randall's statistical speech about crime in Act I, Glas' confession about deserting his family in Act II, Scene 2, and the trial

sequence in Act III. A more aesthetically fitting selection for the lighting plot would have been to use the overhanging lamps in the store and bedroom/kitchen and support this realistic lighting with natural supplemental lighting to fill-in. The overhanging lamps were used in the production, but their use was largely overshadowed by supportive theatrical lighting.

Lighting changes were designed and executed quite successfully to show time spans (especially between Act II, Scene 1 and Act II, Scene 2 where there is no deliberate intermission) and to delineate spacial movements from the store to the back bedroom and back to the store again. This was an important feature that enhanced cohesiveness within the setting.

The challenge of arena in this production of Slow Dance was evident to all those involved--actors, technicians and the director. This director worked very closely to build three essential elements before rehearsals began: (1) a production concept that could be stated in one sentence with key words underlined and from which all production personnel could work ("Here is the ritualistic unveiling of life taking place in a candy store which is, itself, masquerading as a self-imposed 'concentration camp.' "); (2) a simple floor plan that allowed the inclusion of necessary production elements--a feeling of sterility, essential set pieces (counter and stools, juke box, eight-foot ladder, cash register, pay telephone), and good sight lines; (3) a unified mode for directing movements using the clock dial set over the floor plan (see Figure 2, page 18). The success of the style, mood and rhythm of the production was due to the harmonious combination of the three aforementioned

essential elements as expressed by talented people interested in the challenge of producing Slow Dance done in an arena setting.

No deletions or additions were made in the wording of Mr. Hanley's script. In conversations with this director, however, Mr. Hanley did acknowledge that some of the references are quite dated. The director and the playwright concluded that these dated references and New York City geographical nuances were crucial to the authenticity of the play and did not detract from the play's meaning or playing suitability. The dated structure of the play is essential to its immediacy.

Other necessary and helpful devices for maintaining realistic acting style and promoting good sight line picturization were: directing the actors from different spots in the audience seating area so that they did not unconsciously fall into the trap of playing to one area; and blocking definite sets of movement patterns in long and particularly static scenes so that there was more movement than might be apparent in a natural encounter, but not so much movement that it would seem arbitrary or contrived. Attaining success on these levels in arena required careful directorial and technical planning and thought, as well as acting skill. This production of Slow Dance showed evidence of an artistic chemistry which created a special theatrical experience, as detailed further in this chapter.

This director was pleased with the result of the character relationships within the play as handled by the three actors. A valid point, however, concerning the intensity of the character relationships was noted in helpful analytical sessions after the play--specifically, feedback from respected professors and peers. The point was made that the

triangular relationship of the three characters could have been a bit more intense. The main desire cited was to have had a firmer and earlier establishment of the rapport of understanding between Glas and Randall that led to him trusting Glas to go freely outside the store and not return with the police. The point was made further that the triangular flow of each character's impact on the other could have been heightened a bit more so that the audience would be more aware of the apparent interdependence. It should be noted here that these considerations in interpretation are valid in this director's opinion and in the opinion of those offering the feedback, only as matter of degree. The character relationships were clear and strong and worked well to successfully portray the play's meaning of "interdependency," "crime-begatting-crime," and "no-hiding-place."

Actor-Director Relationships

Who said "good casting is two-thirds the job done" in directing a play? This director may not agree with the proportions in that statement, but she does acknowledge the element of truth therein. Each actor was well equipped to handle his or her role. The ones playing Glas and Randall brought more skill and experience to their characters, however, than did the one playing Rosie. The two men were both older graduate students with years of theatre experience. The young lady was an undergraduate junior with a great deal to offer, but obviously still striving for levels already reached by her fellow players. The levels of individual dramatic development were carefully considered in the direction of the play.

It is not presumptuous or untrue for this director to comment that she had no personality conflicts or major artistic disagreements with the cast members. The tone of the production process, as set out at the first meeting, was one of serious work, open creativity and a firm, guiding directorial hand. This climate prevailed throughout the production process and contributed in a major way to the success of the play.

