

# Harry's Angel

Arthur Keyser





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## HARRY'S ANGEL

by

Arthur Keyser

### CAST

FANNY GOLD: Sixty-five years old.

HARRY MANCUSO: Seventy-one years old.

ROSE PALERMO: Harry's sister, Seventy-five years old.

CURLY MCGLYNN: SEVENTY-two years old.

ANGEL SPARKS: Thirty-one years old.

### TIME

The play begins on a Thursday morning in late Spring.

### SETTING

Most of the play is set in Murray's Deli in New York City, but part of it takes place in the Irish Pub, staged as a small round table with two chairs downstage left or right. Whenever the lights rise on the Deli, the lights over the Irish Pub are dimmed, and whenever the lights rise on the Irish Pub, the lights over the Deli are dimmed. The only exception to the foregoing is at the end of the play, when the entire stage is lit, and the actors take their bows.

## HARRY'S ANGEL

### SCENE 1

*AT RISE: Lights up on the Deli. It is 10:00 a.m. Fanny is alone and Harry walks in.*

HARRY: *(sitting down at a table for four)* I see my sister's late for a change.

FANNY: Relax, Harry. At seventy-five, it isn't easy to be on time.

HARRY: Rose started finding fault with me when I was born, and she's been doing it for seventy-one years.

FANNY: If you really believe that, why does she meet you here for coffee every weekday morning?

HARRY: To keep her eye on me...hoping to catch me, getting in trouble.

FANNY: *(as the door to the deli opens)* She worries about you. Quiet! She's here.

HARRY: You're late again.

ROSE: *(sitting down across from Harry)* It's only two minutes after ten.

HARRY: What's your excuse this time?

ROSE: You want an excuse? My bus ran into a taxi. There were six police cars and three ambulances. Nineteen people were injured. There was a three-hour traffic jam. Each major TV network had a news reporter there. I was interviewed by two of them. That's why I was two minutes late.

HARRY: You're not funny.

FANNY: It sounded funny to me.

ROSE: Thanks, Fanny. I'll have a cheese Danish with my coffee.

FANNY: Cherry's all I have.

ROSE: That's fine.

FANNY: You're the easiest customer I've ever had.

HARRY: It's because she's not your sister.

ROSE: If I could trade you in and get Fanny in return, I'd change my will and leave everything to the church.

FANNY: Stop fighting, children. You'll upset my other customers.

HARRY: What other customers?

FANNY: The ones who used to come in here before the neighborhood changed.

HARRY: What about my order?

FANNY: Sorry, Harry. A Danish with your coffee?

HARRY: Just coffee and a lottery ticket. I'm late for a meeting.

ROSE: If you ever held a winning ticket, I'd probably have a heart attack.

FANNY: *(walking into the kitchen)* I'm staying out of this. I'll make a pot of fresh coffee.

HARRY: *(quietly)* Hurray, before Fanny gets back. Where's the money?

ROSE: Five thousand's all I can spare.

HARRY: I told you I need fifteen thousand!

ROSE: Sorry, Harry. Mario, may his soul rest in peace, made careful investments for me and told me to never sell any of them. I had five thousand in my bank account, which I was saving for a cruise, but because you said it's an emergency—

HARRY: It's a fifteen-thousand-dollar emergency.

ROSE: That much money for back alimony payments? Which wife was it? You get married so often, I can't remember the names.

HARRY: It's just a loan.

ROSE: It's always a loan. A week later, it becomes a gift.

HARRY: I'll take the five thousand. I should have known that I can't rely on you.

ROSE: *(handing an envelope to Harry)* You still haven't learned to say, "thank you."

FANNY: *(returning from the kitchen)* Here's your morning wake-up.

HARRY: *(standing)* Sorry, Fanny. I have to leave now.

FANNY: What about your coffee?

HARRY: Give it to Rose but charge it to me.

ROSE: I'll credit three dollars against all the money I've loaned to you since you discovered how to spend more than you earn.

HARRY: *(to Rose, as he walks out)* I'm making believe you didn't say that.

FANNY: What was that all about?

ROSE: It's too complicated for me to explain. When our mother died, instead of money, she left me Harry.

*Lights fade on the Deli. End of scene.*

## SCENE 2

*At Rise: Lights up Curly is alone at a table in the pub, Angel enters and sits across from him.*

ANGEL: What's goin' on?

CURLY: I was afraid you wasn't comin'. On the phone you sounded like you're mad at me.

ANGEL: I ain't mad at nobody. You said it was important.

CURLY: I ain't never felt this awful.

ANGEL: You should be talkin' to a doctor instead a' me.

CURLY: A doctor ain't gonna make me better. I'm sick 'cause you ain't livin' with me.

ANGEL: I already toldja that I ain't comin' back.

CURLY: I thought, maybe, you changed your mind.

ANGEL: Movin' out wasn't easy for me. You let me stay with you for more than ten years. But I'm glad I moved 'cause I'm not a little girl no more.

CURLY: You wasn't a little girl when you was dancin' at that club before you moved in with me.

ANGEL: I really was, Curly. You jus' didn't know it.

CURLY: You look pretty.

ANGEL: I lived wi'cha for more than ten years, an' you never tol' me I look pretty. Why're you sayin' it jus' now?

CURLY: 'Cause ya look pretty now.

ANGEL: If that's all you wanna tell me—



CURLY: You gonna give me your address?

ANGEL: You got my phone number. That's enough.

CURLY: Sometimes I wanna cry from missin' you so much.

ANGEL: In the ten years, I was livin' with you, I never saw you cry.

CURLY: 'Cause you never moved out b'fore.

ANGEL: Maybe cryin' is gonna make you feel better. I used to cry lots a' times b'fore you asked me to live wi'cha.

CURLY: You sure you ain't mad at me?

ANGEL: I already toldja...I ain't.

CURLY: Than why won'cha come back?

ANGEL: When we was t'gether, I asked you if I could go to school and you kept sayin' no. After I moved out, I started school by myself, an' last week I graduated.

CURLY: Whatcha doin' now?

ANGEL: I'm workin' in a beauty shop.

CURLY: S'pose I buy a shop for you?

ANGEL: I don' want my own shop. I really like my boss a lot.

CURLY: Then move back with me an' you can still work where you're workin'.

ANGEL: This ain't doin' us no good, Curly. Is it okay if I go now?

CURLY: Wouldja like a new car? You could live with me an' go anywhere.

ANGEL: I can get anyplace, usin' the subway. I don' even know how to drive.

CURLY: I'll buy you anythin' you want.

ANGEL: There ain't nothin' I need.

CURLY: Everybody needs somethin'.

ANGEL: Stop it, Curly. I gotta go to work. I don' wantcha feelin' sad, but there ain't no way I'm movin' back.

CURLY: S'pose I—

ANGEL: *(standing)* Bye, Curly. Take care a' yourself.

*(ANGEL turns and walks toward the exit without noticing HARRY, who has just walked into the pub. They accidentally bump into each other.)*

HARRY: Excuse me. I didn't mean to—

ANGEL: I should a' been lookin' where I was goin'. *(exit)*

HARRY: *(walking to where Curly is sitting)* Hello, Curly.

CURLY: Whatcha doin' here?!

HARRY: I thought we might talk.

CURLY: I don' feel like talkin' to nobody right now.

HARRY: Is it okay if I sit with you?

CURLY: There's lots a' other tables here.

*(ignoring Curly's comment, HARRY sits down across from him)*

CURLY: *(continuing)* Unless you're bringin' whatcha owe me, I ain't got nothin' to say to you.

HARRY: We can talk about that in a minute but, first, there's a horse I really love in the fifth at Aqueduct.

CURLY: You crazy? You owe me fifteen gran'. I ain't takin' no more bets from you.

HARRY: (*handing an envelope to Curly*) Here's a part of what I owe.

CURLY: (*counting the money*) You're short ten gran'!

HARRY: I borrowed the five thousand from my sister. I need a little more time for the rest.

CURLY: Tell your sister to buy a black dress. She's gonna need it for your funeral.

HARRY: You're going to kill me for ten thousand dollars?

CURLY: You suckered me in. I let your marker get too big.

