

LOST IN YONKERS

by Neil Simon

Jay: I hate coming here, don't you?

Arty: (*In front of fan.*) It's hot. I'm so hot.

Jay: I'd hate coming here if I was cool. Pop doesn't even like to come and it's his own mother . . . I was so afraid of her when I was a kid. She'd come out of that door with a limp and a cane and looked like she was going to kill you. When I was five, I drew a picture of her and called it "Frankenstein's Grandma."

Arty: Did she ever see it?

Jay: If she did, you'd be an only child today. Pop said she could swing her cane so fast, she could have been one of the greatest golfers in the world.

Arty: All I remember was, I hated kissing her. It felt like putting your face on a wrinkled ice cube.

Jay: Yeah, she's cold all right. She was she only one at Mom's funeral who didn't cry . . . I wonder why Pop's talking to her for so long for.

Arty: Because she's deaf in one ear, isn't she?

Jay: Yeah . . . Did you ever notice there's something wrong with everyone on Pop's side of the family? Mom used to tell me that.

Arty: She didn't tell me. Like who?

Jay: Like all of them. Like Aunt Bella . . . She's a little (*points to his head*) you know, closed upstairs.

Arty: I don't care. I like her. Nicer than "hot house" Grandma.

Jay: I didn't say she wasn't nice. But she's got marbles rolling around up there . . . Mom said she got that way because when she was a kid, Grandma kept hitting her in the head every time she did something stupid . . . which only made her stupider.

Arty: (*lays on the floor, in front of the sofa*) She wasn't stupid at making great ice cream sodas.

Jay: Hooray! Wonderful! She's 35 years old and she can make ice cream sodas. They don't give you a high school diploma for getting the cherry on top of the whipped cream.

Arty: She went to high school?

Jay: A little. She missed the first year because she couldn't find it.

BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS

by Neil Simon

Laurie: So? . . . What are you going to do?

Nora: I don't know. Leave me alone. Don't just sit there watching me.

Laurie: It's my room as much as yours. I don't have to leave it if I don't want to.

Nora: Do you have to stare at me? Can't I have any privacy?

Laurie: I'm staring into space. I can't help it if your body interferes. (*pause*) I bet you're worried?

Nora: How would you feel if your entire life depended on what your Uncle Jack decided? . . . Oh, God, I wish Daddy were alive.

Laurie: He would have said, "No." He was really strict.

Nora: Not with me. I mean he was strict but he was fair. If he said, "No," he always gave me a good reason. He always talked things out . . . I wish I could call him somewhere now and ask him what to do. One three minute call to heaven is all I ask.

Laurie: Ask Mom. She talks to him every night.

Nora: Who told you that?

Laurie: She did. Every night before she goes to bed. She puts his picture on her pillow and talks to him. Then she pulls the blanket half way up the picture and goes to sleep.

Nora: She does not.

Laurie: She does too. Last year when I had the big fever, I slept in bed with both of them. In the middle of the night, my face fell on his picture and cut my nose.

Nora: She never told me that . . . That's weird.

Laurie: I can't remember him much anymore. I use to remember him real good but now he disappears a little bit every day.

Nora: Oh, God, he was so handsome. Always dressed so dapper, his shoes always shined. I always thought he should have been a movie star, like Gary Cooper . . . only very short. Mostly I remember his pockets.

Laurie: His pockets?

Nora: When I was six or seven he always brought me home a little surprise. Like a Hershey or a top. He'd tell me to go get it in his coat pocket. So I'd run to the closet and put my hand in and it felt as big as a tent. I wanted to crawl in there and go to sleep. And there were all these terrific things in there, like Juicy Fruit gum or Spearmint Life Savers and bits of cellophane and crumbled pieces of tobacco and movie stubs and nickels and pennies and rubber bands and paper clips and his grey suede gloves that he wore in the wintertime.

Laurie: With the stitched lines down the fingers. I remember.

