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SF PERUSALS

Samuel French Acting Edition

Extremities

by William Mastrosimone

SAMUEL FRENCH

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To Jack Bettenbender

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EXTREMITIES was first produced in July 1980 by the Rutgers Theatre Company, directed by John Bettenbender; set design, Joseph F. Miklojcik, Jr.; costume design, Vickie Rita McLaughlin; lighting design, Kevin Holman; with the following cast:

MARJORIE	*Ellen Barber*
RAUL	*Danton Stone*
PATRICIA	*Mary Beth Fisher*
TERRY	*Catherine Schaeffer*

EXTREMITIES was produced in March 1981 at the Fifth Annual Festival of New American Plays at Actors Theatre of Louisville, Jon Jory, Artistic Director, directed by John Bettenbender; set design, Paul Owen; costume design, Kurt Wilhelm; lighting design, Jeff Hill; with the following cast:

MARJORIE	*Ellen Barber*
RAUL	*Danton Stone*
TERRY	*Peggity Price*
PATRICIA	*Kathy Bates*

EXTREMITIES represented the U.S.A. in the Baltimore International Festival in June 1981. The cast was the same as above with the exception of Gordana Rashovich, who played Marjorie.

The New York production opened at the Westside Arts Center, Cheryl Crawford Theatre, on December 22, 1982. Direction was by Robert Allan Ackerman; set design by Marjorie Bradley Kellogg; lighting design by Arden Fingerhut; costume design by Robert Wojewodski; action sequences by B. H. Barry; and sound design by Scott Lehrer. The cast, in order of appearance, was as follows:

MARJORIE	*Susan Sarandon*
RAUL	*James Russo*
TERRY	*Ellen Barkin*
PATRICIA	*Deborah Hedwall*

Produced on the New York stage by Gero Communications, Inc. and Della Koenig.

CAST

MARJORIE
RAUL
TERRY
PATRICIA

TIME—The present. September.

PLACE—Between Trenton and Princeton, New Jersey, where the cornfield meets the highway.

SET

The livingroom of an old farmhouse.
Dining table and three chairs.
Sofa and table.
A fireplace
A large window before which hang plants of every description
A door leading outside
A door leading to the kitchen
Stairs leading to other rooms in the house.
A locked bicycle against the wall.

Extremities

ACT ONE

Scene 1

Bright sunlight through the window. Enter MARJORIE in a bathrobe. She surveys the breakfast dishes left on the table, sips a cup of tea. It's cold. She puts on a large kettle of water. She makes a phone call. No one answers apparently. She hangs up. Don't rush the action. It's a lazy day. There are no pressing priorities. She rises after noticing a wilted plant. She touches it affectionately, sprays it with water, rearranges it among the healthier plants. Still not satisfied, she carries it out of the front door, placing it on the outside sill. A wasp attacks her. She swipes at it. The plant drops. We hear the pottery crack. She is stung by the wasp.

Marjorie. Dammit to hell!

(*She enters the house, slams the door closed. She inspects the inner side of her thigh just above the knee; two red circles. She bolts for a box of tools near the plants. She finds an aerosol can of insecticide. She shakes the can. She opens the door. An unseen wasp hovering near the threshold makes her give a little scream and slam the door closed. She shakes the can. She opens the door quickly, sprays the wasp, shakes the can, opens the door, sees no wasp, opens the door wider, sees no wasp, opens the door all the way, looks down, sees the dead wasp. She kneels down to it. Pause. She sprays it*

too much, takes a scoop shovel from the tool box, scoops up the wasp, closes the door, drops the wasp in the ashtray on the coffee table, sets the aerosol can and shovel on the coffee table, sits, lights a cigarette, takes one puff while studying the wasp, glances at her stings, and without thought touches the wasp with the cigarette. Enter RAUL.)

RAUL. Joe? Hey, Joe? It's me. O. How ya doin? Joe in?

MARJORIE. (*rising quickly, tying her robe*) There's no Joe here.

RAUL. He said he'd be in.

MARJORIE. No Joe lives here.

RAUL. O.

MARJORIE. You always just walk in people's houses?

RAUL. O, I'm sorry. Excuse me. I'm really sorry.

MARJORIE. It's ok.

RAUL. Have a good day.

MARJORIE. You too.

RAUL. Thank you very much.

MARJORIE. You're welcome.

RAUL. You live here?

MARJORIE. Good guess.

RAUL. What, Joe move out?

MARJORIE. Joe who?

RAUL. Joe—I forget.

