

Brighton Beach Memoirs

Neil Simon

KATE
BLANCHE

Kate and Blanche are sisters, who've just had an argument over household expenses, and Blanche has decided to move elsewhere with her two daughters. This scene is a couple hours after the fight.

KATE. Is she alright?

BLANCHE. Yes.

KATE. She's not angry anymore?

BLANCHE. No, Kate. No one's angry anymore. I just explained everything to Nora. The girls will help you with all the housework while I'm gone. Laurie's strong enough to do her share. I've kept her being a baby long enough.

KATE. They've never been any trouble to me, those girls. Never.

BLANCHE. I'll try to take them on the weekends if I can . . . It's late. We could both use a good night's sleep. (She starts out of the room.)

KATE. Blanche! . . . Don't go! (BLANCHE stops.) I feel badly enough for what I said. Don't make me feel worse.

BLANCHE. Everything you said to me tonight was true, Kate. I wish you said it years ago.

KATE. What would I do without you? Who else do I have to talk to all day? What friends do I have?

BLANCHE. You and I never had any troubles before tonight, Kate . . . It's the girls I'm thinking of now. We have to be together. The three of us. It's what they want as much as I do.

KATE. Alright, I'm not saying you shouldn't hate it. But you're not going to find a job overnight. Apartments are expensive. While you're looking, why do you have to live with strangers?

BLANCHE. Louise isn't a stranger. She's a good friend.

KATE. To me good friends are strangers. But sisters are sisters.

BLANCHE. I'm afraid of being comfortable here. If I don't get out now, when will I ever do it?

KATE. The door is open. Go whenever you want. When you get the job, when you find the apartment, I'll help you move. I can look with you. I know how to bargain with these landlords.

BLANCHE. (Smiles) You wouldn't mind doing that?

KATE. They see a woman all alone, they take advantage of you . . . I'll find out what they're asking for the Murphy place. It couldn't be expensive, she never cleaned it.

BLANCHE. How independent can I become if I live right across the street from you?

KATE. Far enough away for you to close your own door, and close enough for me not to feel so lonely. (BLANCHE looks at her with great warmth, crosses to KATE, and embraces her. They hold on dearly.)

BLANCHE. If I lived on the moon, you would still be close to me, Kate. (Pause) I suddenly feel so hungry.

KATE. Of course. You haven't had dinner. Come on. I'll fix you some scrambled eggs.

BLANCHE. I'll make them. (Smiling) I'm an independent woman now.