

LIGHTS DIM. Music FADES. Silence.

Later. The only light now comes from a lamp near the window. A BANGING on the door.

FEMALE VOICE (OS)

Please to open! (More banging. In RUSSIAN.) Open please!

Jerry shuffles in his sleep, slides off the couch, checks his watch. Banging continues. A face in the window.

FEMALE VOICE (OS)

Open! (Pleading.) My God, open! I beg of you -

He moves to the window, but the face is gone. Banging at the door; a woman sobbing.

JERRY

What the hell do you want!

FEMALE VOICE (OS)

Please. Life and death. Need help. Please. My God - help! (He guardedly opens the door a bit.) Let in. Is in danger. (Sobs.) Be kind. Open.

JERRY

I do not mean to be unkind, but you look like you need the police station - three blocks that way.

FEMALE VOICE (OS)

Let in. Be kind. Pozahlusta!

JERRY

Huh?

More BANGING. He grids himself, opens the door. KATYA stumbles in. A man's torn jacket barely covers a revealing night gown. A bloody gash over one eye.

KATYA

Close! Close! (Jerry, stares at her, confused. Katya slams the door shut, locks it.) Shhh! (Moves to the window, peeks out, pulls curtain shut.)

KATYA

Shhh! Please, not to talk. Quiet. No talk.

JERRY

Excuse me. This is my place. Who are you? What's going on?

KATYA

Is terrible. Very bad. You not believe - (Peeks out curtain. Starts to cry, frozen with fear.)

JERRY

Let's get you to the couch - (He gently take her shoulder. She slaps his hand hard.) Fine. Goodbye! (He starts her back toward the door.)

KATYA (pleading)

Not mean. (Hits her forehead.) Is crazy now.

JERRY

Okay, okay. Just sit. (Motions to couch.) Sit.

KATYA

He coming.

JERRY

Who's coming? You want to fill me in a bit. Huh? It's close to two in the morning. Help me understand. (She starts crying again, sits, rubs the bleeding cut.) Okay, first let's clean that cut. (He starts away.)

KATYA

No! He could kill. You, me. Dead. He pull nails out of enemy if have to. Stay!

JERRY

What?

KATYA

Is crazy! Sumashedshiy. Has knife.

JERRY

Ah, you're Russian, right? (She nods.) Don't know what Suma --

KATYA

Beast. Means beast.

JERRY

Beast is a matter of opinion. But a Russian beast with a knife -- you gotta' go.

KATYA

Nyet! Keep here. Stay. Yes? He kill for .... (Gestures a slit throat) ... for whatever - for me. I don't want be near him. Crazy man. Sum -

JERRY (cuts-in, apprehensive)

Yeah, beast. I'm a quick learner. Where is near?

KATYA (Points)

Close. (A dog barks. She jumps.) Has big dog. Nazi dog. (Dog barks again.)

He moves to the window, pulls curtain, glances out.

JERRY

It's okay. That's Barney across the street. Probably seen a raccoon. They're around.

KATYA

No one in street? (He shrugs a negative. She seems to relax.) Moscow fun at night. You only light I see. Here everyone sleep. (He starts back toward her.)

JERRY

That's what people usually do at 2 am.

KATYA

Excuse?

JERRY

Sleep. (She seems puzzled.) Sorry, I was being sarcastic.

KATYA  
Ah, yes. My country too. (Points.) Please. Window. Check. Please.

JERRY  
I just looked -

KATYA  
Please. (Playfully.) Pozahlusta

He moves to the curtain, looks out.

JERRY  
So what am I looking for?

KATYA  
Crazy man. Big. Strong. Like Stalin. Mean.

JERRY  
Listen, I don't know what's going on here, but I'm gonna' call the cops.

KATYA  
NYET! Please not to call.

JERRY  
You said he'd kill you - and me. And from that bloody cut, I believe what you said. I'm calling -

KATYA (grabs him)  
Please let to stay till day. Then I go. No cops. I be quiet. I will be nice. (Her jacket slips a bit and the beauty of her body is made achingly visible.) I will be much quiet. No screaming. I will be nice. He will not find.

JERRY  
But if he does?

She starts to play with her jacket, giving him a quick scan.

KATYA  
He will be like little boy again. He love me great.

