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Dramatic Publishing



DINO

by Kristin Sergel
from the Television Show
by Reginald Rose



THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY

Dino

Drama. By Reginald Rose. Adapted by Kristin Sergel. Cast: 7m., 11w. (extras.) Dino is a complicated young man who presents a difficult problem to his family, to his girl, to himself. At the age of 17, Dino has just finished a four-year sentence in reform school. His parole officer is a tough, competent and kind man who realizes that something must be done immediately to change Dino before he turns into a full-fledged criminal. This is a play of great relevance for young people. *Divided int. set.*

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DINO

by

REGINALD ROSE

Stage Version

by

KRISTIN SERGEL

Adapted From The Television Play

Of The Same Name

Which Initially Aired On

STUDIO ONE, CBS-TV

Dramatic Publishing

Woodstock, Illinois • London, England • Melbourne, Australia

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(DINO)

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Dino

A Play in Three Acts

FOR SEVEN MEN, ELEVEN WOMEN AND EXTRAS

CHARACTERS

- DINO FALCARO . . . *a seventeen-year-old just out of reform school*
MR. SHERIDAN *a psychotherapist*
SHIRLEY WALLACE *a shy teen-age office worker*
JACKIE *the receptionist*
MISS HAINES *director of the settlement house*
DANNY }
STEVE }
SYLVIA } *teen-age members of the settlement house*
DELLA }
PAT }
BEA }
MR. MANDEL *Dino's parole officer*
TONY FALCARO *Dino's younger brother*
MRS. FALCARO *his mother*
MR. FALCARO *his father*
MRS. MIKULA *an old lady*
FIRST YOUNG GIRL *who plays paddle-ball*
SECOND YOUNG GIRL *who has lost a checker*

EXTRAS AND OFFSTAGE VOICES

PLACE: *The lobby and Mr. Sheridan's office at the James Street Settlement House, and Dino's bedroom (composite set).*

TIME: *The present.*

SYNOPSIS

ACT ONE: *Four o'clock on a winter afternoon.*

ACT TWO: *Same time the following day.*

ACT THREE: *Same time on Friday afternoon.*

NOTES ON CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES

DINO FALCARO: He is an intensely hostile boy of seventeen who has just come out of a reform school. He alternates between unpredictable violence and extreme withdrawal. He has a brooding face; never smiles, never laughs. He is engaged in a perpetual fight against the world. As the play progresses we get glimpses of a boy who with love and understanding could learn to respect not only himself but others as well. He is dark, slender and fairly good-looking. During most of the play he wears slacks and a zipper jacket. For the dance he may wear a white shirt without a tie.

SHIRLEY WALLACE: She is a sixteen-year-old who, being shy and sensitive, spends most of her time watching rather than participating in the activities around her. Her intelligence and shyness make her something of a joke among the other teenagers. She recognizes some of her own qualities in Dino but knows that trying to fight the whole world is not the answer. She wears glasses and ill-fitting, drab-colored clothes which hide any attractiveness she may have. Her coat is cheap and plain. For the dance she wears something with a little color and perhaps a ribbon in her hair.

MR. SHERIDAN: He is a case worker at the James Street Settlement House ("case worker" being another term for "psycho-therapist"). He is overworked and underpaid but happy with the success he has achieved in working with disturbed children and their equally disturbed parents. He is in his middle thirties and wears a suit throughout the play.

JACKIE: She is the settlement house receptionist, who is somewhat flippant and obviously very capable of taking care of herself. Her good heart, however, finds her often helping those

she feels are being unfairly treated. Her nails are polished, and she wears rather flashy jewelry and clothes.

MISS HAINES: She is one of the directors of the settlement house. In her late thirties, she is a pleasant and intelligent-looking woman. Throughout the play she wears neat, simple suits or dresses. She wears a coat when she comes in from the street.

DANNY *and* STEVE: They are tough-looking boys of about seventeen. If it weren't for the settlement house they would be roaming the streets looking for fun—or trouble. They wear jeans and jackets lettered "Golden Arrows." For the dance they may wear flashy sport shirts.

