

THIEVES

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A couple wakes up - in bed – after a BIG night

Sally:
Can I ask you a question?

Martin:
Yes.

Sally:
Who are you?

Martin:
Martin.

Sally:
Martin, Martin...

Martin:
Martin Kramer.

Sally:
Martin Kramer.. right... and where do I know you from?

Martin:
I'm your husband. You know me from marriage.

Sally:
Right, right...

Martin:
Sally, this forgetting game; I hate it. You have no idea how much I hate it.

Sally:
OK, OK...I...

Martin:
Sally, at least once a week you wake me up in the middle of the night and ask me who I am. It's really annoying!

Sally:
You used to think it was charming.

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Martin:

I thought a lot of things were charming.

Sally:

Dr. Mathew Spengler talks about this in his book, "Marriage and Modern Society," he calls it "the inevitable decline from charm to nightmare..."

Martin:

Sally, there is no such book and no such Dr. Spengler.

Sally:

I know.

Martin:

Sally, why do you keep-

Sally:

I do the best I can to class up the conversation.

Martin:

But you don't just do it with me, you do it with everybody. Last month with my mother you made up a whole country. A whole country that doesn't exist

Sally:

I thought she'd be happy there.

Martin:

But there is none. There is no Hungarian West Indies.

Sally:

My countries, my books, you used to think they were funny.

Martin:

I thought a lot of things were funny.

Sally:

What happened? We....

Martin:

OK Sally. I was gonna wait till morning but why wait...

Sally:

Let's wait.

Martin:

First, Sally...First, I want you to know how much I appreciate the wonderful work you've done to our apartment here. How you've managed to capture, in only five short weeks, the subtle, elusive, yet classic mood previously found only in Port Authority Bus Terminal. In addition, Sally, you have, somewhat mystically, lost or forgotten the name of the moving and storage company with whom you placed nearly fifty-five thousand dollars worth of our furniture.

Sally:

It's an Italian name, I know that. I'm working on it....

Martin:

This, coupled with the fact that you disappeared eight days ago on what was ostensibly a trip to Gristede Brothers to buy some strawberry yogurt, and did not return until this evening, has led to a certain amount of confusion for me...

Sally:

I went to Gloria's place to think things out, to....

Martin:

All confusion, of course, vanished with the arrival last week, of this simple, touching yet concise note from Misters Morris, Klein, Fishbeck and Fishbeck.....," We have been retained by your wife, Sally Jane Cramer, hereinafter referred to as "Wife" to represent her in the matter of your divorce. Said wife having requested that her whereabouts remain unknown to you at present.....After eight days I realized that your whereabouts, said wife, have been unknown to me for years.....You said you came back to talk about the divorce. You didn't mention it. Neither did I. And the habit, the habit of being together, began again.....I thought about it and tonight, Sally, I have decided to retire from the games. The Olympics are over, lady, the torch is out...and you are free. Said husband, hereinafter referred to as gone, has had it.

He gets up and enters the bathroom

Sally:

Marty, I came back tonight because I'm pregnant and I'm terrified.

Martin:

I can't hear you from in here.

He reenters dressed in sweats

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Sally:

I know. Marty, I came back tonight.....Did I buy you that sweatshirt? It's a size too big.....If were getting a divorce why did we make love tonight?

Martin:

Goddamn wine.....why'd you bring a goddamn bottle of wine to discuss a divorce?

Sally:

Why'd you light a candle?

Martin:

It goes with the wine....Look, it goes without saying...

Sally:

No, don't let it go, not without saying...Come on, keep me company, show an emotion! Emotions, Marty, you remember. Come on, scream at me for walking out! Holler, or cry, or.....Christ, how many years since I've seen a tear out of ya!? Come on, Marty baby, you can do it, brake something, throw a plate at me....

Martin:

I can't.....They're all packed. This beautiful place, you never moved in.....

