

SAMUEL FRENCH SAMPLE PERUSAL

This sample is an *excerpt* from a Samuel French title.

This sample is for perusal only and may not be used for performance purposes.

You may not download, print, or distribute this excerpt.

We highly recommend purchasing a copy of the title before considering for performance.

For more information about licensing or about purchasing a play or musical, please visit our website.

www.samuel french.com

www.samuel french.co.uk

Samuel French Acting Edition

Pizza Man

by Darlene Craviotto

|| SAMUEL FRENCH ||

SAMUELFRENCH.COM

SAMUELFRENCH.CO.UK

Copyright © 1986 by Darlene Craviotto
All Rights Reserved

PIZZA MAN is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America, the British Commonwealth, including Canada, and all other countries of the Copyright Union. All rights, including professional and amateur stage productions, recitation, lecturing, public reading, motion picture, radio broadcasting, television and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved.

ISBN 978-0-573-61995-3

www.SamuelFrench.com

www.SamuelFrench.co.uk

FOR PRODUCTION ENQUIRIES

UNITED STATES AND CANADA

Info@SamuelFrench.com

1-866-598-8449

UNITED KINGDOM AND EUROPE

Plays@SamuelFrench.co.uk

020-7255-4302

Each title is subject to availability from Samuel French, depending upon country of performance. Please be aware that *PIZZA MAN* may not be licensed by Samuel French in your territory. Professional and amateur producers should contact the nearest Samuel French office or licensing partner to verify availability.

CAUTION: Professional and amateur producers are hereby warned that *PIZZA MAN* is subject to a licensing fee. Publication of this play(s) does not imply availability for performance. Both amateurs and professionals considering a production are strongly advised to apply to Samuel French before starting rehearsals, advertising, or booking a theatre. A licensing fee must be paid whether the title(s) is presented for charity or gain and whether or not admission is charged. Professional/Stock licensing fees are quoted upon application to Samuel French.

No one shall make any changes in this title(s) for the purpose of production. No part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means, now known or yet to be invented, including mechanical, electronic, photocopying, recording, videotaping, or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the publisher. No one shall upload this title(s), or part of this title(s), to any social media websites.

For all enquiries regarding motion picture, television, and other media rights, please contact Samuel French.

For Richard Seff

PIZZA MAN was first presented by The Slice of Life Company at the Callboard Theatre in Los Angeles, on May 13, 1982. It was produced by Paul Waigner with the following cast:

JULIE RODGERS Daphne Eckler
ALICE MEYERLINK Wendi Jo Sperber
EDDIE..... Mark L. Taylor

Standbys: Jude St. James, Louise Hoven, Philip Levien

Directed by Frank Cavestani
Set Design by David Sackeroff
Costumes by Judy Evans
Associate Producer: Carl Sautter
Production Stage Manager: Robert Schanche

PIZZA MAN was subsequently presented by Thursday Night Productions at the Richmond Shepard Theatre in Hollywood, California on April 7, 1983. It was produced by Robert Schanche with the following cast:

JULIE RODGERS Kit McDonough
ALICE MEYERLINK Kathy Bendett
EDDIE..... Philip Levien

Standbys: Christine Dickinson, Nancy Cartwright,
Rick Dean

Directed by Richard Altman
Production Design by W. Lansing Barbour
Stage Manager: Rick Lucero

ACT ONE

Friday. A long, hot, summer night.

ACT TWO

SCENE ONE

Later that evening.

SCENE TWO

Much later that same evening.

CHARACTER BREAKDOWN

JULIE RODGERS: *Late-twenties. Very attractive. Wholesome. The “girl next door.” She’s a woman who’s lived on her own for a long time and hasn’t been successful at it. She’s gone through life as a “good girl;” a “nice person,” and it has led nowhere. She’s witty, charming, and intelligent. She’s a lady who has style. And she’s also a woman who’s filled with rage. In the course of the play the rage surfaces.*

ALICE MEYERLINK: *Mid-twenties. Jewish. Constantly battling her weight. Neurotic. This woman doesn’t live life ... she attacks it. The smallest event in her day can throw her into the deepest depression or the highest of highs. The real moments in life, however, Alice has a tendency to miss.*

EDDIE (PIZZA MAN): *Late-twenties. Attractive. Cocky. And with a vulnerability he tries desperately to cover up. He likes to think he’s macho but on him it really misses. Probably identifies with Burt Reynolds. Eddie is a “nice guy” and he’s been paying a price for it his whole life.*

PIZZA MAN

ACT ONE

The house lights dim slowly. We are in black. After a moment a song begins to play. A hard and sensual Elton John song that is being played much too loudly. The curtain opens in black and we see a match being lit. It illuminates the face of a woman in her late twenties: her very late twenties, who stands center stage wearing a workshirt and nothing else. JULIE RODGERS stares into the flame. She has a young face but we can see the beginnings of lines around her eyes and mouth. Tight. Cold. Bitter. A face that fluctuates between "the girl next door" and a woman who has been on her own for a long time ... and has not been successful at it. JULIE lights her cigarette, inhales it deeply, pauses, then blows out the match.

