

ANNE. How do you do. It's a very nice building. You must have a lovely apartment.

WOMAN. What do you care about my apartment?

ANNE. I just meant you're lucky to live in such a nice building.

WOMAN. A lot you know.

PAUL. That's a nice dog you've got there.

ANNE. We have a dog. A schnauzer. What kind is yours?

WOMAN. A Doberman pinscher. I suppose you're all right. At least you cut your hair.

ANNE. Oh yes, we both cut our hair all the time. I'm going to cut mine ever shorter. I hate long hair. Don't you hate long hair, Paul? He does.

PAUL. (Still grinning.) Will you tell the Super?

WOMAN. If I could find the Super, I'd tell him to fix my sink.

PAUL. Please, lady!

ANNE. Lady, I've got to get out of here. My kids are waiting for me. (Beat.) Lady? (Beat.) Nice lady? (Beat.) Doberman pinscher lady? (They break ranks and run to the door.)

PAUL. (Looking out.) She went into her apartment!

ANNE. Can you resist this place? I think I'll throw myself out the window. With any luck I'll just break my legs and I can crawl to the street for help.

PAUL. Don't bother. Who's going to go near a lady crawling down Riverside Drive?

ANNE. You're right. (They wander about in frustration. Finally she stretches out on the radiator, PAUL sits on platform steps.) Where were we? Oh, yeah. You were telling me about Janet.

PAUL. Yeah, you'd like her.

ANNE. You'd like Richard.

PAUL. Goddamn it, if Janet wasn't fixing dinner for that group of hers, I wouldn't have had to come here in the first place.