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I.E. Clark Publications

ROOMERS

A comedy in once act by
JEROME McDONOUGH



“Thank you for *Roomers!* ... I have never laughed so hard during rehearsals in all my life ... I will recommend this play to anyone wishing to produce a short comedy. It’s funny!”

(A. Felshen, Valley Central School, Sauquoit, N.Y.)

ROOMERS

“This was a class project that turned out so well we decided to do public performances ... The wide array of characters permits something for everyone.” (Chris Bundy, W. Washington High School, Campbellsburg, Ind.)

“We performed at district competition and received a superior rating which advanced us to state.” (Laura Roberts, UMS-Wright Prep School, Mobile, Ala.)

Comedy. By Jerome McDonough. *Cast: 5m., 9w.* *Roomers* is about a small space filled with an alarming number of mostly alarming people. Unlike anything else Jerome McDonough has ever written, *Roomers* is a play in which madness rules with no hint of underlying black comedy or horror. In short, *Roomers* is fun. So much fun that he wrote another, *FAUGH (Fine Arts Under Graduate Housing)* with the same popular success. The people of this comedy are fresh, creative and unpredictable. From the avaricious landlady who rents the pantry as a bedroom—so what if the bed has to be leaned against the wall—to the man on the roof trying to develop homing vultures, this is a rooming house filled with a wild assortment of characters. Each has his own problems, most of them weird and unsolvable, and the plot is involved with trying to solve them. The only remnant of what has come to be known as the McDonough style is the ensemble nature of the play. Most performers portray a single character from beginning to end but several put on a farcical mask in the course of the second scene. There has been a conscious attempt to balance the cast as much as possible and to avoid having the show become a star vehicle for any one person. The farce should be played to the hilt, but the characters should always be played consistently and never just for laughs. Each person has a reason, no matter how absurd, for being the way he or she is and this reason should not be violated simply to gain a laugh or to “punch up” the show. Enjoy *Roomers* and share that enjoyment with the audience. Escape for an hour or so to a world that never existed—unfortunately. *Set: a run-down Brownstone. Place: New York. Time: now. Approximate running time: 35 to 40 minutes. Video available. Code: RC7.*

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Roomers

ROOMERS

A Farce in One Act

by

JEROME McDONOUGH

I. E. CLARK PUBLICATIONS

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ROOMERS

Cast of Characters

(9 women, 5 men—in order of appearance)

Garney
Kristin
Dana Jo
Kanbo
Lasher
Meg
Sheila
Jen
Holly
Manrashi
Gilley
Candy
Tim
Tanbo

Time: The present

Place: A run-down Brownstone in New York

Scene 1: A summer morning

Scene 2: The next morning

DEDICATION

To Jack Douglas, Neil Simon, George S. Kaufman, Moss Hart, Mary Chase, G. B. Trudeau, Charles Schulz, Johnny Hart, and the hundreds of other funny men and women who bring me smiles when only grimaces seem possible

and to

the original roomers

Laura Burch, Dana Massey, Ramona McKinney, Debbie Rawls, Jim Lippincott, Gladys Ruiz, Kerry Allen, Sarah Lemmons, Julie Golightly, Paul Calhoun, Tandra Goode, John Noah, Patrick O'Grady, Curtis Poynor, and Kenneth Walker

ABOUT THE PLAY

ROOMERS is about a small space filled with an alarming number of mostly alarming people. Unlike anything else Jerome McDonough has ever written, **ROOMERS** is a play in which madness rules with no hint of underlying black comedy or horror. In short, **ROOMERS** is fun.

The only remnant of what has come to be known as the McDonough style is the ensemble nature of the play. Most performers portray a single character from beginning to end but several put on a farcical mask in the course of the second scene. There has been a conscious attempt to balance the cast as much as possible and to avoid having the show become a star vehicle for any one person.

The farce should be played to the hilt, but the characters should always be played consistently and never just for laughs. Each person has a reason, no matter how absurd, for being the way he or she is and this reason should not be violated simply to gain a laugh or to “punch up” the show.

Enjoy **ROOMERS** and share that enjoyment with your audience. Escape for an hour or so to a world that never existed—unfortunately.

