

*Fraulien Schneider's living room. She is about 60, full of vitality, interested in everything, probably indestructible. She wears a flowered dressing gown and carpet slippers.*

*Kost is thirtyish, stylish, a large and happy woman who works diligently at her profession.*

SCHNEIDER

That sailor! Out of my house!

KOST

That sailor - dear lady- is my brother!

SCHNEIDER

Out! Out! Out!

KOST

Wait! Wait! Wait! How dare you! You think it is easy - finding a sailor? This was only my second since New Year's. And what is it now? April!

SCHNEIDER

Your second? Your second? You think I do not know what goes on here? Sailors - all the time. In - out - in - out! God only knows what the neighbours think I have here - a battleship? Fraulein Kost, I give you warning! One sailor more - I call the police!

KOST

And if I can't pay rent?

SCHNEIDER

The rent is due each Friday - as always

KOST

No sailors. No rent. I move.

SCHNEIDER

Move?

KOST

Move!

SCHNEIDER (*upset*)

And what am I supposed to do with your room? Out of the blue - she tells me "I move"! Is that gratitude? Only last week I gave you another new mattress! (*She considers for a second, knowing she has lost the battle*) Fraulein Kost, if you wish to continue living here, do not let me *catch* you bringing in any more sailors. Do you understand?