

JOE. Am I wrong? ...Is all of this too much for one family? If it is, then why did You give it to me? It's enough already, dear Lord. Don't give me any more... Just David. Give me back my David... If it be Your Will, dear God, that's all I ask... Amen!

(A voice, from somewhere in the room itself, is heard.)

VOICE. Amen!

(JOE stops in his tracks, then wheels around.)

JOE. *(Shocked.)* What? Who's there? Who said that?

VOICE. Don't worry. It's not who you're thinking.

JOE. Who is it? I can't see you.

VOICE. I can't see you either. I lost my glasses. Are the lights on or off?

JOE. You! The one who tried to break in! It's *you*, isn't it?

VOICE. Certainly it's me. Are we inside or outside? I can't see a damn thing.

JOE. Stay where you are! Don't move. I could have the police here in two minutes.

VOICE. You're lucky. In my neighborhood you could wait for them all night... Would you please turn the lights on? I get very nervous in the dark.

JOE. Don't you try anything funny.

VOICE. I'm not here to get laughs.

(Suddenly the lights blaze on. JOE is standing with his hand on the switch. He wheels around to face the night visitor.)

JOE. All right, now who do you –

(But there is no one there.)

Where are you? ...WHERE ARE YOU?

(He turns around quickly... Silence. From behind the huge sofa, SIDNEY LIPTON appears on all fours, crawling and feeling the rug with his hands.)

LIPTON. Don't get excited, I'm just looking for my glasses.

(He continues to search. He is not a very impressive-looking person. He wears khaki slacks, a thin raincoat, white sweat socks, Hush Puppies, a tweed cap - a potpourri of cheap clothes.)

You think the light helps? I still can't see. Where am I, on the floor?

JOE. What do you mean by breaking into my house? Who are you?

LIPTON. *(Still feeling around on the floor.)* Oh, gorgeous rug. This is all handwoven. Must have cost a fortune. What is it, Persian?

JOE. Never mind the rug, I asked you a question. Who are you?

LIPTON. *(Still on his knees.)* The name is Lipton. Sidney Lipton. By the way, were there any calls for me?

JOE. Your wife called.

LIPTON. Sylvia?

JOE. *What do I know your wife's name?*

LIPTON. *(Nods.)* Sylvia. She checks on me every minute. Dreadful woman. If she calls again, I'm not here, all right? ...Where am I, still on the floor?

JOE. *(Takes the glasses out of his pocket.)* Here. Here's your glasses.

LIPTON. You found them? *(Puts out his hand.)* Oh, good. Could you put them in my hand, please?

JOE. Here.

(JOE puts the glasses into LIPTON's hand.)

LIPTON. Is that my hand?

JOE. *Certainly* it's your hand.

LIPTON. That'll give you an idea how bad my eyes are. *(He puts the glasses on, still on his knees.)* Ohh. Ohh, yes, there we are... *(Looks up.)* Oh, we're inside, aren't we? *(He looks around.)* Ohhh! *This - this is gorgeous! This*