

YOU CAN'T ALWAYS STAY

By

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Cast of Characters

CARLO:

Carlo Rosetti is a man about 80 years old. He is bald and unshaven. CARLO is tall and thin and walks with a slight hunch. He is dressed in an old red plaid bathrobe with longjohns obvious underneath and ancient worn-out slippers which drag when he walks.

MORTON:

Morton Goldstein is a man in his mid-seventies. He is bald and wears thickish glasses. Morton is short and a bit gaunt and is dressed in a dark pinstripe suit, one or two sizes too large.

MRS. O'LEARY:

Mrs. O'Leary is a woman of about seventy. She has flaming orange hair, obviously dyed, worn high on her head. She has diamond-studded horned-rimmed glasses worn on a chain around her neck and freely dangling. She seems pudgier than she actually is in her large flowered sleeveless housecoat. She usually has a sweater draped over her shoulders.

(MORE)

Cast of Characters (cont'd)

ROCCO:

Rocco Rosetti is a man in his late forties wearing casual but expensive looking clothes. His hair is salt and pepper and meticulously styled to hide a receding hairline.

MAN:

Man is dressed in a dark suit. He is about thirty years old, very handsome and well-groomed.

ACT I

CURTAIN OPENS

CARLO IS LAYING IN BED FACING STAGE RIGHT, WATCHING AN OLD TELEVISION. ON HIS RIGHT IS A NIGHT TABLE CROWDED WITH MEDICATIONS. IT IS A ONE ROOM APARTMENT AND HOUSES EVERYTHING INCLUDING A STOVE, A REFRIGERATOR AND A SCRATCHED UP DINING ROOM TABLE. THE APARTMENT LOOKS VERY LIVED-IN AND SHABBY.

CARLO

Screaming at television.

Why do they put this crap on television? This...this real stuff. Fat people. Drug addicts. Idiots living in one house!

Switching channels with remote control.

If RAWHIDE were on all day, I would watch it all day. Not this garbage!

He climbs out of bed, slips on his slippers and turns the TV off as he speaks. CARLO goes to stove to find tea kettle. He empties kettle in sink and places it on stove as he rants.

That old man with the three blonde floozies. I'm in a bathrobe all day, too, and there's no puttanas in my house. Reality show, my ass!

He peeks into the refrigerator.

No danish! Ah, for crying-out-loud! I can't live without prune danish! I'll explode! They'll be scraping me off the walls for days.

(Pause as he thinks)

Maybe there's some bran in the cabinet.

He opens the cabinet. A short pause.

I'll get my son for this! I'll hang him by his *cogliones!*

Speaks as he runs to telephone and dials violently.

Hello! Jane. (Pause) Joan. Is my son there? (Pause, then aside) By the *cogliones*, I'll hang him! (Pause) Rocco! What did you do? Forget about me? I haven't been to the bathroom for a month! I'm still alive and kickin', y'know, and I'm too damn sick to go out for food. (Fake cough then pause) You're sorry? You're sorry? Being sorry doesn't fill my belly, *ciucce!* (Pause) Bran. And prune danish. (Pause) Okay. It hasn't been a week since

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CARLO (cont'd)

but I feel like I have a fat midget playing hopscotch in my bowels. (Pause) Half hour? If I live that long. And don't forget my cigars!

Presses hang up button hard.

Today you can't even slam a phone down to make a point!

Puts phone back on cradle as he complains more.

I work my fingers to the bone to send him to college and he can't remember what I need. This is my thanks.

Walks over to nightstand where he keeps several medicine bottles.

I spend most of the day (he picks up a medicine bottle, tries to turn the cap and grunts) trying to open these goddamn bottles!

He fumbles some more as he speaks.

Push and turn? *Vaffanculo!*

Throws bottle down on nightstand.

Eh. That stuff tastes like your old lady's feet, anyway.

There is a knock on the door.

Who the hell can that be?

Carlo opens the door, revealing Mrs. O'Leary

MRS. O'LEARY

Good evening, Mr. Rosetti.

CARLO

Oh, Mrs. O'Leary.

MRS. O'LEARY

I was next door and I was wondering if...

CARLO

(Anxiously)

Yes?

MRS. O'LEARY

Well. "The Bells of St. Mary's" is on channel 5 tonight and I thought you might like to come over and watch it with me because...

CARLO

My son is coming over in a little while and he's bringing me some bran. I better wait here for...

MRS. O'LEARY

Oh. I understand. (Pause) Well, it was nice talking with you.

MRS. O'LEARY turns to leave.

CARLO

You, uh...

MRS. O'LEARY

Turning back quickly to face CARLO.
Yes?

CARLO

(Giving in)
You wanna come in for a cup of tea?

MRS. O'LEARY

Oh, that would be wonderful! Do you mind?

CARLO

No. Not very much.

MRS. O'LEARY

(She enters)
Thank you.

CARLO

Sit down over there.

MRS. O'LEARY

Thank you.

MRS. O'LEARY sits stage left. CARLO fills tea kettle and puts on stove. He takes two mugs and prepares the tea.

CARLO

Red Rose?

MRS. O'LEARY

Oh, yes. Fine.

MRS. O'LEARY fidgets a lot as Carlo prepares tea.

CARLO

Sits facing audience at other end of sofa with Mrs. O'Leary. He looks at her and smiles uncomfortably. She smiles back sincerely. They stare straight ahead for a bit. It's as if neither of them have anything to say.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CARLO (cont'd)
Well...

MRS. O'LEARY
I...

CARLO
Yes?

MRS. O'LEARY
I...umm...

CARLO
You... (As if pulling words from her.)

MRS. O'LEARY
I...uh...like tea.

CARLO
Yes.
(Pause)
Me, too.

MRS. O'LEARY
Yes.
(Pause)
Better than coffee.

CARLO
That's nice.

MRS. O'LEARY
Yes. Yes. Thank you. And you?

CARLO
Me?

MRS. O'LEARY
Yes.

CARLO
What?

MRS. O'LEARY
Do you like tea better than coffee?

CARLO
No.

MRS. O'LEARY
You like coffee better than tea?

CARLO

Um. No.

MRS. O'LEARY

The same?

CARLO

I drink tea more than coffee.

MRS. O'LEARY

Oh.

(Long pause)

CARLO

Coffee gives me the runs.

MRS. O'LEARY

(Pause)

How's your son?

CARLO

Rocco? I tell you, Mrs. O'Leary. My kid was nothing but trouble when he was a boy. I give him everything. Now I ask for a little bran, a little this or that, I gotta twist his arm.

MRS. O'LEARY

He seems so nice.

CARLO

Yeah, he's nice to other people but when it comes to his pop, it's like getting blood from a bone.

