

SAMUEL FRENCH SAMPLE PERUSAL

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Orphans

Lyle Kessler

A SAMUEL FRENCH ACTING EDITION



**SAMUEL
FRENCH**
FOUNDED 1830

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ORPHANS was first produced at the Matrix Theatre in Los Angeles on August 31, 1983. The performance was directed by John Lehne, with sets by D. Martyn Bookwalter, costumes by Doug Spesert, lighting by Martin Aronstein, and sound by Jon Gottlieb. The Production Stage Manager was Kim O'Bannon. The cast was as follows:

TREAT Paul Lieber
PHILLIP Joe Pantoliano
HAROLD Lane Smith

ORPHANS was subsequently produced at the Steppenwolf Theatre in Chicago on February 3, 1985. The performance was directed by Gary Sinise, with music by Pat Metheny and Lyle Mays, sets and lights by Kevin Rigdon, costumes by Cooky Gluck, props by Lori S. Sugar, and sound by Gary Sinise and Gregg Winters. The Production Stage Manager was Douglas Bryan Bean. The cast was as follows:

TREAT Terry Kinney
PHILLIP Kevin Anderson
HAROLD John Mahoney

ORPHANS had its London premiere at the Hampstead Theatre on March 11, 1986. The production moved to the Apollo Theatre on April 12, 1986. The producing team was Joan Cullman, Dasha Epstein, Robert Fox Limited, and Michael Medwin for Memorial Films Limited. The Director was Gary Sinise. The cast was as follows:

TREAT Jeff Fahey
PHILLIP Kevin Anderson
HAROLD Albert Finney

ORPHANS had its Broadway premiere at the Gerald Schoenfeld Theatre on April 18, 2013. The production was directed by Daniel Sullivan, with music by Tom Kitt, scenic design by John Lee Beatty, lighting design by Pat Collins, sound design by Peter Fitzgerald, and fight direction by Thomas Schall. The Production Stage Manager was Roy Harris. The cast was as follows:

TREAT Ben Foster
PHILLIP Tom Sturridge
HAROLD Alec Baldwin

CHARACTERS

PHILLIP – A Wild Child who has never ventured from his house.

TREAT – A Pick Pocket and Thief, violent, suppressed emotion.

HAROLD – A Commanding Presence, able to handle any situation. Loving under a tough exterior.

SETTING

The action takes place in an old row house in North Philadelphia in the not too distant past.

TIME

ACT I

A spring day.

ACT II

Two weeks later.

ACT ONE

SCENE 1

(North Philadelphia. An old row house. A cluttered living room. A closet. A TV set on the floor. A worn frayed couch with a couple of books and a newspaper on it. A small table with a large empty bottle of Hellman's mayonnaise. A couple of old chairs. A large window with a window seat by the front door. On the other side of the living room another smaller window above a pantry area leading to the kitchen. On the pantry shelf is a stack of Star Kist tuna cans.)

(PHILLIP is crouched in the semi-darkness staring at the TV which is playing an old movie. A woman's red shoe is on top of the TV set. He wears an old tattered shirt, pants, and sneakers with hanging laces. PHILLIP crosses to the window and sees something. He runs across the room, stuffs the books on the couch under the cushions, grabs the newspaper, shuts off the TV, puts the paper by the window seat, starts upstairs, turns back, rushes to the TV, grabs the red shoe and shoves it inside the window seat. He runs upstairs.)

(The front door opens and slams shut. The lights come up full. TREAT, back against the door, catches his breath. He looks out the window, is satisfied, relaxes, snaps his fingers and enters the room, looking around. He crosses to the table, picks up the empty mayonnaise bottle and shakes his head. He pulls a piece of jewelry from his jacket pocket and drops it on the table.)

TREAT. *(calling)* Phillip? Phillip? *(yells)* Phillip, you hear me!
(He continues to empty his pockets of bracelets and jewelry.)

You home, Phillip! I imagine you're home! Where the hell else you gonna be, huh! I imagine you're hiding from your big brother, Treat! *(He inspects the jewelry.)* Come on out, Phillip! I ain't in the mood for no hide-and-go-seek game. You hear me! Come on the fuck out!

(PHILLIP appears from upstairs.)

PHILLIP. Don't tag me.

TREAT. I ain't gonna tag you.

PHILLIP. 'Cause I'm sick and tired of being *it*, Treat.

TREAT. I ain't gonna tag you. I told you. I ain't playing no games.

PHILLIP. You said that yesterday.

TREAT. Yesterday's yesterday. Today's today.

PHILLIP. You promise?

TREAT. I promise. How long you been hiding?

PHILLIP. I don't know.

