

# Biloxi Blues

## ACT ONE

*The coach of an old railroad train, pressed into service because of the war:  
It is 1943.*

*(All set pieces are representational, stylized and free-flowing. We have a lot of  
territory to cover here. . .)*

*Four soldiers, dressed in fatigues, from eighteen to twenty years old, are  
stretched out across the coach seats, facing each other; their legs reaching  
out onto the opposite seats. Three of the soldiers are sleeping. They are  
JOSEPH WYKOWSKI, ROY SELRIDGE and DON CARNEY. The fourth  
boy is EUGENE MORRIS JEROME. He is awake and sitting up, writing in  
a school notebook. It is quiet except for the rumbling of the train along the  
tracks. A fifth boy, ARNOLD EPSTEIN, sleeps in the baggage rack above  
the others.*

*It is night and a single light illuminates the group. ROY, in an effort to get more  
comfortable, turns and his shoeless foot crawls practically into  
WYKOWSKI's mouth. WYKOWSKI, annoyed, slaps ROY's foot away.*

SELRIDGE. *(waking)* Hey! What the hell's with you?

WYKOWSKI. Get your foot out of my mouth, horse-face.

SELRIDGE. Up your keester with a meathook, Kowski.

CARNEY. Knock it off, pissheads.

WYKOWSKI. Go take a flying dump, Carney.

Excerpt for "Eugene" - 1

CARNEY. Yeah. In your mother's hairnet, homo! *(They all return to sleeping.)*

EUGENE. *(aloud to audience)* . . . It was my fourth day in the army and so far I  
hated everyone . . . We were on a filthy train riding from Fort Dix, New Jersey to  
Biloxi, Mississippi and in three days nobody washed. The aroma was murder.  
We were supposed to be fighting Germany and Japan but instead we were  
stinking up America. *(The train rumbles along . . . ROY peers out the window.)*

SELRIDGE. Where the hell are we? *(EUGENE is still engrossed in his writing.  
ROY kicks him.)* Hey! Shakespeare! Where the hell are we?

EUGENE. West Virginia.

SELRIDGE. No shit? . . . Where's that near?

EUGENE. You don't know where West Virginia is? Didn't you ever take  
Geography?

SELRIDGE. I was sick that day.

EUGENE. You don't know what part of the country it's in?

SELRIDGE. (*rises, grabs crotch*) Yeah. *This* part. Up yours, Jerome.

EUGENE. (*reads what he has written*) Roy Selridge from Schenectady, New York smelled like a tuna fish sandwich left out in the rain. He thought he had a terrific sense of humor but it was hard to laugh at a guy who had cavities in nineteen out of thirty-two teeth. (*The train rumbles on.*)

WYKOWSKI. (*opens his eyes*) Jesus Christ! Who did that?

EUGENE. What?

WYKOWSKI. Someone let one go! . . . Holy Jeez, (*fans his cap in front of his face*) I need a gas mask . . . (*lights a match*) You writing all this stuff in your diary? "Major fart in West Virginia."

EUGENE. It's not a diary. It's my memoirs.

WYKOWSKI. Well, you don't have to write it down because *that* one will stay in your book forever . . . Whoo! Jeez! (*He goes back to sleep.*) **Excerpt for "Eugene" - 2**

**EUGENE. (*to audience*) Joseph Wykowski from Bridgeport, Connecticut had two interesting characteristics. He had the stomach of a goat and could eat anything. His favorite was Hershey bars with the wrappers still on it . . . The other peculiar trait was that he had a permanent erection. I'm talking about night and day, during marching or sleeping. There's no explaining this phenomena unless he has a unique form of paralysis. (*The train rumbles on in the night.*)**

CARNEY. (*His eyes are closed and he suddenly starts to sing a lively song of the period with practically full voice.*)

WYKOWSKI. Wake him up! Wake him up, for crise sakes! (*ROY kicks CARNEY in the chest with his foot. CARNEY jumps.*)

CARNEY. What the hell's wrong with you?

SELRIDGE. It's two-thirty in the God damn morning. You were singing again.

