

## Ken 2

GLENN. Ken? Hi. It's Glenn and Cassie.

KEN. Lenny? Is that you? (*HE looks down.*) Who's that? Glenn?  
Is that Glenn?

GLENN. Yes. And Cassie. I hear you have a cold.

KEN. You think I look old? I haven't been sleeping well lately . . .  
Hi, Cassie. Do the others know you're here?

GLENN. Yes. We just saw Lenny.

KEN. Have you seen Lenny?

GLENN. Yes. He went into Charley's room.

KEN. I'm sorry. I can't hear anything. A manhole cover just blew  
up next to my ear.

GLENN. That's terrible.

KEN. I said, "A manhole cover just blew up next to my ear."

GLENN. Yes. I hear you.

KEN. I'm sorry. I can't hear you. Anyone getting you a drink?

GLENN. Yes, the butler.

KEN. Sorry, there's no help here. They're in the Orient somewhere.

CASSIE. (*To Glenn.*) I think he's gone dotty.

KEN. Yes, a hot toddy would be nice. I'm going to see if Lenny's  
in Charley's room. We're all coming down soon. (*HE knocks on  
Charley's door.*) Myra? Mind if I come in?

LENNY. (*As Myra, from inside.*) Sure, honey. Come on in.

## Chris 2

CHRIS. (*To Claire.*) Mai Li and the butler are here.

CLAIRE. You're kidding. Where's Ernie and Cookie.

GLENN. I just met Ernie. Isn't he the butler?

CHRIS. Oh. No. Okay. We've got that one cleared up.

GLENN. Then they're just back from the Orient?

CHRIS. I imagine so. You're so well informed.

GLENN. Why is everyone up in Charley's room?

CHRIS. Oh. There was something on TV they all wanted to  
watch.

CLAIRE. Right. Very good, Chris.

## Cookie

CLAIRE. Cookie, I am cr-azy about the dress. You always dig up the most original things. Where do you find them?

COOKIE. Oh, God, this is sixty years old. It was my grandmother's. She brought it from Russia.

CLAIRE. Didn't you wear that for Muscular Dystrophy in June?

COOKIE. No. Emphysema in August.

CLAIRE. (*Looking at the cushion.*) Oh, what a pretty cushion. Is that for Charley and Myra?

COOKIE. No, it's for my back. It went out again while I was dressing. (*SHE opens the pretzels, easily.*)

ERNIE. You all right, honey?

COOKIE. I'm fine, babe.

CHRIS. You and your back problems. It must be awful.

COOKIE. It's nothing. I can do everything but sit down and get up.

ERNIE. Hey, Lenny, is that your BMW? (*HE laughs.*) Looks like you put a lot of miles on in two days.

LENNY. A guy shoots out of a garage and blind-sides me. The car's got twelve miles on it. I've got a case of whiplash you wouldn't believe.

COOKIE. (*Crossing to other side of the room.*) Oh, I've had whiplash. Excruciating. My best friend had it for six years.

## Glenn & Cassie

GLENN. I wonder why they're not using the Chinese girl?

CASSIE. Do I look all right?

GLENN. Yes. Fine.

CASSIE. I feel so frumpy.

GLENN. God, no. You look beautiful.

CASSIE. My hair isn't right, is it? I saw you looking at it in the car.

GLENN. No, I wasn't.

CASSIE. What were you looking at then?

GLENN. The road, I suppose.

CASSIE. I can always tell when you hate what I'm wearing.

GLENN. I love that dress. I always have.

CASSIE. This is the first time I've worn it.

GLENN. I always have admired your taste is what I meant.

CASSIE. It's so hard to please you sometimes.

GLENN. What did I say?

CASSIE. It's what you *don't* say that really drives me crazy.

GLENN. What I *don't* say? . . . How can it drive you crazy if I don't say it?

CASSIE. I don't know. It's the looks that you give me.

GLENN. I wasn't giving you any looks.

CASSIE. You look at me all the time.

GLENN. Because you're always asking me to look at you.

CASSIE. It would be nice if I didn't have to ask you, wouldn't it?

GLENN. It would be nice if you didn't need me to look, which would make it unnecessary to ask.

CASSIE. I can't ever get any support from you. You've got all the time in the world for everything and everyone else, but I've got to draw blood to get your attention when I walk in a room.

