

EDNA

ACT ONE

SCENE 2

Late afternoon, a few days later.

At rise, the room is in a shambles. Chairs are overturned, drawers are pulled open, its contents scattered on the floor, the bookcase has been cleared of half of its shelves and articles of clothing are strewn about the room. It is obvious what has happened. EDNA is on the phone. She is shaking.

EDNA. (Sobbing.) . . . Edison . . . Mrs. Edna Edison . . . I've just been robbed . . . I just walked in, they took everything . . . Edison . . . I just walked in, I found the door open, they must have just left . . . 385 East 88th Street . . . Two minutes sooner, I could have been killed . . . Apartment 14A . . . I don't know yet. Television, the record player, books, clothing . . . They took lots of clothing. My dresses, my coats, all my husband's suits . . . There's not a thing left in his closet . . . I haven't checked the drawers yet . . . Would you, please? Send somebody right away . . . I'm all alone. My husband isn't home from work yet . . . Mrs. Edna Edison. I could have been killed. Thank you. (She hangs up . . . she turns and looks at the room. She crosses and lifts a chair up and sets it right. Then she crosses to bureau and starts to look through drawers. As she discovers new things are missing, she sobs louder . . .) . . . Alright . . . Calm down . . . A drink . . . I have to have a drink . . . (She rushes into kitchen . . . she gets a glass, a few cubes of ice from refrigerator, then rushes back out into the living room. She rushes to the bar and looks. There are no bottles.) . . . The liquor's gone. They took the liquor . . . (She puts glasses down. Sobs.) . . . Valium . . . I want a Valium . . . (She gets up and rushes down the small corridor and disappears into

the bedroom . . . We hear noises as she must be looking through ransacked medicine chests. A few moments' silence. EDNA has probably fallen on to the bed, sobbing, for all we know. The front door opens with a key and MER enters. He carries his suit jacket and the NEW YORK POST in his arm. His shirt sleeves are rolled up and he looks hot. He closes the door and hangs his jacket in closet. He doesn't seem to even notice the room, consumed with his own thoughts. He crosses to chair and calls into it exhausted, his head back and sighs . . . His eyes open, then he looks at the room, for almost the first time. He looks around the room, bewildered. From inside: EDNA'S VOICE.) Mel? . . . Is that you, Mel? (MER is still looking at the room, puzzled. EDNA appears cautiously from the bedroom. She comes in, holding vase by the thin end and looks at MER.) MER. . . . Didn't Mildred come in to clean today? EDNA. (Puts vase down.) Not today . . . Mondays and Thursdays. MER. What happened here? . . . Why is this place such a mess? EDNA. . . . We've been robbed . . . (MER looks at her in a state of shock . . . he slowly rises and then looks at the room, in a new perspective.) MER. . . . What do you mean, robbed? EDNA. (Starts to cry.) Robbed! Robbed! What does robbed mean? They come in, they take things out! They robbed us!!! MER. (He keeps turning, looking at the room in disbelief.) . . . not knowing where to look first.) . . . I don't understand . . . What do you mean, someone just walked in and robbed us? EDNA. What do you think? . . . They called up and made an appointment? We've been robbed! MER. Alright, calm down. Take it easy, Edna. I'm just asking a simple question. What happened? What did they get?