Nora: Then I found his coat in Mom's closet and I put my hand in the pocket. And everything was gone. It was emptied and dry cleaned and it felt cold . . . And that's when I knew he was really dead. (Thinks a moment.) Oh God, I wish we had our own place to live. I hate being a boarder. Listen, let's make a pact . . . The first one who makes enough money promises not to spend any on herself (himself), but saves it all to get a house for you and me and Mom. That means every penny we get from now on, we save for the house . . . We can't buy anything. No magazines or bubble gum. Nothing. Is it a pact?

Laurie: (*thinks*) What about movies?

Nora: Movies too.

Laurie: Starting when?

Nora: Starting today. Starting right now.

Laurie: Can we start Sunday? I wanted to see *The Thin Man*.

Nora: Okay. Starting Sunday . . . I'll go with you Saturday.

PRISONER OF 2ND AVENUE
by Neil Simon

Edna: Nobody steals dental floss and mouthwash. Only sick people do. Only that's who live in the world today. SICK, SICK, SICK, PEOPLE!

She sits, wrung out emotionally. Mel crosses to her, puts his arm on her shoulder, comforting her.

Mel: It's all right . . . It's all right, Edna . . . *(He looks through some papers on the table.)*

Edna: Can you imagine if I walked in and found them here? What would I have done, Mel?

Mel: You were very lucky, Edna. Very lucky.

Edna: But what would I have done?

Mel: You'd say, "Excuse me," . . . close the door and come back later. What would you do, sit and watch? Why do you ask me such questions? It didn't happen, did it?

Edna: It almost happened. If I had walked in here five minutes sooner.

Mel: *(Walking away from here.)* You couldn't have been gone only five minutes... It took the Santini Brothers two days to move everything in, three junkies aren't gonna move it all out in five minutes.

Edna: Seven minutes, eight minutes, what's the difference?

Mel: *(Opens the door, looks at lock.)* The lock isn't broken, it's just jimmed. I don't even know how they got in here.

Edna: Maybe they found my key in the street.

Mel: If you didn't have your key, how were you going to get back in the house when you went shopping?

Edna: I left the door open.

Mel: You-left-the-door-open?

Edna: I didn't have a key, how was I going to get back into the house?

Mel: So you left the door open? In the city with the highest crime rate in the history of the world, you left the door open?

Edna: What was I going to do? Take the furniture with me? I was only gone five minutes. How did they know I was going to leave the door open?

Mel: They know! They know! A door opens, it doesn't lock, the whole junkie world lights up. "Door open, 14th floor, 88th Street and Second Avenue." They know!

Edna: They don't know anything. They have to go around trying doors.

Mel: And what did you think? They were going to try every door in this house except yours? "Let's leave 14A alone, fellas, it looks like a nice door."

Edna: If they're going to go around trying to open doors, they have twenty-three hours and fifty-five minutes a day to try them. I didn't think they would try ours the five minutes I was out of the house. I gambled! I lost!

Mel: What kind of a gamble is that to take? If you lose, they get everything. If you win, they rob somebody else.

Edna: I had to shop. There was nothing in the house to eat tonight.

Mel: All right, now you have something to eat and nothing to eat with ...

Edna starts to pick up things.

Mel: What are you doing?

Edna: We can't leave everything like this. I want to clean up.

Mel: Now?

Edna: The place is a mess. We have people coming over in a few minutes.

Mel: The police? YOU want the place to look nice for the police? You're worried they're going to put it in they're going to put it down in their books, "Bad Housekeeper?" Leave it alone. Maybe they'll find clues.

Edna: I can't find out what's missing until I put everything back its place.

Mel: What do you mean? You know what's missing. The television, the liquor, the kitchen money, the medicine chest and the Hi-Fi... That's it, isn't it? *(Pause.)* Isn't it? *(Edna looks away.)*...Okay, what did they get?

Edna: Am I a detective? Look, you'll find out.

He glares at her, looks around the room, doesn't know where to begin. He decides to check the bedroom. He storms down the hall and disappears. Edna knowing what soon to expect, sits on a chair in the dining area and stares out the window. She takes out a hanky and wipes some dirt from the windowsill. Mel returns calmly. At least outwardly calm. He takes a deep breath.

Mel: Where are my suits?

Edna: They were there this morning. They're not there now. They must have taken your suits.