JERRY  
You just said he wants to kill you?

KATYA  
What is happening when love is great.

JERRY  
You know, I really think it best is we go to the door and you, disappear. (He reaches for her hand in order to move her.)

KATYA

Nyet. Would be very bad. (Moves very close.) I am only helpless woman. Very young. Everyone tell me, very pretty. Hmm?

Slight pause.

JERRY

Let me get that bandage and some, eh...whatever.

KATYA

I stay then, yes.

He doesn't answer, disappears into O.S., bathroom.

She tip toes toward the window, checks, lets out a sigh of relief, crosses herself. Jerry returns, holding a tray with bandages, etc. She notices the bottle of Vodka.

KATYA

Wodka!

JERRY

Yes. Vodka. (She laughs.) That's funny?

KATYA

Is Wodka. Not Vodka. (Shrugs.) Like both.

JERRY

First, let's clean you up?

KATYA

Not hurt?

JERRY

Just a little sting maybe. (He starts to clean the wound with some ethyl alcohol.)

KATYA

Owooh! Hurt. Hurt bad. (She pulls back.) Need Wodka. Please.

He takes a big breath, starts for kitchen.

JERRY

I'll get a glass and some ice.

KATYA

Wodka in ice-box, yes?

JERRY

No, Vodka here. (Points to it.)

KATYA

Ice-box best. Very cold. Like Siberia.

JERRY

Well, ice cubes will have to do. The ones in 'the refrigerator.'

She shrugs, moves to curtain, peeks out, seems relieved.  
She moves around the room, looking at this and that.

He returns with ice in two glasses. He starts to pour into her glass, but she stops him, takes bottle, flings the ice in her glass against the wall, pours a small but straight shot. She waits for him. He pours his over ice.

JERRY

To your friend not showing up.

KATYA (downs her Vodka in one gulp)

Is not friend. Is husband.

JERRY

Leave. Right now.

KATYA

Please. Stay here till day. Da? (She points to her wound.) Finish. You good man. I know.

After a beat, he starts to open a non-stick dressing, cuts it to size and as he applies it...

JERRY

Afterward, you're leaving. I'm not getting involved with husbands.

KATYA

Not married. He want marry. Say he kill me if I say no. I say no.

JERRY

Nyet, you mean.

KATYA (smiles)

Da! (She takes the bottle of Vodka, raises her glass.) What your name?

JERRY

Jerry.

KATYA

Jerr...ri? Not name in my country. No Jerry in Moscow, St. Petersburg, Kiev -

JERRY

Kiev is not your country. It's in the Ukraine.

KATYA

Good! You know. Smart man. You speak Russian? (Toasts.) Na zdarovye.

JERRY

Da. Nyet. Stuff you hear in Hollywood movies. (She laughs.) As I might get murdered tonight - what's your name?

KATYA

Katya. Me, Katya. (Points to his glass.) Drink.

JERRY

Kathy.

KATYA (infuriated)

Nyet! Katya. (Just as quickly, she gives a big smile.) Russian more beautiful.

JERRY (looking her over)

Well, in your case I'd say...there's some truth in that. (Raises his glass; she shoots her's out. He pours.) Nazoh --- whatever.

KATYA

Na zdarovye.. (Laughs, knocks down her shot. A beat. Studies him.) I call you Genyady. Better than Jerri. Yes?

JERRY

What's his name? The would be husband?

KATYA (confused)

'Would...be?'

JERRY

Or maybe your actual husband. The guy you ran from, tonight. Who is maybe not your husband. Or maybe, is.

KATYA

Is not! (A beat. Softly.) Evgeney. You call Eugene. Beautiful name, hmm? Evgeny.

JERRY

I prefer, Katya.

KATYA

You are naughty. (She laughs, eyes the Vodka. He suddenly moves O.S. Calls:) Genyady! (Panicked, she starts in the direction he disappeared, when he returns holding a robe.)

JERRY

To keep you...less. And me less - well...

KATYA

What? (He points toward her breasts.) Good, Da.

JERRY

A definite Da.

KATYA

Genyady. Beautiful Russian name. (Takes robe.) Spasiba.

JERRY

Whatever. (A beat.) So, you will be leaving tomorrow morning.

