

Sophie 4

you feelin' the way you don't? . . . Mr. Hobart, if ah wasn't afraid ah'd miss mah bus, ah'd really tell you somethin'. (*To Norman.*) Do yew have the time?

NORMAN. (*Looks at his watch.*) I don't even have a crystal.

Start SOPHIE. (*To Andy.*) Well, ah'll tell you anyway. You're right. Ah may be provincial and old-fashioned. Ah may believe in a lot of things like patriotism and the Constitution because that's the way ah was brought up, and that's the way ah feel. The trouble with you is you can't feel. You can't feel, you can't see, you can't hear and oh, boy, *you can't smell*. All you can do is think. But until you learn to use all those wonderful gadgets that nature has given you, you are only one-fifth of a man. Unfortunately by the time you get them all workin' and realize you are crazy about me, ah will be back home in mah high school gymnasium gettin' in shape for next year's Olympics. If you want mah advice, ah suggest you take those pennies and visit an eye, ear, nose and throat man. (*Starts for door.*) And maybe you ought to see a dentist too. Because mah former fiance, not happy with the recent turn of events, is on his way over here to separate your teeth from your face.

NORMAN. (*Jumps up and down happily.*) Now you're gonna get it! Now you'll first get it! (*Andy sits.*)

SOPHIE. Did you hear what ah said? There's an eight-foot Marine on his way here to comp you up!

NORMAN. (*Gleefully.*) You hear that? The Yanks are coming! It's all over now, brother. (*Yells out window.*) Come on, Leather-necks. (*He sings the "Marine Hymn."*) I'm glad I'm chained to a pipe because I wouldn't miss this for anything.

SOPHIE. (*Big smile.*) Ah wish ah could stay to see it.

ANDY. But you can't because you're leaving.

SOPHIE. (*Goes to stairs leading to front door.*) That's right, ah'm leavin'! Ah'm leavin'! Back to Hunnicut. And startin' tomorrow ah'm gonna swim a mile every day from now until next summer. (*Comes down steps toward c. table.*) Every American has to do what he does best for his country, and ah-can-swim! Ah'm gonna swim the United States right into a gold medal and this time ah'm gonna beat the livin' nose plugs offa that little fat girl from the desert. (*She picks the phone off the floor.*) I'm usin' your phone one more time. (*She dials.*) Gimme Western Union! (*To Andy.*) And what you did to blacken America's good

name with your protestin' magazine, ah will whitewash with mah backstroke down in Mexico City. (*Into phone.*) Ah'd like to send a telegram, please. To Mr. Andrew Hobart, 217 Chestnut Hill, San Francisco. (*She looks at Andy.*) . . . Dear Mr. Hobart. Whether you like it or not, ah pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America . . . and to the Republic for which it stands, one nation, under God, indivisible, with Liberty and Justice for all . . . Sign that "A Patriot" and send it collect. (*She hangs up, puts the phone back on the floor and exits with a flourish.*)

NORMAN. You mean you're just going to sit there? She's going back to Hunnicut and you may never see her again!

ANDY. I'll see her again.

NORMAN. When?

ANDY. In 1972. I guarantee you she's the next President of the United States. Norman, I've had just about enough of you. Every man has his breaking point and my point just broke.

NORMAN. What are you gonna do?

ANDY. Murder! I'm going to commit cold-blooded murder right in this room. (*Rises and goes L.*) I'm going to kill the only thing in this world that really means anything to me—my magazine. (*He takes the key and unlocks Norman's handcuffs.*) There! Go on, you're free. Now get out of here and let me bury the body. (*He goes to the bulletin board while Norman goes C. Andy rips down the credo sign and breaks it over his knee.*) Maybe you were right. Maybe you were both right. Maybe I am crazy. Maybe it was lunatic to try to hold on to one tiny, not very important, insignificant little voice-in-the-wilderness against such overwhelming odds as a girl-smelling mental case and a wetback Martha Washington. (*Picks up magazines from pole table and takes them R. to the duffle bag on the sofa. Puts magazines into bag.*) I'm sure she'll be very happy now. America is safe tonight. In tribute, tomorrow Howard Johnson's will add another flavor. (*Throws duffle bag on floor.*) She's won, don't you see that, she's won. Divide and conquer, that's the way they do it. Well, we're divided and we're conquered. The war is over and we've surrendered. In reparations, she gets the Polish corridor, the free city of Danzig, three outfielders, two turtle doves and a partridge in a pear tree. (*He collapses into chair R. of table.*)

NORMAN. Well . . . we can't always have what we want.