MRS. O'LEARY

Stone.

CARLO

Hmm?

MRS. O'LEARY

Blood from a stone.

CARLO

Well, you can't get it from a bone either.

MRS. O'LEARY

I suppose not.

CARLO

He's still a good kid though. Kid. He's almost fifty.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. O'LEARY
And your grandchildren?

CARLO
Ah. Michael and Maria. There's some nice kids.
(Pause as he breathes in slowly.)
So. How's your kids?

MRS. O'LEARY
Fine. I got a letter from Kate today. She said Laura is pregnant again. They grow up so fast. And then they leave. They come back but not too often. Never often enough. I think the last time we were all together was when I lost Patrick. Patrick was a really won...

MRS. O'LEARY is abruptly interrupted by the whistle on the tea kettle.

CARLO
I think the water is boiling.

CARLO gets up and immediately starts preparing the tea.

MRS. O'LEARY
Oh, yes. Of course.

CARLO
Milk?

MRS. O'LEARY
No. Just sugar.

CARLO
Two?

MRS. O'LEARY
Five.

CARLO
Five? Five sugars?

MRS. O'LEARY
Yes, please. And thank you.

CARLO
I think I do like tea better than coffee.

MRS. O'LEARY
I surely do.

CARLO

So what do you think about this rent increase?

MRS. O'LEARY

Oh, it's just terrible. I saw this movie once where the landlord was really mean to his tenants and so they kidnapped him and were going to kill him if he didn't lower the rent and fix the plumbing and the plaster. Now, I'm not saying we should kidnap our landlord but maybe we just ought to sit down with him and ask him nicely if he would lower the rent back down and explain to him how hard it is to pay it on our budgets. Then if he doesn't lower the rent we could...

CARLO

(Interrupting)

Kill him!

(Carlo laughs.)

No. I'm just kidding.

MRS. O'LEARY

(Smiling but with guilt)

Oh, that's awful. I don't like people to die.

CARLO

Eh. People die all the time.

MRS. O'LEARY

Too much.

CARLO brings the tea over to MRS. O'LEARY and sets hers on the coffee table in front of her as he sits back on the sofa.

CARLO

What do you mean "too much"?

MRS. O'LEARY

Thank you.

(For the tea.)

A lot of my friends are gone. They passed away.

CARLO

Yes.

MRS. O'LEARY

Died!

CARLO

Well. We all gotta go sometime.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. O'LEARY
I suppose.

CARLO
I mean, if nobody never died there would be too many people. There's too many now. I gotta list up here (points to head) of some that should go right away.

MRS. O'LEARY
I don't think I wanna go just yet.

CARLO
Me. I don't care. I lived a long good life. I don't mind going.

MRS. O'LEARY
How can you say that? Don't you wanna stay for the people who love you?

CARLO
You can't always stay. Ahh. Kids are born everyday. People die everyday. It's gotta balance, you know? Some people, they wanna live forever. Not me. Everyday something else hurts. And what do I do now? I take medicine when I can get the goddamn bottle open. I take this pill for a headache, this one for a belly-ache, this one when my heart goes too fast, this one when I go to sleep, this one when I wake up, this one when I listen to talk radio. And bran. Lots of bran.

MRS. O'LEARY
But you have your children and your grandchildren. And they care about you.

CARLO
Yeah? Where the hell are they?

MRS. O'LEARY
They're probably taking care of their own families.

CARLO
That's right. Taking care of their own. My daughter, Maria. She asked me to move in with her and her family.

MRS. O'LEARY
That's wonderful!

CARLO
What are you, nuts? I can take care of myself.

MRS. O'LEARY

Oh, Mr. Rosetti, let's face it. We're old. In a couple of years we'll need help. We'll hardly be able to feed ourselves or bathe ourselves or use the bathroom ourselves.

CARLO

When the day comes I need help in the bathroom, I'd rather be dead.

MRS. O'LEARY

Living with Maria, if she's willing to take care of you, is better than having a nurse.

CARLO

A nurse? In the toilet?

MRS. O'LEARY

They get paid for doing things like that.

CARLO

I'd drink a whole pot of coffee and make her earn her money.

MRS. O'LEARY

I'd take Maria up on her offer.

CARLO

I'll put in a good word for you.

MRS. O'LEARY

I mean if I were you.

CARLO

I said I can take care of myself! She has her own life. One thing my Angelina said to me was give the kids everything they need to start them off. They'll make mistakes but they'll survive on their own.

MRS. O'LEARY

I wish I had known your wife.

CARLO

She was one hell of a woman.

(Pause)

You and me are alone now. We did what we had to do. We got ourselves and nobody else.

MRS. O'LEARY

Oh, by the way, Kate sent me a picture of Elizabeth.

She fusses around in her housecoat, pulling out balled-up tissues and a few wrinkled scraps of paper, finally locating the photograph.

Here it is.

CARLO

Looking at photograph.
Hey, that's some beautiful granddaughter you got there.

MRS. O'LEARY
Thank you.

CARLO
What cheeks on that kid! *Come bella!*

MRS. O'LEARY
Kate said over the holidays, they would come down.

CARLO hands the photograph back to her. She stares at it as a smile forms on her lips. She suddenly snaps back to reality.
Oh, Goodness! What time is it?

CARLO
Turns to look at a clock.
It's almost five.

MRS. O'LEARY
I better go. "The Bells of St. Mary's" goes on in a little while. If Rocco leaves early, will you come over and watch it with me? I'm baking cookies.

CARLO
Cookies, huh? If nothing else comes up, I'll be there.

MRS. O'LEARY
Stands
Thank you for the tea.

CARLO
You're welcome.

Carlo, now standing, walks towards the door.
See you later.

MRS. O'LEARY
Okay. Bye, Mr. Rosetti.

CARLO closes door after her and starts to walk back to couch.

CARLO

Ahh, she's not such a bad lady.

There is a knock at the door and CARLO turns to go answer it.

What the hell does she want now?

CARLO opens the door. It is ROCCO.

ROCCO

Hi, Pop!

CARLO

It's you!

ROCCO

Fine and yourself?

CARLO

You brought the bran?

ROCCO

Yeah, here.

He hands CARLO the bag.

How are you?

CARLO

Constipated.

ROCCO

Why didn't you have a few cups of coffee?

CARLO

Because I don't wanna spend the rest of the month on the toilet. How much do I owe you?

ROCCO

Nothing.

CARLO

Come on. How much?

ROCCO

Forget it, Pop. You been taking your medicine?

CARLO

Goes over to night table to grab some cash.
Medicine. It's poison.

ROCCO

It's good for you.

CARLO

If it's so good for me, how come I can't get the goddamned top off?

ROCCO

I told you, you've got to press it down and then turn.

