

# BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS

by Neil  
Simon

The part of 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? I think I can get him to pop up. I have my stuff today! They're clean. I'm wearing a glove. (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 sine 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 tryout with the Yankees and actually seeing her bare breast for two and a half seconds, I would have some serious thinking to do . . . *(pause before ending)*