

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 speakin' 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

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.

DICK: Good.
 ALLAN: Drink?
 DICK: Quite.
 ALLAN: Scotch?
 DICK: Fine.
 ALLAN: Neat?
 DICK: Please.
 ALLAN: Soda?
 DICK: A dash.
 ALLAN: Linda and I are in love.
 DICK: It's just as well. I've come from my doctor. He gives me two months to live.
 ALLAN: Good, then you don't mind?
 DICK: Not a bit.
 ALLAN: Cheers.
 DICK: Cheers. *He vanishes.*
 ALLAN, *rises*: Sure . . . things are going to be okay. Hell, Dick and I have been through tougher situations than this. Dick and I have been through a lot together. He's my best friend. This is terrible. This is going to hurt him . . . I know it.
 DICK, *enters in dream light*: Thanks a lot.
 ALLAN: Dick . . .
 DICK, *crosses left of the sofa*: How could you? My wife and my best friend. I trusted you both. I feel I've been made such a fool of. I love her. I love you. Why didn't I see it coming? Me—who had the foresight to buy Polaroid at eight and a half! *He disappears.*
 ALLAN: This is awful . . . he'll do something rash. Dick's an emotional guy. He'll kill himself. Kill himself? Did you ever think what he might do to you? Didn't you ever hear of the unwritten law? You take a guy's wife . . . you humiliate him. You've seen enough Italian movies. Dick's got a temper!
 DICK, *(enters in undershirt and scarf)* Bastardo! Pezzo di curnutu. Tu mai tradutto me!
 ALLAN, *(backing up the steps onto the platform)* Ma non e vero.
 DICK: Tu mi pigli per stupidolo!
 ALLAN: Non e culpa mia.
 DICK, *(leaps over the railing)* Bugiardolo Procol Carogna! Imbecile! *(He draws a dagger.)*
 ALLAN: No . . . no . . .
 DICK: Solo chisto me tuo sadisfari mio onore. *(He stabs Allan.)*

ALLAN: Oh boy, that hurt! *Dick exits. Allan stands at the railing.* This is ridiculous! What am I going to do? I love her. She loves me. We could have a wonderful life together. Why does Dick have to be in the picture? Hell, take it easy. Why do you have to make everything into a Warner Brothers production? She'll come back, we'll have breakfast together. Shape up. She'll be back in a minute. You'll spend the day together . . .

The doorbell rings. Alan opens the door to find Dick with his suitcase and coat.

DICK, *leaves his coat and case at the railing*: I had to come home, Allan. I have to speak to you. Allan, I think Linda's having an affair. I just called home. She's not there. These past few weeks she's seemed distracted, distant, little things only a husband would notice. You've seen her a lot these past couple of weeks . . . she's changed. The other night she talked about an affair in her sleep.

ALLAN: Did she mention any names?

DICK: Only yours. When I woke her and questioned her she said it was just a nightmare. *He crosses up the steps and onto the platform.* I try to think of who it might be. It has to be someone I don't know . . . some guy she met through work . . . an agent, a photographer, some ad executive, or actor.

ALLAN: Why are you so upset . . . I thought she was just your corporate image?

DICK: I love her. If she leaves me I'll kill myself.

ALLAN: Since when are you so emotional?

DICK: I've never been in love with anyone before. If I find out who the guy is I'll kill him, I swear. I've neglected her and now she's involved with some stud! *Allan sits in the swivel hassock; Dick sits on the edge of the coffee table.* If I haven't already lost her to someone, I'm going to make up for everything to her. I'm going to change. I'm going to do everything I can to make her life with me exciting and fun because without her it wouldn't be worth living. I was up all last night in a Cleveland hotel room. I figured, all right, I'm losing her . . . too bad . . . I'll survive. Then I panicked and phoned her. She was out. When I called her here last night she said she was going home. Where'd she stay?

ALLAN, *rising*: Calm yourself.

DICK, *rises, crosses, then moves back to Allan*: I've got to find

her. I've got to stop her and beg her forgiveness before it's too late. I want her to get on that plane with me and fly back to Cleveland. I want her with me all the time. I want to pamper her. I want to hear her laugh and speak . . . I'm sorry for carrying on like this, Allan, but you're the only friend in the world who would understand.

ALLAN: I . . . I understand.

DICK: Look, if she calls, tell her I'll see her home. Tell her I've got to speak to her, will you?

ALLAN: Sure . . . sure.

DICK: Thanks . . . thanks a lot. *He gets his coat and suitcase and exits.*

ALLAN, *sits on the coffee table*: I'm going to faint. How could I tell him? The guy's desperately in love with her. I never realized how much. He never realized how much. I couldn't do that to a stranger, much less a friend. But what if it's too late? What if Linda's really hooked on me now? You know, once a woman's been made love to by somebody who can really do it great! I was fantastic last night! I never once had to sit up and consult the manual. Love is very different for a woman. It's a complicated phenomenon. I don't know what to expect. I've never broken off with a woman before.

CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF

by Tennessee Williams

ACT II

It is Big Daddy's sixty-fifth birthday and the whole family is gathered at the plantation house to celebrate. But Big Daddy—unbeknownst to himself—is dying of stomach cancer; and, since he has never written a will, his son Gooper, and his daughters-in-law Mae and Margaret, are maneuvering for control over his considerable estate. Big Daddy has just returned from the hospital where he was lied to when he was told that he has only a

minor ailment. He has come home rejuvenated and determined to lead a full and pleasurable life without lies or pretense. He is also determined to find out why his fair-haired son, Brick, a former star football player, has turned into a failure and a drunk.

Prior to the following scene Big Daddy cleared everyone out of the bedroom/sitting room that Brick and his wife Margaret (Maggie) are occupying during their visit. He reveals to Brick his own recommitment to life (Brick knows the truth about the cancer) and wants to know why Brick has become so bitter and unmotivated. He also wants to know why Brick went jumping hurdles on the athletic field at 3 A.M. the night before (Brick broke his ankle during this drunken jaunt and wears a cast throughout the play); and, finally, he wants to know why Brick quit his job as a sports announcer, why his marriage is failing, and why he has become an alcoholic. Brick refuses to talk, but Big Daddy strikes a bargain with him: he will give Brick the drink he so desperately wants if Brick will answer his questions.

In this section of their scene, Gooper has just tried to get Big Daddy to return to the birthday celebration, but was thrown out of the room. Just before the interruption Brick said he was disgusted with mendacity, with "lyin' and liars." Big Daddy resumes his interrogation at this point.

BIG DADDY, *crosses to bar to pour Brick's drink*: Who's been lyin' to you? Has Margaret been lyin' to you, has your wife been lyin' to you about somethin', Brick?

BRICK: Not her. That wouldn't matter.

BIG DADDY: Then who's been lyin' to you, an' what about?

BRICK: No one single person an' no one lie.

BIG DADDY: Then what, what then? Then who, about what?

BRICK, *rubs head*: The whole, the whole—thing.

BIG DADDY, *crosses to Brick with drink*: Why are you rubbin' your head? You got a headache?

BRICK: No, I'm tryin' to—

BIG DADDY, *hands Brick the drink*: Concentrate, but you can't because your brain's all soaked with liquor, is that the trouble? Wet brain! What do you know about this mendacity thing? Hell, I could write a book on it! *Crosses downstage center, faces front*. I could write a book on it an' still not cover the subject! Well, I could, I could write a goddam book on it an' still