MARJORIE. There never was any Joe here.

RAUL. What's this, all one house, or apartments?

MARJORIE. All one house.

RAUL. He said he had a room here.

MARJORIE. Apparently he lied.

RAUL. Yeah, him or somebody else.

MARJORIE. I'm sorry, you have to go.

RAUL. Can I use the phone, please?

MARJORIE. No, I'm sorry.

RAUL. Can I use your cell? My cell died and I need to make a call.

MARJORIE. Cell phones don't work here. High tension wires.

RAUL. Whattaya mean?

MARJORIE. The power lines outside kill cell phones here.

RAUL. But why can't I use your other phone?

MARJORIE. Because it's not my phone.

RAUL. Whose phone is it?

MARJORIE. It's really none of your business. Have a good day.

RAUL. Thank you. You too.

MARJORIE. Thank you.

RAUL. Just one call.

MARJORIE. No, you have to go.

RAUL. (*stroking the bicycle seat so gently*) You ride a bike?

MARJORIE. No, I use it to collect dust. There's the door.

RAUL. I know where the door is. You don't have to tell me where the door is. This is a real bitch. The guy owes me alotta money. Said come pick it up.

MARJORIE. Well there's no Joe here.

RAUL. You sure, sweetheart?

MARJORIE. Maybe my husband knows. He's upstairs.

RAUL. Why don't you ask him, babe?

MARJORIE. He's busy right now.

RAUL. Busy.

MARJORIE. Sleeping.

RAUL. Sleeping.

MARJORIE. He's a cop.

RAUL. No kidding?

MARJORIE. And I have to wake him up in five minutes for work.

RAUL. Shh! You might wake him up.

MARJORIE. You better go now.

RAUL. Cop, eh? Go ask him if he knows a guy named Joe.

MARJORIE. I told you he's sleeping.

RAUL. I dropped Joe off at this house last week.

MARJORIE. I think you have the wrong house.

RAUL. No. This house. He's about six two. Rides a Triumph. Red beard. Wears cowboy boots. Short guy.

MARJORIE. There's no guy here.

RAUL. Except the cop.

MARJORIE. Honey, come down here please?

RAUL. Boy, that cop's a sound sleeper.

MARJORIE. Honey?

RAUL. What's amatter?

MARJORIE. Honey.

RAUL. Just like a cop: never there when ya need 'em.

MARJORIE. Honey!

RAUL. Honey! Honey! What's amatter wit him? Maybe he ain't here. Maybe you're tellin me alittle lie eh, pretty momma? Maybe you think I scare easy. Go 'head. Go for the door. Let's see who's faster. So where's the other two chicks that live here?

MARJORIE. Kitchen.

RAUL. House full of people, and when you hollar, nobody comes. (*She bolts for the door; he cuts her off.*)

MARJORIE. Get out!

RAUL. You got a lousy bunch of friends.

MARJORIE. Get out right now!

RAUL. Take it easy, lovely. I saw the other two chicks leave this morning. The one wit the ratty car should get here about five-thirty. The one wit specs, 'bout six. Today's gonna be a triple header.

MARJORIE. Get out!

(*Long pause. RAUL goes to door, looks at MARJORIE, laughs, goes to phone, rips the wire out. Then he takes her cell phone and smashes it with his foot.*)

RAUL. Your move.

MARJORIE. I'm expecting people anytime now. Anytime.

RAUL. No kidding? Dressed like that? Mind if I stick around for the fun? Your move.

MARJORIE. Don't touch me!

RAUL. Don't fight me. I don't want to hurt you. You're too sweet to hurt. Be nice. You smell pretty. Is that your smell or the perfume? Be nice. Wanna take a shower together first? I'll soap you up real good? Flip me alittle smile, babe. I'm gonna fuck you frontways, backways, sideways, and ways you never heard of. (*She runs. He latches onto her hair, brings her down, mounts her, forces a pillow to her face. We hear her muffled screams.*) You gonna be nice?

MARJORIE. (*muffled*) Yes!

RAUL. You sure?

MARJORIE. (*muffled*) Yes!

RAUL. (*removing the pillow slightly*) Please don't wreck it. You made me hurt you, and I don't want to hurt you, but if you kick and scream and scratch, what else can I do, eh, babe? (*She tries to escape once more; he subdues her with pillow.*) That pisses me off!

MARJORIE. (*muffled*) Please!

RAUL. See what you made me do!

MARJORIE. (*muffled*) Please don't!

RAUL. Want me to put out your light?