TREAT. Half the day, I bet.

(PHILLIP moves closer, staring at the jewelry.)

PHILLIP. I didn't keep count.

TREAT. You eat lunch?

PHILLIP. Uh huh.

TREAT. What you have?

PHILLIP. I had Star Kist tuna.

TREAT. Mayonnaise?

PHILLIP. Uh huh. Hellman's.

TREAT. How much mayonnaise you have?

PHILLIP. Couple of tablespoons.

TREAT. If you only had a couple of tablespoons, how come we're out of it?

PHILLIP. Hellman's goes fast, Treat.

TREAT. It goes fast, all right. A half a bottle a day.

(TREAT tags PHILLIP suddenly.)

TREAT. You're it, Phillip.

PHILLIP. No!

TREAT. You're fucking it!

PHILLIP. You promised.

TREAT. I had my fingers crossed.

PHILLIP. I come out 'cause you said you wouldn't.

(PHILLIP chases TREAT around the room. He catches him and tags him.)

TREAT. Time out!

PHILLIP. No!

TREAT. Fucking time out, Phillip. The game's over.

(PHILLIP throws himself down on the couch, sulking.)

TREAT. Where were you?

PHILLIP. I ain't telling.

TREAT. Come on.

PHILLIP. No, it's my secret.

TREAT. I know where you been anyway.

PHILLIP. Where?

TREAT. In the closet.

PHILLIP. How you know that?

TREAT. It's your favorite hiding place.

PHILLIP. I was hiding in there waiting for you to come home.

TREAT. Just standing and waiting, huh?

PHILLIP. Uh huh.

TREAT. Just standing and hiding in the darkness, waiting for your big brother Treat to come home.

PHILLIP. I like it in there. It's warm.

TREAT. I wouldn't know.

PHILLIP. It's got all of Mom's coats in there.

TREAT. We ought to get rid of them.

PHILLIP. No!

TREAT. What good they doing hanging there all these years?

PHILLIP. I want them.

TREAT. They ain't doing nobody any good.

PHILLIP. They're not bothering anybody, Treat. They're just hanging there.

TREAT. People find out about you, they're gonna put you away.

PHILLIP. They won't put me away!

TREAT. A grown man standing all day in a dark closet.

PHILLIP. I done other things.

TREAT. What other things you do?

PHILLIP. I looked out the window.

TREAT. Good.

PHILLIP. I seen some things.

TREAT. What you see?

PHILLIP. I seen a man and a dog, a man walking a big black dog. (*imitates the dog*)

TREAT. What else?

PHILLIP. I seen a woman walking like this. (*demonstrates, swishing from side to side*) Seen another woman, a tiny, tiny woman. (*demonstrates tiny steps*)

TREAT. Anything else?

PHILLIP. Plenty else.

TREAT. Go on.

PHILLIP. A man with two big boys, man in the middle, boys on each side.

TREAT. What were they doing?

PHILLIP. Goin' swimming maybe, goin' to the movies, probably. Gonna see John Wayne in *Sands of Iwo Jima*.

TREAT. You got an imagination.

PHILLIP. I seen other things. I seen a man with a woman, man walking arm and arm with a woman. (*demonstrates*) Woman had long red hair.

TREAT. Long red hair, huh. Was the man balding?

PHILLIP. Man was balding, right.

TREAT. Woman had bangles dangling from her wrist, woman loaded with bangles, am I right?

PHILLIP. You're right, Treat.

TREAT. I see that couple. (TREAT *picks up a piece of jewelry from the table and shows him*) What else you do!

PHILLIP. I watched T.V.

TREAT. What did you watch?

PHILLIP. I watched reruns. I watched *The Price is Right*.

TREAT. That's a woman's show!

PHILLIP. They have fabulous prizes, Treat.

TREAT. You'd like to win one, I bet.

PHILLIP. They won a hi-fi stereo combination, a year's supply of L.P.'s and cassettes; they won a mahogany dining room set, they won an Electro Lux golf cart and a Bendix freezer filled with five hundred filet mignons.

TREAT. You remember all that.

PHILLIP. They won a year's subscription to *National Geographic*. They won a...

TREAT. *That's enough!*

PHILLIP. I'd like to get that *National Geographic*.

TREAT. What would you do with it?

PHILLIP. I'd look at it.

TREAT. You'd read it?

PHILLIP. You know I couldn't read it, Treat. I'd look at the pictures, though. They got real nice pictures, pictures of all kinds of animals and primitive tribes.

TREAT. I bumped into that woman and man today. Man was balding, woman had long red hair.

PHILLIP. That's right.

TREAT. I had a real good day today, Phillip. I'm gonna go out, tonight, gonna celebrate!

