

LARRY

The Boys in the Band · Audition sides · p. 93-94

LARRY. Why am I always the goddamn villain in the piece!
If I'm not thought of as a happy-home wrecker, I'm an
impossible son of a bitch to live with!

HAROLD. Guilt turns to hostility. Isn't that right, Michael?

MICHAEL. Go stick your tweezers in your cheek.

LARRY. I'm fed up to the teeth with everybody feeling so
goddamn sorry for poor shat-upon Hank.

EMORY. Aw, Larry, everybody knows you're Frieda Fickle.

LARRY. I've never made any promises and I never intend
to. It's my right to lead my sex life without answering to
anybody – Hank included! And if those terms are not
acceptable, then we must not live together. Numerous
relations is a part of the way I am!

EMORY. You don't have to be gay to be a wanton.

LARRY. By the way I am, I don't mean being gay – I mean
my sexual appetite. And I don't think of myself as a
wanton. Emory, you are the most promiscuous person
I know.

EMORY. I am not promiscuous at all!

MICHAEL. Not by choice. By design. Why would anybody
want to go to bed with a flaming little sissy like you?

BERNARD. Michael!

MICHAEL. (*To EMORY.*) Who'd make a pass at you – I'll tell
you who – nobody. Except maybe some fugitive from
the Braille Institute.

BERNARD. (*To EMORY.*) Why do you let him talk to you that
way?

HAROLD. Physical beauty is not everything.

MICHAEL. Thank you, Quasimodo.

LARRY. What do you think it's like living with the goddamn

gestapo! I can't breathe without getting the third degree!

MICHAEL. Larry, it's your turn to call.

LARRY. I can't take all that let's-be-faithful-and-never-look-at-another-person routine. It just doesn't work. If you

want to promise that, fine. Then do it and stick to it. But if you *have* to promise it – as far as I'm concerned – nothing finishes a relationship faster.

HAROLD. Give me Librium or give me Meth.

BERNARD. (*Intoxicated now.*) Yeah, freedom, baby! Freedom!

LARRY. You gotta have it! It can't work any other way. And the ones who swear their undying fidelity are lying. Most of them, anyway – ninety percent of them. They cheat on each other constantly and lie through their teeth. I'm sorry, I can't be like that, and it drives Hank up the wall.

HANK. There is that ten percent.

LARRY. The only way it stands a chance is with some sort of an understanding.

HANK. I've tried to go along with that.

LARRY. Aw, *come on!*

HANK. I agreed to an agreement.

LARRY. Your agreement.

MICHAEL. What agreement?

LARRY. A ménage.

HAROLD. The lovers' agreement.

LARRY. Look, I know a lot of people think it's the answer. They don't consider it cheating. But it's not my style.

HANK. Well, *I* certainly didn't want it.

LARRY. Then who suggested it?

HANK. It was a compromise.

LARRY. Exactly.

HANK. And you agreed.

LARRY. I didn't agree to anything. You agreed to your own proposal and *informed me* that I agreed.

COWBOY. I don't understand. What's a me...mena-a...

MICHAEL. A ménage à trois, baby. Two's company – three's a ménage.

COWBOY. Oh.

HANK. It works for some.