

and how could He be when innocence blinds Adam to half the wonders He has made? I will help the Lord. Yes, that's the only way to put it; I'm His helper. I open up the marvels He dares not show, and thereby magnify His glory. In short, I disobey what He says and carry out what He means, and if that's evil, it's only to do good. Strange—I never felt so close to my creator as I do right now! Once Adam eats, he'll multiply, and Lucifer completes the lovely world of God! Oh, praise the Lord who gave me all this insight! My fight with Him is over! Now evil be my good, and Eve and Adam multiply in blessed sin! Make way, dumb stars, the world of man begins!

FAMILY BUSINESS

by Dick Goldberg

Act II

Early winter, 1974, the home of Isaiah Stein in Beverly, Massachusetts. Isaiah Stein, in his mid seventies, his heart failing, calls his sons together to discuss his will. Phil argues against his father's latest plan for disbursing the considerable family estate. Phil, a psychologist, is badly in debt and prefers an arrangement that will provide him with a large sum of ready cash. The argument boils over to the point where Isaiah threatens to cut Phil out of any inheritance. A few minutes later, in his room, Isaiah suffers a severe heart attack. The brothers rush in. Phil is asked to call the doctor. Alone in the main room, he calls, but says nothing of the emergency in the bedroom. Isaiah dies.

The following scene takes place a week later at the end of the traditional Jewish mourning period, the shiva. Phil has set about convincing Jerry, the youngest son, to loan him a large portion of his trust money—but Bobby (as well as Phil) is a trustee and must approve the loan. Norman, who has assumed a maternal role in the family, and who is not very shrewd about business, agrees to argue Phil's cause with Bobby, the brother

who has been running the family business and finances with great success.

The scene opens with Norman straightening out the main room. Bobby returns, carrying a sign that reads "For Sale, Schwartz' Realty, 649-8723." Bobby had an appointment with Mr. Schwartz about selling the house. Norman, who does not want the house sold, called and told the realtor that Bobby wasn't coming. When Bobby got there the office was already closed. The two brothers discuss the loan, the house, and Norman brings up Alice, a woman from Bobby's past who became sick and died. Then Norman reveals his feelings over the fact that his mother—who died in an automobile accident while he was driving—loved him more than she loved his father.

BOBBY, in hall: Fucking bastard! Leaves me this goddamn sign with a little note. *Reads the note at step:* "Sorry you couldn't make it this evening; why don't you go ahead and stick this in the ground." I'll stick it up his ass, that's what I'll do! First we get eaten out of house and home, then when I should be down at the store, I *schlepp* out in this weather to see Chip Schwartz, the phantom realtor. First thing tomorrow morning, that cock-sucker gets a piece of my mind. *Crosses to closet.*

NORMAN: Why don't you forget about him? It doesn't look like he's very reliable.

BOBBY, hangs up coat: Reliable? He's a *gonif!* And I just want him to know that I know it!

NORMAN: Maybe you'll feel different about it in the morning. **BOBBY, crosses right to sofa:** Will you tell me one thing, Norman? Will you tell me one goddamn thing? How come no matter what the fuck happens, you think people are going to feel different about it in the morning. Somebody shoves some shit in your mouth and you tell yourself, maybe it'll taste different in the morning. Well, I got news, mister, I don't like the taste of shit at no time—breakfast, lunch, or dinner! *Crosses to hall, removes snowshoes.*

NORMAN, folds up cloth: Can I get you something, Bobby? Can I do something for you?

BOBBY: Yeah! Get brother Phil to move his fucking car out of the driveway—and then put mine in the garage. I don't feel like scraping off a foot of snow tomorrow morning.

NORMAN: Okay.

BOBBY, *crosses to bar, mixes drink*: You have any idea how long he's going to be here?

NORMAN, *crosses to table, puts tablecloth away*: Not long. He's talking to Jerry. Jerry wants him to handle some of his trust money.

BOBBY, *looking up stairs*: Handle? I'll bet Phil is planning to "handle" it all right—right over to something owned and operated by Dr. Philip M. Stein.

NORMAN: He's your brother.

BOBBY: Yeah. Which means that some of Dad's come went to the same place twice.

NORMAN: Shut up! I won't listen to you talk that way.

BOBBY: And I won't listen to you babble! The money stays where it belongs—in a trust fund in the Bay Bank, formerly the Beverly Trust Company, of Beverly, Massachusetts! *Crosses to sofa right.*

NORMAN: You don't even know what they're talking about.

BOBBY: I know Phil.

NORMAN: You don't want Phil to get his way, do you? That's all it ever is, and that's all it ever comes down to.

BOBBY: Okay. That's all it ever comes down to. I hate my brother.

NORMAN: Be serious, Bobby.

BOBBY: Serious? Okay. I don't like my brother. I don't like him in a big way. And I really don't like the way he goes through money—money that I worked my ass off for. If Pop had wanted Jerry to invest the money, that's what Pop would have written into his will. If you want to go against what Pop wanted, go right ahead. But you won't get very far. Unless you plan on forging my John Hancock. *Crosses to chair.*

NORMAN: What would you do?

BOBBY: Norman, be serious. You haven't done a dishonest thing in your whole fucking life. And I don't think you're going to start now.

NORMAN: You don't think I can do anything, do you?

BOBBY: What the hell are you talking about? We're talking about handing over money to Phil—Phil! Who hasn't paid back a family loan since he borrowed my white *yarmulka* for his *bar mitzvah*.