PHILLIP. We all outta mayonnaise, Treat. You go out, will you bring home an extra large bottle of Hellman's mayonnaise?

TREAT. Yes sirree, had a hell of a day, Phillip. You interested?

(TREAT gathers up jewelry, wallets, rings, and puts them away in a dresser drawer.)

PHILLIP. I'm interested, Treat. Only thing is I got a real taste in my mouth for that Hellman's.

TREAT. *(picks up more jewelry)* Guy wasn't carrying much, just a few bucks, but he had a real nice wrist watch. Wadaya think?

PHILLIP. It's nice.

TREAT. Man had good taste, woman didn't have bad taste either. Look at this! *(a woman's wrist watch)* Tiny little wrists, tiny little dainty little wrists.

PHILLIP. She wore this?

TREAT. No more. Bumped into another fellow earlier today, Fairmount Park. Fellow put up a struggle.

PHILLIP. No kidding.

TREAT. I said, "What you gettin' violent about, Mister, no point in gettin' violent!"

PHILLIP. What did he say?

TREAT. He kicked at me.

PHILLIP. He kicked you?

TREAT. Right in the shin.

PHILLIP. Let's see.

TREAT. *(rolling up his pants)* See. Gonna be fucking black and blue.

PHILLIP. I'll get the Hydrogen Peroxide.

(he goes off)

TREAT. You remember all them brand names.

PHILLIP. *(off)* Uh huh.

TREAT. How come you can do that?

PHILLIP. *(returns with bottle)* I don't know.

TREAT. I mean you don't have much of an intellect for anything else, but you know them brand names and the names of all them various prizes.

PHILLIP. It just comes to me.

TREAT. I said, "Listen, Mister, I don't appreciate getting kicked in the shins like that."

PHILLIP. What did he do?

TREAT. He cursed at me.

PHILLIP. He cursed you?

TREAT. All kinds of names, names I wouldn't even repeat. Terrible fucking filth came out of that man's mouth.

PHILLIP. What did he look like?

TREAT. Dressed real nice, had on a suit and tie. Must have driven over to Fairmount Park. It was a real nice spring day, today, Phillip. Too bad you can't go out and enjoy it. Man figured he'd take a little walk in Fairmount Park.

PHILLIP. What happened?

TREAT. Had a lot of money on him, that's why he put up a struggle, I guess, must've had three, four hundred dollars.

PHILLIP. Where is he?

TREAT. Left him there, had to cut him though. Not bad, just superficial. Warned him! In fact, said, "Mister, you're gettin' me pissed off kickin' me like that."

PHILLIP. Did you show him the bruise?

TREAT. I didn't have to show him the bruise. Got me pissed off. I had to take out my knife, had to cut him.

(TREAT takes a switchblade out and demonstrates.)

PHILLIP. Did he bleed?

TREAT. Just a little bit, Phillip. It's amazing, how people stop struggling once there's a little blood. *(sticks switchblade into the table)* Paper come?

PHILLIP. Uh huh.

TREAT. Let's have it.

PHILLIP. Come early this morning. (*hands paper to TREAT*)

TREAT. What's this, Phillip?

PHILLIP. What's what?

TREAT. How come this word is underlined?

PHILLIP. I don't know.

TREAT. (*scanning paper*) How come there are underlined words in this here *Philadelphia Inquirer*!

PHILLIP. I have no idea, Treat.

TREAT. Here's a word, dispensation. You underline this word?

PHILLIP. I didn't touch that word.

TREAT. You read this word?

PHILLIP. No.

TREAT. You got a dictionary, Phillip?

PHILLIP. I got no dictionary.

TREAT. (*stalking him*) You sure you don't have no pocket dictionary somewhere in this house? You sure you ain't spending the day reading the newspaper and books, underlining words, looking up the meaning of particular words, getting yourself an education?

PHILLIP. (*running from him*) I got no education!

TREAT. You know the alphabet?

PHILLIP. No!

TREAT. I bet you know the fuckin' alphabet. (*hits him with the rolled up newspaper*) I bet you're holding out on me.

PHILLIP. I ain't holding out on you, Treat.

TREAT. What's this word mean, what's this fuckin' dispensation mean?

PHILLIP. I don't know, Treat.

TREAT. Who underlined this fuckin' dispensation!

PHILLIP. It wasn't me!

TREAT. Someone come in the house while I was away?

PHILLIP. I don't know.

TREAT. You would have heard him.

PHILLIP. I was in the closet.

TREAT. Someone steal in the house while you were standing in the closet and underline this word?

PHILLIP. Maybe.

TREAT. Where is he?