HARRY: I promise that whatever I win in the fifth, I'll pay against what I owe you.

CURLY: Do you think I'm nuts?! I only get paid when you win?!

HARRY: How else am I going to pay you back? I don't work any longer.

CURLY: I run a cash only business. One more customer like you, I'm closin' down.

HARRY: I can't help it, Curly When I look over the racing form, a voice whispers in my ear with the name of the winner.

CURLY: How come your horses don' never hear what you're hearin'? You got four days to pay the rest a' whatcha owe me.

HARRY: I can't do that. Give me four weeks. I'm sure I'll have it by then.

CURLY: Four days is all you're gettin'.

HARRY: Why are you so angry? You didn't lose anything. It's just money I lost.

CURLY: Are you nuts, Harry? It's money I lost! I lay off all bets with the guys in Vegas. I only keep a little part a' what my customers bet, an' I pay the rest to them. When you lose, I still gotta pay the bill.

HARRY: I never knew you had partners.

CURLY: They ain't really partners. They're more like a bank, with better ways a' collectin' that banks don' got. I always pay them guys on time.

HARRY: There must be something I can do?

CURLY: Look in a mirror when you get home. Try to remember whatcher face looks like. Unless you pay me in the next four days, it ain't gonna look like that no more.

HARRY: Don't say things like that. I'm allergic to pain and you're making me nervous.

CURLY: Get the hell out a' here, Harry! I got nothin' but trouble right now. My girlfriend, Angel, an' me was t'gether for a bunch a' years an' I never did nothin' bad to her. So, what does she go an' do? Two months ago, she packs a suitcase an' moves out.

HARRY: When's the last time you saw her?

CURLY: A couple a' minutes ago. She was walkin' out a' here when you was comin' in. You almost knocked her on her butt.

HARRY: You sure know how to pick them. She's very pretty.

CURLY: Don'cha think I know that? When she was livin' with me, I could tell her to do anythin' an' she'd do it. Now, she won't listen to me no more.

HARRY: I could try to find a new girlfriend for you. You're very good looking for... how old are you, Curly?

CURLY: Only seventy-two, but I don' need someone new. I can't sleep at night 'cause Angel ain't livin' with me no more..

HARRY: How old is she?

CURLY: Thirty somethin'.

HARRY: You're just perfect for her.

CURLY: I keep tryin' to tell her that.

HARRY: I could try changing her mind.

CURLY: You're always lyin'. Why should I trust you now?

HARRY: I'll do anything, if you'll just stop saying you're going to kill me.

CURLY: I jus' got an idea. S'pose I give you her phone number an' you make a date with her. After a couple a' dates, maybe you can talk her into movin' back with me.

-HARRY: And if I convince her to move back?

CURLY: I'll forget about whatcha still owe me.

HARRY: Are you serious?!

CURLY: Whatcha think? I ain't never conned nobody.

HARRY: You won't be sorry.

CURLY: I hope not. You gotta bad habit a' promisin' somethin' an' —

HARRY: In the worst case, what happens if I can't convince her?

CURLY: If she don' come back, you gotta pay me the whole ten gran' in four weeks. If you don' pay me then, I'm gonna kill you again.

HARRY: Don't say things like that. It makes me sick, thinking about it.

CURLY: You want me to be nice to you? Get Angel to move back with me.

HARRY: My word is my bond.

CURLY: I'm writin' down her cell number, so you can call her. Don' waste no time. She could be meetin' young guys already.

HARRY: I'll call as soon as I get back to my apartment.

CURLY: One more thing, Harry. This is between me an' you...an' nobody else. You tell Angel or anybody else why you're datin' her, your sister's got a funeral bill.

HARRY: I won't say a word to anyone. Now that we've worked that out, can we talk about the fifth at Aqueduct—

CURLY: Are you crazy, Harry?! Ain'tcha been listenin' to me? No more credit till you pay the ten gran' or get Angel back to me.

*(Harry exits)*

*Lights fade. End of scene.*

### SCENE 3

*At Rise: Lights up on the deli. It's the following Monday morning and Fanny is the only one there. Rose can be seen through a large window, approaching the front door. Fanny walks to the door and opens it. Rose enters and sits where she usually sits with Harry.*

FANNY: The usual?

ROSE: Do you have cheese Danish today?

FANNY: The supplier only sent me cherry.

ROSE: If that's all you have...where's Harry?

FANNY: Maybe he overslept.

ROSE: I oversleep...not Harry. He lets me know all the time.

FANNY: Did you see him over the weekend?

ROSE: I never see him on weekends. If you were open on Saturday and Sunday—

FANNY: I'd have just the two of you. It wouldn't pay the electric bill.

ROSE: I should be thankful for the mornings you're open.

FANNY: The two of you live in the same apartment building. If you wanted to see him weekends, you could meet in your apartment or his.

ROSE: Years ago, we agreed that we would only fight on neutral territory. You're walking distance. That's why we picked your Deli.

FANNY: You could have a truce.

ROSE: Wash your mouth. At seventy-five, fighting with Harry is the only fun I have left.

FANNY: Remind me. How long ago did Mario die?

ROSE: Mario...he should rest in peace...died twelve years ago.

FANNY: You never talk about dating anyone.

ROSE: If you were a man, would you be interested in dating me?

FANNY: You're very attractive for your age and you're fun to be with.

ROSE: Men are only interested in one thing, and I'm too old fashioned to say the words.

FANNY: I have bad news. I'm closing the Deli.

ROSE: Why?

FANNY: The neighborhood's changed. After forty years, a Jewish deli's not in fashion anymore. The young people prefer tacos over chopped liver or a pastrami sandwich. It's lucky I own the building. If I had to pay rent—

ROSE: I don't even want to think about you closing. I'll call my doctor to get a renewal on my Prozac.

FANNY: Stop exaggerating. I'm selling the building, but I don't have a buyer yet.

ROSE: When I go to church on Sunday, I'll pray you don't find a buyer.

FANNY: If I thought you were serious—

ROSE: I'll give you a hint. I don't come here for the coffee and Danish.

FANNY: Then why?

ROSE: Spending time with you is the best part of my day.

FANNY: Are you trying to make me cry?

ROSE: Of course...and I'm trying to make you feel guilty about selling.

FANNY: If I had any other answer—



ROSE: I shouldn't have said anything. Since Mario died —

FANNY: Save it for later. Harry's here.

*(The front door opens, and HARRY enters. He sits down across from ROSE.)*

FANNY: Coffee, Harry?

HARRY: Don't forget my lottery ticket.

FANNY: I'll go to a synagogue this afternoon and pray you win. I haven't attended services in over forty years, but it can't hurt.

ROSE: Don't encourage him, Fanny. He's crazy enough to believe that praying will make him rich.

HARRY: Excuse me, Rose. When I want your opinion, I'll ask.

FANNY: Were you two like this when you were children?

ROSE: We didn't start arguing till Harry learned to talk.

HARRY: I don't mean to be rude, Fanny, but there's something important I have to discuss with Rose.

FANNY: *(returning to the kitchen)* If I wasn't sure Rose will tell me everything later, I'd feel insulted.

ROSE: You were rude. What's so important?

HARRY: I've met a lovely young girl.

ROSE: I can see this is going to be a rotten day. I should have stayed in bed.

HARRY: Don't you want me to enjoy myself?

ROSE: To be honest, I don't. Every time you enjoy yourself, it costs me money.

HARRY: That's a terrible thing to say to your only brother.

ROSE: Stop acting so innocent. How many times do you want to pay alimony?

HARRY: I've just met her. I'm not getting married.

ROSE: You always get married.

HARRY: Even if I do, it's my problem. Not yours.

ROSE: Sorry, Harry. It is my problem. You never have the money to pay what you owe. And I end up paying whoever gets involved with you.

HARRY: I'm sorry I started this conversation. You obviously don't care about me.

ROSE: I surrender. How did you meet this girl?

HARRY: A friend gave me her number.

ROSE: What friend?

HARRY: He's not exactly a friend. He's more like a business associate.

ROSE: I'm beginning to smell something fishy. What's his name?

HARRY: Curly.

