

# DAILY Actor

## BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS by Neil Simon

**NORA:** I can't believe it. You mean it's alright for you to leave *us* but it wasn't alright for me to leave *you*?

It was *my* future. Why couldn't *I* have something to say about it? I need to be *independent*.

So I have to give up the one chance I may never get again, is that it? I'm the one who has to pay for what you couldn't do with your own life. I'm not *judging* you. I can't even talk to you. I don't exist to you. I have tried so hard to get close to you, but there was never any room. Whatever you had to give went to Daddy, and when he died, whatever was left you gave to Laurie...

....I have been jealous my whole life of Laurie because she was lucky enough to be born sick. I could never turn a light on in my room at night or read in bed because Laurie always needed her precious sleep. I could never have a friend over on the weekends because Laurie was always resting. I used to pray I'd get some terrible disease or get hit by a car so I'd have a leg all twisted and crippled and then once, maybe just once, *I'd* get to crawl into bed next to you on a cold rainy night and talk to you and hold you until I fell asleep in your arms...just once...