CARNEY. I was not.

SELRIDGE. What do you mean, "You was not"? You practically made a record.

CARNEY. What was I singing?

SELRIDGE. "Chattanooga Choo-Choo."

CARNEY. I don't even know the words to "Chattanooga Choo-Choo."

WYKOWSKI. Maybe not awake. But you know them when you're sleeping.

CARNEY. (*to EUGENE*) Hey, Gene. Was I singing "Chattanooga Choo-Choo"?

EUGENE. Yeah.

CARNEY. . . . Was I good?

EUGENE. Well, for a guy who was sleeping, it wasn't bad.

CARNEY. Damn. I wish I heard it.

EUGENE. (*to audience*) Donald Carney from Montclair, New Jersey was an okay guy until someone made the fatal mistake of telling him he sounded like Perry Como. His voice was flat but his sister wasn't. She had the biggest breasts

I ever saw. She came to visit him at Fort Dix wearing a tight red sweater and that's when I first discovered Wykowski's condition. *(The train rumbles on.)*

WYKOWSKI. *(sits up)* God damn it. Someone let go again . . . Was it you, Carney?

CARNEY. I was singing, wasn't I? I'm not going to do that while I'm singing.

WYKOWSKI. Yeah? Well, maybe you sang to cover it up.

SELRIDGE. Wait a minute. Wait a minute. *(He looks up.)* It's coming from up there. *(They all look up. EPSTEIN has been sleeping on the grilling of the baggage rack with his rear end to the audience. WYKOWSKI whacks his cap hard against EPSTEIN's butt.)*

WYKOWSKI. Hey! Bombardier! Kill Germans, not G.I.s. *(EPSTEIN turns around. He is slight of build.)*

EPSTEIN. I'm sorry. I'm not feeling very well.

SELRIDGE. Yeah? Well, now we're *all* not feeling very well.

EUGENE. Leave him alone. He didn't do it on purpose.

SELRIDGE. *(to EPSTEIN)* You hear, Epstein? He's your buddy. Aim the next one at him, okay?

EPSTEIN. Does anyone have an Alka-Seltzer tablet?

WYKOWSKI. Plugging it up ain't gonna help, Epstein. *(He and ROY laugh. They all go back to their sleeping positions.)*

EUGENE. *(stops writing, looks at audience)* Arnold Epstein of Queens Boulevard, New York was a sensitive, well read, intelligent young man. His major flaw was that he was incapable of digesting food stronger than hard boiled eggs . . . I didn't think he'd last long in the army because during wartime it's very hard to go home for dinner every night. . . *(The train rumbles on.)* Hey, Arnold! What's the best book you ever read?

EPSTEIN. *War and Peace* . . . The fifth time.

EUGENE. If I wanted to become a writer, who do you recommend I read?

EPSTEIN. The entire third floor of the New York Public Library.

WYKOWSKI. Hey, Epstein? Can you read lips? Read this! *(Bronx cheer; SELRIDGE laughs.)*

Excerpt for "Eugene" - 3

EUGENE. *(to audience)* If the Germans only knew what was coming over, they would be looking forward to this invasion . . . I'm Eugene Morris Jerome of Brighton Beach, Brooklyn, New York and you can tell I've never been away from home before. In my duffel bag are twelve pot roast sandwiches my mother gave me. . . There were three things I was determined to do in this war. Become a writer, not get killed and lose my virginity . . . But first I had to get through basic training in the murky swamps of Mississippi. . . *(Silence for a moment, then CARNEY, eyes closed, sings a popular song of the period.)*

*(Lights dim as the train rumbles on. As CARNEY's singing slowly fades, we hear the sound of men marching and chanting out the cadence rhythms so*

TOOMEY. Are there two Arnold Epsteins in this company?

EPSTEIN. No, Sergeant.

TOOMEY. Then just give me one God damn Ho.

EPSTEIN. Yes, Sergeant.

TOOMEY. Epstein, Arnold B.

EPSTEIN. Ho!

TOOMEY. One more time.