The lights come up slowly onstage to reveal the apartment. Nothing fancy, it is a simple one bedroom with a small kitchen nook upstage right. The furniture came with the apartment and has seen better days. There has been an attempt, however, at camouflaging most of it with miscellaneous and mismatched throw pillows, slip covers, and an afghan that is obviously the product of some distant arthritic aunt. Several pictures on the walls are attractive, but the majority are simply framed posters purchased at

“head shops.” They are souvenirs of earlier, more innocent years. The apartment is clean, but cluttered enough to be comfortable. The ashtray on the coffee table is filled with butts. Several empty beer cans are strewn about. JULIE carries one in her hand as she crosses to the TV set. Picking up the TV Guide, she paces the room nervously reading it; moving like a panther in a cage. Dissatisfied with the evening’s choices, she tosses it into an armchair, stops and chugalugs the rest of her beer, and then crosses into the kitchen for another. The phone rings loudly. JULIE stops and checks her watch. She nods her head knowingly and crosses to it.

JULIE. *(into phone, matter of factly)* Good evening, Mr. Plotkin. It’s 7:45 and you’re trying to sleep and you want me to turn down my music, right? *(beat)* I knew it was you, Mr. Plotkin because for the last two years you have called me every night and asked me to turn down my music. And every night for the last two years I’ve turned it down. *(Deep breath. Bravely announcing.)* Tonight ... I’m not turning it down! *(Beat. She listens politely.)* I understand that. *(beat)* I understand you’re a senior citizen and you need your sleep. *(her anger mounting)* But the fact is, Mr. Plotkin, you’re an old fuck ... *(correcting herself quickly)* ... FART ... *(what the hell)* ... A FUCK FART! *(She slams down the receiver and heads quickly into the kitchen. Suddenly, she stops and thinks a moment; puzzled by her emotional snit with an old man. She mumbles quietly.)* “Fuck fart?” *(Shaking her head, she continues into the kitchen and grabs another beer quickly. Opening it, she takes a long belt and moves back into the living room. Closing her eyes, she lets the music take hold of her. She sways her body sen-*

usually to the hard bass beat of the song.)

(The phone rings.)

JULIE. *(Crosses to it. Into phone.)* Talk quickly, I'm having a nervous breakdown. *(beat)* Look, Mr. Plotkin, give me a break! It's hot. I've had a bad day. It's Friday night and I don't have a date. And I'm not looking forward to spending the evening with my neurotic roommate. Allow me this one hour in my own apartment to go berserk! *(beat)* Doing? *(beat)* I'm not doing anything. *(beat)* I am not dancing naked in my apartment! *(Picking up the phone and moving to the window. Shouting at him through it.)* And what the HELL are you doing looking in my window?!!!! *(beat)* The curtains are closed. They're thin curtains. *(beat)* I won't put underwear on. I have underwear on. *(beat)* I do. *(beat)* I do. I do, GODDAMNIT, I DO!!! *(Her back to the audience, she rips open her workshirt, exposing herself in front of the window. A beat. She looks down and discovers to her horror that she is in fact naked.)* Oh my God. *(picking up the phone quickly)* I'm sorry, Mr. Plotkin. I could have sworn I had underwear on. *(beat)* Hello? ... Mr. Plotkin? Hello? ... Oh God. *(She hangs up quickly. Stands a moment looking totally lost and embarrassed. She hugs the shirt tightly to her body and hurries toward the bedroom to put on some clothes.)*

(The front door suddenly bursts open and the neurotic roommate enters. ALICE MEYERLINK is in her mid-twenties. She is a woman who does not live life ... she attacks it. The smallest event in her day can throw her into the deepest depression or the highest of highs. This includes breaking a fingernail, missing a bus, getting a

date, not getting a date, etc., etc. The real moments in her life however, ALICE has a tendency to miss. ALICE's entrance is a dramatic one. She slams the front door behind her and leans against it wearily. The phone rings again.)

