

MEL

START

EDNA. I am so affected by it, Mel, you wouldn't believe it was possible.

MEL. You don't know the first thing I'm talking about . . . You don't know what it is to be in my place . . . You've never stood on line for two hours waiting for an unemployment check with a shirt and tie, trying to look like you don't need the money . . . And some fat old dame behind the counter screaming out so everyone can hear, "Did you look for a job this week?" . . . "Yes, I hear, "Did you look for a job this week?" . . . "Yes, I looked for a job" . . . "What the hell am I doing here if I turned down work this week?" . . . You never walked into your own building and have a ninety-one year old doorman with no teeth, asthma and beer on his breath giggle at you because he's working . . . You've never been on your own terrace and gotten hit with a bucket of ice cold ice water . . . I haven't forgotten that son of a bitch! (He goes to terrace, but not out on it, and yells up) . . . I haven't forgotten you, you son of a bitch!

EDNA. Mel, don't start in again. Please don't start in again.

MEL. I'm waiting for him. I'm just waiting for him. He's up there now but one day he's gonna be down there and I'm gonna be up here and then we'll see. One cold, snowy day some son of a bitch in this building is gonna be buried under three feet of snow. They won't find him until the spring. (Yells up again.) They won't find you until the spring, you son-of-a-bitch!

EDNA. Mel, listen to me. Listen to me very carefully. I want you to see a doctor . . . I don't want to put it off anymore, Mel, I want you to see a doctor as soon as possible. Today, Mel. Now.

MEL. (Disregarding her, keeps talking through her speeches.) He thinks I don't know what he looks like . . . I know what he looks like, alright . . . I know what they all look like. I've got their faces engraved in my brain . . . EDNA. (Going through her pocketbook.) Mel, someone

gave me the name of a doctor. They say he's very good and knows about people who've gone through what you're going through . . . I'm going to call him now, Mel. I'm going to call him and make an appointment now.

MEL. (He hasn't heard her.) They can get your clothes, Edna. They can get your clothes, your Valium, your television, your Red Label whiskey, your job, they can get everything. But they can't get your brains . . . That's my secret weapon . . . That and the snow . . . I pray to God it snows tomorrow, I'll wait for him. I bought a shovel today. Oh, yeah . . .

EDNA. (Finds number.) I'm calling him, Mel . . . I'm calling him now . . . (Crossing to phone. He crosses to closet.)

MEL. Not a little shovel, a big one. The kind they use in airports . . . I'll go without shoes this winter but I won't go without my shovel. I'll bury him so deep, they'll have to salt him out . . . (He takes out shovel, the bottom part is in a box.)

EDNA. (At the phone.) I won't go to work this afternoon, Mel. If he's free, I'm going to take you myself . . . Don't stand near the window, Mel. (She begins to dial. He cuts box takes out shiny new shovel.)

MEL. (A wild joyous look on his face.) . . . I live for it. I live for the first snow of the winter . . . He gets home at five fifteen, I checked with the doorman . . . I gave him a five dollar tip, it was worth it . . . (Yells up) . . . I know what time you get home, you bastard . . . Try using the service entrance, I got that blocked off too . . .

EDNA. (Into phone.) Hello? . . . Is Doctor Frankel there, please . . . Mrs. Edna Edison . . .

MEL. (To EDNA, oblivious of her on the phone.) . . . Do you have any idea, any conception of the impact of two pounds of snow falling from a height of fourteen floors . . . They'll find him in the garage . . . (Yells up) They'll find you in the garage, you bastard . . . I know what you look like . . .