

VISITORS FROM NEW YORK

BILLY MONOLOGUE:

"What is there so beautiful about your life that makes it so important to put down everyone else's? Forty square blocks bounded by Lincoln Center on the west and Cinema II on the east is not the center of the goddamn universe. I grant you it's an exciting, vibrant, stimulating, fabulous city, but it is not Mecca... It just smells like it.

Would you like to know what Jenny has to say about you? She told me she feels stifled, that the only time she can really breathe freely is when she's out here.

How much time do you spend with her? Do you ever have breakfast with her? How many nights does she eat dinner alone? Do you think she's really happy with that twenty dollar bill you give her every time you go off to Washington for the weekend? The girl is growing up lonely Hannah, and if you tell me she's got a cat and a canary, I'll belt you right in the choppers."

HANNAH MONOLOGUE:

"Come on, Billy, talk to me. I wrote down seventy-four questions to ask. Do you have a pool? Well, naturally you've got a pool. You've got a tan, so you've got a pool. Is it kidney shaped? . . . Liver? . . . Possibly gall bladder? You have no class. You never had any class. A red Pinto in Beverly Hills would be class. What have you done to her, Billy? She's changed. She used to come back to New York after the summers here taller and anxious to see her friends... Now she meditates and eats alfalfa. I don't care where Jenny lives, but how. She's an intelligent girl with a good mind. Let it grow and prosper. But what the hell is she going to learn in a community that has valet parking just to pick up four bagels and the Hollywood Reporter? I only have one more year with her. In September she'll go to college. In four years she'll come out a revolutionary or a nun... or even worse, like you or me. I'm a fighter, Billy. If I stay the weekend, I not only take Jenny with me, but I'll take your new girlfriend back, too."

VISITORS FROM PHILADELPHIA

MARVIN MONOLOGUE:

Oh, G o d . . Oh, God.. What are you doing here? I thought you left! (There is no response from her: she is out like a light) Hey! Hey, come on, you can't stay here! Hey, wake up! Eleven o'clock! Jesus Christ, it's eleven o'clock! Wake up! Come on, get up, it's eleven o'clock, don't you understand? Crazy! I must be crazy! Hey, come on. Get up, wil ya? You have to get dressed. My wife could walk in any minute. Eleven o'clock-her plane probably got in already. Will you get up? We got an emergency here! What's wrong with you? You deaf or something? Are you all right? Oh, God, what did you do? An entire bottle of vodka? You drank a whole bottle of vodka with my wife coming in? Are you crazy? Can you hear me? (She moans) What? What did you say? . . I couldn't hear that. Sick. . . You feel sick?.. Six margaritas and a bottle of vodka, I wonder why . . . Listen, you can get dressed and take a cab home and be nice and sick in your own bed all day... Doesn't that sound nice? Heh? (No response) Oh, God, what am I going to do?"

VISITORS FROM LONDON

SIDNEY MONOLOGUE #1:

“(Smiles at her; then warmly and affectionately) I wish you everything. I wish you luck, I wish you love, I wish you happiness. You’re a gifted and remarkable woman. You’ve put up with me and my shenanigans for twelve harrowing years, and I don’t know why, but I’m grateful. You’ve had half a husband and three quarters of a career. You deserve the full amount of everything... May the Academy of Arts and Sciences Board of Electees see the beauty, the talent and the courage that I have seen for a quarter of a lifetime... I hope you win the bloody Oscar... Fifty years from now I’ll be able to sell it for a fortune.”

SIDNEY MONOLOGUE #2:

“I must say it was a dreary affair. Didn't you find it a dreary affair? Aside from losing and throwing up on that girl, it was a completely unmemorable evening. Have you ever seen a greater assemblage of hypocrites under one roof in all your life? Hypocritical hypocrites. They all love you and fawn over you on the way in. And if you come out a loser, it's "Too bad, "darling. Give us a call when you're back in town ... You should have thrown up on the whole bloody lot of them. What really infuriated me is how quickly the winners got their cars. How could the winners' cars be lined up so quickly outside if they didn't know beforehand who the winners were? Because it's rigged. We come six thousand miles for this bloody affair, and they park our car in Vancouver. They're not civilized out here, it's as plain as that. Did you notice Jack Nicholson sitting there in tennis shoes?? Black patent leather tennis shoes-I've never seen anything like it.”

VISITORS FROM CHICAGO

MORT MONOLOGUE:

“Easy, easy now... I got you. Let me try to get a doctor. The thing that kills me is that they saw your shoelaces were untied. That's why they kept lobbing over your head! And they just kept lobbing the ball over your head—lob lob lob, the sons-of-bitches. That wasn't tennis out there, that was war! They only hit to you when the sun was in your eyes, and they only hit it to me when my shorts were slipping down. Lob, lob, lob, dirty sons of bitches! I will never travel with them again. Eight pieces of luggage for two skinny people? What have they got in there?”

STU MONOLOGUE:

"We did everything you wanted. You made all the decisions. You took all the pictures. I didn't get to take one picture with my own camera. You picked all the restaurants. Nine Japanese restaurants in three weeks. I am nauseated at the sight of watching you eat tempura with your shoes off. I am bored following your wife into every chatska store on the West Coast looking for bracelets—A year I planned for this vacation. You know what I got to show for it? Two purple Hawaiian shirts for my kids that YOU picked out. Even Hawaiians wouldn't wear them! One entire morning wasted in Honolulu while five Chinese tailors measured you for a thirty-nine-dollar Hong Kong suit that fell apart in the box. I spent half an afternoon on Fisherman's Wharf watching a near-sighted eighty-four-year-old artist sketching a charcoal portrait of you that looks like Charles Laughton. I've had enough! I want to go home! I'm a nervous wreck. . . I need a vacation."

BETH MONOLOGUE:

"Oh shit! Oh shit, shit, shit! Look at that ankle puff up. It's the size of a grapefruit. I'll have to wear your shoes on the plane tomorrow. When I fell, I heard something go snap. I said to myself, "Please God, let it be my brassiere. Mort it's getting excruciating! If you can't get a DR, call a druggist, I'll take a laundry man, a delivery boy, just get somebody please!!! The four of us never should have taken a vacation together... There was trouble from the first day. When he showed up at the airport and said he'd forgotten his credit cards, I knew we were in for it"

GERT MONOLOGUE:

"My God, what happened? We thought it was just a sprain. Is it very painful? (Goes to touch it) Oh, my poor baby. Shouldn't she have ice on that leg, Mort? (He won't answer) Mort?... Should we get some ice? Somebody get a cold towel until the ice gets here. Look at them? Look how they just stand there! Beth, be careful when you walk in the bathroom, there's broken glass on the floor. (Gert goes to the bathroom) Dammit to hell!!! (she comes out) Have you got a bandaid? I cut my finger on the glass. (she goes back in the bathroom) OH SHIT!! (she comes out staggering) I banged my head on the medicine cabinet...I think I'm gonna pass out....Yes, I am (falls to the ground)"