JULIE. *(as she enters into the bedroom)* Alice, could you get the phone? *(JULIE disappears into the bedroom. ALICE remains frozen in front of the door. The phone continues to ring persistently. JULIE calls from offstage.)* Alice, the phone! *(ALICE remains frozen. The phone rings on. JULIE calls from offstage.)* Could you get the damn phone!!! *(ALICE moves over to a poster of Mexico hanging on the wall. She rips it down furiously. She moves to a nearby table. She snatches silk flowers from a porcelain vase. She starts to turn away, hesitates, and then turns back and picks up the vase too. She carries all of these things to a nearby wastebasket. And she victoriously drops them inside of it. Without hesitating she moves over to a large bulletin board up on the wall. She rips down the following items: a large Hallmark Valentine's card with a huge heart on it, four Polaroid snapshots, and a L.A. Kings banner. She tosses these also into the wastebasket. ALICE heads into the bedroom, passing JULIE on her way out of the bedroom.)* Why didn't you answer the phone? *(ALICE ignores her and disappears into the bedroom.)* Alice? *(JULIE rushes over to the phone, picking it up...)* Hello? *(to herself)* Oh God. *(sweetly)* Hello, Mother? How are you?

(Offstage, drawers open and slam loudly.)

JULIE. No, I'm fine, Mom. I was in the bedroom changing.

(Offstage the drawers continue to slam. JULIE starts to get up and head into the bedroom to see what's happening.)

JULIE. *(bored)* No, I'm not going out tonight. Is that why you called?

(As JULIE heads towards the bedroom a jewelry box comes flying out of the bedroom door. JULIE reacts.)

JULIE. I know it's Friday night, Mother. And it's a "convenient" night to go out... But I just want to spend a nice quiet evening at home.

(Several articles of clothing are thrown out from the bedroom and also a pink plastic vibrator.)

JULIE. Who? ... Mary Jo Sweeny ... Yeah? *(JULIE picks up the vibrator and looks at it.)* Yeah. I went to high school with her ... Why? *(JULIE sits slowly in the armchair. Beat. She is used to having these kinds of conversations with her mother and speaks habitually now.)* When did she die, Mom? *(beat)* What did she die from? *(quickly)* Mother, she had that in high school. She was a very sick girl.

(ALICE struggles out of the bedroom carrying a portable trampoline. With great difficulty she carries it to the front door and exits.)

JULIE. Of course I'm sorry she died. I'm very sorry. Mary Jo Sweeny was a very sweet girl. But why do you have to call me every time a school mate of mine dies? I

hate these tragic late breaking bulletins. *(beat)* I realize life is short and we have to go out and live it. But, Mom I'm only staying home this *one Friday night!*

(ALICE enters the apartment and heads over to the couch. She collapses exhaustedly on top of it.)

JULIE. Mother, I can't deal with this right now. I have to go. Sarah Bernhardt just came home. *(She hangs up the phone. She stares at ALICE for a long moment.)* Please. Nothing dramatic.

ALICE. I don't want to live.

JULIE. Should I sit down for this?

ALICE. *(dramatically)* A woman puts her whole heart and soul into a relationship. And what does it get her?

JULIE. I hate to ask.

ALICE. A pocketful of heartaches!

JULIE. A pocketful of heartaches.

ALICE. I did everything for that man. I gave him my life for thirteen months. I went to stupid hockey games with him. I went to cheap and sordid motels. I lost weight for him! And how does he repay me?

JULIE. I give up.

ALICE. *(the grand declaration)* He went back to his wife!

JULIE. Oh brother.

ALICE. Is there anything to eat? *(She heads quickly for the kitchen.)*

JULIE. Hold it. Wait a minute. Did you have dinner?

ALICE. Twice.

JULIE. (*Stops her.*) I'm not going to let you do this to yourself. You've lost 25 pounds in four months and I'm not going to watch you gain it back in one night.

ALICE. But I'm depressed!

JULIE. You always eat when you get depressed and then you get depressed because you ate. And then you eat again. Within a month you'll be back in queen size pantyhose.

ALICE. At least I'm not an alcoholic

JULIE. Don't attack me because you're upset.

ALICE. (*noticing a beer in JULIE's hand*) That isn't apple juice, is it?

JULIE. (*defensively*) It's a before dinner drink.

ALICE. You smell like you've had at least four dinners.

