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too much, takes a scoop shovel from the tool box, scoops up the wasp, closes the door, drops the wasp in the ashtray on the coffee table, sets the aerosol can and shovel on the coffee table, sits, lights a cigarette, takes one puff while studying the wasp, glances at her stings, and without thought touches the wasp with the cigarette. Enter RAUL.)

RAUL. Joe? Hey, Joe? It's me. O. How ya doin? Joe in?

MARJORIE. *(rising quickly, tying her robe)* There's no Joe here.

RAUL. He said he'd be in.

MARJORIE. No Joe lives here.

RAUL. O.

MARJORIE. You always just walk in people's houses?

RAUL. O, I'm sorry. Excuse me. I'm really sorry.

MARJORIE. It's ok.

RAUL. Have a good day.

MARJORIE. You too.

RAUL. Thank you very much.

MARJORIE. You're welcome.

RAUL. You live here?

MARJORIE. Good guess.

RAUL. What, Joe move out?

MARJORIE. Joe who?

RAUL. Joe—I forget.

MARJORIE. There never was any Joe here.

RAUL. What's this, all one house, or apartments?

MARJORIE. All one house.

RAUL. He said he had a room here.

MARJORIE. Apparently he lied.

RAUL. Yeah, him or somebody else.

MARJORIE. I'm sorry, you have to go.

Start

2

RAUL. Can I use the phone, please?

MARJORIE. No, I'm sorry.

RAUL. Can I use your cell? My cell died and I need to make a call.

MARJORIE. Cell phones don't work here. High tension wires.

RAUL. Whattaya mean?

MARJORIE. The power lines outside kill cell phones here.

RAUL. But why can't I use your other phone?

MARJORIE. Because it's not my phone.

RAUL. Whose phone is it?

MARJORIE. It's really none of your business. Have a good day.

RAUL. Thank you. You too.

MARJORIE. Thank you.

RAUL. Just one call.

MARJORIE. No, you have to go.

RAUL. *(stroking the bicycle seat so gently)* You ride a bike?

MARJORIE. No, I use it to collect dust. There's the door.

RAUL. I know where the door is. You don't have to tell me where the door is. This is a real bitch. The guy owes me alotta money. Said come pick it up.

MARJORIE. Well there's no Joe here.

RAUL. You sure, sweetheart?

MARJORIE. Maybe my husband knows. He's upstairs.

RAUL. Why don't you ask him, babe?

MARJORIE. He's busy right now.

RAUL. Busy.

MARJORIE. Sleeping.

RAUL. Sleeping.

MARJORIE. He's a cop.

RAUL. No kidding?

MARJORIE. And I have to wake him up in five minutes for work.

RAUL. Shh! You might wake him up.

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10 EXTREMITIES

MARJORIE: You better go now.
RAUL: Cop, eh? Go ask him if he knows a guy named Joe.

MARJORIE: I told you he's sleeping.

RAUL: I dropped Joe off at this house last week.

MARJORIE: I think you have the wrong house.

RAUL: No. This house. He's about six two. Rides a Triumph. Red beard. Wears cowboy boots. Short guy.

MARJORIE: There's no guy here.

RAUL: Except the cop.

MARJORIE: Honey, come down here please?

RAUL: Boy, that cop's a sound sleeper.

MARJORIE: Honey?

RAUL: What's amatter?

MARJORIE: Honey.

RAUL: Just like a cop: never there when ya need 'em.

MARJORIE: Honey!

RAUL: Honey! Honey! What's amatter wit him? Maybe he ain't here. Maybe you're tellin me alittle lie eh, pretty momma? Maybe you think I scare easy. Go ahead. Go for the door. Let's see who's faster. So whered's the other two chicks that live here?

MARJORIE: Kitchen.

RAUL: House full of people, and when you hollar, nobody comes. *(She bolts for the door; he cuts her off.)*

MARJORIE: Get out!

RAUL: You got a lousy bunch of friends.

MARJORIE: Get out right now!

RAUL: Take it easy, lovely. I saw the other two chicks leave this morning. The one wit the ratty car should get here about five-thirty. The one wit specs, 'bout six. Today's gonna be a triple header.

MARJORIE: Get out!

(Long pause. RAUL goes to door, looks at MARJORIE, laughs, goes to phone, rips the wire out. Then he takes her cell phone and smashes it with his foot.)
RAUL: Your move.

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EXTREMITIES

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MARJORIE: I'm expecting people anytime now. Anytime.

RAUL: No kidding? Dressed like that? Mind if I stick around for the fun? Your move.

MARJORIE: Don't touch me!

RAUL: Don't fight me. I don't want to hurt you. You're too sweet to hurt. Be nice. You smell pretty. Is that your sister or the perfume? Be nice. Wanna take a shower together first? I'll soap you up. Real good? Flip me another smile, babe. I'm gonna fuel you frontways, backways, sideways, and ways you never heard of. *(She runs. He latches onto her hair, brings her down, mounts her, forces a pillow to her face. We hear her muffled screams.)* You gonna be nice?

MARJORIE: *(muffled)* Yes!

RAUL: You sure?

MARJORIE: *(muffled)* Yes!

RAUL: You sure?

MARJORIE: *(muffled)* Yes!

RAUL: You sure?

MARJORIE: *(muffled)* Yes!

RAUL: You sure?

MARJORIE: *(muffled)* Yes!

RAUL: You sure?

MARJORIE: *(muffled)* Yes!

RAUL: You sure?

MARJORIE: *(muffled)* Yes!

RAUL: You sure?

MARJORIE: *(muffled)* Yes!

RAUL: You sure?

MARJORIE: *(muffled)* Yes!

RAUL: You sure?

MARJORIE: *(muffled)* Yes!

RAUL: You sure?

MARJORIE: *(muffled)* Yes!

RAUL: You sure?

MARJORIE: *(muffled)* Yes!

RAUL: You sure?

MARJORIE: *(muffled)* Please don't kill me!

RAUL: Can't hear you.

MARJORIE: *(muffled)* Please! Don't kill me!

RAUL: If you're nice! Be nice! *(removing the pillow)* You don't want me to do it again, eh? *(shaking her head no)* Maybe you like to get hurt, eh? *(Shaking her head no. Pause. He smothers her again out of whim. She goes*