MARJORIE. (*muffled*) No!

RAUL. You gonna be nice?

MARJORIE. (*muffled*) Yes!

RAUL. What's that?

MARJORIE. (*muffled*) Yes! Yes!

RAUL. Heh?

MARJORIE. (*muffled*) Please don't kill me!

RAUL. Can't hear you.

MARJORIE. (*muffled*) Please! Don't kill me!

RAUL. If you're nice! Be nice! (*removing the pillow*) You don't want me to do it again, eh? (*shaking her head no*) Maybe you like to get hurt, eh? (*Shaking her head no. Pause. He smothers her again out of whim. She goes*

limp.) Holy mother of god. A freckle. I didn't know you had freckles. I love freckles. I want to kiss 'em all. Give 'em names and kiss 'em all goodnight. Yeah. The first time I saw you I knew it was gonna be beautiful, but I didn't think this beautiful. I didn't think anything could be this beautiful . . . Not anything . . . Beautiful. (*He kisses her gently.*) Don't make your lips tight. They always make their lips tight. Do it nice. No. They're still tight. Kiss me nice. Yes. Yes. Nice. Smile. Smile! Nicer! How ya doin? Answer me!

MARJORIE. What?

RAUL. How ya doin? Say good.

MARJORIE. Good.

RAUL. Good. Invite me in.

MARJORIE. In where?

RAUL. Your house.

MARJORIE. We're already here.

RAUL. Nice place. Say thank you.

MARJORIE. Thank you.

RAUL. Kiss me and tell me you love me. Tell me!

MARJORIE. Please don't.

RAUL. Don't make it get ugly. Tell me you love me. Tell me!

MARJORIE. I love you.

RAUL. Say it nice.

MARJORIE. I love you.

RAUL. Tell me again and keep telling me.

MARJORIE. I love you I love you I love you . . .

RAUL. Yeah . . .

MARJORIE. I love you I love you I love you . . .

RAUL. More, more . . .

MARJORIE. I love you . . .

RAUL. How much?

MARJORIE. What?

RAUL. How much!

MARJORIE. How much what?

RAUL. You're trying to wreck this for me.

MARJORIE. No . . .

RAUL. Fuckin bitches always got to make it ugly!

MARJORIE. I love you!

RAUL. How much?

MARJORIE. Alot.

RAUL. More than what?

MARJORIE. I don't understand.

RAUL. You're gonna make me do something ugly.

MARJORIE. More than anything in the whole world! I love you!

RAUL. I love how you say that. Sweet.

MARJORIE. I love you.

RAUL. Touch me. All over. Nice. Again. Nicer. Touch my hair. My mouth. My neck. Keep telling me and don't stop.

MARJORIE. I love you I love you I love you . . .

RAUL. And keep touching me . . .

MARJORIE. I love you I love you . . .

RAUL. And touch me down there . . .

MARJORIE. I love you I love you . . .

RAUL. Touch me down there!

MARJORIE. I love you I love you . . .

RAUL. And tell me you wanna make love . . .

MARJORIE. I love you I love you . . .

RAUL. You're makin it ugly again!

MARJORIE. Please don't do this? Take anything you want. I've got jewelry upstairs.

RAUL. (*slapping her*) See! See! See what you made me do! Now touch me down there and say you wanna make love!

MARJORIE. I love you . . .

RAUL. And what else?
MARJORIE. I love you.
RAUL. Yeah, and what else?
MARJORIE. Make love.
RAUL. Who?
MARJORIE. You.
RAUL. And who else?
MARJORIE. Me.
RAUL. You wanna make love?
MARJORIE. Yes.
RAUL. Say it.
MARJORIE. I want to make love.
RAUL. You say that beautiful. Again.
MARJORIE. I want to make love.
RAUL. When?
MARJORIE. I don't know.
RAUL. Now?
MARJORIE. I don't know.
RAUL. This is your last chance.
MARJORIE. I love you and I want to make love.
RAUL. Scream.
MARJORIE. What?
RAUL. (*He clamps her leg just above the knee and squeezes.*) Scream! Louder! More! See? Nobody hears. Just me and you, puta. Say you're my puta.
MARJORIE. Puta?
RAUL. Puta, puta, whore, my whore, my puta! Say it!
MARJORIE. I'm your puta.
RAUL. Say it and smile!
MARJORIE. I'm your puta.
RAUL. You like to tease me, eh, puta?
MARJORIE. No. Yes. Yes.
RAUL. You like to tease everybody.
MARJORIE. No.