ROOMERS

By Jerome McDonough

[The scene is the run-down living room of an overcrowded rooming house. Obviously the room was once the parlor of a rather nice home; but time, negligence, and avarice have taken their toll. The front door (not visible to the audience) is off Right and the door to the kitchen (also invisible to the audience) is off Left. Dominating the Up Center area is a landing. A masked exit toward Left leads to the stairs to the second and third floors. An exit toward Right, partially masked by a half-wall, leads down into the basement. A step unit leads down into the parlor from the landing. Two more upstage exits, Up Left Center and Up Right Center, are provided. Furniture includes a straight-backed chair and telephone table at the Stage Right foot of the landing, an overstuffed chair and end table at Right Center, and a couch at Left Center. An umbrella is hooked over the back of the straight-backed chair. An intercom box sits on top of the half-wall, easily reachable from the landing]

SCENE 1

[As the CURTAIN is opening and the LIGHTS are coming up, the TELEPHONE can be heard ringing. GARNEY, a middle-aged woman who seems to have relished every parasitic moment of her life, is crossing quickly to the phone. KRISTIN, an attractive young woman, enters from upstairs]

GARNEY. *[Into phone]* Yeah? . . . *[Listens to other end of conversation. KRISTIN calls generally upstairs, downstairs, toward kitchen, and toward Up Right—not a harsh shout, just calling]*

KRISTIN. Tenant's meeting in the parlor.

GARNEY. Sure, we've got a room. *[Hanging up but still speaking to phone]* Bring money. *[KRISTIN hears this]*

KRISTIN. Garney, there isn't space for the tenants you've got. *[DANA JO, an aspiring country music star, enters for the meeting]*

GARNEY. There's another room just off the kitchen.

KRISTIN. That's a pantry.

GARNEY. So I'll give him a discount for no windows. *[KANBO, a probably legal alien, drifts on, calling for Jen. He is almost certainly from this planet]*

KANBO. Jen? [*Looks around. Moving off again*] Jen? [*KRISTIN gestures to his departing back, as if to say, "Don't you want to stay for the meeting?" The next lines overlap his second "Jen?"*]

DANA JO. No one can live in a pantry.

GARNEY. Lasher does. [*LASHER, a compulsive eater and the cook for the rooming house, enters on this. He is eating a banana*]

LASHER. I do not.

GARNEY. And there's plenty of space. [*Indicating Lasher*] He keeps it stripped to the bare walls.

KRISTIN. [*Calling again*] Tenant's meeting, everybody. Gotta get started.

LASHER. [*Waving the banana at Garney*] How come I'm always blamed for the food shortage? [*Notices the banana and puts it behind him*] The grocery budget's too small.

GARNEY. Blame the owner. It's her.

KRISTIN. I want to talk to her.

LASHER. Me, too.

GARNEY. I'll put you in touch as soon as she's back from the Bahamas. The creep. Cruising the Mediterranean on the money I sweat for. [*MEG, a compulsive health nut, runs on from Left, speaking as she crosses*]

MEG. The Bahamas aren't in the Mediterranean, Garney. [*She runs off Right*]

GARNEY. [*Speaking to the passing figure*] With her money she doesn't have to go direct.

KRISTIN. [*To the fleeting Meg*] What about the mee-? [*At this second, SHEILA enters. She is an actress who is obsessed with finding the experience of everything she encounters and adding it to her emotional memory*]

SHEILA. Lasher! [*LASHER almost chokes on his food but he has too much experience with it to do such a thing*] How could you defile a living thing?

LASHER. [*Looks at banana and then holds it up*] This?

SHEILA. Yes. [*Getting into the role, playing all described actions*] Imagine. Hanging peacefully on a tree in Jamaica, then torn loose and sentenced to a store. [*She rushes, running sideways, toward him*] And you rip it from its brothers and consume it! [*She shrinks as if disappearing. LASHER looks at her and then at his banana. DOORBELL rings twice rapidly. DANA JO dashes off Right to answer the door*]

DANA JO. Mail's here!

KRISTIN. We've got to start this—

SHEILA. *[Still shriveled on the floor. To Lasher]* Can't you see how you've wounded me?

LASHER. *[After a very brief pause of looking down at her. Without emotion]* Yeah, I guess. *[Turns and starts walking back into the kitchen. After two steps he resumes eating his banana]*

GARNEY. Very nice, Sheila. Had many banana try-outs lately? *[GARNEY exits before Sheila's answer is well begun]*

SHEILA. Of course not. But an actress must experience all that she meets. *[JEN, a very nicely attired if rather snippy young woman, enters just at this moment]*

JEN. And the Chiquita people might call.

