

TOM TODOROFF STUDIO

BEGGARS IN THE HOUSE OF PLENTY

by John Patrick Shanley

JOHN:

What's the matter with you? What's the matter with your soul? We coulda helped each other, Pop. The world is hard enough. Ain't it? Without no haven at all? I look like the Bronx inside. I could vomit up a burning car. You seen them. These dead wrecks everywhere. They've been abandoned. I feel them inside! And I was the lucky one! I was the fortunate son. What have you done to me? What have you done to your boys? No. Screw you! You know what I feel when I see a beggar on the street? I wanna kick his face! I wanna beat him ta death! Cause that's me! Pathetically waitin' with my frickin' cup. But that's over. I've stopped stealin' and I've stopped settin' fires and I've stopped breakin' windows. And now, now I'm gonna stop waitin' for you. To reach down to me. To touch my face. To kiss my wounds. There's a kinda silence fallen between us like a long drop onta sharp rocks. For a long time now. It's been my wait. I've been waitin' for something. Words, I guess. Some words. Do I have the words even now? I will never think of you without being shocked by your lovelessness. I will never think of you without a gasp of wonder. I will never think of you without some pain. And despite everything, in the face of everything, though it personally shames me to say it, I still have love for you.