Mel: *(Still trying to be calm.)* Seven suits? Three sports jackets? Eight pairs of slacks?

Edna: If that's what you had, that's what they got.

Mel: I'm lucky my tuxedo is in the cleaners.

Edna: *(Still staring out the window.)* They sent it back this morning.

Mel: Well, they did a good job of it... Cleaned me out... Left a pair of khaki pants and my golf hat... Anybody asks us out to dinner this week, ask them if it's all right if I wear khaki pants and a golf hat. DIRTY BASTARDS!

THE ODD COUPLE

by Neil Simon

Felix: (*Staring at the door.*) That's funny, isn't it Oscar? . . . They think we're happy . . . They think we're enjoying this . . . (*Gets up and begins to straighten up chairs.*) They don't know Oscar. They don't know what it's like. (*He gives a short, ironic laugh, tucks napkin under arm and starts to pick up dishes from table.*)

Oscar: I'd be immensely grateful to you, Felix, if you didn't clean up just now.

Felix: (*Puts dishes on tray.*) It's only a few things . . . (*He stops and looks back at the door.*) I can't get over what Murray just said . . . You know I think they really envy us. (*Clears more stuff off table.*)

Oscar: Felix, leave everything alone. I'm not through dirtying up for the night. (*Drops poker chips on the floor.*)

Felix: (*Putting stuff on tray.*) But don't you see the irony of it? . . . Don't you see it, Oscar?

Oscar: (*Sighs heavily.*) Yes, I see it.

Felix: (*Clearing table.*) No you don't. I really don't think you do.

Oscar: Felix I'm telling you I see the irony of it.

Felix: (*Pauses.*) Then tell me, what is it? What's the irony?

Oscar: (*Deep breath.*) The irony is unless we can come to some other arrangement I'm gonna kill you! That's the irony.

Felix: What's wrong? (*Crosses back to tray, puts down glasses.*)

Oscar: There's something wrong with the system, that's what's wrong. I don't think two single men living alone in a big eight room apartment should have a cleaner house than my mother.

Felix: (*Gets rest of dishes, glasses and coasters from table.*) What are you talking about? I'm just going to put the dishes in the sink.

Oscar: (*Takes his glass which Felix has put on a tray and crosses to bar for refill.*) I don't care if you take them to bed with you, you can play Mr. Clean all you want but don't make me feel guilty.

Felix: (*Takes tray into kitchen, leaving swinging door open.*) I'm not asking you to do it Oscar, You don't have to clean up.

Oscar: (*He moves up to the door.*) That's why you make me feel guilty. You always in my bathroom hanging up my towels . . . Whenever I smoke you follow me around with an ashtray . . . Last night I found you washing the kitchen floor shaking your head and moaning, "Footprints, Footprints!"

Felix: (*Comes back to table with silent butler into which he dumps the ashtrays; then wipes carefully.*) I didn't say they were yours.

Oscar: (*angrily sits D. R in wing chair.*) well they were mine damn it. I have feet and they make prints what do you want me to do climb across the cabinets?

Felix: No! I want you to walk on the floor.

Oscar: I appreciate that I really do.

Felix: (*Crosses to telephone table and clean ashtray there.*) I'm just trying to keep the place livable. I didn't realize I irritated you that much.

Oscar: I just feel I should have the right to decide when my bathtub needs going over with Dutch Cleanser . . . It's the democratic way!

Felix: (*Puts down silent butler and rag on coffee table and sits down glumly.*) I was wondering how long it would take

Oscar: How long what would take?

Felix: Before I got on your nerves.

Oscar: I didn't say you got on my nerves.

Felix: Well it's the same thing you said I irritated you.

Oscar: You said you irritated me. I didn't say it.

Felix: Then what did you say?

Oscar: I don't know what I said. What's the difference what I said?

Felix: It doesn't make any difference. I was just repeating what I thought you said.

Oscar: Well don't repeat what you thought I said. Repeat what I said! . . . My god that's irritating!

Felix: You see! You did say it!

Oscar: I don't believe this whole conversation.
(*Gets up and paces above table.*)

Felix: (*Pawing with cup.*) Oscar I'm sorry I don't know what's wrong with me.

