

## THE BASIC TRAINING OF PAVLO HUMMEL

by David Rabe

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### ACT II, SCENE 1

Pavlo Hummel is as much a misfit as a character can be, awkward and dumb, an object of ridicule and abuse. Lonely and desperate for acceptance and friendship, he joins the army (it is during the Vietnam War), but gains neither companionship nor self-confidence. Ultimately, he kills himself with a hand grenade.

In this scene he is on leave before being shipped overseas. He goes home and vainly tries to get his brother, Mickey, to acknowledge that he has changed and is worthy of respect.

**PAVLO:** Hey, Mickey, it's me. I'm home! *Mickey, in T-shirt, slacks, shoes, combs hair.* It's me. I'm home, I'm home, I'm home.

**MICKEY:** Whata you say, huh? Hey, hey, what happened? You took so long. You took a wrong turn, huh? Missed your stop and now you come home all dressed up like a conductor. What happened? You were down in that subway so long they put you to work? Huh? Man, you look good though; you look good. Where were you again?

**PAVLO:** Georgia.

**MICKEY:** Hot as a bitch, right?

**PAVLO:** No. Cold.

**MICKEY:** In Georgia?

**PAVLO:** Yeh, it was real cold; we used to hide out in the furnace room every damn chance we ever got.

**MICKEY:** Hey, you want a drink? Damn, that don't make much sense, does it?

**PAVLO:** What?

**MICKEY:** They send you to Georgia for the winter and it's like a witch's tit. Can you imagine that? A witch's tit?

Heeeeegggggg. Put ice on your tongue. That ever happens to me, man, I'd turn in my tool. Ain't you gonna ask about the ole lady? How's she doin' and all that, 'cause she's doin' fine. Pickin' and plantin' daisies. Doin' fine. *And Pavlo laughs softly, shaking his head, taking the drink Mickey has made him.* Whatsa matter? You don't believe yo-yos can be happy? Psychotics have fun, man. You oughta know that.

**PAVLO:** I just bet she's climbin' some kinda wall. Some kinda wall and she's pregnant again, she thinks, or you are or me or somebody.

**MICKEY:** Noo, man, noo, it's everybody else now. Only non-family.

**PAVLO, laughing, loudly:** THAT'S ME AND YOU! NON-FAMILY MOTHERFUCKERS!

**MICKEY:** All the dogs and women of the world!

**PAVLO:** Yeh, yeh, all the guys in the barracks used to think I was a little weird so I'd—

**MICKEY:** —you are a little weird—*(slight pause)*

**PAVLO:** Yeh, yeh, I'd tell 'em, "You think I'm weird, you oughta see my brother, Mickey. He don't give a big rat's ass for nothin' or nobody."

**MICKEY:** And did you tell 'em about his brains, too? And his wit and charm. The way his dick hangs to his knees—about his eighteen thou a year? Did you tell 'em all that sweet shit?

**PAVLO:** They said they hoped you died of all you got.

**MICKEY, has been dressing throughout: shirt, tie, jacket:** How come the troops were thinkin' you weird? You doin' that weird stuff again. You say "Georgia" and "the army." For all I know you been downtown in the movies for the last three months and you bought that goddamn uniform at some junk shop.

**PAVLO:** I am in the army.

**MICKEY:** How do I know?

**PAVLO:** I'm tellin' you.

**MICKEY:** But you're a fuckin' liar; you're a fuckin' myth maker.

**PAVLO:** I gotta go to Vietnam, Mickey.

**MICKEY:** Vietnam don't even exist.

**PAVLO:** I gotta go to it.

**MICKEY:** Arizona, man; that's where you're goin'. Wyoming.

**PAVLO:** Look at me! I'm different! I'm different than I was! *This is with fury and there is a pause.* I'm not the same anymore.

I was an asshole. I'm not an asshole anymore. I'm not an asshole anymore! *Slight pause.* I came here to forgive you. I don't need you anymore.

MICKEY: You're a goddamn cartoon, you know that.

PAVLO, *rapidly, a rush of words:* I'm happier now than I ever was, I got people who respect me. Lots of 'em. There was this guy Kress in my outfit. We didn't hit it off . . . and he called me out . . . he was gonna kill me, he said. Everybody tried to stop me because this guy had hurt a lot of people already and he had this uncle who'd taught him all about fightin' and this uncle had been executed in San Quentin for killing people. We went out back of the barracks. It went on and on, hitting and kicking. It went on and on; all around the barracks. The crowd right with us. And then . . . all of a sudden . . . this look came into his eye . . . and he just stopped . . . and reached down to me and hugged me. He just hugged and hugged me. And that look was in all their eyes. All the soldiers. I don't need you anymore, Mickey. I got real brothers now.

MICKEY: You know . . . if my father hadn't died, you wouldn't even exist.

PAVLO: No big thing! We got the same mother; that's shit enough. I'm gonna shower and shave, O.K.? Then we can go out drinkin'.

MICKEY: All those one-night stands. You ever think of that? Ghostly pricks. I used to hear 'em humpin' the ole whore. I probably had my ear against the wall the night they got you goin'.

PAVLO, *after a slight silence:* You seen Joanna lately?

MICKEY: Joanna?

PAVLO: Joanna. My ole girl. I thought maybe she probably killed herself and it was in the papers. You know, on account of my absence. But she probably did it in secret.

MICKEY: No doubt.

PAVLO: No doubt.

MICKEY: Ain't she the one who got married? I think the ole lady tole me Joanna got married and she was gonna write you a big letter all about it. Sure she was. Anyway, since we're speaking of old girls and pregnant people, I've got to go to this little party tonight. Got a good new sweet young thing and she thinks I'm better than her daddy. I've had a run a chicks lately you wouldn't believe, Pavlo. They give away ass like Red Cross

girls dealin' out donuts. I don't understand how I get half a what I get. Oh yeah, old lady comes and goes around here. She's the same old witch.

PAVLO: I'm gonna go see Joanna. I'll call her up. Use the magic fuckin' phone to call her up.

MICKEY: I'll give you a call later on.

PAVLO: I'll be out, man. I'll be out on the street.

MICKEY: You make yourself at home. *Exiting.*

## PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM

by Woody Allen

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### ACT III

Allan Felix is a small, homely young man who has never had much success with women. He dreams about acquiring Bogart's suave techniques, but, despite private direction from his fantasy hero, Allan always manages to muff it. However, Allan's best friend's wife, Linda, finds his ineptness charming and they proceed to spend the night together. Now the trouble begins. Filled with remorse and guilt for deceiving his best friend, Allan contemplates the most terrifying (and humorous) possibilities. In the following scene Allan daydreams about what would happen if Dick found out about his night with Linda. His fantasies are interrupted when Dick actually arrives.

ALLAN: Gee, I can't believe it. This bright, beautiful woman is in love with me. Of course she's in love with me. Why shouldn't she be? I'm bright, amusing . . . sensitive face . . . fantastic body. Dick'll understand. Hell, we're two civilized guys. In the course of our social encounters a little romance has developed. It's a very natural thing to happen amongst sophisticated people.

DICK, *appearing in dream light:* You sent for me?

ALLAN: Yes.