

Willy
AL

ACT I THE SUNSHINE BOYS

31

WILLIE. Sugar?

AL. (*Doesn't turn.*) If you got.

WILLIE. (*Nods.*) I got sugar. (*He bangs sugar down in front of AL, crosses with tea to his leather chair and sits . . . and then the two drink tea . . . silently and interminably. They blow, they sip, they blow, they sip and they sit. Finally:*) . . . You like a cracker?

AL. (*Sips.*) What kind of cracker?

WILLIE. Graham, chocolate, cocoanut, whatever you want.

AL. Maybe just a plain cracker.

WILLIE. I don't have plain crackers. I got graham, chocolate and cocoanut.

AL. Alright, a graham cracker.

WILLIE. (*Without turning, points into kitchen.*) They're in the kitchen, in the closet. (*AL looks over at him, a little surprised at his uncordiality. He nods in acknowledgement.*)

AL. Maybe later. (*They both sip their tea.*)

WILLIE. (*Long pause.*) I was sorry to hear about Lillian.

AL. Thank you.

WILLIE. She was a nice woman. I always liked Lillian.

AL. Thank you.

WILLIE. . . . And how about you?

AL. Thank God, knock wood— (*Raps knuckles on his cane.*) —perfect.

WILLIE. I heard different. I heard your blood didn't circulate.

AL. Not true. My blood circulates . . . I'm not saying everywhere, but it circulates.

WILLIE. Is that why you use the cane?

AL. It's not a cane. It's a walking stick . . . Maybe once in a great while it's a cane . . .

WILLIE. I've been lucky, thank God . . . I'm in the pink.

AL. I was looking. For a minute I thought you were having a flush.

WILLIE. (*Sips his tea.*) You know Sol Burton died?

AL. Go on . . . Who's Sol Burton?

WILLIE. You don't remember Sol Burton?

AL. (*Thinks.*) . . . Oh, yes. The manager from the Belasco.

WILLIE. That was Sol Bernstein.

AL. Not Sol Bernstein. Sol *Burton* was the manager from the Belasco.

WILLIE. Sol *Bernstein* was the manager from the Belasco and it wasn't the Belasco, it was the Morosco.

AL. Sid *Weinstein* was the manager from the Morosco. Sol *Burton* was the manager from the Belasco. Sol *Bernstein* I don't know *who* the hell was.

WILLIE. How can you remember anything if your blood doesn't circulate?

AL. It circulates in my *head*. It doesn't circulate in my *feet*. (*He stomps his foot on the floor a few times.*)

WILLIE. Is anything coming down?

AL. Wait a minute. Wasn't Sid *Weinstein* the songwriter?

WILLIE. NO, for crise sakes! That's SOL BURTON!

AL. Who wrote 'Lady, lady, be my baby'?

WILLIE. That's what I'm telling you! Sol Burton, the lousy songwriter.

AL. Oh, *that* Sol Burton . . . He died?

WILLIE. Last week.

AL. Where?

WILLIE. (*Points.*) In *Variety*.

STOP AL. Sure, now I remember . . . And how is Sol Bernstein?

WILLIE. I didn't read anything.

AL. Good. I always liked Sol Bernstein. (*They quietly sip their tea. AL looks around the room.*) Sooo . . . this is where you live now?

WILLIE. Didn't I always live here?

AL. (*Looks again.*) Not in here. You lived in the big suite.