PHILLIP. I don't know.

TREAT. Is he still here?

PHILLIP. He might be.

TREAT. Find him.

PHILLIP. All right.

TREAT. Kill him! (*hands PHILLIP the knife*) I want him dead, you understand! Man stealing in my house like that.

(*PHILLIP runs around the room looking everywhere*)

PHILLIP. Maybe he's upstairs.

TREAT. Yea, maybe.

PHILLIP. Maybe he's hiding under the bed.

TREAT. I wouldn't put it past him, hiding under the bed, waiting for us to go to sleep.

PHILLIP. I'll get him!

(*PHILLIP goes upstairs. TREAT sits on the couch. The sound of a crash is heard from upstairs. TREAT doesn't move. More noise.*)

(*off*) SON OF A BITCH!

(*PHILLIP comes downstairs holding his arm.*)

That son of a bitch!

TREAT. You get him?

PHILLIP. No Treat, he got me.

TREAT. Wadaya mean?

PHILLIP. I'm bleeding. I was looking under the bed and he came out of the closet.

TREAT. Let's see.

(*PHILLIP shows his arm to TREAT.*)

TREAT. That ain't bad. That's just a scratch.

PHILLIP. I jumped back and banged into the night table.
The lamp fell over.

TREAT. I heard it.

PHILLIP. If I hadn't jumped back he would have stabbed
me right through the back, Treat.

TREAT. Lucky for you. Where is he?

PHILLIP. He leaped out the window.

TREAT. He got away?

PHILLIP. Yes.

TREAT. What did he look like?

PHILLIP. Errol Flynn.

TREAT. Errol Flynn?

PHILLIP. The movie actor.

TREAT. I know Errol Flynn!

PHILLIP. He could've broke a leg leaping outta the window
like that, Treat. He must be some kind of athlete.

TREAT. Maybe I better put on some hydrogen peroxide.

PHILLIP. No, Treat, it burns.

TREAT. You don't want it to get infected.

(TREAT gets the hydrogen peroxide.)

PHILLIP. It's not gonna get infected.

TREAT. You don't wanna lose your arm. *(holds the hydrogen
peroxide)*

PHILLIP. I ain't gonna lose my arm.

TREAT. Come here, Phillip. Let me help you. Let your big
brother Treat take care of you.

(TREAT stands holding the bottle of hydrogen peroxide.

PHILLIP walks slowly towards him.)

SCENE 2

(That night. Late. TREAT and HAROLD can be heard outside.)

HAROLD. *(off, singing)*

“IF I HAD THE WINGS OF AN ANGEL,
OVER THESE PRISON WALLS I WOULD FLY.”

TREAT. *(off)* Right this way, Harold. We’re home.

HAROLD. *(off, singing)*

“STRAIGHT TO THE ARMS OF ME MUTTER,
AND THERE I’D BE WILLING TO DIE.”

(TREAT and HAROLD enter. HAROLD is drunk. He is a middle-aged man wearing an expensive suit and carrying a briefcase.)

HAROLD. You know that song, Treat? You remember that song?

TREAT. I can’t say I do.

HAROLD. You’re not a Dead End Kid, are you?

TREAT. A Dead End Kid?

HAROLD. ‘Cause if you were a Dead End Kid I’d give you everything I had...I swear to God...I’d give you the very shirt off my back.

TREAT. You don’t have to go that far.

HAROLD. There are no limits as far as the Dead End Kids and me are concerned.

TREAT. No kidding.

HAROLD. I love those fucking Dead End Kids.

TREAT. I’m no Dead End Kid, Harold.

HAROLD. What a shame.

TREAT. You wanna drink?

HAROLD. Don’t mind if I do.

TREAT. You like it straight?

HAROLD. Straight as an arrow.

TREAT. Coming up!

HAROLD. I'm from Chicago, you know, born and bred.

(TREAT hides the briefcase)

TREAT. You told me.

HAROLD. Grew up in an orphanage, didn't have no mommy or daddy, just had them Dead End Kids.

TREAT. I never seen 'em.

HAROLD. You never seen them on late night TV?

TREAT. No.

HAROLD. All them Dead End Kids running around that twelve-inch screen, all them itty bitty Dead End Kids on an itty bitty twelve-inch screen.

TREAT. No, I haven't.

HAROLD. It's not the same as seeing them on a big wide motion picture screen. How can you enjoy little itty bitty Dead End Kids no bigger than the fingers on your hand.

TREAT. I guess you can't.

HAROLD. They had a little Irish mother, though. *Top of the morning* Irish mother...I loved that woman. Corned beef and cabbage cooking night and day. I used to work up a hearty appetite just sitting in them dark Chicago movie houses watching those Dead End Kids. *(sniffs the air)* Anything cooking in this house?