Oscar: (*Paces.*) And don't pout. If you want to fight we'll fight. But don't pout! Fighting I win pouting you win!

Felix: You're right everything you say about me is absolutely right.

Oscar: (*Really angry turn to Felix.*) And don't give in so easily I'm not always right. Sometimes you're right.

Felix: You're right I do that I always figure I'm wrong.

Oscar: Only this time you are wrong. And I'm right

Felix: Oh leave me alone.

Oscar: And don't sulk that's the same as pouting

Felix: I know, I know. (*He squeezes cup with anger.*) Damn me why can't I do one lousy thing right? (*He suddenly stands up and cocks his arm back angrily about to hurl the cup against the front door then thinks better of it and put is down and sits.*)

Oscar: (*Watching this.*) Why don't you throw it?

Felix: I almost did I get so insane with myself sometimes.

Oscar: Then why don't you throw the cup?

Felix: Because I'm trying to control myself

Oscar: Why?

Felix: What do you mean why?

Oscar: Why do you have to control yourself? You're angry, you felt like throwing the cup why don't you throw it?

Felix: Because there's no point to it I'd still be angry and I'd have a broken cup

Oscar: How don't you know how'd you feel? Maybe you'd feel wonderful. Why do you have to control every single thought on your head? Why don't you let loose once in your life? Do something you feel like doing not what you're supposed to do. Stop keeping books Felix. Relax. Get drunk get angry . . . C'mon, break the goddamned cup!

Felix suddenly stands up and hurls the cup against the door. Smashing it to pieces. Then he grabs his shoulder in pain.

Felix: Oww! . . . I hurt my arm! (*Sinks down in couch massaging his arm.*)

Oscar: You're hopeless! You're a hopeless mentally case!

THE GLASS MENAGERIE
by Tennessee Williams

In this scene Amanda plays the suffering, domineering mother. Laura's shyness is revealed by the fact that she quit her typing class and has been afraid to say so.

Laura: Hello Mother, I was ... uh ...

Amanda: Deception? Deception? *(She slowly removes her hat and gloves, silently staring her daughter down. She lets her hat and gloves fall on the ground)*

Laura: *(Nervously)* How was the D.A.R. meeting? Didn't you go to the D.A.R. meeting, Mother?

Amanda: *(Quietly furious)* No ... no. I did not have the strength – to go to the D.A.R. In fact, I did not have the courage. I wanted to find a hole in the ground and hide myself in it forever.

Laura: *(Faintly)* Why did you do that Mother? Why are you ...

Amanda: Why? Why? How old are you Laura?

Laura: *(Trying to calm the situation down)* Mother, you know my age.

Amanda: I thought that you were an adult; it seems that I was mistaken.

Laura: Please don't stare at me, Mother.

Amanda: What are we going to do, what is going to become of us, what is the future?

Laura: Has something happened Mother? *(Pause)* Mother, has ... something happened?

Amanda: I'll be all right in a minute, I'm just bewildered ... by life ...

Laura: Mother, I wish that you would tell me what's happened!

Amanda: As you know, I was supposed to be inducted into my office at the D.A.R. this afternoon. But I stopped off at Rubicam's Business College to speak to your teachers about your having a cold and

ask them what progress they thought you were making down there.

Laura: Oh ...

Amanda: I went to the typing instructor and introduced myself as your mother. She didn't know who you were. "Wingfield?" she said. We don't have any such student enrolled at the school! I assured her she DID, that you had been going to classes since early in January. "I wonder," she said, "if you could be talking about that terribly shy little girl who dropped out of school after only a few days' attendance?" "No," I said, "Laura, my daughter, has been going to school every day for the past six years!" "Excuse me," she said. She took the attendance book out and there was your name, unmistakably printed, and all the dates you were absent until they decided that you had dropped out of school. I still said, "No, there must have been some mistake! There must have been some mix-up in the records!" And she said, "No – I remember her perfectly now. Her hands shook so that she couldn't hit the right keys! The first time we gave a speed-test, she broke down completely – was sick at the stomach and almost had to be carried into the wash-room! After that morning she never showed up any more. We phoned the house but never got any answer" (*Pause*) I felt so weak I could barely keep on my feet! I had to sit down while they got me a glass of water! Fifty dollars' tuition, all of our plans – my hopes and ambitions for you – just gone up the spout, just gone up the spout like that.