EPSTEIN. Ho!

TOOMEY. Let me hear it again.

EPSTEIN. Ho!

TOOMEY. Am I understood?

Excerpt for "Toomey" - 1

EPSTEIN. Ho! (*as if saying "yes"*)

EUGENE. (*to audience*) Arnold Epstein was the worst soldier in World War Two and that included the deserters . . . He just refused to show respect to those he thought were his intellectual inferiors.

TOOMEY. (*to men*). . . My name is Toomey. Sergeant Merwin J. Toomey and I am in charge of C Company during your ten weeks of basic training here in Beautiful Biloxi, Mississippi, after which those of you who have survived the heat, humidity, roaches, spiders, snakes, dry rot, fungus, dysentery, syphilis, gonorrhea and tick fever, will be sent to some shit island in the Pacific or some turd pile in Northern Sicily. In either case, returning to your mommas and poppas with your balls intact is highly improbable. There's only one way to come out of a war healthy of body and sane of mind and that way is to be born the favorite daughter of the President of the United States . . . I speak from experience having served fourteen months in the North African campaign where seventy-three per cent of my comrades are buried under the sand of an A-rab desert. The colorful ribbons on my chest will testify to the fact that my government is grateful for my contribution having donated a small portion of my brains to this conflict, the other portion being protected by a heavy steel plate in my head. This injury has caused me to become a smart, compassionate, understanding and sympathetic teacher of raw, young men – or the crudest, craziest, most sadistic God damn son of a bitch you ever saw . . . and that's something you won't know until ten weeks from now, do I make myself clear, Epstein?

ARNOLD. I think so.

TOOMEY. DO I MAKE MYSELF CLEAR, EPSTEIN??

ARNOLD. Ho!

TOOMEY. DO I MAKE MYSELF CLEAR, JEROME?

EUGENE. Ho yes!

TOOMEY. Ho *what*?

EUGENE. Ho nothing.

TOOMEY. God damn right, boy.

HENNESEY. Half Mick, half Nigger. (*WYKOWSKI and SELRIDGE look at each other.*)

WYKOWSKI. Are you serious?

HENNESEY. Yeah. My father's Irish, my mother's colored.

SELRIDGE. You can't be colored. They wouldn't let you in with us.

HENNESEY. I never told anybody.

WYKOWSKI. Yeah, but I guessed it. It was something I couldn't put my finger on but I knew something was wrong with you.

HENNESEY. I'm black Irish, that's as colored as I am. But now we know how you think, don't we, Kowski?

WYKOWSKI. I'm laying for you, Hennesey. After I get the bastard who stole my money, I'll settle my score with you.

CARNEY. Does Toomey know?

Excerpt for "Toomey" - 2

WYKOWSKI. I think so. He must have heard me. Somebody steals sixty-two bucks, people hear about it. (*TOOMEY appears.*)

TOOMEY. (*calmly*) Gentlemen, I think we have a problem. All those wishing to help me solve it, get your asses in here before the firing squad leaves for the weekend. ON THE DOUBLE!!! Ten-hut!!

(*The lights go up on the barracks area, off on latrine. All six soldiers rush in and line up at attention in front of their bunks. TOOMEY, dressed for weekend leave, walks slowly in front of them, thinking very seriously.*)

TOOMEY. (*continued*) . . . I've been in this man's army now for twelve years, four months and twenty-three days and during my tenure as a noncommissioned officer, I have put up with everything from mutiny to sodomy. I consider mutiny and sodomy relatively minor offenses. Mutiny is an act of aggression due to a rising expression of unreleased repressed feelings. Sodomy is the result of doing something you don't want to do with someone you don't want to do it with because of no access to do what you want to do with someone you can't get to do it with.

EUGENE. (*to audience*) It makes sense if you think it out slowly.

