

Julie
Alice

2 women
PIZZA MAN

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. (Steps 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 an 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 An 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.

PIZZA MAN

ACT I

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

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

ACT I

PIZZA MAN

and report it

ALICE. We should call somebody and report this to 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.

ALL ABOUT ME → 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 of my problem.

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

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

PIZZA MAN

ACT I

JULIE: That's what you think. *(Julie)*
 ALICE: You do have problems? *(Alice)*
 JULIE: Of course I have problems. *(Julie)*
 ALICE: That's wonderful. *(Alice)*
 JULIE: What? *(Julie)*
 ALICE: I was beginning to wonder. You never yell. You *(Alice)*
 never get upset. Whenever anything goes wrong you just sit there *(Alice)*
 here and smile. It's infuriating. You've got perfect teeth.

JULIE: Just because I don't run around telling the *(Julie)*
 world I've got problems doesn't mean I don't have problems
 I have problems.

ALICE: *(sweetly)* Do we have a little problem to *(Alice)*
 night?

JULIE: Don't talk to me like that. *(Julie)*
 ALICE: Like what? *(Alice)*
 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 *(Alice)*
 wanted. 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!!!

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ACT I

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
 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,

JULIE. (stopping ALICE) Look at me. Read my lips. (speaking to a deaf person) ~~Monte~~ 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 a doctor. 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 pizza 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 happened to us today.
 ALICE. (pause) I can only think of Jerry.
 JULIE. (She gives up.) (We'll watch television. (She hears the set.)
 ALICE. (loudly) I hate television! All those commerc