

## Andy 4

SOPHIE. (*Goes L. to above pole table.*) That's a lie. Apple pie is as American as blueberry pie.

ANDY. The only truly indigenous American foods are Thanksgiving turkey and chicken chow mein. (*He starts down stairs as she goes R. to meet him.*) You're deliberately distracting me from working on my magazine, aren't you?

SOPHIE. (*Returning L. to the desk. Back to stamps.*) Each citizen must do what he can.

ANDY. Of all the bigoted things— You haven't read one word in it past the table of contents.

SOPHIE. You don't have to drink the poison if it says so on the label.

ANDY. I'm going in the closet to work. Call me when Norman gets back. (*He goes U. C.*)

SOPHIE. (*Goes toward him.*) All right, tell me. Is there *anything* about this country you do like?

ANDY. I like almost everything about this country except people who like *absolutely everything* about this country.

SOPHIE. Why don't you answer mah question?

ANDY. Why don't you question my answer?

SOPHIE. Why don't you talk like a person so ah can understand which are the questions and which are the answers?

ANDY. Would it be all right if I worked in your apartment?

SOPHIE. It would not, if there's gonna be a fight, let's draw the battle lines on the field of the aggressor. And don't bother guessin' who said that 'cause ah made it up mahself.

ANDY. I had it narrowed down to you or Winston Churchill. (*Goes R. a few steps.*)

SOPHIE. (*Follows.*) And for your information, did you know Winston Churchill's mother was born in the United States . . . in Brooklyn!

ANDY. You'd never know it from the way he talked. (*Goes to door, D. of Sophie.*) Why don't you go back to your apartment and make some chitlins or grits? Your cat must be hungry. (*He opens door for her.*)

SOPHIE. (*Sits R. of c. table.*) Ah'm not leavin' until you admit you are snide, smug and narrow minded.

ANDY. Will you settle for belligerent?

SOPHIE. Ah will accept deceitful and treacherous.

ANDY. (*Slams door. Comes D. to bottom step.*) Okay, I'm de-

ceitful and treacherous. And you are provincial and old-fashioned, antiquated, unrealistic, unimaginative, unenlightened, uninformed, and unbelievably unable to understand anything that isn't under water . . . (*Sophie rises.*) Your big trouble in life is that you were born a hundred and fifty years too late. You should have been at Bunker Hill loading muskets, raising flags and waiting for the British to show up with the whites of their eyes. Well, you may be shocked to learn that this is 1966 and this country has a whole new set of problems. But you wouldn't know about that because I don't think you're a real person of flesh and blood with feelings and sensitivities. I don't think you could be capable of having a genuine emotional attachment for another human being unless it was first passed by Congress and amended to the Constitution and painted red, white and blue. (*Goes to L. of pole table.*) If you've been listening carefully, Miss Rauschmeyer, I have just made a point. **Stop**

SOPHIE. (*Goes to door, opens it, then slams it shut.*) All right, if you wanna make points, then ah'm gonna make one. Ah'm gonna make the biggest point you ever heard.

ANDY. (*Goes to sofa. Tosses pages on sofa.*) When you get to it, raise your right hand. With you it's hard to tell.

SOPHIE. You'll know when ah'm makin' it only you're not gonna like it. Are you listenin'?

ANDY. With one ear. That's all I need with you.

SOPHIE. Then here goes. (*Comes D. to Andy.*) Ah don't like you for a lot of the reasons ah already said. But the main reason ah don't like you is because ah am engaged to Lieutenant Burt Fenneman of the United States Marines. And in a few weeks we're supposed to get married. But for some insane reason that only a Hungarian psychoanalyst could explain, ah have suddenly discovered, and here comes the part ah was telling you about, that *ah am physically-attracted-to-you!* . . . Now, how do you like that for a point? (*And she storms out slamming the door behind her. Andy does not react. He just stands there. Suddenly the door flings open again and Sophie stands there glaring at him, hands on her hips.*) Did you hear what ah said?

ANDY. (*Without emotion.*) I heard. I heard what you said.

SOPHIE. (*Slams door.*) Well, how do you like them apples?

ANDY. *Those apples.*