ROSE: Curly is the name of a business associate?

HARRY: That's not his real name.

ROSE: What's his real name?

HARRY: I don't know. He likes being called Curly.

ROSE: Where's his office?

HARRY: He doesn't have one.

ROSE: You have a business associate, who you call Curly, because you don't know his real name, and he doesn't have an office. Where do you meet with him?

HARRY: He does his business at the Irish Pub.

ROSE: Why is my head telling me your business associate is a bookie?

HARRY: He doesn't like being called that.

ROSE: What's he like being called?

HARRY: I told you...Curly.

ROSE: You wouldn't, by any chance, owe him some money?

HARRY: Why are you asking?

ROSE: Because I know you too long.

HARRY: There are times I owe him money and times when I don't.

ROSE: Which time is it now?

HARRY: I owe him a little.

ROSE: Could a little be fifteen thousand dollars?

HARRY: Not anymore. It's down to ten.

ROSE: I should have known. The five thousand dollars, which I gave you for alimony, was money you owed to Curly.

HARRY: The money I had been saving to pay Curly, I used for alimony. So, the money I borrowed from you was to replace what I was saving for the alimony.

ROSE: If you think that makes any sense—

HARRY: I'm tired of talking about money.

ROSE: I'm tired of giving you money.

HARRY: Don't you want to hear about this girl?

ROSE: If you want me to be honest, I'm not particularly interested.

HARRY: I was right. You don't care about me.

ROSE: How did you guess? But it won't make any difference. You'll tell me anyway.

HARRY: She used to be Curly's girlfriend.

ROSE: Your bookie's giving his leftovers to you?

HARRY: Don't be so nasty. They broke up.

ROSE: How old is she?

HARRY: That's not important.

ROSE: Is it a secret?

HARRY: It's not a secret. It's your attitude.

ROSE: If you won't tell me, you're hiding something.

HARRY: She's thirty-one.

ROSE: Oh, my God, Harry! You could get arrested for dating a minor.

HARRY: Thirty-one isn't a minor!

ROSE: For a man seventy-one, thirty-one is a minor!

HARRY: I knew I shouldn't have told you.

ROSE: Have you told her your age?

HARRY: Of course. I didn't want to surprise her.

ROSE: And she's still willing to date you?

HARRY: Who said I'm dating her?

ROSE: I thought that's what you were saying.

HARRY: I never used the word "dating."

ROSE: Then what?

HARRY: She's living with me.

ROSE: Now I know you're crazy. You'll be in debt for a hundred years after you die.

HARRY: I can't sit here anymore. You don't have an open mind.

ROSE: At least I haven't lost my mind.

HARRY: You've never tried to understand me!

ROSE: I understand everything about you! What you don't understand is what I want more than anything in the world.

HARRY: What's that?

ROSE: That you be committed to a mental hospital.

HARRY: *(standing)* Fanny!! I want to pay my bill! I'm tired of sitting with my worst enemy!

FANNY: *(walking out of the kitchen)* I heard you. You don't have to shout. You haven't had anything to eat yet. *(walking to where Rose is sitting and sits across from her.)*

HARRY: Just give me my lottery ticket. I've lost my appetite. *(places money and leaves)*

ROSE: He has a new girlfriend, living with him.

FANNY: I heard everything from the kitchen.

ROSE: So, why am I telling you again?

FANNY: Who else are you going to tell?

ROSE: My priest.

FANNY: Would that help?

ROSE: Not really.

FANNY: May I ask you a question?

ROSE: If it's about Harry and me, I can't promise I'll answer.

FANNY: I'll try anyway. For forty years, you and Harry have been meeting here for coffee. And almost always, it ends with a fight. Why do you keep meeting?

ROSE: Isn't it obvious? It's because we love each other.

*Lights fade. End of scene.*

SCENE 5

*At Rise: Lights up in the Deli. It's 9:45 a.m., three days later. Rose walks in and sits where she and Harry always sit. Fanny approaches the table. No one else is in the Deli.*

FANNY: Are you feeling okay? I haven't seen you for three days.

ROSE: It's my heartburn. I think it's from drinking coffee so early in the day.

FANNY: How about a cup of tea...like mint or chamomile? I have both.

ROSE: I'd rather have the heartburn. I'll take the coffee.

FANNY: I've missed you. It gets lonely here.

ROSE: Hasn't Harry been here?

FANNY: Not since he walked out after your last fight.

ROSE: I think he's avoiding me.

FANNY: *(looking through the window)* Not anymore. Look...through the window. Maybe he'll make up with you.

ROSE: *(looking through the window)* That must be his new girlfriend.

*(HARRY and ANGEL enter. He points to a table for two, as far as possible from where Rose is sitting and, ignoring Rose, they sit at that table.)*

FANNY: Excuse me, Rose. I have to wait on the new couple. *(stands and approaching their table)*

ROSE: I was praying she'd be ugly. But God didn't listen.

HARRY: Say hello to Fanny, Angel. She's the owner and the only waitress here.

ANGEL: Nice meetin' you.

FANNY: Same here. Two coffees?

HARRY: Fine

FANNY: I'll be right back with your order. *(leaves to kitchen)*

*(ROSE walks to the front of HARRY and ANGEL's table, staring and saying nothing)*

HARRY: What's with the stare, Rose? Lost your voice?

ROSE: I guess you didn't recognize me when you walked in.

HARRY: I wasn't sure it was you. So, I said to myself—Harry, if that woman sitting there isn't your sister, you don't want to be saying hello to a stranger.

ROSE: How come you know me now?

HARRY: When I'm sitting, my eyes focus better.

ANGEL: Harry, ain'tcha gonna introduce us?

HARRY: Sorry, Angel. This is my sister, Rose. She's much older than me, so we've never been very close.

ROSE: I learn something new every day.

ANGEL: It's really nice meetin' you. Wanna sit down with us?

HARRY: Can't you see that Rose already has her table. She'd rather sit by herself.

ROSE: For someone who isn't close, you know an awful lot about me. I'd love to sit with you, Angel. That's a very pretty name. *(pulls a chair from the next table over, sits)*

*(FANNY enters with two cups of coffee, placing them in front of HARRY and ANGEL, then exits)*

ANGEL: Where was we?

ROSE: I was saying that Angel's a pretty name.



ANGEL: Oh, it ain't my real name. I used to be Annabel Martin, but I changed it to Angel Sparks when I was startin' my professional career.

ROSE: Excuse me for asking. What is your profession?

ANGEL: Exotic dancin'. Poles an' laps.

ROSE: I could tell right away that you were a professional.

ANGEL: You're sweet. But I stopped doin' them ten years ago, after my boyfriend, Curly, made me a twenty-first birthday party. He didn't want me to dance no more.

ROSE: Did you have lots of friends at your party?

ANGEL: It was jus' Curly an' me. We did stuff at his house an' then he asked me to move in.

ROSE: I'll remember that if I ever need a place to live. I can't believe you're past thirty.

ANGEL: It's 'cause I work out to stay in shape. I can still do a full split.

ROSE: I bet you can.

ANGEL: Want me to show you?

ROSE: It won't be necessary. I believe you.

HARRY: In case no one noticed, I'm still sitting here.

ANGEL: What'sa matter, Harry? Rose and I are jus' gettin' to know each other. Don' you want her an' me to be friends?

HARRY: I'd answer that, but it could get me in trouble.

ROSE: If you stopped working as a dancer, how did you keep busy when you were living with Curly?

ANGEL: Till Curly an' me split, two months ago, I took care a' all his business records.

ROSE: Sounds like hard work and a lot of responsibility.

ANGEL: Since I was a little girl, I was always good with numbers.

ROSE: What are you doing now?

ANGEL: After I moved out a' Curly's house, I went to beauty school an' when I graduated, I got a new job. I'm workin' at Norma's Salon. But I don' do no shampooin'.

ROSE: What is it you do?

ANGEL: When I tol' the manager about what I did b'fore, he gave me a different job.

ROSE: I hope you're not talking about exotic dancing.

ANGEL: You're funny. I'm takin' care a' Norma's books.

ROSE: I thought you'd grown tired of that.

ANGEL: I decided washin' somebody's hair was even worse.