SHEILA. That'd be good, too. *[SHEILA moves to be seated, unaware that she has been put down, as always]*

JEN. *[Calling]* Kanbo?

KRISTIN. Oh, leave him alone, Jen, won't you? The tenant's meeting is about to start, anyway.

JEN. Leave him alone! Are you kidding? He must own a small country. That kind of money can't just be left sitting around.

KRISTIN. I wish I spoke enough . . . what nationality is he?

JEN. Rich.

KRISTIN. I'd like to tell him what you're up to.

JEN. Run over to the U. N. and get an interpreter. Meanwhile, I'm busy. Kanbo!

SHEILA. *[Echoing, trying to match the exact pitch—not sarcastically (she might need it in a play some time)]* “Kanbo! Kanbo!”

JEN. Shut up, will you?

SHEILA. “Shut up, will you?” I can feel that. *[KANBO enters. He speaks limited English but seems to understand Jen. He talks as if from memorized patter]*

KANBO. Good morning, Jen. How is it going?

SHEILA. “Good morning, Jen. How is it going?” So simple. Yet telling.

JEN. Would you go away for a quarter? Out into the street?

SHEILA. For a quarter? Oh, yes. *[JEN shoves the coin at her]* Ah, this token has an energy of its own. *[To quarter]* We will experience the street together. How do you feel? *[Exiting. As if having received an answer]* I thought you'd say that. *[KRISTIN shrugs in resignation]*

KANBO. That Sheila.

JEN. Listen, I want to speak to you about the danger you're facing.

KANBO. Facing which way?

JEN. No, no. Are you aware that this building is the number seven nuclear target of the Soviet block?

KANBO. Which way do I face?

JEN. *[Grabbing his chin and speaking directly to him]* So I will sell you, very cheap, a map of approved escape routes from this house.

KANBO. Cheap! That means to give you money. *[Pulls out wallet]* I bring more than yesterday.

JEN. *[Taking the wallet, extracting all the money and handing him the map]* Your country will thank me when the rest of New York is wiped out.

KANBO. *[Indicating the money]* Is enough?

JEN. Great.

KANBO. You have breakfast yet?

JEN. Breakfast?

KANBO. *[With an eating gesture]* You know. Eggs, little weenies? Chicken McMorning?

JEN. Oh, breakfast. No, I missed breakfast this morning—Lasher hadn't left a thing by the time I came down.

KANBO. Like me, too. We go together.

JEN. I can't. I'm low on money.

KANBO. *[Exiting upstairs]* I get more. Wait here.

KRISTIN. *[Who has been watching this]* Don't you feel even a little guilty?

JEN. Yeah, I did have breakfast. But I'll get a doggy bag. *[KANBO re-enters]*

KANBO. Ready?

JEN. Sure.

KANBO. *[As they exit]* Good-bye, Kristin. How are we going?

KRISTIN. Perfect. *[She looks around at the space, empty except for herself. Calling out again]* Tell you what. Let's just not have a meeting this morning. All opposed? *[Total silence]* Motion carries. *[She starts to leave the room but a BUZZER sounds. Calling]* Somebody gonna get that? *[No response]* All right, I'll get it. *[She crosses to the intercom box by the stairs. We cannot understand what is said by the other party. KRISTIN presses the button]* Yes, Mr. Orff? *[Static from box]* No, none of your birds have come down here this morning. *[Static]* I don't

think we could have missed him. A vulture in the parlor is not an easy thing to let slip by. *[Static]* I am not being flippant about your birds. But wouldn't YOU consider moving inside? It gets so cold on the roof. *[Static]* They would NOT be lonesome without you. Hasn't Garney offered you a room? *[Static]* Oh. Well, she probably has a point about not renting to the vultures, too. *[Static]* I know they clean up after themselves, but . . . oh, let it go. I've gotta run. *[Static]* Yes, the meeting was very nice. Every motion carried unanimously. *[KRISTIN tries to exit but is blocked by the re-entrance of DANA JO. Dana Jo's country stardom dream has not come true yet, due chiefly to an enormous lack of talent. She carries in the mail, holding it high above her head in total frustration]*

DANA JO. I can't stand it! What's wrong with me? *[She sinks into a chair]*

KRISTIN. What's happened now, Dana Jo?

