

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.)*

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 sing-*

Eugene #1

Start

stop