CARLO

Stops walking, stares and ceiling, sighs and shakes his head. Continues walking to ROCCO and holds out money.

Here.

ROCCO

What's this?

CARLO

For the bran.

ROCCO

No. Keep it. I don't want your money.

CARLO

Here. Just take it and shut-up.

ROCCO

No.

CARLO

Come on.

ROCCO

No. Keep it!

CARLO

Give it to the kids!

ROCCO

Giving up.

Okay, Pop.

Takes money and places it on counter.

CARLO

How are they?

ROCCO

Who?

CARLO

The Andrew Sisters. The kids. How are the kids?

ROCCO

They're great, Pop.

CARLO

And Jane?

ROCCO

Joan.

CARLO

Yeah, Joan. How is she?

ROCCO

She's fine.

CARLO

You want some coffee?

ROCCO

No, thanks. I can't stay. I have some work I need to finish at home.

CARLO

What kind of work? It's Sunday.

ROCCO

Just a little paperwork is all.

CARLO

I spend all that money to send you to law school and Mr. Big-shot Lawyer still got to work on Sunday.

ROCCO

It's just a little bit.

CARLO

You need money?

ROCCO

(Chuckles)

No, Pop. I'm fine. Really. Are you going to come down next Sunday?

CARLO

If I live that long.

ROCCO

What are you talking about - if you live that long?

CARLO

I can't get my goddamned medicine open.

ROCCO

I told you...

ROCCO

Push and turn.

CARLO

Push and turn.

ROCCO

Yes.

CARLO

Starts clearing cups of tea off coffee table as he speaks.

When you were a kid, bottles opened. Twist! Done.

Pause. ROCCO starts emptying out bag which also contains some groceries.

How's Michael doing in school? I'll put those away.

ROCCO

I'll do it. He's doing all right.

CARLO

Just all right?

ROCCO

Fine. He's doing fine.

CARLO

And Maria?

ROCCO

Real well.

CARLO

Those are a coupla smart grandchildren I got.

ROCCO

Yep. And that's one stubborn grandfather they got.

CARLO

What are you talking about?

ROCCO

I'm talking about you won't go live with your daughter and get out of this dump!

CARLO

Dump? This is my house! I can take care of myself.

ROCCO

You're getting old.

CARLO

I've been old for a while. I don't need anybody to take care of me.

ROCCO

You live alone. Suppose something happens.

CARLO

What's gonna happen?

ROCCO

What if you fall?

CARLO

I'll get up.

ROCCO

Go live with your daughter. She's willing to take you. She has a room all ready for you.

CARLO

So what? I'm still not going.

ROCCO

I said you are. You're getting too old to live here by yourself.

CARLO

Listen, unless Ann-Margret wants to move in with me, I'm gonna live alone. *Capisce?*

ROCCO

No! You listen to me now.

ROCCO walks closer to CARLO

You have to have someone to take care of you!

CARLO

I can take care of myself.

ROCCO

You can't even open your medicine.

CARLO

I said I'm staying here. I don't need Maria.

(CONTINUED)

ROCCO

You can't! You can't stay here!

CARLO

What the hell do you mean, I can't?

ROCCO

Pop. Where are you going to be a year from now?

CARLO

Probably dead.

ROCCO

Don't talk like that!

CARLO

You asked me and I told you.

ROCCO

Do you want to be here a year from now? In this place?

CARLO

I wanna be with your mother.

ROCCO

Pop, will you stop talking about dying?

CARLO

There's nothing wrong with dying. Everybody does it.

ROCCO

How long are you going to be this stubborn?

CARLO

Til I'm six feet under.

ROCCO

Will you stop it?

CARLO

What do you want, huh? You want me to live forever?

ROCCO

You can't always stay here by yourself.

CARLO

I'm not by myself.

ROCCO

You're not? Hmm. I don't see anyone. Where are they, under the sink?

(CONTINUED)

CARLO

Don't get smart!

ROCCO

Who? Who do you have here?

CARLO

Well, there's Mrs. O'Leary.

ROCCO

Mrs. O'Leary? She's a hundred and eight. How is she going to take care of you?

CARLO

I don't need her or anyone to take care of me. She comes over once in a while. She's company. I'm fine. Can't you get it through that thick lawyer skull of yours? You can't win this case! I'm fine. I'm happy. A few friends. My medicine. I can't open the goddamned things half the time but I got it. I can go to the toilet all by myself. Sometimes for no reason, but I can go by myself. I can walk, talk, eat and sleep. I'm not going to Maria's or to an old folks home. I'm fine where I am. No moving out. No moving in. No grand kids screaming everyday. I love them, don't get me wrong, but the nice thing about grand kids is eventually they leave. The only person I wanna be with is your mother.

ROCCO

Pop.

CARLO

When I see her again, then I'll be even happier. I can't live with anyone else. Just keep doing what you do and bring me my bran, my corn flakes, my prune danish, my cigars. Hey, where the hell are my cigars?

ROCCO

You're not supposed to smoke.

CARLO

Says who? That doctor you drag me to all the time? The feely guy? All the time with the hands.

CARLO gestures comically as if he is prodding someone.

ROCCO

Dr. Feldman. Yes. He said no smoking. It's no good for you.

CARLO

Dr. Feldman. The feeler.

Gestures comically again.

Who cares? There's cigars here someplace.

CARLO starts looking around in cabinets.

Where the hell are they?

ROCCO

Pop, you can't smoke!

CARLO

What are you saying? I can't? I can. I'm pretty good at it.

ROCCO

You can't have cigars!

CARLO

Finding the cigars

Aha! Here they are!

ROCCO

Tries to take them from CARLO

Give them to me.

CARLO

Like hell!

CARLO turns away from ROCCO and strikes a match

Buy your own. Ha ha.

(Aside)

You certainly don't buy 'em for me.

ROCCO

Give me that cigar.

CARLO

When I'm through. I'll save ya a little.

ROCCO

Stop joking around and give it to me before you kill yourself.

CARLO

No! It's my body, my house and my cigar!

ROCCO

Tries to grab it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ROCCO (cont'd)
Gimme it!

CARLO

Turning away from ROCCO.
Get away from me.

ROCCO
Gimme that cigar!

CARLO
No!

ROCCO

Finally grabs it away.
There!

ROCCO puts it out in an ashtray.

CARLO
What are you - proud you stole a cigar from an old man?

ROCCO
You're acting just like a kid!

CARLO
So what? I can act any way I want in my own house!

ROCCO
Look, Pop. If you move in with Maria, she'll make sure that you don't do this anymore.

CARLO
Wait! I wanna do this!

ROCCO
You're moving in with Maria next week and I don't care what you say. I'm tired of watching you destroy yourself.

