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| **BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS** by Neil Simon ***BLANCHE***  I’m not going to let you hurt me, Nora. I’m not going to let you tell me that I don't love you or that I haven't tried to give you as much as I gave Laurie… God knows I’m not perfect because enough angry people in this house told me so tonight… but I am not going to be a doormat for all the frustration and unhappiness that you or Aunt Kate or anyone else wants to lay at my feet… I did not create this Universe. I do not decide who lives and dies, or who’s rich or poor or who feels loved and who feels deprived. If you feel cheated that I had a husband who died at thirty-six. And if you keep on feeling that way, you’ll end up like me… with something much worse than loneliness or helplessness and that’s self-pity. Believe me, there is no leg that’s twisted or bent that is more crippling than a human being who thrives on his own misfortunes… I am sorry, Nora, that you feel unloved and I will do everything I can to change it except apologize for it. I am tired of apologizing. After a while it becomes your life’s work and it doesn’t bring any money into the house… if it’s taken you pain and Aunt Kate’s anger to get me to start living again, then God will give me the strength to make it up to you, but 8I will not go back to being that frightened, helpless woman that I created!.. I’ve already buried someone I love. Now its time to bury someone I hate. |