Laura: Oh.

Amanda: Laura ... where have you been going when you've gone out pretending that you were going to business college?

Laura: I've just been going out walking.

Amanda: That's not true.

Laura: It is. I just went walking.

Amanda: Walking? Walking? In winter? Deliberately courting pneumonia in that light coat? Where did you walk to, Laura?

Laura: All sorts of places – mostly in the park.

Amanda: Even after you'd started catching that cold?

Laura: It was the lesser of two evils, Mother. I couldn't go back up. I ... threw up ... on the floor!

Amanda: From half past seven till after five every day you mean to tell me you walked around in the park, because you wanted to make me think that you were still going to Rubicam's Business College?

Laura: It wasn't as bad as it sounds. I went inside places to get warmed up.

Amanda: Inside where?

Laura: I went in the art museum and the bird-houses at the Zoo. I visited the penguins every day! Sometimes I did without lunch and went to the movies. Lately I've been spending most of my afternoons in the Jewel-box, that big glass house where they raise the tropical flowers.

Amanda: You did all this to deceive me, just for deception? (*Pause*) Why?

Laura: Mother, when you're disappointed, you get that awful suffering look on your face, like the picture of Jesus' mother in the museum!

Amanda: Oh hush!

Laura: I couldn't face it!

WAITING FOR LEFTY
by Clifford Odets

It is the middle of the Great Depression and Edna Mitchell is fed up with poverty. Her husband, Joe, can barely make a living as a taxi cab Driver, bringing six to eleven dollars a week. Today, their furniture was repossessed, the kids went to bed without supper, and Edna doesn't have enough money to resole her kid's shoes. After years of struggle and hardship, she's tired of seeing her husband exploited by the cab owners, and union racketeers, and tired of listening to Joe's vague promises that things are going to get better. Edna wants him to stand up and fight for his rights and win some dignity. She wants him to strike! Joe protests. He's afraid to confront the bosses, afraid he'll get hurt, and afraid of losing the little that he has because he has no other jobs. He's willing to wait out the hard times without rocking the boat. Sick with disgust, Edna threatens to leave if he doesn't start fighting for his family.

Joe: Where's all the furniture, honey?

Edna: They took it away. No installments paid.

Joe: When?

Edna: Three o'clock.

Joe: They can't do that.

Edna: Can't? They did it.

Joe: Why, the palookas, we paid three quarters.

Edna: The man said read the contract.

Joe: We must have signed a phony....

Edna: It's a regular contract and you signed it.

Joe: Don't be so sour, Edna... (tries to embrace her)

Edna: Do it in the movies, Joe-they pay Clark Gable big money for it.

Joe: This is a helluva house to come home to. Take my word!

Edna: I take MY word! Whose fault is it?

Joe: Must you start that stuff again?

Edna: Maybe you'd like to talk about books?

Joe: I'd like to slap you in the mouth!

Edna: No you won't.

Joe: (sheepishly) Jeez, Edna, you get me sore some time. . . .

Edna: But just look at me – I'm laughing all over!

Joe: Don't insult me. Can I help it if times are bad? What the hell do you want me to do, jump off a bridge or something?

Edna: Don't yell. I just put the kids to bed so they won't know they missed a meal. If I don't have Emmy's shoes soled tomorrow, she can't go to school. In the meantime let her sleep.

Joe: Honey, I rode the wheels off the chariot today I cruised around five hours without a call. It's conditions.

Edna: Tell it to the A & P!

Joe: I booked two-twenty on the clock. A lady with a dog was lit . . . she gave me a quarter tip by mistake. If you'd only listen to me – we're rolling in wealth,

Edna: Yeah? How much?

Joe: I had "coffee and-" in a beanery. (hands her silver coins) A buck four.

Edna: The second month's rent is due tomorrow.

Joe: Don't look at me that way, Edna.