KATYA

Maybe he come before. Kill me.

JERRY

I don't get the feeling that's going to happen. Aren't you, just a bit, exaggerating?

KATYA

Exag ... rate...ing? (Starts to sob. Points to bandaged cut.) Not believe? He bad man. Look other way, please. (He does. She removes the jacket and through the ripped nightgown underneath reveals her full beauty. She slips on the robe, turns, seems to be looking for something, notices the turned mirror. She moves to it, begins to turn it around.)

JERRY (turns)

Don't. (Startled, she stops.) Leave it.

KATYA

Mirror? For looking, no?

JERRY

No. Not until my life changes around. (He removes it, shoves it behind the bookcase.)

KATYA

Crazy like Evgeny.

JERRY

Take it from me, you don't need a mirror.

KATYA (delighted)

No? (Starts toward other rooms.) In bathroom, mirror. For sure. (She exits.) To check.

JERRY (calling after her)

Like something to eat? A snack, some cheese, bread. A last meal, before we both die.

She returns.

KATYA

You kind man. (Suddenly breaks down.) I go back.

JERRY

Maybe you ought to wait until the morning. Your husband, boyfriend - whatever, probably will have calmed down.

KATYA

I want go back.

JERRY

Fine. Go. It's been...interesting. Just bring back the robe. If you're still alive.

KATYA

Not to Evgeny. To Moscow.

JERRY

Like in "The Sea Gull."

KATYA

You educated man. Know wonderful Russian writer. In school, I act Masha. Nina better part. (Sighs.) We all young girls, but understand sadness already. (A beat.) I have Wodka, please. Thinking better.

JERRY

Ice? (She smiles.) I know. I know. Sorry. (He pours, neat. She downs it in one gulp.)

KATYA

Hungry. Sausage, you have? (Playfully.) Tasty cake.

JERRY

Afraid not. Cheese, bread.

KATYA (deflated)

Such rich country - cheese, bread?

JERRY (points at the floor)

*This* is not a rich country.

She twirls around, like a model on a showroom platform.

KATYA

You like look?

JERRY (studying her)

I'll get the Poor Peoples snack.

KATYA

Genyady, I am not meaning bad.

JERRY

*Jerry!*

He exits. She sits, suddenly very sad. Dog barks. She tenses, moves to window, peeks out. Relaxes.

He returns with cheese and bread on a tray and a glass of water, sets it on the couch.

KATYA

Gulag meal.

JERRY

It's what I got.

KATYA (trying to please)

Okay. Yes. (Sits on couch, rips from a stale french loaf, cuts a piece of cheese, starts to chew. Hard work. Points to water. He hands it to her. She drinks it down.) Enough eating.

JERRY

I could heat the bread.

KATYA

Nyet. Spasiba. Enough. (She puts her hand in her mouth to free some clogged bread. Smiles at him. Gulps down the rest of the water.) Wine?

JERRY

Think you've had enough.

KATYA

Oh, Jerri... (She seductively rubs his face. He pulls away.) Jerri... Wodka.

JERRY

Good. Not Genyady.

He looks at the 3/4 empty bottle. She takes it, is about to drink from the bottle, but notes his disapproving look. She pours delicately, sips like a grand dame.

KATYA

See, I show appreciation. Not drink much. (Sighs.) Not much to drink. (Finishes her second sip.) Wodka is -- (Checks bottle.) *Poland!* Russian better. Next time. Da?

JERRY

If I have the scratch.

KATYA

Scratch?

JERRY

Money.

KATYA

Joking? (Looks around the room.) Not best but have money, for sure. A little bit, no? (He doesn't answer. She moves to the CD.) We listen music.

JERRY

I got neighbors.

KATYA

Music is for life. Music is best.

JERRY

Not now. Too late.

KATYA

You think I play crazy rock roll, zip zop -

JERRY

Hip hop.

KATYA

For night at club, good. Now, late Shostakovich quartets best.

JERRY (surprised and taken)

Maybe, but I don't have any.

KATYA (points to poster)

Why Deema picture?

JERRY

"Deema?"

KATYA

Dmitri? Impossible not to have quartets. Barbarian. (She sulks. She spots the trumpet.) You play? (He nods. She spots the photo of Jerry & Friends. Points.) You. Da? (He nods.) Play. I listen. (She point to the trumpet.)

