

4
Adam Harwick
Minerva Pinney

LEGEND OF SARAH Prologue
by Gow & d'Ussau

A. What in God's name do you think you're doing?

M. I'm packing! Don't you have any eyes in your head? I'm packing!

A. Well, you can stop packing! Stop it right now!

M. Out of my way!

A. You're being ridiculous! It's late and hotels are expensive.

M. I'm not going to a hotel. I'm going home.

A. Good grief! Home to mother! Minerva Pinney returns to mama and the ancestral homestead! You disappoint me darling. This started out as a good honest row--but now you're being commonplace.

M. I'm not your darling and I never want to see you again and please go in the other room!

~~A. And don't cry for me, heaven, don't cry! Tears will get you nowhere. You never, look away.~~

M. Adam, why didn't you pay the light bill? I gave you the money.

A. How many times do I have to tell you? I forgot! I completely forgot!

M. But you spent the money.

A. Of course I spent the money. If I find ten dollars in my pocket and I need books, I buy the books. What's wrong with that? Besides I can take them out of my income tax.

M. What income? You can't even get an advance from your publisher any more. They printed three thousand copies of your last book, and two thousand are being remaindered in the drug stores.

A. Don't be a snob. I write for the people; and where do you find the people? In the drug stores.

M. Adam Harwick, the great historian. "A lipstick, a tube of toothpaste, and a forty-nine cent biography of Aaron Burr. Will there be anything else, Madame?"

A. I should cut you up and put you into that suitcase, limb by limb. But I won't. I'll give you another chance. When I have finished my new book, I hope you'll have the decency to revise your superficial opinion of my work.

M. Sorry, Adam. I'm not waiting for the new book. Which at the rate you've been working, will be finished about 1973. Cockroach!

A. I've got him!

M. I've had enough. I'm sick of New York; I'm sick of this apartment; and I think I'm beginning to be sick of you.

A. Now, Minnie--

M. On second thought, I know I'm sick of you. And if you can bear to hear the absolute truth, I'm tired of supporting you.

A. Sure you've supported me! If I had the money, and you didn't have any, I'd support you. And I don't think I'd be so ill-mannered as to whine about it.

M. Whine? I've never whined!!

A. Minnie, stop shouting!

M. And I'm not shouting!

A. I'd hate to think that vulgar tone you're now using is your natural voice. ~~_____~~ ^{slap him}
You struck me. Remember that--you struck me! Shall I strike her back? ~~_____~~ No; never! Obviously I must try to reason with her... Now, Minnie, my dear--~~_____~~ (whinn) Ouch!

M. Right now I want some peace and some quiet. Some tranquility. A little order in my life, pray God.

A. Do you think in Pinneyfield you'll find all that?

M. In Pinneyfield people behave like human beings. They get married, and have children, and go to church on Sundays. And live in clean houses.

A. Yes I know; and pay their light bills... But that's not really why you want to go home. Why don't you come right out with it? Your pride is hurt. You got fired from your job last week and you can't take it. You're chicken.

M. There's a train at nine-thirty. I'll just make it.

A. I'm surprised at you Minnie. I thought you had guts. What happened to that girl who was going to set the publishing business on its ear? Who was going to discover tomorrow's Walt Whitman, tomorrow's Mark Twain?

M. I'm taking the toe-nail scissors.

A. Sure, let's say you can recognize talent and your boss can't. But did you have to call him a "spineless nincompoop"? Was that exactly diplomatic?

M. But I was right! You know damn well I was right!

A. How childish! Even you should know that when you're right is when the boss hates you most. It gives him an inferiority complex. He has to fire you.

3.
M. But he was paying me to tell him the truth.

A. Ah, the truth! Haven't you learned by now that nobody wants to be told the truth unless he's already discovered it for himself?...And anyway, you've got to abandon this superior attitude. Can't you realize that neither I, nor your boss, nor anyone else in New York gives a hoot in hell that you're the direct descendant of Sarah Pinney? Nevertheless, you're my girl, Minnie, and I love you. Now let's unpack your things--very calmly--

M. Put those things back!

A. --then we'll go out to dinner--

M. You know my address. I don't care to hear from you, but if there's any mail, I'd appreciate your forwarding it.

A. -- I think we'll have a couple of drinks before dinner--and after dinner we'll come back here and--

M. And then you'll make love to me and everything will be just dandy. No, thanks. Definitely, no, thanks.

A. Ah, baby-- (~~putting things back~~)

M. Stay away! Good Lord, the sublime ego of the male who thinks he can cure any woman's unhappiness by going to bed with her.

A. An idea occurs to me. Suppose we get married?

M. Married!

A. Of course, it wasn't part of our bargain--but I'm perfectly willing--if it would bring into your life any of that tranquility--that serenity--

M. Get out of here! I'm warning you, get out of here!

A. Get out of here? I thought you were going!

M. I am!

A. And you'll come back. (~~she throws back~~) You can't live without me. You'll come back.

M. Not if I live to be eighty and die a spinster! (~~she~~)

A. (~~she is ducking flying objects~~) oh, yes you will! You love me!

M. Don't I though! I love you! (~~she~~) I love you! (~~she~~) I love you! (~~she~~)

curtain