

“Brighton Beach Memoirs” by Neil Simon

EUGENE:

One out, a man on second, bottom of the seventh, two balls, no strikes... IN A MINUTE, MA! This is for the World Series! One pitch, Mom?

*(He whispers to himself.)* Eugene Morris Jerome... I hate my name! Eugene Morris Jerome... How am I ever going to play for the Yankees with a name like Eugene Morris Jerome? You have to be a Joe... or a Tony... or Frankie... If only I was born Italian... All the best Yankees are Italian... My mother makes spaghetti with ketchup, what chance do I have? *(Pause.)* What I am about to tell you next is so secret and private that I've left instructions for my memoirs not to be opened until thirty years after my death.

... I, Eugene Morris Jerome, have committed a mortal sin by lusting after my cousin Nora. I can tell you all this now because I'll be dead when you're reading it... If I had the choice between a try out with the Yankees and actually seeing her *(He clears his throat.)* for two and a half seconds, I would have some serious thinking to do...