CARLO
I will do as I damn well please!

ROCCO
You will do what is good for you!

CARLO
No!

ROCCO

Yes! We'll start moving you next week!

CARLO

(Really angry)

NO!

ROCCO

You are moving!

CARLO

No. I am NOT!

ROCCO

Yes you are!

CARLO

I said no!

ROCCO

And I said yes!

CARLO

No! I am staying!

ROCCO

Yes! Goddamn it! You do

CARLO slaps ROCCO. ROCCO just stares at him.

CARLO

(Screaming angrily)

I am still your father! And no matter how old I am you will respect me. As long as I can blink, I will choose where I live. Everybody is trying to drag old people off - afraid they will become a burden. Stick them here! Stick them there! This...is where I live and this...is where I choose to die! You and nobody else is gonna tell me what to do! I am staying! Do you understand?

ROCCO

But Pop...

CARLO

I said do you understand? I don't wanna hear no more.

ROCCO

Yeah, Pop.

Long pause. They just stare at each other. ROCCO lowers his head and goes back to the groceries. They quietly go on with their business. Finally, ROCCO speaks, but calmly and softly.

(CONTINUED)

You're right. I guess I have no right to tell you what to do. But you're still the most stubborn man...

CARLO

Next time you bring me bran, pick up a few cigars, huh? Now go home and do your homework.

ROCCO

Reaching for more groceries
Just let me put...

CARLO

Get out of here. I'll do it.

ROCCO

I'll finish.

CARLO

I'll finish. Go home and give those kids a hug for me. And Jane, too.

ROCCO

Joan.

CARLO

Yeah. Joan. Now get out of here.

ROCCO

Sure.

He starts putting on his coat.
Anything else you need?

CARLO

I'm all right. You're a good son. Sometimes a pain in the ass, but a good son.

ROCCO

Okay. I'll see you later, Pop.

CARLO

Walks to the door with ROCCO. CARLO puts hand on Rocco's shoulder.
Good-bye, Rocco.

They look at each other and ROCCO turns to go. CARLO closes the door, walks over to the counter and picks up the cigar.

This is my last cigar. Maybe I should save it.

Puts it in his mouth and picks up box of matches.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CARLO (cont'd)

Ah, what the hell! You only live once.

He lights the cigar and begins tidying up.
All these visitors are gonna kill me. Maybe I will go over and watch "The Bells of St. Mary's" with Mrs. O'Leary. There's cookies.

There's a pause and then a knock on the door.
Maybe not. Hold on. I'm coming! Madonna! It's like Grand Central Station! It better be a cigar salesman!

CARLO opens the door. It is MORTON GOLDSTEIN.
Yeah?

MORTON

Mr. Rosetti? Carlo Rosetti? It's time.

CARLO

Time for what? What the hell are you talking about? It's time.

MORTON

You are Mr. Carlo Rosetti?

CARLO

Yeah. What do you want?

MORTON

You can't be Jewish. Can you? With a name like Rosetti?

CARLO

No. I'm not Jewish. Who the hell are you, anyway?

MORTON

My name is Morton Goldstein.

CARLO

And what do you want?

MORTON

May I come in?

CARLO

What for?

MORTON

I have to talk to you, please.

CARLO

Are you a cop?

(CONTINUED)

MORTON
No.

CARLO
A detective?

MORTON
No.

CARLO
(Irritated)
A vacuum-cleaner salesman?

MORTON
No.

CARLO
What the hell is this? "What's My Line"? I give up.
Flip over all the cards, John.

MORTON
Not John. It's Morton. Morton Goldstein.

CARLO
Got it. But why are you here?

MORTON
Well...um...may I come in?

CARLO
I'm not gonna let a stranger into my house.

CARLO begins to close the door but MORTON stops it.

MORTON
This is a matter of life and death.

CARLO
Whose?

MORTON
Yours.

CARLO
Mine?

MORTON
Yes.

CARLO
What are you talking about?

MORTON

Let's sit down and talk about it.

CARLO

I don't even know you and you wanna come in?

MORTON

Please. It's very important. But, it's your life...

MORTON turns to leave - but not really.

CARLO

Wait, Goldbloom.

MORTON

Goldstein. Morton Goldstein.

CARLO

Yeah, Goldstein. How do I know I can trust you?

MORTON

You don't know. But I am asking you to please trust me. Do I look like I would cause you any harm?

CARLO

No. You look like you could do my income tax. All right. Come in. But only for a minute.

MORTON

Enters and removes his hat.

Thank you. May I sit?

CARLO

Yeah. Go 'head. You want some tea?

MORTON

Please. Thank you.

MORTON sits at the table, stage right and puts his hat on the floor next to his chair.

CARLO

So what's all this talk about life and death? Is there someone that's looking to kill me?

MORTON

Maybe.

CARLO

Who?

MORTON
Me.

CARLO
You?

MORTON
Oh, yes.

CARLO

*Reaches to the counter and grabs a bread
knife. He points it at MORTON.*
Get the hell out of here. Go on!

MORTON
(Very calmly)
I hope you're not thinking of sticking that thing into
me. You can't kill me, you know.

CARLO
And why not?

MORTON
Because I am already dead.

CARLO
Look Goldbloom...

MORTON
Goldstein. Mort...

CARLO
I don't care what the hell your name is. I've been on
my feet all night. One visitor after another. I'm
really in no mood for crazy people like you and I
have...

MORTON
Ah, but I am not crazy, Mr. Rosetti. I told you. I'm
dead.

CARLO
What the hell are you talking about? You're crazy!

MORTON
Dead.

CARLO
Crazy!

MORTON
Dead!

CARLO
(Visibly irritated)
Dammit! You're crazy! I know dead!

MORTON
Yes, but do you know crazy?

CARLO
Yeah!

Makes "crazy" face.
You are crazy!

MORTON
Dead!

CARLO
Look crazy guy. I do know dead better than crazy but I am pretty sure that you are a hell of a lot crazier than you are dead.

MORTON
All right. Maybe I am a little crazy, but I am most certainly dead.

CARLO
How do you know you're dead?

MORTON
I'm not breathing.

CARLO
I can hear you breathing.

MORTON
A little. I breathe a little. Just to get by. But I'm cold and my heart has stopped.

CARLO
You are breathing and talking and walking and beating and...and...and crazy!

MORTON
I am dead Mr. Rosetti. Dead. And you may join me.

CARLO
The only thing I can join you in is being crazy!

MORTON

But I am not crazy. I am dead. Dead as a doornail.

CARLO

Crazy as a loon.

MORTON

Pause

Dead.

CARLO

Okay. I've had enough. If you don't leave now, I'm gonna call the cops.