ROSE: Sounds like your ten years with Curly paid off.

ANGEL: Oh, no! Curly never paid me no money for doin' his books or even doin' stuff with him. He jus' let me live in his house.

HARRY: If you don't mind, Rose—

ROSE: It's okay, Harry. I was just leaving. It's been a pleasure meeting you, Angel.  
(returning to her table)

ANGEL: Same here.

FANNY (entering from kitchen, approaching Rose) I brought you fresh coffee and a cherry Danish.

ROSE: You must have been reading my mind.

FANNY: So, what do you think about Harry's new girlfriend?

ROSE: I know her for less than three minutes. Do you want a history of her life?

FANNY: I already know that. I heard your whole conversation.

ROSE: So, why are you asking?

FANNY: Maybe he's going through his second childhood.

ROSE: He went through that when he was forty. He had his third when he was fifty-five. This is his fourth.

*(HARRY begins to wave his hand.)*

ROSE: I think Harry wants you.

FANNY: *(walking to where Harry and Angel are sitting)* Can I bring you anything else?

HARRY: Just the check.

FANNY: You just got here.

HARRY: Angel was so busy talking to Rose, she forgot she has a meeting with her boss this morning.

FANNY: The coffee's on the house...in honor of our new customer.

ANGEL: Who's that?

HARRY: It's you, hon.

ANGEL: Oh! I knew you was a nice lady, Fanny. *(ANGEL and HARRY exit)*

FANNY *(walking to and sitting across from Rose)* Looks like you may be losing your morning coffee buddy.

ROSE: Nothing is forever.

FANNY: I learned that from my marriage.

ROSE: You never talk about Murray. For twenty years, he was behind the counter, and you were at the cash register. Then, I heard you were divorced.

FANNY: He ran off with our waitress. They went to Nevada, and the next thing I knew, we weren't married anymore.

ROSE: You should have told me. I could have talked to Mario and had Murray buried in a building site.

FANNY: Was your husband in the construction business?

ROSE: Oh, no. Mario was a tailor, but some of his Sicilian customers were.

FANNY: It's just as well. I hired a good divorce lawyer and ended up with the Deli and this building, so I could live upstairs.

ROSE: Why didn't you change the name to Fanny's Deli?

FANNY: A restaurant that sells corned beef and chopped liver should always be called Murray's. Fanny's is for a store that sells brassieres and girdles.

ROSE: I never thought of that. Looking at the way your business is going, you might have done better if you switched to women's underwear.

FANNY: Seriously, Rose, why do you think Harry wants to date a young woman?

ROSE: Why does any older man date a younger woman? He's afraid of dying. And, besides, he wants to show his prize to everyone.

FANNY: You mean, like a trophy?

ROSE: Of course. He wants to make his friends jealous.

FANNY: I never think of Harry's age.

ROSE: Did you ever think about getting married again?

FANNY: For years I've had a secret crush on Harry.

ROSE: I have to love Harry. But, why you?

FANNY: What am I? The Pulitzer Prize?

ROSE: It takes a lot of work to love Harry. I've been doing it for seventy-one years. And at this point, he's very set in his ways.

FANNY: Aren't we all?

ROSE: He's germ crazy. Cleans his apartment three days a week.

FANNY: I clean the Deli every day.

ROSE: I have a young woman who cleans my apartment once every three weeks. I'm thinking of stretching it to four.

FANNY: I'd be willing to take Harry with all his habits.

ROSE: After all you know about him?

FANNY: Feelings don't come from what you know about someone. If they did, half of the married people in the world would have stayed single.

ROSE: I married Mario when I was just seventeen. I never even saw him without his shirt off before our wedding night. Today, young people are all living together. There's no mystery left when they marry.

FANNY: Harry's very good looking.

ROSE: To me, he just looks like my brother.

FANNY: Now you know my secret.

ROSE: You've never said anything to let him know.

FANNY: My mother taught me to let the man make the first move.

ROSE: That's not what young women do in today's modern world. They go after what they want.

FANNY: It wouldn't be a fair fight...a beautiful thirty-one year old in one corner and a sixty-five-year-old owner of a failing Jewish deli in the other.

ROSE: You have things that a young lady doesn't have.

FANNY: What...other than arthritis?

ROSE: Wisdom. It's something Harry needs very badly.

*Lights fade. End of scene.*

SCENE 6

*At Rise: Lights up on Curly at his table in the Pub, two and a half weeks later, early afternoon.*

HARRY: *(enters and sits across from)* I received your message on my voice mail.

CURLY: You've had three weeks. When's Angel gonna move back with me?

HARRY: I seem to have lost my touch. You know how women can be. Once they make up their minds, there's no changing them.

CURLY: She still don' wanna come back?

HARRY: It's pretty complicated.

CURLY: I knew if she started livin' with her girlfriends, there was gonna be trouble.

HARRY: She's not living with her girlfriends.

CURLY: She's livin' all by herself?

HARRY: Not exactly.

CURLY: You ain't makin' no sense. Where's she livin'?

HARRY: *(in a low voice)* In my apartment.

CURLY: I can't hear whatcher sayin'.

HARRY: *(standing, as though he's going to run away)* I said she's living with me.

CURLY: Are you out a' your God damn mind?!!

HARRY: She has to live somewhere, and I just thought—

CURLY: I don' give a damn whatcha thought! Throw her out a' your apartment!

HARRY: I can't do that, Curly.

CURLY: Didja ever tell her to move back with me?

HARRY: Not in so many words.

CURLY: It don' take that many words...jus' four. Say "you gotta go back to Curly."

HARRY: That's six words.

CURLY: Don' get wise with me! You know whatcha was s'posed to do.

HARRY: She has a mind of her own.

CURLY: She ain't got no right to have her own mind!

HARRY: I can't throw her out just like that.

CURLY: Don' mess with me, Harry! She ain't stayin' at your apartment!!

HARRY: She wasn't living with you when you gave me her phone number.

CURLY: I gave you her number 'cause we had a deal. You was s'posed to send her back...not keep her for yourself.

HARRY: She likes living with me.

CURLY: Angel likes lots a' things she ain't gonna have. An' one a' them things is you.

HARRY: I don't think you understand her.

CURLY: I understan' that I'm gonna kill you. Maybe right here. (*moving toward HARRY*)

HARRY: (*standing and circling the table to keep it between them*) It's not four weeks yet.

CURLY: You killed that deal when you let Angel move in with you.

HARRY: Why don't we sit down? It's not easy to talk when we're both moving.

CURLY: I ain't sittin till you're dead. (*moving around the table toward HARRY*)



HARRY: (*dodging to keep the table between them*) One of us is going to get tired.

CURLY: One of us is gonna die, an' it ain't gonna be me.

HARRY: Did you forget that the bible says thou shall not kill?!

CURLY: I didn't forget nothin'. Was you a choir boy? I was. The bible says you're committin' a sin, a million times worse than killin'.

HARRY: What sin are you talking about?

CURLY: The one sayin' you ain't allowed to want somebody else's girlfriend.

HARRY: Aren't you confusing that with your neighbor's wife?

CURLY: My mouthpiece tol' me about common law marriage. A girlfriend for ten years is the same as a wife.

HARRY: For God's sake, Curly, New York has millions of lovely women. Angel's not the only one.

CURLY: Nobody double-crosses me! You didn't do what you said you was gonna do!

HARRY: Can we stop running around this table? My heart's beginning to pound.

CURLY: Soon your heart ain't gonna pound no more.

HARRY: I had no idea that she was so important to you.

CURLY: (*out of breath, sitting*) Get out a' here. I don' believe nothin' you say no more.

HARRY: I've never seen this side of you. (*walking quickly to the door to exit*)

CURLY: You better grow eyes on the back a' your head, 'cause I'm comin' after you.

*Lights fade. End of Scene.*

SCENE 7

*(At Rise: Lights up in the Deli. It is mid-morning, two weeks later. Rose is sitting alone, and Fanny is busy sweeping the floor.)*

FANNY: Ready for a refill?

ROSE: Maybe later. Sit for a minute. You've been cleaning since I got here.

