

**Mrs. Craft**, a psychotic landlady, 40s to 50s  
From the play **Laundry Day**, a Dark Comedy

MRS. CRAFT: Telling you that's not why I came over, actually. I'm handing out evictions. Violation of your lease. It clearly states there are to be no vacuum cleaners in your apartment... and that clearly IS a vacuum cleaner... clearly you're in the wrong here, and if you turn to page 98... (*she does and points to a section*)... you'll see that I'm allowed to literally kick you out into the street and throw your possessions after you if you're not gone in a week.

Shhhh. Shhhh. Shhhh. (*pause*) Shhhh. No, one way or the other, I will be having all of you leave, whether you like it or not. I'm sorry, Renee, Perot, Dolly, Ivan. You're innocent victims, and that's the way it has to be. I'm actually going to have the building demolished.

And... okay, this part is a secret, so you can't tell anyone. I got this phone call from someone with the housing department, and he says they want to build a new kind a building here. The ceilings are going to be only five feet high. I know, I know, I asked the same question: won't all that stooping be bad for everybody's back? But apparently something called the department of genetic control is breeding people who will only be four feet in height... they can fit twice as many in the same building site! Isn't that ingenious?

Now they're not sure exactly how these people will fare in the world when there're still a lot of us tallies (*pronounced like "talkies"*) around. You all will be close to the last of our kind by the time you die. Could be tough on the little people till then. And there are genetic breeding variables, or something like that, which means that the first batch or two might come out a little "slow." Which is terrible for me, of course, because slow people have a hard time keeping jobs and paying their rent. But because this is so important, they've got a huge chunk of government cash to pay for their care.

I'm essentially going to be a keeper for a bunch of mental and genetic midgets. It's funny how your life can be changed with one phone call. One event. You'll need to be getting out by Friday.