DANA JO. What's so horribly wrong with me?

KRISTIN. Can we narrow this down?

DANA JO. Aren't I the best country singer you ever met?

KRISTIN. Yes. But my circle of country singers was fairly narrow in Connecticut.

DANA JO. So why can't I make a dent in this business? *[Holding up the mail]* Look. Not one invitation to come to Nashville and make my first album. It's been like this all week.

KRISTIN. *[Taking letters]* No rejection letters?

DANA JO. Nothing.

KRISTIN. *[Putting letters on table]* So you don't even know if they liked your demo tape?

DANA JO. *[Long pause]* Demo tape?

KRISTIN. Of you singing your songs.

DANA JO. *[Another pause]* Do you think they'd like to hear one of those?

KRISTIN. You didn't send tapes? *[DANA JO shakes her head]* What did you send?

DANA JO. I just wrote about how I'd won the talent contest back home and how I want to be a country star. I sent copies of my letter to all the record companies. Do you really think a tape would help?

KRISTIN. Sometimes a novel approach like that gets their attention. Or just go to Nashville.

DANA JO. No way! The competition is terrible down there. I've got the field practically all to myself here.

KRISTIN. But there aren't any country record companies here.

DANA JO. That part's been giving me some trouble.

KRISTIN. I wonder why I'm not surprised.

DANA JO. So, how do you make one of those tapes? I'd like to do it before "General Hospital." [*Update this soap opera reference if necessary*]

KRISTIN. [*Exiting*] 'Bye.

DANA JO. [*Calling after her*] Couldn't I just tape a few records? [*No response. To herself*] That'd work. [*Starting to exit*] I'll get a Ronnie Milsap and a Larry Gatlin . . . [*update these also if necessary. She is almost gone when MEG comes jogging back on opposite*]

MEG. Hi, [*puff*] Dana [*puff*] Jo.

DANA JO. [*Turning back in*] Oh, hi, Meg.

MEG. [*Still exercising. She is a health fanatic and works at it all the time, meaning all the time*] That's exhilaration for you. Around the park four times.

DANA JO. I haven't run that far in my whole life.

MEG. Healthiest thing in the world, running. And a good diet.

DANA JO. Oh, I'm always on a diet. I ate nothing but carrots for three weeks one time. I got so weak I passed out in the street but when I woke up I was amazed at how well I could see—through the ambulance windows.

MEG. I mean eating right all the time. Did I tell you about my new idea?

DANA JO. No.

MEG. What do Americans like best? Junk food, right?

DANA JO. Right.

MEG. So I've got an alternate plan.

DANA JO. What?

MEG. [*Spreading her hands before her, visualizing the products*] Health junk foods.

DANA JO. Huh?

MEG. Twists on old favorites. Like—kelp twinkies. Or two no-meat patties, seaweed sauce on an algae-meal bun.

DANA JO. You may be on to something.

MEG. [*They start to exit toward the kitchen*] Do you think I'd have a shot with wheat germ malteds?

DANA JO. Sure. [*DOORBELL rings*]

MEG. [*As they are fully gone*] I knew I could trust your judgment.

[The DOORBELL rings again. GARNEY is heard speaking as she enters]

GARNEY. Ease off on that bell, hog spit. You wanta get finger cancer? *[As she crosses, the BUZZER sounds. She looks at it, then ignores it with a wave of her disgusted hand. As she exits to the front door, LASHER comes through carrying something to eat. He presses the intercom button]*

LASHER. Yeah? *[Static]* OK, I'll tell her. *[GARNEY is re-entering with a young woman (HOLLY) who is carrying her baby in a bulrushes basket. Holly is a young married woman. Her husband is not with her. LASHER heads downstairs, tossing off the comment:]* Orff wants something dead sent to the roof. *[HOLLY looks startled but GARNEY ignores Lasher's remark—she has heard it before]*

HOLLY. What did he say?

GARNEY. Nothing. And I can't help you. We don't rent to children. *[DANA JO and MEG come running through, MEG jumping rope and DANA JO doing the skipping rhyme]*

DANA JO. Jump the rope, jump the rope, teacher is a grimy dope. *[Repeat if necessary. HOLLY takes this in as the two disappear up the stairs]*

GARNEY. I should say we have a minimum age requirement. Now, if you'd ship the kid off somewhere . . .