Edna: I'm looking through you, not at you. . . . Everything was gonna be so ducky! A cottage by the waterfall, roses in Picardy. You're a four-star-bust! If you think I'm standing for it much longer, you're crazy as a bedbug.

Joe: I'd get another job if I could. There's no work, you know that.

Edna: I only know we're at the bottom of the ocean.

Joe: What can I do?

Edna: Who's the man in the family, you or me?

Joe: That's no answer. Get down to brass tacks. Christ, gimme a break, too! A coffee and java all day. I'm hungry, too, Babe. I'd work my fingers to the bone if

Edna: I'll open a can of salmon..

Joe: Not now. Tell me what to do!

Edna: I'm not God!

Joe: Jeez, I wish I was a kid again and didn't have to think about the next minute.

Edna: But you're not a kid and you do have to think about the next minute. You got two Blondie kids sleeping in the next room. They need food and clothes. I'm not mentioning anything else-But we're stalled like a flivver in the snow. For five years I laid awake at night listening to my heart pound. For God's sake, do something, Joe, get wise. Maybe get your buddies together, maybe go on strike for better money. Poppa did it during the war and they won out. I'm turning into a sour old nag.

Joe: (defending himself) Strikes don't work!

Edna: Who told you?

Joe: Besides that means not a nickel a week while we're out. Then when it's over they don't take you back.

Edna: Suppose they don't! What's to lose?

Joe: Well, we're averaging six-seven dollars a week now-

Edna: That just pays for the rent.

Joe: That is something, Edna.

Edna: It isn't. They'll push you down to three and four a week before you know it. Then you'll say, "That's somethin'." Tool.

Joe: There's too many cabs on the street, that's the whole damn trouble.

Edna: Let the company worry about that, you big fool their cabs didn't make a profit, they'd take them off the streets. Or maybe you think they're in business to pay Joe Mitchell's rent!

Joe: You don't know a-b-c, Edna.

Edna: I know this – your boss is making suckers outa you boys every minute. Yes, and suckers out of all the wives and the poor innocent kids who'll grow up with crooked spines and sick bones. Sure, I see it in the papers, how good orange juice is for kids. But damnit our kids get colds one on top of the other. They look like little ghosts. Betty never saw a grapefruit. I took her to the store last week and she pointed to stack of grapefruits. "What's that!" she said. My God, Joe the world is supposed to be for all of us.

Joe: You'll wake them up.

Edna: I don't care, as long as I can maybe wake you up.

Joe: Don't insult me. One man can't make a strike.

Edna: Who says one man? You got hundreds in your rotten union!

Joe: The union ain't rotten.

Edna: No? Then what are they doing? Collecting dues and patting your back?

Joe: They're making plans.

Edna: What kind?

Joe: They don't tell us.

Edna: That's too damn bad about you. They don't tell little Joey what's happening in his itsy bitsy little union . What do you think it is-a Ping-Pong game?

Joe: You know they're racketeers. The guys at the top would shoot you for a nickel.

Edna: Do you stand for that stuff?

Joe: Don't you wanna see me alive?

Edna: (a deep pause) No . . . I don't think I do, Joe. Not if you can lift a finger to do something about it, and don't. No. I don't care.

Joe: Honey, you don't understand what-

Edna: And any other hackie that won't fight. . .let them all be ground to hamburger.

Joe: It's one thing to-

Edna: Take your hand away! Only they don't grind me to little pieces I've got different plans. (starts to take of her apron)

Joe: Where are you going?

Edna: None of your business

Joe: What's up your sleeve?

Edna: My arm'd be up my sleeve, darling, if I had a sleeve to wear. (puts neatly folded apron on back of chair)

Joe: Tell me !

Edna: Tell you what?

Joe: Where are you going?

Edna: Don't you remember my old boyfriend?

Joe: Who?

Edna: Bud Haas. He still has my picture in his watch. He earns a living.

Joe: What the hell are you talking about?

Edna: I heard worse than I'm talking about.

Joe: Have you seen Bud since we got married?

Edna: Maybe.