RAUL. Know what you need, puta? You need acouple slashes here and here and here, stripes t' make you a zebra-face t'scare the shit outta anybody you go teasin', puta, cause you're mine, all mine. Say it!

MARJORIE. Yours!

RAUL. Undo the belt.

MARJORIE. Please! God!

RAUL. Undo it! This is gonna be beautiful, so you keep telling me, puta, and don't stop . . .

MARJORIE. I love you, I love you . . .

RAUL. You smell so pretty . . .

MARJORIE. I love you . . .

RAUL. You put perfume on for me?

MARJORIE. (*seeing the aerosol almost in reach*) Yes!

RAUL. Just for me!

MARJORIE. (*reaching furtively, still too far*) Yes! Yes! I love you! I love you!

RAUL. You say that more and more beautiful!

MARJORIE. (*In order to reach the aerosol, she must embrace RAUL.*) I love you! I really really love you! I wanna be your puta!

RAUL. This is too beautiful!

MARJORIE. Yes!

RAUL. See! It don't have to be ugly, does it?

MARJORIE. No! No! Beautiful! I love you!

RAUL. I love when you hug me like that!

MARJORIE. I love you!

RAUL. Your perfume makes me drunk!

MARJORIE. I love you!

RAUL. You put it on for me?

MARJORIE. Yes!

RAUL. Just for me?

MARJORIE. (*grabs the can*) Just for you! (*Sprays his face. He screams, holds his eyes. MARJORIE pushes*

RAUL away with her foot and tries to run for the door but RAUL latches onto her leg. Struggling to escape, she yanks an extension cord from the socket, loops it around his neck and pulls. He screams.)

BLACKOUT

(*The sound of a wasp, or wasps, to cover the blackout.*)

Scene 2

In the blackout RAUL's cry is more animal than human. Lights up slowly. RAUL is blindfolded and bound in a tangle of extension cords, clothesline, belts, and other household implements. He kicks and bucks and bites at his restraints. MARJORIE staggers to the sink. She turns on the water, splashes some on her face and wasp bite, turns on the kettle.

Raul. You there? My eyes burn! I need a doctor! You there? I'm hurt bad! Help me! You there? Where are you? (*MARJORIE dials the phone.*) Call the cops, pussy! You can't prove a fuckin thing! (*Realizing the phone is dead, she drops it and watches RAUL buck.*) Why don't you fuckin answer me! You bitch! I'll kill ya! Get the cops! They gotta let me go! (*MARJORIE runs up the stairs.*) Your Honor, I goes out looking for work cause I got laid off the car wash and I sees this farmhouse and goes t'ask if there was any work cause I got three babies t'feed, and this crazy lady goes and sprays me with this stuff, Your Honor. (*MARJORIE rushes down the stairs holding her clothes in hand,*

opens the door, but stops upon the mention of her name.) Go on, Marjorie, go down the road and stop a truck on the highway an tell 'em get the cops. You got no bruises, no witnesses, no come up your snatch. You got nothin, pussy. (*MARJORIE inadvertently lets the door slam.*) This is a civilized fuckin country, pussy! You don't go around tyin up innocent people, Marjorie!

MARJORIE. How do you know my name?

RAUL. I demand my rights! I want medical attention! I wanna call my attorney! Palmieri! The fuckin best!

MARJORIE. How do you know my name?

RAUL. And when you're alone in the room wit the pigs and tell 'em what happened, and they say, You sure, sweetheart? They don't believe no pricktease, Marjorie.

MARJORIE. Don't say my name.

RAUL. And little Margie gets a little write-up in the paper and wit Daddy's heart condition that could be real sweet if the old fucker croaks . . .

MARJORIE. My father?

RAUL. And me, I'm sippin o.j. in some nice clean hospital bed jawin with the candy-stripers and every freako-scuz-fuck and happy headhunter who rake the papers for hits come pussy-sniffin out here like a pack o junkyard dogs after a bitch in heat and maybe drop in unannounced for a wet dick . . . (*The tea kettle begins to whistle.*) What's that! Siren? You call the cops? (*MARJORIE gets the kettle. We must see the steam.*) You don't got a fuckin case! They gotta miranda me! and let me go! (*MARJORIE is about to return the kettle.*) And then one day I come back . . . (*She stops.*) Get you in some parking lot and carve up that teasin face . . .

MARJORIE. No!

