

*AT RISE: The faint light of Pre-dawn illumines the outside staircase landing, where SIDNEY sits. The silence of the great sleeping city is accentuated by the occasional moan of a foghorn, the whir of tires or clatter of a milktruck. The apartment is dark, except for the Sign in the window half-lit from the street outside. SIDNEY picks up his banjo and begins to pick it.*

IRIS: Sid--? (*He does not reply or even hear her.*) Sidney? (*She switches on lamp, opens door and leans out.*) What are you doing outside? You'll wake the neighbors.

SIDNEY: Come on up. Listen! Do you hear the brook? There is nothing like clear brook water at daybreak.

IRIS: (*charmed in spite of herself*) You'll catch cold, Sidney. It's too early for games. Come to bed.

SIDNEY: No, Iris. Come on up. (*She does.*)

IRIS: It really gets to you, doesn't it? You'd like to live right here, in the woods, wouldn't you? (*Sidney nods*) And you're afraid to ask me, aren't you? (*no answer*) Afraid I'd look around at the pines and the brook and say, "Here? *Live?!'*" (*they laugh*) And the worst of it is you'd be right. I would say exactly that. I'm sorry, Sid. Your mountain girl has turned

into an urban wastelander. I feel like watching television. I feel like sitting in a stupid movie--or even a nightclub, a real stupid nightclub with dirty jokes and bad dancers and--

SIDNEY: Iris, listen! Listen to the woods. Let's go for a walk.

IRIS: It's too cold. And dark. And the woods frighten me.

SIDNEY: All right then, let's go into the cabin and I'll make us a bang-up fire and some of the hottest coffee ever brewed--(*she just looks at him*) You just want to go back to the city, don't you?

IRIS: Yes.

SIDNEY: You really hate it here?

IRIS: Yes. (*quietly*) Sid, I was born in country like this, the real thing. I mean you didn't drive out somewhere to *see* it. You just sat down on the back porch and there it was. Something to run from, to get the hell away from as fast as you could. When I got off that train from Trenersville I sure knew one thing: I wanted things--a life--men--as different from Oklahoma and --Papa as possible. Papa was so crude and stupid...You know, I never heard my father make an abstract thought in his life, and, well, he had plenty of time to think, if you know what I mean. Didn't work that steady. And each of us, I think we've sort of grown up wanting some part of Papa that we thought was missing in him. I wanted somebody who could, well, think. Mavis wanted somebody steady and ordinary. And Gloria, well, you know--rich men. I know you're going to say that's parlor analysis, and it is, but--SIDNEY; No, Iris. I'm listening. I really am. I am listening to you.

IRIS: And now something is happening, changing me. Sidney, I am 29 and I want to know that when I die more than ten or a hundred people will know the

difference. I want to *make* it, Sid. Whatever that means and however it meant it: that's what I want. *(He is nodding; for the moment, he genuinely understands.)* Anyhow, what does it do for you, Sid? To come up here and talk to your--your--?

SIDNEY: My trolls.

IRIS: Yeah. Trolls. 'Cause I tried having a few words with 'em, and like what they had to say to me was nothing.

SIDNEY: I love you very much.

IRIS: *(taking his hand)* Take me into the cabin. *(He picks her up and they start in—but abruptly the clatter of Garbage cans and the grinding roar of a garbage truck are heard.)* Sidney, it's Tuesday: you've got to move the car!