

The Visitor

Arthur S. Keyser





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THE VISITOR

by Arthur S. Keyser

CAST

HARRY GOLDSTEIN: Seventy-seven years old.

ROSE GOLDSTEIN: Harry's wife, seventy-two years old.

SAM JACOBS: Harry's lawyer, sixty-three years old.

DIANA QUINN- GOLDSTEIN: Late thirties, daughter-in-law of Harry and Rose.

Place

A bedroom on the second floor of an upper middle class suburban home.

Time

Mid-afternoon on a weekday.

At Rise: HARRY is sitting in bed, wearing pajamas. There is a small chair in the room. He leans over to an end table, pulls out a drawer and after fumbling through its contents, he closes the drawer without having found what he was seeking.

HARRY: *(calling out in a loud voice)* Rose!

(Hearing no answer, he calls out in a louder voice.)

HARRY: Rose! I need you! Now!

(Rose walks into the bedroom.)

ROSE: I heard you. You don't have to yell.

HARRY: If I didn't yell, it would take you six hours to get up here.

ROSE: I was busy.

HARRY: You'll have plenty of time to be busy after I'm dead. Did you take my cigarettes from the drawer?

ROSE: Of course I did. Do you think they just walked out by themselves?

HARRY: Put them back.

ROSE: You heard what the doctor said. Cigarettes cause lung cancer.

HARRY: I'm dying from pancreatic cancer! If I'm lucky, I have five, six weeks. Who cares if I get lung cancer after I'm buried in the cemetery?

ROSE: I'm not listening to that talk. The doctor is trying a new medicine -- and don't tell me it's not going to work. You shouldn't be smoking when you're on a new treatment.

HARRY: If I knew, fifty years ago, when I asked you to marry me, that you would take away my cigarettes when I would be too sick to fight back--

ROSE: You would what?

HARRY: I don't know. I'm too sick to think of a good answer.

ROSE: For fifty years, you've been saying you're sick when you can't think of a good answer.

HARRY: I can't understand why I haven't heard from Sam. I called him and left a message.

ROSE: He's here. Downstairs.

HARRY: What's he doing downstairs? I said I wanted to see him.

ROSE: He only got here fifteen minutes ago. He's talking to Pauline and Marvin.

HARRY: Why are they here?

ROSE: What's the matter? You don't want your daughter and son-in-law to say goodbye?

HARRY: Why are they saying goodbye if you think I'm not dying?

ROSE: I didn't want to take any chances, so I asked them to visit.

HARRY: They can visit...but I don't want Marvin talking to my lawyer. Sam charges by the minute and he'll bill me for his time, talking to Marvin. Tell Sam to come up here now. By himself!

(ROSE walks over to the doorway and in a loud voice, she calls out.)

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Now, buy the entire play – such fun!