SYLVIA, PAT, BEA *and* DELLA: They are teen-age girls who are interested in the same things all girls their age desire, but their harsh environment makes it more difficult for them. They are more aggressive and bold in outward appearances because of the insecurity of their homes. In spite of this, they are gay and try to look at the brighter side of life. Della is the most outspoken and boldest of the group. She tends to wear more make-up and showier clothes. They wear jeans and jackets throughout most of the play. For the dance they wear inexpensive skirts and blouses or sweaters.

MR. MANDEL: He is Dino's parole officer, in his late thirties. He is rugged-looking and has a rare understanding of juvenile problems. He wears a plain suit and coat.

TONY FALCARO: He is Dino's thirteen-year-old brother. He is on the point of becoming just like his brother. Since Dino is the only person he loves and respects, it is from him that Tony will get his guidance. He wears a sport shirt and jeans, and in the third act his "Silk Hats" jacket.

MR. *and* MRS. FALCARO: They are both in their forties and both factory workers. They have been completely inadequate in overcoming their environment and in guiding their boys as they grow up. In a way, they were relieved when Dino was in the reform school, because it took his fate out of their hands. Now that he is home, it is a continual reminder of their failings. Mrs. Falcaro speaks with a tough Brooklynese inflection but no Italian accent. Mr. Falcaro has a slight accent. They are

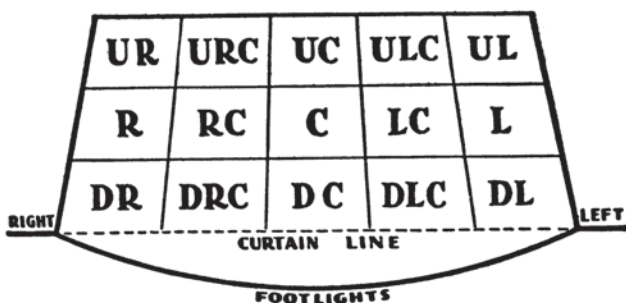
poorly dressed in cheap clothes. Mr. Falcaro wears a heavy jacket in Act Two.

MRS. MIKULA: She is a poor old woman from the neighborhood. She wears a cheap dress, and a shawl over her head.

TWO YOUNG GIRLS: They are about ten or eleven and wear cheap cotton dresses with worn sweaters.

NOTE: As many extras as desired may be used in the dance scene and during some of the lobby scenes. The girls and boys, even for the dance, should not be in fancy clothes.

CHART OF STAGE POSITIONS

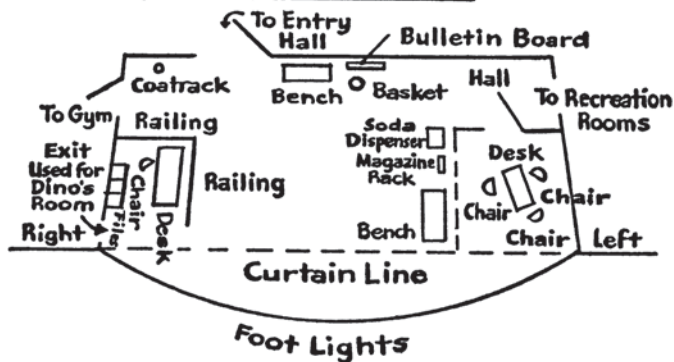


STAGE POSITIONS

Upstage means away from the footlights, *downstage* means toward the footlights, and *right* and *left* are used with reference to the actor as he faces the audience. R means *right*, L means *left*, U means *up*, D means *down*, C means *center*, and these abbreviations are used in combination, as: U R for *up right*, R C for *right center*, D L C for *down left center*, etc. One will note that a position designated on the stage refers to a general territory, rather than to a given point.

NOTE: Before starting rehearsals, chalk off your stage or rehearsal space as indicated above in the *Chart of Stage Positions*. Then teach your actors the meanings and positions of these fundamental terms of stage movement by having them walk from one position to another until they are familiar with them. The use of these abbreviated terms in directing the play saves time, speeds up rehearsals, and reduces the amount of explanation the director has to give to his actors.