TOOMEY. Burglary, on the other hand, is a cheap shit crime. And I frown on that. In the past thirty-one days, you boys have made some fine progress. You're not fighting soldiers yet, but I'd match you up against some Nazi cocktail waitresses any time. That's why it was my recommendation that this platoon receive a forty-eight hour pass . . . But until we clear up the mystery of Private Wykowski's missing sixty-two dollars, there will be no forty-eight hour passes issued until you are old and gray soldiers of World War Two, marching as American Legionnaires in the Armistice Day Parade. I am asking the guilty party to place sixty-two dollars on this here foot-locker within the next thirty seconds . . .

EUGENE. (*continued*) Hey, Arnold, it was incredible. You missed it. We were in the swamps up to our necks. There were water snakes and big lizards that crawled up your pants and swooping swamp birds that swooped down and went right for your eyeballs . . . What's wrong, Arnold? . . . Arnold? . . .

ARNOLD. Leave me alone!

EUGENE. What is it? Are you sick?

ARNOLD. Get away from me. You're like all the rest of them. I hate every God damn one of you.

**Excerpt for "Arnold"**

EUGENE. Hey, Arnold, I'm your friend. I'm your buddy. You can talk to me.

ARNOLD. (*sits up, looks around*). . . I'm getting out. I'm leaving in the morning. I'm going to Mexico or Central America till after the war . . . I will not be treated like dirt, like a maggot. I'm not going to help defend a country that won't even defend its own citizens . . . Bastards!

EUGENE. Because you pulled latrine duty? We all have to pull latrine duty. You have to adjust . . . It's all a game, Arnold. Only it's their ball and their rules. And they know the game better than we do because they've been playing it since Valley Forge.

ARNOLD. . . . I was in the latrine alone. I spent four hours cleaning it, on my hands and knees. It looked better than my mother's bathroom at home. Then these two non-coms come in, one was the cook, that three hundred pound guy and some other slob, with cigar butts in their mouths and reeking from beer . . . They come in to pee only instead of using the urinal, they use one of the Jolms, both peeing in the same one, making circles, figure-eights. Then they start to walk out and I say, "Hey, I just cleaned that. Please flush the Jolms." And the big one, the cook, says to me, "Up your ass, rookie," or some other really clever remark . . . And I block the doorway and I say, "There's a printed order on the wall signed by Captain Landon stating the regulations that all facilities must be flushed after using" . . . And I'm requesting that they follow regulations, since I was left in charge, and to please flush the facility . . . And the big one says to me, "Suppose you flush it, New York Jew Kike," and I said my ethnic heritage notwithstanding, please flush the facility . . . They look at each other, this half a ton of brainless beef and suddenly rush me, turn me upside down, grab my ankles and—and—and they lowered me by my feet with my head in the toilet, in their filth, their poison . . . all the way until I couldn't breathe . . . then they pulled off my belt and tied my feet on to the ceiling pipes with my head still in their foul waste and tied my hands behind my back with dirty rags, and they left me there, hanging like a pig that was going to be slaughtered . . . I wasn't strong enough to fight back. I couldn't do it alone. No one came to help me . . . Then the pipe broke and I fell to the ground . . . It took me twenty minutes to get myself untied . . . Twenty minutes! . . . But it will take me the rest of my life to wash off my humiliation. I was degraded. I lost my dignity. If I stay, Gene, if they put a gun in my hands, one night, I swear to God, I'll kill them both . . . I'm

CARNEY. Don't let us down, Kowski. To some of us you're a hero.

WYKOWSKI. Okay. . . I always wanted to make it with a world-famous woman that nobody else could have. It didn't make no difference if she was beautiful or not, as long as I was the only one.

HENNESEY. Have you got someone in mind?

Excerpt for "Wykowski" - 1

WYKOWSKI. (*smiles*) Yeah. I got someone in mind.

EUGENE. I think we're heading for an A-plus.

CARNEY. Who's the woman, Kowski?

WYKOWSKI. (*He does a grind and a bump.*) . . . The Queen of England! (*They all stare at him, dumbstruck.*)

CARNEY. The Queen of England????

SELRIDGE. That is disgusting. That's like making it with your grandmother.

EUGENE. Besides, you wouldn't be the only one. What about the King of England?