FANNY: When we were busy with customers, I never sat down.

ROSE: Everything is too clean already.

FANNY: Have you seen Harry?

ROSE: I haven't seen him since the morning he brought Angel here.

FANNY: I read an article in Cosmopolitan that older men have a higher chance of stroke if they engage in certain activities with younger women.

ROSE: Harry's a gambler. He'd be willing to take the risk.

FANNY: I'm serious. Should we check the hospitals?

ROSE: Harry's very much alive. Our desk clerk told me he sees him walking through the lobby every morning.

FANNY: With Angel?

ROSE: By himself. Around ten each day, he goes out to buy a newspaper. Then he goes back up to his apartment.

FANNY: Do you know if Angel's still with him?

ROSE: The desk clerk says she leaves for work at nine every morning.

FANNY: The desk clerk has the wrong job. He should work for the CIA.

ROSE: He probably could run the CIA.

FANNY: I was hoping that Angel decided to pick on someone her age.

ROSE: Hoping won't help. You need a plan of action.

FANNY: Right now, my plan is to get a cup of coffee. I'm too tired to do anything else.  
*(exits to the kitchen)*

*(HARRY enters, dressed in a raincoat, with the collar up around his neck, a large rain hat, dark sunglasses and a full moustache. He walks to ROSE'S table.)*

ROSE: Good morning, Harry. Are you celebrating Halloween early?

HARRY: How did you know it was me?

ROSE: It's sunny out and you're wearing the rain-hat I bought you for your sixtieth birthday. I like your new moustache. Shame it's not the same color as your hair.

HARRY: It was the only one I could find in the second-hand costume shop.

ROSE: Why are you dressed in such a stupid way?

HARRY: Keep your voice down. Someone could hear you.

ROSE: Who's going to hear me? Fanny's the only one here.

FANNY: *(walking to table)* Harry! You're too good looking to cover your face that way.

HARRY: It's supposed to be a disguise.

FANNY: Who are you trying to fool?

HARRY: Curly. He wants to kill me.

ROSE: Isn't that the man Angel lived with before she moved in with you?

HARRY: That's him. He wants her back.

ROSE: So, give her back. It's not like dying for your country.

FANNY: Stop trying to be funny, Rose! I've never seen Harry so frightened.

HARRY: When Angel's at work, I'm afraid to stay home by myself.

ROSE: I could talk to my priest about you. You may want to come with me.

HARRY: What would I do with a priest?

ROSE: We could plan your funeral.

FANNY: My God, Rose! Can't you see that Harry's really upset?

HARRY: I can't believe you're acting this way. After all I've done for you—

ROSE: What have you done for me...other than ask me for money?

FANNY: Curly wants to kill you just because you took Angel away from him?

ROSE: When will you learn? You shouldn't steal anyone's girlfriend...especially if she belongs to your bookie.

HARRY: He gave me her phone number.

ROSE: And now he's changed his mind? Why do you use a bookie who's so fickle?

FANNY: That's enough, Rose!!

HARRY: I hate to ask again for another loan, but—

ROSE: You'll never change. I'm not that gullible anymore.

FANNY: Have you told Angel what's going on?

HARRY: I can't. She has no idea how much I've bet through Curly.

FANNY: Suppose I meet with Curly. He's angry with you...not with me. I'll try to talk some sense into him.

HARRY: Thanks, Fanny, but I can't let you do that.

FANNY: You could hide upstairs in my apartment.

HARRY: Curly knows I come here for coffee every morning. If he finds out I'm hiding here, you could end up getting hurt.

FANNY: I can be very good company.

HARRY: I don't want anyone else paying for my mistakes. *(walking to front door, reaching the door, he pulls his hat down over his face and exits)*

*(FANNY starts to walk towards the kitchen.)*

ROSE: Where are you going?

FANNY: To the kitchen.

ROSE: Don't you want to sit and talk?

FANNY: Not with you.

ROSE: You sound angry.

FANNY: Of course, I am! You obviously don't care about what happens to Harry.

ROSE: I've never seen you act this way.

FANNY: I've never seen Harry so upset.

ROSE: I'm tired. I've had a lifetime of bailing him out.

FANNY: Isn't that part of the cost of loving someone?!

ROSE: Love shouldn't be that expensive.

FANNY: Can you put a price on something so valuable? What is it you want?

ROSE: Peace of mind.

FANNY: Will you have peace of mind if your brother dies because you refused to help?

ROSE: I never expected you would take his side.

FANNY: I'm disappointed in you.

ROSE: I'm sorry. You're probably right. I wasn't thinking straight. Maybe there's some way I can borrow ten thousand dollars against the money Mario left to me.

FANNY: Rose.

ROSE: What?

FANNY: How long do we know each other?

ROSE: About three weeks.

FANNY: I'm serious. Do you remember when we met?

ROSE: It was the day that Murray and you put out the open for business sign. Mario said he was tired of pasta, and he had a craving for a corned beef sandwich.

FANNY: That was almost forty years ago and through all that time we've been friends.

ROSE: I know you longer than anyone else.

FANNY: It's the same for me. And, I think we just had our first real fight.

ROSE: I hope it will be the last...at least for forty years.

*Lights fade. End of scene.*

## SCENE 8

*At Rise: Lights up the Deli. It's the following morning and Fanny and Harry are drinking coffee. HARRY, his back to the window, is wearing the same disguise.*

FANNY: Do you sleep in those clothes?

HARRY: I dress after Angel leaves in the morning and then I change back before she returns from work.

FANNY: Why don't you tell Angel everything. If I were her, I'd want to know.

HARRY: You're probably right. I'll tell her this evening.

FANNY: I forgot to mention that Rose called. She can't meet you this morning.

HARRY: I shouldn't be so hard on her. I'm sure she's very upset but tries to hide it.

FANNY: Maybe I could help.

HARRY: If you're offering again to have me stay here—

FANNY: It's not that. I'm selling this place. The business isn't worth anything, but the building is. Thanks to Murray, I'll end up with more money than I've ever seen.

HARRY: Forget it, Fanny! I won't accept a gift from you.

FANNY: It would only be a loan.

HARRY: Take my advice. Don't ever lend money to someone as unreliable as me.

FANNY: I'm willing to take the chance.

HARRY: Thank you, but no.

FANNY: Would you rather get killed?

HARRY: One less stupid gambler in the world wouldn't hurt.

FANNY: It would hurt the ones who love you.

HARRY: It just means they have bad judgment.

FANNY: Look out the window. There's a strange man walking towards the front door. He probably doesn't know I'm closing the Deli.

HARRY: *(turning toward the window)* Oh, my God! It's Curly! *(looking for a place to hide.)*

FANNY: Where are you going?

HARRY: The kitchen. If I stay here, my life's over.

FANNY: It's the first place he'll look. Over there...through that door.

HARRY: Isn't that the way to your apartment upstairs?

FANNY: Close the door behind you and go up the stairs.

HARRY: Suppose he—

FANNY: Stop talking! Just go.

*(HARRY opens the door, walks through it and closes the door behind him. CURLY enters, wearing very dark sunglasses and carrying a baseball bat)*

FANNY: Can I help you?

CURLY: Maybe. What's your name?

FANNY: Fanny Gold. I own this deli. Who are you?

CURLY: Curly.

FANNY: Do you have a last name or is it just Mister Curly?

CURLY: Curly's enough. You don't need to know no more.



FANNY: That's a very impressive baseball bat. If you're looking for the Little League team, they're at the playground, two blocks from here.

CURLY: You tryin' to mess with me?

FANNY: I'm always happy to see a new customer.

CURLY: I ain't here to eat. You got someone hidin' here?

FANNY: Maybe you should look under the tables? I'd do it for you, but with my arthritis, I can't bend down so well anymore.

CURLY: *(bending to look and then standing)* There ain't nobody under none a' your tables.

FANNY: That's what I thought. Who are you looking for?

CURLY: A weasel, whose name is Harry.

FANNY: We don't permit dogs, cats, weasels or any other animals like that in here. The rules of the health department won't allow them. Have you tried the Central Park Zoo?

CURLY: My nose tells me your gonna be trouble.