NORMAN: That's not true, Bobby.

BOBBY: Go look at the books for the stores; look at the balance sheet for the last five years—look under the heading "Bad Business Debts," will ya? I'm going to save everybody a lot of trouble and let the money lay where it lies.

NORMAN: You've got to have my signature to sell the house, don't you?

BOBBY: Yeah.

NORMAN: I don't sign for the house if you don't agree with what Phil and Jerry decide.

BOBBY, *suppressing a laugh*: Are you serious?

NORMAN, *short pause*: Yes.

BOBBY: You're saying if I agree to whatever the hell it is, you'll sell the house.

NORMAN: You know I don't want to sell the house, Bobby—that I think you'd be better off here.

BOBBY: If we sell or if we don't Norman, I'm getting out.

NORMAN: So go. I hope you'll be very happy coming to visit Jerry and me.

BOBBY, *crosses to sofa*: Jerry is leaving too, Norman. I think you've been cooped up in this house too long.

NORMAN: Shut up, Bobby. I am perfectly all right. I'm the one who doesn't want to run out, who wants to stay where he belongs.

BOBBY: I'll tell you where you belong all right—I'll tell you where—

NORMAN, *crosses to Bobby*: Not another word! *He pushes Bobby into sofa, crosses to upstage left.*

BOBBY, *after a moment*: Norman, are you all right?

NORMAN: Yes. I just don't like people saying I'm—I'm different. First, Dad, and now you.

BOBBY: I didn't mean anything by it.

NORMAN, *crosses to table*: I know you didn't. Bobby, don't go.

BOBBY, *gently*: Norman, we don't need this house. It's too big. It was too big when Pop was alive.

NORMAN: I need it.

BOBBY: You'll be happy someplace else—I'm sure you will.

NORMAN: No, I won't. You don't understand. It wouldn't have to be for very long. Just a few years until . . .

BOBBY: Until what, Norman?

NORMAN: I don't know. Jerry got married, you got married.

You could find someone again—someone like Alice. You could raise a family—here!

BOBBY: That's never going to happen, Norman.

NORMAN: Yes, it is.

BOBBY: She's dead. That's all there is to it. Alice got sick and died.

NORMAN: If you had gone ahead and gotten married . . .

BOBBY: Okay, Norman.

NORMAN: People die . . . but you can find other people, people to take their place.

BOBBY: Okay.

NORMAN, *crosses to shiva stool—sits*: Mama loved me more than she loved Pop . . . did you know that, Bobby? She loved me more than she loved Pop. Every day, for as long as I can remember, she would leave him at the store to come home and be with me. She was here before I got home from school almost always. We would watch TV upstairs . . . we'd sit together on the couch with only the desk lamp on in the room . . . and I'd make patterns with the cookies she had given me. From three o'clock to five o'clock. Every day. A little after five, she'd wake Jerry from his nap, and you and Phil'd get home from practice. And then I'd be the one to come down here and wait for Pop. I'd be the one. I'd stand by the window and say to myself, "The sixth car to come by going up the street will be Pop's." Different days I'd guess different numbers. I was right a lot, too. But I didn't tell him when I guessed it. Because Pop would laugh. He'd always laugh. At me . . . and at Mama. *Pause*. I did not kill her. I was home, and Pop wanted someone to take her to the store to pick up some things for dinner. *He* wanted something special for dinner. *Pause*. SHE loved me. She loved me more than she did Pop. *Long pause*. Bobby is moved but unable to reach out to him. I'll find something for us in the kitchen, okay? Some cake or something.

BOBBY: Sure.

THE PRIVATE EAR

by Peter Shaffer

The setting is Tchaik's London apartment. (Tchaik is the nickname given to him by his friend, Ted, because he likes classical music, particularly Tchaikovsky.) Tchaik met a girl at a concert. Usually shy and awkward, he managed to invite her to his flat for dinner. Afraid he would not know what to talk about, he also invited his suave and smooth-talking friend, Ted. Ted has agreed to cook dinner. During the time between the concert and the dinner, Tchaik has built up his image of the girl into a goddess—pure, intelligent, cultured. A rude awakening awaits him. The excerpt below is the opening scene of the play.

The curtain rises on Tchaik's flat. Music is playing: Mozart on the gramophone. The door bursts open; Tchaik rushes in, in bathrobe and slippers, towelling his head. Throughout the scene he displays agitation and indecision in his preparations. There is an iron plugged into the electric light. He throws the towel on the bed, takes trousers from wardrobe, places them on the table and begins to press them. No result. He tests the iron, realizes it is not hot, looks up at the hanging lamp which is off, puts the iron down on the trousers, runs to left of kitchen door and turns on the wall switch. He crosses to the armchair and picks up a paper bag in which there is a deodorant stick, throws bag in wastebasket upstage center and crosses to the dresser, dropping his robe around his waist. He opens the stick and applies it to his armpit—he sniffs it. Satisfied, he applies it to the other. He puts the top on the stick, looks around and sees the iron on his pants. Alarmed, he runs to the table, picks the iron up and gingerly feels it. It is still not warm. He sits in chair above table and looks at it. A transistor is heard through the Mozart and Ted enters from left carrying a shopping bag and a small transistor radio which is playing loudly. He pauses inside the door and looks at Tchaik. He crosses to the red armchair, drops his bag in it, then crosses to