

# **SEND NOT TO KNOW FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS**

By Albi Gorn

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

CONRAD  
ANTOINETTE

*(A couple in bed. There is the sound of the downstairs buzzer)*

CONRAD: *(Waking)* What was that?

ANTOINETTE: *(Waking)* The buzzer, downstairs.

CONRAD: What time is it? *(Turns on light)* God, it's two a.m. Who would be buzzing at two a.m.?

ANTOINETTE: Someone that wants to get in.

CONRAD: Come on, Toni. It's two a.m. Who would be visiting us at two a.m.?

ANTOINETTE: It's probably some kids.

CONRAD: At two a.m.? Don't they have school tomorrow? Why can't they just break into cars like normal kids?

ANTOINETTE: I guess you better see if there really is somebody down there.

CONRAD: God, this is ridiculous. *(As he gets up and leaves room)* First night in a month I get to sleep before midnight. I have a report due and Slusarski wants me to see him...*(His voice trails off. Finally he returns and gets into bed without saying anything. He looks disturbed)*

ANTOINETTE: Well?

CONRAD: Well, there was somebody down there.

ANTOINETTE: Who?

CONRAD: You know that intercom. I could hardly make it out. Kind of garbled and high-pitched. Who do we know who's garbled and high-pitched?

ANTOINETTE: Truman Capote. *(Beat)* So? That's it? You didn't find out who it was? Somebody comes to visit us at two a.m. and you didn't find out who it was?

CONRAD: Relax. God, you have like zero patience.

ANTOINETTE: What do you mean relax? Tell me who it is and I'll relax.

CONRAD: I don't know who it is.

ANTOINETTE: Then what the fuck does patience have to do with it?

CONRAD: If you had any patience you'd wait.

ANTOINETTE: Wait for what?

CONRAD: Until he comes up.

ANTOINETTE: YOU BUZZED HIM IN?

CONRAD: How else can we find out who it is?

ANTOINETTE: Are you nuts? He could be a serial killer. Worse, he could be a Jehovah's Witness. I can't believe you. Why would you do that?

CONRAD: It might be important — it might be — *(He looks at her a beat)* Look, there's something I haven't told you.

ANTOINETTE: What? I'm getting very nervous.

CONRAD: Before he comes up, I — you know I've been working with Theresa on that tape —

ANTOINETTE: Right, right, a montage of our Hampton's videos.

CONRAD: I mean we all agreed, you, me, Theresa, Frank, that it could be really funny to edit them together with a funny soundtrack —

ANTOINETTE: Is it any wonder I have no patience. I was there when we decided to do this, Connie. Get to the point.

CONRAD: Well, since Theresa's studio is right near my office, I've been spending a lot of time there after work, as you know, and I guess Frank, well, he's gotten a little jealous.

ANTOINETTE: *(Beat)* Jealous of what? You and Theresa?

CONRAD: Yeah. Now, of course there's nothing going on —

ANTOINETTE: Of course.

CONRAD: — but you know Frank, he doesn't miss a trick. And once he gets something into his head there's no talking to him —

ANTOINETTE: Frank?

CONRAD: Yeah.

ANTOINETTE: Frankie Pugliese?

CONRAD: Yeah.

ANTOINETTE: Frank who never made it out of 1956 with all those stupid baseball cards and Dodgers trivia he collects? The only way he'd know if you were screwing his wife is if you were doing it on top of Pee Wee Reese. That was Frank downstairs?

CONRAD: I don't know, I tell you. I couldn't make it out. It could have been. And you're wrong about Frank. He's been very, well, demonstrative about his jealousy, with Theresa, and with me and I —

ANTOINETTE: There's something wrong here. I don't like the way you're acting.

CONRAD: Acting?

ANTOINETTE: You're trying to set me up, aren't you?

CONRAD: What?

ANTOINETTE: You're trying to set me up, get me nervous. Ever since that night in Amagansett —

CONRAD: Oh, please, forget that already, will you?

ANTOINETTE: You won't let me. You don't have the guts, like most men, to come to me directly with your feelings and so you act out your anger in these stupid games. Nothing happened.

CONRAD: I know nothing happened.

ANTOINETTE: We got lost, I don't know how, Frankie kept insisting he knew the way, you know how he is once he makes up his mind, and we got lost. And that was it.

CONRAD: Fine. You got lost. Nothing happened. *(Beat)* For five hours.

ANTOINETTE: You are jealous. I knew it.

CONRAD: I'm not jealous.

ANTOINETTE: Nothing happened between me and Frank.