MORTON

Go ahead. Call them. You are the only person that can see me. When they come they'll think you're crazy because all they'll see is an empty chair. They won't see me. Not me. I'm dead.

CARLO

And invisible, huh. What a nut case!

MORTON

Are you sure you're not even part Jewish?

CARLO

Rosetti. That's not Jewish. What the hell does that have to do with anything?

MORTON

I thought so. They told me you were Jewish and I said the same thing thing. With a name like Carlo Rosetti how can...

CARLO

Who? Who told you I was Jewish?

MORTON

The...uh...the other dead people.

CARLO

So, you can talk to other dead people. How wonderful!

MORTON

Yes. My dead boss, for example, told me...

CARLO

You're boss is dead.

MORTON

Naturally. What did you think?

CARLO

I was thinking...
(Loudly)

CRAZY!

MORTON

Dead.

CARLO

Crazy.

MORTON

Dead!

CARLO

Okay. Hold it, Goldberg.

MORTON

Goldstein.

CARLO

Yeah. Goldstein. If you are dead, which I don't think you are, what would a dead person want with me?

MORTON

I'm going to make you like me.

CARLO

Crazy?

MORTON

Dead.

CARLO

Caaaahraaaaaazeeeeeee!

MORTON

Dead! Dead! Dead! Dead! Dead!

CARLO

I can't understand why I am arguing with you.

MORTON

Then don't argue with me. What the 'ell do I care?

CARLO

Why can't you face the fact that you are not dead?

(CONTINUED)

MORTON

But I am dead.

CARLO

Waves knife at MORTON

If I cut you open like a fish, what would I find. Batteries?

MORTON

A heart, lungs, liver. An ulcer.

CARLO

A heart? Okay, Mr. Smart-Guy. What keeps your heart going?

MORTON

I told you. It's not going.

CARLO

You're dead.

MORTON

I'm dead.

CARLO

Then what the hell do you have a heart for?

MORTON

Oh, I can explain that. I used to be alive.

CARLO

Now you're dead.

MORTON

(Satisfied)

Right!

CARLO

Pause.

Wrong!

MORTON

Right.

CARLO

Wrong!

MORTON

Right!

CARLO

Look, Goldsmith...

MORTON

Goldstein! Morton GOLDSTEIN!

CARLO

All right, for Chrissakes! Goldstein. Morton Goldstein! I just want you outta my house!

MORTON

Pause

I can't leave.

CARLO

And why the hell not? Are the cops after you?

MORTON

No.

CARLO

Are you glued to my chair?

MORTON

No.

CARLO

Now what are we playing? Twenty Questions?

MORTON

Well, Mr. Rosetti. If you must know...

CARLO

I must.

MORTON

It's just that...I mean, I can't leave until I get word from the others.

CARLO

The...uh...dead people.

MORTON

Right!

CARLO

What are they gonna do - send you a telegram? Or is there a letter waiting for you in the dead letter office?

MORTON

They'll get in touch with me somehow.

CARLO

CARLO goes to prepare the tea. He puts the teabags in the cups and pours the water in. There is no pause in the dialogue.

But why can't you just leave?

MORTON

I just told you. I have to wait for the word.

CARLO

What word?

CARLO sips his tea and noticeably burns his tongue.

MORTON

The word to see if I should take you with me or not.

CARLO

Take me with you? Where? To a padded room?

MORTON

I can't tell you where. All I think I can say is that I'm supposed to wait for orders to see if i should take you with me.

CARLO

Take me?

MORTON

That's correct.

CARLO

Over my dead body.

MORTON

Correct, again.

CARLO

I'm not going with you. And I'm not dying right now.

MORTON

How do you know that?

CARLO

I can just feel it.

MORTON

Dying isn't up to you, you know.

(CONTINUED)

CARLO

I feel okay.

MORTON

How do you know that you're not going to be shot or someone's not going to run you over and...

CARLO

If you think someone's gonna drive their Buick up to the fourth floor of this building - you are crazy!

MORTON

There are many ways to go.

CARLO

True. But you're crazy.

MORTON

How many times do I have to tell you that I'm dead?

CARLO

You're crazy!

MORTON

Dead!

CARLO

Crazy!

There is a knock at the door.
I'm coming! Jesus. Just like Grand Central Station.

CARLO goes to the door. MORTON frantically searches for a place to hide and finally chooses behind the curtains. CARLO does not know that MORTON is hiding. CARLO opens the door. It is MRS. O'LEARY.

MRS. O'LEARY

I'm sorry to bother you again.

CARLO

What's the matter?

MRS. O'LEARY

Since your son stopped by with the bran earlier, I was wondering if I could borrow a little.

CARLO

(Whispering)
Could you come back a little later. I've got company.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. O'LEARY
Certainly.

*Stands on toes and tries to look over CARLO's
shoulder.*

You must mean that you're *expecting* company.

CARLO
No. I mean my company is already here.

MRS. O'LEARY
Where?

CARLO
Here.

MRS. O'LEARY
(Whispering)
Where? I don't see anybody.

CARLO
Doesn't turn around and whisper back.
Sitting at my table.

MRS. O'LEARY
Mr. Rosetti, there is nobody sitting at your table.

CARLO
(Pause. Then as an aside.)
My God! She *can't* see him!

MRS. O'LEARY
What?

CARLO
Nothing. Nothing at all.

MRS. O'LEARY
What is the matter with you?

CARLO
Nothing. Nothing is the matter with me.

*CARLO slowly turns around. He does not see
MORTON.*

GOLDSTEIN! Now *I* can't see you!

*CARLO walks into the apartment and starts feeling
around in the air. MRS. O'LEARY follows,
perplexed.*

MRS. O'LEARY

Are you feeling all right, Mr. Rosetti?

CARLO

There was this man who was supposed to be dead and...

MRS. O'LEARY

(Screams)

Oh my Gawd!

CARLO

Turns towards her, abruptly
What's the matter with you?

MRS. O'LEARY

What's the matter with you?

CARLO

Stop screaming!

MRS. O'LEARY

(Quickly)

I'm not screaming.

(Pause)

Well...I suppose I was. Now what are you saying about this dead man?

CARLO

Nothing.

MRS. O'LEARY

Nothing? Nothing? You just said there was a dead man.

CARLO

No, I didn't.

MRS. O'LEARY

You did!

CARLO

A dead man? Ridiculous! What would I be doing with a dead man?

MRS. O'LEARY

That's what I'm asking?

CARLO

I think you've had a bit too much Milk of Magnesia this morning.

MRS. O'LEARY

I know what I heard. I'm not senile yet, you know.

CARLO

Of course not. What are we getting so excited about anyway?

MRS. O'LEARY

The dead man.