RAUL. Who the fuck you think you're playin wit,

bitch? (*MARJORIE snaps and dumps hot water on him. He screams. She screams.*)

BLACKOUT

(*The sound of wasps cover the blackout.*)

SCENE 3

Lights up slowly. RAUL is in the fireplace. MARJORIE has lashed the bicycle to the fireplace. It is locked with the bicycle chain.

RAUL. Where am I? Marjorie? Where am I?

MARJORIE. How do you know my name?

RAUL. Where am I?

MARJORIE. (*tugging his noose*) Answer me.

RAUL. I can't talk! Marjorie!

MARJORIE. Don't you ever say my name again! How'd you know me?

RAUL. I read it on a letter.

MARJORIE. (*tugging his noose*) What letter?

RAUL. Heartless bitch!

MARJORIE. What letter?

RAUL. I took some letters from your mailbox by mistake. This guy Joe asked me to come pick up his mail.

MARJORIE. Who were the letters from?

RAUL. One from your father. One from a collection agency. A couple from guys.

MARJORIE. Who?

RAUL. Some guy Tony. He wants you come live with him in New York. He don't want you to tell Terry.

MARJORIE. Who else?

RAUL. Your brother in Marine boot camp. Says they're beatin the shit outta him down there. He thinks he's got it bad.

MARJORIE. Why me? Answer me. Why me?

RAUL. Don't know. Crazy whacko bitch! What the hell!

MARJORIE. Why me?

RAUL. I saw you around.

MARJORIE. Where?

RAUL. Around! I don't know! Please! (*She pokes him with a fireplace implement.*)

MARJORIE. Answer me!

RAUL. I don't know what to say!

MARJORIE. Try the truth!

RAUL. O, the truth! Why didn't you say so! Alright! Here it goes. The truth. This guy Joe . . . (*She pokes him.*) That's the truth! I swear on my mother's grave! Whattaya nuts or what! You said the truth, I told the truth, and you go poke me! (*She stops poking.*) You wanna hear this or not?

MARJORIE. Go ahead.

RAUL. You won't poke me?

MARJORIE. I said go ahead!

RAUL. Alright. The truth. There was this guy Joe . . . (*He flinches in anticipation of a poke.*) He's a pimp. Said for half a yard he'd fix me up with a knock-out pussy. Said walk right in and ask for him and you'd know what I meant but I guess he was playing a joke on me. (*She pokes him.*)

RAUL. Please! Stop! Marjorie!

MARJORIE. Don't say my name!

RAUL. You are the boss, Jack! You are the man! Whatever you say! Ok? No panic. Listen, can I ask you

one little question, Marjorie?—It slipped! I swear on my grandmother's milk!—One little question. Where am I?

MARJORIE. Fireplace.

RAUL. Where?

MARJORIE. The fireplace.

RAUL. What for?

MARJORIE. Why do people put things in the fireplace?

RAUL. People put things in the fire . . . (*pause*) Hey, c'mon, don't joke around.

MARJORIE. (*shaking a plastic bottle of ammonia*) And I have some gas.

RAUL. Gas? What, for your car?

MARJORIE. No. For you.

RAUL. I don't even own a car.

MARJORIE. (*shaking a box of wooden matches*) And matches.

RAUL. Whoa, jack!—Listen, I been doin some deep thinkin here and now I'm ready for the truth. I mean the real truth. I'm a narco. We got a tip there was drugs in this house. Open up. I'll show you my badge. (*She douses him with ammonia.*) Hey! What the hell! Hey! I got a wife and three kids!

MARJORIE. (*striking a match very near*) Maybe you'll tell the truth when you're on fire! (*RAUL coughs uncontrollably. He fights for breath in the chemicalized air. MARJORIE strikes a match, holds it close to his face.*)

RAUL. Alright! This is it! The honest-to-god truth. I don't know why I didn't tell you this from the beginning because this is it. (*pause*) I used to work on the pothole crew. For the County. We went around patchin up potholes. One day we was patchin up potholes on the highway. In front of your driveway. Bitchin day. In the

nineties. Working with hot tar. Sweatin. Thirsty. Gettin dizzy. Foreman bustin balls. Somebody says, look at this. And you come ridin down the highway on your bike in your little white shorts and everytime you pedal you could see what was tan and what wasn't and your blouse tied in a knot and the sun shinin off your hair, beautiful. And that's it.

MARJORIE. So why'd you come here?

RAUL. I just told you. You was beautiful.

MARJORIE. So what?

RAUL. You know what that does to a man. It was hot. You had on your little white shorts.