TREAT. Nothing cooking right now, Harold.

HAROLD. How come?

TREAT. It's 2 A.M.

HAROLD. That's what I'm saying... If you were to walk into that Dead End Kid's house, any time day or night, Dead End Kid's house smelling of corned beef and cabbage, why you just walk straight into the kitchen and cut yourself a piece. Jesus Christ, Treat, my mouth is watering, my fucking mouth is watering!

TREAT. You want something to eat?

HAROLD. I'm starving to death.

TREAT. There's tuna.

HAROLD. Tuna.

TREAT. Star Kist tuna.

HAROLD. (*looking around*) Where the fuck am I?

TREAT. You're in my house.

HAROLD. You're offering me tuna!

TREAT. Uh huh.

HAROLD. Fucking tuna! Where's my briefcase?

TREAT. Over here.

HAROLD. Let's have it.

TREAT. I was watching it for you.

HAROLD. I can do my own watching. Let's have it.

(*TREAT hands him the briefcase. HAROLD starts to walk to the door.*)

TREAT. Where you going?

HAROLD. I'm leaving.

(*TREAT trips HAROLD, who falls to the floor.*)

TREAT. You can't walk.

HAROLD. (*on floor*) I can't walk, can I?

TREAT. You're not in any shape!

HAROLD. How did this happen?

TREAT. You were drinking.

HAROLD. It's not like me.

TREAT. You're pissed!

HAROLD. How 'bout that!

TREAT. You're lying on the floor pissed, Harold.

HAROLD. It must be because I met a Dead End Kid after all these years, I finally met a fucking Dead End Kid.

TREAT. I'm no Dead End Kid.

HAROLD. Don't kid me. (*He crawls to the foot of the couch, dragging his briefcase.*)

TREAT. I ain't kidding you.

HAROLD. I know a Dead End Kid when I see one.

TREAT. You don't smell no corned beef and cabbage around here!

(HAROLD leans against the couch, cradling the briefcase, and picks up his drink.)

HAROLD. Don't matter! No corn beef and cabbage cooking where I come from either...come from an orphanage, goddamn orphanage, no Irish top-of-the-morning mother there either, just a big son-of-a-bitching German, wore a chef's hat and a filthy dirty apron. German slept right in the kitchen. Orphans always hungry, orphans love to come down in the middle of the night and raid the refrigerator. German slept there, one eye open, break your back if he caught you, break every bone in your body. Took a liking to me though, filled my plate with meat and potatoes, lucky for me, orphans always coughing up blood, orphans dropping dead all the time, terrible mortality rate at an orphanage! ...Thank god for them big heaping plates of meat and potatoes...thank god for that bloody fucking German son of a bitch.

(HAROLD is falling asleep. TREAT moves in to get the briefcase. HAROLD wakes.)

HAROLD. You know what orphans call out in the middle of the night, Treat?

TREAT. *(moves back)* No, what do they call out, Harold?

(PHILLIP peeks down the stairs.)

HAROLD. Motherless orphans, middle of the night Chicago, orphans on a big hill facing Lake Michigan. Wind come through there making a terrible sound, wind come through there going Hissssss! Orphans pulling their blankets up over their heads, frightened orphans crying out. You know what they were crying?

TREAT. No.

HAROLD. *Mommy! Mommy!* Honest to god! Motherless orphans don't know a mommy from a daddy, don't know a mommy from a fuckin' tangerine...poor motherless bastards, calling *Mommy...Mommy...*

TREAT. Harold?

HAROLD. *Mommy...*

(Quiet. HAROLD is asleep on the floor. TREAT takes HAROLD's briefcase to the table. PHILLIP moves slowly down the stairs.)

TREAT. Woke you up, huh?

PHILLIP. Who is he, Treat?

TREAT. Name's Harold.

PHILLIP. He's an orphan.

TREAT. You were listening.

PHILLIP. He's from Chicago, had a real bad childhood.

TREAT. That's what he said.

PHILLIP. Where'd you find him, Treat?

(TREAT removes HAROLD's wallet.)

TREAT. Downtown Philly, haven't hung out there for a while. Man was drinking alone, thought he recognized me, thought I was a Dead End Kid.

HAROLD. *Mommy...*

PHILLIP. A Dead End Kid?

TREAT. Can you imagine? He was pie-eyed, thought I was a fuckin' Dead End Kid.

PHILLIP. I seen 'em on TV.

TREAT. You and he have a lot in common.

PHILLIP. Can he stay for a while?

