

SCENE: PRISONER OF 2ND AVENUE (1M/1F)

Acting Notes

Edna: Nobody steals dental floss and mouthwash. Only sick people do. Only that's who live in the world today. SICK, SICK, SICK, PEOPLE!

She sits, wrung out emotionally. Mel crosses to her, puts his arm on her shoulder, comforting her.

Mel: It's all right . . . It's all right, Edna . . . (*He looks through some papers on the table.*)

Edna: Can you imagine if I walked in and found them here? What would I have done, Mel?

Mel: You were very lucky, Edna. Very lucky.

Edna: But what would I have done?

Mel: You'd say, "Excuse me," . . . close the door and come back later. What would you do, sit and watch? Why do you ask me such questions? It didn't happen, did it?

Edna: It almost happened. If I had walked in here five minutes sooner.

Mel: (*Walking away from here.*) You couldn't have been gone only five minutes... It took the Santini Brothers two days to move everything in , three junkies aren't gonna move it all out in five minutes.

Edna: Seven minutes, eight minutes, what's the difference?

Mel: (*Opens the door, looks at lock.*) The lock isn't broken, it's just jimmied. I don't even know how they got in here.

Edna: Maybe they found my key in the street.

Mel: If you didn't have your key, how were you going to get back in the house when you went shopping?

Edna: I left the door open.

Mel: You-left-the-door-open?

Blocking Notes

Edna: I didn't have a key, how was I going to get back into the house?

Mel: So you left the door open? In the city with the highest crime rate in the history of the world, you left the door open?

Edna: What was I going to do? Take the furniture with me? I was only gone five minutes. How did they know I was going to leave the door open?

Mel: They know! They know! A door opens, it doesn't lock, the whole junkie world lights up. "Door open, 14th floor, 88th Street and Second Avenue." They know!

Edna: They don't know anything. They have to go around trying doors.

Mel: And what did you think? They were going to try every door in this house except yours? "Let's leave 14A alone, fellas, it looks like a nice door."

Edna: If they're going to go around trying to open doors, they have twenty-three hours and fifty-five minutes a day to try them. I didn't think they would try ours the five minutes I was out of the house. I gambled! I lost!

Mel: What kind of a gamble is that to take? If you lose, they get everything. If you win, they rob somebody else.

Edna: I had to shop. There was nothing in the house to eat tonight.

Mel: All right, now you have something to eat and nothing to eat with ...

Edna starts to pick up things.

Mel: What are you doing?

Edna: We can't leave everything like this. I want to clean up.

Mel: Now?

Edna: The place is a mess. We have people coming over in a few minutes.

Mel: The police? YOU want the place to look nice for the police? You're worried they're going to put it in

they're going to put it down in their books, "Bad Housekeeper?" Leave it alone. Maybe they'll find clues.

Edna: I can't find out what's missing until I put everything back its place.

Mel: What do you mean? You know what's missing. The television, the liquor, the kitchen money, the medicine chest and the Hi-Fi... That's it, isn't it? *(Pause.)* Isn't it? *(Edna looks away.)*...Okay, what did they get?

Edna: Am I a detective? Look, you'll find out.

He glares at her, looks around the room, doesn't know where to begin. He decides to check the bedroom. He storms down the hall and disappears. Edna knowing what soon to expect, sits on a chair in the dining area and stares out the window. She takes out a hanky and wipes some dirt from the windowsill. Mel returns calmly. At least outwardly calm. He takes a deep breath.

Mel: Where are my suits?

Edna: They were there this morning. They're not there now. They must have taken your suits.

Mel: *(Still trying to be calm.)* Seven suits? Three sports jackets? Eight pairs of slacks?

Edna: If that's what you had, that's what they got.

Mel: I'm lucky my tuxedo is in the cleaners.

Edna: *(Still staring out the window.)* They sent it back this morning.

Mel: Well, they did a good job of it... Cleaned me out... Left a pair of khaki pants and my golf hat... Anybody asks us out to dinner this week, ask them if it's all right if I wear khaki pants and a golf hat. DIRTY BASTARDS!