MARJORIE. You're gonna burn. (*MARJORIE flicks matches wildly.*)

RAUL. Please! We had a deal! On the milk of Mary! You rode by in your shorts! I said How ya doin? You didn't say nothing. Looked at me like I was a dead dog. You pissed me off so I came back here to fuck you! (*MARJORIE stops flicking matches. RAUL whimpers and slumps down. MARJORIE sits. Long pause.*) You there? (*pause*) Whattaya gonna do wit me?

MARJORIE. (*Pause. With perfect aplomb:*) Nothing.

RAUL. Nothing?

MARJORIE. Nothing.

RAUL. You mean—let me go?

MARJORIE. No. Nothing.

RAUL. I don't catch what you're talkin.

MARJORIE. (*silence*) You will.

RAUL. When?

MARJORIE. You'll see.

RAUL. Starve me?

MARJORIE. Good idea.

RAUL. You could get the chair for that? Why don't you just call the cops?

MARJORIE. Why should I?

RAUL. That's what they're there for! (*pause*)

MARJORIE. Two days. No food. No water.

RAUL. You can't do this!

MARJORIE. I am doing it.

RAUL. I really think you should call the cops.

MARJORIE. You said I have no proof, they'll let you go.

RAUL. No. Marjorie, I swear, I was just talkin. Get the cops.

MARJORIE. It's too late.

RAUL. Mother of god! I don't want to die like this! Answer me! Talk to me! Please! – What will you do wit, you know, my body?

MARJORIE. Bury it.

RAUL. Bury it?

MARJORIE. I started a graveyard near the woods for the animals that get killed up on the highway. This time I dig deeper.

RAUL. You're jerkin me off.

MARJORIE. I got a shovel.

RAUL. Don't shit around! I got a weak ticker! (*pause*) My wife's eight months pregnant. She won't let me touch her. I'm goin nuts. I got to get it everyday. I need help. Honest to fuckin god. I want to go straight.

MARJORIE. You will. Straight in a fuckin hole.

RAUL. You ain't got the nuts, cunt.

MARJORIE. You say that when you're in the bottom of the hole and the first shovel of dirt hits you in the face!

RAUL. When they come home, the other chicks, they'll stop you!

MARJORIE. You think so? One helps me dig the hole, the other helps me drag you out!

RAUL. You can't do this!

MARJORIE. I want to hear you scream under the dirt,

like me under the pillow. (*exit for a shovel*)

RAUL. Mother of god!

MARJORIE. And you suck in for air, and dirt fills your mouth and nose!

RAUL. Send me your angel, mother of god!

MARJORIE. Suck for air! Under the dirt! with possum skulls! and dog bones!

RAUL. Get the cops! I want to tell 'em everything! This is it! (*MARJORIE pretends to leave by slamming the door.*) Marjorie! Marjorie! Marjorie! – She's diggin the hole, diggin the hole, she's really diggin the hole! (*pause*) O mother of god, do the miracle! Break these chains! (*He tries.*) Break these bars! (*He tries.*) What's amatter? Send me an angel like before! How can you let me die like this? (*Pause. Singing.*)

Found a peanut
It was rotten
Ate it anyway just now
Then I died
Went to heaven . . .

(*pause*) What I do this time? What I do? I didn't do nothin. (*Pause. Singing.*)

Broke the statue
Knocked it over
Broke the Virgin just now
Got a beatin
Locked the closet
Wit the spiders just now.

(*pause*) You there? I know you're there, Marjorie. Please be there. How can you just sit there after alls between us? How can you do this to me? (*He thrashes about, gags, falls down, becomes still.*)

MARJORIE. Is it too tight? You alright? (*No answer. Pause. She probes him with the shovel, nothin. MAR-*

JORIE reaches to loosen the noose. RAUL bites her hand. She screams, cries, picks up the stick, but getting a better idea, hurls it at the cage, storms the kitchen.)

RAUL.

Bit the big bitch!
Bit the big bitch!
Bit the big bitch just now!
She was rotten!
Rotten! rotten!
La la la la! la la!

(*MARJORIE enters running with the plastic container of Clorox and douses him.*)

RAUL. (*continued*) I'm on fire! I'm good! I'm good! I'm gonna learn to tell the truth! the whole truth! nothin but the truth! I swear to fuckin god! Car! Car! Please, mother of god, let it be the cops!

MARJORIE. (*pulling him against bars by noose*) Talk again and I smash you like a fuckin bug!