Randall

The actor playing Randall brought a special understanding and an authentic style of the '60's to the role. He, himself, was eighteen in 1964 and understood much of eighteen-year-old Randall's plight. This director worked closely with him to get the feeling of youth necessary for the part. He did portray a believable eighteen year-old--'60's haircut included. One of the main areas of difficulty in working with Randall's character was the handling of the props and being acutely ambulatory within the confined set. Specifically, time was spent on maneuvering up and down the eight-foot ladder (sometimes in total darkness at intermission) in full regalia (cape, hat, umbrella) and making it believable and safe. Business surrounding the ice pick, gun and razor-sharp umbrella was carefully worked out in scene rehearsals. Props personnel worked carefully to get a believable umbrella that could be thrown like a spear and become wedged (standing) into the floor, at will, by Randall.

Rhythm was a very important element in Slow Dance. Randall held the key to pacing and tempo in much of the play. The actor playing Randall showed skill and sensitivity to this key element and handled it well. This director had to work with him on the following speeches to

insure a tight production that lived: the statistical speech on crime (lots of numbers to remember in correct sequence), the speech about his childhood (could have been static and uninteresting), the trial speeches and his confession in Act III. The actor made too much of the statistical speech at the outset and was told to learn the speech by rote. He did and delivered it flawlessly each performance. It was suggested by the director that he picture the speech on his childhood in emotional movements and relate these emotional movements to a physical flow of movements around the room as he spoke to Glas. The trial sequence was directed so that it captured the flavor of a further diversion by Randall (so the actor was told to get into the scene in an upbeat tone) and as an act that had to be done for the sake of all: for Glas' trial and redemption, to spark Rosie's thinking about her plight in more serious and realistic terms and for Randall's own judgement.

The confession speech by Randall in Act III gave the actor some problems in relation to the director's intent. He was, at first, playing the speech with full emotion. The director worked with him to bring the speech down emotionally and yet retain its impact. The key statement that unlocked the actor's understanding was the director's statement to "recount the murder of the mother in matter-of-fact, almost nursery-rhyme rhythm as you see it happening in your mind's eye." The speech worked from that point on.

Glas

The actor playing Glas honed-in early and skillfully to the nuances of a troubled character who spoke as much with his body (stance, limp, shoulders, eyes) as with his voice. The director worked closely to be

certain that he established the broken spirit of a sixty-five year old man. The role was handled consistently and believably well.

Developing the limp was an interesting and challenging process for the actor. He tried several possibilities in early rehearsals (alternating legs at first). He then decided which leg and worked on the nature of the limp. The director and actor worked together and settled on the final version of the limp which indeed looked more like the result of a shortened leg as it should, rather than the sore-muscle image which the limp conveyed in earlier rehearsals.

Time was spent on scenes which involved the early meeting of Randall and Glas so that Glas could work out the delicate but firm reactions necessary as the relationship developed between the two. The two of them worked well together and played skillfully and with truth--always admonished by the director that the characters portrayed were real people with real problems. Glas' German accent was used with ease and near-perfect authenticity from auditions through the run of the play.

The gun used as a prop for Glas (and handled mostly by Randall) was the source of serious concern for this director who has always believed that, for safety's sake, a gun that could fire live ammunition should never be used on stage. It was difficult to locate a believable "fake" to use in a confined setting like the Studio Theatre. There were no suitable prop guns in the properties room and all other available guns were personal weapons--quite real with firing pins intact. All those involved with the production (and others, including faculty) worked with this director on solving the gun problem. Finally, one of several calls to the local police department resulted in a viable solution: use a

CO₂ Pellet gun (fires only CO₂ pellets and the chamber can be jammed without any harm to the weapon.) One of the faculty members had such a gun and it was borrowed for the play. The model of pellet gun used looked like an old German Luger--perfect and safe! Since the gun was never fired, it made a completely believable prop--much to everybody's relief.

Rosie

The actress playing Rosie required the greatest amount of directorial concentration. She had problems establishing the "front" of firm conviction and invulnerability required of Rosie. The director worked to investigate situations from the actress' own life (and the life of the director) that illustrated points from which to work. This method helped the actress considerably. Another problem was the difficulty the actress had in portraying the understandable terror Rosie felt at the prospects of the gun actually being loaded as she holds it in her hands after the trial scene in Act III. The actress never really reached the director's desired level of intensity and sensitivity for the scene following the trial, although she grew immensely from early rehearsals and gave a polished and believable portrayal.

The actress worked long sessions with the director and her fellow actors and acquired insights and basic skills that not only aided her in her role as Rosie, but also gave her a considerable boost in performance level. The director worked with the actress throughout the rehearsal process to insure that she understood the role of Rosie (often labeled the weakest in the script--but not by this director) not just as a mere

catalyst or odd-person-in, but as a vital point in the triangle, important to the play's meaning.

