

the lie. A perfect lie, which you let fall to the ground — and now, it's old and soiled.

SONG: So — you never really loved me? Only when I was playing a part?

GALLIMARD: I'm a man who loved a woman created by a man. Everything else — simply falls short.  
(Pause)

SONG: What am I supposed to do now?

GALLIMARD: You were a fine spy, Monsieur Song, with an even finer accomplice. But now I believe you should go. Get out of my life!

SONG: Go where? Rene, you can't live without me. Not after twenty years.

GALLIMARD: I certainly can't live with you — not after twenty years of betrayal.

SONG: Don't be so stubborn! Where will you go?

GALLIMARD: I have a date. . . with my Butterfly.

SONG: So, throw away your pride. And come . . .

GALLIMARD: Get away from me! Tonight, I've finally learned to tell fantasy from reality. And, knowing the difference, I choose fantasy.

SONG: I'm your fantasy.

GALLIMARD: You? You're as real as hamburger. Now get out! I have a date with my Butterfly and I don't want your body polluting the room! (He tosses SONG's suit at him) Look at these — you dress like a pimp.

SONG: Hey! These are Armani slacks and — I (He puts on his briefs and slacks) Let's just say . . . I'm disappointed in you, Rene. In the crush of your adoration, I thought you'd become something more. More like . . . a woman. But no. Men. You're like the rest of them. It's all in the way we dress, and make up our faces, and bat our eyelashes. You really have so little imagination!

GALLIMARD: You, Monsieur Song? Accuse me of too little imagination? You, if anyone, should know — I am pure imagination. And in imagination I will remain. Now get out! (GALLIMARD bodily removes SONG from the stage, taking his kimono)

SONG: Rene! I'll never put on those robes again! You'll be sorry!

GALLIMARD (To SONG): I'm already sorry! (Looking as the kimono in his hands) Exactly as sorry . . . as a Butterfly.

Source: New American Library

## ♣ Man Enough

..... TTY GIDEON SLOAN

CHARACTERS: JOEY (18), DONAL (30's)

SETTING: The Delaney home, Flatbush, Brooklyn, New York, the present.

JOEY is mentally retarded and is about to be sent to a sanitarium because his family can no longer give him the constant attention he requires. DONAL, JOEY's older brother, has a witty and charming personality which barely masks his dark, disillusioned side. He has just flown in from out of town to visit JOEY before he is sent away.

JOEY: You take the bed, Donal. I'll take the cot.

DONAL: You sure you want to give up your bed for me, kid?

JOEY: Sure I'm sure.

DONAL: Well, thanks. I appreciate that.

(JOEY puts suitcase and tube on cot, begins trying to unzip suitcase, ignoring tube)

Here, let me get that.

(But JOEY elbows DONAL back)

JOEY: I can do it.

DONAL (Smiling): You know where everything goes?

JOEY: Sure.

(JOEY starts throwing clothes out of bag onto cot, paying no attention to them. He appears to be looking for something. DONAL watches for a moment, amused)

DONAL: Looking for something?

JOEY (Engrossed): I can do it. (When bag is empty, JOEY picks it up, looks inside, turns it upside down, shakes it)

DONAL (Affectionately): Okay, okay, kid. I think I know what you're looking for. (Picks up tube, holds it out to JOEY) Here.

JOEY (Taking tube): Oh, boy. (But it is obvious JOEY has no idea what to do with tube)

DONAL: What is it?

JOEY: I don't know.

DONAL: Try opening it.

(JOEY tries to figure out how to open tube; starts twisting it)

(Soft laugh) No, no. Here. (Takes tube; begins unscrewing cap) Take this off.

JOEY: It turns. It turns. I can do it. (JOEY works to get cap off, then looks at cap with pleasure of accomplishment, forgetting about tube)

DONAL: Look inside.

(JOEY holds up tube as if it were a telescope, looks inside)

JOEY: It's shiny.

DONAL (Surprised): Even in the tube? (DONAL takes tube, looks into it) By golly, you're right. (DONAL reaches in tube, pulls out rolled sheet, hands tube to JOEY, who cuddles it possessively. DONAL opens sheet, holds it up to display map of the stars) Now what is it?

JOEY (Excited with recognition): Stars . . . stars.

DONAL: That's right. It's a map of the stars that are over our house at night. And it glows in the dark.

JOEY: Oh, boy.

DONAL (Turning to wall): And we're going to hang it on your wall so you can see the stars when you go to bed just like you were sleeping outside. How do you like that?

JOEY (Very impressed): I like it.

(DONAL finds thumbtacks in wall, begins tacking map to wall)

DONAL (Singing as he tacks): "The stars at night, are big and bright, deep in the heart of Flatbush . . ."

JOEY (Repenting): . . . Flatbush.

DONAL (Thumping map with knuckles): There we are. Pretty impressive, huh?

JOEY: Yeah. (JOEY climbs up on bed, jabs finger at star where DONAL had thumped map) There we are. That's us.

DONAL (Laughing): No, Joey. I didn't mean, "There we are." As a matter of fact, that's Star XJ105, and it's due to explode any minute now.

JOEY (Stubbornly; throwing tube on floor): No! That's us. That's where we live.

DONAL (Reacting to tube-throwing; angrily): Wait a minute!