WYKOWSKI. Kings and Queens just do it once a year. To make a Prince. But I'd have her every day and every night for a week.

SELRIDGE. You couldn't get near her. They keep her under guard at Rockingham Palace.

WYKOWSKI. Not for me. She would say—(*high-pitched voice*) "Let that sexy Wykowski in my chamber."

ARNOLD. Apes and gorillas. I'm living with apes and gorillas.

HENNESEY. What's his score? Give him his score.

CARNEY. (*high-pitched English voice*) Yes. Give the Earl of Meatloaf his score.

EUGENE. This is a tough one. I find it completely un-redeeming in every way. Morally, ethically and sexually . . . but it's got style . . . A-minus!

SELRIDGE. (*furious*) Okay. I want my five bucks back. I'm not getting beat out by a guy who humps the Mother of the British Empire.

HENNESEY. Boy, I'm learning a lot about you guys tonight.

SELRIDGE. And versa visa, jerk-off.

WYKOWSKI. So I'm winning, right?

EUGENE. It's not over yet. There's two more to go.

SELRIDGE. Epstein's next. I want to hear what *his* last week on earth would be like. Probably wants to take an English exam at City College.

EUGENE. It's your turn, Arnold.

ARNOLD. There's no point to this game.

EUGENE. Yes, there is.

ARNOLD. What's the point?

EUGENE. I like it. . . Come on. It's your last week on earth. You're going to get killed overseas. What's your secret desire? (*They all look at EPSTEIN. . . He thinks carefully.*)

ARNOLD. . . I don't want to say. If I say it, it might not come true.

CARNEY. He doesn't have one. All he does is complain.

ROWENA. If you're gonna hang on the edge like that, we're gonna be on the floor in two minutes.

EUGENE. I didn't want to crowd you.

ROWENA. Crowding is what this is all about, Tex. (*She pulls him over. He kneels above her.*) Okay, honey. Do your stuff.

EUGENE. What stuff is that?

ROWENA. Whatever you like to do.

EUGENE. Why don't you start and I'll catch up.

ROWENA. Didn't anyone ever tell you what to do?

EUGENE. My brother once showed me but you look a lot different than my brother.

ROWENA. You're sweet. I went to high school with a boy like you. I had the biggest damn crush on him.

EUGENE. (*still above her*) Do you have a hanky?

ROWENA. Anything wrong?

EUGENE. My nose is running. (*She takes hanky, wipes his nose.*)

ROWENA. Better?

EUGENE. Thank you. Listen, please don't be offended but I really don't care if this is a wonderful experience or not. I just want to get it over with.

ROWENA. Whatever you say . . . Lights on or off?

EUGENE. Actually I'd like a blindfold. (*She reaches over and turns off lamp.*) . . . Oh, God . . . Oh, MY GOD!!! (*slumps down*) . . . WOW! . . . I DID IT! . . . I DID IT!!

ROWENA. Anything else, honey?

EUGENE. (*calmer, more mature*) Yes. I'd like two bottles of perfume and a pair of black panties.

(*Blackout.*)

*Lights up on section of barracks. It's late Sunday night. SELRIDGE, CARNEY and ARNOLD are lying on their bunks. WYKOWSKI, pacing, has EUGENE's notebook of memoirs. CARNEY is on his stomach reading a letter and ARNOLD is reading a worn paperback of Kafka.)*

Excerpt for "Wykowski" - 2

WYKOWSKI. . . . I can't believe what this creep's been writing about us . . . Listen to this . . . "No matter how lunatic I think Sergeant Toomey is, there is method to his madness. He is winning the game. Each day we drop a little of our own personalities and become more obedient, more robot-like, until what was once an intelligent, thinking human being is now nothing but a khaki idiot. Yesterday, in front of everybody, he made Epstein unscrew the top of his head and take his brains out."

SELRIDGE. Yeah? How? You're dead. Girls never go out with dead record stars.

CARNEY. Bullshit! I paid five bucks for my fantasy. I can do what I want . . .

What's my score, Gene?