CARLO

What dead man? I never said anything about a dead man!

MRS. O'LEARY

You did!

CARLO

I didn't!

MRS. O'LEARY

Did!

CARLO

Never!

MRS. O'LEARY

I heard you!

CARLO

You heard wrong!

MRS. O'LEARY

What?

CARLO

See?

MRS. O'LEARY

I heard right! I live right next door, Mr. Rosetti, and I heard you talking to someone so don't tell me...

CARLO

(Interrupting)

So, if you heard I had company, what did you come over for?

MRS. O'LEARY

I told you. I wanted to borrow a little bran.

CARLO

Well, why didn't you say so?

MRS. O'LEARY

I did. I came over to borrow a little bran. I wasn't expecting to get mixed up in a murder.

CARLO

Walks to counter and begins to dole out some bran.
I tell you, Mrs. O'Leary. There's nothing better than a little bran sprinkled on your cornflakes.

(Pats his stomach comically)

Sometimes when my little midget gets frisky, I take it straight. I would explode...

MRS. O'LEARY

Didn't you hear what I said?

CARLO

Yeah. You want to borrow a little bran.

MRS. O'LEARY

And I get mixed up in a murder.

CARLO

What murder? What the hell are...

MRS. O'LEARY

The murder you said you just committed.

CARLO

You should be committed. What are you talking about? You're crazy!

MRS. O'LEARY

I'm crazy? Where did you hide the body?

CARLO

What body? Are you nuts? I didn't kill nobody!

MRS. O'LEARY

I just saw this movie the other night where this killer cuts up his dead wife and sticks her in the refrigerator. Every time he takes out some trash, he pulls out a piece of his wife and throws her away.

CARLO

You wanna search my icebox for kneecaps and ankle bones?

MORTON chuckles from behind curtain.

MRS. O'LEARY

He's come back!

(CONTINUED)

MRS. O'LEARY peers behind CARLO and tries to get by, but CARLO won't allow her.

CARLO

Who? Who's come back? What's the matter with you?

MRS. O'LEARY

The victim!

CARLO

What?

MRS. O'LEARY

The victim. The person you killed. His ghost!

CARLO

I didn't kill nobody and you didn't hear a ghost.

MRS. O'LEARY

I did! Shh...listen!

She begins to tiptoe around the room.
I distinctly heard a giggle.

CARLO

What kind of giggle?

MRS. O'LEARY

A giggle!

CARLO

Walks to MRS. O'LEARY and begins to lead her to the door.
I had bran already. That was my stomach.

MRS. O'LEARY

Breaking free from CARLO's hold.
Stomach's don't giggle. They gurgle.

CARLO

They can giggle.

MRS. O'LEARY

No they can't!

MORTON chuckles again.
See? I definitely heard a giggle that time.

CARLO

Oh, thaaaaaat. That was the pipes under my sink. They giggle sometimes.

MRS. O'LEARY

Your stomach gurgles. Your pipes gurgle. And just in case - your throat gargles, geese are in a gaggle and you wear goggles. I heard a giggle.

MORTON

Bursts through curtains, laughing hysterically.
I'm...sorry. I...I...couldn't hold it in.

CARLO

To MRS. O'LEARY
Can you see him?

MRS. O'LEARY

Of course I can see him!

CARLO

Well, that's the dead man.

MRS. O'LEARY

(Gasps)
See. He's come back. And he seems to be in a good mood.

CARLO

He was never gone!

MORTON

Still laughing a little.
Of course I was gone. I was behind the curtain!

Bursts at his own little joke.

CARLO

Listen, Goldman...

MORTON

Goldstein. Mort...

CARLO

Yeah. Whoever. You said I was the only one who could see you. If I called the police, they wouldn't be able to see you. Obviously, Mr's O'Leary can see you. Why is that?

MORTON

She'll probably have to come with me soon.

MRS. O'LEARY

Mr. Rosetti, what is he talking about?

CARLO

I don't know.

MORTON

You *do* know, Mr. Rosetti.

CARLO

I don't! Why don't you explain yourself?

MORTON

I can't! You see, this is my first time out by myself and there's no one to ask what I can or cannot do.

CARLO

Well, why don't you tell us what you do know?

MORTON

I'm not sure that I can.

MRS. O'LEARY

What is going on here?

CARLO

I wish somebody would tell me!

MRS. O'LEARY

Well, what did you let a stranger into your house for?

CARLO

He told me it was a matter of life and death.

MRS. O'LEARY

So you let him in?

CARLO

Sure, I let him in. I don't want some old man croaking on my doorstep.

MRS. O'LEARY

So he's going to croak in your kitchen.

CARLO

He said my life was in danger.

MRS. O'LEARY

So you let him in?

CARLO

Yeah, I let him in. Now I can't get rid of him.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. O'LEARY

What's the matter with him?

MORTON

I'm dead.

CARLO

(Quickly)

Crazy!

MRS. O'LEARY

You mean someone is after you and trying to kill you?

MORTON

No. I'm already dead.

MRS. O'LEARY

Well, what are you looking for?

CARLO

If he's searching for his sanity, he's certainly not going to find it here.

MRS. O'LEARY

No. I mean are you a ghost searching for your killer?

CARLO

If he were a ghost, wouldn't he be transparent? Hey, wait a minute. I saw right through him the moment he came in.

MORTON

I'm not a ghost.

MRS. O'LEARY

I saw this movie once where this fellow came to this house and everyone thinks he's a little strange...

CARLO

*Interrupting, raises arms and becomes
patronizingly dramatic*
Art imitating life!

MRS. O'LEARY

*Pauses for a moment, looks at CARLO and ignores
his comment, continuing.*
but he turns out to be this zombie and kills off half
the town when all of a sudden you find out that he's...

(CONTINUED)

CARLO

A nut job? Mrs. O'Leary, this man is *not* a zombie.

MRS. O'LEARY

(Getting a bit excited)

Are you a vampire?

MORTON

(Amused)

Hardly.

CARLO

Aside

I don't know. There are plenty of bats in his belfry.

MRS. O'LEARY

Then what exactly are you?

CARLO

Other than a kook.

MORTON

I'm merely a...uh...dead. Plainly and simply dead.

CARLO

Dead people don't talk half as much as you.

MORTON

Well, I was dead.

CARLO

And now you're alive, eh? From the neck down, only.

CARLO turns to prepare more tea.

MORTON

I died and went to this place...

MRS. O'LEARY

(Excitedly interrupting)

Zombie Isle. Was it Zombie Isle?

CARLO

Puts hand, palm down, on forehead above eyes as if looking at something far away and turns towards window.

And another mind flies the coop.

MORTON

No. It was this big sterile waiting room where I was interviewed by this other dead man. He asked me many questions.

