Please prepare the appropriate monologue(s)below. Memorization is not required.

EUGENE (*Aloud to the 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.

…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 phenomenon unless he has a unique form of paralysis.

…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.

…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 . . .

EUGENE Has anyone seen my notebook? The one I'm always writing in . . . Arnold, did you see it? (*WYKOWSKI reaches under his bunk and takes out the notebook. He opens it up and EUGENE makes a move toward it*) Kowski, please don't read it. (*Near tears*) Please stop it. You want to read it, read it to yourself. . . .I told you, I don't mean any of it. I get a thought and I write it down. Right now I would describe you in three words. "A yellow bastard!" What I write is my business. Give me my book. (*He reaches for it as Epstein snatches it*.) Arnold, I beg you. Don't read it. They're my private thoughts and if you take them, you steal from me. (*Looks at EPSTEIN*) . . . Put it back when you're through.

SERGEANT TOOMEY (*To the 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 percent 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 cruelest, craziest, most sadistic goddamn 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?

TOOMEY The irony is, Epsteen or Epstine, that despite the fact that you hate every disciplined bone in my body, you're gonna miss me when I go . . . Miss me like a baby misses her momma's nipple.

At oh seven hundred, April 3,1943 . . . That's tomorrow morning ... I know how much you boys are going to miss me. But I don't want anyone making a fuss or anything. No gifts, you understand. If you like, you can clean a couple of latrines for me, but that's about it. I am reporting to Dickerson Veterans Hospital, Camp Rawlings, Roanoke, Virginia ... I believe, in gratitude, the Army is going to replace my steel plate with sterling silver ... That means I'll be able to hock my head in any pawn shop in this country, how 'bout that?

How long will I be gone? I just told you, you dumb son of a bitch. I'm going to the Veterans Hospital. They don't send you back from a Veterans Hospital. You become a Veteran. You walk around in a blue bathrobe and at night you listen to Jack Benny and play checkers with the other basket weavers . . . What I'm trying to tell you, you toilet bowl cleanser, is that my active career in the U.S. Army has been terminated.

EPSTEIN I have a legitimate excuse. Sergeant. I have a digestive disorder, diagnosed as a nervous stomach. ...It only gets nervous while I'm eating food. I wasn't eating food during the examination. I brought a chicken salad sandwich along to show them what happens when it enters the digestive tract… (*Reaches into his breast pocket*) I have a letter from my internist who's on the staff of Mount Sinai Hospital on Fifth Avenue…

EPSTEIN (*Sits up and 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!

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

WYKOWSKI My brother had this in the marines. It's S.O.S. (*clarifies*) Shit on a shingle. (*clarifies more*) It's beef. Creamed chipped beef. It doesn't look so bad to me. Hell, I'm hungry. (*He takes a forkful and eats it. They all watch him*) ...It's terrific ...It needs ketchup, that's all. (*He puts ketchup on it*). Why don't you ask them for some matzoh ball soup, Epstein. I hear the army makes great matzohbail soup. (*He laughs*)

(*To EUGENE and EPSTEIN*) Listen, you two guys. Don't give the sergeant any more crap. 'Cause when he doesn't like you, he doesn't like the rest of us. Any guy who screws up in this platoon is in deep shit with me, understand? If I have to do any more push-ups on account of you, Epstein, you're going to be underneath me when I'm doing them.

WYKOWSKI …Okay, you ready for the best part? Here's the best part: (*reading Eugene's notebook)* "Wykowski is pure animal. His basic instincts are all physical and he eats his meals like a horse eating his oats." Hey, Epstein! Can I sue him for defamation of—what is it? (*Reads on*) "He masturbates in bed four or five times a night. He has no shame about it and his capacities are inexhaustible. Sometimes when he has a discharge, he announces it to the room. 'Number five torpedo fired! Loading number six!' " (*To the others*) That's really good reporting. This guy should be on Time magazine or something. You're making me famous. Maybe the movies'll buy this. Great picture for John Wayne.

CARNEY ...You know what Charlene once said to me? She said the reason she was seeing this other guy in Albany was because she didn't think I was someone she could count on. She said she really liked me more than him but she wasn't sure I'd ever make up my mind. She didn't want to wait for me forever. So while she's waiting, she sees this guy up in Albany.

