

# The Web by Eugene O'Neill

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Steve: Dammit! Stop that barkin'. It goes right through me. Get some medicine for it, why don't ya?

Rose: I did but it ain't no good.

S: Then get something else. I told you months ago to go and see a doctor. Did you?

R: No.

S: Well then you can't blame me. It's up to you.

R: Listen, Steve! Let me stay in tonight and go to the Doc's. I'm sick. Gimme a couple of dollars and let me go to the Doc's and get some medicine. Please, Steve, for God's sake! I'll make it up to you when I'm well. I'll be makin' lots of money then and you can have it all.

S: a couple of beans! What do you think I am – the mint?

R: But you had lots of money this mornin'. Didn't I give you all I had?

S: Well, I ain't got it now, see? I got into a game at Tony's place and they cleaned me. And I wouldn't give it to you if I had it. If you want any money, get out and make it. That's all I got to say.

R: So that's all you got to say, is it? Well, I'll hand you a tip right here. I'm getting sick of giving you my roll and getting nothing but abuse in return. You're half drunk now. And you been hitting the pipe too; I can tell by the way your eyes look. Do you think I'm going to stand for a guy that's always full of booze and hop? Not so you could notice it! There's too many others I can get.

S: Can that chatter, do you hear me? If you ever throw me down – look out! I'll get you!

R: Get me? What I care? Do you think I'm so stuck on this life I wanna go on living? Kill me!

S: For Christ's sake, shut up! (*The baby is awakened offstage.*)

R: Ssshhh!!! There, we woke her up. Keep still, Steve. I'll go out, you needn't worry. Just don't make so much noise.

S: You'll have to take that kid out of the bed. I gotta get some sleep.

R: But Steve, where'll I put her? There's no place else.

S: On the floor – any place. What do I care where you put it?

R: Please Steve! Be a good guy. She won't bother you none. She's fast asleep. You got three-quarters of the bed to lie on. Let her stay there.

S: You heard what I said, didn't you? Get busy then. Get her out of there.

R: I won't do it.

S: You won't, huh? Then I will.

R: I've stood about enough from you. Don't you dare touch her or I'll...

S: What'll you do? Don't try and bluff me. And now we're talking about it, I wanna tell you that kid has got to go. I've stood for it as long as I can with its bawling and whining. You gotta get rid of it. Give it to some orphanage. They'll take good care of it. I know what I'm talking about  
Cause I was brung up in one myself. What'd you want with a kid? A fine mother you are and this is a swell dump to bring up a family in.

R: Please, Steve, for the love of God lemme keep her! She's all I got to live for. If you take her away I'll die. I'll kill myself.

S: That's what they all say, but she's gotta go.

R: For God's sake, lemme keep her!

S: Stop that blubbering. It won't do no good. I give you a week. If you don't get that brat outta here in a week then I will!

R: You dirty dog!