FANNY: You're probably smelling the pickled herring. I can make you a platter or, if you prefer, a chopped liver sandwich on rye to go.

CURLY: I gotta weak stomach. Jewish food an' me don' get along so good.

FANNY: If you like corned beef and cabbage, I could make you a corned beef and coleslaw with mayonnaise on white bread.

CURLY: I tol' you I ain't here to eat. I'm lookin' for a guy named Harry.

FANNY: I have lots of customers named Harry. Can you tell me anything more about him? By any chance, do you know his Hebrew name?

CURLY: He ain't Jewish. He's Italian.

FANNY: Oh! That Harry. The one who has a sister, Rose? I haven't seen him for over three weeks.

CURLY: That's the guy.

FANNY: He's not welcome here anymore. We had a fight.

CURLY: About what?

FANNY: He hasn't paid the last three times he's been here. Said to put it on his account. I don't have enough business to carry customers like him.

CURLY: Sounds like Harry. How much does he owe you?

FANNY: Fifteen dollars.

CURLY: He owes me too...ten gran'.

FANNY: We both have the same problem. It's hard to do business with someone who doesn't pay his bills.

CURLY: Whatcha gonna do about it?

FANNY: I've decided to forget about what he owes me. I'm not chasing him for the money. If I were you, I'd write it off as a bad debt.

CURLY: Somethin's tellin' me you ain't bein' square with me. You hidin' Harry here?

FANNY: Where would I hide anyone?

CURLY: *(pointing to the door into the kitchen)* Maybe in there?

FANNY: That's the kitchen. I don't serve any customers there.

CURLY: You got the door locked?

FANNY: It's never locked, but you can't go in there if you're not kosher.

CURLY: Do I look Kosher? I'm Irish.

FANNY: That could be a problem. God has a bad temper. He might kill you if you went in there.

CURLY: You connin' me?

FANNY: Why would I do that?

CURLY: 'Cause maybe you don' wan' me to find him. I'm goin' in anyway.

FANNY: I wish you wouldn't. It wouldn't be good for business if you fell over dead in my kitchen. Let me look for you. (*opens kitchen door, looks in, turns back to CURLY*)

CURLY: Well?

FANNY: He's not in there.

CURLY: S'pose whatcha just said ain't true. I wasn't born t'morrow.

FANNY: You mean yesterday.

CURLY: That too.

FANNY: Just for you, I'll ask God to make an exception. You can look in there.

CURLY: (*walking into the kitchen and then coming out*) He ain't in there.

FANNY: Isn't that what I said?

CURLY: I wasn't sure you was tellin' the truth..

FANNY: Why would I lie to you? We're both on the same side.

CURLY: I'm feelin' better aboutcha now. We both got stiffed by Harry..

FANNY: Can I do anything else for you?

CURLY: (*pointing to the door to the staircase to Fanny's apartment*) Where's that go?

FANNY: Upstairs...to my private living space.

CURLY: Is it okay if I look up there?

FANNY: Excuse me! Did I hear you correctly?

CURLY: I jus' thought that maybe, when you wasn't looking, Harry could've sneaked—

FANNY: Are you serious?! You want to go into my private living space?!! Do I look like the kind of woman who meets a new man and immediately invites him up to where she lives? If my mother were still alive, she would be so ashamed.

CURLY: I didn't mean to cause no trouble b'tween you an' your mom—

FANNY: If you didn't, why would you even suggest going up to my apartment?

CURLY: I'm really sorry. I ain't gonna say nothing like that no more.

FANNY: I'm not sure I can forget it. I'll try, but I can't promise.

CURLY: I guess I better get movin'. I got an appointment with a new customer.

FANNY: Don't let me hold you up.

CURLY: If you find out what deli Harry's usin', wouldja let me know?

FANNY: Of course. How do I reach you?

CURLY: You know the Irish Pub?

FANNY: The one near Delancey?

CURLY: That's the joint. If I ain't there, leave a message with the bartender. When I catch Harry, I'll get your fifteen dollars back.

FANNY: That's very nice of you. I don't like losing all that money.

CURLY: *(starting to exit)* You're pretty special. I'm hopin' to get my girlfriend back, but if that don' work out, maybe you an' me could get to know each other.

FANNY: That's very kind, Curly. But, right now, I have my eyes set on someone else.

CURLY: I don' mean anythin' serious. We don' gotta do no stuff right away.

FANNY: Now, you're beginning to sound like a real gentleman. I'll keep it in mind.

*(CURLY leaves the Deli. FANNY opens the door to the staircase leading up to her apartment)*

FANNY: *(cont'd)* Why are you sitting on the steps? I expected you to go upstairs and hide up there. If Curly had opened the door—

HARRY: *(walking downstairs into the Deli)* I wanted to hear what you were telling him.

FANNY: That wasn't very smart.

HARRY: Are you dating someone?

FANNY: Not right now. The man is interested in another woman.

HARRY: Someone I know?

FANNY: Why?

HARRY: I would tell him you're very special.

FANNY: I'd just as soon you not. I'm sixty-five...an older woman.

HARRY: I'm seventy-one and I don't feel like an older man.

FANNY: It's different for a man. You have more choices. The only man interested in someone my age would have to be in his nineties and there aren't too many men that age, who can still dress themselves.

HARRY: Some lucky man is going to find you, and it's never too late for romance.

FANNY: Thanks, Harry. Now go back to your apartment...and don't forget to tell everything to Angel this evening.

HARRY: She'll never forgive me for keeping my problems with Curly a secret.

FANNY: Don't be so sure. When a woman has feelings, she can be very forgiving.

HARRY: I owe you an explanation.

FANNY: You don't have to explain.

HARRY: You're very sweet. *(moving toward and hugging FANNY)*

FANNY: I didn't expect that.

HARRY: I didn't either. I'm sorry.

FANNY: Don't apologize. Just get out of here before Curly comes back looking for you.

*(HARRY leaves.)*

*Lights fade. End of scene.*

SCENE 9

*AT RISE: Lights up in the Deli. Mid-morning, three days later. Fanny is packing cartons on one of the tables. Angel walks in.*

ANGEL: Can I help you with whatcher doin'?

FANNY: You can dry the dishes before I wrap them.

ANGEL: I'm really sorry you're closin'. I hope we're not gonna stop bein' friends.

FANNY: As long as I live in New York, we can have lunch once in a while. How's Harry doing?

ANGEL: Not too good. He tol' me all about him an' Curly.

FANNY: Were you surprised?

ANGEL: No way. Maybe you didn't know what I tol' Rose. I took care of Curly's books for almost ten years. I knew Harry was losin' lots a' money, bettin' with Curly.

FANNY: Can I get you coffee?

ANGEL: I already had some at the apartment. I got a meetin' with my boss at twelve, but first I'm meetin' Curly here.

FANNY: About Harry?

ANGEL: Sort of. But I need a favor. When he gets here, could you find some reason to go out...for maybe fifteen or twenty minutes?

FANNY: I have to go to the bank anyway. Will you be safe here all alone with Curly?

ANGEL: Oh, there ain't gonna be no problem. Curly's a pussy cat. In all them years I lived in his house, he never touched me... 'cept of course, when we was doin' stuff.

*(Through the window, CURLY can be seen approaching the door, carrying his baseball bat. FANNY walks to the door, opens it and CURLY enters.)*

CURLY: What's all them boxes for?

FANNY: I'm closing the Deli. There's no business anymore.

CURLY: You don' gotta do that. I could move my business from the Irish Pub an' meet my customers here. They could bet the horses here while they was havin' lunch.

FANNY: That's very kind of you, Curly, but this building is not zoned for gambling.

CURLEY: What's goin' on, Angel? You said Harry's gonna be here.

FANNY: Excuse me. I don't mean to interrupt. I have to go to the bank. Do you mind watching the store for me, Angel? *(exits)*

ANGEL: Sure, Fanny. Take your time.

ANGEL: Before we do any talkin', you can stick that bat in the umbrella stand over there.

CURLY: I don' wanna stick it no place.

ANGEL: You gonna hit me with it?

CURLY: Who said I'm usin' it for you? It's for Harry.

ANGEL: Harry ain't comin'.