MRS. O'LEARY

What kind of questions?

CARLO

Like, "Do you know how friggin' loopy you are?"

MORTON

He asked me how much I liked living and if I ever did anything really bad and if I ever watched a dirty movie.

MRS. O'LEARY

Was it St. Peter?

MORTON

St. Peter?

CARLO

He's Jewish, Mrs. O'Leary.

MRS. O'LEARY

Oh, I'm sorry. Please go on.

MORTON

Well, anyway. I told him I liked living pretty much and I told him I went to a burlesque show a couple of times and that I never really did anything that was too, too bad. He asked me how I liked being dead and I told him that it didn't feel much different except my ulcer wasn't bothering me and I didn't have to go to the bathroom the whole time I was there.

MRS. O'LEARY

Oh, how wonderful!

CARLO

Sits down.
Aaaaand we're off.

MORTON

This gentleman asks me if I would like a job and I says I've been retired for many years and I didn't really need a job. I says I was getting my money from Uncle Sam - not a lot, but, feh, I'm not complaining. I eat.

MRS. O'LEARY

Oh, I know what you mean. I just about get by on what I get now. And with this rent increase, who knows? Why, just last week, I was at the cemetery talking to Patrick - he's my late husband, God rest his soul, and I was telling him...say there. Do you know

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MRS. O'LEARY (cont'd)
Patrick O'Leary? I mean you're dead and all. Have you
seen him? You know...
(Whispers)
On the other side.

MORTON
Just because I'm dead doesn't mean I know all the dead
people.

MRS. O'LEARY
Have you met anyone famous?

MORTON
I did get to see Bing Crosby's first post-mortem
Christmas show.

CARLO
You went to a Christmas show?

MORTON
Well, I've tried pork chops, too.

MRS. O'LEARY
I love when he sings "White Christmas".

MORTON
He sang it more beautifully than ever.

MRS. O'LEARY
I love him in "The Bells of St. Mary's". I've seen
that picture twenty-three times.

CARLO
Could we get back to the story?

MRS. O'LEARY
Oh, I'm sorry I interrupted your story, ...umm...

MORTON
Morton.

MRS. O'LEARY
(Smiling)
Morton.

MORTON
So, anyhow, this guy asks me if I want a job so I
says...Wait a minute. I'm not sure I'm allowed to tell
you all this.

MRS. O'LEARY

Oh, please continue. You're so fascinating!

CARLO

(Mimicking her.)

You're so fascinating. This guy is crazy! He's loony! Insane! Bonkers! El nutso!

MRS. O'LEARY

Don't you want to know why he's here?

CARLO

I know why he's here. He's here to drive me over to Daffy-land!

MRS. O'LEARY

But you have a *real live dead* man here!

CARLO

Throws up his hands.

You're both screwy!

MRS. O'LEARY

Please let him finish. I am glued to my chair.

CARLO

As if making introductions: gestures to MRS. O'LEARY first then MORTON.

Glued. Meet Unglued. He's boring me to death.

MORTON

Well, I suppose it may be all right to tell you a little more.

MRS. O'LEARY

Oh, please do, Morton.

MORTON

Well, I accepted the job offer and now I go around to people who are about to die and take their souls.

MRS. O'LEARY

You're Death!

MORTON

No. Just one of his employees.

MRS. O'LEARY

Oh my Gawd! Whose soul did you come for?

(CONTINUED)

MORTON

I think I'm supposed to take Mr. Rosetti's.

MRS. O'LEARY

But I'm not supposed to see you, am I? Because I saw this movie once where this...

CARLO

(Immediately interrupting)

Yeah, Goldnut, are you positive she's not coming, too?

MORTON

Well, no. Yes! I don't know. The way I understand it to be is, if she can see me and hear me, she probably will come with me shortly. I'm sorry, Madam.

MRS. O'LEARY

You mean...?

MORTON

Your days seem to be numbered.

MRS. O'LEARY

(Both frightened and excited)

Gawd! How...well..how long do you think I have?

MORTON

Oh, I don't really know exactly. Could be a couple of days, couple of minutes. I've never run into this before.

MRS. O'LEARY

(Visibly upset.)

My, my, my, my, my!

MRS. O'LEARY stands and heads for door.

I have cookies in the oven! Must cancel subscription to TV Guide. I have to...

MORTON

Maybe you shouldn't say anything to anyone.

MRS. O'LEARY

There's so much to do.

Opens door. Then turns to CARLO.

You keep the bran.

Exits and closes door.

CARLO

Turns to MORTON. He is angry.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CARLO (cont'd)

See what you did? You scared her out of her wits. You, with your big "I'm dead" act!

MORTON

I am an employee of death and I have come for your soul.

CARLO

No! You are a goddamn fool, Goldstein! Death would never send an idiot like you! A beginner! An amateur! Why the hell didn't he send someone with more experience? With better people skills?

MORTON

(Seemingly insulted.)

How the hell am I supposed to get more experience? What's wrong with me anyway?

CARLO

What's wrong with you? What's wrong with you? I'll tell you what's wrong with you! You don't know nothing! You don't know your ass from a hole in your pants.

MORTON

Ground.

CARLO

What?

MORTON

Hole in the ground.

CARLO

What are you...

MORTON

I don't know my ass from a hole in the ground.

CARLO

Exactly!

MORTON

Stands defiantly.

Are you calling me stupid?

CARLO

If the shoe fits.

And then softly to MORTON.

It's shoe, right?

MORTON

(Stepping on line.)
Yeah, shoe.

CARLO

Incompetent!

MORTON

Oh, we're starting with the insults, are we?

CARLO

Yeah. And you should appreciate them because I'm giving them away for free.

CARLO walks to cabinet and takes out a bottle of obviously homemade wine.

MORTON

Are you insinuating that because I am Jewish, I am cheap?

CARLO

What I am insinuating is that a little old Jewish man doesn't know his elbow from his matzoh balls about picking up souls.

MORTON

What's next, Rosetti? A crack about the size of my nose?

CARLO

Nose? Oh, is that supposed to be your nose?

CARLO pours his wine.

MORTON

(Aside.)
Here it comes.

CARLO

Good thing you told me, Goldbeak. I was gonna turn you upside-down and hang my coat on it.

MORTON

Now that was uncalled for.

CARLO

Want me to light your cigar? Oh, you're not smoking a cigar.

MORTON

Listen, Rosetti...

(CONTINUED)

CARLO

(Interrupts.)

No, you listen. I got you figured. You go scaring people half to death telling them you got this job and you're an employee of Death and you force them to give you money so they can live a little longer. Well, you're not gonna get any from me and I will not have you try this with Mrs. O'Leary!

MORTON

You're wrong! That's ridiculous!