JULIE. We were supposed to eat an hour ago. I'm not going to eat alone.

ALICE. Why not? You drink alone.

JULIE. Look, don't start. It was very pleasant before you came home.

ALICE. Fine! Maybe I'll leave!

JULIE. Fine. Leave!

ALICE. Fine. I will!

JULIE. Fine. Go!

ALICE. OK. FINE! (*ALICE exits quickly, slamming the door loudly after her. JULIE takes a long swallow of beer, crosses to the couch, takes a beat, and then crosses up to the front door. She opens it slowly. ALICE stands in the doorway sheepishly. The two women look at each other. Automatically...*)

JULIE / ALICE. (*flatly*) I'm sorry.

ALICE. (*enters*) I'm so depressed. He went back to his wife! Do you believe that?! He's been telling me for over a year how much he loves me and then he goes back to his wife! I hope he has a stroke, the sonofabitch. Jerry went back to his wife!!!

JULIE. I heard.

ALICE. (*quickly*) Who'd you hear it from? (*hopefully*) Did he call? Did he call me?

JULIE. You. You just told me!

ALICE. I don't know what I'm saying. I'm so depressed. I have to eat. I can't cope with this. (*She goes into the kitchen.*)

JULIE. (*Sits down on the couch slowly. Looking up at the heavens.*) Not tonight. Please. I won't make it through the night.

ALICE. (*screaming from the kitchen*) THERE'S NOTHING TO EAT IN HERE!!! (*Hurries back into the living room.*) What happened to all the food? You were supposed to go to the store today.

JULIE. (*uninterested*) I was?

ALICE. I gave you my twenty dollars this morning. You made a big deal about it. You said you wanted to do the shopping because I always buy diet food.

JULIE. I did?

ALICE. You said that if you ever saw another rye crisp again you'd beat it to a pulp.

JULIE. I forgot.

ALICE. (*incredulously*) You forgot to go shopping?

JULIE. I guess.

ALICE. Terrific. (*She paces.*) I need food! I can't suffer on an empty stomach!

JULIE. Have a beer.

ALICE. *(beat)* Beer?

JULIE. Or wine. There's some Spanada in the refrigerator.

ALICE. *(Rushes into the kitchen. She returns carrying a six pack of beer, a bottle of wine, and a quart of scotch. Slowly.)* Are we having a party tonight?

JULIE. I'm not.

ALICE. Why do we have all this? *(JULIE shrugs. Suspiciously.)* Where's my twenty dollars?

JULIE. Did you give me twenty dollars?

ALICE. Did you spend my twenty dollars on this?

JULIE. I think so.

ALICE. What's that mean?

JULIE. Yes! Yes I did!

ALICE. *(pause)* Are you drunk?

JULIE. I'm getting there.

ALICE. Wonderful! My whole world explodes in my face and the one night I need someone to lean on... to tell my troubles to and you decide to fall apart!

JULIE. *(quickly)* I'm not falling apart.

ALICE. Whatever.

JULIE. I'm not falling apart!!!

ALICE. *(Pause. Stares at JULIE. Quietly.)* OK. OK.

JULIE. *(beat)* And what do you mean the *one* night you need me to tell your troubles to? What the hell do we do here seven nights a week? I'm beginning to feel like Ann Landers. God help me if I ever have a problem and need your help.

ALICE. You're the most together person I know. You never have problems. It's disgusting.

JULIE. That's what you think.

ALICE. You do have problems?

JULIE. Of course I have problems.

ALICE. That's wonderful.

JULIE. What?

ALICE. I was beginning to wonder. You never yell. You never get upset. Whenever anything goes wrong you just sit there and smile. It's infuriating. You've got perfect teeth.

JULIE. Just because I don't run around telling the world I've got problems doesn't mean I don't have problems. I have problems.

ALICE. (*sweetly*) Do we have a little problem tonight?

JULIE. Don't talk to me like that.

ALICE. Like what?

JULIE. Like I'm on Romper Room and I just wet my pants.

ALICE. I'm *sorry*. Excuse *me*... I just want you to know if you have a problem I'm here to listen.

JULIE. (*Beat. Softly.*) I do. I do have a problem.

ALICE. Oh thank you. I need that tonight. I need to feel needed. I really need it ...

JULIE. (*interrupting*) Can I get on with my problem?

ALICE. Sure. You wanna lie down on the couch? (*rising*) Let me get some paper. I'll take notes.

JULIE. Forget it.

ALICE. I want to listen.

JULIE. Just forget it!