CURLY: You promised you was bringin' him here when you called me on the phone.

ANGEL: I made it all up.

CURLY: Why was you lyin'?

ANGEL: 'Cause I wanted to make sure you was comin', so just put that bat away.

*(Reluctantly, Curly puts the baseball bat into the umbrella stand and returns to where Angel is seated.)*

ANGEL: Now you can sit down.



CURLY: I don' feel like sittin' down.

ANGEL: If you're gonna stand, we ain't talkin'.

CURLY: Then I guess we ain't gonna talk.

ANGEL: Then we ain't.

CURLY: *(slowly sitting)* I'm sittin'. Now what?

ANGEL: Don' rush me.

CURLY: You gonna say you're sorry an' wanna come back?

ANGEL: There ain't no way I'm movin' back. I only stayed so long 'cause I didn't have no other place to live.

CURLY: How come you let me do lots 'a stuff with you when you was livin' with me?

ANGEL: You let me stay with you for ten years an' I didn't have no money to pay rent. Doin' stuff with you was kind a' like payin' rent.

CURLY: You sayin' you never liked me?

ANGEL: I didn't say that. I don't want to upset you, but I'm someplace else now.

CURLY: I know you're someplace else. You ain't with me.

ANGEL: That ain't what I'm sayin'. When we was together, I was a different Angel. Harry's been helpin' me change.

CURLY: There ain't nothin' you gotta change for me.

ANGEL: He's helpin' me become a lady.

CURLY: Like how?

ANGEL: Like teachin' me how to set a table fer a party. Next, he's gonna teach me how to talk better.

CURLY: There ain't nothin' wrong with the way you talk. Come back an' I promise to treat you like a lady.

ANGEL: You ain't listenin'. I ain't comin' back.

CURLY: Then what're we doin' here? (*standing and walking toward the door*)

ANGEL: Where do you think you're goin'?

CURLY: The Irish Pub. We ain't got nothin' to talk about no more.

ANGEL: I don't think you wanna walk out a' here so fast. There's things you really gotta hear. So, get your Irish butt back here an' sit down.

CURLY: (*hesitates and turns back*) You never talked to me like that b'fore.

ANGEL: 'Cause you never said ya was goin to kill somebody.

CURLY: (*sitting down*) You got five minutes.

ANGEL: I got as much time as I need. You ain't makin' the rules no more.

CURLY: Who says so?

ANGEL: I say so.

CURLY: Whatcha wanna tell me?

ANGEL: You been tellin' Harry you're gonna kill him.

CURLEY: That's between me an' Harry. It ain't none a' your business.

ANGEL: Everythin' about Harry is my business. You ain't gonna do nothin' to hurt him.

CURLY: Geez, Angel! Don' get me all upset. I gotta kill him. I get pains in my stomach from thinkin' about what he done to me.

ANGEL: When we was t'gether, you always got pains in your stomach. Pourin' a tablespoonful of hot peppers on anythin' you eat is what makes you sick.

CURLY: It don' matter. I gotta get rid a' him. First it was the ten gran'. Then he goes an' steals you away from me.

ANGEL: Harry didn't steal nobody. I moved out b'fore I ever met him. He tol' me that you was the one who gave him my telephone number?

CURLY: That's 'cause him an' me made a deal.

ANGEL: Whatcha talkin' about?

CURLY: He was s'posed to talk you into comin' back to me.

ANGEL: I don' understand.

CURLY: I tol' him I'd forget what he owed me if, after he took you out on a couple a' dates, he'd send you back to me.

ANGEL: Whatcha think I am! A chocolate bar?!! You think you can just move me around like a piece of candy you're sharin' with everybody?!

CURLY: Why're you gettin' so mad?

ANGEL: I'm a person! You don' own me!

CURLY: I didn' say I owned you...jus' that you belong to me...not to Harry.

ANGEL: Ain't that the same thing?!

CURLY: Things for me ain't the same without you.

ANGEL: I already tol' you. You gotta find yourself a new Angel!

CURLY: I don' wanna new Angel.

ANGEL: Then I guess you ain't gettin' no one.

CURLY: Then I don' know what I'm doin' here.

ANGEL: You're here 'cause of what you said you're gonna do to Harry.

CURLY: You ain't stoppin' me.

ANGEL: When you hear what I gotta say, that's gonna stop you.

CURLY: Whatcha talkin' about?

ANGEL: Remember how you made me quit my dancin' job so I could take care a' your business records? You had two sets a' records. You was cheatin' your Vegas partners.

CURLY: Uh, oh! I think I'm hearin' somethin' I don' like.

ANGEL: You ain't gonna like what I seen in your books. You was sendin' your partners different numbers.

CURLY: I'm startin' to get them pains in my stomach again, an' not from hot peppers.

ANGEL: Your Vegas guys ain't gonna be very happy if they find out what I know.

CURLY: Geez, Angel! Why'd you have to remember what's in my books?

ANGEL: You was the one who asked me to take care a' them, an' you knew I had a good memory for numbers.

CURLY: Now...maybe...I gotta kill you, too.

ANGEL: Who else you gonna kill after Harry an' me? Fanny? Harry's sister, Rose?

CURLY: Why didja have to ask me that?

ANGEL: 'Cause you said yer thinkin a' killin me.

CURLY: You know I don' wanna do nothin' bad to you! I love you too much.

ANGEL: An' I still got feelin's for you, even though I don't wanna live with you.

CURLY: How come you're livin' with Harry?

ANGEL: I'm livin' with him 'cause you gave him my number. I know you ain't gonna understan', but it's been nice livin' with Harry. He's a real gentleman.

CURLY: Then, how am I gonna get my money?

ANGEL: Just say to yourself you made more money from Harry then from any other customer, an' you're givin' some of it back.

CURLY: That don' feel so good to me.

ANGEL: Gettin' your head blown off by a Vegas hit man is gonna feel worse.

CURLY: How do I know you ain't gonna tell them Vegas guys anyway...even if I don' do nothin' to Harry?

ANGEL: You think I'd do that?

CURLY: You jus' said you was gonna do that.

ANGEL: That's 'cause you said you was killin' Harry.

CURLY: Promise you ain't gonna tell nobody nothin'?

ANGEL: Cross my heart.

CURLY: An' hope to die?

ANGEL: I ain't sayin' nothin' about dyin'. Crossin' my heart's gonna be enough.

CURLY: Whatcha gonna tell Harry?

ANGEL: That's my business, but I ain't gonna say nothin' about your books.

CURLY: You gonna marry him?

ANGEL: That ain't none a' your business.

CURLY: I'll marry you.

ANGEL: How come you wouldn't marry me all those years, when I was livin' with you?

CURLY: I didn't know it was somethin' you really wanted.

ANGEL: I kept askin' you...almost a million times.

CURLY: You should a' asked me more.

ANGEL: I was scared you'd throw me out.

CURLY: You marry me now, I ain't gonna never throw you out.

ANGEL: Sorry, Curly. It's too late.

CURLY: 'Cause you're with Harry now?

ANGEL: I already tol' you a million times. Harry's my business.

CURLY: You better tell him somethin' for me. I don' want him callin' me no more to do any bettin'.

ANGEL: There ain't no way Harry's gamblin' no more.

CURLY: I ain't happy about it, but you can tell him he don' owe me no more money. An' if he ain't nice to you, I'm gonna kill him again.

ANGEL: I gotta tell you somethin'.

CURLY: About Harry?

ANGEL: About you.

CURLY: Whatcha gonna tell me about me that I don' already know?

ANGEL: I don' wanna upset you, but there's lots you don' know aboutcher self. Do you remember how old you are? You're seventy-two. I saw it on your baptism certificate.

CURLY: Why're you lookin' at my private papers?

ANGEL: It's not private. You had it framed an' it's hangin' on the wall next to your baby picture in your bedroom.

CURLY: So what, if I'm seventy-two?

ANGEL: You ain't gettin' any younger.

CURLY: Whatcha tryin' to tell me?

ANGEL: You don' do so good by yourself.

CURLY: I been by myself for almost three months now.