(JOEY gets off bed, stalks to chair, sits down, turns his back on DONAL. DONAL looks at him a moment, then softens)

(Gently) Wait a minute. (DONAL leans close to map as if reading. JOEY watches out of the corner of his eye. As if reading) "715 East 39th Street." By golly, Joey, you're right again. I never saw the address on there before.

JOEY (Stubbornly): Yeah, I'm right.

(Pause; DONAL watches JOEY)

DONAL: Pretty good present, huh?

JOEY (Mollified): Yeah. Better than pretty good.

DONAL: All right! Better than pretty good. (Then businesslike) Okay, now, enough of that. We gotta get these clothes put away.

JOEY (Getting up; eagerly): I can help.

DONAL: Yep. (Sitting JOEY back down) You can sit right here and watch to see I put everything in the right place, okay?

JOEY: Okay. (JOEY watches as DONAL begins putting clothes in drawer of chest and in closet)

DONAL (After a moment): So — how's it going? How're you feeling?

JOEY: Feeling good. (Pause; less certain) Feeling . . . okay.

DONAL: Well, that's good to hear. Yep, I'm certainly glad to hear that.

(Pause. DONAL works. JOEY is thinking; his face begins to sadden)

JOEY: You know why you came this time, Donal?

(DONAL pauses slightly, his back to JOEY. Pain flickers across his face as he perceives JOEY's sadness)

DONAL (Lightly): Sure, kid, I know why I . . .

JOEY: You came to see me off.

DONAL: That's right.

JOEY (Standing up to reach calendar): Sunday . . . Sunday's the big day.

DONAL: Yep. Two more days till the big day. (Pause; gentle) So — how do you feel about it?

JOEY (Shrugging; too cheerfully): S'okay by me.

DONAL: Good.

JOEY (Looking down; softer): S'okay by me.

(DONAL waits but JOEY does not look up)

DONAL: Good. (Turns back to his work)

JOEY (Suddenly blurting out): I could go with you, Donal. (Again pain flickers over DONAL's face)

DONAL (Softly): Well, I wish you could, pal, but . . .

JOEY: Me and Roby . . . we could both go with you.

DONAL: You and Roby . . . ?

JOEY: We could come live with you. And you'd like to have us, too, I bet.

(Pause. DONAL eyes JOEY)

DONAL: You and Roby been talking about this, have you?

(JOEY looks away, avoiding DONAL's question)

'Cause you know . . . you both know Roby can't come live with me. He's got to stay with his mom . . . even though I would like it a lot.

(DONAL touches JOEY's shoulder; JOEY jerks away, sits in misery.)

*Pause*

(Gently joking) C'mon, kid. Whaddaya think you're doing? You wanna get me in big trouble around here? I mean, I run off with you and Roby, and I'm in BIG trouble around here. *(Pause)* Listen . . . you gotta be man enough to meet this new challenge, champ. You gotta be man enough to . . . to stand up . . . *(DONAL stands)* . . . chest out, stomach in, and say . . . "Put up your dukes. I can lick anyone in the house, I tell ya, anyone in the house." *(JOEY is now smiling, trying not to cry)*  
Come on . . . Up!

*(DONAL helps JOEY up, and, with a little coaxing, JOEY copies his brother's stance)*

*(Coaxing)* 'At's it. Put up your dukes. Now let's hear you say, "I can lick . . ."

**JOEY (Strongly):** Anyone in the house. I can lick anyone in the house.

*(They pretend to box for a moment with carefully choreographed jabs that indicate they've done this many times before. Then DONAL cuffs JOEY affectionately)*

**DONAL:** You sure can, Buster. Sonuvagun if you can't.

**Source:** Samuel French, Inc.

## ✦ The Medal of Honor Rag

.....TOM COLE

**CHARACTERS:** DALE JACKSON (24), DOCTOR (40's)

**SETTING:** A doctor's office, the present.

DALE JACKSON, a Black man, has had a history of mental problems due to serving in Vietnam. As the scene opens, the new doctor tries to get JACKSON to deal with his depression.

**DOC:** Sergeant Jackson? *(DALE JACKSON nods)* Well, they seem to be keeping a pretty close eye on you.

**D.J.:** Where's the other doctor?

**DOC (Settling back in his chair):** Sit down, please.

**D.J.:** They keep changing doctors.

**DOC:** Would you rather see the other doctor?

**D.J.:** No, man . . . it's just that I have to keep telling the same story over and over again.

**DOC:** Sometimes that's the only way to set things straight.

**D.J.:** You're not in the Army, huh?

**DOC (Twinkle):** How can you tell?

**D.J.:** Your salute is not of the snappiest.

**DOC:** I came down from New York today. To see you.

**D.J.:** I must be a really bad case.

**DOC:** You're a complicated case.

**D.J.:** Like they say, a special case. I am a special case. Did you know that?

**DOC:** They keep a pretty close eye on you now.

**D.J.:** I went AWOL twice. From this hospital.

**DOC:** Oh?

**D.J.:** But they'll never do anything to me.

**DOC:** I understand.

**D.J.:** You understand, huh?

**DOC:** I understand your situation.

**D.J.:** Yeah, well, mind telling me what it is?

**DOC:** You don't need me to tell you that.

**D.J.:** So what *do* I need you for?

**DOC:** I don't know — maybe I need you.

**D.J.:** That's a new one. That's one they haven't tried yet.

**DOC:** Oh?