CARLO

You want money? Well, forget it! And the way you scared that poor old lady out of her wits!

MORTON

I don't want your money!

CARLO

No? Then what the hell do you want, Goldmine? My house? My wine?

MORTON

Your soul! All I want is your soul! I don't want your house, your money or your wine!

CARLO

What's the matter with my wine?

MORTON

I'd never drink anything you stomped!

CARLO

I didn't stomp the grapes. I used a wine press. You couldn't buy wine like this in any store!

MORTON

You're right. You can scoop it up free in the sewer!

CARLO

What?

MORTON

You heard me.

CARLO

When you insult my wine, you insult me!

MORTON

Then your wine is meshugana!

(CONTINUED)

CARLO

I don't even know what that is!

MORTON

And you are a schmuck! An obnoxious little dago schmuck!

CARLO

I understood *that*, you Kike bas...

MORTON

Wop!

CARLO

Hebe!

Picks up knife from counter.

I'm giving you exactly five seconds to get the hell out of my house!

MORTON

Or what? You'll put a horse head in my bed?

CARLO

I'm counting! One...

Begins to approach MORTON with the knife. MORTON begins to back away.

MORTON

(Laughing nervously.)

You can't kill me. I'm already dead.

CARLO

Still approaching

Two.

MORTON

I'm dead, Rosetti! I'm dead, for Chrissakes!

CARLO

Three.

MORTON

Believe me! Put the knife down! Someone'll get hurt!

CARLO

Almost at MORTON.

Four.

(CONTINUED)

MORTON

(Becoming hysterical)
Rosetti, please!

CARLO

Fi...

There is a knock at the door.

MORTON

(Breathing a great sigh of relief.)
Thank God!

CARLO

You lucked out, Goldstein. I would have cut you into a thousand little kosher sausages.

Goes to door.
Who is it?

MRS. O'LEARY

From the other side of the door.
It's me. Mrs. O'Leary.

CARLO

CARLO opens the door. MRS. O'LEARY is standing with a MAN in a black suit. He is 30ish.
What's the matter? What do you think I'm throwing a bar mitzvah or something?

MAN

I don't mean to bother you, sir, but I have reason to believe that one Mr. Morton Goldstein is in this apartment.

MORTON

Go away! I don't want to see you! I haven't got his soul yet. I need more time.

MAN

C'mon, Mr. Goldstein. It's time to go.

MORTON

I told you. I'm not ready. I don't have his soul.

MAN

There's been a slight change in plans.

MORTON

It's someone else's soul, isn't it? Whose is it?

(CONTINUED)

Points to MRS. O'LEARY

Is it hers? Hmm? Do you want me to take hers? I will if you want me to.

MAN

No, Morton. Not hers. Somebody else. It's time for us to go.

MORTON

Begins backing away from man.

Please. Just let me take his soul.

MAN

Slowly advancing towards MORTON.

You can come back if you want. But right now you have to come with me. You have to.

MORTON

Backs up more.

I can't! Don't you see? I have to take his soul. I have to! It's my job!

MAN

We need you back now. Everything will be fine. I promise. Just come with me.

MORTON

I won't! Never! I'll get his soul! I will!

MORTON turns and leaps through window. MRS. O'LEARY screams.

Lights go down very quickly.

Lights come up on CARLO and MRS. O'LEARY. They are sitting on the sofa facing the audience, each with a mug in their hands. They are staring straight ahead. There is plastic and Caution Tape over window.

MRS. O'LEARY

(Long pause.)

I wish I didn't go home to watch "The Bells of St. Mary's". There was a special news bulletin as soon as I turned on the television.

She pauses. She is crying gently and dabs at her eyes with a tissue.

They showed Mr. Goldstein's picture.

(Pause)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MRS. O'LEARY (cont'd)

And then they gave a number to call. I thought it was the best thing to do. So I dialed.

(Long pause)

Why would he jump? Would it have been so bad going back to wherever it was?

CARLO

I don't know. He's dead now. I mean, for real.

MRS. O'LEARY

He was nice to talk to.

CARLO

He was...

CARLO sighs and covers MRS. O'LEARY's hand with his.

Yeah. Nice to talk to.

MRS. O'LEARY

(Pause)

He sure put one over on me though.

MRS. O'LEARY smiles and chokes back a tear.

I believed what he said. Isn't that crazy?

CARLO

Nah. He was pretty convincing. Life sure wasn't dull tonight!

MRS. O'LEARY

He sure was nice to talk to.

She sighs and stands up. She speaks as she walks over to the sink and places her mug in it.

I better go. I've got a dozen half-baked cookies on the counter.

MRS. O'LEARY sniffs. She pulls an old tissue out of the pocket of her housecoat, wipes her nose and puts the tissue back in her pocket.

CARLO

You're gonna be okay, right?

MRS. O'LEARY

Oh yeah. I'll be fine. I think I'll make more tea and...listen to the radio.

There's a long pause as she looks at CARLO.

It would have been number twenty-four tonight, you know.

(CONTINUED)

CARLO

What?

MRS. O'LEARY

It would have been the twenty-fourth time I saw "The Bells of St. Mary's".

CARLO

Rises to walk her to the door.
I know.

Smiles.
Good night, Mrs. O'Leary.

MRS. O'LEARY

Good night, Mr. Rosetti.

CARLO

Carlo.

MRS. O'LEARY

Smiles sweetly.
Good night, Carlo.

She exits and CARLO shuts door gently. He is whistling as he goes to get his tea cup from the coffee table. He spots MORTON's hat on the floor. He stops whistling, picks it up and looks at it. He goes to the counter and picks up his glass of wine and raises it to the hat as if toasting it.

CARLO

To you, Goldstein.

He drinks the rest of the glass of wine, puts it down on the counter and refills it. He carries the glass and his hat to the bedroom area and puts the glass on his medicine covered nightstand and the hat atop the television. He climbs onto his bed. He picks up the remote control and clicks it at the TV. Soon we hear sounds of horses and gunshots.

Hey! Rawhide!

He grabs a bottle of medicine from his nightstand. Push and turn. Anything to aggravate an old man.

CARLO pushes and turns and the bottle opens quite easily. He smiles broadly.
Hey! Whataya know!

(CONTINUED)

There is a knock at the door.
Ah, who the hell can that be at this time of night! So many visitors in one day. Grand Central.

He speaks as he is getting off the bed and putting on his slippers.
An old man has to sleep. I need my rest or it's back to Dr. Feely.

CARLO gestures comically again as if he is prodding someone. He yawns and stops in mid-yawn as he opens the door. It is MORTON.

MORTON

Good evening, Mr. Rosetti. It's time!

Lights go down quickly.

Curtain.

End