HOLLY. I'm not looking for a room.

GARNEY. Oh. *[Turning, leaving]* 'Bye.

HOLLY. Wait a minute, please. A friend of mine lives here. Kristin Whiting.

GARNEY. Never heard of her.

LASHER. *[Drifting through again]* Garney, you know Kristin. *[Ambling to his exit, shaking his head]* Forgetful, forgetful. *[He is gone]*

HOLLY. Is she here now?

GARNEY. *[Crossing to mail]* No. But the police have been asking about her.

HOLLY. What?

GARNEY. Oh, she'll be back before long, I guess.

HOLLY. Could I wait in her room? *[Indicating baby]* Beth needs some attention.

GARNEY. *[Doing her best to remain uninvolved, looking at mail]* Third floor front.

HOLLY. Is there an elevator?

GARNEY. It doesn't stop on this floor. Catch it in the basement.

HOLLY. All right.

GARNEY. When it gets to three, give the door a kick where the scuff marks are.

HOLLY. I'll take the stairs.

GARNEY. *[As HOLLY exits, looking up from her reading]* If you don't want to use our modern conveniences, don't ask about 'em. *[BUZZER sounds and GARNEY goes nastily to it]* No, Orff, I am not sending something dead to the roof. Everything up there looks that way already. *[Static]* Yeah? Well, you wouldn't be the first to try. *[Clicks off the intercom and returns to inspecting the mail as JEN and KANBO re-enter]*

JEN. Your number one investment is real estate.

KANBO. There are fifty.

JEN. Fifty what?

KANBO. Estates.

JEN. I mean property.

GARNEY. *[Holding letter out to Jen]* One for you, parasite.

JEN. *[Taking letter, sarcastically]* The Smithsonian called. They're asking for your dress again. *[Speaking to Kanbo as GARNEY grumbles toward upstage]* Most people make the mistake of investing in this planet. But do you know where the future is?

KANBO. *[Looking around for it]* I do not.

JEN. *[Pointing up]* There.

KANBO. *[Looking up, as if seeing the scene on the roof]* With the vultures?

JEN. No. In space. *[Exiting]* Jupiter is practically undeveloped. You can get in on the . . . *[As these two exit and GARNEY is reading her mail, a young man or woman (MANRASHI) enters, dressed as a member of a cult, the sort which hangs out on streets selling cheap flowers and being annoyingly peaceful. His/her hands are folded reverently. GARNEY looks up and sees him with much distaste]*

GARNEY. Take off, lowlife. Go peddle your peace and love someplace else.

MANRASHI. *[Turning his smiling visage on her, then dropping the sham instantly]* Can it, you old bag. *[Even GARNEY is somewhat surprised by this]* You manage this *[gesturing]* landfill?

GARNEY. Yeah and we only lease to human beings. Come back when you've evolved more.

MANRASHI. *[Starting to exit]* Suits me. I'll take my money else—

GARNEY. *[She can't stand seeing money going out the door]* Now wait a minute. You need a room, I've got a room. There's no need to get personalities involved in it.

MANRASHI. *[Looking around]* Well, a prize hunk of urban blight like this can't rent for much. Give me a look. *[They begin exiting Left]*

GARNEY. You'll love it. I know you people are used to living simply.

MANRASHI. You on the Cable TV service? I've got one of those big screen jobs with a bar built in.

GARNEY. You'll have just the spot. *[As they exit, HOLLY re-enters without her baby. She looks around the empty room. The silence is broken by the ringing of the BUZZER]*

HOLLY. Is somebody supposed to answer this? *[BUZZER goes again. She pushes the button]* Hello? *[Static]* Holly Anders. I'm a friend of Kristin's. *[Static]* Yes, I'll ask her if she's seen your bird. And I'll keep an eye out for him, too. He's a what, a pigeon? *[Static. She stops cold, looks up, puzzled]* I must have misunderstood you. Did you say a . . . *[Upon this comes KRISTIN, who calls out as soon as she sees Holly]*

KRISTIN. Holly!

HOLLY. Kris! *[She runs toward KRISTIN. They greet each other with an enormous hug]*

KRISTIN. Why didn't you let me know you were coming in?

HOLLY. *[Breaking from the embrace; trying to find words to explain]* Well, I . . . didn't know I WAS coming until a couple of hours ago.

KRISTIN. That doesn't sound good. What's up?