STAGE CHART
Interior Backing



PROPERTIES

GENERAL: Lobby: desk and chair; telephone, papers, pencils, books and nail file on desk; filing cabinets with filing cards on top; two wooden benches; soda dispenser; coat rack with coats on it; bulletin board covered with notices; litter basket; magazine rack with several battered magazines. American flag on stand; floor directory; trophies; wall plaques, empty bottle case (all optional). **ACT TWO:** Stack of books. **ACT THREE:** Streamers; ladder; box of decorations; large table covered with cloth; on table: paper cups, tub holding soft drinks and small ice cream cups in ice (ice may be omitted as it won't be seen by audience). Mr. Sheridan's office: desk and chair; on desk: telephone, papers, pencils, paperweight, filing cards; two chairs for visitors. Bookcases, framed certificates, filing cases (all optional). Dino's bedroom: small cot with faded cover; wooden chair with a shirt hanging on it; felt cap; jacket with lettering "Silk Hats" under which is a picture of a silk hat.

JACKIE: Coat with loose black button.

SHIRLEY: Handkerchief.

MISS HAINES: Box.

MR. SHERIDAN: Handkerchief.

DANNY, SYLVIA, DELLA *and* PAT: Coins.
MR. MANDEL: Tissue-wrapped package containing bottle of shaving lotion.
BEA: Notebook and pencils.
MR. FALCARO: Bag of groceries.
FIRST YOUNG GIRL: Paddle-ball.
SECOND YOUNG GIRL: Box with checkers set.
BOY: Ladder.
JANITOR: Broom.

PRODUCTION NOTES

SETTING: So that all the audience may see Mr. Sheridan's office, the wall between the lobby and his office may be a cut-down section of flat or a scrim used to separate the two. It can be just as effective with no divider at all if the furniture along that area is arranged as if the wall were there. This furniture should be low enough not to obstruct the view. Scenes in Dino's bedroom may be played in front of the curtain; or by leaving space downstage of Jackie's desk, the scenes may be spotlighted there without disturbing the lobby set. These pieces must be of a type that can be moved on and off stage as quickly and quietly as possible. Most of the decorations for the dance should be up in the beginning of the third act. Sylvia and Pat can be adding the last-moment touches. The refreshment table should have rollers to facilitate its moving. Rehearse and time these scene changes with the actors and stage hands carefully so that they will be smooth and quick.

LIGHTING: If your lighting system is not adequate for dimming the lobby and office for the various scenes, keep them lighted but have the actors who are out of the main acting area stay in character but doing something without too much movement, such as writing, reading a magazine, or filing cards. They must not distract from the scene in progress.

ACT ONE

SCENE: *The lobby of the James Street Settlement House. There is a reception desk R with a chair, which is separated from the rest of the lobby by a low railing. On the desk are assorted papers, pencils and a telephone. There may be a small switchboard or just a few buttons. Back of the desk are filing cases with papers and cards on top. There is a door UR leading to the gymnasium. In the corner UR is a coat rack with several coats on it. In the rear wall, UR C, is the door to the street. UC is a bench, and a bulletin board with a litter basket under it. An arch UL C opens on a hallway leading to the offices and recreation rooms off L. The hallway is hidden from view by the back wall of Mr. Sheridan's office. Access to this office is also from this hallway. A soft-drink dispenser with an almost empty bottle case sitting beside it stands LC. Downstage of these, at DLC, is a small magazine rack with several battered magazines, and a low bench. These should all be low enough so that the audience can see into Mr. Sheridan's office L. A scrim may form the wall that divides the lobby from the office, or a very low wall can give the illusion of a partition. The office is in darkness.]*

AT RISE OF CURTAIN: *MRS. MIKULA, a shabbily-dressed old woman, sits on the bench UC. SHIRLEY WALLACE is busy working at the files, and JACKIE is seated at the reception desk talking on the telephone.]*

JACKIE [*into telephone*]. . . . so my mother, she keeps after me—[*Imitates her mother,*]—"No daughter of mine's going to marry a man of a different faith." Yeah. . . . I tell her—"Mama, what if he's different faith? He can worship stat-

choos and make human sacrifices, long as he gets me outa this cr-rummy neighborhood. . . .”

[DANNY and STEVE enter U R C. DANNY smacks STEVE on the back as they cross to the railing R C.]

