

ANNA. Forget it.

RADICAL STUDENT ACTIVIST. There is something radical in two complete strangers committing biological necessity without having to give into bourgeois conventions of love, without breeding to produce workers for a capitalist system, without the benediction of the church, the family, the bosses —

ANNA. I have something to confess to you. I lied to you.

RADICAL STUDENT ACTIVIST. About what?

ANNA. I'm not here on business. I don't specialize in corporate takeovers. I don't work on Wall Street. I only told you that because I thought that was what you wanted to hear.

RADICAL STUDENT ACTIVIST. Okay. So you do estate planning? Income tax?

ANNA. No. You just committed a revolutionary act with a first-grade schoolteacher who lives in low-income housing. And I'm tired. I think you should go.

RADICAL STUDENT ACTIVIST. And your husband?

ANNA. Not too loud. And he's not my husband. He's my mother. A maiden librarian for the San Francisco Public. As *(The Radical Student Activist starts to leave.)* And by the way — the missionary position does not a revolution make. *(The Radical Student Activist leaves. Anna, depressed, lies down. Carl rises from the bed.)*

Scene 25

CARL. And as she lay in the bed, sleepless, it swept over her — the way her classroom smelled early in the morning, before the children came. It smelled of chalk dust —

THE THIRD MAN. It smelled of Crayola wax, crushed purple and green —

CARL. The cedar of hamster cage shavings —

THE THIRD MAN. The sweet wintergreen of LePage's paste —

CARL. The wooden smell of the thick construction paper —

THE THIRD MAN. The spillings of sticky orange drink and sour milk —

THE THIRD MAN and CARL. *(Simultaneously.)* And the insidious smell of first-grader pee.

CARL. It smelled like heaven.

ANNA. And the first thing I did each morning was put up the weather map for today on the board under the flag. A bright, smiling sun, or Miss Cloud or Mr. Umbrella. On special days I put up Suzy Snowflake. And when I opened my desk drawer, scattered like diamonds on the bottom were red, silver and gold stars. *(Beat.)* I want to go home. Carl, I want to go home.

CARL. Soon, sweetie. Very soon.

ANNA. I've had enough. I've seen all of the world I want to see. I want to wake up in my own bed. I want to sit with you at home and we'll watch the weather. And we'll wait.

CARL. We've come so far. We have to at least go to Vienna. Do you think you can hold out long enough to meet Dr. Todesrocheln? *(Anna, miserable and homesick, nods.)* That a girl. I promise you don't have to undertake his ... hydrotherapy unless you decide to. I have a friend in Vienna, a college chum, who might be able to get us some of blackmarket stuff. It's worth a shot.

ANNA. Then you'll take me home?

CARL. Then I'll take you home.

Scene 26

*Music: A song such as the zither theme from The Third Man.\* Carl and Anna stand, with their luggage, in front of a door buzzer.*

CARL. First we'll just look up Harry. Then we'll cab over to Dr. Todesrocheln. *(Carl rings the buzzer. They wait. Carl rings the buzzer again. They wait. An aging Concierge comes out.)*

\* See Special Note on copyright page.

Entschuldigung. Wir suchen Harry Lime? Do you speak English?

CONCIERGE. Nein. Ich spreche kein Englisch. *(Carl and the Concierge start to shout as if the other one was deaf.)*

CARL. Herr Lime? Do you know him? Herr Harry Lime?

CONCIERGE. Ach. Ach. Ja, Herr Harry Lime. You come ... too spät.

CARL. He's gone? Too spät?

CONCIERGE. Fünf minuten too spät. Er ist tot —

CARL. What?

CONCIERGE. Ja. Ein auto mit Harry splatz-machen auf der Strasse. Splatz!

ANNA. Splatz!?

CARL. Splatz?! *(It dawns on Carl and Anna what the Concierge is saying.)*

CONCIERGE. Ja, ja. Er geht über die strasse, und ein auto ... spppllaattz!

ANNA. Oh, my god.

CONCIERGE. *(Gesturing with hands.)* Ja. Er hat auch eine rabbit. Herr Rabbit auch — sppllaattz! They are ... diggen ein grab in den Boden. Jetzt.

CARL. Now? You saw this happen?

CONCIERGE. Ja. I ... saw it mit meinen own Augen. Splatz. *(As he exits.)* "Splatzen, splatzen, über alles ..."

CARL. Listen, darling. I want you to take a cab to the doctor's office.

ANNA. Where are you going?

CARL. Ich verlasse. I'll find out what happened to Harry.

ANNA. I wish you wouldn't leave....

CARL. I'll come back. Okay?