Audience Reaction

The Studio Theatre is, indeed, "in the depths of the Taylor Building," as one reviewer put it.²³ The space is an oddly shaped black room. The setting for Slow Dance provided an interesting picture for the audience as they entered and were sometimes led across the set to their seats. The audience accepted the conventions of arena as used in the production: no doors, windows or walls; backs of actors; and more movement (though not noticed as out of context with the play's believability).

It is interesting to note that the majority of the full-house audiences throughout the run did not know the play. The audiences consisted mostly of theatre students and faculty of the University with sizeable numbers of townspeople. Most of those attending had heard the title, but beyond that knew nothing about the play. On one particular night, many of this director's Jewish friends attended a performance and lingered afterwards to talk to the cast and director about the high believability and authenticity of character portrayals within the play. Two older Jewish gentlemen came to the dressing room that same night with tears in their eyes and commented to the actor playing Glas and to the director about the honesty and truth of his character portrayal. Just like many members of the audience, those two gentlemen thought the

²³Abe D. Jones Jr., "Slow Dance Has Magic," The Greensboro Record, 2 February 1978, Sec. C, p. 2.

actor playing Glas was actually near sixty-five years old and definitely German! The actor was actually in his forties and very much American.

The audience felt the closeness of the show's impact because of their seating, but did not show evidence of being threatened or uncomfortable. A local reviewer commented (see Appendix B for full text of this review):

Technically, the show was an unqualified success. Robert Ballard's set and Carl Lefko's lighting took full advantage of the Studio. With audience seated on either side of the scene, the repressive atmosphere of the play was greatly intensified.

Despite the flaws of the script, Betty Jones' production manages to fascinate an audience, particularly in her direction of the players.²⁴

Reviewers, such as the one noted above, and some analytical audience members commented to this director about the wordiness of Mr. Hanley's script as well as his "potpourri plot" (this director's term, not theirs), but they also appreciated the truth and skill that was evident in the acting and directing of the production. Another local reviewer wrote (see Appendix C for full text of this review):

Betty Jones, the director, has put together a production which easily beats many a Broadway touring company which have visited Greensboro. The show is powerful in its acting, and while author Hanley's mixed bag of ideas on guilt, punishment, reincarnation and abortion lack coherence, you won't worry about that when you watch his wonderful characters under Betty Jones' consummate direction. . . . Slow Dance on the Killing Ground is not to be missed by anyone who wants to see first-class theater.²⁵

The production, as mentioned earlier in this Chapter, showed evidence of a special artistic chemistry. The audience reacted to

²⁴"Slow Dance Steps Strong, Direct," The Greensboro Daily News, 2 February 1978, Sec. D, p. 12.

²⁵Abe D. Jones Jr., "Slow Dance Has Magic," p. 2.

this chemistry, and many, as did the reviewer quoted below, commented on it directly:

Theatre magic is a term difficult to define, but you can tell when it happens on stage. The characters come alive through the actors, and even a weak play sweeps you along because its people live.

That's what happens in Slow Dance on the Killing Ground. . . played. . . for all it's worth by Coleman M. Freeman Jr., Charles Jeffers and Cindy L. Jones.²⁶

Each person involved with the production reached high levels of artistic vigor and competency. The result was a production that intrigued the audience and fulfilled the creative desires of cast, technicians and director.

Conclusion and Personal Observations

The writing (in thesis form) of the production process involved in directing a stage play does not do artistic or practical justice to the action itself. It is this director's hope, however, that the information included herein will give the reader as comprehensive a view as is possible in written form about the directing process of this production of Slow Dance on the Killing Ground.