DANNY [*sitting on railing*]. Man, I flipped! I'm tellin' ya.

JACKIE [*continuing her conversation*]. "It's my life, mama, so let me do the worryin'. . . ."

STEVE [*to DANNY*]. My old lady did that once.

DANNY. No kiddin'?

STEVE. She walked right into class and asked Mr. MacNamara how come I flunked shop.

DANNY [*slapping his forehead*]. Mr. MacNamara!

JACKIE. That's so true. . . .

STEVE. I thought he was gonna saw her in half.

JACKIE. Okay, I'll call you. [*Hangs up.*]

DANNY [*to JACKIE*]. Hey, Jackie.

JACKIE [*disgustedly*]. What?

DANNY [*jerking his thumb toward the soft-drink dispenser*].

How about loanin' me a dime?

STEVE. Make it two.

JACKIE [*starting to file her nails*]. So now you've had your little joke for today. Very funny.

DANNY [*crossing to dispenser*]. Whatta crumb.

STEVE. An' she gets paid for doin' nothin' all day.

DANNY [*fishing a coin out of his pocket*]. This is breakin' my heart. [*He flips it once.*] I've been savin' it—[*Lets out a fake sob.*—] to pay for my kid sister's violin lessons. [*Feeds coin into dispenser.*]

JACKIE. Probably got it out of her piggy bank.

STEVE [*crossing to DANNY*]. Gimme a swallow, hey, Danny?

[*As DANNY removes his drink and opens it, SYLVIA, DELLA and PAT enter U R C.*]

SYLVIA [*as she and PAT cross to C*]. I'm gonna try that arts and crafts class today.

DELLA [*leaning on upstage railing*]. Hey, Shoil—Shoiley!
[*SHIRLEY turns her head, pleased at being noticed.*]

PAT. Lay off, Della.

DELLA. Shoil—you're a poil! [*SHIRLEY'S smile fades and she goes back to the files.*]

SYLVIA [*continuing*]. This girl Mary Whadddyecallit, y'know her? Well, she made this gorgeous bracelet in about two hours. It's silver or something. I'm telling you it's really gorgeous.

DANNY [*as SYLVIA and PAT cross over to the dispenser*]. Hey, quit followin' us around.

STEVE. Can't shake 'em off.

DELLA [*glad to exchange friendly insults, she joins the girls*].
How could we live without you two creeps?

PAT [*as she starts to put her coin in*]. Move over. [*DANNY goes to bench D L C and picks up a magazine there.*]

SYLVIA. Why can't they ever have orange? [*The door U R opens. There is sound of a basketball bounding, and a scuffle of feet.*]

BOY'S VOICE [*offstage R*]. Cut it out, stink-head! [*This is followed by a whistle.*]

[*MISS HAINES enters U R and closes the door. She is a pleasant-looking woman in her thirties. She is carrying a box. She crosses to MRS. MIKULA.*]

SYLVIA. Hello, Miss Haines.

MISS HAINES. Hello, Sylvia. [*To MRS. MIKULA.*] Mrs. Mikula, this is the best we could do.

MRS. MIKULA [*looking up*]. Is maybe a coat—

MISS HAINES [*shaking her head*]. There's a jacket. It's a good one—long and heavy.

MRS. MIKULA [*with neither pleasure nor disappointment*].
Thank you.

MISS HAINES. I'll keep my eyes open for a coat.

MRS. MIKULA [*nodding*]. I come back. [*She goes out U R C.*]

MISS HAINES [*going over to upstage railing*]. My goodness, Shirley—you don't have to finish it in one day.

SHIRLEY. I don't mind.

MISS HAINES. Why don't you go up and play volley-ball for a change? [*SYLVIA, DELLA and PAT exchange significant looks and muffle a laugh at this suggestion.*]

SHIRLEY [*quickly*]. Oh, no—I mean, I'd rather stay here. . . .

MISS HAINES [*giving her a warm smile*]. Don't know what we'd do without you. [*SHIRLEY responds with a pleased smile.*]

MISS HAINES takes her coat from coat rack and goes out U R C.]

SYLVIA [*crossing U C to look at the bulletin board*]. Hm-m-m. . . . Dance Friday night.

DELLA. Ho, hum.