ANGEL: An' you're fallin' apart. Most men don' do good by themselves. A man needs a girlfriend, so he don' fall apart. I'm not comin' back, so you gotta find another Angel.

CURLY: Where am I gonna find that Angel?

ANGEL: You jus' have to look. But she don' have to be as young as me.

CURLY: I'll try.

ANGEL: But you can't do what you was doin' with me.

CURLY: I didn't never do nothin' bad to you.

ANGEL: You didn't notice me. It was like I was the same as one a' your chairs.

CURLY: Did Harry teach you to say that?

HARRY: Harry don' even know we're meeting here.

CURLY: Even if I find one, I ain't never forgettin' about you.

ANGEL: You're really a sweet guy. I hope we ain't never gonna stop bein' friends. You don' have to sit here no more.

*(CURLY and ANGEL walk to the door. He puts out his hand to shake her hand. She takes his face in her hands and kisses him on his cheek. He picks up his baseball bat, smiles at her and exits.)*

*Lights fade. End of scene.*

## SCENE 10

*AT RISE: Lights up. It is early afternoon, three days later. Fanny is sitting alone in the Deli.*

ANGEL: *(entering)* Where's Rose?

FANNY: She called to say she'll be here soon.

FANNY: Look outside, through the window. Harry's arriving...very slowly. He keeps turning to look behind...like someone is following him.

HARRY: *(entering, still wearing disguise)* Quick, Fanny! Lock the door.

FANNY: Why?

HARRY: Curly could show up at any time. I was sure I saw him following me.

ANGEL: Why're you wearin' them clothes. It ain't rainin' in here. An' what's that funny lookin' piece of hair under your nose?

HARRY: What's it look like? It's my moustache.

ANGEL: It wasn't on your face this morning. Hair don' grow that fast.

HARRY: It's fake...part of my disguise to fool Curly.

ANGEL: It makes you look like one of them animals that they feed fish to in the zoo.

FANNY: I have to agree with Angel. It's not your best look.

ANGEL: You ain't foolin' nobody.

HARRY: *(removing his hat, coat and moustache)* Why are we meeting, Angel? If Curly sees me on the streets...I hate to think about what he'll do.

FANNY: A taxi just stopped in front of the Deli.

HARRY: I warned you! Curly's got all the cab drivers working for him. Where can I hide?



FANNY: It's not Curly. It's Rose! Angel, open the door. (*ANGEL opens the door*)

ROSE: (*entering*) Sorry I'm late. Why are you all standing with your mouths open?

HARRY: You live so close. Since when do you spend money on a taxi to come here?

ROSE: I spent the night at Curly's house and I wasn't about to walk from there.

HARRY: And you wanted me to be committed?

ROSE: It's all because of you, Harry. I went to the Irish Pub last evening to pay the balance you owe to Curly. He's a lovely man...nothing like you described. Reminds me of my Mario. Not physically, but there's something about him —

HARRY: Pinch me, Fanny. I think I'm having a nightmare.

ROSE: He said you don't owe him anything. He's retiring from the gambling business. We had dinner at the Pub, and he told me his whole life story. He became very successful on his own. Can you believe? He's only two years younger than me.

FANNY: Excuse me for asking, but how did you end up at his house?

ROSE: After dinner, he took me there. He has a collection of gambling antiques...two roulette wheels and five slot machines from a casino that was torn down. He even has the original pair of dice from the first production of *Guys and Dolls*.

ANGEL: Them machines and the dice got a lot of use when I was livin' with him. Guys used to come over and they'd buy chips from him. An' Curly was always smilin' when the party was over.

HARRY: I wonder why he never invited me?

ROSE: It's probably because the parties were only for grown-ups.

FANNY: Rose!

ROSE: Sorry. I couldn't resist it. I've been saving that line for years.

HARRY: Finish your story.

ROSE: It was so late in the evening, he asked me to stay overnight.

HARRY: You didn't –

ROSE: What do you think I am, Harry? I wouldn't even let Mario kiss me until our fifth date. Curly has a beautiful guest bedroom, and he was a perfect gentleman. He wants to see me again this evening. He even talked about taking me on a Mediterranean cruise next summer, with stops at four different ports in Italy.

HARRY: Are you sure you weren't with his twin brother?

ROSE: Don't be silly. He's very fond of you. It was all an act to convince you to stop gambling.

HARRY: You're making me crazy. There's no way I'll ever bet again.

FANNY: I'm waiting, Harry.

HARRY: For what?

FANNY: When's the last time you thanked your sister?

HARRY: Curly's the one I should thank.

ANGEL: Come on, Harry. Stop actin' like a baby. You always said, when we was alone, that you're so lucky you got Rose as your sister.

HARRY: Thanks a lot, Angel. You promised to keep that a secret...okay, Rose – thanks for saving my life.

ROSE: You're welcome Harry.

ANGEL: That's better.

ROSE: Excuse me, Angel. You called this meeting and I upstaged you. Why did you ask us to meet today?

ANGEL: I'm havin' a baby.

ROSE: (*crossing herself*) On my mother's grave, I'm not praying for you anymore. You'll never change, Harry. You just can't stay out of trouble.

ANGEL: Oh no! Harry ain't the daddy. He an' I never did no stuff. We don' even gotta share any rooms 'cause his apartment has two bedrooms an' two baths.

ROSE: Who is the father, unless it's a secret.

ANGEL: It ain't no secret. After movin' in with Harry, I fell in a doin' stuff kinda love.

FANNY: With whom?

ANGEL: My boss.

ROSE: With Norma?

ANGEL: She ain't my boss. She's jus' the owner. Her nephew, Tony, runs the shop. He's really good looking, an' it didn't take long before we started doin' stuff t'gether.

ROSE: Are the two of you getting married?

ANGEL: Not yet. First, we'll just keep doin' stuff and then we can decide if we want to.

ROSE: How old is he?

ANGEL: Three days younger than me.

FANNY: He sounds just perfect.

ANGEL: Except for Harry, I never knew anybody so nice to me.

HARRY: It's nice that someone appreciates me.

FANNY: I appreciate you more today than I did yesterday.

ANGEL: I don' think Harry changed that fast.

FANNY: Yes he has.

ROSE: I guess I'm still old fashioned. Today's young men and women do things we never would do, and then accidents happen.

ANGEL: This wasn't no accident. We was tryin' to get pregnant.

ROSE: I guess you'll have to get used to having a baby in your apartment, Harry.

HARRY: I'm going to love it.

ANGEL: Sorry, Harry. I never even knew my mommy and daddy. Tony an' me wanna be a real mommy and daddy for the baby. I'm movin' in with Tony, but you can visit.

ROSE: Do you know if you're having a girl or boy?

ANGEL: She's a she, an' Tony wants to name her Angel.

FANNY: I hope she gets your genes.

ANGEL: They ain't gonna fit her until she gets bigger.

HARRY: That's not what Fanny means...forget it. It's going to take too long to explain.

ROSE: When are you moving into Tony's?

ANGEL: Next week. Tony's gotta big apartment and we're fixin' up a room for the baby.

ROSE: I guess that means you'll have a spare bedroom and bath, Harry.

HARRY: What's that mean?

ROSE: It's just a thought. I have a friend who's just sold her deli and needs a place to live.

ANGEL: Your friend sounds just like Fanny.

FANNY: I think Rose means me.

ANGEL: Oh. I wasn't sure, but now I understand.

ROSE: So, Fanny, what do you think?

ANGEL: Harry's apartment's really nice.

HARRY: Don't I have anything to say about it?

FANNY: Don't you want me to move in, Harry?

HARRY: Did I say anything like that?

ROSE: So, what's your answer, Harry.

HARRY: Don't rush me. It's a big decision.

ANGEL: You're gonna be all alone if Rose is gonna spend a lot a' time with Curly.

ROSE: And Fanny's even neater than you.

HARRY: It's probably okay. But there's one thing. You've never seen my apartment. The room Angel was using is not very large. Do you mind that?

FANNY: It will be fine for guests.

HARRY: Where do you expect to sleep?

FANNY: I was hoping we'd share your bedroom.

HARRY: I only have one queen-sized bed.

FANNY: It sounds just perfect for doing stuff.

THE END