JERRY

I don't think so. Too late.

KATYA

Why. Should be proud no? You artist. Is good thing. In my country, great honor.

JERRY

Not always true here.

KATYA

You difficult man. (Looks back to poster.) Dmitri from heart, from soul. Very beautiful. (Beautiful **in Russian** should follow.) He suffer much. Make music more beautiful. Quartets much pain, much beauty. My father play in orchestra. I maybe six, seven he take me to listen. I love. Every year, I go. Love music so much. (Slight pause. Pain replaces the sweetness.) Plane crash. He die. Mother marry man. Bad man. Much bad. (Slight pause.) I leave. (Slight pause. Suddenly gay.) Music. What you have?

Moved by her memories. He moves to the stereo and CD rack. Looks it over. Pulls out...

JERRY

Gershwin.

KATYA

Not Deema. Still, like greatly. (As he readies it for the player, she spots and picks up the Jerry & Friends CD.) Is you! This play. I want hear.

JERRY (curtly)

No.

KATYA

Why?

He slip in a CD: low and under, "Walking the Dog."

JERRY

"Walking the dog."

KATYA

Sabaka? Have Sabaka when little girl. (Jerry looks puzzled.) Dog, in Russian. Like most, Likka.

JERRY (tired, frustrated)

You likka what most?

KATYA

Dog in snow. Pull sled. (Pouts.) We call Likka. You not nice.

JERRY

Husky - you mean, a Husky. Sorry. (She shrugs.) No, the piece is called, "Walking the Dog." Gershwin wrote it when he lived in Beverly Hills - no snow - and walked his ---

KATYA

Sabaka.

Jerry nods. A nice moment between them, cut by --  
POUNDING on the front door. Katya gags.

EVGENY (OS)

Masha- you whore! (More pounding.) Masha. You are finished!

KATYA (hysterical)

Noooooo. Where, where - I hide!

JERRY

That's gotta' be what's- his- name. We got to get you out of here!

EVGENY (OS)

Masha! (More pounding.) I break door down.

Katya lets out a low, helpless moan, spinning around, looking for an escape route.

MASHAA -

EVGENY (OS)

Masha???

JERRY (confused)

Katya rushes OS

Before Jerry is able to react, the door is pummeled open .

EVGENY rushes in. He wears a leather jacket and is built like an NFL linebacker. Beneath the jacket, a Detroit Lions T-shirt. (*Though he speaks with a Russian accent, it is mingled with contemporary American lingo and jargon.*)

Slut is where?

EVGENY

Excuse me. Who the hell do you think you are.

JERRY

Me. Ha! Evgeny.

EVGENY

I'm calling the cops.

JERRY

Evgeny moves to Jerry, holds face to face. He waves a billfold in front of Jerry's face.

EVGENY

Cops! Ha. You hunkei? (Derisive laugh.) Find outside. Look in window. Masha - where?

Masha?

JERRY

You speak English, little man.

EVGENY

Of course not. I'm just an American living here surrounded by Russians, Asians, half of Mexico, Ukrainians, Salvadoran hit men, crazy Armenians, Iranians, Israelis -- why should I speak English. You tell me, buster. (Pushes Evgeny.) On your way out.

EVGENY

Hey man, I like. Got spirit. You like my Deetroit talk ? (Grabs him by collar.) Where is slut Masha?

Katya appears holding a large vase.

KATYA

I no slut. I am Katya. You are con-man, thief, deserter of your country.

EVGENY

Katya? (Hands billfold to Jerry.) When Katya?

JERRY (looking up from billfold)

Maria? It says here, with your photo - Maria. (To Evgeny.) What is going on here? Who is she? Who are you?

KATYA

I am free woman. No Maria. Katya. (Pulls billfold from Jerry.)

JERRY

Okay, okay. You two decide who she is on your way out. Now! (Jerry starts her out. Evgeny grabs him.)

EVGENY

Not touch Maria. She mine.

KATYA (cuts him off)

I am Katya. Katya free. No more Maria.

EVGENY

I gonna' kill the bitch. (To Jerry. Proudly.) Sound Deetroit, yes. (To Katya.) Kill.