SYLVIA. So stay home.

PAT [*crossing to U C*]. Everybody'll be here. [*Significantly.*] Refreshments.

DANNY [*looking up*]. I'll be here.

DELLA. Isn't it too bad you aren't a pigeon? People'd sit in the park and throw you peanuts.

DANNY. It's real rough.

SYLVIA. C'mon, we'll be late for arts and crafts. [*Starts toward ball U L C.*]

[*On this speech MR. MANDEL, large and rugged-looking but soft-spoken, enters U R C with DINO FALCARO, a fairly good-looking seventeen-year-old. The whole group stares at DINO, but when he looks at them they sense his hostility and turn away. He never smiles and rarely looks at them.*]

MR. MANDEL [*indicating bench U C*]. Have a seat, Dino. [*DINO looks at him blank-faced, then sits down. MR. MANDEL goes over to speak to JACKIE in an undertone.*]

DELLA [*to SYLVIA*]. You and that bracelet. It'll probably look like somethin' off a box of cereal. [*The three girls go out down the hall U L C and out.*]

STEVE. How's about going to the gym and shoot a few baskets?

DANNY [*rising*]. Okay.

STEVE [*crossing U R with DANNY*]. Hey, will ya look at him!
[*They go out U R. There is sound of bouncing basketball as they go out. MR. MANDEL crosses toward hall U L C.*]

JACKIE [*to SHIRLEY*]. Shirley, hon, watch the desk a minute? I gotta get some coffee. [SHIRLEY *nods*. JACKIE *walks around the railing and past DINO with a curious look: He ignores her. She takes her coat from rack and goes out U R C.*]

[*The lights begin to come up on MR. SHERIDAN'S office. There is a knock on the door of the office upstage wall. The lights reveal MR. SHERIDAN seated at his desk L engrossed in his work. A paperweight is holding down a stack of papers on the D L corner of the desk. There is one straight-backed chair facing the desk, and another D L. There may be a bookcase and filing cabinets. There is another knock.*]

MR. SHERIDAN [*looking up*]. Come in.

[MR. MANDEL *enters the office from U L.*]

MR. SHERIDAN [*rising and smiling*]. Hello, Frank.

MR. MANDEL [*shaking hands with MR. SHERIDAN*]. How goes it?

MR. SHERIDAN. Over my head, as usual.

MR. MANDEL [*frowning thoughtfully*]. M-m-m.

MR. SHERIDAN [*indicating chair in front of desk*]. Sit down.
[*Grins.*] I don't know if I should say it's good to see you or not.

MR. MANDEL [*grinning back at him*]. Want to throw me out right now?

MR. SHERIDAN. What've you got this time?

MR. MANDEL. Dino Falcaro. [*Sits down. MR. SHERIDAN sits on a corner of the desk.*]

MR. SHERIDAN. Dino Falcaro. That sounds familiar. Who is he?

MR. MANDEL. A kid from the neighborhood. [*During the above, DINO has remained seated, quiet and with a face of stone. SHIRLEY is working at her desk. At one point she*

knocks a book off the desk over the railing. DINO ignores it; when she goes around to retrieve it, she ventures a shy look at him. He doesn't respond, and she goes back to the desk.]

MR. SHERIDAN. Yes?

MR. MANDEL. He lives right over here at three twenty-one Morris Street. Mother, father both work. One brother age thirteen. Dino's going to be seventeen next month.

MR. SHERIDAN. You've known him long?

MR. MANDEL. Since this morning. I brought him home from Parkinson State Reformatory. Four years.

MR. SHERIDAN [*startled, showing concern*]. Four years?

MR. MANDEL. He was sent there when he was twelve and a half for participating in a murder.

MR. SHERIDAN [*grimacing*]. Twelve and a half!

MR. MANDEL. It happens. I don't have to tell you. Three kids broke into a warehouse. The others were fifteen or sixteen years old. An old night watchman surprised them. They beat his head in.

MR. SHERIDAN [*stopping him and going behind the desk*]. Okay.

MR. MANDEL. Yeah. It's pretty terrible.

MR. SHERIDAN. You his parole officer?

MR. MANDEL [*nodding slowly*]. That's right.

