

**BRICK: MONOLOGUE #1 p. 123-124)**

All right. You're asking for it, Big Daddy. We're finally going to have that real true talk you wanted. It's too late to stop it, now, we got to carry it through and cover every subject. Uh-huh.

Maggie declares that Skipper and I went into pro-football after we left "Ole Miss" because we were scared to grow up...  
---Wanted to --- keep on tossing---those long, long! High, high!—passes that---couldn't be intercepted except by time, the aerial attack that made us famous! And so we did, we did, we kept it up for one season, that aerial attack, we held it high!---Yeah, but--- that summer, Maggie, she laid the law down to me, said, Now or never, --and so I married Maggie...

And Maggie was great in bed---the greatest! She went on the road that fall with the Dixie Stars. Oh, she made a great show of being the world's best sport. She wore a ---wore a---tall bearskin cap! A shako, they call it, a dyed moleskin coat, a moleskin coat dyed red!---Cut up crazy! Rented hotel ballrooms for victory celebrations, wouldn't cancel them when it ---turned out-----defeat...

MAGGIE THE CAT! Ha ha!

**BRICK: MONOLOGUE #2 (p. 125)**

..I lay in a hospital bed, watched our games on TV, saw Maggie on the bench next to Skipper when he was hauled out of a game for stumbles, fumbles!----Burned me up the way she hung on his arm!----Y'know, I think that Maggie had always felt sort of left out because she and me never got any closer together than two people just get in bed, which is not much closer than two cats on a----fence humping....

So! She took this time to work on poor dumb Skipper. He was a less than average student at Ole Miss, you know that, don't you?!----Poured in his mind the dirty, false idea that what we were, him and me, was a frustrated case of that ole pair of sisters that lived in this room, Jack Straw and Peter Ochello!

----He, poor Skipper, went to bed with Maggie to prove it wasn't true, and when it didn't work out, he thought it was true!---Skipper broke in two like a rotten stick----nobody ever turned so fast to a lush---or died of it so quick...

---Now are you satisfied?

**BRICK: MONOLOGUE #3 (p. 130)**

I'm sorry Big Daddy. My head don't work any more and it's hard for me to understand how anybody could care if he lied or died or was dying or cared about anything but whether or or not there was liquor left in the bottle and so I said what I said without thinking. In some ways I'm no better than the others, in some ways worse because I'm less alive. Maybe it's eing alive that makes them lie, and eing almost not alive makes me sort of accidentally truthful---I don't know but--- anyway---we've been friends...

---And being friends is telling each other the truth...You told *me*! I told *you*!