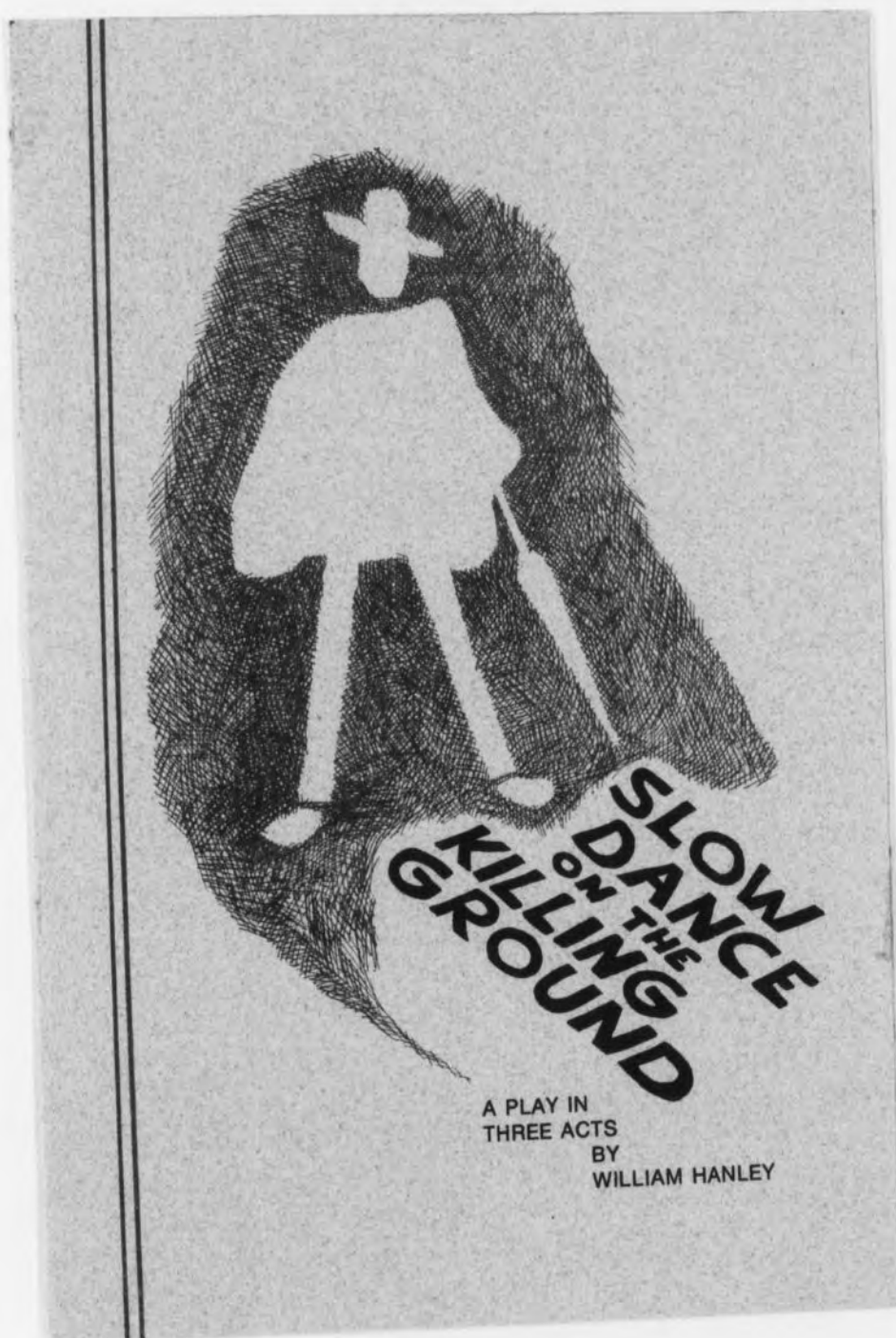
²⁶ibid.

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APPENDICES

APPENDIX A



'Slow Dance' Steps Strong, Direct

The close confines of UNC-G's Studio Theater made for a sharper attack during Wednesday night's forceful opening of "Slow Dance on the Killing Ground," a student production featuring strong acting and capable direction.

William Hanley's three-act drama uses the nihilist device common to such plays as Sartre's "No Exit," where the chance meeting of strangers becomes a journey through a suffocating inferno of personal torments.

The place is a dead-beat soda shop on a nameless back-street in Brooklyn the day that convicted Nazi war criminal Adolph Eichmann was hanged. As for personal torments, the play is a regular mail-order catalog. The owner of the shop is Mr. Glas, an ex-German Communist who abandoned his Jewish wife and child in the early days of the war. Into his shop wanders Randall, a young black man who alternates between shuck and jive and the natural tones of his 187-IQ self, and who, as is later divulged, has just come from murdering his prostitute mother. Last of all comes Rosie, a progressive liberal-minded coed who became lost on her way to an abortionist.