TREAT. He'll stay all right. *(holds up papers from briefcase)*
Look at this, Phillip. Know what this is?

PHILLIP. What?

TREAT. Stocks and bonds. Man's walking around with a million bucks worth of securities under his arm. We hit paydirt this time. Dumb son of a bitch. He could have passed out. Somebody could have mugged him.

PHILLIP. Somebody could have kidnapped him.

TREAT. That's right! Kidnapped him and held him for ransom. Bet you could get a million bucks for a guy like this, maybe even two million.

(He tries to lift HAROLD up, can't. He strains.)

TREAT. Guy's probably an industrialist, probably be on the front page of the *Philadelphia Inquirer* in a day or two, so and so, industrialist, missing.

PHILLIP. You think so?

TREAT. Look at his shoes. Genuine alligator.

PHILLIP. He's got a real nice suit.

TREAT. It's silk. *(TREAT is still trying)*

PHILLIP. *(touching the jacket material)* I like the way it feels, Treat.

TREAT. It's genuine silk, Phillip. Man's worth a fortune. *(exasperated)* Get his feet!

(They carry him to one of the wooden chairs. TREAT finds a small piece of rope.)

TREAT. I need more rope!

PHILLIP. Rope!

(PHILLIP exits to the kitchen. TREAT ties HAROLD's feet. A loud noise from the kitchen. It grows louder. TREAT stops and listens. A terrible racket.)

PHILLIP. *(off)* I can't find it.

TREAT. It's under the fuckin' sink, Phillip.

PHILLIP. I found it.

(PHILLIP enters with a long rope that trails into the kitchen. TREAT pulls on it. He ties HAROLD's hands behind the chair. He wraps rope around his chest and the chair.)

I like his face, Treat.

TREAT. Don't get attached to it.

PHILLIP. He's got a friendly face.

TREAT. There's no point in getting attached to it.

PHILLIP. What are you gonna do with him?

TREAT. I haven't decided.

PHILLIP. You're not gonna cut him, are you?

TREAT. That depends.

HAROLD. *(in his sleep)*

“IF I HAD THE WINGS OF AN ANGEL,
OVER THESE PRISON WALLS I WOULD FLY ... “

PHILLIP. What’s he singing?

TREAT. *(finishes tying him)* He’s singing a song.

HAROLD.

“STRAIGHT TO THE ARMS OF ME MUTTER...”

TREAT. I need some tape.

(TREAT crosses to the window seat. HAROLD mumbles in his sleep.)

HAROLD. Ahhh ya mutter.

PHILLIP. *(repeating)* Ahhh ya mutter

HAROLD. Ahhh ya crumb.

PHILLIP. *(repeating)* Ahhh ya crumb!

HAROLD. *(mumbling)* Da mark of da squealer.

(TREAT at the window seat pulls out a very high highheeled woman’s red shoe.)

TREAT. What’s this, Phillip?

PHILLIP. I found it.

TREAT. Wadaya mean?

PHILLIP. I cleaned under the sofa, Treat. I moved it.

TREAT. Who told you to move the sofa?

PHILLIP. I never cleaned under there before. I felt it was time.

TREAT. Where’s the other?

PHILLIP. There’s no other.

TREAT. There’s only one?

PHILLIP. Uh huh.

TREAT. Woman have only one foot?

PHILLIP. I don’t think so, Treat. I think she must have two feet, only she lost one of her shoes.

TREAT. You figured that out?

PHILLIP. Yes.

TREAT. You figured that out all by yourself, huh? You must

be doing a lot of figuring.

PHILLIP. (*moves away*) I haven't been doing any figuring, Treat.

TREAT. The way I see it, woman has only one foot! (*backs him to couch*) Maybe you're pulling my chain, Phillip. Maybe you ain't hanging out in no closet all the day.

PHILLIP. I ain't pulling your chain, Treat.

TREAT. Maybe you're seeing all kinds of people while I'm out working, making us a living. Maybe you were looking out the window and this real nice looking lady walked by on these very high high-heeled shoes. You sure you didn't tap on this window, Phillip, and motion her in?

PHILLIP. (*tries to get away*) I never tapped on no window.

TREAT. You sure you didn't undress her on this here very sofa? You sure the two of you didn't have an afternoon of it here on our sofa and she had to leave in a hurry, running out holding her one shoe?

PHILLIP. That never happened.

TREAT. I want this shoe out of here.

(He throws the shoe on the couch next to PHILLIP, crosses to the window seat and removes the tape.)

PHILLIP. Maybe it was Mom's shoe, Treat. Maybe it's been there all these years.

TREAT. This ain't Mom's shoe. Mom never would have worn a shoe like this.