ALICE. I'll listen.

JULIE. *FOR-GET IT!!!*

ALICE. (*Silence. Softly.*) Please, Julie?

JULIE. (*Pause. Quietly.*) I yelled at Mr. Plotkin to-night.

ALICE. Old Mr. Plotkin with the hearing aid? I always yell at him. He can't hear.

JULIE. No, I mean I really yelled at him. He called up about the music and I ... (*beat*) ... I called him an old fuck fart.

ALICE. (*shocked*) My God!

JULIE. I don't even know what a fuck fart is.

ALICE. (*laughing*) That's great. I like that. Old fuck fart Plotkin. I always wanted to call him something like that. (*Stops laughing. Suddenly serious.*) I was always afraid he'd have a stroke or something.

JULIE. I took off my shirt and exposed myself.

ALICE. For Plotkin?

JULIE. Yeah.

ALICE. What'd he do?

JULIE. I think he had a stroke. I'm not sure. I thought I heard him breathing but I'm not sure.

ALICE. He'll get over it.

JULIE. I yelled at people at work. Driving home I yelled at people on the road. Then you came home and I yelled at you.

ALICE. Julie, that's not like you.

JULIE. (*yelling*) I know it's not like me! God, I'm doing it again.

ALICE. Is there a reason for all this? All this yelling?

JULIE. I'm uptight, that's all. I'm just uptight.

ALICE. My mother has always said when a woman gets like this it's because she hasn't slept well, eaten well, or

exercised. *Now*, you went to bed early last night so that's not it. When's the last time you exercised?

JULIE. This morning.

ALICE. We'll order a pizza. *(She moves quickly to the phone.)*

JULIE. I'm not hungry.

ALICE. *(desperately)* Well I am! There's nothing to eat in this house!!!

JULIE. *(topping her)* I LOST MY JOB!!! *(Silence. Quietly.)* They laid me off.

ALICE. Oh Julie. You were doing so well. You were there almost five months.

JULIE. Six.

ALICE. What happened?

JULIE. I don't know. I'm not sure. Last week my boss called me into his office. I thought he was gonna dictate a letter. He said sit down. I said thank you. He said you're a good secretary. I said thank you. He said you're very pretty. I said thank you. He said you wanna go out for a drink later? I said no thank you. And today I got a pink slip with my check.

ALICE. He wouldn't.

JULIE. He did.

ALICE. He can't.

JULIE. He did. Business is bad. He's laying people off. I wouldn't lay him. So he's laying me off. It all sounds so poetic.

ALICE. *(angrily)* That's unethical! He could get into a lot of trouble doing this!

JULIE. *(flattly)* Yeah, his wife would kill him if she knew. She's a large woman.

ALICE. We should call somebody and report this! ... Eyewitness News!!!

JULIE. Call his wife. She's large. Really large. A huge woman.

ALICE. (*interrupting*) How can you be so calm about all this? No wonder you're uptight. You should fight this!

JULIE. It's not the first job I've lost. I'll go back to unemployment.

ALICE. God, this makes me so angry! (*paces dramatically*)

JULIE. (*surprised*) It does?

ALICE. I'm furious! Can't you tell? I'm furious! (*still pacing angrily*)

JULIE. That's sweet, Alice. I didn't expect that from you. Getting so involved in my problems you could forget your own.

ALICE. (*passionately*) You want to know what would have happened if you had that drink with him? One drink would've led to six drinks would've led to ten. And before you know it ... (*snaps fingers*) ... just like that it'd be a year later and he would've gone back to his wife! Just like Jerry. (*beat*) Don't we at least have some celery? (*She heads for the kitchen.*) Just a stalk of celery. Something to chew on...

JULIE. (*Checks her watch.*) Two minutes. Two minutes on my problem.

JULIE. (*Heads into the kitchen as ALICE frantically searches the refrigerator.*) I MAY NOT BE ABLE TO PAY THE RENT!

ALICE. I thought we had peanut butter. I could've sworn there was peanut butter.

JULIE. (*stopping ALICE*) Look at me. Read my lips. (*speaking to a deaf person*) Money! I may not have any. I'm talking about practical things. Real life. Stop thinking about this schmuck.

ALICE. He's not a schmuck.

JULIE. He's a married man. He's a schmuck!

ALICE. You're just saying that because you got burned once.

JULIE. All right, so didn't you learn anything from that? Didn't you learn from my affair with Allen?

ALICE. You never gave poor Allen a chance.