(*MARJORIE looks out the window, sees TERRY with full arms, opens the door. Enter TERRY with grocery bags.*)

TERRY. What a day! (*Exit TERRY in the kitchen.*) That guy Danny I told you about? He cornered me by the water cooler and said, I'm taking you out to dinner tonight and not taking no for an answer, so I can't help you guys scrape and paint tonight, and look, Margie honey sweet lovely cutie-pie good friend, can I borrow your red dress, the one with the spaghetti straps and slit up the . . . (*discovering Raul*) There's a man in the fireplace.

MARJORIE. Don't get scared. He tried to rape me.

TERRY. O Mother Mary.

MARJORIE. He's been watching us. He knows all about us, when you work, when you come home, when Pat comes home, our cars, everything.

TERRY. Who is he?

RAUL. Please help me! She hurt me bad!

MARJORIE. (*poking him*) What'd I say about talking?

RAUL. Not to!

MARJORIE. And what'd you do?

RAUL. I talked.

MARJORIE. And what do you deserve?

RAUL. Help me!

MARJORIE. What do you deserve?

RAUL. The stick. (*She hurts him, he screams.*)

TERRY. Marjorie! It's over now! We'll get the police and lock him up!

MARJORIE. On what charge?

TERRY. Rape.

MARJORIE. There was no rape.

TERRY. Attempted rape.

MARJORIE. Prove it. (*pause*) You can't. So they let him go and he said he'd come back to get me. So it's him or me. Him or me. Choose. Him or me.

TERRY. I'd rather call the police.

MARJORIE. Do it.

TERRY. It would make me feel safe.

MARJORIE. Then do it.

TERRY. What should I say?

MARJORIE. Whatever makes you feel safe.

TERRY. Phone's dead.

MARJORIE. Animal ripped it out of the wall. I got lucky. If I didn't you would've come home and found my body . . .

TERRY. Don't talk like that.

MARJORIE. You try and run. He catches you by the hair. Smothers you off and on till you're too weak to move.

TERRY. Alright!

MARJORIE. And then he toys with you. Makes you beg for a breath. Makes you undo his belt.

TERRY. Stop it!

MARJORIE. Makes you touch him. All over. His mouth. His neck. Between his legs . . .

TERRY. Why are you doing this to me!

MARJORIE. So it won't happen to you!—Terry, if it happened to you, I'd say, Terry, tell me what to do.

TERRY. Tell me what to do.

MARJORIE. Be with me.

TERRY. I am with you. (*pause*) What can I do?

MARJORIE. Help me make him disappear.

TERRY. Let's wait for Pat.

MARJORIE. We don't need her. We only need the shovel.

TERRY. Shovel?

MARJORIE. To dig a hole in the garden.

TERRY. Hole?

MARJORIE. And that's the end of it.

TERRY. O God.

MARJORIE. Him or us. Choose. Say him and I open the cage and let him go. But if he gets you, don't blame me because you chose him. So decide now. Him or us. (*pause*) Decide! (*pause*) Say it. Him or us.

TERRY. Us.

MARJORIE. Good. Just dig the hole. I'll do the rest.

TERRY. Don't let me see it, alright?

MARJORIE. See what?

TERRY. The blood.

MARJORIE. What blood? We drag him out, throw him in the hole, and cover it up.

TERRY. O God.

MARJORIE. Is the world better or worse without him?

TERRY. I don't want to touch him.

MARJORIE. Alright, I can drag him myself. You just dig the hole. (*TERRY takes the shovel.*) Dig between the tomatoes and the flowerbed. The ground's soft there.

TERRY. I'd rather you dig.

MARJORIE. Then you watch.

TERRY. I'd rather you watch.

MARJORIE. I can't do both.

TERRY. You dig.

MARJORIE. Then watch him and don't leave the room.

TERRY. Marjorie? Let's think about this some more?

MARJORIE. What's to think about? It's simple. Him or you. Choose. (*Pause. TERRY sits. Exit MARJORIE with shovel.*)

RAUL. Pst! Pst!

TERRY. Be quiet, please.

RAUL. She gone? Is she?

TERRY. Yes.

RAUL. C'mer. C'mer.

TERRY. You will have to not talk.

RAUL. Terry, I need help. She sprayed me with stuff. My eyes're killin me! Please help me. I'm serious.

TERRY. Just shut up.

RAUL. So you're gonna help whacko poof me, eh?

TERRY. You better not let her catch you talking.

RAUL. Terry, Terry, my Good Humor truck broke down on the highway. I wanted to call the office before the ice cream melted. I just asked to use the phone . . .