PHILLIP. What was she like, Treat?

TREAT. I don't remember. I was a kid at the time. You was a baby.

PHILLIP. I remember her hand, Treat. I remember her holding my hand. It felt real nice and warm.

(TREAT crosses to HAROLD, tightens his ropes. PHILLIP crosses to TREAT, touches him on the shoulder. TREAT, startled, jumps back.)

PHILLIP. Can I keep it?

TREAT. No, get it out.

PHILLIP. I wanna keep it.

TREAT. I'm gonna lose my temper.

(PHILLIP hands the shoe to TREAT)

PHILLIP. I can't see why I can't keep it, Treat. I'll put it in my room, outta sight. It'll never bother you again.

TREAT. I don't want it in your room. I don't want it in this house!

PHILLIP. All right.

TREAT. Open the window!

PHILLIP. What for?

TREAT. Open it!

(PHILLIP wraps a scarf around his face. He opens the window. TREAT throws the shoe out on the lawn. He closes the window. PHILLIP looks out.)

PHILLIP. It's on the lawn.

TREAT. It's outta here.

PHILLIP. It's just sitting on the lawn.

TREAT. Forget it.

HAROLD. *(sleeping)* Mommy! Mommy!

PHILLIP. What's he doing?

TREAT. He's having a bad dream. *(stuffs HAROLD's mouth with a hanky and tapes his mouth)* Go to bed, Phillip. Get some sleep. You have a big day tomorrow. You're gonna have to keep Harold company. I'm gonna be downtown, making some inquiries. We hit paydirt, Phillip. We're gonna be fuckin' rich!

SCENE 3

(The next day. HAROLD tied up in the chair, tape covering his mouth. PHILLIP is at the window, looking out.)

PHILLIP. Here comes somebody! Here comes an old man with a cane, got a newspaper under his arm, a little brown bag...probably has some Squibb's Mineral Oil in that brown bag, maybe a jar of Planter's Peanut Butter and a loaf of Friehofer's Bakery bread. Gonna make himself some nice thick peanut butter sandwiches.

HAROLD. Mmmmm.

PHILLIP. You say something, Mister?

HAROLD. Mmmmm.

PHILLIP. You speaking to me?

HAROLD. Mmmmm.

PHILLIP. You hungry? Maybe you're hungry, maybe that's it. You working up an appetite listening to me talk about those delicious peanut butter sandwiches that old man is gonna make?

HAROLD. Mmmmmm.

PHILLIP. *(crosses to HAROLD)* Treat's gonna be home real soon now. Probably make you a tuna sandwich, Star Kist tuna and mayo on toast. How's that sound?

HAROLD. *(turns away)* Mmmmmm.

PHILLIP. Mmmmm. I figured you'd like that. I've been eating Star Kist tuna for lunch for years now. I used to make myself peanut butter sandwiches, but I got sick of them. I like variety in my food. *(at window)* Look at that, Mister! Two girls walking by...you're really missing something. *(runs across room to other window)* One's wearing real tight dungarees, the other's got on a skirt. I like the one with them tight dungarees. Only thing is Mister, there's a shoe out there now, a shoe staring me straight in the face, driving me crazy.

(crosses to **HAROLD**) Listen Mister, if I climb out this window and bring back that shoe, you'll keep it to yourself, won't you?

HAROLD. Mmmmmm.

PHILLIP. 'Cause Treat has a hell of a temper, especially if he's crossed. He was in and out of the House of Detention when he was a kid. Him and me are brothers! (*runs to window, stops, turns, crosses to couch*) Only thing is I ain't supposed to go out Mister, 'cause I have a terrible allergy, allergic to most everything: plants, grass, trees, pollen. I almost died once! I went on over to Linton's restaurant, corner of Broad and Olney, with Treat...my face got red, tongue swelled up, I was gasping for breath. I got it, Mister! I'll hold my breath so's I don't breathe in any of that deadly pollen. (*runs to window, turns*) I can trust you, can't I Mister? You're gonna keep your mouth shut, ain't you?

HAROLD. Mmmmmm.

PHILLIP. Okay.

(**PHILLIP** takes a deep breath, wraps the scarf around his face, opens the window and climbs out. As soon as he is out, **HAROLD** rocks back and forth and stands with the chair tied to him. He hops to the other side of the couch and sits down. **PHILLIP** climbs in the window with the shoe. He closes the window, unwraps the scarf, and takes a deep breath. He turns and sees **HAROLD**. Upset:)

PHILLIP. What are you doing over there, Mister?

HAROLD. Mmmmmm.

PHILLIP. How did you get over there?

HAROLD. Mmmmmm.