EUGENE. Well, you started off with an A-minus but you finished with a B.

CARNEY. B. Not bad —better than I ever did in school.

EUGENE. Alright. Selridge is next. Excerpt for "Selridge"

SELRIDGE. Okay . . . Here we go . . . I make it with the seven richest women in the world. And I'm so hot, each dame gives me a million bucks. And at the end of a week, I got seven million bucks. Pretty good, heh?

EUGENE. If you're dead, what are you going to do with seven million dollars?

SELRIDGE. I told you. That's why I need ten days. I need a long weekend to spend the money. Give up, suckers, I got you all beat.

ARNOLD. Moronic. It's beyond moronic. It's sub-moronic.

SELRIDGE. Break their hearts, Jerome, and tell 'em my score.

EUGENE. It lacks poetry. I give Selridge a B.

SELRIDGE. (*angry*) A B? You give me a B? That creep signs a record contract that ain't worth shit and he gets a B? (*heads for money*) I want my money back.

WYKOWSKI. Touch that money and you're dead.

SELRIDGE. I was kidding. You think I was serious? I was kidding. (*He lies on his bunk.*) Who's next?

EUGENE. Hennesey.

HENNESEY. Me? I'm not ready yet.

EUGENE. It's your turn.

HENNESEY. I'm not good at things like this.

EUGENE. Come on. Just say it.

HENNESEY. I can't think of anything.

SELRIDGE. He can't think of anything. So he's out. Tough shit. Give him an F . . . Who's next?

HENNESEY. Okay. Okay . . . I'd spend it with my family.

WYKOWSKI. Is this guy serious?

CARNEY. Damn, I wish we were playing for big dough.

SELRIDGE. What an asshole.

HENNESEY. It's my last week. I can spend it any way I want. I'd like it to be with my family.

CARNEY. (*mimicking*) I'd like it to be with my family.

SELRIDGE. Go ahead, Jerome. What do you give him for *that* crap?

EUGENE. It's not interesting but at least it's honest. . . I give him a B-plus.

SELRIDGE. Okay. This game is fixed. I'm calling in the Military Police. I get a B for screwin' seven millionaires and *he* gets a B-plus for goin' home to his mother? . . . I change my answer. I want to visit sick children in the hospital.

WYKOWSKI. Knock it off, Selridge. You had your turn.

EUGENE. It's yours now, Wykowski.

not a murderer. I don't want to disgrace my family . . . But I have to get out of here . . . Now do you understand?

EUGENE. But you can't go AWOL. They'll catch you. They have agents all over the world . . . You'll get back at them one day. Don't you believe in justice?

ARNOLD. . . . You're so damn naive, Eugene.

*(WYKOWSKI and SELRIDGE come out of the latrine in their underwear, carrying towels, toothbrushes and toothpaste.)*

Excerpt for "Carney" - 1

WYKOWSKI. *(scratching)* I got a hundred and twelve God damn mosquito bites.

SELRIDGE. *(shivers)* I pulled twelve leeches off me. I pulled one off near my crotch, it wasn't a leech. Maybe I pulled something else off. *(He gets into bed, still shivering. CARNEY and HENNESEY come out in their underwear, towels.)*

CARNEY. I heard a top secret rumor today. I'm not supposed to repeat it.

WYKOWSKI. What is it?

CARNEY. I can get in trouble if it gets out.

WYKOWSKI. No one's gonna talk. What is it?

CARNEY. I hear they're getting ready to invade Europe and Japan on the same day.

HENNESEY. Where'd you hear that?

CARNEY. On the radio. It was one of them small stations.

EUGENE. Why on the same day?

CARNEY. Surprise attack. You hit them both at dawn. Then they don't have enough time to warn each other.

EUGENE. Hey, Carney. When it's dawn in Europe, it's a day later in Japan. They don't have dawn at the same time. Japan could read about it in their newspapers.

HENNESEY. Besides, we're not ready. We don't have enough trained men to invade both places on the same day.

ARNOLD. You know what *Time* magazine estimates the casualty rate of a full scale invasion would be? Sixty-eight per cent. Sixty-eight per cent of us would be killed or wounded.