CONRAD: I don't care if nothing happened between you and Frank. I'm talking about nothing happened between me and Theresa.

ANTOINETTE: You probably got one of your stooges at work to ring our bell, then you come in with this cockamamie story about "it sounds like his voice" trying to intimidate me into —

CONRAD: You're getting hysterical. I'm telling you I don't know if it's Frank or not but it —

ANTOINETTE: Oh yeah? Then where is he? Where is Frankie boy? It's been ten minutes. Even with that fucking elevator he should have been here by now. Where is he?

CONRAD: *(Nervous)* I don't know. You're right, he should have been here by now. *(The following two conversations should overlap to the point where neither is paying attention to the other)*

ANTOINETTE: Look, Conrad, it won't work. It was a hot, humid night. That stupid Yugo of his has no air conditioning, and there was no room anyway. I admit I was angry with you that night, but unlike you, I came directly to you with my feelings. I

CONRAD: Toni, this is a Pugliese we're talking about. His father was a made member of the Lucchese Family. They have this thing about honor. They Sandy Amoroses, but that night in that car, the sweat pouring off both of us —

kill you if you look at them the wrong way, forget about looking at their wives. He was definitely on edge when I talked to him this afternoon. He said it was clumsy attempt to — okay, yes, I admit think he's cute, sitting there with those little Duke Sniders and Carl Furillos and Roy Campanella dying, but I tell you she must have said something to him. You're right about him being in a fog.

I don't know what she could have said, Toni. It was nothing —

TOGETHER: One little kiss, that's all it was, one little kiss.  
*(They stare at each other. A beat. The phone rings. Silence. It rings again. ANTOINETTE picks it up)*

ANTOINETTE: Hello? Yes. Oh. Oh, I see.

CONRAD: Is it Frank?

ANTOINETTE: No, it's quite alright, we're happy to know. We were up anyway. We were just sitting here wondering who it might be.

CONRAD: Is it Theresa looking for Frank?

ANTOINETTE: How did you know it was our — aren't you clever. No. That's really all right, these things happen. Yes. Goodnight. *(She hangs up)*

CONRAD: Well?

ANTOINETTE: It wasn't Frank. It wasn't even Truman Capote.

CONRAD: Who was it?

ANTOINETTE: Now who doesn't have patience?

CONRAD: Tell me who it was or I'll tell your father what you said in couples last Thursday.

ANTOINETTE: 17B.

CONRAD: What?

ANTOINETTE: The guy in 17B.

CONRAD: What guy in 17B?

ANTOINETTE: The Rob Lowe lookalike.

CONRAD: I don't know any Rob Lowe lookalike. I don't even know what the fuck Rob Lowe looks like.

ANTOINETTE: You know him. He always says hello in the elevator. The one with the malamute.

CONRAD: Who cares what kind of car he drives.

ANTOINETTE: I'm telling you you know him. He's gay, he's always flirting with you.

CONRAD: The one with the AIDS ribbon? He's not gay. He's a fucking liberal. And he's not flirting with me, he's flirting with you.

ANTOINETTE: What do you mean he's not gay? He rents black and white films, for God's sake.

CONRAD: Forget about what he rents. What did he want?

ANTOINETTE: He was apologizing. You know the way the bells are downstairs, you can't read the names and you can barely read the numbers. Some friend of his from Italy mistook 19B with 17B. So he was calling to apologize.

CONRAD: This Tom Cruise lookalike.

ANTOINETTE: Rob Lowe.

CONRAD: And it wasn't Frank.

ANTOINETTE: Nope. *(Beat)* Isn't Frank in Chicago this week?

CONRAD: Oh, yeah. I forgot. Uh — *(They look at each other)* About Frank —

ANTOINETTE: Leave it alone, Connie. Trust me

CONRAD: *(Beat)* Yeah. *(Beat)* Yeah, you're right. Well, goodnight.

ANTOINETTE: Goodnight.

*(She turns out light. There is a moment of silence. The downstairs buzzer rings again. After a moment they both sit up and start talking simultaneously as the lights fade)*

CONRAD: Toni, it's a disease, and I promise to go into counseling starting tomorrow. I only bet football, never the horses, and these guys, just a couple of hundred will satisfy them for a couple of weeks until this project comes through and I can pay them off and put it behind me —

ANTOINETTE: I don't know how it started, it just seemed so peaceful and simple, and he had such a kind face but when they asked me to sell flowers on the street, I don't know. But they have these deprogrammers, right, that can help me? I mean if I just had a little help I could overcome this and put it behind me —

— end of play —