Joe: If I thought . . . (He stands looking at her-)

Edna: See much? Listen, boyfriend, if you think I won't do this it just means you can't see straight.

Joe: Stop talking bull!

Edna: This isn't five years ago, Joe

Joe: You mean you'd leave me and the kids?

Edna: I'd leave you like a shot!

Joe: No . . .

Edna: Yes!

She turns away, sitting in a chair with his back to her.

Joe: (finally) Well, I guess I ain't got a leg to stand on.

Edna: No?

Joe: (suddenly mad) No, you lousy tart, no! Get the hell out of here. Go pick up that bull-thrower on the corner and stop at some cushy hotel downtown. He's probably been coming here every morning and laying you while I hacked my guts out!

Edna: You're crawling like a worm

Joe: You'll be crawling in a minute.

Edna: You don't scare me that much! (indicates a half inch on her finger)

Joe: This is what I slaved for!

Edna: Tell it to your boss!

Joe: He don't give a damn for you or me!

Edna: That's what I say.

Joe: Don't change the subject!

Edna: This is the subject, the exact subject. Your boss makes this subject. I never saw him in my life, but he's putting ideas in my head a mile a minute. He's giving you kids that fancy disease called the dockets. He's making a jellyfish outta you and putting wrinkles in my face. This is the subject every inch of the way! He's throwing me into Bud Haas' lap. When in hell will you get wise-

Joe: I'm not so dumb as you think! But you are talking like a red.

Edna: I don't know what that means. But when a man knocks you down you get up and kiss his fist! You gutless piece of baloney.

Joe: One man can't-

Edna: (with great joy) I don't say one man, I say a hundred, a thousand, a whole million, I say. But start in your own union. Get those hack boys

together! Sweep out those racketeers like a pile of
din! Stand up like men and fight for the crying kids
and wives. Goddamnit! I'm tired of slavery and
sleepless nights.

Joe: Sure, sure! ...

Edna: Yes. Get brass toes on your shoes and know
where to kick!

Joe: (suddenly jumping up and hugging her
fiercely) Listen Edna, I'm goin' down to 74th Street
to look up Lefty Costello. He was saying the other
day . . . (He suddenly stops.) How about this Haas
guy?

Edna: Get out of here!

Joe: I'll be back!

*Edna stands there, alone, exhausted and proud of
her husband.*

PLAZA SUITE (F)

by Neil Simon

Norma's daughter has locked herself in the bathroom on her wedding day and is refusing to come out and get married. In desperation, Norma has called down to the hotel ballroom to enlist her husband's help.

Norma: Hello? Hello, operator? Can I have the Hubley-Eisler wedding . . . Thank you . . . Hello? . . . Who's this? . . . Mr. Eisler . . . It's Norma Hubley . . . No, everything's fine . . . Yes, we're coming right down . . . *(She is smiling and trying to act as pleasant and as calm as possible.)* Yes, you're right, it certainly is the big day . . . Mr. Eisler, is my husband there? . . . would you please? . . . Oh! Well, I'd like to wish you the very best of luck too . . . Borden's a wonderful boy . . . Well, they're both wonderful kids . . . No, no. She's as calm as a cucumber . . . That's the younger generation, I guess . . . Yes, everything seems to be going along beautifully . . . Absolutely beautifully . . . Oh, thank you. *(Her husband has obviously just come on the other end because the expression on her face changes violently and she screams a raping whisper filled with doom.)* Roy? You'd better get up here right away, we're in big trouble . . . Don't ask questions, just get up here . . . Don't say anything. Just smile and walk leisurely out the door . . . and then get the hell up here as fast as you can. *(She hangs up and crosses to the bathroom door. With complete authority.)* All right, Mimsey, your father's on his way up. Now, I want you to come out of that bathroom and get married. Do you hear me? . . . I've had enough of this nonsense . . . Unlock that door! *(Nothing. As sweetly as possible.)* Mimsey, sweetie, please come downstairs and get married . . . I know what you're going through now, sweetheart, you're just nervous . . . Everyone goes through that on their wedding day . . . It's going to be all right, darling. You love Borden and he loves you. You're both going to have a wonderful future. So please come out of the bathroom! *(Desperate pleading.)* Mimsey, if you don't care about your life, think about mine. Your father'll kill me. *(The doorbell rings.)* Oh, God, he's here! . . . Mimsey! Mimsey, please spare me this . . . If you want, I'll have it annulled next week, but please come out and get married! *(No answer.)* All right, I'm letting your father in. And heaven help the three of us!