I'm not going to be in a foxhole with her with some Jap throwing in a grenade. I have to think about this because getting married is more serious. Because if the grenade goes off, it's all over. Two seconds and you're gone. But if you make a mistake in marriage, you've got fifty years of misery. See what I mean? …You going to turn in? I don't know if I am. …Maybe. …G'night.

CARNEY I heard a top-secret rumor today. I'm not supposed to repeat it. I can get in trouble if it gets out. …I hear they're getting ready to invade Europe and Japan on the same day. (*they look at him questioning*) I heard it on the radio. It was one of them small stations. …Surprise attack. You hit them both at dawn. Then they don't have enough time to warn each other.

SELRIDGE (*In response to what he would do with his last week on earth*) 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? …That's why I need ten days. I need a long weekend to spend the money. Give up, suckers, I got you all beat. Break their hearts, Jerome, and tell 'em my Score. (*Angrily*) a B? You give me a B? That creep signs a record contract that ain't worth shit and he gets a B? (*He heads for the money*) I want my money back. (*WYKOWSKI gives him a look)* I was kidding. You think I was serious? I was kidding. (*He lies on his bunk*) Who's next?

SELRIDGE Forty-eight-hour pass, hot damn! If I make it with one woman every four hours, that means I could have ... er ... I could have ... (*He thinks*)— a lot of women!

HENNESEY You guys hear what happened over at Baker Company? Some kid went nuts. Said he was going home, didn't want no part of this army. An officer tried to stop him and the kid belted him one, broke the Captain's nose. They said this guy's sure to get five to ten years in Leavenworth. They don't crap around in the army, you find that out real fast. …My name is Hennesey. I'm in your platoon. They gave me eight straight days of KP. I left over two spoonfuls of barley soup. Two lousy spoonfuls ... Be careful, you guys.

HENNESEY Carney's right. The Army will take care of it. HENNESEY There's nothing we can do about it tonight. Why don't we hit the sack. (He gets into his bunk)

ROWENA What the hell you doing for ten minutes? C'mon, kid. I haven't got all day. (*EUGENE appears. He is wearing his khaki shorts, shoes and sock*s) Listen. You can keep your shorts on if you want but I have a rule against wearing army shoes in bed. (*Sprays around her with perfume from her atomizer*) You don't mind a little perfume, do you, honey? The boy before you had on a gallon of Aqua Velva.(*She smiles and sprays him playfully*) If you'd like a bottle for your girl friend, I sell them. Five dollars apiece. I sell hard-to-get items. Silk stockings. Black panties ...You interested?

…You want me to take your shoes off?
…Is this your first time?
…You don't smoke cigarettes either, do you? You look like your face is on fire.
…If you want to look older, why don't you try a mustache?

My name's Rowena …What's yours?

I'm from. Gulfport. I still live there with my husband. (*EUGEGE is surprised*.) Yes he knows. That's how we met. He's in the Navy. He was one of my best customers. He still is. …I mean he's my best lover …You gonna do it from there, cowboy? 'Cause I'll have to make some adjustments. If you're gonna hang on the edge like that, we're gonna be on the floor in two minutes. Crowding is what this is all about, Tex. (*She pulls him over He kneels above her*) Okay, honey. Do your stuff.

DAISY You don't like Biloxi? I'm not that fond of it myself. Actually I'm from Gulfport. We all are. We go to school there …St. Mary's. It's Catholic. An all girls' school. I really have to move on. We're supposed to mingle. If we're with anyone more than ten minutes, the Sisters get very nervous. Well ...just a few more minutes. Anyway, I'm not really from the South. I was raised in Chicago. My father used to work on a newspaper there. Then he got a job in New Orleans on the Examiner as City Editor, but he took six months off first to write a book. My dad thinks I intimidate boys my own age. I'm glad you don't seem intimidated.

...My father kept a journal the last few years. That's how he got to write this book. I read that that was a very good way to become a writer. ...Sister Marissa is glaring at me across the room, so I'd better see if someone else wants to dance. (*She gets up*) I had a very nice time talking to you, Eugene Morris Jerome. I'm trying to remember your whole name in case I ever see it in print someday. My last name's Hannigan. Daisy Hannigan. …You have my permission to use it. I wouldn't mind at all being immortalized. (*She extends her hand*) Goodbye, Eugene.