TERRY. I'll tell her you talked.

RAUL. Then share the crime. It's called complicity. That means you sit there like an asshole and watch somebody do a crime.

TERRY. Look, I'm not interested in what you have to say.

RAUL. How about my attorney? Interested in what he has to say? eh? when you're up in that witness chair? in front of the Big Twelve? and he goes, Tell the court what you did, Terry, when whacko was diggin the hole and my client was sufferin terrible and begged you open the cage? And Terry says, Nothin, and His Honor hits ya wit Croak One, and you go the iron Hyatt. The wall. So you gonna open this up or not? (*pause*) Ok, asshole. The wall. Ever hear of my attorney? Palmieri?

TERRY. Yes.

RAUL. The best, right? (*He takes her silence for consent.*) For five g's the man walks on water, so think about it, jailbird. Open it, Terry—you don't want no record. (*pause*) Ok. Palmieri. Complicity. The wall. (*TERRY pours herself a glass of wine; at these sounds:*) Can I have alittle swig of that? Parched from screaming. (*pause*) Hang it up, jailbird! You ride with whacko! The wall. Know about the wall? Noooooo-oooooo. Jailbird don't know diddly shit bout no wall. That why you sit there doin complicity when you could be givin me alittle swig o juice so's I could tell Palmieri, Lay off the chick Terry, she's alright, she did what she could. (*pause*) Not even that, eh? (*pause*) Now I know how Christ felt. (*pause*) Whattaya say at confession this week? eh, Terry? Bless me father for I have sinned. I buried the Good Humor man. Ain't goin over too big, Terry. What do you think father's gonna say? say three hail Mary's and don't do it again? The fucker'll break out handcuffs on the spot! But I understand. You're doin it for Marjorie, good friend Marjorie.

TERRY. Will you shut up?

RAUL. Tight with Marjorie, eh? Friends to the ends,

eh? You borrow her dress, she borrows your boyfriend. (*pause*) Tony.

TERRY. What?

RAUL. Forget it.

TERRY. No. What did you say?

RAUL. O, you want something from me, but when I ask you for alittle drink, you gimme a cup o dust. Get lost, you and your fuckin drink.

TERRY. You're a goddamn liar.

RAUL. Am I?

TERRY. What'd she say?

RAUL. Don't believe me. I'm a liar. Go believe your good friend out there diggin a hole. She's nice. She burries people.

TERRY. What'd she tell you?

RAUL. Look, nobody like to be the one to bring the bad news. (*pause*) She's fuckin' him.

TERRY. He doesn't even live round here anymore!

RAUL. New York. (*pause*) Photographer. (*pause*) She goes see him every Wednesday. You drop her off the train station. (*pause*) Think what you're doin, Terry. She get raped? She got broken bones? I pinched her ass, she took a freak and mangled me. Ever get your ass pinched? Course you did. Did you mangle the guy? Course not. Think, sweetheart, think.

TERRY. Tell me everything she said.

RAUL. Just wet my lips alittle? please?

TERRY. Alright.

RAUL. Thank you so much. I want to light a candle for you. God bless you . . . (*He latches onto her wrist.*) You scream and I bite your hand the fuck off.

TERRY. Please don't hurt me!

RAUL. I'm not that type person, babe. Undo the lock. (*TERRY blows her rape whistle.*) You fuckin asshole!

You fucked yourself real good! They're gonna eat you alive at the wall!

(*Enter MARJORIE. RAUL releases TERRY's hand.*)

MARJORIE. What happened?

RAUL. Marjorie! I'm sorry! She gave me a drink of wine.

MARJORIE. Why?

TERRY. I did not!

RAUL. How'd the glass get in here?

MARJORIE. Goddamit (*MARJORIE bangs the fire-screen with the shovel.*)

TERRY. I'm leaving!

MARJORIE. What'd he say?

TERRY. Where are my keys?

MARJORIE. The hole's half dug!

TERRY. I don't care.

MARJORIE. We're halfway there!

TERRY. Move.

MARJORIE. You said you would help me.

TERRY. I don't care what I said.

MARJORIE. Why can't you help me?

TERRY. I don't know what happened here and I don't care. You're alive. So what's it matter? Just get him out of this house.

(*Sound of a car. Enter PATRICIA with briefcase and bakery box tied up neatly with a string.*)

PATRICIA. What's up with you broads?—Look, cherry cheesecake!—Did somebody die on the soaps? (*RAUL rattles his cage. Pause. PATRICIA laughs.*)

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