

Alicia ; Fernis sathe

12 PIZZA MAN ACT 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!

START  
*(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?

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~~ALICE.~~ 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~~  
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.

Bob  
Double  
Disgust



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 tonight.

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

END  
HERE

OR