JULIE. What do you mean I didn't give him a chance?

ALICE. You dropped him when you found out he was married.

JULIE. Of course I dropped him. I did the right and proper thing.

ALICE. Well, if you're going to do the right and proper thing you'll be single the rest of your life.

JULIE. So what was I supposed to do? Keep seeing him? Wait him out?

ALICE. No. Never. Allen was a shit.

JULIE. (*suddenly defensive*) Allen was a wonderful man. He was intelligent, sensitive. Good looking...

ALICE. But he wore Brooks Brothers suits.

JULIE. What does that mean?

ALICE. A man in a Brooks Brothers suit can never be trusted.

JULIE. You're kidding, right? Please tell me you're kidding.

ALICE. C'mon, Julie. Didn't your mother ever talk to you?

JULIE. My mother barely told me about menstruation. She gave me a booklet she sent away for from the Kotex corporation. She's not the type of woman who would give me a list of rules and regulations for illicit love affairs.

ALICE. All right, look. Pay attention. If a woman is going to have a successful love affair with a married man it's got to be with a guy like Jerry. He's balding. He's not the brightest. Doesn't make that much money. Wears suits from Zachary All. He's not too good in bed. And he's short.

JULIE. Why would you want to marry a man like that?

ALICE. Because I honestly feel he'd never cheat on me.

JULIE. He's already cheating on his wife!

ALICE. All right, once. He's a young man. He's getting it out of his system.

JULIE. (*Just stares at ALICE in disbelief.*) Why are you here, Alice? Why are you in my life? You never listen to me. You ask me for advice but you never listen. (*getting angry*) It's like talking to a goddamn wall! I'm trying to communicate with a goddamn raving idiot! You're an IDIOT, Alice! An I.D.I.O.T. ... IDIOT!!!

ALICE. (*smiles*) I know what you're doing. And I appreciate it.

JULIE. Pardon?

ALICE. You're yelling at me because you care.

JULIE. I do?

ALICE. You're wonderful, Julie. Really wonderful.

JULIE. I am?

ALICE. We're not just roommates.

JULIE. We're not?

ALICE. You know what we are?

JULIE. What?

ALICE. We're sisters.

JULIE. Oh God.

ALICE. Buddies!

JULIE. Buddies?

ALICE. I never had a buddy.

JULIE. Really?

ALICE. Never had a buddy. Never.

JULIE. Gee.

ALICE. I'd do anything for you.

JULIE. You would?

ALICE. Anything. Would you do anything for me?

JULIE. Well ...

ALICE. (*quickly*) I'd do anything for *you*.

JULIE. ... Yes.

ALICE. Anything?

JULIE. Sure.

ALICE. (*desperate*) Julie, please. Let me have a piece of your bread.

JULIE. I can't do that.

ALICE. Please tell me where you hide your bread.

JULIE. I promised you when you moved in I'd never tell you where I hide my fattening foods.

ALICE. One piece. One little piece.

JULIE. You know you won't stop after one piece.

ALICE. I will. I promise.

JULIE. You won't

ALICE. I will.

JULIE. You won't.

ALICE. (*grabbing JULIE*) Tell me where you hide your goddamn bread!!!

JULIE. (*quickly*) The bedroom. Top drawer of the dresser. (*ALICE races into the bedroom.*)

(*Much slamming and banging offstage.*)

ALICE. (*Rushes back into the living room with an empty plastic wrapper.*) It's gone! It's all gone!

JULIE. I finished it this morning.

ALICE. I HATE YOU!!! (*Rushes to a closet near the front door. She pulls out a suitcase and several of her coats.*)

JULIE. What're you doing?

ALICE. Moving out! (*She begins packing.*)

JULIE. Alice.

ALICE. Don't try to stop me. I knew this would never work! A size 7 rooming with a size 10.

JULIE. Relax. Sit down.

ALICE. God save me from Goyim!

JULIE. You're not making any sense. Sit down...

ALICE. This place is a dump. You don't even have shag rugs!

JULIE. (*stopping her*) SIT!!! (*ALICE sits. JULIE sits next to her.*) Now, just relax. We'll relax. Forget about what's happened to us today.

ALICE. (*pause*) I can only think of Jerry.

JULIE. (*She gives up.*) We'll watch television. (*She heads for the set.*)

ALICE. (*loudly*) I hate television! All those commercials.

FOOD commercials. Jack in the Box. Sarah Lee. Jenò's Pizza... I want a pizza! (*Rises quickly and heads for the door.*)

JULIE. (*Stops her.*) You're not going out for pizza.