MR. SHERIDAN [*sitting*]. What's he like?

MR. MANDEL. Hard to say. He's been quiet . . . but he looks like he's on fire. Y'know what I mean?

MR. SHERIDAN. Parkinson's a pretty lousy place.

MR. MANDEL. He turned around and spat at the gate when we walked out. It's the only emotion he showed. [*Shakes his head.*] Just turned around and spat.

MR. SHERIDAN. What do you want me to do, Frank?

MR. MANDEL [*leaning forward*]. See him. He needs help.

MR. SHERIDAN [*sitting back wearily*]. What kid around here doesn't?

MR. MANDEL [*intensely*]. This kid killed somebody.

MR. SHERIDAN. I've got nine hours a day, six days a week. All filled. They want to bring in their mothers and fathers for psychotherapy, too.

MR. MANDEL [*with quiet insistence*]. See him. He'll do it again.

MR. SHERIDAN. What about the Youth Board?

MR. MANDEL. The case workers have waiting lists a mile long. It'll be a year. Listen, he lives right in the neighborhood.

MR. SHERIDAN. Frank, I wouldn't kid you. I'm drained. I've got more than I can handle. Starting in a half hour I've got three borderline schizos in a row. One of them is nine years old.

MR. MANDEL [*pressing*]. I picked him up at the school this morning and rode him into the city. I took him to his house. Four years in a reformatory, and when he gets home there's nobody there. Just a note. The mother and father'll be home at six-thirty. They wouldn't even take a day off to meet him.

MR. SHERIDAN. Listen, I can't . . .

[MISS HAINES enters U R C. She takes a long look at DINO, then proceeds across to the hall U L C.]

MR. MANDEL [*interrupting* MR. SHERIDAN]. A minute ago I saw some kids from one of these gangs you've got coming here, staring at him like he was a freak. [*With rising inflection.*] He didn't know what to do. He's gonna explode. Larry, see him. Please.

MR. SHERIDAN. What about . . . [*There is a knock on the office door.*] Yes?

MISS HAINES [*opening door*]. Sorry to interrupt, Larry—

MR. SHERIDAN. Come on in. You've met Mr. Mandel of the Youth Board?

MISS HAINES [*to* MR. MANDEL]. How do you do.

MR. MANDEL. How do you do.

MR. SHERIDAN. Miss Haines is one of our directors.

MISS HAINES [*to* MR. SHERIDAN]. I've been trying to do something with Mr. Goldfarb.

MR. SHERIDAN. Who?

MISS HAINES. You know, the delicatessen. He says he won't give us any ice cream.

MR. SHERIDAN. The party Friday?

MISS HAINES [*nodding*]. Some kids broke into the store last week, tore things up. I tried to convince him it wasn't any of the ones that come here.

MR. SHERIDAN. Couldn't sell him?

MISS HAINES. Says he hasn't enough ice cream to buy off every hoodlum in the neighborhood, anyhow.

MR. MANDEL. That sounds logical.

MISS HAINES. I know. It's also logical that the activities here save Mr. Goldfarb many a broken window. But . . . [*Shrugs.*]

MR. SHERIDAN. Try the drug store. Sam's wife just had twins. [*Smiles.*] Either he's in a good humor or he's so unstrung he won't be able to say no.

MISS HAINES. All right. [*Starts to leave, then turns back.*] By the way, know anything about that young man in the lobby? [*MR. SHERIDAN looks puzzled.*]

MR. MANDEL. That's Dino.

MR. SHERIDAN [*frowning*]. Why do you ask?

MISS HAINES [*puzzled*]. Just something about him.

MR. SHERIDAN. Tough-looking?

MISS HAINES [*shaking her head*]. I've seen plenty of tough boys. This one's different.

MR. SHERIDAN [*quietly*]. He just got out of a reformatory. Involved in a murder when he was twelve.

MISS HAINES [*shocked*]. Twelve . . .

MR. SHERIDAN. Frank wants me to take the case.

MISS HAINES [*slowly and thoughtfully*]. I suppose if anyone can help him, it's you.

MR. MANDEL [*smiling*]. Go ahead, keep talking.

MISS HAINES [*to MR. MANDEL*]. You're having trouble?