## Scene 27

*Anna climbs onto a table and gathers a white paper sheet around her. She huddles.*

ANNA. Some things are the same in every country. You're scared when you see the doctor, here in Vienna just like in Baltimore. And they hand you the same paper cup to fill, just like in America. Then you climb up onto the same cold metal table, and they throw a sheet around you and you feel very small. And just like at home, they tell you to wait. And you wait. *(As Anna waits, dwarfed on the table, the scene with Harry Lime and Carl unfolds. Music, such as The Third Man\* theme, up.)*

## Scene 28

*On the Ferris Wheel in the Prater. Carl holds the stuffed rabbit closely.*

CARL. Why are we meeting here?

HARRY LIME. Have you looked at the view from up here? It's quite inspiring. No matter how old I get, I always love the ferris wheel.

CARL. I just came from your funeral.

HARRY LIME. I'm touched, old man. Was it a nice funeral?

CARL. What are you doing?

HARRY LIME. It's best not to ask too many questions. The police were beginning to do that. It's extremely convenient, now and then in a man's career, to die. I've gone underground. So if you want to meet me, you have to come here.

\* See Special Note on copyright page.

No one asks questions here.

CARL. Can you help us? (*Harry Lime at first does not answer. He looks at the view.*)

HARRY LIME. Where is your sister? She left you alone?

CARL. She's — she needs her rest. You were my closest friend in college.

HARRY LIME. I'll be straight with you. I can give you the drugs — but it won't help. It won't help at all. Your sister's better off with that quack Todesrocheln — we call him the Yellow Queen of Vienna — she might end up drinking her own piss, but it won't kill her.

CARL. But I thought you had the drugs —

HARRY LIME. Oh, I do. And they cost a pretty penny. For a price, I can give them to you. At a discount for old times. But you have to know, we make them up in my kitchen.

CARL. Jesus.

HARRY LIME. Why not? People will pay for these things. When they're desperate people will eat peach pits, or aloe, or egg protein — they'll even drink their own piss. It gives them hope.

CARL. How can you do this?

HARRY LIME. Listen, old man, if you want to be a millionaire, you go into real estate. If you want to be a billionaire, you sell hope. Nowadays the only place a fellow can make a decent career of it is in Mexico and Europe.

CARL. That's ... disgusting.

HARRY LIME. Look. I thought you weren't going to be ... sentimental about this. It's a business. You have to have the right perspective. Like from up here ... the people down on the street are just tiny little dots. And if you could charge \$1,000, wouldn't you push the drugs? I could use a friend I can trust to help me.

CARL. When we were at Hopkins together, I thought you were God. You could hypnotize us into doing anything, and it would seem ... charming. Carl, old man, you'd say, "Just do it." Cutting classes, cribbing exams, shop-lifting, stupid undergraduate things — and I would do it. Without knowing the consequences. I would do it.

HARRY LIME. Oh, you knew the consequences, old man. You knew. You chose not to think about them.

CARL. I've grown old before my time from the consequences. I'm turning you in.

HARRY LIME. I wouldn't do that, old man. (*Harry Lime pats a bulge on the inside of his trench coat.*) By the time you hit the ground, you'll be just a tiny little dot. (*Carl and Harry Lime look at each other, waiting.*) And I think you have something I want. The rabbit, bitte.

CARL. No. You're not getting it. I'm taking it with me. (*Harry Lime puts his arms in position for a waltz and begins to sway, seductively.*)

HARRY LIME. Come on, give it up. Come to my arms, my only one. Dance with me, my beloved, my sweet — (*Carl takes the stuffed rabbit and threatens to throw it out the window of the ferris wheel. A Strauss waltz plays very loudly, and Harry Lime and Carl waltz-struggle for the rabbit. Carl is pushed and Harry Lime waltzes off with the rabbit.*)

↑  
STOP

## Scene 29

*Meanwhile, back at Doctor Todesrocheln.*

ANNA. You begin to hope that the wait is proportionate to the medical expertise. My God. My feet are turning blue. Where am I? An HMO? (*Anna waits.*) The problem with being an adult is that you never forget why you're waiting. When I was a child, I could wait blissfully unaware for hours. I used to read signs and transpose letters, or count tiles in the floor. And in the days before I could read, I would make up stories about my hands — Mr. Left and Mr. Right. (*Beat.*) Mr. Left would provoke Mr. Right. Mr. Right would ignore it. The trouble would escalate, until my hands were battling each other to the death. (*Beat. Anna demonstrates.*) Then one of them would weep. Finally, they became friends again, and they'd dance — (*Anna's two hands dance together; she is unaware*)