

# DAILY Actor

## 'The Lisbon Traviata' by Terrence McNally

**MIKE:** I'm tired. Stephen. I'm tired of saying I'm sorry all the time. I'm tired of tiptoeing through my life because it might interfere with yours. I'm tired of being told what opera to like, what book to read, what movies to go to, I'm tired of being your father, mother, big brother, best friend, your analyst, your cheerleader.

**STEPHEN:** You left out lover.

**MIKE:** I haven't been your lover since the first night I said to myself. "Who is this person lying at my side, this stranger, who hasn't heard or held me since the last time it pleased him?" That's the night I should have grabbed you by the shoulders and screamed, "I don't want this, Stephen. I don't need just another warm body next to mine. I'm much too needy to settle for so little. Look at me. Love me. Be with me. "Now I've waited too long. You weren't even sleeping. You were reading. Your friend was on your cassette player on your side of the bed. Maria Callas. You had your back to me. I had my arm around you. I was stroking one of your tits. I asked you how you thought I should handle Sarah--- she was coming up to New York and wanted to see me. It was the first time since the divorce and I was scared. I'd hurt her in a way I was ashamed of. I really needed you and you just shrugged and said, "You'll do the right thing" and turned the page. I didn't stop stroking your tit, but you weren't the same person anymore. Neither was I. I kept my arm around you only because I was suddenly so scared I was as alone as I must have made Sarah feel. I was holding on for dear life.

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