MR. MANDEL. Seems he's pretty short on time.

MISS HAINES. Time! [*Smiles.*] Have you ever met a case worker who had time to eat lunch or get a haircut?

MR. SHERIDAN [*grinning, feeling his head*]. We won't go into that. [*To MR. MANDEL.*] Tell Dino to come in. [*MR. MANDEL looks startled, then stands up smiling. MISS HAINES leaves the office and goes out U L. MR. MANDEL goes to the door.*]

MR. MANDEL [*calling*]. Dino. [*MR. SHERIDAN sighs wearily, looks at a pile of papers on his desk and shoves them aside. DINO crosses to the office door and comes in.*]

MR. MANDEL. This is Mr. Sheridan. [*MR. SHERIDAN rises and offers to shake hands but DINO turns away.*] He wants to talk with you to see if he can help you. [*DINO looks at MR. MANDEL as if to say "That's impossible."*] If he wants to make other appointments with you I'd like you to keep 'em. Right? [*MR. SHERIDAN nods to MR. MANDEL.*] Okay, Dino, I'll see you in a few days. You're reporting to me once a week. You know that. If you need anything in the meantime, call me. [*DINO says nothing.*] So long, Larry.

MR. SHERIDAN. So long. [*MR. MANDEL starts to leave, turns back to MR. SHERIDAN and mouths the words "thanks." He goes into the hall and then out U R C. Lights fade in the lobby. DINO stands awkwardly beside the door, waiting.*] Would you like to sit down? [*Indicates chair D L. DINO looks at it, then walks over to it and sits. MR. SHERIDAN sits at his desk. His manner during their interview is one of calmness and warmth, regardless of how DINO behaves.*] You can take off your jacket if you want. [*DINO does not answer, just begins to toy swiftly with paperweight on desk.*] I don't blame you. Our heating plant's not exactly the greatest. [*Looks at DINO for a moment.*] Have you seen your brother yet?

DINO [*sharply*]. No .

MR. SHERIDAN. If you don't want me to ask you a lot of questions, I don't have to. [*DINO slams the paperweight down and suddenly crosses to D R corner of office.*]

DINO [*facing him, speaking through his teeth*]. You're a psychiatrist, right?

MR. SHERIDAN [*calmly*]. It's sort of like that. I'm a psychotherapist. We call it case worker.

DINO [*glancing at the chair*]. I don't want to sit near you.

MR. SHERIDAN. That's okay.

DINO [*fiddling with the zipper of his jacket*]. How long am I supposed to stay here?

MR. SHERIDAN. It doesn't have to be any special time.

DINO [*not looking at him*]. You wanna know what I'm thinking, right?

MR. SHERIDAN. If you want me to.

DINO [*angrily*]. What d'ya mean, if I want! I want nothin'! I want to get outa here. [MR. SHERIDAN *doesn't answer*. DINO *takes a step toward the door*.] Suppose I walk right out of the door . . .

MR. SHERIDAN. Well, you can come back tomorrow if you like.

DINO. That dirty stinkin' Mr. Mandel. [*There is a pause*. DINO *keeps his back to MR. SHERIDAN*. Then he explodes.] Well, say something! What do you want outa me?

MR. SHERIDAN. I don't want anything out of you, Dino. I want to help you feel better. That's all.

DINO [*whirling around*]. So why dontcha give me a rubdown? [*He waits to see if there is any effect*. There is not.] Feel better!

MR. SHERIDAN. I mean to feel not so angry. Maybe to feel not so . . . [*Carefully*.] mixed up about things. . . .

DINO [*sharply*]. What things?

MR. SHERIDAN. Yourself. Who you are.

DINO [*grasping the back of the chair* L C]. I'm telling you you're just like that psychiatrist at Parkinson. I saw him one time.

He's an idiot! I wanted to smack him in the brains with a bat.

MR. SHERIDAN [*calmly*]. Why don't you sit down and be comfortable, Dino?

DINO [*stepping up to the desk*]. Why don't you sock me?

MR. SHERIDAN. Well, you haven't done anything to me. Why should I? [DINO *looks steadily at him*.]

DINO [*too loud*]. Well, why dontcha ask me a question?