ALICE. (*hopefully*) We could call Pizza Man. He delivers.

JULIE. NO! You're not gonna use food to get through this evening. We'll put on the stereo and listen to music. (*Heads over to the stereo.*)

ALICE. I hate music! It's depressing. All those love songs.

JULIE. Isn't there anything that doesn't depress you?

ALICE. Only food. And you won't let me have any. You're very cruel, Julie.

JULIE. You'll thank me for it tomorrow.

ALICE. I may not be around tomorrow. I may die in my sleep of a bleeding ulcer. It's not good to be emotional on an empty stomach.

JULIE. It's not empty. You had dinner. TWICE!

ALICE. That was an hour ago. I digest quickly when I'm upset. (*Paces the room anxiously.*) I feel so frustrated! If I could just laugh or cry. Anything! Just to let the pain out... (*moving to phone*) I'll call Jerry. I always feel better when I talk to Jerry...

JULIE. (*Follows her.*) Forget Jerry. You don't need Jerry.

ALICE. Yes, I do! I really do.

JULIE. Make yourself feel better. C'mon. Try laughing.

ALICE. It's not funny. (*Starts to dial.*)

JULIE. (*Takes the phone away from her.*) Years from now you'll look back at this and laugh. You'll think of all the

crazy things you did for him and you won't even remember his name.

ALICE. (*Flatly attempts a laugh.*) Ha.

JULIE. That's it. Come on.

ALICE. Ha. Ha.

JULIE. Good. Very good.

[illegible]

JULIE. He's not worth crying over.

ALICE. I know. But it makes me feel better. Don't you feel better after a good cry? (*pause*) I say don't you feel better after you've cried? (*JULIE shrugs.*) What does that mean?

JULIE. (*quietly*) I can't cry.

ALICE. What do you mean you can't cry?

JULIE. I *can't* cry.

ALICE. Everybody cries.

JULIE. I can't.

ALICE. Of course you can.

JULIE. No, I can't.

ALICE. Really?

JULIE. Yes.

ALICE. Never?

JULIE. Well. *(beat)* I used to cry all the time when I was younger. But not anymore.

ALICE. Maybe you've got a blocked tear duct.

JULIE. Pardon?

ALICE. When your tear ducts get blocked you can't cry.

JULIE. I have perfect tear ducts.

ALICE. Have you had them checked?

JULIE. They're perfect.

ALICE. When's the last time you cried?

JULIE. (*Thinks for a moment.*) Seven years ago.

ALICE. My God. It's been that long? (*JULIE nods.*) What happened seven years ago?

JULIE. It's not important.

ALICE. Of course it's important! It made you cry seven years ago and you haven't cried since? It must have been very important. Maybe if you can remember what it was you can cry again. It's not healthy to walk around with all that liquid inside of you. Now, where were you seven years ago when you did this crying?

JULIE. In an office.

ALICE. Good. That's good. It's a beginning. What kind of office?

JULIE. Wood panelled.

ALICE. Who's office was it? A doctor's? Was that when your tear ducts were checked?

JULIE. My tear ducts are fine.

ALICE. He told you your tear ducts were fine. *That's* when you started crying.

JULIE. He wasn't a doctor.

ALICE. What was he doing in a doctor's office?

JULIE. It wasn't a doctor's office.

ALICE. (*quickly*) A dentist! You went to see a dentist. He pulled a tooth and you cried.

JULIE. This isn't "What's My Line"! I was in a lawyer's office, all right?

ALICE. A wood panelled lawyer's office. Had you been in an accident?

JULIE. No.

ALICE. What kind of lawyer was it?

JULIE. A divorce lawyer.

ALICE. Who was getting a divorce?

JULIE. I was.

ALICE. (*beat*) I didn't hear you.

JULIE. I was!

ALICE. (*Glares at JULIE, quietly angry.*) You never told me you were married.

JULIE. I'm sorry.

ALICE. (*indignant*) I have been living here for eight months and you never mentioned it!

JULIE. I didn't think it was important.

ALICE. Jerry didn't think it was important either! And look where he is! I suppose you'll be going back too!!!

JULIE. Back?

ALICE. Well, go ahead I don't care. I can live alone. I don't need any of you.

JULIE. Alice. You're not well.

ALICE. Jerry goes back to his wife. And you go back to your husband. And Alice will live alone. Fighting Cellulite!

JULIE. I'm not going back to my husband. We're divorced. It was seven years ago.