This tightly bound bundle of misery starts coming loose at the seams when Rosie, who happens to be doing a thesis on German concentration camps, inquires about the tattoo on the shopkeeper's forearm.

Although the combination of universal guilt, the psychology of violent crime (black crime at that) and the eternal issue of right-to-life makes for a somewhat shaky premise, director Betty Jones has wisely turned her attentions to Hanley's strength — dialogue.

As Randall, Coleman M. Freeman Jr. was the man for the job. His numerous speeches

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were delivered with the utmost sidewalk eloquence, often catching the audience so unexpectedly off guard that they found themselves laughing in the midst of desolation. Freeman's control was most visible when he would drop his "super-cool" mask, stopping the action short with Randall's quiet, ironic remarks.

Charles Jeffers' portrayal of Glas showed an equal degree of control in gesture as well as delivery. With the most coherent characterization of the three, Jeffers maintained a powerful presence, though many of the tensions to which he was subject were completely improbable.

This absence in the play of true initiation of action or believable reasons for all these

startling confessions took the worst toll on the character of Rosie. Though Cindy Jones made the character credible for as long as the play allowed, even her most valiant efforts to provide motivation where none existed were doomed to failure.

Technically, the show was an unqualified success. Robert Ballard's set and Carl Lefko's lighting took full advantage of the studio. With the audience seated on either side of the scene, the repressive atmosphere of the play was greatly intensified.

Despite the flaws of the script, Betty Jones' production manages to fascinate an audience, particularly in her direction of the players.

The play will run through Saturday with a matinee on Sunday.

'Slow Dance' has magic

BY ABE D. JONES JR.
Record Arts Editor

Theater magic is a term difficult to define, but you can tell when it happens on stage. The characters come alive through the actors, and even a weak play sweeps you along because its people live.

That's what happens in "Slow Dance on the Killing Ground," directed by Betty Jean Jones in the UNC-G Studio Theater and played last night for all it's worth by Coleman M. Freeman Jr., Charles Jeffers and Cindy L. Jones. The play continues nightly at 8:15 through Saturday. A Sunday matinee is at 2:15.

William Hanley's 1964 play has three characters meet in a Brooklyn candy store. It is the characters which matter, not the circumstances.

And what characters they are!

The black 18-year-old, Randall, running from we know not what until the last moment, is stunningly played by Coleman Freeman. He is a strange mixture of fierce energy, tightly controlled rage, and wry understanding of his own plight and that of his fellow man.

In Glas, the German storekeeper, Randall meets a guilty man who says he is content to let the world go by outside. Glas is perfectly played, down to the set of his shoulder and the lost look in his eye, by Charles Jeffers.



"That is the killing ground out there," declares Randall, peering out the door. Randall, the black fugitive with an IQ of 185, is alternately jiving and spouting quotations from great writers in educated tones. There is no escape for either Glas or himself from the chaos which will reach out for them.

Into the brief oasis of the store, out of the killing ground, stumbles a lost girl on the way to an abortionist. Cindy L. Jones has the right air of bravado masking a lost innocence. She shows how deep down her character lacks the toughness she tries to wrap around herself.

This vulnerability brings out the compassion of Glas, ready for reasons of his own to get involved with life. It prompts Randall to action — a mock court in which he puts on the girl's discarded red wig, mounts a ladder and acts as judge for Glas, who desperately wants a sentence for his past desertion of his family

in the Nazi years and his other sins of omission and commission.

Freeman invests the improbable moment with dignity. He becomes a judge, commanding and awesome. He is an actor of immense skill in a cast of rare talent. Speaking hardly at all, Jeffers says volumes with his eyes and his stance, while Cindy Jones' Rosie shows the confusion, the pain and the dim awareness which comes to her in the role of jury.

Betty Jones, the director, has put together a production which easily beats many a Broadway touring company which have visited Greensboro. The show is powerful in its acting, and while author Hanley's mixed bag of ideas on guilt, punishment, reincarnation and abortion lack coherence, you won't worry about that when you watch his wonderful characters under Betty Jones' consummate direction.

The studio theater, in the depths of the Taylor Building, puts the audience on both sides of a little stage. The "Slow Dance" set was designed by Robert E. Ballard, with lighting by Carl H. Lefko and costumes by Buddy M. Barker. All contributed to the general excellence of the production.

"Slow Dance on the Killing Ground" is not to be missed by anyone who wants to see first-class theater.