HOLLY. Oh, I'm still confused myself. I've been leading a fine life, even a great life. But a few weeks ago it hit me. It isn't my life—it's his—Tim's.

KRISTIN. Your husband?

HOLLY. Yes. His life—and his family's. But when I try to talk to them about it, they just look at me like I dropped off the moon. I tried to get through to them again this morning and . . . nothing. So I picked up Beth and we were gone.

KRISTIN. Beth?

HOLLY. We haven't talked in a while, have we? Beth's a little me—so tall.

KRISTIN. *[Glad for a bit of brightness]* Where is she?

HOLLY. In your room.

KRISTIN. Alone?

HOLLY. No, no. She was just about asleep when some thumping started her squawling again. Two girls came over and apologized for the noise and started making a fuss over her. One's singing to her now and the other's keeping time doing Marine Corps hand-clap push-ups.

KRISTIN. Well, the push-ups won't hurt, but the singing could warp her for life.

HOLLY. I thought it was just me. I'm not much on country music.

KRISTIN. I'm not either, but I know a disaster when I hear it.

HOLLY. I was talking to some nice man who keeps birds. I misunderstood the kind.

KRISTIN. Vultures.

HOLLY. [*It hasn't hit yet*] He told me to keep an eye out for the one that's missing.

KRISTIN. Vultures.

HOLLY. [*She is silent again. Beat*] There is a man raising vultures on the roof of this building?!

KRISTIN. Not just any vultures. A hybrid strain.

HOLLY. What kind?

KRISTIN. Homing vultures.

HOLLY. [*Mouthing it quietly*] Homing vultures.

KRISTIN. [*Overlapping Holly*] He says they can carry a lot more than pigeons and they aren't nearly such picky eaters.

HOLLY. And I thought my life had been strange.

KRISTIN. What worries me is I'm starting to see some merit in his plan. But come on, I interrupted you. Tell me more about this—escape of yours.

HOLLY. I don't know if I'm escaping or just running away from home. Maybe Tim never intended to make me just part of his furnishings, but his family's always been like that. Daddy's money protects the next generation's Daddy's money while the women sit around in the nursery or Bloomingdale's.

KRISTIN. You've been living that high?

HOLLY. Yup.

KRISTIN. The real world may be a little tough to deal with.

HOLLY. That's why I came to you.

KRISTIN. Me?

HOLLY. I shouldn't ask, but could you put us up until I can get on my feet?

KRISTIN. I'd do it in a minute, but you've seen that room. Beth

couldn't grow another inch or we'd all be pushed through the window into the path of a sanitation truck.

HOLLY. But . . .

KRISTIN. Wait. That walking fungus, Garney, is trying to rent half a room she's got.

HOLLY. I think she's showing. . . *[MANRASHI comes storming back on, discussing the inadequacies of the room]*

MANRASHI. I know a guy who's living in a refrigerator box on Lexington and he has more space than that. And his place smells better.

GARNEY. It's the bed, isn't it? OK, you can have one.

MANRASHI. You'd have to stand it up!

GARNEY. It could lean.

MANRASHI. I ought to report this joint to the Housing Authority.

GARNEY. *[Going white]* Linen! You'll get linen. Every three weeks. Four, tops.

MANRASHI. Forget it. I thought it'd be worth saving a few bucks, but I'm going back to the Sheraton.

GARNEY. Get out, then. I don't need any of you White Sale fugitives lowering my standards.

MANRASHI. This place would make a great "Before" ad for Orkin. *[Exiting]* Ciao, victims.

GARNEY. *[Crossing toward door, tossing one last shot, shouting off]* Ring around the body, ring around the body. *[GARNEY is moving back through the room, fuming. KRISTIN decides to make things worse for her]*

KRISTIN. Did he take it?

GARNEY. *[Sarcastically, as she exits]* Yeah. He's gone to raise the deposit.

KRISTIN. Everything's working out.

HOLLY. But we need more space than that.

KRISTIN. Of course. You couldn't expect a human being to live in there. I'll make Lasher take it. You can have his room.

HOLLY. But . . .

KRISTIN. *[Calling off]* Lasher!

LASHER. *[From the kitchen]* Lunch isn't ready.

KRISTIN. I don't want lunch.

LASHER. Can I have yours?

KRISTIN. Get out here!

LASHER. *[Entering, eating, of course]* OK, OK. What is it?