WYKOWSKI. No shit? . . . So out of this group, how many is that?

ARNOLD. Of the six of us here, about four point three of us would get it.

CARNEY. What part of your body is point three?

SELRIDGE. Hey, Wykowski. We know what part of *your* body is point three. *(He giggles.)*

EUGENE. Listen, if you knew you were one of the guys who wasn't coming back, if you knew it right now, what would you do with the last few days of your life? It could be anything you want . . . I give everyone five seconds to think about it.

CARNEY. I thought about it. I'm not dying. You think I'm gonna kill myself to entertain you?

EUGENE. Why not? It's like a fantasy. I'm giving you the opportunity to do anything in the world you ever dreamed of. . . . Come on.

SELRIDGE. I think it's a good idea. Let's play for money.

HENNESEY. For money?

SELRIDGE. Yeah. Five bucks a man. The guy with the best fantasy collects the pot.

HENNESEY. That's morbid.

Excerpt for "Carney" - 2

WYKOWSKI. Okay, I'm in. We need a judge.

EUGENE. I'll be the judge.

WYKOWSKI. Why you?

EUGENE. Because I thought of the game. Ante up, everyone. Come on, Hennesey. *(They all put up money except EPSTEIN.)* Come on, Arnold. I know you have some great fantasies.

EPSTEIN. I don't sell my fantasies.

WYKOWSKI. Burn his bunk!

EUGENE. Come on, Arnold. . . . for me.

SELRIDGE. I love this. I'm gonna clean up.

EUGENE. *(jubilant)* Okay, Carney. You're first. You're dead. Killed in action. . . . What would you do with your last days on earth?

CARNEY. How much time do I have to do it in?

EUGENE. A week.

SELRIDGE. I need ten days.

EUGENE. It's my game. You only get a week. . . . What would you do with it, Donny?

CARNEY. *(thinks)* Okay. . . . I would sing at the Radio City Music Hall. Five shows a day, my own spot. In the audience are four thousand girls and one man. Every girl is gorgeous. Every girl is size 38-24-36. . . . And they all want me. . . . real bad.

HENNESEY. Who's the man?

CARNEY. The President of Decca Records. He wants me too. I have a choice. After the last show, I could have all four thousand girls. . . . or a contract with Decca Records.

HENNESEY. Which one do you take?

SELRIDGE. *(urging him on)* The record contract. I would take the record contract.

CARNEY. Right. I take the record contract.

SELRIDGE. *(laughs)* MORON!! He believed me. He could have humped four thousand girls and now he's got a record contract that ain't worth shit.

CARNEY. Wrong! Because now I'm a big star and stars get all the girls they want anyway.

SELRIDGE. Yeah? How? You're dead. Girls never go out with dead record stars.

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EUGENE. Hennesey.

HENNESEY. Me? I'm not ready yet.

EUGENE. It's your turn.

HENNESEY. I'm not good at things like this.

EUGENE. Come on. Just say it.

HENNESEY. I can't think of anything.

SELRIDGE. He can't think of anything. So he's out. Tough shit. Give him an F . . . Who's next?

HENNESEY. Okay. Okay . . . I'd spend it with my family.

WYKOWSKI. Is this guy serious?

CARNEY. Damn, I wish we were playing for big dough.

SELRIDGE. What an asshole.

HENNESEY. It's my last week. I can spend it any way I want. I'd like it to be with my family.

CARNEY. (*mimicking*) I'd like it to be with my family.

SELRIDGE. Go ahead, Jerome. What do you give him for *that* crap?

EUGENE. It's not interesting but at least it's honest. . . I give him a B-plus.

SELRIDGE. Okay. This game is fixed. I'm calling in the Military Police. I get a B for screwin' seven millionaires and *he* gets a B-plus for goin' home to his mother? . . . I change my answer. I want to visit sick children in the hospital.

WYKOWSKI. Knock it off, Selridge. You had your turn.

EUGENE. It's yours now, Wykowski.