Sally:

You keep moving us, another room, a higher floor.... Marty, have you forgotten what those kids sound like down there? Canal Street, where you came from. Dummy, you bought yourself a new mouth and kept the same old wife. It's me, Sally Jane Kaminsky. I knew ya from before fellah. I know you from coppin goodies off of every open counter in the neighborhood.

Martin:

I was sixteen years old...I didn't even think you noticed me in those days. How come you never talked about

Sally:

Who talks? We don't talk, we move. We're movers. Oh, Marty, how did you do it?

Martin:

What?

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Sally:

Get to be so boring. You had a knife and a flute and you wanted to be a teacher, you were a Goddamn interesting person.....

Martin:

What the hell is going on here? Where's all this coming from?

Sally:

We were gonna stay down there, we promised, we were gonna teach in the neighborhood.

Martin:

Sally, that was years ago....

Sally:

And here he is ladies and gentlemen.....for the first time on any terrace... the principal of the Little Bluebell School...see him pick up his check....watch him do the totally unnecessary for the totally un-needing.....

Martin:

Sally...

Sally:

You blew it, you lost your privates to a private school.

Martin:

Damn it, the Little Bluebell School happens to be first rate....

Sally:

My God, Marty, you sold your soul to Bugs Bunny for this five room apartment.

Martin:

OK, forget it! Go Back! Go back to our first place, Seventy-Eight Orchard Street, the one room roach festival.

Sally:

Glad you remember the address Marty....because that's where I sent the furniture.

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Martin:

In other words Sally, what you have done, what you have done is sent five rooms of antique furniture to a one room, cold water flat that we have not lived in for ten years.

Sally:

Yup, apartment 4-B

Martin:

I think you're crazy.

Sally:

So did the guy in apartment 4-B.

Marty:

All...all of our furniture.....

Sally:

Don't worry, I gave the old guy a couple bucks to keep an eye on it, I mean, he can hardly not keep an eye on it, right?

Marty:

Right...fine, fine...

Sally:

Apartment 4-B, Marty....We made terrific promises and gorgeous love there. And we had nice loud fights and threw inexpensive things at each other and hugged a lot.....well, you had to be there.

Martin:

Sally, why did you come back tonight?

Sally:

There's something we ought a talk about....

Martin:

Sally, what is it?....Have you been unfaithful to me? Is that it?

Sally:

Unfaithful sounds awesome. Ask if I've been foolin around.

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Martin:
Have you?

Sally:
No. what about you?

Martin:
No, I haven't been foolin around either.

Sally:
How about unfaithful? {PHONE RINGS} No, Jim, no...I told you, not here, never here.....I'm kidding, it's Gloria.....Sorry Glo, I shouldn't have disappeared without telling you.....

Martin:
Tell her she'll get used to it.

Sally:
Good, let me speak to him.....Barry! That's right Barry, it's me. How ya doing kid? Miss me? Sure I miss you. Uh huh....uh huh....that sounds great. So what did....uh huh. Yeah, just a sec....Barry wants to speak to you.

Martin:
I don't wanna speak to Barry.

Sally:
Why not? He....

Martin:
Sally, I would like to remind you that Barry is a German Shepherd. He does not speak, he barks. He barks, because he's a dog.

Sally:
You wouldn't let him live in the new apartment with us, the least you could do is.....

Martin:
Hang up, it's a dog.

Sally:
Just a sec, Barry....What should I tell him?

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Martin:

Don't tell him anything! He's a dog! And, he is a great dog, but he makes a terrible person.

Sally:

He's heard your voice already. I can't just...

Martin:

Sally, stop it! For Chrissakes we've got more important....{GRABS PHONE}
Ok..ok....if you'll stop.....Hello, Barry, how are you? Good. OK, gotta go now.
{HANGS UP}

Sally:

You shouldn't just hang up on him like that.

Martin:

I know... Sally

Sally:

I know, we gotta talk; I'm pregnant!