

# Hatful of Rain

**CARL**

Welcome home

**KURT**

Did Celia go to work?

**CARL**

It's ten in the morning, she starts at nine – She's not here, so figure it out for yourself

**KURT**

I was out all night

**CARL**

No kidding!

**KURT**

You know whats happening?

**CARL**

I read the papers. Where've you been?

**KURT**

All over

**CARL**

Where all over?

**KURT**

All over....Harlem, Lower East side...everybody's disappeared.

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**CARL**

It will all blow over in a few weeks

**KURT**

No, no, they dropped the net, Carl they're starting to tie the knot. Every pusher in the city's vanished. (pause) Look, Carl....I was luck. I met Gino. I told him to hold some for me...I have to get to him in fifteen minutes

**CARL**

Who fixed you last night?

**KURT**

Churchie - I stopped over at his place. He gave me half of his. Enough to carry me through the night. But I am thin now, Carl.

**CARL**

I told you yesterday all, the cupboards are bare, and that's all there is to it. If I inherited the Chrysler building right now I wouldn't give you another dime.

**KURT**

Don't start lecturing me now. All I need is twenty bucks and he won't do business on credit.

**CARL**

Take the dishes out and sell them to the Salvation Army. This linoleum isn't in bad shape. If you sell it at night, in the dark, maybe you can get a few bucks for it.

**KURT**

Carl, you know I never sold a thing out of this house and I never will.

**CARL**

Try to listen, Kurt, try to hear me. It felt great refusing the old man that twenty five hundred because I thought the money went to a good cause. For something he wanted all his life. You were right in the middle when he shouted "Where? Where did it go?"

**KURT**

Yeah, I was right in the middle. And I almost said "Here. In my arm, it went here!"

**CARL**

You went through that twenty-five hundred like grease through a tin horn. I'm afraid to park my car out front. You might steal it some night

**KURT**

I'm quitting tomorrow. Tomorrow I'm quitting...

**CARL**

It's been tomorrow for months, Kurt. The calendar never moves

**KURT**

Carl! This is the last time I'll ask you. I need twenty bucks.

**CARL**

Twenty bucks as day

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**KURT**

Where am I gonna get it?

**CARL**

Get yourself a black felt hat, cut holes in it for eyes, and go into the washroom at the subway and clobber some poor bastard over the head.

**KURT**

The answer is no?

**CARL**

You look tired