ALICE. You're just saying that to make me feel better.

JULIE. I promise you. I'm not going back.

ALICE. (*hopefully*) Was it that awful?

JULIE. It had its moments.

ALICE. What happened? Did you stop loving each other?

JULIE. No. I think I still love him.

ALICE. How long were you married?

JULIE. Three months.

ALICE. Three months?! I've had colds that lasted longer than three months.

JULIE. We knew each other since we were kids. We dated all through high school. All four years. We just knew someday we'd get married. We waited until we finished our first year of college just to be sure. *(She smiles a little.)* It was a very long year. I couldn't wait until it was over. We got engaged in June. Got married in the Fall. Got a little apartment on campus and settled in. We couldn't afford to put the two of us through college so I quit and got a job. Ronnie was studying to be a doctor and I figured Medicine was more important than my Liberal Arts Major. I wasn't sure what I wanted to be and it didn't matter anymore. I was married.

ALICE. You gave up a doctor? My God! Why?

JULIE. I came home one afternoon to have lunch with him. It was his birthday and I wanted to surprise him. *(beat)* I found him in bed with my best friend.

ALICE. *(Gasps dramatically.)* Oh no!

JULIE. Oh yes.

ALICE. My God no!

JULIE. Yeah.

ALICE. She couldn't have been such a good friend to do something like that.

JULIE. My best friend. He was like a brother to me.

ALICE. He? You found your husband in bed with a he?!

JULIE. You got it.

ALICE. *(shrugs)* Well, that's nothing.

JULIE. Pardon?

ALICE. It could have been another woman.

JULIE. You think there's nothing wrong with that?

ALICE. He didn't reject you for another woman. And it wasn't just any guy. It was your best friend.

JULIE. I can't talk to you. We just can't talk.

ALICE. Is that the only reason you divorced him?

JULIE. I shouldn't have brought it up.

ALICE. You let a good doctor slip out of your hands because of that?

JULIE. He was gay!

ALICE. One afternoon. One mad, impulsive afternoon. It was his birthday!

JULIE. It had been going on for months.

ALICE. (*calmly*) But Julie, the man was going to be a doctor.

JULIE. What does that mean?

ALICE. Money! Doctors make a lot of money. He's probably got a very wealthy practice by now. And he's blowing the whole wad at gay bars.

JULIE. Bad choice of words.

ALICE. I realize that. (*beat*) Don't you see if you'd hung in you'd probably have a well furnished home in the suburbs, a Mercedes station wagon, great clothes, *maybe* some children, and you wouldn't be sitting here tonight worrying about finding another job.

JULIE. *If* he had become a doctor.

ALICE. He didn't become a doctor?

JULIE. He flunked out of Medical School.

ALICE. What'd he become?

JULIE. A male nurse.

ALICE. Oh that's disgusting! That's really disgusting. A fagelah male nurse. Doesn't he have any originality? You're lucky to be rid of him.

JULIE. Yeah. But it's made things awful tough. I just don't trust men anymore.

ALICE. I know what you mean. Jerry made me all sorts of promises. He loved me. He wanted to marry me. We were going to Yucatan to teach the natives.

JULIE. Yucatan?

ALICE. It's a very backward area.

JULIE. And you believed him?

ALICE. Why not? It was always his dream. He even taught me Spanish.

JULIE. He's a CPA in Encino!

ALICE. So. CPA's can have dreams!

JULIE. Alice. It was a fantasy. And you got mixed up in it. You got burned. Just accept it.

ALICE. (*Thinks a moment. Pouting.*) Well, it seemed like a good idea to me. I don't know. (*beat*) I'll never trust another man as long as I live. (*Looks at JULIE.*) Would you like to turn lesbian with me?

JULIE. No!

ALICE. We could never get pregnant but if we wanted a baby we could buy one in Yucatan. They do that a lot there and I speak the language. (*JULIE stares at ALICE.*) We don't have to have children. We can live alone.

JULIE. (*Heads into the kitchen.*) You want some scotch?

ALICE. No. (*Follows JULIE into the kitchen.*) So if you give up on men but you won't turn gay what else is there? How do you cope?

JULIE. (*Pours herself a scotch.*) I'm doing fine thank you.

FINISH READING THIS SCRIPT

Visit our website to purchase the full script or to explore other titles.

www.samuelfrench.com

www.samuelfrench.co.uk

To stay up to date on all that we are doing, follow us on social media:



*Titles for licensing are subject to availability depending on your territory.