PLAZA SUITE (M)

by Neil Simon

Roy has just come in from the ledge of his hotel room, trying to get his daughter to come out of the bathroom and get married.

Roy: Don't get her upset? I'm hanging seven stories from a gargoyle in a pouring rain and you want me to worry about her? . . . You know what she's doing in there? She's playing with her false eyelashes. . . (pause) I already made up my mind. The minute I get my hands on her, I'm gonna kill her. Once I show them the wedding bills, no jury on earth would convict me. . . And if by some miracle she survives, let there be no talk of weddings. . . She can go into a convent. Let her become a librarian with thick glasses and a pencil in her hair, I'm not paying for anymore cancelled weddings. . . (working himself up into a frenzy, he rushes to the table by the armchair and grabs up some newspapers) Now get her out of there or I start to burn these newspapers and smoke her out.

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST
by Oscar Wilde

Algernon has come to call on a young girl named Cecily while pretending to be Ernest Worthing.

Cecily: I have never met any really wicked person before. I feel rather frightened. I am so afraid he will look just like every one else.

[Enter Algernon, very suave and debonnair.]

Cecily: [Seeing Algernon, disappointed] He does.

Algernon: [Raising his hat.] You are my little cousin Cecily, I'm sure.

Cecily: You are under some strange mistake. I am not little. In fact, I believe I am more than usually tall for my age. [Algernon is rather taken aback.] But I am your cousin Cecily. You, I see from your card, are Uncle Jack's brother, my cousin Ernest, my wicked cousin Ernest.

Algernon: Oh! I am not really wicked at all, cousin Cecily. You mustn't think that I am wicked.

Cecily: If you are not, then you have certainly been deceiving us all in a very inexcusable manner. I hope you have not been leading a double life, pretending to be wicked and being really good all the time. That would be hypocrisy.

Algernon: [Looks at her in amazement.] Oh! Of course I have been rather reckless.

Cecily: I am glad to hear it.

Algernon: In fact, now you mention the subject, I have been very bad in my own small way.

Cecily: I don't think you should be so proud of that, though I am sure it must have been very pleasant.

Algernon: It is much pleasanter being here with you.

Cecily: I can't understand how you are here at all. Uncle Jack wants to speak to you about your emigrating.

Algernon. About my what?

Cecily: Your emigrating. Uncle Jack is sending you to Australia.

Algernon: Australia! I'd sooner die.

Cecily: Well, he said at dinner on Wednesday night, that you would have to choose between this world, the next world, and Australia.

Algernon: Oh, well! The accounts I have received of Australia and the next world, are not particularly encouraging. This world is good enough for me, cousin Cecily.

Cecily; Yes, but are you good enough for it?

Algernon: I'm afraid I'm not that. That is why I want you to reform me. You might make that your mission, if you don't mind, cousin Cecily.

Cecily: I'm afraid I've no time, this afternoon.

Algernon: Well, would you mind my reforming myself this afternoon?

Cecily: It is rather ironic of you. But I think you should try.

Algernon: I will. I feel better already.

Cecily: You are looking a little worse.

Algernon: That is because I am hungry.

Cecily: How thoughtless of me. I should have remembered that when one is going to lead an entirely new life, one requires regular and wholesome meals. Won't you come in?

Algernon: Thank you. Might I first that you are rather like a pink rose, Cousin Cecily?

Cecily: I don't think it can be right for you to talk to me like that. Miss Prism never says such things to me.

Algernon: Then Miss Prism is a short-sighted old lady. You are the prettiest girl I ever saw.

Cecily: Miss Prism says that all good looks are a snare.

Algernon: They are a snare that every sensible man would like to be caught in.

Cecily: Oh, I don't think I would care to catch a sensible man. I shouldn't know what to talk to him about.