GLENN. We walked in the room together. It was already done. Cassie, please don't start. We're forty-five minutes late as it is. I don't want to ruin this night for Charley and Myra.

CASSIE. We're forty-five minutes late because you scowled at every dress I tried on.

GLENN. I didn't scowl, I smiled. You always think my smile looks like a scowl. You think my grin looks like a frown, and my frown looks like a yawn.

CASSIE. Don't sneer at me.

GLENN. It wasn't a sneer. It was a peeve.

CASSIE. God, this conversation is so banal. I can't believe any of the things I'm saying. We sound like some fucking TV couple.

GLENN. Oh, you're kidding me.

## Ernie

CHRIS. (*Quickly.*) You said, "I should be the one who goes up. I tell Charley that everyone is here." And he asks "Does everyone here know what's happened?" Ernie said, "You say, 'No.'" You said, "I say 'no.'" Then Charley asks me, "Well, if I'm not down there and Myra's not down there—"

KEN. Allrightallrightallright!!

ERNIE. I've got it. I've got it. Here's what we do. Charley's going to want to know what Ken told us. Ken tells Charley that he told us that Charley had a large benign wart removed from his ear this morning, but he's okay. Then suddenly Myra's mother broke her hip this afternoon and that Myra took her to the hospital and is going to stay there the night. The help, thinking the party was off, left the food and went home. It all happened so fast, they forgot to call us. We all got here, we understood and decided to cook the dinner ourselves . . . That's the story.

CLAIRE. I wouldn't believe the mother breaking her hip.

ERNIE. Why not?

CLAIRE. She died six years ago.

ERNIE. Then her father broke his hip.

CLAIRE. Her father lives in California.

ERNIE. Does she have a relative in the city?

CHRIS. She has a cousin Florence.

ERNIE. Then Florence broke her hip.

CHRIS. Florence is married. Why didn't her husband take her?

ERNIE. Then Myra broke her hip. The neighbors took her.

COOKIE. If he only had a wart removed, Charley could have taken her.

CLAIRE. Can't you think of something else?

ERNIE. (*Upset.*) I did! I thought of the mother, the father, the cousin, the wart and the hip. Nothing satisfies you people.

KEN. There's no logic to it. Nothing in that story is plausible.

ERNIE. (*Losing it.*) We don't need plausible. The man is in shock, mental anguish and emotional despair. Logic doesn't mean shit to him right now. (*He sits down, composes himself.*) Excuse my language.

## Welch

WELCH. (*Crossing to GLENN who is hiding his face with his hand.*) You, sir? Something wrong with your eye?

GLENN. Me? Yes. I put some drops in tonight and the cap fell off. Most of the bottle went in.

WELCH. May I have your name, sir?

GLENN. My name?

WELCH. Yes, sir.

GLENN. You mean, my name?

WELCH. Yes, sir . . . Is there a problem with giving me your name?

GLENN. I'm sorry. I just can't see you very well.

WELCH. You don't have to see to talk, sir. The drops didn't go in your mouth, did they?

KEN. Officer, I feel you're being unnecessarily abusive to these people. If you're going to ask any more questions, you'll have to tell us what this is all about.

WELCH. Yes, sir. I will . . . Can you please tell me who owns the BMW outside?

CLAIRE. It's my husband's car.

WELCH. And what is his name, please?

KEN. You don't have to answer that, Claire.

CLAIRE. His name is Len. Leonard Ganz.

WELCH. And where is Mr. Ganz now?

KEN. (*Like in court.*) I object.

WELCH. (*Annoyed.*) I ain't a judge! This ain't a court! I don't have a gavel! I just want to know where the man is.

KEN. You still haven't told us what this is about, so we're still not telling you where Mr. Ganz is.

WELCH. I don't know why I always have trouble in this neighborhood . . . Okay . . . (*Consulting his notebook.*) At approximately eight-fifteen tonight, an auto accident occurred on Twelfth and Danbury. A brand new red 1990 Porsche convertible with New York license plates smashed into the side of a brand new BMW four door sedan. Now, we know it wasn't the BMW's fault because the Porsche was a stolen car. Stolen at eight-fifteen tonight right off the dealer's lot. The man and the Porsche got away. Now do you know who that brand new Porsche belonged to?