PHILLIP. You shouldn't be over there.

HAROLD. Mmmmmm.

PHILLIP. I don't think Treat is gonna like this. You're supposed to be sitting over here.

HAROLD. Mmmmmm.

PHILLIP. Only thing is, I ain't supposed to touch you, I'm only supposed to watch you and see that everything is okay. I don't know what I'm gonna do now, Mister. Treat's gonna come home soon and ask how come you're over there, and I don't know what I'm gonna say.

HAROLD. Mmmmm.

PHILLIP. What are you saying?

HAROLD. Mmmmmm!

PHILLIP. I don't know what you're saying.

HAROLD. (*through gag*) Take the fuckin' gag off!

PHILLIP. I can't take off your gag, 'cause I ain't supposed to touch you.

(**PHILLIP** runs across to the pantry window and looks out.)

Treat's gonna be pissed off when he gets back. He's gonna kick my ass. He's gonna say how come you ain't doin' what I say, Phillip, how come you ain't watchin' him!

(**HAROLD** bends his head behind a cushion at the back of the couch. He comes up with the tape missing. **PHILLIP** turns around and sees him.)

How'd you do that, Mister!

HAROLD. (*smiling, simply*) I'm an admirer of Houdini's, real name was Erich Weiss. Yiddisha boy, Houdini, don't let the Italian flavor fool you, born Erich Weiss, east side of New York.

PHILLIP. What am I gonna say to Treat?

HAROLD. Let me take care of that.

PHILLIP. He's gonna slap me around.

HAROLD. He's not going to touch you.

PHILLIP. He's not?

HAROLD. You think I would let him touch you!

PHILLIP. You wouldn't?

HAROLD. He's not going to lay a hand on you.

PHILLIP. How can you stop him?

HAROLD. I have my ways.

PHILLIP. Treat's got a violent temper.

HAROLD. I love violent tempers.

PHILLIP. He see you over there he's gonna go crazy.

HAROLD. I'm not going to be over here.

PHILLIP. (*startled*) Where you gonna be!

HAROLD. I'm going to be sitting on the couch probably, sitting reading the Philadelphia *Inquirer*.

PHILLIP. YOU are?

HAROLD. Uh huh. You have the *Inquirer*?

PHILLIP. Yes.

HAROLD. I'm going to be reading the Financial section probably, or maybe even the Sports section, depends on when he comes home. What's your name?

PHILLIP. Phillip.

HAROLD. Phillip, mine's Harold. Please to meet you.

(HAROLD stands tied to the chair, wiggles his fingers)

PHILLIP. I better not.

HAROLD. You don't want to shake?

PHILLIP. Treat said not to touch you.

HAROLD. Not ever?

PHILLIP. I don't know.

HAROLD. Or did he mean just now, just today?

PHILLIP. I didn't ask him.

HAROLD. Because that would be a shame if we could never touch. I mean, if I could never put my arm around your shoulders and give them an encouraging squeeze. How come you walk around with your shoes untied?

PHILLIP. I don't know how to lace 'em.

HAROLD. You don't know how to tie a knot?

PHILLIP. I try, but they get all tangled up. They get impossible to unknot.

HAROLD. That's no crime. Man doesn't have to know how to tie a knot. Didn't you ever hear of loafers?

PHILLIP. Loafers?

HAROLD. You have no need of laces with loafers. Didn't anyone ever tell you that?

PHILLIP. No.

HAROLD. You're a deprived person, Phillip. Here I am talking to a deprived person. You don't know the principle behind electricity, do you?

PHILLIP. No.

HAROLD. But you can turn on a light. Don't need to learn how to tie laces either, wear loafers instead. No one'll know the difference. What color you like?

PHILLIP. Wadaya mean?

HAROLD. What color loafer?

PHILLIP. I don't know. Green?

HAROLD. Green's no good. Don't go with your personality. What about pale yellow?

PHILLIP. Pale yellow's okay.

HAROLD. I'm going to buy you a pair of pale yellow loafers.

PHILLIP. You are?

HAROLD. That's not the half of it, going to buy you a lot of things, going to buy you a whole new wardrobe, make you presentable, going to teach you how to behave in company.

PHILLIP. I don't know how to behave.

HAROLD. You'll learn. Going to teach you etiquette, teach you the proper way to cut your meat, knife in the right hand, not in the left. Fuck laces, you're going to be wearing loafers from now on in. This is a real tragic situation I've wandered into, one boy's a delinquent, in and out of the House of Detention, the other's boy's shoulders just dying for a gentle encouraging squeeze.

PHILLIP. They are?

HAROLD. Anybody ever give your shoulders an encouraging squeeze?

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